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On the cover: Artist Linda Lee Howe '72 of Narbeth, Pennsylvania, created the camel on our cover to symbolize, she says, the oasis Connecticut was for her as an undergraduate.
FROM THE BOSTON GARDEN TO THE DAYTON ARENA

FOR NHL VETERAN DOUG ROBERTS, HOCKEY HAS ALWAYS BEEN MUCH MORE THAN A GAME.

BY THOMAS NUSBAUM '85
A freshman hockey hopeful walks into a campus dining room. "Did you talk to him?" his friend asks. The freshman nods as he piles food on his tray.

"What's he like?"
"He's a big guy," the freshman says. "Looks like a football player."
"Yeah, but what's he like?"
"Well, he didn't say much, just kind of looked me over. He told me he liked my size." The freshman sits down across from his friend.

"When do tryouts start?" the friend asks.
"Next week. I have a feeling he's gonna work us into the ground. Hope he doesn't pull a player aside to make a brief point, but he does not lecture. "Coach is a man of few words," says sophomore Vicki Morse, the team manager. "He is your typical strong and silent type."

Across the street and down the hill from the campus, the modern arena that houses Roberts' office rises out of the trees, its indulating sand-colored roofline following the riverbank. Roberts, who at various times has been a Whaler, a Red Wing, a Bruin, and even a Golden Seal, now coaches Connecticut's men's hockey team — the Camels.

Inside the Dayton Arena, the Zamboni resurfaces the ice in preparation for hockey practice. It's the day after a 6-5 loss for Connecticut, and the players entering the rink are silent, unsmiling. Roberts, known to his team as "Doug" or "Coach," stands in his small, chaotic office, hockey stick in hand. He wears skates, which make him appear taller than his six feet, three inches, as they dig into the worn carpet. The office is full of boxes containing jerseys and pucks. A couple of stray hockey gloves sit on a shelf and the two desks are littered with schedules, folders, and score sheets.

A religious studies major from Buffalo, New York, Thomas Nusbaum '85 played two years of soccer and ice hockey at Connecticut. He has been playing hockey since age 9, and admits to being a lifelong Buffalo Sabres fan.

Amid the clutter, the only reminders of Roberts' twelve-year past as a professional hockey player hang behind his desk: framed drawings of three hockey legends, Gordie Howe, Maurice Richard, and Dick Duff. These were the hardworking, dedicated stars of hockey from a time before the $300,000 player salary. They were the men Doug Roberts strove to emulate as a player, and now, they are the type of men he points to as models for his own team.

Right now, one of the new generation of players stands before Roberts with a frown on his face.

On the ice, the 41-year-old National Hockey League veteran moves gracefully. Dressed in blue sweats and a blue and white cap, he strides powerfully around the rink. His muscular body, square jaw, and crooked nose make him appear solid, the way you would expect a pro hockey player to look. He towers above most of his players, who gather around him at center ice. He speaks quietly about last night's game.

"We worked so hard, we should have won the game," he says. "We haven't reached the point as a team where we have a 4-2 lead and we say this is our game. We just didn't use our heads." He makes his point quickly and then starts a forechecking drill. Roberts skates with his team. Sometimes he will pull a player aside to make a brief point, but he does not lecture.

"Coach is a man of few words," says sophomore Vicki Morse, the team manager. "He is your typical strong and silent type." He is also a ferocious competitor, according to Tammy Brown '84, captain of Connecticut's women's hockey team. "Under his calm exterior is a strong desire to win.

Roberts must try hard to hide the frustrations of a losing season. He is not an excitable man, but coaching Division III hockey can be discouraging. In Division III, there are no scholarships to offer the blue-chip high school prospects. The players are at college to earn a degree. Hockey is only a game to them.

For Roberts, hockey has been much more than a game and he tries to instill certain values in his athletes. "Should you belittle yourself just because you're Division III?" he asks. "It's all a mentality, and you have got to want to make a commitment."

While there are those unwilling to put the team first, Roberts is not a tyrant. "It's hard for him to accept those who don't work," says hockey player Dan Fegan, a junior from New Haven. "But as a player who has been disciplined as much as anyone, I think he's a great coach. He's
never been a babysitter and he has always been fair."
Coaching takes up only a portion of Roberts' time at Dayton Arena. He must also act as administrator, overseeing junior and senior men's leagues, the college's women's and faculty hockey clubs, and an extensive figure skating program. "I enjoy the administration part of this job," he says. But hockey is his lifelong passion and he is a hockey coach first, an administrator second. Roberts has always focused his athletic skills on hockey, although he did earn a football scholarship to Michigan State University where he played both offensive and defensive end.
"Football was boring. It lacked imagination," he says. "Hockey is much more of a creative game." Doug Roberts' appreciation of hockey as a fast-paced, spontaneous sport belies the way he played the game.

What earned him collegiate All-American status, and a pro contract a few years later, was his feisty defensive play. Roberts survived in the NHL as a checker, not a glamorous scorer.
Above all, though, Roberts' strength of character—his motivation—seemed to be the factor that propelled him to success. "He's worked hard for everything he's received," Dan Fegan says. "He has a positive attitude."

In building a program at a small liberal arts college, better known for its scholars than its skaters, Roberts offers the same philosophy that saw him through his twelve-year pro career: "Why not be the best?" he asks with a shrug.

After his last season in the NHL, Roberts took his wife, Emily, and their three young children to Finland where he spent a year as a player-coach. The experience helped solidify his desire to be a coach, but Roberts felt that constantly uprooting his family was unfair to them. "It was tough asking them to adjust to different homes and different schools," he says.
Back in the states, he had an offer to coach Springfield, a minor league team in the Hartford Whalers' system. But he knew professional coaching jobs lacked security and demanded a great deal of travel. So when Connecticut College Athletic Director Charlie Luce offered him the job here, Roberts accepted, finding the stability he sought. "I was very interested in coaching at Springfield," he says, "but the ages of my kids had a lot to do with my decision." At the time, his two sons and one daughter were in grammar school and Roberts felt it was time to settle down.
Moving from playing NHL hockey to coaching in the pros is not an easy route.
"As a player, you are put on a pedestal. For an athlete to suddenly become a coach and have to deal with people and their problems is difficult. Gerry Cheevers is a rare individual," Roberts says of the present Boston Bruins coach. "Cheevers became a coach at that level as soon as his playing days were over. He made it, but he had a tough time at first."

More often, Doug Roberts saw coaches who couldn't deal with less talented players. "Alex Delvecchio—he was a great player, but not a great manager of men," Roberts says about his coach at Detroit who had long been a star player with the Red Wings.

Roberts played with and learned from some of the all-time great players, like Bobby Orr and Gordie Howe. "Gordie Howe knew what he could do with his body. That's why he lasted so long. He respected himself." Another great Detroit player, Mickey Redmond, amazed him for another reason. "He was a big strong player who could party all night and the next day in practice he was just fine." Redmond was a natural talent who "couldn't handle a regimented schedule."

Doug Roberts was different. "I was a very regimented player and that's one of the reasons I made it," he says. "Many players don't set their sights high enough." Roberts did. An American born, collegiate player (even now only 15 percent of NHL players are college graduates), Roberts' discipline paid off. And he never complained. "I wanted to play. I was forward all my life, but when they wanted me to play defense, I never said anything. I wanted to play."

Roberts learned about the hard-nosed business side of the game from general managers like Jack Adams of the Red Wings and Harry Sinden of the Bruins. Adams came to the Roberts' home when Doug was still a schoolboy to persuade him to sign with the Red Wings. He offered the family season tickets and his brother a job as stickboy. When the young athlete opted for the football scholarship to Michigan, Adams gave him the cold shoulder. "After that," Roberts recalls, "I never even got a hello from Jack Adams." Once Adams had retired and Roberts had graduated, Detroit finally signed him.

In Boston Roberts encountered this "my way or the highway" attitude when Harry Sinden became general manager. For one reason or another, Sinden decided he would get rid of Roberts—send him to the minors. Roberts would dress one game and sit for three. "Sinden was playing mind games. But I was really working hard. There was no way he was going to break me."

He found success as a hard hitting defenseman for the California Golden Seals, making the 1969-70 all-star team. A year later in Boston, he was part of the team that won the Stanley Cup. He played with Bobby Orr, Phil Esposito, Wayne Cashman, and Johnny Bucyk—players whose greatness he strove to equal. Although he never became the star that these players were, Roberts was unique, excelling at a game few Americans played. In fact, hockey was completely dominated by Canadian players. At the start of Roberts' pro career, Boston's Tommy Williams was the only other American playing in the National Hockey League.

Football or baseball were certainly more popular sports on the American side of the Detroit River where Doug Roberts grew up. Hockey was a foreigner's game in the 1950s and a somewhat strange obsession for the son of a Detroit fireman. Roberts was one of five children in a family he describes as middle class. There were four Roberts boys and they all eventually played hockey at various levels. "It was the kind of family where every brother tried to do better than the next." And the brothers helped push each other. "When I ran a hockey school in Detroit, I used to work Gordie's tail off," he says with a grin. Now, as he speaks of his younger brother's success, he smiles like a proud parent. Gordie currently plays for Minnesota and Doug was fortunate enough to have played with his brother for two years in Hartford.

Roberts' older brother, Jack, was enrolled at Michigan State when it came time for Doug to choose between college and junior hockey. "It was mostly my decision," he explains, "but my older brother had a lot of influence. My parents never really pushed me one way or another. They had never gone to college and they wanted something better for me. All they said about hockey was, 'If you break a leg, then where are you?'"

Roberts' girlfriend, Emily Minor (who became his wife in 1964), also played an important role in his decision, for she too was enrolled at Michigan State. He accepted the football scholarship because "it was a means to an end. I was afraid to miss football practice because I thought I'd lost my scholarship and I was determined to get a degree. With the lack of academic atmosphere in my house, I was lucky just to get into college."

Playing two sports at a Division I school, Roberts still found time for his studies and obtained a degree in physical education. "My grades were better when I played a sport," he says. Although Michigan State is not Connecticut College, Roberts still believes his players should be able to excel at school and hockey. He demands the same from his sons, Doug, 15 and David 13. While both are very active hockey players, their father steers them towards school. Will he let them play pro if they have the talent? Like his own parents, Doug Roberts does not feel it his decision. He merely tells them not to ignore opportunities to grow, to broaden themselves. "Don't close any doors," he advises.

Next fall, his daughter, Doree, will be heading for college and his oldest son, David, is considering prep school. Is the time right for Doug Roberts to make a move to Division I hockey or back to the professional ranks? "I've thought about the NHL," he acknowledges, relaxing after practice one day. "But I don't have any strong desire to go back to professional hockey." Instead he foresees more collegiate coaching and maybe taking over a program of his own some day.

'I've watched Charlie Luce,' he says of Connecticut's athletic director. "He's a great coach. I admire a lot. I see the growth that he's brought about. You don't always get the reward from wins and losses—it's the success and the growth."

Charlie Luce attends all Connecticut's home games, and tonight he stands with his face against the glass watching the Camels play MIT. He nods his head at Roberts, who stands solemnly behind the Connecticut bench with his hands deep inside the pockets of his tan trench coat. "Doug's a good friend; he's the type of coach I'm looking for," Luce says. "He has an understanding of what we're trying to do here."

As he speaks, MIT scores a goal to gain a 3-2 lead. Roberts stands motionless. MIT is a team the Camels should beat and a loss would be another disappointment. Connecticut has been outshooting its opponents, but once again the team can't seem to get any breaks. When MIT scores their fourth goal, Roberts remains calm. The game ends 4-2 and Luce watches Roberts walk slowly to the dressing room. "If he were to leave," Luce tells the listener, "it would create a tremendous void."
In January, a group of Connecticut and Wesleyan alumni, their relatives and friends took a seminar tour through Ecuador and the Galapagos Islands. Led by William Niering, professor of botany and director of the Arboretum at Connecticut, and by Jelle Z. De Boer, professor of geology and earth sciences at Wesleyan, they traveled to the Amazon basin, the Volcan Cotopaxi National Park, the 9,300-foot high city of Quito, and then sailed 600 miles to the Galapagos. Thomas and Margaret Sebring Southerland '59 of Princeton Nature Tours planned the trip and accompanied the group.

PART ONE: QUITO & ENVIRONS

The plane broke out of dense, white cloud cover. Below us lay the outskirts of Quito, the capital of Ecuador, a jumble of red-roofed, white-washed houses crowding down the verdant slopes of the mountains to meet the meandering streets radiating out from the center of the city. As we walked across the apron of Sucre Airport, we were conscious of lightheadedness, breathlessness, pounding hearts. We were nearly two miles above sea level. And still above and beyond us, their shoulders mantled in mists of clouds, towered the snow-capped Andes dominated by the frosted cone of Volcano Cotopaxi.

Our hotel, the large and luxurious Colon in the middle of the business section, was a veritable fortress. Armed guards stood at every intersection around the hotel, on the rooftops and at each entrance. A phalanx of military police with riot shields guarded the entrance to the park across the street. In response to our queries, we were told that this was normal police protection for the heads of state of 23 Latin and Central American countries called together by the president of Ecuador for a conference on mutual economic problems. Between our own comings and going, we clustered in the
lobby to watch the siren-heralded, motorcycle-escorted arrivals and departures of the VIPs complete with large retinues, reporters and TV crews.

Although we had met informally prior to our departure from Miami, dinner at the Executives' Club across from the hotel was our first real introduction to each other. There were 36 of us in all—Connecticut College and Wesleyan alumni, husbands, wives and friends. William Niering, botanist and director of the Arboretum at Connecticut, was our authority on plants. Jelle de Boer from Wesleyan was our geologist and expert on volcanism. Margot Sebring Southerland '59 and Tom Southerland were our leaders, with Mr. Southerland doing double duty as the authority on birds.

During our three days in Quito, we toured by bus and on foot, visiting the magnificently ornamented cathedral and some of the public buildings. Business people and tourists mingled on the streets with short, sturdy Indians whose dark fedoras sat squarely on their heads, the brims shielding their faces from the blazing Andean sun. Many of the women carried infants slung in bright shawls on their backs.

As the bus trundled through the rolling green countryside, our guide told us a little about Ecuador. With a population of six million—one million of whom live in Quito—Ecuador is the smallest of the Latin American nations. Even though per capita income is low, Ecuadorians, on the whole, are better off than their larger, more populous neighbors. The country is primarily agricultural, with abundant natural supplies of fruit, vegetables and dairy products.

The first stop on our bus tour was the Equator National Monument, a modest, handsome, pyramid-shaped structure of polished stone centered on the longitudinal line dividing the northern and southern hemispheres. Our second stop was at the rim of a huge caldera, the collapsed portion of a parasitic cone which, in time, had become a patchwork of richly fertile, cultivated farmland. Jelle de Boer told us something about volcanism. Bill Niering collected plant specimens and told us which were indigenous and which had been introduced. Tom Southerland identified birds.

Back in the city in the shop of the legendary Olga Fisch, we found hand-loomed rugs, wall-hangings, designer clothes, balsa wood carvings of toucans and parrots, pottery figurines and a variety of other art work and handicrafts all made by native Indians. In the 40 years since she emigrated from Europe, Mrs. Fisch has twice been decorated by the government of Ecuador for her work with the Indians in developing their artistic skills and designs, thereby helping them to achieve a source of regular income. Many of these works of art can be found in museums and homes in Latin America, the U.S. and Europe.

Thursday was market day in Sasquisili. Our bus carried us out the Avenida de los Volcanes and along the Pan American Highway, a ride of perhaps two hours through undulating farmland to the flat, dusty village squares where the native markets were set up. Here Indians of the region come to do all their shopping, arriving in colorfully painted buses, in open trucks and wagons, and on burros. Tents, stalls and designated patches of dry earth display all manner of wares: household goods and utensils, clothing, long strands of rope, woven woolens, baskets, bags and hats of hand-plaited straw, footwear, even plastic sandals. Mounds of fresh vegetables and fruit were reminiscent of a Braque painting. There were cabbages the size of basketballs and pineapples bigger than footballs. "The Indians of Ecuador may be poor," our guide said, "but there is no starvation."

It is not often that tour groups are afforded the chance to meet and talk with nationals of their host country socially on a one-to-one basis. Such an opportunity was provided for us by the generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. William Dieterich. Mr. Dieterich is the United States educational and cultural attaché in Quito and a Wesleyan alumnus. We shared cocktails and dinner in the Dieterichs' home with some of their Ecuadorian neighbors and business associates. This instructive and happy interchange added a personal touch to our Ecuador experience.

