Middlebury

The Places They Work

For some at Middlebury, our jobs take place far from any office or cubicle. A photographic tour begins on page 30.

Jonathan Kemp in the Mittelman Observatory. For more, see p. 38.

Summer 2018

SEARCHING
Avery Shawler ’13 left her Idaho apartment one morning to hike a local mountain range. It’s a miracle she returned. P. 42

VERMONT LIFE
An alumna reflects on a Ripton landmark. P. 54

WHERE’S GAMALIEL?
Search for the College’s founder—and many others. P. 80
Hit the trail.

The Trail Around Middlebury (TAM) offers year-round access to over 18 miles of maintained footpaths. Hike, bike, run, ski, and snowshoe through woods and fields, and along rivers and marshes.*

Information at www.maltvt.org/trail/tam-trail

*Some outdoor enthusiasts may experience bears. See more on page 24.
To fully appreciate Middlebury, one needs to stick around for the summer months. The chaos of undergraduate life momentarily subsides as some of its stressors crumble away. There’s still work to be done, there are languages to be learned, there are rows of greens to be harvested. But when the summertime sun glows over Mead Chapel, its rays offer a distinct hue. They highlight the essence of what makes Middlebury special—leaps into gorges, licks of maple creemees, laughter on rooftops. As I sit on my porch watching the Adirondack Mountains form their own pale blue layer above the horizon, I realize that being here in the summer fosters both gratitude for what we know and yearning for what is yet to come. Wherever we may soon be, I hope that we find some time—even for just a weekend—to return to Middlebury when the sun offers its warmest embrace.

By Rachel Cohen ’18
Photograph by Brett Simison
Flakes of white ash drifted on the breeze, while sharp twangs from a blacksmith’s hammer rang out over excited shrieks of schoolchildren. Peeking into a shop window at the Black Country Living Museum, named for the dark soot that coated this region of England during the Industrial Revolution, I saw the past reflected back. A woman in a skirt and apron called me over and eagerly shared that she had sewn her own bonnet, inspired by that of Laura Ingalls Wilder. It was surreal, chatting with the 21st-century docent in period dress—a refreshing interaction compared with the silent art galleries we’d previously visited during our museum studies program at Oxford. Although I had arrived expecting a foreign place and time, I instead felt welcomed and invited to engage with our shared history. Immersed in the Black Country, I glimpsed a different vision of what a museum could be, and enjoyed my brief foray into the past.

By Simone Edgar Holmes ’20.5
Photograph by Tom Weller
Paul Robeson said, “Artists are the gatekeepers of truth.”

With this in my mind and in my heart, I make it my duty not only to represent the truth but also to reflect the times through my art. That was the spirit of the McCullough mural project. As artists, our role was to use our creative skills and talents to help students tell their truth, their stories, and their experiences. They sowed the seeds of ideas representing change. We nourished and nurtured those ideas, which sprouted and blossomed into a vibrant multi-wall composition. A fetus in utero is the ultimate seed of life—and the ultimate composition of nature. A fetus can only develop and grow in a healthy, nurturing environment and with the care of its mother’s womb. Middlebury is the mother, the student center is the womb, and the students are the seeds of life.

By Will Kasso Condry
Photograph by Brett Simison
See more of what we’re talking about

PHOTOS
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FALL FAMILY WEEKEND
October 5–7

ALUMNI LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE
October 19–21

HOMECOMING
October 19–21

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If you are intent on ascending by foot—instead of taking the elevator—from the lower level of Bicentennial Hall to the Mittelman Observatory situated on the building's rooftop, you must be prepared to climb exactly 175 stair steps, a simple enough task, though for the acrophobic, once you reach the fourth story it’s probably best not to gaze over the railing looking down into the Great Hall.

A little before ten o’clock on the Friday evening of Reunion Weekend, I was around stair step 150 when a young boy scampered past me, much to the protestations of his father, who lagged a bit behind, a sleepy toddler held tight to his side. Soon, we all discovered that rushing to the darkened observatory was a futile exercise if, that is, we wanted immediate access to the gem of the facility: the 24-inch reflecting telescope housed in the dome.

One of the rooftop telescopes was aimed due south, pointing above LaForce Hall; I peered into the eyepiece, and there, hundreds of millions of miles away, appeared Jupiter and four of its moons.

Behind me, a woman spoke to her friend: “Do you remember lying down outside Battell and looking at the stars? This is just like that.”
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What Makes a Hero?

By Laurie L. Patton

A hero, to me, is someone who faces tough challenges with both courage and joy, and refuses to look away. Over Reunion Weekend last month, I met my newest hero. This new hero is Corey Reich, and he graduated in 2008. There were times that Corey wasn’t so sure that he would be back to Middlebury to celebrate his 10th Reunion with his friends. That’s because during his junior year in college, he was diagnosed with amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS)—the progressive neurodegenerative disease also known as Lou Gehrig’s disease.

ALS has a life expectancy after diagnosis of two to five years, and Corey’s doctors advised him against returning to school. But with true Middlebury spirit, Corey came back, finished his senior year, and graduated with his class. He then returned to his hometown of Piedmont, California, and became a passionate fundraiser for ALS research and a spokesperson for the Young Faces of ALS.

Corey and his family have so far raised both awareness and more than $8 million for the ALS Therapy Development Institute. He’s channeled his passion for baseball and beer by raising money through related events, and he’s spearheaded the Young Faces of ALS National Corn toss Challenge.

Corey has also been the assistant coach of the boys’ and girls’ tennis teams at Piedmont, his former high school, for the past 10 years.

I got to spend some time with Corey at Reunion when we honored him with an Alumni Achievement Award, and I quickly understood the depths of courage and joy that he possesses. The thunderous applause by which his classmates, family, and friends celebrated this honor indicated that Corey is not my hero alone.

My time with Corey was one of many extraordinary moments at Reunion over that gorgeous early June weekend. It was the kind of blue-sky, green-grass, fresh-breezes weekend that makes Vermont in the summer so utterly pleasurable, and being part of the Middlebury community all the more rewarding. On Saturday evening, in the white tents behind the Mahaney Center for the Arts filled with returning alumni, I met more than 75 years’ worth of courageous, joyful Middlebury graduates. To the Class of 2013: I think that my two Great Pyrenees, Padma and Suka, were ready to stay with you the rest of the night.

Before the class receptions, I took a walk down the aisle of Mead Chapel with my two new friends, Dumont Rush and Stu Walker, both Class of 1943 and back on campus for their 75th Reunion. Ninety-six-year-old Dumont is a Navy veteran who graduated from both MIT and Middlebury and had an extraordinary career as a nuclear scientist. Now, with his wife Peggy, he’s an active member of the greater Middlebury community. Stu Walker, 95, is also a veteran; a former professor of pediatrics and chief of pediatrics at Mercy Hospital in Baltimore; an Olympic yachtsman who competed in the 1968 games; and a competitive sailor who only retired from the sport two years ago (yes, you read that right). When I asked him when his last sail was, he told me it was only last month. He came with his wife Patricia, whom he married just five years ago.

As I walked arm-in-arm with Stu and Dumont, I thought about the nearly 100 years of life fully lived each of these remarkable men represented. Both worked courageously to improve the lives of others in their careers and have joyfully pursued their passions for decades. I can’t think of two better examples of Middlebury energy and creativity.

Such lives are an essential part of what it means to be Middlebury. Reunion comes just two weeks after Commencement, where we celebrated the achievements of the Class of 2018, including six Fulbright Scholarship recipients, three Watson Fellows, and a Charles B. Rangel International Affairs Fellow.

Toni Cross ’18, the Rangel Fellow, has had a passion for languages since she was a child and currently speaks Modern Standard Arabic, Moroccan Arabic, French, Russian, and Spanish. This fellowship will prepare her for a career in the Foreign Service—her intended path since she was 11 years old.

Toni and her 2018 classmates joined the ranks of Middlebury alumni on May 27. I did two weeks later. Dan Elish and Maria Padian closed their class history by officially adopting me into the Middlebury Class of 1983—a great surprise and honor!

I encourage you to find a hero to honor, a role model or two to emulate, and an opportunity to invite a new friend into your circle this summer. Carry forward this spirit of Reunion, where Middlebury’s values of rigor, resilience, openness, connectedness, and caring were on full display.

Be Middlebury.
Adam Hayes ("Where's Gamaliel?") is a typographer and illustrator based in Wales. He started illustrating during his time at the Royal College of Art and has barely paused since. Between editorial illustrations and large-scale international campaigns, Adam has kept busy since graduating in 2006. Among his clients: Absolut, Apple, British Airways, Capital One, Ernst & Young, Ford, IBM. The artistic mastermind behind our Reunion map, he shed a fresh and familiar light on our beloved campus through his illustration in this issue.

Abigail G. H. Manzella '98, MLitt '03 ("Vermont Life") is an author of fiction, poetry, and creative non-fiction, including the recent book Migrating Fictions: Gender, Race, and Citizenship in U.S. Internal Displacements. Her work often focuses on issues of race, gender, and popular culture in today's society. For more than a decade, Abby has been an educator, teaching at the University of Missouri, Tufts, Centre College, Yeshiva University, and the University of Virginia.

Chris Santella '85 ("Go Fish") is a freelance writer based in Portland, Oregon. He writes often about the outdoors, particularly the sport of fly fishing. He's been published in the New Yorker, the New York Times, forbes.com, and assorted fly-fishing magazines. He is also the author of 11 books, all circling the clever theme of Fifty Places to _____ Before You Die. His piece in this issue, "Go Fish," is an insightful profile of fellow angler Chris Wood '88, one that takes an original approach to understanding the fly-fishing community and the environmental challenges it faces.

David Wolman '96.5 ("Searching") is an author, journalist, and contributing editor at Wired. A former Fulbright Scholar, Oregon Arts Commission Fellow; and environmental studies/geography major at Middlebury, David has forged his path as an author, with four books to his name and a fifth, on cowboys, forthcoming next spring. From his writing on crypto-currencies to his in-depth study of a group of activists turned revolutionaries in Egypt, David knows how to spin a yarn—and boy did he deliver in this issue with his story of Avery Shawler '13 and her near-death experience in Idaho's Pioneer Mountains.

Tim Zeltner ("Starry Night") is an illustrator based in Canada, where he has lived and worked since 1980. His work has appeared in the pages of Bon Appetit, in ad campaigns for Coca-Cola, and in corporate communications work for Microsoft and United Airlines.

TIMELY AND IMPORTANT
This letter is to congratulate Middlebury for running such a timely and important story covering the work of Jeffrey Lewis and his team in observing and reporting on the activities of Kim Jong-un in North Korea. Their work is remarkable in that it fills an important niche in creatively using open-source data to uncover important facts that nonproliferation professionals working for the government cannot share.

And as a plug for the Middlebury Institute of International Studies at Monterey, students should consider attending MIIS to work alongside teachers like Dr. Lewis to learn and participate in this important work.

—GRETCHEN HUND '79, Shoreline, Washington

The writer recently retired as a senior advisor covering nuclear nonproliferation at the Pacific Northwest National Laboratory.

GRATEFUL FOR THE INSIGHT
I thoroughly enjoyed reading the story “True Detectives” in the spring issue of Middlebury Magazine.

Thanks to the keen research at MIIS, we now have an ongoing, penetrating window on North Korea's nuclear weapons.

—JESSIE WOODWELL BUSH ’45, Sun City Center, Florida

KUDOS KOBY
I enjoyed the cover story in the spring issue, "Koby Altman’s Home Court," written by Ryan Jones. This piece is a must-read for recent graduates, as well as for those who are a few years into their postcollege careers.

As captured very well by Jones, Altman took the skills he had honed as a point guard—first in Brooklyn and then at Middlebury—and added to them a work ethic that served him well on and off the court.

The results of Altman's hard work and resilience speak for themselves, and his position as a general manager in the NBA lends credence to the adage that you should never stop chasing your dreams—even—especially—when the pursuit is difficult.

As the father of a former Middlebury point guard, I’m happy to report that I see many of the same traits in my son and many of his Panther teammates as they have moved along in their "post-hoops" careers.

—RICH WOLFIN, Woodcliff Lakes, New Jersey

STREET CRED FROM A FUTURE GM
I remember it as a bitter, freezing night in New London with the wind blowing hard across the Thames. I was there to scout Connecticut College. Beyond 30 minutes before the tip, the stand (there is only one) was essentially empty, very similar to my years at Middlebury, with only a couple of guys at
Within a minute, one of the guys came from Altman ’04 with the hoop and the ball. With a smile, Tufts had a good big man—a fella named Pierce—who presented match-up problems because they spotted him at the top of the key. I had seen Tufts earlier and said that I didn’t agree with that thinking because it kept Pierce off the offensive board. After chatting for a few more minutes, Koby went back up to his perch but returned a few minutes later. He said, “Hey, you’re right about Pierce. We’ve got the ‘boxes’ (box scores) from Tufts’ last four games. He only got a total of three boards on offense.”

He smiled at me affirmatively. Between us, I knew he had given me street cred. Over the next year we exchanged brief conversations in random gyms. After that, I remember reading that he’d gotten a video job with the Cleveland Cavaliers. I’m certain that he approached his video work with the same thoroughness that his professors had required on Midd’s academic side and the commitment to improving and being at your best that Jeff has built into our basketball program.

Koby’s story with the Cavs has been the match of “when preparation meets opportunity”—something that was solidified by his Middlebury experience. As for me, I’m still sitting in some gym on a winter’s night measuring new talent. Thanks to Koby—and his reputation—my street cred looks pretty good.

—RICK MINTON ’69, Stratford, Connecticut

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—RICK MINTON ’69, Stratford, Connecticut

LINDSAY’S COURAGE
Lindsay Wheeler ’14 has shown incredible courage in sharing her personal story of mental illness (“Out of Darkness, Light,” spring 2018). Telling our stories is one of the ways to help overcome the cultural stigma attached to mental illness and to help save lives by showing others who live in its shadows that they are not alone.

I also have lived with bipolar depression probably since the age of eight, but was not diagnosed until age 38. Along the way, I graduated with honors from Middlebury and law school and worked as a senior legislative aide in the U.S. Senate. Get treatment and don’t ever give up hope.

—BOB CAROLLA ’78, Arlington, Virginia

THE IMPORTANCE OF SOCIOECONOMIC DIVERSITY
Middlebury paid for the vast majority of my tuition, and I was able to leave college with only a $5,000 loan, something that seems a mere pittance compared to what graduates these days are saddled with (“Our Moral Directive,” spring 2018). Yet I was very unsurprised to recently see Middlebury listed in an article about schools that had more students whose families are in the 1 percent economically than students whose families are in the lower 60 percent.

I thrived academically at Middlebury but always felt socially awkward with my middle-class background. I can only imagine what it’s like to attend as a young person who grew up with any kind of financial insecurity. Diversity of socioeconomic status matters too, and a healthier mix is beneficial to all.

—WENDY FALCONER GASSAWAY ’91, Commenting on middmag.com

WELL DONE!
Brava, President Patton. I’m proud of Middlebury’s commitment to expanding access.

—@WAVERLYROOT, Commenting on middmag.com
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Jupiter Quartet
November 30 • MCA, Robison Hall

Cédric Tiberghien, Piano
December 5 • MCA, Robison Hall

Mark Padmore, Tenor; Paul Lewis, Piano
January 18 • MCA, Robison Hall

Manual Cinema
The End of TV
January 30 • Wright Theatre

Christian Sands Trio
February 22 • MCA, Robison Hall

Ragamala Dance Company
Sacred Earth
February 28 and March 1
MCA, Dance Theatre

Alexander Melnikov and Andreas Staier, Piano
March 15 • MCA, Robison Hall

Castalian Quartet
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DISSENTING OPINION

The town of Middlebury and Middlebury College are very special to me. That is why President Patton's column in the spring issue of Middlebury Magazine gave me pause.

Her comparison of academia to her father's medical practice was really not a good choice. Were I a doctor, surely I would turn away no one, but Middlebury is a private college and not a public charity. Understand, I am not against scholarships, but this sounds like she is aiming for free college for everyone, similar to what prevails in Europe. Does she understand what taxation that entails?

Middlebury College was founded more by businessmen than "teachers and preachers." According to the book The Town's College by David Stameshkin, the people of Middlebury first founded a grammar school and then the College to educate their sons for secular reasons. He wrote, "They were concerned with financial gain, yet they gave generously to the educational and religious institutions in their community. Indeed, it can be argued that by supporting the development of such institutions, they attracted more people to the area, thereby raising land values and making the town a likely regional center."

Indeed, Gamaliel Painter was a businessman, and Seth Storrs, Daniel Chipman, and Samuel Miller were lawyers—all of whom believed in giving some of their energy and treasure toward the common good. Early New Englanders were hard-working, independent, and religious people. They did not expect to be given anything, but they always helped a neighbor in need.

I have often wondered why the New England I knew growing up was all Republican but is now mostly Democrats. Now I think I see why! With liberal college presidents and liberal professors, how can the students not be influenced? Former students are now the current citizens of liberal New England.

Does free speech exist at Middlebury when a speaker on the conservative side of the political spectrum cannot be treated graciously? For example, Ari Fleischer '82 was treated unkindly when he visited in 2004, and a member of my class wrote that he should not be allowed on campus! He is an alumnus! Colleges should be an arena for the free exchange of ideas. Whatever your political persuasion, you should be open to hearing the opposition. Currently it does not sound like that is true at my alma mater, and that makes me sad. How do you learn if you are unwilling to hear all sides on all topics so you can make up your own mind?

I worry that Middlebury is becoming too
politically involved, choosing sides in a political debate. Let us concentrate on education—languages, mathematics, physics, etc. Let us welcome all speakers to the College graciously as our guests. Then Middlebury will be an educational institution of which we can all be proud!
—Marjorie Hayden Atkins ’50, Rockville, Maryland

ONLY PART OF CASTOR’S STORY
The obituary for William N. Castor ’51 in the spring issue of Middlebury Magazine contained a surprising omission. You note that Castor taught political science at universities from South Dakota to Ethiopia, but neglect to mention that he was an instructor in contemporary civilization at Middlebury from 1957 to 1959. During my freshman year, he was also a faculty resident in my dorm, Painter Hall. Castor was a staunch Republican, which was maybe less of a distinction for college faculty in those years than today, but still came across as a kind of quirk. (The tiny CC Department was ideologically diverse, not to say incoherent: Castor’s two colleagues were a CIA man and a committed leftist.)

I recall a debate, cosponsored by campus Young Republicans and Young Democrats, in...
which Castor faced off against fine arts professor Arthur Healey, who spoke for the other side with his customary charm and wit. I was rooting for Healey, but Castor had plainly done his homework. Looking back, their respective positions (the GOP as the party of individual liberty and fiscal probity vs. the Democrats as the “people’s party”) seem downright quaint, not to mention the civil tone of the debate and the well-behaved audience. To offer some context, there was just one campus cop back then, and he didn’t sport riot gear.

A few presidential election seasons ago, I happened to be watching the GOP convention one evening and was on the point of dozing off, when lo and behold, there on the screen was Bill Castor, delegate from Upper Michigan, hardly the worse for wear after four decades. Continuity amid flux.

—Larry Feinberg ’62, Chapel Hill, North Carolina

DOGGONE RIGHT!
I am so glad to learn that the pet policy at Middlebury lives on (“Gone to the Dogs,” spring 2018)! There’s a great story behind how it came to be, but what’s most important is what is expressed in this essay—the impact of canines on campus!

—Cooper Couch ’14.5, Commenting on middmag.com

IN MEMORIAM
I write to acknowledge the passing of J. Gerald “Gerry” Alaimo, basketball coach at Middlebury from 1964–69, my coach. He died at 82 in Providence, Rhode Island, his longtime home, on May 10.

Gerry came to Middlebury “to turn the program around” in basketball. After some terrific teams in the mid-1950s under Coach Tony Lupien, the basketball program had fallen on hard times, winning only a handful of games from 1958 to 1964.

It certainly did not happen right away. Gerry had two seasons when his team won just one game, but when Gerry’s 1969 Middlebury team had 10 wins, his alma mater called, and Gerry returned to Brown University to be their coach.

It is often darkest before the dawn. Despite the numbers, Gerry succeeded in laying the foundation for the solid programs that followed: he upgraded the schedule, intensified recruiting, and established an ethos of hard work and spirited play. He was a terrific coach. Though we seldom won, we were always prepared with a winning game plan. He never conceded to our weakness. Because of our limitations, he emphasized skills development in our practices—and that benefitted many of us for years after we graduated in the quality of the pickup games in which we happily played.

His personality was as big as his physical presence: he was exuberant, impulsive, volatile, totally unpretentious, and brutally frank. He was intensely loyal to his Middlebury players, and that loyalty was returned many times over.

Peter Roby ’67 was the best player on that one-win Middlebury team in 1967. In the extensive email chain occasioned by Gerry’s death, Peter wrote: “How is it possible that I played on three Midd teams, one of which
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(our teammate) Paul Witteman '65 wrote in *Sports Illustrated* was ‘arguably the worst college team in the country’ and still loved the game and the experience?”

“J. Gerald Alaimo.”

Rest in peace, Coach.

— KARL LINDHOLM '67, Cornwall, Vermont

REMEMBERING SUAD

The untimely passing of a former Middlebury dining staff member earlier this year was a great loss to those of us who knew Suad Teocanin. He was a source of positivity and laughter, which was much appreciated amid the
inevitable ups and downs of college years. For me personally, recalling regular interactions with Suad brings great joy. He had as much of an influence on my Middlebury experience as my most cherished professors.

The lack of acknowledgement of his passing away with the Middlebury alumni community is a miss by the College. Recognizing that Suad's story is a complicated one—he no longer worked on campus, was homeless when he died, and may have struggled with substance abuse—is not an excuse to disregard someone who added to the lives of many. Middlebury espouses values of opportunity for all and of ending injustice such as homelessness. Yet when there was a loss in our community that hit at the core of these issues, the College said nothing despite alumni calls to acknowledge Suad. Perhaps it is because his story does not fit neatly into a narrative. This is hypocritical of an institution that advocates for such values, and ultimately very disappointing on a personal level to those of us who knew Suad.

I hope that we as a community can do better by those who positively impact the lives of our students, whether it is complicated or not.

—Megan McElroy Rzezutko '04, Newton, Massachusetts

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.
Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and best-selling author Isabel Wilkerson urged graduates to express "radical empathy" in a stirring Commencement address.

Photograph by Brett Simison
As is customary, Middlebury Commencement ceremonies occurred on both coasts in May. In Monterey, 286 students from 31 countries earned master's degrees. And in Vermont, during Memorial Day Weekend, 532 graduates processed on a Sunday morning, enjoying weather that couldn't have been more perfect. There were two valedictorians this year: Naomi Zecher Eisenberg, an economics major from Newton, Massachusetts; and Ry Sylvan Storey-Fisher, an environmental studies major from San Francisco. Hannah Beatrice Hudson, an Italian and French double major from Southbury, Connecticut, was the salutatorian. Pulitzer Prize-winning author Isabel Wilkerson delivered the Commencement address (see p. 29), and there was much sentiment that it was among the best Commencement addresses anyone had ever heard.

A record number of students accepted Middlebury's offer of admission to form the Class of 2022. A total of 765 first-years will arrive on campus next year—with 661 matriculating in the fall and 104 coming in February. The class is also believed to be among the most diverse in the school's history. A record 29 percent will be students of color, while first-generation college students increased to 15 percent of the class.

President Laurie Patton has penned a new book of poetry, House Crossing, a collection of 32 poems, was published by Barrytown/Station Hill Press in May. The publisher describes the collection as a meditation on "where we live or, more properly, dwell." More on House Crossing will appear in a future issue of the magazine.

The Arbor Day Foundation has designated Middlebury as one of its "tree campuses," a distinction that recognizes colleges and universities that are leaders in "promoting healthy trees and engaging students and staff in the spirit of conservation." And if one is interested in bragging rights, Midd was the lone NESCAC school to receive such an honor.

The Middlebury community was greeted with an alert from Public Safety in mid-May, warning folks that a mama bear and her three cubs had taken up residence in a den in the Chipman Hill area of town. Subsequently, the ursine family has been spotted multiple times traversing the Trail Around Middlebury and the Battell Woods, with forays into the backyards of startled humans—including the copy editor of this magazine, Jessie Raymond '90. The Middlebury community was greeted with an alert from Public Safety in mid-May, warning folks that a mama bear and her three cubs had taken up residence in a den in the Chipman Hill area of town. Subsequently, the ursine family has been spotted multiple times traversing the Trail Around Middlebury and the Battell Woods, with forays into the backyards of startled humans—including the copy editor of this magazine, Jessie Raymond '90.

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The sixties are in vogue in the Museum of Art this summer—specifically one of the 20th century's most pivotal years: 1968. Provocative works by Robert Rauschenberg, Rupert Garcia, Roy Lichtenstein, Ellsworth Kelly, and many others speak to the tumult of the period—a time that saw the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. and Bobby Kennedy, protests of the Vietnam War, rioting in cities—and the emergence of critical art forms that reflected the chaos. The exhibit, titled 1968, was organized by graduating senior Maddie Hampton and rising junior Sophie Taylor. It runs through August 12.

For the 103rd consecutive summer, the Middlebury Language Schools are in session. Surely you know the salient facts: 11 languages taught, with full immersion in the study of language and culture. This year, more than 1,500 students will have signed the Language Pledge; they represent 47 states and 75 countries.

Laurie Macaulay Jordan '79 has retired. For 22 years, Jordan has held the title of College chaplain—but her impact on the community far exceeds any one job description. A religious mentor, spiritual guide, and friend to so many, Jordan has comforted those in pain, calmed those in turmoil, and celebrated with the joyous. Her wisdom, compassion, and curiosity were frequently on display in public moments—at Commencement, Reunion Weekend, and Lessons and Carols, to name a few—yet it was in those quieter times that Jordan forged connections that will last a lifetime. We wish her well.

Econ prof Jessica Holmes is the winner of the 2018 Gladstone Award honoring excellence in teaching. She plans on using the award stipend to create a new winter term course on health care policy.
Eye, Media

Sujata Moorti is the Charles A. Dana Professor of Gender, Sexuality, and Feminist Studies at Middlebury, where she teaches courses on feminist cultural studies and diasporic media studies. A former journalist in Mumbai, India, Moorti has published extensively on media representations of gender and sexuality. She is currently working on a manuscript titled *iFeminism*, in which she is examining the ways social media is impacting the understanding of feminism around the world.

How does your experience as a journalist inform your work as a scholar?

As a young woman in the 1980s, I was expected to stay in the office and let others report. I could edit, cover fashion and culture, but mostly I was deskbound. I kept insisting that I be allowed to report, and, eventually, the stories I was given were stories that others didn’t want to do.

What did you cover?

After a year, I covered state and national politics. As part of this, I started to cover stories in rural India, stories involving women’s issues, and these were stories that not only hadn’t received much coverage but involved people whose lives were unfolding in a way that was radically different than my own, coming from an urban center. So that is when I really started to become interested in gender studies, both in terms of the sexism I experienced, and then as a journalist of “Whose lives do I cover? Whose voices do I have access to?”

How did your interests expand in the U.S.?

I was immediately struck by political coverage, the nature of “horse race” coverage, as opposed to examinations of policy. This furthered my interest in the role of media in democratic societies. From this broad framework, I started studying the ways gender and race are portrayed in the media.

Have you seen these portrayals change as media itself has changed?

Definitely, it has shifted. There is more attention being paid to racism and sexism in the media, but I’m not sure if the substance has changed. That is, has it really shifted the way we think about women’s issues? Racism?

Do you believe that there’s more coverage, but that it’s largely superficial?

I don’t know. Sometimes the coverage seems like window dressing, but I’d rather have window dressing if it’s a first step. But if it stops at window dressing, then it’s a problem.

Does social media exacerbate this?

Well, yes and no. Let’s look at the political campaign of Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez. Social media can give voice to somebody from the margins, and it allows their name and their ideas to circulate in ways that probably aren’t possible for mainstream media.

And then a community builds…”

Exactly. Whether that’s a community of political supporters or survivors of sexual assault, there is a sense of “I have experienced it too.”

This seems to be a natural segue into your current research project, *iFeminism*.

Sure. I’m researching how social media and digital media are enabling new forms of activism, thinking about both the limits and possibilities.

And you started before the #MeToo movement?

Well, there have been many Me Too movements, haven’t there? Anita Hill was a Me Too movement. But it didn’t capture the public’s attention the way that the current movement has. And I think that’s because we are seeing what can happen when the forces of traditional media and social media combine to raise awareness.

So we’re witnessing a sea change…”

In attention, yes. But to what end? That’s to be determined. Attention can only achieve so much; structural changes must occur also. We have to change individuals.
Why I Love Cricket

By Phani Wunnava, David K. Smith '42
Chair in Applied Economics

During my childhood in southern India, my family moved around a lot—my late father was a banker and he was transferred frequently—and because we never stayed in any one place for more than two years, I got used to being the perennial “new kid on the block.” Fortunately, street cricket came to my rescue, helping me make friends—especially when we moved to those provinces where a language different from my mother tongue was spoken.

Being a lefty, I had a natural advantage of being able to spin the ball as a bowler (very similar to a baseball pitcher throwing a curveball). In addition, my father was an avid shortwave radio listener, and we would tune in to radio cricket broadcasts from England, Australia, and New Zealand. (It was a great bonding experience for the both of us to listen to these broadcasts together.) While I was in college, I led our college cricket team and was recruited to play for some of the local club teams. To this day, I occasionally play “tennis ball” cricket on campus with our students and some of my colleagues; I always keep a cricket bat and a tennis ball in the trunk of my car.

And while I continue to cheer on India’s national team—relishing victories against England, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Pakistan, Sri Lanka—I am also thrilled that the sport is gaining popularity in the U.S. Since 2000, a number of cricket leagues have popped up around the country. I’m hoping it’s only a matter of time before one comes to Vermont.

Let’s Talk

In the days and weeks that followed Charles Murray’s visit to campus in the spring of 2017, Shawna Shapiro became increasingly uneasy about a dichotomy—free speech versus inclusion—that appeared to shape many discussions following the event.

In private conversations with colleagues and students, the associate professor of writing and linguistics was hearing far more complex interpretations of the issues at hand. She was concerned that these perspectives and these voices—especially the students’—weren’t being heard, so she set out to learn more.

Earlier this summer, Shapiro wrote an essay for Inside Higher Ed in which she presented preliminary findings from a small study she had conducted.

Collaborating with undergraduate researchers, Shapiro surveyed 80 Middlebury students and conducted in-depth interviews with roughly a quarter of those. Among the things she learned: if there is a single issue to focus on, learning how to talk rises to the top. Nearly 90 percent of those surveyed said they believed it was important to engage in difficult conversations with people who held views different than their own. About half of those surveyed said they were already doing so, while acknowledging that doing so isn’t easy.

“This research suggests that our institutional resources should be invested not just in the what of ideological difference but in the how,” she wrote. “Our students will be able to tell us what they need, given the opportunity.”

Down in the Valley Mead Chapel sits at the highest point on campus, with the Champlain Valley receding westward to the Adirondacks. Reunion-goers have departed, and as the sun sets on a quiet evening, the sounds of summer—chirping birds, the rumble of a passing truck, a jogger’s footsteps—drift across a nearly empty campus.
Tennis, Anyone?

In May, the men’s and women’s tennis teams both advanced to the NCAA Division III semifinals, joining the Emory University Eagles in placing both squads among the tournaments’ respective Final Fours. While the Middlebury women were narrowly eliminated in the semis, falling to the Eagles five matches to four, the men bested Emory and NESCAC rival Bowdoin to capture the program’s third national title.

Percentage of men’s and women’s Final Four teams from New England

Percentage of New England Final Four teams from Middlebury

Percentage of men’s and women’s Final Four teams from Amherst

25

Wins for the men’s team, in 29 contests, a program record

17

Wins for the women’s team, in 21 contests, tying a program record

2,453

Miles from Middlebury, Vermont, to Claremont, California, site of the men’s and women’s tennis championships

Rubber Match
In knocking off Bowdoin, 5–3, to win the national championship, the Middlebury men avenged a NESCAC championship loss to the Polar Bears two weeks prior. The championship match was the third time the teams had met in the 2018 season, with Midd cruising to an 8–1 victory in April.

