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J. D. SALINGER'S THE CATCHER IN THE RYE

A Modern Fairy Tale 2

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Old editions of J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* show Holden Caulfield wearing a shapeless tweed overcoat, red hunting cap and holding a suitcase emblazoned with a Pencey Prep pennant. Behind Holden is a garish scene suggesting the burlesque girls, bright lights and skyscrapers of Manhattan. Today's unadorned paperback is curiously ascetic in comparison. But its barn-red cover and yellow lettering are as familiar to many young and not-so-young people as the golden arches of McDonald's. The book has had a vast, often reverent following since it appeared in 1951. It has sold close to ten million copies and is likely to become the best-selling novel in American history. Bumbling, crew-cut sixteen-year-old Holden Caulfield has managed to appeal to the "silent," the activist and the jogging generations. Clearly, something about this book affects us at a profound level. Like the fairy tales of childhood, the story is filled with danger, monsters, temptation, goodness and redemption and seems to possess the power of enchantment. In fact, *The Catcher in the Rye* could indeed be the title of a fairy tale.

The novel's many detractors condemn Holden's immature refusal to deal with reality. His quixotic gestures and sentimental attachments—to the ducks in Central Park, for example—are often dismissed as adolescent narcissism. But Holden's character is entirely in keeping with the juvenile heroes in fairy tales. In *The Uses of Enchantment*, psychoanalyst Bruno Bettelheim explains the story of Simpleton, a young boy thought to be stupid and immature compared to his brothers. At first, Simpleton seems "incapable of mastering life," but later he is "able to call for help on his inner resources, represented by helpful animals." The ducks, of course, do not literally rescue Holden. But his image of the ducks and his other symbolic attachments are what sustain him during his New York odyssey. Like all fairy tales, *The Catcher in the Rye* ends hopefully. Holden's hospitalization, as one contributor to this magazine points out, is an anti-climax; it is a device which allows Holden to tell his story retrospectively.
Other critics, however, believe that Holden is incapable of dealing with the adult world, and thus lands emphatically in a California sanitarium. Such a dreary picture of failure and punishment hardly seems likely to galvanize the imagination of the American public.

According to Bettelheim, fairy tales are indispensable in our culture and literature because they offer deeper meaning to the child who is still developing his power of rationality. By dealing symbolically with a child's existential questions, fairy tales enable him to reason and give him the will to cope. If The Catcher in the Rye is a fairy tale of sorts, perhaps the clue to Holden's compelling yet enigmatic personality lies in the symbols he insists have meaning.

Holden's allegiance to his dead brother Allie, his seemingly absurd concern over the destiny of Central Park's ducks, his spontaneous and bizarre theatricality and his inarticulate devotion to his sister Phoebe are routinely interpreted as signs of an impending breakdown. Holden's English teacher, Mr. Antolini, summarizes much of the adult world's condemnation and skepticism over Holden's behavior in his sermon on the size and proper dress of young minds. Adults repeatedly beseech Holden to abandon the melancholy drift of his thoughts, to buckle down and apply himself to his schooling. He is urged to consider the meager prospects of his future should he continue to ignore the advice of reasonable, concerned men like Antolini and Spencer, his history teacher. But Holden is obsessed with questions about his past. Before he can tackle Mr. Spencer's Egyptian history, he wants to know why we preserve things from the past. He finds little reasonableness in the answers he receives. His headmaster and his history teacher tell him life is a game one must play according to the rules. Holden rejects this advice. His reasoning is mature, realistic and fair. Life is a game only for hot-shots, for people of privilege. "But if you get on the other side, where there aren't any hot-shots, then what's a game about it?" Holden asks. "Nothing. No game." Antolini promises that knowledge and erudition are games Holden could
win. But Holden instinctively believes
that life is more than a game, more than
a test that knowledge prepares you for.
Life must have a deeper meaning. Ex-
plaining his failure in oral composition
class, he says there are some things "you
can't hardly ever simply and unify." There
are certain profound questions—
about Allie's death and the death of
James Castle, about Holden's love for his
sister Phoebe and his friend Jane Gal-
lagher—which cannot be reduced to
games. Holden's course of action is a
reasonable and wise one. He concocts
symbols to deal with these existential
questions, just as a child might use fairy
tales. As Bettelheim points out, "The
fairy tale is the primer from which the
child learns to read his mind in the lan-
guage of images."

In a world filled with frauds and
phonies, Holden develops images of
the people he cherishes, people who are
endowed with intelligence, sincerity and
love. His brother Allie, the most intelli-
gent and nicest member of the family,
had died of leukemia, and Holden stead-
fastly preserves the baseball mitt Allie
decorated with poems. He adores Jane
gallagher, who is "terrible to hold hands
with." He wants to behave chivalrously
with Jane, and is outraged that his wolf-
ish roommate may have snowed and
taken advantage of her. Holden always
thinks of Jane as a girl who chastely
keeps her kings in the back row at check-
ers. Holden's love for Phoebe is crystal-
ized into a picture of Phoebe. In the
book's most enchanting and emotional
scene, he takes his sister to the carousel
in Central Park (see cover). Watching
her, he feels truly happy because she
looked so damn nice, the way she kept
going around and around, in her blue
coat and all."

The visions of Allie's mitt, Jane's
checker game, Phoebe in her blue coat
on the carousel and even the ducks in the
park are Holden's attempts to preserve
everything he believes is good. The
source of our enchantment with Holden
is, in fact, this very ability to invest the
commonplace with a sense of meaning.
His idiosyncratic loyalties are not ex-
pressions of childish insecurities or the
hallmark of neurotic behavior. He is re-
belling, not only against phoniness and
insincerity, but against skepticism.
"People never think anything is anything
really," he tells Phoebe. "I'm getting
goddam sick of it." It does make Holden
sick that people do not appreciate the
smile of a nun, Phoebe in her blue coat,
or the imperilled ducks. For Holden, if
that enigmatic anything is meaningless,
there is no reason to cope. He loses heart,
loses faith in his own capacities and loses
the will to reason and cope because his
education is based on a skeptical notion
that life is only a game—a notion which
the phonies around him heartily endorse.

Mr. Antolini delivers the longest lecture
on the perquisites available to educated
people. Like the children in Hansel and
Gretel who come upon the gingerbread
house, Holden arrives tired, hungry and
despondent at Antolini's plush apart-
ment. An academic education, Antolini
tells his perplexed guest, will teach
Holden "what kind of thoughts your par-
ticular size mind should be wearing."
A proper education will bring Holden
closer to "the kind of information that
will be very, very dear to your heart,"
Antolini says. Like the witch who offers
food and fresh beds to Hansel and Gretel,
Antolini gives Holden coffee, cake and a
bed on the sofa. Holden falls asleep but
waives, like the children in Grimm's story,
in terror—Antolini is fondling him. Holden
loses his appetite for the entertainment
school offers, leaves the apartment and
decides to hitchhike out West.

Hansel and Gretel eventually find their
way home, stronger and capable of help-
ing others, and our hero does, too. He
tells Phoebe of his intention to run away,
and she insists on leaving school and
going with him. Holden loves her and
sees that she loves him. Out of concern
for her interests, he abandons his plan.
Instead of resorting to a shallow,
descending argument to persuade Phoebe
to stay in school, he takes her to the
carousel in Central Park. A more com-
plex thinker and dedicated teacher than
Antolini, Holden is capable of speaking
in symbols. There is a lesson at the
carousel for Phoebe, who realizes she
must stay, and for Holden as well. Watch-
ing the children reach for the carousel's
gold ring, he discovers that "the thing
with kids is, if they want to grab for the
gold ring, you have to let them do it, and
not say anything." He sees that he can-
ot be a "catcher in the rye" who pro-
tects children from falling off a cliff.
Holden and Phoebe, like Hansel and
Gretel, are able to rescue each other. The
idea of two siblings uniting to rescue each
other—a common theme in fairy tales, ac-
cording to Bettelheim—could be a signifi-
cant reason for the novel's popularity.

Holden had known that the meaning
he longed for was the meaning implicit
in Allie's mitt, in Jane's row of kings and
in the unexplained life of ducks. The
Catcher in the Rye is a subtle celebration
of the meaning of life that lies hidden in
the riddle of childhood longings. The
book fascinates us because it grants us
access to the hopefulness which resides
in fairyland while (very much like fairy
tales) warning us of the dangers in the
real world.

Looking at this immensely popular
story is a way of looking at ourselves. A
sixteen-year-old who has flunked out of
three prep schools is the hero of our
most popular—and some think our finest—
post-war novel. That should be enough
to make anyone involved in rearing or
educating children stop to think. Or, as
one writer in this issue puts it, Holden's
critique of American society is pointed
enough to make any member of the es-

dablishment nervous. In the following
pages, members of the English and Child
Development departments scrutinize the
book and conclude, for quite different
reasons, that it is a realistic picture of
adolescence. An alumna who is head-
mistress of a private school compares
Holden to her present students and finds,
to her surprise, that in many ways she
prefers Holden. There is also a letter to
Holden from Sally Hayes, "the queen of
the phonies," written by a student. Final-
ly, in trekking around New York three
decades after Holden did, an alumna is
able to tell us where the ducks in Central
Park do go in the winter.
The prominence of J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* in book supplements and news columns is significant evidence that the novel is not merely a trade book but has become a college and high school text as well. The "little magazines" and scholarly journals have supplied further evidence: essays written by instructors who have been teaching the novel to their classes. If it is possible to guess a pedagogical viewpoint from a critical article, then it seems likely that the school superintendents, parents and PTAs who want to censor the book may sometimes be doing the right thing for the wrong reason. Perhaps the teachers ought to be banned and not the book. Most of the criticism on *The Catcher in the Rye* suggests, openly or covertly, an interpretation of the book which reflects a romantic view of life. I think such an interpretation represents a wholly unfair view of a novel which is in fact realistic, sensible, moral and very hard-headed.

To talk about morality in connection with a modern novel is unfashionable, just as unfashionable as William Dean Howells' efforts to talk about realism in the novel in the 1880s and 1890s. Howells was deeply concerned with the effects of "novel-reading" on young people, especially on the protected young ladies of his era. From the romantic novels of his time Howells felt that a young lady might come to believe that love, or the passion or fancy she mistook for it, was the chief interest of a life, which is really concerned with a great many other things; that it was lasting in the way she knew it; that it was worthy of every sacrifice, and was altogether a finer thing than prudence, obedience, reason; that love alone was glorious and beautiful.

It is melancholy to reflect, seventy years after Howells' warnings, that perhaps our concern ought to be directed to the effects of a romantic misreading of a contemporary novel on the moral attitudes of young men.

Howells defined realism in the novel as "nothing more and nothing less than the truthful treatment of material," and he defined morality in the same terms. What he asked of a novel was:

*Is it true?—true to the motives, the impulses, the principles that shape the life of actual men and women? This truth, which necessarily includes the highest morality and the highest artistry—this truth given, the book cannot be wicked and cannot be weak.*

Peter J. Seng is Professor of English at Connecticut College. His article originally appeared in *College English* magazine in August 1961, ten years after *The Catcher in the Rye* was published.
"If Holden Caulfield is being held up to students as the ideal youth, as a Galahad who carries his pure white banner undefiled through a world of sordid adults... then The Catcher in the Rye becomes an immoral novel."

Judged by this criterion The Catcher in the Rye is certainly not an immoral book. On the contrary, its great appeal for young people lies in its valid, "realistic" representation of the adolescent world. Some parents and teachers may object to Holden's thoughts, language and activities as immoral; but I doubt that adolescents are as innocent of these things as those parents and teachers suppose. The adults would do better to mount their moral attack against the interpretation that it may be given (or allowed) in the classroom. If that interpretation is not a "truthful treatment of material"—that is, a truthful treatment of the realities of life—then adults ought to be exercised far more than they are. If Holden Caulfield is being held up to students as the ideal youth, as a Galahad who carries his pure white banner undefiled through a world of sordid adults, only to fall at the novel's end as a pathetic victim of their machinations against him, then The Catcher in the Rye becomes an immoral novel—precisely in Howells' terms. Howells' objection to romantic novels in the 19th century was not an objection to wicked passages in them. His objections were grounded on the fact that those novels were "idle lies about human nature and the social fabric, which it behooves us to know and to understand, that we may deal justly with ourselves and with one another."