PART TWO: THE AMAZON RIVER BASIN

A small plane flew us due east through the Andes at eye level with the awesome peaks of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi to the province of Oriente. Less than an hour later, we looked down upon a dense, green vastness of jungle threaded with the many tributaries of the Amazon. Our destination was the Floatel Orellana on the Rio Napo. We landed at Lago Agrio, headquarters for CEDECO, the Ecuadorian National Oil Company. It was the money and the demands of the petroleum industry that built the small airport and paved the narrow, uneven road over which we rode. At intervals along the way, small pumping stations, pump jacks and oil paraphernalia stood beside the thatched-roof huts of the Indians. The big steel pipeline paralleled the road the entire length of our journey, more than 50 miles.

Two hours and one river ford later, we arrived at a small clearing on the bank of the Rio Napo. Below us in the swirling, muddy water two motorized dug-outs waited to take us a few hundred yards downriver to the Floatel. Looking like a Mississippi river boat, the Floatel is broad-beamed, three decks high and powered by four large outboard motors on the stern. A generator provided electricity, hot water and even air conditioning to each cabin. The sun was setting hazy and golden over the jungle, streaking the sky and the flat, shimmering river with rainbow hues as the captain maneuvered his cumbersome craft among the eddies and shifting sand bars to our night's shoreside mooring.

In the morning, we donned our jungle gear: long-sleeved shirts, hats, long pants tucked into sturdy rubber boots. For those who could not find boots to fit, there were squares of bright orange plastic wrapped
over shoes and calves and tied securely at ankles and knees. The river was shrouded in dense gray mist as we boarded the dug-outs. For perhaps 20 minutes, we moved unseen and unseen through the fog. Finally, with practiced skill, our boatman landed us in a large clearing where we sprayed ourselves and each other liberally with insect repellent. We slogged single file through thick, foot-sucking mud in a tunnel of variegated green jungle growth: thorn bushes, shrubs, vines, creepers, stout lianas dangling from the upper canopies of towering acacias. We paused from time to time while Bill Niering, Tom Southerland and our guide from the Floatel pointed out plants, birds, insects and the pug mark of a large cat. Disappointingly, we saw no animals. We were told that the inroads made by the oil people and the missionaries had driven the jungle creatures deep into the interior, but the jungle itself, the vivid birds and exotic insects were adequate compensation.

Our hike continued on narrow boardwalks and logs through swamp until we came to another part of the river where man-powered dugouts took us to Taracoa camp for lunch. It had been cool in the shadowy lushness of the jungle, but it was steaming on the river. We refreshed ourselves by dragging our hats in the river and steaming on the river. We refreshed our- selves by dragging our hats in the river and steaming on the river. We refreshed ourselves by dragging our hats in the river and steaming on the river. We refreshed ourselves by dragging our hats in the river and steaming on the river. We refreshed ourselves by dragging our hats in the river and steaming on the river. We refreshed ourselves by dragging our hats in the river and steaming on the river. We refreshed ourselves by dragging our hats in the river and steaming on the river.

In the morning, there were pre-breakfast birding trips on and around the lake. After supper, we went out on to the lake in the dark of a moonless jungle night to search for Cayman. A powerful searchlight probed the blackness until suddenly the light was reflected back in the night-bright eyes of several large reptiles. We saw quite a few of them as we cruised slowly around the lake. Then warily we headed back to camp and our dormitory beds. We fell asleep amidst a cacophony of strange jungle noises.

In the morning, after we had eaten, we began our journey back to the Floatel by dug-out. From time to time we passed Indian huts set up on the river bank with dug-outs bobbing in the shallows. At the sound of our motor, the families came out of their homes to wave as we cruised past. After another night on the Floatel, we returned as we had come—by bus to Lago Agrio and plane back to Quito and the luxury of the Colon.

PART THREE: THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS

From the thin, clear air of Quito, we flew into the miasma of Guayaquil. Teeming with a population of 1.5 million, the city squats low on the muddy banks of the wide, gray-green Guayas River. Here we boarded the motor vessel, Buccaneer, our home for the next week. For three nights and two days we steamed slowly across the gently heaving swells of the Pacific toward the Galapagos 600 miles away.

The Islands have a brief colorful history dating from their first recorded discovery by Spanish Bishop Tomas de Berlanga in 1535. Privateers and whalers used the natural harbors to rest and replenish their food supplies. The giant tortoises were a particularly desirable source of fresh meat, since they could survive on shipboard without food or water for more than a year. This depredation seriously depleted the tortoise population. Now carefully protected by law, about 10,000 of them live high in the Alcedo Volcano Crater on Santa Cruz. Others are kept at the Darwin Research Center where they are lovingly tended by an elderly Ecuadorian who calls each one by name.

In the 18th and early 19th centuries, various attempts were made to develop the larger islands as sources of salt fish, hides and turtle oil. There were later attempts made to mine salt and sulphur, to raise cattle and grow sugar cane. None of these efforts was truly productive nor of any significant duration because of the scarcity of fresh water. Only San Cristobal and Floreana have permanent sources and these are limited to small streams and one spring. Santa Cruz and Isabela have some usable brackish water while rainfall in the coastal
areas of the larger islands is less than 20 inches a year. The consequent failure of business enterprises and wholesale colonization can be counted a blessing. Had they succeeded, the Galapagos as an unruled naturalists' paradise would have been lost to the world forever.

The Galapagos archipelago lies astride the equator, its shores bathed by the cold Humboldt current sweeping north from the Antarctic and by the moderating, warm equatorial currents from the west. This combination of location and surrounding ocean currents creates a unique habitat in which small Galapagos penguins, polar sea lions and fur seals coexist with tropical birds and reptiles. None of the land mammals is found anywhere else in the world. Thirty-seven percent of all the fish within the littoral zone are endemic as are 47 percent of the plants and three-quarters of the birds. Equally interesting, the biota varies subtly from island to island according to differences in habitat and food supply.

The morning of January 21st, we awoke to our first view of the islands. Scattered across an area of slightly more than 3,000 square miles, the Galapagos are, as Darwin recognized in 1835, typical oceanic, basaltic volcanoes whose summits rise as much as 10,000 feet from the Pacific floor. Espanola, where we made our first landing, is an uplift of submarine volcanic lavas with grayish sandy beaches and an interior covered with scrubby green-gray salt bush. Here we met our first sea lions—great, sleek satiny bodies with bright, curious round eyes above whiskered receding chins. The sea lions frolicked in the water, lolled languorously on the black rocks and raised themselves on their flippers to communicate in burping grunts. A Galapagos mockingbird hopped among us as we gathered on the beach while a Galapagos hawk watched unperturbed from a nearby bush as we approached with our cameras.

Everywhere along the rock-strewn trail across the island, we walked with caution to avoid stepping on booby nests, eggs and fledglings scattered indiscriminately along the trail. Both masked and blue-footed boobies hatch two eggs. The bluefoot cares for both, but the masked booby chooses the fittest of the two hatchlings to nurture, leaving the smaller, weaker one to perish from exposure and starvation. When we asked our naturalist guide why no one intervened to save the abandoned chick he replied, "The Galapagos is not a zoo. To preserve the integrity of the ecosystem, nature must take its course."

It was courtship time in the islands. The blue boobies were sky-pouncing, doing their stiff-legged dance from one webbed blue foot to the other, male and female bill-to-bill, the females honking like geese and the males emitting a peculiar whistle. Bright orange Sally Lightfoot crabs pursued each other across the black rocks. Fierce-looking marine iguana males sported the red blotches of mating season on their scaly hides to entice the females. Frigate birds rode the wind currents above us. The sea rumbled against the basalt rocks and, occasionally, a great spume of salt spray rose like a geyser with the sound of thunder from a blow-hole deep in the cliffs. We snoaked in the clear, cool water of the bay and soon became accustomed to the sea lions weaving gracefully in and out among us.

Off Floreana lies the Devil's Crown. This circle of jagged black pinacles streaked gray-white with guano is an eroded, submerged volcanic cone. Those of us who snooked within the cramped ring found a natural aquarium with several varieties of parrot fish, sergeant majors, damsels, angelfish, trumpet fish and a single sting ray that rose from the sand and flapped through the water before us on rubbery-looking wings.

The beach at Point Cormorant where we landed on Floreana is a delicate green from the olivine crystals in the sand. In the brackish mangrove ponds, we saw a small flock of bright pink flamingoes gracefully picking their way through the shallows. Floreana, with 50 volcanoes in an area of approximately 80 square miles, has rich volcanic soil. A few inhabitants farm the land halfway up the slopes among the comparatively luxuriant growths of fruit trees, vines, shrubs and plants.

Tiny Bartolome is a stark, brown-black cone whose flanks are pockmarked with smaller, parasitic cones and streaked with the flows of pahoehoe (pah-hoy-hoy) and sharp-edged, contorted a-a (ah-ah) lavas. It is a bleak, inhospitable island and the only living things we found were patches of hardy, olive-green succulents and small colonies of lava lizards.

On Santiago, we landed at St. James Bay and trekked over rocks of tuff lava to a field of pahoehoe. Near the water's edge, we found red-footed, blue-eyed Galapagos ground doves and in a grotto among the rocks a colony of fur seals. Marine iguanas were so densely congregated on the rocks that we had to take care not to step on them. These creatures have a disconcerting habit of ejecting streams of saline fluid as if they were spitting. Actually, this is a simple mechanism for ridding their systems of excess salt. Shell fragments, dead barnacles and the skeletal remains of marine iguanas littered the rough sand between the lava flows, victims of Elnino's prolonged visit in late 1983.

This warm current, so named because it appears regularly at Christmas time, sweeps south from the Gulf of Panama, causing a significant rise in ocean temperature. The warmed waters killed not only the barnacles, but more importantly the pelagic fish and organisms that are the food supply for many of the Galapagos' pelagic birds. Some species suffered a serious decline in population, while other endemic species were totally absent.

At Isabela, we observed the shy, diminutive Galapagos penguin, which nests among the rocks above the high water line. Brown pelicans, blue boobies, noddy terns and flightless cormorants nested on the craggy ledges beyond.

On Santa Cruz, we disembarked at Puerto Ayora, a sleepy village basking in the sun on the fringes of a finger-shaped harbor. Here we visited the Darwin Research Center, the museum and the Galapagos tortoises. Puerto Ayora offers three attractive small hotels and several pleasant restaurants and shops—all evidence of increasing tourism.

We snoaked off the shore of North Plaza and on South Plaza we encountered our only land iguanas. About the same size as their marine counterparts, the land iguanas are goldish-brown. The jagged spine of cartilage along their backs is less prominent and they don't spit. As on each of the islands, we encountered a large colony of sea lions. By this time, we looked upon them as old friends.

Small, relatively barren Baltra with its airstrip and new terminal provides swift, modern transportation to the mainland. Reluctantly, we said goodbye to our guides from the Bucanear and to the "Enchanted Islands," as Herman Melville described them, and flew off to Guayaquil and our farewell dinner at the Hotel Oro Verde.

The final parting took place the next day at the baggage claim area in Miami airport. Our triple adventure was over, but we relive it again and again through our hundreds of slides and pictures: the excitement, the learning, the sharing. Flawlessly planned, the experience was inspiring, challenging, unforgettable.
TORPEDOED!

A YOUNG DOCTOR IS SAILING TO INDIA TO BE MARRIED WHEN A GERMAN TORPEDO TEARS INTO THE S.S. PERSIA. ONLY FOUR LIFEBOATS REACH THE WATER UNHARMED.

BY DR. LILIAN WARNHSU1S RETIRED COLLEGE PHYSICIAN

Dr. Lilian Cook Warnshuis, Connecticut’s much loved college physician from 1949 to 1962, is a graduate of Edinburgh Medical University. She practiced in India for 15 years before coming to the United States in 1925 with her husband, the Rev. John Warnshuis. The first woman appointed to the staff of Staten Island Hospital, she won the New York Infirmary’s Elizabeth Blackwell Award for outstanding women physicians in 1955.

In 1915, Dr. Warnshuis was engaged to be married and, against the advice of her fiancé, had returned to Scotland from India to visit her family and pick up her trousseau. This is her account of her fateful trip back to India aboard the S.S. Persia.

December 30, 1915, was a beautiful day in the Eastern Mediterranean and we travelers on the S.S. Persia sat down happily to what would probably be our last luncheon as we were due to arrive in Port Said on the following morning. Our last luncheon was, for suddenly there came a blast like thunder and in the twinkling of an eye the dining saloon, which had been full of luncheon chatter and laughter, became a place as silent as death. There was a rush for the lifeboats by all save four Belgian nuns who clasped hands while they prayed and resigned themselves to their fate. They paid no heed to my plea that they make for the deck, and I left them to try to find my roommate, a young bride on her way to join her husband, a soldier, in Mesopotamia.

Our cabin was empty, and with her lifebelt in one hand and my own in the other I joined the mass of shocked humanity, scrambling up the stairway in the hope of being in time to find safety in a lifeboat.

But water was pouring through the port-holes and the ship was listing to starboard, so much so that when I finally reached the deck, the railing was almost flush with the water. I could see my roommate at the far end of the boat but the German torpedo had hit us midship and we were separated by a fast widening chasm. Attempts to fill and man the lifeboats were useless as the boats had had no overhauling and the chains were rusted. Those who managed to find a place in one were just as unfortunate as those who did not, for the majority of them were thrown into the sea and were seen no more.

And then a strange thing happened. I had looked in vain in the dining room and on
the stairway for my two friends, a bride and her husband traveling with me to India—when suddenly they appeared by my side, apparently speechless and incapable of action. They gave me one questioning look which brought an answer to my mind as clearly as if words had been spoken. “You must jump,” came the message out of the ether as it were; and clasping the hands of my friends, I gave the order and we stepped off the railing and plunged into the sea. I never saw my friends again.

It was a relief to rise to the surface and breathe again, but the relief was shortlived. Just as I was trying to determine what I should do, I was seized around the throat by an Indian sailor in his death agony—reaching for anything, anybody who would save him. But there was nothing I could do to help him, and I had to unwind his fingers, which were choking me to death. He slipped away into the deep, a victim of the disaster. Meanwhile I experienced two sensations—the first that of being literally translated from one world into another. I cannot describe the sensation nor can I depict what I saw. I just know that I had reached a jumping off place into the Light.

But the second sensation followed quickly, for I rose to the surface again and my conscience began to trouble me. It is often said that a drowning person sees reviewed before him his past life with all its mistakes and follies, but such was not my experience. I could only think of the promise I had made my fiancée that I would surely be back for our wedding on January 14, 1916. He had very reluctantly approved my paying a short visit to my family in Scotland before we married, and here was 1,300 miles from Port Said floundering in the Mediterranean Sea with no apparent chance of rescue.

I then spied within swimming distance one of the four lifeboats that had managed to reach the water unharmed and though hamperebed by wet clothing, I finally reached it and asked if there was room for one more passenger. “Come on, you’re swimming like a fish.” That voice belonged to the ship’s barber, a Maltese whose bravery and kindness were conspicuous throughout the next 34 hours. To get into a boat with water logged clothing is not easy; but, with the suggestion that I hand up a leg, I was finally hauled in to find myself in the company of about 30 human beings thankful to be on the water and not in it.

Three other lifeboats had made a get-away. One started to row back towards Malta but our little craft joined up with the other two and the accident boat, which had also been lowered without injury, and in the belief that help would soon arrive, we decided to drift along and watch and wait. We salvaged a small keg of water that had fallen from somewhere—probably from one of the smashed boats—and this was the only liquid we had. It was carefully taken over by the barber and later in the day he doled out to each of us a few swallows from a Colgate Shaving Soap tin he produced from his pocket.

As darkness began to fall, we shuddered a little and realized that at least for that night rescue was unlikely. When the sun went down, the air cooled and some of the passengers became seasick. Our friend the barber was the man of the moment. Ever cheerful, anxious to revive drooping spirits and to prevent recriminations among the Indian sailors, he cracked jokes, some of them feeble but still jokes. My wedding cake, he said, would be so much better for the sharks than some of us—and so on and on far into the night.

