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Pinpointing the identity of the Seventies is not easy, but certainly the stamp of the Thirties already rests upon it. Actually, what were the Thirties? What legacies from that maze* are ours today? The Thirties were, to a great degree, a time of paradox; a time when America lived with both Calvinism and a fledgling socialism—when "save for tomorrow" dwelt with "tomorrow never comes." Unwilling to relinquish self-reliance, the country tried for a while to embrace them alike. Social reforms and the protection of labor unions were accepted only reluctantly, and not until World War II absorbed the nation's attention did they really become more than a temporary way of life. Only then did the "hard work" ethic die.

Today paradox is with us again. We depend upon bureaucracy while condemning it; we demand the luxuries of the affluent Sixties although our money is worth less; we accept the change in social mores except when it affects us; we yearn for the simple life of the Waltons, yet different members of the family watch them from three separate color TV sets. Amidst the roar of traffic stands the bicycle's revival. It is even paradoxical that at a time when students shun materialism, pragmatic subjects are more popular than they have been in years. The Thirties live again in other ways. On campus, traditions resembling those of that decade are being revived, and sports are flourishing once more. In England, the London Museum recently concluded an extremely successful exhibition, London in the Thirties. Books about the Thirties (as well as reprints) are being published in surprising numbers. And, as in the Depression, stretching the dollar engrosses everyone. We even have ever-alert Seventh Avenue decreeing a return of "the little black dress."

Is it any wonder, then, that we decided to salute this potent decade and our Connecticut alumnae of the Thirties in this issue?

*Cover illustration from a 1938 Colophon publication of "The Annual of Bookmaking."
A View From View Books

Forty years separate these photographs taken from View Books of the Thirties and from the latest one of the Seventies—two generations, more or less. At first it seems as though centuries must stand between these people today. Yet like their children and grandchildren most alumnae also grow with the times. They discard the worn-out, retain the good and, when justified, add the new. The habit lasts a lifetime. Intellectual rigidity, ossified in the concept of “if it was good then, it’s good now,” is no more the doctrine of grey-haired alumnae than it is of a ’77 student. Don’t ever let the wrinkles fool you!

The present View Book, in introducing the college and its philosophy, uses quotations taken from student articles and from remarks made during informal conversations. (These are scattered throughout the booklet, and some of them are reproduced here for captions.) Earlier View Books, however, simply identified each picture, using no editorial comment; instead, a major statement regarding the aims of the college was presented in the introduction. For a comparison of the goals of the college in the Thirties and Seventies, we offer the following:

From a 1938 View Book introductory statement, “The college aims to help each student to develop her individual interest and ability to a point where she can participate fully in life both in the college and afterward either as a professional woman or as a volunteer.”

From A New Design for Liberal Education at Connecticut College (a recent brochure), “The central principle of the new plan is the demand that every student think out his or her individual education in the light of the common aims of the college community...working out for themselves programs which met the intellectual needs of the modern world.”

“We look at professors more as people than as teachers.”
"Most of the academic pressure comes from within yourself. Students work more because they want to than because they have to."

"For the first time you’re off by yourself. You have 24 hours out of every day, and you’re the one who decides how you’re going to spend them."
“Education is more than academics. It's the total living experience.”
What Ever Happened to Tea-Dancing at the Biltmore?
Margaret Royall Hinck '33

As our children were growing up, especially the youngest one who has just turned twenty and is a true product of his era, I had a phrase—part rueful, part wistful—that summed up for me a good many things that were bothering me about the 60s and the dawning 70s. It was: “What ever happened to tea-dancing at the Biltmore?” During the years when most of the girls began wearing unkempt hair, dirty peasant blouses, long, ugly skirts and what I call Frankenstein boots, it was very hard to look back to the days when we had our hair marcelled, got dressed in pretty clothes and spike heels and went to meet a date “under the clock.” (Still sounds pretty good to me!)

But underneath all the frivolity accompanied by a good bit of drinking and carousing, what kind of world were we living in? Each time I hear one of our present day young people decrying the fact that they are having to grow up in a rotten world where pollution is going to kill us, where the beautiful people are unaware and unconcerned, where everything is wrong, where everything should be free, etc., etc. *ad nauseam,* I think back on the days of the apple-sellers on the street corners in New York City and of myself with a brand-new Bachelor’s degree from Connecticut College for Women selling yard goods in the basement of L. Bamberger & Co. in Newark for $10.50 a week part-time for half the year, then $14.50 a week full-time until the day after Christmas, and then I got fired.

The days at Bamberger’s encompassed one phenomenon, the advent of NRA, an adumbration (how’s *that* for a freshman English word, Gertrude Noyes?) of things to come in spades! The welfare state was on its way, like it or not.

There were other rumblings besides “hard times,” though, rumblings that would lead to tragedy such as our modern world has never known, tragedy so pressing and so demanding that there was no time to protest and march and demonstrate or run off to Canada. (Forget Canada anyway. Canada was into the tragedy along with everyone else!) It was get in there and fight or be destroyed, PERIOD.

It was really a decade to end all decades—the 30s—and yet I seem to recall that like average Americans of all eras, we kept up our spirits and had a good deal of fun in between the worries.

Luncheon-bridge was a fun way of entertaining for a visiting classmate. Tea-dancing was for real, either at one of the great hotels or at your own golf club or woman’s club of a New Year’s afternoon. Debutante parties were still the thing. The Salzburg music festival came booming and crackling across the trans-Atlantic radio during the summer of 1936 with the mighty Toscanini conducting. There was other beautiful music: Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Paul Whiteman. There was fun and beauty even in the darkest despair of the Depression.

Connecticut College was growing, and the view from the library steps seemed more beautiful than ever to an old alumna out five years. Money was appearing from some miraculous source, and Windham and Jane Addams
and other buildings were going up, and they were stunning to alumnae eyes!

I have tried to remember anything about my college years that disturbed me or made me mad or made me want to rebel or demonstrate. I guess when Dr. Morris said that "College should never be a means to an end but an end in itself," I believed him—or knew it already. I was, and still am, an Ivory Tower person. To contemplate the past and its teachings; to be led by Miss Ernst through the adventures of Continental Lit; to watch Dr. Daghlian perform his magic and make it understood to a science illiterate; to learn something I didn't know—well, I can only be thankful that I was not interrupted by having to take part in activist programs, which I probably would never have understood until it was too late anyway!

When I use the word "interrupt" I mean just that. I have a strong suspicion that the large majority of kids who were swept into the marching and shouting and destruction of the past decade because it was fashionable were not dedicated to it any more than I would have been. The large majority of students stuck by the books preferring to prepare themselves so that at the end of their college years they would be better qualified to step into the world and take part in its progress. In the late 60s and the 70s, though, our news media were such that insistence was upon our knowing only the worst about our young people.

I look back on many happy times. The reference to tea-dancing at the Biltmore isn't all that facetious. Having several beaux instead of the same guy year after year saved a good many of us from a type of involvement that I decry in this day and age—an all too serious dependence on one boy, which has led a good many girls into a relationship much too precarious before they were mature enough to handle it properly. If you had several fellows who were fond of taking you out, you really didn't have to make any decisions about whether you'd go to bed with one or another of them. And having had several good friends amongst the "stronger" sex, you found that the decision about the one you finally married was far more mature. Furthermore, it was plainly and simply more fun not to be so tied to one personality, one philosophy, one face.

Certainly family relationships were less complicated. I wouldn't expect anyone to believe that feelings of rebellion in the teenage breast are something new in the 60s and 70s. Was it, in the 30s, a firmer hand on the young shoulder or a father and mother who just expected the best from you? Was it the less prosperous society that made it necessary for a family to pull together? What did we really know or care about pornography, nudity, and four-letter words in a day when they were not forced upon us? What has the aura of war—constant war—done to the graduate of the 30s and her children? What part has television played in stimulating our young to a more restless and adventuresome life? You're on your own for answers!
Vogue, September 1, 1933. “During the
four years from the Panic (1929) to the
New Deal (1933) the whole aspect of the
American woman was transformed. It
was not simply that since 1930 her
evening dress had been touching the
ground, or daytime dresses had
descended... Or that she had taken up
using dark nailpolish... What was most
striking was that her physical shape...
changed. No longer was she flat-
breasted... she no longer tried to
flatten her figure, in some cases she
was even disposed—as one anecdote had
it—to make mountains out of mole-
hills.” (From I Remember Distinctly,
Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen.
Harper & Brothers, 1947.)

As I embark upon the decade leading to my 50th in
1983, I find myself to be a bit of a Pollyanna. I am
overcome with the feeling that the 70s will prove to be
the final period of recuperation and recovery from the
30s. Each generation, each decade has its own peculiar
way of dealing with its problems, and yet from the
vantage point of my accumulated years I know for certain
that the fundamental decency of the human animal is the
common denominator of all the decades. Some cry-babies
to the contrary, we are not being devoured by the
machine; the vast majority of us are not unfeeling snobs in
our relationship with our less fortunate fellows; there
are very few racists left among us. Our children and
grandchildren with all their new attitudes—to put it
mildly—are forthright, very often brilliant. They are
wilderness lovers, climbers, skiers, and they are aware,
aware, aware. I do not fear for them as the pendulum
swings away from violence toward a more peaceful and
scholarly future.

In a splendid book about my new home, The Centuries
of Santa Fe, Paul Horgan, one of the great talents of our
time, expresses this thought through one of his char-
acters, a lovely and tranquil woman: “Let that which
has made us, and which is good, remain unchanged, no
matter which way the world may move.”

Who knows—another Paul Whiteman may hit the old
Biltmore again some day, and know what? I might just
drop by some lovely winter afternoon around four and
see what’s happening.
A favorite topic around Television City this year has been the unexpected popularity of The Waltons, a weekly drama about the joys and hardships of a large family farming the Virginia Hills in the midst of the Depression. The Waltons, it seems, caught television executives by surprise. They had produced it with a very limited audience in mind, the rural viewers who, it was presumed, wouldn't care for such competing “urban” shows as Flip Wilson and Mod Squad, but the Walton family proved stiff competition for the city slickers. Suburban teenagers sent fan mail to John-Boy and Mary Ellen, urban teachers requested the scripts to use in their classes, and viewers who couldn't tell a rooster from a hen helped boost the Waltons' Nielsen ratings.

What is really surprising is not the Waltons' success but the limited vision of their television creators. Someone in the executive suite had forgotten that a healthy portion of the American public either grew up during the Thirties or has been lectured endlessly on the qualities of the Thirties. For millions of Americans that era is more “real” than the later decades. (If the Fifties are plastic, the Thirties are honest dirt.) For instance, researchers have found that voters who reached voting age several decades ago were lastingly influenced by the Depression. In other words, the most recent crisis is not necessarily the one that makes the deepest impression on one's attitudes toward parties or issues. For some reason, World War II simply did not plug into the American political psyche with the same force as did the Depression.

When we talk about the Thirties or the Sixties, what we are referring to, of course, is generations. A generation is different from mere biological age but at times the two are hard to separate. If one wants to explain why Americans now in their twenties seem to have more liberal views than persons in their sixties or seventies, one must try to distinguish between age and generation.

Age may be a strong factor influencing liberalism in any historical period because one's age affects his or her energy, career status and economic security. And if young people today are shown by pollsters to be more liberal, maybe it has a lot to do simply with their greater physical stamina, greater sense of opportunities unexplored and greater geographic mobility. Incidentally, it is this very same cluster of attributes that makes young Americans less likely to vote—they are socially and geographically so mobile that they feel less of a stake in public decisions (an exception: the recent Madison, Wisconsin, mayoralty victory of a coalition of labor and young voters).

But generation can have an influence quite independently of physical age. For generation is a product of experience during a particular period of history. To return to the Gallup pollsters' liberal 20-year-olds, it may be that their liberal attitudes on government responsibility for the economy or on race relations derive not so much from youthful energy as from coming of age during the Civil Rights Movement. In the same manner, a 68-year-old's skepticism about insuring public better-
ment may have less to do with being stuck on a salt-free diet than with remembering vividly the cruel unexpected Crash of the market in 1929, an event which proved that no matter how well society appears to be running, there is always the possibility of disaster lurking around the corner. Therefore, one should accumulate a nestegg, safeguard job security and not tamper with social relations too drastically.

Determining to what generation a person belongs is not always easy. It is harder still to say precisely what are the boundaries of a given generation. In underdeveloped countries today, generations can be as short as five or ten years. Men and women who devoted their youth to driving out colonial administrators look upon persons merely seven years their junior who only vaguely remember the Union Jack or the Governor General as both distant and untrustworthy. In China or Ghana it may be the older people who are more fired with reformist zeal, while the young are preoccupied with securing jobs that afford them Hondas and transistor radios. When profound changes in a society come in quick succession, there can be a generation gap between brothers.

Profound change remembered—that may be the essence of a generation's identity. If one wants to explore a person's outlook on the Seventies, perhaps one should leave aside contemporary questions such as Watergate, SALT and busing, and ask instead what is generally remembered of important events and why. Recently I have begun asking students in my own courses what is the first major political event they can remember experiencing. For people sitting in college right now the answer is the assassination of John Kennedy. I have asked myself the same question and come up with a clear recollection of sitting in our kitchen listening to a radio episode of Tom Mix and an announcer breaking in to say that President Roosevelt had just died. What does it mean to be of the post-Kennedy generation as versus the Post-FDR generation or the post-Hoover generation?

One of the most enlightening books about the Sixties, and probably the Seventies, is Studs Terkel's *Hard Times.* Terkel's pages are full of reminiscences of the Thirties. He taped scores of interviews with Chicagoans in an effort to explore their memories of the Depression, called "the hard times" by many of his respondents. The book is not history, however; it is current affairs. It is the mental pictures of the past carried about by people who make choices today. A striking theme running through the interviews is the ambiguous nature of that memory. The hard times were those in which class differences were lessened, modest pleasures were enjoyed, jobs and the dollar "meant something." At the same time, though, fundamental social change was being called for, traditional truisms lost their credibility, and life was fraught with tension. Perhaps one excerpt from the book will underscore the ambiguity. A man in his sixties now residing in a Chicago rest home tells Terkel of his journey from Indiana to Washington as part of the Bonus March, petitioning President Hoover to aid unemployed World War I veterans. Along the way the marchers were welcomed (just as the Waltons on TV always welcome any journeying stranger with a hot meal). "That's one of the things about the Depression. There was more camaraderie than there is now. Even more comradeship than the Commies could dream about. That was one of the feelings that America lost." A little later, however, the same man relates how the marchers were received once they got to the capital. Gone were welcome and camaraderies. Hoover ordered federal troops to use force to drive the petitioners across the Potomac.

In evaluating the present the memory any one of us uses is naturally selective or at least compartmentalized. This is why the Thirties can be a source of nostalgia and at the same time a storehouse of dire warnings and anxieties. To meet people on their own ground one should do two things—ask lots of questions about their period of growing up (and listen) and then delve into histories of the period which can show what memory has "selected-out" or distorted.

During the heated years of Vietnam and university strikes I found that every contemporary debate was tied in the minds of my older colleagues to debates of thirty years ago. If I suggested that we get out of Vietnam, I was reminded of the folly of isolationism and the "lesson" of Pearl Harbor. If I bemoaned the unwillingness to negotiate with North Vietnam, I was reminded of the appeasement of Hitler at Munich ("appeasement" may forever be useless in public dialogue thanks to Munich). If younger faculty members proposed joining with students in pressing for university reforms, we were reminded of impatient university leftists bringing down the Weimar Republic. Finally I was driven to read more about that crucial decade which obviously had made such a deep impression on some of my most respected colleagues and on many non-academics as well, though the latter were less inclined to kill one's arguments with footnote citations. To make sense of the conflicts of the Sixties I had to come to grips with Germany's unsuccessful Weimar Republic. To respond to older friends in a way that would be meaningful to them I had to examine not only the life of Ho Chi Minh (a fascinating life, indeed), but also Neville Chamberlain's. The heat still generated among historians by debates over why Weimar fell and Hitler rose is a tell-tale sign of the contemporary symbolism and significance that burden these events of the Thirties. One of the finest books, by the way, that sheds light on these questions is by historian Hajo Holborn, brother of Connecticut's Professor Emeritus Louise Holborn.