The moral issue here is not negligible. If 1.5 million copies of Salinger's book have been sold between 1951 and 1961, then The Catcher in the Rye is more solidly entrenched in a number of schools than the classics are. I have no objection to the entrenchment; it could be a good thing. But there is reason for fear about what goes on in the trenches. Therefore I would like to suggest an interpretation of the novel which is realistic in Howells' terms.
The plot concerns the three-day odyssey of Holden Caulfield after he has been expelled from Pencey Prep for bad grades and general irresponsibility. At the beginning of the story Holden is in a sanitarium in California recovering from a mental breakdown. He says he is not going to tell his life-story, but just the story of “this madman stuff that happened to me around last Christmas just before I got pretty run-down and had to come out here and take it easy.” In the final chapter he speculates about what he is going to do when he is released and reflects on “all this stuff I just finished telling you about... If you want to know the truth, I don’t know what I think about it.” Between these important limits the story proper is contained. It reads like an edited psycho-analysis, an illusion which is sustained by the rambling first-person narrative.

Sensitive and perceptive as Holden is, he is still an adolescent and so an immature judge of adult life. Like many young people, Holden is intolerant of sickness and the debility of old age. Recalling his visit to “old Spencer” he says, there were pills and medicine all over the place, and everything smelled like Vicks Nose Drops. It was pretty depressing. I’m not too crazy about sick people, anyway. What made it even more depressing, old Spencer had on this very sad, ratty old bathrobe that he was probably born in or something. I don’t much like to see old guys in their pajamas and bathrobes anyway.

Nor can he bear the old history teacher’s garrulity and physical habits. Although Holden is quick to pass severe judgments on others, he is not so quick to see the faults in himself. Some of the picayune traits he hates Ackley for in chapter three are traits he reveals in himself in chapter four when he talks to Stradlater. It might be said that Holden’s chief fault is his failure “to connect” (to use Forster’s phrase); he hates lies, phoniness, pretense, yet these are often his own sins.

He is enraged to think that Stradlater may have “made time” with Jane Gallagher, partly because he regards Jane as his own property, and partly because he suspects Stradlater is a heel. Yet there are further implications that he most deeply resents Stradlater’s apparent self-possession in an area where he himself is ill-at-ease. Stradlater may have “made time” with Jane (though the reader tends to see his testimony as an adolescent’s boast); but the moment Holden arrives in New York he attempts to “make time” first with a burlesque stripper and then with a hotel call-girl. There is a difference in the objects of each boy’s affections, but the difference is not so great as Holden, not “connecting,” might think. His failure in both attempts is probably adequately explained by his confession:

Sex is something I really don’t understand too hot. You never know where the hell you are. I keep making up these sex rules for myself, and then I break them right away. Last year I made a rule that I was going to quit horsing around with girls that, deep down, gave me a pain in the ass. I broke it, though, the same week I made it... Sex is something I just don’t understand.

While Holden responds to the common chord to which all fleshly creatures vibrate, he is nonetheless contemptuous of its varied—and sometimes perverse—manifestations in others.

What disturbs Holden about the world in which he finds himself is adults and adult values. He sees that the world belongs to adults, and it seems to him that they have filled it with phoniness, pretense, social compromise. He would prefer a world that is honest, sincere, simple. He is looking, as critic Ihab Hassan has noted, for the “simple truth.” Such a quest is doomed from the start: there are no simple truths. In a complex modern society truth, too, is complex, and a certain amount of social compromise is necessary.

This kind of civilizing compromise Holden is unwilling to make. The world he wants is a world of children or children-surrogates like the nuns. He would people it with little girls whose skates need tightening, little girls like his adored sister Phoebe; with little boys like the ones at the Museum of Natural History, filled with exquisite terror at the prospect of seeing the mummies. It would include small boys with poems on their baseball gloves like his brother Allie who died some years ago from leukemia and so has been arrested in permanent youth by death. The chief citizens of Holden’s world would be the little boys who walk along the curbstone and sing, "If a body catch a body coming through the rye."

Holden’s chief fantasy is built on this memory: he sees him-
"His mental breakdown is a direct result of his inability to come to terms with adult reality."

self as the "catcher in the rye," the only adult in a world of children:

I keep picturing all these little kids playing some game in the big field of rye and all. Thousands of little kids, and nobody's around—nobody big, I mean—except me. And I'm standing on the edge of some crazy cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff—I mean if they're running and they don't look where they're going I have to come out from somewhere and catch them. That's all I'd do all day. I'd be the catcher in the rye and all.

Holden has other fantasies as well, and these are less healthy. He imagines himself living all alone in a cabin in the far West pretending to be a deaf-mute. If anyone wanted to communicate with him, that person would have to write him a note (a prescription that would also include his wife who would be deaf and dumb, too). "They'd get bored as hell doing that after a while, and then I'd be through having conversations for the rest of my life." Both the "catcher" and the "deaf-mute" fantasies are rooted in a single desire: a wish to escape from an adult world with which Holden feels he cannot cope.

His mental breakdown is a direct result of his inability to come to terms with adult reality. Consequently, he invents other fantasies, tinged with paranoia, in which he sees himself as a martyr-victim. In front of Ackley he play-acts at going blind: "'Mother darling, give me your hand. Why won't you give me your hand?'" Roughed up by a pimp-bellhop, he imagines he has been shot, and fancies himself walking down the hotel stairs bleeding to death. In a third fantasy he imagines his own death and funeral in great detail. Finally, in his recollections of previous events he seems to identify with a schoolmate, James Castle, who jumped from a high window rather than submit to the brutality of prep school bullies.

The crucial chapter in The Catcher in the Rye seems to me to be the one in which Holden calls on his former English teacher, Mr. Antolini. For all his own weaknesses, Antolini sees to the heart of the matter and gives saving advice to Holden; the advice is rejected because Holden measures it against impossibly absolute standards. If this view of the novel is correct then Holden's interview with Antolini is also the high point of irony: the offer of salvation comes from a teacher whom Holden enormously admires, but the counsel is nullified when Holden discovers that Antolini, like all adults, has feet of clay. From the moment the boy leaves Antolini's apartment his mental breakdown commences. This sequence of events seems to be Salinger's intention.

If the Antolini episode is crucial, as I think it is, it deserves examination in some detail. The relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Antolini is immediately clear to the reader, if not to Holden. Mrs. Antolini is older than her husband and rich. They have an elegant apartment on Sutton Place, belong to the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, and are ostentatiously affectionate in public. Yet in Holden's uncomprehending phrase, they are "never in the same room at the same time."

Holden's attachment to this teacher is in sharp contrast to his antipathy for "old Spencer" at the beginning of the novel. There is ease and rapport between the older man and the younger one. As Mrs. Antolini retires for the night to leave "the boys" alone, her husband has a stiff highball, obviously not his first. As he drinks he gives advice to Holden, all to the point:
I have a feeling that you're riding for some kind of a terrible, terrible fall. But I don't honestly know what kind . . . It may be the kind where, at the age of thirty, you sit in some bar hating everybody who comes in looking as if he might have played football in college. Then again, you may pick up just enough education to hate people who say, 'It's a secret between he and I.' Or you may end up in some business office, throwing paper clips at the nearest stenographer.

What Antolini predicts for the future already, in part, exists in the present. After another drink he goes on:

This fall I think you're riding for—it's a special kind of fall, a horrible kind. The man falling isn't permitted to feel or hear himself hit bottom. He just keeps falling and falling. The whole arrangement's designed for men who, at some time or other in their lives, were looking for something their own environment couldn't supply them with . . . So they gave up looking. They gave it up before they ever really got started.

Antolini writes out for Holden an epigram from the works of psychoanalyst Wilhelm Stekel: "The mark of the immature man is that he wants to die nobly for a cause, while the mark of the mature man is that he wants to live humbly for one." This epigram is a penetrating insight into the personality of an adolescent who continually views himself as a martyr or savior, but never sees himself as modestly attempting to cope with a humdrum and very imperfect world. What Antolini is saying is, "You are not alone; we have all been through this." You are not the first one, he tells Holden,

who was ever confused and frightened and even sickened by human behavior. You're by no means alone on that score, you'll be excited and stimulated to know. Many, many men have been just as troubled morally and spiritually as you are right now. Happily, some of them kept records of their troubles. You'll learn from them—if you want to.

He makes up a bed for the boy on the couch and then retires to the kitchen, presumably for another drink. Holden lies awake for a few seconds, thinking over what Antolini had told him, but then falls asleep. His sleep is symbolic as well as literal. Suddenly waking, Holden finds Antolini sitting on the floor next to his couch-bed patting him on the head. Panicked by what he regards as something "perverty," he flees from the apartment.

The irony built into this denouement is clear: the saving advice that Antolini has given Holden has been rendered useless because the idol who gave it has fallen. Antolini is a shabby adult like all the others.

It is worth noting that Salinger takes pains to keep the end of the Antolini episode ambiguous. While there can be little doubt in a reader's mind about Antolini's propensities, his gesture toward Holden is considerably short of explicit. Salinger raises this very doubt in Holden's mind: "I wondered if just maybe I was wrong about thinking he was making a fitty pass at me. I wondered if maybe he just liked to pat guys on the head when they're asleep. I mean how can you tell about that stuff for sure? You can't."

Whatever doubts he may have about Antolini's motives, there can be no doubts about the meaning of his own feelings as he walks up Fifth Avenue the next day: "Every time I came to the end of a block and stepped off the goddam curb, I had this feeling that I'd never get to the other side of the street. I thought I'd just go down, down, and nobody'd ever see me again." This, of course, is the beginning of the fall which Antolini had predicted.

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"The mark of the immature man is that he wants to die nobly for a cause, while the mark of a mature man is that he wants to live humbly for one."

S

o much for the edited psychoanalysis of Holden Caulfield. It seems to me that if The Catcher in the Rye is viewed along the lines suggested above it is a moral novel in the fullest sense of that word. According to this interpretation, Holden is not a mere victim of modern society, but is in some sense a tragic figure. His temporary mental defeat is brought about by a flaw in his own character: a naive refusal to come to terms with the world in which he lives. To regard him, on the other hand, as a pure young man who is martyred in his struggle against a sordid world of adult phoniness, is to strip him of any real dignity. Such an interpretation makes the novel guilty of idle romanticism. Howells would have called it immoral romanticism because he would have seen it as filled with "idle lies about human nature and the social fabric," areas where we must know the truth if we are to deal "justly with ourselves and with one another."

To my mind one of the most penetrating reviews of The Catcher in the Rye appeared in The Nation in September 1951, when the book first came out:

It reflects something not at all rich and strange but what every sensitive sixteen-year-old since Rousseau has felt, and of course what each one of us is certain he has felt . . . The Catcher in the Rye [is] a case history of all of us.

The reviewer was Dr. Ernest Jones, and for the sickness he diagnosed he also prescribed a remedy. His prescription was a line from Auden: "We must love one another or die."

Holden will survive; but first he must learn to love other human beings as well as he loves children. He must, as E. P. J. Corbett observed, acquire a sense of proportion, a sense of humor. He must learn compassion for the human, the pompous, the phony, the perverse; such people are the fellow inhabitants of his world, and behind their pitiful masks are the faces of the children in the rye. In Stekel's phrase, he must learn to live humbly for a cause.

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Bibliography


THE HARDENING OF THE HEART

BY ELIZABETH ROCKWELL CESARE '52

"A capacity for nobler thoughts and deeds seems to have been eclipsed by a what's in it for me attitude."

Elizabeth Rockwell Cesare '52 is headmistress of the Low-Heywood Thomas School in Stamford, Connecticut. Edward, the elder of her two sons, is a freshman at Connecticut College.
Holden Caulfield cared, and in the end he may have cared too much to cope. In twenty-five years as a teacher and parent, I have witnessed a gradual decline of such emotional activity in young people. There has been a hardening of the heart since 1951.

Five or six years ago, my students helped each other through personal problems. But a capacity for nobler thoughts and deeds seems to have been eclipsed by a what's in it for me attitude. Cool is the accepted posture. The key to the difference between Holden Caulfield's generation and today's adolescents lies in the willingness to express personal feelings and convictions. Holden made his feelings known in his language, in the stands he took and in his behavior with adults. Today's adolescents take the world and themselves less seriously, are more sure of what they want and are less sensitive to the people and problems they encounter. In making virtues of being cool, in avoiding hassles, in expressing their feelings less, they inevitably have begun to care less.

Dissatisfied with the world, Holden swore about everything and almost everybody. Holden's language, which alarmed many adults in 1951, is actually much tamer than the four-letter words commonly used now. Holden's harsh language was, paradoxically, the earmark of his sensitivity. Today's youngsters are less angry, more accepting of the status quo, and their language, unlike Holden's, is not motivated by a sense of injustice. The four-letter words flow quickly when they make a mistake or the ball is taken away on the athletic field. Their language reflects disgust with themselves and their own shortcomings and represents a more detached attitude toward the world than Holden had.

