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God alone knows what holds together that assemblage of heterogeneity known as family. Physical resemblance, of course, is a persistent tie. But psychologically relatives veer so far apart that usually differences go unnoticed and only similarities draw attention. Individuals within a family — as if so many fingerprints — espouse divergent causes; stand far-left, far-right, and in the middle; and marry the strangest people who add their strangeness to an already strange amalgamation.

Our Connecticut College family is no exception. At Commencement seniors looked forward to the future; at Reunion alumni looked back at the past. Last year while a faculty member on leave lectured to Japanese in Tokyo, a student explored the mood of the New London railroad station with her camera. A trustee reports on dormitory living in one article, and the Director of Resident Halls honors faithful staff members in another.

Self-evident as this pattern is, it was overshadowed until recently by the onenbighappyfamilytogetherness theory — as though to love were to acquiesce. Partly for this reason when the voice of the student was heard in our land, many were shocked, and old and young alike forgot that a gap between generations is inevitable. Sides were taken (not always calmly) within our own Connecticut family, but only a few sought divorce. Once again we begin a school year united: trustees, president, administration, faculty, students, parents, staff, and alumni — a family, centrifugal though it may be.
The Campus This Year

We hoped that by this May Day we could provide you with more blossoms and leaves and bird songs than are evident today. But our New England spring has been even more reluctant than usual and we, like many colleges, have advanced our calendar toward a Labor Day opening and consequently have lost some of May. Next year’s calendar shows the second semester beginning and ending even earlier. That long January vacation will not be included next year.

(Some of the reactions to last January’s vacation time by parents and their sons and daughters reminded me of a remark by that famous American sage, Mr. Dooley. A friend asked Mr. Dooley if he really believed in providing a college education for young Americans. “Sure,” said Mr. Dooley, “by the time a boy is ready for college, I wouldn’t have him around the house.”)

There are many ways in which we could begin to exchange views this morning about Connecticut College. What strikes both sides of the stage most, I suppose, is the difference in student attitudes and activities as between this year and last. So far at least. As our student newspaper just put it this way — “Spring is sprung/ The grass is riz/ I wonder where/The Protest is.” The newspaper which is in search nowadays for new tones of irony and satire directed not exclusively against the outer world but also against our inner campus world is itself significant of a change. Our campus like all others is more poised and quieter this year. One slightly cynical college president has pointed out that the college machinery is running more smoothly this year because the oil of apathy has been added. But we have all this year been engaged in some second thoughts about the radicalism of last spring. Campuses seem to be still in a state of reaction against that culminating moment last May which some people would still call “our finest hour” and others would reply, “I’m not so sure.”

Some diagnoses have been made since then of what really happened. A national sample poll was taken for the American Council on Education by the Louis Harris organization soon after the end of last May. The extent of the protest certainly justifies our characterizing it as the first national student protest in our history. Across the nation 80% of the campuses reacted to the Cambodian announcement by protest or demonstration. In the East 93% of the colleges did. What may be the most significant statistic is that 75% of the students across the nation said they agreed with the goals of the protest. On Eastern campuses 80% said this. In the East the pollsters discovered that on the average 70% of the students participated. A higher proportion participated on those campuses where entrance selectivity is practiced.

On the other side of the picture a vice-president of the Ford Foundation has said, “What some last May took as a sign on American campuses of cardiac arrest proved to be nothing more than a bad case of indigestion, caused by swallowing too many passions for social change.” That may be an amusing explanation intended to reduce tensions but it’s also a condescending remark. The passions of May on campuses were, I believe, the passions of our country expressing themselves in our young people. I am one of those who believe that last May American students were essentially expressing, in their way, your passions as parents; for these, after all, are your children, not ours. In their deepest moments of last May they owed their most authentic feelings to you, not to us.

Those college families who later lost confidence in American colleges (and some of our parents lost confidence in us) did not lose confidence in us in our primary role as colleges, as places where knowledge is expanded and young people learn how to know their world; they saw us instead as places where our national misunderstanding and clashes over values were being disturbingly exposed and fought over, with some shedding of blood. When an adult nation is aroused and frightened by its young people I believe it is really discovering fears in its own deepest self.

Well, that frightening moment is past now. I keep a news clipping under my desk blotter to reassure me of that. The headline reads, “Agnew calls for recognition of 18 year olds as mature Americans.” It reports that on February 3 Vice-President Agnew told a youth conference in Washington that “the great bulk of our young people are ready to take on adult burdens at 18.” And reminded them that Joan of Arc was 17 when she led an army, and Alexander Hamilton 21 when he played a major role in the American Revolution.

These are the considerations about last May that loom largest in my mind a year later.

1. If our campus assembly voted by large majorities for radical resolutions, that vote followed inevitably from the nature of a powerful moment. Ours was a part of a nation-wide youthful cry against the immorality and the agony of the war, against white America’s historic oppression of black America, against our national complacency in the face of the social injustices.

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Parent’s Day
President Charles E. Shain
South America: being a brief account of incidents of travel and the education of a Connecticut College anthropologist

The Mexican poet, Octavio Paz, once observed that in Latin America "the old periods never disappear completely, and all wounds, even the oldest, continue to bleed to this day." This "contemporaneity of the non-contemporaneous" constantly impresses one when traveling in South America, a continent so vaguely apprehended by most well-meaning but poorly informed norteamericanos. A visit to Cuzco, Peru — where the Inca dynasty probably began — transports one back through seven centuries, while a visit to Brasilia, the recently created capital city on the high flat plateau of central Brazil, catapults one forward into the 21st century: its striking architecture and brilliant blue skies simply are not "people-sized." In spite of the political, economic, and social importance of this vast area to the United States, and in spite of its spectacular beauty and awesome geography, only ten per cent of vacationers traveling abroad choose to see South America.

Panorama: Cliches Which Serve

One almost is reduced to clichés when recording impressions of South America. My notes gush over the tourist "musts" in very conventional terms:

- Machu Picchu: late and "lost" Inca city never located by the conquistadores; discovered by Yale's Hiram Bingham in 1911. Impressive!! Unforgettable! Fantastic stone masonry; massive stones fitted together perfectly without mortar. Incaic buildings in Cuzco did not collapse during earthquakes. Spanish buildings, yes. Llamas have beautiful eyes.

- The contradictions (for which my decade in and out of Mexico and Central America had prepared me somewhat) still resulted in a certain amount of what the anthropologists call "culture shock." At least since Uruguayan José Enrique Rodó wrote Ariel at the turn of the century, Latin Americans have held the image of the U. S. as a colossus comprised of crude people, interested only in money and technological progress, in the material rather than the spiritual aspects of life, while they, the Latin Americans, value the latter so highly. Yet, as a native writer interpreting The Latin Americans pointed out recently, there is much imitation of American techniques and ways of life. From my notebook again:
  - Item: It requires little Portuguese to know that the bumper sticker in Brazil — Tenho o tigre no meu carro — is a Brazilian's way of announcing that, "I have a tiger in my tank."
  - Item: Ouiskerias are oases where whiskey may be purchased.
  - Item: Perros calientes, literally "hot dogs."

But Latin Americans share an enthusiasm and respect for poets, writers, artists, and intellectuals not common in the U. S. In almost any South American city one may wander down a street named after the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, or Nicaraguan Rubén Darío, a poet widely read and quoted throughout South America. Their intellectuals always have been engagés which may be contrasted with the suspicion with which intellectuals are regarded in the U. S. where anti-intellectualism results in a distinction between thinkers and doers. In South America, an essayist-poet also may become an ambassador (and continue to write excellent poetry), or a country's most outstanding novelist also may be the minister of education.

One becomes aware that a great literature is being produced there; and while firmly rooted in the country of its origin, it is a literature which transcends time and place, and speaks to our common humanity. Only recently are English translations being made of Latin American books and novels, and belatedly coming to the attention of essentially insular North Americans. Constant and favorable surprise was expressed that I knew of their outstanding writers, had read them, and was able to discuss their books. I have Glenn Kolb of Connecticut's Spanish Department to thank for this.

Continued on page 30
Barbara J. Macklin, co-chairman of the department of sociology and anthropology, first became interested in Latin America while doing research for her Ph.D. dissertation: a study of the Mexican-American community in Toledo, Ohio. This work led to her major research interest in medical anthropology centering around indigenous healers in Latin America. Since 1959 she has made seven trips to Mexico, including a 15-month sabbatical leave in 1965-1966 doing field research. During the summer of 1966, Miss Macklin went to South America to extend her research on spiritist cults in Buenos Aires and also visited Brazil, Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador. That October, she attended the 12th Pan American Congress of Architects in Bogota, Columbia, which was focusing on problems of Latin American urbanization and housing. And in the summer of 1970, she presented a paper at the 39th International Congress of Americanists in Lima, Peru, and then visited Chile and Colombia. As a result of this travel and research, Miss Macklin has been at most of the major archaeological sites in Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia; and she has to her credit seven papers presented at anthropological meetings, two publications, and four more which are forthcoming.

On the way to Lima in 1970, Miss Macklin was entertained in Guatemala City by the family of Isabel Nieves '72, who was working at the Instituto Indigenista Nacional where Miss Macklin presented an informal seminar. And in Lima, Aida Walqui '70 assisted Miss Macklin in translating her paper into Spanish for publication in the Proceedings of the Congress.
He accounts of travellers in the Pacific, from the years of Captain James Cook through the nineteenth century, seem to agree: in recent history there was a culture untroubled by the fissures between generations. These voyagers wrote of primitive Polynesia. The composite may be, of course, the mirror of a dream; but it may be, as we read, a faithful description of a reality. The penalties of civilization seem to exact a disharmony between youth and age. Few of us will contend against the blighting fact: to have existed in any life span, Confucian Chinese, Platonic Hellene, or psychedelic-schizoid American was to have known the fissures. Henry Adams was never more sardonic than in his 'normal' and the 'traditiona1.'

The generation gap in Japan at this point in the century is not at all unprecedented. It is simply repetitive, just as the fissure is repetitive in the United States. It is like ours, and it isn't. Speaking of the likeness requires nothing save the old rattling platitudes about rebellion and defiance of tradition. The unlikeness is another matter. The following comments about Japanese youth of the present are intended as observations of essential differences.

In Tokyo, among cities, domestic and foreign that I know, the most contemporary, I happen to be on a subway train on a hot summer day. I have been admiring a middle-aged woman sitting across from me. Her suggestive, almost studious, nostalgia is inescapable. An elegant woman in traditional Japanese attire is scarcely to be seen in the corridors of Tokyo, save on New Year's Day. Here is a striking presence, a slim figure in a sheer kimono of gray, the neckline fold beautifully accented by a white under-garment, the slender waist a sheer kimono of gray, the neckline fold beautifully accented by a white under-garment, the slender waist

...
In the summer of 1970 a self-appointed committee of Connecticut College parents met informally with some members of the College Board of Trustees. The chief concern of this committee of parents was the open parietal system of dormitory living. They asked institution of certain rules, notwithstanding the fact that Connecticut College, since its inception, had always given students the authority to govern themselves.

Meeting officially in October, the trustees appointed an ad hoc committee to explore dormitory conditions and the effects of open parietals on the students' daily lives, and to report and make recommendations. This committee, composed of two trustees, two faculty members, and two students, met first on November 19, 1970 and worked throughout the 1970-71 school year, bringing its unanimous report to the Board of Trustees in May, 1971.

It was my privilege and pleasure to serve as one of the trustee members and committee chairman. Judith Sulzberger Cohen, M.D., was my fellow trustee; Jeanne Prokesch, Associate Professor of Chemistry and Zoology, and Mason T. Record, Professor of Sociology, represented the faculty; and Susan Bear '71 and Paul Schwartz '73 were appointed student members. In addition, ex officio members were President Charles E. Shain; Dean Jewel Cobb; Miss Warrine Eastburn, Assistant to the President; Mary Hall, M.D., Director of Health Services; and Mr. W. E. S. Griswold, Jr., Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

The sections of this article appearing in Roman type are my personal account of the proceedings, interpolated with my own personal thoughts. Sections printed in italics are taken directly from the report but shortened. Anyone desiring the full text of the report may obtain a copy by writing to the Office of the President.

The committee began by working out a definition of purpose:

The Committee will seek facts and opinions from the college community on the status of the student residential situation under the open parietal system, to ascertain whether or not dormitory life supports the goals of a Connecticut College education and is conducted with reasonable consideration for the rights and needs of the individual. Subsequently in its report to the Board of Trustees the committee may make recommendations for change but it recognizes that its primary purpose is exploratory and that it has no inherent authority whatsoever to institute change.

Next we outlined a modus operandi, giving thought to areas where information was needed and how to obtain it. The trustee members, especially, had much to learn.
about the structure of student government, the history of the student movement toward relaxation of rules, student attitudes, dormitory practices, room assignments, and security procedures. We decided to interview administration and student officeholders, and then to search out individual student opinion, especially that of those reportedly unhappy with the present system.

With the aid and cooperation of the President’s office, appointments were set up. Dr. Cohen and I made several trips to campus from our respective homes to hold interviews, while other committee members worked on campus.

- Deans Johnson, King and Watson
  The Deans said that the open parietal system is working better this year than last for two main reasons:
  a. the lottery system [new method of room-drawing in 1970] distributes freshmen and upperclassmen more equally among dormitories—a stabilizing influence; and
  b. last year’s initial impact on students of coeducation and open parietals, both at once, is over—students now know better how to handle their new freedom.

They also said they believe strongly that the College should continue to give the students responsibility for the conditions under which they live their residential lives. They believe our present students are more mature and need greater freedom. Open parietals seem the only appropriate way to treat them. They believe that the effect of open parietals on the educational processes and goals of Connecticut College is negligible.

- Housefellows, House Presidents, and Freshman Advisory Council
  The consensus of those present at meetings with these groups was wholly in favor of open parietals. Although performance in the various dorms was admittedly uneven, it was said that the self-regulating house systems1 whereby the bell desk is regularly manned and guests are escorted through the halls have helped to prevent the intrusion of strangers. They said students seem more aware of the need to exercise self discipline and consideration for others. They favored coeducational dormitories comprised of men on the first floor and women on the upper floors, for security reasons.

- Security Chief, Mr. Francis P. O’Grady
  Mr. Francis O’Grady [who has had long service as Chief of the New London police force, but was new at the College last year] described improvements effected and planned for the future in such areas as more guards with more training, better lighting, etc., and concluded with the statement that petty thefts and drug abuse had decreased this year because of better security procedures.

- Dr. Mary Hall, director of Health Services
  Dr. Hall commented that there has been a marked increase in the use of the student health services in recent years, especially in the proportion of both gynecological and emotional problems since the early 1960’s. There have also been changes in the services offered by the Student Health Service as it has grown and developed, and changes in the services expected by and accepted by the student population. She said it is difficult to ascribe causative factors for these changes in volume and characteristics since there are so many variables in the student population, the college scene, and the national scene. She thinks that the open parietal system has contributed to some degree because it has brought the pressures of the outer society into the college. However, considering national student trends toward relaxation of rules and changes in mores it would be unrealistic to expect that the College could remain immune. She said the only alternative would be a “quasi police state which not only would be, but should be, intolerable for everyone. . . .”

- The Reverend J. Barrie Shepherd, chaplain
  Mr. Shepherd stated that the parietal system is working well this year in comparison with last year. He said the difficulties encountered last year were due primarily to the novelty of the change and the lack of experience with the kinds of situations which could develop under complete relaxation of the rules. [Now that they have had a year’s experience, the students, he thought, are able to cope quite successfully with the problems of open parietals.] He has not been aware this year of any really unpleasant incidents in the dormitories comparable to those which arose last year in connection with drugs, and assumes therefore that the drug problem is less than it was last year.

On December 4, 1970, the Board of Trustees held an open meeting (the first in history) in Oliva Hall at the Cummings Art Center. Our committee’s progress report at that time stated in part that to date we had failed to find any students unhappy with the open parietal system and that we were seeking to hear from them. During Christmas vacation, by mail and phone, the committee decided to approach the students, all of them, by questionnaire. Drafts of questions passed back and forth among us. The Parent’s Fund Committee, meeting with us in late January, approved the plan in principle. The administration, taking all in stride, cooperated to the fullest extent, with typing and mimeograph. Continued on the following page

1 House governance rests upon the housefellow, house residence chairman, and house president. Bell desk and other duties are assigned to students. Meetings, held regularly or when called for special reasons, serve to establish policies, air complaints, and vote on campus issues.
Because it was known from dormitory votes on open parietals that a minority existed of those opposed, and because charges of "peer group pressure" had been made, the committee decided to poll the entire student body. Opinions were to be expressed anonymously. We hoped in this way to ascertain minority opinions and to seek suggestions which might achieve proper consideration of the rights we all agreed objectors, however few in number, should enjoy. The questionnaires were distributed by the dormitory housefellows and then tabulated by the committee. A total of 962 resident students (69%*) responded, a figure which provides a solid basis of opinion.

