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Editor: ELEANOR HINE KRANZ '34 (MRS. JOHN R.)
755 West Saddle River Road, Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey 07423

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Toward a Bachelor of Arts

This issue of the Alumnae News features the work of a few Connecticut College students whose efforts were selected for their high calibre and general interest. The assignments on the following pages were completed for courses in creative writing, art, sculpture, philosophy and architecture.
homecoming
a short story

R EBECCA HAD NOT SEEN HER BROTHER since he had gotten married. In fact, no one had, except her father who was at the ceremony. Rebecca thought of him as she sat alone in the living room. She sat, dwarfed by the couch where she sat in the corner, curled up in a ball. This had been her place every afternoon for nearly two weeks while she waited for her father to come home. Her mother had spent most of the time in her bedroom, except when she came out for one meal a day, or to tell Rebecca that her brother was crazy, "absolutely mad," was how she put it, to marry "that woman." Sometimes she came out to break some kitchen china, or to slam a door. Rebecca shivered, and tucked the afghan more tightly around her. If she did things around the house, her mother would follow her, talking about Peter; if she kept still, she became aware of her mother's silence, and frightened. For the past two weeks, Rebecca had either tried to forget that her mother was upstairs, or tried to think of things to say to her. She failed in both. Often, on these afternoons she would call her father in his office; not hearing any sounds for hours at a time from her mother's bedroom, her imagination frightened her. She waited for the familiar sound of her father's car in the driveway. Now, she wondered what comfort she found in this. He would come in, ask where her mother was, and then not go up to see her. He had explained to Rebecca several times that both her mother and Peter could suffer a breakdown. For thirty years, he would say, he had tried to reason with her mother's immutability and now he was letting her reason with herself. He thought Peter needed him more. "What shall I do," he had said to Rebecca, "reject him because he married a woman nine years older than himself?"

Rebecca was stiff from sitting so long in such a tight ball, but she was too cold to move. She reached for the pile of mail that was on the table beside the couch and reread the card from Peter and his wife. "Canada is lovely. Will be driving home on Tuesday." His wife had written it. It was Tuesday and Rebecca wondered if Peter would call when he got home. She wasn't sure if she wanted him to or not. Of course, she hadn't been sure about anything during these past two weeks, except that she wished she were older so she wouldn't have to be living at home. Her sister was living in New York and had been home a week before. She had begun an argument just before she was ready to leave and left Rebecca and her parents in the middle of it. She had had to take a cab to the airport. She had not called home since then. Rebecca felt obligated to bear the responsibility of her sister's belligerence, but she didn't know how. She stood in the center of the living room, a sounding board for all that was being said around her and said, "We all love each other. Doesn't anyone care about that?" That was the last she had spoken to both her parents at the same time. She hadn't realized, then, that Peter meant so much more to her mother than anyone else did. She had learned. She blushed as she thought of her lack of perceptivity.

This thought was interrupted when Rebecca heard the door of her mother's room open and the bathroom door close. She shivered again.

"Damn it," she said out loud. She thought about bringing her mother a cup of tea, and decided she would. Keeping her shoulders hunched and her hands and feet as curled as possible, Rebecca made a cup of tea, and found a small tray and a napkin and a hunk of her mother's favorite sharp cheese and went upstairs.

The door was open and Rebecca felt a little easier. Her mother pretended to sleep. She had covered herself with the mohair throw that Peter had given her for her birthday present a few years before. She held a Saturday Review flat across her chest. The room was dark because the sun had set about an hour before, and the colors in the room were muted and dull. Rebecca's mother opened her eyes, and then closed them.

"I'm freezing," she said. Rebecca turned on the light beside the bed and started to make room for the tray on the bedside table.

"I don't want anything," her mother said. Rebecca was reminded of a baby and of a bed-ridden old person. "You might be warmer if you had some. It's nice and hot." She looked at her mother who still kept her eyes closed. She saw again that she looked like her grandmother. There was no color in her face and the soft blues and purples of the mohair that were usually so becoming to her mother's complexion and eyes, made her look lifeless. Her lips were dry and the swarming around her eyes was prominent in the sunless, electrically lit
room. Her hair looked as though it had not been combed for days; Rebecca remembered how her mother used to comb her grandmother’s hair every time she saw her. She put the thought out of her mind quickly. Her mother rolled her head on the pillow and opened her eyes. She pushed herself up slowly and Rebecca reached for the cup of tea.

"Is Daddy home yet?" her mother asked.
"No," Rebecca answered.
"Did you see the card from Peter?"
"Yes."
"She wrote it." Her mother slightly emphasized ‘she.’
"I know." Rebecca waited for the outburst
"I hope they drive carefully," her mother continued.
"They." Rebecca picked up the word which her mother had used instinctively.

Her mother finished only half the cup of tea and handed it back to Rebecca.

"Thanks, sweetie." She slid down underneath the mohair and kept her eyes open. Not even the blue of the blanket so near her face could give her normally bright blue eyes any color. Rebecca turned her head away. She hesitated by the side of her mother’s bed, and although she knew she wasn’t asleep, she tiptoed out of the room and closed the door behind her. Rebecca took a deep breath and hurried down the stairs.

II

Rebecca washed the cup and saucer that her mother had used. She put the saucer on the counter, and as she was drying the cup, a corner of the dish towel swept the saucer on to the floor. That’s the last of them, Rebecca thought, as she went for the broom. She had left it and the dustpan outside the closet rather than inside it. Rebecca checked once for any bits which she might have missed, and then went back into the living room. She settled herself into the corner of the sofa with a book. She cupped her hands together and blew into them. The skin on them had contracted and Rebecca noticed that the ring on her right hand was about to slip off. She took it off and put it on the table beside the sofa. The post card from Peter and his wife was still there. She remembered that her mother had been keeping it on her bureau underneath her hand mirror; she wondered how it got downstairs.

It was nearly 5 o’clock and Rebecca thought that Peter and Carol would be coming home soon. They had said around dinner time on Tuesday. She had met Carol only once two summers ago. She couldn’t recall anything unusual about her; Peter did not look nine years younger than she. Rebecca had watched the two of them walking along the beach together, and she couldn’t see any obvious age difference. Carol was small and had short, curly, sandy-blond hair. She had lovely skin and eyes; a noticeable over-bite detracted slightly from these features.

Rebecca especially remembered, now, how Carol had packed the box lunch. The basket was spotlessly clean, inside and out; everything in it was individually wrapped and sealed against sun, sand, and water, and “the impurities the human eye can’t see,” Peter had said. Peter had a bug for cleanliness. Ever since the family knew that he was working toward his doctorate in science, they had joked with him about the precautions he took with food. Rebecca remembered having joked with him that day. He laughed at his own impracticality. She wished she could have talked with him more. She had never heard anything about his years at college, or the two years that he spent at medical school. And since he had started work on his doctorate, she had hardly seen him except to ask him how he was. They had once started a discussion about the necessity of science as compared to the humanities, but the phone rang and the interruption was enough to send Peter back into himself.

Rebecca felt a chill, and realizing one of her feet was not covered, she curled it up underneath the blanket. She picked up the book which she had been reading; an account by a trial lawyer of five of his biggest cases. Divorce cases, the lawyer wrote, were by far the most exhausting, fragile and violent of any he had tried. Rebecca was distracted when the clock struck 5:30. Her father was usually home by now. He never made office appointments after 4 o’clock and if he had any house calls to make, he would call home to say where he was going. He had not called. As Rebecca was dialing the number of her father’s office, she heard his car door slam in the driveway. A minute later, she heard him fumbling
with the front door key. She could not see him since he was still in the front hall and she was in the living room. But she heard his medical bag knock against his knee as he slammed the front door closed. She heard him drop the daily paper on the hall table. As he came into the living room, Rebecca saw the brown paper bag containing a bottle of liquor lying on the top of his medical bag, secured between the two handles. Neither of them said anything, but only glanced at each other as he walked through the living room into the den. Rebecca listened. He put his bag down heavily; in fact, she thought he had thrown it but she knew he would never do that. She heard him exhale slowly through his mouth, making a long sound by pressing his tongue against the roof of his mouth. When she heard him pick up the paper bag, she looked down into her book again. Her father came into the living room.

"Anything new?," he asked.

"No," Rebecca said without looking up at him.

"Mother upstairs?"

"Yes."

"Rebecca." He had raised his voice slightly. Rebecca looked up and saw the face which she had been trying to avoid. Her father looked tired. His face was lined and drawn. His nails were bitten down, and as he breathed, Rebecca could hear the unevenness and trembling in his breath. His hands shook as he unbuttoned the top button of his shirt.

"Would you like to go out for a bite to eat tonight?" Her father asked her this as he put the bottle of whiskey into the liquor cabinet.

I don't really care," Rebecca answered. They hadn't been bothering much with dinner recently. Rebecca had made hamburger a couple of times and a steak, but all her mother wanted was tea and an egg and her father didn't care what he ate. Rebecca couldn't see not eating, but she never wanted to bother with anything just for herself. She was irritated every time she thought of it.

"Mommy probably won't want to go," she answered.

"Well, why don't you run up and ask her anyway." Her father was being more persistent than usual.

"O.K. I will in a minute," Rebecca said. She didn't feel like moving just then. She picked up the Billy Rose divorce case account and read another few paragraphs.

Her father had gone back into the den. She didn't hear anything from her mother upstairs. Rebecca inadvertently picked up the post card from Peter and Carol and used it as a bookmark. She got up and folded the blanket which she was wrapped in. She puffed the sofa pillows before she went upstairs.

III

The door to her mother's room was closed; Rebecca looked under the crack of the door to see if there was a light on. There was. She went in without hesitating. Her mother was propped up on two pillows, and she was reading. The artificial light from the lamp cast a soft light onto her mother; the rest of the room was dark. Her mother looked up from the magazine which she was reading.

"Daddy's home," Rebecca said.

"Yes, I know. I heard the front door," her mother answered.

"How are you feeling?" Rebecca was embarrassed by her own question. She was embarrassed that she had fallen into treating her mother as if she were an invalid. She did not give her mother time to answer, but continued.

"He wanted to know if you would like to go out for dinner." Then she added, "The three of us." Her mother made the barely perceptible but familiar motion with her lips as if she had a bad taste in her mouth. Rebecca pressed her lips together and tightened her mouth slightly. Her mother answered sooner than she expected.

"I don't know. It means I have to get dressed. And I'm not really hungry." She had eaten practically nothing in the past two weeks—at least, not while Rebecca was around. Her face was wan, but she didn't look as though she'd lost much weight.

"Well," Rebecca began. She didn't know what she was going to say. It was like all the other times she went to talk with her mother.

"It might be good for you to get some fresh air," Rebecca was unconvinced herself. "I don't know about you, but I'd like to get out of here." Rebecca did not know whether she regretted speaking so truthfully. But she knew that she did not want to aggravate her mother.

"I suppose I should eat something. O.K. Why don't...
we go. I'll be ready in a minute."
Rebecca felt the muscles in her face loosen. She left the room quickly. She wondered if she had been unduly encouraged.
She started down the stairs, but stopped on the first landing. She heard her father cough as he opened the door of the liquor cabinet. She heard the slight suction noise that the release of air made when he took the bottle from his mouth. Rebecca waited until she heard him replace the bottle in the cabinet. When she heard him take a few steps, she continued down the rest of the stairway. He was sitting in his favorite wing chair, reading the newspaper.
"Was mommy asleep?" he asked.
"No. She's reading," Rebecca answered. "She says she'd like to go out."
Rebecca waited for him to ask where she'd like to go. There was always a discussion about where they should eat. He didn't ask, and Rebecca did not wish to provoke any discussion.
"We'll be ready in a few minutes."
Her father acknowledged with a nod. Rebecca went upstairs again. She was thinking of how she could wear her hair.

IV

It was seven o'clock when they got to the restaurant. Rebecca and her mother got out of the car while her father went to park it. He said to wait until he came in before they were seated. Rebecca didn't question him.
Her father came in a few minutes later. He checked his hat and coat, and walked over to Rebecca and her mother. He looked around inside the dining room. He was biting the inside corner of his mouth. The hostess came over to them.
"Dr. Roberts," her father said to her.
"Yes, sir. This way."
The three of them followed the hostess across the dining room to a table for six. It was near the window, overlooking the harbor. Peter and Carol were sitting there, opposite each other. Rebecca did not look at her mother. Her father shook hands with Peter and kissed Carol on the cheek. Rebecca and mother began to take off their coats. Her father was the first to speak. He looked at his wife and then at Carol.
"Sara, this is Carol." Rebecca's mother smiled and shook hands with her. Mrs. Roberts was meeting Mrs. Roberts. Rebecca wondered whether her mother was thinking of that. Her father continued.
"And this is our youngest, Rebecca."
"Yes, we've met," Rebecca said as she shook hands with Carol.
"Hi, Peter," she said to her brother. She couldn't remember ever having kissed him, and she thought that shaking hands would be awkward, so she did neither.
They sat down. Peter next to his mother; Carol and Rebecca's father and Rebecca across from them. Rebecca's father spoke again.
"Well, how was the trip?" He looked at Carol.
"Oh, it was lovely," she answered. "Canada is lovely this time of year." She smiled effortlessly. Rebecca looked at her mother who was watching Peter.
"How's everything, dear?" she asked Peter.
"Fine," he answered.
"Was the driving bad?" she continued.
"No. We shared it."
They were quiet during the meal, except for polite dinner conversation. Rebecca said nothing but to ask her father for her coat so she could put it over her shoulders. They did not hurry, but spent the right amount of time over dessert and coffee. When the waitress brought the bill, Rebecca's father was the first to stand.
"Are we all ready?" he asked. They all answered by standing up.
"Why don't we go back to our house?" Carol said. She looked at Rebecca's mother. "You might like to see some of the conveniences Peter's rigged up." Rebecca thought her mother would like that. Carol continued. "He's wired a light in the coat closet so that it goes on automatically when you open the door."
"Well," her mother began by drawing out the word. They waited. Peter helped Carol on with her coat. Rebecca buttoned hers. Her mother was kneading the fingers of her gloves.
"Why don't we go back to our house?" She paused.
"I'm a little tired."
Styrofoam and plaster—a study in the relationship of negative and positive shapes

by KATHRYN ANN BARD '68
Once, as three geese fly across a snow cloud, they wheeled, and one separates himself—
for just a moment they formed a crescent.
And what can a lone bird do, in the dead of winter that felt like spring?
The ancients began their year with spring, let it grow older, then die and live again.
We, being modern, knowing better, begin and end in winter:
only death is forever.
I remember, as a child, reading all the books and stories, and always wishing that someday, just once, the monster might win. I still wonder, do the captive princesses wait for the hero or the dragon?
My wish seems coming true.
Growing up can be worse than a monkey's paw.

Tears, though bitter, are warm.
But a wild goose, without his mate—
did he ever have her?
For there were three in the sky, strange and unnatural. Silly—
but the plural is so much more beautiful.

Complete, and complex, when one becomes we,
when quiet music is shared and the drift of sleep
is like the tide going out, or the molted feathers,
spiralling down from the sun, of three white geese.

"To the blind, all things are sudden."
Do you remember how it was, remember?
For of course we are all blind, when it comes to that,
and the all-important things have a sharpness, a bite, a pain, a pang:
a stiletto in the heart.
But then, they say, one feels nothing.
Not true.
There is a suddenness that is eternal as the moment when three geese form a crescent in the sky.

by JOAN DIMOW '69
"queens fire ruins draw crowds"

The New York Times
January 16, 1967

I was wearing my cotton candy coat.
Today, on the way home from church,
"You look good enough to eat," Fred said,
"Want to go for a drive?"
I was wearing my raccoon turban, he had his camera along,
And we went over to Jamaica.

On the Van Wyck Expressway
On the way home from church today
The cars glittered, the slow traffic crawled.
Over Brisbin Street in Jamaica
Pigeons fly, but they will not light.

All around a four-block ash field,
Staring families stand eating,
Pressed against gray police sawhorses.
At the end of a short day, the vendors push home,
Wheeling their empty carts against the crowds.

One girl with buns of black hair
Wearing a pink coat,
Poses under a street sign.
Smiling and squinting at the winter sun,
Her eyes burn, and water shines in them.
"Hurry up," she says, "I'm crying."

on pancake beach

Solemn Bryan and I sit on the beach
In front of our pile of dead crabs.
The moon is a refrigerator light
Big over the quiet river.

Bryan and I stand and stretch
And sit and stack our soft crabs.
Six for me and six for her
One to throw to the woods.

We walk up the trail
Back through the small trees.
Quick insects bump and buzz,
Clicking the crab in the sand bushes.