Running the Table
Both Panther teams were perfect at home this season, combining for a 14–0 record. And the contests weren’t even close. Neither team dropped more than two matches in any given home contest. (Contests are determined by the outcome of six singles matches and three doubles matches.)

Three and Counting
This was the third season in a row that both Middlebury tennis teams advanced to the NCAA semifinals. No other school in the country can say the same thing.
A couple of weeks before U.S. President Donald Trump met up with North Korean dictator Kim Jong Un in Singapore, a journalist with the Toronto Star reached out to Jeffrey Lewis, a scholar and researcher at the Middlebury Institute's Center for Nonproliferation Studies.

In a text message, the journalist—a fellow named Daniel Dale—wanted to learn Lewis's opinion of Trump’s handling of the on-off-on-again nature of the potential tête-à-tête.

"I'm writing about the North Korea news," Dale texted, "and I just want to ask you for your assessment of how Trump has handled this file over the last couple of months. Anything you say would be appreciated."

Lewis's two-word reply: "Goat rodeo."

While Dale typed "Hahaha," one can easily imagine that his actual response would have looked more like the millennial "LOL." He added: "Any chance you could expand this into even one sentence? [If not,] I will quote 'goat rodeo' unless you object."

Lewis's reply?

"This is a total goat rodeo."

On the eve of the summit in June, Lewis got a little more mileage out of his phrase, writing in a Foreign Policy opinion piece: "Despite the best efforts by [journalists] like the New York Times's Mark Landler to normalize this process, it is not normal. It is not disruptive, nor does it reflect a strategy. It is, by any traditional measure, a goat rodeo."

Post-summit, Lewis's opinion of the meeting was no more sanguine, telling Christiane Amanpour of CNN, "I didn't lower my expectations quite far enough."
"Radical empathy is not about you and what you would do in a situation that you have never been in and perhaps never will. It is the generosity of spirit that opens your heart to the true experience and pain and perspective of another. We need more of that in this world."

—Isabel Wilkerson, Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and author, speaking to the Class of 2018

**Boxed Set** This panorama, a long scroll dating to around 1875, depicts six scenes of “Yankee Doodle” and eight of the story *Rip Van Winkle*, both illustrated by 19th-century political cartoonist Thomas Nast. Handles built into the outer box advance the scroll.

The College obtained the scroll—one of only four known to exist—in April 2017 from a rare bookseller in Vermont. The catch: it had lost the outer box shown here. So Middlebury College carpenter Ron Munson rebuilt the box; preservation manager Joseph Watson recreated its theater-proscenium graphics using scans obtained from a copy at Yale University; and College conservation technician Ginny Faust glued the new graphics in place.

The panorama is, once again, complete.

For the 13th time in as many years, Middlebury called a halt to classes on a Friday in April and asked that the community turn its attention to undergraduate research conducted during the prior year. The 2018 Spring Student Symposium drew around 1,000 people to Bicentennial Hall and the Johnson building throughout a day that featured poster and oral presentations, readings, and performances.

**60**

**STUDENT PRESENTERS IN THE INAUGURAL SPRING SYMPOSIUM IN 2006**

**296**

**STUDENT PRESENTERS IN THE 2018 SPRING SYMPOSIUM**

**52**

**POSTER PRESENTATIONS IN 2018**

**1**

**POSTER PRESENTATION THAT INVOLVED AN AUGMENTED REALITY SANDBOX**

**3**

**POSTER PRESENTATIONS THAT ADDRESSED THE TOPIC “WHAT IS THE GOOD LIFE AND HOW DO WE LIVE IT TOGETHER?”**
OUT OF OFFICE
THE PLACES THEY WORK. A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY.

Principal photography by Paul Dahm and Brett Simison
Additional images by Rob Ellis and Tom Weller
For many of us, our work spaces are fairly bland. We might have a desk and chair, a computer and phone, some shelves with photos of family who we don’t see as much as we do our colleagues because we spend more waking hours at work than at home. There are plenty of offices at Middlebury, of course—some faculty offices are so interesting they could be museum exhibits. (We showed a handful in a photo essay titled “Eminent Domains” a few years back.) Yet for many—whether in Vermont, California, or abroad—one’s work space is a unique environment. We offer a window into these places, these occupational habitats. Some you may never have seen before. And others you will see anew, through the eyes of their inhabitants, who call these spaces a home away from home.

Rebekah Irwin
Director of Special Collections and Archives

Habitat Davis Family Library, Special Collections and Archives

If you had only one sentence to describe this space, what would you say? One sentence? Can you imagine how many individual sentences are stockpiled here? Handwritten sentences, typed sentences, sentences in poetic verse and in song? Sentences typed into emails by College presidents and written with feather quills? I can’t even try.

Can you tell us something about your work space that few people know? We have a massive safe that can withstand the unthinkable: fire, flood, explosion. The über-special of Special Collections reside inside: Henry David Thoreau’s personal copy of Walden with his handwritten notes; the College’s founding charter (on animal skin) signed by the governor of Vermont (with a feather quill, presumably); a small clay tablet from Mesopotamia, circa 2000 BCE; a 500-year-old handmade book illustrated with gold ink.
Petri dishes containing microbes from Ely Copper Mine in Vershire, Vermont, part of a study of acid drainage from the mine.
LESLEY-ANN GIDDINGS
Assistant Professor of Chemistry and Biochemistry

Habitat Giddings Lab, Bicentennial Hall

If these walls could talk, what would they say?
"People are always here, generally from 7:30 a.m.-6:00 p.m. And if an alert goes out to say the freezer temperature is fluctuating, [Lesley-Ann] will come in, even if it is 4:00 a.m." Adds Lesley-Ann, "This place is an extension of myself."

Can you tell me something about the Giddings Lab that few people know?
We're not only storing proteins that we make but we're also growing the cells that make protein, growing other cells. We can do a lot in this small space: grow microbes, extract and amplify DNA and RNA, purify compounds.

JACOB WILKINSON
Crew Chief

Habitat Ralph Myhre Golf Course

Can you tell us something about the golf course that few people know?
We specialize in more than just cutting the grass. It is an art to grow turf and grow it well while maintaining extreme low heights of cuts. Many tools are involved with the operation other than mowers. This includes irrigation on the entire course underground, applications for plant health, cup setting on the greens, to name a few.

What's your favorite time of day to be here, and why?
My favorite time of day on the golf course is during the sunrise hours (5:30) and sunset hours (8:30) during the mid-summer. At those times it is just nature and its beauty before golfers are out and machines are running. Picturesque moments.
PAUL MONOD*
Principal, Middlebury-CMRS Oxford Humanities Program

Habitat Feneley Library at the Center for Medieval and Renaissance Studies, Keble College, Oxford

If these walls could talk, what would they say?
"Where have the garment workers gone?" The building was a shirt factory from the 1870s until the 1920s.

You're walking out of here for the final time and look back over your shoulder—what are you thinking?
This summer, I did walk out of the building for the last time, as principal of the program, at least. I was thinking, "It's all still here after four years and it's going to continue for a lot longer."

HEDY KLEIN
Fletcher Professor of the Arts

Habitat Printmaking Studio, Johnson Building, Room 402

If these walls could talk, what would they say?
"I have seen a lot of struggle and late-night shifts, which, in turn, allowed great work to happen."

You're walking out of here for the final time and look back over your shoulder—what are you thinking?
Frustration, exhilaration... all states of mind are possible in the studio.

*Professor Paul Monod returns to the History Department at Middlebury this fall, after directing the Middlebury-CMRS program in Oxford for the past four years.
ASHLEY LADUKE
Head Baker

Habitat Bake shop, Proctor Hall

Can you tell us something about the Proctor bake shop that few people know?
The bake shop features a rotating deck oven that has the capacity to bake 16 sheet pans at one time, meaning we can accommodate our students’ dessert needs with ease!

What’s your favorite time of day to be in the bake shop and why?
I love mornings, and the days when I start at 5:00 are my favorite. The world is still quiet, and I’m able to focus entirely on dessert production.

JACKI GALENKAMP
Mail Center Supervisor

Habitat Student Mailroom, McCullough Student Center

Can you tell us something about this mailroom that few people know?
We received more than 88,000 packages in 2017.

If these walls could talk, what would they say?
“Calling the mailroom and asking if a package has been delivered from Amazon doesn’t help anybody.” (See prior question.)
JONATHAN KEMP
Telescope and Scientific Computing Specialist

Habitat Mittelman Observatory, Bicentennial Hall

If you had only one sentence to describe this space, what would you say?
The observatory serves as a gateway to the universe, Middlebury’s gateway to the universe.

What’s your favorite time of day to be here, and why?
The later stages of dusk around nautical twilight are always impressive. At that point, the natural environment is amazingly beautiful and serene, and one can reflect on the day concluding and the promise of the night to come in studying the astrophysical mysteries of the universe. Dusk signifies an uncloaking and revealing of the nighttime sky as the sun exits the stage. This time of day often reminds me of Magritte’s L’Empire des Lumières.

MICHAEL MOSER
Director of Facilities Services

Habitat Biomass Plant

You’re walking out of here for the final time and look back over your shoulder—what are you thinking?
With a purposeful pause and deep breath, I’d close my eyes, smile, and fondly remember the excitement of creating and designing early plant strategies, the milestone of construction, the commitment to mastering operations. I’d think about the wonderful people who participated in this journey. And I’d think I was a part of something that was—and remains—worthwhile, significant, and successful. This place has had such a positive impact and will be a part of Middlebury College’s legacy.
If you had only one sentence to describe this classroom, what would you say?
It feels like everything at once: space exploration, a battlefield, a moving meditation, an intellectual oneness, a sip-by-sip presence of a Japanese tea ceremony, swimming in the ocean; joy, flow, touching the horizon.

Can you tell us something about this space that few people know?
This is a space where one can find a real me. Look at the image behind me: The seraphim holds a sword—a burning, precise weapon that cuts through the hearts of people to awaken them to action, to alert them to urgency of action, to enlighten, to comfort. This is what teaching is to me.

Can you tell us something about the Knoll that few people know?
Brakeley: Drought is one of our greatest challenges at the garden site, given the sandy loam soil profile; a surprise since we are surrounded by the Vergennes clay remnants of the Champlain Sea!

What's your favorite time of day to be here, and why?

If the garden could talk, what would it say?
Calvi: “When you care for me, I’ll teach you to slow down and care for yourself.”
9:00 a.m.  
September 5, 2016  
Shawler leaves her apartment to go hike the Devil’s Bedstead East.

11:00 a.m.  
Shawler reaches a fork in the trail on her ascent; chooses more challenging direction.

Approximately  
12:00 noon  
Weather conditions worsen; ascent halted. Path back down ice and impassable.

Approximately  
12:15 p.m.  
Shawler attempts to activate satellite beacon; it goes dead.

Approximately  
12:30 p.m.  
Shawler reattempts ascent, hoping to connect with a safer trail back down.

Approximately  
1:00 p.m.  
Shawler slips on loose rock—and falls 60 feet. Seriously injured, she loses consciousness. When she comes to, she discovers the battery on her cell phone is dying. And she has no signal.
Searching

Avery Shawler 13 left her Idaho apartment one morning in 2016 to hike a prominent mountain peak. It's a miracle that she returned.

By David Wolman ’96.5

The Pioneer Mountains in central Idaho are noted for their rugged beauty—and isolation.

Photograph by Matt Leidecker ’96.5
When she regained consciousness, Avery Shawler '13 didn’t know where she was. She couldn’t see out of her left eye and the pain from her left arm was searing. With her right hand, she wiped gently over her brow. Looking down at her palm, she saw that it was covered in blood. The sight of blood and a few more seconds, or perhaps it was minutes, prompted Shawler to take stock of her injuries and circumstances. She was still unclear as to what had happened and her whereabouts, but her wilderness training had taught her to assess, to plan, to be smart. There was the injured eye, or damage around, and the arm hurting like hell. Her side also ached; probably a broken rib or ribs. Her right knee was smashed and, most alarming, blood seeped steadily from two deep gashes on the side of her left leg.

Using just her uninjured arm, Shawler dug into her backpack and removed her first-aid kit. She managed to wrap her wounds with gauze and a bandage that would, she hoped, stem the bleeding. Then she put on her extra layers. Her bright red jacket helped with the wind, but the cold was unrelenting. She was already losing feeling in her feet.

Next, Shawler pulled a small plastic packet from her first-aid kit. As a Christmas gift the previous year, her brother Evan had sent her some Mylar emergency blankets. (He was studying to be a physician and had recently completed a wilderness medicine course.) His note read something to the effect of You like doing things outdoors. Throw a couple of these into your first-aid kit. You never know. Shawler had thought it was an odd gift, but also kind of cool, in that preparedness-geek kind of way.

Now, halfway up the rocky face of a mountain called the Devil’s Bedstead in the Pioneer Mountains of central Idaho, Shawler tore open the package, unfolded the bright silver blanket, and wrapped it tightly around herself.

S H A W L E R G R E W U P E V E R Y W H E R E . Before college, the family moved 10 times, following her father’s work as an executive in the eyecare business. By the time she reached Middlebury, Shawler had lived in Singapore, China, Germany, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Florida (again), South Korea, and Singapore (again). During high school in Asia, she swam and ran track and cross-country. It was only at Middlebury that she got into outdoor pursuits like biking, skiing, and hiking. She joined the Mountain Club and, when not studying for her degree in conservation biology, went on many adventures that would sound familiar to just about anyone who has an affinity for the mountains and has lived in Vermont. She became a Mountain Club guide, took a Wilderness First Responder course, and renewed her certification in 2014.

Soon after graduating, Shawler moved to Ketchum, Idaho, where she mixed contract work and volunteer hours for local conservation groups, including one called the Wood River Wolf Project. She took advantage of easy access to the outdoors, biking throughout the area and hiking many peaks in and around the Pioneers, often by herself. She loved being around friends, but there was something meditative about experiencing nature without talking, without anyone but the self.

At 8:00 on the morning of September 5, 2016, Shawler set out from the apartment she shared with a fellow Middlebury grad and headed northeast out of Ketchum on Trail Creek Road toward the trailhead that would lead her up the Devil’s Bedstead. At 11,865 feet, the mountain is capped by a nearly vertical 1,000-foot wall and overlooks a stunning U-shaped valley. Matt Leidecker ’96.5—a Ketchum native, photographer, and author of Exploring Sun Valley—describes it as “one of the iconic peaks in the Pioneers.”

Before the hike, Shawler texted some friends to tell them where she was going and when she expected to return, as she always did before heading into the backcountry. She had her first-aid gear in her pack, as well as extra food, water, clothes, and an emergency satellite beacon.

The first part of the hike cuts through a Douglas fir forest before rising past the timberline and then ascending by way of a series of switchbacks. Shawler could see that fresh snow had fallen on the slate gray slopes above, but the snow was melting. Around 11:00 a.m., she came to a juncture. It wasn’t a fork, per se: at that elevation, roughly 9,400 feet, trails fade away and ascents become scrambles pointed in a specific direction. But it was a juncture in the “choice” sense of the word: continue the steady traverse up from the mountain’s saddle, or take a more direct, and somewhat more exposed, route. Seeing that the more challenging route looked fun and doable, Shawler decided to take it.

Within an hour, however, her fun scramble transformed into a dangerous predicament. The slushy snow was refreezing, turning nearly every rock into a treacherous slick. Pausing on a living-room-sized ledge, she could see that the route she had ascended was falling into shadows and icing over completely. Descending that path looked like a poor option. She even tested this hypothesis, attempting to walk downhill a bit, but a quick stumble confirmed her thinking. There would be no U-turn.

Shawler sat down to try and calm her nerves. She ate half of her leftover pasta lunch, saving the rest just in case. Peering further up the slope, she could see that conditions were drier. From there, she guessed a safer traverse and descent would be possible. But it was also a steep climb to get there, perhaps 70 feet. She assessed the risk and didn’t like the result: a fall here would be serious, if not deadly. She took out her iPhone and walked all around the ledge, trying unsuccessfully to get a signal. She dialed 911, anyway. Nothing. “Searching,” the screen declared it on due to a combination of embarrassment and uncertainty about initiating a full-scale rescue. Reason soon prevailed, and she pressed and held the SOS button. After about 20 seconds, the device was supposed to enable texting with emergency dispatch. She began counting, but within a few seconds the beacon went dead. (It had 50 percent of its battery life left when she had checked it the night before, but the cold weather had apparently sapped it.)
Avery Shawler was hypothermic and seriously injured when she was airlifted from Devil’s Bedstead and taken to a trauma center in Boise, Idaho. Two years later, her wounds have fully healed.
As she repositioned herself, Shawler felt the phone in her backpack side pocket. She pulled it out and saw that the battery life was down to about 10 percent. The area had no coverage; she had already checked, from this very spot, before her fall.

Fear arrived in earnest. Shawler yelled for help, knowing full well that it was a waste of energy, that any hikers on the trail to Kane Lake were far too far away. She cursed, loud, angry at herself for landing in this situation. Her friends wouldn’t expect her home yet, and by the time anyone noted her absence, it would be too late in the day to mobilize an emergency response. Nighttime on the mountain, with limited clothing and freezing temperatures, would likely kill her. Shawler had no choice but to climb.

Reexaming the slope above, she felt that if she could just get past that tough section, she would be on that safer route. It was a huge risk, but it also wasn’t; not when the only other move was to stay put and try not to freeze to death.

Shawler felt a rush of adrenaline as she began to make her way closer to safety. The climb went smoothly, for almost 60 feet, until that one rock near the top. That one rock that came loose and sent Shawler tumbling.

**Rerapped in the Mylar blanket and shivering,** Shawler knew that, barring some freakish good fortune—another hiker, maybe, or an emergency beacon miracle—she was going to die. She grew heartsick thinking of the sadness that would soon befall her family and friends, and she felt selfish for having opted for the slightly more challenging route.

She began to reflect on death, and on the varied nature of those reflections. She thought about her family and friends, of course, and how unfair it was that her torment and sadness would soon end in sleep, while theirs would persist. She also wondered what photograph would accompany newspaper coverage of her fatal accident. She even thought about the young guy from Vermont. He was her same age and, although they had never met, Shawler remembered reading about him, that he had died in a hiking accident just a year ago.

"Wasn’t that near here, near this place where I’m lying, broken and freezing?"

Then Shawler heard a strange mammalian screech. *Eeeep! Eeeep!* She lifted her head and saw a pika, an animal that looks like a mashup of a mouse, squirrel, and rabbit. The pika was perched on a rock nearby, as much at home in this environment as injured Shawler was not. Shawler wondered if she was hallucinating, but in a way it didn’t matter: the pika’s jolting call stirred her, urged her to sit up straighter, pull the blanket in closer, and resist sleep at all costs.

As she repositioned herself, Shawler felt the phone in her backpack side pocket. She pulled it out and saw that the battery life was down to about 10 percent. The area had no coverage; she had already checked, from this very spot, before her fall. She thought about using the remaining battery juice to record a goodbye video. She didn’t know precisely what she would say, but it would be some blend of apology, gratefulness, love, and *please don’t stay sad.* It would be the kind of goodbye message that people with the foresight and ability to do so often record in tragic situations like this one. Yet how to pull it off without sounding cliche? And how to do it without crying, because surely if she cried that would make it harder, not easier, on those watching it after she was gone.

So she reconsidered. Recording that message, she realized, would have been the first step in giving up, and Shawler wasn’t ready to give up. Instead, she dialed 911.

"The call failed."
"She tried again."
"She tried 13 more times."
"Then, at 2:55 in the afternoon, Avery Shawler heard a ringtone, and then a person."

**Dispatch:** Blaine County 911, what’s the address of your emergency?
**Shawler:** Nine-one-one, do you have an emergency?
**Shawler:** Yes.
**Dispatch:** What’s going on?
**Shawler:** I was climbing a mountain and I fell...
**Dispatch:** Okay, you fell off while rock climbing?
**Shawler:** I don’t know. I don’t know.
**Dispatch:** Were you rock climbing?
**Shawler:** Well, I was climbing this peak.
**Dispatch:** You’re hiking?
**Shawler:** Well, yeah. Oh, woow...
**Dispatch:** How far did you fall?
**Shawler:** I don’t know, but my leg is torn up and I don’t know where I am.
**Dispatch:** Okay. Do you know what mountain it was you were climbing up?
**Shawler:** I’m afraid that I can... can’t, you know.
**Dispatch:** Okay. And what’s the telephone number, is that a deactivated cell phone?
**Shawler:** Is it a what?
**Dispatch:** That cell phone you’re using, is that a deactivated one?
**Shawler:** No, it’s activated.
**Dispatch:** So what’s your cell phone number?
**Shawler:** It’s 802-377-5066.

A minute later, the line went dead.

**Rod Gregg, a 51-year-old former police officer,** was working as a 911 dispatcher for Blaine County. The connection with the injured woman had failed, but she called back immediately. This time, before the call dropped away again, Gregg and a colleague were able to learn that she was not on Bald Mountain (the main peak at Sun Valley Resort and a popular hiking area). They needed a lot more to go on, but it was a start.

The dispatchers tried calling Shawler back, but both attempts went straight to voicemail. Then Shawler’s third call made it through to Gregg, and this time he kept her on the line for 35 minutes, gathering information about her location and injuries, and encouraging her to stay alert. Help was coming. But Gregg could hear that Shawler was deteriorating.

**Shawler:** I want to go to sleep.
**Gregg:** Don’t go to—just stay awake for me, okay?
Sixteen times during those 35 minutes, Gregg promised Shawler that rescuers would find her and get her out of there. Local authorities tried to triangulate her location using cellular data, but that only works if there are multiple nodes in a network connecting with a device. Shawler's phone was only reaching one tower, and with a weak signal at that. Instead, through steady and supportive questioning, Gregg was able to jog Shawler's memory, drawing out critical details about her day and her whereabouts—where she had parked, what she could see from her perch, which way she was facing, her probable elevation. From these clues, Gregg was able to approximate her location. Shawler and other emergency responders were able to triangulate her location using cellular data, but that only works if there is a signal. Those Mylar emergency blankets—and the cellphone, its battery life dwindling, that somehow found a signal.

Shawler's backpack contained her first-aid kit, those Mylar emergency blankets—and the cellphone, its battery life dwindling, that somehow found a signal.

Her voice trailed off, and the line went quiet for good. "It was pretty heartbreaking when the [cellphone] battery went dead and we lost her," Gregg later told me. "I had to walk out and take a few minutes to myself—let the emotions settle a little bit."

Up on the ledge, Shawler thought she heard a helicopter a few times, but it was just the wind. Maybe no one is coming, she thought. Weak, cold, and alone, Shawler was nevertheless alert enough to know that her concussion and hypothermia might be messing with her mind. Perhaps she had imagined the 911 call. What about the pika? Was that even real?

Then, breaking the silence like a thunderclap, a helicopter appeared overhead. Its approach was not from the valley below, as Shawler had anticipated, but from above, from behind the mountain summit. The sound and whipping wind were overwhelming, as was the sense of relief. Shawler didn't know it at the time, but the fact that a helicopter had reached her so quickly, and that it was this particular helicopter, was yet another stroke of improbable good fortune. Based near Kalispell, Montana, the crew happened to be on a search nearby, just about 60 miles from Shawler's position in the Pioneers. At 4:20 p.m., when the pilot got word of the injured hiker, he steered the Bell 429 aircraft south, reaching the search area in less than 20 minutes. Landing anywhere nearby would have been out of the question, but this helicopter was equipped with a special cable for exactly this kind of extraction mission. Thanks to the bright silver space blanket, the crew spotted Shawler almost immediately. In video footage taken from the aircraft during the rescue, Shawler—bloodied and half asleep—smiles wide.

When Gregg later learned that Shawler had been rescued, he stepped outside once again. "I never had a call really affect me that way," he told me. Shawler was clearly a strong person, he said. The fact is, unexpected things can happen out there. "She held in and held on. I mean, a 60-foot fall? Others might have given up," Gregg said. As for the long odds, rogue cell signal, and nearby helicopter, Gregg had only one thought: "Someone was looking out for her that day."

Last spring, at a coffee shop next to the UC Berkeley campus, Avery Shawler looked out the window at pedestrians staring at cellphones as they walked down Oxford Street and crossed Berkeley Way. "I almost just...went to sleep," she said, recalling that afternoon on the Devil's Bedstead. Her injuries have healed and the scar above her eye is barely perceptible, but the accident, almost two years ago now, is still on her mind. "I'm really not supposed to be here."

Her astonishing good luck is almost enough to make a nonbeliever wonder about fate. In fact, not long after her ordeal, Shawler, received a note from a colleague saying that a self-described clairvoyant had dropped by the office looking for Shawler. She had a message. The woman claimed to have spoken to Luke Richardson's spirit. Luke was the young man from Vermont who had died on the Devil's Bedstead the previous summer, no more than a few hundred feet from where Shawler had been rescued. The clairvoyant wanted to tell Shawler that Luke was the reason for the telecommunications miracle. Luke saved her life.

Shawler never followed up with the woman, and she isn't about to trade biology for parapsychology. (For the record, I have it on good authority, which is to say physics professor Rich Wolfson, that a change from zero to one bar is not outside the range of random fluctuations or small changes to signal strength that can occur due to factors such as humidity or clouds.) Yet Shawler isn't in a hurry to wave the thought aside, either. "I feel so guilty that I survived but he didn't," she told me. The possibility, however remote, that Luke helped is a heartening one, and so she holds on to it. One of these days, she added, she will reach out to the Richardson family. She just hasn't yet found the right way, the right words.

In the meantime, Shawler spends most days continuing to be the vivacious explorer and driven scholar that her family and friends know her to be. While living in Ketchum, she had thought about graduate school, but figured she would get around to it at some point in the future. But the accident altered her attitude toward time. She jumped into the application process and is now pursuing her PhD in environmental science, focusing her research on wildlife conservation.

When it comes to risk, Shawler does think her experience changed her: if she was a 7 out of 10 on the risky-behavior scale before, today she says she is a 5. Yet she cringes to think that any expression of restraint, let alone this very public one, might be misconstrued as her telling others not to have adventures, not to take risks. That couldn't be further from the truth. As if to underscore the point, we spend a good portion of the afternoon talking about Shawler's upcoming summer in Wyoming and her field research deep in grizzly country. Shawler laughs, clearly happy with the path she's chosen.
Go Fish

By Chris Santella '85
Photographs by Stephen Voss

The Potomac River, where it separates Arlington, Virginia, from Washington, D.C., is not every fly angler's idea of nirvana. There are treatment plants pumping in less-than-pure water, the occasional shopping cart to negotiate while wading, and nary a rising trout in sight.

Yet whenever he can find free time, Chris Wood '88—CEO of the nonprofit organization Trout Unlimited (TU)—can be found casting flies into the Potomac's rather murky waters. There are a number of fish here, after all, that will take a fly.

And here, in proximity to the citadels of power, Wood is strategically situated to continue his work protecting cold, clear-flowing rivers elsewhere—in the mountains, the north woods, the high desert canyons of the West—the rivers that are home to the 25 species of trout that can be found in the United States.

Fly casting in these urban environs—where the scenery isn't exactly bucolic—Wood exudes a genuine sense of positivity. It's an outlook that might seem a bit Pollyannaish when exhibited by someone else, but one that comes naturally to him—whether he's buttonholing legislators, taking donors fishing, or staking out a middle ground between fourth-generation miners and take-no-prisoner environmentalists to protect a high mountain creek.

Earlier this spring, I visited with Wood at Trout Unlimited's Arlington headquarters, and I was a bit surprised to learn that he had not grown up fishing. Though he brought a fishing rod with him to college, he hadn't used it all that much, not until he began volunteering with the Big Brothers Big Sisters of America program his senior year. The parents of his "little brother" suggested that fly-fishing might be a good activity for their son and Wood to undertake, so the two would hit the streams around Addison County every now and then. But "not long after we began our fly-fishing adventures, his family moved away," Wood said. "I still had the fly rod, so I began fishing on my own."

Given the number of trout streams within a short drive of campus, Wood found ample opportunity to fish. (He confessed that he did not have a perfect attendance record for his morning classes.) One morning he landed a five-pound, 23-inch rainbow trout below the Middlebury Falls of Otter Creek; for a time, his bank card pin was "0523."

After he graduated, Wood worked a couple of menial jobs back home in New Jersey, but he was restless, and near the end of the summer of
1988, he headed west to Alaska at the urging of Mick Kelly, a college friend. One day Wood went salmon fishing. "I had my 7-weight, a pair of brand-new rubber Ranger boot-foot waders, and a handful of flies," he recalled. "As I walked up the bank, I looked down into the river and saw these gigantic fish, much larger than any I'd ever seen. On closer inspection, they had these grotesque hooked jaws, and their bodies were covered in gnarly sores. Being a Jersey kid, I guessed that there had been a terrible industrial accident—a train must have fallen off a trestle and dumped chemicals into the river, disfiguring all the fish! I continued upriver, being careful to avoid what must have been acid-laced water, and I came upon a guy who was wading into the river with a rod.

"What are you doing?" I called out, hoping to alert him to the chemical disaster. He looked at me like I was crazy and said, 'I'm fishing.' 'What happened to the fish?' I called back. 'They're salmon,' he replied, shaking his head and returning to his angling. I walked back to the car and drove into town and took out a book on salmon from the local library. I understood now what I'd seen, and was fascinated." When he read soon after of the diminished runs of sockeye salmon in Idaho, he decided that he wanted to help.

Wood subsequently moved to Idaho, where he landed a job with the research division of the U.S. Forest Service. When his mentor was named chief of the Forest Service in 1997, Wood followed him to D.C., assuming the role of senior policy and communications advisor.

At the Forest Service, Wood helped orchestrate a landmark achievement: the architecture and passage of the 2001 Roadless Rule, which prohibited road construction and timber harvesting on 58.5 million acres of roadless areas on National Forest System lands in 39 states.

Roads in undeveloped natural areas pose considerable threats to surrounding ecosystems, especially streams and rivers. Beyond increased human access, road construction—and the timber harvest that often follows—creates significant erosion, clogging critical headwaters with sediment and affecting water quality. Fewer trees mean less shade, which translates into higher water temperatures. The compromised conditions in the headwaters have an adverse impact on habitat for fish and other species that call those streams home, and warmer, dirtier water flows downstream, affecting lower reaches of the watershed. Protecting headwaters is a key component of protecting coldwater fisheries, which made Wood's move to a new job and new organization in 2001 a natural progression.

Trout Unlimited was founded in 1959 on the banks of northern Michigan's Au Sable River by 16 disgruntled trout anglers. Led by George Griffith and Art Neumann, the founders were frustrated with the state's practice of stocking rivers with "keeper-size" trout that were bred in hatcheries, believing that the rivers, if left to their own devices, could produce superior wild fish. Furthering their cause by compiling the best available scientific data, the nascent TU was able to convince the Michigan Department of Natural Resources to begin managing the state's rivers—at least some of them—for the well-being of wild trout. The motivation was, no doubt, angler-centric. But there's no question that the ecosystems benefitted too. Watching the tide turn in Michigan, anglers in Wisconsin, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York soon founded TU chapters. A one-off initiative had become a grassroots movement.

When I first became aware of Trout Unlimited in the early 1990s, the group—which had grown to approximately 50,000 members and had an annual budget of $2.5 million—seemed to be a well-intentioned, though not all that serious, organization. (Well-to-do volunteers sponsored occasional litter pick-ups on local streams, offered once-a-year fly-casting lessons to the Boy Scout troops, and held fly-tying/Scotch-drinking klatches in the winter.) That changed soon after under the guidance of a new CEO, Charles Gauvin. By the end of his tenure in 2010, TU had tripled its membership, increased its budget to $26 million, and grown its staff to 130. Wood was hired as director of conservation in 2001; by 2010, he had been elevated to chief operating officer. Upon Gauvin's retirement, Wood was tapped to take his place as CEO.

"One of Wood's great skills is the ability to tread a middle path that allows him to advocate in state legislatures for initiatives limiting future mining while working with mining companies to identify ways to operate without harming streams," said Jon Christiansen, who served as chairman.
of the National Board of Trustees of Trout Unlimited and now is TU’s general counsel. “It’s about balance, not compromise.”

