Book Meets Byte

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Mt. Abe - What Middlebury Doesn't Teach

Hop on the Bus
COLLEGE STREET
The BioBus hits the road, Hillel and men's soccer turn 50, and Middlebury hooks wild Alaskan king salmon.

STUDENT SCENE
A Midd senior seeks to join an exclusive club: the Vermont House of Representatives.

ACADEMIC MATTERS
Jay Parini deconstructs the art of the seminar.

OLD CHAPEL
President Ronald D. Liebowitz greets first-year students—and outlines the challenges and opportunities ahead.

Class Action

Pursuits
Architect Kate Webb '83 has a knack for taking the most restrictive or unwieldy space and turning it into a personal haven.

Book Marks
David Gilbert '90 examines what it means to be “normal” in a hilarious debut novel, Justin Racz '97 finds the 50 jobs worse than yours, and Sarah Erdman '96 describes what life is like in a small Ivory Coast village.

Cover photograph by Bob Handelman
Contents photographs by Bob Handelman
Inset photograph by Dennis Curran

Legends of the Fall
Every autumn, the venerable trees of Vermont put on a colorful show.
THE FOREIGN STUDENT
A writer enters the unique world of immersion at the Middlebury Language Schools.

THE LIFE AQUATIC
An ocean lover since childhood, Sarah Fangman ’90 spends most of her days on—or in—the waters of the Pacific.

MESSAGE FROM ABRAHAM
Essayist Don Axinn ’51 explores the dichotomy of man and nature on a hike up Mount Abe.

MODERN TIMES
With the arrival of the digital revolution, what happens when book meets byte?
A Revolutionary Story

Htar Htar '08 sits at a workstation in the new library's Wilson Media Development Lab, staring intently at a flat-screen computer monitor, as a blur of digital images flashes before her eyes.

That Htar Htar is here at all is a minor miracle. She had never seen a computer—much less operated a souped-up Dell with a complex video-editing system—until five years ago, when she first laid eyes on an archaic Macintosh in an office in Thailand. For the first eight years of her life, Htar Htar lived in the jungles of Burma, before squatting in refugee camps on the Burmese-Thai border for another eight years, as her pro-democracy family hid from the ruling military dictatorship.

Htar Htar lost three siblings to illness in the jungle. This is the story she is telling—the story of her family, the story of her country—as she sits at a computer, surrounded by the comforts of a multimillion library nestled in the bucolic, rolling hills of Vermont.

In an accented husky voice, she begins to read the first few stanzas of her essay:

It was raining when my sister died...
My pregnant mother soon was giving birth.
My father... so far away, on duty.

Storage of firewood needed for baby's birth.
My sister, she was eight years old.
She helped search for firewood in the rain.

The rain, it was heavy.
She was too cold.
She went to bed...
In pain...

For a week.
I remember... she asked for my father.
Fastest messenger of the camp, no sound of his flip flops.
My mother, a nurse, no medicine in hand.

Time passed...
The weekend comes...
She died...
I remember that weekend,
My week old brother...
My mother's cries.

Htar Htar will record her narration, add a music track and mix the audio files to accompany her montage of video images to form a digital story (for more on digital storytelling, see "Modern Times," page 46). As the narrative starts, Htar Htar plans to use archival images of the Burmese civil war to provide the visual context for her spoken words.

It was raining when my sister died. "It was literally raining that day," Htar Htar says, "but look"—an image of a Burmese guerrilla carrying a bloodied compatriot comes on screen—"it was also raining war, raining death." She mimics the action of shooting a machine gun to get her point across further. "I'm telling my sister's story, but I'm also telling my country's story, the story of all my brothers and sisters."

On the weblog for her first-year seminar class—Future Communities: Technology and Social Revolution—Htar Htar writes: "Getting to know Technology is a revolution for me. For 17 years, I lived in jungle and refugee camp... Then... BOOM... I jump into technology world. United... States... of... America. Change... change... change... Not like my refugee camp!!!"

Though only a year of high school and a semester of intensive English language study separate Htar Htar from her former life in the jungle, she feels, justifiably, that she is a world away. "Coming to Middlebury has changed everything," she says. "Like I wrote on the blog, it's been my own personal revolution." —MJ
I Can Confirm

Having been raised in orphanages from age 3 months 14 days to age 19, I can confirm two of the premises of professors David Parfitt and Dana Helmreich, in the article, “The Nature of Nurture,” by Sally West Johnson ’72 (summer 2004), namely, that babies separated from their mothers at birth have a harder time as adults and suffer developmental delay. As a consequence, dating, mating, and matrimony have been out of the question and my social life has been fractured and limping. Thinking, however, that everyone gets married, I stumbled into it. Not being able to show love and emotional support, my marriage collapsed after three years.

Another consequence of affective dysfunction has been the narrowing parameters of my work-a-day world. As a high school Spanish teacher, I could not advise a Spanish club because I could not relate with kids on a casual level. I could not emote with them even at Christmastime. As a sales agent for the Prudential Insurance Company, my effectiveness was limited, for I was not a “rapper,” and surely not a “back-slapper.” I lacked the knack for gaining centers of influence. The work was excruciatingly difficult, my production only average. Because of the lack of relational grounding, work such as serving on committees, registering people for activities, being a sales clerk, being a church greeter or an emcee, was out.

From infancy, I had no meaningful contact with parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, or even cousins. I remember being kissed only two times while growing up: the first, was by the mother of another orphan boy to whose home I was once invited to spend Thanksgiving Day; the second, was by the “Kitchen Nun” when I was walking by her door one summer morning at St. Vincent’s Orphanage.

In my first eleven years, I have no memory of being hugged or sitting on anyone’s lap, or even having my hand held. I experienced little affirmation. By age three, emotional atrophy had set in.

All through childhood and early adulthood, my birthday was never celebrated nor did I attend anyone else’s birthday. In all my growing up years, I visited family but a few times: at age seven, a fruitless and sterile visit with my mother at the Columbus State Mental Hospital, where she had been committed for schizophrenia; with my father shortly before he died at the Dayton, Ohio, VA Hospital; and several visits with each of my older sisters and second oldest brother during my high school and college years. I had only one visit that I recall at the infant home, and that was by my father.

In short, during my childhood years, I was a “fallen-through-the-boards kid.” At St. Vincent’s, only the “together kids” were those who served at Mass or other religious services. They were the only ones chosen to play musical instruments. At the State Home in Xenia, Ohio, there were two Scout troops, 75 and 62. The first, was for the kids “who had arrived,” the second, for the socially inadequate, those who had “fallen through the boards.” Mercifully, the latter group was afforded this outlet.

Psychological and academic tests were required for admission to the State Home. When I was ten, a psychologist from Ohio State University at the Columbus Children’s Hospital tested me. In his report he said: “Virgil certainly does not put his best foot forward. He is very diffident and very slow in his responses; slow also in movement, as in use of pencil for writing or drawing. One wonders whether some of this is due to the fact that he has been at St. Vincent’s all his life. In any case, he seems and acts like the over-institutionalized child is supposed to do. His oral reading is surprising good for a boy who scored only eight and a half years on the 1916 Stanford-Binet scale. He is certainly retarded in his intellectual development and considerably below average in his ability for schoolwork.” Signed: Francis N. Maxfield, psychologist, Oct. 17, 1939.

Upon entering the State Home, I was placed back a grade. Upon entering Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, I had to take remedial English.

Virgil Celormino, Spanish ’62
Dayton, Ohio

Examining Nurture and Nature

Sally West Johnson’s summer cover story “The Nature of Nurture” elicited a number of moving responses, including letters from a former orphanage resident and a psychoanalyst.

Post the Results

It was with interest that an attorney in my office read the recent article on separation anxiety (“The Nature of Nurture,” summer 2004.) The attorney deals in juvenile matters and asked if the research results would be published in a future edition of Middlebury Magazine. I thought that she raised an interesting point, and I encourage letting your many interested readers know, as well, so that they
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may perhaps be able to access the report online. A word to the researchers in the biology department: keep us informed! And thank you for the wonderful magazine my mother and I continue to receive.

Daniel Zwickel ben Avram
(son of Jean Wiley Zwickel ’35)
Pittsburg, California

**Analyze This, Too**

I read with great interest the recent article “The Nature of Nurture” (summer 2004). It was full of valuable new information on the borderline of brain research and early infant psychology. However, I was puzzled by the lack of reference to the many decades of research by psychoanalysts on the effects of early childhood separation from the mother. One of the most important psychoanalytic researchers in the field was Rene Spitz. His paper, “Hospitalism: An Inquiry into the Genesis of Psychiatric Conditions in Early Childhood,” compared the development of two groups of children, one from a foundling home and one from a nursery, during the first year of life, and the consequences of lack of maternal contact for each group (Psychoanalytic Study of the Child, 1941 1:53-74). He continued to contribute to psychoanalytic developmental research until 1971.

Other psychoanalysts, such as Dr. Margaret Mahler and Dr. Anni Bergman have continued to focus on issues of separation and individuation. (See Mahler, M.; Pine, E; and Bergman, A. The Psychological Birth of the Infant, 1975, Basic Books.) Incidentally, Dr. Anni Bergman will be honored in December 2004 by a meeting of the New York Freudian Society for her many contributions to the studies of early infancy.

I hope that I am not being presumptuous, but important psychoanalytic research is so often neglected by the academic world that I thought it worthwhile to bring it to your attention.

Edwin Fancher ’45
Psychologist-Psychoanalyst
New York, New York
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The World's Best Must Serve
I am heartened to read the summer edition letters by Captain Dan Nelson '98 and George Logan '61 in response to the spring article about Captain Brendan O'Donohoe ("A Soldier's Story"). Their messages of encouraging Middlebury "to take a fresh look at its relationship with our armed forces" is consistent with the views of many Middlebury veterans. This is a major theme that emerged from the Middlebury Veterans Reunions in 2000 and 2003, and which also was so eloquently expressed by trustee emeritus retired Lieutenant General William E. Odom (P'87) at the 2000 reunion.

Recent events in Afghanistan and Iraq have shed light on the need for thoughtful, balanced judgment and intelligence in decisions that affect our country and the world. Middlebury, because it guides students with such great potential, has a special responsibility to our society to deliver to it people who can make contributions in all fields, including the military.

Middlebury has answered America's call to arms throughout most of its history, by supporting military service in the Civil War, offering military service programs, such as the Student Army Training Corps in WWI, the Navy V-12 program in WWII, and the Army ROTC program during Korea and Vietnam, and by providing a place for veterans to complete their education. Thousands of Middlebury people served, and nearly 100 have given their lives over the years while contributing to our national security. Since Vietnam, the College has offered ROTC through an affiliation with UVM, but otherwise, to my knowledge, has not provided students opportunities to seriously consider military service.

For decades to come, national security needs will require the best of the free world's intellectual capital, imagination and creativity. As Middlebury reassesses its vision and role in society it needs to decide how it can participate, once again, in national defense by offering opportunities for military service.

Richard E. Powell '56
Lieutenant Colonel, U.S. Army, Retired
Gainesville, Virginia
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Letter

Sacrifice for a Few?
I write to add my name to the growing chorus of voices lauding the Iraq service of Brendan O'Donohoe '99 (“A Soldier’s Story,” spring 2004), and expressing concern about Middlebury’s treatment of things military during the tenure of our last president, John M. McCardell Jr.

There is a huge and widening disconnect between our culture’s lavish admiration for the wartime sacrifices of previous generations (the nostalgia for the stories, histories, and memorializing of our “greatest generation” is an example) and our society’s unwillingness to make such sacrifices in the current war on terror. The result is that today’s sacrifices are being made by an increasingly small and unrepresentative portion of our society: young men and women who are (or were before enlisting) less wealthy, less white, and less educated than the citizenry on whose behalf they are killing and dying. Moreover, these troops are serving under the leadership of junior officers drawn much less frequently from elite, liberal-arts institutions like Middlebury. In short, neither we, as citizens at large, nor our college, as an incredibly blessed community, is doing its share.

I find this circumstance shameful, and lay much of the blame squarely on the shoulders of President Emeritus McCardell. John is well liked and has been a very effective fund-raiser. But while he himself is a veteran and has always talked a good game in his dealings with the Middlebury veterans group formed five years ago, I believe he never addressed this critical issue.

This is supremely ironic. John made his scholarly mark as a historian, describing the South’s refusal to let go its romantic notions of honor and duty in the “Lost-Cause” era following the Civil War. He has delighted each year in assembling a group of Civil War reenactors in his own back yard, personally firing off a heavy musket and inviting his students to do likewise. He apparently regards these moves as a complete answer to his own rhetorical warning that, in raising funds and building buildings, we must never lose sight of the college’s “core mission” to teach students and “to
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you see the beautiful truth taking shape.
The developing snapshot of the perfect memory
an indelible scene of pure joy
that she'll quietly carry forever.

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head by example.”

To teach what and to lead at what? Vicariously experiencing war in the most sanitized and offhanded way possible? When comes the actual encouraging and facilitating of present-day sacrifice and service as real soldiers, for those students who might wish to consider it? When comes the impassioned urging to the College community to shoulder its share of the current national burden?

At a session for alumni fund-raisers last year, Kim Loewer ’76, the president of Midd’s alumni association, read from a letter he had received from Ken Cosgrove ’42. The letter was Ken’s trip down memory lane as a student during WWII. In it he wrote:

“Dec 7, 1941. Upon returning to my frat house, I saw all my brother Dekes marching in formation on the front lawn with mops and brooms over their shoulders and one of the brothers hollerin’ out commands. Half of those boys lost their lives in WWII.”

Deke is gone, WWII is gone, and the spirit that animated those brothers in 1941 is apparently gone too—despite President Bush’s insistence that 9/11 was the modern equivalent of Pearl Harbor, and that we now face an apocalyptic war of good against evil. Whatever may be the truth of the matter, when a nation’s killing and dying are to be done, only those willing to accept their fair share of the risk and sorrow of it deserve to call themselves full citizens of a free republic. As of yet, I believe, those leading Middlebury have not earned the title.

Michael K. Heaney ’64
Madison, Connecticut

Correction
A number of eagle-eyed readers noticed an egregious grammatical mistake on page 19 of the summer 2004 issue. In the story “Reality Check,” we erroneously wrote: “And on the tennis courts, momentum was not on Middlebury’s side when Williams captured the doubles point and the No. 1 singles match on the way to it’s way to a quick 3-1 lead in the best-of-seven championship match.” Chalk the unforced error up to an unfortunate typo.

Letters Policy
Letters addressing topics discussed in the magazine are given priority, though they may be edited for brevity or clarity. On any given subject we will print letters that address that subject, and then in the next issue, letters that respond to the first letters. After that, we will move on to new subjects. Send letters to: Middlebury Magazine, Meeker House, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753.
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Photographer Michael Sipe (“Hillel Turns 50,” pg. 14) is a frequent contributor to Middlebury Magazine.

NOVEMBER 11-13
Theatre Program:
The Melting Pot

NOVEMBER 13
Performing Arts Series:
Pieter Wispelwey, cello
Dejan Lazić, piano

NOVEMBER 29
(THROUGH DECEMBER 10)
Studio Art:
Print Exhibition

DECEMBER 3-4
Dance Program:
Dancing Now,
featuring Sara Stranovsky ’05

DECEMBER 10
Performing Arts Series:
Henning Kraggerud, violin
Helge Kjeckshus, piano

DECEMBER 12
Lessons & Carols
for Advent and Christmas

JANUARY 3
(THROUGH JANUARY 14)
Studio Art:
Exhibition of
Large-Format Drawings

JANUARY 11
Performing Arts Series:
Richard Goode, piano

JANUARY 20-22
Theatre Program:
An Experiment with
an Air Pump

JANUARY 21
(THROUGH APRIL 17)
Museum of Art:
Deceits and Fantasies:
Contemporary Photography and the Garden
Uphill Downhill

Global Awareness
More than 50 international students from 35 countries participated in a three-day international student orientation. Below, Papa Faye '08 of Senegal (center, gray robe) breaks the ice with a joke. Photograph by Dennis Curran
Get on the Bus

I heard the bus before I saw it rumbling up Middlebury's South Street toward my house, where I sat on the front porch waiting to be picked up. It had been at least 20 years since I had waited for a school bus, and a twinge of anxiety flashed through my body (repressed fifth-grade angst perhaps?)—until the 1991 GMC diesel, with scenes of lush cornfields painted on its exterior, came into view, and I was greeted with a chorus of shouts from the Middlebury students on board: "Come aboard... Hop on the bus."

A day before setting off on a 90-day, 15,000-mile excursion, the 13-member crew of Project BioBus had offered to take me on a spin around Addison County in their biodiesel-powered school bus, and I had jumped at the opportunity.

A little over a year ago, a group of students and recent grads toured the country in a bus powered by vegetable oil. The summer road trip generated a great deal of publicity—and left the returning eight students with a desire to do more. After recruiting five new members, they incorporated a nonprofit organization (Project BioBus Ltd.), purchased a used school bus, and began planning for their current venture: an advocacy trip across the U.S. that would promote the benefits of biodiesel fuel.

Made from refined vegetable oil, biodiesel fuel is touted as a safe, renewable, clean-burning fuel that does not require a modified engine; any diesel engine can run on biodiesel fuel. Over the course of their 90-day trip, Project BioBus will crisscross the country, traveling to California and back, while visiting schools and other "green institutions" in 22 cities, promoting biodiesel as a healthier, domestic alternative to petroleum fuels.

"This trip is a lot more mature than the original trip," laughed Thomas Hand '05, an environmental studies major from Dorset, Vermont. Hand is the primary mechanic on the team—he built and added a 80-gallon fuel tank to the bus, which will supplement the original 60-gallon tank—and during our brief tour, he adeptly steered the cumbersome vehicle along narrow country roads through Cornwall and Weybridge.

In the back of the bus, the crew created a lounge by removing all but a few bench seats and positioning the remaining seats parallel to the sides of the vehicle, creating a more open space. A pair of Bose speakers hung from the ceiling, facing a small bookshelf that had been mounted above the emergency exit door. The students also built a pair of fold-down desks, resembling wooden mini-ironing boards, and recycled the metal supports from the discarded benches to serve as overhead shelf space.

Because space is limited, what doesn't fit on the bus (spare tire, tarps, tent) will be stored on a roof rack. Hand's diesel Jetta will be used as a support vehicle, hauling extra gear, with two students rotating from the bus to the car along the route. On the road, the crew will crash at friends' houses in larger cities, camp when possible, and take advantage of a few complementary stays at hotels that signed on as sponsors. The media attention from the last BioBus tour has made it easier to approach sponsors this time around, said Lindsey Corbin '05. They've even arranged to park the bus in Times Square while in New York.

Having received a healthy amount of financial support from the sponsors (including a $10,000 grant from the College), the BioBus crew said they feel some pressure to get their message across effectively. "But then we think about what we're promoting and how we really believe in it, and instinct takes over," said May Boeve '06.

At stops where formal presentations are scheduled, two or three students will handle the presentation, another group will set up an info booth at the bus, and a third group will run errands (doing laundry, getting food, setting up logistics for future stops). Everyone will get a chance to present, and no presentation will be the same. "We all have different strengths and different areas of expertise," explained Jonathan Overman '05. But each presentation will obviously have a common message.

"Right now we are intent on raising awareness," said Hand. "We want to show schools that they can integrate this efficient fuel into their institutions, and we want the public to see that switching from a fossil fuel to a renewable resource does not mean a change in lifestyle. Down the road, sure, we'd love to see if we could initiate tangible results." He smiled. "But that's another trip."

—Matt Jennings
Five Questions for...

Deborah Ellis, Visiting Assistant Professor of Film and Media Culture

An independent filmmaker and educator, Deb Ellis recently co-directed, coproduced, and edited the documentary Howard Zinn: You Can’t Be Neutral on a Moving Train. Detailing the life and times of historian, activist, and author Howard Zinn, Ellis’s documentary won the audience documentary award at the Provincetown (Massachusetts) Film Festival.

1. Why did you decide to make a film on Howard Zinn?
I was first introduced to Zinn as an undergraduate through his book The Politics of History. It was the first time I was taught to question why history was written in a certain way, and it really resonated with me at that time. Then a few years ago my coproducer Dennis Mueller came to me with some preliminary material on a film on Zinn, and I joined the project as codirector and coproducer. Both of us have always made films on social issues, and through Zinn we were able to tell a story of American history that we had always wanted to tell.

2. What was your approach, technically and artistically, in portraying Zinn?
It was a very traditional documentary, structured chronologically, and we arrived at that structure only after a lot of experimentation. Ultimately we wanted a film that a broad audience could respond to — this was not a critical film. The purpose of this film was to show the history of activism through the 20th century and use Zinn’s life as a hook. The difficulty of a project like this is that we were working with a very low budget and I think — for better or worse — it shows in the film. With funding, this film fell right down the middle — neither Dennis nor I are big enough to attract the big money, the film was too radical for traditional funding and didn’t challenge traditional form enough for artsy funding.

3. Many critics have compared your film to Michael Moore’s Fahrenheit 9/11 — how would you compare the two films?
I like what Matt Ashare, the critic for the Boston Phoenix, said: “If Fahrenheit 9/11 unveils the problem, then You Can’t Be Neutral on a Moving Train offers the hope that there indeed are solutions.” I think it was luck that they came out at the same time. I was nervous because we opened on the same day in Boston, but the overflow audience from Fahrenheit 9/11 came to our film. After that, the theater scheduled our film to always open 15 minutes after Fahrenheit 9/11, and so we had a great run in Boston!

4. What is your favorite part of the film?
Interviewing Daniel Ellsberg, who has always been a hero of mine, and making a connection between the Vietnam era and today. When we were finished making the first version of the film, we had a very unusual experience by getting to go back and make a longer version — we thought we were making it for TV and we hadn’t anticipated a theatrical release. We got to make it longer, and make it better by adding the Ellsburg interview. That felt like a miracle.

5. The film was a very positive portrayal of Zinn — is there anything he has done or promoted that you disagree with?
I think it was a choice we made not to be critical of him. There are two different ways you can make a biography. I do think there is more work that can be done on his life and work — and some of that is being done right now in another project — but we made a choice and took a particular path. I believe academia doesn’t take a film like this as well as the general public. I think it is because academia is invested in being critical and in some ways is out of touch. This film is very rooted in humanity.

—Interviewed by Lindsey Whitton ’05
Nancy Berkowitz Fredland ’57 recalls what it was like to be Jewish on campus 50 years ago, when people weren’t comfortable identifying themselves as Jewish. World War II was not that far behind, and she and others felt leery, she remembers. Chapel attendance was mandatory, even for the handful of non-Protestants on campus, including approximately 18 Jews. Although Chaplain Charles Scott ’55 “tried to make it nondenominational,” Fredland says, “it wasn’t particularly ours.”

Contrast that with a service in Mead Chapel on September 15, 2004, when the sanctuary was filled from altar to vestibule with students, faculty, and community members who had come to celebrate Rosh Hashanah, the beginning of the Jewish New Year. Associate chaplain Rabbi Ira Schiffer was officiating. A basket of white yarmulkes was set out for those who needed one; the pear-wood ark, which houses the Torah, gleamed under the chapel lights; and so many people were in attendance (about 350) that, on three occasions during the service, Rabbi Schiffer needed to ask people to share their prayer books.

Although Fredland would not have imagined this level of Jewishness at Middlebury in 1954, she and several fellow students laid its foundation when they organized Hillel that year. Hillel is an international student organization, founded in 1923 at the University of Illinois, that helps Jews explore and celebrate their Jewish identities.

“Chaplain Scott was forward thinking and very receptive to the idea,” says Fredland. After organizing, they began to conduct their own Friday night services in a second-floor room in the student center. Edward Maline ’57, who conducted some of those early services, went on to become a rabbi. That small group had real lasting power.

This is Hillel’s 50th year at Middlebury. The attendance at Shabbat dinners, habitually 8 to 10 students, has quadrupled. “We have as many as 35 to 45 students coming on a Friday night,” says Mike Vilarello ’05, Hillel’s copresident, “and at least 10 aren’t Jewish.” Vilarello stresses this point: all interested people are invited to Hillel. For students like copresident Rachel Schiffer ’06, who spent five years in Israel and whose faith is central to her life, Hillel offers a spiritual home. “If there were no Hillel here,” she says, “I would not be a happy person.”

In the last decade, Hillel developed the infrastructure that allowed it to flourish: a Jewish community center founded in 1993; a kitchen, built in 1999, that made it possible to serve kosher meals; and the assistance of the associate chaplain, hired in 2001, who acts as Hillel adviser. The organization now sponsors a Hebrew lunch table and an ambitious Tzedek, or social action program.

While Hillel’s Jubilee celebration will be observed all year, events on November 12–13 will provide the centerpiece: a reunion of Hillel alumni, the Silberman Symposium in Jewish Studies, and the production of The Melting Pot by Israel Zangwill. In the spring, a performance of Ernest Bloch’s Sacred Service is planned.

During Hillel’s opening day this semester, a record number of first-year students dropped in to learn about the organization. Vilarello and Rachel Schiffer were both thrilled by the turnout. “Here at Middlebury,” says Vilarello, “we’ve surpassed any goal we’ve set.”

—Regan Eberhart

Happy New Year
Rabbi Ira Schiffer blows a shofar, signalling the beginning of the 10-day period known as the High Holy Days.
**Go Fish**

HAVING HEARD THE ONE about the fish that traveled thousands of miles, from the wild, open waters of Alaska to the rolling hills of Vermont?

"Well, it all started with a student," begins Matthew Biette, the College’s director of dining services. He’s recalling how Camille Padilla ’07 arrived as a first-year student last year and noticed immediately that farm-raised salmon was a common selection in the dining halls. A native of Sitka, Alaska—and a member of an active fishing family—Padilla approached Biette and asked whether he’d be interested in serving her home state’s wild salmon as well. After doing some research, Biette made the switch altogether.

According to recently released research from SUNY-Albany, there are several reasons why wild salmon is simply better than farmed salmon. Most obviously, the wild salmon live in open waters and eat natural food, while their farm-raised counterparts are penned and fed in close quarters, which can foster rapidly spreading disease and parasites. Consequently, pesticides and antibiotics are often added to their feed. Farm-raised salmon can also contain higher levels of heavy metals, as well as unnecessary additives, such as dyes to make them look less gray and more “pink,” like their wild cousins. Overall, Biette and others learned that wild salmon lead healthier lives, swim in cleaner environments, and offer a more pleasing taste.

“Alaskan salmon costs a bit more,” notes Padilla, “but if more colleges and universities offered it—even only part of the time—the benefits would be worth it.”

With Padilla’s help, Biette made contact with Washington-based Seafood Producers Cooperative—a 60-year-old organization of more than 500 working fishermen—and coordinated the College’s decision to buy 25,000 pounds of salmon fillets.

Not only will this fish provide a nutritious and flavorful meal for Middlebury students, but the change will also benefit the environment. “It’s the right thing to do for several reasons,” Biette explains. “Middlebury College already supports our local agriculture and participates in Vermont Fresh Network, a statewide organization connecting farmers, chefs, and consumers. The decision to buy wild Alaskan salmon complements that tradition of fair trade and environmental sustainability.”

—Blair Klonan, M.A. English ’94

**Faculty Shelf**

AFTER 14 YEARS OF PAINSTAKING WORK ON EMPIRE EXPRESS, a chronicle of the first transcontinental railroad, David Haward Bain thanked his wife and children for their unwavering support by taking them on a transcontinental journey of their own: a summer-long meander along the railroad’s path.

In summer 2000, the Bain family packed their car and headed west from Orwell, Vermont. By the time they reached California, they had logged 7,000 miles, paying visits along the way to myriad relics and symbols of the American West: train tracks, old military roads, emigrant routes, ghost towns, museums, battlegrounds. Part travelogue, part history lesson, and all-out family adventure, The Old Iron Road takes us on a compelling trek through our country and our history.

Once one of the most popular playwrights in England, George Bernard Shaw revolutionized British theater with witty works that focused on ideas. Yet, according to English professor John Bertolini in his introduction to Man and Superman and Three Other Plays, Shaw has fallen out of favor in the last century. The sad state of affairs for Shaw extends beyond a paucity of performances to include the academic realm: Shaw’s works are often omitted from drama anthologies, and fewer colleges are offering Shaw seminars. Bertolini has taken steps to rectify the situation with this and a second volume of Shaw’s plays, Pygmalion and Three Other Plays (Barnes & Noble Classics, 2004). In both, he provides extensive introductions and notes, along with fascinating facts and explanations about Shaw’s time and art. Anyone with an interest in theater, literary history, or Shavian philosophy will appreciate Bertolini’s insights.

Acclaimed sculptor Buki Schwartz creates sculpture out of almost anything: stainless steel, tables, Hebrew letters, artificial red roses, PVC tubing, scaled figures, chairs, indoor and outdoor objects, and video systems. His work defies labeling, and it is always witty and inventive, creating illusions that force viewers to experience the world differently. Professor Ted Perry is the editor of The Seeing I (Academy Chicago Publishers, 2004). Schwartz’s second book about his art, which includes a preface by Perry, The Seeing I not only illustrates Schwartz’s work, but also offers analytical text and essays to provide a deeper understanding of the artist.

—Regan Eberhart
Golden Anniversary

FRANK PUNDERSOON '55, CAMERA IN HAND, had just turned his back on Middlebury's offensive zone and started to walk down the sideline toward the Panthers' defensive end when midfielder Gabe Wood '06 received a nifty pass from Nicholas Colacchio '05 and rocketed home the Panthers second goal in a 2-0 win over Wesleyan in late September. It was one of the few goals Punderson has missed in the past 50 years of Middlebury soccer.

Punderson was just an eager 18-year-old freshman in 1951 when he volunteered to referee local high school soccer games. Before long, he was arranging scrimmages between high-school teams and a ragtag band of College players, and by the following fall, the seeds of a varsity sport had taken root.

After competing as a club team for two years, soccer at Middlebury was elevated to varsity status by the Board of Trustees in 1954, and that fall, the team registered an undefeated season, winning five matches and tying two.

This year, Middlebury celebrates 50 years of men's soccer at the College, a half-century span that has witnessed 45 winning seasons (for an overall record of 391-150-73), 27 All-Americans, and 67 All-New England performers.

Punderson, of course, has been instrumental in commemorating the 50th anniversary and organizing festivities for homecoming weekend. As the clock wound down on Middlebury's game with Wesleyan—the Panthers' fifth victory in five tries in the young season—he let out a booming, "Way to go Midd," and tugged on his cap, a beige baseball hat with "50th year, Middlebury Soccer" stitched above the brim. Standing next to him was Andy McCabe '83, a fellow soccer alum. McCabe, too, sported the commemorative hat and had a 50th-anniversary T-shirt slung over his shoulder. He turned to say something to Punderson, but the father of Midd soccer now had his back to the field, his camera trained on a group of young kids, decked out in Middlebury gear, kicking a soccer ball and zigzagging among the spectators. It seemed that the past, present, and perhaps the future of Midd soccer were in perfect harmony.

Middlebury Nabs Napster

THE COMPUTER PROGRAM that once launched numerous lawsuits and served as the poster child for illegal file sharing on the Internet is back online, legal—and a free service for Middlebury students after the College became one of six colleges and universities to subscribe to the "new" Napster.

When the peer-to-peer file-sharing system relaunched in 2003 as a monthly subscription service (after a court-imposed shutdown as the result of successful copyright infringement lawsuits), Napster faced a sizable dilemma: how to win back its largest customer base—college students—to a service that now required payment, when free, but illegal, file-sharing services were still operating online. The company approached colleges throughout the U.S. with an offer of a cut-rate subscription. The company or university would buy a yearlong subscription at a negotiated fee, and the service would be available to all its students.

Last spring, a group of Middlebury students researched the initiative, gauged its popularity among the student body, and successfully petitioned the Student Activity Board to invest funds in a one-year subscription. The idea of a relatively convenient, free, and legal music service has apparently appealed to many Middlebury students, hundreds of whom registered for their Napster account during the first week of school.

After spending a few minutes registering for the program, students are now able to download or stream hundreds of thousands of songs through their computer. "I'm obsessed with this," said Sarah McCabe '05, as she scrolled through scores of albums and selected one to play. "Every time I get back to my room—whatever mood I'm in—I get to search for a song that matches that mood," said Sarah McCabe '05.

"Every time I get back to my room—whatever mood I'm in—I get to search for a song that matches that mood," said Sarah McCabe '05.
"Dickens loved to write in episodes. Tell me he wouldn’t have a blog if he were alive today."

― College writing instructor and blog enthusiast Barbara Ganley

The Skinny on the Library & Atwater

**Library**
- Total square footage: 143,700
- Number of study carrels and seats at study tables: 500

**Architects**
- Gwathmey Siegel & Associates, New York
- Andropogon Associates (landscape), Philadelphia
- Michael Singer, sculptor, (reading garden), Vermont

**Wood**
- The library contains 150,000 board feet of Vermont harvested hardwood; 70 percent comes from the College’s Bread Loaf certified forest land.

**Stone**
- Marble, slate, and granite from Vermont and Canada

**Creature Comforts**
- On-site café, comfy recliners and armchairs

**Technology**
- Building-wide wireless network, media-viewing rooms with 42-inch plasma screens and surround sound, seminar room with videoconferencing capabilities

**Lighting**
- In some areas, lighting is controlled by daylight sensors that turn the lights up or down, depending on natural light available. Office areas are equipped with passive infrared occupancy sensors that turn off the lights when a room is unoccupied.

**Other Environmental Practices**
- Lead-coated copper roof containing a rubber membrane that reflects heat in the summer; mineral wool insulation made from natural basalt rock and recycled material; structural steel consisting of 1,200 tons of recycled content; and high-efficiency double-glazed windows

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**Atwater**
- Total square footage of new construction (two residence halls and a dining hall): 104,900
- Number of bedrooms in two residence halls: 154
- Seating capacity of dining hall: 225

**Architects**
- Kieran Timberlake Associates, Philadelphia
- Andropogon Associates (landscape), Philadelphia

**Wood**
- The dining hall’s wood floor is certified maple and was harvested from the College’s Bread Loaf certified forest land. All finished wood is Forest Service Council-certified wood.

**Stone**
- The exterior stone comes from Vermont and Canada. The majority of the granite comes from engravers’ waste products—stone on which engraving mistakes were made (turned inward, of course).

**Roof**
- The dining hall has a vegetated roof that assists in storm-water retention and the reduction of heat reflection in the summer.

**Creature Comforts**
- Laundry room with 10 washers and dryers, bicycle-storage room, lounge

**Other Environmental Practices**
- The buildings contain a natural ventilation system that includes bedroom and common room ceiling fans, transoms above each bedroom door, and a mechanically assisted exhaust system.
Go Figure

5,122
Number of students who applied to Middlebury in 2004.

1,248
Number of students admitted for fall enrollment.

580
Number of first-years enrolling at Middlebury this fall.

48
States represented by members of the class of 2008.

40
Foreign countries represented by the Class of 2008.

8.5
Percentage of the Class of 2008 who are children of alumni.

65
Percentage of first-years who are not from New England.

350
Students who participated in MOO, Middlebury Outdoor Orientation, which offered first-years the opportunity to canoe, camp, rock climb, fly-fish, backpack, and engage in community service projects.

Did You Know?

Julia Child’s kitchen may be in the Smithsonian, but a slice of the master chef’s history belongs to Middlebury.

It turns out that Child, who died in August at the age of 91, once worked as a secretary at the College’s Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference in the late 1950s and early 1960s. Her husband, Paul, was the official Bread Loaf photographer during that time, and Julia would accompany him to Ripton each summer for a sojourn in the mountains. She had already studied with master chef Max Bugnard and had formed the informal French cooking school, L’Ecole des Trois Gourmandes, with two friends, but it was a contact she made at Bread Loaf that helped her land her first cookbook contract: for Mastering the Art of French Cooking, which was published by Alfred A. Knopf in 1961.

Past Tense: November 30, 1950

Middlebury Campus

The storm which struck the northeastern United States with devastating force last Saturday was the most destructive of its type in the history of Middlebury College...The Memorial Field House, Pearsons Hall, Mead Chapel, and the Student Union Building sustained heaviest damage from the winds of gale force and driving rains. No college building escaped damage completely.

—The College on the Hill, David Haward Bain
Syllabus

**Course** The Good Society

**Department** Philosophy

**Instructor** Jeffrey Flynn, Visiting Instructor

**Course Description** One of the central questions in social and political philosophy is "What are the conditions of a good society?" In this seminar we shall examine the idea of a good society from historical and normative perspectives, focusing on how to justify our social/cultural criticism of a society. We will consider different types of social criticism, the position and authority of the critic, the need for social theory, and the sources of and justification for normative standards. We will also explore the implications of criticizing one's own society as opposed to criticizing other societies or global society.

