Dr. Thomas Preston Fairchild '59

His energy and enthusiasm were infectious

After his death in July from prostate cancer, there were many tributes to Tom Fairchild, who was well-loved at UNH and across the state. The one he might have liked most took place at the family farm in Bethel Gilead,



Vt., where his daughter Debbie Benyo'85, son-in-law Brian and three of his hunting buddies each donned one of his hunting caps, carried one of his guns into the dark fields, and, after toasting him with a shot of scotch, fired into the star-laden sky.

Fairchild was born in Mt. Kisco, N.Y., the

son of a preacher and a school teacher. He spent summers at his grandfather's dairy farm in Pennsylvania, milking cows and falling in love with rural life. His father hybridized gladiolas, and as a teenager, Fairchild drove truckloads of them to a Fifth Avenue florist where they brought top dollar.

A dairy science major, he joined Alpha Gamma Ro and the Army ROTC. He received his master's and doctoral degrees from the University of Wisconsin, and served as a first lieutenant in the Army infantry. After a few years at the University of Maryland, Fairchild returned to UNH in 1969 as extension dairy specialist; he then became a professor of animal and nutritional sciences, department chair, dean of the College of Life Sciences and Agriculture from 1985–94, and interim president from 1994–95.

Fairchild had a rare combination of horse sense and intellectual idealism, which made him successful at bringing together different groups: farmers, faculty, alumni, students and administrators, who all appreciated his energy and enthusiasm. Colleagues say he was a good listener and a straight shooter—people felt that he always gave their ideas careful consideration, even if his decisions didn't go their way. In 2003, UNH's new agricultural facility was named the Thomas P. Fairchild Dairy Teaching and Research Center.

Fairchild's mind belonged in academia but his heart was in the soil. Joanne Fairchild, his wife of 47 years, says, "Tom loved cows, especially the pretty ones." One of his first jobs at UNH was working with 4-H members and judging dairy breeds at state exhibitions, which he relished; he kept it up until his failing health would no longer permit it. Tom and Joanne's three daughters, Debbie, Kathy Francoeur '87 and Karen Reed '97,'98G, raised and showed dairy cattle throughout their childhoods, and

the family gardened and sold their produce from the end of their driveway. They raised 16 litters of English setters, and Fairchild always made time for hunting and fishing trips.

When he returned to teaching after serving as interim president, Fairchild threw his energy into developing the CREAM program: Cooperative Real Education in Agricultural Management, a year-long course that gives students hands-on experience at managing both the teaching herd on campus and the finances of dairy farming. "Tom reveled in bringing together zoology and business administration majors, who had never been up close and personal with a cow in their lives, with pre-vet and dairy management majors who had grown up on farms," says his friend, Lorraine Stuart Merrill '73. "People thought he chose animal science as a career because he loved cows, which he did. But he made it clear in everything he did that he chose animal science because he loved the people who work with cows."

Marian Ricard Harrington '61

An "easy chair" retirement was not for her

Marian Ricard Harrington '61, who died in April from a cerebral hemorrhage related to leukemia, delighted in living life with her sleeves rolled up—she was a can-do kind of person.

She was born in Lebanon, N.H., and grew up in Canaan and Pem-

broke. Her mother divorced her father when Marian was young and raised four children on her own. Harrington attended high school in Pembroke, where she was a feisty basketball player. At UNH, she loved hiking and rock climbing as a member of the Outing Club, where she met her husband, Ray '62. They married in 1959 and raised two children, Ann and Chris, who grew up thinking that all kids regularly climb 4,000-foot mountains. "My mother's rela-



tives accused her of child abuse when they found that out," Chris says.

