Connecticut College Alumnae News, Fall 1970

Connecticut College

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.
Radicals have dropped "liberal" from their vocabulary right, and not far enough to suit Herbert George Wells. But last May Connecticut College proved that at least among Connecticut students in good grace "liberals" still stand for liberal education. This education is designed to provide maximum opportunity for self-fulfillment, an idea that was almost universally rejected by liberal institutions a generation ago. Apparently, liberal education is not that which they claimed at Yale College. It was a disarming idea: that most students are largely uninterested in their education, and that life is more interesting than their education. Even before graduation, the logical inference was that the formal institution of education had been outstripped by life experience. As a result, the liberal institution is now an instrument for self-expression, and those who once sought to impress others with the idea that education was a means of earning a living are now interested in the idea: that studying can be fascinating, and that the educated are more interesting because their studies are more varied. In short, the liberal institution is now a means of self-fulfillment, and not an end. Whether this is in accordance with the intentions of its founders is another question. But it is clear that the liberal institution is now an instrument for self-expression and not an end. Whether this is in accordance with the intentions of its founders is another question. But it is clear that the liberal institution is now an instrument for self-expression and not an end.
Connecticut College Alumnae News

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The Noble Rise and Tragic Decline of the Truffle

Elizabeth C. Peer '57

In 1970, the year of Cambodia, the midi-skirt, the sagging stock market and a dozen other catastrophes of awesome dimensions, it is instructive to ponder a miniscule crisis that is saddening the hearts of epicures throughout the world no less than the C-5A's baffling inability to get off the ground has dismayed the Pentagon.

As Fall chills the stony hillsides of southwest France this month, lovers of fine cuisine bleakly anticipate that the production of a bizarre subterranean fungus of indescribable succulence once again will plummet. "It is irreparable," mourns Louis Vaudable, the owner of Maxim's in Paris.

That the object which causes this despondency is small, dark, wrinkled and warty in no way dims its allure. Georges Sand called it a "faire apple." Alexandre Dumas called it "the sacro socrorum of gastronomes." Colette called it "the precious gem of poor lands." Renowned French gastronome Anthelme Brillat-Savarin called it "the diamond of the kitchen." And doting French connoisseurs call it, more simply but just as lovingly, a "truffle" when they uncomplainingly pay $32 a pound for a handful at gourmet markets.

The truffle has a history as proud as the fungus itself is homely. It was prized for its aromatic pungency by the ancient Greeks, who thought it was sown by thunder. In Athens, the man who devised a new truffle dish was guaranteed instant citizenship. The Romans coveted North African truffles so fiercely that Pliny the Elder called it "among the most wonderful of all things." Juvenal had a character in one of his satires intone, "Lybia, unyoke your oxen and keep your crops, but send us your truffles."

The fungus fell into disrepute during the Middle Ages, when its mystery and strange appearance lent credence to the belief it was the devil's work. With the Renaissance, however, the truffle regained a prestige it has enjoyed ever since—most notably as an aphrodisiac.

Petrarch sent Laura de Noves baskets of fresh truffles along with his love sonnets in the hopes of awakening her ardor. Madame de Pompadour regularly fed Louis Quinze truffle-laden dinners to keep his kingly passion aflame. Even Napoleon, a lover of repute, worried about his difficulty in fathering children and succeeded with Empress Marie Louise only after following the recipe of a lieutenant from Périgord: truffled turkey basted with champagne. The lieutenant was promoted to colonel when Napoleon became the father of Napoleon the Second (his only legitimate son, who died at 21). Brillat-Savarin, a judicious culinary right-winger who was believed to prefer eating above all other sensory pastimes, nonetheless rhapsodized of the truffle as an aphrodisiac, "It renders women more tender and men more lovable."

But while the truffle's extraordinary virtues have been documented for more than two thousand years, its physiology is still a total mystery to science. Ironically, in an age when men walk the moon, no agronomist has yet discovered what the truffle really is.

We do not know how it germinates. We do not understand its metabolism. And we do not know why it chooses certain locales and scorns others in which the soil, sun and rain conditions are identical. We have not progressed a single scientific step since 1825, when Brillat-Savarin wrote sadly in his classic La Physiologie de Goût, still the Bible of French haute cuisine: "We know neither how it is born nor how it grows. The cleverest men have studied it. They believed they had found its seeds. They promised we would be able to sow it at will. Useless efforts. Lying promises. Never has the planting been followed by harvest."

The same thoughts were put into more contemporary language recently by the French Ministry of Agriculture's chief of Vegetable Production, André Progent. "It is absurd in 1970 that there is no way to cultivate this capricious fungus. But there is still as much mystery about how the truffle grows as there is about life on Mars. All we can say is that the more oak trees you plant, the more truffles you are likely to find."

For this is one certainty about the truffle to which those who hunt it can cling. Truffles are always found near the foot of a certain kind of scrub oak. Science has established that the fungus reproduces by spores and likes open woodland with porous, calcareous soil. Such soil conditions are found in many parts of France and Italy, but the most esteemed of all truffles, the

From the Author:

After an inconclusive fling at Columbia graduate school (in drama), I joined Newsweek in the Fall of 1958 as a copy girl, intending to stay only long enough to earn tuition money. I'm still there. By 1962, after a stint at research, I was lucky enough to become one of Newsweek's rare lady writers. (There were two of us, eighty-seven men.) The magazine sent me to Paris in 1964 for a fascinating, hyperthyroid five years of gyrating around Europe and Africa to report on everything from Algerian politics to the intricacies of holding companies in Liechtenstein by way of the 1968 Paris riots. Investigating the truffle crisis was a refreshing footnote to such hard news assignments. I returned, reluctantly, to the United States in March, 1969, to learn about real life in Mr. Nixon's Washington.
muskily perfumed black winter truffle of Périgord, flourishes to the east of Bordeaux in a region where lushly rolling countryside alternates with barren, stony fields.

But is the truffle a parasite or does it live in peaceable symbiosis with the oak tree? If there is no answer, there is some thought-provoking circumstantial evidence. Host trees, once they have begun producing truffles, tend to look stunted. They grow more slowly than their truffle-free neighbors. But the truffle, found six to fifteen centimeters underground, grows around the smaller roots of the oak. It does not invade or devour any part of the tree. It does, however, send off toxins which kill all vegetation on the surface for an area of four to eight feet around the tree.

Known as "terre brulée," or "burned earth," this phenomenon is one help in spotting truffles. Another is hovering clusters of small yellow flies which like to lay their eggs in truffles in September, when the ripening fungus begins to give off a scent.

But the most efficient way of locating truffles is with the aid of a truffle pig, an oinking, four-footed geiger counter of incomparable skill. The sensitive nose, sharpened by greed, can spot truffles hidden a foot underground and root them up with a dizzying speed. All the poor beast gets for her pains is a kick in the jowls to make her drop the gem unharmed and a few grains of corn from the owner's pocket. Young females are used in preference to males, whose gluttony is ungovernable.

Born in the summer, the piglet goes to market in the Fall. In principle she is being sold for porkchops, but cunning French peasants stroll through the outdoor market with truffle juice smeared on their pant cuffs for the call of a higher destiny. An interested sniffing at the cuff means the pig will be spared from the slaughterhouse for a season of truffle hunting.

From November to February, the peasant and his pig regularly roam the Périgord and Quercy woods, where an outstanding truffle pig can dig up twenty of the fungi (two pounds) in half an hour.

But no matter how brilliant the performance, in the spring all pigs are equal. They are turned indiscriminately into pork liver pâté, ham hocks and rillettes (shredded pork mixed with lard, a greasy dish the French, for unfathomable reasons, cherish). There is nothing to be gained by keeping a pig through the summer for a second truffle season. Weighing in at 300 pounds, a full-grown sow is too big, too belligerent and too slothful to handle.

Increasingly, truffle hunters are using dogs. Disinterested in eating truffles, they deliver them
intact and are more manageable than pigs. "The pig looks for truffles out of greed," says dedicated dog-trainer Raymond Bousquet of Cahors. "But the dog does it to please and obey his master."

Whether the peasant hunts with a pig or a dog, however, the yield is low these days and getting lower. Experts trace the slump to World War One, when the men went off to war and the women left behind to do the farm work had neither the time, the energy nor the knowledge to thin out their truffle oaks and keep the soil plowed. Deprived of sun and the airy, humid dirt they like, Périgord's truffles literally began to die of suffocation. Nonetheless, yields from Southwest France continued to average better than 100 tons a year until 1940.

For reasons no one understands, productivity declined each season to an average of 25 tons a year by the late 1950's. It is speculated that a big freeze in 1956 may have broken the reproductive cycle. In 1953, after a dry summer (truffles like a rainy July to mid-August followed by lots of sun—just the opposite of grapes), all of Southwest France produced only four tons of truffles. The total climbed to 40 tons for 1964, dropped to 15 in 1966 and limped up to 17.5 tons for 1969.

When these meager production figures are compared with the 300 tons of truffles routinely turned up in Périgord each year before World War One, it is clear that unless science steps in with a miracle, the truffle will disappear. "It seems as though the earth is exhausted," sighs Fernand Henras, a Cahors dealer whose family has been in truffles for a century and a half.

The French government is trying to nudge science along. For in addition to inspiring much of the soul and most of the rhetoric in the French haute cuisine ("The survival of the truffle is a matter of culinary life and death," says Claude Terrail, owner of Paris's Tour d'Argent restaurant), the truffle is also big business. Exports of foie gras, in which it is a principal ingredient, brought more than $3 million into the coffers of the Banque de France last year. Truffles are vital, as well, to a dozen other fancy luxury food products ranging from pheasant with truffle stuffing to canned sauce Périgeux.

In an attempt to save the truffle, the government is encouraging the planting of truffle oaks, launching massive campaigns to educate the local peasantry, and financing laboratory research on truffle origins and reproductions. In Clermont-Ferrand, a young agronomy researcher has succeeded in cultivating a mycelium in a laboratory.

But it is a long jump from the sterilized lab environment to a muddy truffle field, and the French government concedes that its scientific efforts to date have been discouraging. Some dealers are just as glad. "I hope that science never removes the truffle's veil of mystery," says Jacques Pébeyre, third generation of the country's leading family of truffle merchants. "I don't want to see truffles grown commercially like those pasty white mushrooms. The truffle must keep its mystery and dignity. After all, it isn't a cabbage."

While the truffle's future hangs, literally, on a test tube, harvesting will go on this Fall exactly as it has for two millennia. Quercy farm couples like Odette and Emile Malgoire, for whom the profits from their truffle hunts mean the difference between a bare subsistence living scratched from the inhospitable soil and a meager prosperity for their five children, will still pile into their battered pickup truck each weekend with their star truffle sniffer, Toupière (or her successor). They will stop at a favorite hunting ground near one of the dirt roads surrounding Cahors as they always have. With Madame Malgoire skidding along behind, the leashed pig will canter erratically from one clump of scrub oaks to another until, squealing wildly, she digs up a truffle.

The six or seven muddy, golfball-sized objects that constitute an average morning's work will still earn $17 to $20 later that day at the goose market, displayed between the baskets of fresh farm eggs, duck livers and wild strawberries. And with the $2 they keep for themselves from the windfall (the rest is spent on the children), Odette and Emile will still treat themselves to the only luxury their Spartan lives permit—a dish of pigs feet washed down with the vigorous red wine of Cahors.

Ten years ago, the Malgoires could count on finding twenty truffles in a good day's work. In 1970, they are pleased if Emile can stuff half a dozen in his pocket. Like all of Périgord's regular truffle hunters, they are pessimistic about the survival of the mysterious fungus.

If the supply grows shorter still and truffles disappear entirely, they nonetheless already have a glowing memorial in French literature. "To write the history of truffles," concluded Alexandre Dumas, "would be to undertake that of the civilized world in which, mute though they are, truffles have played a greater role than the laws of Minos or the tablets of Solon."

As for the hapless pig, famished, frustrated and unsung high priestess of the truffle cult, she also has a memorial and even a certain bitter justice. Deprived of the luscious black mushroom she covets in life, in death the pig and her prey finally unite. For the favorite way to prepare a good, plump pork roast in Périgord—inevitably—is "farci aux truffes."
No Moral Judgments

Adele Francis Toye '35

My work is unspectacular, always gentle, and basically expresses the concern of society for the ones who were unlucky when gifts were being distributed by the gods. It makes no moral judgments, and brings as much sympathy and understanding to the thief or prostitute as to the physically or mentally handicapped. It is endlessly fascinating, trying to plumb the depths of subtle variations of thought or feeling which influence people's behavior, assessing the strengths and weaknesses of each person, estimating how much effort in this or that direction will be required to bring about a sound and comfortable adjustment, gauging the effect on development of imagination and ideals.

"What does a Children's Officer in England do, anyway?"

"Isn't it something about orphans, or hopeless parents?"

"Seeing about adoptions, maybe..."

The Children's Officer here is concerned with every child in her district who appears to be suffering because of the poverty, ill health, or any other handicap of his parents. Laws passed in recent years make it possible for us to give material help as well as advice and guidance to whole families who seem to be "going under" in their struggle to maintain good home standards. We place some babies for adoption and investigate for the Courts other such placings, but most of our time is spent in family welfare.

Probably 99 parents out of every 100 meet the needs of their growing children capably and well, but in this crowded island that still leaves a good many who cannot do so. Perhaps they are blind or crippled or mentally ill or sexual deviants, or criminals whose presence is required in Her Majesty's closed establishments. No degree of incapacity or viciousness seems to stop a person from wanting to marry and raise a family, and every community has its quota of "disadvantaged."

