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Connecticut students today say they can't even imagine "what it was like" to attend a single-sex college. They can't imagine it, and like youngsters told of a world without TV or indoor plumbing, they don't want to try it, either. For them, coeducation is a perfectly natural state of affairs that seems to have existed forever.

Debating whether to admit men back in the late 60s, we couldn't imagine that the change to coeducation could be so swift and so thorough. The presumed risks and benefits of coeducation were laid out by a 1968 Summer Planning Group as carefully as a surgeon might describe a dangerous operation to a patient. Would men intimidate women in class? Would greater on-campus activity replace "the weekend exodus" to men's colleges? Would men overrun student government and other organizations?

As Dean Alice Johnson points out, "Women's lib and a profound sexual revolution among the young occurred for which no one anywhere was truly prepared." It is these changes that have made the questions of 1968 seem so dated.

But when the first coed class arrived in 1969, no one was quite sure of anything. Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy had been killed, the Vietnam war was on nightly TV, anti-war and civil rights protests were constant, and Black Panther Bobby Seale awaited trial in the Uncasville prison. Earlier in 1969, American astronauts had walked on the moon.

As we examine the first ten years of coeducation, it's important to recall the background against which we began. You'll read about what Connecticut was like in 1969, and what it's like now. Maybe you'll agree with Allen Carroll that admitting our first 27 men isn't the "giant leap it seemed to be just ten years ago."
The odds were overwhelming


By Allen T. Carroll '73

My parents and sisters and brother were with me that September day as I navigated our station wagon up the hill to the campus, to be greeted by two corsaged young women who directed us, sing-song, to Larrabee House. Larrabee House, a four-story slab of glass, cinder block and linoleum, was to become the lone male outpost in the vast, feminine world of Connecticut College. Even within our own dormitory we males were in the minority: there were 27 of us, I believe, all on the ground floor and in one large basement room, beneath three stories of women, who outnumbered us at least three to one.

Just inside the door of Larrabee I was greeted by housefellow George Cherkes, who introduced me with obvious pride to the men's bathroom. He pointed out the new shaving mirrors, installed just for us, and showed me how the lids of two toilets had been removed to make—voila!—two urinals.

That day I met my new neighbors: Michael Levine in 105 (now Dr. Michael Levine and a near-neighbor here in Alexandria, Virginia) and Dave ("Mr. Clark") Clark in 103. One a bona fide New Yorker, with a Manhattanite's accent and rapid-fire wit, the other a Bostonian, with the requisite accent and warped, plodding, New England-style humor. I was a Hoosier, you see, and being from Indiana meant never having come across types like these. I was utterly appalled, until we were all suddenly friends. (I wonder what they thought of me. How does a Hoosier wit register to a New Yorker?)

Michael and Mr. Clark helped allay one of my principal fears about Connecticut College: that is, the very fact that it was turning coeducational. What kinds of guys would be attracted to a college that was just going coed? Would they all be aspiring BMOCs, or tally-the-conquests types, out to take advantage of the overwhelming odds? Or would they be relatively normal rejects of other high-quality Eastern schools, like myself?

I soon discovered that most had, indeed, come to Connecticut under circumstances similar to my own. I had applied to Wesleyan University, having been highly enamored of the place (for reasons that are now largely lost on me) only to be rejected. Many, many college applicants shared that distinction in 1969, when college applications were just about at their peak. In fact, rejection notices were so ubiquitous that I created a board game for my high school friends. I called it "Application for Admission," and in it I manipulated the odds in such a way that 95 percent of the game's hapless players were doomed to rejection. Doomed, in fact, to be drafted by Uncle Sam. Which was, after all, one of the reasons that competition for admission to college was so fierce.

All in all, we were a reasonably normal cross-section of mostly white, mostly middle-class American youth. Normal for 1969, at least, running the gamut from smoky-room-with-towel-under-the-door-type hippies to vacuum-every-other-day preppies. Our sexual preferences were also normal. Late blooming and anxiety-provoking in many cases, perhaps, but normal nonetheless. I wouldn't bother to mention this if it weren't for a widely held suspicion among outsiders that men like us who deliberately placed themselves among women were sexually suspect. I'm no psychologist, but it seems to me that homosexuals would be naturally inclined to seek the company of members of their own sex, rather than immerse them-
selves in an ocean of femininity. Those who didn’t think us gay suspected that we chose Connecticut in order to capitalize on the odds. The odds were overwhelming—some 1400 women to 27 resident men—especially to the pitable, sequestered Coasties across Mohegan Avenue. (Those poor cadets. One rare, cloudless afternoon I was sprawled on the lawn outside of Larrabee trying to study when a Coastie walked up to me and said, “I hear that the girls around here actually wear skirts.)

But alas, the odds were just too great. Our numbers were so small that we made only the barest of dents in the social habits of what was still very much a women’s school. Many a Friday night we sat forlornly by as a parade of taxis and buses bore the vast majority of Connecticut’s women off to the men and mixers of Brown, Wesleyan and Yale. After all, what reasonable young women would forsake the abundant fruits of those nearby male cornucopias for the slim pickings at home? We were statistically insignificant: objects of amusement and curiosity, perhaps, like apes in a zoo, but genuine prospects, no.

And like apes we were prime raw material for ill-conceived and amateurish student psychology experiments. After two years of being poked and probed via forms and interviews for my masculine hang-ups and prejudices, I resolved to politely refuse to play the role of male guinea pig.

In class we could be stars. That first year it was a rare class indeed that boasted more than one male student. If we raised a hand we were sure to be called on, and often my most inane comments would be valued as rare insights, particularly in Robley Evans’ freshman English class. Fortunately, Mr. Evans and his colleagues did not exercise this largess at grading time.

Dorm life was, first and foremost, noisy. The cinder block walls of Larrabee were no match for the megawattage of my fellow students’ stereo systems, and all my memories of dormitory living are punctuated with the cacophonous throbs and thumps of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, of Mick Jagger and Bela Bartok, Joni Mitchell and Grace Slick, all conspiring, day and night, to interrupt slumber and disrupt studies.

The college had, after much soul-searching, agreed to let each dormitory decide whether to impose visiting hours or to go with “open parietals,” euphemism for institutionally sanctioned anarchy. So, early in the year each dorm held a serious meeting, at which social issues were soberly discussed. Without fail, a lengthy discussion would end with approval of open parietals by margins of, say, 75 to three, or 98 to two.

All in all, dorm life worked well. Sexual integration made for a far more relaxed and natural social environment than the destructive macho craziness of all-male housing or the catty bitchiness of women’s dorms. Sister-brother relationships were common, especially that first year when most men were freshmen and many of Larrabee’s women were juniors and seniors. One of the faults of coed dorm life was the difficulty many of us had in drawing and crossing the line between just-friends and more-than-just-friends. But it sure beat panty raids.

One disturbing aspect of the transition to coeducation was the abundant evidence of subconscious sexism on the part of the women students. Sexism was certainly present among the men, too, but that was to be expected, if not excused. But the fact that our freshman class president was a male, and that a couple of years later a male would be elected president of the student body (and would win reelection), and that I would become editor of the student newspaper, said something to me about the need for some consciousness raising. (Or, to paraphrase Pogo’s overused expression, “We have met the enemy, and she is us.”)

Some feminists have used this unfortunate phenomenon as an argument against the admission of men to women’s colleges. But it seems to me that as long as women are in isolation they will never learn to conquer their own sexism and to compete with men. One can learn to compete only by competing.

It seems to me that this is far less a problem in 1979-80 than it was in 1969-70. I haven’t actually compared figures, but I believe that the male-female ratio among student leaders and offic holders is much closer to that of the student
Students were very different in 1969 than they are now, because circumstances were very different. The war in Vietnam cast a shadow over our college—and all colleges—or rather it put things in a harsh, eerie light. The specter of the draft was very much a presence on the first floor of Larrabee House. A particularly poignant memory is that of the first draft lottery. Most of the dorm was gathered silently around the television that night, and by the time the telecast was over, emotions ranged from elation to despair. As far as I know, none of us ever went to Vietnam (our proxies were the less economically advantaged), but we were far from sure that we would never have to go.

By no means was everyone against the war, but most of us were, and we shared a righteous indignation that colored our attitudes toward ourselves and society. We knew we were right and that our government was wrong in sending our peers to war, and, by golly, history has proven that we were right. Our righteousness and our fears gave us a unity and an identity, the manifestations of which everyone remembers: Woodstock, pot, the strike of May 1970.

But there were undesirable manifestations, too. Many of us were arrogant in our righteousness, and there was much mindless mouthing of quasi-revolutionary platitudes, which were especially obnoxious because they were uttered by the sons and daughters of the great middle class, children who had no intention of forsaking their parents' many comforts and advantages. I nearly stopped attending the nightly viewings of Walter Cronekite because of the knee-jerk radical anarchism evident in the snide retorts to Walter's coverage of the political and military events of the day.

My knees, too, did their share of jerking. During my junior year members of the college community organized an antiwar gathering to be held at the Coast Guard Academy, of all places. Even then I hardly considered the United States Coast Guard as a principal agent of American imperialism. But Barrie Shepherd, the college chaplain, and my girlfriend persuaded me to participate in the protest. "You go with me to the Coast Guard Academy," my girlfriend said, "and I'll go with you to the march in New York." Somewhere in the back of my file cabinet is a photo of a group of Connecticut College people at the Coast Guard Academy, and there we are, the three of us, sporting black armbands, right hands raised, fists clenched. It is all very embarrassing.

"Somewhere in the back of my file cabinet is a photo of a group of Connecticut College people at the Coast Guard Academy, and there we are, the three of us, sporting black armbands, right hands raised, fists clenched. It is all very embarrassing."
A lot of students studied useless things like that when I was at Connecticut College. Nowadays, far more students are looking to college for vocational training rather than the taste-of-this, taste-of-that smorgasbord on which I feasted from 1969 to 1973.

But vocational training is all right, too. Students and colleges change with the times, though colleges, quite rightly, change a little more slowly than the students. Connecticut College was changing with the times when it took the big step to coeducation. By 1969, women's colleges were anachronisms. As soon as it was clear to the college that coeducation wasn't a fad, it mustered the wisdom to open its doors—and remove its toilet lids—for men.

In retrospect, that small step for men isn't the giant leap that it seemed to be just ten years ago.

The right place at the right time

Life was far from predictable during the first years of coeducation.

By Michael J. Farrar '73

It's another sweltering day in Houston, at least a two-shower day, maybe three if I plan to go outside. Claudia and I cling desperately to our life support mechanisms, air conditioners. Without them, there wouldn't be a "damn yankee" for 500 miles around. It's the kind of day where I often find myself pondering (to engage in any other activity would result in profuse perspiration) the chain of circumstances which led to our arrival in Houston last October. Claudia and I are far from alone down here. There are at least 70 Connecticut alumni who also reside in Houston, few of whom are native Texans. Most all of us are here for the same reason—king oil.

I am an exploration geologist for a major oil concern and am working in the exploration and development of oil and gas reserves in the East Texas Basin. It's an exciting game because, despite quantum leaps in science and technology, luck is often the deciding factor. Luck makes it a risky, costly, and very unpredictable business. The uncertainty is what appeals to me. And for much the same reason, I transferred from a military academy to Connecticut College. The security and predictability of military life had left me wanting. That was the wonderful part about being a male during the first few years of coeducation at Connecticut: life was far from predictable, but that's another story altogether. Suffice it to say that if I was ever in the right place at the right time, that was it.

There were, however, several obstacles to overcome during those first few years of coeducation. One obstacle was the resentment by those women who felt the college should have remained an all women's institution. While I'm sure it was most difficult for some to witness such a dramatic shift, one need only return to the campus today while in session to recognize the success of coeducation. The campus is healthy, vibrant, and extremely active seven days a week, a far cry from the weekend exodus of earlier times. Today there is a more natural balance in all phases of campus life, and the number of extracurricular activities has increased dramatically.

Another more subtle concern was whether the male students would dominate the women on campus, thereby incurring their hostility and alienation. Had this occurred, the results would have been tragic. As it turned out, most of the women students were warmly receptive to having men on campus, and the concept of sharing was far more prevalent than that of taking. In addition, many men, including myself, became more sensitive to women's rights and related issues. Such an experience has aided me greatly as I deal with women in what still remains a male-dominated industry—the oil business.

Since graduation in 1973, I have worked for the Alumni Association in a variety of capacities. It is one way of showing my appreciation for an invaluable learning experience. It is also a way for me to show faith and support for the future of the college. Besides, I can't say no whenever anyone asks me to do anything concerning Connecticut, which is why I am writing this article.

For me, Connecticut was a social, cultural, and political awakening, as well as an academic one. By embracing its liberal arts philosophy, I learned to question and accept challenge. My major was government, and, despite my mediocre grades, I continue to draw from what and from how I learned at Connecticut.

The college was the base from which
all my career directions evolved. It gave me the confidence to attempt the unfamiliar. I became a commercial diver, then a religion teacher, and then attended graduate school in geology at Wesleyan University. After getting my geology degree, I went to law school. By then I was addicted to academia (drugs would’ve been cheaper). Even after starting a full-time job here in Houston, I continue to take several night courses. What’s worse, the addiction was infectious—Claudia, a zoology major at Connecticut, studied for her M.B.A. at night while conducting diabetes research during the day. She is now a senior credit analyst and credit supervisor for a Houston bank.

Marrying a classmate does have its drawbacks. For instance, I can’t talk about the fun things I did in college unless Claudia was with me at the time. I also can’t tell her how brilliant I was because she was there and knows the real truth. On the other hand, we did share many wonderful moments on that campus, and continue to view Connecticut as the beginning of our beginning, even though we were not married until several years after graduation.

