Contents
Half a Century, being a chronicle commemorating the golden anniversary of the Alumnae Association from 1919-1969. 2
—1919 Juline Warner Comstock ’19
—1920s Elizabeth Damerei Gongaware ’26
—1930s Eleanor Hine Kranz ’34
—1940s Corrine Manning Black ’47
—1950s Joan Michaels Denny ’58 and Carol Reeves Parke ’58
—1960s Margaret Ann Werner ’68
Commencement 33
Reunion: 1919-1969 34
Fiftieth Reunion Poem Juline Warner Comstock ’19 35
Alumnae College 36
Agnes Berkeley Leahy Award Winners 37
Classnotes 40
The swift years pass, and on the windy hill
We meet again — the same, yet not the same —
Green grows the grass, and fades and greens once more
And we remember a long-cherished name —

from 'Reunion at C.C.'
by Miriam Pomeroy Rogers, '19
Fifty-four years ago, on a shining September day in 1915, academic history was made when a “College on the Hill by the Sea” opened its doors to 125 eager young freshmen and special students, and Connecticut’s long-awaited institution for the higher education of women was born. Conceived and organized in 1911 by several alumnae of Wesleyan when their alma mater closed its doors to women, Connecticut College in four years had become a reality by dint of state-wide enthusiasm; tireless devotion of educators, trustees and citizenry; and generous gifts of land, buildings and endowments.

Morton F. Plant gave a million dollars and the first two dormitories, Plant and Blackstone. And five thousand citizens of New London, in a ten-day whirlwind campaign, contributed $135,000 for New London Hall. With a campus of over 329 acres, 5 buildings, and a distinguished faculty of over 20 full and part-time teachers, Connecticut College offered a unique experience in a fresh and forward-looking curriculum unhampere by tradition and guided by the inspiring leadership of President Frederick Henry Sykes, nationally known scholar and educator.

Although American women did not yet have the vote, they were already released from much confining domestic routine and free to devote their time and native ability to causes outside the home. In his opening address that glorious September morning, Dr. Sykes outlined his ideal for each student—a education to equip her not only for homemaking and motherhood, but for service to her community and country with discernment to distinguish between the false and transitory, and the true and permanent. In this dedication of the first Koine, 1919 paid this tribute to Dr. Sykes:

President Frederick H. Sykes

His was the vision great and good
Unbounded faith in womanhood:
A hand well skilled in every art,
A noble sympathetic heart;
A mind, cultured unselfishly
For service to humanity—
No task too hard, nor problem great
For woman, man's full equal mate.
‘Vision and service’ were to be
Her motto — challenge ceaselessly.
With such a goal, the first courses included (in addition to the traditional liberal arts offerings), four years of physical education, dietetics, ceramics, and artistic photography. Library economy and typing were offered without credit. Not possessing the vision of Dr. Sykes, some conservative educators frowned upon this "vocational" curriculum with its plan to make use of a woman's talent for service as well as for her enrichment.

To an entering freshman, that first memorable morning gave a wonderful sense of adventure and challenge. Everything was new. Even the faculty were strangers to one another. Because there was no grass, wooden planks made paths over the rough, muddy grounds of the Quad. Electricity and hot water were still lacking in the dorms. The floor and paneling of Thames Hall — the refectory for the whole college — were not completed, and the first meals were eaten to the rhythm of the carpenter's hammer. Faculty and students dined together on the terra firma area while Dr. Sykes moved buoyantly among them, pouring cocoa from a silver pot. The smell of paint and fresh plaster was everywhere.

But inconveniences were temporary, and "luxuries" permanent. Each campus student found her Plant or Blackstone dormitory room completely furnished not only with bed, dresser, desk and chair, but with rugs, cretonne drapes with matching couch cover, linens and bedding, and desk lamp. There was running water in every room, and all but two or three were single rooms.

Of the original 125 students, 67 were graduated in 1919. They had shared in the excitement of the Hughes-Wilson political campaign, they had witnessed the arrival in New London harbor of the Deutschland (first submarine to cross the Atlantic), they had seen the entrance of the United States into World War I in 1917, and they had participated finally in the victory celebration in New London in November, 1918. On campus they had experienced two college presidents with two inaugurations, and had welcomed three succeeding classes to complete the four-year quota. The gym (now the bookstore and post-office), Winthrop House and North Cottage (pronounced "cottage") were completed.

Also in these years the girls underwent six campus quarantines: three during the national flu epidemic, one for scarlet fever, and two for possible diphtheria — all without benefit of an infirmary. By devoted care of physicians and nurses, by limiting day students to the use of a special fumigated trolley car, and by moving those with a positive diphtheria culture to Winthrop House and the evacuated Winthrop girls to the gym, serious epidemics were averted. An array of potted palms, sent to the college by a New London resident who could not obtain coal for his conservatory, arrived...
at the gym just in time to furnish the refugees with a convenient substitute for clothes racks and bedside tables; these were soon decorated with toothbrushes and other personal belongings. The great casualty of the last diphtheria quarantine was the cancellation of the Sophomore-Senior dance the night before it was to take place. As this occurred too late to warn escorts coming from a distance, some young men were turned back at the very gate of heaven (the trolley shed) by a maiden with a negative culture.

Since the goal for every Connecticut College student was men's sana in corpore sano, physical education directed by the talented Miss Hazel Woodhull was required for four years, and one could also major in the field. Even before the gym was completed in the fall of 1917, "phys. ed." was an important part of every girl's life. The wide pastures, bordered by stone walls, were natural areas for hockey, soccer, baseball, lacrosse, cricket, archery, cross-country and track. Tennis courts were ready for the first faculty and students. Before the gym was built, dormitory basements and New London Hall classrooms were available for gymnastics, fencing, and both folk and interpretive dancing. In the spring of '17 swimming and rowing were added to the curriculum, the latter in grateful recognition of the generous farewell gift of two boats from President Sykes to the first two classes. These boats, called "Loyalty '19" and "Loyalty '20," were housed in a small boathouse on the Thames. In the spring after the lawn of New London turned green, a band of barefooted nymphs in flowing draperies could be seen at sunrise interpreting their joie de vivre to the strains of Kreisler's Caprice issuing through the open window of a first floor room. What a prophetic beginning for Connecticut's School of the Dance!

As Dr. Sykes enjoyed faculty-student picnics, and Dr. Marshall, the second president, loved to participate in faculty-student sports, the out-of-doors loomed large in life on campus those first years. During days of quarantine, the open fields invited extra athletic contests for students and faculty. One quarantine, a week after the opening of college, prompted a vesper service amid the rocks and majestic evergreens of Bolleswood. Long hikes and short walks were very popular, especially to Bolleswood (the arboretum) where campus girls loved to take a basket of picnic breakfast on Sunday mornings long before Buck Lodge was built. Picnics on Mamacoke "Island" were also popular. As cars were almost nonexistent for student use, walking was accepted as part of the fun. Girls thought nothing of walking to church in the heart of the city. This distance was far enough away to require an early start from campus, but it enabled one to save the nickel trolley car fare (an economy to be considered in those days when student waitresses were paid the going wage of fifteen cents an hour the first year).

Nearly all the dormitory students spent their weekends on campus. It was news when anyone went home or visiting. Perhaps the "full house" explains the student-made house rules in the C book stating that all day Sunday there should be "Sunday quiet" and that "Only sacred and classical music may be played on any musical instrument on Sunday."

Vespers, until the gym was finished, were held in the all-purpose open space in Thames Hall (only the central section existed at the time). Here, after Sunday dinner, the student waitresses prepared the room for the service by folding the white linen tablecloths and the druggets, and then pushing the tables to the walls. Napkin rings
were placed accessibly on trays where they could be claimed by each owner as she returned later for supper. The rare assortment of designs seemed not to confuse identification, except for the oversize horseblanket safety pins which differed little in size or design.

Thames Hall was also theatre and concert auditorium, ballroom and banquet hall, and was the setting for historic moments. The Sykes family, living in the south end, stepped through their kitchen door to join faculty and students for meals. It was in Thames, too, that the first inauguration luncheon was served (though the newly varnished floor was still tacky). Presidents of New England colleges brought greetings, and Morton F. Plant was given an honorary LL.D. And it was in Thames that World War I first became real to the student body when Harold Crandell ("Pinky," a handsome and romantic blonde bachelor in the history department) returned from volunteer army induction in officer's uniform. With leather puttees and Sam Brown belt, he strode the length of the dining room to the tinkle of tapped glasses to take his place for the last time at the faculty table.

In addition, it was in Thames Hall that weekend after-dinner programs became a pattern with musicals by gifted faculty or students, and impromptu student "stunts" or talent shows. One-act language club plays were presented, and the French Club with Miss Ernst maintained a French conversation table. Newly-created college songs were often tried out at lunch or dinner, and here it was that guests of faculty or students made the acquaintance of the entire college body. A lone male guest was sure to be greeted by the tapping of glasses.

Probably the most memorable of all activities in the first year was the ambitious Shakespeare Tercentenary Week marking the 300th anniversary of Shakespeare's death. With Dr. Sykes' absorbing interest in the Bard, the plans were extensive. Starting on May first with the sunrise singing of the old Magdalen College hymn on the balcony of New London Hall (led by Dr. Coerne and his miniature organ), each day of that week paid homage to Shakespeare. There were scholarly lectures, and student essays and performances. Physical education classes presented period folk and court dances in costume — from "Gathering Peasecoks," and the Morris dances, to the stately Galliard by Miss Woodhull and "Pinky" in impressive court costume. Friday night saw the first ambitious theatrical production on campus, the presentation of As You Like It with an all-girl cast in costumes designed by artist Henry Bill Selden, and coached by Miss Josephine Sutton, President Sykes' secretary.

The final evening was unforgettable — an Elizabethan banquet on long, bare, candle-lighted
tables, each costumed guest being seated above or below the salt according to his rank. Mistress of the feast was tiny dietician Miss Dickinson in cap and apron, nearly unbalanced by the huge bunch of keys dangling at her waist. All the viands were dishes described in Elizabethan cookbooks and interpreted by Dr. Helen Bishop Thompson, professor of dietetics: among them, “Pyes, of Paris” and “Hennes in Grave.” From the scholars who presented learned papers (Dr. Sykes, Alice I. Perry Wood of the English Department, and Dr. Herbert Z. Kip of the German Department among others), to the gym classes and the cooks in the kitchen, all the college personnel were involved that spring in Shakespeare and Elizabethan research. Even the mothers spent hours of their daughters’ Easter vacation translating Mr. Selden’s watercolor designs into “authentic” period costumes. Quite happily, parts of the Shakespeare program were shared with people of Norwich at whose invitation Connecticut College dancers and actors repeated part of their program for that city’s celebration.

The autumn of 1917 saw a second ambitious dramatic undertaking — the presentation of Euripides’ Trojan Women in Gilbert Murray’s translation. But this time, the Walls of Troy, unlike the Forest of Arden, were built on the stage of the new gymnasium. Again the art department’s talents and time were devoted to stage set and costumes, including ancient shields, spears and helmets. The coach was a faculty wife, Mrs. John Edwin Wells, who had had professional theatrical experience. Most of the cast were students in the classics departments. The play was presented twice, once for the college and once for a state classical convention.

Before graduation the first classes were also to share in the first student musical comedy, Halt, Cecelia!, words by Miriam Pomeroy ’19 and Rachel Smith ’21, music by Roberta Newton ’21. The large cast included Miss Edna Blue of the physical education department who made a very attractive hero. The gay, singable tunes of the production are still the all-time favorite songs for the reunions of the first four classes, especially if “Bobby” Newton Blanchard is there to accompany.

But even the gaiety of Halt, Cecelia! had a serious side — the proceeds went to the Belgian Relief Fund, for these were the years of World War I and the tragic aftermath. The girls at C.C., were far from isolated in an Ivory Tower. Convinced by President Wilson’s appeal that this was “a war to make the world safe for democracy,” and inspired by the earnest eloquence of President Marshall and other speakers, the students found endless ways of helping the war effort. In town, they participated in the New London Red Cross program; on campus, they knitted socks. And

As You Like It — 1916
they supported drives for funds in many ways: by raising money through entertainments of student talent, by earning extra funds in dorms or dining halls, or by contributing their cherished spending money and going without. Some girls spent the summer vacation as "Farmerettes," assisting in the land army program.

The war was ever present even without the benefit of radio or television. Overseas mail arrived in service men's brown envelopes; uniforms were commonplace on the streets, at dances, in the reception rooms; daily papers were filled with long casualty lists, military maps and war-related cartoons; music and even humor echoed the theme; and Sunday sermons and history classes attempted to analyze, advise, prognosticate. Dr. Frank Morris brought to his psychology classes a clearer understanding of techniques and purposes of measuring the IQ devised to help screen inductees. One evening in a lecture hall downtown, New London first met Mlle. Carola Ernst, recently arrived from Belgium and soon to join the faculty of the college. Dressed in pale blue silk and long, white kid gloves, she sat in a chair on the platform and described, among other experiences, how she had aided a blinded Allied soldier to escape from the Germans and find safety among friendly forces.

It was this Miss Ernst who read aloud to us from Ibsen after dinner in the Plant living room and stretched the minds of eager young listeners. President Marshall and other faculty also came to the dorms to read aloud favorite passages, for on a small campus there was a rich opportunity to share informally, en famille. Townspeople, too,

gave of their talents: poetess Anna Hempstead Branch was a devoted friend to the college as was Mrs. Richard Mansfield, widow of the noted actor, who gave a dramatic reading one evening of Arms and the Man.