With the sunrise next morning our spirits revived. A shirt was tied to an oar and like the shipwrecked victims of old we held it high, hoping, always hoping. Then suddenly—“A boat, a boat”—coming near enough for us to see the bridge. With shouts of joy we thanked God for our rescue. But our joy was short-lived, for the liner carried human freight and was under strict orders to stop for nothing on route lest the enemy find it a good target also. And so it passed by on the other side.

The day dragged on. No food, no water, no nothing but always hope. The only ship’s officer who had survived the disaster was in the accident boat and in the late afternoon he decided to row in the direction of Port Said with the thought that a mine sweeper or man o’ war might sight him and pick us up all up. Weather threatened, rain, considerable wind and then darkness again. We were very silent and some began to despair. Then the miracle. Out of the night came the sound of a foghorn, and soon a green light was visible drawing nearer and nearer until even in the darkness we began to see the shape of a vessel. An order came across the water to row our boats to the side of the ship and in no time we were being helped into a Scottish minesweeper. Our accident boat had been sighted and picked up before darkness fell. We were found, welcomed and fed.

Tragedy is often mixed with comedy. Among the rescued was a little dachshund that had been carefully guarded by his mistress and carried by her into a lifeboat. The owner of the dog, along with another passenger and myself, were given the second officer’s cabin and in two minutes his night wardrobe was laid out for our use. Two bunks were available and a mattress was placed on the floor for me. The one chair accommodated the dog, too worn out to respond even to his mistress’ caresses. “Lights out,” shouted the officer. “We are always in the danger zone.” My two companions made for their bunks. “Would you give my dog a drink please before you lie down?” said the lady in a night shirt much too short for her long limbs and I proceeded to fill a glass with water and offer it to my canine friend. But Patty was at the end of the road and after an attempt to swallow a little water, she gave a gasp and expired. “Your dog is dead,” I said, which remark brought his mistress with one leap onto the floor. With a cry of anguish she opened the door and shouted “Brandy, brandy, my dog is dying.” The spectacle was something never to be forgotten—two long legs appearing beneath a too short night shirt while the owner danced up and down calling hysterically for brandy. A Scotsman came tearing down the passage to hear what it was all about and when told that brandy was needed for a German dachshund his scorn knew no bounds. “We haven’t enough for ourselves,” he shouted. I could sense a feeling bordering on mirth as he gazed on this hysterical female clad so scantily that my modesty broke through and I begged her to get back in bed. Words were of no avail until I persuaded her to face the mirror on the back of the door. After one look she made a leap for her bunk and said no more. To appear in such unbecoming attire before an audience of young Scotsmen was more than she could bear. Feminine vanity won the day. The corpse was removed much against her wishes and we slept in peace.

The little minesweeper chugged along through the night and until late afternoon the next day, when we were landed in Alexandria. We were fed on a warship prior to being discharged onto the shore, where we were told the British Consul would take care of us. We were eight women from various walks of life—actress, missionary, housewives en route to join their husbands in India, one of them with a child and his nursemaid, broken hearted because the
DJ BECOMES DJE

ALICE JOHNSON, WHO NEVER MEANT TO BE A DEAN, HAS LEFT FANNING AFTER 25 YEARS.

BY GEORGE J. WILLAUER, JR. PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

Alice Johnson retired as Dean of the College last spring. She's still professor of English, and as such is ensconced in a new office in Strider House, across the street from her home. “DJ,” of course, is known for her popularity with students. But as dean she was also a key administrator, serving on senior staff and on numerous committees, and supervising six college departments, the academic class deans and the dean of student affairs. Alice Johnson also remains permanent chairman of the Elizabeth and Raymond Armington Committee on the Teaching of Social Values.

When Alice Johnson retired as Dean of the College in June 1983, the Alumni Association presented her with a Certificate of Honorary Membership, making her the sixth recipient of such an honor. According to the inscription, “The indomitable, funny, down-to-earth, plain-talking . . . and affectionate Alice Johnson has managed to be, in her 25 years as dean, distinctly and miraculously UNdeanish. Students have known her and loved her and dubbed her ‘DJ,’ and she has taught them, counseled them, and when necessary scolded them.”

At the same time the Student Government Association presented her with a similar testimonial and a new title, “DJE” for “DJ Emeritus,” and the Return to College
Association recognized her retirement with an "Honorary R.T.C. Student Award." Meanwhile letters of congratulations poured in from alumni, students, colleagues, and friends.

The New London Day observed the occasion with a lengthy article, and quoted Thomas R.H. Havens, Professor of History and Acting Dean of the Faculty at the time, as saying, "There is probably no person at Conn College who knows more alumni because of her close contacts with every member of the graduating class." Warren Erikson '74, then Secretary of the Alumni Association, said, "She is terrific, spontaneous, and has a great sense of humor. She's a real character, very much her own person. She's very supportive, a good listener, and a strong individual in her own right. She always encouraged us to be our own people. She has an informal, direct style and is very young at heart."

From these public statements we get a very clear measure of Alice Johnson's popularity and greatness as described by those whose lives she touched and touches. The other day, in an effort to get Alice's own perspective on her years as Dean, I called on her at her new office, next to Ed Cranz's in Strider House, and asked her these four simple questions: What was the hardest task you had to perform as Dean? What activity or obligation did you enjoy the most? What was the funniest moment you recall? What single idea informed your deanship?

Before answering, Alice glanced across her littered desk, found a pack of cigarettes, took one and tapped it vigorously, lit it, and after exhaling began with the familiar and declarative, "Well." Then she proceeded to tell me that the hardest duty was to inform students—and their parents—that they could not return to the College because of insufficient academic standing. In contrast, what she liked most was to counsel students about the future and then watch them flourish. She told me she particularly enjoyed helping "the young people who came to Connecticut College for an excellent education and who were able to get into graduate school and find jobs, many of whom still keep in touch by letter, phone call, or visit."

A recent visit from some of these alumni brought an invitation for her to be the keynote speaker at the first reunion of minority alumni to be held in June. This will be the first time that many of these young alumni have returned to campus since the late sixties and early seventies when their endorsement of Alice gave her almost a unique distinction as a white person teaching black literature. Such recognition then and now means a lot to Alice.

Her sense of community—of the college community—is profound. I can't think of anyone else who has more friends throughout the campus from the second floor of Fanning to the back halls of Harris Refectory, from the faculty houses on Williams Street to River Ridge, young and old, who know her affectionately and simply as Alice.

When I asked her to tell me about some funny moments over the years she chuckled, and her eyes gleamed. Leaning forward in her swivel chair she told me how, during her first year at the College, she had to think quickly to save face with students. She was dining in Harkness when some of them requested permission to smoke. Unfamiliar with the rules, Alice referred them to a resident supervisor who asserted "if the Dean approves." Alice, of course, approved, but as the students lit up was unceremoniously overruled by the supervisor's loud remark, "I said the Dean, not a Dean." Not one to give in easily, Alice lingered with the students after dinner, and lingered and lingered, ignoring the supervisor's frequent gestures indicating she should dismiss the girls so the staff could clean up and go home. Finally, Alice announced that she was waiting for "the Dean," then Miss Noyes, to dismiss them! The students applauded, and Alice had won their loyalty.

Alice nevertheless maintains that for her the funniest moment came during her first visit to the College in 1958 when an interview by the English Department turned into an interview for the position of Dean of Freshmen. "What's funny," she said, "is that I never wanted the job, and yet it has turned my whole career around and I've loved every minute of it."

"The liberal arts," said Alice quietly but firmly after I inquired what her guiding principle was. She then turned back to her desk and among the piles of papers found the duplicate of one of her most popular addresses, entitled, "Whither Goest Thou, Liberal Arts." Originally given at the Awards and Honors Assembly in 1977, it was later a commencement address at Emmanuel College in Boston. Alice happened to have a copy handy, she told me, because she has had many requests for it. Instead of sending it off, she gave it to me.

At home I reread the speech and was impressed again by its erudition, common sense, and forceful argument. Here is just one passage from the text which I think captures the essence of Alice Johnson's academic credo:

"... to survive in this chancey future, ticking with nuclear bombs and misguided missiles, we must forever strive toward excellence in the quality of humane education which must continue to be concerned with the development of separate and unique individuals—not with the mass production of skilled automatons who know how to push buttons but who are incapable of genius or creative thought. Either man moves quickly to a new level of humane awareness which means life or he will be reduced to a brutish death in life—to become a veritable Ecliptic 'hairy, ape-neck Sweeney' wandering listlessly in a moral wasteland.

With emphasis on excellence, humanness, and individuality, Alice Johnson presents here, as she does in her daily rounds, a paradigm of fulfillment for generations of young people who know her as DJ. In these words of hers it is also easy to understand why she became the dean by popular acclaim in 1977. But students are not the only ones Alice cares for. Her sense of community—of the college community—is profound. I can't think of anyone else who has more friends throughout the campus from the second floor of Fanning to the back halls of Harris Refectory, from the faculty houses on Williams Street to River Ridge, young and old, who know her affectionately and simply as Alice.

We are all fortunate that this defender of the liberal arts, as complex and intriguing as the heroines in the Henry James novels she admires so much, continues to teach despite her retirement from the deanship. Liberal and liberated though she is, we also wish liberation for her, with time for fishing, the Red Sox, crossword puzzles, and for Matthew Carey, whose biography she is now completing.
Social event of the year: Beaux Arts Ball

No tacky Xeroxed posters herald this event; word of mouth more than suffices. The invitations, designed by art major Jeannine Riley '84, feature seductively gloved hands, one clutching a glass of champagne, another dangling a black mask. They're sent only to the select 800 or so students taking art, art history, or music courses. The dress: Beaux Arts Formal. The music: The Beaux Arts Band. The occasion: The Beaux Arts Ball.

In three short years, the Beaux Arts Ball has achieved top billing on the Connecticut College social calendar. Students beg, bribe, and bargain for the chance to shell out $6 for tickets in advance, $7 at the door. For this not inconsiderable sum, the lucky beaux arts student is entitled to dress to the hilt, admire the year's most elaborate decorations, mingle with art and music department faculty members, and dance to a 12-piece swing band.

A slight drizzle did little to deter students from attending this year's gala, held Friday April 13th in the Cummings Arts Center. Tuxedo and taffeta-clad couples swirled to "In the Mood," and other swing tunes. Paper draped from the second floor balcony looked like someone had dumped buckets of purple paint over the railing and then outlined the drips in black glitter. Clusters of black and white balloons were anchored at random spots around the room, some held by ambiguous black paper-maché figures. "Maybe they're the beaux," suggested Lisa Synoradzki, a sophomore attending the ball for her first time. "It's the Friday the 13th look," explained an informed bystander. "That's the theme; I know somebody on the decorations committee."

Non-dancers congregated by either of the two bars where vodka punch and champagne were served. For the sore-of-feet, chairs were placed around makeshift tables: casels covered in white linen and topped with carnations. "Darling, it was absolutely divine," said senior economics major Gerald Maximilian DeFays O'Connor. He leaned over the balcony and surveyed the scene below him, his grey Brooks Brothers suit somewhat anomalous in the sea of tuxedoes. "The decorations were just fabulous. The people were just fabulous. The time was just a time to be had, an experience par excellence."

—Joanne Furtak '84

January interns venture into the world

Standing on a wind-whipped train platform.

Sitting restlessly on the T while the engineer chips ice from the tracks.

Being shoved by briefcase-carrying crowds down icy sidewalks.

Sounds like a real hassle, doesn't it? Unless, of course, you're doing it all for an internship. Then, the whole scene feels more like an adventure into the diversity of post-college life. In three short weeks, the mysterious realm of business becomes less formidable—a new world to explore. It doesn't matter whether the internship is in the city or the suburbs, in a large corporate headquarters or a quiet art gallery—any experience provides an opportunity to observe the "real world" and to contribute to an organization.

The January Career Internship Program, sponsored by the Office of Career Counseling and the Alumni Association, places students in internships with alumni and friends of the college. An internship need not involve active participation to be
valuable; students can profit just as much from a chance to observe activities in a business atmosphere. 

JILL WHITNEY ’84, Hands-on internships like the one I had at Bloommgdale’s Employee Communications Department in New York give students an opportunity to test and develop our skills in a non-academic atmosphere while helping out the organization that sponsors us. Wendy Chapman ’77 arranged for me to work with her friend, Jayne Binzer, editor of the employee magazine. I was able to participate in every step involved in producing the magazine, including helping to select some topics for the next issue, proofreading, layout, and distribution. When I wasn’t working on a specific task, I had time to read the information the editor had collected to familiarize me with internal publications in other organizations. But most importantly—especially now that I’m graduating and looking for a job—I had the chance to interview a coworker and write an article about her that was published in the magazine. I was challenged because I had never done anything quite like that before, and it was great to find that I could write for a “real world” audience as well as for academia. This experience has done wonders to boost my self-confidence and my credibility with prospective employers because I can now talk intelligently about the communications field and about how my abilities are suited to it.

DIANNE HEMLOCK ’84, My internship put me in contact with people working at all levels of management at the John Hancock Company in Boston. Based in corporate personnel, I met daily with executives to discuss the function and organization of numerous departments, including corporate communications, electronic data processing, real estate, investment planning, law, and employee benefits. I also had the opportunity to interview managers in several Hancock subsidiaries. My self-designed schedule did not include participation in one specific project, but rather involved a broad exposure to the corporation as a whole. My sponsor, Marion Nierintz ’65, made it possible for both Bob Bortnick ’84 and me to explore her company. Ms. Nierintz arranged tours of every part of the insurance business from the enormous mail room operation to the president’s office. Perhaps the greatest reward was meeting with leading professionals in such varied fields, and developing a more comprehensive perspective of the corporate world. How could an English/Zoology major better prepare for a business career, and so thoroughly enjoy the experience? Other recent interns have learned by getting involved with projects as varied as cataloging the contents of Norman Rockwell’s studio (Hope Murphy ’84) to writing press releases for Morgan Memorial-Goodyear Industries (Susan Zuckerman ’86). 

Alumni interested in sponsoring a Connecticut student in an internship should contact Carl Ochnio, Assistant Director of Career Counseling, Box 1618, Connecticut College.

—Jill Whitney ’84 and Dianne Hemlock ’84

In the limelight

Three top administrators at Stanford University’s Graduate School of Business—Carol Friedman Marchick ’67, Susan Bejosia Gould ’58, and Ayse Manyas Kenmore ’61—are Connecticut alumnae. Carol Marchick, who joined the university staff in 1974, has been named associate dean for administration. She has been serving as assistant dean for alumni, with responsibility for alumni, career planning and placement, and news and publications. Her new position will mean adding fund-raising and external relations to her previous efforts. Susan Bejosia Gould, who returned to study for her M.B.A. at Stanford when she was 38, has been chosen as administrative director of the School of Public Management. Ayse Manyas Kenmore is also a graduate of the Stanford M.B.A. program. Before being named director of career planning and placement at the Business School, she was owner and president of Liberty Music Shops in New York City.

Janet Wieland Solinter ’43 has been decorated by the government of the Federal Republic of Germany for her outstanding contributions to the celebration of the German-American Tricentennial. The director of the Smithsonian Resident Associate Program, Ms. Solinger arranged the Smithsonian showing of the exhibition, “Germans to America, Three Hundred Years of German Immigration, 1683-1983.” Among other honors Ms. Solinger has received from foreign governments are the Order of Leopold II from Belgium (1980) and Officer of the Order of Orange-Nassau from the Netherlands (1982).

Yankee magazine featured Lindley Beetz Briggs ’67 in its small business and crafts column. Mrs. Briggs and her husband Jeffrey construct large wooden butterflies, which they sell in shops and galleries across the country. A large Briggs butterfly takes the couple six hours to assemble, and sells for approximately $100 in retail stores.

Susan Whitin ’69 has been named one of three new Principals by The SWA Group, an environmental planning and landscape design firm. Formerly a curator of paintings at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Ms. Whitin joined The SWA Group in 1978, and has completed urban landscape designs in the Boston, San Francisco, and Los Angeles areas.

Barbara Bush, the wife of Vice President George Bush, is just one of many well-known wives whose sympathy and suggestions comprise the bulk of Coping with HIS Success: A Survival Guide for Wives. Co-authors Emily Vogl and Frances Winfield Bremer ’64 address the drawbacks of marrying a successful man: the frequent moves, social pressures, and prolonged separations that can accompany celebrity. Mrs. Bremer, whose husband Jerry served as Henry Kissinger’s chief of staff, is now working on a book on American literature for foreign university students.