America’s native trout can use all the dynamism that can be mustered. Of the 28 species endemic to the country, three have gone extinct in the last century; of the remaining 25, over half occupy less than one quarter of their historic habitat range. Loss of forests, loss of wetlands, diminished water quality all contribute to this demise. The well-being of native trout—creatures that need cold, clean water to survive—is a bellwether for the health of the aquatic environment that ultimately affects anyone who likes clean water to drink. (We all live downstream.) The loss of a species—should it come to that—also frays at what ecologists call the tapestry of life, how all life forms are delicately, if inexplicably, connected.

Chris Wood’s leadership has gone to great lengths to shed the organization’s rather aloof image and make TU a more central part of trout fishers’ lives. “Before Chris came on board, TU was considered—and considered itself—only a conservation organization,” Christiansen continued. “It was all about clean water and fixing streams. Chris saw TU’s role, at least in part, as making the fishing experience better. This wasn’t turning the organization away from its conservation ethos, but turning it a bit more toward being a sportsperson’s organization. Chris has an everyman quality, and he brought that to TU’s personality, along with his energy. He brought the organization vibrancy, and this was important for capturing the new generation of anglers.” Anglers who would hopefully become conservationists.
In the eight years since Wood assumed leadership of Trout Unlimited, the organization has doubled in size again, with a budget of $50 million, 2,400 employees, and 300,000 members/supporters in 400 chapters around the country. Each chapter averages 1,700 hours of volunteer time.

Anglers, by their nature, love to tell stories. When Wood took over Trout Unlimited, he realized that this organization of hundreds of thousands of fishermen and women lacked a cohesive narrative. “I remember having dinner with my dad and three brothers,” Wood said, as we sat in one of the conference rooms in Arlington. “My dad asked John what was going on in the cybersecurity industry, then Emmett where the emerging markets were, and Nick what was happening in the derivatives field. When he got to me, he asked, ‘What is it you do, exactly?’ And I couldn’t really tell him.”

So Wood got to work crafting a narrative, one that he can now recite by heart. On that day in the conference room, he sketched out the organization’s mission matrix.

“On the highest level,” he said, “we protect high-quality habitats, which are the sources of the clearest, cleanest water,” writing PROTECT on a large sheet of paper that he had taped to the wall. “These are your roadless areas, and much of the work here occurs at the federal level.”

“Next, we reconnect.” (RECONNECT is added in black marker.) “Fish need to move depending on river conditions, and we work to connect habitats. This is a plumbing issue—it might be ensuring that river flows are maintained, or removing dams. Most of this work happens at the state level.”

“At the bottom, we restore.” (RESTORE) “The lower-elevation areas of the watershed were once the most biologically productive, but that’s where humans settled. You see a high return on investment on restoration efforts in this area, and by its very nature, it’s all on a local level.”

“Finally, in order to sustain that work”—SUSTAIN—“we make big investments in youth education, volunteer training, and helping wounded veterans to heal through fishing.”

“Chris has the ability to think up great conservation ideas, but can also follow through on implementing them,” said Molly McUsic, president of the Wyss Foundation, which supports groups that help ensure land conservation in the American West. “Our grant making to TU has grown thanks to their ability to get things done. I think Chris has turned a niche fishing operation into one of conservation’s most effective advocacy groups.”

Wood boasts a corner office, but not the way you’d imagine. It’s at one end of a horseshoe and has no doors. Several trout prints adorn one wall, and there’s a framed fly called “Old Glory” that mimics an American flag. In one corner sits an oar and a few old fishing rods. One curious print shows a white whale pierced with harpoons—“That’s how I feel some days,” Wood joked when asked about it.

Wood travels about 40 percent of the time, speaking at land-use conferences, visiting chapters and retail partners, and, occasionally, fishing with potential large donors. When he’s in Arlington, he tries to leave several hours unscheduled each day to work on priority projects—like beating back efforts to build Pebble Mine, a gold mine near Bristol Bay in southwest Alaska that could potentially decimate the world’s largest run of sockeye salmon.

The rest of the day is spent responding to member questions, reaching out to federal agencies, and supporting the work of field offices. He writes lots of thank-you notes. “Members of Congress don’t often hear praise from the conservation community,” he explained. “I think it’s important to let them know that we appreciate their standing up for conservation issues.”

After leaving himself a reminder to respond to a letter from Supreme Court Justice Neil Gorsuch about a fishing trip on the Potomac, Wood drove me across the Key Bridge to Georgetown for baseball practice. Wood and his wife of 15 years, Betsy, have three sons—Wylie (14), Casey (11), and Henry Trace (8). Wood coaches or has coached for all three boys’ basketball and baseball teams, and this evening it was Henry Trace’s team on the diamond. After practice and hamburgers with Betsy and the boys (it’s common for any out-of-town TU visitors to be welcomed into the Wood home), we sat in the living room and discussed a topic near and dear to Wood: public lands.

The federal government’s current efforts to transfer public land to state ownership is a cynical attempt to sell off these lands,” Wood said. “As federal lands, they’re mandated for multiple use, which can range from commercially harvesting trees [with appropriate permits] to hunting and fishing. State lands are mandated to generate revenue. So when a governor of State A is faced with a budget shortfall, she has two choices—sell an asset or raise taxes. You can guess what happens.” To date, Nevada has lost 99 percent of its state lands; Oregon 40 percent; Colorado 35 percent. If you review maps that show where native trout populations are strong, it’s almost all on public lands.

Five Great Fly-Fishing Spots . . . on Public Lands

The White Mountain National Forest comprises over 750,000 acres in eastern New Hampshire. Those willing to hike a bit into the remote mountain streams here will find native brook trout quite willing to take dry flies. For such intimate waters, it’s important to approach pools stealthily—and to make the first few casts count, as fish will easily spook.

The Monongahela National Forest stretches over 919,000 acres of rugged, mountainous terrain along the eastern edge of West Virginia, and contains almost a thousand miles of rivers and streams . . . many holding native brook trout. The larger rivers in “the Mon” also hold wild rainbow and brown trout, and a few—like the Greenvale and South Branch Potomac—also offer first-class smallmouth bass angling.

The Smith River flows some 120 miles through west-central Montana. It’s renowned for its oversize brown and rainbow trout. Much of the Smith runs through private lands, but a 60-mile section has publicly accessible campsites available to boaters lucky enough to draw a floating permit. In places, limestone walls rise 300 feet from the river. Big browns like to rest in the ledges below those walls, waiting for food—or well-placed flies—to drift by.

The North Umpqua River is a river of astounding clarity that flows through the foothills of the Cascades in southwest Oregon. The quarry here is steelhead, an oceangoing form of rainbow trout. The North Umpqua’s 31 miles of fly-fishing-only waters have attracted presidents and other potential for over 80 years. You’ll likely log several fishless days before getting the big tug of a summer steelhead—but the thrill is worth waiting for.

The Bristol Bay area of southwest Alaska is home to vast returns of sockeye salmon—as well as chum, king, silver, and pink salmon. These fish—sporting in themselves—provide sustenance for giant rainbow trout, Dolly Varden, char, grayling, lake trout, and northern pike. This variety of fish—and the uncrowded conditions—makes Bristol Bay an angler’s paradise. (Bristol Bay is the focus of one of TU’s highest-priority campaigns, halting the development of Pebble Mine.)
The urbanization of America has increased our psychological remove from our public lands. “A generation ago, 60 percent of us lived in rural areas; now, 80 percent live in urban/suburban areas,” Wood continued. “Many are more concerned with gadgets than the outdoors. People don’t understand the value of public lands or how they work, and apathy sets in. When someone with a hidden agenda says, ‘We ought to manage these lands locally, rather than by some nameless/faceless bureaucrat in Washington,’ many will say, ‘That kind of makes sense.’ And then our public lands are sold off.” In 2017, Trout Unlimited launched a massive public education campaign to alert the outdoor recreation community about how important public lands are to their passions—and to make themselves heard on this issue.

“Such attempts at land grabs occur every generation,” Wood added. “It’s the Transfer Movement now. Before, it was the County Supremacy Movement; before that, Wise Use. I liken it to the emergence of cicadas. Every 15 years or so, this notion emerges, makes an awful mess, and then goes away for another 15 years.” Among other elements, the 2017 campaign highlighted 30 great outdoor recreation sites on public lands across America, under the rubric “Public Lands: Best. Idea. Ever.” Since the campaign began, at least 50 state transfer bills have been defeated or forestalled.

A sunny Tuesday afternoon found Wood and me in a rowboat on the Potomac near Fletcher’s Boathouse, an institution among Washingtonian anglers. We’re there partially so he can show me the river’s fabled shad run, partially so he can get a leg up in the Potomac River Wild Fish Challenge. The competition, which is open to a field limited to Trout Unlimited staff, trustees, and distinguished alumni, was established in 2011. The angler to catch the greatest number of species in the lower Potomac (carp, gar, catfish, largemouth bass, smallmouth bass, striped bass, American shad, hickory shad, crappie, and snakehead) on a fly rod is declared the winner; your catch must be documented with a photograph. “You need a plan, as you have to be out there when the fish are there,” said Vice President for Eastern Conservation Keith Curley, another former football player with a competitive streak. “For example, the shad are only present in April and May.” The trophy, which resides on a file cabinet near Wood’s corner, is engraved with two names—Chris Wood and Keith Curley.

As we cast our flies toward the river’s south bank and let them swing downstream, Wood shared his thoughts on conservation. “Many people think that conservation is about land. It’s not. It’s about people, and developing trust so we can take steps toward good outcomes.

“There are red-light issues—really difficult ones that divide people—and green-light issues, which are easier to resolve. And lots in the middle. Many conservation groups spend 90 percent of their time on the red-light issues, arguing. We like to first tackle the green-light issues, then the amber ones. Once we develop trust and relationships, then we’ll approach the more divisive issues. We need to get people more intimately connected to the lands and waters that sustain us, and you can’t do that by shouting at people. Get them out to experience the resource, or become friends with those people, understand their perspective and why they feel how they do. I hope to leave people who might be on a different side of an issue feeling that while they may not always agree with me, they know I’ll hear them out.

“People working in the conservation profession today are constantly dealing with loss that others may not see. Yet we maintain a sense of optimism. For us, it’s not about administering the decline of a species or ecosystem, but about seeing the potential for recovery. I think this speaks to who fly fishers are as a breed. You have to be an optimist to take a bit of fur and feather and wire, cast it at river ghosts, and expect them to materialize on the end of your line. There’s not a single fly angler I’ve encountered that doesn’t believe that on the last cast of a long day they’re going to hook the best fish of their life.”

Almost on cue, Wood’s rod doubled over, and he was fast to a hickory shad. He held the fish for a moment, snapped a photo, and gently returned it to the Potomac. He was one step closer to another nameplate on the trophy.
Vermont Life

The Ripton Country Store is for sale.

An alumna of both the College and Bread Loaf reflects on this treasured landmark.

By Abigail G. H. Manzella '98, MLitt '03

Photographs by Brett Simison

The Ripton Country Store is perched on the winding road between Middlebury College and the Bread Loaf campus, so traveling between the two or to the Snow Bowl—or really to anywhere across the Green Mountains—you have to pass this unobtrusive building at the bend in the road. Inside, the floorboards with their wooden, musty smell greet you, and as you walk the aisles full of everything from canned goods to maple syrup, you must watch your step so as not to bump into the plenty. As a college student and a Bread Loafer over the years, I didn't buy staples there. Instead, the store was where I stopped for penny candy. Mostly I'd enter the shop with friends or with fellow Mischords when we were en route to a performance, and I would fill a small paper bag with as many Swedish fish as I was willing to count out individually. At the checkout, the owner would simply ask me the number to enter into the push-button cash register. Then I'd leave, accompanied by the final jingle of the front door. It was a small, infrequent transaction of less than a dollar but one that lodged in my memory as something about life in Vermont and life as it should be.
It was also the place referred to by many as the IEC store, since the old ice machine had had its letters put on in the wrong order by the delivery person. When a new machine was purchased years later, the old mistake was eventually reintroduced to help satisfy our desire for that quirkiness of place and a bit of nostalgia. I've also heard that bikers straining to pedal over the mountain pass are told about the IEC machine as a sign of reprieve, indicating a place where they can stop and rest.

I think about those jumbled letters in connection to my first summer at Bread Loaf in 1997 when I had won a student fellowship to attend the Writers' Conference. Since I was still a Middlebury undergrad as well, I not only thought of that summer as a rite of passage—an early access to the writing world—but I also felt responsible as one of the few resident "locals" to share the best spots in the area. I took those I met on hiking trails at Texas Falls, and into town, and to the College, but, as we drove up and down Route 125, I also made sure that we stopped by the Ripton Country Store to see the IEC machine.

Sadly, it was also the road I drove when I returned to the College—it was 20 years ago this year—to mourn the far-too-early death of Middlebury student and friend Christine Guilmet. I had sung with her just months before at my final spring jamboree, but that December I returned over that pass as a graduate to attend her services at the College and then crossed it again to travel to her hometown, driving some of the current Mischords over that mountain in the blinding snow. We were all scared and shaken, and that precarious trip past the Ripton Country Store intensified what we were already feeling.

I also stopped at the store as I got older because the winding road up the mountain made me car sick one summer when I lived there. I'm not sure why the summer of 2003 caused such vertigo, but my future husband would stop with me at the store on our way down the mountain from the Bread Loaf School of English because it was a good place to pull off the road to help me recenter my breath and balance. The Swedish fish also became an excuse to stop for a moment of reconnection.

Even though I performed my last graduation walk years ago, I make sure to visit the store each time I am in Vermont, most recently during last fall's Bread Loaf Writers' Conference reunion and celebration of Michael Collier's retirement. As I took in the store again, I didn't know it would be the last time I would see it in its current owners' hands, but it too was fitting. I was in the state to show the full distance I had come from being a student, not only now attending the conference as an "alum" but also because I was going to cross that mountain to be a guest speaker in Professor Brett Millier's senior thesis workshop—for one of my own former teachers—now as a professional writer and teacher myself.

When I talk about the store with other alums, they all mention it as a place of transition and anticipation. Mostly, those who took that route as they drove to campus at the start of every term would talk about its appearance around the bend as a distinctive landmark. It stood as a marker that soon they would reach Middlebury and a return to college life. For me, with that excitement came a shift to ease. College, of course, had its many stresses, but it was also a place where I learned to relax into myself.

For that reason, the Ripton Country Store was a dear spot, although not my place for essentials, like bread or mail. I'm sure those who live in the town have much more intimate relationships with the store and with its owners. Even so, my initial encounter with one of the owners is what began my long-term affection. Not long after I arrived to college in the fall of 1994, my mother and I stopped at the store. My mother spied a photograph of a moose on the wall, and being from Pennsylvania, she felt a moose sighting was a new and exciting prospect of my living in Vermont. She asked where we could find a moose, and I, with typical teenage embarrassment, turned away at what I perceived to be a naïve question, because of course moose didn't just hang out in one location waiting for our arrival. The woman behind the counter, however, was easygoing and kind to my mother, telling her a marshy spot just up the road that could be a possibility.

As we drove toward the anticipated site, my mother slowed the car. "See what you can see, Abby," she said. I dutifully looked out the window and felt the doubt fall from my face. There in the reeds—right where the store owner had directed us—stood a majestic moose, unhurried by our gaze, just waiting for our arrival.

I've learned a lot crossing that mountain pass, and I hope that the Ripton Country Store and all of the benefits of Vermont will continue to remind me of the person I was and how it shaped me into the person I am.

Like many others across the country, Abigail Manzella first learned that the Ripton Country Store was going on the market when Bill McKibben, a Ripton resident and Schumann Distinguished Scholar at Middlebury, penned a beautiful tribute to the store and its owners in the New York Times in March. McKibben's piece prompted both fond remembrances of the locale as well as fantasies about, well, buying the store and moving to Vermont. We hope that Abby's piece prompts further memories and continues the conversation; we'd love to publish further sentiment in our Letters department in the fall issue.
Alumni parade with their classes up to the chapel for Convocation during Reunion. Photograph by Jennifer Kiewit.
The Watering Hole

The first time Cayla Marvil ’13.5 and AC Jones ’12.5 asked the owners of their building about renting the space, they got a firm no. It was being used as an auto repair shop. “We walked by this building all the time,” AC says, “so we decided to pop our heads in and introduce ourselves to the owner.” Cayla and AC told the owners that they wanted to open a brewery. “We’re neighborhood kids, and this is our dream.”

A few months later, they got a call: the auto shop owners had retired and would rent to them. Cayla and AC transformed the empty space in Cambridge, Massachusetts, into Lamplighter Brewing Co. It’s since grown from a precarious start-up to a thriving business with 38 employees, 6 of whom attended Middlebury.

On a typical night, patrons of various ages and flannel-shirt patterns crowd up to the bar. It’s normal to hear words like “equity” and “angel investor” from employees of the area’s many start-ups, or to see people tuning out the din to read paperbacks at the bar. Members of the Mug Club sip their beer from gorgeous handmade mugs, created by a local artist. Customers can pay an annual fee to join the club and get invites to early-release parties for new beers—and, of course, to drink out of their mugs in the taproom. Memberships have sold out.

The brewery also houses a coffee shop, so patrons can come by in the morning for coffee and a breakfast sandwich. At 3 p.m., the coffee shop shuts down (a blond wood sign reads: “It’s beer o’clock. Cheers!”). The taproom gets busier, but people can still grab a board game off the shelf and play with friends on a couch by the windows or read one last chapter at the bar before heading home. They’ve held events in the back taproom for painting, speed dating, and even calligraphy (“Sip & Script”).

Locals treat Lamplighter like an extension of their homes: they go there to work, drink, socialize, and just hang out. It feels a bit like a living room—maybe because Cayla and AC raided their own house to furnish it. Cayla says, “We ran out of money, so we just thought, well, we’ll grab this couch, we’ll grab this lamp…”

“What’s for dinner?”

“I always thought I’d open my own restaurant when I graduated,” Cayla says. Lamplighter was originally supposed to include a kitchen. “We were going to do ‘hopp dogs,’” Cayla says, “hot dogs boiled in beer, with a lot of funky, fun flavors—not just your typical Fenway Frank.” But they ran out of time and money, and switched to hosting dinner pop-ups instead, which worked out even better: “We get amazing meals!”

SUCCESS STORY

Building the brewery has been a do-it-yourself project, and like any good DIY, it’s included some creative stopgap fixes. “This whole project has been a learning experience in DIY projects,” Cayla says, “from plumbing, to electrical, to carpentry, to general maintenance—and duct tape always seems to sneak its way into each and every project we do.”

The result: the space has that made-from-scratch look that many big companies spend millions trying to fake.

POPULAR MASCOT

Barley Smalls is Lamplighter’s Instagram-famous resident pup (he has more than 20,000 followers, to the brewery’s 16,000). He has the run of the brewery and goes hiking with Cayla and AC on their days off.

Walking him in Cambridge sounds like being a celebrity’s handler: “We’ll be walking down the street,” Cayla says, “and strangers will say, ‘Oh my god, it’s Barley!’”

Sarah Ruth Bates is a writer who is based in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATHLEEN DOOHER. BARLEY SMALLS PHOTOGRAPH BY ALYSSA PARKER.
IN THE QUEUE

BOOK REVIEW

Wild Horses

By Kathleen McKinley Harris ’62

Wild Horse Country: The History, Myth, and Future of the Mustang, the second book by Dave Philipps ’00, is the work of a consummate reporter of high journalistic principles. Holding a master’s degree in journalism from Columbia, he is a national correspondent for the New York Times and the winner of a Pulitzer Prize for National Reporting in 2014. For this book, he embedded himself in desolate Western lands few humans want to inhabit where mustangs eke out survival. He researched in libraries with faded newspaper clippings and with scholars. He interviewed people who have made wild horses their cause: ranchers, slaughter buyers, and employees of the Bureau of Land Management (BLM).

Philipps’s dedication of his book, “For Whitman and Frost, who were born wild and free . . .,” spells out the author’s hope for mustangs and, by extension, his wishes for U.S. citizens.

Philipps, who lives in Colorado, delves into the origin of horses in the West when he joins a geologist and finds tiny dawn-horse jaws. He tells of the Spanish returning the horse to this continent and “the great horse dispersal” to the Horse Tribes. He deals with many writers such as Zane Grey, Owen Wister, and Marguerite Henry; artist Frederick Jackson Turner; entertainer Buffalo Bill Cody; and Western movies and their effect on the American public’s self-image as embodied by the mustang.

He explores the agenda of activist horse lovers, including Wild Horse Annie (Velma Johnston), whose efforts resulted in the Wild Free-Roaming Horses and Burros Act of 1971. He examines the consequences of this act, giving equal time to the sometimes conflicting points of view of horse activists, ranchers, and BLM employees. The result of the 1971 law has been a welfare system for wild horses, which means
Lit Debut

By Janice Obuchowski

In a recent issue of American Chordata—an attractive, thoughtful biannual literary journal featuring fiction, nonfiction, poetry, art, and photography—the editor’s note discusses “literature and art as a liberatory and enabling mode of connection.” The magazine—edited by Alison Lewis ’14—nicely displays this sentiment, offering a lovely interplay of ideas between the pieces.

These connections are visual. Pairing a photo of radishes with an image of a rhythmic gymnast lets readers examine their surprisingly similar palettes—blue gray and cherry red. The connections are also conceptual. Many images defamiliarize their topics: spaghetti dotted with blue-gray mold, a series of black-and-white pictures of fried chicken. The work hearkens back to the earlier photos: the art’s curation asks readers to make these associations.

These connections continue into the written work. A poem titled “After the feast” begins with a family gathered about a table, the speaker describing how his “mother pries the marrow / from the bone.” The poem examines the speaker’s past as a thing to be consumed—an idea that becomes richer as we consider the surrounding art. A short story of a woman coming of age in the 1960s also has thematic resonance with earlier pieces, displaying ideas about photography and parental figures. In it, the protagonist, after being inspired by a Diane Arbus exhibit, takes photos as she travels cross-country. The story’s most charged moment comes when her biological father, whom she’s just met, gently criticizes her work.

American Chordata is cerebral and moving, and a journal worth paying attention to. 

thousands of horses have been caught and are fed for life because not enough people adopt the mustangs. He does not shy away from why many wild horses end up as dog food.

Finally, he proposes solutions to the problem of excess wild horses, because the BLM estimates open land can carry a maximum of 27,000 mustangs without undue damage to other plant and animal species.

Wild Horse Country is a lyrical, thought-provoking, and comprehensive study of the wild horse question. More, it is good reading.

EXCERPT

A horse and rider could be inestimably more than the sum of their parts. For the tribes, it was everything. The distance and space in the West that had been once oppressive and impoverishing suddenly could become a source of power. Vast grasslands that had been deserts could be turned into muscle, speed, wealth, and weapons of war that, in the right hands, could turn bands of meager scroungers into a fighting force powerful enough to terrorize modern empires and keep both the Spanish and the American armies at bay.

Almost every tribe immediately yearned for horses, dreamed of them, sang of them, painted them on canyon walls, named moons in their annual calendars after them, and welcomed them into their cultures so completely that before long they were sure the horse had always been there. The Apache said the Creator made the horse, using lightning for its breath, rainbows for its hooves, the evening star for its eyes, crescent moons for its ears, and a whirlwind for its power and speed. The Navajo said that every day the sun god rode across the sky on a turquoise mustang with a joyous neigh.
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 Magazine, Middlebury, VT 05753 or to smarshal@middlebury.edu.

REUNION CLASS

This past winter, Emily Baldwin McPhie '75 sent this message: "My mother, Marilynn Manning Baldwin, gave me permission to send her news: Marilynn turned 100 on October 14, 2017, surrounded by family and friends. She lives in an assisted living facility in Sylvania, Ohio, near her oldest son, where she keeps busy with the many activities available to her and with visitors from near and far." Sadly, we learned that Marilynn passed away on June 13. Emily says, "She had a wonderful long and very happy life, and Middlebury and the friends she made there were an enduring, joyful memory." Randall Clarke sent this sad news about her father: "Alfred Roger Clarke passed away peacefully at age 99 on April 19 in Rochester, N.Y. Roger was his class correspondent for many years and really enjoyed writing about his classmates and about his time at Middlebury College. He grew up in New York City, the son of immigrants (his mother was Scottish and his father an English butler). Roger told many stories about helping his father as 'the useful boy' around the large estate his father worked on in Southhampton, Long Island, during the summers. He earned a scholarship to attend prep school in NYC and then to attend Middlebury. He was very proud to have attended the college and he talked about Middlebury throughout his life with great fondness. He visited the campus often. Roger went on to attend Cornell Law School on scholarship. After passing the bar, he served in the U.S. Navy during WWII from 1942 to 1945. Roger, with his first wife, Gay Churchill Symmes, then moved to Webster, N.Y., to raise a family of four and practice law (in private practice and as Webster Town attorney). He was instrumental in getting the Democrats elected to govern the town of Webster from 1953 to 1963. He was also a Shriner and a Mason and the friends she made there were an enduring, joyful memory." Roger went on to attend Cornell Law School on scholarship. After passing the bar, he served in the U.S. Navy during WWII from 1942 to 1945. Roger, with his first wife, Gay Churchill Symmes, then moved to Webster, N.Y., to raise a family of four and practice law (in private practice and as Webster Town attorney). He was instrumental in getting the Democrats elected to govern the town of Webster from 1953 to 1963. He was also a Shriner and a Mason and the friends she made there were an enduring, joyful memory.

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

The family of Dan Martin sent the following message: "It is with great sadness that we share the passing of Lynden Daniel 'Dan' Martin. We attended his 75th Reunion in 2016—husband, children, grandchildren, and a great-grandchild! Dan was able to proudly walk up the hill to the chapel surrounded by his family. Just weeks previous to his death he was square-dancing! We were all planning to attend his 80th Reunion in a few years. Dan was buried in his Middlebury tie with one of his sons wearing another one as he gave his eulogy. We were all so proud to be a part of Middlebury! The last hymn at his service was 'The Lord Bless You and Keep You,' which we had a quartet sing—we know he was smiling from Heaven.

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

I have been determined to attend our 75th Reunion ever since I saw the huge bouquet of roses presented to the girls of '38 when I was at our 70th! I have been reliving Middlebury memories and those memories have amalgamated into a perception of that time that has sustained me for 75 years: cascades of fall leaves scattering as I ran through them across the campus; splashes of bright water surrounding me as I dove into the old quarry swimming hole; the fading orange of sunset as I waited at the top of the Chipman Hill trestle for the courage to make my first ski jump; the mutual respect inherent in a discussion with my fraternity brothers, as we planned to remake the world "nearer to the heart's desire"; the warm glow induced by necking with a cute classmate in the cemetery; the sense of conquest aroused by leaping from stone to stone straight down the stream that drains off Camel's Hump; the satisfaction of ringing—with four other freshmen—the Old Sherman Hill Rd., Woodbury, CT 06798.
Elaine King Dandl writes, "I'm living about 10 miles north of the Mexican border, hoping, like many other people here, that no more walls will be built. It's a bilingual, bicultural kind of place, and I enjoy it. After my last book, called Elderville, was published, I started another, to be called Adventures in Old Age. The first adventure to relate was an interview with a woman originally from Italy who, in the time of Mussolini, was put with her mother in a concentration camp. Luckily, both survived, but both were deeply affected. How Giulia ever landed in the bottom of Texas is a mystery to me, but I'll find out.

• I (Mew) was an Am. lit. major and it is good to know Henry David Thoreau, Walt Whitman, and Robert Frost are alive and well in us. I am not in that "class" but I am writing weekly emails to "Family and Friends" to stay in touch. Frederick Buechner and Mary Oliver have taught me to "listen to my life and pay attention." In March I had the courage to enter our first RiverMead essay contest with the subject "Technology, Positive or Negative" and received one of four winning runner-up prizes, a $10 gift certificate at the local bookstore. I chose the focus of both/and, had fun writing it, and reviewers found it fun to read. The winner was a man, a former director of research and development in Peterborough, NH 03458.

Correspondent Joan "Cam" Campbell Shaw reports: I hope by the time this edition of the Middlebury Magazine arrives it will be truly summertime. As we write our class notes, we wish her well! • Of hearing so conversation was spotty. Apologies to ment in NYC but said she doesn't get out and about at Easter. • Up to their porch every night. • Was a man, a former director of research and development in the time of Mussolini, was put with her mother in a concentration camp. Luckily, both survived, but both were deeply affected. How Giulia ever landed in the bottom of Texas is a mystery to me, but I’ll find out.

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ClassActs

does not find it a great handicap. • Druzilla Williams Schoch is still living in Chelsea, Mich., but no longer in her own home. She lives in a retirement community there. Her son lives in the same town and keeps watch over her. She likes it as she has friends there and doesn't have to worry about the affairs of the world, because she "doesn't have the energy to do so." • In the previous notes, I wrote about Joseph Foley's life, but neglected to say that two daughters had graduated from Williams and then went on to get a master's degree at Middlebury. I think it's safe to say that the Foley family is thoroughly satisfied with the College. • I received notice that Jean Gunther passed away in February. She had been ailing for several years after suffering a debilitating stroke. • As for me, I am reaching the end of my tenure as my sister's executrix. We had some fun events along the way, such as a skunk who took up residence in the crawl space of her house, not realizing that a family of raccoons had done so as well. Only one "side" won when they met, and you can probably guess which "side" it was! These families had worked hard to get into the ductwork, so we are now facing with putting in a new heating system. When I can actually say "This is finished!" I plan to sit down with a bottle of wine and celebrate!

—Class Correspondent: Jeannette Atkins Louth (eamjilouath@comcast.net), 99 Depot Road West, West Harwich, MA 02671.

50 Another amazing obit. Noel Galen passed away on January 6 at age 93, my goal. He was born in NYC December 20, 1924, and was raised in Manhattan. He joined the Navy at 18, which sent him to Midd and the Univ. of Vermont Medical School. At Bellevue Hospital, he became chief resident in psychiatry and later practiced medicine in New Jersey, New York, Belize, and Zimbabwe. Noel had a private practice, worked at Englewood Hospital, and was a clinical professor at NYU Medical School. He also taught psychiatry at the Univ. of Zimbabwe. Noel loved life. His devoted wife of 68 years predeceased him by three months. Together they had four children, eight grandchildren, and six greats. • Also, Sally Peek Nelson died on April 3. She served as the class correspondent for women from 1955-1960 and again from 2010-2012. She lived and taught in Montreal for many years.

—Class Correspondent: Virginia Orrall Albert (alanSib@outlook.com), 1451 S. Greenville Ave., Apt. 2117, Allen, TX 75002. (469-795-6510)

51 It is great to hear from classmates who keep in touch but we would love to hear from more of you! I (Lee) am writing this from Hilton Head, where we recently spent a fun evening with Beth Huey Newman. Beth has been doing a lot of traveling. Thanksgiving in Minnesota with one of her daughters, Christmas in Texas with her grandson, and February to Florida to visit her sister, Jean Huey Smolens ’48. Here in Hilton Head, she is in a lovely residence and keeps very busy. • Joan Macklaier Birkett reported a fierce winter out in western Canada, with snow piling, then thawing causing lots of icy conditions. "Lake Windermere is in the Guinness World Records as the lake with the longest skating path on record." She also reported, "There are about 50 wild starving turkeys walking in the road, showing some character traits similar to humans—male tutor females on obedience by making them circle. The males fan their tails to attract the girls!" Joan still meets weekly with a group writing their memoirs. She recalls at Midd at curfew time "the bushes came alive with couples saying their good-nights! • Bill Deming finally closed his locksmith business and is finding it strange to tell people he has retired! He and Phyllis (Cole) will prob-
ably not go to Cape Cod this summer, but hope to spend a lot of daytime at their camp in South Hero, Vt. They also hope to get to Alumni College again. • Don Sherburne writes, “Hi to all 1951 classmates. We are still enjoying our retirement in Florida and hope to get back to our camp on Lake Dunmore for a few weeks this summer. We hope you are all still finding interesting ways to keep engaged—we find our community at Westminster Suncoast stimulating and try to keep up with the doings of our five grandchildren—one who just graduated from Case Western in Cleveland, one getting her master’s from Stanford, one also a Stanford grad, going to London for her graduate work in the fall, one, a Midd grad, in his last year of medical school at Brown, and one installing custom marine electronics here in St. Pete. Quite the crew and such busy lives they live! One of our daughters is a senior economist with the World Bank, another is a technical writer fusing glass right now for sale on the Internet, and our son and his wife own and operate HWH Electronics here in St. Pete.” • We are sorry to report the death of Charlotte Kastenbein Wendel in January. I (Lee) remember Charlie very well as she was one of the six of us who were housed in the attic of Hillcrest freshman year. (The six were Marilyn Murphy, Jo Overlock, Lynn Werner, Marty O’Brien, Charlie, and me.) The window in the room that Marty and I shared was the entrance/exit to the fire escape so we were well aware of those who were sneaking in and out after curfew! As for me, I would NEVER consider such an act of disobedience, but we never reported anyone who did. (You remember who you were!) Our condolences to Charlie’s family and friends. • We send our congratulations to the women’s hockey team for their 10th NESCAC Championship. • We hope you all have a nice summer. And we hope to hear from the rest of you the next time we send a request—or even sooner! And if you would like to take over this job, I will give serious consideration (ha ha) to giving it up! Best wishes to ALL. (Even those who don’t respond.)

