True Colors

While albinism may have robbed sophomore Meron Benti of her pigmentation and caused others to question her identity as an Ethiopian, she has never been more certain about who she is.
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*Serious Money* by Caryl Churchill.
Photo by Stan Barouh.
Here in the North Country after the cold has begun to take its toll, we recognize those late-winter harbingers of spring—swooping white clouds of snow buntings on roadsides, startling backyard song reprises of Arctic robins, upper Canada–bound and undeterred by snow blanketing tree and bush branches as they gobble last year’s seeds and berries. The heart cheers: in a matter of weeks those magnificent V-formations of Canada geese will be winging northward above fields of defrosting mud, hurrying the warmer weather our way. And beyond, in May, the Cornwall hillsides will be white with apple blossoms, and dogwoods will flower in yards. And, after this long winter of jangled nerves, here outside the Donald Everitt Axinn Center—only a few paces from the far curb of Old Chapel Road where Midd was thrust into national headlines—this eastern redbud will briefly, gloriously fluoresce, as the cycle moves on.

By David Haward Bain, Department of English and American Literatures, Creative Writing

Photograph by Brett Simison

While it might be May before the campus fully embraces the graces of spring, when the time comes, it is cheered by all.
Dance is a vital tradition and social activity worldwide, transcending the boundaries of our origins through a unifying art. At the Middlebury Institute in Monterey, the Latin Dance Club is our way of learning about a culture, a people, and a form of expression while having fun and meeting new people. Every week, we build our salsa and bachata skills, but mostly we come together to laugh. In a challenging graduate program, having an outlet is critical. Our members are studying different things and come from diverse cultures, and many of us have never danced before. Some of us, as you can see, march to the beat of our own drums. But no matter the music that moves us, it’s impossible not to smile while dancing.

By Steffanie Munguia, MA candidate in International Environmental Policy
Photograph by Elena Zhukova
Jake Brown (no. 5) races up court, weaving around defenders as if they are traffic cones on an obstacle course, all the way to the hoop and actual obstacles, big guys, shot-blockers with malice on their minds, only to emerge like a surfer from the curl of a big wave . . . and finding with a deft pass his running mate, Matt St. Amour (no. 11), who has glided to an open spot, a temporary oasis amid the swirl of bodies in motion, and with a mere flick of the wrist, launches a shot from 20 feet out, the ball floating over the havoc below, seeming to hang in the air for seconds before dropping through the hoop like a stone down a well, tickling the twine, nothin’ but net: SWISH. ¶ The big crowd erupts, the opposing coach desperately signals time-out, the PA announcer intones over the din: “MATT ST. AMOUR . . . (pausing for effect) . . . THREE POINTS!

By Karl Lindholm ’67
Photograph by Brett Simison

Matt St. Amour earned conference Player of the Year and national All-American honors during a senior campaign that saw him set a school record for points (676) and three-pointers (118) in a season.
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**Contributors**

- **Zane Hickcox Kotker ’56** takes on the topic of aging in a moving new novella.

**Photograph by Todd Balfour (above left). Cover photograph by Brett Simison. Above illustration by Edel Rodriguez.**
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Selfie Nation

On a damp, overcast March morning, I went in search of the American face.

My quest took me to Middlebury’s Museum of Art, where Richard Saunders, the museum’s director, has curated a brilliant exhibit of portraits—nearly 100 in total drawn from more than 20 collections—that, taken together, reveal a fascinating portrait all its own: this country’s cultural obsession with self.

The exhibit, American Faces: A Cultural History of Portraiture and Identity, is staged in seven sections that essentially serve as chapters of a story (it was preceded by Saunders’s most recent book bearing the same title). The self-guided tour of American identity encompasses such themes as “The Rich,” “Portraits for Everyone,” and “Fame.” The chronology of the work traces the interests and media of the age—exquisite 18th-century oil paintings (only the wealthy could afford such portraits), a daguerreotype and hollow-cut silhouettes from the 19th century, a mammoth Chuck Close self-portrait from our last century—affording the visitor an acute sense of how we have seen ourselves and how we have expressed these visions during the past three centuries.

But perhaps the most interesting aspect of Saunders’s work is his expanded definition of the portrait itself. “One goal of mine,” Saunders says, “has been to broaden the definition of portraiture to include many images, such as snapshots, which are often ignored by scholars primarily because they are by anonymous amateurs. In so doing, I hope to enable viewers to make better sense of the more common types of portraits that routinely pass before our eyes—in the media, in public places, and in the home.”

So sharing space with the masterful works by Warhol and Close and the painter Charles Wilson Peale are items such as a giant LeBron James wall decal (the likes of which would be perfectly at home in my son’s bedroom), a looped video of the first televised presidential debate, Shepard Fairey’s Obama Hope poster, and the visage of Osama bin Laden as presented on the FBI’s Most Wanted poster. (The “Portraits for Everyone” section even contains a vintage 1950s photo booth. See p. 23.)

I would love to see this exhibit again in 20 years. What new ways will we have discovered to express our collective identity? And how will we see ourselves?
SUMMER EXHIBITIONS • MAY 26–AUGUST 13

Sabra Field, Cloud Way, 2016. © Sabra Field


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A RETROSPECTIVE

The LOVINGS
an intimate portrait

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREY VILLET

YOUNG AMERICA

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Middlebury College Museum of Art
A Robust Public Sphere

By Laurie L. Patton

In early April, I spoke to the Middlebury faculty about free speech and the public sphere. My remarks were prompted by the events of March 2, in which a scheduled talk by political scientist Charles Murray was disrupted by demonstrations (see p. 25). The events of that day and the ensuing debate about the value of public discourse made national news. And while I told the faculty that I would not have asked for a national platform to discuss in an urgent fashion the paramount importance of creating a robust public sphere at Middlebury, I am proud that we are having this discussion. I see it as a sign of our vitality, and I would like to share with you what I said to our faculty.

I believe that a true commitment to education must embrace an uncompromising commitment to free and open dialogue that expands understanding, challenges our assumptions, and ultimately creates a more inclusive public sphere.

Controversial speech, or speech by a controversial speaker, can be challenging in a time when the very idea of a public sphere seems fragile. Controversial speech is also more difficult in a time when issues that should be contested and addressed become exclusively owned by “the left” or “the right.” In our current state, deep educational commitments, such as exploring the history of oppression and freedom, may be difficult to share as common public goods. But they should be understood as such, and it is our responsibility to teach them and to discuss them with candor. That is the only way we can reach the truth.

There are many struggles playing themselves out on our college campuses: how does one acknowledge the discomfort that a true liberal education must entail, while at the same time recognizing and respecting the often difficult and unfair experiences of our students who have walked in the American margins? Acknowledging and honoring those margins as real spaces is essential. Honoring the study and articulation of those experiences is crucial to our well-being as a society. And in honoring those margins, we must pay attention to hurt, to offense, to accumulated injury. So, how do we relate these two fundamental values—the necessary discomfort of a liberal education, and an honoring of the difficult experiences of our students who have walked in the margins? And how do we do so in the context of free speech debates?

Geoffrey Stone, a University of Chicago Law School professor and First Amendment scholar, has cautioned that if we are permitted to silence distasteful views, we risk becoming silenced ourselves. And once censorship becomes acceptable, those most likely to be silenced are our citizens who find themselves in the minority—be they religious, racial, or political minorities. With this in mind, I believe that if there ever was a time for Americans to take on arguments that offend us, it is now. If there ever was a time for us to challenge influential public views with better reason, better research, better logic, and better data, it is now. If there ever was a time when we needed to risk being offended, to argue back even while we are feeling afraid, to declare ourselves committed to arguing for a better society, it is now.

The questions that we encounter strike at the very heart of who we are as an institution, and we should take our time to learn, to debate, to understand, and to reflect.

In its tradition as an institution of excellence and of courageous engagement, Middlebury must find a way to connect the principles of free speech and the creation of a robust public sphere. I believe we all can agree that education is about exposing students to different ideas and giving them the skills and courage to choose between them. And I believe we all can agree that education should give students the skills and courage to make this a better world. These values are usually not in conflict. However, in our most painful moments, such as the one we experienced in early March, they were indeed conflicting.

In my view, the first of these commitments is a necessary precondition of the second. Education must be free enough to expose students to a wide range of conflicting and even disturbing ideas, for only then will we be able to give our students the wisdom, the resilience, and the courage to make this a better world.

I will work tirelessly for both inclusivity and freedom of speech. There are no more important projects than these. But this is possible only if academic freedom and freedom of speech are defended on all sides. It is only through this principle that we will enable our students to discover truth and achieve the work of making society more just, and it is only in this way that we will in the long run ensure a public sphere that is more inclusive, more vibrant, and more engaging. That is, after all, what we are most fundamentally about.
**Andrew Forsthoefel '11** ("Andrew Forsthoefel’s Long Walk") spent nearly a year hoofing it across the country, trekking from his family’s home in central Pennsylvania to the West Coast. He’s chronicled the journey in the new book *Walking to Listen: 4,000 Miles Across America. One Story at a Time*, which we’ve excerpted a chapter in this issue. As his book title suggests, Andrew spent most of the journey listening to the stories of the people he met. In turn, he recounted what he heard and what he learned in audio pieces for *This American Life*, *Transom*, and *This Country*. He’s covered breaking news and written feature stories across Battell Beach, the profound quiet draping campus, the sharp bite of my boots on snow.” To this day I find myself haunted, and yet comforted, by that same memory—of the blanketing stillness and a deep sense of peace I’ve never quite recaptured.

—**Jennifer Stone Goetz ’90**, Commenting on middmag.com

**DIFFERENT LESSON LEARNED**

Although I had a similar experience as Meghan Nesmith’s story “Bye, Bye Love!” I did not marry a fellow Middlebury alum, but I completely understand the power of shared experiences that bind us together—particularly at such a deeply formative time of our lives. One thing she experienced hit home for me: “the deep, sensory memory of walking back to my dorm from rehearsal late at night across Battell Beach, the profound quiet draping campus, the sharp bite of my boots on snow.” To this day I find myself haunted, and yet comforted, by that same memory—of the blanketing stillness and a deep sense of peace I’ve never quite recaptured.

—**JENNIFER STONE GÖTZ ’90**, Commenting on middmag.com

**HAUNTED, YET COMFORTED**

I loved Meghan Nesmith’s story “Bye, Bye Love!” I did not marry a fellow Middlebury alum, but I completely understand the power of shared experiences that bind us together—particularly at such a deeply formative time of our lives. One thing she experienced hit home for me: “the deep, sensory memory of walking back to my dorm from rehearsal late at night across Battell Beach, the profound quiet draping campus, the sharp bite of my boots on snow.” To this day I find myself haunted, and yet comforted, by that same memory—of the blanketing stillness and a deep sense of peace I’ve never quite recaptured.

—**JENNIFER STONE GÖTZ ’90**, Commenting on middmag.com

**DIFFERENT LESSON LEARNED**

Although I had a similar experience as Meghan Nesmith’s “Bye, Bye Love,” I learned a different lesson about love at Middlebury. At 18 I dated another student in my freshman seminar and proceeded to spend half a decade of my life with him.

When the relationship ended, I realized I had missed out on an important rite of passage that my single friends had experienced: learning about myself. I am grateful for the ways my college experience taught me what love truly means. I spent four years surrounded by people who brought their whole selves into the classroom and shared a passion for learning that has carried me well beyond my postgraduation life.

I did my best to make good use of my newfound free time. I was in awe of my Posse Scholar classmates who were powerful examples of compassionate leadership, so I became an educator in East Harlem and an advocate for educational equity. Inspired by Andrea Olsen’s experiential anatomy class and mindfulness practices modeled by several of my professors across disciplines, I trained as a yoga and meditation teacher.

With the encouragement of my good friend and colleague Ava Kerr ’12, I went to Harvard, where I currently study developmental psychology and child advocacy. I believe our strongest alumni partnerships can form through a variety of relationships. Maybe our tour guides will one day brag instead that 60 percent of Middlebury graduates run for public office.

—**HANNAH TEMKIN ’13**, Somerville, Massachusetts

**RINGS TRUE**

Meghan Nesmith’s descriptions of a Middlebury experience rang true to me—despite a nearly 30-year gap between our respective times on campus.

I didn’t consider myself particularly sociable, but in my postcollege years, I cherished
those Middlebury alumni get-togethers in places like Paris and Seattle, often playing hooky while traveling by ducking out of business dinners to reconnect with old friends.

I married my wife, Suzanne Griffin ’82, some years after we both graduated, meeting her at a summer party at Weybridge House that was organized by my brother Charles Frankel ’79.

We hope our son, James, now 14, will keep up the good work so that he, too, may enjoy the Middlebury experience!

—Chris Frankel ’74, Commenting on middmag.com

DREAMS OF DISCOVERY

I live in awe of the early explorers who walked the forests where no European had ventured before, delighting in the natural wonders of the New World, leaving behind only footprints and new names for ancient landscape features.

It is too late for me now, but oh, how I dream of joining adventurers in the mold of Rob Waters ’71 ("Let’s Give It a Name," winter 2017) and leaving in my tracks poignant reminders of my passing, such as the christening of Little Hans Peak.

—David Thoenen, Commenting on middmag.com

POLLYANNA, PERHAPS?

Regarding the article “How He Won” (winter 2017), it seems to me the height of Pollyanna-ism on Matt Dickinson’s part to think people supported Trump “despite, and not because of, his more hurtful words.”

On election night, Mitt Romney’s former political strategist offered a more succinct and, I believe, accurate analysis of the result: “Sometimes the classic demagogue formula of misinformation and bigotry succeeds.”

—Michael Coston ’77, Portland, Maine

A DOSE OF PERSPECTIVE

I believe that Matt Dickinson’s story, “How He Won,” showcased the best piece of reporting about the Trump surprise that I’ve seen anywhere. It should get much wider circulation.

I’m the father of a former Middlebury student. Our family lives in San Francisco, and I wish more people here could read Dickinson’s article. I grew up in a small city in Iowa and have good friends back there who had probably never voted but out of the blue became political participants because of Trump. My home city is not exactly Hillbilly Elegy, but close.

I’m grateful that Dickinson had the courage to say, of the Trump supporters, that “the vast majority were not racist, misogynistic ‘deplorables.’” I’m serious about that being courageous. That statement might get you thrown out of a dinner party here in San Francisco.

As the old British war slogan said, “Keep calm and carry on.” If Professor Dickinson is ever out here, I’d love to buy him lunch.

—David Gale, Pacific Grove, California

APATHETIC (NON)VOTERS

In his story, “How He Won,” Professor Dickinson makes the (correct) observation about the past presidential election, saying the voting public had the sluggish economic recovery on their minds—but let’s not forget the fact that a small but decisive apathetic group of voters helped tip the scales of the election. Here’s one example: an article in the Florida Times Union reported that nearly 161,000 voters in Florida either left their vote for president blank on the ballot, or wrote in Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, etc., and that Clinton lost in Florida by just 13,000 votes.

Further, in the days following the election, as protests broke out across the country, it was disclosed that many of those protesting didn’t vote in the election. The reality is, the choice voters had was between two unpopular, flawed candidates.

As a voting public, we need to figure out how we can become better participants in order to illustrate the important role democracy plays in a free society. Otherwise, big money, sound bites, and an unhealthy schoolyard dialogue will dominate political races in the future.

—Ben Klemer, Commenting on middmag.com

WITH GRATITUDE

I can’t tell you how much I appreciated both President Patton’s column, “A Sense of Belonging,” and Matt Dickinson’s story, “How
He Won,” in the winter 2017 edition. They were both a breath of fresh air in a media climate greatly in need of fewer histrionics and greater circumspection.

—Mark Villa ’96.5, Houston, Texas

A NATION OF LAWS
I disagree strongly with the sentiment expressed in the story "Undocumented, Supported" (winter 2017). Are we a country of laws, or are we not a country of laws? Can we pick and choose which laws to obey, or can we not pick and choose? I believe there are about 1 million legal immigrants entering the United States every year—lawful immigrants who took the trouble and time to enter legally. Those who have entered illegally should not be coddled; Middlebury cannot become one of the illegal "sanctuary campuses." I feel very strongly about this; Middlebury should not be encouraging lawlessness among the student body. The basis of our country is equality under the law.

—Rick Raskopf ’57, Oxford, Connecticut

REMEMBERING SANDY
I met Edward F. Martin ("Sandy" to all his friends and colleagues, "Professor Martin" at first for me) when he was my freshman writing teacher when I arrived as a Feb in 1975. Sandy was a genial lover of the English language, later the chairman of one of Middlebury’s largest departments, administrative director of the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference, and a scholar focused on the works of writer and notorious curmudgeon H. L. Mencken. But it was the Sandy that I came to know as a man, family member, and participant in the life of the town of Middlebury that I value most, for our friendship over more than four decades that also explains in part why Middlebury College is different from most colleges.

After a brief time as students of Sandy, my then girlfriend (now wife), Charlotte Glasser ’78, and I were invited to attend the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference with working scholarships—Charlotte as head waitress, me as bartender. What could have been more exciting than hobnobbing with the likes of John Irving, Mark Strand, Tim O’Brien, and Toni Morrison? Sandy opened up this world to us, but more important, brought us into his actual family.

Sandy had a rich life beyond the College. He worked for years on the Middlebury Volunteer Ambulance Association, he coached soccer for local kids, he tended a lush vegetable garden and beehives in his backyard on Seminary Street (which rewarded him with the world’s tastiest honey), and once a year he...
joined the scything competition at the Addison County Fair and Field Days, always doing well but never beating the “Giant Swede” (or was he a Finn or Norwegian?). We never went on his family summer canoeing expeditions to Canada (fear of man-eating bugs?) but often house-sat to watch after a series of dogs with inventive names beginning with the letter “P.”

This other world of Middlebury was opened up to Charlotte and me, and then for decades to our two sons, Alex ’09 and Erik ’13.5, because of the way that Sandy and his wife, Peg (for many years Middlebury selectman—woman!—and representative in the Vermont State Legislature), allowed us to share in their lives while at Middlebury as students but also for decades afterward as visitors, always knowing there would be a home away from home and surrogate parents/grandparents to chat with over long dinners.

Sandy was a giving, gracious, warm man, even to the end of a long and difficult illness. I will always retain a memory, near the end, when we together recited Macbeth’s soliloquy from memory, alternating lines:

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time; ...—ADRIAN BENEFICE ’78.5, New York, New York

A STANDOUT TEACHER—AND HUMAN BEING
I was deeply saddened to learn about the death of Professor David J. Littlefield in the winter 2017 issue of the magazine. I was taught by a number of fine professors at Middlebury from 1957 to 1961, but David Littlefield, who directed my honors thesis during my senior year, stands out both as a teacher and a deeply compassionate human being. He was one of the professors who inspired me to become a professor of English.

I saw him and his wife, Jean, several times after graduation, including the winter term of January 2004, when I got to teach a course at Middlebury, and then later that summer. He and Jean were the epitome of what it meant to be a gracious husband-wife team. They were the best Middlebury could ever hope to offer its students.

—GEORGE L. GECKLE ’61, Columbia, South Carolina

THE MOST INTERESTING MAN IN THE WORLD
I was deeply saddened to learn of John Spencer’s passing. I first encountered the man I called “Chief” during the first week of class my freshman year. John was my discussion leader for Pardon Tillinghast’s famous History 103 class. Hell-bent on pursuing an economics degree before becoming a mercenary in business, I took the class solely because it fulfilled a foundations requirement, not because I had any particular love of history. However, by the end of my very first one-hour session with John, I had a new plan. I literally called home and told my parents that I was going to initially declare history as my major and switch to economics “later” for the sole reason that I wanted John to be my first advisor at Middlebury. More to the point, I wanted every opportunity to learn everything I could from someone who might easily have been called the “most interesting man in the world” long before Dos Equis trademarked the term.

I spent as much time as possible in John’s top-floor Munroe Hall office, anxious to hear a scandalous tale from the past or catch an insightful pearl of wisdom. He certainly had a veritable trunk full of good ones. But more importantly, I took one of John’s African history courses which, as many know, featured two oral presentations rather than one term paper. John’s fascination with, and incorporation of, public speaking into his curriculum certainly scared the heck out of many of us, but for me, and I’m sure for many others, it opened up a whole new world of possibilities for my future self.

After graduating with my predetermined major in economics (and another in history as well, thanks to John), I kept up with him directly for a few years, but later mostly through John’s former colleagues at reunion time. However, whenever I find myself speaking in front of a large audience, feeling fully prepared, completely at ease, making solid eye contact for 2–3 seconds, then moving and resetting, and watching out for my “ahs” and “ums,” I often think of John and profoundly thank him for instilling in me that very same passion for public speaking that he had, not to mention giving a very headstrong 18-year-old back in 1981 a little needed perspective on life.

—DALE SAILEY ’85, Glenview, Illinois

RAISING THE BAR
I am currently a political science professor at Skidmore College, and I always talk about Professor Spencer on my first day of class. I tell my students that I took African and Middle East history classes with Professor Spencer—and that while I received the two lowest grades of my college career in his courses, I learned more in his classes than just about any other.

The combination of his passion for the subject and rigorous standards is the bar I set for myself.

—BOB TURNER ’89, Saratoga Springs, New York
All I can think of as I read "The Survivor" (winter 2017) is that Theo's responses are very much like those of the great mystics and civil leaders in history—in his acceptance, his highly spiritual perception of captivity and freedom, and his earnest desire to understand the needs, motivations, feelings, hardships, and perspectives of his captors, which over time turned into empathy for them in spite of his own dire circumstances.

Thank you, Theo, for being a shining example of the highest level of peacemaking and compassion possible. I am in awe. I hope your experience will be used in a good way to help us all find more understanding of one another.

—Asha Lightbearer, Commenting on middmag.com

Reading Matt Jennings's editor's note "Taking the Ice" (winter 2017) gave me a chuckle—and brought back fond memories. I hope that by the time Mr. Jennings receives this letter he will have put on a helmet and skates, and learned "how to safely fall, how to get up, and how to stroke, how to stop." And I hope that he had some fun in the process.

I can remember my father teaching me how to skate—whether it was roller skating or ice skating. I can't recall, as I learned both before I was seven years old—and one of the first things he did was teach me how to fall. We did this in the safety of our home on the living room rug before I even laced up my first pair of skates. Once outside, fall I did, but my father's instruction had made me a fearless risk taker. I always got up, and, by miracle or luck, I have not broken one bone in my 75 years!

Learning how to fall applies to numerous activities, of course. I recently learned that people who have fallen by accident and be-
Join Us!

2017 EVENTS FOR ALUMNI, PARENTS, AND FRIENDS

AUGUST 31-SEPTEMBER 3
Alumni College at Bread Loaf

How We Think and Why It Matters
Jason Arndt, Professor of Psychology and Affiliate in Neuroscience

Food Politics 2017: An Unfolding Story
Molly Anderson, William R. Kenan Jr. Professor of Food Studies

What Can I Say? Free Speech in the United States and Europe
Erik Bleich, Professor of Political Science

The Rich Geological History of Vermont
Ray Coish, Robert R. Churchill Professor Emeritus of Geosciences

The British Crime Drama
Sujata Moorti, Professor of Gender, Sexuality and Feminist Studies

OCTOBER 27-29
Homecoming
Reconnect with friends and enjoy the campus at its most beautiful.

OCTOBER 27-29
Alumni Leadership Conference
Join fellow volunteers at workshops, receptions, and presentations.

JUNE 9-11
Reunion
Come back home to Middlebury. Register online. Deadline for registration is May 22.

JULY 27-AUGUST 2
Journey to Canada’s Glorious Rocky Mountains
Travel with Middlebury geology professor Dave West to Lake Louise, Jasper Lake, and Banff National Park in the Canadian Rockies.

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come injured subsequently learn how to fall in their rehabilitation and that this muscle memory may help protect and save them in the future. How wonderful!

I can only believe that Mr. Jennings’s young son and the “Wall Crew” and the student instructors have a head start in this education and that these preventative measures will serve them well for many years to come.

—Anne Berlin, MA
English ’01, German-town, Ohio

MORE PROMINENT FONT, PLEASE!

Only after my unsuccessful search did my husband spot the pale, tiny letters stating “Winter 2017” on the cover of the magazine. Why is the quarterly issue not indicated clearly on one corner of the cover?

—Jessie Woodwell Bush ’45, Sun City Center, Florida

CONTINUING EDUCATION

Matt Jennings’s article “Why Do Americans Distrust Science?” (fall 2016) was most interesting. However, either because my college education failed to make me think or, more likely, in my old age (Class of 1946) I have forgotten how, I was in full comprehension until the interviews with the four distinguished faculty members. Then the curtain of ignorance fell! But I’m determined to understand at least most of what those interviewees had to say and will reread their words until I do. Now, to look up “epistemic”!

—Joan Campbell Shaw ’46, Commenting on middmag.com

CRITIQUING A CRITIQUE

I hesitate to respond to Henri Fischer’s letter to the editor (“A Critique of Scientism,” winter 2017) because my comments here may be construed as hostile to religion, which they are not. Mr. Fischer’s letter is mostly a statement of religious beliefs, to which he is certainly entitled. But he merits criticism when he ventures into the realm of science and asserts, relative to the evolution of vertebrates, “there’s no fossil evidence of any viable, transitional creatures.” Creationists have long made the false claim that there are no transitional fossils. In fact, since the publication in 1859 of On the Origin of Species, the fossil record has been filling in nicely, often with “transitional” fossils, though clearly the record will never be complete. Is the transition from invertebrate to vertebrate one of those areas where transitional fossils are missing? No, it’s not. As a starting point, I would refer Mr. Fischer to paleontologist Donald Prothero’s New Scientist article “What Missing Link?,” which offers a succinct description of the stages reflected in the fossil record of the evolution from invertebrate to vertebrate.

—Jim Stedman ’72, Silver Spring Maryland

THE MEANING OF TRUTH

Increasingly over my lifetime it seems that questions of “What truth does evidence support?” are overwhelmed by “How does the conclusion of what is true impact my well-being?” Al Gore captured this trend/tendency succinctly in the title to his documentary (and surely some folks will quibble with that characterization of his film) An Inconvenient Truth. I strongly suspect (and therefore it is my truth) that supporters of the film may be biased by a fear of what the world could be like for their grandchildren, and that those objecting to the film may be biased by a fear of what their economic legacy might be for their descendants. Truth becomes what is convenient, as a necessary foundation to subdue fears of either a future of an only marginally inhabitable world or of a world with less wealth for those that matter most.

As long as truth is steered by self-interest, it will be reduced to the kinds of shouting matches that we see nightly on reflecting the “dialogues” in Washington, D.C.

As a financial advisor, I am constantly pressed for “truths” about finance and economics. Rising interest rates are bad for bonds and stocks, right? A weak dollar will benefit our economy, correct? And so on. The answer is almost always that it depends, and that if you are looking for inviolable first principles, you may want to stick to physics, which has a darn good track record for creating equations that will tell you what will happen when two masses come into proximity with each other. (Of course, as I like to kid my PhD physics-level nephew, physicists still do not know exactly what gravity is, only how it behaves.)

The point is that what happens in capital markets and most other arenas (politics, education, athletics, medicine) has a strong element of human behavior, which is strongly influenced by what individuals and groups hold to be the truth, which itself is strongly influenced by self-preservation and self-interest.

I like to think of myself as being politically independent, though sometimes I surely compromise this “truth.” From this vantage point, it appears to me that roots of discord and stagnation in Washington, D.C., stem from the self-interest of getting elected and staying in power. How to become a Republican senator? Demand that policy and legislation require ac-
countability from everyone. How to become a Democratic congressman? Demand that policy and legislation provide for the needs of those most vulnerable.

I have a dream that members of both parties could someday agree that accountability is foundational to individual and societal success, as is also the need to take care of the truly needy among us. The answer lies not so much in policy preferences and emphases, but in executing what accountability looks like and discernment in providing for the truly needy. Not at all an easy task, but possibly preferable to gridlock and animosity?
I really appreciate Matt Jennings’s piece on distrust of science and the need for epistemology. Hopefully some of my thoughts will be additive to a notion that how we know what we know has strong elements of human tendencies and behaviors, and the need to recognize that the attractiveness of any truths, in science and elsewhere, fundamentally requires a recognition that truth, like beauty, is in the minds of the beholders—most of whom are not ourselves.

—David Minot ’74, Commenting on middmag.com

EDITOR’S NOTE
Charles Murray’s visit to campus and the ensuing protest that disrupted the social scientist’s prepared lecture made national news and sparked great debate—about freedom of speech and expression, civil discourse, and what it means to be a marketplace of ideas (see p. 25).

Since the event in early March, we have received a number of letters that have both criticized and supported those who protested Mr. Murray’s appearance at Middlebury.

We are choosing to hold these letters until our coverage of the event and unfolding discourse—on campus and beyond—could appear in this issue. Many of these letters were reactions to what was either witnessed or seen/read about in the immediate days that followed the protest (which will have occurred roughly two months before this issue is in the hands of our readers). While we remain committed to publishing these views, if the writers so desire, in the summer issue, we also wanted to allow the writers the opportunity to amend their letters in response to our coverage or to reflect on relevant issues relating to the protest as the situation has continued to play out at Middlebury and across the country.

And, of course, if you haven’t written before and are moved to do so now, we look forward to hearing from you.

LETTERS POLICY
Letters addressing topics discussed in the magazine are given priority, though they may be edited for brevity or clarity. On any given subject we will print letters that address that subject, and then in the next issue, letters that respond to the first. After that, we will move on to new subjects. Send letters to: Middlebury Magazine, 152 College Street, Middlebury, VT 05753 or middmag@middlebury.edu.
A vintage 1950s photo booth—the precursor to smartphone selfies—added an interactive element to a Museum of Art exhibit on the American portrait. Photograph by Brett Simison.
An Unsettled Campus

As this issue went to press, it has been seven weeks since student protests disrupted the scheduled talk of a controversial speaker on campus, triggering a cascade of public and media scrutiny, stormy conversations among faculty, disquiet among alumni, concern among students over repercussions, and second-guessing everywhere over how things might have played out differently.

The most lasting effect may be the debate the events have triggered over the core values—and the primacy of any one over the others—that define a liberal arts education.

The spark that ignited the conflagration came on the second day of March, when social scientist Charles Murray, a fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, came to Middlebury by invitation of the student American Enterprise Institute Club (a visit cosponsored by the Political Science Department).

Murray was scheduled to give a lecture that focused on socioeconomic issues he wrote about in his 2012 book Coming Apart: The State of White America, 1960–2010, followed by a question-and-answer session moderated by political science professor Allison Stanger.

But it was a book that Murray cowrote in 1994, before today’s students were born, that captured the attention of the campus before his visit. In that work, The Bell Curve, Murray and his coauthor, Richard Herrnstein, created a public furor by suggesting that average differences in IQ test scores measured broadly across racial groups are attributable to both inherited and environmental factors. In other words, the authors said, race played a role in intelligence. Publication of The Bell Curve prompted an outpouring of scholarly work largely but not exclusively critical of Murray’s and Herrnstein’s scholarship. (Herrnstein died just as the book was published.)

Murray had spoken at Middlebury in 2007 without incident, but the political climate is different today. And as much of the world knows by now, the March appearance did not unfold as the planners had intended.

Murray spoke not a word, at least in person, to the more than 400 in attendance in Wilson Hall, as student protesters—at least 100, maybe more—made it impossible for him to speak. Some turned their backs and read a prepared statement or remained silent. When the reading ended, many began to chant slogans (“Hey hey, ho ho, Charles Murray has got to go”), banged on chairs, and stomped their feet. After almost 20 minutes—and a final request by an administrator to let the talk continue—Murray left the stage, repairing to another room in the building, where a makeshift broadcast studio had been set up. Then, over the course of 60 minutes or so, Stanger conducted the Q&A session, which was livestreamed through Middlebury’s website.

The evening took a darker turn as Murray, Stanger, and Middlebury’s vice president for communications, Bill Burger, left the building and made their way to Burger’s car, accompanied by two Public Safety officers.

What has been described as a small group of as many as 10 people, most of them clad in black clothing and ski masks, rushed at the trio and their security detail, surrounding them as they walked toward the car, and then trying to prevent the vehicle from leaving the parking lot.

In the melee, Stanger’s head was wrenched violently; subsequent trips to the emergency room led to diagnoses of a concussion and whiplash for the Middlebury professor.

The following day, President Laurie Patton sent a letter to the community, in which she wrote that Middlebury had failed to live up to its core values.

“Today our community begins the process of addressing the deep and troubling divisions that were on display last night. I am grateful to those who share this goal and have offered to help. We must find a path to establishing a climate of open discourse as a core Middlebury value, while also recognizing critical matters of race, inclusion, class, sexual and gender identity, and the other factors that too often divide us.”

(In a subsequent email, Patton announced that the College had initiated an investigation that would “determine a course of action for each individual understood to be involved in some way in the events of last Thursday.” She added that the Middlebury Police Department would be investigating the physical confrontation that occurred outside the student center. These investigations were ongoing when this magazine went to press.)

In the following days, what became evident was that the protest of Murray had illuminated fault lines that were already present on the campus—and across much of the country. Since March 2, more than 1,500 stories about Murray’s Middlebury visit and the issues it has raised have appeared in just about every media outlet imaginable—the Wall Street Journal, the New York Times, the Chronicle of Higher Education, the Washington Post, the New Yorker, and New York magazine, to name a handful. (Stanger herself has written a pair of op-eds for the Times.) Close to 40 opinion pieces have been published in Middlebury’s student newspaper, the Campus, with more than 20 published in the issue that immediately followed the protests.

The breadth of these stories—and the debate that has ensued on campus—has widened as the days have increased, with the focus no longer on one man, but rather on the very values and standards a college should adhere to.

A few days after the protest, Jay Parini, the D. E. Axinn Professor of English and Creative Writing, and Keegan Callahan, an assistant professor of political science, drafted a statement of principles “that seem to us unassailable in the context of higher education within a free society.” The statement first appeared in the Wall Street Journal and is hosted on a blog titled Free Inquiry (freeinquiryblog.wordpress.com).

To date, 114 faculty members have signed on to principles that state, in part, that “genuine higher learning is possible only where free, reasoned, and civil speech and discussion are respected; only through the contest of clashing viewpoints do we have any hope of replacing mere opinion with knowledge; the impossibility of attaining a perfectly egalitarian sphere of free discourse can never justify efforts to silence speech and debate; exposure to controversial points of view does not constitute violence; the primary purpose of higher education is the cultivation of the mind, thus allowing for intelligence to do the hard work of assimilating and sorting information and drawing rational conclusions.”

A collection of students drafted a response to the principles. This document, “Broken Inquiry on Campus” (brokeninquiryblog.wordpress.com), has been signed by more than...
160 students, with challenges to each principle proffered by the faculty. The students decried the use of all physical violence, yet disagreed that controversial points of views couldn't constitute violence, quoting Toni Morrison on this matter; and they took on the very nature of a “controversial point of view,” stating that when such views “elevate bigotry ... we risk elevating biased opinions with no solid, factual foundation into the realm of ‘knowledge’ and affirming the unconscious biases many hold.”

And while the students agreed that the cultivation of the mind was the primary purpose of higher education, they disagreed on how this should be done, writing, “We reject the implications present in this document that the cultivation of the mind is a purely intellectual task. To help its students become informed, compelling, and driven members of society, the school must also be committed to their physical, emotional, and spiritual health.”

Yet while the set of faculty principles and the student counters may suggest that the divide on campus is largely one with faculty on one side and students on the other, reality shows otherwise. What has emerged is a complex ecosystem devoid of monolithic thought, yet one that is highly charged. One of the more striking pieces of coverage of the debate on campus came in the early days of coverage, courtesy of the New York Times. This piece (“Discord at Middlebury: Students on the Anti-Murray Protests,” March 7) featured student opinions of the protest. Some students stood 100 percent behind the (nonviolent) methods of the protesters; others decried the shouting down of a speaker; and then there were those who wanted to be allies for those who were upset, yet who were uncomfortable with how the protest was unfolding.

We’re seeing this on campus today. Some feel that the notion of free inquiry in higher education is unassailable; others call for qualifiers. And then there are those who see value in both opinions. In her first letter to the community, Patton said that this effort would take time, but that she remained hopeful that people would “reach across differences in a rigorous but respectful way ... I firmly believe these are the Middlebury values that we have lived so long and that we must strive to embody in the future.”

As many have said and written publicly, there is sadness at Middlebury right now. And anger. And mistrust. And concern. And, dare we say it, hope.

—Matt Jennings
What We’re (Also) Talking About

Husband-and-wife geology duo Pat and Tom Manley have received funding for research that could help us better understand how potential contaminants find their way into Lake Champlain. As part of a larger project directed by scientists at the University of Vermont, the Manleys will be studying the circulation and sediment delivery outflow of the Winooski River into the region’s largest lake.

At its winter meeting held in Monterey, California, the Board of Trustees approved tenure recommendations for four Middlebury faculty members: Maggie Clinton (history), Jeff Howarth (geography), Shawna Shapiro (writing and linguistics), and Louisa Stein (film and media culture).

A March blizzard prompted the cancellation of classes for only the second time in recent memory. The storm deposited more than two feet of snow in parts of Addison County, an accumulation that was deemed the second biggest snowfall in the state’s recorded history.

Senior Evelin Toth has been awarded a 2017 Watson Fellowship to support a project that she hopes will give her insight into how island communities around the world are adapting to climate change. The native of Budapest, Hungary, will travel to Sri Lanka, Indonesia, Taiwan, Samoa, and Ecuador’s Galápagos Islands during her year of research.

Middlebury’s men’s basketball team captured its second consecutive NESCAC title and came within four points of advancing to the Division III Final Four (dropping a heartbreaker in Pepin Gymnasium to archival Williams, 79–75). Perhaps the most dynamic offensive team in school history, the Panthers demolished program records for points in a season (2,704) and assists in a season (619); individually, senior Matt St. Armour set a team record for points in a season (676), while senior Jake Brown and junior Jack Daly both surpassed the previous single-season mark for assists (179) with 182 and 183, respectively. The Panthers finished the season with a 27–4 record.

Over on the ice, the women’s hockey team captured its ninth NESCAC championship and second consecutive title with a 4–1 victory over Amherst. Unfortunately, the Panthers’ national title hopes ended in 5–4 overtime loss to instate rival Norwich a week later. Junior Jessica Young and senior Carly Watson earned All-American honors in a season in which they led the Panthers to a 19–7–2 record.

A new Middlebury podcast exploring life’s unexpected twists and turns is available for earbuds worldwide. Produced and hosted by radio vet and documentarian Erin Davis, the program—titled It’s Not What You Think—features Middlebury students, faculty, staff, and alumni as they relate how they have handled radical change and unexpected circumstances during the course of their lives.

Former NSA contractor Edward Snowden spoke to Middlebury students via a Skype hookup in mid-March. The American fugitive—Snowden has been charged with espionage and has lived in exile in Russia since 2013—was interviewed by political scientist Allison Stanger, his now-famous visage filling a large projection screen in Wilson Hall. Snowden and Stanger conversed for roughly two hours, with the former intelligence analyst speaking expansively about the dangers of mass surveillance and the vital need for greater government transparency in the United States.

The Rohatyn Center for Global Affairs hosted its fifth annual interdisciplinary conference in March, focusing on the inseparability of language and identity. The conference, “From Scroll to Scrolling,” examined everything from the physical aspects of the production of text (think carvings and screens) to the intricacies of text itself (Chinese ideographs, modern typefaces).