Reminiscences are heartwarming and endless, each recalling further memories. They are too numerous to elaborate upon, but a few may be worthy of being listed:

Our clothes: — long dark skirts, middy blouses, high laced shoes, inevitable black headbands to control long locks, and the full and all-concealing bathing suits complete with black stockings and canvas footwear.

The 1919 mascot, a grey model of a submarine, and its disappearance one day, leading to the tradition of the annual Mascot Hunt.

The Stone Wall Sing, another tradition, once a month at the full of the moon.

The day in 1919 when the boathouse was camouflaged because of the war.

Student delivery of mail to each dormitory room, twice a day and once on Sunday.

The dance card for the Prom, listing the other partners for one's escort.

The lectures of William Lyon Phelps, President Hadley, and Wilbur Cross all of Yale, and the program of poet Alfred Noyes.

Participation in Yale's pageant in New Haven.

Courses under Yale professor Paul Baur, archeologist, and Professor Hendrickson, Classics, who came to campus weekly from New Haven to supplement the curriculum.

The devotion of '19's sister class, 1921, and the good fellowship among all four classes as C.C. rounded out its quota, and seniors were really seniors at last.

And so 1919 came to the time for parting. It took five days to complete all the observances as the following program shows:

June 14 D.A.R. reception at the Shaw Mansion with hostesses in authentic early American dress.

15 Baccalaureate, Second Congregational Church, President Marshall preaching.

16 President's reception in the gymnasium (hung with an exhibition of Professor Selden's paintings).

Senior Prom in the evening at the Mohican Hotel.

17 Class Day, the planting of the Class Tree, exercises in the Quadrangle (including the class history, prophecy, poems, songs, speeches, and barefoot, interpretive dance).

A second presentation of the Senior Play, Green Stockings, in the evening.
Commencement in the gym with presentation of diplomas and awards, and a closing announcement of a gift of $100,000 from Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer for a library or chapel.

Fifty years have passed since those last days on campus. Fifty-three of the sixty-seven graduates are still living, and three of the first faculty still have homes near the college. Miss Cary, professor emeritus of French, lives in New London and is a familiar figure at campus concerts and other college functions; Miss Mary Davis, of Quaker Hill, was the first librarian and teacher of Library Economy; and Mrs. E. E. Spicer (Aida Watrous), former instructor in Fine Arts, including ceramics, resides in Groton. 1919 will remember with deep affection their three honorary members: Mrs. Sykes, Dean Nye, and Miss Louise Howe, trustee.

Few college graduates have known the rare experience of such a four years as was 1919's—seniors from the first day, sharers in the building of a great institution, personal friends as well as devoted students of an outstanding faculty under the leadership of two dedicated presidents. Well might the College say to these first alumnae (to misquote Ulysses), "I am a part of all that you have met."

Juline Warner Comstock '19
Soviet Rounding Up Agitators in Union; Report 142 Arrested

British Policy On China Brings Riot in N

Police Called Mob Attempt to Conscript - A crowd was called in ... the government of the country.

China to U. S. Mar Tients Two American citizens ... a piece of property ... to which the Chinese government.

Mesh War Looms, Soviet Army Head Informs Workers

Leaves Union, veteran club in New York city today for ... the city to call the meeting.

LINDBERGH BACK HOME; NATION HONORS:

LONE EAGLE SHY; DECORATED BY COOLIDGE

Safeguarding American interests, the government of the country.

Crowds Press Police Lines to See Hero Smiles as He Waves

Wonders To Pass and Proceed; Refuses Cube Speech; Cabinet Follows Triumph March; Acclaims Minutes as Viking of Air; Sident Meet; Mother Is Honored

INGHAM June 11 (AP) - Over a triumphal cheering throng and leading to the highest it has known in the history of the air, Charles Lindbergh came back today to America.

Anchoring the government of the country. He was not only the first aviator to make the flight across the Atlantic Ocean, but also the first aviator to make the flight from the United States to Europe.

He was met by a crowd of thousands of cheering spectators and was hailed as a national hero.

Lindbergh is now on his way to New York City, where he will be received by Mayor La Guardia and other officials of the city.

The occasion was one of the most significant in the history of aviation.

Connecticut College 1920-1930; a decade of growth, from 289 students to 1,025; a decade of achievement, from a required 124 points to graduate, with a D grade accepted in 48, to 130 points with a minimum standing of 200; a decade of vitality. Ours was a new college, a much beloved college, a college with a purpose and high ideals. There was harmony, participation, and a spirit of adventure. There was great beauty with the river and harbor setting the mood, and surrounded by New England tradition, a sense of being part of history.

Source material for these years:
In 1926 the student council revised the constitution and proposed a plan for better representation. This constitution was accepted and served the college through the next three decades. Occasionally events made it necessary for the president of Student Government to admonish the student body. “Connecticut College believes that 'the desirable kind of discipline is the kind that comes from within, — from one's own will, not from outside authority.' Believing also that individual responsibility, initiative, sound judgment, and ability to deal with people and situations, are desirable qualities to develop in college students, and that self-restraint for the sake of the common good is a reflex result of group responsibility through self-government, at the outset the authorities of the College granted to the students full self-government in all non-academic matters. The Faculty are, however, by no means merely acquiescent. They should be, and are, as active in explaining and advising, as they might be under other circumstances in enacting laws and devising penalties.”

Convocation, although attendance was voluntary, drew appreciative audiences with speakers such as William Starr Meyers, Joseph Lindon Smith, Professor Hocking of Harvard, and Dean Brown of the Yale Divinity School. Rachmaninoff played at one truly memorable occasion. The crystal-clear perfection of his technique, his personality, his aloofness, and the majesty of his music thrilled the audience in the rafter-filled gymnasium.

(with apologies to A. A. Milne).

Dot Dot
Bayley Bayley
President of Stu G.
Took great
care of the freshmen,
and issued a decree.
Dot Dot
Said to the freshmen,
"freshmen," she said, said she:
"You must never go down to the end of the town in groups of less than three."

One of Dot
Bayley's freshmen
Was a terrible flirt.
One of Dot
Bayley's freshmen
Put on a knee-length skirt.
One of Dot
Bayley's freshmen
Said to herself, said she:
"I will go down to the end of the town and pick up a date for tea."

Dot Bayley
Put up a notice,
"Lost or Stolen or Strayed!"
One of my
Favorite freshmen
Seems to have been mislaid.
Last seen
Wandering vaguely,
With a backward glance or two.
She didn't agree with the rules of the "C" — report to Honey Lou."

Dorothy Dorothy
Bayley Bayley
(Commonly known as Dot)
Said to the
Cabinet members,
"Business is getting hot!"
Dorothy Dorothy
Said to the members,
"Members," she said, said she:
"A freshman went down to the end of the town alone with a man for tea."

Dot Dot
Bayley's freshman
Turned up late that night;
Dot Dot
Bayley's freshman
Paid for her day's delight.
Dot Dot
Said to the freshman,
In spite of her pleas and shrieks:
"Because you went down to the end of the town, you're campussed for six weeks."

(Softly) D. D.
B. B.
Pres. of Stu G.
Took great
c/o the F***
And issued a decree.
D. D.
Said to the F***
"F***," she said, said she:
"You must never go down to the end of the town in groups of less than three!"
The noble trolley, postman-like through storm and heat and darkest gloom of night, trained and detrained its passengers from town and back to town.

Physical education (offered also as a major) was required to the extent of one point each of four years. As a result, there was much enthusiasm for team games and interclass rivalry was high and games were well attended. In every class an honorary varsity was chosen at the end of each season with a sheepskin being awarded by the Athletic Association to the girl who had attained the highest number of athletic points. The system encouraged hiking as three and a half points were given for walking sixty miles during a season, and ten points for hiking one hundred and eighty miles during the entire year. Many were the miles covered, and great were the discussions on those walking tours. Just as Hazlett, Coleridge, Keats and Wordsworth walked the English hills and dales, we walked our countryside.

We, too, were involved. Through Service League, an organization engaged in social service, student committees worked at Charter House and the Y.M.C.A., and at Thanksgiving sent food to needy families. Their other activities included the Student Friendship Drive, sending toys to Caney Creek and Christadora House, promoting conferences such as "Silver Bay," and for some, doing volunteer work at "Felicia," a summer camp for children run by the Hudson Guild Settlement House. On campus, Service League arranged dances, supplied the infirmary with fruit and flowers, saw that the maids received gifts at Christmas, and performed countless other tasks of kindness.

We were flappers — flaming youth in cloche and raccoon coat — free souls in changing times. Social customs were shattered as women began to smoke in public and the cocktail party emerged. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic; Fitzgerald and Hemingway challenged tradition with new ideas. We danced the Charleston, adored the Astaires, thrilled at Walter Hampden's "Cyrano," and were entranced by the voice of Rudy Vallee coming over the new radio. Time and the New Yorker saw the light of day, and we wrote poetry.

Weekends: "... the college has reached an unsurpassed peak of superiority and prosperity. In June last year there were more students with an average of three points or more, than there were with the more customary average of two points or under. This condition of academic wealth was of utmost importance to those involved, for this fall saw the beginning of a weekend system based on the grade points of the preceding semester. Thus the majority of the student body was able to represent the college at the annual football contests. However, it is much more difficult than ever before, for if a girl leaves New London before Friday at twelve-thirty her absence must count as a Prom Week-End, which is the equivalent of two other weekends; and only two of these are allowed per person — per semester. This seemed a bit stringent at first and there were many rumors to the effect that an alias-Maisie Map of the class of 1926 had left one million dollars to be expended for the construction of a spiked stone wall, so high and with spikes so sharp that not even the three-point person could successfully scale it. However, this feeling has more or less subsided, particularly since weekend programs are being planned which will add greatly to the attractiveness of the campus. It is also thought that succeeding college generations will arrive at the undoubtedly true. There is much discussion as to the Saturday evening dancing in the Gym, many feel that if the music could be improved the function would prove to be a big drawing card."

Hazel Osborne, 1926
Ours was a singing college. When Martinelli sang at the College series, the end of the concert found a wildly enthusiastic audience applauding and crying, "Viva Martinelli." We listened to music with joy, but also found great pleasure in participating. Many musical plays were written and produced; a few of the most popular songs may be found in the Connecticut College Song Book: "My Pirate Pierrot," "Pierrot and Pierette," "China Love," "O, Aladdin," "Roaming Romeo," and "This Side of Paradise." Song leaders diligently coached their classes for Moonlight sings. New songs were written and parodies on old ones. May Day at seven in the morning, seniors in cap and gown gathered to sing the Latin Hymn to welcome in the spring. The volunteer choir sang daily at 8:55 Chapel and at Sunday vespers, both well-attended. To sing in the choir, one had to pass satisfactorily the music department's tests, and agree to attend an hour of rehearsal each week. President Marshall presided ordinarily at Vespers, and with other members of the faculty at the daily Chapel service.

Plays in foreign languages were produced each year: one always in French, and in alternate years in German, Spanish, Latin or Greek. Miss Ernst, writing under the pseudonym of "Alphonse," criticized them satirically with Gallic wit, and there was intense rivalry for commendation from her caustic pen.
It would be impossible to disassociate the college at this period from the inspiring presence of Dr. Marshall. In addition to his administrative duties, he found time to greet each incoming freshman. He vigorously entered into faculty-student games, and sponsored the early programs of the Connecticut College Outing Club. Memorable were the Columbus Day outings with Dr. and Mrs. Marshall, interested faculty members, and invited students. All would be people who loved nature, who were stimulated by the beauty of an incandescent autumn day, and who savored good conversation around a friendly picnic fire.

Among the faculty surrounding Dr. Marshall, one remembers in particular Dr. Lawrence, a great liberal in the true sense of the word; Henry Bill Selden capturing on canvas the indescribable blue of the river; Dr. Leib with his warmth, his friendliness, his penetrating glance; and finally Dean Irene Nye who so aptly summed up the spirit of this decade. “Some of the first teachers are gone; others are getting old, but the College does not grow old. Life is change and change is life, and by continual change and growth an institution finds the secret of eternal youth, it is always being made. And it is the entire group, workmen, students, faculty, administration, trustees, standing shoulder to shoulder that must do the making.”

Elizabeth Damerel Gongaware '26
ITY RUINED, HUNDREDS HOMELESS
14 MILLION FIRE-STORM DISASTER

The Sobering, Struggling, Scathing '30s

Fear and gravity are perhaps the best words to describe the mood of the United States at the outset of the thirties. Although President Hoover issued a steady stream of assurances from the White House, nothing, it seemed, could restore the country's economic self-confidence, so profoundly had it been shattered by the Great Crash and the black days following. Later on would come FDR and the New Deal, deficit spending and the idea that the government has responsibility for its citizens' individual needs, recognition of the Soviet Union along with a great ferment of argument over socialistic theories, then the rise of the Axis powers, the disintegration of the League of Nations, Munich, and the Second World War.

These ten years were the time of Bredlades, of the Dust Bowl and TVA, of the end of Prohibition, of Edward VIII's abdication, of the Lindbergh baby kidnapping, and marathon dancing. Skirts went down, great zeppelins went up. Hollywood, in its heyday, created Frankenstein, Tarzan, Shirley Temple, and the Marx brothers—Carbo, Gable, Grable, the Barrymores, and Snow White. It was the time of the Big Bands and swing music, Dixieland jazz, and jitterbugging, of Glen Gray, Cole Porter, and a riot of songs such as "Stormy Weather," "Body and Soul," and "The Flat Foot Floogie," and of a "crooner" named Bing Crosby. Radio's finest hours starred Amos 'n Andy, Fred Allen, H. V. Kaltenborn, a ventriloquist's dummy named Charlie McCarthy, and the Lone Ranger. American authors wrote Studs Lonigan, The Grapes of Wrath, and Gone with the Wind. How to Win Friends and Influence People was a runaway best seller, and Joyce's Ulysses was finally relieved of censorship. On Broadway, Jeeter Lester and De Lawd played for years alongside Victoria Regina, Life With Father and Ziegfield's Folies. Bill Tilden, Jesse Owens, Joe Louis and Joe DiMaggio starred in the sports world, along with miniature golf. The Colberstones played bridge, college boys swallowed goldfish, nudist camps and bingo became popular, and Mrs. Dionne gave birth to five daughters all at once. In 1938 Orson Welles scared everyone half to death with his radio play about Martians, and the first great tropical hurricane hit New England.

