Middlebury researchers believe that early maternal separation has a lifelong impact.
UPHILL/DOWNHILL

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The international language of soccer thrives at Midd.

In a warm, sunny Fourth of July afternoon in Middlebury, a hearty contingent of 30 people had managed to squeeze themselves into a stuffy 15-by-15 room at 112 South Main Street, their eyes glued to a 30-inch television screen. Outside, a young couple stood on the porch, peering through a window propped up by a croquet mallet. At an adjacent window just off the porch, another guy and girl were engaged in a delicate balancing act atop a metal-framed chair, its back leg sinking deeper into mulch.

What captivated the attention of the group—more than two-thirds of whom were either international students working at the College this summer or affiliated with the Language Schools—was one of the most popular global sporting events this side of the Olympics or soccer's World Cup: the championship soccer match of the 2004 European Cup. To truly understand the international fervor associated with the world's most popular sport, consider this: of the 30 people sweating out the final between Greece and Portugal, not one person hailed from either of the competing countries.

However, they did come to Middlebury from Senegal, Nepal, Pakistan, and Kenya; Bulgaria, Zimbabwe, Bangladesh, and Slovakia; Mongolia, France, Nigeria, and Lithuania; Jamaica, Tibet, Germany, and Ghana. During a roll call of countries at halftime of a scoreless match, each student proudly rattled off the name of his or her homeland; the challenge of naming all the representative countries seemed to surpass the feat of wedging as many people as possible into the television room. "Turkey just came into the room," someone shouted out, much to the befuddlement of an entering Belde Ikizer '04, who was unaware of the roll call. "Guatamala's on the porch," another chimed in. "Greece would be here, but he's in Boston today." ("Thank goodness Nik [Stamatopoulos] '07 was in Boston," Portugal partisan Mutuku Mulwa '06 would say after Greece's stunning 1-0 victory. "He was going nuts after the first-round victory.")

Outside, Anton Alternent '07 of Estonia ambled up to the window where Hunter Smith '04 was perched on the sinking chair. The two spoke briefly in Russian before Alternent wandered around to the back of the house. Smith was asked if he's affiliated with the Russian School, and he shook his head. "The French School, actually," the recent graduate replied. "I'm working there as a bilingual assistant." When asked how many languages he speaks, he modestly named English, French, Russian, and Swedish. On the porch, the couple peering through the other window was murmuring in Spanish. It turns out they're students in the Spanish School, and their exile on the porch had as much to do with maintaining a self-imposed language barrier, in keeping with the Language Pledge, as it did with the crowded quarters.

Less than 15 minutes into the second half, Greece scored what would turn out to be the game-winning goal. A load groan emanated from 112 South Main. Most everyone was cheering for Portugal, save for a few England fans still bitter over their squad's loss to the Portuguese in the quarterfinals. Still, when the final whistle sounded, people seemed thrilled to have had the opportunity to have gathered together during the past four weeks' worth of matches. In fact, the only disappointment centered on not being able to watch the pay-per-view games somewhere on campus. With the 2006 World Cup being broadcast on cable, however, the students are anticipating a move to a larger—and cooler—are, such as the Grille. "That way," one said, "we can get even more people to watch."—MJ
LETTERS

A Just Cause

I am highly encouraged by the recent article on Brendan O'Donohoe '99 ("A Soldier's Story," spring 2004) and the lively debate that is taking place on these pages concerning Middlebury's relationship to our armed forces. Although I am personally offended that someone would refer to me or any of my soldiers as "cannon fodder," I recognize that open discussion is one of the freedoms I defend and that it is required in order to reconcile the role of the military in 21st-century American society.

For four years I have served proudly as an Army infantry officer and am currently deployed to Iraq with the 25th Infantry Division. I volunteered, knowing that I might be sent into harm's way, because I feel that it is my duty to pay the United States back for all of the opportunities I have enjoyed. Military service has opened my eyes to the tremendous sacrifices that soldiers are asked to make every day. I have also gained insight into the difficult choices that military leaders grapple with as they try to guide their forces while balancing military objectives and political requirements.

If the Middlebury College community wants to have a say in the direction of this nation's military, graduates must not shy away from service. Military duty is not an easy choice. Physical danger is a constant reality here in Iraq. Even harder is the emotional strain of being separated from my wife, friends, and family. I worry about the rockets that smash into my camp and regret all of the weddings, birthdays, and holidays that I can't be a part of. However, when a fellow Middlebury grad asked me recently whether I had made the right choice when I joined the Army, he got me thinking that I definitely did. I have been given immense responsibility and learned many difficult and important lessons that I will carry with me long after I leave the military. Perhaps most important, I do not see the military as a frightening monolithic entity. Like any organization, it is made up of individuals doing their best to do what they think is right.

In order to ensure that the U.S. military continues to represent all citizens, I encourage the College community to take a fresh look at its relationship with our armed forces. The military is constantly in need of able leaders to help guide it—and who better to bring their considerable talents to the job of shaping the military of tomorrow than Middlebury graduates.

Daniel G. Nelson '98
Captain, U.S. Army
Kirkuk, Iraq

Report for Duty

Where does America find men like U.S. Army Captain Brendan O'Donohoe '99 ("A Soldier's Story," spring 2004)? He and his comrades are due our thanks and our gratitude for their service; the same measure is due to his family for standing by his choice to become an Army Ranger, and to his sister, Nuala O'Donohoe '04, the author of the story, for providing a context of place and time for the man and the war fighter. I understand his family's concern for his safety: my son is an Air Force officer.

I was less satisfied with the sidebar, "All That You Can Be?" No doubt statistics somewhere show that most college graduates don't consider a military career. And I don't doubt that few at Middlebury express an interest in soldiering as a "post-Middlebury job choice."

But after raising the question, the answer remains a mystery to the writer and not a very interesting one at that. Perhaps the question should be, Why doesn't Middlebury attract more people like Captain O'Donohoe?

The fact that Middlebury hasn't offered an ROTC program for more than a generation could be one reason. Military service isn't an easy postgraduation choice. Either you're prepared for it, or you start at the bottom. If the College didn't offer a premed program, aspiring physicians might choose another school for their undergraduate work. And I think there's another, more subtle reason. I call it the "Preferred Admissions Profile."

For the past 20 years, I've served on the Alumni Admissions Committee. Each year I receive a sheet listing the characteristics desirable in a Middlebury student. Each year I interview applicants and try to discern those qualities: tangible (and if...
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Middlebury Magazine
possible dramatic) evidence of talent, leadership, working with the poor, tutoring slow learners, entrepreneurial spirit, and so forth. The list doesn’t change much. Nor do the interviews. The ideas and sentiments expressed to me are commendable and predictable. These kids are smart. They know what’s expected, and they deliver. I’m not sure they believe it. I’m not sure I do. I can’t prove it, but I suspect that many of them don’t dwell in the same moral universe as the people who write the specifications for “New Faces.” They have a harder edge. Perhaps it’s a generational issue—Woodstock versus Abercrombie.

They pretty much tell me what their predecessors told me the year before. Our discussions are high minded and politically correct—like spending an evening with Bill Moyers. I’ve never met an applicant that wanted to be a military officer. Perhaps word has filtered down to high school guidance counselors that aspiring military leaders are not going to be on the Early Decision List at Middlebury.

The American military attracts a group of talented people with diverse backgrounds. Middlebury does itself and them a disservice by actively or passively selecting them out of its undergraduate admissions. This raises a question: What role should an elite institution play in educating some of the people who might determine the future of America? Given the state of the world, they’d better be the best we can make them, whoever does it.

During World War II, a young man by the name of Daniel Patrick Moynihan graduated from Middlebury’s Navy V-12 Program. Maybe it’s time that Middlebury reported for duty and prepared young Americans to lead in war again.

George Logan ’61
Macon, Georgia

Activism’s Roots
I read with dismay the letters of some of my more senior fellow alums regarding Ms. Morton’s article on Howard Dean (winter 2004). Regardless of whether or not Middlebury Magazine’s coverage of the issue was slanted, and regardless of
Governor Dean’s personal or political failings, I would expect that more of the people who wrote critical letters would recognize, as Peter Odell (M.A. Spanish ’66) did, that Howard Dean’s campaign offered a great deal to many folks who previously were politically uninvolved.

I worked on Governor Dean’s campaign in his headquarters in Burlington. I did not agree with every decision that the campaign made, but I do think the experience was enormously beneficial—for me and many others. Prior to the campaign, I was apolitical. The campaign provided me with a job, a lot of new friends, and an excellent lesson in civics.

I welcome and encourage further discussion and debate on the political ramifications of the Dean campaign, but I hope those critical of the campaign will not discourage young people from becoming politically involved.

Zachary Manganello ’03
Shelburne, Vermont

The Big Picture

This spring’s Middlebury Magazine included three letters responding to “Running with Dean” from the winter issue. I was quite taken aback by the comments made in these letters; it seems the authors missed the point of what Middlebury students and alumni were doing by devoting their efforts to Dean For America (DFA). As a recent Middlebury graduate who spent the fall volunteering for DFA, I was shocked to see that the alumni who authored these letters focused most of their attention on the “shallow” character of Dean and the “failure” of the campaign, rather than on the powerful grassroots movement that it grew to become.

I spent my spring term working on an independent project that reflected on the time I spent with the DFA campaign. Much of what I wrote focused not on partisan politics (as was suggested in one of the previous letters), but rather on the empowerment young people experience as a result of working with others who share a common goal for the greater good: the importance of involvement and interest versus apathy! Have alumni forgotten what it is like to be in college, how current politics and nationwide grassroots movements can ignite a flame in younger generations that rarely manifests itself elsewhere? It wasn’t Howard Dean himself who motivated me to go to work in South Burlington each week, spend weekends canvassing in New Hampshire, spend my Wednesday evenings at Middlebury Union High School at the Meets; it was the power of DFA, the grassroots movement itself, the conversations I had with young staffers and elderly volunteers that did.

My involvement with DFA has been a major inspiration for me in choosing a career for next year. In August I will begin a year with Green Corps, organizing grassroots environmental campaigns. I think this is the point Middlebury Magazine should want to make: We are young, involved, and no, it’s not about Middlebury’s support for Dean, or Kerry—it’s about Middlebury students following their hearts, a movement in the making, a nationwide campaign that
changed the way young people see politics, campaigns, and the power of the people.

Nina Cotton '04
New Canaan, Connecticut

Right On, Wong!
It was terrific to see your coverage of the innovative Dean presidential bid ("Running with Dean," winter 2004), even though it arrived at a bittersweet time, as the campaign bogged down. I know you could not have covered all Middlebury alums who were active, but I just wanted to extend kudos to Raam Wong '02, who tirelessly worked for Dean in the Lakes Region of New Hampshire. Raam was articulate, passionate, and an energetic organizer working with all of us "60 activists" in tiny Gilmanton, New Hampshire. Thank you, Raam, and all others who are actively engaging in the political process at this crucial time in our country.

Anne Harris Onion '69
Gilmanton, New Hampshire

To Recap
I'm sorry the magazine felt the need to gut—rewrite, actually—my letter ("Got Republicans?" spring '04) regarding the Howard Dean campaign, leaving only one word, "impractical," to convey the point I was gently and subtly trying to get across: that I considered Governor Dean's tunnel vision "to take back the country"—an electorate split virtually 50-50 in its support/non-support of President Bush—arrogant and out of touch, if not alarming.
I appreciate the zeal of his young adherents with time on their hands before having to face the "real world," i.e., earning a living. In 20 years or so, most will likely be husbands, wives, or parents with an entirely different outlook.

Virginia Anthony Soule ’49
New London, New Hampshire

Editors’ Note: The phrase “...his populist, idealistic, impractical crusade 'to take back the country’” in Ms. Soule’s original letter was edited to read “...his idealistic yet impractical crusade ‘to take back the country’.”

**Just Say No**

I enjoyed reading the profile of Arch Tilford ’36 in the fall 2003 issue (“Cione Fishin’”). I’ve had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him over the years, sitting on splinterly bleachers in the high-school gymnasium. Arch is one of the most loyal fans a team could want. But I was stunned when I read an article in the local paper telling of Arch’s grandiose scheme to get the town to...
rebuild the Three Mile Bridge! After more than 50 years, the Otter Creek wetlands surrounding the crumbled remains of the old bridge piers have become a peaceful haven for wildlife, often flooded all the way up Creek Road in the spring. I'm afraid this is a preposterous bit of naïve nostalgia just for the sake of an old memory. No one will build another picturesque covered bridge there again. It would be far too expensive to build and limited in its use. A wide new concrete monstrosity would be horrifying to see in such a lovely pastoral location. The hidden costs to taxpayers are as enormous as the environmental costs. This crossing would dangerously expose the College to additional traffic around the campus.

Mr. Tilford's reputation as a fisherman is legendary. Shame on him for wanting to disturb the waterway!

Jacqueline Ogden English '69
Middlebury, Vermont

From the Editor

Middlebury Magazine learned in May that the publication had received a gold medal as one of the best college and university general-interest magazines, by the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education.

For the last seven years, the magazine has placed among the top three in the country in CASE's general-interest category, which considers all aspects of a magazine—content, editing, design, photography, and print quality. The 2004 award is the second gold medal for general excellence the magazine has received; the first was in 2002. Last year, Sally West Johnson's profile of Judge William Sessions '69 ("Who is Bill Sessions," winter 2003) won a gold medal in the Best Articles of the Year category.

In addition to the CASE medal, the magazine also won a merit award from the Society of Publication Designers for a photograph by New York City-based photographer Bob Handelman, of Middlebury students playing water polo ("Northern Exposure," fall 2003). Middlebury Magazine was one of only five college and university magazines recognized in a field dominated by more than 100 commercial titles such as National Geographic and Vanity Fair.
Dick Anderson (“Chutes and Ladders,” p. 44) is a writer in Los Angeles.


Carly Calhoun (“No Entiendo,” p. 22) is a photographer living in Zagreb, Croatia.

Photographer Bob Handelman (“Northern Exposure,” pgs. 26-27) is a frequent magazine contributor.


Sally West Johnson ’72 (“The Nature of Nurture,” p. 38) is a frequent magazine contributor.

Joel Kiesel (“Chutes and Ladders,” pgs. 43-44) is an avid skydiver and photographer in California.

Blair Kloman, M.A. English ’94 (“Ponder This,” p. 18) is a writer in Ripton, Vermont.

David Lindholm ’05 (“No Entiendo,” p. 22) is an American Civilization major from Cornwall, Vermont.


Chris Milliman (“Breaking Away,” p. 20) is a photographer based in Lyme, New Hampshire.

Michael Sipe (“A New Turn in the Road,” pgs. 14-15) is a frequent contributor to Middlebury Magazine.

Illustrator Zach Trenholm (“Ponder This,” p. 18) contributes to a number of magazines, including Newsweek, GQ, New Republic, Entertainment Weekly, and Men’s Journal.

Sarah Tuff ’95 (“Breaking Away,” p. 20) is a frequent contributor to Middlebury Magazine. Her stories have appeared in National Geographic Adventure, Time, Sports Illustrated, and Men’s Journal.


Stefano Vitale (“A Walk to Remember,” p. 80) is an illustrator based in Italy.

David Wolman ’96 (“Chekhov’s Island,” p. 34) is a journalist based in Portland, Oregon.

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The New President
A familiar face at Middlebury, Provost Ron Liebowitz becomes the College’s 16th president. Photograph by JF Gaylor
Liebowitz Tapped

JUST AFTER NOON ON APRIL 16, Middlebury College Provost and Executive Vice President Ron Liebowitz sat with his wife, Jessica, in the first pew of a rapidly filling Mead Chapel, their presence a confirmation of the buzz that had reverberated around campus that morning: that the 46-year-old Liebowitz had been chosen to succeed John M. McCardell, Jr., as president.

The day before, the Board of Trustees had convened in Boston for a special meeting to appoint the College’s 16th president, capping a five-month global search by a 16-member search committee that included the review of 400 prospective candidates. With the selection of Liebowitz, a member of the faculty since 1984, the College chose from within the institution for only the third time in its 204-year history (McCardell and Ezra Brainerd were the others).

Yet, the excited chapel audience was not focusing on history at that moment. In fact, the crowd was so focused on the couple in the front row that McCardell strolled in essentially unnoticed, perhaps a first during the 13 years of his presidency. With Liebowitz’s back to him, McCardell reached out and, holding a folder, playfully tapped his successor on the head. The gesture was both wonderfully illustrative and altogether symbolic—a greeting between friends, and a passing of the torch.

“I am enormously pleased with the selection of Ron Liebowitz as the president of Middlebury College,” outgoing board chair Churchill Franklin ’71 said moments later. “The board’s decision was made with the full confidence that we had unquestionably selected the best person to lead the College forward at this vital juncture in its history.”

Franklin noted that the College seriously considered a number of highly qualified academic leaders—including half a dozen sitting presidents—among the finalists. And Liebowitz, for his part, was a sought-after presidential candidate for a number of prestigious institutions. “Fortunately for us, Ron’s dedication and commitment to Middlebury are very strong,” Franklin said, “and he’s remained here, where his efforts have been instrumental in making the College a leading presence in higher education.”

When Liebowitz took to the podium, he received the first of three standing ovations. Looking a decade younger than his 46 years, he gave energetic voice to both the sharp wit and intellectual heft for which he is recognized. With his wife smiling in the front row (seven-week-old son David was not asked to sit through the event, Liebowitz quipped), the president-elect gave a preview of what his presidency may hold in store.

“We will, as an institution, continue to internationalize educational opportunities for students and faculty; we will continue to deepen the College’s commitment to environmental education and stewardship; we will continue to enhance residential life so the many spheres of our students’ education are better integrated and mutually supporting; we will continue to strengthen our students’ connections to the surrounding community, both as part of their course of study, and as their way of volunteering to help those in need; and we will continue to place great value on and encourage greater staff involvement in the life of the College,” Liebowitz said. He further identified four essential issues the College will face in the near future:

- the role of science in a 21st-century liberal arts curriculum
- the level of foreign language competency and cultural learned­ness expected of students in an increasingly diverse country and conflict-ridden world
- strategic collaborations with other institutions in order to expand scholarly and artistic opportunities for faculty, educational opportunities for students, and more frequent exchanges of ideas among administrators
- the maintenance of the College’s comparative advantage—“the intense student-faculty learning experience we offer our students”—in the face of growing bureaucratic demands on faculty that threaten that special experience.

An authority on Russian economic and political geography, Liebowitz received his undergraduate degree from Bucknell University and his doctorate in geography from Columbia University. Hired at Middlebury as an instructor of geography in 1984, he was promoted to associate professor in 1988 and full professor in 1993. He served as dean of the faculty from 1993-95, vice president of the College from 1995-97, and provost and executive vice president from 1997 to the present.

Additional presidential coverage can be accessed at www.middlebury.edu/offices/pubaff/news_releases/news_2004/Liebowitz+pres.htm

Photograph by Tad Merrick
Two for the Road

A poet with a passion for hip-hop and an environmental studies major with an eye on climate change have received Watson Fellowships to support a year of postgraduate study and travel.

In March, Crystal Belle and Will Roush—both members of the Class of 2004—became the latest in a string of Middlebury students chosen as Thomas J. Watson Fellows. The program this year chose just 50 college seniors nationwide, from among nearly 1,000 applicants; each receives $22,000 to help pay for 12 months on the road.

Crystal Belle, 22, from Brooklyn, is an English major with a minor in French, who will spend her Watson year studying the roots and evolution of hip-hop culture. She’ll visit Ghana, home to “griots,” storytellers who pass on oral history; Jamaica, where “dub” poetry is performed with a musical background; Switzerland, home to two famous hip-hop festivals; Brazil, where hip-hop has become the political voice of the disadvantaged; and India, where hip-hop is spreading quickly in the crowded streets of New Delhi and Bombay.

For Belle—well known on campus for her virtuoso performance pieces combining dance and the spoken word—the fellowship will help satisfy a lifelong craving for travel, and get her started, she hopes, on a career in advocacy journalism, uniting her passion for storytelling and “my other love, fighting injustice.”

Will Roush, 24, grew up in Colorado and moved to Medinah, a suburb of Seattle, when he was in eighth grade. Roush will spend his Watson year in western Canada, New Zealand, and Norway; in all three, he’ll study photographic archives to find historical images of local mountain ranges, and then compare these with contemporary photos to assess the changes. Following this work, Roush will spend time in the field taking core samples from trees to see what their growth patterns have to tell us about forest expansion and contraction.

The Watson Fellowship, Roush says, gives him a chance to “pursue a couple of my driving passions, being in the mountains and photography, and to seek the answers to some burning questions—or at least help figure out what the questions are.”

—Tim Etchells ’74

Destinations

Crystal Belle ’04
From Griots to Activists: The Evolution of Hip-Hop in Urban Communities
Ghana, Switzerland, Jamaica, Brazil, India

William Roush ’04
Envisioning a Changing Alpine Environment Through Repeat Photography
Canada, New Zealand, Norway

All-Natural Ingredients

A FEW YARDS PAST THE 13th tee on the College golf course, where the aroma of fresh grass clippings quickly gives way to the pungent odor of decaying compost, some 10,000 worms have discovered nirvana: the College’s compost pile, where more than 60 percent of Middlebury’s food waste decomposes in a 28-by-30-foot metal-framed and plastic-covered greenhouse.

The worms—red wigglers imported from California—are the engine that drives a small-scale vermicomposting system designed and implemented by Phil Aroneanu ’06 and May Boeve ’06.

The wigglers do their work in a refrigerator-sized worm bin, where they feed on decomposing material and produce nutrient-rich castings, which are added to the greenhouse soil and the student-run organic garden. The benefit is twofold: the worms speed up the composting process, while also increasing the presence of microbial organisms in the soil, a nutritional bonus that aids in growing produce.

With the winter in mind, Aroneanu is designing a heating system—using electrical tape and a biodiesel heater—to keep the box warm during the coldest months. If that fails, he adds, there’s always the option of moving the bin inside a dining hall. What that may do to diners’ appetites, however, is another story.

—David Barker ’06
A New Turn in the Road

UNDER A LEADEN SKY emitting a fine, bone-chilling mist, 575 members of the Class of 2004 bounced, sloshed, slid, splashed, processed their way through a drenched but otherwise cheerful crowd of 5,000 assembled on the College’s green for Middlebury’s 202nd commencement. From a hillside vantage point, it was hard to differentiate between the robed graduates and the poncho-attired guests, as the students wound their way through a canyon of umbrellas to their seats facing an elaborate stage erected behind Voter Hall. On the dais, shielded somewhat from the elements, sat the Board of Trustees, honorary degree recipients, administrators, and selected faculty. The graduates, once seated, were at the mercy of an apparently grouchy Mother Nature; they didn’t seem to mind.

The day before, President John M. McCardell, Jr., had regaled the class with a moving, yet quite humorous Baccalaureate address—McCardell’s last as president—in which he drew upon an eyebrow-arching and seemingly incongruous pairing of American figures, country crooner Lee Ann Womack (“I Hope You Dance”) and 19th-century historian Henry Adams, to formulate his last words to the class.

“Nunc Age. Now go,” he concluded. “Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all our years away—we bid you good-bye, with a smile. We shall not forget you. We wish you well, until we meet again. And when you get a chance to sit it out or dance—keep in mind those famous last words: I hope you dance.”

Unbeknownst to McCardell, his words would be echoed the following day by one of the commencement speakers, actor Christopher Reeve. Paralyzed from the neck down in an equestrian accident in 1995, Reeve has become a tireless advocate for the disabled, and he implored the graduates to take an active role in shaping the world.

Words to remember Dana Morosini Reeve ’84 and husband Christopher impart heartfelt wisdom; graduates say their good-byes.
“I have to say though, it was much easier to get this one than the first one.”

—Middlebury alumna Dana Morosini Reeve ’84, upon receiving an honorary degree at the 2004 Commencement.

“I’ve learned by being literally paralyzed that, to a large extent, paralysis is a choice,” Reeve said. “We can either watch from the sidelines or actively participate. We can rationalize inaction by deciding that one voice or one vote doesn’t matter, or we can make the choice that inaction is unacceptable; either let self-doubt and feelings of inadequacy prevent us from realizing our potential, or embrace the fact that when we turn our attention away from ourselves, our potential is limitless.”

Reeve’s stage presence was imposing, accentuated rather than diminished by his wheelchair, and his voice, while somewhat raspy and thin, carried a strength and weight unmatched by anyone else this day. Beside him, his wife, Dana Morosini Reeve ’84, beamed; moments earlier, in a speech both poignant and funny, the Middlebury alumna urged the graduates to be brave and optimistic: “There will be many choices before you, some of which you’ll welcome and celebrate, and some over which you’ll anguish. Some choices will choose you. How you face these choices, these turns in the road, with what kind of attitude, more than the choices themselves, is what will define the context of your life.”

After the speeches, all that was left for the graduates was that little matter of receiving their diplomas. About a quarter of the way through the presentation, the sky opened up and the fine mist turned into a steady drizzle. From that point on, however, the cheers and whoops from the newly minted alums seemed to get just a little bit louder, a timely illustration of attitude defining the context of the day.

Did you know?

Since Middlebury’s first commencement in 1802, the College has had four standing venues for graduation exercises (not including inclement-weather sites, such as Pepin Gymnasium). For more than a century (from 1802 until 1937), Middlebury’s commencement occurred each spring at the town’s Congregational Church. In 1938, exercises were moved to Mead Chapel, where they remained until 1949, before space constraints necessitated a move to Memorial Field House in 1950.

Middlebury’s 13th president, Olin Robison, moved the ceremonies outside behind Forest Hall in his inaugural year as president, 1976. With expanding class sizes and faculty ranks, the Forest Hall site began to constrain participants, provoking the most recent change of venue to the main College green behind Voter Hall.

Primary Sources

In his student commencement address, Siddartha Rao ’04 referenced The Matrix, Romeo and Juliet, Friedrich Nietzsche’s Daybreak, and Indian philosopher Shankaracharya in his five-minute speech, “The Use and Abuse of a Liberal Arts Education.”
Honorary Degree Quiz

So, how well do you know Middlebury’s 2004 Honorary Degree recipients? Test your knowledge and see where you stand. By the way, we’re not lobbing any softballs here. We assume you already know that Christopher Reeve once played Superman on the silver screen and that Meryl Streep has two Oscars to her name.

A. Christopher Reeve
B. Dana Morosini Reeve ’84
C. Arthur Cohn
D. Kenneth Feinberg
E. Claire Waterhouse Gargalli ’64
F. Marcia Kraft Goin’54
G. F. Washington Jarvis
H. William Storrs Lee ’28
I. Paul Muldoon
J. Meryl Streep

1. Was the first woman to hold president, chief operating officer, and director titles in the American commercial banking world
2. Was a member of a U.S. delegation to a United Nations convention for the protection of underwater cultural heritage
3. In 2003, was accorded the Commandeur de l’Ordre des Arts et des Lettres, the highest civilian honor given by the French government
5. Is the president of the American Psychiatric Association
6. Has been described as the “most significant English-language poet born since the Second World War”
7. Was one of three arbitrators selected to determine the fair market value of the original Zapruder film of the Kennedy assassination
8. Is the author of more than two-dozen books, including Gamaliel Painter, a biography of the College’s principal founder
9. Is an ordained Episcopal priest
10. Was named one of America’s Outstanding Women of 1995 by CBS This Morning

How many did you answer correctly?
0-2 Time to go back to school
3-5 OK, we’ll let you pass, but no honors for you
6-8 Cum laude. Nice job
9-10 Time to get fitted for your cap and gown. As far as Middlebury Magazine is concerned, you’re worthy of your own honorary degree

Leftovers

Whether faced with the daunting task of cramming one last item in a jam-packed car or finding oneself simply too tired to care about anything but heading home, departing students often leave behind an intriguing collection of collegiate memorabilia. Herewith, a sampling: Seven things that didn’t make the trip home

A pair of hockey pants
A trio of bundled hockey sticks
A Bob the Builder piñata
An inflatable children’s swimming pool
An oscilloscope
An XL Hawaiian shirt
A painting of a banana

Photographs by Tad Merrick
A $50 Million Announcement

ON A CAMPUS THAT WAS BECOMING ACCUSTOMED to "important" announcements (John McCardell's November declara­tion that he would be stepping down as president; the April naming of Ron Liebowitz as his successor), an anonymous donor managed to send Middlebury, once again, into a collective state of shock and excitement in early May with a historic gift to the College: $50 million.

The gift—more accurately, a pledge—was the largest ever received by a New England liberal arts college and was immediately followed by a $10 million donation, also made by an anonymous donor. In making the pledge, the first donor hoped to "raise the sights of other friends of the College" and designated the $50 million as a challenge gift, requiring the institution to raise additional matching funds.

"It is the purest form of philanthropy," McCardell said, in announcing the $50 million gift on May 6. "A member of our extended family has chosen to give such generous support because the donor believes in the path the College has chosen and seeks to raise its sights and the sights of its many other alumni and friends. On this day, and with this gift, the landscape has changed."

The donor further specified that $10 million of the $50 million be allocated to the College's endowment, in honor of McCardell and that Bicentennial Hall be renamed John M. McCardell, Jr., Bicentennial Hall. The balance would then be directed to programs specific to Middlebury's core mission, specifically the Commons, grant support for financial aid, and faculty salaries.

The trustees have directed that faculty salaries reach the 80th percentile of the 21 schools with which the College compares itself. With the average salary of a full professor at $101,300, Middlebury currently ranks below the 50th percentile. (The top school in faculty compensation, Williams, has an average professor salary of $115,000.) In addition, the trustees are committed to increasing financial aid support through grants, while maintaining a policy of need-blind admissions and meeting 100 percent of a student's demonstrated financial need. Middlebury lags behind other peer institutions in grant support, resulting in a greater loan burden for students.

Because the two gifts are largely in the form of a pledge, $60 million has not been added to the College's endowment, as some media have reported. After declining in value the past two years, the endowment market value is expected to rise this year. As of May 31, the endowment stood at $685 million, up from around $575 million last year. Administrators say that day-to-day fiscal operations will not be affected by the gift commitment, as the College will continue to operate under budgetary constraints imposed to achieve a 5 percent endowment spend rate by 2008–09, as mandated by the trustees.

Still, for all the qualifying words and conditions, no one is exhibiting anything other than exuberance over the gift, least of all the man who received the news less than a month after being named president-elect.

"I can think of no better way to begin a presidency than with this astounding act of generosity and with the vote of confidence it represents for our College," Liebowitz said. "The donor quite obviously admires the direction the College has taken under President McCardell and believes we have the talent, energy, and enthusiasm here on campus to make the education we offer our students the very best among liberal arts colleges."

Davis in Cyberspace

WHEN HOWARD DEAN'S RACE FOR THE WHITE HOUSE FIZZLED LAST WINTER, many people assumed that political science professor Eric Davis's stature as a media darling would meet a similar fate. After all, Davis had been anointed as a Dean expert, and with the former Vermont governor no longer in the race, people (including Davis) reasoned that the media would delete the Middlebury professor's contact info from their Palm Pilots.

That hasn't exactly happened. True, Davis isn't fielding daily calls anymore, but he remains an oft-quoted source for stories relating to the presidential contest, from publications as widespread as the Los Angeles Times and Agence France-Presse.

In academe, Davis has also been on the leading edge of cybercasting (he first taught an online course to alumni in 1999), and this fall he'll be combining the two passions for what should make for a riveting course: Alumni College Online: The Election of 2004.

On four successive Wednesday evenings—from October 13 to November 3, the day after the presidential election—Davis will conduct a Web-based seminar on the presidential and congressional elections of 2004. Though technical issues are still being sorted out (the computer platform to be selected will determine which Web-streaming software is used, for instance), Davis expects enrollment information to be posted to the College Web site by mid- to late September.
In his new book, The Murder of Mr. Gribble (Yale University Press, 2004), Professor of History Paul Monod uses a brutal murder, committed in 1743, to launch an exploration of the people and town in which it took place. Monod delves into the small town of Rye, England, and the political, religious, and cultural dynamics that shaped life there over two centuries. Students of history will find this book intriguing because as Monod investigates the crime itself, the subsequent, highly irregular trial, and the aftermath, he explains where he looked for evidence, where he found it, and how he arrived at his conclusions.

In late April, the prolific and highly acclaimed playwright appeared before a standing-room-only audience of students, faculty, staff, and members of the wider Champlain Valley community, who had gathered in Dana Auditorium for the opportunity to hear the Pulitzer and Tony Award winner read from an as-yet-to-be-staged work.

Kushner stepped onstage lightly, with more familiarity than flair. His unassuming presence and relaxed manner were a refreshing surprise, considering his ascent as one of the preeminent critical theatre voices of this generation. Wearing a simple suit and tie, he spoke directly to the audience, as if he were speaking to a small gathering at a cocktail party; He would be reading the first scene of a work in progress, he explained, “Only We Who Guard the Mystery Shall Be Unhappy,” and he would be joined onstage by a pair of Middlebury theatre students, Liz Myers ’04 and Cassidy Freeman ’04.

The scene opened with First Lady Laura Bush, read by Kushner, arriving to read aloud to a group of school-children. But in Kushner’s world, the children were not Americans but pajama-clad bodily spirits of Iraqi youth killed by American bombs in the decade since the end of the Gulf War. It was a highly charged scene of intense political criticism, yet it was also disarmingly funny. Kushner painted a First Lady who swung from chitchatting innocuously to making apparent justifications for murder, and when she read aloud, it was not the typical storybook fare but the “Grand Inquisitor” passage from Dostoyevsky’s The Brothers Karamazov. A lengthy monologue toward the end created a crescendo that illuminated a true heart beneath the rhetoric. And yet, when the scene abruptly ended, Kushner appeared to impart that, revelations aside, this heart is, and always will stay, beneath the rhetoric.

The reading was vintage Kushner—challenging, shocking, yet also seductive, implo­ring the audience to become alive and open, emotionally and politically. You found that his pleasurabilities and unpleasant­tries made you squirm, until suddenly you were thinking, really thinking, about the deeply serious issues he was raising. Whether you agreed with him seemed to be beside the point.

After the reading, Dana Yeaton, Middlebury’s visiting lecturer in theatre, joined the playwright onstage for a brief interview. Kushner reflected on his “S&M relationship with last-minute deadlines,” which includes eating multiple boxes of cookies washed down with gallons of Coke to spur enjoyable suffering, and he invited the audience to “cross fingers” for his upcoming openings (Homebody/Kabul and Caroline, or Change, both in May in New York). Throughout the interview, Kushner was never at a loss for words. And those words seemed to have quite an impact, leaving many in that crowded auditorium determined to become more thoughtfully involved in their lives.