Subquestions under each heading were designed to elicit comments and suggestions. Complaints came from the small minority who prefer limited rules as well as from the majority who do not. The difference is that the latter want to improve matters themselves and are definitely opposed to any curtailment of their newly won freedom.

Briefly, the results are as follows:

Of those answering the questionnaire, 95% said they had voted for open parietals in their dormitories in the fall. 96% said they would vote for them now.

Asked if the free expression of their opinion had been restrained by anyone, 97% said no. The committee recommended that democratic procedures at house meetings and elections be more carefully observed. Students should be willing to air complaints, and the housefellow and other dormitory officers should make it a point to hear all sides of any issue.

The question of personal inconvenience or denial of the right to privacy showed that 91%* felt no such problem. The main inconveniences mentioned were usage of the bathroom and the screening of visitors. The committee recommended that each dormitory make a decision on regulation of bathroom usage by men and women at the beginning of the year; division into male-female is feasible in some dormitories, while others must rely on signs. Continuous bell desk duty is essential to the screening of visitors. The committee recommended making this a paid job at all times, to be regularly supervised by the house residence chairman, whose responsibility it is. House residence chairmen are paid to oversee dormitory work programs. The committee recommended that their work be evaluated periodically.

At this point the matter of making recommendations involving substantial new expense was discussed. All members were clearly aware of current budgetary cuts and the overall need for drastic economies in all operations of the college. It was thought, however, that the recommendations should stand nonetheless, in the hope that the students themselves might find a way to ensure more conscientious attention to bell duty, or that some concerned and financially able parent might be moved to donate the necessary funds.

Many students expressed the view that everyday courtesy and consideration for others was all that was necessary to run the dormitories smoothly. A few random comments:

"Freedom, not license is the key. We are free to have guests, but not free to impose on others' privacy or convenience."

"Most girls can handle unpleasant situations that may arise and realize that just because the rules allow a boy in your room doesn't mean you have to let him in."

"I would like to keep the theoretical system and overhaul a few people who misuse it."

"Any inconvenience (like waiting five minutes for use of the bathroom) was compensated by the freedom to use my room as a home in which I could either study or entertain visitors."

"It's pretty stupid to have to yell back when there is a knock on the door, 'Boy or girl?'"

"Dorm life is really enjoyable—the free atmosphere adds a lot to college life. It teaches us to be considerate of others . . . As for male visitors I feel we are old enough to make our own decisions and that these privileges have not been abused."

"Open parietals are fine as long as they are not abused—but how can you count on that unless there's a rule about it?"

Asked if conditions in their dormitories were generally suitable for study, 79% said yes. Almost all complaints were about noise. The committee suggested that while dormitories must make their own rules, giving special attention to exam time and during the week quiet hours, a donation of dormitory hall carpeting would do much to alleviate the problem. Some students asked that a special room, or study carrels, be provided in each dormitory. Obviously no martyr, one student wrote, "If your neighbors make too much noise, bitch a little!"

Regarding the efficiency of housefellows, students were asked whether problems or unpleasant incidents are handled with reasonable speed and effectiveness. 88% said yes. The committee recommended a more clearly defined statement of the housefellow's job. Housefellows are students (some undergraduate, some graduate, some single, some married couples) appointed and paid by the administration to effect smooth operation of the dormitories and to resolve problems. While most housefellows seem to fulfill students' expectations, complaints about a few were: unavailable, espe-
cially late at night; indiscreet, and indifferent. "We feel that the role of housefellow is of great importance in dormitory life and that special care should be taken in their selection. Examination of the comments from various dormitories indicates that those with the best housefellows are those with the least problems... Their role as liaison between the administration and the student body is a difficult one because they must keep order without losing students' trust and without becoming mere policemen. The Board of Housefellows deserves more recognition and attention, and firmer backing and understanding from the administration. We also recommend some type of periodic evaluation of the performance of each housefellow."

The next question provided an opportunity to criticize administrative practices. (Do you feel that the College is able and willing to come to the aid of a student in any kind of academic or social difficulty?) Too broad, too full of "gripe potential," this question encouraged students, most of whom know little about the workings of administration, to search consciously for failure, any failure. An amazing 82% answered "Yes". The minority critical of the College mostly alleged indifference. The committee recommended better information to all students on "what to do" and "where to go." "We do not think that the College is indifferent but that some students may sometimes be loath to approach those in authority whom they do not know well enough."

Following this we asked about particulars (Would you hesitate, on an appropriate occasion, to ask for help from the following: housefellow, dean, security guard, infirmary, faculty friend?). "No" answers were: housefellow 83%, dean 81%, security guard 80%, infirmary 71%, faculty friend 87%. Unfortunately, this was followed by a subquestion reading, "If No for any of the above, please explain."...which should have read "If Yes for any of the above, please explain."...While most students understood the true meaning of the question and made their answers clear, the double negative reduces the value of this tabulation considerably. Recommendations were for better housefellow coverage of dormitories, more specific visiting hours for deans, continued improvement of security force, and further communication between faculty and students. The committee considered neither itself nor the students qualified to judge the Student Health Service.

The 82% majority who were satisfied with administration services cannot be over-emphasized here. The deans reported that our recommendation of more specific visiting hours "completely ignores the fact that the deans have regular full office hours, are members of academic departments, serve on many committees, and are always reachable at home, in the office, weekends and nights." I record this here because the Committee suggested in a spirit of fair play that the administration might wish to make a rebuttal statement, which they declined to do.

Next we asked who would be interested in a special corridor or dormitory for those wanting limited partials. Only 29 students (3%) indicated this interest. The committee thought it should be offered by the college as a choice in spite of the small number.

A cogent comment on this came later from Julie Sgarzi '71, who was recently elected a member of the Board of Trustees:

I do not feel that the alternative of a separate floor or possibly a separate dorm for students opposed to the open parietal system is a beneficial alternative. First, incoming freshmen would be asked to make the decision prior to arrival and before experiencing dorm living; second, parental pressures would be increased and some parents may unfairly require that students opt for the regulated living accommodations; third, I feel that it could place students choosing the separate living pattern in a very difficult position. As individuals within the dorm system, students are free to make their own decisions and remain a part of the full community. By withdrawing as a group, the peer group pressures and the possible stigmas developed may become more extreme, and detrimental to a unified dorm. The present house system attempts to respect (and does, I think) the rights of the individual and her personal choices, and would not benefit from compartmentalization by life style. Fourth, I feel that a separate living option would eventually deteriorate into a separate living arrangement for freshmen which would bring about a far greater number of problems. Concerns of students personally opposed to the open system must be considered and respected; however, the separated living scheme seems to compound rather than rectify the problem.

Would you favor providing a place on campus for men guests to spend the night for a minimal fee (e.g., cots set up in various places such as dormitory basements, etc.)? Almost 42% favored this, although many said it would not be useful for their own guests but a good idea for others. Many objected to a fee. The committee recommended trying this, without fee, in the hope that it might relieve some of the pressures of guests.

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These pictures of the New London railroad station were taken at the suggestion of Mr. Peter Leibert, my instructor in photography. I did not plan at first an extensive study, but soon found myself excited by what I was seeing and what I was producing. Nor in the beginning did I know that the building had been designed by Henry Hobson Richardson and was scheduled for demolition as part of New London’s urban renewal project.
As anyone who has ever been there knows, the station at New London is a very lonely, depressing place; one feels this even when the waiting room is crowded.
Explorations in every nook and cranny, from the empty baggage room to the attic, convinced me that although in need of renovation, the building should be preserved because of its architectural significance and beauty. Some of my New London station pictures were loaned for a display at a meeting held in protest against tearing the building down. It was a way in which I could lend a little support to the group.
I rather doubt that anyone would think of the New London station as bustling or inviting. Wandering through the side rooms and halls of the main floor, the offices, conductors’ and trainmen’s waiting rooms and dormitories on the second floor, and the attic which spans the entire length and width of the building, I felt a tremendous sense of coldness and loneliness. I found myself pitying the men who must stop-over in such an atmosphere of gloom. Bleakness, lonesomeness, desolation, desertion — this is the mood I hope my pictures convey.
said to myself, "You'll look like a fool. You can't pass an exam, and you can't read anything without diagrams. How would you explain a C grade to your child who gets A's? Worse, how would you explain it to a child you've been pushing who gets C's?" Somewhere after The Feminine Mystique and before Women's Lib, I began to suffer as I realized that younger women, more recently out of college, knew the modern world better than I did.

The last discovery I remembered was Kent coming up with a micronite filter, back when cigarettes might even be good for you. Graduate School seemed to be the answer. Lots of people my age were returning. (If the Alumnae News was to be believed, three-quarters of my class were now micro-biologists as well as state tennis champs.) School could be a means of honing the old brain, and a path to future endeavor—as well as to better games.

One evening at a dinner party I learned that another guest was a well-known psychologist who gives popular lecture series on personal fulfillment and sexual happiness. He was the man with the sad-looking wife. I drifted his way and heard him talking about how he makes his own flies for surf-casting. I said that was terrific and that I had thought about going to Graduate School for the longest time, but was too scared to go back, something about fear of failure. He remarked that if I didn't try, I'd never know if I could do it or not. Then I found myself standing alone with dip on my face.

The good psychologist was not wrong. Having some small acquaintance with neuroses, I knew the field for use towards a career and maybe for use at home. If I didn't do well, I could always say I wasn't really serious about the content. I was just researching an article on Graduate Schools for Ladies' Home Journal. Or something.
A wise, suburban friend once told me the most important consideration when choosing a Graduate School is to find a school with a big parking lot. I, an urban housewife-student, already applying theoretical material to practical concerns, had to choose a school located near a subway exit or very close to home. I selected the latter; three blocks, door-to-door.

I was cagey. I registered for only one course in the evening as a part-time student. In class, I became an age guesser. It took me two sessions to make sure I was not the oldest in the class. When my husband and the kids looked rumpled and surly when I arrived home, I switched to a day section. Again, two classes wasted in counting wrinkles. What to wear? In September I had hauled out a bent circle-pin and put it on a shirt which I matched up with a decently short skirt. Great? Awful. My female classmates, the ones just out of college, all wore undershirts (as over-shirts) and bell-bottoms with sandals. In place of pins they wore slogan buttons. In cold weather they wore blankets. I wasn't blending in too well. Fortunately, the lady seated next to me had permanent hair, affected socks(!) and looked sufficiently older than I to make me feel relaxed. When she let slip her year of graduation and it was seven years after my own, I decided I was seated next to the biggest liar in class. I must watch her, she probably cheats also.

In the "olden days" when I was at college, there was a sense of distance from our professors. We felt many light years removed from them, principally in age and experience. Fade out. Fade in. My teacher 1970, attractive Dr. Isenbud, (a psychiatrist, incidentally) didn't seem so very Continued on page 39

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In a letter inviting a number of alumnae to the first of a series of two-day conferences, President Shain explained the purpose of these conferences: "to introduce the College of today to a succession of Connecticut College alumnae, many of whom have not been back on this campus since their graduation." The occasion, he said, "will be like a reunion in at least two respects: husbands are invited, and you will see how the campus has changed in recent years. There will be opportunities to meet and talk with student and faculty leaders, with trustees and deans. There will also be plenty of time for us to hear from you. We do value the opinions and suggestions which should come from this meeting, and in no other way that I know of—certainly not through the College's usual publications—can this two-way exchange take place."

The first President's Conference for Alumnae was held on May 14 and 15, with attendance purposely limited to provide for an exchange of views in such intimate surroundings as the President's House—for dinner Friday night—and the President's Office—for a session with administrative officers Saturday morning.

Friday's program featured lunch with students in Jane Addams and Freeman House; an opening session in Cummings Art Center's music classroom, where President Shain introduced Trustee Chairman W. E. S. Griswold, Jr., other Trustees, and Alumnae Association President Roldah Northup Cameron '51, and gave his own views of a college responding to the currents of change. A student seminar was led by Jay Levin '73, President of Student Government; Julie Sgarzi '71, Past President, Student Government (who on Commencement Day was elected to the Board of Trustees on nomination by her classmates); Candy Carter '71, Housefellow in Knowlton; and Michael Ware '72, former Editor of Satyagraha.

The faculty seminar was chaired by Philip Jordan, Jr., Dean of the Faculty and Associate Professor of History. Other faculty members present were Jewel Cobb, Dean of the College and Professor of Zoology; Alice Johnson, Associate Dean and Associate Professor of English; William McClory, Chairman and Professor of Art; Bernice Wheeler '37, Co-Chairman and Professor of Zoology; and Susan Woody, Associate Professor of Philosophy.

Using slides and an old movie film, vintage 1929, President Shain discussed changes in the campus, and later joined alumnae on a bus tour of the campus.

Friday evening was devoted to drinks, dinner, and discussion with Mr. and Mrs. Shain at the President's House. Mr. Griswold gave the Trustees' view of the College and Eleanor Hine Kranz '34, Trustee and Chairman of the special committee appointed to study the College's dormitory living, spoke about some of the conclusions of that committee.

Saturday morning in the President's Office, Mr. Shain introduced seven members of his administrative team who spoke informally about their responsibilities and answered many questions from the alumnae and husbands: Jeanette Hersey, Director of Admissions; Marcia Pond, Student Financial Aid Officer; Associate Dean Alice Johnson; Mary Hall '41, M.D., Director of Student Health Service; Eleanor Voorhees, Director of Residence Halls; Warrine Eastburn, Secretary of the College; and Margaret Atherton, Director of Office of Community Affairs. A picnic lunch on the terrace at Crozier-Williams concluded the conference.

Asked to evaluate the conference program, all but two of those attending said it had "much value;" all but one thought its noon-to-noon
duration "about right;" and all but two preferred Friday and Saturday to any other time of the week.

Saturday morning's session with the administrative staff was the most popular part of the program, followed by the student seminar, the faculty seminar, and dinner at the President's House. Many new features were recommended for future conferences. More time with students. Visiting actual classes. Meeting more students in dormitories. Seeing student performances — dramatic, musical, athletic. Ask alumnae to present their views on controversial areas, along with student, faculty, and administrative views. Invite some parents of undergraduates for their point of view. More discussion of policy and purpose.

The Second President's Conference for Alumnae, perhaps with some parents added, will be scheduled this fall.
While we do not agree with everything Miss Pond says, we believe her statement is noteworthy for what lies ahead. Sesame Street and The Electric Company are not the only innovations we will see in education. Our times, and the astonishing intellectual equipment with which students enter colleges today, have already brought changes better suited, for the most part, to modern society. Connecticut, in keeping with its reputation for academic alertness, will continue to retain the vitality of the liberal tradition.

Those of us who expected that a college degree would open all sorts of doors will perhaps be disappointed after we leave today. Nobody is exactly screaming for our talents. Those of us who have used their experiences at school to get to know themselves, to focus on their own interests — these people may have taken a less clearly sanctioned route — defining their own educational needs rather than having those needs defined for them. Sticking your neck out in terms of asserting your own creative aims has seldom been reinforced by the college — but the time is coming, at last, when educators are beginning to realize that students are motivated and intelligent enough to design their own education.

Education in a classical sense is anachronistic. Our liberal arts notions of requirements, distribution, and grades serve to fragment rather than unify our lifestyles with our educational aims — that is, if we have any aims. How many of us have gone through these four years and all the years before without seriously questioning the content and method of our education? Life is a succession of questions. In forming answers we form our lives and our society. How constructively we arrive at solutions determines how constructively we live.

Women have historically passed-the-buck in decision-making — this is evident in government as well as in the home. If we don’t have the same rights, privileges, and opportunities as men it is because we haven’t, until recently, wanted or demanded these rights. We must assert our equality by actively making the decisions concerning ourselves. We can not allow them to be made for us by society, by parents, or by lovers. Our aspirations must not be thwarted by any notions of a larger good — they must be fulfilled.

If education has any value it must be that of enriching and qualifying our decision-making powers. We should be able to seek creative solutions to old problems. We should be able to see beyond the confines of
existing social roles to new life-styles and new cultural values. If we do not actively choose options and alternatives that lead to our fulfillment as individuals — our lives will go on around us, chaotically. . . . It seems to me that to be educated is to be able to keep looking for answers and to be willing to keep raising questions. T. S. Eliot pointed this out in a poem:

So here I am, in the middle way. Having had twenty years—
Twenty years largely wasted, the years of l'entre deux guerres—
Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure
Because one has only learnt to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which
One is no longer disposed to say it. And so each venture
Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate
With shabby equipment always deteriorating
In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,
Undisciplined squads of emotion. And what there is to conquer
By strength and submission, has already been discovered
Once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot hope
To emulate — but there is no competition —
There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
And found and lost again and again: and now, under conditions
That seem unpromising. But perhaps neither gain nor loss,
For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business.