The reds homeless and jobless with dam...

...is but because of meagre the inform...

...suburbs to its wanton will for a period of four h...

...sweeps Bank

...down upon...

...the Humphrey-Cornell Co. In sparyard st...

...business establishments...

...meet the demand after demand for more hos...

...was sent in their apparatus with augmented cre...

...is rather after seeing the reflection of the fire, they t...
Growth of the College

Meanwhile, back at Connecticut College a new president was inaugurated in May 1930, Dr. Katharine Blunt, and in the fall of 1931, Mr. Harrison B. Freeman took over from Mr. George S. Palmer, donor of the Palmer Library and early sponsor of the young college, as chairman of the Board of Trustees. These two people, throughout the decade, were to continue the difficult task of keeping the institution operative and, in fact, progressing in spite of the Depression. Their aim was solid—to establish the intellectual foundation of the college through increase in faculty, faculty salaries, and physical facilities. Scholarship funds, suddenly important, were somehow found. New buildings went up with regularity—Fanning in 1930, Whitham in 1933, Mary Harkness in 1934, Jane Addams in 1936, "1937" House (now Freeman) in 1937, Buck Lodge in 1938, and Bill Hall, Palmer Auditorium and Emily Abbey co-operative in 1939, to name the most important. As a result, by 1940 the size of the faculty and its salaries had increased by more than half, and all students were being housed on campus. Of primary importance, Connecticut College had gained a reputation for seriousness of scholastic purpose and widespread respect as an institution of uncompromising quality.

Today's parents, battered and bowed and confused, will surely look upon this dedication in the Koiné of 1930 with envy and disbelief.

To Our Parents—With inexpressible appreciation for this experience of college, and for their steady trust and understanding during these four years, and all the years that have gone before, do we, the Class of 1930, dedi cate our book.

But these were the good old days of the Ivory Tower. Students were shielded from the pressures and agonies of the "real" world and they knew it. To them, four years in college was a gift for which they were humbly grateful. It was a gift of time—time to study, to write, to read, time to develop close friendships, to play hockey and golf, to dance, to play bridge, to put on plays, time to walk, talk and listen, time to think. They used the time to soak up knowledge and ideas; there would be plenty of time later for making judgments and for taking action. But still they were not apathetic. Most of them felt, as do young people today, that the world was being victimized by poverty, prejudice, ignorance and greed. They recognized the dangers of foreign militance, felt the imminence of war, and marched for peace and for the League of Nations. Their long, late bull sessions argued politics and social theories, questioned the status quo, and earnestly discussed whether communism or socialism might be preferable to a seemingly ineffectual capitalism. But in the end, of course, Hitler and his blitzkrieg swept all questioning aside.

Freshmen and Rules

In the fall of 1930 an entering freshman found herself one of 563 students. She had been admitted by "certificate" (College Boards were required if her record was questionable, and "looked at" if taken for another college.) Her room, board, and tuition cost $1020, and she lived in an off-campus dormitory. (By 1940 she would be one of 748, would have passed the SAT's, her charges would still be $1020, and she would live on campus.) She came with an Empress Eugenie hat, probably a
raccoon coat, and surely a pair of white kid gloves. The first person she became acquainted with after housemates, house junior, and junior sister, was Mr. Barry, the postman, who would somehow know, from that day forward, not only her name, but which postmarks on her mail caused her face to light up (or fall by their absence), and would enthuse or commiserate accordingly. She underwent initiation by the sophomores which lasted a week. (By 1939 it had been mercifully shortened to one evening.)

We all go tearing in the north doorway of Fanning, for it conveniently opens off the parking space; though of late our headlong way has often been blocked by crimson-netted, black-stockinged Freshmen kneeling in outward humility, but, we fear, with inward blasphemy to the Purple and Yellow majesty of the Sophomore banner waving over the carved cornices.

Melicent Wilcox '31
Alumnae News, November 1930

These same hapless freshmen were ordered to carry a raw egg with them constantly and have it signed each day by a sophomore; to carry a black umbrella raised [not to mention an armful of books!]; and to bow low in respect to the trolley car if it happened to pass by on Mohegan Avenue on their way up the hill to class.

From the C book, which was their Bible, came a confusing jumble of complicated rules regulating dress, "decorum," morals, places to dine, signing out, visitors, chapel attendance (twice a week), fire drills, library, boating and swimming (discouraged), the "point system" (regulating the number of extra-curricular offices of class or club a student might hold) and ending with this egodefating admonition (still there in the 1939 C book):

Connecticut College expects the best you have to give—the best is none too good for your alma mater.

Here is a random sampling of rules of the times:

Smoking is not permitted (among other places) at the fence at foot of Deshon Street.

A student may not go to an unapproved place even with an approved chaperone.

A student must have a chaperone when showing her room to men guests other than her father.

Hats and stockings shall be worn on trolley cars and in town below Bullards Corners . . . Bloomers may be worn going to and from a class in physical education, but shall not be worn on any public highway, in New London Hall, in the Library, or in the dining room.

When you arrive in New London, you will be met at the train and your baggage will be taken to your house. The expressman's fee for delivering your trunk is seventy-five cents. (Same in 1939 C book.)

By 1939 "trolley" is changed to "bus" and there are a few additional quaintnesses, such as:

No one may knit in Vespers, Convocation, Musicals, or other activities open to the public.

Under "Miscellaneous Rules" is found: "Parking is not allowed on campus, or on campus boundaries." (Should the word have been sparkling?)

Students taking sun baths must take great care not to make themselves conspicuous.

Students going to the beach in autos may wear beach pajamas, shorts, and slacks, provided that they do not get out of their cars between campus and the beach.

By 1939 there were 28 clubs to choose from, and significantly, an organization called the "Student-Faculty Forum."

Student-Faculty Forum is a closed forum of faculty and students who meet monthly to gather up undercurrents of opinion concerning campus activities. Its scope of interest includes discussion of all extra-curricular activities as well as of the curriculum and comprehensive examinations. It has no power to vote proposals into law—it merely gives direction and impetus to the attitudes of faculty and students toward campus problems. (This seed has finally flowered with a vengeance!)
The Mascot Hunt

Connecticut College traditions most beloved during the thirties were Freshman Pageant, Christmas Pageant, Moonlight Sings and Competitive Sing, and above all, the Mascot Hunt. There are as many stories about the latter as there are alumnae who participated, but it is hard to explain this tradition to those who didn’t. Such complete absorption in a wild Sophomore search for clues (anywhere from the catacombs under the Quad to the fireplace flue in the President’s office), and in a diabolical Junior-planting of decoys, all culminating in a telegram read at Junior Banquet, may seem ludicrous or at least corny today, but those who knew the Mascot Hunt will forever relish something wonderfully zany in retrospect.

From the 1940 Koiné:

The search for the Juniors’ Mascot, their gift to the school, began shortly before Easter vacation, at the first basketball game. Enthusiastically we hounded the Sophomores lurking under every bed in “37.” Many interesting incidental discoveries were made, but the mascot remained a secret. We found each one of the decoys, and missed all of the clues. The day of Junior Banquet, when the replica was hidden in Fanning, we spent hours hunting for it. Each room was methodically pulled apart; we cleaned the dusty attic beams with our skirts; three different sleuths went up the flue of the fireplace. The telegram that we sent to the Juniors at the Banquet read, “Flag-pole!” The junior president smiled calmly and unveiled a miniature fireplace (for Buck Lodge).

Another tradition, to this author’s knowledge, never got off the ground. From the Alumnae News of June, 1931:

And lo, the seniors have started a new tradition. One night late in May the venerable class whooped to the reservoir and there in a sacrificial flame, burned — their gym stockings!

Smoothies and Swooners

In those days dances were really dances. Everyone went, with or without dates. The sloppy clothes of the workaday week were left in heaps on the floor and out came the prettiest dresses; hair was shampooed and set. Those girls without dates went “stag” to the Service League dances. (Each class had an annual prom which was formal, and for these, programs were filled out.) The “stags” kept partners changing by cutting in on each other (boning up on the latest steps). Dances was cheek to cheek, with intricate steps led by the man and followed by the girl; “dipping” was in favor; and no evening was complete without the crashing crescendo and wild acceleration of “Tiger Rag.” [Ho-old that tig-er!] Girls would save money for weeks to collect enough to hire a “name” band.

In fact then, as now, music was a huge part of life, both at parties and everyday. Almost every room boasted a portable victrola, and lucky was the girl with a large collection of records, for her room would be a gathering place of “swooners.” In the early thirties Ernie Herman could be found almost any night after dinner pounding the old upright in Thames Hall while other girls sang or danced with each other (boning up on the latest steps).

The roads to New Haven, Middletown, and Hanover were well-traveled on house-party weekends, and Wesleyan boys in particular would invade New London by the carload for what amounted often to mass blind dates. [Any man who was lucky enough to have a car had it made.] Uniforms appeared more frequently at campus functions after 1932 when construction began on the U.S. Coast Guard Academy at its present site on Mohegan Avenue. The place to go on a date was usually “Izzy’s” at Ocean Beach, and coke was the drink (after Repeal, “3.2” beer in coffee cups — rash as it may seem!)

The Hurricane

The great Hurricane of 1938 blew in on opening day in the fall. The rising walls of Palmer Auditorium, then a-building, fell in a heap; down came the smokestack on the heating plant; doors and windows blew in; and of course, many trees came down — most deplored, the age-old Bolleswood Hemlocks. Recorded in the 1940 Koiné:

That night we sat in darkened rooms watching the fire in New London (a concurrent disaster). Candles and sunshine supplied the only light for a week. Drinking water was hauled in Knowlton and rationed. No one could leave Campus. But classes continued as usual, and we sat together in the living rooms at night. Catastrophe as it was, the resultant excitement, and those companionable evenings, completely overshadowed the inconven-
Front — Henry A. Wallace, Vice-President of the United States, with CC President Blunt.

Rear — Rheinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary, Mr. Laubeinstein, and Miss Dederer. Although this picture was actually taken at commencement in 1943 when the Vice-President's daughter, Jean, received her degree, it stands as the thirties incarnate. Henry Wallace was a member of Roosevelt's cabinet from the beginning in 1933, and was one of the main architects of the New Deal.
fences. It fostered a feeling of comradeship we had seldom sensed heretofore. Town and Campus eventually resumed a normal aspect, except for the conspicuous absence of many costly and proudly planted trees. But Ocean Beach was a crazy shambles, and we held a moment of silence for the demolished Izy's.

Faculty, Stanchions of the Young College

Certainly the element most deserving of emphasis in any consideration of Connecticut College's past is the faculty. The heart and pulse of Connecticut College in the thirties were, as today, in her teachers. Each alumna remembers her favorites, some for inspiration, some for personality, and even some for peculiarity. But none would deny that five in particular—Miss Nye, Miss Ernst, Dr. Lieb, Dr. Lawrence, and Dr. Wells—were the main stanchions of the young college. One had to work up to them, because with the single exception of Dr. Lawrence's course in Modern European History, none of them taught freshmen.

Miss Nye, precise and neat in appearance, quiet and cultured, and Miss Ernst, with her hair flying,
PROLOGUE

1939 September: Germany attacked Poland. England and France declared war on Germany.
1940 Spring: The Germans invaded Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg.
June: The Germans pushed the British into the sea at Dunkirk.
September: The Selective Service Act was passed.

In October 1940, during the pre-war tension, the College celebrated its 25th anniversary. Grace Smith House, East House (now Burdick House), Harkness Chapel and a new library addition formed part of the two-day celebration. Mrs. Mary Foulkett Morrison, trustee and long-time friend of the College, was chairman. For the first time in the College’s history, all students could live on campus. The student body numbered 2,226.

1940-1941: The Battle of Britain.

THE WAR

1941 December 7: Pearl Harbor.

Uphal everywhere. Long queues waiting to enlist. Brothers, fathers, teachers, boy friends from home leaving for the service. Anxious goodbyes at the station.

“You’re in the army, Mr. Jones. You’ll have to join the Air Corps and be a private. You’ll be a private in the Air Force.”

The letters and photos. A weekend leave: “You see so different in your uniform.” Air Corps men, marines, sub base officers, ASTP boys, the V-12s, 90-day wonders with one gleaming stripe. Fighter pilots buzzing the campus to impress their girls: hubba. hubba. Submarines up and down the Thames.

The inexcusable President Blinton coped with the war-time crises. With the introduction of ration cards, only 30% of the population were allowed to buy food. Train travel was curtailed. Bus trips to nearby bases, forts and the USO replaced the public transportation. Faculty and students worked for Defense Committees, British War Relief. In Harkness Chapel, a workroom turned out supplies for servicemen.


I’m shipping out. This is my last leave. Desperation.

Fear of irreparable loss. Should I?... Goodbye. I’ll come back.

The telegrams. Connie’s fiancé is missing in action. Anne’s brother is dead. Everyone giving support, the dormitory hushed.
A War Committee was formed on campus with hundreds of students registered for service. Faculty and students learned map reading, first aid, plane outlines. Aircraft spotters watched nightly from the top of Bill Hall. During the northeast black-out, black curtains were drawn over all windows at dusk. Some students began to accelerate, others to study in special war-related programs. Most students spent the summer working in shipyards, on farms, in defense plants, in textile mills, hospitals, laboratories.

