WHEN A PERSON or an institution becomes 75 years of age, Rosemary Park writes in these pages, there is a lot to look back on. And when that institution happens to be a college, the memories are especially vivid. A college takes people at a pivotal time in their lives and helps shape them and set them on their life's path. Anthropologists call it a rite of passage. Psychologists, a crisis of identity. To parents, it often seems both expensive and not altogether comprehensible. With adolescence drawing to a close and adult responsibilities just within reach, the four college years are a time for real metamorphosis, whether the setting is the turbulent 60's, the placid 50's, or the pioneering early years at Connecticut.

In 1915, President Frederick H. Sykes told Connecticut's first students that they were "bound upon a high adventure" that would call for all they had "of brain and hand and heart." To celebrate the College's 75th anniversary, we've gathered this collection of stories, poems, diary entries, pictures, anecdotes, yearbook clips, news stories, essays, and memories of events large and small. We can't hope to tell 75 years of history. Instead, this commemorative issue of the Alumni Magazine has invited people to tell their stories "of brain and hand and heart," to reflect on how these experiences shaped what Connecticut was, and still is, for them.

The stories collected here evoke a sense of place—of sinking ankle-deep into the mud on the brand new campus in 1915, of spring days at Ocean Beach, of the magnolia outside Bill Hall, of corsaged young women greeting the first freshmen men outside Larrabee House in 1969. And they speak of sound, too. College is music, writes Constance Barnes Mer- man '45: the measured tones of the chapel bell, the soft crescendo of song on a moonlit night. Twenty-five years later, it is the cacophonous throbs of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, of Mick Jagger and Bela Bartok. For some, the memories are of smells, as Mary Cantwell '53 recalls so vividly in "Forever Twenty-one."

The memories are, of course, filled with people: President Katharine Blunt summoning Dean Gertrude Noyes to entertain Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. Mike Shinault, print shop manager and the first men's basketball coach, issuing a call "for all men who could walk or breathe." Rosemary Park interviewing a nervous young George Willauer for a teaching position. There is a sense of seriousness, of intellectual challenge, of sitting in a library carrel reading Plato for the first time, of struggling through a required mathematics course with Julia Bower or cowering as Marjorie Dilley commanded "You don't feel, you think!"

Specific traditions may fade in and out, but at Connecticut, you can find the same sense of undergraduate enthusiasm and frivolity in a 1920's mascot hunt described by Margery Field Winch '25, when Thomas Nusbaum '85 recalls a midnight crossing of the Thames by raft, or Paul Coyne '82 offers his "bone breakin', earth quakin', reputation shakin' party review," or in the flag football Super Bowl, a "brutal, brawling battle of giants."

"What a luxury it was," writes Rae Downes Koshetz '67, "to live on this beautiful campus as a junior and senior, reading plays and poetry and not caring whether a degree in French literature would pay my bills after graduation." She reminds us of something we feel more profoundly every year—that college was a unique time, that our education at Connecticut a rare privilege.
The Day New London Won the College

It was the night of March 1, 1911, in New London when my parents left my sister and me in the care of a teenage neighbor while they went “uptown” to share in some activity the whole town had been involved in. At the tender age of seven I didn’t know what all the excitement was about, only that my father had been out every night that week. This night, however, my mother went with him, leaving my sister and me to play games with the siter.

Suddenly the girl ran to the front door and, opening it, cried out, “I guess they made it. Listen!” We heard all the church bells ringing and the fire and boat whistles blowing. Although we lived way down in the Pequot section of town, the burst of sounds coming through the clear night air brought the excitement to us, and we knew that something big was happening. I can still hear those sounds, though maybe after 74 years I only think I can.

Mud and Granite

In the fall of 1915, the College held an open house so the citizens of New London and surrounding towns could see the three original buildings—New London Hall, Blackstone, and Plant. All dressed up for the occasion, my sister and I went with my mother by trolley to State Street, where we transferred to the Norwich trolley. It was quite a trip in those days. We got off on Mohegan Avenue about where the drive-way from Fanning now curves down to the road. On the top of the hill the bare granite buildings stood out starkly against the blue sky. There were no stone walls, no trees, no shrubs, no ivied walls, but all around was mud. Planks had been laid on the soft and soggy ground. I can’t say the interior of the buildings made any impression on me, but I remember missing one plank and sinking ankle-deep into the mud. As we walked down to Mohegan Avenue for our trip home, my mother said, “Maybe some day when you grow up, you two girls will come up here to college.” We did just that, my sister graduating in the fourth class, 1922, while I was in the class of 1926.

—Edna Smith Thistle ’26
In 1915, the Norwich-New London trolley line ran up a bucolic Mohegan Avenue. Campus is at left. Above, Frederick H. Sykes, first president of the College.

Mascot Ditty

Tune: "Uncle Sammy"

O, 1919 she's got a submarine
She calls it "C 19"
Best one you've ever seen,
And now, by jinks, the enemy's spirit sinks,
It's good-bye rival team.
Good-bye rival team.
Good-bye rival team.

Oh, 1919 she's got a submarine
She calls it "C 19"
Best one you've ever seen,
And now by jinks, the enemy's spirits sink,
It's good-bye rival team.

—1919 Song Sheet

With Frolic Welcome

The First Freshmen Arrive

One hundred and one members of the class of 1919 and 62 special students entered in the fall of 1915 to be greeted by Dr. Sykes and a faculty of 23. There were no rules or traditions to bind us, but there was a spirit of enthusiasm and excitement as we embarked on what Dr. Sykes called "a high adventure" in education in this new, modern college for women, on a campus where pioneer conditions were greeted with "frolic welcome." The world was all before us.

There was never any question that we would govern ourselves. We just assumed that. It was not a question of "rights," but a feeling of its being up to us—our responsibility—and this attitude was shared wholeheartedly by Dr. Sykes and the faculty.

And so we went about organizing student government. Our original constitution, adopted in February 1916, states: "Seeking to cultivate a feeling of responsibility and self-respect among the students and to increase the spirit of loyalty to the College, we the students of Connecticut College hereby organize an association for entire self-government. It shall be the object of this association to control all appropriate matters pertaining to the individual conduct of the students and to the community government of the entire student body."
The Early Years

First commencement and first laurel chain, 1919. The class of 1919 returned the following June with placards calling themselves "the oldest living grads."

In this framework we proceeded to charter the various clubs and organizations that sprang up like mushrooms—glee club, mandolin club, dramatic club, debating club, French club, The News, the first College paper—to recall some that started our first year. Points allocated to the various offices and organizations limited the extra-curricular activity of the student, as did low grades in studies. Academics were to come first.

Rules were established for fire safety and regular fire drills were held. Our one-room library, 209 New London Hall, had a committee to assist the librarian. Resident rules regulated dormitory life and "quiet hours," including all day "Sunday quiet." Only classical music could be played in the dorms on Sunday, and I won't tell you the chaperone rules. But, other times, other customs, as the French say, and the rules we made were our own, and we thought of ourselves as free and independent women.

In the matter of general behavior, I think we took things for granted perhaps more than students today when honor codes are spelled out. The "C," our College handbook that first year, states: "General decorum is expected of every student on or off campus and violators of this rule will be sent before the student council and subjected to appropriate penalties determined by the council." I remember when we were formulating rules, the question of prohibiting smoking arose. It was the consensus that there was no need for any rule as that came under general decorum.

I was president of student government my senior year and lived in the first floor southeast corner room in Blackstone. Late one afternoon, Dr. Louis A. Coerne, head of the music department, came to me in a flutter saying he had forgotten to arrange with the director of residence for accommodations for Helen Jeffers, the concert violinist, who was playing that evening. I said I would arrange for her to have my room, which I did, but I forgot to tell the house president of the plan. As I was about to go to bed on the second floor, heavy cigarette smoke came wafting through the air. I stepped into the hall and looked down. Standing outside my door was a worried group, headed by the house president, trying to decide what to do, when they looked up and saw me laughing.

We must remember that until our senior year our college days were spent against the background of the First World War, in which we all felt involved. Practically everyone, student and faculty alike, had someone close in the armed services, and the arrival of Miss Carola L. Ernst, Professor of French, straight from the battlefields of Europe, brought things very close. I cannot help thinking of the contrast between our attitude toward the war and the feeling of torment and tumult in the thinking on college campuses in the Vietnam war just passed.

The Service League, started our second year, was a non-sectarian organization to which everyone belonged. It organized War Relief and other activities of social concern in the town. There was great rapport between the College and the town in those first years, and New London was very proud of the College.

As I think back about life in those beginning college days, it seems that perhaps the way we felt can best be expressed by a quotation from Wordsworth which I remembered hearing from Dr. Sykes:

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
    But to be young was very heaven."

And we were young!

—Virginia Rose '19

Remarks at Reunion, June 2, 1979
Despite the many fine buildings and lovely campus of today, I am glad I was in college during the very new days. We were such a small group and we knew everyone on campus. In those days, the college library was one room on the second floor of New London Hall. In Thames Hall, everyone, including the faculty, had their meals. Chapel and convocations were held in Hillyer, with the seniors always in caps and gowns. Dean Irene Nye was our ever smiling, calm Dean of Women, whose open door at her suite in Branford was an invitation to enter for a chat.

I also remember Dr. Leib, our mathematics professor, registrar, and head of the admissions committee, who lived on the road where Palmer Library now stands. Miss Blue, our young physical education instructor, led one of the College’s two Farmerette units on Long Island.

On Sunday mornings, there were breakfasts in Bolleswood with food and fry, a kindness of Miss Harris. In the winter, flapping arctics (boots) were a privilege accorded only to seniors. The trolley was met after dark by the night watchman, who escorted students to their dorms with his dog and lantern. All students were required to be on campus by 7:00 p.m., unless away with a chaperone. After spring vacation, the seniors could stay off campus minus a chaperone.

November 11, 1918—Armistice Day—we all rushed to New London to join the townspeople and hundreds of men in uniform from the forts and sub base, rejoicing that the war was over. That night, Kaiser Wilhelm was burned in effigy on campus.

In June 1919, the first class was graduated, only to return the following June with placards announcing “The Oldest Living Grads.” And in June of 1921, our class graduated with mixed emotions—regret that we would not be returning with our friends the next fall, yet with great expectations for the days to come.

—Anna Mae Brazos Chalmers '21
Boy, Weren't We Happy

*Mascot Hunt*

Hardly a girl is now alive
Who remembers C.C. from '21 to '25,
But one little Flapper I know very well
Kept a Diary then and—what tales it can tell!

March 17  All Vinal ate up in the Dining Hall where the mascot was shown. All the juniors marched around with little lanterns. (Our mascot was a lantern, which we later gave to the College.) We sang mascot songs and it was ever so thrilling. From 8:30 to 9:30 the mascot was hid and the juniors at Vinal dressed up like thugs and went out with picks and shovels. Gee, we looked terrible! We scared everyone who saw us. We buried a fake mascot and had more fun doing it. Amy fell into some awful smelly stuff. I scratched my legs and Alice got a huge splinter in her finger. Some night. Didn't study at all.

March 18  Went on guard with Miriam in afternoon. Went again at night to guard the "ruins" and had some wild time. Sure was tired.

March 19  More guard duty. Guarded reservoir from 8:00 to 9:00. Had joint meeting of '25 and '26 and decided to call off night watches for some awful men had been around.

March 20  Went on duty to guard at 4:00 and was then told that the sophs had found our mascot and that I must get to work. I had to move a whole rock pile! It took me two hours. Didn't eat any dinner. Hunted till 7:30. Boulder fell on my ankle and gashed it. Dug in all the mud and goo. Not very tired and dirty. At class meeting we were all assigned to different posts. Sophs gave us till Saturday noon to find it. '27 serenaded us and gee, we almost wept. It was so sweet of them. ('27 was our sister class.)

March 21  Some wild day and cold—brrr! I shiver to think of it. Vinal juniors and all of '25 got up at 5:30 and went out to look for mascot. Mac and I went over to the "ruins" and hunted on hands and knees in stonewalls, up trees, and found everything but what we wanted. Found cigarettes, dead cats, squirrels, live cats, old hats, shoes, etc. More fun. Then it began to rain and I donned my rubber boots and rain hat.

Men may come and maybe go,
But life is very long,
I'll dance here and flirt awhile,
Then sing myself a song.
People going by in autos nearly broke their necks looking at me and laughing. Probably thought I was “batty,” especially when I had my head stuck in the sewer and waved my rubber boots in the air. Miss Bache, etc., are furious at juniors because we didn’t get any meals or anything so we got “snooty” too and ate up in the big dining hall. Went to Billy Whisker’s class and cut all the rest. More hunting until 4:00, when the sophs rang the bell and put up the white flag; then we knew the juniors had recovered the mascot. Boy, weren’t we happy. Then the fun began. All the sophs stuck to Peg and the mascot, and ’25 hired three taxis and tried to shake the sophs but no use. Taxi bill was about $30. Jackie finally had to sit and hold the mascot but—it was ours! I came in at 6:00 p.m. Some tired! Out since 6:00 a.m. in a freezing March wind on my feet all the time. Some long day!

(Now do you see why Mascot Hunt was later abolished?)

—Margery Field Winch ’25

It’s Faff so true,
It’s Faff so fair,
Gracious, loving, and wise,—
Treading on wings of the skies.
Dear Diary

Remembers the Brides' Class, Cubeb Cigarettes, and Mice in Vinal Kitchen

FRESHMAN YEAR: Walking from downtown every day to go to classes, waiting on tables and getting paid 25¢, eating my dinners at the Y.M.C.A., which cost 35¢, breakfasts of ice cold milk and graham crackers, always hungry and tired. Paid $10 a week for room rent. Couldn't go to movies without upperclassman for chaperone. Everyone was bobbing her hair. I had small part in the musical Poppy Trail and the first performance was in Norwich.

SOPHOMORE YEAR: Lived in infirmary, which was an old house on the main street; had one line in Of Mice and Men. Soph Hop (big thrill to have a man on campus and to be dancing again). Sophs couldn't find mascot because it had been boarded up inside a wall, but sophs beat juniors in basketball (first time juniors had been beaten). We put May baskets on all the seniors' doors. Movie company down at shipyards—Lila Lee and Tom Meighan were the stars. Miriam and I were the only ones who were asked to be in movie, and what fun it was!

JUNIOR YEAR: Lived at Vinal Cottage, where girls did all the work and shared expenses. I was assistant housekeeper and had to keep the upper floors clean and deal out clean towels and sheets. Took home economics, which was called "The Brides' Class." We learned how two could live on $1,800 a year. Big thrill being a junior, as we could go to the movies without a chaperone.

Finally had to take history, having put it off for two years. Every day I do it. Can't go anywhere on account of it. One busy day: Up at 6:30, helped get breakfast, did dishes at 8:30, cleaned house from 8:30
till 9:00, class 9:00 to 10:00, cooked luncheons 10:00 to 11:30, made a cake, ate in 15 minutes, Victorian poetry class 12:00 to 1:00, art 1:00 to 3:00, history 4:00 to 5:00, choir practice 5:00 to 6:00, dinner 6:00 to 7:00, dishes 7:00 to 8:00, studied history from 8:00 to 11:00, then—bed. Not very tired!

**Funny rules:** No smoking! When I smoked one Cubeb cigarette I had to report it to Student Government. It was supposed to cure my cold. No men were allowed in dorms after 10:00 p.m. My beau had to stand outdoors in the freezing cold because he had missed the trolley. I finally let him in the house and had to report my evil deed the next day.

Bobbed three girls’ hair. Was elected class cheerleader; marched in Armistice Day parade. Heard a man say, “Why, not many are wearing horn-rimmed glasses!”

Borrowed two dresses to go to two proms; one was a “snaky” dress and the other was pure white to wear with my steady beau. Even juniors had to be in dorms by 10:00 p.m. I wrote, “Ran like mad to get in before ten o’clock!”

**March.** I was made head cook! No more dishes to wash! Hooray! Gee, I nearly flopped. Me, that couldn’t boil water.

Couldn’t sleep all night on account of mice. Got up three times and chucked things at them, then put wastebasket in window hoping the mice would jump out!

**June 5.** All Vinal got up at 4:30 and walked to circus grounds—about four miles! Stayed there until 11:00 and then went back to see show in the afternoon.

**June 10.** Commencement! Sure got a funny feeling when I realized that next year I’d be graduating. Now I’m a full-fledged senior at college. Never dreamed I would be.

—Margery Field Winch ’25

Connecticut students aided the war effort as Farmerettes (far left). The Dramatic Club. The first basketball team. Danish gymnastics in Hillyer Hall (now the bookstore), 1929. Left, Margery Field Winch ’25.
When I heard Jay Levin '73, the mayor of New London, speak proudly last year about the restoration of New London, I was reminded of the chilly dawn of March 11, 1932, when Alice Kelly and I had breakfast at O'Leary's, a dingy all-night eatery on a dark side street of old New London. We were involved in an early version of Trivial Pursuit known as Mascot Hunt.

According to discreet references in my diary (discreet in case some sophomore looking for clues should sneak a look), selection of our class mascot was made by a secret committee during the summer before our junior year. Communicating by coded telegram, the committee purchased the best bronze andirons available at a Detroit foundry. In February, the massive firedogs were shipped to Mr. Walker, the manager of the Mohican Hotel. He was sworn to secrecy, and agreed to hide them until our class banquet in March. There was an unconfirmed rumor that the bellhop who accepted delivery at the hotel was offered a bribe by an eager sophomore to reveal the contents of the large crate. Although he resisted, he did try to blackmail the junior mascot committee by threatening to tell the sophomores. A double agent in the making?

So, as Al Kelly and I shivered in the cold early dawn of March 11 outside Blackstone waiting for a taxi to town, we were reasonably sure the sophomores weren't onto us—yet. After a quick check of the deserted Mohican lobby, we hurried down to O'Leary's for a quick bowl of cold cereal. Returning to the hotel, we were spotted by two skulking sophomores. Somehow, we had blown our cover. So while Al led them toward the railroad station, I escaped up the back stairs of the hotel to Room 901 where Mr. Walker had hidden our andirons in a locked closet.

According to my diary, Marge Seymour and I spent all that day and the next night locked in the room with the andirons. Of course, we covered the transom and pulled the shades lest some daring sophomore, creeping along the outside edge of the building, should see or hear anything that might give away our carefully guarded secret. In point of fact, all sophomores must have been off on some other lead, because I remember that day was disappointingly dull, and we had to create excitement during the afternoon by rushing a decoy to the rooftop banquet hall! Two days later, the hotel was severely damaged by fire, and I was glad when the alarm sounded, I was not locked in a ninth floor room guarding the andirons.

Where do you suppose those andirons are now? To my way of thinking, they should be preserved as historic reminders of the meaning of class spirit. To quote a 1931 issue of C.C. News, "after the years have gone by, it will not be the marks, the ambitions or the pleasures that will be remembered. It will be the immaterial things like mascots and mascot hunts."

—Ruth Ferree Wessels '33

New London's Mohican Hotel, where the junior class hid their mascot in 1932.
President Katharine Blunt Beckons
Entertaining Countess Tolstoy
and Other Assignments

President Katharine Blunt was an efficient woman who expected others to be efficient also. Her efficiency, however, did not preclude friendliness and generosity, and was always dictated by her devotion to the College. As the youngest member of the English department, I was often called upon to do odd jobs on short notice. My office was on the top floor of Fanning, and the usual telephone call was a crisp, “Miss Noyes, come down.” Hastily dispatching my conference, I would run down the stairs, wondering what the current emergency might be.

One day it was, “Countess Alexandra Tolstoy has come early for her Convocation lecture, and we have to entertain her for an hour. The Convocation chairman has a class and has just left her sitting in an office in the gym basement. Will you please go right over and talk with her until Convocation time?” I had taught Anna Karenina and read up on Tolstoy, but the prospect of entertaining his daughter was something of a challenge. I found her a sturdy figure, frank in manner and dressed like a peasant except for a magnificent pendant on a heavy gold chain. Fortunately she was a good talker, and the hour passed.

Another day when I was summoned, President Blunt’s opening remark was a baffling one: “Miss Noyes, do you admire the Gettysburg Address?” With as much fervor as I could muster, I replied, “Oh, yes, I do.” “Well,” she said, “I want you to write something like that for the inscription in the foyer of the auditorium to commemorate the Palmer gift for the College and the community. Governor Cross, who was supposed to write it, has an emergency; but he will check your piece. It will have to be short because of the gold lettering.” Wilbur L. Cross, Dean Emeritus of the Yale Graduate School and a longtime member of our Board, was famous for his oratorical Thanksgiving proclamations, so that I had two formidable models to live up to. Fortunately my attempt passed both presidential and gubernatorial inspections. When the building was dedicated, however, I was chagrined to find the gold letters so widely spaced that one had to read a word at a time like a first grader. The effect, I fear, falls far short of both the Governor and the President.

A less startling but quite frequent occurrence was a call at 10:30 or 11:00 to do an article on a visiting speaker or other event to reach The Day before its mid-day deadline. One typical assignment was, “We need an advance notice of Anna Hempstead Branch’s reading of her poems tomorrow. Will you just write a summary of her career with perhaps a few critical remarks?” That assignment meant a frantic dash to the library for data and a scurrying through the poems to find a basis for charitable comments.

However desperately I had to scramble on such occasions and however shattered my own schedule, it was some slight consolation that the President down there in the big office had faith in my ability to pull the rabbit out of the hat.

—Gertrude E. Noyes ’25
Dean Emeritus of the College
TO THE PARENTS OF CONNECTICUT COLLEGE STUDENTS:

We have tried through the friendly radio and wire services of the Associated Press, Western Union, and the U. S. Coast Guard to send you parents messages of reassurance.

I am happy to say to all of you that with three minor exceptions, students, faculty and staff are unharmed. We have been in touch with the parents of the two students who were slightly hurt. The morale of the students both during and after the storm has been most heartening. We started classes at 8:00 A.M. on Thursday and have kept to our schedule. Students have been volunteer messengers at college and served in other useful capacities.

Great credit goes to the service men of the college who have worked through the nights erecting a temporary stack to replace our heating plant chimney which fell during the storm. By Friday noon the college buildings had heat, water, refrigeration and some lights. The off-campus houses have not been without water at any time. Arrangements were made for trucking food and milk so that there has been no food shortage. All drinking water is boiled.

Considering the destruction by fire, wind and water in the city and the surrounding district, we fared well. We lost parts of several roofs, many of our already too few lovely trees including some of the 250 year old hemlocks, the greenhouse and a part of the auditorium which is under construction.

Be assured that all is well with your daughter here.

Very sincerely yours,

[Signature]

Katherine Blunt
President

The Hurricane of '38 struck without warning September 21, just as classes began. The storm devastated all of New England, hundreds lost their lives, and New London suffered additional damage from fires. Ships were tossed on the railroad tracks near Union Station (above) and this scene on Huntington Street was typical. President Blunt managed to send reassuring messages to students' parents, many of whom sent back their thanks (left).
Come Tumbling Down

The Hurricane of '38

I was a freshman in the fall of 1938, living in Humphrey House, one of the old off-campus dorms between Vinal Cottage and the Coast Guard Academy. On September 21, one of my classes was botany, which met in the greenhouse that day until the instructor decided to send us all home after the third or fourth window had blown in! By the time I reached Humphrey House, my Ohio raincoat was soaked clear through and my Ohio umbrella had been turned inside out. (A sou'wester and slicker were my next purchases when we finally were allowed downtown.)

When I reached the dorm, about six or eight brave souls were huddled together in the living room. What happened there was later related in Eleanor Clarage's "Main Street Meditations" in the Cleveland Plain Dealer of Sept. 28, 1938:

A young lady of Cleveland, now a student at Connecticut College, writes home about the recent storm that unroofed buildings and blew out windows at school.

While the fury of the storm was at its height, one of the girls opened her Bible and began to read to the others to allay their fears.

And... she found that she had opened to the exact place in the Good Book where the walls of Jericho came tumbling down!

We kept a fire watch all night to be sure the fires we could see burning downtown didn't march right on up the hill to our dorm! Incidentally, our landlady, Mrs. Bosworth, put red street lanterns on all floors of the dorm so that we could see our way around the halls at night. We wrote an uproarious song about our red light house!

—Virginia Martin Pattison '38

When Dancing Was Cheek to Cheek

I arrived at Connecticut that fatal fall of '38 as a transfer from Bradford Junior College (as it was known in those days). A day or two after my arrival the Great Hurricane of '38 was raging full force. It was 3:00 p.m. and I was crawling on all fours across campus from the classroom to my dorm while slates from the roofs of the buildings flew past my head. Of course, I was wearing my yellow sou'wester bought at the Army-Navy store the day before. That night, with our rooms lit by candles, we watched New London burn and knew how Nero felt. Martial law ruled the town to prevent looting and President Blunt announced that anyone who left the campus that weekend was "a damn fool!" We all thought she was great!

—Breck Benbow Duncan '40
THE THIRTIES

underwent initiation by the sophomores which lasted a week. (By 1939 it had been mercifully shortened to one evening.)

Here is a random sampling of rules of the times:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In those days dances were really dances. Everyone went, with or without dates. The sloppy clothes of the workaday week were left in heaps on the floor and out came the prettiest dresses; hair was shampooed and set. Those girls without dates went "stag" to the Service League dances. (Each class had an annual prom which was formal, and for these, programs were filled out.) The "stags" kept partners changing by cutting in on the men, and any girl who had brought a really good dancer (a "smoothie") could not hope for more than a few steps with him at the outset, and the last dance, with luck. It was considered a delight that for once girls could do the choosing. Dancing was cheek to cheek, with intricate steps led by the man and followed by the girl; "dipping" was in favor; and no evening was complete without the wild acceleration of "Tiger Rag." (Ho-old that tig-er!)