**Reading List (partial)**
Nancy Fraser and Axel Honneth, *Redistribution or Recognition?: A Political-Philosophical Exchange* (Verso 2003)

**Flynn Says** When I was thinking about which contemporary philosophers to read, I decided to try to include philosophers who are active in society as "public intellectuals," for example, Michael Walzer and Martha Nussbaum in the United States, Charles Taylor in Canada, and Jürgen Habermas in Germany. This gives us a chance to consider not only the philosophy of social criticism but also philosophers as social critics. I included the following quote from Marx at the top of the syllabus: "The philosophers have only interpreted the world, in various ways; the point, however, is to change it" *(Theses on Feuerbach, 1845).* It's a provocative quote for philosophers, who have a reputation for abstract thinking, and encourages students to think about how the philosophical ideas they are studying can be put into practice in the world.

**Current Affairs** One trend within contemporary politics has been the focus on issues of identity. Under that rubric, you see groups putting forward demands for the recognition of difference, with regard to issues of sexual orientation, gender, race, and ethnicity. The whole area is often referred to as the "politics of recognition," and we will consider those issues in the course, with particular focus on the question of justification. That is, do we have any criteria for evaluating the many claims for recognition? And how can we balance those claims with other demands for social justice?

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**Major Movement**

**Top Five Majors 2004**

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<th>Major</th>
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<td>Environmental Studies</td>
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**Storm Aid**

*Victims of Hurricane Charley* (one of four major hurricanes to strike the United States in the summer and this fall) received an unexpected gift from Middlebury College: 1,500 pieces of furniture, ranging from metal bed frames to wooden dressers and desks.

The furniture, made available due to the scheduled replacement of dormitory furnishings, was donated to the international charity Feed the Children. In addition to the hurricane victims, homeless shelters and low-income, first-time homeowners received College furniture through Feed the Children.

Since May, the College has donated more than 2,000 pieces of furniture and twin mattresses from six residence halls.

Photograph by Bob Handelman
MIDDLEBURY, IN SILHOUETTE
A fine morning mist bathes Cornwall in September, as the College and the Green Mountains recede in silhouette.
Photograph by Bob Handsman
The Unconventional Candidate

Though still a college student, Tabby Connor '05 makes a run at the Vermont House

BY TIM MCCAHILL '03

AS DUSK GATHERED ON THE FIRST night of the Addison County (Vermont) agricultural fair, Tabby Connor '05 marched in the opening parade with a group of Republican candidates.

Flanked by antique John Deere tractors and a music wagon, she seemed in her element, her energetic stride a standout among other marchers, many of whom looked as if they'd already put in a long day at the office. A grizzled man in heavy work boots called out, "Hello Tabby," and then nudged his wife. "See that young girl. I'm voting for her." It wouldn't be the first time Connor has received someone's vote.

Politics has always suited the Middlebury senior.

Throughout her scholastic career, she managed to win elected office (student council in elementary school, student senate during junior high, ninth-grade president and student-council vice president at Middlebury Union High School), but now the 20-year-old is ready to expand her sights. This fall, Connor faces off against three candidates in the race for two seats in the Vermont state legislature.

It's shaped up to be a hard slog: Two of the candidates are incumbent Democrats; the third is a former Republican state rep and a mainstay in Middlebury town politics. But at 20, Connor is hoping her youth will help get her to the statehouse in time for the start of the legislative session in January. "People are excited to see a young person running," Connor said during a break from campaigning.

And it's easy to tell she's excited, too. A born campaigner, she's predisposed to be optimistic and attentive; it seems her stockpile of enthusiasm is just waiting to be tapped on behalf of voters.

At the College, Connor focused her political passions through her involvement with the College Republicans. She joined the group when it was starting to work with the party on the local and state levels—meeting with legislators at the statehouse and at party headquarters in Montpelier.

Most college campuses are known for their liberal leanings, however, and Middlebury in recent years has been no exception. Students and professors stood side by side with community members to protest the October 2002 visit by Ari Fleischer '82, then press secretary to President George W. Bush, and stickers supporting presidential contender Howard Dean were a common sight before his White House bid fizzled earlier this year.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING? If elected, Connor would be the first Middlebury student elected to the state legislature. Current Vermont governor Jim Douglas '72 was elected to the legislature three months after graduating in 1972.
But Connor said she experienced equal activism and passion inside the ranks of the College Republicans. “We had a really positive experience...having people listen to us. That was definitely one of my big goals,” she said. “Also to increase our visibility on campus, to let people know we were an active group; who we were, why we thought the way we did.”

north of Middlebury, approached Connor last winter about running for state office, to “inject some new blood into the statehouse.”

Connor greeted the idea with a little uncertainty at first. “It was definitely something I wanted to pursue at some time in my life,” she said. But during her senior year of college?

Her fears to the contrary, Connor’s youth seems to be an asset in the election. Once voters realize her age, they appear to be universally impressed.

She would need to campaign during the school year, and if she won, her final semester would be spent in Montpelier. She also worried about her inexperience as a campaigner—and a legislator.

Friends and professors seemed to think running was a good idea, however. Their encouragement, coupled with a phone call from the sitting Vermont governor, Middlebury alum Jim Douglas ’72, and offers of support and advice from experienced politicos, convinced Connor that her inexperience would not be a hindrance. A host of savvy campaigners was available to pitch in and help her.

And walking the campaign trail has proved a learning experience so far. She’s taken part in the retail events—waving to prospective voters and shaking hands in parades or setting up a table at the fair—and the quieter, more intimate functions, like listening in at local town planning meetings.

“I’m meeting so many interesting people,” she said. “Almost everyone I’ve talked to so far has something they really care about.”

Growing up in Shoreham, an agricultural town not far from Middlebury, Connor is deeply rooted in the community. Including Connie Houston, who represents a town in the Vermont House. Houston, the Republican leader in the state COP, who connects with heavy hitters inside the state GOP, including Connor.

The growth of the College Republicans put Connor in touch with heavy hitters inside the state GOP, including Connie Houston, the Republican leader in the Vermont House. Houston, who represents a town

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Anyone who has been privileged to sit through first-rate seminars understands their value. The seminar is that midpoint between the lecture and the individual tutorial, a place in the curriculum where students get to know the professor in a personal way, and to test their knowledge of a discipline against his or hers. Seminars can be exacting, exhilarating experiences for both the teacher and student, although conducting them is difficult work; it requires of the professor a number of skills that can only be acquired through practice and self-discipline.

I had one or two seminars in graduate school that prepared me for thinking about the form, and I often talked with my fellow students about what worked and what didn’t. It so happened that three of my teachers had studied at Oxford with the legendary classicist, Eduard Fraenkel, a Berliner of Jewish heritage. In 1934, Fraenkel fled from the Nazis, settling into a chair in classical literature at Corpus Christi College, where he became a legend, attracting the best young classicists of the era to his seminars.

“I was terrified in those seminars,” Iris Murdoch (the novelist and philosopher, who studied with Fraenkel in the late thirties) once said to me. “Fraenkel did not suffer fools gladly.” She described his severity—nearly 50 years after the fact—with awe and fascination. Fraenkel had written landmark studies of Plautus and Horace, and he was justly famous for an edition of the Agamemnon by Aeschylus that became the standard by which all future editions of classical texts (and commentaries) would be judged. His own commentary was extraordinarily rich and astute, referring to centuries of scholarship with apparent ease, making endless little (but illuminating) judgments along the way: the sort of thing that anyone conducting the Platonic ideal of a seminar might do.

Indeed, Fraenkel reflected on the influence of his Oxford seminars on his later scholarship in his edition of that play: “My favorite reader, whose kindly and patient face would sometimes comfort me during the endless hours of drudgery, looked surprisingly like some of the students who worked with me for many years at Oxford in our happy seminar classes on the Agamemnon.

Without the inspiring, and often correcting, cooperation of those young men and women, I should not have been able to complete the commentary. If they thought a passage to be particularly difficult, that was sufficient reason for me to examine and discuss it as fully as I could; and more than once it was their careful preparation, their inquisitiveness, and their persistent efforts that made it possible to reach what seemed to us like a satisfactory solution.” Fraenkel
Anyone who has conducted seminar classes knows that the common sense of the young often shatters the subtle devices of their elders and that only bad teaching can deter them from speaking their mind. I have learned, over three decades of teaching at Dartmouth and Middlebury, to listen more attentively when students speak, and to take what they say—even the "foolish" things—seriously. (The best teachers can pan gold in unlikely waters.) Paying attention does not mean simply turning your eyes in the student's direction, focusing somewhere above the bridge of the nose. It means gauging the attitude of students toward the material, trying to figure out how as well as what they think about a particular topic. It means refusing to respond too quickly, or perfunctorily, just to keep the conversation flowing.

It seems useful to recall that one "conducts" a seminar. The analogy with a musical conductor is appropriate and instructive. The subject of the seminar forms a kind of score; the students will already have, with greater or lesser degrees of success, mastered the score before coming to class. The expectation is, in fact, that they will have prepared for class by reading the material, by thinking up something to say. The work of the conductor is to draw out this intellectual music, to arrange it, set the tempo of play. Imagine an orchestra, if you will, without a conductor. There would be no pace, no emphasis, no interpretation—just meandering discussion.

One learns how to pace a seminar. It is always useful to have one or two vivid questions in mind for the class to "answer" in each session, and students should be given these in advance. I often end a class by saying: "Next time, we'll be thinking about X. Why is it that this or that is so? How can we be sure?" Students should have specific assignments, and certain ones should be responsible on a given day for responding to a text or question. This is the basic architecture of the seminar—the essential score, if you will. The work of the seminar leader is "conducting" the class through the allotted time, drawing all students into discussion, cutting off digressions when they seem unrelated to the main line of argument, questioning students when they say things that are either unclear or perhaps unfounded.

Students come alive in a seminar when they find themselves talking and making judgments that their peers, and their professor, find sensible and interesting. It's always possible for a seminar leader to discover a student's level of understanding and to lead them forward as they begin to make new connections, begin to "find" themselves as a thoughtful person who can express and question ideas that raise, by the professor or by other students around the table. Half the work of any seminar—from the professor's viewpoint—is getting students involved in a serious way.

There is, of course, no substitute for preparation, as everyone who has led a seminar must know. Teachers must have a deep and passionate knowledge of the material and be aware of the relevant scholarship and competing approaches to the subject. They must be willing to make this complex knowledge available to students and to model critical thinking. Students should come away from a seminar understanding that the professor has been genuinely moved by the material, and that certain standards—certain values—are involved in making judgments. In a very real sense, the seminar is a place where the community of scholars comes most vividly into being; as such it remains a sacred and indispensable place, for students and teachers alike.

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A Sample of Seminars at Middlebury

- **The Da Vinci Code: Fact and Fiction, First-Year Seminar:** Making sense of the conflicting and contradictory sources of information in Dan Brown's novel *The Da Vinci Code*.
- **Anthropology of Human Rights, First-Year Seminar:** An exploration of the anthropology of pre-state violence; contradictions between human rights and solidarity; and the competing priorities of truth, justice, and reconciliation.
- **Art Museums: Theory and Practice, History of Art and Architecture:** An intensive introduction to the complex world of American art museums.
- **Readings in Middle Eastern History: Women and Islam, History:** An examination of women's lives in Islamic societies from the seventh century onward.
Opportunity Knocks

As first-year students arrived at Middlebury, a new president outlined the challenges ahead

BY RONALD D. LIEBOWITZ

THOUGH MANY ARGUE that liberal education is education in the purest form, separate and divorced from the influences of specialization, professionalism, and the pressures of the here and now, I believe this need not be the case, nor can we afford to let it be the case.

The specific subjects that make up what a liberally educated individual should study today may be a matter for interesting debates, but beyond that, for sure, a liberal arts education has a moral dimension to it. That dimension defines an obligation on the part of the individual to give to society, to share the fruits of what one has learned with society at large. Our society, in turn, needs what a successful liberal arts education provides its students, regardless of their major field of study. And those who benefit from such an education should feel compelled—an obligation—to understand how that education fits in with the greater good.

So it’s the “how” of what you study, and not so much the “what,” that I want to focus on. Education here is human intensive. Very intensive. Our relatively small scale of operations means that students interact quite regularly and intensively with an engaged and talented faculty, or at least they have the opportunity for such engagement and interaction.

This mode of education is the exception and not the norm; fewer than 2 percent of all undergraduates enroll at residential liberal arts colleges with this method of teaching and learning, largely because of the cost of such an education. The true cost of educating each student is around $60,000 per year. Our comprehensive fee, at just about $40,000 a year, means that every student, whether or not he or she receives grants and loans from the College, is given a subsidy or scholarship of at least $20,000. The $20,000 difference between the cost of attending Middlebury and the actual cost of providing the education is made up by annual gifts to the College from alumni and friends, plus the annual earnings on the College’s endowment—its long-term insurance policy against potentially difficult financial times.

I should note that the essence of this issue is hardly original. Some institutions of higher education have come to the same conclusion in recent years. You might want to read Yale College’s recent self-study on undergraduate education, or Harvard president Lawrence Summers’s several speeches on undergraduate education, or a number of the elite state universities’ rationale for the development of undergraduate-honors liberal arts colleges within their larger structures. In each case, these larger institutions of higher education have been forced to discover—or rediscover—the centrality to their mission of a liberal arts education, with the emphasis on intensive human exchanges.
Our relatively small scale of operations means that students interact quite regularly and intensively with an engaged and talented faculty.

The finest large universities, both private and public, have made a commitment to reestablish their focus on undergraduate education. Will they succeed? Only time will tell. Success at those institutions may well influence our own future path, but for now, the ethos of devoting remarkable time to each student is alive and well here, and we must be sure to do whatever we can to preserve that ethos and commitment.

What do I mean—in terms of the way we should educate and you should learn—when I say we need to ensure that all of you leave here ready for serious engagement with the greater world, confident in your skills to make a difference?

First: seek classes and professors that force you to write, and write some more. Middlebury requires two “intensive” writing courses. In those courses, you will write a lot. You should also revise a lot—multiple drafts of the same assignment. Never feel satisfied by doing the minimum when it comes to having the opportunity to have a faculty member read your writing. The final result will be that you become a better writer, a skilled writer, able to make an argument forcefully and with confidence. That confidence is crucial if you are going to be engaged in the world following Middlebury, and it requires the sustained and intense guidance we offer here.

Second: seek out courses and professors that require you to speak and present your views in class. The ability to speak clearly is another important part of developing the confidence you will need as you set forth from college. There are ample opportunities to take courses in which oral presentations are required. Don’t sidestep these courses because you are shy, or you think others know more than you do. If you keep in mind the question, what is the goal of education? and ask yourself why you are here and how being liberally educated involves a moral obligation to give back, you will feel more comfortable in taking the sources, food alteration, or new forms of warfare—is central to understanding the world around us and to our ability to participate and make a difference in it.

Middlebury offers students who pursue science a huge comparative advantage: the ability to work side by side with a faculty member, to do research, and to use state-of-the-art instrumentation that, one would think, is found more frequently and is made available more readily to undergraduates at larger research universities. In fact, at most larger universities, it is the graduate students who have access to the scientific equipment, not the undergraduates. There is a reason why a disproportionate percentage of Ph.D.s in the sciences are earned by students who went to small liberal arts colleges and not to large research universities for their undergraduate studies. Even if you do not major in science, the pursuit of scientific education will expose you to the scientific method, to the importance of replicability, to the development of sound theories and new knowledge, and will instill a discipline that is likely to become part of how you think and address multifaceted issues well after you complete your studies here.

Now, I don’t expect a significant change in the “drop-add” activities over the coming weeks as a result of these comments. I do, however, hope you will rethink what it means to attend a college whose mode of education—intense human interaction—and dedication to that mode of education offers you an opportunity to prepare yourself for a world far different from the one my faculty colleagues and I inherited when we completed our undergraduate studies.

In fact, I can’t help but observe how yesterday’s third anniversary of September 11 fits into all of this: If nothing else, September 11 should represent to each of you and your generation a clarion call for action—for serious engagement in the world and a commitment to prepare yourselves for that engagement as best you can. I can think of no better place for that preparation than here, or a better time in your lives to begin that preparation than now, just as you begin your studies at Middlebury. You have an important role to play in how the major issues across the globe that we are witnessing today play out in the future.

I encourage you, as strongly as I can, to take advantage of the resources you have before you to develop the knowledge and skills necessary to engage the world and those complex issues with confidence and conviction. We are here to help you; that is the nature of a Middlebury education. Please don’t pass up the opportunity that is before you.

Please don’t pass up the opportunity that is before you.

Please don’t pass up the opportunity that is before you.

Please don’t pass up the opportunity that is before you.
Swimmers Take Your Mark
At the start of each academic year, the men’s and women’s swim team head out to Lake Dunmore and swim across the lake and back—a 1.5-mile exercise. Waiting for them when they return: hot chocolate and doughnuts.
Photograph by Caleb Kenna
The Foreign Student

Armed with only a serviceable knowledge of Mandarin Chinese and a crude, self-taught understanding of Portuguese, veteran journalist and linguistic dabbler Tim Johnson entered the unique world of immersion at the Middlebury Language Schools last summer.

During his time on campus, he lived in the dorms, attended classes and other activities, and spoke only Portuguese and Chinese. Over the course of nine weeks, as a resident and as a visitor, he experienced many of the challenges the language students faced—and witnessed the students’ evolution as language scholars.

One of the first things you have to do when learning a language—in Middlebury or anywhere else—is come up with a response to the question: Who are you, and what are you doing here?

When you don’t know a language very well, replying to the question is not an easy matter. I got a taste of this my first evening at Middlebury, in the first-floor hallway of Painter Hall, the Portuguese School’s dorm. There I encountered Keith Johnson and Sarah Martin, two Portuguese-speaking staffers. The Language Pledge (a vow to use only the language being studied) was still two days away, so I could have spoken English, but I thought it would be interesting to see how far my pigeon Portuguese would get me with these two, who naturally lost no time in asking me—in Portuguese— who I was and what I was doing there.

Every student in the Language Schools encounters this situation, and it’s obviously more daunting for the beginners. Imagine what it’s like: You know a few words, or at best, a smattering—of French, say, or Russian—and now you’re on the spot. You have to explain yourself in that language and no other. You are permitted, of course, to use gestures, perform pantomimes, draw pictures—whatever you think will help get your message across.

My two inquisitors stood there looking at me, patiently, as I pondered how to say that I was a writer who was going to do an article on the Language Schools for Middlebury Magazine. How to express this, given that I didn’t know how to say “alumni” or “article” or “magazine” or “college” in Portuguese?

From my recent review of the booklet “Portuguese in Three Months,” however, I did know how to say “journalist” and “to write” and “school” and “news.” So, with stammering difficulty, I said something like this:

“I am a journalist. I am going to write a news about the language school for the newspaper of the Middlebury school. Students go to Middlebury school for four years. After, they go to other cities. This newspaper is for them.”

That, at any rate, was what I tried to say, but I don’t think I did it quite so clearly. They looked puzzled, in a discreet sort of way.

In the real world—on the street or at a restaurant in Lisbon or Rio—anyone subjected to my explanation would soon be looking at a wristwatch or edging away. Keith and Sarah did neither. They stood there indulgently, even engagingly, suggesting a word or phrase now and then to help me along. The effort of explaining myself left me exhausted, and in the end I was the one who edged away, although I still was a bit unsure if they really understood who I was and what I was doing there.

After this experience, I took advantage of the two days before the Pledge to put the question in English to other students of
They included undergraduates who wanted to jump ahead when they resumed school in the fall, graduate students fulfilling language requirements, business people hoping to make a go of it in Brazil, and a few who said they simply loved the sound of the language and were interested in Brazil. Dana planned to travel to Mozambique to research a sculptor for his senior thesis. Mark, a middle-aged writer who adopted the school name “Manx,” said he wanted to be able to converse with his Portuguese-speaking grandmother. Jonathan, a college student majoring in French, wanted to study medieval Portuguese poetry. There were two teachers from Massachusetts towns that had experienced an influx of Brazilian immigrants. Daniel, a student of Spanish, had applied too late to get into the Spanish School and had settled for Portuguese instead, albeit with trepidation: he fretted that Portuguese would ruin his Spanish.

The State Department didn’t send anyone to learn Portuguese, but one of the advanced Chinese students I met was in the U.S. diplomatic corps. The Navy dispatched a handful of students to the Chinese program to refresh the skills they’d learned in the Defense Language Institute in Monterey, California. (DLI is not an immersion program, but it’s no less rigorous than Middlebury’s: eight hours of class a day for a full year, as one of the alums described it to me.)

The faculties, for their part, embodied a diversity of skills and interests. If you’re hired for the summer at Middlebury, chances are you won’t just teach language classes. You’ll be asked to coach the
soccer team or lead culinary workshops or hold forth as a film critic. One of the Chinese teachers doubled as a tai chi instructor. A Portuguese faculty member, Antonio Luciano de Andrade Tosta, coached the volleyball team and directed a choral group.

THE DAY BEFORE THE PLEDGE, I had a conversation (in English) with Jianhua Bai, director of the Chinese School. He outlined the program, described the five levels of proficiency, the recruitment of teachers and their training. Then I asked him: Why would anyone want to pay $7,000 to spend the summer studying Chinese in Middlebury when, for about the same price, one could study Chinese in China? He nodded, as if he'd heard this question before.

Bai's Reason No. 1: Students speak more Chinese in Middlebury than they do in China. That's because of the Language Pledge. In China, Bai said—and he was speaking from his experience in language centers there—Americans go to class but then speak English among themselves the rest of the day. In Middlebury, by contrast, it's Chinese, all the time. If you have trouble with a certain intonation or sentence structure or idiomatic expression, chances are a teacher will drill you on it over lunch or on the soccer field or even in the hallway as you go to brush your teeth. The faculty doesn't disappear after several hours of class—they live in the same dorm, and they're likely as not to be present throughout the day.

I heard a similar rationale from both a teacher and a student in the Portuguese School. The student, Gregory, a retiree and one of the more advanced students, said he was learning more, faster, in Middlebury than in Brazil. "I can afford to go to Brazil, and I have friends there," he told me one day in Portuguese, as we walked across campus. "It's not a question of money or of contacts. It's that when I go to Brazil, my friends want to speak English or practice their English. Here, that's not a problem."

Keith Johnson, the instructor I met earlier, has seen his share of Portuguese language programs for Americans in Brazil, and he said those programs inevitably draw many students who aren't really serious about learning the language—they're there for other reasons. Anyone who chooses to come to Middlebury, he believes, is seriously motivated.

The strength of the motivation—at least, in the form of wanting to excel—was evident in the run-up to the Pledge. Most schools give a placement test on the Saturday before classes start, and there was some pre-exam anxiety among the Portuguese and Chinese students who considered themselves intermediate or advanced. What if their test results put them in a level lower than they expected? If you're serious about learning a language, some of your ego is at stake when you subject yourself to a rigorous evaluation by a native speaker. Are you as good as you think you are?

I'm familiar with that sort of anxiety, and no doubt I would have felt it had I taken the Chinese placement test. I opted instead for the Portuguese exam, where I had much less ego to lose—I knew barely enough Portuguese to take the test at all, much less to expect to do well in it. So I was considerably more relaxed than some of my fellow students, who were feverishly reviewing verb conjugations the hour before.

The test, oral and written, posed a variety of scenarios and asked for a paragraph or two in response. (Your car breaks down en route to Middlebury—what do you do? You miss your flight to New York—what do you say to the ticket agent at the airport?)

I had no choice but to make the most of the few words and expressions I knew, in applying them to every situation. The last written question asked the examinee to imagine that he or she had been awarded a peace prize and had to address an assembly of diplomats. What to say? The best I could do was to declare that true peace depended on good food, such as grapes, melons, and prawns (the three foods that came to mind from "Portuguese in Three Months").

Somehow my exam performance landed me in Level 2, which was designed for those who knew neither a little Portuguese or more than a little Spanish. I suspect that if I'd tried to pull something like that in the Chinese exam, I wouldn't have gotten away with it. The Chinese program has a pretty rigorous reputation, after all, and the instructors I encountered had a serious, no-nonsense manner about them.

This brings me to Bai's Reason No. 2: The teaching in Middlebury is better, on balance, than in China. The instructors here are more experienced and more adept at teaching Chinese to Americans than their counterparts in the old country, many of whom are up to speed linguistically but not necessarily pedagogically. A good deal of thought and research, after all, has been applied at U.S. universities to the question of how best to teach Chinese to Americans.

I'm not in a position to assess the state of Chinese-as-a-second-language teaching in China. I can attest, though, to the quality of the Chinese teachers at Middlebury. I spent one morning auditing classes in Levels 2, 3, and 4, and all of the teachers were...
The classes in Levels 2 and 3, each with more than 30 students, were essentially interactive lectures. The instructors were brisk, exacting—but-engaging, and full of humor—always in full control, and always ready to call on anyone at any time. The students broke into smaller groups led by other instructors in the next hour, with still more dialogues and drills. The Level 4 class, with nine students, was more akin to a seminar—a session that, like the lectures, demanded the students’ full attention.

The Portuguese faculty was also top-notch. (Most were natives of Brazil, and the school is heavily Brazil-o-centric.) They were clearly experienced in teaching not just the standard English speakers but those who had studied Spanish or other romance languages. The classroom work in Level 2, where I was assigned, was structured but more open to free-wheeling discussions and digressions than in Chinese Level 2. This wasn’t just because of any cultural differences evinced in the two schools, but because the Level 2 Portuguese students were simply able to talk about more things. It was hard to imagine Level 2 Chinese students talking about why Donald Trump or Howard Hughes were averse to shaking hands—a discussion that the Portuguese students wound up having during a lesson that was mostly about interpersonal greetings in Brazil. (Two airborne kisses on the cheeks or three? That’s a matter of which part of the country you’re in. Or, to use one of the all-purpose responses I learned during my few days in the Portuguese School, depende (pronounced je-PEND-jee).

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The apprehensions of the novice Portuguese speakers were probably typical. They worried about being isolated, or about being seen as stupid. They worried, simply, about how they would get by. “I’m a talker,” one said. “What will I do when I don’t know the words for anything I want to say? Just say, ‘Good day, good day, how are you, how are you,’ over and over again?”

“This is your opportunity,” Carmen Tesser, the Portuguese School director, said just before the Pledge signing, “to take on a new identity, to be someone else. This someone else speaks only Portuguese.” She urged everyone to take risks and not to worry about making mistakes. She looked at her watch. “You’ve got one minute more to speak English.” Chatter filled the room, and then it was time.

The event seemed like something of an initiation rite. One by one, she called the students by name. Each one signed, then passed by a receiving line of the faculty, receiving congratulations. It felt a bit like crossing a river to an alien land from which there could be no return. One student said “bye-bye” before signing. Another crossed himself. Finally it was over, and gradually, the chatter resumed—although much of it, now, was of the “good day, good day, how are you, how are you” variety.

The day after the Pledge ceremony, the Portuguese beginners attended four hours of classes, outlined the study regimen, were assigned homework, and were left with a few rudiments and a rather daunting final exam. That’s a matter of which part of the country you’re in. Or, to use one of the all-purpose responses I learned during my few days in the Portuguese School, depende (pronounced je-PEND-jee).
ments of conversation. The rest of the day found them responding with frustration, zealous determination, and humor. Some put on brave smiles and stayed mostly mute. Others talked and gestured endlessly using their tiny vocabularies, coached by any advanced students or faculty who happened to wander by. Still others played their guitars and sang Brazilian songs, or puzzled over the detailed Portuguese instructions on what to put in each of the multiple recycling bins in the lounge and the dining hall. A few students relaxed by drinking up the last of the Guaraná, a caffeinated Brazilian soft drink whose name—which they pronounced gutturally, lustily, as if it were some sort of exotic booze—became a kind of an in-joke.

For the beginning Chinese students, jovial linguistic acrobatics were probably too much to expect. I sat down to lunch with three Chinese novices, after their first day's classes, and they had difficulty saying much of anything beyond “What level are you?” I did my best to explain to them in Chinese who I was and why I was there, but alas, they were baffled and soon wandered off with an apologetic “good-bye.” I resolved to check back in on them later in the summer.

Indeed, “What level are you?” was probably the most common question I heard from everyone at the Chinese School, when I'd show up seemingly from out of nowhere and start speaking Mandarin with them.

With five levels of proficiency, everyone in the Chinese School seemed a bit more mindful of the stratification than in the smaller Portuguese School, where the classification—at least in most students’ minds—was more informal. In Portuguese, there were the beginners—and everyone else.

Tuesday morning at breakfast, barely a day and a half after the pledge, I witnessed an encounter between two beginning Portuguese students that struck me as remarkable. Marina, a school principal who had come through the first full day of Portuguese looking flustered and a bit haggard, arrived in the dining hall bright-eyed and ready to go. She sat down next to Marx, who was never at a loss for words, even if he didn’t know many. Somehow, these two had never met, so now Marx put the Question to her in Portuguese: Why was she here?

Marina nodded. She replied that she worked at a school where there were Portuguese-speaking students and that she wanted to be able to talk to them.

It occurred to me that, after only two days in Middlebury, she already could.

I had to leave Middlebury on Tuesday to take care of some business, but I returned Thursday to finish out the first week. Two days away seemed to bring out the idyllic, other worldly qualities of the place—the Adirondack chairs dotting the landscape, the American elms gracing the main quad, the snippets of intense, incomprehensible conversations overheard during a walk across campus.

As I approached Painter Hall—Portuguese territory—the first person I recognized was Simão, one of the beginners whom the Pledge had rendered relatively mute. Now he was outside, exercising, and when I asked him how it was going, he smiled broadly and said, in Portuguese: “I can speak!”

Beyond Simão, toward the middle of the quad, a volleyball practice was underway. I walked over for a closer look. It was the Russians. They had a couple of serious spikers. An hour later they were still out there, working out. They looked formidable.

The next morning, at breakfast, I wound up sitting with Amália, a student, and Carmen, the Portuguese School director. Carmen happened to mention that the school’s first volleyball match was against the Russians. I said I was worried about that. I’d seen the Russians practicing.

“Don’t worry,” Carmen said blithely, eating her yogurt. “We’ll win.”

“The spirit of the Portuguese School will carry us through,” Amália said gamely.

Inter-school rivalries—most evident in soccer and volleyball matches—were a strange mixture of intensity and tongue-in-cheekness. The spectators’ cheers were somehow both genuine and full of amusement. The first taste of this came in Mead Chapel during the welcoming assembly, when Michael Katz introduced each of the schools’ faculty leaders—to thunderous applause from their respective students, each section trying to out cheer the other.

After the Portuguese classes got underway, no one discouraged the idea that the school had its own personality, drawing loosely from qualities often associated with Brazil—warm-blooded, impassioned, rhythmic, free-spirited, hip.

It was fun to attend a school that watched a different movie every night and discussed it later in the classroom. At a Friday morning lesson, at the end of the first week, I got to hear the beginners debate whether the Wednesday night film—Baker Street, a Brazilian take on Sherlock Holmes—was a comedy or not. The
two groups made creative use of their limited vocabularies, and they showed the same mixture of earnestness and good humor as I had noticed in the chapel and on the playing field.

The first volleyball practice, led by Luciano, was Friday afternoon at our end of the quad. He began by running through the terminology—how to say “in,” “out,” “serve,” and so forth, then divided us into opposing teams. With classes done for the week, everyone was full of energy.

Meanwhile, the Russians were back out, and they were hard at volleyball, and tug-of-war, and three-legged races. It was virtually a show of force. Their cheers echoed across the quad, as the little Portuguese School scrambled and joked its way through its own scrimmage.

I wasn’t there for the match with the Russians, but Carmen reported in an e-mail that the Portuguese gave them a run for their money in the first game, then got trounced in the second. Oh well, I thought, at least no one got hurt.

The big volleyball news, she said, came the following week—against the Chinese. The Chinese won the first game and had the Portuguese down by 13 points in the second, when the Portuguese staged a miraculous comeback, won the game, and pulled out the next one as well. Pandemonium ensued.

“You would have thought that we won the World Cup!” Carmen wrote. “This, of course, made history in the Portuguese School—first victory ever, in any sport.” The school’s on-line journal, written by students, gave a breathless account under the headline, “Ganhamos!!!” (We won). Photo coverage included a shot of one of the students doing a “danca sensual” on the sidelines to distract the Chinese team.

Academically, Carmen reported, the novices’ spirits hit a low point after two weeks, as expected. (The initial fervor wore off, and they started feeling overwhelmed, she explained.) But they came out of it the third week and were beginning “to unravel the intricacies of our Portuguese language.”

They were still unraveling when I dropped back in on them one day during the sixth week, but I was unprepared for their degrees of intricacy.

The Level 1 Portuguese students, whom my memory had frozen in the “Good day, good day, how are you, how are you” stage, were learning the imperfect subjunctive. The mute ones were talking plenty. Daniel jokingly confided that his Spanish was indeed ruined, but he didn’t seem too worried. My old Level 2 classmates were drilling each other on irregular participles. Several students had jumped ahead a level, into another class.

Everyone was tired, everyone was grousing about the workload—the exams, the essays, the assigned presentations. Four hours of class, four hours or more of homework every day. Marina, the school principal, said she’d never worked so hard in her life. Sure enough, right after dinner, there she was with a teacher, poring over the draft of an essay.

This was, after all, the penultimate week for the Portuguese School, so maybe they were feeling more pressure as the end neared. And of course, once school was over, they’d have to figure out how to keep their Portuguese up. Marina would practice with her students, Marx would practice with his grandmother. Kevinho would practice by reading Harry Potter—in Portuguese! He was going to have to order it, though, because the campus bookstore didn’t have it. The store did have French, German, and Italian editions of Harry Potter, and in fact, the Chinese offerings were the most extensive of all.

The Chinese students were muttering about the workload, too, but the intensive regimen was having an effect—most dramatically on the beginners.

A few weeks before, these students were virtually speechless. Now, when I sat down at their table, they lost no time in putting the question to me. And now, when I told them who I was and what I was doing, they understood—or seemed to, anyway.

Several weeks after the Portuguese School ended—after he’d had time to recover—I asked Simao what he made of it all.

“The summer was pretty amazing,” he replied. “I went in not speaking any Portuguese and left feeling pretty comfortable.” He realizes he’s still a long way from fluency and he still has a lot to learn, but it was that first step that was the hardest.

If his first big “jump” had been after the first two weeks, his next breakthrough came in the last week or two, “when speaking started to become more comfortable and the smart-ass comments that I normally make were suddenly given a path out of my mind and off my tongue.”

“That was fun,” he said. “After all, what is a language without that?”

Tim Johnson is a writer and editor in Burlington, Vermont. He profiled psychology professor Michelle McCauley ("Court Sense") in the fall 2003 issue of Middlebury Magazine.
Sarah Fangman ’90 is at work, and she feels somewhat nauseous. This isn’t unusual. Most days, Fangman’s eyes wage a violent struggle with her inner ear, each sending conflicting signals to her brain, that, left unchecked, would leave her dizzy, or worse, prostrate and retching.

So for this malady, she must attach a scopolamine patch to the skin behind her ear to block signals from her inner ear to her brain. Although helpful, the patch doesn’t always ensure 100 percent stability.

There’s a common name for Fangman’s condition—motion sickness—and millions of people suffer from it, too. It wouldn’t be that big a deal if Fangman was, say, a cardiothoracic surgeon or a desk clerk or a firefighter. But the 36-year-old is a marine scientist, who spends half the year on a boat on the ocean and the other half in or around bodies of water, which makes her job one of the worst jobs to have if you suffer from motion sickness. But here she is, aboard a 56-foot research vessel chugging through the waters of the Pacific Ocean—and she wouldn’t want to be anywhere else.

A Minnesota native, Fangman fell in love with the ocean at age 13, when her family took a respite from another brutal Minnesota winter to vacation on the Cayman Islands. There, Fangman was exposed to some of the world’s most magnificent coral reefs, communities that play host to stingrays, sea turtles, sea stars, and tropical fish so colorful they seem psychedelic.

An ocean lover since childhood, marine scientist Sarah Fangman ’90 spends most of her days on—or in—the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

“With a mask and snorkel, I discovered the ocean,” she says. “My back was sunburned to a crisp, but I had fallen in love with that [world].”

During her junior year at Middlebury, the environmental studies and biology major spent a semester studying coral reef ecology in the Virgin Islands, and that’s when she realized she could make a living following her passion. “I knew I wanted to do something with the outdoors,” she says. “I was diving every day on the coral reefs off St. John. It wasn’t hard to figure out.”