—Class Correspondents: Lee Webster McArthur (boblouemca@gmail.com), 725 Willow St, Cranford, NJ 07016; Beth Huey Newman (bethbueynewman@gmail.com), 300 Woodhaven Dr, Apt. 2509, Hilton Head, SC 29928.

 Correspondent Barbara Cumniskey Villet reports: Each time I pull up the class list on my computer, I revisit all of you—some still with us, others already gone. This time I regret to report the deaths of Bill Stotz and Barbara Oetjen Cocchini—both in January. Bill was a grand soul, a bird lover, a truth teller, a stalwart. Barbara lived a rich, full life in Milan, Italy, where she ran her own business very successfully. Clearly, they have left empty spaces with their departures. • As I write this, the vernal equinox has just passed and we are officially celebrating spring—with heavy snow on the ground,
suffering tulip leaves pushing up to freeze, and Polly Norton Polstein over in Maine, still sick and tired of the snow; the cold north wind, and yearning for spring. Same goes for Phyllis Mortimer Porter in Simsbury, Conn. Phyllis’s husband is an invalid, but she reports he’s holding his own and that otherwise, the status quo reported in this column last year holds, along with the presence of bears in her backyard. • I’m being very brief in this note as I’m leaving for Europe in a few days on a transatlantic cruise with stops in the Azores with their botanical riches, and southern Spain before landing in Italy for a week in Rome. Nostalgic trip as I traveled to Rome with Grey several times. So as you read this, it will be summer. I’ll be back home and back at my desk working on potential exhibitions at the Smithsonian African American Museum in Washington and ICP in New York. All best to all. 

55 Correspondent Carlene Snyder Howland reports: Janet Beem Frost wrote, “It’s been 63 years since we graduated from beautiful Middlebury! And I proudly proclaim my affiliation whenever the subject comes up! In my 60 years in Macon, Ga., I have met but one Midd grad, Theresa McCoy Ferrari ’87, now a teacher at Stratford Academy. We were attending a joint Advent dinner and program between her church, St. Peter Claver Catholic Church, and my church, St. Francis Episcopal Church! In July of 2017 I visited my relatives in Vail, Colo. On July 2, for the first time in my life, I went white-water river rafting on the Eagle River: a class 3, two-hour adventure, both thrilling and scary! My niece, who went with me, fell in but recovered pretty quickly with the help of our guide. Praise God I did not fall in! My church put our picture on the bulletin board and in the newsletter! I have many fond memories of Midd: le Château where I lived and learned French for two years, St. Stephens Episcopal Church, which I visited in 2001 and where I met my chaplain, Rev. Scott (), and many friends. I have four sons and 14 grandchildren, all who bless and love this 84-year-old widow! I’m a Maine Yankee in the Deep South for 60 years! And I love it!” • Pat Hinman Makin, back from a three-week trip to Florida, gave news of attending a great reunion, on Sanibel Island, at Junie Stringer DeCoste’s home. Nancy Walker Faulkner, Kathy Hughes von Hartz, Judd Zecher Colton, and Scotty MacGregor Gillette all found their way there to enjoy playing bridge, walking to the beach in sunny but cool weather, and lots of good visiting. The group was there for a week. • Sue Heyer Byers had a good time taking Junie DeCoste’s fresh­man grandson from Minnesota out to dinner. He absolutely loves Midd, loves the scenery and mountains and skiing. He says Minnesota is so flat and cold, with no snow. He likes his classes and his buddies. • My news (Carlene) is that my granddaughter, Isabella Johnson, this past year was a freshman at the Univ of Michigan, majoring in kinesiology. I was overjoyed when she pledged Sigma Kappa sorority. Now she’s my sister, as well as my granddaughter. She spent last summer summiting 14,100-foot peaks in Colorado, raising funds for the Nature Conservancy, in particular to re­store the ailing Dolores River for future generations to enjoy. She reported that on these climbs, breathtaking views and the exhilaration of summiting were well worth the physical effort. • Sadly, we note the passing of our classmate, Sarah “Sally” Alice Day, on May 28, 2017. She dedicated her life to Mount Saint Mary’s Abbey in Wrentham, Mass., where she became known as Sister Agnes, in remembrance of her beloved sister, Agnes, who had died at age 19. She is best remembered for her gentleness, intelligence, self-effacing service, and most of all, her belief in her abbatial motto: “Love never fails.” • Correspondent John Baker reports: Before my trip to Ireland this spring, Pete Baldwin called and wished me a “wonderful time in the Green.
I send you in spirit a draft of Guinness Irish Stout!”

We then exchanged alternating lines from “The night that Patty Murphy died I never shall forget....” Who can go several verses without checking for the words.

Once again: Check out Pete’s new book A Memoir on Amazon. • Win Tremaine and wife Elizabeth had a “delightful trip to Mexico,” where they stayed for two weeks in San Miguel de Allende. It was a stopover town for the conquistadors transporting silver and gold from Guanajuato to Veracruz. In 2014 the Tremaines made a Collette tour of Ireland. At one point Win mentioned to their Irish bus driver that he had kissed the Blarney Stone because he thought it would make him eloquent. “Eloquent,” the driver responded. “Not only will it make you eloquent, it will give you such diplomatic finesse that you will be able to tell a man to go to hell and he will enjoy the trip.” • John MacGowan is the proud great-grandfather of John Daniel MacGowan, born March 2 and doing well. John and Sally (Beyer) ’56 are headed to Martha's Vineyard for a week with family in August. Grandson Paul and girlfriend Serena are still both teaching English in China. • Roy Craig recently moved to 50 Endicott Street, Danvers, MA 01923. His phone number is 978-290-9991. When I told him we were headed to Ireland, he said he'd been to Ireland twice. “If you go into a tavern for a drink, it usually takes about three to five minutes before you are singing and have an arm around your shoulders. Fun stuff.” He's right! • Alii Lank writes, “Connie and I spent a month in Panama and Nicaragua with Swedish friends. So good to get away from all the Nor'easters we were having in Massachusetts this past winter.” • Tom Lamson wished me a happy trip to Ireland! “We have a son who lives with his family outside of Dublin and we get over there about twice a year. Great place to visit. We are well and still traveling, skiing, and golfing, but at a slower pace as time goes on. We are very lucky.” • After such an upbeat note from Tom, I'm sorry to report that Harvey Kaplan died on February 13. • Bob Gallagher says he's still above the grass. Lots of ski teaching at Jiminy Peak, travel, and some midwinter golf in Arizona. He sadly told me about Bob Beattie’s recent death. It was noted in the Aspen newspaper that “Bob Beattie, the patriarch of American skiing, dies at 81: The Aspen Valley resident and former Colorado Buffaloes coach cofounded skiing’s World Cup tour in 1966.” • As noted, Liddy, my wife of 48-plus years, and I spent our 19th consecutive year at the Inishowen Singer's Circle in Donegal, Ireland. That's almost as far north as one can go in the Green Isle. But we joined our son, Jamie, and wife Tricia, who live in Annapolis, in Dublin for two nights before driving to Inishowen. Their two youngsters, Lilly (12) and Alex (10), were with them and we were welcomed at a singing session one night. I sang a group song, but more importantly, Lilly led one song and sang another in Gaelic. (Two years ago she was in an Irish Revels in Washington and the children’s chorus learned a children’s song in Irish.) A
new and expanded edition of my book *American House Styles: A Concise Guide* was scheduled by W.W. Norton for July 3. I have to thank all of you who respond when I reach out via email. I'll gladly keep doing this as long as you are all responsive. Pete Baldwin called me minutes after I sent out my request for updates. I always enjoy catching up with all of you.

—Class Correspondents: John M. Baker (jmbaker@bestweb.net), 76 Spooner Hill Rd., South Kent, CT 06788; Carlene Snyder Howland (carlene55midd@juno.com).

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From Westbrook, Conn., Peg Straus Paterno brings us up-to-date about her recent doings. "All is well here—survived three Nor’easters last winter. Char Duryea Hohl and I keep in touch. I did take a two-week cruise with a friend to the Caribbean, with a short stop in Cuba. My late husband, Lou, and I traveled to many countries together but never to Cuba. He went there in the ’70s before Castro, so he was one up on me. First impressions as we entered Havana’s harbor—a huge fort on one side and an enormous statue of Christ on the other. The statue was like the one in Rio and made me feel welcomed. We heard some music on our walking tour and visited beautiful tree-lined old squares. We saw nice old buildings and wide streets with no traffic. We walked some of the narrower streets that had old cannon balls blocking them off so cars could not pass. There were a lot of museums but it was too late in the day to visit them, as was true with the cathedral and the very impressive opera house. We could see the outdoor war museum with Castro’s boat and tanks and guns. Hemingway’s house was just as he had left it with books everywhere and mounted heads on every wall from his hunting days. There was very little traffic anywhere but lines of people waiting for buses. It was fun seeing the cars of the ’50s, which are now used to take tourists around. Not being Spanish speakers, we exchanged friendly smiles with the people. Only markets we got to were cigar shops and liquor stores for rum. When I got home I read Nelson DeMille’s book about Cuba. I recommend visiting Cuba to all of our friends." • Di Shulman (stage name D’yan Forest) performed her one-woman, stand-up comedy show, "Rendezvous with a Cougar," last winter at Le Soum-Soum Comedy Club in Paris. One reviewer writes, "This energetic performer challenges what ‘old ladies’ can do or say with laughs, sass, and songs." Another reviewer writes, "D’yan Forest is what everyone dreams to be at 83 years old. Talented, vibrant, funny, and sexy: D’yan is the total package—oh, did we mention that she likes to seduce younger men." From the theatres of Broadway to the Cafes of Paris, D’yan has spent her life traveling the world, and performing her unique style of stand-up and musical comedy." • This came from Dick Powell: “Since 1999, sparked by interest from Mona Myers Wheatley, I’ve become involved in efforts to recognize fellow Middlebury veterans. Inspired
by President Patton, more measures, coined ‘Midd Vets Give Back,’ engage veterans with the College in a variety of ways. Recently Mike Heaney ’64, along with Ken Burns and Lynn Novick, producers of the PBS series on the Vietnam War, spoke to students and community members about the project. Mike’s story about his war experiences appeared in the fall issue of this magazine. Stay tuned for more of what we’re doing.” Dick goes on to say, “You may have reported the sudden passing of Barbara Widnall Williams’s husband, Lieutenant General Jim Williams, last fall. I have been in touch with Bobbie and her daughter, Karen, throughout this ordeal.” Classmates wanting to contact Bobbie can write to her at 8928 Maurice Lane, Annandale, VA 22003, or via her daughter’s email address sportsnunvt@verizon.net. Lastly, Dick offers this timely advice. “So many folks our age die from slips, trips, and falls, or overexertion. Be careful out there. For Nancy and me, we’re learning to live in bodies that have become unfamiliar. I keep trying to make up the differences with exercise, learning, rest (as in naps), nutrition, and fun. We are trying to figure out how we can stay in our nice little place forever. Any clues?” Dick’s thoughts brought forth these from Judy Phinney Stearns. “Hi everyone! How great to hear how Midd ’56 is still powering on despite aging bodies. Yoga yoga yoga. There are wonderful more gentle classes for us oldies, but stretching and strengthening is just what the doctor ordered. I was touched by Dick’s and Bobbie Williams’s stories. I have been involved in Easter Seals for years, as was my husband, John, and my mother, too, for 50 years. A couple years ago, we in the Hartford and Eastern Connecticut region started a program to serve veterans and established a Rally Point at one of our facilities not far from the New London and Groton bases. It was the focus and theme at our very recent fundraising gala, which had lots of military flags, hooards, and spine-chilling patriotic music. I loved when the two enormous screens on either side of the stage had appropriate visuals, plus the words to all the service songs—which WE know by heart. I sang lustily while others younger at my table just watched. The finale to that segment of the program was a video of a jets flyover that is so familiar and symbolic. I’m really proud of our Easter Seals program and what we do for veterans.”

**Pete Orvis** writes, “CeCe and I had a wonderful 10-day roundtrip from Ft. Lauderdale to the Panama Canal. Very interesting engineering of the new canal and comparison with the original canal described in fabulous detail by David McCullough—the commencement speaker in 1986! The Path Between the Seas is another great McCullough read.” Thanks to all of you who sent in news. Best wishes to everyone for a happy summer!

—Class Correspondents: Stan Hayward (sandphayward@yahoo.com), 1971 Wildflower Circle, Medford, OR 97504; Lucy Boyd Littlefield (ljlbquam@aol.com), 15 Norwood Heights, Gloucester, MA 01930.

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We are still looking for someone to step up as the class correspondent for 1957. It’s a great way to stay in touch with classmates! If you are interested, contact Sara Marshall at smarshal@middlebury.edu or 802-443-7650. Meanwhile, a great note was sent from **HUGH MARLOW from Bo Wakefield** who reports, “It’s time again for Katherine and me to go voyaging. We sold our trailer in January; we did see much of the Aussie Outback from our own wheels. Now we are on to a virgin voyage to see the northern Pacific Rim. We have tramped the volcanic mountains of New Zealand and Japan. We concluded we can’t speak in Spanish fast enough to enter either Central America or Chile. Up to a few months ago the Pacific Northwest was barely a bucket-list consideration. That old travel bug has bitten us real hard this time.” He sent an itinerary beginning at the end of July that includes Seattle (and staying with Dick Maiden ’58), Alaska, Vancouver City, Alberta, Victoria, and a drive around Vancouver Island.

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Mimi Benz Harrison shares the following: “Since our years at Middlebury, unlike most of you, I haven’t personally done anything of real note. Mine has been a supporting role. I have been a wife and mom (now Gramma), a Camp Fire Girl leader, den mother, an occupational therapist, an ESL teacher, and a teacher’s aide, and I’ve worked with a company doing estate sales. In fact, I’m still doing sales and still love doing them. Any of you who are downsizing could use the assistance of a good estate sale company. Yes, it’s a little like moving all the things we handle. That fact makes the whole process doable. I am the oldest in the small group that owns our company but almost always am the one most willing to work. I avoid mirrors but, thankfully, still have good health and energy. I do admire the wonderful accomplishments of each of you, my classmates, and have such happy memories of the years we spent at Middlebury.”

**Dave Krugman** tells us of his busy life: “After leaving Midd, I went on to graduate from the NYU School of Medicine. I completed a residency in pathology, spent two years at Chelsea Naval Hospital in Massachusetts, and eventually landed in New Britain, Conn., where I spent 37 years as director of the hospital’s blood bank. I also served as the chairman of the Pathology Department during much of this period. I have been retired for almost 11 years now. I’ve been lucky. I still can play singles tennis several times a week, attend a lot of theater in Connecticut and NYC, volunteer at a local soup kitchen, and serve as an active Red Cross volunteer in the Connecticut Red Cross blood program. My wife (Ruth) and I moved to a condo in Avon, Conn., 19 years ago. We have three children and four grandchildren. Two of the grandkids are ‘far’ away (Chicago and LA) and the others are all in the Northeast (West Hartford, NYC, and Philly). We are truly blessed—all of our kids actually like each other. My wife and I celebrated our 60th on June 8.”

**Diane Doubleday Krueger** reminisces and shares some great memories with us: “I guess Southern California is probably about as far from Midd as you can get, but my memories of my years there are as vivid as yesterday. My son thinks it’s a riot that I was required to take phys ed, and the choice was ice skating, for heaven’s sake! I’ve never seen fall leaves so red or winters so quiet and deep. Doesn’t sound very exciting, but I remember rumors of an impending panty raid that had us in a dither one night. The first hockey game I ever saw was a shocker. Wow, but everyone survived. Those were the days. We lead a quiet life here in southern Indiana and try to find warmer places in the winter when we can. Both my husband, Tom, and I are lucky enough to be in good health. I spend my days with him, hanging out at yard shops, and taking my little therapy dog to the library so the kids can read to him (so sick of Go Dog Go at this point), and to our local universities to calm the students during exams.”

**Zack Taylor** gives us an enlightened view of himself and his family: “My last 10 years have continued to be good. Our son and daughter are both happily married, and we have four granddaughters in their teens that are funny, loving, athletic, and disciplined. Best of all, they welcome my wife and me into their busy schedules whenever we invite ourselves. We love our home with our six-mile view of the rolling Connecticut hills and a three-season porch. I’m working hard at the gym to keep fit enough to avoid needing a stair-lift. A Rock Star of the Silver-Sneaker Set.”

**Mary Daniels Jones** writes, “Over the past few years, I have thoroughly enjoyed talking with many classmates and inviting them to be part of the Middlebury Magazine ’58 Class Acts column. I’ll be retiring soon, but before I do, I just wanted to share with you some wonderful travel adventures Rick and I have had recently: April 1, 2017, we left our home in Southport, N.C., and began our journey by driving to Chicago, where Route 66 begins and then onward across the country on that notable highway. It was a fabulous road trip. The Great Plains were gorgeous, and I loved Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, where we visited daughter Susan. We then traveled to the Pacific Northwest and saw some spectacular National Parks before returning home in May. In September, we toured Branson, Mo., plus Memphis and Pigeon Forge, Tenn.—you can tell, we’ve been doing the bucket list! One of the most outstanding museums we’ve ever seen was the National Civil Rights Museum in Memphis. Do go, if you can! Last but certainly not least, we spent two weeks this past January in Israel, and what a fabulous trip that was! It’s a beautiful country with wonderful welcoming people plus many religious and historic landmarks—truly a trip of a lifetime.”

**Ellie Humme**, also retiring soon as class correspondent, shares some parting words: “I would just like to say how important it was for me to re-
A group of 1984 football players had a mini-reunion along with Coach Jim Grube at the Middlebury versus Tufts football game last fall. The group, nicknamed "The Meats," had a full day together and recreated a photo taken 33 years ago, with one extra player who missed the earlier photo. They had a great time catching up: Brian O'Sullivan, Steve Ford, Jon Campi, Tom Baldwin, Jeff Connolly, and Andy Varney (not in top photo). Coach Grube is in the back.

On September 3, 2017, Heather Gallagher '07 and Justin Gould were married at Bark Lake Leadership Centre in Irondele, Ontario. Midd friends who helped celebrate included (all '07 unless noted) Susan Miranowski McGirr, Julie Ellenberger '09, Allison Ortega, the newlyweds, Kerry Ortega Weathers, Karen Levin '08, Sarah Shaikh, and Sebastian Paulsson.

A group of 1984 women had a mini-reunion in Vail, Colo., to celebrate 55th birthdays: Heidi Mosburg, Beth Reuman, Jennifer Pattee Schongalla, Kristin Smith Carpenter, Kristen Gould Case, and Jill Goodman.
drinks on our lanai (Florida speak for screened porch) and dinner at the Seafood Shack up the road—a most enjoyable evening. * Last winter Fred Swan and wife Pat went cross-country skiing at Bretton Woods, N.H., and took four runs down Wildcat Mountain. The view into Tuckerman's Ravine from the top of Wildcat was spectacular. ** Roger Miller and John Greenwood got together for a day of skiing at Lake Sunapee ski area in New Hampshire, taking advantage of the senior pass rate of $30 for the SEASON! Their recollections turned to skiing at the Snow Bowl and they thought they ought to do this more often and include more classmates. • Barbara Freeman Irving writes, “As long as husband Dave and I stay healthy, we will continue to travel: Akumal on the Mexican Riviera, Maya coast in January/February, Texas in May for our grandson’s college graduation, then a cruise of the fjords of Norway, finishing in Scotland in the mid-summer.” • Dean Beyer and wife Gretchen spent three weeks in Kona on the Big Island of Hawaii where his son bought a large, gorgeous home overlooking the Pacific. The sunsets alone are fantastic! “We toured the entire island, including Hilo and Volcano, the site of the oldest U.S. active volcano.” • Hilton “Bick” Bicknell and wife Ginny spent a delightful afternoon in Naples, Fla., with Bob and Polly Philbrick '60 Ray. • Ailene Kane Rogers writes, “I am still living with Steve Andrews, my significant other. I love living in my old hometown of Centerport, Long Island, and often hike the beaches of my childhood. We live next door to the elementary school I attended. It now houses the Methodist Church I went to as a child. I keep meeting people from the past who I knew. It’s quite special. Hope to see you all at Reunion.” • Dave Harpp still wears the professorial cape full time at McGill in Montreal and is ever pleased to have gone across the border for the great experience. He is planning on attending our 60th. • Dick Krasker celebrated his 81st birthday with family enjoying waffles and ice cream at a local eatery. He plans to head “north” to Fryeburg, Maine, to their family enjoying waffles and ice cream at a local eatery. A ‘thank you’ to my son, Jef, and his wife, Ginny, for hosting us in their lovely town. • Christl Guthe Riedman, of Gilboa, N.Y, is back from Europe after visiting her neighbors had moved in “at last.” She is using the rental home for her yearly Xmas greeting. • Thanks for your emails, letters, and cards. Keep in touch with your class correspondents.

60 Your classmates have traveled and moving, Susan and Sherb Merril have lived for 14 years in River Landing, a golfing community with two 18-hole golf courses, used for U.S. Open qualifying, about 45 minutes from Wilmington, N.C. When not golfing, they schedule cruises around many trips to Seattle to see the grandchildren—and, oh yes, their parents, too. Major cruises have included a 35-day "Voyage of the Vikings" roundtrip from Boston, a 50-day roundtrip Fort Lauderdale to Rome and the Mediterranean, a cruise to Australia and New Zealand, and a fall foliage cruise from New York to Quebec City in early October. They plan to be at our 60th Reunion. • Last year Mary and John Emory celebrated their 50th anniversary at a condo in Waunakee, Wis. They love to travel. Bob and Polly have asked Jean Seeler-Gifford why she moved from Eastview. She realized she is too young, too healthy, and too active to need the supportive services of the retirement community, except for the four-course dinner every evening. She had moved in “at first” when most of her neighbors had moved in “at last.” She is using the money she saves to travel and will tell you about that in her yearly Xmas greeting. • Thanks for your emails, letters, and cards. Keep in touch with your class correspondents.

—Class Correspondents: Jean Seeler-Gifford (jeanade@mindspring.com), 10 Merchants Row, #350, Middletown, VT 05753; Vcevy Strekalovsky (vcevy@strekalovskyarchitecture.com), 47 Fearing Rd., Hingham, MA 02043; Nancy Mumford Mulvey (nandonmulvy@gmail.com), 104 High Plain Rd., Andover, MA 01810.

Dick Harris is presently employed as a marine scientist by Norman Bloom and Son, the largest oyster business (12,000 acres)
on the Connecticut coast. Dick tells of his careers since retiring from Shell in 1990: “I served as the director of Harbor Watch, an organization I started with an old wooden dory and borrowed equipment—it has now spread up and down the coast from Greenwich to Stratford with a staff of six, its own state certified laboratory, a marine and fresh water education program for high school students, and over 100 volunteers. The Harbor Watch area of specialty is shoreline research to help eliminate pollution sources of all kinds. The organization now monitors 20 rivers and six harbors. I retired at the end of 2014 for all of four months (boring) when Norm Bloom called and asked me to work for him. Norm is an old friend of many years and we were instrumental in saving his oyster beds from pollution on many occasions as part of the Harbor Watch mission. Now, I do the pollution research on the same six harbors that all contain valuable shellfish beds and make sure water quality is maintained. I have a small lab on the premises in Norwalk, but am assisted by the Earthplace lab in Westport and the Norwalk Public Health lab for bacteria analysis. I have developed an array of contacts with local conservation, health and public works departments, and the Harbor Watch staff, so I can usually get the needed help to continue land-based analysis on streams and to make marine repairs. I have the use of five boats and a number of volunteers to effect testing for dissolved oxygen, salinity, temperature, chlorophyll, and bacteria. We have managed to build trust with the municipalities and cooperation is high at all levels in city/town and state government. In Norwalk Harbor alone (our most problematical due to early industrial usage), Norwalk Public Works has made 46 repairs to broken sewer lines, leaking storm drains, and illegal hookups.” Dick sums it up by saying, “I still work a 50-hour week, doing the work I like and on the water I love. Career #3 is the best so far!”

• Two “musings” came in my morning email: one from Parnassus Books in Nashville, Tenn., and one from classmate Dennis T’Ang, which I share here. “Some items in the spring issue of the magazine sparked some reminiscences: the passing of Doug Jocelyn and Richard Earhart ’60, and the review of the book Radio Free Vermont. Doug and I were skylining freshmen roommates in Hephburn Hall. We were both in the ROTC marching band, he on tenor sax, me on trombone. A lot of our Hephburn activities seemed to involve moving large and small amounts of water. Richard and I roomed together the following year. But he wasn’t a happy camper and transferred back to Ohio State. The book review reminded me that I had a WRMC show called ‘Radio Free Vermont.’ The experience was like the NASA scientists who send radio signals into the cosmos in search of intelligent life.” Dennis also shared that Richard bought a WW11 sidewall he saw advertised and it arrived in the mail! Dennis and Richard proceeded to do target practice in the basement and received nary a word from the housemother. These days Dennis attends tai chi classes, plays music in various church and jazz groups, and, with his wife, babysits their grandson. He adds, “You deserve the thanks of all of us for doing the class coordinator duties. Take a bow!”

• The College received word of the death of Bob Fredrickson on March 18. Classmates who attended our 55th Reunion in 2016 may recall that we sent Bob a huge get well card because he was unable to attend due to health issues. Bob was married to our classmate, the late Sally Shinenman Fredrickson.

—Class Correspondent: Janet S. Reed (jreed2800@me.com), 929 W. Foster Ave., #2620, Chicago, IL 60640.

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Sadly, we must report that Bonnie Boyd Russ died on March 31. Correspondent Liza Dunphy Fischer writes, “In college I have an image of us girls sitting around on our beds at night. It was Bonnie who was the one who said what we were all thinking—even when we were talking about boys. She was wonderfully open and fun. I’m so glad that she attended the last Reunion.” Correspondent Judy Bosworth Roësett writes, “Seven of us sophomores spent the year in La Casa Española, a small wooden house no longer existing on campus: Jane Andrews, Scotti Stephens, Jackie Ross, Lou Thorpe, Linda Beauregard, Bonnie Boyd, and me, supervised lightly by a beautiful young Canadian housemother we called Señorita. She did have a proper name but that is how we knew her. We had our own special Spanish-speaking table at the Château, where we never mixed with the French-speaking students. It was a very special experience, living together and trying to speak only in Spanish. Memory fails but I imagine that we didn’t always manage to do that. June died years ago, Jackie too, and now we’ve lost Bonnie. I remember her for her infectious smile, her sparkling eyes, her cheerful good humor, and her sense of fun. We kept in touch over the years only through Christmas cards, exchanging photos of kids and grandchildren, but the friends you make in high school and college somehow stay in your heart whether you manage to see them physically over the years or not. I miss knowing that those three are no longer out there—unseen but not forgotten.” Also, sadly, Stephen Green died on January 30. Correspondent Anne Thornton Bridges remembers that he was in Chi Psi, participated in the Civil Rights Movement, and joined the Peace Corps in the early days of that organization. Kathy McKinley Harris writes, “Steve was in a Modern Poetry seminar class with me senior year and added a great deal to the class. My husband and I also attended a session about 10 years ago at the Vermont Historical Society in Barre, where Steve spoke about his experience in the South during the summer of the civil rights sit-ins. He was also a Freedom Rider and was arrested in Jackson, Miss., for disturbing the peace and spent two months in jail in the summer of 1961. I admire his courage and commitment to principle.”

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This spring, we (Jane and Chris) made contact with a couple dozen classmates and we anticipated about 60 classmates at Reunion. More about that in the fall issue! • Peter Cady (Pittsford, Vt.) and wife Kris Kral ‘66 enjoy the quiet retiree life—regular music gigs with friends, walking, cross-country skiing, snowshoeing, and an annual trip to Bozeman, Mont., to visit their middle-aged children (this year topped off by their son’s wedding) with side trips to the Tetons, etc. Two years ago, they played music for Kris’s 50th at Bread Loaf. They like the rest of us, have experienced losses of several loved friends and family members. Part of life in the Golden Years.

• Ken Delmar (Stamford, Conn.) and wife Ulli were planning to join us in June. They did a Mediterranean Viking Cruise, and now they are searching for a new venue to truly put down retirement roots, where costs are reasonable and life is varied and exciting. • Ed Hixson (Lake Clear, N.Y.) tells us that each winter, men members of the 1959–1963 Middlebury Ski Team gather at Sunday River Ski Resort for camaraderie—skiing, libations, and group grilled food. Ed also maintains contact with fellow Mt. Everest climbers. He was hoping to make it to Reunion. • Lyman Orton (Manchester, Vt.) was not able to join us for Reunion. However, correspondent Chris wishes to let it be known that Lyman’s Orton Foundation Heart and Soul project has been extremely supportive in assisting Buckport, Maine, residents to make the transition from losing a paper mill to welcoming a world-class Salmon Recycling Aquaculture System (RAS)—and in the process, discovering what really matters to town residents. • Neil Savage (Exeter, N.H.) was not able to join us for Reunion, but sent his best wishes. He continues to teach in a local community college and is very much engaged in aquaculture testing procedures though with much smaller fish than those coming to Buckport. • Sabin Streeter (Chappaqua, N.Y.) tells us he is still in the recovery mode from his stroke, but he’s doing very well. He wished he could join us for Reunion, but his grandson Otis graduated from Middlebury the week before. Two Green Mountain journeys are a bit too much in such a short time. • Elena Bookstrom White (St. Cloud, Minn.) maintains contact with Jane Choate Beck (Middlebury, Vt.) and Sara McPherson Myles (Stow, Mass.). Elena returned from a trip to Belize and, unfortunately for us, was dancing in the flower fields of Tuscany while we played in Vermont. She also relates that she enjoys winter and continues
to ski. • We heard from Joanne Fay Gibson (Concord, Mass.) that she once again got together in Vero Beach, Fla., with Susan Comstock Crampton (Vineyard Haven, Mass.) and Laurie Shepardson Manthorne Beaudette (Vero Beach, Fla.). Reminds me (Janie) of "Here's to the ladies who lunch" from Company. Apparently Laurie is still a phenomenal tennis player and was in the ladies double championship at Sea Oaks while Joanne was there. The match was rained out after Laurie and her partner won the first set but they then went on to win the championship when play resumed! • Party Fruehling Frazer (Orinda, Calif.) sent a great note updating us on her California life. She is very active with a committee that runs the state golf championships for women, the amateur, the senior women's championship, and the junior championship. She has chaired the junior girls championship, which is played at the Monterey Peninsula country club in Pebble Beach—a truly gorgeous venue. She loves interacting with the junior girls! When she isn't busy with all of this, she is a trustee for the Bay Area independent school that her kids attended. • Nice to hear from Lynn Wilkins Green (Lynnfield, Mass.) who gets together with Chuck and Sue Handy Burdick (Middlebury, Vt.), Meg Holmes Robbins, and Joanne Gibson, as well as Janie (Janie) on a fairly regular basis. All of us enjoyed Reunion, with husbands along for the fun. Lynn says, "Hats off to Chuck and Sue who continue to work tirelessly for Middlebury." We agree with that! • In a conversation recently with friends of our "era," I (Janie) mentioned that our children are now watching to see if we should be allowed to live alone. When they visit, they might check the refrigerator for outdated (or worse) food, among other things. Lynn and Gary had kids visit for Easter. She reported that she had indeed cleaned out the fridge. Good for another year! • We received in mid-April a very nice thank you letter from a Midd sophomore thanking us for providing financial support, yielding the opportunity to pursue a psychology major leading to an eventual goal of becoming a neuropsychologist. The tone of the letter depicts a note of being very focused, but also shows deep involvement in the College community via sports and writing for the Campus. It's gratifying for a student to take time to show such appreciation. • In the corrections department, we learned that we erroneously reported in the spring issue that Stephen Schur is a neuropsychologist. The tone of the letter depicts a note of being very focused, but also shows deep involvement in the College community via sports and writing for the Campus. It's gratifying for a student to take time to show such appreciation. • We will report on Reunion with the best of news from our class. Thanks to all who respond to us with news as we carry forth.

