There's a tenth reunion class each year, of course, but '73 is a bit different. Among the T-shirted, long-haired, blue-jeaned students who arrived in New London in the Fall of 1969 were 27 men—the first to be admitted as freshmen at Connecticut. Waves of Coast Guard cadets still made the trek up to our campus, but clearly, things would never be the same.

The Class of '73 trooped into Cro's main gym for a mass "T-group" during orientation, took physical fitness tests, and sat on the lawn for a free rock concert. Times being what they were, students talked and argued about the war in Viet Nam, pondered their new found freedom, and, within a few months, were part of a national student strike.

Ten years after graduation, Conn's male "pioneers" work in fields as disparate and demanding as sedimentology and social work. The Alumni Office has received surveys from 22 of the men in '73; among them, the men have earned 21 advanced degrees.

For this issue on reunion, we asked a handful of '73 alumni—ranging from a pastor to a surgeon to a helicopter pilot—to write about themselves, their jobs, and their recollections of Connecticut. Obviously, there is room for only a tiny sample of the achievements of this talented group. What else do '73 alumni do?

Well, Karen Winer Friedman is vice president for corporate finance at Salomon Brothers in New York. Nancy Marks is an assistant prosecuting attorney in St. Louis. Aries Arditi, Ph.D., is a researcher at the New York Association for the Blind. Hester Kinnicut Jacobs is a navy lieutenant in Norfolk. Mary Cerreto, Ph.D. is associate professor of pediatrics at the University of Texas. Joelle Schon is a film editor in New York. Deborah Myers Kucharik manages the minicomputer support group at Pacific Telephone in North Hollywood. And Arturo (Guzzy) Guzman teaches sixth grade in the Bronx. Connecticut, it seems chose well.
What do you do when the editor of the Connecticut College Alumni Magazine calls and asks you to write a short article about what you’ve been doing since college?

Panic. PANIC!

Besides, doctors are ex-literates, as a rule; they grunt, play golf, charge high fees, and only talk to other doctors. But write? In a nonscientific publication? About work? No, no, no!

In 1977, after graduating from the University of Connecticut School of Medicine, I moved to Boston and entered general surgery residency, a special purgatory reserved for those with strong backs, strong minds, and thick skins. I had enjoyed surgery in medical school; I liked the surgical problems, the technical challenges, the problem-solving, and thought the patients were great.

Nothing, however, had prepared me for the rigors of the next five years, not four years at Conn, not four years of medical school, not ten years at hard labor. Surgery residency isn’t a job; it’s a way of life, all-absorbing, demanding, and jealous of time, energy, love, devotion. It takes all that one has.

In my last year as chief resident, I was in the hospital every morning (Saturdays and Sundays included) at six. Our team would see 15 to 30 patients before starting in the operating room at eight, and would usually operate until two in the afternoon. New admissions, conferences, disasters, emergencies, and evening rounds would consume us until eight or nine, when, somewhat fatigued, I’d leave for home. My husband (I’d met him in an operating room near the end of my internship), by now an excellent cook, would fix dinner, and then tuck me into bed, the everpresent beeper lurking on the nightstand.

There were days, and weeks, when I gladly would have chucked it all without a backward glance.

What kept me going? The patients did; my fellow residents did; some of the senior surgeons did; and my husband did, all with their patience, hard work, humor and understanding. And the work itself has enormous rewards.

What kept me going? The patients did; my fellow residents did; some of the senior surgeons did; and my husband did, all with their patience, hard work, humor and understanding. And the work itself has enormous rewards. Most operations go well, but some go absolutely flawlessly—and are they great! It’s very gratifying to know that a difficult, technically demanding procedure has gone well, or that you’ve made a difficult but sound surgical judgment. There is an immense sense of gratification knowing that a sick patient is well because of your intervention.

People occasionally ask if surgical training was harder for me than for a man. I encountered little overt discrimination. No doubt there were cases I didn’t do because the private doctor thought I was “only a girl,” and there were patients who disliked or distrusted me simply because I was a woman, but there weren’t too many. Was I teased about being a woman in a man’s specialty? Endlessly. Did my education suffer? I doubt it.

There remains one other great source of satisfaction for me. Many patients have never been exposed to or been cared for by women physicians. Every once in a while, a patient will confide, “You know, Dr. Williams, when I first got here, I didn’t want a woman doctor. But I’ve changed my mind. Will you be here when I come back?”

If I’ve helped change the attitudes of only a handful of patients—and other doctors—I’ve succeeded.

At Conn, I learned the value of hard work, perseverance, integrity, and the enthusiastic pursuit of knowledge. These values will be with me even after my hands and my scalpel retire.
H.P. GOLDFIELD '73
ASSOCIATE COUNSEL
TO THE PRESIDENT

HOW HARRY THE DISC SURVIVED IN THE VAST SEA OF WOMEN

As Associate Counsel to the President, H. P. Goldfield serves as legal counsel to President Reagan and the White House staff and coordinates Administration legal policy on a variety of matters. Mr. Goldfield also served in the counsel's office in the Ford administration. His article is adapted from an address he made at reunion as a member of a panel of men from the Class of 73.

I would have had a hard time, 14 years ago, articulating what my expectations were on arriving as a freshman at Connecticut College after five years in an all-male preparatory school in suburban Connecticut. Like most incoming freshmen, my thoughts and emotions were an unsorted and largely unexamined jumble of eagerness and uncertainty; ambition tempered by the temptations of laziness and self-indulgence common to 18-year-olds; and anticipation mingled with a touch of fear about whether I could handle the challenges of college in general and of being one of the first "coeds" at Connecticut College in particular. I do not remember much of what Charles Shain told the newly assembled Class of 1973; but I do remember walking into the auditorium with some trepidation, hoping to find a friendly face among "one of the guys," and then realizing with a start that that was going to be a considerably greater challenge than it had been at an all-boys prep school. So I sank into a seat, muttered a nervous "hello" to the young woman sitting next to me, closed my eyes and felt a bit like Alan Shepard or John Glenn must have felt just before liftoff.

I remember, too, my first contact with my fellow "pioneers" on the one floor of the one dorm—Larrabee House—that contained all the male members of the Class of '73. Needless to say, I was perfectly prepared to make a good first impression. Picture, if you will, a 5 foot 8 inch short, curly-haired fellow wearing plaid pants, Weejuns, a blazer replete with prep school emblem, a white oxford shirt and—so help me—an ascot, bursting uninvited into your room on the first day of school with hand extended, saying, "Hi, I'm H. P. Goldfield." My presence here today is testimony to the patience and good humor of my classmates.

Conn itself had a healthy sense of humor...
about its motley crew of men that first year. Who can forget that first Conn College Camels basketball team? Seventeen men made the varsity team; only 16 tried out. We had to draft a part-time student to play center since no one else was over 5 foot 8 inches tall. Well, we put on a good show that first season with Mike Shinault as coach. We even managed to score points during the first half against the Coast Guard Academy. That is, four points for the other team. I'll also never forget attending my first "away" mixer at Wesleyan. I knew when I stepped off the bus that I wasn't exactly what those guys had pictured as a typical Conn freshman.

My Conn classmates also introduced me to the rigors of the business world. After a J. Geils Band concert, I decided to sell some of their albums door-to-door. Six of my friends woke up at 5:00 a.m. one day and stuffed every faculty and student mail box on campus with a flyer advertising that "Harry the Disc's" record service could clean and repair any scratched or broken record for 10¢ a record. On my way to get the mail before class that morning, Fred Bogel, my English professor and friend, smirked, "Good morning, Harry the Disc." I didn't know what he was talking about—I figured he had conjugated one verb or diagrammed one sentence too many the night before. I then got to my mail box and learned that I was "Harry the Disc," and was running a cut-rate record cleaning service. It was a good flyer, though—for 10¢, I could clean or repair any record. "The Incas taught me, I can teach you. V.A. approved."

All of these are memories—and good ones—of my four years at Conn. But the most lasting impression I carry with me of my years in New London is a deeper one. Like many of my two dozen or so male contemporaries at Larrabee House, I didn't really learn what Conn was like until after I arrived. I wasn't sure what to expect. But I know what I found—a group of highly motivated, intelligent students, being taught by dedicated faculty in an institution that constantly displayed genuine interest and concern for the individual.

From the beginning, the male "pioneers" of our class were made to feel very much at home at Conn. If anything, we were a little spoiled. The attention shown to us by faculty, administrators and fellow students was beyond our expectations.

But through it all, Conn was a place for the individual, and we were treated as such. There were many times when a Charles Chu or Henry Kuo, attempting to hammer Chinese language into my brain, would call after I had missed a couple of classes to inquire about my well-being. This was not attendance taking in disguise; it was merely an expression of the overriding concern, shared by most all of the faculty, for the individual students whose intellectual and personal development had been entrusted to their care.

Jane Welsh Carlyle once remarked, "Instead of boiling up individuals into the species, I would draw a chalk circle around every individuality, and preach to it to keep within that and preserve and cultivate its identity." To me, that was very much what Conn was all about. Rather than graduating a class of students it graduated individuals. How to learn was as important as what to learn. We were nurtured, prodded, cajoled, to open our minds to new thoughts; at the same time, we learned the "old thoughts" whose truth remains constant, the values that have animated and preserved Western civilization and this country.

If you look today at the person sitting next to you, you may see an old friend—but you will almost certainly see an individual whose identity was cultivated by this college. That is the common thread of Conn. Whether it was the bicycling math professor with his cape flying behind him; or the government professor who threw snowballs in class and took you down to an out-of-the-way pub for a drink; or the Chinese professor who fed you both language and food; or the sounds of the car horns on May Day; or taking ourselves a bit too seriously over one demonstration or another, one exam or another, one boyfriend/girlfriend or another—in all of these and countless other experiences, Conn taught us the values of individual freedom and responsibility. And in consequence, my expectations grew to be less of Conn and more of myself.

Robert Frost has observed that "It is absurd to think that the only way to tell if a poem is lasting is to wait and see if it lasts. The right reader of a good poem can tell the moment it strikes him he has taken a mortal wound—you will never get over it." Obviously, Robert Frost wasn't thinking about Connecticut College, but his words are apropos. Looking back, I would not trade my four years at Conn for four years anyplace else. And I am confident that those of you sitting here today know, as I do, that we will never get over Conn.

It seems impossible that ten years have passed since graduation from Connecticut College. During this time I have worked for Southern New England Telephone Company (I will be receiving my ten-year pin in July), received my M.B.A. from the University of Connecticut (after five-and-half years of night school), married Rich (we will be celebrating our tenth anniversary in December), and became the mother of a baby daughter (Lauren is now seven months old). As I take this opportunity to look at the past, present and future, I could not be happier . . . or busier.

I am just beginning to gain control of my life as a working wife and mother—mornings are hectic, meals are quickly microwaved from freezer to table, shopping and laundry are squeezed into spare moments, and there is never enough time for all that
needs doing. As tiring as my schedule is, I would not trade my situation for anything. Our daughter, Lauren, has brought such joy and laughter and love into our lives. I find myself smiling as I drive home from work anticipating Lauren's enthusiastic greeting. I found a wonderful woman in our hometown, Clinton, to sit with Lauren while I am working. This had been my biggest worry and, fortunately, the arrangement is superb so I have no qualms when I drop her off each morning. They both enjoy each other tremendously.

Once at work, I am the assistant secretary and assistant treasurer for the Southern New England Telephone Company (SNET) in New Haven. My primary responsibility is managing the company’s $750 million pension fund—a fascinating job involving strategic fund planning, asset allocation and investment decisions, and investment manager selection and monitoring. In this capacity, I serve as secretary to the Employee Benefits Plan Committee of the Board of Directors. Every aspect of my position is dynamic and interesting—the economy, the capital markets, the varied domestic and international investment opportunities, the regulations affecting pension funds, and the interface with SNET’s directors.

Prior to my appointment as pension fund manager, I worked in our Corporate Planning Department—during a revolutionary period for the telephone industry and especially for the Bell System. With deregulation and devestment, SNET (although only 20 percent owned by AT&T) has begun to chart an independent future for itself in a world beyond just telephones. Perhaps you have seen our SONECOR Systems ad, “Coming out of the Bell.” When I began working for SNET after college, I could not have imagined how much would change in ten years.

My husband, Rich, completed his master’s degree in environmental science and is teaching sixth grade in Old Lyme. He also coaches the high school varsity basketball team. He enjoys both jobs and is still waiting for “that championship season.” This year his summer vacation will be different; he plans to stay home with Lauren. That is, of course, when he is not coaching at basketball camps or when we both are on vacation. Two years ago we achieved our long-time goal of owning lakefront property. This summer we are really looking forward to relaxing in the sun—we haven’t even installed a phone!
When I was about seven years old I loved to sit by myself on the floor of my room and draw all kinds of things, like castles and carts and atomic airplanes. I'd also sit in the window and identify the cars cruising by on the street: Packards, Nashes, Pontiacs, De Sotos... I liked to play with other kids, too, but often I'd get a sort of itchy feeling in my hands and want to pick up a crayon. I didn't draw landscapes and things; it was more fun to give myself a problem and try to find a nice-looking solution to it.

It never occurred to me until about 20 years later that I could make a living doing just what I'd done when I was seven. In fact, it didn't occur to me until just now, as I sat down to write this, that I've come full-circle. And I'm having just as much fun as I did when I was seven. (I'm no longer so good with the car identifications, though.)

I've been a freelance illustrator and designer for about eight years now. I got my start—as a post-adolescent, that is—as editor of the Connecticut College Alumni Magazine. I'd assign myself illustrations, and the ones I liked became the beginnings of a portfolio. Then I took the portfolio to Washington (I should have taken it to New York, but New York is just too hard-core for me) and eventually I had a pretty good business going.

Often when I say "illustrator," people think "cartoonist." Or they think "children's books" or The New Yorker. For me, it's none of the above. I primarily do illustrations to accompany articles in magazines. For instance, a factory in the shape of Freud's head for an article about the psychiatric industry. Or, for an article entitled, "Social Darwinism, Reagan Style," a chimp evolving through two or three steps into the President. That one's not entirely logical, but it made a nice image. I've done portraits and caricatures, Yalies, eye operations, earmuffs, maps, diagrams, Dracula, and a shark bursting out of a television set. No atomic airplanes, though.

My clients have included the Washington Post, Johns Hopkins University, The American Film Institute, the Smithsonian Institution, and the New Republic.

Some things have changed for the worse since I was seven. I worry about taxes—a lot—and have to pay my own health insurance. No pension plan, either. The lack of job security—never knowing what you'll be doing a month from now, or even whether you'll be doing anything—has actually been one of the fun parts. It makes things more exciting, and it makes the time slip by less quickly, which is important to me.

It can be lonely freelancing, and it can be depressing to realize that even though a million or so people may see a single illustration of mine, they will study it, on the average, for a quarter of a second. Then again, perhaps one one-hundredth of one percent of those people will go "Wow!" or laugh or grimace or tape it to a refrigerator door.

Oh no. I seem to be a re-convincing myself of the value and fun of freelance work, which is just what I don't want to do right now. You see, as of yesterday I agreed to sign a contract with the National Geographic Society. I'll be working for the Magazine as an idea person, illustrator and assistant-assistant art director. Full-time. I'll still be technically self-employed, but I've sold my soul to a single client. For years I've thought freelancing so much fun that I could imagine taking a full-time job only if it were a really, really terrific one. And the only really terrific job I could imagine would be in the art department of the National Geographic.