How long will the Thirties last? As long as a sizeable number of vocal Americans look to the remembered events of that decade for road signs and "lessons." In the Seventies we are going to be asked individually to form opinions on some extremely sticky questions—Is education the key to success and the American way to side-step
tackling inequality directly? Is a job the essence of personal satisfaction and identity in this society (it is the older workers who are insisting that the UAW demand a "thirty and out" guarantee so that they do not have to endure longer on the assembly lines)? Is there no choice in the international arena except that between isolation and saturation bombing? Is a slow-down in the decision-making process a price we will have to pay for dismantling an overbearing Presidency built by Roosevelt through Nixon?

There are several ways to reconcile the Thirties with the Seventies without simply waiting for the memory to fade or pretending the Thirties were unreal. First, we can look again at the Thirties to see whether memory dropped some important historical baggage over the years. The Thirties may indeed be relevant, but perhaps they’re not the same Thirties celebrated by the Waltons’ creators. For instance, no television sequence that I have seen has yet acknowledged the existence in Virginia at that time of the aristocratic political machine of Senator Harry Byrd.

Walton Mountain may have been an open society, but simultaneously only 10-20% of the Virginia voters thought it worthwhile to vote. Second, we might dissect the questions of the Seventies more carefully, compare them with similar questions thirty years ago to see whether "similar" means "identical." Did "job" and "isolation" really mean the same thing then as now?

This past spring I was teaching a political science course in which we explored the dynamics of Populist movements in the U.S. In some off-hand remark I used Estes Kefauver to illustrate a point. After class a student came up looking puzzled—could I tell her who Estes Kefauver was? All of a sudden I realized that, like it or not, I too belonged to a generation.

*There are a number of interesting books now out in paperback editions which look back and try to make sense of the Thirties. Among the most enjoyable (or provocative) are: Joseph Lash, *Eleanor and Franklin* (Signet, $1.95); Studs Terkel, *Hard Times* (Avon, $1.50); Harvey Swados, *Standing Fast* (Ballantine, $1.50); James Agee and Walker Evans, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* (Ballantine, $1.65); C.P. Snow, *The Conscience of the Rich* (Scribners, $1.95); and, of course, Mary McCarthy, *The Group* (Signet, $1.25).
“...Can Anybody Find My Generation?”
a quiz for self-discovery

Instructions: From each category select the item remembered most vividly. Turn to page 33 to find its decade. The decade in which the majority of your selections fall is your generation. If you are interested in an honorary degree—we bestow a D.R.M. (Doctor of Remarkable Memory); upon those who identify 100% of the items; 80% warrants a M.Q.W. (Master of Quick-Wittedness); 60% results in a B.P.A. (Bachelor of Passable Apprehension); and 25% or less—this wouldn’t be you—dismissal from the C.C.A.A.

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11
Saturday Night
September 15, 1938

Dear Mother,

I'd have written earlier, but we have been very busy and upset by the hurricane which came last Wednesday afternoon. It seems as though I've lived a year since Wednesday. We were really very fortunate compared to what it might have done to us because we had only three injuries, none of them serious, and although the property damage is tremendous we consider that that is not important compared to the safety of all these girls. We are still cut off from telephone connections except for two lines which were reopened today. We were without water until Friday noon and have lights only for the corridors and bathrooms. Up until Friday noon we had no lights whatever—so now that we have water and a little light we feel almost back to normal.

I was in the office Wednesday afternoon with a full schedule of appointments and realized it was storming hard, but a heavy rain and driving wind aren't so unusual at this time of year. We called it one of our bad south-easters. About three o'clock the business manager and President Blunt came in to say that the storm would be worse and that the Coast Guard had given warning that it would last twelve hours. Still we didn't think it was to be dangerous but began making plans to keep the day students from a distance overnight. The electric power went off at three, and the wind got worse and worse. We began to see trees blowing over and the slate shingles flying from the roofs. Some of the students were out on campus, and we could see them being blown over, and then crawling and rolling to get to the nearest building. We ordered them to stay indoors but had to depend on someone in the other buildings to give the same order because we had by that time no telephone connections and no one dared leave to go to other buildings. All we could do was to guard the doorways and look out the windows. We saw more trees go down and windows blown in, and then the big smoke stack went and the copper roof of Knowlton peeled off in great sheets and sailed through the air. All I could think of was all my Freshmen in Knowlton and no one there in authority except the maid and janitor. It quieted a little, and I got President Blunt's OK to go to Knowlton. I didn't dare go into the parking space to get my car because glass and slate were being driven in that direction, but straight across on foot seemed to be the best idea since it was a clean sweep across the campus and all that could have blown over had gone. It was more than I could do to keep going down. I was carried way out of my way and then would, when I could, head down below Knowlton only to be swept back above Knowlton, running as fast as I could all the time or I'd have been blown down. I made it safely and was very glad I had come home. The girls were excited but not so badly off as I had expected. Seven people from the road
With communications at a standstill, students from the Northeast worried as much about the safety of their parents as parents did about them. Top: a 10,000 ton oil tanker carried by tidal wave across fields into a safe “anchorage” in Somerset, Mass. Bottom: in Newport, R.I., the main building of the exclusive Bailey’s Beach was washed several hundred feet away from the archway, to which it had been attached, and left standing in the center of Ocean Drive.
had come into the building for refuge. One car had just got nicely parked and the people into the building when a big pile of copper roofing landed on the back of the car and piled up in back higher than the car. The doors on the balcony off the stairway blew off, and the wind was roaring through the dormitory but with little damage being done. It had by that time stopped raining, though the air was full of salt spray. About 5:30 it had quieted down enough so that students were allowed to leave the classrooms for their dormitories. In spite of having no lights and no water above the first floor, we had dinner, and I began checking who were missing. One girl from this house had gone downtown and hadn’t come back. I went to each of the dormitories and found about a dozen missing; it took me a long time because I had to walk. Trees were across the roads, and I had to try first this way and that, clamber over trees and stones and get under branches, and then start all over in another direction. By ten o’clock we had everyone accounted for except three girls, and we knew where they had gone and where pretty sure they were safe. By the time we finished checking, almost all of them had been able to get back from wherever they were by walking through a perfect nightmare of blown over trees, telegraph poles, wires and other stuff. Three people were in the infirmary. One student had been hit by the limb of a tree and had had three teeth knocked out, another had a cut on the leg from a piece of flying slate, and one of the librarians had several cuts from flying glass when the big round window in the library crashed. But when I think of all the accidents there could have been, I marvel that we could be so fortunate. And in the town as well, the number of deaths was only five, I think.

You simply couldn’t believe the destruction there is if you’ve never seen the wreckage of a hurricane. New London is in a shambles. Fire destroyed a big section in the business part, boats were thrown up onto the railroad tracks, and saddest of all—very few trees remain anywhere in this area. Trees that have taken a hundred years to be what they were are all over the streets and crashed down on the house tops. Beautiful avenues of trees were completely destroyed, and our beautiful pine woods where I drove you that day are nearly all destroyed, they say. The city can never be beautiful again in my generation or the next in the same way, and our campus has lost so many fine trees we will be years and years getting it back to where it was in beauty. It’s not only this section but much of Eastern New England. What trees there are haven’t a leaf on them or they’ve dried and withered to dust. It’s a heart-breaking sight, but everyone is working night and day to open up the roads and streets and restore lights and telephones.

There are rumors that we’re short of food but we aren’t and haven’t been. There are also rumors that there’s danger of disease but every precaution is being taken. All the drinking water is boiled, and now that we have water, the plumbing problem is solved. We won’t have lights in the student rooms for days, but we’re staying on daylight saving time and reducing the reading and written assignments. Classes were held as usual Thursday and thereafter whenever it was at all possible, and with some exceptions all faculty members have been able to get here by walking.

The worst thing after the first night has been the frantic messages from parents and our having no way to get word out except by telegrams which had to be carried out to the nearest functioning Western Union and it took hours and hours to get them out. Messages came in by Coast Guard government connections but outgoing messages could not be sent. Almost all of the girls sent telegrams, but we couldn’t tell when they would reach their destinations. Yesterday and today telegrams are still coming into New Haven and then being brought by mail trucks from there. Almost all of them say, “Wire immediately” or “Telephone me at such and such a time.” People don’t seem to realize that we cannot get word out and think it’s because we’re worse off than we are. President Blunt telegraphed the Associated Press and WOR to broadcast that all college students were safe, but that telegram like all others was slow, and to be safe isn’t news and to be unsafe is. So all that has been in the papers and on the radio is how badly off New London is. Although we are without radio and do not know what is broadcast, apparently no good news has been heard by anyone about the College.

The girls have been wonderful about the whole thing, and to my knowledge we won’t lose any of them through homesickness, fright or discouragement unless the parents get excited. I’ve written so much it probably sounds pretty bad, but we’ll weather it. Through some stroke of good luck we have hurricane insurance so we are covered for damage to buildings. The estimated damage was $100,000 but I don’t know if that’s very accurate.

There’s nothing to worry about now. A hurricane in this section has never happened before and probably won’t again. If it should, we’ll know better how to play it safe. Florida and some other sections know what they’re like and so do we now. These things happen for no reason under anyone’s control, and there’s no reason to believe it will happen here for the next two hundred years or more, when some more fine elms will line our avenues. We’re so thankful to be alive and well that we need not mourn the property damage nor the beauty that’s marred.

Don’t worry about me. I’ll write again sometime soon, but there is so much mail to be carried out under such difficulty that I may not add to it until the trains start running.

Lots of love,

Dutch

[Dean E. Alverna Burdick]

(Dean Burdick’s letter substitutes for “In the Mailbox,” which will appear again in the next issue.)
The course of middle age is marked by a procession of mini-traumas, each a forceful reminder of the frailty and impermanence of the human frame: the first pair of bifocal lenses, the rejected life insurance application, the first flashes of menopause, the observation that our hearing isn’t as good as it used to be, and on and on. For some, however, none of these accompaniments of aging is as devastating as the conviction that our mental faculties are beginning to deteriorate. This fear commonly begins with the observation that we don’t remember things as well as we used to, that we have to work hard to call up from memory names, dates, and events which once presented themselves crisply in our consciousness. When we start having trouble remembering things, we have to admit we’ve come pretty far down life’s path. Memory, as we all know, deteriorates with age. Or does it?

If we put the question to common sense observation, the result is the usual outcome of unsystematic, casual inquiry: confusing and contradictory answers. True, it appears obvious that, as we grow older, we forget a lot more. But, is it not equally obvious that some scenes, early memories especially, seem to be retained with the clarity of a photographic print? So, is our memory deteriorating or not?

Scientific research is sometimes characterized as a refined and systematic form of everyday observation, yielding conclusions more stable, less subject to individual whim and fancy. What can science tell us about memory loss as we grow older? Those who optimistically expect a simple and reliable explanation from the memory laboratory should heed Quintilian’s admonition: “Learning makes difficulties.”

More than a half-century of research has produced some agreed-upon facts about the nature of forgetting. It is now generally established that the sheer passage of time is not, of itself, a sufficient condition for forgetting. The earliest experiments of Karl Dallenbach and his associates clearly demonstrated that it is what we do in the time period following the original events—
not time per se—which accounts for the impoverished recall of those events. Oallenbach’s subjects, college students, showed more forgetting of a verbal task if the time intervening between learning and remembering was spent in everyday college activities rather than in sleeping. Apparently, even though the amount of elapsed time remained constant, some activity (college work) disrupted the memory traces of the earlier learning more than did inactivity.

Subsequent research by psychologists has clarified the conditions under which intervening activity retroactively interferes with our memory of the original material. For example, we forget a lot more if in the intervening time we learn material which conflicts with the original. The college student of Italian may find it difficult to remember the word for butter (burro) after spending a summer in Mexico learning to say manteca. What accounts for the memory block? Has the student actually unlearned the Italian word burro during his sojourn in Mexico? Or is it still in his repertoire, albeit a poor competitor of the newly acquired Spanish equivalent? This remains an unresolved research question.

There is another kind of interference which is considered to be an even greater nemesis of accurate recall. Proactive interference refers to forgetting due to events which occur prior to our learning of the material we wish to remember. Sounds odd? Think of being introduced to ten people at a cocktail party. If, the next day, you have trouble remembering the name of the tenth person, it may be because of interference produced by memory traces left by the first nine people you met. One investigator, Ceraso, claims that this kind of interference causes forgetting because, at the time we try to remember, the earlier material comes back and “crowds out” the material we want to recall.

Both retroactive and proactive interference are basic processes which hinder everyone’s attempts to remember. How do we relate this idea of interference to memory changes associated with aging? Here we speculate: since intervening experience works to interfere with the recall of earlier experience, we should expect more and more retroactive interference to build up across the years. Yet, in older people, many have mentioned the remarkable clarity of their earliest memories. A contradiction? Maybe. The ravages of retroactive interference are greatest when the intervening events conflict with the original material. Are the events older people remember so well of a type which, perhaps because of their uniqueness or emotional impact, are unlikely to conflict with subsequent experience? Not having ridden a bicycle since adolescence, a fifty-year-old person would experience little forgetting of this skill (How many intervening activities can be thought of which conflict with the responses required in riding a bike?).

Moreover, the more outstanding the early events, the more likely we are to rehearse, talk about, or “relive” the early experience many times across the years. Such behavior would tend to counteract the interfering effects of intervening learning. (In some cases one wonders whether the older person’s recall of early events is actually an accurate, as much as a desirable, recollection of times past.)

The injurious effects of proactive interference with advancing years are easier to imagine. As people grow older, the accumulated fund of past experiences becomes ever larger. Accordingly, opportunities for interfering with new learning increase. It’s a lot easier to remember the last European city you visited a year ago if, on your tour, you stopped at only one other city than if it was the last of a series of 22 you’ve visited in the past five years. The older one gets, the more will older memories “crowd out” more recent ones.

What we’ve said thus far pertains more to the contents of memory, and the difficulty of retrieving them, than to an age-associated impairment in the ability to remember. Evidence that we grow less capable of retaining information, interferences aside, is very scanty. Instead, it seems we diminish our ability to process or absorb information. Most theorists feel memory is a broad, complex concept consisting of at least three distinct phases: reception or registration of information via the sense organs, “storage” of the material for various periods of time, and, finally, retrieval of stored content at some subsequent time. Current research does seem to indicate age-related changes in at least the first two phases.
First, let's consider reception and storage processes apart from age factors. In order to remember something, a news article for example, we must, of course, attend carefully to the stimulus material before us. Divided attention, as when we try to read and answer the questions of a telephone interviewer at the same time, interferes with the reception process. Recent work by Inglis using dichotic stimulation, in which two different messages are sent to the left and right ears simultaneously, shows that, as we grow older, the ability to reproduce both messages falls off markedly. This finding suggests that the older person may become less able to attend to more than one informational input. Thus, an attentional deficit may masquerade as a memory deficit.

There's another possibility. It has been well established that for material (like a telephone number) to be remembered across any stretch of time, some active rehearsal process is necessary at the time of reception. Thus, a phone number must be actively recited several times (kept in short-term storage) in order for it to be remembered later (long-term storage). If "short-term memory" is impaired, less material can pass into long-term memory and be available for subsequent retrieval. Recent work by Griew, Welford and others leaves little doubt that short-term memory (STM) diminishes with age. It's not yet clear, however, whether this represents a true memory deficit or whether older people are less likely to retain material briefly in STM only because they are paying attention to other aspects of the experimental task. Most researchers feel the older person becomes less able to protect material in STM against the disruptive effect of additional incoming information. Does memory deteriorate with age? We have seen that it is difficult to answer this question unequivocally mainly because memory is not a unitary process but a complex set of processes, only some of which (attention, for example) may undergo change with advancing years. Certainly, as Schale and Strother have shown, other mental functions (e.g., logical reasoning, numerical ability, educational aptitude, spatial relations), previously thought to decline with age, are now known to hold up rather well from ages 25 to 70, when the method of analysis is a composite longitudinal approach rather than the more common (and misleading) cross-sectional technique.