—Class Correspondents: Janie Bachelder Johnson (petegirl2222@gmail.com), PO Box 445, Manchester, VT 05254, Christopher J. White (crbrycstc@gmail.com), 547 Duck Cove Rd., Buckport, ME 04416.

64 REUNION CLASS Correspondent Dori Ells Jurgenson reports: A few notes are coming in as we look forward to our 55th reunion next year. In response to my comment about making maple sugar, Tom Koch wrote that he had open heart surgery on February 13, severely restricting activities until it was too late to start sugaring. He says, "At age 75, I found out I wasn't perfect (wink, wink)! After a few warning signs, it was discovered that I had a coronary artery that wasn't where it was supposed to be—a birth defect. So they told me I needed a 'factory recall'; but when they learned I was a Republican, they started to list it as 'exploratory' surgery. So, I had to set them straight on that! Anyway, I'm recovering and I feel pretty good, but it's a slow process and nothing you do for the fun of it!" In better news, he and Sally spent a month in Puerto Rico, combined with a couple of Caribbean cruises. "And last summer, we enjoyed a riverboat cruise on the Rhône, followed by a drive through northern Italy (I'm DONE driving in Italy?) and Switzerland. So far no more plans for traveling this year, as I wanted to get past the surgery first." Glad recovery is going well—as he says, aging isn't fun, but it sure beats the alternative! Also in the health department, a sort of freak incident on a plane left Bill Kieffer in a cervical collar for four months. He writes, "After placing a small bag in the overhead, I closed it and thought it latched—alas, as I went to sit, the bin opened, dropping the bag down on my head. Ouch! I was unaware of the damage to me until three days later, in Mass General Hospital, while undergoing tests for the severe pain in my neck and head. Travelers west are not permitted so we cannot escape to Palm Springs." He regretted missing Bob Youngman's memorial service in NYC, and he also sent news of a medical malpractice attorney well versed in the law who has been miscast as a neuropsychologist. The tone of the letter depicts a note of being very focused, but also shows deep involvement in the College community via sports and writing for the Campus. It's gratifying for a student to take time to show such appreciation. • In the corrections department, we learned that we erroneously reported in the spring issue that Stephen Schur is a neuropsychologist. The tone of the letter depicts a note of being very focused, but also shows deep involvement in the College community via sports and writing for the Campus. It's gratifying for a student to take time to show such appreciation. • We will report on Reunion with the best of news from our class. Thanks to all who respond to us with news as we carry forth.

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The marriage of Kate Remington '10 and Luke Cunningham '11 took place on July 1, 2017, in Madison, Wis. Many Midd friends and family members helped the couple celebrate: Emma Gardner '10, Sam Maytag Armstrong '10, Maeve McGilloway '10, Abby Hoeschel Delaney '10, Kelly McCool '10, Anna Rosenblatt '10, Emma Johnson '10, Molly Elmer-DeWitt '10, the newlyweds, Wendell Fleming '78, Helen Cooke Pyne '78, Laura Kirk '80, Liana Sideli '08, Luke Rahlson '11, Joe Golting '02, Darren Schaufele '11, Katie Hubbard '10, (second row) Meredith Stone '10, Sarah Bryan Hallett '10, Joe Foss '11, David Hild '11, Patrick Cob Burton '10, Patrick Cunningham '10, Bruce Hallett '10, Caleb Cunningham '14, and Connor Green '11. On July 8, 2017, Hallie Fox '09 and Brendan Campbell '09 were married at the Basin Harbor Club in Vergennes, Vt. Many Middlebury friends were on hand to celebrate with the couple: (all '09 unless noted) Matt Leonard, the newlyweds, (second row) Katie Glass Shab, Abby Blum '08, Eva Nixon, Allie Shanbrot, Justin Ouyang, Emily Asher, Leah Skahen Casnocha, Maddie Kahn '11, Sasha Garfield, Monica Ralston, Catherine Timmons McKenzie with Lucy, (third row) Jamie Wheeler, James Giampietro, Greg McDermott, Eamon Duffy, Hank Rosen, Mike Waters '10, Kath Lehman, Caitlin Pentiello Gadd, Corey Moffat, Jack Wambaugh, Ramona Richards, Peter Murphy, Bill Zrike, Louise Michl, Drew Petzing, (fourth row) Jamie Staples '07, Alex Gart, Eric Hoest '08, Brennan Long, Caroline Woodworth, Kevin O'Rourke, Timmy Edwards, and Emerson Tuttle.

Friends from the Class of 1973 met up in Wyoming for last summer’s solar eclipse: Peter Goodwin, Lance Collister, and Sage Russell. In San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, Marco Casas '07 married Arielle Amsalem on August 12, 2017, in a ceremony officiated by Nikitas Stamatopolous '07. Midd friends celebrated with the couple (in front with Campesino and Filemón, the donkey): (all '07 unless noted) Sam Jesse, Simran McKenna, Jamie Henn, (back row) Patrick Leibach '06, Clark Peterson '06, Jay Yonamine, and Nikitas. Classmates from the Class of 1991 met up when they were dropping off their first-year students: Lynn Holley Krugman, Scott Krugman, Daniel Krugman '21, Jillian Lessing '21, and Grace Garcia Lessing.

Spring put us in mind of turning outward, and this past spring brought out the birders and flower people: we have flower growers (plumerias!), flower arrangers (anniversary and birthday bouquets), flower photographers (many of us!), flower painters, and lovers of vast fields of wild flowers, as well as watchers of birds swooping, perching, singing, feeding nestlings. Join our class Facebook page to see these photos. Politics have also brought us out in force. Indefatigable pavement pounders include Joel Gormley in Texas, and Anne Knowlton Farrell in Colorado. Also in Colorado, Sally Brinkmann Blaser checked in. She is semiretired but is still serving as a Spanish translator for the Boulder Valley School District, and she has acquired a camper van to get her out more frequently into the mountains and parks up and down the Rockies. She still pursues all her outdoor passions of hiking, kayaking, skiing, and camping, which includes time spent in San Jose with her daughter and family. Because her daughter married a Cuban, and because Sally is fluent in Spanish, the family speaks only Spanish when she visits with her grandchildren, who are bilingual. Nancy French Dodge died in January after a period of declining health and battling cancer. She attended Middlebury but transferred to UNH, where she got her BA and later an MA in English. She worked in libraries after earning an MLS but in the late 1970s, she became fascinated with genealogy, and research led her to northern New Hampshire and the Northeast Kingdom of Vermont, where eight generations of her family had lived. She transcribed, mapped, and indexed the cemeteries in 15 towns and her work is compiled in three volumes. Francis Love, Fred Stetson, "T" Tall, Bill Mueller, and Marshall Eddy were guests of the College at a special dinner honoring film directors Ken Burns and Lynn Novick as well as Mike Heaney '64, whose platoon was featured during the documentary The Vietnam War. After dinner, there was a panel discussion open to the public about the film. Mike's account of his experiences, during the discussion, was riveting. He returned to Vietnam in 1968, where he met some of the Vietnamese veterans who fought against him. Check out a mini-reunion photo on page 67.

—Class Correspondents: R. W. "T" Tall Jr. (abmc29@gmail.com), 204 Clark Rd., Cornwall, VT 05753; Polly Moore Walters (polly@frti.com), 100 Grandview Ave., Fort Collins, CO 80521.
Rothschild’s initial voyage together from St. Louis to Middlebury. In the early ‘60s, I imagine there were not many residents of the Gateway to the West who opted for a college in rural Vermont. Their parents ruled out driving halfway across the country to deliver them and their belongings to campus. Instead, they flew, circuitously, to Albany (I think), then made their way, even more circuitously, and while each wrestling two large suitcases, from Albany to Rutland by bus, and then, after cooling their heels in Rutland a good while, on up Route 7 via Vermont Transit to Midd where, to their amazement, there was not a taxi to be found for the last stretch! Friends were drawn to Judy’s sharp mind, her openness to others, and her evident and dry sense of humor, on display so often in late-night sessions in our dorms. She took her academic life seriously but was always ready for fun. I particularly remember impromptu picnics instigated by Judy at the first hint of spring. Several of us would scrounge together the makings of a meal and gather somewhere along the banks of Otter Creek to enjoy the chilly sunshine and good company, despite the fact that chunks of ice still adhered to rocks along the bank. * From Germany Steve Perry reports that a lot has happened since our Reunion. “To begin with, in 2016 I got married for the third time, this time to a German medical doctor named Regine. As a Canadian friend said after meeting her, ‘She’s sharp! You got the right one this time.’ I think so, too.” The bilingual wedding itself was one big musical event. His best man and emcee for the reception was a British friend with whom Steve organizes Folk Club Bonn. Steve is still active in the Rock ‘n’ Rollator Show (now in its seventh year), a sing-and-dance stage show that makes fun of getting old. This group of oldsters was only one of more than a dozen that sang and played on Steve and Regine’s wedding day and far into the night. Marriage has brought further adventures. Regine has two grown kids, both of whom also got married in 2016. The son already had a son (born in 2016) at the time of their wedding. A year later Regine’s daughter also got married in Brussels. The young men were training in communications. Fay and Nat’s engagement was golden, natch!” Fay also sent us photos of the fabulous quilt she made, which will certainly be a family heirloom. Please see the photos on our class Facebook page. • Judy Nothnagle Reynolds shares some reminiscences of our 50th Reunion in 2016. She recalled some conversations with Prue and her husband, Dale, and remarked about how she also listens to music as a positive pastime. She prizes a 1930s baby grand Steinway that was her grandmother’s and talked about having it tuned. Judy also noted that a young woman she knows had received early acceptance to Middlebury for fall of 2018, having been recruited for field hockey—a young person on the “brink of life,” as Judy so accurately put it. • Prue reports that she attended a Middlebury alumni event in Ann Arbor, Mich., in late 2017. As a reflection of the increasing number of Midd alums in the Midwest, over 50 Midd grads joined for the casual evening in town. It used to be a rare event to find people in Ann Arbor who knew of Middlebury (“Oh, isn’t that a girls’ school in Connecticut?”), but now Middlebury has become more familiar, despite the dominating shadow of the Univ of Michigan. She attributes the upick in the local Midd presence to a Google office and a higher number of Midd alums enrolled in graduate programs at Univ of Michigan. • Jon and Jana Mara Coffin report, “We were honored to attend Ken Burns’s appearance at the College to talk about his documentary on the Vietnam War. Sitting at dinner with others from our era—both veterans and those who just survived the time—was moving. This was a good follow-up to the time we took together at our 50th to speak about what our experience was at that point in our lives. Everyone has a story about living through those memorable years, and we are fortunate to increasingly get opportunities to hear these stories.”
REUNION CLASS In anticipation of our 50th, Anne and I (Peter) have received such a great response to our news request that we've exceeded our word limit for this column. We hope the full submissions will be posted in '69's non-Facebook class site administered by Elinor Livingston Redmond: www.middleburycollege69.com/class. Ten of us recently met on a conference call to start planning for Reunion. Anyone interested in joining the creation, let us know. From west of Seattle, Howie Richmond writes, "Now retired from law, I'm still working seven days per week raising cows and hay. I do this for about eight weeks, head to Mexico for R&R, and then repeat the cycle. It was a bad ski season, so I didn't make it up very much. Just when we would get a good snow pack, it would start raining, filling the river and flooding my fields."

* Seth Pincus has been back in Bozeman, Mont., about a year. "We kept our old house, so it was coming home. New Orleans was exciting and fun, but it never felt like home. I now work at MSU—I teach medical students and have two NIH grants. I have zero admin duties so it's like semi-retirement. Clara (Johnson) '71 and I ski at Bridger Bowl, doing cross-country on weekends."

* Tom Harrington retired at 55. "Since then, I have enjoyed life traveling, helping family and friends with their businesses, taking care of grandchildren, staying fit, reading, and writing. Writing has kept the wheels turning and been an interesting experience. I have published six trash novels—best-kept secrets in literature—and have three more roughed out. Having been a director of a large global corporation, I traveled and met political leaders, royalty, sports stars, and celebrities, all of which have provided grist for the lies that make up fiction. Although a trip to Vermont might be nice, I loathe the indignities of U.S. airports."

* In 2015 Sam Porter retired from teaching English in Oaxaca and joined his Mexican husband, who was doing a master's degree in enology. They are now in New Bedford, Mass. "Alison "Sunny" Symroski Weir sent an update on her life: 'I served in the Peace Corps in Afghanistan; went to San Francisco to start a counterculture magazine; raised three wonderful children while doing some freelance journalism and photography; went to Gaza and the West Bank in early 2001 as a freelance reporter; founded a nonprofit called If Americans Knew to tell people about Israel-Palestine; and wrote a book called Against Our Better Judgment. Because of this work, I am periodically declassified as communist or right-wing or anti-Semtic, etc. FYI, none are true."

* Susie Shattuck Truitt has been teaching at Towson University in Baltimore since '95. Son Andrew (42) and his family live in Denver, where he is a consultant in the solar industry. Daughter Emily (42) and her family live on a farm west of Lake Champlain, three miles from Canada. "Eric Winslow writes, 'The march in Boston against guns, which my wife attended, brought back memories of the Boston Moratorium against the War in October '69 that Lee Lamprecht and I, and Pat Whitney Messler and a couple other Med grad students attended. I managed, after failing three draft physicals over three years, to get a 4F. The next several years, I traveled, waiting and tending bar, spent winters in Boston and Vermont working and skiing, and also in St. Anton, Austria, and Ireland. I settled in Willoughby, Mass., and started building high-end homes, continuing up to my retirement last fall. I married Nancy in '82. Our first son was born in '83; a daughter and a son adopted from Honduras followed. Fifty years ago Lee, Burt Knapp, Sue Lidstone, and I drove a crammed VW to Fort Lauderdale for spring break. I'm learning how to be retired, taking river cruises, playing golf, and sailing. Hoping Nancy will work a few more years to maintain my lifestyle."

* Dave Sayre has been redesigning their new house on Martha's Vineyard while (is this a coincidence?) Sam Bacon is enjoying semi-retirement on Martha's Vineyard, where he works as a tutor and a tour guide in the season—wife Betsy works at a farmers' market. They retreat south in the winter to the Keys. His daughter will finish up at Barnard after a couple of summer courses and then start a beginner career in public relations in NYC. Grandchildren (ages 9/15/19) grow apace. "After working 24/7 for 38 years as a minister, Steve Gray is loving every day of his seventh year of retirement, volunteering on three boards, reading, exercising, gardening, and being exposed to his wife's "wide world of quilting." They enjoyed a visit from Lee Lamprecht at their retirement home in Brunswick, Maine, last summer, and Steve stays in touch with John Mertz and Susan Lidstone, hoping to see them at our 50th. After being in Indianapolis for the last 12 years of work life, he appreciates being back where "Middlebury" is a known entity. Two years ago a high point of the year was Alumni College at Bread Loaf, which he highly recommends."

* Kurt Heinzelman's fifth book of poetry, Whatever You May Say, was published in August 2017. He also translated a book of poems by Jean Follain entitled Demarcations. He still teaches at the Univ. of Texas in Austin with his wife, Sue, director of the Center for Women's and Gender Studies, and he's an Honorary Professor at Swansea University (Wales). Their son, father of two with a lovely wife from New Orleans, is founder and CEO of a fuel-cell company (SaCell) in Pasadena, Calif., and their daughter, with a lovely husband from Australia, manages a household of three children in San Clemente, Calif., where she's studying for a paralegal degree from George-town. "Since moving to Charlottesville, Va., in June 2017, Jim and Ginny Hopper Hoverman have been getting together with three classmates: Bev Thierweehter, and their son, father of two with a lovely wife from New Orleans, and Giimy Hopper Hoverman have been getting together with three classmates: Bev Thierweehter, and her family live on a farm west of Lake Champlain, three miles from Canada.

* Eric Winslow writes, "The march in Boston against guns, which my wife attended, brought back memories of the Boston Moratorium against the War in October '69 that Lee Lamprecht and I, and Pat Whitney Messler and a couple other Med grad students attended. I managed, after failing three draft physicals over three years, to get a 4F. The next several years, I traveled, waiting and tending bar, spent winters in Boston and Vermont working and skiing, and also in St. Anton, Austria, and Ireland. I settled in Willoughby, Mass., and started building high-end homes, continuing up to my retirement last fall. I married Nancy in '82. Our first son was born in '83; a daughter and a son adopted from Honduras followed. Fifty years ago Lee, Burt Knapp, Sue Lidstone, and I drove a crammed VW to Fort Lauderdale for spring break. I'm learning how to be retired, taking river cruises, playing golf, and sailing. Hoping Nancy will work a few more years to maintain my lifestyle."
CHINESE SCHOOL  
Well-known food writer Crystyl Mo ('98) was recently profiled in Chindaily.com. Living in Shanghai, she is the academic chair for the World's 50 Best Restaurants for China and South Korea; the strategic advisor and equity partner at Bon App, a Shanghai start-up; and a certified life coach.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH  
Bob Murken (MA '71) reports that at 83 he's turned two new pages in his life: he has become an actor and a poet. He's had juicy roles in over 40 plays, the latest of which was as a soloist and performer in a vaudeville show. About 20 of his poems have been published and this July he is the featured guest reader for the Philadelphia Mad Poets Society's "Poetry Alive and Aloud." He traces his late-in-life transformation to his summers at Bread Loaf, where he learned to wait on tables, do stage carpentry, and have fun with art. • As of July 1, Stephanie Smith Luebers (MA '90) became the head of the new school at Stoneleigh-Burnham School, a girls' independent school for grades 7-12 in Greenfield, Mass. She formerly was the head of the upper school at Cincinnati Country Day School. • The Board of Trustees of St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Academy recently elected Erin Mayo (MA '00) as a new board member. She is the head of school at Fryeburg (Maine) Academy. Earlier in her career, she spent several years working at St. Johnsbury Academy. • Rebecca Amodeo (MA '98) is the director of the New York City branch of the Marlborough School, a Shanghai start-up; and a certified life coach.

MIDDLEBURY INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL STUDIES AT MONTEREY  
Dr. Lora Saalman (MAIPS '04) joined the EastWest Institute in January as VP of its Asia-Pacific program, where she leads its strategic direction and continues facilities. She is the author of the book "Three Women Making Changes in the Community and the World" in New York City. She has been the new principal at the Emily Leifson Middle School in Aurora, N.Y. Previously she was the head of the upper school at St. Martin's Episcopal School in Metairie, La. • In March, Jori Jacobit (MA '16) was awarded the Vermont Foreign Language Association’s Distinguished Teacher Award. She has been teaching French at Mt. Abraham Union High School in Bristol, Vt., for 11 years.

GERMAN SCHOOL  
Carolyn "Biddy" Martin (MA '74), president of Amherst College and former chancellor of the Univ. of Wisconsin-Madison, was recently elected as a new member of the Harvard Corporation.

BETTY ASHBURY JONES MA '86  
SCHOOL OF FRENCH  
Nancy Wilkins Klein (MA '59) taught at Hobart and William Smith Colleges and at Cornell Univ. She authored three books on Madame de Villedieu, plus numerous articles on 17th-century French women writers. She also contributed the chapter on "Fables" to the Feminist Encyclopaedia of French Literature. Before her teaching career, she served as an illustrator for the State Dept. at the 1958 World's Fair in Brussels, Belgium, and later worked at the United Nations. She and husband John have enjoyed traveling to France and renting boats on the canals. They retired to Fruit Cove, Fla. • Preservationist Cynthia Wildman Szunyog (MA '69) was profiled in Cleveland.com. Living in her family’s historic home in Medina Township, Ohio, she has been active in her community helping to preserve historic Medina. She taught French in the Lakewood schools until she retired in 2019. • Sr. Jane Gerety (MA '72), who has served as the president of Salve Regina Univ. in Newport, R.I., since 2009, recently announced that she will retire in June 2019. • The Northwestern Progressive Institute recently announced that Major General Paul Eaton (ret.) (MA '81) was being honored with the first 2018 Lynn Allen Award, given to those who have made extraordinary contributions to progressive politics and public policy. He is the managing director of the VetVoice Foundation, based in Portland, Ore. • City National Bank has appointed Jared Wolff (MA '92) as its executive VP, general counsel, and corporate secretary. He has extensive experience in the financial services industry.

KATHRYN WASSELMAN DAVIS  
SCHOOL OF RUSSIAN  
In the spring Timothy Sergay (MA '87), professor at SUNY Albany, gave a talk called "Russian and Soviet Film Music: A Tuneful Survey" at Edith Wharton's home, The Mount, in Lenox, Mass. He presented an overview of Russian and Soviet film music and concluded with a review of the conventions of Hollywood's musical representation of Russia and the world beyond the Iron Curtain.

SPANISH SCHOOL  
Nora Bazaldua (MA '92) was recently elected to the 2018 YWCA Greater Austin (Texas) board of directors as a member-at-large. She serves as the channel business operations director at Dell Technologies and has extensive corporate experience in the Latin America markets. • Kathryn Maloney Vahey (MA '93), an assistant public defender with the Cook County Public Defender's Office, is running as a Democratic candidate for the Cook County Circuit Court in Illinois.
and in Pittsburgh, in part as team physician for the Pittsburgh Penguins. As a 30-year owner of a Cessna 206, he's now pursuing his aviation hobby: instructing in airplanes and gliders, teaching at Vermont Tech, towing gliders at Sugarbush, doing sightseeing rides in a float plane, and flying the Cessna from Vermont to Alaska on a trip with his wife, Linda, with a motorcycle along for ground travel.

Lynn Bayliss Daugherty Michelsohn and her husband are nearing their 10th year of retirement and are loving every minute of it. They avoid snow by spending winters in Florida and summers in Santa Fe, when not traveling in Europe. They just published the second book in their Baby Boomers Retirement Travel Series, called Lymph the Swan--A Lighthearted Travel Memoir, about their most recent summer in Eastern Europe, England, and Ireland.

Alison and Peter Reynolds spent October and November doing 9,000 km of car camping in New Zealand.

Deb Burgstaller Hunt lives with husband Jim in northern Vermont. They tend to their land, gardens, and animals, work on community projects, and lose track of too many old friends. The only slight paradox to eating homemade delicacies. My only slight paradox to eating homemade delicacies.

Tena Rodgers Boehm reports: "I had a great visit with Jack Rudnick: "I have my second family heading off to college now. My older sons both did Midd but not this current batch. It's okay 'cause both my sisters went, and my two sons, and a brother-in-law. There are some grandchildren coming so who knows? I am teaching full time at the College of Law at Syracuse University, and love the students but not inappropriately of course. I think I'm in the only law school program that employs engineers as adjunct faculty and the students love it. We do Innovation Law so it's commercializing technology. It seems everyone is retired but I don't think I'll be doing that 'cause then what do you do? The word hobby is an old word—it's now about passion and that's what I'm doing. I'm passionate about teaching my law students and I think they like it as much as I do, but not inappropriately." Ashley Cadwell writes, "Five years ago we moved back to Midd from 20 years in St. Louis, where I was head of an independent early childhood and elementary school and Louise (Bovdy) '71 was curriculum director in another. Louise and I started an education consulting business 10 years ago, the Cadwell Collaborative. We work around the U.S. with faculties to develop inquiry-based meaningful project work for early childhood through middle school. I also consults with schools on architectural design that supports collaborative learning. When we're not working (which is more of the time now, thankfully), we either travel or watch the grass grow at our Weybridge home. Love being back in Midd. We also have a little foothold in Boston, cross lots from our two grandchildren." May Coors reports: "The most interesting and scary (!) thing in my life right now is that our daughter, Anu, left for U.S., South Sudan, as a humanitarian aid worker. She'll be interviewing people displaced by the civil war to determine the circumstances and conditions in the places they have had to flee to gain an understanding of what type of aid is needed."

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70 Jeff Sturges had a couple of fun news items to report: "First, the Midd ski patrol reunion was March 10 and 11. This was the biggest yet with well over 100 attendees. Class of '70 was represented by Jim Hand, Rob Apple, and myself. BTW, Jim's wife, Marilyn (Trison) '73, and daughter, Liz (Mackey) '09, also former Midd patrol persons, were there as well. Second, RESOLUTE just built and shipped another new racing shell for Midd."

Tena Rodgers Boehm reports: "I had a great visit with Chuck '71 and Gloria Miglietta Ambler in El Paso, Texas, in March. My stay with Gloria was reminiscent of visits to her parents' home during Middlebury days when I wasn't allowed to lift a finger to help but was required to eat homemade delicacies. My only slight participation was in pretending to help cut raviolis. Gloria and Chuck are doing great and El Paso is lucky to have them because they are dedicated activists in the best sense of the word. They also are loving their role as grandparents now to a little boy and baby girl. They have wonderful gatherings with their whole family, like in Italy and Sonoma. I was on my way to San Diego when I detoured to El Paso. From San Diego I took a cruise around Mexico and Central America through the Panama Canal—a fascinating adventure. Then I stayed in a lovely spot on the west coast of Florida called Boca Grande till I went back to my Vero Beach home, which I had rented out for the month of March."

I was sorry to be on the cruise when the teens march occurred in Washington because I would have loved to have taken my three Florida teenage grandchildren to see it. But I was not so far away. I visited the Florida capital and was a trucker. I still think of the March for Our Lives. 5 girls and boys of all ages."

Marian van Buren took a trip to the Deep South: "Antarctica is astounding: it is the most breathtaking, majestic, and awe-inspiring place I have ever been. Carved and fractured glaciers lined the horizon as far as we could see, groaning and grumbling in their alien tongue as the massive rivers of ice shifted and settled. Our ship slipped through fields of icebergs carved into unimaginable shapes, some ethereal, some monumental, colors from pale Caribbean Sea green to brilliant cobalt to deep violet emanating from deep fissures in their walls. Whales, seals, and penguins by the thousands provided regular entertainment when we’d have expeditions on shore. One minke whale was as curious about us as we were about him, and when he scratched his back along the side of my Zodiac, I almost took a completely involuntary polar plunge. We were also treated to an elephant seal opera as a herd of young males, hauled up on the shore to molt, tested their mettle in mock battle, the air vibrating with their bellows. I could go on for pages. Beauty beyond imagining. Go! Experience the wonder for yourself." Churchill Franklin heartily concurs. He and Janet (Halstead) '72 sailed from Ushuaia, Argentina, on a similar journey a few days later on the 367-foot ship Explorer. "We traveled out through the Beagle Channel into the famously treacherous Drake Passage. We had about 30-foot seas going over and about 50-foot seas coming back. Good drugs! Neither of us got sick. The ship has hydraulic stabilizers in the bow, which helped. We reached the South Shetlands and headed down the peninsula, stopping in spots and traveling on shore by Zodiac. All of Marrian's descriptions are absolutely accurate. The scenery, wildlife, ice, whales, seals, penguins, birds, wildlife are all breathtaking. We watched a calving iceberg. We did the polar plunge into 28-degree water (saltwater, so still liquid). At one point, the ship pulled completely into a field of shelf ice, coming to a halt surrounded by a white flat "shelf" of ice. We got out, walked around, set up a grill for sausages and hot dogs, a pile of cold beers on ice, seals scattered around the periphery. Pretty good!"

Carolyn Kroll Reidy, president and CEO of Simon & Schuster, was named 2017 Person of the Year by Publishers Weekly. The front-page article in the December issue cites Carolyn's vision, enthusiasm, and management skills in "steering the company through a Great Recession, publishing's digital disruption, and a slow-growth sales environment, all while keeping Simon & Schuster a commercial and critical success." She was praised for her grasp of both the big picture and the critical details of publishing, and for her attention to corporate culture, using a team approach that emphasizes the contributions of all employees. Many of us recall Carolyn's keynote address at our 2016 Reunion, where, with humor and insight, she reassured us that books weren't going away any time soon, though they might reach their audience in new formats. Carolyn joined Simon & Schuster in 1992 and came up through the publishing and management ranks. She was head of adult publishing in the fall of 2007 when she was named to the top position by Leslie Moonves, chairman and CEO of parent company CBS Corp., who credited her with "managing the company beautifully through a truly transformative time within the industry." Carolyn told us: "The PW Person of the Year award was very gratifying after 27 years at Simon & Schuster and 10 years as CEO, during a time of incredible change in the publishing world. I moved into publishing from academia after giving up my childhood dream of being an English professor and have never
regretted the change from studying writing to helping new works find their audience." • Correspondent Rob Waters went to Montana in March on a news-gathering mission (oh, some skiing might also have happened) and had a good visit with Tom Giebink in Bozeman. Tom left Austin a few years ago for Big Sky country and is thriving. He made good use of his season pass to Bridger Bowl, which had an epic snow year. And despite the years of deprivation in Texas, he still seems to know how to ski. He is settling into his new community and has a spacious studio, where he's hard at work in a diverse array of media. He has an adjunct teaching gig lined up at Montana State Univ., and starting in late summer, will present an exhibition of some of his many art works at MSU's Helen E. Copeland Gallery. The show runs from Aug. 3 to Sept. 23, focusing on his fantastically skewed furniture sculpture and interactive software installations along with past work in video, photography, paintings, and performance. • Speaking of Austin, that’s where Will Aubrey has lived since he retired seven years ago after a career as a geologist and educator: “I taught earth science to inner-city high school students in NYC for 14 years. Before that I worked as a USGS research geologist specializing in the Jurassic and Cretaceous history of the Colorado Plateau. I moved to Austin in 2011 mainly to be near my daughter and granddaughter. I’m definitely enjoying a laid-back Austin lifestyle—although I cheat by spending the hottest summer months in Maine. I love being able to ride my bike everywhere I go, especially after a lifetime of commuting. I recently took up rowing and joined the Texas Rowing Club. The renovation of my 1937 bungalow is an ongoing project.” • An update came from Julia Alvarez: “I’m still writing, working on a novel, and writing shorter pieces, essays, poems, stories. We moved to a new house on a subdivision of the same piece of property we lived on for over 25 years. We’re not going far—can’t bear to leave Vermont, its beauty, our garden, the Green Mountains, but plan to stay put for the last hurrah. Meanwhile, hoping to travel and learn more about parts of the world we’ve never been to. Next fall, Vietnam. On my bucket list: Italy (never been!), Japan, and to England to see all those places I’ve read about.” Julia has been in the news recently for her contribution to a new book, *It Occurs to Me That I Am America,* a collection of stories and art from 30 contributors. —Class Correspondents: Gail Cross Giebink (ggiebink@austin.utexas.edu); Carolyn Ungberg Olivier (carolyn.olivier@gmail.com); Rob Waters (robwaters7612@gmail.com).

Mea culpa. I’m afraid I (Evey) fell down on the job of class correspondent this quarter. My excuse: just when class notes were due, Tom and I were on the Big Island of Hawaii. A 6.5 magnitude earthquake hit, then Kilauea started leaking lava, and then there were some mini tsunamis.
WHERE'S GAMALIEL?

Reunion Weekend is always one of the most festive events on campus each year. Here, we offer our illustrative take on the occasion—with a challenge to locate some of our favorite Middlebury personalities from the past and present as well as a few familiar objects.