The net poles balance on my shoulder.
Bryan carries the tin pail.
Home from the flat beach
Locked in our cold bathing suits.
Drawing made to the following specifications: a diptych based on a landscape theme, each section to be in a different medium with the objective of unifying the contrasting parts. Here the medium is collage on the left, ink wash on the right. by RHONA MARKS '69
privacy

The walls lock
so inevitably
at the corners
of my box
the bed, restless
nest of dreams
the magnetic center
of my cell
on the bureau and desk
my expressive mess
of odd etcetera—
the cage compresses
these manifestations
of me, so much me
that it's lonely,
 Oppress the senses—
one could go mad
in the tedious comfort
of one's own possessions
in one's very own box.
by LINDA LEAVITT '68

myself, partly

grade-C-movie-izing my life
into picture screen flashes of happen
and personnages
whose detailed, eventful relation to the main
me
will make it self-evident,
I fashion a chock-full speeded up
script (very like Edison's
train robbers for its hurry) however
I must allow a few more years'
development
to plot the time sequence of scenes
and create an appropriate
grade-C ending
for the heroine
by MARGOT SAHRBECK '69
Woodcut, done for printmaking by DEBORAH HITCHCOCK '68
Collograph

by JANET STEIN '66
criterion
of
excellence

All students at Connecticut College during the freshman or the sophomore year take either one course in philosophy or one course in religion. The courses in philosophy which are usually taken to satisfy this requirement are Problems of Knowledge or Problems of Value. During the first semester of her freshman year, Miss Cohen was a student in the course devoted to an examination of the problems of knowledge, and this paper was one of three written by each student to satisfy the requirements of the course. The assignment for this paper was to discuss critically the implications of Augustine's principle that what judges is better than what is judged. The text under examination is Book Two of St. Augustine's On Free Choice of the Will (New York: The Liberal Arts Press, 1966). What Augustine does is to show that perception and knowledge do not coincide, that perception is not sufficient to deliver knowledge, and that God's existence is required in order for anyone to claim that he knows anything whatever. Miss Cohen follows the various stages of this argument with considerable clarity and rigor, and the questions she raises at the end of her discussion concerning the nature of the distinction and relation between God and the natural world are very well taken.

LESTER J. REISS
Instructor in Philosophy

NO ONE can doubt that what judges is better than what is judged." This statement, made by St. Augustine in Book Two of his On Free Choice of the Will, leads directly to his final conclusion that God exists. Two areas of inquiry become immediately apparent: first, what is the Augustinian argument and, second, are there any valid or at least profitable objections to it? An initial assumption, first, must be examined: if God exists, then He is that being to which everything else in the universe is inferior. If there is such a perfect being, then that being is God (p. 49). The question now becomes, "What is the criterion of perfection, of excellence?" The significance of the assertion that "what judges is better than what is judged" then becomes immediately clear. The superiority of the judge is used by Augustine to identify more and more excellent entities, until he finally arrives at the most excellent, or God.

Using this criterion of "what judges," Augustine begins to arrange the sensible world according to excellence, and to give man a place in relation to it. The five senses, first, are seen to be better than objects in the physical world, the "inner sense," better than the five senses; and reason, finally, better than the five senses and the inner sense together. The five bodily senses are those of sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell. The inner sense is not so easily defined; its function is to sense the action of the senses themselves. That is, while hearing does not hear itself hear, we all know when we are hearing something, and we achieve this knowledge through the interior sense. The relationships among the physical world, the bodily sense, and the inner sense are summarized in this example: "Just as the inner sense judges what is lacking or what is sufficient in the sense of the eyes, so the sense of the eye itself judges what is lacking or sufficient in color" (p. 47). A kind of hierarchy is thus formed, the inner sense at the top judging the bodily senses, which in turn judge the objects they perceive. Reason, finally, is the functioning of man's mind, the quality which distinguishes him from the rest of the sensible world. It is superior to both the bodily sense and the inner sense on the basis of the same criterion of judgement:

For, of ... bodies, bodily senses, and the inner sense, how would one be better than the other and reason more excellent than all unless reason itself told us so? Certainly this is possible only if reason makes judgements concerning them. (p. 48)

Reason is thus more excellent than the inner sense, the five bodily senses, or the bodies in the physical world—superior, in other words, to all that is. If there is anything superior to reason, then, that thing must be God.

At this point in the argument, a new criterion of excellence is added to that of judging: immutability. What is superior to reason or understanding must also be superior to being and living, as being is included in the concept of living; living and being, in the concept of understanding. All three, however, are categories in which
things are mutable: that which is or the physical world, that which lives or the plant and animal world—both are clearly and necessarily mutable. Reason, too, is mutable in that we all change our minds frequently, "now struggling to arrive at truth, now ceasing to struggle, sometimes reaching it and sometimes not" (p. 49). There are, in addition, certain objects of perception which change when perceived; objects of taste and smell are ingested so that X cannot conceivably taste precisely like Y because the object itself is no longer the same. While we can all see, hear, or touch the same object, our perceptions of them are private and limited to our own senses. The question, then, has now become, "Is there any object of the understanding which is both immutable and incorruptible, which will not be changed by the process of being understood, and which is equally available or public to all who reason? The first answer provided to this question is "number." Ratio, the order or truth of number, is available to all who reason, and numbers are eternal and immutable. The second response is "wisdom," more obscure perhaps than that of number. Wisdom, Augustine insists, is not private to the individual; all wise men use the same wisdom, which is public, immutable, and accessible to all who reason. Sapiens, or the order and truth of wisdom, is parallel to the order and truth of number and, in fact, equal to it in excellence. Both ratio and sapiens, however, are "truth of" something, and thus cannot be perfect in themselves, but must be subordinate to truth itself. Veritas, or the single, immutable, and public truth, encompasses both number and wisdom. In much the same way as understanding encompassed living and being, then, veritas includes ratio and sapiens; the important distinction is, of course, that ratio and sapiens are equal in excellence, whereas living is superior to being. Finally, then, if there is something superior to truth, that something is superior to all that is, and thus is God. What, however, could be superior to a single truth, eternal, immutable, public to all who use reason, a truth which encompasses wisdom and number, which are in turn superior to reason, living, and being? As nothing is found that is superior to truth, truth is seen to be God; therefore, God exists (p. 71).

Having now followed the Augustinian argument through to the existence of God, are there any worthwhile objections to the argument itself? The most interesting, perhaps, is related to the initial criterion of judgement. It would appear at first that in making the statement "Truth is God," one is actually judging both truth and God, and thus must be superior to them. (This raises a problem, of course, because God is by definition that being to which all else is inferior.) Augustine insists, however, that man does not judge the truth, but rather judges according to the truth (p. 66). Man makes use of the single, eternal truth, then, in order to judge, and thus is necessarily inferior to it. In this way, the nature of the word "judge" is clarified:

When a man says that the eternal is more powerful than the temporal, and that seven plus three are ten, he does not say that it ought to be so; he knows it is this way, and does not correct it as an examiner would, but he rejoices in it as if he has made a discovery. (pp. 66-67)

In addition, if all judgements must be made according to the truth, then all judgements are necessarily "good" ones. As this concept is implicit in the statement: "what judges is better than what is judged," an otherwise fruitless objection has produced a rather valuable qualification of "what judges" to "what judges according to the truth."

The Augustinian argument for the existence of God, proceeding from the criterion for excellence of judgement and later of immutability, thus holds up almost disconcertingly well. The view of the universe resulting from the argument, however, may be seen to involve certain contradictions. These contradictions, however, do not relate directly to the initial statement concerning the judge and the judged, and thus will be examined only briefly. The universe, as Augustine saw it, is composed of the eternal world, the sensible world, and of man's reason. Man cannot judge the sensible world without recourse to the eternal world of truth; the sensible world is thus dependent upon the eternal world for characteristics and structure. It may be seen that two objects as totally different (mutable and immutable) as the eternal and sensible worlds cannot be related. One cannot be dependent on the other for characteristics if the two are indeed totally different. The Augustinian view thus presents insoluble contradictions, but the logic of the Augustinian argument itself, building from its initial criterion and judgement, remains valid and irrefutable.
The students in Modern Architecture taught by Mr. Richard Sharpe A.I.A. were given a choice for their term project: either to design and build a scale model, for the purpose of exposure to the design process; or to research off campus and write a paper on a subject related to people, buildings, and urban environment.

Above is a scale model of a projected student activities center, with lounge and snack bar, by Carolyn Anderson '67, to be situated between the Power House and the Bookshop.

Following is a research project by Joan Gockley '67:

JOAN GOCKLEY '67

March 1967

HE SEARCH for successful solutions to the problems of old age is provoking new thoughts and concepts in modern American society. In the first place, continuous developments in the field of medicine and high levels of sanitation mean that more people are living longer. Secondly, today’s business world has contributed to our society's traditionally and distinctively mobile character. And as a consequence of this economic and social mobility, sociologists have witnessed the replacement of the concept of the extended family by that of the nuclear family. Elderly people have, then, reached a stage at which they are particularly vulnerable to the death of a spouse, the migration of their children, the giving up of an old home and neighborhood, and the abandonment of many activities because of increasing infirmity. Such factors are connected with the isolation and loneliness which so often accompanies the growing old process. And retirement or the inability to work after a certain age cut-off point is in conflict with every individual's need to derive satisfaction from work and to belong to a group or community and be kept in the mainstream of our national life.

All of the above considerations or opinions, in the form of either cause or consequence, are intimately involved with the facts about where elderly people live. Obviously the ever-present and unavoidable decision-maker—money or income—lies at the crux of this matter. In this paper I am not concerned with the elderly people in private residence or in privately-owned nursing-homes in which the large majority of old people reside for medical rather than residential purposes. I am concerned with those elderly citizens whose residence falls under the classification of Public Elderly Housing. The following analysis is, thus, an attempt on my part to examine specifically the city of New London’s recognition of this need or "problem," its existent and potential "solutions" to it, and, most important, a personal evalua-
tion of its success in fulfilling the economic, social and psychological demands inherent in such a situation both at the local level and as a general societal concern.

The many faces of public housing (both a Federal and local enterprise) are the many faces of low-income America, of which one of the largest groups is the elderly. In an introductory letter to the citizens of New London accompanying the Annual Report of the Housing Authority of the City of New London, 1965, Foster Sistare, Chairman, points specifically to the city's real concern with this group: "It is the ultimate desire of the Housing Authority to provide decent, safe and sanitary housing for the young married couples with children and the aged citizens." At the present moment, however, about 5% of the housing in New London is public housing, and of this fraction, less than 1/5 of public housing is specifically public elderly housing. (The other component parts are State Moderate Rental and Federal Public Housing). In more concrete numbers, in the city of approximately 10,000 dwelling units, 80 units accommodate the elderly. Some description and facts pertaining to these units deserve some attention at this point.

New London's 80 units of state elderly housing are unequally divided between two "projects", or what are commonly referred to as Senior Citizen Communities: The Harry Gordon Project for Elderly Citizens (located off Williams Street) and the Michael A. Riozzi Project for Elderly Citizens (located off Colman Street). Both are approximately 2-3 years old. The former is comprised of thirty-eight units; sixteen of these are for couples and twenty-two units are for single occupancy. The latter project houses fourteen couple units and twenty-eight singles. Aside from these numerical considerations and location, the two projects are identical in structure and appearance. They consist of a complex of separate, one-story brick buildings and a central furnished community recreation building which includes a television, a kitchen-dining and a laundry area.

The two basic factors with which the HA has to work are age and low income. The age requirements are 62 for women and 65 for men. The income limit is based on the social security laws where the benefits change from time to time. However, the 1965 estimates reveal that the maximum income for single persons was $2,750 and $4,100 for two-person occupancy. In relation to these average income figures, the rents are $41 and $46 per month for the efficiency and one-bedroom units respectively, including all utilities except for telephone.

As was mentioned before, both these projects are financed by the state of Connecticut in the form of an outright grant of approximately $11,500/unit. The only remaining controls are the state housing laws.

Applications for residence in the senior citizen communities are accepted primarily according to need, how long the individual or couple has resided in the New London area, their present living conditions, and physical disability, in that order. Like all PHA projects, they are subject to the non-discrimination provisions of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

Being equipped with the foregoing amount of factual information facilitated my own personal assessment of these projects. Perhaps the most significant factor in relation to these communities is their location. In this respect the Williams Street project seems a bit superior to the Colman St. one in regard to propinquity of stores, churches, etc. Both the architect and the Director of the HA (and I) agree that neither is a particularly ideal or centrally located site, and that a downtown site is always preferable. However, monetary considerations and availability of land at the time seem to have dictated these choices. Furthermore, the fact that the Harry Gordon project previously had been a public baseball field, and the Riozzi a portion of the "Poor House" grounds, indicates that no buildings formerly occupied these sites and now the loss of these functions to the city or respective neighborhood appears not to have been too great.

Economically speaking, the rental fees appear sufficient for upkeep of the properties and low enough to be within the range of low-income people. In reality, the residents' only expenses are the monthly rent and the telephone bill. The grounds are maintained by the HA and the residents are free to do their own gardening in front of their units, which not only improves the project aesthetically, but provides them with an activity. The recreation hall is furnished and cleaned by the HA, and generally appears to be a comfortable social center permitting and succeeding in maintaining a high degree of

The Harry Gordon Project
interpersonal relationship. Social activities center around weekly Bingo, sewing sessions, and occasional suppers or banquets, all of which are well-attended. The lack of racial or national discrimination contributes to the diversity of peoples dwelling side by side in such a community. About 15-20% of the residents have cars, so that the community is not entirely isolated or dependent upon public transportation, and I observed a good deal of co-operation in this regard. And, most important, the HA and the architect have given a good deal of consideration to the special requirements of elderly housing as, for example, non-slip floors, wide doors and elimination of steps so as to accommodate wheelchairs, a number of hand rails and grab bars in the bathroom, the replacement of dangerous bathtubs by showers with seats and flexible shower cords, and an alarm system in case of trouble or emergency. Understandably, the units are rather small, but I encountered no complaints about size. Rather, the units are thought to be compact and efficient. It must be realized that a major reason for residence in these projects is the elimination of unnecessarily large amounts of housework and upkeep in old age. The small size, then, is seen as an advantage since all residents are responsible for the maintenance of their own units.

The Senior Citizen Communities in New London have met a particular need rather successfully. However, two rather specific disadvantages come to my mind, although they can logically be explained away. Firstly, as the photos of the Harry Gordon buildings on page 18 illustrate, the architecture is not of great quality or particularly pleasing aesthetically. I have not included a picture of the Riozzi project in this report for the simple reason that it is identical in appearance, which is also a displeasing fact. In reality, however, these considerations only bring us back to the elementary factor of monetary involvement. The architect was simply working with—and himself motivated by—a relatively small sum of money. Furthermore, it is an almost natural and unavoidable conclusion that projects tend to take on characteristics of the agency that spawned them, and that the architect is working within a great number of restrictions and requirements which stifle beauty or creativity to a large degree.

A second finding, and one which greatly surprised me upon investigation, is the lack of a manager or younger couple in a managerial capacity in this type of elderly housing situation, particularly vulnerable to health and accident emergencies. However, this inadequacy may also be explained away and, in the long run, even turned into an advantage. First, all applications for residency in the projects must be accompanied by a physician's statement of satisfactory health. And, as previously mentioned, an alarm system of lights and bells is installed. The police department and a single resident are both in possession of master keys, and the occasional presence of maintenance men on the grounds aids the prevention of incidents going unnoticed. Obviously, there is also a financial factor which accounts for the lack of a manager in residence, since the HA feels there are not a sufficient number of units to generate the necessary salary or justify the giving up of one unit to house a manager. And, finally, it seems essential to recognize the important and favorable psychological effect on the atmosphere of not having a manager on the premises. The elderly do not seem to feel as oppressed or watched-over as they might if some type of authoritarian-parent feature were incorporated into the projects. In this way, the communities get away from the nursing home image and work toward the feeling of a private apartment.

The above statement is primarily the defense of the Housing Authority. But, after having spent some time visiting and talking to the residents of the projects myself, I find that the Authority has anticipated this very feeling and thus contributed to the success of their communities in this small way. The most striking impression that an outsider receives from a visit is that of satisfaction and content. And a major contribution to this happiness apparently lies in this sense of still being on one's own, for these people have a great pride in their own "homes." They find them well enough located, pleasantly quiet, never "small," but always "compact" and "workable." And I observed a high degree of friendliness and sociability, heard accounts of their "good times," and found that every resident is at least acquainted with every other resident and his doings.

It seems to me that there is no better way to measure the success of these senior citizen communities than by the undeniable contentment of their residents. Added to the fact that the Housing Authority is presently swamped with 175 applications for public elderly housing, the need and desire for more of this type living is clearly evident. And so, the city of New London has in the works at the present moment a much larger and what seems a much more exciting and potentially successful project. Bearing no name as yet, the 100-unit, 11-story high-rise federally-financed Housing for the Elderly Project is planned for location in the Williams Memorial Park. Since it is certainly much too early to speak about definite architectural plans and impossible to observe the finished product and talk with the residents, comparison of this project with the existing ones, especially in the way of relative advantages and disadvantages, can only be attempted in conjecture form.

Location is the prime factor in the construction of such
a project, and it is this proposal which was accepted only a few days ago (Dec. 5, 1966). Williams Memorial Park, located between Broad and Hempstead Streets, was selected by the NLHA and, from the beginning, was the object of much controversy or at least consultation. The two main objectors to the use of a portion of the park were the New London Veterans’ Council and the Thames Garden Club. The veterans’ concern seems to have centered on the retention of the veterans’ memorial and simply the fact that they were not consulted at an early date. The Garden Club was fittingly concerned about the loss of a park in the city, a point which was also brought up by the Planning Committee. However, both these factions are apparently pacified by the provision made by City Manager Batycki, according to which the potential master plan would assure that the park is maintained as such and, furthermore, that whatever money is paid out by the HA for the project land will be reserved for the acquisition of other park land elsewhere in the city. In the event that these provisions are kept intact, this location represents for me a vast improvement over the present ones. For one reason, convenience is probably the most pertinent need of elderly people, so that this downtown location offers adjacent shopping, churches, (which are an understandably important consideration in old age, especially) and transportation facilities. Secondly, and of equal import, construction of the building in such a park will assure reciprocal advantages. The park will be an open and pleasant place for the residents to sit, walk and mingle with each other and meet new people of all ages with whom they would otherwise not come in contact, since the bulk of the park will remain intact and open to public use. And, in turn, the park itself (which has a reputation for “undesirable” characters and not being used) will come alive with different people and purpose, and so, become a better park.