Today, motion sickness notwithstanding, her current life is an idyllic one for an ocean lover. For the past seven years, she’s been the research coordinator for the Channel Islands National Marine Sanctuary (CINMS), which is operated by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA). The sanctuary, an area the size of Rhode Island, sits off the coast of Southern California in the Santa Barbara Channel and includes a zone of “marine protected areas” where fishing is prohibited. The areas extend three miles from the islands’ shores into the Pacific.
On this morning in late September, Fangman is aboard the 25-year-old research vessel Pacific Ranger, and she's orchestrating a fish-count dive, during which five professional divers work with sanctuary staff to document fish diversity and population trends in several spots in the CINMS, both inside and outside the protected areas. Over time, Fangman hopes to see whether differences in size and assemblage develop between fish in the protected areas and those where harvesting is allowed.

As the Pacific Ranger moves farther away from the California coast, dolphins streak alongside the vessel, and the Channel Islands loom into view; weathered and undeveloped, the land consists mainly of dried brush and inhospitable, rocky slopes. Once the vessel anchors, birds can be seen nesting on nearby outcroppings, and sea lions and harbor seals are spotted sunbathing along the jagged banks of Santa Cruz Island.

Aquatic life in the sanctuary is myriad and stunning, owing in large part to its unique locale in the Santa Barbara Channel, where cold, northern waters mix with warmer currents from the south, producing a biologically rich environment. Sea lions, seals, dolphins, and whales all live in the area. So do sharks, skates, and rays; 16 species of seabirds, 11 of which breed there; an array of marine invertebrates, including acorn barnacles, octopi, sea stars, and anemone; and a wealth of sea grass and kelp, forming intricate and extensive underwater forests on the ocean floor.

The sanctuary is designed to protect the resources within its boundaries, while researchers investigate whether changes in marine life within the sanctuary are due to currents, temperature fluctuations, or the existence of the protected areas. As the research coordinator for the sanctuary, Fangman's role is paramount. Not only was she the major designer of the sanctuary's youngest research vessel, Shearwater, but she oversees the coordination of all educational and research trips, such as this one, while conducting her own projects using an array of vehicles and instruments, including submersibles and Remotely Operated Vehicles (ROVs).

Over the course of a year, she'll scuba dive and conduct subtidal surveys of the kelp forests, conduct aerial surveys of marine mammals, study the nesting habits of Channel Islands seabirds, use the ROVs to conduct habitat characterization surveys, and hop in one of the submersibles to conduct research in deep water.

"The way I see it, a lot of the opportunities I have are because I say 'yes' a lot," Fangman says. "And because I've had that attitude, I've broadened my skill base and contacts. Opportunities come up where I have had to turn them away, like a trip to study coral spawning in the Gulf of Mexico. I could be out at sea 200 days a year, but that may be too much."

Today's trip is a short one, and as the Pacific Ranger's crew prepares to pull up anchor, Fangman and the other divers squeeze into a creaky booth in the galley. They begin to transfer data from dive slates to printed testing forms. Fangman reaches for a stack of
sets, clearing a place on the table by pushing aside remnants of muffins, a bowl of soft fruit, and tattered fishing guides. If she's feeling seasick, she's not showing it.

The SANTA BARBARA harbor is a picturesque haven in a postcard-perfect town. Historic mission-style homes dot the lush mountains that frame the harbor, while sunlight reflects brilliantly off the water's surface, creating an incandescent sparkling field of blue, spotted with sailboats and fishing vessels. Fangman is in her harbor office on the water's edge and has a day or two to catch up on paperwork before heading back to sea. Fall is peak field season for sanctuary researchers; in addition to the fish-mapping dive, Fangman recently spent three days aboard Shearwater, where she used a towed side-scan sonar to map the sea floor in the protected areas.

Established in April 2003, the marine protected areas are a bellwether project for the sanctuary. If researchers can prove that the no-harvesting policy allows the system to recover or maintain a natural state where extraction isn't a factor, then the sanctuary researchers may have hit upon a management system that can have global implications. "We feel we're doing some pretty cutting-edge stuff," Fangman says. "We're using a management strategy that's not new, but being applied in new, significant ways."

It was actually a group of fishermen who approached NOAA in 1999 about creating the protected areas. The fishermen were concerned that overfishing in the Channel Islands was decimating the population of fish in their region, and they felt that if the fish had a protected habitat, numbers would rise in the harvestable regions as well. Of course, other entities (environmentalists, scientists) would have a great deal of interest in the idea of protected areas, too, and CINMS was careful to canvas the field when creating the areas, Fangman says. The result was a collaborative, consensus-driven process among an unlikely array of supporters—commercial fishermen, environmentalists, kelp harvesters, marine scientists, recreational divers, kayakers, and policy makers. If such a diverse group of interests can reach agreement on the application of a protected marine sanctuary, Fangman says, and if the protected areas have a discernible effect on the marine habitat, then CINMS may be creating a model others can emulate.

Fangman's infectious enthusiasm for her work and the sanctuary's mission can bubble over at times into an ardent spiel for environmental causes. "It sounds really hokey, I know, but I want to leave the planet better than when I landed on it," she says. "I want to try to make things better . . . establishing marine reserves, so that we're now saying, 'This place is special and we don't want to impact it. We want to leave it as it is, and let it recover.' That was a huge effort. I feel like we're making a difference. I feel like we're contributing."

Though Fangman's role is pivotal, she's quick to redirect the spotlight to others; her colleagues, however, won't let her get away with it and stumble over themselves seeking adequate words to praise her work, calling her "outstanding," "extremely dedicated," "so pleasant to work with," and "impressive." Dave Kushner, who heads the Kelp Forest Monitoring Program for the Channel Islands National Park, has worked with Fangman since she arrived at CINMS seven years ago. "She's just exceptional. She's a can-do government employee," he says. "Some people in the government just seem to create roadblocks, but Sarah will always try to make things happen."

With her blonde hair, blue eyes, and lean, long frame, Fangman's Midwestern roots could easily be mistaken for native So Cal surfer cool; Pacific Rangers' captain, John Provo, makes the comment that everyone is just "in loooove" with Fangman and that she carries an effervescence about her, regardless of the situation.

But sometimes those situations aren't the easiest to navigate. Often the only woman on research trips, Fangman occasionally finds a captain who is not as supportive as Provo; despite her status as the chief scientist, the captain of a 200-foot research vessel won't always listen to her.

"I really had to learn how to navigate that culture. I'll go to the captain and say, 'We would like to do this.' The captain will turn to a male scientist who is working as my assistant and ask him what it is that we're going to do. My assistant will tell him what I just said," Sarah states matter of factly. "It's frustrating, but I just have to go, 'Okay, I don't have time to fight that.'"

And while chauvinism can often be dealt with in a calculated manner, other situations don't allow the time. On a past trip, two scientists were in a small vessel, just outside of the sanctuary, on a day with three-to-four-foot swells. "All of a sudden, a rogue wave, a 15-foot wall of water, came at the boat," Fangman says. "They didn't have time to react as it picked up the boat and flipped it." The scientists and captain swam to a rocky shore, where the boat eventually washed up. "We're constantly putting very heavy equipment over the side in boats that are pitching around. People can get hurt. It is part of the business. How can you study the ocean if you don't ever leave your office?"

Number of wetsuits Eight of varying thicknesses; including a dry suit for winter waters

Research trip must haves seasickness medicine (the behind-the-ear patch), two of each piece of equipment, contingency plans

Onboard meals Spaghetti, pizzas, burritos; Red Vines. "I have no idea why, but every boat I've ever been on has Red Vines. Because of her seasickness, seeing them on land makes her nauseous.

Uncomfortable moment for the vegetarian On a dive trip several weeks ago, her coworkers, with a permit, caught several sea urchins to measure and examine them. They then ate a sample and the roe. "Couldn't be any fresher. They were all enjoying it," she said as she shakes her head in disbelief.

Uncomfortable moment that shouldn't recur The researchers often dive at San Miguel Island in the Sanctuary, a sea lion rookery of thousands. White sharks are known sea lion predators and are often spotted there.

"When we go diving, I don't want to think about sharks, because it is always in the back of my mind. Inevitably, someone will make a joke before we get in the water about great whites. Can't we just pretend they aren't out there?"
Altho
ugh Fangman must be judicious when choosing projects that take her beyond CINMS, she understands that the opportunity to explore other habitats and management techniques can have a tremendous impact on what she is doing in the Channel Islands. She's recently studied sea turtles in North Carolina and coral reefs in the Gulf of Mexico and has logged significant time in NOAA's underwater laboratory, Aquarius, which is located 50 feet deep in the Florida Keys.

Her 10-day saturation mission at Aquarius last year allowed her to live underwater and conduct fish-tagging operations without having to decompress and surface. She bunked with six other scientists in cozy, pressurized quarters, and performed daily underwater surgery on grouper, snapper, and parrotfish. The researchers were interested in mapping the home ranges of groups of fish, so they would bait and trap their specimens, open their body cavity and implant a jellybean-sized tag, before releasing them in the ocean. Acoustic receivers placed around the local reef then picked up each tag's unique ping, and the researchers were able to find out where individual fish swam during certain parts of the day. A fellow scientist from her Aquarius mission is coming to the Channel Islands to tag fish for a similar study. Knowing where individual fish swim will help scientists to determine if the current no-fishing zones are appropriately placed.

In the near future, Fangman hopes to take some time off. On the agenda: a vacation of warm-water diving, a service mission trip to Guatemala with a childhood friend, and a sojourn to Croatia in the spring. But there's not much time to think about that now. It's peak season in the Channel Islands National Marine Sanctuary, after all. Fangman really needs to get back to her paperwork, but she has just one more story to tell.

On that recent trip to North Carolina, she found a nest of sea turtles. They had hatched the night before, and Fangman had tracked the path of a hatchling, about the size of a lemon. “They dig themselves out of the sand and crawl towards the ocean. It is an absolute gauntlet of crabs and birds and other creatures all waiting to eat them,” she says. “And as soon as they crash into the water, that number of predators expands exponentially. They practically have no chance.” But, obviously, many survive.

Fangman's hatchling had a deformed flipper, and it couldn't crawl straight. “He must have traveled half a mile before reaching the water,” she says. What happened after that, no one knows. You'd like to think that the hatchling with the bum flipper is out there, somewhere, thriving. Just like you'd like to think that a woman marine scientist in a male-dominated field can navigate the myriad challenges in her path—from motion sickness to chauvinism to rogue waves to the complex realm of the marine sanctuary—so that she can leave the planet better than when she arrived.

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Message from Abraham
BY DONALD AXINN ’51, ’89 DOCTOR OF LETTERS (HON)
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENNIS CURRAN

Mountain Abraham positions himself boldly,
Sitting like some medieval king
On the eastern horizon, staring out
From the highest ridgeline of the Greens,
The dominant prince among his peaked siblings.
His staunch shoulders carry a head
Wrapped in a sun that offers you
A view of time and perhaps eternity

I KNEW I’D RETURN TO THE TRAILS OF ABRAHAM. For many years, from my deck in Weybridge, I’ve watched it, down in the flats of the Champlain Valley. Memories of freshman year 55 years ago would flood back, images of that first hike and all the others that followed, when we ran up with seemingly unlimited energy, young Greek Olympians.

Abraham has always seemed to beckon, like intoxicating memories of an old love that stay with you beyond the reality that that passion had ended many years earlier. As I’ve grown older, I have a conscious perception of this mountain as a symbol of stability. In an increasingly complex world, Abraham exists as it always has: independent, unaffected, strong.

One morning last summer, I set out for Abraham, driving over the Otter Creek “clatter” bridge, crossing Route 7, slipping through New Haven Mills, Bristol, and Lincoln, before shooting the Lincoln Gap. I signed in at the Green Mountain Club station in the shadow of the mountain and quickly began my ascent. As the trail greeted me, I thought I heard singing, possibly laughter. Nothing had changed.

There are other magnificent peaks (Camel’s Hump, Mansfield, Jay) on the Long Trail, of course, but as I set out for Abraham’s summit, the rugged—at times boggy—terrain seemed to be leading me to the peak, the destination. I recall a fall evening, camping at the Battell Shelter lean-to, two-thirds of the way up the mountain, and how the eloquently designed arc of a charged-up moon rises in the night sky, waiting to play with Venus, its lifelong friend. Or how on a crisp morning at dawn, spectrumed pastels push up from the east, while waiting branches begin to print their lines against the wakening daylight. In winter the landscape is so different; Abraham is blanketed in snow, sensual fluffy feathers softening cracks and filling in corners.

FALL 2004 43
A Walk in the Woods

The author sets out on a trek up Abraham in early fall.

As I picked my way along the trail, my mind became devoid of uncertainty. I no longer thought of the confusion inherent in the modern world. Instead I focused on the moment, on the dips in the trail, the tangled roots, the rock outcroppings. I focused on breathing: inhaling deeply, then expelling, an audible “poof” escaping my lips. A sense of peace permeated with overwhelming substantiality. All was in its proper place. There existed a distinct order; every turn on the trail presented another cathedral, each with its own balance and symmetry.

Taking a moment to sit on the forest floor, leaning against an eastern white pine, I contemplated the silence and became aware of the shifting nature of time. In the modern world, one is controlled by time, from “the time to get up” to “the time to go to sleep.” On the trail, the forces of time are fundamental and vital: light and darkness, warmth and cold. There’s no fixed schedule to conform to, no deadlines to meet. John Elder, the College’s Stewart Professor of English and Environmental Studies, has commented on the fresh perceptions nature can provide. He’ll stop, kneel next to a fallen tree, and explain how it contains more life than it did when it was upright. He’ll talk about the inescapable reality of succession, expressed simply in the natural world.

As I climbed higher, I thought of the times I’d flown over the Green Mountains in a hardy 1932 Waco biplane or my Piper Super Cub, a white bush plane. I’ve spied a series of beaver ponds, and once, on a sun-dappled pond, I spotted a moose standing knee deep in the water, chomping farcically on a batch of lilies. On the ground, absent the bird’s-eye view, the woods are layered, but no less serene. Artifice has been stripped away, replaced by instinct. The air seems permeated with spirituality, and I’m reminded of a conversation Frost had with his Ripton neighbor Rabbi Victor Reichert. Frost asked the rabbi if he believed in God. “What do you think, Robert?” Reichert asked in return. “With so many ladders going up everywhere,” Frost said, “there must be something for them to lean against.”

Approaching the summit, my thoughts returned to our place in this world. Free from the modern “conveniences”—cell phones, laptops, PDAs—that clutter everyday life, I focused on the myriad dangers our natural resources face. If only policy makers could come here, I thought. Even the biggest egos could be humbled by the reality that we are but an infinitesimal part of the landscape. It was, upon reflection, a message delivered from Abraham.

Donald Asimn ’51 is the author of two novels and eight volumes of poetry. He lives in Weybridge, Vermont, and Sands Point, New York.
Modern TIMES

WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE INFORMATION REVOLUTION, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN BOOK MEETS BYTE?

BY MATT JENNINGS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB HANDELMAN

T'S JUST AFTER EIGHT ON A SEASONABLY COOL WEEKNIGHT IN SEPTEMBER, and though the fall semester is just a few weeks old and the night is young, Middlebury's new library is hopping.

Twelve of the 16 computer stations on the south end of the main level are occupied, a handful of adjacent media workstations (television monitors attached to DVD players) are in use, and of the 10 or so lounge chairs that occupy the north end of this level, only one is unclaimed.

On the second floor, there are more chairs and more occupants. A line of recliners on the east side faces the wall of floor-to-ceiling windows that, in daylight hours, offer a stunning view of the Green Mountains. Students are folded, slouched, and curled into the chairs, reading Chaucer, Chinese texts, and books on Jewish thought.

The polished maple study carrels and rectangular tables are in heavy use, as well. Five students sit around a long table that is strewn with paper and books. Three of the students have laptops, and all five are engaged in an animated conversation about economic theory. In a nearby carrel, a young woman, with her shoes off and feet propped on the desk, is leaning back precariously in her chair, a spiral notebook open in her lap. On the other side of the wooden divider, a guy wearing a backwards-turned baseball cap and
295 B.C. The Great Library at Alexandria is founded.

105 B.C. The first college of technology is formed in Alexandria.

28 B.C. Rome establishes two large libraries: the Octavia and the Palatine.

1116 A.D. Chinese sew pages to make a stitched book.

1438 Johannes Gutenberg enters into a partnership with Andreas Dritzhen to conduct experiments in printing.

1456 Gutenberg completes the printing of a Latin Bible, originating the technique of printing from movable type.

**MIDDLEBURY UNPLUGGED**

The new library features a building-wide wireless network, which allows laptop users with WiFi cards to connect to the Internet from a study carrel, in the stacks—or from the comfort of an easy chair facing the Green Mountains.
More than 35,000 books—totaling 10 million copies—have been printed.

1732 Benjamin Franklin starts a circulating library in Philadelphia.

1800 The Library of Congress is founded.

1800 Middlebury College is founded.

1800 Middlebury College Library is established.

1858 Middlebury President Benjamin Labaree acquires 3,400 books while on sabbatical in Europe.

frayed gray T-shirt sits hunched over a laptop, furiously pecking away at the keys. In fact, the only area of the library devoid of students is a lonely section in the back of the main level, where nine microfilm stations sit unused.

Perhaps it’s the novelty of the gleaming, airy $40 million complex of marble and limestone that has brought out droves of students on this night, but that’s not a likely explanation; those present are hardly gawking (that came earlier in the month, when they first arrived on campus) or wasting their time. No, they appear to be using the library precisely the way it was intended.

“In today’s world, a library is a place for conversation, collaboration, activity,” says Barbara Doyle-Wilch, the College’s dean of Library and Information Services. When she first started working as a librarian in Marion County, Indiana, in the late ‘60s, Doyle-Wilch says, libraries focused on their collections, rather than the people who used them. “The comfort of the user was not important at all,” she says. “That’s why you had hard, uncomfortable chairs and dim lighting. The presentation of the collection was what was important.

“This mindset—the more extensive your collection, the better you are”—still lingers somewhat as an indicator of a library’s value, but less so in the liberal arts arena. I think we’re more focused on judging the value of a library by how well it allows a community to do its work and whether its collection—and infrastructure—is supportive of teaching and learning.”

Of course, it wasn’t that long ago that “libraries were . . . simple places. Books and journals came in, and, after they were cataloged, books and journals went out,” the Yale Alumni Magazine wrote in February 2002. “But while the fundamental concept hasn’t changed—the library still exists to house information and provide it to whatever public it serves,” the magazine continued, “the institution itself has recently undergone a radical transformation, both in the kinds of material it houses and in the ways it makes its holdings available.”

Thirty years ago, Doyle-Wilch says, 90 percent of a library’s budget was spent on books. By the 1980s, there was a solid 50-50 split between books and scholarly journals and audiovisual holdings. Today, 75 percent of a library’s budget is generally spent on journals (mostly in electronic form) and multimedia holdings. In addition, libraries at academic institutions such as Middlebury are investing heavily in data sets, purchasing access rights to a vast

Today, 75 percent of a library’s budget is spent on journals and multimedia holdings.

SHIFTING LANDSCAPE
If a library’s main role continued to be that of a repository of material then eventually, Doyle-Wilch says, “the entire U.S. would turn into one giant library.”
array of statistical information, such as the United Nations Common Database, which provides a wealth of information culled from 30 specialized international data sources.

“The past decade has witnessed a greater emphasis on teaching what’s current,” says Doyle-Wilch, “and this means embracing technology.”

A jar of quills sits on the windowsill in Barbara Ganley's corner office in the Center for Teaching, Learning and Research, located on the main floor of the library's east end. Her bookshelves are packed with the works of literary giants, such as Shakespeare, Twain, and Joyce. It's exactly the type of office you'd expect a writing instructor to have. But upon closer examination, there are apparent incongruities: the collection of books on cybertheory, for example, on a shelf next to *Finnegans Wake* and *Ulysses*.

A few years ago, Ganley noticed a widening chasm between the lively voices found in the e-mails of her creative-writing students and what she describes as the “listless, empty-vessel writing” found in their papers. Searching for a way to integrate into the creative-writing curriculum the eloquence that these students expressed in their favored medium, Ganley turned to the weblog—a Web site, written in journal style, in which the author links to other sites of interest. Though “blogs” have become *de rigeur* in 2004, they were relatively unheard of when Ganley was introduced to them by colleague Hector Vila in 2002. After she incorporated the tool into the curriculum, she realized that she had discovered a bridge over the creative chasm. Almost immediately, students were posting sparkling prose and critical theory to the blog, sharing their insights not only with Ganley, but with the entire class. Ganley (and Vila in his courses), in turn, found that she could embrace the Socratic model of providing students with questions, rather than answers, while stepping out of the center of the discussion.

Though blogs have been used as a tool for distance learning in...
online courses, Ganley bristles at the notion that the tool has replaced human interaction or classical instruction. “Not for a minute am I giving up that type of engagement,” she says. “By no means are we displacing the classroom experience; we’re enhancing it, extending it.” She gestures toward her door; about 100 feet from the center is a cluster of computer stations. “A student could be out there right now, posting an observation stemming from our discussion in class this morning.”

She holds up a copy of Janet Murray’s discourse on the future of narrative in cyber-space, *Hamlet on the Holodeck*. “Murray argues that if Shakespeare were alive in the time of blogs, do you think he wouldn’t use them? Look at Dickens and Thackeray and their methods of serial writing. Blogging is the natural extension of that way of thinking.”

Though she maintains a professional blog of her own (http://mt.middlebury.edu/midd­dleblog/ganley/hgblogging) in addition to her course blogs, Ganley insists she’s not a technophile. Until she brought blogs into her classroom, she says she was “a reluctant user of technology.” Smiling, she adds, “If you want to see the true technophile behind this, go see Hector.”

**GOT BOOKS?**

**BIBLIOPHILES CONCERNED THAT THE MODERN LIBRARY no longer collects books will find it reassuring to know that the College library acquires roughly 17,000 books a year, a figure that has remained relatively stable the past five years. These acquisitions join the ever-expanding 1 million-plus library holdings (this includes reference works, government documents, films and videos, archives, and manuscripts).**

The library also houses the Abernethy Library of American Literature, which contains more than 19,000 volumes of work. The manuscripts, many rare, represent 1,000 authors, including Henry David Thoreau, Robert Frost, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and William Carlos Williams.

There is also the extensive collection of newspapers and periodicals. The library’s lower level contains more than 1,200 issues of current periodicals (ranging from *Rolling Stone* to *Anthropological Theory*) and 50 newspapers from around the world.

The students in Vila’s first-year seminar, “Future Communities: Technology and Social Revolution,” are in the throes of creating digital stories, the latest innovation in the evolution of creative storytelling, that counts stained glass, illuminated manuscripts, and the printing press in its lineage.

Ganley and Vila see digital stories—the combination of video, audio, and recorded narration to form a complete narrative—as an emerging form of academic discourse, but right now, Vila’s students see digital stories as another source of first-year angst. Vila confides that he purposely overwhelmed them with the technology—the students are struggling to master the complex editing software. Premier, and many are using super-VHS machines for the first time—so that eventually using the tools will become second nature. “Right now, they hate me,” he laughs. “But they’ll thank me later. This is the world they’re entering.”

But the digital-story exercises are more than a means of preparing students for a technological age. Already, serious research papers and even Ph.D. dissertations are now incorporating digital stories to augment text. (“Imagine doing an in-depth literary analysis of a Seamus Heaney poem that includes an audio file of Heaney reading the text,” Ganley says. “The best scholarship is intensely creative. The brain is associative. This type of work releases us from the tyranny of linear thinking.”) And the method of creating a digital story pushes the boundaries of creative expression.

“John Updike said that everyone should write poetry because it makes one more aware of language,” Vila says. “I think this is another way of doing that. The scripting component for this type of work is extensive. Language becomes more vibrant; vocabulary becomes very important.”

Vila is an academic maverick. Though he has a Ph.D. in English and wrote his dissertation on Henry James (“I couldn’t have a more traditional academic background,” he says), Vila has been a step or two ahead of his time; only now is his way of think—
ing becoming mainstream. He’s been enamored with digital expression and the idea behind blogging since the 1980s. The Internet wasn’t even a commercial reality then, existing only in an exclusive, insular sphere within the government, military, and the most technical realm of academia. For years, he and his like-minded colleagues searched in vain for the academic model they were interested in following, before realizing recently that they are the model.

He thinks this type of teaching, with its reliance on the latest technological trends, is more accepted today because of the students themselves. Even those who would describe themselves as technological novices have never really known a world without e-mail or the Internet.

A glance around the media lab reinforces this impression. At one workstation, a student clutches a mini iPod in his left hand, his head bobbing to the music emanating from the tiny headphones nestled in his ears. His eyes are glued to the flat-screen computer monitor, as his right hand click-click-dicks the computer mouse. A series of images flash on the screen; every few minutes, he’ll gently put the iPod down on the desk, grab a pen and scribble notes in the margins of his spiral notebook, where his scripted narrative is written. All around the room, the other students are engaged in similar endeavors. For the past hour and a half, pairs of students have been recording their scripts in Vila’s office on the south side of the library; when they return, they struggle to match their narration to their images on the screen. They’ve read too fast; they have too many images; they don’t have enough music.

“Do I have to credit Simon and Garfunkel for this song?” a student shouts.

“Credit everything,” Vila answers, loud enough for everyone to hear. “Children, the frame of mind you need to have is that this is like writing a research paper. You need to cite everything, just as you would in an academic text. At

If Shakespeare were alive in the time of blogs, do you think he wouldn’t use them?
Today’s laptop computer has more computing power than all the computers in the world combined in 1970.

the end of your story, there should be credits for images, for video, for songs.”

Some students are further along than their classmates and are quick to pop out of their chair and help out when cries of “How do I render an image again?” and “How can I make this photo black and white?” ring across the room.

And this speaks to a third tenet of blogging and digital storytelling: the creation of a close-knit academic community. On his professional blog, www.mediainquiry.org, Vila echoes Ganley and writes: “[This is] an effective way of replicating the best of the Socratic education using technology—this can be done, this is being done, right here, right now, and in this class; it’s now online, but the community, the Lyceum, is formed.”

The night before, eight members of the class gathered in the lab for the second in a series of informal get-togethers that offered those in attendance the opportunity to work on their stories in a group setting outside of class. The idea sprang from a student’s post on the class blog and resulted in a continued dialogue (in class and online) about the merits of collaborative work. That evening, the eight students not only helped critique scripts and assist in trouble shooting problems, they learned from one another—through their stories—what it was like to grow up on the South Side of Chicago, to watch a sibling die in a Burmese refugee camp, and to come to Middlebury after being one of only 100 students at an all-Jewish secondary school in Kansas. That session was exactly what Doyle-Wilch was talking about when she said a library is the place for “community, collaboration, and activity.”

SINCE THE 1960s, the speed and storage capacity of computers have doubled every two years, meaning that today’s laptop computer has more computing power than all the computers in the world combined in 1970. This continuous, rapid rate of innovation obviously has an extraordinary impact on the educational model. In the online journal Issues in Science and Technology, William Wulf (president of the National Academy of Engineering) and James Duderstadt (president emeritus and professor of science and engineering at the University of Michigan) observed last year that “the university has entered yet another period of change driven by powerful social, economic, and technological forces.” Noting the stunning rate of computer innovation mentioned above, they added, “In thinking about changes in the university, one must think about the technology that will be available in 10 or 20 years; technology that will be thousands of times more powerful, as well as thousands of times cheaper.”

Though Wulf and Duderstadt were focused primarily on the research university and the increasing prevalence of long-distance learning, their observations were no less relevant to the residential liberal arts college. Middlebury’s library was designed to meet the College’s needs for the next 100 years. This fact applies not only to the building’s innovative environmental facets (high-efficiency lighting) but also to technological change and the evolving world of knowledge management.

“When we first started building the library, I commented, ‘What we really need is a pole barn,’” Doyle-Wilch laughs. “We were extremely careful not to put anything in that was not adaptable space.” And she’s right. Aside from stairways and office walls, there are no permanent structures within the library shell.

Making provisions for future adjustments to accommodate changes in the nature of information storage and retrieval is relatively easy when compared to what Doyle-Wilch and other educators see as the biggest hurdle: meeting the wide range of needs of a diverse set of users. “Everyone wants the library to meet their need,” Doyle-Wilch says. But the needs of an 18-year-old creating a digital story can differ greatly from the needs of a faculty member researching the transcendental idealism of Immanuel Kant in relation to the Chinese T’ien-t’ai Buddhism of the sixth-century philosopher Zhiyi. Though Ganley would tell you that this doesn’t have to be true—a faculty member could just as easily conduct a large portion of the research online. (For instance, the electronic journal www.friesian.com/kant.htm has a wealth of information on Kant and Zhiyi, complete with hyperlinks to academic papers and editorial essays.) But that doesn’t account for the fact that, as Doyle-Wilch says, “there are faculty members who have conducted research one way their entire career; their mindset is much more linear than the hyperlinking mindset of the students.”

In many cases, simple economics helps make the choice easy. “Often it’s an economic choice,” says Doyle-Wilch. “We don’t have the storage capacity or the financing to buy the same thing in different formats (the same journal, in print and electronic form, for instance).

“But as much as things have changed,” she adds, “the fundamental mission of a library hasn’t changed at all. We still provide access to history; we still provide the tools people need to conduct their research. That hasn’t changed, and I don’t think it ever will.”

And for now, the “relics” of yesteryear, such as those nine microfilm machines tucked away in the northeast corner of the main level, still have a place in the 21st-century library. On a recent evening, all was quiet amid the Canon Microfilm 400s and Microdesign 950s. But with a flick of a switch, one of the machines hummed to life, emanating that familiar pale yellow light.
Kate Webb '83 can take the most awkward or confined space and turn it into a place you’ll want to call home. Photograph by Jon Roemer
Room with a View
Architect Kate Webb '83 sees things that others do not

By Brian Eule

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE Hudson River just north of Tribeca, there is a professional golfer sitting on his toilet, gazing across the entire length of his loft and out upon the river. There are rooms between this bathroom and the magnificent windows that overlook New York's famous body of water, but Kate Webb '83, the loft's architect, built a series of strategically placed glass panes along the walls so that the residents could maximize their space and still enjoy the view from almost any spot in the loft. And that includes the toilet.

When the loft was finished, Webb asked her client if he enjoyed this added touch. "Yes," he said, "I appreciate my throne."

Webb is made for New York, and, lately, New York's sense of style is being made by Webb. The architect has earned a reputation for creatively taking full advantage of small spaces (a July 2003 profile in the New York Times bolstered this reputation), and on an island where one and a half million people cram into 23 square miles, every inch counts.

Walking her tiny dog down the narrow streets of a trendy and bustling neighborhood in Lower Manhattan, Webb gesticulates wildly as she speaks. Her energy level is so high, she seems to speak in fragments, and it's this same sense of manic pacing that fuels her creative process.

One of four kids, she grew up not far from here, in a two-bedroom apartment near Washington Square. Her father built a triple-decker bed in one of the rooms for three of his children. Webb's bed, on the bottom, was blocked by curtains on one side; her two brothers' beds, directly above, had curtains on the other side. The result was a division of the room, a sense of privacy. Three children's dressers were stacked by the foot of the beds, each facing the appropriate direction, and her father built a door in the small space between the beds and the dressers.

That's where Webb says she learned how good design needs to work on multiple levels. And its influence is apparent in her work. In an almost complete penthouse loft with a stunning view of the Empire State Building, Webb built connecting bedrooms for the client's two children, with a half door between the two rooms. The children are both young now, too young for real beds, but Webb had their future in mind when she built space atop their closets for lofted beds, complete with electrical outlets for reading lamps and alarm clocks. That area is now

My Architect
Though friendships between client and professional are often frowned upon, Webb finds her work would suffer without it. This connection, she says, fuels some of her best ideas.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JON ROEMER
used for storage, but when the children are old enough to have beds, it will free up the floor space and keep the open feel of the apartment.

“She was able to fit an amazing amount of things in our space,” says Layla Law-Gisiko, the owner of the penthouse. “Four bedrooms, three bathrooms, a study... She’s an enlightened despot. She takes the input you give her and keep that level of professionalism, but Webb can’t help getting close to some of the people she works for. She’s a free spirit, after all, and she wears her thoughts on her sleeve. Plus, it’s the nature of being a residential architect. Clients and architects must talk daily, and Webb finds that when a client shares information about his or her family and their lifestyle—things friends

then she takes over, and you have to understand that’s good for you. She doesn’t compromise with the design. She’s very much a creator of space.”

You’re not supposed to become friends with your clients, Webb says, since they’re paying you and you need to share with one another—she learns things that have a great impact on her design. In turn, Webb has built a relationship that can support a frank exchange of ideas.

Webb was never one to keep her ideas quiet. For this, she says she fits in well in New York, but felt misunderstood almost every other place she has lived in as a professional.

It was in her sophomore year that she took a class called History of the City, with Glenn Andres, that made her want to go into architecture, and she followed it by taking every class related to the subject. Webb double-majored in art history and French and took an internship with an architectural firm. Eventually, she would find her way to a job in the Chicago offices of the firm Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, but the environment didn’t feel right for her from the start. She had to be there at 8:30 A.M., no later, and she was told to be out of the door at 5:00, sharp.

“What if you got inspired at 4:30?” Webb asks. “I’m more of a creative person. More of a free spirit. I was never on time.”

Every day, she’d sit at a 30-foot table with her colleagues. She’d look around and see the gray décor, the corporate style, and think, “This doesn’t fit my personality.” Inevitably, on the days she arrived late, a voice would boom over the office speakers, “Kate Webb, please see your studio head.”

After 11 months of feeling out of place, one of her friends pulled her aside. “Kate, why don’t you give your notice today?”

Webb frowned. “I wanted to last a year,” she said.

But it wasn’t worth her happiness, and she left the firm. After earning her master’s degree in architecture from Harvard, she worked in Barcelona, working on designs for the 1992 Summer Olympic Games, but the culture in the firm in Spain wasn’t much better for her. Webb knew she had to come back to New York.

She returned to the city and thumbed through the Greenwich Village Yellow Pages, looking at the architectural firms, starting with the letter A. She got a temp job with Asfour Guzy Architects. Then, a month later, she hit the B’s and got a job with L. Bogdanow & Associates.

“Where did you hear about us?” she was asked during the interview. Webb thought a second, then replied: “Mr. Y. Page.”

A year later, Webb branched out on her own. With her former boss passing along all the projects that were too small for his firm, Webb got off to a quick start, and her business has only accelerated since.

Word of mouth works fast in New York. Webb’s work now includes both commercial space, particularly restaurants, and residential space. She constantly juggles multiple projects and tries to take a personal approach with each client. After spending time discussing ideas with them, Webb usually presents three design proposals that are very different. She meets again with the clients and learns about their tastes and preferences from the aspects of each proposal they favor and dislike.

“It works for me,” Webb says of the way she’s been working since 1994. “It allows me to be myself. It makes the process enjoyable.”

No gray, no corporate feel. Just the free spirit from New York, no longer misunderstood.
Action Book Marks

Identity Crisis

Reality gets poked and prodded in the hilarious debut novel from David Gilbert '90

By Blair Kloman, M.A. English '94

What is Normal, Anyway?

When considering the daily life that swirls around him, Billy Schine is a consistently clever—and highly vocal—observer. He’s got an endless repertoire that veers from trivial pop culture to religious fanaticism to lofty literary allusions. And while his quick-release wit may seem annoyingly glib at first, it’s soon clear that Billy’s ability to cope depends on it.

As the protagonist in David Gilbert’s debut novel, The Normals (Bloomsbury USA, 2004), Billy has an innate fear of reality, of experiencing life on a real level. So he skims the surface of his New York City life with a shrewd observance here and a cutting remark there. It’s no surprise that his girlfriend has written him off, his employment is limited to perpetual temp—despite his Harvard degree—and his non-driving parents only recall his existence when they need a ride.

But Billy wants desperately to matter. And so, among other antics, he fosters a paranoid fantasy that he is being stalked by a cutthroat collection agency calling in his college loans. Ragnar, of Ragnar & Sons, is after his money or his life. As Gilbert (a 1990 graduate of the College and a 1994 graduate of the Bread Loaf School of English) writes early on, “You could say Billy suffers from an unhealthy sense of drama.”

It’s this heightened sense of drama that impels him further along a twisting and hilarious—and often quietly profound—journey into the world of “the normals,” everyday people who participate in the testing of prototype drugs. As part of his planned escape, Billy volunteers for a two-week antipsychotic drug trial. The session will earn him money to pay off his debt, as well as time to elude Ragnar’s meaty grasp.

“I read an old article about people who do this sort of volunteer drug testing,” explained Gilbert, when asked about his inspiration for such an odd plot. “It seemed like an interesting environment to throw a character into.”

Gilbert further researched the idea by spending time in a CPU—clinical pharmacological unit—just as Billy does. Though he wasn’t able to participate in an actual drug-testing session, he interviewed both doctors and normals while there. “It was like summer camp for them—eat, sleep, hang out, watch TV—except you had to take your pills and give your blood.”