—Elinor Hine Kranz '34
CCAM, August 1969

Students working in the Arboretum with Dr. George Avery, 1932.
Opposite, Geraldine Hanning '45 on Palmer Radio.
College is routine; class after class, day after day, same professor, same people around you, same hard chair in the same second row. It is a sense of frustration, an uncertainty as to whether the gain is worth the struggle.

College is long, gray February days with the wind piercing through you. It is the leaden atmosphere of the stacks in the library, the unoriginal conversations during the hurried hands of bridge, the inevitable stream of sleepless nights to write the term paper, the constant female din in the halls of the dormitory.

Now, today, it is the gradual and hard transition from peace to war: the breaking down of traditions, the bewildering loss of commonplace customs—guests for dinner and crowded convertibles and the brightly lighted Christmas tree in the library.

Suddenly, you must awardly express sympathy to those whose lives have been marked by loss and grief. You need to grow up before you expected to.

College is an omnipresent awareness of the clock, of "twenty after" and "ten of," of eating dinner in too short a time. It is a realization of the problems the world holds, problems the professors say youth has to solve; a sense of failing to meet the intellectual expectations of the teachers; a desire to escape from the realm of authority and rules.

College is also a sense of belonging. It is an exuberant October day when autumn shakes out her pattern of colors in the Arboretum, when the river reflects the steadfast blue of the wide sky, when the wind is gentled, and the Sound shimmers in the distance. It is playing a childish game of hide-and-seek after dinner, raking leaves to help the war effort, watching the fiery sunset from the roof, exploring paths and ledges in the golden woods on a Sunday afternoon.

College is music: the measured tones of the chapel bell, the soft crescendo of song on a moonlit night, the rhythmic banter of voices calling from one end of campus to the other.

It is saying hello to someone you don't know and getting a friendly grin in return; a sudden realization that work is interesting, a surprising curiosity to know more; friendship, lightly congenial and deeply satisfying. It is holding close to you something that will never come again. This is college.

—Constance Barnes Mermann '45
DURING THE WAR YEARS

Military Drill was a physical education choice during the spring and fall terms. The marching course was taught by an officer from the Coast Guard Academy (a Lt. Horton, I believe, who referred, on campus at least, to us as "my girls"). As I recall, we were expected to wear gray skirts, navy blue sweaters and white shirts in order to look as uniform as possible. As we advanced in our technique, Lt. Horton would occasionally turn a platoon over to one of us who was expected to maintain the "Hup, two, three" cadence and give the necessary commands.

When my turn came, I was so carried away by maintaining the rhythm and cadence, I forgot the command for turning or reversing. I marched the group down the front lawn of the campus onto Mohegan Avenue and on towards the Thames before he rescued us. We did manage to stop the traffic on Mohegan (it was not like an interstate then) for a short while, and the excursion was dubbed "Algie's Wide Blue Blunder." It was some time before I was asked to "handle" a platoon again.

—Alice (Algie) Adams Hilmer '44
THE C.C. NEWS was assembled and put to bed in the 1940’s in the newsroom in the basement of one of the Quad dorms—Branford—if my memory serves me accurately. A very tired news staff was finishing up a late Tuesday night feature story on knitting for the Red Cross for the war effort (the students’ contribution to this commitment). In what I considered a brilliant pun, I suggested the headline should read: PURL HARBOR! Betty Shank Post ’43, News editor, came up with one better: PURL HARDER! We sent the issue off to the printer, Jerry Anderson, a fabulously wonderful man from Stonington, Connecticut; and to our amazement, a few days later, discovered the Associated Press had picked up our headline and printed a brief story on our knitting efforts.

—Alice Adams Hilmer ’44

PRESIDENT BLUNT ON THE BRINK: The fascinating article on the renovation of Palmer Library/Blaustein Humanities Center and the picture of the 1941 era when the wings were being added to Palmer Library reminded me of one of my many nightly trips home from the library during the blackout war years. The foundation holes for the wings had been dug, and they were rather casually roped off so that people would not fall into these areas. As I cruised by the west side “hole,” I noticed a white haired lady, rather short of stature, who was obviously inspecting the progress (in the dark) of the building. She was about to step into the great cavity, and I recognized the voice and figure of President Blunt. I called out to her; she stopped, stepped back and thanked me for calling the situation to her attention.

—Alice Adams Hilmer ’44
The Enduring Image

I remember Freshman Week and D.R. Royce, one of our house juniors—the persistence of those early images is astounding. I remember the dignified Knowlton dining room and congregating before dinner, waiting for our housefellow to arrive, the setting sun comfortably bathing the room in amber light. In this image, I stand, gripping the back of my Windsor chair, doing my little part to give life to “The Genteel Tradition,” which, at that moment, in 1943, was being given a swift and violent death elsewhere. Knowlton had a beautiful stairway. Is that image—a young woman in a long gown lingering near the banister chatting (flirting?) with a uniformed male below—from the yearbook?

In Dr. Brown’s English class I discovered Hemingway, from whom I learned about leftist causes and sleeping bags. I remember the excitement of sitting in a library carrel reading Plato for the first time for an esthetics course. I was eighteen. The magnolia outside Bill Hall was small but especially gorgeous that spring. Nothing can erase Dr. Morris’ History of Philosophy course for me. We are born like a bubble, he said, into one circle, and burst out to shed one bourn-
Reunion, according to Noah Webster, means "a meeting again
of persons who have been separated," but that hardly covers it.
Maybe Noah never went back to
Yale's annual blast, and men's
reunions are different anyway.

What Reunion really means, as
any Older Woman knows who's
been to one, is a meeting to reas-
sure, to re-instate, and to re-fortify
the certainty that Old Jane lives,
breathes, looks as well as anybody
else (secretly, she thinks, better),
has traveled almost as much, has
superior children, and has sur-
vived (with pictures) to tell the
tale.

And even more important, per-
haps, is the feeling expressed by
an alumna Saturday night at
Connecticut College. "For a day
and a half I've been ME," she said
with satisfaction, "Nobody's
mother or wife or employee or
volunteer, just me, JANE
SMITH, class of '54."

In cinderblock cells, bereft of
the posters and plants and pic-
tures and bedspreads of the
undergraduate, enlivened only by
stark white draperies, a desk, chair
and narrow cot, local alumnae re-
lived their college days during the
rainy weekend in New London.

"This room makes me feel as
though I'm being prepped for
major surgery," said Gloria
Pierce, uneasily.

"No wonder they all sleep with
somebody," said a matron with
...
Back From the South Pacific

Honeymooning on Campus

As a walking, wounded Army Air Corps man, I was able to enjoy the summer of 1945 at Connecticut College. I was on medical leave from Fort Devons General Hospital in Massachusetts when Mimi Steinberg ’46 and I were married, in June of 1945. One of the conditions of our marriage was that Mimi attend summer school in order to complete her degree. Fortunately, my two-month medical leave allowed my war bride and me an extended honeymoon—and off we went to New London. We found a room in a house on Williams Street across from the College.

What a marvelous summer that was for a soldier back from the South Pacific! Sleeping late in the morning while Mimi was off to class, loitering around the school until she returned, and then tennis and the beach in the afternoons. There was hardly another man to be seen on campus and I enjoyed being somewhat of an oddity.

Mimi, an economics major, introduced me to Professor Colston Warne, who had come to Connecticut College from Amherst that summer as a visiting professor of economics. It seems I spent every morning in Dr. Warne’s office, after his early class, my feet up on a desk, coffee mug in hand, righting all the ills of the world, and discussing the future that would follow the end of the war. Forty years later, I am able to recall that brilliant man better than many of my own college professors.

Forty years of Connecticut College associations have left me with many fond memories of the school, beginning with my introduction to the college in 1944 when I came from Yale to meet Mimi on a blind date. I have been back on campus many times to accompany Mimi on alumni missions, reunions, and for Martha Graham summers. I like to think of myself as an alumnus—adoptive.

—Joe Edlin

The Honeymooners: Joe and Mimi Steinberg Edlin ’46 at Ocean Beach.
New London fog and limp hair, going across campus in the dark. 8:00 a.m. classes (war-time DST), wonderful, ineffable days at Ocean Beach, Posy as the beautiful madonna, Dr. Laubenstein’s deep “We Three Kings” at the Christmas candlelight sings, empty dining rooms on Friday night as the detestable aroma of cooking fish drove us to Marton’s down the road, cottage pudding ad infinitum, wartime Sunday suppers of sandwiches and fruit, trying to find one’s blind date on emerging from the cloakroom at the Coast Guard Academy, the V-12 ships coming into New London bringing friends of friends, the Whiffenpoofs at our Knowlton Salon formals, Mascot Hunt, May Day gifts to Junior Sisters and strawberries for breakfast, the agony of comps, Dean Burdick’s incredible memory, Eddie Condon’s group at Palmer Auditorium, Life coming to the campus and staging “College in Wartime,” dressing for dinner, the buddy system to go into New London, Danny Shea’s—especially on St. Patrick’s Day, C.C.’s fee rising to $1,500, campaigning in the district for Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse. Our songs: ‘Til Then, Paper Moon, Sentimental Journey; the wonderful Casablanca and Laura; when the boys came home! Eugene O’Neill, Jr.’s graduation speech.

—Marie Hickey Wallace ‘47

River Day, April 12, 1945, dawned sunny, brushed by the first caress of spring. It was a long awaited holiday, promising a break from classes and deadlines and perhaps a respite from the gnawing anxieties about our friends serving overseas. Our gang headed out to our favorite haunt, Ocean Beach, to celebrate the first rites of spring. We spent the day bathed in iodine and baby oil anticipating a glorious early tan, tested the icy waves, and staged the first picnic of the season. It was a perfect day—one for the memories.

But how soon the memory was to tarnish, for when we returned to campus we learned that President Roosevelt had died. We were stunned at the news and painfully absorbed the enormity of the problems surrounding the death of our president in wartime. We gathered in small knots, many to share our personal sorrow, sought out our professors to allay our fears, and sadly accepted the death of the man who had been president for as long as most of us could remember. The next days passed in somber awe, the sweet sad music of the local radio station droning in the background as students reached out to grief-stricken faculty and the administration sought to comfort the community and honor the president. On Sunday an all-college memorial service was held, well attended by townspeople as well as the college community, in Palmer Auditorium. It was a beautiful service with admirers and detractors joined as one at that moment to honor a great leader who had changed America forever.

—Marie Hickey Wallace ‘47
WHEN AN INSTITUTION or person becomes 75 years of age, there is a lot to look back on. As I think about those years of College history, it occurs to me to wonder whether there are any recurrent questions or problems which may have changed in form over the years but which are still seeking a definitive answer today despite the College’s other successes and achievements.

Two such themes present themselves. Both were undoubtedly discussed by the founders and have emerged with some regularity in decisions on College policy since then. Both are of fundamental importance today. They are the nature of women’s education and the place of the humanities in higher education.

The proximity of the founding of Connecticut College to the final success of the woman’s suffrage movement suggests that the education the new college was to offer women would strongly resemble that available to men. Both were expected to vote and should be prepared to participate in the shaping of public policy. It was clear, however, that, even with the vote, women would be involved in economic life at a lower level than men. Girls were therefore urged to learn typing and shorthand in order to enter the business world, though these skills were not required of men. Girls had to be instructed in home management, though men, who would also be involved in establishing the new family, were not expected to need such courses.

These differences in education hardly accounted, however, for the continued absence of women in the top ranks of government, industry, science, and the university. Eventually the explanation was thought to lie not in essential differences in abilities or education but rather in social discrimination. Society, which had so unwillingly conferred the vote on women, had as yet no confidence in their ability to discharge leadership responsibilities, and in the end legislation was necessary to open opportunity more fairly to women.

In addition to antidiscrimination legislation another development of the 60’s was the discovery that women had a history, at times different from men’s. This past is now being explored vigorously by historians, and a variety of courses and programs at both the undergraduate and graduate level has emerged. How they will affect modern education is not yet clear. Should all women be obliged to elect such a course, or, more importantly, should all men?

Today the coeducational scene changes some aspects of the questions on women’s education. Of itself, however, I do not believe that coeducation supplies any definitive answers, any more perhaps than antidiscrimination legislation solved the problem of the social failure to support women’s aspirations equally with men’s. It is also true that the colleges and universities did not play a leading role in securing this legislation in the first place, and today some aspects of those measures are weakly enforced. All this leads me to believe that, despite coeducation
and some federal concern, women's education has not been given any secure or fixed form, and that questions will continue to arise over the coming 75 years about the adequacy and appropriateness of our present structures.

When I first came to Connecticut College 50 years ago, there was lively discussion of the place of the humanities in the curriculum. Actually the matter at issue was the inclusion of more vocationally oriented courses to which the liberal arts courses might have to give way. Today there is a similar discussion in the country and great pressure from both students and parents to provide more instruction leading directly to employment. More than ever the humanities are attacked as useless, effete decorations to life with no practical value. In the early days of the 19th century a certain social status still adhered to those who studied the humanities. Indeed one of the motivations for the land-grant college act of 1862 was the popular demand that such study be opened more widely and democratically to all levels of the population. Today what was then a sign of privilege is thought of as unnecessary and useless.

This negative judgment is confined primarily to the younger generation. Among the most mature students—retirees—the study of aspects of the humanities is the most popular field. To be sure, these subjects—philosophy, history, literature, and the arts—require a degree of maturity to be really savored. But they are not closed to any age group. Each one makes of them as much as experience and imagination will permit. For all ages they enlarge the personality by expanding and deepening convictions, sympathies, and sensitivities, all of which leads to greater self-confidence.

Though we live in an age of specialization, the rapidity of change makes confidence based on specialization subject to obsolescence. Therefore sources of personal security other than specialized technical competence may be needed. In the past we could count on our traditional institutions, but they too are subject to erosion and no longer constitute a certain bulwark for the individual. Only in the area of the humanities does higher education offer, it seems to me, any insights that can aid and strengthen man's capacity to live worthily in this time of shifting priorities and technologies. In the introductory phases the humanities need to be well taught, but later on they speak for themselves and can hardly be ineffective even in clumsy hands. It is nevertheless important for the College to make clear to students what reasons lie behind the inclusion of humanities in their course of study.

As I look at Connecticut College at this point on its way to a century of existence, I am confident that the two recurrent questions I selected for comment will continue to engage the best efforts of the institution. Both are topics that can easily be clouded with rhetoric, but both, with careful analysis, can be constructive components in educational plans for the future.
A HIGH ADVENTURE

50s

There Was a Young Lady From Akron

During Freshman Week, people would laugh when I said I was from Akron, Ohio. I knew that Akron wasn’t Boston, but still, I thought, it wasn’t a cultural wasteland either. My mother was a founder of the Akron Symphony Orchestra, and my great aunt a charter member of the museum; on her patio I heard a number of operas each summer. We had public libraries, a country day school, and a string quartet that practiced at our house on Sunday afternoons. So why were people laughing?

It turned out that one of my predecessors didn’t know what to do with the angel robe she was handed when posture pictures were taken of incoming freshmen. She walked out absolutely naked, and went straight up to the doctor who was busy recording the necessary data. He was, of course, astonished and asked, “Where did you come from, dear?” And she had answered, “Akron, Ohio.”

—Rachel Ober Burrell '50

Mascot Hunt:
A Junior Class President Remembers

We are juniors now. Now it is our turn to leave the trail of clues for the sophomores, our turn to announce our gift to the College. Each side in this traditional contest has appointed its Mascot Hunt Committee of four, including the class president. This latter fact is important, because there have to be three meetings in the next two and a half days, and the best way to prevent (or discover) these meetings is to tail the class president. I know. I did it the previous year, even sleeping one night outside her dormitory room door like the faithful family dog.

Both classes, too, have hidden their class banners. Our committee had prepared for this a few months earlier. We fashioned a fake curb-end over the summer, a yard-long strip of concrete with a pipe embedded down its length. We placed it where the curb gave out on the Wakeham side of the Chapel, rolling our green and gray class banner into the pipe a few days before Mascot Hunt began. Later in the week I would orchestrate a conversation with the sophomore class president while resting my foot casually on our hiding place. Our committee has also hidden the second clue already, taping it into the incised “L” of the lettering over the Bill Hall doorway.

But now it is the Night When Mascot Hunt Begins. Both classes gather for cider and doughnuts at a big bonfire south of Palmer (where Cummings now stands). The two class presidents are there for the giving of the first clue. Our strategy is to try to have our first committee meeting tonight. Place: the heating tunnels under Blackstone. Time: as soon as we can all scatter and then regroup. I will be followed as the only identifiable committee member, and so, of course, we need decoys. Quite a few of us are in our basic trenchcoats, gumshoe-fashion. In a scrum after
the bonfire we will put paper bags over our heads and scatter like a flock of oversized Halloween munchkins. It must have worked, for I recall that first meeting behind the heating pipes. The rest of those two and a half days is a blur of near-misses, of jumping out a first floor dorm window to escape the tag, hiding the last two clues, and finally, the banquet at the end when each committee scribe read the Class Log and our class gift was announced. I suppose we went to classes and wrote English papers and even bathed during Mascot Hunt days, but I have no memory of anything except the intensity of the event.

I called Gertrude Noyes to learn how Mascot Hunt began, and she referred me to her history of the College. Apparently, in the spring of 1918, the junior class announced their mascot (a toy submarine), but the sophomores stole it before it could be presented to the College. Although the junior class president outwitted the sophomores (with a spare mascot), the episode launched a competitive tradition that would last nearly 45 years. The format, the season, and the involvement varied, but it did not peter out until the early 60’s.

I look back on those days with an almost motherly smile, bemused by both my innocence and my total involvement. It would surely seem juvenile to my more worldly and cynical present-day students. But if traditions are maintained to support community and continuity, then our bonfire served its purpose well.

—Elizabeth Babbott Conant ’51

Forever Twenty-One

What I remember best is that we were all women—girls, really—and that coming indoors at night meant going from cold, damp salt air into a hothouse scented with bath powder, cigarettes and, on Saturday nights, Arpege, or Chanel No. 5, or Prince Matchabelli’s Wind Song. I remember that class discussions could be very animated, but that they were apt to cease when the time was up. To get on the Dean’s List or become a Winthrop Scholar was to be applauded, but to betray a consuming interest in a subject was to be deplored. Intensity was construed as bad taste, or oddness. We admired brains, I think, but not passion.

Above all I remember how young we all were. We remain young too. Few of us can see the changes in our own faces, and I no more than anyone else. And since the last time I saw most of my classmates was on our graduation day, their faces haven’t changed either.

I saw a picture in the paper recently of the man one of my friends had married. (His name was odd, and therefore memorable.) He had a double chin, a paunch and was 56 years old. “A----, married to that old man! I can’t believe it!” I said to myself. To me she is, like all of us, forever twenty-one.

—Mary Cantwell ’53
When my good friend and I co-chaired 1955's 25th reunion, we set out to orchestrate the best, biggest and most beautiful 25th reunion Connecticut College, or any other college, ever had experienced! We spent several days in New London, not just checking out restaurants for our banquet, but investigating every state park, boat charter, museum and tourist attraction in the area, gleaning information to keep our classmates busy and entertained.

By the time reunion had rolled around, we had something available for everyone. We were ready! And then, those wonderful people, those individuals who had graduated from Connecticut College in 1955 started to arrive—singly, in groups, some with husbands and some long since divorced. What a collection we turned out to be!

The veneer of previous reunions was gone. We were no longer playing the role: the happy marriage to a successful husband, outstanding children, living-happily-ever-after routine. The expectations of the 50's were now the realities of the 80's.

Some of our classmates returned to reunion badly scarred, but they were there along with the rest of us because they chose to return to a place and to a group of people with whom they had shared four significant years. Many of the carefully planned activities were put aside as we started to interact. We shared a camaraderie that had not existed while we were students.

Women who had barely known each other on campus discovered they had mutual friends, experiences or areas of interest. There was a lot of openness in these discussions, some of which went on into the early hours of the next day. Personalities had crystallized and we were a much more interesting lot than those amorphous souls who departed from campus in June of 1955.

But then, we were the same. Molly's wonderful laugh hadn't changed and Jean still sparked the conversation with her dry wit. We found, too, that the campus was still recognizable. Though our gym had now become the bookstore and the stable area was now the Plex, Fanning, New London Hall and our grand old dorms were still where we left them. The view of the Sound from the steps of Palmer Library remained pretty much unchanged. We all came away strengthened by the friendships, the caring and real support of individuals we had known so many years ago.

What is it that draws us back, that undefined substance that creates a reunion? It's the place, certainly, that sheltered us as we learned and grew during those four short years of our lives. It's the people, too, with whom we shared those years. They have become exciting, honest individuals who are pursuing their goals, first dreamt about and then nurtured while attending Connecticut College.

—Frances Steane Baldwin '55
THE FIFTIES

To Our Parents
for starting us on the path of life,
for washing our dirty, childhood faces,
for spanking us when we walked our independent paths too thoughtlessly,
for encouraging us when small problems seemed insurmountable,
for loving us when it seemed that no one else did,
for guiding us always toward the smoothest path,
and for being our parents
we, the members of the class of 1956, humbly dedicate this our yearbook.

The Conn Chords entertain at a dance, 1952; a softball game on Fathers' Day, 1955; the 1956 Koine dedication; opposite, members of the laurel chain place the laurel in the form of "56" while the graduating class sings on the steps of Palmer.
Suddenly aghast at my folly, I wondered what in the world I was doing here. Professor Betty Thomson had begun the Biology 101 introductory lecture, but scores of 18-year-old eyes were fastened on me, a strange fish in their pond. It was 1958, long before Connecticut College for Women initiated its Return to College program and before many grandmothers anywhere went to college, even for a short time as I planned to do in order to satisfy my curiosity.

Fun, it was not. I enjoyed the lectures, but lab was purgatory. When I peered into the microscope, the specimens never resembled the pictures in the textbook, and the drawings I turned in after class looked more like a bit of my imagination than anything else. No one wanted me for a lab partner, for if I didn’t knock over test tubes and the like, I was bound to do something else equally disastrous. Furthermore, it was a rare exam that I didn’t fail. Yet I passed—that it was with a D in no way diminished my joy or made it less of a miracle.

Made bold by my mastery of science, I decided to take two courses the following year, and as semesters slipped by I became more and more engrossed in what I was learning. Whether the subject was American history, expository writing or symbolic logic, I relished them all. Then one day Dean Alice Johnson—to whom I am ever grateful—remarked on the number of credits I had accumulated and suggested I aim for a degree, an idea that had never entered my mind. So with her encouragement, I quickly settled on a major and began to work in earnest.

There were many hurdles along the way, both of an academic and a domestic nature. One year I had an appendectomy. Another time my daughter came down with mono, and the two grandsons came to stay with us. Sudden trips to the vet’s with ailing animals and entertaining my husband’s business friends coincided unfailingly with finals.

During the 1961-62 school year, the college went from a five-course plan to four courses, which left me (for reasons too complicated to describe here) with two dangling credits. In order to utilize them, Registrar Rita Barnard advised me to take the Munson Institute summer course in American maritime history at the Mystic Seaport. This work gave me six credits, which, added to those two, amounted to two semesters’ work. I picked up another eight credits the following year by passing the advanced placement exam in European history. Physical education was compulsory in those days, but I skipped that requirement by asking my astonished family doctor for a note saying that I was physically unfit for active sports.

Thus eight years passed (I think of them with unabashed sentiment as “pieces of eight”), and in 1966 I received my degree. In the meantime my grandson, Peter, started school, and he would often compare notes with me, such as asking if I, too, took arithmetic. One day I saw him clutching a slithery worm in his little fist and overheard him say to his companion, “I’ll ask my grandmother about it. She’ll know. She goes to college.” It made the struggle with Biology 101 seem worthwhile.

—Helen Haase Johnson '66
When Newsweek Proposed

Stumbling Into a Career by Accident

I never meant to have a career. Women didn’t back in the 1950’s—or at least none that I knew. Like most of my Connecticut classmates, I had been lovingly and expensively groomed to make a good match; a college education was the finishing grace for the years of lessons in ballroom dancing, tennis, piano, deportment, cooking, and hiding one’s unseemly intelligence from the young men at Harvard and Yale whom my parents viewed as prime son-in-law fodder. It wasn’t their fault—my parents’ or the beaux’. There just weren’t any other visible options in a system I was too unimaginative to buck. Or even question. As my father, the surgeon, likes to remind me: “A husband is a woman’s best meal ticket.”

BRILLIANT OPPORTUNITY FOR RECENT MALE COLLEGE GRADUATES

Authenticated statistics prove that young married men are more stable, reliable, assume more responsibilities, and get ahead faster in business.

KOINE offers the graduating Class of 1959, well-trained and expensive young women who are ready to assume the role of important “helpmate” in improving your future debts to society!

Study the personnel of this book carefully and make your choice.

Write for details today!

KOINE Opportunity for Women
New London, Connecticut

(Contributed by a Mary Harkness father who has had enuf)

It was social pariahdom in those days not to be engaged by Easter of senior year, so I duly acquired a charming Yale ’55 fiance. We broke up the summer after graduation. At loose ends, I made an abortive pass at a master’s in drama (a passion fired at Connecticut and one which my family shudderingly declined to finance), ran out of money, shuffled to a New York employment agency, was asked if I’d like to be a copy girl at Newsweek, and unblushingly yawned, “What’s Newsweek?” Twenty years later, I’m still there. There’s a modest shelf of journalism awards to suggest the time wasn’t wasted, and a sense of astonishment that this career, as it’s called, happened at all. When I wandered aimlessly in the door back in 1958, it was to kill a couple of years while I shopped around for a husband who could offer me a less predictable future than the Short Hills Junior League.