As for the building itself, it will occupy the southeastern corner away from the streets and approximately only 11% of the park itself. Due to its verticality, it requires less land, so more money can be invested in building. Also, it will offer an excellent view. A small area to the south of the building will be set aside for the exclusive use of the tenants, as will be a gardening plot with a proper orientation. The need of the elderly to seek and enjoy sunshine has been successfully dealt with in these ways, and also by the inclusion of adequately proportioned balconies on alternate floors large enough to handle the number of people there. On floors where there are balconies, there are small inside communal rooms and, to compensate, on floors where there are no balconies, there are larger community rooms. By these means, the architect has shown consideration for both weather factors and the deeper psychological significance of the identity problem, which is especially manifest in a communal living situation. The architect has predicted that subcultures or subcommunities will form on the basis of a floor or every two floors, and, accordingly, he has encouraged this type of interpersonal association through his plans.

An obvious advantage of the high-rise structure over the single-storied senior citizen communities lies in the fact that it is an entirely self-contained unit. All common facilities are within the single building so that they are easily and more safely accessible after dark or during bad weather. Such a design is clearly an advantage for the infirm, also, and more conducive to the formation of friendships and general socializing.

The preceding discussion has tried to outline New London’s attempt to deal with the “problem” of public elderly housing. The city’s present accommodations are minimal and yet, (despite specific disadvantages and those attached to the concept of the Senior Citizen Community as a whole) rather successful as measured by the satisfaction of the residents, the fact that the units are and always have been full, and the quite impressive fact that no one has ever left these projects through disenchantment. Without exception, the small turn-over has resulted from death or the removal of persons no longer able
to take care of themselves. Because of the number of
waiting applicants and the failure of surrounding com-
munities to make a similar effort, New London is strik-
ing out in a bigger and better direction with its potential
downtown high-rise, which will more than double its
accommodations for the elderly.

I had begun this project with a very definite prejudice
against the senior citizen community concept, its being
considered a "project,"—a term which meant to me the
idea of an isolated geographical locale and an isolated
"brand" of people housed according to age and/or socio-
economic capability. As a result of my field work, my
opinions have been greatly modified. I have come to
realize that the terms "project" and "problem" are not
necessarily derogatory ones, but rather ones reflecting
a very real need for the housing of a group of the popula-
tion having peculiar living requirements, and rightly
g geared to one basic factor, which is income. These are
people who cannot afford to be housed by private enter-
prise. If nothing more, the creation of publicly-subsidized
projects shows that the local and federal governments
recognize the inadequate supply of dwellings and the fact
that these people cannot afford the quality or standard
of living which the authorities feel should be within the
reach of all.

I also feel that these public elderly low-income housing
projects must not necessarily be achieved at the expense of
separation from the community at large. Obviously, the
right location is of utmost advantage, and it is this factor
which, if properly dealt with, will guarantee or preserve
an adequate degree of integration with the organism of
the city. Furthermore, it is a comforting realization that
location according to the income factor is not such an
abominable idea nor one restricted to the domain of
public elderly housing. In reality, what better example
do we have today of this same determinism than suburbia?

As for the homogeneity of age, I spoke in the begin-
ing of this paper of such factors as societal mobility and
the reduced number of multigeneration families. The
elderly enjoy being on their own in most cases, and their
families often prefer it, to the benefit of both parties.
One might even go so far as to assert that housing by
age is almost a necessity in our society today. I do not
think it is that we as a society are becoming less emotional,
but only more practical. And I have observed the com-
patibility of these people, their pride in their independ-
ence, their fondness for peace and quiet, and their lack
of remorse over the absence of children, bicycles and
noise. I heartily agree with Mayor Lee of New Haven
who asserted that we cannot "cure the problems of urban
America simply by building housing," that "we must
seek solutions in terms of people." Obviously New Lon-
don's projects are not ideal solutions, but I do believe that
the HA and the architects together have shown some real
consideration of problems and needs uniquely associated
with our elderly citizens and have ended up with some-
thing more than what Jane Jacobs would refer to as
projects for "sorted-out sets of statistics."
faith
and the
underwater sound lab

Mary Rita Powers '42 is a mathematician with the title of research associate in the Digital Computing Branch of the Data Analysis and Computing Center at the Navy's Underwater Sound Laboratory at Fort Trumbull in New London. Under the Naval Ships System Command (formerly the Bureau of Ships), the Underwater Sound Laboratory is concerned with research and development for sonar detection and communication systems for the submarine forces, anti-submarine detection systems for surface ships, sonar ocean surveillance systems, submarine radio communications systems, and optical communication systems. This includes the study of the sea's effect on sound and radio propagation and transmission and, in general, the attempt to increase our knowledge and understanding of "inner space."

Hurricanes did not figure in the early plans for the USNS Mizar because her voyage was to take place in the spring. However, the loss of an H-bomb off Spain's coast caused a postponement1, and the "spring" trip finally left Bermuda on August 29, 1966.

My boss had generously offered my services to the Bermuda Research Detachment of the Underwater Sound Laboratory, who were looking for someone to write a program for a computer and then put it to use aboard ship at sea. When I left on the flight to Bermuda, no one really believed that I would go out on the Mizar. The Sound Lab had never sent a woman on a "sea trip," and although word had been received that the ship now had "suitable accommodations" for a woman and that the men were "willing to give it a try," I was far from certain myself that nothing would happen to prevent my going.

But at nine o'clock on a beautiful, sunny Monday morning, we sailed. The Mizar is an MSTS (Military Sea Transport Service) ship, which means that she has a civilian crew. She is 268 feet over-all—not exactly the "United States." Our group consisted of four men from the Sound Lab and four from the Navy Research Lab in Washington, D.C.—and me. The "suitable accommodation" was actually two rooms with connecting head, a suite in the No. 2 hold. My cabin was large, furnished with two bunks in one corner, a sink in another, two metal lockers with doors that came unlatched during the night and banging, and one folding straight chair. I was also given a fan, which I really appreciated.

After we sailed, the captain invited me up to the bridge. It was interesting to follow our route on the charts. I have been looking at those charts for years but never thought I'd be working out in the area they cover. After we rounded the eastern end of the island the ship began to roll and I began to wonder what kind of sailor I'd be. At lunch one of the officers said to me, "This isn't your first trip." Really a statement, but almost a question. (It was not only my first for the Lab, but also my first on a ship that size). He made some remark about thinking I'd been out before since I was eating.

The particular phase of the operation which required the use of our program was not scheduled until the middle of the week, but there was plenty to do. The computer on the Mizar is a Packard Bell 250, programmed in machine language with paper tape input. This is not the easiest computer to program, but that was why I had the job. Most of our staff are young and haven't had any experience with the machine-language programming. Part of the program was written by one of the Navy Research Lab men, and part was our own. We had to put the two parts together and check it out with data recorded on a similar operation. In unclassified language, we were trying to receive a signal, do the computing necessary and print the results before the next signal arrived, about a minute later. We decided on some changes in the computations as the result of the data we got from these tapes. This meant program changes and more check-out.

Meantime we had been watching the course of hurricanes—of sunken aircraft debris—as well as beer cans and old tires. The camera, mounted on a sled, was towed near the bottom. On board, computers determined the exact position of the sled at any moment, while the recovered film showed the time the photograph was taken. By coordinating the two, a photo-mosaic of the sea bottom was constructed.

1The work of the Mizar is described in John G. Hubbell's "The Case of the Missing H-Bomb" in the September 1966 issue of the Reader's Digest, as follows: "... A fantastic array of equipment also funneled in. From the Philadelphia Navy Shipyards came the Navy's research ship Mizar. Equipped with an underwater still camera, fitted with its own powerful light sources to penetrate the black depths, the ship began delivering daylight-clear pictures of sunken aircraft debris—as well as beer cans and old tires. The camera, mounted on a sled, was towed near the bottom. On board, computers determined the exact position of the sled at any moment, while the recovered film showed the time the photograph was taken. By coordinating the two, a photo-mosaic of the sea bottom was constructed. ..."
cane Faith, an erratic lady who belied her name. On Wednesday she headed for us, and things started to roll. Rattling, creaking, shaking—that was a noisy night. During rolls I found myself wondering just how far the ship could go before rolling over—and then she would start back. The next morning the waves looked mighty high to me. At breakfast I learned that we had “passed through the periphery of the hurricane” during the night. I asked how high the waves were. The answer came back, “We logged them at 20 feet, but we always underestimate. At times when we went into the trough, the next wave seemed to be level with the bridge, and that’s 34 feet.” I was sorry I’d asked.

We gathered in the lab that morning, but of course the weather was too rough for work. At one time I looked around to see two of the fellows asleep in their chairs, one on the deck between two racks of equipment, and two of us working on that foolish computer. To walk across the room you had to wait for the roll. If you were walking uphill, you were all right. If not, there was no stopping until you bumped into something. About 4:30 that afternoon I knocked off and, fascinated, went up to watch the waves and the white water washing the deck.

Thursday night there was one almighty crash and my fan slid across the floor and stopped, face up, near the bunk—still running. My first thought was to leave it there, but then I was afraid I might step on it when I got out of bed. There are some injuries that might be explained easily, but to say that you stepped into a fan! So I got up and dragged it back across the room. Another problem was my folding travel clock. I thought that if it fell over it would close and turn off the alarm. First I tried the floor, then put it on a towel on the chair. After one particularly loud crash I turned on the light and found the chair folded up on the other side of the cabin—but the clock was still running. After that I put it in a shoe on the floor near my bed.

The meals were good, with much more choice than I expected. I was glad that I didn’t have to miss any. Dinner was early, from 4:30 to 5:00 or 5:00 to 5:30. But then there was food out at night in the crew’s mess. I stayed clear of that part of the ship, but when the fellows went up from the lab they brought me coffee, fruit, and Dagwood sandwiches. The earliest that I stopped work at night was 9:30, and the latest 12:15. It was usually about 11 o’clock. The last day out, I was questioned again about previous voyages. This must have been bothering that poor fellow all week! He said that I must have done some sailing perhaps? I told him that I had been on small boats, and I’d grown up on the Connecticut coast. He looked as if light had dawned, and said “That’s why you weren’t sick.”

It was not until Sunday that we were able to take one set of data, leaving the job to be finished without me the following week. On Monday, September 5th, a beautiful, calm day, we made port in Bermuda. One of the crew asked for my autograph. He writes to his daughter in Puerto Rico, and wanted to tell her about the one woman aboard. If any of the crew were disturbed by my presence they kept it well hidden.

I have worked on the ship once since then, in November. She was at the dock in Bermuda. The crew greeted me like an old friend. The captain told me I was welcome on board any time. So I feel that we have passed the first test. The Underwater Sound Lab sent a woman to sea. The ship neither foundered nor sank, nor did the world come to an end.
L. Alice Ramsay, Director of Personnel at Connecticut College for the past 38 years, has begun a semester's leave of absence before her retirement becomes effective on June 30th. An alumna of Connecticut, Class of 1923, with a Master's in psychology from Columbia, she has helped and guided nearly 6,500 Connecticut College girls. She organized and directed the campus work program, found summer jobs, advised on post-graduate careers, and assisted older alumnae in finding post-family employment. The Eastern College Personnel Officers Association last fall named her to honorary membership, and she has recently been appointed to the Board of Directors of the Alumnae Advisory Center in New York City.

"Ramsay" remembers —

When I came here as a student, Connecticut was young, small, and comparatively unknown. We were a family of 450 eager students and 46 scholarly faculty who spent their lives on this campus. Nearly 50 years ago there were only ten buildings on a rather barren hilltop surrounded by a lot of daisies, buttercups, rocks and mud, a few old apple trees, but the same magnificent view.

After I graduated from college with an A.B. in psychology and a great love for people, I didn't know where or how to put the two together. I was on vacation one summer in Culdaff, Ireland, sitting on a rock looking out over the Atlantic Ocean, when a cable arrived where cables were not in the habit of arriving. Connecticut needed a personnel director and wanted to know if I would take the job. I would and I have never been sorry. No one had ever sent a cablegram from Culdaff Village so a cousin of mine went down and directed the old postmistress in how to send them back and forth until I became a celebrity of sorts, the 25 year old girl from America who had to make up her mind in a hurry on her future career.

1923 Koine' —

Heigho! Is it being Irish? Or does the Lord deal out a disposition like that every now and then just to show what He can do when He concentrates?

Professor Hamilton M. Smyser —

It is not true that Alice Ramsay was born in a fisherman's hut on the coast of Donegal and still burns peat in her grate in Burdick; that as a girl she took pot shots at Black and Tans from behind her father's hedges, and still keeps on her mantel a shillelagh she carried during The Troubles; that when excited she breaks into Gaelic. These stories are extrapolations by the people who have heard her talk about Ireland and Irish literature or have seen her act in Abbey Theatre plays. It is true, however, that she was born in Ireland, has visited Ireland often, and hopes to live in Ireland in retirement. It is also true that she has to a preeminent degree the two most endearing qualities of the Irish—a warm heart and a gorgeous sense of humor.

This hardly needs to be said to Connecticut College people (nor to an amazing number of other people who have met La Ramsay on her travels, at professional meetings, and so forth, if I may judge from my own chance encounters with friends of hers in various parts of the world). Even the neophytes on the Faculty have not remained long unaware of her; if they have not happened to meet her in the course of the normal comings and goings, social and professional, of the first few weeks, they have been due for a pleasant surprise when she gave her first report of the year in Faculty Meeting—invariably an informative and solid report but with a dead pan by-play of comment and quotation that would cause hilarity in circumstances far more demanding than Faculty Meeting.

For an indeterminate time Miss Ramsay is going to stay in the neighborhood and this is good news for the many who are given to dropping in on her to chat and swap anecdotes and who have found through the years that this is an admirable recourse in a world that sometimes takes itself too seriously.

President Shain —

No one else has ever represented this college so personally, so charmingly, and so helpfully to at least 38 classes of graduates as she has. To look into her correspondence now and then is to see into the heart of this place. I hope we will all continue to stand within the pale of her fairness and understanding for many classes and many faculty members and many staff members to come.
CHANGE! Throughout the world today the word "change" characterizes our society and life. This college community is no exception. If you were to return to your old "Alma Mater by the sea" chances are it wouldn't look very different to you. Except for the presence of the new guardhouse, the stop lights on Mohegan Avenue and the bulldozing for a new parking lot, we aren't physically different from several years ago. Instead, many of the changes at Conn are social and academic, brought about by polite ladylike petitions through all the proper channels. Sometimes this petitioning system works well—for example, we were successful in getting cars on campus for seniors this year. Sometimes it doesn't work quite so well, because a good suggestion gets lost in the channels.

Some changes just seem to happen by themselves, but behind them there inevitably is the helping hand of a student government officer or a member of the administration. This is how our new curfews—12 a.m. on weekdays and 1:30 a.m. on weekends (for everyone except a girl alone, off campus, after-dark)—came about.

There are some changes which occur as a result of a related action. For example, a committee petitioning for no sign-out regulations during Reading Period stirred up enough interest and inquiry that it was discovered that the rule for daytime sign-out had, more or less, found its own way into the C-Book. So we voted and took it out. But the petition itself was tabled in favor of working towards an over-all, academic and social, new outlook on Reading Period.

But the majority of changes at Conn today happen because someone is concerned, and interested, and makes a good suggestion that starts others thinking and planning until something concrete evolves. The Pass-Fail system which hopefully will be in effect next fall is the result of such an effort. Under this new system Juniors and Seniors would be able to take one course per semester, graded Pass or Fail, as long as the course is not being used for a graduation or major field requirement.

Other large issues like what to do about comprehensive exams, "calendar days," and the Honor Pledge are presently under discussion too. The main problem in each of these issues seems to be that the freedoms we feel we ought to have are being regulated or denied. At present seniors haven't the opportunity to study for comps anywhere other than on campus, and they can't retake their comp before graduation if they fail it; students are not allowed to decide for themselves about attending class directly before and after vacations, but attendance is up to them during the rest of the year; and even though we all matriculate, pledging to uphold the social and academic standards of the college, we must constantly remind ourselves of it by writing the Honor Pledge on every exam.

While these major problems are being considered, and advanced toward solution, there are other good ideas awaiting attention and action. These range from specific (like changing the Phys. Ed. requirement of 3 years with no class cuts) to general (like improving the student-faculty-administration relations). Most pressing is the student-teacher relationship. We are happy to see attempts being made to cut down the "barrier" and bring the student and her professor together on a personal as well as academic basis. Faculty members and their families are becoming frequent guests in the dorms for dinner, coffee or informal discussions. Student-Faculty committees are helping us towards unity.