Admissions numbers are in: this spring, the College has offered admission to 1,350 students in its regular admissions round. When including early-decision admission offers, 1,753 prospective students were selected from 8,910 applicants—representing an acceptance rate of 19.7 percent. Middlebury expects to enroll 605 students in September and another 100 next February. The College will award about $12.5 million in need-based financial aid to the class, with more than 40 percent of the students receiving support.

Middlebury has joined 30 other colleges and universities in signing an amicus curiae brief filed with the federal appeals court for the Fourth Circuit against President Donald Trump’s revised travel ban executive order. Issued on March 6, the EO suspends travel to the United States by citizens from parts of the Middle East and Africa. In the “friend-of-the-court” brief, which was filed March 31, the colleges and universities describe international students, faculty, and scholars as vital to their campuses.
A Case of Disruption

Ata Anzali, an assistant professor of religion, was on sabbatical, intending to spend the academic year with his family in his native Iran, when the Trump administration announced a travel ban for immigrants from seven Muslim-majority nations, including Iran. During the immediate days that followed, Anzali was unsure if his permanent residency would allow him to return, and, if so, how long would he have this opportunity? This interview took place in late March—in Anzali’s Munroe Hall office. It has been edited and condensed.

So, you’re not supposed to be sitting here right now.
No, I'm not.

Put me in the moment you and your family first learned about the travel ban executive order.
I try not to remember that.

I'm sorry.

No, that's okay. I was preparing breakfast for the kids and getting them ready for school when I received an email from an advocacy group that I support. The order hadn't been released yet, but they had a draft, and they said, “This looks really bad, and it could include permanent residents.” About 10 minutes later, my older daughter woke up and saw that I was upset. She asked what was happening, and I couldn't tell her. I just said, “It’s okay. I have a headache.” But that was the moment we learned, and from there it got worse.

Amid the confusion on that first day, you didn't know if you'd be detained or deported if you attempted to return, even though three of you are permanent residents and your youngest child is a U.S. citizen?
That’s right. We heard that green-card holders from the seven designated countries were being detained at first, and then within 48 hours, we learned we could return, but we didn’t know how long that window would be open.

Was it hard to just pack up and leave?
For my wife and me, the decision was simple. If it had been just the two of us, we were going to stay. We thought it was beneath our dignity to be subjected to this treatment; we have done everything right, by the book. But our kids have grown up in the U.S.; being American is part of their identity. We couldn’t forgive ourselves if we missed our one opportunity to come back.

The federal courts have now blocked both the original executive order and a revised version. Do you feel relief? Vindication?
Let’s just say that I was reassured that a system of checks and balances still exists in this country. I don’t see that in my home country, in Iran. Let’s say the supreme leader decides on something; there’s nobody who would stop him. Just the fact that the courts were able to stop this kind of illegally drafted executive order, that gave me hope. This is why I committed to this country, at least partly.

You wrote an essay for the local newspaper that compared and contrasted your native and adopted countries. A federalist form of government (as opposed to a theocracy) formed a large part of the comparison, but you also wrote about the recent campus protest of Charles Murray.
I wrote it that very night.

What bothered you?
I have lived in two different cultures and two different political systems. I understand the anger here; much of it is understandable. But I urge people in America to never take for granted the rights that we have. Progress is made by challenging the status quo, but such progress should also build upon a foundation of what we’ve already achieved. I think it’s a luxury to even debate the notion of free speech. The extraordinary amount of freedom and power that people have in this country in terms of exerting their rights, and the limits that any authoritative body, whether it is the government or the college administration, have in restricting such freedoms—that is something people easily take for granted.

Your scholarship has focused on cultural and religious literacy, both in the U.S. and Iran.
I’ve tried to keep my identity as someone who can cross borders, who can live in two cultures and identify with two cultures at the same time. I want Americans to better understand Islamic and Iranian traditions, and I want Iranians to better understand American traditions of spirituality and religiosity. Unfortunately, it's becoming much more difficult now to do that. Now I feel like I am forced to choose.
Why I Love Tom Stoppard

By Stephen Abbott, Professor of Mathematics

Twenty years ago I received a copy of Arcadia from a colleague in our theater department along with a note asking if I would be willing to help her cast make sense of the mathematics in Tom Stoppard’s new play. Curious, I started reading. Two pages in, Stoppard arranged to have one of his characters offer a medically precise definition of “carnal embrace” followed in the next sentence by a proper statement of Fermat’s Last Theorem. OK, I thought, this could be fun. When the course was over, I wrote about my experience and included the carnal embrace quote in the opening paragraph. The editor sent it back, saying he couldn’t print it. Slightly thrilled to have written something warranting censorship, I realized in the ensuing back-and-forth with the editor that the lascivious line in question was much more than a clever hook—this incongruous juxtaposition of math and sex was an opening salvo in a play that went on to explore the creative tension between thinking and feeling in everything from mathematics to art to ourselves.

The revelations continue. Stoppard’s plays have been a major catalyst for an ongoing interdisciplinary investigation that has connected me to new ideas, new students, and a new line of research that will hopefully culminate soon in a book exploring the tangled history of mathematics and theater. My thesis is similar to the one in Arcadia—that the head and the heart are not just compatible but codependent; that even the most rational approach to the pursuit of truth inevitably requires the capacity for self-reflection and all of the poetry that comes with it.

Dan, In Real Life

Dan O’Brien ’96 is in the passenger seat of a car driven by his uncle—well, his step-uncle, actually, the stepbrother of Dan’s mother. The two have not seen each other in years, decades perhaps, and Dan is searching for answers, primarily this one: why is his family so screwed up? Except Dan is “Dan” and Skip is “Skip,” who, at this moment is being played by Alex Draper ’88, a Midd theatre professor. Alex and Dan (no quotes) are perched on a pair of stools, metal lecterns positioned in front of each, and they are reading from Dan’s most recent play, The House in Scarsdale: A Memoir for the Stage. The reading is taking place in the Axinn Center’s Abernethy Room; it’s Dan’s first visit to his alma mater in almost 15 years.

For 90 minutes, Dan reads the part of “Dan” while Alex masterfully plays the roles of a rotating cast of bizarre characters: there’s “Regina,” the step-grandmother; “Skip,” the step-uncle; the brother who has twice attempted suicide; a private detective; a pair of psychics; “Dan’s” wife, “Jessica”; and, finally, “Dan’s” paternal uncle, “Brian,” also known as “Mickey,” who may—or may not—be “Dan’s” biological father.

Now, you should know that “Dan’s” parents have never had a good relationship with his maternal grandparents, probably because “Dan’s” mother, who comes from the highest of Scarsdale’s society, married “Dan’s” father, a plumber who didn’t want to be a plumber and instead launched a failed career as a computer consultant; or maybe it’s because “Dan’s” parents sued his mother’s stepmother and her step-siblings after the death of “Dan’s” maternal grandfather—inheritance was the issue. Then there’s this: according to “Dan’s” brother, at least the one who still talks to him, their father always felt that “Dan”... “didn’t belong and Dad hated you more than the most.” Maybe it was because “Brian”—his father’s brother, known as “Mickey” to most—was “Dan’s” real father.

That could cause some hatred.

So, you can understand why a rapt audience laughed and gasped and gawked and even cried during the reading, right? OK, well now let all of those quotation marks that have delicately adorned the character names fall away; The House in Scarsdale is called a “memoir for the stage” for a reason. For the past six years, O’Brien has interviewed family members—at least those who will talk to him—in an effort to understand why his family is “so messed up.” This play is drawn from these conversations.

“I don’t have a family,” “Dan” (Dan), tells the private investigator during one scene of Scarsdale.

“Dead?”

“To me they are... or I am to them.”

“Dan” (Dan) pauses. “It’s a long story.”
"In the days after the violence, some have spun this story as one about what’s wrong with elite colleges and universities, our coddled youth, or intolerant liberalism. Those analyses are incomplete."

—Allison Stanger, Russell J. Leng ’60 Professor of International Politics and Economics, writing in her New York Times article "Understanding the Angry Mob at Middlebury That Gave Me a Concussion."

**LOVE BITES**

Given the strict formalities of courtship in the late 19th century, young ladies and gentlemen of the day could hardly be faulted for resorting to indirect ways of sharing their amorous feelings. The coded gestures under "Parasol Flirtations," above, are just a few of those laid out in a tiny book titled *The Little Flirt: Containing Handkerchief, Glove, Fan and Parasol Flirtations*, published in New York in 1871.

At just over two inches high and three inches wide, the book would fit nicely in the palm of a young lady’s hand. And at a cost of 25 cents, a young man could present it as a means for the couple to send and receive flirtatious communications without tipping off others within hearing.

The book lists the secret meanings conveyed by a number of items. If a young lady didn’t have a parasol handy, she might, for example, use a handkerchief to get her message across: "Drawing across the cheek—I love you... Drawing it through the hands—I hate you." (One wonders, however, how obtuse a suitor would have to be to need a handkerchief signal to pick up on those sentiments.)

Students examining the College’s copy of this little book, one of fewer than 10 known to exist, wonder: Is it for real? Rebekah Irwin, director and curator of Special Collections and Archives, says, "As far as we can tell, yes."

To what degree it was a serious how-to guide for flirtation or a tongue-in-cheek response to the restrictive mores of the day is hard to determine. Dating etiquette has changed over the decades—parasols and handkerchiefs have given way to the cell phone as the handheld accessory of choice.

But that doesn’t mean the back-and-forth of romance has gotten any simpler. "A hundred fifty years from now," Irwin says, "someone will likewise need to decode 'Swipe right.' In this light, putting your parasol handle to your lips doesn’t seem so bizarre."
Spring's arrival in Vermont is often heralded by the sights and sounds of our avian friends. Some have been here all winter; others are returning from trips south. We asked Stephen Trombulak, a conservation biologist and landscape ecologist, to identify 10 birds common to our campus at this time of year.
One of our year-round avian residents, the black-capped chickadee, appears to relish the arrival of spring as much as humans do. The chickadee begins building its spring nest in earnest as soon as winter’s chill begins to recede.

North America’s largest woodpecker, the pileated woodpecker, is heard more often than seen, its distinctive hammering a common sound along the campus’s Red Kelly Trail, echoing among the trees.

The blue jay is one of the most recognized birds in the region, and its assertive voice can be heard across the campus during the spring months. If you do hear a blue jay, it’s likely that some other creature is the target of its wrath.

The cedar waxwings are highly social birds. They travel and gather in flocks and can often be found in fruiting trees. The stand of trees adjacent to Meeker House on the southeast side of campus is a waxwing hot spot.

Robins tend to return to Middlebury from their winter southern sojourn by mid-March, their distinctive red breast a colorful reminder to all that the arrival of spring weather is not that far away.

First seen in Vermont in the early 20th century, the European starling has been annoying—as well as displacing—native bird species ever since. It is also an expert mimic, capable of imitating the calls of other birds.
Deep connections to the town and the College led Kate Perine Livesay '03 to choose Middlebury—not once, but twice.

By Tim Etchells '74
Photograph by Paul Dahm

On a spring evening in 1999, Kate Perine and a friend were poring over their honors economics homework in Rosenwald-Shumway, a girls’ dorm at Deerfield Academy. Kate was wrapping up a postgraduate year at the independent school in western Massachusetts after finishing up her career at Middlebury (Vt.) Union High School the previous year. But Kate had more than just homework on her mind. Another consequential deadline loomed: she had to decide where to go to college. She’d been accepted at both Amherst and Middlebury; coaches at both schools were hoping to have her on their field hockey and lacrosse teams. She had visited both campuses but couldn’t seem to make up her mind. As the month between her acceptance letters and decision day wound down, her parents, and two admissions offices, grew increasingly restive. “They were both great choices,” she says now. “In retrospect, there was no bad outcome—though I guess that’s up for debate, because who really wants to wear purple?”

After listening to perhaps more than she wanted to hear about Kate’s dilemma, her friend suggested a solution: flip a coin. At first, Kate thought it was ridiculous to leave that kind of decision to chance. But her friend argued it would be a way to get at Kate’s true feelings. Say it’s heads for Amherst, and tails for Middlebury; and you flip the coin, and it comes up heads. If you’re excited, then you know Amherst was right for you. But if you feel inclined to flip again, then you know Middlebury was the school you really wanted. So they flipped the coin, and Kate now says she doesn’t remember whether it came up heads or tails. But she does recall the hollow feeling in the pit of her stomach as she contemplated the coin flip going Amherst’s way. In that moment, she was sure where she wanted to go.

Fast-forward to today, and you can look back on an 18-year series of events set in motion by that coin flip. It includes two NCAA championships in lacrosse at Middlebury as a player; 10 years at Trinity College, eight as head coach, with a national title in lacrosse for the Bantams, their first; and an eventual return to her alma mater, in fall 2014, as assistant to Middlebury’s legendary lacrosse coach, Missy Foote. Kate spent a year as Missy’s assistant, helping her and the team reach the NCAA Final Four in 2015, the final season in Missy’s 38-year, hall-of-fame career. Then Kate, now Kate Perine Livesay, took over the program for the 2016 season, which ended with another NCAA championship for the Panthers, and coach-of-the-year awards for both Kate and her assistant, Alice Lee.

Back in 1999, in Middlebury, Kate’s parents couldn’t foresee any of
this. They were just happy Kate had made a decision, finally, and they
knew where to send a deposit. And while they hadn't pushed her in one
direction or another, they were beyond thrilled to hear that Middlebury
College was the choice.

Kenneth “Ken” Ferine and Carolyn Leggett Ferine ’73 had long family
connections with the College and the town. Both grew up in Middlebury and
were classmates at Middlebury Union High School. Carolyn Leggett,
president of her senior class, was a four-sport athlete at MUHS, playing
field hockey, basketball, and softball, as well as a little lacrosse on a club
team. She would go on to Middlebury College, graduating in 1973. Ken
Ferine was a cross-country runner, a ski racer, and a golfer. He was senior
class vice president. He earned a degree from Dartmouth but spent his
last year of college at Middlebury.

Carolyn's mother, Janet Leggett, worked for decades in the dean of
students office at the College. Carolyn’s sister Jane also worked at the
school, as did numerous cousins and in-laws. Ken's father, Gordie Perine
'49, worked in admissions and then in alumni affairs and fundraising at
Middlebury. (He became known over his many years at the College as “Mr.
Middlebury.”) Gordie, who came to Middlebury after serving in World
War II, and his wife, Alice Neef ’47, met as students at the College. Alice,
who also received a master's from the Bread Loaf School of English, was
Middlebury.” Gordie, who came to Middlebury after serving in World
War II, and his wife, Alice Neef ’47, met as students at the College. Alice,
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a teacher for many years at Middlebury Union High School.

After graduating from Middlebury, Carolyn joined the admissions
office, expecting to spend a couple of years there. She retired 38 years
later as associate dean. Ken retired a couple of years ago after a long run
as president of the National Bank of Middlebury.

Given all those connections, it seemed surprising that of their four
children—Chandler, Jennifer, and twins Kristen and Kathryn—none had
chosen to attend Middlebury, until Kate’s fateful coin flip. Chan went
to Bowdoin College, followed a few years later by her sister Kristi. And
Jenn had chosen the University of Vermont.

Carolyn and Ken say there was no pressure on Kate to pick Middlebury,
and Kate agrees. But her parents do think her postgrad year at Deerfield
made it easier for her to do so. Kids who grow up in a college town often
feel the need to expand their horizons when it’s time to choose a college.
But Kate had already been away; her decision was to return home, not
simply to stay put. She also got some positive reinforcement from her
Deerfield classmates; many were dying to attend Middlebury. It was,
ultimately, the family connections, her love for the place, and her respect
for Missy Foote that tipped the scales in Middlebury’s favor.

Ken says his father, Gordie, was also wondering whether there would
be another generation of the Perine family at Middlebury. “My dad
would never have pushed Kate in that direction,” Ken said, “but he was
secretly hoping.” Carolyn recalls that even in his last days, Gordie made
it to all of Kate’s home games. “One of our best pictures is of him and
Kate, after a lacrosse game, and he’s on a golf cart with an oxygen tank,”
Carolyn said. “He was her biggest supporter.” He passed away in 2002.

No doubt Gordie—“Grandpa GoGo” to the Perine kids—was a big
supporter. But Kate and her siblings had no more enthusiastic fans than
their parents, who introduced them to sports of all kinds at an early age.
Carolyn, who had also played lacrosse in college, started up a girls’ youth
lacrosse league when her daughters were old enough to get involved.

It wasn’t long before Carolyn and Ken became fixtures on the sidelines
at high school games. They were the couple with the tripod and the video
camera, taping just about every game their kids played. Carolyn started
things off, just because she enjoyed doing it, and then Ken joined in as
play-by-play guy. “The way I remember it,” he said, “we were watching
the girls play basketball, and I was very vocal. Carolyn got tired of listening
to my harangues, so she handed me a microphone and said, ‘Here, you
can talk into this. You can’t swear, you can’t say bad things about people.
You have to be positive.’”

Thus was born a family hobby that would produce hundreds of tapes,
from both high school and college games, still filling most of a room in
the Perine household. They shared tapes with the parents of athletes
who'd had especially good games, and coaches asked for copies to share
with opposing teams. At the end of each season, Carolyn would make
highlight reels for the teams.

The filmmakers kept at it right through their children's college careers,
though it was a little more complicated when they had kids on men's
and women's teams at both Bowdoin and Middlebury. They recall some
horrendous weather conditions, with perhaps the worst being a game,
not in Maine or Vermont, but at Connecticut College, where the field
was still surrounded by snow, and the wind was howling off the frigid
waters of Long Island Sound.

They also saw a lot of good lacrosse. During Kate’s four years at
Middlebury (she also played four years of field hockey and two years of
basketball), the lacrosse team lost a total of three games, put up 51 straight
wins in one stretch, and took home two NCAA titles, in 2001 and 2002.

After she graduated in 2003, Kate spent part of a year working at
Two Brothers Tavern in Middlebury, saving up for a five-month trip
to New Zealand, Australia, and Southeast Asia with two college
mates, Dana Chapin Anselmi ’02 and Meg Bonney Martinson ’03. “My
parents said, ‘That’s fine, but we want you to have a job to come back
to,’” Kate recalled. She had looked into graduate assistant coaching jobs
and found that another former teammate, Julia Bergofsky McPhee ’02,
would be winding up a two-year stint at Trinity at about the time Kate
got back from her travels. She landed a job there, coaching field hockey
and lacrosse and working on a master's degree in history.

As her two-year stint wound down, Kate learned Trinity head coach
Kara Tierney was going to be away for a year as her husband did a one-year
residency at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center in Hanover, N.H.
Kate took over as interim head coach and the team did well, qualifying
for the NCAA tournament. “That was really exciting,” Kate said, “and
it turned out that early in the season, Kara announced she wouldn't be
coming back. So it was just total luck that we did really well, and they
said, ‘Well, we don’t feel the need to do a search.’ So I just sort of fell into
the head coaching job. And it ended up being a great gig.’”

That summer, 2007, Kate married Reeves Livesay, a Bowdoin grad. She
started work as the head women's lacrosse coach in the fall, and later that
academic year she completed her thesis and earned her master's degree.
She would go on to serve as head coach for eight years, turning Trinity
into a powerhouse in the NESCAC and on the national scene. She had
a record of 127 wins versus 26 losses, for an .830 winning percentage; her

During Kate's four years at Middlebury
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teams won four NESCAC championships and, in 2012, an NCAA title. In the Livesay years, the Bantams also became something of a nemesis for Missy Foote and the Middlebury Panthers. In Kate’s last five years at Trinity, starting with the 2010 season, they defeated Middlebury eight straight times, including the regular season and NESCAC and NCAA playoff games; six were one-goal wins.

Kate’s success was in Missy Foote’s mind when she began thinking about retirement. She tells the story of being in a meeting of the Porter Hospital board of directors when the discussion turned to succession planning for the hospital’s longtime CEO, Jim Daily. They talked about having someone come in and work with Daily for a year before his retirement. “And sitting right across from me, at the other end of the table, is Ken Perine,” Missy said. “And so I’m looking at Ken, and I’m literally writing notes to myself saying, ‘Ahh, now I know how I want to do this. I want someone to come in and learn the ropes for a year, and I know who that person should be.’”

Missy had always admired Kate’s competitiveness and field sense as a player. “What makes her a great coach is what made her a great player,” Missy said. “She was a low defender, and she loved to be able to see the whole field, to evaluate what was going on. She knew, three moves ahead, what she was going to do with the ball.”

Missy raised the possibility with Erin Quinn ‘86, Middlebury’s athletic director, of asking Kate to consider coming on as an assistant for a year, with the understanding that she would take over when Missy retired at the end of the 2015 season. He was supportive but also said they could do it the old-fashioned way, with Missy retiring and then starting the search for a new coach. But as he and Missy talked it over, they came up with a lot of pluses to having a carefully planned transition. If they could get Kate to agree, Erin said, instead of telling prospective students that they really didn’t know who the coach would be next year, “we’d be able to say that Missy, a hall-of-famer, was going to coach one more year and then retire, and, holy cow, the new coach would be Kate Livesay, who won a national championship at Trinity.”

Kate’s tenure at Trinity had been great, and she wasn’t looking for another job, but she and Reeves, by then the parents of two girls, Alice and Dana, were thinking a little more about the future, and where it might take them. One important reason was the diagnosis Carolyn Perine received in February 2011: she had cancer of the appendix. She had her first operation in March of that year, the start of a long series of treatments. At the time of her diagnosis, she already had four grandchildren, and all of her four children were expecting new arrivals. “Despite my losing 50 pounds from some intense chemo,” Carolyn said, “Ken and I were at the births of all four girls, two in Boston, one in Hartford, and one in Middlebury.”

Six years later, their tribe of grandchildren has grown to an even dozen.

All of the issues in Middlebury made it hard for their grown children, part of such a close-knit family, not to be nearby. Jenn and her family lived in town, Chan and Kristi were down in Boston, and Hartford seemed a long way from home. So when the possibility of a return to Middlebury came up, Kate was ready to take it seriously.

“When I was at Trinity, I was happy to be there, and didn’t allow myself to daydream about what-ifs,” she said. “But things changed when her mother got sick. ‘It’s just so hard to know what’s around the corner with an illness,’ she said, ‘so for us, we were willing to do whatever we could to be near my mom, with our kids. That was a huge part of the decision to come back.’” By the time they got to Middlebury, Kate and Reeves had a third child: Annie was born in 2014, the week before they moved north.

Missy and Kate agree that their year of coaching together could hardly have gone better. Missy was still very clearly the head coach, but Kate brought her own strengths to the job. “It was great,” Missy said. “It was like having two head coaches, on and off the field.” Erin Quinn points out that head field hockey coach Katharine DeLorenzo was also an assistant in lacrosse that season. “I was hoping that the women on that team appreciated what they had,” she said, “with those three on the sidelines, all amazing coaches, all incredible role models.”

The team had a great run through the regular season and playoffs, making it to the NCAA semifinal game. There were only two seniors on the team (though two important players)—Katie Ritter ‘15 and Cat Fowler ‘15—so Kate got to know well the team she would be taking over in 2016.

In 2015, the Panthers lost their regular-season game to Trinity, Kate’s former team. And they did so again last year, Kate’s first season as head coach. But in that game, Kate felt, you could see the beginning of the end of the Trinity jinx. The game was close at halftime, and the team “realized that if we played hard, we could make them uncomfortable, we could take them out of their flow,” Kate said. In the second half, they lost some draws and a few calls didn’t go their way, and they wound up losing, 13–9. Kate believed the players just hadn’t developed enough confidence in themselves. “But we learned that we needed to be more aggressive defensively,” she said, “and play as more of a unit offensively. We spent a lot of time on offensive movement from that game on.”

Turns out that was the team’s first and last loss of the season. Three weeks later, in the NESCAC final at Trinity, the Panthers built an 8–1 lead at halftime and held on for a 10–7 win that gave them an automatic NCAA berth. Trinity received an at-large bid, and it was not hard to envision the two teams meeting again in the national championship game.

“By the time we got to the NESCAC final,” Kate said, “we talked in the locker room about how this isn’t Trinity you’re playing. This is the team that’s in the way of you winning the NESCAC championship. And we played a really great first half, and even though Trinity came back in the second half, we did what we needed to do. And we won. If we’d played a perfect game, maybe we wouldn’t have had the same focus going into the NCAAs.”

The team played well and beat Gettysburg in the NCAA regional final, and then it was on to the Final Four, which included Trinity. In the semifinals, they faced Cortland State, which had been ranked first in Division III most of the season. “I wasn’t sure we were better than Cortland, and I’m still not sure,” Kate said, “but we certainly played better that Saturday.”

Middlebury won, 16–11, advancing to the championship game—against Trinity. The Panthers built a 5–0 lead at halftime, and held off a Bantam rally to win, 9–5, and take their first NCAA title since 2004.

Ken and Carolyn Perine, longtime chroniclers of their daughter’s athletic career, were celebrating, but the 2016 playoffs were different for them. They didn’t travel to Philadelphia for the games but instead spent the weekend taking care of Kate and Reeves’ three girls, so that Reeves, now a teacher and soccer coach at MUHS, could make the trip.

As for Kate—now with four national titles, two as a player, two as a coach—she’s no longer the uncertain kid who flipped that coin at Deerfield in 1999. “It’s not Kate Perine, mom’s seventh grader, or Kate Perine, the MUHS sophomore, or the Middlebury College first-year,” says Erin Quinn. “It’s Kate Perine Livesay, professional coach. And I think it’s important that she went off and found her own voice, and crafted her own messages, which are really consistent with Missy’s but are authentic to who Kate is. So when she came back she was firmly standing on her own two feet.”

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Andrew Forsthoefel’s Long Walk

The summer after graduating from Middlebury, a young man walked out of the back door of his home in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania—and didn’t stop until he reached the Pacific Ocean, 4,000 miles away.

An excerpt from Walking to Listen

By Andrew Forsthoefel ’11 Illustrations by Stacey Rozich
WHY DON'T YOU JUST DRIVE?

That was one of the first things some people asked me when I told them what I was doing. The answer was simple: Sure, driving would get me there faster, but it would cut me off from everything in between the beginning and the end. And where was “there,” anyway?

Something human is sacrificed traveling at high speeds, I came to believe, because humans are actually quite slow. When we walk, we are brought back to ourselves again, immersing our awareness in the body and all its sensitivities, creating space for the mind to breathe and explore and play. There’s so much to feel, and there’s nothing to distract you from feeling it. Walk long enough and this immensity of feeling begins to blur the boundaries between you and everything else. One elderly man called it “the white time.” His name was Jerry Priddy. He walked two miles every morning, hadn’t missed a single day since 1995. That was like walking across America four times.

“You amble along,” he said, “and it’s like being whitewashed in a snowstorm. You can’t see anything and you’re not aware of anything, and it’s going on around you. It don’t amount to a whole lot, but the sum total is it’s a beautiful experience when you get through. It clears your head. You’re there.”

There was no such thing as boredom in the white time because everything was always in flux. The white time demanded my engagement. I couldn’t just sit in it, as I would in a car, because I was my own vehicle. I was married to the movement. I was the movement. Each and every stride was an active stitch binding me to the land and to everyone I met. In this way, the road wasn’t a contradiction, like it would’ve been at car-speed. When you drive, the car isolates and insulates you from everyone and everything you pass; it’s a severing from the surrounding world. When you walk, however, you take you from the beginning to the end not by severance but by connection—connection to the people you meet, to the land you touch, to the sun and the wind and the rain.

Despite the growing magic of it, the walking was, at the very same time, still utterly miserable at the end of most days. I’d been walking all through the winter by now, and it hadn’t gotten any easier. By dusk, I was always ragged and raw. The blisters kept coming, and I hadn’t gotten used to the ass chafing yet. I gave up hope that I ever would. The worst, however, was the Deep Itch. I won’t elaborate, but a piece of advice if you’re heading out for a long hike: bring baby wipes.

There was, in fact, something worse than the Deep Itch: mosquitoes. It was February now, warm enough for them. They could fly faster than I could walk, which was unfortunate because I was about to walk through the swamps of Mississippi and Louisiana.

I’d heard horror stories about the breeds on the Gulf Coast. “They’re bigger than VW bugs.” “They drink DEET like blood.” “They’ll carry you away.” They only caught me twice. The second time, I was in southern Louisiana setting up camp in a field shielded from the highway by a grassy berm. When the steady pestering became a full-fledged attack, I took refuge in my tent. I lay naked on my back, watching the mosquitoes slowly flood the space between the mesh ceiling and the rainfly outside. There were hundreds. They floated so delicately, silent little sprites poking at the mesh skin, hopeful for a drink. I watched them for nearly an hour, the ballet of bloodsuckers.

But the first time the mosquitoes swarmed me, almost in Mississippi, I was on the road, exposed. I put on my rain jacket. It didn’t do much. Now they all just went for my face. I started swatting at the air and slapping my face, bellowing. This was craze walking, a manic, delusional unraveling. If I found myself babbling in an argument with the headwinds, begging aloud to the rain for mercy, or nursing personal grudges against each and every mosquito, I was craze-walking.

The mosquitoes abruptly disappeared at around 5 p.m. I peeked out from my rain jacket. An egret was standing in the marsh, its ivory white shocking against the tall brown grass, and two blue herons burst out of the forest. Pelicans cruised above, joined for an improbable moment by a bald eagle. I started shouting, “Yes!” Over and over again. Perhaps a side effect of the craze-walking.

This was the real-life swamp, the bayou. The mosquitoes were benign compared to the bigger beasts lurking deeper inside. There was legitimate cause for concern with the alligators. Wild boars ran free, and bobcats, too, and packs of stray dogs. Somewhere in the murky waters swam toothed monstrosities called alligator garfish. There was even rumor of a panther, I would soon be told. And everything was soggy, which meant there were precious few camping spots. Not that it mattered. I wasn’t going to sleep on the ground in that hungry place. The tree canopy seemed much safer. Then again, there was the panther.

When I first crossed into Mississippi, I was spared a night in the swamp by a benevolent alligator rancher named Allen and his girlfriend, Addie. Allen ended up letting me stay in the guest room of his apartment above the ranch’s showroom. He had a few alligators in captivity, including a 13-footer called Big Bull, but those weren’t the ones to worry about. There were others outside the fences. Hurricane Katrina had flooded Allen’s compound when it blew through, raising the swamp right over
This was the real-life swamp, the bayou.
The mosquitos were benign compared to the bigger beasts lurking deeper inside. There was legitimate cause for concern with the alligators. Wild boars ran free, and bobcats, too, and packs of stray dogs.

the pens. When the waters subsided, the alligators were gone, all 150 of them. Allen had recaptured 40 in the seven years since the hurricane. The math didn’t favor camping.
The ranch was right on the edge of the swamp next to Highway 90 outside Pascagoula. Out back, a small fleet of airboats propelled by gigantic fans bobbed by a dock, and a swath of mucky marshland was fenced off for the alligators. Shining a flashlight that night from Allen’s porch, I could see their eyes gleaming.
The TV played in the living room, a show about passion killings. It was part of a series called *Deadly Women Tuesday Marathon*. Sitting between Allen and Addie, watching the grisly reenactments, I wanted to crack a joke—“I promise I’m not taking notes”—but I thought better of it. We were all sleeping under the same roof that night, and I didn’t want to put anyone on edge.

“Allen watches this to make sure none of the women he’s fooling with are on there,” Addie said. She had a riotous laugh. She called me “kiddo” and “dear,” and earlier, before Allen invited me inside, she had come out to my tent and brought me a plate loaded with lasagna. And then another one. After the second plate, I started calling her my Mississippi mother. She said that if her son were walking across America she’d inch along behind him in her car, shouting advice and honking at strangers. “You stay away from that boy!” “Drink some water, honey!” Addie reminded me of my Aunt Ginger back home. She’d said she was going to follow me in her minivan. My Aunt Janet had promised to join her.

“Your poor mother,” Addie had said when I first met her. “I don’t know how she’s doing this.” That was probably the most commonly asked question of all: “How is your mother doing this?” We talked often, and I asked her once myself. *How are you doing it?*

“If I don’t let you die,” she said, “if I don’t embrace that the end of your life could be at 23, then it’ll be a lot harder. I’ll freak out. So I have to completely let go and say yes to anything. I have to say the same yes you have to say, in a different way. I just have to work very hard to stay still. There are times where inside I’m like, ‘No! No! No!’ and I have to lock her up in the bathroom, that animal mother.

“So at night I assess: What’s the fear? What’s hard about this? I’m worried about you being outdoors. It’s so anti-intuitive for me, because you were in my womb. You need to be sheltered somewhere, but you’re on a road without a shoulder with freaking 18-wheelers.

“That’s the hardest. ‘How will it be if he dies, or if he gets seriously, seriously injured?’ And I say, ‘It will not be good, and he can’t not do this.’ Because I know that if you don’t do this thing, it won’t be good for you. So it’s really about letting you not come back. It doesn’t fit with the animal mother in me, but my yes is becoming stronger than my fear.

*It’s a process. Every day is, ‘He could die today.’ I feel very alive. Awake. I literally feel like I’m in two places at once—where I am and where you are. I think that’s just love.*

The night before I left home, we had a bonfire out in the backyard. It was at the fire that I first felt, somewhere beyond my intellect, that I might actually die on this walk, and that this might be one of the last times I ever saw my mom. We prayed. I wasn’t entirely sure to whom or to what, but that didn’t matter to me. All the discussions I’d had in high school and college about the existence of God seemed so trivial now, even moot. I wasn’t interested in proving or disproving anything. I only wanted to start this walk on the right foot, and that meant acknowledging my own tininess, honoring the fact that I couldn’t do what I was about to attempt to do alone. At the end of our homegrown backyard ceremony, my mom washed my feet with warm water, a Catholic ritual that seemed relevant now given all the walking my feet had in front of them. That was when Mom first let me die.

I found many mothers on the road, and Addie was one of my favorites. She kept making me laugh. On the TV, a woman was braining her sleeping lover with a cricket bat.
"God, this is insane," I said, looking away.
"Well, I lost my sanity a long time ago," Addie said. "But don't worry, I found it again. I keep it in a little bottle at the bottom of my drawer, so it's not lost anymore. I just don't have it on me. I'll get it out when I'm ready. Until then," and here she leaned forward to look at Allen, "watch out, baby."

We both laughed. Allen shook his head and grunted.
"Oh, he's an old crank," Addie said. "But I'm an old bitch, so we get along."

Allen wore cowboy boots and a big belt buckle. He was from southern Louisiana, the first Cajun I'd met, born and bred on the bayou. He'd suffered a couple of alligator bites in his lifetime. The worst one was from a seven-footer. It almost took his hand off.

"It wasn't no big deal," Allen said. "He didn't do it on purpose."

"You ever wrestle any?" I asked.

"No, not really. Just when we had to go out catching them after Katrina. You gotta jump on they backs and hold them down. I don't do tricks anymore, like them guys like they do? Put them heads in they mouth and all like that? That's people that ain't got no brains. That's crazy."

"What do you do if you get caught by one?" I asked. "A big one, like that guy you have out there?"

"Gator like Big Bull grab you? They ain't nothing you can do."

Allen told me a few more swamp stories into the recorder. The conversation drifted into nostalgia—how things used to be, how today's just not the same—and then, rather abruptly, we were talking about the Apocalypse.

A Great Tribulation was on its way, Allen said. An Armageddon. A God War. I would know it when it came. It wouldn't be tornadoes or earthquakes or another Katrina. It would be like nothing anyone had ever seen before, something unbelievable, like fire raining down from the sky.

"Says in the Bible, 'One will be taken along and one will be left behind.' So if you're left behind that means you're probably going to be destroyed. Bible says that God separates people, just like a shepherd. Separates the sheep from the goats. Says the sheep know his voice. The goats? Well, they're gonna blow off into everlasting destruction. The sheep go off into everlasting life. God already knows who the sheep are."

Allen spoke quite matter-of-factly about the end of the world, but perhaps that was to be expected from someone who'd nearly lost a hand to an alligator and didn't think it was a big deal.

"No one can know for sure," he said, "but I think it's coming soon."

I could see how the promise of an apocalypse was comforting as Allen described it to me. It explained the baffling complexity of the world. When Armageddon arrived at last, everyone would know the truth of this mystifying human experience. It would be absolute—there'd be winners and there'd be losers, the ones who just never got it. Sheep were sheep. Goats were goats. That was that. I almost wanted to believe it myself.

I didn't know what to say as he expounded. Mostly I kept quiet, wondering if he thought I was a goat. To me, he was neither goat nor sheep. He was Allen. I was Andrew. We were each our own kind of animal, a tiny, unique branch in the dendritic evolution of humanity. Walking the country was like an exercise in taxonomy, cataloguing the varieties of the human species. I'd already encountered so many, and would meet many more as I continued: hitchhikers and hobos, waitresses and their regulars, road-trippers, ranchers, and roughnecks, raccoon hunters, deer slayers, hog stalkers, mothers of five and seven and ten, firefighters, police officers, professors and pot growers, laughing cowboys and solemn mechanics, the hippy-dippy ice sculptor, the drunken hibachi chef, the farmers of cotton and corn and goats, fledgling sweethearts and ancient lovebirds, an old-time bounty hunter, a small-time shrimper, a homemade-ice-cream maker and a biscuit baker and a master of crawfish étouffée, a Hopi glassblower, a Navajo medicine man, a Cajun mystic, an ex-con, an ex-president, preachers of fire and brimstone, football heroes fallen from glory, mariachi DJs, a deluded messiah, cosmetologists and embalmers of the dead, wannabe crop-dusters, would-be walkers, the lost, the found, the saved, the damned, and an old man on the highway called Nowhere.

And then there was Addie, my Mississippi mother, and Allen, the doomsday alligator rancher. Of course, all these people were far more than the titles I've just given them, but that's taxonomy, finding some kind of order in the chaos and classifying it. Why bother, in this case? Because then an amalgam of indistinguishable faces splinters off into hundreds of millions of fragments—individual human beings. The closer you look, the more varieties you find, and any goat-and-sheep dichotomy starts to look completely absurd. Americans become Mississippians, who become alligator ranchers, who become Allen, who likes hunting in the swamp on his airboat at dusk and watching the Deadly Women Tuesday Marathon; who believes in goats and sheep, and probably thinks you're a goat; and who feeds you a huge breakfast in the morning anyway.
REACHING THE GULF COAST WAS BIZARRE, like crossing into a new state. Did I really just walk to the Gulf of Mexico? A bit to the north I'd begun to see seafood joints and Cajun markets and billboards for beaches. It seemed impossible. My footsteps were actually covering ground, one by one making finite that which had once seemed so infinite.

On Highway 90 I passed through Pascagoula and Biloxi. The signature of Hurricane Katrina was still written everywhere, almost seven years later. Twisted trees kowtowed at absurd angles. Buildings were flayed down to their structural skeletons, or being built anew.

In the bayou country just north of New Orleans, fishing boats lay beached on the marshy banks, rotting.

Pearlington, Mississippi, had seen the worst of it. The quaint little bayou hamlet had become a war zone. Those who'd stayed for the hurricane had stared straight into her furious eye. I'd arrived in the town at sunset and, as always, I needed a place to camp out. A bar was on my left, a church on my right. I went left.

