Kurt Vonnegut dedicates the new library
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Meredith on Vonnegut</td>
<td>William Meredith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>The Noodle Factory</td>
<td>Kurt Vonnegut</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>A Tour of the Noodle Factory</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Meanwhile, Back at Palmer</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>How to Win the Bronze</td>
<td>Patricia Baldwin Bernblum '74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>ITALY: The Traveler and the Past</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>The Philosopher in the Garden</td>
<td>Susan M. Woody</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Music of Renaissance Florence</td>
<td>Thomas Stoner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Two Pilgrimages of Mystical Love</td>
<td>Patricia Ingala Scalzi '62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>The College</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Keeping the Classroom Full</td>
<td>Jeanette B. Hersey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Alumni Council 1976</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>In Memoriam</td>
<td>Jeanne C. Prokesch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Letters</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Class Notes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

COVER by A. Carroll '73 from a photograph by Robert Powell '78
William Meredith and Kurt Vonnegut became acquainted through the National Institute of Arts and Letters, of which both are officers. Mr. Meredith, a poet and professor of English at Connecticut College, delivered the following remarks at the dedication of the new library as an introduction to Mr. Vonnegut, the principal speaker at the ceremonies.

My job this afternoon falls in two parts. I am to speak first about what this good occasion means to me as a member of the faculty of Connecticut College, one who has taught here since all but the most leisurely present undergraduates were born. It means to me and my colleagues, I think—there are about 150 of us, patching together part-time and full-time—that our 300,000 wise and patient colleagues between covers, who have known some lean years, have been made first-class citizens again, and made available in surroundings worthy of their discourse. The students here outnumber us ten to one. We are wily enough to live with that. But these printed others, the books on the handsome shelves of the unnamed library behind me, are 2,000 to one; and in their gentler way remind us that if we are not asking the right questions, they will be constrained to go over our heads, directly to the students. I think we are pleased at this.

The library is not only nameless but enormously expensive, and we have hope to marry her to a nice rich person—libraries are androgynous, so the sex need not be specified. This brings me to my second job, to introduce the little-known writer who is here to dedicate the building. I must tell you that when I found out I had borrowed six million dollars to liberate my bound colleagues, and that there are still a couple of millions owed, my original choice for this job was not a novelist, and heaven knows not a poet, but a famous memoirist of our time, Howard Hughes. It was only when communications with this very gifted man broke down that President Ames saw Mr. Vonnegut addressing himself to the job differently and with different gifts.

To introduce him I want to quote briefly from two reviews of the novel [Slapstick] he has published this month. I don’t read a lot of reviews and for a long time have written them only of books that I admire very much. Unfavorable reviews seem to me perfectly futile exercises, since, as Auden said, there’s nothing surer than that a bad book will be forgotten. And the bad reviewer, the bad-mouthing reviewer, like one I will quote here, who intends to correct an error of taste—I have great scorn for him. I do not believe there is such a thing as an error of taste, but if there is, a person does not move on from it for reasons of exhortation.

The first review appeared in The New Republic, and I quote a paragraph from it because it does most of my work for me, tells you something about Vonnegut’s work that an intelligent scholar of it has put deftly:

"His novels have always included healthy doses of the familiar... world. Vonnegut gathered details and events from his own life... such as his Indiana childhood, his wartime experiences, his work as a publicist for General Electric, until they formed a mythology through all his books. Long before Slaughterhouse Five made him famous, it was clear that Kurt Vonnegut was making a work of art out of his own life. While others said the novel might be dying, Vonnegut lived the life of fiction, keeping both himself and his novels alive and intact.

And Jerome Klinkowitz concludes: Against the insipid madness of life, that’s how Vonnegut chooses to be—unalienated, self-effacing, funny and comforting.

("These poems are not meant to be understood, you understand,” Berryman says in one of the Dream Songs, "they are only meant to terrify and comfort.")"

Well, the other review, which will contaminate many of your breakfast tables in the Sunday New York Times, might be taken to show that Mr. Vonnegut is a protean figure. I tried to find a sentence which is a compendium of its foolishness, but that proved not to be the problem. The problem was to choose only one.

Unable to forgive Vonnegut’s popularity, the reviewer lays into his audience, in a sentence which I think will do the reviewer no good here or in his own classroom. He says:

His appeal so far as I can see, is to the slightly laid-back, rather dropped-out, minimally-intelligent young.

And so on, as the situational poet has said. Even if I cater to the young, as my stepmother says when she’s sore about my haircut, I can’t (as we old people are fond of saying) identify with that.

Why he came here. He did not, I assure myself, bring the missing money. Nor did he come to make money. I think he came simply to stay in character. Informed that we ran here, on an experimental basis, a humble and purposeful granfalloon (a granfalloon is defined in Cat’s Cradle as a proud and meaningless association of human beings), and were about to unveil a new wampeter (a wampeter is an object around which the lives of otherwise unrelated people may revolve), he admired our pig-headed optimism, he identified with it. It is in character that he should be here this afternoon. He has a generous mind.
This is a terrible speech, but the library is the main thing, not the speech. There will be very little eye contact through this speech because this is a closely reasoned argument, and if I skip a step, all is lost.

You may wonder what the shape of this speech is. Think of a snail shell, a helix.

In here is a jocular comment about this building, which I had never seen, and it might be taken for my mocking the architecture. I had never seen the building before this afternoon. It is extraordinarily handsome, I admire it. So that when I make my joke in here about it, I don't mean to insult the building or architecture at all.

All right.

The name of this speech is "The Noodle Factory."

This speech will be over before you know it. It is short, and my life is short. I was born only yesterday morning, moments after daybreak—and yet, this afternoon, I am fifty-four years old. I am a mere baby, and yet here I am dedicating a library. Something has gone wrong.

I have a painter friend named Syd Solomon.
He was also born only yesterday. And the next thing he knew, it was time for him to have a retrospective exhibition of his paintings going back thirty years. Syd asked a woman claiming to be his wife what on Earth had happened. She said, "Syd, you're fifty-eight years old now."

You can imagine how he felt.

Another thing Syd found out was that he was a veteran of something called "The Second World War." Somebody said I was in that war too, and maybe so. I don't argue when people tell me things like that.

I decided to read up on that war some. I went to a library a lot like this one. It was a building full of books. I learned that the Second World War was so terrible that it caused Adolph Hitler himself to commit suicide. Think of that: He had just been born, and suddenly it was time for him to shoot himself.

That's history for you. Now that you've got a library, you can read about it yourself.

My friend Syd Solomon was certainly luckier than Hitler. All Syd had to do was put on a retrospective exhibition. So I tried to help him out—by writing an essay for the front of his catalogue.

That is certainly one of the nice things about this planet, I think—the way people will try to help each other sometimes.

In the words of Barbra Streisand, which should perhaps be emblazoned on the facade of this building, along with a picture of an atomic submarine: "People who need people are the luckiest people in the world."

In order to write the essay about Syd's paintings, I had to ask him what he thought he was doing with paint. He was an abstract expressionist, you see. His paintings just looked like bright weather to me—neon thunderstorms and the like.

Was I ever in for a shock! Syd could not tell me what he thought he was doing!

This did not wobble my opinions of Syd or his work. Syd and his paintings remained as honorable and as beautiful as ever. What I lost faith in was the English language—by far the largest language in the world, by the way. We have more words than anybody.

But our great language, when confronted by abstract expressionism, was failing Syd and me—and every art critic I ever read.

The language was speechless!

Until that moment of truth, I had agreed with the Nobel Prize chemist, the late Irving Langmuir, who once said within my hearing, "Any person who can't explain his work to a fourteen-year-old is a charlatan."

I couldn't believe that any more.

So what I finally wrote for Syd's catalogue was your standard load of horse crap about modern art.

It may be in your library here. Enjoy it in good health.

But the puzzle has been on my mind ever since—and I have good news for you today. I can once again agree with Dr. Langmuir about charlatans. Here, in simple English, is what Syd Solomon does:

"He meditates. He connects his hand and paintbrush to the deeper, quieter, more mysterious parts of his mind—and he paints pictures of what he sees and feels down there."

This accounts for the pleasurable shock of recognition we experience when we look at what he does.

How nice!

"Hooray for Syd Solomon!" I say. He is certainly more enterprising and useful than all the quack holy men who meditate deeply, who then announce smugly that it is impossible for them to express what they see and feel.

The heck with inarticulate meditators! And three cheers for all artists, who dare to show and tell.

Since we are here to dedicate a library, let us especially applaud those artists we call "writers". By golly, aren't writers wonderful? They don't just keep their meditations to themselves. They very commonly give themselves migraine headaches and ulcers, and destroy their livers and their marriages, too, doing their best to show and tell.

I once learned how to be the other sort of meditator, the sort that doesn't show and tell. I paid Maharishi Mahesh Yogi eighty dollars to show me how.

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi gave me a mantra, a nonsense word I was supposed to say over and over to myself as I sank deeper and deeper into my mind. I promised not to tell anybody what my mantra was. This was it: "AYE-EEM".

I will now demonstrate transcendental meditation:

(GOING INTO A TRANCE) "Aye-eeem, aye-eeem, aye-eeem, aye-eeem. . . ."


All right—that was the socially fruitless sort of meditation. I feel mildly refreshed, but I don't see how that can be much use to anybody else.

Now for the socially fruitful sort of meditation, which has filled this noble building here: When writers meditate, they don't pick the bland, meaningless mantras to say over and over to themselves. They pick mantras that are hot and prickly, and full of the sizzle and jingle of life. They jazz the heck out of their inner beings with the mantras they pick.

I will give you some examples:

War and Peace.
Origin of the Species.
The Iliad.
The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
Critique of Pure Reason.
Madam Bovary.

Here's a good regional mantra:

Long Day's Journey.
Life on the Mississippi.
Romeo and Juliet.
The Red Badge of Courage.

I only wish I had your card catalogue here, because I could go on for quite a while with mantras that have worked so well you can't believe it.
About *The Red Badge of Courage*, by the way: That story by Stephen Crane is supposed to be a particularly salutary story for Americans to read—especially during the Bicentennial. But I know another story by Crane which, in my opinion, is even more instructive for Americans of our time. Perhaps you know it, too. It is called *The Blue Hotel*.

*The Blue Hotel* is about a foreigner who comes here and commits murder. He imagines that he is defending himself. He has scared himself out of his wits, thinking that Americans are much more dangerous than they really are.

So he kills.

So much for that.

Ten per cent of you may be wondering by now why I called this speech “The Noodle Factory.” One hundred per cent of me is delighted to explain:

It is very simple. The title is an acknowledgement of the fact that most people can’t read, or, in any event, don’t enjoy doing it much.

Reading is such a difficult thing to do that most of our time in school is spent learning how to do that alone. If we had spent as much time at ice-skating as we have with reading, we would all be stars with the Hollywood Ice-Capades now.

As you know: It isn’t enough for a reader to pick up the little symbols from a page with his eyes, or, as is the case with a blind person, with his fingertips. Once we get those little symbols inside our heads and in the proper order, then we must clothe them in gloom or joy or apathy, in love or hate, in anger or peace, or whatever the author intended them to be clothed in. In order to be good readers, we must even recognize irony—which is when a writer says one thing and really means another. Think of that.

We even have to get jokes! God help us if we miss a joke.

So most people give up on reading. It’s just too hard.

So—for all the jubilation this new library will generate in the community at large, this building might as well be a noodle factory. Noodles are O.K. Libraries are O.K. To most people, they are both rather neutral good news.

Perhaps the central concept of this beautifully organized speech will enter the patois of Connecticut College.

One student might say to another, “You want to go out and drink some beer?”

And the other might reply, “No. I’m about to flunk out, they tell me. In view of the heartbreaking sacrifices my parents have made to send me here, I guess I’d better go spend some time at the Noodle Factory instead.”

*Continued on page 42*
A TOUR OF THE NOODLE FACTORY

The main desk (left) serves as the circulation counter and as control point for the reserve area behind. Sunlight streams through a skylight (above) puncturing the entrance bridge just outside the library's front doors. Right, the new library, located on the site of the old city reservoirs, respects the scale of the adjacent Palmer Library building.
What a change! Connecticut College's new library building roughly doubles the space provided by the old Palmer Library. The collection of just over 300,000 volumes, once crammed into a building designed to hold only two-thirds as many books, now has room to spare; the new facility will hold up to 550,000 volumes.

The exterior of the building is faced with precast aggregate panels of concrete and stone. The architects, Kilham, Beder and Chu of New York, chose stone for the panels that would blend with older campus buildings. A wide bridge (at right in the photograph below) connects a plaza with the main entrance. Beneath the bridge is the lower level entrance which serves an all-night study area after regular library hours. An additional, sunken plaza is just visible beyond the pedestrian bridge.
Clockwise from upper left: the card catalog from stairs to lower level; the catalog in use; the main staircase, with a portrait of President Emeritus Charles Shain by William McCloy; a reading area in the current periodicals section; the main circulation desk, adjacent to the main entrance.
The library, with an area of 100,000 square feet, is on four levels. The main floor houses the card catalog, reference and reserve areas, the circulation desk, reading areas for current newspapers and periodicals, and staff offices. Downstairs are bound periodicals and government documents, and the all-night study area, named in honor of Anna Lord Strauss, a former trustee of the College. The two upper levels house stacks, reading rooms and seminar rooms. Rare books and special collections are located in a suite of three rooms on the second floor. The Jane Worthington Smyser Poetry Corner, also on the second floor, has listening equipment for recordings of poetry and drama.
Study areas on all floors of the library are equipped with tables and upholstered chairs, which students take the liberty of rearranging. The comfortable chairs and quiet surroundings make for conditions that are almost too restful (below). The central staircase (below, right) is the visual centerpiece of the library interior.

PHOTOS: Top left and right by Ted Hendrickson; bottom left and right by A. Carroll 73.
Need a place to study? There's a choice of 565 seats, from colorful upholstered chairs with panoramic views of the campus to spartan stools and study carrels (248 of them) in windowless corners. There are three rooms set aside for group study and one for smokers. There are three typing rooms, two seminar rooms, and the Haines Room, attractively furnished for reading and studying. There are also lockers available for book storage.

The book collection is made accessible through a card catalog containing 1740 drawers and close to 900,000 cards. All volumes acquired since 1969 have been catalogued according to the Library of Congress system and are located on the second floor. Most of the remaining books are on the third floor stacks and are classified under the Dewey Decimal System.
The reference area (above) is located opposite the main circulation desk and contains encyclopedias, dictionaries, atlases and handbooks. A skylight above the main stairwell (right) brings natural light to the center of the building. Below: work, work, work.
Meanwhile, back at Palmer...

Completion of the new library leaves Connecticut College's grandest old academic building—Palmer Library—eerily empty. But not for long.

The schedule for renovation of Palmer depends, as always, on the financial situation of the College, and in particular the completion of funding for the new library. But, according to President Oakes Ames, the administration will be working with academic departments and architects during the academic year in determining priorities for the use of the old building.

After an excruciatingly lengthy debate over the installation of centralized dining facilities in the old library, it was decided that the advantages of the more intimate, scattered dining halls outweighed the savings that would result from centralization. The College has now committed itself to a primarily academic use of the building.

Among the possibilities now being discussed are:
- A center (including offices and classrooms) for the humanities and social sciences, whose offices are now inefficiently housed in several academic buildings;
- A theater workshop, to reduce competition for Palmer Auditorium, which is used for speeches, assemblies and movies as well as for dramatic productions;
- A dance studio, to take some of the pressure off of the facilities at Crozier-Williams used by both the physical education and dance departments;
- A new bookstore and post office, both of which are crowded awkwardly into the decrepit Hillyer Hall.

Palmer Library is large enough, of course, to accommodate several uses. The large reading rooms seem appropriate for conversion into studios and a theater workshop. The stack wing, which must be completely gutted (the floors of the stack area are supported by the stacks themselves), could be converted to almost any use.

Conversion of space in Palmer Library into offices and classrooms will enable facilities in Thames and Winthrop Halls to be placed in a far more central and comfortable location. For years, these buildings have been cramped, expensive to maintain and noisy due to their proximity to Mohegan Avenue.

An imaginative renovation of Palmer Library promises to be a relatively inexpensive way of providing badly needed facilities. It could also continue the improvement of the central area of the campus that construction of the new library has initiated. Let's hope that the exciting potential presented by the proposed renovation is realized by an able architect and a thoughtful client.

...but what about the money?

Thanks to the miracle of modern financing, Connecticut College is able to reap the benefits of its new library without having paid all the bills. The total project cost of the "Noodle Factory" was $6,217,000. That figure is less than the contractor's original estimate, and constituted a savings to the College of $338,000.

However, only $4,440,498 had been given or pledged as of August 31, 1976. The situation is further complicated by the fact that interest must be paid on the loans that financed the library construction, and that additional funds are needed to pay for the building's maintenance.

The College is looking for a $3 million naming grant, a donation that will pay off the loans and help maintain the new building. The grant is seen as an important first step in a major development drive now in the planning stages. More about that in future issues.

In the meantime, the College is grateful to Kurt Vonnegut for providing an interim name—the Noodle Factory—for the new library until a generous individual bestows a more dignified title upon its stately facade.
This issue of The Alumni Magazine features two eminent Hoosiers. Like Kurt Vonnegut, Anita Lucette DeFrantz grew up in Indianapolis, Indiana and attended Shortridge High School. As a student at Connecticut College, Anita gained a widespread reputation as a scholar, athlete, social activist, student leader, singer and bassoonist. She served for two years as a member of the College Board of Trustees after her graduation in 1974, and is a law student at the University of Pennsylvania.

She is also an Olympic bronze medal winner. During a summer she describes as being like a fairy tale come true, Anita made the U.S. Olympic Rowing Team, went to Montreal, won a medal, met Queen Elizabeth and President Ford, became a home-town heroine, and bought herself a new bassoon. She is now recovering in Washington, D.C., where she is doing research at the Center for Law and Social Policy.

Anita was not the only representative of Connecticut College on the U.S. Olympic Team. Cathy Menges, a classmate of Anita and fellow member of the Vesper rowing club, was also selected for the team. Cathy was captain of the swimming team while at Conn, and is now attending nursing school in Philadelphia.

Patricia Bernblum, a promotion associate at The Shoe String Press, has known Anita DeFrantz since their freshman year in Branford House. She followed Anita and Cathy to Montreal this summer, and has assembled this account from her memories of that confused and exciting experience.

20 June 1976

Anita called this evening to report that she and Cathy Menges had been selected as members of the United States Crew Team to compete at the XXI Olympiad, the first games to include women’s crew. But Anita’s happiness was subdued. For both women, the news is somewhat anti-climactic: they had been training intensively for months, lifting weights, swimming and running for endurance, and rowing twice a day for as many as three hours, with every other Sunday free. That they are now members of the team is just “one more obstacle overcome,” because the question of who will row in what boat has yet to be decided.

In the spring of 1976, Harry Parker, the noted Harvard crew coach, toured the nation to evaluate Olympic potential. Early in May, he extended invitations to about forty women to come to his camp in Cambridge to try out for the team. Out of these forty rowers, twelve would be picked to row in the Olympics. Anita and Cathy had passed the first cuts, and were among the sixteen from whom eight would be chosen for the most powerful, and therefore, most prestigious boat. But the mystery surrounding assignments for seats in all the boats was creating an almost unbearable level of tension. Not only were the contenders determined to row their best, but they were
forced to become highly competitive for those twelve places.

This was the most difficult burden of the tryouts, and of the Olympics as a whole, for Cathy and Anita. They had been rowing in the same boat for some time, and had rowed together while at COCOCWO. Both had chosen to live in Philadelphia upon graduation after being accepted into the Vesper Club, the only place women can seriously pursue rowing after college. Happily for Anita, this coincided with her acceptance at the University of Pennsylvania Law School; I wouldn't attempt to guess which acceptance was the deciding factor.

For Cathy, the idea of competing in the Olympics was planted in the fall of 1974, and even after January of 1975, when she entered the University of Pennsylvania for a B.S. and an R.N. (in addition to her B.A. from Conn), rowing remained her first priority. Anita first voiced the possibility of competing in the Olympics when she returned from the International Competition in Nottingham in the summer of 1975. She and Cathy had rowed their four to a respectable sixth place, against boats which were stacked with the best rowers the competing nations could find.

This was my first inklings of the grave disadvantages faced by American athletes. Other governments, recognizing that their athletes are professionals who will bring fame and honor to their nation, pay them to practice and perform. Not only are the athletes coddled and encouraged in their efforts, but their governments often step in to see what politicking can be done to make life and victory easier. Not, of course, for the American Adam. Our athletes, following Ben Franklin's example of "the American Way," are self-made. This translates into rising at 5 a.m. to accomplish mundane tasks such as breakfast before practice at 6, then several hours of classes before another rowing or perhaps weight-lifting session, followed by several hours of studying. The rewards of victory as well as the anguish of defeat belong to the individual alone. This is not unpalatable when the sport is a purely personal one, such as diving or gymnastics, but when one's performance depends on several other people, it wouldn't be so terrible to have a higher authority step in and say, "Look here, three weeks just isn't enough time to develop this potential into an Olympic team," and then do something to have it be otherwise.

30 June

Another phone call from Anita, with good and bad news. The team is now taking on a definite identity; seats have been assigned for the boats. Anita will row in the eight, but Cathy will not. This creates mixed feelings toward Anita's accomplishment, and alters Cathy's attitude toward competing in Montreal. Although she had won a seat in the four, the general consensus is that Cathy should have been in the eight. Anita thinks so too, and so her happiness is again qualified. But both of them have worked long and hard for this opportunity, and there is no time now to mull over what can't be changed. For no matter which boats they crew, or how well they do, the unalterable fact is that each has fulfilled a very large goal.

14 July

My reaction to all of this news is considerably different from Anita's. Having known her since our first day at Connecticut College, I had complete confidence in her ability to carry out her intentions. Anita has never raised false expectations, so when going to Montreal was first mentioned, this faith manifested itself in my clipping newspaper articles about accommodations, restaurants, tickets, etc. My employers were alerted to the fact that I might suddenly request a second vacation, and for a company with only a dozen employees, this couldn't be anything but an inconvenience. Yet I couldn't imagine not going, and my enthusiasm was contagious.