Leaving aside the extreme impairments of senile states, my reading of the literature leaves me far more optimistic regarding the preservation of a youthful and lively memory than about our ability to protect ourselves against "the thousand natural shocks the flesh is heir to."
What do you remember about our American literature of the Thirties? The first thing that comes to my mind is the novel and several writers who made their reputation after 1930, such as Wolfe, Farrell and Steinbeck. Then I am reminded of those scores of so-called proletarian novels championing Marxism, labor, and a variety of radical causes, but for some reason I cannot recollect the titles or authors of these works. On further reflection I would be reluctant to ask my students to push through six hundred pages of *Look Homeward, Angel* or a volume of Dos Passos' first trilogy. It is also embarrassing to think of Steinbeck as a Nobel Prize recipient.

At the center of the dilemma is a paradox. Unlike the Twenties, whose literature we appreciate for its historical and artistic value, the Thirties produced fiction which we consider representative but hardly great. Part of the paradox is a matter of common interest. We identify with the affluence and frivolity of the Twenties, and not with the poverty, labor problems and social protest of the Thirties. I believe the more important factor is an aesthetic one, however. Too often authors of this period sacrificed what for me is the essential element in any art, the feelings of the heart, and used their pens as "class weapons" to set down their own political ideas. In speaking about the "art for art's sake" movement, Yeats once said, it is reported, that the flame that burns too brightly consumes itself, and he might have said the same thing about a lot of these forgotten novelists of the Thirties.

For me, then, a good number of these works are primarily of historical importance, but there are naturally exceptions. With limited space, I can make a few recommendations.

First of all, read or re-read Nathaniel West's *Miss Lonelyhearts*. It is perhaps his most penetrating and polished work, and through carefully controlled satire presents a corrosive critique of the Thirties' dream world, which is basically corrupt and passionless. Especially relevant today is West's bitterly ironic portrayal of mass culture.

At the risk of showing prejudice, I must also mention another highly prolific writer who had no political commitment and whose literary reputation at the time was, at best, modish. I refer, of course, to a highly deserving Nobel Prize winner, William Faulkner, who wrote some of his greatest works during the Thirties, including *As I Lay Dying*, *Light in August*, and *Absalom, Absalom!* With his mastery of narrative technique and consistent focus on the heart and the truth it tells, Faulkner transcends time and place and so universalizes human experience. He's difficult but worth it. He also proves my point. Read him!
The death of Dr. Esther Celia Cary, professor emeritus of French, in New London on August 4 at the age of 84 was not only an occasion of sorrow for her former students and colleagues but an event of note in the history of the college. As one of the younger colleges, Connecticut has prided itself on having in its community members of the earliest classes and faculties. As the last survivor of the original faculty, Dr. Cary was buried from Harkness Chapel with fitting tributes.

Esther Cary was appointed in 1915 with degrees from the Sorbonne and the University of Marburg and teaching experience at Wheaton and Smith. The youngest member of the faculty of 23 and the first to be appointed, she came as Instructor in Romance Languages and lived with her mother in the Hempstead Branch farmhouse on the present site of Windham. From the start she and her mother took an active part in all aspects of college life; and through the years Miss Cary remained a friend and adviser to her students, whose later careers she followed closely. Coming to a college with four buildings and 101 students, she served loyally for 41 years as the college grew in size and reputation. After her retirement in 1956 she continued to attend lectures and musical activities at the college and to maintain her campus friendships. Until recently she took pride in marching in Commencement processions with her colorful European regalia and jaunty academic cap.

Miss Cary brought to the teaching of French a large fund of enthusiasm and vivacity, an ever present sense of humor, and a rich understanding of European culture. She was ahead of her time in stressing the oral aspect of language-teaching and insisted that competence in a language include fluency and a good accent. To further this goal she developed her courses in phonetics and the teaching of French grammar, which gave her students a solid foundation for teaching. She maintained membership in professional organizations and was honored by the French Academy for her work in disseminating French language and culture in this country.

Herself a gifted linguist, Miss Cary attained fluency in the major Romance languages and in German and, when she visited the Scandinavian countries, took pleasure in a practical oral knowledge of Norwegian and Danish. Cosmopolitan by nature and upbringing, Miss Cary traveled widely and was as much at home in Europe as in America. She was well versed in history and the arts, and had the unique experience, because of her mother's avocation, of living amid a priceless collection of European art treasures.

After retirement Miss Cary was blessed with many years of good health and activity, and enjoyed her new home and her community associations. An active member of the American Association of University Women and of Zonta, a service organization, she participated in several international meetings and made many friendships abroad.

A career of teaching contains its own rich rewards, but Miss Cary's loyalty to Connecticut College was further rewarded by pride in its growth and present stature. The death of this last member of our original faculty makes us keenly aware of the long way the college has come and of its debt to those who helped launch it on its way.
The alumni association, by request, is offering another anthropological seminar under the guidance of Professor June Macklin, who will be with us for the full two weeks. During this time there will be lectures on, and visits to, anthropological sites including Tikal, Uxmal, Chichen-Itza, Dzibilchaltun, Labna and Sayil. You will see the Pre-Columbian rites of the Maya-Quiche Indians in Chichicastenango and visit the primitive Indian village of Santiago de Atitlan. Cities and churches, jungles and lakes, even the Women’s Market—these are all on the list. By plane and by motor launch, by bus and by jeep, you will explore the land of the Maya. Take a step backward in time to the 16-18th centuries—walk in a former colony of Spain’s where Cortez marched! The seminar begins in charming Antigua, four nights at the Antigua Hotel; moves to the Mayan Inn at Chichicastenango for a night; then on to the Ritz Continental in Guatemala City for two nights; and ends at the Pan Americana in the “White City” of Merida, where you will have five nights. Then, to add the crowning jewel to this precious vacation, two final days will be spent at the Hotel Cozumel Caribe on the idyllic island of Cozumel. Here it will be up to you to decide whether to swim or water-ski, go skin-diving or deep-sea fishing, take optional tours—perhaps to Tulum, or just laze in the sun.

Total cost in twin-bedded room is $775.00 from New York; $882.61 from Los Angeles; $897.22 from Chicago; $706.41 from Miami.

A deposit of $150 will secure your space. Further details available upon request to the alumni office. Reservations limited.

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EXTENDING
EDUCATION
TO AN
ALUMNI SEMINAR
The Zebola Women
... roots in both worlds, so to speak.

Marie Elizabeth Casset Chayet came to Connecticut from France for the 1932-33 academic year. As the wife of a French diplomat, Marie Chayet moves from one fascinating part of the globe to another—in recent years from Peking to Kinshasa (Zaire), and now Hanoi. The experience described in this article was translated by one of her classmates from the Thirties who wishes to remain anonymous.

One day as I was walking along a street in the "cité," the African part of town, I caught sight of a young girl, draped in the usual wrap-around mammy-cloth, whose skin had a strange reddish hue. She disappeared into a courtyard and left me wondering what strange disease she suffered from. A young man happened to be standing on the sidewalk, so I went up to him and asked him.

"No, it is not a disease that makes the skin red," he said. "She has been bewitched. There is a whole group of these women who live together in a sort of convent until they are cured. They rub their bodies all over with a red powder to get rid of the hex."

I was eager to learn more, so the young man and I chatted on. He spoke English, which he had learned at school with "the fathers" five hundred miles up the Congo River. Now he was planning to study business at the university. There was a café nearby, a beer-counter really, with a few iron tables and chairs in a small area enclosed by a claustra and shaded by a tree. The café belonged to the young man's father. We went in and sat down, and he got some drinks.

I learned from him that these "red" women—sometimes there are men, too—suffer from a malady called "Zebola" that is caused by the influence of spirits. The symptoms vary; some victims lie prostrate and refuse to talk or to take food while others have tantrums and roll on the ground screaming. Often after medicine has failed to bring about any improvement in their condition, they are brought here to live in semi-seclusion under the guidance of a wise woman who knows all about herbs and charms. Cut off from communication with the outer world they concentrate on keeping in contact with the spirits. Anyone can go through the yard where they live most of the day, but if spoken to they will not answer. They cook their own food, and only they will eat it. It appears, however, that one can open momentary conversation with them by throwing a coin on the ground.

Much time is dedicated to dancing; and, occasionally, in the midst of a dance one of them will fall into a fit and speak with the voice of an ancestor who then informs her what should be done to appease the spirit. When this happens, the woman concerned is cured!

Gabriel, my new friend, after asking if I would like to see where the Zebolas live, took me through his living room into a kind of shed-like room and then into the yard. There, among several other women with the same reddish appearance, I recognized the girl I had seen on the street. The women wore a whitish marking on their foreheads between the eyebrows, two more next to the outer corner of their eyes, and two more on their feet. They also used a red powder on their skin that is obtained from the bark of the tree Ngula (the same bark often fashioned into cleverly ornamented slabs and given as presents). It is ground into powder and kept in a carved wooden box that is one of the traditional artifacts among inhabitants of the Kasai province.

At the far end of the yard stood a reed partition from behind which came the sound of drums and singing—the rather monotonous and melancholy singing, always flat, that is heard so often in this province. In a confined space five women were practicing their dances. Two men beat upon drums while a tall handsome woman led the dancing. She sang the first sentence of a song, and then they all got going, singing and dancing. The steps were not complicated—mostly walking around to the rhythm. The trick seemed to be in the "hip-waggie," which they accomplished in a most varied and effortless manner. Gabriel informed me that the leader was a former patient. Now cured, she had become such an expert in the dances that she was able to help others toward a cure.

One of the song-dances was about having babies. Because the young women had not yet given birth (giving birth is the main function of humans in this culture, and one often hears a woman or young girl referred to as having or not having "brought into the world"), the dance and song were to insure that she would have a
fetish. An object supposed to possess magical powers...believed to repel evil spirits or influences or to attract their opposites (Webster’s New Collegiate Dictionary).

In any culture other than one’s own a belief in spirits is usually regarded with scepticism, but Americans as well as Africans have their fetishes and sorcery. Witness Madison Avenue’s promises: the magic of a certain perfume ensnares young men; the right tonic conjures rejuvenation, etc., etc. Left: Perfume bottle with stopper. American, 1920. Crystal. Right: Two fetish figures. African, 19th century. Bronze. Courtesy of the Lyman Allyn Museum, New London, Connecticut.
baby promptly upon leaving the convent.

As the odor of sweat was overpowering, after fifteen minutes we returned to the yard. A smallish shed leaning against the house acted as a dormitory where I could see low wooden beds with colorful fabrics strewn over them. A small child slept in one, and at the entrance an older, very intelligent-looking woman was seated on a stool. When introduced—"This is Mama," I received an amiable but remote greeting. This woman was the one who really knew how to cure—the mother superior of the convent, so to speak. People come to consult her about many kinds of other sicknesses, or the outcome of some event: bicycle race, football match, business venture. She gives either medicine to take or a charm to wear. Gabriel told me he always consults her before an exam!

We then went into a small closet, crammed with boxes and all sorts of indiscernible objects, where he showed me the trappings of red cloth and leopard skin which serve as costumes for the dancers. The Mama insisted that I return on a certain Sunday—I jumped at the invitation, and on the set Sunday I arrived at the prescribed hour.

The yard had been carefully swept, and against the wall of the house stood an arm chair with my name written on a scrap of paper. Around the three other sides of the yard men and women were seated on low benches, stools and packing cases. Young children ran or crawled around, and a stray chicken scratched and pecked at the dirt. Opposite, behind a row of women, I saw the two drum-beaters as well as several others. There must have been sixty or seventy people gathered for the occasion. When the tall dance-leader sang two or three words, all the other women took up the song, clapping their hands. This meant, "We are impatient to see you, come out now."

After a few minutes the dancer—just one—appeared from behind the rush partition. Young and very corpulent, she wore a knee-length raffia skirt held up by leather and red cloth braces something like those worn by the men in the Tyrol. I suppose this was originally worn over the nude breast, but in this case the dancer had on a pink bra! (in Mae West style). Attached to the braces with safety pins were small charms and pods. Around her waist a belt was hitched with small wooden handkerchiefs printed with landscapes hung between the leopard skin lozenges of white em- brided petticoat peeked out now and then from under the raffia skirt. On her head she wore a halo of feathers. I had seen such a coiffure at the museum. Countless long feathers are fixed into a raffia net, and when this is pulled on to the head the feathers stand up in a halo.

The dance began and soon the girl, followed by two other women clothed in everyday mammy-cloth, walked round and round to the rhythm of the drums and singing of the women who all the while held small wooden paddles with which they imitated the gesture of rowers. My friend, Gabriel, explained that this symbolizes the passage through death to the world of spirits. As soon as the dancing started onlookers threw coins into the path of the dancers, and some were stuck into the dancer's bra.

Another dance featured them dragging small wooden carts into which money was thrown by the crowd. The dance leader ran around collecting all the money, and then she placed it in a tin basin under a piece of red cloth in the middle of the yard. By the end of the ceremony there must have been at least a hundred dollars—a considerable amount of money over here, in ratio to native earnings. It is used by the convent to buy food or to hire a Land Rover to go out into the bush to collect herbs.

This particular dancer had been at the convent for several months. When she arrived, she was in a coma. The local hospital had not been able to do anything for her; but now she was cured, and the ceremony was taking place so that she could display all the dances she had learned. Now and then she stopped before a man wearing western clothes, her husband, and mimed movements of sexual provocation. He then got up and danced in the same manner. Sometimes enthusiasm ran so high that several women rushed in from the audience and made the same sexual movements. They were all members of the star dancer's "extended family," comprised of aunts, uncles, cousins—practically the whole village of the bush spot from which she came. Although she was now cured, she would not go home for two more weeks. A certain substance that prevented her from seeing had to be placed on her eyes for several days. During this time she would be in contact only with the spirits. Then she could return home.

The dances are those of the tribes of the upper Congo, where Mama came from. But here in the "cite" anyone affected by the Zebola is welcome regardless of tribal origin. As Gabriel explained, "You in Europe also have objects with special powers—just like our herbs and charms. I have often seen publicity for various goods, saying, for example, 'If you use such and such a perfume, no man can resist you, or if you use this special soap, every woman will be after you!'

I was much interested to note that some of the girls in the family were very mod. One wore a maxi, laced boots, and a heavy chain around her hips. Another had a leather mini and a wet-look blouse with tall boots. Many wear most attractive gold jewelry. The husband of this particular Zebola woman is a civil servant well known and influential. It seems that Mama advises all sorts of important people.

It was a revelation to me, to meet Africans who are so completely themselves but who have roots in both worlds, so to speak.
Now that 50th anniversaries are standard routine, we of the first half-century group must seek other reasons for returning to the hilltop in spring. Such an opportunity came last May at the President’s Conference. Housed in a nearby motel, guests banqueted in the elegant drawing-rooms of Lyman Allyn Museum, attended classes, toured the newest campus features—including the beginnings of the library extension, enjoyed the colorful performance of a troupe of English Morris dancers (‘19 will remember their own in the spring of 1916), and listened to stimulating presentations of the program of C.C. today. Alumni were impressed by the extensive growth of the college, physical and in the areas of study reached in the curriculum. Laboratory and library facilities are available to local personnel in the growing industrial development, education courses attract back-to-college students, programs of music and art enrich the lives of the community, and the sheer beauty of the campus (especially in May) enhances the reputation of the whole city of New London.

Ruth Avery French was on campus for the conference. Ruth has three children: William of Huron, Ohio; John of Newburg, N.Y.; Jean Van- klin of Williamstown, Mass.; and 8 grandchildren.

Ester Batchelder sent cards from Italy and Germany bringing word of a recent trip sponsored by the American Women’s Ass’n of Rome, of which she has been president. They stayed in Vienna, had trips to Beden, etc., saw Parsifal at the Staats Oper and Die Fledermaus at the Volks Oper. “Laura visited in her spring vacation. I missed my May visit to the family this spring.”

Mary Robinson, though still in Seattle, has moved. The sympathy of her classmates goes to the family of Cassie Bailey Falk who died in the fall, and to Ruth Avery French on the loss of her husband.