The bar was called Turtle Landing. I took a seat next to a tan, rough-faced man with an aquiline nose whose cigarettes smoldered in the dark. His name was Randy Turpin. His partner, Susie Sharp, looked strong and sturdy, and smiled a lot. She wore glinty glasses. They'd both just come back from the Mardi Gras parade in Bay St. Louis, the same one I'd walked past that morning. When I admitted I'd never really taken part in a Mardi Gras parade, Susie festooned me with a bunch of beads and a crown of purple panties, thrown from the floats. Everyone at the bar seemed to be wearing some mark of Louisiana loyalty—Saints sweatshirts, LSU hats—and although no one else was wearing panties like a swim cap, I thought I fit in better with them on.

After a few beers, Randy and Susie offered to put me up at their place for the night. At their kitchen table, they told me their Katrina stories. Everybody in town had one.

"You ever have one of those dreams where you're falling and wondering whether you're going to hit the ground or not, and you just won't wake up?" This was Randy. "We never had a chance to figure out whether we were going to hit the ground or not. You just can't wake yourself up from that nightmare until it quits. I've had over six years to think about it now, and that's as close as I can put it. That falling dream. You know you're falling, and you know you're dreaming, but you won't wake yourself up. And then the pressure changed, and it was like you were taking off vertically in a jet and your ears just go POOF!"

He spoke with little emotion, his voice sandpaper rough. He was the kind of guy I'd want to be around if I ever found myself trapped in a Category 5 hurricane, the kind of guy who takes an ax into the fray, which was exactly what he did. I wouldn't have thought to do that, but it made sense: if the water rose too high, you'd have to get to the roof somehow.

"And then everything got calm," Randy said. "Dead calm. They tell you about the eye of the storm? That's what we was in. Pretty blue sky above you. Someone said, 'It's over!' and I said, 'No, we got the other side of this sombitch to go through. Something bad fixin' to happen.' About 10 minutes later, something bad happened. That's when we saw the water. It just rose up so quick. You either moved right then or you drowned. You were past the point of being scared. There's no room for being scared."

"Everything that was down went up, and everything that was up came down," Susie said, showing me pictures of the aftermath. It didn't seem possible that water and wind could be responsible for such devastation. It looked more like the work of mercenary giants, legions of them. The bartender at Turtle Landing had told me that the whole bayou had emptied itself out onto Pearlington, the water climbing as high as 28 feet. Houses floated off their foundations, crashing into telephone poles like possessed pinballs. Trees snapped. Refrigerators shot through the roofs of flooded homes, propelled by their own airtight buoyancy. After it was over, sludge coated the town. Dogs lay dead. Fires burned.

"It looked like a nuclear bomb went off," Randy said. "But we know how to survive in the woods and on the water. Hunting, fishing, trapping. Nobody went hungry. There's no 'me' in this town. It's 'us.' Because it's us against the elements down here. It ain't us against the government. It ain't us against the blacks. It ain't us against the whites. It's us against what we got to deal with out there." He pointed in the direction of the swamp. "Yeah, we just know how to get along. You do what you do with what you got. You have food to spare? You spare it. That's just the way it goes."

"Everybody knows everybody," Susie added. "And if you don't know somebody, somebody you know knows them."

"So somebody like me sticks out?" I said.

"No, you don't stick out," Susie said. "You're just . . . noticed."

"We trust in people," Randy said. "It costs us a lot sometimes, and sometimes it don't cost us nothing but a handshake. It might be our curiosity. It might be just the way we are."

This story is an excerpt from Walking to Listen: 4,000 Miles Across America, One Story at a Time. Reprinted by permission of Bloomsbury Publishing. Copyright 2017 Andrew Forsthoefel.
THROUGH THE
Looking Glass

For much of her life, Meron Benti has been seen as being different. How she views herself is another story.

By Matt Jennings  Photographs by Brett Simison
ERON BENTI doesn’t remember much about her early childhood in Ethiopia. What she does recall are fragments of memories: car trips to the capital city, Addis Ababa; the waiting rooms of doctors’ offices; certain rooms of her house in the mid-sized city of Shashamane. The house that she rarely left, at least during daylight hours, unless it was for another visit to some new doctor.

She doesn’t remember the rare occasions when she did venture outside with her family; she only knows about the people who would stare, the children who would follow them down the street, the hecklers who would suggest that her mother had committed adultery with a European, or, worse, that her mother was bewitched and Meron was the daughter of the devil. She only knows about these things because she heard them in stories told by her family years later.

She doesn’t remember her first day of kindergarten, or much of kindergarten at all. Of course, she wasn’t privy to the fact that the school in her neighborhood didn’t want to take her, that the teachers didn’t want to teach her, that she was thought to be incapable of learning in a “regular” classroom, and that the school administrators felt they had no way to accommodate “her differences.” She doesn’t remember what other kids said to her or if they said anything at all. What she does recall of her year of kindergarten in Ethiopia was going home at the end of the day and staying there until it was time to go to school the next morning.

“I guess I just blocked all of this out,” Meron would tell me many years later.

When the school year was over, her parents made plans for Meron to move to Italy to live with her adult brother, Ayle. She would never live full time with her mom and dad again. She was six years old.

In either of these types of oculocutaneous albinism, a genetic defect disrupts the normal production of melanin, the pigment that gives human skin, hair, and eyes their color. The result for people with OCA1 or 2 is extremely fair skin, light-colored eyes, and hair coloring that ranges from white to light blonde.

Meron is the youngest of 10 children, nine of whom have dark skin. Her parents, too, are black, yet they both carry the albinism gene. Albinism is a recessive trait, which, if you recall from high school biology, means that each of her parents carries a recessive gene for the condition, but they do not manifest the condition themselves. Both parents gave Meron a copy of their chromosomes; she had a one-in-four chance of an autosomal recessive inheritance of albinism. Unlike her siblings, the odds played out differently for her.

Being different meant a move to another continent and country, to a place where her condition was better understood and medical options were more readily available. “Most people think of albinism as being ‘devoid of color,’” says Murray Brilliant, one of the world’s foremost experts on the genetics of human albinism. “And while this perception can lead to social stigma—such as what Meron experienced as a child and often resulting in even more dire consequences for patients in other regions of the world—the condition is defined, medically, by deficits in vision.” (It should be noted that Brilliant was told about Meron and her condition in an interview. He has never met her.)

Meron’s vision is severely compromised, the result of undeveloped retinas that are lacking a critical layer of pigment known as the retinal pigmented epithelium (RPE). One of four distinct pigmented layers in the human eye, RPE helps maintain photoreceptor cells; with a limited (or nonexistent) RPE, there are fewer of these cells at the center of each retina. The result, says Brilliant, is a degraded field of vision.

Think of a photograph with a limited number of pixels per square inch, he explains to me. “If you enlarge the photo, the image gets pixilated, it gets blurry,” he says. People with albinism may be able to see something up close—say, 10 or 20 feet away, relatively well, but as distance increases what one sees gets more and more blurry.

Meron has told me that she is extremely nearsighted, which might not be technically true. Brilliant notes, as albinism doesn’t affect the shape of the eyeball, but the result is the same. Objects that are more than, say, 20 feet away become very blurry to her. To illustrate what this is like, she recalls standing on a street corner in Oakland, California, a few years ago. Traffic was zooming past her, and her attention was drawn to a box on the far side of the intersection. She had never seen such a contraption before, and in the middle of the box was a blurry, digitally lit hand. Then the hand disappeared and the box appeared to be empty. She stood there for about 30 seconds, just staring at the box, not even noticing that the traffic in front of her had stopped. And then the hand was back, and the rush of cars had resumed. She couldn’t see the numbers counting down the time she had to cross the street.

I remember everything about Italy,” Meron says, contrasting her recollections of living in Europe with her hazy recall of events in Ethiopia.

At six years old, she and an older sister, Mimmi, settled in a small village in Tuscany, where their brother was working and playing soccer on a semipro team. (Though Mimmi was less than thrilled about moving to Italy, too, their parents felt it was essential that Meron have a female presence in her life.)

The timing was fortuitous: just a few months prior, as Meron’s parents were exploring medical options beyond Ethiopia for their daughter, her brother had struck up a conversation about his sister’s condition with a neighbor in the small Tuscan village where he lived. This neighbor
wanted to help and offered both to introduce Meron to an ophthalmologist that she knew and, as an Italian citizen, to sponsor her immigration to Italy.

The ophthalmologist had a litany of eye problems to consider and treat. In addition to Meron’s retinal issues, she is extremely light sensitive, the result of a reduced layer of pigment in the iris; she also has a condition called nystagmus, which affects both vision and depth perception. This causes her hazel eyes to dart rapidly back and forth, an involuntary movement that she no longer notices, but is evident when you talk to her in person.

She thinks that her vision issues had as much to do with her Ethiopian teachers not wanting her in their classroom as her skin coloring did, a theory that Brilliant thinks is reasonable. (“There’s an assumption that one is incapable,” he says, “especially when at a young age and in places where help is less accessible.”)

In Italy, Meron does not recall her vision being a social or educational handicap, but there were new challenges. For the first time, she recalls being cognizant of looking different than her siblings, perhaps because they stood out in a predominantly white region. She recalls the sidelong glances of this “big black guy walking down the street with a little white girl.” And while she reminds me that her appearance was more stark then—“I was six or seven years old, so I wasn’t wearing makeup. My hair was white, my eyebrows and eyelashes were white, my skin extremely pale”—she says that people didn’t really pay much attention to the albinism.

“What seemed to make a difference to them was my being an immigrant,” she says.

At first, she says, people assumed she was Scandinavian, but when she explained that she was Ethiopian, opinions of her grew harsher.

“I was bullied,” she says, “though I guess I didn’t know what that was then. I just thought people were being mean.” She remembers one classmate in particular, who, upon hearing she was from Ethiopia, began to sing about Mussolini invading her country. “He told me his grandmother loved Mussolini,” she says, a sense of wonder still present in her voice all these years later.

Her brother tried his best to assimilate Meron into the culture of her new home. He insisted that she learn Italian, and by the time she returned home for a visit. She went alone, and she has a clear memory of walking off a plane in the Addis Ababa airport and becoming overwhelmed.

For six years, she had not seen another black person aside from her brother and sister, and now she appeared as the only white person in this bustling airport. And then there was the rush of people, not just her immediate family, but distant relatives and family friends. “I didn’t recognize my brothers,” she remembers. “I couldn’t tell who was my brother, who was my nephew, who was a neighbor. And then my mother... she seemed taller than I had remembered her, so I guess I was looking at her funny, and she burst into tears. She thought I didn’t remember her.”

But the truth was, she says, she did feel estranged from her mother. Her coping mechanism had worked. “At first, it didn’t feel like she was my mom.”

Gradually, over her two-month stay, familial ties emerged. It wasn’t exactly normal, she says (“though what counts as normal?”), but it was normalized. Being 12, though, she was also much more aware of how she was received outside of her house. She remembers walking around town with her siblings and having other kids harass her. First they would approach her asking for money (“That happens a lot in Ethiopia; people assume that if you are white then you have a lot of money”), and then when her brothers grew defensive, tipping off the others that she was with them, the remarks turned caustic.

The stories she had heard about being called a “devil child,” she says, apparently were true.

Meron returned to Italy, yet says that in all her time there, she never felt at home. She found herself missing Ethiopia, a feeling that intensified after another visit the following summer. “I thought about moving back for high school, but my brother told me that was a bad idea,” she says. “He was probably right.” So she began to cope the best way she knew how: by forgetting.

By this time, her brother, Ayele, had taken a job in the United States and had moved to Oakland. She and her sister remained in Italy and settled into a predictable routine: “She worked; I went to school,” Meron says. Around this time, Meron began modeling, first for fashion students at a local university, and then with an agency. Yet she also says that she began to isolate herself from the rest of her surroundings; looking back on this period, “it wasn’t that different than when I was a child in Ethiopia.” She wasn’t hiding exactly, but she wasn’t engaging with the culture (aside from her modeling), either. She went to school, a rigorous science academy, six days a week, and she studied all the time.

I ask her if she was sad, lonely: “You were a teenager,” I say, “and, sure, this can be a time filled with adolescent angst, but it’s also an age when many lifelong friendships are born.”

She shrugs. “No, I still think of myself as being pretty lucky. I mean, during that time I had Facebook friends, people with albinism, who were teenagers like me, and they needed guide dogs to get around or walked with a cane. I felt fortunate that I didn’t need any of that.”

Meron probably would have finished her studies in Italy, had she not received a phone call from her brother inviting her to come visit him in America the summer after her third year in high school.

“I ask if this was her first time coming to the United States.”

“Yeah—the first and last time,” she laughs. “That’s when I stayed.”

While researching this story, I came across a portfolio from an Italian fashion shoot in 2013 featuring Meron that currently appears on the website behance.net. Highly conceptual and stylized, the shoot is titled “Beauty and the Beast.” Meron is the “beauty” in this concept, and the images of her are striking. She’s sitting in a white chair, her pale skin and blonde hair accentuated by a pale peach-colored dress and an orange flower that she holds in two hands, close to her face.

“That was my favorite shoot,” she tells me when I ask about it a few weeks ago. “I loved the concept.”

She pauses and starts to say something, then stops.

“But...?” I say.

“They were interested in having someone with very fair skin, which was fine—most of the shoots were of that nature,” she says. “But in this one, they really emphasized my whiteness. They even added white makeup on top of my pale skin and my hair! It took me two days to wash it entirely out of my hair.”

She continues: “I’ve always wanted to do something more colorful, like what we did with Brett.” (She’s speaking of the photo shoot for this story) “Those vibrant colors feel more like me.”

I ask her if she felt that the white makeup further masked her identity in addition to accentuating her whiteness.

Again, she pauses. “I don’t know if I would have phrased it that way then, but it certainly makes sense now.”
Meron tells me that she had never thought about the concept of race until she came to the States a few years ago. “Ethnicity yes, race no,” she says. “Race is not a concept you really think about in Italy; at least not where I was,” she says, “because everyone is the same. And in Ethiopia, that’s literally true. Everybody is the same race.”

She first thought about this concept and how it applied to her when she was registering for high school in Oakland, where she was, once again, living with her brother.

We all know the question, a prompt to check off a box identifying one’s race, only Meron had never seen such a question before.

“There were all of these choices, and I was very confused,” she says. “I thought, I’m white, but my whole family is black.”

“So, what did you do?” I ask.

“I checked black.”

The significance of her decision was not lost on her, especially as she spent more time in the U.S. “I may lack melanin, but I’m Black,” she says. (The capitalization of “Black” in this instance is intentional.)

During the past few months, Meron has emailed me a handful of stories to read and videos to watch. One piece she sent me was an essay titled “People of Color with Albinism Ask: Where Do I Belong?”

“Often, while walking around, it’s like we are invisible,” one woman is quoted as saying. “Also, we are seen differently.”

“I never saw such a question before,” Meron says. (The capitalization of “Black” in this instance is intentional.)

She says that until coming to Middlebury, she means is that the longer she has spent in the United States was that she was Black, “but not fully, if that makes sense?” she says. What she means is that the longer she has spent time in the U.S.—first in Oakland and now at Middlebury—she has grown to understand what it means to be Black in America. “I consider myself Black, but I have white skin, so people don’t see me that way; at least superficially, and how you are seen can mean everything.”

She continues: “I go places with my Black friends; they are looked at differently. I have seen them followed by clerks in stores, and that never happens to me. Ironically, the same treatment that Black people can have in the United States is what I experienced in Ethiopia. So I can relate, but I’m not facing that situation anymore. At least not here.”

Immediately after arriving in Oakland a few years ago, she applied for asylum in the United States. The process was long—it was 18 months from the time she applied until a decision was made—but because of her personal history in Ethiopia, her application was approved. She recently applied for a green card to obtain permanent residency status, a process that took her to an immigration office in St. Albans, Vermont, about 20 miles south of the Canadian border. After handing in her paperwork, a clerk summoned Meron back to her desk.

“I think you made a mistake,” she said, sliding a form across her desk to Meron, the form where Meron had indicated her race.

“No, I didn’t make a mistake,” Meron replied.

“Well?”

“Yes,” Meron said. “My whole family is black.”

“But you say so.”

Meron is now a sophomore at Middlebury; how she got here from Oakland Tech High School isn’t all that interesting. “Google,” she laughs (though she does credit a history teacher for encouraging her to apply to Ivies and the top liberal arts colleges, types of schools she had either never heard of or never given any serious thought to previously). But her experience so far has been “amazing,” Meron says. An anthropology major, Meron’s focus has returned to her native Africa, though with designs that expand beyond Ethiopia.

“This is strange for an Ethiopian,” she says. “There’s a joke that Ethiopians consider themselves apart from the rest of Africa.” In January, she took the intensive leadership and innovation course called MiddCORE, and for her class project she came up with the idea of a summer camp in Kenya for people with albinism. She chose Kenya rather than, say, Ethiopia, she says, because not only is albinism more prevalent among the populace, but the stigmatization and associated danger that comes with it is higher.

“I’ve learned that as bad as Meron had it in Ethiopia, there are countries in sub-Saharan Africa where having albinism can cost you your life. A recent report by an albinism advocacy organization called Under the Sun has documented hundreds of attacks against people with albinism in countries such as Malawi, Tanzania, and Kenya. (In Tanzania there were gruesome reports of killings and dismemberment.) Meron acknowledges that attempting to start her camp in Tanzania wouldn’t be safe for a college student, though she quickly says she could envision starting a nonprofit that serves people with albinism in Tanzania or Malawi in the future.

And as for now, even Kenya may be too risky. Meron applied for a fellowship with Middlebury’s Social Entrepreneurship Program in the hopes of putting her idea into action. But her application was denied, in large part because of the risk associated with the endeavor, the program’s faculty director, Nadia Horning, tells me. But to say Horning was impressed with Meron’s application would be an understatement. “This is somebody who will be an agent for social change,” Horning says. An associate professor of political science with a focus on African politics, Horning has gotten to know Meron through the African student organization Umoja. Horning is the group’s faculty advisor, and this year Meron is its copresident. Horning has learned the same thing that I have during the course of reporting this story: “All her life, Meron has taken a deficit, a handicap, and turned it into an asset,” she says.

Though Meron did not receive funding for her project, she, along with a few other applicants, were offered a nonfunded opportunity to continue researching projects under the auspices of the Center for Creativity, Innovation, and Social Entrepreneurship where they would have space to work and access to advising. Not everyone who was offered the opportunity accepted, Horning says, though Meron did immediately upon the offer.

Meron Benti has an elaborate tattoo on her back consisting of a constellation of symbols that form the shape of the continent of Africa. She says that because her phenotype does not contain any Black features, she wanted something on her body that “hinted to people that I am African.” A heart symbol represents Ethiopia. The image also contains native African species such as the sankofa bird and the denkyem crocodile, as well as West African Ashanti symbols.

“I joke that it’s not very Ethiopian of her to be thinking so deeply about other African countries, and she laughs. She says that the symbols not only reflect her origins but also her adaptability to live in different environments. She tells me that until coming to Middlebury, she had never really met any Africans who were not Ethiopian. (The irony that she sold her way from rural Vermont to do so is not lost on her, but she hastens to add that the fact that Middlebury facilitated this is one of the many reasons she loves the school.) Now these students of color from other countries, the United States included, are among her best friends.

Not too long ago, a group of students organized a Women of Color brunch, to which Meron was invited.

“I don’t think they realized how happy that invitation made me feel,” she says. “When people acknowledge me as being a person of color without me having to remind them…”

“It’s your identity,” I say.

“It’s more than that,” she says. “It’s belonging.”

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WHAT RAY ZILINSKAS KNOWS WILL TERRIFY YOU

The blurry surveillance camera footage from Kuala Lumpur’s international airport showed a woman in white approaching the estranged half-brother of North Korean leader Kim Jong-un from behind. She daubed his face with a toxic substance—which one, investigators did not yet know. Kim Jong-nam died on February 13, en route to the hospital.

Over 8,500 miles away at the Center for Nonproliferation Studies in Monterey, California, Raymond Zilinskas watched the video on the New York Times website and followed reports on Kim Jong-nam’s death. As director of the chemical and biological nonproliferation program at the Middlebury Institute of International Studies, his office is like a mini-museum of chemical and biological weapons protection gear. Standing near the entrance is a life-sized mannequin in mud-colored, heavy protection gear. Standing near the entrance is a life-sized mannequin in mud-colored, heavy rubber, full protective gear from World War II. Above his desk sits a brunette mannequin’s decapitated head, enshrouded in a gray gas mask shaped like a horse’s snout. The same masks were passed out to protect civilians during the 1941 Pearl Harbor attack, Zilinskas explains during my recent visit.

Nearby, another doll head with long-lashed eyes, this one draped in blue and pink Mardi Gras beads, wears a gas mask once used by the Israelis. And in a corner, a dummy sports rubber boots and a gray apron over white protective cloth that cloaks the face, mouth, and head, with only the eyes visible under protective goggles.

The Soviets used such suits in the 1940s and ’50s to catch rodents, Zilinskas says. They would later be used as weapons, which is why soon after Kim Jong-nam’s death Zilinskas began fielding questions from journalists. Malaysian authorities reported that there had been a second face-smearer, also a woman. One of the suspects appeared on the surveillance footage in a T-shirt with “LOL” on its front. The two were apparently hired assassins for the North Korean government. Of all the mysteries, one in particular burned: Which poison might have killed him?

At first, Zilinskas says, “I thought it was cyanide,” a substance once used by KGB agents. “They would squirt a cloud of cyanide, and when that happens the person who is receiving it goes ‘Huhhhhh,’” Zilinskas says, sucking in air. He is 78, in gray jeans and loafers, with a tuft of white hair and white eyebrows that dip into a V-shape when he talks. “It takes a minute, maybe two minutes. Boom. Gone.”

But when Zilinskas heard how long it took for Kim Jong-nam to die—20 minutes—he knew it could not have been cyanide. Something just as potent and paralyzing was at play, and it may have offered one of the clearest affirmations yet into the extent of North Korea’s chemical weapons capabilities.

Ten days after Kim Jong-nam’s attack, Malaysian authorities reported that the killers had used the nerve agent VX. That’s when the deluge of emails and phone calls to Zilinskas from around the world really started. A reporter for the Los Angeles Times wrote him: “It’s a big story, and everyone’s scrambling—and you know this issue better than most.”

Beyond his collection of doomsday paraphernalia, Zilinskas is one of the world’s foremost experts on chemical and biological weapons. He is frequently called upon to answer questions about such topics not only by journalists, but by other academics, historians, governments, and even Hollywood writers. Zilinskas recently served as an advisor to the FX television show The Americans, helping the writers and producers grasp plot lines involving lethal pathogens.

His exhaustive research has taken him around the world to Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Ukraine, Belarus, Kyrgyzstan, Moldova, Tajikistan, and beyond. He spent 11 years conducting dozens of interviews with former Soviet scientists, and combing through documents and intelligence files to cowrite, along with Milton Leitenberg, The Soviet Biological Weapons Program, a stunning 921-page investigation published in 2012 by Harvard University Press.

The book uncovered a large-scale offensive biological weapons program, detailing how the Soviet Union ramped up its production facilities using microbiology to weaponize bacteria and viruses, and alter pathogens to make them resistant to vaccines. The Soviets hired tens of thousands of scientists and technicians for this undertaking, despite having signed the Biological Weapons Convention in 1972, which bans the development, production, and stockpiling of biological weapons.

Zilinskas wrote about how Soviet scientists created new strains of pathogens, genetically engineering Legionella pneumophila (which causes Legionnaires’ disease) to secrete certain peptides along with pathogens, which stimulates a host’s immune defense system—activating immune cells capable of destroying the myelin of nerve cells (destruction of myelin in the human body induces a multiple sclerosis-like illness).

Zilinskas’s work also revealed how the Soviets transferred a gene that codes for the production of the diphtheria toxin (which causes diphtheria, a throat and nose infection), into a new host, which was Teresina pestis (the plague source) to make it more virulent than strains found in nature. And his book documented how the Soviets weaponized Bacillus anthracis, which causes the...
disease anthrax. Indeed, in 1992, then Russian President Boris Yeltsin admitted that an anthrax accident, which infected 94 people and killed 64 in the Soviet city of Sverdlovsk in 1979, had been caused by its own military development.

“It is frightening because the idea that someone can and is willing to apply science and medicine in order to manipulate and grow microorganisms for the purpose of deliberately bringing about illness and death contravenes so much of our society's ethics that it is beyond the pale of civilized behavior,” Zilinskas and Leitenberg write. “The possibility that virulent bacteria or viruses will be developed to arm biological weapons and, when used, threaten vast populations with disease and death is incomprehensible.”

ZILINSKAS TRIES NOT TO LOSE SLEEP OVER threats that could occur at any time. If he knew a pandemic disease was approaching, he says, he would work to take precautions that would help the community, but he knows “the probability of me being injured while driving is much, much greater than being injured by chemical or biological weapons.”

Yet, as Zilinskas has proven, the possibility is real.

In his research, he visited anti-plague institutes from Soviet times, including one that led to the discovery of a top-secret report about a smallpox outbreak in 1971 in Kazakhstan. “There had been no smallpox in Russia and the Soviet Union since 1936,” Zilinskas thought at the time. So how did the outbreak occur? “What happened here? What was the big mystery?”

He found out there had been an accidental discharge of the variola virus, which causes smallpox, on a small island in the Aral Sea, between Kazakhstan and Uzbekistan. The virus had drifted off and reached a marine research ship, infecting a 24-year-old fisheries expert who was sampling sea water and sea life specimen like plankton. The ship landed in Arelsk, Kazakhstan, where the infected woman developed a fever and rash. Over the next three weeks a dozen more cases turned up with similar symptoms, traced back to her, and five people died. It turned out the virus had come from open-air tests carried out on Vozrozhdenie Island—a leak from a Soviet chemical weapons lab.

“I was so upset when I learned that the Soviets had weaponized smallpox virus,” Zilinskas says, leaning back in his office chair. “Smallpox had been wiped out by the world in 1977... so the whole world was susceptible. People weren't being vaccinated anymore.”

A framed photo behind him shows a version of him from a time when his hair was not white. In it, he wears a short-sleeved button-down with a pocket protector, standing in front of an airplane marked “UN” in blue. It was taken in 1994, when he served as a United Nations biological weapons inspector in Iraq, participating in two expeditions encompassing 84 facilities that were researching, developing, or producing microbial products. “We had to go out to these fields to look at the agricultural helicopters to see if they'd been converted to use chemicals of biological weapons,” he remembers. “That was the hottest I've ever been,” estimating it was about 125 degrees at times. The inspectors were followed everywhere by Iraqi minders who monitored and videotaped their visits.

On his desktop computer, Zilinskas pulls up a file with the words 'Iraq's BW Facilities Map' in neon green. He points the cursor on a map to a desert area where the Iraqis developed and produced chemical and biological weapons in bunkers. He notes Salman Park, a main research laboratory, and Al Hakam-main, a development lab and plant with large fermenters, as well as a foot-and-mouth disease vaccine plant that had some production of botulinum toxin and Bacillus anthracis. “It was exciting,” says Zilinskas, who is still a consultant to the U.S. Department of Defense.

His interest in politics and war began when he was a boy. His parents were from Lithuania, and his mother was pregnant with him when the Soviets invaded. She fled Red Army soldiers and while en route in November 1938 ended up giving birth to him in Tallinn, Estonia. With infant in arms she managed to get onto a fishing boat and make it to Sweden, where Zilinskas was raised speaking Swedish. His English carries faint traces of the accent. He was seven when World War II ended, and he holds onto a vivid memory from a year later when the Soviets sent a ship to the Stockholm harbor intending to cart Lithuanians back. The soldiers stood on the harbor with menacing looks, holding machine guns, waiting to round up and load people. “My family was deathly afraid of being deported to the Soviet Union,” he remembers. “Stalin was not a very nice guy... We all were wondering, ‘Are we going to be shipped out?’”

They did not get sent back. At age 12, he immigrated to the United States, first to Chicago, then to Los Angeles, where he attended high school in San Fernando and joined the Army Reserve after graduation. He was sent to Fort Ord in Monterey for eight weeks, then to Fort Gordon in Georgia to be trained as a military police officer. He was assigned to a U.S. Army Reserve division in Los Angeles as a medic, and spent time training at a military hospital in Fort Ord during the Vietnam War. The experience sparked his interest in pathology in patients. He says he encountered "parasites I've never seen. We would have different types of malaria. We would have fecal stuff. People who would have ringworm."

Zilinskas got his medical technologist license from the state of California, working part time at a hospital where he immersed himself in everything from hematology to blood banking to clinical chemistry and microbiology. He then returned to California and went on to work as a clinical microbiologist for 16 years before entering graduate studies at the School of International Relations at the University of Southern California.

It was the early 1970s, and the first genetic engineering studies were emerging. Zilinskas wrote his dissertation on policy issues generated by recombinant DNA research, and genetic engineering techniques for biological weapons development. While in graduate school, he also remembers taking a European history course and writing a paper on Swedish politics, vis-à-vis the Soviet Union after World War II—inspired in part by that moment from his childhood in Sweden, watching Soviet soldiers with guns looking to deport Lithuanians.

The ascent of his career has run parallel to a period of proliferating questions and concerns over biological and chemical weapons development and control. Even since the Biological Weapons Convention, there has been reason to believe that offensive bioweapons programs have made strides in China, Syria, and Russia, not to mention that deadly agents may be making their way into the hands of terrorist groups.

These perils are evolving, which is what makes Zilinskas's role on the world stage so important, says Rita Colwell, former director of the National Science Foundation. Colwell also previously served as president of the University
of Maryland Biotechnology Institute, where she recruited Zilinskas in 1987 to launch its center on bioethics, microbiology, and biotechnology. He came to the Center for Nonproliferation Studies in 1998. "He’s keenly interested in ethical processes, how one does medicine, how one does science," she says. "And he cares deeply about policy issues associated with national security and intelligence."

After the reports linking VX to the Kim Jong-nam attack became public, inquiries to Zilinskas about the nerve agent multiplied. A journalist from the AFP news agency asked him in an email: "How did the attackers avoid coming to serious harm when they appeared to handle it without any form of protection?" and "How was Kim able to walk and get help given how quickly VX is supposed to work?"

As with other nerve agents, Zilinskas explains, VX inhibits the acetyl cholinesterase enzyme, which under normal circumstances breaks down the chemical acetylcholine. When receiving a signal from the neurological system, acetylcholine stimulates muscles to do their normal work. But if acetyl cholinesterase is destroyed by VX or other kinds of nerve agents, acetylcholine does not break down, and muscles go into involuntary contractions.

"Your eye pupils turn to pinpricks," Zilinskas says. "You start drooling. Your sweat glands start going. You defecate. You urinate. And in the end your breathing is not efficient anymore. You die of asphyxiation."

As with cyanide, however, pure VX would have taken out Kim Jong-nam in far less than 20 minutes. A single drop can kill. And anyone who came close to it or had the substance on their hands could have died too. "I immediately thought about binaries," Zilinskas says, explaining that when VX is divided into two separate compounds, each is harmless on its own, and each can work in a slower release form. But when mixed together, the chemical result becomes a deadly weapon. This would explain the involvement of two suspected face-smearing women: "One has the precursor, the other comes and smears it," Zilinskas says. "Now there is VX."

There were news reports that one of the women involved ran to the bathroom after the attack, which also fits with Zilinskas’s suspicions, because the effects of VX can be mitigated if quickly washed off. "It seems to me at least one of them must have had training in how to do this," he says.

North Korea is not a state party to the Chemical Weapons Convention, but it is part of the Geneva Protocol, which forbids chemical and biological weapons in warfare. "We have known they have a big chemical industry, so they certainly have the capabilities to produce any chemical they want to," Zilinskas says. "We’ve been thinking for a long time that yes, they have chemical weapons. ... Now, if it’s really the North Koreans behind this, it’s proof."

On Zilinskas’s desk, alongside a copy of the Monterey County Weekly, which features a full front-page photo of Kim Jong-un and the headline "Going Nuclear," there is a thick stack of printer paper with handwritten markings in the margins of the text. It is Zilinskas’s latest manuscript. The book, co-written with Philippe Mauger, examines biosecurity and biotechnology in Vladimir Putin’s Russia.

"It’s going to go to the publisher this coming week," Zilinskas says, looking relieved and satisfied. The spark for this newest project came in 2012, when the Russian government newspaper Rossiyskaya Gazeta published an essay by then Prime Minister Putin, in which he stated: "What is the future preparing for us? ... In the more distant future, weapons systems based on new physical principles (beam, geophysical, wave, genetic, psychophysical and other technology) will be developed. All this will, in addition to nuclear weapons, provide entirely new instruments for achieving political and strategic goals."

Soon after, then Minister of Defense Anatoly Serdyukov promised to implement "the development of weapons based on new physical principles: radiation, geophysical wave, genetic, psychophysical, etc." In August 2012, the U.S. Department of State noted that Russia has remained engaged in biological activities.

Their production of any kind of bioweapons would violate the Biological Weapons Convention, but as Zilinskas points out and as outlined in his previous book, Russia inherited the past Soviet program of offensive biological research and development. The microbial strains for potentially murderous manufactured bacteria could be reactivated for a "third generation" of biological weapons. Russia’s recent behavior, he says, indicates that such a program could already be under way.

A future with "genetic weapons" would include powerfully emergent methods, including gene editing technologies—which has shown immense promise for treating disease and strengthening the human species, but which in the wrong hands could also wipe out an entire population. This technological ability to alter organisms is progressing so rapidly that government regulators can’t keep up, and the idea of containing such research globally is an impossible goal. It is frightening to consider what would happen if terrorists used gene editing tools—which can be obtained relatively easily and at a low cost—to unleash highly lethal modified pathogens upon enemies. Zilinskas brings up a Pakistani scientist, Abdur Rauf, who had a degree in microbiology and was working to set up a bioweapons lab for al-Qaeda. Rauf had found a way to produce Bacillus anthracis.

"His notebooks fell into the hands of the CIA when the Americans came in in 2001," Zilinskas says. "If there is a person who knows about microbiology, if he gets a colony of Bacillus anthracis, has a fermenter, is able to dry the spores ..."

Take the Tokyo subway massacre of 1995, when the Aum Shinrikyo cult unleashed the odorless chemical weapon sarin, killing 12 people. "Anybody with good chemistry, chemists, and chemical equipment could do it," Zilinskas says. Aum Shinrikyo "bought the precursors and they made the sarin used in the Tokyo subway, but they did also produce VX."

If they could do it, so could other terrorists, so could North Korea, so could any smart extremist, radical, insurgent, enemy, or incendiary with the right tools.

Less than two months after the murder of Kim Jong-nam, Zilinskas began fielding messages again—this time in response to the reports of 86 people, including 28 children, who were killed in a chemical weapons attack in Syria. Hundreds more were injured, and horrific images of dying children being hosed down, and parents cradling their dead kids flooded news reports. Authorities suspected sarin gas unleashed by the Assad regime, despite its denial of involvement and joining into the Chemical Weapons Convention.

Zilinskas saw the photos, which reminded him of Damascus in August 2014, Halabja in March 1988, victims in Auschwitz, and the Stalin purges of 1930s. Today the images are pervasive. With the Syrian attack, unlike past generations of chemical warfare, "Now you have hundreds of people with cell phones taking videos and photos," Zilinskas says.

Before the two most recent nerve gas attacks, concerns over chemical weapons seemed to have taken a momentary back seat to nuclear weapons in the public eye. Zilinskas agrees that nuclear weapons remain of highest concern for the world’s population. But, he adds, "We probably will see more uses of chemicals by well-organized terrorist groups such as ISIS and, perhaps, Taliban, and who knows what North Korea might do beyond assassination."
Class Acts

Fifty years ago media staff waited patiently in the Memorial Field House to record the 1967 Commencement for posterity.
A Life Story

The first time journalist Barbara Cumminskey ’32 met Grey Villet, it was in the lobby of the Beverly Hilton Hotel. He’d been assigned to photograph a story she was developing and was seated on a couch, surrounded by cameras and wearing old jeans, sneakers, and a wrinkled denim shirt. After she sat down next to him, he stood up to his full six-foot, four-inch height and, peering down his nose, said in a rich South African accent, “I suppose you want a martini?” Inwardly she groaned. She was going to have to put up with this attitude for the next several weeks?

Thus began their love story. The year was 1961 and Barbara was among a small number of women reporter-writers at Life magazine. She had pitched a series of three stories about what it meant to strive for the American dreams of fame, wealth, and success—goals that too often ruin lives. She had the perfect subject for success: Victor Sabatino, the owner of a national line of foam-rubber-furniture stores. Sabatino was developing stores in California. As a “natural” for such a story, Grey, then Life’s bureau photographer in Los Angeles, was assigned to it. “After he ordered that martini for me and a pot of tea for himself (the second put-down), I explained what I hoped we might accomplish with Victor. We spent a day with Sabatino, and I could see from the way Grey began shooting the story that he totally understood its essence. That night, when we got back to the hotel, he walked me to my door, kissed me lightly, and told me I was going to marry him. After three more days of working together, I agreed.”

Barbara and Grey were the perfect collaborators, sharing an almost electric sympathy. They recognized that to get to the truth of any essay, they had to be low-key in their approach in order to let people tell their own stories. They chased stories that were intensely human, showing what makes people tick and what drives them to follow a life’s passion. Working together until Life folded in 1972, they produced some of the finest photographic essays to appear in the magazine. Their first, the Sabatino essay, appears in Life’s Great Essays.

Everything changed after 1972. “The years after Life ended were hard,” Barbara says. “I sold real estate, he built houses. Slowly the importance of Grey’s work to photojournalism was fading.” When Grey died in 2000, Barbara had a new goal. “It became my raison d’être to make sure his legacy stayed alive and to preserve at least its essence.” Her first stop was the Life archives, to see what photographs she wanted to preserve for books and exhibitions.

Then in 2012, Nancy Buirski did a documentary on Richard and Mildred Loving, the interracial Virginia couple behind the Supreme Court decision that invalidated laws prohibiting interracial marriage. Grey had done a photo shoot with the Lovings in 1965 for a Life story. He had eventually given many of the photos to the couple, and their daughter shared them with Buirski, who, knowing Grey was dead, hadn’t bothered to get permissions to use them. “When I learned about the documentary and the photos, I hired a lawyer and informed Buirski that if she didn’t credit Grey BIG, I’d sue,” Barbara says. Buirski complied. Once director Jeff Nichols saw the documentary and Grey’s stills, he was inspired to create the movie Loving, which came out in 2016.

At that time, Barbara was completing a 2016 retrospective of Grey’s work at Bethel Woods Center for the Arts, located at the site of the famous 1969 Woodstock concert. She acted as cocurator and author for the exhibit. Barbara was also completing a book combining Grey’s Loving photos with her own text, as she had done so many times before.

After 16 years, Barbara feels she has accomplished what she set out to do. Through her perseverance, Grey’s artistic legacy has been saved.
Tangled Tracks of Memory

By Susan H. Greenberg

When Elizabeth Fink Farnsworth ’65 is nine, she returns home from a sleepover to find her father crying in the bedroom. "We lost Mother last night," he tells her. "She's gone." Though Elizabeth knows her mother has been in and out of the hospital, and has even seen her "purple scars where breasts had been," she can't quite fathom what he means. "She's gone somewhere for reasons we don't understand," she tells her stuffed bear, Louie. "We'll find her—I promise."