Many of the support characters are well-rounded and intriguing, but Billy is clearly the main event as he tumbles through this societal amalgam of cultural highs and lows. While he dutifully totes around The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations and claims Hart Crane among his life’s inspirations, he is equally entranced by mindless late-night television, including the schmaltzy and entertaining Jerry Lewis of telethon fame. And his occasional sense of compassion finds the most unlikely targets, including a promiscuous divorcée and a slightly deranged roommate—who is not so “normal” after all. Even when Billy wants to connect with people, it seems he just can’t.

But the tale is not all gloom, and Gilbert deftly grants Billy a reprieve from his self-protective wit. In a bizarre medical twist that finally lands him incapacitated and dependent on his estranged father, Billy does find his moment of grace. And, of course, he does it in his own ironic style.

Finding Her Way Through Theirs

In 1998, Sarah Erdman ’96 spent two years in Nambonkaha, a small Ivory Coast village. As a health worker with the Peace Corps, she arrived with only three months of basic training and was immediately faced with a culture steeped in animistic tradition while teetering on the precipice of a national AIDS crisis. Pondering the goal of her mission, she writes: “How do you promote behavioral change so that peo-
Wake Up and Be Thankful You’re Not a Rat Collector

Justin Racz ’97 has conceived the irrefutable answer to those of us who complain about our jobs. In 50 Jobs Worse Than Yours (Bloomsbury USA, 2004) he reviews some of the worst occupations out there. In a recent interview, he was happily ensconced in his New York City office, where he works at an ad agency coining catchy and alluring copy for “fast food, salty snacks and soda.” Here’s what else he had to say.

Night Table
What’s on Justin Racz’s night table?
- How to Lose Friends and Alienate People by Toby Young
- Palladio by Jonathan Dee
- Look at Me by Elizabeth Jennifer Egan
- Chicka Chicka Boom Boom by Bill Martin Jr. and John Archambault (for reading to his nephew)

On the Idea: As a temp in New York City, I had plenty to complain about. But every day I’d see this guy just standing in the middle of Fifth Avenue wearing a sign that said “99¢ Store This Way” with a big arrow plastered to him. He was there for months! And I thought, “I could have it worse.” And so the idea to find out just how much worse was born.

On the Research: Every one of these jobs is real—and the photos are of the actual people who do them. Hopefully they all have enough of a sense of humor not to be offended by making the list. “Corporate lawyer” just missed the cut. And “investment banker” had some potential early on. Yes, it pays well, but at a price. No sleep, no weekends, no life.

On the Future: I’m putting together a page-a-day calendar of 365 Jobs Worse Than Yours so we can all wake up knowing someone is waking up to worse. And I’m looking for more bad jobs. If anyone from Midd has one, I’d love to put it in the calendar.

People have more control over their bodies but stop at the threshold where important traditions get destroyed?”

It’s a daunting task, yet she finds her way, and Nine Hills to Nambokraka (Henry Holt & Co., 2003) is her story. As a narrator, she lets just enough of her own personality come through while spending more time describing the daily existence of the village’s mischievous children and remarkably diverse adults. While the color of her skin—and more partic-

ularly the unfamiliar green of her eyes—strikes fear in the children she’s so desperate to help, it’s also what allows her the status to dine with the mayor and other male elders. Here she earns the respect she needs to further her ideas and implement small but meaningful changes—such as the Healthy Baby contest at market day. With the women, she finds friendship and support through village talk and daily chores—but they’re always quick to remark that she never does get her laundry hung before noon, as is the custom.

In the end, it’s less a tale of the Peace Corps’ success than of one person’s quiet ability to foster broadened change in an isolated and traditional culture. Erdman is still with the Peace Corps, and she’s clearly dedicated to her personal and professional mission.

The Well-Traveled Coffee Table
This winter, armchair travelers can tantalize their wandering eyes with two new location-rich books.

Sabra Harwood Field ’57 delivers In Sight, a journal-style celebration of previously unpublished works completed between 1990 and 2002. All of the pieces are presented in full-page color for a well-rounded appreciation of Field’s characteristic style. Many are accompanied by journal entries and background information that inspired the work, including sketches, color studies, and photographs.

With a preface by Madeleine Kunin, who as governor tapped Field to design the Vermont bicentennial stamp and named her an Extraordinary Vermonter (in 1991), the book offers readers a thoughtful perspective of appealing Vermont life. This is artwork that delivers a strong sense of place steeped in the pleasure of memories.

Chris Santella ’85 lures our souls to the art of fly-fishing, with an appreciation not just for the sport but for the places it can take you. In Fifty Places to Fly Fish Before You Die (Stuart, Tabori and Chang, 2004), the goal is obvious—from New York to Montana, Russia and Spain, Santella offers precise and engaging explorations of notable fishing holes. Whether home to trout, salmon, bonefish, or others, the beautiful and often secluded spots ripple from the page at the subtle hand of the author.

The photography is equally inspiring. A brilliant sunset bathes two lone anglers beside the Rio Grande. An aerial view unveils the verdant wilderness along Russia’s Zhabanova. And a toothy close-up of a Zambezi tiger fish is a refreshing change from the more typical grins at the other end of the pole.
Dear classmates: Imagine having a college commencement ceremony at your own home! It happened to William Storrs Lee III, Doctor of Letters. Since he could not travel to the campus, President McCardell and a Middlebury College delegation drove to New Harbor, Maine, on Tuesday, May 11, 2004, to confer an honorary doctor of letters degree on Storrs. Storrs says that the plan was a complete surprise to him, with the College handling all the arrangements. With son Ralph and a company of 60 friends and neighbors in attendance, the ceremony took place on a beautiful day at Pemaquid Point. By a prearranged bit of telephone magic, I was able to be there for a few minutes to congratulate him for us and to listen in on the celebration, which was lively. This event tops the publication on his 95th birthday of his new edition of Glimpsed Painter, his biography of Middlebury College’s most important founder. The lighter When Father Went to College (Middlebury, of course) is a class favorite, and his series of books about Hawaii revealed his love for his second home of many years. Along with Storrs, we thank everyone concerned with this richly deserved honor.

Mona Meyers Wheateley ’56, President ♦ John H. Denney, Jr. ’85, Vice President ♦ Kim P. Loewer ’76, Past President ♦ Edward F. Adler ’99, President, Vermont Chapter ♦ Ofelia Barrios ’93, Student Alumni Relations ♦ Randall Barry ’90, President, Twin Cities Chapter ♦ Timothy Bartlett ’98, Co-president, L.A./Orange County Chapter ♦ Zachary A. Bourque ’01, Co-president, Boston Chapter ♦ Melanie F. Boyle ’89, President, New York Chapter ♦ Susan C. Ludwick ’02, President, Washington, D.C. Chapter ♦ Sarah Cotton ’99, President, San Francisco Chapter ♦ Katherine Lange Dolan ’77, Career Services ♦ Gregory Frezados ’90, President, Chicago Chapter ♦ Hector W. Griswold, Jr. ’71, Annual Fund ♦ Sarah W. Gage ’82, Co-president, Boston Chapter ♦ Katherine Lichtenstein ’00, President, Seattle Chapter ♦ Susan Patterson Nichols ’78, Admissions ♦ Jacklyn B. Pelton ’97, Co-president, Boston Chapter ♦ Virginia Coley Smith writes that she has moved to South Burlington, Vt., to be near her daughter and granddaughter. Her husband, Kingsley Smith ’33, passed away in 1997.

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Not having heard from Mary Stolte Toorney in an uncharacteristic length of time, I e-mailed her son, who lives next door, to inquire of her health. In due course I received a lengthy letter from Mary herself, describing life in her beautiful rural setting. All is well. She enjoys the gardens, the birds, and the other wildlife about her Sugar House. The latest correspondence from loyal Philander Bates, now settled into EPOCH, a Brexter, Mass., retirement home for those who need services classified as “assisted living,” was received a few weeks ago. Phil states: “I still ‘legally’ drive my car, which gives me a feeling of independence.” More than that, Phil, still athletic, has set up arrangements whereby he telephones to the stores his list needs and, without having to get out of his car, whistles upon arrival and the groceries are brought out. A similar routine with the liquor store: the bottle of Scotch is brought to the car! I always knew we had an inventive class! Can any of you match that?

—Class Secretaries: Mt. E. Parker Calvert, (calvert@uol.com) 6251 Old Dominion Dr., #2225, McLean, VA 22101.

Rosemary Ferris Baer writes about the wonderful surprise 90th birthday party that her son, daughter, and grandchildren planned and carried out, down to the last detail. The amazing part is that this was done from about 2,000 miles across the country. The mystery of what would happen next kept her in suspense. A wonderful dinner was served in the private dining room and later a family sing and the opening of interesting gifts. Rosemary was on cloud nine. She has been living at White Sands, a retirement home in La Jolla, Calif., for many years.

Lovina Foote Googdale’s daughter, Anne, writes that Lovina has been living in Douglas Manor of Windham, Conn., a special-care facility, for about two years. She receives excellent care, which relieves the family, knowing that all the best is being done for her.

Gertrud Hewitt Lathrop recalls with pleasure her 70th Reunion this past June. Her only regret is that more classmates were not present for reminiscing. She especially enjoyed the tour of the new library and also of the new science building, McCardell Bicentennial Hall. The whole campus is so much different and larger when she embarked on it in the fall of 1930! She is most grateful to her twin sons who made her day complete by bringing her and furnishing wheelchair power. In the photograph in the summer issue of Middlebury Magazine (center foldout section), the ‘34 banner looks pretty large behind just three people—Leonard Snow representing the men’s college, Gertrude Lathrop, and President McCardell.

An early reminder that our 70th Reunion is coming up June 3-5, 2005. I note that we have eight classmates who live in Vermont, so I’m hoping our class will be well represented at Middlebury!

—Class Secretary: Alma Davis Stubbe (Mrs. Robert), 1977 Mathyoe Rd., Kennebunk, Maine 03954.

Class Secretary Hutchinson reports that Fran Wilkinson Russ has moved to another retirement home to be nearer her daughter. The new address for her is Ridgewood Center, 25 Ridgewood Rd., Bedford, NH 03110.

On behalf of the Class of ’37, we thank Dr. McCardell for his outstanding accomplishments as Middlebury’s president and wish the McCardells an enjoyable and restful sabbatical in South Carolina—and a safe and productive return to the College and the teaching role that he obviously loves. First noting that he has “no news fit to print, nor any unfit to print,” Paul Foster proceeds to give us the welcome news that he’s doing fine. He celebrated his 90th in May and is staying close to home, enjoying “dining daily with a close-knit group who, for lack of a better word, I call my caregivers.” His daughter and family live in Tucson, his son and wife in Austin. He has six grandchildren and one great-granddaughter. Rita Cosenza Moore stays active with water aerobics in her village pool in Venice, Fla. Despite macular degeneration, she plays bridge and attends book club meetings. She and her neighbors enjoyed a Thanksgiving cruise. Since last Christmas she has had visits from all her children and stepchildren.

Hans Roepke reports from his home in Frankfurt, Germany, that he keeps up with the political and economic news from the U.S. and extends best wishes to all his old friends from Middlebury.

—Marion Wishart Packard was
looking forward to having coffee with her "nearby classmate," Doris Ryan Pitcher. * Phil Brown is happy to have recovered from a serious bout with pneumonia, which kept him incapacitated for three months. Feeling relatively well again, he was preparing for his 90th birthday in August. * Doris Downing Daley was getting ready for a trip from New York state to Indianapolis to see two of her three great-grandchildren. She echoed the sentiments of most of us: "I spend more time going to doctors than anything else," but added, "I can still get around, drive, visit my family, and enjoy my usual pastimes, mostly bridge." * Despite a few health problems, including arthritis and some hearing impairment, Ruth Furness Lombardy continues to have a rosy outlook and stays active in her community. * Gracey Cookson Pierpont explains that her new home is in an assisted-living facility. She'll enjoy hearing from friends and classmates at her (corrected) address: 4224 Pondridge, Wallingford, CT 06492. * Walt Brooker's back problems kept him close to home in Middlebury for several months, but in May he and Bobbie ventured over to Woodstock for lunch with Carol and Jim Armstrong (former Midd president). The Brookers also took in the sights around town, remembering that they had spent their honeymoon there. * We regret to report the passing of Ruth Schneider Upson on December 20, 2003, in New Bern, N.C., where she had been living with her son and daughter-in-law, Su and Christa Upson. During college days, Ruth was an active athlete, playing on the golf and volleyball teams, and also taking part in dramatics. A dean's list student, she was a member of the English, French, and Spanish clubs. We extend our sympathy to her family and friends. A memorial appears elsewhere in this issue. * My thanks to Doris Cutting for putting me in touch with her Vermont neighbor, Elsa Hilger, on the occasion of Elsa's 100th birthday. Years ago as a reporter in New Jersey, I had written about Elsa having been recruited by Leopold Stokowski to play cello in the Philadelphia Orchestra. It was a pioneering move, making the young cellist the very first woman to be hired by any major symphony in the world. Some of the male musicians were not pleased at first. Earlier, the three Hilgers—the cellist, a violinist, and a pianist—had performed as a trio throughout the East. I was one of Greta's piano students. Just this summer I was surprised to learn that Elsa, after her retirement from the symphony, moved to Lake Danmore and gave cello lessons at Middlebury College.*—Class Secretary: Marshall Sewell, 20 Morning Glory Ln., Whiting, NJ 08759.

Seventy years ago this September, we entered Middlebury as freshmen! Does that seem possible? Unfortunately, when I call classmates to ask for news, too often the reply is "Oh, I've really nothing of interest to tell you." Have you forgotten that we do enjoy learning about any subject? For example, what have you read lately? Where are your children and grandchildren these days, and what are they up to? * Helene Cosenza Chace and I had a interesting conversation, having both lost our husbands within the past few months. Helene's granddaughter, who recently received her master's in music education from the Crane School of Music (Potsdam, N.Y.), was one of six people to receive a $10,000 award. This fall she's teaching at a public school in NYC. Helene's son, David, lives in Rutland, Mass.; son Chris, who lives in Brookline, Mass., teaches at Mt. Ida College. Helene's sister Rita Cadenza Aldrich '77 lives in Rhode Island. * In a recent conversation with Virginia Fischer Ellison, I immediately asked about their "neighbor" in Bensalem, Pa., Smarty Jones. Ginny said that when they all gathered to watch the Belmont, one would have thought they were back in college the way they all shouted and cheered him on. As with many of us, they were disappointed he did not win the triple crown. Ginny sees her daughter who lives in Michigan a few times each year; get-togethers happen often with her son who is about 40 miles away. At the time we were speaking, her twin great-grandsons were nine months old. She calls them the miracle twins, because they arrived three months early and weighed only two pounds at birth. At nine months, Jacob and Joshua weighed 12 pounds and were progressing well. As you can imagine, one of her great pleasures is when Tom takes Ginny to visit her granddaughter, the mother of the twins, in Wilmington, Del. It has been such a delight for her to watch them grow and to be able to hold them! Her sister, Avis '35, lives at the same continuing care community in Bensalem. * Marjorie Arnold Cadly (in Middlebury and I (in Shelburne) try to keep in touch. But, with each of us busier than usual, our times together are too infrequent. We hoped to go out to lunch after my return from the July 10 wedding of granddaughter Baida (daughter of Joanne Hall Johnston '67) in Marblehead, Mass. * I see Wake Robin residents Frank and Eleanor Barnum Gardner frequently and always enjoy having lunch with them when convenient for the three of us. E is the wonderfully enthusiastic gardener. She was the one when we knew her in our college years. * Florence Haline Miner lives "just around the corner" from daughter Stephanie in Silver Spring, Md. Son Jay is nearby in Annapolis. Daughter Mary Grace and her husband live near Boston and have the Camp at St. Albans Bay that formerly belonged to Florence and Jim. Grandson Jesse Koerner ('99) received his Ph.D. in San Francisco and has accepted a position in Los Angeles. Granddaughter Lauren begins teaching at a private school in a Washington, D.C., suburb this fall. * Ivan Bunnell is living comfortably at Canterbury Woods, a retirement community in Williamsville, N.Y. His granddaughter, Sarah Bunnell, graduated from Middlebury with the Class of 2004. * Ellen Pierson Manser continues to be well and happy. She writes: "I read the Midd magazine from cover to cover every issue and I'm very proud of the growth and development of the college since my day. I would love to get to reunions, but I'm not a really good traveler anymore. When I visit Vermont on vacations, I always drive through the campus and marvel at all the amazing changes. Best to all old friends who also read the alumni notes."—Class Secretary: Mrs. Charles M. Hall (Margaret Leslie), 510 Wake Robin Dr., Shelburne, VT 05482.

Find friends, share stories and photos. Go to www.middleburyalumni.org and complete the first-time-user form. You’ll need your eight-digit College ID number, which can be found on your magazine label, above your name.

* Secretary Gould reports: Our 65th Reunion was marvelous! The Memorial Moment in honor of classmates who had died since our 60th was the highlight for me. We all sat in a circle with our guests in the very spot between Gifford and Chapel that we crossed so many times as students. Tom Murray read well-chosen words from The Prophet, The Sandhover, and his own poem dedicated to Bob Cushman. It was heartbreaking and wonderful all at the same time. Correne Costman was our special guest for the weekend. Edward Reichert '40 also joined us as special envoy for Joe Track. I was unable to attend for health reasons. The College treated us to a really festive weekend, all planned to make it easy for us older folks to get around. There were lectures, tours of the new library and campus, and delicious food—especially in the big tent behind the president's house, where President McCandell greeted each of us at his last reunion as president. As members of the Class of '39, we were almost the last class to enter the Chapel for Convocation, where we did a lot of cane tapping and heard a wonderful speech by President McCandell. We wish you all could have been there. Classmates in attendance were Elinor Wieland Cain, Helen Brewer Chadwick, Joyce Mackenzie Crropsy, Jeanette Olson Gould, Edward Grosenbeck, Thor Gustafson, Carol Miner Gustafson, Kenneth Kinsey, Elbert MacFadden, Bertha Waite Markland, Thomas Murray, H. Duncan Rollason, Ruth Coleman Skinner, Evelyn Wheeler Stagg, Roger Thompson, and Roland Wolcott. * We all received a letter from John Mettler, telling us that Betty's legacy will continue on campus through the Isabel Rixinger Mettler '39 Professorship, established in her memory. Further details will be forthcoming. * Robert Rathbone wrote that he was very disappointed to miss this occasion because of illness. We missed you, Bob, and send best wishes for a good recovery. * In the course of recent health problems, Robert Lord learned a new word every time the doctors put a stent in one of his arteries. Bob writes: "I have reflected a good deal recently on how Middlebury shaped my life’s work, in fact changing it completely from what I expected to do when I graduated. Midd was our family’s college. I went there to major in French and eventually to teach the subject. An uncle of mine, Richard H. Buffum ’18, had been editor-in-chief of the Campus. He had made the paper a weekly and had put it on a firm financial basis. When I became editor-in-chief I enlarged the physical size of the operation. We missed you, Bob. * Frances Barrett Johnson wrote that family festivities prevented her from attending reunion. She reports that her marmota has always been "the strength of the hills is His also." She added that she could just hear those chapel bells and see the sunsets behind the chapel.
40
Togo (aka Paul Eriksson) reports from Lake Dunmore: "In June, Peggy (Woods) ’42 and I were invited by Dr. McCardell to join a handful of Middites at the Pemaquid Point, Maine, home of W. Storno Lee ’28 for the presentation of an honorary LL.D. to him. At nearly 98, Storno was unable to travel to Middlebury to receive his honorary degree at Commencement time. Only a few of the 25 or so people in attendance actually knew him during or before his time as dean of men and (partial) president after Dr. Moody’s departure—Prof. Howard Munford ’34, former Dean of Women Mary Williams Brackett ’36, Irving Meeker ’50, MD, and me. Others attending from the College included Hugh Marlow ’57 and Mike Schoenfeld ’73. The ceremony itself was a singularly lovely occasion, which took place on a small stone terrace (built by Storno) on the edge of the sea. The summer issue of Middlebury Magazine included a photo on page 49. Togo continues: "On Storno’s 95th birthday we presented him with a remake of his biography of Middlebury’s founder and town father, Gamaliel Painter, with an introduction by Dr. McCardell, one of our very last publications, as, after 43 years and some 200-odd titles, we have decided to head for the pasture.” ♦ George Davis is getting very tempting!” ♦ George “Bud” Berry recently had surgery for cataracts, he attached to an oxygen tube, let me hear from you.”

41
As always, Dr. Ralph W. "Duke" Latham Jr. is working with a committee formed to create a much-needed dental clinic for indigent kids and Medicare recipients in the Charlottesville-Albemarle County area. They hope to play golf and tennis, mainly to keep the “blood circulating.” Last spring Duke and Middlebury roommate Fred Butler celebrated their birthdays. Both were born on March 25, 1919. Duke says “you can do the mathematics, if you want to know how old we are.” In summer you can count on Duke and wife Peg getting up to their Orient Point home on Long Island. They do this, despite the fact that Peg had her second knee replacement in November. Nothing can stop this always-on-the-go couple.

Hope Smith Marshburn has had to give up dancing, dance, dance. They did so enjoy it. Our deepest sympathy goes to her family. ♦ We send the sympathy of the class to Dinny Peloquin Coenen, whose husband died last January. She was moving in June to Noble Horizon, a retirement community at 17 Cobb Road, Salisbury, CT 06068.

Our condolences also go to Charlotte Gilbert Lightfoot on the death of her husband, Ed. She continues to live in her La Habra Heights, Calif., home, above the snog of the city and little affected by area growth. One daughter lives nearby, the other in Alaska; her sons is a state park ranger in Lancaster, Calif. She anticipated spending August and September at their home in Dorset, Vt. At holiday time she keeps in touch with Ginny Brooks Hutton. ♦ Gradually adjusting to the loss of husband Paul, Elsa Norgaard Cullen feels fortunate to be in her retirement community. She spent a spring weekend at daughter Debbie’s, in nearby Farmington, with all three of her children and her four grands. ♦ Peg Waller Glazier’s family enjoyed a May gathering for her grandson’s graduation from the Univ. of N.C. Peg and Ed were taking a two-week riverboat trip this summer, including the Rhine and the Danube.

Debbie Mayo Beattie enjoys her new location at a Northfield, Vt., retirement home. She can watch ball games at the nearby Norwich athletic field. It was nice to receive a note from Alice McCutcheon who seems to keep well. ♦ Ruth Hardy Scheidecker enjoyed three delightful weeks in California in June. After attending a grandson’s graduation at Occidental College, she visited a cousin in the “fruit country” and did some sightseeing in San Francisco. Later she took a trip to the Peabody-Essex Museum in Salem, Mass. Jack and Westie (Helen West Burbank) spent a quiet 60th wedding anniversary in June, but all of their families were coming and going during the summer. Two grandchildren are in medical school and another has completed a year in Berlin on a Fulbright scholarship. ♦ Packy (Ruth Packard Jones) recently learned of the birth of her second great-grandchild—a boy! Mothers’ Day weekend took her to Boston with her four daughters, visiting the Gauzin exhibit at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and an all-day tour of Boston, concluding with a ride on the sail boats. ♦ Still living in the Middlebury house where she grew up, Barbara Wells is treasurer of Church Women United of Addison County, serves on the annual State Assembly workshop, and volunteers at Henry Sheldon Museum research center. Her new hobby is button collecting. And for “real fun” she’s the “Queen Mother” of the Middlebury Red Hat Society. ♦ Adele Marshall Phinney finds it pretty noisy around the College, with all the building going on. She plays a little golf occasionally. Her youngest son works in the admissions office, and her daughter captained the Middlebury College hockey team. ♦ Joe House has successfully moved from Hyde Park, Vt., to an apartment nearby. ♦ Laddie (Edith Ladd Evans) was anticipating her annual summer reunion at the family camp on Wilson Pond, Maine. She was recalling what fun they had when she was, Shirley Metcalf Handforth, Alice Noppel Knight, and Hope Smith Marshburn all got together. ♦ We regret to report that Edith G. Higbee died April 3, after a long and valiant fight with several cancers. A memorial appeared in the summer issue. We have many fond memories of Ruth Shubin (Margaret Schaub), who lived near Roth and Jan Lang Krumm one year remembers how they would play records in dance, dance, dance. They did so enjoy it. Our deepest sympathy goes to her family. ♦ We send the sympathy of the class to Dinny Peloquin Coenen, whose husband died last January. She was moving in June to Noble Horizon, a retirement community at 17 Cobb Road, Salisbury, CT 06068.
nationally recognized program of water physical
letic department as coach, trainer, and director of
every way, a supporter of the College. Ethel lived in
died in 1998, he remarried; at the same time, at age
summer issue). He was still teaching in his 80s, with
courses ranging from evolution to computer
Scarborough, Maine.
area: “Busy with house and yard work. Still enjoy­
the study of systems as they applied to education to
and 1 am equally far out in Bowie, Md., to the east
Vienna, Va., outside the Beltway on the west side,
and 1 am equally far out in Bowie, Md., to the east
and 1 am equally far out in Bowie, Md., to the east
and 1 am equally far out in Bowie, Md., to the east

Somehow mundane things have interfered as of

Just past the deadline for the sum­
up to date with a May newsletter.

Jim and Mandy Sanborn Krieble, have enjoyed getting to know their fellow residents at
Kendal in Hanover, N.H. Mandy has joined a
bridge group and Jim contributes rime overseeing
the 18 holes. (You're entitled, Marty.) She also gar­
ing golf and still living nine months a year in the

Barbara Roberts Ormsby

Steve Wilson, also in Portland, says he's beginning to show some effect of his age, with "problems
with equilibrium and some forgetfulness," but he
still walks and drives. Their son lives in Portland
(four grandchildren are ages 27, 19, 6, and 4); a
daugher lives in Denver, Colo. "My daughter is

Doris Wolf Bartlett

Richard C. (Dixie) Davis

Gus

Doris was a choreographer for our
done. Time constraints prevented
remains active in a literary study group and a
language courses. Daughter Catherine, who lives
was taking part in a conference on
Frenci. Last winter I (KSS) called her and we had a

Betty Brigham Barrett

Ralph Crawshaw

Fax, as he returned from giving a lecture at a
会议 in Vancouver. Ralph remains very active in
Oregon health circles, had one book on the prac­
tice of medicine published about a year ago, and is
now working on another one. He thinks he may
possibly be the oldest person to take a bobsled ride
(which he did last winter) down the Olympic run
used for the Salt Lake City Winter Olympics.

Steve Newton

Vintaasabec

Jim reports this is quite a
change from their previous dwellings. (In Maine
they had a succession of former Maine and New
Jersey homes, all built before 1830.) He walks to the
beach several times a week before breakfast. A son,
granddaughter, and grandson live in nearby Fall

Caught up with Ralph Crawshaw in Portland, Ore.,
who wrote in July that her parents, Laura and
Jim Brown

VanGaasbeck

R.J. Brig recently stopped playing golf, but she
remains active, swimming three times a week, and
golfing. "Marty Newton Vintaasabec is in great physical shape, still play­
ing golf and still living nine months a year in the
house she and Vm built in Longmeadow. The other
three months she lives in Fort Pierce, Fla. She con­esses that she now uses a cart instead of walking
the 18 holes. (You're entitled, Marty.) She also gar­
dens and plays duplicate bridge (food for both
body and mind). Last summer she witnessed the
marriage of two grandchildren on Cape Cod. Marty
sees Russ and Bounce Donce Dale in church every Sunday and reports that they're still
hanging in there. Intensely involved in volunteer
work, Anne Williams belongs to a visiting nurse asso­
ciation and participates in the church's cooking bridge, and a book sale, among the activities during her
6-hour days. Anne reports that college roommate
Barbara Roberts Ormsby has moved to the
nursing home unit of Meadow Ridge, following the
recent death of her husband, Ed Ormsby. 40.

Having not heard in half a century from Doris
Magre Emriss, 1 (KSS) called her and we had a
long chat, recalling memories of our senior year in
Forest East. Doris was a choreographer for our
modern dance club in those days, and we rehearsed
in the third floor lounge. In retirement, Peyton and
she moved to Florida to play golf year-round. They
are no longer able to golf or to travel, but their four
children visit them often. "I (KSS) called her and we had a
long chat, recalling memories of our senior year in
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long chat, recalling memories of our senior year in
Forest East. Doris was a choreographer for our
**CLASS NOTES**

**40 REUNION CLASS**

For the 35 classmates, 18 spouses, and 3 grandchildren attending, the 60th Reunion of the Class of '44 was, by all reports, a huge success. The dinner on Friday evening, the Saturday luncheon at the president's house, and the Saturday reception and dinner at Proctor Hall gave us all time to reminisce and get caught up. At Saturday breakfast, the Class of 1944 received the Gold Key Award for achieving the highest percentage of participation (87 percent) among reunion classes. Thanks to all who responded to the calls made by our gift committee members for this remarkable record. Ted Kolzak accepted the award on behalf of the class. We did more than eat, however. There were tours of the spectacular new library, the lecture by Felix Rohatyn '49 (former U.S. Treasury Secretary), and the brief memorial service held around our class tree in front of Old Chapel to remember the 21 members of the class who had died since our 55th Reunion, and the always moving chapel service on Sunday. The highlight of the Reunion Weekend was the Convocation, held at 5:30 p.m. on Saturday. Make sure to cancel your room reservation in capacity with returning alumni from over 12 reunion classes. To the sound of tapping cane and loud applause, each class was introduced with a short review of events that occurred during their time on campus and the amount of their reunion gift was announced. As the Convocation neared completion, President McCardell gave an eloquent and emotional farewell as our retiring president. On Sunday morning many of us attended the Chapel service and a final brunch before departing. Many attendees are travelers. Muriel Roome Wakeman, who spent the month of February visiting her son in California, returned to Hawaii in time to return for Easter with another daughter and son and their families. Ricki Wheaton Evans recently returned from three weeks traveling in Europe with her daughter. Shirley Earl Banta and husband Robert had returned from a wonderful trip to England. Betty Broadent Brown was about to take a European trip built around The Dian Fossey Code. Betty had been in Colorado for her granddaughter’s graduation from Colorado College, as well as two birthdays (her son’s 50th and her 81st). Shirley West Johnson (whose daughter Sally ‘72 was our guest speaker at the reunion dinner) and husband Leighton were returning to Ireland for a one-week tour via car as their driver. In August they planned a houseboat cruise on the St. Lawrence River with children and grandchildren. The weekend after reunion, Sally Curtis was attending graduation at Northfield School in Massachusetts, where she was a faculty member for over 30 years. Jean Chatfield Addison and husband Ed were chauffeured to reunion by granddaughter Jessica Moulton, who then drove them to Cambridge to attend her graduation from Harvard Business School, with an MBA. Jessica soon found Anna Makowski, granddaughter of Al Boissevain, who was taking Anna on a trip to the East Coast after her graduation from the Univ. of Indiana. At the president’s luncheon, the two girls sat with Jonathan Taft-Dick ‘95, grandson of Hugh Taft and wife Barbara Jonathan (who spent his junior year at the Italian school in Florence) was one of our student assistants during the weekend. Stod Johnson was seen jogging around campus during the weekend. Lenore Jenkins Johnson told us that she insisted he carry some kind of identification when he was jogging around the streets of cities in Italy when they were there! When not jogging or playing tennis, Stod is writing World War II memories and other historical pieces. Betty Mercer McGrystal and husband Bill brought greetings from Irene Ruthenberg Conner, whom they had seen recently. The three McGrystal grandsons are doing well and learning languages. Jean Hebert and wife France were home for Saturday’s events. They continue to spend winters in Vero Beach, Fla. Dave and Irmy Nierhaus ’48 Stebbins told us that son Andy ’82 and his wife are living and working in Hong Kong. Jean Milligan visits nieces and nephews in Vancouver, Calgary, Toronto, and Stratford, Ontario. In Brantree, Mass., Marge Palmer Maxham is a bus driver/archivist of the historical society, serves on the historical commission, and plays the French horn in the Quincy Symphony Orchestra. Husband Don is enjoying his new sit-down mower. Ruth Huff Allen and husband Charles had to miss the christening of their three youngest great-grandchildren. Ruth Waldmann, who had planned to attend, had to cancel but sent greetings. We also received various greetings from Thirza Benedict Wales, Paul Davis, and Bill and Ingrid Monk Stevenson. Greetings from Pete Harris were read by Peter Jennison, who presided at the Friday evening dinner in order to attend reunion. Ruth Waldmann, who had planned to attend, had to cancel but sent greetings. We also received various greetings from Thirza Benedict Wales, Paul Davis, and Bill and Ingrid Monk Stevenson. Greetings from Pete Harris were read by Peter Jennison, who presided at the Friday evening dinner in order to attend reunion.

Ralph Crawshaw ’43 took a bobsled ride down the run used for the Salt Lake City Winter Olympics.

**45 Our 60th Reunion is coming up on June 3-5, 2005. Please come if you possibly can! What could be nicer than a weekend in that special of all places, our alma mater. * On April 26, as scores of matinee-ers filled tables at Sardi’s restaurant in NYC, no group was more enthusiastic than the loyal Middlebury reunioners as they gathered for their annual luncheon. With Mary Elizabeth Wiszotsky McClellan unable to attend this year, the luncheon was organized by Ruth Collins Shakes, Shirley Miller Stearns, and Ann Robinson Walker. Also attending were Bette Bertschinger Saul ’46, Jean Luckhardt Stratton ’46, Barbara Platou Gerra, Alice Southworth Twible, and Joanne Higgins Wolfe, along with honored guest Edward Porter, Alice’s older son. Shirley hopes that everyone will want to continue the tradition of getting together and being part of the spirit and the camaraderie. If you agree, and are within driving distance of NYC, let one of us know and you will receive information prior to our next gathering. * Jean and I (Ann) learned from the conversation that Betty Hatcher Hruby had been in Melford, Leningrad Province in the 1970s, suffering with a broken femur. Needless to say, we both rushed home to visit her and found her cheerful and recovering. She was discharged shortly thereafter. In connection with the dedication of the World War II Memorial, Mary Elizabeth Wiszotsky McClellan’s World War II memories as a civilian were published on the Washington Post Web site, under the title “Inner World of Bomber Creates Awe.” * Jean Bender Heermans has given up driving because of vision problems, but finds her retirement community (3895 Old Vineyard Rd., #32, Winston Salem, NC 27104) supplies all the residents with ample and pleasurable entertainment, meals, and other amenities. She lives near older daughter Lynn and has a new granddaughter in Raleigh. * A phone message came from Lee Van Leuven Morehouse, who was in Lexington, Mass. They plan to move to Camden, Maine, when their home of 53 years is sold. Do not worry that they will be out of town these days. * Ruth Strode Carsley wrote recently from West Yellowstone, Mont.: “I’m just back from a trip...
In our last MiddMag column, we reported the happy news that Jean Luckhardt Robbins and Dr. Roland Stratton were married in November 2003. Additional news from “Lucky” expresses her joy at her marriage and her new friends. She also reports on a delightful luncheon at Sand's in NYC with Bette Bertschinger Saul and several Midd ‘40s. The luncheon is an annual event. See the 1945 column for more details. Jeanne Picard Johnson reported that their “trip to Malta last October was the second best we’ve taken.” Peter ‘45 and Jean Crawford McKeen recently moved to New London, N.H. (P.O. Box 1021; 03257). Betsy Barclay Wales and Ozzie moved into a condo in Yarmouth, Maine, in summer 2003. Glo Antonini Keyser e-mails us that she got together with Joanne Buckeidge Booth ‘47 at a recent reception for President McCardell. They discovered that they are somewhat close neighbors in Maine. Mary Nasmith Means reports that her husband, Don ‘47, passed away May 27 after a long illness. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. We extend the condolences of the class to Mary on this sad news. We also send condolences to Margaret Hood Kennedy, who reports “a hard year since ‘31 left us almost a year ago. But I have a wonderful friend, and Scott, and Grant have taken over for their dad, to say nothing of the five grandchildren.”

Class Secretaries: Bill (sephenal@iol.com) and Jan Shaw Pevins, P.O. Box 337, Canaan, MA 02534.

How wonderful to have an unexpected phone call or letter from a classmate with special news to share, or maybe just a normal accounting after a long time of no messages! Such was the feeling inspired by Pat Harvey Oehler’s e-mail description of her attendance at the dedication of the World War II Memorial. Traveling with a tour group via bus, all the way from Sacramento, they were seated in the center front for the ceremony. Pat reports that the monument is beautiful and the crowds were ‘epic’! Veterans from the wars in Korea, Vietnam, and the Gulf were there, along with those of World War II, and crowds of other people. There were wheelchairs jammed by a crowd of people jammed, but reported, but the weather was great and the mood of the crowd was also. Everyone seemed to bask in a sort of glow. After seeing the sights of the D.C. area, her group returned home, still feeling the glow of that special occasion. Pat continues her docent role at the city zoo; its big attraction now is the “Chimpanzee Challenge Maze;” in which viewers learn what a baby chimp has to learn in order to survive to adulthood. Pat finds tremendous enjoyment in all that she does there, and we are glad she shared. Betsy Hornaday Fry continues her quiet, steady days at White Horse Village in Pennsylvania, where she and husband Bob now live. She is in charge of the library at their residence; she finds it a challenging, but fun, job.