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

Helen Rich Baldwin’s son was appointed Deputy Chief of Engineering, Army Materiel Command. Their granddaughter was in France with 11 classmates from Madeira School, living with a French family and later touring France by bus. Billy, a member of the Mayflower Society, says Doris Merchant Warner was 50 at the 21 members of the Class of 1923 who have attended a family reunion and expected to stop and see Gladys Beebe Millard. From June to Oct. Ella will be in Craftsbury, Vt. Alice Purtill retired and finds time to do the things a full time job does not allow.

Doris Patterson German is active in the West Shore Rose Club and planned the entertainment for the senior citizen meeting.

Charlotte Hall Holton enjoyed their trip to Europe and cruise to the Greek Islands and Black Sea. She keeps busy with church, clubs, bridge, golf and gardening.

Barbara Ashenden took a Caribbean cruise with trips to Mayan ruins and to the mountains of Guatemala. Her New England conscience, she says, keeps her involved in the LWV and other projects.

Eleanor Hasliss writes a weekly garden column for the local newspaper, is busy with the Garden Club and has finished two years as president of AAUW.

Louise Avery Favorite had planned to go to college to a class agent’s meeting, but her daughter smashed both wrists and has been Louise’s care for many weeks.

Dorothy Pryde went in Louise’s place and sent her good news. Dot attended President Shain’s May conference. She feels these meet- ings are rewarding and enable one to keep touch with the college. She got back for 1973 commencement and was shocked to find she was the only one from ’21 when our sister class ’23 was celebrating their 50th. In the middle of Sept. Dot goes to Yugoslavia with the Photographic Society of America group.

Deborah Jackson is still taking trips—visiting famous Southern gardens and to Fla. and the Grand Bahama. She has been retired for 12 years and keeps busy.

Olive Littlehales Corbin is with the Repertory Theatre, the New Britain Museum of American Art and the Mark Twain house in Hartford, where much renovation is going on. In July Olive and Em go to Holland and Denmark and in Sept. to Sebastian, Me. Recently, Olive helped in a children’s production of Alice in Wonderland. In June Olive and Em celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary with their daughter and family in Md.

Correspondent: Mrs. Alfred J. Chalmers (Anna Mae Brazos), Box 313, Rte. 4, Hender- sonville, N.C. 28739

For our 50th reunion 41 members and 5 husbands returned as guests of the college. Not only were we entertained royally but we were able to join in many activities connected with the graduating class.

At the Friday night alumni dinner, our class presented to the college for the new library a graceful flying tern mounted on a slab of green soapstone and sculptured by H. Gil-Roberts.

Mary Birch Timberman, reunion chairman, received the Agnes Leigh award. The following week Mary attended graduation exercises at Choate where her grandson David received top honors in history and an award for having accomplished the most for his class.

Mildred Seeley Trotman’s name as a valuable member of the reunion committee was inadvertently omitted from Mary Timberman’s May 30th letter to the class.

Sat. evening, after a sumptuous class banquet, the following officers were elected for the next five years: pres., Mary Birch Timberman; v.p., Helen Higgins Bumyan; sec., Alice P. Holcombe; treas., Rthea A. Clark; cor-re- spondents, Katherine Stone Leavenworth and Anna K. Buell. Class dues were established at $10 for the period. Julia (Judy) Watherer and Alice Ramsay helped us relive the good old days when we could sing “Get Our Speed” and really mean it.

A gift to the class in memory of Virginia P. Eddy by her sister, Beatrice F. Eddy, was designated for the upkeep and beautification of our section of the Caroline Black garden. Each member of our returning class was given a list of shrubs and a map of the plantings made possible by our 1968 gift. Sally Taylor of the Botany Dept. calls the garden an “oasis of beauty.”

At Commencement Alice Ramsay was awarded a Conn. College medal created to honor people with Connecticut College affiliation, who have had distinguished careers. She was cited particularly for her work in the Placement Service and for the manner in which she shared her talents with the college for 39 years. As the New London Daily Times aptly put it, “This Colleen Collects People.”

Sun. morning’s musical Service of Remem- brance consisted of selections on harpsichord, clarinet and organ. On the program was a list of the 21 members of the Class of 1923 who have died.

Among those prevented by illness from returning were Miriam Cohen who had flown from her home in Spain for the reunion and Jeannette Sunderland who contracted flu on a cruise to the Eastern Mediterranean.

Virginia Neilmyer Scott is proprietor of a machine shop in St. Petersburg, Flia. which has been in the family since 1915. Associated with her are her son and daughter.

Marjorie Knox Rice whose husband died in 1970 divides her time between Fla., Me. and Conn.
second workshop, the Loughborough Conference, was held at Hindsgavl Castle near Middlefort, Denmark. The presentations were given mostly by Scandinavian authors and illustrators of children's books who spoke in English. In Budapest Rheta, as a delegate of the ALA, attended the Conference of International Federation of Library Associations. 990 persons from 70 countries discussed "Reading in a Changing World." Following this Rheta went on a 5-day tour of Hungarian libraries and was much impressed with the new public libraries and the old church libraries which contain manuscripts handwritten as early as the 700's.

Khe Culver Marsh recently moved to Essex, Conn. One son, a surveyor, lives in San Francisco; the other, an engineer, in Colorado Springs. Khe has done considerable volunteering in psychotherapy.

The class extends sympathy to Helen Hemingway Benton and to Emily Slaymaker Leith-Ross whose husbands died in the spring.

Co-correspondents: Mrs. Carleton A. Leavensworth (Katherine Stone), Old Field Road, Southbury, Conn. 06488; Miss Anna K. Guell, 750 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn. 06510

25 Catherine Calhoun, our president, enjoyed the Conn. Historical Society tour of England and Wales. She attended the President's Conference at college this spring. In addition to a full-time job at the Torrington Historical Society, she does a daily newspaper column on happenings 25 and 50 years ago and is involved in various local activities.

Sara (Sally) Crawford Maschal loves the people and activities in California's Leisure World. Recently she and Bob returned from a trip to Japan and Taiwan by Chinese commercial airlines. Two years ago it was Australia and New Zealand by air. A new grandson was born in March to son Charles; daughter Sara Jane '52, is a new grandmother.

Thelma Burnham is taking a cruise out of Warren, R.I., up the Hudson, through the Erie Canal, Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence to Montreal and back by way of Lake Champlain.

Charlotte Frisch Garlock celebrated her 45th wedding anniversary with a trip to Bermuda and a planned trip to Wisconsin to see Bob's family. Son Peter recently received his Ph.D. from Yale. Charlotte is in touch with Virginia Lutzenkirchen and Helen Nichols Foster.

Helen Nichols Foster's daughter Terry will be married in June and live nearby. Terry and Helen had a fine trip to Austria, Yugoslavia, Italy and Greece, and Helen often gets to Florida.

Non Aplin Woodruff goes to Long Boat Key, Fla., every winter. Her 6 grandchildren are "all going in different directions." She mentions visiting Virginia Eggleston Smith '24, Margaret Smith Hall '26 and Lucille Witteke Morgan '24. Ann Doody Greasley is retired, "doing nothing but enjoying seven grandchildren ranging from 18 down to 12." She plans volunteer work soon.

Elizabeth Arnold Haynes keeps busy with golf, garden club and grandchildren 0-19, all living in Wellesley. Minds Haynes is now at U. of VT. Betty enjoyed a cruise on the Nordic Prince, visiting nine islands.

Dorothy Perry Weston moved to Somers, Conn., two acres with a Cape Cod to which they added two bedrooms and bath. She and George spend 4½ months in Fla., as golf is an important part of their lives. Grandchildren are Johnathan Perry Weston in Richmond and Stephen Dake Weston in Los Angeles. George attended his 50th reunion at Dartmouth. Joe's sons were in classes '53 and '54.

Adelaide Morgen Hirsche still takes boat trips on alternate years, to England and Scotland in 1973, timing it to coincide with the Edinburgh Festival. Two years ago it was a three months' round-the-world cruise and stopover in Atlanta, Georgia.

PROFESSORS WRITE WETLAND PLANTS HANDBOOK

Dr. Richard H. Goodwin and Dr. William A. Niering of the botany department are co-authors of a 24-page reference booklet, Inland Wetland Plants of Connecticut. This pamphlet, written for the State Department of Environmental Protection, is being sent to Conservation Commissions and other groups concerned about implementing Connecticut's inland wetlands law. Copies are available from the DEP at the State Office Building, Hartford, Ct.

27 MARRIED: Louise (Mac) MacLeod Shute and L. Maxwell Sleeper.

Ruth (Hitch) Hitchcock Walcott signed a joint communiqué from Fla., which included the above announcement, and said "Dex and I, with Miriam Addis Wooding and Ed, are spending Apr. at Pompano Beach as we have done for 7 years. Winifred Maynard Wright's husband died in Mar. after heart surgery. Winnie is just great but we all miss Gordon. We were pleased to see Margaret Rich Raley and Margaret Battles Barber who was visiting the Raleys on her way from N.M. to Va."

Bertha Borgzinner Michaelson and Art hope to share the fun of a mini-reunion next Apr. They recently moved to Pompano Beach from Larchmont, N.Y.

Madelyn Cline Wankmiller writes of another mini-reunion in Calif. "Minnie (Miltz) Watchinsky Peck arranged a dinner party at her home in San Jose for Edith Schupner Lester, Constance Delagrange Roux and myself. It was a gay get-together. Miltz and I hadn't seen each other since 1927. One of her hobbies is Chinese cooking; her hot hors d'oeuvres proves she's a real gourmet!" Madelyn and Miltz took a trip through the Pacific Northwest this Sept.

Carolyn Hone Nichols returned from Cal. to Conn. Her main interests are in the out-of-doors. "I'm a volunteer trail guide at the Nature Center here. I'm active in various Audubon groups and I went on the first Nat'l Audubon African safari—three wonderful weeks." She keeps in touch with C.C. and is deeply interested in how the college has developed and expanded over the years.

This spring Cardi and I, Constance Noble Gatchell, were invited to attend the 3rd President's Conference on campus. The same weekend she and I were to return to our 50th class reunion at Emma Willard School, but I had to fly to Fla. to celebrate another occasion with my daughter there.

Esther Vars du Buse entertained Ruth Peacock Macintyre '28 the weekend of their 50th class reunion at Plainfield (N.J.) High School. Esther, C.C. and I were invited to attend the 3rd President's Conference on campus. The same weekend she and I were to return to our 50th class reunion at Emma Willard School, but I had to fly to Fla. to celebrate another occasion with my daughter there.

Lyda Chatfield Sudduth, our president, is making plans for the Big Reunion including issuance of special "advance cards" for each to fill out.

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

29 MARRIED: Catherine Ranney Vanderzee to Chichestor F. Weldon.

Catherine (Kippy) and her husband, who live in Hartland-Four-Corners, Vt., took a three months' round-the-world cruise and stopped off to visit Kippy's parents in Bangkok. Frances McElfresh Perry, our reunion chairman, reminds us of our next reunion in 1974 and hopes we will dig out old snapshots or anything of vintage interest. Fran and Janet Boomer Barnard got together in Sturbridge, Mass. this spring for lunch with Elizabeth (Zeke) Spears and Flore (Pat) Hine Myers who drove up from Conn. and had just returned from a trip to Mexico. Zeke retires this June
after teaching math for 30 years at Chaffee School, Windsor. She will live in an apartment in Hartford.

Adeline McMiller Stevens writes from Akron that when she received Elizabeth (Bibbo) Riley Whitman's class letter telling her breaking her right wrist last Nov., she could sympathize as she had tripped over the dog in Jan. and also broken her right wrist. Adeline's husband has been very ill. Older son, Tom Jr., and wife live in a nearby suburb and younger son, Bill, a lawyer, and wife live in Chicago.

Ruth Dudley fell in her apartment last Nov. and broke her left arm.

Elizabeth Utley Lamb flew to San Juan in Feb. and went from there on a Caribbean cruise. Bertha Francis Hill retires in June after 36 years of teaching English at Cranston High East, R.I. She did some tutoring for several years and plans to continue with this. Her husband, who has not been well in recent years, is much improved and Bertha hopes they can take some short trips. They have four grandchildren.

Elizabeth Riley Whitman saw Frances Tillinghast when she was in Washington, D.C. but missed seeing Eleanor (Chilli) Fahey Reilly as she was cruising with her husband and Catharine (Speedie) Greer. Margaret Bulloughs Kohr and husband stopped to see Eleanor Newmiller Sidman and Gordon in Deerfield Beach, Fla. in the spring.

Josephine Arnold still retains her active status as a member of both the Ill. and Calif. bar but is for all intents and purposes retired.

Wilhelmina Fountain Strickland had a marvelous tour of northern Ariz. in the spring.

Frances Wells Warren talked with Peg Burroughs Kohr on the phone this spring when Peg and husband Bob were in N.J. en route to their home on Cape Cod. Peg reported a delightful three-day visit with Helen Minner Dawson and husband early in May at their retirement home at Lake of the Woods, Locust Grove, Va. Fran and husband Bob enjoyed a splendid weekend in early May when they were at O.C. for the 3rd President's Conference. They found the program most interesting and informative and Fran urges all '29ers to ask to be included in the next conference and to "take the chance to find out what college is like today."

Elizabeth (Bibbo) Riley Whitman, class agent, thanks all classmates who contributed to AAGP. Bibbo and her husband, in N.Y. for a bank convention in early May, enjoyed a reunion with Amelia (Greenie) Green Fleming and her husband at their home in Jackson Heights, L.I. Elizabeth (Betty) Seward Tarvin and husband joined them for Sat. dinner and evening. Mary K. Bell Leuck planned to come from Cleveland but had flu. Bibbo frequently sees Dorothy Thayer White as they both work at the hospital.

Dorothy Thayer White took a trip to Italy last year and attended the Olympics in Munich.

Muriel Kendrick, although retired, keeps busy—working for legislature for retired teachers right now.

Meredith Sheepard Jarvis, after many trips from home in Somers, Conn., to hospital in Boston, is better. She has a daughter and two grandchildren.

Helen Stephenson White and her husband took a trip to Spain where their son is in banking.

Maryette Palme Stanton's book, "Early American Decorating Techniques," was published by MacMillan Co.

With sorrow I announce the death of Julia Rubenstein in NYC Feb. 15, '73 after a brief illness. She joined the public relations dept. of Yeshiva Univ. in 1964 as an administrative assistant and was an assistant director at the time of her death.

Our class extends its sympathy to Katherine Bartlett Phillips whose husband Henry died suddenly May 17 while he and Kay were on a Mediterranean cruise and to Adeline Anderson Wood whose husband George died June 8. Correspondent: Mrs. Arnold Kati (Esther Stone), 104 Argyle Ave., West Hartford, Conn., O6107.

31 Jane Burger Cheney received a doctor of humane letters degree. As senior research scientist, she did extensive work at Bermuda Biological Station for Research. Jane won the affection of thousands of children who visit the Children's Museum of Hartford. She is a trustee of Noah Webster Foundation, Knox Park Foundation, former trustee of Parent-Teacher Council of Hartford, and has written numerous newspaper and magazine articles.

Evelyn Whitlemmore Woods took time off from raising Morgan mares to attend world figure skating championships at Bratislava. Being current president of C.C. Club of Waterbury, public health nursing at local and state levels, church work at state and national levels, local politics and library consume all wakful hours. Evelyn's daughter adopted a son in Feb.

Full time care of Mother Sefyfried 96 prevents an adequate report.

Our sympathy is extended to Constance Ganoe Jones whose husband died Mar. 6 and to Catherine Steeie Batchelder whose husband expired Mar. 22.

Co-correspondents: Mrs. Ernest Sefyfried (Wilhelmina Brown), 37 South Main St., Nazareth, Penn. 18064; Mrs. Ross D. Spangler (Mary Louise Hoyle), 810 South High St., West Chester, Pa. 19380.

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**THE WINNER! AAGP '73**

**Individual Contributions**
(732 responded to "IF" by giving at least $25 more than their last gift; this earned $87,735.)

$322,229.64

$348,090.35

(1972 $310,538.40)

**Matching Gifts**
Class, Club, Special and Master's Gifts

$13,527.75

$12,332.96

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**Top Ten Classes In Percentage**

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**Top Ten Class In Amount**

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33 Grace (Gay) Stephens sent reunion news. Rounds of applause to Katherine Hammond Engler and co. for a marvelous weekend at the Conn. Yankee Motor Inn and the campus. 22 returned to gasp at the many changes.