One final note. As we herald the success of ten years of coeducation at Connecticut College, it is easy to focus on the men in order to emphasize the coeducational nature of the college today. Let’s not forget those women who opened their college to us. Let not their remarkable achievements go unnoticed. After all, coeducation is a success because they wanted it to be so.

An exploration geologist for Gulf Oil (and an attorney), Mike Farrar ’73 is vice president of the Alumni Association. His wife Claudia Pikula Farrar ’73, a senior credit analyst at the First City National Bank of Houston, Texas, is president of both the class of ’73 and of Houston’s C.C. Club. Natives of New London and Long Island, the Farrars claim to be “dressed for work in Houston.”
Forever transformed

A campus leader who acquired an addiction to politics and a healthy respect for women.

By Jay B. Levin '73

A seasoned politician, Jay Levin helped send Rep. Chris Dodd to Washington, Pat Hendel to the state legislature, and twice got himself elected president of student government. Jay serves on the Democratic Town Committee, the boards of directors of Big Brothers/Big Sisters of Southeastern Connecticut, the Jewish Community Council and the Jewish Family Service Agency, and is the Alumni Association's legal advisor. Regarding his own political future, the circumspect Mr. Levin writes, "1980 looks to be an interesting year."

With so few men at Connecticut College in the fall of 1969, it was difficult at first to become part of the campus. We were a novelty. we lived in one dorm, and even in that dorm there were three women to every one of us. I know that my relationship with Connecticut became concrete with the advent of the "Strike" against the war in Vietnam in May 1970.

Even though I was the token male on the Strike Committee, that involvement drew me both into Connecticut and its government and into New London and Eastern Connecticut and their people and politics.

My efforts during those fourteen days involved, to underline the obvious, working primarily with women: not in the competitive context of the classroom or social relations, but rather in a project of common cause. My view of women was forever transformed. I began to appreciate women as equals and superiors.

I could also see the possibilities for applying the broad community involvement of that extraordinary period to the normal life of the campus, which led to my work with the Student Government Association. I felt that student government could be a link to the community.

The Strike Committee's attempts to reach beyond the college to communicate concerns about the war resulted in my first contacts with New London and people in the city with whom I'm still closely associated.

The student government of those post-Strike days bit off some ambitious chunks. Great amounts of energy were expended attempting to supply a student-created part of the equation that defined what a liberal arts education was all about. At least part of that effort brought results still visible today: the more flexible provisions for a student-planned and justified major are an example. We also encouraged students to appreciate events beyond the college walls and to recognize how those events affected them. Students could and did have an impact on community events: the final major segment of New London's successfully progressing urban redevelopment was approved by the margin of students voting in a 1972 referendum.

Although I am one student whose involvement stuck, I have become resigned to the apparent fact that student participation with the broader non-campus community will always ebb and flow. It is encouraging, though, that there are still over 200 Connecticut students registered to vote in New London, their home for four years, in contrast with less than 40 registered in 1969.

For ten years now I have considered New London and Eastern Connecticut my home. When I went to law school after graduation from Connecticut, I maintained my residence in New London. After leaving politics two years ago to begin work as a prosecuting attorney for the State of Connecticut in Superior Court, I began volunteer work with half a dozen community organizations—which I have since discovered may be several too many.

Prior to 1977, I worked on several campaigns and became deeply involved with the politics of the city, region and state. Certain campaigns were disasters—such as the congressional race that pitted Roger Hilsman (former Assistant Secretary of State and my candidate) against the incumbent Robert Steele in the Nixon landslide.

But I learned that out of disasters can come valuable experiences. During the Hilsman campaign, limited staff and resources compelled me to cover large parts of Eastern Connecticut myself and to get to know the people, the places, the unique problems. I put this knowledge to use four years later when Congressman Chris Dodd asked me to direct what turned out to be his highly successful reelection campaign. Before
working for Chris, I had broadened my experience in several other smaller campaigns including the election of State Representative Pat Hendel of New London (now in her third term and looking toward Congress herself).

Up until 1976 I had employed myself as a criminal justice consultant, eventually specializing in privacy issues, then worked in Chris' congressional operation until taking my present job. Having had a long-term interest in criminal law, I finally decided to put my legal education to work in a courtroom and in 1977 applied to be an assistant prosecutor in New London. I occasionally ask myself—and with greater frequency during a tough trial—how long I'll continue in what I'm doing. Well, 1980 looks to be an interesting year.

I still have some contact with the campus. I live less than one mile away from the college in an apartment at the top of Crystal Avenue in New London. I jog through the northern part of the campus, have an occasional beer in the "Cro Bar" (not present in 1969, thank heaven), am present for meetings of the Alumni Association Executive Board, and attend some concerts, lectures and movies. It is clear from my contact with the present-day Connecticut College that the campus is, from a human body point of view, in a state of coeducation. I have to leave this remarkable conclusion at the level of visual observation. I don't have any significant insight into how coeducation in 1979 operates in the classroom, the student government or the campus social life.

As corny as it may sound, being part of the initial experiment of 1969 had an important effect on me and I don't know if it could be the same today. The circumstances, like the times, were certainly different, if not unique. I do know that the people and the principles I encountered at Connecticut College confirmed that my life would be directed toward some kind of public service.
Fears were unwarranted

Coeducation wasn't even a campus issue by the fall of 1973.

By Jeffrey Simpson '77

If you believe that men come to college expecting to "dominate" their female colleagues, read about Jeff Simpson. A high school basketball star, Jeff was awed by the prospect of being overpowered by brilliant females and fearful of playing on a team called the Camels. By his senior year, the rapidly improving Camels were competitive with established varsity teams and Jeff was a Winthrop Scholar and the winner of both the Hanna Hafkesbrink Award for outstanding work in the humanities and the American Literature prize. Jeff was our first Rhodes Scholarship finalist—ironically, the Rhodes winners were two women from Yale—and spent a term at Oxford studying English. Since graduating, he's been an interviewer for the admissions office, a technical writer at Electric Boat, and this fall began a Ph.D. program in American Civilization at Brown.

After a mediocre high school career, I was surprised and delighted when accepted by Connecticut College, the prestigious former women's college on the hill in New London. I was naturally apprehensive about attending Conn and harbored a suspicion that the college accepted me to fill a lagging male or local boy quota. In high school, my main area of achievement and source of confidence had been basketball, and here I was going to a highly academic school with a basketball team derisively named the Camels. I envisioned myself sitting stupefied in some high-powered course—the only male in a class of twenty—surrounded by nineteen brilliant females nodding sagely at the professor's abstruse observations.

Fortunately, my fears were for the most part unwarranted. In 1973, my freshman year, men were still substantially outnumbered at Connecticut, but even so, I felt like an accepted member of a coeducational institution rather than an interloper at a women's college. This was largely because the college was seriously committed to coeducation, most students were for it, and the sexes were not in an adversary relationship. The most convincing evidence for the success of coeducation during my four years was that it was not a major campus issue.

My classes at Conn weren't nearly as traumatic as I had imagined they would be. The professors turned out to be human, there were males present besides me, and I actually understood the lectures. Majoring in English and philosophy, I had many good teachers and a few outstanding ones, the kind who transform your sense of yourself and the world.
My early varsity basketball experience was another story. My freshman year the schedule consisted of community colleges, technical schools and junior varsity teams. That first season was epitomized by a hopeless contest against Quinebaug Valley Community College, a contest which our own Coach Lessig aptly summarized for the New London Day: “The most exciting thing about the game was that the teams are named the Camels and the Frogs.” The team improved tremendously over the next three years, however, and by my senior year we were competitive with established Division III varsity teams. Other men's teams at Conn have improved considerably recently, some faster than basketball, so that the college now has a credible men's varsity sports program. Much credit is due Athletic Director Charles Luce, who has guided the building of the sports program while maintaining a sense of proportion and of the place athletics have at a small, academically oriented college like Conn.

The change to coeducation, though smooth on campus, was slow to register in the local consciousness and, after “Avery Point or Storrs,” the most common response to a mention of Connecticut College was, “What are you doing at a women's school?” In the last few years, however, I have noticed a much greater local awareness of the college and much stronger ties between Connecticut and the surrounding community. I believe that improved relations can be at least partly attributed to the growing number of Return to College students on campus, most of whom are area residents. Increased coverage, particularly sports coverage, by the New London Day probably has also helped.

After spending last year interviewing for the Admissions Office, I still find Connecticut a vigorous, thriving, coeducational college, and I see the primary justification for coeducation as not psychological or philosophical, but pragmatic—it works.

Emerging modestly from a sports car

Sports are booming at Conn, though they nearly rolled over and died in the late 60s.

By Peggie Ford '73

My friend Lynda, who will be spared the embarrassment of reading her surname here, was traipsing around the Grand Canyon as a tourist a couple of summers ago, 3,000 miles from home, dressed in an outfit she swears she packed only because it was permanent press.

Lynda was wearing sneakers, white socks, her green and blue plaid Connecticut College gym skirt, a white blouse and sunglasses. She must have looked like a refugee from the Carol Burnett Show.

She was startled when another young woman stopped her in the canyon and asked if she had attended Connecticut College. They chatted, and it turned out that the stranger, who was Connecticut College, Class of '71, hadn’t remembered Lynda’s face from a dormitory or classroom. She had recognized the gym skirt. Lynda, as Class of '73, was wearing the same plaid as '71 had been issued. How mortifying—caught with your bloomers on.

Gym skirts are how many remember sports at Connecticut in the late 60s and early 70s. Gym classes were something to be endured. We had better things to do with our minds.

The college was in a strange period of transition. When our class arrived in 1969, the first group of freshmen that included men, some finishing school touches survived like curious evolutionary throwbacks. While students and faculty were demonstrating against the Vietnam war, women in the freshman fundamentals gym class were being given occasional instruction in movement not closely identified with sports—to wit, how to take down a suitcase from an overhead luggage rack, how to descend a flight of stairs gracefully in high heels, and how to emerge modestly from a sports car while wearing a skirt.

These helpful hints were parcelled out with straight faces amid a perfectly ordinary phys ed class curriculum on running, jumping and throwing.

There were intercollegiate women’s teams in such sports as field hockey, basketball, tennis and swimming, but they were largely ignored. No one thought the participants strange, but there was no rush to join their ranks, either.

Having men on campus has changed things. So did the national boom in sports participation in the 70s. The fact that sports nearly rolled over and died at Conn in the late 60s makes their renaissance at
The college all the more dramatic, but certainly not unique.
The men who arrived on campus in 1969 asked the college for help in organizing a basketball team. Mike Shinault, head of the college's print shop and mail room, was the sole volunteer for the job of coach.

Southern drawlin' Shinault, an ex-Navy man who had coached several service basketball teams, threw himself into the project with his customary energy and sardonic humor. Searching for an appropriate mascot for his team, he remembered seeing a Pakistani team with an unusual appellation while he was in the Navy. And so into a sports world overpopulated—by Wolves, Bears and Eagles came the Camels. The name was different. And so were they.

"We had a lot of fans in those days," said Shinault of the early years. "We were so funny that people'd come just to see what we were gonna do."

Someone in the college's News Office coined the term "Powderpuff League" to describe Conn and its competition on the court—Vassar and Sarah Lawrence, two other women's colleges which also had begun to admit men.

Then a men's soccer team was formed. An athletic director was hired. Dozens of new teams and activities were added because the demands of the student body had changed by the mid-70s. Charles Luce, the college's athletic director, recalls the early days of scheduling men's teams to play the Camels.

"First we had to convince people to play us. Then everybody thought they could beat us, so they wanted to play us. Now we have a pretty stable schedule," he said. The Coast Guard Academy, Wesleyan, Trinity, Clark and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are regular opponents.

Connecticut's teams have known successes as they have developed. Two of its oarsmen, Livingston Johnson '79 and Daniel Gallagher '81, earned Connecticut its first national college athletic title by winning the men's pair without coxswain event last spring at the Intercollegiate Rowing Association championships. The women's volleyball team was last fall's state small-college champion. The men's soccer team came within an eyelash of winning the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference small college soccer championship.

"There was a great deal of response to the soccer team," said James Polan '79, who was editor of the campus newspaper, The College Voice, shortly after the soccer season. "It was something unheard of at Conn. Everyone was going wild. It was a symbolic step for the college. It legitimized not only soccer, but the entire sports program."

The college also finds itself at the point of having to make a major decision on investing in better athletic facilities... The college green and the chapel green are used for soccer, field hockey and men's and women's lacrosse, and they take a pounding. The gymnasium at Crozier-Williams Center is booked from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. It's impossible just to show up and expect to shoot a few baskets. Athletics were popular in the 20s, too. Left, the 1919 soccer team. Overleaf, a good crowd turns out for a 1920 baseball game.
faculty had argued that the money to maintain the rink in the future would be better spent on faculty salaries and academic programs, while others argued that the college needs athletic facilities as well to attract today's well-rounded student.

A look at the history of sports and physical education at Connecticut indicates that for many years, women thought athletics were fun and necessary for being well-rounded, rather than a burden. In the 1920s, each class had a soccer team, and competition was spirited. The senior-faculty soccer game was a highlight of the year, according to Frances Brett, associate professor emeritus of physical education, who came to the faculty in 1923. Field hockey was going strong in those years, too. The old gymnasium, now the college bookstore, would be packed with spectators for basketball games, again featuring one class's team against another's.

During World War II, physical fitness was considered a serious responsibility. Most classes started the day with exercises. A Coast Guard officer taught military drill, and at the end of the year, the students put on a "review" with music courtesy of the Coast Guard Band. (World War II also meant a temporary halt in rifle classes—the ammunition was being diverted to the war effort.)