Four Quartets, “East Coker,” Section V.
Connecticut College Medal Awards

Presentation at Commencement
President Charles E. Shain

It gives me great pleasure at this time to make the awards for the third year of the Connecticut College Medal. When our first graduating class two years ago held its fiftieth reunion it was felt that Connecticut had reached a certain age and could afford to be immodest about the products of certain vintage years; that is, about the attainments of certain of our graduates who have brought honor to their college. Mr. William McCloy of our Art Department thereupon designed us a medal.

I am pleased to honor this year first Miss Elizabeth N. Fielding of the Class of 1938. Miss Fielding is a native New Londoner. She worked her way through Connecticut College serving, among other ways, as official Postmaster of the College Post-Office, Substation #1, New London. There she seems to have acquired a strong taste for government service. She has worked either for the federal government or the national Republican Party ever since. For the past two years she has of course especially flourished. She earned soon after graduating from Connecticut a Master's degree in Public Administration. Then found her way around Washington first by working in the Departments of Commerce, and Labor, and in the National Institutes of Health. She has worked in many roles, as an economist, a speech writer, a legislative analyst, an editor, a party fund-raiser. She was in the fifties Legislative Aide and Executive Assistant to the late Senator Wiley of Wisconsin. Since 1969 she has been a special assistant to the Postmaster General and more recently Public Affairs Director of the President's Youth Council and an Administrator for Public Affairs for the National Credit Union Administration. She has lived, you see, in the corridors of power in Washington. She has followed a government-service-political-party career that we recognize as belonging at the center of our national two-party sys-

1. Mr. José Limon.
2. Miss Elizabeth N. Fielding.
3. Miss Susan Fleischer.
tern. At a time when more young women than ever before in America want to graduate from college to become lawyers, public administrators and politicians, we are delighted to honor you, Elizabeth Fielding, for your service to your party and your country.

The second medal is awarded to Miss Susan Fleisher of the Class of 1941. She has given twenty years of service to all our hopes for peace and international fellowship and understanding by serving as Director of the Outbound Programs of the Experiment in International Living. Her program is the one that sends over 1000 young Americans a year to live abroad and do what young people can do to make the nations intelligible to one another. The government has asked the Experiment to train members of the Peace Corps and she has helped to organize this service. One expert on the Experiment has called Miss Fleisher “the brains and the soul” of the organization. While other officers of this ingenious American effort for international fellowship have come and gone, she has stood at the center as the essence of stability and continuity. On behalf of your college, Miss Fleisher, I am very happy to recognize the faithful, self-effacing, effective service you have given to our country and its young people through that admirable program, the Experiment in International Living.

Besides being awarded to alumnae it was always intended that the Connecticut College Medal should also be used to honor other distinguished people whose lives were closely related to the College. This Commencement Day we make the first award of this character (and our first coeducational award) to Mr. José Limon.

For twenty-one years Mr. Limon and his Company were the chief resident artists of the Connecticut College Summer School of Dance. Continued on page 39

Virginia C. Rose '19, recipient of the Agnes Berkeley Leahy Award: a founder of the Alumnae Association; secretary, president, and committee member of her class; invaluable worker in planning the Sykes Alumnae Center; and an alumna whose "lively imagination, clear thinking and willingness to work" win the admiration and affection of all who know her.

(It is not too soon to submit names of candidates for next year's award.)
Alumnae Reunions are unique occasions: they give us a chance to relive a slice of our lives and to rejoin friends with whom we lived closely during four very special years. The reunions occur on the old school grounds, where we are made welcome with feasts of food and ideas, some more palatable than others. Since our common experience was an educational one, we soon find ourselves discussing what has changed since our time or, perhaps easier, what has not changed. We meet some of today's products, sample their opinions, and pose some hard questions which we have been saving up. This is the familiar pattern of reunions.

Underneath this pleasant social exterior, however, is another aspect — one that seems to me rather mystical. As a child I came upon a book somewhere, probably of dubious literary value, which made a lasting impression on me because of its novel idea. It was *Houseboat on the Styx* by John Kendrick Bangs; and it purported to record faithfully the conversations of men of different nations and ages assembled peaceably in the afterlife — philosophers in one group, poets and statesmen in other groups. This was a clever device for focusing on the lasting value of an idea while wiping out differences of time and place.

Something like this happens at reunions. Tonight, for instance, we are representatives from the Twenties, the Forties, and the Sixties all meeting in this place where we formerly lived and studied, to enjoy each other's company and to take a new look at colleges today, particularly the one we chose and of which we became an integral part. Impinging upon these three segments of time and experience are the ever-present Seventies as represented by the students, faculty, and administrators who have spoken before me. I suppose I was chosen as speaker tonight because of sheer longevity — or perhaps I should say endurance, as I was on campus during all these periods and should theoretically be able to bridge the gaps in time in some way.

I propose to do so rather irresponsibly by a series of reminiscences of these three periods, shamelessly disregarding the intervening decades, which will probably have the limelight next year. As you know, I spent some years at a desk in Fanning, trying to keep up with student questions, committee meetings, and a few other odds and ends. My desperate desire during those crowded years was to look up from the desk or the student or to walk out of the committee and find time to think of what was going on in a larger sense in the College, in colleges generally, and in our society. Since I have been free to pursue such desires, I have done some thinking, observing, and reading; and I have been stimulated by my work in the College Archives. There I keep coming upon tantalizing vestiges of former periods — speeches, pronouncements, pictures, programs that worked and programs that failed — and the urge to compare is irresistible.

By a flip of the imagination, aided by a bit of random research, let's try to get back to the Twenties and hear their voice. The College was still young, though I recall as a student in the Class of 1925 indignantly denying the fact, when I replied to someone, "Oh, no, this is no longer a new college; ours will be the seventh class to graduate." This attitude reflected the firm establishment of the young college and the strong confidence its students felt in its future.

From my browsings in the Archives, I believe it can be said that Connecticut College was given a unique welcome by the educational world. The other women's colleges had got off to a good start before, as the old expression goes, Connecticut was "even thought of," and in some cases they had evolved gradually from former schools. Then Connecticut appeared on the horizon as a project of statewide interest with at least ten com-
munities competing for its location. This dramatic situation soon attracted national attention, as did the unusual statement of purpose issued in early pamphlets:

In addition to all the subjects approved by the colleges of best standing, the new college will endeavor to meet the demands of modern times and will offer vocational courses, so that students who intend to earn their own living may receive an ideal training in the work for which they are best fitted. . . . The scope of instruction includes the humanities, sciences and arts . . . and Connecticut College prepares the way for the establishment of the technical schools it will seek to provide for the professional training of women in the fields of education, applied science, commerce and the arts.

"Vocational" was not a bad word in those days, and what seems to have been contemplated was a series of professional schools for which the undergraduate college would provide a few courses of a preprofessional nature. This ambitious concept, gradually abandoned, would have led to a special type of university complex.

The College had opened in a glow of encouragement and with a distinguished faculty, though its first college generation was overshadowed by the World War. Students of the Twenties were indeed given a foretaste of a possible career in such electives as library science, household management, business administration, interior decoration, and religious education; but they were put through rigorous academic paces before they were allowed these explorations. One of the novel results of this desire to prepare women for their future was the famous Art of Living course dreamed up in 1925. It began with "a demonstration of the essential unity of life" through geology, biology, chemistry and physics, went on to applications in the social sciences and arts, and wound up with analyzing the bearings of these findings on ethics and religion. This course, taught by fifteen instructors, supplemented by representatives of medicine and law, was taught through the Twenties, and perhaps we have some in our audience tonight who have been living artfully ever since.

In those days weekends were expensive and transportation inconvenient so that students stayed on campus most of the time and became a tightly welded community. The faculty also lived at close range, with many women serving as dormitory fellows. Faculty and staff were dedicated and gave full support to this exciting adventure, and college life was busy and varied. On Tuesday afternoons Convocation was attended by the entire college and by trolley-loads of people from downtown; and concerts with such stars as Hofman, Casals, Rosa Ponselle, and Rachmaninoff were given in

Continued on the following page
the Lyceum Theatre or in the State Armory. The old gym was transformed for frequent plays by Wig and Candle; French plays were presented annually, while German and Spanish alternated, with an occasional courageous foray into Latin or Greek. Original plays and operettas were given whenever the creative fountain bubbled.

Despite the utmost stretch of imagination, however, certain types of behavior in the Twenties remain inexplicable. There was, for example, a positive passion for pageants with Indians, fairies, and Orientals romping among the hemlocks and dashing over the precipice in Bolleswood every May, as a kind of tribal initiation for freshmen. Formal printed invitations were issued even for intramural events; and one class would entertain another at tea or bridge at the Mohican, everyone getting dressed up and going downtown to spend a decorous afternoon together, with not a male in sight. Smoking was the red hot question of the day. In 1925 a study was made of college attitudes toward this vile habit, with such reports as the following: four colleges would expel students on the spot if they were caught smoking; at Northwestern the Dean said, "There is no rule against smoking, but 'nice girls' do not smoke"; and at the University of Minnesota, when asked whether it would ever follow the permissive attitude of Bryn Mawr, Dean Nicholson replied with an explosive, "Never!" When I left campus in 1925 there had just been an all-college vote on whether to permit smoking on campus, and Virtue had triumphed by a large majority. When I returned four years later, freshmen turned up for their English conferences with orange fingertips and a large tin of cigarettes as signs of emancipation. Students were forbidden to have flivvers on campus, but the boyfriend often came over in one to pick up his favorite flapper and go out for an evening of the Charleston and the Black Bottom.

Such interludes to the contrary, students were not carefree. Living in the long aftermath of the war, they were being jolted by the disclosures of Sinclair Lewis' Main Street and Babbitt, FitzGerald's hollow heroes, and Eliot's Wasteland. They participated in intercollegiate conferences on disarmament and voted on such questions as: "Should America join the League of Nations?" and "What should be our attitude toward Russia in the wake of its revolution?" Forums presented the Bok Peace Plan, the Eighteenth Amendment, and the World Court, and intercollegiate debates canvassed attitudes toward the Philippines and China. Students sacrificed to send money to help their counterparts abroad and to bring foreign students to campus. Service League, then the most active organization, kept all hands busy supplying clothes for the Bradley Street Mission and directing the educational and crafts program at Charter House on Jay Street, a project initiated by the local poet, Anna Hempstead Branch. Many students even spent part of their Christmas holiday making Christmas for hundreds of children at Christadora House in New York.

What of the Forties?

The decade opened on a note of self-congratulation as the College celebrated its growth and success in its first twenty-five years. The Auditorium was then in its second year; Bill Hall, the Chapel, and Holmes Hall transformed into a music building were opening; and at last all students were housed on campus. On the College Boards that year, Connecticut ranked eighth in preference nationally, exceeded only by Harvard, Yale, Penn., Smith, Wellesley, Princeton, and Vassar. There were now 750 students from 34 states and 5 foreign countries, student-faculty relations were slightly more formal, and the new Student-Faculty Forum met regularly to discuss educational ideas. Majors had been introduced in Child Development with the new Nursery School and in Retail Management, the latter with summer training at G. Fox and Co. and an assured job on graduation. By this date 12 MA's had been conferred,
and the MAT had just been initiated. College morale was strong, such traditions as Compet. Sing were in their heyday, and the beguiling Iphigenia had made her debut in dramatics. But the thunderclouds of war were menacing, and the historian of the Class of '40 noted: "The chaotic state of world affairs is making its impression on us. We wonder and are uncertain, as we leave the Ivory Tower." The Class of '42 "blew in with the hurricane" and had its last years swamped in war activities.

On that black day — December 7, 1941, students immediately saw that "Our ideals are at stake ... all we believe in and have been brought up to take for granted has been challenged." Dean Burdick called a special Chapel to present the recommendation of the War Services Committee that each student register for a specific responsibility, whether working in a hospital or nursery school, in government offices or with the ration board, collecting scrap metal, selling War bonds, taking Red Cross courses for canteen duty or household mechanics, or spotting for the twenty-four hour Aircraft Warning Station atop Bill Hall, which guarded the entire region. "All work that needs to be done has its dignity," said Miss Burdick; and the students took her word for it and plunged in. A campus dim-out was maintained with surprisingly few lapses.

Students talked of "doing the Job"; "the international upheaval has ... given us a vigorous conception of what there is to be done. College has given time in which to muster our strengths ... in order to become a vital part of a vital world." They accepted the fact that there was to be less traveling, vacationing, playing, and waste. Knowlton was compared to Grand Central Station during the frequent blood bank days; and the Connette Show hit the road and took its liltling voices to Army, Navy, Air Corps, and Merchant Marine bases over a wide area. There were, of course, many marriages before the men left for the service, and the presence of these married girls in the dorms, was a constant reminder of the grimness of war.

As happens in every national emergency, students felt guilty about remaining in college when their friends were at the front; but government policy urged continuance in college, with the possibility of acceleration. The College cooperated by offering a series of summer sessions intended primarily for its own students and for returning GI's. Beginning in 1941 with a six-week program called the Latin-American Institute, the summer school broadened its program and was extended to twelve weeks. In 1946 it had an attendance of 253 from 56 colleges and offered clusters of courses in American Civilization, Latin-American Civilization, French Civilization, and Secretarial Training. The concern of the students for international relations led to an interdepartmental Latin-American major introduced in 1944 with the opportunity to study Portuguese and commercial geography, to a new department of Russian, and to updating the Oriental history course. The combined Economics and Sociology majors now outran even the English major, and the new General Examination was thus far being taken by the seniors stoically. While many students accelerated, others spent their summers in factories, in shipyards, in laboratories, or on farms; and on graduation half the senior class took war-related jobs. Miss Ramsay reported on the "big salaries, ... in some instances hitting an all-time high of $1800 to $2000."

After the war, idealistic students felt just as strong an obligation to help post-war Europe. Food conservation was stressed, and money was sent regularly to the children of the affected countries. An editorial in the News (alias ConnCensus, Satyagraha, and Pundit) said in October, 1947:

It is a significant fact that since the war the spirit of America, especially of American youth, Continued on page 32
Recommended Reading
Rhoda Meltzer Gilinsky ’49

Repo, Satu, ed. This Book Is About Schools. Pantheon, 1970. $7.95. A fine anthology of articles (assembled by Satu Repo Duckworth ’56) about a variety of educational experiences.


Lane, Carolyn. Turnabout Night at the Zoo. Abingdon Press, 1971. $3.50. Carolyn Blocker Lane ’48 tells what happens when the animals are let out of their cages and the visitors are put in! Fun for the 8-10 year-olds.

Quandt, Jean Briggs. From the Small Town to the Great Community. Rutgers University Press, 1970. $9.00. The influence of the railroad, telephone, telegraph and high-speed press, and how social thinking was affected by them.


Mill, John Stuart. The Subjection of Women. MIT Press, 1970. $1.95, paper. Written over 100 years ago, it is as contemporary as the latest Women’s Lib meeting.

Morison, S. E.; Merk, F.; Freidel, F. Dissent in Three American Wars. Harvard University Press, 1970. $1.95, paper. More historical perspective to a “now” issue. The War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Spanish-American War are discussed by three well-known historians in the light of their popularity with the public.


In the Mailbox

Letters to the editor and noteworthy newspaper clippings (beyond the scope of classnotes) concerning alumni are always welcome.

• Faith in Connecticut

Connecticut College Alumnae News, as usual, gives me much food for thought as I read the Summer 1971 issue. [I treasure thoughts of Dr. Rosemary Park printed in August 1967, and of Dr. Mabel Smythe and Richard Brooks published in March 1968.]

The tan insert in this issue raises the question “Are Americans Losing Faith in Their Colleges?” The accompanying articles in the issue inspire the answer. My faith in Connecticut College is uplifted as I read of the effort to renew interest in the values of civilization: undergraduates undertaking scientific research; reports in “Conn Currents” (by Dean emeritus Noyes), of active graduate-level work, awards won by the class of 1971, student research programs, outstanding offerings of campus, extra-curricular programs, College personnel finding roles in the community, faculty accomplishments and interest in making courses contemporary. Thank you, Dean Noyes! As an undergraduate, I felt that college was too remote from the mainstream of life. That was partly because of me, for I was too busy earning the money necessary to pay for room, board, and tuition to have time for anything else except study. I’m glad to learn that students today are interested in the problems of the local community and of the world.