Almost the only kind of child I have not seen in my twenty-one years in this work is an orphan. Many of the children referred to me by doctors, schools, or social workers have both parents living, often together. Of course there are many others with one parent who was deserted (before or after marriage) by the other. Tragedies which orphan a family of children always call out the best in relatives, who as a rule cope magnificently and require no help.

If I mention a few of the children I am working with at present, the nature of my responsibility can be clearly seen. There is Arthur, aged 12, whose mentally defective mother is living in unsavoury areas of London with a succession of men, petty criminals, drug addicts, drifters. She married one of them and thus obtained her discharge from the hospital for violent defectives where Arthur was born. She is English, but his father was an Indian with whom she had lived for ten days. Arthur's skin is just dark enough to make him feel noticeable.

Fortunately his mother asked her parents to take charge of Arthur as a newborn baby, and they have done their best to bring him up, but last year they had to ask for help in managing him. They are almost 70, health failing, vigor diminishing rapidly, tolerance of boyish clamor non-existent. There are many upsets in the home. Arthur found out long ago that if he storms and fusses enough they will give in to him for the sake of peace and quiet. The infrequent visits of his mother invariably bring turmoil and tears to the whole household. Without a watchful eye over him, and a helping hand at times, Arthur's home conditions would jeopardize his chance to become a stable, respected adult.

I am having to combat the influence of un-

From the Author:

During my freshman year, I signed up to be a Phys. Ed. major—to teach tennis, golf, etc. My sophomore year, I went with 10 other U.S. undergraduates to have an exchange year at the University College, Exeter, Devon, England, where I studied literature, history, physics, and decided games were rather puerile. I returned to C.C. for junior and senior years, taking zoology, histology, and German, also Mental Measurements and other psychology courses, so really it's very difficult for me to ascertain exactly what my major was. A grand jumble of literature, languages, and science which the Dean eventually said was Zoology, I think!

I've lived here since 1896 when I married Jack Toye who took my eye at Exeter. I was completely delighted with "Merrie England" after growing up in Puritanical New England (where solemnity and Duty were often given precedence over everything else), and I have lived here very happily ever since.

My title is Senior Child Care Officer of Hertfordshire County Council. This is more or less equivalent to working in a State Bureau of Child Welfare in the U.S.A. My interest in languages has persisted. Between the ages of fifty-one and fifty-six, I studied Russian, and passed the University of London exams at ordinary and advanced levels between 1965 and 1969. Now I'm engaged in studying French.
desirable companions toward whom Arthur has drifted. I must also combat his deep feelings of worthlessness by encouraging the development of skill in activities which will earn him the admiration of schoolmates. If he can be drawn into helping people who do not have even his degree of strength and intelligence, some confidence will grow. He and I must talk over the distressing facts about his mother, without approving her way of life, and try to develop some understanding and compassion for her. He can be shown how to use what is good in his home, and how not to take advantage of its weaknesses. Arthur came into the world with two strikes against him, and I shall do everything I can to ensure that he gets a walk, if not a hit.

Then there is Margaret. She was born in 1955 to a single crippled girl aged 19, just out of a Convent Home, trying to make a start in adult life. Mrs. Sill's health is always poor and she is never free from hospital appointments for long, but she has a fiercely independent spirit and rails against fate that keeps her economically dependent. In 1958 she found a husband, but after six months Mr. Sill disappeared, leaving her pregnant. Since that time the family has had to live on social security payments as the mother's health is too poor to allow her to take a job. At the end of each week in this home, poverty has won. Years of defeat have made Margaret's mother querulous, resentful, an incessant fault-finder, an uncomfortable person to live with.

Margaret is of limited intelligence and she has always been bewildered by her mother's inability to be the kind of mother other children had. Whenever Mrs. Sill's condemnation of life in general became too frightening, Margaret would wander from home, walking aimlessly for hours, even staying out all night hidden under a park hedge, getting comfort from being quiet and alone. The police found her on numerous occasions, psychiatrists tried to help, but eventually Margaret was before the Court as "in need of care and protection."

I am trying to hold the balance in the Sill home. The fundamental love between mother and child is there, but so distorted by frustration and hysteria that neither one understands the other. Now that Margaret is fifteen, rivalry and guilt-feelings complicate still further the relationship with her mother. Emotional explosions in this home are terribly frequent and frequently terrible. Can Margaret get through the last few weeks of school and get started in a job without caving in? Can I find some way of helping Mrs. Sill to take a less jaundiced view of the world? This case challenges all my resourcefulness, and I am deeply involved with both the deprived mother and her adolescent daughter. At times it seems that they both want to move towards the vision of themselves I always hold up to them, of mature people who can love each other and help each other even though some things they do irritate or repel the other. The belief I display to them that they will be able to reach a better understanding may be the very factor which causes it to happen. Time is on my side.

Another family I have under close supervision is having a different kind of struggle. Here there are six young children, handsome, strong, and very intelligent. Their father is a Hungarian refugee, a skilled engineer who escaped to England in 1956. Completely cut off from his relatives and not understanding the language or customs here, he was a pushover for the first English girl who looked at him. Now she has gone off with another man, and he is so bitter about "English rottenness" that he refused to allow relatives to help him care for the children.

He needs to feel that someone understands his attitude before he can grow towards a less cramping and unbalanced domestic arrangement. Sooner or later he will return to work and provide well for his family, but now he has only social security payments. The children must go without what they used to take for granted. Even worse in the father's view, they must accept gifts of second-hand clothing from neighbors who are unaware of his proud spirit. During his lengthy discussions with me each week, we try to find solutions to his manifold problems, respecting his feelings, but always leading him towards a healthier outlook for the future.

Working with another of my families also demands patience and quiet confidence. In this case both father and mother are mentally ill and must spend long periods in hospitals. I had to take charge of their son when he was only a few weeks old as they have no relatives in a position to help. For years now he has been looked after by wonderful fosterparents I selected for him, who can give him a place in their family and yet warmly welcome his parents when I bring them to visit him. Our thoughts have been directed all along towards the day when they will be well enough to care for their boy. My attitude not only sustains the parents, but it also enables the fosterparents to love the child truly, without being possessive. Perhaps the day will never come when he will have to leave them. If that is the way things turn out, the boy will have grown up knowing that his parents wanted to look after him if their health had permitted it. If some treatment or drug is discovered which helps them to be less tormented and unfocused, and he is able to go to them, all our preceding thought and action will have led up to that day, and it will appear to all to be the right and satisfying outcome.
I think it would be true to say that one could not undertake this work unless one felt deeply grateful for all the constructive, renewing things life offers. My admiration for musicians and composers is boundless, and my well of strength is filled each time I go to a concert. Musicians undergo years of study and striving to prepare themselves to interpret anew the beauty of the composer's work. Their humility and devotion show the rest of us the path leading to achieving professional standards in our field. The inspiration of the composer makes clear to us the reality of spiritual striving and triumph; we can contain confusion and defeat in our frame of reference if we also have there the possibility of growth towards just and happy solutions. I have never learned to play a musical instrument, but if I could, I would want to approach it in just the way I approach my families, first trying to understand its nature and qualities, and then trying to produce with it a harmonious and satisfying rendering of the work of some mind I readily acknowledge as more spacious and powerful than mine.
Liberal Arts Education in a Brazilian Milieu

Heliodora Carneiro de Mendonça '43

Ever since I received the invitation to write for the Alumnae News, thoughts about the advantages and disadvantages of a liberal arts education have been turning in my mind. To try to reach a formal judgment would be rather hopeless; consequently, I have decided just to let things get written as they come into my head. I am sure that Miss Oakes would have the gravest objections to such a lack of method. And I shudder even more at the possibility of others saying that this is an obvious manifestation of that most detestable of all arguments to justify the unjustifiable, a "Latin temperament." In my ramblings I will refer to "temperament" which I personally consider—when termed "Latin"—to be a lame excuse for incompetence because most often "the fault, dear Brutus, is not in" a liberal arts education, but in ourselves.

My interest in the theatre has always been great. After graduation when I returned to Brazil, however, it was a long time before I had any real connection with it—marriage, children, no immediate economic need of going out and getting a job. But eventually I started doing a bit more than just seeing plays. Now and then I wrote articles for literary supplements. I even had the experience of acting in amateur performances, but I was definitely not an actress, and I realized very early that I was not at all interested in being one. Still, the little acting I did taught me about the theatre in general, and more and more this seemed to be my forte. So after a good many years of sporadic activity, in 1957 I became dramatic critic for the Jornal Do Brasil, Rio's leading morning newspaper.

For nearly eight years I reviewed plays, wrote essays about problems of the Brazilian theatre and about authors and plays, and lectured on the history of drama. In addition, I was president twice of the Rio Drama Critics' Circle, and was largely responsible for the planning of the yearly series of lectures organized by that same group. The object of this organization is to educate the public in drama and theatre.

While writing for the Jornal Do Brazil, a pet subject was the denunciation of the perpetual mismanagement of the National Theatre Service, the federal agency which was supposed to aid the theatre in Brazil. When in 1964 I was invited to become its director, I found myself in a tight spot! I did not want the position, but wondered whether I had the moral right to refuse it after having written critically about it for so long. After some thought I took the job, and continued to hold the office for three years. Even though there were terrible limitations to the budget, and conditions generally were most difficult, I managed to make things work. Not as well as I wanted, but certainly better than before, and most certainly better than the debacle that has occurred under two incompetent political appointees since I left in 1967.

My pride and joy was the Drama School which had existed in dire condition for nearly twenty years under the auspices of the agency. After three years, it really began to look like a school. I begged, cajoled, and used emotional blackmail, but somehow managed to bring high-quality professionals to teach in lieu of the sad gathering of ageing or aged incompetents I found there when I first arrived. Since all education in Brazil is government controlled, I had to work at getting laws passed in Congress which would give the school a clear professional status. This legislation laid the foundation on which our dramatic schools now stand at long last as respected members of the education world. I am very proud of having accomplished this although there is still much more work to be done. After I left in 1967, the school rather went to pieces, but since the proper legal structure had been established, it began to get back on its feet again last year, and thankfully it is no longer a part of the National Theatre Service.

From the Author:

... I was overwhelmed by memories of Connecticut; I have been so completely cut off from practically everyone for so long, and just the idea that so many old friends might read my words made an almost unbearable emotional impact on me... I have three absolutely wonderful daughters: the eldest, Priscilla, already married, is a secretary; the second, Patricia, works in a school during the day, and evenings goes to Drama School (I feel at the same time very proud and rather sorry that one more in the family has caught this terrible bug); the third, Helen Marcia, is in high school and early this year, at the bright age of 14, had a one-gal exhibition of her drawings and collages—and sold quite well!
My old job as critic was waiting when I left public service, but I decided that I did not want it. For one thing, I was exhausted and needed rest; for another, I wanted to work nearer the theatre itself. In the meantime, I had been translating plays (from English and French) and books (from English), and when there was anything I desperately wanted to say, my old paper was always ready to publish it. But I definitely did not want to review plays in performance anymore.

In early 1968, I directed a play professionally for the first time. It was Peter Shaffer's *The Private Ear and the Public Eye*, and even though the results were pleasant enough, it did not click. In November of the same year, I did a piece of work which delighted me: a rehearsed reading of the uncut *Hamlet* translated by my mother who is a poet. Over a period of two months, I worked with seventeen professional actors who gave their time as I did for the benefit of a charitable organization. For the first time in Portuguese, *Hamlet really* flowed, and had vigor and dramatic force; the critics gave us rave notices.

A year later, I directed another Shakespeare play, *The Comedy of Errors*, my own translation (in verse, yet!). It ran for three months in Rio which today is an exceptionally good run. That success was followed by an abominable Miss *Julie*. When the state of Minas Gerais had invited me to direct the play, they promised to have professional actors waiting for me, but it turned out that they were rank amateurs with no experience to speak of. It was extremely frustrating.

I was invited early this year to again join the school I had helped to reorganize. I had taught dramatic literature when I was there before, but this time they asked me to teach a class in acting which I enjoy a great deal. But as I write, I have had a new request to take over dramaturgy. So there I go again . . .

Meanwhile, on a few and very gratifying occasions, I have given vent to my everlasting passion for Shakespeare by contributing to the *Shakespeare Survey* in England (three times), and to the *Shakespeare Quarterly* in America (once). These days I wonder when I will ever have time enough for another Shakespearean venture, for at present I have more commitments than I care to think about: teaching, scheduled lectures, writing and taping nineteen introductions to a series of plays to be given on Educational TV in São Paulo, etc.

Let's see what is left to be said about this liberal arts-educated Brazilian. I have been invited twice to speak about Brazilian arts to new personnel arriving at the American Embassy, and I have represented my country at theatre conferences in Edinburgh, Caracas, Santiago de Chile, New York, and Montreal. And I have been made *Officier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres* by the French government.

I must have cursed my liberal arts training at least a thousand times in my life. Most of these occasions were connected with thinking in terms of money-making propositions. Perhaps this will always be the strongest argument against that type of education: that it does not provide one with a highly specialized profession which is the easiest way to get a job. In my own case, other elements must be added: I majored in English in the United States and returned to live permanently in my own underdeveloped Brazil. The underdevelopment factor is extremely important. Development is the major aim of my country, and a specific profession (preferably technical) which makes an obvious contribution to the economy is the crying need. It is when considered from this angle that I have my greatest doubts about the type of education I had.

On the other hand, when considering the many things learned at Connecticut College that I must be grateful for, my thoughts go back to the words of Miss Bethurum (sorry! Mrs. Loomis). At my graduation in Harkness Chapel (there were only two of us graduating at the end of that summer in '43), she reminded us that, in a period when science and technology were of such prime importance, it was also necessary that there be people who planned to work in the field of literature and the arts. So if at times I feel terribly useless, I think back and become more clearly conscious of the fact that my field is not inef-fectual, and that in these troubled times one may still make a contribution in non-scientific, non-technical fields without drifting into sterile aestheticism.