—Blair Kloman, M.A. English ’04
Reality Check

Compelling story lines? Check.
National title on the line? Check.
Drama? Oh, yeah.

So, what sport are we talking about here, men's tennis or women's lacrosse? Well, both.
On a weekend in May, when both the men's tennis team and the women's lax squad were playing for national titles, there was enough tension, adversity, and, yes, drama present that, had you scripted it, your manuscript would have been sent back for a rewrite for being unrealistic.

The women's lacrosse team was playing for its fifth title, men's tennis for its first. Each would face the defending national champion in the NCAA semifinals, and in each case the opponent—Amherst (lax) and Emory (tennis)—was the team that eliminated the Panthers last year. And that's just the semifinals.

In the women's lacrosse national title game, Middlebury faced a College of New Jersey team that had won titles in 1998 and 2000. In tennis, the Panthers squared off against a Williams squad that had won trophies in '01 and '02.

Now, players and coaches will never admit that they had moments of doubt during a game or match, but let's say circumstances were far from ideal in the lacrosse final when Middlebury’s top two scorers—Nuala O'Donohoe '04 and Elizabeth Renehan '06—were ejected for stick infractions in the second period of a game destined for overtime. 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 its way to a quick 3-1 lead in the best-of-seven championship match.

So there it is: compelling story lines, tension, adversity, title on the line, and drama. Sprinkle in tidbits like this—the tennis title came down to the No. 6 match between a Midd first-year and a Williams senior who was regarded as the best No. 6 player in the country—and the drama quotient borders on the ridiculous.

Borders, that is, until Alex Scott '07 smashes an overhead winner on championship point, before crumpling to the ground in agony, from muscle cramps, and ecstasy, from capturing the school’s first NCAA title in men’s tennis. Borders, that is, until a pair of sophomore lax players—Michele Bergofsky and Channing Weymouth—net overtime goals, catapulting Middlebury to its fifth women’s lacrosse title in seven years. At which point the drama quotient explodes past the place where ridiculous begins, and heads for territory best described as unbelievable.

Game, Set, Match
Bolstered by a youth brigade that featured two first-years, three sophomores, and a junior among its top six, Middlebury tennis captured its first national title.

Go Figure

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>5</th>
<th>Number of national titles captured by Middlebury teams in 2003–2004 (women's cross country, men's and women's ice hockey, women's lacrosse, men's tennis)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>National titles Middlebury has won since the College began competing in postseason play in 1995</td>
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<tr>
<td>70–1</td>
<td>Women's lacrosse record over the past four seasons</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Number of sophomores and first-years among the top six players on the men's tennis team</td>
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Photograph by Aaron Todd

Summer 2004 19
The ominous storm clouds hulking over Lake Champlain suddenly erupt, pounding the Catamount Family Center with rain and ruining the prospect of an afternoon mountain-bike ride for Lea and Sabra Davison ('05 and '07). Instead, the animated duo is forced to lounge around on the old farmhouse's saggy couches, anxiously waiting out the storm.

The Davisons first competed at Catamount—a recreational candyland of rollicking, wooded trails in Williston, Vermont—in 2000. Alpine ski racers and runners from nearby Jericho, they'd picked up mountain biking that spring at the suggestion of Lea's boyfriend. "He questioned why we wanted to run around in circles, saying trails are so much fun," says Sabra, who was in high school at the time. Plus, the girls reasoned, they already had strong lungs from running and a daredevil streak from bombing down Vermont's ice-dick ski slopes.

So Lea, then a high school junior, took a few spins; soon Sabra joined in, and before they knew it, they were at the starting line of a few Wednesday night races, sitting in the saddles of their purple Mongoose Hilltoppers. "I was like, OK, I'll just ride my bike," laughs Lea. "I had no idea what I was doing."

The rest of the mountain biking world, meanwhile, had no idea what kind of storm was about to hit. In just months, the Davisons catapulted to the top of the standings in the Eastern Cup series, and then started smoking the field in various National Off-Road Bicycle Association (NORBA) championships (roughly 14,000 offroaders compete under the NORBA banner). Before the races began, they'd look in awe at the competitors whose jerseys matched their bikes; after a couple of hours on the course, though, these riders would be staring right back at the Davisons, who were climbing the podium.

"Everyone was like, 'Where did these girls come from?'" says Lea, who qualified for the 2001 World Junior Mountain Biking Championships at Vail—without knowing such a competition existed. What she and Sabra did know, however, was that their new hobby was a whole lot of fun. They joined a local bike racing team, started road cycling to add to their endurance, and took the tumbles that served as rites of passage. "Mountain biking takes a degree of toughness and grit compared to other sports that don't have as much carnage," says Audrey Augustin, a rider from Waitsfield, Vermont, who coached the Davisons.

Sister Act
Sabra '07 and Lea Davison '05 (right) have taken the mountain biking world by storm, emerging as the sport's best American talent.
Davisons for three years. “Lea and Sabra just embrace it. Give them a good hard race and they thrive—roots, rocks, mud, and all.” At one point, Sabra (nickname: Debris) was so scraped and bruised, her high school guidance counselor asked if she had been abused; Lea rode for an entire season without an anterior cruciate ligament, which she had torn skiing.

It was not bloody knees, however, but a contagious exuberance that caught the attention of their parents and convinced them to replace the purple Mongooses. Their father Jeff, an engineer at IBM, became a part-time bike mechanic for the girls, while mom Lucia has recently been inspired to cycle dozens of miles a day. “When Lea qualified for Worlds, we sat for two hours wondering what happened,” said Lucia. “Everything was moving so quickly.”

This is a feeling shared by Lea and Sabra, whose performances landed them on Team Balance Bar/Devo (the developmental group funded by the biking industry for the nation’s best junior bikers), which would eventually lead them to positions on the professional circuit. (In addition to Balance, both are now sponsored by Giant Bikes, Giro, Oakley, Rock Shox and Time Pedal; Lea went pro in 2002, and this is Sabra’s first summer as a pro.) Earning the prestigious spots on the team, says Lea, “happened so quickly, we didn’t know how important it was. At the start of Worlds, it wasn’t like I’d been working five years to get there—I just thought, I’m going to have fun and do the best I can.”

And that best just happens to be better than most. Since romping through fields as kids, Lea and Sabra have moved through the outdoors with a remarkable, unique finesse and fearlessness. “They’re excellent athletes, both mentally and physically,” says Augustin. “They really have the drive and determination to work hard at whatever sport they pursue—we’re fortunate that they discovered the bicycle.”

Lea and Sabra also discovered the slipperiness of sibling rivalry. A pattern of 1-2 finishes was emerging at races, with Lea consistently nipping first. “It was subconscious, but I thought, ‘OK, Lea’s supposed to win, and I’m supposed to come in second, and she’ll get really, really mad at me if it doesn’t happen that way,’” says Sabra, who, with Lea, sought the advice of Olympian and ski-racing coach Barbara Ann Cochran, who taught them how to turn their competitive spirit into a positive force. Before joining her sister at Middlebury, Sabra had some breathing room to focus on preparing for the 2002 and 2003 World Junior Championships in Austria and Switzerland. Now, the urge to compete comes in handy during tough practices, when they yell at each other to finish.

Occasionally, though, those sessions are more subdued, like when nasty winter weather keeps them indoors, pedaling on their trainers and watching old episodes of Sex and the City. (“It’s got a fast beat,” says Sabra.) Prescribed up to 24 hours of biking a week, the Davisons’ daily workouts are arduous. Though they hope to make the 2008 Olympics in Beijing (only three American mountain bikers will compete in Athens this year), and turn mountain biking into a career, the sisters also aspire to maximize their intellectual talents.

It can be trying; when campus is flush with spring fever, Lea and Sabra must stay focused on both school and the intense summer season ahead of them. But instead of training on their own, the Davisons recruit a mini-peloton of students to accompany them on rides to Middlebury Gap, Morgan Horse Farm, and swimming holes. For single-track riding, they head over to Waitsfield, where a “fellowship of the wheel” among local mountain bikers has allowed them to discover secret trails.

This summer, they’re competing at NORBA Nationals and a World Cup throughout the Northeast, before heading west for more NORBA Nationals (aiming to qualify for September’s World Championships in France). The Davisons plan to swing by their uncle’s place in Utah to pick up their race-to-race transportation—a Volkswagen bus—and tool around on the carbon-fiber tandem road bikes he manufactures.

“It’s tricky, the balance!” says Lea of riding a bicycle built for two.

“If the other person shifts at all, it’s horrible,” says Sabra. “It was a scary experience,” says Lea. “We kind of got the hang of it, though.”

Writer and outdoor enthusiast Sarah Tuff ’95 is a frequent contributor to Middlebury Magazine.
No Entiendo

Terrorist attacks in Madrid leave a study-abroad student dazed and confused.

By David Lindholm '05

I think so. Not, laugh, I tell myself. Show him you understand.

"You have no idea what I just said, do you?" my friend asks.

"No," I'm forced to reply. "Not a clue."

After five weeks as an American student in Logroño, Spain, I had become quite accustomed to not understanding what was going on. Teachers patiently waited for answers to questions I didn't quite comprehend. Players on my soccer team routinely slowed down their speech and gave me an opening to get involved in conversation, before resuming the sprint that is their native Spanish tongue.

Just the other night my flatmate, Óscar, invited me to his room so he could smoke while we continued our conversation. But I, thinking he had said that he was going to smoke and then return to finish our conversation, patiently waited for him to come back.

"You have to tell me if you don't understand what I'm saying," he said when he returned and explained his original invitation.

"Now you don't understand," I replied. "I thought I did know what you were saying!"

So you can imagine my utter confusion and terror on the Thursday morning in March when I turned on the television and saw a horrifying landscape—trains with gaping holes in their sides, blood-streaked people running and yelling, police and emergency workers looking as stunned as the injured victims—accompanied by a soundtrack I could barely understand.

Once I learned that my friends in Madrid were safe, my fear subsided, but my head continued to swirl. What's going on? Who did this? Why was this done? I learned that a friend was supposed to be on one of the targeted trains but opted at the last minute to take another route. Another friend was going to come to Madrid for spring break but cancelled his plans. I felt profoundly alone—even when I was surrounded by people—and I could barely hold a coherent thought. Fevered arguments rushed through my head:

It could have been worse, 9/11 showed me that... don't think that, don't diminish this tragedy... everyone I know is safe... but so many others died!

I was feeling the same way I had on that Tuesday, September 11, exactly two years and six months before: bewildered and exposed. I hadn't expected that kind of raw, exposed terror to follow me to Spain. I also felt alone: profoundly alone. Even in

TRUE REFLECTIONS

Already feeling somewhat like a stranger in a strange land, David Lindholm '05 reaches a new level of uncertainty when terrorism strikes.
crowds I would be by myself, thinking about those questions, and wondering how all of this would affect the world, and how it would affect me.

My confusion had taken on a new dimension. While the language barrier was still significant enough to add to my feeling of discomfort and uncertainty, my confusion now originated in the unknown, not the uncertain.

actions of the terrorists. I don’t understand what I should be feeling.

On March 12, people began to talk about attending manifestación. The literal English definition, manifesta- tion, didn’t make sense to me; so I asked Oskar what people were talking about. A rally, Oskar explained. People were going to gather in the city and walk somewhere, or some-

filled with pedestrians; even when I climbed a small fence I couldn’t see the edge of the crowd.

Many people held signs with phrases like No Al Terrorismo; others cradled pictures of the Spanish flag with a black ribbon in the middle, the symbol of the recent tragedy. The balconies overlooking the street were vacant. There were no observers that

in such magnitude, but that itself felt dangerous; what if a terrorist had decided to attack right then? And while I would like to say that seeing all those people together in respect for the dead and in defiance of terrorism renewed my faith in the human spirit (it may have, a little), a more cynical side of me couldn’t help thinking: What did we hope to accomplish? As moving as the manifestación was, I knew the scenes of war and death would be waiting for me on the television when I returned to my apartment.

These thoughts bounced around my head as we followed the trail, down Gran Via, left onto Calle del General Vara de Rey, and around the corner onto Avenida de la Paz, before arriving at Logroño’s city hall. At that moment, I didn’t feel so alone; I almost felt like any other person in Logroño. We had all poured out into the street—everyone in the city, and more than 11 million people nationwide did the same, at 7:00 p.m. on Friday, March 12.

Yet as I stood there, engulfed by this mass of humanity, I couldn’t reconcile such powerful demonstrations of love (manifestación) and hate (terrorism), conviction and confusion.

One thing I did know is that I was affected by the attacks, by the manifestación. With each passing day, I may gain a greater understanding of the Spanish language, but as for my understanding of the world around me? I still have to say “No entiendo.”

David Lindholm ’05 is an American Civilization major from Cornwall, Vermont.

One of the initial phrases I learned in my first Spanish class was no entiendo, meaning “I don’t understand.” These two words have served me well in Spain, but now I’m using no entiendo in a different way. I don’t understand the

thing like that; I wasn’t quite sure what he said. Later, I heard President Aznar mention manifestación on the news: apparently every Spanish city was going to have a manifestación that Friday evening. All across Spain, people were going to gather in their city or town—and march.

That night, still a bit uncertain about what was going to happen, my friend Jeff and I walked out of my apartment and into the street. We were swept up by a stream of people all hurrying in the same direction. After about 10 minutes, we neared the center of the city. As we rounded a corner, our tributary of people flowed into Gran Via, Logroño’s biggest street. There were people as far as I could see in every direction. Sidewalks, parking lanes, medians, and four driving lanes were
With a Reunion Weekend address, John M. McCardell, Jr., delivers his final words as president.
mastery of a subject, yes, but who also taught by example; who cared about you as a student (and as a human being) and continued—continue—to care, who may not admit it, but who read the magazine from back to front, beginning with the class notes. It's about faculty members like Howard Munford '34, who took a chance on a very green Harvard history student back in 1976, invited him to teach a section of American literature, and served as his first department chair. Howard's expertise on the work of the great historian Henry Adams is legendary; in fact, his favorite quote is Adams on the teacher: "a teacher affects eternity," Adams wrote, "he can never tell where his influence stops." Howard is a living example of a teacher respected and beloved by generations of Middlebury students and a friend whom it was my great honor to escort down the aisle in this afternoon's Convocation procession.

It is also about coaches who taught you the finer points of a sport, but who also understood what it means to be an educator, and to whose offices you always return when you are back on campus; or about a groundskeeper or a custodian or a librarian or a dining service worker or a secretary or a lab assistant or a security officer or a dean or a chaplain ... the list is endless!

These are the people who, as the generations glide, have made Middlebury what it is. And these are the reasons why, though new buildings may arise and presidents may come and go, the essential spirit of this College will persist and endure, unchanged.

And so the state of our College is, indeed, strong. And I am content, indeed serene, to realize that 50 years from now, or maybe less, the eyes may glance over and the vacant expressions appear when the name of McCardell is mentioned. Because whatever may have been accomplished over the past 13 years has less, far less, to do with me than it does with you. It may have fallen to me to be the troubadour, to set the words to music as well as the words, you have helped sing the song and tell the story of this remarkable College across the country and around the globe.

We renew our version of that ancient oath this weekend and go forth to celebrate the name and carry out the unfinished business of this College. And we will transmit to those who follow us, as our predecessors transmitted to us, a

By your accomplishment, your commitment, your support, this College has been enabled to set its feet on lofty places.

College even more beautiful than the one we received.

And next spring and in the springs to come, when the Forget-Me-Not flowers are once more in bloom, and you return to campus for another Reunion with classmates and friends older, wiser, grayer or balder, perhaps you will, as you gaze again upon this campus, pluck a tiny blue flower to place in your lapel and add your recollection of this moment, today, to your store of memories. In that springtime, reunited, we—Middlebury College—will know that you do not forget, and you will know that, on this small patch of extraordinary beauty, you are not—and will never be—forgotten.

The poet Auden perhaps said it best, in a work that has long been a favorite of mine, entitled "Good-Bye to the Mezzogiorno," "Go I must," Auden wrote, "but I go grateful, and invoking my sacred meridian names . . . to bless this region, its vendanges, and those who call it home. Though one cannot always remember exactly why one has been happy, there is no forgetting that one was."

And so I must; but I, too, go grateful, and offer this valedictory blessing, as I have to each of the 13 classes over whose graduations I have presided:

Now go—softly yet confidently forth. Know that our thoughts and our prayers go with you. Know, too, that you are always welcome here.

Now go—and though now you may believe yourselves to be educated, may you never take yourselves too seriously, and may you always retain a sense of humor, which is, after all, nothing more than a sense of perspective.

Now go—and as you begin, in the words of the great historian Henry Adams, to "account to yourself, for yourself, somehow, may you continue for the rest of your lives to strive to broaden the limited reach of your own understanding." And may you be granted wisdom and courage to seek to set your own feet on lofty places.

Now go—and as you spin out the thread of your lives, may you find strength in life's labors, love in its homing, and peace at the end of the day.

And finally—may you from time to time lift your eyes to these hills, from whose strength generations of Middlebury men and women have drawn confidence and courage and hope.

We shall not forget you. And we wish you well, until we meet again.
STATUESQUE
Mercy Trent '06 (riding Iceman) and other members of the College club Equestrians compete under the umbrella of the Intercollegiate Horse Show Association.
Photograph by Bob Handelman
Pictorial characters abound in the winning entry of the Second Annual Fiction Contest.
Here’s my father, pointing out Venus: “Look, Gordon, there on the horizon. The evening star. It’s not really a star; it’s a planet. Later, I’ll show you the Big Dipper and Orion.”

I’m five, maybe six. We’ve spent the day filling his pickup truck with junk from the house and bringing it to the dump. (That’s our project while Mom’s away visiting her sister.) We’ve made three trips, cleaned out most of the basement and the attic, but on our return trips have brought back enough to clutter half the front porch. “Who would throw this away?” Dad asked at the dump, plucking a copper lamp from the rubble. “All it needs is a good polish and some rewiring. I’ll show you how this weekend.” I’m definitely six then because that’s the day we found the bat sleeping in the attic.

There’s a bump on my father’s finger, the one he uses to point at things, right at the base of the fingernail. He got it when he was a kid by turning his bicycle upside down, cranking the pedal, and sticking his finger into the spokes. I don’t know why he did that but I can see him doing it as if I were there with him.

Here’s Ginger, weekend bartender at Lucky Dog Bar, pulling me a beer from the tap, wearing a ribbed white tank top, a wine-glass-shaped sweat stain nested between her breasts. Here’s Rock & Roll, her boyfriend (that’s his real name; he’ll show you his birth certificate if you ask him), beating people at pool at the back of the bar, watching Ginger, making sure nobody flirts with her too much. “Easy, friend,” he’ll say every once in a while, quiet, so you know he means it.

My favorite story about my father doesn’t even have him in it. This was a couple of years ago. Some friends of mine and I had arrived early for a movie and were first in line. We’d been waiting
outside in the cold for quite a while, and the line had gotten very long. The theater doors were about to open. Latecomers buying tickets decided to cluster near us on the sidewalk, obviously hoping to drift in with the first of us when we were finally allowed inside. Annoyed by these potential line-cutters, I said to my friends, “If my dad were here, he’d tell those people”—and here I adopted his voice: “AH you people get to the back of the line.” I said this to my friends, just as an example of how my father and I are different, but as soon as I said it, everyone who had been milling around hoping to sneak in ahead of us trotted down to the end of the line like good soldiers.

Here’s my friend Dan Hand, Archer Long Distance Service’s top seller, hurtling across the barroom just the same way he hurtles across the office: like it’s on fire and he’s trying to make friends with the flames. “What’s the word, Gordon?” he shouts at me as he passes my desk, my barstool. He’s smiling; the guy’s always smiling. All’s quiet, I tell him. “Let’s shake things up then,” he says, gliding past me, past the next desk, the next bar stool, and the one after that, greeting everyone by name, saying a few words to everyone. Everyone likes Dan.

Rock & Roll owns the Lucky Dog, but it’s Ginger who does all the work. Rock & Roll spends all his time destroying people in game after game of pool, watching to make sure that nobody hits on Ginger. It’s a delicate situation: Ginger hits on everybody, a fact that Rock & Roll has yet to notice. A patron of the Lucky Dog who may feel inclined to return Ginger’s flirtations must first gauge just how focused Rock & Roll is on his game, keeping in mind that Rock & Roll once put Bill Grief into the hospital for dropping a tip down the front of Ginger’s shirt.

Gerry Ekus is playing a game of pool with Rock & Roll now, and Dan Hand’s waiting to play. So is Joel Nuedecker. They all work at Archer Long Distance Services, like me. We cold-call people all day long, trying to get them to switch from whatever long-distance service they have now to Archer. Dan Hand is the best at it. The best.

I was always amazed at what my father could get people to do, either with charm or with anger. He could make the gas station attendant who had just closed up turn the pumps back on so we could get five dollars’ worth. He could sweet-talk old ladies into changing seats in the movie theater if there were no two seats together. When we were out driving, he would chase down people who littered. I’m talking actual car chases here, weaving in and out of traffic, screaming and swearing, until the litterers pulled over. In the passenger seat, I’d watch the confused drivers turn and look at us in bewilderment. I felt sorry for them. I’d been here before. I knew how this story ended. They’d be going back for that McDonald’s wrapper or Coke can, my furious father supervising their every move.

Rule #1 in the Archer Long Distance Services employee manual is “No” is not an option. Never take “no” for an answer. Ever. “No” means “Maybe.” “I’m not interested” means “Tell me more.” All employees must keep Archer’s list of rules tacked up to the walls of their cubicles. Our bosses walk back and forth behind us all day, making sure we don’t break any. If, when I call you, I’m pulling you away from your dinner or your bath or your lover or your favorite TV show, remember that I’m not allowed to take no for an answer in those first five minutes we speak. This is not an apology. (Rule #24: Never apologize. Express disappointment and irritation if you sense doubt. People don’t like to offend and are more likely to stay on the line if they think they’ve hurt your feelings.)

A few bar stools down, Dan Hand sits next to a woman I’ve never seen before. He’s hunched over the bar, writing away like a madman. I try to catch her eye. “What’s he doing?” I try to say with my eyes, all amused, like what is he, writing a novel? She smiles at me, but not the conspiratorial smile I’m looking for. It’s the smile an adult gives to a simple kid who doesn’t quite
Rock & Roll owns the Lucky Dog, but it’s Ginger who does all the work.

Rock & Roll spends all his time destroying people in game after game of pool, watching to make sure that nobody hits on Ginger.

get what’s going on.

In my cubicle, at my desk: “To help you decide if Archer Long Distance is right for you,” I say into the phone, “allow me to tell you about our sliding-scale rate system.” It’s all written down for me, everything I say all day long. Dan Hand explained it to me once. Every sentence contains a subliminal message: Archer Long Distance is right for you... Allow me to tell you... They’re commands, Dan says. Put the right emphasis on them, and people will do whatever you want.

“She’s deaf,” Ginger says, suddenly right there across the bar from me.

“What?”

“She’s deaf. That woman you’re checking out. That’s why your friend’s writing everything down. She can’t hear.”

“Can’t she read lips?”

Ginger doesn’t say anything. Things aren’t the way they are in movies. Deaf people in movies, they’re always these amazing people. They can read lips, read minds, anything. I saw a TV movie about a deaf Olympic skier who solves crimes. In movies, there are no ordinary deaf people.

It’s not just deaf people. Take my wife. She’s adopted, but does that mean she’s tracking down her birth mother for some inevitable tearful reunion? No. She doesn’t care who her mom was. Honest. Movies aren’t like that. Everything has to mean something in movies. This deaf woman here, at the bar, she’s okay looking. I mean, not drop-dead or anything like she would be in a movie, but pretty good. If I weren’t married, I might even take a shot myself—if I had any idea how to approach her. Tell her my name, I guess, and ask her for hers. What then? Once I’d established contact, where would I go from there?

(Rule #17: “I” becomes “We.”) Initially, it is important to establish a one-on-one exchange with a potential client, but as the presentation advances, the distinction between you and the company must be eliminat-
ed. Gradually discontinue use of the word “I”; instead, refer to “we" and “Archer Long Distance.”

Here I am on the deck with my father. It’s a warm day in early spring, sunny, and we’re sitting outside for the first time in ages. He’s brought a bowl of chips out there, and we’re eating them at the green metal table at the corner of the deck. All of a sudden he stands up and takes the bowl of chips across the deck over to one of the long deck chairs. I’m annoyed at this, and I let him know by dragging my chair over by his and setting up shop by the relocated bowl of chips. “Here, take ‘em,” he says after a minute. “You sure?” “Yep, take ‘em back to the table.” A few minutes later: “And could you try chewing with your mouth closed? The noise is really getting to me.”

That was it. The joy of the day just drained out of me. The chip in my mouth felt like a turd. I waited as long as I could, went to the bathroom, and cried for ten minutes.

Here I am, Gordon Hammart, standing in the dark, touching the trunk of a house-high evergreen shaped like a ball. Looking up, I can see stars through the branches, some of the constellations my father taught me.

This is my favorite story about my father in which he actually puts in an appearance: He’s driving me somewhere. Neither of us is talking. On the sidewalk a little down the street from us, there are two blind men, arms on each other’s shoulders, shuffling along. My father sighs, rolls his eyes, shakes his head and says: “The blind leading the blind.” That’s it. He doesn’t let on that he’s making a joke. For many years I thought of that and was able to forgive him almost anything.

Dan Hand’s playing Rock & Roll in pool now. Joel Nuedecker has taken Dan’s bar stool next to the deaf woman. He’s writing on a cocktail napkin, and the woman leans in towards him, looking down at the napkin and nodding as he writes. After a minute or two, she takes the pen and starts writing something on the back of a business card.

You don’t come up with anything we haven’t heard before. We’re ready for your excuses. I’ve got a flowchart that gives me responses to anything you might say. You’re running out the door? Well, I understand that you’re very busy, which is why I don’t want to take up any more of your time than is absolutely necessary... You’re not in the market for this service? Well, that may be, but if you let me talk to you about the benefits that Archer has to offer you, I have no doubt that you’ll see the advantages... No hablas Ingles? Uno momento, por favor... The tree is cold, rough. My fingers lightly brush its bark; its branches drape loosely all around me, almost touching the ground. Someone on the street wouldn’t see me, but I can see enough to know if someone passes. I can climb this tree. They’re taking turns with the deaf woman, I guess, Gerry, Dan, and Joel. Here’s the set-up: One of them plays pool with Rock & Roll, another hangs out by the pool table, and the third sits next to the deaf woman, writing out small talk. She’s got three little stacks on the bar, three conversations she’s got going.

If she goes home with one of these men, I bet it would be interesting to read that conversation. What combination of words was the right combination? I was always envious of men who
could say exactly the right things to a woman they had just met and end the evening by going to bed with her. What are those perfect things that they were saying? At work, there’s a script, the words on the page lined up in perfect order, words I’ve repeated so many times that they’re all lined up inside me too, all in the right order, just waiting to be said. Out here, though, what words would I choose?

With my wife, it was easy. We met at a party in college; she came up to me, said: “Did you know that when John F. Kennedy died, Congress voted that Jackie Kennedy would never again have to pay for mail service? Whose idea was this? We’re really sorry about your husband but, hey, no more stamps!” It’s still like that. She says things for me to think about and then I say what I think. I never have to come up with anything on my own.

When the deaf woman goes to the bathroom, she leaves her conversation stacks on the bar. Dan, Gerry, and Joel get into an argument about which one of them is going to go home with her. Dan’s married. Rock & Roll’s yelling. Hey which one of you is going to play me next? Nobody’s paying attention to me. I walk over to the jukebox, past the stool where the deaf woman had been sitting, and snag a business card off one of the piles. Standing at the jukebox, I look at it. It’s the deaf woman’s business card. She’s Linda Johnson, interior designer. There’s an address on the card, a residential street. She must work out of her home. I turn the card over and recognize Gerry Ekus’s tight, neat handwriting: It’s actually in probate court—I can’t reveal where it is.

Standing under the evergreen in Linda Johnson’s yard, I can see a light on in an upstairs window. She went home alone, but she took her stacks of conversations. If I were to climb this tree, maybe I’d be able to see in her window, see what she was doing. Maybe she’s sitting on her bed, the business cards and cocktail napkins spread out all around her, three conversations stretching out from her like spokes on a bicycle wheel. Maybe she collects conversations. Maybe she tapes them to her wall, or puts them in a scrapbook. Maybe her conversations last forever, while everyone else’s just drift away.

My wife knows what I’m thinking and feeling, even when I don’t. She’s the only person I’ve ever met who can do that. “What’s wrong?” she asks me on the phone when I call to tell her I’ll be late. Nothing, I tell her, and she doesn’t believe me. I think she’s mad, even though she doesn’t say so.

(Archer Long Distance’s Rule #63 is Don’t be a robot! When making your presentation, do not adhere so closely to your script that you sound stilted. Be flexible enough with your presentation to sound natural and attentive to your listener.)

Maybe she doesn’t keep the conversations separate. Maybe she shuffles them together or throws them into the air and lets them fall around her like confetti. Maybe she scatters them across her bedroom floor, making a patchwork of words and sentences that don’t go together in a straight line anymore.

Standing with my hand flat against the trunk of the evergreen, looking up through the branches at Linda Johnson’s window and the night sky above that, I can see the three stars that make up Orion’s belt. I’m off script now. Can you tell?

About the Author

GREG TULONE

About the Judge

A short story writer and Bread Loaf alumna, BARBARA GANLEY cofounded the Bread Loaf Young Writers’ Conference in 1984 and joined the Middlebury faculty in 1989. She teaches courses in creative writing, composition, contemporary Irish literature and film, and arts writing in the Writing Program and the Department of English; she also directs Middlebury’s Project for Integrated Expression. Interested in the intersections between writing forms and genres, she specializes in the integration of technology into the humanities and writing classrooms, with a focus on weblogs, multimedia writing, and digital storytelling. Also a passionate student of Irish culture and writing, Ganley spends as much time as possible with her family on the west coast of Ireland, where she has sited her novel-in-progress.

About the Contest

Middlebury Magazine’s annual fiction contest is held each spring, with the winning entry published in the summer issue. Current Middlebury students, Middlebury undergraduate alumni, and alumni of the College’s graduate programs (the Language Schools and the Bread Loaf School of English) are invited to submit unpublished manuscripts of 3,000 words or fewer. An advertisement for the third annual contest will appear in the winter 2005 issue; the deadline for submissions is April 1, 2005.

In addition to the winning entry printed in this issue, three short stories were chosen as runners-up:

“Bridge Pumpkins” by Scott T. Hutchison, M.A. English ’87
“Lubiloff’s Engagement” by Peter Stillman, M.A. English ’84
“Virginia Heat” by Mary Jane Bancroft, French ’86

These three entries, as well as the winning entry, will appear online with judging comments this summer at www.middleburymagazine.org.
Clinging to wet wedges of rock and not trusting the footholds beneath my torn, worn running shoes, I glance at the water and constellation of jagged rocks below. It's only a 9-foot drop, maybe 10, but even a broken ankle on this isolated stretch of coast on the far-eastern Russian island of Sakhalin would be big-time trouble.

Hanging from Siberia like a 509-mile-long forked tongue lapping at the frigid waters of the northwestern Pacific, Sakhalin is known for little in the West except Soviet gulags; Chekhov's non-fiction account of life on this hellish island; Korean Airlines flight 007, shot down near here in 1983; and most recently, huge oil and gas reserves that are the source of much salivation from multinational oil giants. For Jonathan Carver '96 and me, a summer visit to Sakhalin offered an opportunity to explore this corner of Russia's wild east before the approaching development blitz catapults the area into the 21st century.

After living in northern Japan for the better part of a year to study and write about Russo-Japanese relations in this corner of the Pacific, I decided that a trip to Sakhalin would be an appropriate finale. Despite my fear of outdated propeller planes, I bought a ticket for a Sakhalin Airlines flight from Hokkaido's Hakodate airport to Sakhalin's main city of Yuzhno-Sakhalinsk. Jonathan, who had been working in another less-than-inviting Siberian city, agreed to fly in and meet me, providing crucial help in translating the language and culture.

To get a sense of just how far-flung Sakhalin is, consider this: The island is slightly closer to Denver, Colorado, than it is to Moscow. The population is sparse (550,000 people), roads are treacherous; government bureaucracy is ridiculous; forests are abundant; and mosquitoes, nettles, salmon, bears, and blueberries are everywhere.

Getting a visa to visit Russia requires some sort of bureaucratically credible invitation, though most tourism operators can do this. Once in country, foreign travelers to Sakhalin, especially those headed for the backcountry, need to have a Russian escort 24-7 and carry a passport at all times for random checks. (Or at least, that was the rule last summer. Laws are shifty on Sakhalin, and likely shifter now, after the governor, Igor P. Farkhutdinov, was killed in a helicopter crash in August last year. Carrying one's passport, by the way, is par for the course when traveling in Russia, but the escort law on Sakhalin, I was told, was part of the border oblast's effort to crack down on smuggling.)

Which is how Jonathan and I came to be clinging from these rocks; our personal escort and guide, a native of Sakhalin named Sergey, can move swiftly over cliffs without hesitation. A short, gentle, mustached man, Sergey is a devout Christian, who neither drinks nor smokes. He's also missing the tips of three fingers on his right hand and possesses a thin, muscular physique, hunched posture, and fast pace that reminds me a little too much of Gollum from Lord of the Rings.

He scampers directly under a weathered sign written in Russian that I wish Jonathan hadn't translated: “Do not proceed past this point to the waterfall!” The waterfall, needless to say, is our intended destination. Gingerly rounding the cliff, I see Sergey
Intrepid Traveler

Whether tromping through rough undergrowth with guide Sergey (above), or walking the rugged coast, David Wolman ‘96 viewed a side of Siberia in summer that few people ever see.
already descending onto the seaweed-strewn beach, via an old rope, quite visibly frayed, and tied to a chunk of cliff. Unlike Sergey, I'm not so sure God is protecting me on this outing, though I wish I could purchase temporary faith as easily as I purchased temporary travel insurance a few months ago.