With all this talk of rule changes and new practices there is one thing that remains basically the same. The primary concern of all of us here is still education, and what it means to us. Of course this is a highly personal thing, and it means something different to each of us. We seek it in different ways and we find it in different places. For some, college is a series of dull or thought-provoking classes, term papers and lists of assigned reading. For others it is an exchanging of ideas with peers and elders, getting lost in the stacks of the library, and listening to a fascinating lecture on East Asian philosophers. We may choose to learn and explore on our own, or to follow the class syllabus strictly, but we learn. We learn about the world and about ourselves. We seek and hope to find something we can devote ourselves to—a course, a field of study, or even a man! There may be much less academic talk than 20 years ago, and fewer class discussions than 10 years ago, and we may seem more or less serious and dedicated to what we are doing, but we still believe in the importance of getting the best possible education, and we move, in our own way, toward that goal.
Reunion Weekend '67

Friday - Sunday...June 9 - 11

Alumnae College

Class Activities
China--
Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Reading List For Alumnae College

Payne, Robert. Mao Tse-tung (Pyramid Books 95¢)
Schram, Stuart. The Political Thought of Mao Tse-tung (US48 Praeger $2.50)
Tondel, Lyman M. Jr., Editor. The International Position of Communist China ("The Hammarskjold Forum," Oceana Publications 1965 $1.75)
Jenyns, Soame. A Background to Chinese Painting (#117—Schocken Books $2.45)

Texts may be ordered from: Connecticut College Bookshop, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. 06320. For mailing add 45¢ for one book and 5¢ for each additional book.
“Firenze Resurgens!”

Eleanor Kempsmith Nocentini ’46, a native of Cleveland, Ohio, went to Italy for a brief holiday after graduation. She fell in love with the city of Florence and stayed. For two years she taught in a private elementary school and learned Italian. "That first year," she says, "all I did was listen." Then she met and married a rising young businessman, Renato Nocentini, who now has the distributorship and repair service for many foreign cars in Florence. They are the parents of two daughters, Susana, 13, and Lisa, 12.

Since the disastrous floods that swept a third of Italy and inundated Florence on November 4, 1966, Ellie Nocentini has been totally involved with the relief of her fellow Florentines, visiting stricken families and small shopkeepers as a case worker for the St. James American Church Flood Relief Fund. This is the central agency in Florence which is distributing American and international aid directly to thousands of flood victims in the area. CRIA, the Committee to Rescue Italian Art, is a separate agency whose funds are spent for art restoration. Contributions for the relief of the people may be sent by personal check to: St. James American Church Flood Relief Fund, Via Gioberti 34, Florence, Italy.

The following account of the Nocentinis’ experiences during the flood and its aftermath comes from letters written by Ellie Nocentini to a close friend, Suzanne Macpherson, who lived in Florence and is now with the Department of Education of Connecticut College. Miss Macpherson has edited the letters and arranged them chronologically to make a unified piece, but the writer speaking is Eleanor Nocentini.

"We’re very proud that our bridges withstood the torrent. This was far worse than the German dynamiting in 1944. But at least it was an act of God, not the purposeful cruelty of a human enemy . . . Shopkeepers on the Ponte Vecchio salvage what they can."

The Editor
O UR BEAUTIFUL CITY—what a tragedy! And yet, what marvelous spirit and amicizia have come out of it all. I've lived here nearly 18 years now, and I thought I knew my adopted city well, but I never really knew her, nor the tremendous pride and courage of her people until disaster struck us. It will be long, but we'll recover . . .

When the flood hit, the girls and I were in Genoa on our way home after seeing the Premier of Italy inaugurate the annual auto show there. Renato had gone to Torino for more auto inaugurals. Little did we know that we would be cut off from each other—and Florence—for days.

It rained steadily all day and night in Genoa. We missed the morning train and had to wait hours in the station. The porter reacted queerly when we asked that our bags be put on the Florence train. "You can't get to Florence," he told us. "We've heard that the Arno has swept out the bridges and the whole city is one big lake." We couldn't believe him. It was not true about the bridges, which we later found had withstood as much as 15 feet of water raging along at more than forty miles an hour. But it was true that the Valley of the Arno had become a lake.

We were advised to go as far as Pisa. There the bad news and rumors kept piling up—trains stopped, roads washed out, no way to Rome, no way to anywhere. We were shunted back to Viareggio before the flood hit Pisa and the whole lower Val d'Arno. There we sat for three days with no contact at all with Florence, except for eagerly awaited TV broadcasts. One evening there was only a voice which let us hear the waters rushing down the streets. It was like the violent sea pounding near us on the beach of Viareggio. Dramatic appeals were made to all the beach lifeguards to gather their rubber boats and rafts and try to get to Florence to save lives. Pathetic stories of heroism began to be told, like that of an old worker at the aqueduct who refused to leave his post that first terrible night when no one realized what was happening. He was found two days later, with his few cigarettes, in a tunnel of mud.

You can imagine how frustrated we felt, knowing nothing from home or friends. But at least Renato was

MARCH 1967
Petite Ellie, 5' 2'', points to the high water and oil marks on the first floor of the Archaeological Museum in central Florence. "Damage was bad," she writes, "but not total. Each archaeologist is assigned a room at a time and keeps systematically at it. Etruria resurgent!"

It's the small artisans, the craftsmen of fine work, whose tradition is handed down from father to son, that have suffered the greatest losses. But nobody complains. They just go on to work.

Little by little, superficially, we're coming back to normal. But all one has to do is enter the back streets of areas like the Santa Croce district to find mud and refuse still in the streets and the ugly black sign of the oily waters halfway up the lovely old palazzi. The deserted first and second floors, where the poor families lived, leave desolation in the air. In spite of the reopening of schools and many restaurants and shops, and the return of running water (that ironically precious commodity), it will take a long, long time to put right so much personal loss and misery. I know this, from my field work for the Flood Relief Fund of St. James American Church which is working all day and night to reach the poor, the sick, the small artisans and shopkeepers who are the life of Florence.

It's disheartening to see how many families have been indirectly affected—those whose livelihood depended on others who were flooded and can no longer pay. These are the hidden tragedies we are trying to reach. The combined American-British-Italian flood relief committees, composed of bilingual residents of Florence, are literally working around the clock, yet we've reached only about 10 per cent of the thousands of desperate families and artigiani, as of January. We go to them, not they to us. My first field work was in the Santa Croce area where one felt most the evil the flood had wrought. There one is constantly reminded of it by the stench, this peculiar stench still rising, which I don't think any of us will ever forget.

Now I've been assigned by the Flood Relief Fund to the area of the Val d'Elsa, remember? Those little roadside villages like Galuzzo. The people ask nothing more than they think right. They bless you for the promise...
of aid you bring, like a very old couple isolated on the
top floor of a decaying building. The old man was para-
lyzed in bed with a lung abscess, but he tried to speak
English to me, apologizing that his family was in need
only because the flood had cut off their weekly pittance
of $6.00 from the city.

A puppeteer whom the children loved, who lived on
the Via Romana and made his own puppets, their plays
and tiny theatre and used to pack all on his bike and
give shows at Susi's and Lisa's school and at our house,
had finally managed to set up a permanent theatre at
Bellariva. All washed out! But he's starting again, some-
how.

At Christmas time the city decorated herself, believe
it or not, and staged Rigoletto in the washed-out Com-
munale Opera House. Susi and Lisa were thrilled to have
parts as pages for four nights and got friendly with all
the stars and have treasured autographed photos. It was a
fine show, although the great velvet curtain was still
missing, and the chairs in platea. Costumes were mar-
elous. Seemed like preflood times . . . Susi was prom-
inent in the first scene, passing a cup to one and all. Lisa
was a bit hidden by the chorus, but both have drawn
their impressions of what it was like to be part of resur-
gent Florence this Christmas time. They are still little
girls, although Susi, now almost 14, is beginning to show
a womanly interest in clothes. They both love ballet and

(above)
"Mercedes sent equipment from Germany to help
Renato pump out La Rotonda and his repair
garage. Now they're helping clean the streets.
Everyone pulls together."
are quite professional about it. Also, they've been helping the Girl Scouts since the flood, giving out food, cleaning out churches and the Scouts' group headquarters, which is still unusable.

It has amazed me continually how *in gamba* (on the go) the Flood Relief Fund workers continue to be. What dedication! A case comes in from our field work in the morning and a check has gone out by evening. Sometimes I get so sick of the whole damn thing, though, I'd just like to go out and see a movie about anything else! But, so are the poor families in their damp smelly rooms sick of the whole thing, and we've reached only a fraction of them all...

I continue to do the case work. There is always at least one a day that really touches you and makes you want to fight to put them right. We can only give them our feeble promises to keep up their courage for a few more days... And now we have the February flu!

It is good to hear news of Connecticut College, not so far away after all. I am amazed that someone there at the College still remembers me after 19 years. How is Miss Ramsay? Please give her my affectionate regards. If anyone from the College should be visiting Italy this spring or summer, tell them we are certainly back to normal for tourists, with the watchword, "Firenze Resurgens!" But of course the relief work for the people, as well as CRIA's heroic efforts at art restoration, will go on for a long, long time.

I was able to visit the Archaeological Museum recently to see our good friend, La Doctoressa Anna Talocchini, hard at work in the smashed Etruscan rooms. It seemed a long way from those wonderful digs we used to go on with "La Dott" in the hills and plains of Toscana. But as Talocchini says, while she delicately reassembles the shattered treasures: "There is comfort in knowing how much the bonds of friendship have been strengthened by this disaster, and how much our American friends continue to do. It is these proofs of friendship in the midst of mud and ruin which give us the strength to continue the struggle. It is killing work, but *lavoreremo*, *lavoreremo* (we shall work, we shall work), as all Florentines are working to restore our splendid city to what she was before. We feel sure now that everyone who has known Florence like a second country will not abandon her."

Susi and Lisa make their own Christmas cards together. This was their impression of the Cathedral of Santa Croce, Christmas, 1965. Susi signed the Cathedral, her part of the card, while Lisa signed her drawing of the people.
Susì and Lisa Nocentini are pictured here at a ballet recital in the Teatro Pergola in Florence last spring. The girls have many talents. They performed as pages in Rigoletto, staged in Florence's flood-damaged opera house this past Christmas season, and then made drawings depicting the event. At left, Susì's drawing of "Rigoletto" and below it, Lisa's "Gilda." Each girl made a drawing of her own page costume—upper, Susì, and lower, Lisa.
Books

Dr. Niering's special interest—wetlands


The McGraw-Hill Book Company has recently initiated an outstanding series of popular books under the title of Our Living World of Nature. Each volume is devoted to a particular habitat, which is given a broad ecological interpretation. Thus far the forest, the desert, the seashore and caves have been dealt with. The latest one to appear has been The Life of the Marsh: The North American Wetlands.

Authored by Dr. William A. Niering, Professor of Botany and Director of the Connecticut Arboretum, this magnificently illustrated book contains a wealth of information clearly presented to the lay reader about the wetlands of the United States, both saline and fresh. The book can be perused in two different ways. One can study the superb color photographs and the drawings with their full and descriptive legends, thereby picking up a great deal of natural history about the plants and animals that inhabit the marshes and about the special topics explained in the diagrams; or one can read the text, thereby gaining the author's insight into the dynamics of the whole ecosystem. If one were to criticize the presentation it would be on the grounds that the text becomes somewhat lost amid the profuse illustrative material which takes up at least sixty percent of the space.

Among the features of the book that make it a useful reference are an excellent series of maps showing the distinction of the various types of wetlands within the United States, an appendix describing the wetlands in the National Parks and National Wildlife Refuges, and an index.

Dr. Niering obtained his formal botanical training at Pennsylvania State University and at Rutgers, the State University of New Jersey, where he received his Ph.D. in 1952. His special interest in wetlands, and his knowledge of them, stems from research carried out under his direction by Connecticut College students in the Arboretum and elsewhere, and from his conservation activities. Nellie Beetbam Stark '56 made a study of the pollen profile in the Arboretum's red maple swamp. This technique and its usefulness are described in The Life of the Marsh. The vegetation of the Mamakoke salt-marsh was carefully mapped in 1957 by Marion Whitney Melnhish '60 and Ilse Ann Farinholt ex '59, and salinity determinations of the peat were carried out by Amelia Rechel ex '62. The zonation of the Brucker Marsh in the southeastern corner of Connecticut was mapped in detail by Christopher Gross, M.A. '66.

On the conservation front Dr. Niering has been very active in evaluating wetlands and negotiating their acquisition as natural areas for The Nature Conservancy. The Cranberry Bog near Tannersville, Pa. and the Beckley Bog in Norfolk, Conn. are outstanding examples. His survey of Natural Areas for the Regional Plan Association included marshes and led to the publication under its auspices of Nature in the Metropolis. He was one of the authors of Connecticut's Coastal Marshes: a Vanishing Resource (Connecticut Arboretum Bulletin No. 12), a publication that has made an important contribution to a popular understanding of the values of marshlands.

Unfortunately far too few scientists have sufficient concern for the long-range welfare of mankind to devote their energies toward social reforms. Dr. Niering is one of this unusual breed. His broad ecological background has given him a sound perspective in dealing with natural resource problems and he brings this to bear effectively in his research, his teaching, and his activities as a citizen in the community. And the same message is here in The Life of the Marsh, especially in the final section entitled "Wetlands or Wastelands?" The beauty and wonder of the marshes are eloquently portrayed throughout the book, but the tremendous value of these areas to mankind and the ruthless human forces at work to destroy them are here brought into sharp focus. The last photograph shows
Dr. Niering's boys walking at the edge of a slough with a wild deer. The legend says, "The future of wetlands is entrusted to the present generation. For centuries to come, youngsters like these should be able to explore a marsh, to see its plants and animals, and to sense the millions of years involved in its making." Here is a message which must be conveyed to the urban community.

The Life of the Marsh ($4.25) will be released to conventional outlets sometime in April.

RICHARD H. GOODWIN, Chairman
Department of Botany

Rakossy
Cecelia Holland '65 had her second novel published in January by Athenaeum Press. Named Rakossy, it is available at the Connecticut College Book Shop ($5.75). We shall review it in the May issue.

West Coast Reception

Los Angeles area alumnae arranged an enthusiastic welcome for President and Mrs. Shain at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles on January 19, 1967. Alumnae and their husbands, parents of present students, and prospective students and their families, numbering in all about 60 people, enjoyed cocktails and dinner. Winifred DeForest Coffin '33 was mistress of ceremonies.

The Shains were in Los Angeles to attend meetings of the Association of American Colleges and the United States-India Women's College Exchange Program.

Pictured at left are four members of the committee. Left to right: Carolyn Cushman Doughty ex '57; Barbeur Grimes Wise '46; Esther Pickard Wachtel '56; and Ruth Goodhue Voorhees ex '46.

Connecticut College Flight
To Europe

The Connecticut College Student Travel Bureau has announced the 1967 Group Flight to Europe, leaving from New York to London on June 21, and returning from Paris to Boston on September 6. The group will travel by Pan American Jet. Round trip fare is a low $325. All members of the faculty, the Administration, the alumnae, and their families are eligible to take advantage of this low fare European flight. A $25 deposit is required to reserve a place with the group. If you are interested, contact the Connecticut College Student Travel Bureau, Box 1181, Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut 06320.
Class Notes

The Alumnae News Board held its annual meeting in January. It was decided to continue the twice-a-year class reporting for another year, with the following exceptions:

1. All classes may list vital statistics (i.e., marriages and births) in each issue; and

2. The three youngest classes ("mobile and marriageable") may have a column in each and every issue. Three years after graduation a class will join the even-odd group.

All correspondents are asked to request news from each class member just once per year. If alumnae will answer their postcards promptly, their news will not be stale.

For the information of all alumnae, the correspondents' deadlines are: Odd numbered classes must have material in on January 15 for the March issue of the News; on June 15 for August. Even numbered classes have deadlines on March 15 for May and on October 15 for December. Reuniting classes may have notes in both the May and the August issues. Any material not postmarked by the deadline stands the chance of being returned to the correspondent.