If for a while I did not make a real career out of my activities, it was not the fault of my training, but of my own temperament. It was quite comfortable being a dilettante. When I finally came to face the problem squarely, I discovered that there were a number of jobs that I could really do, from being a free-lance professional to teaching full-time. I doubt that a different type of schooling would have been more helpful to my career. Certainly I have worked in a field that for my own tastes and talents offers more attraction than any routine job might do. My liberal arts education gave me the right sort of curiosity about the world in general so that I never stop feeling that I want to learn more.

Maybe nothing of what I have said adds up to a very clear picture so I will state it in another way: if I had it to do all over again, I would still take a liberal arts education, but given the chance, I would try to discipline my temperament so that I could get still more done than I have.
This will be a short farewell. It has been said before this weekend that you are leaving Connecticut College in an aura of politics and in a reverberation of slogans. But I believe that we must affirm together very clearly here today that getting a college education is not at all like entering a political movement despite what some people are saying. Education is quite different from indoctrination. Today we have awarded you diplomas and not bumper stickers.

However if we did award bumper stickers, I can conceive of a possible one: Help Wipe Out Mindlessness. But which of us could wear that slogan on our bumpers with any ease of mind? Its primal requirements are more strict than commitments to parties and platforms. To wipe out our own mindlessness is our life-long task.

If liberally educated American citizens like you and me are to become politically active, and it looks as if we are—we must continue in politics to bear the burden of educated people—to live the self-examining life. That means not prescribing ideals of conduct for others that do not bear some reasonable relationship to the logic of our own lives. It means to try to avoid moral absolutes for ourselves and others and to keep our eye on the manners of men and women in the real world. Emerson said once that there were only two political parties in his America, the party of hope and the party of memory. But the educated man and woman must somehow belong to both, for to live without both hope and memory is to be less than wise, it is to be less than human.

From all of us here, goodbye and good luck.
Commencement

Three alumnae to whom President Shain presented the Connecticut medal of achievement:

When Gloria Hollister Anable ’24 was in college, she made a distinguished record as a zoology major, an athlete and as President of Student Government. After graduation she entered advanced studies in zoology at Columbia and began an exciting professional career in science as a research assistant to Dr. Alexis Carrel. Her next great post-graduate teacher was Dr. William Beebe, head of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society. Between 1928 and 1941 she joined Dr. Beebe on five expeditions in five tropical areas in five different branches of the natural sciences. To the best of our knowledge even in this age of midget submarines she still holds the woman's record for deep-sea descents, a quarter of a mile. We honor her especially today and commend her to the Class of 1970 for adding in the 1950's a second career, a public one, to her first distinguished career as a scientist. Seventeen years ago she began a campaign to save an exceptional natural area in Westchester and Fairfield counties, the Mianus Gorge. Today 240 acres of forest land in a most crowded corner of New England have been saved against dam builders and developers, have been made available to the delight of 5000 visitors a year and richly endowed for generations to come.

Betty Holmes Baldwin ’24 began life as a teacher of English and French in Canaan, Connecticut, but five years later in California she discovered her true profession—social work in the then new area of clinical work with disturbed children. She joined the second oldest children's clinic in America, the Judge Baker Guidance Center at Boston.

After thirty-three years of work there, most of them as Director of Social Service, she had been granted by her colleagues the honorary title of "Mrs. Judge Baker" and the affection of many generations of psychiatrists, social workers and psychologists who had passed under her training. She has directed a staff of thirty social workers and has overseen the training of students from Boston University, Boston College, Simmons College and Smith College. By the standards she set and the leadership she provided she has contributed richly to the entire field of social work and social work education.

For the past year Cora Lutz ’27 has been our academic neighbor in New Haven where she is the paleologist at the Beineke Rare Book Library of Yale. After 34 years as a leader of the faculty of Wilson College in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, she has come back to her native Connecticut-bearing many honors for her warm devotion to scholarship in the classics and to college teaching. She has won Guggenheim Fellowships, a Bollingen Foundation fellowship and other awards to support her authoritative study of the state of knowledge and education in the western world in the ninth century. Her two-volume edition of the leading ninth century commentary on Martianus Capella tells us how our first university professors understood their world through the doctrine of the seven liberal arts. A complete modern schoolmaster writing on the schoolmasters of a thousand years ago, she honors, in her own life, the life of the mind and the liberating profession of teaching the liberal arts. But to add a personal note, and since I am not a classical scholar, I shall remember her especially for an answer she once gave to a question sent to her by our college: How would you improve a college curriculum? She replied very simply, "Get the best teachers available."

left to right—Gloria Hollister Anable ’24, President Shain, Betty Holmes Baldwin ’24, Cora Lutz ’27.
Anita H. Laudone '70, the first graduating senior to be invited to serve on the board of the Alumnae Association. Anita, following in her father's footsteps, plans to study law.

Pamela Brooks '70, the first graduating senior to be invited to serve on the Connecticut College board of trustees, with Mr. William E. S. Griswold, Jr., chairman of the board.

Mary Kathleen Doar '70, president of her class, is the first graduating senior to speak at Commencement (see p. 20).
To Sarah Pithouse Becker ’27 whose contributions to the Alumnae Association have been outstanding on every level. To the high offices she has held in her class and the Philadelphia Club, and to the Association as First Vice-President and President, she has brought the thoughtful interest and the strong sense of commitment which have also made her a valued member of special advisory committees of the College. As an Alumnae Trustee, she attended every meeting during her five-year term, participated in campus activities, made lasting friendships with students and faculty, and gave the Board the benefit of her creative and wise approach. Sally is beloved and esteemed for her sincere dedication to the Alumnae Association, the College, and the wider cause of higher education.

To Elizabeth Gordon Van Law ’28 who has offered to the Connecticut College Alumnae Association a unique combination of talents resulting in an impressive variety of accomplishments. Star of the Westchester Club’s celestial sphere, president of her class, fund and fun-raiser, vice-president and chairman of Club Relations of the Association—these are only the highlights of her many contributions. To the clubs, she brought a charm exclusively her own—climbing through a window in Maine when the occasion demanded, seasoning even her most formal presentations with the inevitable sprinkling of Van Law wit. She has taken all her jobs seriously with an ingratiating humility concerning her successes. Her influence has spanned the decades. Motivated by love for Connecticut College, she continues to be its unofficial ambassador of good will.

To Julia Warner ’23 in grateful appreciation of her leadership and her loyalty through the years to her class, the Alumnae Association, and the College. She had the signal honor of serving, in 1928, as the first Alumnae Trustee; in the 1950’s, she was an able and effective president of the Alumnae Association; the first president of her class, she is now once again at the helm. Judy’s warm friendliness, ready sense of humor, and creative originality, combined with her executive ability and innate tact, have helped to foster a strong class loyalty. Due in great part to her guidance, the Class of 1923—a link between the first classes and the young Alumnae Association—helped to strengthen the foundation of the Association in its earliest years.
We salute:

—1920's outstanding 50th reunion, the result of months of planning by co-chairmen Kay Hulbert Hall and Mildred Howard.

—Ella Lou (Pete) Dimmock '29 and Joann Cohan Robin '50 for the brilliant concert in Dana Saturday afternoon. The College is fortunate to count musicians of this caliber among its alumnae.

—the students who willingly gave their time to answer our questions about the "strike." With symbolic hands outstretched, they bridged the generation gap.

—1920's munificent gift to the College, $33,106!

—the weather, made to order.

—the alumnae choir at Sunday's memorial service, 18 voices blended to a single, poignant tone of beauty under the professional direction of Roberta Htgood Wiersma '28.

—the extensive coverage of ecology at Alumnae College, from familiar aspects of pollution to sound advice on what can be done about our dilemma.

—'19's gift to '20, "growing" sugar maples planted in the old playing field.

—Dorothy Davenport Voorhees '28 for showing her old movie of campus life in the late '20's, and for presenting it to the College archives.

—the 50 sturdy souls who walked through the Arboretum with Professor and Mrs. Goodwin at 7 A.M. Sunday morning.
Reunion

Reunion

Alumnae College
1—Professor Richard H. Goodwin with Ann Lelievre Herman '45 class reunion chairman of 25th reunion class.
2—Professor William A. Niering with Lois (Tony) Fenton Tuttle '45.
3—Elsie MacMillan Connell '45 reflected in a mirror painting in Cummings Arts Center.
In Memoriam

Gertrude E. Noyes '25
Dean emeritus

In the death on Good Friday of Gerard Edward Jensen, alumnae of earlier classes lost one of their most valued professors and friends. At the age of 86, Dr. Jensen could look back on a full life for, in addition to his long career in teaching and scholarship, he had played an important role in his church and in the New London community.

With degrees from Yale and teaching experience at Yale, Cornell, and Pennsylvania, he came to Connecticut in 1919 and taught for thirty years. Originally a specialist in eighteenth century English literature, he developed one of the earliest college courses in American literature and for many students came to typify the American gentleman. Dr. Jensen was at home in colonial literature and delighted in Emerson and his circle, but he was no less sensitive to modern developments in American poetry and novel and characteristically related each figure to contemporary thinking. Writing with grace and finesse, he was also a born teacher of composition and sustained this sub-department for many years. In this dual capacity he gave his students an insight into the great American writers and an appreciation of polished writing; while penetrating in his analysis of each author, he was informal and witty in making them accessible to students.

It was no accident that Dr. Jensen chose Fielding as his specialty, for he recognized in Fielding a kindred spirit and "the direct successor to the great triumvirate of Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift." Dr. Jensen refrained from the satirist's bite but had a keen eye for the contradictions in human nature and society and pointed them out in incisive phrases. In 1931 he was made Curator of Yale's great Fielding collection, which he inventoried and helped build up through the years. His publications included: the first edition of Fielding's Covent-Garden Journal (Yale), an abridged edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson (Riverside), The Life and Letters of Henry Cuyler Bunner, editor of Puck, the first successful American comic journal (Duke), and articles in Publications of the Modern Language Association, Modern Language Notes, American Speech, and the Yale Library Gazette.

In the early twenties, Dr. Jensen enriched the cultural life of campus and community when, with Professors Weld and Scherer, he founded the Connecticut College Concert Series, presenting symphony orchestras and artists from the Met. and the concert stage. Alumnae of that period will recall donning their formal gowns and taking the "special trolleys" downtown to the State Armory, which was disguised as festively as possible for these big occasions. As Treasurer for several years, Dr. Jensen proved his business acumen and boasted that he had completed his term of service with a surplus. Many alumnae will remember his own fine voice appreciated daily in the classroom and annually when he made his appearance as one of the Three Kings. A charter member of the Palestrina Society, he sang in the Choir of St. James Church, where he also served as lay reader and vestryman and wrote a history of the Church from 1870 to 1950.

While Dr. Jensen was a native of nearby Norwich, Mrs. Jensen was British born; and in the years since his retirement they enjoyed many visits with friends in the British Isles. It was a source of great pride to Dr. Jensen that his son, Oliver, carried on his interests in writing and in American culture with distinction as co-founder and editor of the American Heritage Magazine.
New Directions? It was not exactly a year to inspire optimism. At the close of academic 1969-70, perhaps more than at any other time in its history, American higher education was a system in trouble—beset by the gravest uncertainties about its strength, its security, and its purpose. Two broad questions seemed to stand out:

—Could the system, after widespread campus disruption, violence, and political involvement, succeed in its educational mission?
—Would the system have the financial resources it needed in the years ahead?

The questions were not unrelated. Already shaken by inflation and by cutbacks in the growth of federal aid, the colleges now saw evidence of further financial problems as a consequence of campus unrest. The cost of insuring college buildings, for example, was rising sharply. So were the interest rates for dormitory bond issues. The Internal Revenue Service, meanwhile, was investigating whether certain campus political activities violated the basis of institutions’ federal tax exemptions.

In Congress, the mood was described by a supporter of higher education as one of “subconscious resistance” to providing additional funds for colleges. And an influential Senate committee suggested that federal appropriations be reduced “proportionately” if an institution closed before the end of the year—as many, in fact, had done.

Some academic leaders themselves questioned whether campus political action, directed mainly against the war in Indochina, was not threatening the intellectual aims of higher education. Speaking at a commencement ceremony, one administrator asserted that, while the university community should “contribute meaningfully to the political process,” a college or university had to “remain faithful to its primary purpose” of seeking and transmitting knowledge. Another speaker warned that higher education could end up in “utter shambles” if it strayed from the university’s “central mission as an intellectual institution.”

Doctoral Boom? A few years ago, recalls the dean of one graduate school, a bright young scholar with a Ph.D. could take his choice of several academic job offers. Now a new doctorate-holder “has to do some real hard digging to come up with one.” The dean’s comment reflects what may prove to be the tightest academic job market of the past decade. Actual unemployment is considered unlikely, but many Ph.D.’s are being forced to accept temporary appointments or less appealing jobs than they had hoped for.

Some observers think the situation will lead to a serious oversupply of Ph.D.’s. Others blame a lack of funds, rather than an excess of Ph.D.’s, as the main reason for fewer job openings. In their view, Ph.D. production continues to lag behind the manpower needs of most public four-year colleges and community colleges.

Father Figure: Harried college presidents may find something of value in a psychiatrist’s recent analysis of why they are confronted so often by rebellious students. The heart of the matter, according to Dr. A. M. Nicholi II of Harvard University, is that many campus activists come from homes where their fathers frequently were absent—and they feel rejected by campus administrators who seem to them to be just as unreachable as their fathers used to be.