Principles just aren't the top priority today. Holden resisted being chiseled out of five dollars by old Maurice. Most of us who were adolescents twenty-five years ago would have done the same. Today's sixteen-year-olds would not risk physical harm over such an issue. They expect less from society, and particularly from adults. Holden fled from the ambiguous advances of his former English teacher, Mr. Antolini. Most of us would have been as disappointed in Mr. Antolini as Holden was. But heroes are no longer perfect. Although adolescents may not like to see less than perfect adults, they accept them.

Perhaps this generation has learned something from their older brothers and sisters and from their parents. Not only has a career become important, but a career with guarantees has become paramount for many young people. Having witnessed the troubles encountered when their predecessors tried to "find themselves" in Haight-Ashbury or the Vermont woods, they have concluded that dropping out doesn't lead to independence and freedom. The recent recession, during which many parents lost their jobs, reinforced the desire for secure careers.

Unlike Holden, who wrote an English paper for his roommate just to be a buddyroo, today's young people are so competitive that they are more apt to steal reference books and notes from their peers. They can make it and they want to make it. They know the systems. For better or worse, they would not be refused a drink because they were underage, as Holden was. They would have a fake ID card to get them that drink. Nor would they dream of running off to the Vermont woods, as Holden did.

Why these differences? What has happened to dull the senses of so many young people? I believe, as do most educators, that television has been a major factor in creating a posture of passivity in our children. The declining influence of institutions that once helped to develop the emotions has also taken its toll. The cumulative effect of daily chapel or weekly church was important in educating the emotions. Whether or not one enjoyed chapel—Holden clearly did not—one could hardly escape being touched by the music, the sermons and the whole school being present and silent together.

Family rituals, which develop and encourage the expression of feelings, have also decreased. Without one's own room, or telephone, or car, family members shared finite resources and were more sensitive to each other's needs. Holden was always conscious of what he had and what others didn't have. He was moved by the gentleness of nuns and by the naturalness of little children and animals, and concerned about their needs. But I'm afraid these sentiments would lead classmates today to label him a loser.

When I talk about social issues with students in an ethics class, they seem to be asking, "What could I do even if I did get involved?" They feel some things in their schools and in their world ought to be changed, but they don't believe they have any control over the process of change. Personal contributions seem insignificant.

My first reaction upon getting reacquainted with Holden Caulfield was one of impatience—impatience with his language and with his desire to escape the real world. I kept muttering, "Come on Holden, get it together." Holden did not seem to reflect many of the values and interests of today's sixteen-year-olds. My impatience lessened when I remembered that Holden and I were contemporaries. My reaction to his iconoclasm and ineffectuality became less negative. I began to recognize qualities in him I wish were more visible in the adolescents of today. I became closer to him.
Dear Holden,

I was so sorry to hear about your illness. We were all very upset when we received the news. Really, that's just the most awful luck!

Christmas was just marvelous. I was so sorry you couldn't come over to trim the tree as we'd planned. It must have been awful, missing Christmas. Did your parents bring you your presents at the hospital?

We had the most beautiful tree ever. When we finished decorating it, we all had punch and sang carols. I had a friend over to help. He goes to Dartmouth and told us all about his school. It was so interesting. I am going to their winter carnival. Do you remember Andrea Scott? She went last year. She told me they have a big dinner dance and it's the affair of the year. I can't wait to go. Mother has promised to take me shopping for everything before I go back to school. She just adored Peter.

Peter has been calling night and day. My Father remarked upon it just yesterday. He asked if "that boy" didn't ever stop calling. I mean, it's not that noticeable.

Last week we went to see the movie at Radio City. It was terribly charming in an unsophisticated way, if you know what I mean. It was about a Duke who loses his memory while in London and meets the most darling girl. They meet while she's getting on a bus and they find out they both love Dickens. Can you imagine? That's what I'd love—wouldn't it be grand to meet someone and find out they just adore one's favorite literature? Someone may be walking around New York right now with a copy of my very favorite book!!

The stage show was beautiful. I just don't understand how you could dislike the Christmas pageant. It was just marvelous, with scores of people in those glorious costumes all singing Christmas songs that make you want it to be Christmas right that minute. I don't know why you said last year that it wasn't religious. Honestly, Holden, sometimes I just can't understand the way you think. How can you call a Christmas pageant not religious? It was so lovely with all the singers in their costumes and carrying those crucifixes. I mean you'd have enjoyed it this year, Holden, really you would have.

It's such a pity you're ill over Christmas, but at least you'll have time to think. I mean think seriously, Holden. You let yourself drift too much. If you took school more seriously you wouldn't be so confused. You have the strangest attitudes sometimes, Holden. I remember when we saw the Lunts and skated at Radio City, you had this idea about running away to Vermont.

Sally Hayes was one of Holden's regular dates. He took her skating at Rockefeller Center and to the theatre. This letter from Sally to Holden was written by Robin Sper '80, an English major from Mamaroneck, New York.
It was just so ridiculous. You're sweet, you really are, but you don't seem to realize there's time for everything. You worry so much about the wrong things, Holden--there is "Time for you and time for me." We can do those things later if we want.

Right now you should think about your schooling. I was so sorry to hear you left Pencey. Your parents must be very disappointed. I honestly hope you can begin to take things seriously, Holden, or what will you do with your life? Believe me, I understand, I really do. I become terrifically bored with it all myself sometimes. There are moments when I think I'll go mad if I have to listen to a teacher for one more minute, but one always has to do certain things. You just can't go around breaking all the rules. Where would we be if everyone else decided not to bother? Were would we be if our parents hadn't worked as hard as they did? You have to think of your parents, Holden, you really do.

Mother bought me a darling new outfit for Christmas. I can't wait until you see it, you'll just love it.

I am looking forward to going back to school and seeing everyone. Friday night I went dancing with the boy from Harvard I told you about. He was so sweet, telling me he'd been waiting for vacation just so he could see me. Isn't that lovely?

While we were dancing a couple came in and all I could think of was that I knew that girl from somewhere. I couldn't stop wondering and finally realized that we'd met at a party last fall. Her name is Jane Gallagher, do you remember her? She said she knew you and your roommate at Pencey. She was very sweet. How long have you known her? I had no idea you two knew each other.

Write to me at my school address, since I'm leaving on the 3rd. Tell me how you're feeling and what your plans are. I miss you, Holden, I really do. I understand now why you were so unreasonable on our last date, and I'm not angry at all. Truly I'm not. You just concentrate on getting well and come out of there as soon as you can.

I'll be looking forward to hearing from you, and I promise to write and keep you enthralled with tales of what's happening at school. Please say hello to your brother for me, and remember me to your parents.

As Ever,

Sally

Robin is a poet, miniaturist and a student of Anglo-Saxon. Her only resemblance to Sally is that her ankles bend when she skates.
Where do the ducks go?

BY HOLLY CARLSON '73

Ernest Hemingway once wrote that all good books make you feel as if you were there and everything in the book happened to you. I've always felt that way about Holden Caulfield's adventures in New York. I decided to visit some of Holden's refuges—the Central Park lagoon and carousel, Rockefeller Center's skating rink, the Museum of Natural History and a smelly old New York taxi—to see how they've fared since Holden last reported on them. I also felt that Holden's ontological question, "Where do the ducks go in the winter?" deserved some sort of answer, after all these years.

I began to retrace Holden's steps at the Central Park lagoon. The benches were still wet from rain earlier in the day. It was a good day for ducks. For a Sunday afternoon in New York, it was really quiet, except for a guy playing the only two notes he knew on his recorder: c, f, c, pause. C, f, c, pause.

I positioned myself on what I thought was a fairly anonymous rock. Its companion, I noticed, sported a plaque inscribed:

Waterlily
Steve Roth

Waterlily must have been a conceptual piece. The city has been curiously decorated in this, the year of the CETA grant. Yesterday, I found a photography exhibit strung beneath the Manhattan bridge, 40 feet above the sidewalk.

The billed and web-footed objects

Holly Carlson '73 is a dancer and shopkeeper in New York.
of my philosophical inquiry seemed to ignore the fashions of contemporary art. They were far more interested in a kid with a bag of Wonder bread, and made occasional group forays to him. In a matter of weeks, the lagoon will freeze over and such treats will be in short supply.

At Rockefeller Center, however, such matters as seasonal changes are handled by an executive decision. This week, Prometheus still soars above the tables and green and yellow umbrellas of the Promenade Cafe. Holden’s date, old Sally Hayes, would have approved of the featured entree, an omelette with caviar at $7.95. I asked the maitre d’ when the tables would be removed and the skating rink installed.

“Saturday,” he answered. Just one more week until Rockefeller Center’s Declaration of Wintertime.

The vagaries of climate don’t have much sway at the Museum of Natural History. Holden was right: there could be a blizzard outside and it would still feel safe, warm and dry in the museum. An Eskimo fishes through a hole in the ice and a squaw weaver works on her blanket, just as they did close to 30 years ago when Holden visited. The Indians are in their war canoe yet, spears aimed angrily and paddles halted in mid-stroke. Now that’s dependability.

Leaving the museum, I hopped a cab for the carousel, only nine blocks away.
I had an important question for this cabby.
"You wanna go nine blocks?" he said suspiciously.
"Yeah. Can I ask you something?"
"What?"
"Do you know where the ducks go when the lagoon freezes in Central Park?"
"Lagoon?"
"You know, the pond near the south end of the park."
"Never heard of it, lady."
"Oh. Can I get out here?" I walked the last three blocks to my destination, the carousel in Central Park where Holden took his sister Phoebe.
An upbeat calliope tape was playing Petula Clark's Downtown as I approached. The most wonderful thing
about Central Park's carousel is that, weather permitting, it turns every single day. In February, the temperature a cozy 16°, you'll still find the balloon man, the coffee girl, the ticket taker and the carousel operator in place, offering rides for thirty cents. Days will go by without a rider, but they'll still be there.

When winter does come to New York, outdoor excursions will be limited to dashes between subway stations and huddling against plexiglass bus stop booths. Some will be in the Bahamas, I suppose, but the rest of us will be serenaded nightly by the squeal and sigh of radiator air. I thought about the ducks. I found a park attendant digging weeds by the walrus pool.

"Sir, where do the ducks go when the lagoon freezes over?"

"Some stay, some go," he said. "Just about the time it's about to freeze. They know, they can sense these things. Some of 'em leave and some of 'em go to the bird sanctuary we have for them in the park. We leave food there. We don't have to guide them there or nothing. They just know. It's amazing what animals know over humans. And they always come back, in the spring."
Holden Caulfield's public reception since *The Catcher in the Rye* was published has been an extraordinary combination of rebuke and admiration. He has delighted a good many readers, enraged some, and left hardly anyone neutral. Many critics distressed with the novel have labelled Holden's behavior immature, childish, maladjusted, infantile, paranoid, emotionally disturbed, or neurotic. The misuse of psychoanalytical terminology is an everyday event, and Holden, being both fictional and adolescent, is a popular target. Too often, the vocabulary of psychology is used to pigeonhole—to explain complex behavior with a single stroke. The science of behavior, however, can be used to enrich, rather than diminish, our understanding of fictional characters. For instance, Holden's chain-smoking, like Stradlater's dirty razor, is an interesting literary clue, a detail of character. But the psychoanalyst sees more than an aesthetic sketch in the description of such behavior. Psychoanalyst Erik Erikson might argue that Holden's constant smoking is symptomatic of a basic psychological insecurity. The concepts of oral need and fixation, and the idea that an infant develops trust or mistrust depending on the quality of his oral satisfaction, can offer a more evocative insight into Holden's problems.

Holden's painful examination of himself and of society is a rich example of an adolescent's search for identity. In the phrase coined by Erikson, Holden is clearly going through an acute "identity crisis." Erikson tells us that the danger for adolescents is role confusion. When this confusion is "based on strong previous doubts as to one's sexual identity, delinquent and psychotic episodes are not uncommon." Holden conforms to this pattern, ending his story in mental illness and hospitalization.

Erikson's stage theory of psychological development is based on the idea of sequential crisis. If equilibrium is reached at each point along the continuum, the ego is strengthened and the person progresses to the next stage. If a particular crisis is poorly resolved, the individual will enter the next phase with a definite handicap. Basically following Freud's oral, anal, oedipal and latency theories, Erikson labels the four stages preceding adolescence.
Trust vs. Mistrust, Autonomy vs. Shame and Doubt, Initiative vs. Guilt, and Industry vs. Inferiority. A person who does not pass successfully through these four stages must confront them again as an adolescent. Holden's ego-confusions and identity diffusion are soundly based in psychoanalytic theory.