When her children were school-aged, Harrington took a good look at the local public schools and didn't like what she saw, so she ran for the school board and served for nine years. "Political life in small towns can be thankless, but the best people do it because they want to see the system (Continued on Page 62)

Mr. John J. Carney, education professor
Dr. Allen M. Kaufman, WSBE professor
Dr. Sally Westerman Jacoby, associate
professor, communication
Mr. Gerard J. Friel, former coach
Mrs. Carol Haaland, former UNH first lady
Mrs. Mary Scheier, former artist-inresidence
Mrs. Dorothy Ford Naber '19
Mr. Clyde L. Tyler '30
Mr. Everett E. Pillsbury '30
Lt. Col. Howard W. Feindel, Ret. '33
Mr. John G. Pike Jr. '33

Mr. John H. Worthen '33
Mr. Robert M. Tripp '34
Col. Ronald B. Wilde '35
Mr. Roger G. Chagnon '35
Mr. Stanley L. Manning '35
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Mr. Norman C. Higgins '38
Mrs. Ruth Baker Palmer '38
Mr. Alan M. Swett '39

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Mrs. Roberta Taylor Bartlett '39
Col. Edward H. Church, Ret. '41
Mr. Parker C. Ayer '41
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Miss Thelma K. Bond '42
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Mrs. Winifred Kennedy Dignam '42
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Mr. F. Grafton Ward Jr. '43
Mr. Herbert C. Wieland '43
Mr. Robert A. Dart '43
Ms. Alice M. Brennan '43
Mr. Stanley B. Lee Jr. '44
Mrs. Elizabeth Lucey Bedard '44
Dr. Myron E. Porter '45
Mrs. Ethel Innes Langer '45
Mrs. Joyce Smith Mott '45
Mr. Ernest E. Welch '46
Mrs. Marguerite Donahue Marcus '46

In Memoriam

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work. That was Marian," Ray says. Harrington also served six years as a Hancock selectman, the first woman to be elected to that post, and six years as a representative in the New Hampshire legislature.

When the Harringtons retired, they knew that playing golf in a warm climate wasn't for them. They had always wanted to join the Peace Corps, so they applied and were sent to Papua New Guinea in 1992. When they came back to the United States, they had different priorities. "Our home wasn't what we wanted anymore. We didn't want any more stuff," Ray explains.

They sold their house, bought an RV and volunteered at national wildlife refuges that had interesting bird populations, since Marian was an avid birdwatcher. One of her favorites was the Bosque del Apache Refuge in New Mexico, a wintering ground for thousands of Sandhill cranes, Snow geese and a variety of ducks. When Harrington died, she was volunteering there, having accomplished what seemed like an impossible task to park administrators: Over the course of three years, she cleaned out a building full of four and a half tons of excess equipment, a complicated process subject to a lot of government red tape and regulations. She logged over 3,000 hours of volunteer service, for which she was recognized by the U.S. Secretary of the Interior. They had no regrets, Ray says. "Marian felt that our retirement years were some of the richest years of her life."

Ronald W. Pappas '68

He refused to let his disability define him

The cause of death on Ron Pappas's death certificate is listed as "death by accident," referring to the car accident 40 years earlier that had left him a paraplegic. The accident may have put him in a wheelchair, but it never

defined the man who was Manchester, N.H.'s favorite son.

His father, Nick, owned and operated Eagle Fruit, a corner store with a lunch counter that was a community gathering place. Years later Ron would remember people talking to his dad about sports, politics and their families, and how Nick loved being at the center of it.

The Pappas family had a strong work ethic and a passion for sports; Ron grew up stocking shelves and playing football. At Central High School, Pappas was co-captain of the football team, and at UNH, he played football and lacrosse. In April 1967, he went

drinking at a Dover pub and then drove off in his MGB. He crashed into a telephone pole and was thrown from the car, breaking his back. At Crotched Mountain Rehabilitation Center, Pappas roomed with Bobby Hopkins '71, a childhood friend who was Ron's roommate at UNH before he, too, became disabled in an auto accident. "There were definitely some dark days for Ron after his accident," Bobby remembers. "But what always impressed me most was his determination. If he wanted to do something, he wouldn't let anything get in his way."