When I was seven, we used to go over to Golden Hill where my grandmother lived. She had a big house, and upstairs, in a little yellow room, were National Geographics. A nearly complete set, dating from May 1927 to the present. I spent hours in that room. I've inherited the set. I'll spend many more hours looking at Geographics. And I think, and I hope, I'll have as much fun as I did when I was seven.

I arrived at Connecticut College to join the 27 “pioneer” or “token” men of the Class of ’73. I had just left the world of the Army, in Viet Nam as a helicopter pilot.

Jane Bredeson (then associate director of admissions) and the faculty here began what has become a fond relationship by looking at me as an individual, and accepting me as a part of Conn College. Being a “pioneer” among 1600 women gave way to some very interesting expectations.

In retrospect, I don’t think we considered ourselves pioneers. In his role as Hawkeye Pierce, Alan Alda speaks of heroes in much the same vein that I reflect on pioneers. “Heroes are just ordinary folks that are tired of the way things are,” Hawkeye says, “so they change them.”

We go forward with renewed expectations. Among mine I count a hope that we...
can each return to Conn a small part of ourselves, a reflection of what Conn has helped us make of ourselves.

I had the honor of fielding the only question put to a reunion panel of men from the Class of ’73. One alumna in the audience asked what I do. Following in the wake of two lawyers and a neuroradiologist, I had omitted the fact that I am now a search and rescue pilot with the Coast Guard, stationed in Miami, Florida.

NANCY MANN ’73
EXHIBIT PLANNER & ENTREPRENEUR

THE HAPPY, UNCERTAIN LIFE OF THE FREELANCE SLEUTH, WRITER & DESIGNER

I make a living from rummaging through shoeboxes of old photographs, choreographing a ciliated cell dance for kids, and drawing interconnected squares and diamonds that tell programmers how to plot a computer game. That’s not all. I’ve also glued tiny paintings to the walls of exhibit models, snapped pictures of Boston Harbor from a propeller plane, and helped construct a lacy, beaded soft sculpture of an amoeba, 8,000 times life size.

All in the name of exhibit planning. Under this guise I am a perennial student, researching my way through unusual aspects of art, science, and history. My job is to immerse myself in a particular subject, the earth's magnetism or the history of a New England mill town, for example, and then think of engaging exhibits to capture the interest of museum visitors. The end results are wall-sized photographs, models, games, computer terminals, pushbuttons, cartoons, and the real things.

With every new project, I enter a new world. The dark interior of the first major American tunnel was opened to me while researching exhibits for a visitor center in North Adams, Massachusetts. Digging in the city’s archives in a basement vault, I uncovered 19th century illustrations of pick-wielding tunnelers, original engineering drawings, and a journalist’s first-hand account of riding in a creaky elevator with a bucket of nitroglycerin. On another project, scientists at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute patiently explained their techniques for videotaping giant clams and anemic fish, two miles beneath the surface of the sea. I traveled to North Dakota to visit the nation’s first coal gasification plant—an enormous 175-acre complex rising from a landscape so flat that you can see silos 40 miles away. And I got a glimpse of Harvard dormitory life in the 17th century—when beer was served for breakfast, lunch, and dinner in the dining common—while I was examining bits of pipes and pottery unearthed during Cambridge subway excavations.

A combination of persistence and luck brought me to this profession. After graduating from Connecticut with a degree in art history, I managed to land an unliberated secretarial job in one of Boston’s museums. It wasn’t easy to find museum work then. A job as guard at the Museum of Fine Arts was hotly contested by the hordes of overqualified, jobless. Despite my art history major, I was in a science museum that I learned about exhibits: what goes into planning them, how they’re designed, and how to write their labels. (A difficult task. It often involves making technical information, the physics of sound waves, say, intelligible to seven-year-olds without offending the intelligence of their parents.)

After five years of on-the-job training, I jumped ship and plunged into the sea of free enterprise. Offering research and writing skills to museums, architects, and designers, a friend and I started an exhibit planning business on his sun porch. For the first year, we operated with two desks, two typewriters, and two telephones squeezed into our makeshift office.

Since then success has moved us to a larger office and into the computer age. We have traded our typewriters for IBM pc’s, and we are busy marketing software for exhibits in addition to good old fashioned research and writing. We have all the trappings of American entrepreneurs—an employee, federal employee taxes, rent, and a constant worry about finding new work. But I wouldn’t trade this life for another, however secure. Textbooks define an entrepreneur as one who likes living with uncertainty. I can’t live without it.
BRIAN PUGLISI '73
RADIOLOGIST
THE LIBERAL ARTS
MAKE THE STUDY OF
MEDICINE
AN EASIER TASK

My decision to enter Connecticut College in the Fall of 1969 was not well conceived and was something of an afterthought. In retrospect, it was one of my better afterthoughts. I had wanted my college experience to be something out of the ordinary, different from that of my high school friends. I also wanted a solid liberal arts education. Connecticut College afforded both. Hence, I arrived in New London, now knowing exactly what to expect and having no idea as to how many other males would be on campus. My apprehensions were quickly assuaged, however, as I met my classmates and the rest of the Connecticut College community.

I had anticipated staying at Conn that first year and transferring the following year if my experience was disappointing. My thoughts of leaving Conn dissipated, however, after the first few weeks of classes. It was a rather unique experience being the only male in most of my classes, though it made it difficult to unobtrusively "skip classes." As males we were pampered, to be sure, though I do not think we realized it at the time (and were probably the only ones who did not realize it at the time). I never fully appreciated my Connecticut College education until I undertook graduate study at other institutions—first, as a graduate student in genetics and cell biology at the University of Connecticut, and later, as a medical student at the University of Arizona College of Medicine and the University of London-Royal Free Hospital. My liberal arts training certainly made my studies while in medical school less arduous and enabled me to cultivate other interests aside from medicine. But most importantly, my education at Connecticut College taught me to think rather than to react reflexively or algorithmically.

Connecticut College also nurtured my interest in research, an interest which is ever-growing and has resulted in several scientific publications. My first exposure to research was my honors study as a senior student at Conn. I continued laboratory research as a graduate student and spent two years before entering medical school studying the DNA mediated effects of chemotherapeutic agents. I remain indebted to many of my friends at Conn, particularly Dean Alice Johnson and Professor of Zoology Bernice Wheeler, for providing my initial guidance and afflatus. Though I have not been back to visit the campus in several years, I have maintained my ties to the college by serving as an admission aide in both Arizona and Wisconsin. I look forward to returning to the campus reunion weekend and renewing old friendships as well as seeing some of the new additions to the campus.

Currently, I am completing my residency in neuroradiology. The recent advances in this area of medicine are quite remarkable. New diagnostic imaging modalities such as nuclear magnetic resonance (NMR) will allow the earlier diagnosis of many diseases and aid in the understanding of the pathophysiology of such diseases and in their treatment and prevention. Also, new interventional techniques are now replacing surgery in many cases and are resulting in a decrease in patient morbidity, days in hospital, and medical costs.

My personal expectations for the future include private practice in radiology with adjunct teaching and research responsibilities in an academic setting. I feel fortunate to be at the cutting edge of today's seminal changes in medicine and to have had the benefit of a Connecticut College education in preparing me for my career.

DEBRA MCGUIRK
JOHNSON '73
PASTOR
THE FIRST WOMAN ORDAINED BY THE
HUNGARIAN REFORMED CHURCH

For six years I have been the pastor of the Hungarian Reformed Church in Roebling, New Jersey. The Hungarian Reformed denomination is a member of the family of churches that originated in the Geneva of John Calvin, and is thus sister to the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and other national Reformed churches such as German and Dutch that have found a home in the United States. Although the center of the church is still in Hungary, there are several well-established Hungarian Reformed congregations in the United States and throughout the rest of the world.

I was called to this church after majoring in religion at Connecticut College and receiving my Master of Divinity degree at Yale Divinity School. I was the first woman to be ordained by the Hungarian Reformed Church, and was only the second non-Hungarian. Consequently, my ordination has been regarded as a proof of this denomination's willingness to adapt itself to new circumstances. It also has given my ministry a visibility that has been somewhat awkward at times. I am regarded as "the woman minister," in spite of the fact that other women in similar circumstances approach the profession of pastor in different ways than I do. Nevertheless, my presence has helped other women to realize that their talents and capacities are important and recognized by the church.

A woman minister faces special problems, which I am sure are similar to those of women in other professions. Many men
find difficulty in talking over various problems and issues with women, especially when they feel vulnerable or at the mercy of their emotions. It takes time and mutual trust before a woman pastor and a male parishioner can approach each other on the basis of their mutual humanity rather than role expectations.

Because I am a woman, however, I have been able to establish important relationships with the women and young girls in my congregation. Young women especially feel themselves torn between the need to have a career and the need to be a wife and mother. I have been an example for them of one who has combined a professional life with marriage and motherhood, and have helped them to understand that they do not need to sacrifice either of their possible vocations to the other.

Life as a pastor is like the little girl with the little curl: when it is good, it is very, very good; but when it is bad it is horrid. Ministers are exposed to all the needs and desires of their congregations; they share all the joy and the guilt and the sadness of the individuals under their care. But we are privileged as are few others in being present to other people in all the great mysteries of life, from birth to death and beyond. The pastorate has been my life for these last six years, and in spite of the drain of sharing in so many lives, the frustration I have felt at the quirks of human nature, and the sheer fatigue that comes with attending to the needs of a community of diverse individuals, I would not have traded that life for any other.

The last, but most significant factor that I believe has kept my sanity intact is my other "job." Since my move to Wyoming six years ago, after finishing law school in California, I've been active in one form or another with the largest statewide environmental organization, the Wyoming Outdoor Council, first as staff counsel and now as president of the Board of Directors. The Outdoor Council provides more than its share of challenges. Wyoming is, in my opinion, under a state of siege, primarily from rampant energy development. Huge tracts of critical wildlife habitat, areas unique in the lower 48 states, are being threatened or destroyed by you name it—oil exploration, uranium and coal mining, natural gas drilling and processing. The MX missile is moving into my backyard—literally. The Outdoor Council is continually attempting to strike a needed balance between development and conservation, attempting to have Wyoming's future take place on Wyoming's terms, not on the terms of a corporate boardroom in New York City. Suzanna accompanies me to hearings, press conferences and meetings all over the state, and my involvement in conservation issues has thus served a dual function. Suzanna and I get out of the house and I feel I haven't relinquished my intellect totally to Dermassage and diapers.

The answer as to when I will return to practicing law is still up in the air. Seems like I'm too busy to even think about it.

JOSEPHINE PORTER '73
PARENT, ATTORNEY & ENVIRONMENTALIST
AND CO-BUILDER OF
A SUN AND WIND-
POWERED HOME IN
CHEYENNE, WYOMING

To paraphrase Vivian Segall when she asked me to write about my past ten years: "We have plenty of people from our class who are doctors, bankers, and lawyers. We need a mother." I guess I'm to be the reassurance that some of the Class of '73 have chosen to concentrate on the respectable field of motherhood.

At least I think that's what I've decided. Suzanna, my nine-month-old, certainly thinks my sun rises and sets with her. But for me the appeal of full-time parenting seems to depend on how well our day is going (i.e., Did she nap? Is the wind blowing too hard to go outside? How deep is that snowdrift?) Often is the moment, as the phone rings, Suzanna screams, and the house resembles a war-torn country, that the idea of returning to my past hectic, but rewarding, Legal Services practice seems like a piece of cake. But those moments are more balanced by the joys of closely watching Suzanna grow and develop. By staying home instead of returning to a full-time legal practice, we have shared many firsts, so many tribulations, and oh so many smiles.

The decision not to continue working after her birth has certainly been made easier by a number of factors. Luckily Roger, my husband, as a professional engineer and hydrologist, has been keeping our heads financially above water. We live a very self-sufficient life in our solar home west of Cheyenne, Wyoming. We built it ourselves over the past four years, pounding our own nails and mixing our own concrete. Never again! Because of our location, surrounded by ranches and a mile from the closest transmission line, we opted to not pay over $11,000 for a power hookup. Instead, all of our power is provided by a wind generator and a photovoltaic system. The house is one long project, and diversions from parenting, such as tiling the kitchen or planting trees, are always waiting.
GRADUATION DAY WAS ALSO THE DAHLGRENS' WEDDING DAY

Below, Tim and Bobbie Dahlgren with Derek Frisbee and Andrew Steven. Tim is the son of Elizabeth Seissen Dahlgren '45.

In so many ways, Connecticut College is a part of our distant past. But then, it certainly doesn't seem possible that ten years have passed since Bobbie and I graduated.

Graduation day ten years ago has special significance for us, for it was the same day that we were married. Since that day, we have found homes in the Southeastern part of the United States. We have lived in Charlottesville, Virginia, (during graduate school at the University of Virginia), Atlanta, Georgia, (where we both taught at a boarding school), and currently, we reside in Durham, North Carolina, where I have taught and been director of the Middle School at Durham Academy for the past seven years.

This morning is the day of our closing exercises for the middle school and it marks the last day of our faculty meetings. I am responsible for 300 fifth through eighth graders and 30 faculty members within our school division. Life and work in Durham is truly enjoyable as they both are filled with wonderful students and friends. Most people, when hearing where I work and the age of the students I deal with, respond with, “How can you stand kids that age?” My response is, “Quite easily. I really enjoy children at that age.” They are, in the truest sense of the word, alive and full of life. Or perhaps my affection for this age child is a reflection of my own maturity. In any case, I am thankful to be here doing what I do and I thank Conn College for its role in my being here.

Bobbie, for the first six years of our life in Durham, worked in sales, advertising, and research at the Whitehall Antique Shop in nearby Chapel Hill. It was a job she enjoyed and one where she was appreciated. She actually got to use some of the educational training she received at Conn, where she majored in art history. Six months ago, she quit her job to have our second child. We are parents of two boys—Derek Frisbee, 3½ and Andrew Steven, six months. They are real joys, but our lives have changed somewhat since their arrival. Currently, Bobbie is holding down the homefront and is occupied with the kids and their care and has been responsible for a major addition to and the re-decoration of our home. Bobbie has also been working towards a certificate in computer programming at North Carolina State University in Raleigh. She plans to return to school in the fall semester with the hope of finding employment in early 1984 in one of the firms in the Research Triangle Park.

Life is good for us. Our memories of Conn are fond ones and we treasure the friendships formed in our years there. Our regards and best wishes to everyone and we hope to make it back for a reunion sometime soon.
ACCORDING TO OUR FATHERS' WISHES

WE LIVED IN A TEMPORARY DREAMWORLD,
BUT NOT ONE OF US HAS BEEN ABLE TO MAINTAIN
THE OUTLOOK, OR THE VISION OF THE WORLD
AS WE CASUALLY PERCEIVED IT IN 1958.

BY CASSANDRA STURMAN BRIGHT '58

What I remember most is our innocence and the fact that we were spoiled. 1958—the year I graduated from Connecticut College, or to be exact, Connecticut College for Women, its name and denomination at that time, was optimistically uneventful. But that was a fitting end to the four years I had spent there. There was no hint in our education that our past should be "prelude to our future"; no warning signals that we were about to emerge into a world that would all but banish many of our notions of what we were as women—as human beings. Our college careers merely stretched the process of leading us from the security of our parents' homes to those of our husbands; a stop-gap measure, and shamefully treated that way by many of us. Of 287 women who arrived for the first time on the campus at New London in the fall of 1954, fewer than 140 graduated in 1958. A sorry statistic for any school, and one that leads me to ponder questions of who and what we women were at that time, and why.