Holden's troubles with the first stage, Trust vs. Mistrust, are plentiful. According to Erikson, mistrust is expressed by a sense of personal isolation and by a sense of time confusion. Holden is obsessed by his personal isolation. Except for his sister Phoebe and his dead brother Allie, he has no one he can trust totally. Phonies seem to inhabit every corner of his experience. He tries to protect himself by challenging the passage of time. His childhood and his relationship with Phoebe take on a mystical quality. Because he can trust in its continuity, the Museum of Natural History also becomes a sanctuary. "The best thing in that museum," according to Holden, "was that everything always stayed right where it was. Nobody'd move." Feeling that time and maturation only corrupt, he wishes for continuity: "Certain things they should stay the way they are. You ought to be able to stick them in one of those big glass cases and just leave them alone."

Holden's anxiety about change can also be traced to his lack of autonomy. The adolescent feels powerless in the face of all he cannot control. Holden has grown to adult height and his head is adorned with grey hairs, yet he is all too aware of his lack of power and self-control. Like a testing two-year-old, he must act in a negative way to hold on to his frail sense of autonomy. When he repeatedly flunks out of schools and sneaks into his own house in the middle of the night, Holden is really begging for adult intervention. "I figured if they caught me, they caught me. I almost wished they did, in a way," he confesses. Self-doubt and self-consciousness continually interfere with his intellectual achievement. Convinced he is "dumb," he nevertheless consistently excels in English. He seems to realize that working to his full potential will bring him adult responsibilities—responsibilities he feels unprepared to handle.

Striking a balance between initiative and guilt is difficult for Holden. His curiosity and energy are curtailed by fear and guilt. The masculine roles he should be aspiring to are laden with potential dangers. He is attracted to being a lawyer like his father, but is worried that
lawyers really work only for the sake of congratulations and backslapping. "How would you know you weren't being a phony?" he asks. "The trouble is, you wouldn't." His fantasies revert to situations which eliminate these problems. He sees himself in the West, living in a cabin in the sun at the edge of the woods. Pretending to be a deaf-mute, he would get a job as a gas station attendant. Consequently, his isolation would be guaranteed. "Everybody'd think I was just a poor deaf-mute bastard and they'd leave me alone." With his intellectual competencies hidden, the evils and burdens of adult decisions could be avoided.

Holden's adolescent experience is also colored by his failure to come to terms with the fourth phase, *Industry vs. Inferiority*. His sense of industry is minimal at best. He is lured by the stimulation of literature and writing but quickly suffers from a sense of futility. Doing well intellectually is too much of a personal and social commitment. Mr. Antolini, a former teacher, is very aware of Holden's struggle and tries to encourage him to have faith in his intellect. "You're in love with knowledge," he tells Holden, assuring him that "Many, many men have been just as troubled morally and spiritually as you are right now. Happily, some of them kept records of their troubles. You'll learn from them—if you want to."

The reader is whirled through the last chapters of the novel almost not daring to hope that Holden is beginning to show signs of growth and ego development. Holden panics, however, when confronted by Mr. Antolini's physical affection. When he is safely out of Mr. Antolini's apartment, he realizes he may have overreacted. He discovers that his fear of being a "flit" is not so overpowering. He can appreciate Mr. Antolini for all of his personal qualities. Ambiguities are becoming slightly less overwhelming.

Holden can be sure of complete loyalty from his sister, Phoebe. The ten-year-old drags a loaded suitcase down Fifth Avenue, ready to run away with her brother. Holden's relationship with Phoebe helps him realize he cannot run away from all the agonies of his soul. So he stays, and Phoebe and he celebrate his decision by returning to the carousel in Central Park. Even in the midst of a winter downpour, he feels emotionally warm for the first time in many days as he watches Phoebe exult in this childhood adventure.
the children reach for the golden ring. He wants to tell Phoebe to be careful so she won't fall. But he stops himself, reasoning: “The thing with kids is, if they want to grab for the golden ring, you have to let them do it, and not say anything. If they fall off, they fall off, but it’s bad if you say anything to them.” This is Holden speaking from a more mature viewpoint than the boy who fantasized about catching children in a field of rye. Salinger leaves us with a Holden who is beginning to possess a few frail signs of the strength and faith and self-trust needed for success in living.

This reading of *The Catcher in the Rye* reveals an adolescent who has made significant progress in coming to terms with reality. Still, some parents and school boards remain uneasy over Holden’s rebellion, and particularly upset over his earthy language. If we recall Holden’s own distress at finding graffiti on the walls of Phoebe’s school and in the museum’s Egyptian tombs, such criticism appears short-sighted.

The real fear stirred by this novel is far more subtle than questions of vulgar language and insolence. Holden’s obsessive perception of adult phoniness is distressing to any adult whose self-image is fragile enough to deny and deftly avoid self-examination. *The Catcher in the Rye* provokes a gnawing sense of uneasiness about the “truths we hold so dear.” Holden’s persistent examination of the discrepancies between the real and ideal can easily stir defensiveness in any member of the establishment. Whether we see him as an insightful and sensitive youth or a spoiled brat, what he says bothers us.

Nor can we dismiss what Holden tells us because of his “madman stuff.” His hospitalization is, in fact, an anticlimax. When we view his adolescent odyssey from a psychoanalytical perspective, we are left with a renewed faith in the power of the developing individual. Ego development and identity formation are not smooth and painless processes. But crisis does not necessarily forecast doom; actually it may be the indication of burgeoning strength.

**Bibliography**

scribing what the college does well and what remains to be done. He charged alumni with the task of spreading the word about Connecticut, "especially since the transition to coeducation has gone so well." The proof of his remark was in the bewildering pace of weekend activity, which included a student-run community crafts fair, intercollegiate soccer, flag football, a performance by the National Theater of the Deaf, the presence of several hundred partying young alumni on hand for Homecoming, and the Dorothy Randle Memorial Tennis Tournament. The tennis tournament, established in honor of Dorothy Randle '23, was won by Lisa Schwartz '79 and her wisely chosen partner, tennis coach Ralph Di Saia.

The council schedule, designed by
mild-mannered Nancy Close '72, was itself a contest of endurance. After a late-night meeting, the truly athletic arose for a pre-breakfast nature hike through the Arboretum, followed by speeches at breakfast, an array of workshops and an all-campus picnic on Harris Green. The hundreds of male and female students who waited politely in the ice-cream cone line at the picnic were a disarmingly wholesome sight. To alumni who had not visited in several years, it was evident that the campus had become unself-consciously coeducational.

SUPERHELEN

Not even the dreaded kryptonite can stop Helen Haase Johnson '66. The winner of the 1978 Goss Award for her nonstop contributions to the Alumni Association, Helen Johnson is modestly disguised as a retired career woman living in rural Connecticut. But she is, in the words of association president Britta Schein McNemar '67, "a twelve-year wonder."

Helen was the highly successful editor of the Alumni Magazine from 1969 to 1975, and recently served as acting editor. The book sale to raise money for the library was Helen's idea, as was the creation of a volunteer corps of local alumni. Under her direction, the number of contributors to Crest Circle has multiplied.

Helen is shown below accepting the Goss Award from Britta Schein McNemar and the award's initiator, Cassandra Goss Simonds '55.
The mystery . . .

To the Editor:

I can't solve the mystery presented in the summer issue of the Alumni Magazine, but I was really excited to see that the tradition had been carried on. I received the plaque in 1969 and was tempted to stop the tradition, because by 1972, when I was a senior, it was no longer Connecticut College for Women. I'm glad I didn't!

Please let me know if you find out where the plaque came from and who has received it since 1972.

Kathryn Bacastow '72
Watertown, MA

... is revealed

To the Editor:

Of the many photographs in the summer issue of the Alumni Magazine, one jumped out to catch the eye and revive a forgotten memory. It pictured a Connecticut College plaque, and with a large black question mark queried the origin and history of a college tradition which started in 1948 and apparently (I am glad to know) still flourishes quietly. The tradition is that a senior gives the plaque to a member of the freshman class, who then does the same, three years later. The memory is that I was the first recipient.

Marie (Judy, Boothie) Booth Fowler '48 was the only Connecticut student I knew when I visited the campus as an uncertain prospective student in the autumn of my senior year in high school. It was the combination of Bob Cobble-dick's gracious interview and Judy's personal tour that tipped the balance in the final choice, and a year later, with the rest of the class of 1951, I arrived on campus. Boothie was my Senior Sister and once again made a difference in the encounter with Connecticut. When she graduated in 1948, she gave me the plaque on the condition that I, in turn, pass it on. It hung in my dorm room for three years, keeping the secret, and as a lovely reminder of a quality of caring that characterized its first owner. In 1951, after passing it on, I assumed it would drop out of my sight forever. It emerged briefly when I learned that a friend, Nancy Schoepfer Sanders '63, had received it, and now, thanks to the note in the Magazine, I know the tradition is still going strong.

Are all the names listed on the back? Has it been invested with anything more ritualistic than a friend honoring a younger friend in a chain of connectedness? Have others recognized the picture and written in?

For its actual genesis, Judy Booth Fowler could tell all. For its continuing history, perhaps only ten or eleven people will have been involved. But it is an example of a quiet act of friendship that apparently has taken on a life of its own and proved itself hardy and persistent. More than that, the tradition is a lovely reflection of the personal dimension of the Connecticut experience that we all felt, with or without a plaque to commemorate it. May that part of Connecticut flourish for thirty more years—and many more.

Elizabeth (Babs) Babbott Conant '51
Williamsville, NY

The Back of the Plaque

The plaque has been passed along, quietly and regularly, for thirty years. Each senior has written a message to the freshman of her choice, and the back of the plaque now has several layers of taped and yellowing cards. The messages are generally brief, except for a Joyceean effort by Josephine (Josie) Curran '73, who received the award from Kathryn Bacastow '72. From Josie, the plaque went to Sally Schwab '78, who told Dean Alice Johnson of its existence. Christine Burke '81 has the plaque now. —Ed.
Isabelle Rumney Poteat writes of a fascinating trip to Spain and Mallorca last summer, a party of four doing 2000 miles in a rented car. She tells of picturesqueness of ancient watch towers and the Mediterranean, hidden coves on Mallorca and mountain villages.

Fanchon Hartman Title has had the busiest summer of her life. In July her children gave her an 80th birthday party. She and her husband then took a ten-day trip to China, visited three cities, Peking the most interesting, saw the Forbidden City, Mao's tomb, the Summer Palace, Ming tombs and the Great Wall. For a year Fanchon has been working on a new museum for the temple which opened in October. She took an Italian cruise last March.

Anna Malton Murray's husband has been ill for two years. Aides help her with the care and enable her to get out occasionally. Her granddaughter will finish UC's Dental College in June, becoming the second dentist in the family. Anna's husband retired after practicing dentistry for 55 years.

Mildred Howard received a putting award in a golf tournament in the summer. She still walks the course and pulls her clubs behind her.

Alice E. Schell had an exhibition of her cloisonne jewelry in the Norwalk, CT Library in July. The hand-hammered, pure silver jewelry is based on her sketches of seashells, corals and marine algae she and her husband collect in FL and elsewhere. The pendants, pins and earrings have the graceful swirls and whorls designed by the movement of the sea. She has exhibited at the Akron Art Inst., Butler Art Inst. of Youngstown, the CT Society of Crafts- men and with a Smithsonian traveling exhibit. Alice swims half a mile a day, whether in FL or in Colebrook where she summers.

Avril Hopkiss Titterington and Ray moved from eastern FL to Jacksonville to live in a retirement home.

Rachel Parker Porter and Maxwell attended his 60th reunion at Yale. Their Fishers Island house is full of children, 2 great and 7 grand, plus dogs; so the grandparents stay comfortably at home.

Emma Weipert Pease says, thanks to hard-working air conditioners everywhere, the summer provided mild but pleasurable events—short outings to favorite restaurants, bridge games and the like with good friends. This fall she plans to work on the Class scrap book and continue a small job in the Hartford Woman's Club.

Dorothy Stelle Stone is still living in Heritage Hall in Agawam, a combination of nursing home and retirement group living. She finds life lonely in an institution but with failing eyesight it seemed best. She is across the river from Longmeadow golf field where they lived so many years and raised their children. Her daughters live far from MA, her son in Wilmington, DE. Her granddaughter, Cynthia Stone, a senior government major at Conn., was chosen for a summer government intern trip in DC.

Madeline Rowe Blue still lives in the Medical Center of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. She says she's well but not the chubby Dave of college days.