That determination, and the conviction that he was Ron Pappas first and a paraplegic second, carried him through the daily humiliations he endured in a world indifferent to the disabled. He went back to UNH to finish his degree, often having to wait at the bottom of staircases for someone to help him get to his classes. He took a job teaching high school at Memorial in Manchester because it was the only school that had a wheelchair ramp. For many years, Pappas gave talks to kids at schools and churches about the dangers of drinking and driving. It was a dramatic presentation, and when he hit the wheels of his chair and said that he would be spending his life in steel, no one in his audience dared to breathe. Until the end of his life, strangers would approach him to say, "You spoke at my high school, and I never forgot it."

Pappas loved teaching, but he had entrepreneurial blood in his veins, and in 1981 he opened Pappy's Pizza in Hampton, N.H.; a year later, he opened a second restaurant in Manchester, and was enormously successful in both locations. He remade an old bookmobile into Pappy's Mobile Pizza, and had the exclusive food contract for UNH football and basketball games. He sponsored as many as 20 kids' athletic teams each year, and received many civic awards.

Twelve years ago when Pappas married Linda Seabury, his third wife, her minister told her, "It's not always going to be easy, being married to Manchester's patron saint." It wasn't easy—soon after, Pappas began kidney dialysis. "But no matter what, Ron was a powerful person," Seabury says. "Once, when he was particularly frustrated with his kidney situation, he said to me, 'I wish you had known me when I was just a paraplegic."

Dr. Kathleen Maguire Burke '71

Her patients most appreciated her compassion

A guidance counselor once told Kathy Burke '71, who was barely five feet tall, that she was too short to become a doctor. It only fueled her determination. A gifted student, Burke finished both high school and college in only three years each, and became the first woman president of the New England Ophthalmological Society. But when she died in June from Shy-Drager's syndrome, what her friends, family and patients remembered most was her compassion.

She was born in Brooklyn, the second of six children. Her father was an advertising executive, but when Burke was young, her parents decided that they didn't want to raise their children in the city. They looked around

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Mr. John B. Beaumont '58
Mr. Paul B. Allen '58
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Mr. Richard P. Clark '59
Mr. Franklin T. Jordan '60
Mr. Kenneth P. Marrer '60
Mr. Konnald E. Edin '60

for a resort to buy, and found the Lauranne Village in Laconia, N.H., on Lake Winnipesaukee. The Maguire children helped run the year-round resort, cleaning the cottages; they waterskied in the summer and skied in the winter.



Burke was a chemistry major, a member of Delta Zeta, and loved sharpshooting. She graduated summa cum laude and entered the University of Vermont's medical school in 1970. She was interested in emergency room medicine, and did her internship in Torrance, Calif., where many of her patients had knife and gunshot wounds from gang violence. "We used to worry about her," her sister, Peg Maguire DeSantis '69, says. "She would treat these

huge gang members, but she never had any trouble—Kathy said they were very respectful of her skills."

Burke was a brilliant surgeon and particularly liked microsurgery. After her residency at Boston University, she completed a fellowship at Retina Associates, an affiliate of Harvard. She met her husband, Steve Burke, who sold optical equipment, in 1979; they married in 1980, and moved to Burlington, Vt., where she became the first vitreoretinal surgeon in the state. Burke founded her own practice, Green Mountain Eye Center, in 1988.

The Burkes built their home on 20 acres near Mt. Mansfield, raised three children, had seven horses and skied; they all became sharpshooters. Burke developed Shy-Drager's syndrome, a progressive neurodegenerative disease that eventually paralyzed her vocal chords and confined her to a wheelchair. Although her illness coincided with her presidency of NEOS, she still presided over meetings and never lost her sharp mind. "Even when she was in the intensive care unit, Kathy directed her own care," De Santis says.