In the 1920s, about half the student body elected a team sport in physical education (there was a four-year requirement, later eased to three, then to two in 1967). In 1966-67, by comparison, about ten percent made that selection, showing the trend away from team sports. Connecticut had a physical education major for 47 years, until 1966-67.

Intercollegiate women's sports are a more recent phenomenon. Elizabeth (Sue) Rockwell Cesare '52, a field hockey and basketball player (and former alumna trustee), recalls "play days" with other women's colleges. They weren't too frequent.

By that time, interest in sports on campus seems to have waned. Mrs. Cesare, a physical education major, remembers that teams were made up mainly of women with that major.

"I was one of those who played and absolutely adored it," she said, "but that wasn't the prevailing attitude at all."

The big event of the year for basketball players was an exhibition game at the Coast Guard Academy against a local high school team. But the college administration was cool to even that event, she re-
The idea of competition was just not furthered," Mrs. Cesare recalled. "Competition in girls' athletics was just not on the priority list." Those who did seek competition in those years in field hockey tried out for regional club teams that went on to national tournament play. The "play days" grew to a four- or five-game intercollegiate sports schedule in the 1960s.

Today, the pendulum has swung. A typical women's sports schedule in field hockey or lacrosse will have intercollegiate competition twice a week for the season. Budgets are bigger. Uniforms and equipment are better.

What Peter Pan collars were to the 50s and ragged jeans to the 60s, running shorts and Nikes are to the 70s. A walk around campus on a warm fall afternoon provides testimony that either most of the campus has taken up running or is dressing that way in self-defense.

Ten years from now? Who knows? But if two members of the Class of '83 happen on each other in the Grand Canyon a few years after graduation, maybe the conversation will go like this:

Girl: "Don't I recognize you? Weren't you the captain of the soccer team the year Conn went to the national tournament?"

Boy: "Yeah. And weren't you on the women's crew team that beat Yale to win the Eastern Sprints?"

I'd bet my gym skirt on its happening some day.

The joy of the purely platonic

Students today can't even envision what a single-sex college might be like.

By Sarah Firth '80

Sarah Firth (overleaf), who plans to become a nurse practitioner, is an English major and member of the Ad Hoc Faculty-Student Committee on Language Study. Next summer she'll be a farmhand and cook at Rockhouse Mountain Farm in Eaton Center, New Hampshire. It's bound to be less work than her present job as housefellow.

Two years ago, as a sophomore in Hamilton dormitory, I lived on the coed floor. As in all complex dorms, the rooms were laid out in a rectangle surrounding a central bathroom. The young women lived on the west side, a fortunate state of affairs for us sunset-loving creatures. Our male counterparts resided in the rooms which faced the Thames. As the bathroom was divided down the middle by a partition, its "coeducational" aspect went virtually unnoticed, especially in "I just woke up" drowsiness. Other than the bathroom, there was really no occasion to encounter the other sex, except by choice. As one who made the choice, I can only say I am glad, and always will be. I made a friend that year who truly met me halfway. I knew the minute I saw him that we would become friends and indeed, some of the best conversations I had that year were with him. Perhaps the recognition that neither one of us wanted to be romantically involved insulated the honesty of our discussions. Whatever it was, many late nights on the second floor of Hamilton were tempered by a frankness and warmth delightful to recall.

Now in 1979, I find myself back in
Hamilton. As the housefellow, one of my hopes is that each floor in the dorm will develop a unity of its own. To my joy, that hope has already been fulfilled on the coed second floor. A group—including men and women and spanning all four classes—has formed whose relationships display the same frankness and warmth I found so special. They eat meals together, comfort one another, watch *M*A*S*H* together and lend a hand to each other when studying. They take care of each other; at the same time, they manage to remain flexible and open to others. I don't pretend they are all angels or that their relations are hunky-dory all the time. Yet the knowledge that if problems do arise, solutions can be found within the group is a housefellow's dream come true.

I would never have considered Connecticut College for Women as a place to spend these very precious years. Single-sex institutions must spawn livable social situations, because the men and women who attend them certainly emerge alive and reasonably well-adjusted. Yet for me, their social atmosphere appears neither natural nor comfortable, because there is little or no room for purely platonic relationships with members of the opposite sex. The world beyond college is not limited to a single sex. Building comfortable relationships with both sexes is an invaluable part of our education.

In 1979, coeducation is not just a way of life at Connecticut College. It works. My classroom experience has been infinitely enriched by the differing perspectives men and women bring with them. My extracurricular activities have echoed the balance between the sexes which has been achieved in the dorm. I have done more growing and changing because of the men and women of this institution than I ever thought possible. If I had it to do over again, there is very little I would change. I would, without a doubt, still choose Connecticut College.
50 years of plans, shocks and calamities

The long view of our changes and the external forces which often caused them.

By Gertrude E. Noyes '25, Dean Emeritus

Gertrude Noyes, who is presently our college archivist, adapted this article from her keynote address to the Alumni Council in October.

The subject of the Alumni Council, "Change and Continuity at Connecticut College," is an unwieldy one for an after-dinner talk. I should therefore like to limit it to just one person's perspective, my own. As for qualifications, I submit some 50 years of involvement in higher education, most of them at Connecticut College. I shall give my observations on changes within the college and on the external forces which often precipitated them. My approach will be objective and, so far as I can manage it, devoid of sentiment.

As a New Londoner, I prepared for college at an all girls' classical high school, in fact at Williams Memorial Institute, now the Williams School on our campus. At that time the average person had completed only one or two years of high school, and less than 20 percent had graduated. Good educational standards were upheld in the high schools, however. Those who did not do the work in a course failed, and those with two or three failures had to "stay back a year."

Of the 70 students in my graduating class, only seven went on to college, and all of them to women's colleges, since there was as yet no state university in Connecticut. About the same number went to normal school, then a two-year course, most of the others to business schools or to jobs, and only a few to early marriage.

In September 1921 I took the trolley up to Connecticut College for Women, consisting then of three rather forbidding stone buildings on a bare hilltop. The 358 students came from 20 states, and the faculty of 50 was made up of dedicated teachers and scholars, several known nationally and a few even internationally. Fees were $250 for tuition and $500 for room and board. As cars were few and money scarce, college life was limited to campus activities; and faculty and students worked and relaxed together in the close-knit community. We students were keenly aware that a college education was a privilege enjoyed by few and that we were expected to put it to some significant use. Women had just won the suffrage, and we naively assumed that sharing the vote meant sharing vocational opportunities as well.

I was one of a handful who went directly to graduate school, where I was precipitated into a man's world at Yale. This was the obverse side of the coin. Though we women were a small minority and suffered some of the inconveniences and oversights of a minority, we were more than compensated by the excitement of working with great scholars and in a great library.

Then I began my teaching career in the coeducational world at the University of Illinois, which at that time had 15,000 students. Men were greatly in the majority, and the Big Ten sports dominated university life. Here I encountered a different form of segregation, as students in one class would come from the School of Engineering (all men), in another from the School of Commerce (also all men), and in others from the School of Education (almost all women) or Liberal Arts and Sciences (mixed). In my LA&S classes I found confirmation for the stereotype that women do not assert themselves in classes with men. One class which remains painfully in my memory consisted of couples, whose interest could with difficulty be focussed on subtle points of rhetoric or literary criticism. On the whole university standards were good; and many students—especially those from three-year high schools—had to drop out; they might, however, return for two more trial runs. This arrangement, I suspected, was designed not so much as a charitable gesture but as a convenience to the football players, who always took care to return in the fall. What was lacking, in contrast to my college, was any personal interest in the students, many of whom, whether brilliant or failing, could have benefited from a little friendly advice.

I returned to Connecticut College just 50 years ago, the same year that Katharine Blunt came, she at the top and I at the bottom of the faculty. The college had been well established by its first two presidents and had steadily grown in size and reputation. It now had 572 students and 65 faculty; and fees had
risen to $400 tuition and $600 room and board. Since my graduation Knowlton was the only addition to the central campus, providing an elegant salon for dances and other social events. Vinal had appeared as an experimental cooperative dormitory, but most freshmen and some sophomores were living in eleven off-campus houses.

President Blunt led the college through the depression with her usual resilience and, as soon as the situation eased, launched into a heroic building program. At least one building was rising on campus most of the time, and those planned in the spring were inhabited that fall. Fanning and Bill Hall allowed more space for classes and administration; and Palmer Auditorium brought new life and dignity to the college, relieving the gym (and its harried custodian) of lectures, concerts, and plays. The banner year was 1940, when after 25 years all students were united on campus.

We have so far covered what I consider the first period of Connecticut College history, with World War II as the divider. It had been a period of carefully planned growth, a time of great respect for education but of narrow horizons. Students and faculty had traveled little; and the curriculum focused on our own country and its European ancestors—England, France, Germany, Italy and Greece. Students indignantly denied the ivory tower image. They kept informed of “current events,” were sympathetic and generous with contributions and service; but they remained spectators. The assumption still held that the college years were for preparation rather
than participation in outside affairs. From the start a major goal of the college had been to help each student discover and develop her particular abilities, and the curriculum gave her a chance to try out different fields. The pre-professional majors in Home Economics, Physical Education, Art, and Music were experimental for their time. The student could also take electives in teaching, library science, religious education, business. The Auerbach major in Merchandising, the Child Development interdepartmental major, and courses in Chemurgy were introduced somewhat later. President Blunt also brought to campus the headquarters of the Institute of Women's Professional Relations, a group of experts who researched and publicized opportunities for women.

President Blunt always placed her emphasis on "public service." She was herself a nationally known figure in home economics and education; and as speakers she favored women leaders, such as Jane Addams, the Hamilton sisters, Frances Perkins, Eleanor Roosevelt. "Our chief endeavor," she said in her usual crisp style, "is the development of intelligent independence in students and then competent interest in community affairs." During the war new and important responsibilities were entrusted to students. Many were trained to man the Southeastern Connecticut aircraft spotting station atop Bill Hall; and others served as monitors for the campus brownout, which was enforced to protect convoys passing through the Sound.

The second phase of Connecticut's history, as I see it, comprises a period of swelling turbulence from the post-war period to the present. As an immediate reaction to wartime tensions, many students dropped out of college without even a backward look, as soon as their fiances returned from the service. They thought only of security, marriage and a home. Also the general level of education had been rising rapidly in the country, people were more prosperous, and most high school graduates expected a college education as their due. As a result many came with no real intellectual commitment, and the faculty had to work hard to convert them.

As you recall, the 1950s brought a cruel series of shocks and calamities, which especially shook up the students who had hoped for peace to lead their own lives. First came the rivalry of the United States and the Soviets in developing atomic bombs, leading to the long Cold War. The Korean War was devastating to students' national pride, and Sputnik made them doubt the superiority of American science and education. They were further disillusioned by the social injustices in their own country which the Civil Rights movement was exposing. Meantime the bulge in the college-aged population, which doubled in about twelve years, coincided with the claim that everyone has a right to a college education. In the 1960s, anxiety, discontent, and criticism increased with the Cuban crisis and came to a head with the Vietnam war. Some of the most anxious times for women students were the draft calls, when their boyfriends had to make decisions affecting their whole lives. In the South Civil Rights agitation increased, and the North was belatedly realizing its own guilt as "hot summers" ensued and then the dreadful climax of Kent State.

The cumulative effect of these disillusionments and anxieties can perhaps be understood best by those who were with students daily and yearly. They were no longer silent; they talked endlessly, studying social problems often at first hand and groping for solutions. On campus there were continual conferences on Civil Rights and other issues. Perhaps the most significant was the series called ConnQuest, which tried to find the topic of greatest concern and to make the conference a "study-in" for intelligent action. The first ConnQuest took for its topic, "Commitment," and that word became the motto for the new era. Students went off to previously little known countries with Peace Corps and Cross Roads Africa, they went south to protest, and they took local surveys of living and working conditions of minorities. At Columbia, where the student revolution first erupted in the East, the Report on the Crisis commented: "This generation of young people in our universities is the best informed, the most intelligent, and the most idealistic this country has ever known. This is the experience of teachers everywhere."

Not only were men and women students working together on such programs, but men's and women's colleges were combining offerings and exchanging students. Students themselves were becoming wanderers, explorers, as they took a semester or a year to attend other colleges here or abroad. Returning they brought a keener sense of problems in our own and other countries.

Since the end of World War II a new and powerful entity had made itself felt in college life—the intercollegiate community. Single-sex colleges had joined in social weekends for some time, but that relationship had grown stronger and deeper. Now the intercollegiate com-
munity became the voice of the whole younger generation, which was asserting itself on social injustices and distrusting its elders (those over 30). A whole new vocabulary emerged: *dialogue* often came to *confrontation; identity crisis* meant the student was trying to find a place for herself, a philosophy and road to action. College courses seemed *irrelevant*. Why spend so much time on the past when the present was in dire need?

How did the college react to these circumstances? The first decision was to enlarge in order to do its share in educating the new generation, and the north dormitories enabled the college to leap in a few years from 850 to 1400. Gradually students were allowed to participate in more and more of college planning, and they came to see the complexity of the forces which determined the college's actions. They were encouraged to plan their own majors and were offered more interdepartmental majors of current interest, such as Urban Affairs and Human Ecology. The Academic Policy and the Development Committees were early joint committees; the Departmental Advisory and Student-Trustee Committees conferred important new responsibilities. This constant exchange of ideas and sharing in decisions gave the students a second education. Faculty on their side learned that students were maturing earlier, were deeply interested, and could contribute vital support to their institution. Because of these exchanges, the college was able to keep the uprising of 1970 within bounds. After that week of canvassing every phase of the Vietnam problem, students returned to their exams and completed their courses, in striking contrast to the disruption which took its toll on other colleges. Against the background of these wider concerns shared by all young people, coeducation had become almost a *fait accompli* before the college reached its formal decision.

