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Seeing the Unseen

Jessica Scranton, AS'04, spent ten months exploring Asia's less-traveled roads. Her remarkable photos reveal the unexpected richness of the worlds she entered.

Photography and text By Jessica Scranton

Spices. Dust. Rickshaws. Motorbikes. Pollution. Cows (and cow dung). Beggars. Mountain vistas. Desert.

And faces. All kinds of faces.

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• Full story

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Jessica Scranton, AS'04, focused her camera on the exhilarating, disturbing, and striking sights she saw during ten months of travel and volunteer work in India, Thailand, Vietnam, and China.

She bypassed the typical tourist spots during her trip, which she financed herself with waitressing jobs. A double major in international affairs and photography, Scranton found herself drawn to the out-of-the-way.

Her sojourn began in India, where she worked for the Veerni Project, a volunteer program that aids rural women. Her first day in India, in late December 2004, was rough, she says. The dirt, the noise, and the poverty shocked her. She called her mother and cried.

Soon she felt more adjusted. And her adventures began. In Jodhpur, she tried to teach English to young girls, though she spoke little Hindi and they spoke no English. In a village west of Jodhpur, she watched a woman spend an hour making butter out of milk using a long wooden spoon, a bowl, and a leather strap. In Pushkar, she befriended a family of five living in a one-bedroom cement shack.

In a town in northern India—accessible via a bumpy bus ride up treacherous mountain roads—Scranton took another volunteer job, teaching English and art to Tibetan refugees. There, she met several young adults who'd fled Tibet years earlier. She later paid an emotional visit to their parents, still living in Tibet, who hadn't seen their children in a decade and who welcomed their American friend with tears and open arms.

Trekking through Vietnam, Scranton found breathtaking rolling hills and electric-green rice paddies, all bathed in a yellow light. In China, she hiked a natural wonderland of cloud-covered mountains and waterfalls; she also saw smog-filled cities, and a stark, treeless town filled with buildings covered in white tiles.

She got rashes and worm infestations and dysentery. She lived with giant flying cockroaches and spiders the diameter of golf balls. She often had to push away poor children asking for handouts.

The tough moments didn't deter her. Scranton loves meeting people whose lives are totally different from

hers. "My camera," she says, "is a method of exploring the unknown."

Back home now, temporarily living with her parents (her dad, Rick Scranton, is an associate engineering dean at Northeastern), she's decided something she wasn't completely sure of before she left: She wants to be a professional photographer.

Here, through her words and unforgettable images, Scranton shares part of her journey.

— Karen Feldscher

A photographer's dream
Pushkar, India

Pushkar, in the state of Rajasthan, is a sacred pilgrimage site for Hindus. The creator god Brahma, it is said, dropped a lotus leaf from the sky, creating the small leaf-shaped lake at the town's center.

I was there at a time when, according to the Hindu calendar, taking a dip in the lake's holy waters cures all ills and purifies the body. Everywhere, the devout were bathing, praying, and feeding cows, a sacred animal in Hinduism. The stairs leading down to the lake, called ghats, were filled with colorful saris, bright turbans, and naked children. I fell in love with all the incredible sights around me.

Ordinarily, photography is forbidden at the lake, but I was accompanied by a Brahmin priest who gave me permission to take pictures. Not many people are given this opportunity. The result is one of my favorite series of color photos from my trip.

On a lakeside ghat.

Freewheeling cow.

Men reflected in a barber shop mirror.

Beauty and hardship
Rural communities, Rajasthan, India

I like to capture on film what I am trying to understand.

My first trip to Rajasthan came in January, when I began a three-month stint volunteering for the Veerni Project, which brings health care, community development, and education to women who live in villages out in the desert. I taught English and art to adolescent girls.

A medical team taught the women about hygiene, sanitation, childbirth, and nutrition. One week, I followed them around with my camera.

In the desert, it's nearly impossible to irrigate for cash crops, so many village men work in nearby cities, where they live for months at a time. The women at home have to do everything solo, from feeding the children to tending the cows. Despite their hardships, these women are able to smile, laugh, and dance.

Every morning, the villagers go to the water tanks, making five or six trips to get their water for the day. They carry buckets, which can weigh as much as twenty pounds, on top of their heads, somehow

without spilling any water.

I also visited a carrot farm near Jodhpur, the second-largest city in Rajasthan. One of the women working there had a newborn, who was sleeping in the middle of the field. She stopped harvesting carrots for a few minutes so I could take a photo of her with her child.

Testing for anemia.

Villagers filling their water buckets.

Mother and newborn in a carrot field.

Breaking the ice
McLeod Ganj, India

The children who live at the Tibetan Children's Village (TCV) are in exile from Tibet, many sent by their parents to escape religious persecution and enjoy a better education and more opportunities.

My camera helped me connect with the children, and reach beyond the surface of their lives.

Every three days, the children take an outdoor bath. They disrobe and run around, splashing one another and taking turns in the tub. When it's time to lather up, they help clean one another. I was overwhelmed by these children's positive spirit.

Thirty to forty children under age three are cared for in the TCV baby room. Since they share only three nannies, most are starved for individual affection. I did a lot of hugging there. I'd put one child down, and another would be at my feet, begging for attention.

The baby room was a difficult place to be a photographer.

In the baby room.

Bath time at the TCV.

Behind the tourism
Northern Vietnam

Sapa is a picturesque region in northwest Vietnam, home to eighty or so hill tribes. Visually, the area is breathtaking—rolling, lush mountains, with stacked rice paddies built into the sides, like staircases made for giants.

This beauty, unfortunately, may have a negative side. Tourism is beginning to be a profitable industry around Sapa. In ten years, the landscape could be covered with resorts and swimming pools, and the hill people may become curiosities rather than functioning tribes.

Northern Vietnam also contains the Red River Delta, where the light is gentle and warm, like the Vietnamese people. I took a four-day trek here, riding a 1980s bike past green-yellow fields and red-gray water buffalo, a watercolor painting come alive.

My fellow trekkers and I got to meet our guide's grandmother, who lived in a nearby village. Her teeth were jet-black from chewing betel nuts. She had amazing energy—and a great smile.

Terraced hillside in Sapa.

Woman with blackened teeth.

High Hopes
Litang, China

I went to Litang, the highest town in China, to see its annual horse festival, which I'd heard is spectacular. However, the Chinese government didn't fund this year's event, so everything had to be financed and operated by local residents.

This man (below) was sitting contentedly in the doorway of a Tibetan monastery. I really liked the warm colors and the luminous glow from the hazy sunlight outside.

In five days, I never saw a horserace. But I did see some kids pedaling their bikes across the wet, grassy plains. And I got to see hours of Tibetan dancing. The young dancer I photographed is wearing a traditional outfit, complete with a beautiful silk shirt and an ornate beaded headdress.

Tibetan man.

Riding bikes, not horses.

For an online look at more of Jessica Scranton's travel images, visit www.goodganesh.blogspot.com and www.scrantonphoto.blogspot.com. On the Northeastern campus, an exhibition of Scranton's photography will be on display at the Curry Student Center art gallery from January 4 through 22.

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Between the Lions

Culminating an improbable career, David Ferriero, LA'72, MA'76, is stacking up big at the New York Public Library

By Lewis I. Rice

David Ferriero
Photography by Ports Bishop

Co-op student David Ferriero was shelving books in the MIT library, a job he didn't want in a place he didn't want to be, when someone stopped at a nearby reference desk to ask if anyone knew Chicago.

The people working at the desk were librarians. They probably could have recited from memory facts and figures about the Midwest's largest city—population total, past mayors, major industries. What they did, instead, was lock arms, step lively, and sing a verse from the musical Chicago.

Maybe this place wasn't so bad after all.

"It was an intellectual environment, but people were having a good time," Ferriero says today. "And they made librarianship look like it was fun."

In fact, Ferriero, LA'72, MA'76, went on to make the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Libraries his professional home for thirty-one years, from that initial co-op he didn't want to serving as acting co-director of libraries. An eight-year stint at Duke University as university librarian and vice provost for library affairs followed.

Then, last year, Ferriero became the Andrew W. Mellon director and chief executive of the Research Libraries at the New York Public Library (NYPL), the "mother ship," he says, in the library world.

A little more than a year into his position, Ferriero is still exploring his vast domain: Four locations scattered around Manhattan. More than 43 million items, including 15.4 million books as well as maps, manuscripts, recordings, musical scores, posters, and prints. (A separate director oversees the system's eighty-five branch libraries.)

It's impossible, of course, for one person to be an expert about the entire NYPL collection, or know every detail about how the research libraries are used by their 1.7 million annual visitors.

But it's clear Ferriero is giving that his best shot.

The wanderer

A visitor runs into him for the first time an hour before a scheduled interview, as Ann Thornton, the Humanities and Social Sciences Library associate director, gives a quick tour around the NYPL flagship building on Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, whose

entrance is flanked by the well-known pair of marble lions.

Thornton has shown off the Hunt-Lenox Globe, one of two known globes from circa 1510, which depicts South America but not North America. She's noted the library offers free lectures and classes to the public—talks on Walt Whitman were given this fall, for instance, to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the first printing of Leaves of Grass. She's explained the reference librarians here answer three thousand e-mailed questions a month. (One of the few that stumped them: How many brownstones are in New York City?)

Inside the main reading room—which is nearly as long as a football field, or, in New York City measurements, two city blocks—Thornton points out Ferriero. The room is filled with tourists staring up at the ornate 50-foot-high ceiling and locals watching an electronic board, waiting for their number to light up, indicating their materials are ready to view. Ferriero is slowly looking around, studying what everyone is doing. Earlier in the day, he had "trained" behind a reference desk. A security guard notices him and shakes his hand.

Ferriero visits too often to be incognito, and he doesn't want to be. Every day, he comes to the reading room, and other spots around the libraries, to observe, and learn, and make himself known in a place where many staff members still consider him a newcomer.

"I wander around a lot," he says. "I open doors. I stick my head in. That scares a lot of people. But I want people to know who I am, and I want people to feel they can talk to me."

It's a sign of his relatively recent arrival that Ferriero doesn't immediately know how many people he supervises. "Lots" is his first answer, soon made more precise after a bit of research. Scanning the NYPL annual report, he finds that 1,023 employees work in the four bodies he supervises: the Humanities and Social Sciences Library, the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, and the Science, Industry, and Business Library. Each has previously operated independently. Ferriero hopes "to bring them under one umbrella," he says.

"There's been some success and some push-back," says Ferriero. "The trust level is at a very different level than when I started here. Some days, I feel like it's baby steps, and some days I feel we're making real progress."

The distinct function of the individual libraries is revealed in a trip to the Science, Industry, and Business Library, on Madison Avenue and 34th Street, in the former B. Altman department store building. Here, director Kristin McDonough talks about the library's emphasis on practical applications, recalling the immigrant who came in to research the city's best sites for a tailoring business, and the young woman who wanted information about careers in industrial welding. The Service Corps of Retired Executives (SCORE) is located on-site to offer free counsel to small-business owners. Many unemployed workers use the library as an office. A bank of televisions broadcast financial channels, and a stock ticker flashes the latest prices.

Ferriero, McDonough says, "helps marshal resources and garner support for the visions the center directors have concocted. He's very respectful. He's very open in his communication. He's very transparent in terms of letting us know up-front if we're on the right track."

If he doesn't think they are, he has a disarming way of expressing it, McDonough says: "He uses phrases like, 'Whoa, Nelly—I don't know if we want to go there.'"

With his background in English, Ferriero thinks about motivating employees in perhaps a different way than an MBA does. Staffers can solve any problem, he says; they just need the kind of direction that allows them to do their work and make decisions. The root of the word "leadership," he notes, means "to conduct" in Latin. As he talks, classical music plays in his office.

Summoned to the mother ship

People don't apply for the job of director of the NYPL research libraries. They wait to be called.

Paul LeClerc, the NYPL's president, made the call to Ferriero himself. He had considered several academic librarians for the position, he says, but when he spoke to people in the field, they consistently recommended Ferriero.

"He had great experience as a professional librarian at the highest of levels," LeClerc says. "In addition to that, he was experienced in meeting with donors, fundraising, and bringing significant collections into libraries, all of which are relevant to what we're all about. He presented a series of talents, aptitudes, experiences, and personality characteristics that were a total winning package."

Ferriero wasn't exactly waiting by the phone. He had risen through the ranks of academic libraries to become the university librarian and vice provost at Duke. He expected it would be his last job. But he'd been surprised before.

While at MIT, he was recruited to Duke by then president Nannerl Keohane, who asked him to become part of her administrative team. For Ferriero, it was a chance to show that a librarian could take the role of campus administrator and influence the university inside and outside the library. And so the native of Beverly, Massachusetts—a self-described Boston guy—went to Durham, North Carolina, where he ran one of the nation's top-ten private research libraries, presided over a major building addition and a complete library renovation, and helped the university raise more than $2 billion through a fundraising campaign.

Then LeClerc called to ask if Ferriero would consider the NYPL job. When you work in the university library community, you imagine working at certain places, says Ferriero. But not this one.

"The New York Public Library is off the radar screen," he says. "You don't think about the New York Public Library or the Library of Congress. Those are places that aren't in the realm of possibility. So it was quite a shock to be called. And it took me some time to think about the move."

He hesitated because he didn't know any of the NYPL staff and wondered what they'd think of him. Also, like a lot of Bostonians, Ferriero thought of New York as a nice place to visit, not to live. He's changed his mind—

today Ferriero is quick to call New Yorkers friendly, and he's enjoying the city's myriad cultural activities, particularly at Lincoln Center, site of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts.

Ferriero's wife, Gail Zimmermann, supported the move though she hasn't yet made it herself. A public-television general manager in North Carolina, she eventually plans to relocate to the Northeast. (The couple don't have children.)

When Ferriero accepted the job, LeClerc immediately placed a call to Northeastern president Richard Freeland, a friend from their days together in university administration in New York. "I was very proud that I had brought in an alumnus in this very prestigious position," LeClerc says.

In a sense, Ferriero has Nancy Caruso, B'52, ME'56, H'00, to thank for his position. He went to Northeastern for the co-op program, not knowing that Caruso, his co-op coordinator, would steer him toward the MIT library. "I remember arguing with her," Ferriero says. "'What kind of job is that, shelving books in the library?'"

As displeased as he was at first with his co-op job, he was even unhappier with his major in education. So, during a time when many young men were enrolling in college to avoid the military, Ferriero joined the military to avoid college. When he enlisted in the U.S. Navy, he didn't think he'd ship to Vietnam. But his application contained a box for volunteering for hospital service, which he checked, unwittingly signing on as a hospital corpsman in Vietnam. Serving on the hospital ship USS Sanctuary, he ended his tour doing triage for the wounded.