Margaret Royall Hinck who lives in Santa Fe, N.M. now, received the Agnes Leahy award. Lucile Cain Datzella said, "What a marvelous cross section of the class! It is always so. But too bad more gals don't know how much fun it is."

Dorothy Wheeler Spaulding's husband Earle who went to reunion, along with Eleanor Jones Heiman's Richard and Ruth Ferree Wessells Wallace, was very handy at speech-making, bar-tending, picture-taking and being charming. Now I'm even madder that a gimp foot kept me away. Dorothy and Earle have a granddaughter born on Mother's Day.

Gertrude Noyes '25 was honor guest at the class banquet.

Martha Salma Ribner, who attended reunion, has a new home in Tamarac, Fla., a suburb of Ft. Lauderdale, for winter living and goes back to New London for the summers. She has two grandchildren, sells Fla. property, and plays duplicate bridge for relaxation.

Elizabeth Warden plays the organ and directs junior and senior choirs at the First Presbyterian Church in Worcester, Mass. She just directed Gilbert and Sullivan's Ruddigore. She teaches piano, has a vegetable garden, and paints.

Janet Swan Eweith in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., has sons Linc and Pete and her family close by, two grandsons and a lovely daughter-in-law.

Virginia Swan Parrish who lives nearby and has a great time with her sister, just built a summer home in Chatham, Cape Cod.

Elizabeth Miller Landis and Dorothy Tomkin son Fairbank and her husband toured the Greek islands together.

Virginia Schanher Porter (Mrs. Wm.) is your new correspondent, 19 Warwick Rd., Winnetka, Ill. 60093.

Correspondent: Mrs. Dean Coffin (Winifred DeForest), 790 West Long Lake Rd., Bloomfield Hills, Mich. 48013

35 Katherine (Kay) Woodward Curtiss and Dan had a marvelous 10-day trip to Mexico after visiting their newly remarried daughter Sandra and her husband, Dr. Gerald Sisk in El Paso, Tex. Sandy's 11-year old son Michael and Jerry's Missy 3 and Michael 5 were there.

Ruth Fordye McKeown and Tom are back in Mich. after another enjoyable winter stay in Fla. Tom was hospitalized for a short while but fortunately all tests proved negative.

Catherine (Kay) Cartwright Bakkus and Gene flew to Seattle this spring and from there drove along the coast as far south as San Diego, visiting friends and relatives in Calif. Co-correspondents: Mrs. Thomas S. McKeown (Ruth A. Fordye), North Beach, Box 82, Pentwater, Mich. 49446; Mrs. Eugene S. Backus (Catherine Cartwright), 27 Halsey Drive, Old Greenwich, Conn. 06870

37 Dorothy Harris Wellington's husband retired June 1. They are building a year-around house in Mass. at a lovely lake where they summered for many years.

Theodora (Tippy) Hobaoon works for a surgeon in NYC but spends weekends out of town, keeps in touch with C.C. friends and "has room for guests."

Fay Irving Squibb has two children at home, two married daughters nearby, a son at Zen Center in Rochester, a married daughter in Texas, and six grandchildren. She keeps busy with hospital work, bridge, tennis and traveling.

Alexandra Korsmeyer Stevenson's three children are on their own now (two are married) so she enjoys a breathing spell.

Mary Reynolds Lommom and her husband are retired from the Army but still busy with their four children. Their oldest is a microbiologist in Boston; their daughter a senior at Marymount; Michael a freshman at Randolph Macon; and their youngest at Christ Church boarding school.

Charlotte Sharp Wheeler.

Mary Reynolds Lommen and her husband are retired from the Army but still busy with their four children. Their oldest is a microbiologist in Boston; their daughter a senior at Marymount; Michael a freshman at Randolph Macon; and their youngest at Christ Church boarding school.

Walter Truett Coffin is an executive secretary at the Sarasota Bank and Trust and loves living in Fla. Her son Larry has three children and lives in Ohio. Her daughter Elaine and husband live in Clearwater with two children.

Madeline Shepard Howard has two boys and a girl through college, married, and three grandchildren. Their youngest is a sophomore at Worcester Tech. Madeline is free to travel with her husband Brewster, keeps busy with bridge, sewing, volunteer work and tennis.

Elizabeth Smith Hiscox has a married daughter. Janet in 4th year nursing at R.I. U. Daughter Carolyn is in 2nd year nursing at Fairleigh-Dickinson. Betty and Lev have a grandson 3.

Elizabeth Taylor Norman traveled this past year to the Philippines and to Fla. Their two married children, Phyllis and Tom, live in the Columbus area.

Elise Thompson Ballen has daughter Ann a senior and daughter Emily a sophomore at Radcliffe. Son Tom is a senior at Trinity School. Elise is deeply involved with a community agency in East Harlem and feels the enormous aspiration as well as the cynicism of this minority populace. She works with two other C.C. grads, Julia Linseley '30 and Susan Borkow Ulrin '56.

Janet Thorn Waeschle's husband Russell, now retired from the Coast Guard, is secretarial representative 8th region MINK, Dept. of Transportation. Their oldest daughter, husband and two children are in Cherokee, Iowa, where he has a residency in psychiatry. Marilla works with ARICA in Washington, D.C. Russell is finishing at Cumberland College and they're youngest, Jillian, is an A student in 9th grade.

Bernice (Bunny) Wheeler, our class president, looking forward to a sabbatical leave second semester, hopes to travel, catch up on literature and plan an entirely new second semester course in introductory zoology.

Helen Whiting Miller retired from the Mechanics Savings Bank in Hartford. Her husband Gordon is also retired and they now have time to enjoy their cottage all summer at Twin Lakes in Salisbury, Conn.

Charlotte Calwell Stokes is a volunteer guide at the Philadelphia Museum of Art and headed a committee to design a new floor plan for the museum. She recently sold a piece of sculpture to a church in Haddonfield, N.J. and is involved in restoring a Victorian house in Philadelphia, a fund raising drive chairmanship, the past Spring Flower Show of Philadelphia, as well as taking care of a daughter with a newborn baby.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Lucille Cate Hull on the death of her husband of thirty years, and to her four sons, one of whom is still home with her. She has one granddaughter.

Correspondent: Mrs. H. Bradford Sauer (Dorothy Chalker), 84 Hop Brook Road, Simsbury, Conn. 06070

38 MARRIED: Elise Schwenk to Don Taylor; Jane B. Swayne to Arthur Veeland.

Our 35th reunion brought together 20 classmates and 8 husbands. Because a lounge was not available on the 2nd floor of Lambda where we stayed, we held our class meeting, confounded by Winifred N. Northcott, in Doug and Jeannette Dawless Kinney's double room. Class officers elected for the next five years are: pres., Winn Nies Northcott; v.p. and reunion chairman, Carol Moore Kepler; treas., Winifred Frank Havell; rec. sec., Mary Heilwig Gibb; bequest chairman, Dorothea Bartlett; class agent, Frances Willson Russell; regional agents, Winn Nies Northcott, Edie Dawless Kinney, Jeannette Rothenslees Johns, Carman Palmer von Bremen, Carol Moore Kepler and Jane Swayne Veeland (not present); correspondent sec., M.C. Jenks Dolan. Men present at the meeting were Doug Kinney, John Northcott, Jim Gibbs and Bill Johns. A vote of thanks was given to reunion chairman, Selma Silverman Swatsburg, who took over for Mary Mory Schultz and did a fine job making arrangements for the class banquet at the Groton Motor Inn. Notes from classmatess present: Carol Moore Kepler continues her active involvement in Pony Club.

Frances Willson Russell is owner-manager of Causeway Village Mobile Home (adult)
Park in S. Pasadena, Fla. Her daughter Carole, a junior at Mary Baldwin College, is chairman of the Federation of College Republican Clubs in Va. and a delegate to the Republican Convention there. David Jr. works in NYC. Randy is a sophomore at Duke U.

Marjorie Hanson Navidi still works at Queen's College. Her son Bill graduated from New College, Sarasota, Fla. and has a graduate scholarship in math at Michigan State. Joe goes into 9th grade, plays drums and is interested in meteorology. Both Marjorie and Dorothea Bartlett expressed joy on returning to campus which seems to have changed more than in the past 5 years than have our classmates.

Mary Hellwig Gibbs is still active with the Children's Heart Hospital. Her husband Jim remains an avid clock and watch collector, lecturer and author on clocks. Their oldest son completed his graduate work at Temple and their youngest finished his first year of grad school.

Barbara Griffin Favour works as employment officer for the Colo. Division of Employment. Her first grandchild, Rachel Faller, was born 1/23/73.

Eunice Morse Benedict was an insurance agent for the past 9 years. Her husband Bill is retired and of the three step-children, two are married and the third in graduate school.

Sally Kingsdale Lewenberg and Stanley arrived at noon on Sat. for lunch and the banquet. They have one son at U. of Mass., and three married: Steve, an attorney; Frank with his Dad, Peter, a food broker.

As I had to leave after lunch to attend my son's graduation at Keene State College in N.H., I missed the banquet and a chance to see Marjorie Young Sullivan, Doris Bacon Ormsby, Elizabeth Hislop Kellander, Ted and Marjorie Mintz Deltz, Bill and Alice (Ronnie) Mansur Fallon, Bob and Beatrice Enequisl Frost, was able to see Chris as she was sent off to Wooster College in Ohio. She takes after her father and sings with a choral group, and on Christmas Eve she did a duet with her father.

Correspondent: Mrs. William B. Dolan (M.C. Jenks), 799 Great Plain Ave., Needham, Mass. 02192


Sherry Clark Bryant wrote from Sao Paulo, Brazil that at Christmas time there are many large parties, but on the 25th they go to an orphanage in the interior for the full day. Both her sons are married, one living in Chicago, the other in Va. Their daughter goes to Wooster College in Ohio. She takes after her father and sings with a choral group, and on Christmas Eve she did a duet with her father.

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165 Stoner Drive
West Hartford, Ct. 06107

39 Marion deBarbieri Golart's daughter Maryann, C.C. '66, and husband Dick, a Lt. in the Coast Guard, live in Monterey where he attends the Naval post graduate school. By them Marlen is grand- mother of Marlei and Richard Sean. Daughter Bettejane, C.C. '71, teaches English at Morgan High School in Clinton, Conn., and doing graduate work at C.C.; Wendy Lynne entered C.C. in the class of '78. Dotty Rose is supervisor of physical therapy at the Hartford Rehabilitation Center. Son Tommy is an engineer in the Navy Dept. in Washington.

Helen Sara Huston Prins' husband, Rear Admiral Paul G. Prins, USCGA '37, has orders and their new address will be Miami, Fla. "We had a busy but interesting three year tour of duty in Hawaii. The 14th District covers everything from the north to South Pacific; So I have been able to see the Orient and refresh my history and geography." Daughter Karen and husband are at the U. of W. Va. where he is in research, while she has published poetry and keeps track of two young sons.

Elaine DeWolfe Cardillo and Bob, a capt. in the Navy, recently reported as having settled into their "dream house" in Norfolk, writes, "You won't believe it, we didn't! We are on our way May 1 to Subic Bay, Philip- pines, for 2-3 years."

Elizabeth Hadley Porter was "lucky enough to be asked to the President's Conference at the college, a must for anyone fortunate enough to be invited. The whole tempo of life in Conn. is a real plus. Marjorie Mortimer Kenney was also there." Poky and husband Ed currently enjoy the West at Dubois, WY. "These days we are relaxing and doing our own thing which is serious gardening under lights and needlepoint, while letting the younger set handle community affairs."

Elizabeth Taylor Dean, a neighbor of Poky near Wilmington, Del., moved from a pre-Revolutionary house to a new "contemp- orary" house. She has four grandchildren, a married daughter and a son who raises cattle and quarter horses in Colorado Springs and said that "travelling visitors" were due to arrive in early May. "As I had to leave after lunch to attend my son's graduation at Keene State College in N.H., I missed the banquet and a chance to see Margaret Young Sullivan, Doris Bacon Ormsby, Elizabeth Hislop Kellander, Ted and Marjorie Mintz Deltz, Bill and Alice (Ronnie) Mansur Fallon, Bob and Beatrice Enequisl Frost, was able to see Chris as she was sent off to Wooster College in Ohio. She takes after her father and sings with a choral group, and on Christmas Eve she did a duet with her father."

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Elizabeth Fessenden Kenah has only one child still at home. Christopher currently has a job at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Inst. but will spend the summer in Colo, as field assistant on a geologic assignment. In the fall he returns to school for graduate work at Princeton. "His comings and goings make our retired, relaxed life just lively enough."

Barbara Meyers Haldit and Peale realized their dream vacation last winter when they went to Switzerland for a skiing, sightseeing trip. "We flew to Geneva and then by train to Verbier, a fairy tale village high up in the mountains. Snow, snow, and one day too much snow to ski." They visited Vevy, headquarters for Peale's firm and were given VIP treatment.

For the second successive year, Marthe Baratte Cooper has been named assistant professor-in-charge of the 1973-74 Sweetbriar junior year in France.

Correspondent: Mrs. Major Ott (Doris Houghton), 172 Marny Rd., Lansdowne, Pa. 19050

41 MARRIED: Dorothy Gardner Downs and her late husband's brother Wil, a widower. Wil is a virologist associated with Yale, and they "live in a big, old house full of books." Dotty moved back, after 31 years, from Bainbridge Island, Wash. to Branford, Conn. Her two oldest, married children have settled on the island and Peggy 12 is with Dotty.

Elizabeth (Bur) Burford Graham loves the smaller quarters of her new house in W. Hartford after 28 years in the large "family mansion." Their son "The Broadcaster," graduated in June from the U. of N.H. Married daughter lives in Chicago, working on her Ph.D.

Dorothea Boschen Holtein enjoyed having an AFS French student live with them; "he is all frazzled," having sold their large home and now building on Lake Michigan, plus their small place in Birmingham. Youngest daughter married in July.

45 Georgine Downs Cowley is a high school librarian with three student sons: one finishing grad work in architecture at Columbia, one going to the U. of Va. after school, and the third finishing in June, and the youngest entering senior year at Brown in Sept.

Wade Peck Bennett has a second son graduating from high school in Washington, D.C. this June. Her third has one more year to go. After the last graduation she hopes to head for a warmer climate and less congestion. She still works at American U. and was able to get all her children together for Thanksgiving in Tucson. Her daughter is a junior at U. of Ariz. and her oldest son flew in from San Francisco.

Ann Barnet Wolgin is busy as chairman and newly appointed trustee of the Friends of Philadelphia Museum of Art. Her daughter is at college in Paris and her son is building houses in Mexico. She and Bill travel a lot just visiting the children. They took up sailing "in their old age" and spent time with Lois Becker, now Mrs. Charles Odence of Brookline, Mass. A.C. looks forward to the next reunion.

Sarah Bauernschmidt Murray and husband Stuart attended the Apr. 7 wedding of Jack and Patricia Madden Dempsey's daughter Diane. The two older Dempsey children are already married, leaving only Dana at home. The eldest Murray son is happily at Colgate and his three brothers are all in high school.

Amy Lang Potter spent last Feb. in India where Lyman had spent the first 18 months of his life. Members of their church gave them the trip to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his ordination. They did a lot of traveling in the area and met a Miss Baledredy, the principal of St. Christophers Training School, Madras, who spent an exchange year at C.C. in '56. The Potters' older daughter was married in Oct. '72. The younger graduated from Beloit College this year.

Carolyn Miller Grasmehr has been teaching since '65 and took her master's at George Washington U. in '69. Having lost her husband last year, she has further involved herself with her elementary school classes and much travelling in Mexico and Florida. Cal's spring holiday was spent in Torremolinos, Spain and this summer in Europe. She took a junior C.C. intern into her home who worked beautifully as an aid in her class during spring vacation.

Anne Hester Smith accompanied Bob on a five-week speaking tour last Sept.; they were royally entertained at all major cities from John to New Zealand. Their oldest son Brad graduated from Wake Forest U. in May.