The point is, there was no conscious choice involved. Neither in the unexpectedly serious productivity that working ignited (I had never been a serious student) nor in remaining single until the advanced age of 41, which is to say thirteen months ago. I had no goals back in 1958, only an assumption of marriage that seemed to clash with a lust for adventure. The safe path—that broker-husband who’d take care of me—was something I kept putting off until tomorrow. Today was rising to challenge. Today was being nabbed by the cops for hiding under a desk in 1960 to eavesdrop on CAB inspectors analyzing the worst mid-air collision in history. Today was finding out how tugboat captains and tycoons worked and played—a kind of praying no lady could then get away with. Today was discovering that my flair for reporting had inspired a Newsweek editor to kick doors down and cajole for me a taboo-to-women writing tryout in 1961.

To everyone’s surprise—most of all mine—the tryout succeeded. By 1964, I was in Paris as a correspondent. You’re The First Woman Newsweek Ever Sent Abroad, the editor pointed out, when I inquired why my promotion included no raise. “What do you mean you want more money? You, a woman? Isn’t the honor enough?”

I do not here, in these pages, wish to flog the theme of how closed most professions were to women before the 1970’s. Men made the rules. I accepted them, and felt lucky to have squeaked into their club through the service door, half-pay and no-future or not. What did I need with a future? I was going to get married some day . . .

Four rollercoaster years in Newsweek’s Washington bureau included a stunning epiphany at the 1972 Democratic Convention, where I bumped into a college acquaintance. Now you must understand that for the preceding 15 years friends had been asking themselves—and sometimes me—“Whatever is wrong with Liz? She’s not ugly, nice legs at least, so why isn’t she married?” On that humid July day in Miami, it all turned loonily around. The Conn ’57 alumna, clearly high on Women’s Lib, hurled herself on me and cried, “How did you ever know? How did you know not to get married? I’m leaving Cecil to Realize Myself.”

The answer is (A) she’s a silly nit and (B) I didn’t know anything at all. Along the way there had been lovers galore, a comfortable queue of suitable suitors and a couple of men I truly adored. I didn’t bag either. Each married a less threatening woman. To say that the defection of Andre or Eric kept me haphazardly plugging away at my trade may sound ludicrous, but it’s true. And among the many interesting questions the confession raises is why did this successful lady journalist feel she had to abandon her career in order to marry? Why not have both? Because a spouse who bucket around on campaign planes is so hard on marriages that the divorce rate among my male colleagues is legendary. If there is a worthwhile
man who would have put up with it from me, I never met him. If there is a lady correspondent in the news business who is well married, I haven’t met her either. That was the pricetag for all those glorious adventures: camping with the Somali guerrillas in the Ogaden, conning a job as a movie extra to interview Taylor and Burton when reporters were barred from their presence, learning to dodge tear gas and bullets, traveling to Djibouti and the up-country of the Amazon, to Russia and Algeria and Haiti and the Arctic Circle.

In my last assignment as Paris bureau chief, I left the office most nights at 10:30, with a briefcase full of homework. So did my predecessor; the difference is that his wife had a pot of boeuf bourguignon warm on the back of the stove. For a woman, for this woman, it had to be a loner’s life. The job was challenging and important and I’m glad I did it, but there wasn’t enough psychic energy to keep a houseplant alive. It’s going to be a long time before we have a generation of men willing to accept, from women, the kind of neglect wives have been accepting for millennia.

Now I’m back in New York, married to an architect who’d like us to be sailboat bums for a while. My work—writing long feature stories—demands less travel...so far we’re managing to muddle along, which is rich and yeasty and quite good enough.

—Elizabeth Peer ’57
CCAM, Winter 1978-79

In addition to her many journalism awards, the late Elizabeth Peer received the College’s highest honor, the Connecticut College Medal, in 1981.

---

A HIGH ADVENTURE

THE 60s

Some Day My Prince Will Come

Won’t He?

In some ways, I am little changed from the young woman who slept in the narrow cot in Larrabee 20 years ago. I think the same thoughts and have the same concerns. When I wake up in the morning, I always want to go back to sleep—just as I did then. I’m always racing to my mental “to do” list and worrying if I can get it all done.

But in many other ways, the woman who wakes and heads off to an executive job, decked out in a pin striped suit and floppy bow bears small resemblance to that girl in Larrabee—the one who knew how the future was going to be—as soon as school was over, she lost 20 pounds, and her prince arrived. I, for one, really thought we were The Up and Coming Generation; that great things were going to be expected and demanded of us; that the world was, indeed, getting better just in time for us to have our impact on it. I also knew that I was going to get married, and that I would work until I did, or maybe, if I had to, until the children came. I knew I’d do something glamorous, important, and what looked particularly important was a job in Washington.

Life seemed to be a series of warm-ups waiting for the real thing to begin. Our conversations were strewn with the phrase "as soon as"; we hardly ever said “if only.” I remember myself and my classmates as being future and goal-oriented but not particularly materialistic. I was not alone in having firmly etched pictures of my future destiny. Not only did I know that the prince would ultimately arrive, but he would stay around forever, and be faithful, presentable (meaning that he wore blue blazers, liked to sail or
ski) and that he would talk about his feelings (but not in public). It was inconceivable that the next 20 years would see an on-going tension between work and marriage, between sorting out priorities and feeling badly when I put myself first.

In college, most of us didn’t consider that the noble acts of life would be small ones—facing moments of despair, being compassionate, being a friend, being a parent. But at some level, we suspected it wasn’t going to be all that easy. What sums it up is an indelible image from our Junior Show, *Red, White, and Who*. A slim girl in a white Jackie Kennedy dress and short curled hair is spotlighted against a frieze of a Washington cocktail party and a theatrical skyline.

Her hands tremble but her voice is very clear:

> On my own and out in the world,
> No one around to guide me.
> Where am I now, and what will I see;
> Where am I going, what will I be.
> When I was young I was pampered and cared for,
> Never alone and helpless.
> On my own and out in the world,
> No one will tell me who should I be.

What we wrote for Junior Show that year was more prophetic than we knew. President Kennedy was assassinated less than a year later and with him died some of the bright certainty that was part of my self-
The Sixties

definition then. The rest died during Vietnam or the morning I knew my marriage was over and it was time to grow up and go to work—not to achieve great and glorious things but just to eat and pay the rent. By that point it was clear that “no one was going to tell me who I should be,” and that what I knew was going to be inadequate as a well-spring of answers for life’s incredible surprises. In this, I don’t think we are vastly different from earlier college classes.

Plus ça change! My husband is not the prince, but he is nice. My job is neither pedestrian nor earth-shaking; I make some sort of difference every day, but don’t look for me on the cover of Time. Back in 1964, what we knew about people who were 43 is that they were old; in fact, they were old enough to be our mothers! Now that my classmates and I have stopped being up and coming and have simply arrived wherever we are, life is immediate, urgent and incapable of being manipulated for very long. Dress rehearsal is over for certain.

—Ellen Greenspan Cardwell ‘64

The Other Sixties

Although I attended Connecticut College from 1960 to 1964, I’ve always felt that I missed out on “The 60’s,” popularly characterized as a time of student power and hippie hedonism. We were the students of the other 60’s, a time much closer to the self-contained and conservative era of Eisenhower. I also believe that while I may have gone to Connecticut when it was still a college for women, my classmates and I missed a precious opportunity to explore what it meant to be educated for our future as women.

Remembering our attitudes and experiences, I am abashed to realize that many of our personal concerns were selfish, trivial and shortsighted. To tell the truth I don’t think we made a memorable college generation. Romance and food were often uppermost in our minds. Burning questions of the day were most apt to be “Where are you going this weekend?” and upon one’s return from Hanover, Hartford, Boston, New Haven or Middletown, “Are you snowed?” which meant something shy of in love. True, there were debates on ways to end the nuclear arms race, but since those discussions took place on Saturday mornings they were sparsely attended.

There was great suspense the day we all crowded into Palmer Auditorium to be introduced to our new president when President Rosemary Park left for Barnard. Charles Shain brought distinction to his tenure as president, but I wonder if he knows the real reason for our roar of delight as he strode across the stage: he was handsome. We were immediately won over not by his vision of our future as an educational institution but by his tweedy style. Hollywood casting had sent us the perfect leader. I told you we had our shallow side.

I’ve been interested to follow the growth of competitive sports at Connecticut in recent years. I had been a passionate competitor in high school where I loved playing hockey, basketball, softball and lacrosse. However, I soon lost all interest in team sports at Connecticut because we never played against another school. Instead, my energies were channeled into indoor badminton and synchronized swimming. On grey winter afternoons I loved to watch snow fall on the hemlocks outside the pool as I tried to float backward and pat daisy petal patterns in the water. Don’t get me wrong: it’s not easy to do either (water gets up your nose), but couldn’t we have been encouraged to

William Meredith, Henry B. Plant Professor of English and Connecticut’s poet in residence.
direct that same dedication to setting records at swim meets? It may seem quibbling, but I do believe that as young women we would have benefited from the strength and self-esteem that competition fosters.

In tension with such silliness was the fact we were fine students. I am still proud of my teachers and of the work we did together. Our faculty set standards of academic excellence, and in seeking to please them many of us learned how to think. Unfortunately, few members of our faculty helped us to make the connection between what we were capable of as students and what we might be capable of as adult women.

One college friend was recently distressed by what should have been a compliment. Her roommate had met one of my friend's professors who reminisced about this student's "brilliant and original mind." Instead of being flattered, my friend was crushed. She asked, "Why didn't he ever tell me that? It would have made a difference to know he thought I could something special."

Rosemary Park posed a similar dilemma in a speech to students in December 1960. In discussing the future of Connecticut College she said: "We're not interested in (educating) ladies of leisure even though those ladies may use their leisure wisely. We are now at a point in the history of this country when an institution of this sort has a responsibility to produce women who can make a genuine contribution to the economic, political and intellectual life of their country."

I have always been proud that I went to college while Rosemary Park was president for she was an outspoken educational leader. I think she was also on the mark when she defined the limits of our ambition. "The main problem seems to be a psychological problem: very few young women seem able to take a long or realistic view of life ahead." She was exactly right in describing our myopia. Looking back I wish we had been urged to put our gift of a fine liberal arts education to work in untangling this knot. Nor are the reasons for this wish purely academic. We learned in the surprising years to come that this challenge to achieve was central to both our personal and professional lives. Role models and mentors may be standard equipment for the ambitious young woman graduate of recent years, but in 1964 no one thought they might be necessary for us as we made our various preparations to leave college and enter the "real world."

Grateful as I am for my education, I profoundly regret our missed opportunity. While we were still part of a woman's college community, I wish that we—students, faculty, administrators—had argued and searched to find answers to hard questions about our strengths and weaknesses as young adult women. If we had, I suspect our history as alumnae might read differently.

—Carol McNeary '64

To the College!

My contribution to our collective memory centers around a crystalline moment of *déjà vu*. I experienced in June 1984 upon arriving for my 15th reunion. I had just flown up from Washington, D.C., and had felt a surge of remembered triumph at the airport when I was able to hail a New London taxi to take me "to the College."

There was chatter all the way from Groton as the driver, learning that I hadn't been in the area for 15 years, discussed all the changes in roads, highway interchanges and buildings. I was excited as we crossed the river into New London.

However, I was not at all prepared for what I would feel as we turned left from Mohegan Avenue up the steep front driveway into the College. Suddenly it was as if yesterday that another taxi, this time from the bus station, had taken me up the driveway for the first time. It was September, 1963 in my mind's eye, and I remembered the mix of feelings vividly. My father had recently had a heart attack, so my leaving for college had been accomplished with little fanfare and certainly no family trip up from Pittsburgh. Instead, my mother had driven me to the Greyhound station along with half a dozen pieces of luggage and had seen me off, advising that I try to sit beside elderly ladies on the bus trip.

Now I was here! I remember sitting in that taxi, among suitcases, a typewriter, a hair dryer, and who knows what else. Armed with relatively little knowledge of the school, I knew its fine reputation and my own good fortune in having received a full scholarship. I was literally awestruck by the sight of that simple and beautiful entry, with the green hillside, the grey stone buildings with their simple straightforwardness, and the succinct message on the sign: Connecticut College, Chartered 1911.

We lumbered up that driveway and my nervousness was soon allayed by upperclassmen at Lazarus House waiting to greet and help me. I knew that day that I had stepped into a new and exciting world, full of promise and opportunity—and that is exactly the way it turned out.

All of this is why, upon visiting the campus for Reunion in 1984 and thoroughly enjoying all the new additions, especially the library, I was glad that my special first view of Connecticut College hadn't changed.

—Ellen Steinberg Mann '69
Bits and Pieces

Who could forget the mixers at Cro? A classmate handled one just right. She wore a brown paper bag over her head with “POT LUCK” written on it. And, yes, she danced every number.

Early morning anthropology classes with Miss Macklin. What eye openers. With her vibrance, June Macklin could make the class your favorite part of the day. I’ll never forget a dormmate’s great speed in getting out of bed and to that class. There was a catch, though; she’d be seated next to me in a raincoat with nightgown underneath.

Sociology class at Mr. Mason Record’s home. About 10 of us would sit around him in the living room engaged in a free, stimulating discussion while Mrs. Record offered us doughnuts and coffee.

President Shain’s student assemblies. As Dean Alice Johnson recalled, students not only showed up, they dressed for the occasion.

—Mary Seaverns Saner ’72

Men made the roadtrip to Connecticut for mixers like this one in Crozier-Williams, 1963.
The Day the President Was Shot

November 22, 1963. All of my contemporaries know exactly what they were doing that day—it’s as riveted in our minds as V.E. Day or the day F.D.R. died was in our parents’ minds.

I’d just left an English class, not even taking time to go back to the dorm because that was the day I was supposed to start selling ads for Koine and I was nervous. I’d decided that the best way to wipe out the annual loss on the yearbook would be to raise the ad prices to New London businesses and on the parents’ page—but would this tactic meet resistance? I got on the bus at the stop behind Thames Hall, happily leaving all thoughts of Spencer and his Faerie Queene behind. I was rehearsing my pitch when a classmate got on at the bus stop at the foot of the driveway in front of Fanning.

“Have you heard?” she said. “The President’s been shot!”

“Who would shoot President Shain?” I asked incredulously. She explained the news from Dallas, and we both continued on the bus downtown, talking I suppose, though all I recall was the sinking feeling in my stomach that the world was coming to an end. The world was coming to an end and I was going to New London to sell yearbook ads.

So I made a decision. First stop would be The New London Day. I got the latest news, which was nothing new: President Kennedy had been shot and no one knew yet how serious it was but it was a head wound and didn’t sound good. The sinking feeling sank further but he wasn’t dead, so that was hopeful and I asked to see the advertising manager of The Day. Whoeuer he was, he couldn’t have been nicer. I started my pitch and then began to cry. How could I go out there to sell ads on a day like this? My heart wasn’t in it. I wanted to go back to the dorm and be glued to the T.V. (as we all would be until the end of the funeral).

The advertising manager was warm and sympathetic. The newspaper is full of horrors every day—though, granted, not on this scale—and business goes on, he explained. You go out there and sell, he said. If the stores are open, they’re open for business. And he was right. Not only did he take an ad without flinching at the new rate, but I continued to sell that whole afternoon. Shopkeepers had their radios on and the President’s condition was the only topic of conversation between clerks and customers, their own negotiations becoming quite perfunctory that afternoon.

It was also Harvard-Yale weekend. I couldn’t believe it, but the powers that be decided the game was to be played. “Jack would have wanted the game to go on,” they said. My friend Larry was in from Harvard and I suppose we went. But I can’t remember who won. (By the way, Koine had a profit of over $300 that year.)

—Marilyn Ellman Frankel ’64
What a Luxury it Was

Reading Poetry, Drawing Amoebas, and Bellowing the Beatles

On a clear, unseasonably cool September morning, I swung my new-used Volkswagen onto a ten-mile ribbon of Connecticut Turnpike that linked my home town with New London. For the difference it made in my life, the trip could have been a trans-Atlantic voyage. My mother had laid out $1,100 for a car stylish enough so as not to be mistaken for a commuting student’s family sedan but so spartan in its appointments that it had no radio, forcing me to bellow Beatles’ songs at the top of my lungs to entertain myself en route. I had a generous scholarship and two new Shetland sweaters from Gorra’s. I thought I had died and gone to Heaven.

The year was 1963, before the Vietnam troop build-up, affirmative action, student riots and the women’s movement, but during the presidency of John F. Kennedy, whose charisma and vision stirred our social consciousness. Kennedy’s death, announced to stunned classes on a Friday afternoon, was an enormous blow.

Our summer reading list had included Michael Harrington’s haunting book about poverty in America, yet the group that assembled for the first day of classes was totally female, mostly white, and predominantly middle class. There were tweeds from boarding school, turned out in tasseled Bass Weejuns, monogrammed Oxford cloth button-down shirts, A-line skirts, and cable knit sweaters. There were prosperous city kids, preppy as well but given to more daring variations on the theme. There was a sprinkling of foreign students, and numerous others who resisted the kind of sartorial stereotyping that teenagers do so well.

The atmosphere was genteel and protective. Skirts were required attire for dinner, which was served by student waitresses. Men were allowed in dormitory rooms only on Sunday afternoons, parietal hours were strictly enforced, and a panel of student judges (bless their hearts!) meted out sentences for transgressions usually associated with signing in late. If you lived on campus, you couldn’t keep a car until your senior year. You couldn’t stay in a hotel within a certain radius of the school (presumably to protect the College’s good name), and you couldn’t drink booze on campus. Diet pills were used by some to stay awake to study or write papers, and in my last year I heard a rumor, never confirmed, that a student who threw up after smoking pot had stupidly gone to the infirmary and gotten herself expelled, but recreational drugs were not a part of college life.

The academic focus then was very different from that of the present-day colleges that advertise preparation for specific careers. The objective was a liberal arts education, achieved through numerous required courses and electives in major subject areas. Regardless of our plans for the future, we had to draw amoebas from slides or learn the constellations. Mathematical imbeciles like myself plodded miserably through a course made only slightly more palatable by kind, patient Julia Bower.

Keeping one’s head above water scholastically was no mean task. The most perfunctory treatment of a course required an awful lot of reading and writing. Analytical skills were honed. Ideas were aired and dissected. Clear oral expression was expected and literate written work was the norm; the content separated the B’s and A’s from the C’s. “You don’t feel!” Marjorie Dilley would boom at covering government students. “You think!” Few A’s were awarded. A couple per section was the average.

There was a wonderful integrity about all of this. I can’t recall a single faculty member who asked to be addressed as “Dr. or “Professor.” They appeared to be teaching for the love of their subject matter, even though they would never get rich doing so. Discussions were aimed at understanding and insight, not at making immediate decisions on a course of action. Intelligence and diligence were recognized and rewarded. Did we realize that business would never be like this? Reflecting on it now, I think of what a luxury it was to live on this beautiful campus as a junior and senior, reading plays and poetry and not caring whether a degree in French literature would pay my bills after graduation. Yet I suspect that most of us gave very little thought to how lucky we were.

It was clear from the very beginning that those who had come to college to have a good time were going to have to work as well, and that those who had come to study would be pressured to have a good time. It seemed as though everyone had two lives, the one she led on campus from Monday to Friday, and the other her social life, conducted for the most part away from school.

Because Connecticut was not coeducational, no feminist movement was needed to give women positions of power. It was inevitable that females would be the class presidents, the heads of the student government, and the editors of the student newspaper. There was no need to worry that prospective boyfriends would consider them amazons for taking the jobs away from male peers. The atmosphere was refreshingly noncompetitive in scholastic and extracurricular matters. Few people were concerned with embellishing a resume for graduate school admission. Wonderful and lasting friendships were made.
Mimicking the Beatles in the 1964 Faculty Show: Professor of French and Spanish Malcolm Jones, Professor Emeritus of Religion Paul Laubenstein, Business Manager Corbin Lyman, and (then) Assistant Professor of History Richard Birdsall.

At the same time, the fact that most dating occurred off-campus brought campus life to a virtual standstill on weekends and forced students to establish a social life away from the College. The specter of grim weekends on campus boosted attendance at freshman mixers. Buses were chartered for trips to men's schools; anyone with $1.50 and plenty of nerve could ride to a raucous beer party at the other end. The Coast Guard Academy was undervalued as a source of male companionship, probably because the cadets could not invite their dates away for the weekend. The students who remained on weekends heard their footsteps echo in empty hallways and ate steak on Saturday night as a consolation prize. Yet Sunday nights would always come, bringing light and the happy din of reunion to the empty rooms.

By my senior year, I and many of my classmates became restless for a change. The college routine, so benign and comforting at the beginning, weighed like fetters as graduation approached. Freedom seemed to be worth the risk of growing up.

I remember as a sophomore seeing a well-to-do alumna driving through the campus as I slogged along in my corduroy jeans and loafers with fallen-down backs. With stupid arrogance, I felt sorry for her, so old and gussied up and out of it. The thought of being an outsider looking in seemed depressing and threatening.

Now members of my class are turning 40. We cheerfully accept the fact that Connecticut is different from the way it was when we were there, and send money so that it can keep on doing what it did for us. We're also happy to have spent the last 18 years doing some very interesting things.

We don't feel out of it at all.

—Rae Downes Koshetz ’67
It's No Fire Drill!
February 5, 1968

One o'clock in the afternoon, and I was gathering books in my second-floor room in Freeman for my afternoon classes when someone down the hall exclaimed, "Hey, J.A.'s having a fire drill." Someone else said, "That's funny, why aren't we having one?" Several of us went to the hall window to watch, when a third awed voice came: "It's no fire drill!" At that, we looked up to see thick charcoal-grey smoke billowing from Jane Addams' fourth-floor windows. I wondered why our alarm bell hadn't rung, but, strangely calm, went back to my room to collect things I'd need: my coat, money, a few books—should I take my stereo?—but then the bell rang. I grabbed my things, thinking no way am I going to save a Troy towel, and left, closing the door to my room.

All of those midnight fire drills had us well trained; although most Freeman and J.A. residents were at classes, those few of us still there gathered as always under the tree on the north side and went through the roll. We were midway through the list when a strange crackling noise erupted, as J.A.'s roof began to open up and peel off. So much for the roll—we screamed and fled up the hill to safer ground near Harkness and continued to watch, shaking.

After hours of wandering around campus, feeling semi-conscious (who could think of classes?), I joined other Freeman and J.A. residents in a meeting at which we were advised of the damage and temporarily assigned to other dorms. Freeman people were allowed to go "home" and collect clothes and other items we would need for a week or so. J.A. people had to wait a few days, as I recall, due to smoke and water damage, and would not return permanently to their dorm until Fall. We were relieved to hear that no one had been hurt, but saddened to learn that those on the fourth floor and part of the third floor of J.A. had lost everything, including some entire honors projects and Gail Shulman's gerbils (in spite of a valiant effort by Mr. Shackford to try to save them). The acrid smoke smell remained in the two dorms for about a year afterwards; I have never quite forgotten it.

—Karen Blickwede Knowlton '70
Anachronisms at Age 19
Connecticut, 1968-1969

For some of us, college would not be the rite of passage that we had expected. We were naive, unaware of the significance of the changes that were occurring around us. We were looking forward to the life described in Where the Boys Are when we came to Connecticut that fall in 1968. We were looking forward to four years of easing into adulthood.

We were matriculated into a women’s college, a college that still held the role of absentee parent, imposing curfews and limited overnights, and allowing no men above the first floor. The following September, there were no such rules, and, more significantly, some of us painfully discovered that we were anachronisms at the age of 19.

Heated arguments over United States policy in Vietnam had replaced discussions on which Yale college would be associated with our dorm. Burning draft cards had replaced toga parties at neighboring fraternities. Buses left Friday afternoon, destined not for a mixer at Wesleyan but for the March on Washington, D.C. Dating a “Coastie” meant that you were automatically a part of the military-industrial establishment. There was intense pressure to condemn frivolity and become socially responsible, committed and involved.

Connecticut was struggling with these changes and with peer pressure as much as we, and, with less strong and independent professors, we could have slipped easily into the radical tyranny that characterized many campuses. We were encouraged to have dialogues, to exchange views, and to accept, however grudgingly, the rights of those who did not agree with us to have their opinions. Those who embraced the ideologies of the times taught us that we could indeed change the world around us. Those who had doubts taught us about the strength needed to voice those doubts.

Seventeen years later, I still mourn a little for the unfulfilled expectations of that 18-year-old clad in a mini-skirt and matching tights. I look with some envy at the freedom Connecticut students have today to be a little less involved and a little more frivolous. But for each loss there is also some gain: Connecticut and Connecticut’s response to those times gave a good many of us the courage to think independently and the strength to voice our opinions—something we did not have that fall in 1968.

—Susan Donaldson ’72
THE SIXTIES
Activism and Civility

I must confess to a certain reluctance about reviewing the late 1960’s at Connecticut College. We lived those years in many different ways. For some, Vietnam, racial turbulence and the New Left challenge to American hegemony shaped a highly politicized approach to college. For others, the profound questioning of conventional morality, the uncertainty of sexual mores, and experimentation with hallucinogens and other “new” tools of insight (from derivatives of Eastern religion to variations on communal living) produced an intense involvement with the counterculture. For some, the impact of reading John Locke or Max Weber or Jean Paul Sartre and the discovery of mentors like Gertrude Noyes, or Melvin and Susan Woody, or William Meredith (to name a few of the many fine teachers who populate my memory) generated a concentration on the processes of intellectual growth. And for still others, the four years at Connecticut will be remembered as a series of mixers, bridge games and social activities on suitcase weekends at Yale, Wesleyan and Trinity, interrupted by classes and the disruptions of small groups of political activists, hippies and intellectuals.