The student who returned to Northeastern didn't resemble the one who had dropped out. "I was much more focused at that point," Ferriero says. "When I came back and became a liberal arts major, that's when I took courses in the English department and really liked what I saw." (Both his Northeastern degrees are in English. Ferriero also has a master of science from the Simmons Graduate School of Library and Information Science.)

He's recently renewed his ties to NU. In June, he hosted a school-sponsored event at the library, attended by alumni who received a behind-the-scenes tour. And Edward Warro, Northeastern's dean of university libraries, paid a visit to Ferriero earlier in the year to see the alumnus who, he says, leads "arguably the most important research library in the country."

Ferriero "really is committed to library service," says Warro. "It was a logical transition from a major academic research library to a major public research library, to meet the needs of not only an academic

community, but scholars at large. He's able to use his commitment to public service and research in a larger arena."

Paper or digital?
At the NYPL, Ferriero is immersing himself in library functions that have been around for centuries, like collecting and preserving books and manuscripts. At the same time, he's adapting the NYPL to a digital age that would have been foreign to anyone working in a library nearly forty years ago, when he placed his first book on a shelf.

"I was very anxious to hire somebody who shared our equal commitments to these two aspects of library life today," LeClerc says. "It had to be the right combination of balance between the two, and David had that."

Late last year, the NYPL announced a partnership with Google that would make a selection of the library's public-domain books available in their entirety online (Google and the publishing community have yet to agree on how to handle copyrighted materials). Though several university libraries are involved in the project, the NYPL is the only public library participating.

And in March the library launched a digital collections website—the URL is —that allows online users around the world to access hundreds of thousands of images of materials they might never be able to visit in person. Three months after the NYPL Digital Gallery was inaugurated, Time magazine named it one of the year's fifty "coolest" websites.

Ferriero, who calls himself a technology person, celebrates the access the digital age allows. But he's a book person, too. In addition to his wanderings around the library, he makes a point of noticing how many people are reading books—many marked with the New York Public Library stamp—on the subway, in nearby Bryant Park, and throughout the city. Clearly, people still want paper.

Nobody knows how long that will last. To young librarians working behind a reference desk, leafing through index cards to find a title is as quaint a notion as using an abacus to calculate a math problem. They have grown accustomed to thinking of a computer screen as their main source of information, and helping library users they will never meet. At the beginning of their careers, they know more about technology than most veteran librarians.

Yet the material world remains a critical concern. "The tendency is to think that everything is online," Ferriero says. "So keeping that sense of appreciation and understanding of what's still in paper is very important."

Room 320 at the Humanities and Social Sciences Library contains some of the most important paper in the world of literature, the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Surrounded by treasures, curator Isaac Gewirtz delicately picks up a copy of Franz Kafka's Metamorphosis that was once owned by Vladimir Nabokov.

Gewirtz doesn't wear gloves, which, he says, would increase the chances of tearing the book's pages. As he leafs through the volume, he shows off passages

crossed out and annotations that fill the margins. A noted lepidopterist, Nabokov concluded from Kafka's description that protagonist Gregor Samsa doesn't transform into a cockroach, as is widely cited. Instead, Nabokov drew in the book a neat depiction of a beetle.

This is one of 30,000 volumes in the room, expanded from the original collection of 3,500. In addition to the books and the 2,000 linear feet of manuscripts, the collection contains items like Jack Kerouac's crutches and Virginia Woolf's walking stick.

The goal, says Ferriero, is to build "destination collections." Any serious scholar of Percy Bysshe Shelley, for instance, is going to want to comb the Carl H. Pforzheimer Collection of Shelley and His Circle.

The curators themselves decide what to add to their collections, says Ferriero, consulting with him only about major purchases. "The last thing I'd do is interfere with the work of the curators," he says. "My job is to support them. The way I describe it to the staff is to remove the boulders in their path to let them do their work."

That support takes Ferriero to some interesting places. He recently visited a prominent stage and screen actor to talk about the possibility of her donating her memorabilia to the NYPL (the talks are ongoing, so for now the library isn't releasing her name). He explained to her how her material would complement the existing performing arts collection, and how the library preserves and cares for its objects.

Most potential donors, famous or otherwise, appreciate hearing the NYPL wants to permanently house their collections, Ferriero says. "I think there's a sense of pride on their part, and delight that someone's interested in their material and there's a future use of the collection for the next generations of folks."

Map to the future

On the ground floor of the Humanities and Social Sciences Library, in a room out of sight of the public, a print from a book on the African-American migration experience rests on a scanner. Nearby, a member of the digital project team watches as the print's image fills a computer screen.

Barbara Taranto, director of the NYPL's Digital Library Program, explains that the materials being collected, preserved, and made available through the program are those that are in high demand, unique, or in danger of being damaged by continual handling. The NYPL curators recommend the items they believe should be digitized.

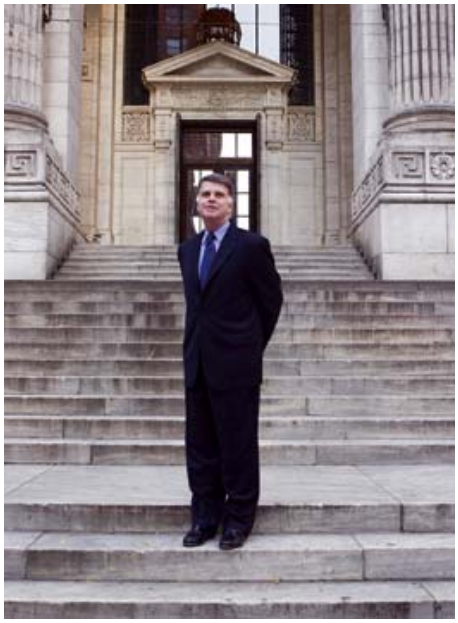
The library launched its Digital Gallery with more than 275,000 images, each accompanied by a description, and plans ultimately to offer a total of 500,000. Users can search for images and download low-resolution files for free. On its first day, the gallery attracted 4.2 million hits to the NYPL website.

Library staffers reveal the first things they searched for. One, almost apologetically, acknowledges his wasn't a historical document or a work of art. It was the Marx Brothers. He quickly found fourteen publicity stills of Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo.

Ferriero says virtual access represents the future for libraries—a long way from the path he set out on. The

shift can be disconcerting, he says. After all, he can't wander around cyberspace to observe the users there, like he does in the NYPL's main reading room. Still, he wants people to experience the library any way they can.

"David has been letting people know that this is part of the work now," says Taranto. "You really need to adapt and grow in order to keep up. That's what keeps it exciting."



A bulletin board in the room shows some recently scanned items, including a print from Louis Prang and Company, which produced the first Christmas cards; Ferriero remembers that a street named for the company's founder is located near Northeastern. And there's a portion of a manuscript of Leaves of Grass, showing the author's handwritten revisions. Whitman had crossed out the first word of a line—"Disorderly"—and replaced it. The new line reads "Turbulent, fleshy and sensual, eating, drinking and breeding."

"I notice you're really interested in the Whitman," Taranto says to the group standing with Ferriero, as everyone peers intently at the page.

Hard to believe now that Ferriero once thought library work wouldn't be stimulating. A little later, he reveals another spot in the Humanities and Social Sciences Library that, for him, may be the most inspiring of all.

Behind a locked door, which he asks a security guard to open, lies a map room undergoing restoration and renovation. Though Ferriero doesn't profess a special interest in maps, he comes here every day to check on the project's progress. One morning, he says, the sun streaming through the windows illuminated flakes of gold falling from the gilded ceiling, a sight of almost supernatural beauty.

When the work is completed in December, the map room will look just as it did when it opened in 1911. Except now it will also offer Internet connections, oversize color printers, enhanced lighting, and a new exhibition area.

With its blend of past and future, the space will show exactly how Ferriero wants the NYPL to shine.

Lewis I. Rice, MA'96, is a freelance writer living in Arlington, Massachusetts. He profiled brain-monitor entrepreneur Nassib Chamoun, E'84, in the Fall issue.

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The Care Up There

Zooming around Boston and beyond, with an intrepid medical staff that's nearly one-third Northeastern, MedFlight provides a high point in intensive care

By Karen Feldcher

Stewart Fenniman
Photography by Jonathan Kannair

On this impossibly brilliant, impossibly clear September day, Mary is probably going to die.

This is what Stewart Fenniman knows as soon as he begins to examine her. Mary (not her real name) has suffered the kind of head trauma from which it's nearly impossible to recover. Fenniman has seen such injuries all too often.

A paramedic who graduated from Northeastern's certificate program in 1994, Fenniman works for Boston MedFlight, the critical-care transport service that shuttles seriously ill and injured patients to emergency rooms or trauma centers by helicopter, small airplane, or ambulance.

The call about Mary came in just after 7 a.m., as Fenniman and nurse Beth Pahigian drank their morning coffee in MedFlight headquarters at Hanscom Air Force Base, in Lexington, Massachusetts. Mary was a pedestrian who'd been hit by a truck. She'd already been taken to Gloucester's Addison Gilbert Hospital. Now she needed to get to a trauma center immediately.

Within five minutes of the call, Fenniman and Pahigian had zipped on their one-piece royal-blue uniforms, hurried through a hangar kept cool by dozens of fans spinning in the vaulted roof, and hopped aboard a Eurocopter BK-117, one of three MedFlight helicopters.

During the fifteen-minute ride to Gloucester, Fenniman and Pahigian joke amiably with Rick Ruff, a former military pilot and six-year MedFlight veteran. Their white helmets are equipped with earphones and a mouthpiece so they can communicate above the roar of the motor and the rotors. They chuckle over a story about a bride who, unused to drinking, had to be carried out of her own wedding reception.

MedFlight staffers kid around a lot. They apologize for sometimes sounding irreverent. But, they say, keeping things light fosters camaraderie, and helps them deal with the stress that goes along with handling medical emergencies.

Of the thirty-six-person medical staff at MedFlight, nearly a third are NU graduates. Some, for instance, have earned paramedic-technology certificates from the Institute of Emergency Medical Services. Others have nursing or MBA degrees.

All have something in common: a passion for their job.

"MedFlight is the epitome of how you can operate as a paramedic," says Fenniman, an energetic and

wisecracking thirty-nine-year-old. He's been with MedFlight for two years, after working ten years as a police officer, then becoming a paramedic at Concord's Emerson Hospital eight years ago (he still works there per diem). "It's always fast-paced, always different. It's like controlled chaos. We treat patients the best we can in the shortest amount of time possible.

"We work hard," he says. "Play hard. And sleep hard."

On-the-go ICUs

When people hear the name MedFlight, they tend to picture helicopters landing on highways to whisk accident victims off to hospitals. But such dramatic rescues represent only about 20 percent of what Boston MedFlight does, says Andrew Farkas, N'87, who joined the organization thirteen years ago and is now one of its two chief operations managers.

Mostly, he explains, MedFlight handles hospital-to-hospital transport. Often, its helicopters bring patients from the area's regional hospitals to a Boston hospital that handles severe trauma or cardiac cases. Sometimes, the airplane shuttles patients from a Boston hospital to a hospital or a rehab facility in another city. Other times, Medflight simply moves patients the old-fashioned way: via ground transport.

But whether they travel on the interstate or in the sky, MedFlight vehicles are not ordinary ambulances. They are mobile intensive-care units. Staffed with both a nurse and a paramedic, each carries a slew of high-tech devices—such as ventilators, heart monitors, defibrillators, and transvenous pacemakers—and a large backpack filled with medical equipment. When needed, other special equipment, such as neonatal isolettes, can be loaded aboard.

Boston MedFlight, which last year earned program-of-the-year honors from the Association of Air Medical Services, specializes in transporting children and adults who have suffered trauma, head or spinal-cord injuries, or burns; patients with cardiac conditions or respiratory failure; women with high-risk obstetrical conditions; and high-risk infants.

Calls are assigned to a helicopter, ground vehicle, or airplane according to the patient's condition, the weather, the location of the destination hospital, and the availability of a helipad or a landing space. (The helicopter pilots keep lists of potential landing sites for everyplace they fly.)

A nonprofit program, MedFlight celebrated its twentieth anniversary this year. It's affiliated with six major teaching hospitals: Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, Boston Medical Center, Brigham and Women's Hospital, Children's Hospital Boston, Massachusetts General Hospital, and Tuftsâ€"New England Medical Center.

In fact, says Farkas, MedFlight is probably the only cooperative venture among these six institutions. Supported by the partner hospitals—as well as by

insurance reimbursements and donations—the program, to date, has cared for more than 28,000 critically ill and injured patients.

MedFlight is part of another cooperative group, the Northeast Air Alliance, an affiliation of air-medical programs. This is also atypical, Farkas says. In many other parts of the country, air-medical programs compete with one another, which can lead to confusion—and occasionally, tragically, to accidents as well.

In 1985, MedFlight began operating out of Hanscom with one helicopter and twenty staff members. Today, the service has three helicopters, an airplane, two ground vehicles, a second base at the Plymouth airport, and eighty staffers. The Hanscom headquarters has remained unassuming—just a plain cinderblock building with a small sign that reads "Boston MedFlight/Hangar 1727."

Everyone on the medical staff is required to keep current, says Christine Kociszewski, MBA'00. A self-described "perennial student," Kociszewski says the emphasis on education makes MedFlight a great place for her to work. (The royal-blue flight suits, which she pronounces "very cool," don't hurt either.)

"They demand a lot of us, timewise," says Fenniman. "But they give so much back to us. There's constant education through lectures and staff meetings, and there are clinical assignments we're all required to attend in hospitals. We get all the newest literature, and the medical director is always keeping us up to par on things. You really can't get that anywhere else."

A serious case

The MedFlight helicopter sails toward Gloucester at a zippy 130 knots. Below lies the lush late-summer carpet of the North Shore. The coastline, sparkling in the early-morning sun, is peppered with a mosaic of docked boats.

Swooping in over a football field and a baseball diamond, the copter lands in a swirl of dust in a parking lot next to a deserted skateboard park. The landing site's perimeter is ringed with local emergency vehicles, as well as police officers, ambulance staff, and firefighters, their arms akimbo, faces serious. The MedFlight crew hops into the back of a waiting ambulance for the short ride to Addison Gilbert Hospital.

Inside the emergency room, behind a curtain, Mary lies unconscious. Fenniman and Pahigian take stock. The patient has a head injury along with broken bones and bruising on her left side. Her blood pressure is dangerously low. Her eyes are barely open and unfocused; one is grotesquely swollen.