Helen Saraco Underhill has been in Seoul where Francis is with the embassy as deputy chief of mission for over 2½ years. They came home on leave this summer via Israel and Spain. Their children, Paco and Lisa have been with them for 8 months of travelling and mountain climbing.

Lois Fenton Tuttle started a recycling program for her town and is now up to her ears in glass, paper and cans. She also works with Middlebury's conservation comm. beautifying the community. She finds much satisfaction in her position as trustee of a new girls' school, Southborough, a co-ordinate of St. Marks. Her oldest daughter, Dusty, a banker in Middlebury, was married in July '72 to Olivia Spencer.

Marcia Faust McNees visited Betty Anne Anderson Wissman in the summer of '72. Last Feb. the Wissmans spent two weeks in St. Mark's with Earl and Carolyn Giles Popham. Betty's daughter Libby spent a week in Yugoslavia with them last May.

Nance Funston Wing looks forward to moving to Conn. where they found "an entrancing
oldie—built 1740” in Madison for May occupancy.

Patricia Hancock Blackall’s son Rick graduated from Lafayette in June and plans marriage in Aug. and graduate engineering at MIT in Sept. Holly, with another year at Cedar Crest, considers graduate study in music. The youngest is at Andover and Steele had a Dominican Republic jaunt last winter.

Marjorie Lawrence Weidig and Marlochen Wilcox Smith got their masters’ together at the U. of Bridgeport and are both at Low Heywood School where Marge is still head of the Lower School. The Weidigs bought a house in Orleans on the Cape and built a gift shop. The Cove Salt Box. Their son is going to Cambridge after two years at Hiram in Ohio. Their daughter will be at Franklin & Marshall after her Low Heywood graduation. Marge spoke to Beverly Bonfig Cody who has a son in C.C.’s class of ’76.

Elizabeth Elsworth Starbucks is home from India, they are starting their own personnel business and will probably locate in N.C. Their married daughter lives on the west coast. Their son plans a June wedding. The Starbucks lost their son Peter after a courageous battle with cancer.

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Virginia Bowman Cormen and Sewell are Naples, Fla. realtors and concerned environmentalists. They are active in the Nature Center and the Audubon Society and Sewell is a member of the Coastal Area Planning Commission where he is fighting to save Big Cypress Swamp from developers whose construction lowers the water table. Their son visited for a few days last fall before returning to his Navy post in Hawaii. She writes, “Tell all the class to write to President Nixon to get on with the acquisition of Big Cypress! Time is of the essence…”

Mary Elizabeth Power Lubish was promoted to assistant v.p. of the Delaware Trust Co. in Wilmington where she is public relations and advertising officer. She received the Human Relations Award of the Nat’l Conf. of Christians and Jews and is serving as pres. of an urban community center. She was given a federal appointment to Delaware’s committee on civil rights, which screens civil rights problems of state to federal government. Her husband Cy works in his spare time on another major sculpture design after a highly successful one-man show. The couple runs Delaware’s largest commercial photographic firm.

Between ’69 and ’71 Elizabeth Hilary Chadwick’s mother, mother-in-law and doctor of the Council of Auxiliaries to their local hospital ended last June and she is on the committee for their new museum of art at the Univ. She recently gave a talk on Meissen porcelain. Katie was asked to christen the new shell at C.C. over parents’ weekend by drizzling, not breaking, the champagne over the bow. Their son was cox and they helped with the crew program. “It is fun having a son at C.C.”

Co-correspondents: Mrs. William M. Crouse Jr. (E. Elizabeth Brown), 10 Hamilton Ave., Bronxville, N.Y. 10708; Mrs. Lawrence J. Levene (Bernice Biesmer), 60 Brewster Road, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

Elizabeth Sauerhoff Haderer is delighted with her new job as school nurse in a vocational high school of 1500 students. The work is more relaxing than her former hospital position.

Eleanore Whitta Druy, pursuing graduate study at the Yale Divinity School, was overwhelmed by the results of her first semester’s work. Judging from grades on an old C.C. report card, her academic performance had improved with age.

Judith Adaskin Barry’s middle child, Beth, was accepted early decision to C.C. as a member of the class of 1977. Her oldest, Ellen, is a sophomore at Brandeis, and Eddie a freshman in high school.

William Brugger spent a month in India in 1971 with Swami Rama. India was at war at the time and she was in Bombay during the bombing. After travelling through the country for three weeks, she spent a week at the Ashram near Rishikesh. In March of last year Willie dislocated her shoulder while practicing a kayak rolling maneuver. In May she drove to Chicago for a teachers’ training course in yoga under Swami Rama. Two months later she was camping in Iceland with the Appalachian Mountain Club. She also went to Greenland where she watched an Eskimo roll a kayak—without dislocating his shoulder. In Sept. she hiked 25 miles in the Green Mts. in Vt. across the Canadian border. Willie is secretary of the N.Y.-N.J. Trail Conference which maintains over 600 miles of trails. At present she is in the midst of an anatomy and physiology course given for nurses at the Nvack Hospital.

Mary Cardle Lawlor completed her master’s in library science in May.

Chloe Bissell Jones kept busy last year teaching five antiques classes, running an estate sale, exhibiting in an antiques show, and taking a charter bus to the Henry Ford Museum.

M.J. Jobson Dubilier still teaches part time and loves it. She vacationed in Mexico last Oct.

Nancy Libby Peterson’s daughter, Patricia, is very enthusiastic about Smith. Nancy departed the ranks of volunteer workers last May to become a church secretary and enjoys going off to work every morning.

Barbara Leach Beutel’s two daughters are now in college. Sally transferred to North-
western and Sue attends the U. of Ariz. Larry is a freshman in high school, on the hockey team, and plays in the school band. Barbara is president of the churchwomen at their Episcopal church.

Harriet Bassett MacGregor's four children are all teen-agers: Karen attending the U. of Me.; Kathy a freshman at the U. of N.H.; Bill, a sophomore in high school; and Janet an 8th grader. In 1971 Harriet was certified to teach elementary education, but she continues to teach nursery school. In Oct. Bob was appointed supervisor of Court and Probation Services for the Commonwealth of Mass.

Joan Trabulus's new position bridges the public information-press relations dept. of the N.Y. Stock Exchange, and involves preparing newsletters concerning the market in general and the Exchange in particular. Joan says she is "foremost an editor, a craft which I have been practicing for many years now with national consumer magazines (McCafl's being the most recent) until my present appointment which, in terms of subject matter and staff, is radically different from the world of the 'slicks'.

Iris Bain Hutchinson has two sons at Brown and a daughter who is looking at colleges. Two younger children are still at home. The Hutchisons enjoy relaxing at their lake cottage, one hour from their Indianapolis home.

Correspondents: Mrs. Marvin H. Grody (Susan Brownstein), 110 High Wood Rd., West Hartford, Conn. 06117; Mrs. William M. Sharts (Mary Martha Suckling), 107 Steele Rd., West Hartford, Conn. 06119

52
The class of '52 was once again on the C.C. campus. Alumni activities were continued with graduation festivities in May. As a reuniting class we participated in the general reunion activities. On Sat. night our class had a get-together at Lighthouse Inn where 16 classmates plus 8 husbands met for cocktails and dinner. Those attending were Doug and Ruth Manecke Gruber, Bernard and Ruth Stupeli Welntlash, John and Marguerite Headley O'Connell, John and Arlene Hochman Meyer, Emil and Patricia Updike Sormani, Robert and Nancy Allderman Kramer, Don and Rosamund Connolly Barber, Arthur and Elizabeth Blasslein Roswell, Beverly Weber Raynor, Emelle Starke Rutledge, Helen Brogan, Mary Wilson Abrams, Joen Katz Easton, Tom and Sylvia Gunderson Dorsey, Elizabeth Meyers Ilse and Joyce Leeming Mayfield. After dinner most of the group went on to Arlene and John Meyer's home where Rusty Easton amused everyone by reading our yearbook profiles.

The graduation exercises of the class of '73 were linked with the class of '52 in two respects. Senator Lowell P. Weicker Jr., the husband of Marie Godfrey, gave the commencement address and Arlene Hochman Meyer received the Connecticut College Medal.

Our new class officers are pres., Joyce Leeming Mayfield; v.p. and reunion chairman, Helen Brogan; second v.p., Edythe Jarvis; sec. and class correspondent, Beverly Quinn O'Connell; treas., Laura Wheelwright Farnsworth; class agent chairman, Suzanne Foster Higgins; chairman of nominating committee, Dorothy Wood Price. They are already starting to plan for our next reunion, our 25th, in '77. Start thinking now about including it in your '77 plans.

Correspondent: Mrs. Christopher J. O'Connell Jr. (Beverly Quinn), 3010 Evergreen Way, Ellicott City, Md. 21043

55
BORN: to Malin and Ruth Parker See 11/13/72
Barbara Schult Howell and family are moving into the Victorian house in Helena, Calif., which they bought over a year ago. They are having fun and doing much work in restoring and remodeling the place.

Dorothy Reek Kinsie writes it's the same old suburban stuff which she loves more daily. Dee Dee, and Tripper keep her busy as does being a Girl Scout Jr. leader and being on the PTA board. The Kinzie travel plans for 1973 included France and Italy and a couple of summer family jaunts.

Claire Levine Reed is still active as pres. of her public relations agency. The family travelled to Hawaii and to NYC where they stayed with Joe and Heather Livingston Barbash. Claire had a telephone chat with Dorothy Palmer Hauser who was visiting in San Francisco. Daughter Martha is with the Experiment in International Living this summer for 8 weeks in Mexico. Son Stephen, an accomplished cellist and public relations director for his youth orchestra, is considering making music his career. Claire had lots of visitors this year, including a family from Pakistan where husband Ed once served as project director.

Ruth Eldridge Clark enjoys being 40. Daughters Rebecca and Jennifer are both state champion swimmers. Son Stephen is a math whiz and Peter is into Scouting. Ruth was defeated in her bid for reelection to the schoolboard, so with her CD major background and years of volunteer experience, she landed a head teacher job at a nursery school. She loves both job and paychecks.

Elizabeth Daly Danahy, who had hoped her 40th birthday would slip silently by, was surprised to come home from a quiet dinner with husband Phil and discover an Irish wake, complete with flower bedecked coffin, in progress at her house. Her 4-year-old arm-banded sons greeted Washington D.C. area classmates Beverly Tasko Lusk, Virginia Rogers Fear and Judith Stein Walker, who came to mourn the last big event ever. Joan Flaherty Johannson called in her condolences and Betty agreed it was quite a way to go.

Ruth Parker See and her new baby daughter are both doing thanks to Lame and LaLeche. Big brother 9 is happiest of all. Ruth had a beautiful trip to Northern Calif. and a ride on the Skunk RR. John Walsh Aker is busy with the usual amount of running required by 6 busy
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Secretary—(3-yr. term)
2 Directors-at-large (3-yr. term)
Alumni Trustee (5-yr. term)

Each candidate is carefully con-
sidered by the Nominating
Committee. Please send the
following information before
November 30th:

1-Name, address, class of
candidate
2-Suggested office to be filled
3-Qualifications (ability in
community, business, alumni,
etc., activities)

to

Mrs. Robert T. Abrams
(Betsy Friedman ’54)
125 St. Paul Street
Brookline, Mass. 02146

Maida Alexander Rahn is busy raising 2
teen-age sons and running her needlepoint
shop, "In Stitches." Maida and Nathaniel
Rosenblatt were both on the same trip to
Israel last year.

Cynthia (Sue) Donnelly Anderson, husband
Steve and family, Tim and Jamie, have been in
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tremendous buildup of the 7th fleet, as they
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law, but they look forward to better times
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The Fitches enjoy skiing and sailing. Last
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Feb. saw them in Hawaii.

Sue McCone MacMillan is on the Board
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Each candidate is carefully con-
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space parks.

Lucia Rorabeck Putnam finds life hectic but
great and now feels fairly stationary in the
Syracuse area. Lucia keeps busy with a part-
time job, volunteer work and a family of 5
children: Lib, looking into coed colleges for
1974, Robin, Steve, Alison and Scott. The
Putnams, a skiing family involved in racing,
patrolling and instructing, enjoy their ski
hike in the Mad River Glen area (Vt.).
Lucia hopes to start back to school after a 9
week camping trip west with the children.

Nancy Schatz Diamond lives in Trumbull,
Conn. with her family, a 2 teen-age daughters
and a son 7. Husband Richard publishes the
Trumbull paper and a neighboring (Monroe)
weekly. He also ventured into journalism,
writing a statewide column which is carried in
25 papers in Conn.

children, Joanne, Amy, Jonathan and Sarah,
plus working with husband Wayne in their own
real estate office. Although Joan is a broker,
she does the office work for Wayne and the 5
other brokers working with him. Joan finds
time to do remedial reading work at Sarah’s
school. Wayne and Joan had an unforgettable
trip to Israel last year, walking where Jesus
had walked. They’ve had some thrilling ex-
periences teaching Home Bible Studies and
have seen lives changed as a result of God’s
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57 MARRIED: Lorraine Haefner to
Michael James Gormley Jr. 12/9/72.
BORN: to Fred and Mary Elizabeth
Lorraine Haefner Gormley and Jim, while
honeymooning in Fla., spent two days with
Martha Kelly Peterson and Pete and their
two children. The Gormleys live on the
shores of the Delaware River in National
Park, N.J., halfway between Lorraine’s re-
search job in Philadelphia and Jim’s route moving
duPont Co. products up and down the river
on a tugboat owned by the Reading Railroad.
Ada Heimbach Logan and Norman still live
in the Wilmington area although he com-
mutes to Philadelphia. Now that their five-year-
old twin boys are in school, Dusty finds time
to enjoy her present endeavor as an apprentice
guide at Winterthur Museum. Dusty com-
pleted the first year of the two-year program
and was one of only a few selected to continue
with the second year. Daughter Debbie is 10.

Have You A Candidate
For The Executive Board?

Offices:
President—(3-yr. term)
Secretary—(3-yr. term)
2 Directors-at-large (3-yr. term)
Alumni Trustee (5-yr. term)

Each candidate is carefully con-
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Committee. Please send the
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1-Name, address, class of
candidate
2-Suggested office to be filled
3-Qualifications (ability in
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their two sons and two daughters. In addition to her domestic responsibilities, M.J. serves as the company’s bookkeeper. They still own their brownstone in NYC and hope to return to it whenever Doug’s job takes them back to the city.

Rachel Adams Lloyd and Jim lead a busy academic life at Colgate U. Aside from involvement in the many activities of her two daughters Rachael finds great pleasure in hooking rugs. Constance Stein Tuton and Gerald enjoy exploring the Baltimore area with their children. Gerry is general manager of Balti-

more Lane Bryant Co. Connie is taking a lot of riding lessons from an English Major. Elizabeth (Betline) Horgan Montgomery and Bill and their six children enjoy horses in the Reston, Va. area and summer vacations on Cape Cod.

Anne Mullican Lent and Willis live in Fairfax, Va. now that he is stationed in Washington, D.C. They enjoy reunions with Justin and Sarah Luchars McCarthy as well as with the Montogomerys.

Co-correspondents: Mrs. W.C. Kellogg (Nancy Crowell), Box 341, APO San Fran-

cisco, Calif. 96555; Mrs. Edmund A. LeFevre (Nancy Keith), 13 Vining Lane, Wilming-

ton, Del. 19807

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BORN: to Hermann and Elke Baring Oetting Martin 8/72.

Elke Baring Oetting in Braunschweig, Ger-

many, writes of her career as a teacher of

English and French, and subsequent marriage to Hermann Oetting, an engineer and mem-

ber of parliament in West Germany.

Ellen Kenney Glennon puts her considerable knowledge of American furniture to good use lecturing to historical societies in Conn. Her husband Tom is president of the Hitchcock Chair Co. in Riverton, founded by Ellen’s father in 1945 and erected on the site of the old Hickory Chair Co. 1820-1880.

Carol Bayfield Garbutt and John took a child-less car trip out West in ’72, ending up in Phoenix, Ariz. Carol reports N.C. snowed under in ’73 and a deep freeze for the deep south, providing the uncustomed treat of ice skating in the streets. An ex-field hockey player, Ms. Garbutt retains her professional standing by officiating at games played by the newly-formed Duke U. women’s field hockey team.