This has been only a glimpse into the dramatic changes within one person's experience. When alumnae pre-1969 think of their college days, they naturally recall the college life they knew, their courses, their professors and friends; but, to take the institutional point of view, a college survives only by its sensitivity to changes in the social climate and by the wisdom with which it adjusts without compromising its basic stands. Within this framework it can retain its own ideals, its high standards, its interest in students, and its mysterious indefinable identity. Connecticut has, I believe, accomplished this feat; it has maintained its original commitments while keeping pace with the world and thereby continuing to attract the kind of students and faculty who will protect and preserve its values.

**But they were glorious men**

Getting into business school has replaced activism, but students still love the college.

By Alice Johnson, Dean of the College

When we went coeducational in 1969, we were naturally somewhat apprehensive about how successful we would be in the long run. After all we started out with only twenty-seven young men. But, as it turned out, they were glorious men. After a few months at the college, they reported to the Admissions Staff that they liked the ratio of male to female and suggested retrenchment rather than expansion. But what really happened was that they were extremely helpful in recruiting other students. Now when you go to one of those College Day Fairs held for high school students, two attractive male students can be most impressive. And those high schoolers wouldn't realize that there were only twenty-five others back home on the campus.

As you may recall, it was an extremely exciting time what with Civil Rights and agitation against the war. Student activism was approaching flood stage, which crested with the famous—or infamous, depending on the point of view—Strike Week in May 1970, to protest the incursion into Cambodia. Then came the Kent State tragedy that same week, and the optimism of the young disappeared as the tide of activism receded. By September of that year campuses all over the United States had, at least on the surface, gone back to a more passive stance. The New York *Times* wrote articles about the end of political activism and the return to books. No students were still demanding "But is it Relevant" as they had during the late 60s.

As we have moved through the decade of the 70s, we realize that many changes
came about because of those 60s activists. The war came to an end. College curriculum changes were made which allowed more flexibility, if not necessarily more logic. Women's lib and a profound sexual revolution among the young occurred for which no one anywhere was truly prepared—least of all parents and college administrators.

Meanwhile as Connecticut College began to attract more men students there was some fear that men would seize all the top Student Government offices. This fear was largely founded on the fact that one young man managed to get elected president of Student Government twice—that never having occurred before. But the real truth was that Jay Levin '73 would have achieved this distinction no matter what college he attended. As it has all worked out, I think, the students of the 70s have largely tended to be serious about the qualifications of the candidates rather than be concerned about their sex. Last year, for example, Janice Mayer '80 was president of Student Government. Joel Mishkin '80 was chairman of Judiciary Board. This year Michael Litchman '80 is president of Student Government, Jeff Lupoff '81 is chairman of Judiciary Board and Janice Mayer is president of

"Meanwhile, please remember they are still young, vulnerable, funny, sensitive, uncertain. They fumble around, they fall in love, they get rejected, they cry—the men more than the women—they feel that awful despair which every young generation must live through while moving from late adolescence into adult maturity and responsibility."
the senior class. Ann Clark is president of the junior class. Her boyfriend, Chip Clothier, was president of last year's senior class.

As we move on into a new decade, one sees signs of political life returning to the campus. We are already in the planning stage for a mock political convention or something similar for next March—when the presidential candidates will be romping around looking for votes from New Hampshire to Massachusetts to Connecticut. The two major political parties are much more evenly matched than they were in the late 60s and early 70s. I recall when the only visible and active student Republican on the campus was H. P. Goldfield '73, who later went on to work in the Chief Counsel's office in the White House during the tenure of President Ford.

The biggest shift of emphasis during the 70s has been the new professionalism. Every one, male and female, or so it seems to me, in the present senior class plans to go on to medical school, law school, or business school. The business school phenomenon is perhaps the most surprising. The present college generation has taken a hard look at the prospects of becoming a college professor, at a time when tenure has become extremely hard to get for young instructors. Business seems to spell security—and this generation is perhaps more personally concerned for self than earlier generations. But they grew up in a terrible time—a world gone mad with the escalation of weapons of destruction; a war that really tore this country apart; a president of the United States who had to resign his post in public disgrace. All these things put together have made the young more cautious. It's as if they were all like Linus in the "Peanuts" cartoon who must always have his security blanket with him. The graduate degree that will turn them into doctors, lawyers and corporate bank presidents is their security blanket.

Along the way the media have made them feel ignorant, unread, untutored. They have heard that primary and secondary education in general has declined in the United States. Consequently, they are eager to take whatever courses their academic adviser recommends. That is a big change from active resistance to any academic advice. The English department had to hire two more instructors this fall because of the heavy demand for Freshman Composition. Fifteen students signed up for beginning Latin. The Economics department is bulging with eager majors. In the period of "Is It Relevant" the Economics department was lucky if it had two or three majors in its field. Botany, once a small department, is now a very busy department. Concern for the environment has made this a popular area.

Meanwhile, please remember they are still young, vulnerable, funny, sensitive, uncertain. They fumble around, they fall in love, they get rejected, they cry—the men more than the women—they feel that awful despair which every young generation must live through while moving from late adolescence into adult maturity and responsibility. In common with their immediate predecessors, they love the college; in fact, we have a hard time getting them to leave the campus. They are fiercely loyal; and if you get a chance to hear the new male chorus, the CoCoBeaux, sing the old Alma Mater, "C.C. By the Sea," I think you would sense the depth of caring that is there.

Mortals with feet of clay

Coeducation has taught us there are no more gods and goddesses.

By Richard Birdsall, Professor of History

From my point of view coeducation is a good thing. Coeducational classes are livelier and more responsive to my ideas and even to my antiquated jokes. Further, as a man, I feel more at ease in a coeducational classroom, less like a fugitive in "no man's land."

Basically, coeducation has moved college life from the monastery and convent into the world. This is in line with Protestant thought and the general movement from the medieval to the modern. Luther, in rejecting celibacy and the cloistered existence, noted that "the scullery maid in the kitchen serves God more truly than the monk in the monastery." Coeducation is not only Protestant; it is American. Oberlin was first, in 1833; then western state universities and major endowed universities—Cornell in 1868 and Stanford in 1888—reinforced the trend. And even Europe joined the enlightened procession, despite the waspish comment of Professor Benjamin Jowett that "When the women
arrived at Oxford, God left.” Finally, in the late 1960s, those bastions of the medieval, Yale and Princeton, saw the light and admitted women. The brightest students wanted coeducation. A 1962 survey of high school National Honor students showed nearly 95 percent preferring coeducational colleges. Academically, women had little to lose by going coed, since women’s colleges had failed to develop a unique program suited to women. The minor exceptions to this statement would be the unreasoning fear of all science, except biological sciences, and the larger participation in the arts seen in women’s colleges.

Unfortunately, coeducation is often blamed for the lowered level of intellectual performance evident in American colleges in the past decade. This is nonsense. The lower intellectual achievement is related to a general inflation of money, egos and grades; to the fading of that great energizing myth, the idea of Progress; to forty years of prosperity and the consequent rise of hedonism and decline of the work ethic. The remarkable records of Swarthmore, Oberlin, Reed, Cornell and Stanford in the 1930s are sufficient evidence that coeducation does not interfere with academic quality.

There are vague rumors that in present day colleges, coeducation extends from the classroom to the bedroom. Though my province is the classroom, I shall make some guesses as to the probable effects of modern pragmatic, non-romantic love on academic work. Freud says that men’s fantasies fill in the gaps in their real existence; I should judge that today’s students are less fantasy-ridden than students of the past generation. Gone are the superheated erotic daydreams and tense intrigue in the style of Madame Bovary that appeared in Kathrin Perutz’s 1962 novel of Connecticut College life, The Garden. Instead one sees on all sides what William Blake called “the lineaments of gratified desire.” In a sense this is a return to the 18th century common sense view of sex goddesses, just human beings with feet of clay. The new system is safer, closer to earth, and so there is less time for fantasy and more time for academic studies.

With coeducation Connecticut College has become more nearly a total life experience for the student; the college is actually populated on weekends. Before 1969, students fied the campus on weekends; the more sophisticated heading for the wild side would take part in the barbaric rites of Dartmouth fraternity parties. The uninvited hid in the basement of Knowlton House. Now students who want a good weekend stay on campus. And how many of the activities with erotic overtones have a solid cultural content—rehearsals for a Shakespeare play, singing Bach in the college chorus, or attending the fine series of classic films and then retiring to the Cro Bar for a discussion of the acting skills of Hepburn, Garbo and Ullman.

I say that in this interchange of ideas and information, usually informal and coeducational, the college performs one of its main functions, to wit, washing some of the junk of our mass culture out of students’ minds and pointing them to something better. There is some truth in Woodrow Wilson’s observation: “The real intellectual life of a body of undergraduates, if there be any, manifests itself, not in the classroom, but in what they do and talk of and set before themselves as their favorite objects between classes and lectures.”

Admittedly, college life is rougher than it used to be. The orderly conventions and courteous restraints of after-dinner coffee in Freeman living room have been displaced by the loud chatter, ribald laughter and occasional roaring vulgarity of the Wednesday afternoon cocktail parties. But this merely reflects a general American swing toward the Bohemian and the proletarian life style—a swing symbolized in the national uniform, blue jeans. There is a bright side to the cocktail parties; in the easy camaraderie one sees some evidence for W. C. Fields’ statement, “Booze makes Christians of us all.” In spite of the argument sometimes made for women’s colleges that the feminine ego can flower more easily in a protected environment (even though it be a hothouse), I think that most young women prefer the world as it is to protection. There is evidence that young women at Connecticut find the jostling and noise and color of coeducation exhilarating. This exhilaration emerges when the inevitable battle of the sexes is experienced as a creative counterpoint in which both sides have a common sense of human fallibility developed out of the daily give and take. In sex-segregated colleges there is more danger that the “battle” will degenerate into embittered and destructive conflict. I conclude that coeducation has improved the general tone of Connecticut College life.

“There is some truth in Woodrow Wilson’s observation: ‘The real intellectual life of a body of undergraduates, if there be any, manifests itself, not in the classroom, but in what they do and talk of and set before themselves as their favorite objects between classes and lectures.’"
Young alumni mobilize

Soldiers sometimes receive a special liberty before embarking on a dangerous mission. This August, alumni leaders from the classes of the 1970s were invited back to campus to be wined, dined, briefed, encouraged, listened to, and given an outline of the difficult territory ahead. The Alumni Association invited back these class presidents, class agent chairmen and young alumni members of the Board of Trustees because they represent nearly one-third of all alumni, a group crucial to the future of the college.

Led by Alumni Association Executive Board members Ken Crerar '77 and Nancy Close '72, the returning alumni weren't just sprinkled with information—they were completely immersed. Executive Director Louise Stevenson Andersen '41 and President Britta Schein McNemar '67 described the workings of the Alumni Association. The state of the college was presented by Oakes Ames; the admissions picture by Dean Jan Hersey; career counseling by Betsy James and Rozanne Burt; and student life by Dean Margaret Wat-
son '61, senior class president Janice Mayer and student government president Michael Litchman '80.

A luncheon with faculty members meant yet more presentations, from Dean of the College Alice Johnson and Dean of the Faculty Frank Johnson. Helene Zim-mer Loew '57, the successful chairman of the Alumni Annual Giving Program (AAGP), and Development Director Roy Welch spoke about the vital role of young alumni in the giving program. The two dozen alumni then tried to squeeze themselves into the Noank cottage of Vivian Segall '73 for cocktails, and adjourned to Louise Andersen's for dinner. Finally, true to form, they returned to Mr. G's in New London.

All alumni, no matter how young, need a tour of the campus. Looking at the framed-out skating rink are (l-r): David Sargent, Jr. '77 (class agent), Susan Lee '70 (class agent), Warren Erickson '74 (class president), Ken Crerar '77 (Chairman of Young Alumni Weekend), Mark DeGange '75 (trustee), and Lauri Hollister '76 (class president).

Walking through the muddy construction site to the rink are Nancy Close '72, director-at-large of the Alumni Association (foreground), Barbara Vesburgh Omohundo '72, class president and clubs chairman for the Association, and a bevy of Roys: Roy Taylor '74, class agent (left); Roy Welch, director of development (center); and Roy Knight, college treasurer (pointing).

Get thee to a barbershop

Disavowing any connection to "doo doo, waa waa" music, a new men's singing group has sprung up on campus. Melodiously named the CoCoBeaux (after Connecticut College), the eleven-member barbershop-style group was organized last fall by Tom Bates '81, the son of Alice Phelps Haines '51. Tom, a transfer student from the University of Maryland, is an experienced barbershop singer and arranger who spent two years in the Greenwich (Conn.) High School intensive music program.

An economics major and a member of the Connecticut College chorus, Tom leads the CoCoBeaux in 90-minute practice sessions twice a week. Although the CoCoBeaux have a barbershop background, their style is very relaxed.

"We're very experimental," Tom says. "We've tried just about anything, including all-talking pieces." Another thing the CoCoBeaux have tried is the Alma Mater. An immediate hit at Alumni Council, the men closed their performance with a resonant version of "C.C. by the Sea" and were promptly enlisted to entertain Hartford area alumni in November.

Fall forums

A conference on nuclear power, a centennial celebration for Connecticut poet Wallace Stevens, and a series of symposia on women's art highlighted extracurricular activities on campus this fall.

Over 200 people gathered to hear a panel of six experts debate the merits of nuclear technology. No consensus was reached, but the audience was exposed to professional appraisals of the impact and risks of nuclear power from both advocates and opponents.

