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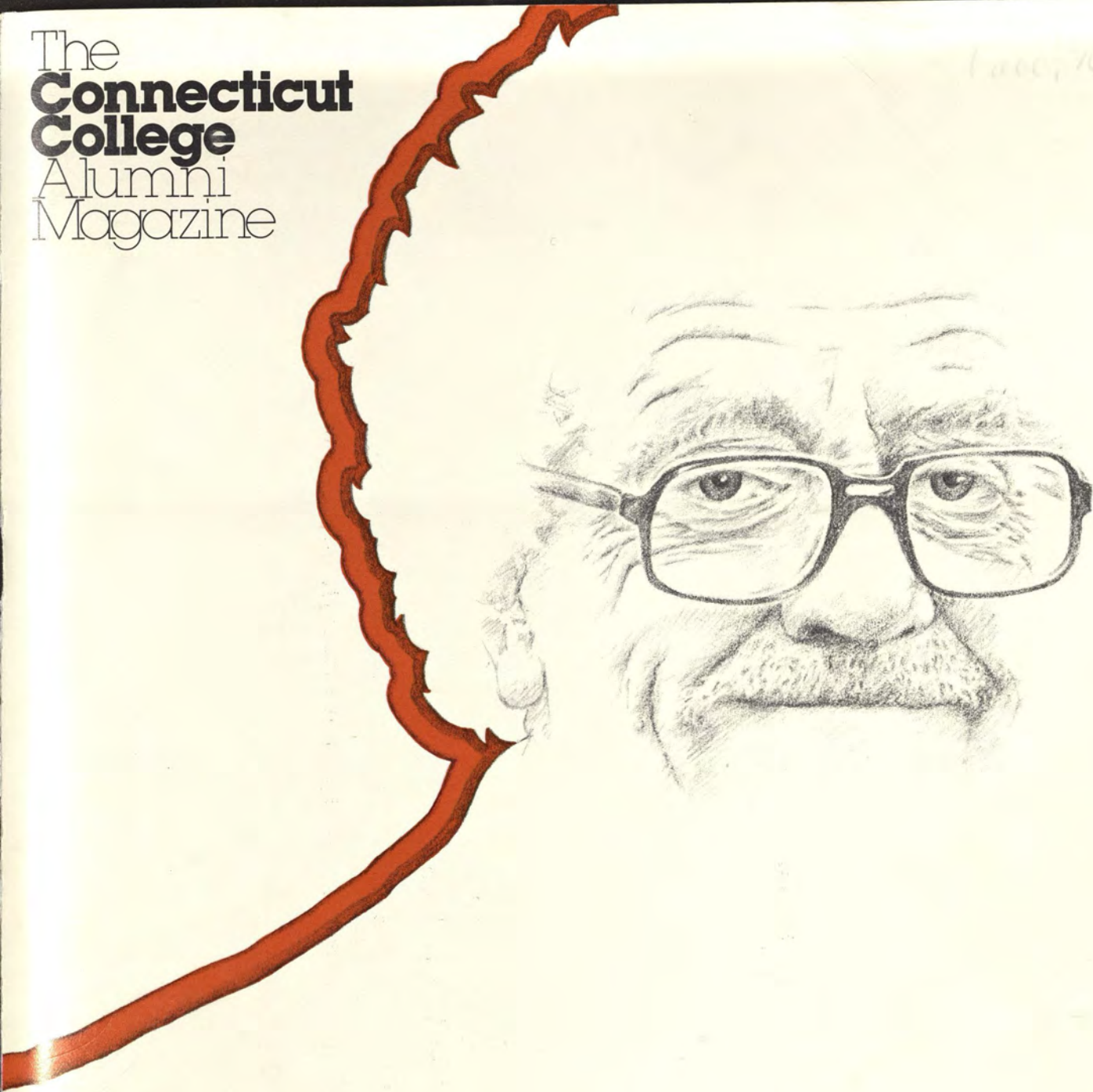
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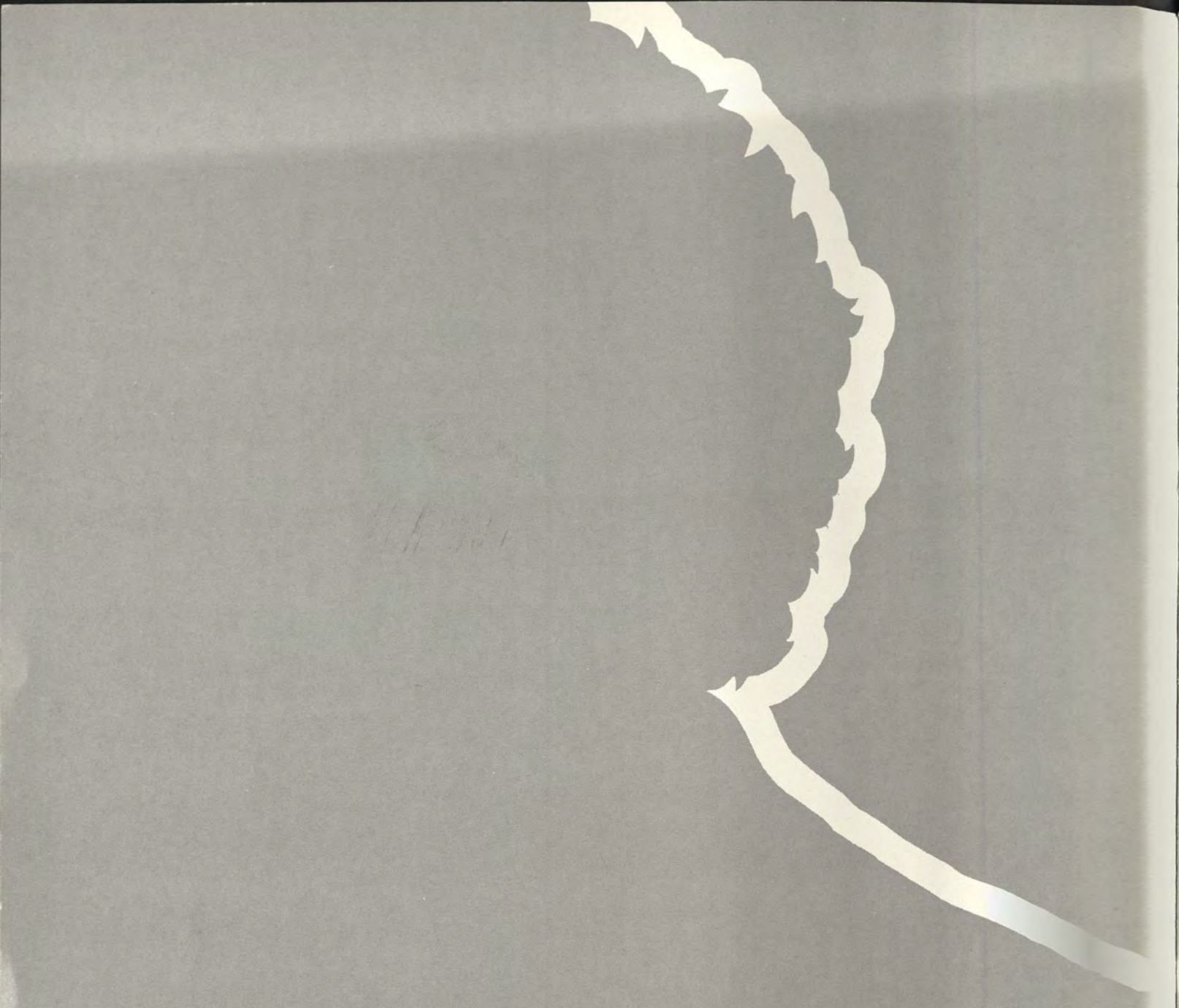
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1980, 76



**Kurt Vonnegut
dedicates the
new library**



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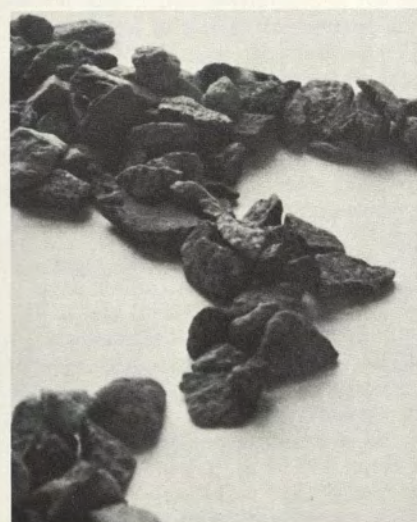
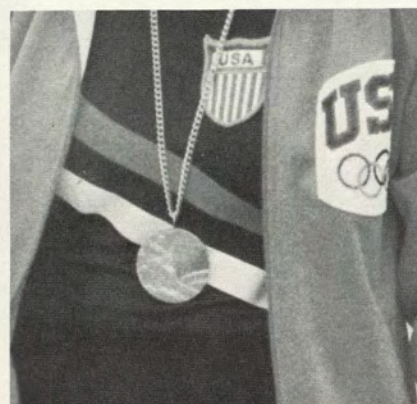
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The Connecticut College Alumni Magazine

VOLUME 54 NUMBER 1, FALL 1976

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COVER by A. Carroll '73 from a photograph by Robert Powell '78



Meredith on Vonnegut

William Meredith and Kurt Vonnegut became acquainted through the National Institute of Arts and Letters, of which both are officers. Mr. Meredith, a poet and professor of English at Connecticut College, delivered the following remarks at the dedication of the new library as an introduction to Mr. Vonnegut, the principal speaker at the ceremonies.

My job this afternoon falls in two parts. I am to speak first about what this good occasion means to me as a member of the faculty of Connecticut College, one who has taught here since all but the most leisurely present undergraduates were born. It means to me and my colleagues, I think—there are about 150 of us, patching together part-time and full-time—that our 300,000 wise and patient colleagues between covers, who have known some lean years, have been made first-class citizens again, and made available in surroundings worthy of their discourse. The students here outnumber us ten to one. We are wily enough to live with that. But these printed others, the books on the handsome shelves of the unnamed library behind me, are 2,000 to one; and in their gentler way remind us that if we are not asking the right questions, they will be constrained to go over our heads, directly to the students. I think we are pleased at this.

The library is not only nameless but

enormously expensive, and we have hope to marry her to a nice rich person—libraries are androgynous, so the sex need not be specified. This brings me to my second job, to introduce the little-known writer who is here to dedicate the building. I must tell you that when I found out I had borrowed six million dollars to liberate my bound colleagues, and that there are still a couple of millions owed, my original choice for this job was not a novelist, and heaven knows not a poet, but a famous memoirist of our time, Howard Hughes. It was only when communications with this very gifted man broke down that President Ames saw Mr. Vonnegut addressing himself to the job differently and with different gifts.

To introduce him I want to quote briefly from two reviews of the novel [*Slapstick*] he has published this month. I don't read a lot of reviews and for a long time have written them only of books that I admire very much. Unfavorable reviews seem to me perfectly futile exercises, since, as Auden said, there's nothing surer than that a bad book will be forgotten. And the bad reviewer, the bad-mouthing reviewer, like one I will quote here, who intends to correct an error of taste—I have great scorn for him. I do not believe there is such a thing as an error of taste, but if there is, a person does not move on from it for reasons of exhortation.

The first review appeared in *The New Republic*, and I quote a paragraph from it because it does most of my work for me, tells you something about Vonnegut's work that an intelligent scholar of it has put deftly:

His novels have always included healthy doses of the familiar . . . world. Vonnegut gathered details and events from his own life . . . such as his Indiana childhood, his wartime experiences, his work as a publicist for General Electric, until they formed a mythology through all his books. Long before *Slaughterhouse Five* made him famous, it was clear that Kurt Vonnegut was making a work of art out of his own life. While others said the novel might be dying, Vonnegut lived the life of fiction, keeping both himself and his novels alive and intact.

And Jerome Klinkowitz concludes:

Against the insipid madness of life, that's how Vonnegut chooses to be—unalienated, self-effacing, funny and comforting.

("These poems are not meant to be understood, you understand," Berryman says in one of the *Dream Songs*, "they are only meant to terrify and comfort.")

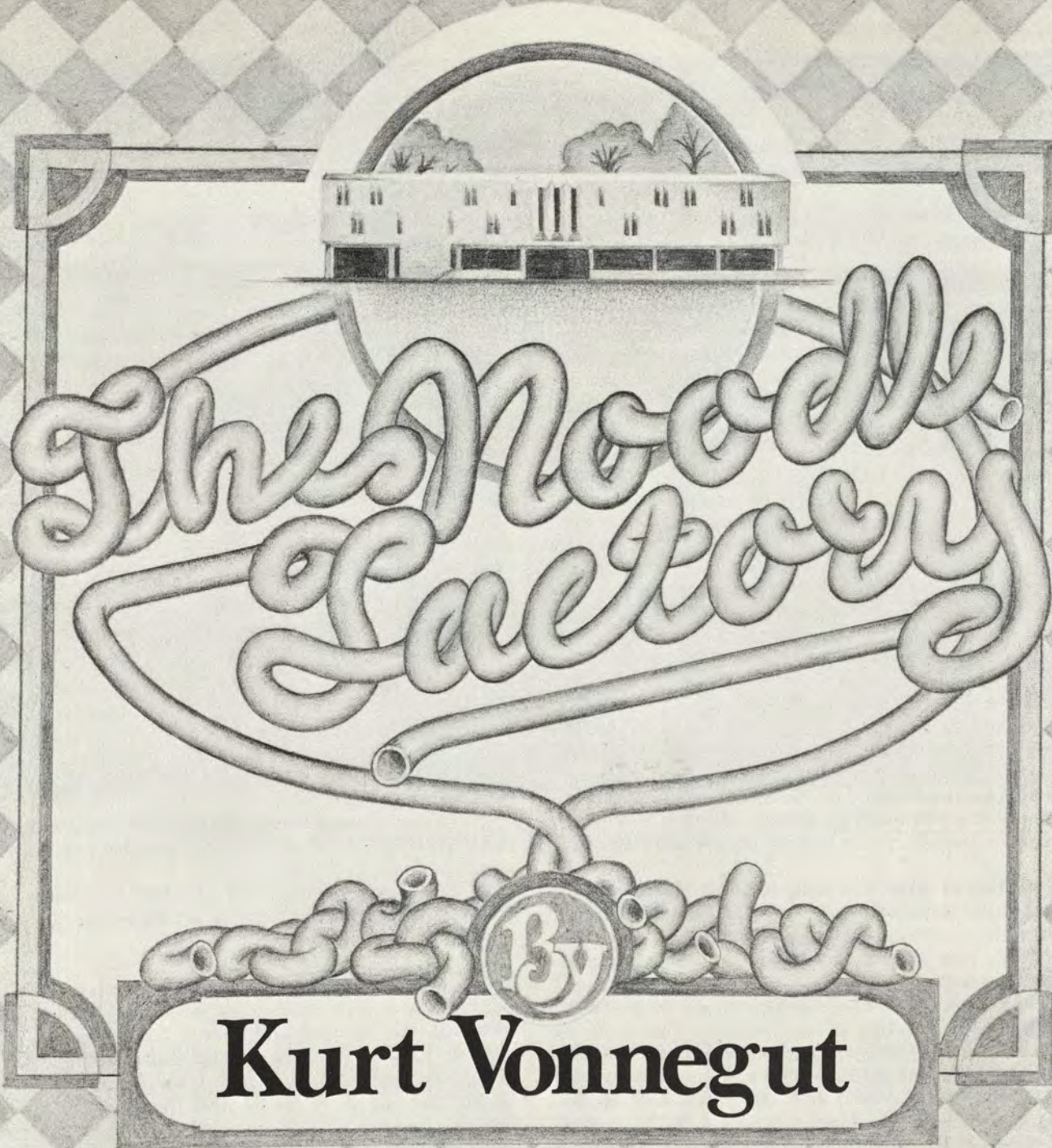
Well, the other review, which will contaminate many of your breakfast tables in the Sunday *New York Times*, might be taken to show that Mr. Vonnegut is a protean figure. I tried to find a sentence which is a compendium of its foolishness, but that proved not to be the problem. The problem was to choose only one.

Unable to forgive Vonnegut's popularity, the reviewer lays into his audience, in a sentence which I think will do the reviewer no good here or in his own classroom. He says:

His appeal so far as I can see, is to the slightly laid-back, rather dropped-out, minimally-intelligent young.

And so on, as the situational poet has said. Even if I cater to the young, as my stepmother says when she's sore about my haircut, I can't (as we old people are fond of saying) identify with that.

Why he came here. He did not, I assured myself, bring the missing money. Nor did he come to make money. I think he came simply to stay in character. Informed that we ran here, on an experimental basis, a humble and purposeful *granfalloon* (a *granfalloon* is defined in *Cat's Cradle* as a proud and meaningless association of human beings), and were about to unveil a new *wampeter* (a *wampeter* is an object around which the lives of otherwise unrelated people may revolve), he admired our pig-headed optimism, he *identified* with it. It is in character that he should be here this afternoon. He has a generous mind.



This is a terrible speech, but the library is the main thing, not the speech. There will be very little eye contact through this speech because this is a closely reasoned argument, and if I skip a step, all is lost.

You may wonder what the shape of this speech is. Think of a snail shell, a helix.

In here is a jocular comment about this building, which I had never seen, and it might be taken for my mocking the architecture. I had never seen the building before this afternoon. It is extraordinarily handsome, I admire it. So that when I make my joke in here about it, I don't

mean to insult the building or architecture at all. All right.

The name of this speech is "The Noodle Factory."

This speech will be over before you know it. It is short, and my life is short.

I was born only yesterday morning, moments after daybreak—and yet, this afternoon, I am fifty-four years old. I am a mere baby, and yet here I am dedicating a library. Something has gone wrong.

• • • • •

I have a painter friend named Syd Solomon.

He was also born only yesterday. And the next thing he knew, it was time for him to have a retrospective exhibition of his paintings going back thirty years. Syd asked a woman claiming to be his wife what on Earth had happened. She said, "Syd, you're fifty-eight years old now."

You can imagine how he felt.

Another thing Syd found out was that he was a veteran of something called "The Second World War." Somebody said I was in that war too, and maybe so. I don't argue when people tell me things like that.

I decided to read up on that war some. I went to a library a lot like this one. It was a building full of books. I learned that the Second World War was so terrible that it caused Adolph Hitler himself to commit suicide. Think of that: He had just been born, and suddenly it was time for him to shoot himself.

That's history for you. Now that you've got a library, you can read about it yourself.

My friend Syd Solomon was certainly luckier than Hitler. All Syd had to do was put on a retrospective exhibition. So I tried to help him out—by writing an essay for the front of his catalogue.

That is certainly one of the nice things about this planet, I think—the way people will try to help each other sometimes.

In the words of Barbra Streisand, which should perhaps be emblazoned on the facade of this building, along with a picture of an atomic submarine: "People who need people are the luckiest people in the world."

In order to write the essay about Syd's paintings, I had to ask him what he thought he was doing with paint. He was an abstract expressionist, you see. His paintings just looked like bright weather to me—neon thunderstorms and the like.

Was I ever in for a shock! Syd could not tell me what he thought he was doing!

This did not wobble my opinions of Syd or his work. Syd and his paintings remained as honorable and as beautiful as ever. What I lost faith in was the English language—by far the largest language in the world, by the way. We have more words than anybody.

But our great language, when confronted by abstract expressionism, was failing Syd and me—and every art critic I ever read.

The language was speechless!

Until that moment of truth, I had agreed with the Nobel Prize chemist, the late Irving Langmuir, who once said within my hearing, "Any person who can't explain his work to a fourteen-year-old is a charlatan."

I couldn't believe that any more.

So what I finally wrote for Syd's catalogue was your standard load of horse crap about modern art.

It may be in your library here. Enjoy it in good health.

But the puzzle has been on my mind ever since—and I have good news for you today. I can once again agree with Dr. Langmuir about charlatans. Here, in

simple English, is what Syd Solomon does:

"He meditates. He connects his hand and paintbrush to the deeper, quieter, more mysterious parts of his mind—and he paints pictures of what he sees and feels down there."

This accounts for the pleasurable shock of recognition we experience when we look at what he does.

How nice!

"Hooray for Syd Solomon!" I say. He is certainly more enterprising and useful than all the quack holy men who meditate deeply, who then announce smugly that it is impossible for them to express what they see and feel.

The heck with inarticulate meditators! And three cheers for all artists, who dare to show and tell.

Since we are here to dedicate a library, let us especially applaud those artists we call "writers". By golly, aren't writers wonderful? They don't just keep their meditations to themselves. They very commonly give themselves migraine headaches and ulcers, and destroy their livers and their marriages, too, doing their *best* to show and tell.

I once learned how to be the other sort of meditator, the sort that doesn't show and tell. I paid Maharishi Mahesh Yogi eighty dollars to show me how.

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi gave me a mantra, a nonsense word I was supposed to say over and over to myself as I sank deeper and deeper into my mind. I promised not to tell anybody what my mantra was. This was it: "AYE-EEM".

I will now demonstrate transcendental meditation: (GOING INTO A TRANCE) "Aye-eem, aye-eem, aye-eem, aye-eem. . . ."

(EMERGING FROM THE TRANCE) Where am I? Am I still fifty-four? Or am I eighty-six now? I wouldn't be surprised.

All right—that was the socially fruitless sort of meditation. I feel mildly refreshed, but I don't see how that can be much use to anybody else.

Now for the socially *fruitful* sort of meditation, which has filled this noble building here: When writers meditate, they don't pick the bland, meaningless mantras to say over and over to themselves. They pick mantras that are hot and prickly, and full of the sizzle and jingle of life. They jazz the heck out of their inner beings with the mantras they pick.

I will give you some examples:

War and Peace.

Origin of the Species.

The Iliad.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Critique of Pure Reason.

Madam Bovary.

Here's a good regional mantra:

Long Day's Journey.

Life on the Mississippi.

Romeo and Juliet.

The Red Badge of Courage.

I only wish I had your card catalogue here, because I could go on for quite a while with mantras that have worked so well you can't believe it.



TED HENDRICKSON

Kurt Vonnegut in the Noodle Factory.

• • • • •
 About *The Red Badge of Courage*, by the way: That story by Stephen Crane is supposed to be a particularly salutary story for Americans to read—especially during the Bicentennial. But I know another story by Crane which, in my opinion, is even more instructive for Americans of our time. Perhaps you know it, too. It is called *The Blue Hotel*.

The Blue Hotel is about a foreigner who comes here and commits murder. He imagines that he is defending himself. He has scared himself out of his wits, thinking that Americans are much more dangerous than they really are.

So he kills.

• • • • •
 So much for that.

• • • • •
 Ten per cent of you may be wondering by now why I called this speech “The Noodle Factory”. One hundred per cent of me is delighted to explain:

It is very simple. The title is an acknowledgement of the fact that most people can’t read, or, in any event, don’t enjoy doing it much.

Reading is such a difficult thing to do that most of our time in school is spent learning how to do that alone. If we had spent as much time at ice-skating as we have with reading, we would all be stars with the Hollywood Ice-Capades now.

As you know: It isn’t enough for a reader to pick up

the little symbols from a page with his eyes, or, as is the case with a blind person, with his fingertips. Once we get those little symbols inside our heads and in the proper order, then we must clothe them in gloom or joy or apathy, in love or hate, in anger or peacefulness, or whatever the author intended them to be clothed in. In order to be good readers, we must even recognize irony—which is when a writer says one thing and really means another. Think of that.

We even have to get *jokes*! God help us if we miss a joke.

So most people give up on reading. It’s just too hard.

So—for all the jubilation this new library will generate in the community at large, this building might as well be a noodle factory. Noodles are O.K. Libraries are O.K. To most people, they are both rather *neutral* good news.

• • • • •
 Perhaps the central concept of this beautifully organized speech will enter the patois of Connecticut College.

One student might say to another, “You want to go out and drink some beer?”

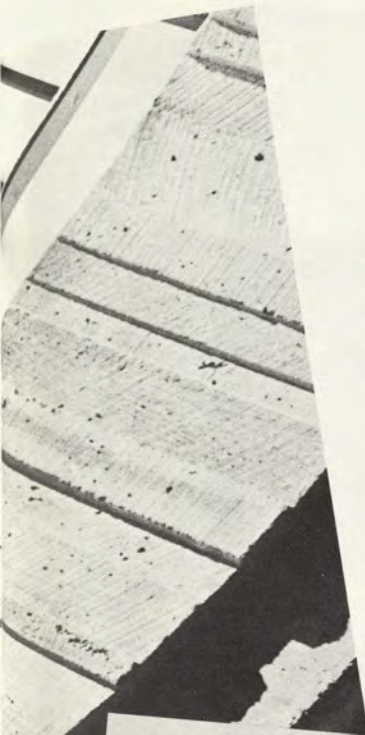
And the other might reply, “No. I’m about to flunk out, they tell me. In view of the heartbreaking sacrifices my parents have made to send me here, I guess I’d better go spend some time at the Noodle Factory instead.”

Continued on page 42

A TOUR OF THE NOODLE FACTORY



The main desk (left) serves as the circulation counter and as control point for the reserve area behind. Sunlight streams through a skylight (above) puncturing the entrance bridge just outside the library's front doors. Right, the new library, located on the site of the old city reservoirs, respects the scale of the adjacent Palmer Library building.

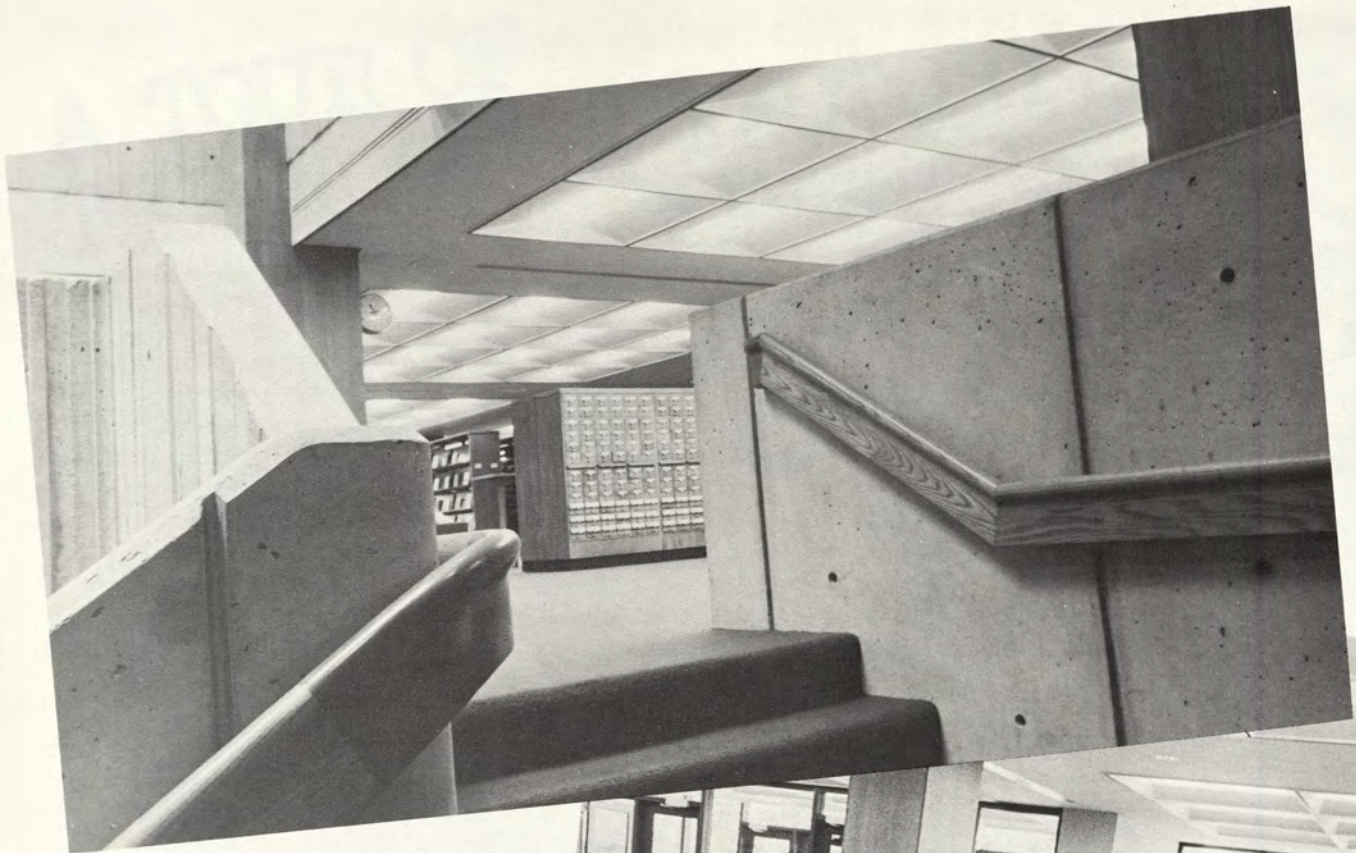


What a change! Connecticut College's new library building roughly doubles the space provided by the old Palmer Library. The collection of just over 300,000 volumes, once crammed into a building designed to hold only two-thirds as many books, now has room to spare: the new facility will hold up to 550,000 volumes.

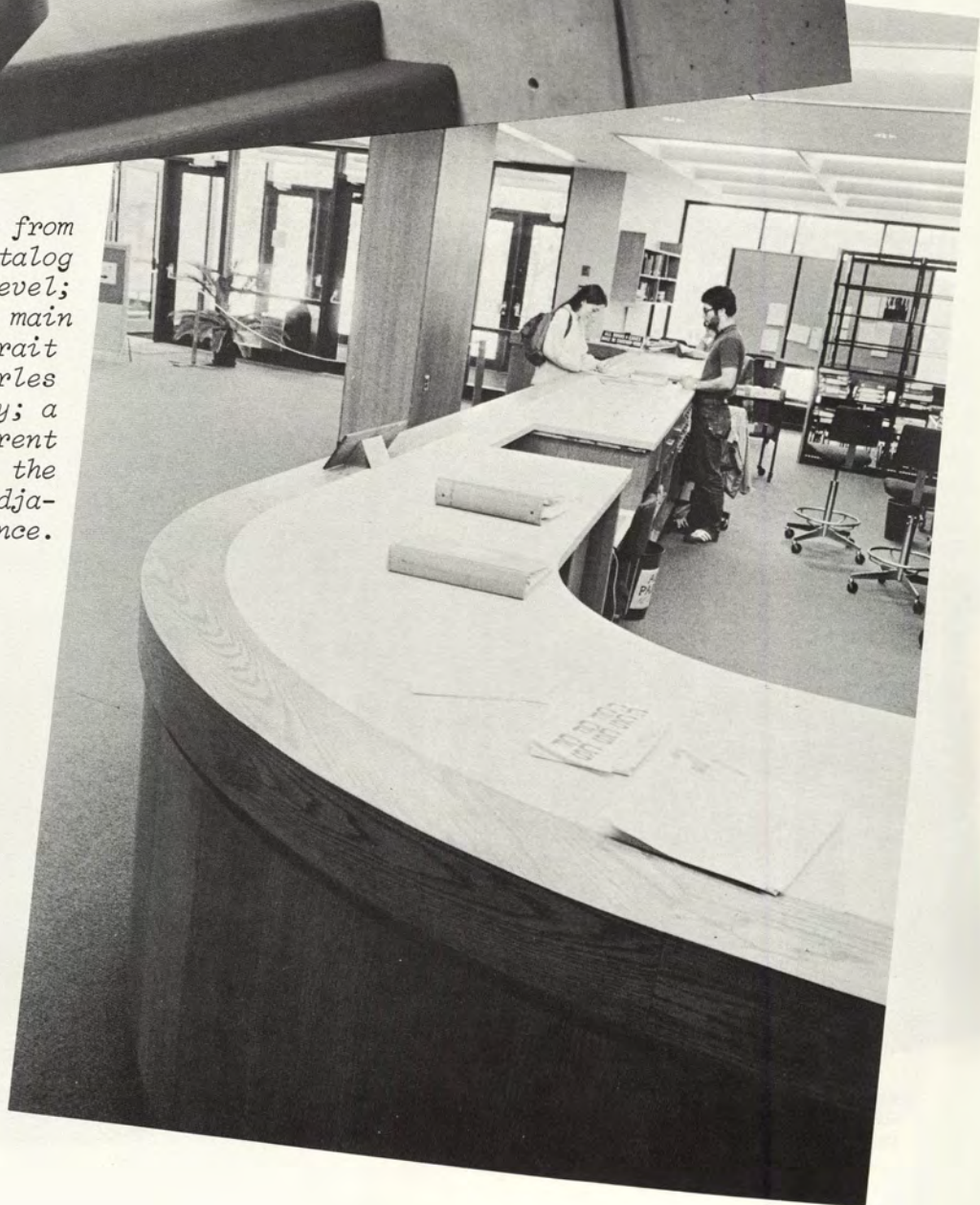
The exterior of the building is faced with precast aggregate panels of concrete and stone. The architects, Kilham, Beder and Chu of New York, chose stone for the panels that would blend with older campus buildings. A wide bridge (at right in the photograph below) connects a plaza with the main entrance. Beneath the bridge is the lower level entrance which serves an all-night study area after regular library hours. An additional, sunken plaza is just visible beyond the pedestrian bridge.



PHOTOS: Opposite, Ted Hendrickson; above left, Margy and Larry Albee '74; right, A. Carroll '73



Clockwise from upper left: the card catalog from stairs to lower level; the catalog in use; the main staircase, with a portrait of President Emeritus Charles Shain by William McCloy; a reading area in the current periodicals section; the main circulation desk, adjacent to the main entrance.