Finally a clear picture emerges of what is going to happen and when, and my excitement increases. Thanks to the International Olympic Committee, and to the surprise punches thrown by the Canadians and Africans, though it's not too difficult to hold any excitement in check. Each day's headlines leave me furious. I'm discouraged that politics plays such a predominant role. Having so long anticipated going to Montreal, I feel that the world owes me this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, unmarred by these seemingly hollow threats. Yet, remembering the atrocities at Munich, perhaps it would be better to disband the modern games, rather than to allow them to take place in such a hostile atmosphere.

Amazed that I can follow her whereabouts in the newspapers, I learn that Anita is in Montreal by now, and try to get in touch with her, unsure if I want to comfort her, or if I am seeking comfort. To my annoyance, the woman who answers the telephone at the U.S. Delegation speaks only French, and I sense an undertone of personal hostility on the part of the Canadians.

17 July

Having been reassured by Anita that she has "no intention of being anyone's political pawn," I am now satisfied that most of the discord is an exercise in international muscle-flexing, and for the time being I shelve thoughts of what the future in Moscow holds.

Scurrying around on errands in preparation for our departure, I am unable to refrain from considering a friendly hello an invitation to blurt out, "I'm going to Montreal tomorrow to see a college friend compete in he women's crew races. She's rowing in the eight, the final race is on Saturday, and she'll probably win a medal." Inevitably, eyes light up, calendars are noted, and the Olympics become more than the event which pre-empts regular television programs. There is now a personal link to a vast, impersonal and internationally significant event, and this link alters reality not only for me, but for virtual strangers.

18 July

Armed with binoculars, camera, and no reservations or tickets, my husband B-Jay and I arrive in Montreal, totally unprepared for the sights before us. Having watched the opening ceremony on television the day before, the "real thing" strikes me as fake. Downtown Montreal looks as if all the Bicentennials have been gathered from across the United States, converted to Olympic festoonery, and plastered on every conceivable square inch of the city. The athletes' housing mushrooms out of the hillsides like ancient pyramids, while nearby, the Olympic stadium and Velodrome resemble modern space ships. Compared to this, the Bicentennial has small potatoes; two hundred years of American history is a thin heritage to merit such introspective and grandiose celebration, especially when compared to the thousands of years of tradition evident in such simple ceremonies as the torchlighting.

What immediately grabs my attention is the security. Barbed-wire fences seal off the competition and housing areas; guards with rifles and bayonets patrol the gates. Athletes, officials, and the press are given photo-identification badges around their necks at all times. Screaming sirens, flashing lights, and motorcycle escorts announce the passage of various teams to and from their competition sites. Anita and Cathy witnessed a guard on their bus unload his gun to check the ammunition—an act which is indelibly etched in their minds, but was, at the time, merely part of the background.

This concern for the safety of the athletes is a terrible, constant, and vivid reminder of the slayings at Munich; for Anita's and Cathy's sake, I welcome it. Cathy says it really has no effect on those within the village, an "ideal" environment.
A triumphant Anita DeFrantz '74 shows off her bronze medal in Montreal.

Friendliness is somewhat strained by the tension of the approaching competition, and fellow athletes are even more somber. Cathy recalls, than students during exam week at Conn. Life in the village is a sharp contrast to the international festivities taking place outside the barbed wire. The gaiety is barely perturbed by the helicopters hovering continuously above.

19 July

The preliminary races are held today, and at last the Olympics assume more tangible, manageable proportions. Eleven DeFrantz, virtually all of Anita's immediate family, are eager to cheer on their favorite daughter (who they call Lucy), and it is just like any other race Anita and Cathy have rowed. Almost. The East German women promise fierce competition. Even without my binoculars I can see arm and shoulder muscles worthy of piano movers. This sight, more than any other, illustrates the general unfairness of the competition, and suddenly I am left to wonder without success to place her into the context of legendary Olympic heroes. For some reason, I become aware of the fact that the people around us are talking about us. They know, somehow, that she is an athlete, and Anita is transformed before my very eyes into a heroine. I know she is tense about the race tomorrow, so I don't share these thoughts with her.

Cathy places "a poor third" out of four, but it's good enough to compete in the repechage on Wednesday. Cathy has had only a week and a half to row with the other women of her crew, against whom she has been competing all summer. Manufacturing team spirit on such short notice is hard enough without the added discouragement of feeling that the untapped strength is impeded by a lack of style. This hit home during Anita's race: as her boat crosses the finish line, a red and blue oar is spotted floating nearby. We have become instant friends with a young man from Chicago who has a telescopic lens, and he can see one of the women in the eight with free hands. Up until the last few meters, the American women had been leading the pack, but the scoreboard indicates that they finished second to the East Germans. Like Cathy, Anita will have to row near the top in the repechage to earn a berth in the finals.

After sending Anita messages via team members going in and out of the fenced-in boathouse, I catch sight of her running toward the gate. I haven't seen her in two months, and she looks terrifically healthy and physically fit. Our reunion is hampered by little boys seeking autographs and fellow athletes exchanging pleasantries. Although Anita has been in Montreal for only a few days, she appears to have at least a passing acquaintance with everyone in the Olympic Basin. She hasn't changed at all in some respects, from our first meeting at Conn. Understandably, she is upset by the lost oar, but her tact and optimism mask it. Her attitude is that if the eight can row a close second against the East Germans with only seven oars against their eight.

20 July

Anita has managed to squeeze a luncheon date with us into her hectic schedule, and after consulting my newspaper articles, I call at nine in the morning to make a reservation. As we are led to our table, a distinct voice rises above the hum, and we spot Howard Cosell, wearing his bright yellow "ABC Wide World of Sports" blazer. Although none of us is in uniform, Howard casts his knowing eye over the three of us, and decides that only Anita merits his greeting.

We chat about our jobs and Anita's forthcoming semester at the Center for Law and Social Policy in Washington, and I am trying without success to place her into the context of legendary Olympic heroes. For some reason, I become aware of the fact that the people around us are talking about us. They know, somehow, that she is an athlete, and Anita is transformed before my very eyes into a heroine. I know she is tense about the race tomorrow, so I don't share these thoughts with her.

21 July

Another beautiful sunny day as we enter the rowing site, built on the island which houses the rapidly deteriorating "Man and His World" exhibit. I am now so moved by an overwhelming spirit of nationalism that I'm wearing one of a limited edition of U.S. Bicentennial teeshirts, designed by Allen Carroll, and manufactured at my husband's factory. There is an air of confidence in the American camp. Although Cathy's boat finishes fourth, their form is improved enough to win a place in the finals. The eight does splendidly, capturing first place, and the excitement we experience in the stands is but a small indication of what is to occur on Saturday.

After the race, Anita's mother and I agree that, between us, there is enough adrenalin generated for Anita to sail down the Saint Lawrence. Although Cathy and Anita are pleased with their positions, there is no denying the frustration they feel because of the lack of practice. The philosophy of "getting in there and rowing like hell" leaves little room for the finer points. This is to prove costlier to Cathy than to Anita; Cathy is hoping for a chance at the bronze, and Anita is eyeing the silver.
24 July

We arrive at the Olympic Basin several hours before the races are to begin, and breakfast on Budweiser and 75¢ hotdogs. A thunderstorm the night before has left the air crisp, but a few clouds still menace overhead. Several races have come and gone before I realize that I have been musing deeply on the realization that we have traveled for seven hours, stood in a ticket line for four, and stayed six days in Montreal to witness approximately fourteen minutes of Cathy's and Anita's races, and that this would constitute a lifetime memory. Our seats afford us a good look at the last 500 meters, although from our angle of view it is difficult to call a close finish.

Everything about today is different. Howard Cosell's entrance has the crowd standing and craning for a look; after all, this is the big time as far as sports is concerned, and many of the people here have come simply to see the best athletes in the world, even though they don't know them personally. At first I am surprised by this. To me, Anita is just Anita, and I've known for a long time that her accomplishments are out of the ordinary. It would be odd to see her through strangers' eyes and to consider her some kind of hero. On the other hand, if her participation in the 1976 Olympics is something the world at large considers laudatory, I'm happy to see her get nothing less than world-wide recognition—because she is Anita.

Visually, the crew races are very pleasing. It is sunny and warm, the water is blue and sparkling, and multi-colored flags fly everywhere. The scoreboard does fantastic tricks to announce each race, and soon Cathy's name is announced over the loudspeaker. The U.S. women now pass us to take their place at the start, and it is exciting to see all those good, strong female muscles rhythmically moving the boat. Cathy's boat is looking better than in the previous two races, and though they are strong, the government-funded superhuman East Germans outstrip them. Cathy finishes sixth. As they row back up the course to relieve the tension, the faces reflect acute disappointment. Yet there is something majestic about having worked for so long and so hard at just a single chance.

Anita's boat is at the starting block. Once again the U.S. team has the disadvantage of the far lane where a steady breeze blows across their bow. Then the start is announced, and I lean over the railing, with my eyes glued on her, trying to send telepathic messages to the gods. It's hard to see the positions before the 750 meter mark, harder still to listen to the announcer or watch the scoreboard. The East Germans are again exhibiting their formidable style, and have permanently taken the lead. At the last 250 meters I notice the Russians sprinting; up to this point I had been watching only Anita, straining with as much mental effort as she was with physical, to speed her along. As she crosses the finish line just behind the East Germans and the Russians, I jump up and down, screaming, and pounding the arm of the man next to me, whom I assumed was my husband. He turned out to be from East Germany, and so couldn't have cared less about what was happening to his arm. I found my husband, grabbed the binoculars, and was awed by my most impressive sight of the Olympics: nine women, drenched with sweat and spray, were identically slumped forward, their backs heaving. Almost simultaneously, they straighten and pick up their stroke, their faces flooded with smiles.

Our shouts of, "Anita! Anita!" are echoed by cries of, "Lucy! Lucy!" from the DeFranzites. As the American women step out of the boat onto the platform where the medals would be distributed, I notice a few knees buckling. Everyone remains standing while the medals are awarded, but at the close of the East German national anthem, one of the Americans drops slowly and gracefully to the ground, although Anita said later that she had lost consciousness several minutes before. In a gesture which epitomizes all the cliches about the Olympics and international feelings of good will, the East Ger-

man and Russian women bend over to congratulate the less sturdy rower, and good wishes are extended all around.

When the ceremony is over, we join Anita's family to await her triumphant return. A reporter from a Philadelphia newspaper collars her parents for an interview, leading off with the question, "When did you realize your daughter was special?" After a few minutes, I, too, am rhapsodizing over our hero, the Renaissance Woman.

Finally Anita appears from the boathouse, and after an exultant celebration we arrange to take her on a brief joyride. Leaving her family to begin the trek back to Indianapolis, we cross the bridge to the Man and His World island to take the Metro to our car. On the way, a pair of ten-year-old boys stop us. Anita is wearing her uniform, and her medal gleams against the navy background. Both of them are dumbfounded by this sight, and the one who can speak English asks the pertinent questions: "What event did you win? You are American? May I try it on?" With what I then assumed to be childlike disregard for formalities, they reach out to test the weight of the medal in the palm of their hands, and after signing some scraps of paper for them, we continue on our way. While I'm really not conscious of anything but Anita and her medal, I can sense everyone staring at us as we take our seats. Anita is not talking; her eyes are a bit glazed and I can see the fact that she has won a medal is incomprehensible to her right now.

Our celebration continues during a brief tour of a Montreal suburb. Knowing that Anita hasn't had lunch, we offer her whatever she would like. The answer is characteristic—chocolate. We head for the nearest McDonald's, and B-Jay volunteers to go inside for chocolate milkshakes, while Anita and I recline at the outdoor tables. Conversation comes in spurts; at one point, she leans forward and her medal hits the stone table with a loud clang. We look at each other, surprised by the sound, and I wait for her to say something, anything, to confer meaning on this moment. To my hysterical question, "Do you realize that you're wearing a bronze medal won at the 1976 Olympics?" her answer is a simple and predictable "no."

After some wait (McDonald's of Canada not being the pride of the nation as it is in the U.S.) we find that they are out of milkshakes. Anita decides that any form of sugar will do, so we go next door to Dunkin' Donuts. We all go inside, and as soon as Anita sets foot in the door, with her red- and white-striped navy uniform that reaches the tops of her thighs, and her red warmup jacket unzipped to reveal the shimmering bronze medal, all conversation stops.

Anita blithely contemplates the choice of donuts, and after a minute or two the woman behind the counter finds the presence of mind to ask if she can be of help. Anita starts to place her order but the waitress cannot take her eyes off the medal, and blindly reaches behind her, stuffing whatever her hand falls on into a waxed bag. Anita's efforts to correct her disorient the woman even more. By this time, B-Jay and I are laughing out loud. Finally a patron leaves his donut and coffee to come over, and with a few words of French and English common to all of us, and many gestures, we manage to convey that Anita won third place in the women's crew. Satisfied, everyone resumes eating, and the waitress empties the donuts from the bag, ready to start anew.

Although only an hour has elapsed since Anita received her medal, I am no longer surprised by strangers' boldness in grabbing the medal and lifting it from the chain. I suppose this is the only way to validate such an unusual sight. When we are back in the car, it is apparent that Anita is still suffering from a lack of identification with reality, as she chuckles and shakes her head in disbelief, munching on a donut. After a quick stop at Dairy Queen for the chocolate milkshake, we head back to Continued on page 40
Anyone who travels to ancient sites signifies an intention to encounter the past on its own terms," asserts professor Susan M. Woody in her article on the following pages. To encounter the past was, indeed, the intention of the participants in the Alumni Association's seminar-tour to Italy early this year. But the power one has to re-create the past is proportional to one's knowledge of it. The more one knows about the cultures that produced the great temples at Syracuse and the churches of Florence, the more one can gain from a visit to these sites. It was with this in mind that lectures were sent to the tour participants in the weeks before their departure for Europe. Some of the lectures are reprinted here: through them, regardless of your travel plans, it is perhaps possible to glimpse the past that they describe—the past that permeates the crowded streets, the great cathedrals and the eroding ruins of Italy.
Historical imagination is a way of being and making alive, of exercising mind and heart, eye and ear, in such a way that the past becomes present again—and not just present, but pulsing.

In order to travel to ancient Sicily, it is not enough to traverse space; one must travel over time as well. Ships and planes can help us with the first sort of travel, but only imagination can accomplish the second. It is only by means of the imagination that we can get ourselves back into the ancient world again. To be sure, even travelers to the recent past assume the burden of conjuring up and causing to live again the people of that time. Our local bicentennial treks within New England carry this responsibility with them. But the colonial revolutionaries are, in terms of both experience and aspiration, our "kith and kin"; reading back through time to touch them is not immensely difficult. But the Greeks! Neither the civilization nor the world-view we derive from them fully bridges us back to the being of those persons, places and times.

I never fully realized the immense difficulty of such a project until, on a late afternoon in August, I stood alone among the grass and weeds of Olympia, on the Greek mainland, staring at the ruins. Cicadas sang a sharp, twangy, unmusical note; the grass, its green scorched out of it by a baking Mediterranean sun, stood in brown and dusty clumps; everywhere temple columns, paving stones and fragments of stonework lay in patternless profusion, as if during the visitor to make some sense out of the jumble. For a long time, I felt very forlorn as I stared at this scene.

Olympia was my first landfall in Greece after sailing down the Adriatic, and it had become a focus of "great expectations." On this hot August day, when the expectations were finally replaced by the reality, I couldn't help asking myself why I had chosen to invest so much time and money getting to Greece. Every philosopher should go to Greece, I had reasoned; it's like making the Hegira to Mecca—or, better still, it's like going home. But now the philosopher was home, and home felt remarkably inhospitable. It was furnished with scorched grass, a hot wind blowing off the sea, a cruelly indifferent and baking sun, and everywhere, scoured-white, speechless stone fragments dared me to listen to their silent voices.

Slowly I began to listen to that place, and the more I listened, the more there was to hear. The life of the past—its noises and murmurings—seemed ready to break through a kind of historical sound barrier. At first, I could make out only the general hum of human activity with here and there a scrap of differentiated sound: a bit of discernible laughter, a creaking wheel, the shriek of a bird—these just barely emergent from the continuum of sound. But as my attention sharpened, the undifferentiated hum of activity receded, and the meaningful systems of sounds stood out in sharp relief.

Quite nearby—ahead and to my left—boys were wrestling in the palaestra; I could hear the dull impact of flesh on flesh as they took their grips on one another. Only a little distance away, next to the superb temple to the Olympian Zeus, preparations were under way for the next morning's sacrifice: sheep, their bells ringing sweetly, bleated as they were tethered near the altar, where shortly after sunrise their blood would flow.

Not permitted within the temple precincts, a group of matrons gossiped ceaselessly as they wove garlands of fresh myrtle to adorn the herms standing at either side of the temple's outer entrance. Out beyond the propylaeum, the din of the market seemed almost to shimmer in the air. A blacksmith cracked his hammer smartly, first on the anvil and then on the bit he was fashioning; competing merchants sang the virtues of their wares to potential buyers; a shepherd, down from the hills to sell goats' milk, played his Pan's pipes lazily under an olive tree; and, off at the southern edge of the market where twin colonnades flanked a fountain playing waters from the river Cladeus, a group of men with voices resounding of wealth and breeding discussed the question fresh-arrived from Athens—whether man was indeed the measure of all things. Even though these sounds of Olympia's life were audible only to the ear of imagination, I submerged myself in them blissfully.

Historical imagination is a way of being and making alive, of exercising mind and heart, eye and ear, in such a way that the past becomes present again—and not just present, but pulsing. The traveler's only obligation is to provide imagination with all the aids it requires to carry out its task of resurrection.
For this purpose, we must feed it with information, tutor it with guide books, train it with narrative, tease it with fiction. So nourished (not stuffed, please!) and then given free play, imagination will do its good work, turning what we blandly call a tour into a passionate marriage between the traveler and the past he seeks.

What is true of ruins in general is true of Sicilian ruins, which are Greek and therefore part of the spiritual homeland I encountered in Olympia. From our modern vantage point, Sicily seems part of the Italian world, but long before it was Italian, it was Greek. And long before it was Greek, it was “barbarian”—that is, populated by indigenous, non-Hellenic peoples called Sicels and Sicans. But as early as Mycenaean time, Sicily was feeling Hellenic influence. According to legend, Heracles conducted a raid into the interior of Sicily, vanquishing many local chieftains; again, he is said to have carried out his tenth and last labor in Sicily, and some scholars argue that the “delegendized” meaning of this tale is to record the fact of significant Mycenaean-Sicilian contact long before organized Hellenic colonization began. Certainly by the seventh century B.C., several important Greek colonies existed in Sicily, some named, as so many of our American towns are, for the mother cities the colonists left behind.

Inevitably, because we are speaking of ancient Greek history, there were included in the general westward wave of colonizers some instances of that species invented and perfected by the Greeks, namely the philosopher. Pythagoras himself left his native Samos in 530 B.C. to emigrate to Crotona in southern Italy, whence his followers radiated to found several important centers of Pythagorean political and religious influence in Sicily. In the next century, Empedocles, the great poet-philosopher was born in Acraga on Sicily’s south shore—a native son. Gorgias, perhaps the greatest (and most dangerous?) of the sophist-rhetoricians, was born in Leontini, near Syracuse, in the fifth century B.C. Finally, looking to Syracuse, the greatest of all the Greek Sicilian cities, we find associated with its name the philosopher who more than any other has shaped the mind of the West—Plato. At the request of its tyrant-kings, Dionysius I had his son Dionysius II, Plato made three separate voyages from Athens to Syracuse. And Dion, brother-in-law to Dionysius I and a powerful courtier, also played a part, particularly in persuading Plato to make his second voyage, which occurred in 367 B.C.

Greek Sicily offers many opportunities for the exercise of historical imagination that contemporary students of philosophy find both worthwhile and revealing. Any of a dozen "Sicilian connections" would do, but our choice falls upon Plato’s strange and perplexing adventure in the court of a Syracusean tyrant, one who claimed to be a lover of philosophy. Not only is the world of Sicilian politics a recognizable one to us moderns, but the encounter between philosophy and politics in Syracuse in the persons of Plato and Dionysius exhibits perennial features which today we might beneficially review.

The bare bones of the story are readily recalled (as for the “inner” or philosophical truth of the story, it’s not clear that we have it yet). In the course of nearly twenty-five years (388-361 B.C.), Plato made three separate trips to the court of Syracuse; each trip proved personally dangerous to Plato in some measure as well as difficult and disruptive. What caused Plato, who had disdained involvement in Athenian politics, to go to Syracuse is best expressed in his own words taken from Chapter 18 of the Republic:

“Socrates (to Glacon): I must state my paradox even though the wave should break in laughter over my head and drown me in ignominy. Now mark what I am going to say.

Socrates: Unless either philosophers become kings in their countries or those who are now called kings and rulers come to be sufficiently inspired with a genuine desire for wisdom; unless, that is to say, political power and philosophy meet together, while the many natures who now go their several ways in the one or the other direction are forcibly debarred from doing so, there can be no rest from troubles, my dear Glacon, for states, nor yet, as I believe, for all mankind; nor can this commonwealth which we have imagined (the ideal state of the Republic) ever till then see the light of day and grow to its full stature. That is what I have so long hung

Syracuse: pillar from the Temple of Olympian Zeus
"Plato had come to see that law and the rule of law provide a more appropriate foundation for the political order than any single individual can."

back from saying; I knew what a paradox it would be, because it is hard to see that there is no other way of happiness either for the state or the individual."

pp. 178-9, Republic, (F. Cornford translation)

In his Seventh Letter Plato reiterates these convictions, which are absolutely central to his political philosophy, and explains why Syracuse could involve him where Athens had failed to.

First, Plato tells of the message he received from Dion, brother-in-law of Dionysius the tyrant, arguing persuasively that Plato stood every chance of winning the tyrant over to his views concerning true human happiness and political well-being. Dion's letter ends with the words:

"Now, if ever then, will be realized any hope there is that the world will ever see the same man both philosopher and ruler of a great city."