OUR TRIP BEGAN A FEW DAYS EARLIER with a bouncing hourlong bus ride from Yuzhno-Sakhalinsk to the village of Kluchi. Once in Kluchi, most of the passengers headed off to their dachas, or small farm plots, but Jonathan, Sergey, and I proceeded up a long dirt road—until our guide suddenly turned and started bounding down a steep wet slope covered in bamboo that was as tall as our shoulders.

Sakhalin is freezing cold most of the year, but the short summer stimulates hyperactive growth in the understory. The bamboo, ferns, nettles, and other plants create a richly green setting, more reminiscent of the subtropics than the subarctic. It also makes for nightmarish bushwhacking.

Jonathan and I were slipping all over the place, but Sergey only paused long enough to look back over his shoulder to see that we were still within eyeshot. I was starting to doubt whether I'd be able to keep up with Sakhalin's patron saint of speed-hiking for five whole days, or whether I even wanted to. But moments later we exploded through the undergrowth into a clearing populated with old unused railroad tracks stretching in both directions. Sergey was aware of my interest in Japanese history—the Japanese owned the southern half of Sakhalin until the end of World War II—and he weaved bits of amateur archaeology into our various excursions.

The railroad and tunnels, Sergey explained, were likely built by Korean slave labor brought to Sakhalin by the Japanese. (To the Japanese, the island was known as Karafuto, and some elderly people on Japan's northern island of Hokkaido still refuse to call it anything else.) We also stopped to examine a Japanese bunker. Sergey pointed out that the high-quality concrete used by the Japanese makes it easy to distinguish Japanese from Russian construction.

That afternoon we hiked through more barely penetrable bamboo until the landscape opened again, this time onto a gray moonscape. Volcanic mud was everywhere, and though it almost looked like a giant parking lot in color and flatness, this place was not ugly; it was more like a dark canvas upon which nature will eventually paint new life. The caked, cracked grayness extended northwest down a gentle slope, where all the trees and greenery had been smothered and buried. A handful of Fuji-shaped mounds of mud bubbled every few seconds, but the mud was not hot to the touch. While Jonathan and I explored the terrain, Sergey built a fire and laid out a picnic of tomato and cucumber salad, ham, cheese, bread, oranges, and tea.

The walk back to Kluchi was less taxing, and I was relieved when our path reconnected with a dirt road. But Sergey had other plans for our route home, and again we started bushwhacking downhill. Soon we were in a steep ravine, walking on either side of a rocky stream. I was confident Sergey knew where he was going because he pointed to our goal from the hilltop. Yet I also knew—from the unnerving way he kept pausing to look around—that he'd never been this way before. Still, we pressed ahead.

After maybe 90 minutes of arduous hopping, climbing, and slipping along the stream, through tangled growth and fallen trees, we arrived at a clearing and a few small fields of potatoes. Another five minutes and we were back at the bus stop. While waiting for the bus to Yuzhno-Sakhalinsk, we had our first introduction to Sakhalin ticks: three for Jonathan, two for me, one for Sergey. Over
the course of our four days in the backcountry, we would pull a total of 16 of the tiny bastards from our skin. ("Don't worry," Sergey told us, "they're only encephalitic in May." It was July, but I was still worried.)

Exhausted, smelly, and covered with bites, we fell asleep as soon as we returned to our hotel, but there was little time to recover. The following morning we were in a jeep, heading farther north for a three-day backpacking trip to the coastal mountains at Zhdansky.

The hiking at Zhdansky started beautifully, then shot straight upward on what Gollum said was an old horse trail to a former Japanese village on the coast, not far from where we planned to snap some pictures and then begin the walk back to the rope, the better view, jumping on rocks just below the water's surface. We setting is almost mystical. Sergey hops out from the shore to get a along the beach until we arrive at the base of the waterflill. It's hard to see above the overhanging cliff, but the misty, chillingly remote setting is almost mystical. Sergey hops out from the shore to get a better view, jumping on rocks just below the water's surface. We snap some pictures and then begin the walk back to the rope, the cliff and our campsite beyond.

Back at camp, we find the pirate has left us a gift. Wrapped in Chinese paper, we find a gift for the tick hunter: a gift for the tick hunter: "Chem dalshe tem liche—the farther away you get, the better it is."

Fog was thick over the beach, so we started walking south this time, toward the waterfall and the awaiting frayed rope.

T he Short Rappel is Cause for Pause. Sergey waves us onward from the beach with a niet problem expression, and Jonathan and I both know we're going to proceed; we're just taking stock of how bad the situation is getting. In retrospect, this response—aside from being just plain wimpy—strikes me as one born of privilege. People in Sakhalin, and many parts of Russia for that matter, are so accustomed to bad situations—bad government, bad infrastructure, bad shoes, bad weather, bad toilets, bad ropes—that it's not in their nature to contemplate the negative.

Eventually, we make it down the rope and walk a few minutes along the beach until we arrive at the base of the waterfall. It's hard to see above the overhanging cliff, but the misty, chillingly remote setting is almost mystical. Sergey hops out from the shore to get a better view, jumping on rocks just below the water's surface. We snap some pictures and then begin the walk back to the rope, the cliff and our campsite beyond.

Back at camp, we find the pirate has left us a gift. Wrapped in Jurassic-sized leaves from the forest are three 20-inch salmon and an additional bowl of salmon roe. It seems a disproportionate thank you for a bag of tea leaves, but Jonathan tells me this is a perfect example of Russian generosity (not to mention an indication of how seriously Russians need their tea). Sergey cleans the salmon in the nearby stream, while Jonathan and I work to separate the extracted roe from the clingy membrane holding it together.

We dine on grapefruit, salmon steaks boiled in soup, coal-roasted salmon fillet, salmon roe on slices of bread, and tea with three sugar cubes each. Just past 10:00 p.m., the sky finally darkens. Staring into the fire, my trance is interrupted when I feel a tiny, familiar biting on my shin. The dark tick is easy to spot against my pale skin. I pull it off and flick it into the fire. Then I hold a twig to the coals until the tip is bright red, press it into my shin where the tick had tried to burrow, and think: Cluss would love this. (Middlebury professor Robert Cluss is a Lyme disease expert.)

Wrapped in more leaves, the third uncut salmon is stored under our tent. Though I've never taken a wilderness education course, this fresh-fish–under-the-tent maneuver strikes me as a bad one, particularly in light of reports that bears are in the area. Sergey, of course, isn't worried. He doesn't mention God's benevolence per se, but it goes without saying; I mean, the guy's got a crucified Christ on his watchband. Besides, the bears around here are only young ones, he explains, and the adults stay high up in the mountains. I want to suggest that perhaps the scent of our salmon banquet might influence a change in bear whereabouts, but I give up and say a silent prayer instead.

The next day we pack up camp for the hike down the beach and over the mountains to the road where Sergey's pal will meet us with the jeep. The sun is bright, and Sergey breaks out a pair of huge, green sunglasses that look like the face-shield eyewear commonly worn by Florida retirees.

That night back in Yuzhno-Sakhalinsk, Jonathan and I book a night at the Sakhalin Sapporo Hotel and head to a café for a late dinner of mayo-cucumber-tomato salad, fried fish or pork cutlets, semi-mashed potatoes, and vodka—200 grams each, or maybe 300, I forget. The vodka leads easily to reminiscing and reflecting, not only about our time in the backcountry with Sergey, but also about our fiancées back home (yes, both Middlebury women), and how the Sakhalin we have witnessed would fit into Ron Liebowitz's post-Soviet geography course.

In two days, we are gone from here, me back to Hokkaido and Jonathan home to Seattle, where the faster pace of our everyday lives will resume, and the taste of wild strawberries and fresh salmon roe, the feel of the wet cliffs of Sakhalin's quiet shores, and the vistas from atop the old horse trail looking west, will all inevitably be compressed into a frustratingly abridged memory of our trip to Sakhalin. But first, one last hike.

The next morning we set out to climb the peak outside town named after Anton Chekhov. By the time we reach the summit, the sky is bright, sunshine is hot on our necks, and the billowy fog in the valley has vanished to reveal the city below. Though we probably could have managed to find the hike on our own, Sergey knows the best trails, and his humor and penchant for lavish picnics make him welcome company. Besides, his close connection to God ensures good weather and protection from bears. I will miss him.

David Wolman '96 is a journalist based in Portland, Oregon.
The Nature of Nurture

What impact does early maternal separation have on the brain? And will the answer affect the way societies care for abandoned children?
In the aftermath of the fall of Romanian dictator Nicolae Ceaucescu in 1989, the world came face to face with a grim spectacle: thousands upon thousands of children locked away in orphanages, warehoused in steel cribs, deprived of love, affection, even simple human touch. It was a problem unknown in degree, if not in kind.

Most of us understood intuitively that these children had suffered both physically and emotionally, but just how damaged were these children? Could anything be done to help them? Questions that might have been of academic interest to the scientific community before took on new urgency.

The imperative to find answers is why David Parfitt and Dana Helmreich, both of the Middlebury College biology department, plan to spend the next few years of their careers proving that babies separated from their mothers at birth have a harder time as adults. The husband-and-wife team have joined a worldwide effort to produce the kind of data-based proof that governments and scientific institutions require to formulate public policy or dole out money for social-service programs—namely that babies separated from their mothers develop abnormally high levels of a stress hormone in the brain, and that those excessive hormone levels have a lasting impact on animal behavior.

“All indicators are that the accumulation of chronic stress hormones can have damaging effects on the brain,” explains Parfitt, an assistant professor of biology who joined the Middlebury College faculty in 1999. Together, he and Helmreich, a research scholar who holds a Ph.D. in neuroscience, run a research laboratory in John M. McCardell, Jr., Bicentennial Hall, in which they study the behavior of live mice and analyze blood and tissue samples from dead mice to assess the effect of stress in infancy. In time, they hope to bring their research findings to bear on humans, particularly on children raised in institutional settings.

“We’re looking at behavioral inhibitions and developmental delay as a function of hormone secretion,” explains Parfitt. “We also want to know whether some degree of replacement of maternal behavior can alleviate behavioral problems in adulthood.”

The most intriguing sight in Parfitt’s office on the third floor of Bi Hall is the huge dry-erase board that takes up much of one wall. Lists, made of letter-number combinations, in green, blue, and red marker, designate which mice were born into which litter and when. The lists are further sorted by the light cycles to which the mice have been subjected, the amount of time they’ve been separated from their mothers, and the collection times of their blood samples—after they have been subjected to new stresses as adults. Beside the lists, noted in purple marker, are exclamatory comments such as “Breeding and separation complete!!” and “Yahoo!!!! Blood sampling done!”—the kind of thrill that must be unique to scientists.

Then there are the personal touches: a photo and a ticket stub from a 1994 Michigan vs. Notre Dame football game (Parfitt got his doctorate at the University of Michigan), a blue-framed candy dispenser that looks like a wall hanging but actually dispenses M&M’s to the couple’s two young daughters and to the deserving students who assist them (many are seniors working on their theses). Parfitt’s lab next door, where all biochemical and neuroanatomical analyses of mouse blood and brain tissue take place, has its own idiosyncrasies—a blue brain that radiates purple brain waves is the resident good luck charm.

Parfitt and Helmreich have spent much of their working lives in the lab. Indeed, they met in a research lab at the University of Pittsburgh, where she was studying the effect of stress on the brain and he was studying how the neural circuitry of the brain controls behavior. Their current research evolved out of a chance meeting with Dr. Judy Cameron while attending the annual meeting of the Society for Neuroscience, in New Orleans, in 2000. Cameron had been a mentor to both of them in Pittsburgh. At that time, she had joined the Research Network on Early Experience and Brain Development, a project funded by the MacArthur Foundation for the express purpose of bringing scientific information to bear on those who decide public policy for the care of orphans in a country such as Romania.

A specialist in non-human primates, Cameron was looking at the effects of certain hormone levels on rhesus monkeys and trying to equate the animals’ responses to stress to the behavior of depressed human adolescents. Other scientists were working with other animals, but nobody was working with mice. She proposed that Parfitt and Helmreich tackle mouse research, and they agreed.
THE NAME ALONE is enough to send chills up and down your spine: the “failure-to-thrive” ward.

For 40-orphaned children, ranging in age from a few months to four years, this T-shaped hospital wing in the eastern Romanian city of Tutova is home. The kids all feed from bottles and wear cloth diapers—even the four year olds. Overseas falls to three overworked nurses, who also do all the cooking and cleaning; because of the extremely high patient to nurse ratio, diapers are changed on a set schedule, rather than on an as-needed basis. But perhaps the grimmest aspect of the “failure-to-thrive” ward is the silence. It’s the first thing you notice, says Sarah Bunnell ’04. It’s the eerie, unnatural silence that slaps you in the face the moment you walk through the door. Forty living, breathing children should not be so quiet. “But they know crying won’t elicit a response,” Bunnell says. “So they don’t make any noise.”

Bunnell first visited Romania with 12 other Middlebury students and assistant professor of biology David Parfitt in January 2003. Participants in Parfitt’s “Early Experience and Brain Development,” the students were teaming up with the non-profit organization Global Volunteers to visit and care for the orphaned children. In addition to feeding and interacting with the children, however, Parfitt’s class was also observing the course’s primary focus: that the first several years of life are critical to brain development and human behavior.

Lacking stimulation, many of the Romanian children would manufacture their own stimuli—by rocking back and forth on their hands and knees and banging their heads against the wall until they were bloodied and bruised. In addition to being noncommunicative, most were stunted in growth. And by reading the journals written by volunteers over the years for each child, Bunnell made an intriguing discovery: those children who had more interaction with the volunteers were actually regressing once the volunteers left. Is it possible, Bunnell wondered, that it’s more harmful to have short bursts of attention, rather than a consistently low level of attention?

Bunnell knew she wanted to return the following January to test her theory. If she could study the level of the so-called “stress hormone,” cortisol, in the children during a multi-week period of time, as volunteers came and went, she could determine the orphans’ circadian rhythm, which is basically the body’s internal biological clock. An abnormal rhythm would not only produce immediate physical effects such as lethargy and weakened immune system, but could have long-term effects on muscle and joint health, bone health, organ function, and neurodegeneration.

Last January, Bunnell returned to Romania for four weeks, taking saliva samples of children, three times a day, at the hospital in Tutova and at another hospital in Iasi. The samples were then sent back to Parfitt’s lab in Bi Hall and the cortisol levels were tested. Initial results have shown both normal and elevated levels of cortisol in Bunnell’s subjects, and now student researchers are performing data analysis, matching the results to the case histories of the Romanian children.

Bunnell hopes her initial research will serve as the first step in continued cooperation—and advanced study—between the Romanian orphans and Parfitt’s class. The first time she visited the “failure-to-thrive” ward, she was overcome with feelings of guilt and became stressed, herself, because she realized she was another person entering the orphans’ lives, only to leave. “But then I realized, ‘You can’t fix everybody, but you can make a difference [for the future],’” Bunnell says. “I hope my research does this.”—MJ

Mice, says Parfitt, have an innate advantage over other populations of research animals because they are inbred, unlike rats, which are outbred (interbred with unrelated individuals). Thus, discrete mouse populations are genetically similar, allowing researchers to study the impact of environmental factors without inbred, unlike rats, which are outbred (interbred with unrelated individuals). Thus, discrete mouse populations are genetically similar, allowing researchers to study the impact of environmental factors without having to factor in the messy complications of significant genetic variability.

To begin, the researchers had to create the stress that would elevate the hormone levels in the pups. Parfitt started by raising three groups of mice: three distinct family lines of mothers and their juvenile male offspring. After birth, each litter was assigned to one of three groups: (1) mothers and pups never removed from the home cage; (2) mother and pups removed from the home cage for 10 minutes a day and separated, and (3) mother and pups removed from the home cage for three hours a day and separated. The separations began one day after birth and continued for 10 days before the initial experiment ended. Then the pups were left to grow to adulthood, which takes about 60 days.

Once the mice had reached adulthood, the experiment continued. Does a mouse, having been subjected to stress as an infant, exhibit more signs of fearfulness and anxiety when stressed as an adult? And does the mother’s stress response to separation spill over to the baby, exacerbating the situation for both mother and child?

To help answer those questions, Parfitt built two mazes: an elevated plus maze and an elevated zero maze. As the names suggest, both are elevated off the ground. One has a circular runway, and the other is shaped like a cross. Both mazes had enclosed sections that afforded the mice a feeling of security, but to see...
what was going on, they had to take a chance and emerge from hiding.

“We wanted to measure the time it takes for the mouse to emerge from the tube,” says Parfitt. “We were setting up a conflict between its natural curiosity and its fearfulness. Interestingly, what we found was that the animals that had been separated from their mothers for 10 minutes a day emerged from the tube far more quickly than either the maternal-separated animals or the never-separated animals. A little bit of stress seemed to cause less fearfulness and more boldness than either a lot of stress or no stress at all.”

Question number two involved hard science: Did mice subjected to stress as adults have elevated levels of the stress hormone corticosterone in the blood, and if so could the levels be quantified?

To stress the adult mice, the researchers subjected some to very loud noises and drove remote-controlled cars through the cage of others. Some of the mice were killed at regular intervals (up to 90 minutes after they were subjected to stress), their blood was drawn, and their brains were immediately wrapped in foil and frozen to minus 80 degrees. Blood samples were checked for evidence of elevated hormone levels, and whisper-thin brain tissues were mounted on slides and tested for neuronal activation from the hypothalamus.

In the end, of course, all this work is not about mice but about understanding children and the toll taken when they are separated from their mothers at an early age. For several years now, Middlebury has been part of a multifaceted, multifunded effort to improve the lives of the Romanian orphans who were institutionalized in that impoverished former communist state. Outside of this effort, foster care does not exist in Romania, and the researchers hope to show that this option is a viable form of care and preferable form of care in Romania.

The research also is aimed at determining what, if any, measures can be taken to remedy the damage done after the fact: at what point does intervention no longer have an effect? Is this a literal race against the clock?

One key player in this project has been the Humana Foundation, the philanthropic arm of the health-care giant, Humana Inc. Betty Ashbury Jones, M.A. ’86, the wife of the foundation’s CEO, is a member of Middlebury College’s Board of Trustees, and it is through her efforts that Middlebury and Yale students have made site visits to Romanian orphanages in recent years.

In January 2003, for example, a group of Middlebury students, working under Parfitt, participated in the Bucharest Early Intervention Program as part of their January term study. The students reported back on subjects as diverse as prenatal nutrition, the causes and prevention of head banging in young children, and the role of touch in enriching the lives of children in orphanages. Their efforts were summarized in a report entitled, “From Neurons to Tutova: A Collection of Papers for the Benefit of the Children of Dr. Nicolaescu Hospital.”

“We spent a week on campus teaching them what we know about early brain development before we headed out,” Parfitt recalls. “The goal of going to Romania was to put the research in context. We wanted them to apply what they learned in the classroom to the human condition.”

Many of the 13 students who took part in that January term class have gone on to further study in the field of neuroscience. Kate Stamper, a June graduate, is spending the summer at Vanderbilt University engaged in brain research. Sarah Bunnell ’04, another course participant, returned to Romania this past January to implement a study she designed: saliva samples collected from institutionalized children are tested for excessive hormone secretions.

Much of that work has been supported by the MacArthur Foundation, funder of the aforementioned research network, which has posed several questions in the project synopsis that strike at the heart of Parfitt’s research:

■ “What are the brain changes that occur during the first few years of life that may influence the specific behavioral outcomes observed in children raised in orphanages?

■ “How do the experiences a child has during this time period influence the development of these brain changes?

■ “To what degree can early abnormalities be remediated by more favorable care-giving environments?

■ “Is there a specific time period during which intervention is most effective? Is there a time period after which intervention is less likely to be effective?”

“All the indicators are that the accumulation of chronic stress hormones can have damaging effects on the brain,” explains Parfitt. “We’ve studied Romanian children adopted by Canadian families who continue to have learning deficits and hormonal secretions eight years later.

“But with mice, we’ve seen that the replacement of certain normal maternal behaviors, like licking and grooming the pups with a paintbrush dipped in warm water, seems to alleviate the behavioral problems in adulthood. We’ve also seen that environmental enrichment, introducing toys and playthings into the mice’s environment, can help reverse the effects.

“The $64 million question is this: Can we do something to reverse the effects after the fact? It seems clear to us that the first fix for children should be environmental enhancement. What we’re trying to do here is to put science to the service of public policy to help officials make intelligent public-policy decisions.”
FREE FALLIN’
Most financial analysts get their biggest charge by following the markets. Not Melanie Curtis ’00 (far left). Photograph by Joel Riesel
Chutes and Ladders
Melanie Curtis '00 is climbing to the top in the world of competitive skydiving.

BY DICK ANDERSON

Melanie Curtis '00 simply cannot hit her target. In between jumps on a recent Sunday afternoon, Curtis watches videotape with her Elsinore Adrenaline teammates, critiquing formations and eating a banana, while gearing up for the next jump. She aims the peel toward a garbage pail maybe nine feet away. And after two successful jumps and two successive bananas, she hits the rim with each peel. Splat. "I miss that shot every time," Curtis admits with a smile.

In the world of competitive four-way formation skydiving, however, it's not where you finish, but how you start: The instant you exit the aircraft, two miles above the earth's surface, the next 35 seconds are all that matter. Last October, Curtis's team, Elsinore Adrenaline, broke a tie score in the 10th and deciding round of the 2003 U.S. National Skydiving Championships in Lake Wales, Florida, to win the silver medal in the advanced four-way competition by a single point on the final jump.

"It was a fairy-tale team experience," says Curtis, a second-year competitor and the most junior member of the squad, by a good 1,000 jumps. "Just being on Elsinore Adrenaline put me in this upper echelon of skydivers. I had to step up to the plate, and I made it happen."

Short of the gold, it would seem there's nowhere to go but down, so to speak—but as Curtis sees it, the sky's the limit. "I want to be one of the recognizable forces in competition," says Curtis, who works weekdays as an analyst with Credit Suisse First Boston, in Los Angeles. "I'm a teammate. I'm a competitor. I'm an instructor. Right now my life is the best it's ever been."

Roughly 60 miles east of Los Angeles, 45-year-old Skydive Elsinore is the longest-running skydiving operation in North America. The atmosphere is laid-back but competitive, with a loudspeaker right out of M*A*S*H and bathroom-wall humor that speculates about the traveling speed of excrement: "terminal velocity."

Every weekend, it rains parachutes all day long, with two Super Otter jump planes making 20-minute runs, carrying veteran skydivers and newbies to 11,000 feet, before emptying each passenger load. For the next 50 seconds—known as freefall—the average diver is hurtling downward at a speed of 120 mph.

"Exit is the best part of skydiving to me," says Curtis, a self-professed freefall addict.
“At the start of a four-way, I’m standing outside the plane, and I’m looking down at the ground. I don’t know how to tell you how that feels.”

Growing up in Watertown, New York, she was exposed to skydiving at an early age because her pilot father (who lived in central New York) owned a small drop zone. “I was never pressured to jump,” says Curtis, a natural athlete.

1,400 jumps to date—more than 1,100 of them since moving to California in 2002.

Although the skies were dark over Middlebury when she made her initial campus visit, she chose the College over Colgate and St. Lawrence, and it was “the best thing that ever happened to me.” She made two or three drops at a site in nearby Addison, but during her year

flight west. After two years in the New York office of Credit Suisse First Boston, she was offered a transfer to Los Angeles, and she all but, well, jumped at the offer. Even before arriving, she traded e-mails with John Hamilton, a world champion in four-way and the owner of Skydive Elsinore. She was determined to get on another team that year, even if it meant maxing

and Curtis (point) recruited veteran jumpers Jim Browning (tail) and Jon Martens (rear center) to be their teammates. With videographer Shane Rex, the team’s fifth member, the new Elsinore Adrenaline started training in mid-February and will meet about two weekends a month between now and nationals.

Formation skydiving is as much science as it is sport, requiring repetition, muscle memory, and the ability to coordinate simultaneously with three partners. It also really helps if you like each other. “You spend so much time together, you’ve got to be friends,” says Curtis. “There are only so many people who are this passionate.” Sometimes that passion leads to romance: Curtis started dating Ascione (a professor at DeVry University in Phoenix) after the season concluded.

Between team training and teaching, Curtis has a full calendar until winter. Not that she’s complaining—although she wishes more people understood her lifestyle.

“People think we have a death wish,” she says. “It’s more dangerous to drive on the 15 Freeway at 85 miles an hour than to skydive. A little education might change the whole outlook on the sport.”

Just don’t expect Hollywood to offer any primers on the subject. The opening freefall in Point Break (1991), starring Keanu Reeves, lasts four minutes. “All skydivers make fun of skydiving movies,” she says. And then it’s off to the wind tunnel for more training.

Curtis has notched more than

of study abroad—at James Cook University in northern Queensland, Australia—her mania for skydiving accelerated rapidly. She made her first trip to the closest drop zone on her second weekend abroad: “Within two weekends I had my license,” says Curtis, who lived on canned beans and spaghetti to afford the jumps she was making. While in Australia, she logged 60 jumps, including a record skydive for northern Queensland.

After graduating from Middlebury with a degree in economics, she lived in New York City for two years. She checked out the nearby drop zones and did her share of jumps, but she was dissatisfied with her progress. “I wanted to be good,” she says, “and four-way was a great adventure.”

Fate played a hand in her

out her credit cards.

“John loved my enthusiasm and hooked me up with some people,” says Curtis. She ended up jumping with a four-way group at Perris Valley Skydiving—site of the 2004 U.S. National Skydiving Championships in October—but the atmosphere didn’t suit her. “I am all about the love,” says Curtis, who carried her rig—with its lime, orange, red, and peach-colored chute—over to Elsinore the following season, where she found a new team—and a silver medal. Can Elsinore Adrenaline repeat this fall? Not entirely, because Adrenaline is a different team now. Founding members Hamilton and Lou Ascione departed to anchor other four-somes as player-coaches. After an extensive audition process, cofounder Tammi Rettig (front center)
Mommy Dearest

Justin Haythe '95 weaves a gripping and emotional tale in his debut novel.

BY REGAN EBERHART

If you stand too close to a pointillist painting, all you see are dots, but when you step back, the overall picture emerges. Justin Haythe '95 appears to have created the literary equivalent of a pointillist canvas in his first novel, The Honeymoon (Atlantic Monthly Press, 2004). He layers detail upon detail that, taken together, form a complex, nuanced story.

The story is told by 21-year-old Gordon Garraty, an American photographer living with his new wife, Annie, in London. His short marriage is dissolving at the same time that his mother, Maureen (he always calls her Maureen), is dying of cancer. As Gordon takes stock of his life, his observations spill backwards to his childhood, which was spent traveling around Europe with his mother. Seldom does he interpret events or filter them through the context of his emotions. He functions more as a camera would, capturing the image of each moment and letting the reader determine its meaning. The singular mystery of the book is the nature of Gordon and Maureen's relationship.

A sensuous, strong-willed peripatetic, used to commanding attention and getting her way, Maureen travels incessantly to compile information for her life's work—an art guide to the most "beautiful things in the world." Her book is in a perpetual state of creation, and Gordon doubts that she'll ever finish it: "Her discipline never matched her enthusiasm. She would discuss her book as if it were a living thing... without having done any serious writing for several months."

For years, Gordon was her companion as she toured museums, churches, and other repositories of art. They seldom stayed in one location long enough for him to finish the school year or to make friends. It is easy to see why Gordon comes across as a blank page, more of an observer than actor in his own life, since he grew up in the constant company of such a domineering parent.

One of the first things Gordon does on his own, at the age of 19, is fall in love with Annie and capture her affection. Quite inexplicably they get married after knowing each other only a short while. When Maureen and her new Swiss fiancé take Gordon and Annie to Venice for a delayed honeymoon, the relationships among the four travelers begin to fray. For Maureen there's deep frustration in being with people who don't meet her standards; for Gordon, there's a tongue-tied anguish in watching events unfold that he is incapable of dealing with effectively. The trip climaxes in one moment of selfish cruelty, which Maureen dishes out and Gordon tries helplessly to explain away, and the honeymoon comes to an abrupt end. The reader is left wondering why Gordon couldn't have acted to save his marriage.

Author Justin Haythe is also a screenwriter. His film The Clearing, starring Robert Redford, Willem Dafoe, and Helen Mirren, was released in early July, and he was named one of Variety's top-10 new screenwriters. Haythe's film background is apparent in the novel's visual richness. Every detail seems camera ready: A mood setter—"A fan rotated, ruffling and re-ruffling papers on the desks"; a character study—"He pointed with..."
both index fingers at the gondolas and grinned like a schoolboy who had suggested something rude”; a makeup treatment—“She wore tinted glasses. Her face had begun to slip, a small ridge of gathered flesh ran the length of her jawline.”

While Haythe describes the “dots” of Gordon’s life, the picture these dots create is left to the reader to decipher. Like a good painting, it has innumerable interpretations.

Peter Decker

Peter Decker ’57, a historian and rancher, owns land in Colorado that was once part of the vast Ute nation. While repairing a fence one day, he found an arrowhead where an Indian had fashioned tools more than a century ago. Wanting to know more about the people who had preceded him, Decker went looking for answers about what happened to them. His new book, The Utes Must Go (Fulcrum Publishing, 2004), is a fascinating, well-researched account of how Anglo society removed the Ute tribes from Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming in the late 1800s.

Quoting from letters, newspapers, military records, and government documents of the day, Decker describes the blatant racism with which American society regarded Indians. He also provides insight into many of the people who settled the West and created and enforced Indian policy—newspaper magnate Horace Greeley, journalist and Indian agent Nathan Meeker, Colorado Governor Frederik Pitkin, Interior Secretary Carl Schurz, and others.

Because Anglo society believed it had a “manifest destiny” to conquer the continent, there were few qualms about taking the Indians’ land—especially since the “savages” didn’t put their land to constructive use, i.e., for farming or mining. Decker shows how the Ute tribes gradually lost their freedom as they lost their land and became more dependent on the government for sustenance. This was a planned dependence—to break them down and to create an environment in which they could be brought “out of savagery into citizenship.” “Civilization” was one of the more benign threats the Utes faced, however, since newspapers and community leaders, including the governor of Colorado, campaigned actively for their “extermination.”

Although the Ute tribes had lived as hunter-gatherers in the Western landscape for centuries, it took the United States less than three decades to seize most of their historical homeland and relegate them to less desirable areas in Utah.

As the atrocities of our current era indicate, the tendency to dehumanize and despoil entire groups of people is all too common. Decker’s research and his unsentimental narration bring the drama of the Utes to poignant life and force us to take note of our own dishonorable history.

<p>| Night Table |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What’s on Justin Haythe’s night table?</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Rose Garden by Maeve Brennan</td>
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<td>Revolutionary Road by Richard Yates</td>
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<td>War is a Force that Gives Us Meaning by Chris Hedges</td>
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<td>Literary Occasions: Essays by V. S. Naipaul</td>
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<th>Children’s Corner</th>
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<td>This summer, younger children who are enthralled with vehicles will enjoy new board books written by Peter Mandel ’79. Boats on the River and Planes at the Airport (Scholastic, 2004, with illustrations by Edward Miller) are bright and bold with rhyming text that describes a plethora of water and air craft. There are slow boats, sail boats, tugboats, planes with lights, planes with mail, planes dropping sky divers, and more…. Children learning their ABCs will find fun examples, from alfalfa to zucchini, in a board book by Woody Jackson ’70, A Cow’s Alfalfa-Bet (Houghton Mifflin Co., 2003). The book contains 26 of Jackson’s trademark colorful illustrations of cows that even adult readers delight in…. For children interested in bugs, Eliza and the Dragonfly (Dawn Publications, 2004) by Susie Caldwell Rinehart ’93 is a thoughtful tale of a girl who becomes entranced by a dragonfly nymph and watches it develop over time in a pond. As the nymph transforms, Eliza develops respect for this creature that she had earlier greeted with “Eeeewwww.” The dreamlike illustrations by Anisa Claire Hovemann lend a sense of wonder to the story.</td>
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<th>Recently Published</th>
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<tr>
<td>Fifty Places to Fly Fish Before You Die (Stewart, Tabori &amp; Chang, 2004) by Chris Santella ’85</td>
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<td>Going to Bend (Doubleday Books, 2004) by Diane Coplin Hammond ’77</td>
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Summer greetings to 1928 classmates! I am so pleased to read this time Helen Revere Hatch writes from Venice, Fla. “I thought you would like to be up to date on our cruise, but before writing about that I attended a reception for Middlebury graduates at the University Club in Sarasota, Fla. It was so good to see so many Midd people in our area. President McCord was so warm and pleasant.” Helen had a chance to meet him and tell him how much she appreciated her Middlebury education. She was surprised to be photographed with him. (See photo in spring issue.) This has happened at every class reunion luncheon. We are delighted that she could represent us in our 75th Reunion year. She and Steve left soon after the reception to cruise the Panama Canal, the first time for him, on 1915 to 1990.

The Class Secretary writes from the University Club in Sarasota, Fla. It was her family’s first visit, on the Rotterdam of the Holland American Lines. She confesses to claustrophobic moments in an otherwise enjoyable trip. “As the generations glue,” indeed, Diana Davis Smith, Emily Lobdell Smith’s daughter-in-law, writes to us from Lakewood, Colo., to tell us of the arrival of Diana’s first granddaughter, Phineas Cooper Smith, on March 3, 2003. Emily’s grandson, Sam Smith ‘88, was there to welcome his nephew. This is a world-traveling, excellent-skiing family, fitting descendents of an excellent-skiing family, fitting descendents of the WAA Archery Club, and was involved in various facilities. Recently she seems to be improving and astounding everyone with her strength. As her family puts it: “At 4 feet 10 inches and 93 pounds—her little, but her mighty!”

Spring arrived on schedule, but the weather in this area stubbornly ignores that fact. I have sent numerous notes to our classmates for news, which they have likewise ignored. The activities that now fill our time would be of interest to our classmates. Since my grandson is staying with me, I have learned a lot about protein cells. He spends long hours on experiments, trying to bring about the desired results, but even failing tests can often shed light on the problem. I am still trying to find out how failure can bring about success.