Making a name for herself in the Stamford, Connecticut, business community is Pamela Goff ’78. As conservatory manager for Champion International, one of the country’s leading forest-products companies, Ms. Goff was interviewed in a New York Times article about the new greenhouse Champion International constructed in Stamford.

Joan Mikkelsen Etzel ’56, drawing on her background as a career counselor in New Canaan, has co-authored Psycho-Business Skills: How to Survive and Thrive in the Corporate Arena. Mrs. Etzel has been involved in the business world since 1968, most recently as a district manager for Merrill Lynch Relocation Management.

The Reverend Frederick P. Moser ’75, former associate rector of St. Mary’s Episcopal Church in Manchester, Connecticut, has been appointed chaplain of Hobart College in Geneva, New York. The Rev. Moser received his seminary training at Yale Divinity School, where he earned the Master of Divinity Degree.

Cynthia Enloe ’62, has contributed three essays to an edited volume, Loaded Ques-
Admissions office will counsel college-bound alumni children

During the summer, the Admissions Office professional staff will offer college counseling to alumni children entering their final year of high school. Parents and students who would like to take advantage of this opportunity to discuss college and the admissions process in general are asked to make an appointment with the Admissions Office and to bring along a copy of the student's high school transcript. This is a special service for "legacy" students, rather than a formal interview for admission to Connecticut.

LETTERS

To the Editor:
I have for some time been deeply concerned about the tone of the alumni publications and the manner in which they represent Connecticut College. Over the years, several examples have contributed to this concern. In the Winter 1980-81 issue of Alumni Magazine, a large photo appeared on page 15, showing a woman's behind wearing blue jeans, which I thought was rather inappropriate inasmuch as it appeared to be the primary postgraduate achievement of the alumna who provided the derriere. More recent articles ("Manners Maketh Man" and "The Confines of '63" in the most recent issue) I find equally disturbing. In the former case, the article was accompanied by photos depicting the Freshman pageant and undergraduate lifestyle of the 1920's, evidently inserted to draw snickers over the supposedly venered and overly restrictive lives led by those who passed before us. But what prompted this letter was the latter article, which was billed as "fiction" and as such I feel was all the more reprehensible than if it had been fact. Comparing notes with my brother, I came to the consensus that this "short story" was soft-core pornography, again evidently intended to draw laughs at the "naive" restrictions placed upon our predecessors.

I attended Connecticut College from 1970 to 1972, and on the whole, I felt that my experience there was a very positive and constructive one. I have, however, very serious reservations about the value of a liberal arts education that is not rounded out by consistent training in sound morals and ethics. My fellow students seemed to be a pretty decent lot except in two departments most vital to their psychological and moral well-being: drug abuse and sexual immorality.

Who is the more naive—the person who adheres to those standards espoused by the experienced, or the one who repudiates them and indulges in unbridled license of conduct, with reckless disregard for the consequences? Is it any accident that as of 1984 we have unprecedented social problems such as venereal disease, unwanted pregnancies, abortions with their political implications, unwed parents; abused, neglected and murdered children, kidnappings and child prostitution—all stemming from one root, namely: sexual immorality? Is a leading liberal arts college going to neglect its social responsibility by not simply ignoring the problem, but aiding and abetting in it? The facetious and rebellious tone of C.C.'s alumni publications would suggest that Connecticut College is doing just that. Where is the sense of leadership that was so basic to making the world's institutions of higher learning what they once were?

You know the motto on the seal of Connecticut College. Translated into English, it means "like a tree planted by streams of water." Do you know that it was taken from Psalm No. 1, which closes by saying "For Jehovah is taking knowledge of the way of righteous ones, But the way of wicked ones will perish?" I did not learn my moral standards at college, but from my parents, and I would that my fellow students had enjoyed the same privilege. As an adult, I have found that among the few who adhere to those standards are Jehovah's Witnesses, of whom I have been one since graduation. As a Christian and your fellow alumnus, it is my duty to warn you against allowing yourselves to be dragged down into the morass in which the world as a whole is wallowing, because "On account of these things the wrath of God is coming." (Colossians 3:6)

James Sheackford '72
Wellesley, Massachusetts

To the Editor:
"The Confines of '63" by Diana Altman (Winter 1983-84) was a wonderful story that made me laugh and cry, and remember the best parts of growing up at Connecticut. Congratulations for publishing such a talented writer.

Harriet Bradford Magee '69
Marblehead, Massachusetts

TORPEDOED!
Continued from page 11

baby had slipped from her grasp in the water and had been lost, and myself, a young M.D.

Nobody met us, nobody seemed to care and we accepted the offer of a couple of cabbies who said they would drive us to a hotel. Our reception there was far from cordial. The desk clerk apparently mistook us for women of the street and we were about to be ejected in spite of all my remonstrances when an Australian gentleman of power and prestige came to our help. "Give these ladies the very best you have," said he and we were ushered to rooms where rest and food were provided and we began to feel alive again.

We spent one week in Alexandria awaiting the next P & O liner sailing to India. I was able to care for the sick and to shop for the absolute necessities of living. How wonderful to be able to cut down one's possessions to a toothbrush and covering for the body. I have in my possession a fine Swiss traveling clock which "my group" gave me on the evening before our departure from Alexandria. It was a loving and generous token and I treasure it to this day.

One week later we boarded a ship at Port Said and continued the last lap of our journey—objects of curiosity to the passengers who had just passed safely through that same danger zone. As we were sailing through the calm waters of the Indian Ocean, one of the passengers remarked to me as we stood at the rail of the ship, "Well, nothing can happen to you now unless the ship catches fire." Only a few weeks later, on January 19, 1916, I was married in Bombay.
CLASS NOTES

19 Ruth Trail McClellan's Christmas letter was a joy to read. It recounts the activities of her 91st year, including a trip back to Grotton in July for the first Trail family reunion at which 76 of those present were Ruth's nephews and nieces. She closes with "I have good health, still walk on errands, keep house and tend my roses.

Ruth Avery French has left snowy NH to spend the winter with her son in Haron, OH, but hopes to be back home by the time tulips bloom, "with better eyes to see them." A family reunion will prevent her attending our reunion.

Margaret Mitchell Goodrich writes of enjoying working in her garden but is sorry she cannot make reunion. Elizabeth (Betty) Hannon Corliss keeps active in her house and garden in Brewer, MA, where she has lived for the past 21 years. She is a volunteer worker in an antique shop operated to benefit a church. She gets together frequently with Jessie Wells Lawrence's daughter Marjorie who lives nearby and brought her to our last reunion. She is hoping to come for our 65th.

Edith Harris Ward writes "The Lord willing we shall make the 65th reunion." Marion Kofsky Harris writes sadly that she hasn't left her apartment in the past 15 months and her two brothers, who also live in Hartford, are unable to be about. She sent best wishes to all '23.

Florence Carns has had surgery but hopes to attend reunion.

Priscilla Ford Schenke rejoices in comfortable living in Naples, FL, but is sorry not to be coming north in June.

Esther Batchelder, living in Sarasota, hopes to connect with Priscilla for a visit. Batch is sorry she can't make our last reunion.

Correspondent: Virginia C. Rose, 20 Avery Lane, Waterford, CT 06385

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Correspondent: Mrs. Emory C. Cashin (Olive N. Littlehailes), 9 Brady Avenue, New Britain, CT 06052

23 Marjorie Knox Rice is in FL for her usual stay, but is recovering from a back injury. She is anxious to hear about our reunion.

Jeannette Sunderland says she can't scrap up news but is glad to be just hanging on and keeping well. She lives loving in Madison, CT, with her sister.

Helene Wulf Knop still lives in her big house, plays bridge, attends a study group, and enjoyed the summer at Grotton. Long Point and fights arthritis.

Emily Slaymaker Leith-Ross reports life goes on pleasantly. She spends some of the winter months on Sanibel Island, FL, joined by several CC '31 girls.

Helen Higgins Bunyan was sad to have missed reunion because of illness with Parkinson's Disease. Her two grandchildren live in CA. She sent her greetings to all '23.

Florence Appel is living in ME enjoying the beautiful scenery. Her big 1983 thrill was becoming a great aunt, Christmas was spent at Sugarloaf Mt.

Katherine Finney Richmond has ten grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. She suffers from arthritis but keeps in touch with friends, plays bridge and is spending some weeks in FL.

Olive Holcombe and Rufus Wheeler were at reunion. They are still busy with music. It was one of my special joys to be with them there in the spring at reunion.

Rheta Clark also attended. She is very busy with her community interests, including Alumni Annual Giving Program, local library, church and travel.

Anna Buel enjoyed helping elect a congressman and looks forward to working again at election. She and my daughter, Virginia, really struck up a mutual admiration pair at reunion.

My (Adelaide Satterly Tuttle)’s big news is the birth of two great-grandchildren, a girl and a boy, at Christmas. In May I look forward to a visit in Hawaii with my Marine captain grandson. Keep sending me your news.

We send special sympathy to Mary Louise Weikert Tuttle, who lost her husband, Lawrence, in February 1983. He used to enjoy our reunions with her at CC. She sees Ella McCollum Vahiteh ’21 at a bible class in church. Mary Louise is busy writing with a study group and rebuilding her life.

Correspondent: Mrs. Sidney P. Tuttle (Adelaide Satterly), 76 Huns Ave., Apt. 1A, Pearl River, NY 10965.

25

Correspondent: Emily Warner, 23 Mariners Lane, Yarmouth Port, MA 02675.

In Memoriam

Ruth W. Newcomb
Helen Avery Bailey
Olivia Johnson
Filomena Mare
Jeannette LaMarche DeWolfe
Ruth Baylis Toaz
Dorothy Bell Miller
Adelaide Cushing Thuener
Margaret Mills Breen
Jean Carpenter Peterson
Elsie Randall Werrenrath
Lorraine Dreyfus Reiss
Sarah Crowell Davis
Shirley Bryan Whitelaw
Lorraine Devereaux Kendall
Patricia Thomas Barr
Louise Lefebre Norton
Sarah Rapelye Cowherd
Nancy Walker Hempston
Lorenzo S. Johnson

27 Ada Frazier Showalter retired 12 years ago from the New York Public Library where she had been since 1927, except for two maternity leaves of absence. Both children, a daughter and a son, are now married with seven children between them; six are college graduates and the seventh is in high school. Ada and Elwood have subscriptions to the Met Opera and the New York Philharmonic. Siamese cats are a home interest.

Eleanor (Nubs) Vernon shared the Christmas message from Sally.

She extends her sympathy to John Levick on the death of his wife, Florence (Bony) Hopper Levick. Bony was class president in our freshman and junior years, and head of Student Government our senior year.

Correspondent: Madelyn Club Wankmüller, 422 Mill St., Worcester, MA 01602

29

Correspondent: E. Elizabeth Speirs, 40 Avon Heights, Hartford, CT 06106.

31 Dorothy (Dot) Gould worked hard on the annual CC Book Sale. It netted over $21,000. Our class voted at our 50th reunion annual dues of $5, anticipating our 55th. No money so far; treasurer Dot would love to hear from you.

Constance (Connie) Genev Jones had a fabulous cruise last April. She was able to see and visit her daughters and son. Connie sees CC graduates often, as many live in her area. She hopes to see New England this summer.

Grace Gardner Manning welcomed a first grandchild, a girl. They now are moving to England, where she hopes to visit them in the spring. Otherwise, the DAR, church, AARP keep her busy.

Alta (Jimmy) Colburn Steege and Rip saw Jane and John Howell in Sarasota last winter. Had a week's vacation at Tides Inn in VA, then a stopover in DC.

Winifred Beach Bearch had a great trip to U of AZ for granddaughter's graduation. She loved the country. In Nov. she helped celebrate her eldest son's 50th birthday in WV where he's professor of horticulture at the U.

Elizabeth (Betty) Hendrickson Matleich's grandson was married last July in a Quaker ceremony in Chester, CT. The young couple live in Orlando, ME, and both are third mates on oil tankers for ArcoCorp.

Dorcas (Ducky) Freeman Wessdam seems our only link with Elizabeth (Appy) Appenzellar Parsons who lives in England. Ducky saw Appy in NY last year, says Appy's fine. Ducky and Wes garden and golf and have 16 grandchildren, all living nearby. Among them, doctor, broker, teacher, author and businessman. St. Croix for winter vacations.

Elizabeth (Cliff) Clayton Ray took a trip to Great Britain last September to see the Royal Water Colour Exhibition, in which a friend and member was exhibiting.

Flavia (Fla) Gordon Williams went to Marco in March and had a trip to London. She has three grandsons, one just married, one teaching English and coaching in CO, and one in MI. She still loves golf.
Alice Hangen is still interested in music, church music. She goes to VT and to Portland, ME, where her nephew conducts the symphony. She also visits a nursing home weekly, which she enjoys more. Her daughter, Linda Lee, lives in OH but is still in love with CT. She says no news, but a while back had a visit from her former roommate. Virginia (Ginnie) Hinman Linder.

Katherine (Kitty) Dunlap March visited her son Walter in NC last May. Otherwise, the usual things: church, bus trips, and senior group luncheons.

Anna (Coco) Costruzzella Guida is a most traveled clanswoman. In Sept. she spent two weeks in Northern Italy. She and Son Paul drove to many cities, visiting galleries and churches. She’s very active in everything around her. She also attended two Alumni Club included. She spent Christmas with daughter Martha ’61 and her family in Alexandria, VA.

Kathryn (Kay) Bowman Thompson is living in Aurora, OH but her travels include Toronto, Chataqua and Boulder, CO, where her son lives.

Esther Green Schechter spent three weeks in Russia in 1982. She took a riverboat cruise on the Danube River. She’s also doing diverse work at Nassau County Museum in Roslyn, NY. In Oct. she traveled to Mexico with two nieces. Giovanna (Jennie) Fusco-Ripka has five grandchildren. She spent Christmas in Baltimore with son Joseph, a law professor at Georgetown Law Center. Her wife is also a law professor. Still busy with church, arts and classes and medical seminars.

Dorothy (Doc) Johnson Imes’ daughter Linda Lee was married last August and lives nearby. Other daughter Joan Maria graduated in design and lives at home. Doc is busy with the usual things, plus having recently had her second baby, a girl. She’s been busy putting the Nuthist History Trust registration. 

Ruth Canty lives in Concord, MA, in housing for the elderly which she says is much a c a p u s retrato . She had a visit from Janette Warriner Clever last summer. Janette had driven from Cedar Rapids. Ruth says Janette is a world traveler and a fabricator of miniatures.

Caroline (C.B.) Rice had hip surgery in early Jan. and came through beautifully.

Elsie DeFiong Smith, still enjoying single blessedness in St. Louis, Mo. sent messages to the Explorers Club.

Beatrice (Bee) Brooks Carpenter lost her husband, Woodie, last summer. We extend our sympathy to her.

She spent this past Christmas with son, Brooks, in CA. Correspondence to CC in CC.

Our 50th reunion was a huge success and we missed those of you who couldn’t join us. Some who couldn’t be there sent messages: Barbara Elliott Brown, Virginia (Ginnie) Dinh Moffeath says she has no earth-shaking news, but does love to keep in touch. Summer ’83, she had a trip to Denmark with daughter and son-in-law Ray. She spent Christmas in FL with her sister and her partners’ friends.

Hazel Dewey Holden spent the winter in CA, then returned to RI and her treasured view of the ocean. The dry summer of 1983 was ideal for the ASG family reunion. Welcome guests came and went, including Mary Savage Collins. Between times, Hazel golled and gardened. Holiday trips took her to see her young folks.

Barbara (Bobbie) Hervey Reussow’s note told of a trip to Holland. There she had a reunion with Jean Stanely Dice and Florence Byars Shelton (both ’34). On their Christmas vacation in FL, she and Charlie planned to see Audrey Lawcorse Parsons. Bobbie’s husband Charlie had a one-man show in OK City. He also won firsts in oils, pastels and charcoal and second in wildlife at the Tulsa State Fair. His subject is the West—the Indians, the country, and the wildlife. His portraits, including a painting of Will Rogers hanging in the Rogers Memorial in Claremore, are wonderful. Their granddaughter Hoffman Comes has joined a small group in ME and the visits to and from their grandchildren. Their birdwatching hobby has led them into environmental activities. They support conservation efforts on several fronts and do their part in raising public consciousness.