In distilling the breadth of these questions, I would have to say we behaved according to our fathers' wishes, and perceived the world according to our mothers' viewpoints. In short, we were not far out of the womb. In 1958 there was no particular reason for us to be making giant strides toward independent thinking, self-awareness, and confidence. There were no jarring external pressures to lead us away from traditional notions of what our behavior or goals should be. We were living in a peaceful world. America was on a "high." For two decades after the Second World War the United States was a steadily growing industrial power, producing 95 percent of its own consumer goods in automobiles, steel, and electronics, mainstays of our lifestyle. We felt the strength of our country on the outer periphery, and the protection of our parents in the inner sphere surrounding us. We lived in a land of excesses, before a time when we had concerns about our environment, or challenges to America's global supremacy. We were living in a temporary dreamworld where we took too much for granted, especially our educations.
And we were good kids. I dutifully completed my four years at Connecticut, received my B.A., and smiled at my father. He had once said to me, “Finish college, you owe me that.” As I recall, it was the only slight reference to the fact that he had invested a sum of money in my education, and wanted me to complete my end of the bargain, which was to obtain the diploma. I had already given him a scare the summer before my senior year by getting married. Whether Dad knew it or not, I had no intention of dropping out so close to the finale. I felt good about myself. I was pleasing both Mom and Dad.

But how many of us just left the premises, never to return to education again, or to return years later as middle-aged women? A good many of us transferred to other colleges, or married, all accepted practices in those days. The options open to us were limited enough—stay, leave, marry. Who ever thought of applying oneself so that the end result would be to have a “career”? I don’t think I ever heard the word “career” in all of my four years of college. We knew about “jobs.” The word held dire connotations of women chained to desks from nine to five, punching timeclocks. What were women doing in those days if they did not marry and and raise families? Many taught, worked as secretaries or librarians, involved themselves in charities. No wonder we weren’t in any rush to emerge from cocoons.

We were a before and an in-between group, and consequently would feel the women’s movement more painfully, and with more anxiety than women born before or after us. Our college careers were a continuation of the disciplines we had studied in high school, simply more concentrated: more mathematics, English, science, languages, and art. I cannot recall that I was even titillated by notions that an exciting world was about to explode around me, and that if I applied myself, I might be able to jangle the universe in a new way. My education did not hint at this possibility. I sat day after day in class, twirling my engagement ring, or figuring out the train schedule to Philadelphia.

We came before any external events that would have caused us to reevaluate our goals. We had never heard of air pollution, or worried about inflation. Our parents did not speak to us in terms of “sacrifice” when they paid those tuition bills. If it cost $2,300 a year to send me to one of the finest women’s colleges of my day, that figure did not have the impact on a middle-class family’s budget that today’s $10,000 to $12,000 a year tuition has. A college education was not considered a luxury by students at Connecticut. We took the whole experience lightly, our greatest shame. Expectations were minimal for a woman. If I fooled around, took long weekends, or made the wrong dean’s list, I did not have to worry about the wrath of my family, as long as I did not flunk out.

So, who was I? Basically, a grown-up preppie. My college wardrobe consisted of a tan raincoat with red plaid lining, Bermuda shorts (worn fall, winter, and spring), knee socks (usually grey, matching the shorts), sweater sets, penny loafers, and a page-boy hairstyle. My winter dress coat was a teddy raccoon toward which I felt reverential. I washed my hair a lot, but didn’t remember ever doing my nails, except for cleaning them under the shower.

My room was neat, and decorated with banners from my school and his, and a plaid, cotton bedspread which easily lasted four years without becoming threadbare from the numerous bottoms that plopped unceremoniously onto it all day long. My books were piled neatly on my desk by the long window—I was on the ground floor—and I applied myself to the academic tasks at hand diligently, if not remotely. I knew that two weeks from the day that I studied for the history exam, I would have forgotten most of the vital statistics on the Crimean War, but this neither disturbed nor deterred me from plowing on. I was there to “complete the course.” A few of us smoked. We had never heard of pot, although the big scandal my freshman year was that four girls had been sacked for drinking behind the dormitory. The fact that the misdeed caused such an uproar attests to our basic innocence. A greater portion of the week was spent organizing the weekend so I would not have to be on campus. I was having a long-distance love affair, and in those days New London and Philadelphia were not around the corner.

So my curriculum was interrupted by revolving up or recovering from train rides across four states.

We were secure, if not happy, because our options were limited. With choice comes confusion. Hairstyles were long, short, straight, or naturally wavy, and socks came in sizes, and in about three acceptable colors. With no birth control pill, and our parents’ mores embedded in our souls, if not our groins, our sex lives...
were controlled. Our physical exertion was limited to the usual round of sports, tennis in the spring and fall (no indoor courts), field hockey or soccer, basketball, and for an elite few, horseback riding. Would that we had thought of jogging, or holding exercise or aerobics classes in the gymnasium. We predated these trends. Our palates had not explored anything more than the local seafood, abundant in this coastal area, or pizza, hamburgers and hot-dogs. To abandon our taste-buds to the eccentricities of food from any culture that ate with forks had not occurred to us. What we wore, we made sure everyone else wore. Style came in trends. We traveled in cars and on trains, to men's colleges, usually in the vicinity, or back and forth from our homes. We were on the dawn of the jet age. 1958 inaugurated the first domestic jetliner passenger service in the United States. Not many of us came from farther west than the Mississippi to reap the rewards of an education at Connecticut College.

The present was all that mattered. We were busy preserving values, not interested in making an impression on the world. We protested by being silent, not by having sit-ins, and we worried little about what impact the atomic age would have on our children. The bomb had been dropped far away from us, and its effect was too ghastly or incomprehensible for us to consider seriously that it might ever be used again. We viewed death as the result of old age, heart attacks, or accidents, not as the unjust tragedy of cancer or assassination. We behaved with an honesty of emotion that would vanish forever with the advent of the social sciences, already on our doorstep. Mad was mad, and glad was glad. We were only taking Psychology I.

The outside world was nearly in place. We were between wars, having just seen the end of the Korean conflict in 1953, where the participation of those close to us was minimal. A nice, no-nonsense, honest man, President Eisenhower was at the helm of our country, and he would hardly do anything while we were at college to cause us to question the wisdom of our statesmen. The nastiest scandal his administration had to survive involved Sherman Adams, Assistant to the President. Mr. Adams had received gifts—including a vicuna coat—from a Boston businessman. All I remember was wondering what a vicuna coat looked like. The U-2 incident and the matter of our country's reconnaissance missions over Russian territory did not erupt until 1960. The admission of our spying may have begun to break down our view of our country as righteous in all matters.

It was an era of competent leaders, even if they were not on "our side": Harold Macmillan of Great Britain, Dag Hammarskjold of the United Nations, Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, Nikita Khrushchev of the Soviet Union. Our horizons expanded when the United States sent its first satellite, Explorer I, into orbit on January 31, 1958. In July of that year Congress established the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. We were on the verge, but still awaiting, weather satellites, men in space, ballistic missile submarines, microchips, Viet Nam, the Middle East crises, and Medicare. We were still 48 states.

Our taste bordered on the romantic, as we would be expected. We clapped for Van Cliburn when he was awarded the first prize by the Soviet Union in their international Tchaikovsky piano competition. We fantasized when Princess Grace of Monaco gave birth to Prince Albert. We looked with awe at Boris Pasternak when he rejected the Nobel Prize for literature. And we heralded the ascendency of a noble, good man, Pope John XXIII to head the Roman Catholic Church. Our movie heroines were beautiful—Elizabeth Taylor (how sad we were that year when Mike Todd was killed in an airplane crash), and Audrey Hepburn, whose haircut I envied to the point that I had my best friend, a wow with the scissors, cut mine as an exact copy. And our films were nostalgic: Desire Under The Elms, Sayonara, and Gigi, that wisp of a waif courted by the only man I would have traded my fiancé for—Louis Jourdan. We were the first generation to listen to our favorite songs on stereophonic records—Frank Sinatra, my favorite, crooning "All The Way" and "Our Town," and Pat Boone promising "April Love." We spent most of the year humming "Volare." For "intellectual" music we turned to Leonard Bernstein, musical director of the New York Philharmonic. We could identify with a man who simultaneously waved his baton to the orchestrations of Bach and Beethoven, and composed Broadway musicals. Our parents watched us rock 'n' roll, and we watched them cha cha. When we did put our feet up, it was most probably with Leon Ursi's Exodus, Boris Pasternak's Dr. Zhivago, or Truman Capote's Breakfast at Tiffany's. Our thoughts were never far from love. Ten years before, Jack Kerouac had dubbed his generation "beat," implying a frenetic or restless pursuit of pleasure. We had none of those qualities. We were simply having a good time.

Those of us who did make it to graduation had a sense of completion, not a sense of beginning. We breathed a sigh of relief and over-congratulated ourselves on a job, if not well done, at least finished. We did not know that a decade later we were going to meet head on the ideas of women's rights, and equality. We had not learned the definitions of those terms in our education. We had no idea we were the last children to be born in the family of traditional values, with moral codes that would soon be shaken to the core. We were unprepared for—and some of us are still making the adjustment—new terms and conditions defining what women are and should be. Some of our husbands have left us, or we have left them. Some of our children have drugged out, or disappeared, or found their homes thousands of miles from us. Some of us have pursued careers, or have returned to college to be able to do so. Some of us have succeeded in reshaping our destinies to suit the world as it is now, and some of us have not. But none of us, not one of us, has been able to maintain the outlook, or the vision of the world as we casually perceived it in 1958.
Brian Rogers is always one to take the high road to reunion. When asked to address the Class of ’33 at their 50th reunion, he readily agreed, and he also consented to bring his pipes. Mr. Rogers, who is the college librarian and an accomplished piper, arrived at Marshall House in his tunic, sporran, spats, and Royal Stewart kilt and plaid (right).

The 700 alumni, relatives and friends who celebrated reunion also saw unusual abracadabra from magician Ben Robinson ’82, danced to the music of the Funky Butt Jazz Band, listened to the Connecticut Chamber Ensemble (directed by Kenneth Nott ’76), tapped their feet to banjo music in Crompton, toured renovated New London by bus and the Arboretum on foot, and cheerfully ignored a persistent drizzle.

The 55th reunion class was easy to spot, bedecked in large fluffy nylon bows (bottom left). Abbie Kelsey Baker ’28 (center of group), class reunion chairman, chatted with classmates. One member of ’28, Roberta Bitgood, played the organ magnificently during Sunday’s memorial service.

Joanne Intrator Teitelbaum ’68, M.D., (bottom right), a physician in New York City, gave a lecture exploring the changing relationships between patients and physicians in this era of increased legal liability, sophisticated medical treatment, and complex ethical questions.
A
ebullient contingent from the Class of '53 (below, exchanging a hug) turned out for a lecture by their classmate, Jane Graham Pemberton, who founded Skills, a school in Amherst, Massachusetts, that prepares students for the job market by offering personalized instruction in business skills.

Jay Levin '73, the Alumni Association's legal counsel, won the 1983 Goss Award for his successful crusades on our behalf against the U.S. Post Office and the Internal Revenue Service. Mr. Levin (bottom, at right) chatted with Rick McLellan '78, director of Unity House and of Volunteers for Community Service at the college (bottom, at left).

The Class of '58 came back in force for their 25th reunion: Bill and Susan Bejosa Gould of Menlo Park, California (opposite, left) talked with Bob and Bobbie Cohn Mindell (right) of West Hartford.

REUNION NOTEBOOK
IMAGES OF GOOD CHEER FROM A CONNECTICUT WEEKEND
With the Class of '33 posed for their official reunion photograph, what better opportunity for friends and relatives to snap away? Right, the men lined up for their photo opportunity.

The reunion class agent chairmen worked hard to raise $266,824 for Connecticut. We photographed some of the reunion CACs (or their stand-ins), just after the class gifts were presented to President Ames. They are (from left): Leta Weiss Marx '53 (reunion chairman, standing in for Nancy Camp); Ruth Feree Wessels '33; Rheta Clark '23; Edith (Gay) Gaberman Sudarsky '43, who is also an alumni trustee; Aileen Wood Wieland '58; Barbara Bearce Tuneski '58; Meg Propst '78; Helen Reynolds '68 (new class president, standing in for Ann Werner Johnson); and Bertha Mayer Romanow '48.
The Class of '78 organized a 3.3-mile fun run, and the happy winner, Jonathan Katz '78 (opposite) was congratulated by one of the race organizers, Karen Haas Wheelan '78.

During the Friday afternoon lecture series, Athletic Director Charles Luce talked with alumni about the need for a new athletic center. Mr. Luce (who is father of two alumni and father-in-law of two more) fielded questions from alumni, including Amy Yale Yarrow '48, (below), who is the daughter of Amy Peck Yale '22.

The Alumni Association offered a children's program for youngsters, and many alumni also brought their infants to reunion. Nancy Williams Ward '73 and her daughter Ellison (below left) were typical of the exuberance and good cheer of Reunion 1983.
Kresge Foundation awards $400,000 challenge grant for Palmer

The Kresge Foundation of Troy, Michigan, has awarded a $400,000 challenge grant to Connecticut to be used toward the renovation of Palmer Library as a center for the humanities.

According to the specifications of the grant, the Kresge Foundation will contribute $400,000 for the $3.85 million project, provided that the college raises the remaining funds necessary for the restoration by December 15, 1984. To date, Connecticut has $1.75 million in gifts and pledges for the Palmer renovation, including funds to be received from a matching grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

The college must raise another $1.7 million by December 1984 in order to earn the Kresge challenge grant.

The Palmer Library renovation is one of several goals set for the $30 million Campaign for Connecticut College. As of June 30, $13.7 million has been raised toward the campaign, which ends in July 1986.

Connecticut College is one of 133 organizations in 36 states and the District of Columbia who shared in the $33 million worth of grants awarded by The Kresge Foundation this year. The majority of the grants were toward projects involving construction or renovation of facilities.

The Kresge Foundation was created by the personal gifts of Sebastian S. Kresge. Foundation grants are made to institutions in the areas of higher education, health care and related services, the arts and humanities, social services, science, conservation, religion and public policy.

The old school tie: alumni directory planned

A new directory of Connecticut College alumni is in the works.

Unlike the last directory, published in 1977, the new volume will include business information—especially valuable for strengthening our alumni network and for planning alumni programs.

The Bernard C. Harris Publishing Company, Inc., of White Plains, New York, has been chosen as publisher. The extensive task of compiling the directory—alumni number close to 15,000—will be accomplished at no cost to the Alumni Association. Harris will compile, publish and market the directory, financing the operation through the sale of directories to alumni.

Information for the directory will be gathered from brief questionnaires mailed to alumni in October. Harris will verify the information to be included with a follow-up telephone call in early 1984.

Alumni will be invited to purchase the directory at the time of the telephone verification. Harris will print only enough copies to fill these pre-publication orders, so the telephone call will be the only opportunity to order the directory. Circulation is restricted to Connecticut alumni. Publication is tentatively slated for July 1984.

The new directory will contain an alphabetical listing of all alumni, with each entry showing name, class, degree, home address and telephone, and business or professional information, including title, firm name, address and telephone. Two complete indexes of alumni, one geographical and the other by class, will follow the main section, providing ample cross-references.

In order to publish the most complete and accurate directory, it is essential that all alumni return their questionnaires. Information in the book will be available only to Connecticut alumni and to the college for official use.

Joan Jacobson Kronick and Martha Boyle Morrisson win ABL

Why do the two 1983 Agnes Berkeley Leahy Award winners boast such curiously similar records of leadership in the Connecticut College Alumni Association?