In her affecting new memoir, A Train Through Time, Farnsworth strives to understand not only the mystery of her mother's death but also the way it shaped her career as a filmmaker and foreign correspondent. Reporting for PBS from places ravaged by war and tyranny—Pinochet's Chile, post-Khmer Cambodia, Haiti under military rule, a scorched Vietnam—she is drawn to stories of grief, resilience, and redemption. Am I most comfortable on the edge of loss? she wonders. Brief, disconnected scenes from these reporting trips intermittently punctuate the central narrative, which follows her and her father on an epic train trip from their home in Topeka to California, a destination that resembles the Oz of the Frank Baum books she reads along the way: colorful, verdant, restorative. Peering out the window, Elizabeth studies every face they pass, searching for her missing mother.

Their six-day journey proves both cathartic and highly eventful. Somewhere between Utah and Nevada, Elizabeth's father apologizes for all the euphemisms and tells her what happened. "It was the first time anyone had used the word dead when talking about my mother," she writes, in one of the book's most powerful scenes. Fortunately, there are plenty of distractions on the train: she and another girl discover...
a shuttered car carrying a spirited white horse. The train gets stuck in a blizzard, losing power when it hits a wall of snow. Passengers cut up curtains to keep warm. Food and water supplies dwindle. The air grows fetid. Emergency generators spew carbon dioxide into the berths, sickening passengers.

Anyone paying attention to the slender volume’s subtitle—*A Life, Real and Imagined*—won’t be surprised to learn in the final pages that the journey didn’t transpire exactly the way Farnsworth so vividly describes it. Though she meticulously fact-checked the snippets from her reporting trips, she explains, she let her imagination remake her memories of the train trip—and help her reconcile her mother’s death. It makes her an uncommonly sensitive and engaging companion for readers along for the ride.

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**EXCERPT**

A sign on the redbrick station read “Rawlins, Wyoming.” I went to the doorway and stood for a moment, looking around. . . . In the window of a small house, I saw a woman brushing her hair and pinning it up. She looked like my mother.

I ran toward her across the street and sprinted up a path to the house as the conductor called, “All aboard!” The engineer blew the horn and then blew it again. The woman opened the front door, and we stared at each other.

“I thought you might be someone else,” I said, and turned back toward the train. The conductor was waving frantically for me to come. I ran as fast as I could, and when I got to him, he reached down and pulled me into the vestibule as wheels began to turn.

My father came down the aisle, scowling. He had seen what happened. In our compartment, he spoke sternly. “What were you looking for?”

I couldn’t tell him the truth, so I said nothing.

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**Time to Live**

By Sara Thurber Marshall

Though some say 70 is the new 60, turning that age can often make people reflect on the stage of life they have reached. In the novella *Goodnight, Ladies* by Zane Hickox Kotker ’56, we meet three women going through that process. In the opening chapters, we see how each one is dealing with the new decade: Nikki feels that if she just counts time by minutes, her time remaining will be like a “cosmic phone card of unspent millions”; Pru has reluctantly decided to move from a townhouse to a condo in her retirement community, but feels it’s where she’ll go to die; Chessa gets a rescue dog for company and names him after her college boyfriend. What these friends have in common is that they are all widows who have watched someone they love die. And moving on is difficult, lonely, and full of question.

Kotker weaves the stories of these three women with beautifully crafted, witty, and wry prose, and we are easily drawn into their poignant dilemmas, whether it’s trying out Match.com or discovering a newfound friend dead in her bathroom. By age 70, life lived and depth of memories stretch a long way into the past, and the future is only uncertainty, except for the knowledge that death awaits. With wisdom and courage, each of these women marches forward with a plan. Kotker deftly captures the essence of this stage of life, when time can become the enemy if you let it, or it can be a precious commodity to be savored.
Class Acts

Directors of the Middlebury Alumni Association (MAA) Wendy Russell Tracy ’95, President • Thomas D. Scrine ’84, Vice President • Robert V. Sideli ’77, Past President • Michelle E. Cady ’08 • Skip A. D’Aliso ’79 • Kristen Forsberg ’04, MLIS ’07 • Janine Hetherington ’92 • Shana Mitchell Hopkins ’94 • Samuel S. Libby ’99 • R. Drew Miller ’03 • Anne Harris Onion ’69 • Katie Rosin-Green ’79
Ex Officio: Meg Storey Groves ’85, Associate Vice President for Alumni Relations and Annual Giving • Beth Connor, Director of Alumni and Parent Programs • Jeffrey Stauch ’05, Director of Annual Giving

If anyone in the Classes of 1935, 1936, 1937, or 1938 would like to share news with the Middlebury community, please send it to Sara Marshall, Alumni Editor, 152 College St., Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753 or to smarshal@middlebury.edu.

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I wish my classmates all the best.
—Class Correspondent: A. Roger Clarke (arogerclarke@aol.com), 7 Rundall Park, Rochester, NY 14607.

If you have any news you’d like to share, please send it to Sara Marshall, 152 College St., Middlebury Magazine, Middlebury, VT 05753 or to smarshal@middlebury.edu.

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If you have any news you’d like to share, please send it to one of us.

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REUNION CLASS Greetings to my classmates! Reunion is June 9–11 and I hope you can make it back to campus!
—Class Correspondent: Nancy Hall Whitehouse (whitehouse@nancy@gmail.com), 75 State St., Unit 61, Portland, ME 04101.

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Correspondent Stuart Walker reports: At the risk (taken by certain followers of Mark Twain) of exaggerating the condition of a number of members of the class, I had declared that Ralph Crawshaw, Moncrieff Spear, and Robert Nims were no longer with us and now that sad news has been verified. So that means— with the recent death of Bing Byington—the male members of our class are reduced to six: Phil Backup, John Gale, Warren Hassmer, Dumont Rush, Ted Peach, and me. John lives in his home at the retirement facility in Raleigh, N.C.—far from Gloucester and the Atlantic Ocean but near his daughter. He enjoys the walks he can take in its vicinity. From the porch of his cottage (on which he often sits), Ted has a grand view of forest and meadow on the western slopes of the Sierras. He walks regularly thru the nearby forest and hikes a quarter mile several times a day to the home of his son, Jeff, for meals. He shares the cottage with his 25-year-old grandson (Jeff’s son). They frequently drive together to the town cafe where Ted is greeted as one of the regulars. He had a slight stroke last year (that now requires the use of a cane) and has had some loss of short-term memory, but needs little help in caring for himself. He enjoys World War II movies, which remind him of his Army service. He enlisted immediately after graduation and was in occupied Austria in 1945. Son Jeff adds, “He always liked to work on the road (we have a two-mile driveway) and forestry projects. He likes to play with his dogs and enjoys watching football games. He has 10 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. He likes an occasional glass of Jim Beam.” Warren writes in his Christmas card to me, “I am trying to make the most of my remaining life to the arts and to giving. As Frost put in a poem, titled ‘The Trial by Existence,’ ‘To find that the utmost reward / Of daring should be still to dare.’ In August, my neighbors gave me a 95th birthday party. I lost my one brother last summer, leaving me with no relatives on this earthly space. Four years ago, I lost—after 54 years of shared life—my companion at 82. I make the most of my remaining life to the arts of gardening, music, and painting. In the fall, I made and planted five new beds of sunflowers and moved back into my hoop greenhouse exotics like hisbiscus, ivy, tivorchina, and 30-year-old Meyer lemon trees. I’m sorry but I won’t be at the next class reunion. I am very rooted here.” Phil must be the best preserved (for his age, 95) amongst us as during his regular winter sojourn in Hawaii (the Big Island), he has shot his age (on the golf course) several times! He and Ruth are planning to join John, Warren, Dumont, and me at our 2018 75th reunion. My ability to drive a car has been lost due to macular degeneration, but I won the last regatta in which I sailed. I also participated in the Ice Bowl Race on the Severn River on New Year’s Day (which I’ve won 34 times since 1955) but this time ran aground and was a long last. But I caught up and finished a close fourth. Wait ’til next year—looking for my 53th win! Correspondent Lisa Jordan Shield reports: Natalie Dane Richdale was in Kennebunk, Maine, in her condo during the winter months. She keeps busy volunteering at the Brick Store Museum two or three times a week and still drives everywhere except when it snows. She enjoyed the holidays with her son and his wife and a daughter who live nearby. In the spring she moves to her home on the shore. Her daughter from Denver will be bringing her book club of 12 for the third time. They usually come in September and stay about a week. Natalie enjoys having them and they do all the food shopping and cooking. Sometimes they go off on a hike or sightseeing but most of the time they just enjoy talking about their trips or books and watching the sunsets over the ocean. News from Gertrude “Scotty” Lacey Thornton involved a new project. Her daughter, Elaine, was visiting her for two weeks and they were preparing a brochure advertising a class that Scotty was going to teach about Japanese brush painting, Scotty has taught this class to people in her own neighborhood for several years, but this brochure would go to residents of another building. She’s planning to make a presentation on closed circuit TV demonstrating the process and showing some of her paintings. The classes will be free but they will have to buy supplies. They will also put fliers in each of the 359 mailboxes. What an ambitious project! We wish her well! She’ll be celebrating her 95th birthday in June at the Marriott Hotel on the ocean and is expecting about 30 family and friends. Just a short note from Carolyn Ohlander DePodwin. She continues to enjoy Talking Books and highly recommends a book on Abigail Adams, which includes letters between her and her best friend, as well as between her and husband John, president of the U.S. after George Washington. She found it very interesting and an eye-opener on life in those days. She also enjoyed another book that told the history of World War II, written by David Kennedy, called Freedom from Fear. These are great books for those long summer evenings!

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If you have any news to share with classmates, please send it to us!
—Class Correspondents: Ruth Wheaton Evans (rue@verizon.net), 80 Salisbury St., Unit 603, Worcester, MA 01609; Elizabeth King Hennefrund (eliz.bet@earthlink.net), 397 Old Shermann Hill Rd., Woodbury, CT 06798.

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Marge Watson Haller writes, “My news for the year is two greats, my first. I had a great-grandson born April 19 and a great-granddaughter born November 3. Very exciting for me. I had my 93rd birthday on January 2. I am still bowling and doing pool aerobics as well as enjoying the many interesting things to do here at Southgate. It is a little harder to get up and down—if I get on the floor, I mean, but I guess that is to be expected. All in all, I am doing well. I never expected to be on the first page of Middlebury Magazine’s class notes!” Elaine King Dandl writes about something nice that happened. “We are beginning a play-reading group in our ‘elder village.’ A local professor of theater, Eric Wiley, had written a play about the comic aspects of growing old, a great hit with what we call winter Texans.” I emailed him and asked him to lend us scripts. He googled me, found I had attended Middlebury, brought the scripts to my cottage, and told me that some of his family had
worked at Midd and others had attended there. We sat for two hours talking about the value of liberal arts colleges. Now I'll look for Wileys in the Class Acts." • Jessie Woodwell Bush writes, "The storm Matthew in October 1996 was well covered in the news. Its full force was felt in St. Augustine, Fla., where son Steven lives. All members of his family, including the pets, escaped to safe havens elsewhere, but there was considerable damage to his house. Ongoing repairs forced us to cancel our usual trip there at Christmas. Also, damage to a nearby motel forced us to cancel our reservation. Christmas here at home was celebrated with our daughter's family on Christmas Eve. We are thankful that, despite the storm, our family survived safely and still enjoyed the holidays." • 1 (Mew) learned of Lee Van Leuven Morehouse's death on January 3. Over the years, Bruce and I visited Lee and husband Dick '43 at Six Moon Hill, in Lexington, Mass., as well as on the island of Vinalhaven in Maine and later years at Quarry Hill in Camden, Maine. Dick and Bruce were both B-24 pilots in the Eighth Air Force. The Jamien Morehouse Wing at the Farnsworth Art Museum in Rockland, Maine, speaks to their daughter's talents. Jamien was an artist who died in 1999. At Middlebury, Lee was an especially attractive classmate and over time we learned to chant, "Love 'em and leave 'em Van Leuven." Her marriage to Dick, however, lasted forever from 1946. Two of their three children graduated from Middlebury, Jamien in 1973, and Bruce in 1981. Recently I had a surprise phone call from Betts Allen Sutman, who lives in Basking Ridge, N.J. While we were on the phone, Bob Allen phoned, Manny Bailey Allen's husband. A sort of old home week all at once! Hope to hear from you. Best, Mew • Correspondent Mary Elizabeth Witsckey McClellan (maryeliz124@comcast.net), 124 River Mead Rd., Peterborough, NH 03458.

46 • Correspondent Betsy Barclay Wales reports: News arriving here suggests care and caution! Three of our classmates have been recuperating from injuries suffered from descents to unfamiliar sites. Jean "Lucky" Luckhardt Stratton fell after attending a lovely presentation of the Messiah. Mary Nasmith Means fell after dining out with friends and managed to break her arm in two places. Miriam Edmunds Le Baron fell at home. All have been recovering with strenuous physical therapy schedules. Their advice is to tread lightly. Lucky reports they had a fine Christmas with pieces of their several blended families. However, after Christmas was over, they took a nap. Kay Craven still enjoys life on Cape Cod, Mass., and still spends time at her piano. She says she's been out of touch with Midd friends lately. • Correspondent Joan Campbell Shaw reports: On a cloudy, raw day after the inauguration, I (Cam), with some of my children and grandchildren, joined several thousands of others at the Vermont state capitol in Montpelier (and all over the world) to voice our concerns for the future. It was a very exciting and inspiring event and gives one hope for our country. Former Vermont Governor Madeleine Kunin spoke to the largest crowd ever assembled there, as did Bernie Sanders, our senator and defeated presidential candidate, who received a deafening ovation! As one of the oldest attendees, with a "Nasty Woman" sign around my neck, I became the subject of many photos and several hugs. One picture appeared in the weekly, Seven Days, and another on Facebook that resulted in more than 1,500 comments. I felt like a celebrity. • Barbara "Flinkie" Flink Ewells enjoyed a week with her two daughters and a granddaughter last April in Vero Beach, Fla. At another time, lunching with her daughters at a restaurant in Peterborough, N.H., Flinkie handed her credit card to the waiter and when he came back, he returned the card and said the bill was already paid. It turned out that a kind lady had paid the bill. As Flinkie describes it, "I went over to thank her and said I'd like to pay it—she said, no, I reminded her of her mother!" The news I received from Mary Elizabeth Cummings Nordstrom is that a wonderful collection of Big Band songs, just donated to Huntington Common, has enriched her twice-monthly Thursday afternoon half-hour parlor piano programs. She said that enlisting a resident to emcee has made the whole thing more interesting, both for the audience of up to 20, and me. Mary Elizabeth is in good health and was looking forward to a visit from her daughter, Chris, who lives in Massachusetts. • Cindy Darby Westmoreland took another trip last year, this time traveling north through Virginia and Delaware with daughter Lindy to visit family and friends. Cindy said she remembered Dover, Del., as a child being a small town and now it has grown into a big city, which made it a challenge to even find her old home. But they did! • Barbara Busing Harris sent the happy news of two new great-grandbabies. Bennett Eric Townsley arrived in Hartford, Conn., and is the grandson of Barbara's son, Peter '74, and Jane Alice Onion Muntean arrived in Athens, Ohio, granddaughter of Barbara's daughter, Anne Onion '69. And that makes nine greats! • Sheila Schmidt Rowland reports from the Residence at Shelburne Bay that her husband Bill died in early January. He and Sheila brought four children each to their second marriage and he was well-known to several of her classmates who enjoyed their hospitality in Nantucket, Cape Breton, Southworth, Conn., and Rindge, N.H. • A note from Jeanne "Pic" Picard Johnson brought the sad news that her husband, Art, passed away December 11, 2016. She noted that Art was a fixture at all our reunions, beginning with 1956 "where he made a few friends." (Note: He made a lot of friends, who really enjoyed his company!) Pic also said that she is trying to bring her health to a better physical state. We send our sincerest sympathy to Pic on her loss. Also, in mid-February she moved to a smaller apartment so here is her new address and phone number: 800 Rice Valley Road N, Apt. F-23, Tuscaloosa, AL 35406. Phone: 205-349-8723. • We send condolences to the family of Nancy Stratton Enos-Hall Thompson, who died November 20, 2016. Classmates may remember her as Nancy Stratton who joined us after two years at Radcliffe College, where her father, Samuel Stratton, became Middlebury's president and "kept the College afloat" during the World War II years by procuring a Naval V-12 unit for the campus. An extensive obituary appeared in the Ithaca Journal. Nancy is survived by three children, three stepchildren, five grands, and two great-grands. There is to be a memorial service in Middlebury at a later date. • Correspondent John Moriarity sent a terse but delightful message: "I am 93 and going great guns. I am living with my son in Wantagh, N.Y." • News from Valerie Williams Burckig concerned her family because they "have more interesting lives than I do." Her nephew, Ken Williams, who lost his wife 18 months ago, had come for Thanksgiving because he was lonely. Her son, Andy, came to see his cousin Ken while Andy's wife attended daughter Lindsey's graduation from Officer Training School. Andy had his phone in hand so they could call follow Lindsey's progress to northern New York State, where she will have her first post. Lindsey graduated from Oklahoma Univ in May and was commissioned a second lieutenant. Her sister, Kathryn, is attending Blin, a junior college associated with Texas A & M, and their brother is a high school junior. • Phil Briggs and wife Jean (Sloan) '49 have been busy traveling around the globe. They traveled to West Africa and several other places. When I wrote them for news, they were about to leave on a 26-day cruise starting in Miami, stopping at many Caribbean islands, and going up the Amazon in Brazil to Manaus before returning to Miami. From there they were flying directly to Shelburne, Vt., where they were spending Christmas with the entire family before leaving for Arizona. They still have no great-grandchildren but have eight healthy grandchildren, so they still have hope. • Joanne Buckeridge Booth credits living in her retirement community for giving her a lot of mental and physical stimulation. She is also a member of a UCC church in Portland, Maine, which inspires and enriches her plus offers a great many opportunities for fun. For the last few years she has been part of a "diversity group," which aims to remind themselves that we are a diverse society and that we have to be concerned with minorities left behind. Recently they had a panel discussion with some Muslim students at the University of
Maine. The students had been refugees from Iraq and Somalia but they have been here for several years and so speak English well. Joanne is also part of a singing group, which sings for the joy of singing. She recently choreographed a "sort of jazz dance" for a variety show. In celebration of her birthday, some of her daughters went to NYC with her to see Hamilton, as well as to see her sister in Memphis, and to visit New Orleans to celebrate by listening and dancing to jazz. Joanne is grateful for the gift of life and hopes to make the reunion. • Anne Macomber Wood, like many of our classmates, joined the nonagenarians last March and had a celebration with her family. Son Fred and Cindy came from Ohio, grandson Ryan from South Carolina, and son Doug and Carol from Marlborough, Mass. Granddaughter Leah was married last September, so they had a chance to catch up with more relatives from California, Virginia, and Maryland. The rest of Ryan's family was there, too. She has two great-grandsons: one three and one five years old. Anne has given up driving but is fortunate that her retirement community has a van. • Jean Mace Burnell now has four great-grandchildren: two boys and two girls. She saw the boys for Christmas, as they live in Oregon, but not the girls, who live in Colorado. Jean is still volunteering, hiking, and generally staying out of trouble. Several of her kids are retired. She hopes to get to the reunion, but that depends on her being able to find someone to go with her. • Betsy Hornaday Fry has moved to a smaller and less expensive apartment at White Horse Village. She is still deciding about the reunion. • Alice Neef Perine had a busy Christmas with lots of family noise and fun. Her latest great-grandchild (number 12) is named after Gordie '49 and has his smile. • When Carl Parkinson last contacted me, he had just been released from the Savannah Hospital as a result of gallstones, but he now feels fine. He has a lot of medical appointments ahead of him this year. • We have lost more members of our class. Jane Valentine Talbert on September 21, Doris Reynolds Cleveland on October 12, and Ruth Barber Toner on December 12. • Hugh Barber '73 sent the following note: "Leah Young" died peacefully on January 31 at the age of 91. She lived her entire adult life in Brattleboro, Vt., and lived independently at the time of her passing. She had no surviving family. She was born in Springfield, Mass., and graduated from high school there. After graduation, she was accepted at Green Mountain College and attended her freshman year there. She then transferred to Middlebury and graduated in 1947 with a BA in English. Her first job following graduation was for Holstein-Friesian Corp. in Brattleboro, Vt., from 1948 to 1951. She then joined Barber and Barber law firm as secretary and later became a highly qualified paralegal with specialties in probate and real estate law. In 1991, she retired after a distinguished 40-year career with the firm. In her later years, she became a consultant to Manley Apartments, a downtown block of mixed residential and commercial tenants. Leah spent a lot of time at the Brattleboro Senior Center doing volunteer work and socializing with other members of the center and she will be missed by all who knew her. • Class Correspondent: Jeannette Atkins Louth (alouthe@comcast.net), 99 Depot Road West, West Harwich, MA 02671.

Shirley Feyrer Suter writes, "After I graduated from Middlebury, I worked for the Citizen's Committee for the Hoover Report (economy in government). My first husband, Arthur Betz, and I had five children, and we celebrated our 60th anniversary before he died. Last year I married William Suter, a Rutgers graduate whom I met at our local duplicate bridge club. We have traveled the world the last several years (mostly cruising) and enjoy lectures, reading, playing bridge, dancing, etc. I lost one son in an accident eight years ago. I have a son in Hawaii and a daughter in Phoenix, while two other daughters live in Orange County." Shirley's address: 49-A East Highland Avenue, Sierra Madre, CA 91024. • Adele Stemmier Taylor gives a report from the Taylor family: "Our twin California granddaughters graduated last June from Middlebury and Williams—both ceremonies were impressive, and it certainly was a wonderful treat to attend such a special Midd graduation. I practiced walking up Chapel Hill so that I will be ready for our 70th (!) reunion in June 2018! Woodbury, Conn., is—and has been for the past 66 years—a wonderful place to raise a family and to live, now especially so, with many amenities for seniors. Our youngest son, Sam, is now living with us, helping to take care of Norm, who has dementia. A challenge indeed—every day is a new adventure." • Alumni editor note: I'm sorry to report that Bart Nourse died on January 25. I had the pleasure of working with Bart when he served as the class correspondent for 1948. He enjoyed contacting classmates, gathering notes, and relaying their news and I always enjoyed my interactions with him. We send sympathy to his widow, Tiffany Clark Nourse '47. • Jennifer Newell Platt reports: Last week I had a lovely trip down memory lane with Cathy Grusauski Fagan, who has lived many years in South Orange, N.J. She talked of her childhood growing up on a farm in Kent, Conn., on Route 7. She told me the house was a stagecoach stop in years past. She was the only girl with several brothers, and as her mom died when she was very young, she was the cook and housekeeper. She started at Middlebury at the age of 16 and fully enjoyed her years there. When she got married, her husband was working in Maplewood, N.J., and hence the move to South Orange. She still lives in the same house with four bedrooms and commented on the beautiful wood trim throughout the house. She has a cousin living with her as her husband died in 1997. They never had children, but lots of nieces and nephews have filled her life with joy. She and her husband did a lot of traveling together. At present her health is pretty good, although she has had sciatica but is much better now. Good news. She spent some time in our conversation on her family's past. Her forebears came over in the 1860s during the potato famine, just before the Civil War started. Some of her ancestors were British, and they discovered in recent years that one of the men might have been a lord in England. • My good friend, Barbara "Buzz" Myers White, called me and shared with me her happiness in living on Lake Champlain near her daughter, Marilyn White Sowles '79. Buzz had a wonderful Christmas with her children and grandchildren and relatives about. As her vision is somewhat limited, she is fortunate to have her evening meals with her daughter and family and finds her life very full. Buzz, I'm so happy for you and am sure all your classmates are also. Til next time, all stay well and keep in touch. • Correspondent Dixon Hemphill reports: I talked to Edward Hutchinson, who told me he still lives in Queensbury, N.Y., where he lived when he went to Middlebury. His wife died four years ago. He has two daughters, whom he sees quite often. Years ago he purchased a cottage on Lake George and has visited there every summer. I asked Ed if he skied in college and he said he wasn't much of a skier but he did wax skis for team members on many occasions. He told me he worked for the Imperial Wallpaper Company for 30 years. Unfortunately, Ed is now in a wheelchair but his outlook on life is positive and he said he has lived a good life so far. Several of our classmates have died. Herb Broner died on December 10 and Donn Barclay died on January 1. Donn lived in my home town of Westerly, R.I. His obituary mentioned that he was an Eagle Scout and had served in the Army Air Corps during WWII in China, Burma, and India. He worked in management positions for both General Motors and Chrysler for many years. One of Donn's pursuits was bridge and he often played with my sister-in-law, Anong, at the Westerly Senior Center. • I was also very sorry to learn of Bob Whittier's death on January 11 and send my sincere condolences to his family. Although I didn't know Bob well at Middlebury, I got to know him quite well after he phoned me about seven years ago and asked if I would be interested in taking over his position as 1949 class correspondent. Obviously, I accepted and have enjoyed this job ever since. After our 55th reunion, June and I drove from Middlebury to South Hamilton, Mass., where Bob and Sally lived. There we spent a very enjoyable afternoon talking about old times at Midd, as well as our days in the Navy. Sadly, Sally was in the early stages of demen-
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I (Lee) was pleased to hear from Meg Curry Gregg who wrote, "I am delighted to let you know that Don has published a second book called The Scarred Double Eagle. This is primarily a children's book based on stories his grandfather told him of the Old West, cowboys, and Indians, but it is also appealing to all ages." Those of you who read Don's book Pot Shards know what a talented writer he is so I, for one, plan to read this new book before I give it to our granddaughter. Don taught at Williams three days a week for their winter study week. We almost crossed paths, as Bob and I were in the Berkshires at our time-share at the same time. Roland Coates has finally finished writing his memoir. Wife Liz admitted to taking forever to edit it and insert photos, but Roly was patient and took up writing poetry while waiting for her to finish. It has been sent to the publisher.

Marty O'Brien Fenn has made the decision to age in place, in the old house with "everything I love." She has five grandchildren, three in California, and two in Sweden in college. Marty is in a book group that has been together for 21 years. Cristina Schweiker Herrlich continues with three volunteer jobs and a long swim every other day, as well as growing a vegetable garden and a flower garden. She visited her children in Nashua, N.H., last Thanksgiving and also enjoyed a reunion with old friends while there. Cristina enjoys her life in a family friendly senior independent living apartment in Essex Junction, Vt. Joan Macklaier Birkett spent a week with her son and daughter. They spent time driving past former homes and exploring the Native American reservations of his congenial personality. He always greeted me with a happy smile, and we often stopped for a moment of friendly conversation. After 60 or so years, I wondered why I had not corresponded with him much sooner? As class correspondent, I have a list of all the members of the class and I had passed by Bob much sooner? As class correspondent, I have a list of all the members of the class and I had passed by Bob that I would like to share. In the summer of 1951, Bob took a job with a paper company at Blue Mountain Lake in the Adirondacks. About mid-summer he learned that his family had grown (three girls). With his master's in forestry, he decided to return to the Adirondacks. He became a forester. After boot camp, he was assigned to a weather squadron stationed in Jacksonville, Fla., and became a hurricane hunter. After two years, he was discharged, married, and returned to finish his degree at Middlebury, graduating in 1956. He then entered Yale School of Forestry. By this time his family had grown (three girls). With his master's in forestry, he was immediately hired by St. Regis Paper Co. in Pensacola, Fla., later moving to the company offices in Jacksonville. He quickly moved up in the company by improving his computer capabilities and, combining those with satellite technology, he received a NASA grant to validate use of satellite data as a means of determining forest resources and reserves. After many successful years at St. Regis, he joined a French satellite company's U.S. marketing firm and relocated to D.C. The job involved a large amount of travel and his wife was able to join him on most of his travels. In retirement, they moved to Athens, Ga., and he began teaching a course in spatial information for resource
management at the Univ. of Georgia. He and his wife are now busy attending weddings of grandchildren and he says, “Man, we are pooped!” Bravo, Bob, for a successful career that started back in Middlebury in 1948.

- I heard from Bill Huey, who lives on Hilton Head Island, S.C., which was hit hard by Hurricane Matthew. The Hueys evacuated at the governor’s orders. Luckily they had planned a two-week trip to Europe to celebrate their wedding anniversary. When they returned, they found their home had not received any damage and they helped in the clean-up. - I received a most welcome and unexpected Christmas card from Bob Morgan. Bob has retired and is settled in Great Falls, Mont. He said to give him a call to chat about the good times at Middlebury so I did and we got reacquainted quickly. We both plan to attend our 65th reunion. I look forward to continuing our fun, but too short, chat in June, Bob.

- Correspondent Jean Vaughan Varney reports: I was pleased to hear from Louise Erb Mayer, who had interesting news. In December, she and her husband Otto traveled to Lindau, Bavaria (Germany), for a celebration honoring the publication of a book Otto had recently finished writing, The Siege of Lindau. This took place during the 30 Years’ War, which raged from 1618–1648 and involved Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and other great European powers of that era with Sweden being the aggressor in the Lindau siege. While some of you (history majors?) may find it interesting to read, be forewarned that it’s written in German! After the festivities, they moved on to Berlin and joined their son Otto V and wife, Berlin residents. While there they happened to stroll by the Christmas market just before the December terrorist massacre there. The following day they all flew from the Berlin airport (which was crawling with security) to Barcelona to embark on a two-week Mediterranean cruise along the coasts of France and Italy, stopping at major spots such as Marseilles, Livorno, and Naples. A December they’ll not soon forget I’d say! - I spoke briefly with Barbara “BB” Bieber Zeiller, who resides in Towsontown, Md. I vividly recall spending a night with a BB and husband John ‘51 in late 1953 when they were living in Norfolk, Va., while John was doing a Navy stint. I was en route from Newport, R.I., to Key West—a scary five-day drive straight down Route 1 to meet Ensign Varney’s ship. After Norfolk the Zeillers did some moving and ended up in Towsontown, where they spent 23 years before moving to Williamsburg, Va., and spending another 23 years. Now, what goes around comes around, and she has been back in Towsontown for the last four years. She’s in a lovely smallish retirement community and fortunate enough to have all three daughters living nearby, one of whom several of us met at our 60th reunion when she accompanied her mother (who regrets she will not make it to the 67th). Another daughter stops by once a week and out they go for lunch, shopping and maybe a movie. What fun. After years of tackling about every known form of needlework but one, she is now enthralled with needlepoint, which she turns into pillows, tapestries, and so on. She also knits for Project Linus, which distributes blankets, afghans, etc., to those in need. She stays active by playing croquet and doing her thing on the putting green. - Scribe Barbara Cummiskey Villett has written before of her involvement in the making of the recent four-star rated movie Loving in which her late husband, Grey Villett, is portrayed as the Life magazine photographer that he was. I was anxious to see the film not just because a classmate was instrumental in having it produced but because, as a transplanted Virginian, I wanted to know more about the racially mixed marriage issue in the state and how it came to the attention of the Supreme Court. I was delighted to see her name in the list of credits. Well deserved, Barbara! - See page 55 for more about Barbara!

---Class Correspondents: Chuck Ratti, (cr6785@gmail.com), PO Box 263, Saxton River, VT 05354; Jean Vaughan Varney (jeanvarty619@gmail.com), 20540 Falcons Landing Circle, No. 4108, Potomac Falls, VA 20165; Barbara Cummiskey Villett (villettb2@gmail.com), 208 Eaglewood Rd., Shushan, NY 12873.

53 I have for some time been looking forward to our next reunion, when I would hang over my job as class correspondent to a worthy successor, but the sudden onset in our home of the problems so many of us face—age, disease, and narrowing horizons—suggest my attendance there is problematic. I have decided I can no longer manage the job of class correspondent. I hope that by the time you read this, a successor or successors will be in place. But I must say good-bye. I am grateful for those who have kept in touch (you know who you are), as well as those who have answered their nagging phones to talk with me. I wish there had been more such talk. I have enjoyed it all, and I wish you all well. For me, Middlebury was special from the beginning. I have a vivid memory of the cold, clear, brilliant winter Sunday of my first campus visit. Watching all the lovely ladies parading toward Mead Chapel, I thought, “This is the place for me.” And it was. Later, after the Navy and grad school, I was fortunate enough to return and learn how to teach English literature from my amazing and supportive colleagues in the English Department. And Hathaway Cottage, the little house on the corner, which today honors our friend Chaplain Scott, became “the world’s best farmers’ market.” And she should know! I think I can state, without fear of contradiction, that she is the only one of our classmates who spent their career raising natural, organic beef cattle in Canada. She and her husband generally had some 50

54 Correspondent Julie Howard Parker is having a wonderful time writing an autobiography. At page 275 she is only 34 years old so it is turning out to be an Anna Karenina or Agony and Ecstasy. There are fun bits about friends at Midd, Tiff (Anne Tiffany) and Janie Potter Van Duser, and falling in love with Peter on the way home to Detroit and Chicago at Christmas in 1951. Luckily Bill Joyce was dying to get his hands on the steering wheel, and knew the way to his New York home, so Pete sat in the back squeezed against Julie. Peter is truly a man of the forest, never so happy as when he is walking the woods in Vermont or California, always learning more about redwoods or our pine plantation or when and if the ash borer infestation in lower New England states is going to devastate our Vermont woods. Always new worries. The latest is that a certain kind of earthworm, not native to the U.S., is ruining the soil under trees, exposing their roots, and taking out all the nutrients. - Correspondent Tom Ryan reports: It’s cold here in south Texas; 22 degrees last week. But it will be 82 next week, so it all averages out. - I had a nice conversation with Betsy Heath Gleason ’58 who, with husband Bob Gleason, lives in Middlebury in one of a number of cottages adjacent to Porter Hospital. All is going about as well as can be expected. “The cottage is cozy, and people are lovely.” They were planning to visit St. Martin in the Caribbean for three weeks of sunshine. A really nice way to cope with Vermont winters! - Lois Wanstall Kaufmann is a new Middlebury resident, having moved into the Residence at Otter Creek in mid-2016 and, after a series of intraresidence moves, into her permanent apartment November 1. She and her husband had spent some 20 years in Vero Beach, Fla., before her recent move back to Vermont to be closer to family. “I miss Florida, but Vermont is also really nice.” And she likes the Otter Creek facility. “Look at the ad on the back of the Middlebury Magazine!” - Nick Miller also moved into a retirement community last March. I wasn’t surprised when he said that he is already on two management committees! After retiring from Aetna in 1990, Nick and his wife traveled for years on bike and road trips through most of the European countries. After losing his wife to cancer in 2014, Nick decided to move to his present quarters in Connecticut. He is still keeping his financial mind busy raising money annually (he says he is a hell of a grant writer), as he has done for the past 42 years, for a large 4-H farm facility in Connecticut. - Susan Lackey Willoughby and husband Ron are living in downtown Toronto, a city the Economist Intelligence Unit calls “one of the most livable in the world.” They live directly across the street from what Susan said is reputed to be “the world’s best farmers’ market.” And she should know! I think I can state, without fear of contradiction, that she is the only one of our classmates who spent their career raising natural, organic beef cattle in Canada. She and her husband generally had some 50
head of cattle at any one time, keeping them very busy and vacationless. After selling that business in 1996, they made up for some lost time. Ron, after retiring from Imperial Oil, spent additional time traveling the world installing moveable roofs on various venues, particularly in the Middle East, an expertise he acquired in Toronto. Two children, after traveling the world, are also back in Toronto. • Ferd and Mary-Lou Bayles Wyckoff say they are hanging in there, with the usual aches and pains. They had some travel to the Carolinas last spring, for grandchildren's college graduations, and have continued travel to the Outer Banks. It used to be a beautiful area, with wide open beaches and an enormous variety of sea and land birds. Ferd says, "Not anymore!" Now, it's very congested and overbuilt with huge homes on the barrier islands. Enough to drive the architect in Ferd crazy! This spring, they are off to Alaska on a very comfortable cruise ship, which should be a great trip! • A personal medical note regarding a drug called Levaquin. In June, I had a bad cough, went to the doctor who said, "pneumonia," and prescribed Levaquin. It cured the pneumonia, but ruptured my left Achilles tendon (recently surgically attached), and I couldn't walk for seven weeks. Not fun. Watch out for Levaquin. • And now, the bad news. We recently lost Nancy "Whit" Whittemore Nickerson, who died in early December. When we were class correspondents together, she was a joy to work with, always willing to help and to do a little more. We send our condolences to her family. • And Jim Ashworth died in October. I knew Jim more than casually; we took a number of classes together and, while we were there, the campus and student body was small. Almost everybody knew classes together and, while we were there, the campus and student body was small. Almost everybody knew almost everyone. Jim was a DKE and I think, one of the founding members of the FADC, which was either the Fine Arts Drawing Class or the Friday Afternoon Drinking Club. Since the meetings were generally held on Friday afternoon at the DKE house, you figure it out. • Let's all stay active and stay connected! —Class Correspondents: Julie Howard Parker (julieparkertonjou@comcast.net), 1992 Meadowbrook Rd., Altadena, CA 91001; Tom Ryan (trw@uol.com), 3 Knipp Rd., Houston, TX 77024.

Correspondent John Baker reports: EB Baker says, "We are fine here on Cape Cod. Barbara and I are living a good retirement life now, particularly having just shucked off our retirement theatrical commitments, which after 16 years were beginning to wear us down. If you're ever on the Cape, look up the Eventide Theatre Company in Dennis (or online, where the company is well described). It's been a great run, but now our focus has shifted to home and family (some far-flung, requiring travel). We live in Brewster in the house we bought 20 years ago to retire to, a plan/decision that has paid off. Please give us a call if you get over this way." • I was concerned when I couldn't reach Pete Baldwin but EB said that the Christmas card from Pete and Caroline (Whitmore) '54 sounded fairly good and he believes they live in town while the kids now live at and manage the farm. Pete—let's hear from you! • Earl Samson sounds upbeat. He and Susan sold their winery but still live in the same house in Little Compton, R.I. • Henry Van Vleck sounds as cheery as ever—he's still living in Granby, Conn. • Alan Frese sounds busy. He lives in Stamford, Conn., but has kept his apartment in New York, where he continues to stay involved in the New England Society and the Friar's Club. He gave up his sailboat a while ago and sold the Architectural Book Publishing Company, which his Architectural Book Publishing Company, which his great-grandfather founded about 1900. The company was noted for several photographic books by Samuel Chamberlain. • I also caught up with Dave Corey and Roy Craig but would like to hear more updates from them. • Correspondent Carlene Snyder Howland reports: When I talked to her, Pat Hinman Makin, back home from a visit to her daughter in Maine and from skiing there in icy conditions (they got a foot of fresh snow only after she left), sounded as positive as ever, as she talked about sailing in Martinique with friends. Her youngest grandson is in his senior year at Midd; two older ones are in Truckee, Calif., connected with ski patrol at Sugar Bowl and coaching at the ski academy in that area. She has a granddaughter who works in "branding" (advertising) in San Francisco. I hope she will find her way out West to visit them and maybe pay me a visit. She talks of being in touch with Roy Craig, and of seeing Carol Hawkins Rowe and her husband, who live close by. • When I talked to her on a chilly January day, Joan Tolley Bassett and husband Al, '53, having just enjoyed a big holiday gathering of their family, were going through old files, which included Middlebury reunions. They have lived in their Princeton home for 55 years and have enjoyed it very much. They were planning to celebrate their 61st wedding anniversary with a trip to a favorite haunt in Delaware and were excited about a trip to Venice, Fla. They recently saw Earl Samson and his wife, as well as John Denny, who lives in Princeton, N.J. • Sad news: Ruth Buddingh Hergenrothe passed away at her home in Salt Lake City on October 15. She graduated from Newton (Mass.) High, then majored in English at Midd. She married Robert Todd Schimke in 1959, acquiring two stepchildren, and then had two of her own. They lived in Palo Alto, Calif., as her husband was on the Stanford faculty. Ruth later remarried, this time to Karl Hergenrothe, her childhood sweetheart, and they moved back east to Chelmsford, Mass. She worked for Arthur D. Little, in Boston, until her retirement. Ruth loved art in all its forms and had great appreciation for nature, which she enjoyed photographing. She especially liked spending time at the beach on both Atlantic and Pacific coasts. • Thanks to communication from three of you, we have additional news to share. • Junie Stringer DeCoster reports from St. Paul, Minn., that in October 2016 she had an art exhibit at the Groveland Gallery, which has represented her for 30 years. Junie also reported the death of Denis Pfeifer on January 6. He and Ann (Singleton) had been married over 60 years and have three sons. • Junie, Judd Zecher Colton, and Scotty MacGregor Gillette live close enough to meet for lunch several times a year. The most recent rendezvous was held in Minneapolis, at Scotty and Peter Gillette's newly completed condo in a downtown "senior" building. They combined two units, designed their own space, and now can enjoy its southern exposure with lots of sunshine and a good view of the Mississippi River, as it winds through the city. They are located close to the Guthrie Theater. Some of their other friends have moved into the same building, so there is a sense of community there. Scotty says she is still playing tennis and golf and traveling extensively with Peter to the Caribbean, Phoenix, and Sicily this year. She is very grateful for good health and for having all three of their daughters, spouses, and grandchildren in Minneapolis. • Mimi Dupont Learned-Daigle sends greetings from Norwich, Conn. She enjoys good health and vigor, but she and husband Jim have had to slow their pace this year, due to his bad knee. • OUR PLEA: Carlene says, "To keep us all in touch with each other, John and I are happy to report news to you from other classmates, but it's the gathering of that news that has become a challenge. It's not easy for us, as we sometimes hesitate to call and pray into your lives. If you have some thoughts or experiences that you would like to share, please submit them to us. Thanks!" John adds, "I've enjoyed the many conversations I've had over the years with our male classmates. But Carlene is right—we would really appreciate more proactive efforts in sharing news. I'll continue to make calls but would appreciate calls or emails from time to time."