Imogene H. Manning, M.D. ’31
Norwich, Connecticut

• Preserving Freshwater Wetlands

I would like to take this opportunity of introducing you to the most recent publication of the Connecticut Arboretum. As most of you are aware, the Arboretum over the years has been concerned about our dwindling wetland resources. In 1961 under Dr. Richard H. Goodwin’s directorship, we published Connecticut’s Coastal Marshes: A Vanishing Resource ($4.00). Last year we published a sequel, Preserving Our Freshwater Wetlands ($1.00), under the editorship of Dr. Betty F. Thomson. Our most recent effort was again to highlight the coastal marshes by making available a guide to the common salt marsh plants found along the Atlantic coastline. Entitled Tidal Marshes of Connecticut — A Primer about the Plants that grow in our wetlands ($5.00) it is a reprint of an Old Lyme Conservation Commission effort to help develop among their citizens a greater appreciation of this limited asset. Enlarged and edited by the Arboretum staff, the 30 page guide includes line drawings of 21 grasses and broad leaved flowering plants found on our marshes accompanied by descriptive text. Ecological information, including food chains and vegetation zonation, is diagramatically illustrated. In the Foreword, it is emphasized that the food chain for the surrounding estuarine waters (which ultimately ends with shellfish or our spectacular sports fish) all starts on the marsh — from the very plants pictured in the guide. A special half price rate is
The following article by Miriam Brooks Butterworth '40 appeared in the West Hartford News with this introduction: One of 170 citizens of the U.S. to go on a fact-finding mission to Paris was Miriam Butterworth of West Hartford. The trip was planned by the American Friends Service Committee. Mrs. Butterworth, like the 169 others, went with a bias: she wants peace.

On March 3, a group of 170 citizens from 41 states went as a “People’s Delegation to Paris” to talk with the peace negotiators there. I joined two other delegates at Bradley Field, an insurance man from Springfield, and the assistant to the president of Berkshire Community College, to fly to Kennedy Airport, where the whole group met together for the first time.

We were a diverse group. There were, among others, priests, nuns, legislators and doctors, blacks and businessmen, writers and teachers, an artist, a welfare mother, a lawyer, and Judy Collins. A few had worked in Laos, Cambodia or Vietnam in various programs, such as A.I.D. and I.V.S. (International Volunteer Services). Many had made an in-depth study of Southeast Asia and the war, but many were newer to the commitment to peace, and had many questions to clear up before they could easily speak against the war on our return.

We had one thing in common, however. All of us felt that the war must end, that the war was tearing our society apart, as well as other societies thousands of miles away, and that a serious part of its cost was the neglect of domestic problems that must be attended to now. One of the members of our People’s Delegation was an aide to Kenneth Gibson, Mayor of Newark, New Jersey. Mr. Gibson intended to come himself to dramatize what he feels the war is doing to his city, but because of a city crisis, he sent an aide instead. So we all had a strong concern to find whether the negotiations in Paris held any promise of reaching a solution, and if not, what we as U.S. citizens could do to get them moving. All of us gained much understanding of the complexities of making peace by being forced to articulate every side of the problems involved, and in listening to others explain and work through their own doubts.

Our whole group spent all of the first two days listening to and discussing the negotiating positions of Xuan Thuy and other members of the D.R.V. (Democratic Republic of Vietnam, which we call North Vietnam) and of Madame Binh and other members of the P.R.G. (Provisional Revolutionary Government of the South). On the third day we heard and questioned non-aligned groups, such as Buddhists, Catholics, French newsmen and historians, and writers, including Mary McCarthy. On the fourth day we spent several hours listening to and questioning the Saigon delegation, and three hours in conference with our United States delegation. In addition, we met Laotian students, and a Cambodian representative of Sihanouk’s government in exile. There were also small luncheons and daily meetings between special interest groups, such as the Catholic clergy and women of our People’s Delegation with Vietnamese Catholic clergy, some of whom had left the North in the 1954 Catholic exodus, and all of whom were now against the continuing U.S. presence in Vietnam.

One of the issues we explored many times with all the groups had to do with the prisoners of war. The DRV representatives told us that all the names of the 339 prisoners now held by them had been made public. Twenty names of those who had died were also known to the United States. Mr. Bruce, our chief negotiator, indicated that this came within ten or fifteen of the number of men our government thinks are being held somewhere in North Vietnam. The answer given by the DRV to the statement that we would keep our troops in Vietnam until the POW’s were released was that the statement should be put the other way - that the prisoners would be released when we withdrew our troops. The DRV also pointed out that the Geneva Accords on prisoners of war provide for the release of prisoners when a war is ended, not before. Xuan Thuy expressed an understanding for the concern prisoners’ families have for their men, and he pointed to history to reassure them. In 1954, when they and the French signed the Geneva agreements, 10,000 French prisoners were released. But our worries continued to be expressed occasionally until one of the members of the DRV in an informal conversation looked with bafflement at his questioner. “We Vietnamese don’t understand you Americans,” he said, “How can you be so concerned with a few hundred men when you are killing thousands every day?”

One theme that occurred time and again was the history of Vietnam and the origins of the conflict. Was it aggression from the North, or are North and South Vietnam one country? Is the conflict one of a small people struggling against an imperialist power? Is the Thieu-Ky government a puppet of the U.S., with a very narrow political base, or is it a legitimate government of South Vietnam? We were dismayed that the only people who refused to discuss history were the U.S. and Saigon delegations. It was the French newsmen, like Jacques de Cornoy, Southeast expert for Le Monde, the historians and the Vietnamese representatives of non-aligned neutralist groups, that seemed most convincing. All said Vietnam is one country and the fight against the United States is a continuation of the fight for independence which started years before against the Japanese and the French.

One other theme that occurred often was that of the devastation our tremendous firepower and chemical warfare is causing to the whole of Southeast Asia and to millions of civilians. One question that never got answered was: Are there any limits a nation with almost unlimited military resources should set for itself in pursuing its interests?

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Dormitory Living

Continued from page 11

Finally, all except freshmen were asked whether, in their opinion, the parietal system was working better this year than last. Yes, 64%: Same, 31%: Worse, 5%.

Arriving at conclusions after all this was easy. They were inescapable. The ad hoc committee which had come together as strangers, now parted friends, bound by the understanding of a common experience. ("Freedom, not license, is the key."

Random quotes from the brave new world:

"I think it was a very good idea to circulate this questionnaire. Although I like open parietals, I'm sure there are students who do not, and this is a very considerate (private) way for them to express their disappointment or disagreement with it."

"Parents ought to accept the fact that things have changed and will continue to change and that the world they lived in is no longer here and the values they hold no longer apply."

"The main concern of adults is that open parietals lead to sexual promiscuity. If one is so inclined a rule will certainly not inhibit him."

"The administration has endorsed the 'youth culture' - a stand which I find healthy in its relation to the majority. What I would question is its aid to the student who is unsure of himself, who wants to avoid a confrontation with a lifestyle that his parents do not endorse."

"Open parietals requires a little maturity - but that's the prerequisite of freedom and independence. I think that, for the most part, those opposing open parietals are people who are afraid of finding themselves in a situation that they're not sure they can handle, or are so hung up on having their own privacy that they've lost some of the fun and enjoyment of other people. People make up the world and you have to get used to them and learn to live with them sometime. That's one of the most important aspects of dorm living and college as a whole. I would certainly hope that serious consideration is not being given to suspending open parietals as I would consider that an encroachment on my personal life."

CONCLUSIONS [in full]

• 1. We find that the open parietal system, as defined in the committee's Purpose, does indeed "support the goals of a Connecticut College education and is conducted with reasonable consideration for the rights and needs of the individual."

• 2. The experience of the past year leads us to think that, with coming increases in the number of men students and its corollary, more coeducational dormitories, open parietal problems will continue to decrease.

• 3. The students overwhelmingly favor making their own dormitory rules. We think they are able to create a structure of community life of their own design which will afford freedom to all and license to none. We believe they can reach agreement among themselves in each dormitory group on limits of behavior based on high standards of fair play and consideration for others. By speech and action, it is the responsibility of each student to help to create and support this structure. This clearly is on an acceptable and desirable "goal of education."

• 4. We understand and appreciate the concern of parents. We believe they will understand our view that it is unreasonable to expect Connecticut College to hold some imaginary line against the onslaught of national and world change. In fact, were the College to do so, it would fail in its mission to prepare young people for life as they will have to live it. We know that parents want to join with the rest of the Connecticut College community in helping to achieve a natural, free, realistic, and constructive way of life for their sons and daughters away from home.

South America

Continued from page 4

One learns that each country is a land of contrasts, combining Indian origins, plus 16th and 17th century Iberian Peninsula influences, with the contemporary in novel arrangements. Each country shares much in common with the others, and yet ultimately must be apprehended as unique. For example, a command of Spanish will take one anywhere (including Brazil, with a little effort on the part of all concerned), although each country has its own particular set of modismos (idioms), and its characteristic accent. I constantly was taken to be a Mexican national as my accent, expressions, and gestures are muy mexicanizados (very Mexicanized). Expressions of courtesy and the excessive use of diminutives, which are common practice among the middle-class Mexicans from whom I had learned them, are understandable and acceptable among educated Chileans - but are regarded as rustic and uncultured.

Of Anthropologists and Indians: My Life among the Mapuche*

Two Chilean anthropologists, Luis "Lucho" Coronado C. and Gabriela Berthe-Chizelle - both attached to the Instituto de Antropologia of the Universidad de Concepción - whom I met at the Congreso in Lima, invited me to visit the famous Mapuche Indians whose
ritual and social life they were studying. A tough people, the Mapuche successfully resisted the Inca in pre-Columbian times as well as the Spanish until the 1880’s. The 300 years of continual warfare against the Spanish are referred to by Chileans as the Mapuche war, not wars! The reservation policy was initiated in 1866 with the result that the traditional patrilineal lineages have become more important than in aboriginal times.

Most of the 300,000 Mapuche (pronounced Ma-poo-chay) live on some 2,000 reducciones (reservations) in Chile, and the largest concentrations are to be found south of Santiago de Chile, near Temuco (the square on the map indicates their location).

It was late August, during the height of the southern hemisphere’s winter season, when we went there. Driving cold rains had accompanied me during most of the trip in Chile, and, when we arrived, the cluster of houses was outlined against a grey, threatening sky. The family we had come to visit (comprising a mother, father and three “children,” two girls and a boy, aged 30, 28, and 26 respectively), was one of the most traditional, hewing closely to the old Mapuche ways in spite of modernizing pressures from the outside. Only the oldest daughter, Juana Maria, spoke both Spanish and Mapuche; the others spoke only Mapuche, an Araucanian language.

Like all other pre-Columbian inhabitants of the Americas, the Mapuche are Mongoloid in physical type; they are also short in stature: at 5’ 1”, I towered over Juana Maria while her brother, Arturo, was just my height. Although all human populations are highly variable in physical type, one can observe in Juana Maria the characteristic Mongoloid flatness of face, high cheek bones, straight black hair, and the epicantic eye fold which distinguishes the Mongoloid eye from other groups. Most people in Latin American countries are mestizos, combining the genetic characteristics from European, Indian, and sometimes African ancestors, although the populations of the countries along the Andean spine — Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia — still are predominantly Indian.

Juana Maria’s family lives in a household cluster in which the buildings are more traditional than some others on the reducción. There is the family ruca (hut) where cooking, eating, sleeping, and socializing take place; a second ruca contains a loom for weaving the traditional wraparounds of the women, sashes, and ponchos, and also provides additional sleeping space; a third building shelters the animals (the Mapuche now are an agricultural people, raising wheat, and potatoes and keeping sheep, cattle, and horses). The rucas are more or less rectangular, windowless, and with a thatched roof and walls of rough-hewn planks. One enters through a low door to be greeted by the constantly-burning hearth fire, located on the mud floor. Since the smoke can escape only by seeping through the thatched roof, and since the only source of light is from pitch-covered torches pushed where needed, into cracks in the walls, a rather smoky ambience results. Until one adjusts, the smoke makes tears spring to the eyes, and is likely to induce coughing fits, which my hosts seemed to anticipate from a winka (non-Mapuche). In fact, they seemed pleasantly surprised that I was able to adjust at all, but I found the dark warmth of the family ruca a welcome respite from the raw, penetrating chill of the damp Chilean winter.

When we arrived, no one was to be seen at the ruca. But I later learned that the youngest daughter had been there doing laundry in an outside tub, and when she saw a stranger with her Chilean friends, she had run to hide in the nearby bushes. Only with great coaxing could Lucho and Gabriela persuade her to return. And a day was to pass before she would look at me and smile shyly.

The Mapuche are notoriously enormous eaters, and on ceremonial occasions they indulge appetites of Gar- gantuan proportions. Although my rather modest North American appetite could not compete with theirs, the alfresco living agreed with me, and I found myself consuming quantities of the cazuelo (a soup containing potatoes and chicken or other meat which accompanies every meal), a delicious pan del campo (literally, bread of the field), and eggs; all of which were prepared in or over that small fire in the middle of the floor. In this part of the world, where the “Irish” potato originated, there are more than sixty varieties, each with a different flavor, consistency, and use.

Mapuche means “people of the land” (Mapu = land; che = people). Therefore, they refer to indigenous peoples of other countries as Mapuche also. Juana Maria’s mother, a poised, sociable, and expansive hostess, inquired through Juana Maria if I were acquainted with the “Mapuche” in the U.S. and what was their life like? When she learned that there are many “Mapuche” in my country who also live on reducciones not unlike hers, she responded with astonishment and apparent approval. “Mire, vel!" (This expression utilized her entire Spanish vocabulary and means literally, “look, see,” but might better be translated as “imagine that!”) Both she and Juana Maria were eager to hear me speak English, and quickly learned how to count as well as to say, “Good Morning, Good Evening, Goodbye.” Would that I could claim equal success in Mapuche!

An estimated 20,000-30,000 Mapuche — mostly youthful — have left the reducciones for life in the cities, where they join other migrants to swell the size of the squatter settlements found around all Latin American cities. Continued on the following page
"Squalments"

Recent anthropological research on Latin American squatter settlements — variously called favelas (Brazil), villas miserias (Argentina), callampas (Chile), tugurios (Colombia), or barriadas (Peru) — has produced some startling and challenging new theories for interpreting such areas. Traditionally, we have thought of slums, which accompany our urbanizing world, as being cancerous growths on the body politic, occupied by poorly educated, marginal, disorganized people, and characterized by high crime rates, chronic illness, and a host of other social problems. However, this "mythology" surrounding slum life is crumbling. When a group of squatters is able to plan, prepare the necessary building materials, and erect overnight 1,000 housing units on unoccupied government land (which actually happened outside of Lima, Peru), one can no longer seriously consider lack of vitality and organization to be inherent in the squatters themselves. Admittedly, the walls of the houses were woven mats of cane lashed to bamboo poles, but on the arid plains outside of Lima they were adequate, and peopled by optimistic, hardworking Peruvian migrants.

Their hope for the future is symbolized by the fact that the first substantial building they were putting up in 1968 when I visited there — by their own labor and with no government aid — was a school! At that point, their lively, curious, children were learning to read and write Spanish behind walls of straw mats through which the dust and cold winter winds blew — but these children will have a chance to enter the 20th century world. It won't be easy, and romantic anthropologists sometimes are inclined to want to see "their" Indians remain unchanged, but this clearly is not what the people themselves desire.

Conclusion

South America: vast, varied, complex, fascinating; each country fraught with unique problems, but also blessed with unique strengths. The Mexicans have un dicho [a saying] which I've heard applied to other Latin American countries as well: "You can wipe the dust of our country from your shoes, but never from your heart; we know you'll return" — and I know that I shall.

Houseboat

Continued from page 27

has changed from Americanism to Internationalism. Spiritually we recognize our status in the world. We are beginning to realize our importance in the international panorama.

International Weekends were mobbed by students wanting to discuss the Marshall Plan, Human Nature and Human Rights, World Government, German Repa-

rations, Labor Problems, Integration, and — endlessly — Peace. Most of these sessions were intercollegiate; and travel was resumed to such intellectual strongholds as New Haven and Cambridge, Middletown, Princeton, Hanover, and Williamstown. Students were united in their anxieties; and the result was two new factors which were to grow steadily in importance and in implications — the weekend exodus and campus interdependence. Another development, worrisome to educational advisers, was the tendency for students to marry promptly on the boy's return, with the girl often deserting her education for "the security" of home, where she was to accept cheerfully the complex role of wife, mother, typist, and often breadwinner while her husband finished his education.

When we come to the Sixties, Yesterday, I need not rehearse the facts of change. Some of you lived through these changes on campus; and all have read and discussed them, trying to keep up and to understand. The newspapers and television have given you their version, featuring the most shocking happenings; and the College has kept you abreast of developments here as best it could, with this Reunion program as its latest effort.