(Letter VII: 328 a)

Next, Plato tells of the reflections set up in him by Dion's urgings and his own interest:

"Hence, as I considered and debated whether I should harken and go, or what I should do, the view nevertheless prevailed that I ought to go, and that if anyone were ever to attempt to realize my ideals in regard to laws and government, now was the time for the trial. If I were to convince but one man, that in itself would ensure complete success."

(Letter VII: 328 b-c. Emphasis added.)

These words of Plato's are of fateful importance and shall be referred to again before completing our review of the Syracusan adventure. For the moment, let's look at more of Plato's explanation of the motives which drove him to Dionysius' court:

"Such were the considerations that inspired and emboldened me to leave home on this journey. I was not guided by the motives some men have attributed to me, but chiefly by a concern for my own self-respect. I feared to see myself at last altogether nothing but words, so to speak—a man who would never willingly lend a hand to any concrete task." (Letter VII: 328 c)

And further:

"(Dion) was really exposed to considerable danger. Suppose something were to happen to him, or suppose he were expelled by Dionysius and his other enemies, and were to come to me an exile and to question me, saying 'Plato, I have come to you an exile not for want of soldiers or horsemen to defend myself against my enemies, but for lack of the arguments and the eloquence that I knew you, more than others, could wield to turn the minds of young men to virtue and justice so as to establish in all cases mutual friendship and alliance.'"

(Letter VII: 328 c-e.)

The preceding passages make it clear that the "Syracusan challenge" was replete with personal significance for Plato. First, of course, there was the hope that the great city of Syracuse, through the efforts of Dion, might be restored to freedom and just laws. Even more important, for the purpose of understanding Plato's role, is the fact that if Syracuse could be delivered to a ruler who had been taught by philosophy to be just and wise, then what Plato had spent his entire life teaching would be absolutely vindicated—notably, the supremely practical importance of philosophy in human affairs. By the time Plato actually wrote the so-called seventh letter to the prominent members of the Dionean party in Syracuse (seven years after his third and last voyage to Syracuse in 361 B.C.), a violent and unholy series of events had unrolled, casting a dark shadow on the political history of Syracuse and raising difficult questions about Plato's role in it.

First, Dionysius I, perhaps furious at Plato's role in weaning young Dion away from the mores of the Syracusan court, arranged for Plato to be transported to Aegina and there sold into slavery. The plot would have worked had not Athenian friends appeared in Aegina to ransom Plato from the slave-market. Dionysius I himself died in 367 B.C., helped (Plutarch suggests) by physicians, who in their
To the Alumni and Friends of the College:

Last year at this time when I wrote that the goal of the Quest Program had been reached, I also outlined the College’s development needs for the years immediately ahead. It is gratifying indeed to be able to report now that gifts and pledges received in the year just past exceeded the amount of the year before by almost 31 per cent and our previous all-time high in 1973-1974 by almost 13 per cent. More alumni have given more to the College than ever before, and grants received from foundations and government agencies also reached new highs.

On behalf of all of us at the College I wish to express our deep gratitude for this wonderfully generous support.

Now, at the start of a new year, we look ahead to many steps that can be taken to continue strengthening the College.

I hope that the next twelve months will see the completion of fund-raising for our new library. As of this time, $2,000,000 is still needed. Gifts for the physical plant and the endowment are essential to our development goals, but no less important are gifts for current operations. Indeed, 7 per cent of the income needed to achieve a balanced budget comes in this form.

I wish it were possible in this short letter to share with you more fully our plans for the College. Let me just say that the academic year has opened on a very positive note, spirits are high, and we look forward to the stimulating and rewarding months ahead.

Sincerely,

Oakes Ames
President
## GIFTS, GRANTS AND BEQUESTS

*From July 1, 1975 through June 30, 1976*

### SOURCE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source</th>
<th>Purpose</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Trustees</td>
<td>Gifts for current operations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Unrestricted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Student Aid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Faculty Salaries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Instructional Departments</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Research</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Post-Bac. Pre-Medical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>President’s Discretion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>American Dance Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Community Affairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Other</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni</td>
<td>Gifts for current operations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Unrestricted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Student Aid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Faculty Salaries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Instructional Departments</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Research</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Post-Bac. Pre-Medical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>President’s Discretion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>American Dance Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Community Affairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Other</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Deduct Alumni Trustee gifts, counted in both categories above)</td>
<td>Gifts for current operations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faculty, Staff, and Students</td>
<td>Gifts for current operations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parents</td>
<td>Gifts for current operations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Unrestricted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Student Aid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Faculty Salaries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Instructional Departments</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Research</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Post-Bac. Pre-Medical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>President’s Discretion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>American Dance Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Community Affairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Other</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friends</td>
<td>Gifts for current operations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Unrestricted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Student Aid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Faculty Salaries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Instructional Departments</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Research</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Post-Bac. Pre-Medical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>President’s Discretion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>American Dance Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Community Affairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Other</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organizations</td>
<td>Gifts for current operations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Unrestricted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Student Aid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Faculty Salaries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Instructional Departments</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Research</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Post-Bac. Pre-Medical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>President’s Discretion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>American Dance Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Community Affairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Other</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporations</td>
<td>Gifts for current operations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Unrestricted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Student Aid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Faculty Salaries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Instructional Departments</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Research</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Post-Bac. Pre-Medical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>President’s Discretion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>American Dance Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Community Affairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Other</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foundations</td>
<td>Gifts for current operations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Unrestricted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Student Aid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Faculty Salaries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Instructional Departments</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Research</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Post-Bac. Pre-Medical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>President’s Discretion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>American Dance Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Community Affairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Other</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Government Grants</td>
<td>Gifts for current operations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Unrestricted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Student Aid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Faculty Salaries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Instructional Departments</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Research</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Post-Bac. Pre-Medical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>President’s Discretion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>American Dance Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Community Affairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Other</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total $2,704,437

Included above are bequests of $3,400 from alumni, and $2,500 from friends.

Only gifts of cash and securities are included; not unpaid pledges. Gifts “in kind”—other than securities—are not included.
**CORPORATIONS** $98,744

*The A. S. Abell Company Foundation
*Alcoa Foundation
*Allegheury Ludlum Industries
*Allied Chemical Foundation
*American Can Company Foundation
*American Express Foundation
*American Stock Exchange
*American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
*Anaconda Co.
*Arkwright-Boston Manufacturers Mutual Insurance Company
*Arrow-Hart, Inc.
*Arthur Andersen & Co. Foundation
*ASARCO Foundation
*Ashland Oil Foundation
*Bank of America Foundation
*The Bank of New York
*The Bendix Corporation
*Bethlehem Steel
*Bristol-Myers Fund
*Browne Inc.
*The Bundy Foundation
*Business Men's Assurance Company of America
*Campion's Soups
*The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A.
*Chemical Bank
*Cheesbrough-Pond's Inc.
*Chilton-Trust Company Foundation
*Chicopee Manufacturing Company
*Christy Hill Builders
*Cleveland-Cliffs Foundation
*Combustion Engineering, Inc.
*The Connecticut Bank & Trust Company
*Connecticut General Insurance Company
*Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company
*Continental Can Company, Inc.
*Continental Oil Company
*Corning Glass Works Foundation
*CPC International
*Crouse-Hinds Foundation, Inc.
*Davis-Jacobs Travel Service, Inc.
*The Day Publishing Company
*John Deere Foundation
*DLJ Foundation
*The Dow Chemical Company
*Dup & Bradstreet Companies
*Eaton Corporation
*Eco-Science Laboratory
*The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States
*Exxon Education Foundation
*Exxon USA Foundation
*Federated Department Stores, Inc.
*Fiduciary Trust Company
*Fireman's Fund American Foundation
*The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company
*First Minneapolis Foundation

*First National Bank of Boston
*First National Bank of Chicago Foundation
*First National Bank of Oregon
*First National City Bank
*Flour Foundation
*Ford Motor Company Fund
*G & W Foundation
*General Dynamics Corporation
*The General Electric Foundation
*The General Foods Fund, Inc.
*General Mills Foundation
*General Reinsurance Corporation
*General Telephone & Electronics Corporation
*The Gillette Company
*Goldman, Sachs & Co.
*Gould Inc.
*GTE Sylvania Incorporated
*Gulf Oil Foundation
*John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company
*The Hartford Electric Light Co.
*The Hartford Insurance Group Foundation, Inc.
*Hartford National Bank & Trust Company
*Hartford National Corporation
*Hercules Incorporated
*Heubieim Foundation, Inc.
*Hewlett-Packard Company
*The Hill Acme Company Foundation
*Houghton Mifflin Co.
*Household Finance Corporation
*IC Industries
*INA Foundation
*International Business Machines Corporation
*International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.
*Iowa Farms Associates, Inc.
*Jewel Foundation
*Johnson & Johnson
*Johnson & Johnson
*The Johnson's Wax Fund, Inc.
*The Kendall Company Foundation
*Kennecott Copper Corporation
*Keyes Fibre Co.
*Kingsbury Machine Tool Corp.
*Koppers Company Foundation
*The Lawyers Co-Operative Publishing Co.
*Lehigh Oil Company
*Lyman Allyn Museum
*Manufacturers Hanover Foundation
*McGraw-Hill, Inc.
*The Merck Company Foundation, Inc.
*Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
*Middlesex Mutual Assurance Company
*Mobil Foundation, Inc.
*Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York
*Morgan-Worchester
*Mutual of New York
*National Merit Scholarship Corp.
#New England Colleges Fund
#New England Merchants National Bank
#New England Mutual Life Insurance Company
#The New York Times Foundation, Inc.
#Northeast Utilities Service Co.
#The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company
#Norton Company
#Occidental Petroleum Charitable Foundation, Inc.
#Olgebay Norton Foundation
#Olin Corporation
#Farrlane Hospitality Company Inc.
#Fisher Co.
#Phelps Dodge Foundation
#Philadelphia, Bethlehem and New England Railroad Company
#Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company
#Pitney Bowes
#Polaroid Foundation
#Price Waterhouse Foundation
#The Prudential Insurance Company of America
#The Putnam Management Company, Inc.
#Raytheon Company
#Beauman's Tropical Nurseries
#Rockefeller Family & Associates
#The S & H Foundation, Inc.
#Schering Foundation, Inc.
#Scott Paper Company Foundation
#The Sears Roebuck Foundation
#Semenko, Inc.
#Simmons Company
#The Southern New England Telephone Company
#State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America
#Stone & Webster, Incorporated
#Sun Oil Company of Pennsylvania
#Time Incorporated
#J. Walter Thompson Company Fund, Incorporated
#Transamerica Corp.
#Travelers Insurance Companies
#United Aircraft Corporation
#United Engineers & Constructors, Inc.
#United States Trust Company of New York
#United Technologies Corporation
#Warner Inc.
#The Western Publishing Company Foundation
#Weyerhauser Co.
#Xerox Corporation
#The Arthur Young Foundation

*Matching Gifts (amount credited to Alumni or to Parents Fund)

*A list of these 576 companies, which contributed $854,205 in 1975 to the 26 member colleges in NECEF, is available on request to the Development Office, Connecticut College. Connecticut's share of that corporate bounty amounted to $32,073.65.
$36,700 has been credited to trustees, $28,635 to alumni, $9,825 to parents, $300 to friends, and the remaining $775,080 to foundations.

Bequests: $5,900

Esther C. Cary
Dorothy Bard Derry ’34
Jean Pegram ’23
Marjorie Viets Windsor ’20

Government Grants: $875,036

Connecticut Commission on the Arts
Connecticut Commission on Higher Education
Connecticut Foundation for the Arts
Connecticut Historical Commission
Connecticut Humanities Council
Connecticut Department of Education
Connecticut Department of Mental Health
HEW—National Institutes of Health
National Endowment for the Arts
National Foundation for the Arts and Humanities
City of New London
National Science Foundation
Town of Stonington
State of Connecticut
U.S. Army Corps of Engineers

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
ALUMNI CLUB GIFTS

Colorado                                                                 $700.00
Litchfield                                                                 130.00
New Haven                                                                 640.00
Waterbury                                                                292.00
Washington, D.C.                                                          30.00
Florida West Coast                                                        100.00
Chicago                                                                  300.00
Southern Maine                                                            100.00
Twin Cities, Minn.                                                        100.00
Bergen County, N.J.                                                       250.00
Central N.J.                                                              100.00
Columbus & Central Ohio                                                   750.00
Philadelphia                                                              800.00
THE PARENTS FUND

Class Donors Amount
1976 88 $10,280
1977 86 9,914
1978 105 28,221
1979 104 62,769
Parents of Alumni 474 70,172
857 $181,356
Deduct gifts credited elsewhere 15,549
$165,807

The Parents Fund Committee

CLASS OF 1976: Mr. and Mrs. A. Lindsay Thomson
(Chairman 1975-76)
Mr. and Mrs. Willard W. Brown
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Blakeslee, III

CLASS OF 1977: Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Steinway,
(Chairman 1976-77)
Mr. and Mrs. Martin H. Dubilier
Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Gardner

CLASS OF 1978: Mr. and Mrs. E. Newton Cutler, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard B. Sprague, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. John M. Regan, Jr.
(Vice Chairman 1976-77)

CLASS OF 1979: Dr. and Mrs. John E. Hopkins
Mr. and Mrs. John M. Mugar
Mr. and Mrs. Francis W. Murray, III

ALUMNI: Mr. and Mrs. Curtis L. Blake ('70)
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens T.M. Wright ('71)
Mr. John E. Fricke ('52 & '54)

President's Associates: $203,899

Parents and friends who contribute one thousand dollars or more to the College are named "President’s Associates." This group of the College’s most generous supporters complements “Alumni Laurels.”

Parents
Anonymous P'79
Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Ashforth, Jr. P'78
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burke P'66
Mr. and Mrs. Richard F. Corroon P'84, '69
Mrs. David C. Fimm P'46, '51
Mr. and Mrs. Michel Fribourg P'79
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gale P'78
Mrs. Quincy A. Gillmore, Jr. P'60
Rev. and Mrs. Bertrand N. Honea, Jr. P'79
Mr. Jasper H. Kane P'50
Dr. and Mrs. Percy Klingenstein P'64
Mr. and Mrs. Gustav O. Lienhard P'83
Mrs. John E. Long P'56
Dr. and Mrs. George Manley P'49
Dr. and Mrs. Francis R. Manlove P'79
Mrs. Frank V. Mavec P'73, '76, '78
Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Merck P'78
Mr. and Mrs. John M. Mugar P'79
Mrs. Paul N. Myers, Jr. P'55, '57
Mr. Joseph F. Porter P'52
Mr. David L. Rohe P'59
Mr. and Mrs. David R. Sargent P'77
Mr. Jacob W. Schwab P'41, GP '63, '78
Mr. and Mrs. A. Lindsay Thomson P'76
Mrs. Roy E. Tucker P'51
Dr. and Mrs. John J. Weber P'77
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens T.M. Wright P'71

Friends
*Dr. Esther C. Cary
Mr. Irving Castle
Mr. Steven M. Castle
Mr. Ferdinand Conduert
Miss Elsie VanDyck DeWitt
Dr. and Mrs. Richard H. Goodwin
Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Picker
Miss Gertrude S. Randle
Mrs. Arthur Hays Sulzberger

*deceased
**ALUMNI ANNUAL GIVING PROGRAM**

**Chairman: Lois Keating Learned '54**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1975-76</th>
<th>1974-75</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Number of living graduates</td>
<td>9,390</td>
<td>9,054</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of living non-graduates</td>
<td>3,081</td>
<td>3,008</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total number of Alumni</strong></td>
<td><strong>12,471</strong></td>
<td><strong>12,062</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of graduate contributors</td>
<td>3,589</td>
<td>3,477</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of non-graduate contributors</td>
<td>476</td>
<td>454</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Alumni contributors</strong></td>
<td><strong>4,065</strong></td>
<td><strong>3,931</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Percentage of graduates contributing</td>
<td>38.22%</td>
<td>38.40%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Percentage of non-graduates contributing</td>
<td>15.45%</td>
<td>15.09%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Percentage of all Alumni contributing</td>
<td>32.60%</td>
<td>32.59%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Average gift** $59.21 $60.91

**Alumni Annual Giving Program**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1975-76</th>
<th>1974-75</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alumni gifts</td>
<td>$245,871</td>
<td>$239,561</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporate matching gifts</td>
<td>15,287</td>
<td>12,627</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni Club gifts</td>
<td>2,670</td>
<td>7,325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous Alumni gifts</td>
<td>126</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$263,954</strong></td>
<td><strong>$259,584</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Library Building Fund**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1975-76</th>
<th>1974-75</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alumni gifts</td>
<td>$353,427</td>
<td>$213,676</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporate matching gifts</td>
<td>3,155</td>
<td>1,355</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni Club gifts</td>
<td>1,622</td>
<td>1,093</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous Alumni gifts</td>
<td>230</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$358,204</strong></td>
<td><strong>$216,354</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Other Capital**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1975-76</th>
<th>1974-75</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alumni gifts</td>
<td>$14,465</td>
<td>$475,938</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$636,623</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**CREST CIRCLE**

**Chairman, Crest Circle: Helen Haase Johnson '66**

Last year the Crest Circle was established to recognize those alumni whose support of the Alumni Annual Giving Program reflects a vigorous sense of responsibility toward the College, but who cannot aspire to Laurels.

In its first year, 656 Charter Members gave $108,615 in gifts of between $100 and $1,000.

**Charter Members of Crest Circle 1975-76**

- Luna Ackley Colver '19
- Evelyn Bitgood Coulter '19
- May Buckley Sadowski '19
- Charlotte Keefe Darham '19
- Florence Lennon Romaine '19
- Marena E. Prentis '19
- Virginia C. Rose '19
- Juline Warner Comstock '19
- Mildred W. White '19
- Margaret Daniels Cooper '20
- Catherine E. Finnegan '20
- Alice Horner Schell '20
- Mildred S. Howard '20
- Ruth Newcomb '20
- Isabelle Rummey Poteat '20
- Marion Adams Taylor '21
- Mary Agostini Bruni '21
- Louise Avery Favorite '21
- Abby C. Gallup '21
- Dorothy Gregson Slocum '21
- Charlotte Hall Holton '21
- Helen Rich Baldwin '21
- Claudine Smith Hane '22
- Dorothy Wheeler Pietrallo '22
- Claire Calhoun Kinney '23
- Rheta A. Clark '23
- Miriam N. Cohen '23
- Minna Kreykenbohm Elman '23
- Mary Langenbacher Clark '23
- Hannah F. Sachs '23
- Katherine Stone Leavenworth '23
- Katharine L. Weed '23
- Mary Louise Welkert Tuttle '23
- Margaret Call Dearing '24
- Dorothy Cramer '24
- Elizabeth Holmes Baldwin '24
- Margaret Lamberton Sweatt '24
- Evelyn Ryan Pope '24
- Charlotte Beckwith Crane '25
- Grace Bennett Nuveen '25
- Thelma M. Burnham '25
- Catherine Calbom '25
- Sallie Dodd Murphy '25
- Charlotte Friech Garlock '25
- Eleanor Harriman Kohl '25
- A. Parks McCombs '25
- Gertrude Noyes '25
- Constance Parker '25

*Deceased*
Dorothy Perry Weston '25
Dorothy Ayers Scott '26
Katherine Bailey Mann '26
Doris E. Barton '26
Rosamond Beebe Cochran '26
Barbara Bell Crouch '26
Grace Clark Mackin '26
Katherine L. Colgan '26
Elizabeth Dameral Gorgone '26
Catharine Dauchy Bronson '26
Mildred Doman Goodville '26
Laura Dunham Sternschuss '26
Helen Farnsworth Schneidewind '26
Lorraine Ferris Ayres '26
Harriet Gillette Reynolds '26
Theodosia Hewlett Stickney '26
Imogen Hostetter Thompson '26
Katherine King Karslake '26
M. Elizabeth Lee '26
Clarissa Lord Will '26
Edna Smith Thistle '26
Margaret Sterling Norcross '26
Harriett Stone Warner '26
Amy Wakefield '26
Pauline Warner Root '26
Jessie Williams Kohl '26
Frances Andrews Leete '27
Mildred Beardsley Stiles '27
Eleanor Chamberlain '27
Lydia Chatfield Siddall '27
Madelyn Claire Wankmiller '27
Mary Crofoot DeGange '27
Lillian Dauby Gries '27
Jean F. Howard '27
Frances M. Joseph '27
Thistle McKee Bennett '27
Lois Penny Stephenson '27
Margaret Wheeler '27
Robert Biggott Wiersma '28
Sarah Brown Schoenhut '28
Edith Cogges Meltawaine '28
Dorothy Davenport Voorhees '28
Margaret Davison Fick '28
Prudence Drake '28
Hazel Gardner Hicks '28
Lothia Hess Ackerman '28
Marjory Jones '28
Edna S. Kelley '28
Abbie Kelsey Baker '28
Adelaide King Queban '28
Dorothy Lewis Schewe '28
Catherine Mer Whittaker '28
Henrietta Owens Rogers '28
Catherine Page McNutt '28
Eleanor Penney Herbst '28
Mary Petersen Stockard '28
Marion Pierpont Brown '28