Can you find . . .
• Gamaliel Painter, sans cane
• Joseph Battell
• Alexander Twilight
• Robert Frost
• Martin Henry Freeman
• Mary Annette Anderson
• Painter’s cane
• The elusive Middlebury panther
• The just-as-elusive Golden Snitch
• Frisbee Dog (not dog playing Frisbee)

Extra credit
• Carillonneur George Matthew Jr.
• Hugh Marlow ’57 getting folks organized
• Muralist Will Kasso
• New York Times book critic Dwight Garner ’88
• Karl Lindholm ’67 immersed in the Boston Globe
• Vendela Vida ’93 reuniting with her mentor, Julia Alvarez ’74

Plus a handful of “Easter eggs” that we won’t even identify. Let us know if you think you’ve spied one, and we’ll tell you if you’re right.

ILLUSTRATION BY ADAM HAYES
The most popular major in our class was English, and the Class of '73 has produced some wonderful writers. We're asking authors, poets, playwrights—in all genres and disciplines, published or unpublished—to pen a few words on their careers, practices, and works. We'll share their stories in this magazine and in issues to come. Enjoy! • From Deborah Schneider Greenhut, these words: "I wrote my first poem at eight. My mother looked at it and told me that authors don't make any money. I was heartbroken. She was generally correct, but I wish I had followed my bliss earlier in life. From that encounter on, I wrote as much as I could. At Middlebury, I was an English major, which led to a PhD in English from Rutgers and many years as a writing teacher. From Bob Hill, I learned to purge the crap from my writing, and I also studied creative writing with Bob Pack and John Claggett, hoping to one day achieve success as a poet and fiction writer, but always deferring these dreams to work on other people's writing. My bad. Too much 'let it go,' to borrow a phrase from Frozen. At mid-life, I moved into corporate training as a communication skills teacher, which also included computer software training. This proved to be a practical income maneuver, but allowed little time for my own writing because I was always traveling and always tired, and my family was also very important to me. So little scraps of paper and hundreds of half-started Word files accumulated on my hard drives. Around my 50th birthday, I began to participate in more creative endeavors, attending the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference as a contributor in poetry twice. I also began to write plays around the same time. Being able to produce them as a member of three playwrights' collaborative allowed for more immediate gratification than the slow pace of waiting for a poem to appear in a journal. I took master classes with many exceptional poets and playwrights during that time. For two years, I was an artist in residence at the MAKOR/2nd Street Y, working on poetry and plays. These experiences led to some publications and productions that made me very happy. At this time, I'm looking back at a number of unpublished short stories as the core of a memoir. I'm working on it with a developmental editing group, 'When Words Count,' in Rochester, Vt., for the upcoming year, so I'm coming home to Vermont once again for what I hope this project will become. It's interesting to me how often Vermont project has been the steady geography for what I do." Deborah does not mention, but we will, that she received the 2017 Princemere Poetry Prize for her poem, "Poem with Parrots for My Dangerous Man." Look for it on Facebook as well as some tips from Deborah on how to be a better writer! • Kathy Wonson Eddy shares: "I was unprepared for the sweetness of this chapter of life. I love having time to play with my granddaughters, unfettered by the buzzing inner list of things to do that I felt so often when I was a pastor. I'm learning from them about being deeply present, about the astonishing imaginative powers of very young children, about the joy of simply spending time together making art, talking and listening, telling stories, cuddling, thinking up fun things to do. Play! What a new orientation this is for me when I have been so dutiful as a worker/doer most of my life. I love having time to savour the ravishing beauty around me. I am often pierced by gratitude and awe at the colors in the wide sky, the mist rising from the mountains in front of our house, the liquid sound of the hermit thrush in sun-dappled woods, the extravagant lusciousness of flowers, the dazzling flashes of light on water. Gazing at nature's beauty centers me even more than earlier in my life. As Rachel Carson wrote, 'Those who contemplate the beauty of the earth find reserves of strength that will endure as long as life lasts.' And finally, I love having time for filling the wells of creativity and music. Last year the Princeton University Chapel Choir commissioned an anthem from me that they premiered on tour in Portugal, and my husband Bob '72 and I had the privilege of attending. I started the text for that music on a week's retreat at the Vermont Studio Center and then Bob, with whom I have collaborated on many creative projects during our 45 years together, contributed his inimitable zesty poetry." (Look for the text to this anthem on our Facebook page.) • Dave Maakestad, who has been writing songs for 47 years (he started at Middlebury), says: "Words and music are my work. I give credit to all my music partners for creating their own expressions against the fabric of my songs." His lyrics, timely when he wrote them, seem timely now, too. Check out some of them, as well as a few videos, on our Facebook page. • And from Chris Robbins, this short update: "Peter Hamlin and I have been living in Middlebury for 13 years, since Peter came back to teach in the Music Department. He is now on associate status (half time) and is teaching popular classes like electronic music and songwriting production. I am on several local committees, including planning, infrastructure, and a water monitoring group. We're enjoying Lake Champlain in summer and the mountains in winter, although the winter precipitation now is just as likely to be rain as snow. In 2016 we decided to experience the summer Language Schools by taking Spanish, and found out why it has its reputation for excellence. We followed that up by studying Spanish in Granada, Spain, this past winter term." • In other, sadder, news we learned that Karin Austrey Akerson passed away March 27. We extend our deepest sympathies to her family and friends and know she will be missed. • You're reading this after our 45th Reunion, which will be summarized in the next issue. Meanwhile, check out a mini-reunion photo on page 74!
all graduated from Mounds Park Academy, a relative newcomer to the Twin Cities private school scene. Son Andrew graduated from St. Olaf College in 2013, an economics major, playing soccer and rugby. He works for Wells Fargo in Minneapolis and manages and plays on one winter and two summer amateur soccer teams; he is always looking for a good goalie. Daughter Emily graduated from Middlebury in 2014, psychology major, playing soccer and rugby. She obtained her MA in psychology from the Univ. of Minnesota and works as a school counselor in the City of St. Paul Public Schools. And daughter Ellen is at Middlebury, Class of 2019. As an RA, she metaphorically had to rap the knuckles of some overly celebratory football players. She is a comparative literature major and an irrepressible rugby player for Midd. Peter worked for many years as a trust and estates paralegal for three prominent Twin Cities law firms. He reveals that during that time he suffered from bouts of depression, saying, “I struggled for emotional stability and for a sense of calm and well-being, and I responded poorly to stressful situations. In March 2012, my doctors suggested that I not return to work and, after consultation with my wife and family, we agreed. I have been much happier since. As for Midd, I remember barn parties, playing soccer on natural grass fields, intramural hockey, Bristol Falls, Tennyson, Yeats, Professors John Hunisak, Samuel Orth, and Russell Leng, and the feeling of having one more year of collegiate soccer left to play.”

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

What started with a casual comment from Mary Ann Gustafson King over how much retired professor John Hunisak had influenced her love of art and her business presentations grew into a Class of ’75 tour of Los Angeles’s Broad Museum lead by John on March 28. His art observations provided the magic behind the reunion. Four classmates (Susan Moore Harmon, Janet Fries Eckholm, Kathy Smith Ward, and Mary Ann) along with nine friends enjoyed the Broad followed by a lunch at Otium Restaurant. Mary Ann and husband Alex Rose underwrote this day as a salute to a treasured professor. (FYI: The Alumni Office has funds to connect a professor to alums and usually connects professors on faculty when they are attending conferences.) • Liza Townsend Mone ’85 sent the following note: “Stephen Townsend passed away suddenly on January 19. He loved his days at Middlebury and the lifelong friends made there. He returned to campus often with his wife, Deb, and daughters Alice and Liza. His family is grateful for all of the Middlebury alumni who sent condolences or attended his service, including Dick Gordon, Burley Dickerson, and Michael Cushman.” • Most of us are likely hitting 65/retirement age. I (Nan) would like to reach out and ask not
only for “next stage” plans, but would also love to hear everyone’s thoughts. Are you excited? Exhausted? Ready? Let me know. Also, as of this issue, Kathy Smith Ward is stepping down as correspondent. Many thanks to her for all her help over the past few years! —Class Correspondent: Nan Rochelle McNicholas (hhmidd@yahoo.com).

Ellen Evans sent greetings from the Pacific Northwest. “My husband, Sandy, and I left NYC for Seattle in the late ’80s and never looked back. Seattle has been good to us, even though it is regrettably far from Vermont. Our children grew up here and have now moved on to their own adventures. Professionally, I worked in institutional finance for many years—Wall Street and Pacific Northwest investment banking—and most recently as deputy treasurer for the state of Washington, responsible for financing the state’s capital projects. This was truly a challenging and fascinating opportunity to be part of the public process. While it was never easy balancing being in the markets and being mom, I have found this community to be generally supportive of the chaos of family life. A few months ago, I stepped away from finance and am now mapping out my next adventure. In the meantime, I’m learning to make superb camel meat and am having a great deal of fun both in Seattle and in the San Juan Islands (which send an astonishing number of students to Middlebury). Please get in touch if you happen to be out this way.”

Kate Troast, Cathy Buchanan ’77, Paula Daukas, and Ali Kahn met in NYC for a reunion. They also got together with Garrett Moran. Kate lives in Amherst, Mass., manages her husband’s urology practice, pursues her passion for art, and recently had a one-person show of her portraits; Cathy lives in the Seattle area and creates multimedia for Cortina Productions; Paula lives in Denver and is the environmental planning manager at Denver Water; and Ali lives in Takoma Park, Md., and is a writer and editor at American University. • Carol Porter Donahue writes, “I’m still living in West Brookfield, Mass., and still working but fewer and fewer hours. Kevin ’75 and I spend as much time as we can on the Cape and are looking forward to eventually retiring there. We have a lot of Middlebury friends down there: Carole Maghery King, Steve Tripp, Nick Lagadinos, Mark Uppendahl ’75, and Bruce Bertkau ’74. We enjoy traveling when we can. We had two great family trips last year—London in April, and Costa Rica in August.”

Eric Maltzman sent greetings from Israel: “In late November–early December I met two of my sons in the Israeli army in the Israeli army and part time as a professional tour guide licensed by the Ministry of Tourism. If anyone is planning a visit to Israel, please contact me.” • We received news that Kevin Cummings was part of a roundtable on gender diversity as part of New Jersey Business magazine’s CEO Trade-Talk Roundtable series. Four executives discussed the importance of women being appointed to the C-suite and boardroom. • Also, Peter Straley was recently appointed to the Massachusetts-based Fallon Health board of directors. He has 40 years of professional experience in health care, including 17 years as president and CEO of Health New England—a provider-owned HMO headquartered in western Massachusetts. Prior to that, Peter served as CEO of Baycare Health Partners, a three-hospital, 720-physician PHO based in Springfield. Earlier in his career he served as the Northeast VP of a healthcare management-consulting firm and as VP of research and development for a healthcare software development firm.

Karen Amirault continues to teach dance around the state of Vermont. In March she was an artist in residence at Barnard Academy, where she worked daily with all ages, ending the week with a performance. She has won many awards from the Vermont Arts Council and received the Governor’s Award for Arts in Education. Paula Routly ’87 of Seven Days has said that Karen has single-handedly turned more people on to dance than any other choreographer in Vermont.

40 Forty years later, we’re still scholar-athletes! (Scholarship) Lani Nicholson reports that she attended a reading by Bill Quigley at the Needham (Mass.) Public Library. Bill spoke about Pure Heart: The Faith of a Father and Son in the War for a More Perfect Union, his 2016 book about the struggles of the Reverend Benjamin Dorr, Rector of Philadelphia’s Christ Church, to hold his politically divided congregation together during the Civil War. In a rave review, Civil War News called it a “superb scholarly work” that “should find a home within any Civil War home front library.” Lani, who practices adolescent and pediatric psychiatry in Quincy, Mass., reported that the event was also attended by Don DeVeuve, who was “well prepared and asked astute questions.” Bill teaches history at the Governor’s Academy; Don is a VP with State Street Research and Management Company. There’s a great photo of this Needham Public Library micro-reunion on our class Facebook page. • (Athletics) Ty Howe sends news that Pete Bostwick and Court Chilton won the 2018 Massachusetts State Doubles Squash competition! As Court points out: “Just wanted to be clear that Pete and I didn’t beat everyone in the state of Mass, just the people aged 60-70 who showed up.” Yes, but you both showed up and won! Incidentally, U70 is the new 30, or so I (Anne) have been told. • Next notes will be composed post-Reunion; we are hoping for a lot of reports.

REUNION CLASS Our 40th Reunion is less than a year away (can it possibly be 40 years?) but several classmates convened in Middlebury for a mini-reunion happy hour in January. Charles Frankel was back on campus to teach a winter term course and joined Dana Yeaton, Carol Youngs Reed, Megan Battey, Nancy Karlson, Brian Calhoun, Laurie Macaulay Jordan, Maggie Paine, and Tiffany Nourse Sargent at Fire and Ice. Tiffany tells us, “It was such fun to have our mini ’70s gathering! We should definitely do it more often. If any other classmates have plans to return to Midd, let us know so we can try to gather again!” Congratulations to John Goodman, who has been named chief executive of Accenture Federal Services (AFS). Washington Business Journal reported, “Goodman has been with AFS for nearly 20 years, serving as chief operating officer since 2012. He led the company’s management consulting group and also led the company’s defense and intelligence portfolio. He was also previously an interim CEO. Prior to joining the company, he served as U.S. Deputy Under Secretary for Defense for Industrial Affairs and Installations.” John tells us, “2017 was a big year for us. Sherri and I celebrated our 30th anniversary. Daughter Natalie graduated from Colby. And since she returned to Washington for work, all three of our kids are close to home. Rob (18) will shortly be off to Northwestern and his brother Matt (17) will soon follow. So, reluctantly we realize that we’ll have to adjust to being empty nesters.” Congratulations also go out to Laurie Macaulay Jordan, who is retiring after 22 years as chaplain of the College. An article on the College website describes the huge impact Laurie has had on the Middlebury community during her tenure. From orchestrating the Dalai Lama’s campus visit, advancing the addition of a rabbi and Muslim chaplains to the College faith community, and other significant interfaith and international initiatives to the wisdom, warmth, and caring counsel shown to so many students through the years, Laurie has served the College with great distinction. In the article, she recalls how her undergraduate experience at Midd started her on the career path that eventually led her back in the position of chaplain. “During her first semester at Middlebury, thinking she was headed into politics, Jordan was faced with questions that are still explored in Introduction to Political Philosophy. What is justice? What is the good life? By her sophomore year, that fire of investigation brought her back to her core beliefs and she started to feel the pull of the ministry. In a religion
course with Professor Robert Perm, she wrote a paper about women who had been ordained in the Episcopal Church. "That's when I decided what to do with the rest of my life." Best wishes, Laurie, on this next stage of the rest of your life! • We want to hear from you! Whether you are retiring, starting a new venture or staying the course, grandparenting, childfree, or preparing for the empty nest, send us your news! We are wrapping up our time as your correspondents this year and looking forward to passing the baton before Reunion next year.

—Class Correspondents: Debbie Fish Butler (middj^dbutler<èlgmail.com); Alice Lee Openshaw (alice_openshaw@gmail.com).

A big thank you to Robin Howe and Annie Hartmann Philbrick for being class correspondents the past few years. They are stepping down and we need another classmate to help out with class notes. It's a fun way to stay in touch with classmates and does not take a lot of time! It mainly involves sending out emails four times a year.

—Class Correspondent: Anne Cowherd (annie.cowherd®att.net).

We need one or two people to step up as class correspondents for the Class of 1981. It’s a fun way to stay in touch with classmates and see what they are up to. If you are interested, please contact the Alumni Editor, Sara Marshall, at smarshal@middlebury.edu.

Munovo, a consulting firm helping Fortune 1000 clients improve their marketing capabilities, announced in November 2017 the appointment of Rob Davis as managing partner—sales and alliances. In addition to becoming a shareholder, he has joined the executive leadership team and board to help refine and execute the company’s growth strategy. On the home front, Rob reports he is looking forward to the upcoming celebration of the birthdays of four-year-old grandson Owen and two-year-old granddaughter Eloise. • Lynn Ames celebrated the publication of her 13th novel, the romantic comedy Great Bones, in late March. Of the book, she said, "For almost two years. I've been envisioning this day, the moment when I get to share Rachel, Julia, Goldie, and Ida with all of you. I hope the book makes you laugh, makes you root for Rachel, makes you fall in love with the beloved grandmothers, and leaves you with a warm, satisfied, happy feeling." The book is available from Lynn’s website, www.lynnames.com, and bookstores everywhere. • Wendy Behringer Nelson’s April trip to San Francisco provided a great excuse for a Class of 1982 mini-reunion. Wendy, Nancy Riele, Beth Stelluto Dunai, and Lisa Kissinger Kaplan met up for drinks, dinner, catching up, and A LOT of laughing.
Bay Area classmates—you are forewarned that we will do this again and hope to see you! • Alan Wagman shared that he and his family have established the Evan J. Wagman Memorial Scholarship in memory of his son, who passed away on February 24, 2018. The scholarship will be awarded annually to a graduate of Bethel (Conn.) High School who will attend Western Connecticut State Univ. Evan spent much of his life in the Bethel school system and worked at WestConn for the last several years. Our condolences to Ali and his family. • In April, the College announced its 2018 Athletics Hall of Fame Inductees, which includes Sue Long Wennyss. Sue came to Middlebury as an alpine skier and was one of the top racers on the AIAW National Championship team in 1979, earning All-American honors. She converted to Nordic racing, where she earned several top finishes as a senior, winning the individual and relay races at UNH. Following Middlebury, she was the 1984 National Champion in the 10K and 20K events, winning the Olympic Trials before competing in the 1984 Olympic Games. In cross country, Long earned All-American honors in 1981, placing third at the NCAA Championships. Congratulations, Sue! • For the 2017–2018 school year, the Class of 1982 Scholarship provided vital financial support to a senior woman from Rockland, Maine, who graduated in May with a major in international politics and economics. During her four years, she studied abroad in Germany and held an internship at the American Academy in Verling with the Richard Holbrooke Forum, assisting with event organization. She also spent time doing field work in China as part of an experiential learning class. She played on the women’s rugby team, hosted a radio show on the College radio station, and was a member of the Music and Arts House. • Laura TenBroeke Rumbough writes, “Doug and I have some exciting news to share! We are selling our home here in Middlebury—it’s bittersweet and we will miss this gorgeous spot a lot. We will be spending half our year in the High Peaks of the Adirondacks, and the winters in Vero Beach, Fla. The good news is that our house in the Adirondacks is only an hour from Midd, so we’ll be back often! I’m so glad we were able to host at least one Midd ’82 event here last Reunion—who knows, maybe one of our classmates will buy this house and we can have another party on the deck!” • Congratulations to Keith O’Hara, who offered the 2018 Commencement address for Marianapolis Preparatory School in Thompson, Conn. His multi-decade relationship with Marianapolis includes service teaching, coaching, advising, and leadership on the board of directors. Joseph Hanrahan, head of the school, noted, “Keith is a role model for students and embodies the mission of Marianapolis through his character, compassion, and integrity.” —Class Correspondents: Wendy Behringer Nelson (gomomgop20@gmail.com), Caleb Rick (crick@northcommon.com).
Tom Van de Water, Betsy Kepes (Williams ’82), and Mark and Jeanne Hammond Larsen walked half of the remote 1,000-mile Shikoku Buddhist pilgrimage together and plan to walk the remaining 500 miles by 2020. Jeanne and Mark walked the Camino de Santiago in France and Spain just before the adventure in Japan. • Book news came from two classmates. Pam Chasek sent word that her new book, Transforming Multilateral Diplomacy: The Inside Story of the Sustainable Development Goals, which she coauthored, was published recently by Routledge. She was hoping to be able to promote it during Reunion. • In the fall, John Canaday published Critical Assembly: Poems of the Manhattan Project with Univ. of New Mexico Press. John introduces readers to the people involved in the creation and testing of the first atomic bomb, from initial theoretical conversations to the secretive work at Los Alamos.

REUNION CLASS Please send us your news! Your classmates want to know what you’re up to. And put the weekend of June 7–9 on your calendar for our 35th Reunion! Meanwhile, check out some mini-reunion photos on page 65.

Elizabeth Eppes Winton (ewinston@mac.com); Andrew Zebrer (andrewzebrer@gmail.com).

Rich Belanger reports that he is still living in Ann Arbor, Mich., with wife Emily (Cushman) ’76 and just took on a new role at ProQuest as SVP and GM of books, where he is responsible for global electronic books business for the academic market. This work has Rich traveling extensively to places like Mountain View, London, Copenhagen, Nashville, Edinburgh, New York City, San Antonio, Austin, Denver—so if you see him nearby on Facebook don’t be shy about reaching out. Rich and his wife enjoy sailing together and they have visited the Aegean Greek islands, the British Virgin Islands, and Croatia. • Chris Cowan lives in Tampa with wife Christine and three boys Peter (23), James (20), and John (18). Peter graduated from the Univ of Tampa last spring and is working in a sales capacity for Guaranteed Meetings. James will be a junior at Rollins College, starting at LSM on the lacrosse team and working on a 3/2 MBA degree in business management. Since he’s been 15 he has run his own custom lacrosse products business, so if you want a custom design, check out www.pocketpower lax.com. John graduated from Steinbrenner High School and completed All-State competition in the flute, receiving the highest marks available. He’ll be pursuing a music degree in the Honors Program at the University of South Florida this fall. Two years ago Chris moved from head of North America for Miller Heiman Group to run his own practice, Navigate Sales Consulting. Christine is a fitness guru doing classes and personal training at their local club. Last summer Chris was fortunate enough to get Tim Carey out of Framingham, Mass., for a visit to his place on Martha’s Vineyard for a couple days of golf, food, and beverages. Chris reminisced, “We hadn’t seen each other since graduation, yet we slipped back into our friendship as if a day had not passed. If ever in the Tampa area, please look me up!” • Geoff Harlan and wife Megan (Kemp) ’88 are excited to have their youngest daughter, Grace, heading to Middlebury (Class of 2022) to continue the Kemp family tradition of playing field hockey (Jennifer Kemp Forelli ’86 also played.) Geoff works in the Advancement Office at Lawrence Academy and Megan is assistant head of school at Groton School, both in Groton, Mass. They enjoy spending their summers in the seaside village of Kingsburg, Nova Scotia. They look forward to spending many fall weekends cheering on the Panthers! • Elizabeth Needham has returned to graduate school, pursuing a degree to become an art psychotherapist. She explains, “Art therapy is an integrative mental health profession, combining the creative process and psychotherapy. Art therapists use art media, and often the verbal processing of produced imagery, to help children, adolescents, and adults in treatment centers, schools, rehabilitation facilities, hospitals, correctional institutes and elder-care locations.” • Michael Kinnealey announces the birth of his second grandchild, Michael George Kinnealey, on March 4. • Charlene Makley has published The Battle for Fortune: State-Led Development, Peronbood, and Power Among Tibetans in China with Cornell Univ Press. She is a professor of anthropology at Reed College in Portland, Ore. • Congratulations to Hiro Kanagawa, who was awarded the 2017 Governor General’s Literary Award for Drama for his play Indian Arm. The Governor General’s Literary Awards are one of Canada’s oldest and most prestigious prizes. Indian Arm is an adaption of Henrik Ibsen’s 1894 play Little Eyolf. Indian Arm also won the 2015 Jessie Richardson Award for Outstanding Original Script.

Beloved classmate Galen Hoskin passed away January 10 after a two-year battle with cancer. To friends and family he had this to say: “I was ready to die, to leave this world and head off into the great unknown—perhaps the greatest adventure of all. My life was shorter than I had expected, and it was enough. Mine was a magical life. It was not always easy, but it was always an adventure. Most importantly, I fell in love with and shared my life with two amazing women—Leah and then Dina (Wolkoff) ’88—and with four beautiful children, Ben, Sonia, Guo Hsing, and Dalia. Since I discovered the cancer, I have meditated on who I am. Who is Galen? Without my family, and without all of you, I don't really know. As much as I have opened myself to an essential nonconditional 'me,' I cannot see myself without you. I have been defined by you. You have made me, well, me.” True to form, Galen packed a lot of extraordinary adventures into the years after his diagnosis: snorkeling in the Sea of Cortez, heli-skting in the Canadian Rockies, trekking in the Himalayas, traveling to London and Paris and Tokyo and Mexico. Among our classmates at Galen’s memorial service were Bram Kleppner, Hussein Khalifa, Josh Colton, and Nick Boillot. Bram offered these words at the gathering: “Galen appreciated the time to prepare himself for death, the time to reflect on life and on death and on the relationship between dying and living, the time to think about what death means, the time to put his affairs in order, the time to do lots of cool stuff with his children, and with Dina and his friends, and the time to say good-bye to the people he loved, to the people he was grateful for.”
Friends from the Class of 1998 enjoy being together.

Adirondack chair chats are popular at Reunion.

The 25th Reunion brought back many 1993 classmates to campus.

The 50th Reunion Friday dinner highlight is a bonfire at Bread Loaf.

Reunion goers are excited to see each other.

REUNION CLASS George Baxter has agreed to serve as the class correspondent for the Class of 1989. Please send him news at george.baxter@me.com.

Gretchen Eisele writes, “My update is that I’m still working in nonfiction television—currently as the executive producer of National Geographic Explore, their flagship broadcast newsmagazine. It would be my dream job if it wasn’t so darn demanding! I have a daughter going off to Bucknell Univ and my son is right behind in 11th grade. I’m still living in the New York area. I’m hoping to catch up with some Midd friends as we celebrate our 50th birthdays this year.” • Natana DeLong-Bas sent news that she has a new book out with Oxford University Press, coauthored with John Esposito, called Shariah: What Everyone Needs to Know. The press release notes, “In the West, Shariah is widely misunderstood. It often evokes fear of a medieval system that oppresses women and stifles human rights. In reality, it is a complex concept that plays a vital role in the lives of Muslims around the world, offering guidance on everything from personal morality to ritual practices, family life, and finance.” A leading Islamic scholar, Natana is assistant professor of theology at Boston College.

Kevin Kahn and wife Erdenetsetseg welcomed a daughter, Skylar Khutulun Kahn, in January. She was born in Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia. “Her brother, Marty (15), is thrilled to have a sibling. He continues to do well as a freshman in high school in Ohio playing both varsity ice hockey and lacrosse. Dad is trying to plant the Middlebury seed for when he starts looking at colleges. Maybe we can seal the deal at our 30th reunion in two years?” Kevin owns a company that specializes in exporting Made in the USA industrial valves and fittings into Asia (www.k2ici.com). He has companies in both Ohio and in China, and splits his time fairly equally between the two. One of the manufacturers that Kevin’s company represents in Asia, SSP Fittings, is owned by classmate David King, so they catch up once or twice a year at meetings. • Adam Leff chairs the World Languages Dept. at Gould Academy and teaches a gamut of French courses and senior history electives, such as American Myths, Global Migrations, and Great Decisions. He is also the head coach of the cross-country team and an assistant coach on the cycling team. Adam is the faculty advisor to the Academic WorldQuest team (a foreign policy quiz bowl team that competes in the Maine state tournament) and to the French Club. On the weekends, he is screening French films as part of the ongoing French film festival
Page Dickinson Edmunds writes, "A group from Stewart's second floor (circa 1987–88) got together from across three states for a mini-reunion in the Boston area in April: Debra McConnell, Louise Totten Knabe, Liz Hopper Whitelam, Michelle Zagami Seeley, Meg Macaya Nelson, Casey Christianson, Jodi Axtell, and me. Highlights of the weekend were seeing Deb's new home in Wellesley (along with her adorable husband Oriol and little boys Ian and Alex), an off-hours visit to Liz's charming new bookstore, Whitelam Books, in Reading, Mass., which she opened in November '17, and staying up late talking just like we used to back in Stewart. Less of a highlight was arriving in the plane and sauntering in, donning a cowboy hat, and started trying out. We were on a distance run with our last names taped on our backs so the coaches could take notes on us, and I heard 'Healy! Hey, Healy!' I turned and she said, 'Hey, I'm Maria.' Tryouts are tough; everyone was competing for the one spot on varsity that we were told existed, and no one was very friendly to the freshmen. So this Maria started talking to me as we were running along and told me she was having a party that weekend and I should come. I figured I'd never hear from her again and she was just being nice. Lo and behold, she tracked me down in the phone directory (do they still have a phone directory?) and called to remind me about it the next day. I ended up going to the party, and we have been best of friends ever since! So thank you, Missy Foote, for tapping our names on our backs! Almost 30 years of the best friend I can imagine. So lucky!" • Lisa Balaschak also met friends on the Middlebury athletic fields. She recalled bonding with Amy Randall Hazel and Cathy Lee during soccer double sessions before the rest of the class even arrived for freshman orientation! Together they were all issued field house pin bags, learned how to dial into the College phone system for the weather report, and poured over the Freshman Faces book, studying their soon-to-arrive classmates! Later that school year she met Carolyn Eppes Gilbert, Lauren Baker, Tristram "Trip" Perkins, and other high-spirited Febs, who had just landed on campus, at Sarah Cameron's 1969 winter party in the woods. She said it was an unforgettable event where lots of longtime friendships began! • Part of the reason we're calling for these stories is that after 25-plus years, many of our memories aren't quite as sharp as they once were, so it's interesting that Tristram wrote saying Kingman Gordon reminded him that he showed up a week late for Feb orientation in a rusted-out Volvo station wagon and sauntered in, donned a cowboy hat, and started calling the Feb square dance—he admits it's bit bazy but it sounded familiar! What he does remember clearly is being with Allan Reeder and Kingman in Allen dungeon and meeting Brian Willing, Keith Wilson, Chris Carton, Terry Wise, Charlie Watson, and Rob Luce when they returned from Feb break and decided to shoot bottle rockets down the hallways in Allen at 2 a.m. • Looking forward to hearing more stories!

Class Correspondents: Doug Meyer (pdougan@aol.com); Elizabeth Toder (eatoder@gmail.com).

Hey everyone! Thanks so much for starting to share some fun stories from freshman year about how you met your friends.

We understand that some tales aren't ready for general consumption, but we hope to lure you guys in with topics we have planned for future columns. • Lisa Healy Lacey sent a wonderful story about meeting Maria Vrachnos while they were both trying out for lacrosse. She wrote, "I was a Feb, so I knew exactly zero people trying out. We were on a distance run with our last names taped on our backs so the coaches could take notes on us, and I heard 'Healy! Hey, Healy!' I turned and she said, 'Hey, I'm Maria.' Tryouts are tough; everyone was competing for the one spot on varsity that we were told existed, and no one was very friendly to the freshmen. So this Maria started talking to me as we were running along and told me she was having a party that weekend and I should come. I figured I'd never hear from her again and she was just being nice. Lo and behold, she tracked me down in the phone directory (do they still have a phone directory?) and called to remind me about it the next day. I ended up going to the party, and we have been best of friends ever since! So thank you, Missy Foote, for tapping our names on our backs! Almost 30 years of the best friend I can imagine. So lucky!" • Lisa Balaschak also met friends on the Middlebury athletic fields. She recalled bonding with Amy Randall Hazel and Cathy Lee during soccer double sessions before the rest of the class even arrived for freshman orientation! Together they were all issued field house pin bags, learned how to dial into the College phone system for the weather report, and poured over the Freshman Faces book, studying their soon-to-arrive classmates! Later that school year she met Carolyn Eppes Gilbert, Lauren Baker, Tristram "Trip" Perkins, and other high-spirited Febs, who had just landed on campus, at Sarah Cameron's 1969 winter party in the woods. She said it was an unforgettable event where lots of longtime friendships began! • Part of the reason we're calling for these stories is that after 25-plus years, many of our memories aren't quite as sharp as they once were, so it's interesting that Tristram wrote saying Kingman Gordon reminded him that he showed up a week late for Feb orientation in a rusted-out Volvo station wagon and sauntered in, donned a cowboy hat, and started calling the Feb square dance—he admits it's bit bazy but it sounded familiar! What he does remember clearly is being with Allan Reeder and Kingman in Allen dungeon and meeting Brian Willing, Keith Wilson, Chris Carton, Terry Wise, Charlie Watson, and Rob Luce when they returned from Feb break and decided to shoot bottle rockets down the hallways in Allen at 2 a.m. • Looking forward to hearing more stories!