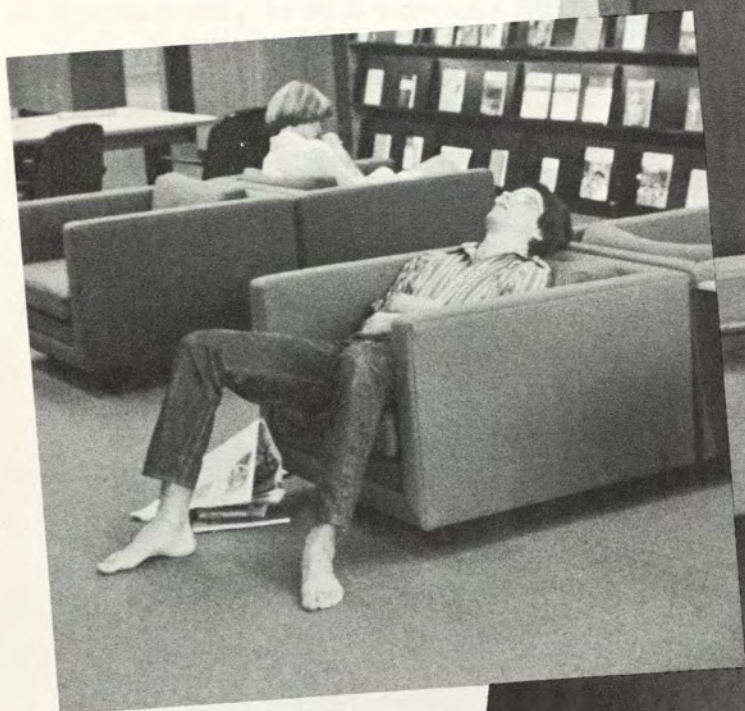
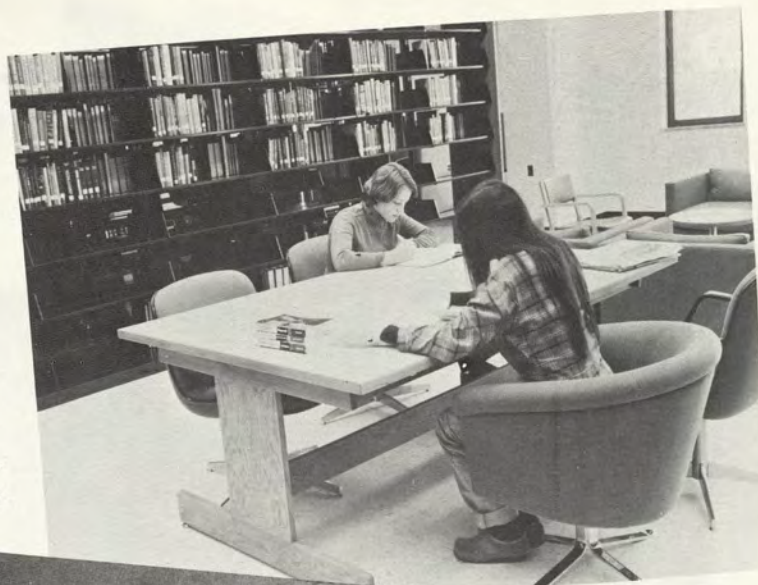


The library, with an area of 100,000 square feet, is on four levels. The main floor houses the card catalog, reference and reserve areas, the circulation desk, reading areas for current newspapers and periodicals, and staff offices. Downstairs are bound periodicals and government documents, and the all-night study area, named in honor of Anna Lord Strauss, a former trustee of the College. The two upper levels house stacks, reading rooms and seminar rooms. Rare books and special collections are located in a suite of three rooms on the second floor. The Jane Worthington Smyser Poetry Corner, also on the second floor, has listening equipment for recordings of poetry and drama.



PHOTOS by Ted Hendrickson

Study areas on all floors of the library are equipped with tables and upholstered chairs, which students take the liberty of rearranging. The comfortable chairs and quiet surroundings make for conditions that are almost too restful (below). The central staircase (below, right) is the visual centerpiece of the library interior.

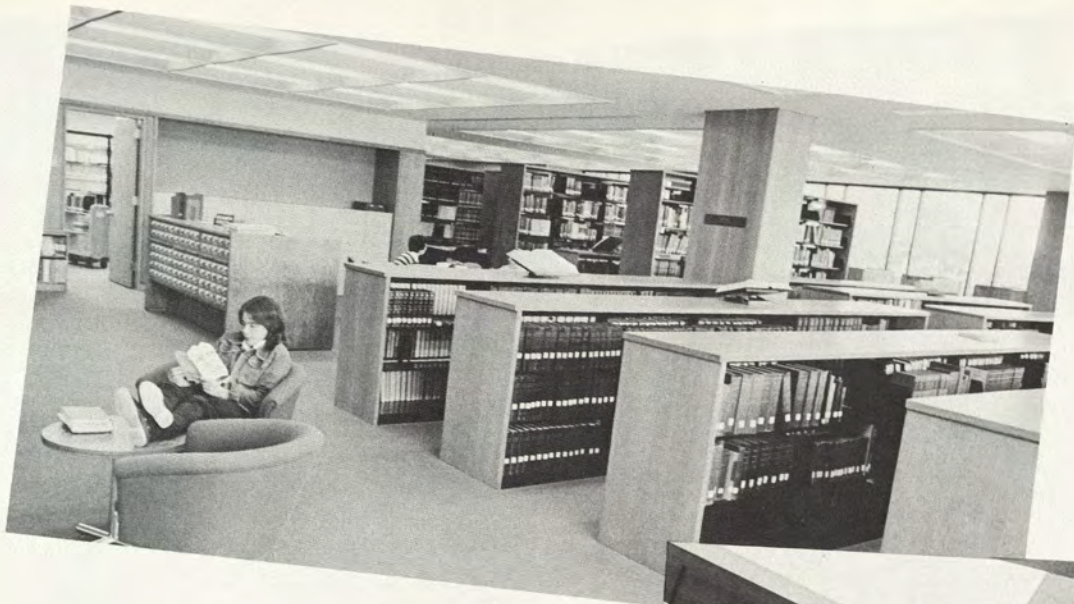


PHOTOS: Top left and right by Ted Hendrickson; bottom left and right by A. Carroll '73.



Need a place to study? There's a choice of 565 seats, from colorful upholstered chairs with panoramic views of the campus to spartan stools and study carrels (248 of them) in windowless corners. There are three rooms set aside for group study and one for smokers. There are three typing rooms, two seminar rooms, and the Haines Room, attractively furnished for reading and studying. There are also lockers available for book storage.

The book collection is made accessible through a card catalog containing 1740 drawers and close to 900,000 cards. All volumes acquired since 1969 have been catalogued according to the Library of Congress system and are located on the second floor. Most of the remaining books are on the third floor stacks and are classified under the Dewey Decimal System.



The reference area (above) is located opposite the main circulation desk and contains encyclopedias, dictionaries, atlases and handbooks. A skylight above the main stairwell (right) brings natural light to the center of the building. Below: work, work, work.



PHOTOS by Ted Hendrickson



Meanwhile, back at Palmer...

Completion of the new library leaves Connecticut College's grandest old academic building—Palmer Library—eerily empty. But not for long.

The schedule for renovation of Palmer depends, as always, on the financial situation of the College, and in particular the completion of funding for the new library. But, according to President Oakes Ames, the administration will be working with academic departments and architects during the academic year in determining priorities for the use of the old building.

After an excruciatingly lengthy debate over the installation of centralized dining facilities in the old library, it was decided that the advantages of the more intimate, scattered dining halls outweighed the savings that would result from centralization. The College has now committed itself to a primarily academic use of the building.

Among the possibilities now being discussed are:

—A center (including offices and classrooms) for the humanities and social sciences, whose offices are now inefficiently housed in several academic buildings;

—A theater workshop, to reduce competition for Palmer Auditorium, which is used for speeches, assemblies and movies as well as for dramatic productions;

—A dance studio, to take some of the pressure off of the facilities at Crozier-Williams used by both the physical education and dance departments;

—A new bookstore and post office, both of which are crowded awkwardly into the decrepit Hillyer Hall.

Palmer Library is large enough, of course, to accommodate several uses. The large reading rooms seem appropriate for conversion into studios and a theater workshop. The stack wing, which must be completely gutted (the floors of the stack area are supported by the stacks themselves), could be converted to almost any use.

Conversion of space in Palmer Library into offices and classrooms will enable facilities in Thames and Winthrop Halls to be placed in a far more central and

comfortable location. For years, these buildings have been cramped, expensive to maintain and noisy due to their proximity to Mohegan Avenue.

An imaginative renovation of Palmer Library promises to be a relatively inexpensive way of providing badly needed facilities. It could also continue the improvement of the central area of the campus that construction of the new library has initiated. Let's hope that the exciting potential presented by the proposed renovation is realized by an able architect and a thoughtful client.

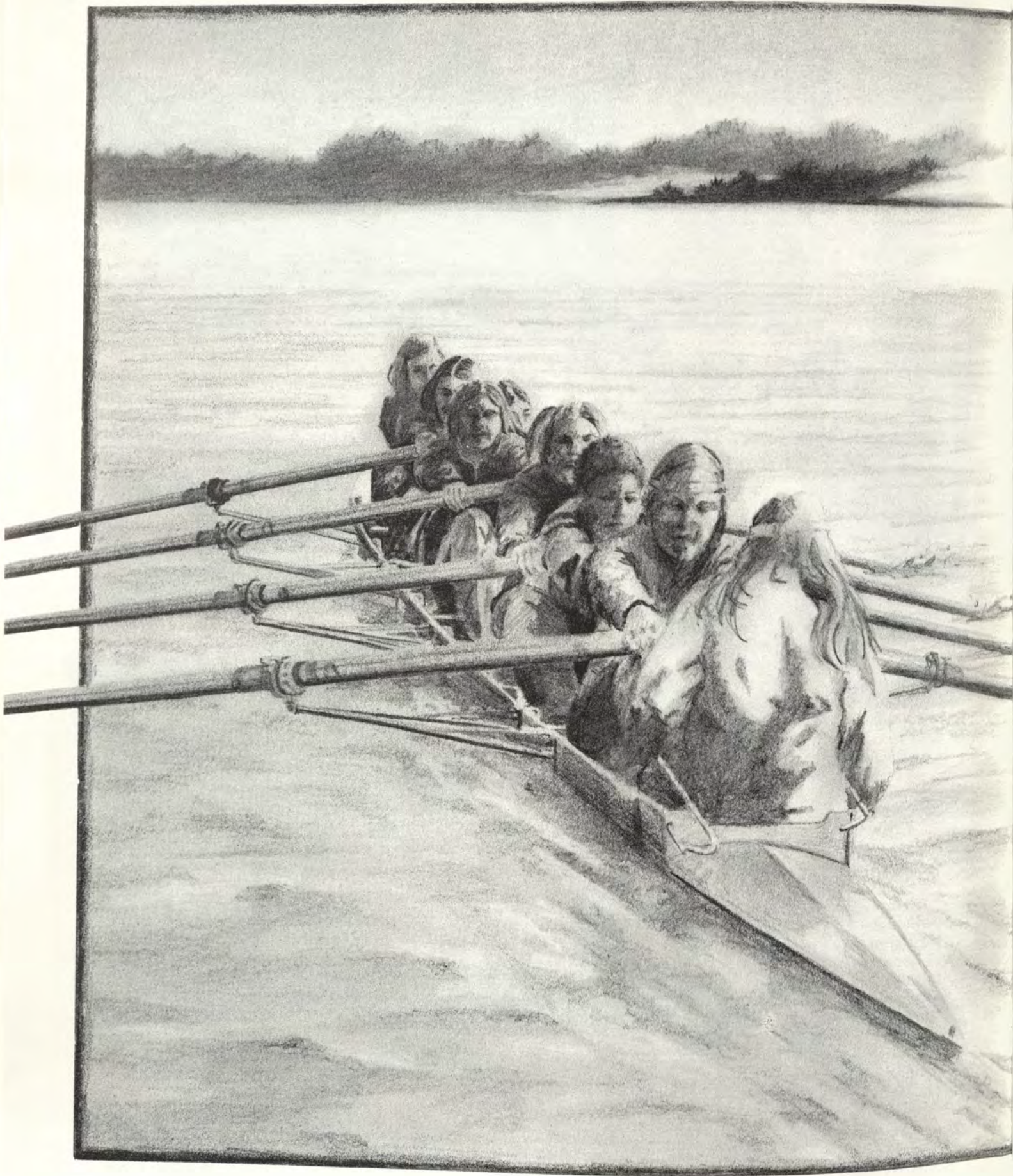
...but what about the money?

Thanks to the miracle of modern financing, Connecticut College is able to reap the benefits of its new library without having paid all the bills. The total project cost of the "Noodle Factory" was \$6,217,000. That figure is less than the contractor's original estimate, and constituted a savings to the College of \$338,000.

However, only \$4,440,498 had been given or pledged as of August 31, 1976. The situation is further complicated by the fact that interest must be paid on the loans that financed the library construction, and that additional funds are needed to pay for the building's maintenance.

The College is looking for a \$3 million naming grant, a donation that will pay off the loans and help maintain the new building. The grant is seen as an important first step in a major development drive now in the planning stages. More about that in future issues.

In the meantime, the College is grateful to Kurt Vonnegut for providing an interim name—the Noodle Factory—for the new library until a generous individual bestows a more dignified title upon its stately facade.



HOW TO WIN THE BRONZE

By Patricia Baldwin Bernblum '74

This issue of The Alumni Magazine features two eminent Hoosiers. Like Kurt Vonnegut, Anita Lucette DeFrantz grew up in Indianapolis, Indiana and attended Shortridge High School. As a student at Connecticut College, Anita gained a widespread reputation as a scholar, athlete, social activist, student leader, singer and bassoonist. She served for two years as a member of the College Board of Trustees after her graduation in 1974, and is a law student at the University of Pennsylvania.

She is also an Olympic bronze medal winner. During a summer she describes as being like a fairy tale come true, Anita made the U.S. Olympic Rowing Team, went to Montreal, won a medal, met Queen Elizabeth and President Ford, became a home-town heroine, and bought herself a new bassoon. She is now recovering in Washington, D.C., where she is doing research at the Center for Law and Social Policy.

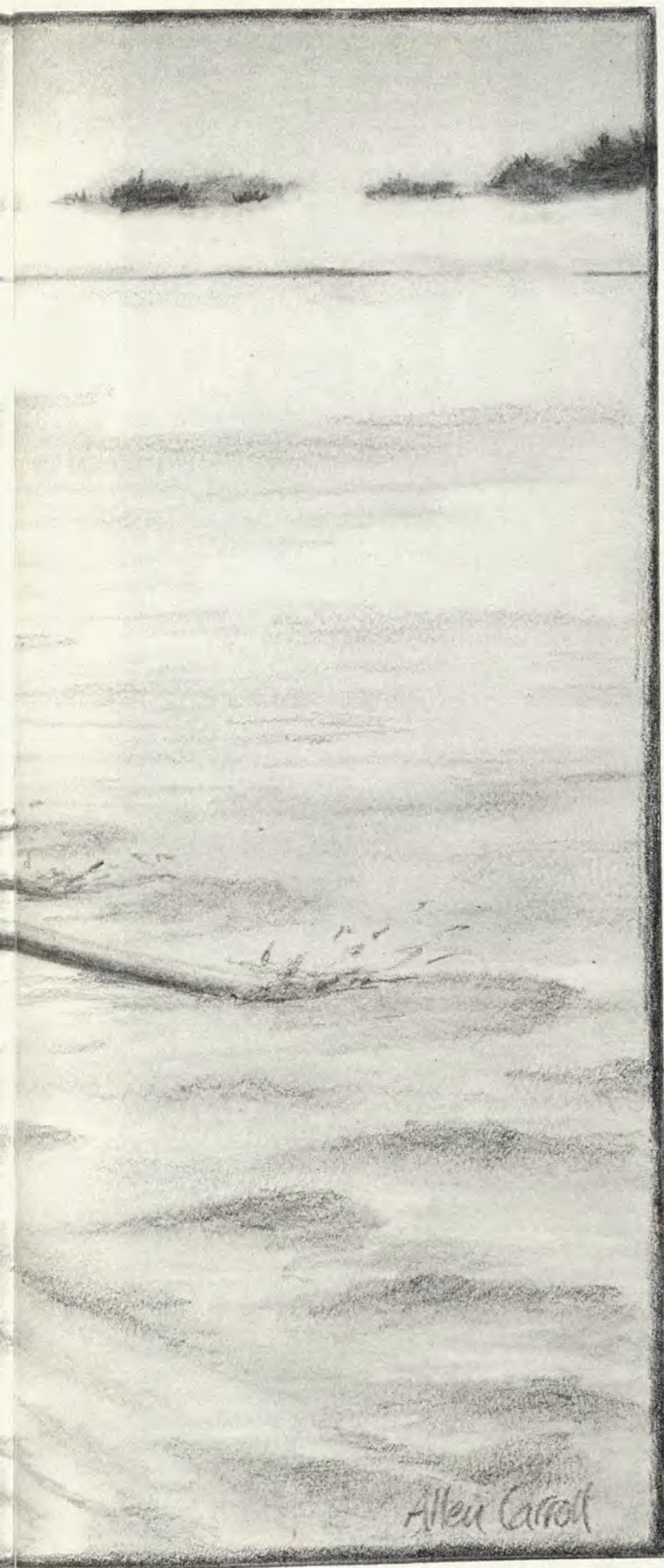
Anita was not the only representative of Connecticut College on the U.S. Olympic Team. Cathy Menges, a classmate of Anita and fellow member of the Vesper rowing club, was also selected for the team. Cathy was captain of the swimming team while at Conn, and is now attending nursing school in Philadelphia.

Patricia Bernblum, a promotion associate at The Shoe String Press, has known Anita DeFrantz since their freshman year in Branford House. She followed Anita and Cathy to Montreal this summer, and has assembled this account from her memories of that confused and exciting experience.

20 June 1976

Anita called this evening to report that she and Cathy Menges had been selected as members of the United States Crew Team to compete at the XXI Olympiad, the first games to include women's crew. But Anita's happiness was subdued. For both women, the news is somewhat anti-climactic: they had been training intensively for months, lifting weights, swimming and running for endurance, and rowing twice a day for as many as three hours, with every other Sunday free. That they are now members of the team is just "one more obstacle overcome," because the question of who will row in what boat has yet to be decided.

In the spring of 1976, Harry Parker, the noted Harvard crew coach, toured the nation to evaluate Olympic potential. Early in May, he extended invitations to about forty women to come to his camp in Cambridge to try out for the team. Out of these forty rowers, twelve would be picked to row in the Olympics. Anita and Cathy had passed the first cuts, and were among the sixteen from whom eight would be chosen for the most powerful, and therefore, most prestigious boat. But the mystery surrounding assignments for seats in all the boats was creating an almost unbearable level of tension. Not only were the contenders determined to row their best, but they were



forced to become highly competitive for those twelve places.

This was the most difficult burden of the tryouts, and of the Olympics as a whole, for Cathy and Anita. They had been rowing in the same boat for some time, and had rowed together while at COCOfoWO. Both had chosen to live in Philadelphia upon graduation after being accepted into the Vesper Club, the only place women can seriously pursue rowing after college. Happily for Anita, this coincided with her acceptance at the University of Pennsylvania Law School; I wouldn't attempt to guess which acceptance was the deciding factor.

For Cathy, the idea of competing in the Olympics was planted in the fall of 1974, and even after January of 1975, when she entered the University of Pennsylvania for a B.S. and an R.N. (in addition to her B.A. from Conn), rowing remained her first priority. Anita first voiced the possibility of competing in the Olympics when she returned from the International Competition in Nottingham in the summer of 1975. She and Cathy had rowed their four to a respectable sixth place, against boats which were stacked with the best rowers the competing nations could find.

This was my first inkling of the grave disadvantages faced by American athletes. Other governments, recognizing that their athletes are professionals who will bring fame and honor to their nation, pay them to practice and perform. Not only are the athletes coddled and encouraged in their efforts, but their governments often step in to see what politicking can be done to make life and victory easier. Not so, of course, for the American Adam. Our athletes, following Ben Franklin's example of "the American Way", are self-made. This translates into rising at 5 a.m. to accomplish mundane tasks such as breakfast before practice at 6, then several hours of classes before another rowing or perhaps weight-lifting session, followed by several hours of studying. The rewards of victory as well as the anguish of defeat belong to the individual alone. This is not unpalatable when the sport is a purely personal one, such as diving or gymnastics, but when one's performance depends on several other people, it wouldn't be so terrible to have a higher authority step in and say, "Look here, three weeks just isn't enough time to develop this potential into an Olympic team," and then do something to have it be otherwise.

30 June

Another phone call from Anita, with good and bad news. The team is now taking on a definite identity; seats have been assigned for the boats. Anita will row in the eight, but Cathy will not. This creates mixed feelings toward Anita's accomplishment, and alters Cathy's attitude toward competing in Montreal. Although she had won a seat in the four, the general consensus is that Cathy should have been in the eight. Anita thinks so too, and so her happiness is again qualified. But both of them have worked long and hard for this opportunity, and there is no time now to mull over what can't be changed. For no matter which boats they crew, or how well they do, the unalterable fact is that each has fulfilled a very large goal.

14 July

My reaction to all of this news is considerably different from Anita's. Having known her since our first day at Connecticut College, I had complete confidence in her ability to carry out her intentions. Anita has never raised false expectations, so when going to Montreal was first mentioned, this faith manifested itself in my clipping newspaper articles about accommodations, restaurants, tickets, etc. My employers were alerted to the fact that I might suddenly request a second vacation, and for a company with only a dozen employees, this couldn't be anything but an inconvenience. Yet I couldn't imagine not going, and my enthusiasm was contagious.

Finally a clear picture emerges of what is going to happen and when, and my excitement increases. Thanks to the International Olympic Committee, and to the surprise punches thrown by the Canadians and Africans, though, it's not too difficult to hold my excitement in check. Each day's headlines leave me furious. I'm disgusted that politics plays such a predominant role. Having so long anticipated going to Montreal, I feel that the world owes me this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, unmarred by these seemingly hollow threats. Yet, remembering the atrocities at Munich, perhaps it would be better to disband the modern games, rather than to allow them to take place in such a hostile atmosphere.

Amazed that I can follow her whereabouts in the newspapers, I learn that Anita is in Montreal by now, and try to get in touch with her, unsure if I want to comfort her, or if I am seeking comfort. To my annoyance, the woman who answers the telephone at the U.S. Delegation speaks only French, and I sense an undercurrent of personal hostility of the part of the Canadians.

17 July

Having been reassured by Anita that she has "no intention of being anyone's political pawn," I am now satisfied that most of the discord is an exercise in international muscle-flexing, and for the time being I shelve thoughts of what the future in Moscow holds.

Scurrying around on errands in preparation for our departure, I am unable to refrain from considering a friendly hello an invitation to blurt out, "I'm going to Montreal tomorrow to see a college friend compete in the women's crew races. She's rowing in the eight, the final race is on Saturday, and she'll probably win a medal." Invariably, eyes light up, calendars are noted, and the Olympics become more than the event which pre-empts regular television programs. There is now a personal link to a vast, impersonal and internationally significant event, and this link alters reality not only for me, but for virtual strangers.

18 July

Armed with binoculars, camera, and no reservations or tickets, my husband B-Jay and I arrive in Montreal, totally unprepared for the sights before us. Having watched the opening ceremony on television the day before, the "real thing" strikes me as fake. Downtown Montreal looks as if all the Bicentennialia has been gathered from across the United States, converted to Olympic festoonery, and plastered on every conceivable square inch of the city. The athletes' housing mushrooms out of the hillside like ancient pyramids, while nearby, the Olympic stadium and Velodrome resemble modern space ships. Compared to this, the Bicentennial is small potatoes; two hundred years of American history is a thin heritage to merit such introspective and grandiose celebration, especially when compared to the thousands of years of tradition evident in such simple ceremonies as the torchlighting.

What immediately grabs my attention is the security. Barbed-wire fences seal off the competition and housing areas; guards with rifles and bayonets patrol the gates. Athletes, officials, and the press wear photo-identification badges around their necks at all times. Screaming sirens, flashing lights, and motorcycle escorts announce the passage of various teams to and from their competition sites. Anita and Cathy witnessed a guard on their bus unload his gun to check the ammunition—an act which is indelibly etched in their minds, but was, at the time, merely part of the background.

This concern for the safety of the athletes is a terrible, constant, and vivid reminder of the slayings at Munich; for Anita's and Cathy's sake, I welcome it. Cathy says it really has no effect on those within the village, an "ideal" environment.



PATRICIA BERNHARDT

A triumphant Anita DeFrantz '74 shows off her bronze medal in Montreal.

Friendliness is somewhat strained by the tension of the approaching competition, and fellow athletes are even more somber, Cathy recalls, than students during exam week at Conn. Life in the village is a sharp contrast to the international festivities taking place outside the barbed wire. The gaiety is barely perturbed by the helicopters hovering continuously above.

19 July

The preliminary races are held today, and at last the Olympics assume more tangible, manageable proportions. Eleven DeFrantzses, virtually all of Anita's immediate family, are eager to cheer on their favorite daughter (who they call Lucy), and it is just like any other race Anita and Cathy have rowed. Almost. The East German women promise fierce competition. Even without my binoculars I can see arm and shoulder muscles worthy of piano movers. This sight, more than any other, illustrates the general unfairness of the competition, and suddenly I am effusively nationalistic. Anyone garbed in a red, white, and blue uniform receives the heartfelt cheers of the small group of Americans who have curiously managed to find each other in the audience.

Cathy's race is first, and a false start indicates the contestants' eager anticipation. In her first 1000 meter race,

Cathy places "a poor third" out of four, but it's good enough to compete in the repechage on Wednesday. Cathy has had only a week and a half to row with the three other women of her crew, against whom she has been competing all summer. Manufacturing team spirit on such short notice is hard enough without the added discouragement of feeling that the untapped strength is impeded by a lack of style. This hit home during Anita's race: as her boat crosses the finish line, a red and blue oar is spotted floating nearby. We have become instant friends with a young man from Chicago who has a telescopic lens, and he can see one of the women in the eight with free hands. Up until the last few meters, the American women had been leading the pack, but the scoreboard indicates that they finished second to the East Germans. Like Cathy, Anita will have to row near the top in the repechage to earn a berth in the finals.

After sending Anita messages via team members going in and out of the fenced-in boathouse, I catch sight of her running toward the gate. I haven't seen her in two months, and she looks terrifically healthy and physically fit. Our reunion is hampered by little boys seeking autographs and fellow athletes exchanging pleasantries. Although Anita has been in Montreal for only a few days, she appears to have at least a passing acquaintance with everyone in the Olympic Basin. She hasn't changed at all, in some respects, from our first meeting at Conn. Understandably, she is upset by the lost oar, but her tact and optimism mask it. Her attitude is that if the eight can row a close second against the East Germans with only seven oars against their eight

20 July

Anita has managed to squeeze a luncheon date with us into her hectic schedule, and after consulting my newspaper articles, I call at nine in the morning to make a reservation. As we are led to our table, a distinct voice rises above the hum, and we spot Howard Cosell, wearing his bright yellow "ABC Wide World of Sports" blazer. Although none of us is in uniform, Howard casts his knowing eye over the three of us, and decides that only Anita merits his greeting.

We chat about our jobs and Anita's forthcoming semester at the Center for Law and Social Policy in Washington, and I am trying without success to place her into the context of legendary Olympic heroes. For some reason, I become aware of the fact that the people around us are talking about us. They know, somehow, that she is an athlete, and Anita is transformed before my very eyes into a hero. I know she is tense about the race tomorrow, so I don't share these thoughts with her.

21 July

Another beautiful sunny day as we enter the rowing site, built on the island which houses the rapidly deteriorating "Man and His World" exhibit. I am now so moved by an overwhelming spirit of nationalism that I'm wearing one of a limited edition of U.S. Bicentennial teeshirts, designed by Allen Carroll, and manufactured at my husband's factory. There is an air of confidence in the American camp. Although Cathy's boat finishes fourth, their form is improved enough to win a place in the finals. The eight does splendidly, capturing first place, and the excitement we experience in the stands is but a small indication of what is to occur on Saturday.

After the race, Anita's mother and I agree that, between us, there is enough adrenalin generated for Anita to sail down the Saint Lawrence. Although Cathy and Anita are pleased with their positions, there is no denying the frustration they feel because of the lack of practice. The philosophy of "getting in there and rowing like hell" leaves little room for the finer points. This is to prove costlier to Cathy than to Anita; Cathy is hoping for a chance at the bronze, and Anita is eyeing the silver.

24 July

We arrive at the Olympic Basin several hours before the races are to begin, and breakfast on Budweiser and 75¢ hotdogs. A thunderstorm the night before has left the air crisp, but a few clouds still menace overhead. Several races have come and gone before I realize that I have been musing deeply on the realization that we have traveled for seven hours, stood in a ticket line for four, and stayed six days in Montreal to witness approximately fourteen minutes of Cathy's and Anita's races, and that this would constitute a lifetime memory. Our seats afford us a good look at the last 500 meters, although from our angle of view it is difficult to call a close finish.

Everything about today is different. Howard Cosell's entrance has the crowd standing and craning for a look; after all, this is the big time as far as sports is concerned, and many of the people here have come simply to see the best athletes in the world, even though they don't know them personally. At first I am surprised by this. To me, Anita is just Anita, and I've known for a long time that her accomplishments are out of the ordinary. It would be odd to see her through strangers' eyes and to consider her some kind of hero. On the other hand, if her participation in the 1976 Olympics is something the world at large considers laudatory, I'm happy to see her get nothing less than world-wide recognition—because she is Anita.

Visually, the crew races are very pleasing. It is sunny and warm, the water is blue and sparkling, and multi-colored flags fly everywhere. The scoreboard does fantastic tricks to announce each race, and soon Cathy's name is announced over the loudspeaker. The U.S. women now pass us to take their place at the start, and it is exciting to see all those good, strong female muscles rhythmically moving the boat. Cathy's boat is looking better than in the previous two races, and though they are strong, the government-funded superhuman East Germans outstrip them. Cathy finishes sixth. As they row back up the course to relieve the tension, the faces reflect acute disappointment. Yet there is something majestic about having worked for so long and so hard at just a single chance.

Anita's boat is at the starting block. Once again the U.S. team has the disadvantage of the far lane where a steady breeze blows across their bow. Then the start is announced, and I lean over the railing, with my eyes glued on her, trying to send telepathic messages to the gods. It's hard to see the positions before the 750 meter mark, harder still to listen to the announcer or watch the scoreboard. The East Germans are again exhibiting their formidable style, and have permanently taken the lead. At the last 250 meters I notice the Russians sprinting; up until this point I had been watching only Anita, straining with as much mental effort as she was with physical, to speed her along. As she crosses the finish line just behind the East Germans and the Russians, I jump up and down, screaming, and pounding the arm of the man next to me, whom I assumed was my husband. He turned out to be from East Germany, and so couldn't have cared less about what was happening to his arm. I found my husband, grabbed the binoculars, and was awed by my most impressive sight of the Olympics: nine women, drenched with sweat and spray, were identically slumped forward, their backs heaving. Almost simultaneously, they straighten and pick up their stroke, their faces flooded with smiles.

Our shouts of, "Anita! Anita!" are echoed by cries of, "Lucy! Lucy!" from the DeFrantzes. As the American women step out of the boat onto the platform where the medals would be distributed, I notice a few knees buckling. Everyone remains standing while the medals are awarded, but at the close of the East German national anthem, one of the Americans drops slowly and gracefully to the ground, although Anita said later that she had lost consciousness several minutes before. In a gesture which epitomizes all the clichés about the Olympics and international feelings of good will, the East Ger-

man and Russian women bend over to congratulate the less sturdy rower, and good wishes are extended all around.

When the ceremony is over, we join Anita's family to await the returning hero. A reporter from a Philadelphia newspaper collars her parents for an interview, leading off with the question, "When did you realize your daughter was special?" After a few minutes, I, too, am rhapsodizing over our hero, the Renaissance Woman.

Finally Anita appears from the boathouse, and after an exultant celebration we arrange to take her on a brief joyride. Leaving her family to begin the trek back to Indianapolis, we cross the bridge to the Man and His World island to take the Metro to our car. On the way, a pair of ten-year-old boys stop us. Anita is wearing her uniform, and her medal gleams against the navy background. Both of them are dumbfounded by this sight, and the one who can speak English asks the pertinent questions: "What event did you win? You are American? May I try it on?" With what I then assumed to be childlike disregard for formalities, they reach out to test the weight of the medal in the palm of their hands, and after signing some scraps of paper for them, we continue on our way. While I'm really not conscious of anything but Anita and her medal, I can sense everyone staring at us as we take our seats. Anita is not talking; her eyes are a bit glazed and I can see that the fact that she has won a medal is incomprehensible to her right now.

Our celebration continues during a brief tour of a Montreal suburb. Knowing that Anita hasn't had lunch, we offer her whatever she would like. The answer is characteristic—chocolate. We head for the nearest McDonald's, and B-Jay volunteers to go inside for chocolate milkshakes, while Anita and I recline at the outdoor tables. Conversation comes in spurts; at one point, she leans forward and her medal hits the stone table with a loud clang. We look at each other, surprised by the sound, and I wait for her to say something, anything, to confer meaning on this moment. To my hysterical question, "Do you realize that you're wearing a bronze medal won at the 1976 Olympics?" her answer is a simple and predictable "no."

After some wait (McDonald's of Canada not being the pride of the nation as it is in the U.S.) we find that they are out of milkshakes. Anita decides that any form of sugar will do, so we go next door to Dunkin' Donuts. We all go inside, and as soon as Anita sets foot in the door, with her red- and white-striped navy uniform that reaches the tops of her thigh, and her red warmup jacket unzipped to reveal the shimmering bronze medal, all conversation stops.