Helen Prugh Paul '28
Madeline Thane Silver '28
Ruth Toseon Moeller '28
Hilda Van Horn Rickenbaugh '28
Madelyn Wheeler Chase '28
Josephine Arnold '29
Janet Boomer Barnard '29
Margaret Burroughs Kohr '29
Cynthia Lepper Reed '29
Frances McElfresh Perry '29
Elizabeth Riley Whitman '29
Nancy Royce Ranney '29
Frances B. Tillinghast '29
Elizabeth Ulye Lamb '29
Elizabeth Averey Hart '30
Katherine Bailey Hoyt '30
Dorothy M. Barrett '30
Helen Benson Mann '30
Jane Betchey Jackson '30
Margaret Brewer Bunyan '30
*Jean Burroughs Kohr '30
Frances Gabriels Hartman '30
Jennie Gada Genearelli '30
Norma George Murray '30
Constance Green Freeman '30
Ruth Harrison Street '30
*Margaret Healy Holland '30
(Posthumously)
Margaret Jackman Gesen '30
Gretel Kehne '30
Bertha Monkorsz Udel '30
Dorothy Quigley '30
Eleanor Tyler '30
Ernestine Vincent Venner '30
Fanny Young Sawyer '30
Anonymous '30
Dorothy Birdsey Manning '31
Rosemary Breuer Lange '31
Wilhelmina Brown Seyfried '31
Anna Cofrances Gould '31
Dorothy Gould '31
Jane Haines Bill '31
Alice B. Hangen '31
Elizabeth Hendrickson Matlack '31
Mary Louise Holley Spangler '31
Alice E. Kindler '31
Jane King Boss '31
Inogene H. Manning '31
Vivien Noble Wakanem '31
Marjorie Plats Murphy '31
Caroline B. Rice '31
Anne Romer Valentine '31
Lois Taylor '31
Lois Truecale Gaspar '31
Evelyn Whittemore Woods '31
Melicent Wilcox Buckingham '31
Kathryn Cooksey Corey '32

Mary Crider Stevens '32
K. Drussila Fielding '32
Dorothy Friend Miller '32
Julia Kaitholz Morley '32
Margaret Leland Weir '32
Marion Nichols Arnold '32
Margaret Rithbone '32
Alice Russell Parker '32
Eleanor Sherman Vincent '32
Mildred Solomon Savin '32
Virginia H. Stephenson '32
Louise Wagner Thompson '32
Gertrude Yoerg Doran '32
Louise Armstrong Blackman '33
Sarah S. Buchstane '33
Virginia Donald Usher '33
Barbara Elliott Tevepaugh '33
Ruth Ferree Wessels '33
Marjorie Flomen Christensen '33
Jane Griswold Holmes '33
Katherine Hammond Engler '33
Sheila Hartwell Moses '33
Eleanor Jones Hellman '33
Elizabeth Miller Landis '33
Helena Peasley Comber '33
Jean L. Pennock '33
Margaret Ray Stewart '33
Helen Smiley Cutter '33
Grace E. Stephens '33
Janet Susan Ewelth '33
Virginia Stern Parrish '33
Jane Wertheimer Morganthau '33
Dorothy Wheeler Spaulding '33
Ann Crocker Wheeler '34
Elizabeth Flanders McNells '34
Eleanor Hine Kranz '34
Elma Kennel Varley '34
Helen Latiesies Krosnig '34
Edith Mitchell '34
Elizabeth Moon Woodhead '34
Janyce Pickett Willman '34
Edith Stockman Ruettlinger '34
Janyce Pickett Willman '34
Edith Stockman Ruettinger '34
Ceda Zeissitck Libutzke '34
Helen Baumgarten Wolf '35
Marjorie Bayts Hrones '35
Sabinna Burr Sanders '35
Merion Ferris Ritter '35
Barbara Hertye Reussow '35
Martha Hickam Fink '35
Maeude Bodeman Hickey '35
Nancy Walker Collins '35
Ruth Worthington Henderson '35
Bette Andrews York '36
Eunice Andrews Brooks '36
Dorothy Barbour Slavich '36

Mary Beuls Steyart '36
Elizabeth Bouldous Johnson '36
Sheila Coffey Braucher '36
Alice Dorman Webster '36
Shirley Durr Hammerstein '36
Frances Ernest Costello '36
Margaret Flannery '36
Gladys Jeffers Zahn '36
Agatha McGuire Daghlian '36
Elizabeth Myers Parish '36
Elizabeth Parsons Lehman '36
Frances Payne Rohlen '36
Marion Pendleton Oehmisch '36
Joseph Pratt Lamb '36
Jean Ruthchold Cole '36
Lois Ryman Areson '36
Betty Jeanne Sanford Mahla '36
Caroline Stewart Eaton '36
Jean Vanderbilt Swartz '36
Ellen Woodhead Mueller '36
Elizabeth Ayer Newman '37
Eliza Bussell Carroll '37
Shirley Cohen Schragher '37
Virginia Deuel '37
Jane Cooper Jackson '37
Marion Littlefield Fisher '37
Margaret Ross Stephan '37
Elise Thompson Balleen '37
Margaret Ball Craig '38
Dorotha Bartlett '38
Marjorie Beaudette Wilcox '38
Clara Clark Bryant '38
Betty Fathrank Swayne '38
Emily Agnes Lewis '38
Mary Mory Schultz '38
Winifred Nies Northcott '38
Selma Silberman Swatsburg '38
Helen Sloan Stanley '38
Betty Wagner Knowlton '38
Frances Walker Chase '38
Palamona Williams Ferris '38
Frances Wilton Russell '38
Margaret Ahell Powell '39
Marjorie Abraham Perlman '39
Catherine Ake Bronson '39
Cladyd Alexander Mallove '39
Matth Baratte Cooper '39
Jane Colloqui Harris '39
Harriett Ernst Vea '39
Thelma M. Gilkes '39
Edith Grabiche Nicholas '39
Elizabeth Hadley Porter '39
Ruth Kellogg Kent '39
Ellen Mayr Herberich '39
Janet Mead Fuller '39
Elizabeth Parcells Arms '39
Margaret Weston French '39

**TOP TEN CLASSES IN PERCENT**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1926</td>
<td>80.82%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td>75.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1923</td>
<td>66.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>63.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1930</td>
<td>60.16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1928</td>
<td>58.94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1921</td>
<td>58.73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1941</td>
<td>56.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1920</td>
<td>55.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1927</td>
<td>54.73</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**TOP TEN CLASSES IN AMOUNT**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1960</td>
<td>$2,302,700.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>28,699.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1931</td>
<td>20,385.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1927</td>
<td>20,265.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1942</td>
<td>17,929.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1952</td>
<td>17,477.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1973</td>
<td>15,911.05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1950</td>
<td>13,982.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1961</td>
<td>12,266.74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1946</td>
<td>11,752.89</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Names of all alumni donors omitted from this report will be sent in class donor lists enclosed with your Class Agent Chairman’s letter this Fall.
ALUMNI LAURELS

“To recognize and honor those alumni who are the most generous supporters of Connecticut College’s Alumni Annual Giving Program,” the Executive Board of the Alumni Association established “Alumni Laurels.”

In 1964-65, the program’s first year, 43 Charter Members gave $76,713 in gifts of $1,000 or more. The record since then: in 1965-66, 58 alumni gave $84,113; in 1966-67, 64 gave $135,030; in 1967-68, 70 gave $171,030; in 1968-69, 97 gave $233,015; in 1969-70, 98 gave $185,196; in 1970-71, 82 gave $137,176; in 1971-72, 93 gave $171,304; in 1972-73, 104 gave $208,759; in 1973-74, 91 gave $200,541; in 1974-75, 105 gave $238,694 and in 1975-76 the following 104 alumni gave $439,944 for a 12-year total of $2,281,515! (Figures 1-12 in parentheses indicate the number of years an alumna has been a member of Alumni Laurels):

Alumni Laurels Committee
Mary Anna Lemon Meyer ’42 Chairman
Elizabeth Gordon Van Law ’28 Co-Chairman

Sarah Pithouse Becker ’27
Ruldah Northup Cameron ’31
Ethel Kane Fielding ’23
Margaret Royall Hinck ’33
Eleanor Hine Kranz ’34

Barbara Gordon Landau ’55
Helene Zimmer Loew ’57
Gertrude Perkins Oliva ’52
Priscilla Duxbury Wescott ’41

Esther L. Batchelder ’19 (9)
Gertrude K. Espenscheid ’19 (3)
Lucy Marsh Haskell ’19 (12)
Fanchon Hartman Title ’20 (4)
*Marjorie Viets Windsor ’20 (Posthumously) (2)
Eliza McCollum Valalte ’21 (3)
Lucy C. McDannel ‘22 (3)
Gertrude Trauring ’22 (11)
Ethel Kane Fielding ’23 (9)
*Jean F. Pezram ’23 (Posthumously) (4)
Ruth Wells Sears ’23 (5)
Madeleine Foster Conklin ’24 (10)
Anonymous ’24 (9)
Barbara Brooks Risby ’26 (1)
*Margaret Ebers Bochler ’26 (1)
Helen Hood Diefendorf ’26 (3)
Anonymous ’26 (8)
Helen Lehman Buttenwieser ’27 (12)
Janet M. Paine ’27 (6)
Sarah Pithouse Becker ’27 (12)
Anonymous ’27 (4)
Elizabeth Gordon Van Law ’28 (11)
Karla Heinrich Harrison ’28 (8)
Florence Hine Myers ’29 (1)
Frances Wells Vroom ’29 (7)
Anonymous ’30 (8)
Josephine Lincolin Morris ’31 (10)
Elizabeth Rieley Armington ’31 (12)
Frances Buck Taylor ’32 (4)
Anonymous ’32 (3)
* Dorothy Bard Ferry ’34 (Posthumously) (1)
Margaret Creighton Green ’35 (5)
Virginia Golden Kent ’35 (3)
Jane Cadwell Lott ’36 (9)
Marjorie Maas Haber ’36 (5)
Elizabeth M. Reuken ’36 (2)
Margaret Agnar Clark ’37 (4)
Mary Corrigan Daniels ’37 (11)
Katherine Butswell Hood ’38 (4)
*Catherine Caldwell Nichols ’38 (8)
Anne Oppenheim Freed ’38 (1)
Muriel Harrison Castle ’39 (12)
Rose Lazarus Shilbach ’39 (11)
Marjorie Mortimer Kemery ’39 (6)
Allayne Ernst Wick ’41 (11)
Rosalie Harrison Mayer ’41 (10)
Virginia Newberry Leach ’41 (9)
Ruth L. Hanks ’42 (12)
Mary Anna Lemon Meyer ’42 (10)
Lenore Tingle Howard ’43 (9)
Lois Webster Ricklin ’44 (2)
Shirley Armstrong Meneice ’45 (10)
Margot Hay Harrison ’45 (1)
Nancy Meyers Blitzer ’45 (3)
Katherine Wenk Christoffers ’45 (11)
Betty Flinn Perlman ’46 (4)
Elizabeth J. Dutton ’47 (9)
Joan Rosen Kemler ’47 (1)
Anonymous ’47 (3)
Saretta Klein Barnet ’48 (5)
Patricia Parrott Willits ’48 (8)
Elizabeth Stuart Kruidenier ’48 (1)
Kathryn Veerstra Schaefert ’48 (5)
Anonymous ’48 (1)
Esther Cogye Flanagan ’49 (3)
Barbara Blaneinstein Hirschhorn ’50 (3)
Marilyn Bluman Powell ’50 (3)
Isabelle Oppenheim Gould ’50 (1)
Joanne Toor Cummings ’50 (12)
Anonymous ’50 (4)
Carolyn Flinn Saeks ’51 (7)
Helen Johnson Leonard ’51 (1)
Patricia Roth Squire ’51 (7)
Jeanne Tucker Zenker ’51 (4)
Elizabeth Blaustein Roswell ’52 (3)
Arlene Hochman Meyer ’52 (9)
Gertrude Perkins Oliva ’52 (12)
Elizabeth Rockwell Cesare ’52 (4)
Susan R. Bowers ’59 (10)
Judith Ammerman ’60 (6)
Jean Curitas Brit ’61 (1)
Angela Gillmore Pratt ’60 (3)
Anonymous ’60 (10)
Anonymous ’60 (9)
Ann Gulitsky Hanes ’62 (4)
Anita Shapiro ’66 (2)
Kathleen Buckley Griffis ’69 (2)
Anonymous ’72 (1)
Nancy Cushing Olnstead ’73 (3)
Barbara Smith Cole ’73 (1)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Class Agent Chairman</th>
<th>Donors</th>
<th>% AAGP</th>
<th>Capital Gifts</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td>Marenda E. Prentis</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>75.00%</td>
<td>$3,589.00</td>
<td>$1,230.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1920</td>
<td>La Fetra Perley Reiche</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>56.25%</td>
<td>2,625.00</td>
<td>635.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1921</td>
<td>Louise Avery Favorite</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>58.94%</td>
<td>3,543.50</td>
<td>50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>Amy Peck Yale</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>43.24%</td>
<td>1,530.00</td>
<td>27,169.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1923</td>
<td>Ethel Kane Fielding</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>66.20%</td>
<td>5,767.00</td>
<td>1,075.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>Elinor Hunken Torpey</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>65.83%</td>
<td>5,474.50</td>
<td>610.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1925</td>
<td>Betsy Allen</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>41.03%</td>
<td>3,025.00</td>
<td>285.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1926</td>
<td>M. Elizabeth Lee/Amy Wakefield</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>80.82%</td>
<td>9,813.00</td>
<td>485.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1927</td>
<td>Mary Crofoot DeGange</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>55.45%</td>
<td>5,930.00</td>
<td>14,335.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1928</td>
<td>Roberta Bitgood Wiersma</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>60.16%</td>
<td>6,136.50</td>
<td>725.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1929</td>
<td>Elizabeth Riley Whitman</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>51.43%</td>
<td>2,975.00</td>
<td>1,210.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1930</td>
<td>Eleanor W. Tyler</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>63.55%</td>
<td>5,048.00</td>
<td>395.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1931</td>
<td>Caroline B. Rice</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>41.09%</td>
<td>4,985.00</td>
<td>15,400.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1932</td>
<td>Hilda McKinstry Talcott</td>
<td>57</td>
<td>46.72%</td>
<td>2,217.50</td>
<td>4,080.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1933</td>
<td>Ruth Ferrage Wessels</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>52.43%</td>
<td>3,272.43</td>
<td>235.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1934</td>
<td>Janet Townsend Willis</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>52.00%</td>
<td>3,763.00</td>
<td>1,350.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1935</td>
<td>Merion Ferris Bitter</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>47.15%</td>
<td>3,252.00</td>
<td>2,110.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1936</td>
<td>Elisabeth Beals Steyaert</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>52.78%</td>
<td>9,646.97</td>
<td>285.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1937</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1938</td>
<td>Winstead Frank Havell</td>
<td>64</td>
<td>40.00%</td>
<td>3,537.00</td>
<td>2,063.33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1939</td>
<td>Marjorie Mortimer Kenney</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>37.27%</td>
<td>4,671.38</td>
<td>3,010.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1940</td>
<td>Eunice Brouwer Foss</td>
<td>57</td>
<td>30.65%</td>
<td>2,846.25</td>
<td>955.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1941</td>
<td>Thea Dutcher Coburn</td>
<td>111</td>
<td>58.73%</td>
<td>9,181.88</td>
<td>2,500.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1942</td>
<td>Louise Spencer Hudson</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>36.19%</td>
<td>10,090.95</td>
<td>7,839.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1943</td>
<td>Dorothy Lenz Andrus</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>38.04%</td>
<td>3,460.00</td>
<td>785.44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1944</td>
<td>Constance Geraghty Adams</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>40.43%</td>
<td>3,737.50</td>
<td>1,325.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1945</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1946</td>
<td>Rosamond Simes Richardson</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>33.03%</td>
<td>3,983.70</td>
<td>7,769.19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1947</td>
<td>Margaret Storton Miller</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>28.71%</td>
<td>3,795.00</td>
<td>2,440.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1948</td>
<td>Frances Norton Swift</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>35.65%</td>
<td>3,571.00</td>
<td>3,245.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1949</td>
<td>Marion Walker Donen</td>
<td>69</td>
<td>30.94%</td>
<td>7,138.25</td>
<td>455.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1950</td>
<td>Marilyn Raub Creedon</td>
<td>79</td>
<td>33.33%</td>
<td>5,082.25</td>
<td>8,900.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1951</td>
<td>Joann Appleyard Schelpert</td>
<td>103</td>
<td>54.21%</td>
<td>11,971.74</td>
<td>295.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1952</td>
<td>Sylvia Gunderson Dorsey</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>31.30%</td>
<td>4,099.38</td>
<td>13,378.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1953</td>
<td>Leta Weiss Marks</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>33.65%</td>
<td>4,010.00</td>
<td>1,343.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1954</td>
<td>Judith Warner Edwards</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>36.82%</td>
<td>2,860.25</td>
<td>908.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1955</td>
<td>Cassandra Goss Simonds</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>31.43%</td>
<td>6,940.00</td>
<td>3,750.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1956</td>
<td>Janet Torpey Sullivan</td>
<td>67</td>
<td>29.00%</td>
<td>3,698.94</td>
<td>1,140.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1957</td>
<td>Helene Zimmer Loew</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>41.94%</td>
<td>4,134.00</td>
<td>1,265.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1958</td>
<td>Audrey Bateman Georges</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>37.50%</td>
<td>3,455.82</td>
<td>310.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1959</td>
<td>Margaret Welford Tabor</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>32.62%</td>
<td>1,584.50</td>
<td>3,490.06</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1960</td>
<td>Joan Wertheim Carris</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>38.43%</td>
<td>16,375.00</td>
<td>213,895.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1961</td>
<td>Judith Warner Edwards</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>30.00%</td>
<td>1,970.88</td>
<td>180.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1962</td>
<td>Norma Gilcrest Adams</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>33.83%</td>
<td>3,321.00</td>
<td>90.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1963</td>
<td>Sally Baker</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>24.06%</td>
<td>2,859.00</td>
<td>305.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1964</td>
<td>Dhuanne Schmitz Tansill</td>
<td>97</td>
<td>32.23%</td>
<td>2,630.00</td>
<td>512.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1965</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1966</td>
<td>Anita Shapiro</td>
<td>115</td>
<td>28.12%</td>
<td>4,233.45</td>
<td>2,100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1967</td>
<td>Dana Freedman Liebman</td>
<td>105</td>
<td>26.65%</td>
<td>3,378.00</td>
<td>584.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1968</td>
<td>Frances M. Bertelli</td>
<td>126</td>
<td>29.97%</td>
<td>5,103.00</td>
<td>250.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1969</td>
<td>Kathleen Buckley Griggs</td>
<td>133</td>
<td>32.45%</td>
<td>4,310.50</td>
<td>815.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1970</td>
<td>Susan E. Lee</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>21.24%</td>
<td>3,048.00</td>
<td>860.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1971</td>
<td>Josephine Mooney</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>20.34%</td>
<td>1,949.05</td>
<td>630.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1972</td>
<td>Barbara Cooper Neub</td>
<td>103</td>
<td>22.06%</td>
<td>2,016.00</td>
<td>1,380.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1973</td>
<td>Donna Bellantone</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>16.30%</td>
<td>8,761.05</td>
<td>7,150.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1974</td>
<td>Patricia J. Whittaker</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>15.36%</td>
<td>1,863.00</td>
<td>955.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1975</td>
<td>Richard C. Dreyfuss, Jr.</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>7.02%</td>
<td>577.30</td>
<td>140.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1976</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| MA's | 4,065 | 32.60% | $260,802.49 | $370,976.27 | $631,778.76 |
| Clubs | 27    | 355.50 | 70.00   | 425.50 |
| Miscellaneous | 126.25 | 2,670.00 | 1,622.00 | 4,392.00 |

**TOTAL**

| |  |  | $263,954.24 | $372,668.27 | $636,622.51 |
anxiety to ingratiate themselves with the future Dionysius II did not hesitate to administer medications in homicidal doses. Shortly after the succession of Dionysius II to the tyranny, Plato sent once more for Plato, intending that Plato do for the young tyrant's character what he had done for Dion for twenty years prior.

But when Plato arrived in Syracuse on that second occasion, he found the court's atmosphere to be heavy with hostility to Dion and rife with rumors of his traitorous activity. Dion was exiled only months after Plato's arrival, following the interception of a letter written by him to the Sicilian Carthaginians. (Not until after his exile did Dion grow traitorous in earnest. Ten years later he returned to Syracuse at the head of an army raised to depose Dionysius II.) Shortly before Plato wrote the seventh letter to the Dioneans in 354 B.C., he learned with sorrow that Dion had been murdered at the instigation of the man whom he had placed upon the throne. These, then, are the highlights of those portions of Syracusan political history to which Plato was witness and by which he was touched.

That Plato, both as a man and as a philosopher, was tried to the last extremity by these occurrences cannot be doubted; on at least one occasion the man breaks out of his philosopher's armor and discloses himself to us frail and weak as other men. This was at the time of his third journey to Syracuse, made at the request of Dionysius II when Dion was already in exile in the Peloponnesse. Despite assurances he had received to the contrary, it developed that Dionysius had not taken, nor was inclined to undertake, serious philosophical study. Nor was he tolerant of Plato's concern with placing Dion's fortune (the proceeds from the sale of his Sicilian property) safely into the hands of Dion's trustees in the Peloponnesse.

Still, Dionysius did appear to desire passionately that all Sicily regard him as being on comradely terms with the great philosopher. For this reason Dionysius insisted that Plato, contrary to his inclinations, let the summer sailing season pass and remain with him at court until the following spring. Plato's overhasty departure obviously would have made Dionysius appear in a bad light. Reluctantly, Plato agreed to stay. Then when Dionysius had Plato trapped, he openly compromised the promise made to Plato earlier concerning the safe conveyance of Dion's fortune to the Peloponnesse with Plato. At last Plato realized the true situation. His efforts to win from Dionysius guarantees concerning Dion's interests were worthless—doomed because of the arbitrary and jealous will of the tyrant. Throughout Sicily, however, Plato was seen as Dionysius' admirer and comrade (Dionysius' mercenary guard, provoked into hostility by Dionysius' attempt to reduce their compensation, vowed active hostility to Plato as well); but, as Plato gradually realized, he was actually under house arrest. He tells us of his desperate musings in the seventh letter: "How could I ever leave this house and walled garden where I now live? The gardener will not unlock the gate for me. Nor, if he did, could I pass through the walls of the acropolis to get to the port, nor, if I could get to the port, would I be able to hire a boat to return home, for everyone knows that it is contrary to the will of Dionysius that I leave."

Finally, realizing his predicament, Plato writes the following about his days under house arrest: "The kind of life we lived, Dionysius and I, was this—I was gazing out of my cage like a bird that is longing to fly off and away, while he was devising a way of frightening me off without paying me any of Dion's money. Just the same, we called ourselves friends before all Sicily." (Letter VII: 348 a) These are the words of a sorrowing, homesick and disillusioned man. What has happened, we ask, to the stalwart hero of the Republic, who, knowing himself and his cause to be just, is strongly serene in the face of all external adversity? Still, it is hard not to like Plato all the more for failing, on this one occasion at least, to satisfy his own philosopher's ideal and for showing us a face and heart exposed to the blows of life—therefore fully human.