The answer is simple. Their records are bound to be parallel, because both Martha Boyle Morrisson '43 of West Hartford and Joan Jacobson Kronick '46 of Brooklyn, New York, have served the Alumni Association in nearly every conceivable way. The ABL award, which recognizes continuous outstanding service to the Association, was presented to both women by Association President Helene Zimmer Loew '57 at the all-class reunion dinner.

"Throughout the years you have continuously upheld the Morrisson family tradition of a leadership role on behalf of Connecticut College," the citation for Martha Boyle Morrission read. Mrs. Morrission, who is the daughter-in-law of Mary Foulke Morrission, long-time secretary of the college board of trustees, has held office as president of her class and of the Connecticut College Club of Hartford, class agent chairman, alumni trustee, regional chairman of the 50th anniversary fund, and is now a bequest aide and area vice-chairman of the Campaign for Connecticut College.

She is the mother of Lydia Morrission Frank '70 and Taylor Morrission Briggs '73, and sister of the late Barbara Boyle Merrick '39.
Northwestern honors
Marjorie Craig Benton

Marjorie Craig Benton '55 received her third honorary degree this spring, when Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, awarded her an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters at its 125th commencement exercises.

"The citizens of Evanston, Chicago, the United States and the world never cease to demand her time and talents," the citation accompanying the degree said. "As she toils, she strives to improve the quality of life. Today we add our voices to the chorus of praise."

The United States representative to UNICEF (the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund), and chairman of the board of Save the Children Federation, Mrs. Benton is committed to working for children and for disarmament. She serves on the advisory committee for the Agency for International Development AID, was a delegate to the United States mission to the United Nations special session on disarmament, co-chaired Americans for SALT, and is one of the founders of Chicago's Peace Museum.

In addition to her international work, Marjorie Craig Benton, who lives in Evanston, has been active in her community, in the Democratic party, and serves on the boards of more than a dozen organizations. Last fall, in an article for this magazine, she described the crushing problems faced by Africa's five million refugees.

Judy Irving '68 wins Guggenheim

Filmmaker Judy Irving '68 has won a Guggenheim Fellowship, which will support her over the coming year as she researches and writes a dramatic feature film in Alaska. Ms. Irving—along with Connecticut's Visiting Professor of Anthropology Adam Kendon—is among 292 fellowship winners selected from 3,571 applicants.

Meanwhile, Dark Circle, a film about the nuclear industry co-produced, co-directed and narrated by Ms. Irving, has also been gathering honors. The movie has received a Certificate of Special Merit from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as well as a blue ribbon from the American Film Festival.

Candidates sought:
Dean of the College

Professor Alice Johnson, Dean of the College, has retired as Dean and the college is beginning the search to find her successor. The appointment will be effective July 1, 1984.

The Dean of the College is directly responsible to the President for all aspects of the academic and social life of the students. Connecticut is looking for someone who has served well as teacher and scholar on the faculty of a college or university and who has proven administrative and managerial skills.

The closing date for applications is October 15, 1983. All inquiries and communications should be addressed to: Mrs. Jane R. Bredeson, Secretary, Search Committee for the Dean of the College, Office of the President, Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut 06320.

To the Editor:
Thank you for an excellent article on Women's Studies at Connecticut College in your winter issue.

I regret that lack of space prevented you from naming all the people who have helped us in our program, who have lectured, and sat on panels. Dr. Margaret Snyder of the United Nations, whose picture appeared with the article, agreed to come last year and this year at the suggestion of Professor of Government Marion Doro, who is a personal friend of Dr. Snyder. Because of these good relations, Dr. Snyder's office at the U.N. is able to give Connecticut College undergraduates several internships usually reserved for graduate students.

Alix Deguise
Coordinator of Women's Studies, Assistant Professor of French

Due to the impending retirement of our current Executive Director, Louise Stevenson Anderson '41, the Executive Board of the Alumni Association has initiated a search for her successor. Responsibilities include overseeing the maintenance of alumni records, supervision of the Alumni Office staff, implementation of a wide range of alumni programs and services, and liaison with the College administration.

It is preferred that candidates have a master's degree and at least five years of administrative experience. Excellent communication and organizational skills are required.

20 Correspondent: Mrs. John Goodman (Mary Virginia Morgan), Box 276, Noank, CT 06340

The names of Harriet Bynon Rolfe and Helen Stickle Downes were unfortunately omitted from the list of those sending notes to our 60th reunion business meeting.

Blanche Finley returned from a FL vacation only to be rushed to the hospital for heart surgery. She had to cancel a planned trip to Israel and Egypt but sent her granddaughter niece to Mary's house. Last Dec. Blanche and Marjorie Smith had lunch at the United Nations, while Marjorie was in NYC with Hamilton House for a three-day reacquaintance of some of the many things it has to offer at Christmas.

Alice Hagar Schoffstall has a new address, having moved to East Doret, VT, to be nearer her son Peter and his family. She still has her car and has meals sent in by Peter's family, a treat.

Helen Merritt had a book published on her many reminiscences teaching school.

Elizabeth Merrill Blake's daughter Sally has retired after 21 years in the Navy and with her husband Richard is living with Liz while they build a new house across the street on Warren Ave. By next fall they all hope to be living together in the new home. Liz made herself a present of Gertrude Noyes' history of CC and is enjoying it greatly, especially the record of the early days "when we and CC were young."

Augusta O'Sullivan writes of a quiet life, content to use the mini-bus to shop and go places since she sold her car after her husband, Homer, has been recovering from a serious illness, Harriet is "just fine." They lead a quiet life, enlivened by visits from their daughter and her two children, from San Diego.

22 Dorothy Bidwell Clark's "days are filled with volunteering, Red Cross Bloodmobile, Women's Club's service work, church, and keeping up with six grandchildren." One grandson is in the CG, stationed in CA, and Dorothy expects to see him there this summer. "I love retirement, and look forward to each day with anticipation," she reports.

Ruth Knut Weithold's family roots are planted deep in a farm 40 miles east of Scranton. Her maternal grandparents purchased the farm in 1882. Fritzie's father bought it in 1911 and added to it from time to time, and there each summer the entire family gathers for a reunion. For the 100th such event, in 1982, "there were 31 of us present—four generations," says Fritzie. She describes "The Farm" as "in the country, along a river, where our only way to reach the house is to cross the river on a swinging bridge."

Raymond and Lorena Taylor Perry found 1982 a year of much illness, with both hospitalized for surgery at the same time. They spent the rest of the year recuperating, with Lorena becoming used to her new pacemaker, and both grateful for the loving assistance of their son and daughter. Happily, both Lorena and Raymond recovered in time to observe their 56th wedding anniversary in Nov. 1982, and 1983 finds them both in good health.

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25 Constance Clapp Kauffman comes back to CT each summer to visit her family, returning to Constantinople, MI, in time to head the annual Halloween "trick or treat" project sponsored by local ministers there. Connie finds that "the use of a cane and a friendly arm" help her stay active in various church activities.

Margaret Williams has given up her former home, and entered a Friends' retirement home located only a mile from Longwood Gardens.

Arnold and Irene Petersen Caterson celebrated their 51st wedding anniversary in Nov. '82. Pete says she leads a quiet life at home, but is kept busy helping with illness in the family.

Harriet Gillette Reynolds also enjoys gardening, and says that her orchids are doing fine this year. Though her knees have been a recent problem, her orchids have been coming from a serious illness, Harriet is "just fine." They lead a quiet life, enlivened by visits from their daughter and her two children, from San Diego.

Adeline Meurhead Kimball Archibald found 1982 a happy and exciting year. She and her new husband, Doug, spent the summer in China, ME, followed by a trip through Scotland and Ireland in the early fall, and returned to Jacksonsvile in time for a granddaughter's 5th birthday.

Margaret Jacobson Cusick
Alice N. Purtilt
Mary Birch Timberman
Phyllis K. Jamye
Dorothy Loewenthal Puklin
Florence Hopper Levick
Alice Boyden
Lotta Hess Ackerman
Frances Vivian Hughes
Phyllis Glassman Horowitz
Barbara Garber Gardner
Mary Munro Austin

In Memoriam

Margaret Jacobson Cusick
Alice N. Purtilt
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Florence Hopper Levick
Alice Boyden
Lotta Hess Ackerman
Frances Vivian Hughes
Phyllis Glassman Horowitz
Barbara Garber Gardner
Mary Munro Austin

28 Eleanor (Woodie) Wood Frazer came up to grips with a knee operation in Jan. (a partial new knee, not a kneecap). She is recuperating very well.

Prudence Drake is living in Nashua, NH, to be near her sister Laura '26. Prue plans to summer in Ogunquit.

Margaret Merriam Zellers, together with Henrietta
Honey Lou) Owens Rogers enjoyed last Fall's kickoff for CC's big fund-raising campaign. Even though they "could not face the ice (Rochester, NY) anymore," they still plan to remember their spot at the Thousand Islands and counted on the 55th en route.

Elizabeth Gallup Ridley spent Christmas in San Francisco with son Allan and family. She, too, was thinking of the 55th.

Dorothy (Dot) Davenport Voorhees has moved to TX. One daughter and family are not far away. "We could not face the ice (Rochester, NY) anymore." They still plan to remember their spot at the Thousand Islands and counted on the 55th en route.

Catherine (Kay) Mar Whitaker says reunion was a problem physically, so "the 55th will take place without much of the memories of last reunion." She was our chairman. We will miss her.

Edna (Kedly) Kelley lunched at Deborah Lippincott Currier in Dec., along with Karla Heinrich Harrison, Julianne Furlow, Betty Phillips Noble 26, and Inogen Hostelter Thompson 26. "We barely mentioned our physical deteriorations, but had a great time discussing each other's activities and plans for the future." Kelley's Spring British Isles trip last year was a success.

One of the favorite memories was driving around the Isle of Skye, and the other, meeting "a not-so-young gentleman" who admitted to having been Master F. Lough—a long ago boy soprano soloist. Delightedly, she continued to owning and enjoying his records for these many years.

Roberta Bigbow Wiersma and husband are luxuriating in their first year of retirement. Jan., four months ago, they moved to CA enjoying visits with daughter Grace, Bert's brother and many friends. In NJ. Roberta dedicated an organ, which she had helped design, and "often at such an occasion the church was packed." After a year, she recalled a middle-aged gentleman in "bravo" at least—so perhaps the old girl has a bit of spark yet." Last late spring a Wiersma cousin from South Africa came to enjoy his visits, but only just the time, the wedding of "Aunt Linda Prentis" '19 with us in excellent health and has had her 88th birthday. She is cheerfully looking forward to her 98th.

Adelaide (Kinky) King Quebeman spent six weeks of winter in FL, where she and John enjoyed golf, walking and visiting. They found Helen (Lainie) Biederbecke Marquardt at home in Fl. Lauderdale and learned that her CA granddaughter will graduate from Brown this year. Both Quebeman were planning on our 55th. "Remember, we used to say, we'd never return when old and gray. We are both looking forward to it."

Catherine (Dillie) Page McNutt says "I would be very interested in meeting a NH-W paleo-wielding of a favorite niece confidant." "I plan now on our 60th, only five years away.

Karla Heinrich Harrison writes "I keep busy, in fact too much, for I find various duties overlap."

Deborah (Debbie) Lippincott Currier traveled around South America, returning late in May, to be ready for our 55th.

Estelle (List) Barlow Pardoe has been caring for a very ill husband who is now in a nursing home.

Elmo Ashton Dechard spent Easter in Atlanta with part of the family, and in early May took a trip to France with Mary Wilcox Cross '27. They planned to be back in time for reunion.

Mildred (Mil) Rogoff Angelw "won't be at reunion, a conflicting family wedding. which is a must." This July, they will be at the Isle of Skye, and the other, meeting "a not-so-young gentleman" who accompanied them. "Evelyn (Babe) Redden Farnsworth. who was visiting, has requested a "Grandmothers in Concert."

Ruth (Pat) Towson Moeller writes that she is on the verge of selling the Larchmont home. She now owns a ranch house in Glen Falls to be near the family.

Helen Boyd Marquis can't be in three places at one-time—October 1st is a must between OR and FL. CC reunion is out even though she has two daughters in CT.

Merle (Molly) Hawley Smith says she is "still going strong and grateful. Can manage my house." She spent Christmas with her daughter and family in Dallas.

Elizabeth (Betsy) Gordon Staelin writes that in Sara-sota in Jan. the only convenient spot of sun near her condo was by the hospital, "where I met an attractive woman living next door. She turned out to be Katharine Bartlett Nichols '29. After that hydrant meeting we enjoyed our husbands making the four-some." Later on, she had a reunion discussion day with Abbie Kelsey Baker, followed by a visit at Karla's home.

Hilda Van Horn Rickenback and Rick claim to like it best in hot weather. Their itinerary for going to a contest-won trips, various meetings plus Hilda's National Annual Collie Specialty in Tulsa, leaves this oldest breathless. They roam from Vienna to Palm Springs to Hawaii to Washington, DC with two reunions in New London and Hanover as well as a granddaughter's Andover graduation planned this June.

Sarah Emily (Say Say) Brown Schoenhut and George are again thinking commencements and reunion. An early one at Colby, ME, with our 55th sandwiched in before D. Day (Dartmouth of course). A graduation for young cousin with all the family here is at the hospital, "where I met an attractive woman living next door. She turned out to be Katharine Bartlett Nichols '29. After that hydrant meeting we enjoyed our husbands making the four-some." Later on, she had a reunion discussion day with Abbie Kelsey Baker, followed by a visit at Karla's home.

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Ruth (Uffie) Cooper Carroll went off to FL in Feb., meeting "a not-so-young gentleman" who accompanied them. "Evelyn (Babe) Redden Farnsworth. who was visiting, has requested a "Grandmothers in Concert."

Marion Allen Hershail has made it through this past disastrous winter in CA. So much rain, people losing their homes in mud slides and homes lost along the coast due to excessively high ocean winds and tides. Everyone was praying for a return of the CA sunshine. Marion has now designated Oakland, CA, as her principal residence.

Helen Douglas Bishop traveled to Egypt this spring. "The reality of actually seeing the pyramids was breathtaking. Helen seemed to be taking the same route as Jimmy Carter, running into him and his group several times. When she planned a trip to NYC to see the treasures of the Vatican."

Evelyn Clarke is enjoying her life on Cape Cod. Elizabeth (Betty) McCunike White visited her last summer and she hopes that other CC people will do the same. She is in Falmouth.

Frances Gabriel Hartman spent Thanksgiving in Memphis with daughter Hilary, and Christmas in Pacific Palisades, CA, with daughter Diane. Hilary and her son Billy joined them, making a complete family reunion. Diane's eldest, Debbie, is now in college at Centenary in Hackettsburg, N.J. Debbie took her horse with her to college and the entire family drove her east across the country pulling a horse trailer. As Fransays, "a bit different than what we did in '26."

Jennifer Gade Gencarelli's husband, Domenic, has had a severe stroke so she is busy running back and forth to the nursing home where he is a patient.

Edith Allen MacDuffie is planning to March on a cruise down the Nile—from Assuan to Cairo, with three days in Cairo. A fantastic trip though the weather was capricious, much colder than expected. They spent their experenced a week in the breasts of a sandstorm while tied up to a palm tree at the edge of the Nile. And of course, she rode a camel.

Elizabeth (Betty) Capron had a great reunion with Ruth (Peggy) Litch Redfield last September, spending several nights with her.