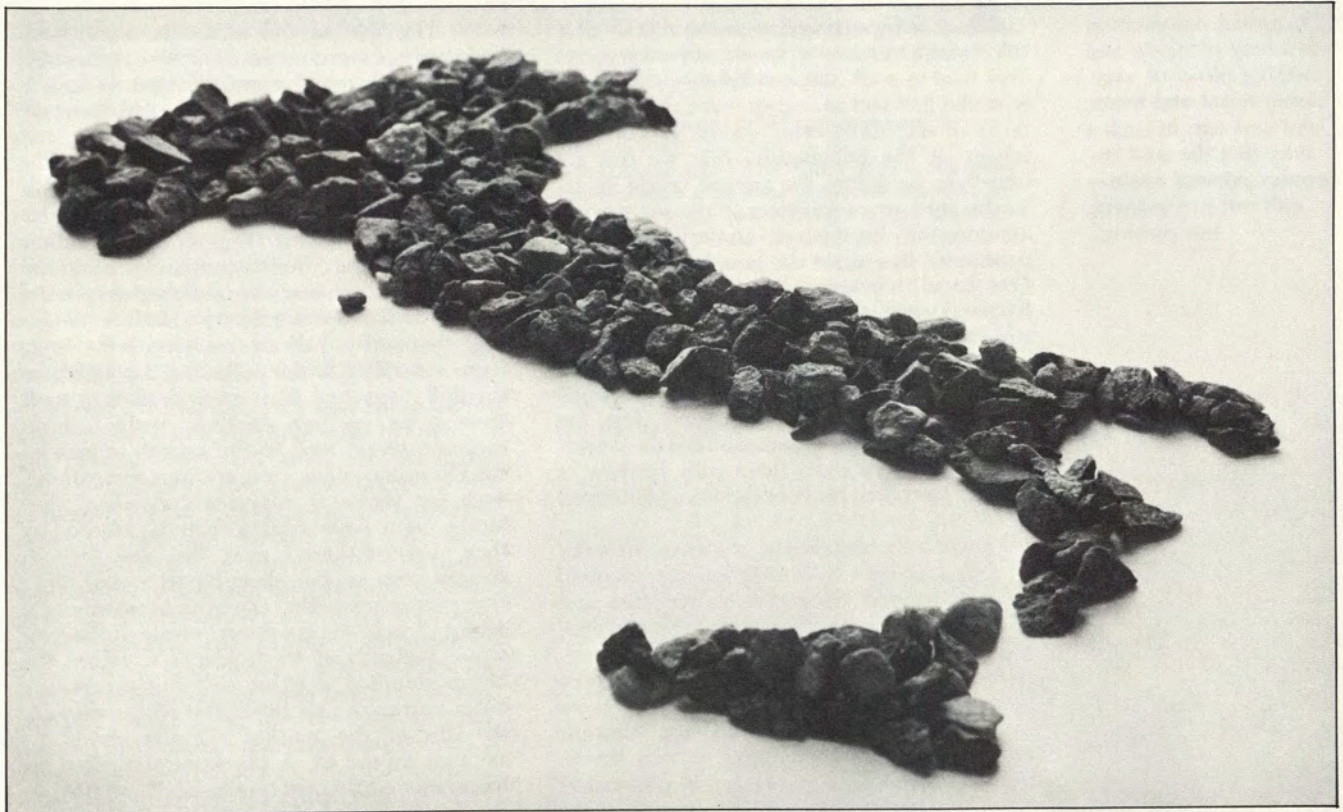
Anita blithely contemplates the choice of donuts, and after a minute or two the woman behind the counter finds the presence of mind to ask if she can be of help. Anita starts to place her order but the waitress cannot take her eyes off the medal, and blindly reaches behind her, stuffing whatever her hand falls on into a waxed bag. Anita's efforts to correct her disorient the woman even more. By this time, B-Jay and I are laughing out loud. Finally a patron leaves his donut and coffee to come over, and with a few words of French and English common to all of us, and many gestures, we manage to convey that Anita won third place in the women's crew. Satisfied, everyone resumes eating, and the waitress empties the donuts from the bag, ready to start anew.

Although only an hour has elapsed since Anita received her medal, I am no longer surprised by strangers' boldness in grabbing the medal and lifting it from the chain. I suppose this is the only way to validate such an unusual sight. When we are back in the car, it's apparent that Anita is still suffering from a lack of identification with reality, as she chuckles and shakes her head in disbelief, munching on a donut. After a quick stop at Dairy Queen for the chocolate milkshake, we head back to

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ITALY

the traveler and the past



"Anyone who travels to ancient sites . . . signifies an intention to encounter the past on its own terms," asserts professor Susan M. Woody in her article on the following pages. To encounter the past was, indeed, the intention of the participants in the Alumni Association's seminar-tour to Italy early this year. But the power one has to re-create the past is proportional to one's knowledge of it. The more one knows about the cultures that produced the great temples at Syracuse and the churches of Florence, the more one can gain from a visit to these sites. It was with this in mind that lectures were sent to the tour participants in the weeks before their departure for Europe. Some of the lectures are reprinted here; through them, regardless of your travel plans, it is perhaps possible to glimpse the past that they describe—the past that permeates the crowded streets, the great cathedrals and the eroding ruins of Italy.

The philosopher in the garden

By Susan M. Woody
Associate Professor of Philosophy

“Historical imagination is a way of being and making alive, of exercising mind and heart, eye and ear, in such a way that the past becomes present again—and not just present, but pulsing.”

In order to travel to ancient Sicily, it is not enough to traverse space; one must travel over time as well. Ships and planes can help us with the first sort of travel, but only imagination can accomplish the second. It is only by means of the imagination that we can get ourselves back into the ancient world again. To be sure, even travelers to the recent past assume the burden of conjuring up and causing to live again the people of that time. Our local bicentennial treks within New England carry this responsibility with them. But the colonial revolutionaries are, in terms of both experience and aspiration, our “kith and kin”; reading back through time to touch *them* is not immensely difficult. But the Greeks! Neither the civilization nor the worldview we derive from them fully bridges us back to the being of those persons, places and times.

I never fully realized the immense difficulty of such a project until, on a late afternoon in August, I stood alone among the grass and weeds of Olympia, on the Greek mainland, staring at the ruins. Cicadas sung a sharp, twangy, unmusical note; the grass, its green scorched out of it by a baking Mediterranean sun, stood in brown and dusty clumps; everywhere temple columns, paving stones and fragments of statuary lay in patternless profusion, as if daring the visitor to make some sense out of the jumble. For a long time, I felt very forlorn as I stared at this scene. Olympia was my first landfall in Greece after sailing down the Adriatic, and it had become a focus of “great expectations.” On this hot August day, when the expectations were finally replaced by the reality, I couldn’t help asking myself why I had chosen to invest so much time and money getting to Greece. Every philosopher should go to Greece, I had reasoned; it’s like making the Hegira to Mecca—or, better still, it’s like going home. But now the philosopher was home, and home felt remarkably inhospitable. It was furnished with scorched grass, a hot wind blowing off the sea, a cruelly indifferent and baking sun, and everywhere, scoured-white, speechless stone fragments dared me to listen to their silent voices.

Slowly I began to listen to that place, and the more I listened, the more there was to

hear. The life of the past—its noises and murmurings—seemed ready to break through a kind of historical sound barrier. At first, I could make out only the general hum of human activity with here and there a scrap of differentiated sound: a bit of discernible laughter, a creaking wheel, the shriek of a bird—these just barely emergent from the continuum of sound. But as my attention sharpened, the undifferentiated hum of activity receded, and the meaningful systems of sounds stood out in sharp relief.

Quite nearby—ahead and to my left—boys were wrestling in the palaestra; I could hear the dull impact of flesh on flesh as they took their grips on one another. Only a little distance away, next to the superb temple to the Olympian Zeus, preparations were under way for the next morning’s sacrifice: she-lambs, their bells ringing sweetly, bleated as they were tethered near the altar, where shortly after sunrise their blood would flow. Not permitted within the temple precincts, a group of matrons gossiped ceaselessly as they wove garlands of fresh myrtle to adorn the herms standing at either side of the temple’s outer entrance. Out beyond the propylaeum, the din of the market seemed almost to shimmer in the air. A blacksmith cracked his hammer smartly, first on the anvil and then on the bit he was fashioning; competing merchants sang the virtues of their wares to potential buyers; a shepherd, down from the hills to sell goats’ milk, played his Pan’s pipes lazily under an olive tree; and, off at the southern edge of the market where twin colonnades flanked a fountain playing out waters from the river Cladeus, a group of men with voices resounding of wealth and breeding discussed the question fresh-arrived from Athens—whether man was indeed the measure of all things. Even though these sounds of Olympia’s life were audible only to the ear of imagination, I submerged myself in them blissfully.

Historical imagination is a way of being and making alive, of exercising mind and heart, eye and ear, in such a way that the past becomes present again—and not just present, but pulsing. The traveler’s only obligation is to provide imagination with all the aides it requires to carry out its task of resurrection.

For this purpose, we must feed it with information, tutor it with guide books, train it with narrative, tease it with fiction. So nourished (not stuffed, please!) and then given free play, imagination will do its good work, turning what we blandly call a tour into a passionate marriage between the traveler and the past he seeks.

What is true of ruins in general is true of Sicilian ruins, which are Greek and therefore part of the spiritual homeland I encountered in Olympia. From our modern vantage point, Sicily seems part of the Italian world, but long before it was Italian, it was Greek. And long before it was Greek, it was "barbarian"—that is, populated by indigenous, non-Hellenic peoples called Sicels and Sicans. But as early as Mycenaean time, Sicily was feeling Hellenic influence. According to legend, Heracles conducted a raid into the interior of Sicily, vanquishing many local chieftains; again, he is said to have carried out his tenth and last labor in Sicily, and some scholars argue that the "delegendized" meaning of this tale is to record the fact of significant Mycenaean-Sicilian contact long before organized Hellenic colonization began. Certainly by the seventh century B.C. several important Greek colonies existed in Sicily, some named, as so many of our American towns are, for the mother cities the colonists left behind.

Inevitably, because we are speaking of ancient Greek history, there were included in the general westward wave of colonizers some instances of that species invented and perfected by the Greeks, namely the philosopher. Pythagoras himself left his native Samos in 530 B.C. to emigrate to Crotona in southern Italy, whence his followers radiated to found several important centers of Pythagorean political and religious influence in Sicily. In the next century, Empedocles, the great poet-philosopher was born in Acragas on Sicily's south shore—a native son. Gorgias, perhaps the greatest (and most dangerous?) of the sophist-rhetoricians, was born in Leontini, near Syracuse, in the fifth century B.C. Finally, looking to Syracuse, the greatest of all the Greek Sicilian cities, we find associated with its name the philosopher who more than any other has shaped the mind of the West—Plato. At the request of its tyrant-kings, Dionysius I had his son Dionysius II, Plato made three separate voyages from Athens to Syracuse. And Dion, brother-in-law to Dionysius I and a powerful courtier, also played a part, particularly in persuading Plato to make his second voyage, which occurred in 367 B.C.

Greek Sicily offers many opportunities for the exercise of historical imagination that contemporary students of philosophy find both worthwhile and revealing. Any of a dozen "Sicilian connections" would do, but our choice falls upon Plato's strange and perplexing adventure in the court of a Syracusan tyrant, one who claimed to be a lover of philosophy. Not only is the world of Sicilian politics a recognizable one to us moderns, but the encounter between philos-

ophy and politics in Syracuse in the persons of Plato and Dionysius exhibits perennial features which today we might beneficially review.

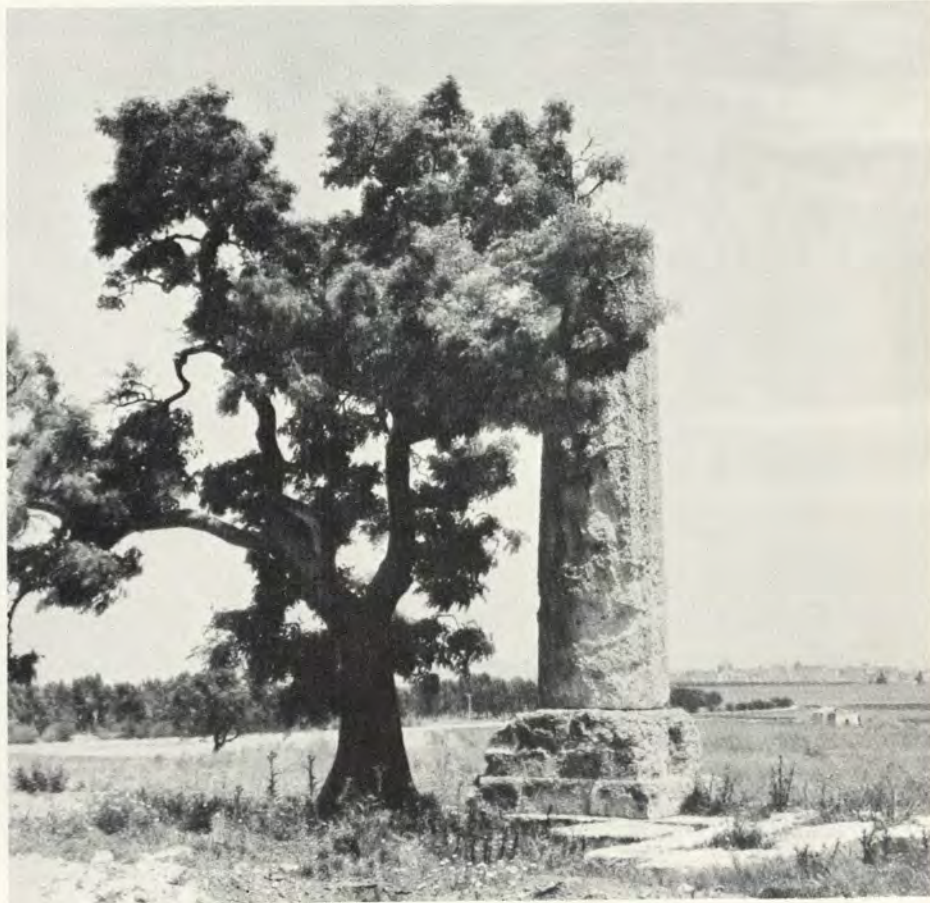
The bare bones of the story are readily recalled (as for the "inner" or philosophical truth of the story, it's not clear that we have it yet). In the course of nearly twenty-five years (388-361 B.C.), Plato made three separate trips to the court of Syracuse; each trip proved personally dangerous to Plato in some measure as well as difficult and disruptive. What caused Plato, who had disdained involvement in Athenian politics, to go to Syracuse is best expressed in his own words taken from Chapter 18 of the *Republic*:

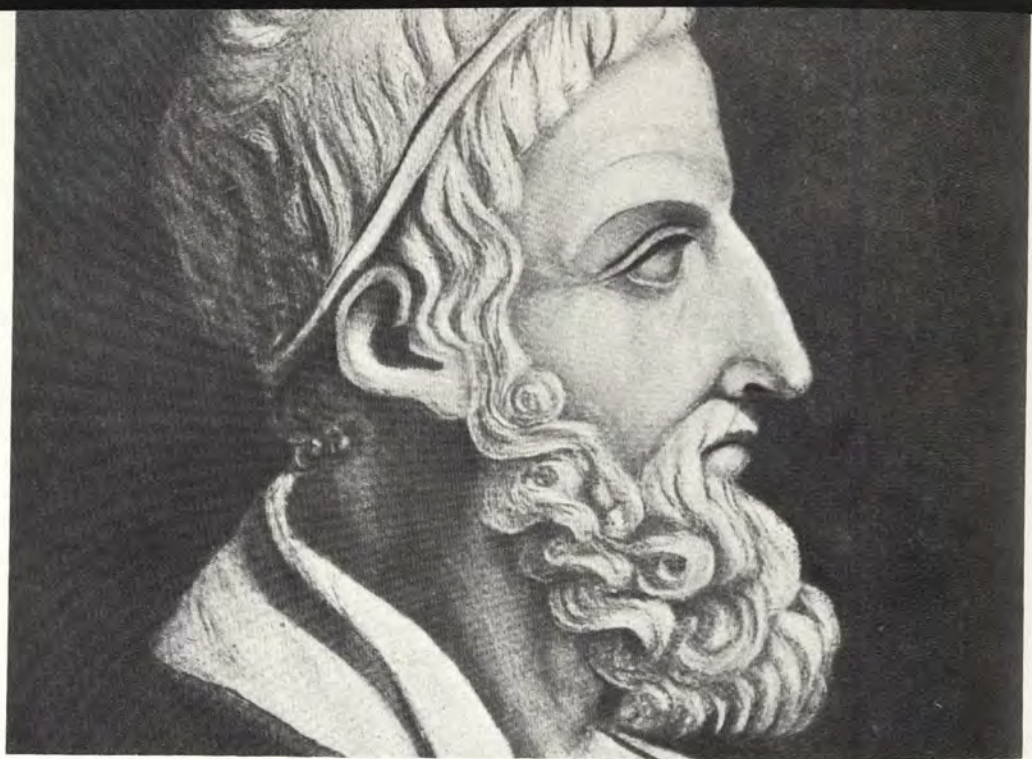
"Socrates (to Glaucon): I must state my paradox even though the wave should break in laughter over my head and drown me in ignominy. Now mark what I am going to say.

Glaucon: Go on.

Socrates: Unless either philosophers become kings in their countries or those who are now called kings and rulers come to be sufficiently inspired with a genuine desire for wisdom; unless, that is to say, political power and philosophy meet together, while the many natures who now go their several ways in the one or the other direction are forcibly debarred from doing so, there can be no rest from troubles, my dear Glaucon, for states, nor yet, as I believe, for all mankind; nor can this commonwealth which we have imagined (the ideal state of the *Republic*) ever 'til then see the light of day and grow to its full stature. That is what I have so long hung

Syracuse: pillar from the Temple of Olympian Zeus





“Plato had come to see that law and the rule of law provide a more appropriate foundation for the political order than any single individual can.”

back from saying; I knew what a paradox it would be, because it is hard to see that there is no other way of happiness either for the state or the individual.”

pp. 178-9, *Republic*, (F. Cornford translation)

In his Seventh Letter Plato reiterates these convictions, which are absolutely central to his political philosophy, and explains why Syracuse could involve him where Athens had failed to.

First, Plato tells of the message he received from Dion, brother-in-law of Dionysius the tyrant, arguing persuasively that Plato stood every chance of winning the tyrant over to his views concerning true human happiness and political well-being. Dion’s letter ends with the words:

“Now, if ever then, will be realized any hope there is that the world will ever see the same man both philosopher and ruler of a great city.” (Letter VII: 328 a)

Next, Plato tells of the reflections set up in him by Dion’s urgings and his own interest:

“Hence, as I considered and debated whether I should harken and go, or what I should do, the view nevertheless prevailed that I ought to go, and that if anyone were ever to attempt to realize my ideals in regard to laws and government, now was the time for the trial. *If I were to convince but one man*, that in itself would ensure complete success.” (Letter VII: 328 b-c. Emphasis added.)

These words of Plato’s are of fateful importance and shall be referred to again before completing our review of the Syracusan adventure. For the moment, let’s look at more of Plato’s explanation of the motives which drove him to Dionysius’ court:

“Such were the considerations that inspired and emboldened me to leave home on this journey. I was not guided by the motives some men have attributed to me, but chiefly by a concern for my own self-respect. I feared to see myself at last altogether nothing but words, so to speak—a man who would never willingly lend a hand to any concrete task.” (Letter VII: 328 c)

And further:

“(Dion) was really exposed to considerable danger. Suppose something were to happen to him, or suppose he were expelled by Dionysius and his other enemies, and were to come to me an exile and to question me, saying ‘Plato, I have come to you an exile not for want of soldiers or horsemen to defend myself against my enemies, but for lack of the arguments and the eloquence that I knew you, more than others, could wield to turn the minds of young men to virtue and justice so as to establish in all cases mutual friendship and alliance.’” (Letter VII: 328 c-e.)

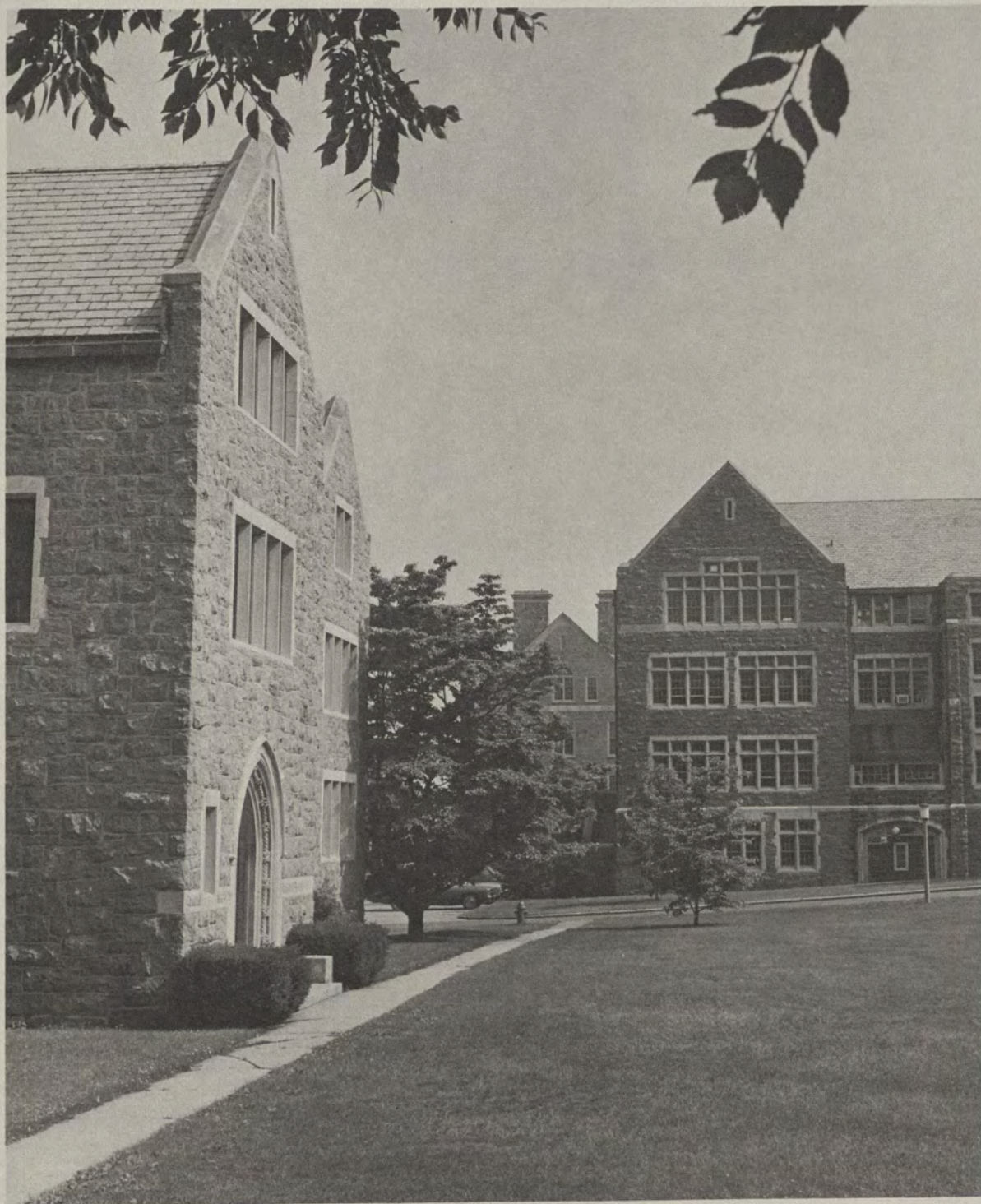
The preceding passages make it clear that the “Syracusan challenge” was replete with personal significance for Plato. First, of course, there was the hope that the great city of Syracuse, through the efforts of Dion, might be restored to freedom and just laws. Even more important, for the purpose of understanding Plato’s role, is the fact that if Syracuse could be delivered to a ruler who had been taught by philosophy to be just and wise, then what Plato had spent his entire life teaching would be absolutely vindicated—namely, the supremely *practical* importance of philosophy in human affairs. By the time Plato actually wrote the so-called seventh letter to the prominent members of the Dionean party in Syracuse (seven years after his third and last voyage to Syracuse in 361 B.C.), a violent and unholy series of events had unrolled, casting a dark shadow on the political history of Syracuse and raising difficult questions about Plato’s role in it.

First, Dionysius I, perhaps furious at Plato’s role in weaning young Dion away from the mores of the Syracusan court, arranged for Plato to be transported to Aegina and there sold into slavery. The plot would have worked had not Athenian friends appeared in Aegina to ransom Plato from the slave-market. Dionysius I himself died in 367 B.C., helped (Plutarch suggests) by physicians, who in their

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1975-76



October 1976

To the Alumni and Friends of the College:

Last year at this time when I wrote that the goal of the Quest Program had been reached, I also outlined the College's development needs for the years immediately ahead. It is gratifying indeed to be able to report now that gifts and pledges received in the year just past exceeded the amount of the year before by almost 31 per cent and our previous all-time high in 1973-1974 by almost 13 per cent. More alumni have given more to the College than ever before, and grants received from foundations and government agencies also reached new highs.

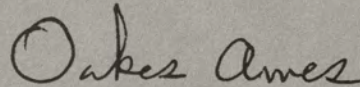
On behalf of all of us at the College I wish to express our deep gratitude for this wonderfully generous support.

Now, at the start of a new year, we look ahead to many steps that can be taken to continue strengthening the College.

I hope that the next twelve months will see the completion of fund-raising for our new library. As of this time, \$2,000,000 is still needed. Gifts for the physical plant and the endowment are essential to our development goals, but no less important are gifts for current operations. Indeed, 7 per cent of the income needed to achieve a balanced budget comes in this form.

I wish it were possible in this short letter to share with you more fully our plans for the College. Let me just say that the academic year has opened on a very positive note, spirits are high, and we look forward to the stimulating and rewarding months ahead.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Oakes Ames". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name and title.

Oakes Ames
President

GIFTS, GRANTS AND BEQUESTS

From July 1, 1975 through June 30, 1976

SOURCE		PURPOSE	
Trustees	\$ 80,455	Gifts for current operations	
Alumni	636,623	Unrestricted	\$ 332,223
(Deduct Alumni Trustee gifts, counted in both categories above)	(39,685)	Student Aid	676,315
		Faculty Salaries	17,357
		Instructional Departments	76,797
		Research	150,706
		Post-Bac. Pre-Medical	8,800
		President's Discretion	1,200
		American Dance Festival	235,917
		Community Affairs	28,129
		Other	11,007
Faculty, Staff, and Students	11,920		<u>\$ 1,538,451</u>
		Capital Gifts	
Parents	165,807	Plant	
Friends	121,769	Library Books	15,439
		Library Building Fund	882,981
		Arts Center	145
		Arboretum	10,141
		Other Capital Use	11,020
Organizations	5,602		<u>\$ 919,726</u>
		Endowment	
Corporations	71,831	Unrestricted	1,318
		Student Aid	3,480
		Faculty Salaries	2,750
		Other Endowment	85,048
Foundations	775,079		<u>\$ 92,596</u>
		Loan Funds	152,664
Government Grants	875,036	Life Income Gift	1,000
		Total Capital	<u>\$ 1,165,986</u>
	<u>\$ 2,704,437</u>		<u>\$ 2,704,437</u>

Included above are bequests of \$3,400 from alumni, and \$2,500 from friends.

Only gifts of cash and securities are included; not unpaid pledges. Gifts "in kind"—other than securities—are not included.

CORPORATIONS \$98,744

- *The A. S. Abell Company Foundation
- *Alcoa Foundation
- *Allegheny Ludlum Industries
- *Allied Chemical Foundation
- *American Can Company Foundation
- *American Express Foundation
- *American Stock Exchange
- *American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
- *Anaconda Co.
- *Arkwright-Boston Manufacturers Mutual Insurance Company
- *Arrow-Hart, Inc.
- *Arthur Andersen & Co. Foundation
- *ASARCO Foundation
- *Ashland Oil Foundation
- *Bank of America Foundation
- *The Bank of New York
- *The Bendix Corporation
- *Bethlehem Steel
- *Bristol-Myers Fund
- +Browne Inc.
- *The Bundy Foundation
- *Business Men's Assurance Company of America
- *Campbell's Soups
- *The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A.
- *Chemical Bank
- +Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.
- *Chicago Title & Trust Company Foundation
- *Chicopee Manufacturing Company
- +Christy Hill Builders
- *Cleveland-Cliffs Foundation
- *Combustion Engineering, Inc.
- +*The Connecticut Bank & Trust Company
- *Connecticut General Insurance Company
- *Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company
- *Continental Can Company, Inc.
- *Continental Oil Company
- *Corning Glass Works Foundation
- *CPC International
- *Crouse-Hinds Foundation, Inc.
- +Davis-Jacobs Travel Service, Inc.
- +The Day Publishing Company
- *John Deere Foundation
- *DLJ Foundation
- *The Dow Chemical Company
- *Dun & Bradstreet Companies
- *Eaton Corporation
- +Eco-Science Laboratory
- +The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States
- *Exxon Education Foundation
- *Exxon USA Foundation
- *Federated Department Stores, Inc.
- *Fiduciary Trust Company
- *Fireman's Fund American Foundation
- *The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company
- *First Minneapolis Foundation
- *First National Bank of Boston
- *First National Bank of Chicago Foundation
- *First National Bank of Oregon
- *First National City Bank
- *Fluor Foundation
- *Ford Motor Company Fund
- *G & W Foundation
- *General Dynamics Corporation
- *The General Electric Foundation
- *The General Foods Fund, Inc.
- *General Mills Foundation
- *General Reinsurance Corporation
- +General Telephone & Electronics Corporation
- *The Gillette Company
- *Goldman, Sachs & Co.
- *Gould Inc.
- *GTE Sylvania Incorporated
- *Gulf Oil Foundation
- *John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company
- *The Hartford Electric Light Co.
- *The Hartford Insurance Group Foundation, Inc.
- *Hartford National Bank & Trust Company
- *Hartford National Corporation
- *Hercules Incorporated
- *Heublein Foundation, Inc.
- *Hewlett-Packard Company
- *The Hill Acme Company Foundation
- *Houghton Mifflin Co.
- +Household Finance Corporation
- *IC Industries
- *INA Foundation
- *International Business Machines Corporation
- *International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.
- +Iowa Farms Associates, Inc.
- *Jewel Foundation
- *Johnson & Higgins
- *Johnson & Johnson
- *The Johnson's Wax Fund, Inc.
- *The Kendall Company Foundation
- *Kennecott Copper Corporation
- *Keyes Fibre Co.
- *Kingsbury Machine Tool Corp.
- *Koppers Company Foundation
- *The Lawyers Co-Operative Publishing Co.
- +Lehigh Oil Company
- +Lyman Allyn Museum
- *Manufacturers Hanover Foundation
- *McGraw-Hill, Inc.
- *The Merck Company Foundation, Inc.
- *Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
- +*Middlesex Mutual Assurance Company
- *Mobil Foundation, Inc.
- *Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York
- *Morgan-Worcester
- *Mutual of New York
- +National Merit Scholarship Corp.
- #New England Colleges Fund
- *New England Merchants National Bank
- *New England Mutual Life Insurance Company
- *The New York Times Foundation, Inc.
- +Northeast Utilities Service Co.
- *The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company
- *Norton Company
- *Occidental Petroleum Charitable Foundation, Inc.
- *Oglebay Norton Foundation
- +*Olin Corporation
- +Parklane Hosiery Company Inc.
- +Pfizer Inc.
- *Phelps Dodge Foundation
- *Philadelphia, Bethlehem and New England Railroad Company
- *Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company
- *Pitney Bowes
- *Polaroid Foundation
- *Price Waterhouse Foundation
- *The Prudential Insurance Company of America
- *The Putnam Management Company, Inc.
- *Raytheon Company
- +Reasoner's Tropical Nurseries
- *Rockefeller Family & Associates
- *The S & H Foundation, Inc.
- *Schering Foundation, Inc.
- *Scott Paper Company Foundation
- +The Sears Roebuck Foundation
- +Senahan, Inc.
- *Simmons Company
- *The Southern New England Telephone Company
- *State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America
- *Stone & Webster, Incorporated
- *Sun Oil Company of Pennsylvania
- *Time Incorporated
- *J. Walter Thompson Company Fund, Incorporated
- *Transamerica Corp.
- +*Travelers Insurance Companies
- *United Aircraft Corporation
- *United Engineers & Constructors, Inc.
- *United States Trust Company of New York
- *United Technologies Corporation
- *Warnaco Inc.
- *The Western Publishing Company Foundation
- *Weyerhaeuser Co. Foundation
- *Xerox Corporation
- *The Arthur Young Foundation

*Matching Gifts (amount credited to Alumni or to Parents Fund)
 +Direct Grant

#A list of these 576 companies, which contributed \$854,205 in 1975 to the 26 member colleges in NECF, is available on request to the Development Office, Connecticut College. Connecticut's share of that corporate bounty amounted to \$32,073.65.

FOUNDATIONS \$850,540

\$36,700 has been credited to trustees, \$28,635 to alumni, \$9,825 to parents, \$300 to friends, and the remaining \$775,080 to foundations.

Adams Foundation, Inc.
The Allyn Foundation, Inc.
Anonymous
Anonymous
Anonymous
Bodenwein Public Benevolent Foundation
M.H. Berlin Foundation
The Birnbaum Foundation, Inc.
The Jacob & Hilda Blaustein Foundation, Inc.
Samuel & Lena Bornstein Foundation
Carolyn Foundation
The Elizabeth Carse Foundation
Robert Sterling Clark Foundation, Inc.
Joan Connell Foundation, Inc.
D & R Fund
The Charles A. Dana Foundation, Inc.
The Arthur Vining Davis Foundations
EIS Foundation
Finn Foundries Foundation
Fisher-Hess Foundation
Ford Foundation
Walter Henry Freygang Foundation
Fribourg Foundation, Inc.
Gelb Foundation
The Goldsmith Foundation, Inc.
The Goodman Ormand Foundation
The Gordon Foundation, Inc.
The Griffis Foundation, Inc.
George Gund Foundation
William H. Herrman Foundation, Inc.