The English department, in conjunction with the Connecticut Humanities Council, sponsored a series of lectures, poetry readings, and dramatic and musical presentations in celebration of the work of Wallace Stevens. Connecticut College poet William Meredith returned from Washington, D.C.—where he is serving a second year as Poet for the Library of Congress—to give a reading of his own poetry inspired by Stevens. Mary Blatner Arensberg '67, a faculty member at the State University of New York at Albany, delivered a well-received paper on "Wallace Stevens' Theater of Trope."

Throughout the fall semester a series of films and panel discussions was presented on the topic of women's art. Produced in conjunction with the "Women in Modern Art" course and supported in part by a Mellon grant, this symposium also featured an exhibit of the work of 27 women artists.

In the limelight

The Chicago Lyric Opera Chorus, including our own Tom Howland '77, gave a private concert for Pope John Paul II recently. The Lyric Opera was touring Italy with its production of Paradise Lost.

Once an interpreter for Interpol in Paris, Elizabeth Anne Gaynor '67 has been appointed home editor of Ladies' Home Journal. Liz, who had been an editor at Family Circle before joining Ladies' Home Journal, has also worked at Glamour magazine.

William McCauley '78 was named the outstanding studio artist at a show in the West Hartford Center.

Anne Oppenheimer Freed '38, the director of counseling services at the Family Service Association of Greater Boston, has been recognized for her family practice, critical writing and teaching. The Massachusetts chapter of the National Association of Social Workers gave Anne their award for the Greatest Contribution to Social Work Practice.

The new director of admissions at Wheelock College is Joan Fluegelman Wexler '53.

Fresh out of college only to return is John Kriński '79, who has been named to Connecticut's admissions staff. The new assistant director of admissions, John Merrill, is twice related to the college. His
mother, Josephine Stafford Merrill, received her degree from Connecticut in 1970, and his sister Janisa ... NC
According to Mrs. Dorothy Cramer of the Noank Historical Society, your relative Joseph Latham (1779-1834) lived in a

**Future of languages**

Connecticut College faces two alternatives in language planning: to let the language and literature departments die on the vine, or to build on its strengths and reconsider its general policy toward this area of liberal studies. So concluded one of the world's foremost romance scholars, Germaine Brée, consultant to the language departments under a National Endowment for the Humanities grant.

“Connecticut College has extraordinarily strong departments in the languages for a college of its size,” Professor Brée said in an interview with the *Alumni Magazine*. The college also has a substantial investment in this area, with nine languages being taught by an "exceptionally distinguished" faculty. Although the language departments have been hit by falling enrollments since the language requirement was dropped in 1973, the future is not bleak.

“The present educational trend in the United States is once again favorable to language studies,” according to Professor Brée. Students seem increasingly aware that competence in language—their own or foreign ones—will greatly affect their careers. With outstanding language departments already in place and a major restructuring of the curriculum planned, Connecticut is in a position to “make some bold innovative moves.”

The 72-year-old scholar, who is Kenan Professor of the Humanities at Wake Forest University, sees college curriculums in a particularly rapid period of transition. “We could hardly not have new views upon the curriculum,” she said. “I think that Western culture and civilization are basic to the understanding of American culture today and should not be sacrificed.” However, she cautioned, “We cannot overlook that there is a China and an India and an Africa. Our world view is wider. The curriculum has to somehow reflect that.”

In her recommendations, Germaine Brée insisted the role of language programs be carefully defined as Connecticut considers a new core curriculum. She suggested intensive courses for beginning students, accelerated study for the experienced, as well as greater access to study abroad. Double majors should be encouraged and more carefully integrated. Through better advising, Connecticut must ensure that students who enter college knowing a language maintain their facility.

A disruption in college curriculums does not perturb Germaine Brée, who was an ambulance driver and intelligence officer for the French Army in World War II. “The system has broken down and is being transformed,” she explained. “It’s bound slowly to take another shape. You break down one structure and you must build another.”

**Letters**

To the Editor:
What a coincidence! Yesterday I was working on my Latham ancestor for admission to the D.A.R. and today I receive the *Alumni Magazine*, with the most interesting article all about Noank.

I am a member of the Oysterponds Historical Society in my birthplace, Orient, Long Island. In their possession are journals found in Joseph Latham’s home in Noank. Joseph Latham bought Orient Point for his son Jonathan Latham and bride, Mehitable Perry. I am missing the proof of their marriage. Would it be in the records in Noank?

Just for the record, Noank is not the only place where you can find old-timey honesty and people who go out of their way to help. Of course, the native Orienters do—as our forebears came from the Connecticut area. But, so do the native country people in my husband’s home here in Kinston. I, too, have a mechanic who is most upset when he has to charge me more than he feels he should for a job. And he is not the only one I could name.

Keep up your good work. This issue of the *Alumni Magazine* looks like one of the best—so far.

Virginia Latham Pearce ’35
Kinston, NC

According to Mrs. Dorothy Cramer of the Noank Historical Society, your relative Joseph Latham (1779-1834) lived in a...
In Memoriam

house on Palmer Cove in Noank. A Connecticut College alumna—Jessie Williams Kohl '26—has lived in the house for about 50 years, and it was she who discovered Joseph Latham's journal. Joseph's son Jonathan Fish Latham departed the Noank area early in life, and Mrs. Cramer believes that he must have met and married Mehitable Perry over on Long Island. It was she who discovered their marriage record should be in Southold, Long Island, where statistics for Orient where kept.

—Ed.

Grace Leslie

Anyone who was on campus between 1936 and 1951 was well aware of the lively presence of Grace Leslie, concert artist and teacher of voice par excellence. Perhaps you recall her concerts or appearances as soloist with the New London Oratorio Society, or perhaps you enjoyed the privilege of voice lessons from this gifted and dramatic personality. You may even have been one of those lucky few who were unaware that you had "a voice" until it was discovered by Grace Leslie. You will all be saddened to learn that Miss Leslie died on July 2 at the age of 89, but you will not be surprised to hear that she taught with her usual flair up to two days before her death.

Grace Leslie had a brilliant career before coming to the college, continued her professional engagements during her tenure here, and enjoyed many more years of teaching at her studio in Salisbury, Massachusetts.

In her early days she toured New England with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and appeared with the Philadelphia and Washington, D.C., opera companies. A pioneer on radio, she was for five years the leading mezzo of the National Opera Company of the Air. With her drama and humor she made lessons fun for her students, and in opera and oratorio she brought inspiration to her audience.

After leaving campus Miss Leslie maintained her New York studio for some time and conducted summer sessions for voice pupils at her home in Salisbury. On her 75th birthday she was honored by the establishment of the Grace Leslie Scholarship Fund "to help young people of musical talent and ambition." Today her students are carrying on her traditions in professional careers or teaching in colleges and universities around the country.

—Gertrude E. Noyes '25
Dean Emeritus

Sarah R. Jones

Sarah Rawlins Jones, for 30 years a member of the Department of Zoology, died September 11, 1979. After her retirement from Connecticut College in 1966, she was employed for several years in the biological laboratories of Mitchell College. Her interest in her professional field never ceased; she eagerly followed recent advances reported in the press, and kept her contacts with her friends in both colleges from her attractive home in Stonington.

Sally was given a splendid start at her alma mater, Goucher College, in her favorite subject, physiology, which was superbly taught there. After a year of graduate study at Columbia, she became an assistant at the Rockefeller Institute under Alexis Carrel who received the Nobel prize for his work with tissue culture. Two years later she married Edward M. Jones of Mystic and went to India for five years. After their return to Stonington, Sally soon made a connection with Connecticut College, as graduate student, assistant, and later, instructor. She was involved with the general biology course as well as physiology, and she pursued summer courses at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole, to acquaint herself with ecology in particular, and at Boston University, where she obtained her master's for research in inflammation.

Mrs. Jones was known to many students, not only from laboratory teaching, but also from training student assistants. She had great loyalty to everyone she liked and respected. She was a devoted wife and mother, and as a good organizer, seemed to be able to carry on her manifold activities with ease.

The Mystic Congregational Church held a memorial service for her at which Reverend Dreher spoke with appreciation and understanding of her indomitable spirit and love of life, an inspiration to all who knew her well.

—Dorothy Richardson
Professor Emeritus of Zoology

Winona F. Young

Winona Frances Young '19, a founder and the first president of the Connecticut College Alumnae Association, died October 5, 1979 at the Crestfield Convalescent Home in Manchester, Connecticut. She was 84.

A member of the college's first graduating class, Winona Young was an outstanding leader both as a student and alumna. She was a founder and the first president of student government, editor of the campus newspaper, chairman of the service league, president of the dramatic club and a member of the glee club.

Her many contributions to the Alumnae Association—besides serving as president and vice president, she chaired the Sykes Alumnae Center Committee, was active in the Hartford Club and headed the Sykes Memorial Lectureship and Fund—earned Miss Young the Agnes Berkeley Leathly award in 1961.

A social worker and district director for the Connecticut State Welfare Department in Hartford for many years, Winona Young moved to Mansfield, Connecticut after her retirement 14 years ago.
Ordinarily we would not have class notes in this issue as our Reunion notes appeared in the summer number. This is to correct the printer’s boo-boo in those notes. In addition to giving Florence’s son Steve to Rosa Wilcox Tappey the following 19th were omitted from the garbled givers. Florence’s son Steve to Rosa Wilcox Tappey and son Steve: We’re sorry and the editor was most apologetic.

Correspondent: Virginia C. Rose, 20 Avery Lane, Waterford, CT 06385

Marian (Maya) Johnson Schmuck in Nantucket enjoyed visits from her family over the holidays. In Mar. a granddaughter with her baby came from CA for a month while her naval pilot husband was in AK. Maya looked forward to visits from Julia (Judy) Warner and Mary Langenbacher Clark. She planned to attend the graduation of a grandson at U. of Chicago in June.

Isabel Barnum Wingate is the author of Fairchild’s Dictionary of Textiles, 6th ed. One reviewer wrote, “It has everything you always wanted to know about textiles and a lot more you wouldn’t think to ask.” Isabel, Prof. Emeritus of Retail Management, NYU, is also the Associate Chairperson of Consumer Group for Retired Professionals at the New School. Jeannette Sunderland stays most of the time with her sister Millieent in Madison, CT. She plays a lot of bridge and takes time to enjoy the wildlife along the shore.

Katherine (Tony) Stone Leavenworth keeps in practice by playing in a piano ensemble group, accompanying two violinists, and playing rhythm music for a nursery school. She substitutes for the church organist. Twice in the spring she gave a nostalgic talk on “Growing Up in Southbury in the Early 1900s” and is taping the experiences of those who lived there during that period.

Lavinia (Vin) Hull Smith sold her house in Nassau and is living in FL.

We are sorry to have to report the death of Gertrude Busch Sayre of Rancho Mirage, CA. In Mar. and that of Abigail Hollister Lampsher at New Milford, CT, in May.

Correspondent: Mrs. Carlston A. Leavenworth (Katherine Stone), 527-D Heritage Village, Southbury, CT 06488

Class president Catherine Calhoun serves on the area Girl Scout Council Board and finance committee while helping organize the building C.C. Alumni Club of Litchfield Co. Church responsibilities also take time. Gainfully employed by the Historical Society, Catherine does considerable public speaking.

Adele Knecht Sullivan combined being chairman of Women’s Fellowship of her church with activities in the Golden Age and Western MA Women’s Clubs. She expects to take trips to various parts of New England this summer and hopes to visit with grandsons 14 and 13.

Gertrude Noyes took a quick trip to England following reunion weekend in June.

Margaret Meredith Littlefield, who with her husband divides her time between Naples, FL and Old Lyme, is looking forward to our 55th reunion. Two grandchildren recently graduated from college, one with honors, the other cum laude with distinction.

Olive Brooke Robotham enjoys DAR activities, having been a member for 54 years. She is regent of the local chapter. Last winter Olive broke her hip and wrist in a fall on the ice.

Mary Auwood Bernard sends greetings to all classmates from Charlotte Lang Carroll and herself. They are neighbors in AZ. Many volunteers in hospital, museum and a horseback riding club. Annually she “is still able to get on 3-day horseback rides with 100-plus club members and guests from throughout the USA.” She is working needlepoint kneelers and cushions for her Episcopal church.

Elsa Deckelman Mathews winters in FL and in summers operates her antique shop in Opusquin, ME. She manages some foreign travel during the winter.

Marie (Mullie) Barker Williams and Lowell visited their children in VA who own show horses. Mullie attended an Arlington military memorial service for her first husband earlier this year. The beginning of Parkinson’s disease makes writing difficult. She expects to be on Cape Cod for part of the summer.

Elinore (Ki) Kelly Moore since our 50th has had three severe falls, resulting in broken bones which laid her up for too long. She sends fond greetings.

Dorothy Kilbourn was on campus in June and saw Aileen Fowler Dike at Windsor Historical Society dinner.

Stella Levine Mendelsohn and Bill have been commuting between Salt Lake City, CA, and Hammond, CT. Then there was Bill’s 55th at Yale—"pretty peppy." Stella looks forward to our next at C.C.

Helen Nichols Foster was in FL, Ireland, Scotland and England last year. This year she’s on the move to Yugoslavia, Hungary and Romania.

Dora Mileiky is active in the AAUW, Jewish Federation and Cancer Crusade.

Maggie Field Winch, as she writes for her children a diary of more than 300 pages, has had C.C. close in memory. She acted with a theatrical group, portraying “a prim and proper spinster who gets drunk swigging brandy! How the audience laughed, knowing I never drank anything stronger than peppermint tea.” After visiting in NC, Midge and Bob will move to Del Ray in the fall.

Sallie Dodd Murphy sends news of herself and our “Class Baby,” Sally Ann, mother of 19-year-old twins. “Sally studied art at Syracuse and has been working in arts ever since. She taught before her marriage and now creates handcrafts in fabric, metal and wood.” Sallie herself found a new life in religious studies in and outside of their Presbyterian Church. She and husband John have lived on a farm for just 50 years.