Peggy MacCormick de Forest writes: “We appreciate catching up on antenna news! Kellam and I are enjoying our retirement years in this beautiful spot, where we first met 53 years ago.” The five grandchildren, one in Scott’s Vineyard. The Vermont group of classmates planned to meet late in May, and five were able to be there. They were Jean Davis Battey, Lynn Bruhn, Peggy Armstrong Igleheart, Dottie Domina Willard, and Kay Gray Weed. Mollie Stevens (Jean Taggart Lindblad), Andy ‘50 and Steeny Rolls Pepin, Jean and Carl Needy, and Dave ‘49 and Perry Maurer Thompson ‘48, spent the weekend together with good conversation.

Class Secretaries: Virginia Stowell Janes (jimmyjanes@zoe.net), 373 Red's Gap Rd., Northfield, CT 06472.

Charlie and Min Wade Butts supplied an update: “We keep busy as volunteer members of the Partnerships of the Historic Bostons, a nonprofit organization to develop better understanding of the fascinating legacies of our city’s historic sites. We began with Boston, England. The year 2005 is the 375th anniversary of John Winthrop’s arrival. In December, Charlie will finish 11 years as president of the Boston English-Speaking Union. Min continues to lecture on art and art history, with emphasis on stained glass, New England merchants, and their mansions and collections. As Travel Seminars, we continue to take small groups on four-day trips. Last year it was Castine to Campbell, this October, Exploring the Chesapeake Bay. We keep up with our four children, their spouses, and three grandchildren in East Montpelier (Vt.), Branson, (Mo.), Bennington (Vt.), and Apple Valley (Minn.). We are in touch with Jane Anne Saurman Myers, Seab Short, Will Bangs ‘45, Dex ‘50 and Norma Horstford Whitinghill ‘51, and Dick ‘43 and Lee Van Leuvan Morehouse ‘45. And we manage to make a little time for tennis and golf.” As of August, Elaine Pumphrey and Ginni Butts were retired: “Try us on the last name secretary at the superintendent’s office of the Berkeley Heights, N.J., School System. Don continues, at age 78, to work daily! We are about to embark for Ireland for our 50th anniversary two-week trip. Our children and grandchildren continue to thrive and accomplish. The latest thrill came from son David who live in Rochester, N.Y., see her quiet, steady days at White Horse Village in Pennsylvania, where she and husband Bob now live. She is in charge of the library at their residence; she finds it a challenging, but fun, job.

Peggy MacCormick de Forest writes: “We appreciate catching up on antenna news! Kellam and I are enjoying our retirement years in this beautiful spot, where we first met 53 years ago.” The five grandchildren, one in Scott’s Vineyard. The Vermont group of classmates planned to meet late in May, and five were able to be there. They were Jean Davis Battey, Lynn Bruhn, Peggy Armstrong Igleheart, Dottie Domina Willard, and Kay Gray Weed. Mollie Stevens (Jean Taggart Lindblad), Andy ‘50 and Steeny Rolls Pepin, Jean and Carl Needy, and Dave ‘49 and Perry Maurer Thompson ‘48, spent the weekend together with good conversation.

Class Secretaries: Virginia Stowell Janes (jimmyjanes@zoe.net), 373 Red's Gap Rd., Northfield, CT 06472.
Museum. We were sorry to learn from Mary Lou Allin Bartholomais that her husband, Bart, passed away at Christmas 2003 of complications with Parkinson's disease. Mary Lou writes: "We had been married 55 years and have lived in Ocala, Fla., for 30 years. Even so, we never missed a reunion until the 40th. I retired from service with our Cousino law firm in 1999." This is for your news. Now let's hear from the rest of you.

—Class Secretaries: Elizabeth Beidenberg Ness (elizabeth.ness@att.net), 412 N.Waye Ave., #109, Wayne, PA 19087; and Batley Nourse (bearpatch66@juno.com), 73 Birr Ln., Beverly, MA 02123.

49 REUNION CLASS We missed all of you who didn't make our 50th Reunion. It was a great gathering of 56 of our classmates, plus spouses and friends. We were very comfortably housed in Gifford. The College is really good to us. To mention just a few of the attendees (I know I would overlook someone, should I attempt to make a complete list), it was wonderful to see Anthony '50 and Cleone Jones Sporberg, who didn't get to our 50th. Also the twins, Rachel Adkins Platt and Lee Adkins, made great brother-sister co-chairs. Lee Cuniff Ketzel came from Kansas, Jean Caw in California, Tom and Marilyn Mulhoffland Jacobs, George and Willie Williams Wood from Ohio, Paul and Ann Holt Watkins from Massachusetts. Patty Perkins Flagg was wearing gorgeous quilt-style jackets she made (yes, she'll custom order you one). It was a bit nostalgica to hear John McCandell's last reunion speech. He has been so good to our class and to Middlebury itself. Dave and I spoke with the new president, Ron Liebowitz, and can report that John is in the chapel choir on Sunday. Pat and Kay Mulligan were there. Buzz Myers White and Jo Elliott Pillsbury from Maine rode over with us. It was great to see Quirkie (Lois Quirk Racz) there, as well as Kyle and E.J. Barker '48 Prescott, Dave and Perry Maurer '48 Thompson. John '50 and Gene Edgar Irons, Jean Rettalick-Govert—I could go on forever. Elizabeth and Felix Rohatyn were there. Elizabeth, in a very interesting talk Saturday to a "sell-out" crowd. On Saturday, the all-college lobster bake behind Forest Hall, under different class tents, was outstanding. Class of '49, be sure to mark your calendar for our 60th. It will be great.

In Philadelphia last March, the Association of American Geographers bestowed a great honor on Phil Porter. Philip W. Porter of the University of Minnesota-Minneapolis received the 2004 Lifetime Achievement Honor for major contributions to physical and human geography, and geographic techniques. For the publication of path-breaking work in nature-society-development, agronometeorology, food security, cultural and economic policies for development, to converting research into teaching and service, and for contributing to the intellectual life of the discipline. Ed and Faye George Berube were delighted and very proud to learn that their son, Raymond, was one of five Navy Captains to be appointed to the rank of rear admiral. The announcement was made by Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld and the president. At the time of the announcement, Captain Berube was serving as assistant commander of business operations at the Navy's Bureau of Personnel in Millington, Tenn. He will be assigned to a naval base working on the high seas. Our four children (noted that the Town Hall Theater in Middlebury is being renovated. # John O'Connor and Scotty's daughter's wedding in Minneapolis was coming up last year and comments. "It's great—just like home." We received sad news of the deaths of four classmates: Tom Fraoli, Andy Ferguson, Jean Simmons Arnold, and Norm Bates. Our sympathy and condolences go to their families. Joan Beattie-Wilson keeps busy as an ombudsman for the New Mexico State Agency on Aging. She's also an elected president of the Massachusetts Council of Residential Specialists, Betty Dean Castor is still actively selling real estate, with a focus on adult communities.

Having survived a recent illness, Bill Lippa was "looking forward to helping Kerry campaign for the presidency. He has been volunteering at Massachusetts Extension Service in 1989." Thanks to (and for) the Turtle Island School (for disabled children) for 12 years.

Jim Barlow reports that "of the 50 some Middlebury grads in Wyoming, about 50 live in Jackson Hole." Lois and Jack Barry moved down the road two miles from the B&B she and her late husband ran for 40 summers. She is "contemplating another move, to an apartment in a full-care complex, trading Cape Cod for the city; we have sold our house in Massachusetts." Charles Puksta is justifiably proud of daughter Juliana Puksta Maglathlin '77, who was recently promoted to the position of director by her a large company, and of granddaughter Rebecca, who recently became the third generation in her family (after her father and grandfather Charles) to graduate from M.I.T. Her mother, Rebecca, moves on to the doctoral program at Purdue Univ., where she'll be working in the research lab.

Charles closes: "Credits also go to my wife, Lorraine, who returned to the Univ. of New Hampshire, at the young age of 75, to obtain her Bachelor's Degree." —Class Secretary: Patricia Allen Gattone, PO Box 1804, Wolfsberg, NH 03894.

50 In Philadelphia last March, the Association of American Geographers bestowed a great honor on Phil Porter. Philip W. Porter of the University of Minnesota-Minneapolis received the 2004 Lifetime Achievement Honor for major contributions to physical and human geography, and geographic techniques. For the publication of path-breaking work in nature-society-development, agronometeorology, food security, cultural and economic policies for development, to converting research into teaching and service, and for contributing to the intellectual life of the discipline.

On June 5, Raymond Gadaire was inducted in the Bridgton Academy Hall of Fame, both for his participation as a varsity athlete and for his contributions as a faculty member and coach. After serving three years in the Army Air Corps, he attended Bridgton Academy and Middlebury, then returned to teach and coach at Bridgton before his 34-year career at Milton High School.

Marty O'Brien Fenn continues to have a busy life. She has worked 35 years as a medical librarian at the local hospital. Just recently, she was elected president of the Beatlebirds (VL) Branch of AAUW. On the home front, she keeps in touch with her sons (one in Massachusetts, the other in Sweden) and five grandchildren.

—Class Secretaries: Margaret Stearns Bunstead (bluebird@tds.net), 5 Upper Bay Rd., Sunapee, NH 03782, and Walter Paterson (wpat86259@comcast.net), 11301 Herof Bay Blvd., #2916, Coral Springs, FL 33076.
and husband John were taking a bicycle trip to Sweden in June. • Liz Loemker Furber came down from Maine, along with Alice Hildreth and Mary Ann Webb Rice Leavitt. • Nancy Shahan came from Newburyport, and Jane Rupp Cooke was there after a busy winter of skiing. • Lucy Lee Frisbee and husband Will spent a few days with the races, so that Lucy could be part of our mini-reunion. • Joan Cairns Lancaster, who spent two years with us at Middlebury, enjoyed renewing acquaintances. She’s now living in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, in St. Andrews Village, a retirement community not far from her family and Liz and Ed Furber. • Your co-secretary Jeanne recently returned from a wonderful trip to Hawaii with son Bill ’82 and his wife and three boys. We went for a family wedding and to the Arizona Memorial at Pearl Harbor, then on to six days on the Big Island and five on Maui. We did a lot of touring to wonderful sites, the lava flow, the Black Sands Beach, the coffee plantations, the largest cattle ranch in the U.S., the Parker Ranch. The countryside was spectacular.

When Joy Hale was in Vermont visiting her granddaughter at classes at Middlebury, she happened to run across the class note about Don Peach in the 1953 column of the spring 2004 Middlebury Magazine. Since the note mentioned that Don was a former town manager in Glastonbury, Conn., Joy passed the class note along to Joy Hale, who was in Vermont at the time. She wrote to say that Joy Hale was a former town manager in Glastonbury, Conn., and that he was “just right”—not too long, not too short. The first cocktail party and dinner Thursday evening at President McCordell’s home featured a beautiful setting, excellent food, and a lot of exciting conversation. At a Friday morning meeting at Kirk Alumni Center, there was a discussion on current topics of interest at the College. Then each of us received our 50th Reunion pin—and the promise of one with three diamonds in it on our 75th Reunion. And then off to many activities. Dinner that evening was held under a tent near Starr Library. (The new library is incredible, with Vermont maple accents, a coffee bar, and lounge chairs!) Again the food was superb. The entertainment was furnished by Bill Skiff, who gave his impression of a typical Vermont dairy farmer. I hope his monologue was recorded somewhere, because it was terrific. Vermont humor sounds unique, but it really is universal. On Saturday—a warm, sunny, cloudless, Vermont summer day—there were walking tours, a lecture by Marcia Kraft Goin (and other lectures by Felix Rohatyn ’49, Eric Davis, and John Humphs), a book discussion of The Da Vinci Code, and the Convocation at Mead Chapel. It was a truly moving experience. We were the last of the reunion classes to enter the chapel; the loud tapping of the canes and the applause from the other classes was almost overwhelming. Since this was the last Convocation at which President McCordell would preside, his speech was particularly poignant. (He has always spoken remarkably well, but this talk was unusually good.) Following the Convocation, dinner for all the classes was held at Bob and Betsy Heath ’58 Gleason’s home on Sunday morning, the Class of ’54 (97 strong, with six members returning for the first time) had extra­dinary weather, incredible food and drink, and mar­velous company. There was something for everyone: golf, tennis, swimming, hiking, walking tours, a picnic, recital, lectures—by Bill Skiff.

Phil Porter ’50 received the 2004 Lifetime Achievement Honors from the Association of American Geographers.
Zydeco to bluegrass to jazz. On Sunday, nine class members sang in the alumni choir at the chapel service (probably a record number from any one class). About 60 (definitely a record number) trooped over to the Gleason home for a brunch, catered by the ever popular Dog Team Inn. Unfortunately, our ranks are thinning somewhat. We have lost the last 50 years, 17 percent of our original class of 339. A memorial service was held near a tree in front of Munroe Hall, where the names of our missing 58 were read by Nancy Whittenmore Nickerson, Hazel Hoxie Greaves, and Bill Skiff. Karol Baldwin Teiko sang, beautifully, and brief prayers were recited. All in all, our Reunion was a magnificent gathering. We suspect that most of our classmates had such a good time that they will attend again in five years. In the meantime, stay active, stay connected, and keep those cards and letters coming!

Kathryn Allin Dyson was sorry to miss the 50th. She writes that, as the result of some surgical difficulties, her left foot is "somewhat warped." Kathryn is not anxious to have a bone graft, which might help. "I think not! Will endure the pain for now. Walking is difficult, but at least I have a foot and can walk." As mentioned above, Marcia Kraft Goin received a doctor of science degree during Middlebury’s commencement. Marcia is a professor of clinical psychiatry at the Univ. of Southern Calif. Keck School of Medicine, where she is the director of residency training in the adult psychiatric outpatient department. She’s also the president of the American Psychiatric Association.

--Class Secretaries: Mrs. Robert B. Nickerson (Nancy Whittenmore), 4 Ogyny Ln., Mystic, CT 06355; and Mr. Thomas C. Ryan, (mt@jwad.com) 3 Knopp Rd., Houston, TX 77024.

By the time you read this, about 50 classmates will have gathered for a September weekend on Indian Lake in the Adirondacks at Timberlock, the family camp owned and operated by the Catlin family, Barbara and Dick Catlin, and their son and daughter-in-law, Bruce and Sally. Bruce will be our host and planner for the 50th Reunion. Those treasured Danes, Erik and Jeanne Hausenmann Bolton, were to join us, along with other classmates from as far away as California. Expect a full report in the next column. Erik and Jeanne report that they traveled widely in the Scandinavian countries this year, including a sailing trip down the western coast of Sweden on a 10-meter sailboat, a six-day trek in the Norwegian mountains, and a week with children and grandchildren on the west coast of Denmark. Father Ron Lawson is back in the States, after many years abroad with the armed services. Based in Massachusetts, he is hoping to have a parish where in New England before too long. Myrulyn McKinley Benedict said that she and Helga Neuse Whitcomb were invited to a reunion with Ron in Middlebury not long ago. They enjoyed the stories of his travels. Sylvia Somman Bailey is happy as a clam on the midcoast of Maine. She ran into Charlotte Alexander Uivary in a hotel in Truro, Germany, a few years ago. A late spring exhibit, "Exploring Experimental Painting," displayed new water media artwork by Sally Thomson Clark at the Mohawk Valley Center for the Arts. Although he’s not sure how he got on the list, Hugh Van Zelm received an e-mail from NBC weatherman Willard Scott, asking him to write a page or two about the joys of reaching "a certain age." Hugh sent in a few thoughts and—to his astonishment—his piece was published in Willard’s book, called The Other the Fiddle, the Better the Tune. In the index, he’s listed after Mamie Van Doren. Keeping good company.

Hugh. In June, classmates Nancy Marvin Hall, Joan MacKinnon Houghton, Babie Bennett Murphy, and Son Cliff Darnell and wife Cindy are in Arkansas, visiting tours of Fenway. The Red Sox keep him busy from spring training to the play-off games in the fall. It’s less than two years until our 50th Reunion in 2006. Mark June 14 on your calendar now and plan to be there.

--Class Secretaries: William F. Houghton (willi@wm.com), 16940 Kessil Way, Clagun Falls, OR 97429; and Mona Meyers Wheatley (mmechley@endi.net), 12 Hannock Road., PO Box 3038, Newtown, MA 01254-3038.

Helen Pagoulatos Brassington sponsoring a Special Olympics team in memory of her husband, Dick Brassington, who died last year. Article on Dick’s daughter, Mary Broc, as saying that the gift is appropriate because Dick “was such a kind soul. He was very caring and kind. I know that he would be very happy to know he was helping kids.” The ’77 “Gang of Four” on this spring’s China trip included Betsy Mathews Bralley, Mary Ellen Bushnell, Jay (Jr.) Everest Harrison, and Ellie Maier MacDowell (husband Ned ’56). Betsy wrote at the end of May, when just getting over jet lag from the China trip: “I’m suffering an emotional letdown. After more than a year of looking forward to THREE trips, it’s hard to believe it’s over! The trip was an amazing experience, intense, tiring, educational, and meaningful for the wonderful new Middlebury-connected friends of American Psychiatric Association.

--Class Secretaries: Miss Robert B. Nickerson (Nancy Whittenmore), 4 Ogyny Ln., Mystic, CT 06355; and Mr. Thomas C. Ryan, (mt@jwad.com) 3 Knopp Rd., Houston, TX 77024.

On a June 7 Paris walking tour, following the D-Day anniversary observances, Charlie ’56 and Heathen Hamilton Robinson caught a glimpse of Felix Rohatyn ’49, the former ambassador to France. Unfortunately, they had no chance to catch him to say hello. I hope you didn’t miss the write-up on Peter Decker’s book, The Utes Must Go, in the summer issue (page 47). Sabra Field was named Governor Deane Davis Green Up Citizen of the Year for 2004. Governor Davis was the originator of Greens Up Day in 1970. No other state in the nation boasts a such a successful continuing tradition, wherein thousands of Vermonters volunteer to clean up litter from Vermont roadsides and public places. ’1 Mary Ellen Bushnell’ have been appointed town clerk in tiny Sharon, N.H. Duties include registering dogs and issuing licenses. Delight includes getting to know everyone in town. In August I’ll attend town clerk school in Bow, working towards certification. The coaching team for this year’s V’t Supermasters squad included none other than Hugh Marlow as manager. As Bobo put it: “This could be the crew that leads us to the Promised Land and the national trophy that we have waited for after eight years!”

Our thanks to Priscilla Noble Grundy for sending in a newspaper article about Helen Practically in the summer, Alan Frese ’55 ran the Architectural Book Publishing Company from his sailboat.
we made. Nick Clifford's presence made all the difference. We were also accompanied by Anne McDonough '00, a beautiful, young alum and a Chinese linguist, who has lived in China for two years and works for the Washington Post. There has been constant e-mail traffic among the whole group since we returned. Betsy sends an example of Middlebury hilarity during the trip: "Signing high atop the city of Xian in the business center of our luxury hotel, I typed out the words to four Midd songs, hoping to get the ladies together for a 'step singing' on the aft deck of the Yangtze river boat. As it turned out, the boat sponsored a talent show one night (male and female) wanted to participate. A hasty rehearsal quickly eliminated two songs ("High, High, High,..." and "Where the Otter..."), because too many didn't know them, and added "Victory!" It also started a controversy—about the correct pronoun in the Alma Mater (his/her/its)."

I think we were all singing a different one during the actual "performance." But with Ned on the piano, how could we lose? Bless him and Betsy's reply: "OK, OK, I write up on the back of the record (The Songs of the Cotter...), because too many didn't know them, and added 'Victory!' It also started a controversy—about the correct pronoun in the Alma Mater (his/her/its)."

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"Please don't think of your experience in Boston. The people organizing the convention asked me to speak to the 120 or so people that they credentialed as bloggers. Well, I went there to speak to them and was presided by a long series of people who kept saying that traditional media is out of touch. I stood up then and said, "I am the established media personified, and I am here to say that there is a lot that we can learn from you guys, but boy is there a lot you can learn from us. If you want to be believed you need to follow some of the rules." 

"Do you read blogs? I look at them, but I don't pay a lot of attention. Nobody can tell you what one is, because it is whatever you want it to be. So yeah, I look at some of them, but not at the diaries and the hired space. I really don't care what somebody with an ax to grind thinks about the presidential campaign. I can find that out in any bar in the country."

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58 Barbara Bang Knowles is still director for research and training of the Jackson Laboratory. She's also codirector of the interesting new Institute for Molecular Biophysics at the Univ. of Maine, Jackson Lab, and the Maine Medical Center Research Institute. "Having fun, living in a really beautiful part of the world. Come visit!" *Grace Warder Harde moved to Plainfield, N.H., "to be closer to the newly formed Airdron Duckworth Art Museum, a public nonprofit trust and 'classy' small museum of modern art works of Airdron Duckworth. Come visit!" *James Eppes writes: "We are still fixing up an old house to sell this fall/winter. *Shirley Whitney Juseo and husband Bob met with John and Bonnie McCandell at a Midd alumni gathering at the University Club in Sarasota, Fla., last January. The Juneos have the best of both worlds, living in Venice, Fla., for six months of the year and Lake Dunmore, Vt., the other six months. *Veitha Rice writes that "50 has a certain mind-set: 50-year reunion out of high school, 50+4 Midd reunion, and I wish I were 50 again!" *Sandy Van Zandt was setting off in June for a North Atlantic voyage to Ireland. Wife Sidney was staying home to be near her mother, who was turning 99 in August. But she was joining him in Ireland for a cruise around the west side of the Emerald Isle or into the Irish Sea south of Scotland. They will leave their 38-foot cutter (which Sandy designed and built in the early 1980s) in Dublin for the winter, with plans to cruise the Orkneys and Shetland islands in Scotland and continue to Norway next summer. Sandy and Sidney are both members of the Ocean Cruising Club, whose membership requires a sailor to log at least 1,000 miles port to port. —Class Secretaries: Stephanie Eaton (stephanie.caton@jkg.state.nl.ust), 243 Pleasant St., Littleton, NH 03561; Joseph E. Mohbat (jnmohbat@global.com), 351 Pacific St., Brooklyn, NY 11217; and Ann Ormsbee Frebuse (frobuse@alum.midd.edu), 2370 Madowak Dr., Pleasanton, CA 94566. 59 REUNION CLASS Retiring Class Secretaries Smith and Woodworth report: Our 45th has come and gone, but what a grand weekend it was! Seventy classmates and guests were housed in LaForce, one of the newest Commons, with each suite consisting of four bedrooms, a lounge, kitchen area, and bathroom. A far cry from residential living in the '50s! Food was plentiful! Friday night dinner at Kirk—with guests Professors Cleggett, Ballou, and Tillinghast—allowed for recalled memories and shared experiences. We were also regaled by the duo of Bob Luce and Bob W. Ray, with their
unique version of ‘organ’ music! A magnificent sun­

Set Class Notes

Bicknell-led unique version of ‘organ’ music! A magnificent sun­

action

Bicknell-led unique version of ‘organ’ music! A magnificent sun­

Bicknell-led unique version of ‘organ’ music! A magnificent sun­

With Prof Dave Littlefield and wife Jean as guests—

Sunday morning chapel service saw five members

at Battell, where lobster was king, and fire­

popular class social hours and banquet under the

Crantz Lavery Preston, Nancy Frame Sweden, Ellie

Bliss, Fred Swan (and wife Pat), and Don

Woodworth A class brunch at Ross Commons—

with Prof. Dave Littlefield and wife Jean as guests—

followed by the election of class officers, and another

library tour, concluded the weekend. * In other

news, Russ Miller was unable to make the 45th,

but hopes to make the 50th in 2009. * Lew

Parker is still enjoying semi-retirement: “Barb and

I had a great time on a couple of cruises to

Bermuda, where we honeymooned 42 years ago.

Our greatest joy is living in the same town with

our two daughters and their families, which

includes six grandchildren (6 mos. to 18 years).

We’re avid fans at all their sporting events. Get back

to Midd every September for the Gordie Perine

‘49 Golf Tournament with our two sons-in-law and

John Hammond ‘56. Hope all is well with my

classmates of ’59. * Stephen Cohen continues as

chief of urology at Sinai Hospital in Baltimore.

Their three grandchildren range from age one to

four years. “Spending several winter weeks at vaca­

tion home in Naples, Fla., and learning to be more

in-my-moment with each passing year.” *

Unfortunately, John Hubbell had to miss reunion,

which he was counting on attending. But the good

news is that he hopes to be fully recovered by late

June from a 10-month bout with lung cancer. Son

Chris is a sophomore at Dennison Univ and

dughter Eliot is a sophomore at the Millbrook

School. * Bob and Susan Jane Chapman

Hanrahan decided to try Cape Cod for six

years (King’s Way in Yarmouth Port). They plan to

move to Winslow’s View in the Pine Hills this fall.

Granddaughter Rose Elizabeth Hansen (child of

son Rob Hansen ’90 and his wife) arrived in

August 2003. * Carolyn Parks Behr and Anne

Villalon Speyer ‘71 were recently induced into the

Wall of Recognition for Mount Greylock Regional

High School in Williamstown, Mass. The

Wall recognizes individuals who have made signifi­
cant and enduring contributions to the life of the

school during its 43-year history. Anne was a long­
time English teacher; Carolyn served on the school

board for nearly 14 years. * Here are the class offices

for the next five years: Co-presidents, Noelle

Caseley Locke and Dave Riccio; class secretaries,

Lucy Paine Kezar and Bill Hussey; class head

agents, Cynthia Haver Rigas and Bob Luce;

50th Reunion chairs, Carolyn Parks Behr and

Peter Erbe; appointed Cane Society reps, Granthia

Laverne Granson, Dick Cooney and Caroline

Adela Kotula Boyd

Cassels, the manager of finance for Chester

County, Pa., is also on the board of the local art

association, plays golf, belongs to book clubs, and

spends as much time as she can with her five

grandchildren. This summer the entire family vaca­
tioned by the ocean. * Mary Jane Bliss

Swanson (Raymond, Maine) spent a quiet winter,

while hubby John recovered from a heart event. In

April they visited daughter Leslie ’84 in Tucson and

toured the national parks and monuments in

northern Arizona and Utah. Mary Jane, who

believes that mentoring is a vital link to the healthy

future of our society, has spent three years mentor­ing

a young girl. * Adela Kotula Boyd (Lafayette, Calif.)

reports that she plays golf, and

and they enjoy their cabin in the Sierras. In May they

visited London and Cornwall when the rhododen­
dron gardens were in full bloom. Her college

roommate, Jeanne Stratton, came for a visit in

August. * Patricia Johnson Gallman (New

Berrn, N.C.) is caring for her grandchildren on

weekends. She says she’s keeping up with them—

maybe a step or two behind. She keeps in touch with

Janie Cain Bell and hears from Sherry

Bushnell Kingsley at Christmas. Other plans

included a family time-share in Virginia and a visit

with family in Maine. * Secretary Jean Seeler

and significant other Dave Gifford visited briefly

with Linda Sharp Cooper and hubby Dick

Healy in Flagstaff, Ariz. Lin and Dick have a gour­
deous view of the San Francisco Peaks from the

hot tub on their deck. Both retired from NAU,

Flagstaff, Lin and Dick are friends with Erille ’59 and

Bert Laverne Granson ’59, also retired from NAU.

* Dave Klock (Wallingford, Vt.) benefits regularly

from the low prices for first-rate performances at

the Middlebury Center for the Arts. Teaching

clarinet and performing both voice and clarinet have

been his main focus since retiring eight years ago.

One clarinet student is now at Eastman; another, who

made first clarinet in the all-New England

High School Orchestra this year as a 10th grader,

paired with Dave in the clarinet section of an

orchestra of Vermont musicians in a Rutland per­
formance of Beethoven’s 6th Symphony. *

Writing from Craftsbury Common in Vermont’s

Northeast Kingdom, Tim Smith reports that he

survives with his garden, eight cords of wood per

year, four old cars (cheaper than new tires), a little

sailboat and, best of all, new, younger friends. He

and Ann have family scattered around the globe,

from New Mexico to Norway. * Dick Sacco

(kamp@earthlink.net) spends the winter in

Mission Bay in San Diego, Calif. In March their

motorhome heads north up the California coast to

Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia. They

recently visited with Peter and Kerry Reilly ’62

Ingold on Vancouver Island. They spend June to

August as volunteer docents at Founders Grove in

the Rockefeller Forest of Humbolt Redwood State

Park. “Biking to work on the Avenue of the

Giants,” says Dick, “through this 10,000-acre stand

of tamar is enough to blow you away.” * Lee

Farnham (West Trenton, N.J.) is a financial adviser

with Wachovia Securities in Princeton, N.J. Wife

Ann is a landscape architect with her own business,

Great Gardens. Lee plays tennis consistently. His

USTA league team was undefeated and looking

forward to the postseason in late October. * The

Nationals is secretary of the Ewing Townsh­

Environmental Commission, trying to find a bal­

ance between development and leaving things as

they are. Lee keeps in e-mail contact with Bruce

Richards and Stu Purdy ’59. * Judy Falby

Tuttle has joined an amateur ballroom dancing

team and is doing some competitive dancing. *

Sally Giguere Giglio reports “many trips, cruises,

and two new grandsons this year. Still love sailing

and skiing. Our home base continues to be

Amherst, Mass., although we tend to be off on

adventures half the time.” * John Turner

(Saratoga, Calif.) retired July 1 from Cordis

Neuovascular. Congratulate him at jauntyl@

comcast.net. * Our 45th Reunion is June 3–5,

Put it on your calendar NOW. Please send me

(Jean Seeler) an e-mail so I can create and dis­

tribute a current e-mail list.

—Class Secretaries, jean seeler (jeanseler@mind­
garden.com), 1529 Steeple Ct., Trinity, FL 34655; Dick

Wilkinson (mvwilhope@saud.com), 99 Shenwood Forest

Rd., Annapolis, MD 21401; and Jan Fisher Barnard

(printage@janeang.com), 2107 S. Verona Dr, Tempe, AZ

85282.

Harvey Gray is again a catalyst in planning a second Middlebury
College Alumni Ski Week in Sun Valley, Idaho. Save the dates of March 5–12, 2005. The first ski week attracted over 100 alumni and
demand has been increasing to do it again. The class of ’61 is a leading contributor of slalming, dashing, and other fun activities who keep their

headlights pointing down the full line, their knees bent, and are rumored to throw in an occasional yard sale of spectacular dimensions. Let’s keep that tradition going and hold a mini-reunion of ’61ers that week. Come join us for a fun-filled time. Contact Harvey at tvonnes@msn.com for full information. He has

arranged great discounts for lodging and ski tickets, if you make timely reservations. * Bert “Zip”

Vonderahle and his family vacated on Amelia Island in April and ran into Eric “Hugo” Green ’62, who owns a house there. They spotted each

other on the beach because they were both wearing

Midd hats! They promptly spent an evening of one

night catching up on events of the past 40 years.
Jim Warburton has moved into his new home in Gaucin, Spain. He’s teaching Spanish to English folks who flock to the area. As for me (Bill Dalsimer), I flew across the country last week in a single engine plane with stops in Flint, Mich., seeking Michael Moore (unsuccessful), Buffalo, Minnesota, Jackson Hole (Wyos.), and Palo Alto. The view of the country at 12,000 feet—often less than 5,000 feet above the land—is very intimate. We are such a rural country. After all these years in NYC, I thought the rest of the country was just like us. Wrong. * Now “retired” from the health club business, Jane MacFarlane is an independent distributor for a food science company called Rdite. She works from home and also gives speeches. She and husband Dick Smith participate in plenty of theatre. They note “lots of Midd Kids in the D.C. area!” Jane reports six grandkids. * After living in the New Jersey shore for 28 years, Jane Thomas Warren has resettled in the Philadelphia suburb of Wynnewood, Pa. “I apprenticed for this major upheaval by dealing with all of my 89-year-old mother’s belongings. She moved from New Jersey to Illinois in 2003, and by packing everything in daughter Heidi’s Philly apartment when she bought a house a year ago. My own move was in two stages, to a rental house in this area in late February and into my own very place in early June. I’m very happy with my new location, because I have a park right beyond my backyard and a terrific neighborhood, where I can do most errands by bike or on foot. I have many friends and family connections. I also have plenty of space for guests (in case of visits by son Mike and his wife and two daughters), so if you’re passing through or just feel like saying hello from wherever, please write me at 700 Smith Place. I love reconnecting with old friends. So what am I doing here? After all this transition time, I anticipate a return to travel, photography, and sculpture, too long set aside because of other priorities. * With deep sadness, Wendy Wardwell Hathaway reports the death of her husband, Jim, in June 2003. After 34 years of teaching elementary school, Wendy retired in June 2002. * I [Lisa Dunphy Fischer] have been exploring the environs of North Carolina recently, and have had several delightful evenings with Jane Volland and her husband. In June I went to Beijing with my husband where he attended the opening of the Chinese National Academy of Sciences, which I have been exploring with great enjoyment about how to deal with environmental contamination problems. I was most impressed by a young woman from the National Academy of Sciences who had refreshed her Chinese speaking skills and was fantastic in coordinating communication at the meeting. Guess who she went to college? Laura Snowhill Hollick, Middleton, ‘96. Barbara then wrote to me from NAS, when she heard I graduated in ’62 said, “I went to high school with Barbara Buchanan.” It took us both back to that sad week of losing Barbara before graduation. * Susie Stevens McKibben writes: “We’ve been enjoying working about the place and relaxing after a crazy winter of kitchen remodeling in Vermont and a great trip to France in March/April. When we were in France, we were in Haute-Savoie visiting Al’s (63) son Glen and his wife Raphaelle and their new son Noah. They live in Cerciera, a tiny town about half way between Annecy and Geneva. Annecy sits on a gorgeous lake of the same name, with mountains on both sides. Hiking, skiing, parasailing, Chateaus on both sides. Hiking, skiing, parasailing, Chateaus all around! It’s very accommodating of them to live in an area which is so beautiful. We look forward to going back again next year, probably on the way to Italy!” —Class Secretaries: Liza Dunphy Fischer (lfisch@msu.edu), 11630 Center Rd., Bath, MI 48808; Bill Dalsimer (dalsimer@yonkouline.net), P.O. Box 1316, Southampton, NY 11968; and Judy Bosworth Reisset (jburnscourt@aol.com), 11909 Arch Hill Dr., Austin, TX 78730.