1919

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Enos B. Comstock
(Juline Warner), 176 Highwood Ave., Leonia, N. J. 07605

Esther Batchelder in Rome tells of trips around the Continent, to America and to Puerto Rico; of delving into Roman and Etruscan history and archaeology; of combating the Sirocco winds from Africa to protect a terrace garden. A new home in Puerto Rico is being readied for Batch and her housemate Jane to occupy as their permanent home as soon as Jane's duties in Italy are done. Another lovely seashore poem is Alison Hastings Thomason's holiday greeting from Florida. She writes, "This is a very pleasant life, with square dancing and bridge parties and compiling the history of 75 years of the Melbourne Beach Community Chapel. Wallace had 10,000 carnation plants in his 'farm' this spring... Alison III is a great joy to her grandmother, though I don't see nearly enough of her." Ruth Trail McClean and husband Clif plan to spend three winter months away from the chills of Oregon, basking in Hawaii and swimming. In Aiken, S.C. Dorothy Gray Manson was expecting her son and family from Dur- ham, N.C. where he is with the Research Triangle Institute. The four "grands" are Deborah 14½, a Girl Scout; Connie 7½, Brownie and a dancer; Ray 6, in 1st grade; Richard 3 still at home. Dot is still busy with hospital auxiliary work, ceramics and sewing and a bit of bridge. Florence Lennon Romaine, Dorotha Peck and Winona Young keep in touch in the Hartford area and are busy with church work. Florence talks with Amelia Tuttle, who lives with her brother and sister in the center of town. Ruth Avery French's annual Christmas letter reports the birth of a 7th grandchild, third son of John; family gatherings and visits from all their children; and summer trips through New England. Ruth keeps busy with Cancer drive and other community activities and her husband with literary hobbies. After a busy Vermont summer, including a trip to the Cape and Narraganset, Mildred White was "battened down for the winter." Lucy Marth Haskell and her husband have recovered from their hospital experiences and are looking forward to a healthy 1967. Edith Harris Ward and husband Luke keep busy in their home town, New Milford, he with teaching and she with her church and parish welfare duties. They spent a summer vacation in the South in '66 and are looking forward to the Montreal exposition in '67. Elizabeth Norton '20 has returned from Hawaii to make her home in California. Cards also came from Florence Carns in East Berlin, who keeps in touch with many friends and local activities, from Margaret Mitchell Goodrich in Portland and Sadie Coit Benjamin in Norwich. Marion Kofsky Harris in Washington, D.C. sent snapshots of the first days for our 50th reunion issue, recalling faces and fashions of the '20's, faculty hockey team, ankle-length skirts, and ample and modest black serge bloomers with middies. Please send more labelled if possible—to me, Juline.

The heartfelt sympathy of the class goes to the families of Laura Jacobs of Daniel- son, who died Dec. 21 and of Irma Hutzler, our class secretary, of Norwich, who passed away in the fall.
1920
CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Philip M. Luce
(Jessie Menzies). 2930 Rolyart Road,
Petersburg, Va. 23805
Mrs. Reginald ... surry drawn by two horses and
driven by a man in uniform. The bride and
groom went back to the house in it.
37
Eleanor

1921
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Emory C. Corbin
(Olive Littlehales), 9 Brady Ave., New
Britt, Conn. 06052
Barbara Abenden was to have retired
on July 1, 1966, had two parties given
for her “with all the trimmings” only
to find that no one could be found
to take her place, and so has stayed on half-
time. Meanwhile she had contracted for
another job for one day a week and so
finds herself as busy as ever. She hopes
to be at reunion in June. Louise Avery
Favorite, who does psychological testing
in the Providence Schools, has a visit from
Dorothy Pryde and invited Olive Doherty
to join them for dinner. Louise has moved
from Laura Batchelder Sharp who has been
in a car accident. Louise and Dot went
to Boston where they visited Marenza
Preta and the Alderman’s grandson Carl Van Vech-
"t’s son John was married June 25 in
Mary Langenbacher Clark

1922
CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. David H.
Yale (Amy Peck), 579 Yale Ave., Meri-
den, Conn. 06450
Miss Marjorie E. Smith, c/o Mrs. R. K.
Thistle, 3 Chester Road, Upper Montclair,
N. J. 07043

1923
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. R. A. Wheeler
(Olive Holcombe), 208 First St., Scotia,
N. Y. 12302
Ethel Kane Fielding reports 14 of our
class definitely have CC in their wills and
50 classmates haven’t responded. Julia
Warner, Rufus and I braved the winds
of Chatham, Mass. for a short time on July 26
for the CC picnic and were sorry we missed
Ethel and her husband who came later.
We stopped at the Abigail Hollister
Lamphier in Washington, Conn. this
fall. She and her mother were leaving soon
after to spend the winter in Deland, Fla.
Jean Pogran spent six weeks in St. Barn-
abas Hospital and now is with her sister in
Short Hills, N.J.
Alice Ramsay wrote in October, “A
couple of weeks ago in Portsmouth, N.H.
I was surprised and flattered
73 by being elected to honorary
membership in the Eastern Col-
lege Personnel Officers Ass’n.
Agnes Leahy introduced me to
the group two years after its foundation
in 1928 and I have attended all but one
of the Annual Conferences.” Ramsay has
retired as director of our personnel bureau.
Eileen Fitzgerald ’24 sends an anecdote
about Ramsay: ‘Her remarkable poise
was admired by everyone. I recall the day she
fell asleep in Dr. Frank Morris’ psychology
class. (Yes, Alice, too, stayed up all night
to occasionally get a certain paper in on time.)
She was sitting kerplunk in the
front row and it soon became apparent
that even though she wasn’t sleeping audi-
ably, she was distracting the class. Dr.
Morris finally broke through to Alice by
pacing Miss Ramsay. As she blinked her
eyes open, he said quietly, ‘Miss Ramsay,
don’t you think it would be preferable for
you to sleep in your own room’? Was
Ramsay flustered? Not at all! ‘Oh, yes I
do, Dr. Morris. Thank you very much,’”
replied Alice; and gathering up her books
she serenely departed, made a bee-line for
Plant, and slept until noon.”

Mary Birch Timbourn is elated about
our ’23 percentage participation in Alum-
nae Annual Giving Program. She tells
about her family: their son was made
president of his company at 38, and their
grandchildren, 10, 11, 13, have taken blue
ribbons at all the Westchester, Jersey, and
Connecticut horse shows. Mary won a
senior ladies’ golf prize this year. They
love their summers in Old Lyme and
winter in Deland, Fla. She is doing some
tutoring in remedial reading.

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MARCH 1967

37
Our news is the birth of twins, Deborah and Gary, to our daughter Ann Bil.ezikian on Nov. 11. She has another son, Timothy. When making plans for your vacation in 1968, don’t forget our 45th reunion will be in June that year. Plan to be there.

Our sympathy goes to Rheta Clark on the loss of her mother in November. The funeral for Lucy Whitford Heaton, our class treasurer, who died Oct. 14, was held in the College chapel. Lucy was instrumental in establishing the Connecticut blood program in 1950 and was known in New London as “Mrs. Red Cross.”

**1924**

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. C. Doane Greene (Gladys Westerman), Decoy Farm, Rock Hall, Md. 21661

**1925**

CORRESPONDENT: Dorothy Kilbourn, 18 Townley St., Hartford, Conn. 06105

Aileen Fowler Dike was disappointed to miss reunion but being a department head at Windsor High School demanded her time during exam weekend. Eleanor Harriman Koli reports, “We both enjoy retirement in San Francisco, a delightful clean small city—after years of NYC.” Graduation at the Univ. of N.Y. Maritime College prevented Eleonore Kelly Moore from attending reunion. “Hap” expects to retire this year after seven years at the college. Their son is in law school, having spent three years in the 82nd Airborne, part of the time as an advisor in Viet Nam. Beverly Kimball Swanson writes, “We are still on the same farm, west of Carlisle, Mass.” Her children are all married and scattered; four grandchildren live in California. Grace Bennett Nourse and John have had a busy year building a house in N. Palm Beach, Fla., where they expect to spend about half of each year, the other half in Winnetka, but perhaps reserving a month in the spring and in the fall for travel. The Nueens had daughter, Anne Reynolds ’54, and her family for Thanksgiving and then went to Geneva to spend Christmas with their other daughter. Catherine Calhoun is still interested in the Historical Society, the Women’s Club and the Red Cross. Recently she entertained 36 high school girls who are interested in Connecticut and enjoyed hearing present Connecticut students “extol the virtues of the college.” Miriam Chad- eaymo is still living in Ossining and keeps busy with church work. She has been enjoying ballet and opera at the new Lincoln Center in New York. Phyllis Jayme sent Christmas greetings but said it was very difficult to write. A Christmas card from Mary Anwood Bernard tells of her four and a half months trip last summer seeing friends and relatives in New England and Canada after reunion, before returning West. She was spending Christmas with friends in the Santa Rita foothills and hoping not to be snowed in. Marie Barker Williams sent her usual news of all the family, scattered from California to London, England. The count of grandchildren at Christmas was 21, the oldest a college sophomore. Gertrude Locke still tours New England selling to gift shops. Her big news is that replacement of her gold-rimmed glasses by a chic new model makes her look younger. Ellen McGrath is still convalescing from the major surgery she had early last summer. Thelma Burn- ham had a Christmas card from Marian Walp Baybee in Florida, a little water color which Marian had done. Thelma also had a card from Eleanor Tracy Adams on a cruise to Venezuela.

**1926**

CORRESPONDENT: Miss Hazel M. Osborn, 152 East 94th St., New York, N.Y. 10028

**1927**

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. L. Bartlett Gatchell (Constance Noble), 6 The Fairway, Upper Montclair, N. J. 07043

From Frances Joseph: “When Marguerite Olmsted Williams returned home that Sunday she tripped over the doorstop and broke her ankle. What a way to end, our happiest class reunion.” Frances Williams Wood wrote, “Grace Treppan was attending a State Library convention in Maine the same weekend that I was at Alumnae College. She served on a panel for one of the programs.” In June Sue Christensen Cunningham showed the sights of Washington to Barbara Tracy Crofoot who had gone to the West Coast to visit relatives. She is chairman of the Metropolitan Critical Areas Advisory Committee, guiding a government funded project, “Finding successful ways of starting youth groups in the inner city using local leadership.” Madelyn Club Wankmiller and her husband flew to Spain in July, then on to Bavaria to visit his relatives. Madelyn is now on the staff of an “exclusive new library” in Worcester, Mass. On Aug. 12, Mary Crofoot DeGange welcomed Rosemary, the firstborn of her son Jack and his Jane. Edna Lewis Barnes, still an artist, is in Missouri, painting fairy tale pictures for nursery schoolers. From Florence Sarp- lasser Miller: “We’ve bought a lot in Naples, Fla., and plan to build, and retire there this spring.” Their son Michael, recently married, recently married, recently married, recently married to Beverly, is still attending in Nebraska, every fall for travel. Celeste Denniston Hoffman, past president of the Garden Club, is busy “making America beautiful” in Hartford. When Frances Jones Stremlau’s son Peter got married recently, she flew to Kentucky for the wedding. Eleanor Herman Adams has just returned from spending the winter in La Jolla, Calif. She had luncheon with Helen Schaff Weber. Eleanor’s two sons are unmarried. Helen’s daughter has two
children. Marion Lamson Carr is alumnae secretary for Boston Bouve College of Northeastern Univ.; her daughter Clara, CC '58, is in the Washington, D.C. Far Eastern office of AID. Sarah Pitkowes Becker will be serving CC as trustee for the next three years. Miriam Addis Woodson is a part-time secretary in a chemical research office, "and meeting the most interesting people, especially the Japanese."

Eleanor Richmond is doing research at Dartmouth College, Manchester, N.H. "It is the research station of the Audubon Society and I work on plants, sea gulls, etc." Guowdolyn Louise Hoit is alumnae treasurer of the Chi Omega Sorority of New Hampshire Univ., and a member of the University Folk Club and the Woman's Club in Durham.

Gretchen Snyder Francis, principal of New Marlborough Central School, teaches the 2nd grade there; she is also columnist for the Berkshire Courrier. Eleanor Chamberlin is guidance counselor at the Scarsdale High School; call her 'Deen.'

Robert Ford Duncan is on the ABC program (A Better Chance) for disadvantaged girls at Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass. Elizabeth Fowler Cox: "Here at Hilton Head, S.C., we're doing the South Carolina of the Savannah River while taking my writer-husband's dictation from a machine. I don't use the shorthand method I studied at CC. We play golf and bridge and go boating." Bertha Boscrownich Michaelson is teaching bridge in Larchmont, N.Y. She's a real pro with the "Master points" system for winning tournaments such as the Empire State. Barbara Detweiler is bridge editor. Edith Schupner Lester has "retired after 25 years of teaching senior history at the Nyack High School. You wouldn't know me now; I weighed 158 without beads at CC, am down to 76 lbs. Just look at my picture in Bob Tracy's scrapbook."

We have a daughter and 4 grandchildren. The classmates we see most often are Marian Wooden Bell and Esther Vass du Busch. Esther is married to a pediatrician. I correspond with Katherine Sembrada Coze who is busy running a newspaper in Albuquerque, N.M. "My plans for '69 include traveling for fun, maybe to the British Isles." Your correspondent has been travelling from Mexico to Canada via the Hawaiian Islands.

1928

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Alexander C. Mitchell (Louise Towne), 15 Spruce St., Cranford, N. J. 07016

1929

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Thomas L. Stevens (Adeline McMillier), 287 Overwood Road, Akron, Ohio. 44313

Eunice Mason Blaser and her husband have been living in West Germany since July '65. Arthure is financial adviser at the American Embassy in Bonn/Bad Godesberg. Eunice was deep in the study of German and doing some oil painting along the Rhine. We received three enthusiastic accounts of the luncheon hosted by Elizabeth Stott when Ruth Dudley visited her in West Hartford the last week in September. Aline Brown Stone came from Orange and Elizabeth Kate Marshall from Avon, and, along with Dud, reported a great time reminiscing and "catching up." Dud, looking forward to retirement in 1968, is planning an extended trip Westward this May and March and her husband Alan spent three happy weeks last summer on a long-dreamed-of trip to England, Scotland and N. Wales. They took a car and travelled 1800 miles. They attended the 900th anniversary celebrations at Westminster Abbey and Beth, with her musical background, fully appreciated a magnificent requiem sung by a 420-voice choir in St. Paul's Cathedral. As Alan's father hailed from S. Devon, there were some elderly relatives and some family haunts to visit. Josephine Arnold hoped to visit New England and the New C.C. campus this summer, her first visit to CC since graduation. Jo practices law in Los Angeles and recently had a three-month world cruise aboard the President Truman. Look for short stories in the New Yorker Magazine by Barbara W. Vroom, out Frank Wess's daughter. Barbara had open heart surgery in '65 and all rejoice that she is well and active. I can't imagine an editor can tax the New Yorker and has been doing a bit of writing on her own. Catherine Ranney Vanderzande's daughter and family are back in the States after ten years in South America. Meanwhile her two sons have taken off, one to Geneva, Switzerland, with the First National Bank of Cleveland, the other to Africa, India and Japan "with just a notebook on his back." The daughters of Dorothy Adams Cram are living far from home. Emily and her lieutenant commander husband, recently returned from Vietnam, live with their four children in Texas, and Sylvia, married to a communications engineer, now lives in Louisiana. Son Barret attends Suffield Academy, Connecticut. Carolyn Terry Baker and husband Robert have become members of the Grandparents' Club, with two grandchildren to enjoy. Rosemond Holmes Smith lives in Mystic and can visit the CC campus often. The Smiths have a sailboat and cruised to Martha's Vineyard and Long Island last summer. Floris Hine Myers keeps up her CC contacts. She reunited with Rebecca Rau in Sarason in April '66, attended CC night of Boston Pops with Janet Boomr Barnd last summer, and is presently working with Elizabeth Kane Marshall on the Central Connecticut Flower Show to be held in April. Pat is chairman. Your correspondent in Ohio has enjoyed being in a bridge club for many years with Kathy Bowman Nock '31 and Merle Hawley Smith '28. We have a small but interested Alumnae Club in Akron, which, though it doesn't meet often, does serve to keep us abreast of what is going on at our Alma Mater.

1930

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Paul T. Carroll (Ruth Cooper), 1017 W. 16 St., Arlington, Va. 22205

1931

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Richard M. Jones (Constance Ganoe), 23 Bedy Brook Road, Amherst, New Hampshire 03031

Mrs. Fred R. Harriff (Mary More), 22 Red Brook Road, Great Neck, New York 11024

Due to the dedicated work of Alice Kindler and C. B. Rice and our class response, we made the $2000 bonus for the Alumnae Annual Giving Fund. C. B. and Dorothy Jane left their shores in August for an extended tour of Great Britain and the Continent. They must have seen, photographed and done everything. Jane Moore Warner is busy with a new granddaughter, "Miss Allison" born on Dec. 8 in Corning, N.Y.; school board activities; support of inner-city integration and school building program; a committee studying religion in the public schools and another looking into the ramifications of educational TV. Her older son "Mac" is with Corning Glass and second son Andy with Sears Roebuck in Newark, N.J. Caroline Brand has been New Jersey's first lady. Lois Truetsdale Gaisper and Jane Williams Howell at a Yale Bowl game this past fall. Kay and husband Andy are looking forward to a trip to Honolulu in Feb. after which they are going to the Isle of Mull for some golf. Daughter Marcy Gliss is moving to Suffield, Conn. and daughter Jean Weil is living in Carmel, Ind. Kay is on a special committee to coordinate the unveiling of the Nesson Memorial Hospital in Springfield, Mass. and has been looking at other new hospitals in the area. She otherwise keeps busy with activities such as bowling, bridge and bell ringing in her church. Dorothy Rose Griwold and husband Harlan gave a beautiful wedding for their daughter Marion in Woodbury, Conn. last September with a large and lovely outdoor reception. My husband Fred and I enjoyed every minute and also seeing Marijorie Smith Sites, husband Ken, their two daughters, Betsy and Pam; and Margaret Fitzmaurice Colloty. Dorothy's daughter Sally is a student in England in Northfield, Mass. Son Clark is with the Chemical Bank and Trust in NYC. The newweds, Marion and Bob Cantwell, are living in Chicago. Florence Gorton Williams and husband Stewared visited us for overnight in October before flying to Barbara for a two-week vacation. They spent Christmas in Ellsworth, Me., with daughter Arlene, husband Harold Rosen and four grandchildren. Harold is an orthopedic surgeon at the Maine Coast Memorial Hospital in Ellsworth.