Marian Geer has been in a nursing home for some time.

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Ruth (Sunny) Barry Hildebrandt was in FL this winter, April 10th she and Carol and me in GA for winter, age 16, on a trip to the Caribbean. In September she and Ruth (Uffie) Cooper Carroll are going to the British Isles together—Sunny's 5th trip to England. She has also joined the great-grandmother group with a great-granddaughter.

Mary J. Cary writes that she has finally parted with her American Classic '56 Thunderbird after 26 years, having clocked 240,000 happy miles. A record!

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Helen Benson Mann reports she sold her home in Groton Long Point and enjoys bridge, our husbands making the four-some. They also experienced a whole day of being marooned on a cruise down the Nile—from Aswan to Cairo, with three days in Cairo. A fantastic trip though the weather was capricious, much colder than expected. They spent their experenced a week in the breasts of a sandstorm while tied up to a palm tree at the edge of the Nile. And of course, she rode a camel.

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Dover, ME, and moved to Burlington; VT, to be near her daughter and her family. She bought a condominium with space for a garden, and loves it. She is enjoying learning about a new city, doing some church work and has joined a book club. She is busy as head of the board of a home for elderly ladies, which, though trying with many problems, she finds rewarding. Each year she has a lovely week at the home of Louisa Kent '30 in Orleans on the Cape. Any 32ers that travel to Nantucket please stop by.

The class extends sympathy to Mary Kavanagh Doran on the death of her husband in the fall of '82, and to the family of Pauline Watts Inch who died in Nov. '82.

34 Helen Andrews Koeough and Nicholas are planning a repeat in 1984 of the ambitious cross-country train trip they took in 1977—most important stop, of course, CT for our 50th.

Florence Baysil Skett, who skipped winter weather in NY, enjoys VA and DE until April—then off to Portugal. In May they tiptoed through the tulips near Amsterdam, joined by daughter Susan from Berlin.

Jean Berger Whiteleaf returns next summer—a mosh-mash sort of year—a trip to Mexico; stints in the hospital for surgical repair; puttering with glazing pots in her kiln; chairman of plants for annual Van Dusen Gardens sale; sojourn in the wild woods in Vancouver, with much coming and going of family; Dr. Mac involved in cabinet work—pie crust table and the like.

Marjorie Bishop keeps me well informed of her challenging job as Peace Corps worker in Liberia—battling malaria and typhoid and accomplishing so much with so little. You all read her article in the Winter Alumni Magazine?

Blodgett Mowry is successfully tutoring a 15-year-old Japanese boy. Her son Bill is with DTE in Danvers.

Libbie Blumenthal Jacob and Seymour visited daughter and family in CA—saw Marcella Rennick Picken '30 in LA, and enjoyed much of the summer in CT. Returned to FL condominium to find they had been robbed.

Marlon Bogart Holtzman's granddaughter Holly Holtzman, who made the June issue of Cambridge Magazine, is in Amphitheater and I saw her the July 1982 cover of Smithsonian—she graduated in May. Her father George has been transferred to Miami. Budge and George, Sr., explored Spain, Portugal and Morocco in the fall, and celebrated their return home with a severe bout of the flu.

Rose Braxaw saw and learned much at the World's Fair in Nashville—enjoying scenic trips en route.

Catherine Oakes, our honorary class member, recently celebrated her "supremely festive 90th birthday"—eaten by Eleanor Voorhees. Wrote Miss Oakes, "As I am within three years of my 50th reunion at Wellesley, your 50th is rather exciting to me."

Frances Rook Robinson "piles in as much as possible while I feel well." And she does—TX at Christmas, Mexico in March, NY for youngest son's wedding, and visit to Emily Smith.

Emily Smith has been working diligently on our class officer nomination slate to be presented at our 50th.

Jean Stanley Disr and Preston hosted all ten of the family at Canadian eating English friends in May. Anna Shewell; who died in February.
36 Janet Reinheimer Barton writes that she just returned from Dallas, TX, where she spent a month with her son and wife and welcomed her new granddaughter. She also got acquainted with her three-year-old granddaughter whom she had not seen since she was a small baby.

Evelyn Keuy Head of Dennis, MA, had a good visit, “like old times with wrinkles” with Joyce Cotter Kern in Sept. ’82. Evie keeps busy volunteering at their local library, plays bridge and enjoys a small book club. They spent Christmas at the Cape, two of their four grandchildren ranging in age 6 to 10. On Jan. 1 they left for Winter Park, FL, for four months.

Jeanette Stahl Wallins and husband Paul spent the summer on Cape Cod. They phoned Shirley Durr Hammersten but did not see her. Gladys Jeffers Zahn and husband saw her at Marco Island, FL, last winter. Priscilla Lane Anderson ’37 and her husband were responsible for the Wallins’ move from Boca Raton to Marco. Jeanette, Gladys and Priscilla had lunch together on Wednesdays.

Shirley Durr Hammersten and Nils (Ham) enjoy sculling as well as picking beach plums and making jam at their Cape Cod home. Shirley said it makes them feel like Cape Codders. They visited Scandinavia in June ’82, had a spectacular train ride from Oslo to Bergen. In February ’83, they took a boat trip to Betsy Beals Steyaert’83 and family, from the hotel—before the April 27, 1983, explosion. Shirley’s daughter Linnea was nominated Woman of the Year on the Cape and Islands. They enjoy bridge, collect cup plates, read and watch for birds. Ham is semi-retired, working three days a week.

Lois (Ry) Ryman Areson and husband Robert of Little Falls, NJ, spent Thanksgiving in VT with some of their children. Ryman now has seven grandchildren.

Margaret Morehouse Kellogg and husband Duane of Bethel, VT, visited their MD son in Pepperell, MA. As if he did not have enough to do with a busy practice and two lively sons, in his spare time he is building a Jaguar. After that visit, their two younger children visited with the grandchildren and Margaret and Duane went to CT to see daughters and families there.

Margaret (Peg) Burgess Hoy wrote at Christmas that their son John and she planned to spend the holidays with son Fred and family in NC. Peg took care of four-year-old granddaughter Ashley in Dec. when daughter-in-law Pam went to Daytona for a dog show. In April ’83 Peg and husband Frank attended the shuffleboard tournament of the year at St. Peters burg, FL.

Virginia Bowen Wilcox and Joseph’s daughter Cath erine have extended her degree and is teaching the one-day course at a junior college. Virginia and Joseph went on their annual baseball spring training visit at Winter Haven. They met with Frank and Peg Hoy in Sebring for lunch.

Elizabeth (Pezie) Parsons Lehman of Quechee, VT, enjoys news of all the classmates. Since husband Charles is ill, she is required at home. During the winter months her children and grandchildren come from MA, NY, and CO to enjoy skiing.

Gerutha (Ruta) Kempe Knote, now 70, from Bayreuth, W. Germany, was very, very, as usual, with Unicef sales at Christmas. In Sept., she visited friends and relatives in Germany and Switzerland 2,320 km. or 1450 mi. Then she flew to Barcelona to a cousin’s, then to Rome, by boat to Malencia to see her 85-year-old cousin. In Feb., she traveled to Austria and Vienna where she enjoyed the galleries, museums and expositions. Recently she has taken courses in Old Greek. Classmates who visited Bayreuth are welcome to stay with her.

Doris Lipincott Brink moved from East Lyme, CT, to Medford, NJ. After 24 inches of water on the main floor of her home in the village, it was torn up for a change, she reasoned. Close to Philadelphia and with plenty of room for guests, she invites classmates to see her. She spent Christmas in Hawaii with her children.

Agatha McGuire Daghiian and Philip recently attended Philip’s 50th high school reunion. They enjoy a quiet life with Philip continuing to teach at Indiana U.

Jeanette Brewer Goodrich, while visiting her sister in Bonita Springs, FL, had lunch with Jane Wyckoff Bishop and Bud and Gladys Jeffers Zahn and Roz at Jane’s country club in Fort Myers.

38 Correspondent: Mrs. William L. Sweet (Mary Caroline Jenks), 261 West Street, Needham, MA 02194

40 Helen Rudd Doris and John have bought an RV—a 23-foot Tioga and hope to tour the USA, first coming east from CA in May. Their other retirement activities include photography for John (who has converted a bathroom into a part-time dark room), cooking and knitting for grandchildren for Helen and golfing in tandem.

Correspondent: Mrs. Frank Eufemic (Ruth Schwan Barber) on the death March 1983 of her husband, Dr. Charles; to Gretchen Schwab Barber on the death March 1983 of her husband, Cornelius.

EQUADOR AND THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS

Connecticut College and Wesleyan University will sponsor a joint alumni seminar tour to Ecuador and the Galapagos Islands January 9-26, 1984. The program—called Evolving Life on a Changing Earth—will be led by Connecticut’s Dr. William Niering, professor of botany and director of the Aboretum, and by Wesleyan’s Professor of Geology Jelle de Boer. The cost of the two-week seminar is estimated at $3,075 per person.

TRAVEL WITH CONNECTICUT ALUMNI

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The honor accorded their daughter-in-law, Mary Elizabeth, who received, as one of five in CT, the Jefferson award for outstanding citizen in the state. Mary Elizabeth could not personally receive the award as she and her husband had left for a month in Japan.

Arline Goettler Stoughton and Bob spent two weeks visiting in FL and in April spent 14 days in Greece and the Greek Islands. Arline enjoyed being your correspondent for seven years and is succeeded by Ruth Chittum Eufemia.

The class extends its sympathy to the family of Eleanor Pearson Lawson who died Jan. 28, 1983, to Dorothy (Dutch) Boden West on the death of her husband, Phillip; to Betsy Beals Steyaert on the death in Feb. 1983 of her husband, Dr. Charles; to Gretchen Schwab Barber on the death March 1983 of her husband, Cornelius.

Travel with Connecticut Alumni.
with Doris and Lew at Christmas. She expects Lew to retire in June from the YMCA.

In September 1982, Edith Irwin Whelden hosted the 40th annual picnic of some CC classmates and spouses at the home of her mother, Mrs. Alice Irwin, in Northborough, MA. Although several of the group could not attend, those present were Elizabeth Barron Dingman and Gage, Elizabeth Thompson Dodge and Douglas, Patricia Alford French and William, Irene Willard Thorn and Thomas.

Katharine Gilbert Smith has lived at Vero Beach, FL, for three years. She summered back in Northport, MI. In May, Kathie and Frank hoped to travel to Egypt with Ruth Hollingshead Clark ‘38 and husband. Their hus-

bands were roommates at Wesleyan. She has just had a visit from Ethel (Happy) Moore Wills ‘41. Suzanne Spinney Raymond of Tequesta, FL, sees Bessie Knowlton Tyler when she and husband, Brooke, are on their way north after a month in FL. Brooke allows a half-hour visit “to recall all memories.” Sue is in touch with Martha (Topsey) Copeland Bott. Sue has five grandchildren, from one to 14.

Elizabeth Hubert Towers retired in 1981 after 15 years as children’s librarian in the Newington school system. Betty now takes art lessons at N.W. Community College, volunteers at the Farmington Valley Art Center and exhibits her work everywhere. Her daughter Jane married Stephan Woods in Feb. 1983 in Jackson-

town, FL. She is a social worker and her husband is a professor of sociology. Son Tom is a public defender in Ocala, FL. She sees Eleanor English Glynn once in a while in touch with Janet Brown Theroux. Kathleen Kirk Landes lost her husband Stover very suddenly on March 31, 1982, just short of their 42nd wedding anniversary. Her son Michael has two chil-

ren, Jeffrey and Kathleen, and daughter Candy has a daughter, Heather.

Beulah Hoagland Marvin has a new granddaughter, Jennifer, born to her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Marvin, in Charlotte, MI. Beulah went on a whale watching cruise around the Baja Peninsula in early March.

Theresa Litwin Andrews sent me a first copy of her new book He Loves Not in Nov. 1982. The book is biographical. She served for 12 years (1965-1976) as research scientist on a government-sponsored advisory committee known as the Insecticide Evaluation Project (IEP). One aspect of the research was to study the pyrethriums, one of the oldest insecticides known to man. Pyrethriums are the active ingredients found in the daisy-

like flowers of the pyrethrum plant—hence the title of her book. She wrote her book to explain her great disappointments with indifferent, uninspired gov-

erment-appointed scientists, as well as the problem of establishing credibility for her own contributions. Sadly and with sympathy to each family, I must report the deaths of Annette Osborne Tuttle of Cleve-


Correspondent: Elizabeth Thompson Dodge, 243 Clearfield Rd., Wethersfield, CT 06109; after June 1, 1983, 55 Woodland Trail, East Falmouth, MA 02536

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From our 40th reunion questionnaire:

Dr. Shirley Austin retired in ’79 as chairman of the dept. of pediatric anesthesiology, Children’s Hospital, Detroit and now lives in her new, made-to-her-design home in Beverly Hills, FL.

Barbara (Barry) Beach Alter and husband Jim have retired to the States after serving more than 28 years in Rajasthan, India with the United Presbyterian Church. Jim will retire in ’84; they have three children and three grandchildren.

Katherine (Kathy) Holohan McCarthy and Jack have two sons, both law school graduates, and one grandson.

Margorita Putty Linder Monckhouse and Bill live in Portland, ME, where he is a dentist.

Olive (Bunte) Matthe Stone and John have three daughters and four grandchildren. They keep busy with volunteer work, travel and work in their orchard near Poland, OH.

Nancy Pihe Greenfield and Bill live in Colorado Springs, since Bill’s retirement from the Air Force in ’70 after 34 years. They travel, do volunteer work and play golf. They have three children and seven grandchildren.

Correspondent: Mrs. James Smith, (Mary Blackmon), RD 4, Box 11, Towanda, PA 18848

Mary Cantwell and Marie Garibaldi win College Medal

A journalist and a jurist received the 1983 Connecticut College Medal during drizzly graduation ceremonies in May. President Oakes Ames presented the college’s highest honor to Mary Lee Cantwell ’53 of The New York Times, and to Justice Marie Louise Garibaldi ’56 of the Supreme Court of New Jersey.

Ms. Cantwell (above, left) is a writer, editor and member of The New York Times editorial board. Before joining the Times, she was contributing editor of Vogue magazine and managing editor and senior editor at Mademoiselle. She is also a highly successful freelance writer, with numerous articles and two books to her credit. Ms. Cantwell’s interests in writing were well established in college. An English major, she was editor of the Quarterly, literary editor of Koiné, and a staff member of the Connecticut College News.

Marie Louise Garibaldi ’56 (above, right), who last year became the first woman appointed to the New Jersey Supreme Court, was one of 12 women in the Columbia Law School Class of ’59. Following her graduation from Columbia, she joined the regional counsel’s office of the Internal Revenue Service. A noted tax expert, she was a partner in the Newark firm of Riker, Danzig, Sherrr & Hyland before her appointment to the high court. Justice Garibaldi has also served as president of the Bar Association of New Jersey (the first woman to do so), the National Conference of Lawyers and Certified Public Accountants, and the Third Circuit Lawyer’s Advisory Committee.

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Stratton Nicholson McKillop’s two ’82 CC grads are employed near home in Washington. David is with the Smithsonian World and Alice is with Christie’s Washington office. Grandchild, age 3, and parents live around the corner. “They have all come back.” Jane Day Hooker and Stratton had a delightful and sumptuous lunch at Elise (Elly) Abrahamson Josephson’s charming home, where conversation included reunion plans. Help is wanted from everyone.