Moreover, it is difficult to give a dispassionate and objective chronicle of that period. Compared to places like Columbia, Wisconsin, Harvard and even Wesleyan, Connecticut College was a tranquil and temperate place in the late Sixties. But we did sit in against army recruiters at Crozier-Williams… And several years later, a number of black students sat in at Fanning Hall, demanding certain concessions from the College. Indeed, my own four years at Connecticut stand out as a period of consistent political activity, from the picketing against the CIA in 1966 to the campus-wide strike against the American bombing of Cambodia in 1970. In this sense, we were like nearly every other American campus. However, what was remarkable about Connecticut is that every event was marked by a certain civility and personal interaction that moderated even our more extreme actions…

Even beyond civility, I would say that there was a sense on the part of the faculty and the administration of confidence in the ultimate good judgment of Connecticut students that permitted us a certain latitude in exploring our own political, social and cultural values. I know that it was not easy for the College to relinquish its paternalistic control over the dormitories, when in 1969 we sought to develop “community control” on the parietals issue. And it was equally stressful to accept the strident demands for increased student participation in academic planning. But these social and intellectual demands were dealt with in a spirit of comity and mutual responsibility. Ultimately, then, they reinforced the sense that we were a community of learners, and that the process of learning (in any sphere) requires certain risks. The biggest risk for the teacher (whether administrator or faculty member) is to allow his or her students to learn on their own. As Heidegger claims, “Teaching is more difficult than learning because what teaching calls for is this: to let learn… The teacher is ahead of his apprentices in this alone, that he has still far more to learn than they—he had to learn to let them learn.” For me, this was the strength of the experience of the late 60’s at Connecticut. The faculty and administration gradually learned to permit us to learn in our own cumbersome fashion. Over time, I think we shared a recognition that this was the optimal arena for education, one in which the student assumes the fundamental responsibility for his or her own learning. I say “over time” quite intentionally, because we wrestled and deliberated over every issue raised, from the meaning of Hegel’s conception of absolute knowledge to the question of whether or not Bob Dylan was a poet, from the arrangement of dormitory assignments to the inclusion of students on the Board of Trustees, from the eradication of campus-wide imposition of parietal hours to the incorporation of men into our scholastic community, and from the inclusion of free theater at Conn-Quest to the Cambodia strike. No decision was painless. None occurred without temporary rancor. None were made without serious misgivings. It was in this long process of wrestling and deliberation, however, that my own education occurred. And I would bet that this was the case for most of us, on either side of the academic and administrative desks.

—Katie O’Sullivan See ’70
CCAM, Winter 1978
THE PRESIDENTS

Once Again ... the Liberal Arts

By Charles E. Shain
President Emeritus of the College

IN THE HEYDAY of a liberal arts education in America the college president had a special role to play. In those orderly days when there was still common agreement on what a “man of learning,” never, alas, a “woman of learning,” should know, the president taught a course required for all seniors. It was usually called Moral Philosophy, and it may be still faintly echoed once a year in that five-minute address that a modern president makes at the end of commencement ceremonies called the Charge to Seniors. That earlier president, in his capstone course, pulled together the substance of all the required fields of learning, history, literature, science, philosophy, religion and the arts and indicated when and how to use this moral education in the real world. With, I presume, a fine sense of a task well done, he sent the graduates forth with a hearty “Godspeed” instead of the modern “Good Luck.”

Several generations before Connecticut College was founded this confident organization of the four college years began to be transformed. It is a story often told: how the common learning disintegrated before the pressures of the research university. The effects of graduate study, specialization, autonomous departments drifted back to our kind of college and left the curriculum in the state of pseudo-orthodoxy we now enjoy. What we now have a friend of mine calls the all-purpose college. He says that instead of a training in moral philosophy, we college graduates now have a membership in a rather pale religion called the liberal arts. I am more hopeful, but I would accept his analogy with religion. If democracy is a kind of religion with Americans, then a liberal education is our common educational faith. We vaguely hope it identifies us, though most of us would be hard pressed to recite its creeds or recognize its stigmata in ourselves.

In the early pages of Gertrude Noyes’ College history she makes us aware of certain hard choices available to our founders. The impression I get in my search for the College’s original place in the liberal arts tradition—which it fervently embraced—is that of this faith moving as an educational ideal behind new patterns for women’s education. Our college began, most impressively to me, as a college with strong feminist ambitions, at a favorably feminist moment in American history. But behind this emphasis on opportunities being opened in business, government, the professions and scientific homemaking was the capitalized word Vocation, the liberal arts challenge to a student to choose a sense of mission as well as a career. The founding president’s most famous speech was “The Social Basis of the New Education for Woman.” His farewell speech was entitled “The Choice of a Vocation.” The student government president, who responded to it, praised President Sykes.
for leading a great adventure in the field of liberal education for women. Miss Noyes points out that another ambitious attempt to embrace both the liberal arts and the "new woman," as she was sometimes called, was made by the second president, President Marshall, who began an interdepartmental course called The Art of Living (Home Economics 21-22). Its purpose was to "correlate the knowledge from different fields of study with the practical and spiritual life of the individual considered from the point of view of an efficient, cultured woman in the home." The Art of Living lasted three years and was abandoned partly because the "testing and the grading were too difficult."

There is evidence in Gertrude Noyes' history of the College that these lofty ambitions spoke in some tougher language outside the college catalogue. In March 1917, the Student Debate Club took up three resolutions:

- That women should have equal access to all occupations open to men.
- That women should receive equal wages with men in the same positions.
- That women should receive remuneration for their peculiar work of motherhood.

If our early faculty couldn't be counted on to grade students on The Art of Living, we shouldn't be surprised. Graduate schools do not prepare teachers to teach the liberal arts, or even, I sometimes have observed, to speak about them. If pressed, a wily teacher might say, one must become liberally educated unconsciously, the way Moliere's M. Jourdain learned to speak prose. I would agree. It is, I think a very personal kind of self-education. I once had an encounter with teaching the liberal arts that ended in disaster.

I was reading John Stuart Mill's essay "On Liberty" with a freshman English class. The course was called Rhetoric I to dignify the elementary task of learning to read a good paragraph and to write one. "On Liberty" it is generally agreed, is a liberal arts classic, practically a freshman manual for understanding why the skeptic's stance, that is, putting a "truth" to the test in the marketplace of ideas, gives a student the significance of the adjective "liberal" in the phrase, a liberal education. A young woman, whose name I've forgotten but whom I have thought of ever since as Elizabeth Ardent, drank more deeply of Mill's argument than anyone else in the class. Page after page he persuaded her, his logic seemed to her incontrovertible, his illustrations from human history immensely moving. She wrote themes in his praise that were hymns; in class she almost rose when she spoke. Then abruptly she was absent for a week's classes. I assumed she was ill. But she wasn't. She was in New York, having left college, withdrawn her personal savings and taken a bus from Minneapolis. Her letter to me explained that it was Chapter III that did it, "Of Individuality, as One of the Elements of Well-Being." Her college life had become a threatening prison of uniformity, her mind "bowed to the yoke," Mill's phrase. She must find a world where she could develop all of her faculties, because only in the cultivation of her individuality ... But, alas, in New York, she was afraid to live anywhere but in a woman's hotel, where the residential rules were the same as the dormitory's she had just fled. She got a job in a travel agency, but found it dull. I followed her history long enough to learn that she came back to Minnesota in the spring and finished her education at the state university.

After Elizabeth Ardent left us, the rest of us went on with our liberal education, and, on reflection, I could find no reason to blame either John...
Stuart Mill or me for what had happened. She had read Mill the way she had to. For the remainder of my classroom life she became my reminder that the only firm basis for a teacher’s reality is the person before him and what is going on in that person’s head. When William James was released from teaching after 35 years, he felt blessed at being no longer required to practice the “pretension and the duty, namely, of meeting the mental needs and difficulties of other persons, needs that I couldn’t possibly imagine and difficulties that I couldn’t possibly understand.”

The Victorian high seriousness of James’ valedictory to college teaching brings me now to propose this brainiest member of a distinguished American family as a man to turn on this anniversary of our liberal arts college. James watched the overshadowing of Harvard College by Harvard University and by what he called the “Ph.D. Octopus.” But he continued to make important claims for the American liberal arts college. He put it this way: compared to professional, technical and business schools, which teach skills, the best claim a college education can make is “that it should help you to know a good man when you see one.” This is not just my joke or another vague abstraction, he went on. He meant the acquirement of an educated skill, a combination of mental discrimination and moral intuition which will enable an educated person to distinguish between sound work, finished work and feeble work. “Our college should have lit up in us a lasting relish for the better kind of man, a loss of appetite for mediocrities and a disgust for cheap jacks.”

James also described the failed education: “But to have spent one’s youth at college, in contact with the choice and rare and precious, and yet still be a blind prig or vulgarian, unable to scent out human excellence or to divine it among its accidents, to know it only when ticketed and labeled and forced on us by others, this indeed should be the very calamity and shipwreck of a higher education.”

About the subjects to be studied in a liberal arts curriculum, he said only this, “You can give humanistic value to almost anything by teaching it historically,. . . the quest of perfection on the part of men; and when we see how diverse the types of excellence may be, how various the tests, how flexible the adaptations, we gain a richer sense of what the terms ‘better’ and ‘worse’ may signify in general. Our critical sensibilities grow more acute and less fanatical.”

William James died the year before Connecticut College was founded. Our founders, his contemporaries, used his confident moral tone on public occasions and they still wrote course descriptions like President Marshall’s “Art of Living.” We modern educators may be able to command that tone on ceremonial occasions, but our accompanying course descriptions lack vividness. What we do recognize is that colleges like ours are under increasing pressure to emphasize pragmatic results, career-oriented skills, technological training. There has even been pressure in these directions from the top. Mr. William J. Bennett, our national Secretary of Education, recently proposed for colleges like Connecticut a national “competency” test as a graduation requirement, to validate, presumably, the federal money that comes down in various ways to colleges and their students. It would have to be, I suppose, multiple choice for machine grading.

I would like to think that our college’s appropriate answer to this suggestion has already been made. It is the dedication of our handsomest building, the intellectual center of our campus, as the Blaustein Humanities Center in Palmer Library. And in one of its classrooms my erstwhile student Elizabeth Ardent will still be there taking the late John Stuart Mill very personally.
The graduates here today cannot be characterized simply as the class of 1970. We are a diversified and fragmented group. We are individuals, not a homogeneous body. I speak today as a member of this class and do not attempt to convey the feelings of the class as a whole.

We were born in a year of peace but grew into an age of violence and war. We remember vaguely Korea. We remember the Berlin Wall which we did not understand. We remember Cuba which made us afraid. We remember the Supreme Court decision of 1954 calling for desegregation in the schools. We were eleven or twelve years old in 1960 and have seen in this decade John Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Robert Kennedy murdered. We began in the 1960's to understand. We know the horror of Watts and the brutality of Chicago. We know in 1970 the tragedy of Vietnam. We know and still see racial oppression. We have seen students shot at Kent State and Jackson State. We have seen again and again in our lifetimes murder, violence, and fear.

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

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

O I see flashing that this America is only you and me,
Its power, weapons, testimony, are you and me,
Its crimes, lies, thefts, defections, are you and me,
Its Congress is you and me, the officers, capitol,
armies, ships, are you and me, ...
I dare not shirk any part of myself,
Not any part of America good or bad, ...
I will not be outfaced by irrational things,
I will penetrate what it is in them that is sarcastic
upon me, ...
This is what I have learnt from America
— it is the amount, and it I teach again.

We are America. We see the country in a state of crisis. We cannot run from the problems we see; we must instead continue creatively and effectively our effort for peace.

—Mary Kathleen Doar '70
June 7, 1970
Coeducation Arrives:
The Odds Were Overwhelming

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, singsong, 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 24 of us, I believe, all on the ground floor of the basement room, beneath three stories of women, who outnumbered us at least three to one...

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.

Those who didn’t think us gay suspected that we chose Connecticut in order to capitalize on the odds. The odds were overwhelming—some 1,400 women to 24 resident men—especially to the pitiable, 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 when they ride bicycles.”)

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 woman 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.

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....

The class of ’73, first coed class to enter as freshmen, in fine form at Class Day, May 1973.

47
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 ahead with “open parietals,” a 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.

—Allen T. Carroll '73
CCAM, Fall 1979

The First Freshman Men:
Pioneer in Plaid and Ascot

I remember my first contact with my fellow “pioneers” on the one floor of the one dorm—Larrabee House—that contained all the male members of the Class of ’73. Needless to say, I was perfectly prepared to make a good first impression. Picture, if you will, a 5 foot 8 inch shan, curly-haired fellow wearing plaid pants, Weejuns, a blazer replete with prep school emblem, a white oxford shirt and—so help me—an ascot, bursting uninvited into your room on the first day of school with hand extended, saying, “Hi, I’m H.P. Goldfield.” My presence here today is testimony to the patience and good humor of my classmates.

Had I been at Harvard, Brandeis, Michigan or any number of other institutions in the fall of 1969, such an introduction would have cast a permanent shadow over my entire collegiate career—and may have cost me my life.

I remember as well some of the challenges of being an early Connecticut College coed—not all of which involved campus activities. The Hartford Courant, for example, decided to do a piece on coeducation at Conn and other New England colleges and universities, and included a rather large photograph of me sitting on a bed with four or five female friends engaged in what was quite innocent and intellectual conversation—well, innocent anyway. Right after the article was published, I received a frantic call from my mother, who expressed no interest whatever in whether I was enjoying my first few days at Conn or my education; she was simply aghast that I had been pictured on a bed with four women, and didn’t have my shoes on. I can’t remember whether I was wearing my ascot.

—H. P. Goldfield ’73
CCAM, Summer 1983
It was the First of May, 1970. Although in the back of my mind I could hear the dire refrain from the Doors’ song predicting that there would be “blood in the streets of the town of New Haven,” there I was, piloting my ’62 Ford Falcon with three other Conn students (Phil Ahern, Molly Cheek and Anne Ginsberg, I believe) through the streets of New Haven, which were lined with National Guard troops with tear gas masks and fixed bayonets. It struck us as a scene which was both frightening and preposterous in the America we were used to.

It seemed just as preposterous when, a few hours later, in a chapel on the Yale campus, we heard calls for a nationwide strike at colleges and universities throughout the nation to protest a war and an administration which still did not recognize the savage futility of our national efforts in Vietnam. Yet only 72 hours later, Connecticut College, by overwhelming student, faculty and administration vote, joined the hundreds of institutions across the country that turned their attention from the traditional curriculum to adopt a six- to eight-week agenda that focused, as it happened, not only on the war, but on our entire national direction.

“The Strike” convinced me of my life’s direction. It convinced me absolutely that the only way to insure that governments served for the best interests of all of our citizens was through consistent political involvement and not the faint hope that one single event, no matter how spectacular, would effect progressive change and positive growth.

I was convinced further to begin my efforts right on

The Rev. J. Barrie Shepherd, Linda Patchell ’70, Julie Sgarzi ’71 and President Shain departing for Washington to present petitions against the war in Vietnam; above, all-college meeting during the Strike, May 1970.

the local level. The attorney for the College, the late Francis McGuire, while reviewing the copy I wrote for a newspaper advertisement protesting the war— an ad which he and other New London professionals, businessmen and clergy paid for and signed—admonished me not to be another “four-year wonder,” but to begin in New London, and begin by working for a better city.

“And Lord knows, there’s plenty to do and you’ll feel better with every bit that you do!”

I took Francis McGuire’s advice, and he was right.

—Jay B. Levin ’73
On May 31, 1971, Matthew Griswold, Andrew Ketterer, John Walters and George Gager became the first men to graduate from Connecticut.

Filling Out the SSS150
Let the Draft Board Figure it Out

On a bright blustery Friday afternoon in the Fall of 1970 I was sitting on the grassy hillside between Wright House and the paddle tennis courts, filling out my SSS150 forms. For those of you from the Madonna generation or those who danced with Coasties to Benny Goodman and don’t know what those forms are, they are the ones a man had to fill out to declare that he was and is a conscientious objector to war and does not want to become a combatant. Given the mess the country was in because of the war in Southeast Asia, these forms were pretty popular pieces of paper at the time. Yet I suspect I was the first Connecticut College student to fill them out.

The form is lengthy. It asks many questions about family background, personal beliefs and ethics, religious convictions, future plans. I knew I didn’t want to fight in this or any other war, but to write a convincing, coherent set of essays that would persuade my draft board to classify me 1-D instead of 1-A was not proving an easy task. For one thing there were many papers to write for my professors, the newspaper and the radio station to work on, my freshmen advisees to look out for, that pretty girl from south campus to cultivate. But more than that, there were my own convictions and experiences to sort through.

I reflected back to that unforgettable Monday in the previous May when we had heard of the shootings at Kent State. Some 50 or 60 of us gathered in front of the television set in Larrabee that evening and heard the father of one of the victims ask why dissent had become a crime punishable by death in this country. I remembered the cold anger inside, and the lump in my throat that indicated I was about to cry. I looked around the living room, saw many of my dormmates weeping openly, and let my own tears come.

I reflected more generally that my first three semesters at Connecticut had taught me a good deal about equality between the sexes, and those lessons went a
long way towards shaping my feelings about the equality of peoples all over the world. Connecticut was teaching me to respect the dignity of every human being, to realize that wars were not worth fighting to prove we were better than another people. One might be a pioneer at coeducation, a member of a minority, but one also belonged to the human race.

My reflections were interrupted as I noticed some figures approaching from the corner of the tennis court. They turned out to be Charles and Jo Shain, walking their dog. As they passed by we exchanged greetings, and then a sudden gust of wind blew my papers across the hill. The dog, the papers, and the sophomore boy were all hopelessly entangled for a few moments.

At the bottom of the last page of form SSS150 is a place for the registrant to sign, and opposite that is a place for the signatures of those who have helped to prepare it. This is not unlike the tax forms, except that on this form the co-signers are often clergy or lawyers. As I was putting the papers back together on my desk in my room later that day I found that the Shains’ dog had neatly put its paw print on the space reserved for co-signers.

It seemed to me symbolic of some of the notions that had been in my head earlier. I felt it important that we each learn to share the earth with all the rest of creation: human, animal, vegetable, mineral. The dog’s print showed that it had a stake in what was going on in the world just as I did. I left the print on the forms for the draft board to figure out.

—David C. Clark ’73
THE SEVENTIES

The First

I

f anyone on campus knows how to give a party, it’s Tim Scull. Floralia, his day-long performing arts extravaganza, delighted the large crowd in attendance on Sunday on the library green.

Impromvisation was integral to the festival, though it has been in the works since last fall. Strains of jazz by the Berklee Percussion Ensemble floated across campus from the fiber glass band shell constructed on top of a tiered stage.

The Ensemble was accompanied at one point by the Dance Improvisation Laboratory, which gave a brilliant performance showing the true essence of improv. A child with a balloon wandered up on stage and the dancers took the opportunity to work around him, encircling him and tapping his balloon.

Later in the afternoon the Ensemble was again accompanied by dancers. Members of the audience, encouraged by the student clowns, danced freely on the stage in a bacchanalian celebration reminiscent of “Hair” and the days of “Peace, Love, Granola!”

Professional puppeteers and magicians were hired for the event and they were almost as interesting to watch as the children who were truly enthralled by their performance.

Tim Scull, producer of the May Day festival named in honor of the Roman goddess Flora, is a sophomore theater major. Floralia was an independent study project based on his theory that a new style of contemporary theater has become a necessity.

According to Scull, “putting together a production in this manner, somewhat akin to the old vaudeville shows might be the contemporary way to produce theater.” The project gave him experience in drawing up and bargaining on contracts with professional performers. Social Board picked up the approximately $2,000 tab.

Diplomacy played a large part in Scull’s preparations. The idea had to be “sold” to the theater studies and dance department chairmen and the deans. Scull notes, “What has been so amazing about this whole project is that people have been so willing to let me use facilities and to accept and present a program like this.” The fiber glass band shell belongs to the music department, and part of the stage which he used was none other than the sacred graduation platform.

—Donna Handville ’79
Pundit, May 5, 1977

How the Camels Got Their Name

T

he 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.”

—Peggie Ford ’73
CCAM, Fall 1979

Smith-Morrisson

S
uper Bowl weekend dawned clear and bright, a welcome change from the dreary rain and mud of the playoff contest. Anticipation rose both in the Plex and in tiny Smith as the hour grew closer, and the air was filled with excitement as the climax of the season approached. Fans on both sides argued
The basketball team at Connecticut College is preparing for the school's 17th season in a new gym dedicated only a year ago. Which brings to mind that 16 years ago this fall the Camels launched the men's basketball program in a gym designed for intramurals.

Mike Shinault was the school's first coach when it went coed. Just out of retirement from the service, Shinault issued a call for "all men who could walk or breathe."

Sixteen candidates showed up for the first meeting, Shinault recalled recently. The program was far from being financially sound; a $500 budget was approved for the whole ball of wax.

"That included everything—suits, equipment, travel and officials," Shinault said. "We'd play anybody who would take us on, and since our funds were limited for travel we'd try some home games. For those I'd get some officials from the Sub Base who would work the games for free."

The Camels' first game was played December 3, 1969, at the Coast Guard Academy's Roland Fieldhouse versus the cadet freshmen. The final score was 90-29, Coast Guard.

The Camels went nine minutes before getting their first two points in history, scored by Peter Vickery of Kents Hill, Maine.

Brian Puglisi, who played his schoolboy basketball at Amity Regional in Woodbridge, got the second basket and wound up his team's high scorer with 17 points.

Three nights later the Camels again went against an area opponent, bowing to Southeastern Connecticut, 89-40. This time the top scorer for the New London collegians was Phil Ahern, who had 11 points. Former Waterford schoolboy standout Lee Cone tallied 38 to pace the opposition.

"We played 28 games that season," Shinault said, "and we finally won one in our last game of the season."

That historic occasion occurred in February 1970, when the Camels beat Vassar College, 56-52.

Shinault coached for three years before turning the job over to Bill Lessig for one season.

Lessig is now the women's basketball and women's soccer coach at Conn. The following season, the school hired Charlie Luce as both basketball coach and director of athletics. Luce, a former head coach at Boston University, upgraded the program considerably. He introduced, along with Coast Guard Academy's Pete Broaca, the Whaling City Invitational, which enters its ninth season next month. For five years the Camels had to watch other teams win the tourney title, but the Camels have since bagged three championships.

When the duties of director of athletics made it impossible for him to devote the proper amount of time to coaching, Luce hired Dennis Wolff, a former player at the University of Connecticut who not only had great success on the court, but did an excellent job of recruiting talent within the framework of the school's academic program.

Wolff was responsible for bringing in several of the players who helped build the program to respectability, and more. Some included Pete Dorfman, John Bartolomei, Tom Fleming, Jeff Wiener and Wolff's brother, Rich, all of whom have since graduated.

Two years ago Wolff resigned to take a job as assistant at Niagara and Marty Schoepfer was named to replace him. Under Schoepfer the Camels have put together seasons of 21-6 and 16-9 as well as two appearances in the Eastern College Athletic Conference tournament.

Shinault said when he started the program he figured it would take 10 years for the Camels to become respectable.

"Actually, it took 11," he said, "but right now we're more than respectable. We're feared."

How far has the program come in 16 years since opening with the Coast Guard freshmen? A year ago the Camels opened against Division I Dartmouth and lost by five points.

This year they'll open against the same school, hopefully with different results.

—Jack Cruise

The Day, November 3, 1985
Reprinted by permission
The Connecticut College Flag Football League's Super Bowl, Fall 1977.

The first quarter was dominated by Smith-Morrisson. The game began as an even contest but Smith-Morrisson’s hardhitting, aggressive play quickly established control. Outstanding on offense were Smith-Morrisson’s Q.B. Rick Shrier and Jerry Alar, both of whom scored in the first quarter. Park-Wright stayed in the game with a determined scoring drive capped by Bill Barrack that made the score 14-7 as the quarter ended.

In the second quarter Smith-Morrisson racked up more points as Park-Wright went into a cold spell... After halftime, it was clear that Park-Wright was fiercely determined not to concede the title to Smith-Morrisson... Their determination, however, proved unavailing against the smooth coordination, effortless confidence, and efficient menace of that awesome machine, Smith-Morrisson.

Once again the Super Bowl has come and gone. The CCFFL bids a sad adieu to veterans Rick Shrier, Chris Colbert of Smith-Morrisson, and Tim Dempsey; Jim Barron of Park-Wright, and all other seniors who contributed their expertise and sense of tradition to those on their way up through the ranks. They will be sorely missed. Yet the future of the league looks bright. Many talented young players are aspiring to the heights of their predecessors. Flag football at Conn has a glorious and action-packed history, and it looks like that tradition will continue in the years to come.

—Ann C. Allan, '81
The College Voice, Nov. 29, 1979

The Noodle Factory

Kurt Vonnegut
Dedicates the Library

This noble stone and steel bookmobile is no bland noodle factory to us, of course, to this band of readers—we few, we happy few... Because we love books so much, this has to be one of the most buxom, hilarious days of our lives.

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

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

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

Think of that.
Compare that with the budgets of Cecil B. De Mille.

CCAM, Fall 1976
WHAT IS ONE SURE SIGN that a college is good? I suggest it is the excited involvement of students in their academic work and in campus life. Many examples come to mind. A student told me that although he was enthusiastic about his major, every time he took a course outside that field he wished he could major in the new subject too. I recall the sparkle in the eyes of a student in a New London Hall laboratory where she was collaborating with a professor on a research project. Often in Fanning Hall I see students coming to and from their classes. The animated discussion between them as they come down the stairs from a class tells me that something very exciting was happening just a few moments before.