A few minutes later, the crew has wheeled Mary into the ambulance, ridden back to the helicopter, loaded up, and lifted off.

The ride back to Boston is quiet. No joking anymore. Fenniman and Pahigian continually check Mary's vital signs. She's attached to IV bags that hang from hooks in the copter's ceiling. Fenniman periodically squeezes a pale purple bag, connected to an oxygen mask and an endotracheal tube, to keep her breathing. As the heart monitor pulses in the background, Pahigian says, "I don't like her heart rate."

Fenniman examines an X-ray he holds up against a window. He palpates Mary's skull. "Her head feels intact," he says. "But she really needs blood."

"We need a quick ride," Pahigian tells Ruff, then rests a hand on one of Mary's and says she can't feel a pulse. She and Fenniman exchange worried glances.

Only ten minutes to Boston. At about 8:30 a.m., Ruff is bringing the craft over the Tobin Bridge, crammed with cars heading into town, and around the perimeter of the city, past Long Wharf, the Custom House, Rowes Wharf, Chinatown, and the Southeast Expressway, around to a sudden bird's-eye view of gleaming skyscrapers. Then he's easing the helicopter down. It shudders and tilts its way onto Boston Medical Center's helipad, adjacent to the tall glass-walled building that houses the hospital's generator.

An ambulance is on hand to take Fenniman, Pahigian, Ruff, and Mary one block to the Boston Medical emergency room. As the MedFlight crew accompany Mary into the hospital, they're quickly joined by the attending ER doctor, nurses, and a host of residents on hand to learn the ropes.

On a count of three, Mary is shifted from the MedFlight stretcher to the hospital examination table. Then Fenniman, speaking loudly enough so everyone in the room can hear, describes her injuries and treatments.

That's it for the MedFlight group—for now. They stop for coffee and a quick bathroom break (Pahigian jokes she takes every opportunity she can). And it's back onto the helicopter for the ten-minute flight to Hanscom.

Unpredictable encounters

At MedFlight, employees say, there's no such thing as a typical day on the job.

"The only thing that's typical is that you're coming to work and you're leaving work," says ten-year MedFlight veteran Kociszewski (pronounced Kotch-i-SHEF-ski), who earned her paramedic certificate from Cape Cod Community College in 1990, then got a Northeastern MBA to learn more about the medical field's business side.

"I love the unpredictable nature of this job," Kociszewski says. "In the morning, I could be on Martha's Vineyard, in the afternoon I could be in Nashua, by evening I could be in Worcester, and at night I could be in Bermuda."

"You never know what's going to come through the doors," says Kathy Moynihan, N'89, who's been with MedFlight for three years. "Here, most people like not knowing what's going to happen. If you need order, this isn't the place to be."

Some days are crazy. Kociszewski remembers one in particular, at the Plymouth base about six years ago.

"We were outside doing training," she says, "when suddenly we looked out the window and saw a plane go head over heels. It was just a ball of fire. There were

two men on the plane. They were able to get out, but they were fully engulfed in fire. We brought the backpacks over and dialed 911, got local response from Plymouth and Carver, and activated the second copter from Hanscom. Each patient ended up going to a different hospital."

One man survived and is doing well, she says. The other man died the next day. His partner visited the MedFlight staff later and thanked them for giving her

an extra twenty-four hours with him to say goodbye. "It was heart-wrenching," says Kociszewski.

Moynihan remembers one of her difficult days. "We were down on one of the islands trying to intubate a baby," she says. "It turned into a long ordeal, trying to get the right kind of tube in, to make sure he was oxygenated in the right way. This baby was nine months old. My own was ten months old at the time. His mother was in tears, and I was in tears. It was very emotional."

For paramedic Mark Saia—who's had many points of intersection with Northeastern, earning an associate degree in respiratory therapy in 1987, an EMT certificate in 1990, and a paramedic-technology certificate in 1993; he currently teaches in NU's paramedic program—the roughest day came in September 2004. Several children had been injured when a car jumped a sidewalk outside a Stoneham school.

Saia helped save a little boy who was six, the same age as one of Saia's sons. "He had extensive leg injuries," Saia recalls. "He was telling me he needed to get to his hockey game. After we brought him to the hospital, we stayed for a while. I felt like I needed to get some kind of closure before I left and know that he was going to be okay."

He was. But he lost a leg. In a small-world turn, Saia's wife was at a birthday party recently, and there was the boy, now equipped with a prosthetic leg. The boy's mom made a special point of thanking her for her husband's efforts.

"That felt amazing," says Saia.

The crew's shifts can be uneventful, or long and grueling. On the day of Mary's injury, Fenniman worked from

7 a.m. until 9:30 p.m. But you don't hear many complaints, from him or from any of his colleagues.

"We're providing a public service, taking care of sick people," says Farkas. "So you can't say, â€˜I'm going in at seven o'clock today, and I'm getting out at seven.' You have to do what you have to do. You can't say, â€˜I've got a family commitment tonight.' I think, Gee, it could be somebody in my family, or somebody I know.

"This is such a good group of people here," he adds. "They're doing it because they want to do it. They don't consider it a job. They're doing something right that makes a difference."

"It's not just a job," agrees Fenniman. "It's a lifestyle."

One long day

Fenniman and Pahigian have been back at Hanscom for less than fifteen minutes when another call comes in. They dash to the helicopter, this time for a quick trip to Wellesley, where a twenty-nine-year-old construction

worker has taken a two-story fall.

The copter descends slowly toward its landing zone, the Wellesley Fire Department parking lot, with Ruff carefully avoiding the tangle of telephone poles and suspended wires.

Just after the landing, an ambulance pulls up with the patient. Fenniman and Pahigian jump in the back of the vehicle to assess the situation.

Darren (not his real name) is conscious but doesn't remember how he fell. He says his right side hurts a lot. Before Fenniman administers any medication, he asks Darren if he has allergies to anything.

"Shellfish," Darren replies.

"So—no shrimp cocktail on this flight, right?" Fenniman jokes.

After the crew has loaded Darren onto the helicopter and set him up with an IV drip and an oxygen mask, Pahigian asks, "How's the pain, sweetie?"

"Gone," Darren replies. His face looks peaceful now.

"Sub-q fentanyl," says Fenniman, grinning, referring to the commonly used painkiller, administered subcutaneously, or under the skin. "Does the trick every time."

This call, the trip to Boston isn't so grim. Fenniman and Pahigian can tell the patient is most likely going to be fine. Although a coworker at the scene reported that Darren fell about twenty-five feet onto some sort of pole, remarkably he doesn't seem to have a serious injury.

The copter flies low over the Charles River, Fenway Park, and the old Sears building, and onto the helipad on the roof of Brigham and Women's. Darren is moved into an elevator that goes to the ground-floor emergency room. As the MedFlight crew grab sodas and start heading back to the copter, they hear Darren scream, "Ouch! OUCH!"

Pahigian and Fenniman look at each other and exchange grimaces.

Once they get back to Hanscom, they check on Darren's status. As they thought—his prognosis is good.

The crew has time for lunch and some report writing. But the day is young. The third call: Transport a fifty-one-year-old man in cardiac arrest from Anna Jacques Hospital, in Newburyport, to Brigham and Women's. Fourth call: Fly a sixty-four-year-old man, intubated for respiratory failure, from Merrimack Valley Hospital, in Haverhill, to Brigham and Women's. Last call: Get to Route 24 in Brockton, land on the highway, and care for a twenty-nine-year-old man stabbed in the neck and the chest (probably by a passenger in his car), who then drove into the back of a truck. He's brought to Boston Medical Center.

"Needless to say, it was a long drive home," Fenniman reports later. "But, man, did I sleep well."

Scoring cool points

People who meet the MedFlight staffers are often impressed by what they do.

"They say, â€˜That's really cool!' says Kociszewski.

"You get questions like, Do you wear helmets? What kind of clothing do you wear? How do you prepare for a disaster? How do you urinate in there?"

The answer to the last question, she says with a laugh, is "before you get in." She admits it's an important consideration. "The two big personal concerns are going to the bathroom and always having something in your stomach," she says.

Fenniman says many people he meets tell him they've always wanted to ride

in a helicopter. Plus, working for MedFlight scores him "cool points" with his twelve-year-old son. "He sees us fly over all the time," Fenniman says.

"Sometimes when you're working, you forget you're flying," says Moynihan. "Other times, the patient's fine, and you look out and think, This is really cool. I still say to myself that I can't believe I do this."

Nancy DeFilippis, director of Northeastern's Institute for Emergency Medical Services, part of the School of Professional and Continuing Studies, says aspiring paramedics see working for MedFlight as "amazingly sexy." She explains, "I mean, they're landing on helipads and highways; they're delivering the highest level of care that can be given to a patient other than at the hospital.

"It's a hard job to get," DeFilippis says. "But at least a third of the applicants to our program express a dream to work at Boston MedFlight."

Okay, there's glamour in flying, but what about the dangers? Are they greater for MedFlight staffers than for ordinary medical personnel?

If weather conditions are questionable, MedFlight's very experienced pilots decide whether it's safe to fly. The pilots are deliberately not informed about the individuals they might transport, so emotion doesn't color their decisions. If anything, observers say, the pilots err on the side of caution.

Safety reminders—bold yellow lettering on color Xeroxes of helicopter photos—are posted all over the plain but comfortable Hanscom workroom: "Bad can turn worse." "Abort for weather."

In its two-decade history, MedFlight has never had a crash.

At first, staffers say, the idea of helicopters was a little intimidating. Before MedFlight, Saia had never flown in one. "There was a certain degree of anxiety," he says. "But I also found it very exciting."

In 1995, just before Kociszewski was hired, a private helicopter crashed into the Charles River, killing four people. "It gave me cause for concern," she says. "But it sort of makes you safety-savvy. You look at everything twice, and make sure you're never tired."

For the most part, though, MedFlight staffers say they're so focused on taking care of patients, they don't worry about what could happen in the air. Instead, they worry about how being in the air limits their options.

Saia explains, "In an ambulance, if there's an emergency, you can pull over or pull into the nearest hospital. If you're fifteen hundred feet in the air over Nantucket Sound, it's always in the back of your mind

that you can't just land. So you think: If something were to happen right now, where is my nearest landing zone? What would I do for this patient?"

Type-A rushes, rewards

Then there's the question of stress.

There's no denying, say employees, that MedFlight's a stressful job. But it's another thing they don't spend a lot of time thinking about.

"The stress is different for different people," says Farkas. "We take care of very sick people, some very tragic cases. You develop—I don't know if it's a wall, but it's a sense that you've got to take care of the patient. You deal with the emotional part of it later."

Saia agrees. "It's after the fact, when we're done with the call, that it hits."

Fenniman says, "We deal with the worst of the worst, the sickest of the sickest. People ask, â€˜How do you deal with it?' I deal with it by knowing I did everything I could to help them."

As an organization, MedFlight pays attention to the emotional toll the job takes. After Saia cared for the boy who eventually lost his leg, he got a call from MedFlight medical director Dr. Susan Waddell, asking if he wanted to go home or needed any counseling. "We have an amazingly supportive staff at MedFlight," says Saia. "Everyone made a point to call my partner and me."

Perhaps the members of this air force aren't overly troubled by stress because, in a way, they thrive on it. "These guys are kind of adrenaline junkies," DeFelippis says. "It's really not just an average job. It's sort of like being a Green Beret or a Navy Seal."

"It's intense here," agrees Moynihan. "You can't be wishy-washy. You have to know your stuff, and know the protocols, and know the drugs, and be able to do the job. And work well with other people."

"We have all these Type-A personalities who work in this field," says Fenniman. "You get the rush when the radio goes off and the phone rings."

But, quite apart from the heart-pounding thrills and chills, the MedFlight staff love the feeling of helping others. "It's the greatest job in the world," says Fenniman. "There's always someone who needs us. A lot of it is life-or-death stuff. It keeps everything in perspective."

He adds, with certainty, "There's nothing more satisfying."

Karen Feldscher is a senior writer.

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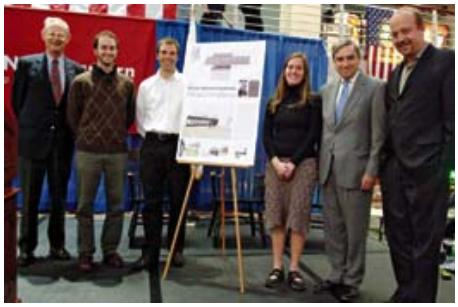

Making plans to honor NU veterans
The winning design team for an alumni veterans memorial to be built next year near the intersection of Forsyth Street and Centennial Common was announced at a mid-November ceremony. Flanked by Alumni Association president Dick Power, BA'63 (far left) and President Freeland and architecture chair George Thrush (far right) are the winners: adjunct faculty member Steve Fellmeth, AS'04, MA'05, of Ann Beha Architects; adjunct faculty member Marc Roehrle, of Butz/Klug Architects; and assistant architecture professor Maureen Zell. Their plans, which feature a black marble wall, were judged the best of sixty entries. Photo by Craig Bailey

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True Stories

Teaching writing is a lesson in honesty.

By Herbert Hadad

Illustration by Laurie Luczak

I had been teaching personal-essay writing for about ten years when the girl with the peanut up her nose joined my class.

The class met in the evening, and she was a teenager, so her dad joined, too. She was eager to write about that time she put a nut in her nostril on a dare from her brother, then couldn't get it out. She and her father thought her essay was hilarious. They also thought it was literature.

"It is obvious you have a lively mind," I told her, as eight or nine other students ranging in age from twentyish to seventy-something listened closely. "And this is an amusing anecdote. But it's more a brief for an ear-nose-throat journal than a personal essay. Please try something else."

Though daughter and father hung in there for a few more weeks, they never really recovered from the early rebuff. Actually, they'd posed more of a challenge than they probably realized. One of the hardest parts of conducting a writing workshop is maintaining honesty—both yours and the student's—without inflicting unnecessary harm.

Sometimes, you're there to encourage as a student wrestles with the truth. A courtly man in his eighties wrote an essay about being a twelve-year-old in suburban New York City. As he read it to the class, it was clear he knew he had matters to resolve before his days were over.

His father, he wrote, had disappeared one day. His mother's explanation: Dad is sick in a hospital. Rumors circulated in the neighborhood. The other kids were not kind. "Your father went crazy," they razzed him. "Your father's in the nuthouse."