Nancy Smith Leisure and Tom are sausage making and round in their Phoenix house now that five children are grown, four married. As a specialist in cruises, Tom keeps Nancy zipping around the world. He writes for newspapers and magazines and has 14 books, the most pop-

ular being Ali About Arizona. Nancy runs a book distribution company for this book and does research for Tom. She is also an outside agent specializing in cruises and is travel agent for the Widow’s Guild.

Caroline Townley Von Mayhauser still gets calls for TV or advertising spots occasionally. She got rheu-
matoïd arthritis last year so had to give up tennis, not enough energy for theatre. She had a nice jaunt to Jamaica with Oscar this winter.

Ethel Sproul Feilts continues with Miami activities: president of the United Nations Assn., Church Women United, Council for International Visitors, and the United Methodist Haitian Relief Project. Ethel also sails to the Abaco Islands in the Bahamas in a 30-foot sloop or visits children, grandchildren, and other relatives in CA, Ontario, IN and NJ.

Margaret (Peggy) Roe Fischer and Jack attended a mini-reunion of Emily Abbey-ites at the home of Jane Storms Wennes ‘43. Sally Church Payter was co-host. Peggy and daughter Meg, a freshman at Mitchell College, celebrated New Year’s on a Greek cruise ship headed for the Panama Canal. Summers are spent at More Point, ME.
Anne Davis Heaton and Gordon celebrated their 40th anniversary with a trip east to visit members of their wedding party in Dec. '42, attended the first college reunion in 1952, and celebrated 50 years in Nov. '52. They retired in '78. She is president of the Retired Teachers of New London County, past president of the Mohageh Chapter of AARP, serves on the Charter Revision Commission, Chair of the Connecticut Governor's Budget Task Force, is vp of the United Nations Assn. of Southwestern CT, and vp of Democratic Women's group. So much for her spare time.

Frances (Fran) Wagner Elder and Jim toured France to

Virginia Passavant Henderson is still trying to sell real estate full-time. First child Bob Rosenbloom and family are moving to Ostinny, NY. He works for Chase. Two of his two, Cia and Jordan, (Ginny and Jim's son) are still in Westport. Number three, Sid is in internal medicine in Escondido, CA, with Scrip's Clinic. Daughter Leslie is doing postdoctoral work at UC San Diego Medical School.

Marjorie (Marge) Alexander Harrison's youngest daughter Beth was married in June '82 and now lives in CA. The second two are also married and are living in Princeton, NJ, and Ridgefield, CT. Ted is due to retire from Phillips Andover Academy and they expect eventual move to NC where they have a home.

Helen Crawford Tracy and Bill spent an exciting holiday in Europe. Their son is a doctor in Connecticut and lives with one family in London for two months and with another British couple living in Malorra for two more months. It's a wonderful economical way to vacation. We hope to visit England, Wales and Scotland, later explored Spain and Portugal. Our neighbors were great to our guests and theirs were wonderful to us. Our three boys are happily employed and the four grandchildren are superior to all others.

Marie Romney Odell's husband Bob has retired, so they travel, volunteer, study a little, entertain a bit and enjoy their grown-up children (her three, his five). Two are in college, one married (five grandchildren), two are career singles. "Their pursuits vary widely from law and business to drama to church to homemaking to the Alaska Pipe Line." Marie and Bob find it an interesting life and friendly and they are grateful for their interesting life.

Jean MacNell Berry and Dick are enjoying Florida as a working rather than a retired couple and the Richard P. Berry Co., food brokers, is thriving. "It sure beats being an empty nest homemaker in frozen N.E. 'C'mon down y'all. 'They spent Christmas in Natchez with their eldest and visited game parks.


Elizabeth (Lizzy) Swisher Childs still loves living in Tucson eight months of the year. She works almost anywhere the summers somewhere else. Wishes for an active CC alumni group. Husband and all children still gainfully employed and enjoying life. Lizzy is very pleased to have Helen Johnston Shea in Tucson.

Betty Monroe Stanton and Henry's small publishing company, Bradford Books was acquired by MTF in '81. They now spend eight months in Ipswich, MA, and working at the MTF press helping to publish 15 to 20 books a year. Four months are spent in VT. Last summer, Betty donated a kidney to ailing daughter Allison who is now hoping to return to school. Son Rick is energy coordinator for the city of Somerville; daughter Cyndy is head teacher for a Watertown day care center; son Jeb lives and works in Denver. Two stepdaughters and granddaughter in Arizona. "Always have happy thoughts of days at CC."

Louise LeFebre Northern and Chuck keep busy acquiring the corn they store--over a million bushels. They have a wonderful economical way to vacation. They go to a grandchild's house for a week, travel, volunteer, study a little, entertain a bit and enjoy the interesting life they have.

Mary Melville Heron, in her five years in Virginia Beach, has only met one CC graduate. She is doing antique and flea market shows weekends but is looking for a house with room for a shop. Husband is still in ship repair. Mary has three grandchildren in N.E., as an active member of the small but stimulating congregation of the Unitarian Church of Norfolk. She is kept intellectually on her toes.

Constance (Connie) Rudd Cole holds an MS in nursing from Yale and is director of Nursing and Health Education at Griffin Memorial Hospital, Fall River, MA. She has been appointed to two statewide committees on nursing education. She will serve on the MA Nurses Assn. Continuing Education Review Committee and the Entry Into Practice Committee.

Sally Stewart Parker's husband John wrote her reply without her knowledge. Both had been married before and the couple's first close friends in Tyler, TX, were Sally's parents. After a year of financial stress, "Jack's death in '71 and John's wife's death in '72, Sally and John met again, have now been married 10 years and live in New Braunfels, TX. She is devoted Christian to their church. Her son is a correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor in Berkeley; Leslie teaches in NYC and sings in musicals. Laurie is in Paris teaching dance.

Jean Loomis Hendrickson's husband Mal died in Aug. '82 and the class reassembled. He was the older son, Paul's premature baby and only child did die before Christmas, a sad one for the whole family. In Jan. '83 grandson Andrew Thomas was born to son Chad and Kathy in Porthcawl, Wales, and Paul is paintings everything in sight in her partially re-modeled home.

Dottie Raymond McCawley continues catering with time for her volunteered work and leisure. She feels fortunate for this good period in my life.

Henry and Marguerite Butler Rood vacationed on the ME coast and then the S. coast of England in beautiful Dorset. On a trip to W. Hartford she visited with Barbara Morris Davis, who years to move to warm Hawaii.

Lucy Eaton Holcombe and Lucy continue their quest for ancestors with research taking them to NH and VT. For relaxation, they ride their Morgan horses and have a sleigh ride for snow. Lucy continues her work on the library board and as assistant registrar for the Colonial Dames of CT.

Mary Margaret Topping Deveo's three children are married. Only their daughter lives nearby. Ed and Topper continue to talk of retiring but both still work. Cheers to all 46 friends, writes Ellis Kettle Blinn, with good news of her family: daughter married, another had a son; their (UPenn '79) plans to return to school. Ellis is a trustee of Andover Newton Theological School and a stint as president of the Alliance for the Mentally Ill of ME gave her new learning experiences. Husband continues to practice general medicine and cardiology, involved in community medicine and the church. They live in a new house in S. Portland heated by the sun and two to three cords of wood a year, "feeling snug and a little snug."

Muriel Evans Shaw is glad not to be so "stretched out" and stopped to take her job as coordinator of volunteers for a tutorial program. This permits her to enjoy more skating and painting. Jane Montague Wilson's husband retired. Consulting. "She enjoys the few hours a day we have to ourselves." Their youngest daughter had a Christmas wedding in Boston's King Chapel. Now Jane hopes to resume tennis, tutoring and skating.

Sally Duffield Wilder's color consultation business is expanding into large wardrobe seminars in northern TX.

Constance (Connie) Hopkins Hyslop reports her effort to publish a child's book on teaching multiplication. It has been published by Harcourt Brace. She feels lucky to enjoy life with Peter and grown children.

Frances (Fran) Wagner Elder and Jim toured France
for three weeks with Aileen Moody Bainlon and Jack. They also celebrated the latter's 30th wedding anniversary a month later.

Suzanne (Sue) Levin Steinberg has a new job as academic counselor at UConn in Storrs. After receiving her degree in psychology, she works with a variety of students. They are twice grandparents. Daughter Joan has renovated a house on Peaks Island near Portland, ME, and is a computer programmer. Son Bill. is an architect in Montreux. Switzerland; Don, taught in Alexandria, Egypt, his first year out of Yale. He is now in this country teaching mid-eastern history in a boy's private school. She and Cliff are enthusiastic about a trip to Yucatan. Sue and new Deene Austad离开了 continue remissining their 356th anniversary. Deene runs a duplicate bridge group in Greensboro, NC for her sister."I love being with their three-year-old granddaughter.

Dorothy Fiske Winnet and Win shared a Christmas reunion and pictures of their extensive family. Their newest grandson, Katie, is daughter of Miles and Julie who live in Denton where Miles will start a PhD in clinical psychology at TWU. Lyle is back from Mexico hoping for another overseas assignment to a Spanish-speaking country. Ward and Sherry, Tom and Lauri live at opposite ends of Austin but get together frequently. Skip and Wee happily celebrated their 50th at Bonita, a scuba divers' mecca.

Joan Jacobson Kronick writes me to discuss AAGP as I am a class agent. As class agent chairman, Joan feels her mission is to increase our percentage of givers. She and husband travel and have good times "but I think about money for CC a lot of the time and I wish I could find a way to communicate how terrific CC is, how proud we all can be of our college and how deserving it is of our support."

Carl and Elizabeth (Betty) Taylor Clark keep busy, as do their children. Their daughter Amy got a BA in teaching and New Zealand with our local nature center. Once there, I felt inclined to go to the Antarctic, only another 2,000 miles from Australia, and then from there to New Zealand's southwest point. My request in the spring '82 Alumni Magazine for a '46 Kodak brought several responses and one book. It was from Patricia Adams Sheehan '72 who found a copy in a shop near her Jamestown, RI, home. She bought it for a quarter and was going to send it to her mother, Constance Geraghty Adams '44 in CA. I am grateful to have a copy once more and impressed with the quick results of my one-time want ad.

The class extends deepest sympathy to the family of Evelyn Bailey Farmer. She is survived by two daughters, a son, her brother and six grandchildren. Contact can be made through her daughter, Mrs. Ann Graf, 1988 Berkley Rd., Columbus, OH 43221.

We also extend deepest sympathy to the family of Marjory Bachman Platt. Correspondent: Betty Finn Perlman, 3386 Barker Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45229.

48 Phyllis Hope Thompson won the 1981 Quarterly Review of Literature award for her third published collection of poems, What the Land Gave. Her next is called In Utero. After 18 years in Hawaii, she is now teaching and has just bought her first house in NM. Children are grown: daughter Kate is teacher in Hawaii, son John's married and took his wife's Chinese name. William, the bass saxman and Mead is a musician (piano), teaches Kung Fu and is in the swimming pool cleaning business.

Bertha Mayer Romanow, our Class Agent, reports in '82 our class was one of the top 10 in total giving. However, only 112, or under 55% gave. On behalf of the class, we can thank one anonymous person alone for donating 50% of the total.

Carol Paradise David now in Santa Fe, is involved in odd jobs and community activities, from serving as a tour guide to organizing a community hunger walk. Carol, a self-employed artist in Boston and daughter Ann, back tracked for a year.

Joanna Ray Inches serves on the Ladies Committee at Boston Museum of Fine Arts. She gives the introductory walk and arranges flowers for receptions and dinners. She works with flowers and plants, for weddings and did an eight-foot bow window display of plants at Boston Flower Show last March.

Joan Dimmitt Lewis retired early from the Public Health Service. She now is totally absorbed in department curricular courses at Montgomery College—a new world to her.

Pauline Summers LePere still lives in Covina, CA, and teaches 1st grade. Polly and Vince are playing tennis and planning retirement. Daughter Leslie is married in Dallas and is a ladies shoe buyer for Neiman Marcus. Son Tom is with a Dallas law firm and Elizabeth is married and lives nearby.

Sally Lewis Gan's son Jim is class of '86 at CC. She frequently returns to Poughkeepsie in which she finds a far cry from that of the 40s. Jim is a free-lance writer of Apple computer programs and magazine articles. Still happily in Cos Cob, CT, Marion Koenig Scharfenstein directs an all-day preschool at Stamford YMCA, YWCA and is doing counseling combined with swim/gym and library curriculum. Her daughter Leslie-Jean is an attorney in NYC and works in international banking litigation. She and husband Chris, have a daughter, 4, and a son, 2. Marion is a technical librarian in a Chicago architectural firm. Third daughter, Anne, is in her third year at Vassar. Keeping busy as vice president—public relations for Southern New England Telephone Co., Jean Handley recently returned from a tour of foreign officials of North Branford. Discussed were SNET's community relations plans for the area and how the forces presently shaping the telecommunications industry will affect SNET's growth. Virginia Giesen Richardson came across an old 78 rpm class of '48 recording and became nostalgic enough to write. Husband Len resigned from Katherine Branson-Mt. Tamalpais Schools in Ross, CA, after 23 years of headmastering. They now travel to downtown SF near the Opera House. Ginny continues as a high school librarian in Marin while Len establishes his educational consulting business. Son Hal, is a TV producer, Jack, a carpenter and Vicki, an artist. All live in CA, so Ginny and Len see their granddaughter frequently.

49 Diana Upjohn Meier moved to a condo in Monroe, MI. Son Ric has two "kids" in Nashua, NH and daughter Madal and family are in San Antonio. Di is still teaching.

Although Phyllis Barnhill Thelen has an impressive career as a graphic artist, "My art is contemplative. It gives serenity to my life," she writes, adding that within 14 months in her family she will have had a record of three marriages and two grandchildren. Her "other life" serenity prevails. She and Max celebrated 31 years together last March.

We regret to report Ashley Davidson Roland of Lake Placid died Feb. 1, 1983. The class extends sympathy to her family. Ashley was our class correspondent for many years.

Correspondent: Elizabeth Morse Baptiste, 2281 Ridge Rd., North Haven, CT 06473

50 MARRIED: Barbara Earnest Cunningham to Robert Paulson, 1/1/83. Barbara has a used book store in Huntingtown Md., and Robert was a book dealer in Englewood, NJ. He has closed his book shop and combined his stock with Barbara's and they now have 30,000 used books in their store called "Robert & Barbara Paulson, Books."

Joan Pine Flash and her husband enjoyed a sabbatical year from the Loomis Chaffe School. They round-tripped on the QE2 in Aug. and in Nov. visited the UK, Brittany and Scandinavia. They also spent three weeks touring CA and visiting their daughter who works for Newsweek in SF. Now they are traveling in Europe.
An invitation to rediscover Connecticut

The Admissions Office will offer a special opportunity for the children of alumnae/i during its Columbus Day program for prospective students.

On Columbus Day—Monday, October 10, 1983—the Admissions Office will sponsor an open house, giving high school seniors a closer view of the college and selected programs.

In the afternoon, the full Admissions staff will be on hand to interview children of alumnae/i. Although the Columbus Day program is open to all prospective students, these afternoon interviews will be reserved exclusively for children of alumnae/i. Please mention your alumnae/i status when calling for appointments. The Admissions Office's telephone number is (203) 447-7511.

I have extended my sympathy to Annis Boone in Dallas on the death of her mother on Christmas Eve 1982.