Gertrude Noyes, in A History of Connecticut College, tells of the first academic procession—on opening day, October 9, 1915. She writes of the faculty: “As they took their places in caps, gowns, and hoods for that first academic procession, it was obvious that many leading universities in this country and abroad had prepared them for superior teaching.” That commitment to superior teaching remains at the heart of the College’s philosophy today.

The enthusiasm that great teachers have for their subjects is contagious, and it will be caught by their students all the more if the two can exchange ideas outside of the classroom. A member of the College’s faculty writes: “It is clear to me that the teacher-student relationship at Connecticut is very special, perhaps our most precious asset... The pride that faculty members take in helping their students, and in their growth and accomplishments, is very great. Almost any department meeting I have attended here turns sooner than later to a discussion of some extraordinary student accomplishment.”

A good college is concerned with all aspects of the development of its students: intellectual, ethical, emotional, social, and physical. All are important if their learning is to enable them to be contributing citizens. Students must not only discover new ideas, but subject these to critical scrutiny, and decide where they stand themselves. Here they are finding out about their own strengths, interests, and convictions, all of which will determine the commitments they will make, while at college and later. They are learning about other people, and are growing in the ability to learn from them and to be tolerant of other views. They are developing qualities of leadership. All of this requires a special kind of community, one that is at once stimulating, varied, challenging, supportive, and that does not pressure anyone to conform to some stereotype of how to think or act. I think it is one of the College’s special strengths that creativity and imagination are so highly valued, and that individualism is so respected.
Throughout the College's first 75 years, teachers, deans, staff, trustees, and students have worked to shape our community to these ideals. The honor system and student government make it a community of trust and participation.

Providing for a full intellectual life outside the classroom is one of our most important responsibilities. Faculty and visiting experts speaking on current issues give everyone much to think about and discuss. Now three new programs—the Social Awareness Program, the Public Issues Forums, and the dormitory Fireside Forums—are providing further opportunities for students to learn informally.

Our academically strong programs in the arts, together with performances and exhibitions, delight, surprise, uplift, and educate; they make the College's cultural life unusually rich. The development of the athletic facilities and programs over the past decade means that all students can stay fit and learn from competition, from team play, or from trying to master a lifelong sport. In these, among many other ways, students have multiple opportunities for learning and growth.

Visitors to the campus often comment on the friendliness and openness of the people they meet. On further acquaintance with the College, they are impressed by the interest people take in the welfare of others. I think this is a long-standing tradition, and that the process of passing it along to new students begins the day they arrive as freshmen and are greeted, helped, and advised by upperclass students who return a week early to prepare for this moment.

Interest in the welfare of others extends beyond the campus just as it did when the College was new. In May of 1917 the Service League was formed. It was committed "to the advancement of college interests, to the welfare of the community, and to national and international affairs which are destined to benefit humanity." Today over 200 students each year serve as volunteers in various community agencies. The College's Office of Volunteers for Community Service coordinates the program and places the students with the agencies.

The newly formed Connecticut College chapter of a multi-campus student group called Society Organized Against Racism (SOAR) also exemplifies this spirit of involvement. Its members are working to improve the quality of life on campus for minority students. That we are a community in which people make such commitments is a tribute to the students. It also reflects the values of those who teach and work here.

New faculty and staff at Connecticut soon develop a strong commitment to the College and take great pride in their work. They become involved in this community to a degree that goes well beyond what their job descriptions call for. I don't think it is an exaggeration to say that most people at the College think of their work as a calling rather than as a job. It is this very quality of commitment that we hope our students will develop as an outcome of their liberal education. To have role models in their teachers, advisers, and all those with whom they interact at the College will inspire them to set similar goals for themselves.

The ambiance of the College is determined not only by its people, but also by the extraordinary beauty of the campus and of the land and water that surround it. To walk the campus on a spring day, or even on a foggy autumn evening, is to have one's spirits lifted. Learning and growth are nourished in this atmosphere.

The beauty of the buildings and the grounds also tells an important story. It says that for 75 years many people have cared deeply about the College, its future, and about future students. Walk into the Shain Library and you think of the vision, generosity, and work of trustees, of alumni, of members of the faculty and the staff whose efforts have made
the Library what it is. Such messages are powerful ones; they are an
important part of the education our students receive.

On May 11, 1923, when Palmer Library was dedicated, the students and
faculty recited aloud the following words:

“We, Students, Faculty and Officers of Connecticut College, reiterate
... our appreciation to the donors for the gift of this Library, noble in
design, complete in equipment, delightful to work in, and stimulating to
the intelligence and spiritual life of each of us.

“We accept the gift for ourselves and for our successors and pledge our-
selves to enjoy its privileges ... in the spirit of consideration for others;
in reverence for the knowledge and art of the ages of which it is a
repository; and with such a love of learning, of culture, of friendship
with great souls of enduring influence in all lands that this building may
become the shrine of the highest traditions and truest and noblest spirit
of the College.”

About six weeks from the time I am writing this, Palmer will be
reopened as the Blaustein Humanities Center in Palmer Librarv. We
rejoice that soon again it will “be stimulating to the intelligence and
spiritual life of each of us.”

I think the most memorable moment of my life at Connecticut College,
so far, occurred on February 22, 1985. It was late in the afternoon in the
fading winter light when the trustees and a small group of faculty, staff,
and students gathered around the front steps of a dark and empty Palmer
Library. We were about to celebrate the beginning of the renovation work
to create the new humanities center. We even called it a “ground break-
ing.” Wearing a hardhat, I stood at a lectern at the top of the steps, and
said a few words. Then, by pre-arranged signal, a construction worker
inside the building turned on its lights. Suddenly, the building seemed to
come to life again, and the glow of its lights lit up the north end of the
green. Perhaps some people in downtown New London saw those lights
come on. I thought of Mr. Palmer’s wish “that the lights of the library
could be seen from town.”

With the new humanities center and the other accomplishments of the
Campaign for Connecticut College, students have more opportunities for
learning and growth than ever before. Our hope, like that of all those
who have been at the College before us, is that they will grow to have and
keep a breadth of interest, an appetite for intellectual adventure, and an
eagerness to take on new problems and challenges. We hope our students,
like those of earlier classes, will become deeply involved in the wider
world beyond self-interest, that in various ways their college experience
will inspire them to choose lives of commitment and service, of work for
the common good as informed, thoughtful, and active citizens. I believe
that the College’s strengths and special qualities enable it to excel at pro-
viding this kind of education. Surely this was what President Sykes had
in mind when he said to the first students: “Remember that the only
good that counts is good in action. Whatever you do, do it beautifully.”
As near as I can tell, the experts don’t know what they’re talking about. Today’s college students are, according to several authoritative reports, poorly educated, one-dimensional, uncreative, non-intellectual, apathetic, limited, and boring. This widespread condition exists because, so the experts say, from the moment students arrive on campus, they are haunted (if not paralyzed) by the terrifying prospect of unemployment after graduation. This notion comes from authorities on education—experts in the field.

Strangely, I don’t remember this haunted feeling at all. As I recall, on my first day at Connecticut, I felt excited about my new surroundings, nervous about meeting my roommate and disappointed about the food. In that order. I find it unlikely that, as I picked at an alleged piece of chicken that first evening, there were students anywhere in the dining room discussing the saturation of lawyers in America and its adverse effect on career opportunities.

Now, it is possible that certain Connecticut products of the 80’s view their education solely as a $40,000 insurance policy on prosperity. There probably are those who perceive their college simply as a breeding ground for white collardom. And I know for a fact that there are recent graduates who spend their days doing lunches, taking meetings and networking their way to the top. But that’s not the whole story.

Take for example my friend Nick, class of ‘82. Nowadays Nick is a lawyer for a snotty firm in Boston. He works 60 hours a week, wears his hair short and his shirts ironed. Yet when I think of Nick, I rarely picture him clean-shaven in a three-piece suit. In college, Nick was a throwback—long, unkempt hair, bare feet, the Grateful Dead—and that’s the way I remember him: on J. A. balcony in hideous Bermuda shorts, kicking back in a lounge chair. In my mind, Nick is the King of Leisure, not a Yuppie Prince.

The experts, you see, speak of general tendencies, national trends and major developments. My college experience consisted of specifics. The experts tell a generalized version of every story. My memory is full of the random details. For instance: The grand opening...
of Connecticut's new athletic center, the experts accurately report, was a milestone in the College's history. I found the event a fairly dull ceremony, memorable only for the conversation I had with a classmate who sported spiked blue hair and the latest in avant garde motorcycle fashion.

Don't get me wrong. I am pleased by the progress Connecticut has made. I'm happy about improved science and computer departments, a new humanities center and excellent career guidance. I am glad that this year's freshman class consists of an equal number of men and women. But that's not what strikes me as remarkable about the class of 1989. As a student admissions interviewer, I was able to meet some of them. I still remember a few, four or five, who surprised me with their honesty, or their humor, or their sincere friendliness.

The experts say there was apathy and I must confess that my professors seemed more activistic than many of their students. Without a doubt, some students would rather watch Luke get married on General Hospital than attend a forum on South Africa. But the experts never mention the others—the ones who hounded me to sign their weekly petitions in the post office. Sometimes they questioned the build-up of nuclear arms, sometimes merely the supremacy of student government, the threatened closing of Emily Abbey or the quality of our daily meals.

For the pundits to say that college students are uninspired pragmatists is a gross oversimplification. Sure, there were students at Connecticut so narrow, they didn't dare risk four credits for a course on music or art, religion or philosophy. Others so unadventurous, they never quite found out where Abbey was located. Yes, there were swarms of predictable, prudish types in their Benetton sweaters, cruising campus in their BMW's. But for some reason, I just can't recall the faces behind the Vuarnets.

When it comes to Connecticut College, I have a selective memory. I have retained only certain images, few of them earth-shattering and none of them upholding the experts' dreary portrayal of contemporary college life. What I choose to remember are the many late nights sitting in a room in Morrison, listening to friends play guitar. And the early morning chats with the short old man who swept the floor of Windham. There was the creative writing class when everyone raved about my story. And the class when they absolutely hated another one. I recall wanting to quit college after failing the first exam I ever took my freshman year. And I remember the incredible feeling when I received my first A.

I'll never forget the late night crossing of the Thames by raft. We set out on our secret voyage, laughing like nervous 12-year-olds. Nor will I forget the afternoon in Dana Hall during student leadership orientation. We sat listening to two very soft-spoken students. One was a man, the other a woman; both were gay. Perched on the edge of the stage, they tried to explain to an auditorium filled with silent, staring men and women what life was like as a homosexual at Connecticut.

I remember the night right before Christmas when 15 guys, strung out from exams, roamed the deserted campus singing Christmas carols and pushing a keg of beer in a shopping cart. As we serenaded two security officers, an older man walked out of Fanning. Someone offered him a coffee mug full of beer and he joined us for an off-key song before climbing into his car and heading home.

A couple of nights before graduation, we viewed the annual screening of *The Graduate*. I recall this scene:

Ben's Father: You mean she doesn't know you're coming up to Berkeley.

Ben: No, actually she doesn't know about us getting married yet.

Ben's Mother: Well, when did you two talk this over?

Ben: We haven't.

Mother: You haven't?

Father: Ben, this whole idea sounds pretty half-baked.

Ben: No it's not. It's completely baked.

We all laughed at that, at Ben's college mentality. We appreciated his impulsive defiance of the adult

Associate Professor of Art Barkley Hendricks with a student.
world, perhaps not realizing how soon we too would
be pressured to relinquish the what-me-worry attitude
that pervaded our life at Connecticut.

As we celebrate the College's 75th birthday, I feel a
need to acknowledge something more than the
improving wealth, reputation and facilities of an
institution. My four years at Connecticut involved
people who can't be stereotyped and times that can't
be classified as trends of the '80's in Newsweek.
Stripped bare, Connecticut is the impact of a couple
hundred unspectacular, but unforgettable days or
nights and 40 or maybe 50 students and faculty who
somehow worked their way into my life. No matter
what the experts say, I refuse to see it any other way.

—Thomas Nusbaum '85

One More Saturday Night

On Friday afternoons an amazing transforma-
tion takes place in the vocabulary of the
Connecticut College student. Instead of hear-
ing "Hey, what's up?" and then that incredibly crea-
tive reply, "Not much," there is a switch to "Goin' to
the party tonight?" and then the inevitable reply,
"Yeah, maybe." Almost everybody has gone to at least
one party here at Conn. (For 9,000 bucks you deserve
the same feeling that your parents get after writing
their first check—a severe hangover.)

This year's dorms have made an effort to keep you,
the student, happy by providing inexpensive parties
here on campus. Well, now there's something new to
worry about. Start sweatin', cause this is a bone breakin',
earth quakin', reputation shakin' PARTY
REVIEW!

So now you're mumbling, "Who died and
appointed you the galloping guzzler?" The fact is
that I have been to one or two parties here on campus
(yes, even a wine, cheese, and snakebite, get-acquainted bash for the young Americans for nuclear
proliferation back in '78).

LIBRARY PARTY: The first official bash of the
year, and this year, as in the past, it went off well.
The neatest thing about this affair is that it's one of
the few times you don't mind the crowds. Another
strong point is that it's over fairly early which leaves
lots of time for post-party parties, which are almost
always better than the all-campus bashes.

SCULPTURE COURT: Always a good time. The
only thing marring this year's event were the lines for
beer and the number of Coastsies. Its strong points
include being outside while it's still nice, and music
that you can talk over and dance to at the same time.

K.B.: The drink lines, when the bars were open,
were designed for a thirsty linebacker; I got a free lei
at the door.

PARK (in Cro): Basic Beer Bash, very little creativ-
ity and extremely poor organization. The party was
based on the music of the Rolling Stones and some
Reggae. Having music as the main theme of a party
demands a good stereo, and the 15-watt, factory-
installed car model they had at the beginning just
didn't cut it. After this problem was taken care of
everything went as planned.

ABBEE (in Cro): Surprising but boring—Stones
and Reggae without the Stones or the Reggae. It was
nice to see Abbey throwing a party because it's very
risky for such a small dorm to throw an all-campus
party and not take a bath. The band was very profes-

ional sounding, but a little too mellow.

J.A.-FREEMAN HOMECOMING: Double fisted
bash. J. A.-Freeman got noise complaints from my
sister in Portland, Oregon. The band was good but
the crowds were a little thick and there was talk of a
great deal of trouble getting drinks. Over all the
whole affair was a success. It was nice having a choice
between drinks and beer, and good music to boot (no
pun intended).

Harkness Speakeasy the night before also gave you
a choice between light and dark beer, and inside and
outside. It rained at one point, which slowed things
down, but it picked up again and showed that spea-
eckies can often be more fun than a Saturday night
party because of the crowds they attract.

I'm sure that I've missed something, but after talk-
ing to some people I feel that this has been a fair
overview of the planned social events up to the time
of printing. Parties here at Conn still need something
besides beer and low prices. If I ever find out what
that is I'm going to leave here and open up my own
college... first drink's on me.

—Paul Coyne '82

1970 Yearbook to be Reprinted

The editors of Koine, the Connecticut College Yearbook, have decided to reprint the 1970 edition of the book. Says the editor:

"This year the kids have the same concerns as the kids did in 1970. There were movements to resist the draft, uncertainty about our country's involvement in foreign wars, and lots of wild, loud music. So, we said, why bother going through the motions to create a whole new book when the 1970 edition is perfectly acceptable? I mean, D.J. looks the same as she did and the faculty never reads it anyway. We'll just change the Senior pictures section and no one will know the difference. Pretty keen idea, huh?"

—The College Voice
April Fool's Edition, 1980
Yale 32, Connecticut 1

Working for a Winning Season

When writing home from Connecticut my freshman year I didn't include much about athletics. Even though I played both field hockey and lacrosse, as the saying goes, there sure wasn't much to write home about. What can you say about an athletic program with a camel for a mascot? Coming from a state win in field hockey my senior year of high school, I expected a lot from college. Winning seasons, newspaper clippings, and college prominence were the very least I anticipated. Was I in for a surprise. Women's athletics at Connecticut seemed to be on the intramural, rather than college, level. We lost, attitudes were not always good and participation was low. I was desolate.

I quit field hockey my sophomore year and played lacrosse. We lost in lacrosse, too, but the players were new and young, and so was the coach. Very quickly, we learned about losing, and losing badly (my first game as a freshman was against Yale; we lost 32-1), but we also learned what sports meant at Connecticut.

We were at school to study, first, and then to play sports. There was no recruiting system for good athletes and no money was pouring in to support those in residence. Not an easy position for the athletic department to deal with, I thought. The director, Charlie Luce, however, was never apparently down about this dilemma. I talked with him many times over my four years about frustrations I had with the
women's teams and he always offered good advice and a proper perspective. Essentially, he said if we really wanted to do well and have a winning season, we were the ones who had to work as hard as we could. The athletic department could only do so much. He wasn't telling me he couldn't help; he was telling me, kindly, to grow up and work for what I wanted.

Through his guidance, I did work, and I urged my teammates to work. Yes, we lost a lot, but we came back to practice every day and tried harder. Luce came to watch us—not only in games, but in practice. He could see we wanted to be something, to win.

My senior year, as co-captain with my good friend Alice Elsbree, we worked even harder and we had a winning season. Not by a great margin, but for the first time at Connecticut, we had a winning season.

Looking back, perhaps this doesn't sound like such a big deal. I think Connecticut has had a lot of winning seasons since that spring. Yet it meant more than winning the states in high school. It wasn't easy and the distance we had come was amazing, which made lacrosse my senior year so precious. Women's athletics at Connecticut was no longer something to snicker at, I thought, and perhaps it never was.

My point, I suppose, is not to sell my alma mater as a great sports institution, but more as a place to learn. I don't know of any other school where a battle to improve women's athletics would have been so patiently tolerated; where the athletic director would have given so much of his time to a young woman speaking from the viewpoint of a losing athlete, or where students would have tried their absolute hardest to change from being losers to winners. Some used to say that Connecticut College didn't have any spirit, and I say they never played sports there.

—Susan Baldwin Kietzman '82
Full of optimism and hope in October 1961, I typed 50 letters of application to colleges and universities where I wanted to teach when I completed my graduate work. On November 6 I received a request for my dossier from H.M. Smyser, chairman of the Department of English at Connecticut College. I responded promptly but heard nothing from him for six months. Finally, on May 19, 1962, long after interviews at the Modern Language Association in Chicago were completed and job offers made and accepted, I received a hand-written letter from Ham, as I later learned to call him.

By mid-May, as the academic year was drawing to a close, I was delighted with even the glimmer of a possibility of teaching at Connecticut College. Quickly, that letter became a talisman for me. I reread it frequently, brooded over it, speculated on why it was handwritten, and even now can recite the last sentence, particularly the last phrase: "... the kind of English teaching we have might interest you for a year or longer."

Within days Ham and I communicated by telephone, and made arrangements for me to visit the campus on Memorial Day, when the real world would be sleeping late and celebrating patriotically and I would be sleeping briefly. I learned my first appointment was at 11:00 A.M., a reasonable hour except for the holiday train schedule, which required me to take the milk train from Philadelphia, where I was living, at 5:30 A.M. to New York where I would connect with the train for New London and Boston at 8:00. On holiday time, however, the train was slow and arrived in New York too late for me to make my connection.

I was alarmed: should I call Ham immediately, suggesting I take a bus but run the risk of waking him and thereby reducing my chances for a good interview; or should I wait till the more reasonable hour of 9:00, which meant that the only means of transportation was a taxi, an expense I resolved was justifiable, or a train arriving in New London two hours late for the first obligation? I chose the latter alternative, and although Ham initially approved the taxi plan he agreed to the later train after a muffled conversation with someone nearby whom I subsequently identified as Jane, his wife and fellow mem-
A blue-ribbon committee about to open the Blaustein Humanities Center in Palmer Library: Chairman of the Board of Trustees Britta Schein McNemar ’67; Dean of the Faculty R. Francis Johnson; President Oakes Ames; Trustee Barbara Blaustein Hirschhorn ’50; Elizabeth Blaustein Roswell ’52; Architect Graham Gund; and Student Government President John Shea ’86. Above, a lecture in the Anthony Francis Nelson ’78, Audio-Visual Classroom, and a third-floor foyer.

Ham met me at the station, and we drove up the hill in his shining gray Mercedes Benz with gleaming white-wall tires. My memory of lunch is blurred. Outwardly, I was doing my best to respond brilliantly to the cheerful but probing questions of Dorothy Betburum, Jim Baird, Mackie Jarrell, and the Smysers; inwardly I was trying to determine why I didn’t recognize anything on the campus even though I had been there often on forays from my college nearby. Suddenly it came to me: I had only visited the College at night and spent as little time there as possible, preferring with my date to escape bell ladies and mixers for the sophisticated excitement of New London.

Ham’s occasional allusion to the Committee, as he simply called the Advisory Committee, had an ominous tone to it from the moment he first told me about my meeting with it, and on reflection my response was appropriate, now that I am familiar with its prestige and advisory capacity. Ironically, I can’t remember anything of the substance of that occasion either, except that Ed Cranz asked kindly and understated questions; but I do recall that we met in the office of the Dean, Gertrude Noyes, who silently stared at the floor and turned her glasses case end on end while the others in the circle, including Kay Finney and Chris Christianson, listened intently, jury that they were.
The climax of that long ordeal (I was up at 4:00 A.M.) was my appointment with the President, as Ham referred to Rosemary Park. I remember little of that conversation as well, except for some fleeting references to salary and that while Miss Park concentrated on making a design of crisp straight lines with a freshly sharpened pencil, she told me about a young man she knew who had been turned down for a position in the State Department because he wanted it too much and in his anxiety had failed the interview.

Rick McLellan ’78, director of Unity House until 1985, chats with Alumni Association board member Maarten Terry ’83, Britta Schein McNemar ’67, first woman to chair the Board of Trustees; unlike the Hurricane of ’38, Gloria arrived with plenty of warning, giving everyone time to unplug their computers.

Shortly thereafter, as the train glided toward New Haven and Philadelphia beyond, the disaster of the day fell in on me, like the “falls of a demolished building—crumbling into its cellar. From New London to New Haven I was simply stunned and unable to think; from New Haven on I compiled the extent of the debacle. The late date of Ham’s handwritten letter indicated his last-minute desperation as he tried to find someone at the bottom of the candidate file still unemployed at the end of the semester. My late arrival demonstrated my unreliability, my concentration on my private life at Lincoln revealed dullness of mind, while Gertrude’s restlessness measured the boredom my remarks produced for the Advisory Committee. The clincher, of course, was Miss Park’s parable, appropriately placed at the end of the day: I had simply failed the whole interview from the beginning to the end. By the time I reached Philadelphia I had dismissed Connecticut College from my mind forever.

The appointment letter from Miss Park came a few days later. Now, 25 years later, with that letter and Ham’s before me, I wonder if I was then beset with paranoia or innocence. Of one thing I am sure, however. As the “year or longer” Ham initially suggested grows into decades, my good fortune grows apace, and I live each Memorial Day memorialy in my own way, still treasuring the talismanic letter from Ham.

—George Willauer
Professor of English
In Memoriam

Roberta Newton Balch
Margaret Vaughan Hutchinson
Harriet Gillette Reynolds
Lillian Ottenheimer Spencer
Muriel Whitehead Jarvis
Charlotte Nixon Prigge
Harriet Smith Harris
Esther Tyler
Libbie Blumenthal Jacob
Kay Brace Cummings
Jane Wineman Foreman
Catherine Partridge Post
Melicent Clarke Bell
Elaine Mitchell House
Elinor Mitchell Wilde
Mary Daoust Glendinning
Sally Van Horn Finney
Priscilla Crim Leidholdt
Louise Gold Levitt
Wilhelmina Jaffe
Jane Wilson Shackford
Patricia Marr Pindar
Nancy A. Cepurrollo
Carol Jo Hunter Moore
William C. Yates
William L. Wilcox
Mark Jeffrey Kearney

Class Notes

20 Mildred Howard, our class president and a professor emeritus of physical education, has made a fine recovery after a heart attack last spring. Miss Howard was in the hospital for only a short time, and after a much needed rest moved back into her apartment at Pennwood Village, Newtown, PA. Miss Howard told me that she’ll probably live 20 more years. “I won’t be here to see it,” she said. Three cheers for Miss Howard!

Olive Doherty attended our 65th reunion in June, looking for Miss Howard. Olive Doherty and Miss Howard couldn’t find each other, and went home after a picnic lunch with a friend who came with them. Miss Howard and Miss Doherty would have liked her support and are sorry to have missed seeing her. Olive Doherty’s two sisters were Rose (CC ’20) and Kathleen (CC ’24). Olive Doherty is the only member of her family still living.

Loreta Higgins writes from Norwich, “I have an official hit of news for our column. There was much publicity over the 50th anniversary of the Social Security Administration in 1955, but I have first-hand information to prove it was started in 1919. At that time I was a reporter for the Hartford Courant during the summer vacation and I was appointed to cover a meeting at Mt. Holyoke College at which time a group of social-minded men and women recommended a social security program to the federal government.”

Alice Horrax Schell and Fred are pleased with their new apartment in Lake Pointe Woods retirement community in Sarasota, FL. “We are located on 53 acres, with a lake, beautiful big pine trees and colorful landscaping. We have our dinners in the main dining room and get our lunches and breakfasts in our own apartment. We have a living room, bedroom, kitchen, dining area, and a balcony overlooking the lake. There are 21 apartments in all and we have a large swimming pool, exercise room, beauty and barber shops, a library, woodworking and craft shops and even a country store. We are not yet able to use the swimming pool as I broke my leg last March—a multiple break. I have been in bed or in a wheelchair for seven months. I am now starting to walk again haltingly, with a walker and Fred as a therapist at my side. It’s slow going but wonderful to be on my feet on the way back. I hated to miss our 65th reunion and so did Fred! He has been a tower of strength in helping me all this long period. We both send greetings to you all!”