“Rejection invariably gives rise to resentment and anger,” says Dr. Nicholi. “Today’s youth possess a peculiarly intense sensitivity to remote, invisible, and unresponsive authority.” His advice to presidents: be accessible.
WHY? WHY? WHY? WHY?
Last spring the student “strike,” Parents’ Weekend, Commencement, and Reunion took place in such rapid succession, it seemed as though they were a single event. The summer issue of the News was in the hands of the printer when this period began, and in the homes of alumnae when it ended. In retrospect, this was good. For in the meantime, we have had the opportunity to weigh the May-June period calmly and objectively, and to learn from alumnae letters regarding the “strike,” that much may be said in favor of both sides. While reiteration of the issues would serve no purpose now, there is still one important question that has not been answered so far, or for that matter, has not even been asked “WHY?” Because the heart of the matter lies in this interrogative, we have collected articles and letters which will surely interest alumnae, and be of great use in a final appraisal.

Furthermore, a section is being devoted to “Why?” because colleges all over the United States are going through the same pangs as Connecticut, and are being chastised for something that arises not from the institutions, but from society as a whole. Alumni/ae gifts are down almost everywhere, often to a frightening degree, and while taking sides is neither the function nor the inclination of the News, advancing the life of the College is. Without adequate financial support from alumnae and friends, colleges like ours are doomed. Ask yourself what would be achieved if small, liberal arts colleges were to vanish. Can the huge, state-owned universities replace them and are they of a different political mind? Will we let it be said that it was our fault when our grandchildren ask, “Why?”
Why is it necessary to remake society?
We Are America\textsuperscript{1} by Mary Kathleen Doar '70

The graduates here today cannot be characterized simply as the class of 1970. We are a diversified and fragmented group. We are individuals, not a homogeneous body. I speak today as a member of this class and do not attempt to convey the feelings of the class as a whole.

We were born in a year of peace but grew into an age of violence and war. We remember vaguely Korea. We remember the Berlin Wall which we did not understand. We remember Cuba which made us afraid. We remember the Supreme Court decision of 1954 calling for desegregation in the schools. We were eleven or twelve years old in 1960 and have seen in this decade John Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Robert Kennedy murdered. We began in the 1960's to understand. We know the horror of Watts and the brutality of Chicago. We know in 1970 the tragedy of Viet Nam.

We know and still see racial oppression. We have seen students shot at Kent State and Jackson State. We have seen again and again in our lifetimes murder, violence, and fear.

We have worked and will continue to work for a peaceful humanity. A human being need not be a target for a bullet. Man need not be educated to kill. We believe in freedom and we believe in our right to protest. This college community one month ago, joined in a protest against war and oppression. In spite of the diversity of our individual members we came together in a legitimate creative effort to eliminate war and hatred. The effect of this effort upon us cuts two ways. On the one hand we are hopeful because of the spirit and energy seen on this campus, but on the other hand we are frustrated and disillusioned for our purpose is to go beyond the college walls. We must be heard and understood.

As we leave Connecticut College today we are leaving in some senses our haven and our security. Because of this we see much more vividly the injustices and violence of the society we enter. Our effort to eliminate war and oppression will not stop as we leave this college. We are part of America; we wish not to leave it but to change it. Walt Whitman, at the time of the Civil War, wrote:

"I see flashing that this America is only you and me, its power, weapons, testimony, are you and me, its crimes, lies, thefts, defections, are you and me. Its Congress is you and me, the officers, capitals, armies, ships, are you and me. I dare not shirk any part of myself, Not any part of America good or bad, I will not be outfaced by irrational things, I will penetrate what it is in them that is sarcastic upon me."

This is what I have learnt from America

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1 Class president's statement delivered at Commencement on June the seventh.

Why was only one side discussed at Parents' Weekend?

The Result of Past Debate/ by Ernest David Frawley\textsuperscript{2}

The Boston Herald-Traveler, on the morning of May 11th, 1970, carried an article headlined "School Strike Spots Parents' Weekend." The school was Connecticut College; and the article was, in substance, an interview with the father of two Connecticut students, conducted before the weekend.

Two quotations from the father stand out. Upon first learning of the "strike" and the planned colloquy for parents' weekend, father said, "No, I'm not going to come down and listen to one-sided discussions, or to people tell me how the foreign policy of this country should be conducted, people who don't know anything about it." Then he said, "I was shocked that something like this could happen to spoil parents' weekend. I'm just a parent who feels bad that this had to happen. Something will always seem unfinished. So parents can be hurt, too, see?"

I did attend and found something quite different from what was implied in the quotations. I heard no "one-sided discussions." To the contrary, there was practically no discussion. There was, however, a strong outpouring of statements as to why the students, faculty, and administration were concerned about the extension of the war into Cambodia and the subsequent events of the week of May 5th.

During one question and answer period, several parents brought up the question of "the other side." It seems to me that what the students and faculty were saying was that "the other side" had been heard for years and that the events of the week had not taken the form of further debate. Rather, the week was a culmination of desire to attempt to take action and participate in involvement—as a result of past debate and listening to "the other side."

As a one-day observer of the Connecticut scene, three things impressed me above all others: First, there was a resounding evidence of a spirit of community andilan everywhere present. "Dialogue" is becoming an almost overused word, but it was readily apparent to an outsider that a purposeful dialogue had occurred and was continuing. The significance of

\footnote{Mr. Frawley, controller of the Harvard Business Review, is the father of Betsey F. Frawley '72, a member of the board of the News and advisor on student affairs.}
the dialogue would appear to be that a truly meaningful educational experience had taken place. In talking with students and faculty, it was obvious the existing spirit could not be present if the faculty, as a whole, had not worked as hard at teaching as they had ever done before in their careers.

The result of their teaching was apparent in my second impression. The student body, it appeared, was rational, calm, but determined. They had learned where and how to channel their minds as well as their emotions in a meaningful way—largely by becoming active participants in the New London community. There was no arson, no riots, no trashing. But there was recognition that a reasoned political approach seeking change, within the constraints of law and tradition, was the only effective way to work in the American society. And I can only suppose that it was also learned that this must be a continuing process over a long period of time obviating anarchy and revolution. Can any parent really find fault with this lesson? And, to me, it seems totally unreasonable for any parent to demand that a faculty member forego his salary for the week of May 5th on the grounds that he was not “teaching.”

My third impression evolves around “strike.” This is a word which does not describe the event. There must be a better word to describe a suspension of classes. Albeit, I had voted against a “strike” in my own institution earlier that week. But in the case of the particular series of events and existing pressures at Connecticut, “suspension” of classes, supported by a program of relevant substitution cannot be criticized severely. There were some students who did not support the action. I have to believe that each and every one of their professors was available to meet with them and to provide satisfactory compensation for a few formal classes canceled. I also have the impression that the “majority” was most conscious of protecting the interests of the “minority,” especially since until that week the “majority” had, for the most part, been a “minority.” The meaning of this reversal of roles was not lost on anyone.

My reflection tells me that Dr. Shain and his staff and faculty and student body did a remarkable job in keeping the situation at Connecticut flexible and, very importantly, cohesive. I cannot be a “shocked” or “hurt” parent. And I, for one, would fail to understand how any parent of a Connecticut student could think that his progeny had had other than a real educational experience in that eventful week—regardless of politics, individual persuasions, or tendencies to make prejudgments.

Why did a conservative alumna take part in the “strike”?

The Time Has Come/by Bernice M.
horrified by the Kent State University tragedies; it did seem to me that as a human being it was not wrong at that time to share with thousands of young people their concerns for these issues, and to help them at a time when they needed it. And so the activities of these four days created a remarkable unity among students, faculty, and administration; the “college” as we sometimes call ourselves was one. This was “the strike.”

To those who are irate and bewildered by these events I can only say it is difficult to make a fair appraisal of the situation without having been a part of the scene; I am convinced that it was essential for us to have done what we did last spring. I would also wish to say to them that if I am going to continue to be effective as a faculty member, which is still my major concern, I must adapt to what is going on around me. This is not, in my mind, necessarily synonymous with lowering academic standards. I am equally convinced that we must be prepared to meet the same kind of situation, perhaps for different reasons, in the future. Some things we learned through our recent experience may help in meeting the next one.

I consider it imperative that in the future classes be held on a regular schedule during any similar period—insofar as future circumstances make this at all possible. This does not mean that all students will then attend all classes, but it does mean that all students will be given the opportunity to fulfill in the conventional way, what is sometimes referred to as “their reason for coming in the first place.” I also consider it desirable that a college calendar voted by the faculty be adhered to. Days off at one time with attempts at making them up at another do not provide continuity for the learning process; education is more than simply coming together for the required number of class periods. But a degree of flexibility on the part of the faculty must go along with this. I see my responsibility as one which involves maintaining academic standards to the best of my ability through whatever channels are available, but also one which will demonstrate an understanding for those students who consider it more appropriate on some occasions to absent themselves temporarily from a formal academic pattern. Based upon the experience of last spring, these students will feel responsible about ultimately completing their academic work. And if again given a variety of choices through which this might be accomplished, they will not all take the easiest way out. A large majority of the undergraduates have satisfactorily completed their course work for the past spring semester not, I suggest, in spite of the 4 days activities in May, but because the decision to engage in those activities was voted in the first place. In retrospect, it becomes very clear that one depended upon the other.

As a faculty member and alumna writing about the events of this past spring, I wish to make it clear that these are my personal reactions presented here. I also wish to say that throughout my entire life I could never have been called “radical” by the wildest stretch of anyone’s imagination, and only by a somewhat less wild stretch of imagination can I now be termed “liberal.” I may not completely approve of all that has gone on in our academic lives at the college this spring, but for me the time has come when I no longer can afford the luxury of having everything my own way.

Why and when is a college justified in taking a stand?

The College and an All-College Assembly

The College and an All-College Assembly by F. Edward Crazan, Rosemary Park Professor of History

Any discussion of the question of education must begin by recognizing that the question has no eternal answer. There is no definition of education or statement of what it should do which is not in reference to some particular society or some particular civilization. The right education for ancient Sparta is not the right education for us; in two hundred years, we may have become as remote to the twenty-second century as ancient Sparta is to us. The human predicament may remain somehow the same, but all that we can see of it is surely in process of perpetual change.

Further, the modern West as a society or civilization calls for an education which is not only different in form from that of any other civilization, but one which is also different in kind. This is done by the modern West, of which we are a part, as a civilization which differs from other civilizations not only in form but also in kind.

Public or general education has in the past concerned the highest public values of a civilization, the passing on or the arousing of the best which a civilization had. In all earlier civilizations this has been expressed in a single order of values. Thus it was with the Greek cosmos; thus it was with God and His creatures of the Old Testament. By the time of Greece and Israel, education had come also to emphasize that each individual must somehow see the answer for himself. There is Socrates’ “the unexamined life is not humanly worth living” (Plato, The Apology), and there is Job’s cry of triumph to Jehovah: I had heard by hearing of you, but now mine eyes have seen

4This hastily prepared talk arose out of a meeting devoted to discussion of the “strike.” It soon became clear that we were involved not only with the general question of how the College today is related to our whole society, but also with the particular question of how to define the all-college assembly, the assembly which has been so important in the last week and which in some curious way is closely connected to the College and yet is not the College. I speak mainly to the general question of education and the College, but at the end offer for consideration a brief definition of the all-college assembly.

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you (Job XLII,5). But despite this emphasis
on the individual's seeing it for himself,
there was only one answer, only one
order of values in each such civilization.

For the West of the twentieth century,
however, there is no such single holy
order of values, neither that of the faith
of the thirteenth century nor that of the
reason of the eighteenth century.

Perhaps we can use the German philoso-
pher Nietzsche as an early statement of
our contemporary position. Nietzsche pro-
claims that "God is dead" (e.g., Die fröh-
lische Wissenschaft #123), and since he
believes that Christianity is merely Pla-
tonism for the masses (Vorrede, Jenseits
von Gut und Böse), he also proclaims
that "Platonism is dead." Both these point
to the total disappearance of those highest
public values which had been the
central concern of all earlier education.

More specifically, one might suggest that
"God is dead" means that if we have any
absolute commitments, they cannot be
made public. "Platonism is dead" means
that if we have any reason or public use
of the mind, then it cannot attain to ab-
solute commitments or, indeed, to any
values at all.

Hence, while in any earlier society or
civilization education was the passing
on or the arousing of the mind to the
apprehension of the highest common
values of the civilization, the West can
have no such education. Its absolutes
cannot be made common. Its use of the
mind cannot attain to absolutes.

But at the same time in any society which
is to survive, there must be some com-
mon language of thought and communi-
cation, some common use of the mind,
even though the society be multiple and
pluralist. As we have already seen, the
West is not a typical but an extraordinary
civilization. Partly as a consequence, it
has developed some extraordinary uses
of the mind which can be made common
even in a pluralist society without com-
mon absolutes. When we have seen
these new uses of the mind, these new
forms of knowledge, then we can also see
what special form of public education
will be appropriate and necessary for the
West, and how the College dedicated to
such education will be related to society.

Let us first look at the new uses of the
mind in relation to knowledge and
"truth." As the West developed in mod-
ern times into a civilization composed of
many and diverse nations and of many
and diverse religions, it became neces-
ary to develop methods of knowledge
independent first of all of political and re-
gligious control and in the end, more im-
portantly, independent of the religious
and political commitments of those who
pursue such knowledge. Only in this way
could knowledge remain common and
public. Thus disciplines have been cre-
ated where the questions asked are those
on which public agreement can be
reached, and to which a public answer
can be given even in a multiple and plu-
ralistic society which has no public ab-
solutes, and which has many and diverse
non-public absolutes.

The new method of natural science, for
example, inherited much from the Greeks,
but it rejected Greek questions about
Being (this is the "death of Platonism"),
and it turned instead to the operational
comparison and measurement of phe-
omena. The new method of history
inherited much from the Jews and the
Christians, but it rejected any attempt to
write a history of the salvation of one
holy people (this is the "death of God");
it turned instead to the writing of a pub-
lic history which can, and indeed must,
be accepted not only by Jew or Christian,
but also by atheist.