"One Sunday," my student wrote, "my mother said to put on my best clothes—we were going to visit Dad. We drove for about a half hour, and the car pulled up to a place with high stone walls and a tower. A man with a shotgun stared down at us. It was Sing Sing. My dad was in jail." Inside those walls, the family had a loving reunion, and the father explained that he'd been framed for an embezzlement at the bank that employed him. A few years later, the dad was released from prison and went on with his life.

The story was cathartic, and the writer was eager for comment. "It's a beautiful, touching story," I told him, and urged him to try to get it published.

But my student confessed his demons had not yet completely vanished. "My cousin knew I was writing this story," he told me, "and he said, â€˜Oh, Samuel, why do you have to shame and embarrass the family after all this time?'"

"Tell him to mind his own business," I advised, delivering the brief lecture I've given fledgling writers many times. "Family members are usually not friendly to your personal writing; they have their own agendas and concerns. With few exceptions, I urge you not to show your work to them."

My writing classes are eight-week sessions held at a cultural center in a converted train station overlooking the Hudson River. Almost every student begins by asking what a personal essay is. Here, in part, is how my class description defines it: "The essay offers the opportunity to express, in a short and conversational form, the whole range of thoughts and feelings, from intimacy and grief, to joy and epiphany. [It] allows for the most satisfying and polished examination of ideas, beliefs, troubles, and pleasures."

I don't lecture much, but I do tell students that an essay's essential components are the exposition, the conflict, the climax, and the denouement. The peanut story, for instance, wasn't going anywhere. But the son of the incarcerated man made a real journey, from innocence to experience.

All kinds of people sign up for the class—doctors, professors, teachers, homemakers, taxi drivers, firefighters. Many like to talk more than write. "It's got to be on paper," I'm often obliged to say. "Otherwise, we're not a writing workshop—we're a group-therapy session."

Many students are discovering themselves as they write. One young woman described peering out her window late at night and watching her boyfriend pass under a streetlight and disappear. "Your essay is wonderfully written, but there's one problem," I told her. "I can't tell whether you wanted him to leave or not."

She smiled. "Neither can I," she said.

Some people have limited talent; others are restless. All are paying a substantial amount to be in class. A retired lawyer with a wealth of interesting tales would breeze through his initial draft, then go on to another idea rather than rewrite.

Another writer had a haunting story that required effort to tell. When she was a girl, her father kept in the cellar a large locked chest, which he wouldn't discuss. Many years later, the woman went with her husband and children to the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, in Washington, D.C.

"I looked up at this gigantic photograph," she wrote, "and it was my father in his Army overseas cap. He had just helped liberate a concentration camp." She described the unbearable pain on his face. She knew, finally, what wrenching memorabilia the chest must have contained.

When you lead a workshop, you pray your students will be talented and work well together, for then the sessions are a joy. One such group arrived last winter. They included a semiretired professor of sociology, a

platform- tennis champion and composer of New York Times crosswords, and an accomplished poet. The mutual support in that class was delightful. The sociologist was writing a book about his experiences among the poor of Puerto Rico, and every sentence he wrote was polished like a jewel, thanks to his fellow students' attention.

The class also included a middle-aged woman with an endearingly quirky take on the world. Everyone marveled at her short essays, including one that described how digging a hole in her garden had opened up a universe of experiences. Though we helped her compose cover letters, she never submitted a story to a magazine.

On the other hand, a mother in an earlier class dashed off a charming piece about getting her little son ready for his school picture. I suggested a few places where it might be appreciated, and she was a star for a while after the New York Times published it.

If writing is a journey, one woman's story was literally about a journey. Acting on a lifelong desire, she had built a dory and sailed it down the Hudson. Her essay, filled with telling asides of her excitement and misgivings about the project, was like her boat, well-constructed and sturdy. At one point in the story, she almost drowns; her account of her realization and acceptance of the voyage's dangers was unforgettable.

Since writers often succumb to shopworn expressions, I always establish a Cliche Patrol in my classes. When a clichÃ© is spotted, anyone in the class may shoot it down and suggest an alternative. The Patrol replaces the sting of saying someone's writing is lazy.

I have no formal teaching credentials. I learned how to run a writing workshop by taking one given by Mary Cheever, a poet and writer, and the wife of the late novelist and short-story writer John Cheever. She liked my stories about my family, whom she asked to meet. She came to the house for dinner, and we became friends. Once I began teaching, I was merely imitating Mary when I told students, "There is nothing wrong with your writing. It's merely a matter of finding the editor who appreciates it."

Some people come to class with their heart on their sleeve, like the doctor who had just lost his wife. Others arrive reluctant to reveal themselves, like the NYPD detective who hid behind the third-person until I said, "We all know that's you in the precinct house, and in the bar, and on the street at night under the elevated. So get comfortable, and switch to first-person."

I like to think I've helped a handful of writers. I know all my students have taught me. There is a popular expression: Those who can, do; those who can't, teach. It couldn't be more wrong. Teaching tests your mettle just as much as writing does. You can't be a phony and succeed at either.

Herbert Hadad, a Northeastern graduate and author of the forthcoming essay collection Home Fires*, has taught essay writing for the past fifteen years at the Hudson Valley Writers' Center, in Sleepy Hollow, New York.*

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From the Field

Ben Franklin Sent Me
IHow I spent my summer break in the jungles of Southeast Asia.

By William F. S. Miles

Illustration by Steve Stankiewicz

Canny Benjamin Franklin, to challenge later generations, leaves behind a source of wealth for thrill-seeking eggheads. One prize is embedded in the form of a tantalizing Triangle. To claim it, you must travel to parts unknown, endure discomfort and uncertainty, and risk landslides, spies, and other assorted dangers.

Sound like a spinoff from the movie National Treasure? Now throw in Lewis and Clark and the allure of wilderness adventure, and add some good old-fashioned Anglo-French colonial rivalry for good measure. String the plot threads together, and you get the origins, aims, and pains of my summer fieldwork in Southeast Asia last July. (Coincidentally, National Treasure was showing during my seventeen-hour Thai Airways flight from New York to Bangkok.)

For the last two decades, I've examined the long-term legacies of French versus British colonialism throughout the Third World. I do so by looking at indigenous ethnic groups that were once arbitrarily partitioned into territories controlled by France and England, when they were the planet's superpowers.

I pursue answers to questions: How did these two distinct colonial pathways affect the politics of postcolonial societies today? What kind of legal and educational systems have the current societies adopted? Which languages have they preserved, and for what purposes? Where are women better off? What about church-state (or mosque-state) relations? In short, what does the colonial past tell us about the postcolonial present?

My investigations have led me to live among West Indians in the Caribbean, Melanesians in the South Pacific, Tamils in South India, the Hausa in West Africa, and Mascarene islanders in the Indian Ocean. My favorite methodology has been to relocate to a border that once separated a French colony from a British colony, and compare local communities on both sides. Boundaries, I have discovered, crystallize national differences in dramatic fashion. Where a boundary separates neighboring communities that are otherwise similar in culture, language, and religion, the differences resulting from colonial and postcolonial politics become very clear.

Until last summer, Southeast Asia was the only major geocultural zone that had escaped my research grasp. Coming of age during the agony of the Vietnam War, I'd never thought it feasible or even desirable to conduct fieldwork there. For sure, Indochina (Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos) had once been an integral part of

the French colonial empire. Yet it seemed I had an American allergy toward traveling to an area associated with carpet bombing, Agent Orange, and the My Lai massacre.

Slowly, however, I learned even the region's Communist regimes were opening themselves up to visitors from the West. Then one day, while scrutinizing my son's National Geographic atlas, I realized that, in all Southeast Asia, there is only one border that separates a former French colony from a former British colony: the 200-mile north-south stretch of the Mekong River that doubles as the border between Laos and Burma (now officially known as Myanmar). This area, bounded on different ends by Thailand and China, is informally known as the Golden Triangle. I just knew I had to go.

But who would send me to the Golden Triangle, a region long associated with opium, drug lords, and lawlessness?

Ben Franklin would. Franklin was the principal visionary behind the American Philosophical Society (APS), which he helped found in 1743. A spur to intellectuals, with a writ broader than its name implies, APS has long sponsored research grants. While surfing the Web around Memorial Day, I discovered APS had a brand-new program—the Lewis and Clark Fund for Exploration and Field Research.

To an anthropologically oriented political scientist yearning to poke through the jungles of the upper Mekong, it sounded perfect: "The Lewis and Clark Fund encourages exploratory field studies for the collection of . . . data and to provide the imaginative stimulus that accompanies direct observation." There was only one hitch—the summer grant's application deadline was May 31.

Thank Gore for the Internet.

June dragged on as I awaited the result. When I received the exciting (and suddenly daunting) go-ahead in early July, I scrambled to secure a flight to Bangkok, the air hub of Southeast Asia. On the plane, by chance, I sat next to a fellow former Peace Corps volunteer, Gary Jahan, who had served in Thailand, recently did research in the Philippines on "dry" (upland) rice, and was now relocating to Vientiane, the capital of Laos. We traded addresses, and he invited me to visit him there.

The easiest path to the Golden Triangle lies through northeast Thailand. By mid-July, I was standing above the Mekong in Sop Ruak, the very heart of the Golden Triangle, viewing the convergence of Thailand, Burma, and Laos. A riverboat transported me across the muddy Mekong to Don Sao Island, in the Lao People's Democratic Republic. Scrambling up the dingy dock, I was met by a row of upright snakes fermenting in jars of local whiskey.

This market village, where you can buy cheap T-shirts, cartons of cigarettes, and all sorts of tacky souvenirs, didn't seem like it belonged in a Communist country, my first since I crossed Yugoslavia by train the summer after my junior year in college. But I wasn't focused on the contradictions of capitalism and communism just then. I was thinking about the conversation I'd had the day before with Sombat Boon at Rajabhat University's Center for Interethnic Studies.

"Your research proposal is very interesting," he'd said encouragingly. "But going to Burmese and Lao villages along the Mekong is very difficult." Actually, he meant impossible. "Since the coup in Myanmar," he said, "the Wa tribe has been pushed back to the Mekong. From there, they have been battling government forces. Even we"—he meant the region's indigenous neighbors—"cannot go there. On the Lao side, the government also restricts travel.

"We do have contacts with the rebels," he went on. "And your project is worth pursuing. But it will take six months to make the necessary preparations." In the meantime, Sombat advised, I could visit comparable towns inside the bordering countries: Kengtung in Myanmar, and Meung Sing in Laos.

That's how I found myself in Kengtung, beneath the serene gaze of a giant Buddha, interviewing an elder of the Wat Pha Sao Lung Buddhist pagoda about his recollections of Burma's final colonial years. My cassette player was recording from inside his shirt pocket, and my NU business card lay face up on a table, when an undercover agent of this notorious police state sidled up and baldly interrogated me. Northeastern may now be listed in some spy report filed in Myanmar—and I've got the lackey's rude intrusion on tape.

In quest of interviews in Laos (some with French-speaking former inmates of the infamous reeducation camps), my greatest dangers were giant boulders and landslides that washed away portions of the muddy "highway." But more frustrating was the government's sudden decision to close the capital to foreigners, preventing me from ever getting to Vientiane.

So I need to return to Laos, and to the Golden Triangle along the Mekong. Meanwhile, I contemplate this war zone that once fixated America, even as we now obsess over another.

Thank you, Ben Franklin. Your hunt for wisdom goes on.

William F. S. Miles is a professor in the Department of Political Science. His forthcoming book is Zion in the Desert (State University of New York Press).

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The Hammerlock Kid

He may be the future of heavy metal. But, for now, he waits.

By Paul Perillo

John Freeman
Photos by Tracy Powell

Seldom can Northeastern claim a potential world-class athlete. Yet the men's track team may be in just that position.

Say hello to Warwick, Rhode Island, native John Freeman, the reigning national high-school hammer champion. After Freeman earned his title in June, competing for Bishop Hendricken High School, he received offers from virtually every well-known track school in the nation. When he narrowed his choices down to three—Oregon, Virginia, and Northeastern—even die-hard Huskies were a little surprised.

Behind the scenes, though, head coach Sherman Hart had an ace up his sleeve: Joe Donahue, BA'63, GB'87, a legendary throwing coach at NU from 1963 to 1999, who recently returned to campus at Hart's urging. For Freeman, that gave NU the ultimate edge.

"Joe coached my high school coach [Bill Johnston, BB'77] and another coach of mine [Kevin Barrett]," Freeman explains. "So what he was doing at Northeastern coincided with what I was being taught because, in reality, Joe had taught my coaches. I knew I loved Boston and wanted to go to school here, and, in talking to Joe, I knew I really liked him."

Donahue, a high-school guidance counselor by trade, has enjoyed a storied past on Huntington Avenue. He coached Johnston, a four-time All-American inducted into the NU Hall of Fame in 2004. He also worked with Hall of Famer Boris Djerassi, LA'75, who won the national hammer title in 1975, and remains the lone NCAA national champion in NU's history.

Freeman could surpass them all before he's through, Donahue believes. And this is before the youngster even attempts his first collegiate throw.

"Every time I look at John's throwing, I have to reevaluate how far he can go," Donahue declares. "I can say this: The school record set by a great NCAA champion, Boris Djerassi, will be in jeopardy from the moment John wears red and black. His future is unlimited."

But all the accomplishments will have to wait a year. Although Freeman is a healthy 6-foot-5, 250-plus pounds, he is just seventeen years old. Rather than thrust him into the fire immediately, his coaches have decided to red-shirt him for the 2005â€“2006 season, giving him more time to develop what they say is an already brilliant technique.

"I have no doubt that he could succeed right away," Donahue says, "but we have some great throwers in Derek Anderson and Zara Northover, and I don't want to take anything away from either of those gifted individuals. They deserve the spotlight for themselves.

"Also, Northeastern is a very hard school and requires a lot of work," he says. "This way, John can get acclimated to school, which is really what he's here for, and we can work with him at a low level of intensity. Then he can be ready to come back for four straight years."

Freeman, who agrees with the coaches' decision, looks forward to building on a high school career that was, to say the least, formidable. The national title that capped it all off was earned with a best throw of 210 feet 10.

Early success runs in the family. Older brothers Jacob (now twenty-four) and Michael (twenty-one) were national high-school champions who went on to successful college careers at Manhattan College. In fact, Jacob still holds the national high-school record for longest hammer throw (253 feet 3).

Over the summer, John took part in the Pan Am Junior Games, finishing second in the nineteen-and-under competition among the Americans, third overall. He's keeping his sights trained on the one American who bested him, UCLA's Boldizsar Kocsor.

"I think he'll be my big rival for the next few years," Freeman says. "He's a great guy; it's nothing personal. But I just want to beat him."