Gradually, and no doubt at least partly in response to the Syracusan experience, Plato abandoned his notion of the pivotal political importance of a single man. Already in the Seventh Letter, Plato had come to see that law and the rule of law provide a more appropriate foundation for the political order than any single individual can. An individual distorts the deal in the very process of embodying it, but law provides a universal discipline for the human will; the converse, alas, is not true: the human will cannot discipline the law; it can only break it.

If they care about philosophy, visitors to ancient Sicily should climb to the Syracusan acropolis. Then, not discouraged by the hum of cicadas, the heat of the Mediterranean sun, or the curious gaze of a shoeless child, they should listen attentively when near the place where the walled garden adjoins the palace. Screening out the distracting noises from the present, they may find the sound of past events slowly growing in volume; and, with sufficient attention, they may listen to the footsteps of an Athenian philosopher in the palace garden. From time to time he pauses at the foot of the garden, where the sea stretches out toward Athens. Then, in the silence created by the cessation of footsteps, one can almost detect a sigh.

Recommended reading
Brumbaugh, Robert S. The Philosophers of Greece.
Dumbabin, T.J. The Western Greeks.
Finlay, M.I. A History of Sicily.
Mauvay, David R. Greek Cities in Italy and Sicily.
McKendrick, Paul. The Greek Stones Speak.
Woodhead, A.G. The Greeks in the West.

"Not only is the world of Sicilian politics a recognizable one to us moderns, but the encounter between philosophy and politics in Syracuse in the persons of Plato and Dionysius exhibits perennial features which today we might beneficially review."
Brunelleschi's great dome

We Americans are quick to admire vast and complex technological enterprises. We have a deep respect for those who succeed in undertakings which others consider impossible. The great dome of Florence Cathedral, the most prominent feature in any travel poster of that city, is precisely the sort of feat of engineering to which we respond. The remarkable nature of that structure, constructed by Filippo Brunelleschi in the early fifteenth century, is not, however, as readily obvious to us as, let us say, the equally dominant feature of the skyline of Manhattan, the World Trade Center. Those towers possess the kind of aerospace profile and statistics to which we comfortably relate.

The twin shafts of the World Trade Center rise 1,350 feet above the pavement of lower Manhattan, each 100 feet taller than the Empire State Building. These two slabs, each 110 stories tall, whose combined height is nearly one half mile, incorporate in their frames 192,000 tons of structural steel, 2.2 million square feet of aluminum in their exterior skins, and enough glass to create a ribbon of windows 20 inches wide 65 miles long. On an average day they consume 110,000 megawatts of electricity, enough to serve a city the size of Stamford. They expel daily 50 tons of garbage and 2.25 million gallons of sewage. In summer their air conditioning systems drink from the Hudson River at 96,000 gallons per minute. The excavations for their foundations created a hole large enough to contain 13 football fields and required the removal of 1.2 million cubic yards of earth and rock. This material generated 23.5 new acres of landfill along the old Hudson River waterfront. When completely occupied the World Trade Center will have a daytime population of about 130,000 which approaches the size of the city of New Haven.

What, we may ask, could a contemporary American achievement in a modern metropolis really have in common with the renaissance dome of an Italian church? Is not the Florence Cathedral, the most prominent feature in any travel poster of that city, a gratifying contrast in scale and texture to the dynamic city of New York whose corporate towers reduce men to the scale of insects. Such an impression, however appealing to the American tourist, is not entirely justifiable. If we examine in the light of history the men and the forces which created the Florence we so readily admire, we discover that very much the same sort of free and ambitious spirit which created the skyscrapers of New York was responsible for the creation of that great dome.

The fact is that culturally and economically renaissance Florence was the most advanced city in the Western world. The basis of this preeminence has distinct parallels in our own society and has to do with matters of money and personal liberty. In the course of the thirteenth century, Florence succeeded in establishing political and economic independence, throwing off the Germanic domination of the Hohenstaufens and declaring herself an independent republic based upon ancient ideals of democracy and individual liberty. In a world which was still entirely feudal the Republic of Florence stood apart and offered a unique freedom for individual self-assertion. Economically Florence was at the same time becoming the world's first capitalist society, minting her own coinage, the florin, which in time became the international currency of Western Europe. An emerging Florentine middle class became the Papal bankers and developed the principles of modern accounting. The city became one of the major centers for the wool trade and the most prosperous city in Europe. Florentines came to consider themselves an order of people superior to all others; strong, self-reliant and free.

In 1296 the newly independent and prosperous Florentines decided to tear down their venerable but decaying Cathedral of Santa Reparata and to replace it with a new one approximately twice as long. The official declaration of this decision rings with the highest civic ambition: "The Florentine Republic, soaring ever above the conception of the most competent judges, desires that an edifice shall be constructed so magnificent in its height and beauty that it shall surpass anything of its kind produced in the times of their greatest power by the Greeks and..."
Romans. In this daring mood the Florentines, under the direction of their architect Arnolfo di Cambio, a figure of considerable reputation in Rome and elsewhere, set out to erect what was to become the largest church in the world, a church even today exceeded in size only by St. Peter’s in Rome and St. Paul’s in London.

The construction of the dome, or cupola as it is also called, of the Cathedral of Florence, which the Quattrocento humanist Leon Battista Alberti described so poetically as rising “…above the vaults of heaven, wide enough to receive in its shade all the people of Tuscany…”, can stand for us as a tangible symbol of the vitality and ambition of renaissance Florence. The copper orbis mundi which crowns the lantern of the summit stands 349 feet above the level of the piazza. The interior span of the dome is 136 feet 8 inches; that of Michelangelo’s dome of St. Peter’s is only two feet wider.

It is important for us to realize that at the time the interior dimensions of this dome became fixed about 1367 in the design of its supporting piers by one of Arnolfo’s successors, an architect by the name of Neri di Fioravante, the technology for constructing a dome of this size did not in fact exist. The ancient Romans, whose remarkable art of building in concrete had been forgotten (not to be rediscovered until the nineteenth century), had only constructed one span comparable to that proposed by the Florentines, namely the Pantheon with an interior span of 142 feet, only slightly larger than that projected by the Florentines. The next largest span in the world, the dome of Hagia Sophia in Constantinople constructed in the sixth century was, at 104 feet, far smaller. But the exterior height of the Pantheon at 147 feet was well under half that proposed by Neri.

Neri undoubtedly had some vaguely defined intentions of raising his cupola by traditional Gothic methods involving an elaborate wooden armature upon which the entire masonry complex would be supported throughout its construction. Once the dome was completed and the armature was removed, the structure would be stabilized on its exterior by prominent masonry buttresses. Although no such dome of these dimensions at such a height has ever been constructed by such a means, it is fair to say that no wooden armature could have risen so high and still have supported its own weight as well as that of the cupola whose present mass, though certainly greater than the sort of thing Neri must have envisioned, is estimated to weigh upwards of 25,000 tons.

Construction on the Cathedral proceeded rapidly throughout the last half of the fourteenth century. By 1410 the huge octagonal piers for the cupola as well as most of the great apses were constructed up to the level immediately below that of the bottom of the present cupola. It is at this time that Filippo Brunelleschi, who was to successfully construct the dome with an ingenious and unprecedented design, appears to have begun to exert his influence upon the construction, even though he was not appointed architect of the Cathedral until 1420. The tambour, or octagonal base on which the cupola was to rest, was constructed between 1410 and 1418. Its masonry appears to incorporate large wrought iron tie rods of the type one can see exposed to view binding together the vaults of the nave. In medieval construction tie rods were rarely if ever used within the tambour. Their presence is evidence that by about 1410 the decision to somehow construct the dome without employing exposed exterior buttresses had been made. Tie rods would then be necessary in the piers above the great arches to prevent them from failing under the greater weight of an unbuttressed dome. It is now thought that these tie rods are a result of Brunelleschi’s ideas asserting themselves in a critical manner almost a decade before they were officially accepted.

Filippo Brunelleschi (1377-1446) is one of the great men of the Renaissance. He is a man, we are increasingly coming to understand, as important and remarkable as Leonardo and Michelangelo who came fifty years or so after him and whose careers and contributions are much more extensively documented. Son of a prominent notary who had himself participated in the decision of 1387 to accept Neri’s ideas about the dimension of the piers of the Cathedral, Brunelleschi must have grown up hearing from his father about the proposals and counter-proposals for vaulting those piers. He began his career as an artist, a
While Brunelleschi worked empirically, with large models and not with mathematical calculations such as modern engineers use to determine the form and dimensions of their designs, his revolutionary solution was nevertheless arrived at by a distinctly modern process based upon intelligent observation and deductive reasoning.

Brunelleschi's various biographers indicate that for the next nineteen years until he was appointed architect for the Duomo he sought solutions to the problem through a variety of disciplines. He is known to have gone to Rome at various times and there to have examined the great concrete and brick buildings of Imperial Rome. In order to record exactly his observations of these structures he invented a portable and wieldy method for making accurate scale drawings. This method led directly to his discovery, possibly around 1409, of the rules of scientific perspective, an achievement which, when simplified for use by his younger disciple Alberti, resulted in the complete transformation of the means of representing physical objects in space. Brunelleschi's invention stands as the central technical accomplishment of Renaissance painting. In addition he conceived of, and later had constructed, ingenious machines and mechanical devices for the facilitation of the construction of the cupola. These represented numerous notable improvements upon the machines used for the construction of the great Gothic cathedrals. They anticipated the kinds of machines found 75 years later in the Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, many of which, such as the reversible hoist, the elevated cranes, and the elevated load positioners, have been shown to derive directly from the machines which Brunelleschi created for the construction of the dome and its lantern. We know from his biographers and from documents that Brunelleschi was concerned with the practical problems of motion and time (we hear that he made clocks), with statics, hydraulics, pneumatics, warfare, naval architecture and stage production, all of which surely served to sharpen his intellect and prepare him for the challenge of the dome.

The history of Brunelleschi's construction of the dome may be summarized very briefly. In 1418 the Opera del Duomo held a design competition to which about a dozen architects submitted some seventeen models for the dome. Brunelleschi's entry seems to have been a model about one-twelfth the scale of the actual dome, to have been constructed out of masonry, to have incorporated every structural feature, and to have been large enough to enable people to walk about inside. In April of 1420 Brunelleschi was appointed, along with the sculptor Lorenzo Ghiberti, as superintendent of the construction of the new dome, and by July, having drawn up very precise and elaborate written specifications for it, he set about having constructed the machines which he would need.

A powerful reversible hoist of chestnut, iron and bronze and powered by a team of oxen was erected in the middle of the octagon, and for the next twelve years it raised and lowered the work crew of about fifty men and loads averaging ten tons, but going as high as twenty-five tons, per day. Interior scaffolding was constructed at the top of the tambour, the locus of the springing of the dome, and on it was erected the elevated crane with load positioners, controlled by manually operated turnscrews. These load positioners were responsible for positioning the huge blocks of sandstone and the loads of bricks and mortar which would make up the materials of the cupola.

Construction began promptly, and by the end of 1425 the dome had risen to the 58-foot level, at which point the curvature reached the critical point of beginning to be more lateral than vertical. After debate over proposals to include windows in the inner shell to counteract the interior darkness, a proposition which Brunelleschi rejected as compromising the static integrity of the structure, the construction proceeded successfully up to the completion in 1432 of the key ring upon which the lantern would rest. In 1436 Brunelleschi submitted his model for the lantern, although work on this did not begin until 1444, two years before his death. It was finished posthumously by his pupils, and the gilt bronze ball which crowns it was added by Verrocchio with the help of young Leonardo da Vinci between 1467 and 1472.

When visiting Florence one should not fail to spiral up the 463 steps to the base of the lantern. The panoramic views of Florence, the Arno River, and the neighboring hill towns of Fiesole and Settignano are exhilarating. The streets and buildings, the prominent and easily recognizable landmarks such as the Palazzo Vecchio, Sta. Croce and the Medici church of San Lorenzo are all fully visible and revealed in their entirety in a way which is unattainable from the street.

If one knows what to look for during the climb through the cavity of the dome, one can see for oneself the innovative details of Brunelleschi's construction. At the base of the eight sections of the inside of the cupola lies a parapet along which one may walk. This demarcates the top of the tambour, the point at which the cupola begins its rise. Looking down to the pavement of the crossing almost 200 feet beneath this walkway, one is able to view almost the entire interior, an unforgettable sight especially if one is lucky enough to be there at a time when Masses are being celebrated with candles, colored vestments, incense and music at the altars below.

At this point one is standing at the level of the lowest of three sets of stone chains. These chains, the first of their type to be used since the great circular vaulted buildings of the Roman Empire, bind the two shells of the
dome in order to resist the static outward pressure or “crown thrusts” caused by the weight of the masonry. These pressures create a potentially destructive force in this masonry and impose what civil engineers refer to as a “hoop tension” on the chains which are there to counter it. These chains may occasionally be seen revealed in little pockets carved out by modern engineers who keep a constant watch over the structural condition of the cupola, and they may occasionally be seen within some of the small cracks which are the perfectly normal result of five hundred years of settling.

As one climbs from the parapet level one passes through the two shells which form the inner and outer layers of the dome. These are approximately 7 1/2 feet and 2 1/2 feet thick respectively at the base and narrow to about five feet and 1 1/2 feet at the top. The cavity through which one passes is about four feet wide. In it are found the twenty-four spur walls, or ribs, eight at the corners and two in each of the eight sides. These bind the inner and outer shells and have their origin in the Gothic rib construction of the late Middle Ages. They act as stiffeners between the shells and cause the two layers to act something like the two chords of a masonry truss. It is this double shell construction with its ribs and chains which was entirely unprecedented in 1418. This is the key element in Brunelleschi’s solution of vaulting the cupola without armature. The two shells with their rib connections provided a continuously stable base throughout the construction process for the addition of the next layers of masonry, and no heavy wooden forms or support were necessary. It is through these ribs that one passes in the ascent.

About one quarter of the way up the cupola lies exposed one of Brunelleschi’s most original features, a wooden chain consisting of twenty-four massive chestnut logs, each about one foot square, bound together at their intersections by iron bolts and straps. This chain is thought to act not as a structural member (as do those in stone) but as an ingenious means of monitoring the stresses in the dome during its construction. Any radical movement, indicative of an impending structural failure, could be detected immediately by an examination of the joints of intersection which are all exposed to view. This chain may have also provided a means of absorbing directly the vibrations of the hoisting machine so that they would not disturb the masonry as it cured.

A sharp eye will detect the iron rings attached to iron rods embedded in the masonry of the inner shell on the underside of the vault. These served to help anchor the interior scaffolding as construction progressed and were also intended by Brunelleschi to provide elements from which mosaicists could later anchor their staging as they applied mosaics to the inside surface of the vault. In the end they were used not for mosaicists but as an aid to the painters Giorgio Vasari and Federico Zuccaro as they executed their huge fresco of the Last Judgment between 1572 and 1579. Similar rings appear on the exterior surface at the springing of the dome, and were to serve as elements facilitating the construction of a large exterior arcade, complete with giant figural sculptures at the angles. Only one element of this arcade was ever constructed, and that at a scale much too small, by Baccio d’Agnolo in 1506. Michelangelo, realizing that this was a perversion of Brunelleschi’s intentions for articulating with a strong visual element his lowermost layer of chains, succeeded in stopping d’Agnolo’s work in 1515, ridiculing it as a mere “gabbia da grilli,” a cage for crickets.

The official sentiment expressed at the beginning of construction of the new Cathedral in 1296 which sought to erect an edifice “so magnificent in its height and beauty that it shall surpass anything of its kind produced in the times of their greatest power by the Greeks and Romans,” was at the time little more than high sounding political rhetoric. Certainly something unprecedented since Roman times was being planned, but the early architects and civic leaders could not have envisioned that one of their own Florentine citizens would in fact over a century later surpass all the great engineers of the past with a new and unique vaulting solution for the great dome. While Brunelleschi worked empirically, with large models and not with mathematical calculations such as modern engineers use to determine the form and dimensions of their designs, his revolutionary solution was nevertheless arrived at by a distinctly modern process based upon intelligent observation and deductive reasoning.

Extremely independent, doggedly persistent, Brunelleschi designed all details of his solution, inventing where there was no precedent, extrapolating from normal building practice to provide new methods. All great masonry domes since Brunelleschi’s time, including St. Peter’s, St. Paul’s and the Pantheon in Paris, make use of his system of ribs, chains and multiple shells.

Only after the introduction of iron as a building material during the industrial revolution were new systems devised to replace those which Brunelleschi created for the construction of masonry domes. American engineers and architects played a leading role in developing these new systems. Since the metal-framed skyscraper is a uniquely American creation resulting from this process, its recent evolution in the twin towers of the World Trade Center lies directly in the line of achievement so notably advanced by Brunelleschi over 550 years ago in the dome of the Cathedral of Florence.

**Recommended Reading**


“Brunelleschi appears to have determined to prove his genius by addressing himself to the greatest challenge of all, to solving the problem of how to build the cupola of the Cathedral without armature.”
"The first essays of the Camerata in the new operatic style ushered in a form of music that was to dominate the interests of Italian composers for the next 300 years."

There is no goddess more beautiful or more worthy than this one:
You see Cytherea, sweet mother of love;
You see Minerva here who preserves the war and tames martial fury with Wisdom and Art;
All come together to live in Florence . . .

Sometime in the last decades of the fifteenth century, the Netherlands composer Heinrich Isaac, at the time employed by Lorenzo di Medici, set to music these words in praise of Florence. A song reflecting the city's pride in its humanistic attributes, it is one of numerous trionfi composed for civic celebrations. There was a considerable quantity of such music linked to public events, and it points to a rich and vital musical life in Renaissance Florence. This wealth of musical activity set the stage for the birth at the close of the sixteenth century of a new musical form, the opera.

For all its interest in music, Florence produced no native composer of stature in this period. But Florence was not alone at this time in the lack of first-rate native composers. Until about the mid-sixteenth century it was practice throughout Italy to import from the Franco-Netherlandish area what were considered the finest and most prestigious composers, as well as singers and instrumentalists. Lorenzo’s court composer Isaac was one such prize who had been wooed southward.

The first renowned Netherland composer to have association with Florence was the young Guillaume Dufay. Dufay was in the city in 1436 for the consecration of Brunelleschi's masterwork, the Cathedral Church of Santa Maria del Fiore. Pope Eugenius, then in residence in Florence, officiated at the dedication and Dufay, a member of the Papal choir, may have participated in the performance of his own motet Nuper rasarum ilores, written for the occasion. While the composition is a good example of music tied to a specific event in Florentine history, it is of particular interest in that it reflects Dufay's skill at mirroring Brunelleschi's magnificent architectural proportions in music. The relationship of the motet's four sections produces, by considering the unit pulse grouping of each section, a ratio of 6:4:2:3, remarkable in view of the fact that "The size and curvature of the cupola sum up and coordinate the naves and presbytery, reducing gothic dimensions to a ratio of 6:4:2:3." The musicologist Charles W. Warren notes one other structural correspondence: the double construction of the dome, with one cupola inside the other, seems to be reflected in the use of the two tenors in canon, that is, with one melody fitting under the other. He suggests the possibility that Dufay may have had access to the plans of the Cathedral or that composer and architect may have met in Florence.

The performance of choral music in Florence at this time must have been at a particularly high level. Thanks to the efforts of Cosimo di Medici, the famous cantori di San Giovanni was organized in the late 1430s. One of the early choirs to perform polyphony, the singers of San Giovanni served from the outset both the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore and the Baptistry of San Giovanni, and later in the century the Santissima Annunziata as well. The choir, which over the years employed some of the best singers in Europe, was in frequent demand both within Florence and at other centers of Italy.

Lorenzo di Medici brought the composer Isaac to Florence around 1494. Lorenzo was an avid lover of music and as a poet he collaborated with Isaac in a genre that had been peculiar to the city for some time, the canto carnascialesco or carnival song. These popular street songs originally improvised by roving bands of masqueraders and trolled during the pre-Lenten revelries. Certain of them were sung beneath the windows of ladies, but far from being courtly serenades, their verses were filled with double entendres and frankly lewd lines. Lorenzo attempted to raise the quality of the carnival song as part of a larger effort to give the carnival a loftier tone than it had had before. He saw the carnival season as a time for expressing civic pride, and this is reflected in the considerable number of topical songs about city life and trionfi, such as the one quoted at the beginning of this article, that were promoted at his instigation. Both he and his court poet Poliziano, as well as others, wrote lyrics which were at least somewhat more polite than the typical street versions.
But it was in the musical settings of such composers as Isaac that the real refinements were produced. Unfortunately, none of Isaac's songs specifically written for the carnival survive, although other of his Florentine songs in much the same style do come down to us.

Two types of song related to the canto canzoni echo were also popular in Renaissance Florence. The canzona a ballo was a danced song performed during Calendimaggio, one of the most important of Florentine celebrations, which began on May Day and culminated in a festival honoring John the Baptist, the city's patron saint. Religious songs known as laudi were sung at least as early as the thirteenth century in Florence, often having been performed by guilds in the evening before statues of the Virgin Mary. They continued to appear throughout the Renaissance, though in more complex versions.

Savonarola's rule (1494-1498) brought an end to secular musical performances in Florence for a time. Some writers believe that as a result of this the public musical life in the sixteenth century never fully regained its former vigor. Indeed, unlike the music discussed so far, much of the music of the sixteenth century was not meant for public consumption. Of these later works, the madrigal was a type of vocal chamber music written for and performed by members of an elite group, particularly by the court and by certain academies interested in cultivating poetry and music. At its best the madrigal fused fine poetry with music that sensitively underscored the text meaning. While Florence was not the center for madrigal composing that Ferrara and Mantua were, two of the fathers of the new secular genre, Phillippe Verdelot and Jacques Arcadelt—both Northerners—were for a while associated with Florence. In fact, the latter composer set to music two madrigal poems by another celebrated Florentine resident, Michelangelo.