The class reunion in Vermont this year “was made easier to take and Canada included an international New Year’s cruise to the Caribbean. Walt Brooker wrote that the cruise had been the coldest night ever recorded on the Old Chapel steps, where the big thermometer registered below zero. We learned the next day that it had been the coldest night ever recorded on the East Coast. Walt Brooker wrote that the Vermont winter this year was made easier to take by Middlebury’s hockey program. He was proud to see a critical goal in the championship game by the grandson of our classmate, Dud Phinney. Doris Downing Daley is another hockey fan who didn’t let the upstate New York winter keep her from traveling about with her hockey-star grandson. Their trips around the Northeast and Canada included an international New Year’s tournament in Ottawa. Also a bridge player, Doris participates with three different groups. She was looking forward to another summer visit to Cape Cod. News of the March 17 death of Loring
Anne Kilbride Long has moved into a retirement residence in Ontario, where she finds life very comfortable. Her three sons and their families live nearby so that she continues to enjoy many family gatherings. Her new address is The Kennington, Ste. 425, 25 Lakeshore Road W., Oakville, Ontario, Canada L6K 1C6.

Ken Jackman, who lives in Monterey, Calif., has a retirement that is anything but dull. One of his hobbies is digital photography, and Ken thoroughly enjoys using a program called Adobe Photo Shop. He also works out in a gym two hours every day. One of his sons lives in Buffalo, N.Y., the other in San Leandro, Calif. His daughter lives in Berkeley, Calif., with her cardiologist husband and their two adopted children.

Eugene Steirns and wife Betty live in NYC. They have five children, 13 grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. One of their children and family lives in Montclair, N.J., while the others are in Seattle, Palo Alto, Santa Barbara, and San Diego. This means that their travels these days are to the West Coast. Their next trip west will be in July to attend the wedding of a granddaughter.

Our sympathy is also extended to the family of Maxine Jolly McClung, who passed away on December 29. A memorial appeared in the spring issue. Maxine’s niece, Diane Jolly Cason, wrote that her aunt “remained especially fond of her years at Middlebury, and spoke frequently about her 60th Reunion. It was one of her last memorable experiences before the symptoms of Alzheimer’s Disease kept her confined.” Maxine received a master’s from Midd in 1948. During her undergraduate years, she was on the dean’s list and was active in the Mountain Club, and the French and German clubs.

Our good wishes go out to class members who are in hospitals and care centers. Susan Hathaway Hopper is a resident at the Arbors in Shelburne, VT, close to her two sons. She can be reached through daughter Ginny Hopper Hoverman ’69 and son-in-law Jim Hoverman ’69 (102 Chipman Park, Middletown, VT 05753). Fan mail comes from Alice Crosby Loonan, who credits the class notes with “keeping our class in touch with one another.” Thank you, Alice! She reports “having retirement and old age enjoyable, except for the arthritis part.” Bill Heinz, now settled in his new digs in Bennington, VT, passes along greetings to old friends. Ever optimistic, Elizabeth MacArthur notes that she tries to “stay useful to someone by doing volunteer work in a high school library.”

The resident in Wisconsin kept Barbara Gregory Hopkins indoors a lot, but her town escaped most of the big storms that hit the area. Barb reports that all of her “workable parts are doing their best, so what more can we ask?” She was planning a trip to Virginia in the spring with daughter Jenny to visit son John. “A note from Phil Brown writes: “A three-week bout with pneumonia in January, but am fully recovered. Now I’m busy with this business of getting older!”

If you’ve ever questioned the value of your gifts to Middlebury, listen to the current recipient of the Class of 1937 Scholarship Fund: “It was great to know that someone appreciates and recognizes my hard work as well as my goals and dreams to someday educate America’s children.” College policy prevents us from identifying her by name, but we can report that she is a sophomore, majoring in Spanish, with a special interest in elementary education. She plans to pursue further studies in Washington, D.C., and Mexico and eventually to attend the Bread Loaf School of English.

Dorothy Korb Carter writes: “I was unable to make our 65th Reunion or the Gordie Perine Golf Tournament that I played in several years with Winnie Duffield Taylor and our daughters. What a great time we had each year! I’m trying to cope with the aging aches and pains and realize I don’t have much to complain about.” She looks forward to reading our column in each issue of the magazine.

—Class Secretary: Mrs. Charles M. Hall (Margaret Leslie), 510 Wake Robin Dr., Shelburne, VT 05482.

Elinor Wieland Cairns will travel from Florida to visit her daughter in Pennsylvania, and they will drive up together to Reunion. Elinor is still involved with her work with the Masons, although she is no longer secretary after 18 years in that position. Boyd Carr and his wife are doing well, and they will also be at Reunion. Elinor enjoys living in her condo in Newport, VT. She hopes to make it to Reunion.

Virginia Orde Church is still enjoying her lovely home in rural N.H. Ginny and her husband will travel to Maine for Reunion this summer. Beverly Browning Gilbert hopes to drive herself to Reunion. Dev enjoys living at Wake Robin in Shelburne, VT where “there is lots going on.” Bev is fortunate to have a son and daughter living close by. Edward Grosenbeck lives in Pittsford, VT, “just down the road from Middlebury. He and his wife will make day trips to Reunion. Kenneth (‘Porky’) and Doris Kefker ’39 Kinsey live at 2001 Goparilla Rd., Lot 23, Placko, F 33946. They have made arrangements to visit family in Vermont, and will be attending our Reunion. Louise Roberts Avery is doing well and planning to attend Reunion. Louise has three grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. The one girl in the bunch is now studying in Montana. H. Duncan Rollason’s daughter, Betsy, is a big help with all the difficulties involved with his macular degeneration.

She may drive him to Middlebury for the Reunion. Norm Smith has sold his boat, but still frequents the boatyard to check on the latest news. Norm is contending with macular degeneration and cannot drive. His son lives near him and helps out when needed. Norm loves a telephone chat, so why not call him at 860-536-1667. We regret to report the death of Eleanor Jeschke Jacques. The sympathy of the class is extended to her family. William Stoop’s wife has passed away. We all extend our sympathy to you, Bill. William Heck fell and broke his femur. The doctor says that Bill has the best bones he’s seen in a man Bill’s age. He is mending well and will be dancing before long—but not in time for Reunion. Send him a get well card at 629 E. Bridge St., Cranbury, NJ 08548. Elizabeth Vaughan Myers has moved to a retirement home at 113 Chipola Ave., Apt. 911, Deland, FL 32720. A group of friends were already residents when Betty moved in, so it feels like home. Her phone number remains the same. Although happy and well in Denver, Madaline Uhl Prior is not up to the long trip to Reunion. Madaline has four children, three in Colorado and one in Las Vegas. She has two granddaughters and five great-grandchildren, the latest of whom is only six weeks old. Thor and Carol Miner Gustafson’s granddaughter, Sarah, a student at Yale, spent her junior year in Madrid. Neither she nor any of the family with whom she stayed were involved with the terrorist bombing, but she wrote home a vivid account of that awful day. Carol and Thor were looking forward to our June Reunion. They were really surprised at the number of people who hope to make it! They had kind words for their class secretaries: “What a great job you do contacting so many in the class. Just want to say how much we appreciate all you have done for our class—you have held us together and it looks like it will be a great get-together.”
Kay Oldham Parker is well situated in a Seattle retirement community, near two daughters and their families. Her third daughter still lives in Juneau, Alaska, where Kay and Lauris lived for more than 50 years. Lauris died a year ago. Kay has kept in touch with freshwater neighbors in Newecorn. Peg Williams Rhodes recalls recalling her last two years at Midd with Carol. Peg has someone with her full time and her three sons are all a great help to her. Her sister, Jean Williams Schoch ’45, takes her out to eat occasionally. Babs Warren Loftus is also comfortable in her retirement community. Her daughter, Lila, lives in Albuquerque to San Antonio, Texas, due to her husband’s work transfer. Babs has granddaughters living in Madison and Minnesota; her granddaughter is stationed at Ft. Benning, Ga. Sara Martinis Townsend has a daughter living nearby and an attorney son in Manchester. A few years ago, Ira ’42 and daughter Patricia built an ultra-lite plane, which they take out when the ground is dry enough. Sally often goes up with Pat. Who says 80-year-olds are slowing down? After a Florida winter, Harriet Hull Boland was returning to Connecticut for the summer. Due to deteriorating vision, Rink Conklin ’42 has not driven in years. But he and June Perry Conklin ’42 still enjoy daily walks. Jean Connor has two poems in the spring issue of Hunger Mountain, the Vermont College Journal of Arts and Letters. As a celebration of National Poetry Month in April, Jean charmed a favorite poem program at Wake Robin. Caught up with Merritt Garland just as he returned from his cabin. There was still quite a lot of snow up there, but too much bare ground for skiing. He claims to be “slowly deteriorating.” So what’s new at this age? We extend our deepest sympathy to Elsa Norgaard Collen, whose husband Paul died in January. We’re happy that Elsa has the support of her loving family nearby. Ed and Peg Waller Glazier anticipated attending their grandson’s graduation from the Univ. of N.C. in early May. Their daughters live in Pennsylvania; their son is establishing wind turbine firms in Texas. Daughter Lydia is moving from New Hampshire to Middlebury for our next reunion. Granknau and June Perry Conklin ’42 enjoyed the third annual celebration of National Poetry Month in April. Jean chaired a favorite event, is hoping she can find some way to get from New Hampshire to Middlebury for our next reunion. Jean concludes that “2004 has got to be better.” I think that a lot of us feel the same way. Phil and Betty Blanchard Robinson were somewhat hibernating this winter, with lots of snow and cold in Syracuse. Plans are in force for a couple of weeks in New Harbor, Maine, with hope to meet with Joan and Chuck Beach while there. As usual, Jack and Nancy Randlitzus Bates are always in touch with classmates, so a phone call to them brings in news. On April 4, they both sounded good on the phone. They are still at their cabin in Tryon, N.C., close to several of their children, who manage to keep an eye out for them. As we spoke, they were waiting for son Michael to pick them up and take them out to dinner. Like most of us, they are staying close to home these days. They reported that Bill and Moe Bascom were making a move in Southington, Conn., to a more sheltered living situation. They say that Nina Camnati Danielson may also be making a similar move. Don’t forget that class news gets here only if you send it to us, so send us a note or e-mail, or give us a call to chat. Let’s keep in touch.

—Class Secretaries: Ruth Packard Jones (Mrs. Charles), 4106 Wake Robin Dr., Shellyrne, VT 05482; and Roger M. Griffin (rgiff@vermont.net), 35 Skyline Dr., Essex Junction, VT 05452.

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Secretary Gale reports: Still generating electricity with his home equipment, Roger East has notes that the summer output was about twice that of this past winter. Roger and Barbara visited Mandy Sanborn Kriebel at Kendal assisted living in Hanover this winter. Jim is able to get to their Lake Willoughby cottage when one of their children is there to help. Dick and Lee Van Leuven in Westerly (Hehn West Burbank) reports that in late March all four of their children arrived to surprise Jack on his 85th birthday. He had another surprise party from his bike group. Barbara Grow Grim and Bill are “walking more slowly and sleeping later.” With the end of winter weather, they say they are happy that they have moved to West Burbank. Jack and Betty Wollington Ovens each have two daughters and several grandchildren; she has two great-grands. With winter over, she was getting out to walk the dog again. They had a lovely family Christmas celebration at their home.

—Class Secretaries: Ruth Packard Jones (Mrs. Charles), 4106 Wake Robin Dr., Shellburne, VT 05482; and Roger M. Griffin (rgiff@vermont.net), 35 Skyline Dr., Essex Junction, VT 05452.
trip in 2002 to his ancestral home area in Tuscany; he also visited the Riviera. This winter, he spent six weeks in Naples, Fla., with his sister, who was a great help now that macular degeneration is limiting his driving. He was in Stowe, Vt., for much of last summer. Francisco has three grandchildren in San Francisco, two in Wellesley, and two in Manhattan. He says that Stowe is the only place where they can get them all together. * In December 2003, Paul Liehr suffered leg fractures requiring a full-length leg cast for two months. As of late March, he was getting about with a walker. He sounded in good spirits and appreciated the wonderful weather in northern California this winter. * Al Jefs died on February 8, after a long illness, evidence of which was apparent at the 55th Reunion. His wife, Katherine, passed away on December 11, 2003. With Al around in the chemistry labs, there was usually a good deal of banter going on, especially between Al and fellow New Yorker Keith Cralker. Al had a wonderful dry sense of humor; that and his gruff voice will be missed. * Page Ufford and Doris are in a retirement facility in Coatesville, Pa. Due to her multiple sclerosis, Doris is in the nursing section, but she gets about in a wheelchair and Page for dinner. She takes care of their shopping, walks frequently, and uses the fitness equipment to keep in shape. He expected to get to their summer home on Lake Champlain for a few days at a time. * Secretary Silliman reports: In late March, Cutler and I drove to Cape Cod to visit family and to deliver materials about Venice to Jan Hooker Laine, who took a May garden tour to Venice and the surrounding islands. Jan landed in the hospital after Christmas, but recovered under the watchful eye of nurse-practitioner daughter Julie. When not gardening, Jan is involved in a music class and a book club. * Carolyn Oehlerder DePodwin no longer sells real estate herself, but she goes to her office weekly. She is involved in a music class and a book club. When not gardening, Jan landed in the hospital after Christmas, but recovered under the watchful eye of nurse-practitioner daughter Julie. When not gardening, Jan is involved in a music class and a book club. * Dorothy Brown Clark sends “best wishes to you all for our 60th Reunion. I will be thinking of you as you return to Midd for the occasion. Jim ‘43 has had some health problems this year, but is doing well. We continue to enjoy life at Evergreen Woods Retirement Community. Jim is treasurer of the Country Store at EW I lead a water aerobics class in our beautiful pool three times a week and also serve on the marketing committee. Stop in and I’ll give you a tour!” * Nancy Read and Ricki Wheaton Evans joined Bill and Ingrid Monk Stevenson to celebrate the 60th wedding anniversary at Stevenson this spring. * A note from Jean Milligan tells us of the deaths of Helen Beardslee Johnstone on March 2. While Helen had been ill for many years, Jean had often visited her for a chat, a cup of tea, and to play a game. Ever devoted to Middletown, Helen designed and made the Class of 1944 alumni banner that hung in the Chapel at our 50th Reunion. She also helped edit the class history for our 50th. * We are also sorry to report the deaths of three other classmates: Phyllis Rutan Boucher on January 16, Alice Sperry McMechan on February 4, and Norma Mercereau on February 19. Our condolences to their families. We shall miss them. * By the time you receive this issue, our 60th Reunion will be a memory. If you were able to return, we hope you were glad you came. If you were not there, we missed you and hope we will get more news from all of you, present or not. * Secretary Walter reports: I took two short but satisfying trips (both were blustery and cold, one in near-blizzard conditions). We were there to visit two grandchildren. At the Great Lakes Recreational Station, my youngest son’s son, Lyne, was among 750 Navy seamen graduating after 12 weeks indoctrination.
war to a culture of peace. We are saddened to report the death of Marilyn Arey McGeehan on March 10 in Stuart, Fla. A popular member of our class, Breezie was also one of our most active members with respect to traveling and with involvement in volunteer activities. A gathering of friends on March 18 to mourn.

Mary Caswell Jones joined the ranks of great-grandparents in late December with the arrival of Ellen Gertrude Ingalls (daughter of Mary's grandson, Jamie Ingalls). Cas also becomes the mother of great-grandparents, which is nothing to dwell upon very long. Violet Schnyder Jarrell has moved to a new location in Peabody, Mass. Alice Wilson has been doing her fund-raising for Middlebury. Charlie was a social worker until six years ago when she retired. She stays active through her church and helping needy families through the soup kitchen. Her daughter and family recently surprised her with a gift trip to Jamaica, which they all enjoyed together. She shared the sad news that Nancy Finley Garrett, who was badly injured last year in a car accident, died on March 9. Muriel Mack Lampaert attended her memorial service. The sympathy of the class is extended to all of Nancy's family and friends.

Johnny Perdue "Johnny" has been doing his fund-raising for Meals on Wheels. He lives in a three-level retirement village. Her daughter and family recently surprised her with a trip to Jamaica, which they all enjoyed together. She shared the sad news that Nancy Finley Garrett, who was badly injured last year in a car accident, died on March 9. Muriel Mack Lampaert attended her memorial service. The sympathy of the class is extended to all of Nancy's family and friends.

John Dickey Helasline celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on March 8.

Dorothy Donilla Willard, of Orleans, Vt., writes of attending the Midd Alumni Association gathering at the Vermont State House in December '03, when she met the surprising Midd freshman who won the Jeopardy College Bowl. Dotrice is much involved with the national Words for Thirds program, with a goal of supplying a dictionary to every Vermont third grader.

Carol Parkinson '47 says she "finally 'bit the bullet' and moved back to Sun City Hilton Head. Don't miss the New Jersey" together with another beautiful setting.

Leaving her Burlington, Vt., home of 52 years, Connie Smith Carpenter and John have relocated to Shelburne, Vt. Lois Brigham Selnau and Robert Neubauer have moved to a retirement community (Piper Shores, Unit K-10, 315 Piper Rd., Scarborough, ME 04074) in Maine, where she has a magnificent view of the ocean from her cozy apartment. She is near her daughter and family, and sees Piper Shores resident Mary Williams Brackett '36, a Middlebury trustee emerita.

Gloria Antonini Keyser reports a February move to a retirement community (Piper Shores, Unit K-10, 315 Piper Rd., Scarborough, ME 04074) in Maine, where she has a magnificent view of the ocean from her cozy apartment. She is near her daughter and family, and sees Piper Shores resident Mary Williams Brackett '36, a Middlebury trustee emerita. "Mary Caswell Jones joined the ranks of great-grandparents in late December with the arrival of Ellen Gertrude Ingalls (daughter of Mary's grandson, Jamie Ingalls). Cas also becomes the mother of great-grandparents, which is nothing to dwell upon very long. Violet Schnyder Jarrell has moved to a new location in Peabody, Mass. Alice Wilson has been doing her fund-raising for Middlebury. Charlie was a social worker until six years ago when she retired. She stays active through her church and helping needy families through the soup kitchen. Her daughter and family recently surprised her with a gift trip to Jamaica, which they all enjoyed together. She shared the sad news that Nancy Finley Garrett, who was badly injured last year in a car accident, died on March 9. Muriel Mack Lampaert attended her memorial service. The sympathy of the class is extended to all of Nancy's family and friends.

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The hairstyles are a bit different, the uniforms sleeker, and the younger guys of the 2003 squad insist they are a touch more athletic than their counterparts were in 1954, but one constant remains 50 years after the men’s soccer program took root at Middlebury: excellence on the pitch. Since its inaugural undefeated season in the fall of 1954, the soccer program has emerged over the past half century as one of New England’s elite squads.

Legions of soccer standouts will return to the College next October for a celebration of 50 years of Middlebury soccer. Festivities are planned for the weekend of October 8–10; that’s Inauguration and Homecoming weekend. For further information, please contact the Alumni and Parent Programs Office at 802-443-3169.

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Secretary Burdett reports: Clearly the Class of ’50 is intent on preserving mind and body. Irv and Kathy Pell Meeker were in South Carolina for a few months this winter. In addition to playing golf and tennis, they have renewed their interest in music. Kathy is taking piano lessons and participates in a monthly group where everyone from her teacher to relative novices plays a piece; a wonderful, welcoming experience. Kathy wishes she could have spent more time at Midd studying the arts, even though it was fun playing the games of her departmental major, mathematics. Irv played the flute in high school and decided to pick it up again in retirement. With a teacher in Maine and another in South Carolina, he keeps at it year round.

Both Meekers dedicate time toward conservation, children, health and education, and maritime history. They had recently talked with Jane and Allan Dragone, who were at their vacation home near Vero Beach, Fla., where Al plays lots of golf. They were busy with family and friends, fleeing the cold northern weather.

Rod Lawrence and his wife, Kathy, live in Hanover, N.H., where she is curator of academic programming at Dartmouth. We regret to report the death of Eugene W. Robinson on December 18, 2003, of Phyllis Brown Gavaghan on January 7, 2004; of William H. Greene on December 26, 2003. Condolences are extended to their families. Two students benefited from the Class of 1949 Scholarship Fund this past year. One graduated in May, after completing coursework in Japanese and history. The other just completed his first year at Middlebury, where he is interested in pursuing neuroscience or psychology.

—Class Secretary: Patricia Allen Guthrie, PO. Box 1809, Wolfeboro, NH 03894.

And from Meg Fohring German: ‘Cicero, born near Rome in 106 B.C., wrote his treatise ‘On Old Age’ when he was 63. He emphasized that ‘by internal resources of happiness the closing period may be rendered not only supportable but comfortable.’ Cicero argues that for any real pleasures the person of advanced age may lose, many others ‘more refined and elevated can take their place.’ We are now well beyond Cicero’s 63 years. I, for one, find it difficult to confront the reality of being of ‘advanced age,’ because life here is still busy and full of wonder. I appreciate more each year the ‘door opened’ by the Middlebury College education; it has enabled me truly to enjoy and appreciate the adventures I’ve had. My husband James’s life in human genetics has taken us to live in Japan, Taiwan, and Egypt, and to visit almost every country in Europe. We have the good fortune to enjoy good health and to live in NYC, having available a wealth of stimulating lectures, music, and art. My life has been enriched by learning a little about a lot of things. If I were asked what I would have done differently, I would answer that I would have become an authority on one of them. But, which one?’ The recipient of financial aid from the Class of 1950 Scholarship Fund for the past academic year was graduating this spring with majors in international studies and English. For her junior year, she was at La Universidad de La Rioja in Logroño, Spain. On campus, she was active in the Mountain Club and Wonnacott Commons. This fund was established at our 30th Reunion in 1980. As of June 30, 2003, its market value was $65,244.

We report with sadness several deaths in our class. The sympathy of the class is extended to the families of O. Andrews Ferguson (died October 29), Jean Simmons Arnold (died January 5), Tom Frioli (died February 2), and Norman R. Bates (died February 20).

—Class Secretaries: Margaret Stearns Burdett (blbluebird@juno.net), PO. Box 103, 5 Upper Bay Rd., Swanton, NH 03782; and Walter Peterson (wpeterson6259@comcast.com), 11301 Heron Bay Blvd., #2916, Coral Springs, FL 33076.
Sally Stone Edmondson is thoroughly enjoying her retirement. One of her new pleasures is being able to take classes at the Retired Persons Institute connected with Temple Univ. and the Univ. of Pa. in Philadelphia, where Sally is living. When we talked in March, she looked forward to a mini-reunion with Joan Hunter Kent and Bonnie Graham Baird, who were coming with their husbands for a visit at the end of the month—which by coincidence happened to be Sally’s birthday! As a member of the Rutgers Board of Guardians, Anne Moreau Thomas was looking forward to presenting college diplomas to two of her grandchildren, Dale and Thomas Langley, at their graduation from Rutgers in June. (Dale and Thomas are the offspring of Catherine Thomas Langley ’75.) Anne has fond memories of a special family trip to Germany and France to hear the Rutgers Glee Club sing. Anne said that the beauty of their singing in Notre Dame Cathedral was unforgettable. Still living in Flemington, N.J., Anne enjoys a change of pace periodically by going to her house in Cape Cod. Chicago alumni enjoyed a couple Middlebury events in spring. President McCartney spoke to a large gathering of Middlebury alumni and parents in downtown Chicago in March. People came early and stayed late. "This is the kind of event that reminds me of the community we were a part of during our time at Middlebury," said Midd prof. Don Wyatt. Wyatt gave a tour and presented a lecture on the stunning exhibit, "Splendors of China’s Forbidden City," at Chicago’s Field Museum. As you know, our class established a scholarship fund for undergraduates years ago, and today it assists the College in achieving its policy of providing financial aid to students in need. This past year some 39 percent of the undergraduates received some amount of aid. The average grant for a first-year student was $24,000. Each year the financial aid people select one man and one woman to receive aid from our fund. During the ’03-’04 year, recipients were a senior man majoring in political science and a first-year woman, who expects to major in English and/or languages. Both of these young people have expressed their appreciation for the aid they received from the 1951 Scholarship Fund. Anyone may contribute to this fund, with thanks from the College and us.

—Class Secretaries: Charlotte Clark Hay (Mrs. David W.) (chay22@auburn.net), 4434 Shady Ct., Rolling Meadows, IL 60008; and Robert DeLaney (wooded@together.net), 1311 River Rd., New Haven, VT 05472.

Roberts Rust was expecting a delegation of visiting teachers from Taiwan when she wrote. She teaches English and writing to children and adults of Chinese background and other cultures. She is also the educational adviser for the Chinese American Abacus Project and uses the abacus as a tool for teaching math skills. Living near her two sons, an engineer and a teacher, Jean recently installed a swimming pool and reports that she had been in the water often since early February. Congratulations to Peter and Ruth Eldridge Race on their 50th anniversary last September. Ruth is celebrating her birthday on a wonderful Elderhostel in Switzerland. They traveled by train from Lucerne to Locarno, spending their actual anniversary in St. Moritz. Carol Holmes Phillips reported that she and John were headed for an Elderhostel hiking trip in Sweden in June. Joe and Nancy Harrison Bowe moved to a ranch style home in Hamden, Conn., in June, after almost 40 years in their former home. Both are very active in the Unitarian Society of New Haven, just up the road. Nancy reports that “granddaughter Kate (15) won a silver medal in breaststroke at the Special Olympics in Dublin in June.” As we reported in our hard-working class notes last spring, Hildreth Rand reminded me to remind everyone of the importance of annual giving, even though we are in a non-reunion year. The work of the College goes on every year. Alice and husband Peter recently returned from a boat float down the Amazon, catching piranhas, seeing wonderful bird life, and visiting some native villages in the lowland Peruvian jungle. They are delighted to be new grandparents to a Korean girl (8 mos.), who has been adopted by son Peter ’87 and his wife, Melanie Crabtree Rand ’90. We extend our deepest sympathy to Peg Lewis West on the loss of her husband, Sandy, last December. He suffered a second heart attack following surgery. Secretary Davis reports: Barbara Cumminskey Villet kindly wrote a tribute for Bert Rathburn, who died on January 9, 2004: “You may remember Bert as a star football and hockey player at Middlebury, but what came later was more revealing. Bert made a career in Army Intelligence as an NCO in the OSS, spanning 27 years and many of the world’s hot spots. Despite an initial immersion in Russian at the Presidio, he began his intelligence tours in Korea, before being sent to a Cold War post in Berlin, where he married. Next was Pleiku in Vietnam, followed by a secret tour in Thailand, then starts teaching intelligence work in the U.S. The family returned to Germany at the end of the Cold War. Bert ended his career as a civilian instructor in intelligence-gathering methods at several U.S. Army posts, before retiring to Derry, N.H., in the 1980s." We send the condolences of the class to his wife, Erika, and the family. Representing our class at Bert’s memorial service on January 13 were Steve Baker, John Roy, Bill Trask, and Barbara Villet.

In February 2004, the Harvard Crimson carried a special article on the contributions Dee Rowe has made to the Univ. of Conn. and the State of Connecticut. Dee has had some health problems recently, but is now back at work part time. She must have been enjoying UCConn’s success in the NCAA Final Four. One small excerpt from the article: “There must be somebody who comparts himself with more dignity than Donald ‘Dee’ Rowe. There must be somebody who serves as a better ambassador for us all and for his state university. We haven’t found that man.” When Dr. Bob Martin wrote this spring, he said they were about to sell their West Hartford house and move to the Shore (Niantic, Conn.). “We have added on to the barn in South Londonderry, Vt., so we will have more room for the nine grandchildren (all girls) and their friends. I still look back fondly on our 50th Reunion. It was wonderful to see all of you and classmates.” Looking forward to our 55th, Bill Trask is “helping Joe and Jeanne make it a fun event. Ideas for activities gratefully accepted.”

—Class Secretaries: Jeannie Parker Cahill, 10 Old Planters Rd, Beverly, MA 01915; and Joe Davis (joesen@alum.net), P.O. Box 3, The Ridge, Oxford, NH 03777.

Susan Taylor, of Urbana, Ill., represented Middlebury College at the April 17 inauguration of Axel Steuer as the 13th president of Illinois College. We were sorry to learn that Martha Ladd Alger’s husband of 50 years died on April 17, 2003. Martha writes that two of their daughters and two grandchildren live nearby in Ithaca. Daughter Lisa ’84 and four grandchildren live in Colorado, Martha regretted missing reunion. Jan Luytjes was also sorry to have missed reunion. He reports that “I recently retired, after 52 years with more than 25,000 undergraduate and graduate students!” He is enjoying his tennis and golf, and traveling abroad.

Anne Schafer Edwards writes that she “recently met Sarah Pettibone Dabney and family in NYC for a gala evening, the world premiere of Hester Prynne at Death, a Stephen Paulus chamber opera, with libretto by Terry Quinn. Sarah’s daughter, Elizabeth Dabney, a stunning young woman and compelling soprano, sang as Hester Prynne. The music and performance were superb and applause demanded five curtain calls. Home again to March weather on Cape Cod, 54 degrees one morning this past week. The next Spring due sometime late in May? Microscope and foraminifera to sort await, as does my grandson (3) who calls to ‘play’ every afternoon. It’s all fun!”

Sandy Bing wins in NYC and summers in Montana. Retired, he says he’s now engaged in fly-fishing, woodworking, and nonprofits. He and wife Cynthia have three daughters and a son.

—Class Secretaries: Verne Goodrich (rygoody@alum .com), 4410 Columbus Dr, Val, CO 81657; and Ann Golding Davis (senseivyalum.net), P.O. Box 3, The Ridge, Oxford, NH 03777.

REUNION CLASS

Secretary Ryan reports: I received a clipping from Norm Kittel in Oregon, and didn’t lose it immediately; it took me a few days. I called him to ask for a copy and had a delightful conversation. He has remained very active in civic affairs, and now chairs the Oregon Youth Conservation Corps Committee, a group that oversees the Youth Conservation Corps, established by the state legislature in 1987 and modeled after the one established by President Roosevelt during the 1930s. They now have at least one crew in every Oregon county during the summer, and partner with some 20 agencies including nonprofits, school districts, and some 1,000 youth participants. Norm’s experience teaching criminal justice at St. Cloud Univ in Minnesota, his interest in the environment, and active volunteer role in the community enable him to bring great insight and stability to the Oregon Youth Conservation Corps.

Norm travels a lot, having recently been through Hungary, Bulgaria, and along the magnificent Croatian coast, where they spent a week in Dubrovnik. Another extended trip took them to South America, where they spent time in
Argentina, Chile, and at Easter Island. All of this, while Norm has been suffering for some years with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. * I placed a call to Walt and Nancy Wilson Rule in Ouray, Colo. The phone rang and rang and the recording said, "If you're looking for "Mecals on wheels" or the 'Transportation for Seniors' or Nancy and Walt Rule, this is the place. Leave your message." Walt picked up and told me that Nancy was running a friend's day care center for the week. Ouray, Walt reports, is changing from a small rural town to more of a vacation type center. With a winter population of 800, it expands to more than 3,000 in the summer and fall. As it becomes more gentrified, the new residents are less likely to participate in volunteer activities than those who have lived there in the past. And more change is coming, as Texans and Californians find that life can be a lot more pleasant elsewhere. * I really enjoyed visiting with both Norm and Walt. Both the Kittels and the Rules are working hard to make substantial differences in their communities. So keep those cards and letters coming and, like the Kittels and the Rules, stay busy and stay connected! It's good for all of us and for our communities. * Secretary Nickerson reports I talked recently to BJ Brown Underwood, who is selling her Newport, R.I., house and fixing up the family home in Lancaster, Pa. BJ is very involved in historic preservation and tourism. * Last summer I recognized Iris (formerly Patti) Lodhrop Miller in Maine, as she and her husband were waiting for the ferry to take them to their summer home on beautiful Monhegan Island. We only had time for a very brief chat, but I learned that Iris is writing poetry, has done readings, and has had a few poems published. * By the time you read this, the BIG 50 will be just memories. We'll have a rehash in the fall column. —Class Secretaries: Mr. Robert B. Nickerson (Nancy Whittenberg, nancy@nickersons.org), Og Styeg Lu, Mystic; CT 06355; and Mr. Thomas C. Ryan, (tm@taol.com) 3 Knipp Rd., Houston, TX 77024.

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Secretaries Houghton reports: Many classmates are anticipating our independent mini-reunion at Barh and Dick Catlin's Adirondack camp, Timberline, this September. As of this writing, we have a full camp, but there may be a cancellation or two, so e-mail dick@timberlock.com for details if you're interested. * Si Marchand is talking up the soccer reunion this fall. It all started about 50 years ago, I believe, as a club with one ball and one hand pump. Si has been biking to Adirondack camps along with Phyllis, who is probably still running Princeton, N.J. * Ann Case Holt says she is on her second or third career, but will be retired again by reunion time. * Norm Crowder continues to roam the world, training actuaries in eastern Europe and central Asia. * Helga Neune Whitcomb is getting a new hip installed soon. She expects to be in top shape for our 50th. Daughter Katharine, a poet and prof. at Johnson State Univ., was one of 13 Vermont poets honored at Burlington's Fletcher Free Library Town Meeting poetry reading. "An incredible experience," Helga reported. * Bob Santomenna is "Of Counsel" to his law firm (meaning almost retired). * Hull Maynard is rebuilding from the fire that destroyed their Rutland B&B. It should be ready soon. * Marjorie Robbins, in Middlebury, reports excellent health and says she has "no symptoms that I can depend on." * John Chase has his ranch in St. Helena, Calif., and "I'm living the dream" while belonging to Marin as soon as the right buyer shows up. * Excitement for Sandy and Hawley Jones consists of leisure living in Venice, Fl., and attending the strawberry festival in Plant City with Phil and Gail Knight Derrick. * Charlotte Duryea Host (Hartford, Conn.), has a studio and gallery in the Galt House, an indoor air purification systems company. Check it out on the Web. * Wendy Buehr Murphy is studying to be an EMT, so if you're in trouble in the great land of New Hampshire, "Many people can not believe that we gave up our life in Florida to retire here, but we love it. The community we're living in has people from many places in the country. It also has every activity you can imagine, so you can be as busy as you'd like or you can enjoy as much free time as you'd like. I've been fishing with a group that performs here, as well as in other areas of New Hampshire." * At Middlebury, Walter Mears delivered this year's Robert W. van der Vele '75 Memorial Lecture, "Forty Years of Presidential Campaigning." * Judy Phinney Stearns is still consulting for the same agency, which keeps her busy. Carol Hawkins Rowe is teaching computer skills as a volunteer at a senior center. * Kathy Platt '57 Potier is the advance guard on admissions for a new Carnegie Mellon University campus opening in September in Doha, Qatar on the Arabian Gulf. * Jane Affleck says she's still splitting her time, with winter in Hawaii and summer on Cape Cod: "Golf, tennis, and bridge (duplicate and kitchen) keep me out of trouble. It's a lot more interesting on the Cape than another activity. I'm in the books at both locations. Please give me a call, wherever." * See you of you in the fall! —Class Secretaries: William F. Houghton (wudllh@ad.com), 16940 Knolls Way, Chagrin Falls, OH 44023; and Mona Meyers Wheatley (wheatley@umts.net), 32 Hummock Pond Rd., PO. Box 534, Nantucket, MA 02584-3038.