Having an NU athlete so focused on a rival from UCLA is noteworthy in and of itself, some might say. But Donahue stresses the Huskies no longer limit themselves to dreaming locally.

"I tell our kids to stop thinking about the kids across the street—think about the kids across the country," he says. "We're not trying to beat BU and BC. We're going after the big southern schools like Tennessee, and powers like UCLA and Oregon."

Freeman will be a big part of that national attack, Donahue believes. "John has a rare ability for someone so young," he says. "Throwing is very technique-oriented, and he has excellent technique.

"John has the potential to be one of the great throwers in the world. When he opens up next year as a freshman, it's going to be extraordinary."

Barea Drops NBA Bid, Returns for Final Year

At some point or another last season, basketball coach Ron Everhart believes, representatives from every NBA team made their way to Cabot Gym to watch the Huskies play. Or, more specifically, to watch Jose Juan Barea play.

Because the junior point guard was known to be interested in declaring for the NBA draft, the scouts wanted to

see the dynamic twenty-one-year-old in person. Most evenings, he didn't disappoint. The 5-foot-11, 170-pound native of MayagÃ¼ez, Puerto Rico, averaged

22.2 points, 4.3 rebounds, and 7.3 assists per game last year, earning him a spot on the America East All-Conference first team for the second straight year.

More important, he often willed the Huskies to victory, leading Northeastern to a 21-10 record and its first appearance in the title game in a decade.

But Barea, who also drew NBA speculation after his sophomore year, decided not to leave after all. He withdrew his name from draft consideration, which NCAA rules allow underclassmen to do, provided they haven't hired an agent, and made his way back to NU for a fourth and final season.

"I really just wanted to test the waters and see what was out there," Barea says now. "I had a knee injury, anyway, and couldn't do any of the tryouts I had set up. But, either way, unless someone was going to promise me that I was going to be a first-round pick, I was planning on returning all along."

The decision sits just fine with Everhart, who's thrilled to have his squad leader back as the Huskies head into the rough uncharted waters of the Colonial Athletic Association. He says the scouts' consensus is that Barea helped himself by staying in school, and by

competing well at the Under-Twenty-One World Championships in Argentina over the summer.

"He's a very talented player," Everhart says. "The people I've talked to believe he has a definite future. But he had the knee tendinitis that prevented him from competing in the Chicago predraft camp, so that made the decision very easy for him."

At last year's America East Tournament, Barea matched Reggie Lewis's school record with 41 points in a quarterfinal win over Stony Brook, and then nearly notched a triple double in the semifinal win over Maine, missing by just a pair of rebounds. But less than a minute into the final game against Vermont, he got involved in an altercation while going after a loose ball. Suspended by the school for unnecessary roughness, Barea missed his team's NIT game against Memphis.

"He's a great competitor, but sometimes he can get too emotional," Everhart says. "His big challenge will be to channel that emotion. He's already improved a great deal since his freshman year."

If Barea's pro aspirations will wait a bit, Husky hopes won't have to. Barea is returning to a solid team. Shawn James, last year's freshman phenom; savvy veterans Bennet Davis, Bobby Kelly, and Aaron Davis; and a strong recruiting class round out the roster. Not to mention the new assistant coach with the notable name: Richard Pitino, son of Louisville coach Rick Pitino.

"I'm really excited to be back," says Barea. "This is by far the best team we've had in my four seasons. Except for [guard] Marcus Barnes, we have almost everybody returning."

The entry into a new league only adds to the anticipation, Barea says. "I'm excited to play in some new places against tougher teams. This year should be our best."

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Blast from the Past
Memories and medicine don't mix in the new Gary Braver thriller.

By Magdalena Hernandez

Illustration by Mallika Sundaramurthy

Flashback, by Gary Braver (Forge Books; New York; 2005; 400 pages; $25.95)

Sometimes, as countless stories have warned, getting what you ask for is a terrible curse. The Sibyl of Cumae wishes for a thousand years of life, then watches her body shrink through a seemingly endless old age. King Midas wants to change everything into gold, then starves as his meals turn twenty-four carat.

Greed, of course, lies at the core of these myths—greed for life, or for wealth. But they include another kind of hubris, too: the reckless temerity to challenge the natural order.

Updating this theme, English professor Gary Goshgarian (writing under his frequent nom de plume, Gary Braver) cautions us again about our desire to fiddle with human biology, a message shared by his previous novels Elixir and Gray Matter. His new novel, Flashback, explores what happens when pharmacology is used to jerry-rig someone's mind.

At the story's center is Jack Koryan, a former English teacher and would-be restaurateur. Orphaned as a child, Jack revisits Skull Rock, off the coast of Massachusetts, on the thirtieth anniversary of his mother's drowning. With a storm approaching, he attempts to swim to shore through waters infested with a rare kind of jellyfish. Their toxins put him into a six-month coma.

After he awakens, Jack finds his estranged wife has divorced him and their house has been sold. To further complicate the journey to recovery, he is suffering from peculiar visions caused by the coma.

Meanwhile, Rene Ballard, a consulting pharmacist, works at various New England nursing homes, where she monitors the medications of hundreds of senior citizens. Her former professor, Nick Mavros, heads up a team conducting trials of the drug Memorine, reportedly a groundbreaking cure for Alzheimer's disease. Derived from toxins produced by the solakandji jellyfish, the drug "stimulates new cell growth in the hippocampus and, with it, memory functions."

Nick recruits Rene to do clinical research on Memorine. A debt-ridden recent grad, she's attracted to the gig by filthy lucre. But a humanitarian aim motivates her, too. Rene's father succumbed to Alzheimer's years earlier, making the stakes for her both professional and personal.

At first, the drug's results look promising. The aging patients who take Memorine miraculously recover functionality. There's one side effect, though: Many patients experience flashbacks, which often cause them to relive traumatic experiences. Again and again.

Occasionally, the hallucinatory episodes yield tragic consequences. One woman attacks and kills a man in a store, after a Memorine-induced trance causes her to confuse him with a predatory neighbor from her troubled childhood. (In a wink from the author, the homicide victim is someone who, at least indirectly, peddles pharmaceuticals: a CVS drugstore manager.)

When Rene learns about Jack and his coma, she wants to know more about his flashbacks. From this intersection on, it's an exhilarating and fast-paced ride, as the two struggle to make sense of Jack's visions and understand why some Memorine patients meet untimely deaths.

Goshgarian has crafted an engaging tale. The bioethics theme is timely. The New England setting is fun, particularly for locals (there are even a few Northeastern references here and there). And the juxtaposition of characters and motivations is credible and nicely imagined, making for ample dramatic conflict.

In a refreshing twist, character development never takes a backseat to plot in this thriller. We even get a sense of the lives of several of the more minor characters. We see how much certain Alzheimer's patients improve when they take the drug—and witness, in some cases, the tragic aftereffects. One Memorine user is tormented by flashbacks of his POW days in Vietnam, which the author limns well, conveying the brutality of the man's history without stooping to cliche.

The novel's realism gives it immediacy. Marine animals' toxins are, in fact, currently being studied for their therapeutic qualities. It's easy to imagine a treatment similar to Goshgarian's fictional pill written up in the business pages of the Boston Globe.

And setting the story against the backdrop of the pharmaceuticals industry packs a narrative punch. Drug giants like Pfizer and Merck are household names and established powers—and interesting targets, especially given their new emphasis on marketing directly to consumers.

The pharmaceuticals executives in Flashback look forward to reaping profits and prestige after Memorine wins FDA approval. Even the U.S. government gets involved, hoping the miracle pill will help it save billions of dollars in health-care spending. The novel capitalizes on the built-in tension between wanting to do good and wanting to get rich.

Goshgarian's story has a few weaknesses. Several of its most dramatic plot points might test your suspension of disbelief—when the severed head of a black cat mysteriously appears in a character's mailbox, for example. And when the villain reveals his machinations in the novel's denouement, it's a little hard to buy how willing he is to do so, and at what length. No slip is a fatal flaw, however. Even when you catch a glimpse of the puppeteer moving the strings, you still enjoy the show.

Flashback is most interesting when it raises questions about the nature of reality. After consuming Memorine, some patients regress to their younger selves. Yet, as a character notes, "flashbacks needed just the right stimuli—like some of the old people on the Greendale ward hearing an old tune and suddenly they would be back in grade school."

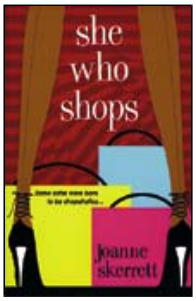
One patient prizes the drug specifically because it "brought back her childhood." Her daughter makes the opposite case: Watching her mother playing with dolls and doing hopscotch all day long, she says, can make her "yearn for Alzheimer's."

Is it preferable for elderly patients to be completely disengaged from the present, as long as they're happy? Or is it better they face their depressing reality? And who decides? Some of these questions are as unfathomable as the sea—which, not coincidentally, serves as a motif throughout the novel, both as the source of Memorine and as a setting.

Goshgarian has written a cautionary thriller about what happens when human beings decide to rewire their brains with chemicals. If you've been wanting a gripping read, wish no more. It's here—and now.

Magdalena Hernandez, MBA'02, is a senior editor.

Bookmarks



She Who Shops,
by Joanne Skerrett;
Kensington Books; 2005

First-time novelist Joanne Skerrett, MBA'02, tells the tale of an African American woman's hectic tangle with Boston's black bourgeoisie. Sensible business student Weslee Dunster gets chummy with spoiled rich girl Lana, and soon finds herself caught up in wild spending sprees and lavish parties.

The plot includes some predictable angles. For instance, one of Weslee's suitors is a star in black society's upper strata; the other is a hard-working, first-generation Jamaican immigrant. Reader, she picks the right one.

Despite the hallmarks of chick lit, the novel boasts vivid characterizations. Skerrett has penned a love note to Boston's neighborhoods and landmarks, and a thoroughly fun read.

Trumbull Park,
by Frank London Brown;
Northeastern University Press; 2005

The novel *Trumbull Park* evokes the time when, in the words of Martin Luther King Jr., blacks inhabited "a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity."

Originally published in 1959, this first-person narrative recounts the tale of Buggy Martin and the virulent racism he and his family suffer after moving to a newly desegregated housing project in Chicago.

The everyday indignities and violence, sickening to read, are rooted in author Frank London Brown's own experiences. Though the characters triumph, the novel is a troubling window into pre-Civil Rights America.

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1930s

Robert W. Smith, E'37, LC'47, of Peabody, Massachusetts, writes, "I still enjoy the outings that the Frank Palmer Speare Society puts on each year. I expect to take in this year's trip to Cape Cod and also to Henderson House."

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Kenneth Richardson, E'42, of Asheville, North Carolina, has participated in the construction of ninety-five homes in his home state on behalf of Habitat for Humanity. For the last eight years, he and his wife, Jan, have returned to campus to attend Northeastern Night at the Pops and meet recipients of the engineering scholarship they established in 1996.

George Georgerian, BA'47, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, writes, "My worldwide experiences as an educator/human-resources training and development specialist both here and abroad reinforced the importance and significance of co-op. My global odyssey began after graduation in 1947, when Dean White called me to his office and indicated there was an opening for a business teacher. After seven years as a teacher, guidance counselor, and track coach, I decided to explore other avenues. A colleague suggested overseas employment with private companies. As a result, my foreign service began with oil and gas projects in Saudi Arabia, Iran, and Indonesia, followed by mining operations in the Republic of Guinea, in Africa."

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Dominic Cerulli, LA'51, and Dolores (Dee) Cerulli, LA'52, live in Ossining, New York. Dee is a librarian and media specialist at the Bailey School in Greenbergh, "rounding out an eighteen-year career with no end in sight." Dom says he lives in "raging retirement, doing a little oil painting, some writing, and threatening to compile a memoir of the last half of the twentieth century."

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Neal Finnegan, BA'61, H'98, of Cohasset, Massachusetts, has been appointed a member of the board of directors at SolutionInc. Finnegan, who chairs the Northeastern University Board of Trustees, is also the director of Citizens Capital Corp. and the principal in Clover Capital and Data Products, USA. He is an executive member and trustee of WGBH Public Television, and vice chair of the Massachusetts Multiple Sclerosis Society. In addition, Finnegan has chaired and is a current board member of Catholic Charities, and is a director of the Bostonian Group and the Education Resources Institute, a board member of SMH Fine Foods, and a founding charter member and director of the Ireland Chamber of Commerce in the United States.

Margaret Cook, LA'64, of Easton, Massachusetts, returned to campus in September to continue a tradition. A breeder of Siberian huskies, she introduced King, the latest official NU mascot, to Huntington Avenue. Cook and King were on hand during Labor Day weekend, while students were moving into their residence halls. The pair also appeared at Freshman Convocation, the first-ever Mascot March, and the tailgate party before the season's first football game. Cook taught art and mathematics in Rockland, Avon, and Bridgewater before retiring in 2002. She has participated in American Kennel Club (AKC) dog shows and competed in New England sled-dog racing. She has been an AKC show judge of Siberian huskies and president of the Yankee Siberian Husky Club, and is a member of the Siberian Husky Club of America and the Hockamock Kennel Club. She and several of her huskies marched in the 2003 and 2005 Homecoming parades.

Sidney F. Hooper, BA'64, of Portland, Oregon, is the president of Lamb Industries, an electrical-switch manufacturer. Walter Ordway, E'65, of Rancho Palos Verdes, California, is the chief technology officer at Digital Cinema Initiatives, a Hollywood company that has developed system requirements and specifications for theater projector and equipment manufacturers to create uniform and compatible digital-camera equipment.

Stuart Taylor, LA'65, of Lexington, Massachusetts, writes, "I host a daily radio talk show, Stu Taylor on Business, which is broadcast weekdays from eight to nine a.m. on WBIX-AM in Boston. I also host Equity Strategies, a nationally syndicated business/financial program on the Talk America network and the Business TalkRadio network. My website is www.stutaylor.com

Richard L. Elia, MA'66, of Winchester, Massachusetts, is owner, publisher, and president of the Quarterly Review of Wines. Randy Sheahan, LA'69, edits the publication, which started in 1977 as a newsletter for friends, became a magazine in 1980, and now boasts a worldwide circulation of 175,000. Elia is an English

professor at Salem State College.

Howard J. Schwartz, BA'67, of Greenwich, Connecticut, is the chairman and chief executive officer of Tradeware Systems, a New Yorkâ€"based company that offers electronic stock-order routing and trade-management systems. He is the former chairman, president, and CEO of Lynch, Jones & Ryan, an institutional discount brokerage.