In a somewhat more complicated way,
the West has effected a similar transmu-
tation of what may be called the method
of the "humanities" where the final con-
cern is not so much knowledge or trust as
it is excellence, beauty, and greatness. To
begin with the traditional form of educa-
tion, the Greeks read Homer because
they saw both Hector and themselves
within a Greek cosmos; the Romans read
Vergil because they saw both Aeneas
and themselves within a Roman world.

But we read, and read seriously, Homer
and Vergil, though we are neither Greeks
nor Romans, if even if not Jews, and
the Divine Comedy even if not Catholic
Christians. In a society without public
absolutes, we educate ourselves through
a sympathetic understanding of great ac-
tions directed to absolutes which are both
disparate and not our own. We enshrine
Hector, who is not us, in such a way as
to affirm ourselves and our neighbors,
whose final commitments are not reduc-
table to any one holy order.

Such then, in very brief illustration, are
the new public perspectives, the new
public uses of the mind, to which a college in our society must be devoted and by which it is essentially defined.

Let us now look at our public society, and we shall find that it has grown up in response to limitations similar to those which attended and formed the new modern methods of knowledge. What sort of society can there be which includes individuals devoted to various and diverse ultimate commitments, and which knows no common public absolute? It must be a society which is, for example, neither atheist nor Catholic, black nor white. It must defend the possibility of all absolute commitments but it can command none of them. It is somewhat antecedent to all final values; indeed it exists primarily as a means to them, but it can affirm no one of them lest it thereby deny all the others. Absolute values and commitments are therefore just as much out of reach of the public society as they are out of reach of that public use of the mind which is the special domain of the college.

It is true, of course, that there must be extensive public action, but where this is positive it concerns only the choices between mediate goods. We do not direct this action in terms of some Platonist "truth" accessible only to experts, nor in terms of any divinely ordained priestly elite. We have chosen the somewhat sceptical, non-authoritarian method of democracy, finally of "one man, one vote" as the best way for us to maximize good and minimize evils.

Let me restate ALL this schematically in a three-fold division:

First of all, there are the individuals or groups with their final commitments, their saying yes somehow to life and death. These individuals and groups are the end for which the public society and the public college exist, but neither society nor college can pronounce upon their commitments.

Secondly, there is the public society which acts negatively to protect such individuals and groups, and whose positive action in maximizing mediate goods is democratic. Such positive action can define no absolutes; it must leave free the common and public use of the mind.

Finally, there is the college, whose domain is the common use of the mind in the pursuit of truth and excellence. It ranges far, but by its methods it can affirm or deny no absolutes, and by its methods it can decide no question of mediate values.

To spell this out in a little more detail for the College, it is thus seen to be not only highly privileged, but also highly limited. Both teachers and students are free as individuals within it with respect to ultimate values (no student flunks a course in the history of the Reformation because he is a Jew; an atheist could teach it); the College as such can make no determination of absolute values. Both students and teachers are also free with respect to decisions about mediate values (no student flunks a course in government for being a Democrat or a Republican, for being anti-Nixon or pro-Nixon; a member of either party or of neither could teach such a course); the College as such can make no statement choosing among these mediate values. All this is the high privilege of academic freedom together with the limitations prerequisite to the privilege.

I don't expect that our public society could long exist without such colleges or that our colleges could long exist without such a society. More important, neither society nor college can continue to exist unless there are individuals and groups strong enough and creative enough to constitute those centers of freedom to which society and the college are finally means.

And now: what is the all-college assembly? I speak about an area which the College has never charted nor formally organized, but which we had better chart and organize in the not-too-distant future. Perhaps "all-college assembly" is not even the best name, but I suggest that during the past week we have seen in operation a grouping which might be defined as follows: An all-college assembly or convocation is a meeting open to all individual students and faculty members, but which we enter stripped of our academic privileges and freed of our academic limitations. Within the College I may not, for example, be censored or condemned for whatever opinions I may hold as a citizen; the assembly may censor and condemn such opinions. Within the College, as faculty member, I may not myself censor or condemn such opinions which may be held by others. Within the assembly, I am free to do so. Such an all-college assembly may do whatever it wants, though it should be careful not to give any false impression as to who did it. Such an assembly is not the College, and it must neither speak nor act as if it were.

To find the proper relationship in any given situation between the public society, the individuals or groups within it, and the colleges is never an easy or routine task. Our poor heads, which are incurably lazy and therefore "terrible simplifiers," will always try to avoid it. But they cannot simplify it, and we dare not avoid it. To work continually toward the proper relationship, though we fail again and again, is one of the primary burdens of conscience, one of the primary "vocations" of all of us in these troubled times.

Why Did President Shain defend the Sub Base tour?

I Am No Pacifist/by President Shain

From an alumna letter:

I am writing now to express my concern about one of the activities that will be taking place during the reunion weekend next month. I find it very inappropriate and distasteful to note that a tour of the Connecticut College Alumnae News • Fall 1970
United States Submarine Base is one of the events scheduled to occupy any men who may accompany their wives to the reunion. I cannot accept or support a pleasure trip to one post of our military forces when at the same time, as you walk through that base, other members of our government’s defense forces will most likely be destroying villages and burning helpless infants. I cannot help but feel that a tour of such an installation is a sign of support for its activities and that the proper moral stand for you to take is to refuse to participate in such an activity. If such a tour does take place, there are many graduates and students of Connecticut College who will wish to demonstrate their disapproval of such an activity.

President Shain’s reply:
I understand and respect — because I know you — your own right to protest the Sub Base visit at reunion time. But I cannot agree with your further recommendation that I must, by not accompanying the visit, make evident a moral stand against the general use of our national military force. I do not like your reasoning that if we disapprove of a single American military action we must extend our protest to all U.S. military authority and its symbols.

My love of country includes what I hope is an understandable love of its strengths as well as its weaknesses. I am no pacifist. Until this bad world gets better I believe that we must require some of our fellow Americans to protect us against real dangers that can be guarded against only by armed strength. I want always to be able to pay homage to men and women who so serve us.
Letters from alumnae addressed to President Shain in response to his May 11th letter:

If we are to suspend the study of the liberal arts each time current events take a critical turn or unsettle some of the student body, then the future of our academies is indeed in jeopardy. Isn’t it time we helped students to understand that decisions of government are made in America by elected officials, that voters are privileged to make their opinions known at the polls when they are of voting age, and that until that time they would be wise to be gathering all the knowledge they can so that their opinions will be informed ones? I am completely opposed to all three positions approved by the joint assembly of students and faculty, but what distresses me most is the apparent substitution of political indoctrination for an atmosphere conducive to free inquiry and the rational process. Surely political activities must not take the place of studies. As an alumna, my concern is for the continued existence of Connecticut College as a school where the administration leads, and is not led by the students, and where the purpose of education is to discipline the mind, rather than to promote one narrow political point of view. 1954

We are very disappointed in Connecticut College’s participation in the so-called “nationwide student strike.” Our disappointment does not lie necessarily in your handling of the situation. Obviously… the events were dictated by the feelings of the majority of the student body. Our question is: “Is it right that the political feelings of the students should disrupt the normal process of an educational process?” Our disappointment lies in the affirmative answer that college campuses have given to this question. To us, the administration and the faculty have a responsibility and this responsibility was not met in this recent demonstration. It appears that your idea of an “educational mission” is significantly different from ours. You express confidence that Connecticut College has remained a vital place for teachers to teach and students to learn. It is difficult for us to believe that a strike is something to teach or something to learn. 1967

We wholeheartedly supported the decision of the administration and faculty to join with the students in stopping classwork and confronting reality. I am an alumna of the College, and naturally I felt certain that my daughter would receive a fine academic education there. But, more than that, I hoped that at some time she would learn about the human condition and gain an awareness of her role as a woman in a rapidly changing society. By her own words “Mom, I learned so much this week”, my hope was answered—and before the end of her freshman year. 1941

It is my belief that the administrations of American colleges are letting the youth of our country down… We need dialogue with our students. They are idealistic and bright and sensitive, which all are admirable qualities. However, I believe we let them down when we don’t give them a flexible framework of discipline within which to move and when we don’t require or even ask for logical reasoning on their part. Yet, the students have a right to protest and to want to change things. Soon it will be their world. But don’t let us get so caught up in the emotionalism of the protest or so lazy that we let them destroy everything, so that when they inherit our country they have nothing but chaos. Rather, let us help them change the world through constructive means, so there is order to work in, move in and change in. In short, I find nothing constructive in the three resolutions accepted on campus at Connecticut. Don’t give the child a cookie just to have immediate peace, but rather think of long-range peace. Someday you might run out of cookies. 1960

Although I could not disapprove of and disagree more thoroughly with every word of the resolution you quoted, I congratulate you and thank you for resolving a sort of peace and for keeping the College intact. 1923

Today’s youth by its own admission is seeking its identity. Therefore a group which does not understand itself can not be expected to identify and understand the problems of this country and could not possibly understand and identify the solutions to these problems. Would you seek or accept advice of these half-educated, totally inexperienced adolescents in how to run your home or bring up your children? I doubt it. And no intelligent person would seek or accept the advice of these students (the dictionary calls them “learners,” not the fount of all wisdom) in the far more important task of running the country. I suggest a year in Czechoslovakia for those who think this country is oppressing political dissidents. You might go along, too. I wish you would take my name off the alumnae mailing list; I really have no interest in Connecticut College now. 1941

I live in an affluent, conservative, half-commuter community, now almost wholly polarized, where political dissent or participation in Moratorium activities are generally regarded as disloyal and unpatriotic, if not subversive, acts. It follows that students—this brightest, best-informed, most honest generation we’ve ever had—are generally regarded as too immature and inexperienced to be capable of forming judgments. And there is a tendency to lump together thoughtful student dissenters with those irresponsible (rock throwers, arsonists, occupiers) who indulge in criminal acts. That is why it was so heartening to read your report of the participation by the Connecticut College community in the current protest movement. What a fantastic educational experience, what an extraordinary time of communication it must have been for you all. Please put me down—I hope not on the minority pile—as one alumna who heartily endorses what you have done and applauds you for it. Surely the college community is now a better, freer place for having been through this rugged trial of hearts and minds. 1928

I write, as no doubt many alumnae have, to voice my small opinion about your resolutions—specifically about number 1. I am in agreement with both 2 and 3. I cannot feel that you have kept your integrity as faculty and as advisors in these trying, anguished
times by asking for the release of arraigned prisoners. Is this to say that you absolutely feel there is no justice in our courts of law . . . no hope for the democratic system at all? Are we really to be polarized—for or against every statement—be it for or against blacks, for or against whites, or Jews, or Catholics, or whatever? I do not presume to have an answer for your dilemma, but I strongly feel that when murder occurs, the suspect should be given a trial in a normal democratic way. After all, has life become so cheap that suspected murder is condoned because the courts “may not” be fair or because one party may claim that the arraignment was politically motivated?

I do not know how many black girls are at Connecticut now. I do feel you have gone to an unwarranted extreme in prejudging a murder trial and succumbing to the demands of a minority. Will you prejudge for every minority that has a problem brought forth at Connecticut College? 1946

I uphold the action you and Miss Sgarzi took in setting up the organizing center and I support the three-plank platform. For I am frightened by our country’s drift from a democracy to which it has always paid lip service but has not practiced wholeheartedly, and I see the situation worsening with official repression and persecution of dissenting political organizations and individuals. I recall the words of a veteran Chicago police reporter, very well informed, saying “I can’t remember in my entire career witnessing the quantity nor the quality of repressive force unleashed against the Black Panthers. I don’t think it is all a matter of a national conspiracy, though I believe it is certainly a part of it. I think this massive repression also results from the naked fear many policemen have of the Panthers. They want to do them in as a kind of self-defense measure.” 1930

If you’re overjoyed at having a community with a “healed” rift as long as it stays in one bowl of jelly, you’re welcome to it. I’m ashamed of it. By your own report, the strike was approved to demonstrate disapproval of the Vietnam War. Obviously this was a dishonest path to a platform relating to the Black Panther Party. It appears that, when the majority rebelled at this they were quelled by the minority. If this procedure was supposed to represent democracy in action, it presents a pathetic picture of my Alma Mater, and suggests the truth behind youth’s disenchantment with what they are led to think of as accepted government processes. 1935

I doubt that any adult who is not closely involved, as I am, with the life of a college campus today can fully realize the enormous guilt which is felt by idealistic white students about the sense of alienation on the part of the blacks. Although they encounter great difficulties in bridging a gap which was created long before they were born, they labor under the constant fear that they are not doing enough. They have literally taken on their young shoulders the sins of their ancestors. Only if we realize this can we understand why a large majority at Connecticut was finally persuaded by a small minority to endorse a resolution of which I am sure they did not truly approve. Compromise on a question of principle is always regrettable, but in this instance I understand and sympathize. 1930

I was appalled when I read the three planks platform which the students and faculty of Connecticut College approved. As I can no longer support, morally or financially, a college whose atmosphere nurtures such seditious ideas, I have requested, as a trustee, that the Foundation stop contributing to the College. To think that a faculty who believes in such a platform has four years in which to mold young minds! It’s horrifying! 1944

While I am not personally in agreement with the three-plank platform adopted by your academic community (especially Plank #1), I approve wholeheartedly your approach to the present status of student unrest and support your right to take whatever stand your community adopts as a group—different though it is from the community in which I now live and the approach to which we feel committed. So count me as one strong alumna supporter—of approach if not of content. 1955

I am, indeed, ashamed to be an alumna of Connecticut College. Alumni, supporters of private colleges and taxpayers are getting sick and tired of supporting the training grounds for radicals and the pink intellectuals (?) that teach there that our institutions of higher learning have become. I am grateful for letters such as yours that show in black and white how sick our schools have become. I for one will make a special effort to discourage every prospective Connecticut College student I can find from attending the school. 1950

This is the closest I have felt to my Alma Mater in a long time, and your letter caused a genuinely warm feeling, mingled with one of regret at not being a member of the college generation in this era. I have a son at Harvard, and I am a teacher in the local high school. Naturally my role as a mother has influenced my role as a teacher. I have been deeply distressed at the intense polarization among our high school faculty and students. I only hope that this generation of college students will produce a corps of educators more in tune with and dedicated to what should be the obvious goal of working with and understanding youth.