1943: The Allies invaded Sicily and Southern Italy.

From a window seat in a 3rd floor Fanning history class: “Tell Peggy her boy friend’s shipping out. I saw the number on his sub as it passed.” Whispers down the rows. Waiting for APO mail in the old gym. Send me a pin-up for the cockpit of my B-17. Do you remember the great times we used to have?

“Don’t sit under the apple tree
With anyone else but me,
Till I come marching home.”

Write to me. Wait for me. You’re the only one. Will you marry me on my next leave?


Daily casualty lists. Hushed listening to the radio. Rumors. Heroic films: our boys in glorious battle. “Comin’ in on a Wing and a Prayer.” “Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition.” At the College German civilization students marched into their final exam singing the Marseillaise.

The death toll mounts.
Unending, intolerable tension.
April 12: President Roosevelt dies suddenly.
The entire College gathers in Palmer Auditorium.
V-E Day
August 6: the first atomic bomb.
August 8: the second atomic bomb.
V-J Day

* * *

Progress and change at the College during the war. Russian was introduced by Mme. Wolkonksy (and her little dog, Joy), the English Department under the leadership of Miss Bethurum changed and grew, a Latin American Institute marked the beginning of area studies, the summer school expanded, Auerbach majors were introduced and the College began its own radio station.

President Dorothy Schaffter
During the pressures of the war, faculty members worked to keep the values of the liberal arts tradition alive. President Blunt retired after 13 years amidst tributes: “A woman of judgment, of social instinct, of snap and vigor; sometimes imperious, sometimes flashing fire, the true daughter of any army colonel . . .”

In 1943 Dorothy Schaffter was made President and the College had its largest enrollment ever with 759 students. In 1945 Miss Schaffter resigned and Miss Blunt became acting president.

THE POST-WAR YEARS
Demobilization.
Johnny marching home, a rosy boy turned man.
Reunions at the airport, the dock, the station.
The shocks: wheelchairs, stretchers.
Everyone was different.
Robert Sherwood’s “The Best Years of Our Lives” told it all.

“Kiss me once and kiss me twice
And kiss me once again,
It’s been a long, long time . . .”

The GI Bill, beginning of meritocracy. The College admitted 70 veterans to its summer school. Psychology was made a separate department. The College sponsored the School of Dance and the Festival of American Dance. In 1946 Katherine Blunt House was erected. In 1947 the College inaugurated a new President: Rosemary Park, a professor at the College since 1935, a Dean since 1941. She began a brilliant 14-year administration. She possessed “an unerring sense of intellectual and spiritual values” that revitalized the educational policies of the College.

Student bull sessions on our post-war responsibilities. A generalized reaction: I’ll find my niche and stay there. No more chaos, no more tragedy.

Graduation, 1949: ceremonious passage from the regularities of College to confusion outside.

“Just a poor old senior,
Out lookin’ for a man,”

Have you seen Nancy’s new engagement ring?
Exhortations to use our intelligence, help make the world a better place, work for peace.
How? What are our goals?
Marriage and four tow-headed kids. Be a busy Mom and leave careers to the spinsters. Enlightened domesticity.
This was the fulfillment we chose.

EPILOGUE
Best memories of the decade: long talks over milkshakes in the basement Snack Bar, plaid skirts below the knee and Braemor sweaters, sneakers held together by safety pins, jeans and uncombed hair at 8:00 a.m., browsing in the old Blackstone Bookstore, Miss Ramsey’s beaming face, house parties at Yale, long dresses and corsages, afternoon field hockey in the sun, Long Island Sound in the distance, a mug of beer at Danny Shea’s, Ocean Beach off-season, the excitement of Dr. Morris’ History of Philosophy course, twin goddesses Bethurum and Tuve, Miss Dilley’s devoted following, Hartley Cross inspiring the uninspirable, trekking to Holmes Hall for Mr. Quimby’s music class, Five Arts Weekend, Senior Melodrama, Capie Cole at the piano, the French House, the birth of the Schwiffs, the indomitable Miss Ernst, Dr. Logan, Miss Hafkesbrink, the all-knowing Dean E. Alverna Burdick. President Park’s Inauguration, her stirring talks, chapel bells in the morning, the warmth of the place.

Corinne Manning Black ’47
Eisenhower Wins by Biggest Vote in U.S. History

General Lea

Tell and Bush Capture He's Two Senate Seats

At 83 years of age, President Dwight D. Eisenhower was the oldest person ever to win a presidential election. On November 6, 1956, he defeated Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic candidate, with 347 electoral votes to 173 for Stevenson and 10 for Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., the Liberal candidate.

Republican Control State Legislature

In the Connecticut State Legislature, the Republicans maintained control. The Democratic candidate for Governor, J. Otis Johanson, was defeated by his Republican opponent, William A. O'Neill, who received 109,077 votes to Johanson's 107,400. The Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor, James H. Belford, also won.

Connecticut College in the fifties was certainly not a hotbed of innovation. Students—self-centered as always—were conservative, even more so than faculty who could hardly be termed radical. We came not to make large scale changes, but rather because we knew that some academic departments were distinguished and many others very good. Unquestionably, we spent far more time worrying about our needs than in meeting the needs of others. The vigorous building program left no doubt in our minds that administration was firmly committed to providing us with the best affordable facilities: the infirmary, begun in 1950; Hale Laboratory, built pre-Sputnik; Williams Memorial Institute; Larrabee House; and at long last, the start of Crozier-Williams.

President Park's administration sat squarely in our decade, extending from 1947-1963, and many of her strengths became the strengths of the college. We were lucky to have had such a president. While we inclined toward thinking that faculty-student relations could be closer, and spent much time and heat discussing the matter, no problem existed in communication between Rosemary Park and the student body when it came to the philosophy of the college and what was expected of us.

The emphasis concentrated upon a well-conceived program taught by first-rate people; offering the best possible atmosphere for free inquiry; and on providing the finest materials to facilitate this educational process. Miss Park believed firmly in students accepting the ultimate responsibility for the learning process, and for whatever reason many of us in that decade did not appear to accept her challenge, we alone must bear the blame.

Although we were not docile in accepting certain requirements, it did not occur to us to suggest new courses. If we were partners in good standing of an academic community, we were definitely junior partners, and in general gave the senior members the respect they—and we—felt due them. In a 1957 address to the students ("Your College Education: Our Mutual Responsibility," reprinted in the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration: Connecticut College, 1911-1961), President Park summed up the college's educational philosophy. In defending the curriculum with its spectrum of required and occasionally dull courses, she reminded us that the goal of education is to free one from the provincialism of time, space, and of lack of scope. And implicit is not only the responsibility of faculty to plan and teach, but also the obligation of the student to fit the pieces into a coherent and individual philosophy of life.

Were she repeating this address today, Miss Park would probably choose to omit a delightful analogy (the delicate balance between student and—his betters—being as it is). She quoted her veterinarian whom she had asked about train-
ing a dog. "The first thing," said the vet, "is to be sure that you are smarter than the dog." Miss Park then said to us, "Now in this kennel we have gone to a great deal of trouble to be assured that all the trainers are smarter than the dogs. There may be one or two very smart dogs we have not come across yet, but by and large you had better assume it is the other way around." Today's SDS would not approve, but we did. Our "trainers" at Connecticut were very good, and complain as we did about Hygiene and Nutrition, Logic and Physical Science, our criticism seldom extended beyond the subject matter to the principals.

In those days, if we did not like the academic program or the atmosphere, we got out or got married. We were the "silent generation" our elders were so worried about. We minded our studies, got our degrees, our jobs and/or our husbands, and retired, most of us, to a fulfilling life in Evanston, Allentown, or San Francisco. Children, perhaps a bit of substitute teaching, PTA, and Planned Parenthood became our major concerns. When President Park complained about a "retreat to the suburb, actually and metaphorically, in the hope of calmness, simplicity and peace, which in reality may prove to be only another illusion," she voiced the prevailing fear for our generation.

But in fact, this fear has not been entirely justified. People and institutions respond to the major forces of their time, and so did we. When the Eisenhower years were swept away, our generation, still young and excited, become aides to men and women scarcely older than ourselves who were setting forth new ideas of participation in the affairs of the country. In increasing numbers, we are extending our concept of responsibility beyond the Garden Club to forums on drugs; beyond cruel work to courses in Urban Studies; beyond the usual Junior League programs to restructuring community organizations and establishing contact between suburban ghetto and inner city slum. The great satisfactions of home and motherhood no longer dominate all of our lives; with maturity, our good education is turning us into thinking individuals, and we do not intend to be caught short at the age of fifty or sixty.

But what do we remember now of the Connecticut College of the fifties? College weekends, a fate worse than death unless there was a paper to write. The New London station, old and dirty, especially on Sunday night. The rain, always the rain, with Fanning cold against a dripping November sky. Eight o'clock classes for the unlucky. The Arboretum, laurel blooming in late May. Flowering trees, so unexpectedly beautiful in spring, so lifting to the spirit that prospects of
late papers and exams faded briefly into the middle distance. Arguments about which was the greatest, *Wind in the Willows* or *Winnie the Pooh*. Snack bar and post office, tucked in the basement under the gym — and what a gym! — made a perfect triangle with whatever class we had just left, and we touched all points almost every day. The Bookstore in Blackstone basement. Holmes Hall, to our eyes, a thoroughly inadequate piece of real estate with a practice room that seemed scarcely six by six.

We looked forward to Soph. Quad., with its creaky old rooms, but a year later were glad to leave its undeniable atmosphere for such dorms as Freeman, Windham or Katherine Blunt. In 1951 we could at last be sick in comfort, for the new infirmary was finished and in the capable hands of Dr. Warnshuis. Remember the gym uniforms? Remember the posture Pictures? Did anyone ever get better than a B—? Thames, North and Windham had their own charms. "Shades down in front, please, orders of the Dean," for the Sub Base bus waited on Mohegan right below. Breakfast at Thames (grumpy sophs) featuring rolled-up pajamas under trench coats, and our maitre d', the incomparable Grendel.

Among adversities. Snowplows at dawn, and water mains breaking every fall — remember tripping over hoses from the Arboretum? Standing in line at gym with a wastebasket? "Don’t forget the wastebasket!" The departure of daily maidservice, the arrival of the Work Program with bell duty (skirts, please), and mind your manners when answering the phone, orders of the Dean. We had our problems adjusting — “no wastebaskets to be emptied down the Ideal Linen Chute, please.” “White meals,” featuring pork and cauliflower, mashed potatoes and vanilla ice cream (or a substitute meal at the Sub Base). Social pro. Midnight fire drills. Breakfast duty at E.A. But then, there were compensations.

Miss Ramsay serving her famous meringues. Chippy’s Model A, and eating oranges on Miss Biaggi’s llama rug. A quick visit to Dean Oakes’ “pet shop” after dance class in Knowlton. Mr. Strider, leading the faculty through their costumed paces at the pep rally. Spring Fling — our escape for a day. Miss Tuve and her bike, ditto Mr. Cranz. St. Paddy’s Day special: green beer on Golden Street. Bill’s Star Dairy and the Crocker House, not to mention cocktails at the Lighthouse. The comfort of his old shirt and her old jeans in the early fifties, buttondowns and bermudas later. Strawberries on May Day. The Coasties! Remember the East House snowball fight? The indomitable Coast Guard “went right through the sleeping quarters to the roof!” said Miss Brett in alarm. We watched the 2½ minute sprint from the last Connecticut College Alumnae News • August 1969.
kiss to the C.G.A. gate. Robert's Rules of Order suspended at Amalgo to announce that Princess Grace had given birth to a daughter. Dean Burdick's immortal words, 'If you have to cough, don't!' Dean Noyes' wonderful quips on English papers, "You're on the right train, but on the wrong track." We were lucky to have deans so wise and so witty.

Connecticut was much smaller then, less than a thousand students, and we knew by name, sight or reputation a greater percentage of the student body than it is possible to know today. Certainly we knew most of our class by name, and if we were freshmen, we knew some sophomores, and many juniors who guided their sister class through the complexities entailed in being a freshman. Seniors were a race apart always talking about comps.

Many of us were ill-conditioned by background and previous education to draw parallels between ourselves and changes taking place with increased frequency. Sometimes a teacher such as Miss Dilley could force us into greater awareness of the relevance of these changes to our own lives. We were, in turn, discouraged and enthusiastic about our honor system, idealistic enough to want it to work and hurt when it did not. We were haunted by the question of apathy. Buckets of ink were spent editorializing about properly supporting forms of government from Amalgo to Honor Court. Amalgo was required so we went, but we were often bored; we knitted, dropped our needles, and then felt guilty.

What did we talk about? The weekend at Wesleyan, of course, not to mention Yale, and Senator Joe McCarthy. Compulsory chapel, always a bone in our throat, and whether we would rather be Red than dead. How to stop '57 from winning four Compet Sings, and the Hungarian Revolution. Cars for seniors on campus, and Mr. Kasem-Beg who slipped from Switzerland to Russia in the fifties. What Dean Burdick would look like in the Faculty Show, and the Korean War. And don't forget the Pig Push.

Sex at this time was not the pleasantly neutral subject of discussion we are led to believe it is today. As always, we either did or we didn't, but in that last decade before the pill, we didn't more than we did. Not that we were not interested! It was just that in the context of our lives, influenced more heavily by traditional concepts of morality, fear, and the State of Connecticut's laws on birth control, we were only being prudent.