John Leger, BA'68, of Littleton, Massachusetts, writes, "Several hockey players who had been on the 1964 Eastern College Athletic Conference holiday tournament championship team decided to come out of retirement and enter the Massachusetts Senior Olympics last April. We're pleased to report that our team, made up mostly of former NU hockey players, won the gold medal."

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Peter Cameron, LA'70, of Reading, Massachusetts, is the chief operating officer of Waterford Wedgewood, the Irish conglomerate known for its crystal and china. He was previously with cookware manufacturer All-Clad, which was bought by Waterford Wedgewood. Cameron is a member of Northeastern's Board of Overseers.

Edouard A. Piche, E'70, of Troy, Michigan, retired from General Motors on April 1, after thirty years with the company. He says he now devotes time to family and home projects. He is also trying to find a manufacturer for his invention, which was awarded U.S. Patent 6,839,993.

Christopher Pratt, UC'70, of New York City, received the Donald MacLaren Award for Professional Achievement in Work-Integrated Learning at the fourteenth International Conference on Cooperative Education, sponsored by the World Association for Cooperative Education, in June. The conference, which was hosted by Northeastern, focused on defining, developing, and managing a successful global workforce. The biennial MacLaren Award honors a career-education leader who has demonstrated an outstanding commitment to cooperative education and work-integrated learning programs on both domestic and international levels. Pratt currently serves as dean of career education at Columbia University, a position he assumed in September 2001. Previously, he directed career-education programs at MIT and Seton Hall University.

Christine Johnson, PAH'71, of New Hartford, New York, reports the sad news of the death of her former husband, Marshal E. Johnson, BA'69, of Center Tuftonboro, New Hampshire. "Marshal passed away in August 2004," she writes. "At Northeastern, he was an active member of ROTC and Zeta Beta Tau fraternity."

Buffie Race, BB'71, of Seoul, Korea, has extended her teaching contract at Seoul Foreign School, a private American coeducational school, for three more years. She writes that she enjoys teaching swim classes for grades K through 12 and coaching the junior-varsity volleyball team and three of the school's swim teams. During the last school year, she traveled to Shanghai, China, and Brunei for tournaments.

Walter P. Scott, LA'72, of Thousand Oaks, California, is the vice president of engineering at LVL7 Systems, which provides production-ready networking software to communication-systems manufacturers. He was previously senior vice president of engineering at Alcatel.

John A. Fiore Jr., LA'73, MBA'78, of Wayland, Massachusetts, has been named executive vice president and head of investor-services technology at

the Bank of New York. Previously, he was the president of Wayland Associates.

Ed Mahaney, BA'73, of Burke, Virginia, notes he finally left his co-op job. After thirty-three years, he retired in September from the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. He reports he and his wife are empty-nesters.

John P. Mello Jr., LA'73, of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, and his family attended the twenty-eighth annual Cooperstown (New York) Festival of Camping, Golf, and Culture. The event ran from July 21 through 24, and is organized by Richard Tourangeau, LA'71. Also attending the event were Scott Kaeser, LA'73, Karen (Schindehette) Kaeser, PAH'77, Maggie Rhodes, LA'71, Ed Rice, LA'71, and Jeanne Ryder, LA'74.

Fran Barton, MBA'74, of Saratoga, California, is the chief financial officer of UTStarcom, a manufacturer of telecommunications equipment. He previously worked at Atmel Corporation as executive vice president and CFO.

Steve Maradian, Ed'74, MEd'75, of Washington, D.C., was named president of Los Angeles City College in July. Previously, he was vice president at the American University of Armenia.

Martha McCabe, L'74, of San Antonio, Texas, is the author of Praise at Midnight, her first novel, about a murder in a small town. McCabe, a practicing attorney, has studied creative writing at Texas State University.

Fernando Faria, E'75, of Westford, Massachusetts, is the president of the Brashear division of L-3 Communications, a provider of secure communications systems.

Kevin W. Quinlan, PA'75, of Marblehead, Massachusetts, is chief financial officer at Anika Therapeutics, which manufactures products to help heal cartilage and soft tissues. He was previously president of the BBI diagnostics division at Boston Biomedica. David Ritchie, UC'75, of Seabrook, New Hampshire, retired as detective sergeant from the Malden (Massachusetts) Police Department, after thirty-three years. For the past two years, he has been an assistant professor in the criminal justice program at McIntosh College, in Dover, New Hampshire.

William Abroms, CJ'76, of Duluth, Georgia, writes, "Presently working with forensic data-discovery products with ImageMASSter hardware, Paraben, and PMI software." He is vice president at ABC-US, a computer-products vendor.

Paul M. Kaplan, L'77, of New York City, is a partner in the antitrust practice group at Sheppard, Mullin, Richter & Hampton, in New York. Kaplan has served as an adjunct professor at Fordham Law School since 1991.

Mark Krentzman, BA'77, of New York City, is a member of the board of trustees at the Norman Rockwell Museum, in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Krentzman also serves as a member of the Northeastern Corporation and the executive alumni committee at Harvard Business School. He works in business development at BioVentures Investors, a venture-capital firm.

Paul Tumolo, UC'78, UC'81, of Medway, Massachusetts, was awarded the Susan B. Fussa Teacher of the Year award at Harvard Extension School for 2004-2005. Tumolo—who is the CEO of Edusult, a management-consulting firm in Medway—has also taught at Babson, Bentley, and Northeastern. He writes, "NU gave me the opportunity to learn and grow. I have taken that learning and shared it with many others."

Mark Patrick Greene, UC'79, of Weymouth, Massachusetts, writes he's about to celebrate his eighth anniversary as principal attorney at Butterall & Greene, located in Hanover. Greene, who opened the practice with attorney Joanne Butterall, reports it has now grown to include two associate attorneys, two counsel attorneys, and a paralegal. He received his law degree from Southern New England School of Law.

Harris L. MacNeill, BA'79, of Northborough, Massachusetts, is the president of MacNeill Engineering Worldwide, the world's largest maker of plastic cleats and metal spikes for athletic shoes (under the brand name Champ). The company's accounts include Adidas, Reebok, New Balance, and Nike.

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1980s

Bruce Deyle, Ed'80, of Littleton, Massachusetts, writes, "I have been working at Verizon since 1985. My wife, Cheryl, and I have two daughters, Lydia and Molly. I would like to hear from classmates. Please e-mail me at bruce.e.deyle@verizon.com.

David Miner, AS'80, of Scituate, Massachusetts, is a manager of network administration for New England, New York, and New Jersey at First Health Corporation. He and his wife, Lynne, celebrated their twenty-first wedding anniversary this year. They have three children, twenty-year-old Matthew (a sophomore studying engineering at NU), seventeen-year-old Christopher, and twelve-year-old Kelsey. "Drop a line, and say hello," Miner writes. His e-mail address is dvmin7@aol.com.

Robert Sarao, CJ'80, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, writes to say he hoped to see a lot of criminal-justice graduates at his class's twenty-fifth reunion in October. He reports he graduated from Fitchburg State College with his MBA, and is currently working at the Volpe National Transportation Systems Center, in Kendall Square, Cambridge, as a network security consultant. He also consults on identity theft on the side. Friends can e-mail him at robert.sarao@verizon.net.

Susan Hallenborg Ventura, BB'80, GB'83, PHD'05, of Carlisle, Massachusetts, completed requirements in June for a doctorate in law, policy, and society from Northeastern. Her dissertation research resulted in the development of a theoretical model to guide the promotion, support, and improvement of spiritually sensitive care in hospital settings. She has been teaching in the physical therapy program at BouvÃ© College of Health Sciences since 1997 and cowrote a textbook, Psychosocial Aspects of Health Care.

Stephen R. Pritchard, E'81, of Scituate, Massachusetts, in July was named the state's environmental affairs secretary by Governor Mitt Romney. Pritchard previously headed the Massachusetts Department of Conservation and Recreation, a post he took over in February.

Peter J. Smail, UC'81, of Sudbury, Massachusetts, is the head of Pyramis Global Advisors, a money-management unit of Fidelity Investments that oversees all equity accounts for institutional investors. Smail joined Fidelity in 1987.

Darlene (Lobaugh) D'Altorio, BHD'82, of Stow, Ohio, writes, "I completed my master's in health-care management from Jones International University in May. I am employed at Akron General Edwin Shaw Rehab as the director of rehab and support services. Our facility was recently purchased from the county by Akron General Medical Center, enabling us to join a workforce of over 5,000 employees. Our freestanding

rehabilitation hospital is now part of a full continuum of health care and boasts the largest number of CARF-accredited rehab programs at any hospital in the state. I'd love to hear from my NU friends to catch up with their lives!" Her e-mail address is darsangel@aol.com.

Susan (Fertig) Halpert, AS'83, of Marietta, Georgia, is the strategic planning coordinator for the Jewish Educational Loan Fund, which provides interest-free college loans to students in the South. She notes that she and her family are "adjusting to life as Southerners."

Stewart M. Ramsay, E'83, of Galena, Ohio, has been appointed the vice president of electric transmission at Pacific Gas and Electric in San Francisco. He was previously vice president of distribution asset management at American Electric Power.

Martin Anderson, PAH'84, of North Attleboro, Massachusetts, is a senior project manager with Woodard and Curran, a consulting firm that provides integrated services in engineering, science, and operations.

Lisa Delmonico, AS'84, of New York City, was named one of five recipients sharing a $35,500 grant from the Rhode Island Council for Humanities. The organization offered the grant to artists who would try to define the meaning of happiness. Delmonico, a documentarian, has created a six-part TV series about that elusive quality titled Everyday Happiness, which was broadcast on the Rhode Island PBS channel WSBE in the fall.

Monte Ford, BA'84, of Southlake, Texas, is a senior vice president and chief information officer at AMR Corporation, the parent company of American Airlines. He oversees the company's network of computers that manage the flow of more than ninety-two million passengers each year. In February, the magazine Black Enterprise named him one of the seventy-five most powerful African Americans in corporate America.

Stephen Harper, L'84, of Miami Shores, Florida, was the recipient of this year's Rodney Thaxton Against All Odds Award, presented annually by the Miami chapter of the Florida Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers. An assistant public defender, Harper was singled out for his advocacy in the case of Roper v. Simmons, a case in which the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the juvenile death penalty was unconstitutional. Harper is an adjunct professor at the University of Miami School of Law, where he lectures on juvenile justice.

David G. Marchione, UC'84, GB'96, of Woburn, Massachusetts, has been promoted to operations manager of off-campus imaging at Mass General West, in Waltham. He and his wife, Theresa, have two children, Jennifer and Jeffrey.

Michael Scipione, ME'84, of Walpole, Massachusetts, is the president and chief executive officer of Weston & Sampson, a firm that provides environmental consulting services to New England clients.

Gregory Recupero, E'85, of Marshfield, Massachusetts, is the director of hardware development at Boston Circuits, a semiconductor company.

Nancy A. Gaffney Sansalone, AS'85, MPA'88, of Arlington, Virginia, is the deputy executive director and chief financial officer at the Special Libraries

Association. She was previously vice president and chief financial officer at the American Association for Higher Education.

Brian Shea, PAH'85, PharmD'88, of Peabody, Massachusetts, is a senior manager at Accenture, a consulting company in Wellesley. He was previously a senior manager at Capgemini Health. "On June 16, Accenture acquired Capgemini. I am still focusing on the same major challenge in health care: how to enhance patient safety while implementing new technology in patient care," he writes.

Sheila Baker, ME'86, of Soquel, California, is the vice president of marketing at KACE, an information-technology company in Mountain View. She previously worked as senior vice president of marketing at VA Software.

Mitchell Maxwell, BA'86, of Southborough, Massachusetts, is the chef and owner of Maxwell's 148 restaurant, in Natick.

Tim Burgess, L'87, of Anchorage, Alaska, has been nominated by President George W. Bush to the position of U.S. district court judge in Fairbanks. Burgess has been the U.S. attorney for Alaska since 2001. He and his wife, Joanne Grace, have four children.

Dennis G. Berger, BA'88, of Hinsdale, Illinois, is a vice president of coworker services at CDW Corporation, a computer-equipment vendor. He was previously vice president of human resources at PepsiAmericas, in Minneapolis.

Danny Johnson, MA'88, of Upper Marlboro, Maryland, writes, "Since I graduated in 1988 and received my master of arts in journalism, I went on to do freelance work with the Fund for Investigative Journalism, as well as serve as chief of staff for former Massachusetts state senator Royal L. Bolling. My articles have been published under the New York Times Syndicate and in The Nation and The Progressive. Currently, I work as a public affairs manager for the U.S. Social Security Administration in Baltimore."

Susan Walsh, BB'88, of Providence, Rhode Island, writes, "I am a podiatrist, and I know at least five other podiatrists who attended Northeastern for their undergraduate degree (mine is in education). Many people aren't familiar with what podiatric physicians do. One of our many areas of expertise is prevention of foot complications from diabetes. There are thirteen million diabetics in the United States, and every year more than forty thousand of these people will undergo an amputation of a toe, foot, or leg. Preventing such amputations is one of our many medical and surgical challenges. Others run the gamut from the somewhat mundane (warts and ingrown toenails) to the much more complex (melanoma and flatfoot reconstructive surgery)."

Sam Heidari, E'89, of Menlo Park, California, is the chief executive officer and president at Doradus Technologies, a San Jose-based communication technology provider. Previously, Heidari worked at Ikanos Communications as director of systems and algorithms. Friends can e-mail him at sam.heidari@doradus-tech.com.

Marcelo A. Kopcow, CJ'89, MJ'90, of Greeley, Colorado, was appointed a district court judge on July 1 by

Governor Bill Owens. Kopcow predominantly handles criminal cases.

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1990s

Brian G. Connor, ME'90, of Newfields, New Hampshire, is the vice president of product development at OmniSonics Medical Technologies, a medical-device company headquartered in Wilmington, Massachusetts. Jay Cormier, MBA'91, of North Andover, Massachusetts, has been named senior vice president and general manager of the high-performance analog business unit at Mindspeed Technologies, a semiconductor company in Newport Beach, California. Previously, Cormier worked for twenty years at Analog Devices.

Adrienne (Hoon) Reed, CS'91, of Lutz, Florida, writes, "After twelve years in the computer industry, I became a stay-at-home mom. After a few years, I shifted careers again to become a yoga instructor. Two years ago, I opened my own studio in the Tampa area and have been training professional athletes on a regular basis. I released my first video, Power Yoga for Athletes, and also completed filming sixty-five half-hour television shows that will air on PBS channels nationwide starting in January." Information on her studio, video, and TV series is available, respectively, at www.namasteyogastudio.com, www.adriennereed.com, and www.wusf.org.