Madlyn Hughes Wasley and Fran found a three-week tour to China a highlight of 1983. They traveled by canal boat, train and plane. Virginia King Carter feels fortunate and happy to be a member of the four-generation family. This includes her mother who is a cheerful and alert 96, and a cute, active granddaughter, Kay. Audrey Lawcorse Parsons and John have moved to a condominium on Point Britannia in St. Petersburg. They enjoy the five swimming pools (one heated) and great tennis courts. Their summers will still be spent in RI. Every day, Audrey loves systems (small, thin-skin ned, bittersweet orange affairs) from their calamanda tree.

Irene Larson Gearing has no spectacular news, except to report continuing good health. She and Les continue to take trips from spring to early winter, visiting family and friends who are scattered over the country, but still enjoy the New England winter. They both love to ski. Les spent the winter in GA and FL and they arranged activities. In the 14-day reunion with their grandchildren in Bristol, CT, in Oct., they celebrated an entire year.

Charles Merchant Wiener and husband Frederick were in England for April and May, 1983. They attended a Council Meeting of the Selden Society (legal history) of

Class Correspondents:

Please send your columns to:

Editor, Alumni Magazine
Box 1624, Connecticut College
New London, CT 06320

35 Subrina (Subby) Burr Sanders’ son Anthony presented them with their fifth grandchild in May, 1983. As the grandchildren are all close, Subby and Harry often babysit and enjoy them. Subby claims that Harry’s retirement is purely fictional and that they both keep very busy and, of course, golf in season. Virginia (Ginnie) Dinh Moffeath says she has no earth-shaking news, but does love to keep in touch. Summer ’83, she had a trip to Denmark with daughter and son-in-law Ray. She spent Christmas in FL with her sister and her partners’ friends.

Hazel Dewey Holden spent the winter in CA, then returned to RI and her treasured view of the ocean. The dry summer of 1983 was ideal for the ASG family reunion. Welcome guests came and went, including Mary Savage Collins. Between times, Hazel golled and gardened. Holiday trips took her to see her young folks.
which Frederick is the vice-president for the U.S. Sep-
tember found them in San Diego for a board meeting of
the VQ chapter of the National Society of Founders and
Priscilla Sawtelle Ehrlich is very proud of her daugh-
ter, who was a one-person exhibit of her chalk images at
this. She finds this practice continues to
grow and is challenging and exciting. In the summer,
journey with three children.
which Grodner kept very active with all kinds of volunteer
work. They spent several weeks in Guatemala and
Lake Chapala in Mexico and planned to spend part of
the winter in FL and then to Israel and Egypt in the
spring.
Dora Steinfeld Todd and Arthur, after the family
vacation at Lake Muskoka, Ont., went to Quebec City
in Oct. for the St. Lawrence Seaway meeting. From there,
they flew them to Jamay, 400-600 miles north of Quebec into trackless wilderness in a two engine plane. One of the world's largest hydro-
electric dam systems is there. Return found them with
weary but happy children.
Nancy Walker Collins, while cruising the coast
of Western Europe on a small ship last summer found that
Josephine Pratt Lumb ('36) died Nov. 19. Our class extends its sympathy to her.
Campbell Ehrlich and the concert series. One of their
daughters lives nearby and they enjoy all the gandchil-
dren's activities. They make a trip to CT at least once a
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Ruth Worthington Henderson's husband, Jim, de-
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Grodners kept very active with all kinds of volunteer
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husband live in Gustonia, NC. Emily and W在线 have a
ranch in Texas where they enjoy herding cattle.
Raising money for Connecticut College has always been challenging, but in the college's early years fund-raising was organized more simply than it is today. Take the effort that began in 1923 during the presidency of Benjamin T. Marshall. The General Education Board, a fund-granting organization founded by John D. Rockefeller in 1902, offered Connecticut $150,000, provided the college could raise $350,000 before January 1, 1924. How the college community rose to the challenge is recorded in minutes of a 1923 faculty meeting.

The meeting began with several vigorous songs led by Professor Weld, in his incomparable manner, and then the president of the college (Benjamin T. Marshall) outlined briefly what has so far been done without specific and detailed organization, and showed how there had already come into the treasury of the college, in the course of fifteen or eighteen months, from undergraduates, faculty and alumnae, a total of more than $20,000 with relatively a minimum of effort. . . .

The number of persons available as workers in this campaign is approximately 700 as a minimum, so that it was quickly considered that to ask each one to be responsible for $100 would be practical and natural to propose. To this end there has been devised what is called the Ten-Ten-Ten Plan, which means that over a period of ten weeks, beginning March 28th and extending to June 6th, every member of the group above mentioned will seek ten persons whom they will ask to give ten dollars each. Although it did raise money, and did garner a small share of the Education Board's challenge grant, the campaign did not raise $350,000 by January 1. The drive continued beyond that deadline and eventually was absorbed by a new campaign.

Spirit and simplicity were not enough to get the job done then, nor are they now. Today an ambitious fund-raising campaign still needs spirit, but even more it needs market-wise strategies for achieving its goals. The reasons for such strategies are not always apparent to potential donors. Thus, looking at the Campaign for Connecticut College from the outside, some alumni are understandably puzzled about the so-called "double-ask," which involves asking for a one-time capital gift as well as the usual participation in the Alumni Annual Giving Program. Others, moreover, wonder about the appropriateness of soliciting all alumni for a capital gift.

In what follows, Director of Development David Edwards explains the reasons for both policies:

* * * * *

You ask alumni to give to the Alumni Annual Giving program (AAGP). They do so, and knowing their contributions will be credited to the Campaign, some make larger than usual donations. Then you turn around and ask them for ANOTHER contribution to the Campaign. Why ask twice? To begin with, we don't ask twice for the same kind of contribution. We make two solicitations, each for a different kind of gift. An AAGP gift is credited to the Campaign, but goes toward current operating expenses, and so is one kind of gift. A capital gift to the Campaign, however, goes toward permanent improvements at Connecticut and so is a different kind of gift.

What exactly is the AAGP's role in the Campaign?

Contributions from AAGP currently pay for about seven percent of the college's annual operating costs. We need to raise the level of giving in this program to ease the strain on endowment resources, and to keep a lid on tuition. One reason for the "double-ask" is to preserve the identity of AAGP as an ongoing, operations-supporting fund drive, calling for alumni donations every year. With the solicitation of capital gifts taking center stage, AAGP tends to fade into the background, and we don't want that to happen. After the Campaign for Connecticut College ends, it will continue as the life-blood of our fund-raising for the college. We need to impress alumni with the importance of increasing their gifts to AAGP—overall, to a level that will sustain Connecticut in future years. To reach that level we need to increase AAGP giving by 15 percent each year during the Campaign for Connecticut College.

That's quite an increase!

It is, but I think we've made the point that Connecticut is a poorly endowed school; until endowment resources begin to measure up to our needs, we must obtain generous support annually from alumni to pay for current expenses. We don't want that to be forgotten. So, to sum up on this point: we need to increase the level of AAGP giving. We want those alumni who give to "stretch" when they make contributions to AAGP, not simply because we are in the middle of the Campaign for Connecticut College, but rather because they understand their college simply must be able to draw greater support from this source. And we want more alumni to join them—alumni who give seldom or never.

Thus, we ask once for AAGP, our continuing annual program for alumni support. Then we make a second request for a one-time capital gift.

To put it another way, the AAGP is the ongoing effort. The drive for capital gifts is the extra, one-time effort.

That's correct.

Let's talk about solicitations for capital gifts. The Campaign for Connecticut College is the most ambitious fund-raising effort the college has ever undertaken. You
want to increase the endowment by $1.4 million. And you want to raise another $8 million to renovate Palmer and build a new indoor Athletic Center.

To accomplish all this you need big gifts. Why solicit a capital gift from alumni of modest means? Their contributions won't go far toward constructing a new building, or renovating an old one, or endowing a professor's chair.

Wouldn't it be wiser to concentrate on people with greater resources? Some colleges restrict capital gift solicitation among alumni to individuals with the means to make large donations.

We are indeed asking for large contributions from people with the means to make them. True, a contribution from an individual of modest resources will not build the Athletic Center or renovate Palmer Library—though obviously many small contributions add up and we welcome them.

We are asking all alumni for a capital gift because we feel they will welcome the opportunity to contribute to something more meaningful than current expenses. There is a special satisfaction in helping to pay for a building or enlarging the endowment. Alumni want to see Connecticut endure, and provide generations to come the same opportunities to contribute to something more enduring than current expenses. There is a special satisfaction in helping to pay for a building or enlarging the endowment.

So a capital gift offers alumni the chance to have a real stake in the future of the college. Nothing abstract about it, is there? A capital gift translates into building, faculty, books, scholarships.

That's right. Furthermore, soliciting all alumni for a capital gift raises their consciousness about the need to support their college—gets them in the habit of giving, and stimulates the occasional giver and the non-giver to help their alma mater, too.

* * * *

Some alumni may feel the Campaign asks too much of them. The point to be borne in mind, however, is that Connecticut is still a young college, and our $20 million endowment is substantially smaller than the endowment at any of our eight "peer" institutions. Connecticut simply cannot preserve its strengths with a financial base this small. Clearly, a 1923-style Ten-Ten-Ten approach would not raise the $30 million targeted by the Campaign. The time has come for the double-ask.
Hancock: Tim, an artist/architect is completing his degree at Keene State, daughter Sally CC '72, odd-jobbing, and son Steve is at home. Father Tom lives in Bryn Mawr, PA, and has a property in the country. They have two children and one granddaughter.

Seth has high marks to the CC tour of Spain last fall.

Evelyn (Silvers) Daly continues her job of instructional aid for Special Ed students in Wilmington, DE, and keeps the family apprised of any developments. I can report that last May's swim at the CC pool that Flin can out-lap us all. She has returned from Christmas in ME where she shares a house and holidays with her daughter Terry and husband and two boys.

Isabel (Eve) Vaughan James and Grover are back in East Aurora, NY, after touring England, Scotland and Wales. Eve writes that the sun shone every day, the people were hospitable, and the Galway was a great place and an aid to studying ancient Irish and Gaelic language. She still lives in NYC, but almost always is still playing tennis and cross-country skiing.

Sacramento, Manitoba, and one nearby in CT. Curmie has four grandchildren. Charlie is retired, but in real life is a senior partner in his architectural firm and hopes to continue being in the field. John is back from his teaching job at M.I.T. He has a son, age 4, and an infant daughter and another son, age 2, will soon be arriving.

Son Donald, who lives in Cardiff by the Sea, CA, was married in Sept., 1983. Son Bob is an architect and lives in Portland, OR. Son Andy has just graduated U of MI and is working with Weyerhaeuser in Upper Volta, West Africa. She is researching the relocation of an inner-city hospital involved in relocation. She is also currently volunteering. Jack is now working for Alaska Avis Corp. Their first grandchild arrived New Year's Eve 1982.

Priscilla (Pill) Baehr-Hickley was moving from an apartment in Paris with her husband, Doug (Wesleyan '41), to a house in France their first grandchild arrived New Year's Eve 1982.

Dorothy M. Convery at home or office. She would love to see any correspondence from classmates in this area, now this spring, it's off to Paris to try to resurrect a long-buried interest in her favorite country.

No phones, no car, but all other creature comforts. Her first year at home without a child and Jacqueline (Jackie) Doranne Melhipt kept busy with hospital volunteer work and as student selection chairman of their AFSA program. Jane spent the summer in Switzerland with Rotary; Kathy 21 spent her junior year in France, which gave Jackie and Carl a good excuse to visit. Sun, Larry 23 started law school at George in Sacramento.

Anyone visiting SF please call Susannah Johnson Campbell at home of office and ask for an appointment to talk to her or to arrange a meeting with one of her three grandchildren, Evan Walters, Elizabeth Hughes, and Sara Muscheid. She says her law practice is limited to family matters in which she has been certified as a specialist by the Bar, but it keeps her so busy that there is no time to enjoy her hobbies of cooking, sewing, and needlepoint.

Mary Ellen Luff Clayton and John live in Memphis, where she has a miniature and doll shop and he is an engineer.

Suzanne (Sue) Hannah Spielman is vice-president of an inner-city hospital involved in relocation. She is helping to plan its direction. Her children are grown- two boys and one in the middle school. Elizabeth Davis Tuttle has retired from pre-school teaching and she and Larry have moved from the Brooks School, North Andover, MA to St. Woodstock, CT. He is director of development for Old Sturbridge Village and the Rectory School, Pomfret, CT. Betty is caring for her active 88-year-old mother. All classmates are married and gainfully employed. The grandchildren add much joy to their lives, even though they live in MD.

Traveling is high on Jane Cope Pence's list of activities. Last spring she finished working at the Newport Art Museum with Jane Ross, then started remodeling her house. Her plans were to see all of Italy in October, but she never left the Naples area. Now this spring, it's off to Paris to try to resurrect her French.

Marie Hickey Wallace was back on the campus for a LW convention last summer. She keeps busy with this group, ESL, and the Waterbury, CT, Historical Society. They had their first meeting with Marie's husband, Son John. He and his bride are teaching at Chautauqua and Barnes School. Their son, Mike, works in NYC. Suzy is a junior at Amherst, and Jamie a high school senior. Last winter they worked on a wonderful evening at a Gala with Margaret (Peter) Smith Jones and Tillford. It was a celebration of the Jones anniversary. Their five children are grown and scattered.

The empty nest is full again," writes Dorothy (Dottie) (Dinukes) Sutnam from Elizabeth, NJ. Daughter, Lindsey, CC '80, works for Bristol-Myers and son Bill for Price. Waterhouse. Bill graduated from Lehigh '83, his present is to work in Scotland and England with the International Golf. His parents went along too.

Our Alaskan classmate, Elizabeth (Bogie) Bogert Hayes, reports snow from October to April, much still to be had in the house, for her and the kids' community volunteering. Jack is now working for Alaska Avis Corp. Their four children are grown and on their own. October '83 found Susan Hunt Haward on campus, admiring the many new buildings and attending a seminar on the CC-Wesleyan Galapagos trip which her husband, Doug (Wesleyan '41) is going on. Their first grandchild arrived New Year's Eve 1982.

...
Joan Hickey Gudefin writes of still being busy at the U.N. while her semi-retired husband works harder than ever as consultant to various European firms in the U.S. Daughter Alix is an oriental rug specialist and freelance writer on antiques. Son, Christian, is a sophomore at Penn.

"Since remarrying—May '82—I've enjoyed the fullness of two families; and instead of college students there are now four," says Margaret Camp Boes Schwartz. For very clear reasons she continues to work in physical therapy as does Dick, an electrical engineer-professor. They love the Upper Peninsula, but look forward to summer trips to ME.

Margaret (Peggy) Hart Lewis and Sidney celebrated her retirement from teaching with a five-week trip to France and England. I know all those with careers can appreciate her remark about "how good it feels to have forward to summer trips to ME.

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Phoebe Blank Goodman is executive director of Nassau (LI) Citizens Budget Committee, which she helped found nine years ago. Their goals of greater accountability and cost-effectiveness in spending local funds have been effective, but it's a long, slow process. Taking care of grandchildren 2 1/2 and 4 in the fall left her weary, but happy.

"A beachfront apartment (Naples, FL) and house guests just seem to go together," writes Janet Humphrey (who uses her maiden name following divorce). She has lots between her time spent in KY and London and her travels. Last spring she took a Vistaflora cruise to the Caribbean and Mediterranean.

Lucinda Hoadley Brashares and husband Bob are world travelers too: Fall '82 to Egypt and Israel; spring '83 to Europe with daughter, Julie; fall '83 to China. Bob is senior minister of Scottsdale United Methodist Church where Lucinda is president of the women's group. She also enjoys hiking and photography. Their son Bruce, daughter-in-law Terri and 11-year-old Nathan live in Sebastopol, CA. Daughter June is an AZ State sophomore with plans to study in Florence. Julie 21 worked at the north rim of the Grand Canyon last summer.

Maureen Burnmester Houghton had to miss reunion due to son Bryan's graduation. He is now at Marietta College. Visits to other sons, Kevin in DC and Denny and family in Scottsdale keep them traveling. Bruce has now retired so that they can spend more of the summer at Spruce Head, ME.

To retrieve the Alumni Magazine from out of the depths of my mailbox is one of my very distinct pleasures in life these days as I grow older and farther away from my graduation day back in June of 1941. This is so because I know within its pages are the Class Notes, which will revive wonderful memories of four very exciting years of my life with some wonderful classmates. To all the Class Correspondents who make these Class Notes possible, I just want to say "thank you" to them for their dedication and for a job well done.