Just for an instant background, let me remind you that the Fifties had finally brought democratization to the colleges; multitudes were applying, many of these young people with no concept of college goals or standards. Advanced Placement courses were hastily developed in the high schools for better preparation, and academic pressures increased at all levels. The fear of the bomb hung especially heavily over the earlier Fifties. McCarthyism cowed professors and students into silence, educational institutions became enormous and computerized, and the individual student was stifled and lost. As science was blamed for the human predicament, the two cultures grew farther and farther apart. Then came the shock and embarrassment of Sputnik, which seemed to the public to prove the inferiority of American science and American education. With a strange lack of logic, every high school graduate was even more strongly urged to attend college as his natural right and national duty at the same time that colleges with their inadequate staffs and facilities were charged to improve the quality of education.

The word, "Crisis," appeared more and more frequently in the late Fifties in differing contexts. President Park warned in her report for 1956:

To many students . . . life is the other about which we do not speak in the classroom, and in consequence the classroom is a game, an esoteric one, not life. Until we break this dichotomy down, we shall be wasting talent and energy in a relatively unproductive laboratory experiment.
"We must," she said, "find new methods to show the students that Education is not conservation alone but creation."

In contrast to the hugeness and mechanization of society, the College offers its philosophy of the liberating arts, stressing the worth of the individual and the studies which can develop his potential, support him in his own life, and make him of most value to his community. But amid the clutter of daily assignments and overdue papers, this philosophy became more and more unreal and "irrelevant" to the students. They saw only the numerous requirements and somehow equated the liberal arts with what they considered illiberal requirements. As one student put it, "As for the Complete Woman, sometimes it seems that the College assembles her from Odds and Ends." Another more perceptive student, Julie Baumgold, caught some of the significance in her lines:

We passed down along a platform to the wizard of the town
Who, in a paper token, told us that the road had proved our minds
And that which we had carried all along inside:
    namely some heart, some brains, some courage.

Connecticut College entered the Sixties with some more favorable factors. Larrabee and Crozier-Williams had established a new center for the campus, and the Fiftieth Anniversary Fund reached its goal on target. The four-course plan came into operation to encourage more thoughtful work, along with the two-year Honors program which invited a student "to master a complex specialty by herself." Later, requirements were revised, challenging the student to study a few areas in his or her special field in depth in contrast to the former spread, which had too often proved superficial. Meantime Connecticut College for Men had sprung from the legislature as a transitional anomaly, and the student body had grown from 900 in 1960 to 1200 in 1964. Through annual course critiques, students had learned much about the frustrations of questionnaires, the sensibilities of faculty, and the elusive process of evaluating personalities, methods, and ideas in different disciplines. Through their more successful participation in the student-faculty Academic Committee, however, they had demonstrated their capability to work effectively with faculty and won representation on other major faculty committees. Today their voices are heard in the land, and they are learning to hear and understand other voices in a mutually educative process.

The Kennedy administration gave to the young a new hopefulness and a sense of belonging. When that hope was crushed by the assassination, one student said:

We have discovered here at College that we are not merely students of a private institution but students of a nation. Accordingly we instigated and participated in the growth of religious and political groups on campus, and actively joined the national student movement for civil rights. We discovered that we are not only students but citizens, and we mourned the assassination of President Kennedy.

Looking back now, it seems that ConnQuest played a central role in the development of campus thinking; it provided a clearing house for students to express their concerns and thus clarified their thinking to themselves and to others. First biennial and then annual, ConnQuest aimed to highlight the emergent issue for students; and, sparked by Paul Goodman, the '64 ConnQuest dealt with Student Commitment and Involvement. Commitments were originally conceived in terms of Peace Corps assignments, were later brought nearer home by Vista and summer projects in Mississippi, and finally focused on urgent problems in Connecticut cities and on our own doorstep. Meanwhile ConnQuest went on to study the plight of the individual, especially the creative individual, in the city and then to explore and demonstrate the new media.

Successive Koinés mirror these changes in the student’s feeling about herself and her role. Such sentimental traditions as Maypoles were discarded as irrelevant, as we can all grant; and dorms. were de-

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Last spring, the active membership (1969-70 contributors to the AAGPJ) voted on the future name of the Association because there will be approximately 20 men in our membership by June 1972, 350 by 1975, and 1,500 by 1980. In addition, according to our newly amended by-laws, men who in the past received master's degrees may now become members. Although men will be outnumbered by women for many years, they nevertheless will be part of the Association and, we hope, will show interest in supporting the College through the Association. The names voted upon were “Connecticut College Alumni Association” (alumni includes both genders), “Alumnae and Alumni of Connecticut College,” and “Connecticut College Alumnae Association” (no change). When a large majority voted for the above name, an amendment to the Articles of the Association was filed with the Secretary of State of Connecticut.

scribed flatly as “things one had to be in by 12 at night.” The Mardi Walker case, with all its ramifications, electrified the College or, as a student put it, shook us all out of “the groove of academe.” The '67 Koiné proclaimed the birth of “the new sensibility” on campus, as students struggled to reconcile what they saw as “our opposing worlds.” Further progress toward frankness, honest effort, and independence is shown in the '69 Koiné, which took these lines from Emerson's The American Scholar for its motto: “We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds.”

We have taken a brief look through three peepholes into different parts of Connecticut College history of special interest to our audience tonight. But peepholes have their obvious limitations, the eye of the looker further limits the vision, and the psyche behind the eye of the looker unconsciously selects and colors. These periods had their heavy burdens: the Twenties those of the pioneer, whose enthusiasm perhaps disguises their difficulty; but the Forties and the Sixties those of war, frustration, disillusionment, and social crises at home and abroad. These periods also offer eloquent proof of a fundamental fact which cannot too often be reasserted. In any age a college exists within the social ambit which it serves and to which it struggles to communicate its values by a process of patient re-education and re-direction. Inevitably society's problems and confusion are its starting point; communication, persuasion, and examples are its methods. Using my educational bifocals, it seems to me that Connecticut College through the decades has endured and grown in stature and that its students and alumnae have continued its prized tradition of honesty, intelligence, courage, and service.

The Campus

Continued from page 3

in our society. Cries like these have been heard before in our times. At Oxford University shortly before the Second World War began, the students in the Oxford Union approved a resolution that said they would never again fight for king and country.

2. These radical student attitudes past and present must be accepted at the moment when they are expressed because of their intrinsic worth, their generosity, their idealism. It is only later after the demonstrations are over that these sentiments can be confronted with experience in the real and possible world. We on the campuses must learn — as parents must — to live among the pressures of this generation’s demands. We can probably expect no real campus tranquility in our time, not in good colleges anyway. For when able teachers and eager students are brought together, the urge to become involved in the issues of our troubled days is bound to be strongly felt.

3. It would also be a serious mistake, I suppose we would all agree, for adults to confuse uninhibited appearance and manners with radical politics. I suppose parents don’t need to be told this, but some of our older alumnae do. An angry alumnus of my own college turned to a student at a recent meeting and shouted, “I just can’t hear you. Your hair keeps getting in my ears.”

After the concern about our politics, the subject of open parietals has been the source of another loss of confidence in our college and in others. But here the general question of current sexual morality goes far
beyond our campus and probably beyond any college's ability to regulate private student conduct on a residential campus. One by one our campuses have accepted openly what they had learned to accept without admitting it. The causes for this shift in the basis of sexual morality are of course radical causes and probably will not easily be modified. Our Western culture — in Europe as well as in America — is undergoing profound changes, in our religious conscience and in the personal ethics our religions have implied. Our American family structures have been changed over two or three generations by urbanization, social mobility and the growth of middle class affluence. Most recently, a revolution in medicine has given young people the private responsibility for conducting their sexual lives before marriage.

At Connecticut we have tried, as other colleges have, to challenge our students — in the absence of any regulations except those they impose upon themselves — to a greater sense of individual and collective responsibility for their dormitory lives. . . . [At this point, President Shain spoke about the report of the Ad Hoc Committee on Student Dormitory Living which is discussed in detail on page 8.]

One more subject and then I am finished: the cost of college. I am aware that from a family's point of view the cost of a Connecticut College education has been rising faster than many family incomes. We don't yet see how we are going to make Connecticut financially feasible for many of the middle-income families who would like to send sons or daughters here. But we must try to find financial stability for this good college as soon as possible. This year we have begun to take measures which seem drastic to college people whose memories go back only 10 or 15 years. A substantial number of our faculty, and staff, will not get increases in salaries for next year. Some departing faculty members will not be replaced. We have had to cut back on some student services. It may not be as easy next year to get an appointment with the college psychiatrist or to find morning sidewalks clear of snow or locate someone to replace immediately a lost key to a dormitory room. Our next year's budget we believe is balanced, but its balance will depend in part on how much money we receive in annual giving from our graduates and friends and foundations. We are still a gift-supported institution in that important margin that distinguishes between red ink and black. This year our deficit will be $200,000 more than we anticipated because our gifts are falling below expectations by $125,000, because our investment income has suffered and because of unanticipated increases in our cost of doing business.

The irony of our economic position is this. Just as our basic costs are going up and our income is decreasing, we are being asked by our students to offer more courses, provide new combinations of subjects and learning opportunities, give them more individual attention, provide smaller classes and more flexibility in all things. They are right, of course. Ideally we shouldn't haggle over the cost of a good education. Like that other and more expensive social service, health care, a good college education costs as much as you have to spend. But we must learn somehow to make it cost less.

I believe we must persuade the state of Connecticut and the federal government to pay more of the educational costs of students who can't afford colleges like Connecticut. We want more scholarship students but we can't afford them unless the state or federal governments help. We must probably ask students and their families to borrow more money than they would like to, and we shall probably have to continue increasing our tuition fees for those who can pay in order to keep the college stable and strong over the next financially difficult years. We ask for your help, your patient understanding, your suggestions. Teachers, I believe, have never been more confident of the national importance of their chosen professions than they are now. We have probably never had so many high-minded, ambitious students in our colleges as we have today. I believe that parents can all agree that in our generation's time our beloved country has never needed enlightened purpose more than it does today. Colleges may often be the home of lost causes, but I believe the modern record shows that the causes aren't really lost — they are just a little premature. And like early babies they become more recognizably human as they grow up.

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We came to the conclusion that there will be no peace negotiated in Paris under present conditions, and no one, our U.S. negotiators included, believed that there is a chance for fruitful meetings now. The two sides have irreconcilable positions. The “enemy” says the United States must set the date (reasonably early) for complete withdrawal, and our government says we must have a cease-fire first. Many pacifists in our group at first felt that the killing must be stopped, and a cease-fire sounds as if this aim would be accomplished. But before the week was up, we realized that a cease-fire would leave the United States, with its huge fire power in Indo-China (no triggers being pulled, but ready), would give the U.S. a chance to spread out unopposed throughout the country, and would continue American support of the Thieu-Ky government and its repression. In fact, a cease-fire would mean, in the eyes of the Viet-Cong and their allies, giving up a twenty-year struggle for independence with the country still dominated by a colonial power. For the U.S., setting the date would mean giving up a Korean type of solution. It would mean losing control of that Southeast Asian area. It would mean we could not guarantee protection to oil companies and other American businesses through a Saigon Government cooperative to the United States.

The stakes for the DRV and PRC are the independence of their country, and for the United States the control of an area. Perhaps the “enemy” has a stronger motivation, but we have the stronger power. The result is a stalemate in negotiations and a wider war.

Our conclusion is that if we want to extricate the U.S. from the war, if we want to prevent the further destruction of whole societies in Southeast Asia, and of our society through demoralization and economic dislocations, we the people will have to insist that our government set the date — an early one — for complete withdrawal.

Election Procedures

During my term of office as chairman of the nominating committee, there have been questions raised with regard to election procedures which I would like to answer. First, let me explain the policies and goals of our committee. The chairmanship is an elective position which gives alumnae constituents a measure of control over the board members. In addition, the by-laws require that each chairman must come from a different geographical area from her predecessor, thus insuring a change of committee locale every three years. Once elected, the chairman appoints co-workers from different classes, thereby representing the interests of all age groups.

Second, we have definite goals. Our main effort, of course, is to seek alumnae who are qualified: those who have the interest, capabilities, willingness, and the time to give to the job. We have a file of all nominee suggestions sent to us, each card containing as much information as we can find. Some executive board positions are filled best by those who have had previous experience on the board. The president, for example, as well as the alumnae trustees, should be an alumna who is familiar with the mechanics and function of the Association. Alumnae trustees should not be confused with trustees of the College. The former, elected by us, serve a five-year term and attend meetings of both boards, acting as a liaison between the two. It is not a position of honor alone, but requires hours of devoted work.

Two other concerns of the nominating committee are class and geographical representation. The perfect board would be composed of members of all ages from all areas. The majority of our alumnae live in the East; nevertheless, we constantly strive for geographical distribution on the board. Keeping the present composition of the members in mind, the nominating committee must fill vacancies with qualified candidates of the right age and from representative areas. But, once nominated, there is no guarantee that these persons will be elected!

This brings me to the question of single versus multiple slate. Several of you are deeply concerned by the trend toward the elimination of the multiple choice of candidates from which to choose. It should be kept in mind though that when one of three candidates is elected, two highly qualified people lose and are not always willing to take the chance of losing a second time in another election. In the past, many alumnae have refused to run again, and the nominating committee is reluctant to ask them. Furthermore, if all offices were filled by multiple slate, it would be difficult to find enough capable people willing to run. This year, nine candidates were needed to fill five offices. Had the ballot been all multiple choice, we would have required fifteen.

One last, important point — our only source of candidates is the electorate, YOU, the alumni of Connecticut College. YOU are our potential candidates and our source of nominee suggestions; recent by-law changes now permit non-graduates as well as graduates to serve on the executive board. To serve in this capacity is rewarding, interesting, exciting, and fun. Requests for nominee suggestions will not be mailed out this year because of the expense, so we are counting on all of you to volunteer many, many names for our consideration.

Pete Gehrig '42
Chairman of the nominating committee
Japanese Youth

Continued from page 6

The greediness of that youth in the train was a greed for life." I confer upon her all this, unsaid. But then I have a biased view of the innate wisdom of Japanese women! My companion in the subway was more wise than traditional.

Despite the fact that I found Tokyo the most exciting city in which I have ever lived, despite my conviction that it is the Japanese city which is the Japan of the present and the future, I find it impossible to escape the sadness in the prospect of its youth. Every enlightened citizen of the world knows that Tokyo is a city rebuilt from the ruins, without memorials, and that it keeps its place as the largest urban concentration on the planet. The memorials of the past — Nikko, Kyoto, Ise, Miyajima — become the museums, even as Venice and Florence have become repositories of the Western Renaissance. Presently, committees of concerned Japanese intelligentsia will call upon the world to contribute funds to save the riches of Kyoto from the acrid, destructive fumes of the megalopolis. In this moment a Japanese equivalent of Mestre encircles Kyoto. Tourists come to Japan committed to the exotic. What they find, if they are intelligent, is a museum exoticism. If they had the wish to know Japanese youth, they might come to understand that the exotic has nothing to do with contemporary Japanese urban life. The culture of post-War Japan is almost wholly mechanistic. Those elder citizens of Tokyo who deliberately suggest an old life style, such as my momentary companion on the subway, are, in my estimation, utterly supreme ironists. Theirs is an irony of defiance, even as the suicide of Mishima was a comparable irony on the grand scale. Within this irony is a subtle taste for paradox; and, in turn, this taste is involved with that unique Japanese fatalism which permits the erection of skyscrapers in Tokyo when every informed citizen knows that another devastating earthquake is certain to occur within the next decade. Of course I found Tokyo exciting. It is an enormous paradigm of planetary human existence in the "modern" direction.

The youth whom I saw on the subway train may have been a graduate student in a Tokyo university. He may have been a political activist, internationally stylized. The guesses are legitimate. In my university assignments I appeared before some of his equivalents. During my months in Tokyo, when I lectured in American literature at three institutions, I was attempting to discover each day the feeling of Japanese youth. There are many advantages for my profession in Japan. Much of the old reverence for learning and experience still perseveres in classrooms, just as it more frequently does not in the United States. But, in the Orient, this special reverence was always deeper. It was refreshing to find among graduate students, whom I taught, a sense of awe as they went through some of the most difficult pages of William Faulkner or the most intricate lyricism of Robert Lowell. It was heartening to find among undergraduates a sharp awareness of the paradoxes central in the art of Herman Melville, or of the anguish of racial tensions described by James Baldwin. Sometimes, after class, I went with students who wanted to talk longer for an ice cream soda at the corner, or for coffee, or a lunch of noodles and tea. They wanted to talk about life as it is defined in literature. They were greedy.