The Huisking Foundation, Inc.
The Ivy Fund, Inc.
Abraham Kamber Foundation
Edgar J. Kaufmann Charitable Foundation
Charles & Esther Kirschenbaum Foundation, Inc.
The David & Sadie Klau Foundation
David L. Klein, Jr. Memorial Foundation
Richard & Peggy Korn Foundation
The Kresge Foundation
Juliette S. & George J. Lewin Foundation
William & Mary Lewin Fund
Gustav O. Lienhard Charitable Trust
Lindseth Foundation
The Carol Buttenwieser Loeb Family Philanthropic Fund
Lawrence S. Mayers Fund, Inc.
Ingram Merrill Foundation, Inc.
The Paul N. Myers Foundation
The Namm Foundation
The Ottinger Foundation, Inc.
Frank Loomis Palmer Fund
William G. Parrott Foundation
The Perkins Charitable Foundation
William Lyon Phelps Foundation
Ralph Averill Powers Foundation, Inc.
The Presser Foundation
The Puder Foundation
Research Corporation
The Rike Foundation
Anne S. Richardson Fund
The Robertson Trust

Rockefeller Foundation
Rohlen Foundation
Jeremy A. Rosenau Foundation
Rothschild Family Foundation, Inc.
Salem Foundation, Inc.
Martin & Betty Schwab Foundation
James P. & Mary E. Shea Fund
Rudolph A. Siegel, Jr. Foundation
The Warren J. & Florence Sinsheimer Foundation, Inc.
The Charles Henry Smith, Sr. Foundation
Sorenson Family Foundation, Inc.
The Seth Sprague Educational & Charitable Foundation
Paul Stephenson Foundation
The Sulzberger Foundation, Inc.
Charles B. & Margaret L. Sweatt Family Fund
James Talcott Fund, Inc.
Addie Avery Thomas Trust
Leonard Tingle Foundation
The Traurig Foundation
Tudor Foundation
The Wahlstrom Foundation, Inc.
The Thomas J. Watson Foundation
The Wimpfheimer Foundation, Inc.
Woman's Seamen's Friend Society of Connecticut, Inc.
Samuel J. & Evelyn L. Wood Foundation, Inc.
Charles Guilford Woodward Trust Fund

Bequests: \$5,900

Esther C. Cary
Dorothy Bard Derry '34
Jean Pegram '23
Marjorie Viets Windsor '20

Government Grants: \$875,036

Connecticut Commission on the Arts
Connecticut Commission on Higher Education
Connecticut Foundation for the Arts
Connecticut Historical Commission
Connecticut Humanities Council
Connecticut Department of Education
Connecticut Department of Mental Health
HEW—National Institutes of Health
National Endowment for the Arts
National Foundation for the Arts and Humanities
City of New London
National Science Foundation
Town of Stonington
State of Connecticut
U.S. Army Corps of Engineers

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

ALUMNI CLUB GIFTS

Colorado	\$700.00
Litchfield	130.00
New Haven	640.00
Waterbury	292.00
Washington, D.C.	30.00
Florida West Coast	100.00
Chicago	300.00
Southern Maine	100.00
Twin Cities, Minn.	100.00
Bergen County, N.J.	250.00
Central N.J.	100.00
Columbus & Central Ohio	750.00
Philadelphia	800.00

THE PARENTS FUND

Class	Donors	Amount
1976	88	\$ 10,280
1977	86	9,914
1978	105	28,221
1979	104	62,769
Parents of Alumni	<u>474</u>	<u>70,172</u>
	857	\$181,356
		<u>15,549</u>
		\$165,807

The Parents Fund Committee

- CLASS OF 1976:* Mr. and Mrs. A. Lindsay Thomson
(Chairman 1975-76)
Mr. and Mrs. Willard W. Brown
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Blakeslee, III
- CLASS OF 1977:* Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Steinway,
(Chairman 1976-77)
Mr. and Mrs. Martin H. Dubilier
Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Gardner
- CLASS OF 1978:* Mr. and Mrs. E. Newton Cutler, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard B. Sprague, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. John M. Regan, Jr.
(Vice Chairman 1976-77)
- CLASS OF 1979:* Dr. and Mrs. John E. Hopkins
Mr. and Mrs. John M. Mugar
Mr. and Mrs. Francis W. Murray, III
- ALUMNI:* Mr. and Mrs. Curtis L. Blake ('70)
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens T.M. Wright ('71)
Mr. John E. Fricke ('52 & '54)

President's Associates: \$203,899

Parents and friends who contribute one thousand dollars or more to the College are named "President's Associates." This group of the College's most generous supporters complements "Alumni Laurels."

Parents

Anonymous P'79
Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Ashforth,
Jr. P'78
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burke P'66
Mr. and Mrs. Richard F. Corroon
P'64, '69
Mrs. David C. Finn P'46, '51
Mr. and Mrs. Michel Fribourg P'79
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gale P'78
Mrs. Quincy A. Gillmore, Jr. P'60
Rev. and Mrs. Bertrand N. Honea,
Jr. P'79
Mr. Jasper H. Kane P'50
Dr. and Mrs. Percy Klingenstein
P'64
Mr. and Mrs. Gustav O. Lienhard
P'63
Mrs. John E. Long P'56
Dr. and Mrs. George Manley P'49
Dr. and Mrs. Francis R. Manlove P'79
Mrs. Frank V. Mavec P'73, '76, '78
Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Merck P'78
Mr. and Mrs. John M. Mugar P'79
Mrs. Paul N. Myers, Jr. P'55, '57

Mr. Joseph F. Porter P'52
Mr. David L. Rike P'59
Mr. and Mrs. David R. Sargent P'77
Mr. Jacob W. Schwab P'41, GP
'63, '78
Mr. and Mrs. A. Lindsay Thomson
P'76
Mrs. Roy E. Tucker P'51
Dr. and Mrs. John J. Weber P'77
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens T.M. Wright
P'71

Friends

*Dr. Esther C. Cary
Mr. Irving Castle
Mr. Steven M. Castle
Mr. Ferdinand Coudert
Miss Elsie VanDyck DeWitt
Dr. and Mrs. Richard H. Goodwin
Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Picker
Miss Gertrude S. Randle
Mr. Hamilton Smyser
Mrs. Arthur Hays Sulzberger

*deceased

ALUMNI ANNUAL GIVING PROGRAM

Chairman: Lois Keating Learned '54

	1975-76	1974-75
Number of living graduates	9,390	9,054
Number of living non-graduates	3,081	3,008
Total number of Alumni	<u>12,471</u>	<u>12,062</u>
Number of graduate contributors	3,589	3,477
Number of non-graduate contributors	476	454
Total Alumni contributors	<u>4,065</u>	<u>3,931</u>
Percentage of graduates contributing	38.22%	38.40%
Percentage of non-graduates contributing	15.45%	15.09%
Percentage of all Alumni contributing	32.60%	32.59%
Average gift	\$59.21	\$60.91
Alumni Annual Giving Program		
Alumni gifts	\$245,871	\$239,561
Corporate matching gifts	15,287	12,627
Alumni Club gifts	2,670	7,325
Miscellaneous Alumni gifts	126	71
	<u>\$263,954</u>	<u>\$259,584</u>
Library Building Fund		
Alumni gifts	\$353,427	\$213,676
Corporate matching gifts	3,155	1,355
Alumni Club gifts	1,622	1,093
Miscellaneous Alumni gifts	-----	230
	<u>\$358,204</u>	<u>\$216,354</u>
Other Capital	<u>\$14,465</u>	-----
Total Alumni gifts	<u>\$636,623</u>	<u>\$475,938</u>

CREST CIRCLE Chairman, Crest Circle: Helen Haase Johnson '66

Last year the Crest Circle was established to recognize those alumni whose support of the Alumni Annual Giving Program reflects a vigorous sense of responsibility toward the College, but who cannot

aspire to Laurels.

In its first year, 656 Charter Members gave \$108,615 in gifts of between \$100 and \$1,000.

Charter Members of Crest Circle 1975-76

Luna *Ackley* Colver '19
Evelyn *Bitgood* Coulter '19
May *Buckley* Sadowski '19
Charlotte *Keefe* Durham '19
Florence *Lennon* Romaine '19
Marenda E. Prentis '19
Virginia C. Rose '19
Juline *Warner* Comstock '19
*Mildred W. White '19
Margaret *Davies* Cooper '20
Catherine E. Finnegan '20
Alice *Horrax* Schell '20

Mildred S. Howard '20
Ruth Newcomb '20
Isabelle *Rumney* Poteat '20
Marion *Adams* Taylor '21
Mary *Agostini* Bruni '21
Louise *Avery* Favorite '21
Abby C. Gallup '21
Dorothy *Gregson* Slocum '21
Charlotte *Hall* Holton '21
Helen *Rich* Baldwin '21
Claudine *Smith* Hane '22
Dorothy *Wheeler* Pietrallo '22

Claire *Calnen* Kinney '23
Rheta A. Clark '23
*Miriam N. Cohen '23
Minna *Kreykenbohm* Elman '23
Mary *Langenbacher* Clark '23
Hannah F. Sachs '23
Katherine *Stone* Leavenworth '23
Katharine L. Weed '23
Mary Louise *Weikert* Tuttle '23
Margaret *Call* Dearing '24
Dorothea Cramer '24
Elizabeth *Holmes* Baldwin '24

Margaret *Lamberton* Sweatt '24
Evelyn *Ryan* Pope '24
Charlotte *Beckwith* Crane '25
Grace *Bennet* Nuveen '25
Thelma M. Burnham '25
Catherine Calhoun '25
Sallie *Dodd* Murphy '25
Charlotte *Frisch* Garlock '25
Eleanor *Harriman* Kohl '25
A. Parks McCombs '25
Gertrude Noyes '25
Constance Parker '25

*Deceased

Dorothy Perry Weston '25
Dorothy Ayers Scott '26
Katharine Bailey Mann '26
Doris E. Barton '26
Rosamond Beebe Cochran '26
Barbara Bell Crouch '26
Grace Clark MacKain '26
Katherine L. Colgrove '26
Elizabeth Damerel Gongaware '26
Catharine Dauchy Bronson '26
Mildred Dornan Goodwillie '26
Laura Dunham Sternschuss '26
Helen Farnsworth Schneidewind '26
Lorraine Ferris Ayres '26
Harriet Gillette Reynolds '26
Theodosia Hewlett Stickney '26
Imogen Hostetler Thompson '26
Katherine King Karlslake '26
M. Elizabeth Lee '26
Clarissa Lord Will '26
Edna Smith Thistle '26
Margaret Sterling Norcross '26
Harriet Stone Warner '26
Amy Wakefield '26
Pauline Warner Root '26
Jessie Williams Kohl '26
Frances Andrews Leete '27
Mildred Beardsley Stiles '27
Eleanor Chamberlain '27
Lyda Chatfield Sudduth '27
Madelyn Clish Wankmiller '27
Mary Crofoot DeGange '27
Lillian Dauby Gries '27
Jean F. Howard '27
Frances M. Joseph '27
Thistle McKee Bennett '27
Lois Penny Stephenson '27
Margaret Wheeler '27
Roberta Bitgood Wiersma '28
Sarah Brown Schoenhut '28
Edith Cloyes McIlwaine '28
Dorothy Davenport Voorhees '28
Margaret Dawson Fick '28
Prudence Drake '28
Hazel Gardner Hicks '28
Lotta Hess Ackerman '28
Marjory Jones '28
Edna S. Kelley '28
Abbie Kelsey Baker '28
Adelaide King Quebman '28
Dorothy Lewin Schweich '28
Catherine Mar Whittaker '28
Henrietta Owens Rogers '28
Catherine Page McNutt '28
Eleanor Penney Herbst '28
Mary Petersen Stoddard '28
Marion Pierpont Brown '28
Helen Prugh Paul '28
Madeline Thune Silver '28
Ruth Towson Moeller '28
Hilda Van Horn Rickenbaugh '28
Madelyn Wheeler Chase '28
Josephine Arnold '29
Janet Boomer Barnard '29
Margaret Burroughs Kohr '29
Cynthia Lepper Reed '29
Frances McElfresh Perry '29
Elizabeth Riley Whitman '29
Nancy Royce Ranney '29
Frances B. Tillinghast '29
Elizabeth Utley Lamb '29
Elizabeth Avery Hatt '30
Katherine Bailey Hoyt '30
Dorothy M. Barrett '30
Helen Benson Mann '30
Jane Bertschy Jackson '30
Margaret Brewer Bunyan '30
* Jean Burroughs Kohr '30
Frances Gabriel Hartman '30
Jennie Gada Gencarelli '30
Norma George Murray '30
Constance Green Freeman '30
Ruth Harrison Street '30
* Margaret Healy Holland '30
(Posthumously)
Margaret Jackman Gesen '30
Gertrude Kahne '30
Bertha Moskovitz Udell '30
Dorothy Quigley '30
Eleanor Tyler '30
Ernestine Vincent Venner '30
Fanny Young Sawyer '30
Anonymous '30
Dorothy Birdsey Manning '31
Rosemary Brewer Lange '31
Wilhelmina Brown Seyfried '31
Anna Cofrances Guida '31
Dorothy Gould '31
Jane Haines Bill '31
Alice B. Hagen '31
Elizabeth Hendrickson Matlack '31
Mary Louise Holley Spangler '31
Alice E. Kindler '31
Jane King Buss '31
Imogene H. Manning '31
Vivien Noble Wakeman '31
Marjorie Platz Murphy '31
Caroline B. Rice '31
Anne Romer Valentine '31
Lois Taylor '31
Lois Truesdale Gaspar '31
Evelyn Whittemore Woods '31
Melicent Wilcox Buckingham '31
Kathryne Cooksey Corey '32
Mary Crider Stevens '32
K. Drusilla Fielding '32
Dorothy Friend Miller '32
Julia Kaufholz Morley '32
Margaret Leland Weir '32
Marion Nichols Arnold '32
Margaret Rathbone '32
Alice Russell Reaske '32
Eleanor Sherman Vincent '32
Mildred Solomon Savin '32
Virginia H. Stephenson '32
Louise Wagner Thompson '32
Gertrude Yoerg Doran '32
Louise Armstrong Blackmon '33
Sarah S. Buchstane '33
Virginia Donald Usher '33
Barbara Elliott Tevepaugh '33
Ruth Ferree Wessels '33
Marjorie Fleming Christensen '33
Jane Griswold Holmes '33
Katherine Hammond Engler '33
Sheila Hartwell Moses '33
Eleanor Jones Heilman '33
Elizabeth Miller Landis '33
Helen Peasley Comber '33
Jean L. Pennock '33
Margaret Ray Stewart '33
Helen Smiley Cutter '33
Grace E. Stephens '33
Janet Swan Eveleth '33
Virginia Swan Parrish '33
Jane Wertheimer Morgenthau '33
Dorothy Wheeler Spaulding '33
Ann Crocker Wheeler '34
Elizabeth Flanders McNellis '34
Eleanor Hine Kranz '34
Elma Kennel Varley '34
Helen Lavietes Krosnick '34
Edith Mitchell '34
Elizabeth Moon Woodhead '34
Janyce Pickett Willman '34
Edith Stockman Ruettinger '34
Janyce Pickett Willmann '34
Edith Stockman Ruettinger '34
Ceda Zeisset Libutzke '34
Helen Baumgarten Wolff '35
Margaret Baylis Hrones '35
Sabrina Burr Sanders '35
Merion Ferris Ritter '35
Barbara Hervey Reussow '35
Martha Hickam Fink '35
Maude Rademan Hickey '35
Nancy Walker Collins '35
Ruth Worthington Henderson '35
Bette Andrews York '36
Eunice Andrews Brooks '36
Dorothy Barbour Slavich '36
Elisabeth Beals Steyaart '36
Elizabeth Bindloss Johnson
Sheila Caffrey Braucher '36
Alice Dorman Webster '36
Shirley Durr Hammersten '36
Frances Ernst Costello '36
Margaret Flannery '36
Cladys Jeffers Zahn '36
Agatha McGuire Daghljan '36
Elizabeth Myers Parish '36
Elizabeth Parsons Lehman '36
Frances Payne Rohlen '36
Marion Pendleton Obenhaus '36
Josephine Pratt Lumb '36
Jean Rothschild Cole '36
Lois Ryan Areson '36
Betty Jeanne Sanford Mahla '36
Caroline Stewart Eaton '36
Jean Vanderbilt Swartz '36
Ellen Woodhead Mueller '36
Elizabeth Ayer Newman '37
Eliza Bissell Carroll '37
Shirley Cohen Schragar '37
Virginia Deuel '37
Jane Flannery Jackson '37
Marion Littlefield Fisher '37
Margaret Ross Stephan '37
Elise Thompson Bailen '37
Margaret Ball Craig '38
Dorothea Bartlett '38
Marjorie Beaudette Wilson '38
Clara Clark Bryant '38
Betty Fairbank Swayne '38
Emily Agnes Lewis '38
Mary Mory Schultz '38
Winifred Nies Northcott '38
Selma Silverman Swatsburg '38
Helen Swan Stanley '38
Betty Wagner Knowlton '38
Frances Walker Chase '38
Palamona Williams Ferris '38
Frances Willson Russell '38
Margaret Abell Powell '39
Marjorie Abrahams Perlman '39
Catherine Ake Bronson '39
Gladys Alexander Mallove '39
Marthe Baratte Cooper '39
Jane deOlloqui Harris '39
Harriett Ernst Veale '39
Thelma M. Gilkes '39
Edith Grable Nicholson '39
Elizabeth Hadley Porter '39
Ruth Kellogg Kent '39
Ellen Mayl Herberich '39
Janet Mead Fuller '39
Elizabeth Parcells Arms '39
Margaret Weston French '39

TOP TEN CLASSES IN PERCENT

1926	80.82%
1919	75.00
1923	66.20
1924	65.85
1930	63.55
1928	60.16
1921	58.94
1941	58.73
1920	56.25
1927	55.45

TOP TEN CLASSES IN AMOUNT

1960	\$230,270.00
1922	28,699.25
1931	20,385.00
1927	20,265.00
1942	17,929.95
1952	17,477.38
1973	15,911.05
1950	13,982.25
1951	12,266.74
1946	11,752.89

Miriam Brooks Butterworth '40
 Grace Bull Barbey '40
 Polly Frank Shank '40
 Mary Giese Goff '40
 Apphia Hack Hensley '40
 Anne Hardy Antell '40
 Beulah Hoagland Marvin '40
 Naomi Kissling Esser '40
 Florence McKemie Glass '40
 Barbara L. Sage '40
 Mary Ann Scott Johnson '40
 Margaret White Mechem '40
 Martha Young Youngquist '40
 Dorothy Boschen Holbein '41
 Carol L. Chappell '41
 Virginia Chope Richmond '41
 Leann Donahue Rayburn '41
 Thea Dutcher Coburn '41
 Priscilla Duxbury Wescott '41
 Catherine Elias Moore '41
 Mary Farrell Morse '41
 Susan Fleisher '41
 Dorothy Gardner Downs '41
 Doris Goldstein Levinson '41
 Mary N. Hall '41
 Margaret Hanna Canfield '41
 Constance Hillery Murcott '41
 Anita Kenna Doonan '41
 Elizabeth Kirkpatrick Gray '41
 Sarah Kiskadden McClelland '41
 Marilyn Klein Pratt '41
 Nancy Marvin Wheelock '41
 Elizabeth W. McCallip '41
 Ethel Moore Wills '41
 Edith Patton Cranshaw '41
 Margaret Patton Hannah '41
 Janice Reed Harman '41
 Elizabeth Schwab Fuld '41
 Barbara Smith Smith '41
 Elizabeth Smith Twardell '41
 Louise Stevenson Andersen '41
 Harriet Stricker Lazarus '41
 Sally Tremaine North '41
 Mary Walsh Yates '41
 Marjorie Wicoff Cooper '41
 Judith Bardos Pinter '42
 Mary Blackmon Smith '42
 Elisabeth Bowden Day '42
 Charlotte Craney Chamberlain '42
 Mary Elizabeth Franklin Gehrig '42
 Virginia Frey Linscott '42
 Jane Guiney Pettengill '42
 Constance Hughes McBrien '42
 Frances Hyde Forde '42
 Helen Lederer Piler '42
 Faith Maddock von Maur '42
 Thyrsa Magnus Beall '42
 Olive Mauthe Stone '42
 Marjorie Mitchell Rose '42
 June Perry Mack '42
 Mary Rita Powers '42
 Barbara M. Smith '42
 Susan Smith Nystedt '42
 Jean Staats Lorish '42
 Eloise Stumm Brush '42
 Beth Tobias Williams '42
 Barbara Wald McGuire '42
 Frances Adams Messersmith '43
 Filomena Arborio Dillard '43
 Barbara Batchelor Hamlin '43
 Martha Boyle Morrisson '43
 Alice Brewer Cummings '43
 Marion Butterfield Hinman '43
 Alice Dimock '43
 Jane Geckler Seelbach '43
 Betty Hammink Carey '43
 Mary Hartshorn Gregory '43
 Barbara Hogate Ferrin '43
 Katharine Johnson Anders '43
 Virginia Railsback Neiley '43
 Phyllis Schiff Imber '43
 Roxann Schwartz Altholz '43
 Jean Caldwell Buell '44
 Martha Carey Banker '44
 Margaret Carpenter Evans '44
 Gellestrina T. DiMaggio '44
 Mary Hewitt Norton '44
 Barbara McCorkindale Curtis '44
 Mariana Parcels Wagoner '44
 Norma Pike Taft '44
 Barbara Pilling Tiff '44
 Betty Rabinowitz Sheffer '44
 Phyllis Smith Gotschall '44
 Ethel Sproul Felts '44
 Carol Chandler Rowland '45
 Patricia Hancock Blackall '45
 Amy Lang Potter '45
 Lois Parisette Ridgway '45
 Margaret Piper Hanrahan '45
 Suzanne Porter Wilkins '45
 Helen Aitner '46
 Lucy Eaton Holcombe '46
 Joanne Ferry Gates '46
 Juana Maria Guruceta Flagg '46
 Ethel Lawrence Woodbury '46
 Lorraine Lincoln Lieberman '46
 Barbara Miller Gustafson '46
 Mary Lee Minter Goode '46
 Jane Montague Wilson '46
 Kate Niedecken Pieper '46
 Nancy Platt Sands '46
 Mary Robinson Sive '46
 Ruth H. Seal '46
 Rosamond Simes Richardson '46
 Cynthia Terry White '46
 Joan Weissman Burness '46
 Shirley Wilson Keller '46
 Ruth Colcord Frerichs '47
 Mary A. Cuddy '47
 Janice Damery Miner '47
 Dorothy Dismukes Sutman '47
 Margaret Hulst Kluge '47
 Virginia Pond '47
 Margaret Stirton Miller '47
 Ellen Amster Lane '48
 Frances Farnsworth Armstrong '48
 Jane Fredrick '48
 Patricia McGowan Wald '48
 Gloria Reade Hirsch '48
 Barbara Blickman Seskis '49
 Cynthia Carey Taylor '49
 Jean Carroll Siefke '49
 Nancie Ellis Cottrell '49
 Alice Fletcher Freymann '49
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 Rose Goodstein Krones '49
 Ruth Hauser Potdevin '49
 Carol Jaffa Feinberg '49
 Sylvia Joffe Garfinkle '49
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 Ruth Katz Webber '49
 Rhoda Meltzer Gilinsky '49
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 Mary Stecher Douthit '49
 Peggy Walzer Charren '49
 Winton Dayton '49
 Barbara Harvey Butler '50
 Ruth Kaplan '50
 Frances Keller Mills '50
 Julia Linsley '50
 Mary Jo Mason Harris '50
 Lois Papa Dudley '50
 Dorothy Pardoe Kaufmann '50
 Annette M. C. Rapin '50
 Norma Ritz Phelps '50
 Ann Thomas McDonnell '50
 Joan Andrew White '51
 Susan Askin Wolman '51
 Mary Beck Barrett '51
 Chloe Bissell Jones '51
 Nancy Carter McKay '51
 Virginia Eason Weinmann '51
 Peggy Frank Murphy '51
 Claire Goldschmidt Katz '51
 Mary Hammerly Perkins '51
 Ann Jones Logan '51
 Inez Marg Hemlock '51
 Ann McCreery Turner '51
 Paula Meltzer Nelson '51
 Barbara Molinsky Waxler '51
 Helen Pavlovich Twomey '51
 Mary Jo Pelkey Shepard '51
 Mary Pennywitt Lester '51
 Emily Perrins Chaffee '51
 Janice Schaumann Bell '51
 Nancy Vail Wilson '51
 Carol Wedum Conklin '51
 Frances Wilson '51
 Helen L. Brogan '52
 Helen Fricke Mathieson '52
 Barbara Gueinzus Gridley '52
 Mary Harrison Beggs '52
 Anneliese Katz Lindner '52
 Joan Katz Easton '52
 Mary Lackey Stowell '52
 Elizabeth McLane McKinney '52
 Dorothy Shaw '52
 Beverly Weber Raynor '52
 Jane Wilson Shackford '52
 Dorothy Wood Price '52
 Hildegard Drexel Hannum '53
 Aleeta Engelbert Pierce '53
 Rae Ferguson Reasoner '53
 Jean Gallup Carnaghan '53
 Jocelyn Haven Mickle '53
 Nancy Hudson '53
 Mary McCorison Mourkas '53
 Joan Rudberg Lavin '53
 Marion Streett Guggenheim '53
 Leta Weiss Marks '53
 Julia Whitla Clinger '53
 Barbara Blanchard Craft '54
 Marianne Fisher Hess '54
 Elizabeth Friedman Abrams '54
 Elizabeth Geyer Godomski '54
 Lois Keating Learned '54
 Helene Kestenman Handelman '54
 Ann Mattheus Kent '54
 Ann Olstein Berson '54
 Elaine Paul Kend '54
 Barbara Rice Kashanski '54
 Ellen Sadowsky Hertzmark '54
 Joan Silverherz Brundage '54
 Kathryn White Skinner '54
 Joan Barkon Antell '55
 Suzanne Crown Goodman '55
 Sondra Gelb Myers '55
 Jane Grosfeld Smith '55
 Linda Keen Scharer '55
 Diane Levitt Bell '55
 Barbara Rosen Goodkind '55
 Cynthia Russell Rosik '55
 Gladys Ryan Flanagan '55
 Nancy Schatz Diamond '55
 Mary Voss Bishop '55
 Martha Warner Olson '55
 Susan Weiner Stachelberg '55
 Helen Cary Whitney '56
 Frances Freedman Jacobson '56
 Marjorie Lewin Ross '56
 Susanne Rosenhirsch
 Oppenheimer '56
 Suzanne Schwartz Gorham '56
 Harriet Shurdut Lebowitz '56
 Joann Walton Leavenworth '56
 Elizabeth Allen Wheeler '57
 Jeri Fluegelman Josephson '57
 Joan Gilbert Segall '57
 Emily Graham Wright '57
 Ann Hamilton MacCormac '57
 Sarah Hargrove Sullivan '57
 Sandra Jellinghaus McClellan '57
 Sarah Luchars McCarthy '57
 Sylvia Pasternack Marx '57
 Margaretta Shaw Read '57
 June F. Tyler '57
 Betty Weldon Schneider '57
 Barbara Bearce Tuneski '58
 Susan Bejosa Gould '58
 Clara L. Carr '58
 Jean Cattanaich Sziklas '58
 Suzanne Ecker Waxenberg '58
 Nancy Ellsworth Peterson '58
 Judith Epstein Grollman '58
 Jane Houseman Beckwith '58
 Peggotty Namm Doran '58
 Joy Peterkin Rasin '58
 Aileen Wood Wieland '58
 Carolyn Graves Mitchell '59
 Susan Kleppner Folkman '59
 Nancy Savin '59
 Ann Conner Polley '60
 Barbara Drake Holland '60
 Barbara Eaton Neilson '60
 Maryann Marshall '60
 Ellen Purdy Webster '60
 Heidi Schimmel '60
 Carolyn Sharp Brodsky '60
 Anne Stilson Alvord '60
 Elizabeth Earle Hudacko '61
 Jeanne Hargreaves Graham '61
 Marion Hauck Robbins '61
 Barbara Thomas Yeomans '61
 Joan Adess Grossman '62
 Carolyn Carey Malone '62
 Joanne Levitt VanderKloot '62
 Annette Lieberman Goldstein '62
 Sandra Loving Linder '62
 Judith Macpherson Herrman '62
 Elizabeth McGuire Enders '62
 Carla Peterson Eylers '62
 Judy Piper Zinn '62
 Louise Rosenthal Glasser '62
 Sue Bernstein Mercy '63
 Suzanne Fuld Buchsbaum '63
 Naomi Grossman Fisher '63
 Eleanor Landres Wilhelm '63
 Sara Manwell Bradford '63
 Bobette Pottle Orr '63
 Susan Schnadig Belgrad '63
 Nancy Schneider Schachnovsky '63
 Barbara Walker Krause '63
 Lynn Blubaugh Lloyd '64
 Susan Herson Silverman '64
 Bonnie Higginbottom Ledyard '64
 Judith Ireland Tripp '64
 Jean A. Klingenstein '64
 Catherine Layne Frank '64
 Patricia Salz Koskinen '64
 Fay Shutsky '64
 Marilyn Thaller Schwartz '64
 Jean Curtin Tempel '65
 Barbara Grubb Lumb '65
 Barbara Luntz Fragomen '65
 Sally Morrill '65
 Victoria M. Posner '65
 Frances Sienkowski Della Penna '65

Diana Davis Kornet '66
 Mary Ann Garvin Siegel '66
 Betsy Ann Greenberg Feinberg '66
 Helen Haase Johnson '66
 Laura Ingraham Samponaro '66
 Susan B. Lincoln '66
 Susan C. Martin '66
 Susan Mikkelsen Curtis '66
 Elizabeth Robertson Whitters '66
 Margaret Silliman Hawley '66
 Mardon Walker '66
 Anonymous '66
 Elsa Allyn Soderberg '67
 Marilyn Gordon Silfen '67
 Deborah Greenstein '67
 Suzanne Mitchell Stanford '67
 Deborah Murray Sloan '67
 Nancy Newcomb Levin '67
 Judith Rosman Hahn '67
 Britta Schein McNemar '67
 Betty SruLOWITZ Rosenstein '67
 Bonnie Altman Templeton '68
 Betty Barton-Brandes '68
 Helen Benedict '68
 Elisabeth Donaghy Garrett '68
 Kathleen Doyle King '68
 Pamela E. Gjetttum '68
 Amy Greenberg Poster '68
 Carol Harding Kelleher '68
 Dorcas R. Hardy '68
 Mary Harp '68
 Cathleen Hull '68
 Ellen Mayers Tackling '68
 Terry Reimers Byrnes '68
 Patricia Reinfeld Kolodny '68
 Marianne M. Salamone '68
 Cynthia Stork Gerber '68
 Francine Wattenberg
 Klingenstein '68
 Margaret Werner Johnson '68
 Nina Berman Schafer '69
 Laura M. Davenport '69
 Claire Eldridge Karr '69
 Vera Idel Gierke '69
 Christine Matteson '69
 Barbara Morson '69
 Katherine Phelan Willis '69
 Ellen Robinson Epstein '69
 Louise Thomas Kemper '69
 Sallie F. Williams '69
 Karen Blickwede Knowlton '70
 Madelyn M. DeMatteo '70
 Alana Flamer Fodeman '70
 Mary Keil '70
 Diane Levy Jacobson '70
 Mildred Moody Carlson '70
 Patricia Wright Hasse '70
 Nancy Bowen Pittman '71
 Joyce Canfield Hemingson '71
 Judith Glassman Duffie '71
 Margaret Hiller Stevens '71
 Elizabeth Walsh Detmold '71
 Helen T. Crispe '72
 Nancy S. Lorish '72
 Colleen McPadden Durga '72
 Emily Smith Myers '72
 Elizabeth Castle Halsey '73
 Anita L. DeFrantz '74
 Warren Erickson '74
 Mark S. Lasner '74
 Sara Pettengill Petersen '74
 Pamela Stevenson Crandall '74
 John Zeiler '74
 Mark A. DeGange '75
 Carin Gordon '75

Gifts In Memory Of

Frank Bogel
 Robert C. Bredeson
 Mrs. Dorothy J. Chadwick
 Richard Chase
 M. Robert CobbleDICK P'51
 Maxwell Cohen
 Jason Alex Cole
 Mrs. Helen Carey Coudert
 Garabed K. DagHlian
 James Dendy
 Ida Miller Dworski P'35
 Frederick J. Fielding P'32, '38, '42
 David Finn P'46, '51
 Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey P. Goss, III
 P'55
 Jay E. Grant
 Michael Gray
 George Haines
 Louise Holborn
 Robert E. Holmes
 Aubrey D. Hutcheson
 Mrs. Demaris V. Jenks
 David L. Klein, Jr.
 Frank Mavec P'73, '76, '78
 Mrs. Gertrude McKeon
 Mary Foulke Morrisson
 Esther Saylor Newton
 Yale Oppenheim P'38, '50
 Charles B. Palmer
 Russell A. Plimpton
 Joseph R. Porter
 Mrs. Mary Louise Powers P'76
 Ralph A. Powers
 Mrs. Fergus Reid, III
 Saul Reinfeld P'68
 James M. Rosen

Hattie Goldman Rosoff P'56
 Rebecca and Wolf Savitsky P'32
 Louis Schneider P'63
 Jane W. Smyser
 Edith F. Sollers
 John Stengel
 Leila Stewart
 E. Wadsworth Stone
 Leonard Tingle P'42
 Abraham Treskunoff P'51
 Arthur T. Vanderbilt P'36
 Dr. Wayne Whitcomb

Alumni

Edith Lindholm Baldwin '20
 Margaret Ebsen Boehler '26
 Elizabeth Fincke Brown '49
 Helen Wallis Christensen '33
 Joan Connell '46
 Kate Corroon '64
 Katherine Warner Doerr '40
 Inez E. Hess '26
 Margaret Healy Holland '30
 Florence Iffland Hopkins '23
 Eric Kidwell '74
 Gertrude Barney Lester '44
 Kitty Pew McBride '66
 Barbara Boyle Merrick '39
 Eleanor Roe Merrill '32
 Charlotte Terhune Moore '33
 Helen Douglass North '24
 Dorothy Pryde '21
 Dorothy Davies Randle '23
 Ann McClure Schirmer '59
 Ruby Zagan Silverstein '43

Gifts In Honor Of

Mrs. Irma H. Amberg
 Dr. and Mrs. Oakes Ames
 Rosemary Park Anastos
 Eric Birnbaum '77
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Chu
 Jim and Ann Crabtree
 F. Edward Cranz
 Marjorie Dilley
 Richard H. Goodwin
 Sybil Hausman
 Dean Alice Johnson
 Jean V. Johnston
 Mrs. Svetlana Kasem-Beg
 Mrs. Susanne K. Langer
 William A. McCloy
 Gertrude E. Noyes
 Robert E. Proctor
 David Sargent '77
 Betty F. Thomson

Mr. and Mrs. Frazar B. Wilde
 P'42, '49
 Two Freshmen from Metairie Park
 Country School

Alumni

Ellen Hofheimer Bettman '66
 Olive Birch '35
 Muriel Harrison Castle '39
 Bonnie Burke Himmelman '66
 Barbara Blaustein Hirschhorn '50
 Susan Kronick '73
 Robin Sue Lindner '76
 Elizabeth Blaustein Roswell '52
 Ann Sargent '69
 Cassandra Goss Simonds '55

Names of all alumni donors omitted from this report
 will be sent in class donor lists enclosed with your
 Class Agent Chairman's letter this fall.