I congratulate you on your courageous stand and the community of rapport which you have apparently achieved. 1948

What kind of insanity is this that dares to designate murderers and conspirators as “political prisoners”—what kind of mentality would cavernously seek a Communist victory in Southeast Asia and pusillanimously strip our government of its defenses against an implacable and besetting enemy? What kind of brazen treason is this?

If all this were merely your demented personal opinion it would be bad enough, but for you to use your position to guide and influence uninitiated and gullible young people into such corrupt thinking is surely inviting national suicide.
The spectacle of our colleges and universities destroying themselves through such folly as yours is not a pretty one, but if this is the intellectual level at which they are operating, perhaps their demise will be a step forward in our survival. 1942

This year President Shain's letter has given me the chance to give my annual contribution in complete support of the administration's stand during the student strike. I am in agreement with the aims of the students and feel that the colleges and universities offering them a forum are also offering them a chance to affect history. To me, this is education at its highest level. May I take this opportunity to . . . encourage the college to continue its open policy, and to say that I have never been more proud to be an alumna? 1942

I have two grandchildren away at college. One, at Ohio U., is now at home, school having closed until June 22. The other, at Goucher, is surrounded by a cloister-like atmosphere. There a few petitions were signed and things are business as usual. I am glad CC is somewhere mid-way between the two schools of thought. It is important that we listen to the young before our whole world caves in. To someone my age things often seem discouraging and distressing, and I am glad for the youth who will see things through . . . to an effective remedy, I feel quite sure. 1925

I find an appalling lack of leadership on campus— the kind which demands freedom of choice to study and work peacefully. There must be some students who do not agree with the three resolutions and who did not wish to strike against our government. There must be some who believe that the ROTC is more worthwhile than the Black Panthers. There must be some who want the education their parents are struggling to provide. Since these students are forgotten at Connecticut, I cannot find one single reason for continuing any support. As far as I am concerned your administration has allowed the young people to extinguish those "lights of learning" which fittingly appeared in the last Alumnae News. 1952

While I cannot agree with the three-plank platform arrived at by the students and faculty, it is gratifying to learn that this expression of majority feeling was reached through peaceful, constructive means. . . . But I am concerned with your observation that the community was "acting as a new kind of political entity." If our colleges are becoming political entities, what is happening to their role as institutions of academic learning? Do you believe that they can be both academic and political?

In his letter of May 15, Richard W. Day of Phillips Exeter Academy wrote, "The boys insisted, even at the height of the excitement, that all shades of opinion be represented in discussions. They are determined not to lose the rich variety of campus viewpoints. For this reason, they oppose any official School stand on any non-academic issue." Cannot this attitude prevail at the college level? If not, why not? 1950

It is reassuring that there are some academic communities whose members have the necessary courage and sense of unity to speak out in one voice against wrongful oppression at home and abroad.

As a teaching assistant at this University, I was forced to continue teaching during the strike because the faculty as a whole refused to take a moral stance on the issue. Needless to say, this hesitancy alienated many graduate and undergraduate students and did much to sow the seeds of future disharmony between the two factions. Both the faculty and the students at Connecticut deserve the highest praise for their constructive work on behalf of future peace. 1966

I know these are deeply troubled times. Changes are bound to be made, but I do not feel that complete capitulation to the emotional young is the wisest course for colleges to take these days, in the best interest of a healthy campus, a strong nation and a free world. What has happened to principle, discipline, courage, patriotism and leadership? Are students and faculty thinking for themselves, or has OC in fact became a campus of sheep? 1940

Bravo! For a rational and sane approach to a potential powder keg! Your letter outlining Connecticut's strike speaks very well of what is possible when a college community decides to talk and work together.

I for one am terrified of the signs of anarchy and total disregard for people and property evident on other campuses, and yet feel very strongly that there is a rightful place for dissent and intelligent protest. I congratulate you, as well as the faculty and students, for keeping your heads while others around you are losing theirs. I almost wish I were still a part of the excitement and vitality of Connecticut today. 1961

I'm proud to be an alumna of Connecticut College. I'm proud of its president, its students and its faculty. I heartily support its three-plank platform and the manner in which it conducted its student strike. Bravo! 1933

Thank you for informing alumnae of the recent actions at the College. Please remove my name from the alumnae roster. 1939

From President Shain's talk to alumnae at the Reunion banquet on June 13th:

I would only say in closing that we must remember that these students are our young people, not mine, not even the College's. They are your daughters, sons, granddaughters, grandsons, nephews and nieces. They are not aliens or strangers but just the next generation of Americans passing through the next American national experience. . . . Remembering your own college days, perhaps you will agree that college communities like this one contain inner checks and balances, they are or should be self-correcting when they get off course, the reasonable manners of the classroom are not forgotten outside the classroom. If you trust a college like ours in these ways—which is to say—if you trust the young developing mind to be attracted toward the reasonable response, to move toward maturity and deeper self-awareness, then one of the important jobs of a college president, it seems to me is to keep the fabric of the college together, to keep the democratic process working, to keep people talking and listening.

If there is one thing this generation of college students loves to do it is to talk. It is, alas, sometimes our most important job to listen. In these contentious, hyper-political times on campus and off, I grant you from my personal point of view the rights and privileges of disagreement, debate, hyperbole and invective in letters to the President—if that seems to you needed, but I also recommend the patience of listening.
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For the second time in history, C.C. has experienced a Fiftieth Reunion, and for the second time, but in reverse, '19 shared the occasion with '20. Ten '19ers returned to the hilltop to join '20's 31 Alumnae and 13 husbands. Eight of '21's members attended, while Alumnus Raymond E. Baldwin and Gertrude Travers presented '22. Alphabetically, '19 were: Frances Carns, Pauline Christie, Sadie Coit Benjamin, Florence Cool, Ama Romaine, Dorothy Peck, Marenna Prentis, Virginia Rose, Mildred White, Rosa Wilcox, and I. In the sun and shadow of a full June Saturday, all four first classes picketted together on the beautiful patio of Crotzer-Williams, and shared the joy of greeting the special guests: Christopher and Corta Sykes, Miss M. Jane Mulliken, Miss Cary and Mrs. Leib.

Readers must find elsewhere in this issue descriptions of the rich and varied program prepared for that memorable week-end, including the usual bountiful hospitality, the stimulating (and disturbing) sessions devoted to the various departments with their reports and the annual concert given by the memorabilia display in the library, the Japanese Doll exhibitions at the Museum, the Sunday Morning Birdwalk—and the luxury of bus transportation on campus, from one building to another. A solemn and beautiful chapel service of commemoration for alumnae who have passed away closed the program. Sunday noon. Most appropriately, the organist was振动st Roberta Biggod Wierema, '28, of Michigan, who has been a member of our class and had assembled an all-Alumnae choir to prepare for two early numbers: Dr. Coerner’s anthem, “I Am the Light”, and his “Dissisa”, with words by Dr. Sykes.

Marjorie Weidig, '45, brought word of her new home in 1920CC where she is with her Provost McElroy, who has retired from teaching, and has been living near her two married daughters and grand-children, and who at present is recuperating from illness at the Marian Pavilion of St. Joseph's Hospital, 99 Prospect St. Stamford. Esther Batchelder sends regrets that she could not wait after the May Trustees’ meeting, but had to return to Rome before Reunion. Prent has been active on the Board of Church Women United, Boston Council. Mrs. E. C. J. has served on the Nominating Committee. She is considered one of the organization young recruits. Mildred Wilson has had some time helping with research on the history of Amherst, Mass., and writing articles for the local papers. Among the material was a diary of her father when a young man, which she edited for publication in the paper.

She is looking forward to a summer trip to Maine and other New England visits. Florence Cool's family is following with great publicity of the national Mayors' Convention, and the forthcoming 'TV appearance of Hartford's Lady Mayor Ann Woodhull, Dean Nye with her wisdom and understanding .. Just a few of them. Later it was Dr. Coerner, who guided in the further development of the college and was a friend to each of us. We shall remember the wonderful work of the college at this our Fiftieth, the beauty of the campus, the splendid exhibit in the library, of memorabilia of the classes, the meeting with members of other classes, the cooperation of the Alumnae Office staff and the final Sunday picnic on Mouson Island. Especially we shall remember the beautiful Memorial Service in Harkness Chapel.

Our thoughts of college years were expressed for us in sonnet form by Marjorie Vets Windsor—

In Memory of Dr. Sykes

Ours is a heritage of space and light Above the ocean, river, western wood, Our destiny took shape upon this height Immortalized by one who could Enkindle us in mind and heart to more Than we had ever dreamed that we might be:

This was our Camelot of ours
The loss of innocency; reality, Enchantment, vision all made manifest By him whose incandescent soul shone So clearly that we learned to love the best In our own time and in the days long gone; His inspiration has been ours through time To hold us steadfast in a starward climb.
husband, although retired, are still active in their business. Their son lives not too far away with his family and is working on his band, and Al and Anna Mae Brazos Chalmers. Hoping to be at our own 50th next year are Marion Bedell Kelsey and Loretta Roche. To...cerest sympathy, 1923 Correspondent: of her college textbook on fabrics has just been issued by Prentice-Hall, and she of conferences of the State Society of DAR, of textile fabrics. The 6th edition is in the field of textiles. Last fall she taught...gives new life and energy and thereby helps to make the home attractive and removes .

1922 Co-correspondents: Mrs. David H. Vale (Amey Peck) 579 Vale Ave., Meriden, Conn. 06450 Miss Marjorie E. Smith 181 Irving Ave., Providence, R.I. 02906

1923 Correspondent: Alice P. Holcombe 59 Scotch Cap Rd., Quaker Hill, Conn. 06375

Isabel Barnum Wingate's primary interest is in the Orient. Last fall she taught basic courses in retailing and in textiles at N.Y.U. School of Commerce and this spring a night course in textile fabrics. The 6th edition of her college textbook on fabrics has just been issued by Prentice-Hall, and she and a co-author are now revising a book on merchandising to be published by Gregg Publishing Co. She is also working on some "visuels" for use in a high school curriculum. At her request, Fairchild Publications, she is taking three courses at the New School for Social Research, and is secretary to one of the board of directors. YMCA of Greater New York. Isabel says she retired in February '84, so one wonders what she did when she was working. Harriet Leach MacKenzie is general chairman of conferences of the State Society of DAR, was recently elected historian general of the National Society of New England Women, and is a member of the Montclair Historical Society; also a member of the Montclair Garden Club and Mayflower Society. Her career in social work has been practically immobilized by a poodle puppy. Other retired women are enjoying quiet country life with office responsibilities. "But when our children and theirs come here," says Miss Noble, "things really hum." In the week end she and Marjorie Halsted Heffron came and told us how much they like living in their new home in North Hollywood. Margaret Woodworth Shaw was there. Did you know that Ethel Ruddock Pulifer has added another grand to the family list. It happened when Frances Andrews Lee was "snow-birding" in Florida. Margaret Moere retired from teaching, bought a tiny house in Hudson, N.Y., moved into it right after school closed in June, and thinks "retirement is fun, par-
in the community and some "subbing" in the schools. She has received her California license. The Pecks have a son and daughter who attend the University of California at Los Angeles. Dudley had hoped to reunite but illness caused her to cancel her plans.

Connecticut College Alumnae News _ Fall 1970

40-year-anniversary classes graduated from it in 1969. The class is very proud of her. On Betty's 1974, our next reunion. After a late Friday reunion, an informal dinner was held at the home of Phyllis Heintz Malone, the Evangeline Homes. She is lucky; she was born in the Berkshire Garden Center. She said, "I'm astounded by the changes: build-

FORTY-TWO years after her 1928 graduation, 24 of her classmates again were on campus, this time to remember and to listen to stories, questions, to think and to adjust. This was '28's first with "halfway." We scored five husbands who seemingly enjoyed the experience as we did. May they multiply by 1974, our next reunion. After a late Friday afternoon picnic and our猪肉 London downtown, 18 of us parked, unloaded, squelched and splashed to the second floor of Hamilton Hall, the newest dorms. Both Elizabeth Bush Noble (Sarah E. Brown) and Knight Casey enjoyed dinner a trois in Kent, Conn. Now Betty is summing in Europe through her husband, a professor of political science. She is looking forward to our reunion and will bring Clayt along as a "Class Husband." Mrs. George W. Schoenhut (Sarah E. Brown) is active in the Berkley Garden Center. She said, "Bill and I are busy keeping our large place running smoothly, and we have a group of new neighbors who are building a new house." The class owes her a debt of gratitude for her dedication to the Center.

Eleanor Herrman Adams is actively interested in the Berkshire Garden Center. She said, "I'll be there keeping our large place running smoothly, and we have a group of new neighbors who are building a new house." The class owes her a debt of gratitude for her dedication to the Center.