In retrospect, I think of them with profound sympathy, and often with sorrow. The want of the lowest born of them will never be, in modern Japan, in any sense equal to the
poverty of the lowest born of their ancestors. Who does not know of the achievement of modern Japan: the highest standard of living that the Orient has ever known? But this new life is not freedom. Most students have a few brief years of this ardent desire to know. If they do not reject the establishment — and only a very few go into communes, most of them are located on obscure islands off the coasts — they will be claimed by the stereotypes, all of which are made by industry. Big business watches over the public schools and the lives of teachers in these schools; it orders the waystations of young bank tellers; it claims, in its vast familial structures, the lives of the most brilliant, who marry, establish families in their turn, live more often than not in company housing, retire on slender pensions, and die and are buried along the fringes of beneficent company insurance. The system is not totalitarian; neither is it democratic. It merely locks human beings into its chains.

The students whom I taught were singularly disposed to respect me for whatever I was worth. We talked of subject matter in focus in each course; we talked of the political chicaneries of bad governments and of the foreign presence of the United States, of the horrors of urban violence in America (violence of a sort without parallel anywhere in Japan), and of the indecencies of racism in a country representing itself as a democracy. I sympathized with them when they protested on Okinawa Day against the storage of poisons for chemical warfare in the vicinity of Naha, and when they demonstrated in the streets against the invasion of Cambodia or against the murders committed at Kent State University. What, then, do they forgive, or hope for? Scores of those whom I taught look to this nation as the ultimate source of freedom. I am speaking here of freedom in the existential sense, the freedom to be as one's self. I should exchange no part of my professional life, no part of my American experience, for the education of living among the youth of Tokyo. They are unlike our youth in that the stereotypes into which they pass after college and university education are more rigid than those which young Americans have known, and, perhaps, may know in the future. They are like ours in that they face the paradoxes of increasing urbanization, into which the past and tradition recede with bitter ironies. In Tokyo the traditional arts — the drama, the dance, landscape architecture — are, of course, remembered. They continue to live. But one is more impressed with the raw vitality of the modern. People rush like the lemmings rushing over the rocks seaward, as the modern Tokyo novelists, Oe Kenzaburo and Abe Kobo, have thought of them. (And in my mind, the lemming was a metaphor of Herman Melville, a paradigm of the future from a vision of more than a century ago, the throngs of London workers at twilight pouring like a shool of herring over London Bridge.)

The old desire for beauty is latent, of course. I think of the grace of an impeccably dressed woman in a summer kimono, curiously brave in her irony. Block-long lines of young movie-goers wait in Tokyo to see how life goes on the "other side." Foreign films bring them in, not the Japanese art films which our savants treasure. Discotheques claim the Saturday nights of thousands of moba and moga ("modern boys" and "modern girls"); love matches preempt the old estate of arranged marriages; and "emancipated" Japanese women are now reported to sue for divorce more often than their husbands. Mishima Yukio took his life to recall Japanese youth to the Japanese past, of what it is, or might be, to be Japanese in feeling (and, we should add, in imagination).

In Tokyo one feels the depth of the generation gap. Thousands upon thousands of the young blue collars in the building trades and white collars in minor clerical jobs authorized by university training, have deserted their parents in country towns. For a few years they looked to freedom, with their own greed, the freedom to be as one's self. The lemming population rushes in the excitement of rushing. But one wonders what the exchange from the parental establishment may mean if the economy claims them with the familial protective structures of the corporations. The youth in the subway has a few years of freedom between the past and the present.

The Japanese are fatalists. To paraphrase Karl Gustav Jung, who contended before his death "History is written in the blood," I suggest "Buddhism is written in the blood." Life is motion; and beyond life, whatever the length of passage through other existences envisioned in the doctrine of karma, lies the ultimate and blessed nothingness, ultimate release from consciousness of self. I am not speaking of devout Buddhists, of whom there are very few in the day-to-day life of Japan. I am speaking, rather, of the inevitable inheritance in the blood, in the sense of Jung. The youth of the West, whether they rebel or not, are inheritors of the Judeo-Christian. The patterns of their action, even in so simple an insistence as the present dogma of LOVE, are fully open to the understanding of all intelligent observers, whether they are anthropologists or sociologists or laymen.

In Tokyo one sees in the subway and in the street youth in the international style. If we seek dimensions of the generation gap, we had better not assume that they are like ours. The Inheritances, Japanese and American, remain not the same. If there comes a moment in future time when no past any longer speaks in any present, a moment which I will never live to see, then our successors might...
say that the fissures are forever closed, over the whole "civilized" surface of the planet. For the remaining time of my observation I will continue to regard the paradoxes and the differences, nation to nation, with, I hope, some measure of discernment.

**Medal Awards**

*Continued from page 23*

Though other dancers and companies came here for performances Mr. Limon's choreography and the performances of his Company built for us during those years the distinction which still pertains to what is now called the Connecticut College American Dance Festival.

Mr. Limon was born in Mexico in 1908 and came to the States with his family during the Mexican revolution. He was educated in California and came to New York to study painting. But at the age of 22 he saw his first modern dance and soon decided to join the Humphrey-Weldman Company. In the early forties he had his own Company, but the dances for which he will always be best known date from the years when he was able to create as well as teach here in New London. He has toured our country more thoroughly and successfully than any other dance company in our history. Under contracts from our State Department, he has made American Dance known in the most unlikely as well as the most likely places on the Globe. As those of you who know his work can attest, his dances open to the world of ideas as much as to the world of dramatic action. Religious questions provide the genesis of his patterns of movement and gesture as well as Shakespeare's heroes and the stately music of Vivaldi and Bach. His artistic effort has been to dance the modern world as well as in the manner called modern.

Our college has never sufficiently recognized that other existence of ours in the summer world of dance. It is late, but perhaps not too late, to tell José Limon how much we as a college are beholden to him and his dancers for their long and distinguished presence on this campus.

**Someday is Today**

*Continued from page 17*

"the student is told the current doctrine and is trained to give it back accurately." This has not been the case in courses I have taken at Connecticut. The two independent studies I worked on, this year and last, have been especially rewarding. The first was a pilot field study on the effects of TV on three year-olds. I did not come up with earth shattering findings, but did gain in procedural knowhow, and learned that while 3's watch a considerable amount of TV, the ill-effects come not so much from what they see as from what they miss by sitting there. It is time lost which should be spent in being involved in things and other children.

This year, two other child development RTC students and I worked jointly on a study to develop a proposal for a campus day care center. With the tremendous demand for day care in urban areas, we see great value in such a center as a training facility for a graduate study. Returning to college has been exciting—and fun—but not one big lark. In times of calamity or let down, however, support from faculty and family was there. And well, We've made it! The principle of continuing education is being done effectively at Connecticut College. I for one am grateful for the experience; I feel richer for it, and hope in turn to reinvest myself in the community in which I live.

**Love Beads**

*Continued from page 17*

remote in age or experience. I guessed him to be about... the very age of my husband! I wondered how long it would take him, with his vision and sensitivity, to locate that student of "certain age" (ME) who really understood what it was all about. I mused about whether he goes to the same concert series we do. I considered asking advice on some problems after class, but decided against it when my neighbor told me she was a friend of Dr. Isenbud's second wife. That liar. My mid-term paper would be on Fantasy Form. I enjoyed classes a great deal, and found that I did very little doodling.

*Continued on following page*
How does one manage a family and school? I discovered good places to do reading are in doctors', dentists' or orthodontists' waiting rooms; and sitting under the dryer at the beauty parlor is terrific. I missed out on "What Debbie Reynolds Has Never Told Harry Karl," but finished a whole chapter on "Psychotic Depressive Reactions" under the dryer. Plan a party around Finals. This play works well. I could always blame the failure of one on the other. Once when there was quite a lot to review before an exam, I told the children that Mom would be away for a few days while she actually would be reading in her room. This meant I would not have much time to be with them, but they could tip-toe into my room, gaze upon their mother, and reassure themselves that she existed. How do you write a term paper after so many years? Find or make a friend who took the course last year and ask her.

During the second semester, as Spring wafted in, I found I was on strike! That is, my fellow students were. Initially, the strike was called for the sake of 32 student demands. (My favorite was number 23: "Psychological theories other than the Freudian approach shall be included in the school curriculum.") In my day the only thing we ever protested was compulsory chapel services. We never got into weightier matters. Many of the demands seemed unnecessary to me, others sensible, but not worth striking for. Committees by the score were formed without letting me know. There was a wealth of posters around the school as well as mimeographed newsletters— the kind that smear your fingers— which gave the names of Strike Captains, their assistants, Section Strike Captains and the "phone numbers of all these "officials." Also listed was Your Strike Information Telephone Number, as well as Your Weekend Strike Information Telephone Number. Under the banner headline, "Power Through Unity," choice unacademic words were used to describe the school administration and where my fellow students thought it could go. The whole thing reminded me of clubs we had in grade school, usually formed against someone who was "out of it." Once it was the Against Joan Brown Club. Sample 'phone call: "Joan Brown is now wearing a bra. Pass it on; call Jenny."

One day I was stunned to find a noisy, revolving picket line in front of the main door. Recognizing Myrna, a placid, heavy classmate plodding along in it, I waved to her, grateful at being able to show that I was "with it"— I knew one of the dissidents personally— but wondered where she had gotten the energy. Maybe she was trying to lose weight. As I neared the door someone called out, "Pig"; it was my Myrna! I quickly sensed that her classroom friendliness had somewhat abated. The strike had converted Myrna into Militant Myrna. I really wanted to go to class, but, approaching a basement side door, I was stopped by a male graduate student. "Man," he said, "we ask that you go into liberated areas only, if you must enter the building." I asked what they were and he replied, "The Men's Room, the Ladies' Room and the Student Lounge." I selected the Ladies' Room, but once inside, jockied my way up to class feeling like the fellow in Les Misérables. Dr. Isenbud, who I had been told was not coming to school that day, was holding forth with only six elderly students who had bravado the line. Dr. I. was bitter. I discovered that, as one approaches middle age, one adopts a middle course in thinking. Although applauding some student demands, I didn't want all authority wrested from the faculty. While opposing sanctions against the dissidents, I resented being prevented by the picketers from going to class. I was in a No Man's Land, and probably looked like faculty.

Then came Cambodia, followed by the Kent State and Jackson State tragedies. My fellow students, already revved up, were infused anew with activist energy. Having taken on the school, the student body was prepared to take on the government. (The students "opened" the school when officials agreed to give them time off to engage in "peaceful demonstrations.") They quickly decorated the school corridors with new posters and pamphlets, and with desks at which we were urged to sign up for all manner of strike activity. The opportunities offered were limitless. We could meet, march, picket, sign-up or sit-in. I felt like a wallflower. Everyone had a party but me. There was a Puerto Rican Independence Party, a Political Action Committee, a Black Student Caucus, Student Power Group and everything else you could think of. I imagined even the faculty was organized into a Relationship Psychotherapy Power Group, an Ego-Psychology Party and a Supportive Therapy Union. Could I start a Middle-Aged Mothers for Modern Power Group or Flight Squadron or something?

Cause blended into Cause, much as those hallway desks merged into one another with their staggering array of petitions and sign-up sheets. There was one action I could take in good conscience. I approached a desk and asked for my chosen petition, but the bewildered boy behind it said, "The Cooper-Church girl must have gone to lunch; is there anything else your care to petition for?" When I declined, he scrounged around trying to find my sheet, finally coming up with a paper for me to sign. That night I was called at home and invited to lead a forum discussion called Struggle Against the System the following Tuesday—the very day I was supposed to entertain my husband's out-of-town buyers. Inadvertently, I had signed up to establish a "Freedom School!" Conclusion: Graduate School gives more than one bargains for.
1919: 
Correspondent: Mrs. Enos B. Comstock (Juline Warner) 
176 Highwood Ave., Lebanon, N.H. 03766

C.C. has honored another 50th reunion, this time that of '19's sister class, 1921. A perfect weekend provided the ideal setting for renewal of friendships, for enjoyment of C.C.'s renowned hospitality, for the stimulation of faculty lectures, and for the reassurance of the reunion theme, Connecticut College: Here She Stands. As one alumna commented, Connecticut College is still in good hands. Names of five from 1919 led the list of non-reunion alumnae: Luna Ackley Colver, Groton; Florence Carns, East Berlin, Middletown; Aaron Poll, Boston; Beginning her Waterford; and I. Leonia. There were nine from '20 and three from '22 to share '21's celebration. At the banquet Saturday morning, The Athenaeum presented '19's reunion gift in honor of the class of 1921, a series of six framed prints of woodcuts by the early 17th century Dutch artist, Hendrick van den Bergh, which were presented to the N.Y. Public Library. The prints hang on the wall of the Music Dept. corridor in Cummings Art Center. Virginia Rose recast the Agnes Leahy for outstanding service to the Alumnae Ass'n. '19 will be glad to know that the three trees presented last June to honor 1920's 50th are flourishing "like trees planted by the rivers of water." After the memorial recital at the chapel Sunday morning and the Alumnae Ass'n meeting at Cruzer-Williams, my sisters, Marion 20 and Harriet 24, and I, lengthened on Esther Barnes Cotter in her unique and imposing home in Mystic. Esther and her brother Amos recently drove to Florida to visit friends from the class of 1909. She took pains to show us the inspiring view of the Mystic Wetlands which she sold to Nature Conservancy to insure its permanent preservation in its natural state. A highlight of the weekend was Gertrude Noyes' report on the development of the college as revealed by her editing the college archives this past year. "Prest" plans to visit her family, the Bigtoths, at Quaker Hill for a month this summer. In May Florence Carns visited relatives in Maine. Sadie Cott Benjamin and Howard look forward to summer visits from their grandchildren. Esther Batchelder came from Rome to attend the May trustees meeting but was not able to attend the reunion on campus. Winona Young moved from her Hartford apartment to live permanently in her country home in Mansfield Center. The sympathy of '19 is extended to Ruth Trail McGrath arrived from East Windsor Hill where her husband was still ill. For three months she had been the featured speaker at the banquet Saturday night and gave a review of events relevant to the reunion classes of the 20's. She is still active in volunteer work. Gertrude Noyes came the shortest distance, as she spends much time at the College library assembling the college archives. She was the featured speaker at the banquet, her usual light touch. Helen Nichols Foster came from Phoenixville where she plays golf as often as three times weekly and enjoys bridge frequently. Emily Warner recently moved to a new home in South Yarmouth and does not find the waters of Cape Cod so lonely! Carole Rockland was looking forward to entertaining the family group soon at her home in Larchmont. Anne Albee noted the former Morristown, N.J., house, busy with church work, hospital volunteering and her four grandchildren. One daughter has two girls and the other two boys. Betsy Allen was visiting Japan to lead "Deep Down in Our Hearts", lives in Newton, Massachusetts, but enjoys much of the year on Cape Cod at Harwichport. Grace Ward lives in East Orange, N.J., and is still active in therapy work. A broken ankle recently slowed her down for a while. Sarah Jane Porter Merrill could not return to reunion because of the graduation of a grandchild from high school. Jane Novos motored this spring to California via Florida, New Orleans and Texas. She continues after retirement to live in Boston. Elizabeth Arnold Haynes won the New Hampshire sweepstakes for which 3 million tickets were sold. She shared her good fortune with a contribution to the class fund.

1921: 
Correspondent: Mrs. Alfred J. Chalmers (Anna Mae Brazos)
Box 313, Rte. 4
Hendersonville, N.C. 28739

1922: 
Correspondent: Mrs. David H. Yale (Amy Peck)
579 Yale Ave., Meriden, Conn. 06450
Marjorie E. Smith
337 Angell St., Providence, R.I. 02906

1923: 
Correspondent: Alice P. Holcombe
59 Scotch Cap Rd.
Quaker Hill, Conn. 06375

1924: 
Correspondent: Miss Kathryn Moss
P.O. Box 1334, New London, Conn. 06320
Mrs. Bernard Bent (Eugenia Walsh)
Washington Grove, Md. 20880

1925: 
Correspondent: Dorothy Kilbourn
84 Forest St., Hartford, Conn. 06106

1926: 
Correspondent: Mrs. Payson B. Ayres (Lorraine Ferris)
10 Old Post Road, Cos Cob, Conn. 06807

Nineteen of the beautiful people attended our 45th reunion on a perfect June weekend. Jessica Williams Kohl, outgoing president, was in California at a meeting of the Society of Technical Writers and Publishers. She was recently installed as president of the Eastern Connecticut chapter. Imogene Hostetler Thompson was unable to attend reunion as she was getting ready for a trip to Europe in June. Eleanor Whillier Abbott was tied up with graduation of a grandchild from high school. Jane Noves motored this spring to California via Florida, New Orleans and Texas. She continues after retirement to live in Boston. Elizabeth Arnold Haynes won the New Hampshire sweepstakes for which 3 million tickets were sold. She shared her good fortune with a contribution to the class fund.
man, and Lyda Chatfield Sudduth, class president, combined their talents, wit and leadership to make the weekend a memorable one. The crew included Elizabeth Clifford Young, who had been chief photographer all day. It was the first time back for Mary Wilcox Coffin, who turned home attended the graduation at C.C. of the class of 1929.