Emily Warner and sister Judy have a namesake great-great-niece in TN whom they visited when they attended the wedding of a great niece in June. Emily is active in church work, serving as pres. of the Women’s Fellowship and on several committees.

Constance Parker attended C.C. reunion with Betsy Allen and Charlotte Beckwith Crane. Connie found the “class of ’19 to be a star-studded class, shining above all else and truly an inspiration. We had such a good time we all decided to return for reunion next year, so why don’t you?” The class extends sympathy to Connie on the loss of her sister Hope this spring.

Correspondent: Emily Warner, P.O. Box 893, Dennis, MA 02638

Frances Joseph describes our 52nd reunion: Lyda Chatfield Sudduth and I were the only ’27ers on campus. Lyda was our toastmistress at the banquet; good food, fellowship, familiar College songs. Sunday I sang in the choir, then drove Lyda around campus to see the sights—open house at the Library and Art Museum, displays, exhibits, lectures. Mary Crofoot DeGange was home on Otego Ave., too ill to greet us. Sally Pithome Becker was in PA with a bad cold. Barbara (Bob) Tracy Coogan was still in GA. We missed our classmates.

Elizabeth (Betty) Tremaine Pierce: In Oct. I’m returning to Bradford College for my 55th reunion. During the past year I was involved with church administrative work and Women’s Club activities. This summer I expect to spend a few weeks with each of my children and families.

Elizabeth (Betty) Leeds Merrill: The Newton Times mentioned me in two articles, one about my volunteer work at Eliot Church, the other about
delivering hot meals to shut-ins. The photo showed Dwight and me with the meals. Right now I'm busy helping relatives on genealogies—my side and Dwight's. Neither my husband nor I have ever thought of retiring. We're enjoying ourselves in our respective careers. Vacations are consumed by traveling abroad or visiting our children and their children. In June we saw my eldest of nine grandsons graduate from Brandeis U.

Ruth Battey Silver, still on the farm: I find the upkeep quite a physical chore. Bill and I plan to drive to VA soon, gas allowing, to see how our young family is doing. Three of the oldest kids have summer jobs they must stick to.

Esther Hunt Peacock reports her daughter swimming with the CT Masters. Ronnie Kampfhausen lives in Southbury, practices at Yale, and is now rated nationally in several events. Esther and Larry have sworn for fun and sport ever since our college days.

Katharine Foster Molina is leading a busy life: chairman of an AARP book review club, Garden Club, Woman's Exchange. In Feb. she and Luis flew to New Zealand on an Appalachian Mountain Club trip. "We did more trekking than sightseeing but while he was on a 6-day back-packing stint, I stayed in Queenstown with a friend and relished relaxation."

Ruth Kwater forwarded a tear-sheet from the Palm Beach Times with a photo of Winifred Maynard Wright and an article about her being chosen to take part in a symposium on retirement housing with 15 people from around the country.

Sarah (Sallie) Barber Pierce's son has a top position in the dept. of the Interior in DC.

Ruth Stevens Thornton, Fran Joseph et al. have been working on a shelf book sale on campus since last spring. "Collecting, sorting, pricing countless used books is a tremendous task for the committee. We believe the sale in Oct. will be the biggest and best yet."

We are saddened to report the deaths of Edward Leete, husband of Frances Andrews on Jan. 31 and of Gertrude Johnson's husband Henry Harris on Apr. 27. At our 40th reunion we made Henry, our only child, a member of the class. We sadly announce the loss of another classmate, Janette Booth who died in New London last Apr.

Gertrude Smith Sites en route to CA to visit their kids. Daughter Marion, husband and two daughters will be in England next year. Son Clark lives in England, commuting to Middle East. Dot delights in a very British song leader seems like yesterday." Daughter Lindabel joined us in 1981 at C.C.

Imogene Manning Tarcuannu, M.D. closed her office in Norwich and is using her time in church activities, local history, home and family.

Gertrude Smith's son Edward lives in apartment living. Jerry attended a reunion with the group which spent junior year at the Sorbonne. Son Lee is in Atlanta; daughter Marsha in Chautauqua.

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Evelyn Whittemore Woods and husband spent holidays in Houston with daughter and grandchildren. As C.C. Club has disbanded in Waterbury, Evelyn and Kay Stewart Ferris '62 have joined the Litchfield C.C. Club. Spring skiing at Mt. Washington was instant summer.

Vivien Noble feels as home enjoying 13 grandchildren after a hectic month in the Himalayas where she and Dave were in the midst of riots, hidden 3 days on a houseboat and finally smuggled out at 5 A.M. on the floor of a strange car.

Olive Auer Figgatt spent the winter golfing at Ocean Pines, MD. She was able to enjoy 3 rounds a day. As a result, she gained another 50 lbs. in weight in the winter.

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Virginia Himasa Linder and Elizabeth Hendrickson Matlack had a visit in Hartford over lunch in May. Lindes drove from Williamsport while Earl has a church. Ginny and her husband live in the mountains. Bob and Betty were in town on business. Edith Schneider MacGlashan was unable to join us. They live in the gablest though nearby in Windsor. She spoke of Helene Monroe Morris' success as a sculptor and artist in LA, CA.

Mary-Louise (Toot) Holley Spangle and Ross' favorite sport is fishing in Canada. Summer '78 they went to '61 sightseeing and visiting friends.

Dorothy (Do) Johnson Imes writes: "Memories are wonderful and I have a heart overflowing with fun thoughts, Alma Mater by the Sea, as Freshman and long years later. Our friend Linda Bell is at Centre College, in KY. Fran—design interior at U. of Louisville. The two girls are a great joy to Doe—only challenge is keeping the boys away, as she brings them up by herself.

Alice Kindler works part time in brother's office, enjoys golf, other pleasant diversions and bird trips—often with C.B. who continues to keep us aware of our opportunities to share in the Development program at C.C.

Jeanette La Marche De Wolfe keeps busy with lots of golf, trips to FL and her six grandsons. She is counting on '81 at C.C.

Josephine Lincoln Morris and Howard for 9 years have lived in sight of water on Exuma, Bahamas, or in apt. in Cleveland overlooking Lake Erie. Jo says, To my surprise I find retirement years much fuller than ever before, fringes benefits of living 70 years tremendously. How else can one view middle-aged children with their children and discover one has many delightful descendants?

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Correspondent: Mrs. Erwin F. Grimes (Ericka Langhammer), 1249 Hill St., Suffield, CT 06078

Margaret Baylis Hrones enjoys living in Sarasota and seeing many old friends. She attended a C.C. Club meeting in St. Petersburg. The Hroneses spend the summer in NH.

Charlotte Bell Lester's husband had open-heart surgery in June '78 and daughter Martha was seriously ill. Both are better. Charlotte enjoys the Houston C.C. Club.

Dorothy (Petey) Boomer Kan and Neal had a marvelous trip to Australia and New Zealand with two other couples. Just before Christmas Hazel Depew Holden visited them. Daughter Judy, C.C. '62, and the two grandsons came for Easter. Since Petey's ex-roommate, Peg Hrones, moved to Sarasota, they get together to reminisce.

Catherine (Kay) Cartwright Backus and Gene, with eldest son Steve, visited relatives and friends in CA and AZ in '78. Youngest son Paul joined them to visit Grand Canyon. Last Aug. Kaye and Gene flew to London and then on to Edinburgh. Kaye repeated her 1938 visit to Chester, England, her father's birthplace.

Elizabeth Corbly Farrell, though '78 was not her best year health-wise, attended the theater, went to Portugal in the spring, crossed the country in the fall to Lake Louise and Banff with Jean Vanderbilt Swartz, C.C. '36, and went to FL in Feb. She also got to Atlanta, Columbus and NY to visit her children.

Merion (Joey) Ferris Ritter and Julius welcomed twin granddaughters, born to daughter Ruth, C.C. '72, in Nov. After two months in Marathon, FL, the Ritter's returned to Lexington. Ruth and her family are with them, and Joey is busy babysitting the grandchildren, looking after Julius and with responsibility for elderly parents.

Ruth Fordyce McKeown, after having her husband Tom hospitalized twice in '78, spent a quiet and happy winter at Holmes Beach, FL. They enjoy being near Katherine (Kay) Woodward Curtiss, Barbara Stott Tolman and Elizabeth Farnum Guilford. The McKeowns summer in MI where son Clark and family will vacation. Son Tom had a great trip to Russia. Two of his poems were published in the Yale Review.

Martha Funkhouser Berner had a fabulous trip to Rio, S. Africa and East Africa. They had to fly 1000 miles to get to Tanzania as the guerrillas wouldn't let them cross the border. Marty "wouldn't take a million dollars for the experience." In June one grandson graduated from Washington and Lee, another completed his first year at Lynchburg, and two granddaughters graduated from high school.

Martha Hickam Fink and Rudy had a delightful visit from Kay Woodward Curtiss.

Esther (Marty) Martin Snow and Bill, with three other couples, spent a month canoeing down the Suwannee River and canoed and fished through the lakes and channels of the Everglade Nat'l Forest. After seeing relatives in FL, she and Bill visited Lexington, KY, Marty's first trip back in 15 years. Their grandchildren now number 12. Her three, Bob's children, are very special to her.

Elizabeth (Osty) Osterman Farley lost her husband, George Bunyan, in Oct. '74. In Feb. '78 she married Ernst Farley, Jr. They spend their summers in Darien and winter in Richmond, VA.

Mary Savage Collins flew to San Juan last winter, boarded a ship and visited St. Maarten, Martinique, Barbados, St. Lucia, Antigua and St. Thomas. In Oct. she had a good visit with Hazel Depew Holden in RI. Mary is happy that her two grandchildren and their parents live in Upper Nyack, only two hours from W. Hartford.

Lois Smith MacGiehan writes from Lexington, SC, that she and Neal retired to their Lake Murray townhouse and love the gorgeous water views. Neal works part time and Lois volunteers in Common Cause. Daughter Judy, with a law firm in DC, and her daughter live in Reston, VA. Daughter Ruth does personnel work for the county government in
37 Helen Bendix Mackintosh, still very involved with her philosophical studies, has a keen interest in her first grandchild, Ellen Crotcham Zimmerman is "traveling like mad," having recently been on a music cruise out of Toulon, France. She and her husband divide their time between Wren Park last fall and found the tides fantastic. Louise Cook Swan hopes to have her book on cut glass published soon. A few piano students keep her busy. Shirley Sackett Railing lost her brother about a year ago and her mother broke her hip which kept Shirley busy for quite a few months. This past winter she and husband went to Egypt, to Canada to view the eclipse, and on to FL. Since her husband retired, they are footloose. Dorothy Harris Wellington's son was married a year ago, the first wedding in the family. She and her husband are busy with all retirement activities for the past three years on their wooded land on Penobscot Bay. There are five grandchildren outside of Boston and one in CA.

39 Correspondent: Mrs. Robert J. Cardillo (M. Ellen DeWolfe), 1325 Baycliff Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23454

41 No mail from our classmate makes this column a "word of mouth" column. Best source is, of course, Louise (Steve) Stevenson Anderson. Stevie and her husband Andy traveled to Ireland on the c.c. tour. She met our Dr. Mary Hall (who's back in private practice) at a party and the two of them led the group in a rousing song fest. Maybe we should book them for our '81 reunion. Janice Reed Harmon will be our chairperson, so start making plans to attend. Sod news about our class song leader, Helen Jones Cotson. She's been very ill and has sold her florist shop in Old Saybrook. We Newman (Jane Kenneth Newman) checked into the Lighthouse Inn for winter while attending Parents Weekend. Miriam Ronskich Dean and Harold, who live near the Inn, welcomed us to their home, where we met daughter Nancy and son Bruce and families.

43 Correspondent: Mrs. James S. MacVicar (Kathryn Mc Kee), 10 Partridge Lane, Darien, CT 06820

45 Mary Ellen Currie Cooper writes from Hartford, CT, of a trip to England last summer with a granddaughter. They were invited to the U. of WI. Miss Ellen volunteers one day a week at the American School for the Deaf. Husband Charles plans early retirement. The Coopers welcomed a first grandchild in Beauneque, Montana.

Nance Funston Wing and Hewlett turned into farmers and sailors in Madison CT, where they are the owners of a 1740 home. This spring holiday they own themselves lucky to have the group within hailing distance: Scott an assistant headmaster at Chesire Academy; Tom a stockbroker in New Haven and "little granddaughters of precious joy."

Natalie Bigelow Barlow has begun a professional switch from early childhood education to an intense and challenging computer programming course. Daughter Libby has her master's in English and is working on her Ph.D. in Romance Languages. Natalie is looking forward to spending summers in the North of England and winter in the Florida Keys.

Eike MacMillan Connell is in a transitional period, having quit her librarian job at Pace U. to resettle her parents in Dunedin, FL, and possibly to return to Maine. Join them. The Connells now have three medical students in the family: daughter Betsy and her husband at Syracuse and Jack's new wife at So. FL. Since so much of the family is in FL, son Scottie and Jim are meeting with Richard and his spring holiday.

We are enjoying our trailer but are a bit frustrated with traveling through the M.A.T. and others on visits to NYC.

Dorothy Baldwin were FL last winter, recuperating from an operation, and in May went to Bermuda. She spins and weaves and is active in two local dramatic groups and various clubs.

Sorry I missed Angela. Juanita Sun both going to FL.

Richard and his wife; daughter Shirley presented Shirley Cohen Schrager recently went off on a trip to the Yucatan. She and Arthur enjoy their many guests in Key Biscayne.