In singling out Class Correspondents for a word of thanks, I don't mean to imply that I don't appreciate the lead articles in the front of the magazine, but that I must say, in all honesty, that upon receiving the magazine that I most always by-pass the front pages to get to Class Notes right away, for to read the Class Notes is like having a refreshing visit with old friends and with my college, of feeling that I, too, am still a part of Connecticut's past and future.

Class Notes reach right into my heart. I visualize each classmate as I read about her, not as she or I look today, but as we looked 43 years ago—each of us with our fresh, young maiden-like looks—oh, so gullible, so book-laden, so serious, so joyous in our quest for knowledge.

My class was really old-fashioned as compared to today's classes. Only a few sought careers. Most of us were anticipating marriage, a family, a comfortable life in the suburbs and performing volunteer community service. The Elizabeth Doles and Mary Cunningham Ages were not generally among us, yet I know we had some. I am sure. We didn't even have the pleasure of male students on our campus. Yet we never considered ourselves to have been dull people, and our interesting Class Notes from our Class Correspondents have proved 43 times over that we were right.

Let me tell you what our Class Correspondent wrote about us in the latest Alumni Magazine: 'Her so-called little news actually told a lot of big news, sad news, happy news, and amazing news. About the only kind of news that was not in it was the missing news from those of us who failed to send a response into her. For instance: There was a statement that one classmate had passed away, as had two husbands. One classmate had suffered a hip and disc operation and numerous hospital admissions. Two classmates had celebrated their 40th wedding anniversaries. A first and fifth grandchildren were announced. One classmate had hosted a large reunion for her family clan. Classmates revealed that they indulge in such pursuits as golf, tennis, walking on the beach, crabbing, fishing, cross-country skiing, sailing, birdwatching, bridge, and camping. Volunteer work is done in an art museum library, the Humane Society, a zoological society, in churches, and at a holistic health center. Travels have taken us all over the world. Yet, "No Traveling" has caught up with one of us when she said, "being just common sense or that old age has caught up with us." One classmate has retired from her life-long nursery school career, yet another classmate is still actively teaching yoga. Another classmate is still lending her services to important events in her city. Another is a vocational counselor in a job support center. Another lady mentioned she had attended a meeting where the assistant director of development of the college had been the speaker. A few other women were mentioned as being at their summer homes in such delightful spots as Camden, Cushing, and the Kennybunks in Maine.

Class Correspondents also do something else for us—nearly, their columns help us to keep thinking young, even though in reality we may be bordering on the opposite side of life's pendulum. They honestly won't let us "think old," and for this we certainly thank them.

I want to hand a large bouquet—and a beautiful one—to every Class Correspondent of the Alumni Magazine. It is because of their use of our words to them, their time, their dedication, and their efforts that old classmates, old memories, come back to life for each one of us and which at the same time rekindles the love each one of us has for our Alma Mater. To each Class Correspondent, I say, "thank you." I love what you write!
Lois Johnson Filley writes that after medical illustration and cancer research at Yale Medical School, marriage to a child psychiatrist, and four children, she is on her own now with a new career. She’s a counselor at NC Chapel Hill, Student Development and Counseling Center, and does career counseling, workshops in sex anxiety, stress management, and assertion training. Par-afling children: Fletch, Agnes Cornell, and Bruce.

Catherine (Cappie) Cole Peak's husband Bill is semi-retired after 25 years at GE as an E.E. in charge of a steady-state Bridgeport, Connecticut business. They now live off-shore of Ocean City, NJ, and since moving down, Cappie has worked as a class team study secretary. Her oldest daughter recently remarried in CA; second daughter has a new grandchild, a boy, in VA; third daughter is music teacher in Haddonfield, NJ; son is a chemical engineer married and living outside Philadelphia; youngest son just passed his x-ray tech license and is saving up to have salvaged dead house furnishings of house 2 in 2/20. Lost many treasured (KOEHN, etc.), but are thankful that was all.

Shirley E. Bowlé moved to Atlanta in March, retired, and became a security officer for CIA. Half of those years were spent living in Germany, Argentina, Mexico and Saigon (was among those evacuated in April '75). "I was a fascinating career, but thought the time was up the treacherous and found out what the real world is about. (Somewhat boring comparison, I find.) Now have a part-time consulting job for a market research firm. Still travel as much as I can, spending time in and out of money." Saw Willie Nelson, Webb, etc. briefly in '82 and heard from Vera Jezek DeMarco and Marion Low Greer.

Nancy Leech Kidder and Larry own and operate a 200-acre homestead farm in Texas, where they raise rabbits, turkeys, and love raising thoroughbreds. Their son is a veterinarian and his wife and two sons live on the farm also. Their three daughters are all married—two live in Atlanta, and one in Lexington. Their seven grandchildren are scattered. Paul, Harvard lawyer, is a partner in litigation. In the spring, Paul took all five daughters and two husbands to holland, Belgium. France, Cape Cod, and Rancho Mirage.

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As Robert McNulty points out in his foreword, the title of this book may at first seem contradictory: enterprise is to produce profits, nonprofit is to avoid the same. But it is indeed to profit-making enterprises, organized and run by nonprofits that the authors address themselves: businesslike enterprises with their attendant professional management, planning, marketing, merchandising and bookkeeping controls.

Enterprise in the Nonprofit Sector is well planned. Case histories are given, ranging from the wildly successful Denver Childrens' Museum's marketing and product endeavors to equally wild failure and the reasons for each. Government, community

By Jane Smith Moody '49

This slender volume should be required reading for all those involved in the nonprofit sector. As government funding is slashed (the Urban Institute in Washington, D.C., estimates that federal cuts will cost the nonprofit sector $25.5 billion through 1984) new ways and means must be found to continue the programs and services traditionally provided by nonprofit organizations.

As the money-raising schemes of charitable institutions have evolved from the single de Medici-type patron to the well-gloved and hatted (and female) Helen Honginson-type tea party to community-wide appeals and government foundation grants, so now we must consider entrepreneurial devices, imaginative, professional and businesslike ventures and ideas.

For the purpose of providing services traditionally provided by nonprofits, the authors address several criteria carefully and fully listed. The venture capital available to nonprofits and nonprofit survival. This book serves as a useful guide to anyone responsible for improving and raising the incomes of their own particular nonprofit institution.

Just as our method of providing services via nonprofit organizations is uniquely American, so the Keil/Crimmins entrepreneurial approach may well be the key to nonprofit survival. This book serves as a foreword, the title of this book may at first seem contradictory: enterprise is to produce profits, nonprofit is to avoid the same. But it is indeed to profit-making enterprises, organized and run by nonprofits that the authors address themselves: businesslike enterprises with their attendant professional management, planning, marketing, merchandising and bookkeeping controls.

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Koine crisis

Dean Emeritus Gertrude Noyes ’25, who presides over the College Archives, reports she is missing Koines in Berkeley. CA. Barbara Lewis Nichols teaches first grade in a small rural school on the eastern shore of MD. She is a son flew in from Hawaii to make the family reunion near with Hughes Aircraft in L.A. Their bachelor Navy Son Paul and his wife were also there. Paul is an engineer Program, a year long in-service training program. Libby finds her volunteer work at the community college.

Elizabeth Hamilton Muster and husband George live in Alexandria, VA, where she is a research fellow at Logistics Management Institute. Libby finds her volunteer job as executive director of HOPE most rewarding. HOPE is an emergency pregnancy counseling service. They have a 14-year-old daughter, a Marine aviator in CA. They loved being with their two granddaughters, Son Paul and his wife were also there. Paul is an engineer with Hughes Aircraft in L.A. Their bachelor Navy son flew in from Hawaii to make the family reunion complete.

Lois Waite Townsend’s son David received a Master’s in Public Policy from the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard. He is working in Boston. Patricia (Pat) Browne Hunter continues teaching kindergarten in East CT State U. After returning to PA, though she would like to move back to New England is her two older children are married and Martha is single and studying at the Pratt Institute in New York. Joan Rudberg-Levin’s daughter Nancy is a freshman at Williams. Debbie is teaching in Santa Fe, and Janet is assistant director of admissions at Williams.

Jeanne Garrett Miller works in the TESL program in the Port Washington, NY, schools, teaching English to children new to the U.S. Harry has his own CPA firm in New York. Son Jim is living in NYC and working toward an MBA at Columbia. Sue is living in CT and working for a sail manufacturer. Linda graduated from Tufts and Gail is a senior at CC having spent her junior year in Vienna.

Frederica Schneider Douglas is living in the DC area and is chief of social service at the US Soldier’s and Airmen’s Home.

Barbara Paulson Doyle lives in Needham, MA. and has traveled extensively in French and Spanish through a program in Salamanca, Spain. She received her certification in Spanish through a program in Salamanca, Spain. She feels the pressures of the schools being blamed for all of society’s ills but still finds teaching rewarding. She is the proud grandmother of two-year-old Sarah.

Eugenia (Jeanne) Eacker Olson is manager of Executive Tax Service for H & R Block in Peoria, IL. She teaches tax classes and prepares income tax returns. Husband Bob works at Caterpillar and both daughters are on their own, one in CA and married and the other single and working in Chicago.

The class extends its sympathy to C. Hirsch Ginder on the death of her daughter, Nancy, in Oct. 1983. A Nancy Ginder Memorial Scholarship Fund has been established at Frostburg State College.

Maida Alexander Rainh’s youngest son, Eric, was married last June on Maida’s 25th anniversary.

Gail Andersen Myers’ daughter got married last summer and Cynthia Myers Young’s daughter was a member of the wedding party.

Jocelyn Andrews Mitchell has been working in the accident evaluation branch of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission for four years. She enjoys the DC area and is active in an organization called Federally Employed Women. She is a member of the Women’s Program in Congressional Affairs from the Office of Personnel Management and loves it.

Dorothy Beek Kinzie spent the summer in Europe with her 18-year-old grandson, David. Diana, graduated cum laude from Carleton College with honors in psychology and is working on a master’s from the U of Chicago. Her second daughter, DecDec, is at Knox College, and husband Ray is senior vice president of Chicago’s Lake View Bank.

Mary Lou Breckinridge Fennell is in her third and final year as Dean of Faculty at Principia College and keeps busy with two grandsons nearby.

Elizabeth (Liz) Bulb Larrabetz is living in Denver and has been active in civic work for cultural institutions and works for the Marvin Gardens Cafe in Berkeley, CA.

Joan Chappell-Mustard is program leader of the climate reduction of armaments. Last fall, she particularly enjoyed her 50th birthday party hosted by family and a number of her college classmates.

Sondra Gelb Myers, recently designated a “Distinquished Daughter of PA” by the Governor, is a member of the US Commission on Fine Arts, Founding President of the American Institute of Architects of the PA Humanities Council. She has been re-appointed to the visiting committee to the educational studies department at CC. She is a trustee and chairman of the Academy. She has been re-appointed to the visiting committee to the educational studies department at CC. She is a trustee and chairman of the Academy.

Carole Aiken is working for the State Department of Education in CT and lives in a Victorian house in downtown Hartford that she rennovated with son Andy. She also manages an Educational Policy Fellowship Program. The Department of Education in CT and lives in a Victorian house in downtown Hartford that she rennovated with son Andy. She also manages an Educational Policy Fellowship Program. She is an artist who enjoys painting and drawing. She has been re-appointed to the visiting committee to the religious studies department at CC. She is the proud grandmother of two-year-old Sarah.

Shirley Chappell-Mustard is program leader of the climate reduction of armaments. Last fall, she particularly enjoyed her 50th birthday party hosted by family and a group of friends in a women’s book group.

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Shirley Chappell-Mustard is program leader of the foreign language program for the Windham, CT, school system and has traveled extensively in French and Spanish-speaking countries. She obtained her certification in Spanish through a program in Salamanca, Spain.
Barbara Garlock Hinckley wrote she just completed an exciting pilot training adoptive families; the nine-week series is now being used statewide. 

Susan (Sue) McGovern Herndon was looking forward to the return of Kathy, a senior at the U of AZ, and Roy, a graduate student in hydrology at the same school. 

A sad note: Suzanne (Sue) Krim Greene's husband, Bob, died suddenly a few days ago. Sue is now living in her new apartment in the Bay Area. She has been here 11 years-hard to believe! We work hard, but much more has remained the same. 

Margaret (Peggy) Moyer Bennett will receive her master's in early childhood education from the College of New Rochelle in May '84. She is the director of a nursery school. Daughter Heath, a sophomore at Yeshiva University, a short commute from Brooklyn, met husband Jorge. They teach at the College of Holy Cross in Worcester. 

Ellen Smith's past year has been a traveling one: two long trips to Memphis, a ski trip to Alta, Utah with Sarah (Sally) Bloomer, a hiking trip to Switzerland in August. 

Barbara (Barbie) Sharpley Sturtevant was East in Nov. in Longmeadow and Tiverton, MA. She got a chance to visit Margarette (Mardy) Wallace Glass, just as gregarious as possible will plan to make our 25th reunion. 

Correspondents: Mrs. George E. Vanzant, 401 Alfred Drive, Ridgewood, NJ 07450; Mrs. John L. McDaniel (Dorothy) G., Rose Farm, Center Road, Lynbrook, NY 11562

63 Judith (Judy) Long is a copy editor in NYC and comes to meetings at Yale in NY, where she lives with daughter Abby. Judy visited the Soviet Union recently and published an article about her trip in a past issue of the Alumni Magazine. She recently saw Nancy Schneider Schneckovitch. 

Suzie (Susan) K. Bredman works for Metropolitan Life in NYC, has a 15-year-old son, Mathew, and sees Judy Long often. 

Dorothy (Dotty) Marbin shares from Charleston, SC, that she was in Spain at reunion time. She received her MA in Spanish in 1967 from Emory, where she met husband Jorge. They teach at the College of Charleston, Dottie lives annually from Eton (Chester) Schenker Barnes in Wayne, NJ. 

Naomi Grossman Fisher is with the math dept. of Northwestern U in Evanston, IL. 

Penelope (Penny) Savitt lives in Alexandria, VA, with her husband John, an administrative judge at the Dept. of Defense, and their five children: Jennifer 17, Gregory 16, Sharon 14, David 13, and Alexander 11. 

Bobette Pottie Orr is with the commercial section at the American Embassy in Paris. 

Carol Ann Zinkus McKim received her MS from Georgetown and taught French for 12 years in Fairfax, VA. Son David 7, and husband Stephen 45, are at the center of their activities now. She hears from Sally Sweet Ward in St. Louis. Sally is taking classes in medical records and keeping up with children David 18, Jonathan 16, and Owen 8. 

Sarah Maclure Hines lives in Springfield, VA, with husband Stephen (retired USCG and now with Atlantic Research Corp.) and children Rod 20, Mike 19, Trish 16, and Megan 8. Sarah has been involved in volunteer projects in the Fairfax school system, including the band program. 

Susan (Sue) Hall Veccia lives in DC with husband James, a private consultant, and her two sons, James 14, and Timothy 12. Sue is working at the Library of Congress with the Congressional Research Service. She did graduate work in library science at Catholic U. 

Susan Farrington lives in Alexandria, VA, with husband Philip (formerly at the Dept. of Labor) and works in the US Patent and Trademark Office. Susan and her husband are in the computer field. 

Jill Davidson Merrill is a public affairs officer at the National Archives and the US Patent Office. Jill has two sons, Alexander 15, and Timothy 12. Her thanks to Carolyn Boyan Torok and Robin Lee Hellman for their many years as class correspondents, Rebekah 21, and I look forward to continuing their work. 

Correspondents: Judith (Joy) O'Donnell Lohnson, 8414 Crown PI., Alexandria, VA 22308; Robin Slone Smith. RR 4, 27 Dunbar Drive, Trenholm, NJ 08691

55 MARRIED: Margaret (Peggy) Huddleston to Dr. Jerome Musel May, 1983, in Bryn Mawr, PA. 

BORN: to Anne Backus Hartog and George, Rebekah Anne, 2/83; to Pam Gwynn Herrup and Peter, Katherine, 5/83.

Peggy Huddleston Musel is a psychotherapist in NYC. Her new husband Jerome is a psychiatrist in Boston and an instructor in psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School. 