—Class Correspondents: John M. Baker (jmmbaker@bestweb.net), 76 Spooner Hill Rd., South Kent, CT 06788; Carlene Snyder Howland (carlene55mida@gmail.com).
renovation and using the Town Hall Theater, creat­
ing 51 Main, and most recently, helping with the new
town office and the subsequent creation of the new
and beautiful park. And it’s an open campus, allowing
townpeople use of the library and sports facilities, and
letting us audit courses and more. The College clearly
is a leader in setting a very high environmental bar. It’s
carbon neutral now with biomass heat, solar arrays,
land conservation, etc., and exports the desperate
need to educate the world on climate change through
Bill McKibben’s Sunday Night Group, and by example.
Bottom line, we can be very proud of our alma mater
and yes, I know it often looks like the place is awash
in cash. But the reality is that you get what you pay for
from professor to groundskeeper. Remember also that
almost all of the physical improvements you see are not
from student tuition but from designated alumni gift­
ing. The support of the alumni is critical to the reason
our College is the leader and high-bar setter it is. Our
class has always been generous. Believe me, our con­
tributions are well spent.” • Mike Philbin writes, “I’m do­
ing well and still enjoying golf and tennis. I’m in touch
with Bob Vuitlet, Danko (Karl Brautigam), and John
Hoops every once in a while. Sorry I missed the last
reunion, but I’m keeping my travel pretty local, visiting
my sons, who are still here in California.” • Interesting
and sad news came from Betty Mitchell Munnisoglu:
“I had the good fortune to be a guest professor for
two weeks last March at Turgut Ozal Univ. in Ankara,
Turkey, lecturing on U.S. criminal law and procedure to
a class of about 40 students. Because my late husband
had been a longtime friend of Turgut Ozal—a Western­
oriented, forward-thinking leader in whose honor the
university was named and who died while serving as
president of Turkey—it was especially satisfying for me
to have an opportunity to teach there. The students
and faculty were incredibly friendly and responsive,
and we actually put on a mock jury trial! Fortunately,
the university is located on the outskirts of the city, so
a significant bomb explosion at the city center did not
cause any disruption. But it put everyone (including
me) on edge as it was followed a week later by a bomb
incident in Istanbul. In retrospect, those were mild
precursors to the events that have unfolded since. The
university where I taught has now been shut down by
the government and all the professors fired. It was one of
15 universities shut down in the wake of the failed
coup. Turkey as I have known it over the past 58 years
is unraveling. Will it recover? One can only hope.” •
Sy Marchand writes, “I have refrained from sending
in any news because there is very little that is new in
my life except for the usual life-cycle events; i.e., less
mobility, more aches and pains, and operating in a rut
that has been some years in the making. Princeton is an
academic community and so I have continued to audit
classes in various disciplines made available by the uni­
versity. It’s also a musically active community and I am a
longtime member of a local chorus. Then there are the
usual pro bono activities—an interest in cycling, trying
_to keep up with eight grandchildren; reading the books
_that I promised myself I would read six months ago;
_and a wife who believes in social activism. Major recent
_trips have been to Alaska with Walt Disney and the en­
tire family and another to Israel with the eldest grand­
child.” • Congratulations to Nancy and Dick Powell,
who report they have just become great-grandparents.
Dick writes: “Our great-granddaughter is a gift from
heaven—wonderful sunny disposition, good manners,
sleeps all night, growing like a sunflower, and a joy to be
parents and surrogate the third time around. But two
nights missing her is a handful and leaves us drained
for a few days. Still, we love her and the role.” • Finally,
congrats to Judy Phinney Stearns in recognition of
her lifetime commitment to the young, Judy, longtime
volunteer with the YMCA, was honored by her local Y
at a special event. The surprise of the evening was
the announcement that the Glastonbury Y will build a
new playscape for the preschool kiddies, which will be
named the Judy Stearns Playground; perfect for the
retired kindergarten teacher. Judy says she will be the
first one down the slide! Way to go, Judy! • Keep the
news coming! • Check out a mini-reunion photo on
page 69 and a book review on page 57?

—Class Correspondents: Stan Hayward (sandhayward@
yahoo.com), 1911 Wildflower Circle, Medford, OR 97504;
Lucy Boyd Littlefield (ljhlsquam@aol.com), 15 Norwood
Heights, Gloucester, MA 01930.

57 REUNION CLASS In the winter is­
 sue we heard from Bo Wakefield, who
embarked on another Australian adventure
in Western Australia (WA) with wife Kathy. Here is his
final note about the trip: “On Wednesday, November
16, my 81st birthday, the Tug and Trailer closed the
Western Australia Loop when they brought us safely
up our Terranora driveway. Without TV, a microwave,
and GPS advice (although I did have my faithful Sony
Walkman), Voyage #5 was concluded at 97 days out.
The total distance decreased from our estimate as on
occasion we had to reroute when finding wet, closed
tracks. In total, we put 23,960 kilometers under the
axles. Kath was driving when the Tug’s rear tire blew
in a remote rocky-hill climb on the early Gibb River
Road track out of Kununurra. Then I got bogged-to
the-axles thrice! (Without practice the co-driver recov­
ered each one with professional ‘cool!’) No mechanical
or fuel failures to report. Saint Christopher must have
been with us on every road! We set up and pulled down
our tent-trailer on 41 different campsites. Spiritually
lifting were the 11 homestay overnight. The convivial­
ity of our old distant friends was found to be instan­
taneous. Too bad we had to move on! Outstanding
on this western circuit were the WA spring wildflow­
ers; the size and diversity of the WA mining industry
(mainly iron ore); and the Swan River’s daily bell-tower
carillon, welcoming all travelers to come and enjoy
the city of Perth. WA is a wonderful, young, outstanding
destination. Go out and see it! But sometimes in
wet weather it became hard work to get to the next
campground before sunset. (To eliminate animal strike
we do not drive between sunset and dawn!) Wishing a
Forney had been in our backseat at least some of the
way. Maybe next time? Kath assures me in the next
years there will be short trips to explore somewhere we
have not yet been. Where?”

—Class Correspondent: Rick Raskopf (rickraskopf@gmail.
com), 532 Caddie Ct., Oxford, CT 06478.

58 Russ Christensen writes this note about
studying abroad, which many students do
today: “Jock Glidden and I were two of the
first experimenters in arranging our own third-year
abroad program with the College. Both of us applied
to the University of Edinburgh in Scotland in 1956 to
attend that institution in 1956–57. Both of us were ac­
cepted and proceeded to make arrangements with the
College so that credit earned at Edinburgh would be
accepted at Middlebury. We did this on our own, and
there was no program in effect at that time that sanc­
tioned this process. So, we were the innovators of a
program that has subsequently enriched many under­
graduate lives. I remember going to find Jock when I
learned that he and I had been accepted. I didn’t know
him at all before that meeting. When we subsequently
met in Edinburgh, we became fast friends and remain
so to this day. In fact, in 1949, I asked Jock to come to
Costa Rica for my wedding to Cristina Fournier. He
came as my best man. At reunions, we try to walk to­
gether, and he sometimes buys me a new pair of sneaks­
er. It was I who recommended to Jock to take his first
course in philosophy. He later majored in it and also
took it in college.” • Jock adds his memories: “What
I remember most about my college years is not the pro­
fessors and classes at Middlebury. It was more about my
junior year at the University of Edinburgh and a class­
mate I met. Apparently, my proposal to study there was
novel to the Middlebury authorities but they did not
disourage it. The culture of student life and classes
in Scotland was very new to me; that was the point. I
was impressed with my first course in philosophy and fur­
ther study of it was encouraged by Korean war veteran
and Middlebury student Russ Christensen. Also, I
noticed several Edinburgh students hanging out at the
artisan coffeehouse, reading The Mandarins. It was
about postwar existentialism and philosophers in Paris.
This was the rage then so I also bought the book, more
for the posture than the content. But, I had to start
somewhere. When Russ and I returned to Vermont
for our senior year, his veteran ranking allowed him to
live off campus. He rented a motel cabin north of town
and was struggling with Sartre’s Being and Nothingness.
This so impressed me that I eventually made philoso­
phy my life’s vocation. I thankfully give Middlebury
credit for accommodating our unorthodox scholastic
brate two birthdays and their 58th wedding anniversary. Anyone else up to 58? Paul, besides his horse raising, is now into corgis with Emmy who was a grand champion and now has two champions in her first litter. The food bill must be a lot less! **Terry Twichell** writes, "I can't believe my children are now 50 or older. I have four grandchildren enrolled at Thacher, the prep school where I worked for 33 years. It's truly a treat to be able to see them compete in sports and play in bands, and to attend grandparents' days. We have just finished downsizing. I have asked myself many times, 'How could we have possibly acquired all this junk?'" • **Anne Goebel Barkman** has a new grandson, born in July. "It's so nice having two under four years old again now that the others are all adults. I attended Middlebury Alumni College in August; I wish more of us would try it. It's fun, and we're really still not too old to learn!" • **Don Collier** tutors in math at the Univ. of Florida. He recently tutored a young man from the Canary Islands, who spoke no English but who was bright and well-grounded in math. The student's dad was on a sabbatical at the university. Don worked with the student until his English improved enough to follow class lectures. He marvels at how his Spanish, which he took at Midd as a fun course, has proven so useful. • **Charlie Davis** and his wife abandoned Idaho in December for 10 days in Cancun on the beach and at Mayan sites, enjoying 88 degree temps. He returned to the Idaho tundra for Christmas with children and grandchildren but found temps 60 degrees different. C'mon Charlie, you spent a few winters at college. • **Barbara Hart Decker** writes, "This summer the Student Conservation Assoc will celebrate 60 years of volunteers in National Parks and other areas. **Fred Swan** volunteered the first year, Ailene Kane Rogers in the second, and I volunteered in the third, right after Middlebury graduation. We all worked at Grand Teton National Park in Jackson Hole. In the fourth year, Ailene and I took over as codirectors and worked with the groups in the Tetons. We visited the students in Zion and Bryce National Parks and spent time with the group in Olympic National Park for the summer. It was a life-changing experience.**" • **Ginny and Dick Bicknell** decked out in tuxedo, etc., for a granddaughter’s wedding—not his! Last spring took them to Germany, Switzerland, and the Amalfi Coast. Fishing and folk music festivals filled their summer. • **Bruce Cameron** and wife continue to travel. San Francisco, then cruising Europe with visits to Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Berlin, Oslo, Antwerp, Brussels, Honfleur, Normandy, Guernsey, and Southampton and last September in the Harbor of San Diego. He still finds time to volunteer at SCORE, the chamber, and the Senior League. He has become addicted to bridge, which he claims, "Helps my pea-picking brain." • We are saddened to announce that **Barbara Durch Melhado** died of cancer on December 21. **Anne Walker Hayes** remembers, “She was not only very intelligent but extremely kind and generous. Everyone who knew her will miss her.” **Anne Martin Hartmann** adds, "At our 25th reunion, Barbara and I shared a canoe on a trip down Otter Creek organized by Dick Bicknell. We had such a good time together, and of course talked the whole way, catching up on our lives. She was definitely a wonderful, and very accomplished, person. I'm sad to know of her death.” **Mil Fairhurst** writes, "I go back to seventh grade with Barbara. We played on the Community House basketball team, went to Miss Ehler's dance class, were in the Girls Club, and we 'came out' in the same class. I got to know her better at college, and after graduation **Tevis Morse** and I spent one or two ski weekends at her ski lodge near Stratton Mountain. We were also in Girl Scouts together—a typical '50s childhood. We worked on the 25th reunion yearbook together, spending the weekend at Midd with Mrs. Beowulf Brown as the den mother. We both suffered through Miss Hamilton's class in eighth grade. Barb was a good friend, supportive and with a sense of humor, part of the fabric of my early life.” • In California **Dean Beyer** and wife Gretchen enjoy life on their lake and have grandkids within easy driving time. He praises UC Davis for continuing granddaughter Lauren on a basketball scholarship despite her injury on the court. Grandson Kevin is headed for Mastricht University's School of Economics. Son Mark is with the California Dept. of Corrections and Rehabilitation while Jani continues as principal of a Christian high school. Dean and Gretchen have front row seats at all UC Davis basketball games. He's awaiting the doctor's prescription for more golf. • **John Medici** spends hours with his sons collecting rocks. The most interesting trip was last September at a 10,000-foot elevation in Eagle County, Colo., doing exploration/locality evaluation for a friend during aspen leaf change. Also, his sons went to Middleville, N.Y., for Herkimer "diamonds" (quartz) and left Dad to do a Detroit mineral show. "I did seven events in a swim meet as a workout test after a bicep tear; haven't drowned yet. I'm not vegetating at this point, with property upkeep, rock collecting, and swimming as useful activities for health reasons.** • **Stu Purdy** was on the move again, this time to Greece, spending three nervous hours in the Istanbul airport. He sailed on a Star clipper from Piraeus (Athens) for seven days to Civitavecchio (Rome) then drove up the west coast of Italy, visiting Pisa, Lucca, La Spezia, Cinque, and Milan. He has returned home, where he is directing a play by a Canadian playwright—The Best Brothers, about a pair of brothers (one straight, one gay) dealing with their mother's funeral; it's funny.** • Pat and **Fred Swan** spent a weekend in December in NYC attending the Metropolitan Opera (Manon Lescaut) and the Broadway play Martin Luther on Trial. He is a proponent of the senior subway pass for reduced fare in the Big Apple. **—Class Correspondents:** **Lucy Paine Kezar**
Bill Stritzler was selected by the Vermont Chamber of Commerce as its 2016 Citizen of the Year for his extensive community involvement and continual devotion to the betterment of Vermont. His contributions to Vermont were celebrated at an awards dinner in November at Smugglers’ Notch Resort. The following is from the Chamber’s press release: “A Cambridge resident, Stritzler is the owner and managing director of Smugglers’ Notch Resort. Stritzler currently serves on the advisory board of Butternut Mountain Farm and the Vermont Business Roundtable, and Copley Health Systems. He is also a past board member of the School for Northern Studies. Stritzler first came to Vermont as a student at Middlebury College. After graduating, he returned to Vermont in subsequent years on vacation with his family and became acquainted with Smugglers’ Notch Resort. He joined Smugglers’ as managing director in 1987 and purchased the resort in 1996. In nearly three decades of leadership at Smugglers’ Notch Resort, Stritzler has demonstrated profound commitment to the layers of community in Vermont—town, county, and state—and supported economic growth, corporate social responsibility, and environmental stewardship at each level. Bill is a gifted leader, an inspiration for community engagement, and an exemplary representation of the finest ideals of Vermont citizenship,” said Betsy Bishop, president of the Vermont Chamber of Commerce. He represents the commitment to employees and long-term business growth that is so vital to the Vermont economy. We are honored to present this award to Bill.”

Bill commented to your class correspondents, “I have no idea if this is Class of ’60 newsworthy but it sure will shock my DKE brothers!”

Last spring Lee Vancini went on the trip of a lifetime to discover his roots in Italy, between arts-centric Saratoga Springs, N.Y., golf-centric Sarasota, Fla., and random travel destinations.

This past fall they were in China for two weeks. Their extended family reunion. Dick and Sally celebrated Thanksgiving in Naples with Dud’ 59 and Nona Lyons Livingston.

Deb Wetmore reports that she and Judy Falby Tuttle regularly get together for skiing and sliding. This past winter season started off with more snow than last year.

Kathryn Olds Falconer was proud to report that two of her grandchildren are students at the Univ. of Nebraska-Kearney, where she taught. Kathy has a granddaughter at Middlebury. Miranda Evans is a Feb, Class of ’19.5. The highlight of the year for Mary and John Emory was dinner at the Elysée Palace in Paris, when Americans Marlene and Spencer Hayes bequeathed their collection of French art to the Musée d’Orsay.

We are sorry to report that Gerald Barrington died on October 1. He was an economics major, was a member of the Mountain Club, Players, and the Young Republicans Club. He also worked on the Campus and at WRMC and volunteered for the Community Chest. Our sympathy goes to Linda Farr Macgregor for the passing in September of her husband, James, just a month after they celebrated their 33rd anniversary.

Your correspondents could fill the entire class notes section with the news from your Christmas notes. Thank you for your patience. More in the next Midd mag.

WAKE UP FROM WINTER HIBERNATION AND Send your class correspondent some news! Your classmates want to hear how and what you are doing.

Wake up from winter hibernation and send your class correspondent some news! Your classmates want to hear how and what you are doing.

REUNION CLASS In discussing how we spend our money (pertinent now with churches, charities, colleges, etc., asking for donations), Cindy Cooper Braack mentioned one thing that they are doing: “For now, we get real educational donating pleasure from the scholarship we’ve set up for a graduating senior at the Oil City High School, where John and our four boys went to school. We contribute to it each year instead of giving large Christmas gifts to each other. Our first recipient is in his final year of civil engineering at Penn State and we’ve stuck with him rather than taking a new kid each year. How fortunate we’ve been as he’s the best one could hope to help—a fine young man and an excellent, hard-working student. We had a great time with him and his girlfriend when I invited them for lunch and a Steelers game. They’d never attended one so were thrilled and I so enjoyed watching them have fun. He’ll graduate this year and she graduates next year as a mechanical engineer, so you can see that they’re serious students. He’s been such a perfect recipient—a boy anybody would be proud to have as a son. We’ll have to find another for next year and I doubt we’ll be so lucky again.”

Mattie Logan Bicknell won’t be able to join us for reunion but sent the following: “My activities in the past year included leading three book studies, teaching balance class for seniors, and traveling to San Francisco to see my youngest son. Milestone—my oldest granddaughter was married in September. Much of my year was spent getting back on my feet after knee injury/surgery. Thankfully, I am doing well now.”

Helen Stone Alcala reports, “I retired three years ago and decided I wanted to travel a bit, but not the usual kind of travel. Since I had already done a service program for college students in Mexico, I decided to focus on the French side of my interests. I spent some time on the Internet looking for volunteer opportunities in order to find a way to actually live cheaply for a time in France. I joined the volunteer group that works in Amboise, France, sewing, repairing, and cleaning garments for the festival of the Château of Amboise that takes place during July and August. I found a tiny house that I could rent by the month and set off in early December. I also joined AVF, Accueillce Villes Françaises (welcoming new residents to Amboise). AVF is a national organization but each town has a different structure. In Amboise the town provides the ‘house’ and all the members become volunteers thus providing the teaching. AVF offers a full schedule of activities, all for 50 euros a year. I chose pastel painting and folk dancing as well as the English conversation, thinking that might lead to making some French friends (which it did and I was even asked to fill in for the teacher on a couple of occasions). That first year, I also got involved working with the Red Cross in a group setting, which included both recent immigrants and those French adults who never learned to read in French. In addition to the once a week three-hour class, there were a few trips together by car and van. On one occasion, we went to Villaines les Rochers, the town that has a basket-weaving museum. After the visit we were supposed to stay for our picnic lunch and then in the afternoon make a visit to see the basket weavers at work. Just as we were leaving the museum, it started snowing very hard and it was decided to leave and eat lunch on the way back to Amboise. Unfortunately, I had stopped off in the restroom on the town square and because of some confusion, got left alone in the village. No one from the van checked to see if I had left in another vehicle. Since the leader of the trip had turned off her cell phone, I ended up having my lunch with three young employees at the town hall and after lunch was picked up by the docent from the museum who lives in the same town as the
JEAN SEELE-GIFFORD '60

1. My long volunteer service to Middlebury began when I worked on our 25th reunion yearbook. At our 30th reunion, Victoria Strekalovsky '60 took me out in a canoe to talk me into being a class correspondent (with my return to shore in question). I'm still at it!

2. After a 25-year career with IBM, I accepted an offer for early retirement and began to knit sweaters. The Old Chapel sweater took more than 100 hours to complete. It was designed and knit during President John McCardell's tenure. I wore it for the first time at an NYC Christmas gathering he attended.

3. After moving to Florida, I placed this ad in the St. Petersburg Times and met the most wonderful man. At our wedding, our friends from the tennis club surprised us with an arch of racquets. David and I were together for 14 glorious travel-filled years until his death in 2012.

4. Twice David and I biked the Camino de Santiago in Spain. People who make the pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella wear the scallop shell, the symbol of Saint James the Pilgrim.

5. I played field hockey from 1956 to '58, when we had informal play days with other colleges. I'm a major fan of the Middlebury field hockey team, and when I learned the team was going to Holland, I asked if I could go with them. I was an unofficial photographer at every practice and game. The team gave me the duck as a souvenir.

6. My bike takes me on many trips around Addison County and to the College, where I audit classes (a perk to living here!).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. BALFOUR
museum. When I finished my visit, she left work for a few minutes and kindly drove me to the train station and after taking two trains, I was able to return safely to my little house in Amboise. The first two years I was in Amboise for four months and then returned in the fall in September–October. In 2015 I added a trip to Andorra with the sewing group and continued with activities at AVF. In the spring of 2015, after returning home to the States, I took a drawing course with an artist friend at Lasell as well as a Chinese painting course at the Danforth Museum, and in addition attended a course, Revolutions and Revolutionary Thought, with my partner, Joseph Aeta, at Lasell College. In the fall of 2016 I added housesitting to my visit, living for the month of September in Noisay, a tiny town about 15 minutes outside of Amboise, where I cared for two cats and 10 chickens and a rooster. I also had the use of an old car and access to all the fruit on the property, the best of which were the mirabelles (small French plums) and the product of the walnuts (a wonderful liqueur homemade by the owners). When I’m in the States I also volunteer for a nonprofit organization, Boston Area Gleaners. We glean from about 25 farms in the Boston area once the farmers have finished harvesting the lettuce, corn, apples, turnips, etc., and the four full-time employees see that this surplus is distributed to people in need. On the family side, one of my grandchildren is a freshman at Williams College, and my partner plans to retire after three more semesters of teaching history at Lasell. Joe and I are planning a trip to Sweden for his last conference and then off to somewhere else in Europe for two weeks, destination unknown at this time.”

“Since our 50th reunion, husband John and I downsized to our retirement home in Fayetteville, N.Y., a suburb of Syracuse. We volunteer at the International Boxing Hall of Fame, the Fayetteville Senior Center, the Folkus Project, a folk music organization, and our church. We enjoy lunch and art classes at Clear Path for Veterans and I continue membership on Leadership Greater Syracuse’s Alumnae Committee. Motivated by our Fitbits, we spend time at a fitness center, ballroom dance, and walk at Green Lakes State Park, our closest neighbor. Travel takes us to Virginia, New Jersey, and Boston to visit family. A highlight of last year was our April trip to Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio, where I established a BFA dance program in the seventies. A former dance student of mine, now director of alumni relations, gave us a great tour of the campus, noting the many changes over the past 40 years. In August we returned to attend an Arts Gala fundraising event for the college. In the fall I was invited to join a Sacred Dance Collective in Syracuse. Representing different dance backgrounds and experiences, we all shared the joy of moving. This is wonderful!”

“Check out James Cromwell as Cardinal Michael Spencer in HBO’s show, The Young Pope. —Class Correspondents: Judy Bosworth Roisseter

(jbosworth@oal.com), 8809 Mariscal Canyon Dr., Austin, TX 78759; Liza Dunphy Fischer (betsy@brentopalmer.com), 615 Oaklawn Ave., Iowa City, IA 52240; John Sinclair, 482 Woodbury Rd., Springfield, VT 05156.

I (Chris) started gathering news in early December; telephone land lines are diminishing and classmate accounts were extraordinarily busy over the holidays, so these notes are curtailed. It’s hard to believe that 54 years ago we departed the Green Mountains and went our separate ways. Much water has passed over the dam in the ensuing years. • Dave Arnold (Newmarket, N.H.) informs us that he has weathered several health issues well. Athletic prowess has been dulled a bit leading to a more sedate lifestyle. Last year Dave visited Chuck and Sue Hathaway (Virginia, Va.) often, while looking in on his sister in Middlebury. A while ago Deborah Bigelow Begner (Evergreen, Colo.) moved her company, Turkey Mountain Traders, from Vermont to Arizona. She has three grandsons and a standard black poodle and maintains contact with Vera Maggig Plummer (Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.) and Anita Treiber Hinsworth (Plandome, N.Y.). Deborah welcomes classmates to pay her a visit. • Courtney and Carolyn Cooper ’61 (Falmouth, Mass.) relate that they thoroughly enjoyed a KDR mini-reunion in Watkins Glen, N.Y., hosted by Charles Hondser (Cathedral City, Calif.) at his cottage on Lake Seneca. Correspondents learned of this from Peter Frame (Duxbury, Mass.). Attendees were the Birds, Holly and Dan Donaldson, Phyllis and Charlie Hondser, Louise and Bob Pullen, Mary and Joel Skodnick, Larry Silverstein, Rex Brown, Peter, and Mary Hart Harris (South Bristol, Maine) and husband John ’61 were also there, and word has it that they may be hosting a similar event in September. Stay tuned. • Wendy Millar Busch (Willoughby Hills, Ohio) maintains contact with Donna Souther Nunez (Severn, Md.). Wendy now has seven grandchildren and enjoys the sport of curling in nearby Cleveland. (Remember the curling demonstration at one of our Winter Carnivals?) • Judy Bogert Funderburk (Arlington, Va.) and her husband have successfully beaten some health issues. Judy mainstains contact with Mary Robson (Port Townsend, Wash.), who is a master gardener and poet/naturalist educator. • We also learned of this from Jackson Kryte (Stowe, Vt.) hosted a luncheon wherein Sabin Streecker (Chappaqua, N.Y.) held forth in fine style. • Your correspondents solicit your assistance in gathering news and encourage you to promote mini-gatherings in various venues. Remember age 70 is new age 50 and some of us are approaching new age 60.

—Class Correspondents: Janet Brevoort Allen-Spencer (janetlenerespencer@gmail.com), 2 Arizona Pl., Huntington Station, NY 11746; Christopher J. White (crbryrstc@gmail.com), 547 Duck Cove Rd., Buckport, ME 04016.

Correspondent Bob Baskin reports: I got a note from Randy McNamara who says he hasn’t written anything in decades, and the last time he was at Middlebury was for our 25th reunion. “I retired in April 2016. For 45 years, I led transformational courses to 300,000 people in 15 countries. I also trained 800 leaders who coached citizens to carry out 100,000 pro bono community projects. That’s now behind me and what I’m now working on is ending human contributions to climate change from my website randymcnamara.com. Last fall I met with Bill McKibben, Middlebury scholar in residence in environmental studies and activist founder of 350.org, who has dedicated his life to protecting the environment. Relationship-wise I divorced my first wife, Sonia, in 1969. (She died a couple of years ago.) I have been married to my wife Suzy for 45 years. Our oldest daughter, Megan, has a master’s and PhD in sociology and teaches in three colleges here in the San Francisco Bay Area. Our youngest daughter, Haley, is completely consuming with raising our only grandchild, Poppy (3). Suzy and I have done a lot of trips together: recently India, Turkey, Antarctica, and 28 days on a five-mast sailing ship across the Atlantic. We volunteer as ushers at the San Francisco Symphony and three Bay Area theaters. This April I am a visiting professor at the International Microeconomics University in Solar Valley outside of Beijing, China. Last fall Bob Seeley and his wife came to dinner at our home. Bob was one of the trumpet players in McNamara’s Band when we were at Middlebury—brought back a world of memories, playing at the Rutland Elks Club and the Stu U. We live two blocks outside of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area and walk two miles through the woods to the Golden Gate Bridge a couple of times a week—watching hawks and looking out for coyotes. I would love to hear from anyone passing through San Francisco. You can write to me at my website or call my cell: 415-713-5933.” • Correspondent Dori Ellis Jurgenson reports: Time again for news of the latest class activities. Not long after the last deadline, Debby Gillette Law wrote, “Life in Sun Valley, Idaho, is wonderfully busy, active, and varied; it includes dear friends, such as Sandra and John Flattery, Toni and David Holmes, Sheila and Dares Fryberger ’63, and Sandra and Chip Fisher ’62, and we have occasional sightings of Starr Weeks, as well as members of other classes both before and after us. Bob and I have traveled and skied with the Flatterys, Davis ’63 and Louise Gulick Van Winkle, Jeff Foran ’63 and wife Karen, Jim Doane, and Sam Gordon. How lucky we are to know Middlebury alums! And we have made several trips to South Africa to visit our daughter and family who live in Cape Town; we often include a photo safari on these long-haul visits.” If any of all these folks get together and take a picture, it could go into the mini-reunions section! It’s great to hear of so many Middlebrry folks continuing to enjoy so much activity!”

Ron Reese writes,
“It’s been over two years since Edith (Carlson) suffered two massive strokes (the first on Christmas Day 2014, the second on February 9, 2015). She continues to be wheelchair-bound, needing assistance with all the mundane tasks of living. Her speech still is severely impacted but I am getting better at playing Sherlock Holmes in deciphering what she wants to communicate. She reminds me of Noirtier de Villefort in *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Her facial expressions and eyes speak volumes. Occasionally she is able to indicate more directly ‘what’s up.’ She maintains a remarkably positive attitude and continues with private physical and speech therapies. The Edie y’all know is still in there. Progress is very slow, but it is progress. Our situation became more complicated in fall 2015: I was diagnosed with a virulent strain of prostate cancer. The DaVinci robotic surgical removal of the prostate went very smoothly at Wake Forest Medical Center, although over the ensuing month I experienced some unanticipated severe postsurgical complications that necessitated two ER visits here in Roanoke, Va. (of course, on weekends). Our son and daughter lent Herculean assistance coming in from considerable distances to help with Edith and me during those times of trial. Neighbors kindly kept us shoveled out during the winter as I was restricted to lifting no more than a gallon of milk. Subsequent intense X-ray therapy last spring (38 sessions) and continuing hormonal therapy seems to have put things into remission. Because of Edith’s needs, I’m on Sabbatical from my primary volunteer endeavor of building new hiking and biking trails in our surrounding Blue Ridge Mountains. Edith and I remain in our dear home with me acting as primary CNA (certified nurse assistant). Exhausting work, but a privilege after 51+ years of marriage (and counting—the important part!). We were blessed with a second grandson last summer and the two little Reese brothers give us immense joy via FaceTime and Nixplay. They are in Minneapolis with our son and daughter-in-law. Life is good! Economic times are challenging, but we are grateful for the blessings! We are grateful for the blessings!”

Maegan Mishico ’08 married David Morris on February 28, 2016, in Garrison, N.Y. Many Midd friends joined in the celebration: (all ’08 unless noted) Rishabh Kashyap, Leah Day ’07, Franny Bohar Orbison, Jude Dry ’09, Emily Kron ’09, the newlyweds, Alexandra Coleman, Ruby Edlin ’19, Abigail Blum, Jessica Haber, Scott Kessler, (second row) Justine Katzenbach, Willie Orbison, Mahsa Jafarian, Evan Akashi, Jessica Singleton, Morgane Richardson, Alexandra Garcia ’07, Scott Greene, Andrea Glaessner Greene, Courtney Labarge, Kerry Kiley, (third row) Madeleine Terry, Louis Lobel, Sam Morrill, Eric Muther, Charlie Evans, Dean Atyia, Will Durkin, Matt Doyle, and Jeff Boyd.

Elizabeth Logue ’03 married Nicholas Levis on March 13, 2016, in Roslyn, N.Y. Middlebury friends who helped the couple celebrate included (all ’03 unless noted) Ethan Peterson-New ’17, Madeline Logue ’17, Matthew Grodd ’99, the groom, Ariella Neville, Felipe Colon, Maryleen Emeric Leal, Drew Miller, Brendan Donnelly ’01, Katie MacDonald Spencer, Jason Wolk ’00, and Drew Peterson.

Several Midd Kids gathered at Camp Ramah in the Rockies, a Jewish outdoor adventure summer camp in Colorado: David Yedid ’15, Sofi Hecht ’18, Maeve Moynihan ’17, Elana Schrager ’17, and Jordan Collins ’15.

Lifelong 1956 pals made it back to campus for their 60th reunion: Karl Brautigam, Joe Manson, Dick Powell, John Hoops, Bob Vuilet, and Jack Beattie.

On June 25, 2016, classmates from 2011 joined Danielle Kruse ’11 and Marc Kostrubiak ’11 at their wedding in Mead Chapel at Middlebury then celebrated with them at the Waybury Inn: Gregg Miller, Julie Tschirhart, Nicholas Spencer, the newlyweds, Carly Lynch, Hannah Dzmitrowicz (in photo held by Carly), Ashley Cheung, (second row) James Schwerdtman, Jim McNinch, Tommy Mayell, Ming Chan, and Harrison Brown. Missing from photo: Courtney Mazzei, Anna Gallagher ’12, and Gillian Durkee.

On June 4, 2016, Jamie Herther '10 and Dan Crepps '12 were married at the Wychmere Beach Club in Harwich Port, Mass., surrounded by family, friends, and 14 Midd Kids: Carolyn Birsky Woods '51, and Kurt Feuer, MA English '03. On June 4, 2016, Jamie Herther '10 and Dan Crepps '12 were married at the Wychmere Beach Club in Harwich Port, Mass., surrounded by family, friends, and 14 Midd Kids: Carolyn Birsky Woods '51, and Kurt Feuer, MA English '03. On June 4, 2016, Jamie Herther '10 and Dan Crepps '12 were married at the Wychmere Beach Club in Harwich Port, Mass., surrounded by family, friends, and 14 Midd Kids: Carolyn Birsky Woods '51, and Kurt Feuer, MA English '03. 

Mehry and Mike Demas are enjoying semi-retirement, having sold their businesses three years ago. "We're living in paradise—Naples, Fla. Snow is only for skiing. Actually, we still schedule two ski trips a year, mainly in Colorado and Utah. We have been doing a lot of traveling in the U.S., Southeast Asia (Vietnam was a high-light), and Europe and intend to do quite a bit more. In 2014 we visited Middlebury, since we were touring New England with friends. It was great reconnecting with 'T,' and I appreciate his great hospitality I had promised 'T' that I would attend the 2016 reunion, but then our travel schedule did not allow it. (We were in Kentucky enjoying a hunter/jumper horse show with our daughter.) I'm very sorry I missed it." • Several classmates turned up for Alumni College last August at the Bread Loaf campus: Rick '66 and Judy Sheldon Mills, Candy Thayer (widow of Jerry Thayer), Cy and "T" Tall, Bill and Pam Nottage '64 Mueller, and Polly Moore Walters. The topics were stimulating and the discussions scintillating in the late summer days in the Green Mountains. Consider putting Alumni College on your travel itinerary for this summer. • Kathie and Phil Nelson report that their newest grandson, Louis, is "cute, lots of fun, and a load!" • Marv '64 and Carol Haas Kelley spent some time last fall with daughter Dana and her husband in Manassas, Va., and toured some of the Civil War battlefields in the area. "Life moves so fast now," Carol writes. "Good memories are like jewels that catch our souls for a moment, don't you think?" • Sadly, Ken Walters, husband of our multitalented class correspondent Polly Walters, left us in January. Polly says, "A fairly smooth and swift transition, thankfully." And Dave Perham, husband of 50th reunion yearbook editor Andy Johnson Perham died in February after a two-year long battle with cancer. • Three generations of the family of the late Jerry Thayer celebrated Thanksgiving together in Chicago, then sat up front at a Blue Man Group concert, "complete with plastic ponchos which protected us from flying bananas and yogurt." Jerry would have loved it. • Randy Brock lost his bid to become Vermont's lieutenant governor, although your correspondents doubt he's finished his distinguished career in public service. • Sue Ingersoll Clough passed away in December in New London, N.H., where she spent 52 happy years married to John Clough '63, raising four girls. Sue and John founded Spring Ledge Farm, a highly successful flower, fruit, and vegetable stand on Main Street. Always community-minded, Sue developed a beautiful garden in front of the stand and became so well known in the agriculture world that the governor appointed her to the New Hampshire Agricultural Advisory
Since our last column, we’re sad to report that we’ve lost three classmates—Geoff Demong, Martha Faulkner Fenno, and Andy Pollock. Geoff died at his home in Cornwall, Vt., on October 2. According to his obituary in the Addison Independent, he is remembered as “a teacher, an athlete, an orchardist, a vintner, and a provider.” He and wife Val (Somers) raised apples in Shoreham and ran Demong and Company construction until a few years ago. Geoff leaves two daughters, Emily and Kate, and their families, as well as his brother Peter and Peter’s wife, Ann Parker Demong, among other family members.

Martha Fenno died October 12 at the Maine Medical Center in Portland. She and husband Stephen lived in Maine for much of their life together, raising daughter Sarah and son Timothy. Martha’s obituary mentions a career in social work and in business but focuses on her involvement in her community wherever she lived, “organizing activities for children, including annual nutritional poster contests, the Easter Egg Hunt, and the Old Home Days bike races. Martha served on many local committees and the AMPS ambulance board of directors.”

Andy Pollock died on November 30 at his home in Northampton, Mass., after a six-month battle with pancreatic cancer. His wife, Barbara Tytell, and two sons Simon survive him. Andy’s career appears to have been devoted to the well-being of children and youth. According to his obituary in the Addison Independent, he advocated fiercely for alternative treatment methods and nonviolent restraint in group homes, finding inspiration in the social and civil activism that filled his childhood and teenage years in New York City. He retired from Cutchins in 2011.