Mrs. E.A. N. Seyfried (Wilhelmina C. Brown), who resides in the New York area, husband Charles enjoys semi-retirement and their married daughter lives near by. Mrs. Thomas C. Gilmer (Anna May Derge), who was one of the Grace Campbell columnists at the University of Michigan, U.S. Coast Guard and other educational institutions. Married in November, they reside in Allentown, Pa., and married son Charles in California. Four grandchildren complete our family circle. Virginia Vail Lavino and her husband travel to Cyprus, Malta, Ethiopia and the West Coast. Two grandchildren welcomed them home, making three all together. Ruth Hawn and her husband travel to Europe in October 1930. Their son's wedding day was on the 14th of October.

The big news in the family of Winifred (Winnie) Link Stewart is that husband Gill and Margaret (Paducah) Wheeler is cataloguer in the Department of Special Collections at the University of Cincinnati.

In January Grace (Gay) Stephens, Dorothy Hamilton and her husband, and son Young met at my home for lunch and enjoyed the company of the three children and grandchildren living in the Washington area. My husband Tom's book, Modern Ship Design, was selected for courses in naval architecture at the U.S. Naval Academy and the U.S. Coast Guard and other educational institutions. Married in November, they reside in Allentown, Pa., and married son Charles in California. Four grandchildren complete our family circle. Virginia Vail Lavino and her husband travel to Cyprus, Malta, Ethiopia and the West Coast. Two grandchildren welcomed them home, making three all together. Ruth Hawkins and her husband travel to Europe in October 1930. Their son's wedding day was on the 14th of October. For courses in naval architecture at the U.S. Naval Academy and the U.S. Coast Guard and other educational institutions. Married in November, they reside in Allentown, Pa., and married son Charles in California. Four grandchildren complete our family circle. Virginia Vail Lavino and her husband travel to Cyprus, Malta, Ethiopia and the West Coast. Two grandchildren welcomed them home, making three all together. Ruth Hawkins and her husband travel to Europe in October 1930. Their son's wedding day was on the 14th of October.
1934

Correspondent:
Mrs. J. Arthur Wheeler, Jr.
P.O. Box 454, Nantucket, Conn. 02557

1935

Co-correspondents:
Mrs. Thomas S. McKewen
1 S. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. 60606
Mrs. Eugene S. Backus
Catherine Ann Cartwright
22 Halley Drive
Massapequa, N.Y. 11762

Corinne Dewey Walsh still lives in Arlington, Va. and keeps busy with part-time work in an insurance office. Her son Don and her daughter Diana live with their families near Vienna, Va. as the grandchildren are seen regularly. Son Devin will attend Kent next year. Doug, another graduate of Grosse Pointe South High School, works in the auto business in Detroit. Janet Paulson Kissing and Lou, after 31 years in Plandome, L.I., retire to Calabogie Cay, Hilton Head Island, S.C. Their daughter Barbara (Mrs. John Gould) and her husband are with IBM and live in NYC. Their son Lee graduates from Bucknell this spring, and enters the Univ. of Denver business school in the fall. Madeleine Radame Hickey is about to become an instructor at U. of Richmond, since her son Terry, a widower with two young sons, is marrying a young lady with five children. Lynne, whose husband graduated with a degree in June, lives in Albany. Brian is still a bachelor. Madeleine goes to her farm in New Hampshire for the summer. Mary Savage left Monticello with her son Bill and daughter Mary Sue in NYC. Their son Bill lives in Albany. Ruth McPhee, who attended Syr. City C.C. undergraduates of interest to '37 are Mary, '73, and Jim, who is entering the Univ. of New Mexico in the fall and keeps busy with part-time work in an insurance office. Her daughter is visiting them temporarily. Mrs. Ernest T. Shaw (Jane Whipple)
521 Altavista Ave., Harrisburg, Pa. 17109

1936

Correspondents:
Mrs. Elmer Piersson (Elizabeth Davis)
304 Santa Clara Way,
San Mateo, Calif. 94403

Lucinda Kirkman Payne and Arthur are still running their Donnet sheep farm. Their four are standing two of their sons in the Air Force, oldest daughter in the Air Force Reserve, and the youngest daughter of interest to '37 is attending the Univ. of California. As for our children, we have two more than we expected a new type of intriguing and exciting educational adventure. We know also that we will be meeting still more people. Jim's office will be in Downers Grove, and since home and office are a mere five minutes from the Tri-State Tollway, we anticipate meeting frequently from old friends. We will not be at our summer home at Squam Lake, N.H. this season.

1937

Correspondent:
Mrs. Emma Manning (Emma Moore)
304 Santa Clara Way,
San Mateo, Calif. 94403

1938

Correspondent:
Mrs. William B. Dolan (M. C. Jenkins)
755 Great Pond Rd., Needham, Mass. 02192

1939

Correspondent:
Mrs. Major B. Otto (Doris Houghton)
372 Marilyn Rd., Landenburg, Pa. 19050

Mary Hannah Sininger Barberi is a half-day kindergarten teacher while her husband continues his career in health and medical research at Hahnemann Hospital in Hamden, Conn. Of Slingy's sons, Rich was married last summer; Rob graduated from Columbia Law School and spent a year in Europe before he went to work with a New York law firm and this spring completed advanced training in Foreign Law. Dorothy L. Sniffen's music practice taught in Providence where she graduated from Brown University and received her LL.B. She is accepted for a two-week trip in western France before going on to the Virgin Islands. Two daughters are married and living in Europe. They will spend two weeks in England. Janet Paulson Kissing and Lou, after 31 years in Plandome, L.I., retire to Calabogie Cay, Hilton Head Island, S.C. Their daughter Barbara (Mrs. John Gould) and her husband are with IBM and live in NYC. Their son Lee graduates from Bucknell this spring, and enters the Univ. of Denver business school in the fall. Madeleine Radame Hickey is about to become an instructor at U. of Richmond, since her son Terry, a widower with two young sons, is marrying a young lady with five children. Lynne, whose husband graduated with a degree in June, lives in Albany. Brian is still a bachelor. Madeleine goes to her farm in New Hampshire for the summer. Mary Savage left Monticello with her son Bill and daughter Mary Sue in NYC. Their son Bill lives in Albany. Ruth McPhee, who attended Syr. City C.C. undergraduates of interest to '37 are Mary, '73, and Jim, who is entering the Univ. of New Mexico in the fall and keeps busy with part-time work in an insurance office. Her daughter is visiting them temporarily. Mrs. Ernest T. Shaw (Jane Whipple)
521 Altavista Ave., Harrisburg, Pa. 17109

1940

Correspondent:
Mrs. A. Douglas Dodge
243 Clearfield Rd.
Wethersfield, Conn. 06109

Mrs. Ernest T. Shaw (Jane Whipple)
521 Altavista Ave., Harrisburg, Pa. 17109

1941

Correspondent:
Mrs. William B. Dolan (M. C. Jenkins)
755 Great Pond Rd., Needham, Mass. 02192
The weather man cooperated beautifully with the reunion committee to make our 30th a memorable occasion. We regret that Miss Catherine Oakes was unable to be with us. Those attending were Jessie Ashley (University of Minnesota), Joan Ayers, Mrs. Wayne, Carol Ann Bibb, Mrs. Dick Johnson, Mrs. Alice LaRue, Mrs. James Blodgett, Mrs. Francis Callahan, Mrs. William Crouse Jr., Mrs. Robert Davis, Mrs. George Davis, Mrs. William Eastburn, Mr. O. S. Eastburn, and Dave and Mrs. Stephen Eastburn. They all stood up and introduced themselves. It was a wonderful experience to see so many familiar faces.

The newCo-correspondents are: 1945: Co-correspondents are: 1943: Co-correspondents are: 1942: Mrs. Rosemary Parkinson and AAGP chairman, Thea Coburn. At the banquet Thea announced the class gift of $8270. Priscilla Duxbury Wescott straddled alumni weekend with a break Saturday afternoon at daughter Pam’s Wellesley commencement. Pam’s husband of one year graduated from Harvard in June. Pam gives her a new viewpoint on the college. Since the end of her term as alumnae president three years ago, she has traveled from coast to coast for her -nent program. She also married in East Africa visiting Peace Corps son, rode through national parks in Tanzania and Kenya during his three years of service. "The Americanization of Shirley." Shirley Kresene Haspel is working on her master’s degree. Since her return from Korea, she has been employed by the United States Department of Defense as a civilian employee. She is responsible for the coordination and administration of the Defense Civil Preparedness Corps (DCPC) program in the State of New York. Shirley is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Kresene. She is the sister of Mr. and Mrs. James Haspel. Shirley is a member of the Class of 1946. Shirley is married to Mr. Carl Haspel. They have two children: Jessica, age 6, and Samantha, age 3. They reside in Manhattan, New York City.

The gala banquet for all reunion classes featured a nostalgic sing led by Nicki (Sarah Nichols Herrick). We toasted the Class of '21 whose representatives "enjoyed our 13 grandchildren." Our class was able to present a gift of $8000 to the College.

It was discovered that 4 of us have children now at Connecticut - no boys, as yet! Day Wilson was the most recent winner for distance running. Other '46ers included: John Barlow, William Bainton (Nassau), and Aileen Moody Bainton (Nassau) were probably looking and attractive, we were quite pleased with the CVI. It was discovered that 4 of us have children now at Connecticut - no boys, as yet! Day Wilson was the most recent winner for distance running. Other '46ers included: John Barlow, William Bainton (Nassau), and Aileen Moody Bainton (Nassau) were probably looking and attractive, we were quite pleased with the CVII. It was discovered that 4 of us have children now at Connecticut - no boys, as yet! Day Wilson was the most recent winner for distance running. Other '46ers included: John Barlow, William Bainton (Nassau), and Aileen Moody Bainton (Nassau) were probably looking and attractive, we were quite pleased with the CVII. It was discovered that 4 of us have children now at Connecticut - no boys, as yet! Day Wilson was the most recent winner for distance running. Other '46ers included: John Barlow, William Bainton (Nassau), and Aileen Moody Bainton (Nassau) were probably looking and attractive, we were quite pleased with the CVII. It was discovered that 4 of us have children now at Connecticut - no boys, as yet! Day Wilson was the most recent winner for distance running. Other '46ers included: John Barlow, William Bainton (Nassau), and Aileen Moody Bainton (Nassau) were probably looking and attractive, we were quite pleased with the CVII. It was discovered that 4 of us have children now at Connecticut - no boys, as yet! Day Wilson was the most recent winner for distance running. Other '46ers included: John Barlow, William Bainton (Nassau), and Aileen Moody Bainton (Nassau) were probably looking and attractive, we were quite pleased with the CVII.
ley settled in the Washington area and enjoyed a reunion in Maryland with Vera Jezek DeMarco, Elaine DuCharme Fowler and John Hosner Butts, husband Russell and daughter Amy. Russell just received his professional engineering degree and a number of years of practical experience, a good deal of study and two examinations. He is working as a professional consulting engineer in West Hartford. We enjoy antiquing, homemade sewing and her chapter activities with Beta Sigma Pi. In July, renovating a Garden in the fall. Maryland Ireland Rule finds time for education courses at John Carroll Univ. while keeping the church going for their family. Russell and husband, A.O. They live in Chagrin Falls, Ohio. A.O. is v.p. of Integrated Development and Manufactured Housing Society. In 1961, she received her degree in psychology from the University of Illinois. Joan Millerott lives in the country hills of Hamilton, N.Y. with daughters 9 and 10. She is interested in the arts and sciences. He enjoys music and the arts. She is a member of the American Guild of Organists. She has taught ancient and modern art at the North Free Academy for 8 years. She returned to G.C. part time and earned her degree in art education in 1960. She did some text book writing for Houghton Mifflin. Last year she and her family toured England for three weeks and attended a week-long conference at Nottingham University.

1954
Co-correspondents:
Mrs. John A. Brady (Ann Dygert) 2439 Goldenrod, Sarasota, Fl. 33579
Mrs. Robert Jennings (Mar Robertson) 349 West 8th st, N.Y. 18
Salzburg, Austria

1955
Co-correspondent:
Mrs. Elmer A. Branch (Alice Allen) 795 Western Ave, Chatham Township, N,J. 07928

Gretchen (Gussie) Heidel Gregory was recently elected secretary of the Barrington, R.I. Republican Women's Town Committee and is a candidate for the R.I. Republican State Central Committee. Gussie says politics in Rhode Island is really quite an adventure. She herself is also a member of the newly organized C.C. Club of Rhode Island. Three children, 10, 8 and 6 also keep Gussie busy. She is a member of the church choir. The Gregorys spent a fun evening with Tip and Frances (Frannie) Steane Baldwin last fall.

1953
Co-correspondent:
Jean Fluegelman Wexler was recently elected to the Board of Directors of the Massachusetts Women's Chorus and a member of the planning committee. Jean is a member of the New York Women's Chorus and a member of the New York Women's Chorus. She is a member of the New York Women's Chorus and the New York Women's Chorus, Inc. and the American Women's Chorus. Caryl Scheiner has been a member of the Board of Directors of the American Women's Chorus for three years and she hopes it will be a rewarding experience for both herself and the community.

Sarah Wing reports from the beautiful northwest. Shelton, Wash., that she has changed jobs after 11 years as a school psychologist and is now a psychologist in the Washington Corrections Center where her clients are young adult male felons. She does group work with drug users, some testing, and many attempts to spread "tender-loving-care" into a system built on negative sanctions. B.J. Englander Colbora, husband Alan and children, Bruce, Mark and Anne, moved to Glencoe, Ill. three years ago. Alan is v.p. of Tishman. B.J. is a J. Great Books co-leader and assistant Brownie leader but her favorite job is mother and homemaker and being femme fatale to Alan. Susan Weinberg Mindlin reports to us while recuperating from a broken foot, lives in Kansas City, Kan. but enjoys frequent trips to NYC doing the buying for her husband, an advertising executive, and last year she visited her three sons, Steve, 15, Edy 13 and Andy 9. Sue is listed in Who's Who of American Women. Caryl Schonert Geltzer leads a busy, full life in suburbia (Scarsdale, N.Y.) works part-time doing everything, mainly publications and research on an independent school in Larchmont. Caryl, husband and daughter Mindy 12 are active skiers. They built a ski house on top of Bromley Mt., Vermont, and ski to the house from the slopes.

The class extends sincere sympathy to Helen Pleasance Kirkpatrick on the death of her husband James in September 70.

1952
Co-correspondent:
Mrs. John Knox Jr. (Alida van Bronkhorst) 33 Broadway Ave, Madison, N.J. 07940

1950
Co-correspondents:
Miss Ruth L. Kaplan 82 Halcyon Road Newton Center, Mass. 02219

1949
Co-correspondents:
Mrs. Nathan S. Sprigger Jr. (Barbara Himmel) 40 Park Ave., Ardsley, N.Y. 10502
Mrs. Mark H. Brown (Elizabeth Fincke) 247 Cedarwood Rd, Newton Center, Mass. 02159

1948
Co-correspondent:
Mrs. Peter Roland (Ashley Davidson) 7 Margaret Place, Lake Placid, N.Y. 12946

1949
Co-correspondents:
Mrs. Margaret Davis (Willie Beverly) 40 Park Ave., Ardsley, N.Y. 10502
Mrs. Mark H. Brown (Elizabeth Fincke) 247 Cedarwood Rd, Newton Center, Mass. 02159

1950
Co-correspondents:
Miss Ruth L. Kaplan 82 Halcyon Road Newton Center, Mass. 02219
Mrs. David Kreiger (Sylvia Snitkin) 16 Beechwood Rd, Newton Center, Mass. 02159

1951
Co-correspondents:
Mrs. Marvin H. Crody (Susan Brownstein) 82 Halcyon Road Newton Center, Mass. 02219
Mrs. William M. Shers (Mary Martha Suckling) 106 Scenery Hill Drive, West Hartford, Conn. 06119

1952
Co-correspondent:
Mrs. John Knox Jr. (Alida van Bronkhorst) 33 Broadway Ave, Madison, N.J. 07940

1953
Co-correspondent:
Mrs. Frank R. Fahlund (Dorothy Bomer) 125 Cima Drive, Vallejo, Calif. 94590
Born to: Francis and Alice Bronson Hagan, Alice Anne, 11/70.
Jean Ann Hallows Driggers moved to the Washington, D.C. area over a year ago when her husband, Wendell became commanding officer of the Coast Guard Oceanographic Unit. Children Lian 14, David 12 and Diane 8 enjoy the many advantages offered. Wendell and Jean traveled to Bordeaux, France, last February when he presented a paper at the International Oceanographic Congress. Jean returns to school in September to train to be a psychiatric social worker in the extended program at the School of Social Work at the Univ. of Maryland. Amorette Fink Proctor finished an extra 32 hours in history and education at U.C.L.A. in July '72. Jean Ann returns to school in September to train to be a psychiatric social worker in the extended program at the School of Social Work at the Univ. of Maryland. Amorette Fink Proctor finished an extra 32 hours in history and education at U.C.L.A. in July '72. Jean Ann returns to school in September to train to be a psychiatric social worker in the extended program at the School of Social Work at the Univ. of Maryland.