Madrigals were often employed in a type of lavish entertainment called the intermedio. If such presentations of madrigals were not on the intimate scale of the chamber performance, they were nevertheless equally exclusive. Intermedii were musico-dramatic interludes with spectacular stage effects performed between scenes of plays, particularly between scenes of the classical comedies that were being revived in the Renaissance. The characters portrayed were often drawn from classical mythology. Some of the most celebrated intermedii were performed as part of royal festivities in Florence. A noteworthy feature of many of these dramatic pieces was the large and varied instrumental ensemble employed, an aspect that can be seen to be a direct forebear of the early opera orchestra. One intermedio performed between scenes of d'Ambra's La Cofaneria, a comedy staged for the wedding of Francesco de' Medici and Johanna of Austria in 1565, included, for example, an eight-voice madrigal representing Venus that is accompanied behind the scenes by two harpsichords, four bass viols, an alto lute, a cornett, a trombone, and two recorders.

Another type of musico-dramatic production related to the intermedio is the sacre rappresentazione, which had been in existence since the fifteenth century. These religious plays with music, performed during Lent, were like the intermedii in their use of grandiose scenes and stage machinery. Unlike the aristocratic intermedio, however, the sacre rappresentazione reached a wide audience. Both of these types of production, with their mixture of music, drama, and large-scale staging, left their imprint on opera.

The groundwork laid at the close of the RenaissanceFlorence, dominated by the dome of the Florence Cathedral.
In setting his message before his fellowmen, the mystic risks failure; he may be misunderstood, ignored, denounced or abused.

The sixteenth century for the development of the opera found its most direct impetus in the activity of one of the several humanistic academies that flourished in Florence during this period. The members of the group, called the Camerata, which met at the house of one Count Bardi in the 1580s, were intent on reviving Greek drama. As they believed that the Greeks had sung the dialogue of their plays, the Camerata wished to create a type of solo vocal music that would render the text faithfully, both from a view of correct declamation and of requisite expression. A number of composers of the time had already used dramatic narrative in madrigal setting, but for the Camerata polyphony was simply not an acceptable vehicle for expressing the words. What the composers of the group arrived at was a type of solo recitative with a relatively simple chordal accompaniment, and it was this that became the basis of early opera. Their first essays in the new operatic style were performed in Florence around the turn of the century, thus ushering in a form of music that was to dominate the interests of Italian composers for the next 300 years.

In the history of music, Florence is best known as the birthplace of opera. But as with the appearance of any complex art form, the opera represents a confluence of a number of diverse events and musical styles. Canto carnascialesco, madrigal, canzona a ballo, sacre rappresentativo, and intermedio all represent certain of the main ingredients contributing to the opera's development and can be seen in the genre's fusion of the popular with the cultivated, the mythic with the real, and the spectacular with the intimate. Perhaps such a blending could have taken place only in Florence where, as the poet in the opening stanza sings, "All come together . . ."

Recommended Recordings
Ceremonial Music of the Renaissance, performed by the Capella antiqua, Munich; Konrad Ruhland, director. Telefunken Stereo SAWT 9524-B Ex.
A commendable performance of Dufay's Nuper rosarum flores appears on this album.
A Florentine Festival, performed by Musica Reservata; directed by Michael Morrow; conducted by John Beckett. Argo Stereo ZRG 602
This album includes the music of two intermedii for Bargagli's comedy La pellegrina, performed originally at the wedding festivities of Ferdinand de' Medici and Christine of Lorraine, 1589; an anonymous carnival song titled "Orsi, orsù car signori" that is sung with a raucous, open-air spirit; and nine canzoni a ballo.

Two pilgrimages of mystical love

By Patricia Ingala Scalzi '62

"In setting his message before his fellowmen, the mystic risks failure; he may be misunderstood, ignored, derided or abused.

I

n January 1207 Giovanni Bernardone stood in the portico of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Assisi. Stripping to his hair shirt and tossing his clothes and a bag of money at his stunned and humiliated father, he renounced his earthly birthright. Then, barefoot, clad only in a peasant's tunic, he walked into the frozen woods, singing God's praises all the while. Nearly a century later, in April 1300, Dante Alighieri found himself in the dark and desolate Wood of Error, his passage towards Salvation blocked by the three fierce beasts of Fraud, Violence and Incontinence. Forced into the realization that he could not continue alone, and submitting himself to the guidance of Virgil (Human Reason), he began the fearsome voyage through Hell that ultimately would lead him to Redemption.

So begin two of the most famous pilgrimages recorded in Italian literature. One illuminates the arduous process of self-denial, and glorification of Christ, which characterize the life of St. Francis; the other traces Dante's development as the consummate Christian poet—the author of The Divine Comedy.

Strictly speaking, the incidents dramatize only the moment of embarkation. Much painful growth preceded them.

As a young man Francis was a charming, courteous, somewhat prodigal merchant's son. Always popular, he was the ringleader of a merry band of revelers who loved his songs, his gaiety, and his cash. He yearned to live the life of the troubador and to seek the soldier's glory, but his year-long imprisonment in
Perugia after the Battle of San Giovanni (1202), and the convalescence which followed, forced long periods of reflection. With a revaluation of his old behavior and aspirations came an increasing sense of meaninglessness. Even the beauty of the natural world he loved so dearly lost its enchanting glow. After his conversion in 1206 Francis began to walk a radically new road. Gradually he created a new life. His troubadour's song became the praise of God and all Creation, his war the battle to draw Christians back to a living faith after a long period of apathy. To this mission he brought a burning love of Christ and the psalms, a deep sense of humility, and an especially tender devotion to the poor. He sought to break all the social and religious chains that, in binding one man to another, limit the individual's ability to love all other men freely. Thus he renounced all property and possessions, any right to Papal protection and clerical status, holy orders, monastic rule, and learning, and culture.

Much less is known of Dante's life than of Francis'. He was born in May 1265 in Florence to a family who were White Guelphs; in politics and of modest social and economic stature. Though Dante probably had an unexceptional educational background, he showed an intense interest in learning at an early age. While still in his teens, he was a serious student of the Provençal poetry of courtly love and a writer of verse. In 1292 he wrote the Vita Nuova (New Life) in celebration of his youthful love of Beatrice Portinari. Next he immersed himself in the study of philosophy, theology, and classic literature. With the encyclopedic Convivio (Banquet), Dante hoped to provide a compendium of learning that would help any thoughtful Italian lead a wise and upright life. Though a scholarly work, it was written in the vernacular, not in Latin, thus reflecting the poet's deep love of the Italian language as well as its missionary intent.

During this period Dante's passion for political activity grew. He was both soldier — in the battle of Campaldino, and politician — as a member of the Council of the Hundred and ambassador to San Gimignano. In 1300 he was one of six magistrates who attempted to moderate the violent factionalism destroying the Commune. Painful failure soon followed. The Convivio, however elevated in intent and passionate in tone, proved unworkable. In 1302 the political moderate fell victim to factional purges. Exiled from his beloved Florence, he returned Italy until his death in 1321. Out of all these experiences, drew inspiration for the Comedy. He probably began writing in 1307 though he prefaces the masterpiece for symbolic purposes. Like the Convivio, it was a missionary work. Using the example of his own spiritual pilgrimage, Dante hoped to mobilize his readers to begin a similar journey. They were to form the vanguard of a reformation of Italy's political and religious institutions.

Thus both St. Francis and Dante considered themselves Christian missionaries. Francis felt blessed by God and empowered to model a radically new style of life — one that directly, actively imitates Christ's life. The example he offers us is primarily an ethical one; he gives us a life of faith fully and deeply recreated. In contrast, Dante's example is primarily an aesthetic one; he offers us a life of faith fully and deeply recreated. Considering himself blessed and empowered by God, he boldly models a radically new literary form structurally similar to the classical epic, allegorically patterned on the Bible. Yet each is impelled by the same sense of existential power received through the mystical experience.

Usually when men talk about what they know or experience they relate their feelings, desires, thoughts, or memories. The mystic claims precisely the opposite. During the brief period of a fully developed mystical experience he feels no sensation, sees no vision, hears no voice, dreams no dream, wills no deed, thinks no thought. He moves so far beyond ordinary consciousness that all spatial and temporal bonds are broken, and he intuitively apprehends and indeed becomes pure consciousness. This is a fleeting, intense, ineffable moment of union with life itself. It has supreme value and authenticity. It crowns the mystic's life. The experience is not considered inherently supernatural or miraculous. It is open to all. Usually it culminates a long, rigorous process of spiritual preparation during which the individual has sought to purify his desires and illuminate his mind. When the moment of union passes, sense, will, memory and reason resume their accustomed roles. The mystic then begins to interpret his experience, to endow it with structure and meaning. Historically this interpretation has been given in terms of religious beliefs and images.

We can trace this sequence of disciplined preparation, experience of union and religious interpretation. In the combined works of Dante and St. Francis. Both men interpret the moment of union with the uniquely Christian interpretation of communion with God. Since this God is alive and they directly commune with Him, they are overwhelmed by intense love for Him and all He has created. This love is accompanied by what St. Paul called "a peace that passes all understanding" (Philippians 4:7). Energized by such love and peace, they spread the good news of God's love. Thus they transform an intensely personal experience into social action; they mirror the great commandment "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and soul and mind and thy neighbor as thyself" (Luke 10:27).

Students of comparative mysticism, including Walter Stace and William Johnston, note that this affective tone and insistence on the practical application of the principle of love are precisely what distinguish Christian mysticism from other expressions.

Neither poet describes the culminating moment itself. In the Divine Comedy Dante
traces the step by step process of preparation. In the “Inferno” he shows how, despite fear and dread, he comes to recognize the nature of sin. Then in “Purgatorio” he notes a growing sense of liberation and hope as his weakness is purged and his will strengthened. Finally, when his mind is illuminated and his spirit perfected in the “Paradiso,” we share his joy and awe. As Dante the pilgrim more closely approaches God, Dante the poet imbibes his verse with an ever deeper affective tone. In the “Paradiso” images of the glowing light of love radiate each canto, and metaphors are of the most tender, maternal nature. Throughout the poem Dante has turned from description. In “Paradiso XXXIII,” while trying to describe his direct “vision” of the “face” of God, Dante admits defeat. But oh how much my words miss my conception, which is itself so far from what I saw that to call it feeble would be rank deception!

Like a geometer wholly dedicated to squaring the circle, but who cannot find, think as he may, the principle indicated—

so did I study the supernatural face.

I learned to know just how our image merges into that circle, and how it there finds place:

but mine were not the wings for such a flight.

Yet, as I wished, the truth I wished for came cleaving my mind in a great flash of light.

vv. 112-114, 133-141

St. Francis’ poetic genius shines in the limpid praises of a God already discovered, of individual creatures and elements already embraced as brothers. Of the painful preparatory process, the poet is silent. In the verses of the “Canticle of the Sun,” the “Land,” and the “Our Father,” he shows us the gifts of the mystical experience—joy despite intense physical suffering and peace despite psychological turmoil and impending death. In the “Canticle” he sings:

Most High, Almighty, good Lord.
Thine be the praise, the glory, the honour,
And all blessing.

Praise to Thee, my Lord, for all Thy creatures.
Above all Brother Sun
Who brings us the day and lends us His light.

Lovely is he, radiant with great splendour,
And speaks to us of Thee,
O Most High.

Praise to Thee, my Lord, for those who pardon one another.

For love of Thee, and endure
Sickness and tribulation.

Praise to Thee, my Lord, for our Sister bodily Death
From whom no man living may escape;

Woe to those who die in mortal sin.

Blessed are they who are found in Thy most holy will,
For the second death cannot harm them.

The mystic—who has risked so much, who has opened himself so vulnerably to God—is not protected from the consequences of his words and actions. Union with God does not protect him from the realities of life. The act of communicating his intimate, precious message becomes the ultimate risk and renunciation. In setting his message before his fellowmen, the mystic risks failure; he may be misunderstood, ignored, derided or abused. He renounces control over his creation. Once born, it is in the hands of his contemporaries.

St. Francis and Dante did suffer a full measure of failure. Both were venerated but misunderstood. Francis’ followers did not comprehend that in emphasizing the Saint’s miracles and stigmata, they had created a new idol. Many ignored the Saint’s central message. They could not really accept either his total imitation of Christ’s life or its consequences. Instead of confronting the issues he raised, they cast Francis into a convenient religious mold. This demanded less growth on their part. By 1226, the year of St. Francis’ death, many of the men he loved the most no longer followed his model of simplicity and poverty. His order was racked by bitter dissension.

Dante, too, was lionized. But those who read his Comedy were not moved to repent, to create a just papal and imperial order. They were awed by the architectonic marvels, by the beauty of speech, by brilliance and depth of thought but directed their energies elsewhere—towards the discovery of the individual and the enrichment of the rational. The poet’s spiritual and political message was ignored.

In an important sense each failed where he most hoped to succeed. Perhaps the winds of change blew too strongly past them. Perhaps each misunderstood his powers or misread the times. Yet each succeeded in unexpected ways. Now we can appreciate them. In a world that seeks new political and spiritual integration, that realizes the limits of the rational and the empirical, that creates a Whitehead and a Teilhard—St. Francis and Dante offer us lives we need to meet and songs we need to hear.

Recommended Reading
Bishop, Morris, St. Francis of Assisi, Little, Brown & Co., 1974

“In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray.”
Gustave Doré’s depiction of the opening lines of Dante’s Inferno.
Keeping the classroom full

By Jeanette B. Hersey
Director of Admissions

Admissions officials can no longer look forward to bumper crops of college applicants. Maintaining a student body of adequate size has become a greater challenge than ever.

Since the middle of this century college admissions have risen steadily, generating assumptions that this happy condition would continue forever. The unexpected announcement of a diminishing applicant pool brought an abrupt end to plans for continued expansion. Suddenly we faced the real possibility of declining college enrollments.

Before looking at the future, however, we need to know where we stand today, where problems exist and where we are succeeding.

We have just concluded a highly successful admissions year. The volume of applications reached a record high as interest in Connecticut College continued to expand, and we were able to select a strong yet diverse freshman class. Looking back over the year, however, we were aware of subtle changes occurring both in student attitudes and in the entire college admissions scene.

Interviewing prospective students who came to visit the campus, we sensed a change in their perception of Connecticut College, not as a college that was going coed but one that is coed. True, some still asked about the ratio of men to women, and occasionally parents reminisced about the past, but the attitude in general reflected a confidence in the present situation, and a satisfaction that the change had been successful and permanent.

But it appears that this transition is visible only to those who have seen it. Many others, unaware of the changes which have occurred since 1969, still cling to the image of a woman's college, and as a result, Connecticut College is overlooked by many young men and women who are searching for a coeducational college. This is particularly true of men, and is evident in the 1:3 ratio of men and women applicants. To increase the male applicant group is a major goal of this year's admissions program.

Today's students are different in many ways from the students of a few years ago. For example, they are very serious in their approach to choosing a college. Despite the acknowledged fact that high school graduates of 1976 could expect to have more choices, as admissions was becoming a buyer's market, they were extremely cautious in making decisions. Right up to the deadlines—and beyond—they deliberated and delayed.

More than in past generations, these young people seem to be aware of the costs of a college education, the uncertainty of the job market, and the unappealing options for those who do not continue their schooling. They are looking for the best possible investment for their future, and their search for the right direction is undertaken seriously.

Most 17-year-olds have no notion of their future careers or professions, but many expect their college to assist them in making a choice and in preparing for their life's work. Older brothers and sisters might have been enraptured with younger children, but not this generation. At the same time, they see the risks of specialization, and there appears to be a renewed appreciation for the "well rounded" education.

It follows that this generation sees college as a community, where learning is central, but where there will be an open, welcoming atmosphere, informal associations with others, and time to pursue personal interests. "Will I know my teachers... and will they know..."
me?”, “How active is the student government?” “How good is the advising system?” “Do students stay on campus over weekends? I don’t want a suitcase college.” “How soon will I have a good chance for admission to law school (medical school) if I attend Connecticut College?” These are some of the questions applicants are asking, as they attempt to assess the quality of life, academic and social, on a college campus.

Connecticut College stands up well against the competition and attracts well-qualified, interesting, and diverse students. Our undergraduates are well above average in ability and performance. The statistical profile of entering classes varies only slightly from year to year, and admissions standards have remained constant, for the admitted student must be able to undertake the rigorous coursework offered at this college. It is from this position that we have planned this fall’s admissions programs, and we expect them to yield, next fall, an entering class of comparable size and strength.

What about future years? We have seen, during the past two decades, a steady pattern of growth in college-going populations. In the ‘50s and ‘60s, the number of high school graduates more than doubled. Colleges responded to that growth by expanding facilities and creating new learning opportunities for greater numbers of students. The community colleges experienced unprecedented growth. Non-traditional programs, TV classrooms, universities-without-walls, weekend colleges, and open admissions brought higher education within the reach of millions.

Continued growth was projected for the foreseeable future, generating feelings of well-being and confidence. The decade of the ‘70’s opened on this note of optimism, but by 1973, two events occurred which cast a different light on college enrollments. The first was the serious national recession, and we witnessed the closing of many small private colleges which could no longer meet operating costs. Many students looked to the less expensive public colleges, chose to enter technical programs or abandoned altogether their college plans.

The second significant event was the announcement that earlier projections of college and university enrollments over the next three decades would need revision. Both the federal government’s National Center for Educational Statistics and the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education had found that a declining U.S. birth rate, a leveling off of high school graduation rates, and rising enrollments in non-degree credit programs (as degree-credit enrollments leveled off or began to decline) made a revision imperative. The new projections, according to the Chronicle of Higher Education, indicate that college and university enrollments “will increase about 3 million between 1970 and 1980, decline about 1 million between 1980 and 1990, and again increase about 2.7 million between 1990 and 2000”, with an estimated net increase of about 4.6 million over the three decades.

Colleges operating on marginal financial resources stepped up student recruiting. But on many campuses, dormitories were half filled or stood empty, budgets were cut in both public and private institutions and new student populations were sought. New federal programs for tuition assistance were created. All colleges—some more than others—felt the effect of these altered conditions, and the reality of the situation had to be confronted.

Enrollments in colleges and universities have climbed during the past three years, but increases among private colleges have been modest compared to the sharp rise in enrollments in non-degree-credit programs, in part-time student enrollments, and in the public institutions—especially the community colleges.

At Connecticut College, this fall, dormitories are filled beyond normal capacity, and the total enrollment is expected to exceed last fall’s count of 1,611 full time undergraduate students. The figures are reassuring, but statistics do not report the full story. Selective colleges are all seeking the same kind of students—those who are bright, serious, creative, talented, interesting. And the student with those qualities who also can afford to attend a private college is additionally attractive. As that pool of students gets smaller, the competition will become more intense, and those colleges will face some increasingly difficult problems.

What can we project for Connecticut College in the years ahead? There is the obvious possibility of fewer applicants, unless our proportion of the candidate pool increases. Given the nature of our program (liberal arts) and the steadily rising cost of private education, it is unlikely that greater numbers of high school students will be applying.

If present admission standards are to be maintained, if there are no changes in our academic program, and if we develop no new sources for financial aid then it follows that entering classes are likely to be smaller. To lower standards or modify programs would be unacceptable. What are the chances for more financial aid for college bound students? From our own resources, we can expect only modest increases whenever a raise in tuition is made. State and federal programs depend on legislative action for continued funding, and there is no assurance that the programs will increase in proportion to the growing need.

Are there new populations from which Connecticut could attract students? Many colleges and universities have developed academic programs for adults, offering coursework in evenings, on weekends, and by extension. Our Return to College program and the summer and evening division course offerings have attempted to respond to the needs and interests of the adult population in the New London area, but tuition costs present a great barrier to many of these potential students. If we want to attract special student enrollment, we shall have to study the market carefully and develop a reasonable program of financial aid. At present, it seems unlikely that there will be a sufficient number of special students enrolling to offset the anticipated decreases in full time undergraduates.

What implications do the new projections have on minority student enrollments? Our progress in recruiting minority students has been slow, as it has been for most of the New England liberal arts colleges. Competition for the qualified minority student is keen now. It can only intensify.

Is there anything hopeful in this sombre picture? I think there is. Connecticut College has an excellent reputation. Its power is in its faculty and its academic programs. Recent additions to its facilities have enhanced the attractiveness of programs in the arts and provided a much needed new library. It offers some unusual majors, such as Asian Studies and Child Development, programs not often offered by other liberal arts colleges in comparable depth. Its location is an asset. The transition to coeducation has succeeded, and its popularity has been increasing. Most important, it is unafraid to explore new programs, to examine existing ones, and to act when change is indicated.

During the course of this year, and in the years ahead, much thought will be given to developing long range plans for the future of Connecticut College and defining its future role, size and character. Enrollments will be one consideration of the planners, but future enrollments will also be influenced directly by the quality of the decisions which will be made at all levels.
What was Alumni Council 1976?

It was a gathering of class agent chairmen, class representatives, admissions aides, club representatives and executive board members from Oklahoma, Minnesota, Connecticut, California.

It was a dedication and tour of the new library.

It was a discussion of campus issues with student representatives. ("There is a great controversy now concerning the academic honor code," said student government president Leslie Margolin.)

It was a report on the state of the College from President Oakes Ames. ("I'm optimistic about liberal arts education and its value...about the spirit of the College...about the sum total of how people feel about the place.")

It was a faculty presentation on academic planning (Wayne Swanson, dean of the faculty: "There is an identity crisis facing liberal arts colleges, especially Connecticut College...We've reached the stage where people are asking, what will the graduate of a liberal arts college get?")

It was a "Potpourri of the Performing Arts" at Cummings Arts Center's Dana Hall.

It was workshops, meetings, receptions, dinners, more workshops—on admissions, reunion planning, alumni clubs, career internship.

It was a common expression of surprise, and, for the most part, pleasure at the changes Connecticut College has undergone; changes to its physical plant, the nature and attitudes of its students, the reaffirmation of the value of the liberal arts in an era of increasing specialization.