Jane Williams Howell and husband John have bridge and golf as their interests. Bob for the winter months but will be back in Watch Hill, R.I. for the summer. Jane's daughter Delinda Jane was married in August to Peter Ogden Dixon in San Diego. Call abreast us. This has sent me a very interesting brochure on "How to Succeed in Making Class Notes Interesting Without Really Laying," Jimmie and Rip keep busy with hospital, church, bridge and helping with five grandchildren. Son Jerry has finished his Air Force service and three year residency in internal medicine and as of July started private prac-
the odd years report...

tice in Paoli, Pa. He is on the staff of Bryn Mawr Hospital and Memorial Hospital. Son Dick is teaching in public school near Ardmore and living in Narberth, Pa. He has his MA in education. Your correspondent Mary More Harter Kelly and son-in-law Rod Myers spent two weeks in New Hampshire this summer thinking of a retirement spot. Chatted with Constance Gatson Jones in Amherst for a couple of hours. We drove to Columbus, Ohio to visit our daughter Nancy, granddaughter Kelly, and son-in-law Rod Myers for Thanksgiving. We had just arrived on Nov. 23 when the phone rang telling us our daughter Bob went to Paris for our first grandson. We headed for home promptly to go to Marblehead, Mass. to take care of the new heir, Robert Bruce Gould. While there, we had dinner and a pleasant evening with a long time friend on a wonderful clime for Christmas, probably Spain or Greece. They love the English people and are enjoying things like the Queen’s garden party, installation of the Lord Mayor of London, 900th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings, and Alex Guiness in Macbeth. Correspondent Connie Gatson Jones has taken up curling, successfully chaired the church fair, and worked regularly as a volunteer at Nashua Memorial Hospital. Nikki, our youngest, will graduate in June from Tufts. Seattle and Debby drove east alone with a trailer after Christmas, arriving on New Year’s day. She will be director of camping for Camp Fire Girls in Boston. Christmas was wonderful with all my clan here except Rick and wife in Beirut, Lebanon.

1932
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Edward T. Clapp (Ruth Caswell), 5 Brainerd Drive, Portland, Conn. 06480

Elizabeth Oserton Bryan and husband Bill are looking forward eagerly to the day this year when their daughter Anne returns after two years in Sierra Leone as a Peace Corps volunteer. Ohio State Univ. reports Frances Field Haignere received her MA there last June. Elsie DeFong Smith, librarian at St. Francis Hospital School of Nursing in Hartford, is looking for tips of where to move the 10,000 books to their new location. Barbara Elliot Trevepaugh joined her daughter Ann in Madrid last summer and together they cruised the Greek Islands. Barbara’s present hobby is learning how to move the new heir, following them. Judith Epstein Routman moved in 1965 to Phoenix, Ariz. where she does secretarial work in a bank. Her youngest daughter attends Univ. of Arizona; second daughter teaches in California after completing her master’s in education at Stanford; eldest daughter and family live in Cleveland. Eleanor Jones Heistman sent the following items of news: Virginia Sue Patterson’s daughter Sandra was married Dec. 21 in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. Ginny’s son David is in the service. Alice Kelly McKee and husband Miles stop at Beano’s occasionally en route to visit Miles Jr. at Univ. of Penn. Beano and husband Dick were in Paris five weeks last April in Paris, Amsterdam and London, in which city they met and had a visit with Sheila Hartwell Moore. The day before leaving on the trip, Dick was accused of president of the Co. of North America. Martha Johnson Hoagland is working at her first job as a bookkeeper, and attempting to make a new life for herself after the death of her husband in

1933
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Lyle A. Christensen (Helen Wallis), 9919 High Drive, Leawood, Kansas 66206

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1965. Son Vincent Jr. is married, about to receive his Ph.D. in biochemistry when he will go to the Univ. of Washington to do research for two years. Daughter Johanna teaches first grade in Sudbury, Mass. and son Erik is a student at New England Conservatory. Marty has been studying French and Dutch. Esther Barlow spent several months last spring in South America. According to agent Victoria Stearns, we did ourselves proud in Alumnae Annual Giving last year and earned $1000 for over 50% participation.

It is with much sorrow that I report the deaths of two of our classmates and friends: Joan Garver Morrison in July 1966 and Ruth Norton Mathewson in January 1967.

1934
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. George W. Holtzman (Marion Bogart), 902 Primrose Rd., Apt., 303, Annapolis, Md. 21403

1935
CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. John B. Forrest (Betty Lou Bozell), 18 Barchmont Ave., Larchmont, N.Y. 10538
Mrs. H. Neal Karr (Dorothy Boomer), 16 Dogwood Lane, Darien, Conn. 06820
Mrs. John E. Gagnon (Marjorie Wolfe), 511 Saw Mill Road, North Stamford, Conn. 06903

Margaret Watson O'Neill, still busy with her orchids, attended the 5th World Orchid Conference in Long Beach, Calif. with her husband Bill. Marcia is in Phoenix working and teaching; Bill, Jr. is in Duke Medical School, having been graduated from Univ. of Calif. at Berkeley; 9th grader Steve plays football, wrestles and plays organ in a combo band. Charlotte Bell Lester spends her days running "as fast as I can, doing first things first." She is with a real estate office which works all of northern Virginia. Her husband retired from the Air Force as a colonel in 1962. They have three daughters: Betty, who graduated from Gettysburg and is working in New Jersey; Martha, the mother of two, and Judy. Hazel Depew Holden reports a July reunion at their summer cottage in Green Hill, R.I. where son Rog and daughter Judy with their spouses came from New Orleans and Pittsburgh to join Gretchen and Hazel and Hap. This year Gretchen is a freshman in college. Mildred Drown Hill and her husband, working together in the resort business, built and operate the beautiful Lakeview Inn and Motor Lodge in Wolfeboro, N.H. Their son, Norman, followed the same path, and after graduating from the Cornell Hotel School, is manager of Food Service at Princeton. He has two sons and two daughters. Their daughter Susan graduated from Lake Erie College. Margaret Baylis Hrones and Johnny visited Japan to see their new granddaughter and incidentally, Japan. Steve, Mary and John are away at College: Michigan Law, Univ. of Michigan, and MIT respectively. Charlotte Marburger Stern is still at home recuperating from her operation, watching TV and waiting for the mailman to bring your letters. Helen Bear Longo is married to a golf pro and when he goes on tour, she sometimes tags along. Otherwise she spends her time horseback riding, cooking and caring for their animals. Both Judy and David, their children, are married. Judy has four children.

Nanci Walker Collins is ever on the move. Husband Bill had a successful one-man show in April and we returned to Greece again for the summer. Mostly Crete, but went to Turkey and Asia Minor and had a week in Rome." Their daughter, a senior at Stockbridge School in Massachusetts and their son a freshman.

"I'm still plugging away in Classics Dept. and second year Greek, active in church affairs since Bill is the president." Donna Steinfield Todd has raised a family of scholars: Ann, a high school history teacher; Jim, Harvard graduate and medical student at Western Reserve; Bob, Honors winner at MIT in engineering; and Louise, a high school senior. Dorothy Oliver Sadler received her BA at Northwestern and MA at Univ. of Minnesota and thereafter worked as a volunteer guide at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, giving talks on tapestries.

Betty Lou Bozell Forrest's son, Captain Jock Forrest, is seen here standing second from the left. The picture was taken at a camporee for 2000 scouts held at Tan Son Nhat Airbase outside Saigon last fall. Jock and other officers and service men have been supporting the efforts of the Viet Nam scouts. To Jock's left is Prime Minister Ky who sponsored the camporee and came out to spend an hour,—then stayed the whole day.

1936
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Newton D. Crane (Alletta Deming), Wesskum Wood Road, Riverside, Conn. 06878

1937
CORRESPONDENT: Dorothy E. Baldwin, 109 Christopher St., Montclair, N. J. 07042

Betty Schlesinger Johnson and her husband spent last summer at their camp on Mt. Desert Island in Maine, where they did a good deal of mountain climbing and canoe paddling. Betty's son Ken was married in June and is getting his master's in ecology. Son Bill is in his junior year at Emory in Atlanta. Betty saw Margaret Bennett Hires this summer. As Charlotte Caldwell Stokes' family is all grown, she is free to be a volunteer guide at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, giving talks on tapestries. Mildred Garnett Metz has just been accepted also. Chinn is on the Philadelphia Women's Committee for the
American Museum in Britain. In England she and her husband made a tour of English homes. Chinna paints in oils and is entering the Philadelphia flower show this spring. Dorothy Waring Smith is also interested in this. Chinna sees Jeannette Shingle Thomas occasionally. Mary Raynor Wood, now in Texas after spending three years in Italy. Her teen-aged girls are at school in Maryland. Her two sons pursue a typical boy's life in Texas. Mary expects to be moving in the next few months but doesn't know where yet. Her activities center around army life.

Margaret Rose Stebbins' husband is still teaching hospital administration at the Univ. of Minnesota. Her oldest son Jim is a 2nd Lt. in the Air Force stationed in California. Next son Walt is in graduate school at Univ. of Minnesota after undergraduate work in Peru and Costa Rica.

He spent last summer as a summer intern in AIID in Viet Nam. Her youngest son is a junior at Colgate. Peggy's main interest outside of the family is the American Field Service. She is on the area board for Colgate Voldt Zissatt's eldest, Bettina, is engaged. Ralph Jr. is a junior at Albion College and daughter Ruth a freshman at Lincoln College. February will see all skiers at Colorado. Lucille Gate Hall has moved to Lake Forest and is busy getting settled again. She has two boys in college, one in high school on the football and swimming teams, and a daughter in 2nd grade.

Elizabeth Chaffee McCabe has two grown daughters. Betty, a freshman at the Univ. of New Hampshire, made her debut at the Albany Cotillion this year. Carol 23 is an assistant buyer at Jordan-Marc in Boston. Betty and Bob plan a trip to the West Coast in May. The family had a trip to Europe a year ago. Betty enjoys music, art, bridge, golf and gardening. Winifred Sealde Coffin has moved to Kendall Park, N.J. from Florida, as the company for which she works moved its executive offices to Princeton. In October she and her daughter took a trip to Ohio to see her first grandchild, son Larry's daughter. Another of Winifred's daughters is married and lives in Coventry, R.I. Her youngest daughter is at Lincoln College. February will see all skiers at Colorado. Lucy Lee Hurlin's eldest son, Jim, 19, is married and lives in New York with his three children. Her son Terry is a student at MIT on a National Scholarship. She has two boys pursue a typical boy's life in Minnesota. Her oldest son is a junior at Albion College. Her two oldest boys are in service, one in Viet Nam. They have seven children between them. Soapy is busy with community affairs.

MRS. ROBERT R. RUSSELL (Martha Murphy), 14 Fairview Avenue, Arlington, Mass. 02174

MARRIED: Margaret Abell to John Powell in June; Barbara Horner to W. Walter Neely on Sept. 10.

Eunice Cocks Millard wants to assure all that her reunion is in 1969. Nini is still settling in her new home. She is not working this year, "hence more time, less money to devote to it." Her son Stan Jr. was married on Thanksgiving. He served three years in the Army in Ethiopia and has two months in college. Her daughter Sandy is a junior at Allegheny College. Beatrice Dodd Foster's daughter Susan Jean was married Dec. 17 to Peter Thomas Paul of Troy, N.H. Janet Kinjiru Davis, 18-year-old Irish boy living with them on the American Field Service program. Last April Elizabeth Hadley Porter and husband Ed had three weeks in Hawaii golfing, then in September went back to Puebla, Mexico for a couple of weeks enjoying more golf. They took their two girls to Europe this summer. Helen, their oldest, is a senior at Tower Hill; Josephine is in 10th grade and looking forward to Col. Edward III in 7th grade. "Pokey" sees Elizabeth Taylor Dean of Libby's oldest daughter is married, living in Oklahoma with two children. Her son Terry is in Australia and her youngest daughter Marie Elaine DeWolfe Cardillo had another exciting year "port-hopping" in Europe for three months keeping up with husband Bob who is commanding officer of a destroyer. Bruce, Jr. is in the Navy too in a destroyer out of Pearl Harbor. Our sincerest sympathy to Elaine on the death of her father. She is not working now but may go back to freelance after the holidays. Edith Grey Burger's main interest over the years has been volunteer work for the Mary Fletcher Hospital. Happy is now president and attends meetings, seminars, etc. in Boston, New York and Vermont. She may go on to the staff bacteriology when her term is up, as she's "hospital oriented." Her daughter Julie is married to an Episcopal minister, living in Pittsburgh, and has two children. She has a master's in social work which fits in with her husband's calling. Son Gary is married. One daughter is living in New York working for Time-Life Inc. in Life International Records Division. Both sees Ruth Broadhead Heintz and Barbara Boyle Merrick occasionally.

Margaret Abell Powell is married to a widower with four grown children. She has just returned from two months abroad including Oxford where her husband went for a year. Her ex-roommate, Ruth Hale Buchanan, was her only attendant in her "family only" wedding and also met the bride and groom in Paris. Henrietta Parrum Gatchell and her sister took a three weeks trip to Bermuda, Iceland and Denmark in September with their parents to celebrate their 50th anniversary and her father's 85th birthday. All, with husband, had wonderful two weeks in Bermuda last March. Sandra Gatchell Jr. is a senior at Boston Univ. College of Business Administration. He is a 2nd Lt. serving his fourth year in the Maine National Guard. Bill graduates in April from Maine Maritime Academy and expects to go into the merchant marine service. Youngest son Peter Jr. is a freshman at Tilton School in New Hampshire. Stepdaughter Maddy Jean had her fourth baby in Montreal where her husband does research and instructing at McGill in psychology. Henny has just become district manager for Maine and part of New Hampshire for Doncaster custom-cut clothes. Marjorie Johnston Raulis is in the process of opening a library in a new junior high school in Chesapeake, Va. She has been back to school to take library science courses necessary for certification by the state and has also been working in a high school library for four years. One son is a senior at the Univ. of St. Louis studying airplane maintenance engineering. Golf and household chores fill the rest of her time. They do enjoy being "Yankies" several weeks in the summer at a cottage in N.H. Niki Hart Burger is under contract to Macmillan for a book, "The Executive's Wife" to be published in a year. She and her husband are off on another photographic vacation to Greenland to visit Devil's Island, Sisihami where they will tour primitive jungle villages, and newly independent Quayana. Helena Jenks Rafferty had the greatest summer vacation to date. Her 75 year old daughter Martha. It took them two weeks to get to Long Beach to visit her oldest daughter Peg, CC '63, whose husband is Navy. Lee's husband flew out to meet them and they drove back together, arriving home to greet the newly graduated Marine who is studying electronics and communications in Florida. Her second daughter Sue, CC '65, and husband (Army) left Texas and are now in Maryland. Lee is teaching 2nd grade and working towards a master's. "The thesis scares me to death, but I love teaching." On Apr. 4, Mary Driscoll Devlin was commanding officer of a destroyer. Son Gary is married. One daughter is living in New York working for Time-Life Inc. in Life International Records Division. Both sees Ruth Broadhead Heintz and Barbara Boyle Merrick occasionally.

CONNECTIONS ALUMNAE NEWS
Feldman Jacobson hosted the regatta of the International Optimist Dingy Ass'n at the Coral Reef Yacht Club in Miami. Her husband camped in Newfoundland last summer and are now headed for a Caribbean cruise. She is a grandmother, has a son at Notre Dame, a daughter in the seventh grade. Will you mystery guest please Sign IN?

1940

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Charles J. Forbes Jr. (Gladys Bachman), Five Brook Lane, Plainfield, N. J. 07060

Mrs. William J. Small (Elizabeth Lundberg), 151 Sewall Ave., Brookline, Mass. 02146

1941

CO-CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Janet P. McClain (Janet Peto), 4637 Wallford Rd., Suite 12, Warrensville Heights, Ohio 44128

The questionnaires submitted before reunion last June provided the material for an extensive "Profile of the Class of 1941" prepared by Edythe Van Reest Conlon. Further gleanings from the same source comprise the class notes for this issue. Hobbies: Jane Wilson plays in a handbell choir, Theresa Lynn Siegel collects old dolls and miniature bronze figures, Ruth De Yoe Barret's interest is textile painting, Sarah Kubr Gregoire studies English, Dorothy Reed Mahoney is involved in Experiment in International Living, and Jane Merritt Bentley searches our antique church silver, returning the pieces to the churches where they belong. Volunteering jobs: Priscilla Duxbury Wescott plays with a community orchestra; Janet Buryan Kramer records for the blind; Helen Stellwagon Sadler is a church decorator; Poyhla Grove Sloman works for Travelers' Aid, Margaret Patton Hannab for the Animal Rescue League, and Edythe Van Rees Conlon for American Field Service. Spare-time Projects: Susan Fleisher cultivates a wild flower garden, Barbara Tuomey enjoys cabbages, Claire Haines Fairley walks her golden retriever, and Mary Hall enjoys playing golf, her favorite sport: "golf is our overwhelmingly favorite sport, but your tennis-buff correspondent is pleased to learn that many of us still manage to get about the court. Snow-shoeing is the unique sport of Dorothy Boschen Holbein. What Would You Most Like to Do?: Barbara Berman Levy says, "I'd just love to sit with my feet up, surrounded by butlers, chefs and laundresses, all hovering solicitously as they anticipate my every wish." Alma Bideau dreams, "I'd retire as a crofter to the Scottish highlands or more probably to the Hebrides."