ALUMNI LAURELS

"To recognize and honor those alumni who are the most generous supporters of Connecticut College's Alumni Annual Giving Program," the Executive Board of the Alumni Association established "Alumni Laurels."

In 1964-65, the program's first year, 43 Charter Members gave \$76,713 in gifts of \$1,000 or more. The record since then: in 1965-66, 58 alumni gave \$84,113; in 1966-67, 64 gave \$135,030; in 1967-68, 70 gave \$171,030; in 1968-69, 97 gave \$233,015; in 1969-70, 98 gave \$185,196; in 1970-71, 82 gave \$137,176; in 1971-72, 93 gave \$171,304; in 1972-73, 104 gave \$208,759; in 1973-74, 91 gave \$200,541; in 1974-75, 105 gave \$238,694 and in 1975-76 the following 104 alumni gave \$439,944

for a 12-year total of \$2,281,515! (Figures 1-12 in parentheses indicate the number of years an alumna has been a member of Alumni Laurels):

Alumni Laurels Committee

Mary Anna Lemon Meyer '42 Chairman
Elizabeth Gordon Van Law '28 Co-Chairman

Sarah Pithouse Becker '27
Roldah Northup Cameron '51
Ethel Kane Fielding '23
Margaret Royall Hinck '33
Eleanor Hine Kranz '34

Barbara Gordon Landau '55
Helene Zimmer Loew '57
Gertrude Perkins Oliva '52
Priscilla Duxbury Wescott '41

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Esther L. Batchelder '19 (9) | Anonymous '30 (8) | Shirley <i>Armstrong</i> Meneice '45 (10) | Elizabeth <i>Rockwell</i> Cesare '52 (4) |
| Gertrude K. Espenscheid '19 (3) | Josephine <i>Lincoln</i> Morris '31 (10) | Margot <i>Hay</i> Harrison '45 (1) | Nancy H. Camp '53 (8) |
| Lucy <i>Marsh</i> Haskell '19 (12) | Elizabeth <i>Rieley</i> Armington '31(12) | Nancy <i>Mayers</i> Blitzer '45 (3) | Joan <i>Fluegelman</i> Wexler '53 (7) |
| Fanchon <i>Hartman</i> Title '20 (4) | Frances <i>Buck</i> Taylor '32 (4) | Katherine <i>Wenk</i> Christoffers '45(11) | Betty Ann <i>Schneider</i> Ottinger '53 (8) |
| *Marjorie <i>Viets</i> Windsor '20 | Anonymous '32 (3) | Betty <i>Finn</i> Perlman '46 (4) | Barbara <i>Gordon</i> Landau '55 (9) |
| (Posthumously) (2) | *Dorothy <i>Bard</i> Derry '34 | Joan <i>Jacobson</i> Kronick '46 (2) | Cassandra <i>Goss</i> Simonds '55 (1) |
| Ella <i>McCollum</i> Vahlteich '21 (3) | (Posthumously) (1) | Elizabeth J. Dutton '47 (9) | Polly <i>Haebler</i> Van Dyke '55 (5) |
| Lucy C. McDannel '22 (3) | Margaret <i>Creighton</i> Green '35 (5) | Joan <i>Rosen</i> Kemler '47 (1) | Catherine <i>Myers</i> Busher '55 (8) |
| Gertrude Traurig '22 (11) | Virginia <i>Golden</i> Kent '35 (3) | Anonymous '47 (2) | Constance <i>Tauck</i> Wright '55 (2) |
| Ethel <i>Kane</i> Fielding '23 (9) | Jane <i>Cadwell</i> Lott '36 (9) | Saretta <i>Klein</i> Barnet '48 (5) | Jill <i>Long</i> Leinbach '56 (3) |
| *Jean F. Pegram '23 | Marjorie <i>Maas</i> Haber '36 (5) | Patricia <i>Parrott</i> Willits '48 (8) | Mary <i>Roth</i> Benioff '56 (3) |
| (Posthumously) (4) | Elizabeth M. Reukauf '36 (2) | Elizabeth <i>Stuart</i> Kruidenier '48 (1) | Caroline <i>Myers</i> Baillon '57 (8) |
| Ruth <i>Wells</i> Sears '23 (5) | Margaret <i>Aymar</i> Clark '37 (4) | Kathryn <i>Veenstra</i> Schaeffer '48 (3) | Helene <i>Zimmer</i> Loew '57 (5) |
| Madeleine <i>Foster</i> Konklin '24 (10) | Mary <i>Corrigan</i> Daniels '37 (11) | Anonymous '48 (1) | Anonymous '58 (4) |
| Anonymous '24 (9) | Katherine <i>Boutwell</i> Hood '38 (4) | Esther <i>Coyne</i> Flanagan '49 (3) | Susanne <i>Rike</i> Bowers '59 (10) |
| Barbara <i>Brooks</i> Bixby '26 (1) | Catherine <i>Caldwell</i> Nichols '38 (8) | Barbara <i>Blaustein</i> Hirschhorn '50 (3) | Judith Ammerman '60 (6) |
| *Margaret <i>Ebsen</i> Boehler '26 (1) | Anne <i>Oppenheim</i> Freed '38 (1) | Marlis <i>Bluman</i> Powell '50 (3) | Jean <i>Curtiss</i> Britt '60 (1) |
| Helen <i>Hood</i> Diefendorf '26 (3) | Muriel <i>Harrison</i> Castle '39 (12) | Isabelle <i>Oppenheim</i> Gould '50 (1) | Frances <i>Gillmore</i> Pratt '60 (3) |
| Anonymous '26 (8) | Rose <i>Lazarus</i> Shinbach '39 (11) | Joanne <i>Toor</i> Cummings '50 (12) | Anonymous '60 (10) |
| Helen <i>Lehman</i> Buttenwieser '27 (12) | Marjorie <i>Mortimer</i> Kenney '39 (6) | Anonymous '50 (1) | Anonymous '60 (9) |
| Janet M. Paine '27 (6) | Allayne <i>Ernst</i> Wick '41 (11) | Carolyn <i>Finn</i> Saeks '51 (7) | Ann <i>Gulliver</i> Hanes '66 (2) |
| Sarah <i>Pithouse</i> Becker '27 (12) | Rosalie <i>Harrison</i> Mayer '41 (10) | Helen <i>Johnson</i> Leonard '51 (1) | Anita Shapiro '66 (2) |
| Anonymous '27 (4) | Virginia <i>Newberry</i> Leach '41 (9) | Patricia <i>Roth</i> Squire '51 (7) | Kathleen <i>Buckley</i> Griffis '69 (2) |
| Elizabeth <i>Gordon</i> Van Law '28 (11) | Ruth L. Hankins '42 (12) | Jeanne <i>Tucker</i> Zenker '51 (4) | Anonymous '72 (1) |
| Karla <i>Heurich</i> Harrison '28 (8) | Mary Anna <i>Lemon</i> Meyer '42 (10) | Elizabeth <i>Blaustein</i> Roswell '52 (3) | Nancy <i>Cushing</i> Olmstead '73 (3) |
| Flora <i>Hine</i> Myers '29 (1) | Lenore <i>Tingle</i> Howard '42 (9) | Arlene <i>Hochman</i> Meyer '52 (9) | Barbara <i>Smith</i> Cole '73 (1) |
| Frances <i>Wells</i> Vroom '29 (7) | Lois <i>Webster</i> Ricklin '44 (2) | Gertrude <i>Perkins</i> Oliva '52 (12) | |

INDIVIDUAL ALUMNI GIVING BY CLASSES, 1975-76

Class	Class Agent Chairman	Donors	%	AAGP	Capital Gifts	Total
1919	Marenda E. Prentis	36	75.00%	\$ 3,589.00	\$ 1,230.00	\$ 4,819.00
1920	La Fetra <i>Perley</i> Reiche	27	56.25	2,625.00	635.00	3,260.00
°1921	Louise <i>Avery</i> Favorite	23	58.94	3,543.50	50.00	3,593.50
1922	Amy <i>Peck</i> Yale	16	43.24	1,530.00	27,169.25	28,699.25
1923	Ethel <i>Kane</i> Fielding	47	66.20	5,767.00	1,675.00	7,442.00
1924	Elinor <i>Hunken</i> Torpey	54	65.85	5,474.50	610.00	6,084.50
1925	Betsy Allen	32	41.03	3,025.00	285.00	3,310.00
°1926	M. Elizabeth Lee/Amy Wakefield	59	80.82	9,813.00	485.00	10,298.00
1927	Mary <i>Crofoot</i> DeGange	56	55.45	5,930.00	14,335.00	20,265.00
1928	Roberta <i>Bitgood</i> Wiersma	77	60.16	6,136.50	725.00	6,861.50
1929	Elizabeth <i>Riley</i> Whitman	54	51.43	2,975.00	1,210.00	4,185.00
1930	Eleanor W. Tyler	68	63.55	5,048.00	395.00	5,443.00
°1931	Caroline B. Rice	53	41.09	4,985.00	15,400.00	20,385.00
1932	Hilma <i>McKinstry</i> Talcott	57	46.72	2,217.50	4,080.00	6,297.50
1933	Ruth <i>Ferree</i> Wessels	54	52.43	3,272.43	235.00	3,507.43
1934	Janet <i>Townsend</i> Willis	65	52.00	3,763.00	160.00	3,923.00
1935	Merion <i>Ferris</i> Ritter	58	47.15	3,252.00	2,110.00	5,362.00
°1936	Elisabeth <i>Beals</i> Steyaart	76	52.78	9,646.97	285.00	9,931.97
1937		38	25.50	3,490.00	265.00	3,755.00
1938	Winifred <i>Frank</i> Havell	64	40.00	3,537.00	2,063.33	5,600.33
1939	Marjorie <i>Mortimer</i> Kenney	60	37.27	6,471.38	3,010.00	9,481.38
1940	Eunice <i>Brewster</i> Foss	57	30.65	2,846.25	955.00	3,801.25
°1941	Thea <i>Dutcher</i> Coburn	111	58.73	9,181.88	2,500.00	11,681.88
1942	Louise <i>Spencer</i> Hudson	76	36.19	10,090.95	7,839.00	17,929.95
1943	Dorothy <i>Lenz</i> Andrus	70	38.04	3,460.00	785.44	4,245.44
1944	Constance <i>Geraghty</i> Adams	76	40.43	3,737.50	1,325.00	5,062.50
1945		80	37.38	4,217.37	2,355.00	6,572.37
°1946	Rosamond <i>Simes</i> Richardson	73	33.03	3,983.70	7,769.19	11,752.89
1947	Margaret <i>Stirton</i> Miller	60	28.71	3,795.00	2,440.00	6,235.00
1948	Frances <i>Norton</i> Swift	77	35.65	3,571.00	3,245.00	6,816.00
1949	Marion <i>Walker</i> Doren	69	30.94	7,138.25	455.00	7,593.25
1950	Marilyn <i>Raub</i> Creedon	79	33.33	5,082.25	8,900.00	13,982.25
°1951	Joann <i>Appleyard</i> Schelpert	103	54.21	11,971.74	295.00	12,266.74
1952	Sylvia <i>Gunderson</i> Dorsey	72	31.30	4,099.38	13,378.00	17,477.38
1953	Leta <i>Weiss</i> Marks	70	33.65	4,010.00	1,343.00	5,353.00
1954	Judith <i>Warner</i> Edwards	74	36.82	2,860.25	908.00	3,768.25
1955	Cassandra <i>Goss</i> Simonds	66	31.43	6,940.00	3,750.00	10,690.00
°1956	Janet <i>Torpey</i> Sullivan	67	29.00	3,698.94	1,140.00	4,838.94
1957	Helene <i>Zimmer</i> Loew	91	41.94	4,134.00	1,265.00	5,399.00
1958	Audrey <i>Bateman</i> Georges	78	37.50	3,455.82	310.00	3,765.82
1959	Margaret <i>Wellford</i> Tabor	76	32.62	1,584.50	3,409.06	4,993.56
1960	Joan <i>Wertheim</i> Carris	88	38.43	16,375.00	213,895.00	230,270.00
°1961	Judith <i>Warner</i> Edwards	66	30.00	1,970.88	180.00	2,150.88
1962	Norma <i>Gilcrest</i> Adams	90	33.83	3,321.00	90.00	3,411.00
1963	Sally Baker	77	24.06	2,859.00	305.00	3,164.00
1964	Dhuanne <i>Schmitz</i> Tansill	97	32.23	2,630.00	512.00	3,142.00
1965		104	30.59	2,470.00	351.00	2,821.00
°1966	Anita Shapiro	115	28.12	4,233.45	2,100.00	6,333.45
1967	Dana <i>Freedman</i> Liebman	105	26.65	3,378.00	584.00	3,962.00
1968	Frances M. Bertelli	126	28.97	5,103.00	250.00	5,353.00
1969	Kathleen <i>Buckley</i> Griffis	123	32.45	4,310.50	815.00	5,125.50
1970	Susan E. Lee	89	21.24	3,046.00	860.00	3,906.00
°1971	Josephine Mooney	82	20.34	1,949.05	630.00	2,579.05
1972	Barbara <i>Cooper</i> Neeb	103	22.06	2,016.00	1,380.00	3,396.00
1973	Donna Bellantone	82	16.30	8,761.05	7,150.00	15,911.05
1974	Patricia J. Whittaker	80	15.36	1,839.00	955.00	2,794.00
1975	Richard C. Dreyfuss, Jr.	37	7.02	577.50	140.00	717.50
1976		2		12.50		12.50
MA's		4,065	32.60%	\$260,802.49	\$370,976.27	\$631,778.76
Clubs		27		355.50	70.00	425.50
Miscellaneous				2,670.00	1,622.00	4,292.00
TOTAL				126.25		126.25
				\$263,954.24	\$372,668.27	\$636,622.51

anxiety to ingratiate themselves with the future Dionysius II did not hesitate to administer medications in homicidal doses. Shortly after the succession of Dionysius II to the tyranny, Dion sent once more for Plato, intending that Plato do for the young tyrant's character what he had done for Dion's twenty years prior.

But when Plato arrived in Syracuse on that second occasion, he found the court's atmosphere to be heavy with hostility to Dion and rife with rumors of his traitorous activity. Dion was exiled only months after Plato's arrival, following the interception of a letter written by him to the Sicilian Carthaginians. (Not until after his exile did Dion grow traitorous in earnest. Ten years later he returned to Syracuse at the head of an army raised to depose Dionysius II.) Shortly before Plato wrote the seventh letter to the Dioneans in 354 B.C., he learned with sorrow that Dion had been murdered at the instigation of the man whom he had placed upon the throne. These, then, are the highlights of those portions of Syracusan political history to which Plato was witness and by which he was touched.

That Plato, both as a man and as a philosopher, was tried to the last extremity by these occurrences cannot be doubted; on at least one occasion the man breaks out of his philosopher's armor and discloses himself to us frail and weak as other men. This was at the time of his third journey to Syracuse, made at the request of Dionysius II when Dion was already in exile in the Peloponnese. Despite assurances he had received to the contrary, it developed that Dionysius had not taken, nor was inclined to undertake, serious philosophical study. Nor was he tolerant of Plato's concern with placing Dion's fortune (the proceeds from the sale of his Sicilian property) safely into the hands of Dion's trustees in the Peloponnese.

Still, Dionysius *did* appear to desire passionately that all Sicily regard him as being on comradely terms with the great philosopher. For this reason Dionysius insisted that Plato, contrary to his inclinations, let the summer sailing season pass and remain with him at court until the following spring. Plato's overhasty departure obviously would have made Dionysius appear in a bad light. Reluctantly, Plato agreed to stay. Then when Dionysius had Plato trapped, he openly compromised the promise made to Plato earlier concerning the safe conveyance of Dion's fortune to the Peloponnese with Plato. At last Plato realized the true situation. His efforts to win from Dionysius guarantees concerning Dion's interests were worthless—doomed because of the arbitrary and jealous will of the tyrant. Throughout Sicily, however, Plato was seen as Dionysius' admirer and comrade (Dionysius' mercenary guard, provoked into hostility by Dionysius' attempt to reduce their compensation, vowed active hostility to Plato as well!); but, as Plato gradually realized, he was actually under house arrest. He tells us of his

desperate musings in the seventh letter: "How could I ever leave this house and walled garden where I now live? The gardener will not unlock the gate for me. Nor, if he did, could I pass through the walls of the acropolis to get to the port, nor, if I could get to the port, would I be able to hire a boat to return home, for everyone knows that it is contrary to the will of Dionysius that I leave."

Finally, realizing his predicament, Plato writes the following about his days under house arrest: "The kind of life we lived, Dionysius and I, was this—I was gazing out of my cage like a bird that is longing to fly off and away, while he was devising a way of frightening me off without paying me any of Dion's money. Just the same, we called ourselves friends before all Sicily." (Letter VII: 348 a) These are the words of a sorrowing, homesick and disillusioned man. What has happened, we ask, to the stalwart hero of the *Republic*, who, knowing himself and his cause to be just, is strongly serene in the face of all external adversity? Still, it is hard not to like Plato all the more for failing, on this one occasion at least, to satisfy his own philosopher's ideal and for showing us a face and heart exposed to the blows of life—therefore fully human.

Gradually, and no doubt at least partly in response to the Syracusan experience, Plato abandoned his notion of the pivotal political importance of a single man. Already in the Seventh Letter, Plato had come to see that law and the rule of law provide a more appropriate foundation for the political order than any single individual can. An individual distorts the deal in the very process of embodying it, but law provides a universal discipline for the human will; the converse, alas, is not true: the human will cannot discipline the law; it can only break it.

If they care about philosophy, visitors to ancient Sicily should climb to the Syracusan acropolis. Then, not discouraged by the hum of cicadas, the heat of the Mediterranean sun, or the curious gaze of a shoeless child, they should listen attentively when near the place where the walled garden adjoins the palace. Screening out the distracting noises from the present, they may find the sound of past events slowly growing in volume; and, with sufficient attention, they may listen to the footsteps of an Athenian philosopher in the palace garden. From time to time he pauses at the foot of the garden, where the sea stretches out toward Athens. Then, in the silence created by the cessation of footsteps, one can almost detect a sigh.

Recommended reading

- Brumbaugh, Robert S. *The Philosophers of Greece*.
Dunbabin, T.J. *The Western Greeks*.
Finlay, M.I. *A History of Sicily*.
MacIver, David R. *Greek Cities in Italy and Sicily*.
McKendrick, Paul. *The Greek Stones Speak*.
Woodhead, A.G. *The Greeks in the West*.

"Not only is the world of Sicilian politics a recognizable one to us moderns, but the encounter between philosophy and politics in Syracuse in the persons of Plato and Dionysius exhibits perennial features which today we might beneficially review."

Brunelleschi's great dome

By Richard G. Arms, Jr.
Instructor in Art History

"The construction of the dome of the Cathedral of Florence can stand for us as a tangible symbol of the vitality and ambition of renaissance Florence."

We Americans are quick to admire vast and complex technological enterprises. We have a deep respect for those who succeed in undertakings which others consider impossible. The great dome of Florence Cathedral, the most prominent feature in any travel poster of that city, is precisely the sort of feat of engineering to which we respond. The remarkable nature of that dome, constructed by Filippo Brunelleschi in the early fifteenth century, is not, however, as readily obvious to us as, let us say, the equally dominant feature of the skyline of Manhattan, the World Trade Center. Those towers possess the kind of aerospace profile and statistics to which we comfortably relate.

The twin shafts of the World Trade Center rise 1,350 feet above the pavement of lower Manhattan, each 100 feet taller than the Empire State Building. These two slabs, each 110 stories tall, whose combined height is nearly one half mile, incorporate in their frames 192,000 tons of structural steel, 2.2 million square feet of aluminum in their exterior skins, and enough glass to create a ribbon of windows 20 inches wide 65 miles long. On an average day they consume 110,000 megawatts of electricity, enough to serve a city the size of Stamford. They expel daily 50 tons of garbage and 2.25 million gallons of sewage. In summer their air conditioning systems drink from the Hudson River at 96,000 gallons per minute. The excavations for their foundations created a hole large enough to contain 13 football fields and required the removal of 1.2 million cubic yards of earth and rock. This material generated 23.5 new acres of landfill along the old Hudson River waterfront. When completely occupied the World Trade Center will have a daytime population of about 130,000 which approaches the size of the city of New Haven.

What, we may ask, could a contemporary American achievement in a modern metropolis really have in common with the renaissance dome of an Italian church? Is not the Florence of the travel posters the very antithesis of Manhattan? For the harried American urbanite, Florence, symbolized by the great dome of its Christian Cathedral, appears to provide a gratifying contrast in scale and texture to the

dynamic city of New York whose corporate towers reduce men to the scale of insects. Such an impression, however appealing to the American tourist, is not entirely justifiable. If we examine in the light of history the men and the forces which created the Florence we so readily admire, we discover that very much the same sort of free and ambitious spirit which created the skyscrapers of New York was responsible for the creation of that great dome.

The fact is that culturally and economically renaissance Florence was the most advanced city in the Western world. The basis of this preeminence has distinct parallels in our own society and has to do with matters of money and personal liberty. In the course of the thirteenth century, Florence succeeded in establishing political and economic independence, throwing off the Germanic domination of the Hohenstaufens and declaring herself an independent republic based upon ancient ideals of democracy and individual liberty. In a world which was still entirely feudal the Republic of Florence stood apart and offered a unique freedom for individual self-assertion. Economically Florence was at the same time becoming the world's first capitalist society, minting her own coinage, the florin, which in time became the international currency of Western Europe. An emerging Florentine middle class became the Papal bankers and developed the principles of modern accounting. The city became one of the major centers for the wool trade and the most prosperous city in Europe. Florentines came to consider themselves an order of people superior to all others; strong, self-reliant and free.

In 1296 the newly independent and prosperous Florentines decided to tear down their venerable but decaying Cathedral of Santa Reparata and to replace it with a new one approximately twice as long. The official declaration of this decision rings with the highest civic ambition: "The Florentine Republic, soaring ever above the conception of the most competent judges, desires that an edifice shall be constructed so magnificent in its height and beauty that it shall surpass anything of its kind produced in the times of their greatest power by the Greeks and

Romans." In this daring mood the Florentines, under the direction of their architect Arnolfo di Cambio, a figure of considerable reputation in Rome and elsewhere, set out to erect what was to become the largest church in the world, a church even today exceeded in size only by St. Peter's in Rome and St. Paul's in London.

The construction of the dome, or cupola as it is also called, of the Cathedral of Florence, which the Quattrocento humanist Leon Battista Alberti described so poetically as rising "...above the vaults of heaven, wide enough to receive in its shade all the people of Tuscany . . .", can stand for us as a tangible symbol of the vitality and ambition of renaissance Florence. The copper *orbis mundi* which crowns the lantern of the summit stands 349 feet above the level of the piazza. The interior span of the dome is 136 feet 8 inches; that of Michelangelo's dome of St. Peter's is only two feet wider.

It is important for us to realize that at the time the interior dimensions of this dome became fixed about 1367 in the design of its supporting piers by one of Arnolfo's successors, an architect by the name of Neri di Fioravante, the technology for constructing a dome of this size did not in fact exist. The ancient Romans, whose remarkable art of building in concrete had been forgotten (not to be rediscovered until the nineteenth century), had only constructed one span comparable to that proposed by the Florentines, namely the Pantheon with an interior span of 142 feet, only slightly larger than that projected by the Florentines. The next largest span in the world, the dome of Hagia Sophia in Constantinople constructed in the sixth century was, at 104 feet, far smaller. But the exterior height of the Pantheon at 147 feet was well under half that proposed by Neri.

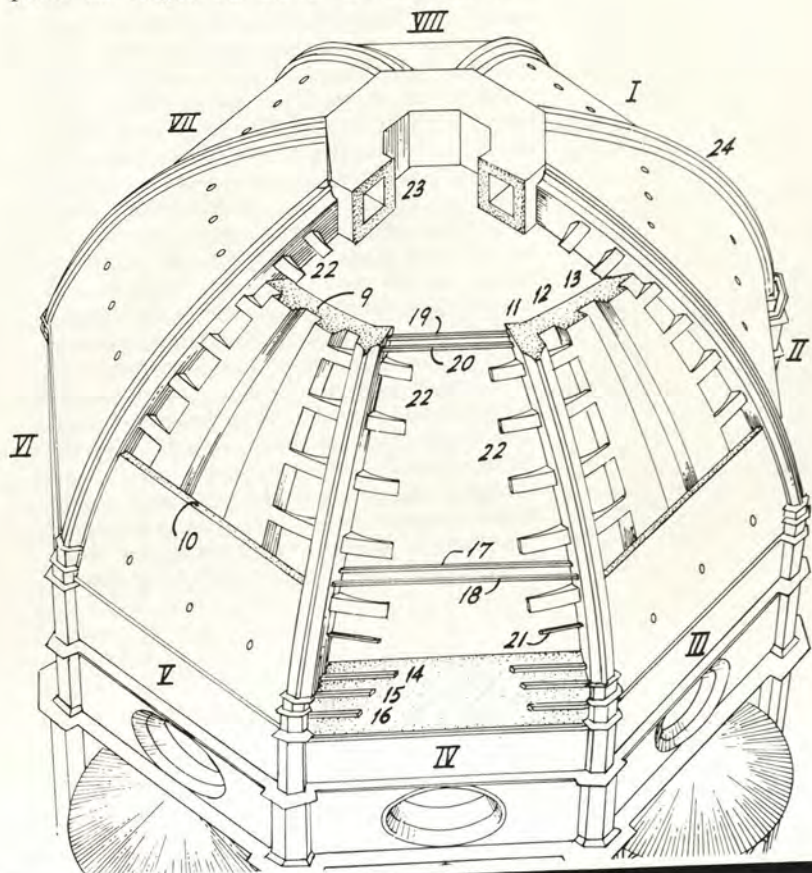
Neri undoubtedly had some vaguely defined intentions of raising his cupola by traditional Gothic methods involving an elaborate wooden armature upon which the entire masonry complex would be supported throughout its construction. Once the dome was completed and the armature was removed, the structure would be stabilized on its exterior by prominent masonry buttresses. Although no such dome of these dimensions at such a height has ever been constructed by such a means, it is fair to say that no wooden armature could have risen so high and still have supported its own weight as well as that of the cupola whose present mass, though certainly greater than the sort of thing Neri must have envisioned, is estimated to weigh upwards of 25,000 tons.

Construction on the Cathedral proceeded rapidly throughout the last half of the fourteenth century. By 1410 the huge octago-

nal piers for the cupola as well as most of the great apses were constructed up to the level immediately below that of the bottom of the present cupola. It is at this time that Filippo Brunelleschi, who was to successfully construct the dome with an ingenious and unprecedented design, appears to have begun to exert his influence upon the construction, even though he was not appointed architect of the Cathedral until 1420. The tambour, or octagonal base on which the cupola was to rest, was constructed between 1410 and 1418. Its masonry appears to incorporate large wrought iron tie rods of the type one can see exposed to view binding together the vaults of the nave. In medieval construction tie rods were rarely if ever used within the tambour. Their presence is evidence that by about 1410 the decision to somehow construct the dome without employing exposed exterior buttresses had been made. Tie rods would then be necessary in the piers above the great arches to prevent them from failing under the greater weight of an unbuttressed dome. It is now thought that these tie rods are a result of Brunelleschi's ideas asserting themselves in a critical manner almost a decade before they were officially accepted.

Filippo Brunelleschi (1377-1446) is one of the great men of the Renaissance. He is a man, we are increasingly coming to understand, as important and remarkable as Leonardo and Michelangelo who came fifty years or so after him and whose careers and contributions are much more extensively documented. Son of a prominent notary who had himself participated in the decision of 1367 to accept Neri's ideas about the dimension of the piers of the Cathedral, Brunelleschi must have grown up hearing from his father about the proposals and counter-proposals for vaulting those piers. He began his career as an artist, a

"If we examine in the light of history the men and the forces which created the Florence we so readily admire, we discover that very much the same sort of free and ambitious spirit which created the skyscrapers of New York was responsible for the creation of that great dome."



The dome: Brunelleschi's ingenious solution. 9, 10, inner and outer shells. 14-20, stone chains. 21, wood chain.

From Brunelleschi: *Studies of His Technology and Inventions* by Frank D. Prager and Gustina Scaglia, MIT Press

“While Brunelleschi worked empirically, with large models and not with mathematical calculations such as modern engineers use to determine the form and dimensions of their designs, his revolutionary solution was nevertheless arrived at by a distinctly modern process based upon intelligent observation and deductive reasoning.”

member of the Guild of Goldsmiths. It was his ability to work in metals which first won him fame as the runner-up to the sculptor Lorenzo Ghiberti in the competition of 1401 for the contract to supply the bronze North Doors of the Baptistery, the large polychrome octagon in the piazza in front of the Cathedral. Deeply disappointed at having lost this competition, Brunelleschi appears to have determined to prove his genius by addressing himself to the greatest challenge of all, to solving the problem of how to build the cupola of the Cathedral without armature.

Brunelleschi's various biographers indicate that for the next nineteen years until he was appointed architect for the Duomo he sought solutions to the problem through a variety of disciplines. He is known to have gone to Rome at various times and there to have examined the great concrete and brick buildings of Imperial Rome. In order to record exactly his observations of these structures he invented a portable and wieldy method for making accurate scale drawings. This method led directly to his discovery, possibly around 1409, of the rules of scientific perspective, an achievement which, when simplified for use by his younger disciple Alberti, resulted in the complete transformation of the means of representing physical objects in space. Brunelleschi's invention stands as the central technical accomplishment of Renaissance painting. In addition he conceived of, and later had constructed, ingenious machines and mechanical devices for the facilitation of the construction of the cupola. These represented numerous notable improvements upon the machines used for the construction of the great Gothic cathedrals. They anticipated the kinds of machines found 75 years later in the *Notebooks* of Leonardo da Vinci, many of which, such as the reversible hoist, the elevated cranes, and the elevated load positioners, have been shown to derive directly from the machines which Brunelleschi created for the construction of the dome and its lantern. We know from his biographers and from documents that Brunelleschi was concerned with the practical problems of motion and time (we hear that he made clocks), with statics, hydraulics, pneumatics, warfare, naval architecture and stage production, all of which surely served to sharpen his intellect and prepare him for the challenge of the dome.

The history of Brunelleschi's construction of the dome may be summarized very briefly. In 1418 the *Opera del Duomo* held a design competition to which about a dozen architects submitted some seventeen models for the dome. Brunelleschi's entry seems to have been a model about one-twelfth the scale of the actual dome, to have been constructed out of masonry, to have incorporated every structural feature, and to have been large enough to enable people to walk about inside. In April of 1420 Brunelleschi was appointed, along with the sculptor Lorenzo Ghiberti, as superintendent of the construction of the new dome, and by July, having drawn up

very precise and elaborate written specifications for it, he set about having constructed the machines which he would need.

A powerful reversible hoist of chestnut, iron and bronze and powered by a team of oxen was erected in the middle of the octagon, and for the next twelve years it raised and lowered the work crew of about fifty men and loads averaging ten tons, but going as high as twenty-five tons, per day. Interior scaffolding was constructed at the top of the tambour, the locus of the springing of the dome, and on it was erected the elevated crane with load positioners, controlled by manually operated turnscrews. These load positioners were responsible for positioning the huge blocks of sandstone and the loads of bricks and mortar which would make up the materials of the cupola.

Construction began promptly, and by the end of 1425 the dome had risen to the 58-foot level, at which point the curvature reached the critical point of beginning to be more lateral than vertical. After debate over proposals to include windows in the inner shell to counteract the interior darkness, a proposition which Brunelleschi rejected as compromising the static integrity of the structure, the construction proceeded successfully up to the completion in 1432 of the key ring upon which the lantern would rest. In 1436 Brunelleschi submitted his model for the lantern, although work on this did not begin until 1444, two years before his death. It was finished posthumously by his pupils, and the gilt bronze ball which crowns it was added by Verrocchio with the help of young Leonardo da Vinci between 1467 and 1472.