Pam Gwynn Herrup, Peter, Sarah-Elizabeth, 3, and Katharine live in Brooklyn Heights. Pam is still teaching an internship course in public affairs at Long Island University, a short commute from Brooklyn Heights. She appreciated the many personal notes that accompanied the class dues. 

Anne Backus had a busy 1983 with the birth of her daughter, graduation from UCLA School of Dentistry (D.D.S.), election to Omicron Kappa Upsilon, and a move to Westchester, CA, in June.

57 Ellen Smith's past year has been a traveling one: two long trips to Memphis, a ski trip to Alta, Utah with Sarah (Sally) Bloomer, a hiking trip to Switzerland in August. 

Barbara (Barbie) Sharpley Sturtevant was East in Nov. in Longmeadow and Tiverton, MA. She got a chance to visit Margarette (Mardy) Wallace Glass, just as gregarious as
Connecticut's family tree
Alumni relatives in the class of 1987

Peter R. Bakkala
Andrew L. Benioff
Jonathan R. Bennett
Sarah C. Britt
Susan G. Bryant
Christopher B. Burrell
Andrew H. Buscher

Paul Chiesa
Kyung Choi
Linda G. Christensen
Daniel R. Craft
Jonathan E. Davis
Lisa A. Del Papa

Kimberly Anne Denney
Christopher Fallows
Robert Fene Cy

Wendy M. Fenton
Elizabeth S. Foot
Fred Forni
Elizabeth A. Garvey

Celine L. Bakkala RTC '82
Mary Roth Benioff '56
Esther Skokan Bennett '57
Jean Curtiss Brit '60
Katharine Gardner Bryant '53
Rachel Ober Burrell '50
Catherine Myers Buscher '55
Stephen Myers Buscher '83
Geoffrey Weldon Buscher '84
Peter Chiesa '85
Soon Choi '82
Renate Aschaffenburg Christensen '51
Peter Craft '79
Philip C. Craft '82
Ann Feeley Kieffer '58
Lois Crouch Del Papa '55
Amy Ferguson Crouch '72
Joan Michaels Denney '58
Gay Ettinger Fallows '60
Kathleen Fene Cy '83
Anne Fene Cy '85
M. Torrey Gamage Fenton '59
David Christopher Fenton '85
Elizabeth Peck Foot '59 (deceased)
Barbara Forni '82
Margaret Garvey '82

Lynn Allison Clufflin who lives across the street from the Boston Commons. Fred and I bought a home about 15 minutes from the hospital where we both work. We have deer walking through the yard in search of fruit on some of our eight fruit trees. Much of the land around our property is Open Space, so we should be able to enjoy the hills and nature for many years. Our 18-year-olds returned from college at Christmas—Fred’s Eric from Harvard, and my Elizabeth from the U of WA in Seattle. With our two 13-year-olds it was a busy holiday.

Correspondent: Susan G. Bryant, 7110 Moody Road, Los Altos Hills, CA 94022

67 MARRIED: Anne Foss to Peter Feig, 1975; Virginia (Ginger) Nehring to Robert Miller-Jones, 6/6/70; Jeanne Ealahan to Richard Touvell, 4/3/83; Kathleen McLaughlin to Robert Beatty, 1977; Anthony Prof and Anne Foss Feig, Jennifer, 8/82; to Rick and Terry Taffinder Grosvenor, Andrew DeWolf, 11/18/83; to Merryl Gillespie Hodgson,
assistant dean for alumni at the school, is responsible for the Business School's efforts in alumni, career planning and placement, and news and publications. In her new position, she will retain her previous responsibilities and add responsibility for the school's fund-raising efforts, as well as the coordination of all external relations activities.

Nancy Blumberg Frankel is enrolled in a doctoral program in school psychology. She is doing clinical work with children as a paravental psychologist in the outpatient clinic of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry, St. Luke's Hospital, N.Y.C. She has two daughters, 12 and 15.

Carol Hermann Smoot is living in Sindelfingen, West Germany for a two-year IBM assignment. Mike III and Liane are attending German schools, and they are busy learning the language.

Anne Foss is director of regional affairs for the University of CT School of Medicine—primarily clinical and educational program planning and development. She is co-founder and member of the board of directors of CT Countdown—an organization formed to sponsor a week of educational activities about preventing nuclear war. She is an active member of Physicians for Social Responsibility.

Patricia (Pat) McMurray has moved to Boston where her husband, Peter Clauwul, is a policy analyst with the Union of Concerned Scientists and she hosts the local half of Morning Edition at WBUR, a public radio station. It's a half-time job, which gives her more time for William, 16 months. They're enjoying Boston and finding New Englanders aren't nearly as crusty as they're expected.

Kathleen McLaughlin continues to live in Portland, OR, and to teach religious studies at Lewis and Clark College. She had an article published in Sainivist (a journal in India) on "The Great Goddess of Many Names." Her husband, Robert Beatty, is a counselor, focusing on biofeedback and meditation training.

Karen Klehe Isaac is assistant to the President for Development at Housatonic Community College, Bridgeport, CT, and an adjunct professor in the journalism department of Southern Connecticut State. She serves on the international accreditation committee of the International Assn. of Business Communicators. In addition, she writes articles on theater and travel for the Waterbury Republican-American. Elizabeth McCasin Passella is an asst. vice president with the Bank of America in Frankfurt, Germany. She has done a lot of traveling with her family since living there, highlighted by several trips behind the Iron Curtain. They expect to be in Germany for several more years and then off to another foreign assignment.

Diane Schnick Campbell is with the Dept. of Arny at Ft. Sam Houston, TX, in the Civilian Personnel Office as a Personnel Staffing Specialist, with the responsibility for many special programs. Husband Bob is setting up his own woodcraft shop. Christopher is in junior high and interested in the saxophone, and Travis is in kindergarten. Step-son Scott spends weekends with them frequently.

Barbara Wend King, husband Rick and sons Matt, John 15, and Damien 11, returned to Seattle after five years in Australia.

Lauren Levinson Pohn's children are now 19 (Kendra) and 7 (Justin). She's taken up scuba diving and has also become involved in Yoga, science, and philosophy, and traveled to India and Nepal last fall to tour and do further studies.

Roberta Lee Lombard Lichtenberg's husband Byron was aboard our last space shuttle.

Ellen Wolosky-Kuris' son Jeremy, 11, is always plugged into the computer; Benjy 9, playing the piano, and Gabriell 2, is a delight. She teaches art to elementary students in the gifted and talented programs in Princeton and a country program, has a yoga class, gives private advice on radio programs and the WABC evening news.

Rosana Harkness Martin is the mother of four children, ages 6-12. She is taking science courses at community college, prerequisites for nursing school, with the goal of becoming a certified nurse-midwife. She would love to hear from anyone involved in midwifery or working with pregnant teen-agers.

Katherine Kennedy Richards and husband Tim, a dentist, have lived in Charlotte, NC, for 11 years and...
 Learned House celebration

In honor of the 125th anniversary of Learned House, the Lyman Allyn Museum is planning an exhibit in October. As part of the museum's exhibit, the Friends of B.P. Learned House would like to display the names of all the Connecticut students who have volunteered at Learned House over the past 57 years. Former volunteers are asked to send their names to: Learned House Exhibit, P.O. Box 347, New London, CT 06320. Names can be accepted until September 1, 1984. The Friends would also appreciate any donation to the exhibit fund.

69 MARRIED: Linda Lee (Lynee) Scott to Dave Robinson 6/25/83.
BORN: to John Armstrong and Naomi Fatt, Michael Ian Charles Armstrong 7/11/83; to David and Martha Harris Walton, Nicholas Ames, summer 83; to Harry and Dagny Hustine Griswold, Heidi Kristina 4/9/83; to Margaret Schmidt Brady and Robert, Lindsay Louise 12/12/83; to Sylvia Icken Hammerman and husband, Aaron Adams 1/15/83.
Judith Bamberg Mariggio is living in Singer Island. She is busy with a new home in Vienna, VA. They are enjoying it. Their sons are David 13 and Peter 9 1/2. She has been a homemaker, golfer, tennis player, and community volunteer. This year she plans to work for an accounting firm for the tax season—an experiment to see what happens when Mom goes to work.

Nancy Fordenn's year has gone by in a blur. Tennis, karate, and now 15 months later, she's just 3. They spend their days going to gymnastics classes, totsoccer, library story hours, the park, etc. In some respects being a Mom is far more challenging than teaching every minute.

Deborah Small Rinnel just finished chairing planning, fund-raising and construction of a playscape for an elementary school. She has also been with Planned Parenthood in education and pregnancy counseling for 12 1/2 years. Her husband Jim, sons and Andrew 13 and Andrew 11, she enjoyed two weeks in England. They had a second holiday rendezvous with Richard and Wendy Weiner Wolfe and sons Adam and Jeremy in Denver.

Judith Macurda Oates has moved to Boston after 10 years in St. Louis where she graduated from Washington University's School of Architecture, became registered as an architect, and set up her own firm, specializing in residential and commercial projects. She is also a planner and design of day care centers. Husband Jim is president of Burgess and Lecht, a regional stock brokerage firm in Boston. They're living in Brookline.

Elizabeth Breaher Williams writes that in addition to keeping up with her 13-year-old daughter, she is keeping tabs on 16 kindergarteners at Charlotte Country Day School in NC. Her program is geared to the developmental needs of each child. She also is the staff coordinator.

Carol Mosrosky Bell is teaching in Norwich, CT, and just moved to a new house. Husband Jim is a contractor, and they have four-year-old Quinn Catherine. Their second, a daughter, was born in July. They are enjoying their new life in Cincinnati.

Susan Endel Kerner is living in Maplewood, NJ, with their two boys Andrew 13 1/4 and Jeffrey, 11 months. Husband Marty is a systems engineer at Bell Labs. She is teaching in the theater department at Kean College and is a freelance director. Most recent jobs have been at PA Stage Co. and Rutgers Theatre Co. She is currently working with a playwright on a terrific new play.

Leahly Winchell's husband, Robert Hand, opened a private practice in pulmonary medicine in Medford, MA. They are living in North Reading, looking for a house. She is continuing to paint and to show work with Commas and galleries. Their daughter is the joy of their lives.

Charlotte (Kenner) Hart Myers and husband Winslow live in Paxton, MA. He is head of the arts at the Brancroft School and she is a clinical instructor in education at Clark U. Their children are Anna 6 and Chase 5.

Joan Blau Schuler is manager of product marketing, Digital Equipment Corp., and her husband Donald manages CAD engineering at Prime Computer. As managers in competing computer companies and as parents of Steven 5, and Jordan 2, their lives are hectic but fun.

Linda Reichter Mann is busy at home with two little boys—Jeffrey 4, and Kevin 2. It's a differently life after nine years of teaching and independent living. Her husband is a doctor.

Elyane Zweifler Garstein, husband Hank, Tracy, 13 and Betsey, 8 are avid Long Island Sound sailors on their Hunter 37. She is a freelance writer on antiques for I.L. Heritage and has an interesting position with Telepraisal in Roslyn, NY, a data base for art auction results.

Catlan French McGee's husband Frank is a criminal lawyer in Boston. Their three sons, Frankie 3, Patrick 4, and Bobby 2, keep them busy along with cows, horses and goats. They still travel and enjoy summer in Martha's Vineyard.

Deborah (Debbi) Greenstein still lives in DC and works for HUD, running a research program on the housing needs of the elderly and handicapped. She recently visited with Cindy Paul Walker in Baltimore. Debbie is active with the CC Club in Washington, serving as treasurer, and is also on the Thames Society committee. She enjoys her free time and money going to the theater, traveling, sailing and eating at all the wonderful restaurants in DC.

Ellen Kronstock Abramson is coordinating and implementing a psychosocial program for Children's Psychiatric Emergency Service in New Haven. Her private practice is growing. Accompanied by husband Joel, she spent two weeks in Spain in May and time in St. Maarten in January.

Patricia Roos Frutig graduated from law school last June. Previously she worked in New York, Cleveland, and Bank Trust Bank. She and several law partners are with her Ohio Bar exam, she will practice with her husband. With three children, she has very little time for hobbies.

Margaret (Peg) Mehlin's husband is now principal planner at City Hall in Hartford. In August they bought a 100-year-old Victorian in Chesterville in Vermont. They are currently restoring. Sons Brendan 4 and Rory 3 are enjoying it. She is also busy in the local Nuclear Arms Freeze group.

Virginia (Ginger) Nehring Miller-Jones lives in Chester, NJ, where they attempt to keep the deer from devouring shrubs and gardens. Spent two weeks this summer with Walton, Nichols Ames, and Hala. They are in the Children's Theater of the Junior League of Morristown and the Brownies. She sees Barbara McDonald Vanderbilt periodically.

Correspondent: Susan J. T. Dawson (Robin Frost) 800 Hoydens Hill Road, Fairfield, CT 06430.

Jeanne Brooks-Gunn senior research scientist for Educational Testing Service, shuttles between Princeton and NY conducting research on adolescent females, specifically those who have engaged in self-injury, and in single sex and co-ed schools, and teen mothers from disadvantaged communities. She's working on a new book, Girls at Puffyhe.

Pamela Giro Cardo visited with Dorothy Duhmler Baker fall '83. Dorothy sells educational materials for the deaf to school systems from NJ to MA.

Judy deCroff Schoonmaker graduated from design school 5/83. She works in the interior designfield doing commercial and residential work and loves it. Judy, Renny, Jessica and Aley traveled to Europe for six weeks last summer. The family skis and the girls ride and participate in musical activities.

Ronald Fatt is director of the National Safety and Health Dept., District 65, UAW. She, husband John Armstrong and new son Michael live in Brooklyn.

Leslie Fisher Steen lives in Evergreen, CO, with husband Rodger who works in air quality consulting for Air Sciences Inc. Gregory is 6. Twins Scott and Douglas are 4, and Elizabeth is 1 1/2.

Eleanor Gerl lives in Old Greenwich, CT.

Judith (Judy) Golob Wiener received her MA in French from Emory. She plays the violin in the Plainfield, NJ, Symphony. Husband Howard is in a pediatrics group practice and teaches at Rutgers Medical School. They have three children, 13, 10, and 5.

Martha Harris Walton and David's new son joined the family last August who was legally adopted 11/83 by David.

Marjorie Holland presented a paper at the 22nd meeting of the International Asn. of Limnology held 8/83 at the U. Claude-Bernard, Lyon, France. Prior to the meeting she visited Maria Pelegrini Dirvan, husband Peter and son Andrew in Zurich. She also took a tour of Monaco and the French perfume industry with Roy Taylor 74.

Dagny Hustine Griswold and Harry's new daughter is a blue-eyed blonde bundle of joy. During the past year Dagny worked in real estate, helped Harry with their own business, served on the board of their condo assn., and painted sets for theater groups. She'll sing and dance in a upcoming production of Brigadoon. Harry works for Hamilton Standard correcting problems with the space suit life support system.

Sylvia Icken Hammerman is enjoying combining motherhood and career. She's been in private practice as a psychologist in Newtonville, MA, for over two years.

Jenny Jacobson Morgenstern works for a law firm doing general work, independent counsel. Husband Art traveled to Japan for a U.N. conference. Amy, born the night of our class dinner, is a high school freshman, cheerleader, swims and rides. Wendy, 11 rides and swims.

Sudd Judd Harris keeps busy chasing after Zach 3, and Jeff 4. Husband Phillip is with UPS.

Susan Naigles Rosenzweig runs a program for students with special needs at Newton North High School in MA. She, Steve, and Seth 4, are enjoying their life in Wellesley Hills.

Susan Ning Tresemmer is in the Goddard Program at the U of VT, getting an MFA in creative writing, doing freelance copyediting and having fun with Sarah 5 and Emma 3.

Jane Rafter, finishing her second year as director of manufacturing at Hayden Book Co., suckled her first prime movers in the computer field, loves her IBM-PC. She offers this advice—get a computer, even a Commodore-64, an Adam, or a PC-Jr.

Margaret Schmidt Brady is with Planning and Zoning in Stamford, CT. She's a mover in the computer fields. Formerly lived in Bridgeport. Brady works for Hamilton Standard correcting problems with the space suit life support system.

Lynn Jacobson Morgenstern works for a law firm doing general work, independent counsel. Husband Art traveled to Japan for a U.N. conference. Amy, born the night of our class dinner, is a high school freshman, cheerleader, swims and rides. Wendy, 11 rides and swims.