Correspondent: Marilyn Wunker Julnes.
Co-correspondents: Mrs. Neil F. Kendall (Mildred A. Schmidtman). QlfS. /1/2 AI, Governors Island, NY 10004; Mrs. Harold Alan Stein (Elaine M. Wolf) 2420 Parallel Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20904

Harriet Kaufman Breslow is completing her 2nd year of training at the Family Therapy Institute with Jay Haley. She continues to do private practice and is coordinator of the Frost Counseling Center. She and her husband Jerry recently moved to Frederick (Pat Wertham Abrams and her husband Dick in DC. Harriet’s husband Jerry, a lawyer, is secretary for Communications Satellite Corporation and he also writes music and directs the synagogue choir in which Harriet sings. Their daughter Amy is a junior high school student with a flair for acting. Their son Jeffrey is in 9th grade.

Candace (Cindy) Kinney Moore is still living in Hingham, MA. Her husband Jim is a stockbroker and account vice-president for Paine Webber in Boston. Her son Peter is in junior high, and son Jim attends Phillips Andover. She paints watercolors and now and again sells her work. She is a volunteer at the South Shore Natural Science Center in Norwell, MA, and has recently begun trail guiding there. Last November Cindy and Jim met with Mary Cornelius Schmitt and Bart Schmitt, whose son was a freshman at Harvard, and Mary Dawes Armknecht at Judith (Judy) Mossman Sze’s house on Beacon Hill in Boston for a mini-reunion. Mary Schmitt is a full-time special education teacher in Denver. Judy Mossman Sze is a nursery school teacher in Boston.

Shirley Devitt writes that she has just completed her first 20 years of teaching French in a junior high school only to find that the school is closing because of declining enrollment. Because of seniority, she hopes to be sent to another school. She hears from Nancy Switzer Foss and sees Patricia (Pat) Fletcher. Shirley has her own children and enjoys it. She is continuing her studies in Spanish for certification in secondary education, and plans to spend her newly acquired time in appreciation of the arts.

Melinda Vail Kilglen lives in Durham, NC, with her husband, a physician doing research at Duke. Melinda retired from social work 10 years ago. She has worked in NY, Philadelphia and Cleveland. They have three children, Christopher, a sophomore at Yale (on the crew), Tim, 16, a soccer player, and Jennifer, in 8th grade. Melinda reports a large CC attendance by family, including her sister who graduated, both her sister’s children (one currently there, one graduated), a nephew and a cousin both attending CC. She recently met Mary (Winnie) Sherwood at her brother’s wedding.

Delta (Dee) Pimmer Medrick reports in from the woods of NY. He has had Frank Roomy (Frank) in after 22 years of Air Force, first as a pilot then as an instructor pilot. DeDe did volunteer work with the Jr. League and the Girl Scouts. They lived for three years in Germany, an hour south of Berlin, where they have a farm where her husband worked as liaison to the Army. They have two daughters, Sharon 22, a CAT scanner in NY and Debbie 20, who is a nursing student; and a son Stephen 14, who is a very talented athlete. DeDe issues an invitation to visit (call first as she works as a health reporter). Frank is now creating new digital computers.

Ruth Yaffe Rainin has had a prose poem published as the text of a picture book. Ruth, her husband Sheldon, a physics professor at Lehigh, and their three children live in Bethlehem, PA. Ruth continues playing the piano but most of her creative efforts are in the writing arena.

Mary Winnie Sherwood is working at NC mental health center as a clinical social worker. She is substance abuse therapist. Winnie also helped organize a chapter of Women for Sobriety, an organization which focuses on the problems of female alcoholics.

Jerry and Carolyn McGonigle Holleran were married in July 1985. They have lived in the outskirts of Reading, PA. Carolyn is assistant executive director of the PA Council on Economic Education, training teachers, K-12, in how to teach economic concepts. She also is a member of the Board of Directors for Women in Crises, an agency offering advocacy, counseling and emergency shelter for battered women.

Mary Lee Corwin is administrative officer at the East West Center in Honolulu, and although some of her volunteer work with the Honolulu Marathon Assn. has had to be curtailed because of increased work responsibilities, her interest in running continues. Three years ago, Mary Lee organized the annual Honolulu Symphony Benefit Run, a four-mile run, jog or walk with musical entertainment at the start, finish and every half-mile.

Susan Greenfoot chairs the Old Lyme-Lyme Auxiliary in Old Lyme, CT, & is a Trustee at John Haydon. She is secretary of the Board of Trustees of Lyme Academy.

Ede Chase Fennimore is continuing her theatrical studies, preparing for ordination as a Presbyterian minister. She is working with Arthur and Linda Gibson-Geller during Parents Weekend at CC. Each of the former roommates has a son at CC.

Linda Stalman Gibson-Geller spent a wonderful Saturday of Parents Weekend at CC with Bob and Ede Chase Fennimore. Former roommates, Ede and Linnie compared notes on their sons, Davis, a freshman, and Hans a junior and the whole group enjoyed the soccer game (in which Davis Fennimore played (CC won). On the death of Dave Saute McEnroe, our deepest sympathies are extended to her husband Joseph and the family.

The class also extends its sympathy to the daughter and family of Caroline Stanford Fernandes, who died Jan. 1.

BORN:

MARRIED:

ADOPTED:

DOPRIVATEPRACTICE:

LINDA BARNET BEZIER is a school psychologist in Farmington, CT, and a jogger contemplating her first marathon.

Margareta (Margo) Conderman Carter does technical illustrations for a Yale research lab. She attended the fall kick-off for the CC Campaign in New Haven with Christina (Chris) Boyler Sheldon and Christie (Chris) Brendel Scribani.

Marlyn Cox Ritchie volunteers in the schools and her community near Atlanta. After reminiscing, Carol de Luca Steiner moved to Wilton, CT, and is an office manager in Stamford. She sees Louise Brickley Phippen, who lives in nearby Westport.

Besides enjoying motherhood, Betsy Cliff Horowitz and her husband, a physician doing research at Duke, have three children, Christopher, a sophomore at Yale (and the whole group enjoyed the soccer game in which Davis Fennimore played (CC won). On the death of Dave Saute McEnroe, our deepest sympathies are extended to her husband Joseph and the family.

She is impressed with the college’s development.

Nancy Glassman Walters, back in NY for four years in L.A., is director of sales and marketing at the Park Lane Hotel.

Betty Grossman took an exciting trip to the Soviet Union last summer, but has settled back down as a school counselor. In New York she does psychotherapy work part-time for a social service agency, having recently become licensed as a psychologist.

Susan Hall Beard is a marketing consultant for Gannett Assn. in Chicago.

Anne Kimball Davis has moved to the mountains of northern NM where she is an investment counselor for property buyers in the southwest sunbelt area. Her family enjoys exploring Indian ruins throughout the region.

Linda Lean left her deanship to return to teaching history and research at George Washington U. She is working on a biography of Interior Secretary H. R. Leakes and has published articles on conservation and energy history. Linda had a reunion with Prof. Heinz Mulvey at the American Historical Assn. meetings.

Barbara (Bonnie) Leskall Bach is involved with establishing grass-roots organizations abroad for the purpose of raising funds for diabetes research and educating governments and the public. She is international coordinator of the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation.

Rosallind (Roxy) Liston Newman is a financial editor of TIP NY.

Anne MacMichael Ison works part-time as a cytologist at two hospitals in CT. Alisn Paul Schultz van marrooned at Anne’s New London house the flooded reunion weekend.

Beth Maggin Yoser is involved with her print business when not acting as family chauffeur.

Susan (Sue) Miller Burke plans a return to the North east and a job change as she finances three daughter’s college educations.

Ann Morris Loring manages the Andland Nature Center gift shop and teaches courses on herbs for the DE Nature Education Society.

Judith (Judy) Kattorose is a therapeutic housewife in Belmont, MA, is active in the holistic health field.

Barbara Nichols Bennett and John, Embassay Consul General, spent three years in Lagos, Nigeria, where Barbara tutored English and was active with a West African Literary group.

Helen Osborn Braun works in a research lab at the Beth Israel Hospital in Boston.

Pamela Page Leckonby moved to CA where Bill took a job with a new computer firm in the Silicon Valley.

Eleanor (Ellie) Powers Santos completed a MA in law and diplomacy at Tufts’ Fletcher School while teaching government, full-time at Concord-Carlisle High School. She found out men don’t work as hard, even at the graduate level, as Miss Dilley’s students did.

Marion Stafford Robinson is deputy auditor for Stony County in IA.

Suzanne Rich Beatty manages NY State Senator Mary Goodrich’s district office and is also a partner in a silk flower arrangement business.

Elisabeth Richards Mundel heads the continuing education program at Boston’s Museum of Fine Arts. Seryl Siegel attended a seminar at the Economic Development Institute of the World Bank in Dec.

Martha Smith Thomas is playing with the College of Marin (CA) Piano Ensemble and taking music courses after living in India for four years.

Annette Spera Thompson, professor of psychology at Hood College, was named a Beneficial Hodson fellow. Annette is studying and developing new techniques in the field of industrial/organizational psychology as it relates to management. She recently completed a two-year term as president of the Frederick County (MD) Assn. of Phi Beta Kappa.

Louise Stillman Nix, who worked on her husband’s campaign for governor of NY.

Suan (Sue) Strickland Roark is working on her MS in community nursing while teaching and counseling part-time.

Kathleen (Kathy) Wong Wu has taught art and ceramics at the Taipei American School (Taiwan) for the past 12 years and had her third solo exhibit recently.
Deborah Kornblau of Maplewood, NJ, died in Feb 1979. The class extends heartfelt sympathy to her family.

Correspondent: Jane Chandell-Glass, 21 Bow Rd., Wayland, MA 01778

Barbara Claros Apple and Sam have relocated to the Seattle area and love the Northwest scenery. Barbara teaches fulltime in a laboratory-pre school on a junior college campus, and finds it a challenge teaching college students. She is even learning to enjoy wilderness camping and canoeing.

Madelyn DeMatteo has been promoted to general attorney at SNETCO, obtaining a law degree from UConn in 1973. Valorie DeVos lives in Japan, in a home she and friend Yuki built on top of a small mountain, surrounded by pine trees and rice fields. They have a three-chamber wood-fired kiln in their pottery studio. She finds the pottery business, learning Japanese and becoming accustomed to their culture quite time-consuming.

Melanie Dreisbach received a Ph.D. from UCLA in 1979 and teaches special education courses in the master's program at Sonoma State.

Mary Liebman Koelle and John, recently married, live in Chicago where both work in advertising. Mary as a partner and director of client services of a small agency and John as creative director at Leo Burnett.

Mary received an MBA in finance from Columbia, but has worked in marketing for 10 years, which she finds perpetually stimulating. John scouts steel in his not- too-free time. Mary sees Anita Landone Harley frequently on business trips to NY. Anita is back to work as secretary of the corporation at Philips Dodge, after the birth of their daughter in December.

Sheeryl Dwyer is a counselor administrator at Digital Equipment Corp. while husband Rick works on his doctorate in electrical engineering. They are in church choir and local theater, and had the romantic leads in Anything Goes last spring. Daughter Jenny 13 performs in a local dance company.

Katherine Thompson Otte has become very involved not only with fulltime motherhood but also in the auxiliary of the Edina Chaldean home in Houston, through which they adopted their daughter in 1981. She speaks to school, college and medical groups about the alternative of adoption, and her whole family has appeared on local TV to discuss adoption. She also volunteer support to hospital infertility patients, and feels she has a full and happy life.

Correspondent: Karen Blickwede Knowlton, 1906 Sprucewood Lane, Lindenhurst, IL 60046

Barbara Rendall


18 New Hampton students travel to Europe. He is chairman of the history department and residence director for the 1982-83 school year as well as acting dean of students. Matty is running an exercise class, teaching poetry, Hemingway, and mythology, and taking a course in Philosophy.

Georgia Althorn Sorenson relocated to Newatow, CT as her husband now works for the Castle Point, NY, Veterans Administration. Georgia is a personnel officer for the Dept. of Children and Youth Services in Danbury. Daughter Erika is 3.

William Farnsworth is the director of the physical plant at George Williams College in Downers Grove, IL. Joanne Kahn Malmoe received her MSW and worked for five years as a social worker prior to staying home with Brian 6, and Alison 2. She is busy with aerobic dance, jogging and graduate psychology and therapy courses.

Susan Goldman Moatz has two children, Rebecca 8, and Aaron 4. She is the VP of Brandeis U. National Women's Committee and owner of the Paper Chase, a personalized stationery and party items store.

Adelyn (Addie) Bernardino Firet is busy with her farm and also planning for son Sean's bar mitzvah, as well as a business trip to Italy and Germany with her husband, who imports wine.

Nancy Burnett spent Christmas and New Year's Eve in Paris with friends.

Barbara Feldman Nusselovitch lives in Paris with husband Alexisz and their son. Her husband is a writer and she is busy with dramatics.

Over the Christmas holidays Martha Cogswell LaMontagne and her family were visited by Mary (Jinx) Stuart Atherton, her husband Mark, and daughter Jennifer. Jenifer currently lives in Bundurg, Australia.

Christine Berg Marr is selling Shaktie in ME and plans a summer trip to Monte Carlo.

Patricia Barber Baggett has a 2-year-old son Matthew, and works for American Bell as a market manager. She and Ed bought a summer house in Chatham, MA.

Nancy Hewes Tommason and Carl live in Baltimore, MD, where Carl is an assistant professor of medicine at the U of MD, and Nancy teaches English part-time at Goucher College. Their daughters are Anne 6, and Laura 21.

Hollie Hepsen Ley and Michael, an attorney at Covington and Burling in DC, are busy raising Nicole 4, and Adam 2.


Rhona Hurwitz loves Houston and her new job as a 4th and 5th grade teacher and school computer coordinator.

Patricia (Pat) Biggins just returned from a vacation in London and Paris to her job at International Paper Co. in Georgetown, SC. Her husband, Brian, is a financial systems analyst. Pat received her MBA in 1980 from Columbia.

Stephanie Comberg Chiba is a senior systems analyst for Computervision in Bedford, MA. Husband Pierre is an international marketing manager for Digital.

Celia Halstead lives in Somerville, MA, in one of the several triple-decker houses she owns. She works in data processing and would love to hear from other alumus about their experiences in the computer field.

Meg Genson Ashman received an MA in journalism from the U. of OR in 1982. She and Jay returned to the U. of VT, last Sept. New son Daniel joined four-year-old Kenneth in February.

Penelope (Penny) Eisenhart Veerhoff works for Skillmasters, coordinating workshops for child care workers and teachers in the DC area while husband Al is a newsletter for US News and World Report. Both are Boy Scout leaders for son Brian's troop.

Helen Kendrick and husband Lee Oldendick are attorneys in Upper Sandusky, OH.

Beth Alpert completed a Masters of Theological Studies at Harvard Divinity School in 1979 and spent several years living in Jerusalem and working on different excavations around Israel. Last fall she began a doctoral program in Near Eastern archaeology at the U. of AZ, Tucson.

Carolellen (Kellie) Donigle Ogle and Wayne trans-
ferred to Tampa, FL, last year where Wayne is a LCDR in the Coast Guard. They have two sons, Christopher, 5, and Scott, 3.

Susan Donaldson and husband Henry Romaine live in NYC where she is employed at Equitable. Ellen Fenchel Boycott works part-time selling corporate promotional merchandise in Westchester and Fairfax Counties while caring for sons, 4 and 2.

Elizabeth (Liz) Green is an account executive at Southwestern Bell. Her hobbies include aerobic dancing and gardening.