Anthony Rino, PAH'91, of Northboro, Massachusetts, is the author of Footsteps of My Father: Everything I Know about Management I Learned from My Dad, a look at basic concepts of business management derived from the wisdom Rino received from his father, who emigrated from Italy. Rino is the senior director of medical group operations at the University of Massachusetts Memorial Medical Center, in Worcester, and serves as an adjunct Northeastern faculty member.

Gaurab Bhardway, MBA'92, of Norwood, Massachusetts, is an assistant professor of strategy and management at Babson College.

Elaine (Trant) Brown, AS'92, and her husband, Shawn, of Stoneham, Massachusetts, are the parents of a daughter, Erin Mary, who was born January 4, 2003. Michael Gilmartin, CJ'92, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, is one of the owners of Olympic Moving and Storage, in Watertown.

Andrew Hochron, BA'92, and Mary (Schnitzer) Hochron, AS'93, of Sayreville, New Jersey, celebrated the birth of their second daughter (and "newest future NU cheerleader"), Emma Mackenzie, on July 28. The couple also celebrated their tenth anniversary this year. Andrew adds, "Thanks to NU and Our House East for helping us find each other."

James P. Barrett, AS'93, of The Woodlands, Texas, is a vice president and general manager of Turner Construction in Houston.

Kenneth Mack, L'93, is the managing partner in the Almaty, Kazakhstan, office of the law firm Chadbourne & Parke. He previously worked at Coudert Brothers and with Steptoe & Johnson, which are both in Kazakhstan.

Kenneth Williams, AS'93, of Winchester, California, and his wife, Nancy, celebrated the birth of Matthew Clarke on July 6. The baby's older sister is Samantha Rae. Photos of Matthew are on the family's website, at www.kennywilliams.com.

Christopher Brown, BA'94, of Brookline, Massachusetts, writes, "Recently returned to Boston, and I'm working for State Street Corporation. I am an assistant vice president, managing a team of three in the business project services division. Prior to this, I spent three years in Dallas working for JP Morgan Chase."

Bernd Finkemeyer, BA'94, BA'97, of Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, is a partner-relationship manager at Art Plus Technology, a consulting firm in Boston. He previously worked at Fidelity Investments.

Jeannie McClellan Hines, PAH'94, of Plainfield, New Hampshire, is a physical therapist at the Veterans Affairs Medical Center in White River Junction, Vermont. Crystal Lynn Houston, PAH'94, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, is the athletic facilities manager at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. She played on the women's basketball team at Northeastern.

Andrew S. Lattimer, BA'94, of Windsor, Connecticut, is the chair of the real estate/construction committee for the Connecticut Society of Certified Public Accountants. He is a senior manager for the Hartford office of PricewaterhouseCoopers and a member of the American Institute of CPAs.

Jordan Malik, AS'94, of Boston, is the director of marketing at RNK Telecom, a telecommunications services wholesaler in Dedham. He had previously launched marketing divisions at Internet service providers WinStar iCi and RCN's UltraNet. Recently, Malik was recognized by Boston University's Entrepreneurial Management Institute for his contributions to the business world. John Foley, MBA'95, of Woodridge, Illinois, is the head of the dental strategic-business unit at Guardian Life Insurance Company of America.

Stephanie F. McLaughlin, AS'95, of Manchester, New Hampshire, is the director of client development at Sheehan Phinney Bass & Green, a law firm with offices in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Formerly, she was associate publisher of Business New Hampshire, political analyst for Boston mayor Thomas Menino, and a writer and editorial assistant at the Boston Globe.

Suzanne Nam, AS'95, of Bangkok, Thailand, writes for the International Herald Tribune/ThaiDay. She can be reached at suzy@suzynam.com.

Michael Sullivan, MBA'95, of North Reading, Massachusetts, is the chief financial officer at Segue Software, in Lexington. Previously, he was the company's vice president of finance. David Arthur, MBA'96, of Norwood, Massachusetts, has become the chief executive officer at SouthWest NanoTechnologies, a specialty chemical firm in Norman, Oklahoma.

Keith Fayan, CJ'97, MJ'98, of Lincoln, Rhode Island, writes, "Recently entered private civil practice after

admission to the Rhode Island and Massachusetts bars. Relocated to New York to attend Hofstra University School of Law. I'm now back in Rhode Island and look forward to hearing from my fellow NU alums." His e-mail address is attorneyfayan@cox.net.

Mary (Card) Moore, AS'97, of Ridgewood, New Jersey, and her husband, Mark, welcomed the birth of their first child, Maxwell Edward, on May 4.

Kaichiro Yoshikawa, MJ'97, and Hiroe Yoshikawa, of Izumishi, Japan, celebrated the birth of their son, Kanichiro, on April 23. Pam Drucker, UC'98, and her husband have moved to Vancouver, British Columbia, and invite friends to visit.

Jessica (Bradford) Mulhall, BHS'98, and John Mulhall, E'98, of Ashburnham, Massachusetts, celebrated the birth of Abigail Mary, on March 22.

Alexander Tsetsenekos, MBA'98, of Boston, is the director of business development at First Notice Systems, a claim-reporting service provider for the insurance industry. Previously, he was with Liberty Mutual as director of business and operations.

Jennifer (Adams) Berry, CJ'99, of Weare, New Hampshire, and Nathan Berry were married May 21 at Geneva Point in Moultonborough. Berry is the Sexual Assault Services coordinator for the Rape and Domestic Violence Crisis Center in Concord. Her husband is a motorcycle patrol officer with the Amherst Police Department.

Brendon LaChance, BHS'99, GB'00, and Michelle Wemple were married in Marco Island, Florida, and live in Winthrop, Massachusetts. LaChance is a physical therapist for Therapy and Rehabilitation Services of East Boston Caritas Home Care. His e-mail address brendonlachance@hotmail.com.

John Lund, AS'99, of Tampere, Finland, earned second place in the North American Wife-Carrying Championships in October 2004. Wife-carrying is a competitive sport in Finland. Lund, who works for Visy Oy, a vision technology company in Tampere, discovered the sport while he was studying in the Czech Republic. When he lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, he competed in an annual North American race held in Bethel, Maine. Contestants carry their "wives" (they do not have to be married) through an 832-foot course that includes two hurdles and a water obstacle.

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2000s

Jana Bily, BA'00, of Malden, Massachusetts, writes, "Greetings. My co-op jobs at Northeastern were in localization, which is the adaptation of a product or service to make it suitable for use in foreign cultures. After graduation, I continued to work in this field, and last year I cofounded a localization company, which helps clients who need their website, software, or documentation localized into foreign languages." The company's website is at www.ezglobe.com.

Allison Coyle, CJ'00, and Anthony Monacelli, AS'00, of Rochester, New York, were married on June 4 in Salem, New Hampshire. Coyle is a paralegal at Jay Advertising in Rochester. Monacelli is a doctoral candidate at the University of Rochester. Classmates at the wedding included Keri-Anne Allen, AS'00, A. Wade Blackman, UC'00, Ralph Ceres, E'00, Matthew Clayson, BA'00, Stacey Colon, BA'00, Meg (Olkowski) Fesh, BHS'00, Kerry Hoban, BHS'00, J. Michael Lewis, BA'00, Erika McKeown, BA'00, Danielle Meekins, BHS'00, and Rob Morrison, CJ'00.

Erika McKeown, BA'00, and Dwight Kern were married May 7. McKeown is studying toward a master's degree in teaching. Kern is an associate in the New York City law firm Segal, McCambridge, Singer, and Mahoney. Classmates at the wedding included Ryan Binette, BA'00, Matthew Clayson, BA'00, Stacy Colon, BA'00, Allison Coyle, CJ'00, Suzanne Johnson, BA'00, Damien Kirchhoff, BA'00, Linda Knoll, BHS'00, Anthony Monacelli, AS'00, Risa Paull-Flores, AS'00, and Paul Pecoraro, AS'00.

Jodi Marak and Tim Ouellette, both BHS'00, of Shelton, Massachusetts, were married on June 4 in Guilford, Connecticut. Marak is the assistant director of sports medicine at Fairfield University. Ouellette is a pharmacy manager at Walgreen's.

Benjamin Mount, AS'00, and Celina Fernandes were married on June 4, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Alumni in attendance were Brian Hawkins, BA'00, Suzanne Hawkins, AS'00, Ryan Howes, AS'00, Mike Monacella, BA'00, and Steven Sklar, BA'00. Mount received his master's degree in public administration from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he is now enrolled as a first-year law student. He can be e-mailed at bmount@alumni.neu.edu.

Jane E. Ceryak, AS'01, of Arlington, Virginia, is an attorney with Manufacturers Alliance/MAPI, a private research group. She received her law degree from George Mason University.

Thomas Fallon, BA'01, of Killington, Vermont, is a sales manager at the Killington Ski Resort. "It's great to be working somewhere fun. I would love to hear from old friends and acquaintances, especially if you're a skier or snowboarder. I'm sure I can work up some good

deals for my fellow alumni. You can reach me at tfallon@killington.com."

Carolyn Figurski, AS'01, and Jay Schmid welcomed the birth of their first child, Hailey Elizabeth, on May 10. The family lives in Springfield, Virginia. Figurski is a meeting planner with Quadel Consulting, in Washington, D.C.

Jennifar Hill, AS'01, of Miami Beach, reports that she recently graduated from St. Thomas University School of Law, in Miami.

Rudolph Morando Jr., BA'01, of Andover, Massachusetts, writes, "After assisting in the development of an asset-management firm in Lexington, and a high net-worth wealth-management company in Providence, Rhode Island, I have teamed up with UBS in Boston to offer retirement-planning services to local entrepreneurs and executives. I can be reached at rudy.morando@ubs.com. Go, Huskies!"

James Waters, MBA'01, of Needham, Massachusetts, is the director of marketing programs at VFA, a provider of software and services for facilities management and capital planning, in Boston. He was previously the manager of global marketing programs at Fast Search and Transfer.

Kurt Wilhelm, AS'01, married Marybeth Maney on July 9 in Beverly, Massachusetts. The couple lives in Barre, Vermont. Wilhelm, who graduated from the University of Maine School of Law in 2004, is working as a law clerk.

Robert Gagne, MCS'02, of Boston, is the vice president of engineering at Nexaweb Technologies, a software company in Cambridge. He was previously vice president of engineering at Atabok. Gagne, who holds five patents, lectures at Northeastern's School of Engineering Technology.

Ana (DosSantos) Heaton, CJ'02, of Millbury, Massachusetts, and Brian Heaton were married on June 18 in Kennebunkport, Maine. Ana is a fraud investigator at State Street Corporation in Boston. Brian is employed at the Massachusetts State Police Crime Lab in Sudbury. Kimberly Melanson, AS'02, of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, writes, "I worked as a pathology tech for almost two years. Then I quit my job and joined AmeriCorps. During my service, I was assigned to Habitat for Humanity of Jacksonville, Florida. While there, I served as a construction team leader and led many groups in all aspects of construction, including framing, roofing, window installation, landscaping, and painting. I led the construction of 9 homes and assisted with 121 others this past year. It was an amazing experience."

Danielle Portal, AS'02, of Concord, New Hampshire, writes, "I earned a master's in social work at Boston College, while working as a substance abuse counselor and a social work consultant in a legal services office. I've just started law school in New Hampshire."

Rita Uppal, BHS'02, GB'03, married Hemang Amin on August 28 in Whippany. Uppal is a physical therapist at New York University Medical Center, in New York City. Amin is a business-risk manager for drugmaker Bristol Myers Squibb. In attendance at the wedding were Kayla Castle, BA'02, Deborah Marcey, BHS'02, GB'03; Parini Parikh, AS'03; Mukti Patel, AS'03; Dara Pristaw,

BHS'02, GB'03; and Nirali Rana, PharmD'04. Uppal and Amin live in Princeton, New Jersey.

Stacy Kovacs, GB'03, of Blasdell, New York—along with Andrea Shonhoff and Kerry Hansen, students in Northeastern's physician assistant program—tied for first place at the Northeast Regional Medical Challenge Bowl, held at Yale University in April. The trio qualified to compete in the National Medical Bowl Challenge in Orlando, Florida, where they made it to the semifinal round. The event is sponsored by the American Academy of Physician Assistants.

Sean Muldowney and Nicole Ristuccia, both AS'03, of Quincy, Massachusetts, are engaged to be married in July. The couple met at freshman orientation in 1998.

Mirembe Nsereko, PharmD'03, of Quincy, Massachusetts, completed a pharmacy-practice residency and a pharmacy internal-medicine residency with an emphasis in cardiology after receiving her doctorate. She now works at St. Elizabeth's Medical Center in Boston as a clinical pharmacy specialist in cardiology.

Mohammed Khoury, BA'04, returned to the United Arab Emirates after graduation and now runs his own business—part real-estate brokerage, part investment firm—as well as his family's construction-materials business.

Ryan P. Amann, AS'05, of Mechanicville, New York, has been accepted into Northeastern's Graduate School of Arts and Sciences to study architecture.

Justin Merola, BA'05, of Boston, writes, "After two and a half years working as an NU co-op at Morgan Stanley in Wellesley, I was offered the chance to join a wealth-management team, working with two vice presidents within the firm. My team works comprehensively with high net-worth individuals, aligning their financial dreams with their investment strategies." Merola's e-mail address is justin.merola@morganstanley.com.