As students we talked enough, but seldom acted. Few worked at Learned House, spoke in chapel, or attended special lectures. Yet there were marvellous speakers on campus: Eleanor
Pres. Park with Madame Pandit  Dean Burdick  Anna Lord Strauss and Dr. Ralph Bunche

Roosevelt, Henry Steele Commanger, Anna Lord Strauss, Arthur Schlessinger, Sr., to name a few. Practical politics were for folks like Eisenhower who paid a visit to New London, if not to the College. Adlai Stevenson touched many of us, but Nixon and Checkers just were not our bag. Many of us had no conception of the importance of the Supreme Court's civil rights decision in 1954. Two events did touch us; one was the 1953 congressional investigation concerning academic freedom; the other was the Hungarian Revolution. Trustees, faculty, and students made official statements regarding the first, and concern for the second led to a drive for funds with which to help the refugees.

When we think about college, it probably is not so much events that we remember with affection, but names: Haines, Thuve, Evans, Bethurum, Dilley, Hafkesbrink, Cranz, Burdick, Chadourne, Baird, Noyes, and Strider. Suzanne Langer, Mulvey, Goodwin, Meredith, Dr. Laubenstein and his Palestrina singers. In 1951, Miss Hafkesbrink and Mr. Cranz first taught "Forms of Christian Thought," a great course, as was Mr. Haines' cultural history. In 1955, the A.A.U.W. gave Miss Thuve an award as a "teacher of rare power," recognition which her students applauded. Also in 1955, Mr. Goodwin arranged for the preservation of Mamacoke Island, a natural area in the Thames River, 40 rocky acres for $15,000. There are many more names that surely made a difference to someone.

Tuition escalated in five steps throughout the fifties from $1,300 in 1946, to $2,550 in 1950. In 1951, only one student borrowed money from the college for her education; in 1959, the number increased to 107. The median faculty salary in 1958-1959 was $6,500. How many of us would have been at Connecticut that year if our fathers earned $6,500? The approaching Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of Connecticut College with its audacious $3,100,000 fund drive, fortunately provided a much needed impetus for planning ahead.

Traditions sometimes had a hard time of it in the fifties, and from the vantage point of the sixties, it is easy enough to see why. For years on every campus, the "collegiate business" has been disappearing as students found other outlets for their interests, and colleges engaged more in dialogue with the non-academic world. Connecticut, coming to the collegiate scene later than her well-known sisters, made a rather self-conscious effort to catch up in the matter of traditions at the very time when that kind of activity began to wane elsewhere. Frequently, there was inordinate grumbling, a dragging of feet, so that the enthusiasm and good work of a few was undermined by the apathy of the majority. Still, we remember the worthy Compet Plays, the lively Mascots Hunts, and Five-Arts Weekend — one of the best. Unofficial traditions were "Trying to persuade Honor Court you did leave New Haven in time," and "After hours sneak-in," not to mention "Beer on campus and honor-court-justice down the hall." But the best tradition of all, and the most difficult to maintain, was the honor system.

In her introduction to the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration Publication in 1961, Dorothy Bethurum suggested that the only significant outward representation of a college could be "by the minds which have been touched by it." No matter how hard we try to recall campus, students, faculty, courses, or traditions, each of us must agree that the reality of Connecticut College is a private and individual thing, inextricably bound up with what each of us has become.

Carol Reeves Parke '58 and Joan Michaels Denney '58
Students Favor Co-ed
With Exception of Cla

Connecticut College students with distinct correlations between class and responses respond favorably to the possibility of admitting undergraduates of either sex to the student body, with the sophomore through junior classes to 48% of the freshmen favoring co-education. However, the sophomore-sex ratio was preferred. However, 48% of the sophomores and only 40% of the freshmen responded positively to co-educating Conn.

The greatest percentage of students voting for education (80%) were members of the class of 1969. Sixty-seven percent of the juniors (80%), 41% of the sophomores, and only 40% of the freshmen responded positively to co-educating Conn.

Class Trend
Forty-two per cent of the freshmen answered a definite "yes" to the idea of admitting male students to the campus as compared to 26%, 15%, 12%, and 12% of the girls from the classes of 1971, 1970, and 1969, respectively.

The greatest percentage of students was the class of 1973, 80% or 334 of 420 students.

Seventy-seven percent (285 of 270) completed the questionnaire from the class of 1971, 74% of 134 from the class of 1970, and 62% (180 of 288) from the class of 1969.

Favor 1 to 1 Ratio
The majority of students from four classes favored the ratio of 1,000 women to 1,000 men, though again the smaller percentages of girls favoring this ratio were found in the younger classes. Seventy-four per cent of seniors favor the 1 to 1 ratio compared to 57% of the freshmen.

Upper Classes Favor Co-educating Dorms
Over half of the senior and junior classes (54% and 59%) favored connected dorms with married living and dining rooms, the kind of living arrangement preferred. However, 48% of the sophomores and only 36% of the freshmen chose these living accommodations.

Want Co-ed Activities
Students voted overwhelmingly against separated student government, newspapers and other extracurricular activities if men were admitted; however, a smaller percentage of students thought that women would not defer to men in the leadership of such activities.

Thirty-seven per cent. 35%, 41%, and 43% from the classes of 1969, 1970, and 1971, respectively, indicated that women would defer to men in extracurricular activities.

A smaller percentage of girls from each of the classes responded that women would defer to men in classroom discussions.

Differ On Necessity of Co-education
The final question on the poll asked the student if she agreed with the following statement: "Bringing men completely and naturally into the academic and social life of the campus is fundamental to the improvement of undergraduate life and studies at Connecticut College."

Afro-Am Soc Pembroke Bl For New Reci

by Don

Black women on campus have voted to give their active support to the members of the Pembroke College Afro-American Society in Pembroke's demand for intensified recruitment of Black students.

Six months ago, Pembroke Afro-Am presented a six-point policy for recruitment, but because of the "lackadaisical attitude" of the Admissions Office, Afro-Am confronted the administration to reiterate their demands.

The Pembroke Black women wonder why their alma mater, Connecticut College, which is 47% upper classes, and endorsement of transitional-year and/or Upward Bound programs.

Further, they demanded acceptance of students from the above programs and the setting up of a more realistic guideline for co-educating Pembroke.

Dear Abby:

Twelve years ago, my oldest sister wrote you for some advice. Her boyfriend purchased a second-hand 1951 Ford, added a supercharger, and was given to drag racing on Saturday nights. My father had encouraged her to look elsewhere for boyfriends mainly because of the large black rubber marks that scarred the driveway. You agreed with father and added that it might be unwise to plan on long term relationships with drag racers.

The advice proved sound. Twelve years later, Sis is now happily married to an electrical engineer, has three children and is expecting a fourth soon. Your wise solution to the problem prompts this letter.

I am now a Senior at a fine liberal arts college in New England (which I shall refer to as C. Coll.). My first two years at college were rather uneventful. I spent my first year trying to find a boyfriend, and my second year trying to get rid of a boyfriend, while at the same time enduring the usual traumas that accompany the so-called "adjustment to college." Fortunately, junior year was a different bag. Cherly, (that's my roommate) popped in one day with a book that she claimed was being read by all the REALLY great men at Yale. The book, The One Dimensional Man by Marcuse, opened my eyes to all of the concessions that I had been making to society. After further intensive study, I realized that the very institutions I had been taught to cherish were basically inhuman— that their very institutions were not by the people, of the people, or even for the people, but were essentially against the people. Now don't
misunderstand these strong words. I'm not saying that the people who run these institutions are inhuman. It's just that they have lost control of the system. Our leaders don't shape the system; the system shapes them. The end products are numerous faceless, little people who are organized, directed, programmed, and all that rot.

Take our jocular manager down at the supermarket. He wouldn't harm a flea. He just doesn't realize that the system which feeds his customers and pays his salary is the same system that starves its grapepickers. Well, I realize it and I told him so. And do you know what this insipid creature said? "Lady, that ain't my department." Imagine that. So I went home and laid this whole thing out on the table one night after dinner. I asked my father to write to the president of the chain and request that something be done to change this situation. And do you know what my father said? "My dear, poverty is an economic fact of life—and besides, the company to which you refer is one of our largest clients."

This example should give you a pretty good idea of the problems I face. I feel beset on every side by a combination of ignorance and avarice. At this point I can see no improvement. The more I think about all my other problems, the more depressed I become. My hope is that you will be able to point out a possible solution.

For starters, my parents (as previously mentioned) are intellectual punching bags. Every time I hit them with a left, they bounce every which way to avoid coming straight back. If I were a more skilled debater, I could really put them in a corner. But no, it's always, "There's no such thing as black and white," or "There's always two sides to every coin"—words to live by, at the dinner table at least.

As a lawyer, my father has become quite skilled at the song-and-dance routine. For instance, he always calls my boyfriend "buddy" or "son," thus refusing to officially recognize that Harry's name has legally been changed to Ché. For that matter, Dad won't even accept the fact that Ché is soon to become an "Old Blue." For years Dad has happily financed my excursions to New Haven in the hopes of adding another Yale to the family. Now he seems to have second thoughts about my frequent road trips. He keeps dropping hints all over the place about the merits of our excellent library at C. Coll., and the rewards to be reaped from academic endeavors. Naturally I countered this approach by setting the record straight. I told him matter-of-factly that I was not idling away my time drinking beer at the old frat house, that Ché and I did devote our weekends to matters of an academic nature. Dad just has no idea of the planning and organization that goes into the simplest confrontation. For example, it took us over six months to convince the Yale food service that such items as grits, chittlin's, black-eyed peas and so on were a "must" on their menus. For some inexplicable reason Dad didn't buy my explanation.

In spite of all these shortcomings, my father does have a few plus points on his side. He deserves a little credit for occasional displays of restraint and rationality. Never once has he urged Ché to cut his hair or trim his beard. My suspicion is that one of his golf partners sold him on the mild-mannered approach—"After all, if you ignore something long enough, it will go away."

Ché's not likely to go away or even shave off his beard for that matter, unless Uncle Sam and General Candy Bar get their grubby hands on him. If that is the case, which it very well may be, we've got additional troubles in store for us. Ché is by no means convinced that two years in the armed forces will "make a man out of him." The idea of joining the "action army" leaves him cold. He would much rather pass up
the opportunity to kill little, old Vietnamese ladies and stay alive.

I'm not as pessimistic about Ché's likely military career. I've tried my best to keep his spirits up by pointing out that, if worst comes to worst, he could devise ways to make the army work for him, instead of vice versa. I suggested that he consider setting up an underground paper the likes of which the army had never seen. Ché really liked the idea at first, but wondered how much time he would have for writing out on maneuvers. I suppose a portable typewriter would not be an acceptable substitution for an M-14. Ché just must make use of his imagination and not let the possibility of killing and being killed get to him. Let's face it, when you get right down to the nitty-gritty, if you have to go, you have to go. In the service your soul might belong to God, but for three long years your body belongs to the post commander. That's the way it is.

All of this indicates a very uncertain future for the two of us. The position of the planets and celestial bodies in our backgrounds has cast doubt on the possibility of a successful, permanent relationship. As recent and loyal converts to the cult of astrology, we believe in these signs and have agreed that, in light of these circumstances, marriage plans are out.

Beyond the stars we both feel that each must follow his own dream and work out his own destiny for a few years. It had never occurred to me that I would have to make my own arrangements for the future. I guess I always thought the future would arrange itself for me. Consequently I've been in a race against time to come up with a plan for next year. I had one real brainstorm a few weeks ago and excitedly telephoned Mr. Bundy (who happens to be our next door neighbor). He politely turned me down for a Ford Foundation grant in the amount of $500,000. I wanted the funds to set up a neighborhood school that would teach deprived children the theory of revolutionary synthesis. Mr. Bundy denied my request because I couldn't define revolutionary synthesis. Then, to add insult to injury, he suggested that I visit our campus placement office. How can I possibly go over to the placement office when I was one of the leaders in a movement to shut them down last fall?

To sum up my current mental state, I am really up tight. Abby, I'm counting on you for some help. Please do not let my plea go unheeded.

"Bewildered"

Margaret Ann Werner '68
COMMENCEMENT: June the eighth

Above, l. to r. — President Charles E. Shain who announced the establishment of a new award, paying tribute to those graduates and friends of the college who have brought honor to her name. A three-inch bronze medal designed by Dr. William Ashby McCloy, chairman of the art department, with bas-relief symbols of knowledge, creativity, and achievement, will be presented to those upon whom the honor is conferred.

At Princeton this June, his own alma mater honored President Shain with an LL.D., degree: "In a time of painful tension for private colleges and universities, he has nourished the tradition of distinction at the institution of which he is head, supported by the gaiety and wit that once led him to say of coeducation, 'After all, it's God's plan.' He is surely the only American college president ever to hold a license as a Maine lobsterman and to paint his floats orange and black. With the knowledge born of experience as a teacher and scholar, and with affectionate confidence in the high promise of young people, he has said that 'a student's line of work involves both the rhetoric of public learning and the poetry of private self-creation.'

Dr. Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive director of National Urban League, Inc., who gave the commencement address. Graduates today are a unique generation, he said, for they are the first to have within their power the destruction of mankind, the first to take material things for granted, and the first to view with cynical contempt a society that spends four times as much on a defense budget as on health, education, and welfare.

Mr. William E. S. Griswold, Jr., newly elected chairman of the board of trustees.

Below, l. to r. — Cummings Art Center, new location for assembling the commencement procession. Three of four alumnae honored by the college: Estelle Parsons '49, for "distinction as an actress... at a time when the theatre and movies are a greater force than ever before in our national life."; Gertrude E. Noyes '25, "... for your versatility and quick conscience as a teacher and administrator; for your patience, compassion and cunning as a dean of students; for your ready laughter, your human vitality and your friendship to all of us."; Esther Lord Batchelder '19, senior member in point of service on the board of trustees, director before retiring of clothing and housing research for the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, "... for her scientific contribution to our nation's welfare and for her devoted service to this college."; a fourth medal was presented in absentia to Charlotte Keefe Durham '19, retired headmistress of The Dalton Schools in New York City, and a trustee of the college since 1941.