Dorothy Hatch Seiter keeps active with four-year-old Meg and two-year-old Scott. She tutors adult students and works a quarterly educational newsletter. Husband Dave has responsibilities in business at the Landmark School, Prides Crossing, MA.

Kathleen Cooper Vadalz gave a piano recital for the April 21 Charles Shackford Memorial Recital. She is working on her doctorate in musical arts in piano at the U. of MD.

Laura Jensen is caring for her 2-year-old twins and living cooperatively with another family outside of Boston.

Norma Drahl Walrath is on a sabbatical leave this year from Ledyard High School. She completed a Certificate of Advanced Studies at Wesleyan. She has published articles, reviews, and poems in various magazines including English Journal, A Letter Among Friends, CT English Journal, and the Vermont Quarterly. Norma also is a part-time instructor for the U. of New Haven, FL College, and Thames Valley State Technical College. Sons Ivan 13, and Todd 8 have convinced her to take karate lessons.

Frances Koepfgen Kercher is coordinator for the Admissions Aide Program. Three of her children are CC graduates: Andrew '74 (lives in Lake Tahoe and builds houses), Matthew '80 (PhD at Princeton in Chinese and Japanese Art and Archaeology), and Caroline '93.

Carol Blake Boyd, husband Peter, and son Gregory moved to Naples, FL, this fall where Peter is an associate in pathology at Naples Community Hospital. They were in England for the month of May visiting Carol's parents who live in Marlow.

Correspondents: Carol Blake Boyd, 742 Old Trail Dr., Naples, FL 33940, Lucy Bowser Siegel, 145 W. 86th St., New York, NY 10024

74 MARRIED: Holly Rodgers to Thomas Wescott, 10/82.

BORN: to Bill and Deborah Ritchie McDowell, Andrew David, 11/25/82, to Ben and Debra Stone Bangerje, Sanjay Kumar Edmund, 10/7/82, to Bill and Holly Babbott Cobb, Blair Woltz, 10/4/82.

The class correspondents extend their sincere apologies to Peter Brunn, who is alive and well in Wakefield, MA. We received erroneous information about Peter which we reported in the last column.

Holly Babbott Cobb and family live in S. Norwalk, CT. Bill is with the Navy of HO. Holly is working part-time for Executive Business Machines in customer support for small computers, as well as taking care of her two computers.

Sarah Boyce Patten lives in Denver with husband AL. She is a physician's assistant at Children's Hospital. They are building a house and enjoy various sports when time permits.

Charles L. Blankstein is an associate at William M. Mercer, Inc., NYC where he lives with wife, Joan. He received his MS in economics and finance from the Polytechnic Institute of NY and is a popular speaker nationwide on public organizations in the benefit field.

Karen Gordon continues to direct a health education program at The Christ School and to teach one course at Teachers' College, Columbia University. This year Karen sponsored an inter-college conference on reproductive health. She has started on her doctorate at Columbia.

Jill Katzenberg recently obtained her Ohio real estate license, and joined Cleveland's largest real estate development/sales company—HGM Hilltop, Realtors. In her spare time, Jill teaches knitting and crocheting and takes tap dancing lessons.

Ellen Lipp, PhD, is a lecturer in English at Emporia State U. in Emporia. Ellen received her PhD in anthropology from the American U. in DC.

Katharine Paine Chapin is advertising manager of Fujitsu Microelectronics in Santa Clara, CA. She recently close touch with Stacy Vails '75 and Norma Darragh.

Brian Peniston is a graduate student in public health at the U. of HI, after spending seven years in Borneo and Nepal doing development projects.

Catherine Platen Minister and husband Bob have moved to Allentown, PA, where Catherine is teaching a high school swim team.

Debra (Debbie) Portman lives in NJ and commutes to her job as manager of Securities Dealers in NYC. She sees Barbara Bakuch Ferrer frequently, and is also in touch with Ann Pettingill Shee '73.

Donna Quist Blanchard has moved to Grafton, MA, with husband AL and son David and Thomas. Donna is teaching flute and clarinet part-time and enjoys attending local concerts.

Ronald Robins has been promoted to divisional marketing manager at Dansk International Designs.

Thomas and Holly Wessog are living in Hartford, where Thomas works for a small merchant bank and Holly plans to practice law. Their Oct. '82 wedding was a real CC reunion, headed by their mothers, who were both graduation speakers.

Debra Stone Bangerje is enjoying a break from the working world in order to concentrate on motherhood.

Davis and Susanna Stone Farmer have moved to Monroe. NY, after five years in VT. Davis is in data processing for an international insurance company and travels abroad often. Sukey is office manager for a CT neurosurgeon.

Anne Swallow is serving her fourth year as associate minister at the United Church of Christ in San Carlos, CA. In 1981 she traveled to the USSR as part of a peace and friendship exchange; in 1982 she hosted a return visit of Soviet citizens. She continues to work for nuclear disarmament in both the religious and secular communities, and also for immigration reform.

Ellen Stolzman received her MBA from Wharton in '76. She is director of marketing for CBS Masterworks (classical records), and travels the world on the job.

Virginia Ventura Colburn is now commuting between NYC and Westport, CT, and teaching part-time in the Wilton Community Nursery School. She taught for four years in the bilingual program of the New London School system.

Judith Videlaver is a psychiatric social worker in West Springfield, MA, specializing in the treatment of emotionally disturbed children and their families. She and her husband Tom Bradham are houseparents at Bay Path, a college in Longmeadow, MA.

Mark Vokey lives in a large house in Salem, MA, with his wife Melissa and children Caroline and Nicholas. Mark is in the printing business in Boston.

Jane von Kaene served in the Carter administration, and is now a speechwriter and legislative aide for Congresswoman Wayne Dowdy (D-MS).

Jill Brandon Wilson has been promoted to program director at The Paul J. Gluck Foundation, and is now a part of the group of Washington, DC.

BORN: to David Fosler and CM. and the APR, 8/21/82, to David Fosler and CM. and the APR, 8/21/82, to David Fosler and CM. and the APR, 8/21/82.

Jeffery Cohen and Sally Farwell recently purchased a house in a suburb of Philadelphia. Jeff is in his final year of neurology residency at U. of PA and plans a neuroradiology fellowship. Sally is a student of center for handicapped children.

Lynn Cooley has been living in New Haven for ever two years, working at Yale as a research for her doctorate. She works on transfer RNA genes from fruit flies. Lynn takes dance classes at the Yale gym from Gay Zinks, and is looking forward to finishing school and a career as a research scientist.

Eline Couteourdes continues to be active in Red Cross, and held a leadership workshop for youth in Hyannis as part of an annual conference held by John for Bay State Graduates. She keeps in touch with Joe and Anne Principato Morley and Sarah Buchanan, and is always happy to hear from classmates who might be
passing through or moving to CT.

Betty Davis Strong resides in Boston where she looks forward to being involved in the Boston CC Club. After working as an actress of Martin Luther King Jr. Day Care in Cambridge, Betty accepted a position as a service coordinator with the MA Dept. of Mental Health in Sept. ’80.

Lisa Dunning is back living in SF and working in Silicon Valley as a telecommunications analyst for NCR Comten. She spent four wonderful months off last summer traveling across country and back, working as a supervisor at a YMCA camp in the CT Berk-shires and rafting for eight days through the Grand Canyon.

Susan Dudding Evans and her family are in Sitka, AK, where she has been a helicopter pilot for the Coast Guard and Susan is a full-time mother to daughter Stephanie. Susan misses New England very much, but is enjoying the experience of living in AK.

Udine East Carey has her hands full with her new daughter, Elena Frances.

John Emerman is attending Cleveland State, working toward a BS in mechanical engineering, and says it’s great to be back in school again. John is so sorry! She missed our last reunion that he is already making plans to be at the next one.

Susan Farwsworth is with the Peace Corps in Kao-lack, Senegal. Sue recently received her MA in international law from George Washington U. in science, technology and public policy and has been working in solar energy.

Mark Kenneth Gendron received his MD and is a resident in internal medicine at Albert Einstein College of Medicine.

Nina George is now a full-time writer working on a novel and various short stories. Her first published fiction appeared in the Dec. ’82 issue of The Greek Accent. She also wrote an essay in the 1982 Redbook Magazine’s Young Writers’ Contest placed in the top 50 of 5,000 stories submitted. An editor at Harper & Row is considering her current manuscript, which, at about 300 pages, is half-finished. Husband, Omar Dahbour is working on her current manuscript, which, at about 300 pages, is half-finished. Husband, Omar Dahbour is working on his PhD in intellectual history, and says it’s quite a project. She keeps up with her Portuguese by doing free-lance translation work.

Lauren Dibble Wachter has happily left the nation’s capital, after four years as a computer programmer at the Federal Reserve Board. She now works as a systems analyst at the Naval Underwater Systems Center in New London, and enjoys the short commute along Pequot Ave. to her Waterford home on the water.

Wendy Golart Wachter has just happily left the nation’s capital, after four years as a computer programmer at the Federal Reserve Board. She now works as a systems analyst at the Naval Underwater Systems Center in New London, and enjoys the short commute along Pequot Ave. to her Waterford home on the water.

Eva Jones is co-owner of Standard Sprinkler Corp. of Gales Ferry, CT. Her firm specializes in automatic fire protection sprinkler systems for industrial use, keeps up with her Portuguese by doing free-lance translation work.

Robert Huescher and his family have moved into a new home in Lexington, MA. He is employed by Technical Data Corp. of New York.

Eva Jones is co-owner of Standard Sprinkler Corp. of Gales Ferry, CT. Her firm specializes in automatic fire protection sprinkler systems for industrial use, keeps up with her Portuguese by doing free-lance translation work.

Robert Huescher and his family have moved into a new home in Lexington, MA. He is employed by Technical Data Corp. of New York.

Katherine Wright Zaugg had been teaching French and Spanish at East Lyme Jr. High School before her daughter was born. Currently they live in Quaker Hill amidst many college faculty. Katherine is active in LaLeche League and visits the college library staff often.

Andy and Sally Halsey had their wedding reception at the Mystic Aquarium where many CC alumni attended and perhaps reminisced of a party five years previous.

In the Washington, DC area, Scott Girman works at Spacecom where he is a proposal analyst since his graduation from BU business school. Scott is in touch with Tom Mortimer there.

Laura Brown is living with Molly Hoyt on Capitol Hill. Laura works for Gov. O'Neill of CT, as his federal lobbyist for environmental, energy and transportation issues. Laura is also working part-time for the World Food and Agricultural Organization in Rome, placing African students in American universities.

Faith Cheney Staubach has moved with husband Mike and their son to Mill Valley, CA, so Mike can attend seminary school.

In Santa Ana, Karin Winnard is working for a city police department and welcomes contact from other alumnae. Karin also received her MA in Social Psychology from U. of CA at Berkeley.

John (Jack) Batchelder and his wife Deborah (BU ’79) live on the Olympic Peninsula between the National Park and the Puget Sound. Jack found his ecological niche as a managing biologist for the Coast Guard. Wendy Golart Wachter has happily left the nation’s capital, after four years as a computer programmer at the Federal Reserve Board. She now works as a systems analyst at the Naval Underwater Systems Center in New London, and enjoys the short commute along Pequot Ave. to her Waterford home on the water.

Laurel Klaas Guttenplan was married she worked as a travel agent in Boston until she moved back to native NJ in 1980 and bought a house in E. Bruns-wick. Now busy with son Craig, Bonnie works part time for a travel agency and husband Ed is a manager of a CPA firm. She keeps in touch with Margaret (Margie) Mahon Hall in Wheaton, MD, and Jessie (J.J.) Hale Holding.

Robert E. Collins in Guttenburg and works as a college field representative with Prentice-Hall, Inc. He talks with professors about their manuscript plans and textbook needs.

David Cuthbert will move to Boston in September after all those years at the Mystic Seaport to teach 4th grade at the Fenn School in Concord. Before moving, David played the role of an educator in a Agatha Chris-tie mystery with the Stonington Players and was a waiter at Noah’s in his spare time. Last winter David, Ann Runega, Mike 77, Mike 77 and Jody Smith Bromley practiced their bridge techniques while on Curacao for a week.

Claire Bumberg-Johnson was graduated from the Harvard Divinity School in ’82.

Stephen A. James has joined the NY office of Cold-well Banker, Commercial Real Estate Services.

80 Co-correspondents: Ms. Le Marceau, 136 Elliot Ave., Waterbury, CT 06705; Susan Lea Moore, 29 Elmwood Ave., New London, CT 06320; Terri Tyni, 89 Broadway, Milford, CT 06460; Joe Kappell, Manheim, 241 Central Park West, New York, NY 10024

82 Lisa Rodesten is enrolled at Emory for a PhD in English. Suzanne (Sue) Winslow lives in Newton, MA, working at Alternative Care Inc., an alternative day care center. Lucia Nunes has been milking cows for the last year on her brother’s farm in Ithaca. She’s moving on to DC.

Deirdre McGill is teaching at the Episcopal School in Manhattan by day and singing in a professional opera workshop at night where she serves as general director. Christine DiMaggio runs a Boys Town Achievement Place Model group home for emotionally disturbed adolescent females at the Kolboume School in South-field, MA, with CC graduates Gregory and Joanne Baus Smith 81.

Terri Tyni is a fisherman and computer operator for Shaw Midge and Company in Stanford, CT. Terri says Taiwan is still in the future.

Edward Cesare is off to Rothenburg, Germany, to study German at the Goethe Institute after having worked in sailmaking and rigging.

William (Billy) Rech is an assistant buyer for Boys Town and Calvin Klein at Bloomingdale’s in NYC.

Tom Proux serves as assistant to the director of development at Conn, fostering the Campaign for Connecticut College all over the country. He continues to paint.

Craig Lissner is involved with the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization in Rome.

Correspondent: Jill S. Crossman, 355 Racebrook Rd., Orange, CT 06470

Connecticut Calendar

October 8 Homecoming

October 7 & 8 Alumni Council and Campaig n Assembly. This year, Connecticut’s retired professors will be honored at Coun cil. We are delighted to report that, so far, the following retired faculty members have said they plan to attend: Rita Bar ndard, Frances Brett, Marjorie Dilley, Katherine Finney, Hanna Halkesbrink, Malcolm Jones, Robert W. Jordan, Robert Lorish, Ruby Morris, Gertrude Noyes, Catherine Oakes, Betty Thomson, and Bernice Wheeler.
You say potato, and I say tomato. And you say potato, and I say tomato.

You know, that reminds me... some say "AAGP," while others say "the campaign for C.C." But they're all really talking about the same thing.

Right! Because all gifts to the alumni annual giving program are part of the campaign... and an ambitious part, at that!

Campaign goals call for us to raise AAGP totals by 15% each year, and $6.5 million of the $30 million campaign goal will come from annual giving.

Walking through this beautiful campus, thinking of our superb professors and the friends we made here, it's great to know that our AAGP gifts are so important to the daily operation of the college.

Later that same day....

And it's also nice to know that through our campaign gifts, we can play a part in renovating Palmer over there, making it a center for the humanities.

True, because at some point, all alumni will be asked to make a special gift to the campaign for C.C. That's in addition to our AAGP gifts, so we can work toward renovating Palmer, modernizing the labs in new London Hall....

Improving facilities in Cassier-Williams, and building a new athletic center on the Riverbank.

The campaign for C.C. means a heftier endowment, with more student financial aid, improved faculty salaries, and a richer academic and extra-curricular life at the college.

Of course, $30 million is no small potatoes.

With $6.5 million from AAGP — it will be a piece of cake.

That reminds me... "You say potato, and I say tomato..."