Harriet Williams sent Prue a lovely letter filled with reflections on our 50th reunion and the fine opportunity to chat that she and Prue had during that weekend. Harriet also provided some good book recommendations. (This comes in follow-up to a lively discussion at our 50th that she and Prue got into about memorable books to read.) Harriet has indeed been a busy woman since our June gathering in Vermont. She writes, “Right after Middlebury I went to a reunion in Columbus, Ohio, of kids I went to elementary school with. Since there was a week between the two reunions, I spent it exploring a place I’d never been: Pittsburgh. I did enjoy the stay. The city is made up of little villages that originated from coal mining communities. They still have their own unique characters. A couple of months later, I went on a tour to Mongolia, of all places. A friend of mine was going and she let me tag along on the same trip. It was fascinatingly interesting. We visited several herding families (20 percent of the population are still nomadic herders). They live differently from the way we do here. In the capital city, the daily life was more like ours, although there are sections of the city where people still live in canvas and felt tents. In preparation for that trip, I read another couple of delightful books: Hearing Birds Fly by Louisa Waugh, a memoir from around the year 2000 of the author’s year in the mountains of Mongolia, teaching English in a small town, and Genghis Khan and the Making of the Modern World by Jack Weatherford.” (NB: Prue has read this one also and seconds the recommendation.)

Another thing to experience about Mongolia is the recently released movie The Eagle Huntress. In addition to having a nice story, it shows nomadic Mongolian life very much the way we saw it. • From Virginia

Susan Harris Salomon writes that she and husband Ron are still involved in their business, Button Bay Fiber Arts, “although we are doing fewer shows and more wholesale. (Check our website, buttonbayfibersarts.com.)” Sue continues, “We were in Hawaii (the Big Island) for two weeks last October, enthralled by the volcanic activity (past and current), unlike that in Iceland, where it is mostly under glaciers. Ron is teaching tai chi and doing a lot of adult education at the Univ of Virginia. My focus is the garden—flowers, shrubs and fruit, and vegetables. It does get harder with our changing climate though. It’s quite rural here—Breemo Bluff leads to the James River, the goal of daily walks. Richmond provides a lot of very good cultural activities, which was an unforeseen plus. • Looking ahead to June 4–8, 2018, plans are afoot for a women’s weekend in Yellowstone Country in Montana—around Big Sky and Cooke City. All women in our class are invited. At our 50th reunion the idea of a women’s gathering came up, and Susan Hellier agreed to take the next steps. (Actually she was shanghaied!) She enlisted the aid of Linda Ramsay de Kort and Sharon Weston Sutherland to help plan the event. If you are interested in a sightseeing, walking, and hiking trip to the Yellowstone ecosystem with good friends from Middlebury, please save these dates. We hope that you can make it. More information to come in May. If you’re interested in receiving messages as plans develop or would like to help organize, please write one of the following: Susan (gallatna@aol.com, 406-783-4732), Linda (dekort@montanaskycom, 406-755-3704), or Sharon (sharisuth@charter.net, 406-388-1545).

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REUNION CLASS What has 300-plus pages of text and photos, reveals intimate details about friends and acquaintances, and contains dozens of never-before-told stories that reflect both youthful abandon and adult rumination? The answer, of course, is the Class of 1967 50th Reunion Yearbook, which you should have received in the mail this winter. Think of it as the screenplay for the feature presentation that begins June 8, a landmark event that will be filled with lectures, discussions, recreation, country dining, and good old-fashioned schmoozing. You will be renewing friendships and making new ones with people much like yourself, who share a common history as undergraduates but have evolved in their own individual ways over the succeeding half-century. The overall mood we sincerely expect will be celebratory, but it will be seasoned with sober reflection about absent classmates, roads less traveled, and the passage of time. Reunion chairs Roxanne McCormick Leighton and Don Elliman put it nicely: “Reunions are a bit like opening a time capsule. Fifty years of memories come with the package, but the best part comes from reconnecting to the life stories that followed those memories.” If you haven’t made plans to attend, we hope you will reconsider. The College has set the registration deadline at May 25 so you still have some time. Before we get into the reunion details, we need to report two important things. First of all, unlike previous reunions, our 50th will be a four-day affair. It kicks off early—at 11 a.m. on Thursday—and runs full speed up to the traditional Sunday swim/brunch on Lake Dunmore. Secondly, the whole event won’t cost you a nickel. The entire cost has been underwritten by a generous classmate, who wishes to remain anonymous. One of our math majors figures the gift is worth $550 to each attendee. Who said a liberal arts degree doesn’t pay off? If reunion success is measured by the percentage of classmates who participate, then the auguries for ’67 are especially encouraging. Of our 275 classmates, an amazing 56 percent submitted autobiographies. An additional 40 profiles were prepared for classmates who have passed away.

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Members of the yearbook committee worked through the Christmas break to meet a January deadline with the printer. "Karl and I are VERY pleased with the yearbook," says Barb McEvoy Bentley, who coedited the book with Karl Lindholm. Susie Davis Patterson, our class correspondent for life, and Peter Kovner are equally upbeat about the social calendar they have put together for the reunion. Highlights include a reception and dinner with President Laurie Patton on Thursday, a discussion of transformative experiences led by Gary Margolis and Stu Bicknell on Friday, and meetings of interest groups for veterans, civil rights and antiwar activists, and the like on Saturday. To fill up any spare minutes during the weekend, Jon Berger will lead a canoe safari on Lake Dunmore on Sunday. (Boats available to borrow or bring your own.) In addition to the fun and games, we will naturally be accumulating funds for the class gift that will be used to provide deserving students with financial aid. We have proved remarkably generous. We blew past our initial $2.5 million goal back in January and the pledges continue to arrive. Gift Committee chairs Lee Powers Smith and George Hinman say they are grateful for the generosity of our class. They hope to be able to announce at reunion that they have encouraged 70 percent of the class to contribute but more gifts are needed to reach this ambitious target. Some of our classmates are leading by example. At an alumni leadership event at the College last fall, Lee Smith, George Hinman, Roxanne Leighton, and Don Elliman declared that if 20 classmates were to join them in making leadership gifts of $10,000 apiece, they would each chip in another $10,000. That goal—amazingly—was reached before last year's end so Nancy Boardman raised the bar again. She challenged that if 10 more classmates also made leadership gifts, bringing the total to 30, she would personally contribute another $10,000. As of January, the number of leadership gifts, per Nancy, stood at 20. The College seems to go from strength to strength. It reports that requests for early admission rose 6.5 percent this year and 343 applicants were selected to enter in September 2017. Lots has changed since we arrived on campus in the fall of 1963 and unlike too many other things in our lives, most seems to have been for the better. Coming back for our 50th will give us a chance to reflect and celebrate.

—Class Correspondents: Susan Davis Patterson (sdp@alumni.middlebury.edu), 67 Robinson Pkwy., Burlington, VT 05401; Alex Taylor (ataylora145@gmail.com), 215 Wells Hill Rd., Lakeville, CT 06059.

Susan Rotblat-Walker was in Middlebury last September for a special Midd sailing club regatta named for her dad, Stuart Walker '43, who is still thriving at 93! The same weekend she celebrated her 70th (September 17) but planned no major life-changing event to accompany it! • Charles Daugherty has been in touch and caught us up on his life. (You'll note he uses British spelling!) "I've spent the last half of my life, 35 years, as a university academic in New Zealand. The last 15 years were spent in university administration and with an increasingly active participation in conservation and ecological restoration. Last year, I retired and moved with wife Maryanne to Havelock North, a small town in the centre of a lovely horticultural area on the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand. I retain some involvement in conservation programmes, both locally and nationally. I'm finding retirement a real joy. New Zealand has been a wonderful place to spend the last half of my life. That was never planned—I just liked it when I got here, and there were opportunities to do things I valued, so I stayed. The landscape can be spectacular, and people are lovely. I've been lucky. I made a lifelong friend in Ed Kanze '78, who contacted me in 1986 and has visited many times. He's a naturalist now living in the Adirondacks, where I've visited too. Ed leads tours to Australia and New Zealand for the Smithsonian. I had not returned to Midd since 1968 until five years ago, when I had a conference in D.C. in September, so Maryanne and I went to Midd in part to see the autumn leaves and also from nostalgia. Maryanne is a New Zealander who'd never experienced snow firsthand, so we came back three years ago and spent a Christmas there. It was wonderful, and we both loved it. So, it's not beyond imagining that we'd come back for our 50th reunion—I've never been to one." And now a sidebar from one of your correspondents, Ben: While visiting New Zealand, back in 2009, we learned that Charlie may be underselling his accomplishments: traveling on a plane from the North Island to the South Island, I mentioned to a Kiwi seatmate that I knew Charlie, and she said that everyone in New Zealand knows him from his time at the Univ of Wellington, from his studies of an endangered lizard, the tuatara, formerly endemic throughout both the main islands, but now restricted to a few small offshore islands. For an English major at Middlebury, Charlie grew into a nationally, if not internationally, renowned conservation biologist, studying this important natural resource of his adopted country! • Speaking of biology, we received an email from Chris D'Ella describing his October 2016 travels to China (twice) and to Cuba, for the purposes of international collaboration with fellow academicians. Chris is a professor at Louisiana State Univ and dean of the College of the Coast and Environment, and is also active in a program called Future Earth Coasts, concerned with nutrient loading, harbor deposition of sediment, and the potential for sea-level rise. The collaborations with China and Cuba are important, because those areas and Louisiana all have coastlines that are vulnerable to severe late summer and fall tropical storms, which "according to some scientists could become stronger and more frequent with climate change." To say nothing of the potential damage to shipping from the United States, should the three important Louisiana ports become impacted by sea-level rise exacerbated by sediment deposition. • And Jim Trombetta has news about his book: "The Horror! The Horror!", an analysis and anthology of forbidden horror comics from the early '50s, continues to sell. Published by Abrams around Halloween 2010, it was reviewed in the New York Times Book Review and the Los Angeles Review of Books, and images from the book were featured in the Huffington Post and New York magazine. Not to mention—yes—Hastier, which has always had great vivid printing. Don't read it alone at night! (Interestingly, my own contemporaries are less interested in this book than their children are.) In any case, The Horror! The Horror! was nominated for an Eisner Award, the Oscar of the comic book industry. Earlier, I wrote for TV shows like Equalizer, Miami Vice, and two flavors of Star Trek (all staying on top through their recent iterations in feature films), as well as the original Flash series, now reincarnated on the CW network. Thinking hard about that upcoming reunion. • Ruth Benziger Cahill writes, "I had a stroke in 2013 and retired from my finance position with the Nature Conservancy in 2014, after many years and a wonderful career. My second husband, John, and I moved from the San Francisco Bay Area in July of last year and all is going well. I continue to work on stroke recovery. My sister and brother-in-law live fairly close; that has been great fun. John and I have four grown children and six grandchildren—more fun." Ruth now lives in St. Augustine, Fla. Her email address is ruthbc@comcast.net and her mailing address is 701 Wilkes Court, St. Augustine, FL 32086. • We read in our Christmas card from Sam Levin that he has stepped down from day-to-day management of Blodgett Supply (with sales offices throughout Vermont, New Hampshire, and New York State) and has taken on the title of chairman, leaving the active management to a new president. • And finally, in preparation for our 50th reunion, we are trying to locate all our classmates. If you have any news about the following "lost" people, please contact us: Kathleen Park Moore; Robert Copeland; Dudley Brown; Barbara McHugh Van Drimmelen; P. Blaine Doherty; Susan Dieneit; Ellsworth Nichols; Stephen Salley; Rhonda Farr; Asseleigh Moorhouse; Glenn Curtis; Peter Hull; and John Marks.

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gating the character and values of people who choose medical assistance in dying. He continues the noble work done by the Class of ’69. They still summer on Lake Dunmore. • Marty and Lee Lamprecht still live in Nashville, enjoying the music, and are receptive to visitors. • Alison and Peter Reynolds expanded their horizons considerably, celebrating her retirement with a two-week safari in southern Africa. “While we rarely travel in groups, this experience reminded us, both former Outward Bound instructors, of courses we used to teach: high-perceived risk in an unfamiliar wilderness setting, small-group interactions, isolated travel. With some 50 new-to-us bird species, and the witnessing of a slew of predator-prey relationships, we had a few of the hottest days of our lives sustained by afternoon siestas and breezes from moving along sand roads in canvas-topped, four-wheel-drive vehicles (Land Rovers and Toyotas, of course; no Broncos). We followed that with a week on our own traveling across South Africa to the fabled Cape, a geographer’s quest to watch the South Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: • Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.)
Gogo's daughter has moved to London with her British musician husband and their other grandson. He's living a life that's difficult to retire from, but his aspirations include a bit more travel, including, we hope, a return for our 50th. • Please send us your news and make sure to check out our class Facebook page and/or our website at middleburycollege69.org.

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In Anne Keiser's update, they were setting off for Antarctica and Easter Island. She said she was far too much to report, although living in DC could be a volume in and of itself. "Thankfully, we were on Easter Island January 20, about as far away from the 'interesting' and, in my view, ridiculous situation as we could get." • Maureen Pryor reports, "I retired in October 2015. It’s taken me a while to find volunteer work, but I have enjoyed the occasional time at Save the Bay (Narragansett Bay, RI.) Recently I have found an opportunity at the Rhode Island Community Food Bank. I’ll be attending food pantries in Cranston to help guests learn about other services that are available to them, such as the WIC food program, heating assistance, affordable childcare, housing and shelter, and health insurance. Health insurance, of course, will change, but we will have some kind of transition program, for which these folks will be grateful. The motto for the Food Bank is ‘No one is JUST hungry.’ • Paul Batiza writes, "After working 50 years in various service sectors, the last two years in retirement have been sweet! Learning to adjust to a less demanding lifestyle has not been hard. Best wishes to my classmates of long ago from the Big Easy." • Ten Rodgers Boehm writes, "I spent Christmas in the mountains of North Carolina, which was fun after the last few in Florida. I continue to enjoy my six grandchildren and now a new puppy. I so loved my 40th reunion that I’ll make a point of being back in Vermont for the 50th, but may not come too quickly." • Connie Brittain Bouchard sent this news: "I’ve just retired, after more than 26 years at the Univ. of Akron, where I was Distinguished Professor of Medieval History. Now I’ll have a chance to get some scholarship done for a change rather than arguing with confused administrators." • Sue Porter Beffel had a busy time last year. "After enjoying the lights in Baltimore with (newly married) Amanda and Ben and a lovely Christmas in Vermont with family, I did the usual volunteer stuff—Environmental Advisory Committee, serving food at a hypothermia shelter, stream monitoring and cleanups, diabetes awareness, Lions Club, and choir. I enjoyed cross-country skiing, Folk Club, contra dancing, easy hiking, and sailing (got a prize). Trips included 50th (!) reunion at Greenwich Academy, nephew David’s graduation from the Univ. of Rochester, and contra dance week in St. Croix. (There are worse places to have a miserable cold!) And the election—registering voters, making calls, going door to door. Reaching out to those frightened now—so many concerns: social, economic, environmental justice, world peace. I wish I hadn’t tripped the day before the election, twisting my knee and chipping bones in my foot. It slowed me down, but I’m healing and grateful for all the help!"

—Class Correspondents: Beth Prass Sedley (beth@sedley.com); Nancy Crawford (ncrawford_sutcliffe@comcast.net).

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During the icy midwinter, we caught up with Curt Marder in Marquette, Mich., where he’s lived for 30 years. Curt attended Georgetown Medical School, interned at the Medical College of Virginia Hospital, completed a fellowship at Deborah Heart and Lung Center in New Jersey, and worked in New York and New Jersey, specializing in cardiac, vascular, and general chest surgery. He left the East Coast in 1987, choosing Marquette, which he describes as "like Vermont without the mountains." He is now the surgeon with the longest continuous practice in the Upper Peninsula. He also has served as chairman of the department of surgery at UPHS-Marquette. Curt has two daughters (one a Middlebury alum) now living in Houston and Chicago, and a year-old granddaughter. He enjoys golf, cross-country skiing, and cycling on an extensive local trail network. Last April, he attended an international veterinary conference on surgery in Shanghai. Curt plans to work for a few more years, perhaps in a new hospital, now under construction. • Gail Stevenson writes, "I retired at the end of 2015 from the Vermont Council on World Affairs, where I was executive director for eight years. Embracing retirement, I visited a colleague in Jordan, spent a month with old friends in Hawaii and the national parks of the West, then came back to Vermont to enjoy the summer. I have also worked for a number of years on climate change—promoting alternatives to open agricultural and wood burning—which entailed a trip with young Ukrainian farmers to Pennsylvania. Then I was invited back to work to help promote Quebec businesses looking for a U.S. presence to set up shop in Vermont. Half-time work is just about right! My daughter is 24 and lives in a staffed program in a home nearby for people with emotional and behavioral disabilities, so we are both very fortunate. I live in Burlington and get to enjoy the occasional Midd event and catch up with classmates and friends." • Rob Whitten reports, "In 1975 Robin and I moved to Portland, Maine—a nice little city with good bones and opportunities for growth and development. We bought a condemned Greek Revival home that we’ve been renovating ever since. In 1987 our son Denny was born. We spent many happy years skiing, sailing and going to his lacrosse games. I founded Whitten Architects in 1986. We’re a six-person studio that specializes in residential design with homes in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and the Canadian Maritimes. In 1992, Robin founded AudiōFile Magazine, a monthly magazine and website that’s the leading source of reviews and information for spoken-word publications. We both embrace the daily challenge of running small, creative businesses. Leisure time is devoted to our gardens and landscapes. For the past 15 years, our summer vacation has been a series of self-guided walks through the Italian countryside. We keep a log of our travels and travels; the editor writes the text and the architect illustrates with ink and watercolor sketches. I race J24 sailboats with some buddies, but a bad fall at Alta ended my skiing. (The T-shirt reads, ‘The older I get, the faster I was.’) Our son married Kristen, a wonderful woman, and last summer we welcomed Fletcher to our family. It’s great fun having a grandson and we look forward to sharing many adventures. Give us a call or send us an email when you visit Portland."

—Susan Thornton writes, "My life changed dramatically in May 2016 when my husband, Gerry Hough, died of a sudden heart attack. We had been married 28 years. I did attend our 45th reunion a few weeks later. It was a bittersweet experience but I am glad I made the effort, and I was touched by the heartfelt support of my classmates. I still live in Binghamton, N.Y., and continue to teach middle school and high school French. My daughter, Eleanor, is in southern France for a year, working as an assistant to teachers of English. In October 2016 I was honored to have my short story, ‘Border Crossing,’ reprinted in the Best American Mystery Stories of 2016, edited by Elizabeth George and series editor Otto Penzler. The collection includes work by Stephen King and Elmore Leonard." • Phil Torgerson reports, "I retired from Fidelity Investments after 21 years, and now I often find that there aren’t enough hours in the day. From day trips around New England, vacation in Florida, house repairs and yard work, to taking care of my four-year-old granddaughter and enjoying a life without deadlines, the stress level has gone down significantly. With wife Gale I hope to spend some time in Virginia/D.C. this spring looking at historic sites and learning more about our country’s roots. Surprisingly, it’s been high school friends I’ve reconnected with since retirement, as we all recently received notices that our 50th high school reunion is in the spring. Now that several of us have the time to travel and meet during the day, a few of us have done so and it’s been very rewarding. Perhaps the same could be true in the near future with college buddies Steve Weeks, Gerald Kupperberg, and William Nelson."

—John Turtle writes, "I’m in my 40th year as a member of the Labrador Mountain ski patrol. I’m finishing my third term as the Central New York Region director and member of the Eastern Division board of directors of the National Ski Patrol. My passion for skiing is undiminished. I skied at Park City, Vail, Kirkwood, Lake Louise, and Bolton Valley this winter. I also skied or visited the 11 ski areas in central New York, where
I'm responsible for continueing education. My family continues to expand—three grandchildren now scat­tered around the country. I remarried seven years ago to Sunny, and her two adult children joined the family. We built a home in Pensacola, Fla., where Sunny grew up. We still maintain our residence in Syracuse, where my parents live. I'm still involved in my multiple busi­nesses, taking a week away a month, but in this 24/7 world, it's hard to be disconnected. We took a Viking River Cruise on the Rhine last summer and enjoyed it so much that we will cruise the Danube this summer. • John Baker writes, “2016 was another productive year for me, with many interesting and challenging railings and other forge work. After all these years I'm starting to figure out how to do my craft—and lo and behold the body starts to give out. For a long time I've had knee issues, and finally I took an unpaid vacation in the middle of November. I didn't travel very far—just to Rutland overnight for total left-knee replacement. The doctor and clinic did a great job, and on December 31 I was cross-country skiing with my grandson (being very careful). And I am able to be back in the shop on warmer days.” For the last 10 years or so, John has made frequent trips to Honduras to lend his skills to the Hands to Honduras project, an educational, technical and humanitarian outreach effort founded by Tom Plumb '75 and supported by local and international Rotary groups. When we spoke, Bake was hoping to get back there in February. —Class Correspondents: Gail Cross Giebink (ggiebink@ austin.utexas.edu); Carolyn Ungberg Olivier (carolyn. olivier@gmail.com); Rob Waters (robwaters7012@ mindspring.com).

REUNION CLASS We heard from Karen O'Donnell, who writes, “I have some important news. Laurel Grant Spano will be joining us for our reunion this year at Middlebury. Laurel spent her junior year abroad in Italy and then went back to Italy after graduation. She met Pinuccio Spano and married in Sardinia. She and her wonderful husband have been preoccupied with raising three wonderful daughters—Alita, Sandra, and Roberta—and she has not been able to attend any reunions. This year that changes and her friends are so excited to hear that she will be coming to the U.S. for our 45th reunion! Wahoo!” • Bob Goodsell, a partner with the New Jersey law firm of Post Polak Goodsell and Strachler for the past 33 years, is taking a 27-month sab­batical to volunteer with the Peace Corps in Tanzania. Working in impoverished areas of the country through the Peace Corps sustainable agriculture program, Bob will assist rural villagers with crops, animals, environmental issues, and small business development, with an overall focus on families affected by HIV/AIDS. This will be a huge change, after three-plus decades working with corporate legal clients and appellate litigation. Kudos and best of luck on your new assignment, Bob!

Michael McCormick '09 and Kelsey Nelson '09 were married in Chicago on July 16, 2016. Many Midd grads were in attendance: (all '09 unless noted) Eloise Goelet Hackett, Ramona Richards, Jack Wambach, Rainey Johnson, Ben Liang, Melina Ward, the newlyweds, Elyse McNiff '08, Caitlyn Olson, Toral Patel, (second row) Jeremy Korsh, James Riddleberger, Will Hackett, Katie Sparkes, Ben Kunofsky, Ruby Bolster, Max Levine, Rachel Korschun, Brendan Kelly, Chandler Koglmeier, and David McCormick '74. Missing from photo: Marion Adler '76, George Baumann '08, and Michelle Constant '08. 2 Katrina Uhl '05 and Johnathon Fitzpatrick were married on May 28, 2016, overlooking the Charles River in Cambridge, Mass., surrounded by family and friends. Among the guests were Leonard Copertino '03, Martha Crootof Uhl '04, Keegan Uhl '01, the newlyweds, Albert Shiue '04, Katey Schwind '08, and Flynnne Templeton '05. 3 Friends from the Class of 2002 met up in Bozeman, Mont., and ran the Sweet Pea (one kilometer) race with their kids: Dana Chapin Anselmi, Anna Conrad Allen, and Cally Sprague Knapp.
Erdman shares news from his lifelong career and resides in San Francisco. Another Westerner, Cully West with our '67 travel trailer. We've also done several business partner, and his wife. My daughter, Cameron, work with Tim Owen '76. Former Midd student and to meet a wonderful new woman with whom I'm now ting divorced four years ago, I was fortunate enough my old pal Ed Chase as well as Joan Lapham '74. I those with Midd T-shirts on. Middlebury Vermont. The other day in my small fitness club there capita percentage of Midd grads anywhere outside of same company. Bozeman has arguably the highest per capita percentage of Midd grads anywhere outside of Vermont. The other day in my small fitness club there were three people with Midd T-shirts on. Middlebury grads are woven into every aspect of my daily life. I work with Tim Owen '76. Former Midd student and good friend Dr. Debbie Erdman '72 delivered both of my children. Jeffrey Schutz and Charlotte Caldwell, both '74, are dear local friends. Shortly before his passing in August 2015, I had an unforgettable visit from my old pal Ed Chase as well as Joan Lapham '74. I could list many other Midd friends, too. After getting divorced four years ago, I was fortunate enough to meet a wonderful new woman with whom I'm now living happily. Sheri and I love to hike and explore the West with our '67 travel trailer. We've also done several recent hiking trips in Europe. I became a grandfather for the first time from my son, Alex, who's also my new business partner, and his wife. My daughter, Cameron, lives in San Francisco. Another Westerner, Cully Erdman shares news from his lifelong career and reminds us that play can be work: "I'm still running our adventure sports resort from our private island in Belize during the winter and spring periods. We are 35 miles offshore so enjoy a very remote, isolated island surrounded by coral reefs. One of the sports we offer is kiteboarding. I've managed to learn this from my instructors at our kite school and have taken it up as my new favorite pastime. I still spend a lot of time in the summers at Hood River, Ore., which is the center for wind sports in the U.S., where I windsurf and now kiteboard as much as possible. Mostly I'm just in the way of the kids out on the water these days, but it's fun trying to keep up with them. I still get out and ski quite a bit, and run rivers in the summer as much as possible from my home base in Moab, Utah. Last summer my girlfriend, Bernice, who has been to both the North and South Pole, climbed Everest, and is a filmmaker, helped organize a river trip we did in Kashmir, India, down the Zanskar River through the Himalayas. So I'm managing to keep on the adventure trail, although not quite on the same level as Bernice."

Check out our class Facebook page for a link to Slickrock Adventures with info, videos, and photos of that island in Belize. Cully finishes with this thought: "So ends another typical year in life—can't believe we are all now about to start collecting Social Security! Does that mean we are old yet?" We don't think so! Submit your stories and let us know what you'd like to have up to or have been up to since 1973—it wasn't that long ago.

Class Correspondents: Lisa Donata Mayer (ldmayer@aol.com); Lindy Osterland Sargent (davelindysarg@gmail.com).

Correspondent Barry Schultz King reports: Bob Mauro writes from Denver that he and Julie are proud grandparents of 16-month-old twins, Vivi and Theo (children of Bob's daughter), and of a six-month-old, Lizzy Rose (child of Julie's older son). Like many of us, Bob, a pediatrician, is easing into retirement, having cut back from working four days a week to three. He still has to do quite a bit of charting and calling parents on his "days off," but this relaxed schedule allows him to see more of Julie, his kids, and their grandkids. In June 2014, Daria Stec finally moved from Washington, D.C., where she had lived for 40 years, to Minneapolis, Minn., where she grew up. She says that such a big move was difficult but rewarding. "I'm enjoying being able to spend a lot of time with my parents and other family members, renewing friendships from my youth, and rediscovering the many things that Minneapolis has to offer. At the same time, I miss my friends from D.C. and the East Coast and remember my years there with great fondness. I'd love to keep in touch with my Midd classmates—I'm on Facebook and at dariastec@aol.com." Seth Steinzer's second book was published last fall. Among the Lost follows To Join the Lost, which came out in 2010. He's still got one more book to complete a nearly 20-year project: a retelling of Dante's Divine Comedy. Instead of Virgil and Beatrice leading Dante through the afterlife back in the 1300s, Dante and a mysterious woman are guiding Seth in 2005. "I have loved Dante's epic since high school, but always felt at a loss to explain all that I found in it. Despite having read the whole thing more than a dozen times, I'm not a Dante scholar, nor a historian, theologian, philosopher, or literary critic; I haven't any special expertise in any of what would seem to be the most relevant intellectual disciplines. What I am is a poet, and what poets do—well, what I do, as a poet, is to look around at the world and derive meaning and significance to what I see. It seemed the only strategy realistically available to me was to plunk myself down in the middle of Dante's story and then describe, in my own terms, what I think about what I think he's showing me. I did that and thus began a decades-long and delightful dialogue with this 13th-century Italian, who feels very much alive to me. To Join the Lost revisited the Inferno, and Among the Lost takes me through Purgatory: I'm working on Paradiso now." Seth has a website, tojointhelost.com, with a blog he updates as time allows. He lives in Vermont and has worked for the Vermont Attorney General's office for over 30 years. Lynn Thiesmeyer sent in an update. She writes, "I've worked in rural development in Asia for 30 years, based in Japan, with small personal offices in Thailand and Myanmar for team surveys on the Upper Mekong provinces of Shan, Chiang Rai, Chiang Mai, Yunnan, and Luang Nam Tha in four countries. Work consists mainly of research surveys funded by Japan, and meetings with Southeast Asian local and national government point people on sustainable development and academic publications. Sounds adventurous but it's chiefly getting to stay in mountains and farms with friendly folk who don't have quite enough channels to potential outside partners. It's a continuing pleasure over the years to be in touch with, and meet, many of you along the way, and may many more such opportunities come our way!" For John Morosani, 2016 was both a year of bad events and one of fun times and celebrations. He tore a calf muscle during a March ski trip in Italy, which meant four weeks on crutches and another four doing rehab. A week after he got home, his dog Jasper passed away after a long illness. In mid-November, John had another fall while walking down stairs that he negotiates multiple times weekly. He tore his quadriceps tendon requiring surgery, two-three months on crutches, followed by three to five months of rehab. But hardest of all was the death of another dog. "Shadow, a fantastic spirit who we got in May to replace Jasper, fell through the ice on our pool and drowned." Despite or perhaps because of all this trauma, John says, "I looked at all the blessings I have and realize how far the scales are tilted in the positive direction. My farm continues to thrive; I spend a fair bit of time on various not-for-profit activities in the town of Litchfield, Conn.; my son Daniel '05 and his wife, Bunky, have sold their apartment in New York and are living next door, and our daughter Allegra '07.5 is spending the next year with us. And most importantly, I have the constant support and
love of my wife, Joanie. I see Midd friends—Charlie, Andy, and Woody ’70 Jackson were in Italy with us last March along with Andy’s daughter Justine ’08, as were Daniel, Bunny, Daniel’s classmate Samir Mastaki ’05, and Allegra. Life is good.” That’s a lesson for all of us to remember.

—Class Correspondents: Barry Schultz King (kinglet@together.net); Steve Trebino (stevetrebino@gmail.com).

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After receiving an obituary from the son of David Wilson, Elliott Blue writes, “At Middlebury David played soccer and was my teammate on the track team. He graduated with a degree in English literature and with a teaching certificate. After college, he returned to Bermuda and began teaching at the Robert Crawford School, which he had attended when it was called the Churchill School. He taught language and literature for four years before going to Sandys Secondary School, another alma mater, where he taught eight years. In 1986 he went to the Univ. of Northern London to study law and after earning his degree, returned to Bermuda, where he worked for the Human Rights Commission, lectured at Bermuda College, and was a legal advisor to the Bermuda Educator’s Council.” Elliott adds, “David and I were best friends throughout our time at Middlebury. We carpooled to a few of the reunions. Being from Bermuda, he couldn’t rent here in the States. So, I would fly from Los Angeles and he would come in from Bermuda. We would meet in Boston and drive up the next day. He and I spoke on the phone at least twice a year, so I got concerned when I hadn’t heard from him in such a long time. I tried calling and emailing several times but didn’t hear anything. I have to admit that after a long period of time I feared the worst. So, hearing of his passing was closure for me.”

—Elliott also filled us in on what he’s been up to. He writes, “I am a systems administrator for the City of Los Angeles Housing Dept. (going on 20 years) and live in Rancho Cucamonga, which is about 40 miles east of Los Angeles. I’ve been married to wife Yvette for 35 years and have three daughters and two grandchildren. Most of my Midd contacts are through Facebook, but I’ll occasionally see people who come here to visit.”

Julia Berger Reitman reports, “I live in Montreal with my husband of 40 years (unbelievable). I have three daughters, all married—two live in NYC and the eldest lives in Montreal and has a two-year-old daughter and a newborn son. Besides being a grandmother I’m the lay chair of Jewish Federations of Canada-United Israel Appeal and sit on a number of not-for-profit boards. We still ski and are out in Vail quite a bit, where I often run into Midd people.”

When we contacted her, Sally Svenningson was on a Bardo retreat at a Buddhist monastery. She planned to spend the winter in Arizona.

—Tom Plumb writes, “I currently spend 10 months a year in Trujillo, Honduras, building schools and water projects (as a volunteer for Rotary International).”

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George Szontagh says he doesn’t have anything to share, although he does maintain email contact with a few grads.

—Tom Whalen shared the following: “After 20+ years outside the U.S., I was transferred from Mexico City to Dallas in ’98. It was the first time my own family lived in the U.S. and we thought it’d be temporary. (We’re still here.) We now spend a fair amount of time traveling. Our oldest daughter, her husband, and children live in Europe; our youngest and her husband live in Wisconsin. My wife’s family all live in Mexico.”

—Class Correspondents: Nan Rochelle McNicholas (bbmidd@yahoo.com); Kathy Smith Ward (katherinesward@msn.com).

Heni Pierre Fischer has been serving as a prison chaplain in Monroe, Wash., for nearly eight years, facilitating programs for a wide variety of religious groups: Native American, Muslim, Buddhist, Pagan, Jewish, and assorted Christian or Christian-derived sects. Prison highlights from 2016: starting the Urban Ministry Institute in his unit and having an extended prayer session with and anointing a max-custody inmate for emotional healing—something never done before in the Dept. of Corrections. He was planning to join an old friend on a trip to Nepal in March. He’s been married to Lisa for over 31 years and they have two sons. • Dex and Jane Buckley Whittinghill continue to be busy with their jobs and trips to see their three girls. Jane was made principal of one of her district’s special needs programs and says she has been learning the difference between being the director of a program and being the principal of a program. Dex serves as the full-time Mathematics Department head at Rowan University in Pitman, N.J., and deals with constant staff and student issues, including replacing both secretaries in the same year. They became grandparents last year and love their daughter Sarah’s little boy, Julian. Their middle daughter, Leigh, will be married in Vermont in June, and oldest daughter Kyle moved to Pittsburgh last August, so they had a busy year. • Rebecca Ikekara lives and works in eastern Massachusetts. She went to northern Arizona last summer and stayed at a Nature Conservancy property near Flagstaff with a group of Nature Conservancy supporters. It was a highlight of her year. She was planning a trip with her sister to Cuba in March, where they would be part of a cultural exchange program and would also go birding. • Living in Seattle, Wash., Joe Ewing reports that he is an engineer with Puget Sound Energy, working with their distribution systems for natural gas. Their supply comes from an interstate pipeline that runs from Canada south through Washington and Oregon. The company handles a variety of energy sources, of course, in this day and age, including wind and hydro. • Stephen Fraser has worked as a literary agent in Manhattan for 12 years, handling books for children and teens. His clients have won the Newbery Honor Medal, the Edgar award, and two PEN awards. He speaks at writers’ conferences around the country. His daughter, Julia Fraser Washington, is a 2007 Middlebury graduate and his niece, Sophia Peluso, is currently a freshman. • Jesse Ishikawa writes, “Since retiring in 2014, I have been researching wife Nancy’s and my family history. In the process, I have interviewed people from all walks of life: Kansans who lived through the Dust Bowl, refugees from Hitler’s Germany, and Japanese-Americans interned by our government during World War II. Our ancestors include a horse thief, a murderer, a bartender investigated by the Feds as a German sympathizer during World War I, serfs, pioneers, peddlers, samurai warriors, and six generations of medieval executioners. Thanks to professors Catton and Jacobs for teaching me the skills to dig up this stuff.”

Garrett Moran was featured in a Greenwich Times article for his work as president of Year Up, a growing nonprofit that provides urban young adults with professional and technical skills classes, mentoring, and internships. Their mission is to close the opportunity divide and empower urban 18- to 24-year-olds to access professional careers and higher education. Year Up lists four broad skills that all young adults, regardless of education or other forms of privilege, need to succeed in the modern economy: data literacy, cultural competency, a collaborative work style, and the ability to continuously reinvent themselves. Year Up mentees often focus on self-reinvention. They are motivated individuals but come from America’s poorest families, are high school dropouts, and lack resources, such as transportation or clean clothes. One of the mentees was homeless, alternating between shelters and riding the subway all night, until Year Up found him a place to live. He was too proud to ask for help. According to Garrett, “There are so many dimensions of poverty that I now understand in a different way. More and more it makes you feel like it’s just not fair. The optimism and ambition of the young people are incredibly inspiring. Before I went to work at Year Up, I knew that brains and talent were even more widespread around a community—I knew that at an intellectual level—but opportunity was not. I know that now so much more viscerally and so much more intensely, having gotten to know so many of our students and seen this in action.” Garrett encourages people to get involved in the lives of opportunity-starved youth and adults. “We all live in a bubble: rich people and old people, young people, white people and black people, employed people and unemployed people. Challenging yourself to get out of your bubble, in whatever form, will have a positive impact.”

We hope you will share your news with us by July 1 for the fall issue. If there is somebody you would like news from, let us know, and we’ll do our best.

—Class Correspondents: Sue LeFever (lefiver@att.net); Delia Walsh Mohlie (mohlie25@yahoo.com).
REUNION CLASS

Bruce Willard’s latest book of poems, Violent Blues, was published in the fall. Violent Blues is a “blues-harp album of words, a soundtrack of loss, introspection, and renewal; one man’s search for intimacy and enduring music. Its poems are rooted in the natural world and tethered by concrete experience.” Bruce’s poems have appeared in African American Review, Harvard Review, Ploughshares, Salamander, NPR’s Writer’s Almanac, and numerous other publications. His first collection of poems, Holding Ground, was published by Four Way Books in 2013. He spends his time in Maine, Colorado, and California. In addition to his work as a poet, he also runs 32 Bar Blues and oversees several other clothing businesses.

David Alan Grier, a ’75 classmate, writes that his February experience came to the front this year. As the executive producer of a technology and organizations podcast, David recently hired a new associate, characterized as funny, energetic, and quite talented. Three weeks in, he learned she is a Midd 2002; Zoe Anastassiou. Small world and an intergenerational bonding of mid-year Middies. • I’m sorry to report that Grace Zanichkowski Weber died unexpectedly on December 14. We send our condolences to her family. • And a “gentle reminder” that we’re closing in on reunion! Forty years—the span boggles the mind, and the knees. Come join friends and family in beautiful Vermont. Regards to the Class of ’77.

Class Correspondent: Bob Lindberg (boblindberg1977@gmail.com).

Nancy Karlson and Brian Calboun hosted a mini-reunion on Lake Winnipesaukee last November. It was a weekend of great scenery, great food, and great friends. Randy ’80 and Mary Mackenzie Corke, Dave Lauten, Kim Ulrich Whelan, Joanellen Sullivan, Amy Meeker, Majie Zeller, Beth Stoudier and husband Bill, Suzie Devine and husband Andy, Nancy Smith Brennan ’80 and husband Ed, and Alice Lee Openshaw and husband Tom joined Nancy and Brian in Wolfeboro, N.H., which claims to be the “oldest summer resort in America.” • Janet Jones Shipp was lucky enough to run into two classmates in 24 hours! Janet writes, “The first time was a surprise! Now that my kids are older, I have gotten back into singing. I was singing for the first time with a group in a concert. Lo and behold, I found out after the concert that Kim Ulrich Whelan’s mother was also part of our 60+ singers and Kim had come down to see her mother sing. It was so nice to see a friendly MIDD face!” Then I finally connected with Nancy Lichmbach Meyer, who now lives 20 minutes away. She looks great and I got to meet her whole family! I still live in Wilton, Conn., close to my parents, and I still work for the same company, Glencore Ltd., commodities trading. With my Wilton Congregational Church choir, sometimes we are sparse, so this past holiday season I had to hold my own, being the only one singing Bach’s soprano melody. I’m also singing with another local choir called Music on the Hill. Now that I have more singing in my life, I want to venture back into dance classes, too. My son, Wesley, graduated from Lafayette in mechanical engineering and my other son, Hunter, is probably going to follow in the family passion, music.