When visiting Florence one should not fail to spiral up the 463 steps to the base of the lantern. The panoramic views of Florence, the Arno River, and the neighboring hill towns of Fiesole and Settignano are exhilarating. The streets and buildings, the prominent and easily recognizable landmarks such as the Palazzo Vecchio, Sta. Croce and the Medici church of San Lorenzo are all fully visible and revealed in their entirety in a way which is unattainable from the street.

If one knows what to look for during the climb through the cavity of the dome, one can see for oneself the innovative details of Brunelleschi's construction. At the base of the eight sections of the inside of the cupola lies a parapet along which one may walk. This demarcates the top of the tambour, the point at which the cupola begins its rise. Looking down to the pavement of the crossing almost 200 feet beneath this walkway, one is able to view almost the entire interior, an unforgettable sight especially if one is lucky enough to be there at a time when Masses are being celebrated with candles, colored vestments, incense and music at the altars below.

At this point one is standing at the level of the lowest of three sets of stone chains. These chains, the first of their type to be used since the great circular vaulted buildings of the Roman Empire, bind the two shells of the

dome in order to resist the static outward pressure or "crown thrusts" caused by the weight of the masonry. These pressures create a potentially destructive force in this masonry and impose what civil engineers refer to as a "hoop tension" on the chains which are there to counter it. These chains may occasionally be seen revealed in little pockets carved out by modern engineers who keep a constant watch over the structural condition of the cupola, and they may occasionally be seen within some of the small cracks which are the perfectly normal result of five hundred years of settling.

As one climbs from the parapet level one passes through the two shells which form the inner and outer layers of the dome. These are approximately 7 1/2 feet and 2 1/2 feet thick respectively at the base and narrow to about five feet and 1 1/2 feet at the top. The cavity through which one passes is about four feet wide. In it are found the twenty-four spur walls, or ribs, eight at the corners and two in each of the eight sides. These bind the inner and outer shells and have their origin in the Gothic rib construction of the late Middle Ages. They act as stiffeners between the shells and cause the two layers to act something like the two chords of a masonry truss. It is this double shell construction with its ribs and chains which was entirely unprecedented in 1418. This is the key element in Brunelleschi's solution of vaulting the cupola without armature. The two shells with their rib connections provided a continuously stable base throughout the construction process for the addition of the next layers of masonry, and no heavy wooden forms or support were necessary. It is through these ribs that one passes in the ascent.

About one quarter of the way up the cupola lies exposed one of Brunelleschi's most original features, a wooden chain consisting of twenty-four massive chestnut logs, each about one foot square, bound together at their intersections by iron bolts and straps. This chain is thought to act not as a structural member (as do those in stone) but as an ingenious means of monitoring the stresses in the dome during its construction. Any radical movement, indicative of an impending structural failure, could be detected immediately by an examination of the joints of intersection which are all exposed to view. This chain may have also provided a means of absorbing directly the vibrations of the hoisting machine so that they would not disturb the masonry as it cured.

A sharp eye will detect the iron rings attached to iron rods embedded in the masonry of the inner shell on the underside of the vault. These served to help anchor the interior scaffolding as construction progressed and were also intended by Brunelleschi to provide elements from which mosaicists could later anchor their staging as they applied mosaics to the inside surface of the vault. In the end they were used not for mosaicists but as an aid to the painters Giorgio

Vasari and Federico Zuccaro as they executed their huge fresco of the Last Judgment between 1572 and 1579. Similar rings appear on the exterior surface at the springing of the dome, and were to serve as elements facilitating the construction of a large exterior arcade, replete with giant figural sculptures at the angles. Only one element of this arcade was ever constructed, and that at a scale much too small, by Baccio d'Agnolo in 1506. Michelangelo, realizing that this was a perversion of Brunelleschi's intentions for articulating with a strong visual element his lowermost layer of chains, succeeded in stopping d'Agnolo's work in 1515, ridiculing it as a mere "*gabbia da grilli*," a cage for crickets.

The official sentiment expressed at the beginning of construction of the new Cathedral in 1296 which sought to erect an edifice "so magnificent in its height and beauty that it shall surpass anything of its kind produced in the times of their greatest power by the Greeks and Romans," was at the time little more than high sounding political rhetoric. Certainly something unprecedented since Roman times was being planned, but the early architects and civic leaders could not have envisioned that one of their own Florentine citizens would in fact over a century later surpass all the great engineers of the past with a new and unique vaulting solution for the great dome. While Brunelleschi worked empirically, with large models and not with mathematical calculations such as modern engineers use to determine the form and dimensions of their designs, his revolutionary solution was nevertheless arrived at by a distinctly modern process based upon intelligent observation and deductive reasoning.

Extremely independent, doggedly persistent, Brunelleschi designed all details of his solution, inventing where there was no precedent, extrapolating from normal building practice to provide new methods. All great masonry domes since Brunelleschi's time, including St. Peter's, St. Paul's and the Pantheon in Paris, make use of his system of ribs, chains and multiple shells.

Only after the introduction of iron as a building material during the industrial revolution were new systems devised to replace those which Brunelleschi created for the construction of masonry domes. American engineers and architects played a leading role in developing these new systems. Since the metal-framed skyscraper is a uniquely American creation resulting from this process, its recent evolution in the twin towers of the World Trade Center lies directly in the line of achievement so notably advanced by Brunelleschi over 550 years ago in the dome of the Cathedral of Florence.

Recommended Reading

- Frank Prager and Justine Scaglia, *Brunelleschi: Studies of his Technology and Inventions*, MIT Press, 1970
Ludwig Heydenreich and Wolfgang Lotz, *Architecture in Italy, 1400-1600*, Penguin Books, 1974.

"Brunelleschi appears to have determined to prove his genius by addressing himself to the greatest challenge of all, to solving the problem of how to build the cupola of the Cathedral without armature."

Music of renaissance Florence

By Thomas Stoner
Assistant Professor of Music

"The first essays of the *Camerata* in the new operatic style ushered in a form of music that was to dominate the interests of Italian composers for the next 300 years."

*There is no goddess more beautiful
or more worthy than this one:
You see Cytherea, sweet mother of love;
You see Minerva here who preserves the
wits and tames martial furor with
Wisdom and Art;
All come together to live in Florence . . .*

Sometime in the last decades of the fifteenth century, the Netherlandish composer Heinrich Isaac, at the time employed by Lorenzo di' Medici, set to music these words in praise of Florence. A song reflecting the city's pride in its humanistic attributes, it is one of numerous *trionfi* composed for civic celebrations. There was a considerable quantity of such music linked to public events, and it points to a rich and vital musical life in Renaissance Florence. This wealth of musical activity set the stage for the birth at the close of the sixteenth century of a new musical form, the opera.

For all its interest in music, Florence produced no native composer of stature in this period. But Florence was not alone at this time in the lack of first-rate native composers. Until about the mid-sixteenth century it was practice throughout Italy to import from the Franco-Netherlandish area what were considered the finest and most prestigious composers, as well as singers and instrumentalists. Lorenzo's court composer Isaac was one such prize who had been wooed southward.

The first renowned Netherland composer to have association with Florence was the young Guillaume Dufay. Dufay was in the city in 1436 for the consecration of Brunelleschi's masterwork, the Cathedral Church of Santa Maria del Fiore. Pope Eugenius, then in residence in Florence, officiated at the dedication and Dufay, a member of the Papal choir, may have participated in the performance of his own motet *Nuper rosarum flores*, written for the occasion. While the composition is a good example of music tied to a specific event in Florentine history, it is of particular interest in that it reflects Dufay's skill at mirroring Brunelleschi's magnificent architectural proportions in music. The relationship of the motet's four sections produces, by considering the unit pulse grouping of each section, a ratio of 6:4:2:3, remarkable in view of the fact

that "The size and curvature of the cupola sum up and coordinate the naves and presbytery, reducing gothic dimensions to a ratio of 6:4:2:3." The musicologist Charles W. Warren notes one other structural correspondence: the double construction of the dome, with one cupola inside the other, seems to be reflected in the use of the two tenors in canon, that is, with one melody *fitting under* the other. He suggests the possibility that Dufay may have had access to the plans of the Cathedral or that composer and architect may have met in Florence.

The performance of choral music in Florence at this time must have been at a particularly high level. Thanks to the efforts of Cosimo di' Medici, the famous *cantori di San Giovanni* was organized in the late 1430s. One of the early choirs to perform polyphony, the singers of San Giovanni served from the outset both the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore and the Baptistry of San Giovanni, and later in the century the Santissima Annunziata as well. The choir, which over the years employed some of the best singers in Europe, was in frequent demand both within Florence and at other centers of Italy.

Lorenzo de' Medici brought the composer Isaac to Florence around 1484. Lorenzo was an avid lover of music and as a poet he collaborated with Isaac in a genre that had been peculiar to the city for some time, the *canto carnascialesco* or carnival song. These were popular street songs originally improvised by roving bands of masqueraders and trolled during the pre-Lenten revelries. Certain of them were sung beneath the windows of ladies, but far from being courtly serenades, their verses were filled with double-entendres and frankly lewd lines. Lorenzo attempted to raise the quality of the carnival song as part of a larger effort to give the carnival a loftier tone than it had had before. He saw the carnival season as a time for expressing civic pride, and this is reflected in the considerable number of topical songs about city life and *trionfi*, such as the one quoted at the beginning of this article, that were promoted at his instigation. Both he and his court poet Poliziano, as well as others, wrote lyrics which were at least somewhat more polite than the typical street versions.

But it was in the musical settings of such composers as Isaac that the real refinements were produced. Unfortunately, none of Isaac's songs specifically written for the carnival survive, although other of his Florentine songs in much the same style do come down to us.

Two types of song related to the *canto carnascialesco* were also popular in Renaissance Florence. The *canzona a ballo* was a danced song performed during *Calendimaggio*, of the most important of Florentine celebrations, which began on May Day and culminated in a festival honoring John the Baptist, the city's patron saint. Religious songs known as *laudi* were sung at least as early as the thirteenth century in Florence, often having been performed by guilds in the evening before statues of the Virgin Mary. They continued to appear throughout the Renaissance, though in more complex versions.

Savonarola's rule (1494-1498) brought an end to secular musical performances in Florence for a time. Some writers believe that as a result of this the public musical life in the sixteenth century never fully regained its former vigor. Indeed, unlike the music discussed so far, much of the music of the sixteenth century was not meant for public consumption. Of these later works, the madrigal was a type of vocal chamber music written for and performed by members of an elite group, particularly by the court and by certain academies interested in cultivating poetry and music. At its best the madrigal fused fine poetry with music that sensitively underscored the text meaning. While Florence was not the center for madrigal composing that Ferrara and Mantua were, two of the fathers of the new secular genre, Philippe Verdelot and Jacques Arcadelt—both Northerners—were for a while associated

with Florence. In fact, the latter composer set to music two madrigal poems by another celebrated Florentine resident, Michelangelo.

Madrigals were often employed in a type of lavish entertainment called the *intermedio*. If such presentations of madrigals were not on the intimate scale of the chamber performance, they were nevertheless equally exclusive. *Intermedii* were musico-dramatic interludes with spectacular stage effects performed between scenes of plays, particularly between scenes of the classical comedies that were being revived in the Renaissance. The characters portrayed were often drawn from classical mythology. Some of the most celebrated *intermedii* were performed as part of royal festivities in Florence. A noteworthy feature of many of these dramatic pieces was the large and varied instrumental ensemble employed, an aspect that can be seen to be a direct forebear of the early opera orchestra. One *intermedio* performed between scenes of d'Ambra's *La Cofanaria*, a comedy staged for the wedding of Francesco de' Medici and Johanna of Austria in 1565, includes, for example, an eight-voice madrigal representing Venus that is accompanied behind the scenes by two harpsichords, four bass viols, an alto lute, a cornett, a trombone, and two recorders.

Another type of musico-dramatic production related to the *intermedio* is the *sacre rappresentazione*, which had been in existence since the fifteenth century. These religious plays with music, performed during Lent, were like the *intermedii* in their use of grandiose scenes and stage machinery. Unlike the aristocratic *intermedio*, however, the *sacre rappresentazione* reached a wide audience. Both of these types of production, with their mixture of music, drama, and large-scale staging, left their imprint on opera.

The groundwork laid at the close of the

The skyline of renaissance Florence, dominated by the dome of the Florence Cathedral.



sixteenth century for the development of the opera found its most direct impetus in the activity of one of the several humanistic academies that flourished in Florence during this period. The members of the group, called the *Camerata*, which met at the house of one Count Bardi in the 1580s, were intent on reviving Greek drama. As they believed that the Greeks had sung the dialogue of their plays, the *Camerata* wished to create a type of solo vocal music that would render the text faithfully, both from a view of correct declamation and of requisite expression. A number of composers of the time had already used dramatic narrative in madrigal setting, but for the *Camerata* polyphony was simply not an acceptable vehicle for expressing the words. What the composers of the group arrived at was a type of solo recitative with a relatively simple chordal accompaniment, and it was this that became the basis of early opera. Their first essays in the new operatic style were performed in Florence around the turn of the century, thus ushering in a form of music that was to dominate the interests of Italian composers for the next 300 years.

In the history of music, Florence is best known as the birthplace of opera. But as with the appearance of any complex art form, the opera represents a confluence of a number of diverse events and musical styles. *Canto carnascialescho*, madrigal, *canzona a ballo*,

sacre rappresentativo, and *intermedio* all represent certain of the main ingredients contributing to the opera's development and can be seen in the genre's fusion of the popular with the cultivated, the mythic with the real, and the spectacular with the intimate. Perhaps such a blending could have taken place only in Florence where, as the poet in the opening stanza sings, "All come together . . ."

Recommended Recordings

Ceremonial Music of the Renaissance, performed by the Capella antiqua, Munich; Konrad Ruhland, director. Telefunken Stereo SAWT 9524-B Ex.

A commendable performance of Dufay's *Nuper rosarum flores* appears on this album.

A *Florentine Festival*, performed by Musica Reservata; directed by Michael Morrow; conducted by John Beckett. Argo Stereo ZRG 602.

This album includes the music of two *intermedii* for Bargagli's comedy *La pellegrina*, performed originally at the wedding festivities of Ferdinand de' Medici and Christine of Lorraine, 1589; an anonymous carnival song titled "Orsù, orsù car signori" that is sung with a raucous, open-air spirit; and nine *canzoni a ballo*.

Two pilgrimages of mystical love

By Patricia Ingala Scalzi '62

"In setting his message before his fellowmen, the mystic risks failure; he may be misunderstood, ignored, derided or abused."

In January 1207 Giovanni Bernardone stood in the portico of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Assisi. Stripping to his hair shirt and tossing his clothes and a bag of money at his stunned and humiliated father, he renounced his earthly birthright. Then, barefoot, clad only in a peasant's tunic, he walked into the frozen woods, singing God's praises all the while. Nearly a century later, in April 1300, Dante Alighieri found himself in the dark and desolate Wood of Error, his passage towards Salvation blocked by the three fierce beasts of Fraud, Violence and Incontinence. Forced into the realization that he could not continue alone, and submitting himself to the guidance of Virgil (Human Reason), he began the fearsome voyage through Hell that ultimately would lead him to

Redemption.

So begin two of the most famous pilgrimages recorded in Italian literature. One illuminates the arduous process of self-denial and glorification of Christ, which characterize the life of St. Francis; the other traces Dante's development as the consummate Christian poet—the author of *The Divine Comedy*. Strictly speaking, the incidents dramatize only the moment of embarkation. Much painful growth preceded them.

As a young man Francis was a charming, courteous, somewhat prodigal merchant's son. Always popular, he was the ringleader of a merry band of revelers who loved his songs, his gaiety, and his cash. He yearned to live the life of the troubador and to seek the soldier's glory, but his year-long imprisonment in

Perugia after the Battle of San Giovanni (1202), and the convalescence which followed, forced long periods of reflection. With reevaluation of his old behavior and aspirations came an increasing sense of meaninglessness. Even the beauty of the natural world he loved so dearly lost its enchanting glow. After his conversion in 1206 Francis began to walk a radically new road. Gradually he created a new life. His troubador's song became the praise of God and all Creation, his war the battle to draw Christians back to a living faith after a long period of apathy. To this mission he brought a burning love of Christ and the psalms, a deep sense of humility, and an especially tender devotion to the poor. He sought to break all the social and religious chains that, in binding one man to another, limit the individual's ability to love all other men freely. Thus he renounced all property and possessions, any right to Papal protection and clerical status, holy orders, monastic rule, learning, and culture.

Much less is known of Dante's life than of Francis'. He was born in May 1265 in Florence to a family who were White Guelph (anti-Papal) politically and of modest social and economic stature. Though Dante probably had an unexceptional educational background, he showed an intense interest in learning at an early age. While still in his teens, he was a serious student of the Provençal poetry of courtly love and a writer of verse. In 1292 he wrote the *Vita Nuova* (*New Life*) in celebration of his youthful love of Beatrice Portinari. Next he immersed himself in the study of philosophy, theology, and classic literature. With the encyclopedic *Convivio* (*Banquet*), Dante hoped to provide a compendium of learning that would help any thoughtful Italian lead a wise and upright life. Though a scholarly work, it was written in the vernacular, not in Latin, thus reflecting the poet's deep love of the Italian language as well as its missionary intent.

During this period Dante's passion for political activity grew. He was both soldier—in the battle of Campaldino, and politician—as a member of the Council of the Hundred and ambassador to San Gimignano. In 1300 he was one of six magistrates who attempted to moderate the violent factionalism destroying the Commune. Painful failure soon followed. The *Convivio*, however elevated in intent and passionate in tone, proved unworkable. In 1302 the political moderate fell victim to factional purges. Exiled from his beloved Florence, he roamed Italy until his death in 1321 and, out of all these experiences, drew inspiration for the *Comedy*. He probably began writing in 1307 though he predates the masterpiece for symbolic purposes. Like the *Convivio*, it was a missionary work. Using the example of his own spiritual pilgrimage, Dante hoped to mobilize his readers to begin a similar journey. They were to form the vanguard of a reformation of Italy's political and religious institutions.

Thus both St. Francis and Dante considered

themselves Christian missionaries. Francis felt blessed by God and empowered to model a radically new style of life—one that directly, actively imitates Christ's life. The example he offers us is primarily an ethical one; he gives us a life of faith fully and deeply lived. In contrast, Dante's example is primarily an aesthetic one; he offers us a life of faith fully and deeply recreated. Considering himself blessed and empowered by God, he boldly models a radically new literary form structurally similar to the classical epic, allegorically patterned on the Bible. Yet each is impelled by the same sense of existential power received through the mystical experience.

Usually when men talk about what they know or experience they relate their feelings, desires, thoughts, or memories. The mystic claims precisely the opposite. During the brief period of a fully developed mystical experience he feels no sensation, sees no vision, hears no voice, dreams no dream, wills no deed, thinks no thought. He moves so far beyond ordinary consciousness that all spatial and temporal bonds are broken, and he intuitively apprehends and indeed becomes pure consciousness. This is a fleeting, intense, ineffable moment of union with life itself. It has supreme value and authenticity. It crowns the mystic's life. The experience is not considered inherently supernatural or miraculous. It is open to all. Usually it culminates a long, rigorous process of spiritual preparation during which the individual has sought to purify his desires and illuminate his mind. When the moment of union passes, sense, will, memory and reason resume their accustomed roles. The mystic then begins to interpret his experience, to endow it with structure and meaning. Historically this interpretation has been given in terms of religious beliefs and images.

We can trace this sequence of disciplined preparation, experience of union and religious interpretation, in the combined works of Dante and St. Francis. Both men interpret the moment of union with the uniquely Christian interpretation of communion with God. Since this God is live and they directly commune with Him, they are overwhelmed by intense love both for Him and all He has created. This love is accompanied by what St. Paul called "a peace that passes all understanding" (Phillipians 4:7). Energized by such love and peace, they spread the good news of God's love. Thus they transform an intensely personal experience into social action; they mirror the great commandment "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and soul and mind and thy neighbor as thyself" (Luke 10:27). Students of comparative mysticism, including Walter Stace and William Johnston, note that this affective tone and insistence on the practical application of the principle of love are precisely what distinguish Christian mysticism from other expressions.

Neither poet describes the culminating moment itself. In the *Divine Comedy* Dante

"(One pilgrimage) illuminates the arduous process of self-denial and glorification of Christ, which characterize the life of St. Francis; the other traces Dante's development as the consummate Christian poet—the author of *The Divine Comedy*."



traces the step by step process of preparation. In the "Inferno" he shows how, despite fear and dread, he comes to recognize the nature of sin. Then in "Purgatorio" he notes a growing sense of liberation and hope as his weakness is purged and his will strengthened. Finally, when his mind is illuminated and his spirit perfected in the "Paradiso," we share his joy and awe. As Dante the pilgrim more closely approaches God, Dante the poet imbues his verse with an ever deeper affective tone. In the "Paradiso" images of the glowing light of love radiate each canto, and metaphors are of the most tender, maternal nature. Throughout the poem Dante has turned from the action to address his reader—to warn, comfort, or encourage him. In the "Paradiso," as he strains to communicate the ineffable, he turns to us more often, hoping thereby that our "little skiffs" will not be lost in the deep waters of his experience. But the moment of union, by its transient, ineffable nature, eludes description. In "Paradiso XXXIII," while trying to describe his direct "vision" of the "face" of God, Dante admits defeat.

But oh how much my words miss my conception,
which is itself so far from what I saw
that to call it feeble would be rank deception!

Like a geometer wholly dedicated
to squaring the circle, but who cannot find,
think as he may, the principle indicated—

so did I study the supernal face.
I yearned to know just how our image merges
into that circle, and how it there finds place;

but mine were not the wings for such a flight.
Yet, as I wished, the truth I wished for came
cleaving my mind in a great flash of light.

vv. 112-114; 133-141

St. Francis' poetic genius shines in the limpid praises of a God already discovered, of individual creatures and elements already embraced as brothers. Of the painful preparatory process, the poet is silent. In the verses of the "Canticle of the Sun," the "Lauds," and the "Our Father," he shows us the gifts of the mystical experience—joy despite intense physical suffering and peace despite psychological turmoil and impending death. In the "Canticle" he sings:

Most High, Almighty, good Lord,
Thine be the praise, the glory, the honour,
And all blessing.

Praise to Thee, my Lord, for all Thy creatures,
Above all Brother Sun
Who brings us the day and lends us his light.

Lovely is he, radiant with great splendour,
And speaks to us of Thee,
O Most High.

Praise to Thee, my Lord, for those who pardon
one another
For love of Thee, and endure
Sickness and tribulation.

Praise to Thee, my Lord, for our Sister bodily
Death
From whom no man living may escape;

Woe to those who die in mortal sin.

Blessed are they who are found in Thy most
holy will,
For the second death cannot harm them.

The mystic—who has risked so much, who has opened himself so vulnerably to God—is not protected from the consequences of his words and actions. Union with God does not protect him from the realities of life. The act of communicating his intimate, precious message becomes the ultimate risk and renunciation. In setting his message before his fellowmen, the mystic risks failure; he may be misunderstood, ignored, derided or abused. He renounces control over his creation. Once born, it is in the hands of his contemporaries.

St. Francis and Dante did suffer a full measure of failure. Both were venerated but misunderstood. Francis' followers did not comprehend that in emphasizing the Saint's miracles and stigmata, they had created a new idol. Many ignored the Saint's central message. They could not really accept either his total imitation of Christ's life or its consequences. Instead of confronting the issues he raised, they cast Francis into a convenient religious mold. This demanded less growth on their part. By 1226, the year of St. Francis' death, many of the men he loved the most no longer followed his model of simplicity and poverty. His order was racked by bitter dissension.

Dante, too, was lionized. But those who read his *Comedy* were not moved to repent, to create a just papal and imperial order. They were awed by the architectonic marvels, by the beauty of speech, by brilliance and depth of thought but directed their energies elsewhere—towards the discovery of the individual and the enrichment of the rational. The poet's spiritual and political message was ignored.

In an important sense each failed where he most hoped to succeed. Perhaps the winds of change blew too strongly past them. Perhaps each misunderstood his powers or misread the times. Yet each succeeded in unexpected ways. Now we can appreciate them. In a world that seeks new political and spiritual integration, that realizes the limits of the rational and the empirical, that creates a Whitehead and a Teilhard—St. Francis and Dante offer us lives we need to meet and songs we need to hear.

Recommended Reading

- Bishop, Morris, *St. Francis of Assisi*, Little, Brown & Co., 1974
Brown, Raphael, trans., *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*, Image Books, 1958.
Ciardi, John, trans., *The Inferno, The Purgatorio, The Paradiso*, Mentor Books, 1954, 1957, 1961.
Johnston, William, *Silent Music*, Harper and Row, 1974.
Sherley-Price, Leo, trans., *St. Francis of Assisi*, Harper and Bros., 1959.
Stace, Walter T., *The Teachings of the Mystics*. Mentor Books, 1960.

"The mystical experience is a fleeting, intense, ineffable moment of union with life itself. It has supreme value and authenticity. It crowns the mystic's life."

"In the midway of this
our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy
wood, astray."
Gustave Dore's depiction
of the opening lines of
Dante's *Inferno*.



Keeping the classroom full

By Jeanette B. Hersey
Director of Admissions

Admissions officials can no longer look forward to bumper crops of college applicants. Maintaining a student body of adequate size has become a greater challenge than ever.

Since the middle of this century college admissions have risen steadily, generating assumptions that this happy condition would continue forever. The unexpected announcement of a diminishing applicant pool brought an abrupt end to plans for continued expansion. Suddenly we faced the real possibility of declining college enrollments.

Before looking at the future, however, we need to know where we stand today, where problems exist and where we are succeeding.

We have just concluded a highly successful admissions year. The volume of applications reached a record high as interest in Connecticut College continued to expand, and we were able to select a strong yet diverse freshman class. Looking back over the year, however, we were aware of subtle changes occurring both in student attitudes and in the entire college admissions scene.

Interviewing prospective students who came to visit the campus, we sensed a change in their perception of Connecticut College, not as a college that was going coed but one that is coed. True, some still asked about the ratio of

men to women, and occasionally parents reminisced about the past, but the attitude in general reflected a confidence in the present situation, and a satisfaction that the change had been successful and permanent.

But it appears that this transition is visible only to those who have seen it. Many others, unaware of the changes which have occurred since 1969, still cling to the image of a woman's college, and as a result, Connecticut College is overlooked by many young men and women who are searching for a coeducational college. This is particularly true of men, and is evident in the 1:3 ratio of men and women applicants. To increase the male applicant group is a major goal of this year's admissions program.

Today's students are different in many ways from the students of a few years ago. For example, they are very serious in their approach to choosing a college. Despite the acknowledged fact that high school graduates of 1976 could expect to have more choices, as admissions was becoming a buyer's market, they were extremely cautious in making decisions. Right up to the deadlines—

and beyond—they deliberated and delayed.

More than in past generations, these young people seem to be aware of the costs of a college education, the uncertainty of the job market, and the unappealing options for those who do not continue their schooling. They are looking for the best possible investment for their future, and their search for the right direction is undertaken seriously.

Most 17-year-olds have no notion of their future careers or professions, but many expect their college to assist them in making a choice and in preparing for their life's work. Older brothers and sisters might have been enraptured flower children, but not this generation. At the same time, they see the risks of specialization, and there appears to be a renewed appreciation for the "well rounded" education.

It follows that this generation sees college as a community, where learning is central, but where there will be an open, welcoming atmosphere, informal associations with others, and time to pursue personal interests. "Will I know my teachers . . . and will they know

me?", "How active is the student government?" "How good is the advising system?" "Do students stay on campus over weekends? I don't want a suitcase college." "How soon will I be eligible to work for the newspaper?" "If there isn't a mountaineering club, can I start one?" "Will I have a good chance for admission to law school (medical school) if I attend Connecticut College?" These are some of the questions applicants are asking, as they attempt to assess the quality of life, academic and social, on a college campus.

Connecticut College stands up well against the competition and attracts well qualified, interesting, and diverse students. Our undergraduates are well above average in ability and performance. The statistical profile of entering classes varies only slightly from year to year, and admissions standards have remained constant, for the admitted student must be able to undertake the rigorous coursework offered at this college. It is from this position that we have planned this fall's admissions programs, and we expect them to yield, next fall, an entering class of comparable size and strength.

What about future years? We have seen, during the past two decades, a steady pattern of growth in college-going populations. In the '50's and '60's, the number of high school graduates more than doubled. Colleges responded to that growth by expanding facilities and creating new learning opportunities for greater numbers of students. The community colleges experienced unprecedented growth. Non-traditional programs, TV classrooms, universities-without-walls, weekend colleges, and open admissions brought higher education within the reach of millions.

Continued growth was projected for the foreseeable future, generating feelings of well-being and confidence. The decade of the '70's opened on this note of optimism, but by 1973, two events occurred which cast a different light on college enrollments. The first was the serious national recession, and we witnessed the closing of many small private colleges which could no longer meet operating costs. Many students looked to the less expensive public colleges, chose to enter technical programs or abandoned altogether their college plans.

The second significant event was the announcement that earlier projections of college and university enrollments over the next three decades would need revision. Both the federal government's National Center for Educational Statistics and the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education had found that a

declining U.S. birth rate, a leveling off of high school graduation rates, and rising enrollments in non-degree-credit programs (as degree-credit enrollments leveled off or began to decline) made a revision imperative. The new projections, according to the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, indicate that college and university enrollments "will increase about 3 million between 1970 and 1980, decline about 1 million between 1980 and 1990, and again increase about 2.7 million between 1990 and 2000", with an estimated net increase of about 4.6 million over the three decades.

Colleges operating on marginal financial resources stepped up student recruiting. But on many campuses, dormitories were half filled or stood empty, budgets were cut in both public and private institutions and new student populations were sought. New federal programs for tuition assistance were created. All colleges—some more than others—felt the effect of these altered conditions, and the reality of the situation had to be confronted.

Enrollments in colleges and universities have climbed during the past three years, but increases among private colleges have been modest compared to the sharp rise in enrollments in non-degree-credit programs, in part-time student enrollments, and in the public institutions—especially the community colleges.

At Connecticut College, this fall, dormitories are filled beyond normal capacity, and the total enrollment is expected to exceed last fall's count of 1,611 full time undergraduate students. The figures are reassuring, but statistics do not report the full story. Selective colleges are all seeking the same kinds of students—those who are bright, serious, creative, talented, interesting. And the student with those qualities who also can afford to attend a private college is additionally attractive. As that pool of students gets smaller, the competition will become more intense, and those colleges will face some increasingly difficult problems.

What can we project for Connecticut College in the years ahead? There is the obvious possibility of fewer applicants, unless our proportion of the candidate pool increases. Given the nature of our program (liberal arts) and the steadily rising cost of private education, it is unlikely that greater numbers of high school students will be applying.

If present admission standards are to be maintained, if there are no changes in our academic program, and if we develop no new sources for financial aid then it follows that entering classes are likely to be smaller. To lower standards or modify programs

would be unacceptable. What are the chances for more financial aid for college bound students? From our own resources, we can expect only modest increases whenever a raise in tuition is made. State and federal programs depend on legislative action for continued funding, and there is no assurance that the programs will increase in proportion to the growing need.

Are there new populations from which Connecticut could attract students? Many colleges and universities have developed academic programs for adults, offering coursework in evenings, on weekends, and by extension. Our Return to College program and the summer and evening division course offerings have attempted to respond to the needs and interests of the adult population in the New London area, but tuition costs present a great barrier to many of these potential students. If we want to increase the special student enrollment, we shall have to both study the market carefully and develop a reasonable program of financial aid. At present, it seems unlikely that there will be a sufficient number of special students enrolling to offset the anticipated decreases in full time undergraduates.

What implications do the new projections have on minority student enrollments? Our progress in recruiting minority students has been slow, as it has been for most of the New England liberal arts colleges. Competition for the qualified minority student is keen now. It can only intensify.

Is there anything hopeful in this sombre picture? I think there is. Connecticut College has an excellent reputation. Its power is in its faculty and in its academic programs. Recent additions to its facilities have enhanced the attractiveness of programs in the arts and provided a much needed new library. It offers some unusual majors, such as Asian Studies and Child Development, programs not often offered by other liberal arts colleges in comparable depth. Its location is an asset. The transition to coeducation has succeeded, and its popularity has been increasing. Most important, it is unafraid to explore new programs, to examine existing ones, and to act when change is indicated.

During the course of this year, and in the years ahead, much thought will be given to developing long range plans for the future of Connecticut College and defining its future role, size and character. Enrollments will be one consideration of the planners, but future enrollments will also be influenced directly by the quality of the decisions which will be made at all levels.

Alumni Council '76



What was Alumni Council 1976?

It was a gathering of class agent chairmen, class representatives, admissions aides, club representatives and executive board members from Oklahoma, Minnesota, Connecticut, California.

It was a dedication and tour of the new library.

It was a discussion of campus issues with student representatives. ("There is a great controversy now concerning the academic honor code," said student government president Leslie Margolin.)

It was a report on the state of the College from President Oakes Ames. ("I'm optimistic about liberal arts education and its value . . . about the spirit of the College . . . about the sum total of how people feel about the place.")

It was a faculty presentation on academic planning

(Wayne Swanson, dean of the faculty: "There is an identity crisis facing liberal arts colleges, especially Connecticut College. . . . We've reached the stage where people are asking, what will the graduate of a liberal arts college get?")

It was a "Potpourri of the Performing Arts" at Cummings Arts Center's Dana Hall.

It was workshops, meetings, receptions, dinners, more workshops—on admissions, reunion planning, alumni clubs, career internship.