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second largest pay TV network in US. She took a long overdue four-week vacation to India 12/8. Nancy Werner lives in L.A. with Jimmy Emerman and their two children Maia 7 and Daniel 3 mos. She does political work in support of 3rd world people’s struggles against US domination. They’re also part of the movement opposed to US militarism in Central America and the Caribbean.

Sallie Williams Neubauer and husband Bob have bought a house in L.A. Sallie dances on her Cable TV show, loves gardening, and works actively with city officials and park commissioners to ensure the best improvements/policies in Elysian Park which is in downtown L.A. and practically in her backyard.

Susan Whitin has been named a principal by the SWA Group, an environmental planning and landscape design firm, which she joined in 1978. She has completed urban landscape designs in Boston, SF and LA areas. Susan was formerly a curator of paintings at the PA Academy of Fine Arts and received an MA in Landscape Architecture from U of M. She’s now based in Laguna Beach, CA.

Penelope Wood-Carney has returned to the West Coast and bought a house on an island in the middle of Puget Sound. She’s ecstatic about the mild winters. Penny teaches at a medical technical school in Seattle. Sara (Sally) Rowe Hecksher’s CC education continues. She accompanied Dr. Niering on a trip to Quito, Ecuador and the Galapagos Islands, winter ’84. Sally’s born helping to get Cincinnati area students interested in CC.

Nancy Oskow-Schoenbrod, Scott, and Jonah 4, live in Brooklyn and look forward to spending time in their home in Columbia County, NY. The class extends its heartfelt sympathy to the Oskow-Schoenbrods, whose son Zachary died this past year.

Correspondent: Mrs. Thomas J. Neff (Susan Paull), 96 Round Hill Rd., Greenwich, CT 06830

71 MARRIED: Susan Gertman to Daniel Altman, 5/1/83; Jean Macchiarioli to Donald Eggan, 8/8/81.

BORN: to Douglas and Janet Newcomb Brown, David Sterling, 6/28/82; to Frank and Cheryl Savitsky Izzo, Jesse Wolf, 5/15/83; to Edward and Margaret Carrington King, Edward Carrington, 1/31/83; to Randy and Anne Kennison Parker, Nathaniel Allan, 3/10/83; to Peter and Dale Chukarian Turza, Kristin, 5/31/80, and Lauren, 10/6/81; to Arthur Klebanoff and Susan Hirschhorn, Alexander Hirschhorn, 12/2/80. Susan Hirschhorn Associates, Inc., a fundraising consulting firm which has handled an array of projects, from political figures (Sen. Daniel Moynihan and Carol Bellamy) to hospitals (the United Hospital Fund). Linda Simonsan Dolan’s baby arrived unexpectedly while she and husband Michael were taking a last week-end alone in Bermuda.

Katherine (Kathy) Ketcham moved in August from Seattle to Alliance, OH with husband Patrick Spencer and daughter Robyn. She is the co-author of two books on alcoholism, Under the Influence and Eating Right to Live Sober.

Stephanie Young Blanchette left her job at Zuckerin Harpischords to stay at home with six-year-old Alme and three-year-old Harvey. She and Jay live in Westerly.

Jill Goodrich-Mahoney, Ashley Haycs, 1/2/83; to Tom and Lynda Brooks Crowley, Amanda Robin, 7/3/83; to James and Lucia (Cia) Henderson Marion, Henry, 8/83; to Gary and Charlotte (Salley) Underwood-Miller, Jesse Gardner (boy), 5/15/83; to John and Paula Federico Conley, Christine Louise, 3/6/83; to Bruce and Anne Maxwell Livingston, Mary, 12/9/82; to Byron and Terry Swayne Brooks, Bobby, 5/3/83; to Dean Rhodes and Kristina M. Nilsson, Hillary Elizabeth, 6/2/80 and Erica Lynn, 5/4/82.

Dorothy H. (Dorrie) Hargy Cappel is an editor of business and economics books in the college division at Harper & Row.

Jane Terry works on community-based health promotion programs, traveling extensively, mostly in the South.

Sandra Drew Warner is a stockbroker with Shearson American Express in Atlanta.

Richard Wechsler is a partner in a small horse farm in Chester County, PA, where he started a private practice as an equine veterinarian three years ago after finishing residency in surgery at Penn. He is married to a veterinarian, Richard Brown, and they have a two-year-old daughter, Jennifer.

Mary Faith Higgins is a partner at Graham & James, an L.A. law firm specializing in international legal work. She started her career in L.A., went to Tokyo for two years, then Singapore for two more.

Alicia Ramo McKeeow lives in Upper Montclair, NJ, and is on account executive on the Burger King account for a NYC ad agency. She is mother to Brooks, 3. Adam, 6, and Amanda, born four weeks after the move.

Kristina Nilsson is a freelance violinist in Boston playing with the Boston Pops, Boston Ballet, Harvard Chamber Orchestra and is concert mistress of the Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra. Husband, Dean Rhode, a CPA, stays with daughters Hillary and Erica.

J. Linda Herskowitz, went to the Soviet Union 1/84 to visit with Jewish Refuseniks who have been denied permission to leave for Israel.

Correspondent: Linda Herskowitz, 21 W. Mt. Pleasant Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19119

73 Correspondents: Carol Proctor McCurdy, 81 Courter Avenue, Maplewood, NJ 07040; Susan D. Krebs, 444 Lincoln St, York, PA 17404

75 BORN: to Lindsey Miller and Susan Sawyer, Taylor Lindsay 4/83; to Donna and David Galingier, Andrew Michael, 7/24/83; to Howard and Sharon Giles Cooper, Abigail Elizabeth 6/16/83, to Anthony and Valerie Faries Newton, Merissa Anne Newton, 8/16/81. to Julie Genster and John Fylfe, Amanda Morgan Fylfe, 6/4/83; to Beverly Hindinger Kriazov, Kayla, 2/25/83; to Kathryn Cohn and Rick Cohn, Erica Annelle Cohn, 5/11/83; to Michael and Bonnie Kimmel Dzenski, Elyn Ashley, 1/22/83.

Elisabeth Dominique (Nikki) Lloyd-Kimbel is in England working on an MA in medieval studies at the University of York’s Centre for Medieval Studies. She will return to U Mass (Amherst) to complete her PhD in English.

Julie Genster has become an assistant professor in the English Department of Connecticut College.

William B. Thompson has moved to a new position with increased responsibilities at an investment banking firm. He and his wife, Kim, bought a house in Rye, NY.

Richard Wechsler is a senior account executive at Ketchum Public Relations national media placement unit in NYC.

Credits

Cover: Linda Lee Howe ’72.

Art: Linda Lee Howe, 31; Kambrah Garland ’83, 23, 25, 26, inside back cover, back cover.

Photographs: Ellen Wildermann Bodin ’80, 2; Ken Laffal, 4; Lisa Moll ’84, 14.
Tom Fleming (number 44), a senior government major from Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, led the Camels to a 21-6 record and a berth in the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference (ECAC) championship game. Mr. Fleming, who led the team with 17.6 points per game, was chosen for the 1984 ECAC Division III All-Star Team. Above, a moment in the Camels’ 72-56 regular season win over Trinity.

Jackie Cameron is an account supervisor for McCann-Erickson. She plans to travel to Europe this summer with friends, including Pamela Stanger.

Pamela Stanger has joined Estee Lauder as a marketing manager.

Richard Cutting has moved to Miami to head the Miami office of his public relations company.

Roger Farrington has some of his photographs of John Lennon and Yoko Ono published in a book of photographs compiled by Yoko Ono. He is currently writing and contributing photographs to a regular column of a Boston newspaper.

Sylvia Nestor lives in Mill Valley, CA, where she runs her own lingerie boutique, Subrosa.

Catherine (Cate) Whittemore is pursuing her painting in St. Paul, MN. She was featured last year in an article in Smithsonian magazine.

Correspondents: William B. Thomson, 45 Meadow Place, New York, NY 10048; Mrs. Richard C. Yekovich (Dena L. Wolf), 76 Beekman Road, Summit, NJ 07901

MARRIED: Coleen O'Shea to David Anderson, 7/6; 9/11/83; Laurie Pope to Robert Quinn, 5/28/83; Paige Bacon to Jose Angel Ortiz, 5/9/82; Norvell Anthes to Robert Siebert, 9/25/82; Eric Birnbaum to Nancy Grossman, 8/28/83.

BORN: to Steven and Beth Kreiger Jacober, Rachel Leigh, 6/7/82; to Michael and Patricia Steinfeld Steina, Jennifer Anne, 12/3/82; to Douglas and Deborah Pendleton Whittington, Rebecca Joy, 5/3/83; to Peter and Laurie Ennis Hirschhorn, Samantha Rose, 5/27/83; to David and Susan Bacon McLaughlin, Jonathan David, 11/18/82; to Jose and Paige Bacon-Ortiz, Delilah Lacey Ortiz-Backon, 2/24/83; to Harriet and Henry Gitenstein, Eric William, 5/25/83; to Anthony and Martha Leach Prouls, Andrew Donald, 8/27/83; to George and Pam Sharp Hulme, Nathaniel Foster, 9/3/83.

Paige Bacon-Ortiz works in the New London schools in various counseling and teaching positions. She has returned to college to study technical skills.

Norvell Anthes Siebert is a copywriter for Siebel/Mohr in NYC.

Eric Birnbaum and his wife, Nancy, enjoyed a honeymoon on the Virgin Islands before he returned to his job for Pepsi Cola in the engineering dept.

Beth Kreiger Jacober lives with her family in NYC and works part-time at Columbia. Steven is a sr. research analyst on the Chrysler account at Kenyon & Eckhardt advertising.

Henry Gitenstein is senior VP of Operations for Riverside Shirt. He is a bicycle racer in his spare time and helps to promote racing in his area.

George Hulme earned his CPCU insurance designation this fall and was promoted to VP of his agency. He is also busy as the Reunion Chairman for the Alumni Association. Pam Sharp Hulme is working part-time as a systems consultant for State St. Research & Management Co. in Boston.

Jeffrey Hamilton earned a M.S.E.E. from Yale and worked at Times Fiber for four years. He now does marketing support for ITT Semiconductors and travels around Germany and the U.S. He sees Brian Sullivan and his wife, Eileen Buckley ’75. Brian is attending the Sloan School at MIT.

Laura Conover has returned to music and is accompanying in the L.A. area. Her husband, Jack Corkey, is an actor.

Elizabeth Ahrens Yourgrau is a clinical social worker for the Family Service Assn. of Greater Boston. Her husband, Tug, is a producer for PBS in Boston.

Ford Gardner has been at New Canaan Country School since 1978. He coaches hockey and lacrosse and teaches. He earned his MA in Education last May and hopes to relocate to Boston this fall.

Laura Howick is attending the Philadelphia College of Art working towards her MA in art education. She is formerly a manager at the Walt Kuhn Art Gallery in Cape Neddick, ME.

Katherine Funk is director of volunteers at the Arena Stage in DC. She was maid of honor at Catherine Fleischer’s ’78 wedding in Jan.

Jonathan Leichter is finishing a fellowship at the Harvard School of Dental Medicine in periodontology. He has a private practice in Brookline.

Ken Crear is a lobbyist and political director for Footwear Industries of America. He works closely with Julie Solomon ’76, an economist with Economic Consulting Service. Ken is active in alumni activities and sees Tina Gould ’78, Chosie Mundley ’75 and Vicki Leonhart ’75.

Martin Gould is a theater and record producer. He was a producer of the stage production of Seven Bridges for Seven Brothers. He is currently working on crude oil field equipment export-packing firm in Houston. He lives with Dave Rittenhouse ’78.

Martin Lammert works for the family business in St. Louis. He sees John Moore ’75 and his wife. He also rows twice a week.

Will Beuescher is an apprentice 1st grade teacher as part of a master’s program. He continues to support himself as a waiter at the Harvest restaurant in Cambridge.

Jenny Bedno is a professional singer in NYC. She spent six months singing on the M.S. Scandinavia cruising to the Bahamas and has just completed three weeks work in the movie The Cotton Club.

Amy Friedlander Gorin and Norman are busy keeping track of their 16-month-old son. Norman is the financial controller for Sotheby’s in NYC.

Beth Barry is a psychotherapist in private practice in NYC and works for the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in a community mental health center.

Clarissa Bartley works for the U of Geneva, doing research on diabetes. She has traveled to Kenya and London.

Robert Donaldson and James Cornell get together often in NYC.

Jeffrey Modzelewski is in a supervisory position at an oil field equipment export-packing firm in Houston. He lives with Dave Rittenhouse ’78.

F. MARRIED: Tamms A. McMillan to Gary Richibird; Barry R. Norman to Karen Van Haasen, 7/24/83; Laura Zeiser to Christopher Osborn Mason, 8/83; Katherine Gibson Sullivan to Andrew MacDonald Lindsey, 10/22/83.

BORN: to Deborah (Towne) and Steve Hen, Jennifer Lynn, 11/17/83; to Elizabeth (Paton) and Galen Cox, Michael Whitney, 7/82.

Following a French honeymoon, Tamms McMillan and husband returned to NYC to work and live.

Barry R. Norman is employed by John Blair Marketing, Inc., as a marketing consultant in Denver.

Laura Zeiser and her husband live in Providence, where she teaches in the Frenchtown Learning Center. Christopher is a planner for C.E. Maguire, architects, engineers and planners.

Elizabeth Paton Cox, Galen and son Michael Whitney are residents of Aschikin, Japan.

John England is taking an educational leave of absence from Texaco to attend Amos Tuck School at Dartmouth for an MBA.

David Stern is with Gelbman and Abrams, NYC, as a litigation associate.

Susan (Tweedie) Sim has received her MS in plant pathology from Penn State and works as an assistant plant pathologist at the U of CA, Davis.

81 MARRIED: Ruth Wagner to John Earl, 12/10/83; Victoria McKittrick to Mark Ola ‘82, 7/17/83; Kevin Sayward to Suannie Rice, 8/2/83; Maxim K. Langstaff to Michele B. Blanchard ‘83 10/22/83.

BORN: to John and Judith (Judd) Harteis Brennan, a boy, 8/3.

Linnea Ehlers is working in merchandising at Macy’s in SF.

Norman Livingston is living in Greenwich Village and working at a real estate firm.

Eric Carlson and Helelith Rostwick are still studying at Penn. Eric is teaching a second-year dental school course, and applying for residency programs in oral and maxillofacial surgery. Helelith, recovered from a hit and run accident with a taxi, is studying landscape architecture.
Bill Barach works at Chubb Insurance in NJ.

David Geller is selling warehouse equipment for Burtman Iron Works in Boston. Also in Boston are Amy Kest, who is attending BU grad school; Brian Elowe, who relocated to Beantown's office of Marsh and McLennan, Inc., where he is an account rep; Andrew (Andy) Mahoney, working as a computer programmer at John Hancock; and Nicole Gorden, working for a fashion trade publication.

Jacqueline Zuckerman is in Boston, but not for long. She is working as a public relations assistant for a philanthropic organization. Ken Goldstein is enrolled at BC law school.

Christine (Christy) Beckwith is a design assistant for the elementary high school textbook division at DC Health Publishing Co., and a part-time aerobics instructor.

Martha Jove D'Amato received her master's in audiology, and is moving to Santa Barbara with her husband, who is beginning his medical residency.

Ruth Wagner traveled to various parts of the country pursuing a dancing career before becoming Mrs. John (Jack) Earl. She appeared in Crazy Horse at the Registry Hotel in Dallas, and was also in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade with Fantasy Factory, a performing arts organization.

Julia Mack was last seen in the audience of the Phil Donahue show.

John Weyrauch is still in Missoula, MT, assisting the director of labor relations at Champion International.

John (Jack) Finneran is a division sales manager at John Weyrauch is in Boston.

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Martha Jove D'Amato received her master's in audiology, and is moving to Santa Barbara with her husband, who is beginning his medical residency. Ruth Wagner traveled to various parts of the country pursuing a dancing career before becoming Mrs. John (Jack) Earl. She appeared in Crazy Horse at the Registry Hotel in Dallas, and was also in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade with Fantasy Factory, a performing arts organization. Julia Mack was last seen in the audience of the Phil Donahue show.

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Also in Boston are Amy Kest, who is attending BU grad school; Brian Elowe, who relocated to Beantown's office of Marsh and McLennan, Inc., where he is an account rep; Andrew (Andy) Mahoney, working as a computer programmer at John Hancock; and Nicole Gorden, working for a fashion trade publication.

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