Burke ran a very efficient practice, but it was her compassion that her patients most appreciated. It wasn't uncommon for her to give a patient a ride home or to accept maple syrup as payment. "When Kathy was forced to retire in 2002 because of her health," Steve says, "we got hundreds of cards from patients that had essentially the same message: 'You treated me like I was your only patient.'"

Madeleine Curran MacCallum '89, '92G She knew intuitively what people, and cats, needed

Madeleine MacCallum '89, '92G was a rare individual. She had a quick mind, a prodigious memory, and a huge heart—her unique empathy, friends and family say, made her "one in a million." She died in May at age 56 of leimyosarcoma, a rare cancer that strikes four people in

every million. When she was diagnosed two years ago, she told a friend, "I always wanted to win the lottery, but not this one."

A city kid, MacCallum was born and raised in Jamaica Plain, N.Y. The eldest of five children, she was a nurturer and loved to be around people; she had many friends, and was the cement in her family's foundation. When she was 11, her family moved to Wilmington, Mass. She met Doug MacCallum at a grocery store where they both worked during high school. They were married in 1970, and raised a son, Nicholas.

MacCallum didn't think she was cut out for college. She tried Regis College and left after her first day. She was attracted to the healthcare industry because she wanted to help people, and earned an associate's degree in respiratory therapy at Northern Essex Community College. For 25 years, she worked at Saint's Memorial Medical Center in Lowell, Mass. MacCallum was good at her job because she could manage a vast amount of detail, but made patients and employees the priority. She started as a therapist, and by 2000 had become the director of cardiopulmonary rehabilitation, receiving many professional honors along the way. She loved her work, and in "retirement" joined the staff of an ob-gyn practice as office manager.

In the mid-'80s, MacCallum realized that to go further in her field, she needed a bachelor's degree, so she enrolled in UNH's health management program and stayed on to get a master's degree. Lee Seidel, professor of health management and policy, remembers her vividly because she

was bright, articulate and always smiling. "Madeleine truly cared about people, and saw that wellorganized health services were one way to help them."

MacCallum saved things: her grandmother's hand-crocheted bedspread, her Beatles albums—and thousands of cats. In 2000, she discovered her mission while volunteering at an animal shelter, and founded Tiny Tigers Feline Rescue, a nonprofit organization that cares for stray and feral cats.



She turned her basement into a shelter and adoption center, and was attracted to the neediest cases. A couple of years ago, she rescued Lily, a blind and brain-damaged cat who had spent much of her life in a carrier. "Mad said, 'We're not putting her to sleep,'" her co-founder, Libby Hanrahan, says. 'Even if she only has six months, we can make them good months."

She had a sense for knowing what each cat needed. She once rescued a cat that had to have a leg amputated. He mourned the lost leg for days, and MacCallum spent hours reading to him. "Madeleine was a very humane person," Doug MacCallum says. "Many of the feral kittens that she rescued weren't strong enough to survive, and I often found her in her rocking chair, holding a kitten that had just died, and crying her eyes out."

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Mrs. Sylvia Gagnon Kapsack '60
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Mr. C. Elliot Bemis Jr. '61
Mrs. Elizabeth Backman Rhinehardt '61
Mrs. Lois Fuller Aragaki '61
Mr. L. Paul Dube '62
Dr. John H. Chutjian '63
Mr. Carmyn F. Barrett '64
Mr. Lloyd W. Smith '64
Ms. Louise Huntoon Schaefer '64
Mr. Albert Zabady '65
Mr. John R. B. Brown '65
Mrs. Sylvia Howe Kastberg '65

Mr. James E. Knowlton '66
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Col. Paul G. Power Sr., Ret. '77
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Capt. Arthur J. Locke, Ret. '78
Mr. Thomas R. Donahue '78

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Mrs. Pamela Graham Foley '80
Mr. Frank G. Henderson '81
Mrs. Sally Merrill Sutcliffe '81
Mr. David R. Loeser Jr. '85
Mr. Douglas A. Beard '85
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