Dorothy Matteson Gray, our faithful correspondent, felt obliged to give up that task because of her responsibilities in caring for her ill husband. The Class appreciates the work she did for us as class correspondent.

Fanchon Title will act as Class Agent, taking over the job that Feta carried on so well for so many years.

Mary Virginia Morgan Goodman still writes a daily column for the Norwich Bulletin and gives speeches. Her latest assignment is class correspondent, trying to fill Dorothy's place.

The sympathy of 1920 goes out to the family of LaFetra Perley Reiche, who died last Feb.

Correspondents: Mrs. John H. Goodman (Mary Virginia Morgan), P.O. Box 276, Norwich, CT 06380

Mollie Kenig Silversmith entertained five of us at her home in W. Hartford in May. We spent happy hours visiting and wished others had been free to share the fellowship with Mollie, Gertrude Traurig, Blanche Finley, Amy Peck Yale and daughter Harriet, and Marjorie Smith. Everyone looked well.

Gertrude Traurig was busy with her annual summer move to Woodbury and social engagements which now include all her immediate family rather than separate invitations.

Blanche Finley was waiting for confirmation for a trip to China. As our AAGP representative this year, she hopes to hear from all.

Amy Peck Yale's Harriet is busy with real estate. She and Amy plan to build a 3-bedroom solar energy ranch house. Amy sold the farm but kept land for the new house. She says her pacemaker paces her well.

Marjorie Smith had four trips, three with Hamilton House groups: Mackinac Island, where transportation is via bikes, horse and carriage or shanks' mare; Prince Edward Island, also rural, with farms, friendly people, and fishing villages; Ogunquit, ME; an annual visit with sister, Edna Thistle '26. She and Gertrude Noyes '25 had just returned from visiting Peg Hinck '33 in Santa Fe.

Mary Thomson-Shepherd's Nellie was selected for an Energy Conservation Workshop sponsored by the U.S. Dept. of Energy. Mary and Nellie attended the Rummey Bible Conference in the White Mts.

IN MEMORIAM

Madeline Rowe Blue '19
Jane Gardner '23
Frances Setlow Chosak '23
Dotha White '24
Virginia Lutzienkirchen '25
Helen Schiff Weber '27
Margaret Tauchert Knothe '28
Mildred Felt Gordon '34
Elizabeth Moon Woodhead '34
Geraldine Storm Kremer '39
Suzanne Getler Manker '40
Helen Borer Jackson '43
Eleanor Townes and Crowley '44
Catherine Alexander Millican '72
Hollis Hempton '73
Jill Cruikshank '77

Lucy McDannel reports she's taking a course 4 mornings a week at C.C. Lucy also donated a great many books, including first editions, to C.C.

Elizabeth Merrill Blake's Sally visited and attended her 25th high school reunion. Liz is still a member of the Whitter Home Assn. She was asked to write for the archives, her recollections of organizing the children's room of the Newburyport Public Library 50 years ago and her years as the children's librarian.

Alice Hagar Schoffstall masses working in her garden and all the other chores entailed but is unable to carry on. Her oldest grandson graduated from Bean and Benton Seminary in Manchester, NH, where his father teaches. "He hopes to attend college here (Burlington) next year."

Dorothy Wheeler Pietrall sat next to Rheta Clark '23 at a DKG meet. She was full of enthusiasm following her 55th at college. Fifteen members were present and Rheta had news of each. Dorothy has fully recovered from her cataract operation and can drive day or night.

Helen Merritt says Irving, her brother, is a tree worshiper. She is surrounded by trees—result, no flowers but for a stray primrose which Helen cherished as a bloom outside her picture window. Joy was shortlived—a chipmunk ate it.

Augusta O'Sullivan writes, "My 3-year-old dog Shadow and I are doing nicely with the help of good neighbors and friends who see to my wants. I do drive to do my own errands alto driving on cloudy days is forbidden."

Mildred Duncan belongs to a Nature Study Soc. On the one and two-day bus trips, as far west as Kansas City, the group visits state parks, museums, and enjoys the out-of-doors. Her twice weekly route for Meals on Wheels is the most rewarding volunteer work she has ever done.

Constance Hill Hafshay reports she prepared an exhibit for the Noank Historical Assn. Museum of her father's medical equipment and items from the H&L Pharmacy. Some items were there when her father bought the drug store about 1900, and were already outdated then. She is busy with garden work, nursing home visits and a chair rating class, Miriam (M.P.) Taylor Beadle and Leonard visited her in Aug. She attended Alumni Council weekend and saw Lucy McDannel and also Blanche Finley, who hadn't been back since our 50th.

Our sympathy to the friends of Grace Johnson who died earlier this summer. She had no immediate survivors.

Correspondents: Marjorie E. Smith, 537 Angell St., Providence, RI 02906; Mrs. Raymond Blake (Elizabeth Merrill), 25 Warren Ave., Amesbury, MA 01913
Gloria Hollister Anable and her husband are well settled at Eagle Towers in Stamford where their top-floor apartment has a magnificent view. The Towers' spring bulletin cites Glo and Tony, founders of the Mianus River Gorge, as remarkable residents and tells of Glo's scientific expeditions for the NY Zoological Society in the 30s.

Chadis Westerman Greene visited Glo when she was in CT. Summer in MD has been rainy, hot and humid, so her garden suffered. She's on the executive board of Chestertown Garden Club, with conservation her project.

Marion Lawson Johnson and her husband celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary. A grandchild visited them for two weeks following college graduation and they revisited the sights of AZ with him. In Aug. they took a strenuous but wonderful 18-day AARP tour to AK, traveling by everything but horseback. Her husband is assistant state director of AARP.

Dorotha Cramer wrote just before leaving on a CT Historical Soc. trip to Italy, from Lake Maggiori down to Sicily, She is serving as secy. for the Conn College Club and Torrington Conservation Land Trust and has done publicity for Litchfield Hills Audubon Soc.

Etta May Strathie Van Tassel is building a smaller house in a retirement development in Boynton Beach, 15 miles from their present location. Their 9th grandchild, a boy, was born in May. Etta planned to publish a booklet of her poems but has been too busy. She read her poems for the local branch of Pennwomen and was in a panel discussion on Aspects of Publishing at a nearby college.

Elizabeth Holmes Baldwin and her husband visited Catherine (Catts) Holmes Rice's son and family in Los Alamitos, NM in May. Betty speaks annually to new trainees at the Judge Baker Guidance Center about the "old days" at the clinic.

Margaret Call Dearing, after her term as president of the 20th Century Club of Washington, toured England and Scotland in June. In July she and Eugenia Walsh went to her cottage in Brooklin, ME, stopping overnight with Margaret Dunham Cornwall. On her return, Peg Cornwall accompanied her to Silver Spring, MD, for a few days.

Marion Vibert Clark went to CO this summer, camping in rain and excessive heat, to see #1 son and family. They added a number of wildflowers to her husband's list, thanks to son Dave, who teaches plant identification. Saw their first rugby game. She thinks they should hire out as rain-makers judging from their summer experience.

Ava Mulholland Hilton took freighter trips to Greece and the Mediterranean of Africa. She reports that the women of Monrovia are especially beautiful, and describes being in Zaire just 30 miles from the rising. They saw a sign on a building saying "Believe in God" and beneath it, "Call it in for your local gin." Abijan, Ivory Coast was lovely and expensive and on the docks in Angola they saw Cubans drilling Angolan troops, watched coffee beans being loaded, and everyone on ship was searched. She has two great-grandsons and plans trips to So. America, India and China.

Margaret Dunham Cornwall was on campus in Sept representing the Class of '24. Her husband died this past spring after a long illness. We extend our sympathy to her and her family.

Our sympathy also goes to the family of Edith Kirkland who died in June '78.

Correspondent: Mrs. Thomas Baldwin (Elizabeth Holmes), 57 Millbrook Road, Medfield, MA 02052

28 Dorothy Bayly Morse: "Wasn't a reunion dandy: It turned out better than I hoped and everyone had a wonderful time." After 11 years, she won't be returning to teaching, and is considering freelance work or just being a "lady."

Lucy Norris Pierce is so glad she went to reunion but had a bad car accident Aug. 2. Now well on the way to recovery, she anticipates a visit from Henrietta (Honey Low) Owens Rogers and Jim.

Blanche Finley '22 didn't realize what she was getting herself into when she retired from the United Nations and decided to write a book. The book, which Blanche thought would take a year to write, grew to three volumes, took four years to complete and has won the certificate of merit from the American Society of International Law. The society cited The Structure of the United Nations General Assembly: Its Committees, Commissions and Other Organisms, 1946-1973 for its high technical craftsmanship and great usefulness to lawyers and scholars.

For Blanche, the retired assistant chief of the reference and research section of the United Nations mission to the U.N., the book was "a labor of love." Besides working at the U.N., she has edited French radio scripts, set up the library for the French information Center at the Office of Strategic Services and the Library of Congress for the Office of Strategic Services for the Conn. of the United States mission to France.


Blanche Finley, a French major, received a B.A. from Radcliffe College in 1925. Her mother, Mrs. E. A. Finley, was the first woman to receive her B.A. from Harvard College in 1889. Her father was a journalist for the Boston Post and the New York Tribune.

Elizabeth Gallup Ridley compliments those who made our 50th such a success. She made a grand tour of New England followed by a visit to her daughter and family who live on a 3800 acre cattle ranch.

Robertita Blitgood Wiersma, president of the American Guild of Organists, participated in the Moravian Music Festival in Winston-Salem, talking on trends in church music today, and attended another convention in Seattle. Robertita and Bert visited Schools Grace who teaches English at the U. of Hong Kong and was trained at Berkeley. At home, Roberta conducts two choirs in Mystic.

Margaret Meriam ZeileR is still "glowing" from her psychology grad. She received a certificate of merit from the American Psychological Association for her research on the psychology of learned helplessness.

Eleanor Mann Romano says she's still doing research, but is taking a break to enjoy her retirement. She and her husband, Robert, have just returned from a trip to Europe.

Eleanor Mann Romano says she's still doing research, but is taking a break to enjoy her retirement. She and her husband, Robert, have just returned from a trip to Europe.

Dorothy Davenport Voorhees is still studying the effects of stress on the body. She has just completed a study of the effects of stress on the heart and has written a book on the subject.

Eleanor Mann Romano says she's still doing research, but is taking a break to enjoy her retirement. She and her husband, Robert, have just returned from a trip to Europe.
Virginia Hawkins Perrine was missed at reunion; Pete’s illness prevented her from coming. They will miss the nearness of their children. Son Peter and family live in Winnetka and Anne and her three recently moved to Charlotte, NC.

Evelyn Davis Fernald writes that she missed a while of a good time. She noted in the reprint of the Day the comment: “One of us curls and snowshoe but nobody jogs and nobody climbs mountains any more.” Evie neglected to mention in her questionnaire that she climbed to the top of Dodge Mt. last summer to enjoy the view of Penobscot Bay and to pick luscious ME blueberries. This summer she climbed the same mountain twice—the same day.

Abbie Kelsey Baker and Martha (Mickey) Web Dumdey were hostesses for the 78 winter FL reunion. Reba Coe Ehlers, Edith (Bugs) Cloyes McHwaine and Cordelia Killbourne Johnson were the guests.

Eleanor Wood Frazer and Ed were in England visiting old friends. Woodie had learned to cope with her arthritis and takes lots of exercise. She enjoyed visiting old friends. Woodie has learned to cope with her arthritis and takes lots of exercise. She enjoyed visiting old friends.

Ruth Jackson Webb’s summer was very active, with both sons and four grandchildren visiting. Ruth plans to continue an art class she has enjoyed.

Helen Benson Mann was at C.C. in Oct. for the AAGP workshop. She was pleased that last year we were 4th in percentage of giving, among the seniors in total giving and in capital giving. She says to keep up the good work.

Elisabeth Capron began her retirement with a trip to Israel and Greece. Betty still treats patients at a counseling agency.

Edith Walter Samuels and Frank head for their winter home in Palm Beach in Oct. Edith golf, swims, and bowls and reports that her five grandchildren are grown up and wonderful.

Ruth Cooper Carroll went to Egypt with Ruth Barry Hildebrandt and recommends it as most exciting. She also visited her son in Frankfurt.

Barbara White Keniston is living in Bridgeport under the auspices of the Inter-Church Residences, and has a view of the Sound, woods and gardens. Son Jack and family have settled in a nearby CT Early American home. Daughter Susan and husband live in VA with Seth 7 and Becky 4. In the summer, Barbara visited Tanglewood with friends and went to ME, the White Mts. and seashore.