Mary-hannah teaches kindergarten and her husband is supervisor of recreation for the city of Hamden. They have five children: Robert Jr. at Amherst, Richard a sophomore at the University of Pennsylvania. Alan is seeking a career girl, and will continue to spend Saturdays sailing; he plays in an English handbell choir, Jane is in a children's experimental theatre at CC. Hannah teaches kindergarten and her husband is supervisor of recreation for the city of Hamden. They have five children: Robert Jr. at Amherst, Richard a sophomore at the University of Pennsylvania. Alan is seeking a career girl, and will continue to spend Saturdays sailing; he plays in an English handbell choir, Jane is in a children's experimental theatre at CC. Hannah teaches kindergarten and her husband is supervisor of recreation for the city of Hamden. They have five children: Robert Jr. at Amherst, Richard a sophomore at the University of Pennsylvania. Alan is seeking a career girl, and will continue to spend Saturdays sailing; he plays in an English handbell choir, Jan is now a full-fledged librarian at the Amherst Public Library; she is the daughter of Samuel and Anna Rees Conlon. She is a grandmother, has a son at Notre Dame, a daughter in the seventh grade. Will you mystery guest please Sign IN?

1942

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Paul R. Peak (Jane Worley), c/o Captain Paul R. Peak, U.S. Coast Guard Headquarters, 1300 E. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20226

1943

CO-CORRESPONDENT: Miss Barbara Hellmann, 32 Woodruff Road, Farmington, Conn. 06032

In October I went to Providence with my cousins who were having exhibits at two audio-visual conventions. We spent a pleasant evening with Janet Corey Hampston and her husband Mort in their Rumford home. We hadn't seen each other since graduation and the boys, Rich 15 and Johnny 11, had done a lot of growing. Jan is now a full-fledged librarian at the Univ. of Rhode Island Graduate School. From the same neck of the woods comes word from Priscilla Barley. "This summer I took a trip out West. I also went up into British Columbia and to Victoria on the island of Vancouver. I covered 11,200 miles in 9 weeks. We made the jaunt with three 'Westies' in a Dodge Motor Home... We got to several dog shows as well as National Parks... The 'Westies' did quite well show-wise and were marvelous travelers." Frank and Anna Christensen Carmon are currently on a cruise to the West Indies and South America on the Queen Elizabeth, their 7th trip, during making honor grades at Loomis, graduates in June. He has decided to be a funeral director like his father, and will go to embalming school in September. A Christmas card from Kathryn Hadley Tatskeep was a picture of Les and her aboard their sloop. "I play golf whenever possible and sail on weekends. I spend a month in Florida with her mother, who at 82 is still going strong. Les went down for two weeks and they had some "hiding" on Sanibel Island and the Keys. In Richmond, Va. and a few others lunched with Dr. Cobbleick's assistant and caught up on campus life. The article on the Palmer Library by Ruby Zagoner Silverstein finally motivated me to take several large cartons of books to the campus one snowy morning in December. Ruby and family went to Israel where they rented a car and drove 1000 miles. "Seeing Megiddo was a thrill, and Solomon's pillars were great. We also went to the places of the Bible that lindley, a Fine Arts sculptor major, in International Living, and "Our children attend or have attended some 60 colleges and universities with more than one at Berkeley, Univer. of Vermont, Skidmore (four), Wellesley, Amherst, Dartmouth, Middlebury, Harvard, Yale. Univ. of Rochester, and of course CC. Louise Stevenson Anderson won the geographical diversification of residences prize—five foreign countries and two states. We vote as: six Independents, twenty Democrats, and seventy-seven Republicans. And this special message to 1941 from Elizabeth Holllingshead Seelye, "Keep alive till '75."
1944
CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Neil D. Josephson (Elise Ambrosetti) and Mrs. John Willard Yingling, 83 Forest St., New Britain, Conn. 06052
Mrs. Orin C. Witter (Marion Kane), 7 Ledyard Road, West Hartford, Conn. 06117

1945
CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Walter Giffith (Bette Jane Gilpin), 8704 Hartsdale Ave., Bethesda, Md. 20034
Mrs. Norman Barlow (Natalie Bigelow), 20 Strawberry Hill, North Waccabuc, N.Y. 10770
Elizabeth Seissen Dahlgren is settled happily in Hawaii for the next two years. Living right on the ocean they can watch the ships sail in and out of Pearl Harbor. One of Ruth's paintings took third prize at the International Astronautical Congress in Portugal. Den's thereafter for three delightful weeks in Lisbon, where her Dad lives.

1946
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Sidney H. Burness (Joan Weissman), 280 Steele Road, West Hartford, Conn. 06117

1947
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Philip Welti (Jane Pink), 5309 North Brookwood Drive, Fort Wayne, Ind. 46805.

Patricia Robinson has been appointed supervisor of women's physical education activities at the Univ. of Connecticut. She is active in community affairs, is an avid golfer and traveler. While in Chicago she is attending the Univ. of Wisconsin after graduating from Madeira School in Virginia.
in December for a fun weekend, your correspondent had a delightful visit with Barbara Otis who described her position as assistant to the dean of the graduate school of the University of Chicago as stimulating.

We received the sad news of the death of Mary Morse Baldwin in January 1967. The class extends profound sympathy to her husband, her two sons, and her parents.

1948

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Peter F. Roland
(Shelly Davidson), 7 Margaret Place, Lake Placid, N. Y. 12946

1949

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. B. Milton Garfinkel (Sylvia Joffe), 22 Vista Drive, Great Neck, N. Y. 11021

Ruth Hauser Poidevin, conventioning in Key Largo, writes of spring in Europe, summer on Pecos Bay, and a Cape Cod-Nantucket cruise aboard a 32' Chris Craft. Crew included three sons 5, 13, 14; one daughter 11; one Labrador Retriever. Jane Broman Brown, 52 Arrowhead Way, Darien, Conn. with her "instant children," three weeks of "aloneness" each winter, beachcombing on off-beat Caribbean islands.

Our sympathy goes to Barbara Norton Fleming on the death of her husband James in April.

1950

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Joseph Merser-up (Mary Bundy), 10635 Ashby Place, Fairfax, Virginia 22030
Mrs. Richard T. Hall (Polly Hedlund), 34 Glen Avon Drive, Riverside, Conn. 06878

1951

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Robert F. Sullivan (Barbara Nash), 52 Arrowhead Way, Darien, Conn. 06820
MARRIED: Nancy Dale Doyle to Erwin Chernoff on July 2.
BORN: to David and Judith Clippinger Chaffee a second child, first son, Michael, on Aug. 1; to Edward and Barbara Wheatley Beall a son, Andrew, in September; to Jack and Mary Elizabeth Beck Barrett a fifth child, first son, Daniel Carey, on Dec. 10 in England.

Nancy and Chuck Chernoff honeymooned in Switzerland and then went house-hunting for a home that would be comfortable for both Nancy's job at Harvard and Chuck's optometry practice in Wilmington, Mass. Chuck had 10-year-old sons and Nancy's three children range from 8 to 14. Jack and Betty Beck Barrett are now based at R.A.F. Lakenheath in England, about 80 miles northeast of London. Jack is chief of the dept. as a gerry as well as orthopedics. Their four daughters: Mary 10, Martha 8, Sally 6 and Carolyn 3, are in school on the base and new baby brother keeps Berry busy. Hal and Rosie Wheatley Wellington spent a holiday in England in May. Ronnie helped with Bermuda's two flower arrangements for the Festival of Flowers at Westminster Abbey, one of the many celebrations to commemorate its 900th anniversary.

In September they came to New York with their daughters, Clare 11 and Nee 8, to attend a wedding. Joan and her friend Margret MacGregor's 12-year-old daughter, Kathy, has been selected as one of 25 out of 400 7th graders to study Latin, two years of which will entitle her to a year of college credit. Kathy is in high school in Danvers, Mass. and in the top division of 14 divisions of students chosen on the basis of scholarship during the middle elementary years. Elizabeth Brainard Sundwick "graduated" from the Institute for Civic Education at Akron Univ., is a trustee of the Akron Art Institute, is working to save a theatre, is taking an art course, and is helping arrange a design symposium. She has three children. She met Margaret Portlock Barnard, husband and three children at the Atlanta airport on a return trip from Florida. Your correspondent, having had it with the suburban bit, is taking a stab at Bohemia. Am studying sculpture in the studio of a well-known artist and find stone cutting and wood carving totally relaxing. As the time between, I feed and clothe one son 15, three daughters 12, 9, 4, and an obstetrician-gynecologist husband. We do manage to escape all his "other women" for three weeks of "aloneness" each winter, beachcombing on off-beat Caribbean islands.

Our sympathy goes to Barbara Norton Fleming on the death of her husband James in April.

Jane Kellett spent the Christmas holidays in Florida with her parents. Louise Stevens Wheatley and family are in England until late June, husband Jim having a sabbatical from Wesleyan. Tred and Lou Scheberlin spent a wonderful European trip last summer when they visited northern Europe and Scandinavia in a rented car. Cameron and Joan Triscott Clark visited Cam's father in Scotland and indulged their passion for golf in playing St. Andrews, Carnoustie, Barry and Edinburgh. The Clark's sons 11 and 9 have taken up golf too and will be going to play in Scotland this summer. Jerry and Joanne Dings Hauckel moved to Winter Park, Fla. in June. Jerry is with Florida Gas Co. Joey gives tours through the Central Museum-Plaza and 4th graders and has helped raise funds for the Art Center. Brent and Vivian Johnson Harries took a vacation trip through the Thousand Islands and over to Cape Cod. Les and Cheryl Bissell Jones spent two weeks on Cape Cod and moved to Grand Rapids, Mich. in November. Phyllis Hofmann Driscoll and family spent the summer in Sea Girt, N. J. and had weekend trips to Sturbridge Village, Conn. and Howes, Vt. while ferrying Peter to camp in Lenox, Mass. Richard and Janice Sargoy Rosenberg and their sons took a week's tour of the Far West. Bill and Lisa Balfour took their family to Victoria, B.C. last summer. They did some salmon fishing there which delighted 10-year-old Teddy and his two sisters. Wilma Brugger learned to manage their 35' sailboat singlehanded and still has Betty Wasserman Coleman and her husband Newt to crew for her. Fiori Von Wedelkind spent the whole summer in Europe but returned to NYC in the fall. Priscilla

DECEMBER 1966

45
the odd years report . . .

Meyer Tucker has her own byline in the Women's World section of the World Journal Tribune as a free lance writer. Helen Johnson Leonard started to hand-sew a pieced quilt in 1962, finished the piecing two years and eight months later, and now is hand quilting it on an 8' frame. It takes 13 hours to quilt across one row 6' wide. The project was started as a bedsprred for her daughter's bedroom October found Joan Andrew White, Roldab Northup Cameron and Bar Na8 Sullivan together at the ABA convention in San Francisco. We all had a wonderful time while our husbands were busy working and then the Whites and Camerons went to Carmel to play golf. Joanie and Henry and their three children moved into their new authentic colonial house ("You should see my hardware") before Christmas and dodged painters and electricians until well into January. Bar Na8 Sullivan and Bob had waited three years to return to San Francisco after living there in their youth. They have a second child, a daughter, Amy Elizabeth, on April 12, 1966. They have moved from the Cape in Dover, Mass., hoping not to be transferred for at least two years. Dick commutes to Boston as assistant district manager for IBM; Hal and Donna Bernard Jacobs enjoy the view of the water from the balconies. On a clear day we can see Sweden and its red brick, complete with balconies and turrets. On a year's assignment in Boston, Kodiac, Long Beach, Washington, D.C., and now St. Louis, Athletically inclined Doris Deming Bundy pursues bowling, ice skating, paddle tennis, plus singing. The four children take too much "Hall High School"; Dorothy Rugg Fitch and Dave report the usual round of activities in Greenfield, Mass., politics, church life, hospital auxiliary, and last summer a club sailing program. Not long before Mackillians engangement and wedding, she visited Ray and Dorothy Beek Kinzie in Chicago. As an educational consultant, Sue was traveling to recruit 200 teachers for Philadelphia schools. Leaving in San Francisco are Jack and Louie Hyde Sutro whose wedding took place in West Hartford, Conn. Sabra Grant Kenmington was a bridesmaid and Ed and Sarah Greene Burger were among the guests. Jack (Cynthia Rippey Caron) were less methodical but no less enthused over their week in Sweden. It was our second such business trip, and brief as it was, I am as enamoured as ever of Scandinavia.

1955

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Richard E. Catron (Cynthia Rippey), 3163 So. Gaylord St., Englewood, Colorado 80110
MARRIED: Sue McConc to Alexander MacMillan on Aug. 12.
BORN: to Summerlin Doyle and Dana Manahan Stanley a daughter, Persis (to be known as Pert), on Nov. 25.
Dick and Zeneca Byerley Doyle returned from Manila to NYC in March of '66. They have settled on the Cape in Dover, Mass., hoping not to be transferred for at least two years. Dick commutes to Boston as assistant district manager for IBM; Hal and Donna Bernard Jacobs enjoy the view of the water from the balconies. On a clear day we can see Sweden and its red brick, complete with balconies and turrets. On a year's assignment in Boston, Kodiac, Long Beach, Washington, D.C., and now St. Louis, Athletically inclined Doris Deming Bundy pursues bowling, ice skating, paddle tennis, plus singing. The four children take too much "Hall High School"; Dorothy Rugg Fitch and Dave report the usual round of activities in Greenfield, Mass., politics, church life, hospital auxiliary, and last summer a club sailing program. Not long before Mackillians engangement and wedding, she visited Ray and Dorothy Beek Kinzie in Chicago. As an educational consultant, Sue was traveling to recruit 200 teachers for Philadelphia schools. Leaving in San Francisco are Jack and Louie Hyde Sutro whose wedding took place in West Hartford, Conn. Sabra Grant Kenmington was a bridesmaid and Ed and Sarah Greene Burger were among the guests. Jack (Cynthia Rippey Caron) were less methodical but no less enthused over their week in Sweden. It was our second such business trip, and brief as it was, I am as enamoured as ever of Scandinavia.

1956

CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. D. Graham McCabe (Jacqueline Jones), 879 Riderv Blvd., Grosse Pointe, Mich. 48230
MARRIED: Dr. Grant Kenmington and Pete Ann (Sandra Maxfield Shaw) to Kim and Jane Graham, 179 Lincoln Ave., Amherst, Mass. 01002
BORN: to Jeffrey Roger, on Nov. 7, 1966; to Kim and Jane Graham, 179 Lincoln Ave., Amherst, Mass. 01002
MARRIED: to Edward and Elizabeth Remington, on July 12; to Lawrence and Meredith Prince Morris a second daughter, Lydia, on Sept. 29, to Ray and Jane Graham, 179 Lincoln Ave., Amherst, Mass. 01002
Sandra Maxfield Shaw has been a classroom volunteer with Headstart. On a year's

1957

CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Edmund A. LeFevre (Nancy Keith), 13 Vining Lane, Wilmington, Del. 19807
MARRIED: to Elizabeth Sayles (Nancy Stevens), 200 Glen Road, Westwood, Mass. 02193
BORN: to Sue MacConc and Alexander MacMillan on Aug. 12.
BORN: to Robert and Gayle White Quinn a third son, Kenneth, on Jan. 7, 1966; to Chris and Linda Robinson Harris a third child, daughter, Andrea, in April; to Kim and Sandra Maxfield Shaw a second child, first son, Peter. Kimball, on May 18; to John and Linda Cunningham Thomas a third child, second daughter, Amy Elizabeth, on May 26; to Robert and Elizabeth Remington, on July 12; to Lawrence and Meredith Prince Morris a second daughter, Lydia, on Sept. 29, to Ray and Jane Graham, 179 Lincoln Ave., Amherst, Mass. 01002
Nominated the outstanding young educator of 1966 last March by the Junior Chamber of Commerce in West Hartford, Conn. was Dorothy Derridick, Dottie, a teacher at Wallingford's Lyman Hall High School, spent 1960-61 at the University of Madrid, received her degree in Spanish from Middlebury in 1961, was at the Language Institute University of Puerto Rico during the summer of 1963, and chaperoned students touring Europe under the auspices of the Language League in 1964. She belongs to a large number of educational associations and is an advisor to several student organizations at Lyman Hall.