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1930 Correspondent:
Mrs. Frank R. Spencer (Elizabeth F. Edwards) 
Box 134, Trotta Lane 
Morris, Conn. 06773

1931 Co-correspondents:
Mrs. Ross D. Spangler (Mary Louise Holley) 
560 South Sixth St. 
West Chester, Pa. 19380 

Mrs. Ernest A. N. Seyfried (Wilhelmina C. Brown) 
37 South Main St., Nazareth, Pa. 18064


On March 1, 1930 New York from Sussex, England. Elizabeth Appenzeller Parsons and husband dined with Dorcas Freeman Wesson. Frances Ayen Osgood enjoys two grandchildren. Dorothy Birdseye Manning from Bridport, Vt. reports snow on Whiteface as summer visitors pour into that choice spot. Caroline Critchlow has been on vacation in Jamaica. She is happy with a new house all on one floor. Kay is busy with hospital work and Ladies Golf Ass’n for the second year. The daughter of Lillian Lange’s daughter has 4-year-old Jennifer. Daughter Marge received a diploma and Phi Beta Kappa from Douglass ’70. After a nephew’s wedding in Baltimore make it a 2 month vacation. Virginia Carmichael, having left Child Welfare Board, is an executive secretary in Waywayse Corp., Dayton, Ohio. Elizabeth Clifton Ray spent a relaxing travel in Europe and Bermuda and Sunday painting plus living at baby sitting distance from four grandchildren. Anna Cofrances Guida spent five weeks in California, the Langes will make it a 2 month trip with Margaret Bristol Carleton and at baby sitting distance from four grandsons. Jean Sprague Fisher has three children while each kid still carries on his own successful career. Jean Sprague Fisher has three children and one grandchild.

1932 Correspondent:
Mrs. Alfred K. Brown, Jr. (Philadelphia) 
27 Hill St., Shrewsbury, Mass. 01545

1933 Correspondent:
Mrs. Thomas C. Gilmer (Annapolis, Md.) 
1 Shipwright Harbor 
Annapolis, Md. 21401

Gay Stephens described a trip to the west coast last winter and early spring. Taking the Canadian Pacific from Seattle to Montreal and then back with Alice Record Hooper. This summer the Hoopers are visiting their two sons and families, both living in South Africa. Alberta Colburn Stege and her family are also spending some time with husband’s brother in England. I chatted by phone with Jane (Jerry) Werthimer Margontagna when she visited Washington, in the spring. Married, daughter Kate lives near her parents in NYC.

1934 Correspondent:
Mrs. J. Arthur Wheeler, Jr. (Ann O. Corl) P.O. Box 454, Niantic, Conn. 06357

1935 Co-correspondents:
Mrs. Thomas S. McKown (Kennisboro, Wis.) 
2141 Ridge Ave., Apt-3A 
Evanston, Ill. 60201

Mrs. Eugene S. Backus 
(Ann. C. Seelye) 
27 Halsey Drive 
Old Greenwich, Conn. 06870

Madlyn Hughes was her husband and family were Phantom. She has just returned from a 7-weeks’ trip to Europe. Their sons, Stephen and Andrew, are at home in Rockville, Md. Daughter Betsy, after summer study in Florence, Italy, will enter Univ. of Arizona. Son Bill will be a law school graduate in June. Josephine Lincoln Morris’ 8th grandchild arrived Aug. ’86. Travel includes Canada, Florida, Exuma Island in the Bahamas, where she considers building a home. Jo attempts to revive a dying church, to keep up with change on the campus of the College of Wooster and to find a way to keep income people decently in Cleveland. Elizabeth Mettger Barbieri’s four children: John, Dick, Debbie and Susan, have given her 8 grandchildren.

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daughter. Her son is in college in South Dakota. Daughter June, an artist, is married to a writer and lives in New York. Daughter Susan has the 2-year-old and lives in Cleveland. Jean is a great deal of volunteer work for the blind. She is often in touch with Virginia (Ginny) Johnson Baxter. She spends summers on their island in Georgian Bay, Ontario, and winters in New Zealand and Australia for 6th world orchestra conference. Virginia Whitney Meeke has two married sons, two married daughters and a grandson. Ginny keeps busy with golf and duplicate and volunteer work. She and Henry travel and enjoy beachcombing and snorkeling in the Caribbean. Katherine Woodward Currier writes, "Living in Pa. has turned out to be quite fun. George Washington slept practically everywhere and I'm busy seeing all the spots."}

"We spent some time in Florida and 'a few all too short days there with Ruth and Tom McKown." Kay's son Dan Jr. graduates from Williams in June. She will be a freshman at Florida Southern College in September. The Curtisses will be at their summer home in New Hampshire. Ruth (Forbush) Henderson had an "absolutely superb trip in Great Britain for 8 weeks last summer; visited some dozen schools (Jim gave a speech at one of them) this fall 10 days in Cornwall with friends; toured Wales, Scotland, Ireland. Mother Henderson came to be with us in November. We had a happy holiday season and were saddened by her death in January." They had a good school year without the disruptive aspects of many. However, they do have the problems of one, and all her jewelry stolen. After a spectacular trip to the Black Hills and Badlands of South Dakota, their luggage was stolen on a flight. They look forward to a few weeks in Europe this spring. The Alumnae Council. Agatha Zimmerman Schmid says they are island living families. Her son Charles III (Linda, Dextor '64) are two children, Andy and Jenny, live on Bainbridge Island, Wash. Their daughter Susie and husband Jim Calderwood live in Vinalhaven Island, Me. Agatha and Edson still go to Fire Island. All depend on ferry boats. Agatha continues her volunteer work with Red Cross and volunteer work. She and Henry travel and enjoy beachcombing and snorkeling in the Caribbean. Katherine Woodward Currier writes, "Living in Pa. has turned out to be quite fun. George Washington slept practically everywhere and I'm busy seeing all the spots."
Chose your candidates for the Executive Board of the Alumnae Association Now.

*Offices:
President
Secretary
Two directors-at-large

Alumnae trustee

The nominating committee gives each candidate careful consideration. Show your interest in the Alumnae Association by sending (before December 1st) the following information:

1. Name, address, and class of candidate
2. Suggested office to be filled
3. Qualifications (ability in community, business, alumnae activities, etc.)
4. Your name, address, and class

To
Mrs. John C. Gehrig
(Pete Franklin 42)
713 Heights Road
Ridgewood, N.J. 07450

*All officers have a 3 year term except the alumnae trustee, whose term is 5 years.

Teaches health to 11th graders. She spent six weeks at Univ. of Connecticut in '68 at a workshop on sexuality. Janet Graham Bolluck enjoys keeping the books for their pressure-sensitive label business. The Bollucks' oldest daughter, Nancy, married two years ago, lives in New York and has a Pan-Am. Daughter Ann presented them with their first grandchild, third grandchild, in September. Son Graham is back in Camp LeJeune and gets home often. Youngest child, Jud, lives on Hilton Head Island, S.C. and enjoys a bit of golf. Your correspondent, husband and son have just returned from the West and Hawaii. In Honolulu, we were invited to the residence by President Margaret H. Davis, resident mgr. at the Hilton Hawaiian Village, and helped my uncle celebrate his 81st birthday. I had a telephone chat with Dorothée Nichols Hamill.

1942

Correspondent:
Mrs. Douglas O. Nystedt (Susan Smith)
Rte. 302, Glen, N.H. 03858

1943

Co-correspondents:
Barbara Hellmann
521 Altavista Ave., Basking Ridge, N.J. 07920
Forbes, Farmington, Conn. 06032
Mrs. John S. Morton (Mary Jane Dole)
15 Bay Vista Dr., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941

Note article in this issue by Hellodora de Mendoca de Almeida.

1944

Co-correspondents:
Mrs. Richard Vogel, Jr. (Phyllis Cunningham)
230 E. 71st St., Apt. 4-B
New York, N.Y. 10021

Mrs. David Oberlin (Elinor Houston)
3700 N. Woodstock St.
Arlington, Va. 22207

1945

Co-correspondents:
Mrs. William M. Crouse, Jr. (C. Elizabeth Brown)
10 Hamilton Ave.
Braintree, Mass. 02184

Mrs. Lawrence J. Levene (Bernice Riesner)
60 Brewer Rd.
Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

Since we, unfortunately, never made reunion, our report is based on visits made by our Ann LeLievre Herrmann, Vice-president and Reunion Chairman, said the first naughty (natch) arrival was Carolyn Martin Simank from Stillwater, Okla. Patricia Feldman Whitestone and Sally Weckler Johnson took three pictures of a pretty blond arriving at Groton Airport before they realized it was not our own. In the greeting card area, everybody got name-tagged and reacquainted at Lambdin House, Dean Noyes joined the class for cocktails and dinner at the Bel Air.

Both stimulating sessions of Alumnae Association, Friday evening and Saturday morning, were on our environment and what we can do about it. The class picnic was held at the Buck Lodge on Saturday complete with sherry, box lunches, new class slate and old business. New officers for the year include:

- Vice President: Rosanne Porter Wilson (V.P., Natalie Bigelow Barlow)
- Class Co-correspondents: Elizabeth Brown Crouse and Bernice Riesner Levene. Record- Treasurer, Marcia Faust McNeely, and Nominating Chairman, Amy Lang Potter.

After the picnic, there was a panel discussion on how to do it at C.C. with four students and two faculty members explaining their positions. The same panel was repeated that evening at the banquet. The traditional
cocktail parties were held Saturday evening before dinner—pres. Shain appeared at ours and was surrounded. Later in the evening we saw movies and slides of us in various skirt and hair lengths through the years. Movie credits were by McNatt. The slides were Marjorie Lawrence Weidig’s. Everybody browsed through scrapbooks of the reunion committee. If you forgot to bring your brochure, or if not so incidently, deserves a huge bouquet for an extremely successful reunion.

99 alumnae returned and five husbands made their reunion appearance. Our hostesses buttoned him to do so as he enjoyed himself generally and liked the sub base tour and the panel discussion in particular.

The only area of confusion was John’s prior date for one roof! The largest broadcaster were Helen Savaooloo Underhill from Manilla and Shirley Armstrong Bradle from Sacramento.

Back-tracking into May, Ethel Schall Gocho held a mini-reunion. She invited Patricia Norton and Blackie, Margot Hay Harrison and Art, Mabel Cunningham, Mary Brillhart Tyler and Bud, Jane Oberg Rodgers and Don, Elizabeth Seissen Dahlgren and Wally and Nancy Bailey Neely and Marv. They had lunch at Ethel’s, attended the commissioning at the Phila. Naval Shipyard, a reception at the officers club, went back to the Gocho’s for dinner and had Sunday lunch at the Neely’s farmhouse in the country.


den, N.Y.; Ruth Veevers Mathieu, Williamt
cit, Ct.; Barbara Walsworth Koeberl, Pitts

1946

Correspondent:

Mrs. Sidney H. Burness (Joan Weisman)
280 Steele Road
West Hartford, Conn. 06117

1947

Correspondent:

Mrs. Philip Welti (Janet Fink)
3309 N. Brookwood Dr.
Fort Wayne, Ind. 46815

Amelia Ogden Babson moved from New Jersey to Baltimore. Millie’s son, a junior at Baltimore, spent six months of his sophomore year studying with the Williams Institute in Europe. He received her B.A. in Spanish and was delighted to become involved officially. Now that CC has gone co-ed, Joan is working at this stage of life both stimulating and ex-

The following members attended our twenti

1949

Co-correspondents:

Mrs. Robert A. Duin (Phyllis Hammer)
106 Quinn Rd., Severna Park, Md. 21116

Mrs. B. Milton Garfinke Jr. (Sylvia Joffie)
22 Vista Drive, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021

1950

Co-correspondents:

Mrs. Richard T. Hall (Polly Hedlund)
34 Glen Avon Drive
Riverside, Conn. 06878

Mrs. Joseph Mersereau (Mary Bundy)
3738 Chain Bridge Rd., Fairfax, Va. 22030

The following members attended our twenti-

1951

Co-correspondents:

Mrs. Marvin H. Grody
(Susan Brownstein)
110 High Wood Road
West Hartford, Conn. 06117

Mrs. Mark J. Shorts
(Mary Martha Suckling)
107 Steele Road
West Hartford, Conn. 06119

Jo Pelkey Shepard’s oldest son, Timothy, will attend Yale, his father’s alma mater, this fall. Susan and Langer continued their Spain in April with a group from the Md. Bar Ass’n. Sue just completed her term of office as president of the C.C. Club of Balti-

J. A. Mitchell, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Marilyn Mlllizla Schlegel, Bloomfield, N.J.; Anita Manassot Perlman, Woodbridge, Ct.; Jean McClure Blanch