Cwendelyn Thomen Sherman had a delightful, rejuvenating two weeks in Sept. with family, high-lighted by a reunion picnic. Her OH family and daughter Annie and family holiday. Edith was able to duplicate a group picture of nine years back.

Louisa Kent and a friend drove from FL to CA in Feb., seeing lots of the country and friends from nursing days and the army. They camped across Canada by train to the Nau. parks, Vancouver and others to compare with ours, not even hearing Mr. Soltzhennyn at Harvard. She and George traveled across the US by train to the rail, parks, Vancouver and old friends. The trip made her “marvel at the imagination, the courage and the stamina of our pioneers.”

Estelle (List) Harmon Pardee had a meaningful reunion weekend. “I loved every minute of it.”

With sadness the class extends its sympathy to Victor Fassler, husband of Ruth (Uffie) Hans Fassler, who died Aug. 22. He is survived by Judy and Tony, children of Margaret (Tausky) Tauchert Knote who died in August. She had looked forward eagerly to our reunion but was prevented from coming by an appendectomy.

Correspondent: Mrs. George Schoenhut (Sarah Emily Brown), Five Corners on Potato Hill, Ely, VT 05044

30 Evelyn Clarke saw Barbara White Keniston and Adelaide Finch Royle at Adelaide’s summer home on Greenwood Lake, NJ.

Virginia Joseph has seen Margaret (Peg) Cook Curry who returned from the UK. She visited MA to get in the hot FL summer, and planned a tour of fall foliage.

Margaret Jackman Geen and Carl celebrated their 56th wedding anniversary. At their family reunion in June, the temperature hit 105 but it was the first time all 28 members of the family were together, representing 11 colleges.

Lillian Miller, our class treasurer, was hospitalized following a heart attack Aug. 22. Confined to the first floor of her home, she managed with the help of friends, neighbors and a Home Health Aide. Lillian had to temporarily give up part-time work for Family Service in Middletown.

Kathleen Halsey Rupper heads the Monmouth County Environmental Council, is vice-chairman of the municipal Environmental Commission, and county chairman of the LW’s Natural Resources Committee. Kay vacations every year in the Adirondacks and two years ago enjoyed a trip to Ireland.

Frances Kelly Carrington is slowly getting used to retirement but still misses the old routine and the people she worked with. Fran spent six weeks traveling through northern Italy and Switzerland.

Elizabeth Edwards Spencer was camping last May on an island in Bermuda with adults involved in scouting. Betty had a nice weekend with Helen Benson Mann and Fred during the summer.

Elizabeth Hartshorn had a wonderful visit from Ruth Cooper Carroll and Juliet Phillips this past year. She had seen Ruth once since 1930 and Juliet not at all since graduation so there was much to talk about.

32 Barbara Johnson Richter has become a Laubach tutor, trying to reduce U.S. illiteracy. They love OR.

Louisa Rhodes Brown left Harvard, moved to Chatham, MA and has gone on two freighter trips and two trips south since then. Their grandchildren are 18, 16 and 13, and fun to entertain.

Jane Mackenzie had three good weeks in her native Scotland in June.

Ruth Caswell Clapp’s first grandson was born in April. Their two-year-old adopted Korean granddaughter is a charmer.

Esther Winslow’s arrangement interpreting the ‘29 stock market crash won her garden club’s flower show and earned her an award for the most points over a two-year period. An insurance agent, Esther has volunteered at the Newton-Wellesley Hosp. for almost 20 years.

Priscilla Moore Brown and her husband travel frequently to FL, where her mother-in-law lives. Her family reunion from Newton High School was in Sept. A visit from her son and family made for a busy summer.
Margaret Rathbone had a visit from Ruth Caswell Clapp and her husband, and toured the new east wing of the National Gallery. She is going on a Smithonian cruise to the Greek Islands and Istanbul.

Hilma McKinstry Talcott enjoyed several outings with Margaret (Billy) Hazlwood this summer. She attended her 50th high school reunion in May.

Mabel Hansen Smith has been visiting her son in CA, has sold her home and bought a condominium. She also left her job and hopes to find a part-time one later.

Margaret (Peg) Hiland Waldecker reports a first Waldecker grandchild in Dec. ’77. They enjoyed FL last winter and missed the blizzard.

Mary Butler Melcher just returned from a trip to England with her daughter and family who were visiting from Saudi Arabia. They had a glorious time soaking up the wetness and greenness of England.

Correspondent: Mrs. Robert Toaz (Ruth Baylis), 35 Sannit St., Huntington, NY 11743

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Your correspondent had a busy year filled with visits with classmates, 200th Hospital Ship Compliment (WW II), Children's Hosp, School of Nursing, and animal friends from all over, working at the nursery and jaunting between MA, CT and NH. Warning—she'll be haunting you soon for plans for the 45th in '79.

The class extends deepest sympathy to the family of Elizabeth Moon Woodhead who died of cancer in Sept. at her beloved Siasconset home on Nantucket—husband Daniel died in June; and the family of Mildred Felt Gordon whose husband Frank wrote she was killed in an accident in July.

Correspondent: Mrs. J. Arthur Wheeler (Ann Crocker), Box 181, Westport PO, MA 02791

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Josephine Merrick Mock and Frank of Edwardsburg, MI enjoyed excellent weather in Australia, New Zealand, Fiji and Hawaii last Mar. and Apr.

Margaret Morehouse Kellogg and Duane of Bethel, VT had a new grandson, Jacob, in Apr. Peg and Duane took a trip to Great Britain and found it a thrill. Another grandson arrived in July, making it 6 boys and 1 girl. Many family members visited for the VT summer.

Margaret Burgess Hoy and Frank left FL for the summer, visiting the WI-MN area for the state fair and an auto race, and Hendersonville, NC to see son Fred and family. Peg also saw son John and other relatives in MA.

Elizabeth Beals Steyaart reported a winter visit from Shirley Durr Hammersen, Ham and daughter Linnea in Sanibel, FL. Betsy had 50-60 gardenias pen each day and hibiscus the size of luncheon plates.

Marion Binley Meacham and her husband swam, shelled and gollied at Fort Myers, FL but missed seeing Betsy Beals Steyaart who was in the hospital at the time.

Adrean Finnigan Partington and Charles of AZ visited Barbara Hervey Reussow '35 and Charles of Santa Fe.

Your correspondent saw Rheta Clark '23 in Plainville, CT at a reunion of retired educational administrators and professors. Rheta had been back on campus for her 50th this year.

Martha (Marcelle) Bunting Southwick convalesced in Ft. Lauderdale after a heart attack followed by hepatitis in May.

Ruth Chittum Eufemia and Frank of Norwalk, CT toured northern Italy, saw family and Frank's home towns near Sorrento.

Shirley (Themey) Durr Hammersen's daughter, Linnea, was married at Chatham, MA in June.

Lois (Ry) Kyman Areson is busy remodeling their place in Truro, MA.

Your correspondent and husband expect to see Gerutha (Ruta) Kempe Knote, the German exchange student who graduated with us, in Munich. Ruta lives in Bayreuth and visited her elderly aunt recently in Honolulu. She also went to Switz. to meet a cousin from E. Germany she hadn't seen in 50 years.

Alice Cobb Larrabee is involved in a group called Tassachusetts and heads the Framingham (MA) Women's Republican Club. Her club was honored for increased membership at their national convention in Atlanta. She is involved with library and church groups and took a quilting course. She and her husband, who will retire soon, hope to visit son Dan and his wife in CA.

Agatha McGuire Daghlian and Philip had all their children and grandchildren visit for the baptism of a new grandchild. Son Charles is doing a post-doc in paleobotany at UConn.

Mary Griffin Conklin and Henry visited Alys (Gris) Griswold Hampton and went to IA and TN to see two of their children.
SUMMER SESSION
Theater/Dance/Music/Studio Art/Week-long Vacation Colleges/Regular Credit or Non-Credit Academic Courses/July 2 - August 10/For information, write Office of Continuing Education/Box 1401/Connecticut College
so much depends
upon
a red wheel
barrow
glazed with rain
water
beside the white
chickens.

William Carlos Williams 1923
bands were present as well. Lib Dingman had just come from campus, full of enthusiasm for the new editor of this ... shop in Greeley, CO. Susie is a college sophomore. In Aug., their oldest daughter, Valorie, was killed in a motor-

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attend reunion.

In handicapped children and is involved in Parent Spain, and is now back teaching music to visually married in La Jolla. Al visited new granddaughter sailing in the Virgin Islands. Her last daughter was (BeeGee)Smith Clifton at our high school reunionabeth Thompson).

died of a second brain tumor in Mar. at the age of 34.

Our sympathy is extended to Shirley. Elizabeth and the family of Susan. Correspondents: Mrs. A. Douglas Dodge (Elizabeth Thompson), 243 Cleftield Rd., Weatherfield, CT 06819

42 MARRIED: Audrey Nordquist O'Neill to Frederick Whiting Curris 5/11/78. Audrey Nordquist Curtis and Fred honeymooned in Bermuda after their wedding at daughter Lynn's home in Rochester, NY. Both are enjoying their new-found leisure. Audrey gave up her job with the United Way in Trenton and Fred retired from Yale, A travel trailer trip to WY and MT and three grandchildren have kept them busy, Son Mark is in Saudi Arabia and Gary is a Navy helicopter pilot aboard the USS Savannah. Sylvia (Ceci) Martin Ramson entertained Audrey and Eleanor King Miller and Ray in Alexandria, VA. Ceci was visited by Virginia Martin Patterson from her home in Zhinith, VA. Florence Crockett Harkness joined the ranks of first-time grandparents.

Dorothea Barlow Coykendall still plays tennis. She has a grandchild in VT, daughter in Aspen teaching skiing and a son with PA Mutual in MA.

Jane Worley Peak's daughter Lucy was married in Scottsdale, attended a 40th reunion at Harvard law.

Both are active in temple where Nat is a trustee and heads the adult education committee.

Mary K. Hewitt Norton is conducting marriage enrichment groups for the Marriage Enrichment Center. Her goal is equal opportunity for wives.

Kenny is also doing consultant work for the Naval Academy. Jerry is still at HUD.

Phyllis Cunningham Vogel reports that she and Mona Friedman Jacobson, Barbara (Bobbe) Gahn Walen, Kenny Hewitt Norton, Elinor (Elli) Houston Oberlin, Elise (Elle) Abrahams Josephson, Sally Church Paynter, and Ruth Howe Hale got together at the Plaza Hotel, NYC. Others in this group also reported enthusiastically, and look forward to reunion. Phyl now has "two luscious grandsons who are boys with Jehovah's Witnesses and jobs, George with his interior design and decorating business, Teeto working for her brother Addison as shipping supervisor. A focus of family enthusiasm: Teeto's younger brother is now president of Old Sturbridge Village.

Son Gary is on a 2-year tour around the world.

Norma Pike Taft and Nat vacationed in Scottsdale, attended a 40th reunion at Harvard law.

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### CONNECTICUT COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

#### COMPARISON OF ESTIMATED AND ACTUAL EXPENDITURES

For The Fiscal Year Ended June 30, 1978

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Expended and Encumbered</th>
<th>Budget</th>
<th>Refunds</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Salaries and Wages (Including Payroll Taxes and Employee Benefits)</td>
<td>$70,500.00</td>
<td>$68,157.77</td>
<td>$2,372.23</td>
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<tr>
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<td>$8,945.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Program and Projects</td>
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<td>Committee Business</td>
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<td>Off-Campus Conferences</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alumni Office</td>
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<td>$121.01</td>
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<tr>
<td>Operating Costs</td>
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<tr>
<td>Furniture and Equipment</td>
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<tr>
<td>Accounting and Legal Fees</td>
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<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>$141,169.00</td>
<td>$147,974.36</td>
<td>$11,258.85</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Note A:** The amount expended and encumbered of $147,974.36 includes accounts payable and accrued liabilities as of June 30, 1978 totaling $2,822.20.

**Note B:** Unexpended balance 1977-78: $4,453.49

Less: Overexpenditure from fiscal year 1976-77: ($1,054.83)

Amount to be returned to Connecticut College during fiscal year 1978-79: $3,398.66

### STATEMENT OF SAVINGS

- General Savings Fund—(Capital Fund): $53,639.22
- Special Savings Funds: $21,182.75

**Total:** $74,821.97

Based on a review of the Association's records and bank statements, the above uncertified statements reflect all budgeted expenses and also cash balances in the savings accounts for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1978.