The Gregorys spent a fun evening with Tip and Frances (Frannie) Steane Baldwin last fall. The planned addition of an expanded dining room and additional bedroom has been thoroughly enjoyed and the unaltered front porch still...
tary life then. She was busy as 1st vice-president of the Jr. League. All the Baldwins look forward to a family trip in the fall. Enjoying herself.

Jay and Judith Eichelberger Gruner live in Bucharest, Rumania, where he is assigned to the U.S. dissertation for NYU on the ancient Near East. She is involved in a fact-finding educational group (Support Our Schools) which brings information to mothers of young children regarding the educational needs and the new ideas being tried in the Westport schools. Margot, whose husband is in the Entertainment-Tape business, manages to golf, ski, and bowl between other activities. Elizabeth (Liz) Buell Labrot enjoys life in Savannah, Ga., and works there for the Jr. League, Boys Home, Science Museum, S.L.D. program and Art Festival which was held in April. Hushbuck and Andy travel the great deal as president of American Wood Preservers Institute and Atlantic Crossing Andy, is involved in the next fall. They travel frequently and in needlepoke has led Malina Alexander Rahn and a partner to go into business in East Longmeadow, MA. She has a former dryer hardware shop into an attractive place called “In Stitches,” where, besides selling Persian yarns and some kits, they give lessons in making of these individual designs. Marilyn Smith Hall lives in East Norwalk, Conn. close to Long Island Sound with her three children, Elizabeth 18, Marylo 15, and Matthew 13. Marilyn, who graduated in 1964 from the Univ. of Hartford where she majored in behavioral science, received her B.A. cum laude. For the full time for the year, they are at walk Human Relations Commission. Marilyn also writes when she can and has recently had five poems published in an article in the Public Relations Journal. She has also been a member of the Connecticut Feminists in the Arts.

It is close to being a family of the family of Nancy Simpson Pence who died in April after a long illness.

1956

Correspondent:
Mrs. Norris W. Ford (Eleanor Erickson)
242 Branchbrook Road
Wilton, Conn. 06897

1957

Correspondent:
Mrs. Robert Friedland (Elaine Manesvitz)
185 Stonelinge Square,
Fairfield, Conn. 06430

Mrs. James L. Daigle III (Robert R. Daigle)
1380 Inglewood Drive
Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44121

Married: Kay Rankin to Harold Kluis on Sept. 21, 1956.
Born: to Stephen and Nora Richman a fourth child, third daughter, Julianne. 4/7/70; to Kim and Sandra Manneville a third child, a son, Douglas Gordon. 4/8/80; to P. Telegny and Joan Wood Stephensons a third son, Craig. 4/8/77

Student body of the Parents’ Ass’n board at this school, this year. The third-year team on the Board of Directors of Families for the Preservation of St. Paul and is also a Guest co-chairman. In addition, the five Baillons children keep her busy. The family minus baby, June, had a ten-day vacation in Florida last spring. They visited with Judith Allen Summersby last summer in the St. Crux River area where both families were vacationing. The entire group had a home away from home and was chauffeuring for the children. Sylvia Pasternak Marx writes from Mamaroneck, N.Y. that she is involved with the folk music scene at play with several women artists. She is a violinist and doing some chamber music with a cellist and a violinist. Husband Len and the two sons, Jonathan and Mark, are involved in the Boy Scouts. Joan Tangeman Allinson is preparing the family for a move to Boston. Elmer will be headmaster of the Chestnut Hill School and, hopefully, will join them for a couple of weeks. Tom and Susan Cline at the Alfreds have traveled through Europe and Israel as well as through the Canadian north-west. The Alfreds have traveled to England, will join them in November to observe the the July of this year, Joan is involved in volunteer activities. Cynthia (Cde) White Smith and family have moved into a new home that was built in 1780 as a customs house in York, Me. While David remains as commanding officer of a nuclear sub, Cde keeps busy with her husband’s office and educational hobbies.

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Barbara King Booze, 2/1/59. She worked for the library of the class of 1956 with great sympathy. She is now a family of four children. Charlie and Helen. The class sends sympathy to Myrna Goldberg Geiges whose husband Ed died suddenly on May 3, 1958. We extend the sympathy of the class to her husband Morde and their family. Charlie and Helen. The class extends sympathy to Lynne Goldberg Geiges whose husband Ed died suddenly on May 3, 1958.
bassy as commercial officer. The veterans of 7'1.
previous years abroad. They look forward to forays
into nearby Turkey ... and some club work in
her spare time, Anne Partington Wilson and her
husband live in Shaker Heights, Hugh is a designer
man, Margaret Roth Brown, and Marjorie Inkster
mon Weisbart, Betsy Thompson Bartholet, Jill Reale
accolades go to Patricia Wertheim Abrams, new
services did credit 10 our class and C.C. Further
tiring officers our "Thank-yous" for a job well done.
Glanville Train, co-corresponding secretaries. The
Hewetson, Ann Conner Polley, Susan Green Cash-
Ann Milner Willner, Bonnie Davis Hall, Bayla Solo-
enne Livingston in the summer 1970; to Bud and
ter Price. treasurer; Elizabeth Froment Brown. nomi-
the class presidency after organizing the successful
and successful weekend that marked the decade
1960
meeting in November, Ann has begun freelancing
see where Jim would be sent - Kansas or Vietnam,
had everyone in that family holding their breath to
and a babysitter. Don and Harriett Good Swenson
were to travel to Europe with their two children
and their three children in a 12-room stone house built
in 1885. Marna Leebrower Biederman's husband
Don enjoys his new responsibilities and his responsibili-
ties as president of the Garden City, L.I. Civics Ass'n.
She is teaching school and working towards a
master's degree in education. Their summer plans
were to travel to Europe with their two children and
a babysitter. Don and Harriett Good Swenson
moved to a suburb of Kansas City where he is work-
ing for Black & Veatch Consulting Engineers. Her
husband was due for new orders last December and the
last work received from Wendy. Glaser White had
everyone in that family holding their breath to
where Jim would be sent — Kansas or Vietnam. She
is staying at home and keeping up with her three
active children. Ann Frankel Robinson's husband
Jim's two year term as president of the N.H. Heart
Association. Their new result in some interesting
time for the family. They hope to fly to California for
a meeting in November. Ann has begun freelancing
for a newspaper. Glenna Hollerman and Virginia (Ginger) Reed Levick are classmates once
again, taking a course together. Carol Filligar Han-
en's interest in artistic and civic matters in Nor-
wich, Conn. Cynthia Beach still teaches kindergar-
ten in England but found time to vacation in Greece.
Art and Ann Entrekin Von Thaden still welcome
many house guests in California. They look forward
to a trip to Hawaii in October.

1960

Co-correspondents:

Mrs. Samuel K. Martin
(Susan Biddle)
21 Blackstone Ave., Warwick, R.I. 02889

Mrs. John K. Train (Sally Glanville)
286 Butterfield Rd., Danvers, Mass. 01923

Born: to Jim and Elizabeth Froment Brown, Adri-
enne Livingston in the summer 1970; to Bud and
Martha Wood. Wendy Glaser White moved to
David and Pamela Van Nostrand Newton, Sandra
Morriss 3/8/67; to Joel and Anne Stilson Alvord.
Set. Whitman

The June 4-6 reunion weekend brought 27
members of our class back to New London. One half of
your number were serving as secretaries to attend the
picnic only, but by all reports, it was an informative
and successful weekend that marked the decade plus
on since our time at school. Those present at the
attended were Frances Gillmore Pratt, Marbelin
Saunders, Barbara Paust Hart, Carol Broggni
Cattin, Ellen Ogenheimer Osvald, Gail Turner Slower,
Ann Milner Wilner, Bonnie Davis Hall, Bayla Solo-
man Weisbart, Betsy Thompson Bartholet, Jilli Reale
Mervin, Thalia (Buzz) Geeter Price, Judith Ammer-
man, Cynthia Ebel, Susan Biddle Martin, Ruth
Gulup, Marianne Hoolen Nystrom, Elizabeth
Hood Wilson, Edith Chase Femimore, Patricia Wertheim
Abrams, Joan Wertheim Carris, Jean Chappell Wall-
er, Nancy Donohue, Shirley Devolit, Emily Morgan
Hewett, Mrs. Charles E. Wolff, Barbara MacMaster
Lenora Drive, West Simsbury, Conn. 06092

1961

Correspondents:

Mrs. James F. Jung (Barbara Frick)
266 Bentville Rd., Chagrin falls, Ohio 44022

Married: Linda Horwitz to Sumber Karacova on
3/24/61 in St. Petersburg, Fla.
Born: to Beale and Linn Whitlalow Ong a daughter. Carter Davis 1963; to Bruce and Abigail Crimson Le-
Page, Sharon 10/3/63; to George and Margaret Pearce
Welling George III 1/2/23; to Adolph and Judith
Warner Edwards, Mary 1962; to John and Marc-
yn Lowell Bell a daughter. Whitney, 2/27; to
Joseph and Nancy Hillman Thompson a daughter, Carter
Davis 1963; to Bruce and Abigail Crimson Le-
Page

Mary Wofford Amis is the author of an article
entitled A Literature Program for Students which was
published in the English Journal. Sandra Kass Simensky is active in the
LHV of Lewdville, N.Y., and on a charter committee to create
a new town, The Ohio State University. She is also a member of the PTA and the school board and
does elementary school substitute teaching. Linda

Horwitz Karacova teaches 4th grade in Ankara, Turkey. Eileen Rem Challoum is working on her
thesis at the University of Pennsylvania. Wendy Heyman is an English teacher at the University of
Virginia. While in Virginia she took a 6th hour position at the high school, partly to take her mind off the fact
that her husband lives in Shaker Heights, Ohio. The school year is
over for Susan Kimberly Braun and she looks for-
toward to teaching just half this summer. Corin-
ea and her husband live in Shaker Heights, Hugh is a designer

choose your candidates for the Executive Board of the Alumni Association.

Offices (for 3-year term):

1st Vice-President

(Reunion Chm.)

Directors-elect

(Nominating Committee Chm.)

Each candidate is carefully
considered by the Nominating
Committee. Please show your
interest in the Association by sending
in before December 1st:
1. Name, address, and class
candidate
2. A suggested office to be
filled
3. Qualifications (ability
in community, business, alumni
activities, etc)
4. Your name, address, class
to

Mrs. John C. Gehrig
Office 221
713 Heights Road
Ridgewood, N.J. 07450

Mrs. Charles E. Wolff (Barbara MacMaster)
128 Tulip St., Summit, N.J. 07901

1962

Co-correspondents:

Mrs. E. Benjamin Lorring (Ann Morris)
4 Lenora Drive
West Simsbury, Conn. 06092

Mrs. Charles E. Wolff (Barbara MacMaster)
128 Tulip St., Summit, N.J. 07901

1963

Correspondent:

Mrs. A. P. McLaughlin III (Millywallin)
5611 Beacon, Lotta, Calif. 92037

Married: Anne Partington to Hugo R. Wilson on
2/7/63.
Born: to Charles and Elizabeth Osborne Dickson
Charles Jr. 10/7/65; and David Alan 2/24/67.
At the University of Pennsylvania, Elizabeth Os-
borne Dickson attended the University of Pennsylvania from which she received an A.B. in 1963. Liz, her
husband, and their two sons live in Pennsyt., P.a. She is mechanical engineer at the U.S. Naval Research and Development Lab. Liz has done substitute teaching during her spare time. Anne Partington Wilson and her
husband live in Shaker Heights. Hugh is a designer
writes that she, her husband, Arnold, and two daughters, Cindy and Beth, have recently moved to Concord, Mass., from Bonita, Massachusetts just outside Boston. Martha Williams Woodworth, husband Tom, and their two children, Mike and Jane, have recently moved to Carolina, where Tom is stationed as a physician at Fort Bragg. Susan Buckenham decided that she and her husband, John, would work out of snow and moved to Jacksonsville, Florida where she is an assistant-to-a-buyer at a small department store. They enjoy the beaches and the Henry Flagler College where they met. Patti J, and Alice 1, is spending time with a Community Service Society service project in San Francisco. I, Beth Murphy, was married this spring in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. Dr. Geraldine Oliva Hoffman, current law student at Montefiore Hospital, was a bridesmaid. My husband and I both received degrees at the Harvard commencement in May and I received my degree in Population Sciences and he a law degree. We've just moved to Lincoln Towers in NYC where Steve Decker works as a financial planner and Betty Kimball MacLean, Paige Emerson 4/25.

Reunion weekend turned out to be one of the very few sunny and beautiful weekends in the East this spring. Donna Richmond Carleton, Sarah Breckenridge Knauff, Mary Turner Smith, Deborah Liddle, Louise Gaitan, and Bonnie Campbell Jameson all enjoyed our class picnic at Judith Woodworth Grandchamp joined us later for the banquet. We just wished there had been more members of the class able to share the lovely view of the Kittansett Ocean Club. In addition to caring for her two daughters, Patti J, and Alice, I, Beth Murphy, is waiting to meet Mr. Pompidou at the French Embassy in NYC. Pamela Mitchell worked with Haitians in and loving San Jose, Calif. After graduating from NYU School of Law in 1965, Helen Healy moved to North Carolina where Tom Boyd all enjoyed our class picnic at Judith Woodworth Grandchamp and was married this spring in S. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. Dr. Geraldine Oliva Hoffman, current law student at Montefiore Hospital, was a bridesmaid. My husband and I both received degrees at the Harvard commencement in May and I received my degree in Population Sciences and he a law degree. We've just moved to Lincoln Towers in NYC where Steve Decker works as a financial planner and Betty Kimball MacLean, Paige Emerson 4/25.

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and Spanish speaking people, teaching English in a
JOBS program, traveled to Spain and Portugal for
last summer, and is...n the Yale School of Art. She
and David will move to South Amer-
ica in November to live in Great Bar-
ington, Mass. where they will teach sculpture and
drawing at Simon's College in Boston.

Co-Behavioral scientists at the
National Institute of Mental Health
planned their 2nd anniversary there with friends
who met through their 10-month Coast Guard sta-
tioning last year.

1969

Correspondents:

Alice F. Reid
30 Hayden Rowe, Hopkinton, Mass. 01748

Married: Karen Lerner Lechner
finished furnishing her
Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Karen Lerner Lechner finished furnishing her
apartment in Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Karen's husband, a Navy lieutenant, teaches
Spanish and disorders, at the
University of Colorado in Denver while she
The author of this manual on environmental quality for the Republican
Republican Club of Arizona in September. Susan Schwab
was director of cultural affairs and then English
teacher at the Instituto Cultural Peruano Norte-
American in Peru. She and her husband plan to
spend summer '71 in Cambridge. Linda
Patchell pursues politics, working for Congressman
Donald W. Riegel, an associate of Pete McCloskey.

1971

Correspondents:

Terry Swagney
117 Barbara Drive, Short Hills, N.J. 07078

Married: Karen Lerner to Bruce Edward Lechner
on Apr. 17, 1970. Madeline Cordray Hunter
to Eric W. Henry on Aug. 8, 1970.

Karen Lerner Cordray finished furnishing her
home in Gales Ferry, Conn. and teaches grades 1-4
on a part-time basis at a private school in Stonington.
Karen's husband, a Navy nuclear engineer, teaches
nuclear engineering in Gorton. Beatrice (Betty) Mor-
ALUMNAE ANNUAL GIVING PROGRAM 1970-71

Our deepest thanks to those who supported the College in a year of great financial need . . .

Our goal was ................. $350,000.00
3,694 (35.68%) of us gave . . . $263,188.97
Of this amount, 82 Laurels gave $137,175.87

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TOP TEN CLASSES IN PERCENTAGE

- 1919 63.93
- 1926 63.29
- 1921 62.22
- 1923 61.45
- 1924 61.26
- 1927 60.47
- 1928 60.23
- 1930 51.72
- 1931 50.26
- 1932 50.00

TOP TEN CLASSES IN AMOUNT

- 1960 $29,893.75
- 1931 13,954.10
- 1939 10,890.01
- 1923 9,696.00
- 1942 9,474.62
- 1927 $9,345.86
- 1941 8,728.54
- 1921 7,662.44
- 1945 6,999.21
- 1951 6,724.38