Adeline Giffin Wilson is still a substitute elementary teacher. Last fall she visited the Canary, CT, NJ and DC. She visited campus and hopes one or more of her grandchildren will be as overwhelmed as she was and go to CC.

Pearl Myland Kaufman's sons—all three—are physicians. She has five grandchildren. A year ago she and husband took a trip to Budapest, Prague and Asia. Their son is with Citibank in NY, #1 daughter writes for the London Economists, and #2 daughter is an actress.

Cornelia (Coco) Tilton enjoys life in retirement. An occasional Cicerone woman down to Westchester, MA, and Coco enjoys seeing Theodore (Tippy) Hobson and others on visits to NYC.

Virginia Belden Miller doesn't know where the time goes—how all retirement activities for the past three years on their wooded land on Penobscot Bay. There are five grandchildren outside of Boston and one in CA.

Alexandra Korsmeyer Stevenson travels with her husband occasionally on his business trips to Europe and Asia. Their son is with Citibank in NY, #1 daughter writes for the London Economists, and #2 daughter is an actress.

33
Jeanne Stiefel Goodman is a part-time economist with the U.S. Dept. of Commerce, where her husband also works. She has a grandson whom she sees often. One son is getting an M.A. in meteorology and the youngest is at James Madison U. in VA.

Katharine (Kitty) Wile Bassett returned from a trip to Spain, Portugal and Morocco and looked forward to a trip to Russia. One of her children is in law school, another is an architect and a third works in London with Sotheby Parke Bernet.

Norma (Rose) Wittelshofer Fink remarried in 1974 to Aaron Fink, superintendent of schools in Newton, MA. She received a master's in educational administration from Harvard in 1970. She served as special assistant to the MA Sec'y of Education, then trained women to move into managerial positions. Her new position is with Gulf Management Institute. Her eldest daughter graduated from Yale and is at Stanford business school. Her younger daughter graduated from agricultural school and is chief herdsperson at a large dairy farm in CT. Rosy and her husband spend leisure time on a VT farm.

Kitty Oplatek Branton is a grandmother. Her granddaughter graduated from Smith. She goes to Paris twice a year to see her aged father who is in a nursing home.

Ada Maislen Goldstein is regional director in the group insurance dept. of CT General Life, a job she loves. Her son is an attorney in Hartford, where she lives. Her daughter is getting a Ph.D. in economics at U. of PA. Her husband is in the life insurance and pension field.

Patricia (Pat) Robinson is retired from UConn and lives on Bailey Island, ME, a small fishing and lobstering community near Brunswick. She lives in a house she designed overlooking the water. She teaches swimming to elementary school children and does volunteer work. She sails, fishes and swims.

Jacquelyn Greenblatt Tchorni has worked 22 years in math test development for Educational Testing Service (ETS) in Princeton. Her husband is vice pres. for operations at ETS and her son and daughter-in-law work there, too. Her daughter graduated from Georgetown U. law school and will work in NYC.

Ann (Anch) Wetherald Graff had a one-person show of her paintings in Poughkeepsie. Elizabeth (Betsey) McKee Hulbert drove down for it from Oneonta. Anch and Corinne Manning Black spent a delightful day together in NYC.

Word reached me recently of the death of Patricia (Pat) McNutt Stibor in SF in the fall of '78. She had been ill with cancer but died of complications of emphysema. She is survived by her husband, a musician, and three children, all at home.

Since Patricia McGowan Wald '48 became the first woman on the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit last summer, she has been mentioned frequently as a top candidate to become the first woman justice on the Supreme Court.

Well known for her work in public interest law, co-author of the seminal book on bail reform, member and consultant for two presidential commissions, Patricia Wald was serving as assistant attorney general when nominated to the appeals bench. Her accomplishments are especially impressive in view of the decade-long interruption of her career. Married to attorney Robert L. Wald, Pat had stayed home for ten years to raise their five children. Returning to practice, she became known for her skillful and compassionate advocacy of the rights of the poor, the handicapped, the mentally retarded, and children.

With her outstanding record, Pat Wald's nomination to the bench should have breezed through the Senate — only it didn't. Gordon Humphrey, a freshman senator from New Hampshire, told the Senate Judiciary Committee that Pat Wald was "an enemy of the family" and brought along evangelist Bob Jones to testify that she was "an instrument of the devil" to boot.

Humphrey based his bizarre attack on a speech Pat Wald had given called "Making Sense out of the Rights of Youth," in which she suggested that children should participate in decisions affecting them. Boston Globe columnist Ellen Goodman wrote that "only a bona fide graduate of the Manchester Union-Leader School of Out-of-Context Quotations" could have reached Humphrey's conclusions. In an editorial, the New York Times characterized Humphrey's attack as "unjust name-calling," and added that "We trust that the Senate will recognize the injustice and quickly vote confirmation. Mrs. Wald personifies the kind of able, dedicated woman whom the nation should be proud to call 'Judge.'"

The confirmation hearing was not entirely unrewarding, however, as other senators came to Pat Wald's defense. "I found the courage and the decency of people in the Senate to be a very uplifting experience," she told the Alumni Magazine.

Pat Wald is an unusual addition to the appeals court, but not just because she is the only woman among ten men.

"Mine is probably the most unorthodox background," she said, referring to her expertise in public interest law. "It's kind of a product of the times." She is also much younger than the other judges, except for former Illinois congressman Abner Mikva, who joined the bench with her.

Becoming a judge has attracted Pat Wald for a long time. "Ever since I clerked myself," she said, "I knew it was a marvelous job and that it was something I'd like to do." However, she added, "There's no way I know of you can plan on being a judge."

Being a woman like Patricia McGowan Wald would help.
children. Nancy is a guidance counselor at East Orange High. Daughter Susan graduated from the U. of PA. Son John is music major at Princeton. Daughter Deb completed her junior year at Purdue; Jill will enter Edinburgh (PA) College, and Christian is at home in Freedom, NY.

Suzanne Meek Petzl taught art history at the U. of CA in Riverside for the past five years. She and husband Thomas spent a sabbatical in London last year. Suzanne received her Ph.D. from NYU. She saw Catherine (Cathy) Rose, who teaches English in Pennsylvania and is active in the Steira Club. Suzanne hears from Sabra Grant Kennington who is with her family in Naples, Italy. Sabra's two oldest sons are midshipmen at Annapolis.

Monica Hyde Peyton represented the Bergen County (NJ) C.C. Club at Alumni Council. Monica's children are Courtney and Justin and.

Margaret (Margie) Lerner writes from Cambridge, OH, that her seven children make life full and interesting. Albert III was graduated from Northwestern after three years and is entering med school at the U. of Chicago. Andi and Steve will move with their youngest child, Julia, to Alexandria, Virginia.

Virginia Lown Johnstone and husband Harold loved their trip to France. So Andy Lee is in Australia as an exchange student from Stockton State College in NJ. Daughter Betsy (a grad of Springfield College) is a hydrotherapist at the Children's Specialized Hosp, in Westfield. Susan entered Northeastern this fall.

Jane Maddie Funkhouser has three in school—Edie at Princeton and Tommy at Stanford. Janet will get her MBA in June.

Correspondent: Mrs. Walter A. [inlefield (Judith Meiner]], 94025 (AF); Anne German Dobbs, 10 Roland Drive, Conil Way, Menlo Park, CA 94025 (F-A); Elizabeth and attended her confirmation in Bronxville.

Eugenia (Nini) Cuvelier Worman and her husband Nate have lived in Franklin, VT for 18 years. Both are authors. Nini, mother of five, recently completed a chapter for The Complete Book of Insulation, to be published this fall.

Margot Cross Allen, who has her M.A. from Manhattan College, teaches developmental reading at the Trinity-Pawling School in Pawling, NY. Margot and husband Robert, an investment counselor, have three children. Libby, wife of Margaret's son, 15 and daughter 9 at home in Naples, NY. are authors. Nini, mother of five, recently completed a chapter for The Complete Book of Insulation, to be published this fall.

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36

MARRIED: Ruth Parnall to Don Walker
BORN: 4/27/79: Ellen Susan Krosnick to Joel S. Abraman

37

65

MARRIED: Anne Foss to Peter Feig 5/75; Karen Kleiber to Robert Martin Isaac 4/27/79; Ellen Susan Krosnick to Joel S. Abraman 2/14/78; Elizabeth McElfish to George W. Passela 8/26/76; Diane Schick to Robert E. Campbell 2/18/77; Priscilla Smalte to Frances Delia 10/28/78.

BORN: to Don and Joan Blair Schuer, Steven Maxwell 2/6/79; to Robert and Sarah Robinson, Emily Rose 7/23/78; to Neil and Ethel Rouscher Cullinian, Megan Sara and Michael Sean 12/7; to Carl and Judith (Judy) Crosey Creola, Sarah Elizabeth 11/10/77; to Richard and Sidney Davidson Morgan, Richard to Frank and Carolyn French McGee, Frank 2/7/78; to Edward and Jane Harmon Brewer, Jill McLennan 10/6/78.

with families of handicapped children. Meredith Reeves Nightingale is a picture researcher at Addison-Wesley, where she works on college texts in the social sciences division. Her husband Dick is an architectural designer. They live in Reading, MA, with Zachary 6. Meredith gardens and paints.

Pat McCoy is personnel coordinator for KCSB-AM-FM to SF. Her children are 5 and 3.

Margery Raisler Fisher completed her master's in counselor education and human resources and started her own consulting firm, Kunicenter, with two other people. They specialize in family corporate relations regarding relocation. Her husband Sandy produces the children's TV show, Mega and the Magic Movie Machine. Their children are 10 and 7.

Ellen Spingarn Shapiro, married over 15 years and mother of three boys, heads her own interior design firm in NYC. They live in Manhattan but spend the summers in Martha's Vineyard. She often sees classmates Dana Hartman Fryer, Stephanie Heyman Reckler, Kathy Kleven Kraut and Karen Metzger Ganz.

Joan Havens Reynolds is working towards her Ph.D. in classical archaeology at U. of PA and cares for Kip 9 and Kyle 6. This summer she will be on a dig in Europe. She saw Judith (Judy) Spicer Knutson in Paris last summer flying around the Midwest. She teaches 7th grade science at a private school for gifted children. This summer Sanders will attend an educators' workshop, finish two articles and dig mammoth bones in SD.

Jean Torsor Walker and her husband Bob live in Glastonbury, CT, where they designed a single engine airplane and spent many weekends last summer flying around the midwest. She teaches English at Georgetown. Joe teaches at Adelphi U. nursing school as a single engine airplane mechanic. She has a child in NY.

Sarah (Sally) Ryan Black moved her children 6 and 4 from a loft in NYC to a house in LA where she teaches Latin at night in Georgetown. Joe teaches English at Georgetown U. and Christine 11 is involved in soccer.

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The Connecticut College Cookbook kneads your help

The Connecticut College Club of Chicago announces the Connecticut College Cookbook. Please take a moment to jot down a favorite recipe for anything from soup to nuts. You may send a regional, ethnic, natural, picnic, holiday or seasonal specialty. Your contribution need not be original, just something you would like to share with the C.C. community. Send recipes by January 31, 1979 to:

Sophia Hantzes Maass '74
Chairwoman, Cookbook Committee
2133 Ridge Avenue #3C
Evanston, Illinois 60201

Please indicate your C.C. affiliation—class year, faculty, parent, staff, etc. We hope to have cookbooks ready for 1980 holiday giving. Watch for more information.
Deborah Funkhouser Perlman has been in Houston during Elliott's ophthalmology fellowship. She's been working in biology research at Rice U. They're headed for Providence, where Elliott will join a group practice and Deborah will work in biology.

Ellen Glascock is chairperson, Health Care Administration, St. Francis College, Brooklyn. She's developing courses on women's health issues and writing her dissertation on organizational barriers women meet when seeking health care.

Jane Harman Brewer is busy at home with Jill who joins Elizabeth and Teddy.

Anne Harris Cohn has been spending this year in DC as a Congressional Science Fellow, sponsored by the American Ass'n for Advancement of Science. She's been working for Rep. Albert Gore, Jr. (D-Tenn) on health and child policy.

Kenner Hart Myers, besides caring for children Anna and Harrison, is the supervisor of student teachers at Clark U.

Margarettann Hart Roberts, our class agent, is also a busy mother trying to catch up on her crafts when her time and toddler allow. She appeals to all for support of the Alumni Annual Giving Program.

Anne Holbrook Snyder's Clinton finished his Ph.D. in pharmacology and they moved to PA where he works for Merck, Sharp & Dohme Drug Co. Alyssa and Jessica round out Anne's days.

Jacqueline (Jackie) King Donnelly, our class president, looks forward to a class reunion when she can bring her children east to visit the college.

Karen Kiehe Isaac is now public relations director, Pace Advertising. She's accredited by the Public Relations Society of America, holds an M.A. in corporate communications, and is an adjunct lecturer at Housatonic Community College. Husband Robert is associate prof. of English at the same college, a drama critic, and just had his first book of poetry published.

Ellen Kronick Abramson plans on celebrating her first anniversary with Joel in London. After 10 years in LA "it's good to be back in New England." She is pioneering a psychoeducational program for Children's Psychiatric Emergency Service in New Haven, dealing with children 11 and under.

Susan (Sue) Leahy Eldert is busy with Tommy and Casey and teaches science part-time. She does a lot of skiing and hiking at Aspen where her husband is an ski finance director.

Lauren Levinson Pohn writes from IL, "land of snow-shoeing and family ice skating," that the whole family is into village politics, nutrition, jogging and cross-country skiing.

Wallis (Wally) Lindburg Nicta spent the last three years at Paramount Pictures in Hollywood, where she is assistant to the vice-pres. of Talent. She is a casting director.