**Ernest A. Yeske, Jr.**
Certified Public Accountant

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48 Our 50th reunion saw some 40 '48ers back on campus with 18 spouses and offspring attending. We met, picnicked, dined, sang, played tennis, toured campus and arboretum, attended. We met, picnicked, wined, dined, sang, played tennis, toured campus and arboretum, viewed Angela Shona's slides of previous reunions, were indoctrinated to uni-sex bathing facilities and had a delightful cocktail party and buffet at Katherine Foyler Huller's charming Stonington home where Carol Conant Podesta entered the entertain-ment most professionally.

New officers are: pres., Virginia Berman Slaughter, vice pres., Margaret Milliken Tyson; treas., Barbara Kite Yeager; correspondent, Elizabeth Morse Bapide.

From farthest away came Frances Ferris Ackema of CA and Chilia Sideck Schmidt of WA. Others reuniting were: from CT, Ann Barnard Wilson, Helen Gumrane Ferguson, Mary Louise Flanaga Coffin, Marika Hartman Herndon, Rita Large Geranick, Edith Lewitt Mead, Harriet Marshall Reeves, Beverly Opper Silverman, Helene Sulzer Guarnacchia, Mary Louise Thompson Pech, and Sela Widhams Barker; from KY, Barbara Bates Stone; from NJ, Elizabeth Chaplain Kiser, Shirley MacKenzie Wilton, Jean Ritt Miller; from MD, Rosalie Creamer Heintzelman; from DC, Joan Dimmitt Lewis; from VA, Patricia Dole Pearl; from MA, Virginia Keifer Johnson, Bertha Mayer Romanow, Joanne Morrison Slodden, Dorothy Quinn McDonal, Patricia Reid Dimmore, Nancy Richards, Helen Pope Miller; from ME, Margaret Lucas Gunther; from NY, Shirley Nicholson Roos, Nancy Swift, Joan Wilmuth Creasey; from VT, Janet Wakefield Forsay.

From over 200 reunion questionnaires sent out, 88 replied, reporting 255 children (one grad has 10); 34% grandchildren; 2 widowed; and 2 divorced. On the question of C.C. going coed, 56% favored it, 35% were against and 9% had mixed feelings.

Patricia McGowan Wald was recently appointed by Pres. Carter an assistant attorney general for legislative affairs. Pat lives in Chevy Chase, MD, with husband Robert, a former Yale law classmate and Washington attorney. She has been a member of the President's Commission on Crime and a participant in Legal Aid Services for the poor and mentally retarded throughout her career. Pat's five children are Sarah, a student at Yale law; Douglas at Harvard law; Johanna and Fredericka, both at Wesleyan; and Thomas at home.

**Correspondent:** E.V. M. Bapide (Elizabeth Morse), 2281 Ridge Rd., North Haven, CT 06473

50 **MARRIED:** Patricia Into Gardner to Norman F. Spencer 4/18/78.

Dorothy Hyman Roberts recently returned from a European business trip. It has been a sad year for her since her husband suffered an aortic aneurism and passed away suddenly in Mar. "Life goes on though," and she has seen Beth Yoamin Gleick and Frances (Fritzi) Keller Mills. Dorothy (Dusie) Abrutyn Turtz has been a great comfort.

Eleanor Kent Waggett and family are still in Houston, their longest stay in one place in 28 years of marriage. Warren, retired from the Coast Guard, works in the Hazardous Materials Section at Rice U. Kit teaches 2nd grade. Second daughter was married this summer after graduation from SMU. Daughter Barbara works for Shell Oil, Gordon is at SMU and Warren a freshman at Stephen F. Austin.

Kit wonders how she and Warren as empty-nesters manage to keep so busy.

Joan Mapes Vater received her M.A. in May, qualifying her to teach either elementary school or

... cycle accident. Our deepest sympathy goes to the Heckers.

The class of 1946 is also saddened by the deaths of classmates, Mary C. Carpenter (Mrs. John D. McCann) and Janet S. Pierce (Mrs. C.H. Brower, Jr.).

**Correspondent:** Mrs. Frederic Shaw (Muriel Evans), 137 Manchester St., Nashua, NH 03060
Patricia Into Spencer and Norman moved into Pat’s condominium in Essex. Norman is with R.R. Donnelly in Old Saybrook, Pat works at her sister’s shop, The Monkey Business, in Old Lyme. She had lunch and a good visit with Gaby Nowoshylye last summer.

Polly Earle Bland’s son Ted was married in April. Ted is a marketing engineer in Schenectady. Daughter Beth graduated from PA State; daughter Mary from Bloomburg State.

Nancy Canova Schlegel and her family find life much easier after their move into a townhouse. With Tina married, two living on their own and Rick off to college, their home was no longer suitable.

Barbara Mehls Lee, husband Bob and Kath 13 joined Frances (Sis) Lee Osborne, her husband Bob and Stephen 16 last summer in Calgary and saw Banff, Lake Louise, Jasper and Vancouver. The Lees saw Gaby Nowoshylye Morris and Frank in SF. Son Robert graduated from U. of VT and is in Ft. Worth working on cruise missiles. Rick has entered the U. of VT.

Joann Cohan Robin has been dance accompanist at Mt. Holyoke since ’75. Another challenge for Joann has been teaching a course on music for the dance. Dick had a sabbatical but is back as head of the philosophy dept. David, a tennis player, started Loamis-Chaffee, while Debbie attends So. Hadley High where she is active in sports and the band. David got to know Elaine Title Lowengard’s son Alex while at summer school.

Phyllis Clark Nininger and family went to Block Island Sound and beyond in their 26’ aloop, a great escape from phone, business and hobbies. Kate 13 finds deep good vantage point for spotting sea- youths. Son Clark takes boat as change from sudden death a year ago.

Ruth Nelson Theron’s son Peter graduated from Princeton and now takes courses at San Jose State while doing a special project at the Math Dept. Catherine is a sophomore at Cornell.

Our class sympathy goes out to Dorothy Hyman Roberts who lost her husband, Paul M. Roberts, in March ’78.

Correspondent: Mrs. Frank W. Graham (Selby Innman), 6 Esowtero Terrace, Gaithersburg, MD 20760
The top woman at Connecticut General Insurance Corporation is a French major from the class of 1955, Cynthia Murray Burr. Cynthia, who is in charge of corporate personnel operations, joined the company in 1955, writing contracts and administrative instructions for group insurance plans.

"I'd do it again," Cynthia says of choosing to major in French, because a liberal arts education prepared her well for her career. She also credits Connecticut General for "really giving opportunities to liberal arts majors."

Cynthia lives in Granby, Connecticut with her husband, Jon, and their sons Jonathan and Christopher. She hopes at some point to resume performing with the Hartford Symphony Chorale, which she enjoyed for many years.

Anne Browning Strout is a director of the YMCA and teaches swimming. Her son Mark loves C.C., especially history with Miss Mulvey.

Marjorie Lewis Ross continues with market research, thrift shop, school volunteering and playing tennis. She represents Tips on Trips, an advisory travel and camping organization for teenagers.

Jo Milton Hanafee, having raised three girls to college age, has returned to finish requirements for her B.A. in sociology at NC State. Susan graduated from U. of VT; Karen is a senior at Hampshire; and Betsy is a freshman at DePaul U.

Sally Smith LaPointe is assistant director of athletics for women at Bowdoin. She coaches state champion teams in lacrosse, squash and field hockey. Her three sons are at U. of Southern ME, Ithaca College and Deerfield Academy.

Victoria Sherman May earned an M.A. in reading specialization from Kent State. She teaches 2nd grade. Son Ron is studying electrical engineering at OH. State. Vicky visited with Marilyn Hurd Roach in NY.

Co-correspondents: Mrs. Robert B. Whitney, Jr. (Helen Cary), 1736 Fairview Dr., S., Tacoma, WA 98465; Mrs. Allison C. Collard (Julia Connor), 15 Central Dr., Plandome, NY 11026

Reunion for '58 in '78 was warm and joyous for the 37 classmates and 20 husbands in attendance—the welcome at Sykes Alumni Center; the gentleman, class of '79, who guided some of us around our campus, which has grown gracefully; Pres. Ames' personal and gracious words to each of us; reunion dinner at Lighthouse Inn (some things never change)!

Huge thanks to Suzanne Ecker Waxenberg for organizing our 20th, especially the biographical booklet—a treasure. She persevered for 21 years and had Harry Belafonte with us! We also thank Jean Cattanach Sziklas for her leadership as class pres. New pres. is Judith (Judy) Johnson Vanderweer. See you at the 25th!

Co-correspondents: Mrs. Harold Stein (Eline Wolf), 2420 Parallell Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20904; Mrs. Neil Kendall (Mildred Shchintman), 13307 Chalfont Ave., Fort Washington, MD 20022

Ruth Ellen Gallup received a B.A. in Jewish Literature from Hebrew Teachers Inst. in NY and a B.A., with honors in Hebrew, from Queens College.

Nancy Donohue was featured in a May 1978 Mademousselle article. In 1976 she played the lead role of Sister Rita in The Runner Stumbles on Broadway. She also designs greeting cards, has over 400 designs in her Crcus card line, now in its eighth year.

Correspondent: Mrs. Ralph E. Sloan (Jean S. Chappel), 14 Longview Dr., Simsbury, CT 06070

MARRIED: Ellen Greenspan Reiss to Mathew Rubin 7/23/78.

BORN: to John and April Moncrieff Lindak.

Virginia Scott (0/31/77; to Tom and Marcia Randle Rawlins, Christopher [9/78.

ADOPTED: by Larry and Marilyn Kraj Sanford, Kimberly Ann 7/17/77.

Jane Fisher Powell recently resigned as chairman of the school she started six years ago. With an enrollment of 96 3-5 year olds, the school now boasts a full-time staff of six plus music and PE. A scholarship has been established in her name. The Powell boys, 11, 9, 8, are into soccer, scouts and tennis. Their big news was an 11,000 mile, 8-week camping trip through the East and South.

April Moncrieff Lindak and John enjoy their second year in Alexandria, VA, where John, a USCG commander, is stationed at DC headquarters. 2d grader Elizabeth takes gymnastics, is a Brownie and a swimmer. Meredith 2b is at pre-school and
Lucy Massie Phenix and five other film makers have made Word & Out, documentary with 2½ hours of interviews with gay men and women. Playing in theaters nationwide and available to schools, colleges and other groups, it was seen on PBS in Oct. and may be repeated.

Barbara McCoun Lynhe lives in Fairfield, CT, and John commutes to NYC where he is an executive recruiter. Barbara's life is very child-oriented for the time being with Alla 7, Lindsay 6, Elizabeth 3 and Charlie 1. She does get into the city frequently and loves these adult interludes.

Donna Richmond Carleton and Bill had a wonderful summer reunion with Susan Hackenburg Trethewey and Bill. Their five children and Donna's two girls really enjoyed each other. Liz 9½ and Melissa 5½ are pleased to be back at school and fall activities. Donna is a parent volunteer in the Sudbury, MA, schools and takes a real estate course.

Marcia Phillips McGowan and John have finally settled in Mystic, CT, as he establishes medical practices there and in Westerly, RI. Jennifer is at Williams in 7th grade and Lara in 1st. Marcia received her Ph.D. in English in '77 and previously taught at URI and RI College. She delights in her three-day schedule at Eastern CT State in Wilimantic.

Susan Rahmowitz Davis and her husband have realized a long standing wish to practice in tandem. With their second little boy in a 9-3 nursery, they created the Family Therapy Inst. of Alexandria, VA, where he does psychiatry and she the psychiatric social work. As a result, Susan is getting a good education in business, real estate, interior decorating and administration but finds "doing my own thing" a real high.

Carol McVeigh Dahlberg officially added "Dr." in front of her name when she passed her orals in July. Her degree is in education with an emphasis on English, reading and instructional TV. She hopes to work on her thesis before settling in their small MD farm, where besides small animals, fruits and vegetables, they'll have ponies for Johnny 8 and Kirsten 6. John will stay with the Natl. Cancer Inst.

Phi Beta Kappa Scholarship

Each year the Connecticut College chapter of Phi Beta Kappa awards a scholarship to an alumnus or senior planning to do graduate study. Last year's scholarship was won by Sharon Ann Goelz '78, a doctoral candidate in English at Columbia University. Alumni who are interested in applying may obtain forms from the office of the Dean of the College. Completed applications must be returned no later than March 15. Applicants need not be members of Phi Beta Kappa.

Carolyn Wood Moorshead and family have come to love their new home in Seattle, the 10th move in 11 years. This time they plan to stay. Dudley has opened a practice in general, cardiovascular and thoracic surgery. Carolyn keeps up her dancing in spite of the hectic schedules of Katherine 7 Allison 6 and Dudley III 3.