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If you want to keep up with Dru Cortell Gensler, you'll need an atlas and an airplane, plus plenty of time on your hands. Stamina, as you'll see, also helps. Dru has just completed the second of her two five-year terms on the Middlebury Board of Trustees. She sums it up this way: "I feel so privileged to have shared a truly amazing and inspiring, dare I say 'historic,' time of progress under gifted leadership" It's ending with the oldest of her nane grandchildren, granddaughter Aaron Hudson Gensler, heading for New York. Dru and husband Art are literally "racing around the world," as she puts it, as Art shepherds the nation's largest architectural firm (26 offices and some 1,800 employees). Items on her agenda: reunion with Cornell pals at Cabo; Chicago in mid-April for the Gensler board meeting to Middlebury for her last board meeting to the Morrstown, N.J., office for the Gensler board meeting to London on a Gensler business; to St. Petersburg and Copenhagen; a Lahore barge trip with friends in France; and some time at their Rancho Santa Fe home in August. In the fall, she hopes to see Diana Austin Varlay in D.C. Whew! * Peter and Suzanne Lewis '58 Read have made two visits to New Zealand: "If you haven't been, GO! Kiwis are the friendliest and the scenery is New Zealand plus Alps plus oceans." * Last October, "after weeks of should-we or should-we-not-dos discussions," Priscilla Noble Grundy and Alexandra Post Koontz went to China. Xanie reports: "One of many unforgettable events was the ship passage into the huge lock at the Great Dam on the Yangtze River, made more memorable by a most unexpected clarinet rendition of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," followed by "Don't Fence Me In," played by an elderly American passenger to the delight of the people standing awe on the top deck." —Class Secretaries: Mary Ellen Bushnell (bushnell@mit.edu), PO. Box 504, Peterborough, MA 03458; Sam Morton (sammort@uol.com), Rt. 1, Box 786, Roseland, VA 22967); and S. Wyman Rolph (s.rolph@comast.net), 2329 Park Ave., Richmond, VA 23220.

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Rich Miner reports that "the 50th year of our matriculation at Midd is also the 50th anniversary of the first soccer team. We were the first undefeated team in any sport since 1936! I have been working with Frank Punderson '55, current coach Dave Saward, and Hugh Marlowe '57 in the alumni office to bring back as many players from the last 50 years as possible. And also all of the coaches! Soccer has grown dramatically, from the "walk-ons" of our era to a national Division III powerhouse. The anniversary will be celebrated on October 8-10 (homecoming) with a short ceremony, short alumn i game, varsity game with the '60s, following the game in the Lawson Lounge, and a dinner at BreadLoaf, catered by the Dog Team. I hope
everyone in our class who played will be able to return. —George Devine announces that he retired February 11, 2004, but adds: “We’ll see how long it will last. Youngest son and family have moved to the Orlando area. Get to see grandparents more often. JeKe is back and forth to Helsinki for Nokia.” —Peter Honegger represented Middlebury for the inauguration of Paul LeBlanc as the fifth president at Southern New Hampshire Univ. —Wiz (Mary Loomis Simms) and husband Gordy send greetings to classmates and friends, as well as congratulations to President McDardell. “We walked the campus last spring and viewed the trees in front of Mead Chapel that were saplings just a short time ago. May we all keep the sap flowing and keep branching out.” —Class Secretaries: Stephanie Eaton (stephanie.eaton@big.state.nh.us), 243 Pleasant St., Littleton, NH 03561; Joseph E. Mohrer (joseph@aoal.com), 551 Pacific St., Brooklyn, NY 11217; and Ann Omebre Frobos (frobos@afl.gov), 2370 Meadowlark Dr., Pleasanton, CA 94566.

59 REUNION CLASS Lee Lonsdale Schaffer reports that “all seems well in the South.” Retired husband still teaching economics at Georgia Tech; son Sam still teaching U.S. history and coaching at Georgia Tech (while in grad school). I’m still judging figure skating and decompressing from putting on the 2004 U.S. Figure Skating Championships here in Atlanta in January.” Unfortunately, Lee won’t make reunion, because she’ll be traveling. —Reporting in from Culebra, PR: Peter Watson says “life is good on this little island. I build furniture and kitchens for custom homes.” Bill Husey and Steve Turner’s letters have awakened me from my Rip Van Winkle snore.” He sends his best to all classmates. —Hester Lewis has retired from law and social work, but now she’s “up to my ears in volunteering for AIDS International programs. Anybody want to host a foreign exchange student? Evenings will be devoted to canvassing for Kerry!” —Retiring from Boise State Univ. last spring after 33 years, Charles Davis was named Honors Teacher of the Year and English Teacher of the Year. While Charlie is serving as president of Boise Contemporary Theater, he’s also playing more tennis, planning a greenhouse, visiting grandchildren, and welcoming visitors. —Now semi-retired, Ed Oster is in sales at Radio Shack for fun. He and wife Judy (McKay ’62) have been married for 44 years and have six grandchildren (7-14). —Our 45th Reunion will be over when you read this. Hope you were there! —Class Secretaries: Nancy McKnight Smith (nmsmck@chicago.net), PO Box 349, Prince Frederick, MD 20678; and Don Woodward (dewoody13@hotmail.com), 32 Merritt Rd., South Glens Falls, NY 12803.

60 Joe Bujold, who continues his work with Harvest Board, skis at Stowe as often as possible. Lee manages the households in Maine and Vermont and looks after their two cats and two dogs. She celebrated her 60th birthday last summer by hosting, along with two friends, a Senior Prom complete with buffet and organized a prom for their grandkids. Bob and Betsy Gilley Goode have moved to a townhouse condo in Winchester, with a garage and someone else to shovel snow and mow the lawn. They volunteer at the Museum of Science and Saugus Ironworks, plays with a recorder group, and is property chair for her church. After a tough headache last June, she had surgery to correct an aneurysm in her head. — Linda Farr MacGregor finds it great to have David Laramie and Bill Freeman just on the other side of the mountain in Rumford, Maine. Last fall the MacGregors and the Frenches had lunch and an entire afternoon of memories with Roy and Betsy Comstock Vontobel. —Loey Boom Hill spends her vacations in Boothbay Harbor. She traveled the British Isles last fall, and goes to Rochester frequently to visit her mother. During winter in the Berkshires, she was redecorating the house, taking courses, and looking for new volunteer activities. —Deborah Wetmore’s third grandchild (first girl), Winter Anna Heaton, was born during a blizzard in Boston. Oldest grand, Andrew (3), spends Wednesdays with Deborah. She looks forward to teaching him to ski. —Peter Schiller reports he’s winding down in venture capital, but not retired yet. In March, he and Betty closed on a second home in Waybridge. Built in 1990, it’s a reproduction of the Warham Williams house built in Northford, Conn., in 1750. They’re learning how to care for the asparagus, grapes, blueberries, raspberries, and apples the former owner lovingly cultivated. Pieter is on the advisory board of a venture capital fund in Middlebury. Fresh Tracks of Capital, helping to find and support growing businesses. —Dotty Cattelle is the 2004 board president of the Habitat for Humanity affiliate in Maine. Last summer she spent two weeks in England and Scotland. She and Pieter are touring with her church choir. In December the choir sang (from memory) the Christmas portion of the Messiah with a chamber orchestra from the Portland Symphony. Ginger Kinghorn Work visited with Dotty over Thanksgiving. Ginger and Bert live in Maine in the summer and Puerto Rico in the winter. —In November, Pat Knox Davies played, with some fairly good results, in the USTA National Senior Women’s Intersectional Team Championships in Naples, Fla., as a member of the New England team. This team competition involved the best women players in the country from all 14 USTA sections. —Sally Giguerre Giglio had an interesting year. In March ’03 she tore her ACL skiing in Tahoe. Resigned to a summer on crutches, they couldn’t get refunds for airline tickets to Italy, so they went. Sally limped around Rome, Tuscany, Umbria, and Isola del Giglio, where they were minor celebrities. None of the islands 2,000 inhabitants have that name. Last summer she and Dick also managed five weeks of sailing, with Sal climbing up the ladder from frequent swims. —Last July, Helen Smith Fowle-Weider-Chipman and hubby Dave met up with Dave’s mountains-climbing buddy, Phil, and his wife for 10 days of camping in two little tents in the heart of the French Alps. Then on to Chamounix for another four. Beautiful mountain scenery and beautiful flows of water. —Retired surgeon James Salmon is now the preacher at a small rural Methodist Church, where making apple butter is the major fund-raiser to provide heat in the winter. —Louisa Potts Salmon sold 90 pints! Last summer Louisa and family traveled North up the Lawrence River and visited Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Quebec City, and Bar Harbor. A hurricane kept them from visiting Halifax. At home in Erie, Pa., they continue with farming. Meals on Wheels, teaching, tennis, bridge, and church committees. —Last October, Bob and Judy Neese Woods toured Sicily to see whether Hemingway was right when he said that it was the most beautiful place on Earth. Bob always wanted to see the Greek temples he studied at Princeton and to visit Syracuse where the Peloponnesian War ended. Judy has written a book about the Normans, who had a great effect on Sicily’s history, and wants to see their monuments. —Joyce and Bob Millett had an eventful 2003, including the purchase of a condo in Wauakee, Wis., a transcontinental train trip, a bike tour of the San Juan Islands, and the sale of two houses that had been built for their respective parents in New Jersey. After their fourth summer at their Algoma house on Lake Michigan, they migrated to their new winter home, a duplex ranch unit overlooking the golf course in a club community. —In Milwaukee, John Emory and son John Jr. own and run a thriving combination business—valuation and merger-and-acquisition business. Wife Mary remains “a happy professional volunteer” and daughter Elizabeth ’91 is a Milwaukee actuary. —Dad ’59 and Nona Lyons Livingston have two of their three children living near them in Big Sky, Mont., which is great fun. They do a lot of rafting trips in the summer, as well as fishing and biking. The winter is strictly skiing. —Short notes from your cards: Don and Polly Selly Meltzer enjoy doing 10-kilometer walks all around the country. —Ken Maguire says he is almost retired, but never wants to be completely. He promises to send more news. Your class secretary is still waiting! —Fletcher Manley has finally retired from full-time work at the Smithsonian Potomac. He pursues other endeavors. —Anne DeSola Paust, happily retired for four years from social work administration, is now doing lots of volunteer work, including service as assistant treasurer of her Unitarian Fellowship. —Alda and Gerry Barrington recently acquired a French Bull Dog, Beau. They found out that Beau was actually an import from Russia—he has a belly tattoo to prove it. Alda suspects he may be a spy. Their daughter said they not only have to potty train the puppy, but they have to teach him English. —Remember to send Jean Seeler a postcard from your vacation or travels. —Class Secretaries: Jean Seeler (jeandaiv@ mindspring.com), 1529 Steeple Ct., Trinity, FL 34655; Dick Wilkinson (nwodnfope@aoal.com), 992 Sherwood Forest Rd., Annapolis, MD 21401; and Jan Fisher Barstad (jeandaiv@msn.com), 2107 S. Ventura Dr., Tempe, AZ 85282.

Jean Eisenhart ’61 was looking forward to spring “because the goats are bred and we are nearly out of firewood.”

Sandy Anderson Bolton reports having a wonderful time in Aspen with Will ’51 and Carolyn Bennett Jackson and Jane and Tim Moore. Sandy is “looking forward to next year’s Mid ski trip to
teaching Spanish at the Univ. of Minn. for a year or two. This is his 30th year! While continuing to teach, he reports that “tennis, golf, grandchildren, and staying warm are my hobbies.” Heidi Holloway Storer was sorry to say “I’m in the midst of moving 1.5 miles, keeping same street address. Would still love company!” Steve and Linda Bueh 65 Brown were planning to make it to our 40th. “By the time you read this, the reunion will be over and here’s hoping there are a lot of happy memories. Send them along for a future Alumni Background.”

—Class Secretary: John Vechiolla (jvechiola@ junio.com), 193 Byun Rd., Greenwch, CT 06830.

65 Secretary Tall reports: Peter Branch and John Jawstoski each made frequent trips up to Middlebury throughout the winter to watch the men’s hockey team progress toward its sixth NCAA championship. Together with your class secretary, they were not disappointed. It was a remarkable season.

David Cook and wife Marcia, who still live in Concord, Mass., have six grandkids. David took early retirement in late 2002, and he’s busy record- ing audio books, coaching baseball, and doing marketing for the PGA and Champions Golf Tours. About a year ago, he was a semifinalist for the Fenway Park PA announcers job, which would have been a match made in baseball heaven.”

His consolation prize was announcing Tiger Woods at the Deutsche Bank Event. Their son Mike teaches math at the Antilles School in St. Thomas, where Ted Morse is the Dean.

Bruce Gunther is president of Lone Star Porsche Club of Houston, where he also enjoys gardening, golf, travel, and water sports. Plans for spring included a Danube River cruise from Bucharest to Germany with an Exxon retiree group.

As class agent, Ann Gruhn thanks all who contributed to this year’s annual giving. “Barbara and Joe McLaughlin are in Philadelphia; they have two sons and one daughter. Joe is the new assistant dean for external and governmental affairs at Temple University’s College of Liberal Arts. He’s also an associate at the Institute for Policy Research and Urban Affairs and an adjunct assistant professor in political science. He has been a senior adviser to Pennsylvania’s Governor Ed Rendell. Prior to that he was a lobbyist for 19 years with S. R. Wojdak and Associates.

Tim Griggs is living in Seattle/cramps Spring City, Ga., with wife Christine, two horses, dog, and cat. “I’m supporting our addiction to an active outdoor lifestyle by selling real estate with Mason and Morse Real Estate.” It’s hard to believe that our 40th Reunion is a year away. Please mark your calendar for the weekend of June 3-5, 2005. If you haven’t been back in a while, we can promise that you will not be disappointed. Yes, the physical plant has changed; the cast of characters, to include a new president, will be different. But we think you’ll find it a relaxing, inclusive weekend. So give it a try. We want to see you, gray (or no) hair and all!

—Class Secretaries: Polly Moore Voltes, (mos. Kenneth, polly@fri.com), 100 Grandview Ave., Fort Collins, CO 80521; and R. W. "T" Tall Jr. (ottomich@together.net), 204 Clark Rd., Cornwall, VT 05753.

66 You may have seen the memorial for David Rothschild in the winter issue of this magazine. His wife, Linda, writes that David managed “an extraordinary rich and happy life, while undergoing 10 years of treatments for colon cancer.” Linda says that David’s many Middlebury friends enriched his life and continue to enrich hers. I’m sure that David enriched the lives of those who knew him, as well, and we extend our condolences to Linda and their family.

Maggie Dunn has been busy since 1998, when she completed her Ph.D. from Yale in theoretical linguistics. She’s teaching English composition and applied English linguistics at Southern Connecticut State Univ. in New Haven. In 1998 she married William D. Stubbs, a retired historian, who is producing a small magazine about the lives and cultures of contemporary African Indians. They have Maggie’s estimator at home, a small house and a large cat, and a good life overall.”

Pam Williams Hettrick recently returned from a mission conference in Budapest, Hungary, where representatives from Western and Eastern Europe, as well as Africa, India, and Thailand were in attendance. She’s teaching ESL at Baltimore (Md.) City Community College. The students are in a Refugee Assistance Program, so they come from all parts of the globe. This spring she had students from Liberia, Cameroon, Congo, Eritrea, and Vietnam. Her geography classes with Professors Malstrom and Hlack have certainly been relevant in their towns and teaching sites. Pam also does part-time work in her church with Orphans First, a group that sends aid to people working with street children and orphans in destitute areas of the world.

Barrie Bell reports that she’s still living near Sonoma, Ariz., with “Perry Tribby, three dogs, and two horses.” Her son has been experiencing a drought period, but spring brought an amazing number of thunderstorms.

Sports psychologist Wayne Halliwell of McGill Univ. has been consulting with hockey teams, teaching them how to think differently. Wayne’s techniques, getting players conditioned to think like winners, were written up recently in the Boston Head. Donald Myers reports that he and Sue and son Brendan “had a great Christmas week in Paris, visiting Sue’s brother. It’s astounding how much French has survived, despite my dismal student performance. We’re still recovering from the loss of our eldest son to bone cancer; we do a lot of volunteer work with various cancer programs. I’m teaching geography as an adjunct at the local state university and community college. Keeps me busy and I’ll do it until I’m told I can’t. See you in ’06.”

—Class Secretary: Francine Clark Page (page@shdf.com), 19 Brigham Hill Ln., Essex Junction, VT 05452.

67 While you’re taking your summer vacation, don’t forget to send postcards and snapshots to share!

—Class Secretaries: Susan Davis Patterson (sdp@ alumni middletown.edu), 67 Robinson Plaza, Burlington, VT 05401; and Alex Taylor (alex_taylor@fortunemail.com), 40 E. 89th St., #49E, New York, NY 10128.

68 Shari Galligan Johnson is still teaching at Merrimack Valley High School in the Concord area of New Hampshire—including a course on the 1960s. As the chair of the humanities department, she observes that one benefit is that she now gets complaints from both directions, instead of just one.

Sam Levin reports all is well in the home appliance business, Blodgett Supply of South Burlington, VT. He and wife Pat are slowly but surely getting their sons married off with number two of three tying the knot during October of 2003.

Jeffrey Herre reports that he “retired in March, after 31 years with the CIA (not cooking). Who says some people don’t have stable careers?”

64 REUNION CLASS

Alice Talia Imbur reports that husband Don’s retirement has allowed them time to live on board their boat and to explore new areas of the world. Last year, they spent eight months sailing in the Bahama Islands and in the Mediterranean Sea, from Croatia to Madeira and the Canary Islands off Morocco. Rick Seybold thought he would be in Duluth Sun Valley that Harvey Gray is organizing. Son Andy and Michele have been in Paris for three years. Daughter Leslie has three children. The adventures continue.”

Jean Eisenhart writes: “Jack and I are well. We enjoyed the winter, including a sailing vacation in the Caribbean. Now looking forward to spring, because the goats are bred and we are nearly out of firewood.” Will Reger is serving Elkhorn River Parish, Nebraska, as interim minister. He reports they “have one UCC and three United Methodist churches.” Sharon Hostler has been named senior associate dean for the Univ. of Va. School of Medicine, with focus on faculty affairs, academic advancement, and five-year reviews of chairs. George Geckle taught a class, “Hamlet on Film,” during winter term 2004 at Middlebury. He has previously taught at the Univ. of Wisconsin-Madison (1965-1968) and the Univ. of S.C. (1968-2002). He retired from USC in July 2002, but still teaches English part time. 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.

Class Secretaries: Steve Compton (scscmpnt@ aol.com), 259 Hines Point, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568.

62 Karin (Kajsa) Eckelmeier is still loving retirement. Although husband Rowland “may no longer be doing fieldwork, we seem to be turning into tour guides for the North Cascades and Olympic Mountains in Washington. In July 2003 we had a fascinating two weeks in Iceland with Norwegian friends. Austere beauty, amazing geology, and ‘hot pots’ around every turn.” At home, Karin is “still gardening, reading, working part time at the Scandinavian gift shop in Menlo Park, and still singing in the Stanford Symphonic Chorus.”

Class Secretaries: Liza Duply Fischer (hfisch@nmsu.edu), 11630 Central Rd., Bath, ME 04888; Bill Dalsimer (dalsimer@epigonline.com), P.O. Box 2447, Southampton, NY 11969; and Judy Benworth Roisset (jbenworth@center.com), 11909 Arch Hill Dr., Austin, TX 78750.

63 Charles MacCormack was on campus in April to give a talk on “The Politics of Humanitarian Response after 9/11.” He is still the president, CEO, and a member of the board of directors of the Save the Children Federation. He’s a member of a number of committees and organizations, including the Council on Foreign Relations. He was also selected by the UN secretary general to participate in the founding of the United Nations University. After retiring from his allergy practice on December 31, 2003, Dr. Keith Megathlin and wife Bonnie moved to Florida. He reports they are enjoying life!

Class Secretaries: Christopher J. White (ambriest@ aol.com), 15 W. Cavalier Rd., Sotomayor, NY 14546; and Janet Bressow Allen-Spencer (janallen@att.net), 2 Arizona Pk., Huntington Station, NY 11746.
jazz/funk/fusion zealot. I got extremely lucky! Daniel could be into Megadeath or some such stupid band, but no, his heroes are Hendrix (who, calling himself) Jimmy James, played a KBD, karaoke dance a couple miles up route 125 in the spring of our sophomore year, two years before 'Are You Experienced?' was released,' Stevie Ray Vaughan, Derek Trucks of the Allman Brothers, and Leo Nocentelli of the Meters. For years now I've made a point of taking Daniel with me to hear as much music as possible, particularly old blues and rock & roll guys who won't be around that much longer. There's nothing like sitting next to my boy and watching him soak up B.B. King, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley for the first time. He's 11 years old and standing on the seat next to me watching Bob Dylan when he leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. About made me cry. I listen to music differently because of Daniel; he hears the music outside of social/political context, I hated Led Zeppelin because I 1) they shrieked and offered absolutely nothing new, 2) they were running margins making tons of money while Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, and the entire community of struggling blues artists were playing pure, sincere, soulful music for peanuts. There was no justice. I couldn't abide Lynyrd Skynyrd because they flew the Confederate flag onstage: Daniel just hears the music. Ah, kids and the entire community of struggling blues artists were playing pure, sincere, soulful music for peanuts. There was no justice. I couldn't abide Lynyrd Skynyrd because they flew the Confederate flag onstage: Daniel just hears the music. Ah, kids and the entire community of struggling blues artists were playing pure, sincere, soulful music for peanuts. There was no justice. I couldn't abide Lynyrd Skynyrd because they flew the Confederate flag onstage: Daniel just hears the music. Ah, kids and the entire community of struggling blues artists were playing pure, sincere, soulful music for peanuts. There was no justice. I couldn't abide Lynyrd Skynyrd because they flew the Confederate flag onstage: Daniel just hears the music. Ah, kids and the entire community of struggling blues artists were playing pure, sincere, soulful music for peanuts. There was no justice. I couldn't abide Lynyrd Skynyrd because they flew the Confederate flag onstage: Daniel just hears the music. Ah, kids and the entire community of struggling blues artists were playing pure, sincere, soulful music for peanuts. There was no justice. I couldn't abide Lynyrd Skynyrd because they flew the Confederate flag onstage: Daniel just hears the music. Ah, kids.
consultant here for 25 years. Outside work, I'm active in several conservation organizations. As coordinator for the Iowa Water Trail Association, I'm helping develop 3,000 miles of scenic river trails. Bee Ottinger taught a Mikhail J-term course and she and family were always interested in where I was and doing. I've been working with the Vermont Fuel Dealers Association since I quit smoking several years ago; but I bet I'll somehow get reconnected to the fly-fishing venue at some point. It is my avocation! My current position has opened up the doors behind the scenes in Montpequar, as my associate is not only the exec-VP of the Association, but also lobbying for many of the energy issues in Vermont. I've had a glimpse under the rug up there, and it's a whole new tenor of politics for me! I am thoroughly enjoying the public-eye experience and hope my closet keeps shut tight! And I'm also taking deep breaths of the single life and I am feeling free to indulge in myself a bit at long last. (Yes, somebody finally bought that gas station, Mary!) I look forward to hearing from anyone who comes within visiting distance. Just me and the dog (translation: extra bedroom). Jux Jeanne Finn Krug is a breeder/trainer of Hanoverian (German) horses. She claims being an obstetrician/gynecologist in a solitary practice in Davenport, Iowa. Son Jarrod (25) enjoys working on cars; son Evan (21) is in clinical psychology at the Univ. of Iowa; daughter Aubrey (19) is in veterinary medicine at Western Ill. Univ. Living on E. 4th St. in NYC, Ed Lord is still running the real estate investment business of Investcorp. Katherine (26) and Christopher (23) both graduated from Midd, but Charlotte (19) opted for Dartmouth and is thriving. I still travel a great deal to the Middle East, doing as much heli-skiing and bicycling as possible. Been vacationing in Italy, New Zealand, and Mexico. Called Ken Bergstrom recently in Vermont, out of the clear blue. No change there! Still charging on! Living in Falmouth, Maine, Sandra Neilly has been the executive director of the Maine Conservation School for three years. Sandy and husband John (director of L.L. Bean's Outdoor Discovery Schools) spend as much time as possible up on Moosehead Lake, where they've had a camp since 1980. Daughter Elizabeth, a high school senior, has been an EMT for two years and seems destined to be a doctor. Sandy recently hosted Peter Quinn and the entire high school basketball team he coaches. In December, Dichi got to go to one of those stunning Kansas sunsets. I ended up here under odd circumstances, never expected to stay, but now find that I call this land of warm hearts home. However, mine feels nice to be 'out of the closet,' so hope my closet keeps shut tight! And I'm also taking deep breaths of the single life and I am feeling free to indulge in myself a bit at long last. (Yes, somebody finally bought that gas station, Mary!) I look forward to hearing from anyone who comes within visiting distance. Just me and the dog (translation: extra bedroom).
on his way from his home in Massachusetts to do a shoot in Burlington. He and Sandy got together the night before Sandy had to leave. This was Sandy’s first trip back to Middlebury since graduation, so I was caught up in the first timer excitement around. Warren and I had a great winter and participated in the Canadian Ski Marathon, one of the highlights of our year. We were tapping our sugar maples the day Sandy was here and as of April 1 we had made five gallons of syrup.

In other news, Eugene Petermey has surfaced, at least temporarily, for the first time since graduation. Like Sandy Meldrum, Eugene has been in Zimbabwe, but at that time it was still Rhodesia and he was in the Army’s Special Air Service Regiment, trying to “hit” Robert Mugabe, who became president upon independence in 1980. Eugene characterizes his 30 years since Middlebury as “long periods of boredom punctuated by frantic activity.” He was in Soviet Afghanistan as a freelance photographer, joined the National Guard in the late ’80s, served as the Guard’s public affairs photographer at Ground Zero in September 2001. He went to Iraq as a National Guard public affairs sergeant and was embedded reporter Judith Miller on her “personal quest to find Saddam’s hidden trove of WMD,” keeping the readers of the Times and viewers of CNN on the edge of their seats with his incisive reporting.

He returned to Iraq last September as a security contractor in the Iraq Currency Exchange program and was based in Basra. He writes: “The Shia of southern Iraq are generally well-disposed towards the Coalition forces and everywhere we went, with few exceptions, we were warmly received. Having said that, I’m sure that by the end of the operation, the locals were as fed up with us as we were with being there. Iraq is a sad country and while we went there to find bombs, poison, and Islamic extremists, none of which were there, getting rid of Saddam Hussein was perhaps the greatest gift we could have given the Iraqi people.” Eugene has a one-year-old son living in Oregon, “my finest achievement to date,” and when he isn’t traveling in the world, Eugene lives in Chatham, NY, and can be reached at epg72@yahoo.com. We hope the rest of you made it to Middlebury. Greg and I looked forward to seeing you there.

The Rev. Richard Leavitt recently became the new senior pastor and teacher at the Congregational Church of Amherst. He had served at Grace Congregational United Church of Christ in Framingham since 1996. He has also served churches in Bexborugh, Mass., and Binghamton, N.Y. Dick and wife Deborah Adams Leavitt ’77 have two sons, Timothy ’06 and Andrew. Mary Ann Gustafson King recently became president of Moran & Company, a national apartment investment and brokerage firm. She runs the West Coast business from her office in Orange County, Calif. She’d love to hear from classmates in southern California. Richard Vogel has been appointed senior VP and general manager of Immersion Medical in Gardenhire, Md. Immersion Medical is a wholly owned subsidiary of Immersion Corp., a leading developer and licensor of touch-feedback technology. Kevin Donahue represented Middlebury at the inauguration of Fitchburg State College’s new president recently. We regret to report the death of J. Morgan Koppel on January 1. A memorial appeared in the spring issue.

—Class Secretaries: Roger King (rogerking@softwarespectrum.com), 4128 Camml Blvd., Dallas, TX 75225, and Page O’Connell McGuire (pagelo@comcast.net), 1134 Watertow Road, Beverly, MA 01912.

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Secretary Holmes reports. It has been reported that several of our classmates recently turned 50. How did THAT happen? Fortunately, there’s still a little life left in some of us. At a time when many ‘76ers have kids already out of college, Rachel Bulbulian has just become a new mom: “My hands are full with a little adopted cutie pie I just brought home from Armenia. I went over to Armenia on February 29 and returned with Ani Ezra on March 17. She is nine months old and just adorable, interesting, healthy, and all that good stuff. I feel so lucky.” When not changing diapers, Rachel is a psychotherapist in private practice and on the faculty of the Psychoanalytic Institute of New England, East, in Boston. Messages of congratulations can be sent to Uhrabelbululian@hotmail.com.

Chris Ryer is a partner in a Rural Venn practices law in Manhattan (“wills, surrogate’s court litigation; commercial litigation; transactional work”), commuting each day from Long Island. Wife Jeanne is a school nurse; their son is a student at Fairfield Univ. Gene reports: “Recently I had the pleasure of doing some work for my high school friend and Midd ‘87 alum, Tom Meagher. After Middlebury, I took a year off, proofreading, then went to law school with Tina Geiser at Brooklyn Law School, and then spent four years as a JAG in San Diego. Can you imagine someone addressing me as Lieutenant O’Neill? Carnival Kings do not admirals make. Returning to New York, I began my practice and moved to Long Island, where I have a nice plastic white fence, trees, and a deck. Weekends during the spring and fall, I ref soccer. Got a beard, no hair, still cute when I smile, and charming with a glass of cabernet.” Back in late 1998, Scott Pitz moved to Pittsburgh, Pa., from Medfield, Mass., to take a job with Mellon Equity Associates as a portfolio manager. “Imagine me (major in poli sci, minor in history) working as a quant manager with one of the oldest quant shops in the U.S. Still married to my wife of 20 years, Marjorie. As I always knew, it is my fate, beloved that it is, to live in a house full of women. I have three beautiful daughters, Beth, Kelly, and Sammi (9), each of them like a new facet of my soul revealed. The greatest pleasures in my life these days are skiing with my family, playing paddle tennis, bike riding, and connecting with people. Last finished the ‘hardest job you’ll ever love,’ senior warden of Fox Chapel Episcopal Church, and am now searching for my next way to contribute. Hope you are all well. Yo, Rick Goldstein, are you out there? Peace!”

Portland, Maine, attorney Scott Pitz is living in Cumberland with wife Mary and three daughters. He gets to enjoy the pleasures of Parents Weekend now from the other side, since daughter Elizabeth is a student at Middlebury. “Like her older man, until he read the tea leaves, she is a premed. She’s having a great time at the alma mater, but is quick to acknowledge the academic challenge.” In Laurel, Md., Ron Luman has been appointed head of the joint warfare analysis department at Johns Hopkins Univ. Applied Physics Laboratory. Prior to joining the joint warfare analysis department in 2000, he was in the strategic systems department for 21 years. He served a field assignment as the strategic missile sys-
The Activist

Stricken with leukemia, Peter Olsen '75 seeks to raise awareness for a procedure that could save countless lives—including his own.

By Mark Patinkin ’74, The Providence Journal

I wanted to ask what it’s like to fight this disease, but Peter Olsen ’75 had something he wanted to show me first.

He and his family live in the woods of South Kingstown, Rhode Island. We walked from the main house to a two-story garage he built himself.

“I thought you were a lawyer,” I said.

He is. General practice in nearby Wickford. But carpentry’s his love, and the garage is a big workshop.

“That’s a 20-inch bandsaw with a 5-horse motor,” said Olsen. “That’s a commercial drill press.”

The garage itself isn’t quite finished. It still needs things like insulation.

“It’s one of the things I want to get done,” said Olsen, “in case I go.”

He’s been unable to work on it lately. If he cut himself, there would be bleeding problems. Olsen has had bloody noses that forced him to go to the hospital.

Leukemia is like that.

He was diagnosed last January. He is 50 years old with a wife and three teenage kids.

We walked to the main house. He’s had an interesting career, starting as a public defender, but he’d rather tell me about the kitchen cabinets he built.

“Just so you get a sense of who I am,” he explained.

Much of his time is organized around fighting the illness. He spends a few days a week in Providence getting platelets, which help restore the body’s clotting ability.

The good side, he said, is that he has finally learned to work a computer. He’d resisted that before. Now, he brings a laptop to Miriam Hospital. Often, it’s a full eight-hour day.

Of course, it’s also hard, because you don’t know where you are.

The doctors tell Olsen he could go on like this for years, or things could turn suddenly worse.

The best answer would be a bone marrow transplant.

Can he get one?

That, he said, is the reason he wanted to talk.

Olsen’s disease is called acute myelogenous leukemia. He was told he had it on January 4. He’d been unusually exhausted on a family vacation, and felt he should get checked.

Three days later, they began chemotherapy. He had to stay in the hospital for six straight weeks. The chemotheran was designed to destroy the cancer cells in Olsen’s marrow, but it destroyed good cells, too, wiping out his immunity.

The next step was going to be a bone marrow transplant. He was told it had risks.

“What I’ve heard,” Olsen said, “is survival after five years is 42 percent. That’s better than Foxwoods [Casino], but still tough.”

Nevertheless, it was an easy choice. A transplant was his best chance. Even after no siblings or relatives matched, Olsen was confident of finding one since 85 percent of Caucasian patients are able to find a match in the bone marrow registry.

Last month, he was called by Dana Farber Cancer Institute in Boston, where the transplant would have been done—250 are performed there every year. They told Olsen they were unable to find a match.

“I just kind of sat for a while,” he said. “To be honest with you, my knees were kind of weak. It sent me into a few days of significant depression.” Olsen describes his lineage as that of a standard “European mutt” and can only guess one of his ancestors made him an unusual tissue-type for a marrow match.

So where is he now?

The odds, he said, are much worse. Doctors have told him that only 20 percent beat the disease with chemotherapy alone.