—Class Correspondents: David Boyle (daveenboyle@gmail. com); Leslie Cone Pagnotta (lesliepagnottasy7@gmail.com).
REUNION CLASS Gene Swift is proud to announce he has launched his own company, White Hat Trolls. The marketing and communications consulting firm is focused on "pre-crisis communications" strategy, with Gene and his growing horde of Trolls imagining all the worst-case responses that their clients' public actions and messaging might encounter, were they to go forward. The concept was inspired, in part, by what Gene learned as a former member of the Otter Nonsense Players, trying to survive for nearly two decades in Corporate America: he often couldn't stop himself from saying what many others were silently thinking. He hopes Otters and non-Otters alike will take a look at whitehattrolls.com and reach out to him if they'd like to learn more. • After a decade (!) running a hedge fund together for Reunion. Prior to Reunion their children, Clayton and Kaitlyn, wrapped up long base­ball and soccer seasons in Oakland, Calif, where they live. They were looking forward to meeting the other children, Clayton and Kaitlyn, wrapped up long base­ball and soccer seasons in Oakland, Calif, where they live. They were looking forward to meeting the other

REUNION CLASS Blake Witman writes, "I'm still in Prague and loving it. Three years ago, I helped launch a start­up doing truly innovative recruitment called GoodCall. We're currently focused mostly on Central Europe but we have two other businesses that are purely online and may go global soon. My wife, Jana, is in her ninth year at GE Money Bank (now called Moneta Bank in the Czech Republic) as a marketing manager. Our two crazy boys, now 11 and 7, are big skiers and challenge me more and more each winter. We're seriously looking at a U.S. trip next summer for the Reunion. It would be great to see everyone again. If anyone is nearby, they should try and stop in—Munich, Vienna, Budapest are very close!" • And put June 7–9, 2019, on your calendar for our 20th Reunion!

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97 Alexander Lee has returned to China, where he is becoming an expert on tea, learning the Game of Go, playing with bows and arrows, and helping young Chinese citizens to become responsible players in the world. He hopes the world will be filled with more perfect gentlemen through an embrace of the Six Arts. If you find yourself in Guangzhou (a.k.a. Canton), drop him a line. • Mike Bender has published a children's book called The Book about Nothing. Inspired while putting his son to bed and staring into the darkness doing nothing, he decided he could actually write a book about nothing, and the result is a funny, even philosophical, book for kids ages three to seven.

98 Dan and Becky Walldroff Urbano celebrated their 14th anniversary shortly after Reunion. Prior to Reunion their children, Clayton and Kaitlyn, wrapped up long base­ball and soccer seasons in Oakland, Calif, where they live. They were looking forward to meeting the other

96 Please send me your news!
—Class Correspondent: Humberto Garcia-Sjogerim (humbertogo@gmail.com).

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01 Josh Broder reports that he was selected as a 2018 large-business leader of the year by MaineBiz. He's the CEO at Tilson, an IT professional services and network deployment services firm.
—Class Correspondents: Leslie Fox Arnould (lesliearnould@gmail.com); Zach Bourque (zacharybourque@gmail.com).

02 Suzanne Slarsky Dael, husband Martin, and daughter Rebekka welcomed the arrival of a son and brother, William Nicolai Olin Dael. Suzanne is currently working in the Danish government, spearheading development of the country's first comprehensive maritime spatial plan—establishing how the sea areas can be developed in the future. Her work often brings her to the seat of the EU in Brussels, for the exciting work of collaborating on offshore wind development in the North Sea. While she delights in all things Danish, sadly, the country's "mountains" amount to the heights of the hill on which Mead Chapel sits, so she heads back to New England's winters as frequently as she can to get a dose or two of corn-snow-bump-runs in the mountains of Vermont. She sends best wishes to all her fellow classmates. • After getting her master's in interior design from Pratt, Sarah Brophy has been actively practicing in Boston. She is a design director at a start-up called Interior Architects with a focus on corporate workplace (fun clients like Amazon and Twitter) and is loving it! Outside of work, she is closing in on 10 years of marriage. They are the proud parents to two Cavalier King Charles fur babies: Aksel and Freyja. After dabbling in the master's skiing scene, she decided it was best to keep it recreational and spends weekends skiing at Stratton. • Katie Angelo Pierozzi is a partner in a tech start-up in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, where she has been living for the last 12 years. She is mom to three little ones—Pietra (6), Olivia (4), and Frederico (20 mos.). Ages possibly not current, due to publishing delay. Rio! • Ever the fan of brevity, Lauren Cacciapaglia Sargent writes, "We joined the westward movement and relocated to SF!" 'Nuff said, Lauren. Beyond that note, Lauren actually sent us the exact address where she lives with husband Chris and their two daughters. We did not publish said address. However, we will publish most anything you send us! Please email your updates, pictures, and musings to Middlebury02@gmail.com and we will post it in the next available issue. Feed the beast!
—Class Correspondents: Eric Devon (edevon@gmail.com); Morgan Jones (morganjones2y@gmail.com).

03 Jill Parsons-Funk writes, "My husband, Travis, and I welcomed our first baby in December. A boy, Gavin Michael Funk, was born December 17. We also moved to Pelham, N.Y., last year and are excited to explore Westchester more with our little guy. • Michael Stahler was

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elected as the chair of the Utah State Bar Litigation Section in July 2017 and also was recently honored as the Young Attorney of the Year (2018) at the Utah State Construction Defect and Dispute Conference. He is a shareholder at Strong & Hanni, a firm with over 70 attorneys based in Salt Lake City, Utah. He practices litigation, specializing in construction law and torts. The Litigation Section is the largest section of the Utah State Bar with over 2,000 members. Following graduation from Vermont Law School in 2008, Michael worked as an associate at Kenlan Schwiebert Facey & Goss in Rutland, Vt., until moving to Utah in 2011.

• In May, Zoe Anastassiou won the Eva Gore-Booth Award for Best Female Performance for her role as Del in Carolyn Gage’s Easter Sunday at the International Dublin Gay Theater Festival.

—Class Correspondents: Nathan Davis (davis.nm@gmail.com); Janine Knight Groje (jknightgroje@gmail.com).

04

REUNION CLASS George Philip “GP” LeBourdais, who’s completing a PhD in American art and architecture at Stanford Univ., gave a talk at Bowdoin College in April. This led to a fun lunch with Emily Peterman, who is an associate professor of earth and oceanographic science at Bowdoin, and Nina Cotton Weyl, who works in the development office at Bowdoin. GP’s wife, and their daughter live in San Francisco. Emily and her husband live in Topsham, Maine, and Nina, her husband, and two kids live in Freeport, Maine. Emily and Nina have discovered they both enjoy drinking cider after work together. The Maine contingency of Midd ’04 has had other opportunities to connect as well—Ali Kraus Saccani and her family (Damien Saccani ’95 and their two kids) are in Yarmouth and Nina and Ali spend lots of time together hiking as many coastal trails with their kids as they can. They occasionally run into Tim Connolly and his family at Middlebury events and Devin Green at concerts at Thompson’s Point in Portland. Becca Braeke Wall, husband Jesse, and their daughter, Olive, met Missy Krempa Mariano and Nina at a Hamilton vs. Bowdoin field hockey game. Missy is the head coach at Hamilton and they took home a W over the Polar Bears. Becca is the pediatric hospitalist at Central Maine Medical in Lewiston.

• Deborah Jones recently returned to Middlebury to teach a winter term course in the sociology and anthropology program. She is pleased to report that Middlebury students are as sharp, inquisitive, and creative as ever, and she encourages fellow alumni to also consider teaching in January. Now based in Berlin, Germany, Deborah looks forward to meeting Midd Kids on the other side of the Atlantic. • Please put our 15th Reunion on your calendar! It’s next June 7–9.

—Class Correspondents: Athena (Tina) Fischer-Rodney (princess528@yahoo.com); Drew Pugsley (drewpugsley@gmail.com).

05

Andy Rossmuessl’s company, the AI platform Faraday, recently hired its 20th employee. They’re based in Burlington, Vt., and half of their team is made up of Midd alumni. They were recently named the best-funded start-up in Vermont. • Isaac Pattis and his wife bought a place in the Beacon Hill neighborhood of Seattle. He recently switched employers from REI to Microsoft and has an Air BnB up and running just south of downtown—a Middlebury discount will certainly apply if anyone wants to visit! • Emily Owen gave birth to son Oliver in June 2017. She also celebrated a professional success when the Rapa Nui Marine Protected Area was signed into law in February 2018 by Chile’s president, protecting 720,000 square kilometers of biologically and culturally important ocean surrounding Easter Island. She’s managed this effort for the past six years at the Pew Charitable Trusts, working closely with the Rapa Nui community, scientists, and the Chilean government. There’s a nice article about the project in Smithsonian Magazine: www.smithsonianmag.com/science-nature/chile-protects-massive-swath-ocean-new-marine-parks-180968275/no-cache. • Lauren Ready Noel celebrates the birth of son Elliot Paul Noel, who was born on January 11. He joins big sister Camille! • Bryce Roche and wife Jin Kang have three kids, and they bought a house in Manhattan Beach, Calif. Bryce is doing software development and child care and enjoying the beach life! They take trips back to Bozeman, Mont., when possible to ski and mountain bike in the summer. • Susanna Preziosi is a clinical psychologist in New York City. She went into private practice full time over a year ago and enjoys her therapy work with adults, couples, and families. In March, she gave a workshop in Philadelphia and was able to take a side trip to Lancaster to see Carrie Evans and her husband, Brent, and meet their son, Henry.

—Class Correspondent: Martha Dutton (martha.dutton@gmail.com).

06

Send us your news! We’d love to hear from you!

—Class Correspondents: Alex Casnocha (alexander.casnocha@gmail.com); Jack Donaldson (jack.c.donaldson@gmail.com); Tess Van Wagena O’Reilly (jessoirelly@gmail.com).

07

Send us your news! We’d love to hear from you! Meanwhile, check out our mini-reunion photo on page 67.

—Class Correspondents: Carlos Beato (carlosbeato@gmail.com); Amanda Cook Mater (amandabollu@gmail.com).

08

Hello 2008! We hope you made it back for Reunion. More about that weekend in the fall issue. We have a few brief updates in the interim: Joe Swenson is living in Denver, Colo., and started a new job in real estate development at the Opus Group. • Julia Whelan has published her debut novel, My Oxford Year. Check it out on Amazon!

• Nate Randall, Andy Mittelman, and Laura Lee Mittelman reunited at the Middlebury Snow Bowl for some powder turns at the 2018 Ski Patrol Reunion; they look forward to seeing the rest of the ’08 patrol in 2028 for the next one! • We can’t make this column great without you! Please send your updates to Michelle and Laura.

—Class Correspondents: Michelle Candy (micelle.elizabeth.cady@gmail.com); Laura Lee Mittelman (laurawhitneylee@gmail.com).

09

REUNION CLASS David Meschke is in his third year as a litigation associate at the law firm Brownstein Hyatt Farber Schreck in Denver, Colo., after graduating in 2014 from the Univ. of Colorado Law School. Before entering private practice, David clerked for a justice on the Colorado Supreme Court. He moved to Colorado after graduating from Middlebury to be an AmeriCorps Community Service Fellow for two years. He and wife Stephanie live in Denver and spend their free time hiking, biking, and skiing in the Colorado mountains, where you might see David in a navy Middlebury hat. • Graham Majorhart has co-founded Carby Box, which empowers each and every person in the United States to become carbon neutral in one click through Amazon.com. Graham and his wife are living in NYC and globally as they work to grow Carby Box into an exponential climate change action. After a six-year career in China, Graham returned to the U.S. in 2015, worked at American Express in corporate strategy, and is now a member of the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations. • Michael West and Kyunhea Kwon got married in Seoul, Korea, on April 14 and were joined by friends and family, including many Middlebury friends for an around-the-world adventure!

—Class Correspondents: Billie Borden (billie.borden@gmail.com); Ashley Bell Volwiler (ashley.volwiler@gmail.com).

10

Heather Pangle has been working on a PhD in political science at Boston College and is defending her dissertation this summer. In the spring she taught in the Political Science Dept. at Carleton College. • After working briefly for Penguin Random House Mexico, Elianna Kan has begun working for Regal Hoffmann and Associates as a literary agent representing Spanish-language literary fiction and nonfiction. She travels back and forth between New York City and Mexico City and freelances as an editor and translator. She is also teaching creative writing and literary translation at Columbia Univ.

• Margaret Owen Spiak recently moved back to her hometown of Bozeman, Mont., with husband Michael and nine-year-old beagle, Spanky Spiak. In addition to honing her fly-fishing and skiing abilities, she is working for a company called Foundant Technologies
Jen Lally Ozimek and husband Dave ’09 graduated June and are completing their chief medical resident year at the Univ. of Connecticut. They will be continuing on as faculty at UConn, serving as primary care physicians and educators for residents and medical students. Outside of work, they are keeping busy with their 20-month-old son Joey. • Justine Jackson lives in Bristol, Vt., and owns a contemporary art gallery, Northern Daughters, located in Vergennes, Vt.

—Class Correspondents: Alice Ford (alicemarieford@gmail.com); Oscar Loyo (loyo.oscar@gmail.com).

11

Hi, everyone! It’s hard to believe that a year has passed since our 4th Reunion in June 2017! Below is what some of our fellow classmates have been up to lately. Again, always feel free to send either of us an update! • Astrid Schanz-Garbassi writes, “I got married in May to my study abroad crush from the Middlebury program I did in China junior year. Kinda wild, huh? We didn’t get married at Midd or even in Vermont, but the wedding was minutes off Route 7, which feels like the next best thing. I love living in the Vermont of the West Coast (Northern California) and working on my own business: FoodRX, which delivers medically tailored meals to cancer patients to help mitigate side effects of treatment and accelerate recovery. If you pass through San Francisco, are interested in functional food/food as medicine, or can suggest more satirical Instagram accounts I can follow to help me continue to avoid actually reading the news, please drop me a line!” • Lukas Strobl recently took over as team leader for Northern European Breaking News at Bloomberg and moved from London to Frankfurt. • Ian Trombulak completed the School Counseling Graduate Program at UVM and earned his master’s in May 2017. He completed his first year as a school counselor at Lamoille Union High School in Hyde Park, Vt. • Many classmates graduated from medical school in May and are beginning their residencies this summer. Phil Palmer graduated from the Univ. of Texas Health Science Center in San Antonio and started his internal medicine residency at Dartmouth in June. After graduating from the Georgetown Univ. School of Medicine, Amy Prescott is doing her residency program in emergency medicine at the Georgetown/Washington Hospital Center. • Emmy Masur graduated from the Univ. of Maryland School of Medicine and is moving to Nashville to start a combined child and adult psychiatry residency at Vanderbilt. Also, beginning a residency in psychiatry is Andy Hyatt, who graduated from the Boston University School of Medicine and whose residency is at the Cambridge Health Alliance. • Wishing everyone a fun and restful summer. We hope to hear from you soon!

—Class Correspondents: Sarah Cohen (srcohen90@gmail.com); Paige Keren (pkeren12@gmail.com).

13

Congratulations to Jaewon Oh, who was named a 2018 Thomas R. Pickering Graduate Foreign Affairs Fellow. Out of hundreds of applicants, only 30 fellowships were awarded. She will be attending the Middlebury Institute of International Studies in Monterey this fall, studying nonproliferation with a focus on Russia.
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Middlebury Institute of International Studies at Monterey

— Class Correspondents: Elyse Barnard (elyse.dh.barnard@gmail.com); Cooper Couch (couch.cooper@gmail.com).

16 Brennan Delattre received a Fulbright research award to evaluate and quantify psychological benefits of capoeira and cooperative movement activities for the purpose of developing interventions to be used across cultures. Currently a lab manager and research assistant at the Virginia Tech Carilion Research Institute, he'll be returning to Niterói, Brazil, to begin her research in 2019. She hopes to make a major contribution to the development of creative-art therapies to supplement traditional clinical and counseling approaches to mental health.

— Class Correspondents: Emma McDonald (elmcdonaldzi@gmail.com); Aviva Shwayder (aviva.shwayder@gmail.com).

17 Harrison Hsiang sent word that he and his band, the Giant Peach (formed at Midd) released its first album, Pulling Teeth. Though they call it a “break-up album,” Seven Days says it “casts off sorrowful dirges and sad-sack lethargy.” It is “chock-full of bright tones, close-up vocals and hooks that wade into downright commercially appealing waters.” To learn more, see page 61. • And congratulations to classmates who were recently awarded Fulbright Fellowships for the next academic year. Raouf Belkhir will conduct the research project “Neurolinguistic mechanisms of co-speech gesticulation” in the Dept. of Psychology at the Univ. of Padova, Italy. Michael Fournier received an English teaching assistantship to Germany, where he recently completed the requirements for his major in international politics and economics. Julia Shumlin has an English teaching assistantship in Mexico, where she hopes to also start groups for youth and adults to offer instruction in audio production so they can produce their own audio stories.

— Class Correspondent: Ivan Valladares (ivanantvall@gmail.com).

18 Welcome, Class of 2018, to the alumni class notes! Two of your classmates, Georgia Grace Edwards and Charlie Mitchell have agreed to serve as your class correspondents. They will be contacting you to find out what you are up to so they can report about it here. Or you can send news directly to them at the addresses below. It's a fun way to stay in touch with your classmates!

— Class Correspondents: Georgia Grace Edwards (gedwards@middlebury.edu); Charlie Mitchell (clmitchell@middlebury.edu).
OBITUARIES

Betty Forman Hummel, 100, of Dunellen, N.J., on March 21, 2018. After graduation, she worked in the family business, Van Blaricom and Co., before deciding to go into teaching. While taking classes in education at Rutgers Univ., she taught physical education at the high school level in the South River and Hunterdon Central School Districts. After 10 years, she then became a guidance counselor, retiring in 1979. Predeceased by husband John, she is survived by sons John and Ronald, five grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren.

Laura Smith Whitworth, 99, of Laconia, N.H., on March 23, 2018. She was a member of Delta Delta Delta at Middlebury. After living many years in Connecticut, raising her children, she moved to New Hampshire with her family and opened Towle Hill House gift shop and baby boutique with her husband. Retiring at age 85, she sold Towle Hill House in 2000. Predeceased by husband Foster, she is survived by children Foster, Linda ’66, and Arthur, and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Nancy Hall Whitehouse, 96, of Portland, Maine, on March 4, 2018. With a degree in home economics, she worked as a home economist at Dutterers in Manchester, Md., and as a manager at Walden Bookstores. She was an active member of the various communities she lived in and, as a loyal Middlebury alumna, served as a class correspondent. In 2017 she returned for her 75th Reunion. Predeceased by husband Frederick ’42 and daughter Linda, she is survived by daughter Willow, and three grandchildren.

Carolyn Ohlander DePodwin, 96, of Pompton Plains, N.J., on December 25, 2017. After college she pursued graduate studies at Columbia Univ. She worked as a procurement officer for the U.S. Govt. Printing Office and then the United Nations un­til 1952. After raising her family, she began a career as a real estate broker in Maplewood, N.J. Predeceased by husband Horace ’44, she is survived by daughter Colby, sons Alden and Richard, and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Elizabeth G. Royce, 92, formerly of Denver, Colo., on March 18, 2018. A Kappa Kappa Gamma at Middelbury, she worked in education and publishing after college. Earning a master’s in Spanish from Middelbury, she taught Spanish and French at East High School then George Washington High School in Denver, retiring in 1985. In 1983, she received a Colorado Distinguished Teacher Award. She partici­pated on national committees to develop the SAT and AP exams in Spanish. Predeceased by brothers Bill and Bob ’53, she is survived by her family members, which include Middlebury relatives Nancy Peck Royce ’53, her sister-in-law, niece Susan Hardin, MA English ’02, and great-niece Charlotte Cahillane ’19.

Elizabeth Robinson Bharucha, 90, of Middletown, Conn., on February 12, 2018. After earning her BA from the Univ of Michigan School of Music, she continued her musical studies at the Conservatoire de Paris. Marrying in Bombay, India, she lived in India for over 20 years. Moving back to the U.S., she earned a master’s in ethnomusicology from the City Univ of New York. She served as organist and music director at several churches in New York and New Jersey, and then in Florida. Predeceased by husband Jal, she is survived by children Camille, Annaita, and Jamshed, five grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Robert Fletcher, 91, of Colchester, Conn., on January 5, 2018. During WWII, he served in the Army. He worked in various positions, including at Stanley Tools and A. Brown Company in Vermont. In retire­ment he drove for SEVOCO until 1998. Predeceased by wife Marian, he is survived by daughters Deborah and Patricia, stepchildren Francis, Timothy, Pamela, Robert, and Alison, and many grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren.

Esther Henderson Frederick, 91, of Cleverdale, N.Y., on December 30, 2017. An Alpha Xi Delta at Middelbury, she worked for many years in the gift shop at Suttons Market in Queensbury, N.Y. Predeceased by husband Stanley, and son David, she is survived by children Holly, Peter, and Amy, 10 grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

John E. Krantz, 93, of Contoocook, N.H., on January 3, 2018. A Delta Upsilon, he served in the Army in the Pacific Theater during WWII. He attended MIT and Virginia Polytechnic Institute. He worked as an electrical engineer and later as a sales manager at Universal Instruments. Predeceased by grandson Ryan, he is survived by wife Elisabeth (Norton), children Jack, Jeannie, and Susie, and three grandsons.

Patricia Cole Vinther, 91, of Richland, Wash., on December 28, 2017. She was a member of Sigma Kappa at Middelbury. While raising her children, she was an active volunteer, especially as a sealer for the Red Cross Blood Donor Service. She and husband Paul had three children. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father William ’22, mother Edna (Volin) ’24, uncle Elbert Cole and aunt Ida Ainsworth Cole, both Class of 1935.

Carola Shelley Williams, 90, of Sarasota, Fla., on January 10, 2018. She worked for Eastern Air Lines after graduation. In 1967 she joined the St. Armands branch of Palmer Bank as a receptionist and worked there many years, being promoted to VP of customer service in 1980. Predeceased by husband Bill, she is survived by son Doug.

Constantine M. Broutsas, 92, of Brattleboro, Vt., on February 17, 2018. During WWII, he served in the Army in Germany. A member of Kappa Delta Rho at Middelbury, he went to work for the CIA as an intelligence officer, a job he stayed at for 25 years. At the end of his service, he was presented with the Career Intelligence Medal for exceptional achieve­ment. His second career was in appraising and pur­chasing art, antiques, and rare books in the D.C. area.

Summer 2018
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.

Virginia Easler Wilson ’35 ........................................... May 9, 2018
Marilynn Manning Baldwin ’39 ....................................... June 13, 2018
A. Roger Clarke ’39 .................................................. April 19, 2018
Verna George Bain ’40 ................................................... April 22, 2018
Barbara-Ann Carrick Brooker ’40 .......................... April 11, 2018
L. Daniel Martin ’41 ..................................................... April 27, 2018
Edward E. Buttolph ’42 ............................................. May 16, 2018
Warren J. Hassmer ’43 .............................................. April 7, 2018
Edward T. Peach ’43 .................................................... May 7, 2018
Neil P. Atkins ’44 ....................................................... July 4, 2018
Dorothy Brown Clark ’44 ............................................ May 25, 2018
Louise Planck Terry ’48 .............................................. June 28, 2018
Mary Hicks Van Hoogenstyn ’49 ........................... May 5, 2018
Barbara Knapp Bull ’49 ............................................. July 7, 2018
Priscilla Noyes Crosson ’49 ........................................... May 21, 2018
Jean Smith Davies ’49 .............................................. April 23, 2018
Donald H. Henderson ’49 ........................................... May 24, 2018
William K. Meibhach Jr. ’50 ..................................... April 12, 2018
Sally Peek Nelson ’50 .................................................. April 3, 2018
John P. O’Connor ’50 .................................................. June 22, 2018
Carolyn Sackett Coleburn ’51 ....................................... May 19, 2018
Ellen Hight Morris ’51 ................................................. June 22, 2018
Martha Peck Burgess ’52 ............................................. May 21, 2018
Robert J. Duclos ’52 .................................................. May 21, 2018
Jacqueline Willaredt belong ’52 ................................. April 26, 2018
Margaret Lewis West ’52 ............................................. May 18, 2018
Deborah Ellis McIntire ’53 ............................................. June 5, 2018
Virginia Reynolds Rowe ’53 ........................................... July 5, 2018
Orville S. Elliot ’54 ...................................................... January 1, 2015
Marcia Kraft Goin ’54 ................................................... June 26, 2018
Rosina Chapin Cheney ’55 ............................................. May 24, 2018
Atherton “Pete” Noyes III ’55 ................................. May 4, 2018

Roald M. Schopp ’56 .................................................. April 22, 2018
James B. Offutt ’57 .................................................. April 14, 2018
Charles A. Adams ’59 ................................................. June 21, 2018
James M. Kater ’59 .................................................. May 21, 2018
John R. Paust ’59 ...................................................... June 16, 2018
Stanlee Lonsdale Schaffer ‘59 ................................. June 13, 2018
David H. Hullihan ’61 ................................................ May 12, 2018
Bruce N. Johnstone ’61 .............................................. April 10, 2018
Karl B. Schneider ’62 .................................................. April 4, 2018
Michael M. Henderson ’63 ........................................... April 2, 2018
Carolyn Sharp Hamilton ’66 ...................................... May 21, 2018
Andrew J. Page ’68 ....................................................... June 17, 2018
Mary L. Thompson ’72 .............................................. April 10, 2018
William R. Craig ’77 ................................................... April 11, 2018
John T. Hayes ’81 ........................................................ June 24, 2018

GRADUATE SCHOOLS
Ruth E. Evans, MA English ’62 ................................... March 12, 2018
Mary E. Staniels, MA English ’65 ................................ June 13, 2018
Anne S. Kelley, MA English ’67 ................................... June 26, 2018
Roger S. Smith, MA English ’90 ................................... May 7, 2018
Raymond R. Lagacé, MA French ’65 ............................ June 30, 2018
Roland E. Fontaine, MA French ’66 ............................ April 21, 2018
Philip R. Tracy, MA French ’73 ..................................... April 7, 2016
Peter M. Frenzel, MA German ’61 ................................ May 20, 2018
Edith Wagner Rentz, MA German ’63 ........................... June 6, 2018
Emily Leland Moran, MA Spanish ’53 ........................... May 4, 2018
Roger D. Brink, MA Spanish ’55 ................................... April 14, 2018
Douglas H. Cooper, MA Spanish ’63 ............................ June 6, 2018
Florence Arzallaz Tatistcheff, MA Spanish ’67 ................ April 10, 2018
Cherie B. Palmer, MA Spanish ’72 ................................ April 5, 2018
Ellen C. Ryan, MBA ’93 ................................................ May 10, 2018
Ian J. Olney, MBA ’04 ................................................. April 11, 2018

Moving to Vermont, he opened Stone House Antiques. He is survived by sister Etsa Smith and many nieces and nephews, including Prentiss Smith ’74 and great-niece Sarah Lange ’13.

Edith Hendrickson Buttrick, 90, of Tulsa, Okla., on March 21, 2018. For three years she worked at the University of Oklahoma Hospitals and Colleges. She also was a substitute teacher of English for 29 years. She and husband Bob ’49 had two children, Duncan and niah Smith ’74 and great-niece Sarah Lange ’13.

Duncan K. Law, 92, formerly of West Newbury, Mass., on March 25, 2018. A member of Sigma Epsilon, he had a long career in sales, working for Stanley Chemical Co., and Randolph Products Co., where he stayed 14 years, retiring in 1990. He and wife Constance (Kelly) ’49 were married in 1949 and had two children, Duncan ’77 and Dana. Deceased Middlebury relatives include brother Johnstone ’47.

50 Noël C. Galen, 93, formerly of Machipongo, Va., on January 6, 2018. With a degree from UVM School of Medicine, he was the chief resident in psychiatry at Bellevue Hospital. He practiced psychiatry in New Jersey, New York, Belize, and Zimbabwe. He was the president of the medical staff at Englewood Hospital and was an adjunct professor of psychiatry at NYU School of Medicine. In the 1980s, he taught at the Univ of Zimbabwe medical school. He and his wife retired to a farm in Virginia. Predeceased by wife Doris (Peterson), he is survived by children Peter, Ruth, Diane, and Laura, eight grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

51 Charlotte Kastenbein Wendel, 88, of Martinsburg, W.Va., on January 31, 2018. After graduation, she taught in Hawaii until 1960. In New Jersey, she was an educational counselor for the Commission for the Blind. Moving to West Virginia, she worked in the financial aid office of Shepherd College for nine years and also taught piano. She is survived by husband Bill, daughter Chris, son Bernie, and four grandchildren.

Barbara Oetjen Cocchini, 88, of Milan, Italy, on January 29, 2018. With an MEd from Harvard Univ, she served on the Harvard faculty of research. Earning a Certificate for Handicapped at Syracuse Univ, she worked at the New Jersey State Commission for the Blind then worked 15 years for the Institute of International Education in NYC. Moving to Milan, she founded Cocchini Relocation to help expatriates settle in Italy and formed various support groups for the American community. She received the Lifetime Achievement Award from the expatriate community and in 2000 was elected to the International Who’s Who of Professionals. Predeceased by husband Aldo, she is survived by son Carlo and sister Beverly Ingrund. Deceased Middlebury relatives include sister Beatrice Cone ’49.

William F. Stotz Jr., 87, of Eugene, Ore., on January 18, 2018. A member of Delta Upsilon, he earned his MBA from Harvard Univ. After three years in the Coast Guard, he joined Garrett Insurance Agency. In 1970 he sold his interest in the agency and the family moved to Colorado, where birding and conservation became his main interests. Moving to Ashland, Ore., he served as the financial officer of a small construction firm. He and wife Zanah (Garrett) had four children, Douglas, Diana, Mary, and Nancy.

Jean Overhysser Arneberg, 86, of Belleair, Fla., on February 6, 2018. After living in Norway for five years, she and her family returned to the U.S. and eventually settled in Darien, Conn. Her major interests were founding and heading up a nonprofit organization devoted to funding Darien’s volunteer ambulance corps and working for low-income housing in Stamford. Predeceased by husband Tor, she is survived by daughters Elisabeth, Marianne, and Karin, six grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

Nancy Watson Blandin, 86, of Cheektowaga, N.Y., on January 25, 2018. A member of Sigma Kappa at Middlebury, she began work with General Electric after graduation as an engineering aide, working on computers. She later worked in the lamp division doing the same job. After raising her children, she worked part time with computers. Predeceased by husband Bainbridge, she is survived by sons Christopher and Jonathan, and six grandchildren.

Janet Becker Eberhardt, 86, of Frederick, Md., on April 3, 2018. A Phi Mu at Middlebury, she received
her BS in family and community development at the Univ of Maryland. She was the director of social services at two life-care communities, Thomas House in Washington, D.C., and Collington Episcopal Life Care Community in Mitchellville, Md. She retired in 1997. Preceded in death by husband Bruce, she is survived by children Karen, David, and Mark, nine grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren.

Paul W. Fueetterer, 87, of Beaufort, S.C., on March 24, 2018. A member of Delta Kappa Epsilon, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps in 1953 and served until 1967, including in Vietnam, earning several decorations. He also served in the Arizona National Guard from 1973 to 1990. In 1968 he worked for Mountain Bell then transferred to AT&T, retiring in 1992 as sales and marketing manager for Arizona/New Mexico. He is survived by daughters Lisa, Maria, and Denise, nine grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

Janet Bradley Harris, 86, of Englewood, Colo., on December 21, 2017. An Alpha Xi Delta at Middlebury, she earned a master's in community psychology at Russell Sage College. She worked for many years for Saratoga (N.Y.) County in an office for the aging, the Dept of Social Services in child welfare, and in adult and family services, retiring in 2000. She is survived by husband Don, daughters Sally, Gwen, Julie, Kate, and Laura, sons Andy and Dan, and 12 grandchildren.