Maud Carpenter Dustin writes, “My husband and I live in Randolph, VT, and with the help of our two daughters who live nearby, we manage to stay in our home. I walk with a cane, and also do exercises prescribed by a therapist. I manage to put meals on the table and can care for myself.”

Mary Virginia Morgan Goodman was asked to be the speaker at a State Convocation of Women Bowlers at Ocean Beach, New London last June and so was unable to attend our 65th reunion. “They needed a speaker, not a bowler,” she wryly commented.

We report with sadness the death of Helen Hope Sturges on 7/17/85. Helen had a remarkable career as the Episcopal Church in CT and NYC, and as a missionary on the Navajo reservation in UT and AZ.

Helen traveled the 1500 square miles of the mission area, learning the desert trails by horseback and jeep, bringing help and comfort wherever she went. She taught Navajos from 3 years to 63 years of age in the Mission School, and only thought of retiring at the age of 86, when she decided to go to San Diego, CA to live.

Our sympathy to her niece Nancy de Horemicourt of Roslyn, CT, and to Alice Gardner Crawford of Long Neck, Li, NY, a relative by marriage.

We report with regret the death of Phillip Luce, husband of our classmate Jessie Menzies Luce (dec.) He was a loyal supporter of 1920. Her daughter is a CC graduate and her granddaughter just made veterinary history by installing a pacemaker in a horse. This feat was reported in German and British newspapers as well as in the USA.


22 Mary Damerel and Marjorie Smith were delayed in attending the memorial service for Constable Hill Hathaway by an open drawbridge allowing several tall-masted ships to pass through. That gave them more time to chat.

Mollie Kenig Siversmith’s great-grandson Scott now has a sister Stacie to keep her company. Mollie describes that she is “perking along,” trying her best to keep well.

Lucy McDannell and Augusta O’Sullivan are able to keep in touch with class and college affairs by telephone since they live in adjoining towns.

Helen Merritt and brother Irving made another of their frequent and favorite trips to Bermuda last spring. Helen is still working on her travel guide book.

Elizabeth Merrill Blake spent two weeks with her grandson and his wife in their new home in Raymond, NH last July. October first she made an unexpected trip to the hospital, returning home two weeks later without her gall bladder. Recovery has been most satisfactory.

Olive Tuttil Reid and husband Kirk were in touch with Marjorie Smith during the tennis matches nearby. Their daughter plays with her champion father whenever possible. She lives in Falmouth, MA. Four of the Reid’s grandchildren live in MA and they have a total of six great-grandchildren.

Marjorie Smith, apparently our most traveled classmate, toured CA’s coast from Big Sur to San Diego last summer; also visiting a friend of kindergarten days in San Clemente.

Our class mourns the passing of three loyal members: Minnecola Miller in 9/84, Constable Hill Hathaway and Mary Thompson Shepard in ‘85. They will be missed. Our sympathy is extended to their families.

Correspondent: Elizabeth Merrill Blake (Mrs. Raymond F.), 25 Warren Ave, Amesbury, MA 01913.

24 Margaret Dunham Cornell writes that she had a happy summer with family and friends. She visited the Cape where her two-year-old grandson and her living family live and was planning to spend Thanksgiving there.

Ellen Hunken Torpey, after five years in a two-family house, had to move to an apartment in a big building. In October she drove to New London with her daughter to pick up her grandmother, a CC sophomore, and reported that the fall coloring on campus was beautiful.

A year ago Dorothy Brockett Terry moved to an “ideal residence for senior citizens” where she has a “just right” apartment in Houston. Eight of her nine great-grandchildren live in the area and they and her family visit her.

Marion Vibert Clark has little news except her interest centered in her far-flung family.

Madeleine Foster Conklin says her traveling days are over but there has been much anywhere except AK. She is still in the home where she has lived since ’54, but “progress” is encroaching.

In the summer Gladys Western Greene decided to sell the farm and has moved into a retirement home in PA. The move was quite an undertaking because of the accumulation of belongings over the years. She misses the farm and friends and would love to see our old CC friends.

Auror Kepler has been able to attend recent exhibits in Boston, and a meeting of her Yale Nursing alumni group. “My, how nursing has changed!” she wrote.

Marie Jester Kyle moved in June to a lifetime care community center in CT where there are a few CC alumni but none from ’24. She would recommend the center to any classmates looking for a carefree happy life in retirement.

Margaret Vaughan Hutchinson writes briefly, “I am a widow and unable to live by myself because of health reasons.”

Hazel Converse Laun says life continues about the
same—many active volunteer jobs for the library, deliveries and transportation for shut-ins—and bridge.

Elizabeth Holmes Baldwin managed five weeks at the Island in ME during the summer and continues in her Medfield home. She was planning to fly to IA to spend Christmas with a niece and her family.

Lucille Moore was in an automobile accident in 2/85 which totalled the car, but she recovered well and is back at the home for elderly people in Hartford, a wonderful place, but she misses the car.

Sarah Gordon Hahn’s husband died in June ‘85. We send our sympathy to her and to her family.

Correspondent: Elizabeth Holmes Baldwin (Mrs. Thomas T.), 57 Millbrook Rd., Medfield, MA 02052

26

The following items resulted from a questionnaire sent to jog classmates into revealing news of grandchildren, bone depletion, endeavors, travels, etc.

Kay King Karalke leads the pack with 13 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Part of the year she visits them and then they visit her in Chataqua and Orlando where she keeps the family home and has a lovely pied-a-terre where my sister and I saw this spring.

Kay Dauchy Bronson enjoys seeing her six grands, aged 7 to 22 and is well on the way to recovery from a broken hip.

Kay Bailey Mann takes the prize in the broken bones department. She still operates her pre-school but has less contact with the children.

Dorothy Bidwell Clark has also had hip problems. She recently visited her new great-grandchild. She works for the Red Cross and other charities.

Ruth Knup Weidhold enjoys serving Meals on Wheels, and spends Christmas with her daughter and extended family.

Adeline (Ati) Muirhead Archibald has a raft of children (many ready made) as does Ellie Whittier Plummer. They see one another often in FL. Ellie sent me a snap of our Knowlton football team—remember?

Lorena Taylor Perry does a lot of trike riding when in FL. She takes turns visiting her son and daughter at Christmas.

I also saw Peg Smith Hall in FL. She looks much the same—not a gray hair on her head. She and Arthur plan to move from their historic CT home to be with their son Ricky and family.

Betty Phillips Nalle writes that Washington is slowly recovering from the visit of Princess Di and Charles. I saw her and husband, J.B. in their elegant new apartment.

Teddy Hewlett Stickney plays piano for her own enjoyment and that of her friends. Her great yen is to hear the “Ring” in Bayreuth.

Both Charlotte Maclear and Marg Williams live in retirement villages and do charity work. Marg joins me in having had a recent cataract operation.

Betty Dameral Gonsouise reports that her main travels are to see her children and that she is enjoying life.

Dorothy Brooks Cobb writes of going to the Holy Land and Afghanistan.

Tish Burt Baker has a permanent home in FL and enjoys trips to Bermuda.

Betty Boyd Mallick on a recent cruise to Bermuda encountered Hurricane Gloria. For three and a half days the ship foundered in waves sometimes 16 feet high and walking on deck was a wild but fun experience.

Edna Smith Thistle, our hard working president, is busy with church, charities and garden club activities, besides having time for CC and ‘26. A recent Danube River cruise turned into a bus trip as the river was too low for traffic, but they all had a great time.

After making annual trips to the Far East for more than 30 years developing and running my import business, my correspondent has decided to act her age and retire. I find myself very busy bowing out.

We are sorry to report the death of Harriet Gillette Reynolds. 11/10/85

Don’t forget our upcoming reunion! Mark the date on your calendar: May 30 – June 1.

Correspondent: Madelyn (Maddy) Smith Gibson, 23 West 10th St., New York, NY 10011

28

Elmo Ashton Decherd reports, “No glamorous foreign trips but one short happy one last May to see my oldest grandchild, Susan Thornton, graduate from Bowdoin. Brother Stephen is a sophomore there, while another grandson is at U of GA. Hurricane Gloria treated our condo gently.”

Edna Kelley reports studying a list of New England’s highest mountains with tremendous interest. “I sat contentedly just looking at some of them from my front deck.” There are so many ways to enjoy!

Margretta (Peggy) Briggs Noble reported succinctly that they cruised among the Virgin Islands, attended oldest grandson’s graduation from U of CA. followed by family visits up and down the state, enjoyed their annual ME safari, climaxcd in CT by Gloria—“Six and a half days with no power, a very humbling experience.”

Summer found Karla Heurich Harrison at daughter’s son-in-law’s VA farm, near Washington where she glimpsed Deborah (Debbie) Lippincott Carter, readying for an Italian visit to her daughters and grandsons. Karla also saw Betty Phillips Nalle 26 and Juliet Phillips ’30. She was preparing a talk for the Sunnyside chapter of Ikebana and wondering why she said she would do it.

Grace Bigelow Churchill reported, “The big event in our lives this year was the lovely wedding of Scott Churchill, the first of our five grandchildren to be married.” The traveling Churchills spent spring at AL’s Azalea Festival, then a NM visit with daughter and family, climaxcd by four days at the Grand Canyon.

Late summer, north to Montreal and west to Victoria, BC with its fabulous Butchart Gardens. “Ed was

The Gift, Unmeasured

They were well-chosen—
Those who came to teach at the new college
Set upon a hill, above the river Thames.
From their more venerable schools, they joined
Young, eager minds; helping us plant the seeds
Of our own traditions; watching them take hold
And grow, like the young tendrils that spread
Across the yet un-ivied walls.

Some are especially recalled—
I remember:
Dr. Wells, whose bearded dignity
Held us in awe as he led us to the
Feasts of Shakespeare’s words, or
Probed the message in the poems of
Tennyson or Browning.

Dr. Jensen, who, in his muted mellow
Baritone, read us from contemporary
Works; who reviewed our creations with
Wisdom, and often some compassion.

Dr. Morris, who explored with us the
Doctrines of Plato, Hegel, Descartes;
An intellectual pursuit, tempered by
His warmth and understanding.

They shared the dream—
From all whose tenure spanned the early years,
Connecticut has built her heritage of excellence.
To us, who learned from them, they gave unwittingly
A priceless, joyous gift—discovery—which has been
Ours to hold, and sometimes share.

—Margretta Briggs Noble ’28
Before the Magazine’s Archives

Picky, Picky, Picky!

In answer to many inquiries we beg to state that the January 1st issue of the “Alumnae News” was the first this year. It was published as Volume I, No. 3, for no other reason than that we had no idea when a volume ran out and another began, and so figuring this as the third alumnae publication, we numbered it as read. There are to be but three issues this year, therefore, it is not a Quarterly. Four times to us seems a complete impossibility, we hope the next editor won’t take her duties too seriously.

—C.C. Alumnae News, April 1926

30 Fanny Young Sawyer has stepped down after five years as our faithful correspondent. A new correspondent is needed. Any volunteers?

32 Marion Nichols Arnold writes, “In October, my brother and I attended Elderhostel in Boston. The focus was the history of Boston neighborhoods, a fascinating study with walk-abouts in five different areas after interesting lectures. Last spring, I was appointed to the Alumni Association Board as coordinator for the Sykes Society. When the VP of the association resigned, I was appointed to fill out the term—to June ’87—continuing my Sykes duties.”

34 Helen Andrews Keough and Nick witnessed the “never-to-be-forgetten” sight of over 460 balloons at the Albuquerque Balloon Festival—Nick crewed for a friend from VA. In spring ’85 they “did” a 90 minute flight in a British Columbia and in Sept. went salmon fishing in CA.

Elizabeth Archer Patterson wrote proudly that her oldest grandchild was class valedictorian, making a fantastic speech that livened up an otherwise boring
program. Accepted at many colleges, she chose Amherst. Betty had strenuous trip to Israel when April '85 flowers were blooming.

Lucile Austin Cutler hoped to tour the campus when she visited sister Janette Austin Steane '38 in Unionville, but sister hurt her back. One of Lucy's grandsons, married, is in grad school at Northwestern. Lucy enjoyed a "nice week's vacation" in hospital after surgery to repair "the ravages of time and gravity."

Margaret Austin Rodgers flew to England on the Concorde in May '85, motored through southern England with daughter and family, then boarded a Royal Viking for rough weather cruise to Dublin, Shetland Is. and Norway.

Catherine Baker Sandberg visited son and family in Old Saybrook in July '85, toured campus twice. Five-year-old grandchild had muddy fall into Arboretum pond! Saw a "fantastic performance" of The Music Man in Palmer. In March '85 Kay cruised to Jamaica and Grand Cayman. In December she took son and daughter and families cruising on the Caribe. In the summer she takes time out for her condoms and "beloved beach house shining."

Jane Baldauf Berger says she feels much older being a double great-grandma—great-grandson David had an October brother, Phillip. Jane tripped over telephone wire in Aug., breaking right wrist and left elbow.

Minna Barnet Nathan and Gene were quite surprised when friends and family planned gala 50th wedding anniversary party.

Florence Basil Shelton's new thing is physical fitness—she feels wonderful, firm and limber. She plans to keep up the exercises when she and Bob house-sit on Maui Dec. through Mar. Daughter Susan will visit from Berlin, also two grandsons.

Emily Benedict Halverson spent early June '85 in England. In Aug. went to Elderhostel in Adirondacks to learn all about computers, earthquakes and railroads. Currently "brushing up in drawing class."

Jean Berger Whitelaw pens a wonderfully philosophical letter, but finds it hard to keep up with all the grandchildren's doings. Son Bruce spent summer in So. Seas—consultant on deck yards on Tama. He and partner have business designing, building or remodeling boats of all sizes. Son John was married for second time, wife supervisor of nurses. Son Bill full professor in Calgary. About husband Mac—"the Basement Boys have started up again, machine humming, sawdust drifting up."

Marjorie Bishop keeps in touch with her African friends—the library she started is functioning well, and she is involved trying to get textbooks and children's books for the new school. Marge and Cary Bauer Brem- sker also Elderhostel works in London and Scotland, then joined Cary's husband and his brother in Ireland. Next, Marge cavorted to China with another friend, traveling almost independently. Hear this, Kecouph! Marge also watched the Balloon Festival on return to CT.

Marion Bogart Holtzman and George are great-grandparents (son born to elder CG Ltg granddaugh- ter.) Comments Budge, "I don't mind being mother of a grandfather!"

Rose Brels has been visiting friends in FL and IN; via bussed Ottawa at tulip time, Williamsburg, Las Vegas and the Mackinac Is. Had great time at nursing class 50th reunion.

Winfred Burroughs Southwick reports that her Bill has lost 75 pounds since we saw them at reunion—feels much better.

Edith Canestrari Jacques says she'd rather sightsee than sunbake in the winter. She and Bob are off to Spain and Portugal in Feb.

Jean De Vries and Hank entertained daughter of French friend in July and Aug., who had just completed first year at Sorbonne, majoring in Slavic languages. Emily said she was delightfully interested in all things American, especially cable TV. In Oct., Emily visited sister in Cape Coral and had brief visit with Kay Baker Sandberg.

Elizabeth Flanders McNellis scribbled a hasty post card in early Nov.—"When you get this I'll be in either Thailand or Burma with Council of Foreign Relations."

Alice Galante Greco chatted with Ruth Wheeler Cobb at their 50th h.s. reunion. As pres. of Meriden-Wallingford Hosp. Aux., Galley keeps busy and interested in happenings outside home—does a lot of entertaining. One recent guest was Jim Breen, husband of the late Margaret Milis Breen '33.

Betty Hershey Lutz and husband are spending their 11th season at Naples, (FL) Beach Hotel for golf and more golf. Son and daughter-in-law in FL have an adopted daughter and now a son of their own. Betty keeps in touch with Jane Alexander Van Nosrand's daughter, Pamela Van Nosrand Newton '60, who has just published a book on organic gardening.

Louise Hill Corliss says she has no news except for arrival of another grandchild—daughter Barbara's third, Becky.

Eleanor Hine Krantz and Red looked happy as ever when I saw them during fun weekend on campus. Wish you all could visit CC—know you'd be very proud of your alma mater.

Emma Howe Waddington and Less cruised the Inside Passage and visited relatives in Anchorage. Saw Mt. McKinley in all its glory. In Sept. Elderhosted at Nat'l Cathedral in DC.

Jeanne Hunter Ingham was one of the lucky ones during Hurricane Gloria's antics—no power outage at all. Remember at reunion we were discussing meaning of Koine? Jean found it while doing a crossword puzzle.

Harriet Isherwood Power and Burt had visit with Emma Howe Waddington when she was in DC. Daughter Ditzie's CG husband is now stationed at CG Hq., so Harriet will miss the FL visits.

Students dining under the watchful gaze of Mary Harkness in the 1970's.

Alison Jacobs McBride and Vinnie celebrated 50th wedding anniversary with gusto, result of "yomama's job by three children and six granddaughters—party for 125, school bus ride for fun, frelic and food. Budg Bogart Holtzman and George went to Lebanon from Old Saybrook for refuge from Gloria. A 60-foot ash tree mashed into the 1838 garage and ice house where 1930 Ford and Mercedes were parked. Budge's car was damaged. Back for winter in FL Al.ison was preparing for big art auction.

Phyllis Johnson Doolittle has a good bit of advice to us oldsters—afer dancing at several family weddings where bands such as Yellow Brick Road supplied the music—she recommends "a light stuffing of Kleenex in both ears at these events."

Ruth Jones Wentworth and Norris recently had first chance to hear doctor son Sam lecture on recent care and practices in diabetes. Eil Lilly has been sending him countrywide to speak; 21 lectures in six weeks. He is truly involved and loves working with diabetic children, taking them hiking, camping and biking. Granddaugh- ter Christie is spending soph. year in college in Scot- land. A grandson is junior at U of KY.

Helen Lavietes Krosnick and Gerry went to Nova Scotia for medical meeting, visiting Bar Harbor and Acadia Nat'l Park; returned home just in time to meet Hurricane Gloria head-on. After lapse of 13 years, Helen had chance to renew friendship with Marcella Resnikoff. Pickle's '36.

Cly Lewit Witt is currently constructing paper sculpture of the Statue of Liberty. She recently had exhibition of her gourds at the library where she works.

Ruth Lister Davis and John celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with all family in attendance.
Mary McNulty McNair has retired from bd. of directors of Garden Club of America but continues her interest in plants and the environment. She says, "It's been so warm this fall that crocuses are blooming, asterbignons and Pascali helichores are sticking their heads up—all mixed in with chrysanthemums."

Dorothy Merrill Dorman and Dan visited two families (six grandchildren) in CA, then went up the OR coast to see Dan's sister.

Alice Miller Tooker basked in week of perfect weather in Bermuda. She and Violet Stewart Ross took each other occasionally.

Grace Nichols Rhodes wrote her newsy note in Atlanta and mailed it in SF. She and Arnold have been flying hotter and hotter with their Eastern Airlines pilot spouse—five trips to CA to visit oldest son and family; four trips to Minneapolis; birding forays—striped back tanager from Mexico, flock of rosy crowned fruitfinch high in the Rockies. Laren's grandson Zachary, aged 14, barked "red babies!"

Mary Petrequin Hackenburg had emergency surgery for a red hot pepper of a gall bladder; recuperated nicely at daughter's in St. Paul. She keeps very busy with church, college club, Shaker Hill Museum, and monitoring children at concerts.

Martha Prendergast reports she is "almost out of dogs," since her last pet is ten and very privileged. Martha devotes most of her time to painting, entering art shows almost as faithfully as she used to enter dog shows. She is involved in all aspects of church management and busy in the Chevy Chase Woman's Club—keeps her joint limber in exercise class.

Edith Behman Stolzenberg "went across the USSR, including Siberia and the far East." She did a bit of writing in Kiev, involving research in Kiev, finding residence of a relative (now a hotel). Attended professional meetings in Atlanta and CO; she is still a school social worker in Hartford. Does some private practice and is on the Ct. Civil Liberties bd. Son Ralph has new job as v.p. in charge of research for Natl' Mgmt. Admission Council.

Frances Rookie Robinson "huddled in" to HI, has AK tent on agenda. This summer she zipped about on a tandem—"never realized how fast and tippy they are" and did some spelunking in Adirondack caves with son Rick. Latter sport a "bit too tingly."

Alison Roberts' foot neurona has played havoc with her golf but doesn't much bother bridge or bird-watches. She also does some private practice and is on the Ct. Civil Liberties bd. Son Ralph has new job as v.p. in charge of research for Natl' Mgmt. Admission Council.

Ethel Russ Gans is so busy in HI that she scribbled a message, "too busy to write" on a program about "A Feast for 5 Seniors" for the Month of Power, a celebration to be held at the home of GG (grandma) Gans. The Feast, in the Bahia St. faith, has three parts—pray-er and meditation, consultation about community affairs, and social fellowship.

Gladyse Russell Munroe went to England in July with the Episcopal choir (St. Luke's, Orlando) singing ten times in two weeks at Westminster Abbey, and cathedrals of St. Paul, Norwich and Lichfield, and in the Oxford Chapel. During trip to grandson's h.s. graduation in CA she had a visit with Mary Seabury Ray in St. Petersburg Beach.

Dorothy Sisson Tuten had an astonishing technological story—she gets satellite "pie-in-the-sky" programs from a dish antenna across the street—no wire connection, no cable connection—neighbor has a cordless TV transmitter which beams the programs to Dott. The snail-trail antenna at Kennedy Space Center are visible on her street. If sky is clear she can see separation of the boosters which fall into the sea and are retrieved for next flight.

Jean Stanley Dic,says that all ten of her family vacationed together at the Canadian cottage.

Violet Stewart Ross does volunteer duty at the hospital several days a week, plays bridge, tends her garden and bird feeder.

Edith Stockman Ruettinger phoned me with enthusiastic description of cruise in *Royal Viking*—highlight famous opera house in Sidney, the koalas, and especially the "fairy penguins" in New Zealand.

Your correspondent feels like a Reader's Digest editor, trying to condense plot all your wonderful, newsy notes into acceptable capsules for the column. The class extends deepest sympathy to family of Libbie Blumenthal Jacob who died in December. Correspondent: Ann C. Wheeler (Mrs. Arthur J.) Box 181, Westport Point, MA 02791.

36 Reunion fifty is close at hand. Our first planning meeting was held on 11/21/85 with Alletha (Cappy) Deming Crane, reunion chairman, Lois Ryman Areson, class president, Gladys Jeffers Zahn, class agent chairman, and Ruth Chittim Eufemia, class correspondent at a meeting. Discussion centered on speakers, program, class costume, remembrances for attendees, etc. It was very fruitful.

Response to the cards was over 50% which makes it much easier for me to report a more informative column. Thank you to all who responded.

Louise (Dickie) Brastow Peck will soon change her address to Farmington Woods, Avon, CT, a beautiful area with many condos. Weeding out after 24 years in the same house is time-consuming but she hopes to make it on reunion.

Janet Hoffman Echols and Emmett spend part of the year in AZ and summers in the mountains of MD. She became a grandmother for the eighth time recently. The oldest granddaughter married in Jan. '85, Christmas is spent in the East, then the month of Feb. in HI. They enjoyed Emmett's reunion in New Haven last May.

Evelyn Kelly Head was visited by Joyce Cotter Kern and Betty Davis Pierson in Oct., at which time they chatted by phone with Mabel Somers Kane and Patty Hall Staton.

Patricia Burton Burton has seven children, all mar-

---

**CONNECTICUT COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION**

**COMPARISON OF ESTIMATED AND ACTUAL EXPENDITURES**

For The Fiscal Year Ended June 30, 1985

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>1984-85</th>
<th>1985</th>
<th>Budget</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Salaries &amp; Wages</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Payroll Taxes &amp; Employee Benefits</td>
<td>$138,845</td>
<td>$169,520</td>
<td>$30,675</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Executive Board</td>
<td>8,830</td>
<td>12,675</td>
<td>3,845</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Programs &amp; Projects</td>
<td>134,951</td>
<td>89,075</td>
<td>4,796</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Committee Business</td>
<td>870</td>
<td>2,590</td>
<td>1,720</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Off-Campus Conferences</td>
<td>1,290</td>
<td>600</td>
<td>665</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni Office:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Operating Costs</td>
<td>28,067</td>
<td>32,620</td>
<td>10,237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furniture &amp; Equipment</td>
<td>17,759</td>
<td>15,649</td>
<td>1,719</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accounting &amp; Legal Fees</td>
<td>4,109</td>
<td>3,858</td>
<td>(251)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>$334,721</td>
<td>$327,587</td>
<td>$39,046</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Unexpended balance of $39,046 to be returned to Connecticut College.

**SUMMARY OF SAVINGS FUNDS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund</th>
<th>1984-85</th>
<th>1985</th>
<th>Budget</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>General Savings Fund</td>
<td>$111,569</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special Savings Fund</td>
<td>9,299</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$120,868</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The above figures are part of the financial statements for the year ended June 30, 1985. Copies of the complete statements, and the audit report thereon, are available at the Association Office in the Sykes Alumni Center (Connecticut College, New London, CT 06320).

Doherty, Beals & Banks, P.C.
Certified Public Accountants
ried. eight grandchildren. and one great-grandchild.
Both she and Kemper have part-time jobs—she as
director of a ... Community
Heah h aenter where she has been for the past 13years.
She said retiremcnt and grandchildren seem to evade
theirs. Eight grandchildren. and one great-grandchild.