He asked if I could put in my column a request for people to become part of the registry. He said it only involves donating blood, unless you are found to be a match, at which point marrow is withdrawn from the hip.

He has helped organize a marrow donor drive himself, and counts 350 new donors that have stepped up in his name. Doreen Travers, head of the state’s marrow donor program, says that’s about a third of the amount of new local names they usually add in a year. “We’ve nicknamed him Hurricane Olsen,” she said.

He is aware there is little chance his efforts will yield a match for himself. It would be like winning the lottery, he said. But he hopes it’ll work for someone else with leukemia.

“Maybe I can repay what I’ve taken,” he said, mindful of all the blood he’s received.

Ten years ago, said Olsen, there were only about 10,000 names in the registry. Now, there are about 8 million. That’s why the chances of a match are up to 85 percent.

A lot of the reason, he said, is that people like him have pushed for more donors.

Leukemia, he said, tends to turn you into an activist.

I asked how his kids are doing.

“Pretty good,” said Olsen. “I look okay, I’m still the cranky old dad.”

Lately, he’s been spending a lot of time driving his kids here and there. “Now that dad’s home,” Olsen explained, “he’s a built-in taxi service.”

I asked what he planned to do the rest of the day.

See a friend for lunch, he said. Maybe walk on the beach. Work on his donor efforts.

He planned to spend time in his workshop too, thinking about all the things he’d like to build.

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Married in Skaneateles, N.Y., on July 5, 2003, Stacy Metcalf '94 and David Kanter celebrated with Midd friends (all '94 except as noted) Lesley Tomion, Lauren Singer Waite '74, Lauren Frohlich Cooper, Linda Carson Lovery '61, the newlyweds, Jenifer Foss Smyth, Jennifer St. Clair Waddell, Matt Waddell '95, Sarah Johnson, and Steve Reale.

The October 18, 2003, wedding of S. Kelly Box '00 and John Couch '99 took place in Denver, Colo. Midd friends joining the celebration included (front) Scott Dudley '99, Matt Bak '99, Andy Tse '98, (standing) Forrest Westin '99, Liz Gray '98, Lindsay Ritter '99, Jennifer Condon '99, Noelle Kvasnoek '00, Jess Blake '99, Angenie McCleary '99, Maria Banman '00, the newlyweds, Helen Gemmill '00, Katharine Lord '00, Lizzy Lokey '00, and Matt Saxton '99.

The August 31, 2003, marriage of Sarah Abbe and Jim Taylor '81 took place in her father's vineyard in Sonoma County, Calif. Both avid triathletes, Jim and Sarah met during their first open-water swim in chilly San Francisco Bay in 2002.

Singing the Middlebury Fight Song seemed the right thing to do following the marriage of Jennifer Walton '98 and Kevin Burke '96 on June 14, 2003. Breaking into song in Prouts Neck, Maine, were (all '96 unless noted) (front) Weezie Smith, Caroline Portny '98, Catherine Watson Schwartz, Vanessa Hynes '98, Erika Crane-Stern '98, Jamie Houghtlin, Molly Lukins Burke '97, (middle row) Sarah Kramer, Courtney Slautterback, Al Desousky, Jon Barlow, the newlyweds, Heidi Wiemeyer '98, (back) Steve Boyd, Ethan Beck, Carter Blackwell, Konrad Schwarz '98, Bain Smith, Billy Coster, Nick Whitman '97, Will Hovey '91, Sam Martini, Billy Dyer, Zack Free, and Brian Burke '97. Cara O'Reilly '98 and Laurie Higginbotham '97 missed the photo.

When Marika Allanson '98 and Eric Krull were married on August 2, 2003, the Middlebury gathering in Stowe, Vt., included Alexa Gilbert '00, Susie Rankin Weber (M.A. English '03), Emily Rinkema (M.A. English '03), the newlyweds, Kathryn Adams Allanson '73 (mother of the bride), Aubrey Cattell '96, Emily Lyons '96, and Annie Reis Cowan '98. The bride's late father, Robert Allanson, was a member of the Class of '72.
Betsey Traver '95 and George Linge were married in New London, N.H., on June 28, 2003. Midd friends at their New London Historical Society reception included (‘95 unless noted) (front) Val Stori ‘98, Jay Staunton ‘93, (standing) Lisa Polizi Molloy, Nicole Kassissieh, Jon Herman, Morgan Gaspar, Joanne Finch Tulonen (M.A. English ’88), the newlyweds, Lauren Johnson Pricer, Adrienne Downie Fournier, and Denise Kmetzo.

Elizabeth Abate and Greg Mascolo ‘97 were married in the bride’s hometown of Rockford, Ill., on August 9, 2003. Celebrating with them were ‘97s (front) Andrew Ritter, Lilia Gerberg, the newlyweds, Elizabeth Gorgan, Alan Paul, (back) Carly Vynne, Sarah Moran D’Agostino, La Wagner, Renee Kuriyan, Andrew Smith, Jay Tandem, Heather Stouffer, Ryan D’Agostino, Matt Baker, Zac Stillerman, Jen Burrell, Kate Mahar, Emily Gleason, Justin Racz, Vanessa Tribastone, and Craig Stouffer.

Following the September 27, 2003, Mead Chapel wedding of Torri Ross ‘98 and David Riedel ‘98, festivities continued at the Bread Loaf Inn with (all ’98 unless noted) Linda Ross (mother of the bride), Keith Arnold ‘95, Megan Sowards, Becca Perron, the newlyweds, Sarah Peterson, Kathy Jones Monk ’79, Elizabeth Monk ’05, John Monk ’78, Chaplain Laurel Macaulay Jordan ’79, Augustus Jordan (psychology dept.), (back row) Libby Erwin Lauze, Mike Lauze, Craig Breen ’00, Amy Johnson Koehler, Mike Koehler, and Scott Cacciola ’99.

Michelle Morton '01 and Jared Baird '00 were married in a Buddhist ceremony at 5 P.M., twilight, on the winter solstice, December 21, 2003, at the Keystone Ranch in Keystone, Colo. Midd friends with them included (kneeling) Vinita Goswami '02, Josh Otlin '00, Rachel Otlin (honorary '00), (center, standing) Rosemary Nash '01, the newlyweds, (back row) Celeste Gauthier '01, Darren Case '01, Blaise Holly '01, Alex Nelson '00, Ryan Case '00, Jose Zevallos '00, Amanda Ayres '00, Dave Phillips '00, Nic Tuff '99, Evan Stevens '00, Tim Sullivan '00, Erin Burns '00, Rob Lang '00, Michael Hoyer '01, and Sam Swisher-McClure '00.

Festivities following the June 21, 2003, marriage of Kelly Watson '92 and Stephen Holley brought several Middlebury friends to Elk Ridge Ranch, outside of Breckenridge, Colo. ('92 unless noted) Jules Reinhart Elkins, Katherine Beal, Susan Scheer Ward, Lyle Gray, the newlyweds, Jenny Fisher '96, JJ Gilmartin, and Troy Haynie '89.

Karen Boyden '90 and Mark Mendes were married in Williston, Vt., on August 19, 2000. Celebrating with them were (all '90 unless noted) Jeneva Burroughs Stone '86, Paul Haut, Amy Carmola Haut, Jen Kelley, Caitlin McCarthy, Gregg Beloff, Liz Cody, Diane Peterson Seaborn, Alison Bramley Miller, Frank Olney '60, Leah Mital-Skiff '95, Rob Skiff, and Justin Ayers '92.

The June 28, 2003, wedding of Helen Froelich '97 and J. Raymond Plummer took place in Edgartown, Mass., where they celebrated with (all '97 unless noted) (front) Alex Finkelstein, Eric Nadzo, Ian McConnel, Scott Pokrywa '96, Henry Simonds, (back) Catherine Mitchell, Liz Morgan, Liz Dubin '98, the newlyweds, Emily Israel '00, Kate Pinto '98, Celena Kingson, Amy C. Smith, Alison Penzine O'Donnell, and Leslie Graham.

Caroline Griffith '97 and Stephen Hobbs '97 were married on June 28, 2003, at the Adirondack League Club in Old Forge, N.Y. Celebrating with them were (front) Dykan Boyd '96, Ian McCray '95, Laura Wright McCray '97, the newlyweds, Lara Wagner '97, Stephen Engle '95, (back) Jenny Ward '97, Grant Dewey '84, Jed Harris '99, Amy Flanders Harris '97, Emma Ansara '96, J. Bryan Wentzell '96, Peter Johnson '97, and Danika Johnson '98.
Gathering in Waitsfield, Vt., for the July 19, 2003, wedding of Jenny Richards and Jamie Damon ’97 were Peter Nilsson ’99, Nat Damon (M.A. English ’00), Sarah Rebick ’97, Rian Alfiero ’97, the newlyweds, Sebastien Bilodeau ’97, Melissa Stewart Bilodeau ’99, Tracy Perry ’60, and Chris West ’81.

Following their September 13, 2003, marriage in Mead Chapel, Laura Todd ’99 and Brad Hotchkiss ’99 celebrated at Mary’s at Baldwin Creek with (all ’99 unless noted) Chris Vaughan ’98 (holding banner), (standing) Jessica Grillo ’00, Emily Reinertsen, Amy Kinner, Joanna Wolkowski, Kelly McCarthy Bever, Chris Stoebenau, (back) James Rudolf ’01, Michael Creedon, Katherine Rodormer Creedon ’00, Peter Bever ’96, Mark Edgerton, Jason Clark, Josh Bonifas ’98, Josh Harmon, and Aubrey McGovern ’04.


Sarah Merrill ’96 and Kevin Staples ’96 were married on Sebago Lake, in Maine, on October 19, 2003, Celebrating with them was a happy hoard of Midd alums (all ’96 unless noted): (front) Allison Miller Rimland, Andrew Ritter ’97, the bride and groom, Kristen Haviland, Ilse Guck Bickford, (back) Matthew Leidecker, Lila Gerber ’97, Katherine Mahar ’97, Angela Goldman Klingler (holding Lila Klingler), Lance Klingler ’95, Lindsay Lutton Sterling (holding Eli Sterling), John Sterling, Eliza Spang, Cullen Meade, Cori Pierce, Anne Bruce Driscoll, Pamela Selover, and Susan Van Buren. Devin Green ’04 and Amanda Green ’04 missed the photo.
Susan Gustafson-Byrne achieved National Teacher Certification in World Languages other than English (German) in 2003. She has been teaching German at North Country Union High School in Newport, Vt., for 25 years. * Beth Baldwin writes: “After 20 years in corporate America (and U.K. and Spain), I have decided to try self-employment in marketing research. I find it more lucrative, more flexible, and more compatible with the program I am pursuing toward licensure in mental health counseling. I am thinking of specializing in CEOs, with the hope that mental wellness might be leveraged across the enterprise. Would love to know what you think: bb77@msn.com.*  

David Alan Grier came up to campus from D.C. to do a seminar for Midd’s math department on March 9. David is prof of computer science and international affairs at George Washington Univ. In his seminar, “When Computers were Human,” he spoke of the second class of people, called “human computers,” who have supported scientific research throughout history. *Ed Young reports from Phoenix: “I’m holding my own here. I’m on leave of absence from work to give me more time to get better. It seems to be working.”*  

Going to Bend, the first novel by Diane Coplin Hammond, will be followed by a second, Homesick Creek, to be released in January 2005. *Bend is getting good reviews.*  

Bob Fulton, son of our own ski jumper Tom Fulton, Like father like son, both Tom (in 1972) and Erik (in 2004) have won the New Hampshire high school ski jumping title, both while skiing for Hanover High.  

—Class Secretaries: Stephanie Shapiro (stephanie, shapiro@balsam.com), 604 Gladstone Ave., Baltimore, MD 21210; Gary Holmes (gholmes@hotshot.com), 29 Patricia Ln., Denver, CO 80220; and Chris Mead (cmead@olmec.com), 146 Camino Realblue, Ontario, CA 91403.

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Secretary Noble reports: Congratulations to the expanded full/ family! Maine, resident Marti Mayne returned from Guangzhou in February with a second daughter adopted from China. Her name is Kim Han Fuller, her age is two, and her four-year-old je je ("older sister" in Chinese) has welcomed her with open arms. Marti and family are also enjoying get-togethers with NYC transplant Ann Grotton, who has moved to Yarmouth, Maine, with her family. * Dyann Delvecchio has been traversing between Jamaica Plain, Mass., and Puerto Rico on an “off the beaten path” trip. While continuing to practice law in Boston, she’s daydreaming about establishing a beachhead for future frolics, perhaps in Guanica, home to the “eetly beautiful desert-by-the-sea” and to many rare bird species, which she continues to enjoy. * Pamela Tanne Boll was the co-executive producer of Born into Brothels, shown at the Sundance Film Festival and dubbed by Vanity as “an engaging documentary about a British photographer who endeavors to help the children of Calcutta prostitutes by teaching them how to use a camera.” She also recently had an exhibit of her paintings at the Winchester Public Library. Pamela and husband Hunter ‘77 continue their active involvement in many philanthropic ventures. * Bob and Alison Betts DeWitt see many alums at Deerfield Academy events, including Pam Sperry Findlay and John Whitton. * Zach and Andy DeWitt are both Deerfield students. Alison and Bob ran into Bruce Johnson and wife Terri during a Caribbean vacation, and “shared many laughs and rum drinks together.” Alison notes that she and Bob had a wonderful time at reunion and remain impressed with the great tenure of President McCardell. * From Georgia, Linda Dozier Jones writes that she and husband Tom are healthy, happy, and getting ready to celebrate their 10th wedding anniversary in August. * Phyllis Wendell Mackey will never report this, so I (Anne) will: Living in New Hampshire, Phyllis did not have to rely on CNN or CBS for news of the presidential candidates. Instead, the candidates showed up on her doorstep. No matter whom you support, please vote this fall. * In gorgeous Sausalito, Calif. Jim Stolley enjoyed a visit early this spring from Midd roommate Chip Callaghan. Supervising 40 attorneys in San Francisco, Jim continues to help keep us all safe as Deputy Chief Counsel for the Department of Homeland Security, Immigration, and Customs Enforcement. Jim stays in touch with Dyann Delvecchio, Gregor Kammerer, Tom Wolf, Chris Christopher, Diana Munger Hechler, Clare Pierson, and Bern Terry. Jim loved reconnecting at reunion with Adrian Benepe, who gracied the cover of this magazine last summer. * After Boston, Moscow, Prague, and London, David Ayres is practicing law in Munich, where, he notes, the Germans “seem to find America and Americans increasingly mystifying.” Of all these enchanting cities, he loved Prague best and hopes to return. Dave’s still with Hale and Dorr; the Boston firm he started with in 1981. * Col. John Sowdon is serving as deputy director of intelligence for the US Air Forces in Europe. His oldest son recently made Eagle Scout. * Bill Harris has been appointed chair of the board of Isocron Data Corp. Previously, he worked with PayPal Inc. and Intuit Inc. * Steve Strong was sorry to miss our 25th Reunion and sends greetings to all those he missed seeing. * In January 2004, Bob Carolla was appointed to the steering committee for the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services Center Against Discrimination and Stigma, as part of President Bush’s New Freedom Initiative on Mental Health. * When you’re back in Middlebury, be sure to drop in at the Blue Hen Market on College Street. You’ll be sure to find Beth and Peter Ross serving up full breakfasts, brick-oven pizza, and lots of comfort food. The Rosses and another couple bought the business, formerly known as Baba’s Market and Deli, in February. * Ken Gart recently joined the board of trustees of the US Ski and Snowboard Team Foundation. Since 1982, Ken has been president of Specialty Sports, Inc., operating over 100 specialty ski and outdoor shops, primarily in Colorado. * Carey Field reports that she “finally finished a major home renovation and am getting my life back in order! I am coauthoring an interior design book with an interior designer in Westport, Conn., and getting ready for Cadeaux, a semi-annual book with over 20 designers selling their work. My kids are now skiing faster than me, but I’m not slowing down. Life is good!” * Watch for Carey’s book, and also read the phenomenal first book by Sarah Erdman ‘96, Nine Hills to Nambokchula, about her two-year Peace Corps stint in the Ivory Coast. Simply breathtaking. * Everyone enjoys class notes, so please send yours!—Class Secretaries: David Jeffrey (djeffrey@uwcis.com), 18427 Heathcoat Ln., Doylestown, PA 18901; Phyllis Wendell Mackey (phylmac76@hotmail.com),
Andrew Woolford recently became a managing director and cohead of the private placement group in the high yield department at Jefferies & Co. Based in the firm’s Stamford, Conn., office, Andy was formerly a managing director in the private finance group of CIBC World Markets. Andy and Melissa Lynch Woolford ’82 live in South Nantucket with children Eliza, Alex, Colin, and Alton. *Carol Youngs Reed* has been teaching French (grades 1-8) at Lake Champlain Waldorf School in Shelburne, Vt, since 1996. She lives in Leicester, Vt., with husband Richard. Her stepchildren are Julia (20) and John (17). Daughter Sonia is a UVM junior in music education; son Louis is a cook in Burlington. Carol is active in theater, still dancing ballet with Patty Smith, and singing Quebecois/French traditional music with a group called Va-et-vient. *Robin Yurkevicz*’s son, Matthew Restuccia, attends YMAC Camp Belknap each summer on Lake Winnipesaukee. Matt reports that “bathrooms at Camp Belknap are known as ‘scolleges,’ for some unknown reason. My son gleefully showed me the Cadet division ‘scollege’ adorned with a blue Middlebury College banner under the eaves, altered to ‘Middlebury Scollege.’ One of my son’s favorite counselors is a freshman at Mckid this year and, according to Matt, the College should feel lucky to have him.” *Lisa Salyard Brussell* and son Alex (8), daughter Sophie (6), and husband Benjamin, who works in mergers and acquisitions. “I run my recruiting firm while the kids are at school. Skiing, hiking, swimming, soccer, etc., fill in the rest.” Congratulations and best wishes to *Susan Parker Boal* (formerly Huffman) and Charles Mirable, who were married on February 7 at home in Lakeville, Conn. They own a salvaging and reconstruction business for antique houses and barns. *Hope you all enjoyed reunion. Let us hear about it!* —Class Secretaries: Mary Paine (mpain@middlebury.edu), 1921 N. Bingham, Cornelius, VT 05038; and Donna Brewer MacKenna (dhmack@aol.com), 125 School St., South Hamilton, MA 01982.

Susie Rohrardt Strater took a road trip down to Lake Placid in March to visit with Karen Eckrich Tyler, who was watching her son Sam (16) compete in the Junior Olympic Cross Country Races. Although we were only together a few hours, we covered a lot of ground. Lake Placid hasn’t changed all that much since we were all there for the 1980 Olympics. *Melissa Anderson* has been doing industrial market research and consulting at a firm in Grand Rapids for the last 17 years (since getting an MBA from the Univ. of Mich.). She enjoys the variety and gets a kick out of learning about obscure automotive components. Husband Mike, who works for an automotive supplier, gets her advice for free, whether he wants it or not! Children Laura (14) and David (12) are each an interesting combination of their parents’ traits and keep them busy in all the usual ways. *Congratulations to Jeff Murphy, son of Michelle Melaugh Murphy, who got accepted to Middlebury. * Sally Biggar Terrell recently went on a college tour, her youngest sibling. They went to Middlebury, of course, and to Dartmouth, where they met up with Sue Follett Panella and her family for lunch. Sally’s older children, Hannah and Jeff, are at Vanderbilt and Princeton. *Peter Gardner* was elected chair of the Intellectual Property Law Section of the New Hampshire Bar Association on March 11. He’s an attorney with Stibbins Bradley, Harvey & Miller in Hanover, N.H., and St. Johnsbury, Vt. He’s also a Visiting Scholar at the Taek School of Law and a Research Fellow at Vermont Law School. *Barbara Banks* and husband Charlie Altekruse (Harvard ’80) make their home in Berkeley, Calif., with son Benjamin (2.5). Barbara is the director of marketing and new trip development for Wilderness Travel, one of the leading adventure travel companies in the country. Their most recent family adventure was a three-week journey on an expedition ship to South Georgia Island and Antarctica, in the footsteps of Shackleton. *Suzanne Butler* lives in New Orleans, where she’s an appellate conference attorney for the U.S. Fifth Circuit. She and husband Mark Klyza have two children, Emily (17) and Andrew (14). *Lisa Freeman* was recently appointed development director of the Weston Playhouse Theatre Company, Vermont’s oldest and largest professional theatre. She’s on the board of the Mount Holly Community Association and chair of the Mount Holly Planning Commission. She will continue as a partner in Fiske & Freeman Antiques with husband John Fiske. *After more than 20 years traveling the world, Richard Johnston* has moved back to Vermont. *Dan and Betsy Bryan Kohnstamm* are “back home in Whitefish, Mont., after spending last year teaching and living in Chiaipa, Mexico, with two of their kids (15 and 10). It was a great year for all of us—I highly recommend stepping away in midlife!” —Class Secretaries: Anne Creach (wxe@uvm.edu), 1225 Park Ave, N.Y.C., New York, NY 10128; and Suzanne Rohrardt Streater (srohrardt@yokoyama.ca), 21 Cade St., Beaconfield QC H9V 3H1 Canada.

Sally Rueger Barns writes: “After leaving the workforce for four years to stay at home with my children (now ages 4 and 6), I have decided to go back to graduate school, this time in an area of education to teach French and Spanish. It sure is different to be a student again after 23 years, but I am enjoying it!” *Sue Davison* reports that she is “divorced and successfully settled in Easthampton, Mass., and in my 20th year in development. Sue is VP of marketing and development for Springfield Museums and Dr. Seuss National Memorial. Congratulations to Jim Taylor and Sarah Abbee, who were married in Sonoma County, Calif., on August 31, 2003. With a doctorate in psychology (Univ. of Colo. ’85), Jim’s practice specializes in parenting, sport psychology, and corporate coaching. His latest book is Positive Parenting: How to Raise a Happy Child. Sarah works in the nonprofit world, specializing in community economic development. —Class Secretaries: Sue Drucker Wagley (suewagley@emailink.net), 4060 Hanover Ave., Dallas, TX 75225; and Anne Berhardt-Evler (aevler@alamun.middlebury.edu), 35 Karen Dr., Underhill, VT 05489.

Secretary Nelson reports: Debbie Shelton has been named director of development at Wentworth-Douglass Hospital. With an M.S. in geochronology from Cornell University, N.Y., Debbie has served as director of development at Mercy Hospital in Portland, Maine, and annual fund coordinator at Maine Medical Center. She lives in South Portland, Maine, where she enjoys golfing and cross-country skiing with husband Mark and their dog, Megan. *Chip Audett* (M.A. French ’84) is the new capital gifts officer for Darlington School in Rome, Ga. He lives on campus with wife Kyle and their son. *Charlie Robinson* is moving his family to Davidson, N.C., near Davidson College. While Liz (O’Connell) ’85 is busy at Capital One and Claire (10), Clan (7), and Eliza (5), Charlie is VP of brand management for Rubbermaid. *Peter Webber* writes that he is “staying home with our one-year-old son and working part time (during naps and bottles—his, not mine) as the executive director of the Golf Maine Association, a cooperative marketing venture designed to encourage Maine golf for traveling golfers. It’s a dream job in the sense that I get paid to golf! The unfortunate side is that I leave a lot of free golf on the table . . . the changing table. I golfed with Jim Leary this winter in Florida at a course called Knob Creek. Jim is retired and looking to get a novel published.” —Our Class of 1982 Scholarship Fund is currently valued at over $285,000 and benefits a current Middlebury student as financial aid. This year, the recipient was an international studies major with a focus in French. In a note to the Class of 1982, we writes, “I would like to thank you for the scholarship granted to me. With this grant, I am given the chance to learn the language. To take advantage of all Middlebury has to offer. Thank you so much!” —Class Secretaries: Wendy Behringer Nelson (gomeroy0307.net), 2071 St Andrews Dr., Benewah, PA 19512; and Caleb Rick (rick@northcommon.com), P.O. Box 189, Chelsea, VT 05038.

Leslie Leete Smith joined Ackland Arts Center as the office manager in February. “When I’m not working, I still enjoy skiing in Vermont with my daughters, Kimberley (12) and Stephanie (9).” *CC Birting Cunningham* writes: “The thought of sitting, relaxing in an art or history or literature class at Middlebury now makes me quite envious. My life now is spent in the car, driving Christopher (14) and twins Alexandra and William (11) to soccer practice, piano, and electric guitar lessons! I love it, especially that Middlebury is just living back in Bedford, N.Y., with wife Katie and girls Emma (8) and Sophie (6), Robert Boyd is working for Dresdner Bank in NYC. "Still flying airplanes for fun and eating English muffins with jam." After 18 years in NYC, Julia Burr moved to the eastern shore of Maryland. She’s an addictions counselor, as well as painting and teaching art classes. Julia recently spoke with Jonathan Baker, who is making a splash in the L.A. interior design world. She transmits greetings to Ken Carlton ’81, Carl Mueller ’82, and Skye McKenzie ’85. *Dilbeste Saglam* and Tina Mavriki celebrated 20th Reunion in the island of Skiathas, Greece, with friends Carl Mueller ’81, Carl Mueller ’82, and Skye McKenzie ’85. Dilbeste Saglam and Tina Mavriki celebrated 20th Reunion in the island of Skiathas, Greece, with friends Carlton ’81, Carl Mueller ’82, and Skye McKenzie ’85.

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84 REUNION CLASS
Attorney John Van Amsterdam of Natick, Mass., has been elected a shareholder (partner) of Wolf, Greenfield & Sackin, PC. He coordinates patents in biotechnology, pharmaceuticals, and molecular biology. His areas of expertise include polymer- and biological-based drug delivery systems, immune-response inducers, nucleic-acid therapeutics, and gene therapy. Leaving Middlebury with his degree in chemistry and biology, he collected his master's in applied biological sciences and his Ph.D. in molecular biology from MIT, and got his law degree from Suffolk Univ Law School. * Dennis Boyle reports the arrival of son Charles Samuel on April 5. Charlie joins sisters Meredith and Maggie. * Betsy Hoffman Hundahl and husband Eric are raising sons William and Hansen (4-5) in Marblehead, Mass. She has hopes of doing some painting in her home studio in the coming year. "I regret not being able to attend the 20th Reunion, but I'm 'saving my strength' for the 25th in 2009!" * Todd and Susan Cooper '87 Hermanson moved to Terrace Park, Ohio, last summer. Todd is working for Cyanigy Corp. in Cincinnati, while Sue is running the house and coordinating the busy schedules of daughters Ingrid (10) and Elsa (7), as well as Ollie the Bernoise mountain dog. "While we love our new Midwest digs, we still have our place on Lake Sunapee in New Hampshire, so we get back East often. If you're ever in the Queen City or in Sunapee (in the summer), look us up!" They planned to see everyone at Reunion. Hope there was a good turnout! * —Class Secretaries: Kristen Gould Case (jghela@pamet.net), 6490 Snowview Dr., Park City, UT 84060; and David Wogast IV (wogast@hotmail.com), 136 Highland Ave., Roxbury, CT 06853.

85 Middletown alumni have a long history of helping others and every now and then they get to directly help one another. One situation occurred recently when Dr. Jordan Sterrer, an eye micro surgeon, was able to complete successful cataract surgery on Peter Hamlin '73. Peter and wife Chris Robbins '73 and Jordan and wife Carrie Cabot Sterrer are all Northfield, Minn., residents. * Kevin and Marnae Pearman Ergil live in Huntington, N.Y., with children Elizabeth (11) and Katherine (1.5). Marnae has a private practice in acupuncture and oriental medicine, and she also has a teaching appointment at Touro College School of Health Sciences. * Sarah Van Tuyl Ray continues to keep the media alert to all the positive news coming out of Vermont as Middlebury's associate director of public affairs. * Rachel Riemann Aker reports the arrival of son Kai, who joined brother Seiji (3) on March 25, 2003. She writes: "In the current climate, I am definitely joining the ranks of the activists!" * Gillly Gilson and wife Diana welcomed daughter Charlotte Faye on June 20, 2003. She joins brother Ben, who is currently running the family business. * Andy and Kim Davis Gluck, Lisa Olsson, and Jen Gluck Tinker '80 had a great time skiing in Colorado in February 2004. * Believe it or not, we are officially counting down to our 20th Reunion, now less than a year away. Be sure and get your cane out of storage and mark your calendars for the weekend of June 3-5, 2005, to return to your alma mater. * —Class Secretaries: Dale Sailer (dailer@dakotamekp.com), 2237 Lumenstr, Glenview, IL 60025.

86 Peter Anderson made a midwinter trip with daughter Adelynn (3.5) to Middlebury for a visit with old friends like Prof. Sandy Martin, to talk about Vermont politics and planning for the next year to see all the new construction. Adelynn had her first run at the Snow Bowl. * Anne Marshall Norris is the new associate director of graduate enrollment at New England College. Anne and Greg live in Sutton, N.H. * Ann McCallum writes: "I can't believe we're all turning 40 this year! I plan to celebrate with a week on the beach in Mexico." * Tom Farrell and wife Betsy welcomed the newest member of the Farrell clan, Anna, on March 3. Anna is welcomed and adored by brothers Patrick (7) and Matthew (3) and sister Maggie (4). Congratulations to all the Farrells. * Brad Schildt reports that his Dontch ski, and ride through Colorado and the West, and compete with my younger self in running races and triathlons. I recently surfed with John Hill and his wife, Laura, and son Rex in San Francisco. Actually John surfed, I got pounded and retreated to the safety of the beach. When not surfing, John is the metals and mining analyst for Citigroup / Smith Barney. * I see Bruce Genereaux and his brother, Steve '83, annually in April at the Tuckerman's Ravine Inferno race, where we compete as a team. Bruce and his wife, Janna, have their hands full with their five kids (including my godson Ford) and their new project of building a day care/education center in Hanover, N.H. I saw Tom Michaud and his family over the summer in Canada at Kim Ceddell's ('87) house. When not training and participating in triathlons, Tom is the vice chairman and COO at Keefe, Bruyette & Woods. Kim Ceddell is created "Team Frank", a group of friends who participate in races in memory of her husband, Frank Doyle, who died in the World Trade Center on 9/11. In May we run the Robin Run in Trenchy, N.J., and in August it's the Ste. Agathe Triathlon near Kim's home in Quebec." In his free time, Brad is executive VP of BioPay, a company he helped start in 1999. "We are a retail payment processing company that links your financial accounts to your fingerprint, allowing card/bank/check/ID free shopping," Brad explains. * Rob Masinter, who also lives in Colorado with wife Kathy, daughter Jessica (6), and twins Eric and Sarah (5), reports that Brad's fiancé, Mary Lynn, is a wonderful woman. I married her after hitting up Brad's adrenaline-oriented pursuits." Rob is director of DSL and commercial services for Level 3 Communications, a facilities-based provider of data, internet, and voice over IP services with network in the U.S. and Europe. "It continues to be an exciting and well-situated position in the telecommunications industry—never a dull moment!" * In Virginia, Michael Morrison is a managing director, running the Richmond office of Matrix Capital, an investment banking firm focusing on mergers and acquisitions. He lives in Williamsburg, where he recently caught up with Clint Johnson on a great golf course running to Mains, where he got the chance to visit with Rich Lyne. * We are sorry to report the terrible news of the sudden death of Susan French Proulx on April 9, 2004. She was struck down with a very sudden, fatal illness. Susan was in grad school at UVM, earning a dual master's in guidance and mental health. We convey the condolences of the entire class to her husband, Jerry, and their sons, Alex and Walter. * A memorial appeal letter is in this issue. * —Class Secretaries: Macon Morehouse (macon_morehouse@people.com), 5805 Bradley Blvd., Bethesda, MD 20814; and Lisa Cheney Sullivan (sullivanlisa@winodspring.com), 42 Massasoit Ave., Sudbury, MA 01776.

87 Good news for 1987! Two new secretaries have signed on to help us all keep in contact with each other! * Many thanks to Elizabeth Ryan O'Brien and Tom Funk for stepping up to the plate. Send them your news at their addresses below. * Lisa Preston Bailey writes: "I had the 'travel bug' recently, making a trip to school airport and visiting family and friends in Vermont and Trinidad and Tobago—all in a span of six months! Beth Baugh spent a week at our home in Honolulu, where we had a mini-reunion with Heather Gaudreau Lunn. If any other Middlebury alumni visit the islands, please give them a show!" * Ashley Ramsdell recently bought her first house by the water in the Bay Area, where she is "truly enjoying life." She has gotten together with Jen Cote and Cici Mulder, and hoped to see other Midd friends this summer. * Tim and Kimberley O'Sullivan Hall welcomed twins Alexander and Timothy last summer. "They are adorable and funny as can be." Kim still practices plastic and reconstructive surgery in Wellesley. * Another new set of twins, Ben and Tia, were born recently to Rose and Buck de Wolf; in Oakland, Calif. Their big brother, Sam, is doing great. Buck is a partner in the San Francisco office of Howrey Simon Arnold & White. * Lili Dyer and husband Nick Benson (M.A. Italian '91) welcomed their first child, Katherine, on December 26, 2003. Lili is teaching ESL part time and practicing "attachment parenting!" * —Class Secretaries: Elizabeth Ryan O'Brien (bren@bigshop.com), 93 High Ridge Rd., Pound Ridge, NY 10576; and Tom Funk (tfunk@TBEcom), 90 Many Waters Lk., Bristol, VT 05443.