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE ALUMNAE NEWS
in October, Jeanne and John had been living in NYC. He was with the law firm, Davis Polk, and was given many interesting projects and opportunities to travel here and abroad. Jeanne and their older child, John Richard, are currently in London, where John is studying at the Institute of Contemporary History. They have rented a house just outside of London and have been busily exploring Greenwich Village. The Johnsons are living in NYC last June and their daughter, Barbara, has just finished her first year at Utica College of Syracuse University. She plans further graduate study at Maxwell School, then writing and perhaps

Meredith Prince Morris

entertained by new friends and government relations. The Rhinelanders were royally occupied M. Prince Morris...
teaching. The airline strike hit Ritchie Wyman helping her husband's family in South Carolina, with a side trip to Savannah to see Corrine Gentilella Rayburn. They also had trips to Michigan and Wisconsin to visit family and friends. Martha Yeade Von Lambeg is living in Cambridge, which she finds "as exciting as ever." She joined her husband Karl in Beirut last summer where he has finished an archaelogical survey of Northern Syria. He found a site and will "dig" this summer. The Von Lambegs spent a glorious week on the Greek island of Mykonos and another week in the medieval walled city of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. New residents of Minneapolis are Roger and Gretchen Weinand Clemence. Roger is associate professor of architecture at the Univ. of Minnesota. They bought a 60-year-old Tudor style house located near a lovely lake right in the city. Living in Portland, Oregon is Diana Rebello de Nunn. Fred is teaching Latin American history at Portland State College and Diana is taking a class in contemporary dancing and dabbling in acrylic paints. They hope to get to Spain this summer. Suzanne Rike Blanding reports that Peter is in his last year of architecture at Rice Univ. in Houston, Texas. Boston is home for Joe and Ann Freedman Mizrak. Joe is stationed there for two years doing his service stint at the U.S. Public Health Hospital. Ann had to interrupt her second year of residency in pediatrics to give birth to her son. Lucy Allen Separk is living in Hadley, Mass. where Chuck has his church. After his graduation from Benning Theological Seminary, the Separks moved to their new home. Lucy writes that though their house was "designed for a family of 12 children," so far it houses only Chuck, Lucy, Cynthia 2½, and Kuon, "at least for a while." Barbara Wickstrom Chandler is working on her master's degree at the Ft. Benning, Ga. branch of American University. Her husband is in Vietnam where he advises a Vietnamese Airborne Battalion. He and Phyllis Hauser Wallis's husband Jim met by chance over there and enjoyed a 59th U.S. Military Academy reunion. Jim has returned to the U.S. since and is studying at the Univ. of Illinois for his master's degree. Ann England is teaching on exchange at Holly Lodge, a school for gifted girls, attached to the Univ. of Birmingham in Staffordshire, England. Martha Palmer visited Maria Zerby Hero in April for ten days. Marie and her husband have a home in Coral Gables, Fla. Bibeck Follman is living in Westwood, N.J. Her husband is with Raytheon Corp. and was transferred from California to the East Coast. Barbara Quinn Flynn's family is living in a new home in Old Saybrook, Conn. last September. Her husband Dan is an attorney and town counsel for the Town of Old Saybrook. Now in Charlston, S.C. is Debbie Tallman Hatfield, regional manager of the Plymouth submarine and spent more than half of his time out on patrol. Another Navy wife, Linda Hess Schwab, is in Honolulu. Preston has shore duty at Pearl Harbor.

This year Lain kept busy doing Grey Lady work and writing a piece advertising promotion. Rochelle Schalkraut Gornish reports that Jerry has joined a large law firm in Philadelphia and both her children are in nursery school. Joella Werlin Zewin is living in Boston, Md. Larry is in the service for two years, as a research fellow at the National Institute of Health. Joella is doing a bit of free-lance proof-reading for several publishing houses. Holly Von Lambeg White is in Alexandria, Va., while the Coast Guard is sending Floyd to George Washington Univ. Law School. Holly keeps busy with church choir, Law Wives' Club, bridge and her brood. Susanne Warner Williams spent the summer in England with Malcolm's family and visited Paris and Switzerland during Malcolm's vacation, leaving the baby with her family. She also spent two weeks in Bermuda helping her parents decorate their new house there. Malcolm is now with Spencer Trask & Co., an investment house. In November, Suzie went to a Bon Voyage party for Joan Tallman from whom Charlotte Sebring who returned joined her husband Tom at White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico last May for the launching of a rocket. From there the Southerners camped all through Arizona and Oklahoma for a month, leaving their daughters in Princeton. Margot has been a Republican county committeewoman for two years, as well as president of the Conn. College Club of Princeton. Tom was named regional director of the Sierra Club. He writes a monthly column on conservation for the Princeton Packet, a local newspaper. Margaret Granadan Huchet is living in Pittsburgh where Charlie is director of pupil personnel services in the North Hills school district. I, Joan Peterson Thompson, am busy with my older daughter's collegiate nursery school where I have taken on the job as coordinator. We had a happy and hectic holiday, with our beagle dog climaxing the season by giving birth to five puppies.

1960

CORRIGENDUM: Mrs. W. Jerome Kienman (Maureen Mehl) '70, Carvin Road, Mr. Carmel, Conn. 06518

1961

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. James F. Quin (Barbara Frick), 286 Bentleyville Rd., Chagrin Falls, Ohio 44022

MARRIED: Martha Gando to John R. Young '67, 22nd June, at Easter Island. Best Man was Edward B. Birding to Dr. Kenneth Perkins in January. BORN: to Edward and Pauline Fischello Kayser a daughter, Lauren Elaine, on Sept. 3, 1965; to Randell Whitman Smith and husband a daughter, Kimberly Jack, on Jan. 21, 1966; to Héctor and Helen Jansenfeld; Rubenstein a son, Marco Ricardo, on Mar. 6, 1966; to Bob and Linda Travis a third child, a daughter, Anna, on April 17, 1966; to Ron and Barbara Atkinson Beauchamp a second child, first son, Christopher Atkinson, on May 29; to John and Paula Rusk, a daughter, Kimberly Noyes, on June 1; to Avis and Sam Tschudy, Batson a son, Merritt Wilhelm, on June 28; to Clark and Nancy Cozier Whitcomb a daughter, Christine Towle, on July 13; to Ed and Lachlan Bryan Silverstein's second son, Christopher Bowen, on July 18; to Edward and Marion Hawx Robbins a second child, first son, Edward Hutchinson Jr., on July 29; to George and Joan Swan- son a daughter, a second son, Carl John, on Dec. 21; to Kit and Leigh Davidson Sher- rill a third child, second son, Charles Andrew, on Dec. 28.

With the near completion of the Con- necticut Colleague, Frederik and Silver Neils joined the editorial staff of the Encyclopaedia Americana where a major revision has just been started. Her husband David's doctoral thesis is being pub- lished by the Regional Science Research Institute of the Univ. of Penn. Sally Sum- milier Woodward is teaching 1st grade in West Chester, Pa. and working with "cul- turally deprived" children. Her husband Jeff is still working his job at Penn. They are raising a Turkish sheepdog, "quite a handful." Alice Fitzgerald Hansen received a master of education degree from Tufts Univ. in June. Back from Greece are George and Susan Vanakas and their two sons, George, a fellow in urology at Albert Einstein Col- lege of Medicine, is studying for state boards and looking for a place to practice. They live down the street from Marian and Leslie Pomeroy McGowan. Mary Wofford Amend is teaching at Eastern Jr. High School in Greenwich, Conn. She and hus- band Drew are planning a skiing trip to Switzerland again this winter. Clark and Nancy Cozier Whitcomb had a delightful summer with a new home, baby and dog within two months of each other. Nancy is buying a new car and looking for the perfect house on the market as ways and means chairman of the Hart- ford Alumnae Club. Now living in Ger- many are Donald and Kay Mingolla Ward- rope. Donald, a career officer in the Army, is spending a tour of duty at an army hospital in Frankfurt. Kay is a social worker for the American Red Cross. Susan Snyder O'Neill's activities in Lex- ington, Ky. include serving as a part-time reference librarian at the Ky. library. She is also cataloguing a reprint file at the medical center and building a children's library collection for a new Montessori school which one of her sons attends. Judith Mapes is living in NYC, has a new job at the Animal Medical Center there. Last summer Mary Stewart Webster's husband Fred changed from a large downtown bank to a smaller sub- urban one. Betty and John, on a trip through part of Canada and New England with a stop in Boston to see Al and Sally Foote Martin who took them sightseeing and down to the Cape. Linda Travis Arestich is president of St. Paul's Epis- copal Church co-op nursery in Cleveland and is in charge of the Sunday morning nursery. In addition, she writes a fiction article for the Crippled Children's Society monthly magazine and is active in the Conn. Alumnae Club. Herbert and Ann Broom Elliott and their four children are living in Webster, N.Y. where Herbert is teaching while working on his doctor's degree in advanced math. Now living in

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE ALUMNAE NEWS
Beauchamp are living in Philadelphia where Ron is working and going to college nights. They have quite a family, two children, two Springer spaniels and one Dalmatian. Paula Karen Rochelle is president of the North Carolina Memorial Hospital Staff Wives and program chairperson for the UNC newcomers. She belongs to a gourmet cooking group and a newcomers' seminar group. Attendants at Marty Guida Young's wedding were Lydia Coleman Hutchinson, Margery Genat Gottlieb '62, Margaret Pearce Welling and Patricia Keenan '63. Gloria Ferguson Levinson, Gary Shankland Crickets and Joan Kunstdt Blodger Perkins were also there. John graduated from MIT in June and then he and Marty moved to Newport News where he works as a project. While living in Washington, D.C. they are busy with their three sons and a part-time job. Tom is with Parker-Hannifin in the cylinder division. Ellen Brown, still working for Pfeil & Stein, in NYC, is now the divisional director for the West. This past summer her job took her to Uruguay and Argentina, and in the fall to Montana, Idaho and Washington. Linda Bowerman is busy with her Jr. League volunteer activities and her new son. She belongs to the House Staff Wives' Club at the hospital where her husband Ed is a second year resident in family practice. They were also busy in the fall with their two active youngsters, Robin Foster Spaulding is on the nominating, education, and hospitality committees of the Jr. League and in the Lion's Club and their ping pong group which had 15 Christmas engagements this year. She and husband Bob are looking forward to a trip to the Virgin Islands this spring. Both are active in the Peninsula YMCA and the Little League Association. Ann Harwick Lewis. There Jack is assigned to the Coast Guard headquarters working on the design of a new series of icebreakers. Ann substitute teaches at the local high school and this spring will start on her master's degree in history at the Univ. of Maryland. Andrea Barboe is attending the Univ. of California at Santa Barbara and has an apartment there. Be sidee her, chồng of two active youngers, Robin Foster Spaulding is on the nominating, education, and hospitality committees of the Jr. League and on the executive committee of their new project. Her school volunteer. Amoiston's Field Sports is also vice president of the Worcester LWV and a cast member of a children's theater group performing "A Box of Smiles." Randie Whitman Smith and her husband are living at Ft. McClellan, Ala. where he is stationed with the Army. In July he returned from Korea where Randie had time to have a lovely trip home via Japan and Hawaii. Ron and Barbara Atkinson
Colliers Encyclopedia is Nancy Budde. Helene Plicber Craner is doing research for Crowell, Collier and MacMillan. Since leaving the Peace Corps, Jeannette Cannon has been an administrative assistant for the American Council of Volunteer Agencies for Foreign Service. In addition, she is a member of the Gloria Conteros Dance Co. Barbara Fisher is a buyer of children’s clothing. Vicki Rogoisin is in merchandising as the women’s sportswear buyer for Mercantile Stores. Amy Gross is still a journalist, now assistant features editor for Ingenue Magazine, in charge of popular music, entertainment, etc. Betse-Jane Raphael has also continued the interest she began at CC. She is currently assistant fiction editor for McCall’s Magazine. Since completing her MA in history at Columbia, Diane Schwartz teaches history at the Parkways School. Collier University awarded an MA in English to Lois Patton, who is now with the advertising firm, Muller, Jordan and Herrick. Joyce Sirose Karf is teaching after completing her MS in education at Harvard. Roberta Vatske is pursuing an opera career through private studies at the Mannes College of Music in Manhattan. Back in New York after teaching for two years in La Jolla, Calif., Janie Weiss is teaching at Chapin School while working for an MA in Latin. Marcia Simon Bernstein is teaching at the Lexington School for the Deaf. She is completing her MA in special education at Columbia. Evelyn Ethier Dracen will no longer be a Navy widow, her husband having given up a life of the sea after three years on a submarine. The Dracens are now living in Endwell, N.Y., where the civilian Dracen is an engineer for IBM. Deborhb Morris Rose is studying for her master’s at the Univ. of Chicago School of Social Work. Nancy Allen has a job at the Harvard Business School and is now a secretary and research assistant at Arthur D. Little Co. in Cambridge. Nancy was last seen in the rooming room surrounded by handsome junior executives and scientists. Robin Lee left the snog of NYC behind to spend two weeks in Sweden this holiday season. Jim and Diane Lewis Gately are living in Arlington, Mass. Jim is now with the Prudential Life Insurance Co. David and Heather Axelrod Alberts are living in Madison, Wisc. where David is doing an internship at the Univ. of Wisconsin hospital. Although her new son takes up a good deal of her time, Heather reports that life at the university is a busy one with many interesting activities available. With Grandville, Va. Heather received her M.E.C. and taught 7th grade American History while David pursued his medical studies at the Univ. of Virginia Medical School. Virginia Oliver is an analyst for the Dept. of Defense in Washington, D.C. Her spare time is spent fixing up an old carriage house in Georgetown, which has “lots of character, if not all the modern conveniences.” In June 1963 Herb and Eileen Lee Chapman Biegel moved to Monterey, Calif. for two years at the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School. The Biegels moved to Key West, Fla. in July 1965 when Herb reported as the executive officer of the submarine Gadabout. In May 1966 he took command of the submarine Barracuda.

1964

CORRESPONDENT: Ms. William M. Senske (Kirk Palmer), 1907 Central Ave., Apt. K, Alameda, Calif. 94501

1965

CORRESPONDENT: Elizabeth Murphy, 420 Temple St., Yale Univ., New Haven, Conn. 06520

MARRIED: Karen Metzger to Howard Ganz in July; Laurinda Barnes to Paul Morway on June 23; Rose Janet Able to Jay Russell Deutsch; Mapledale’s master’s to Thomas Woodworth on Dec. 20, 1965; Deborah Willard to Henry B. Sawyer on July 9; Judith Ann Jacoby to David K. Heimold on Aug. 2; Annabel H. Earle to Ronald E. Lesher; Patricia McCoy to Douglas Shafner on Apr. 23, ’66; Geraldine Olivia to Alan Hoffman in August.

BORN: to Michael and Judith Traener, son, David Jonathan.

In addition to Patricia McCoy Willard, Paul Morway, Laurinda Barnes Morway received her Ed.M. from the Harvard School of Education this last June. Prior to her marriage, Patricia was working at the Harvard Medical School and Peter Bent Brigham Hospital doing research in transplantation immunology. She has seen quite a bit of Susan Dill who is working on a NIH health program. Debbie also ran into Berrie Myttum who is working with Lord and Taylor in NYC and rooming with Regina Herold, Varney Sparkling, Susan Eshleman and Cynthia Eaton in New York. Mary Eberhard’s Juers was in the Boston area for two months while her husband Allan was completing his training at Fort Devens. They have now moved to Arlington, Va. Allan was the OF-2 officer of the submarine Grenadier. In May 1966 he took command of the submarine Barracuda.

1966

CORRESPONDENT: Joan M. Bucciarelli, 9 Chauncy St., Apt. 53, Cambridge, Mass. 02138

This year, Elizabeth Ann Smith Lawson took her B.A. in teaching 5th grade at a local elementary school while her husband Pete is a management engineer with a textile firm. Elizabeth Dinmore was graduated this June from the Columbia Univ. School of General Studies and is presently working for Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited, a program for drop-outs between 16 and 21 years of age who seek employment in the city. James A. Sutherland has started working on an M.A. in history museum procedures in a graduate program offered jointly by the State Univ. of New York and the New York State Historical Ass’n in Cooperstown, N.Y. Anne K. Taylor worked briefly as an editor on a forthcoming 30 volume edition of middle eastern history and in June entered Peace Corps training in New Mexico with a view to teaching English to the children of a diplomat’s family in the middle of the Sandia Mountains.

The country up here is delightful... everywhere I go there is a view of the Olympics or Cascades... and there are very few people, just me, two cars, three gerbils and an island.” Cecelia Holland’s second novel, Rukosy, was published on January 9. (See “Books”—Ed.) Sarah Harris was married on the 7th of January and Sandy and Cynthia Bartlett and Carole McNamara were in the wedding. Gery Olliva Hoffman is completing her third year as a student at Boston College and her husband Alan studies law at Harvard. Mary Lake Polan, Barbara Barker and I, Beth Murphy, the CC ’65 reps at Yale, are still waving the Conn. banner despite Yale’s indication of possible affiliation with “that other” woman’s college.
The proposed
Fine Arts Center
has a
New Angel—

CHARLES A. DANA, through the Dana
Foundation, has offered the College
$400,000
for the proposed Fine Arts Center.
$250,000
of this is an outright contribution.

To earn the remaining
$150,000
the College must raise
an additional
$400,000
by December 1, 1967.

All AAGP gifts designated for the Arts Center and received before next December will help to earn the additional $150,000 offered by Our New Angel. If you have not yet contributed to the 1966-67 Alumnae Annual Giving Program, your support is now more important than ever.

Undesignated gifts to AAGP are used for scholarships. They, too, can help build the Arts Center through the bonuses offered by our original angelic benefactors.

OUR THREE ANONYMOUS ANGELS

will bless the Arts Center with a thousand-dollar donation for:

1. each class in which the percentage of contributors reaches 50% or higher
2. each class in which the percentage of contributors reaches 60% or higher
3. each class which doubles the amount contributed last year.

Your check may be just the one needed to earn one or all of these bonuses for the Arts Center from your class.