Class Correspondents: David Jaffray (djaffray@msci.com); Anne Rowell Noble (anne.noble@gmail.com).

The last weekend of February brought together Midd buddies Alison Osius, Rin Harris, Macy Lawrence Ratliff, and Emily Langlie in Seattle for a mini-reunion lunch that lasted many hours! Alison and Rin and her husband, John Bird ’82, were there for the American Alpine Institute yearly convention. Great mini-reunion! • Macy spends her time in both the Greater Seattle area and Chapel Hill, N.C., where she provides mindfulness and yoga training for youth along with research in mindfulness and memory development.

Robin Howe has started teaching art at the Hamilton County Jail. • We’re sad to report the untimely passing of our classmate Peter Duncan on February 21. Peter was a physics major at Middlebury and head of the student government. After graduation, Peter taught physics for three years at Landon School, followed by several years of working in the semi-conductor business in California and Massachusetts. He earned an MBA from Dartmouth Tuck School and went on to found Fairfield Growth Partners, where he was president at his passing. Peter was living in Severna, Md., where he was an active dinghy sailor. In 2011 he lost his wife Sylvi (Allen) ’81, whom he met at Middlebury. They had three children together, Ian, Terry ’15, and Stephen. He had found love again since Sylvi’s passing and had become engaged this past December. More important to Peter than degrees and accomplishments, were his family and close friends. He was a dynamic member of our class and remained in touch with many of us. He was the genuine article. We all feel his loss. If you have any memories you’d like to share about Peter, please send them to us so we can include them in the class column.

Class Correspondents: Anne Cowberd (annie.cowberd@att.net); Robin Howe (robinhowe.aret@gmail.com); Annie Hartmann Pfuilbrick (chapin8o2@gmail.com).

REUNION CLASS

Michael Kountze writes, “I attended the Summer Olympics in Rio for two weeks last August and saw every track and field event, since I love the sport. I had a great time. Security was everywhere, but thankfully, there were no mosquitoes (Zika).” Before leaving office, President Obama awarded Trum Soule the Presidential Rank of Meritorious Executive, the most prestigious award in the federal career civil service. Its recipients are proven leaders and professionals, who have achieved extraordinary mission results and have consistently demonstrated a commitment to excellence in public service. Trum, who is director of legislative affairs for the National Security Agency, was cited for his work with the Congressional Intelligence and Appropriations Committees and his earlier role as the agency’s deputy chief of staff. He and his wife, Linda, live in Ellicott City, Md. • Mark Altmyer reports, “After many years in ‘Big Pharma,’ I’ve ventured off into the start-up world and moved over to
Switzerland. My primary role is president and chief commercial officer of Axovant, a women's healthcare company. Our lead product is scheduled to produce phase 3 results next year, and if successful, could be the first drug approved for Alzheimer's disease by the FDA in over 15 years. My wife and I have relocated to Zurich so that I can establish our global headquarters there. Prof. Jeff Legro had the honor of being our first Midd visitor, in February—hopefully the first of many.

Amy Colodny Fletcher closed out 2016 with a couple of exclamation points. In October, she married the great love of her life, Cheryl Fletcher. And on New Year's Eve, they embarked on a great adventure—a four-day cross-country odyssey from Amy's previous home in Phoenix to the couple's brand-new home in Asheville, N.C. Their two golden retrievers, Parker and Dixie, drove the rented RV most of the way. “Looking forward to seeing y'all at reunion!”

Lydia Mason Hill writes, “Since August 2016, I have been working at the Charlotte Children’s Center in the two- to three-year-old room. It’s a wonderful age where children are learning such important basics: zippers, buttons, sharing, waiting for a turn! I love the opportunity to help establish an essential social/emotional foundation. Mason turns 25 in March and loves teaching skiing in Jackson Hole. Mariah (22) continues with her art major at Carnegie Mellon. I look forward to connecting with everyone in June and wish all my classmates a happy, healthy year.”

Mario Barrette and Connor O’Brien ’83 are proposing a get-together during reunion to gather the “Stewart's Pits” alumni and friends—essential to the gathering are the ladies from the upper floors! Mario points out that Connor got sidetracked for a year but he was one of the many Canuckers that gave the PITS its international flavor in 1998! It would be great to find a time during the weekend to meet up and reminisce.

Kenneth Adams writes, “After close to nine years in and around New York State government in Albany, last fall I started a new job as Dean of Workforce and Economic Development at Bronx Community College (BCC), which is part of the City University of New York. It’s nice to be working in NYC again. I had gone to Albany in 2006 to run the Business Council of NYS (the state chamber of commerce), and then, in 2011, Gov. Andrew Cuomo asked me to join his administration as commissioner of the Dept. of Economic Development, which I did for his first term. Following his re-election, in 2015 I became acting tax commissioner, but that position involved a 160-mile commute (each way) from my Brooklyn home—a logistical challenge that led me to eventually step aside and return to NYC. My new position at BCC gives me an opportunity to try to connect my experience in economic development with a community college that serves 10,000 students in the Bronx, many of whom face numerous obstacles to rewarding jobs and careers. Our department offers nondegree adult education classes and certificate training programs for students of all ages and backgrounds, along with customized training for employers and unions. In addition, the president would like me to enhance the college’s role in Bronx economic development, small business assistance, and local entrepreneurship. I also oversee the BCC Center for Sustainable Energy. We have a lot going on and I am having a terrific time. Hope to see lots of old friends at our reunion in June.”

Keep an eye on the Middlebury Class of 1982 Facebook group for updates about reunion planning and activities as we head toward June!

Check out photos of classmates on pages 75 and 83!

—Class Correspondents: Wendy Bebringer Nelson (gomomgo@hellsouth.net); Caleb Rick (crick@northcommon.com)

We are writing this column on the morning after the Patriots amazing Super Bowl victory. Just a little reminder on the virtues of never giving up even when things don’t look good! It was nice to hear from some different voices this quarter.

Wing Pepper is the COO of Pilot44 innovation labs in San Francisco. Pilot44 starts new ventures for corporations and connects start-ups to big companies so they can partner and quickly develop and make new products. He has been based in San Francisco for the last 11 years and reports that his two daughters are in or about to start college.

Mark Conroy, presumably on behalf of himself and Monique (Lucas), reports that although he is happy to (finally) finish paying Middlebury tuitions now that both of his kids have graduated, he will miss the regular trips up north. To quote: “It was such a treat to have our two children up at our beloved alma mater the last six years.”

Meredith Anderson was lucky enough to attend the first annual Bread Loaf Translator’s Conference last spring, and says, “It was wonderful! So much fun to be a student at Middlebury again for a week. It was funny, I rented a car because I thought I’d have so much time for sightseeing, then when I arrived, I saw that each day was packed, with barely time to even do homework! Then I thought ‘Oh yeah, it’s Middlebury’!”

Although at the time, she was working as the U.S. and New Zealand payroll manager for a Cambridge company, she is now a payroll analyst at Tufts Medical Center in Boston.

The Maria Padian book/traveling Midd reunion tour continues! On December 5, Pam Chasek hosted Maria at Manhattan College, where she is a professor of political science. Maria read from her new novel, Wrecked, and led a discussion on sexual assault on college campuses (the subject of the novel) with the students and faculty who attended. Pam (and I, Allison) highly recommend the book, by the way. Afterwards, Pam and Maria met up with Dan Elish on the Upper West Side for dinner and “really stimulating conversation and fun.” Pam published the seventh edition of her textbook, Global Environmental Politics, with Westview Press last August and is working on a new book with the Kenyan ambassador to the United Nations about the negotiations that resulted in the United Nations Sustainable Development Goals and Agenda for Sustainable Development, which should be available in early 2018.

Beth Charlton Roy writes that she (like many of us) has been longing for the relatively carefree days of college and has been missing the connections she made while there. Her daughter, Kate, graduated from Dickinson almost two years ago and has been dancing professionally while she decides whether math or physics is her life calling. Alex will be graduating from Brown this May with a classics degree in Sanskrit and Latin. Beth works at Mount Auburn Hospital in Cambridge, Mass., as a clinical social worker. Her current position is in the Breast Center, where she supports women and their families going through cancer. She missed our last reunion because of a high school graduation, but will hopefully make the next!

Mike Cahill has just started his fourth year as mayor of Beverly, Mass. He loves the work and appreciates the privilege of being able to make a difference locally and regionally. For example, his note included a modest reference to a new middle school (1,400 students, grades 5–8) currently being built in Beverly. Two of his nephews have graduated from Midd and others are at St. Michael's and Bates. He recently went to Copenhagen with family and got to see an exciting Champions League match while he was there. He mountain bikes in the woods of Cape Ann and is hoping to get back up to Kingdom Trails in Burke, Vt., this season for more biking.

Nancy Wynant has made a career in finance. She has spent the last eight years working for a regional New Jersey bank as a commercial lender. She enjoys working with the privately held companies and helping to support their growth with financing. More importantly, Nancy loves being a mom and spending time with her “amazing” 11-year-old daughter (“the light of my life”), husband, and their long-haired dachshund Hansel. Nancy reports that her daughter is very outgoing and loves acting, singing, and playing the trumpet. Unlike those of you that have finished college tuitions and are planning the empty-nest years, Nancy, like me, Allison (although I am hoping that my boys find something quieter than the trumpet), remains in the throes of packing lunches and organizing activities.

Keep the news and updates coming!

—Class Correspondents: Allison Burroughs (aburroughs@gmail.com); Victoria Seiden Gonin (victoriagonin@gmail.com)

Rick Makin sent this note: “The Class of ’84 has been a significant presence supporting the Kelly Brush Century bike ride over the past half dozen years. Consistent riders have been Marc and Mimi Dalbey ’83 Tabah, Tom Kottler, Paul Quinlan, Matt Ellenthal, Jim Robinson,”

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Congratulations to Chip Kenyon, who was awarded the Lou Lamoriello Award from the American Hockey Coaches Assoc. The award is given to a former college hockey player or coach who goes on to a significant and unique career, in or out of hockey. • Please send us your news! We'd love to hear from you!

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

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On January 20, Sarah Malm left her time working for the White House as a director in the U.S. Global Development Lab. She states, "It was a privilege and an amazing experience to serve in the Obama administration. We will see what the future brings!" Jeneva Burroughs Stone has published her first book, Monster, featuring essays and poems, with Phoenicia Publishing, a small independent press. At the New England Review reunion reading, Jeneva shared an essay from the book, now available from Phoenicia and through Amazon. The book is an extended meditation on science, rare disease, disparity, and parental responsibility. She has also completed a memoir about her son's rare disease as well and hopes to find a publisher soon. Jeneva is the Maryland chair for Middlebury's alumni admissions program, which interviews prospective applicants from the area. She also coleads a teen writers' group and volunteers for CareGifted, a caregiver's respite nonprofit—all while serving in the Obama administration. We will see what the future brings! Jeneva's daughter, Edith, is a junior in high school and she hopes she'll apply to Middlebury next year. • Trade Fifer Welch was hired last fall at Jackson Hole High School as a transition coordinator/special education teacher. Tracie completed an MEd in special education from Grand Canyon Univ. in 2015 adding to her MA in counseling psychology from the Univ of New Hampshire. Tracie
has been involved with coaching Special Olympics for six years. • Aaron Woolf was profiled by the Adirondack Daily Enterprise in an article titled “Catching up with Aaron Woolf” with the subhead “Two Years after Run for Congress, Democratic Candidate Talks Tavern, Politics, and Home.” • Tim Frye, an expert on Russian politics and the current chair of the Political Science Department at Columbia University, has been tapped by New York City news organizations to discuss, explain, and reflect on the increased interest in Russia given the new Trump administration’s interests, relationships, and/or alleged connections. • Frank Muggia was profiled as part of the Legal Elite of Western New York. He’s a partner at Harris Beach and is keeping busy as a mergers and acquisition attorney. He still enjoys it after all these years. Frank also reports that he has been married to the same wonderful woman for 25 years (a Hamilton college grad) and has three kids. One is living in Jacksonvile, Fla., and teaching with Teach for America in an English as a second language school. Frank has a son at Boston College, and a high school junior just starting the college process. Frank periodically sees Quinn Pollock ’89 and Dom Ciardallo. • Last fall Tim Jaeger joined the Potomac (Va.) School staff as assistant head of school and interim head of the Upper School. He has joined his wife, Tracy, who has been a Spanish teacher at Potomac for over 20 years, and his daughter, Lina (12), who is a sixth grader at Potomac.

—Class Correspondent: Heather Pierce Post (heatherjpierce@gmail.com)

88 Paolo Bonetti writes, “I left Madhava in February for another organic food company, Made in Nature, in Boulder, an all-organic no-sugar-added snack and dry fruit packer. I am the procurement director, sourcing organic commodities from around the world. Since joining I have had the pleasure of traveling to Mexico, Paris, and Sri Lanka. My oldest son, Giacomo, is now driving and in high school. Last April our whole family sojourned to Nepal for three weeks to trek the Himalayas and summit Gokyo Ri, over 17,500 feet. Astounding to be so remote and unplugged. I am fortunate to still be happily married for over 17 years and counting!” • Suzie Tayer Montgomery, Paula Ricciardelli Sumberg, Sara Van Genden Cornish, and Jen Kitchin Walker reunited for a mini 5-0 b/day celebration last September in Nantucket. They got to see Don Bramley too! “We need a repeat 5-0 celebration to see more ’88ers!” • Shawn Ryan writes, “This April wife Cathy and I celebrated our 19th wedding anniversary. We met here in Southern California when she was a struggling actress, and I was a struggling writer. You could say it was the prequel to La La Land (but with a happier ending). We have two amazing, but incredibly different, kids: Haley (17) and Cameron (14). I’m taking Haley on a college tour this spring that will include a look at Middlebury. Can’t wait to be on campus again. In February, I worked with the College to arrange for 25 current Midd students to travel to L.A. to spend a week shadowing alumni who work in the entertainment industry. The students were beyond impressed and served as a constant reminder that I’d have a hard time getting into Middlebury if I were applying now. I’ve been lucky to get to see fellow Mean Fat Kids Jon Higgins and Todd Merry out here recently as well as to chat with Larry Abbandando, the newly married Sam Smith, and Fred Beckham ‘87 by phone occasionally. Professionally, I’ve been a showrunner on two TV shows over the past couple years. Mad Dogs, which can be streamed on Amazon, is about a group of middle-aged college buddies who look to reunite for a long weekend in Belize only to find themselves sharing the vacation from hell. Recently, I’ve been working on Timeless for NBC (available to stream on NBC.com and Hulu!). It’s a time-traveling, action-adventure, romantic comedy, historical drama. By the time you read this it will have already been picked up for a second season or we’ll have been unceremoniously canceled. Thus is the life of a television writer. Smithsonian honored Timeless in March, so I went to D.C. to participate in a panel there. Outside of work, I was on the board of directors for the Writers Guild of America, West and got to testify before a Senate Committee about net neutrality on behalf of the guild. Cathy and I also spend time and money supporting Autism Speaks. Like many of you from our class, I’ve just turned 50 recently. How did that happen? Good thing that in spite of the bulging waistline and lack of hair, I still look in the mirror and see the same old Midd Kid at Thursday Night Kegs on the fourth floor of Forest. Hope to see some of you soon, too!”

89 Happy Spring, everyone! As we make it through this year, many of us are celebrating the big 5-0, which is kind of crazy. How did that happen when we’re all still so young? I’ve seen some fun and creative festivities to mark this landmark on Facebook. Let us know how you are celebrating the start of the second chapter! And please keep the news and updates coming. If you’re reading this, that means you flipped to the back of the magazine to see what’s up with your classmates. Guess what? That means they’re doing the same thing, so let me help keep them in the know. • Kurt Broderson, who stayed close by after graduating, sent an update: “My wife and I and our children, Keil (10) and Annika (7), recently moved into Middlebury to be closer to work. We’re out by the Abbey Pond trailhead, for those of you who remember the area, and are close to the Snow Bowl, where the kids are taking lessons and becoming little mountainiers. I was recently promoted to executive director at Middlebury Community Television (MCTV), where I’ve been working the past five years. For the past few years, MCTV has hosted a MiddView trip for first-year students at the college, and you would be impressed to see how the Freshman Outdoor Program that we created back in ’89 has grown and evolved from four backpacking trips to a whole host of options to explore Vermont’s natural and human communities. They still have backpacking, but you can also learn more about Vermont’s media landscape (hence the visit to MCTV, local radio stations, and newspapers), pitch in at a local nonprofit that needs help, visit migrant farmworkers, sample local restaurants, and sleep over at a local church, a yurt, a yoga studio, or under the stars! Very cool to see where the program is now. I teach video and media production at Green Mountain College (GMC) as well, which is not that much different from when I used to teach middle school. GMC has a strong envi-
ClassActs

environmental ethic, so it's a great combination for me. I film weddings on the side, since Vermont is the second most popular wedding destination after Hawaii. I filmed a pair of recent alums who got married over in Waitsfield last summer, but I'll let them update that in their own class notes! If you visit Middlebury, get in touch and let's take a run at the Bowl for old times' sake." • Two Middlebury alumni are enjoying spring in Israel! Rebecca Goldman is blessed indeed that her adventurous mother, Diane Keegan Curran '66, enjoys visiting Rebecca and her family in Jerusalem each spring. During the rest of the year, Diane is busy back home in New Hampshire as docent for the Currier Gallery of Art in Manchester, and Rebecca is heavily involved in Muslim-Jewishconciliation work, plus balancing family and job. Rebecca is still in touch with Midd roommates Alexandra Sargent Capps and Penny Post after all these years.

—Class Correspondent: Melanie Friedlander (surgerygirl@gmail.net)

Kathy Bashant Knapp lives in Darien, Conn., with husband Geoff and daughters Emily (16) and Katie (14). She teaches music at the Intermediate School in Weston, Conn., and was the music director for the Darien Middle School's recent production of The Lion King. • Tom Dubreuil started in April of 2016 as the director of student affairs at Penn State's Lehigh Valley campus and oversees conduct, activities, counseling, and leadership, and athletics. He writes, "If anyone is looking at any colleges with their children in the Lehigh Valley area (Bethlehem, Easton, Allentown), please look me up." His son, Jack, is a junior in high school, looking at colleges, and is a budding DJ that goes by the name Dubs Dub. "Trotto would love it," says Dubba. • Jeff Stoner is still with the Foreign Service and left looking at colleges, and is a budding DJ that goes by the name look me up." His son, Jack, is a junior in high school, balancing family and job. Rebecca is still in touch with their Midd classmates Emily (ages 8 and 12), and still lives in Brookline, Mass., and would love to make more of an effort to connect with other Boston-based '91ers. And in the next issue, I hope to report that we have finally brought home our Labradoodle puppy we have put out an application for! • Taylor Hubbard says, "I'm turning 50 this year. I live in Waitsfield, VT, and wife Kara (Oliver) '90 teaches at Green Mountain Valley School (GMVS). Ella (17) and Grace (14) attend GMVS as well. I'm in my 25th year of teaching at the local elementary school. I keep my Middlebury connection with trips over the mountain to Ralph Myhre Golf Course and through the alumni admissions program. Really hoping a double legacy helps out my daughter next year." • Last November Sara Bremmer Barry, Lucy Randolph Liddell, and Marika Holmgren spent a long weekend in Santa Fe, N.M., checking out the town and revisiting stories from the June reunion. • Marika and Stephanie Blair Kirkwood spent time together in Barcelona with Steph's husband Brooks and daughters Kailey (18), who is attending Colby College, and Malakia (16), who is spending her junior year with Student Year Abroad in Spain. They had fun exploring the city and regaling the girls with stories from their Midd days. • Heather Wulfmuller writes, "In December I completed a three-year online program through Penn State and received a master's degree in geographic information systems (GIS). I'm still enjoying life near Telluride, Colo., where I have been the GIS coordinator for San Miguel County since 2000." • Jumaid Jafar is coming up to 12 years in Bahrain with his family, who all enjoyed visiting Midd for the 25th reunion and meeting up with all his friends. He spends his time between Dubai and Bahrain for work, occasionally catching up with Ehsan Khan '92, who moved to Dubai from Bahrain about three years ago. • I (Andrew) thought I'd include some of my own updates, as I haven't done so in years. Sixteen years and counting now since I moved to Denver and it's been wonderful (and sometimes painful) to watch this place grow and become a big-league town. It's home now to my wife, Jamie (Michigan State University), and me, and our kids, Max (9) and Julia (6), who of course are natives. We ski, cycle, run, hike, sample craft beer, and see lots of concerts—that's Colorado. I work as a sales manager for Global Atlantic, a financial services company, supervising 16 sales professionals in the western United States, and I get to spend quality time in places like San Francisco, Seattle, San Diego, and other nice towns. I had an absolute blast at the 25th reunion, though it's clear I can't play the bass anymore. Ray Strong and I also visited the campus in mid-October 2015 and enjoyed three epic bicycle rides, up and over the mountain passes, past the Snow Bowl, Lake Dunmore, and into New York around Fort Ticonderoga, and we enjoyed the most beautiful fall color I can remember seeing.

—Class Correspondent: Andrew Roznik (roznikandrew@gmail.com)

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Rich Cochran reports, "On March 23 I gave a talk at the Middlebury College Environmental Studies Colloquium at the Franklin Environmental Center. This is part of the College's yearlong exploration around the theme of Urban Innovators—Sustainable Solutions. The talk was called 'Thriving cities...trees are the answer!'" Rich is the president and CEO of Western Reserve Land Conservancy. • Vanessa Trien writes, "I continue to teach early childhood music and to perform family music with my band, Vanessa Trien and the Jumping Monkeys. Last fall I released my fourth kids' album, entitled Wonderful YOU. It won a Parents' Choice Silver Award among other things, I'm happy to report! I had a blast attending our 25th reunion, seeing so many old friends and enjoying four whole days on the gorgeously green campus. My husband, two kids (ages 8 and 12), and I still live in Brookline, Mass., and would love to make more of an effort to connect with other Boston-based '91ers. And in the next issue, I hope to report that we have finally brought home our Labradoodle puppy we have put out an application for!" • Taylor Hubbard says, "I'm turning 50 this year. I live in Waitsfield, VT, and wife Kara (Oliver) '90 teaches at Green Mountain Valley School (GMVS). Ella (17) and Grace (14) attend GMVS as well. I'm in my 25th year of teaching at the local elementary school. I keep my Middlebury connection with trips over the mountain to Ralph Myhre Golf Course and through the alumni admissions program. Really hoping a double legacy helps out my daughter next year." • Last November Sara Bremmer Barry, Lucy Randolph Liddell, and Marika Holmgren spent a long weekend in Santa Fe, N.M., checking out the town and revisiting stories from their Midd days. • Heather Wulfmuller writes, "In December I completed a three-year online program through Penn State and received a master's degree in geographic information systems (GIS). I'm still enjoying life near Telluride, Colo., where I have been the GIS coordinator for San Miguel County since 2000." • Junaid Jafar is coming up to 12 years in Bahrain with his family, who all enjoyed visiting Midd for the 25th reunion and meeting up with all his friends. He spends his time between Dubai and Bahrain for work, occasionally catching up with Ehsan Khan '92, who moved to Dubai from Bahrain about three years ago. • I (Andrew) thought I'd include some of my own updates, as I haven't done so in years. Sixteen years and counting now since I moved to Denver and it's been wonderful (and sometimes painful) to watch this place grow and become a big-league town. It's home now to my wife, Jamie (Michigan State University), and me, and our kids, Max (9) and Julia (6), who of course are natives. We ski, cycle, run, hike, sample craft beer, and see lots of concerts—that's Colorado. I work as a sales manager for Global Atlantic, a financial services company, supervising 16 sales professionals in the western United States, and I get to spend quality time in places like San Francisco, Seattle, San Diego, and other nice towns. I had an absolute blast at the 25th reunion, though it's clear I can't play the bass anymore. Ray Strong and I also visited the campus in mid-October 2015 and enjoyed three epic bicycle rides, up and over the mountain passes, past the Snow Bowl, Lake Dunmore, and into New York around Fort Ticonderoga, and we enjoyed the most beautiful fall color I can remember seeing.

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REUNION CLASS Lisa Healy Lacey reports, "My husband and I live outside of Boston and spend the weekends in Vermont, trying to keep up with our twin seven-year-old boys, Jack and Ryan. I'm a recovering lawyer—having been a law professor for 13 years, I left to spend more time with my boys and to run a marketing, branding, and communications firm. I now write full time for a law firm and am working on a pet project, Alpine Social, to help ski pros and the ski industry take advantage of social media." She was planning to do "research" in Chamonix's backcountry in March with Maria Vrachnos and Shannon Black, and they were hoping that Courtney Mather might be in Switzerland and able to take time away from her good work at Médecins Sans Frontières to join them. "Hoping everyone will make the effort to make it to Midd for the 25th in June!" • We touched base with Kingman Gordon, who can't believe he's been in San Francisco for 19 years. After many years in advertising and media, Kingman let us know that he left the corporate world almost four years ago to start his own business selling multimedia advertising on behalf of a variety of media companies. When not working, Kingman embraces his other job of chasing and trying to corral the endless energy of his boys, Stark (8) and Cannon (6). Kudos to Kingman who has also tried to stay in touch with old Middlebury friends. Some he sees on annual trips (Banc Jones, Peter Walsh, Tristram Perkins, and Warner McGowin) and some he sees on business travel to New York (Tristram, Charlie Watson, John Rudge, Eric Mendelsohn, and Bane). Of course, the Bay Area is also flush with Midd folks, some of whom he gets to see on occasion—Drew Meyers, Packy Briggs, Blakely Anderson Atherton, and Paul '91 and Tish O'Mara Scola, as well as Fred McCrea '89, Ian Morton '91, and Jason Shulman '91! Kingman will be at the June 25th reunion and will bring others! • We heard from Blakely Atherton, who you may recall married her college sweetheart John Atherton '93. They're celebrating 21 years of marriage and have three girls, ages 16, 14, and 12. She tells us their household is busy, to say the least! Blakely and John have lived in Oakland for the past 15 years and she works as a marketing consul-
Please send us your news! We'd love to hear from you!
—Class Correspondents: Mary Strife Catrin (mcatrin@alumni.middlebury.edu), Gene Swift (geneswift@gmail.com).

Toby Fenwick writes, “I was honored to speak at Midd in the PolSci J-term lecture series on Brexit and British foreign policy at the end of January. It is always lovely to be back at Midd, and it was interesting to reflect on the real world with a little detachment. So many of you are doing super interesting things all over the place. I'd really recommend getting in touch with Midd to see if you can go and speak on your specialty.”
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We hope you can make it back to campus June 9–11 for our 20th reunion! • Stacie Cassarino was on campus in January teaching a winter term course titled Advanced Poetry Workshop: The Walk of a Poem.
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Laurie Gagnon and Seth Maleri (Vanderbilt '97) celebrated their wedding on October 3, 2015, in Townshend, Vt. Middlebury friends Greg Reynolds, Carol McMurrich, Melissa Haley, Aurora Choi, and George Roth joined in the festivities. Laurie and Seth live in Somerville, Mass. • Jason Boatright was appointed by Texas Governor Greg Abbott to the Fifth Court of Appeals in January. He earned his JD from the Univ. of Texas School of Law. • Daniel Ackerman has joined Brownstein Hyatt Farber Schreck as counsel in their Intellectual Property Dept. in the Denver office. • Andrew Mahlstedt was on campus in January teaching a winter term course titled Environmental Justice at the Margins: Non-fictions. He has taught at Mahindra United World College of India and the United World College in Mostar.
—Class Correspondents: Katie Whittlesey Comstock (katie.comstock@am.jll.com); Nate Johnson (natejohnny98@gmail.com).

Will Heaton is adjusting to suburban life in Hollins Hills—outside the D.C. Beltway—with his three koi fish, two kids, and Wheaton Terrier. He's working on being the best husband and father he can be. • Adam Burns married Jenny Paul-Rappaport in a lovely ceremony in Napa, Calif, last October. A slew of Midd '92ers and others were in attendance including Rob and Catherine Herrick '97, Levy, John and Ann Russell '01, Felton (it was also John's 40th birthday!), Peter Steinberg, Rob Kerchner (now J. Robert Zoeller), Sadie Carney '00, Frank Wildermann, Andy Dixon, Brendan O'Donohoe, Silas Marshall, Mike DiMaria, and "Wild" Bill Coddington. The happy couple resides in the Bay Area, where Adam is a clerk for a federal judge and Jenny is in development for the Children's Hospital of Oakland. • Kristen Vogel Blaby writes, "Tom helped sunset the Orfalea Foundation here in Santa Barbara (it was founded by Paul Orfalea, who founded Kinkos) and then this year became the COO of Girls, Inc. In December 2015 I became a partner at my law firm, Price, Postel, and Parma, which happens to be the oldest law firm in California (founded in 1852), and I specialize in trusts and estates, and taxation. Working full time and having three young daughters keeps us very busy! Cyanne is nine, Marit is seven, and Catherine is four, though she thinks she's a lot older and wants to hang out with the big kids all the time."
—Class Correspondents: Melissa Pruessing (mprusssing@yahoo.com); Peter Steinberg (capetfish99@gmail.com).

Happy spring, classmates! As I write this it's still winter and I am about to teach my third J-term course. This year Matt Soule and Jay Dunn are also representing our class, co-teaching a theater course. Stay tuned for updates from our old stomping grounds! • Our class continues to be well-represented in other parts of the world. Lissa Duerr Moats reports in from Hawaii: "After living in California, Maine, and Vermont, I moved back in 2012 with my husband Thatcher (who is a Middlebury townsie—Middlebury Union High School class of '98 and Ithaca College 2002—we met in San Francisco after college) and our daughters Charlotte (7), Noe (5), and Milo (3). I was a home-birth midwife in Vermont and I'm currently in nursing school at the Univ of Hawaii at Hilo. Five-year plan is to have a PhD in nursing with a focus on maternal health and to enjoy life to its fullest despite the fact that I am almost 40 and still have homework!" • In Pennsylvania, Blake Rutherford has been named as special advisor to the Attorney General. Blake is a member of Cozen O'Connor and Cozen O'Connor Public Strategies in Philadelphia and Washington, D.C. • Congratulations are also in order for Sara Stewart Hellstedt, who joined the labor and employment practice group of Bernstein Shur, one of northern New England's largest law firms. Sara lives in North Yarmouth, Maine, with her family.

Philip Dean Walker's book At Danceteria and Other Stories has already garnered several award nominations, including a Pushcart Prize nod for the opening story, "By Halston." Caravan, his next collection, will be released by Lethe Press in September 2017. Keep up with Phil

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—Class Correspondents: Jennifer Gelb Carbee (jrgelb@yahoo.com); Catherine Mitchell Wieman (cnmitchellpm@dhl.com).

Laurie Gagnon and Seth Maleri (Vanderbilt '97) celebrated their wedding on October 3, 2015, in Townshend, Vt. Middlebury friends Greg Reynolds, Carol McMurrich, Melissa Haley, Aurora Choi, and George Roth joined in the festivities. Laurie and Seth live in Somerville, Mass. • Jason Boatright was appointed by Texas Governor Greg Abbott to the Fifth Court of Appeals in January. He earned his JD from the Univ. of Texas School of Law. • Daniel Ackerman has joined Brownstein Hyatt Farber Schreck as counsel in their Intellectual Property Dept. in the Denver office. • Andrew Mahlstedt was on campus in January teaching a winter term course titled Environmental Justice at the Margins: Non-fictions. He has taught at Mahindra United World College of India and the United World College in Mostar.
—Class Correspondents: Katie Whittlesey Comstock (katie.comstock@am.jll.com); Nate Johnson (natejohnny98@gmail.com).

Will Heaton is adjusting to suburban life in Hollins Hills—outside the D.C. Beltway—with his three koi fish, two kids, and Wheaton Terrier. He's working on being the best husband and father he can be. • Adam Burns married Jenny Paul-Rappaport in a lovely ceremony in Napa, Calif, last October. A slew of Midd '92ers and others were in attendance including Rob and Catherine Herrick '97, Levy, John and Ann Russell '01, Felton (it was also John's 40th birthday!), Peter Steinberg, Rob Kerchner (now J. Robert Zoeller), Sadie Carney '00, Frank Wildermann, Andy Dixon, Brendan O'Donohoe, Silas Marshall, Mike DiMaria, and "Wild" Bill Coddington. The happy couple resides in the Bay Area, where Adam is a clerk for a federal judge and Jenny is in development for the Children's Hospital of Oakland. • Kristen Vogel Blaby writes, "Tom helped sunset the Orfalea Foundation here in Santa Barbara (it was founded by Paul Orfalea, who founded Kinkos) and then this year became the COO of Girls, Inc. In December 2015 I became a partner at my law firm, Price, Postel, and Parma, which happens to be the oldest law firm in California (founded in 1852), and I specialize in trusts and estates, and taxation. Working full time and having three young daughters keeps us very busy! Cyanne is nine, Marit is seven, and Catherine is four, though she thinks she's a lot older and wants to hang out with the big kids all the time."
—Class Correspondents: Melissa Pruessing (mprusssing@yahoo.com); Peter Steinberg (capetfish99@gmail.com).

Happy spring, classmates! As I write this it's still winter and I am about to teach my third J-term course. This year Matt Soule and Jay Dunn are also representing our class, co-teaching a theater course. Stay tuned for updates from our old stomping grounds! • Our class continues to be well-represented in other parts of the world. Lissa Duerr Moats reports in from Hawaii: "After living in California, Maine, and Vermont, I moved back in 2012 with my husband Thatcher (who is a Middlebury townsie—Middlebury Union High School class of '98 and Ithaca College 2002—we met in San Francisco after college) and our daughters Charlotte (7), Noe (5), and Milo (3). I was a home-birth midwife in Vermont and I'm currently in nursing school at the Univ of Hawaii at Hilo. Five-year plan is to have a PhD in nursing with a focus on maternal health and to enjoy life to its fullest despite the fact that I am almost 40 and still have homework!" • In Pennsylvania, Blake Rutherford has been named as special advisor to the Attorney General. Blake is a member of Cozen O'Connor and Cozen O'Connor Public Strategies in Philadelphia and Washington, D.C. • Congratulations are also in order for Sara Stewart Hellstedt, who joined the labor and employment practice group of Bernstein Shur, one of northern New England's largest law firms. Sara lives in North Yarmouth, Maine, with her family. • Philip Dean Walker's book At Danceteria and Other Stories has already garnered several award nominations, including a Pushcart Prize nod for the opening story, "By Halston." Caravan, his next collection, will be released by Lethe Press in September 2017. Keep up with Phil
Garrett and Kristen Lyall Dodge had their second daughter, Grace (“Gracie”), born in November. They relocated to Philadelphia for Kristen’s job as assistant professor at the AJ Drexel Autism Institute in July, though Garrett is hopping coasts, still running his start-up in Oakland. Kristen reports that they are enjoying time back on the East Coast and being close to Midd friends, and they celebrated New Year’s Eve with Dan and Blythe Hurney McNamara. • Elana Wilson Rowe and Sharon Wilson Purdy met up with Ellen Guettler in Minneapolis last June along with their families. The Rowes live in Norway and the Purdys have relocated back to Arlington, Va., after 18 months in Sunnyvale, Calif. Despite best intentions, getting all seven kids to hold still long enough for a photo was impossible. In October, Ellen and husband Ben welcomed their son Emil Charles Guettler Pofahl. Big brother Odin (3) is finally starting to like the baby as much as he likes the cat. • Congratulations to Sarah Theall Lemke, who was promoted to partner at law firm Hinckley Allen, where she is an attorney in the real estate group. She lives with her family in Medfield, Mass., where she is a member of the planning board.

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ClassActs

at www.philipdeanwalker.com. • And keep up with me! Please continue to send your updates—it’s wonderful to hear what everyone is doing. I am so inspired by you all! —Class Correspondent: Jennifer Crystal (jennifercrystalwriter@gmail.com).

03 After completing his PhD at UC Berkeley, Chris Atwood moved to Atlanta. He now directs communications for See Italy, helping plan personalized tours of Italy for travelers and university groups. He would be happy to connect with any Atlanta-based Midd Alum. • Zoe Anastassiou learned, once again, that the Middlebury community can be all embracing when she was cast on a podcast last spring. It’s a weekly show that teaches lessons about technology and business and organizations through drama. Her recurring character is an eight-year-old entrepreneur named Maddie. She illustrates all the problems that young tech people create. Zoe just adores her. (You can find the podcast at HowWeManageStuff.com). After recording her third episode, Zoe was talking with the executive producer and discovered that not only was he, too, a Middlebury graduate, but like herself, he was a Feb (David Alan Grier ’75). They had a moment of intergenerational Feb bonding and continue to do so every time they record. • Gigi Gatewood was on campus in January to teach a winter term class, Introduction to Black and White Photography. An artist working in photography and video, she’s on the faculty at the International Center of Photography in NYC.

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06 As the world outside of Addison County continues to light itself on fire, we hope these notes, these missives from friends you knew in a simpler time, can assuage some of your anxiety and uncertainty. To quote our classmate Meghan Nesmith’s recent article in Middle Magazine (which we encourage you to read), “College is a time to believe in big things: big dreams, big goals, big change...after all, it was easy to believe at Middlebury, where the aurora borealis once licked the wide sky an eerie green and gold the winter of my sophomore year.” To us, Middlebury always felt like an inclusive, supportive community. It wasn’t always perfect, but it was always home. And so many of us continue to create new homes—mostly for all the new babies. • Take, for example, the birth of Dan Saper and wife Jill’s son, Murray Gabriel Saper, or Maryanne Verzosa and Chris Fraser ‘04 welcoming baby Wesley Or Sean and Virginia Harper ‘07. • Elen Kennedy welcomed daughter Anna Preston Breen in February. Congratulations, guys! • Plus, Elena Kennedy and Brad Michalchuk celebrated the birth of their second child, Finn. Word has it that older brother Olivier has welcomed a little brother with open arms. • Think we’re done with baby news? Ha! We’re just getting warmed up. Clark and Amy McCowan’s first child, Smith, celebrated the birth of their first kid, Pippa Rae, in September 2016. Clark is finishing up his MBA from Haas Business School. • Jess Hallett and husband Jeff had Otis last August, their first child. • Jamie Fey had a son, Charlie, last July. • Josh and Francesca Filippelli Carson had second child Henry in January. • Kim Perez Hults and husband Jeff had Otis last August, their first child. • Elena Egginton Skeehan and baby boy Arthur recently visited Kim in Hawaii, and Noella and Arthur had a little baby playdate. And we know these types of baby playdates are happening all around the country/world. Of course, many of the parents call them “matchmaking dates,” but maybe it’s a tad too early to be playing Cupid. • Speaking of Cupid, the cherub shot an arrow straight and true last October at the Blue Sky Ranch outside Park City, Utah, where Tim Foley married Chelsea MacNealy. Farther west, Andrew Pavoni and Martha Underhill ’07 recently moved to Santa Monica, Calif., with son Miles. As of this writing, Miles Pavoni and Wes Donaldson take a monthly Baby DJ class together. They hope to book a slot at Winter Carnival 2025. • While we’re in Los Angeles, there was recently a very nice reception for alumni in the entertainment industry. A group of current students came out to mingle with the Hollywood...
elite, including Annie Stamell, who wrote and produced the upcoming YouTube Red series *Me and My Grandmas*, starring YouTube sensation Eva Gutowski (ask a teenager, they'll know who she is). Annie and Ali Perencevich had a mini-reunion in Joshua Tree, Calif. • Brian '03 and Heather Hicken Vickers now have two beautiful boys—Jack and Charlie. The family recently relocated to Simsbury, Conn. • Alex and Leah Skahan '09 Cassnocha recently moved to Nicosia, Cyprus, and welcome any and all visitors who might be in the region. Alex writes that Nike joggers can be found at a good price over there. Good to know. Sadly, as a result of the move, Alex missed Giants spring training this year in Scottsdale, Ariz., for the first time in 11 years. • Finally, as you probably noticed, a lot of the notes had to do with welcoming the next generation. We make a solemn oath to you, dear reader, that the next batch of beautiful boys—Jack and Charlie. The family recently moved to the Outer Banks as well. "It was high time for a little risk. If you're in NYC and it's time for those of you who have the time, the disposable income, and the proper amount of sleep to shine! Please, send us your non-baby news as soon as possible.