88 Roberta Sengelmann-Keshen and husband Tamir are both on the faculty at Washington Univ. School of Medicine in St. Louis, Mo. She writes: "While most of our time seems to be spent caring for patients, Tamir and I did manage to spend some time with a couple of classmates in 2003. In summer, we met Emilie Riggs-Laurent, husband Christophe, and FOUR kids in Miami for a fun-filled weekend. Over Christmas break, we met Melissa Duryea Lewis, husband Craig, and two kids in San Francisco for another terrific reunion. I'd love to hear from other classmates at (sengelm@im.wustl.edu); we have an open door policy for visitors. Happy 2004 to all!" * Andy and Mary Catherine Crambourn have two daughters now, Erin (3.5) and Kayla Megan, who was born July 30, 2003. Mary writes: "I resigned from Virginia Tech and am staying home, taking care of the girls." * Marc and Sheila Darcy Boyle welcomed their third son, Finn, on October 21, 2003. * Joan Viebranz Lockwood and her husband welcomed daughter Carter Weitz Lockwood on January 24. She joins brother George (2.5) and sister Grayson (16 mos.). "Life is chaos, but we are doing well. Hopefully we will get to Middlebury sometime soon for a visit." * Ellie
Waud Dor is still living in Rye, N.Y., with husband Tim and children Lowell (8.5), Cornelia (6), and Corinna (4). Would love to hear from friends at edwad@optonline.net. * Jeffrey Granatto, of Scituate, Mass., has been named principal at Bridgewater-Raynham Regional High School, after serving as assistant principal at Middletown High School for four years. * Patrick Stern is the new group creative director in the New York office of Organic, Inc., a Web-development and marketing-services firm. Pat spent the last three years as the creative director at R/GA, where he led the team responsible for the work that won three Cannes Cyber Lion awards last year. * Laura Ludwig offers “two cents for anyone who can describe my job with only my ‘title’ to go by: Maine Large Whale Take Reduction Coordinator. Phippsburg is a nice place to visit off-season, crowded in July and August.” * Drew and Liz Nightingale relocated to Uganda from Thailand earlier this year. Liz is working at the embassy in Kampala, while her husband is with the U.S. Department of State. You can contact her at liznightingale@state.gov.

Class Secretaries: John Breamed (jbreamed@hotmail.com), 2809, Oakland, CA 94601; and Claire Cauklin Jones (jwante@yahoo.com), 334 N. Oakland Rd., Arlington, VA 22203.

89 REUNION CLASS Andrew Cornish sends his best from Jackson Hole, Wyo., where he and wife Sara (San Gendron) ’88 are enjoying life in the Tetons. When not shushing the bunny hill with son Jack (4) and daughter Anie (3), Andrew has been kept busy maintaining his commercial and residential real estate appraisal practice and opening a real estate brokerage firm specializing in buyer representation. Andrew and Sara are hopeful that visitors will continue to come and share the beauty of Wyoming with them. * After 13 years in San Francisco, Paige Pierson and her partner, Dee Dee, moved to the Napa Valley. The move was prompted by the arrival of son Logan Max on August 9, 2002. Paige writes: “I’m working in marketing at Williams-Sonoma in San Francisco and Dee Dee is the creative director for a travel company, based in NYC, skyauction.com, and works out of our house. Check out the site for great travel bargains! Please say hi if you are in the area (ppierson@olfram.st). We’re in touch with lots of Midd friends.” * J.B. Breamed ’88 is Logan’s godfather. We’ll be having a mini-Midd reunion on the Cape this summer with nine Class of ’89 families! * After years of moving to and from various places on the globe (NYC, Budapest, Miami, Costa Rica, and Boston), Kevin Walker has landed in L.A. and plans to stay. “I recently got a job with ABC Television in advertising sales. Life is good in Tinseltown!” * Derek and Katie Ray Chang welcomed daughter Nina Wallis Chang on March 8 in NYC. “We are getting to know each other very well, especially at 3 A.M., and having a wonderful time.” * Chris Reed who continues to work as an OB/gyn for the U.S. Navy, recently relocated to Potomac, Md., from Yokosuka, Japan. * Troy Haynie is an eighth grade teacher and associate dean of students at St. Luke’s School in New Canaan, Conn. This summer he’s the director of Camp Hand-in-Hand, a diversity-oriented community summer day camp for five- to eight-year-old kids. Troy also active in the New Canaan Volunteer Ambulance Corps and the local Red Cross chapter. * Michael and Ruth Jackson Crosby make their home in Westbrook, Maine.

Ruth is a computer programmer at MUNIS, a software division that writes financial software for municipalities and school districts all over the U.S. * Karen and Michael Gregorich live in Darien, Conn., with children Dolan (6), Sami (4), and twin girls Margaret and Quinn (2). They enjoy seeing fellow Midd alumni like John and Ben Patch at the hockey rink and around town. Mike is a principal at a private equity firm based in Greenwich, Conn., called MMC Capital, which is an affiliate of Marsh & McLennan Cos., where he has been since leaving Wall Street in early 2000. * Class Secretaries: Kristin Cargill McNulty (mcnultyl@musc.edu), 216 636 14, S.E., Mercer Island, WA 98040; and Timothy O’Shea (tim.o'shea@fmsx), 1400 Lowell Rd., Concord, MA 01742.

Steven Trowbridge has been working in Prague, Czech Republic, for three years as financial director of Central Resource, a property development company. “Traveling when possible and enjoying the proximity to good skiing in Austria. Always happy to meet up with Midd alums (or students) traveling through the beautiful city of Prague!” * Diahann Klein has moved from NYC to sunny L.A., where she’s spent her most recent acting role was on NBC sitcom Emeril. Since the series was cancelled after it’s first season (“in classic Hollywood insanity”), she is delighted to be back in school, getting her master’s in psychology. Recently certified as a Professional Ski Instructor, she “would love to hook up with Midd folk to ski the slopes, go to the beach, hike the canyons, have coffee, or whatever.” * Page Walker Buck is pursuing a Ph.D. in social work at Bryn Mawr College. * Greg Frezados, who practices estate planning and philanthropy law in Chicago, recently had a great time with fellow Midd grads at Prof. Don Wyatt’s tour and lecture at the Field Museum’s Forbidden City exhibit. * Suzy Charnburs and Eric Sterner were married on January 24 in Arlington, Va. Midd guests included Naomi Greer ’86, Sarah Menzel, and Becca Hoyt. Suzy is still the director of marketing and external affairs for the European rocket company ArianeSpace. * Ej Kavounas is living in Menlo Park, Calif., working very non-L.A. hours in investment banking. With two kids—Jane (4) and Michael (1.5)—Ej is happily married to Toder’s old Peace Corps buddy, Chung Han, who is an attorney. Ej says he used to meet with Gary Sedlik with reasonable frequency, until “Gary became a dad and fell off the edge of the world.” That said, Gary is extremely happy with his new status in life, as father of Noah and husband to Sara. * Barbara Menzel Beebe is happy at home in Merlo Park, Calif., with kids Katie (6), Giles (4), and Claire (1). Her sister, Sue Menzel Andersen, also has three kids at home: Lucas (5) and twins Megan and Matthew. We both can’t wait to see everyone at our 15th Reunion!” * Chris and Martha Benz Daigle are proud to announce the birth of their third child, Lucy Margaret Daigle, on June 8, 2003. She joins siblings Caroline and Samuel in their Hollis, N.H., home. Chris is practicing medicine; Martha is the curriculum chairperson for their local preschool. * Rob and Kelli Naylor Dobrzynski are the proud parents of Jack (5), Ryan (3), and Grace (7 mos.). In 2001, they moved to Rhode Island, where she’s an emergency physician at Kent County Memorial Hospital, after certifying in both internal medicine and pediatrics. She has lined up a position at the pediatrics in the emergency department. Robb is an endocrinologist and a clinical instructor at Brown

Univ. * Michele Thorp and husband David Raphael welcomed son Michael David Raphael on December 14, 2003. He joins sister Sarah (now 5). Michele returned to work from maternity leave and started playing soccer two weeks later. And this year her daughter starts playing with a team. * Mike Lane and wife Carolyn are enjoying life in Milwaukee, WI. They have three little girls who are very busy. John (5), Meredith (3), and Edward a.k.a. “Neid” (1). * In Wellesley, Mass., Eric and Diane Peterson Seaborn live at Dana Hall School with children Graham (4) and Grace (2). Diane writes: “It is our hometown, so a bit strange to be back, but we love it very much.” Diane is a residence director for a residence hall on campus: “This is a boarding school for high school girls and the work is never dull!” She’s also doing some supervisory work for Boston Univ, overseeing students in educational field work. * Zaidee Mae joined parents Steve and Rebecca Clark ’92 Bennett on April 8, 2004. Steve was immediately wrapped around Zaidee’s little finger. * Sally Rosser Thistle, born November 7, 2003, joins big sister Jane Zoe (2). * Pamela Rossers Thistle writes that “having two girls is like a nonstop party—exhilarating, but lots of fun.” * Richard and Donna Morey have been in North Carolina, with Marco (2) and Jenna (6 mos.). Donna hopes to complete her medical degree in learning disabilities in May. She plans to start a consulting practice and teach in the master’s program at Teachers College. * Ian Kelley and wife Joanna report that son Nicholas (1) “is keeping us busy, to say the least.” * Tammy Young and her husband are pleased to announce the arrival of second son Janmon Zharkibek Cote. They traveled to Kazakhstan over the holidays to adopt and bring him back to their new home in Connecticut. Older son Nicholas (2) is very pleased with his new brother. * Neil and Maura Joyce Battista welcomed twins Jack and Isabella on November 7, 2003. They arrived a bit early and spent some extra time in the hospital, but they made the best Christmas presents ever! Maura is looking forward to taking one more year off from her role as foreign language department head in the Medfield (Mass,) High School. * Heather Jaynes Leland ’91 is dean of the Middle School in Millbrook, N.Y. Heather and husband Rob Williams ’91 have two children, Casey (4) and Tucker (2). * He said, she said Judith Wright Battista writes that while husband Tim Battista was on “his two-week NOAA cruise” in the U.S. Virgin Islands, she and daughters Allie and Molly headed to Richmond to see Jackie Geer Murphy, her husband Jim, and their new baby, Cole, recently adopted from Korea. Tim writes: “I would like to set the record straight before it appears that the government sent me on a ‘cruise.’ I was chief oceanographer on a research mission aboard the NOAA ship, Nancy Foster. We conducted sound level characterization of the Buck Island and U.S. Virgin Islands Coral Reef National Monuments, using a shipboard multibeam sonar system, fish transects and fish trapping. Before I get a barrage of e-mails about ‘I can’t believe you get paid to do work in the U.S. Virgin Islands,’ my shift was from midnight to 8 A.M. and there is NO alcohol on NOAA ships. Late night at Zete it was not!” * Thanks for the clarification, Tim! * Class Secretaries: Katie Edwards (katie.edwards@comast.net), 43 Berrywood Ln., South Hamilton, MA 01982; and Elizabeth Toder (catatbati@hotmail.com), 107 Smith St., #3E, Brooklyn, NY 11201.
Bill Deacon owns and operates restaurants in Scottsdale, Ariz. Let him know when you make it to the Southwest, at bill@fostersseafood.com. * Eliza Harding Turner still lives in San Francisco. She married Stephen Turner in September 2003, "despite the fact that he graduated from Dartmouth College, Louise McAlmon, Louise Kellogg Stumph, and Kate Parker Muller were with us to celebrate, and Grimes sang like an angel at our ceremony. I’m still writing (fiction) and teaching, and we share a wall with the Parker Mullers. Life is good." * Living in St. Petersburg, Russia, since September 2002, Emily Locke is a Fogarty Fellow working on a vaccine project, funded by Johns Hopkins Univ., with the Russian Biomedical Center. * Chris Waddell spent some time in Florida preparing for the Summer Games in Athens. * Good news from Becky Castle and Bob Clark ’89: daughter Liliana Marlow Clark arrived on February 25. Congratulations! * Soul rocker Bryan Thomas released his third album, Babybo, making it available online via indie Internet retailer CDBaby.com. Most of the songs on the album were written in early 2003, in the weeks before and after the launch of the Iraq War. A Web developer by day, Bryan lives in Albany, N.Y., with wife Cindy and daughter Zoe.

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full-time mom. * Bennett Alexander, second son of Tom and Kate Albin Lindberg, decided to arrive on January 23, during a rush hour snowstorm, necessitating a metro ride to the hospital while in active labor! Son Carter was surprised to no longer be an only child. * Sarah Gordon Littlefield thanks Paul and Liz Hopper Whitelam welcomed daughter Lucy Elizabeth in early March 2004. * Los, the second daughter of Sarah Rauneker and Rob Alberts, arrived in April 2003. This spring Sarah was going to visit Caroline Leary Dowd (and daughters Casey and Madley) and Clairen Hanafin Sullivan (and daughters Shea and Keby). * In February 2004, Chris and Sherry Pelko Roper welcomed second child Benjamin Roper, joining Warren and Jennifer of Kingswood-Oxford School. Ben is boys dean for the pit at the Schenectady Light Opera Company for The Mystery of Edwin Drood. * In Denver, Nancy Olson works for Lowe Enterprises, a commercial real estate investment firm. She and Mud tennis teammates Jess Kubek Flanagan ’92, Heidi Zecher Burke, and Tonje Kilen Snow recently reunited for a weekend in Chicago. Nancy’s travels are limited, due to single parenting her chimp spaniel puppy, Bucky. * Jen Lewis, who finished her MBA at NYU last May, is the director of development at Social Accountability International, a nonprofit working to improve working conditions in factories and on farms around the world through voluntary labor standards. Jen runs into federal prosecutor Lisa Howitz, as well as Heather Miciac and Shawn Rase Passalaqua. Jen recently visited the aforementioned Jane Hansen in Vienna, Va. * Kerri Heinecken Milne is teaching fourth grade at the Bennett School in Deerfield, Mass. Kerri and husband Martin live at the Eaglebrook School with their 40 boys, sixth to ninth grade! On a recent trip to Colorado, Kerri saw Tucker ’91 and Kirsten Stinson Hollander with their kids, Cole and Addie. Kerri also sees Rich and Michelle D’Ambrose Paterniti, who work in Boston and have a purchased new home in Hingham, Mass. * Class Secretaries: Maria Diaz (maria.diaz@comcast.net), 244 8th Ave., Seattle, WA 98121, and Dan Sunnat (daniel.sunnat@dsk.com), 60 Pineapple St., #71, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

** 93 Susie Caldwell Rinehart loves being back in Vermont with husband Curt and son Cole (7 mos.). She’s assistant director of the Mountain School. Mike and Allison Nowicki Estell and daughter Phoebe Beatrice, born March 29, are all enjoying settling into life in Boston. * Piper Jensen celebrated her first birthday on May 2, 2004, with parents Jason and Wendy Jenson Evans, brother Cooper, and sister Tatum. * Jane Hanson and Aaron Walker are proud to announce the birth of Elias Frederick Walker on May 11, 2003. Still living in Vienna, Va., they’re searching for a bigger house to accommodate both baby and guest. * Ben and Kelly Rivers Small are having a blast with son Austin (15 mos. as of March), Kelly enjoys juggling being a mom with being director of financial aid at Kingwood-Oxford School. Ben is boys dean for the class of 2012 where he also teaches science and coaches diving and baseball. * The October 25, 2003, marriage of Tanya Rettkowski and David Ames took place in Newburyport, Mass. Tanya freelances with Maggie Inc. modeling agency in Boston; she’s also an agent with Coldwell Banker Brokerage in Newburyport. David teaches science and math at Colby High School. * At the end of 2002, David Seibel left Boston law firm life to start a conflict management company called Insight Partners with best friend Patrick McWhinney. He writes: “I’m especially excited about our recent work with the International Criminal Court in the Hague, a new corporate client in Singapore, and the mediation class I’m teaching through the Program on Negotiation at Harvard Law School.” * Kristin Bijur is the administrator at a small, urban, public K-8 school in San Francisco. “I can’t imagine a job I would love more! I keep my life balanced by dancing and doing yoga on the weekends.” * John Cocchiarella is a sixth-year corporate associate at New York law firm Cravath, Swaine & Moore LLP. He recently caught up with Hillary Oppmann and Ellen Lindquist, while they were visiting New York. * Carolyn Ramos and husband Chad Cooper ’95 had a blast at our 10th Reunion and look forward to attending Chad’s reunion this year as a litigation attorney with law firm Butt Thorson & Barch in Albuquerque, N.M. Chad is a financial adviser with Prudential Financial. * Ofelia Barrios, who lives in NYC with daughter Olivia, is the program director for an HIV/AIDS advocacy and policy not-for-profit agency. * Sarah Cahill and Sally Mcgee added a canine companion to their household last December—Henry, a black lab/pomeranian mix. Sarah’s keeping busy working on the new house in Mystic, Conn., working toward a career at United Way of Rhode Island on Community Schools. * Annie Harris and Liz Craig recently met and caught up on Midd friends, while enjoying a sunny morning in San Francisco. Liz is involved in design and Annie continues to teach in Atherton. * Last summerConnections editor Jonye Heneck’s baby cousin jack arrived on the Frederick, Md., carillon. After the concert, she and husband Patrick Holloway ’91 visited Barbara Burgess and Ellen Holloway ’90 in Virginia. This March Amy could have found playing the piano in the pit at the Schenectady Light Opera Company for The Mystery of Edwin Drood. * In Denver, Nancy Olson works for Lowe Enterprises, a commercial real estate investment firm. She and Mud tennis teammates Jess Kubek Flanagan ’92, Heidi Zecher Burke, and Tonje Kilen Snow recently reunited for a weekend in Chicago. Nancy’s travels are limited, due to single parenting her chimp spaniel puppy, Bucky. * Jen Lewis, who finished her MBA at NYU last May, is the director of development at Social Accountability International, a nonprofit working to improve working conditions in factories and on farms around the world through voluntary labor standards. Jen runs into federal prosecutor Lisa Howitz, as well as Heather Miciac and Shawn Rase Passalaqua. Jen recently visited the aforementioned Jane Hansen in Vienna, Va. * Kerri Heinecken Milne is teaching fourth grade at the Bennett School in Deerfield, Mass. Kerri and husband Martin live at the Eaglebrook School with their 40 boys, sixth to ninth grade! On a recent trip to Colorado, Kerri saw Tucker ’91 and Kirsten Stinson Hollander with their kids, Cole and Addie. Kerri also sees Rich and Michelle D’Ambrose Paterniti, who work in Boston and have a purchased new home in Hingham, Mass. * Class Secretaries: Maria Diaz (maria.diaz@comcast.net), 244 8th Ave., Seattle, WA 98121, and Dan Sunnat (daniel.sunnat@dsk.com), 60 Pineapple St., #71, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

** 94 REUNION CLASS After eight years in Hong Kong, * Eric Baumkiens recently moved to Boston to cover Asian equities for bank manager GMO. * With his Ph.D. in music (spring 2003) from Buffalo, Jeff Herrisort is in Wisconsin, teaching music composition and technology as an assistant prof. at the Univ. of Wisconsin at Whitewater. “It’s kinda close to Madison,” he reports. Jeff also sings and plays in this year’s Reunion Band called Wombatt. * Warren Reid (wreid@kennem.net) is still CEO of Nenem.net, an educational consulting firm. Warren and wife Najoh Tita-Reid recently built a house in Cincinnati, Ohio, where they are neighbors to James Mack ’95 and Carol Tonge ’95. Inspired by Chad Cooper ’95, Warren is playing in a 30 and over baseball league this summer. His seventh grade boys basketball team went 13-2 but lost the championship game in double overtime. After trips to Budapest, Prague, and Bucha Pitchu, he hooked up with Cliff Mefs ’97 at a Wyclef Concert and played a round of golf with former Alum Ryan Dennis Thompson ’86 in Hawaii. * Sam Roberts (sam@get2.com) started a new job in January 2003 as state tax manager for NACCO Materials Handling Group. Last November he moved to a new house in Troutdale, Ore. (a suburb of Portland), with an awesome view of Mt. Hood. Unfortunately, Sam shattered his lower right leg in December. He now has two plates and 14 screws that set off airport metal detectors. * While working full-time as a global immigration and compliance coordinator, Bill Ellis expects to complete her MBA degree in July 2005. * Michael Howson, who lives outside D.C., was recently admitted to the Maryland Bar. * Brendan O’Leary joined Prism Venture Partners as an associate and Kaufman Fellow last May. * John Cocchiarella recently left Sidney Austin Brown to take a position in the U.S. Justice Department. Kevin works at Justice’s headquarters on the Mall in D.C., as counsel to the assistant attorney general, who runs the Office of Legal Counsel, the in-house counsel for the department and outside counsel for the rest of the executive branch, reviewing bills for constitutionality, providing legal opinions to agencies, and working with the White House counsellor’s office in advising the president on legal matters, such as the conduct of the war on terror. Kevin and wife Heidi live in Alexandria, Va. * In June 2003, Bryan Wockley earned his M.A. in Russian, East European, and central Asian area studies from Harvard. He’s the U.S. program coordinator for the State Department’s School Connectivity Program with Project Harmony in Watsfield, Vt. * Enjoying life back in the Middlebury community, Mary Strife Cairns and her husband have moved to Shorteham with son George III (2.5) and daughter Megan (1). * Anne Schulz Dicker lives in Philadelphia with husband Simon. She reports that she’s working to get out the vote in November and defeat George Bush. * Chris and Emma Coello ’97 Butler are enjoying the warmer climate in Charlotte, N.C., with son Lucas John Butler, born April 19, 2003. Chris continues marketing financial services to Hispanic and Asian markets for Bank of America, while Emma continues her work as assistant dean of admissions at Davidson College. * Gretchen Herron and Bo Wilmer became the proud parents of Lyla Caroline Wilmer on January 16. Now settled into their new Southie home, Bo continues to conduct ecological research using GIS through the Wilderness Society. * Ian Moore started his own GIS company, Alaska Map Science, last year. He and wife Jen Joliff ’92 are cutting and milling beetle-kill spruce trees for a third timber-frame building on their 80-acre mountain homestead. See photos of their projects and Jen’s art at www.jen-joliff.com. * After two years teaching seventh grade science in West Hartford, Conn., Kennan Radebaugh Poulaskos is staying home with daughter Riley, born March 2. Kennan and Greg were looking forward to seeing old friends at our 10th Reunion. * Simon and Monica Gibbons Donovan moved to San Francisco in October. In January they welcomed their first child, son Declan. * In Freeport, Maine, Erik and Dana Maisel Anderson are happy to report the arrival of son Conrad Beck on December 24, 2003. * Damaris and Derek Lounsbury report that daughter Allison (born December 26, 2003) has already traveled to Europe and was hitting tennis courts in the spring. Derek is treasury director at Toys R Us. They live in Ridgewood, N.J. * In London, Peter and Alex Mackintosh Asbury now have two daughters; Kate (born January 2002) and Honor (born February 23, 2004). * In Montpelier, Vt., Alan and Julie Jennings Ritchie now have two sons Camden Tate (born August 2001) and Colton
Sarah Stewart has been in Guatemala with the Peace Corps since January: “I’m in the Environmental Conservation and Income Generation program, specifically working on eco-tourism. Anyone needing info on travel to Guatemala can contact me at sarahiperu@excite.com.”* After eight years in NYC, Helen Simons Del Bene moved to London last September with husband Marc. * Hieu ’92 and Shannon Detweiler Nguyen were married at a ceremony officiated by the Hon. William K. Sessions III ’69, a federal judge in Vermont for whom Joel clerked a few years ago. Rachel is a Yale medical student, while Joel works with a small firm in Bridgeport, assisting with the defense of a federal death penalty case and doing the usual array of civil litigations. Rachel and Joel met playing Ultimate Frisbee, and they continue to play for a co-ed Portland club team that has gone to the national championship tournament the last two years. They looked forward to catching up with folks at reunion.

Marla Simpson Cusimano * Aaron Mendelsohn is an assistant U.S. attorney in Washington, D.C. * Caroline and JP Watson and daughter Rebecca Caroline, born last June 2, were moving this June to Athens, Ga., where JP is the new upper-school director at Athens Academy. JP will also teach upper-school science.

Son Jack joined parents John and Trisha Lucey Blackman on January 15, 2004. * Spencer and Kerry Sawatzky Williams welcomed son Caleb Segen on February 24. Spencer continues to enjoy heading up West Paw Design, manufacturer of pet toys and bedding in Bedizen, Mont. Kerry, who has been active in child care policy at the state and national levels, was recently awarded a fellowship with the Children’s Defense Fund.

In San Francisco, Zache Niles is coproducing/editing a documentary film with Banker White: “The whole project is a bit of a Middlebury family affair, as our mooey crew is comprised of Chris Velan ’96, Andy Mitchell ’96, and Jim Bruce ’96. The film, The Refugee All Stars, is about a group of musicians from Sierra Leone who live in a refugee camp in Guinea, West Africa. After editing and, of course, fund-raising, we hope to have a finished product by the end of the summer.”

Alex Grossman has moved back to Vermont. Husband Dave Park is a family practice physician in the Hanover-Norwich area, and Alex has started a residency in internal medicine at Dartmouth. Daughter Audrey (1) is excited to have a swing set in their Norwich back yard. On May 4, Gabi Belfort gave a lecture on Ph.D research to Midd’s department of chemistry and biochemistry. She especially enjoyed seeing former advisor Bob Gross. Gabi returns to medical school in the fall for two more years of M.D. training.

Molly Shuttelesworth Evans, an associate at Feldesman Tucker Leifer Fidell LLP in D.C., was recently elected to the Virginia Bar Association Young Lawyers Division executive committee. * Dan and Jennifer Jay Bass have two daughters: Evelyn Ruth (born Christmas Eve) and Clara. They live in Iowa City, where Jen is getting her master’s in public health at the Univ. of Iowa. Also living in Iowa City, Amanda Gordon Fletcher is working for the Hoover Presidential Library Association as annual giving and membership manager. * Dan Machacek and wife Laura moved to Berkeley this May. He and Laurie are moving to Seattle, where he’ll be working for McKinsey. Living in Brooklyn, Erzsi Pongo is the assistant fitness director and a personal trainer at the Slope Health and Fitness Center. She’s also developing her stand-up comedy routine, performing four shows at Manhattan’s Gotham Comedy Club in 2003.

Casey Killough moved to NYC, where he’s a freelance photographer. He often sees Greg Gutman, who lives in a suburb of New York. Meanwhile, Randy Martinez and husband Russ Metzler moved from California to D.C., where daughter Isabel Ann was born June 30, 2003. Cindy works for the American Geological Institute. Across town, Kali Azzi-Huck and husband Andrew have a son, Sam Joseph Huck (born July 12, 2003). “Sam and Isabel are already good friends, sharing everything from toys to germs.” * Darius ’95 and Lisa Jankowsky Brawn welcomed son Julian Edwin on January 31, 2004. Lisa is director of middle and upper school admissions at the Browning School in NYC.

Helen Motter spent the winter in Boulder, then returned to Jackson Hole where she’s a climbing ranger in Grand Teton National Park. * Also in Boulder, Jill Fontana is bartending at Hapa Sushi Grill and Sake Bar, volunteering for Vail Boulder (a global grassroots movement to end violence against women), and considering graduate study. * As a freelance photographer, Sarah Shapins Associates, Mimi Mather is working on the management plan for the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island.

Markell Kiefer, Emily Voorhees ’99, and Tyion Lien ’99 are producing a play about the life of the Dalai Lama, in celebration of his April visit to Los Angeles. * In December, Ned Catto visited the Boulder crew from Manhattan, where he’s dealing in antiques. * Al Carson lives in Vail, where you’ll find him playing in the powder or the rudders, depending on the season. He also manages the ski department at Christy Sports and builds houses in the summer. * Alison Bowman and Josh Sobeck were married on January 3 in Squaw Valley, Calif. Maid of honor included John Maycock, Rob Lawrence, Josh Walker, Andy Mitchell, Chad Stern, Bain Smith, Courtney Slatteberg, Megan Byrne, Billy Gowsk, Ned Greene, Dan Cantrell, Ian Wolfe, Peter Dougherty, Amanda Dickson, Mike and Debbie Bailey Kreuzer, and Rammy Harwood ’94. Living in Manhattan, Josh is pursuing his MBA at Columbia Business School and Alison is taking classes at Parson’s School of Design.

Chelse Thaxter and Chris Arora got married on August 9, 2003, in Tiburon, Calif. They live in New Orleans, where Chris is in his second year of law school. This summer she’s working at a firm in Menlo Park, Calif. Chris has been on the road with his band from San Francisco and a band out of New Orleans, opening for Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Robert Randolph, and the Metes. * The September 28, 2003, marriage of Kimberly Whitman and Patrick McGovern took place in South Yarmouth, Mass. Kim is a sales development manager at Sports Illustrated. * Yim Lee and Minh Duong were married in September 2003. * Jill Nusbaum and Jonny Levy were married on February 7 in Florida. They live in New Jersey and he’s an attorney. * The Times informs us that Elizabeth Feld and David Herzberg were married on March 27 at the Metropolitan Club in NYC.

Claudia Schnipper Hochberg has decided to pursue a cardiology fellowship. She and husband Ephraim Hochberg, an oncologist at Mass General, are pursuing a residency in Boston. * Kendra Musselzell is finishing her M.A. in English literature in Cambridge, Mass. * Paul and Terri Elothony Bly welcomed daughter Elana Ruth on August 20, 2003. The Bly family will be moving from
Minneapolis to Orono, Maine, where Terri will complete her predoctoral internship in clinical psychology at the Univ. of Maine Counseling Center.

Elizabeth Seelye is an assistant prof. in the psychology department at Amherst.

Peter Kucer was ordained a priest of the Missionaries of the Holy Apostles on November 22 at St. John Church in Cromwell, Conn.

Kathryn Chatfield completed a Ph.D. in pharmacology at Dartmouth Medical School last summer. Now she’s finishing her last two years of medical school at Dartmouth, where she sits in class with Carey Field.

Veronica Maginnis will work at a Manhattan law firm in the fall.

Bart and Torrey Himmin Plank are taking a six-month leave from their respective investment banking and advertising careers to travel in Tanzania, South Africa, Thailand, Australia, Papua-New Guinea, and New Zealand. They recently climbed Mount Kilimanjaro to kick off their journey.

After finishing a clerkship for the Maine Supreme Judicial Court in August 2003, Claudine Safar took a two-month vacation, traveling six hours by boat to the south coast of Newfoundland to rock climb on a remote sea cliff. She’s now practicing law in North Conway, N.H., in a small firm with attorneys Dean & Cargill, and coaching for the Mt. Washington Valley Ski Team on the weekends. “If anyone from Midd is in the area, come on by for a day of skiing, hiking, or climbing!”

—Class Secretaries: Amanda Gordon Fletcher (amelian_gordon@yahoo.com) 47 Notting Hill Ln., Inver Grove, IA 55224; and Megan Slattuck (meganslattuck6.tumblr.com) 2327 Q St. NW, #110, Washington, DC 20007.

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Henry Simonds is proud to announce that his documentary film, One Shot: The Life and Work of Tonie Harris, was accepted for national broadcast through American Public Television’s exchange program and began airing across the country in February on over 77 PBS affiliates nationwide. Henry has been working on the documentary about the life of African American photographer Charles “Tonie” Harris, whose 84-year career as a photojournalist and freelance photographer produced a body of work that is considered among the most comprehensive studies of black life in urban America in existence.”

—Kevin Sullivan, who lives in Boston with wife Adrienne, is an attorney in the real estate department at Hale and Dorr LLP. On a recent trip to NYC, he got together with Mike Moisio ’96, Liz Frankel ’99, Graham Tracey, Darcy Falkenhagen, and Jon Crane. Jon has been working as an artistic designer while one is in town and wants to see a familiar face, Class Secretaries; Tracey. Darcy Falkenhagen, for six years.*live in Federal Hill in Baltimore and team.”

Tobin and Shanon Hindle recently finished a project for the Vermont Land Trust. She’s also managing the Front of the House at American Flatbread, the organic restaurant in Middlebury’s Marbleworks.

Sara Hasan Nagy had a great time recently in Tifton, Calif., celebrating the marriage of Christine Griffin and Scott Young. Also partying were Marit Torkelsen, Jonathan Ferrari, Rob Taboada, Heidi Erdman Vance, Al Finkelstein, Henry Simonds, Matt Bijur, and Jamie Cowperthwait.

The marriage of Merideth Cox and Brian Oster took place on June 29, 2003, at Fearingrington Village, Pittsboro, N.C. Merideth has been playing in a couple of different bands.

—Brian works for Unilever in Greenwich. *Jill Tobin and Shanon were married on November 27, 2003, in South China, Maine. With a master’s in teaching from the Univ. of Maine, Jill teaches third and fourth grade at the Center for Teaching and Learning in Edgecomb Shano, who also holds a master’s in teaching from the Univ. of Maine, taught social studies before going on active duty in Iraq with the Maine Army National Guard.

—Anna Brubaker and Scott Davis had a Christmas Eve wedding at the Sunset Hill House in Sugar Hill, N.H. Anne is a fashion designer at Garnet Hill in Franconia; Scott is a doctoral candidate at Dartmouth.

When Sean Libby got married last September on Cape Cod, Sarah London, Josh Malin, Dan Surh, and Bill Noto were all there to help celebrate. *Bill Noto writes: “Jason Tandon, Justin Racz, and I made it out to San Francisco for New Years and had a great time hanging with Emily Gleason on her pad in Ashbury, just off Haight. There were no reported casualties. My band Spacecake just went up to Middlebury this past weekend to kick off the ‘Tavern’s annual Pink Ladies Die Tournament. We had a great time on Monday, and Friday night. It was pretty surreal for me. Did we dance like that when we went to college?”

—Class Secretaries: Jocelyn Hill (jocelyn_hill@yahoo.com), P.O. Box 3285, Nantucket, MA 02584; and Jackie Peltier (jpeltier97@alumni.middlebury.edu), 740 E. Seventh St., #24, South Boston, MA 02127.

Kip Digges reports from Down Under, where he’s completing law school: “Now that I’m in New Zealand, which is ridiculously beautiful, it’s easy to see where they could have set up filming locations for Lord of the Rings. Traveling around the country—through mountains passes with snow-capped mountains on one side and the Tasman Sea on the other; hiking up glaciers, across lakes, or through rainforests, or over volcanic craters, hot springs, boiling mud pools, geysers, or abseiling down into underground caves; or kayaking in Milford Sound, surrounded by waterfalls hundreds of meters high, with waterfalls cascading from all sides—the landscape here is breathtaking. It’s amazing how much untouched natural space there is and so few people—despite 40 million sheep everywhere.”

—Ben Andrews is a first-year at MIT’s Sloan School of Management working towards an MBA.

—Jen Jensen started a new job with the Department of City Planning in NYC, where she is breaking her one-year record—12 minutes! Jensen recently spotted John Schowengerdt in New York, as well as Davis Rickett and wife Cinta Fantini. Davis plays racketball frequently.

—Tomm Gravel, who works for a sports documentary film company, is “already ready to take the New York skyline with his one-man band show.”

—Jess Riley writes, “I just moved out to L.A. to finish my master’s in nutritional medicine and continue with my screenwriting.”

—Patrick Knightly’s debut solo record, recorded last October, can be found at cdbaby.com.