It was a common expression of surprise, and, for the most part, pleasure at the changes Connecticut College has undergone; changes to its physical plant, the nature and attitudes of its students, the reaffirmation of the value of the liberal arts in an era of increasing specialization.

In Memoriam



Jeanne C. Prokesch

During my leave of absence in 1959-60, I heard from my colleague, Dr. Bernice Wheeler, that a fine addition had been made to the Chemistry department, and that this new person was also interested in teaching in Zoology. Not long after, Dr. Prokesch did indeed become a

member of our department, a felicitous arrangement for all concerned. For a while she taught in both areas, later concentrating on her courses with us, although her ties with chemistry also remained strong.

Mrs. Prokesch was a brilliant and widely informed scientist. Her specialties were bacteriology, immunology and mammalian endocrinology. She had a broad background in physiology, started early at her alma mater, Goucher College, noted for that branch of science teaching. After graduating with honors, including Phi Beta Kappa membership, Jeanne obtained a Ph.D. at Yale Medical School, pursuing postgraduate research there and at New York Medical College, where she also taught, as well as at Cornell University Medical School.

Dr. Prokesch was a stimulating and valuable colleague. Her seminar in immunological problems gave our seniors a rather unusual understanding of this increasingly important aspect of biology. Their comments when holding jobs where this knowledge gave them added insight showed appreciation of

their good fortune.

Jeanne was a forceful but sympathetic teacher. Because of my own interest in endocrinology, I listened to some of her lectures in that course. The experimental work in the laboratory was done mostly with the albino rat. Thus the students became acquainted not only with recent advances in the subject, but were also trained in delicate surgical techniques.

Her warm nature made her a natural friend and adviser for the young. For eleven years, she was adviser of premedical students, a role for which she was particularly well qualified, with her affiliations with medicine, chemistry and biology. Before coming to Connecticut College, she had published considerable research, and was looking forward to doing so again.

Those of us who knew her family were privileged to enjoy her attractive home, her husband, Dr. Clemens Prokesch, and their engaging children. We share with deepest sympathy in their loss.

Dorothy Richardson
Professor emeritus of Zoology

No record

To the Editor:

I was greatly interested in Henrietta Rogers' account (Winter 1976) of her "protest" years. They paralleled mine except for the dénouement, of which more later. I, too, regarded my 20 years of protestations as an affirmation of the Bill of Rights and the Constitution, but not as an act of heresy nor as the advocacy of revolt. I, too, started with the McCarthy years. Angered at living in an academic community, but one without any visible conviction concerning academic freedom, I launched into an intense letter-writing crusade. Then the years of rebellion against the Vietnam war; the marches in Washington; the refusal to pay the telephone tax; the withholding of a portion of my income tax as a protest against defense spending; endless "leaf-letting" and the proffering of petitions (one of the latter was a copy of the Bill of Rights; several people refused to sign it, as being too subversive!) and then the final trip to Washington in '72 to protest the inauguration.

Then came the difference. I didn't apply to the FBI as did Mrs. Rogers; rather, I was sent "out of the blue" a communication from the CIA inviting me to fill out a form (date of birth, birthplace, etc.) and they would oblige me by looking up my CIA record. I lost no time in responding, waited several weeks, and finally received a letter from the agency saying that "after a thorough search they could find no record in my name." I'm still wondering why they sent the initial application.

Anne Slade Frey '22
Hanover, New Hampshire

Qwertyuiop½

To the Editor:

This is to suggest that those in the same "Out of Work" situation described by Ms. Margo Reynolds (Spring 1976) might take a week or two from their search for creative jobs and—instead of watching soap operas—learn how to type.

Without this basic skill, no college graduate in the world is of the slightest value as an ad writer or editorial assistant. Though it is possible to get by with longhand in college, in the professional world it is simply not acceptable, and chances are extremely slim that a rank beginner would be immediately provided with a secretary for her own personal use.

It might be of interest to mention that experienced editors and copywriters type their own work more often than not. Creative work must often be struggled over, not merely dictated, and certainly it would be a waste of valuable time to write everything laboriously in longhand, then stand in line at the typing pool, waiting for a stenographer to become available. Why, then, would any self-respecting editor hire an assistant who can't type her own work, when he can easily find one who can?

Carolyn Blocker Lane '48
Salt Point, New York

Permanent love

To the Editor:

Just recently I went through my boxes of college papers that my mother had saved for 25 years. I had been selective at that and only the notes, papers, books, etc. that meant something to me had been kept and then ignored for those years. I

found many of my papers done for Miss Worthington, who became Mrs. Smyser while I was still at Conn. On rereading them, all the memories of those exciting lectures on Yeats, Eliot and Wordsworth returned to me. I think of all my teachers, I loved her the best. She created a permanent love of poetry in me and I in turn have passed it on to my husband. We often read from my poetry books on four-hour trips to Vermont. It more than passes the time.

She helped me learn to write and gave me a standard to reach for. I must admit I saved my "A" papers but I was very proud of those high marks. They had been earned.

Now, *The Thirteen Colonies Cookbook* which I wrote in collaboration with three women is in the bookshelves. It is a readable cookbook with many historic notes. I think she might have been proud of me. I hope so.

Frances Keller Mills '50
Upper Montclair, New Jersey



Is this your alma mater?

Believe it or not, it is. Intercollegiate soccer under the lights. Cheering crowds. Hot dogs, cider and beer for sale. A score board emblazoned with

HARKNESS FIELD

Connecticut College	0
Visitor	3

Yes, the Conn College Camels were defeated by Wesleyan's varsity soccer team, but then again, Wesleyan had beaten Harvard only two days before. Soccer is a serious sport at Connecticut College now, and the Camels deserve credit for performing so well against so formidable an opponent.

But don't expect to find the light towers the next time you visit the campus. The lights were installed free of charge by a company promoting its portable lighting system. The whole set-up had disappeared without a trace by the next evening.

More on athletics at Conn in the next issue.

19 Sadie Coit Benjamin, Charlotte Keefe Durham, Mildred Keefe Smiddy, Marenda Prentis, and Juline Warner Comstock represented the Class of '19 at reunion. Unfortunately, following the Memorial Service, Prent fell in the Chapel and broke her hip, requiring several weeks' hospitalization in New London.

The class expresses its sympathy to Mildred White's cousins and is saddened by the news of her death.

Correspondent: Mrs. Juline Warner Comstock (Juline Warner '19) c/o Warner, 1 Farnsworth St., New London, Conn. 06320

23 Mildred Beebe Seymour and Rudy celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in June. The festivities were planned by their sons with relatives coming from as far as Fla. and Calif.

Alice Ferris Lewis keeps busy as grandmother of five and still works part time as a corsetiere.

Margaret (Mugs) McCarthy Morrissey and Len are involved in the athletic and social events at Dartmouth. In May they went to Ireland for 3 weeks, their 7th trip to that country which they find "most refreshing and relaxing." They returned in time for Len's Post 50th Reunion. Following a custom of 30 years they spent the summer at Essex, Mass. Earlier in the year Mugs lunched with Elinor Hunken Torpey '24 and Bub Forst '24.

Hannah Sachs, Ethel Kane Fielding, Katherine Stone Leavenworth and Katharine Weed held a mini-reunion at the spring luncheon of the Waterbury Chapter of C.C. Alumni at which three students from college spoke.

Marian (Maya) Johnson Schmuck, having become one of the "year roundies" of Nantucket, finds the off-season best in many ways. In Sept. she went to Chicago to the wedding of her granddaughter Sally and Ensign G. Craig Hunt who received his wings in June. Recent travels took Maya to England, Scotland and Corpus Christi, Tex. where she experienced life on a Naval base.

Isabel Barnum Wingate, now Prof. Emeritus of retail management at NYU, is an active member of the Institute for Retired Professionals at the New School for Social Research. She is chairperson of a course for consumer retirees studying health, clothing, decorating and finances. Her achievements as a lecturer and consultant are many, especially in the field of textiles. One of her books, *Textile Fabrics and their Selection*, has recently gone into its 7th printing. The Wingates have a daughter, Elaine Conway; a son, John B. Wingate; and 5 grandchildren.

Mary Birch Timberman, our class president, writes, "Recently Alice Holcombe received a letter from Dorothy Randle's sister enclosing a check to the class for \$2,000 in Dot's memory to be used as we thought best. I contacted the members of our class board and received their approval for giving half immediately to the new library fund and keeping the remainder in the bank until reunion 1978. As a class, at that time, we can select a fitting memorial from suggested ideas—maybe a Dorothy Randle Tennis Trophy. Our present memorial in the new library will be a first floor carrel suitably noted."

Word has come of the death of Miriam Cohen in Spain, her home for many years. The sympathy of the class goes to her family. The class also extends its sympathy to the family of Jessie Bigelow Martin who died in June.

Co-correspondents: Mrs. Carleton A. Leavenworth (Katherine Stone), 527-D Heritage Village, Southbury, Conn. 06488; Miss Anna K. Buell, 750 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn. 06511

25 Eleanor Harriman Kohl and Emily Warner took a 5000 mile motor trip south, down the east coast to Key West, back Florida west coast and through Tenn., checking in with the following:

Dorothy (Jo) Perry Weston, New Smyrna Beach, Fla., slim and beautiful, still plays golf with George daily.

Grace (Spuddy) Ward lives in her own home at Delray Beach, is active in church work and at the Beach Club.

Grace Demarest Wright, a professional realtor and an accomplished artist with several canvases to her credit, lives on the intercoastal waterway where yachts steam by her deck constantly.

Parks McCombs enjoys life in her spacious condominium on St. Armand's Key. She alerted the travelers to a C.C. Club luncheon at St. Pete Yacht Club, where they saw several alumni friends.

Charlotte Crane wintered in N.H. She visited her son and family in Peekskill this spring.

Correspondent: Emily Warner, 14 Arden Way, South Yarmouth, Mass. 02664

27 Sally Pithouse Becker writes, "I'm still up to my ears in flowers. The Philadelphia show was bigger and better than ever. Princess Grace was there; she judged the pressed flower class. Yes, I did meet her; she is lovely, has real charm. I am director of the Philadelphia C.C. Alumni Club. Men? Three came to our last meeting, all great guys." Sally returned to C.C. several times last year as her committee completed the revision of the by-laws and worked on procedures. "Tell the '27ers I'm looking forward to June '77 and, God willing, hope to see every one of them on campus."

Elizabeth Higgins Capen is symposium chairman of the Nat'l Daffodil Society. On her property in Boonton, N.J., she grows over 1800 varieties of daffodils.

Emilie Koehler Hammond, not far from Liz, built a nature trail up a woody hillside. Koehler is busy painting pictures in oils.

Eleanor (Nubs) Vernon took a course in interior decoration and hopes to have her 4-story home redecorated before the end of '76. Her two hobbies are photography and gardening.

Edith (Pat) Clark is still teaching a half day and expects to continue through '77. She plans a vacation trip to Me., Block Island, etc. "if I can find a good kennel for my beloved cocker spaniel 'Betsy Ross.'" Pat invited Frances Jones Stremmlau to her home in June. Fannie had just returned from a cruise.

Esther Chandler Taylor and Ralph attended the

wedding of their daughter, Mary Hale, to Capt. Allison Giles Sconyers in Columbus, Miss. in mid-Apr., then flew to Calif. to celebrate their own umpty-umph honeymoon.

Florence (Flops) Surpluss Miller intends to stay in Naples, Fla. where she shares her home with her eldest son, Tony. Her husband died very suddenly some time ago, "a terrific shock to me. Our son Michael, in Park Ridge, N.J., has two children. We visited them last year for one wonderful week."

Katharine Foster Moline and Luis retired to Rockport, Mass. "because we like this scenic area, particularly the sailing. Our picture window frames an ever-changing seascape. We had a happy visit with Elizabeth (Lib) Fowler Coxe and George in June."

Gretchen Snyder Francis asks you to help reunion 50 with your bright ideas NOW. Send them to her, North Egremont, Mass. 01252. Gretchen flew to Switzerland in May, taking two granddaughters with her for three weeks of pure joy. One of her sons is spending his sabbatical there with his two children. Margaret (Peg) Graham Reichenbach and Clayt stopped by for a brief visit. They are counting on coming to reunion, are you?"

Lyda Chaffield Sudduth sends this message to all classmates, "Think ahead, plan ahead for our Golden Reunion. I hope we can have a really big, bang-up celebration. Ours has always been a great class, so let's prove it once again in June '77."

Eleanor Chamberlin attended a Nat'l Wildlife Federation summit program in N. C. this June. Now she's planning ahead for our Golden Jubilee in Conn. next June.

The Alumni Office has informed me of the death of Katharine Sembrada Couse on Apr. 13, 1976, enclosing a copy of the memorial notices and a poem entitled "I Do Not Go Alone" that Kitty herself might have written. She leaves no husband or children.

Correspondent: Mrs. J.C. Sewall Jr. (Constance Noble), 6 The Fairway, Upper Montclair, N.J. 07043 07043

29 Jennie Copeland, after 28 years with Scholastic Magazines Inc. in NYC, is a consultant which is "fun rather than work." Two LWV committees, the theatre, music, dancing and museums occupy spare time.

Mary Walsh Gamache and husband, after 10 years of "commuting" between a NYC apt. and a home in Conn., will live in Conn. full time when he retires in June. They recently had a get-together at the home of Helen Reynolds Smyth in White Plains with Flora (Pat) Hine Myers and Glenn. Helen's husband Murray was a Harvard classmate ('27) of Ernie Gamache and Eleanor (Chili) Fahey Reilly's husband Gerard. The Gamaches will spend the summer in Spain with daughter Anne and family (2 boys). Second daughter, Mercy, and family (2 boys and a girl), after having lived in Nigeria, England and Ireland, are now in N.J.

Cynthia Lepper Reed and her sister visited New Zealand recently. "It was like the USA 50 years ago; they don't lock their doors and milk is 8¢ a liter." Later they took the Delta Queen to Louisville for the Kentucky Derby. In the spring Cynthia will take a canal boat trip in England, then on to Scotland and the Outer Hebrides. Having fractured two bones in her foot, she will travel with a cane. Cynthia does volunteer work at the cancer hospital where she worked for 32 years.

Dr. Eleanor Michel is occupied in Meriden helping a French speaking Vietnamese family become adjusted to a new way of life. The mother, father and two girls 6 and 7 call Eleanor Godmother.

IN MEMORIAM

Mildred White	'19
Jessie Bigelow Martin	'23
Miriam Cohen	'23
Margaret Ebsen Boehler	'26
Katharine Sembrada Couse	'27
Margaret Healy Holland	'30
Charlotte Terhune Moore	'33
Edith Munroe Russell	'37
Elizabeth Williams Smith	'44
Maxine Kaplan Friedman	'47
Gladys Ryan Flanagan	'55
Elizabeth Peck Foot	'59

"Teaching them English by way of French is a thoroughly enjoyable assignment."

Verne Hall, our conscientious treasurer, is getting to be a "pro" at deciphering the penmanship of some of our 1700 forefathers. She is copying early vital records for a forthcoming publication by the Bicentennial Commission in her area.

Nellie Fuller Mattacotti, in a recent note to Verne, told of her husband's numerous hospital admissions. **Esther Stone Katt** had two weeks of "R and R" in Bonita Springs, Fla. She plans a trip to Nova Scotia come summer.

Mary K. Bell Leuck pens, "I keep busy but not active in any worthwhile activity; so have to go without seeing my name in print."

Rebecca Rau, since retirement in 1960, has lived in the family home in Winona. She and two friends enjoyed a month in Fla. this winter, traveling 4500 miles all told.

Priscilla Rothwell Garland and David sold their Fla. home and "love the rugged N.E. winters in New London, N.H." In spite of a slight stroke this winter Prill still plays golf. Visiting their various children and grandchildren keeps the Garlands busy and leaves little time for looking up classmates.

Muriel (Ken) Kendrick, retired from teaching since 1970, is active in the affairs of N.H. retired teachers. She is chairman of the state's *Pride in America* program, a nationwide bicentennial observance by NRTA. She is editor of the NHRTA Newsletter and compiler and editor of the state's retired teachers' book of reminiscences, *Our Yesterdays*. In May each state in the USA will present its book at national ceremonies in Houston.

Katharine Capen MacGregor and Forbes enjoyed Ariz. so much they plan to return every winter from now on. Their antique business (no shop, just shows) is thriving. Kay is into yoga.

Frances (Fish) McElfresh Perry spent a month in Majorca.

Elizabeth (Zeke) Speirs signed up for a stint at the Appalachian Mt. Camp in Mt. Desert, Me. this summer, stopping off en route to see the Larry Barnards in Wellesley. Zeke keeps busy tutoring three students in math and doing part time work at the Hartford Inst. of Accounting.

Janet Boomer Barnard and Larry anticipate the arrival of their 6th grandchild in Sept. The Barnards escaped the winter cold in Longboat Key.

Frances Tillinghast visits England annually seeing friends and taking side trips, one a stay in Chester near the Welsh border. "This place is full of interest in the way of Roman walls, half timbered residences from the 1400's and lovely shops." Frances was in London when the Hilton was bombed but fortunately not staying there. She often sees classmates in Washington and visits **Florence Moxon Tomlinson** on the Cape at intervals.

Nancy Royce Ranney, though grief stricken by her husband's recent death, writes, "We had many wonderful years together with trips to the Orient, So. Pacific and the Virgin Islands. My daughter in Westchester has a college freshman, another in high school and an 8-year-old son. Perc's two boys and their families are of great support to me. No definite plans for the future but they will come. A direction I must have."

Louise Goodman Skrainka and Walter are proud of their two sons, one a graduate of Grinnell with two master's; the other a graduate of Cornell and Harvard Law, married to a Wellesley graduate, 3 children. Louise's husband, a graduate of Washington U., retired from the construction business, is a consultant, an avid tennis player and a violinist in a local symphony orchestra. Louise has done much volunteer work and taken several courses. She plans to join a new C.C. Club being formed in St. Louis.

Eleanor Newmiller Sidman and Gordon attended the high school graduation of their eldest grandchild who will enter Skidmore in the fall. Their two daughters in Minneapolis are politically involved. The second, Sandy, is running for the House of Representatives' seat in her district. If nominated, she will take a leave of absence from her regular job on the Governor's commission studying crime prevention. The Sidmans plan a visit to the Cape,

N.J. and Conn. in the summer, hoping to visit classmates en route.

Frances Fenton MacMurtrie and George spent the last 5 winters in Ft. Myers where this year they had a visit with **Faith Grant Brown** and Jim. Fran's hobbies are Audubon and garden clubs.

Gladys Spear Albrecht writes of her husband's coronary and recovery. Their interest in antiques continues. Daughter and family live in West Hartford. Son Ronald, a Lt. Col. in the USAF, is in communications at the Pentagon and living with his family in Md. Younger son, Dr. Eugene, in the Research Div. of the Nat'l Inst. of Health, will present a paper to a group of endocrinologists in San Francisco in June.

Faith Grant Brown dashed off news en route to Jim's 50th at DePauw U. The Browns spent the winter at their Fla. home in Winter Park and expect to visit daughter Jane and family on the Cape this summer. In Aug. son David and family return from Copenhagen where he was a Visiting Nordic Prof. for a year. His two youngsters 7 and 3 already are bilingual.

Lillian Ottenheimer Spencer, your correspondent, had two exciting encounters on her winter trip to Jamaica. The first was having **Louise Goodman Skrainka's** son and his wife as seatmates on EAA. Stephen, a practicing attorney in St. Louis, was en route to a law convention in Montego Bay. He was eager for news of his mother as a college girl in the 20's. The second was meeting **Frances Brett**, former C.C. phys. ed. prof. on the beach in Jamaica. Miss Brett and two friends own a condominium on the island and winter there. Frequent nostalgic visits followed, catching up on the news of a 47 year time interval.

Frances Wells Vroom is involved in raising funds for a resident camp for diabetic children living in N.J. Having been a diabetic herself for 50 years, Fran finds this cause most absorbing. AAUW, CC Club, church affairs, Cosmopolitan Club, art museum and travel lectures fill the "open spaces since daughter Barbara grew up and left home." The Vrooms had a fun week this winter in Jamaica with a Montclair AARP group. After "Operation Sail on the Hudson July 4," Fran and Bob planned to spend July at their cabin on Little Peconic Bay in Southold, L.I.

Margaret Burroughs Kohr and husband spent two weeks in Calif. and Ore. with their two daughters and families.

Mary (Scat) Scattergood Norris and Bob enjoyed a visit recently with their 3-year-old granddaughter from Princeton.

The class extends warm sympathy to **Nancy Royce Ranney** and her family and to **Catherine Ranney Weldon** on the death of husband and brother in Mar.

DON'T FORGET YOU HAVE A REUNION DATE IN JUNE 1979!

Correspondent: Mrs. Lillian Ottenheimer Spencer, 31 Agawam Road, Waban, Mass. 02168

31 After three months on Captiva Is. **Caroline (Kay) Bradley Wallace** lunched with **Jane Williams Howell** in Sarasota. Summer was on Royal Viking ship to Norway, North Cape and Scotland. At home Kay golfs and works at Wesson Memorial Hospital. One grandchild is in college.

Harriette (Bonnie) Bahney Wylie is on Board of Sr. Citizen Center and Newport Garden Club. She assists in USS CONSTITUTION Museum Foundation in Boston. Summer excitement included cook-outs and swims for crew of TALL SHIPS, completely manned by youngsters. Daughter Betsy is Navy delegate to SALT Mission. Son Peter USN Lt. Comdr. was wed in Dec. Sister Betty (CC '30) and Bonnie toured Europe last fall.

Winifred Beach Bearce lives on a three acre farm surrounded by goats, geese, ducks and chickens with brooding houses around a few ponds. For enjoyment she still sings and plays piano. Only travel consists of rare visits to four sons and families.

Thursa Barnum spends each Spring in Caribbean. Last summer she spent in Russia, Budapest and Dubrovnik. This year's teaching retirement promises more trips.

Elizabeth (Betty) Hendrickson Matlack in twenty-four hours sold her home and moved into nearby rancher. Rest period followed in Hawaii. Children live in N.J., Mass. and Maine. Bob has part time job.

Jane Haines Bill enjoys retirement in Tucson, but Spud is called back frequently to share his experience with Natl. and State Park Services.

Melicent (Billie) Wilcox's Clyde following surgery, recovered in their favorite place: Heritage Village.

Billie Brown Seyfried moved from an eighteen room house to small apt. living. Summer is spent in visits to three children and six grandchildren.

We extend sympathy to the family of **Lucile Abell** who expired March 31, '76.

Co-Correspondents: Mrs. Ernest A.N. Seyfried (Wilhelmina C. Brown), 37 South Main St., Nazareth, Pa. 18064; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Matlack (Elizabeth Hendrickson), 443 Crescent Ave., Moorestown, N.J. 08057

33 **Ruth Ferree Wessels** and Wally are putting a lot of energy into their bicentennial celebration. "It's a one-shot volunteer job, as I don't expect to be around for the tricentennial."

Eleanor Jones Heilman and Dick went cruising this winter to Central America with a group sponsored by the Horticultural Society, Boston Museum of Science. They trip back and forth to Burlington, Vt., and NYC to visit children and grandchildren. Dick has been busy in retirement, serving on the school board, a utility board and a golf club, not to mention making a new career as a professional water colorist.

Helen Smiley Cutter and Bo spent a pleasant winter in their Key West home. A long telephone visit with Mary Mead Siegenthaler of Sanibel Island resulted in plans for a visit. Car trouble prevented such a trip.

Harriet Kistler Browne has been traveling from Fla. to Pa., the Caribbean, Mexico and Calif. where she had a meeting with **Joanna Eakin Despres**. Harrie reminded Smiley of the fun they had together in Key West in '37 and that she had met her husband Brownie there.

Katherine (Kay) Hammond Engler reports a grandson born Mar. '75. His mother is C.C. '66.

Virginia Swan Parrish has homes in Chatham, Mass., Ft. Lauderdale and Barranquilla, Colombia. Last spring she and Karl took a six-weeks plane trip around the rest of So. America. Five grandsons, two in Fla. and three in Colombia, keep her in touch with the youngest generation.

Margaret (Sunny) Ray Stewart remembers visits of classmates with her in Chicago during the "Century of Progress Exhibition" '33-'34, how it was and how shocked people were by Sally Rand. Two sons she has and one grandson. Although her husband is just talking about retirement, they find time to travel and hope to meet other traveling '33's on some foreign shore.

Barbara Mundy Groves writes from British Columbia. All goes well and she's hoping to get to Key West for a visit with Smiley and mutual friends.

Margaret Royall Hinck enthusiastically describes their caravan tour of Mexico. She'd like to see us all at our 45th.

Margaret Mills Breen hasn't missed visiting many places in the U.S. or the world. After retirement in '73 she and her husband took off for 14 months of travel. They returned with many wonderful memories and a belief that our scenery can match anything anywhere.

It is with great sadness that we report the death of **Charlotte Terhune** (Mrs. Henry Moore). Charlie died suddenly in Apr. of a heart attack while in Italy. Our condolences also to **Harriet Kistler Browne** on the death of her mother.

Correspondent: Mrs. W. Bowman Cutter (Helen Smiley), Box 165, Waterford, Va. 22190.

the Olympic Village, where Anita has arranged to meet an East German to swap warmup suits.

We pull off onto a side street hoping to find a bit of calm in which to say goodbye and to take one last picture. The sidewalk is crowded, but people are kind enough to stop while we pose, and it doesn't occur to me that this is out of the ordinary until we are done. B-Jay and I get into the car, and I turn around for one last look. I can barely see Anita in the middle of a crowd. Those people weren't being considerate of our photography; they wanted their own picture of an Olympic victor, just as they save ticket stubs and programs. Several languages mingle, but everyone seems to know "congratulations." There is a great deal of back slapping, hand shaking, and medal fingering, and as we drive away, I can see Anita's eyes are suddenly open very wide indeed.

25 July

Now that there is some physical distance between us and the Olympics, I am beginning to make some sense of it. Stopping in Springfield at a McDonald's, I am given an "Olympics Game Card" that has a specific team and event printed under a coated surface. If the team I have drawn has won a medal I get a free soda or french fries, depending on which medal was won. I scratch at the card to uncover "U.S. Women's Crew—Four with Coxswain." To some, this would be meaningless, while to others, it would involve varying

degrees of disappointment at not having gotten something for nothing. But I thought of Cathy, who had fulfilled her dream, and hoped that for her, this Herculean achievement was not marred by the frustrations inherent in the external and internal limitations of international competition.

27 July

By now I am calm and ready to face the routine world. I walk into my office prepared to tackle a week's worth of work and am immediately waylaid by yet another unforeseen reaction—that of those with whom I shared my initial enthusiasm. The president of the company had watched the races on the late night television summaries, rooting for Anita from her living room. Her exclamations were enough to propel my mind back into the dreamland of Montreal, and as I recount my week, I become amazed by the vastness of reality and the inability of the mind to comprehend it all.

Being at the Olympics as a spectator didn't entail any effort at all, except to pay attention to what was happening at any given moment. But there was so much happening that I was not able to absorb it all. Now, though, from a new perspective, I can see that the remembrances are charged with new meaning. Little bits of the past are connected to each other through television, radio, newspapers, the McDonald Corporation, and others' reactions. Anita and Cathy had touched and permanently altered the lives of many in their efforts to emulate the ancient Greek gods.

35 Lydia (Jill) Albree Child and Sam enjoyed many skiing weekends at their N.H. home. She hopes she and Ruth Worthington Henderson and Elizabeth Sawyer can repeat their last year reunion in N.H. in June. Jill heard from Elizabeth Merrill Stewart in Calif. Last fall in Bar Harbor, Me., the Childs saw Margaret (Gerry) Creighton Green and husband Earl.

Margaret Baylis Hrones looks forward to having her children and grandchildren in Jaffrey, N.H. in the summer. Archeologists Jeff and Mary and their year-old-plus child are returning to Peru for the summer. Peg plans to have her annual luncheon date with Esther (Marty) Martin Snow.

Dorothy (Petey) Boomer Karr and Neal, after putting daughter Judy, C.C. '62, and two sons aboard a plane, following a "marvelous visit", left for 10 days in the British Virgin Islands. Son Jim and his wife joined them to sail "those heavenly Caribbean waters." Petey expected Hazel Depew Holden for a visit. In May she and Neal planned a 2-week driving tour of southern England and in June the Norwegian North Cape cruise—"a real change from Fla. temperatures."

Catherine (Kay) Cortwright Backus and Gene plan to fly to Calif. to attend an engineering convention in San Diego and then tour Calif., Ariz., and Utah. After the trip "the mundane chores in and around the house take over."

Merion (Joey) Ferris Ritter's daughter Ruthie presented them with a grandson, Lowell Ladd, in July '75. When Ruthie returned to work in Sept., it gave Grandma a chance to baby-sit, and, in the bargain dog-sit two beautiful Golden Retrievers. She "loves every minute of it." Joey and husband Julius took a 3-week trip to Fla., visiting Elizabeth (Betty Ann) Corbly Farrell in D.C. and Lois Smith MacGiehan in Lexington, S.C. on the way. They purchased a part-time condominium in the Hawk's Nest at Marathon. This allows Julius to swim and get the outdoor exercise that the N.E. winter doesn't permit. Although he'd like to be a full-time Floridian, Joey loves Lexington, Mass., her home, being near her family (both her parents are living and quite active), and her community involvement.

Ruth Fordyce McKeown and Tom completed their 5th winter at Holmes Beach, Fla. Katherine Woodward Curtiss and Dan and Barbara Stott Tolman and Hank are nearby.

Madlyn Hughes Wasley and Fran and Martha Hickam Fink and Rudy were visitors last winter. Ruth returns to Mich. for the summer, anticipating a visit from granddaughter Becky and her parents. Tom Jr. who conducts creative writing workshops, had a grant to write at Ossabaw, Ga. and Yaddo, Saratoga Springs.

Martha Funkhouser Berner plans a summer trip to Bermuda accompanied by her two daughters, their husbands and 4 teen-age grandchildren.

Martha Hickam Fink sent "greetings from the humid South." When she and husband were en route to Naples, Fla., they attended a dinner party at Kay Woodward Curtiss' home in Bradenton. The McKeowns (Ruth Fordyce) were there too. A flu bug kept the Tolmans (Barbara Stott) at home. Mart acts as lunch hostess at Trilby's Restaurant three days a week.

Esther (Marty) Martin Johnson Snow and Bill took a 10,400 mile trip in Aug. '75, complete with their canoe atop their car. In Ore., they saw her son Dick and his college. Via Canada, they traveled to British Columbia, the Alaskan Highway and Vancouver, tenting each night for a month. They enjoyed the redwoods and the Washington Cascades. The first Johnson girl in 100 years was born to son Bob Jr. Marty and Bill have 8 grandchildren, 3 of hers and 5 of his. This year they plan a trip to Scotland.

Maude Rademan Hickey and Dan took a 5-week trip to Europe, "some business and some fun." They went to London, Belfast, Madrid, Brussels, London and home. Their best news is a new grandson, their daughter's first child. Maude is active in G.C. Englewood and volunteer work. They summer at their old farm in N.H.

Mary Savage Collins reports the birth of a grandson, Micah Thomas, to Babs and Tom Collins in Dec. '75. Lee Kathleen 2 adores her brother.

Ruth Worthington Henderson, our president, leads a busy life with lots of company and community activities. Husband Jim is Senior Warden and Ruth program chairman and on the House Committee for Redecoration in their church. Their fall travel was to Ohio schools and the annual conference. While there, Ruth had lunch with Margaret Baylis Hrones and Virginia Whitney McKee. The Hendersons spent

two weeks on a combination school-visiting and pleasure trip to N. and S.C., and planned a vacation in Bermuda where they hoped to see Amy Lou Outerbridge Clendenen and some of their "old Loomis boys". They look forward to June at Squam Lake in N.H. and visits with C.C.ers in the area. Later in the summer they expect guests from Cornwall, England.

It is with sorrow that we report the death of our classmate, Letitia P. Williams, in Hartford on Mar. 20, '76. We extend our sympathy to her brother and three sisters. Our class extends sympathy to Janet Carpenter Peterson on the death of her husband Thomas in Mar.

Correspondent: Elizabeth W. Sawyer, 11 Scotland Rd., Norwichtown, Conn. 06360

37 Virginia Belden Miller has raised three children, all happily married, and has three grandchildren. She has been very active with choir, organ, piano students. She and her retired husband, being dedicated sailors, have moved to their new home on Penobscot Bay, Me.

Eliza Bissell Carroll has been busy launching a thrift shop for the local Homemaker-Home Health Aids Service and in reactivating a local Branford, Ct., Women's Republican Club. Golf and a trip to Vancouver with her recently retired husband will occupy her summer. Her article in a recent Alumni News further accounts for her time.

Fay Irving Squibb and George spend several months golfing and enjoying their condominium in Naples, Fla. now that they have the time.

Margaret McConnell Edwards is an instructor's aid teaching remedial reading. Her husband teaches law, also part time, and they enjoy traveling extensively.

Emma Moore Manning has two years until retirement. She is a sec. to the administrator of the County Hospital in San Mateo, Calif., "a frenzied but interesting job." She's 20 lbs. overweight, and looks her age but doesn't care.

Pearl Myland Kaufman has been busy the past two years working with her husband. She got her master's degree several years ago and is interested in the area of continuing education for older women. Her oldest son is an ass't prof. of neurology at Montefiore Hospital in N.Y.; Michael a

pathologist at the U. of Chicago Medical School; John starting an internship. Pearl and her husband travel extensively. She returned to visit the C.C. campus last year. "Couldn't get used to seeing all the men around."

Virginia Peterson Sables returned in summer '75 to Hawaii to visit her married daughter and grandchildren and expects to have them all with her in '76. She is still keeping busy as a 3rd grade teacher.

Margaret Ross Stephan's three sons are all married and moved away from Minneapolis and after 30 years in the same house, Peg and her husband are considering a change, starting with spending the winter months in a warmer climate.