63

After 37 years with Suntrust-Storm Container Corp., LeRoy Crocker has retired and is living on Datat Island in South Carolina: “My wife, Carol, and I are looking forward to playing a lot of tennis and golf, enjoying the water on our boat, and spending more time with our children and grandchildren.” Rick has accepted a position to teach a couple of courses at Springfield (Mass.) College, where he is “finally putting my Ph.D. in history to good use.” He’s also going to complete his book on Cold War foreign policy. He and his wife bought a condo in western North Carolina (Hendersonville) and spent most of the summer getting it ready for “full-time living when we completely retire in three years. Although I have a heart condition, my health is reasonable, although my doctor ordered an end to my running and baseball activities. I will spend more of my time volunteering in my community, especially with respect to my church and my library (I am treasurer of the library board and a trustee). Life is still good, although it is difficult to admit to myself, as well as others, that I am no longer a young adult!” * David Hanscom was presented with the 2004 Philip and Miriam Perlman Award in April. The award honors those who have made outstanding contributions to the Univ. of Utah School of Computing, through student advising and counseling. Dave continues to spend almost half of his time at the university advising and counseling students, a responsibility he has assumed for 22 years. —Class Secretaries: Christopher J. White (cwhys@uiuc.edu), 147 Dick Cove Rd., Becket, MA 01223; and Janet Brevoort Allen-Spencer (janbollars@att.net), 2 Arizona Pl., Huntington Station, NY 11746.
Vermont: Tom Koch and wife Sally were there. Easton Hanson. Thad and Patience Kenny poses, under strict guidelines. It is now state law. Terry CoKin and wife Tammy, and Bob Baskin. From Massachusetts came Perry and Susie Crehan Andrews came from Newiy, Maine. McLain are still major forces in the administration of Vermont Governor Jim Douglas ’72. Another notable Vermont, Bob Skiff, attended with wife Marjorie. He and his son are nurturing the growth of a private middle school they founded in the Burlington area. From Darbs, VT., came Carol Oliver. Peter was recently married from 34 years of teaching Will ’65 and Lynn Webster Nalchijian still reside in South Burlington, where Will is a longtime Vermont banking executive. Liane Bicknell Barrera had the shortest trip back. A Middlebury native, Liane still resides in town with husband John, who has a law practice there. Although Claire Waterhouse Gargalli (a College trustee emerita) did not attend reunion, she was awarded an honorary doctoral degree at Middlebury at this year’s commencement, for her distinguished contributions to the College. Bill Kieffer, our other active class College trustee, attended reunion. Bill, who recently bought a home in Palm Springs, Calif., was part of the search effort that chose Ron Liebowitz as the new president of Middlebury College. Sam Gordon, reunion gift committee cochair, is still a part of New York’s investment banking community. Trumpeter Bob Seeley and trombonist George Voland were just competing at the United States Amateur Ballroom Dance Association national competition in St. Paul, Minn., on August 13-15. Needless to say, Carol and John planned to be there! David Wright and his wife, Liva Andrejeva, from Byram Rd., Greenungh, CT 06830. "I have many Chicago house, I moved to Santa Fe, N.M. I have a beautiful strawbale construction home (and I don’t need anymore Three Little Pigs jokes) on over 12 acres of rolling pinion juniper and cactus-covered land. I recommend retirement highly!" Mary Wilson wrote in spring, when she and fiancée Andy were just completing a North Atlantic crossing: "I did about a quarter of it with him. Next month we celebrate my mom’s 100th birthday (she still lives with me). Next fall we’ll stay north and I’ll be teaching law courses to paralegal and criminal justice students, and then we’ll be in Ft. Myers, FL, in the spring. Come visit. Paul Witan bought with wife Ellie Magrath; “has started a publishing imprint, the first title of which is a terrific novel, Enter Sandman. It’s written by her former assistant at Sdf magazine, who, sadly, is dying of cancer at the age of 32. I continue to try to perfect the art of the nap, which drives Ellie and our 11-year-old, Kate, crazy. The dog, however, is quite supportive.” —Class Secretaries: Polly Moore Walters (Mrs. Kenneth) (polly@fii.com), 100 Granview Ave., Fort Collins, CO 80521; and R. W. ’17 Tall Jr. (dhumi@ together.net), 204 Clark Rd., Cornell, VT 05753.
especially in the summer. In June, he ran in "Grandma's Marathon" in Duluth. "It went well," he says. It was the 10th marathon he'd run in the past seven years. "I started running them because our girls were, and I told them, 'I can do that, too!'" Don continues to enjoy his job with the city of Minneapolis and plans to continue for at least three more years. "The runners love it," he says, "I keep busy with refereeing soccer, gardening, and biking (spring, summer, and fall), skiing and traveling (winter), and baking bread (year-round). Last February Don and wife Barbara took a cruise that included stops in Central America, plus going through the Panama Canal. "It was a great experience for a geography major!" 

Francine Clark Page and husband Richard celebrated the marriage of their elder daughter, Elizabeth '95, to Dimitri Calvert of Taos, N.M., in early July. The Vermont weather was at its best for an outdoor wedding (a variety called a hand fasting) and reception. The event took place in a large meadow across the road from the summer cottage where the Clark family has spent their summers for over 50 years—with central heating and indoor plumbing until last October. With these giant improvements in place, the week before the wedding was filled with hours of pleasant conversation and cooperatively prepared meals for an ever-changing mix of family, friends, and new acquaintances soon to be family. Swimming, boating, volleyball, and croquet fit in easily among last minute errands. It was a happy time. 

—Class Secretary: Francine Clark Page

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68 When the 2004 Emmy awards were announced in July, Dan Curry received two nominations—his 14th and 15th (including six wins)—for Best Visual Effects for two different episodes of Star Trek Enterprise. According to the St. Petersburg Times, Christopher D'Elia became the assistant VP for research and community partnerships at the Univ. of South Florida, St. Petersburg, on September 1. Chris is known for research, tropics, and subtropical ecology. At the Univ of Albany in New York's state university system, Chris held a joint appointment as a professor of biology and public administration and policy. In Florida, he will be responsible for identifying new research priorities.

Greenfield Studer, of Sudbury, Mass., is a professor of cell biology at the Univ. of Mass. Medical School. He's also codirector of the analytical and quantitative light microscopy course at the Marine Biological Lab in Woods Hole. He was recently elected to the board of trustees of the Worcester EcoTarium (www.ecotarium.org), an indoor-outdoor museum dedicated to exploring the natural world. Congratulations to Barb Faetlen Burley on winning second place in the Master Novice Ladies Class IV at the 2004 U.S. Adult Figure Skating Championships in Lake Placid in April. You may remember seeing Barb skate in our Middlebury Winter Carnival Ice Shows. In 2001, Julie Gratiot Peterson and Francis Dave attended the U.S. Nationals with Barb and her husband, Craig, in Boston, Julie reports: "Barb hadn't skated in years, but after this event both Barb and Craig started taking skating lessons and they're not done yet! We also attended the 2003 World Figure Skating Championships in D.C., where we met up with Ann Masotti Henger for a visit to the National Gallery and a skating practice. I also went to the 1998 World Championships in Minneapolis, where I met up with Robbie Hamblen Popp. I'm starting my 17th year in the editorial department of Cricket Magazine Group, and have been playing violin in the Illinois Valley Symphony Orchestra (www.ivso.org) for 30 years. But, as you can tell, I've become a big skating fan, too. My next plans are to attend 2006 Nationals in St. Louis and 2006 Worlds in Calgary. If any classmates are going, please let me know at julie79@aoal.com."

—Class Secretaries: Barbara Esenmenger Stoebenau (Barbara_Smyth_3123@BRIII.com), 6 Timber Fox, Spring Grove, PA 19477; and Beatleman (beatleman@ebay.com), 418 East St. NE, Vienna, VA 22180.

69 REUNION CLASS Although family obligations prevented Tom Shreeve from attending our 35th Reunion, he looks forward to visiting the campus sometime soon. Tom retired from the CIA in late 1998, after a 25-year career as an intelligence analyst. He's now serving as director of the Intelligence Community Case Method Program, part of CIA University. Alma Robinson continues to serve as the executive director of California Lawyers for the Arts, a statewide legal services agency. She lives with husband Toye Moses in San Francisco, with their children scattered all over the country, and even the world, they're experiencing "the empty nest." After 11 years as general counsel at Graphic Packaging, Jill Woodman Sisson reports: "I took my 'package' when the company merged into Atlanta-based Riverwood International. I retired, sailed, sat on a beach for a month, then became general counsel for New World Restaurant Group (Einstein & Noah's Bagels, Manhattan & Chesapeake Bagels). Still based in Colorado and still running." Congratulations to Lea Hillman Simonds and Mary MacArthur Wendell, who completed their service on the Middlebury College Board of Trustees in May. Mary served as an alumni trustee from 1999 through 2004. Lea served as a term trustee from 1994 through 2004. Their distinctive service was recognized at the May board meeting.

—Class Secretaries: Anne Harris Onion (onions@netzero2000.net), P.O. Box 207, Hallowell, ME 04341; and Peter Reynolds (preyn@uwt.com), 64 Maple St., Bristol, VT 05443.

70 As the new associate dean of learning and engagement at Purdue's School of Education, Sidney Marsh Moon plans to reform the teacher education program from "good to great." An avid cross-country skier and hiker, Sidney owns property in Colorado, where she has scaled Long Peak, the highest peak in the Rocky Mountain National Park. She also power walks, bikes, lifts weights, and is learning how to swim. For the past 20 years, Frances Westley has been a prof in the Management School of McGill Univ., where she has been teaching and writing about strategy, particularly collaborative strategy and environmental issues. In January 2005, she and her husband will be leaving Montreal to move to Madison, Wis., where they'll take up the position of director of the Nelson Institute for Environmental Studies at the Univ. of Wis. Her three daughters (24, 22, and 18) are all still in Canadian universities. Constance Brittain Bouchard recently published her 10th book on medieval history, The Cartulary of Montier-En-Der. 666-1129, Univ. of Toronto, 2004. Jean Rawson-Terhaar (rawsonterhaar@aol.com) is in her 20th year with the Congressional Research Service in D.C. (part of the Library of Congress) as a specialist in agricultural policy. "The issue areas I keep Congress abreast of are agricultural research and education (federal labs and the colleges of agriculture at public universities), organic and alternative agriculture (would you believe I'm the expert on hemp as an industrial crop?), and fruits and vegetables. Who would have thought that avocados and apples could have issues, but they most certainly do—pertaining to food safety and fair trade and protecting U.S.-grown produce from pests and diseases. I also track biotechnology issues, etc." Husband Allen works in the private sector, also in agriculture: "His job is promoting exports of U.S. cotton. This keeps him on the road a lot, but fortunately does not require his involvement in the smarmy business of lobbying Capitol Hill to protect the nonfrequent government cotton subsidies."
When Nell Cross ’95 and Jon Beckerman were married on May 25, 2003, their wedding party in Malibu, Calif., included ’95s Rodney Rothman (sixth from right), Eva Horton Bogaty (fifth from right), and Kirsten Hanson Molz (third from right).

Following the March 20, 2004, wedding of Kristen Vogel ’99 and Thomas Blabey ’99 in Santa Barbara, a reception at La Cumbre Country Club brought together (all ’99 unless noted) P. Jason MacMurray, Ted Adler, Adam Burns, Junaid Ziauddin, the newlyweds, Whitney Dorne, Karen Herbert, J. Robert Kerchner, Elizabeth Catone ’98, and John Felton. Michael ’02 and Carina Curnow Tremblay missed the photo.

Mary Catherine Maxwell ’00 and Adam Platt ’99 were married on a hilltop farm in Weaverville, N.C. Celebrating with them on August 24, 2002, were (’99 unless noted) Alex O’Rourke, Mandy Levine ’98, the newlyweds, Junaid Ziauddin, Heather Voborsky ’00, (middle row) Dan Rosenfeld, Kristen Vogel, Kara Tsibou ’00, Ted Adler, Jason Wyman, Yelim Nivoro, Lauren Erardi ’00, (back) Heather Crots ’00, Michael Cormier, Tom Blabey, Jason Hui, Jon McMahon, Ginette Chapman, and Andrea Hattan ’00.

Laura Lovgren and Scott Paul ’96, who met and reside in London, were married in her hometown of Omaha, Neb., on April 24, 2004. Displaying the banner were the newlyweds and best man David Paul ’00, (second row) Jen Burrell Stillerman ’97, Daniel Bryan ’98, Ashley Twyon Bryan ’98, (back) Zac Stillerman ’97, Stuart Salyer ’96, Jeff Lindley ’96, Steve Slauson ’96, CJ Diamond ’99, Chip Zabatta ’96, and Hallie Hughes ’99.

The August 30, 2003, gathering at the San Francisco Yacht Club in Belvedere, Calif., brought together several 1997s in celebration of the marriage of Christine Griffin ’97 and Scott Young: Matthew Bijur, Robert Taboada, Henry Simonds, Heidi Erdmann Vance McCann, Seth Haines, the newlyweds, Jamie Cowperthwait, Alex Finkelstein, Sara Hasan Nagy, Marit Torkelsen, and Jonathan Ferrari. Cynthia Martinez ’96 missed the photo.
The marriage of Alexandra Flynn ’93 and David Phillips found many Middlebury friends celebrating in Hamilton, Mont.: (all ’93 unless noted) (front) Jennifer Bunshoft, Karin Trujillo, Katy Strote Wright, (standing) Ninive Clements Calegari, Andrew Snow ’90, Tonje Kilen Snow, father-of-the-bride John Flynn ’63, the newlyweds, Ray Strong ’91, Kathryn Virkler Harris, Sarah Taylor, Vendela Vida, and Ed Lovett.

On August 31, 2002, Louise Prockter and Ben Roe ’81 were married at the 11th century Binham Priory, in Binham, Norfolk, England, where the bride’s parents reside. The small but very happy Middlebury contingent included Ben, Louise, best man Tom Arcidiacono ’81, and Maura Flynn ’79.

The marriage of Katie Bender ’01 and Peter Commons ’01 took place at Martha’s Vineyard on June 12, 2004.

Following the Mead Chapel wedding of Jessica Silverman ’00 and Robert Bryan ’01 on June 19, friends gathered to celebrate at a reception at the Waybury Inn in East Middlebury: (’01 unless noted) Eric Zink ’00, Alyssa Pappas Zink ’00, David Paul ’00, Chris Paul, Chris Cheang, David Bracken ’00, Josh Gutierrez, Tim O’Keefe, Ellen Guettler, Peter Jacoby, Jeanne Restivo ’99, Corey Wilk, Tim Boarini, Matt Arnould, Nick Reeb, Kelvin Roldan, Ann Einsiedler Crumb ’71, Dan Bryan ’98, Ashley Twyon Bryan ’99, Kate Lockwood Bracken ’00, Stephanie Crumb ’00, Ryan Conviser ’00, Lori McMahon ’00, Michelle Holt ’00, Jamien Richardson ’00, Kate Griffiths, Leslie Fox, Jameson Tweedie, Laura Yee, the newlyweds, Brent Boscarino, Jessica Widay, Melanie Rausch, and Jason Lemire.
Talking about Cars and Snakes

SO IF YOU HAPPPENED TO BE LISTING TO NPR'S Car Talk on a Saturday in Late August, you might have heard "Mike from Middlebury" explaining a particularly squirmy dilemma.

The Mike in question was none other than Mike Schoenfeld '73, the college's recently appointed vice president of College Advancement, and his car trouble was, indeed, "trouble."

Apparently, Mike walked out to his car one morning and discovered a snake wrapped around his steering wheel. As he made a move to corral it, the snake slithered through an opening into the steering column. After a particularly white-knuckled drive to the good folks at Foster Motors, Mike managed to have the snake removed. His question for Tom and Ray? How could Mike be sure there wasn't another snake (or snakes) lurking where he couldn't see?

Needless to say, the Car Talk guys had fun with this one. Among their suggestions: roll up all the windows and fill the car with smoke ("snakes hate smoke") and acquire a badger and have it sniff around the car.

Mike laughed, of course, but declined to follow Tom and Ray's recommended course of action. So far, no other snakes have surfaced. Stay tuned.

—Class Secretaries: Jennifer Handin Church (jchandle@earthlink.net), 52 Hancock St., Lenox, MA 01240; and Andy Wentink (auwentink@middlebury.edu), 315 Shumelin Rd., Potsdam, NY 13676.

Susan Elmnendorf Roberts are living in Wisconsin in the house they built 25 years ago. Second daughter Lucy graduated from Middlebury in 2000; fourth child Mary anticipates going in February. Jeff owns and runs his own agricultural manufacturing business, Harvest Tec. He invented the agricultural "dew simulator," which has really taken over in the West. Susie is putting most of her time and energy into seventh child, Willie, who has autism. * Marilyn Thomas Devroye writes: "My husband, Maurice Devroye, is from French-speaking Belgium; he and I met in the Middle East, married in London and for four years lived in Belgium, where our two sons were born. We have been in Summit, NJ, since 1980. After a first career in medical journalism, I longed to actually DO medicine instead of just write about it. I became a physician assistant in 1995 and have worked in community health centers in medically underserved areas in NYC and New Jersey, learning to speak Spanish along the way. Through local humanitarian organizations, I got interested in Nicaragua, visited the country twice, and now I'm involved in sponsoring a young Nicaraguan woman's medical education. With me in this venture is Marian Glenn, who also lives in Summit. Marian and I belong to a local feminist book group that has been going for 20 years. When we get a chance, Marian and I walk in the woods and botanize!" * Churchill Franklin has held nearly every position of alumni leadership that is available to a Middlebury graduate, from phonathon volunteer to chair of the board of trustees. In May, as he completed his service on the board, he was honored for demonstrating "a commitment to this College that is loyal, enduring, and a model to us all of what it means to give of oneself to alma mater."

—Class Secretaries: Dr. Susan R. Thornton (thornton@aol.com), 1571 Rt. 30, Cornwall, VT 05753.

Fujung Madeleine Li (formerly Ding Madeleine Phu) continues to work as a deputy public guardian investigator for Santa Clara County. She would love to hear from classmates and friends at liandphu@aol.com. * Jim Douglas gave the commencement address at St. Johnsbury Academy on June 7.

—Class Secretaries: Jennifer Hamlin Church (jchandle@earthlink.net), 11151 Summerfield Rd., Petersburg, MI 48472; Judy Wingham (jwingham@roger.com), 417 Greenwood Plwy, West Hill, ON M1E 1R3, Canada.

73 Peter Hamlin is back at Middlebury, with a tenured position in the music department. He had previously been an associate professor of music at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minn. * Mary Farley has both her kids at Middlebury this year—Andrew Carnabuci is '06 and Sarah Carnabuci is '08. Mary writes, "I've become a spokesperson for the National Coalition for Women with Heart Disease (www.womenheart.org), after attending a symposium at the Mayo Clinic in October 2003. Having survived (and fully recovered from) two heart attacks, at ages 42 and 50, I realized that educating women about the risks and signals of heart problems is an important mission that I wanted to take on. Knowing and controlling risk factors—and in the case of women like myself with no risk factors, recognizing the onset of symptoms—are important for every woman, whatever her age. Work still keeps me busy, as business manager at Kunhardt Productions, the documentary film company owned by Peter Kunhardt '75, as well as lots of volunteer work." * John Bell sent word that he's "had wonderful visits with Tad Kline in Boulder, Colo., and with Chris Yano in Boston. I'm hoping to do more puppet shows about the way things are right now, and to write more about puppet theater. Our son, Isaac (13), wants to be an artist." John and wife Trudi Cohen and Isaac performed puppet shows together last summer.

—Class Secretaries: Dr. Susan R. Thornton (thornton@aol.com), 22 Vincent St., Binghamton, NY 13905.
...Class Secretary: getting ready to go to Valdez, Alaska, for the 33rd Reunion. It was a low-key affair, with plenty of time to catch up with old friends and reminisce about how things were “back in the day.” Friday evening kicked off with a dinner at Roland’s Place, a restaurant on Route 7 north of town. Among Saturday’s on-campus highlights were a memorial service (under the direction of Shelly Ford Moe) to remember deceased classmates; the gathering for the class photo; a well-attended workshop about ways to build nonprofit projects presented by Ellis (Peggy) Robinson, author of The Nonprofit Membership Toolkit; a tour of outdoor art on the campus by Prof. John Hunsick; a terrific lobster dinner on the lawn behind Battell, complete with fireworks at dusk; and dancing in McCullough and Johnson. While everyone seemed to be happy and hardly it did seem like people wanted to bed earlier at this reunion than previous ones. But I (Greg Dennis) am happy to report that a few of us—including Karen Massey, Mark Patinkin, David O’Connor, Susan Hong, Ellen Heising, and the ubiquitous Andy Jackson—were able to stay up dancing past midnight on Saturday and helped close down Johnson. There were several notable reminders of the fabled tree house, which was built by a group of our classmates on the edge of the college golf course. During a Saturday run, Dan Flanagan, Tucker Swan, Barry King, and Lauren Singer Waite revisited the site of the tree house (which burned down in 1985) and discovered several remnants after all these years. Lauren took a remnant home for son Chris, a first-year Middlebury student. The tree house is one source of inspiration for the new David S. Stone ’74 Tree House Fund. David died of a heart attack at the age of 51. At his funeral last year, a group of Middlebury friends decided to create a fund to honor David and the tree house experience shared by so many. The Fund is intended to provide the opportunity for Middlebury students to take initiative and utilize their creativity to realize like-minded dreams for the benefit of the College and community and to enrich their student experience. When registering for reunion, we were greeted by music from a CD titled Tree House Times, created by Mike Schlegel and donated by Steve Janas. The CD, including 16 classics from the late ’60s and early ’70s, is available for a $25 minimum donation to the Tree House Fund, through the College development office. Call Sue Snedeker (snedeker@comcast.net) or visit https://treehouse.Middlebury.edu/newstore/catalog. Mike (michael.schlegel@tcn.com) and other fund organizers welcome project ideas. * A number of folks kicked things off early with a Thursday pre-reunion gathering of Sluggers—members and friends of the Slug (Alpha Sigma Psi) fraternity—at Charlie and Ann Williams Jackson’s place in Shoreham, Vt. Among those remembering those famous Slug barn parties were Karl Doerner, Art Ellison, Tim Etchells, Andy Jackson, Barry Schultz King, David Minot, and John Morosani. * In other news, John “Muddy” Waters (bassist) has two kids in college: Willie, a junior at Bowdoin, plays on the soccer team that knocked Middlebury out of the New England tournament last year. Son Jamie is a first-year student at Colby. Daughter Jessica just graduated from Pikesville, where Muddy is head of school. * In Quincy, Mass., Paul Phillips (palphill@azol.com) has been elected to the executive committee on the board of the Massachusetts Teachers Association. Daughter KT, a 2003 Scripps College graduate, is a Peace Corps volunteer in Madagascar. Son Evan is a sophomore at Bates. Paul reports that among his prides possessions is a guitar and other贝emers motorcycle. * Jennie Buchanan Parrott (parrott@athome.com) and son Derek spent part of reunion weekend participating in the workshops for high school seniors interested in attending Middlebury. Earlier this year Jennie spent two weeks in Ireland. After teaching second grade for seven years, she’s teaching gifted third graders, a program she’s wanted to join for many years. * Jim Kelly has been chosen to lead midwest and New England business operations for Cummins Inc. of Columbus, Ind. He served as director of personnel, director of labor relations, and plant manager, prior to being named VP and general manager. * Nancy Anderson Woodyard was sorry to miss reunion, but enjoyed going last year and saw some of her old friends. After 23 years at IBM, she is now leading an internal professional development and communications program. Nancy and high school daughter Laura went to Nicaragua in April to help build houses. While acquiring construction skills, they learned about another culture from the inside out. Nancy reports that Chris is a junior at College, and Laura joined Stanford’s freshman class this fall. * David McCormick is a scientist in the biomedical program at the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. He received his master’s and Ph.D. in environmental medicine/biology from NYU. Now he’s on the leading edge of biomedical advances, developing anti-cancer compounds that focus on cancer. * Shelleburne (Vt.) resident Kris Hardy Kenan spent a week at the International Wolf Center, in Ely, Minn., as a volunteer “wolf nanny” for three wolf pups. How’s this for dedication? Her eight-hour shift ran from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Kris teaches math at Tuttle Middle School in South Burlington. —Class Secretaries: Greg Dennis (gregorydennis@casl.com), 1033 Hennes Ave., Encinitas, CA 92024; and Barry Schultz King (bkinglet@sytesnet.com), PO Box 77, Ripton, VT 05766.

75

Jeff Lindsay, who lives in south Florida with his wife and three daughters, is working on a second novel featuring Dexter Morgan, the narrator of his first novel, Darkly Dreaming Dexter (Doubleday, 2004). To quote the reviews: “Jeff Lindsay’s Darkly Dreaming Dexter is a fresh, surprising, and brilliantly executed novel that is sure to receive wide acclaim.” “And after finishing this debut novel, readers will have only one thing to say: wow!” And “it’s been years since there’s been a thriller debut as original as this one by Lindsay.” Sounds like a page-turner! * Kathleen Harlen is the new director of the Krammer Art Museum and Kinkead Pavilion at the Univ. of Ill. She directed art museums in Washington state and Florida, as well as filling various posts at academic and public museums in Massachusetts and Ontario, Canada. Kathleen has a master’s in art history (Johns Hopkins Univ., 1977) and a master’s in business administration (Univ. of Ottawa, 1981). * When the new Opera Company of Middlebury presented Bizet’s Carmen in June, Carmen was played by Meredith Parsons McComb, who was a featured singer for many years at the Metropolitan Opera. She has sung on stages all over the world, and is featured on PBS telecasts of Wagner’s Ring Cycle. She now lives on Lake George. The 90-minute adaptation was conducted by Greg Viterik, associate prof in Midd’s music department and the company’s musical director. * Bruce Moseley spoke recently at the Hamilton (N.Y.) Rotary Club, mentioning that he majored in history and scenery design at Midd, and that he has worked many different jobs from summer farm laborer to theater work. In 1982 he moved to Hamilton, met...
wife Leigh, and worked for Gallery, providing traveling art shows. In 1995 he became the executive director of the Oneida Mansion House, and now he's the associate director of corporate development for Syracuse Stage, a regional theater company.

Steve Townsend is still living in southern New Hampshire with wife Deb and daughters Liza (17) and Annie (15). "We’re excited that Liza will be a freshman at Midd this fall. She’s disappointed that a meal plan at Sig Ep is not an option, but looks forward to Midd nevertheless."  In June, 1 Paige McGuire attended a reception at the Union League in Philadelphia to honor President McCollum for his years of service to Middlebury. The event was one of many on his “farewell tour,” all organized by Midd alumni clubs. I went looking for classmates and found Dale Brilliant and David Perlman, both of whom looked great. It’s amazing how everyone around you grows old, and we don’t change a bit. Dale, who has worked for Xerox for 28 years (currently in business process sales), works and lives in center city Philadelphia. David practices commercial litigation for a small law firm in center city, and lives in Bala Cynwyd with wife Ellen, daughter Sophia (14), and twin sons Morgan and Jonathan (7). David returns to Vermont every year, while I return only for make it there only for reunions. And speaking of reunions, Midd is already gearing up with plans for our 30th Reunion in June of 2005—June 3 to 5, to be exact—so mark your calendars!  —Class Secretaries: Roger King (rking@cayman-software-spectrum.com), 4128 Canals Blvd., Dallas, TX 75223; and Paige O’Connell McGuire (paigec@merrimack.net), 1134 Waterloo Road, Bensenville, IL 60126

76 Secretary Shapiro youthfully reports: Most of us will have turned 50 by the end of the year, a milestone that—judging by notes received from classmates—hasn’t slowed anyone down. Need proof? P. Joan Ingram Gavigan of Catoonsville, Md., is Exhibit A: “John and I got married five months after graduation, and the babies started arriving about a year later. All of our six are now over 18. Whoa-hoo! Yes! And we’re still alive to enjoy it! I celebrated my big day in bath at home and decided to take up the violin shortly thereafter. Midlife crisis? I hope so! Our family grew a few years back with the addition of a granddaughter, Madison, who is now contemplating her first year of preschool!” An attorney, Joan is “now representing children in child abuse and neglect cases. Although at times the work can be sad, for the most part it’s very gratifying. One happy surprise in a particularly sad case was that the expert witness who testified about my client’s injuries was Dr. Scott Krugman, Midd class of 1991. Scott is the chairman of pediatrics of Franklin Square Hospital in Baltimore, Md., and specializes in child abuse. He arrived with crime lab photo and quite an impressive CV! What was all the more amazing is that he could even take the time to testify, given the nature of medical practice these days. His testimony has and will continue to make my client’s life an entirely different story than it could have been. I hope he doesn’t mind my thanks in such a public forum.”  —According to Joan, Vicki Baldwin (Joan’s freshman roommate and her second daughter’s godmother) has been attending Yale Divinity School. The Midd Web site has put Joan in touch with Ann Parker Paulson, Janie Hollinshead, and others. “Ann is doing well, living in the North Country of New York. Janie’s suggestions caused me to purchase Middmann.com, but I haven’t started it yet.”  —John Kramer writes that he and Daniel McCusker were wed on June 21, 2004, outside of the City Hall in Cambridge, Mass. John and Daniel, who live in Jamaica Plain, Mass., have been partners for 23 years. They applied for their marriage license on May 17, the day it became legal to do so in the United States. After their marriage license on May 17, the day it became legal to do so in the United States. After living nearly 25 years in Texas, Lucy Call King reports that she and her family plan to spend more time up North: “Our first-born daughter will be 18 during the season.”  —Last summer, Mark S. Gordon moved his family—wife Mel, son Albert (8), and daughter Laura (5)—from San Francisco to McLean, Va. Mark joined a technology startup (wireless semiconductors) at Tyson’s Corner, Va., as a consultant in September 2002, and later became an employee. The company was acquired by Motorola in November 2003. Mark invites visitors when you are in the area. They are listed in the phone book.

The un-Martha approach

J Essie Sturchio Raymond ’90 of Middlebury, a writer whose humor columns have appeared in print regularly for the past two years, has made the New York Times Best Seller List. Her essay, “This Home Improvement Show Is Not Ready For Prime Time” appears in the book, Nesting: It’s a Chick Thing (Workman), which debuted in August at No. 10 on the New York Times Best Seller List. Raymond, whose columns are a regular feature of the Addison Independent, describes the book as “a compilation of home decorating and entertaining hints and how-tos in an ‘un-Martha’ way.” The book has been termed a “must book for the reader who knows that chick’s rule” (Publishers Weekly), and “a smart and sassy compilation” (Chicago Tribune). More than 110,000 copies are in print. A specific list of stores (by town) where the book can be found is available at www.workman.com.

“IT’s a great honor both personally and professionally to be a part of this book,” says Raymond, whose writings have also appeared in Vermont Magazine, Pregnancy Magazine, and in various regional newspapers as well as Web sites, including American Woman Road & Travel and iNetVacations.

Raymond’s writings offer a lighthearted, humorous look at life. Recent columns include “New Gas Grill Causes Marital Flare-Up,” “Fun in the Sun is a Lot of Work,” “Greenup Day Brings Me Closer to Litterbug,” and “The Workout I Love to Hate.” Her column, “Around The Bend,” appears regularly in the Addison Independent.

Another of Raymond’s essays, “Sleep Good, Caffeine Bad” will appear in early 2005 in the second volume of the anthology Misadventures of Moms, Disasters of Dads (Moms in Print). In addition to her regular humor column, she is a grammar columnist for the online writers’ newsletter The Busy Freelancer. A Vermont resident since 1986, Raymond lives in Middlebury with her husband, Mark, and children Joe, Ethan, and Leah. She plans to work with the book’s publishers to schedule book-signings for later this year. Future plans include syndication of her humor column throughout the state, and she is considering publishing a book of her own essays.

77 “Nothing like change,” Terry Baer writes, “to keep us advancing.” Jonathan convinced me to take karate with him. Although my body feels beaten down after these sessions, in general I am becoming more physically fit. Karate does not hurt the focus...
either. As the final months toward my 50th approach, I am grateful for our family's good health. * Images unfold underwater on film in an installation by Laurie McLeod, called “Waterhaven No. 1 (Liou Yong’s Dream),” at the Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art in North Adams. McLeod’s large installation is the first in a series of planned “liquid portraits,” in which she hopes to distill various lives. This film was shot with a digital camera in nine feet of water in a private swimming pool in the Berkshires. Her work was described in an article in the New York Times (June 26), “Esther Williams, Eat Your Heart Out.” * “Art and history intersect at the point where people shape their environments,” according to William Hosley, who recently gave a lecture for the St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Athenaeum to “demonstrate how art and artifacts can be used to understand historical experience, while surveying the extraordinary visual allure of history.” Bill is executive director of the Antiquarian and Landmarks Society.  

** Betsy Barbour Hopkins continues to work in Senegal, West Africa: “We celebrated our 20th anniversary of living here in January and our 25th wedding anniversary in December. One son is at Franklin and Marshall College, on campus year in Dalar Academy here in Senegal. I’m currently managing a dozen language community development projects. Recently I ran into several Midd connections. It’s a small world!” * During his 10 years as term trustee at Middlebury, which ended in May 2004, Frank Sesno was very active on the student affairs and buildings and grounds committees, and had a significant impact on many recent building projects at the College. He consistently made time during his visits to campus for mentoring students as well. Frank is now professor of public policy and communication at George Mason University. He also produces documentaries and hosts interview programs for PBS.  

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** 78  

Emory Williams checked in from China a while back. He has lived in Beijing, China, for the past eight years, building a company that he started in 1996. He is also very involved with the American Chamber of Commerce in China, serving as vice-chairman this year. Emory reports that it is always interesting and challenging being in China, a bit like having it “game day, every day.” His son (6) lives with his mother in Chicago, but Emory is able to spend some quality time with him every couple of months. He bought a home in Beijing and would welcome visiting classmates to call when they are there! * Heather Allport-Cahoon writes: “The joy of the Lord continues to be my strength and song! We are serving God gladly in our new home here. I continue to minister to college students through the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship, which helped me so much when I was at Middlebury.” Heather is the campus minister at SUNY Buffalo.  

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---Class Secretaries: David Jaffrey (djaffrey@gmail.com), 18427 Heathcote Ln., Derby, MN 55391; Phyllis Wilmes Mackey (phyllismackey@hotmail.com), 120 Glad Pl., Hampton, NH 03826; and Anne Rowell Noble (annorwellnoble@aol.com), 3926 Highwood Ct., NW, Washington, DC 20007.  

** 79  

REUNION CLASS  

Retiring secretary Maggie Paine reports: For those of you who made it back to Middlebury this June, our 25th Reunion was magical. Whether you were best friends or had never really crossed paths before that weekend, there was a deep connection and affection. It doesn’t hurt that we had one of the few spectacular weekends of what turned out to be a rainy summer—blue skies, no humidity, and perfect temperatures, allowing us to experience the campus at its best. Martha Hagner Leathe has lyrically described the reunion experience in our 25th newsletter, so I won’t go into too much detail.  

Spending all or part of the weekend at the College has been named to the board of Union and the estraordinary installation is the first in a series of planned “liquid experiences, while surveying the extraordinary visual allure of history.” Bill is executive director of the Antiquarian and Landmarks Society.  

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ish. It was fantastic to return to my roots and run the Big One!” Ellen Geidner suggests a 25th Reunion ski week in Portillo, Chile, next August 13-20. If you’re interested, contact her at ellen(g)skiportillo.com. All are welcome.

—Class Secretaries: Anne Cowherd (cowherd@enginc.com), 1223 Park Ave., Apt. 4C, New York, NY 10128; and Suzanne Sanders Stalder (suestalder@gikenet.com), 21 Gables Ct., Beavensfield QC H9W 5H3 Canada.

Bosworth Dewey has been living in D.C. for the past decade. Boz is “doing project development and finance consulting for energy projects overseas. Most of my work has focused on sustainable energy and environmental infrastructure. I am very lucky. I married with two kids (ages 2 and 4). I regularly spend more time on my photography business this year. She writes: “My youngest, Armour, is in fourth grade, and my two older boys are in high school. My middle son, Malcolm, will be going to boarding school next year! I spend a lot of time on the lacrosse field!”

—Class Secretaries: Wendy Beshner Nelson (cbongowo(2)att.net), 2071 St. Andrews Dr., Beverly, PA 19132; and Caleb Rick (rick(j)johnsoncornell.com). PO. Box 189, Chelsea, VT 05038.

Kip Stone is the president and sole owner of Artforms, employing 35 people and selling F&B elements to customers across the country and throughout the Caribbean. From the outset, Kip was driven by two goals: to build Artforms into a world-class, customer-service-oriented company; and to make the company successful enough for him to fund his dream of constructing an Open 50 class single-handed transatlantic race. On May 31, he set off on his first Transat race, as the skipper of his Open 50 monohull, Artforms, named after his company. Half a month later, he crossed the Boston Harbor finish line in an elapsed time of 15 days, 5 hours, 20 minutes, and 27 seconds, becoming the first American to win the Transat since 1980. In Portland, Maine, Gary Prolman has maintained a law firm for the past 10 years: “I am mainly involved in criminal defense, but also represent professional athletes and entertainers. Currently, I’ve got two players in the NHL and four college players that should be in the NHL within the next couple of years. I’ve also done work for comedians Bob Marley and Aerosmith.” Gary has been heavily involved with coaching high school hockey for 15 years. He’s also chairman of the board for the Maine High School Hockey Invitational. Nancy Wynant lives in Bernardsville, N.J. She recently joined the Peapack-Gladstone Bank as vice president. Peter Nalen and two partners have founded Compass Healthcare Communications to do brand and e-marketing for pharmaceuticals and biopharma companies. Wife Lisa is starting a premium chocolate company. They live in Princeton, N.J., with their three children. Architect Kate Webb has been featured in the New York Times for her innovative use of small spaces and former maids’ rooms in NYC apartments. See story, page 54. In Seattle, the Washington Roundtable, a public policy organization comprised of CEOs from Washington’s 40 major employers, recently named Stephen Mullins as president. He has served as the Roundtable’s VP for eight years. Michael Lyons writes from Norwich, Vt., where he is a family doctor. “My wife, Stephanie, and I have three children—Hannah (9), Gus (7), and Maddie (5)—to keep us plenty busy. We just returned from beautiful Santa Barbara, Calif., where we gathered with other Midd grads celebrating the wedding of Suzanne Bishin and David Hosseini. Carey Lennox enjoyed the Middlebury reception for President McCord in Chicago: “Fun to see familiar faces! Reunion last year was terrific. I look forward to our 25th!” My son, Mac (now 2.5) will be old enough to come and enjoy some of the festivities. Keep in touch, everyone.”