—News from Irina Marinov: “As 1 am struggling to finish my Ph.D thesis in carbon cycle and climate change at Princeton, I dearly hope this will be the last summer I spend in New Jersey for a long while. In the fall I will be moving to Boston for a postdoctoral research position at MIT. I hope this move will make it easier to reconnect with old Midd friends in the Boston/New England area. Irina has kept in touch with Danielle Moeller, who became a mother in February. Marina and husband Nicolas are studying and working in London this year with baby Jonathan.

—Visitors to London should get in touch with Emilie Richards and Jessie Mello, who are studying for MBAs at the London Business School. “Living in London and being just a cheap flight from anywhere in Europe is amazing!”

Brandon Doyle is also in London regularly, working for the New York office of Cambridge Univ.

—Colin and Shaya (Schneider) ’99 O’Neill are loving life in warm North Carolina, where Colin is at Duke’s Fuqua School of Management. Leigh and Tyler Nottberg are looking forward to bringing daughter Maggie (born March 26) up to Vermont for her first hike in the Green Mountains.

In May 2003, Matt ’96 and Martha Shay Trail welcomed a son, who is already being recruited by college teams looking for linebackers, according to Matt’s brother, Jeff Trail ’99. Matt and Martha recently moved from Boston to Hanover, N.H., where Matt started the Tuck MBA program at Dartmouth.

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Chris Wenger reports that he’s involved with the College’s celebration of the 50th anniversary of the beginning of the soccer program at Middlebury. A reunion of former players, coaches, and managers will be held October 8-10, including a varsity game with Amherst, a post-game reception in Lawson Lounge in the Field House, and a reception and dinner at Bread Loaf. Chris encourages classmates who played soccer to return in October.

—Class Secretaries: Melissa Pruesing (pruesing99@alumni.middlebury.edu), 185 Mathborough St., #8, Boston, MA 02116; and Peter Steinberg (psteinberg@alumni.middlebury.edu), 32 Wheelock St., #1, Hanover, NH 03755.

Louise Velton sends greetings from Grafton, Mass., “where I’m in my second year of veterinary school, but somehow, thankfully, finding time to goof around with Emily Sharkey and Sarah Garcia.”

Susan Parsons has been enjoying life in Santa Barbara, Calif. In early summer, she was heading back to the Pyrenees to teach English for a few months. Adam Taylor will be leading teen tours in the Pacific Northwest: “assigned to 16-year-olds this year, which should be a lot of fun.”

Ben Horsey says he’s serving as publisher for his book titled Say ‘To The World, a guide to sustainable living around the globe. Anyone have any ideas?”

Morgan Bicknell played the lead in the independent feature film Nothing Like Dreaming that premiered recently at the Green Mountain Film Festival. Dan DeRoos got his M.S. from NYU in December. He went skiing in Breckenridge, Colo., in late February with Ryan Klinghoffer, Justin Fernandes, and Dana Stringer.

After graduating from Fordham Law School this May, Jason Lenner planned to take the bar in July and consider job offers over the summer.

Nick Mitchell Jon Carr, Adam Nadeau, and Kirk Hoffman were recently in NYC, where they spent some time with Jackie Spring. Pat Day (“finally!”) moved to NYC, “hoping to crash in a fellow Rugger’s loft. Speaking of lofts, is Laura Ford in the city? Let’s get together!”

Celebrating Matt Arnold’s 25th birthday at Anam Cara in Brookline, Mass., were Leslie Fox, James Tsai, Kelsey Doub, Mike Kerkorian, Chris Cheang, Peter Jacoby, Jeannie Restivo ’99, Jess Silverman ’00, Bob Bryan, Sarah Theall, Sam Dettmann ’00, Neil Ondorff ’03, and Audrey Pellerin ’03.

James Tsai moved to a new apartment in Boston, where he was looking forward to a new job at Bank of America.

Jordan Rutledge-Lockwood was recently promoted to assistant director of member services at the Cincinnati Art Museum. Husband Andy also got a promotion to retail manager at Sodexo at Children’s Hospital in Cincinnati.

Kelvin Roldan is special assistant to the mayor of Hartford, Conn., where he also serves as director of community initiatives. “I now oversee policy development and implementation for the mayor and am also responsible for business engagement and strategic planning.” Caleb Holmes ’03 has been interning for him. Kelvin was recently at Middlebury participating in the ALC symposium. This year’s theme was “Sleeping Giant: The Significance of Latino Immigration, the Latino Vote, and Latino Forms of Expression in America.”

—Class Secretaries: Leslie Fox (lesliefox01@alumni.middlebury.edu), 1 Emerson Pl., #65A, Boston, MA 02114; and Michael Hartt (hartt@alumni.middlebury.edu), 1410 N Scott St., #737, Arlington, VA 22209.
LANGUAGES

English

Herbert Martin (M.Litt. ’72) is the subject of a critical biography, ‘Herbert Woodroad Martin and the African American Tradition in Poetry’ (Kent State University Press, February 2004). He received the Univ. of Toledo Distinguished Alumni Award in Arts and Sciences for 2003. Recently he completed the text for a new cantata to be premiered in Norfolk, Va., in fall 2004. Last summer he edited the Penguin Classics edition of Paul Laurence Dunbar Selected Poems (April 2004). In March 2004 he received an individual artist’s grant for poetry from the Ohio Arts Council. • Monica McGoldrick (M.A. ’81) has been named director of development for the Technical College of the Lowcountry Foundation. She was formerly director of planned giving at the Savannah College of Art and Design. • Jennifer Fox (M.A. ’94) recently became head of the Parren School in Potersville, N.J. Husband Nick Sicwet ’87 serves as the school’s academic dean. Jennifer has taught English at the International School of Kenya in Nairobi and at the American Collegiate Institute in Izmir, Turkey. She also has held positions at St. Mary’s Academy (Englewood, Colo.) and St. Stephen’s Episcopal School (Bradenton, Fla.). • James Schmitz (M.A. ’96), an assistant prof. of English at Johnson C. Smith Univ. in Charlotte, N.C., is finishing a novel about his years as a teacher on the Hopi Indian Reservation in Arizona. Wife Doris Ezell-Schmitz (’95, ’96, and ’97) has been teaching middle school in Chester, S.C., for over 30 years. A published poet, she was recently awarded a first-place prize by the Rock Hill Arts Commission. James and Doris met at the Ripon campus in 1995 and were married at the Santa Fe campus in 1997. • In New Jersey, John Woodworth (M.A. ’97) was named Teacher of the Month last November at Arthur L. Johnson High School, where he has taught since January 2002. John has an MFA in performance from the International Actor Training Academy at the Univ. of Tenn. • At St. Johnsbury Academy in Vermont, Erin Pike Mayo (M.A. ’03) has been appointed assistant headmaster for academic affairs. Erin, who has taught English at the academy since 1992, lives in St. Johnsbury with husband Peter Gurrus and children Maeve (7) and Gunnar (3). • The marriage of Sarah Phipps (’02, ’03) and Lloyd Miller took place at Stonehurst, the Robert Treat Paine House in Walharn, Mass., on August 16, 2003. She teaches at St. Ann’s School in Brooklyn, while he is a musician and writer.

French

Marisa Bommartito (M.A. ’98) and Thomas Altdorfer were married December 6, 2003, in Conmauck, N.Y. Living in Rockville Centre, Marisa is a senior associate for PricewaterhouseCoopers in Manhattan. Her husband is in institutional sales at J.P. Morgan Chase.

German

Richard Rundell (M.A. ’62) is department head of languages and linguistics at New Mexico State Univ. in Las Cruces, where he has been teaching German and film studies since 1975. • Allen Hye (M.A. ’67) is completing his 26th year as prof. of German at Wright State Univ., Dayton, Ohio. He recently published a book on three of his other interests, namely baseball, literature, and religion: ‘The Great Good Baseball Religion in Modern Baseball Fiction’ (Mercer University Press). • On April 6, Susan L. Piepke (D.M.L. ’86, M.A. Spanish ’84) received the Ben and Janice Wade Outstanding Teaching Award at Bridgewater (Va.) College, where she is a prof. and chair of the foreign languages department. During her sabbatical, Susan has been completing work on a second book, ‘A Woman in Conflict with Society: The Writings and Political Activism of Mathilde Franziska Anneke, a German American writer who immigrated to the U.S. and became involved in the women’s suffrage movement.

Italian

Katy Giges Ingulli (M.A. ’01) resigned her position as a marketing director, earned her master’s in Italian, became a licensed esthetician from Aveda Institute, and managed an upscale day spa. In December she opened Athelia Relaxation (www.atheliaspa.com) Spa in New Canaan, Conn. She’s also working on a lifestyle book on revitalization, based on the rituals of the ancient Romans.

Russian

Michelle Mitchell (’00, ’01, ’03) teaches high school Russian in Wasilla, Alaska, where she’s the six-time winner of the Humpty’s Marathon. Almost every summer for the past 14 years, she has lived in Moscow, studying the language and soaking up the culture, first as a foreign exchange student and then as a graduate student in the Middlebury Russian School. While competing in races in Moscow, friends introduced her to a top Russian coach and soon she was shedding minutes off her time. Last October, she was the top woman among seven Alaskans who competed in the Chicago Marathon, clocking in at 3:15:50. In February, she took on a new challenge, running the 50-kilometer portion of the Susitna 100. She was one of more than 100 competitors who skied, biked, snowshoed, or slogged on foot along frozen rivers and swamps. In Alaska, many serious runners opt to ski in the winter, but Michelle has never wanted to do that. She believes skiing can maintain a runner’s endurance but not a runner’s speed. She taught Russian and Spanish at West Valley in Fairbanks for seven years before taking a job at Wasilla High. She reports that in Fairbanks there are running races in the winter and a dedicated group of runners that trains no matter what the weather. Michelle continued to run 70 to 80 miles a week while living there, same as in the summer. She sums it up: “I’m a cold-weather runner.”

02

Steve reports: I’m planning on moving onto a tugboat for the remainder of my twenties and will soon have my first successful reality show. In Beantown, I bumped into Toni Harris, who was planning on a Saturday, they got together with Sam Brenner (who will soon be seen on the big screen out of London), and study up on the facts before the elections. • After spending last year as an intern in Izmir, Turkey, she has also held positions at St. Mark’s School in Pottersville, NJ. Husband Nick Siewert ’87 serves as the Robert Treat Paine House in Waltham, Mass., on August 16, 2003. She teaches at St. Ann’s School in Brooklyn, while he is a musician and writer.

03

Lucas Farrell and Daniel Lucas Whitmore are travelling in Mexico, spreading awareness of renewable fuel sources. • Jason Simmons has been teaching in the Dominican Republic, Peru, and Costa Rica, before heading back to school this fall. • Lisa Jasinski completed her first year of film studies at the Univ. of Wis.: “It’s been an exceptional year of watching great movies, teaching a public speaking class, and surviving the Midwest.” Jeremy Holiday starts his M.A. there in the fall. Lisa’s summer plans include “visits to both coasts to see Michelle Collette ’02 in L.A., Jack Thurston ’02 in Vt., Aaron Sawchuk ’02 in Boston, and John Morgenstern and Nathan Davis in New York.” • Aaron Copeland is a financial consultant in the Boston office of RBC Dain Rauscher. Along with many other midd folk, Leah Cumsky-Whitlock is finding life great in San Fran. She was in touch with Meg Bonney, Kate Perina, and Dana Chapin as they traveled through the South Pacific. • Class Secretaries: Megan Dodge (mldnd@tiscsatstudent.com), 2580 Polk St., #11, San Francisco, CA 94109; and Ulisse Zanollo (uczello@middletownlib.com) 64-49 Shaler Ave., Ridgeview, NY 11383.

This will be a great way for us to stay in touch. Please do not hesitate to contact your new class secretaries whenever you want to send news. We look forward to hearing from everyone: The Class of 2004 has proven to be an exemplary group, and we will continue to be exemplary in our respective places in the world. We hope you are starting to enjoy what life after Midd has in store for you!

—Class Secretaries: Julia Henwood (jghenwood@alumni.middlebury.edu) and Athena Paphitus (atina@princeton1328@yahoo.com), 254-4 Stagg St., Brooklyn, NY 11206.
26 Elizabeth Kelley Beck, 98, of Waukegan, Ill., on November 20, 2003. Following graduation, she was a teacher for a time in Townsend, Mass. During the 1930s, she was a physical therapist at the Univ. of Chicago Hospital and the Univ. of Missouri Hospital. She served as a Middlebury class agent and as a Gamaliel Painter's Cane Society representative. She also remembered Middletown through her estate planning. She was married to Dr. Kenneth C. Beck in 1936; he died in 1999. They had two children, Katharine and Wingate.


31 Mary F. Bump, 93, of Glen Falls, N.Y., on September 17, 2003. She was a dental assistant and lay technician until 1940, when she enlisted in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. While stationed in Oklahoma, she became a licensed X-ray technician and worked in that capacity in Phelps Memorial Hospital, North Tarrytown, N.Y., until retiring in 1972. She was predeceased by sister Lucile Bump Brayton '29, brother-in-law George L. Brayton '13, and cousin Glenna Bump Crosby '34.

Richard A. Fear, 95, of Pittstown, N.J., on April 8, 2003. After working for the New York Conservation Department, he became educational director at a Civilian Conservation Camp in Connecticut. Earning his master's in psychology from Boston Univ, he became an industrial psychologist with the Psychological Corporation in NYC. His expertise in the field of psychological evaluations and interviews led to numerous domestic and overseas assignments. McGraw Hill published his book on interviewing, The Evaluation Interview, which remained in print for nearly a decade. A revised edition of his book won the Society for Personnel Administration's Book Award as the Most Outstanding Human Resource Management Book Published in 1973. Leaving the Psychological Corporation as VP after 28 years, he traveled extensively and established his own business, concentrating on interview training. Retiring at age 85, he continued to travel, hike into jungles, and climb mountains. A very active musician at Middlebury, he continued his singing career by joining the Blue Hill Troupe, a Gilbert and Sullivan organization, and took the tenor lead in their operas. On his retirement, he accepted a call to the Westmoreland Baptist Church in Bethesda, Md., outside Washington, a church attended by many political and government leaders. In the 1970s, he was president of the Board of World Ministries and an active member of the UCC Office of Communications. Retiring to Keene, N.H., he remained active in UCC affairs, substitute preaching in a number of churches and serving on the Committee on Ministry in Cheshire County. Survivors include wife Helene Cosenza Chase '38, sons Christopher and David, five grandchildren, sister Barbara Key, and sisters-in-law Margherita Cosenza Moore '37 and Louise Cosenza Gross '36. Predeceased by a grandson, Steven, and by sisters Priscilla Chase '23 and Doris Chase '25.

Frances Brainerd Parrish Miller, 88, of El Paso, Texas, on July 29, 2003. After two years at Middlebury, she graduated from George Washington Univ and earned a degree in library science from the Univ. of Denver. She retired as a librarian with the El Paso Public Library. Preceded in death by husband Allen H. Miller, she leaves sons Brainerd S. Parrish, Frank H. Parrish, and Ernest H. Parrish; five grandchildren; and one great-grandchild. Her late grandfather, Ezra Brainerd (Class of 1864), was president of Middlebury College from 1885 to 1908. Predeceased Middlebury relatives include sister Ethel Brainerd Groves '38; aunt Bertha Brainerd Adams (1895), Frances Brainerd Baird (1898), Alice Brainerd Nelson (1904), Dorothy Brainerd Cline '23, Katherine Brainerd Baird '27; and several cousins. Surviving Middlebury cousins include Lawrence B. Cline '52, Charles A. Adams '59, Louise Eddy Rossmann '60, and Julia Rossman Perez '89.

39 Herman E. Weston, 87, of Saxtons River, Vt., on April 15, 2004. As a dairy farmer from 1939 to 1947, he raised purebred Brown Swiss cows on his 1,100-acre farm. He taught elementary school for four years while attending classes at Keene Teachers College, then worked at Noyes and Whitehill Hardware Store in Bellows Falls for 25 years. A member of the Bartonville Grange in all seven degrees, he was past master of the Subordinate Grange and the Parnona Grange, and was a state deputy. Predeceased by wife Frances (Morrison) in 1977 and by son William in 1998, he leaves son Joseph, daughter Sarah Avery, two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

40 Mildred Clarke Grasswell, 85, of Chapel Hill, N.C., on April 23, 2004. A graduate of Simmons College, she lived for 32 years in Stamford, Conn., where she worked in a branch library, was active in the Children's Theatre of the Junior League of Darien, and was a founding
member of the Country Oaks Garden Club. She earned a degree in interior decorating in Puerto Rico, and was knowledgeable about antiques. She leaves husband Robert D. Crasswell, son Peter, daughters Karen Farbman and Pamela Baldo, and three grandchildren.

Janet M. Gilbert, 85, of Albany, N.Y., on April 18, 2004. With an M.A. in social studies (Cornell Univ. 1941) and an Ed.D.(Univ. Of Buffalo 1961), she taught social studies in Niagara Falls for 10 years before becoming district supervisor of social studies. She also taught at Niagara Univ. and the Univ. of Buffalo. Moving to Albany in 1965, she worked with the state curriculum division on a major overhaul of the social studies program for the New York State Education Department. She was the author of several books and served as a member of the National Council for Social Studies. Predeceased by husband Arthur D. Gilbert '38, she is survived by brother Daniel R. Gilbert '48 and sisters-in-law Joan Tyler Gilbert '48 and Beverly Browning Gilbert '39.

Edward F. Ormsby, 85, of Reckling, Conn., on March 10, 2004. With an M.S. in mathematics (Syracuse Univ. 1944) and a graduate degree from the Navy (1944-1946), attaining the rank of ensign. He taught math at Union College (Schenectady, N.Y.) and Pennsylvania State Univ., before beginning a 30-year career with IBM in 1953. His focus on marketing and installing large computers worldwide took him to more than 60 countries. Survivors include wife Barbara Roberts Ormsby '43, daughters Heidi Kelsey and Susan Stoehr, and three grandchildren, including Megan Stoehr '09.

James C. Smith II, 85, of Fairfax City, Va., on April 3, 2004. During World War II, he served with the Army Air Corps as a major in the 65th Fighter Group operation center in England. He worked as an accountant from 1946 until 1952, when he received an invitation to join the expanding Central Intelligence Agency as a career administrative officer. After 22 years, he retired and became a fuel-oil salesman in Fairfax for several years. In retirement, he spent time in his community affairs in Fairfax City. He leaves wife Maurine (Latta), daughter Caroline Schlaesman, son Douglas L. Smith, sister Jean Smith Davies '49, and five grandchildren. Middleton survivors include brothers David K. Smith '42 and Lawrence M. Smith '49, sister-in-law Carol Hartman Smith '43, nephew David K. Smith Jr., and great-great-niece Kristin Kingbury Smith '08.

Helen Rothery Higbee, 84, of Shelburne, Vt., on March 2, 2004. During World War II, she joined the Navy as a WAVE. As an aerographer, she decoded Japanese weather data in Washington, D.C., and made weather observations for Navy fliers at Floyd Bennett Naval Air Station. She earned a master's in mathematics at UVM (1948). At Burlington's College Street Congregational Church, she served as organist, deacon, and treasurer. She was also a founding member of Malletts Bay Congregational Church, where she served as deacon and organist. Survivors include husband Donald B. Johnstone, two daughters, a son, and seven grandchildren. A sister, Lois Beardslee Kautman '37, preceded her in death.

Harold O. Skinner, 81, of Oneonta, N.Y., on April 5, 2004. For his service during World War II in the Army Air Corps as a P-31 fighter pilot, he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with three Oak Clusters. A graduate of Rhetta College, he was a teacher and administrator in Otsego County, retiring in 1979. Survivors include wife Julia (Salamone), daughters Paige and Holly, and two granddaughters.

Emory P. Mersereau Jr., 81, of Wilmington, Del., on February 19, 2004. With an engineering degree from Middlebury and an M.S. from Purdue Univ., he worked for John Bancroft & Sons in Wilmington. In 1977, he founded EMC Process Co., an industrial coatings company in Newport, from which he retired in 1998. As members of the Stations Club of Wilmington since 1964, he and wife Charlotte Bresnel Mersereau '46 were instrumental in building an ice rink and clubhouse. In addition to serving in leadership positions for the club, he was the regular announcer for competitions and other events. He continued to skate several days a week until his final brief illness. Besides his wife, he leaves daughter Candance Thompson and a brother.

Marilyn Arey McGeohan, 78, of Stuart, Fla., on March 10, 2004. She worked for American Airlines, the NY Telephone company, the West Elip (LL) school system, and Carolina Cabinervision in Dillon. Her children, she was active in Scouts and Little League. Her volunteer work included the Soldiers & Sailors Memorial Hospital Auxiliary in Penn Yan, N.Y. In 1995, she was honored by the Penn Yan Business and Professional Women's Club as Woman of the Year, both the local and regional level. Predeceased by husband John, she was survived by daughter Karen E. Brown and five grandchildren.

John M. Hale, 81, of Auburn, Calif., on December 6, 2003. In the Army Air Corps, he was trained as a meteorologist at Brown University and MIT, and assigned to Alaska. He left the service in 1946 with the rank of captain. After receiving his Middlebury degree, he earned an M.A. at the Univ. of Mich. His employment included working with runway youth, architectural photographer, and organizer of wilderness trips to Australia, Alaska, California, and Mexico. Later, he was with the Peace Corps Commission on Aging, Area 4 (north central California) Agency on Aging, Congress of California Seniors, and California Senior Legislature. He also hosted a radio program, "Time for Seniors," and a cable access program of the same name.

Doris Queen Oddsen, 76, of Locust Valley, N.Y., on February 11, 2004. After college, she worked as an office manager for New York Telephone Company and traveled extensively with friends. She met her husband, Gustav A. Oddsen, through the Garden City Ski Club; they married in 1967. A travel agent for La Dolce Vita Travel, her community activities included Meals on Wheels, the Locust Valley Garden Club, AAUW, and the Locust Valley Women's Club. The family spent holidays, weekends, and summer months in Vermont, and then moved to Rochester, Minn., in 1999. Besides her husband, she leaves daughter Susan Oddsen '90 and two grandchildren.

Thomas E. Fraioli, 76, of Miami, Fla., on February 2, 2004. After serving in the Navy, he returned to Middlebury to earn his degree. He began his advertising career in NYC, then served as sales manager of a television station in Richmond, Va., before moving to Miami in 1963 to become sales manager for WTVJ, the flagship TV station of Wometco Enterprises. After two decades, he left WTVJ to form two media-buying companies, Miami Video Productions and Communications Counselors. He was an instructor on the Univ. of Miami School of Communication and cofounded the Miami chapter of the National Academy of Arts and Sciences. Predeceased by brother Anthony V Fraioli '49, he leaves wife Kitty, two sons, two granddaughters, sister-in-law Nellie Benson Fraioli '48, and niece Christine Fraioli '74.

John P. Clayton, 73, of La Mesa, Calif., on May 19, 2003. An anesthesiologist for 46 years, he was employed by Grossmont Hospital. He served in the Navy and was a member of the American Medical Association and the California Society of Anesthesiologists. He especially enjoyed sailing. Survivors include wife Linda, daughters Elizabeth and Sally, sons Jack and Jeffrey, and two grandchildren. An uncle, the late Harold G. Bruns, graduated from Middlebury in 1929.

Margaret Nasmith Wedge, 73, of Lawrence, Kan., on March 2, 2004. With a degree in American studies (George Washington Univ. 1953) and a master's in social welfare (Kansas Univ. 1979), she was a social worker in the Lawrence SRS office until her retirement in 1993. In 1989, she received an award for her service as a social worker in Douglas County. Predeceased by husband George E Wedge '51, she leaves daughters Laura Lawrence, Louise Pennewell, and Alberta Wedge; son Philip; and five grandchildren.

Donald P. Faber, 72, of Vero Beach, Fla., on July 2, 2003. He pursued a career in furniture and floor coverings in Connecticut and later in Florida, retiring as president of Fabshaw.
Enterprises, Inc. He leaves son Donald, daughter Chantall, and brother Wallace A. Faber '50.

William C. Krug, 72, of Cape Coral, Fla., on March 6, 2004. His Army service included duty attached to the U.S. Air Force base at Wiesbaden, Germany. He retired from the U.S. Department of Defense, and moved from New Jersey to Florida in 1994. Survivors include wife Joan (Aiger), sons James and David, daughter Joanne, and three grand-children.

Peter C. Statler, 73, of Koloa, Kauai, Hawaii, on March 27, 2004. He served two years in the Marine Corps, and then joined his father and brother in the family concrete business in Kalamazoo, Mich. He was elected to the Kalamazoo City Commission in 1977 and served as vice mayor for two years. He retired to Hawaii in 1990. Predeceased by wife Brenda (Tisch) in 2002 and by daughter Laura in 2003, he leaves son Timothy, daughter Julia, stepson Harry Ellis III, two granddaughters, and companion Janet Feldmann.

John G. Taylor, 72, of Wallingford, Pa., on July 8, 2003. With an MBA from Drexel Univ. (1960), he was a financial manager with Rohm & Haas Company in Philadelphia. Survivors include wife Charlotte Morgan Taylor '54, daughters Leslie and Wendy, son David, and six grandchildren. Other Mckleburry relatives include brother Donald L. Taylor '59, sisters-in-law Janet Brouse Taylor '59, Marjorie Morgan Holt '55, and Constance Morgan Larrabee '62; and nephew Paul M. Taylor '86.

Julee Stone Miller, 68, of Huntsville, Texas, on January 16, 2004. With an M.A. in English literature from Columbia Univ., she was most recently an editor with the Yale University Press and an adjunct English prof. at Sam Houston State Univ. A Huntsville resident since 1977, she was instrumental in establishing the Huntsville Youth Soccer Association, was an enthusiastic supporter of the arts, and belonged to the First United Methodist Church. Survivors include husband Jim Miller, daughter Lee, son Eric, and one granddaughter.

Paul M. Denison, 68, of Big Horn, Wyo., on September 8, 2003. He spent two years in the Army, received an advanced degree from Brown Univ., and began his teaching career at the Crane School (Montecito, Calif.) and Berkshire School in Massachusetts. Moving to the Cate School (Carpinteria, Calif.) in 1968, he served as English teacher, coach, administrator, chair of the board, and life trustee. His final years were spent ranching in the foothills of the Big Horns, where he had returned throughout his life. Survivors include wife Betty Butterfield Denison '59, son Paul '83, daughters Charis and Jocelyn, and four grandchildren.

Richard H. Staelhe III, 55, of Vineland, N.J., on March 21, 2004, as a result of an automobile accident. For 27 years, he worked in the plastics division of Wheaton Industries, where he was instrumental in the development of the miniature plastic liquor bottles used by the airline industry. After leaving Wheaton in 1997, he owned the Nantucket Oyster Company of Money Island in Newport. A skilled wood sculptor, he worked with mahogany and painted hardwood. Survivors include his parents, a brother, and two sisters.

Mark A. Olbrych, 52, of Niskayuna, N.Y., on April 10, 2004. He was a computer consultant for CGI of Albany, N.Y. Survivors include wife Mary Lynn (Gary) and son Alexander.

Susan French Poult, 40, of South Burlington, Vt., on April 9, 2004, after a brief illness. She taught French and Spanish at Chapel Hill-Chauncey Hall School in Waltham, Mass., prior to her marriage to Jery Poult. Since moving to the Burlington area, she had been very active with local social programs, most notably the Burlington Emergency Shelter soup kitchen. She was active in the Children of the American Revolution and St. James Episcopal Church in Essex Junction. She was attending UVM graduate school to earn a dual master's in guidance and mental health. Survivors include husband Jerry, sons Alex and Walter, mother Judy French, and father Hiram French.


Margaret Maxwell Atwood, 84, M.A. Spanish, of Bangor, Maine, on September 1, 2003. She taught Spanish, most recently at the Eastern Maine Medical Center.

Esther Y. Smith, M.A. French, of Phoenixville, Pa., on March 11, 2004. He was director of Greenwich Services, Inc., an 84-bed residence for children and adults with mental disabilities and medical needs, and a provider of community-based programs for the mentally disabled.

Mary Bancroft Bourne, M.A. Spanish, of Vancouver, B.C., Canada, on April 29, 2003.

Olive Pollard Eggers, 84, M.A. French, of Webster Groves, Mo., on February 3, 2004. She taught French, Latin, and Italian at Webster Groves High School for 20 years.

Ethel H. Anderson, 96, of Concord, Mass., formerly of Providence, R.I., on April 26, 2004. She was the widow of George K. Anderson, a longtime faculty member of the Bread Loaf School of English. Professor Anderson, who died in 1980, was the author of Bread Loaf School of English, The First Fifty Years, published in 1969. Gifts in memory of Ethel and George Anderson may be sent to the G.K. Anderson Memorial Book Fund, Middlebury College, Munford House, Middlebury, VT 05753.

Eve Vetulani Belfoure October 1, 1924–March 26, 2004

Born in Krakow, Poland, she was forced to work in labor camps after the Nazi occupation of her country in 1939. Her father advised her to “learn your enemy's language.” It was her knowledge of languages that saved her life during World War II, because she was more valuable to the Germans as a translator than as a slave laborer. She was liberated by the Allies in 1945 from a camp in Nordhausen, site of the construction of V-1 and V-2 rockets. After the war, she worked as a translator for U.S. Army intelligence. She attended Frankfort University in Germany, then came to the U.S. as a displaced person in 1950 and attended Washington University in St. Louis.

Moving to Maryland, she graduated from Frostburg State Teachers College (1962) and taught French, German, and Spanish at Woodlawn High School until retiring in 1988. In 1966 she earned her master's in French at Middlebury, where she also attended the German School in summer 1971. She was fluent in Russian and Italian, in addition to Polish, German, French, Spanish, and English.

After retiring, she translated historical documents for the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C. She also worked through the Red Cross, attempting to reunite Holocaust survivors with their families, and she volunteered at Our Daily Bread in Baltimore. Predeceased by husband Charles W. Belfoure in 1997, she leaves a son and two grandchildren.

“Her had seen the absolute worst in life, people executed in front of her eyes,” said her son, Charles Belfoure. “But she had an amazingly cheerful disposition and outlook on life.”
MAIL ORDER

Andrew Marks '66, Pipemaker

SERVICES

Acupuncture in DC. Mary Beth Gibbons, MA, 753-703-893-1537; GibbonsMB@aol.com

Massage & yoga in Boston. Harvard Medical School consultant, 20+ years experience. Tom Jacobson LMT, 777-617-610-7687; tomjazz@yahoo.com.

Smart is Sexy. Graduates and faculty of Middlebury College, the Irvies, Seven Sisters, MIT and a few others. More than 4000 members. The Right Stuff 1-800-988-5288, www.rightstuffdating.com

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VACATION RENTALS


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Bolton, NY, Lake George. Secluded 3 1/2 bedrooms, 2 bath, fully furnished home. Eight minute walk to town's sandy beach and dock. 973-263-8996 or douglaslangdon@cs.com.

Barret, VT home: June-October; weeks and wknds. Harvey's Lake access, deck, 3 bdrm, wood stove, 2 car garage, 2 baths. $650.00/wk; $400.00/wknd. Call 617-898-1746.

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@tdx.net


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After losing her mother to breast cancer, a Middlebury graduate honors her memory.

By Olive Isaacs ’99

Our months before I graduated from Middlebury, my mother died of breast cancer.

Though I was surrounded by friends, my first instinct was to flee. I wanted to hide from anything and anyone who reminded me of those terrifying days leading up to my mother’s death.

But the thought of living apart from my roommates, friends, and professors—those who were there for me during dark times—was even more terrifying. And so I stayed. Random hugs, late-night chats, and silent walks helped soothe the initial shock, and I found my first adult sense of community. But then it was time to go, and the pain remained.

I moved to Washington, D.C., and while I was engaged by an exciting city, I felt alone. Searching for outlets to aid the healing process, I signed up for the Avon Walk for Breast Cancer. I did so silently, intending the 60-mile walk and fund-raising process to be a solitary tribute to my mother’s memory. But then it was time to go, and the pain remained.

Surrounded by thousands of strangers, I discovered what I had been subconsciously seeking: the sense of community that I had at Middlebury. Two years and three fund-raising walks later, I’m managing the New York office of the Avon Walk for Breast Cancer, and that community is my life.

In 2003, I hired a small staff, set up shop in the back half of a bare sublet, and worked tirelessly to prepare the first event of its kind in New York. Our team learned to drive pallet jacks, forklifts, and 24-foot trucks; we operated two-way radios like Special Forces; we scoured New York’s sidewalks for discarded furniture; and we traversed the city by train, bus, bicycle, and foot to recruit walkers.

My arena grew to encompass thousands of participants, bound together by the desire to eradicate breast cancer. My compatriots ranged in age from 18 to 80-plus. They were professional fund-raisers and recent college grads. They were native New Yorkers and suburban families who had never visited the big city. They were men, too, sometimes slightly lost in a mostly female world, but no less broken and just as determined.

Many had breast cancer. Others were survivors, proudly bearing the scars. Many more, like me, had lost their mothers—or sisters, friends, aunts, daughters—sometimes even fathers, brothers, and uncles. They often arrived alone, but left with crowds. We came to know their families—and their deepest fears. Something about the name of what we were creating seemed to encourage people to trust us with thoughts they might never tell others. We became, for them, a comfortable place.

Last fall, my funny and determined community of 3,300 met our goal, raising $6.5 million in nine months. Now I’m working to raise more funds and to help others become part of this amazing experience.

My Avon Walk family has become an extension of that Midd group. I know that random hugs, late-night chats, and silent walks are there if I need them. And I still do. Although five years have passed, I still miss my mother. My wounds from her death may never completely heal, but I have the support, love, and inspiration that I know I need. And I dedicate it all to her.

When I chose to stay at Middlebury after my mother’s death, I took perhaps the most important step of my life. I learned the power of togetherness, of community, and of a sense of place. I am committed to helping others gain this, too. For this, I know my mother would be proud; for she always told me to find my place in the world and to welcome others in.

Olive Isaacs ’99 lives in Brooklyn and is in the middle of her second successful Avon Walk season. To find out more about her work, go to www.avonwalk.org or call 1-877-WALK-AVON.
CHANGING OF THE GUARD
Ron Liebowitz (left) and John M. McCordell, Jr. find a moment to talk at Reunion Weekend. On July 1, Liebowitz succeeded McCordell as Middlebury’s president.
CELEBRATE
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