For Ann Frankel Robinson and James, the summer ’73 agenda included a month on the Cape for the whole family; two weeks of camp for the older girls, and a liberating 12 days at Bread Loaf Writer’s Conference in Middle-

bury, Vt. for mother. The whirlwind pace was scheduled to the five-man bachelors Labor Day weekend as the Robinsons move a half-mile down the road to a new old (110 yrs.) house in the center of Swanzey Center.

Ann Seidel Craig and Chuck took a trip to Mexico with a stopover in Pasadena to visit Ann’s parents. Chuck is president of the Third Nat’l Bank of N.J. in Camden and both have decided that their Penn. home is by far their favorite place.

Joyce MacRae has a new position at House & Garden magazine, Wallcoverings and Fabrics Editor, and enjoys the switch to the home furn-

ishings and decorating end of the business. She has a great deal of freedom, mobility, responsibility, and constant exposure to beauty and creativity which makes the job a very rewarding one. On business on the West Coast, Joyce visited with Kay Wieland Brown in Newport Beach and saw Bill and Kathleen Walsh Rooney in Oregon.

Ann Burdick Hartman is trying to remain sane while combining family life and a career. The whole family spent spring vacation in Santa Barbara and plan an ambling and exploring trip to San Diego this summer.

The class deeply regrets the death in Jan. 1973 of Ann McClure Schirmer and extends its heartfelt sympathy to her husband and three children.

Co-correspondents: Mrs. James A. Robin-

son (Ann Frankei), Rte 32, Swanzey Center, RFD1, Keene, N.H. 03431; Mrs. Arthur G. Von Thaden (Ann B. Entrekin), 50 Catapla Drive, Atherton, Calif. 94025

Amy Glassner Gordon and Michael live in Granville, Ohio, where Amy is working on her Ph.D. dissertation after teaching history at Denison where Michael is ass’t prof of history.

Nancy Smith Davis, Chuck and daughter Sarah, winding up the year in Tampa, plan next fall to go to the U. of Minn. for Chuck’s residency in pediatrics.

Carolie Whiteley runs a shop called the ‘Hired Hand’ in a country barn in La Crosse, Wisc.; is active in local theater, recently playing the lead in a production of Any Wednesday; is involved in politics and is substitute teaching art history through AAUW.

Heather Axelrod Alberts, David and two children love living in San Francisco. David is on the staff at Loma Linda Hospital and Heath teaches European history part time at Marin Country Day.

Sally Haines Welly, Dick and their two children live in Deerfield, Ill. where Sally is active in Jr. League, Volunteer Pool of Deer-

field and the C.C. Club of Chicago.

Joyce Biever Karp got her M.S. from Hofstra in 1964. She and Alan live in Green-

lawn, N.Y. Alan is comptroller of a N.Y. financial corporation.

Laurie Blake Sawyer, John and family live in Honolulu where John teaches at the Iolani School. Laurie has taken art courses since leaving Conn. and has completed all course work for an M.A. from NYU. They plan to be in Bethany, Conn for the summer.

Nancy Darling received her M.A. from USC in 1986 in occupational therapy and is now on the staff of ElCerrito Hospital in Long Beach, Calif.

Nancy Holbrook Ayers and Doug moved to Elmira, N.Y. where Nancy works on her MBA at Cornell’s Graduate School of Business and Public Administration. They still own their brownstone in NYC and hope to return to it whenever Doug’s job takes them back to the city.
Sara Manwell Bradford and Derek are in private practice as landscape architects and natural resource planners and teach part time at the R.I. Schl. of Design. Last year they spent seven weeks in England and Scotland visiting Derek’s family and touring 18th century gardens.

Elizabeth Osborne Dickson teaches 5th grade at Holy Nativity Episcopal Day School in Panama City, Fla. She also takes graduate courses from the U. of W. Fla.

Rosalind Hitch Patterson, Richard and son John are in Chicago. Roz got her teaching certificate in 1966 from Denver U. and has taught off and on ever since.

Anne Partington Wilson and Hugh are in Cleveland redoing their second carriage house. This one has a greenhouse and five acres for daughter Amy and the dog. Hugh is v.p. of Design Union, building contemporary furniture.

Sally Sweet Ward, Richard and sons David and Jonathan are in St. Louis where Richard has his own urban design and planning firm. Sally plans to start nursing school this fall.

Diane Schwartz Cilmo, Larry and daughter Amy are in Pittsfield, Mass. Larry is on the staff of Austin Riggs Center and involved in working with parents of juvenile offenders. Diane is in the League of Women Voters, chairman of a state study on the Mass. judiciary.

Ruth Roney McMullin, Tom and son Davis live in Weston, Conn. where Ruth works on a book on oral history centers for the Bowker Publishing Co. and writes an ecology column for the local newspaper.

Marcia Comstock Littel serves on the local Day Care Center board, belongs to Jr. League, volunteers at the public school, serves as chairman of the volunteer service bureau, sews patchwork pillows and plays tennis— in addition to homemaking for husband Sarre and their two children in No. Tarrytown, N.Y.

Judith Long Hitchcock teaches English part time at the Hampton Day School, Bridgehampton, N.Y. and is active in Women’s Liberation.

Elizabeth France Dunn lives in Lexington, Ky. with Dan, three children, 3 dogs and a brand new hunting and fishing store called “Line and Shot.” Betty is active in Jr. League work.

Harriet Wells Shaw completed her M.A. in guidance and counseling in 1970 at the U. of Colo. Harriet, Ken and family live in Chicago while Ken does course work for his Ph.D.

Joan Weisberg Keiser, Richard, two children, a collie and a boy cat named “Cathrin” live in Huntington Valley, Pa. Richard is in data processing with IBM in Phila.

Carol Borden Gouldin, James and three children live in Alexandria, Va. Carol is active...
in scouting, hospital auxiliary, garden club and church work.

Carol Ann Zinkus McKim and Daniel live in Springfield, Va. Dan is an architect with an Alexandria firm and Carol Ann teaches French in Fairfax County Public schools.

Susan Aubro teaches English at Castleleja school in Palo Alto, Calif. and reports becoming more and more addicted to camping and hiking.

Diane Lewis Gately, James and three children live in Chatham, N.J. Diane has studied watercolor for three years and showed at local art shows.

Robin Lee Hellman, this correspondent, and Per just returned from a month in Europe visiting Per's family in Sweden and exploring the west of England. We recently bought a town house in the historic district of Savannah and are about to embark on an extensive renovation project.

Co-correspondents, Mrs. Per Hellman (Robin Lee), P.O. Box 8207, Savannah, Ga. 31402; Mrs. Jay N. Torok (Carolyn Boyan), 620 Spring St., Wausau, Wis. 54401

65 MARRIED: Genevieve Bartlett to Richard Fricks 10/15/72

BORN: to Wyllys and Patricia Antelli Andrews E. Wyllys VI; to Keith and Claire Sidelman Bromill Lisa Karen 5/4/73; to Timothy and Sally Higgins Curtis twins, Timothy and Edward 11/21/72.

Sally Higgins Curtis writes from her home in Hampshire, England, that she's enjoying beautiful, rural living near where husband Tim is running an electronics distributing company in Portsmouth. Her new sons and daughter Katherine keep her sufficiently busy.

June Adier Vail and her husband live in Arusha, Tanzania, and have enjoyed every bit of it since their arrival there in summer '72. June's husband is on leave of absence from Bowdoin College as an economic advisor to the East African community. June teaches dance once a week and English more often.

Susan Peck Repass, in touch with many classmates, often sees Sandra DeMartino Kiesel who lives in nearby San Jose. Sue is busy as a Brownie leader, a volunteer librarian at the grade school and has even managed to develop a mail order business which consumes most of her garage space.

Nannette C. Citron received a Ph.D. degree in economics from Boston U. Nan is an active member of NOW (the Nat'l Organization for Women) and represented the Eastern Mass. chapter of the organization before committees of the Mass. legislature.

Renny Harrigan was appointed instructor in German at Simmons College in Boston. Renny spent the past year in Berlin studying German and teaching English.

Margery Tupling Knypcr, Leonard and son Leif 2½ love living in San Francisco where "it is so much easier to be human." Marge teaches a dance class and works on creative dance movements as an expression medium.

1973 ALUMNI COUNCIL ON CAMPUS

October 26—28

Councillors will be class presidents, club presidents, class agent chairmen, members of the executive board, former alumni trustees and past presidents of the Alumni Association.

Any class or club president unable to attend should appoint another officer as soon as possible to represent her. A class president's responsibility to classmatess includes a letter to them sharing the experience of the weekend; if she does not attend, her letter should be based on a report from her representative.

Since club officers come from widely divergent geographical areas, expenses for transportation and hotel accommodations are reimbursed by the Alumni Association. The club pays the registration fee.

Since there are many local members of all classes, who can represent their class if the president is unable to attend, classes assume the expenses of their officers.

Mark your calendar now. By scheduling Alumni Council in the fall, we hope that all class and club alumni activities will benefit.

Mrs. J. Arthur Wheeler, Jr. (Ann D. Crocker '34)
Box 454
Niantic, Ct. 06357


Diane Finiello Zervas received her Ph.D. in art history from Johns Hopkins U. in Jan. '73 and lives in Florence, Italy, where she is completing a book on proportional systems used by early 15th century Florentine sculptors. Her husband studies architecture at the U. of Florence.

Ellen Wolarsky Kurs directs the Princeton Teacher Center which provides workshops in open classroom methods. Jay is a psychiatrist at Fort Dix, N.J.

Lillian Balboni Prestly and Peter bought a house in West Hartford where Lit teaches jr. high French and Peter is an attorney.

Sandra Stevens West works as a researcher for a national accounting firm in Cleveland and volunteers at Planned Parenthood as a problem pregnancy counselor. Bill has another year at Case-Western Reserve Law School.

Diane Schnick Patacsil returned to work after a year off and is with the Hawaii Civilian Personnel Office of the Army in charge of a youth back-to-school program designed to give needy youth an opportunity to work part-time in federal agencies during the school year rather than dropping out.

Roberta Lombard Lichtenberg teaches English and Spanish at Wagner High School at Clark Air Base in the Philippines.

Elizabeth Veitch Dodge and family moved to Downington, Pa., and bought a house with a gorgeous local-stone fireplace. Tom works in Philadelphia.

Anne Foss moved from an educational researcher to plant supervisor at Polaroid Corp., Cambridge, Mass. and is active in a woman's organization for equal pay for equal work.

Anne Clement Haddad and family were in Boston for Christmas. Charles is a city planner for Kuwait. Judy and family moved to Bradford Ryland and Bradford moved from Richmond, Va. to La Jolla, Calif.

Susan Endel teaches English lit. and dramatics at the New Lincoln School, NYC, where she took the entire 10th grade to Italy for spring vacation. She plans to travel to Mexico for the summer.

37
Terry Taffinder Robinson and Christopher moved from London to Brazil in March '72. Terry says the mail is very slow and inefficient.

Ethel Bottcher Cullinan lives in Fort Valley, Ga., where her husband is a professor of political science at the local college. She is finishing her dissertation in political science from the U. of Fla. where she was a graduate student off and on for four years.

Anne Cohn graduated from the U. of Mich., lived in Boston for four years and now works on a Ph.D. in health planning in Berkeley.

Robin Fromme Hines taught Jr. high English, reading, writing and nursery school to Air Force personnel in Germany where Jay is an historian for the Air Force.

Nancy Blumberg Frankel has two daughters and lives in Harrison, N.Y. where Larry is a stockbroker. A "housewife interested in preserving our environment," she is active in the LWV environmental quality workshop.

Mary Beth Tiemey Beck and David live in Annapolis; he is an orthopedic surgeon at the Naval Academy.

Elise Allyn Soderberg teaches synchronized swimming at the YWCA in Princeton, is active in a cooperative nursery school and tries to do her bit for conservation. Peter is a planning manager.

Janice Yaglan Gulezian lives in Andover, Mass. where Glen is an optometrist. She is youth advisor to a senior high fellowship group and co-founder of a city-wide ecumenical youth group who put on Broadway shows in the area.

Margareta Hart Roberts teaches high school English in Denville, N.J., and Werner is ass't EDP auditor.

Jane Harman Brewer teaches three days a week at a day care center in Roxbury, Mass. Ned is an attorney with the Mass. Dept. of Corrections.

Sara Markun Dean, who worked as a translator for a Richter of an insurance co., now has two daughters. Burton is a controller in Bloomfield, Conn.

Marilyn Gordon Sillen works for Compton Advertising as a TV commercial producer in NYC.

Tracy Marshall Whitelaw is a designer in publication at Stanford U.

Joan Blair, having received her M.L.S., now works towards an M.B.A. She lives in Cambridge, Mass.

Elisabeth Sapery works on Wall St. as a broker and analyst and served on the Council for Economic Priorities as co-director of a study on minorities and women in commercial banking, the results of which were published.

Jane Guilong is ass't director of development at Lincoln Center, NYC.

Patricia Gallagher spent the year after graduation in Tunisia compiling bibliographies on educational material in use in North Africa for the U.S. OED. At present she is editorial ass't. at the International Herald Tribune in Paris and free lances for the Tribune and the Wilmington Morning News. In Feb. '72 when GLAMOUR did a feature article on American girls living abroad, Pat was one of two interviewed in Paris.

Rena Rimsky Wing is currently doing a post-doctoral fellowship in the Social Psychiatry Dept. at Harvard Medical School.

Carol Silverman Hall works at Children's Friend and Family Service in Salem, Mass. Timothy is with a bank as a commercial loan officer.

Carol Friedman lives Calif. and is currently counseling as Director of Humanities Placement at Stanford.

Raye Wile Frazier lives in Milan, where Burke is director of Amoco Italia. She keeps busy with the British American Club of Milan and year-old Nathan.

Mike and I (Wendy Thompson Britton) bought a 75-year-old house which we are restoring. Tennis is our primary outside activity with Mike playing tournaments and me serving on the committee for the Wightman Cup, the annual British-American women's tennis challenge to be held in Boston this year.

Correspondent: Mrs. Michael E. Britton (Wendy Thompson), 25 Hilltop Rd., Weston, Mass. 02193

68 MARRIED: Joanne Intrator to David Teitelbaum 8/3/72.

BORN: to David and Gall Weintraub Stern, Gabriel Jackson 4/3/72; to Tom and Ann Werner Johnson, Thomas Philip 1/4/73; to Robert and Barbara Modeski Holbrook, Scott Alexander 3/3/73; to Graham and Judith Kelly Chynoweth, Katherine Graham Kelly 3/30/73.

Kathleen Dowling Byxbee and Bill finished at U. Mass. School of Ed., receiving a master's and a doctorate respectively. They lived at a small farm commune in Marlon, where they founded a K-12 alternative school. Now they are starting another alternative school in Winona, Minn., and hope to do the same in St. John, V.I.

Dorcas Hardy is in Sacramento working for the Cal. Secretary of Health and Welfare.

Gall Weintraub Stern and David live on a 250-acre farm in Ontario, marketing organic potatoes.

Helen Epps visited the Sterns several times. She is working on her Ph.D. in clinical psych at the U. Mich. and counsels at Ozone House, a center for runaways.

Ruth Chers Edelson is a third year law student at Georgetown.

Mary Clarke Hans Phillips and Bruce moved to N.Y. Bruce is ass't attorney for the N.Y.S. Dept. of Health and Mary is applications programmer for G.E. Corporate Research and Development Center in Schenectady.

Joanne Intrator Teitelbaum and David are in NYC. Joanne completed a screen play and is now working on a novel.

Ann Gelpke Appleton is secretary to the executive director of the Planned Parenthood League of Mass.

Carol Fraser received her master's in reading, writing and nursery school to Air Force personnel in Germany where Jay is an historian for the Air Force.

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Correspondent: Mrs. Michael E. Britton (Wendy Thompson), 25 Hilltop Rd., Weston, Mass. 02193

69 MARRIED: Janet Bouchard to Gerald Pietsch 9/11/71; Karen Coon to John Asmnis 6/2/73.

BORN: to Edward and Barbara Feigin Milenky, Elissa Maltz 9/7/72; to Arthur and Lynn Jacobson Morgenstern, Wendy Laura 7/26/72; to Raymond and Judith deGroff Schoonmaker, Jessica 3/9/73.