—Class Secretaries: Ruth Kennedy (kennedy2@aetna.com), 195 Church St., Newton, MA 02458; and Stephanie Ulrich (ulrich(j)gatesmiddlebury.school.org), Westminster School, 955 Hopmeadow St., Simsbury, CT 06070.

Newsmakers

The Rev. Kim Crawford Harvie ’79, minister of the Arlington Street Church in Boston, was recently quoted in the New York Times, Reuters, the Boston Globe, and many other publications. On May 17, 2004, she said, “By the power vested in me by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I hereby pronounce you partners for life.” With these words, Kim legally married the first same-sex couple in Massachusetts following the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court ruling in November that found prohibition of such marriages to be unconstitutional.

In his first solo offshore race in June, Kip Stone ’83 not only won the Open 50 monohull class in the 2004 Transat (a single-handed transatlantic race), but he also took more than 13 hours off the class record, set in the 1996 race. Kip was the first American to score a victory in the Transat since Phil Weld won in 1980. Kip won on board Artforms, a state-of-the-art Open 50 class sailboat named after his Maine T-shirt company, Artforms, which he grew into a company successful enough to fund his dream of racing in the Transat.

Joaquin Martinez ’94 has taken a Middlebury concept and put it into practice in a distant locale. After 10 years of teaching French, Spanish, and Italian at a Miami high school, Jack opened Mosaiques, a charming, eclectic restaurant in Miami’s upper east side. The Middlebury twist is that friends and strangers dine together and practice their Spanish, French, Italian, English, or Portuguese each Thursday. Jack and his French-born wife, Dominique, circulate among the tables to help get the conversations going.

Devin Arrington ’01 is the recipient of the 2004 Christian Fellowship of Art Music Composers Scholarship. A master’s student in composition at Carnegie Mellon University, his string quartet, Genid, won the 2003 Carnegie Mellon string quartet competition. Next April, a piece for clarinet, cello, and piano will be premiered at Carnegie Hall.
honorary degrees, along with Meryl Streep, Kenneth Feinberg, Paul Muldoon, and Art Cohn. Dana's theater credits include the starring role in the New Jersey Shakespeare Festival's recent rendition of "The Crucible," as well as a leading role in the Broadway bows. On television, she has guest starred on "Law and Order and All My Children," and played recurring roles on the CBS drama "Friso" and the HBO series "Oz." She also appeared in the HBO films "Awake Suspicion" and "Someone Had To Be Benny.

Like her husband, she's an advocate for increases in medical research funding, and for the rights of the disabled. On television, she has guest starred on "Law and Order and All My Children," and played recurring roles on the CBS drama "Friso" and the HBO series "Oz.

Class Secretaries: Andrew Zeiler (andrew.zeiler@pfx.com), 93 Livingston St., New Haven, CT 06511; and Kimberly Schlegel Bossow (kbssoever@concast.net), 3187 Alden Pond Ln., Elyria, OH 44035.

Scott Davison and Thornton Tyson got their families together for some mountain fun at a camp near Winter Park, Colo., in June. Thor and wife Faye Ebrey and kids Zoe (6) and Henry (3) live in Seattle, where Thor coaches water polo at the Univ. of Wash, as well as local high school and club teams. Scott and wife Loraine and kids Cannay (8) and Brody (6) live in Indianapolis, where Scott is CFO of OneAmerica/America United Life Insurance Co. In early July, Scott was in D.C. and spent a couple of days with Bill Hallock, back after several years abroad. Bill is doing international consulting for a legal firm in Washington.

William Safford (7370.3533@compuserve.com) has turned two of his favorite interests into careers since moving from NY to Troy, N.Y., in the early '90s. He's playing bassoon and contrabassoon in various bands and orchestras. One highlight was being flown to Barbados in 2001 to play in a concert of the Barbados Chamber Orchestra. He also teaches Motorcycle Safety Foundation riding courses at sites all across New York state. William and Karsten Prager got together recently in New Rochelle, N.Y., to celebrate turning 40. Karsten lives in San Francisco, where he works for Stentor, a medical imaging and information management company.

Jon Potterson, Andy and Gabriella Guettner '88 Fellows, and Dave and Sue Gavlick Ballard (and their families) recently joined in the fun and games of the Vail Lacrosse Shootout, where over 100 Midd people attended. Since 1997, some 76 Midd alums—spanning the classes of 1965 to 1994—have participated in this Shootout. This spring Middalumious again fielded two teams—one in the Masters division (players at least 33 years of age) and one in the Super Masters division (at least 40 years of age). Bill and Karsten were there to watch Erin Quinn coach the Masters team to a 6th place finish. Erin is not used to losing lacrosse games.) Jon, Andy, and Dave played a vital role in the Supermasters 5th place finish out of 14 teams. The "young legs" were welcomed by the old veterans. John McCordell made a farewell speech, as retiring president, and was quick to note the bonds that have been made and nurtured there since 1997. The players enjoyed rekindling friendships and found it especially gratifying to have the kids on the sidelines cheering for their dads.

This spring, I (Macon) got a chance to catch up with Heather Drewel O'Neill and husband Joe when the two and their kids had the thrill of watching my daughter, Claire (7), play baseball, while I got to catch up on Heather's amazing athletic feat: Running the Boston Marathon. Why? To raise money for Boston Children's Hospital, whose doctors and staff took such amazing care of Heather and Joe's twins, Evelyn and Madeline, when they were born three months prematurely in 1997. College roommate Mary O'Holloran was an influencial teacher, many of whom were my Midd and Bread Loaf professors. Two of my former students were spending the summer in Middlebury.
88

REUNION CLASS

The Class of '89 had a rousing time at our 15th Reunion last June. There were plenty of chances to really catch up with everyone. Close to 65 classmates, plus significant others, returned to campus for the weekend. The general mood was frin and relaxed. The lobster dinner with all classes on Battell field was awesome, as were the picnic and events on Saturday at the Center for the Arts. Jeff Somers won the 5k fun run, Julia Moreno made the trek from Seattle, KC Koch Reeves and husband John drove up from Bethesda, with kids Johnny, Sam, and Annie. The children loved running around with Bob and Sandra Peterson More's two boys, Jay and Janelle Murburg Leonard were spotted biking with their daughter around the frog pond behind the Center for the Arts. Most of us stayed in Stewart, where Chris Dayton '88 even made a quick return engagement as the token JC for the concert. Friday night was a late night with people congregating in the on-campus bar after a cookout on campus. Maureen Watson, Maura Phelan Murnane, Meg Beeman Shean, Vic Hoyt, Kathleen Brigham Ubergurna, Laura Levering O'Connell, Lisa Hendler Rickenbauh, and Bridget Holloway-Saunders enjoyed Friday night with a spirited effort in the bar, and O'Connell, Lisa Hollander Rickenbaugh, and Vic Hoyt, Kathleen Brigham Ubergurna, Laura Levering O'Connell, Lisa Hendler Rickenbauh, and Bridget Holloway-Saunders enjoyed Friday night with a spirited effort in the bar, and...
Bill Deacon keeps in e-mail touch with over 13,000 of his regular diners at Fosters Seafood and 33 American Bistro in Scottsdale, Ariz. In an amazing feat for a restaurant owner, Bill spends more than 40 hours a week creating personal e-mails and personally responding to over 200 e-mails a day! He fires off chatty two-page missives once a week, everything from the history of Caesar salad to the daily specials being offered at his restaurants. Customer comments are included and there's even an e-mail family forum. In summer 2003, Phoenix Magazine named Bill the Most Enterprising Restaurateur. Bill has an incredible track record and saw a 46 percent increase in revenue over the last year. You can visit Bill at www.fostersseafood.com.

Hendrik Snow earned a J.D. from the Cumberland Law School at Samford Univ. (Birmingham, Ala.) in May 2004. Three years earlier, he had earned his M.S. in geography from the Univ. of Alabama (Tuscaloosa)."I plan on integrating my training in assessing the social and environmental impacts of development projects, policies, or regulatory activity with my legal training to promote environmental protection and sustainability in natural resource management." You'll find news of Scott Krugman in the 1976 column. Returning to NYC after spending two years in London, Claudia Cooper Church reports: "We left as two, but we are returning as three. Alexander (Alex) Cooper Church turned one on June 18. We are really looking forward to meeting Cricket Keleher Braun's ('91) eighth child!" Elizabeth Spive and Raymond Strong were married recently in Southold, N.Y. Ray is a managing director of Goldman Sachs, advising clients in the oil and gas industry. Elizabeth is doing a master's in clinical nutrition at NYU. Vanessa Triend has lived in the Boston area for eight years, getting a master's in education, working as an arts festival producer, and performing as a singer/songwriter. "Still performing. I now also work as program staff at the Cambridge Center for Adult Education. And I got married last October! At the wedding on Block Island were Lana Fuller, Tricia Mangold Heiser, Ted Siebert ('90), Paul Testa, Victoria Fischer Lubker Berg, Tricia Mangold Heiser, Kristen Perrault, Jen Kayle, John Cunningham, Sagri Singh, Caitlin Cahill Beeton, Robin Folweiler and Mike Rea.

Carrie McCusker (mccusker@maine.rr.com) is living in Cape Elizabeth, Maine, "with two children, my husband, two rabbits, and a cat. I started competing in triathlons last summer and met with remarkable success! What a blast! I'd love to hear from some long lost pals. Former Stewart dorm freshman Sarah Lyons Price just moved in around the corner, so it's like the old days up here. Drop a line!"

Class Secretaries: Bill Driscoll (billiam.driscoll@tulip.com), 743 Wildwood Rd., Atlanta, GA 30324; and Kate J. Kelley (katejk@aad.com), 805 E. 7th Ave., #7, Denver, CO 80218.

Nate Simms has been named the ITA Northeast Regional Coach of the Year. Nate led the Midwest women's tennis team to its third consecutive NCAA Tournament appearance last spring, advancing the team to the regional final before being eliminated. The season's squad set a school record for wins with 16, to go against just four losses. Nate has earned an impressive career record of 49-18 in just four years as head coach. Jules Reinhart

Elkins writes that she and husband Zachary both received their doctorates from Berkeley and both took jobs at the Univ. of Ill., Champaign. Zachary specializes in the politics of Brazil, while Jules works on economic development issues, primarily focused in Asia. Without ready access to mountains or ocean, Jules admits that they are suffering from some culture shock in the prairie. Luckily they had the summer off and could flee to the coast of Maine. Jules writes that Hillary Miller Wise got married over Memorial Day weekend in Maine. Hillary and her husband live in D.C., where she works for DAI, traveling the globe working on microcredit. She reportedly called Jules from Afghanistan to ask her to be a bridesmaid! Jules also writes that Julia Moon Bradley lives in the San Francisco area and has a delightful little boy named Jake. Julia is close to completing her Ph.D. in psychlogy. Finally, Jules reports that Shasta Darlington has been quite the globetrotter as a foreign correspondent for Reuters, living in Mexico City, then Sao Paolo, and now in Italy.

Mara Gorman recently returned from 13 months on the road with her husband and son (now 2): "Stops included Boston, Vermont, New Haven, London, Rome, Florence, Wisconsin, Texas, and Los Angeles. I am writing a book titled The Mother of All Trips: 13 Months, 8 Stops, 1 Toddler. We are now settled in a new house in Newark, Del., where Matt is an English prof. at the Univ. of Del."

Alicia Mathewson wrote and produced the musical Love According to Liz, which played at the Greenwich Street Theatre in NYC last spring. Besides wowing audiences with a powerful score and an amazing cast, Alicia was heralded by one reviewer as a "promising new voice in musical theatre." A throng of Midd friends attended performances, including Leny Nesbit '82 (senior adviser for institutional diversity) and Lisa Darak, Nellie Perera, John Rudge, and Sara Weide. For more information on the show as well as music downloads, go to www.laelives.com. Living in the West Village, Nellie Perera is running an after-school program on the Lower East Side for girls and young women, integrating the arts and computer technology. She sees Elizabeth Brewer Redwine and Maria Shollenbarger regularly, and reconnected with Adam Ludwig '93, a professional actor based in NYC. Joanne and Matt Pauley received a great Christmas gift last year: son Truman Doyle Pauley arrived on December 26, weighing 9 lbs, 2 oz. Rumor has it that the little guy is already in training for the fall rugby season. Mary and Rob Luce welcomed Oliver Barnes Luce on February 5. He joins big sister Georgia. The Luce family lives in Johannesburg, South Africa, where Rob is a musician and owns a recording studio (www.thecooler.co.za). Cynthia Gabriel and Felix Paulick welcomed Calvin Kallani Paulick on March 28, after an amazingly quick homebirth. Calvin is little brother to Sylvia. Out in Los Angeles, Melinda and Terence Ou were blessed with first child Nathan Suen-En Ou on April 23. They're trying to catch up on sleep, but it's a losing battle. Mary Lynn and Scott Harper celebrated the birth of their third child, Abigail, on May 5. The whole family was looking forward to the 4th of July trip to Middlebury for Chris Bevin's wedding. Bill McDavitt and wife Anya welcomed son Carter on June 3 in Arcata, Calif. Bill is looking for work in the stream restoration field in the New England area, to be nearer family in Boston. Tom Garrett's own wine brand (Detert Family Vineyards, from his mom's family's vineyard) is

Save the Dates
March 5-12, 2005
Alumni Ski Week
Sun Valley, Idaho

Upcoming Alumni and Parent Events
November 4
New York Chapter lecture with Professor of Geography Tamar Mayer

November 12-13
Middlebury Hilliek Jubilee Reunion Weekend

December 8
New York Chapter Holiday Party

December 15
Boston Chapter Holiday Party

January 13-17
Alumni College in Beaufort, SC with College Professor John M. McCardell, Jr.

January 19
Seattle Chapter lecture with Professor of Chemistry and Biochemistry Jeffrey H. Byers

January 20
Rocky Mountain Chapter lecture with Professor of Chemistry and Biochemistry Jeffrey H. Byers

January 29
Middlebury February Celebration for mid-year graduates

A complete listing of events is available on the Web at www.middlebury.edu/alumni/events/
Elizabeth celebrated eight years of marriage. Their son, Jacob, is three and a half. Tim plays rugby with a local team and stays in contact with classmates who also moved to D.C. He works at the Independent Petroleum Association of America, where he’s VP for economics and international affairs. He also spends time on a nonprofit dealing with political, educational, and charitable projects in Mongolia, that he helped establish in 2000 (Zorg Foundation USA). This summer he spent time in Europe for work and a grad school reunion in London, followed by a whirlwind tour of the Hapsburg Empire.

Jill Gilmar Donald was a native of Athens, Greece, in August to do some free-lance writing for NBC Olympics. apt. Capt. Hank McKnelly has been proudly serving in Iraq as a medical officer in the Air Force’s 82nd Medical Wing, 82nd Medical Division, working as the chief of operational law. He was being promoted to major on September 1.

—Class Secretaries: Fred Lawrence (lawrence@ipas.org), 3621 Newark St, NW, #409, Washington, DC 20016; and Sara Weale (sweale@lindenspring.com), 200 W. 86th St., #5D, New York, NY 10024.

This summer, Taylor Fravel joined the department of political science at MIT as an assistant prof. A specialist in international security with a regional focus on China and East Asia, he’s completing a book that examines China’s efforts to settle territorial disputes. Taylor was at Middlebury last April for an International Studies Colloquium presentation on China’s new diplomacy and U.S.-China relations.

After wrapping up a one-year internship in small animal medicine at Tufts Univ., Blake Murrell-Lillard planned to sleep for two months and then start medical school. Blake is now in Vermont, doing small animal medicine in September. Blakey and husband Jon welcome visitors to Portland, Maine.

Holly Cookis and Brian Howie caught up in D.C. in June. Holly was in town for a conference at the Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation, where she’s the national special events manager. Katie Bunn-Marcuse was back at Middlebury for winter term 2003, teaching a class on Northwest coast native art. A few months later, she and husband Andy celebrated the arrival of son Robert. She’s now teaching part time at the Univ. of Washington and doing dissertation research for her art history Ph.D. Jenn Randolph Gagnon left her position in development at Dartmouth College and moved to Sarasota in June with husband Chris and daughter Kate (1.5). Writes Jen, “We’re New Englanders at heart, so this move was a tough one, but we’re excited about a new adventure. Our plans are to stay here for three years and then move back to the New England area.”

In his last year of anesthesia residency, Tim Curry (currytimothy@charter.net) accepted a position as a consultant in anesthesiology at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. He completed his M.D./Ph.D. (physiology) degrees at the Univ. of Buffalo in 2001. This summer, Tim and wife Ken have a daughter, Katie (19 mos.). Jennifer Wasler and Gregory Stock met while training for the Chicago Marathon in 1997. They moved to NYC on March 12, 2002, they ran their first Boston Marathon together. Greg is a prof. in the business school at Northern Illinois Univ.; Jennifer is a criminal defense lawyer with the law offices of Kathleen Colton Ltd. in Batavia, Ill. Glenn and Betsy Goddahl Richard are pleased to announce the arrival of daughter Madeline in September 2003. “Madeline is doing great—boy, have our lives changed forever!” Glenn and Betsy are both finishing (“ever so slowly”) their residencies. Betsy in dermatology at Hopkins and Glenn in radiology at National Naval Medical Center. Betsy and Anthony Collins and wife Natasha have welcomed their second son, Sean. The Reamouse Collins. Big brother Aidan (2) is proud of his new pal. Brendan is still a surgical resident at Hopkins, enjoying life in Baltimore’s Federal Hill.

Lee and Kristin McComiskey Piazza have two children now: Garrett (3) and baby Isabella, who arrived on February 20. Megan Martin Maguire and husband Derek welcomed daughter Ryan Elizabeth on March 18. She joins big sister Quinn and big brother Declan. Megan and Derek recently moved from New Jersey to Hingham, Mass. Stacy and Tom LaMotte (tomlamotte@hotmail.com) welcomed Sydney Manhattan, born April 7. Daughter Ellie (2.5) loves having a little sister.

John ‘92 and Darse White Swanson are enjoying life in Truckee, Calif., with daughters Lucy (3.5) and Amelia (1). Darse recently started a line of all-natural bath products called BeLine. John is still enjoying practicing emergency medicine at Washoe Medical Center in Reno. As codirector of IT Nutrition, a nutrition company specializing in corporate wellness programs, Kate Walsh Geagan has worked with Sun Microsystems, Reebok, Yankee Candle, Citistreet, and other companies to develop nutrition-related programmed for their employees. This summer she became an advisor and spokesperson for Natural Harmony Foods, a producer and marketer of natural protein foods. Chris Marshall accepted a job as theater teacher at the Sage Hill School in Newport Beach, Calif. He and Anje and dog were relocating to Laguna Beach at summer’s end.

Arianna Speyer is an admin at the Brooklyn Municipal Building, followed by a nondenominational ceremony at the Dreamaway Lodge in Becket, Mass., on May 22. Ariana is the editor in chief of Index, an interview magazine in Manhattan. Patrick is the lead guitar player and singer in Oakley Hall, a honky-tonk country band based in Brooklyn. Matthew and Alison Bevin Love became the parents of daughter Madeline Paige on January 4. Stepping down from her position teaching Latin in Denver, Alison decided to step into a new position in her family’s business in Connecticut, where Bevin Bells have been manufactured since 1832. Alison and her brother to Christopher Bevin ‘92, are the seventh generation in the family business. Their bells are viewable at www.bevinbells.com. It is very sad to report the death of Meaghan Murphy on October 19, 2003. Meaghan lost her life because of an inoperable brain tumor. We extend the condolences of the class to her family. A memorial appears elsewhere in this issue.

—Class Secretary: M. Helene Robertson (mhelenerobertson.94@alumni.middlebury.edu), 84 Pilkahue St., #1403, Hilo, HI 96720; and Gene Swift (genswift.94@alumni.middlebury.edu), 24463 Montserrat Cir, Valencia, CA 91354.
Brad Corrigan's new Braddigan record was slated for release on October 15. His new record label is Third Surfer records. For the latest on his music, mission trips to Peru, Cuba and Ecuador, check out www.braddigan.com.

Angela Goldman Klimgler graduated from Southern Ill. Univ. School of Medicine last May. Angela and husband Lance '95 have a daughter, Lila. Still working on her Ph.D. in linguistics at the Univ. of Texas at Austin, Shannon Finch reports that "after a little vacation in the southeast last summer, I'll be heading off to India for an Urdu language program in Lucknow. I'm wondering which is hotter—India or Texas?"

Catrinne (Cat) Prenot is teaching biology a stone's throw away from the Canadian border in northern Vermont. "Jay '95 and Adeeva Wang Fritz live in Concord, Mass., with daughter Cara (1). Adeeva has been having so much fun with Cara that she couldn't bring herself to go back to work full time. She's freelance writing from their home. "Neal and Hillery Hinds Maxymanill welcomed daughter Piper Aemelie on January 29. They live in Lincoln, Mass., where Hillery recently started an environmental remediation firm that cleans up contaminated sites throughout New England." Sam Martin —with the great help of David Janke, Nicole Janke '98, Erika Crane-Stern '98, Sophie Hardy '98, and Zack Free—threw the annual Alzheimer's Junior Committee gala in NYC in April. Midd alumni attending were too numerous to list, and many traveled far to attend. The event was the most profitable in the group’s history. Sam also competed in the Mighty Montaik triathlon, another Alzheimer's fund-raiser, in June. Kimberly Whitman and Patrick McGovern were married on Cape Cod on September 28, 2003. Middlebury friends in attendance included Amy Schwenker Kamaso.

Chris Loudon, Neil Matthews, Scott Pokrywa, Craig Emerson '95, and Clint Bierman '97. Clint played guitar during the ceremony and entertained the guests later at a local hotel bar. Kim and Pat live in Hoboken, N.J., while Kim is a sales development manager for Sports Illustrated in NYC and Pat is the manager of the powerboat sales division at Mack Powerboats Co Inc in Union, N.J. Simon and Nina Grinnell Judson were unable to make the trip from Germany for the Whitman-McGovern wedding, as they were preparing for the birth of their first child. Luc Doane Judson arrived on October 6, 2003. The marriage of Elizabeth Feld and David Herzberg took place on March 27 in NYC. David is an associate and a securities research analyst at Craymer Advisors, a hedge fund in Greenwich, Conn. Elizabeth is the associate director of an art gallery in New York. Dan Rice was married to Christina Tatikan on June 5 at St. Luke's Episcopal Church in East Hampton, N.Y. The reception, at the Maidstone Club, featured band Sean Hagenbuch both received their med­lentsjamee Field and Andy Jessen. We all hope to hear from alums in San Francisco at amy.nichols@ sbcglobal.net. Kate Mahar received her master's in public policy from the Univ. of Chicago last spring. "I now work as a policy associate at Action for Children, a statewide organization that aims to improve state and federal policies affecting low-income working parents and their children."

Matt Bijur joined Jet Set Sports in 1998 as Olympic operations coordinator in Nagano, Japan. In 2000, he was promoted to director of human resources for the Olympic Games in Sydney and Salt Lake City. This summer he was appointed pres­ident of CoSport, a subsidiary of Jet Set Sports and a major provider of retail hospitality packages to the Olympic Games. A week after they graduated from business school at the Univ. of Chicago, Lena Suliseta and Andrew Jessen were married on June 19. A beautiful ceremony at the Univ. of Chicago was followed by an umbrella-covered cocktail hour at Intercontinental Hotel downtown. There to cele­brate with them were Rob Birdsong, Dan Drake, Brian Hubbard, Matt Ralston, Jeff Rea, Dave Smith, Jackie Pelton, Joel '99 and Amy Flanders Harris, Karen Lewis Jacobs, Elisabeth Wynn, Jamee Field, and Andrew Jessen. We all hope he matriculates in 2022. When Helen Froodich and Matt Bijiir joined Jet Set Sports in 1998, she was promoted to director of human resources for the Olympic Games in Sydney and Salt Lake City. This summer she was appointed pres­ident of CoSport, a subsidiary of Jet Set Sports and a major provider of retail hospitality packages to the Olympic Games. We all hope he matriculates in 2022. When Helen Froodich and Matt Bijiir joined Jet Set Sports in 1998, she was promoted to director of human resources for the Olympic Games in Sydney and Salt Lake City. This summer she was appointed pres­ident of CoSport, a subsidiary of Jet Set Sports and a major provider of retail hospitality packages to the Olympic Games. We all hope he matriculates in 2022. When Helen Froodich and Matt Bijiir joined Jet Set Sports in 1998, she was promoted to director of human resources for the Olympic Games in Sydney and Salt Lake City. This summer she was appointed pres­ident of CoSport, a subsidiary of Jet Set Sports and a major provider of retail hospitality packages to the Olympic Games. We all hope he matriculates in 2022. When Helen Froodich and Matt Bijiir joined Jet Set Sports in 1998, she was promoted to director of human resources for the Olympic Games in Sydney and Salt Lake City. This summer she was appointed pres­ident of CoSport, a subsidiary of Jet Set Sports and a major provider of retail hospitality packages to the Olympic Games. We all hope he matriculates in 2022. When Helen Froodich and Matt Bijiir joined Jet Set Sports in 1998, she was promoted to director of human resources for the Olympic Games in Sydney and Salt Lake City. This summer she was appointed pres­ident of CoSport, a subsidiary of Jet Set Sports and a major provider of retail hospitality packages to the Olympic Games. We all hope he matriculates in 2022. When Helen Froodich and Matt Bijiir joined Jet Set Sports in 1998, she was promoted to director of human resources for the Olympic Games in Sydney and Salt Lake City. This summer she was appointed pres­ident of CoSport, a subsidiary of Jet Set Sports and a major provider of retail hospitality packages to the Olympic Games.
Corey Attridge (catteridge@ambitbio.com) writes that he and Dave Savarese are “constructing a bridge to total freedom in the heart of San Diego. Come and visit if you too need to escape from the scientific community.” As a veterinarian in Pennsylvania, Karen Olsen is thrilled that she gets to hug puppies and kittens every day for a living. Jonathan Kosterlitz is a fifth year medical student at UCC, Cork, Ireland. Luis J. Stephens is busy getting his psychology degree in Mexico City, while doing an internship in a psychiatric ward at San Rafael Hospital, L.A. He’s now working for Columbia University’s Exposition Services (a large convention company).

Sardilli and Laura Brown took place on March 27. Dave is a consultant with Accenture in Reston, Va., while Laura works for Goldman Sachs in Philadelphia. A spring concert in Bennington, Vt., featured a newly completed work commissioned by the Sage City Orchestra, titled Open But Still a Secret, by Chris Molina. Currently a graduate student at the Univ. of Mich. in Ann Arbor, Mich. Chris is music director of the Star Island Conference Center of Portsmouth, N.H., during the summer. Matthew Bak was awarded a doctor of medicine degree at the Univ of Rochester (N.Y.) School of Medicine on May 16. In June, he began a residency in ophthalmology at Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester.

Jackie Pehon (pelton97@aiiiinni.widdkbitry.edit) writes that she and her husband, John Foster Abbott, on April 23. Their wedding was held on May 3, 2003, in Shanghai. Middlebury friends in attendance were Mark and Pat Dell, and Gina Duff. Recently, John Foster Abbott welcomed their first child, John Foster Abbott, Jr., on April 23.

Our classmates still continue to begin new jobs, embed on interesting travels, and move to fun locations. And now we have entered a new phase of adulthood—Middlebury weddings! On a bright blue day in June, Katie Bender and Pete Commons were married in a small ceremony on Martha’s Vineyard. Congratulations to them and to Bob Bryan and Jessica Silverman ’00, who were married on June 19 in Mead Chapel by prof. David Rosenberg, justice of the peace. Bob’s best man was his brother Dan Bryan ’98. In attendance at the wedding and the wedding Inn reception were Peter Jacoby, Kelvin Roldan, Melanie Rausch, Corey Wilk, Kate Griffiths, Jameson Tweedie, Laura Yee, Matthew Arnould, Leslie Fox, Tim Boarini, Tim O’Keefe, Ellen Guettler, Brent Boscarino, Jess Widy, Chris Cheang, Nick Reeb, Chris Paul, and Jason Lembre. Following the wedding, Bob and Jessica spent a week on the Mayan Riviera in Mexico. Congratulations also to Ana Restrepo and Rob Reis, who were married in San Francisco in May.

Hanny Guinn has opened her own massage therapy business, Green Mountain Bodywork, in the Battell Block Building on Middlebury’s main street. After spending 2001 and 2002 in and out of the hospital with Inflammatory Bowel Disease, Adam Consigli is getting back on his feet and has been working with the U.S. Postal Service since April 2003. He would enjoy hearing from friends at a_consigli@hotmail.com. Until June, Alexandra Fuller was an assistant creative director at a Park City, Utah, advertising agency. On June 26, she married Iverson Brownell (“incredible chemist from South Carolina”) and the two began an extended work-honeymoon in Greece. Iverson served as the executive chef for the USA House, the U.S. Olympic Committee Center during the Athens Games, while Alex managed the “front of the house” staff. In mid-September, they were returning to Park City, where Iverson owns a catering business and Alex will work as a freelance writer. Free time finds them “playing in the mountains on skis, bikes, or foot.” Dave L is a consultant with Accenture in Reston, Va., while Laura works for Goldman Sachs in Philadelphia.

Jamie McBride attended the Middlebury Spanish School this summer before moving to St. Louis, Mo., to start an M.A./Ph.D. program in Spanish at Washington Univ. Jen Fraiser is starting business school at MIT this fall, after working four years in environmental consulting in Boston.

Michael Baumgardner recently got his master's in higher education from Columbia. Karen Moore and Jeremy Goldstein were married on June 21, 2003. Since May 9, 2004, however, Karen prefers to be called Dr. Goldstein! Karen graduated from Duke University’s Fuqua School of Business in Durham, N.C. Dr. Goldstein is starting full time at the Cambridge School of Culinary Arts in September. If anyone is looking for a chef in 2005, look her up! Stephen Kelly has moved down to Durham, N.C., to attend the Fuqua School of Business at Duke this fall. Michael Whittlesey Comstock (“I still have your Whittlesey Bodywork, in the Battell Block Building on Middlebury’s main street.”) writes that he and his wife, Susan, are “constructing a bridge to total freedom in the heart of San Diego. Come and visit if you too need to escape from the scientific community.” As a veterinarian in Pennsylvania, Karen Olsen is thrilled that she gets to hug puppies and kittens every day for a living. Jonathan Kosterlitz is a fifth year medical student at UCC, Cork, Ireland. Luis J. Stephens is busy getting his psychology degree in Mexico City, while doing an internship in a psychiatric ward at San Rafael Hospital, L.A. He’s now working for Columbia University’s Exposition Services (a large convention company).
Midd! * In Pleasantville, N.Y., Sam McVey teaches sixth grade Spanish and coaches football and basketball. He took off for his master's in the instruction of Spanish at Manhattanville College, and has already begun a second master's at Fordham towards a degree in educational leadership. He sees James Rudolf and Victor Shiao from time to time. After three years attending graduate school at Midd, State Univ. Kelly Knapp moved to Rochester, N.Y., to begin an internship in school psychology. She encourages Midd alumni in the Syracuse-Rochester-Buffalo area to contact her. In June, Kelly visited friends in northern Sweden, where she enjoyed 23 hours of daylight each day! * Rachel Rackow was in Geneva, Switzerland, for a summer internship at the World Health Organization, reproductive health and rights department. This fall, she started medical school at a joint program between Dartmouth and Brown. While in Geneva, she ran into Justin Graf '02, an intern with the UN. * Tamsen Fricker is working in Ecuador as a flower exporter. * Returning to the U.S. in August after a few years in Taipei, Whitney Wilken spent last year in a marketing internship, teaching English to German businessmen. * Dana Chapman returned from a trip to New Zealand and prepared to move to California to teach. * Jon Simmons is working for PriceLine.com in Stanford, Conn. * Simmons, can you hook us up with some tickets? * Steve Washburn is getting his MBA in Stanford, Conn. while working at a consulting firm. * Anne Alfano is doing absolutely nothing, except writing this column.

—Class Secretaries: Leslie Fox (leslefox01@aol.com), Emily Goebel, Michaela Dietz, Libby Meyers, Kelly Feeney, Anna Rita Pergolizzi, Gillian Wood, Kelly Feeney, and Jessica Peterson are all teaching in and around the NYC metro area. * Another Teacher for America is Josh Harper, who has a new job teaching second grade: “I’m beyond psyched to work hard to make a difference for my students!” He invites visitors in Phoenix. * Alicia Merz and Dave Wiese are teaching English, music, and computers in her spare time. * Stenmark is in dental school at Tufts: “I love Boston, but miss Middletown!”

—Class Secretaries: Megan Dodge (mdodge@tsa.uwyo.edu), 2380 Polk St., #11, San Francisco, CA 94118 (fly me: zxx1988@comcast.net) 64-49 Shaler Ave., Ridgewood, NY 11385.

Members of the Class of 2004 seemed to have wasted no time in their quests to take on the world: Paul “Mr. I” Barnwell, Ashley McBride, and Alex Woody are all getting teaching certifications in Louisville, Ky. Paul reports that he’ll be working in the lowest performing school in the state and is excited for the challenge. * Libby Meyers moved to NYC, where she’s working on her master’s in education at Bankstreet. Mary Clare Feldmann, Susan Reagan, Anna Rita Pergolizzi, Gillian Wood, Kelly Feeney, and Jessica Peterson are all teaching in and around the NYC metro area. * Another Teacher for America is Josh Harper, who has a new job teaching second grade: “I’m beyond psyched to work hard to make a difference for my students!” He invites visitors in Phoenix. * Alicia Merz and Dave Wiese are teaching English, music, and computers in her spare time. * Stenmark is in dental school at Tufts: “I love Boston, but miss Middletown!”

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**French**

Miguel Encinis (M.A. '61), a veteran of three wars, served on the World War II Memorial advisory board and attended the gala dedication of the memorial in May. One of the original 12 members of the commission, Miguel was one of four veterans appointed in 1994 by President Clinton. He is the only one who lived to see the project completed. The project honors thousands of men and women who served in World War II, many of whom entering service in their teens. He was one of those.

**Italian**

Ruth Lakeway (M.A. '47) was honored recently as a 30-year member of the Music Teachers National Association. A college voice professor for 34 years, she taught at the Western College for Women (Oxford, Ohio) and at Skidmore College (Saratoga Springs, N.Y.), where she retired as professor emeritus in 1988.

**Spanish**

James Mauch (M.A. '57), professor emeritus from the Univ. of Pittsburgh, has coauthored the fifth edition of Guide to the Successful Thesis and Dissertation: A Handbook for Students and Faculty.

Diane Debocher Conway (M.A. '72) retired after 12 years as a guidance counselor at Tantasqua (Mass.) Regional High School. Dee had previously been a Spanish teacher for 23 years for the Northampton Public Schools.

Melissa Rogers Young was selected Teacher of the Year for 2004 by the Georgia Chapter of the American Association of Teachers of Spanish and Portuguese.

Amy Lancaster (02, 03) is bien animada about becoming the assistant director of programs abroad at Wolford College, her alma mater, in Spartanburg, S.C. She plans to teach an introductory Spanish class in the spring.

Jay Rossi (M.A. '94), wife Julie, and daughter Isabella (3 in September) moved to Glen Ridge, N.J., at the end of 2003. “On May 6, we welcomed our second child, Evan Spencer, who is already showing operatic tendencies. His soprano voice talent may be just what the Italian Language School is looking for. Class of 2027?!”

Diego Izurieta (M.A. '02) and wife Gaby Alvarez welcomed daughter Ana Martina Izurieta on December 27, 2003. They are living in Long Beach, Calif.


Elizabeth Stoughton Westfall, 96, of Rydcl, Pa., on May 4, 2004. She taught Latin and civics in Schenevus, N.Y., prior to her marriage to Arthur J. Westfall. For many years, they lived in Elsmere, N.Y., where she was a homemaker and an active member of the Methodist Church. Predeceased by her husband in 1996, by sister Margaret Stoughton, ’30 in 1931, and by brother Roger W. Stoughton, ’27 in 1995, she leaves son Richard S. Westfall, ’56, daughter Barbara Gordon, six grandchildren, and 11 great-grandchildren.