Robert M. Hartt, 87, formerly of Greensboro, Vt., on February 1, 2018. At Middlebury he was a member of Sigma Epsilon and played goalie on the hockey team. An avid outdoorsman, entrepreneur, and salesman, he established the Stowe Canoe Co., which he operated for 25 years. Following that he started the Davis Hill Weatherstick Co., selling weather-predicting sticks. Predeceased by son Pete, he is survived by sons Whit and Tim and four grandchildren.

Janet Pope Paulsen, 87, of Wilmot, N.H., on March 16, 2018. A member of Delta Delta Delta at Middlebury, she also attended the Ringling School of Arts. She was part of the first class in the Harvard-Radcliffe Program in Business Administration in 1955. She later returned to Harvard Business School to work as the assistant director of executive education. In 1974 she became the director of the Center for Management and Technical Programs at the Univ. of Colorado at Boulder and also worked at San Mateo College. In 1991 she was named the first director of the Executive Master in International Management program at Thunderbird. Predeceased by son Richard, she is survived by son Charles, wife Marti, and two granddaughters.

Clive M. Courts, 86, of Waitsfield, Vt., on January 30, 2018. A member of Delta Upsilon at Middlebury, he joined the family insurance/real estate agency, Robert Lloyd Courts and Sons, in Morristown, N.J. As a broker, he owned and operated the real estate office until retiring in 1990. Moving to Waitsfield, he and his wife opened the Featherbed Inn, which they ran until 2004. He is survived by wife Tracey (Brennan), children Heather, Jenna, Kara, Emily, Clive, David, and Steven, three stepchildren, and many grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include nephew Robert Courts III ’65.

Stephen J. Maddock, 85, of Lyme, N.H., on March 27, 2018. A member of Alpha Sigma Psi at Middlebury, he obtained his bachelor's from the Univ. of Colorado. With a master's in geology from Harvard and a PhD in natural resource management from the Univ. of Michigan, he was an assistant professor at North Carolina Univ. and then Shaw Univ. before becoming the associate executive director of the Appalachian Mountain Club's Boston office. Later he served as an environmental specialist for the North Atlantic Regional Office of the National Park Service. He is survived by wife Margot (Hunter), children Stephen, Elizabeth, and Katherine, and five grandchildren.

James R. Ralph, 84, of Amherst, Mass., on December 21, 2017. He was a member of Chi Psi at Middlebury. After graduating from Yale Medical School, he served two years in the Air Force as a captain. Moving to Amherst in 1963, he worked as a physician at the Univ. of Massachusetts Health Services until retirement in 1997, serving as assistant medical director for 26 years. He also worked as a physician for several athletic teams. He was a recipient of a Chancellor’s Citation Award for meritorious service and was inducted into the UMass Athletic Hall of Fame. He is survived by wife Edith (Aeschliman), sons Jim ’82, Lee, Jon, and David, and seven grandchildren, including Jessie ’16 and Jack ’18 Ralph.

Robert P. Beattie, 85, of Fruita, Colo., on April 1, 2018. A member of Sigma Epsilon, he coached Middlebury's ski team before taking a head coaching position at the Univ. of Colorado in Boulder. In 1961 he was named the head alpine coach of the U.S. Ski Team, taking the team to the 1964 Olympics where skiers Billy Kidd and Jimmie Heuga medaled, the first American men to earn Olympic medals in alpine skiing. In the mid-1960s, he created, with others, the alpine World Cup, the sport's international racing circuit, as well as the dual racing format. Resigning in 1969, he founded and became president of World Wide Ski Corp., a ski and sports marketing company. He was also named by Ski magazine as the commissioner of NASTAR, the recreational ski racing program. In 1965 he began color commentating for ABC Sports, calling one of the Winter Olympic's most famous races in 1976, the downhill run of Franz Klammer, who captured gold. In 1986, he began hosting “Ski World with Bob Beattie” for ESPN. In 1983 he was honored as the first recipient of the AT&T Skiing Award; in 1984 he was inducted into the National Ski Hall of Fame, and in 1993 he was inducted into the Colorado Ski Hall of Fame. He is survived by wife Marci Cohen, daughter Susan, son Zeno, six grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include brother John ’56.

M. Agnes Day, 84, of Wrentham, Mass., on May 28, 2017. Named Sarah Alice Mary Day, she was born in Baguio, Philippine Islands, and spent most of her childhood there. In October 1952 she entered the Catholic Church and in June 1956, entered Mt. St. Mary's Abbey in Wrentham. Named Sister Agnes, she received the habit in December 1956, made temporary profession in September 1958, and made Solemn Vows in December 1961. She served as the Abbess's secretary, vocation director, and finally Prioress. In 1986 she became the Abbess, serving 22 years until her retirement at age 75.

Bruce Flourney Duncan, 84, of Columbus, Ohio, on December 20, 2017. She was an active member of the Columbus community involved with the Buckeye Ranch, the Childhood League Center, the National Society of Colonial Dames of America, and the Columbus Museum of Art. Predeceased by husband Basil, she is survived by daughter Kenny, son Skip ’84, and four grandchildren.

Harvey A. Kaplan Jr., 86, of Alpharetta, Ga., on February 13, 2018. A Chi Psi at Middlebury, he was an Army veteran. With a master's in social service, he worked for many years as a social worker at the VA Hospital in Montrose, N.Y., for Catholic Charities, and lastly for the NYC school system as a social counselor for troubled teens in a Bronx school. He also worked as a marriage counselor. He is survived by wife Judith (Puertas), children Harvey, Charles, Jeffrey, Jennifer, Annette, and Kenneth, and 12 grandchildren.

Nancy Heiland Worthington, 86, of Brunswick, Maine, on February 24, 2018. A Delta Delta Delta at Middlebury, she also attended the Ringling School of ClassActs
Art and earned a master's in teaching from William Patterson College. She was a special education teacher for BOCES for 13 years in Suffern, N.Y. In retirement she volunteered at Bridgton, Maine, Public Library, reading to children and doing finger plays and was known as Mother Goose. She is survived by her husband Richard '33, children Ann, Steven, Peter, and Eric, and nine grandchildren.

Jane M. Cameron, 82, of Okatie, S.C., on January 29, 2018. She is survived by her children Susan and Burr, stepchildren Laura and William, and seven grandchildren.

Samuel B. Boynton Jr., 83, of Hyde Park, Vt., on January 4, 2018. He was a member of Chi Psi at Middlebury. He joined the family business, Boynton and Boynton Insurance Co., and rose to the position of president and retired as chairman of the board after a long and distinguished career. He is survived by wife Judith, children Susan and Burr, stepchildren Laura and William, and seven grandchildren.

Lawrence M. Casellini, 82, of Manchester, Conn., on January 29, 2018. A member of Alpha Sigma Psi, he earned a BS in mechanical engineering from MIT and an MS in aerospace engineering from Penn State. He worked as an engineer for Electric Boat in Groton, Conn., United Aircraft Research Labs in East Hartford, and Traveler's Insurance as a senior VP before returning to aerospace engineering to design a garrison company executive in Frankfurt, Germany.

Lawrence M. Casellini, 82, of Okatie, S.C., on January 29, 2018. A member of Alpha Sigma Psi, he earned a BS in mechanical engineering from MIT and an MS in aerospace engineering from Penn State. He worked as an engineer for Electric Boat in Groton, Conn., United Aircraft Research Labs in East Hartford, and Traveler's Insurance as a senior VP before returning to aerospace engineering to design a garrison company executive in Frankfurt, Germany.

Frank N. Hurt, 81, of Gilford, N.H., on March 15, 2018. A member of Sigma Epsilon, he excelled on the Middle ski team and qualified for the 1960 U.S. Olympic Team as an alternate. He also served in the Army as a second lieutenant. He had a long career in the ski industry, starting as a sales rep for Lund Ski Co., then moving to Dynamic Ski Co. and Head Ski Co. He became executive VP of Atomic Ski USA in Bedford, Mass., where he worked for 20 years. He became a winner, running many races and was inducted into the New England Runner's Hall of Fame. He was also honored by the New England Ski Museum. He is survived by former wife Darcy Wolf, sons Demian and Joshua, and three grandchildren.

Harry T. Jones III, 82, of Bernardsvile, N.J., on February 17, 2018. A Chi Psi at Middlebury, he joined the Marine Corps in 1958 and served in the U.S. and Okinawa. He was a principal in the Tower Jones Co., which handled the sale and distribution of manufacturing equipment primarily to the pharmaceutical and food production industries. Predeceased by wife Judith (Johnson) '58, he is survived by son Harry and two grandchildren.

Paul S. Kournian, 79, of Newport, R.I., on January 25, 2018. He was a member of Delta Upsilon at Middlebury. With a Bachelor of Sacred Theology from the General Theological Seminary, he spent over 40 years serving Episcopal congregations in the dioceses of Long Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. He is survived by son Timothy and wife Shane, and two grandchildren.

Sally Newell Maider, 80, of Seattle, Wash., on February 4, 2018. She was a member of Kappa Kappa Delta at Middlebury and at the Univ. of Washington, where she earned her BA. While raising her children she was an active volunteer. She worked for a business called the Last Hand, did videotaping for insurance and deposition purposes, and worked 13 years as a real estate agent for Windermere. She is survived by husband Dick '58, children David, Martha, and Thomas, and nine grandchildren.

Ann Meeker Silver, 79, formerly of Scarsdale, N.Y., on December 30, 2017. At Middlebury she was a member of Delta Delta Delta. After college she earned a certificate in teaching and taught elementary school for several years. She was a devoted mother and grandmother to her family. She is survived by husband Dan '62, children Barney and Jessica, and five grandchildren.

Robert B. Fredrickson, 77, of Leawood, Kansas, on March 18, 2018. A Kappa Delta Rho at Middlebury, he joined the Navy as an ensign after graduation and was a member of the Navy Reserve for 30 years. With a master's in economics from Columbia, his first job was with Procter and Gamble in Cincinnati. He then worked for the Quaker Oats Co. as a distribution planning analyst and later for Anheuser-Busch Co. as manager of transportation planning. Predeceased by wife Sally (Shineman) '61, he is survived by children David and Karen, and one grandson. Middlebury relatives include father Donald '25, mother Dorothy '25 (both deceased), brother Donald '54, and niece Nancy Fredrickson '84.

Julian D. Fischer, 77, of Rockland, Maine, on April 2, 2018. A member of Theta Chi at Middlebury, he earned his bachelor's at Boston Univ. After graduate work in maritime history at UNH, he and his wife lived in Rome, Italy, and he worked as a sculptor. Moving back to the U.S., they lived in Vermont before moving to Maine where he pursued a career as a lobsterman for almost 30 years. He is survived by wife Tanya (Pertzoff), daughters Anastasia, Alexandra, and Ariana, and five grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include great-grandfather Jonathan Blanchard, Class of 1832 (deceased), and brother Frederic '61.

Stephen J. Green, 77, of Berlin, Vt., on January 30, 2018. A member of Chi Psi, he was one of the College's first volunteers in the Peace Corps. A humanitarian, he spent over 40 years setting up refugee camps in war-torn countries around the world. He retired from the UN, where he worked primarily in international emergency assistance. He authored several books, and wrote numerous articles and columns. He served on the Berlin (Vt.) selectboard and in the Vermont legislature. He is survived by wife Helgard-Gisa, daughters Tatiana and Annika, and six grandchildren.

William S. Jackson, 77, of Montrose, Colo., on December 31, 2017. A member of Delta Upsilon, he served two years in the Army as assistant adjutant and garrison company executive in Frankfurt, Germany. With a law degree from Colorado School of Law, he worked as a private attorney, public defender, deputy district attorney, and probation officer over the years. He is survived by wife Carol (Intlekofer), children William, Eric, and Alexis, and one granddaughter.

Frederick R. Magnus, 77, of Jackson, Mo., on January 22, 2018. He was in Phi Kappa Tau at Middlebury. With a master's in forestry from Michigan State Univ., he worked for the U.S. Forest Service as a forester and
Bonnie Boyd Russ, 77, of Hingham, Mass., on March 31, 2018. An active member of Pi Beta Phi, she graduated summa cum laude and was inducted into Phi Beta Kappa. While raising her children, she was very involved in giving back to her community. She taught parenting classes through the Head Start program, and later taught English as a second language to the Hispanic community in Southwest Florida. She is survived by husband Sherman '60, children Robin '85, Craig '85, Chris, and Amy, and six grandchildren, including Olivia Aborn '15.

William H. Strong, 77, of Waxhaw, N.C., on December 14, 2017. A member of Chi Psi at Middlebury, he served in the Army after college, which included duty in Korea. Earning his MBA in 1967 from Thunderbird School of International Management, he worked for Lockheed International before working at Teldyne as VP of the international division for 10 years, traveling all over the world for business, especially in South America and Southeast Asia. He then worked at McCormeter from 1992 to 2010, when he retired. He is survived by wife Linda and daughters Abigail and Elizabeth.

Thomas D. Gerber, 75, of Silverthorne, Colo., on February 27, 2018. A member of Alpha Sigma Psi at Middlebury, he was a teacher and researcher, who valued learning and was always open to new ideas. He is survived by a brother and sister and their families.

Dexter B. Blake Jr., 74, formerly of Bernardsville, N.J., on January 17, 2018. He earned his law degree from Seton Hall Univ. School of Law and had a private practice for many years. He then became an associate broker for Sotheby’s Real Estate. He is survived by sons Dexter, Darren, and Dennis, and three grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include aunt Lois Robinson Blake ’28.

Nancy French Dodge, 74, of Stewarstown, N.H., on January 20, 2018. After earning her BA at UNH, she earned a master’s in library science from Simmons College. She was a reference librarian at St. Michael’s College, Vt., for many years before moving to New Hampshire. For 18 years she was the librarian for the Vocational Technical College in Portsmouth before retiring. She then pursued interests in genealogy and mapping the cemeteries of northern New Hampshire and Vermont. She published three volumes on the subject. She is survived by many cousins and friends.

Elaine Henrici McKay, 74, of San Pablo Estla, Mexico, on January 24, 2018. A Pi Beta Phi at Middlebury, she taught at the Professional Children’s School in Manhattan in the 1970s. After owning and running Free Being Records, she launched the business Five Eggs: All Things Japanese in 1979 in SoHo in NYC and ran it 15 years before moving the business to Santa Fe, New Mexico. In 2008 she closed the store and retired to Mexico. She is survived by children Hanako Iwahashi and Zuisha Hanafusa, and two grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include brother Craig Henrici ’75.

John R. Wyhof, 74, of Sanford, N.C., on January 13, 2018. A member of Kappa Delta Rho, he earned his master’s and PhD in physics from Oklahoma State Univ. An author of several patents, industry standards, and test measures, he was an expert in the field of re- prographics, specializing in copiers, toners, and ink. He worked for various companies, including as technical director of imaging supplies at Static Control Components. He is survived by wife Nancy Lou (Porter) ’64, daughters Karen and Rebecca, and two grandchildren.

Louise Pike Leach, 74, of West Warwick, R.I., on March 2, 2018. With a bachelor’s in English and a teacher's certificate from the Univ of Rhode Island, she worked as a teacher, ran a bookmobile, and served as a business librarian for Arthur Andersen and Co. She is survived by daughters Lisa and Leslie.

Judith Stern Mettee, 73, of Dover, N.H., on March 5, 2018. After graduation, she taught elementary school for two years in St. Croix and then taught special education in Burlington, Vt., Philadelphia, and New York. After raising her children, she worked 20 years at Community Partners Foundation in various capacities, including managing quality assurance and nursing. She was an active member of many community organizations. She is survived by husband Jack ’66, sons Zachary and Jed, and four grandchildren.

Erle H. Morse, 74, of Belgrade, Maine, on December 21, 2017. A member of Delta Kappa Epsilon, he earned his master’s in political science from the Univ. of Vermont. He had a lifelong career in education, beginning as an instructor in political science at Johnson (Vt.) State College, where he was also the ski coach. In 1979, he joined the faculty at Gould Academy in Bethel, Maine, and served as athletic director, head alpine ski coach, and director of the physical education program. He also taught eighth grade English in Falmouth, Maine. He is survived by wife Esther Perne.

Michael “Kenny” Donovan, 71, of Duluth, Minn., on January 17, 2018. A member of Chi Psi at Middlebury, he served as a first lieutenant in the Army in Vietnam. With a law degree from the Univ. of Minnesota Law School, he practiced at Fryberger, Eggs: All Things Japanese in 1979 in SoHo in NYC and ran it 15 years before moving the business to Santa Fe, New Mexico. In 2008 he closed the store and retired to Mexico. She is survived by children Hanako Iwahashi and Zuisha Hanafusa, and two grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include brother Craig Henrici ’75.

W. Kyle Prescott MARCH 17, 1927—MAY 7, 2018
Trustee Emeritus W. Kyle Prescott, 91, of Mississauga, Ontario, died on May 7, 2018. A member of the Class of 1949, he graduated with a degree in economics and was a star player on the hockey team, a member of the football team, and a loyal member of Delta Upsilon. After college, he moved to Montreal to join his father’s business, Prescott and Company. He learned the international raw materials import business from his father and over the next 44 years grew the business and moved the headquarters to Mississauga. Upon retirement, he passed the company to his sons.

His love for Middlebury remained a driving force throughout his life. He served for many years as an Alumni Admissions Volunteer, co-founded the College Alumni Association of Canada, served as an officer of the association, and hosted many alumni events. He and wife Eleanor are credited with helping launch the National Alumni Admissions Program. In 1976 he received the Alumni Plaque Award in recognition of his service to Middlebury, his students, and alumni. In 1980 he and wife Eleanor gifted a clock for the Old Chapel spire. In recognition of his work for the Admissions Office, he was awarded the first Neuberger Alumni Admissions Award in 1993 and in 1997 the College named a residential social house Prescott House in his honor.

In 1978 he was elected to the Board of Trustees and served the maximum term until 1995 and was honored with trustee emeritus status. As a trustee, he served on 11 different committees, learning about every facet of the College. Upon his retirement from the Board of Trustees, the following statement was released: “Whenever and wherever this College has had a need, Kyle Prescott has been there. Often, by the time we found out we had a need, Kyle had already recognized it, reviewed it, and had a plan on the table.”

He is survived by wife Eleanor (Barker) ’48, sons David ’73 and Peter ’76, daughter Kyle Ann ’77, six grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.
Buchanan, Smith, and Frederick for 44 years. He is survived by wife Ann, daughters Katie and Megan, son Sean, and one grandchild. Middlebury relatives include brother Terry ’73, brother-in-law Dates ’63, and nephew Dates Fryberger ’97.

**69 Amelia Burnham Kerrigan,** 70, of Santa Maria, Calif., on December 27, 2017. A Delta Delta Delta at Middlebury, she attended Cornell Medical School and completed her psychiatric residency at the Univ. of Virginia. She worked in private practice before moving to Amherst, Mass., and working for Kaiser Permanente, often doing rotations at the Northampton jail. She finished her career in private practice, retiring in 2004. She is survived by husband Wally, and children Brian and Ann. Middlebury relatives include nephew Morgan Byrne ’05.

**71 Howard N. Verman,** 67, of Charlotte, Vt., on January 2, 2018. With an MEd from the Univ. of Vermont, he had a lifelong career in education. He taught at the elementary school level for many years before leaving teaching and becoming the director of the Vermont Facilitator Center. In 1985 he helped found the Lake Champlain Waldorf School. In 1997 he was hired as the principal at the Brewster Pierce Elementary School in Huntington, Vt. At the time of his death, he was a senior partner at Strategies for College. He is survived by wife Katherine and sons Stephen and William.

**73 Karin Awtrey Akerson,** 67, of McLean, Va., on March 27, 2018. After earning her bachelor’s from American Univ., she worked in a variety of positions, including as a librarian and as a docent at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. She is survived by husband Daniel, children Keith, Gretchen, and Alice, and four grandchildren.

**75 Stephen E. Townsend,** 64, of Bedford, N.H., on January 19, 2018. A member of Sigma Epsilon at Middlebury, he earned his MBA from the Univ. of Rochester. After working several years for various companies in corporate finance, he joined Digital Equipment Corp. in corporate finance and business strategy. In 1996 he left Digital to join PC Connection as senior director of business management. He is survived by wife Deborah (Oliver) and daughters Liza ’08 and Alice.

**81 Laurie Baker Bartholomae,** 58, of West Boylston, Mass., on March 3, 2018. With a master’s in Spanish from Middlebury, she taught foreign languages at the high school level for many years. After earning a second master’s in clinical psychology from Assumption College, she became an autism specialist. She is survived by husband Guillermo, MA Spanish ’92, and daughters Carissa and Constanza.

**83 George S. Shively,** 56, of Bronxville, N.Y., on March 29, 2018. With a law degree from New York Univ. School of Law, he had a successful legal career, culminating in his final position as senior vice president, deputy general counsel, and chief investment counsel of New York Life Insurance Co., where he’d worked since 2006. He is survived by wife Jenny (Hume), and sons Ben, Zach, and Joe.

**87 John R. Henley,** 53, of Avon, N.C., on March 27, 2018. He worked as a systems analyst for various insurance companies in Connecticut for his career. With a passion for the environment, he was a founding member of the Colchester, Conn., Land Trust. He was also a gifted photographer. He is survived by children Connor, Brenna, and Quintin.

**96 J. Brooks Fisher,** 43, of Boulder, Colo., on January 28, 2018. He was a founder and board member of Centerstone Technologies and PedPed LLC. An accomplished outdoorsman, he owned and operated Whisper Mountain Ranch. He is survived by wife Sara, children Ashley and Cayden, and stepdaughter Dalia.

**98 Gregory A. Burkett,** 42, of Cambridge, Mass., on March 5, 2018, after a courageous battle with brain cancer. He was a teacher, mentor, guide, and friend to many. He is survived by wife Dana (Garvey), and daughters Etta and Faye.

**STAFF**

Marguerite Secoy Holdman, 90, of Middlebury, Vt., on April 10, 2018. In August 1966 she joined the staff at Middlebury College and worked until 1986, retiring from the Office of the Dean of Students. She also helped her husband in the development of William P. Holdman Trucking Company; a milk transport firm that served the milk and dairy businesses all over the Northeast. Predeceased by first husband Maurice “Moose” Provoncha, second husband William Holdman, son Joseph, and stepson Steven, she is survived by daughters Marcia and Mary, son Charles, stepchildren Jane, Sally, Joan, and Susanne, 15 grandchildren, and 14 great-grandchildren.

**Carol Clark Knauss,** 80, of Bridport, Vt., on May 18, 2018. She joined the staff at the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference in May 1975 as a secretary. She became the coordinator, an important part of the conference staff, and served until 2001 in that capacity. She possessed an encyclopedic memory for the names, faces, and details of conference participants and was a warm, steady, and unflappable presence. Many will remember the way she accented her attire at lawn parties with a purse shaped like a loaf of bread. She is survived by children David and Martha, and two grandchildren.

**Elsie Wood Munson,** 86, of Shoreham, Vt., on April 19, 2018. She worked as a seamstress and a cook at the high school, and in 1982, she joined the dining services at the College. She transferred to facilities services in 1991 and remained a custodian until her retirement in 1994. She is survived by companion Austin Taylor, daughter Ella, son Kenneth, five grandchildren, and 13 great-grandchildren.

**GRADUATE SCHOOLS**

**43 Meredith Bragg Raymond,** 99, MA English, of Amherst, Mass., on February 26, 2018. She joined the faculty of UMass Amherst in 1964 in the English Dept. and authored and edited several works over the years. She retired as professor emerita.

**49 Yolanda Fargnoli Talamo,** 90, MA Spanish, of Greensburg, Pa., on January 21, 2018. Her passion as an educator was evident by her years of dedication as a Spanish teacher at Hempfield (Pa.) High School.

**Marion Malloy Saltsman,** 87, MA French, of Chevy Chase, Md., on February 1, 2018. Her husband’s job took her to many places around the world, including Iran, Morocco, France, and Switzerland.

**William E. Beauchamp,** 83, MA French, of Dallas, Texas, on February 8, 2018. He taught at Columbia Univ. before joining the faculty of Souther Methodist Univ. in 1974, where he taught French, French literature, gender studies, and religious and philosophical thought and pioneered the study of gay literature. He was awarded the Perrine Prize for outstanding teaching and scholarship and was named an Altschuler Distinguished Teaching Professor. He retired in 2013 with professor emeritus status.

**57 C. Richard Beam,** 92, MA German, of Millersville, Pa., on January 26, 2018. During WWII, he served in the 99th Infantry Division, 393rd
In Memoriam

Huguette-Laure Knox
November 16, 1940–May 11, 2018

Huguette-Laure Knox, 77, lecturer emerita in French, passed away May 11, 2018, at her home in North Bethesda, Maryland. A native of Beaulieu-sur-mer on the French Riviera, she was educated at the Université d’Aix-Marseille and held the national CAPES degree in English. She came to the United States in 1965, teaching French at the Independent Day School in Durham, Connecticut, at the Yale University summer session, and later at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio.

She joined the Middlebury faculty in 1969 in the French Department, where she taught until her retirement in 2004. She was a lead teacher when the Language Schools instituted its Intensive Language Program for undergraduates in 1973, and for over 20 years she taught the Introduction to Contemporary France course during the academic year, preparing hundreds of Middlebury students for study in France. Based on what her colleagues called an encyclopedic knowledge of contemporary France, that course also led to publication in France of multiple editions of the textbook Plus ça change: la France entre hier et demain, coauthored with her husband, Edward Knox, Middlebury professor emeritus of French.

Huguette’s intellectual curiosity and enthusiasms made her a mainstay at campus lectures, concerts, and theater productions. An ardent traveler and hiker, she returned annually to France while also developing a special affection for the American Southwest. As a gracious host and fine cook, she entertained junior and senior faculty alike, as well as colleagues from across the Language Schools.

“I think Huguette had a romance with life,” noted Middlebury Trustee Frank Sesno ’77, a student of Huguette. “She brought energy into every room, wit to any conversation, and a unique perspective to her observations about everything. I am fortunate beyond words to have known and learned from Huguette Knox in so many ways. She will be deeply missed by all who knew her.”

She was well-respected by fellow faculty as well as in the classroom. Nancy O’Connor, the Lois Watson Professor Emerita of French, taught alongside her for decades. She says, “I had come to think of Huguette as a force of nature…. she was a generous friend and a demanding and widely respected mentor to her students.”

A devoted spouse, mother, and grandmother, she is survived by husband Ed, sons Olivier and Christophe, and three grandsons.

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In the section below, we have the biographies of Huguette Knox and other educators listed below:

**Robert G. Foster**, 87, MA English, of Potsdam, N.Y., on December 15, 2017. After teaching high school English, he taught English at SUNY Potsdam from 1965 until retiring in 1999 as an associate professor emeritus.

**Stanley A. Werner**, 92, MA English, of Olympia, Wash., on March 25, 2018. He served in Germany in the Army of Occupation, 1st Infantry Division, as a chaplain’s assistant. He taught in private schools before becoming the headmaster of the Asheville (N.C.) School, retiring after 28 years in 1992.

**John L. Tyrer**, 90, MA English, of Fort Myers, Fla., on January 24, 2018. He was a secondary school teacher of English and theater for 33 years. In retirement, he taught speed reading and theater in area schools for the Saratoga (N.Y.) Board of Cooperative Education.

**Joan Stockdale Belden**, 80, MA French, of Canaan, N.H., on January 16, 2018. She taught French and coached volleyball for many years at the Maret School. She connected with the Virginia Migrant Education Program and worked in migrant camps and local school communities improving education for children. Through ESCORT educational services at SUNY Oneonta, she trained hundreds of teachers in migrant education.

**Christopher M. Prahl**, 66, MA Spanish, of Canaan, N.H., on January 16, 2018. He taught Spanish, worked in banking and municipal, ran a bed and breakfast, then became a lab technician at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center.

**Herbert S. Hampton**, 65, MA German, of Baytown, Texas, on February 19, 2018. He taught Spanish, worked in banking and municipal, ran a bed and breakfast, then became a lab technician at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center.

**Peter R. Laizik**, 81, MA German, of Pinehurst, N.C., on November 26, 2017. He served 28 years in the Army, which included two combat tours in Vietnam, and four years of teaching at West Point, retiring as a lieutenant colonel. He then worked in international marketing for Kissling Sondertechnik in Sulz, Germany.

**Nina Pronskaya Colcord**, 93, MA Russian, of Yarmouth, Maine, on March 14, 2018. Born in Russia, she was taken to Germany by Nazis as a teenager and worked as a translator. Coming to the U.S. with her husband, she had a long teaching career in Maine, teaching at both the high school and college levels.

**Cheryl Cobb Stagli**, 72, MA French, of Lacona, N.Y., on February 12, 2018. She worked first as a nurse then went into teaching French at Sandy Creek Central School.
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Summer 2018 103
I never signed the pledge not to speak English, to search all summer for the right new word. Never left my English at home, for the sake of learning a language not my own. Or immersed myself in Immersion’s dormitory room. Although, it’s true, in my Middlebury undergraduate days, I sat in a Munroe Hall classroom, fulfilling my language requirement. Taking one course, Scientific German, with Herr Berndt. Sitting in my assigned seat, waiting my turn to translate one sentence from German into English. Learning how to purse my umlaut lips.

Until I traveled halfway across the world, where I couldn’t speak one of their singing, war-torn words. Where the echoes of arias and gunshots filled my ears. The rhythm of sounds, consonants stacked like stones, precious and grave. Occasional vowels and aging vineyards and tank-tracked bridges. In the Czech Republic, Poland, Hungary, Slovakia, Croatia, and Slovenia. And, too, in a winery on the lower slope of Sicily’s Mount Etna, overlooking the sea. Where the grapes hold the flavor of lava and bones.

I couldn’t speak a word. Had no pledge to sign. Nothing I couldn’t hear. Words to try to pronounce the world. As did the language students, my clients, on our Middlebury campus, with whom I worked, June to August, for almost 40 years. Languages floating, singing from Munroe Hall’s signed, pledged windows. Rising from the College futbol pitches. Slipping into our speaking, dining halls. Here and over there, filling my language-filled ears. Sounding bells of speaking memories. How language curled in my ears, the sea in a beach’s shells.

Perhaps English wasn’t the first sound I heard. Perhaps it was the shtetl Yiddish my immigrant grandparents taught my parents to speak. To keep secrets from my sister and me. To say things to each other, before we could know what they meant. For time’s sake now, I can still hear them say, “Geh schlafen,” a few minutes before it was time for us kinder to go to sleep.

Perhaps it was my first day in high school, in Brookline, a suburb of Boston. Where Miss O’Brien taught us to curl our tongues. To speak the impossible o. She wouldn’t let us forget it was she who wrote our text, who taught us our first lesson, for the life of me, I’ll never forget. “J’entre dans la salle de classe. Je dis bonjour au professeur. Je prends mon place.”

Or, perhaps, a few years later Herr Susskind, at my boarding school in New Hampton, New Hampshire (my gateway to Middlebury College), who taught me German is a song and nails in the throat. Who would have no way of knowing, years later, I would think of what he said. As I was walking under the restored, wrought-iron gate in Poland’s Auschwitz. Sun burning through the words “Arbeit macht frei.”

And tonight, thinking of the words the late Anthony Bourdain might have written: “I can hold a word in my mouth / to keep the world together.” Words and phrases, memories I have had to raise—greetings and goodbyes—because of all the days of walking across our Language Schools’ sidewalks and paths. Remembering the courage and struggle our students displayed. Pledging, by the end of a summer, to say more than hello, to speak in new sentences. To write long letters, essays, and plays. To feel the pleasure of not having to think how to say, “What a pleasure it is to be here.” Not having given up. Not disappearing into English.

And, too, before I forget, one fall in Siracusa, Sicily, sitting outdoors in a market. Hearing the woman next to me, speaking English. So I could say hello. To which she responded, “Where are you from?” “Vermont,” I said. “Where in Vermont?” “Middlebury.” To which she exclaimed, “That’s my college! I was a poli-sci major with Murray Dry. I’m a lawyer in Washington now.” We two alums. Shooting the pronounceable breeze. In the early afternoon Italian sun.
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