Elizabeth McCaslin Pasella is stepmother to Hadley 8 who joins her Christopher 7. She is vice-pres. in charge of commercial lending at Biseayne Bank. Her husband George is an international banker with the Bank of Boston Internat'l in Miami. Christine (Chris) Miller St. Jean is on a leave of absence from work, celebrating the birth of her first child, Nicole.

Suzanne Mitchell Stanford and Ted savored a trip to Europe last fall, spending two weeks traveling from the Alps to Scandinavia. The Stanford family, which includes Theron, Sean and Emily, recently moved to Annandale, VA.

Tama Molotoff Bernstein applied to the Pace U. MBA program. She worked in her husband's orthopedic surgery office for four years and has been gardening, skiing and perfecting her gourmet cooking. The Bermsteins have three girls: Marne, Alex and Leah.

Alex Moloney Richmond is manager in the sales an R.N. Children Christopher and Marc were treated to a trip to Disneyland. The whole family is fixing up an old row house in Hartford as part of the "back to the city" movement.

Diane Schnick Campbell, Bob and Travis are eye-fooing a summer move to San Antonio when Bob leaves the Navy. Just before their move to Australia, Barbara Wend King and Rick and family visited the Campbells. Deborah Small Russel is chairwoman of education for the Northeast Chap. of Planned Parenthood League of CT. Jim is a partner in Sumner & Sumner, Inc., an insurance agency in Willimantic. They, along with Mathew and Andrew, sail a 28' sloop and go jogging.

Betty Srovlowitz Rosestein is a school psychologist and Michael is a veterinarian at A.H. Robins, Richmond. They delight in their adopted daughter.

Sandra Stevens West and her son Drew 4, after her divorce, spent a long visit with family in CA. where they saw Georgannne Nelson Cusie. Sandra also sees Elizabeth (Betsey) Ellison Gove. She hopes to take some courses in the fall.

Nancy Taylor Johnson planted in their large yard with the help of young David and Karen. They live in a semi-rural area of MD. Nancy hopes to go back to work this year.

Leslie Lynn Weichsel Hand is working on her MFA thesis at the U. of MD. Robert is a resident in internal medicine in Baltimore. They live in Laurel.

Barbara Wend King writes from Blacktown, Australia, that their three boys have settled well into school where she does some volunteer work. She volunteers at church also. They all enjoyed a visit at C.C. before their move.

Deborah (Debbie) White Corte wrote of Andrew Robert's arrival and a subsequent move into a larger, older home up the street. She went back East for a visit and saw Janice (Jan) Yagian.

Ellen Wolansky Kuris is studying in museum education at Bank St. College. She's been a volunteer teacher in the Princeton elementary schools, developing museum-school curriculum, field trips and traveling exhibitions. She and Jay and their two boys escape to FL for winter vacations.

Heather Woods Ames is a board member and counselor for Planned Parenthood League of MA. She works at an abortion clinic, counseling and arranging the in-service training program. Husband Dick is general counsel for MA's dept. of human services. They have three children.

Carrol Aynon Frank has been active in Newcomers in Bismarck and hopes to do similar work in their new home in Norwalk, CT. She is a school librarian volunteer who delights in needlepoint, knitting, crocheting and other crafts. The move came about when Walter joined the Quaa & Ramstad Clinic as cardiologist.

Please note my (Ruth Berkholz Ciriacks) change of address. We are now living east of Dallas, closer to work and the country.

Correspondent: Mrs. Aaron A. Ciriacks (Ruth Berkholz), 810 Courtyard Place, Garland, TX 75040

69 Correspondent: Mrs. Thomas J. Neff (Susan C. Paul), 38 Dairy Rd., Greenwich, CT 06830

71 MARRIED: Jeanne Christie to Jerome A. Mithen, JR., 5/7/66; Heidi Croston to Robert Syprzukski 7/4/76; Susan Harrichborn to Arthur M. Klebanoff 1/7/78; Andrew (Drew) Ketlove to Susanne Elizabeth Powell 9/3/78;
Our woman in Fanning

Marilyn Comrie '74, recently elected to her second term on Groton's Representative Town Meeting, has joined the college staff as assistant in the news office. The top Republican vote-getter in the November election, Marilyn was an English major who's been writing since the age of ten. Connecticut's two-person news operation, Marilyn will be doing plenty of writing. All press releases, the monthly calendar, as well as the Campus Communicator—a weekly listing of events, announcements and news items—will flow from her paper-ensheathed desk.

Although she insists she is only an amateur, Marilyn is a local historian of some repute. She has conducted an oral history project on the hurricane of '38, has researched Civil War letters for the Mystic Historic Society and has lectured on local cemeteries.

"I don't know how I got to be such an expert on Groton cemeteries," Marilyn says. "I just brought it up one time that I thought a good project for the town would be to clean up the cemeteries, and the next thing I knew, everyone was calling me."

Anyone who has been a substitute teacher—as Marilyn Comrie has—will understand her attraction to quiet, neglected graveyards. After several years of substitute teaching at the junior high and high school levels, Marilyn became an independent market researcher. An experienced interviewer, she has conducted banking surveys, political preference polls, opinion polls on nuclear power and has even looked into the critical issue of where to build the area's next McDonald's hamburger stand.

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who recently passed the CT Bar, work as law clerks for the CT Superior Court, trial level, in New Haven. 

Monica Robinson-Arbor received a master’s in archeology from UCLA in ’77 and advanced to candidacy for her Ph.D. During the ’78-’79 academic year she went to Rome on a Fulbright-Hays grant to continue her dissertation research, accompanied by her husband David who took a year off from budget analyzing and night law school.

Darcy Gazzar Love and husband Thomas live in Portland, Washington, NY. Tom is operations manager for the shipping firm, Chester, Blackburn & Roder. Darcy is finishing her master’s in special ed at C.W. Post and doubles in tutoring, substitute teaching and real estate. Carrie Beth Santore visited in summer ’78 to escape from academics at UConn.

William (Bill) Langer took off, after two years working in a bookstore, for Turkey, Egypt, South- Asian and Nepal. Now he lives in Seattle.

Joyce Altamone was back on campus this summer working for Deans Joan King. She received her M.A. in English from the University of DE and will start her doctorate at Brown in the fall.

Elizabeth (Nikki) Dominique Lloyd-Kimble met her husband while a summer student at Oxford, spent a year at Wake Forest and Brown, finishing her master’s at MA in Amherst, and hopes to go on for a Ph.D in English. She is on the affirmative action staff in the provost’s office and is business mgr. for Massachusetts Studies in English. Her husband is entering the doctoral program in comparative literature at UMass.


77 Deborah (Debbie) Alter is an art dept. designer for United Media Enterprises in NYC and lives with Cynthia (Cindy) Roeger ’78.

Scott Apicella was a Vista volunteer at the Adult Probation Dept. in Atlanta during ’77-78 and is now at Pace U. law school.

Beth Barry is working on a master’s in art therapy in NYC.

Clifford Beck graduated from Northeastern U. business school in March.

Daniel Berlin is finishing an M.A. in counseling psych at Antioch New England Graduate School.

William Beuscher, a waiter, will attend Tufts for an M.A. in English this fall.

Gayle Biddle is teaching sailing at the Mystic Seaport Museum and building her own houseboat.

Eric Birnbaum will graduate from Lehigh with a degree in mechanical engineering in Dec.

David Briggs is studying law in Berkeley.

Nancy Cahoon is a graduate biology student at Harvard.

Janina Colacico is employed in Florence, Italy, for a footwear export firm.

Laura Cone is finishing a master’s program in accompaniment at the USC School of Music.

Brian Chertok is finishing a master’s thesis at Pratt Institute and is a freelance graphic designer in NYC.

Christopher (Chris) Cooper, an administrative aide for Gov. Grasso, is studying for a master’s in public policy at Trinity. He has two sons.

James (Jim) Corneli and De Loris Husted Lidestri are editors for the Bureau of Business Practice, an affiliate of Prentice-Hall in Waterford.

Lawrence (Larry) Conley is working on an MFA in playwriting in Dallas, works at the Dallas Theatre Centre and has performed in several shows for children.

Ken Cerrr, a staff assistant for Congressman Dodd in DC, lives with Rob Roberts ’76.

Reynan De Prisco, environmental education coordinator in Mineral County, WV, is organizing a museum for environmental education.

Amy Dickinson works at Mystic Seaport with Andy German whom she will marry this fall.

Kathrine Dolliver is head of the typesetting dept. at a graphic arts firm in Hartford and takes courses at Trinity.

Michael J. Duggan received an MBA from Notre Dame in May.

Holly Anne Dowkien received an M.A. in English and creative writing from the U. of VA in May.

William (Bill) Farrell, with a MAT from Conn., teaches social studies at Plymouth-Carver High School in MA.

Paul Fitzmaurice is studying philosophy at CUNY and works for the Internet Center for Economic Policy Studies.

Patricia (Patti) Flynn is becoming a professional bookbinder and printmaker at a London college, traveling in Europe, and has had group exhibits.

Valerie Gale teaches science at E. Lyme Junior High. She responded with Jeffrey (Jeff) Simpson between trips to Atlanta under the guise of an ad salesman, and does freelance ad work and writing.

Michael Glassman, who has been a research assistant at the National Consumer Law Center, will return to law school this fall.

Wendy Lynne Gilbert received a master’s in East Asian studies from Stanford.

Martin Gould is working for a master’s in drama at NYU and is a writer and theatre critic for Hollywood Reporter, a trade newspaper.

Laura Howick studies ceramics at UNH in Portsmouth and makes taumakas at a Mexican restaurant.

Jeffrey (Jeff) Hamilton is a quality control troubleshooter in Uncasville for the Faria Corp.

Thomas (Tom) Howland sings with the Chicago Lyric Opera Chorus, which recently toured Italy doing Paradise Lost. They did a private concert for the Pope.

Emily Jones dances with the Judy Gregg Dance Co. and the Peanut Butter and Jelly Dance Co. and teaches creative movement and modern dance in Cincinnati.

Lauran Kingsley, married to Dennis Munson, lives in Mt. Kisco, NY, and is a freelance oil painter and secretary.

George Knopfler enjoys law school in CA.

Margaret Kunze is a freelance artist and photographer and was in Bermuda this summer to paint.


79 Co-correspondents: Alison Holland, 314 E. 82nd St., Apt. 36, New York, NY 10028 (A-K); Claire Quan, 8 Arrowhead Rd., Weston, MA 02193.

78 MARRIED: Tamara (Tammy) Kagan to Howard Weimer 6/10/79; Sarah Hershey to Frank Binyeld-Neusenhaus 6/30/79; Sarah Rabinowitz to Jeff Nachowitz 6/24/79.

IN AND AROUND NEW YORK: Lauren Smith has a job with Alexander and Alexander (insurance) and will move into the city.

Sharon Brous still seeks the theatrical limelight but is working at Doubleday.

Winchester Hetchiko, with a job in the insurance industry, joined the growing number of NY-based alumni.

William White will be in NY for the summer and may run into Jane Kappell who is a portfolio assistant at F.E. Hutton Investment Management and going to school at the Securities Training Corp. to become a registered representative.

Ingrid Mearns will work at a law firm in the same building with Jane Kappell.

Sarah Rabinowitz Nachowitz will be living in NY.

IN WASHINGTON DC: Stephen Cohan and Chris Russell are getting involved in the Washington political scene, Chris as jr. staff assistant for Senator Ted Kennedy and Steve as a part-time salesman as well as an assistant staff member for Senator John O’Connor.

RETURNED FROM TRAVEL AND STUDY: Ann Gridley enjoyed her travels in Spain and went on to CA but will return East during the summer.

Linda Brown spent the year in France with Sally Schwaum and is working on her master’s in French at Middlebury.

IN THE BOSTON AREA: Peter Bellotti and Jonathan Graham.

IN MILFORD: between trips to Atlanta under the guise of an IBMer.

William McCauley received the prize Outstanding Studio Artist in a postgraduate show in the West Hartford Center.

FARTHER WEST: Peter Taylor is a construction manager around the Twin Cities.

Jonathan Graham will relocate in or for the summer while involved in an archaeological project but will return in the fall to U. of PA in landscape architecture.

Anne Stockton Johnson has enrolled at the American Graduate School of Internet Management in Glendale, AZ.

A letter to the Class of 1978, signed by Jaquie and Dixon Rencar and Beth and Louis Larsen, reads, “We were deeply moved by the beautiful flowers you sent in memory of Meg, your friend and classmate for four wonderful years. We wish you for being a part of her life.”

Co-correspondents: Laura Heiss, 25 Shell Ave., Milford, CT 06460 (A-K); Jane Kappell, 305 E. 86th St., New York, NY 10028 (L-Z).

Credits
Cover: by Allen Carroll ’73 from a Koiné photograph of Bobbie Chappell ’73 and Ari Ardit ’73.

Drawings: by Katherine Gould ’80.

Photographs: Alan Decker, inside front cover, 21, 23, 24, 32, 38; Vivian Segall ’73, 9, 16, 39; College Archives, 12, 14; The Day, 13; Philip Biscuti, opposite, 18; Ann Rumage ’77, 26; Chase Studios, 34.
MICHAEL FARRAR ’73

HOME: Houston, Texas
AGE: 29

PROFESSION: Exploration geologist, attorney. Former religion teacher and commercial diver.

AVOCATION: Mike gives his time as vice president of the Alumni Association.

HOBBIES: Motorcycling, scuba diving, underwater photography.

QUOTE: “Luck is often the deciding factor in the oil business. It’s risky, costly and unpredictable. But Connecticut College is a sure investment.”

PROFILE: Can’t say no to C.C. Married a classmate. Smart, reserved yet adventurous.

AAGP: Acronym for Alumni Annual Giving Program. Always a good investment.