Matrix from which the bronze Connecticut College Medal will be cast. The white armband for peace, worn by many in the procession. Class day.
Reunion: 1919-1969
50th anniversary of the alumnae association

When class president Mirenda Prentis '19 burst forth with a startling "You've come a long way, Baby" at the reunion banquet in June, the capacity audience cheered with all their might and main. They applauded the College, yes—but they rooted equally in honor of the forty-two returning members of the class of '19, for the 50th anniversary of the Alumnae Association unquestionably belonged to them. From the nostalgic display of memorabilia in the library arranged by Mildred White '19, chairman, assisted by Pauline Christie '19 and Esther Barnes Cottrell '19; to Winona Young's reading of the 1935 reunion poem written by the late Miriam Pomeroy Rogers '19; to hearing Roberta Newton Blanchard '21 singing one of her original tunes from that first musical, Halt! Cecelia; the success of plans made many months before by co-chairmen Virginia Rose '19 and Esther Batchelder '19 probably never will be surpassed.

With President Roldah Northup Cameron '51 officiating, the evening moved from one surprise to another, but two were outstanding. The first was Juline Warner Comstock's reading of her delightful tongue-in-cheek poem which brings '19 right up to date with hippies. The second came with the announcement that '19 was bestowing upon President and Mrs. Shain honorary membership in that class. This distinction, judging from the beaming expressions of the recipients, apparently exceeds or at least equals an LL.D., from Princeton.

The class of '19 was acclaimed once more when the news of their gift to the College was released, $40,295! Other class gifts were: from '20, a Henry Bill Selden etching; from '21, Andrew Wyeth's book, Andrew Wyeth; from '22, a Connecticut College chair. Gifts of another nature were presented to two members of the class of '25. A handsome lei of fresh flowers arrived by air for Gertrude Noyes from the Hawaii Club, and Charlotte Beckwith Crane received an elegant silver tray from Alumnae Association board of trustees members with whom she had worked in the past. For still more news, see class notes.
Reunion: 1919-1969
— on looking back and forward

Juline Warner Comstock '19, class historian

Just four and fifty years ago
One bright September morn,
'19 arrived on campus
And a wondrous dream was born.

Five buildings stood upon the hill
Beside a chimney tall —
The boiler-house, New London,
Plant, Blackstone and Thames Hall.

Fresh mortar-boards were strewn about
(To lend a college air);
Planks led across the muddy grounds,
The winds tore at our hair.

The paint was wet, the plaster too
We had not light, nor heat;
The hammers rang throughout Thames Hall
When we sat down to eat.

But Dr. Sykes was at the helm
To set our vision high,
With famous colleagues Drs. Barr,
Kip, Cary and Dean Nye.

We Freshmen knew no upper class,
And Seniors all were we,
To pioneer in starting
Some traditions at C. C.

Our mascot was a submarine,
To plumb the sea of knowledge —
The stonewall sing and mascot hunt
Were among our gifts to college.

For Shakespeare Week, 1916,
Our thoughts with softness turn —
To sunrise May Day madrigals
With Louis Adolphe Coerne.

Our hearts were innocent and gay —
We had no suffrage then —
But the universe was soon to change:
Our world was ruled by men!

We soon learned Woman's destined role
In that first magic year:
Marriage was incidental
To a purposeful career.

No lady smoked a cigarette,
Bobbed hair was yet to be;
We shocked our elders when we rolled
Our hose below the knee.

We waited table in Thames Hall,
Our income to enlarge;
(One hundred fifty dollars
Was the first tuition charge.)
Reunion: 1919-1969
— alumnae college

Left—Patricia Wertheim Abrams '60 peering through Antoine Poncet's biomorphic abstraction in Cummings Art Center. Pat, retiring general reunion chairman, is the catalyst who by means of rare assiduity, insight, and charm crowned reunion '69 with a record attendance of 532.

Below—The lively discussion period at close of Alumnae College. Faculty who participated in "Connecticut College: Challenge of the 70's" are: Mr. Philip A Goldberg, associate professor of psychology; Mr. Philip H. Jordan, Jr., associate dean of academic affairs and associate professor of history; Miss Helen F. Mulvey, professor of history.
Reunion: 1919-1969
— unforgettable

Right—Charlotte Beckwith Crane '25: "...in recognition of your outstanding contribution to the Connecticut College Alumnae Association. ... Together with your experience as class, club and Alumnae Association President, you brought to the post of Executive Director your unique ability to build and strengthen relationships. ... With unceasing diligence, good humor, charm and tact, you strengthened the bond of mutual interest between alumnae and the college administration, creating new opportunities for alumnae cooperation and service. For eleven years, through a succession of officers, directors, committees and club and class leaders, you provided the continuity of wise planning which is now reflected in a mature, responsible Connecticut College Alumnae Association."

Left—To Elizabeth J. Dutton '47: "... in grateful appreciation of her devotion to the College and her vital and continuing participation in alumnae affairs. Capable executive and tireless worker, she has given long and exceptional service in many capacities. The Class of 1947, the Connecticut College Club of Boston and the Alumnae Association have all benefited from her talented leadership. ... Those who have worked with Liz have valued and enjoyed her quick intelligence, her serene approach, her gift for the most precise and expressive phrase, and her distinctive sense of humor."

Solution to the double-crostic in the May issue:
"I call upon all of our alumnae, parents, and friends to help us complete our Quest in the years ahead, which will be momentous years for this College and for all American higher education."

Author: Charles E. Shain

Top L. to R. — Mr. Christopher Sykes, son of CC's first president, with Mrs. Sykes at '19's luncheon. Class of '31 picnic at the home of Phyllis McCarthy Crosby in Mystic. Audience at Alumnae College. Bottom L. to R. — '28s arriving from far and near. A group of '44s who came to celebrate their 25th. Cheers! — lunch on the Quad.
for alumnae and prospective students
Saturday, October 18

You are cordially invited to come back to college on Campus Day (formerly Alumnae Day) and to bring adult guests and prospective students. This will be the only announcement of this special October event. Please return the reservation form by October 8, with payment for luncheon.

One of the groups of high school seniors and juniors touring campus with a student guide last October. This year there will be young men in the picture, too.

Please return this form with payment for luncheon tickets by October 8 to:
Sykes Alumnae Center,
Connecticut College
New London, Connecticut 06320

Name_________________________ Class________
(Maiden)

Name_________________________
(Married)

Address_________________________

(Zip Code)

Make checks payable to Connecticut College.

Adults $3.00 per person
Students $1.50 per person

I shall attend Alumnae Luncheon________________

Number of adult guests________________

Number of prospective students________________

Amount of check enclosed________________
Alumnae and Adult Guests Program

9:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon  Registration — Alumnae Office, Crozier-Williams
   If bringing students, please register by
   10:00 a.m. Luncheon tickets at Registration Desk.

11:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon  Guided Tour of Joanne and Nathan Cummings Arts Center

12:30 p.m. - 2:30 p.m.   Luncheon — Elizabeth Harris Refectory

Luncheon Program: “The College Through the Eyes of Four Deans”

Jewel P. Cobb  
new Dean of the College  
and Professor of Zoology

Joan C. King  
new Dean of Freshmen

Alice E. Johnson  
Assoc. Dean of the College  
Assoc. Professor of English

Margaret Watson ’61  
Dean of Student Affairs

Prospective Students Program

9:00 a.m. - 10:00 a.m.  Registration: Alumnae Office, Crozier-Williams
   (Picnic Lunch tickets at Registration Desk)

10:30 a.m. - 11:30 a.m.  Participation in a typical college class
   Lecture and discussion: Arts Center Lecture Hall

11:45 a.m. - 12:15 p.m.  Group Meetings with Admissions Staff and Student Guides

12:15 p.m. - 1:15 p.m.  Picnic — Location to be announced

1:15 p.m. - 2:30 p.m.  Tour of Campus with Student Guides

2:30 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.  Students are on their own, to see more of campus,
   visit Lyman Allyn Museum, play tennis,* swim.*
   * Bring racquets, balls, sneakers, bathing suits and caps

Arts Center  11:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon  
             2:30 - 4:00 p.m.
Lyman Allyn Museum  1:00 - 5:00 p.m.
Palmer Library  all day
Bookshop  8:30 a.m. - 12:00 noon
Swimming Pool  2:30 - 4:00 p.m.
IN MEMORIAM
URENA BRODERICK COLLINS
HELEN CLARK
MARY PHELPS POTTSO
ERNESTA COPE
MARGUERITE HICKOX
JEAN COIT JONES
EUSANNE INGRAM RYAN
BARBARA MAJZE
CUSTANCE CLARK
ANNE CORBETT DEVILLE

Correspondent: Mrs. Enos B. Comstock (Julie Warner)
176 Highwood Ave., Lebanon, N.J. 07075

1919 Correspondent:
Mrs. Alfred J. Chalmers (Anna M. Brazos)
Box 339, Rte 4
Hendersonville, N.C. 28795

Mary Armstrong will be in Florida to spend the summer in a new location in Florida, coming north for a short visit. Laura Dickinson Swift has been in Williamsburg, Va. again and to Cleveland for a few days with her daughter's family who will vacation with Laura and Ray in New Hampshire in the fall. Charlotte Halil Holton and her husband are on a trip to the Pacific Northwest and Alaska. They visited their son in the state 'college family' in Palo Alto and with Charlotte's brother in El Cerrito. On their return they will visit Edmon- ton, Jasper, Vancouver and Alaska before they return to their home in Hawaii. Charlotte is "pointing toward 1971." Deborah Jackson, retired in 1981, keeps busy with church work and 2 hobbies: collecting buttons and old glass paperweights. She attends her grandniece's activities in Wethersfield, Conn. 06109

1920 Correspondent:
Mrs. Margaret J. Menzies
Apt 8-905, 1715 Bellevue Ave.
Richmond, Va. 23222

Mrs. King Windsor (Marjorie Veltz)
1306 W. Michigan St.
Wethersfield, Conn. 06109

1921 Correspondent:
Mrs. Alfred J. Chalmers (Anna M. Brazos)
Box 339, Rte 4
Hendersonville, N.C. 28795

in the 1922 edition of the yearbook幸好还盖住了她。看来是李四维在当年的年会中已经成为了年会的主编。
Our own Big Occasion classmate, was unquestionably the luncheon-plain-hed at the javelin throw. Jonna Smith (Gandolfini's sister, her husband, Joe, in Old Lyme. There were served highly superior food and drink by the Smiths, and the hospitality of her husband, Dick. A welcome visit was paid us by Mr. William Griswold, Chmn. of the Board of Trustees, whose name came to us down in history. Regarding history, the attrac- tive buff and blue flowers carried during the week-end were made for us by Cynthia Stone, a member of the new Arts Center, presented to the College by the Alumnae who served on the Executive Board.

The class meeting was held before and during the luncheon. Katy Hamblet reported that our Big Occasion class had not been depleted. She explained that '24 operates not on an annual basis, and on voluntary contribu- tions but on the other hand, the spirit moves the spirit. The spirit moved most of us to make contributions then and then, and Katy, the ghost writer, was named as A.A.G.P. chairman, informed us that results of our contribution for 1968-69 would be an- nounced at the banquet and emphasized that contributions would be welcome through June 30. In Mattituck, L.I. Julia Warner keeps involved in civic and church activities in Dennis, Mass. She had a beautiful trip...
From all of us—the warmth thanks to our reunion chmn. Elizabeth Hendrickson Matlock, who forgot to send a note on bulletin board, and to the many others who helped to make this reunion a success. The committee in charge of the luncheon was roundly encouraged by the husbands.

Correspondent: Mrs. Edward R. Clapp (Ruth Caswell)
27 Prince Road, Portland, Conn. 04100

Dear Class: You missed it! We had a super time back on campus because after one gets over the initial shock of seeing everyone at once, they found the lines fade away and youth is reborn. $45 million around, 112 of them husbands. Susan W. Comfor, president, presented a lovely little band arrived: Mabel Barnes Kauff, Sylvia Hendr Irving, Margaret Leland Weir, Mary Maxton Brown; treasurer, Marion Arnold; Marcia Nicholas Arnold, Dorothea Poterem Southworth, Floyne Schneider Welsh, Susan Wister Comfort, and Lyda Chatfield Taylor—sent the names of Nahlonee Benson Manley’s two daughters who had all the grades. We extend to them our sym-pathies.

3193 Correspondent: Mrs. Alexander C. Mitchell
(Louise Towne)
15 Spruce St., Cranford, N.J. 07016

3192 Correspondent: Mrs. Thomas L. Stevens
(Amelia McCready McClellan) 287 Overwood Road, Akron, Ohio 44313

Phyllis Heintz Malone, our class treasurer, received the report of the Council, March in place of Catharine (Speedo) Greer who was ill.

Winifred Link Stewart is suggesting a memorial fund from friends of Helen Hurgert Kingsill who died 3/24/68 in Seattle. Winnie suggested sending in a list of those who had been chases in the fields of child and adult developmental psychology or in music, both fields were especially interested in the possibility of contribut-ing to send check to Miss Gilman Stewart, 237 Lakeview Ave., Rockville Center, L.I. N.Y. 11570

3190 Correspondent: Mrs. Paul T. Carroll (Ruth Cooper)
316 C. St. 6th floor, Arlington, Va. 22202

3191 Correspondent: Mrs. Richard M. Jones (Constance Gano)
25 Bloody Brook Road, Box 728
Andover, Mass. 01810

Mrs. Fred Hariff (Mary More)
2 Redbrooke Road
Evanston, Ill. 60201

Thirty-six members of the class gathered for our 38th reunion; 12 husbands were present (6 over last year) and judging by their smiling faces, had a good time.