Pamela Warga Saloom was named director of the Lutz Jr. Museum in Manchester, Conn., where she has been acting director since last Feb. Husband Louis is a school principal.

Karen Coon, John Asmnis works for Olympic Airways in New York where John is studying for his MBA.

Janet Bouchard Pietsch's husband has a veterinary practice in Hanover, Mass.


Lynn Jacobson Morgenstern works at a day care center which Wendy attends. Her older daughter Amy is in nursery school.

Judith deGroff Schoonmaker keeps busy with her baby and Jr. League activities while her husband interns at Stanford Hospital.
Elizabeth Benner McSherry lives in the Palo Alto area. Her husband Bill starts work in San Francisco this summer.

Jeanne Caldwell Raudenbush and Mike both work for Gulf General Atomic in Denver, where Jeanne studies library science at night.

Correspondent: Mrs. Ronald E. Walker (Linda McIlvray), 3434 Geary Blvd, #9, San Francisco, 94118

70 MARRIED: Christine Heilmann to John Stephen Bakalar 9/24/72; Sharon C. Sweet to Donald A. DeLuca 4/7/73.

BORN: to Bruce and Karin Lerner Lechner, Adam Scott 2/25.

Karin Lerner Lechner stopped teaching when her son was born and concentrates on fulltime mothering.

Betty Havanagh, daughter of Betts Kavanagh RTC '70, was married to Ens. Jeffrey Albright USN at the Naval Academy chapel in Annapolis, Md.

Sharon Sweet DeLuca and Donald took a honeymoon ski trip to Alta, Utah. Her husband completed his MBA at R.I. School of Design and is an industrial designer.

Gail B. Barlow works for the Mass. Dept. of Youth Services, which helps youthful offenders in an individualized, community-based program.

Cynthia Howard Harvell admits to becoming a bureaucrat. Completing her MSW, Cyn is working for the Mass. Welfare Dept. in Boston. Her husband Michael is in Boston U. Law School. If you were anywhere U.S.A. last summer, you probably saw Cyn and Mike on their post-Navy, cross-country vacation where they toured scenic areas.

Mary (Ginger) Henry worked for a congressman in D.C. and planned to visit classmates until she broke her leg sky-diving.

Lynn Robinson teaches 4th grade and learned enough short cuts to be in bed by midnight instead of 1:30. Lyn participated in an innovative project in which she used video tapes to analyze the verbal interaction in her class as she experimented with different teaching methods.

Gail Pheterson, working on her dissertation, hopes to finish her Ph.D. next year. She is a faculty member of the psychology-social ecology program at U. of Cal. at Riverside and teaches reevaluation counseling to a university extension class, hospital staff and a community class. Gail is also in a radical therapy collective.

Karen Kuskin teaches English to juniors at Madison High School with Jane Branigan, Karen, Deborah Foster and Andrea Marks visited Heathcr Cleaw in Cal. in summer 1972 and she plans to go to Greece with Jane and Lee this summer.

Lucy Neale plays the lead role in the German production of Hair. Upon finishing the tour Lucy has tentative plans to accept a job that will take her to India and Nepal.

Texas Sabine Whitemen helped organize an intentional community experience on a 10-acre estate purchased by her and 22 other adults and children. Following this, Texas spent six months in Europe teaching kindergarten in Athens, baby-sitting in Paris, shingling a roof in Soisys-sur-Seine and haggling in Istanbul. She says "the RTC program did more than tie loose ends for me."

Mary Sarosi Biro completed her second year in the master of divinity program at Union Theological Sem. She plans to spend this summer in a monastery. She and Diane Levy Jacobson, also a student there, met by accident and had lunch.

Linda Patchell is working on an M.A. in fine arts at Catholic U., D.C.

Carolyn Olm is communications consultant for N.E. Telephone in Boston. She plans a three-week trip to Europe this summer.

Marlene Lopes switched from teaching to library science and is working toward her M.A. at Syracuse U. She has an internship with the public library and works in the Outreach Program. Marlene has been to Europe twice since graduation.

Sara (Sally) Murphy is a research assistant at the Harvard School of Public Health. She just returned from three months of work in Saudi Arabia and a well-earned vacation in Europe.

Mildred Moody Carlson received an M.S. in psychological examining at So. Conn. State College and will be a certified psych. examiner in June '73. She taught school in Groton for two years.

Dale Ross Wang works in the Harvard Law School placement office until her husband completes his degree there. They will then move to NYC where he is to clerk for a judge and Dale will look for a counseling job.

Patricia Murray is in her second year at St. John's Law School and works evenings in the Office of Probation.

Louise McClure Mackay begins her first year of law school at the U. of Texas as her husband completes his first year. She worked with the Texas Public Interest Research Group, a Nader-like organization for which she researched and lobbied in different areas.

Christine Heilmann Bakalar enrolled in a special M.A. program with the visually handicapped at Stanford after two years work at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Husband John works toward a law degree at Stanford. They move to Chicago this fall where Christine continues graduate school. She and John were entertained "in style" by Judith Rogers and Suzanne Steenburg on a N.Y. trip. She also saw Bonnie Rockoff Marcus, and in Boston Jane Richman and Joyce Smith. Janie is a social worker in Needham and Joyce is involved in TV producing. "Joyce could be the next Barbara Walters," says Christine.

Martha Everett Ball, a clerk on a book-mobile service, is soon to become a social worker for the county welfare dept. She and Mike are involved in a local community theatre and participated in Celebration. Martha's other current interests include Citizens Band Radio, 4-wheeling, river floating on Yellow-stone and golf.

Georgia Spiro Schweitzer writes from the wilds of Idaho where It is "lovely but ungodly cold." She taught school there and plans to continue teaching at their new, warmer location, Chapel Hill. Her husband Bob received a Morehead scholarship to go to the business school at UNC. He leaves the Navy June '73.

Sarah Greeley is cultivating her interest in art and journalism and hopes to work as a journalist next year.

Correspondent: Mrs. J.J. Morgan III (Nancy H. Pierce), 202 W. Church St., Farmville, N.C. 27828

71 MARRIED: Francoise L. van der Hoeven to Ronald L. Camp 9/19/72; Patricia Smith to Victor Hughes 12/29/72; Phyllis Securo to Roger Thibault 12/16/72; Cara Tascarella to Richard J. Greene 12/15/72; Ruth N. Trowbridge to Michael A. Mainiero 9/2/72; Stephanie Young to Jay Blanchette 10/14/72; Charlotte Parker to Robert B. Hallock II 6/8/72.

BORN: to David and Sherilyn Cruckshank Levy, Heathcd Mai 2/18/73; to Bob and Sara Lively IIman, Tracy Lee 6/4/72; to Bob and Katherine Swift Gravino, Kelly Elizabeth 12/17/72.

Francoise van der Hoeven Camp and Ronald moved to Detroit where he is a research chemist. Fran says, "It is so marvelous to live in the Midwest again."

Both Patricia (Patty) Smith Hughes and Victor work for banks in London and enjoy their new home.

Phyllis Securo Thibault married a fellow teacher from North Attleboro, Mass. where she teaches Latin and English.

Cara Tascarella Greene keeps busy with her psycho-physiological research at N.Y. U. Med. School.

Ruth (Vicky) Trowbridge Mainiero's mother reports that Vicky and Mike are stationed in Schweinfurt, Germany, and that she is babysitting for their Samoyed puppy.

Stephanie (Stevie) Blanchette works as a manager trainee with the Northeast Food Management at the U. of R.I. where husband Jay studies tuba and music education. They live in a 200-year-old former tavern.

Charlotte Parker Hallock and Bob are moving from Boston to Pensacola, Fla. where Bob begins flight school and Chotzki seeks a job in historic preservation. She and Harrie (Ann) Tillotson had lunch recently with their freshman housefellow, Jade Schappels Walsh '78.

Sherilyn Cruckshank Levy plans to attend nursing school in Sept.

Sara (Sally) Lively IIman is busy caring for daughter Tracy. Husband Bob plans to attend the U. of Miami Law School to become a Coast Guard lawyer.

Jean Macchiaroll, after touring Europe last summer, entered the M.A. program in history of art at Mich. State U. She is also a graduate teaching assistant.

Amy Nolan received an M.A. in urban studies from Occidental College last Aug. and now works for the Michigan State Housing Development Authority as a housing development officer.
Sandra Warner, who still enjoys working at the Stowenof Inn, Stowe, Vt., was promoted to office supervisor.

Lois Cott is working on her master's thesis at the U. of Del. Next year she will be in Kentucky writing and editing a series of articles on Antiques Magazine.

Beverly Sager had a great year as youth director for an Ecumenical Youth Program in Trumbull, Conn.—four very active groups going at once.

Jane Terry spent last fall travelling in France and Italy and returned to Boston, where she is on leave of absence from Boston U. graduate school and now has a job.

Susan Schmidt taught high school students training for the U.S. Ski Team last winter. She is presently busy "buying a mountain," stitching a quilt, and restoring a cabin. Susan has permission to proceed for her doctorate in English at the U. of Va.

Cynthia Parker spent last year seeking a job and begins work toward a Ph.D. in comparative literature at Indiana U. in Aug.

Anne Maxwell is at Boston College Law School.

Ronna Reynolds is completing her M.A. in museum work in Cooperstown, N.Y.

Leslie Richmond Granoff is an art editor for Houghton Mifflin and does freelance work in her spare time. She is now enjoying illustrating a children's book.

Deborah Wiggins spent a year in Tokyo teaching at the U. of Tokyo School and then took a six-week tour through Southeast Asia. She worked in Philadelphia before returning to Tokyo this spring for more travelling.

Linda Simsaran recently returned from four months in Paris where she found her job in a blouse designer's showroom exciting.

Nancy Quinley is helping design a new computer system for Travelers Ins. Co. in Hartford. "It takes a great deal of time and effort."

Lucy Van Voorhees is in her first term of medical school at the U. of Tenn. in Memphis; she likes medicine but misses New England.

Mary Gretchen Matteson Brown and Jimmie are moving to New Orleans where he will work in Marine Inspection for the Coast Guard. Gretchen completed the required course work for an MAT in German.

Michele Schisovene Cruz-Quain taught Spanish courses at the U. of Penn. and worked toward a Ph.D. in medieval studies. This summer she and Gonzalo will spend time in Costa Rica visiting his family.

Judith Glassman teaches French and Spanish for her 2nd year in Rockville, Md.

Carole Firestone worked and travelled in Europe since last July and will return home this summer.

Your correspondent's (Terry Swane Napier's) husband Tim was named director of admissions at the Ethel Walker School in Simsbury, Conn. I am permitted to accommodate him on all his trips and will work as an assistant to the academic dean of the school.

72 MARRIED: Margaret Kim Dearlney to James McEntire 6/10/72; Cathy Rudolph to John Breish 7/1/72; Karen Rudderford to Leonard 5/13/72; Cathy Mae Harr to Howard L. Beaton 8/25/72; Patricia Ashlon to Darvy "Mack" Cohen 12/20/72; Oquidia Acosta to Michael Hathaway 6/10/72; Mary-Ellane Farrell to John Giglio 6/16/73; Faith Barash to Peter Whittsett 3/24/73; Mary Goldstein to Wally Marcus 5/20/73; Patricia Reum to Joshua Staller 11/19/72.

Kim Dearnley McEntire is in Wilmington, N.C. where her husband is stationed and keeps herself busy substitute teaching when his ship is out.

Cathy Rudolph's marriage to John Breish took place right in the middle of the Wilkes-Barre, Pa. flood. They live in Philadelphia where Cathy is a caseworker for the city's welfare department.

Stephanie Levine teaches English at Windsor Locks, Conn. High School and recently took part in a faculty play, her stage debut.

Karen Dube works in a bank in Springfield, Mass. while Mark does graduate work in rehabilitation administration at Northeastern U. Karen begins work on a master's degree in Spanish at the U. of Mass. in June.

Cathy Harr Beaton and Howard live in Rochester, N.Y. Cathy does academic advising for the psychology dept., for transfer evaluations, and writing recommendations for med. school applicants at the U. of Rochester. Howard just completed his first year of medical school there.

Barbara Kane owns a shop in New London called "New Morning" which specializes in fresh herbs and spices.

Trisha Ashton Cohen and Mack live in San Diego, Cal. Mack just finished and Trisha will enter law school in Sept.

Beth Alpert attended the Paralegal Institute in NYC during the summer of 72 and presently works in Wellesley, Mass. as a waitress.

Deborah Dickson lives in Alexandria, Va. Her job as a computer programmer for the Navy takes her to Navy Ordinance stations all over the country.

Penelope (Penny) Eisenhart lives in Columbia, Md., and is head teacher at a day care center.

Denise Gagnon is an instructor in nursery school and college level creative at the State U. of N.Y. at Cobleskill. Next year she will be supervising student teaching in special education and teaching a creativity course.

Hollie Helpert Levit has worked in the alumni office of Harvard Med. School where her husband finished his third year. In Sept. they will be in Washington, D.C. as Michael starts a two-year clerkship on the tax court.

Susan Emery Quinby lives in New London. She had a teaching fellowship with Conn., was teaching in the Holmes Hall program. This past spring Sue committed to NYC to take courses at the New School for Social Research.

Drusilla Kehr recently returned from 4½ months travel in Africa and now works in the Graphics Department of The Washington Post.

Adriane Gaffuri continues her graduate studies for a Ph.D. in psychology at Princeton U.

Mary Ellen Kelley taught elementary school in Melbourne, Australia. From there she travelled in the far East and Europe.

John Giordano finished an M.A. in education with concentration in French at Tufts U. Pamela Gardner, head teacher of the primary unit at the Singer Learning Center in Cherry Hill, N.J., received a graduate assistantship at Boston U. in educational media and TV and will go for her master's there during 73-74.

Rhona Hurwitz spent summer 72 working on a master's from the U. of N.D. New School for Behavioral Studies in Education. She then moved to Winnipeg to work on a teacher-training project as a resource colleague. After two months, she moved to Brandon, Manitoba, where she was a faculty associate at Brandon U. and also a 1st grade teacher in the Brandon School District. In the high school there she taught Judaism and Israeli folk dancing. In the summer she will complete her master's of education at U. of N.D.

Oquidia Acosta Hathaway and Mike live in Boston. Oquidia works as a research assistant at the Dept. of Neuropathology at Harvard Med. School.

Celia Halstead began work in Oct. 72 as technical director for Meridith Monk/The House, a dance-theatre company in NYC. She is also the assistant director in the office of New Arts Management. She manages several dance companies including Rudy Perez, Dorothy Vislocky and the McLean-Prior-Satters (Gloria McLean and Candy Prior both attended Conn.). New Arts is a clearing house for smaller companies that produce in NYC and tour the U.S. and Europe. Celli would welcome contacts at schools and universities of C.C. alumni who are interested in the growth of the performing arts.

Barbara Jackson Steverman teaches English and reading at Cheriko Regional High School. Brien, her husband, is a chemical engineer in Hartford, Conn.

Ellen Forsberg and Joan Fitzgibbon live in NYC. Ellen is in a management training program with Continental Corp; Joan a legal assistant in a law firm. She attended the N.Y. Paralegal Institute last summer.

Mary Goldstein Marcus is a 2nd year graduate student in social psychology at the U. of Conn. Her husband Wally is an attorney in Hartford. They live in West Hartford.

Sally Erdman is working on a master's degree in social work from Smith College. She's been working all year as a pediatric social worker at the U. of Rochester Medical Center Strong Memorial Hospital.

Beverly Hardy Pennino is a 4th grade teacher in Melrose, Mass. and Joe a sales representative in Boston.

Dorothy Hatch is working at Landmark School in Prides Crossing, a school for those with learning disabilities.

Deborah Ellis Morris and John live in Chapel Hill, N.C. Debby works at UNC while John is going into his 2nd year of the M.B.A. program.

Correspondents: Lynn S. Black, Northfield-Mt. Hermon School, Mt. Hermon, Mass. 01354; Barbara J. Zaccheo, 4 Circle End Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446
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