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1920s

Everett S. Williston, E'29, August 16

1930s

Kenneth I. Bird, E'30, June 11

Lester E. Hintz, BA'31, August 12

Hans S. Jensen, E'31, July 9

Arnold S. Rosenthal, L'31, March 6

Lewis H. Whitney, E'31, August 12

Robert F. Clark, BA'32, November 28, 2004

Wilrose J. Hanson, E'32, March 19, 2004

Douglas A. Chandler, B'33, May 20

Leonard Schlesinger, L'33, June 11

Harold E. Taylor, E'36, January 17

Carleton Lang, E'38, April 13

Maurice Palter, L'38, July 4

1940s

Robert O. Hallen, E'40, May 4

Fred R. Larsen, E'41, January 2

Charles F. Marsh, E'41, July 8

James R. Selvitella, LA'41, November 4, 2004

Harold S. Spector, L'41, July 13

Wilbur C. Bell, E'42, February 28

Kenneth F. Bell, BA'43, May 21

John W. Ireland, E'43, July 11

Sumner Alpert, E'44, June 9, 2004

Frederick E. Cook, E'47, April 27

Thomas C. Lovett, BA'48, April 12

Thomas J. Maloney, E'48, May 6

Edward L. Weiner, E'48, April 12

Paul T. Curtin, B'49, B'50, May 11

Francis R. Dobrowski, L'49, April 23

James W. Gay, E'49, June 9

1950s

Arthur W. Koe, B'50, January 25

Richard M. Hoyt, LC'51, December 29, 2004

Alfred J. Marquis, LA'52, March 17, 2004

Richard E. Popp, E'52, May 1

Morton Temsky, BA'53, MBA'58, May 16

Harry G. Nason, B'54, July 16

Primo J. Parola, LC'54, February 17

Arthur L. Zaino, LC'54, February 4

Allan E. Berry, E'55, March 24

Charles Dudinski, E'55, April 9, 2004

Avio Difelice, LC'56, November 22, 2004

John F. Hardy, E'56, ME'64, March 13, 2004

William A. Sheridan, BA'57, March 26, 2004

Eugene E. Elmes, B'58, May 24

S. James McNeil, B'58, MBA'65, December 16, 2004

Kenneth E. Saunders, E'59, June 4

1960s

Donald F. Hodge, LC'60, UC'73, June 13

Russell H. Olson, P'60, July 2

Paul E. Sullivan, E'60, June 12, 2004

Richard F. Williams, B'60, UC'66, July 5, 2004

John D. Alexander, UC'61, March 6

Raymond K. Gorman, ME'61, March 3

Joseph P. Griffin, E'61, September 13, 2004

Kenneth E. Naugler, MBA'62, December 13, 2004

Robert J. Douchis, E'64, April 13

Daniel P. Melillo, UC'64, April 6

Robert A. White, BA'64, August 26, 2004

Ernest A. Nordon, ME'65, January 24, 2004

Bradley K. Boyd, ME'67, January 4

Frederick L. Martin, UC'67, â€˜70, May 15

Richard A. Therrien, MEd'67, August 15, 2004

Robert B. Anticole, ME'68, June 18

Steve J. Gogolos, UC'68, May 21

Alfred A. Blanchard, Ed'69, MA'75, November 14, 2004

1970s

Richard L. Grover, E'70, August 12, 2004

Norman J. Ebsary, UC'71, UC'72, MPA'75, April 15

Nancy E. Shea, N'71, September 14, 2004

Phoebe O. Levy, UC'72, June 21, 2004

Michael J. Kowalczyk, UC'73, January 26

Thomas P. Turchetta, BA'73, July 13

Peter F. Putis, UC'74, April 23

Maria Chagaris Culbert, UC'75, UC'78, August 7

Rita L. Essigmann, UC'75, May 4, 2004

James D. McHugh, UC'75, January 1

William H. O'Neil, UC'75, â€˜76, August 28, 2004

Patricia M. Scott, E'76, November 3, 2004

Charles E. Shannon, UC'76, UC'79, April 5

Phyllis H. Menendez, MBA'77, May 22

Bartholomew P. Winn, UC'77, December 29, 2004

James J. Leo, CJ'78, February 12

Dudley D. B. Samoiloff, MBA'78, January 28

Wendy Cully Johnson, BA'79, December 22, 2004

Edward J. Tipping, UC'79, April 5

Peter F. Willis, MBA'79, May 20

1980s

Richard L. Wilson, MEd'80, January 2

Kathleen M. Grant, UC'81, September 3, 2004

Elizabeth A. MacDonald, UC'81, December 4, 2004

Lorre J. Mehlinger, UC'81, November 29, 2004

Richard D. Borruso, MS'83, August 7, 2004

Cynthia Heslen, L'83, July 9

Connie Sklar Pinto, BHD'87, July 11

Gregory B. Sobel, L'87, May 4

M. Sheryl Abbate, UC'89, May 19

1990s

Gregory M. Simons, AS'91, May 17

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First-Person

John Clayton, LA'76

Photo courtesy John Clayton

My guess is I was like a lot of other first-time co-ops when I landed in the *Lowell Sun* newsroom in January 1973. I was there to see what journalism is like in the real world.

Real world? Real boring. In the beginning, anyway.

Although I didn't know it, I was in the maw of a well-oiled co-op machine. The *Sun* had been taking interns since long before I got there, and its prevailing wisdom was to expose first-timers to the whole journalistic shebang. Thus, in my first three-month stint, I worked in the wire-service room, ran copy, wrote wedding announcements, and received obits.

When the *Sun's* librarian took ill, I assumed that role, in the area lovingly known at newspapers as the "morgue." After two or three days of my trying to find my way around there, a well-dressed man walked in and asked my name. I told him. He then asked if I was the Keeper of the Records for the *Sun*. I puffed up a bit, and said, "Yes, I am."

He handed me a subpoena.

I was being summoned to testify in an attempted-murder case. Years earlier, a member of the Hell's Angels had tried to shoot a Lowell police officer, and prosecutors at the Suffolk County Superior Court wanted to know what, if anything, might be in the paper's files that would help with the case.

Though I was never called to testify, I had a whole lot to talk about—stuff like the First Amendment—when I got back to Caroline Ackerman's journalism classes at Northeastern.

By July, I was working again at the *Sun*.

I had progressed enough to serve as a general-assignment reporter, mostly on the police beat. On July 31, I was pecking away at my Underwood manual typewriter, trying to ignore the fact that it was my twentieth birthday—there would be hell to pay that night at the Cask 'n' Flagon—when the police scanner began to chatter.

My designated mentor, a veteran police reporter named Nick Karagianis, soon had me by the arm. He hauled me out of my chair, and by the time we had jumped into a company car, I knew we were headed to Logan Airport.

A plane had crashed.

We drove like crazy down I-93—I stopped looking at the speedometer when I saw Nick had topped 90 mph

at one point—and we were through the tunnel inside a half-hour.

Carnage awaited us.

A twin-engine DC-9 had crashed in the fog that shrouded Logan. Delta Flight 723 came in too low, undershot runway 4R, clipped a seawall, and broke apart, spilling passengers and burning fuel along the runway.

I wound up at a brown brick building about a mile from runway 4R. Ordinarily, the building housed the Logan Emergency Fire Department. That day, it was a true morgue.

Of the ninety souls aboard Delta Flight 723, eighty-eight of them lay on the floor of the building, their bodies wrapped in white sheets. One survivor was dead within the hour. The other, a twenty-year-old U.S. Air Force sergeant from Vermont named Leopold Chouinard, would linger for five months before succumbing to his burns.

Smoke, fog, and an unsettling stench still filled the air. Even though it wasn't anything we'd covered yet in journalism class, I figured that, when you're confronted with a scene that is simply so otherworldly, the best thing to do is focus on the work. So I tried to disassociate myself from what I was seeing.

Minutes later, at a hastily assembled press conference, airport officials told us that Flight 723 had come in from Grenier Field, in my hometown of Manchester, New Hampshire.

Disassociation was no longer possible.

Yes, I was a reporter from the *Sun*, but, first and foremost, I was a twenty-year-old kid from Manchester, and all of a sudden it was personal. As we scoured the list of casualties, I was being paid to look for names from Lowell, but what broke my heart was seeing the names from New Hampshire.

As a journalism major at Northeastern, I had always known what I wanted to do. But, from that day forward, I knew where I had to practice my craft. If journalism was my future, my future was back in my home state.

Why?

I learned that day that if you care about telling people's stories, if you truly want to chronicle the joy and sorrow, the comedy, tragedy, and incomparable richness that fill the rhythms of daily life, you can't do it with detachment.

You have to invest yourself in your work, not just intellectually, but emotionally. If you want your work to resonate with readers, it has to be personal. It's a lesson I learned—a real real-world lesson—on July 31, 1973.

John Clayton is a columnist at the Union Leader, in Manchester, New Hampshire, and the author of several books, including You Know You're in New Hampshire When . . . (Globe Pequot, 2005).

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Frances J. Madden
Photo courtesy Frances J. Madden

Francis J. Madden, E'51, and his team had their work cut out for them. Their top-secret project called for a camera sturdy enough to survive a rocket launch, steady enough to take sharp images from a satellite traveling 18,000 miles an hour. Afterwards, the film would be ejected and parachuted back to earth.

It was the late 1950s. The United States had launched nothing into space. The Soviets, on the other hand, had already had success with Sputnik. Madden was one of five engineers charged with developing technology to spy on the USSR and China during the Cold War.

As head of the Itek Optical Systems camera-design group, Madden worked day and night in a Needham, Massachusetts, lab. He was responsible for all engineering development of the camera and its complex optical system. After more than a dozen launches, the team helped put the first spy satellite into space in 1960.

But Madden couldn't exactly share news of his success. The Corona Project, which lasted from 1959 through 1972, was so secret even his family knew nothing about it.

The word's out now. In 1995, Madden was recognized for his work by the U.S. director of central intelligence, and in 2000 he was named a "pioneer of national reconnaissance" by the National Reconnaissance Office. This year, the National Academy of Engineering awarded the five Corona engineers the $500,000 Charles Stark Draper Prize.

Madden's interest in cameras goes way back. "I was an amateur photographer when I was a kid, and had a darkroom," he says. He was also an aerial photographer during World War II.

He attended Northeastern on the GI Bill. "I did pretty well," he says. "I think it's a good school. Without co-op, I might have been a chemical engineer." His first co-op at the Union Paste Company helped guide his career path: "I glued myself together so often I knew this wasn"t for me."

Now Madden shares his expertise with the next generation. The Wollaston resident is a cofounder and active member of Northeastern"s RE-SEED program, through which retired scientists and engineers teach science"s practical applications to elementary and middle school students.

"All in all," says Madden, "I think I've had a pretty interesting life." And that's no secret.

— Katy Kramer, MA'00

Jeanette McCarthy
Photo courtesy Jeanette McCarthy

Mayor Domo

"My parents were dead set against my going into politics," says Jeanette McCarthy, MJ'86. "They wanted me to get a PhD in biology."

Actually, as a youngster, McCarthy did have her sights set on becoming a veterinarian. Then she discovered she was afraid of big animals. But big-city politics? No problem. Today, McCarthy serves as the first woman mayor in the history of Waltham, Massachusetts.

Her road to public office started in public housing. "I grew up in the projects until I was thirteen, when my family bought a house," says the lifelong Waltham resident. The family tree included a political branch; her great-uncle, a councilman, worked Waltham's Ward 7 for twenty-seven years.

In 1983, having earned a law degree from Suffolk University Law School, McCarthy enrolled in graduate school at the College of Criminal Justice. "Criminal justice was a good program," she says. "I really enjoyed it, and it helped me understand the school committee," where, in 1986, McCarthy began her political career.

By 1992, she was a staff attorney with the city"s law department. Seven years later, she was city solicitor. In 2002, she was elected city councilor-at-large.

Soon, friends were urging her to run for mayor of Waltham, a city with a population around 59,000. By now, her family was firmly behind a run for the corner office, and in November 2003 she was elected to a four-year term, which began the following January.

Maybe the public arena wasn't her original goal, but it"s a natural fit for someone who"s always wanted to serve others. "I never aspired to be mayor," says McCarthy, "but you have an opportunity to help people out."

Some days, it's difficult to manage this bustling city, home to Bentley College and Brandeis University, where the workweek population doubles owing to commuters coming in from surrounding towns.

The difficulties are no distraction, she says. "I love my city. I'm no different from anyone else."

— Katy Kramer, MA'00

Dane Vannatter
Photo courtesy Dane Vannatter

Life is a Cabaret

In his high school's production of Oklahoma, Dane Vannatter, UC'93, had one of the few nonsinging roles. "I think I was the sheriff," he says. "I only sang in the large group numbers."

Nevertheless, this Cowan, Indiana, native was enamored of the spotlight at an early age. "I knew by the time I was ten I would live in the big city, and I knew exactly what I wanted to do—perform in clubs," says Vannatter.

His family had made sure he knew his way around a tune. "My grandmother wrote songs her entire life, as a minister of the Church of God," he says. "She and my grandfather spent their early lives singing for prisoners. I spent a lot of my first nine years with her. She played piano and guitar, and we sang." And his father owned an enormous record collection, which included the work of Billie Holiday, Tony Bennett, Kay Starr, and other jazz musicians. "It had a huge influence on me," Vannatter says.

In 1990, Vannatter entered a singing contest at Diamond Jim"s Piano Bar in Boston"s Lenox Hotel. His debut made an impression. "The manager invited me back for a singing contest a few weeks later," he says. He won. By 1993, he was singing professionally.

Now, with a Back Stage Bistro Award and three CDs under his belt, the bright lights still beckon. But even songbirds have to eat. So, by day, he works as the executive assistant to the president of Harvard Medical School"s Clinical Research Institute. By night, moonlighting gigs take him to Sardi's and Town Hall, in New York City, and the Regattabar, in Cambridge, among other upscale venues. "I have my career fashioned in such a way that it works," says Vannatter, who lives in Lynn, Massachusetts.

Performing full time is still a siren song. "It's not about being famous. It's about having the freedom to choose—learning material and shaping it the way I

want," he says. In other words, having the lead.

— Katy Kramer, MA'00

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The Birthday Party: 1927

Photo from University Libraries Archives and Special Collections Department

History-minded alumni are familiar with the hoopla surrounding King Husky I's arrival on campus in 1927: The 1,200-person welcome parade. The speech by President Speare. A mention in the New York Times.

But you probably didn't know that, thirteen days later, his highness's first birthday rolled around. Northeastern's original mascot was born in Nome, Alaska, on St. Patrick's Day, 1926.

The milestone didn't go unmarked. At a birthday fete, presents included a meat pie bearing a single candle, a dog mat, and a tan collar and leash. Former owner Leonard Seppala, an Alaskan dogsledder, sent a complete single harness. Even rival Boston University got in on the act, making the lucky dog a 5-by-3-foot birthday card.

Having gone without a mascot for years, the student body was proud to embrace this thoroughbred's fabled character—his endurance, determination, and intelligence—as its own.

Better add reincarnation to that list of qualities. This year, after more than forty years of relying solely on the bronze Husky for good luck, Northeastern reinstated a live mascot. On September 1, a new King (unlike his predecessors, he hasn't been given a Roman numeral) was introduced to the student body. Margaret Cook, LA'64—an Easton, Massachusetts, dog breeder—gave the seven-month-old Siberian husky to the university. He will live with Cook whenever he's not on campus for events.

Student affairs vice president Ed Klotzbier, AS'87, says, "It's a terrific time to bring back King Husky. We want to instill school spirit and tradition."

The latest King has already worked the crowds at Convocation and Homecoming. And count on the sports season to be a howling success.

— Magdalena Hernandez, MBA'02