At our class picnic on Saturday, presided over by Melicent Wilcox Buckingham, this shaggy lady, we enjoyed the company of Constance Gano Jones; VP and Reunion Chmn. Jane Moore Warner; Secy. Thursa Bateman; Treas. Alfreda Abravanel. Former Correspondents Marie-Louise Holley Spangler and Wilhelmina Brown Seyfried, and Billie Wilcox also stayed with us to form a group of notes and telegrams, to the benefit of the Class, and to the joy of women of all ages sharing in the fun. The newly formed alumnae group in the Hugenot and took a guided tour of the fasci-nating 1872 Hempstead House nearby. Having recently visited Mary and Dr. Pearson at their old stage coach house, "Clayville Museum" (full of their pioneer Americana) out near Springfield, Ill., I could appreciate her interest in New England antiquity. All too soon it was time for the banquet which turned out to be a choice affair. The response in reminiscent skits, the performance of "Annapolis Husband" by some of our class members, was a delightful way to bring the reunion to a close. Of all the class members, I heard that Mercedes May Richards, Sue appointed Elynore Schneider Welsh class fund agent. Appreciation was expressed to all the husbands, who were the only source of income to run our alumnae affairs. Saturday afternoon, while some were at officers…but the weather was perfect. President Shain’s remarks showed his pride in having led Mercia May Richards, Sue appointed Elynore Schneider Welsh class fund agent. Appreciation was expressed to all the husbands, who were the only source of income to run our alumnae affairs.

1929 Correspondent: Mrs. Elinor F. Crafts (Lthusia) Streeter
2907 Old Greenwich, Conn. 06670

1933 Correspondent: Mrs. Thomas S. McKeon
(Anna May Dorge)
1 Shipwright Harbor
Annapolis, Md. 21401

In February our friend Helen’s daughter Susan married Preston Edward Van Fleet Henley. Martha Johnson Houghland’s son Erik married in January. R.I. Army teaching in hots of school in Alabama. Son Vi-cent Jr. teaches at Sonoma State College, Cal. Marty took a week’s leave from teaching and flew to Southwest where she welcomed her first grandchild, Erika, born to daughter Johanna. Dorothy Hamilton Algire’s son Dan married in January. Kathleen P. was getting swimming lessons, at the age of 3 months. Dorothy (Pete) Bomer Kan and Eileen spent 4 weeks in
Florida and then went to Cambridge, Mass., to the wedding of daughter Judy '60 on May 24. Hazel Depew Holden and Hap ... history of the P.O. Dept. This honor suitably caps a career which began when Elizabeth worked her way through CC43.

Phyllis Fields is doing social work in Greenwich schools. Adele [Jimmie] Francis wrote 2 weeks ago that her daughter Barbara will be a CC student in the fall.

Ginny [Dinny] Gold Kent had a write-up re the 150th anniversary of the Woodlawn Overlook [home, in Summit, N.J.], of which she is president. Mrs. Gold is a member of the Martha Grassl/Dean of Contemporary Dance. She works twice weekly as a volunteer under the NYC Bd. of Ed., teaching dance to deaf children for whom this is a second language.

Charlotte [Ham] Harburger Stern bravely writes that hers and her husband's parents are both quite well during the pressures of life. Ham's daughter Debbie is married and lives in Florida; her daughter Jon is with American Airlines, who has transferred her husband, Frank Ehrlich, back to the U.S. and overseas less at Trivby's in Ocean Springs, Miss. where Rudy is running for mayor on the first Repub- lican ticket ever in the town. Martha's son, Brian, is an officer with the Air Force, and she takes commercial pilot's training while Albert, her son, is at Va Tech as a first year.

Madelyn Hussey Walsley's husband retired on June 14 to Rkk Larsen, a Williams graduate, and after a European honeymoon, was transferred to New York for a year. Blatchford Van Etten is completing her 39th year at Lassell Junior College in Auburndale.

Myland Kaufman has 3 sons: Davis an intern at Harvard Med. School; Nelson Wood, a student at Western Reserve Academy and will enter Storrs next year; and Roger, a Yale student.

Carri-carriage backus' son, a senior graduated from Boston College and received an Army commission. Miss Carr's son-in-law Garvin Gearhart, is a communications officer. He announced the marriage of their daughter, Ann Griswold, to Gary Hackenham in Baltimore, Maryland, on June 2.

Mildred (Millie) Wanner Wilson's daughter, Marion, is completing her third year at Albright College in Reading, Pa., where she is in her third year and serves on the Board of Education and on the Board of Education, boards of the Canton Symphony schools. They anticipate a world tour this June. Barbara and daughter Susan are off to the second geologic field trip, doing geological mapping at the University of Utah. Their oldest son sailed in June for Europe this summer while the youngest, Linda, is in camp. Barbara serves on the Canton Bd. of Ed., boards of the Canton Symphony and is active promoting the development of the theater and arts center in town. She is in her 6th year as exec. dir. of the Big Women's Club in Arlington, Va. Her son Charles is now a junior engineer and his father, our old neighbor, is active developing a Theater Arts Center in Revolution Park.

Dorothy Wiener writes that her step-son, Sgt. James (Jim) Johnson's husband Bob died Apr. 20 after a very long illness. Our deepest sympathy to her and to her family. Miss Wiener (Webbie) Webster Kyndberg lost her husband John. She lives alone now in Tucson. Our deepest sympathy to Webbie and to the family of her husband.

1936

Co-correspondents:

Mrs. Aly G. Haman [Alys E. Griswold]
Ferry Road, Old Lyme, Conn. 06371

Mrs. Elmer Pierson [Elizabeth Davis]
9 Riverview Street, Essex, Conn. 06426

1937

Leonore Gilson Williams' son Eddie has married. All the family attended the wedding in Tucson, Ariz. Debbie, a science major, is transferring from Western Reserve University's Junior College; Mary enters CC this fall. John is "a delight—good company!" Adelene Gilpin Wilson has 3 married daughters—both social workers. She and her husband are teaching in elementary and junior high schools. They will be in Europe soon.

Virginia Petersen Sarles still teaches 3rd grade in Meriden and enjoys it. She is planning a Hawaiian trip in August with one daughter to visit the second daughter and a 2-year-old grandson. Katherine Kirchner Grubb repeled her first year at Beloit College in Wisconsin. Our deepest thanks to Barbara Grubb Lumb '68. She and Josephine Pratt Lumb '36 thus are mutual grandmothers.

Fay Irving Sezak's daughter Sue is attending school in Puerto Rico. Virginia Diehl Moor is in her 6th year as exec. dir. of the Big Women's Club in Arlington, Va. Her son Jay will be a freshman at Univ. of R.I. in the fall. Audrey expects to live in Plymouth when she graduates. Catherine (Kaye) Cartwright Balbuck's son Stephen graduated from Western Reserve Academy and will enter Stanford University in 1940.

Rita Dricoll Marruzzo helps her husband in his business, track and field sports equipment. Elizabeth (Betty) Farmham Busby of Harbrace, Maine has just been to Italy with her art class. She is in her 6th year as exec. dir. of the Big Women's Club in Arlington, Va. Her son Charles is now a junior engineer and his father, our old neighbor, is active promoting the development of the Theater Arts Center in Revolution Park.

Dorothy Wadhams Cleaveland lost her husband in June 1967. Elise Thompson Bailey is active developing a Theater Arts Center in Revolution Park. She is in her 6th year as exec. dir. of the Big Women's Club in Arlington, Va. Her son Charles is now a junior engineer and his father, our old neighbor, is active developing a Theater Arts Center in Revolution Park.

Jim Jr. is an Air Force captain: Wait a minute—there’s another one! Jim Jr.’s daughter Judy’s husband, Dr. Charles R. Prisdilla Sawtelle, is a part-time ecologist for a law firm: she is in her 6th year as exec. dir. of the Big Women's Club in Arlington, Va.

Doris Merion (Joey) Ferris Ritter, fully recovered from major surgery, is busy with church work and has just been to Italy with her art class. She is in her 5th year as exec. dir. of the Big Women's Club in Arlington, Va.

Ruth is completing her first year. Margaret Myland Kaufman has 3 sons: Davis an intern at Harvard Med. School; Nelson Wood, a student at Western Reserve Academy and will enter Storrs next year; and Roger, a Yale student.

Dorothy Wiener writes that her step-son, Sgt. James (Jim) Johnson's husband Bob died Apr. 20 after a very long illness. Our deepest sympathy to her and to her family. Miss Wiener (Webbie) Webster Kyndberg lost her husband John. She lives alone now in Tucson. Our deepest sympathy to Webbie and to the family of her husband.

1938

Co-correspondent:

Mrs. William B. Dolan [M. C. Jenkins]
255 Great Plain Ave., Dedham, Mass. 02026

Elizabeth M. Fielding has been appointed special and confidential assistant to the assistant Postmaster General. This position is a capstone to her career which began when Elizabeth worked her way through CC.
Virginia Taber McGamey and husband left in May on a trip to study conservation development in parts of the South and West, and ended with a month in Hawaii. Returning Frank will become director of Seven Ponds Nature Center in Dryden, Mich. Imogene Bliss Williamson has been acting in NYC since December, 1966, first in Murat-Side, then in the musical Your Own Thing; she has also done TV work. Our 30th reunion was a great success. Aside from the usual activities the '28 class picnic was held at the summer home of Beatrice Dodd Foster's parents at Groton Long Point. Those returning with husbands were Katherine Alice Bronson, Bonice Cocks Millard, Martha Daubtich Price, Elaine DeWolfe Cardillo, Beatrice Dodd Foster, Henrietta Farum Goetsch, Doris Houghton Ott, Barbara Meyers Halldt, Carol Prince Allen and Nancy Weston Lincoln. Also returning were Alexander Mallove, Hannah Anden-

...nursing program. Son Jeff graduated from Univ. of Virginia and now is employed in the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory. Mary Anne finds time for golf and the Council of Virginia Museum of Fine Arts. Our son Martin is now in high school and is a lifeguard for the summer. He plans to enter our community college.

Sincerely,
Family of Marjorie Grise Hickok who died in April. She was a past president of the Cleveland CC Club. Her daughter Linda was in the class of '69.

1942 Correspondent:
Mrs. Douglas O. Nystedt (Susan Smith) McLean, N. H. 03858

1943 Correspondent:
Barbara Hellmann
52 Woodruff Rd., Longsind, Conn. 06332

Mrs. John S. Morton (Mary Jane Dole)
35 Say Vista Dr., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941

Our dear friend Elizabeth t. Maynard, is back at work as editorial researcher for a magazine with offices very near home. After attending the funeral of her husband, Edward, Mrs. Elikabeth Goodrich Barnes' in Pine Orchard, Conn. the day after Liz's son Jonathan had married in North Carolina, she is still on the book in New York City, and has been in Michigan recently. Charles C. Osburn, with The Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole in Massachusetts, and with the same institution on the early decision plan. Castle Rock Furniture is a new group of modern furniture. The Millers purchased a ski camp in Vermont where Peg, to escape k.p. duty, is learning to ski. Catherine Miller, the oldest daughter, is a student-teacher from CC under her supervision. Her oldest daughter is a student at Boston Univ., son Leeds a sr. is in high school, son Skip and Peter are complete the family circle. Margaret Stonestreet Miller earned her M.A. in education 4 yrs. ago and continues to teach in Niantic, Conn. and to Helen Borer Jackson on the loss of her sympathy to her family.

1941 Correspondent:
Mrs. Ernest T. Shaw (Jane Whipple)
131 Sewall Ave., Brookline, Mass. 02146

Ty with regret that I announce the death of Anne Lawson Downing. We extend our sympathy to her family.

1940 Correspondent:
Mrs. Charles L. Forbes Jr. (Gladys Buchanan)
201 Forest Ave., Northfield, N.J. 07640

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

Sybil Ward Smith's older daughter Gilly was married last Nov. to E. Ellis Now in Boulder, Colo. Both are graduates of the Univ. of Colorado. Con Peter is a senior at Colby College in Maine. The Smiths are in high school. Elizabeth Butler Cordelli worked as a case worker with the Dept. of Social Services, Eile's son Glenn is a Jr. at Elizabethtown's College. In Springfield, Mass., and her daughter Sue is busy applying to colleges. Elizabeth Kirk-

...soph. at Boston Univ., son Leeds a sr. is in high school, and Gordon in jr. high. The Oates lived while Cindy and Bill keep their home jumping. Nan Chrisenstein Carmon's "son John grad-uated from Farmingdale State Service last September, cum laude, first in his class and winner of the Dr. McAllister scholas- tic award, is a member of the Interfraternity Council. In September, a horse and pony enthusiast, she has won several competition titles. In high school while Cindy and Bill keep their home jumping. Nan Chrisenstein Carmon's "son John gradu-ated from Farmingdale State Service last September, cum laude, first in his class and winner of the Dr. McAllister scholas- tic award, is a member of the Interfraternity Council. In September, a horse and pony enthusiast, she has won several competition titles. In Introductory to the students and to Helen Borer Jackson on the loss of her sympathy to her family.