Mary Griffin Conklin reports four children. two of
which has graduated and one great-grand. Those
are: scattered. on TN. one in Fort Wayne. IN; one
in Durham. NC; one in Chapel Hill. NC; and one in
Each of them keeps busy. They plan to spend

Mary Anne Turner (CC'43) and Mary Anne Turner
who is a senior citizen in Cleveland. TN. and the youngest
call is the youngest. and the other is a two-year-old.
They have a two-year-old daughter. and they are busy
in retirement. playing
doing things. It was a trip in Highlands. NC in their Airstream motor home
and fall and as

Anne Oppenheim Freed and Frances Walker
Chase exchanged apartments during Sept.

throughout the U.S. (Leverson) TN and the youngest
call is the youngest. and the other is a two-year-old.
They have a two-year-old daughter. and they are busy
in retirement. playing
doing things. It was a trip in Highlands. NC in their Airstream motor home
and fall and as

Anne Oppenheim Freed and Frances Walker
Chase exchanged apartments during Sept.

during the U.S. (Leverson) TN and the youngest
call is the youngest. and the other is a two-year-old.
They have a two-year-old daughter. and they are busy
in retirement. playing
doing things. It was a trip in Highlands. NC in their Airstream motor home
and fall and as

Anne Oppenheim Freed and Frances Walker
Chase exchanged apartments during Sept.

during the U.S. (Leverson) TN and the youngest
call is the youngest. and the other is a two-year-old.
They have a two-year-old daughter. and they are busy
in retirement. playing
doing things. It was a trip in Highlands. NC in their Airstream motor home
and fall and as

Anne Oppenheim Freed and Frances Walker
Chase exchanged apartments during Sept.
One of the proposed designs for Connecticut's campus, 1914.

G. E. N. E. R. A. L. PLOT PLAN CONNECTICUT COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

40 Madison, CT is now home for Jane Hartmann Fons and Jack, where they do lots of swimming year round (inside in winter), and participate in some community work in that small, friendly town. They often travel to the British Virgin Islands where Jack is a partner in BVI Spice Co. Ltd., which produces marvelous Caribbean seasoning from an old native recipe. Jane says it is sold in New England stores and will gradually become available in other parts of the country.

Martha Youngquist's husband Orrin retired in 1980 and they now live the six cold months in Wilmington, DE and the other six on Lake Superior on the upper peninsula of MI. A neighborhood constantian and husband are enjoying retirement except for the problem of too much leisure time.

Your loyal correspondent and husband have sampled two Elderhostel programs within the year—the first at St. Mary's U. in Halifax, Nova Scotia and the second at Cochise Community College in Douglas, AZ. Our classmates are the cream of our senior world still eager, interested students. The trip to AZ afforded wonderful views of mountains, rivers and the endless tracts of tundra.

42 Our class has lost two members and husbands of two members in the last few months. Our sympathy is extended to the families of Barbara M. Smith, who died 6/11/85, and Mary Hosker Daoust Glendenning, who died in 9/85. Barbara House Fitzgerald lost her husband Edward in 7/85. Franny Hyde Forde lost her husband Richard in 8/85 after many years of illness. Our sympathy goes to both families.

Correspondents: Mary Blackmon Smith, R.D. 4, Box 11, Towanda, PA 18848

44 Elizabeth Cochran Kemper, for nine years in Naples, FL where husband Bob is in real estate, enjoys golf, the beach, their boat and volunteer work. Lib, no longer "Cocky", has a son Ben Ryan in publishing in CA. Bob has two children, and they have five grandchildren.

Marion Drasher Berry's husband Arthur retired this year, so they moved from southern VT to Newext, mid-coast ME—restoring their 4th old house, a 1760 Cape on the banks of the Damariscotta River. "This has Cape on the banks of the Damariscotta River. "This has

Gellestrina T. DiMaggio became an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa in a 4/85 ceremony celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Delta of CT group. She is associate director of nursing at MA General Hospital, the 1st woman to hold that post in 173 years of the institution's history. She was also the American Nurses Assn's Nurse of the Year in 1978.

Jane Dill Witt had both shoulder joints replaced then had the left removed. "I walked for 40 yrs. without a hip joint. I'll make the next block of time sans shoulder. I'm busy with eight grandchildren and taking a splendid Spanish course at U of W1. Another old lady and I trot our canes around campus. Having fun broadcasting on public radio a couple of hours a week. Retired life is lovely."

Elizabeth Demerritt Cobb graduated from Averett College, Danville, VA in 12/84. Took her two and a half years at eight hours a semester starting at age 60. "I think it was popular to drop out during war time (Libby had three yrs. at CC) but for those who did and wished they hadn't, go for it. It's possible to learn at our age—and it's fun."

Caroline Townley von Mayrhauser still does a bit of acting with a senior acting group taking one-act comedies to nursing homes, clubs, and churches; also does an occasional TV commercial. Cocky and Oscar have four "naturally superior" grandchildren. "They don't get their brains from me for sure."

Almeda Fager Wallace does a weekly music program for preschool blind children and is a lifetime member of the board. Newest grandchild is 6 mos., eldest (17) spent last summer in Tokyo and is college hunting. Al and Bill spent part of Aug. in Madrid, with eldest and family. Moved Al's 85-yr-old mother from her home in Sedona to a lovely care center near the Wallace's. "Guest a lot of us have the same problems."

Madeleine Breckinridge Driscoll and Joe have been retired for a year but Danby fills in occasionally for vacationing or resigning reporters. They are in their 8th yr. on Cape Cod and three children (plus two grandchildren) live nearby. The fourth lives in Evergreen, CO and visits are exchanged on alternate years.

Monica Friedman Jacobson and George enjoyed a trip driving through Italy, France, Germany, Monaco and England. Daughter Lynn is one of two lawyers for Jewish Hospital in St. Louis. Son Peter is the neurolo-
sister in Pinehurst, NC. Lynn's daughter is looking at colleges.

Alice Adams Hilmer writes from St. Louis of fabulous MO World Series—almost like the 1944 all-St. Louis series. Algie is working part-time in a bookstore and is an exercise and calcium guinea pig in an ongoing study at Washington U. Met new CC dean at local CC gathering.

Betty Babock has moved to a retirement village in Needham, MA. She still enjoys teaching dyslexic children at Warren School.

Elizabeth Shore Birdwell visits son Tom in San Jose. She plays a lot of bridge, is active in Questers (a group for antique lovers), gardens, swims, goes cross-country skiing and is generally having a ball.

Marjorie Alexander Harrison writes, "Our four grandchildren are getting older and so are we." She and Ted were at the dedication of the new athletic center at CC, also attended a Directions weekend in Oct. on campus. They are much involved with a Brown U learning-in-retirement program. They proposed for Paige's 60th.

Alice Adams Hilmer writes from St. Louis of fabulous MO World Series—almost like the 1944 all-St. Louis series. Algie is working part-time in a bookstore and is an exercise and calcium guinea pig in an ongoing study at Washington U. Met new CC dean at local CC gathering.

Ann Davis Heaton and Gordon have bought a home in Vero Beach, FL and plan to live there six mos., and six mos. in Wheaton, IL, and find it hard to decide what to move. Son Roger, a lawyer, and family including 11-year-old Brad live in San Diego.

Lois Hannon Ward writes, "It's been another year of travel—my escapism." She spent three weeks in the Balkans feeling as if she were back in China: peasants in fields, oxen, wagons plus new industrial growth and an attempt to make tourists happy in new hotels. Also spent two weeks in HI with unmarried son Mark.

Ellie Abrahams Josephson and Neil had a wedding in San Francisco and Howard as recent guests—also Helen Crawford Tracy and Bill. Ellie met Nancy Hotchkiss Marshall at G. Fox—reports she is still a slim glamour girl.

Barbara Barlow Kelley is just surfacing after a number of years of grief. The class extends its sympathy to her on the death of her husband Ken 8/24/84. Her job as circulation librarian has helped as docs her family with orthopedics at U of Pittsburgh. The thought of retirement scares them both.

Lois Andrews Yearick last attended reunion for our 10th so she looks forward to our 40th. She was married at Harkness Chapel 2/7/46. Lois plans to stay in Virginia Beach but says because of her husband's death, the big house and yard have to go.

Paige Cornwall McHugh looks forward to seeing everybody on campus. She is back from traveling in France with daughter Laura, who attended CC but graduated UNH and received a masters from Wesleyan in arts management. Juanita Guruceta Flagg was involved with Paige's children in a successful surprise party for Paige's 60th.

Phebe Clark Miller works in sales and looks forward to summer in ME where son and wife live with their two boys. Daughter Trudie lives in Cambridge and works in Boston as a landscape architect. Phebe gets together often with Sally Nichols Herrick.

Muriel Evans Shaw writes from NH that she expects to be part of the fabulous reunion. She coordinates the adult literacy program—very active since the national pro-literacy campaign. She participates in improvisational theater with a northern N.E. social action group; performances centering on crisis situations have taken place in NH, Montreal, DC, and NY. Her doctor son studies hepatitis at Centers for Disease Control; son David is pres. of Agritech, a company he started last year, and is father of her three grandchildren; third son John in second year Harvard Business School; daughter Martha, recently married, lives in San Diego.

Ellis Kitchell Bliss says her husband had such a good time at their 25th, they are both coming to the 40th. When Jane Kennedy Murdock goes to Bath, ME to visit Catherine Oakes and Eleanor Voorhees, she will visit Ellis in Portland.

Janet Cruikshank McCawley has plans for reunion. She loves retirement on Martha's Vineyard and is grateful for time to read. Forsaking a teaching career, she keeps busy making her gourmet soup and has just published Martha's Vineyard Soup Kitchen Book—30 Easy Recipes. New puppy and grandson keep them young, also a trip to France and Switzerland.

Louise Enequist Ferguson would like to hear that the old East House group is coming to reunion. Although her fifth and sixth grandchildren are due soon afterward, she would come East. All four children are married; two live in the Boston area. Husband is professor of orthopedics at U of Pittsburgh. The thought of retirement scares them both.

Phbie Gardner Rockholz has missed only one reunion and intends to beat this one. She and Bill have been visiting Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Australia and last year saw England and Scotland. They visited relatives in New London recently and so drove through campus. They have lived in Nashville for eight years. Bill is pres. of Third Lease Corp., an affiliate of Third Nat'l Bank. Phbie has done many volunteer projects, the biggest as chairperson of "Trees of Christmas." Son John teaches in SC, son Peter dir. of alcohol treatment.
Jean Mueller Card reports a new house, new studio and a large new gas kiln. With exhibits of her pottery at the NY Coliseum and Meadowlands this past year to Jean's credit, she still finds time to help Andrew train and care for their standard-bred horses. Barbara Bates Stone's volunteer job at her church bookstore was given some space of life when Alistair took her on a hot air balloon ride to celebrate their 30th anniversary. Bebe says the trip was far less frightening than the ski lift she once encountered in AK.

Nancy Beam Harnett and Joe's trip to Scotland, Ireland and London last fall was highlighted by viewing the military tape performance in Edinburgh. Now the Harnetts are luxuriating in the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step grandchildren, Nancy is bearing with news of her first granddaughter, a boy named Toby.

Marie Booth Fowler and her babe still at their teaching jobs. Herb is prof. of arch. at U of AR and Boothie is in her 14th yr. of her school social studies. Last year, the Fowlers toured Italy with 24 art and architecture students who were housed in a country castle between Florence and Sienna. Boothie always asks if there isn't someone who comes her way — out to the Ozarks.

Elizabeth Stuart Krudener has been made a partner in her law firm in Des Moines. Liza comments that doing trial work and lots of farmers' cases is a big switch for a housewife of four years ago.

Patricia Hemphill Lepingwell is enjoying her new life of leisure, having resigned from her job in the trust division of Banc Ohio last year.

Nancy Morrow Nee and Tom spent four months traveling in Europe, highpointing their trip by following the pilgrimage route to Santiago de Compostela from Paris and walking out the towns of France, Italy and Spain en route. They then spent June in a rented pigeon tower in Beynac on the Dordogne River in France, where Bill and Helen Colegrove Nesbitt live. It was a wonderful experience exploring the countryside and learning about the Nesbitt's part of the world.

Nancy Head Bryant and Harry sold their home in '84 and spent that summer auctioning the excess that had accumulated from three generations, plus assorted relics. They now live in a townhouse condo on Lake Winnipesaukee. From Jan. to May they are in their home at Hanalei. Nancy has seen Bertha Mayer Romanow in HI and Emily Estes Whelan in L.A. Nancy would love a call if you vacation in her direction. She's listed in the Kauni phone book.

Margaret Lucas Guntner has a lovely apt. in a mountain chalet in the French Swiss Alps for weekly rentals.

Dana Duffield Wilder formed a corporation with her partner and moved her business to a retail location. She's sorry to miss reunion and sends a warm hug to Kathy. If you are in the area, feel free to stop for a visit.

Dana Davis Magee said '85 was a great year! Younger daughter and son married; first grandson (second grandchild) born, traveled to AZ, Curt is busy with real estate and Dena involved with local art museum tours and classes, historical society oral history project and Friends of the Library.

Margie Watson Fulham's home in Wellesley Hills was the scene of laughs, reminiscence and discussion of last year's reunion. Joanne bought a telegram. Dana Davies Magee, Muriel Evans Shaw, Jane Seaver Coddington, Sally Nichols Herrick and Patty Kreutzer Heath.

Sally Duffield Wilder formed a corporation with her partner and moved her business to a retail location. She's sorry to miss reunion and sends a warm hug to Kathy. If you are in the area, feel free to stop for a visit.

Lynne DeFreitas Johnson is having a great time now that the remodelers work. She's busy with hiking, camping, concert going.

Ann Frank Oser will come to reunion from CA. Dick and she have traveled a lot, Europe in spring '85, then AK and AZ in the fall. She's enjoying first grandchild as a grandmother should. She saw Nancy Armstrong Wood at last fall.

Barbara Grimes Wise received my postcard on her birthday and the day she joined Grand House Mgmt. Co. as property manager covering Santa Monica to Long Beach via Palos Verdes and San Pedro. Office overlooks a 100% of the oceanfront property used by the movie industry. Ditto finds her work challenging and fun. Former husband Roger died. Daughter Cindy is with S. Stallone TV movie productions after four years at a boarding school in Morocco and Nice doing extra work. Nancy Ihead Br'nnln and Harry sold their home in '84 and have moved to the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step grandchildren, Nancy is bearng with news of her first granddaughter, a boy named Toby. Nancy Beam Harnett and Joe's trip to Scotland, Ireland and London last fall was highlighted by viewing the military tape performance in Edinburgh. Now the Harnetts are luxuriating in the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step grandchildren, Nancy is bearng with news of her first granddaughter, a boy named Toby. Nancy Beam Harnett and Joe's trip to Scotland, Ireland and London last fall was highlighted by viewing the military tape performance in Edinburgh. Now the Harnetts are luxuriating in the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step grandchildren, Nancy is bearng with news of her first granddaughter, a boy named Toby. Nancy Beam Harnett and Joe's trip to Scotland, Ireland and London last fall was highlighted by viewing the military tape performance in Edinburgh. Now the Harnetts are luxuriating in the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step grandchildren, Nancy is bearng with news of her first granddaughter, a boy named Toby. Nancy Beam Harnett and Joe's trip to Scotland, Ireland and London last fall was highlighted by viewing the military tape performance in Edinburgh. Now the Harnetts are luxuriating in the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step grandchildren, Nancy is bearng with news of her first granddaughter, a boy named Toby. Nancy Beam Harnett and Joe's trip to Scotland, Ireland and London last fall was highlighted by viewing the military tape performance in Edinburgh. Now the Harnetts are luxuriating in the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step grandchildren, Nancy is bearng with news of her first granddaughter, a boy named Toby. Nancy Beam Harnett and Joe's trip to Scotland, Ireland and London last fall was highlighted by viewing the military tape performance in Edinburgh. Now the Harnetts are luxuriating in the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step grandchildren, Nancy is bearng with news of her first granddaughter, a boy named Toby. Nancy Beam Harnett and Joe's trip to Scotland, Ireland and London last fall was highlighted by viewing the military tape performance in Edinburgh. Now the Harnetts are luxuriating in the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step grandchildren, Nancy is bearng with news of her first granddaughter, a boy named Toby. Nancy Beam Harnett and Joe's trip to Scotland, Ireland and London last fall was highlighted by viewing the military tape performance in Edinburgh. Now the Harnetts are luxuriating in the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step grandchildren, Nancy is bearng with news of her first granddaughter, a boy named Toby. Nancy Beam Harnett and Joe's trip to Scotland, Ireland and London last fall was highlighted by viewing the military tape performance in Edinburgh. Now the Harnetts are luxuriating in the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step grandchildren, Nancy is bearng with news of her first granddaughter, a boy named Toby. Nancy Beam Harnett and Joe's trip to Scotland, Ireland and London last fall was highlighted by viewing the military tape performance in Edinburgh. Now the Harnetts are luxuriating in the latest addition to their home, a spa room complete with jacuzzi. After 11 step grandchildren, Nancy is bearng with news of her first granddaughter, a boy named Toby.
is practicing law and living in Newport.

Olivia Ramsey Brown sent updated news, claiming that she is the most "ex" of ex-48ers. She and Duncan celebrated their 40th anniversary last May, having lived in VT for 35 years. Two daughters are in business, a third at CA Inst. of Arts. Both sons are in construction business. Georgie raves about her only grandson, Hilary, eight. Duncan is in the insurance business but allows for extensive travel. The Brown's last trip was a no-pressure, peaceful getaway on the Thames River. At this reading, Duncan will have sailed across the Atlantic in his 47' ketch. Georgie is remaining on land.

Joanna Ray Inches and Henny have also been cruising, on their Hinckley yawl, to ME. Oct. takes them annually to Bermuda and in the winter they're off skiing in Europe. Neither Joanna nor Henny is retired.

Lysbeth Walker Platt and Ned are extensively renovating their new home in Walpole, NH. Ned has moved his business to Bellows Falls, VT.

Marquita Sharp Gladwin and Homer, contemplating retirement, have decided to stay put in the East and invest in their own home, rather than move to warmer climes. They are thoroughly enjoying the renovations and new additions, as well as their new grandson, born 3/17/85.

Frances Ferris Ackema and Hank attended a lovely CC campaign dinner at the famous Inn at Rancho Santa Fe, CA. The Ackemas see their four children and seven grandchildren periodically since all live within an hour radius of each other. Hank is very busy with his avocado grove but he and Fran manage a trip at least once a year. They visited with Angela Shona when they came East for a high school reunion.

Angie Shona also hosted Patricia Reid Dinsmore and Bob at her RI home when the Dinsmores were returning to NC. Angie is still recuperating from a broken hip sustained in summer '84. She manages to walk without her cane and finally played an 18-hole round of golf for the first time in a full year.

Marika Hartman Herndon is a volunteer information specialist at the Nat'l Gallery of Art in DC. When she is not taking yoga lessons or Japanese flower arranging, she occasionally brunches with Natalie Kroll Lobe, Joan Dimmit Lewis and Jane Tilley Griffin. Son Dudley is pres. of a mtg. backing co. in CA and Randy is a lawyer in DE. The Herndons have five grandchildren.

Virginia Doyle Thurston finds time from being an active grandmother of nine for local, state and national garden clubs. She hosted a N.E. symposium on landscape design at her home in Harvard. She is also active in the Appalachian Mtn. Club and pres. of the local women's club.

Eleanor Barber Malmfeldt attended a field school program in historical archaeology last summer. Organized by Old Sturbridge Village, the program was funded by the Nat'l Endowment for the Humanities.

Phyllis Hoge Kirtley and Baci will be at Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, for Dec. and Jan. The changed title of Phyl's fifth book of poems is *The Ghosts of Who We Were*, to be out in April. Phyl has already begun another book.

Enid Williford Waldron and Steve spent the entire summer in ME since Steve has retired, which allows more time for leisure and travel. They visited Israel and Egypt last year and are now studying Italian for a planned student tour this winter.

Elizabeth Morse Baptie is looking forward to travel and more travel to all the parts of the world where she hasn't been. Her five children are scattered throughout the states but she manages to play grandmother occasionally. She is still very much involved with tennis; playing, coaching, managing and teaching. Her long-term association with the sport has led to hosts of friends all over the world. Betty's second passion in life is painting, with watercolor her medium.

Murphy Norton Swift wrote about her life in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. To mention but a few of her fascinating experiences, Fran was an announcer on the English broadcasting service of Radio Riyadh for the Ministry of Information, then prepared and presented her own weekly 15-minute program about things to see and do in the Riyadh area. When she returned from her state visit last July, she entered a Safeway Store competition and won $500 for her composition. Fran and Jack have

---

They Made a Difference

1911, Morton F. Plant

1950, Dr. A. Parks


1934, Governor Wilbur Cross, Mrs. Mary Harkness, Katherine Blunt, Harriette Webster '33.

1984, Nina Davit

Hamill '73, Jim Hamill '74, Steve Brunetti '76, Mark Warren '75, David Geller '81

... So Can You

Send your gift to the College now!
The Campaign ends June 30, 1986

Connecticut College
Strickland House
New London, CT 06320
(203) 447-7540
50

Margaret MacDermid Davis and husband Ridgway, spent three weeks this past summer in England and Scandinavia where they enjoyed traveling by rail. They arrived home in time for the birth of their first grandchild, Evan, born in NYC to their atty. son Douglas, an associate with Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy, and wife Sheila, a radiologist on the staff of NY Hospital/Cornell Medical Center. "I have a reputation to uphold and "what we need is a holdout!" John spent the summer in AZ, studying geology; he went out for 3 weeks while he was there and checked his CO, UT, and AZ

Correspondent: Edith LeWitt Mead (Mrs. Edwin W), Deacon Grant Farm, Nolfick, CT 06080

52

Fairfield Frank DuBois lives in Winnetka, IL. Daughter Anne taught in Port-au-Prince two years but is back in Minneapolis where she teaches children with learning disabilities. John retired after graduation in June '85 joined the Peace Corps, while oldest daughter, Boaue, a CC grad, is in Manhattan learning to become an interior designer. Beverly Bower Shadler left the East Coast 12 years ago and found a LaJolla, CA, beach and Delightful Ed has radio stations, so they meet many interesting media characters. Beverly has also become a widow of the Chargers. whose games are broadcast on their LaJolla station. Ed and Sue, is married with two children. NA, a pleasant place for the Shadlers to visit. Second child Ned is a first yr. student at Harvard Business School. Leigh, in the SF area, is "a throwback to the flower children of the '60s!" Besides taking a lot with Ed. She feels it is her turn to relax in the sun by the pool and invites classmates to look her up when in the San Diego area.

Julie Bonigan is considering to realize that she has taught Algebra 127 times! She enjoys teaching in Waterford, CT and doing many volunteer projects. Computer math has become a new subject and has reinforced many mathematical concepts. Julie has been involved with the first generation of computers—the UNIVAC with vacuum tubes in 1952 while doing the calculations for the Nautilus.

Julie Clark Bonta has been promoted to vp of the trust division of Pittsburgh Nat'l Bank where she is a portfolio manager. She is active in the Executive Women's Council of Pittsburgh and in Republican politics in Bethel Park, where she lives. An almost even split. in the various affiliations there gives political workers much incentive. She and David enjoy live theater in the area enhanced by good drama depts. at three colleges.

Georgianna Alarre Markel for 13 years has lived in the Chicago area. She and her husband, Art, are interested in photography for Reynolds Int'l and involved in the Titanic searches. Georgi is grateful for family nearby. Son Douglas was married in '84 and works in insurance. Daughter Robyn is a teacher-consultant in the adolescent psychiatric unit at the Medical College of VA. Heidi, was married April '85 and is a flight attendant with Piedmont Airlines. Georgi has a small printing business, sells Appalachian baskets, retails part time and plays tennis.

Our class mourns the loss of two classmates: Gloria Sterling-Quarentella died 10/15/85, in Groton, CT. She was a music library manager until early retirement in 67. She taught music, piano and voice privately. She was a member of the Buick Club of America and the Yankee Yesteryear Car Club. She was known as "Miss Buick" because she and her husband, Joseph owned a large collection of antique cars, winning many prizes in competition.


Correspondent: Margaret Ohi Grace, 609 Lucas St., Pongee City, OK 77543
54 Joan Feldgoise Jaffe graduated spring '85 from Temple U Law School at the same time her middle son, Richard graduated from Tulane Law! Both were studying for the PA bar exam. Previously, Joan worked for a hospice program at a large, local hospital, wrote a book on volunteer training for hospice and still serves on a state-wide hospice network.

Ann Dygert Brady is back in DC, still with ABC News. Daughter Wren lives with her and is asst mgr of an "office supply cum gifts store" in DC. Eldest daughter Robin is in NYC and the boys, Jay and Cliff are in FL "doing things for the public good," Ann was lucky enough to get to London and Paris recently on business.

JoanAbbott's card revealed a Ph.D. and that she is dir of research at Electro Biology, Inc. in Fairfield, NJ.

Nancy Blau Lasser and John play tennis often. Both are busy with the Kessler Institute, a rehabilitation hospital near Short Hills, NJ where they live. Daughter Lynn lives in Chappaqua, NY with son Jeffrey, born in 3/85 and daughter Jennifer, 3. Another daughter, Ellen, was married in 3/85 to Richard Stall, a Ph. D. in electrical engineering who specializes in disks for computers. Ellen is a portfolio mgr for David J. Green & Co. They live in Berkeley Heights, NJ. Last spring Nancy met with Joan Feldgoise Jaffe, Nancy Weiss Klein and Marianne Fisher Hess for a mini-reunion at the Russian Tea Room, NYC. They had a great time reminiscing!