—Class Correspondents: Carlos Beato (carlosmbeato@gmail.com); Amanda Cook (amandabolio@gmail.com).  

08 Hi, Class of 2008ers! We love hearing your news from near and far, so please email us with updates at any time. • Captain David Wood, USMC, is shifting to the civilian world after nine years of active duty (anyone want to hire him?) He and wife Ashleigh (Weissman) '09 are leaving Vanderbilt Univ in Nashville, Tenn., with their MBA and master's in counseling, respectively. They are heading out west with their husky Juno to learn about the civilian world in San Jose, Calif. Thank you for your service, Dave! • Zamir Ahmed recently marked his eight-year anniversary in Washington, DC., where he works in media relations for the National Association of Broadcasters. He celebrated the occasion by buying a condo in the city. Trivia nights at Two Brothers paid off a couple years ago when he made it onto "Jeopardy!", where he finished third. We were all rooting for you Zamir—job well done. • Sarri Nashashibi has been living in Boston since graduation. He works as a software engineer with Google and recently saw "Mauricio Osorio" during a visit, Alexander Zafriou, who's in NYC this year, and Joachim and Olivia Kenna Skyassen, who are now living in England. (Their wedding had a great crew of Middlebury alumni, mostly from the Classes of '07 and '08.) • Yanik Babakov MD, MPH is a resident in general surgery at Massachusetts General Hospital/Harvard Medical School. Yanik lives in the Boston area with wife Lindsay (O'Brien), MA Spanish '14 and their one-year-old daughter, Noa. They see Adam Weisman, Peanut and Peyton Coles, and James Kerrigan around Boston and Vermont. • Michelle Cadby's wellness and health-coaching business, FitVista, has recently been featured in the publications *Mindbodygreen* and *Elite Daily*. She's lucky to count several Middlebury graduates as her private clients, most specifically, working together to unwind the work hard/play hard lifestyle, while optimizing their nutrition, fitness, health, and happiness. She's also writing a book on self-care and stress, set to publish in late 2017! • Stephanie Strohm and Max Lando were married at the Barn at Flanagan Farm in Buxton, Maine, on September 24, 2016. Alums in attendance included Rishabh Kashyap, Donnie Stuart, Kolbe Franklin, Aaron Gensler, Melissa Whitehead, Sean Meany, Angelica Towne, Dan and Becky Bierman Kelley, and the bride's aunt, Barbara Banks '80. After the wedding, Max and Stephanie celebrated their honeymoon in Sweden. Later in the fall, Scholastic Point published Stephanie's fourth book, "It's Not Me, It's You." • Matt Boucher married Katie Riley at St. Anthony Parish in Cohasset, Mass., on October 15. Middlebury classmates Michelle Cadby, Patch Culbertson, Patrick Cunningham, Chrissy Fulton, Ben Hanna, Sam Morrill, Maddie Terry, Rob and Marnie Rowe Potish, Joel Simpson, and Drew and Mallory Hicks Walker joined them at the Red Lion Inn to dance their faces off to the soulful vocals of Leon Spradley and the Kahootz. Matt and Katie spent the following two weeks recovering in Hawaii. • Bonnie Frye Hemphill married Aaron Paul on September 3 in Eastern Promenade Park in Portland, Maine. Many great Midd Kids helped celebrate, notably by serving as parade marshals from the park ceremony to the brewery reception. It was a blast! Bonnie is based in Seattle and is working in the solar industry. • Congratulations to Alex Elias, who has been hired by the College to take over as the varsity men's soccer coach when Dave Saward retires in December. He has served as the assistant coach the past three seasons.

—Class Correspondents: Michelle Cadby (michelle.elizabeth.cady@gmail.com); Laura Lee Mittelman (laureazwita@tmiylee@gmail.com).  

09 Antonio Aranzaez moved to Hood River, Ore., to launch an adventure sports and outdoor innovation festival called OutFind Series, which will take place June 8–11. • After graduating with a master's from Georgia Tech in industrial engineering, Ian Schmertzler will be heading back north to NYC to carry on working at Dispel. Dispel is a tech company that Ian and his brother, Ethan '12, run. They are up to 23 employees and revenues are looking good. Ian has continued to race with various crew teams in his spare time. • Lindsay McBride and Brody Berg were married in Middlebury at the Swift House Inn on July 11, 2015. • Veracity Butcher is living in her hometown of NYC and is working as an actor. She started out mostly doing off-Broadway plays and is now moving into film. She just wrapped her first starring role in an independent feature film, which is coming out this year. Stay tuned for more from Veracity! • After getting his master's in physics at UCLA in 2015, Garrett Reynolds moved to San Francisco to join a start-up as a software engineer. He's exploring all the climbing spots around the Bay Area. • Jacqueline Arthur-Montagne recently moved to the North Carolina Triad, where she has accepted a job as assistant professor of history at High Point University. She's looking forward to teaching classes on ancient Greece and Rome, and making her first visit to the Outer Banks as well. • Karlye Rodriguez finished her family medicine residency in Minnesota and moved back to Wisconsin with her husband and son. She recently visited NYC to see *Althea Gross* and had a great time also hanging out with Diana Chiu and Amanda Kleinman. • After Middler, Hans Cabra was offered a full scholarship at the University of Los Andes in Colombia for a master's program in the School of Government. As a result of his dissertation on substance abuse in young people in Bogota, Hans won a scholarship to the Global Competitiveness Leadership program at Georgetown University, where he was able to plunge into social entrepreneurship.
Flight of Fancy

Going off to college didn’t mean that a group of students had to give up their childhood fantasies—they just needed to ground them in reality.

As Ryan saw it, however, he was only doing his job. According to Quidditch rules, the Snitch “uses any means to avoid capture.”

And he paid a price for his actions, receiving serious lectures from public safety and local police. Among them, Xander Manshel ’09 who shared the longing and offered a vision.

One student played in his high school graduation gown with a floor lamp instead of a broom. Rainey Johnson ’09 had a tennis ball taped to his back.

At the end of the season, one team held the Middlebury Quidditch Cup, a campuswide tournament that became an annual event with bleachers, porta potties, owls from local raptor groups, a sideshow courtesy of a chemistry professor, and a ravenclaw brick-fired American flatbread oven baking pies for everyone.

From random objects glued together and spray-painted gold, Xander and Alex made the very first trophy and presented it to the winners in a majestic celebration.

HE DID IT. EVERYONE SAW IT. IT’S CONFIRMED FOR THE EONS.

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A GLORIOUS DAY FOR WIZARDS. NOT A MUGGLE IN SIGHT.
strategies and cofounded the SHERA Foundation. SHERA is a nonprofit organization that seeks to tackle substance abuse by providing after-school tutoring, sports activities, and writing and reading comprehension workshops and seminars. Hans is currently working as a consultant at the Dept. of National Planning (DNP), a government-based think-tank, on a subnational institutional strengthening project cofinanced by the World Bank. He reports, "I'm enjoying family and friends, playing soccer, and motivating kids to treasure education as a means to a happy life. So, I guess I can truly say I am a happy person. And frankly, I got to say that none of this would have ever happened had it not been for the opportunity I was given to attend the UWC program and Middlebury College."

**Congratulations to Kevin O'Rourke and Akshay Khanna, who were named to the 2017 Forbes 30 Under 30 list. In the healthcare category, Kevin, an MD and PhD student at Weil Cornell Medical College, was highlighted for his work on colorectal cancer research at Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center. Akshay was listed in the sports category. The vice president of strategy for the Philadelphia 76ers, he has led the acquisition and merger of two eSports teams for the Sixers, manages the team's entrepreneur innovation lab, developed a StubHub-partnered ticketing platform for Sixers games, and negotiated an estimated $25 million jersey sponsorship deal with StubHub.**

**Adrienne Taren and Caitlyn Olson were both on campus in January to teach winter term courses. Adrienne taught the Science of Stress. She recently completed her MD and PhD at the Univ of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Mellon Univ. Adrienne crafted a history of Islamic Philosophy and Theology. She's pursuing a PhD in Near Eastern languages and civilizations at Harvard Univ, after spending several years in the Middle East.**

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**Shelsey Weinstein married Patrick Johnson on June 11, 2016, at the Coach Barn at Shelburne Farms in Shelburne, VT. Judge William Sessions '69 officiated. It was wonderful to celebrate back in Vermont where the couple met in 2009 before graduating. Shelsey and Patrick live in Boston, where Shelsey is an internal medicine resident and recently joined Vermont Information Technology Collaborative (VITL) as a healthcare data analyst. In my new position, I am excited to work with accountable-care organizations, healthcare providers, and departments within Vermont state government to improve access to, and quality of, healthcare data.**

**Denise Hofmann got her Master of Music in composition last spring and she has been developing a vocal (SATB) and large-ensemble piece based on crowd-sourced morning thoughts. Denise writes, "If you'd like to share your stream-of-consciousness thoughts of when you first wake up, email dhofmanncomposer@gmail.com."**

**In August 2016, Chris Hershey-Van Horn began working as a counselor at My Friend's Place (MFP), an agency in Hollywood that provides drop-in services for homeless youth. He serves on the planning of all of my interests and allows me to serve this purpose personally and professionally. Lea Shulman writes, "Since graduating from Middlebury I have completed a master's in biostatistics at UV and moved to far-away Burlington, VT, where I live with my partner, Ben, and our dog, Delta. I worked for the Vermont Dept. of Health for two years as a public health analyst and recently joined Vermont Information Technology Leaders (better known as VTIL) as a healthcare data analyst. In my new position, I am excited to work with accountable-care organizations, healthcare providers, and departments within Vermont state government to improve access to, and quality of, healthcare data."**

**Ruchi Singh married Harry Grewal on December 25 in Chandigarh, India. They had a great time celebrating their four-day wedding with their Middlebury friends who were in attendance, including Drishti Shrestha, Christina Wu, Michelle Fechtor, Jia Liu, Madeleine Goransson, and Clark Hathaway '13. The couple lives and works in New York City. Ruchi is the head of strategy at the Expert Institute, a legal consulting firm. Harry finished his MBA from the Fuqua School of Business at Duke University in May 2016 and works as a management consultant for the Boston Consulting Group. Thanks again to everyone who submitted notes this quarter. Please feel free to email us with news or updates anytime at midd2011@gmail.com."**

**We are so pleased to see that Middlebury friends have remained close through all these years. Lark Endean Nierenberg writes, "In August 2016, I graduated from Smith College School for Social Work. With my newly minted MSW, I work in Oakland, Calif, as a mental health clinician with kids and teens living in foster care. As a nonbinary, transmasculine clinician, I also research and advocate for affirming multidisciplinary clinical practices for trans and gender-expansive youth. In the intervening years since graduating from Middlebury, I have embarked on nine cross-country road trips with extended pit stops in Portland, Ore., Boston, Minneapolis, Northampton, Mass., San Francisco, and Oakland, Calif. I am blissfully engaged to a brilliant MD/PhD student, Laura, and we are the proud new parents of two adorable adopted kittens, Nova and Comet. Although now separated by 2,800 miles rather than a tiny Battell Hall dorm room floor plan, to this day my first-year Middlebury roommates! The Class of 2011 is thriving, both personally and professionally. Lea Shulman writes, "Since graduating from Middlebury I have completed a master's in biostatistics at UV and moved to far-away Burlington, VT, where I live with my partner, Ben, and our dog, Delta. I worked for the Vermont Dept. of Health for two years as a public health analyst and recently joined Vermont Information Technology Leaders (better known as VTIL) as a healthcare data analyst. In my new position, I am excited to work with accountable-care organizations, healthcare providers, and departments within Vermont state government to improve access to, and quality of, healthcare data."**

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**11 As we welcome spring, we're delighted to have some updates to share from our classmates! The Class of 2011 is thriving, both personally and professionally. Lea Shulman writes, "Since graduating from Middlebury I have completed a master's in biostatistics at UVM and moved to far-away Burlington, VT, where I live with my partner, Ben, and our dog, Delta. I worked for the Vermont Dept. of Health for two years as a public health analyst and recently joined Vermont Information Technology Leaders (better known as VTIL) as a healthcare data analyst. In my new position, I am excited to work with accountable-care organizations, healthcare providers, and departments within Vermont state government to improve access to, and quality of, healthcare data."**

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**REUNION CLASS Happy spring, Class of 2012! Below is what some of your classmates have been up to lately. Don't forget to mark your calendars for our five-year reunion at Middlebury this coming June 9–11. We hope to see many of you back on campus for a fun-filled weekend! Kelsey Allan is managing a Lululemon store in Montreal. Kylie Atwood reports, "In January I started a new job at CBS News as the State Department reporter. After focusing on international studies at Middlebury, this is a dream job. This comes...**

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after spending a year-and-a-half on the road covering the 2016 election. I'm excited about the opportunity to travel internationally for my work and to return to a home base in D.C. •\textbf{Evan Deutsch} is working as the managing director of Oxbow, a digital agency he founded three years ago with Jon Portman '13 in Burlington, Vt. In 2016, Oxbow worked on strategic and cause marketing campaigns for organizations like Nike, Unilever, TED Talks, and WildAid. •\textbf{Addison DiSesa} is living in Los Angeles, and by the time the spring issue of the magazine is published, he will be finishing his second year of law school at UCLA School of Law. He is going to be working in the Los Angeles office of Reed Smith this summer but hopes to make it to Middlebury for the five-year reunion in June. • Finally, congratulations to \textbf{Amy Prescott}, who shares, "I got married to Riaz Anderson Zaidi (Columbia '08) on December 17. We're based in D.C., where I'm in my third year of medical school at Georgetown and he's often traveling the world as a diplomatic security agent with the State Department." • That's all for now, folks! Drop us a line if you've got an update to share—we are happy to hear from you anytime.

—Class Correspondents: Sara Cohen (scrobenjo@gmail.com); Paige Keren (pkeren12@gmail.com).

Congratulations to \textbf{Nate Beatty} and Shane Scorton '12, who were named on the 2017 Forbes 30 Under 30 list in the Enterprise Technology category. Their company, IrisVR, creates virtual reality software for the building industry to help architects (and their clients) envision what a space will look and feel like before it gets built.

—Class Correspondents: Elma Burnham (ecburnham@gmail.com); Peter DiPrinzio (peterdi331@gmail.com).

Please send us your news! We'd love to hear from you.

—Class Correspondents: Vivian Cowan (vivianacowan@gmail.com); Peter Mattson (petercmtson@gmail.com); Hannah Ostrow (hannahbstrow@gmail.com).

\textbf{Anis Mebarki LaRosa} writes, "Last year, I joined Electronic Arts as a financial analyst. I got married to Ryan LaRosa on January 13 in San Francisco. We honeymooned in a yurt near Point Reyes, Calif."

—Class Correspondents: Elyse Barnard (elyse.dbarnard@gmail.com); Cooper Couch (cooch.cooper@gmail.com).

We still need two volunteers to be class correspondents for the Class of 2016. It's a great way to stay in touch with classmates and see where their paths are leading after graduation! Please contact the alumni editor, Sara Marshall, at smarshal@middlebury.edu if you are interested!

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\textbf{Edward K. Morse}, 98, of Owls Head, Maine, on September 30, 2016. A member of Sigma Epsilon at Middlebury, he earned his MD from Tufts Univ Medical School. During WWII he served in the Army in Italy and Germany and was promoted to the rank of captain. His medical training was interrupted when he served as the ship's physician on the schooner Bradoin's Arctic expedition with Adm. Donald MacMillan. After completing his residency, he set up his medical practice in Camden, Maine. Predeceased by first wife Helga (Knudsen) and second wife Inger (Knudsen), he is survived by son Christopher and stepsons Arne, William, and Edward Holm.

\textbf{Ira P. Townsend}, 96, of Lebanon, N.H., on September 26, 2016. A Delta Upsilon at Middlebury, he learned to fly in the Civilian Pilot Training Program during college. He joined the Navy during WWII and was a pilot and aviation instrument instructor. He had a 40-year career at Kimball Union Academy, where he taught math, coached skiing, and was the business and property manager, retiring in 1985. In his 80s, he and his daughter built an ultra-light airplane and flew it around the Upper Valley. He is survived by wife Sara (Martenis) '41, children James and Patricia, and two grandchildren, including Julia MAIEP '09.

\textbf{Robert D. Nims Jr.}, 94, of Moorstown, N.J., on April 4, 2016. A Kappa Delta Rho at Middlebury, he had a long career in marketing and management consulting, working for various companies and with the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. He eventually became self-employed, working as a personal financial analyst for Prmerica. Predeceased by ex-wife Barbara (Jagels) '45, wife Beverly, wife Merrol, and daughter Laurie, he is survived by children Ginny, Pam, Bill, Mary, Doug, Carrol, Guyer, Sallie, and Stuart, 10 grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

\textbf{Moncrieff J. Spear}, 95, of Indianapolis, Ind., on October 22, 2016. During WWII, he served in the Navy as a naval aviator, flying Grumman Avenger torpedo bombers. He participated in the sinking of U-680 in June 1944, earning the Navy's Distinguished Flying Cross, and participated in the Okinawa Campaign. With an MA from George Washington Univ in international relations, he was commissioned an officer in the U.S. Foreign Service and spent his career with the State Dept. Including overseas appointments, he served on the Berlin Taskforce during the Berlin Crisis in 1961 and as acting director of the State Dept.'s operations center during the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1963. He is survived by wife Lois (Stamey), children Stephen, Jeffrey, and Karen, six grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

\textbf{Frederick C. Kelly}, 93, of Bath, Maine, on October 20, 2016. A Delta Upsilon member at Middlebury, he joined the Army Air Corps, completed pilot training, and flew B-24s with the 8th Air Force out of England during WWII. He continued in aviation as a station manager with Northeast Airlines before becoming a flight manager for the FAA, retiring from the Burlington, Vt., airport in 1971. Predeceased by wife Priscilla (Bryant) '44, he is survived by daughters Linda, Nancy, and Martha, son James, 14 grandchildren, and 23 great-grandchildren.

\textbf{D. Ross Brown}, 91, of Quitman, Ga., on September 19, 2016. A member of Delta Upsilon, he served in the Naval Reserve during WWII, earned his bachelor's at Tufts, and was in the Marine Corps until 1960. He had a career in marketing and operations at various companies before starting a small water-treatment business. In 1946 he married Vava Stafford '46 and they had five children, Duncan, Laurie, Brec, Sandy, and Kim.

\textbf{Doris Reynolds Cleveland}, 90, of Wake Forest, N.C., on October 12, 2016. She was a substitute teacher for many years in the Twinsburg (Ohio) school system. In 1973 she went to work for Master Builders, a division of Martin Marietta, and became a market analyst, retiring in 1985. Predeceased by husband Clarence, she is survived by children Virginia and Carleton.

\textbf{Jane Valentine Talbert}, 91, of Encinitas, Calif., on September 21, 2016. After college, she worked for the Edwin Gould Foundation in children's services and earned a master's degree at Columbia Univ. After marrying Bob Talbert, she was a stay-at-home mother for sons John and Rob. Moving to Encinitas, she and Bob became docents at Torrey Pines State Reserve.

\textbf{Kathryn Gray Weed}, 91, of West Burke, Vt., on September 5, 2016. She taught three years in a one-room schoolhouse in Newark, Vt., then raised her family while also helping to run the family farm, where she handled the accounting. She took classes in education at Lyndon State College and returned to teach first through fourth grades for 12 years at Newark Street School. Predeceased by husband Ervin and daughter Dianne, she is survived by son E. Stanley, daughter Marcia, four grandchildren, and one great-granddaughter.

\textbf{Ann Clarke Curley}, 89, of Lovettsville, Va., on September 23, 2016. With a master's in public administration, she served on various professional boards and spent two decades of federal public service as analyst and manager with the Office of Economic Opportunity, Office of Management and Budget, Federal Commission on Paperwork, and the Dept. of
Transportation. She was also a volunteer in President Bill Clinton's White House. She is survived by husband Bob, and children Antoinette, Corinne, and Adam, and four grandchildren.

Mary L. Mulhall, 84, of Aberdeen, N.J., on September 23, 2016. She woke at the crack of dawn for 30 years to make sure school buses got to the students of Matawan and then Sayreville, where she retired in 1989. Predeceased by daughter Ann, she is survived by children Leslie, Lee, and William, and eight grandchildren.

George C. West, 85, of Green Valley, Ariz., on August 31, 2016. A member of Kappa Delta Rho, he earned his MS in zoology and his PhD in physiological ecology from the Univ. of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana. In 1963 he was invited to assist in the formation of the Institute of Arctic Biology at the Univ. of Alaska Fairbanks, where he spent 21 years conducting research on cold adaptations of flora and fauna unique to arctic tundra. Moving into administration, he served as acting director of the institute, dean of the College of Biological Sciences, and VP of academic affairs. He retired in 1984 as professor of zoology emeritus. He then focused his research on shorebirds and conservation of threatened habitats. Moving to Arizona, he cofounded the Hummingbird Monitoring Network. He is survived by wife Ellen, sons Mark, George, Andrew, and Frederick, stepson Levi Nilsson, and five grandchildren.

James Ashworth, 84, of Springfield, Mass., on October 17, 2016. A member of Delta Kappa Epsilon, he served two years in the Army and received the National Defense Service Medal and the Good Conduct Medal. With an MBA from Cornell Univ., he worked as a construction consultant for Keystone Leasing Co. in West Hartford, Conn., retiring in 1998. Predeceased by wife Claire (Blanchard) and a great-granddaughter, he is survived by sons Peter, Bruce, Kevin, and Barry; two grandsons, three step-grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

Frank J. Gianforti, 83, of Guilford, Conn., on October 3, 2016. At Middlebury he was in Delta Kappa Epsilon and played football. He served two years in the Army before beginning his business career with Xerox, where he spent over 20 years. He then worked for 10 years at Palumbo's Automotive. He is survived by wife Jean (Lescon), sons Steve, Frank, and Mark, daughters Robin and Linda, and three grandchildren.

Ruth Buddington Hergenrother, 83, of Salt Lake City, Utah, on October 15, 2016. After graduation she worked in Boston as a secretary at Mass General Hospital. While raising her children, she was an active volunteer, including at the art museum at Stanford Univ. In 1984 she went to work for Arthur D. Little in Boston, retiring in 1995. Predeceased by husband Karl and stepson Steven Schimke, she is survived by daughters Caroline, Cynthia, and Allison, and five grandchildren.

Thomas M. Hart, 82, of Wilmington, N.C., on August 16, 2016. A Delta Kappa Epsilon, he excelled at athletics at Middlebury. He was the leading rebounder in the history of collegiate basketball and held the NCAA all-division single-season rebounding average mark in both 1954-55 and 1955-56, as well as the NCAA's all-time career rebounding average. He also set school records in both the pole vault and high jump in track and field. In 2016 he was inducted into Middlebury’s Athletic Hall of Fame. He had a long career in sales and marketing at GTE Corp., retiring after 32 years, and starting his own business, Engineered Tools Corp. He and wife Agnes raised four children, Thomas, Nancy, Randy, and Patricia.

Gail Bliss Allen, 81, of Federal Way, Wash., on August 22, 2016. A Pi Beta Phi at Middlebury, her first job out of college was with General Electric in a new field called computer programming. With a move to San Jose, Calif., she worked for different companies for over 47 years in what became Silicon Valley. In 1996 she moved to Sacramento to do contract programming for the state, which lasted until 2002. Predeceased by son Garth, she is survived by son Caleb, his wife, Won-Mi, and grandson Jacob.

Douglas Robinson, 81, of Tucson, Ariz., on September 15, 2016. A member of Theta Chi, he served in the Army after college, stationed in Germany. He was a trust officer at U.S. Trust Co. and later at First Interstate and Wells Fargo, until his retirement. He is survived by wife Barbara, children Laura and Douglas, and two grandsons.

Doris Brassington Rich, 79, of Matthews, N.C., on October 30, 2016. At Middlebury she was an avid musician, playing jazz saxophone. After graduation she worked as a receptionist for the instrumentation lab at MIT. While raising her children, she was an active volunteer. She is survived by children Stephanie, Susan, and John, and three grandchildren.

Gerald R. Barrington, 78, of Fort Myers, Fla., on October 1, 2016. He served in the Army in the finance corp. at Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis. With an MBA from Columbia, he worked for many years as a stockbroker in NYC and Connecticut. He helped rebuild a one-man construction company in the 1980s before owning Kitchens Plus Home Remodeling. He is survived by wife Alda (Fryer) and daughter Brooke.
IN MEMORIAM

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

Martha Taylor Elliott '40 .......... December 12, 2016
Robert B. Crane '41 ................. November 30, 2016
Elizabeth S. Sunderland '41 ........ February 21, 2017
Frances-Jane Hayden Trask '41 .... December 16, 2016
Dorothy Hood Bittrmann '43 ......... November 10, 2016
John E. Egbert '43 ................. January 5, 2017
Thomas W. Caldroncy '45 ......... January 30, 2017
Elise Van Leuven Morehouse '45 ... February 6, 2017
Marie Scudder Dix '46 ............. January 4, 2017
Violet Schnyder Jarrell '46 ......... March 5, 2017
Ruth Barber Toner '47 ............. December 12, 2016
Leah G. Young '47 ............... January 31, 2017
Marlan Allen Bartholomius '48 .... December 6, 2016
Barley B. Bourne '48 ............. January 25, 2017
David H. Rollason '48 ............ January 17, 2017
Donn J. Barclay '49 .............. January 1, 2017
Karl G. Reed '49 ................. February 6, 2017
Lawrence H. Vadas '49 ........... February 9, 2017
Robert P. Whittier '49 ........... January 11, 2017
Curtis Cushman '50 .............. December 21, 2016
Warren Frost '50 ................. February 17, 2017
Ralph A. Loveys '51 ............ February 22, 2017
Guido Peter '51 .................. January 11, 2017
Pierre Hemon '54 .................. December 1, 2016
Nancy Whittemore Nickerson '54 .... December 9, 2016
Sylvia Dowden Schroeder '54 .... February 28, 2017
Charlotte Morgan Taylor '54 ...... February 23, 2017
John N. Field '55 ............... January 26, 2017
Denis D. Pfeiffer '55 ............ January 6, 2017

Jan C. Otto, 78, of Boulder, Colo., on September 7, 2016. With a master's in physics from Dartmouth and an MBA from Harvard, he worked as a product design engineer for Ford Motor Co. He also held a variety of other jobs, including teaching math and serving as vice principal at Montpelier (Vt.) High School. Moving to Boulder in 1998, he opened Otto Cycle, where he repaired Harley motorcycles. He is survived by wife Joanne (Brown), sons Jan '83, Joel, and Nathan, stepsons Kevin and Ethan Marlatt, 12 grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Robert C. Crane '41, of Cambridge, Mass., on August 20, 2016. With a master's in teaching from UVM. Moving to Vermont, he worked as an accountant at the Fairbanks Museum in St. Johnsbury. She is survived by husband Brent, sons Scott, Tom, and Brent, and 10 grandchildren.

Harold V. Ferguson Jr., 75, of Washington, Pa., on August 28, 2016. A Kappa Delta Rho, he served as a captain in the Army from 1966–68. With a JD from the Univ of Pittsburgh, he practiced law with his brother and father in the firm Ferguson, Martin, and Ferguson. He was an appellate judge on the Worker's Compensation Appeal Board for over 40 years. He also served as mayor of East Washington from 1972 to 1996. He is survived by wife Jane (Stevenson) '63, sons Allan, Matthew, Stevenson, and Nathan, and seven grandchildren.

Herrick F. Laylin, 76, of Dublin, Ohio, on October 31, 2016. After a year at Middlebury, he served in the Navy for four years. With a degree in international studies from Ohio State Univ., he joined the Peace Corps and taught in South Korea. His career was in the aviation field, working in sales and marketing for Pan American World Airlines and then United Airlines. He and wife Gloria had one son, Christopher.

Patricia E. Gay, 74, of Salt Lake City, Utah, on August 20, 2016. With a master's from the Univ of Wisconsin and a PhD in psychology from Rutgers, she taught and did research at Rutgers, the Univ of Utah Medical School, and Westminster College, where she began as an associate professor of psychology in 1995 before becoming a full professor, retiring in 2005. Predceased by husband Jack Madsen, she is survived by daughter Jonelle, her husband, Christopher, three grandchildren, and four stepchildren and their families.

Geoffrey L. Demong, 72, of Cornwall, Vt., on October 2, 2016. A member of Sigma Epsilon, he taught in NYC and earned a master's in teaching from UVM. Moving to Shoreham, Vt., in 1970, he and his wife raised apples and he worked in construction, eventually founding Demong and Company and building homes for 40 years. He is survived by wife Valerie (Somers) '76, daughters Emily and Kate, and two granddaughters. Middlebury relatives include sister-in-law Ann Parker Demong '66 and nephew Brad Demong '99.

Martha Faulkner Fenno, 72, of Windham, Maine, on October 12, 2016. After graduation, she worked as a social worker for the state of Maine. She and her husband owned and ran an animal park and then a grocery store in Phillips, Maine. She later worked at Carrabassett Valley Academy, Goodwill, and Coastal Enterprises in support staff positions. She is survived by husband Stephen, children Sarah and Timothy, six grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

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67 Olf H. Hage III, 71, of Brunswick, Maine, on October 21, 2016. He was a Christian historian, journalist, technical writer, ethics consultant, and broadcaster. He helped edit the Fredericksntian weekly in Maryland and was the editor and publisher of the quarterly Science and Theology. He produced over 500 audiotapes and dozens of research studies on biblical and church history and related scientific and technical issues. He authored The Secret History of the Bible. Predceased by wife Elizabeth (Glassovatz), he is survived by brother Philip and family.

Peter B. Sanford, 70, of Morro Bay, Calif., on January 10, 2016. He served in the Navy during the Vietnam War and played bass in the Navy band. He received his bachelor's degree in electrical engineering from the Univ of California, Santa Barbara, and worked for various companies, including NASA. He then earned his...
MBA at Cal Poly and started his own company, fixing the electronics, mainly cruise control, in German cars. He is survived by son Cameron.

78 Middle Moore, 60, of Mashpee, Mass., on October 29, 2016. She worked in the insurance field for many years before earning a master’s in clinical mental health counseling from Lesley Univ. She worked in human services for many years, most recently as the clinical director of HabitOpco in South Yarmouth, Mass. She is survived by wife Susan O’Brien, children Lindsay, Peter, and Thomas, three grandchildren, and stepchildren Caitlyn and James.

Susan D. Woodworth, 60, of Pittsford, Vt., on September 3, 2016. She had a long career engaged in ministry, working for various organizations and as a campus minister at Hartwick College and SUNY Oneonta before serving as a licensed local pastor at various United Methodist churches. She retired in 2014 from Silver Bay YMCA, where she was host of Brookside/Trinity Pastoral Respite Ministry. She is survived by husband Bob Kersten, children Gideon and Chelsea, stepson Kris, and their families. Middlebury relatives include father Donald ‘59, brothers Greg ‘81 and Gordon ‘84, and nieces Sara ‘12 and Hilary ‘14 Woodworth.

81 Charles E. Carlson, 57, of Old Greenwich, Conn., on September 5, 2016. He worked in advertising as a copy writer early in his career then became a noted director of TV commercials. Later he was active in the petroleum business. He is survived by daughter Mae Forbes, his parents, and a sister and brother.

Carol J. Nelson, 57, of Glen Rock, N.J., on September 14, 2016. Carol mentored many people and had an unfailingly positive outlook, a generous spirit, and a quirky sense of humor. She was the executive director of custom programs at Forbes, where she worked for 25 years. She was a lifelong choral singer and loved to travel with her family. Predeceased by mother Barbara Parker ‘50, she is survived by sisters Laurie Nelson and Gail Nelson-Bonebrake, MA English ’99.

97 Amy DiAdamo Foster, 41, of South Hamilton, Mass., on September 14, 2016. An outstanding athlete at Middlebury, she was a three-time All American lacrosse player who scored more goals, more assists, and more points than any player in women’s lacrosse history at the College. In 2015 she was inducted into Middlebury’s Athletic Hall of Fame. She worked in many fields, including as a teacher, travel and sport journalist, business consultant, and fundraiser. She is survived by husband Franklin ‘98, sons Henry, Samuel, and Jack, her parents, and two brothers, including William ‘87, and their families.

98 Elizabeth Crockett Hixon, 40, of Florence, Colo., on October 3, 2016. With a Master of Arts in Teaching from the Univ of California, San Francisco, she had a career in teaching various places, including as a teacher for English language learners for 15 years, a teacher in San Francisco city schools and the county jail, at Pueblo Community College, at both the elementary and high schools in Florence, and with the State Dept. in Brazil. She is survived by husband Kieran, her parents, and a sister.

10 Alfred J. Meyer, 29, of New York, N.Y., on September 1, 2016. Alfred was a member of the hockey team. He worked at Gerson Lehrman Group in NYC and volunteered at the NYC Food Bank. He is survived by his parents, a brother and sister, and a large extended family.

FACULTY

James Dewey Daane, 98, of Nashville, Tenn., on January 3, 2017. He was a visiting professor in the Economics Dept. in the falls of 1991 and 1992, teaching a senior seminar in monetary and fiscal policy with Prof. David Colander. They coauthored a book, The Art of Monetary Policy, based on the seminar and Daane brought several distinguished economists to campus, including Paul Volcker, former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. During the fall of 1992, Daane was an honorary guest of Al Gore for a rally in Burlington when Gore was running as VP with Bill Clinton. Earning his bachelor’s degree from Duke Univ., Daane received his master’s and doctorate in public administration from Harvard Univ. Beginning in 1938 he worked for 20 years at the Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond, Va., before becoming deputy undersecretary of the Treasury for Monetary Affairs. While at the Treasury Dept., Pres. John F. Kennedy appointed him the governor of the Federal Reserve Board in 1963. In 1974 he moved to Nashville, where he served as the vice-chairman of the Board of Commerce Union Bank and was a professor for 42 years at the Owen Graduate School of Management. He is survived by wife Barbara, three children, four grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

98 Rosemary L. Blessington, 81, MA Spanish, of Andover, Mass., on September 11, 2016. She had a long career teaching Spanish at Bradford College, Berkshire Community College, Mt. Ida College, and Tewksbury Memorial High School, finishing her career in the Lawrence, Mass., school system.

66 Robert J. Hall, 82, MA German, of Pittsfield, Mass., on October 15, 2016. Beginning his teaching career in 1960, he taught a variety of subjects, including German, English, history, Spanish, and Latin, in the Pittsfield public schools.

75 Evelyn Lewis Perera, 76, MA English, of Pittsfield, Mass., on September 11, 2016. She worked as an editorial assistant at Houghton Mifflin and an English instructor at Berkshire Community College, and designed and taught a class at Berkshire Institute for Christian Studies.


77 James R. Curley, 86, MA English, of West Yarmouth, Mass., on October 7, 2016. After serving in the U.S. Foreign Service and the Ford Foundation in Ankara, Turkey, he taught English and was an administrator at several independent high schools.

87 Judith Nelson Walz, 63, MA English, of Wallingford, Conn., on September 17, 2016. She had a long career as a high school English teacher, including at West Nottingham Academy in Colora, Md.
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By Jesse Ishikawa ’76

Unfinished Business

I was in the second week of my German class in Dresden. Hasan and I presented a skit. I played a hotel receptionist. Hasan played my customer, disgruntled because his Internet service wasn’t working. Translated from German to English, the skit ended like this:

Hasan: “So, are you going to fix the service?”
Me: “Nope. I’m only the receptionist.”
“Well, who can do something about it?”
“Maybe my boss.”
“Then call him! I want a refund!”
Phoning my manager.
“We have a man who is very angry about our Internet service. He wants a refund. Yes, we should give him one. I’m afraid of this customer. He is angry, and bigger than I am.” *Stage whisper.* “Besides, I think he’s a Syrian!”
This last line was an ad lib, and, like all ethnic humor, not without risk. But my classmates roared with laughter. I got away with my bad joke because my classmates were Syrian refugees. They had arrived in 2015 and were among the 5,500 refugees living in Dresden.

I had taken my last German class at Middlebury in 1974. By graduation, my skill had reached the same level as my downhill skiing: sloppy intermediate. I now had the opportunity to complete the unfinished business of learning German to the point of conversational fluency. My classmates had a more pressing reason for learning the language. Their university educations had been interrupted by civil war. To continue their studies, they needed to be proficient in German.

No country has been more welcoming to Syrian refugees than Germany, which has provided them with language education, apartments, and living expenses. But Dresden, the center of Germany’s anti-Islamic and neo-Nazi movements, is its least welcoming city. During my stay, a mosque was firebombed, four refugees were attacked by thugs, and two Syrians were attacked by a man wielding a sword. Weekly anti-immigrant demonstrations attracted thousands of protesters.

The American presidential election was around the corner. My classmates’ interest was purely academic. To them, America became irrelevant in 2011, when the U.S. refused military aid to the rebels even after the Syrian government had crossed the “red line” of using chemical weapons. Moutez, a doctoral candidate in international business, theorized that the Americans’ decision to stay on the sidelines was part of a deliberate strategy to tilt the Middle East balance of power away from Saudi Arabia toward Iran. I told Moutez that he was giving our government too much credit for actually thinking things through.

Hasan, my dialogue partner, was expecting his first child, a son. He once asked if I had experienced racism as a child. Sure, I said. In my small Wisconsin hometown, I was frequently teased about being Japanese. But, I said, it was no big deal. Every kid gets picked on at some point. Hasan responded: “The other day, I saw some German kids on the playground call a black child a ‘neger.’ If my child plays with other children and learns such words from them, I would want to make sure he doesn’t use them against another child.”

My answer had missed his point. Hasan was less afraid of his child being picked on than he was of him picking on someone else.

On my last night in Dresden, Hasan and his wife had me over for tea. Hasan told me that he was glad that I had gotten to know the Syrians. “You could have stayed at your apartment and not gotten to know us,” he said, “but this way, you know that we are normal people. We’re not terrorists or criminals.” 

Middlebury MAGAZINE
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