1940 Correspondent:
Mrs. Charles L. Forbes Jr. (Gladys Buchanan)
201 Forest Ave., Northfield, N.J. 07640

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

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Correspondent: Marie Hickey Wallace reports from Litchfield, Conn. that her children range in age from pre-nursery school to work in Boston. She and her husband have 4 children,12, 11, 8 and 6. They spent an enjoyable spring vacation touring Washington. They live in Kensington, Conn.; her husband manages product analysis for a company in Connecticut. Their children are Alec 13, Martha 11, and Alexander 7. They vacationed in Georgetown, Mass. Her husband is a lawyer and serves 5000 students a year and providing courses from liberal arts lectures to teaching. Alice Bronson Hogan lives in Greenwich, Conn. She has 3 children, 12, 11, and 10. Their pres. of PTA and works with the curriculum committee for the Monticello Adult School serving 1500 students a year and providing courses from liberal arts lectures to teaching. Alice Bronson Hogan lives in Greenwich, Conn. She has 3 children, 12, 11, and 10. Their pres. of PTA and works with the curriculum committee for the Monticello Adult School serving 1500 students a year and providing courses from liberal arts lectures to teaching. Alice Bronson Hogan lives in Greenwich, Conn. She has 3 children, 12, 11, and 10. Their pres. of PTA and works with the curriculum committee for the Monticello Adult School serving 1500 students a year and providing courses from liberal arts lectures to teaching. Alice Bronson Hogan lives in Greenwich, Conn. She has 3 children, 12, 11, and 10. Their pres. of PTA and works with the curriculum committee for the Monticello Adult School serving 1500 students a year and providing courses from liberal arts lectures to teaching. Alice Bronson Hogan lives in Greenwich, Conn. She has 3 children, 12, 11, and 10. Their pres. of PTA and works with the curriculum committee for the Monticello Adult School serving 1500 students a year and providing courses from liberal arts lectures to teaching.
ton and Williamsburg and skied in Vermont this winter. Husband Tyler was made a VP of the Conn. Nat'l Bank. Our class president, Cassandra Goss Simonds is back home again after a long winter of rebuilding and remodeling their burned-out digs. She and Charles plan to build a new home on a seven-acre plot of land in New Canaan, a 2 year project. 9-year-old Chris spent 2 months on crutches with a knee injury and broken ankle after a ski accident but is active now in Little League and Cub Scouts. Castle is PTA officer for New Canaan Country School, chairs the bd. of the new school, and is on the executive bd. of the Homemaker Service of the Children’s Aid Society in N.Y.

Our sympathy goes to Gail Anderson Myers, husband Bob and daughters Abigail and Melissa because of the death of 8-year-old John in March from a long illness.

1956 Co-correspondents:

Mrs. Norris W. Ford (Eleanor Erickson) Branchbrook Road, Wilton, Conn. 06897

1957 Co-correspondents:

Mrs. Robert Friedman (Elaine Manasevit)

185 Stoneleigh Square
Fairfield, Conn. 06897

Mrs. James L. Daigle III (Beverly M. Valteich)

301 Whitehall Road
Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44118

1958 Co-correspondents:

Mrs. Richard A. Bilotti (Philippa Iorio)

77 Farmington Ave.
Morristown, N.J. 07960

Mrs. John B. Stokes (Margaret Morse)

232 Seneca Place, Westfield, N.J. 07090

1959 Co-correspondents:

Mrs. Arthur G. Von Thaden (Ann Entrekkin)

44 Nottingham Rd.
Short Hills, N.J. 07078

Mrs. James A. Robinson (Ann Frankel)

KFD #1, Keene, N.H. 03431

Born: to Roger and Jean Alexander Gilcrest a daughter, Janet Blackwell Bent on May 18, 1958. Janet inherits Janet Blackwell Bent's job as nominator for underprivileged children as well as substituting at church kindergarten. Our indefatigable treasurer, Lucy Allen Separk, was there collecting for the reunion booklet which we urge you to order at once by mailing $4 to Mrs. Charles Separk, Box 172, Hadlyme, Conn. 06439. Lucy's husband was there and anticipatiing the big weekend when he is to be ordained. Besides her own Con. work and the children, Lucy substitute teaches 6th grade math, music, and kindergarten. She brought the Scrabble game and other fun gimmicks to see post pictures. Mary Elsbree Hoffman inherits Janet Blackwell Bent's job as nominator for underprivileged children with her husband; they plan a July vacation to Point-of-Woods, L.I. with their 3 sons. Flying herself to reunion was Katharine Lloyd-Rees Miller who besides working on her license to teach, is the League Thrift Shop. Gail Glidden Goodwell traveled from Ill., with her 2 month old son and 24 year old daughter whom she left with her family during reunion. Her husband will join her for a vacation in New Hampshire. She said that Barbara (Bobbi Jo) Fischer Frankenburg, just moved to Tahoe City, Cal., lives in the country with their 2 children, a puppy, and no TV. Before going to Holland, Ann Seidel Grafich and husband were in Washing- ton, D.C., while both attended a 2 week course at American Univ. They saw John and Marcia Fortin Sherman and Elizabeth Regan Montague who lives within walking distance of the Capi- tol. Betsy attended reunion as did Ann Berdick Harman and Mary Byrnes who flew into D.C. together Saturday morning. Ann, an interior decorator, has had work featured in many magazines (see May issue of House and Garden) as has her architect husband. Mary, a systems analyst, designs education programs and management information systems for System Development Corp. She travels all over USA providing exec. training to Dept. of Labor personnel. Hailing from Conn. at re- union were Harriett Good Swenson, a co- membership chmn. of Hartford Alumnae group, on her license to teach, and Robert Friedman, now working for the chmn. of the bd. of a New England publication for radio operators, a member of many radio clubs including internat'l ones, and James Goodrich and Virginia (Ginger) Reed Le- vick. Traveling from Maine were Jacqueline Frost Mahaney and her husband; Jackie has 2 sons and keeps busy on the Pennekop Heritage Museum Bd., in hospital work, and currently as pres., of the Jr. League of Bangor. Joy Johnson Novick, also in Maine, is serving a 3- year term as director of the local sch. bd., and is an ass't. girl scout leader and a mem- ber of a women's rep. group. Diana Miller Kelly, now working for the chmn. of the bd. of an insurance co., came. Living in NYC is Margaret Gilcrest, who works in the curriculum dept. at the Guggenheim. Also there was Diane Williams of Merrill Lynch, she started working on her license as an analyst, moved to portfolio analyst and supervisor, and finally to manager of the Portfolio Analysis Dept. Son Sue Krak. Before her husband and company and plans to return to speak for the Student Career Counseling Committee. Also there is Mrs. Frank Miceli who worked in mutual funds in Boston and is now admin. ass't. and registered representative in oil and gas investment programs. She has been to Europe and lived on a Greek island. Coming

CC mothers and daughters. Left—

Marjorie Grieve Hickox '41 who died on April 21, 1958—1—2 year old daughter, Hickox, Evelyn Cooper, Marjorie Wicoff Cooper '41, Nancy Brush, Eloise Stumm Brush '42, Judith Rapp, Dorothy Bowland Rapp '40. 2—(Elizabeth Milford de Groff '39, Judith de Groff, Kimberly Warner, Elizabeth Paton Warner '39, Arline Brown Stone '39, Betty Stump, Louise Woodbury Thomas '36, Louise Thomas, Janice Somach Schwalm '47, Catherine Schwalm, Susan Scharlotte, Bar- bara Wieser Scharlotte '44.
from NYC also were Olivia Hallowell Hunting-
ton who is again working for Lindsay, help-
ing in the Montessori school she and her
husband founded, and renovating a brown-
stone in Roosevelt Ave. Bill Davidson, Jr., and
Krueger who also brought her sister; Patricia
Kaffeman Reisch; Judith Loveryer Carberry; Jane
Knudsen, who has 4 children, and Leona
Lebeer Biederman and her pictures who
both enjoyed the Alumnae College discussions.
Caroline Alcorn was with Winonna Barker
and her husband who took pictures;
Sandra Sidman Larson who has 3 sons, a
doct-
or, and many moves over the years. She
credit, including the last from Belgium;
Marjory Wasserstrom Gross and husband
(Margie has finished a dissertation for her
Ph.D. in English just 2 weeks before her
birthday), and too many moves to her
husband and her. She also leaves her husband, a minister who is still
trying and is research associate at the Univ. of
Chicago. They plan to introduce their new
son Pew are in Yarmouth, Me. where Dick
works for C.H. Robertson and Julie is getting
their home ready to sell. They expect to take
their children in school. Sheila Keating Lamb
enrolled last year in the return to college
program of the Maine Community College,
and Barbara Frick Jung a second son, Douglas
is active in local school affairs. Ron and
Carol Reardon Akialis are settled in Middle-
town, N.J. where Carl and Juli are in school
and children. Coileen Dougherty Loe is in
art, and public relations chmn. of the Teak Branch
Chapel, Hosp. Med., of the N. C., and is
a CC admissions aide. Dick and Mary
Peabody are in Utica where she plans to visit on her
return trip. A Swedish girl lived with them
recently and in Ohio for 2 weeks as part of an
intern's program. From N.J., came Susan
Moyers Allman who has 2 sons and a daughter,
who are in California, England, and Florida, and who is on the bd. of
directors of the Community Service Council and of the Jr.
Van Wyken family moved to Peachtree City, Ga. where Margaret
Henderson Whitmore, a vol-
tunteer in social work, and her husband; and Ann
Henderson Lollar will be the K.B.'s correspondent. From Va., came Ellen
Kenney Glennon and Holly Wrampelmeier
Whitehead of New Kent, Va., and Kitty and
Charles, on 2/28; to David and Carolyn Jones
in St. Louis, Mo. on 5/2; to Adolph and Judith Waring
and the 3 children enjoyed skating and skiing
in July. Judith Novik Lyons is learning to play golf
and is on the bd. of directors of the Jewish Famil-
ly Service of Altanta, Ga. She is an ass-t. prof. in
Yale and the 3 children enjoyed skating and skiing
in July. Judith Novik Lyons is learning to play golf
and is on the bd. of directors of the Jewish Famil-
ly Service of Altanta, Ga. She is an ass-t. prof. in
Yale and possibly a course in dramatic lit. at
Manchester. She saw Bill and Barbara Carson Bach
in May. She is also chief of human factors at E.B. In
their sailboat ready for the summer. With
Margaret Watson is now the
Dean of Student Affairs at Conn.
Margaret Watson is now the
Dean of Student Affairs at Conn.
Margaret Watson is now the
Dean of Student Affairs at Conn.
Margaret Watson is now the
Dean of Student Affairs at Conn.
baby chicks, a Labrador, a cat, Eliza 6. Jake 8 and husband Bill. After Bill finishes as a
It. in the Sub service, he ... Riverway, Apt. 18
Boston, Mass. 02215
Mrs. Ronald E.Walker (LindaMcGilvray)
15 McGrady Street
Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542

Patricia Olson Hodges reports that Lesli~
received a master's degree from Southern Conn
his M.A. from R.P.I. Last February Barb re-
phone Co. Barb Gallo and Jim are moving
and now is currently doing a pediatric intern.
received his M.D. from N.Y. Med. College in '69
Social analyst with the U.S. SEC. Mark, Frank
birth of her daughter, has retired as a finan-
art in the Army [Med. Service Corps) and sta-
Beth on 7/16/68; to Jay and Rose Abel Deutsch
Baldwm on
3 months. Tina keeps busy working for the

Elizabeth Brahler, Williams, nursery school teacher
married prior to marriage, is teaching in
Brookfield, Conn. where she is happy with
Tuft School. Summer plans include a
shorts, Journey to Europe with his
will join him in Europe for a combined busi-

Elizabeth Brady to J. R. Will-

淑 L. Yim
1082 Hitna Drive, Honolulu, Hawaii 96817

Married: Mrs. Anne Murphy
19 Everett St., Apt. 43
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Correspondent

Linda Norton worked in London with Judy
Spicer Knutson and had an exciting job at
London's Children's Hospital. Linda is
living in NYC and working as ass't. to the
fund director at Natl. Urban League. Eliza-
Beth Geisler received a B.S. in Engr. Engg. from
Columbia Business Sch. and works with Scott
Paper Co., sales division. Patricia Antell
And

Correspondent

Married: Mrs. William M. Senske (Kirk Palmer)
1467 Prospect Ave.
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

Correspondent

Married: Mrs. William M. Senske (Kirk Palmer)
1467 Prospect Ave.
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

Correspondent

Married: Mrs. William M. Senske (Kirk Palmer)
1467 Prospect Ave.
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

Correspondent

Married: Mrs. William M. Senske (Kirk Palmer)
1467 Prospect Ave.
Cambridge, Mass. 02138
ALUMNAE ANNUAL GIVING PROGRAM 1968-69

35.04% of us including 97 Alumnae Laurels can be proud...

Our goal was $320,000.00
3,626 of us gave $346,404.30
Of this amount, 97 Laurels gave $233,014.96

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<td>32.44</td>
<td></td>
<td>11,645.19</td>
<td>1968</td>
<td>93</td>
<td>20.67</td>
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<td>1943</td>
<td>76</td>
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<td>4,764.16</td>
<td>1969</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>1944</td>
<td>103</td>
<td>51.24</td>
<td></td>
<td>7,549.00</td>
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</tbody>
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TOP TEN CLASSES IN PERCENTAGE

- 1924 81.52
- 1919 71.43
- 1920 64.62
- 1923 58.62
- 1931 55.71

TOP TEN CLASSES IN AMOUNT

- 1919 $39,274.50
- 1931 36,251.00
- 1960 23,061.25
- 1939 15,159.83
- 1941 12,028.25

Matching Gifts
- $322,955.58
- 7,777.19

Class, Club, Special Gifts
- 15,670.53

Individual Contributions
- $320,000.00
- 3,626 of us gave $346,404.30
- Of this amount, 97 Laurels gave $233,014.96
ALUMNAE NEWS
AUGUST 1969
Connecticut College
CLASS OF 1919

50