Margaret Connelly Rawlin and Bob left S.E. CT in July '77 when he retired from the Navy after commanding the Sub Base for three years. Very active in community affairs throughout 30 years of Navy life, Peggy continues this pleasure in Walnut Creek, CA, where she is involved with the country Family Stress Center and AAUW. Bob works for Bechtel in SF.

Carolyn Parker Haas works in Bradford, VT, as the district's first director of special ed.

The New York Times has called Adjacent Lives by Ellen Rosenberg Schwamm '55 "a remarkable first novel." Christopher Lehmann-Haupt praised "the intelligence of Mrs. Schwamm's prose and the extraordinary subtlety and individuality of her characters."
education now embraces any child who requires a curriculum modification in order to make good progress in school. Carolyn's major goal is to coordinate all the resources available to the children.

Ellen Greenpan Reiss' marriage to Matthew Rubin was an outdoor ceremony in Calais, VT, at which a renaissance vocal ensemble led the couple's friends and relatives in song. Mathew, who attended Harvard, is president of Spruce Mountain Design, specializing in alternative energy systems.

Dhuanne Schmitz Tansill's NY Bouquets Unlimited is a growing enterprise providing weekly fresh flower service for a fee. Collaborating with decorator friend Sandra Clark, Dhuanne increasingly uses fine fabric flowers in her designs, to complement a client's decor.

Mary Turner Smith continues to be challenged, delighted and frazzled by their four active children. She is Jr. League Ed. Chairman and in her second year as an elected member of Greenwich's Representative Town Meeting. Their great adventure this year was a 9-day raft trip down the CO River through the Grand Canyon.

Mary, our class president, and Platt Townsend Arnold, reunion chairman, join in reminding you to save June 1, 2 and 3 for our BIG 15th reunion. Please. respond enthusiastically to the reunion mailings which Platt will be sending you.

Correspondent: Mrs. George J. Huten (Elizabeth A. Gorra), 51-A Woodside Ave., Roselle Park, NJ 07204

BORN: to William and Margaret Silliman Hawley, Michael Allen 10/27/78; to William and Helen Chmela Kent, Alicia Antoinette 7/31/76; to Donald and Pamela Campbell Peterson, Sally 6/72 and Anders 12/76; to Charles and Anita Shapiro Wilson, Nathaniel Joseph 8/2/78.

Anita Shapiro Wilson, our class pres., is on leave from her data processing job at CT General Life Insurance Co., enjoying motherhood and deciding whether to return to work. She reports Carol Chaykin is back in NYC doing computer programming and attending concerts and plays.

Pam Campbell Peterson keeps active looking after her children and working on the Social Action Board at church and for the women's fellowship. Before Sally was born, Pam worked for the Hartford Redevelopment Agency. She and her husband Donald, who works for Aetna Life and Casualty Co., enjoy weekend sailing out of Mystic harbor. Pam keeps in touch with Dorothy Hummel, Mary Ann Garvin Siegel and Carol Nostrand Pipkin.

Jacqueline (Jackie) Cogan Stone writes that she taught elementary school last year from Easter until June. Although she loved teaching, Jackie chose this fall to enjoy her family, jog two miles daily and help with her son's soccer team and daughter's Brownie troop.

Mary Eamesucci is teaching at the Wellesley College Child Study Center, part of Wellesley's psych. department. In '74, Mary received an Ed.M. degree from Tufts. She lives in Woburn with her husband Angelo (who is asst. prof. of pathology at Tufts med school) and their children David 10 and Rachel 8.

Carol Crossley Barbera was recently promoted to personnel officer at Union Nat'l, Bank of Lowell, MA. Bonnie Burke Himmelman is new to the College's Board of Trustees. Mother of three and married to a DC attorney, Bonnie studied Japanese culture at Sophia U. in Tokyo, did graduate work in Chinese and Japanese history at Columbia and has an M.A. in psychology from Cathole U. of America.

IRELAND

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68 MARRIED: Shirleyanne Hee to Ming Chew 1/15/77; Susan Feigl Lukens to Lawrence M. O'Donnell 7/29/78.


Pam Berky Webb received her Ph.D. in educational psychology from the U. of Miami two days before Allison's birth. Pam finds parenthood a delight, yet manages to teach behavioral science part-time to primary care medicine and pediatric residents at UCSF med school. Husband Peter is a 2nd year dermatology resident at UCSF.
Lauren Brahms Resnik and husband Bob live in San Diego where Bob is associate professor of Obstetrics at UCSD. Bob appeared in a documentary, *Miracle Months*, in which he performed a caesarian section and was interviewed for *Magazine*, a CBS program aired this fall. This summer, Lauren, who keeps busy with children, Andrew 9 and daughter Jamie 7, and Bob travelled east to New Hope, PA, where they were members of Sue Feigl O'Donnell's wedding.

Mary Clarkeson Phillips, a software engineer, is ending her maternity leave and will return half-time to GE. Up to this point, Mary, baby Geoffrey and 4½ year old Brian have been visiting monthly with Adrienne Bergman Beebe and daughter Heathur 4. Mary has seen Iris Chartoff Leonard and daughter Emily and Kathleen Doyle King and sons Brian and Jeffrey.

Ruth Creathely is Director of Christian Education for the First Church of Christ in Saybrook. Ruth served 3½ years as director of Christian education in the Park Congregational Church in New London until she became a member of the board of directors of the Center, a drop-in community learning center in New London where she was a VISTA worker from 72-75. While at the Park Congregational Church, Ruth took part in the Assistants in Christian Education program of the CT Conference of the United Church of Christ.

Fan Eisen Albritton, who has taught English and reading to speakers of other languages in cities coast to coast since graduation, signed a two-year teaching contract with the State U. College at Brockport. She and her husband live in Rochester and are restoring a prize style house supposedly designed by a student of Frank Lloyd Wright. Fan's son Daniel was born during the worst snowstorm of the '78 winter. Amidst 25 inches of snow only the Albrittons in their neighbor's four-wheel drive and a snowblower populated the streets. The Albrittens made it to the hospital with only an hour to spare.

Sue Feigl O'Donnell and her children, Whitney 9½ and Trevor 7, and second husband, Lawrence, a lawyer, live in West Chester, PA.

Carol Fraser is director of the Children and Youth Mental Health Services Planning Project in Arlington, VA. Carol, who emphasizes she did not change her name at marriage, and husband Allan Schwarte, continue to renovate Arlington, VA, home. They enjoyed a visit from Martha Hackley, down from NYC to see them and Naomi Corman Luban and her family who live in Chevy Chase.

Mary Hap Jorgensen is a corporate lending vice president for the Wells Fargo Bank in SF. She and husband Eric, a partner with an SF law firm, live in Mill Valley.

Judith (Judy) Irving, a film producer since 1972, is the producer for a documentary film team that has received 7 grants and her second husband for the Arts grant. This grant plus one from the Film Fund enabled Judy and co-worker Chris Beaver to make *Dark Circles*, a documentary about radioactive contamination in America and the role of women in the Atomic Age. Judy and Chris have been rated by New West magazine as "one of the fastest rising independent film groups around." Judy's other credits include *Alaska: Land in the Balance* for the Sierra Club and *Satellite House Call* for HBO about medical treatment in remote Eskimo and Indian villages. Another documentary on the forced sterilization of women was shown on *KABC* this summer.

Susan Kennedy Bishoff finds life in St. Croix quite pleasant, enjoys snorkeling and occasional races on St. John. For the past year she has been teaching middle school and high school English in grades K-12 at an Episcopal school. Her husband Bob teaches English with her.

Leigh McWilliams Bates, husband Paul and son Thomas ½ love living in Anchorage. Paul is a major with the Alaska Natl. Guard in a battalion stretching from the Arctic Circle to Ketchikan and Sitka.

Mary-Diems Stearns Taylor, husband Mark and children Aaron 6 and Kirsten 2 left in June for a 13-month stay in Denmark. Mark, recipient of a Guggenheim grant, is doing research on Kierkegaard and Hegel.

Barbara diTrotto Mannino has been freelance writing for AAUW and PTI, and finding greatest pleasure in just enjoying her kids. Keith 6 and Meredith 2½. Husband Ross is marketing manager for a NJ tire company.

Correspondent: Mrs. Ross J. Mannino (Barbara diTrotto), 4 Old Smalleytown Rd., Warren, NJ 07050

**70 MARRIED: Nancy Laun to Joseph Perez 8/5/78; Anita Laudone to Colin Emile Harvey; Katherine Brown to Anthony Torcella 3/12/77.**

**BORN: to David and Diane Wassman Darst, Elisabeth Mathews 7/25/78; to Walter and Mary-Jane Atwater Diercks, Emily Jane 2/6/78.**

Joan Haddad Macnill is financial aid counselor at Quinnipiac Valley Community College. Joan received her M.A. at Conn.

Randall Robinson is now a licensed clinical psychologist in CA. Her brother Ben is C.C. '82. Randy and husband Greg Pierce visited with Margaret O'Brien Scott and stay in touch with Ginger Engel Benilker.

At Nancy Laun Perez and Joseph's wedding were: Joyce Smith Peters, Christine Hahnman Baskar, Suzanne (Suzie) Steenburg, Jane Derr Johnson, Bonnie Rockoff Marcus, Margaret Weinland, Carolyn Johnson Griffin and Judith (Judy) Rogers Hatch. After a trip to Spain, Nancy is back teaching junior high and Joe is managing a fish restaurant in Chappaqua.

Katherine Maxim Greenleaf is associate counsel of Union Mutual Life Inc. Co. She got her law degree from BU in 73, joined the company then and was promoted to asst. counsel in the same year.

Katherine Brown Torcella received an M.A.T. from Conn and is a French teacher in Montville.

Diane Wassman Darst reports that aside from writing a European history textbook, all her energies are devoted to her new daughter. She received her Ph.D. in history from Columbia in 75, then moved to Zurich, Switz., where her husband David directs the Goldman, Sachs and Co. office. Last winter Diane also danced 20 performances of *Copellia* with the Zurich Opera Ballet.

Correspondent: Nancy Pierce Morgan, 202 West Church St., Farmville, NC 27828

**72 BORN: to Howard and Susan Tichnor Alfred, Tamar Anne 10/26/74 and Rachel Emily 9/12/77; to Skip and Carol Netlch Bridges, Jamie Elizabeth 9/12/77; to William and Barbara Ashton Carry, Meghan Ashton 11/12/76 and William Ashton 10/10/76; to Charles and Ann Taylor Brown, Nancy Bercroft 12/14/76; and Susan Mendenhall 4/19/76; to Michael and Orquida Acosta Hathaway, Rebekah Lynn 2/8/78; to Robert and Nancy DalVechio Renn, Melissa Leigh 2/11/78; to Lawrence, Cohin and Patricia Kreger, Sander Kreger 3/12/78; Susan Tichnor Alfred and Howie returned to Boston in July '77. Howie is a nephrology fellow at Peter Bent Brigham Hosp.

Ann Taylor Brown and Charlie are in Endicott, NY, where Charlie is in program design with IBM. Her daughters, a job as director of the LWV, their church and the house they are building keep Ann busy. She keeps up with Deborah Zilly Woodworth who is doing a great job for Conn as director of annual giving.

Orquida Acosta Hathaway, while Mike was based in Cuba, taught English (as a second language) and Spanish to elementary school children from Cuba, Jamaica and other countries. They now live in Colchester while Mike is an advisor at the Coast Guard Academy.

Carolyn Anderson, acting head of adult reference services at the Warwick, RI Public Library, was named "Young Career Woman of Warwick" in Apr. Carolyn has an M.A. in library science from URI.

Sherryl Goodman was promoted to asst. professor of psychology at Emory College in Atlanta. Sherryl earned her M.A. and Ph.D. at the U. of Waterloo in Canada.

Jacqueline M. McGinty received her Ph.D. in neuroanatomy from SUNY Downstate Medical
The photographs of Central Park and the Museum of Natural History shown on the cover and throughout the magazine are the work of Lindley Huey. A third-year law student at Fordham University, Lindley unwillingly devotes more time to toasts and contracts than to her Nikon.

Thomas Howland will sing in six operas with the Chicago Lyric Opera's chorus, opening with Puccini's The Girl of the Golden West. Jenny Redo was the Blue Fairy in a children's theatre production of Pinocchio which toured VA and FL.

Pamela Greenhalgh was promoted to bookkeeper at Union Savings Bank and is taking business courses at SUNY.

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