Ellis A. Berniss, 93, of Melrose, Mass., on August 11, 2004. He was a sales consultant with Charles Scribner and Sons Publishing Company for 45 years. A former dean of the New England Bookmen’s Association, he was also a member of the University Club of Boston. His wife of 67 years, Kathleen (Painter), a distant relative of Gamalíel Painter, survives him. He also leaves sons Geoffrey and Alan, five grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

May Clark Stevens, 96, of South Burlington, Vt., on June 12, 2004. Her marriage to Joseph K. Stevens took place in 1932; he died 56 years later. She was active in the Episcopal church, most recently at All Saints in South Burlington. A dedicated class secretary for the Class of 1940 and a residency at Hartford (Conn.) Episcopal church, she was a pianist for the Ladies Chorus of the Shrine Oriac Club. Predeceased by her husband’s businesses, she leaves sons Wesley C. Williams, ’66 and Meg Kuhner, son David Brooks, eight grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. Other Middlebury survivors include son-in-law David Richardson ’68 and Meg Kuhner, son David Brooks, eight grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. Other Middlebury survivors include son-in-law David Richardson ’69, daughters Megan Richardson Durkin ’92 and Susanna Richardson Barton ’95, and great-nephew Edward Kyle ’92. A niece, Susan Brooks Franklin, ’51, died in 2000.

Stanley A. Gage Jr., 89, of Middlebury, Vt., on June 25, 2004. A 1938 graduate of Harvard Dental School, he enlisted in the U.S. Naval Reserve as a dental officer and served until 1946, mostly in the Pacific theater. He practiced in Yonkers for 39 years, while living in Eastchester, N.Y., and retired to Ripton in 1977. After the death of his wife, Wilrna (Schaefer), in December 1996, he moved to Gorham Lane in Middlebury. An avid skier, golfer, tennis player, and member of the National Ski Patrol, he also volunteered for the Red Cross, Porter Hospital, Meals on Wheels and the Henry Sheldon Museum. Survivors include daughters Phyllis Gage and Nancy Ewen, son David Gage, five grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. Other survivors are nephew Peter A. Ehler, ’54 and great-nephew Curt G. Ehler, ’82.

Ruth Schneider Upson, 88, of New Bern, Conn., on December 20, 2003. She completed graduate courses in library science at Southern Connecticut State College and worked for the Middlebury (Vt.) Public Library for more than 25 years, retiring in 1992. A 1955 resident of Middlebury, she was active in the Congregational Church, the Historical Society, and Friends of the Library. Predeceased by husband Walter G. Upson and by sister Lois Schneider Voter, Middlebury prof of chemistry, for whom Voter Hall was named. She was predeceased by many years after retirement. He leaves wife Beverlrv and by son Peter G. Williams, ’72.

Muriel Voter Williams, 88, of Lexington, Mass., on July 3, 2004. After two years at Middlebury, she graduated from Wheaton College, received a master’s from the University of Chicago, and taught biology at Wheaton and Harvard. A published nature photographer, she was active in the Boston Camera Club, National Photographic Society of America, and Massachusetts Archeology Society. A judge at the Lexington High School science fair, she sponsored a nature trail and a summer nature-study hour for children. She was the daughter of Perley Comant Voter, Middlebury prof. of chemistry, for whom Voter Hall was named. She was predeceased by husband Carroll M. Williams in 1991, by son John L. Williams in 1959, and by son Peter G. Williams in 1978. Survivors include sons Wesley C. Williams and Roger C. Williams. Deceased Middlebury relatives include uncles Charles A. Danolds, ’19, aunt Alice Crossdon Danolds, ’21, and cousin Barbara Turkington Kirk, ’41.

Russell A. Norton, 87, of Rochester, N.Y., on March 22, 2004. After teaching engineering drawing and descriptive geometry in the Navy’s V-12 program at Middlebury, he entered the Army Air Force in 1945. Following discharge in 1946, he taught mathematics, mechanics, and engineering drawing for 33 years at Rochester Institute of Technology. He retired as associate dean of the College of Continuing Education in 1979, but continued to teach on a part-time basis for seven years. Predeceased by wife Frances (Blancate) in 1999, he leaves daughter Nancy Lefebre, son Benjamin Norton, seven grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Thomas H. Bennett, 84, of Ithaca, N.Y., on June 20, 2004. A lieutenant in the Navy during World War II, he later earned an MBA from NYU. While living in Westfield, N.J., he was a VP at Manufacturers Hanover Trust in NYC. Moving to Ithaca in 1962, he was president and CEO of First National Bank and Trust until retiring in 1979. He then served with the International Executive Service Corps in Chile and Venezuela. He also served in many positions of leadership in his communities. Survivors include wife Edith Egbert Bennett, ’39, daughters Carole Erickson and Barbara Sessler, son Robert Bennett, six grandchildren, and two great-granddaughters.

John G. McMann, 85, of Potsdam, N.Y., on June 10, 2004. After serving in the Army-Air-Aircraft Engine Division, he found a faculty position at Potsdam Central School for 36 years. He taught history, coached basketball and baseball, served as director of guidance, as principal, and finally as assistant superintendent. He held a master’s from St. Lawrence Univ. Predeceased by wife Catherine (Tobin), he leaves daughters Cathy Nason and Mary McMann and three grandchildren.

Ethel Stark Randall, 83, of Hamilton, N.Y., on July 10, 2004. After two years at Middlebury, she took a secretarial course and worked for 27 years in the dean’s office at Colgate College, where her husband was a coach and physical education teacher. Predeceased by husband Mark Randall on February 2, 2004, and by sister Anne Stark McMans ’35 in 1988, she leaves two stepsons and several nieces and nephews.

Dorothy Milligan Schuck, 84, of Turlock, Calif., on July 28, 2004. She served as an actuarial accountant by the Prudential Insurance Co. in Newark, N.J., until her 1945 marriage to Arthur A. Schuck, a Methodist clergyman. Together they served several churches in California. A volunteer member of the Emanuel Hospital Auxiliary, she also tutored children in math and supported a variety of charitable programs. Predeceased by her husband, she leaves sister Eleanor Milligan Dormont, ’37, a niece, and a nephew.

George H. Grant, 83, of Hudson, Ohio, on May 8, 2004. A World War II veteran, he served in the Army Air Corps for four years. He contributed to the defense industry as an electrical-mechanical engineer during his entire career. A longtime choir member at Christ Church Episcopal, he was a driver for the Red Cross for many years after retirement. He leaves wife Beverly Beach Grant, ’47, daughter Drusilla Weatherby, son Richard Grant, and two grandchildren. Middlebury survivors include brother-in-law Charles S. Beach, ’42 and nephew Jeffrey W. Beach, ’72.

Albert P. Hadley, 83, of Hilton Head Island, S.C., on July 10, 2004. During World War II, he was awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious service in
the Battle of the Bulge. After graduating from the law school of Case Western Reserve University, he led his own law firm in Cleveland. He volunteered with the regional and district units of the National Ski Patrol. A tennis player most of his life, he turned to sailing in Ohio and later in Maine, where he lived for 25 years before moving to South Carolina. He is survived by Elaine Herron Hadley ’43 and sons Bruce and John. Middlebury survivors include sister-in-law Nancy Herron Neumeyer ’49 and great-nephew Douglas H. Kincade ’83.

Vance Richardson, 83, of Portland, Maine, on August 22, 2004. He was a member of a heavy weapons company of the 10th Mountain Division involved in the fighting in northern Italy, 1944-45. 

He is survived by wife Elaine Herron Hadley ’43 and sons Bruce and John. Middlebury survivors include sister-in-law Nancy Herron Neumeyer ’49 and great-nephew Douglas H. Kincade ’83.

Vance Richardson, 83, of Portland, Maine, on August 22, 2004. He was a member of a heavy weapons company of the 10th Mountain Division involved in the fighting in northern Italy, 1944-45.

He is survived by wife Elaine Herron Hadley ’43 and sons Bruce and John. Middlebury survivors included sister-in-law Nancy Herron Neumeyer ’49 and great-nephew Douglas H. Kincade ’83.

Carol Hartman Smith, 92, of Middlebury, on June 17, 2004. A librarian and playground supervisor at the Middlebury elementary school for 15 years, she was the local coordinator of the American Field Service and served as president of the local Green Mountain Ski Club chapter.

An avid cross-country skier, she also served on the board of the Catamount Ski Trail Association.

Survivors include her husband, Middlebury Professor Emeritus of Economics David K. Smith ’42; daughters Lorren Byrom, Marcy Cowey, and Kimberly Spenley; and son Robert.

Middlebury survivors include brothers-in-law Lawrence M. Smith ’49 and sister-in-law Jean Smith Davies ’49. She was predeceased by brother-in-law James C. Smith II ’40.

Priscilla Bryant Kelly, 81, of Bath, Maine, on July 8, 2004. A homemaker, she was very active in volunteer work, including as a hospital aide. She served on the altar guild of the Episcopal Church, was president of the Essex Junction Federated Women’s Club, and belonged to the Northport (Maine) yacht club.

Survivors include husband Frederick C. Kelly ’45, son James Kelly, daughters Linda Steele, Nancy Montgomery, and Martha Merchant; and grandchildren.

Deceased Middlebury relatives include cousins Gertrude Cornish Milliken (1901), who served as a Middlebury trustee (1948-1960), and Gertrude M. Bryant ’21.

Helene Jacober Siegel, 80, of Washington, D.C., on August 22, 2004. A bilingual secretary, she also worked at the Securities and Exchange Commission for a time. Aside from three years in Massachusetts, she lived in Washington, D.C., where husband Gerald W. Siegel worked for Lyndon Johnson and was VP at the Washington Post.

Helene Jacober Siegel, 80, of Washington, D.C., on August 22, 2004. A bilingual secretary, she also worked at the Securities and Exchange Commission for a time. Aside from three years in Massachusetts, she lived in Washington, D.C., where husband Gerald W. Siegel worked for Lyndon Johnson and was VP at the Washington Post.

She was a steady volunteer, most frequently for the National Symphony, and an active member of the Kennedy Center Gold Circle and the Cosmos Club.

Deceased Middlebury relatives include cousins Gertrude Cornish Milliken (1901), who served as a Middlebury trustee (1948-1960), and Gertrude M. Bryant ’21.

Donald T. Means, 86, of Gainesville, Va., on May 27, 2004. Entering the Army Air Force during World War II, he flew 56 missions as a navigator and bombardier with the 20th Air Force in the China-Burma-India theater. His military decorations included the Distinguished Flying Cross and two Air Medals. After the war, he earned a B.A. and an M.A. (1949) in Russian at Middlebury. He joined the Army Security Agency (1949-1951) and was recalled to active duty with the Air Force during the Korean War. He retired from the Air Force Reserve as a lieutenant colonel in 1978. His government service included the Army Security Agency (Adlington), the Central Intelligence Agency (Langley), and the National Security Agency (Fort Meade, Md.).

After retiring in 1972, he volunteered as a genealogist at the Library of the Mormon Church, Oakton branch, translating records written in old Cyrillic script for library patrons whose ancestors were Germans living in Russian-occupied Poland. Survivors include wife Mary Naumith Means ’46, son Robert, daughter Wendy, four grandchildren, and sister Nancy Means Wright (M.A. French ’65).

Middlebury survivors include nieces Catharine W. Wright ’83 and Leslie A. Wright ’92.

In Memoriam

Ulysses J. "Tony" Lupien
(1917–2004)

Tony Lupien was the coach of some terrific Middlebury basketball teams in the 1950s, playing all corners — in-state rivals Vermont, St. Michaels, and Norwich; Ivy League schools Dartmouth, Brown and Harvard; Boston University, Army, and the Universities of Massachusetts and Connecticut. His record in his six years at Middlebury (1951-56) against this competition was 60-49, and was 42-23 in the three years Tom Hart ’56 was on the team.

Those teams had Hart in the middle, statistically the greatest rebounder in the history of college basketball (he averaged 27.6 rebounds a game), the marvelously talented Sonny Dennis ’53 and Charlie Sykes ’57 at forward, and the aptly named Johnny Hoops ’56 and Zip Raus ’57 in the backcourt.

“We had really good teams,” Lupien said four years ago. “I’ll be darned if I know how these great athletes came to Middlebury, but I was lucky to get them when I did. These guys were like sons to me. We were very close.”

Middlebury was Lupien’s first coaching job. After graduating from Harvard in 1939, he embarked on a career in baseball, which included eight years in the minors: he was a starter at first base for the Red Sox in 1942 and 1943. In 1956, he left Middlebury for Dartmouth where he began a storied 21-year career as the Big Green baseball coach, winning over 300 games.

Lupien was a man of many talents. When he retired from coaching in 1977, he continued to work as a stockbroker. In 1980, he collaborated with Lee Lowenfish on The Imperfect Diamond, a seminal book on the history of baseball’s labor problems.

His Middlebury players remember him with great fondness and admiration. Hart says, “He had our immediate respect because he had the experience of being a professional athlete. He taught us teamwork and hard work and he knew how to motivate.”

Charlie Sykes, who received an honorary degree from his alma mater in 1992, also recalls Lupien with warm regard. “We all considered him the ‘Middlebury Dean of Life Sciences.’ It was just so interesting to be around him. He conveyed the side of life beyond the classroom.”

Another of Lupien’s Middlebury players, Donald “Dee” Rowe ’52, who himself went on to a sterling career in athletics, reserves his highest praise for his old coach. “I couldn’t respect anyone more,” he says. “He came into my life 50 years ago and turned on the lights. I thought I might like to be a coach, but after I met Tony I decided that’s all I ever wanted to do.”

Lupien is survived by his wife of 50 years, Mildred, and his five daughters, two of whom graduated from Middlebury, Diana Lupien Belcher in 1962 and Elizabeth Lupien in 1977.

—Karl Lindholm ’67
IN MEMORIAM
EVE ADLER
April 29, 1945—September 4, 2004

Professor Emerita of Classics Eve Adler died in Middlebury on September 4, 2004, after a long illness. She held a B.A. in Hebrew from Queens College, an M.A. in Mediterranean studies from Brandeis, and a Ph.D. in classics from Cornell. She came to Middlebury in September 1978 to teach Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, as well as courses in epic poetry, Greek and Roman tragedy, and the classical tradition of the liberals arts and sciences. During her years as professor and chair of the classics department, she was responsible for reviving the study of classics at the College and building a strong program in classical studies.

At the memorial service at the Robert A. Jones '59 House on September 11, Eve Adler was remembered as a gifted teacher. Chase Kvasnak '05, a three-time student of Adler's, described her as “a professor who knew what her students needed and taught us in a manner that was challenging, inspiring, and spirited.” Derek Walker ’06 remembered that “she called everyone in the Latin class by their last names. This is not unusual for some professors, but something in the way Ms. Adler did it inspired the entire class to address each other the same way, even outside of class, something we continue to do to this day. Ms. Adler is the only professor I ever dreamed about,” said Walker. “When I declared my classics major, I had a dream that I ran into her while walking around campus so that I could tell her the good news. She was so inspiring, that a year after that class I dreamt about her just to tell her how she inspired me.”

She was also greatly admired as a scholar, writer, translator, and thinker. Her publications included Catullian Self-Revelation (1981); Philosophy and Law (1995), a translation of Leo Strauss’s Philosophie und Gesetz; and Vergil’s Empire: Political Thought in the Aeneid (2003). “Eve Adler takes a refreshingly novel approach in her recent study of the Aeneid,” reports John E. Alvis in a review for the Claremont Review of Books. “Adler’s study of Vergil distinguishes itself from most current efforts in literary criticism by commenting upon the poem in a manner that develops a continuous course of thought.” She thereby, concludes, “allows readers to locate in Vergil’s thinking a model for penetrating an issue as critical for our time as for his.”

Adler traveled widely, in recent years to Russia, where she formed many lasting friendships. She spent a year as visiting scholar at the Russian State Humanities University and coedited a Dictionary of Russian Slang and Colloquial Expressions (1995).

Charles A. Dana Professor of Political Science Murray Dry closed his eulogy: “We are celebrating Eve’s wonderful life. As further evidence of it and of her virtues, she faced her difficult death courageously; fearless herself, she comforted her friends and her family to the very end. She was a remarkable human being. Those who loved her will take comfort in having known her and will continue to learn from her writings.”

Memories of Eve Adler are being compiled by Associate Professor of Classics Jane Chaplin. Friends and former students are encouraged to send their comments to her at Twilight Hall.

James E. Coursey, 79, of Dundalk, Md., on April 17, 2004. A Marine Corps veteran, he served in the Pacific Theater during World War II. He worked for the Baltimore County Public Schools for 31 years, teaching sixth grade, serving as guidance counselor, and retiring as vice principal in 1980. For 12 years, he worked as a civilian with the Military Traffic Management Command, retiring in 1993. Predeceased by wife Mary (Kilpatrick) in December 2003, he leaves son Michael and daughters Sharon and Heather.

Jean Aberle Dietz, 76, of Mountainhome, Pa., on August 6, 2004. A German major, she also studied languages at Middlebury (French Language School, summer 1945; German Language School, summer 1950), at the Univ. of Zurich (summer 1948), and at Lehigh Univ. (1967, 1968). In addition to her work in advertising, she taught German language and building a strong program in classical studies.

Predeceased by husband John Jay Dietz, she leaves son David Dietz, daughter Marsha Hallet, and three grandchildren.

Merilyn Lodge Emerich, 76, of Colonie, N.Y., on August 21, 2004. She worked in her family’s “dry goods” store, B. Lodge & Co. of Albany, until she left to raise her children. She was a member of the Roessville Presbyterian Church, the Bethlehem Grange, the Coliene Art League, and the Albany Artists Group. Predeceased by husband Robert W. Emerich in November 2000, she leaves son Scott Emerich, twin daughters Deborah E. Blanken and Dianne E. Friedmann, and four grandchildren.

Joel J. Lamere Jr., 83, of Jackson Hole, Wyo., in May 2004. He attended Middlebury after serving in World War II. His tank crew fought through Germany and into Czechoslovakia, where they liberated two concentration camps. After graduating from Middlebury, he and wife Sylvia (Bambra Ellsworth) Lamere ’50 lived in Waterbury Center, East Hardwick, and Morristown, Vt. He worked in food sales and then pursued a tax-consulting career. He loved the out-of-doors, alpine skiing, camping, fishing, hunting, and horse back riding. Predeceased by his wife in 1999, he leaves son Michael Lamere, daughters Peggy Strubback and Kate Mead, and three grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include mother Katherine Hobbs Lamere ’16, father Joel J. Lamere ’16, aunt Emily Hobbs Thompson ’23, and uncle Samuel J. Thompson ’23. A cousin, S. James Thompson Jr. ’52, survives.

Albert P. Lehman, 77, of Bethany, Conn., on June 2, 2004. An Army Air Corps veteran of World War II, he worked in his family-owned business, Lehman Brothers Engraving, for 55 years, serving as president since 1973. He served on the boards of the Long Wharf Theatre, the Creative Arts Workshop, Neighborhood Music School, and the Arts Council of Greater New Haven. He and his wife, Ann (Podoloff), enjoyed horseback riding, at home and on foreign riding vacations. In addition to his wife, he leaves sons Eric and Peter Lehman, daughter Eve Perkins, and six grandchildren.

Virginia Worley Valpey, 76, of Durham, N.C., on August 11, 2004. She was an officer with the Central Intelligence Agency for 27 years. In the Washington, D.C., area, she organized and directed a madrigal society that continued for more than 25 years. In 1986, she and husband Allen Valpey helped to organize the Unitarian Universalist congregation of the Outer Banks. Besides her husband, she is survived by son Gregory Valpey, daughters Cameron Tucker and Anne Valpey, and six grandchildren.


Patricia Wulp, 75, of Ann Arbor, Mich., on July 27, 2004. With a master's in social work (Simmons College, 1958), she was the associate director for the Overseas Education Fund of Latin American Programs for the League of Women Voters. She later served for 25 years as a counselor at the Univ.
of Michigan Center for the Continuing Education of Women. Until a short time before her death, she was active in the Interfaith Council for Peace and Justice, the League of Women Voters, the Huron Valley chapter of the UN Association of the USA, and Zonta, an international organization honoring professional women. She leaves a sister and three nephews.

51 Frank J. Nicholson, 89, of Greenwich, Conn., on May 24, 2004. He served as a registrar in the 187th General Hospital Battalion during World War II. He earned diplomas from the Universite de Grenoble (1946) and from the Sorbonne (1954). After teaching French at the Casady School in Oklahoma for five years, he taught French and Latin at Greenwich Country Day School from 1956 until his retirement in 1983. An active volunteer for the library, continuing education, and literacy, he received an award for his volunteer service at Greenwich Hospital and was named volunteer of the year (2002) by the Historical Society. Predeceased by wife Marion (Mors), he leaves daughters Margaret Nicholson and Janet Nicholson, and three grandchildren.

53 Guttorm Berge, 74, of Hovevik, Norway, on March 13, 2004. For 10 years, he represented Norway in international skiing competitions. He skied in the Olympics in St. Moritz in 1948 and placed third in the giant slalom at the 1952 Olympics. Other accomplishments included the Norwegian national championship in giant slalom in 1958. While a student at Middlebury, he skied in competitions in the U.S., Canada, and Europe. He left Middlebury in January 1954 to join the Norwegian FIS Championship team. With a degree in business administration from Harvard University, he was the former president of Swix Ski Corporation. He taught his friends and family to love camping, hunting, and fishing. Survivors include wife Gro; children Helene, Christian, and Inger; and several grandchildren.

Frederick D. Klee, 85, of Fairfield, Conn., on May 24, 2004, at the home of his son in San Miguel De Allende, Mexico. An Army veteran of World War II, he held a master’s (1954) and sixth-year certificate in teaching (1961) from Harvard. He taught history at Fairfield’s Andrew Warde High School until his retirement in 1980. He is survived by former wife Idala Elmore Klee ’51, son John Klee, daughters Linda Devlin and Grace Klee, and three grandchildren.

54 Alfred J. MacClurg III, 72, of Marcellus, N.Y., on August 23, 2004. An Air Force veteran, he served as a jet pilot. Having retired from a building and insurance business, he coached children’s sports, including Little League, Pop Warner, youth hockey, and tennis. He survived five years after receiving a kidney transplant. Surviving are wife Suzanne (Darling), daughters Christi and Jennifer, sons Bill and Bob, and two grandchildren.

Erik Ryge, 70, of Copenhagen, Denmark, on May 8, 2004. He was a captain in the Royal Danish Airforce Reserve. With an MBA (Copenhagen Business School), he worked in managerial marketing, was CEO of a Danish film company, was secretary general for the Danish Mail Order Association, and was editor-in-chief of a travel trade magazine.

55 Arthur C. Heublein, 70, of Jupiter, Fla., on June 28, 2004. Joining his family’s company, Heublein Inc., he was involved in the production of Grey Poupon Mustard and A1 Steak Sauce, was brand manager of Smirnoff Vodka and Club Cocktails, and was southeast regional director of the company. An avid mariner, he designed and developed the Cruiser Watch Hill 32. He leaves wife Priscilla, sons Gilbert and Andrew, daughter Irene, stepchildren Nina and Carlo Pucillo, two grandchildren, and six step-grandchildren.

60 Russell L. Hoyt, 67, of Darien, Conn., on July 24, 2004. He was a veteran of the Marine Corps. His late father, Lawrence W. Hoyt, opened a bookstore in 1933; by 1948, the business had grown to a chain of 250 locations. Becoming the CEO in the 1960s, Russell Hoyt grew the business to 750 locations by 1981, making Walden Books the largest independent bookstore chain in the nation and the first to operate in all 50 states. He was a member of the Stafford Yacht Club, the New York Yacht Club, and the Ida Lewis Yacht Club; he was former commodore of the Storm Trysail Club. His wife of 42 years, Linda (Hamilton), died of multiple myeloma on July 22, 2004. He is survived by daughters Leslie McKellar, Caroline Schousial, Catherine Hoyt; son David Hoyt; and six grandchildren.

63 Preston Lea Talcott, 63, of Manchester, Vt., on July 16, 2004, of esophageal cancer. With a pilot’s license earned in ROTC training as a Middlebury student, he served after college as an Army officer and served in Vietnam (1966-67), achieving 650 missions as pilot in command of a helicopter gunship. He was shot down twice and awarded the Purple Heart and the Vietnamese Medal of Honor. After working for Bloomingdales in NYC for four years, he was the art and giftware buyer at Orvis in Manchester for 27 years, traveling worldwide for new products. A member of the Manchester Rescue Squad for 15 years, he also volunteered for the American Red Cross. He is survived by wife Diana (Blackhall), sons Edward and Andrew, daughter Alexandra Burns, a granddaughter, brother Thayer Talcott Jr., 60, and sister Carol Ackland. Middlebury survivors include cousins Russell Y Smith ’53, Kristin Y Smith ’84, Todd R. Smith ’86, and Reid V Smith ’90.

66 William White Summer, 60, of Lincoln, Vt., on August 15, 2004, in an accident while mowing a community recreation trail near his home on Lincoln Rd. While a student at Middlebury, he was a varsity soccer player, president of Delta Upsilon fraternity, and a member of the Army ROTC. Following his graduation, he served a two-year tour of duty in Vietnam in the U.S. Army, as a reconnaissance Bird Dog pilot. During his tour, Will received the Purple Heart medal. He returned to the U.S. and spent an additional year of active duty as a flight instructor. Following active duty, he continued as a helicopter pilot in the Vermont National Guard, retiring in 1987 after 21 years of military service. In 1972, he joined Air North, a regional airline in Burlington. He served first as a pilot and later as vice president and director of flight operations. He also raised Black Angus cows throughout the 1970s and ’80s, and...
IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM STORRS
LEE ’28
August 3, 1906–August 13, 2004


A native of Hanover, Connecticut, Lee arrived at Middlebury in 1924. On the occasion of his 50th reunion in 1978, Lee vividly recalled his matriculation at the College: “Late in September of 1924, we trudged up from the unimposing Middlebury railroad station lugging our own valises. We were on our own.

“The great majority of us had come from small towns or relatively small-city high schools—good, sound educational institutions, but without the trappings and social ‘advantages’ of exclusive, more expensive, more liberating prep schools—and we tended accordingly to overlook the fact that we had matriculated in a rather provincial college.” Still, Lee continued, “Middlebury was endowed with a core of exceptionally capable faculty. . . . included in the credentials of various elders among our mentors were long periods of graduate work at Oxford and Cambridge and the Sorbonne.”

Lee graduated from Middlebury in 1928 and was named a Dutton Fellow at Oxford University. He returned to the College in 1930 as both an instructor in the English department and editor of College publications, including the quarterly alumni magazine.

As editor of college publications, Lee learned that a large number of College records, as well as other important regional and town documents, were being stored in a disorganized town repository known as the Sheldon Museum. His interest in organizing the museum’s records led to his appointment as a museum trustee, and subsequent appointment as president, serving a 10-year term.

In 1940, while College President Paul Moody was on leave, Lee served with two other faculty members on the administrative committee that was responsible for directing the affairs of the College. He subsequently was called to active duty as an intelligence officer in the Navy Reserve during World War II, attaining the rank of commander.

After the war, Lee returned to Middlebury, where he served as dean of men for 10 years. His second “tour” at Middlebury was met with high praise. In a 1947 Class Day address, a fellow World War II veteran and College graduate said: “If it is fair to other equally outstanding personalities of the faculty to mention one person who epitomizes the ideals of the entire student body, I think the unanimous choice would be Storrs Lee . . . a sympathetic, square-shooting dean, who believes in trusting the best in every other man.”

Following his departure from the College in 1955, he continued to write, becoming the author or editor of two dozen books. His book The Strength to Move a Mountain, about the construction of the Panama Canal, received formal commendations from both houses of the United States Congress. An intrepid traveler, Lee wrote a series of literary chronicles of many of this country’s states, including Hawaii, Maine, Washington, California, and Colorado.

Closer to home, Lee also wrote Father Went to College, a history of Middlebury College and the town of Middlebury, and Gamaliel Painter, a biography of the College’s principal founder.

Originally published in 1952, Gamaliel Painter was republished in 2001 by Paul Erikson ’40 on the occasion of Storrs Lee’s 95th birthday. The reissued edition contained an introduction from then College President John M. McCardell Jr. and glowing praise on the book jacket from several College professors.

Novelist Julia Alvarez ’71 noted that “Lee writes with a novelist’s eye and a stylist’s prose,” while Glenn Andres concluded: “Storrs Lee has combined meticulous research and an engaging style to flesh out the story of not only a remarkable person, but also of the institutions, towns, and state.”

Just a few months before his death, Lee received an honorary doctor of letters degree on May 11, 2004 from President McCardell and a Middlebury College delegation at a ceremony at his home in Pemaquid, Maine.

Family survivors include two sons, Dr. William Storrs Lee IV and Ralph Minor Lee, four grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.
took part in marathons and triathlons throughout New England. He is survived by wife Christie (Thompson); children Christine, Richard Bradford, Travis Thompson, and Anne Olivia; mother, Jessica White Prie; and many cousins, nephews, and nieces. He was predeceased by brothers Thurston Thompson, and Anne Olivia; mother, Jessica Hunton & Williams LLP in Raleigh. In addition to practicing in the area of environmental law, he published several articles and a book concerning the appropriate handling of spills of hazardous materials. Focusing much of his pro bono legal efforts on helping victims of domestic violence, he received many awards, including the Pro Bono Distinguished Community Service Award of Project Together, a statewide organization dedicated to the provision of legal services to victims of domestic violence. He was recognized as Outstanding Volunteer Attorney by the Wake County Volunteer Lawyers Program and as a Champion of Justice by the North Carolina Bar Association. He leaves parents Micah and Beth Naftalin and two sisters.

94 Meaghan E. Murphy, 31, of Wilmette, Ill., on October 19, 2003, of an inoperable brain tumor. After two years at Middlebury, she graduated from Coastal Community College in South Carolina and received her law degree from Notre Dame. She was a lawyer, pastry chef, world traveler, and connoisseur of coffee. She is survived by mother Cathleen Krepps, father Paul Murphy, sister Colleen Murphy, and step-sisters Rachel, Sarah, and Micah Krepps.

**Language Schools**


Frederick S. McVeigh, 91, M.A. French, of Essex, Vt., on September 3, 2004. He served in the Coast Guard during World War II. From 1935 to 1978 he was a French teacher, coach, and administrator at Mount Hermon School.

44 Olga M. Mafara, 99, M.A. Italian, of Revere, Mass., on May 20, 2004. As a teacher of French and Italian at the Revere High School (1927-1958) she was absent only twice. She then served as deans of girls, retiring in 1970.


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Rudyard Kipling’s home, Naulakha, is available for short stays. Enjoy spectacular views and gardens, terms on Vermont’s first court and the comfort of Kipling’s own furnishings, including pool table. Sleeps 8. The Amos Brown House of 1802, located on 30 acres in Whitingham, sleeps 6. Both properties are fully equipped for modern life. The Landmark Trust USA, 707 Kipling Road, Dunmurston, VT 05301. 802-254-6688, www.landmarktrustusa.org or ltusa@sover.net.

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**Bradenton, FL.**

New, spacious 2 bedroom (1 king, 1 queen), condo. 2 baths, garage and lanai overlooking lake, pool, patio room; tennis and golf 3 minutes away. 1 month minimum. Call evenings: 941-351-6282 or e-mail Cforbush@aol.com. ’49.

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Litchfield Beach, S.C. Very nice, two bedroom, two bath condo, 100 yards from private beach. Sleeps six. Weekly rentals, or will trade for place in Europe. Ed Miller '70, 802-485-8397, or e-mail edmiller@tds.net.


Provence, France: Two village houses near Vaison-La-Romaine. Bases for relaxation and exploration. Rent reasonably by week. Call 216-421-8398 or 276-676-2292 scjett@hotmail.com.

Paris, elegant Left Bank apartment. Sixth arrondissement. Walk to the Seine, the Louvre, and the Luxembourg Garden. Near open-air market. 609-924-7520. gaml@comcast.net.


Andalucia, Spain: Village house near Ronda in typical Pueblo Blanco, 30 min from sea. Weekly/long term rental. (978) 287-1797.

Costa del Sol: 3BR townhouse, spectacular sea views, walking distance to beach. e-mail: chouettembi@hotmail.com.


Cider Mill Road, Cornwall

With mountain views and 8 acres of land this beautiful home has so much to offer. This 3 bedroom home features a living room with fireplace and cathedral ceiling, formal dining area and a well designed working kitchen with pantry closet and wet bar. The downstairs opens out to a deck and a screened in porch to enjoy the sunsets and a porch to the East so that you can catch the morning sunrise over the Green Mountains. All of this within minutes of downtown Middlebury. $560,000

The Daniel Newton House

Circa 1775/1850 A fine example of a 19th c. center hall colonial. Situated on 15 acres of land and within walking distance of village green, post office and country inn/pub. This 12-room home includes both formal and informal living spaces to relax and entertain. There are 3 working fireplaces, including one in the kitchen with cooking crane intact. Wide pine board floors throughout and cherry floors in kitchen. Spectacular courtyard garden with “goldfish pond” and brick terrace. Kitchen and sitting room have views of the Adirondacks. There is additional square footage for home occupation, mother-in-law apartment or playroom. $595,000

Brand New Cape Style Home

1900+ sq. ft., Bridport. 10 min. west of Middlebury College. Near Rte. 125. 2+ beautifully landscaped acres with mature trees. Spectacular Adirondack Mountain views overlooking protected fields. 4 bedrooms, 2 full baths, hardwood floors and cabinets. Full basement, attached 2-car garage, 10 x 16 tool shed. $297,000

(802) 658-8484. shortst39@yahoo.com
What Middlebury Doesn’t Teach
An address apropos of nothing

By Tad Gunkelman ’97

The Present:
I’m doing a little illicit Internet surfing on my roommate’s computer while she’s away at lab. Like the other med students, I was issued a laptop when we matriculated, but I made the mistake of leaving a window open one morning after tea, and a knacker scaled our balcony and nicked it. Not my fault. I grew up in North Dakota. I clearly underestimated the arboreal acumen of Irish adolescents.

The Past: Middlebury’s old science center still stands, and when I’m shuffling into the main lecture hall to take an exam, I and the other acolytes of BI250 have spent the last torturous weeks feverishly reviewing metabolic pathways in all their complicated glory: the Krebs citric-acid cycle, the electron transport chain, anaerobic respiration, glycolysis. Professor Watters’s 12-page exam, how­ ever, is exclusively focused on molecular process in a foreign context. Memorizing sequences of catalytic enzymes wasn’t enough; we had to grasp a deeper meaning.

I couldn’t even begin to tell you what we were studying at the time.

My point is, I believe Middlebury is more concerned with teaching methods of thinking rather than facts and formulas. In testing photosynthesis when his lectures had almost exclusively focused on eukaryotic metabolism, Professor Watters challenged us to apply a knowledge of molecular process in a foreign context. Memorizing sequences of catalytic enzymes wasn’t

The Nepali Himalayas,
April 1998: After a hard day of trekking, I’m sitting down to the cribbage board and a deep-fried Snickers bar when a French climber accuses me of being a Middlebury graduate. How did he know?

“My wife went to Middle­bury,” he says. “Midd grads just have a certain joie de vivre.”

Middlebury and Ireland, then, share something in common. The impish irreverence inspiring a (no-doubt) needy knacker to abscond with my laptop is the same deliberate disrespect the College shows facts and figures. The true value of a Middlebury education lies in what Middlebury doesn’t teach.

The Present Again:
In a few short hours I am to deliver an address to the governing council of the Royal College of Surgeons. RCSI is renovating its preclinical curriculum, and I’ve volunteered to tell them “How Not to Teach.” Perhaps med school isn’t the right venue to advocate fewer facts and figures. Perhaps delivering no address at all would be better than giving an address apropos of “nothing,” but then that would leave me with a donkey, two circus performers, and a piece of used chewing gum. Oh well, if nothing else comes of it, at least there are refreshments and tea afterwards. I’ll just remember not to leave the window open.

Illustration by Jessie Hartland
After his graduation, David hiked the entire length of the Appalachian Trail. “I understand the importance of long-term goals and my lifelong commitment to Middlebury. I give to the Annual Fund every year—and I joined the Cane Society to show that I appreciate the people I’ve met and the amazing education I received at Midd.

“You don’t have to take a cent out of your pocket today to become a Cane member, but the impact down the road will be huge.” The fastest way to join the Cane Society is by adding Midd to the list of beneficiaries in your 401k or retirement plan. Go online to your retirement plan provider today and add “The President and Fellows of Middlebury College” as a beneficiary. It’s very easy, and in just a few minutes you can join the Cane Society.

Be sure to send an e-mail to giftplanning@middlebury.edu and tell them that you have included Middlebury in your plans, and the Office of Gift Planning will send you a Cane Society welcome packet.

Contact: Dan Breen, Director of Gift Planning 866-496-6133

Gamaliel Painter’s Cane Society recognizes Middlebury alumni, parents and friends who support the College through life income gifts and estate intentions.
The Thinker
At the peak of his career, Auguste Rodin was regarded as the greatest sculptor since Michelangelo.

An exhibition of approximately 35 bronzes—including casts of The Thinker, St. John the Baptist Preaching, and Head of Balzac—are on display in the Museum of Art until December 5.

This exhibition has been made possible by the Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Foundation.