Elizabeth Schumann Teter enjoys a happy relationship with her daughter, grandchildren and two sons. She has good friends to travel with, goes to concerts, theater in N.Y., etc. and is planning a trip to Europe in June.

Winifred Seale Slaughter divides her time between a home in Old Saybrook, Conn. and Sarasota, Fla. She paid a visit to the C.C. campus last summer with **Mila Rindge**, who has had recent trips to Switzerland and Africa.

Charlotte Sharp Wheeler has kept young by having a 10-year-old grandson living with her and going skiing with him in Switzerland and Utah. She has her M.A. in political science and thoroughly enjoys the Washington, D.C. life.

Madeline Shepard Howard has played a lot of tennis and traveled extensively with her husband on business trips to Japan, Hawaii and several So. American countries. They vacationed for three weeks in Fla.

Elizabeth Stromberg Naab has six sons, all finally through college—lawyer, artist, banker, marine historian, gardener and a trouble shooter on an oiling rig in the Gulf. They have a home in New London but really prefer their retirement home on Casco Bay, Me. Betty reads a great deal, has too many plants to water, indulges in crash diets and then has cookies at midnight. On her 60th birthday her family presented her with an ebony, gold-handled cane and a bottle of smelling salts but she is still waiting for the rocking chair.

Elise Thompson Bailen is a tennis enthusiast. She is deeply involved with the Settlement House movement and committee work at the Cosmopolitan Club in NYC. Daughter Ann graduates from Harvard Law. Emily is a senior at Harvard and son Tom is with the Wesleyan Program in Paris. For a change of pace Elise spent some time in Sarasota, Fla. last winter.

Bernice Wheeler is prof. of zoology at C.C. and shares the department chairmanship from time to time. She teaches a beginning course, Genetics, and Evolution. Bunny spent some perfect days during spring vacation in the Everglades, seeing many different and unusual birds.

Helen Whiting Miller divides time between Fort Myers, Fla. and Salisbury, Conn. She also enjoyed a Caribbean cruise.

Correspondent: Mrs. H. Bradford Sauer (Dorothy Chalker), 84 Hop Brook Road, Simsbury, Conn. 06070

39 Virginia Taber McCamey enjoys life in Atlanta and keeps busy with activities in AAUW, church, Key to the City, Newcomers Club (secretary), Atlanta Audubon Society and Andover Garden Club. She and Franklin enjoyed a trip to Washington and Pa. spending Easter with their daughter and grandchildren. They had two visits with John and **Nancy Weston Lincoln** as they drove to and from Fla. In May they all went camping at the McCamey's property in the No. Georgia Mts.

Eleanor (Sue) McLeod Adriance's oldest child, Rocky, teaches at the Hyde School in Bath, Me.; Pete is in administration at U. Conn.; Candy is married to a marine biologist and living on Jamestown Island, R.I.; Dave is a freshman at U. Mass. Sue and Harry are going to Ireland to produce his 6th travel program, *September on the Shannon*, and expect to be joined by George and **Estelle**

Taylor Watson and Henry and Jane Goss Cortes. Harry is doing other documentaries and Sue working part time in needlepoint projects at Thimble on the Green in Longmeadow, Mass.

Elizabeth Young Riedel keeps busy with her hobbies which include bird-watching, canoeing and making wheel-thrown stoneware. She enjoys her four grandsons 4-13 who live nearby in Md. She enjoyed a trip to the Virgin Islands and one to New London for her WMI reunion.

Vivian Graham Hope moved from Winnetka, Ill. to Pinehurst, N.C. and loves it—lots of golf and fine weather. Both sons are married and she has 3 grandchildren.

Elizabeth Taylor Dean and Bill spent several fun weekends with Ed and **Elizabeth (Pokey) Hadley Porter** aboard their elegant motor home. Pokey and Ed plan to go to Alaska, and the Deans to Australia to visit their son and family at their ranch near Sydney.

Elizabeth Parcels Arms, with no outstanding news, says that many of her most meaningful and lasting friendships have been with college friends and happily her C.C. daughter feels the same way.

Marjorie Mortimer Kenney sends thanks to all who contributed to the College.

Jane Guilford Newlin and Brey went on a wine tasting tour in Calif. Henry and I expect a visit from them here in Vt. this fall.

Jean Lyon Loomis and Chet spent three weeks in Captiva, Fla. where they have a beach house, then went to Hawaii where they did some island hopping. Son Bob's wedding in Hendersonville, N.C. followed, then back to gardening, golf and volunteer work at the hospital.

Margaret McCutcheon Skinner's husband Dick would be so proud of son Mark who was named top group rep. by Union Mutual. Mark lives in Haverford, Pa. but went home to Me. for Xmas and saw Peg off for a grand time in Scottsdale and Tucson. She also went to Va. where she reports great Southern hospitality made it hard to return to Me. and Ma Bell.

Elizabeth Mulford de Groff and Ed just returned from a trip to the West Indies, island hopping in their twin beach. She then got ready for the garden club flower show at her home, plus catching up at the office, which she does on a part time basis. She is doing a little painting mostly for friends and says that after bedding and boarding daughters and families every good ski weekend, she is ready to make good on promises to visit friends.

Edith (Happy) Gray Burger reports another volunteer year on the board of a large mental health agency and more energetically as assistant chairman of the Vt. Educational TV auction at which hundreds of volunteers raised \$100,000—"in Vt. that's big money." She is now back with her first love, hospital auxiliary work in Burlington and will shuttle back and forth to Boston for meetings of the N.E. Committee. Happy says visits from children and grandchildren, occasional trips and summer on Lake Champlain in their boat (Montreal Olympics by water) rounds out her life style—nothing earth-shaking, but fun.

Henrietta Farnum Gatchell's youngest son Frank graduated from Alfred U. College of Ceramics and is studying for his master's in ceramics at E. Carolina U., Greenville, N.C. Henny hoped to go to St. Thomas again. Some time ago she and Bud and **Beatrice Dodd Foster** had a great weekend in Hartford, Vt. with Bob and **Mary Winton Dickgiesser** at their fabulous log cabin.

Elizabeth Andrew Helming in Bristol, Conn. finds life revolving around the 3 G's, golf, gardening and grandchildren. Three of her four children are married: Dave in N.J. with Public Service of N.J. raises Newfoundlands as a hobby; Lee in Conn. rides herd on two lively children; Phil in Bristol has one son and raises Basjenis for a hobby; Joan, a senior at So. Conn., received a degree in special education and was married the same month.

Helena (Lee) Jenks Rafferty's husband Allen had open heart surgery but is doing fine. They went to the Canary Islands and look forward to a Scandinavian trip. Daughter Martha is married and lives in NYC where she continues voice lessons.

Lee still teaches and carries on with usual community and church duties.

Nancy Weston Lincoln and John still think retirement is the greatest period yet. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Me. and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Miggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. Miggie sees **Mary-Ellen (Polly) Salom Stevens** fairly often when she and Ted visit their family in Pa.

Maryhannah Slingerland Barberi retired and is now cleaning out some 30 years of collecting. Son Tom is a junior in Hamden, Conn. High and runs the 2 mile track event. Son Rob is counsel for Timex Corp. in Middlebury, Conn., having moved from Wall St. She loves having him nearby.

Mildred (Middy) Weitch Gieg is back on the Cape in Cotuit after spending the winter in NYC.

Ruth Kellogg Kent was honored this year by Moravian College for work in her community. Although photography continues to be a keen interest with four more prints being published, this time in the Defenders of Wildlife, the real love of her life is the AAUW one-to-one tutoring program of which she has been chairman for the past 10 years—a loving, caring program in which approximately 50 Moravian College students along with a few adults work with 4th, 5th and 6th grade children from disadvantaged homes. Dick and Ruth are off to E. Africa and Zambia this fall.

Margaret (Mogs) Robison Loehr reports her heart is fine as long as she is careful. Her son Bill is married to a nurse. Bill is an R.N. working in hospital facility planning. They hope to live in Colo. Her daughter Marnie and family are in S. Miami; so Mogs has her three grandchildren within a half-hour's drive. Slingy called her on her birthday to say she is tired of retirement already. Mogs planned to visit her sister in Cleveland and then spend a month at her Maggie Valley, N.C. chalet.

Gwendolyn Knight Nevin, a Floridian for 23 years, loves her adopted state. She did go to Pa. for a visit with Charles and **Helen MacAdam Leising** and spent a few days in Conn. with Norris and **Carolyn Kenyon Donlon**. She sees Kenny fairly often as she comes to Ft. Lauderdale winters.

Ruth Brodhead Heintz and Howard have moved to Hong Kong for three years.

Frances O'Keefe Cowden is Deputy Moderator of the Representative Town Meeting in Westport, Conn., the first woman to hold that office.

Mary-Ellen (Polly) Salom Stevens has fun working part time at a cheese and gourmet shop. Two of her three daughters are married. Her youngest is a junior at Duke U. Polly has four grandchildren.

Elizabeth (Betts) Lyon Bagg and Henry have learned that spring comes very late in Vt.—snowstorms twice in the week of May 20th! Laugh it up all you sun-belt people.

Correspondent: Mrs. Henry S. Bagg (Elizabeth Lyon), Box 58, Belmont, Vt. 05730

47 Elizabeth Dutton is still Executive Secretary of the Neurosurgical Service of the Mass. General Hospital. She brings us up-to-date on **Virginia Pond**, Biological Associate at Brookhaven National Laboratory and the chromosome expert in a group of biological scientists who have made significant new findings about DNA.

55 Cynthia Murray Burr since 1974 had been assistant director of management services, corporate development and management services at Conn. General Life Ins. Co. She joined Conn. General in 1955 and after advancing through various supervisory posts in the group insurance operations, she joined the comptroller's dept., where

she was assistant sec. in 1973. She is now the director of corporate development and management services. She and husband Jon have two sons and live in Granby, Conn.

Carol Hilton Reynolds and son Marvin are living in Brussels, Belgium, for the next three years.

Valerie Morrow Rout and Bob left Puerto Rico after 17 years and moved to Lakeville, Conn. Her son Rob has finished his second year at St. Paul's; son Chris his first year at Loomis; and Romanie II is at home. Valerie does a lot of volunteer work and participates actively in the busy sport life of the area.

Marilyn Smith Hall works on the staff of the Committee on Education and Labor, U.S. House of Representatives, where she has been since June 1975. Her daughter Elizabeth has her A.A. degree from Miami-Dade Community College; son David is at the U. of Me. and son Jonathon in elementary school in Arlington, Va.

Maida Alexander Rahn, your correspondent, visited the College with son Eric while college hunting. It was a warm Apr. day, the azaleas were in full bloom and the campus looked just beautiful, bringing back such fond memories.

Correspondent: Mrs. Joel Rahn (Maida Alexander), 70 Severn St., Longmeadow, Mass. 01106

63 Anne Shaw Benditt, Ted and son David 4½ are moving to Palos Verdes, Calif. Ted teaches in the Philosophy Dept. at U. of So. Cal.

Nancy Schoepfer Sanders is in Simsbury, Conn. with John and Karen. She is active in the community and on the board of the C.C. Club. Nancy saw **Sue Hall** and **Jim Veccia** and their two sons the summer of '74 in Chatham.

Elizabeth Osborne Dickson lives in Panama City, Fla. with Charles and sons Chuck and David. She teaches 5th and 6th grade at a nearby day school and is completing her master's degree in reading at the U. of West Fla. Her husband is a systems engineer involved in a new corporation

called AIMS.

Nancy Smith Davis' husband Chuck completes his residency at Stanford soon and they will move to Cincinnati. She will miss Calif. and seeing **Jacqueline (Jackie) Wade Kingsbury** and **Margaret (Maggie) Ackerman Souers** and their families.

Eunice (Chick) Schriener Barnes played Chopin and Debussy for the Bergen County, N.J. C.C. Club in Jan. She has seen **Carol Wilkin Alton** several times in her capacity as pres. of the Bergen County C.C. Club. Chick works part time at Bache Co., and is mother to 6 year old twins Kim and Kathy.

Judith (Jo) O'Donnell Lohmann, husband and son Christopher John are settled in their Alexandria, Va. home. They moved there from Eugene, Ore. where Jo took economics and math courses while Carl studied graduate economics. Jo taught physical fitness classes. Before Ore., Jo and Carl were in Rio where she worked for AID and he was with the U.S. Embassy.

Barbara Thomas DeVries, Richard and their two children are in Wiscasset, Me. where Dick is ship's superintendent on the "Roll on-roll off container ship" at Bath Iron Works. Both are active in church work. Barb is a Head Start teacher, has a Jr. Scout troop and was recently elected to Westport Is. Board of Education.

Marcia Simon Bernstein, Frank and their two children, Brandy and Abby, love NYC. Marcia teaches music one day a week in a nursery school and hopes to run a day nursery in their apartment. Frank is employed in real estate management.

Co-correspondents: Mrs. Per Hellman (Robin Lee), Myrtle Beach Hilton, Arcadian Shores, Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577; Mrs. Jay Newton Torok (Carolyn Boyan), 55 Canterbury Ct., Toledo, Ohio 43606

65 MARRIED: Joanne M. Basso to Philip Funigiello 6/28/75—honeymoon in Italy. BORN: to E. Wyllys and **Pat Antell Andrews**

Ruth Wheeler 1/15/76; to Dana and **Harriet Pinsker Lasher** Todd 10/75 and Heather 4/73; to John and **Ann Brauer Gigounas** George 10/75 and adopted by them Amy 1/75.

Joanne Basso Funigiello lives in Williamsburg, Va. where she is an associate professor teaching Italian at William and Mary College. Her husband Philip, also an associate professor, teaches U.S. history and urban history. They leave for Italy in Jan., as Philip was awarded a Fulbright-Hayes scholarship at the U. of Genoa for next spring. **Pamela (Pam) Choate Shannon**, **Susan White Rulewich** and **Barbara (Bonnie) Beach Meek** attended Joanne's wedding last June.

Ann Brauer Gigounas and John live in Larkspur, Calif., just north of San Francisco. Ann is on maternity leave from Redwood High School til Jan. Ann and John went to Greece 1½ years ago to adopt Amy one week after Ann learned she was pregnant with George. John is a lawyer in San Francisco.

Jeanette Olsen Friedenson and Daniel live in New Haven, where Daniel is in his last year of residency in psychiatry at Yale. Their daughter Kari will be 1 in July. Formerly Jeanette was a librarian at B.U.

Harriet Pinsker Lasher and Dana live in Chester, N.J. where Dana is a systems engineer with IBM.

Jane Sullivan Black and John bought a house in Brooklyn. John is in banking in the city while Jane works at their son Sam's school.

Barrie Myntinen Pribyl and Michael live in Brooklyn. Barrie works at the U.N.; Michael is an architect. Their hobby is remodeling old houses. One of those homes appeared in the May issue of House and Garden Magazine.

I, **Susan (Sue) Peck Repass**, look forward to summer vacation from my R.N. program while working part time for a local nursing registry. I met Peter and **Sybil Pickett Veeder** briefly one evening in San Francisco when they were in town for a convention.

Correspondent: Mrs. Randolph K. Repass (Susan A. Peck), 1028 LaSalle Drive, Sunnyvale, Calif. 94087

NOODLE Continued from page 15

A student might ask a particularly dumb question of a professor, and the professor might tell him, "Go to the Noodle Factory and find out."

And so on.

• • • • •

This noble stone and steel bookmobile is no bland noodle factory to us, of course, to this band of readers—we few, we happy few. (That was what I didn't mean to insult the architect about. By calling it a stone bookmobile.) Because we love books so much, this has to be one of the most buxom, hilarious days of our lives.

Are we foolish to be so elated by books in an age of movies and television? NOT IN THE LEAST. For our ability to read, when combined with libraries like this one, makes us the freest of women and men—and children.

(That is such a *strange* word on a printed page, incidentally: "freest". That's spelled "f-r-e-e-s-t". Freest men, freest women, freest children. I'm glad I'm not a foreigner.)

Anyway—because we are readers, we don't have to wait for some communications executive to decide what we should think about next—and how we should think about it. We can fill our heads with anything from aardvarks to zucchinis—at any time of night or day.

Even more magically, perhaps, we readers and writers can communicate with each other across space and time so *cheaply*. Ink and paper are as cheap as sand and water, almost. No board of directors has to convene in order to decide whether we can afford to write down this or that. I myself once staged the end of the world on two pieces of paper—at a cost of less than a penny, including wear and tear on my typewriter ribbon and the seat of my pants.

Think of that.

Compare that with the budgets of Cecile B. DeMille.

• • • • •

Film is simply one more prosthetic device for human beings who are incomplete in some way. We live not only in the Age of Film, but in the Age of False Teeth and Glass Eyes and Toupees and Silicone Breasts—and on and on and on.

Film is a perfect prescription for people who will not or cannot read, and have no imagination. Since they have no imaginations, those people can now be shown actors and scenery instead—with appropriate music and everything.

But, again, film is a hideously expensive way to tell anybody anything—and I include television and all that. What is more: Healthy people exposed to too many actors and too much scenery may wake up some morning to find their imaginations *dead*.

67 BORN: to Peter and Lillian Balboni Prestley Elizabeth 3/12/76; to Bill and Sandra Stevens West Andrew Stevens 7/31/75.

Deborah Greenstein, a program analyst with the Dept. of Housing and Urban Development, was selected after a department-wide competition, for a year of graduate study in urban planning and research at Harvard in '75. The award, which pays all expenses, is made to career employees who demonstrate their potential for greater policy-making, management and executive responsibilities. Debby, who has been with HUD since '69, has her M.A. in public administration from U. of Mich. and a certificate of Specialist in Aging from the Inst. of Gerontology at Mich.

Diane Finiello-Zervas, Ph.D., is an assistant prof. at Mt. Holyoke.

Valerie Smith Ayers was drawn by the beautiful northern N.Y. countryside to live in Ellenburg six years ago. Husband Gus works at the Essex County Sheltered Workshop in Mineville. She tutors part time at the local elementary school and takes care of their small son.

Sandra Stevens West and Bill have been working on their house in Shaker Heights, Ohio. Bill practices law and Sandie is active in the church on the Board of Deacons, handles emergency calls for the Language Bank of Cleveland, and volunteers for the Jr. League. She has taken evening courses and a career development seminar. They see Scott and Elizabeth (Betsy) Ellison Gove and their children Tim and Brian whenever they go to Md.

Lillian Balboni Prestley was very active in the Jr. League last year but has curtailed those activities since the arrival of Elizabeth. Son Peter is 2½. Husband Peter left private practice to work in the legal dept. of Travelers Ins. Co. where he specializes in taxation, and goes to graduate school in NYC one night a week.

Janice Robinson is an account executive with a small ad agency in NYC, having left a similar job with a larger agency and the Sears Roebuck account responsibility last year. She found the pace too hectic and is very happy with her new job.

Carol Friedman Marchick and I, Wendy Thomp-

son Britton, had a visit in her new home in Palo Alto this spring. We discussed with anticipation our class reunion next year and hope everyone will make an effort to come. Plan on it now!

Correspondent: Mrs. Michael Britton (Wendy Thompson), 25 Hilltop Rd., Weston, Mass. 02193

69 MARRIED: Leslie Nelson to Ron Roach 5/18/74; Maria Varela to Juan Berchesi 1/74; Helen Harasimowicz to Vincent W. Walters Jr. 5/72.

BORN: to Daniel and Harriet Tatman Gaynor Megan 10/27/75; to William and Heather Morrison Bogaty Nicholas Carlton 12/31/73; to Charles and Nancy Payne Alexander Abigail Payne 7/12/75; to Roger and Elizabeth Blackford Refshauge Andrew Blackford 1/10/75; to Thomas and Irene (Rene) Kolanko Shedlosky Tara Jane 6/6/75; to Peter and Sheila Ryan Wilkinson Matthew Hayes 3/21/76; to Richard and Athena Demos Economou Alexa Euphrosine 7/14/75.

Penelope Goslin has been appearing in the Nat'l Co. production of *Equus*. Her professional name is Penelope Willis.

Harriet Tatman Gaynor and Daniel own and manage a rooming house in New London. Harriet finds motherhood quite a change after four years in the Finance Dept. of the New London City Hall. Daniel teaches 8th grade social studies at New London Jr. High.

Jane Weiskopf Reisman's husband Richard, an oral surgeon, opened his own practice.

Anne Hutchinson Myers completed her M.S. in oceanography 3/75. She first worked with the Calif. Fish and Game and now works for the U.S. Geological Survey doing chemical and biological studies of San Francisco Bay. Roger is completing a scientific illustrations study at San Jose State. They ride, garden and paint in their spare time.

Sallie Williams does free lance acting in addition to her work for the past five years with Pyramus and Thisbe Children's Theatre, a group dedicated to original and improvised material. The group has done two local TV specials and is now touring

elementary schools with a bicentennial show. Sallie also continues studies in modern dance and works part time as an artist's model at Calif. College of Arts & Crafts.

Maria Varela Berchesi married a fellow Uruguayan and went home for a while. She and Juan are in Calif. now where Juan is working on his Ph.D. in political science and Maria is doing some language teaching and writing her dissertation.

John and Linda Abel Fosseen spent six weeks in Brussels with side trips to London, Paris and Holland and found it exciting despite the weather.

Elizabeth Blackford Refshauge teaches math part time and cares for son Andrew. Roger works in the tax assessors office.

Alice Reid Abbott is in charge of personnel at Nat'l Fire Protection Ass'n. Husband Phil will soon get his Ph.D. in economics.

Jan Macdonald Montgomery's husband John, an attorney, is now working at the central office of the V.A. in Washington, D.C.

Helen Harasimowicz Walters received her MBA from Wharton 5/72 and is currently a securities analyst at Girard Bank in Phila. specializing in machinery and chemical company equities.

Ellen Robinson Epstein, in addition to caring for two children, runs her own business, The Center For Oral History, which records on tape the remembrances of members of a family, organization or business.

Jeanne Brooks-Gunn received her M.A. from Harvard '70 and a Ph.D. from U. of Penn. '75, both in the field of human learning and development. She is a research psychologist at Educational Testing Service in Princeton and an ass't prof. in Women's Studies at the U. of Penn. Her work involves development in infancy and adolescence.

Nancy Payne Alexander and Charles plan to move to Me. where Charles will practice medicine.

Nina Berman Schafer received her M.S. in philosophy from Bryn Mawr 5/76 and is teaching art history at a public alternative high school in Penn.

Mary Ann Phillips Muirhead received her J.D.

Reading exercises the imagination—tempts it to go from strength to strength.

So much for that.

It would surely be shapely on an occasion like this if something holy were said. Unfortunately, the speaker you have hired is a Unitarian. I know almost nothing about holy things.

The language seems holy to me, which shows how little I know about holiness, I suppose.

Literature seems holy to me, which again shows how little I know about holiness. I suppose.

Our freedom to say or write whatever we please in this country is thunderingly holy to me. It is a rare privilege not only on this planet, but throughout the Universe, I suspect. And it is not something somebody gave us. It is a thing we give to ourselves.

Meditation is holy to me, including the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's type of meditation, for I believe that all the secrets of existence and non-existence are somewhere in our heads—or in other people's heads.

I believe that reading and writing are the most nourishing forms of meditation anyone has so far found.

By reading the writings of some of the most inter-

esting minds in history, we meditate not only with our own poor minds, but with those *interesting* minds, too.

This to me is a miracle.

Yes—and when I speak of interesting minds, I am not limiting my admiration to belletrists—a word I never spoke before in my life—to poets and story tellers and elegant essayists and the like. We should be equally in love with astronomers and physicists and mathematicians and chemists and engineers and physicians, yes, and carpenters and plumbers and masons too, and cooks and bakers and mechanics and musicians—people telling, sometimes clumsily, sometimes not, what they have perceived as the truths of their trades.

On occasion, even children have written constructively. Anne Frank was a child.

So much for that.

I earlier made a jocular suggestion as to what words might be emblazoned on this facade. I now make a serious nomination—of a motto which should be displayed on walls throughout the interior. It is the motto of meditators everywhere.

This is it: "Quiet, please."

Thus ends my speech in New London today.

I thank you for your attention.

from DePaul U. and will take her bar exam in Ohio. Scott is an administrator with Developmental Services at Oberlin College.

Kimberly (Kim) Warner O'Malley keeps busy with two boys and remodeling a farm cottage. Husband Jim manufactures clothes for horses.

Leslie Melson Roach's husband Ron is a Navy Lt. Commander and TWA pilot. Lee is the military personnel officer for the Naval Air Station in San Diego.

Correspondent: Mrs. Gerald Pietsch (Janet Bouchard), 14 Longview Dr., Westport, Mass. 02790

72 MARRIED: **Barbara Fleming** to Eric B. Anderson 6/26/76; **Ellen Forsberg** to John S. Boynton 9/75; **Dorothy Hatch** to David Seiter 10/11/75; **Nancy Kaull** to Stephen R. Prime 5/15/76; **Patricia Kreger** to Larry Cohan 11/75. 9/28/75.

Kathryn (Kathy) Jacobs Housiaux teaches a multi-age 3rd-4th grade in Grafton, Wis.

Wendy Chintz Weiss works for a flying company near Washington, D.C. Husband Ronnie is a student at U. of Md.

Janice Gieparda received a master's degree in psychiatric nursing from Yale on May 17, '76. She is working as a nurse clinician assisting in the opening of a new psychiatric unit in a Bridgeport, Conn., hospital.

Beverly Hardy Pennino was recently placed on tenure by the Melrose school system. She has been team-teaching upper elementary for the past two years.

Ellen Forsberg Boynton and husband John live in Bedford, N.Y. Ellen is a foreign reinsurance underwriter at Continental Ins. Co. in NYC.

Dorothy Hatch Seiter shifted her work to Landmark North, the second campus of The Landmark School for students with learning disabilities (located in Prides Crossing, Mass.). She is director of language arts education and closely tutors one child. Husband Dave also works at Landmark.

Barbara Hoffman Keiser and husband Bob live at Penn. State U. where Bob is employed and finishing his master's. Barb is working on her master's of education.

Nancy McNamara lives in Boston and dances in the Mandala Dance Ensemble. In her spare time she works at Harvard Medical School.

Laura Isenberg is completing her master's in geriatric social work. Laura also teaches folk dance.

Julia Harrison works as an obstetrical nurse in Lake Forest, Ill. and plans to attend midwifery school in the fall.

Pamela Gardner is the director of bilingual education of a federally-funded four school district consortium in N.J. The public relations aspects of her job have led her into extensive work with the broadcast media. She hosted a 30-minute TV show about bilingual education which was conducted in both English and Spanish. Pam co-authored the article, "How to find your community and keep it" in the Oct. '75 issue of Community Educational Journal. She will complete her M.A. in communications and public relations in summer '76.

Patricia Kreger Cohan is a television producer at the CBS Affiliate in Boston. Husband Larry is an intern at Mass. General Hospital.

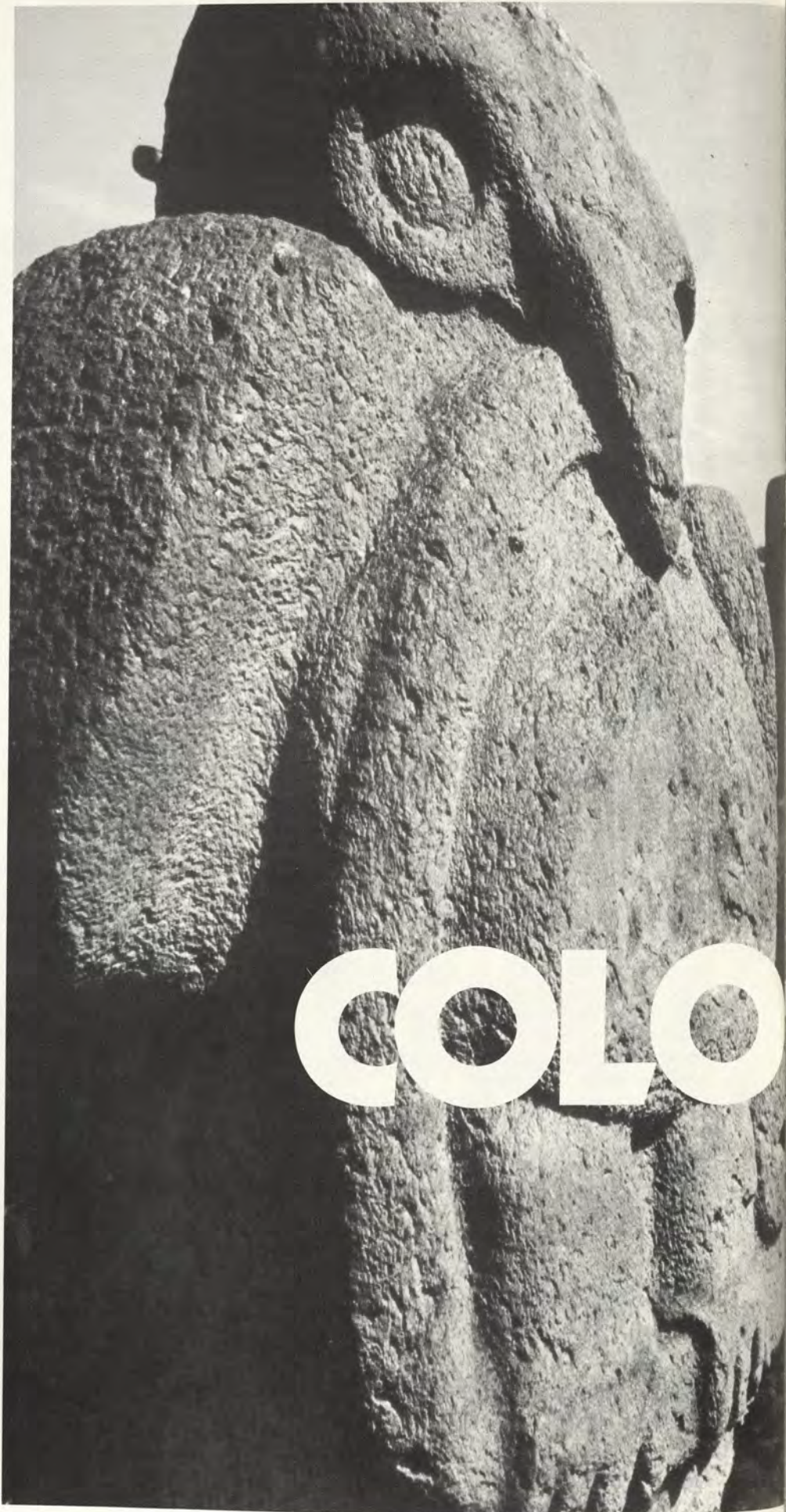
Nancy Kaull Prime is an administrative assistant at Offshore Yacht Service in Essex, Conn. Husband Stephen is sales manager at North Sails East in Stratford.

Barbara Gerry lives in Calif. and drives a school bus. She spent a year in South France and plans grad school in the fall.

Rhona Hurwitz teaches 2nd and 3rd grades in Cambridge, Mass., and is writing a book for children.

Apologies to those others who sent notes not above noted. Some people forgot to sign their names to the postcards!

Co-Correspondents: Mrs. Bradford L. Reed (Lynn Black), Moody Cottage, Northfield Mt. Hermon Sch., Northfield, Mass. 01360 (A-K); Barbara Jane Shattuck (Barbara Zaccheo), 300 East 51st St., Apt. 11D, New York, N.Y. 10022 (L-Z).



Fifth annual seminar-tour February 3-27, 1977

Is it for real? Well you might ask when you look upon the breathtaking spectacle of Machu Picchu.

We carved them? No one can tell you, but the monoliths at St. Augustin rank as one of the great wonders of the western hemisphere.

Can it be another world? Yes, for the Amazon experience is a million miles from yesterday.

Machu Picchu, St. Augustin, the Amazon—highlights of this trip, which ends with four days at historical Cartagena on the Caribbean. As though these were not enough, this year's tour includes Dr. Richard Goodwin, professor emeritus of botany and former chairman of the department, who will be sharing his knowledge with us. Further details and complete itinerary are available upon request to the alumni office.

- Feb. 3 Lv. JFK Airport 1:00 p.m.
Ar. Bogota, Colombia 7:10 p.m.
- Feb. 4 Fly to Pitalito. Bus to St. Augustin.
- Feb. 5 Day in St. Augustin.
- Feb. 6 Day in St. Augustin. Return to Bogota.
- Feb. 7 Visit the fabulous salt cathedral in Zipaquira.
- Feb. 8 Morning city tour.
Afternoon free.
- Feb. 9 Fly to Leticia, Ticuna Lodge.
Amazon River.
- Feb. 10 Explore surrounding area. Visit Ticuna Indians.
- Feb. 11 Transfer upriver to Monkey Island Lodge. Day in jungle.
- Feb. 12 Cruise downriver to Leticia. Afternoon flight to Bogota.

COLOMBIA & PERU

COST, \$1,995 for alumni, their families and friends.
A deposit of \$500 will secure your space. Checks payable to C. C. Alumni Association, Box 1624, Conn. College, New London, Conn. 06320

Name _____

Address _____ Zip _____

Please reserve _____ spaces

Number of guest(s) _____

- Feb. 13 Fly to Lima.
- Feb. 14 Afternoon city tour.
- Feb. 15 Visit ruins of Pachacamac, largest city on the coast when the Spaniards arrived.
- Feb. 16 Free day in Lima.
- Feb. 17 Fly to Cuzco, Marriot Hotel.
- Feb. 18 Machu Picchu by alpine train and bus.
- Feb. 19 Return to Cuzco.
- Feb. 20 To Pisco for Sunday market.
Return to Cuzco.
- Feb. 21 Fly to Cartagena via Lima.
- Feb. 22-26 Sightseeing, swimming, relaxing, etc. at Cartagena.
- Feb. 27 Flight to New York via Barranquilla.

Allen Corbett