Betty, who received her B.A. in 1950 in a learning disability program and now

1950 Co-correspondents:

Mrs. Richard T. Hall (Polly Hedlund)
though working full time can be hectic, Jane loves the position. Vivian Johnson Harries and Brent managed an exciting first tour to Europe last fall attending an International Law Conference with a law professor friend. Some of the fringe benefits from the trip were a skiing vacation in an all Minnesota Invitational Golf Tournament, Jamaica and in Las Vegas where Vic played Palmer Hauser is busy with girls 14 and 12 and son 13 and their school activities as well as a demanding and rewarding job for Gussie and George. Cynthia Russell Rosik, husband Pete, Christopher and Suzanne are at home on the Puget Sound beach where he is stationed on theTacoma Clubs baseball and the Seattle Totems hockey teams. Cynthia, busy with the usual children-oriented activities, serves as a board member of the NIPD for their children's school. For self-improvement, she is taking a three-year clothing construction course in school. Ted, taking a share of the educational duties and attending adult education programs in the high school on black culture, white racism and social structures, and teen-age drug abuse. A weekly swim at the YWCA is enjoyed as well as summer sailing and working in the vegetable garden. Carole Struble Baker, husband Don, and Donna have moved from December through May at Cheesa Lodge on the Florida Keys and at the Ocean Reef Club in Key Largo. From June through August they will be in Melbourne, Tenn., where Don will have his orchestra at the Rivermont Holiday Inn with Carole as the featured vocalist. Judith Porter Austin, an Old New Englander, has fallen in love with San Diego where husband Bill is based as chief Staff officer for Submarine Squadron 3. Their "baby" Anne starts kindergarten Sea last year, with Bruce in 4th grade and Chris in junior high. Ruth Parker See is living in Del Mar in the City of San Diego where she is in a multi-grade pilot program in the 1st grade where two teachers and three practice teachers work in a large room with the children's desks and various activities. Ruth does volunteer work in the PTA library and the Sees are family members of the San Diego Zoological Society. Their involvement with the world of public speaking, Helen has been re-elected chairman of the Guilford [Conn.] Republican Town Committee and is a delegate to the convention which selects the state senator. As head of the Senior Citizens' Dept. in the Seniors' Civic Club, she helped to revitalize the Club. In October Helen spoke at the annual Yale Social Studies Conference on her own civic activities, and at the annual Yale Social Studies Conference on her own civic activities, and at the annual Yale Social Studies Conference on her own civic activities, and at the annual Yale Social Studies Conference on her own civic activities, and at the annual Yale Social Studies Conference on her own civic activities, and at the annual Yale Social Studies Conference on her own civic activities, and at the annual Yale Social Studies Conference on her own civic activities, and at the annual Yale Social Studies Conference on her own civic activities, and at the annual Yale Social Studies Conference on her own civic activities, and at the annual Yale Social Studies Conference on her own civic activities, and at the annual Yale Social Studies Conference on her own civic activities, and at the annual Yale Social Studies Conference on her own civic activities, and at the annual Yale Social Studies 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DANFORTH GRADUATE FELLOWSHIPS FOR WOMEN

This program is intended for women whose preparation for teaching has been postponed or interrupted. The break in studies must have lasted at least three years in duration, but the candidate is now able to undertake graduate work for a professional career as full time teacher at the college or secondary level. Applicants may or may not have had experience in teaching and may propose a full or part time program leading to a master's or doctor's degree. Preference will be given to candidates whose programs will be completed before they reach the age of fifty.

Fellowships are renewable annually if the recipient is following the plan designated and continues in good standing. The amount of the stipend will depend on individual need but will normally be a maximum of $3000 ($4000 for heads of families) plus tuition and fees.

Qualifications will include a good academic record, strong motivation and persistence, the ability to plan a program of study, personal qualities suitable for teaching, and physical stamina. Candidates must submit scores for the morning and afternoon tests of the Graduate Records. The latest acceptable test date is December 13, for which application must be made to the Educational Testing Service, Princeton, N.J. 08540 by November 25. Interested alumnae should write to the Graduate Fellowships for Women, Connecticut College Foundation, 222 S. Central Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63105 for application forms, which must be returned by January 9. Appointments will be announced by April 8.
1959

Co-correspondents:

Mrs. Arthur G. VonThaden
(Ann Entrenik)
44Nottingham Rd.
Short Hills, N.J.07078

Mrs. James A. Robinson (Ann Frankel)
Route 32, Swanzey Center, RFD #1
Keene, N.H. 03431

Boran: to Ron and Fern Alexander

Denny Allison Parke on Jan. 13; to John and Mary
Ellee Hoffman Douglas Williams on Feb. 23;
to William and Carlotta (Loyle) Opy
March 18, to Bruce and Miriam (Mimsey)
Matthews Muuro Kristine Bradley on Dec. 10; to Ted and Elizabeth Pack

Dorothy Thompson
Jan. 6, to Barbara MacMaster
and Jane Taylor O'Toole Michael Alexander on
April. 30.

Adopted: by Joel and Karen Fort Van Wylen
James P. Fort on Apr. 30.

Charles and Patricia Young Hutchison were in
Pompano Beach with their family this past
Pat is public affairs chairman for the
Jr. League and will be ways and means
chairman next fall. She and Charlie sail a Penguin
at the Jersey shore and they see Dorothy James,
Wagner of Los Angeles. John and Janet
Blackwell Bent were at the Hillsboro Club in
Pompano, Jan is policy chairman for the Jr.
League, Ned, Joe, Raymond Whitney, Margie
and Ned have been actively working on the drug
abuse program in Essex county. John and Margaret
Henderson Whitmore have been regular commuters to the
sunny shores. Their last two trips were to
Paradise Island for a convention in Bock and
St. Thomas. Taking Margie and Ned have been actively working on the drug
abuse program in Essex county. John and Margaret
Henderson Whitmore have been regular commuters to the
sunny shores. Their last two trips were to
Paradise Island for a convention in Bock and
St. Thomas. Taking Margie and

1960

Co-correspondents:

Mrs. Peter I, Cashman (Susan Green)
Joshowntown Road, Lynne, Conn. 06371

Married: Janet E. Dolan to Forrest Jerrel
Wright Jr. on Nov. 23; Barbara A. Zamborsky
Married: to John Robert (Bob) Archibald on Apr. 30.

Born: to Joseph and Nancy Hill Thompson
Joseph Gilbert III on May 23, ’68; to Donald
Gilbert and Maxine (Max) D., on May 23, ’68; to Peter and Judith Burgess
Tarpagaard Andrew Christian on June 21, ’69;
to John and Ellen Garland Wilson Geoffrey
Garland on Jan. 3, ’69; to William and Colleen
Douthery Lunt a third child, first daughter,
Jenifer Ingred, on Aug. 21; to Warren and Miriam
Moulton Tyler a fourth child, second daughter,
Kathryn Mirexia, on Feb. 25; to Josephine and
Peter Lambert looks forward to
hambill's assistant professorship at
Vanderbilt Univ. in Nashville, Tenn. and
she received a faculty position at
the College of Medicine. Their summer
plans include traveling and camping with
their three sons. Elizabeth Schaeffer Rade-
macher received her B.S., M.S., and R.N.
degrees from the Univ. of Pennsylvania. Her
husband Peter is associate dean of men at
Stevens Inst. of Technology in Hoboken, N.J.
where he founded, called Technical Forum Asso-
ciates in Cambridge. After a honeymoon in
Bermuda, Janet and Peter Dolan
settled in Hartford where Forrest is a securi-
ty analyst for Aetna Life and Casualty Co. By
October both the children are influenza free
and Patsy Cline and Sonny Dam philosophy.

1962

Co-correspondents:

Mrs. E. Benjamin Loring (Ann Morris)
29 Old Meadow Plains Road
Simsbury, Conn. 06070

Mrs. Charles E. Wolff II
(Barbara MacMaster)
268 Bentleyville Road
Westwood, Mass. 02090

Married: to Robert E. Kinards on May 23, ’68; to Donald
Kaneko on May 23, ’68; to Peter and Judith Burgess
Tarpagaard Andrew Christian on June 21, ’69;
to John and Ellen Garland Wilson Geoffrey
Garland on Jan. 3, ’69; to William and Colleen
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settled in Hartford where Forrest is a securi-
ty analyst for Aetna Life and Casualty Co. By
October both the children are influenza free
and Patsy Cline and Sonny Dam philosophy.

1963

Co-correspondents:

Mrs. A. P. McCluskin III
23 Claremont Road
Bloomfield, Conn. 06012

Married: to Robert E. Kinards on May 23, ’68; to Donald
Kaneko on May 23, ’68; to Peter and Judith Burgess
Tarpagaard Andrew Christian on June 21, ’69;
to John and Ellen Garland Wilson Geoffrey
Garland on Jan. 3, ’69; to William and Colleen
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ty analyst for Aetna Life and Casualty Co. By
October both the children are influenza free
and Patsy Cline and Sonny Dam philosophy.

1966

Co-correspondents:

Mrs. James A. Young (Barbara Frick)
268 Bentleyville Road
Chagrin Falls, Ohio 44022

Married: Janet E. Dolan to Forrest Jerrel
Wright Jr. on Nov. 23; Barbara A. Zamborsky
Married: to John Robert (Bob) Archibald on Apr. 30.

Born: to Joseph and Nancy Hill Thompson
Joseph Gilbert III on May 23, ’68; to Donald
Gilbert and Maxine (Max) D., on May 23, ’68; to Peter and Judith Burgess
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Bermuda, Janet and Peter Dolan
settled in Hartford where Forrest is a securi-
ty analyst for Aetna Life and Casualty Co. By
October both the children are influenza free
and Patsy Cline and Sonny Dam philosophy.
Married: Jeanette Olsen to Daniel Friedenson in June '68; Jean L. Nilsson to E. Sanford King in May '69; Harriet Pinkser to Dana L. Lambert in February '69.

Born: to Frederick and Leslie Settlerrnhox Fox Christopher Scott on Mar. 10, '68; to Charles and Janice Ruck between Summer and Fall; and Susan Opdyke Waechner Kevin Russell on Sept. 10; to David and Rodna Pass Hurewitz a second son, Barry, on Sept. 24; to Hugh and Lee Randall Jones twins, Diana and Hughes McKean, on Nov. 2; to David and Roxanne Lake Johnson Clay on Sept. 2; to Peter and Sybil Pickett Veeder a second daughter, Hillary Wood, on Sept. 2; to Katherine Weismann Marohn a second son on June 17, '69; to David and Marilyn Nannis Nannis, on Aug. 8; and to Joseph and Margaret Flannagan Patricia Flannagan on Dec. 12; to Paul and Brenda Johnson son, Matthew, on Dec. 18; to David and Jane Porcelli Jennifer Porcelli, on Oct. 30; to Sally and William Gammon William Gammon, on Jan. 1; to John and Sondra (Sandy) Hall Roeder a second son, on Nov. 12; to Gunther and Dorothy Kraft Freker a daughter on Dec. 3; to Lloyd and Margaret McVey Reynolds a daughter, on Dec. 13; to Thomas and Helen Kane Wright Stephen Carter on May 17, '69; to Murray and Susan Godfrey Jennifer Ann on Feb. 13; to Charles and Mary Peck Peck a second daughter, on Oct. 8; to Alastair and Martha Sweet Wieland their second daughter, on March 9; to Charles and Jennifer Bryant son, on April 18; and to William and Martha Taylor son, on Oct. 25.

Apt. 8

1964 Correspondent:
Mrs. Richard T. Young (Nina Sendy)
18 John Robinson Drive
Mudon, Mass. 01759

1965 Correspondent:
Mrs. Roland Walker
19 Everett St., Apt. 43
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

1964 Co-correspondent:
Johnny Robinson
43-74 Kamehameha Hiway
Kaneohe, Oahu, Hawaii 96744

1969 Co-correspondents:
Alice F. Reid
28 West 3rd St.
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

Mrs. Roland Walker
(Linda McGilvray)
2112 Balboa Ave., Apt. 8
San Diego, Calif. 92109

Married: Kathleen Dilzer to James R. Milich in Lubingen, Germany, on Mar. 21; Margaret Kaemper to Donald L. Harjes on June 21, '69; Jan MacDonald to John Montgomery on Apr. 18, '69; Nancy Shafer to William J. and June 6; Sara Brown to Robert Dow on June 21, '69; Nancy Brush to Michael Edwards in Hawaii; and Barbara Feigin to Edward Milken in August.

Anne Bonnici is visiting friends this summer in Hawaii. Sara Brown Dow spent the past year teaching Latin and English in a new junior high school in Belling, Conn. while her husband finished his last year of undergraduate work at Perkins School for the Blind while her husband has stationed with the Coast Guard in Boston. Barbara Feigin and her husband are currently teaching in Zurich. Nancy Brush as an assistant to the media director of a small Beverly Hills agency. Barbara Feigin Milkeny spent a year in Buenos Aires, Argentina, where Edward is doing research on his Ph.D. She is now working as a visiting instructor at the Univ. of El Salvador. Not only have they been able to see parts of South America, including Brazil and Barbara "feels like a pioneer washing all the clothes by hand and plucking chickens." Barbara Feigin had worked as a part-time member of the faculty of the Univ. of Denver, is in Boston as a secretary at Franklin Management. Babette Gabri is enjoying travel and finds the atmosphere stilling at Temple College where she cuts a semester is maximum. Patricia Gomo loves the people at the U.N. and finds it stimulating and fun. She enjoys NYC's cultural opportunities to the fullest, especially the opera and taking voice lessons. In preparation for her coming trip to Florence, she takes Italian at the U.N. during lunch hour. Helen Harasimowicz is leaving Boston to start her M.B.A. at Wharton School in Philadelphia in the fall. Marjorie Holland finished her first year teaching biology at the Mountain School in Vershire, Vt. While the days were hectic, she found great fun in upper cross country skiing. Dagny Hultgreen works as a credit analyst at the Connecticut Bank & Trust Co. in Hartford but multiple activities have been part of her life—skiing, fishing, mountain climbing, symphonies, night courses, Kathlyn Kayser spent the fall in Germany working in an office of patent lawyers, learning German, and living with a German family. Rhona Marks spent this year at the Univ. of Michigan School of Fine Arts working towards her master's degree.

1966 Correspondent:
Mrs. Patrick K.S.L Yim
Jeanne Yim
65-746 Kamehameha Hiway
Kaneohe, Oahu, Hawaii 96744


1967 Correspondent:
Mrs. Michael Britton
32 Mountain View Ave.
Avon, Conn. 06001

1968 Correspondent:
Mrs. Jeffrey Talman
(Katherine Spendlove)
The Peddie School
Highstown, N.J. 08520

Connecticut College Alumnae News • Fall 1970
We aimed too high...
but 35.24% of us
including 98 Alumnae Laurels
can still be proud...

Our goal was................. $350,000.00
3,516 of us gave.............. $316,011.70
Of this amount, 98 Laurels gave $185,195.82

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*including $736.46 in deferred gifts received prior to 1969-70