In Memoriam

Jeanne C. Prokesch

During my leave of absence in 1959-60, I heard from my colleague, Dr. Bernice Wheeler, that a fine addition had been made to the Chemistry department, and that this new person was also interested in teaching in Zoology. Not long after, Dr. Prokesch did indeed become a member of our department, a felicitous arrangement for all concerned. For a while she taught in both areas, later concentrating on her courses with us, although her ties with chemistry also remained strong.

Mrs. Prokesch was a brilliant and widely informed scientist. Her specialties were bacteriology, immunology and mammalian endocrinology. She had a broad background in physiology, started early at her alma mater, Goucher College, noted for that branch of science teaching. After graduating with honors, including Phi Beta Kappa membership, Jeanne obtained a Ph.D. at Yale Medical School, doing postgraduate research there and at New York Medical College, where she also taught, as well as at Cornell University Medical School.

Dr. Prokesch was a stimulating and valuable colleague. Her seminar in immunological problems gave our seniors a rather unusual understanding of this increasingly important aspect of biology. Their comments when holding jobs where this knowledge gave them added insight showed appreciation of their good fortune.

Jeanne was a forceful but sympathetic teacher. Because of my own interest in endocrinology, I listened to some of her lectures in that course. The experimental work in the laboratory was done mostly with the albino rat. Thus the students became acquainted with recent advances in the subject, but were also trained in delicate surgical techniques.

Her warm nature made her a natural friend and adviser for the young. For eleven years, she was adviser of premedical students, a role for which she was particularly well qualified, with her affiliations with medicine, chemistry and biology. Before coming to Connecticut College, she had published considerable research, and was looking forward to doing so again.

Those of us who knew her family were privileged to enjoy her attractive home, her husband, Dr. Clemens Prokesch, and their engaging children. We share with deepest sympathy in their loss.

Dorothy Richardson
Professor emeritus of Zoology
Letters

No record

To the Editor:
I was greatly interested in Henrietta Rogers' account (Winter 1976) of her "protest" years. They paralleled mine except for the dénouement, of which more later. I, too, regarded my 20 years of protestations as an affirmation of the Bill of Rights and the Constitution, but not as an act of heresy nor as the advocacy of revolt. I, too, started with the McCarthy years. Angered at living in an academic community, but one without any visible conviction concerning academic freedom, I launched into an intense letter-writing crusade. Then the years of rebellion against the Vietnam war; the marches in Washington; the refusal to pay the telephone tax; the withholding of a portion of my income tax as a protest against defense spending; endless "leafletting" and the proffering of petitions (one of the latter was a copy of the Bill of Rights; several people refused to sign it, as being too subversive!) and then the final trip to Washington in '72 to protest the inauguration.

Then came the difference. I didn't apply to the FBI as did Mrs. Rogers; rather, I was sent "out of the blue" a communication from the CIA inviting me to fill out a form (date of birth, birthplace, etc.) and they would oblige me by looking up my CIA record. I lost no time in responding, waited several weeks, and finally received a letter from the agency saying that "after a thorough search they could find no record in my name." I'm still wondering why they sent the initial application.

Anne Slade Frey '22
Hanover, New Hampshire

Permanent love

To the Editor:
Just recently I went through my boxes of college papers that my mother had saved for 20 years. I had been selective at that and only the notes, papers, books, etc. that meant something to me had been kept and then ignored for those years. I found many of my papers done for Miss Worthington, who became Mrs. Smyser while I was still at Conn. On rereading them, all the memories of those exciting lectures on Yeats, Eliot and Wordsworth returned to me. I think of all my teachers, I loved her the best. She created a permanent love of poetry in me and I in turn have passed it on to my husband. We often read from my poetry books on four-hour trips to Vermont. It more than passes the time.

She helped me learn to write and gave me a standard to reach for. I must admit I saved my "A" papers but I was very proud of those high marks. They had been earned.

Now, The Thirteen Colonies Cookbook which I wrote in collaboration with three women is in the bookshelves. It is a readable cookbook with many historic notes. I think she might have been proud of me. I hope so.

Frances Keller Mills '50
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

Qwertyuiop½

To the Editor:
This is to suggest that those in the same "Out of Work" situation described by Ms. Margo Reynolds (Spring 1976) might take a week or two from their search for creative jobs and—instead of watching soap opera—learn how to type.

Without this basic skill, no college graduate in the world is of the slightest value as an ad writer or editorial assistant. Though it is possible to get by with longhand in college, in the professional world it is simply not acceptable, and chances are extremely slim that a rank beginner would be immediately provided with a secretary for her own personal use.

It might be of interest to mention that experienced editors and copywriters type their own work more often than not. Creative work must often be struggled over, not merely dictated, and certainly it would be a waste of valuable time to write everything laboriously in longhand, then stand in line at the typing pool, waiting for a stenographer to become available. Why, then, would any self-respecting editor hire an assistant who can't type her own work, when he can easily find one who can?

Carolyn Blocker Lane '48
Salt Point, New York

Is this your alma mater?

Believe it or not, it is. Intercollegiate soccer under the lights. Cheering crowds. Hot dogs, cider and beer for sale. A scoreboard emblazoned with

HARKNESS FIELD
Connecticut College 0
Visitor 3

Yes, the Conn College Camels were defeated by Wesleyan's varsity soccer team, but then again, Wesleyan had beaten Harvard only two days before. Soccer is a serious sport at Connecticut College now, and the Camels deserve credit for performing so well against so formidable an opponent.

But don't expect to find the light towers the next time you visit the campus. The lights were installed free of charge by a company promoting its portable lighting system. The whole set-up had disappeared without a trace by the next evening.

More on athletics at Conn in the next issue.
Sadie Colt Benjamin, Charlotte Keefe Durham, Mildred Keefe Smiddy, Mareda Prentis, and Juline Warner Comstock reunion of the Class of ‘19 at reunion. Unfortunately, following the Memorial Service, Prent fell in the Chapel and broke her hip, requiring several weeks’ hospitalization in New London. Its sympathy to Mildred White’s cousins and is saddened by the news of her death.

Correspondent: Mrs. Juline Warner Comstock (Juline Warner ’19) c/o Warner, 1 Farnsworth St., New London, Conn. 06320

Mildred Beebe Seymour and Rudy celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on June 3. The festivities were planned by their sons with relatives coming from as far as Fla. and Calif.

Alice Ferris Lewis keeps busy as grandmother of five and still works part time as a corsetiere.

Margaret (Mug) McCarthy Morrissey and Len are involved in the athletic and social events at Dartmouth. In late June they went to Ireland for 3 weeks, their 7th trip to that country which they find “most refreshing and relaxing.” They returned in time for Len’s Post 50th Reunion. Following a custom of 30 years they spent the summer at Essex, Mass. Earlier in the year Mugs lunched with Elnor Hunkin Torpy ‘24 and Bub Forst ‘24.

Hannah Sachs, Ethel Kane Fielding, Katherine Stone Leavenworth and Katharine Weert held a mini-reunion at the spring luncheon of the Waterbury Chapter of C.C. Alumni at which three students from college spoke.

Marian (Maya) Johnson Schmuck, having become one of the “year rounders” of Nantucket, finds the off-season best in many ways. In Sept. she went to Chicago to the wedding of her grand-daughter Sally and Ensign G. Grant who received his wings in June. Recent travels took Maya to England, Scotland and Corpus Christi, Tex. where she experienced life on a Naval base.

Isabel Barnum Wingate, now Prof. Emeritus of retail management at NYU, is an active member of the Institute for Retired Professionals at the New School for Social Research. She is chairperson of a course for consumer retirees studying health, clothing, decorating and finances. Her achievements as a lecturer and consultant are many, especially in the field of textiles. One of her books, Textile Fabrics and their Selection, has recently gone into its 7th printing. The Wingates have a daughter, Elaine Conway; a son, John B. Wingate; and 5 grandchildren.

Mary Birch Timberman, our class president, writes, “Recently Alice Holcombe received a letter from Dorothy Randle’s sister enclosing a check to the class for $2500 in Dot’s memory to be used as scholarships and texts for students from college spoke.”

Eleanor Harriman Kohl and Emily Warner took a 5000 mile motor trip south, down the east coast to Key West, back Florida west coast and through Mexico. “With the following:”

Dorothy (Jo) Perry Weston, New Smyrna Beach, Fla., slim and beautiful, still plays golf with George once a week.

Grace (Spudie) Ward lives in her own home at Delray Beach, is active in church work and at the Beach Club.

Grace Demarest Wright, a professional realtor and an accomplished artist with several canvases to her credit, lives on the intercostal waterway where yachts steam by her deck constantly.

Parks McCombs enjoys life in her spacious condominium on St. Armand’s Key. She altered the travelers to a C.C. Club luncheon at St. Pete Yacht Club, where they saw several alumni friends.

Charlotte Crane wintered in N.H. She visited her son and family in Peekskill this spring.

Correspondent: Emily Warner, 14 Arden Way, South Yarmouth, Mass. 02664

Sally Pithouse Becker writes, “I’m still up to my ears in flowers. The Philadelphia show was bigger and better than ever. Princess Grace was there; she judged the press flower class. Yes, I did meet her; she is lovely, has real charm. I am director of the Philadelphia C.C. Alumni Club. Men? Three came to our last meeting, all great guys.” Sally returned to C.C. several times last year as her committee completed the revision of the by-laws and worked on procedures. “Tell the ‘27ers I’m looking forward to June ‘77 and, God willing, hope to see every one of them on campus.”

Elizabeth Higgins Capen is symposium chairman of the Nat’l Daffodil Society. On her property in Boonton, N.J., she grows over 1800 varieties of daffodils.

Emily Koehler Hammond, not far from Liza, built a nature trail up a woody hills side. Koehler is busy painting pictures in oils.

Eleanor (Nubh) Verner took a course in interior decoration and hopes to have her 4-story home redecorated before the end of ’76. Her two hobbies are photography and gardening.

Edith (Pat) Clark is still teaching a half day and expects to continue through ‘77. She plans a vacation trip to Me., Block Island, etc. “If I can find a good kennel for my beloved cocker spaniel, Betsy Rose,” Pat invited Frances Jones Stadium to her home in June. Fannie had just returned from a cruise.

Esther Chandler Taylor and Ralph attended the wedding of their daughter, Mary Hale, to Capt. Allison Giles Sconyers in Columbus, Miss. in mid-Apr., then flew to Calif. to celebrate their own umpty-umph honeymoon.

Florence (Flops) Surpless Miller intends to stay in Naples, Fla. where she shares her home with her oldest son, Tony. Her husband died very suddenly some time ago, “a terrific shock to me. Our son Michael, in Park Ridge, N.J., has two children. We visited them last year for one wonderful week.”

Katherine Foote and Lis retired to Rockport, Mass., “because we like this scenic area, particularly the sailing. Our picture window frames an ever-changing seascape. We had a happy visit with Elizabeth (Lib) Fowler Cose and George in June.”

Gretchen Snyder Francis asks you to help reunion 50 with your bright ideas NOW. Send them to her, 500 Westmoreland St., New London, Conn. 06320.

Word has come of the death of Miriam Cohen in Hamilton, Mass. Earlier in the year Mugs lunched with Elnor Hunkin Torpy ‘24 and Bub Forst ‘24. Gretchen flew to Switzerland in May, taking two granddaughters with her for three weeks of pure joy. One of her sons is spending his sabbatical there with his two children. Margaret (Peg) Graham Reichenbach and Clayt stopped by for a brief visit. They are counting on coming to reunion, aren’t you?

In the Cheifelds, Bess writes, “Recently Alice Holcombe received a letter from Dorothy Randle’s sister enclosing a check to the class for $2500 in Dot’s memory to be used as scholarships and texts for students from college spoke.”

29 Jennie Copeland, after 28 years with Scholastic Magazines Inc. in NYC, is a consultant which is “Not bad for a woman who spent 2 LW committees, the theatre, music, dancing and museums occupy spare time.

Mary Walsh Gamache and husband, after 10 years of “commuting” between a NYC apt. and a home in Conn., will live in Conn. full time when he retires in June. They recently had a get-together at the home of Helen Reynolds Smyth in White Plains, with Flora (Pat) Hime Myers and Glenn. Helen’s husband Murray was a Harvard classmate (27) of Ernie Gamaache and Eleanor (Chill) Fahy Reilly’s husband Gerard. The Gamachses will spend the summer in Spain with daughter Anne and family (2 boys). Second daughter, Mercy, and family (2 boys and a girl, after having lived in Nigeria, England and Ireland, are now in N.J., too.

Cynthia Loper Reed and her sister visited New Zealand recently. “It was like the USA 50 years ago; they don’t lock their doors and milk is 8¢ a liter.” Later they took the Delta Queen to Louisville for the Kentucky Derby. In the spring Cynthia will take the boat trip in England, then on to Scotland and the Outer Hebrides. Having fractured two bones in her foot, she will travel with a cane. Cynthia does volunteer work at the cancer hospital where she worked for 32 years.

Dr. Eleanor Michel is occupied in Meriden helping a French speaking Vietnamese family become adjusted to a new way of life. Their mother, father and two girls 6 and 7 call Eleanor Godmother.
Teaching them English by way of French is a thoroughly enjoyable assignment."

Verne Hall, our conscientious treasurer, has been engaged in a flurry of activities since his retirement from the construction business. He is a graduate of Washington University's School of Law, married to a Wellesley graduate, and has two children, Louise's husband, a graduate of Washington University, and their families are of great support to me. No child who will enter Skidmore in the fall. Their two children and grandchildren keeps the Garlands busy and leaves little time for looking up classmates. No one has a more active social calendar than Beulah. She often follows up with the news of a 47 year time interval.

Frances Wells Vroom is involved in raising funds for a resident camp for diabetic children living in N.J. Having been a diabetic herself for 50 years, Frances finds this cause most absorbing. AAWU, CC Church, club, church affairs, Cosmopolitan Club, art museum and travel lectures fill the open spaces since daughter Barbara grew up and left home. The Vrooms spent a fun week this winter in Jamaica with a Montclair AARP group. After "Operation Sail on the Hudson July 4," Fran and Bob planned to spend July at their cabin on Little Peconic Bay in Southold, L.I.

Margaret Burroughs Kohr and husband spent two weeks in Calif. and Ore. with their two daughters and families.

Mary (Nancy) Seagroeder Norris and Bob enjoyed a visit recently with their 3-year-old granddaughter from Princeton. The class extends warm sympathy to Nancy Royce Ranney and her family and to Catherine Ranney Weldon on the death of her husband and brother in Mar.

Don't Forget You Have A REUNION DATE IN JUNE 1979!

Correspondent, Mrs. Lillian Ottenheimer Spencer, 31 Agawam Road, Waban, Mass. 02158

Thursa Barnum spends each Spring in Caribbean. Last winter she spent in St. Thomas and Dübrowick. This year's teaching retreat promises more trips. Elizabeth (Betty) Hendrickson Mattack from forty-five years in her home town of a nearby rancher. Rest period followed in Hawaii. Children live in N.J. Mass. and Maine. Bob has part time job.

Jane Haines Bell enjoys retirement in Tuscon, but Spud is called back frequently to share his experience with Natl. and State Park Services.

Billie (Billie) Wilson's Chas. has retired from school as a principal. Recovering in her favorite place: Heritage Village.

Billie Brown Seyfried moved from an eighteen room home to a small apt. living. Summer spent in visits to three children and six grandchildren.

We extend sympathy to the family of Lucille Abell who expired March 31, '76.

DON'T FORGET YOU HAVE A REUNION DATE IN JUNE 1979!

Correspondent, Mrs. Josephine C. Seyfried (Wilhelmina C. Brown), 37 South Main St., Nazare,

Beth, PA. 18064; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Mattack (Elizabeth Hendrickson), 443 Crescent Ave., Moosertown, N.J., 08057.

33 Ruth Ferree Wessels and Wally are putting a lot of energy into their international cultural celebrations. It's a one-shot volunteer job, as I don't expect to be around for the triesthetic.

Eleanor Jones Heilman and Dick were cruising the Mediterranean this summer. They visited Central America sponsored by the Horticultural Society, Boston Museum of Science. They trip back from Bermuda, N.Y., and NYC to visit children and grandchildren. Dick has been busy in retirement, serving on the school board, a utility board and a golf club, not to mention making a new career as a professional watercolorist.

Barbara Smiley Cutter and Bo spent a pleasant winter in their Key West home. A long telephone visit with Mary Mead Siegenthaler of Sanibel Island resulted in plans for a visit. Car trouble prevented such a trip.

Harriet Kistler Browne has been traveling from Fla. to Pa... the Caribbean, Mexico and Calif. where she had a meeting with Joanne Eakin Dores. Harrie reminded Smiley of the fun they had together in Key West in '37 and that she had met her husband Browne there.

Katherine (Kay) Hammond Engler reports a grandson born Mar. '75. His mother is C.C. '66.

Virginia Swan Parrish has homes in Chatham, Mass., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., and palm springs. Last April she and Karl took six-weeks plane trip around the rest of So. America. Five grandchildren, two in Fla. and three in Colombia, keep her in touch with the youngest generation.

Margaret (Gunny) Ray Stewart remembers visits of classmates with her in Chicago during the "Century of Progress Exhibition" 33-34. It was and how shocked people were by Sally Rand. Harrie reminded Smiley of the fun they had together in Key West in '37 and that she had met her husband Browne there.

Barbara Mundy Groves writes from British Columbia. All goes well and she's hoping to get to Key West for a visit with Smiley and mutual friends.

Margaret Royall Hinck enthusiastically describes their caravan tour of Mexico. She'd like to see us all at our 45th.

Margaret Milks Bretn hasn't missed visiting places in the U.S. or the world. After retirement in '73 she and her husband took off for 14 months of travel. They are interested with many wonderful memories and a belief that our scenery can match anything anywhere.

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Charles Terhune (Mrs. Robert Terhune) Charlie died suddenly in Apr. of a heart attack while in Italy. Our condolences also to Harriet Kistler Browne on the death of her mother.

Correspondent, Mrs. H. Waterford, Va. 22590. 39
OLYMPICS Continued from page 18
the Olympic Village, where Anita has arranged to meet a East German to swap warmup suits. She wants to say goodbye and take one last picture. The sidewalk is crowded, but people are kind enough to stop while we pose, and it doesn't occur to me that this is out of the ordinary until we are done. B-Jay and I get into the car, and I turn around for one last look. I can barely see Anita in the midst of a crowd. Those people weren't being conscious of our photography; they wanted their own picture of an Olympic victor, just as they save ticket stubs and programs. Several languages mingle, but everyone seems to know "congratulations." There is a great deal of back slapping, hand shaking, and medal fingering, and as we drive away, I can see Anita's eyes are suddenly open very wide indeed.

25 July

Now that there is some physical distance between us and the Olympics, I am beginning to make some sense of it. Stopping in Springfield at a McDonald's, I am given an "Olympics Game Card" that has a specific team and event printed under a coated surface. If I scratch at the card I uncover "U.S. Women's Crew — Four with Coxswain." To some, this would be meaningless, while to others, it would involve varying degrees of disappointment at not having gotten something for nothing. But I thought of Cathy, who had fulfilled her dream, and hoped that for her, this Herculean achievement was not marred by the frustrations inherent in the external and internal limitations of international competition.

27 July

By now I am calm and ready to face the routine world. I walk into my office prepared to tackle a week's worth of work and am immediately waylaid by yet another unforeseen reaction—that of those with whom I shared my initial enthusiasm. The president of the company had watched the races on the late night television summaries, rooting for Anita from her living room. Her exclamations were enough to propel my mind back into the dreamland of Montreal, and as I recount my week, I become amazed by the vastness of reality and the inability of the mind to comprehend it all.

Being at the Olympics as a spectator didn't entail any effort at all, except to pay attention to what was happening at any given moment. But there was so much happening that I was not able to absorb it all. Now, though, from a new perspective, I can see that the thrill of victory was charged with new meaning. Little bits of the past are connected to each other through television, radio, newspapers, the McDonald Corporation, and others' reactions. Anita and Cathy had touched and permanently altered the lives of many in their efforts to emulate the ancient Greek gods.

35

Lydia (Jill) Albrec Child and Sam enjoyed many skiing weekends at their N.H. home. She hopes she and Ruth Worthington Henderson and Elizabeth Sawyer can repeat their last visit in June. Jill heard from Elizabeth Merrill Stewart in Calif. Last fall in Bar Harbor, Me., the Childs saw Margaret (Gerry) Claghton Green and husband Earl.

Margaret Baylis Hrones looks forward to housing her grandchildren and children in Jaffrey, N.H. in the summer. Archeologists Jeff and Mary and their year-old-plus child are returning to Peru for the summer. Peg plans to have her annual luncheon date with Esther (Marty) Marin Snow.

Dorothy (Pete) Boomer Karr and Neal, after a pleasant period in C.C. '92, and two seniors are aboard a plane, following a "marvelous visit", left for 10 days in the British Virgin Islands. Son Jim and his wife joined him to sail "those hazy Caribbean waters." Pete expected Hazel Depew Holden for a visit. In May she and Neal planned a 2-week driving tour of southern England and in June the Norwegian North Cape cruise — "a real change from Fla. temperatures."

Catherine (Kay) Cartwright Backus and Gene plan fly to Calif. to attend an engineering convention in San Diego and then tour Calif., Ariz., and Utah. After the trip "the mundane chores in and around the house take over."

Merion (Joe) Ferris Ritter's daughter Ruthie presented them with a grandson, Lowell Ladd, in July '75. When Ruthie returned to work in Sept., she gave Grandma a chance to baby-sit, and, in the bargain dogged two beautiful Golden Retrievers. "She loves every minute of it." Joe and husband Julius took a 3-week trip to Fla., visiting Elizabeth (Betty Ann) Corby Farrell in D.C. and Lois Smith Martin�장, in Lexington, S.C. on the way. They purchased a part-time condominium in the Hawk's Nest at Marathas. This allows Julius to swim and around the house take over.

Madlyn Hughes Wesley and Fran and Martha Hickam Fink and Rudy were visitors last winter. Ruth returns to Mich. for the summer, anticipating a visit from granddaughter Becky and her parents, Tom Jr., who conducts free writing workshops, had a grant to write at Ossabaw, Ga., and Yaddo, Saratoga Springs.

Martha Funkhouse Berner plans a summer trip to Bermuda accompanied by her two daughters, their husbands and 4 teen-age grandchildren.

Martha Hickam Fink sent "greatings from the hur Seth South." When she and husband were en route to Naples, Fla., they attended a dinner party at Kay Woodward Curtis' home in Bradenton. The McKeowns (Ruth Fordyce) were there and kept the Tolmans (Barbara Stott) at home. Mari invited guests to Tribal's Restaurant three days a week.

Esther (Marty) Martin Johnson Snow and Bill took a 10,000 mile trip to Europe, "some business and some fun." They enjoyed the redwoods and the Washington Cascades. The first Johnson girl in 100 years was born to son Bob Jr. Marty and Bill have 8 grandchildren, 3 of hers and 5 of his. This year they plan a trip to Scotland.

Maudie Rademan Hickey and Dan took a 5-week trip to Europe, "some business and some fun." They went to London, Belfast, Madrid, Brussels, London and home. Their best news is a new grandson, their daughter's first child. Maudie is active in C.C. Englewood and volunteer work. They summer at their old farm in N.H.

Mary Savage Collins reports the birth of a grandson, Micah Thomas, to Babs and Tom Collins in Dec. '75. Lee Kathleen 2 adores her brother.

Ruth Worthington Henderson, our president, leads a busy life with lots of company and community activities. Husband Jack is Seminary Warden and Ruth program chairman and on the House Committee for Reception in their church. Their annual traveler was to Ohio schools and the annual conference. While there, Ruth had lunch with Margaret Baylis Hrones and Virginia Whitney McKee. The Hendersons spent two weeks on a combination school-visiting and pleasure trip to N. and S.C. and planned a vacation in Bermuda where they hoped to see Amy Lou Outerbridge Cledendor and some of their "oldOME boys". They spent their last two weeks at Squam Lake in N.H. and visits with C.Cers in the area. Later in the summer they expect guests from Cornwall, England.

It is with sorrow that we report the death of our classmate. Letitia P. Williams, in Hartford on Mar. 20, '76. We extend our sympathy to her brother and three sisters. Our class extends sympathy to Janet Carpenter Peterson on the death of her husband Thomas in Mar.

Correspondent: Elizabeth W. Sawyer. 11 Scotland Rd., Norwalk, Conn. 06850

37

Virginia Belden Miller has raised three children, all happily married, and has three grandchildren. She has been very active with choir, organ, piano students. She and her retired husband, being dedicated sailors, have moved to the retirement home on Penobscot Bay, Me. Eliza Bissell Corby has been busy helping a thrift shop for the local Homeowner-Health Aid Service and in reactivating a local Branford, Ct., Women's Republican Club. Golf and a trip to Vancouver with her recently retired husband will occupy her summer. Her article in a recent Alumni News further accounts for her time. In May her husband spent several months golfing and enjoying their condominium in Naples, Fl. now that they have the time.

Margaret McConnell Edwards is an instructor's aid teaching remedial reading. Her husband teaches law, also part time, and they enjoy traveling extensively.

Emma Moore Manning has two years until retirement. She is a sec. in the administration of the County Hospital in San Mateo, Calif. "a frenzied but interesting job." She's 20 lbs. overweight, and looks her age but doesn't care. Pearl Myland Kaufman has been busy the past two years working with her husband. She got her master's degree several years ago and is interested in the area of continuing education for older women. Her oldest son is an asst. prof. of neurology at Montefiore Hospital in N.Y.; Michael a
39 Virginia Talor McCahey enjoys life in Atlanta and keeps busy with activities in AUAW church, Key to the City, Newcomers Club (secretary), Atlanta Audubon Society and Andover Garden Club. She and Fredenich took a trip to Washington and Pa., spending Easter with their daughter and grandchildren. They had two visits with John and Nancy Weston Lincoln as they drove through Fla. in May and December camping at the Moses property's in the No. Georgia Mts.

Elaine Sugar are spending Easter with their daughter and grandchildren. They had two visits with John and Nancy Weston Lincoln as they drove through Fla. in May and December camping at the Moses property's in the No. Georgia Mts.

Taylor Watson and Henry and Jane Goss Cortes. Harry is doing other documentaries and Sue working part-time in needlepoint projects at Thrift on the Green in Longmeadow, Mass.

Elizabeth Young Rindell is busy with her hobbies which include bird-watching, canoeing and making wheel-thrown stoneware. She enjoys her four grandchildren 4-13 who live nearby in Md. She enjoys going to concerts, theater in N.Y., etc. and is planning a trip to Europe in June.

Margaret Rea Staple's three sons are all married and moved away from Minneapolis and after 30 years in the same house. Peg and her husband are considering a change, starting in the fall spending the winter months in a warmer climate.

Elizabeth Schuman Teter enjoys a happy relationship with her daughter, grandchildren and two sons. She and husband travel to travel to concerts, theater in N.Y., etc. and is planning a visit to Scotland and Ireland in June.

Winfred Scale Slaughter divides her time between a home in Old Saybrook, Conn. and Sarasota. She is still keeping busy as a 4th grade teacher.

John starting an internship. Pearl and her husband travel extensively. She returned to visit her family presented her with an ebony, gold-trimmed violin.

Margaret Ross Stephan's three sons are all married and moved away from Minneapolis and after 30 years in the same house. Peg and her husband are considering a change, starting in the fall spending the winter months in a warmer climate.

Mary Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casev Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Peggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.

Margaret (Maggie) Barrows Griffith and Ted are now half year residents of Naples, Fla. and may decide to live there permanently. Ted took early retirement last year. They enjoy their three married children and four grandchildren. They bought a house in Casey Key, Fla. and with their home in Maine and their boat to cruise on summers, they are very content.
she was assistant sec. in 1973. She is now the direc-
tor of corporate development and management ser-
vices. She and husband Jon have two sons and live
in Grnby, Conn.
Carol Hilton Reynolds and son Marvin are
living in Brussels, Belgium. Her son
Rob has finished his second year at St. Paul's; son
Chris his first year at Loomis; and Romanie
11 is at home. Valerie does a lot of volunteer work
and participates actively in the busy sport life of the
area.
Marilyn Smith Hall works on the staff of the
Committee on Education and Labor. U.S. House
of Representatives, where she has been since
June 1975. Her daughter Elizabeth has her A.A.
course from Miami-Dade Community College; son
David is at the U. of Me. and son Jonathan in
elementary school in Arlington, Va.
Mauida Alexander Rahn, your correspondent,
visited the College with son Eric while college
hunting. It was a warm Apr. day, and the areas were
in full bloom and the campus looked just beautiful,
bringing back such fond memories.
Correspondents: Mrs. Joel Rahn (Mauida Alexan-
ders). 76 Severn St., Longmeadow, Mass. 01106

Anne Shaw Benditt, Ted and son David
1 2 are moving to Palos Verdes, Calif. Ted teaches in the Philosophy Dept. at U. of So. Cal.
Nancy Schoeffer Sanders is in Simsbury, Conn. with John and Karen. She is active in the
community and on the board of the C.C. Club. Nancy
saw Sue Hall and Jim Veccia and their two sons the summer of '74 in Chatham.
Elizabeth Osborne Dickson lives in Panama
City, Fla. with Charles and sons Chuck and David. She teaches 5th and 6th grade at a nearby
day school and is completing her master's degree in reading at the U. of West Fla. Her husband is
a systems engineer involved in a new corporation
called ALMS.
Nancy Smith Davis' husband Chuck completes
his residency at Stanford soon and they will move
to Cincinnati. She will miss Calif, and seeing
Jacqueline (Jackie) Wade Kingsbury and Margare
(Maggie) Ackerman Souers and their families.
Eunite (Chick) Schriner Barnes played Chopin
and Debussy for the Bergen County, N.J. C.C.
Club in Jan. She has seen Carol Wilkin Alton
several times in her capacity as pres. of the Bergen
County C.C. Club. Chick works part time at Bach Co.,
and is mother to 6 year olds twins Kim
and Kathy.
Judith (Jo) O'Donnell Lohmann, husband and
son Christopher John are in their Alex-
andria, Va. home. They moved there from Eugene,
Ore. where Jo took economics courses and math
class while Carl studied graduate economics. Jo taught
physical fitness classes. Before Ore., Joe and Carl
were in Rio where she worked for AID and he was
with the U.S. Embassy.
Barbara Thomas Devries, Richard and their two
children are in Wisconsin, Me. where Dick is
ship's superintendent on the "Roll on-roll off con-
tainer ship" at Bath Iron Works. Both are active in
church work. Barb is a Head Start teacher, has a
Jr. Scout troop and was recently elected to
Westport Is. Board of Education.
Marcia Simon Bernstein, Frank and their two
children, Brandon and Abby, love NYC. Marcia
teaches music one day a week in a nursery school and
hopes to run a day nursery in their apartment. Frank
is employed in real estate management.
Correspondents: Mrs. Peter Holihan (Robin
Lee). Myrtle Beach Hilton, Arcadian Shores,
Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577; Mrs. Jay Newton Torok
(Carolyn Boyan). 55 Camarillo Ct., Toledo, Ohio
43617.

MARRIED: Joanne M. Basso to Philip
Funigiello 6/28/75—honeymoon in Italy.
BORN: to E. Wylyls and Pat Antell Andrews

Ruth Wheeler 1/15/76; to Dana and Harriet Pins-
ker Lasher Todd 10/75 and Heather 4/73; to John
and Ann Brauer Gigoune George 10/75 and
adopted by them Amy 1/75.
Joanne Basso Funigiello lives in Williamsburg,
Va. where she is an associate professor teaching
Italian at William and Mary College. Her husband
Philip, also an associate professor, teaches U.S.
history and urban history. They leave for Italy in
Jan., as Philip was awarded a Fulbright-Hays
scholarship at the U. of Genoa for next spring.
Pamela (Pam) Choute Shannon, Susan White
Rulewich and Barbara (Bonnie) Beach Meek
attended Joanne's wedding last June.
Ann Brauer Gigoune and John live in Larks-
brook, Calif., just north of San Francisco. Ann is
on maternity leave from Redwood High School
in Me. Jan. and John went to Greece 1 2 years ago to
adopt Amy one week after Ann learned she was pregnant with George. John is a lawyer in
San Francisco.
Jeanette Olsen Friedenson and Daniel live in
New Haven, where Daniel is in his last year of
residency in psychiatry at Yale. Their daughter
Kari will be 1 in July. Formerly Jeanette was a
librarian at U.B.
Harriet Pinsky Lasber and Dana live in Chester,
N.J. where Dana is a systems engineer with IBM.
Jane Sullivan Black and John bought a house in
Brooklyn. John is in banking in the city while Jane
works at their son Sam's school.
Barrie Myntinen Pribil and Michael live in
Brooklyn. Barrie works at the U.N.; Michael is an
architect. Their hobby is remodeling old houses.
One of those homes appeared in the May issue
of House and Garden Magazine.
I. Susan (Sue) Peck Repass, look forward to
summer vacation from my R.N. program while
working part time for a local nursing registry. I met
Peter and Sybil Pickett Veeder briefly one evening
in San Francisco when they were in town for a
convention.
Correspondents: Mrs. Randolph K. Repass
(Susan A. Peck), 1028 LaSalle Drive, Sunnyvale, Calif.
94087.

NOODLE Continued from page 15
A student might ask a particularly dumb question of a professor, and the professor might tell him,
"Go to the Noodle Factory and find out."
And so on.

This noble stone and steel bookmobile is no bland
noodle factory to us, of course, to this band of readers
—we few, we happy few. (That was what I didn't mean
to insult the architect about. By calling it a stone book-
mobile.) Because we love books so much, this has to
be one of the most buxom, hilarious days of our lives.

Are we foolish to be so elated by books in an age of
movies and television? NOT IN THE LEAST. For our
ability to read, when combined with libraries like this one, makes us the freest of women and men—and
children.

(That is such a strange word on a printed page, in-
cidentally: "freest". That's spelled "f-re-e-s-t". Freest men, freest women, freest children. I'm glad
I'm not a foreigner.)

Anyway—because we are readers, we don't have to
wait for some communications executive to decide what we should think about next—and how we should
think about it. We can fill our heads with anything
from aardvarks to zucchinis—at any time of night
or day.

Even more magically, perhaps, we readers and
writers can communicate with each other across
space and time so cheaply. Ink and paper are as cheap
as sand and water, almost. No board of directors has to
convene in order to decide whether we can afford to
write down this or that. I myself once staged the end
of the world on two pieces of paper—at a cost of less
than a penny, including wear and tear on my type-
writer ribbon and the seat of my pants.

Think of that.

Compare that with the budgets of Cecile B. DeMille.

Film is simply one more prosthetic device for hu-
man beings who are incomplete in some way. We live
not only in the Age of Film, but in the Age of False
Teeth and Glass Eyes and Toupees and Silicone
Breasts—and on and on and on.

Film is a perfect prescription for people who will
not or cannot read, and have no imagination. Since
they have no imaginations, those people can now be
shown actors and scenery instead—with appropriate
music and everything.

But, again, film is a hideously expensive way to tell
anybody anything—and I include television and all
that. What is more: Healthy people exposed to too
many actors and too much scenery may wake up some
morning to find their imaginations dead.
BORN: to Peter and Lillian Balboni Prestley Elizabeth 3/12/76; to Bill and Sandra Stevens West Andrew Stevens 7/31/75.

Deborah Greenstein, a program analyst with the Dept. of Housing and Urban Development, was selected after a department-wide competition, for a year of graduate study in urban planning and research at Harvard in '75. The award, which pays all expenses, is made to career employees who demonstrate their potential for greater policy-making, management and executive responsibilities. Debby, who has been with HUD since '69, has her M.A. in public administration from U. of Mich and a certificate of Specialist in Aging from the Inst. of Gerontology at Mich.

Diane Finello-Zervas, Ph.D., is an assistant prof. at Mt. Holyoke.

Valerie Smith Ayers was drawn by the beautiful northern N.Y. countryside to live in Ellenville six years ago. Husband Gus works at the Essex County Sheltered Workshop in Mineville. She tutors part time at the local elementary school and takes care of their small son.

Sandra Stevens West and Bill have been working on their house in Shaker Heights, Ohio. Bill practices law and Sandie is active in the church on the Board of Deacons, handles emergency calls for the Language Bank of Cleveland, and volunteers for the Jr. Leagues. She has taken evening courses and a career development seminar. They see Scott and Elizabeth (Betty) Ellison Gove and their children Tim and Brian whenever they go to Md.

Lillian Balboni Prestley was very active in the Jr. League last year but has curtailed those activities since the arrival of Elizabeth. Son Peter is 2½. Husband Peter left private practice to work in the legal dept. of Travelers Ins. Co. where he specializes in litigation and goes to graduate school in NYC one night a week.

Janice Robinson is an account executive with a small ad agency in NYC, having left a similar job in taxation, and goes to graduate school in NYC one year ago. Husband Gus works at the Essex County Sheltered Workshop in Mineville. She tutors part time at the local elementary school and takes care of their small son.

Word would surely be shapely on an occasion like this for something holy were we—we—speakers, listeners, and this audience—it to go from strength to strength.

So much for that.

It would surely be shapely on an occasion like this if something holy were said. Unfortunately, the speaker you have hired is a Unitarian. I know almost nothing about holy things.

The language seems holy to me, which shows how little I know about holiness, I suppose.

Literature seems holy to me, which again shows how little I know about holiness. I suppose.

Our freedom to say or write whatever we please in this country is thunderingly holy to me. It is a rare privilege not only on this planet, but throughout the Universe, I suspect. And it is not something somebody gave us. It is a thing we give to ourselves.

Meditation is holy to me, including the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's type of meditation, for I believe that all the secrets of existence and non-existence are somewhere in our heads—or in other people's heads. I believe that reading and writing are the most nourishing forms of meditation anyone has so far found.

By reading the writings of some of the most interesting minds in history, we meditate not only with our own poor minds, but with those interesting minds, too.

This to me is a miracle.

Yes—and when I speak of interesting minds, I am not limiting my admiration to belles-lettres—a word I never spoke before in my life—to poets and story tellers and elegant essayists and the like. We should be equally in love with astronomers and physicists and mathematicians and chemists and engineers and physicians, yes, and carpenters and plumbers and masons too, and cooks and bakers and mechanics and musicians—people telling, sometimes clumsily, sometimes not, what they have perceived as the truths of their trades.

On occasion, even children have written constructively. Anne Frank was a child.

So much for that.

I earlier made a jocular suggestion as to what words might be emblazoned on this facade. I now make a serious nomination—of a motto which should be displayed on walls throughout the interior. It is the motto of meditators everywhere.

This is it: "Quiet, please."

Thus ends my speech in New London today. I thank you for your attention.
Kimberly (Kim) Warner O'Malley keeps busy with two boys and remodeling a farm cottage. Husband Jim manufactures clothes for horses.

Leslie Melson Roach's husband Ron is a Navy Lt. Commander and TWA pilot. Lee is the military personnel officer for the Naval Air Station in San Diego.

Correspondent: Mrs. Gerald Pietsch (Jaen Bouchard), 14 Longview Dr., Westport, Mass. 02790

MARRIED: Barbara Fleming to Eric B. Anderson 6/20/76; Ellen Forsberg to John S. Boynton 9/75; Dorothy Hatch to David Seiter 10/11/75; Nancy Kaull to Stephen R. Prime 5/15/76; Patricia Kreger to Larry Cohan 11/75; 9/28/75.

Kathryn (Kathy) Jacobs Houiaux teaches a multi-age 3rd-4th grade in Grafton, Wis.

Wendy Chintz Weiss works for a flying company near Washington, D.C. Husband Ronnie is a student at U. of Md.

Janice Giepardo received a master's degree in psychiatric nursing from Yale on May 17, '76. She is working as a nurse clinician assisting in the opening of a new psychiatric unit in a Bridgeport, Conn., hospital.

R Beverly Hardy Pennino was recently placed on tenure by the Melrose school system. She has been team-teaching upper elementary for the past two years.

Ellen Forsberg Boynton and husband John live in Bedford, N.Y. Ellen is a foreign reinsurance underwriter at Continental Ins. Co. in NYC.

Dorothy Hatch Seiter shifted her work to Landmark North, the second campus of The Landmark School for students with learning disabilities (located in Prides Crossing, Mass.). She is director of language arts education and closely tutors one child. Husband Dave also works at Landmark.

Barbara Hoffman Keiser and husband Bob live at Penn State U. where Bob is employed and finishing his master's. Barb is working on her master's of education.

Nancy McNamara lives in Boston and dances in the Mandala Dance Ensemble. In her spare time she works at Harvard Medical School.

Laura Isenberg is completing her master's in geriatric social work. Laura also teaches folk dance.

Julia Harrison works as an obstetrical nurse in Lake Forest, Ill. and plans to attend midwifery school in the fall.

Pamela Gardner is the director of bilingual education of a federally-funded four school district consortium in N.J. The public relations aspects of her job have led her into extensive work with the broadcast media. She hosted a 30-minute TV show about bilingual education which was conducted in both English and Spanish. Pam co-authored the article, "How to find your community and keep it" in the Oct. '75 issue of Community Educational Journal. She will complete her M.A. in communications and public relations in summer '76.

Patricia Kreger Cohan is a television producer at the CBS Affiliate in Boston. Husband Larry is an intern at Mass. General Hospital.

Nancy Kaull Prime is an administrative assistant at Offshore Yacht Service in Essex, Conn. Husband Stephil is sales manager at North Sails East in Stratford.

Barbara Gerry lives in Calif. and drives a school bus. She spent a year in South France and plans grad school in the fall.

Rhona Hurwitz teaches 2nd and 3rd grades in Cambridge, Mass., and is writing a book for children.

Apologies to those others who sent notes not above noted. Some people forgot to sign their names to the postcards!

Fifth annual seminar-tour
February 3-27, 1977

Is it for real? Well you might ask when you look upon the breathtaking spectacle of Machu Picchu. We carved them? No one can tell you, but the monoliths at St. Augustin rank as one of the great wonders of the western hemisphere. Can it be another world? Yes, for the Amazon experience is a million miles from yesterday. 

Machu Picchu, St. Augustin, the Amazon—highlights of this trip, which ends with four days at historical Cartegena on the Caribbean. As though these were not enough, this year’s tour includes Dr. Richard Goodwin, professor emeritus of botany and former chairman of the department, who will be sharing his knowledge with us. Further details and complete itinerary are available upon request to the alumni office.

COST: $1,995 for alumni, their families and friends. A deposit of $500 will secure your space. Checks payable to C. C. Alumni Association, Box 1624, Conn. College, New London, Conn. 06320.

Name_________________________________________Zip__________
Address__________________________________________
Please reserve__________spaces__________________________________
Number of guest(s)________________________________________

Feb. 3 Lv. JFK Airport 1:00 p.m.
Feb. 4 Ar. Bogota, Colombia 7:10 p.m.
Feb. 5 Fly to Pitalito. Bus to St. Augustin.
Feb. 6 Day in St. Augustin.
Feb. 7 Day in St. Augustin. Return to Bogota.
Feb. 8 Visit the fabulous salt cathedral in Zipaquira.
Feb. 9 Morning city tour.
Feb. 10 Afternoon free.
Feb. 11 Fly to Leticia. Ticuna Lodge.
Feb. 12 Amazon River.
Feb. 15 Cruise downriver to Leticia. Afternoon flight to Bogota.
Feb. 16 Fly to Lima.
Feb. 17 Afternoon city tour.
Feb. 18 Visit ruins of Pachacamac, largest city on the coast when the Spaniards arrived.
Feb. 19 Free day in Lima.
Feb. 20 Fly to Cuzco, Marriot Hotel.
Feb. 21 Machu Picchu by alpine train and bus.
Feb. 22 To Pisco for Sunday market.
Feb. 23 Return to Cuzco.
Feb. 24 Flight to Cartegena via Lima.
Feb. 25 Sightseeing, swimming, relaxing, etc. at Cartegena.