Mary Clymer Guilbert and John, a professor, are spending a sabbatical in NH and France. Their home is in Tucson, AZ. Mary has been working part-time as a librarian. Children are Anne, Linda and Paul and grandchildren are William and Jessica.

Marsha Cohen Gorden is a chemist and a v.p. in the International Consulting Engineering Co. Morton is a political scientist and they enjoy traveling to Third World countries. Nicole graduated from CC '81 and Lisa is class of '86 at Boston U.

Anne Cross Frost is a paid coordinator for parent activities at the Allendale-Columbia School in Pittsford, NY. Husband Kent is pres. of Cross Bros. Bob graduated from Wittenberg in '79 and Martha from Bates in '83.

Nena Cunningham Dahling keeps busy with the Jr. League and as a board member of the Mary Thompson Foundation, which deals with the trail and elderly, and she also raises money for CC. Bill is director of the Affiliation Center for Creative Studies & the Detroit Music School. Bill Jr., Williams '78 and Michigan Law '83, practices law. Dick, Trinity '81, is at the Danden School of Business at U of VA and Peter is a freshman at Williams. The Dahlings were in Scotland in Aug.

Elizabeth Alcorn Holt's daughter, Carrie, was married 7/27 to Christopher Shohr who's working on his Ph.D. at Duke U. Carrie has a job in Durham as a social worker. She studied for her degree at U of MN. Another daughter, Weezie, works for Burroughs in Boston and Emmett, who married Gwen Davis in 4/84, lives in Pride's Crossing, MA and works for a small computer firm.

Jane Daly Crowley sure keeps BUSY! Since '82 she has been exec. dir of the Hospital of St. Raphael Foundation. She is also volunteer chairm. of the investment comm. for CT Trails Council of the Girl Scouts, chairm. of CC Planned Giving Advisory Comm. Bd. mbr. of Gaylord Hospital and m/h ship ehm. of the CT Estate and Tax Planning Council. Husband Chuck is with an insurance agency. Daughter Tracy graduated from Wheaton in '83 and Tara from Mt. Holyoke in '85.

Norma Jeanne Hamady Richards is the paid social coordinator at St. Alban's School in DC. She, too, is very busy with volunteer work. Ed is a physician and son Mark, a Yale grad, is following in his father's footsteps. Andrea, an Ohio Wesleyan grad (with Margie McGean Flynn's daughter!) is working in Boston. Laura is a junior at Wake Forest U.

Sally Lindblad Hollister enjoys her role as a housewife. Jim is still with U.S. Steel. Martha, a grad of WV Wesleyan, is married. has a son and is living in WV. Amy, Ithaca '82, is married to a West Pointer. lives near there and teaches jr. high music. Kate's in high school and loves horses.

Florence (Dudy) Yars McQuilling's daughter Carol was married 9/20/85 to William McCloskey, who is at NYU Law. They live in Brooklyn Heights, NY.

Elizabeth Cleveland Lackey is in the guidance dept. at the Winson School near Boston and working towards an advanced degree.

We visited N.Y. with Cathleen Sampson and Bob after our return from the U.K. in July '85 and heard news of their three grandchildren and Enid Siviny Gorvine's latest venture: The Hampton House, a shop of Scottish imports from "garage-sized" factories in Norwell, MA. Gretchen Taylor Kingman is the mgr.

Correspondent: Yvonne Keating Learned, (Mrs. Leslie S.), 163 Little Neck Rd., Centerport, NY 11721

56 Anne Brownings is finishing her work for her M. Ed. in counseling degree. Charlie is at Andover, Alfred at U of CO Boulder, and Mark is working on a master's degree at George Washington. She has seen Debby Gutman Fehevery at Rutgers.

Suzanne Rosenhish Oppenheimer is a state senator after four terms as mayor of Mamaroneck. Marcy, Yale '84, works for Ralph Nader; Evan graduated from Yale in '85; Josh is a freshman at B.U.; and Alix is a high school sophomore.

Camilla (Camie) Tyson Hall sent youngest child, Jay, off to Middlebury. Ginny is at Denison, and Nancy is working near home. Camie works part-time at a counseling center and plays golf with enthusiasm. She and Tom see Sue Crane Kramer and Bud often.

Peggy Mark Heller keeps busy as chairman of Morris County Dept. on Aging advisory council, vp of Family Service of Morris County, and vp of Retired Senior Volunteer Program.

Joyce Bagley Rheingold is v.p. of Westchester chapter of Children's Blood Foundation at NY Hospital and is a trustee of Rye Free Reading Room. Oldest son David is at U of Richmond Law School. Ted, 15, the only child at home, plays ice hockey.

Angela Areudal McKelvey will take another group of high school students to France. Paula graduated from Catholic U and Peter is a senior at Williams.

Janice (Ginger) Simone Ladley volunteers with the Republican party and Speech and Hearing Auxiliary between trips to Chile and Cestaad. Mark is a freshman at Duke and Chris is at Deerfield.

Gale Anthony Clifford is supervising editor at Houghton Mifflin while Guy helps out in the kitchen.

José Limon and Betty Jones in Moore's Pavane, 1967, American Dance Festival, Connecticut College.
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
SLATE OF OFFICERS

The Nominating Committee presents the 1986 slate of candidates for Alumni Association offices. The slate was chosen carefully from suggestions made by alumni across the nation. A ballot will be mailed to all alumni in April. Nominations by petition are explained below.

For President, 1986-1989
Ellen Hofheimer Bettmann ’66
West Newton, Massachusetts

Ellen Hofheimer Bettmann ’66 recently returned to the States following a year in London, where she founded and was first president of the Connecticut College Club of Great Britain. A member of the Boston Area Committee of the Campaign for Connecticut College, she was also a Campaign volunteer in London. Mrs. Bettmann has also been a Connecticut admissions aide.

An English major at Connecticut, Ellen Bettmann has taught English in the Bronx, in Brookline, Massachusetts, at the American School of London, and was special projects coordinator for the Newton Community Schools from 1982-84. Her volunteer experience includes extensive work in the Understanding Handicaps Program in Newton, where she was City-Wide Coordinator for Physical Limitations and co-author of a workbook on handicaps.

In addition, Mrs. Bettmann has volunteered her skills at the Multi Service Center, a foster parent program for adolescents in crisis; at the Museum of Science; at numerous local schools; and at Temple Shalom of Newton. She has also been active in politics, serving as a ward captain.

For Secretary, 1986-1989
Elizabeth McLane McKinney ’52
Cincinnati, Ohio

Elizabeth McLane McKinney ’52 has worked for the Cincinnati Opera since 1978, as Education/Outbreak/Touring Program Director and as Administrative Director of the Opera’s Ensemble Company.

A psychology major at Connecticut, Mrs. McKinney founded and worked as administrative director of Community Help Services, a mental health center in Brussels, Belgium, from 1972 to 1978. Prior to her work in mental health, she taught English in Brussels for three years.

Betsey McKinney has been a class agent for the C.C. Class of ’52, and is now president of her class. Other volunteer activities include work at Longview State Hospital and fundraising projects for the Junior League.

For Director, 1986-1989
Jane Day Hooker ’44
Branford, Connecticut

Jane Day Hooker ’44, an art major at Connecticut, is presently studying at Yale Divinity School and working as an illustrator and calligrapher. Since receiving her master’s in art education from Southern Connecticut State University in 1964, she has illustrated three books.

While raising her children, Mrs. Hooker worked part-time teaching and in the Yale University Art Gallery. Over the years, she has taught at St. Thomas School, Perry-Mansfield School, and the Foote School in New Haven.

Mrs. Hooker is president of the Class of ’44 and has also served as regional class agent and vice-president/reunion chairman.

In her community, she works with the Blood Bank and has been a Red Cross Nurses Aid since 1943. She was on the board of directors of the Creative Arts Workshop in New Haven, Yale University Art Gallery Associates, the Wightwood School in Guilford, and the Sterling School in Hamden. She was the co-founder and board member of Notch Hill Nursery in North Branford, and served as docent for the New Haven Colony Historical Society.

Mrs. Hooker has volunteered her time and talents to the United Fund, the North Branford Historical Society, and the Museum and Accessions Committee of the Branford Historical Society. She belongs to the National Society of Colonial Dames. Her church activities include Christian education, altar guild, choir, eight years on the vestry, and eight years as parish clerk. She is a licensed liturgical assistant.

The following paragraphs from Article III of the Connecticut College Alumni Association bylaws explain the procedure for nomination by petition.

A. Nominations

i. By Nominating Committee

For all offices to which candidates are to be elected by vote of the Association a single slate shall be prepared by the Nominating Committee.

ii. By Petition

Nomination for any elective office may be made by petition signed by at least twenty-five (25) active members of the Association; such petition to be received by the Nominating Committee by April 15 in any given year.
Son Bill works in DC; Bob is a senior at USC; Jamie is a senior at BC. John is a high school junior. Gale and Prudy Parris count on seeing every one of us at the 30th reunion /55th anniversary "bash" in May. Pam enjoys the game on Wall St. and is a church trustee and AAUW program chairman. Daughter Pam lives in Miami; Chip crews for a 12-meter yacht contending for the America's Cup. Ted is at Northwestern grad school; and Gail is a senior at Gettysburg. Prudy, our reunion chairman, reminds us that we still know how to have a good time!

Betty Ann Smith Tylaska, our treasurer, urgently needs $10,000 dues, payable to CC Class of '56. Send to Box 230 RFD 1, Mystic CT 06355

Marjory Lewin Ross is a consultant for an advisory service on students' summer programs and sells ad space to alumni magazines. Her girls are in 8th and 12th grades. As our class agent, she reminds us to send 30th reunion gifts.

Cynthia Russian Peters is a certified family therapist and lecturer in her field. Son Mark is a lawyer, and Jeff is in medical school.

Amalie Hughes Montstream sings in the Hartford Chorale, plays hammered dulcimer, and works part-time in her husband's law office. She has seen Marilyn Mason Ramsay.

Beverly Lawson Watts has two new daughters-in-law. Youngest son Geoffrey is a senior at Vanderbilt.

Margaret Thorp Tumnick's husband Bob died in Jan. '88. Daughter Rebecca graduated from UConn and has joined her sister Sarah as a computer programmer at Lockheed. Margaret reports that Nellie Beetham Stark received the Native Daughter Award at the Norwich Rose Arts Festival.

Susanna Martin Reardon also lost her husband last year. Her three children are all at home. She is administrative assistant for college counseling at Trinity School in NY.

Mary Roth Benioff and Ann Robertson Cohen own and charter a six passenger restored antique barge with service on students' summer programs and sells ad space for Ivy League alumni magazines. Her girls are in 8th and 12th grades. As our class agent, she reminds us to send 30th reunion gifts.

Cynthia Russian Peters is a certified family therapist and lecturer in her field. Son Mark is a lawyer, and Jeff is in medical school.

Amalie Hughes Montstream sings in the Hartford Chorale, plays hammered dulcimer, and works part-time in her husband's law office. She has seen Marilyn Mason Ramsay.

Beverly Lawson Watts has two new daughters-in-law. Youngest son Geoffrey is a senior at Vanderbilt.

Margaret Thorp Tumnick's husband Bob died in Jan. '88. Daughter Rebecca graduated from UConn and has joined her sister Sarah as a computer programmer at Lockheed. Margaret reports that Nellie Beetham Stark received the Native Daughter Award at the Norwich Rose Arts Festival.

Susanna Martin Reardon also lost her husband last year. Her three children are all at home. She is administrative assistant for college counseling at Trinity School in NY.

Mary Roth Benioff and Ann Robertson Cohen own and charter a six passenger restored antique barge with service on students' summer programs and sells ad space for Ivy League alumni magazines. Her girls are in 8th and 12th grades. As our class agent, she reminds us to send 30th reunion gifts.

Cynthia Russian Peters is a certified family therapist and lecturer in her field. Son Mark is a lawyer, and Jeff is in medical school.

Amalie Hughes Montstream sings in the Hartford Chorale, plays hammered dulcimer, and works part-time in her husband's law office. She has seen Marilyn Mason Ramsay.

Beverly Lawson Watts has two new daughters-in-law. Youngest son Geoffrey is a senior at Vanderbilt.

Margaret Thorp Tumnick's husband Bob died in Jan. '88. Daughter Rebecca graduated from UConn and has joined her sister Sarah as a computer programmer at Lockheed. Margaret reports that Nellie Beetham Stark received the Native Daughter Award at the Norwich Rose Arts Festival.

Susanna Martin Reardon also lost her husband last year. Her three children are all at home. She is administrative assistant for college counseling at Trinity School in NY.

Mary Roth Benioff and Ann Robertson Cohen own and charter a six passenger restored antique barge with service on students' summer programs and sells ad space for Ivy League alumni magazines. Her girls are in 8th and 12th grades. As our class agent, she reminds us to send 30th reunion gifts.

Cynthia Russian Peters is a certified family therapist and lecturer in her field. Son Mark is a lawyer, and Jeff is in medical school.

Amalie Hughes Montstream sings in the Hartford Chorale, plays hammered dulcimer, and works part-time in her husband's law office. She has seen Marilyn Mason Ramsay.

Beverly Lawson Watts has two new daughters-in-law. Youngest son Geoffrey is a senior at Vanderbilt.

Margaret Thorp Tumnick's husband Bob died in Jan. '88. Daughter Rebecca graduated from UConn and has joined her sister Sarah as a computer programmer at Lockheed. Margaret reports that Nellie Beetham Stark received the Native Daughter Award at the Norwich Rose Arts Festival.

Susanna Martin Reardon also lost her husband last year. Her three children are all at home. She is administrative assistant for college counseling at Trinity School in NY. 
Mystery Mocha Desert

This has been a favorite dessert of CC students for years.

Batter:

\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup plus 1 tablespoon all-purpose flour} \]
\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup plus 1 tablespoon sugar} \]
1 teaspoon baking powder
5 tablespoons cocoa
1½ tablespoons butter
5 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix first three ingredients together in bowl. Blend cocoa and butter in saucepan; melt over low heat. Blend with dry ingredients on low speed. Gradually add milk and vanilla; mix until smooth. Pour batter into baking dish.

Topping:

3½ tablespoons light brown sugar, packed loosely
2 tablespoons cocoa, sifted
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup strong coffee

Betsy Carter Bannerman is enjoying every minute with her new baby but, being a single parent, is obligated to continue working in the documentary film business in post-production in S.F.

Bobbie Edwin Weinstein hosted a reunion at her home in Englewood, N.J. in June '85 for Florence McCrea Wright, Carole Root Cole, Volanta (Yolie) Berzins Kaneps and Marcia Brazina Littenberg; a rehearsal, perhaps, for our 25th in June '87?

Ellen Gottlieb Kan is a medical secretary and directs community theater musicals as time allows. She reports two children at CC ('88 and '86) having sensatio- nal experiences.

Correspondence: Mildred Schmidman Kendall, 916 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002


Ann Addison Berry is a senior budget analyst formulating the Medicare budget at the DHHS Health Care Financing Administration in Baltimore. She and Merl are home schooling their 14-year-old daughter with all three learning a lot.

Louise Brickleley Pippen moved to DE where she is teaching at Concord Pre-school and Cork works in favorite relations with Conoco/Dupont.

Barbara Burris is special ass't to Congressman Dante Fascell, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee in DC and she is also DC area co-chair of the Campaign for CC.

Ann Bachstein Heter is secretary at Lincoln Elementary School in Cannon City, CO while Max enjoys being a house-husband.

Margo Conderman Carter took a "cultural sabattical" in New Haven before starting a new job in sales which she finds exciting.

Betsy Carter Bannerman is enjoying every minute with her new baby but, being a single parent, is obligated to continue working in the documentary film business in post-production in S.F.

Bobbie Edwin Weinstein hosted a reunion at her home in Englewood, N.J. in June '85 for Florence McCrea Wright, Carole Root Cole, Volanta (Yolie) Berzins Kaneps and Marcia Brazina Littenberg; a rehearsal, perhaps, for our 25th in June '87?

Ellen Gottlieb Kan is a medical secretary and directs community theater musicals as time allows. She reports two children at CC (’88 and ’86) having sensational experiences.

Susan Greens Aldrich received her MBA in finance from Pace U in June ’84 and is a bond analyst in White Plains at the Muni Bond Insurance Assn.

Ann Hainline Howe does volunteer work in a high school career resource office, at a health care rehab facility for the elderly, and with support groups for stroke victims all in the New Canaan area.

Nancy Jones DeForest, still living in the Netherlands, recently visited Kenya where her family camped for two weeks with a group of 35 people from all over the world—an exhilarating experience.

Lee Knowlton Parker is executive director of an arts council which serves 50 arts organizations in three counties of WI. She also is on the board of her local Community Health Foundation.

Heather Turner Frazier reminds us that our 25th reunion is only little more than a year away and urges us to aim for 100% participation.

Correspondence: June Crandell-Glass, 21 Bow Rd., Wayland, MA 01778

64 MARRIED: Patricia Burton Carpenter to John B. Jacoby 1/23/85.

BORN: to Hunter Ingalls and Mary Emney, Timothy, 6/10/85.

Ellen Greenslade Cardwell and Allison McGrath Robinson have finally caught up with each other again, after 20 years—at a dance at St. Mark's Church in DC.

Ellen reports that Allison looks "slim, rich and gorgeous!" Ellen and husband Larry moved out of the city this summer to Arlington, VA where they are learning the intricacies of machines such as lawnmowers and leafblowers. Ellen is exec. administrator for the NAU Assn. of Corporate Directors, working with CEO's and business leaders working on government issues. She also has two small businesses—one in career coaching and counseling, the other in catering. Ellen is founder and director of the St. Mark's players, who do an annual Gilbert & Sullivan production. Currently she's casting for "Pirates of Penzance." Ellen's son, Adam Reis, is "finding himself" ski-bumming in Aspen.

Barbara Brachman Fried has been re-elected to another four-year term as trustee of Glen Ellyn, IL. She also is a counselor at DuPage College and has begun a 24-hour MBA program at the U of IL— Chicago.

Sandra Colby Browne is a language consultant at General Motors research laboratory in Warren, MI. Recently, she published and presented a paper entitled Four Problems in Spoken English for Non-native Professionals which addresses the problems of research scientists in industry for whom English is a second language but who hope to give professional oral presentations. Sandra's mission is to "build bridges between academia and industry."

Four ’64 alumni who couldn't make reunion in New London last year had their own mini-reunion last summer at Rehoboth Beach, DE. Genie Dunn Hindall, Diane Howell Stewart, Barbara Brachman Fried and Ginger Haggerty Schwartz reminisced for hours about good times in Vinal Cottage.

Genie Dunn Hindall has sold her guide service in DC and relocated with husband George to the Sarasota, FL area.

Ginger Haggerty Schwartz and husband Arthur have moved from Milwaukee to Stockbridge, MA where they are restoring a late 1700's house. They have two teenagers: Julie, 15 and Tony, 16.

Brenda Hunt Brown, after eight years as a special ed administrator in Brattleboro, VT, has moved with her daughters to Potomac, NY where Brenda returned to teaching emotionally disturbed teenagers. Brenda's own twins both graduate this year, Jennifer from college and Alison from high school.

On the move were Sally Kessler Mertens and family, from Skaneateles, NY to Milwaukee, WI where her husband is a dean at the U of WI. As Sally's son and daughter gear up for the college application process, Sally is directing a longitudinal study on women who graduated from Alverno College in the '70s.

Carol Bartholomew Medina is director of a Christian counseling center in Essex Fells, NJ. She and husband Mitch are deeply involved with world evangelism and spend a lot of time traveling spreading the Word. Carol's three children are Annabelle, 15; Allegra, 11; and Eli, 9.

Beryl (Widge) Cochran's mother wrote that Widge is happily living in Tacoma, WA working for the U.S. government and going to law school nights.

Gail Rosenberg Vignon has been elected president of the Los Angeles Assn. of Investment Women. She is ass't. v.p. for Trust Services of America, Inc. in L.A., where she is responsible for managing investments in trusts, foundations and employee benefit plans. Gail and husband Max have two daughters, Laura and Deborah.

Jeanette Gross completed her RN training and is a nurse at Hartford Hospital in a medical/surgical burn specialty unit. Despite her career changes, Jeanette says that music is her first love. She plays the organ on weekends, is taking viola lessons and plays with an ensemble in New Haven. Spare (?) time is spent taking courses at the U of Hartford working for her BSN.

Carol Aspinwall Miller's latest crusade is for a TV network—she and 22 other librarians in the elementary schools in The Woodlands, TX are involved in a one-week project where over 30,000 students (and families) go tubeless! Daughter Kate is a freshman at Wellesley and son Andy is a h.s. sophomore.

Another mini-reunion was held this fall in DC Susan Epstein Mesitte, Marie Bimbahl Vahl, Deane
Fischer Edelman, Alice Weinstein Joseph and Ellen Corroon Petersen all keep in touch via the CC Club of DC. Susan is campaign chairperson for the State attorney general of MD who is running for governor. Husband Peter has been appointed circuit court judge for MD; son Zach is college-shopping and daughter Abby is a freshman in high school.

Peggy Rawlins adores living in the heart of the wine country in northern CA in Healdsburg. She also adores her job as a director of the Sonoma County Cultural Arts Council.

Very best wishes to our newest class bride: Pat Burton Carpenter Jacoby! Husband John Jacoby is a professor at Amherst. After doing every conceivable type of volunteer job, Pat went back to work in ’73 as marketing manager for a public TV station. Since ’79 she has been working at Amherst and is asso secretory of development and director of corporate relations. Pat’s oldest son Brad is a CC freshman, younger son Scott is a senior at Longmeadow (MA) High.

Barbara Brodsky Rothbart has all three of her children in school full-time. Peter in first grade, Davy in 7th and Peter in 10th. As a result, she is again working full-time as a sculptor. She and her family love Ann Arbor where husband Hal works at the U of MI. Michigan is conducive to all the activities the Rothbarts enjoy: camping, hiking, sailing and skiing.

There is never a dull moment in the Hatem household where Bettie Gorra Hatem, Lisa, 15; Mark, 12 and Beth, 4, just entertained a Mexican exchange student for the summer. Bettie teaches English to multi-national high school students, volunteers in school and is redecorating their house in Summit, NJ. Central to the lives of Mary Emeny and Huney Ingalls are three children: Alicia, 5; George Frederick, 2 and Timothy, 6 months. Habitat for Humanity is also important in Mary’s life and “deep concern about our national and international insensitivity of the needs of the planet and humanity, and a continually broadening and deepening spiritual focus round out my life.” “Where did the years go?” asks Miriam Ercoli Goldberg. Next year her son will begin college selection and her daughter will be in high school. Miriam and family live in Cambridge, MA where she dabbles in local politics and enjoys urban living.

Miriam’s question was implicit in every piece of correspondence I received. Interest in reunions is being rekindled. Marjorie Tobin Davidson, class v.p. is anxious to hear your suggestions for our 25th!

Correspondent: Sandra (Sandy) Dammester Dolan, 201 Cliff Ave., Pelham, NY 10803

66 MARRIED: Jane Stern Buchman to Lawrence Henigman. 5/1/83.
              BORN: to Hugh and Asia Rial Elsheer, Lucy Ruth, 4/23/84.

Jane Stern Buchman, Ph.D. and husband Lawrence Henigman live in Glenview, PA. Jane is a clinical psychologist at Abington Hospital Mental Health Center where she works with children and adolescents. Larry is an area sales manager for the major appliance division of G.E. Larry and Jane spend many weekends in Forked River, NJ where they enjoy boating.

Asia Rial Elsheer, husband Hugh and children Langdon, 4 and Lucy, 1 have moved to Chevy Chase, MD, where Langdon has entered the pre-K program at Sidwell Friends School. Asia continues as director of training for an agency of the Dept. of Agriculture. Hugh is an ass't director of the CRS at the Library of Congress.

Claire Gaudiani is the author of a book, Strategies for Development of Foreign Language and Literature Programs (Feb. 1984). The book is designed to assist academic administrators in making thoughtful and sensible changes in foreign language and literature departments.

Alice Karmel Juda recently returned from a six-month sabbatical in Switzerland where husband Larry was doing research on international law. Alice earned two certificates from the Alliance Francais and, armed with a newly acquired MLS degree, worked at American college library outside Geneva. Joining them were children Emily, 12 and Adam, 5.

Mary (Mae) Conconi Bradshaw was appointed by Gov. Michael Dukakis to the board of trustees of Salem State College. Mae and husband John live in Newburyport, MA where Mae has a law practice. She serves on the exec. board of the Essex County Bar Assn., is a corporator of the Portsmouth Hospital and the Institute for Savings in Newburyport, an advisor to the YMCA and the John Ashford Link House, and serves as a volunteer on several community committees.

Correspondent: Karen Schoepfer Hagerty, 1337 Summer Lane, McLean, VA 22102

              MARRED: Jane4/15/85; to Kevin Palfreyman and Donna Matthews, Brett Matthews Palfreyman 5/7/85; to Bill and Kathy McCarthy Cooper, Cordell Warner 5/2/85.

Gail Weintraub Cooney and her family have survived the perils of more than a year of major home remodel ing. Son Gabriel, 13, had his bar mitzvah in 7/85 and Ruth Choris Edelson attended. Another recent house guest was Helen Eggins, following her return from China. Gail is a part-time RN at Marin Suicide Prevention Center and Agape Foundation. She attended a CC reception held last fall in S.F.
Lynda Mauriello Franklin recently moved to a larger home in Chatham Township, NJ. Daughter Jennifer is a freshman at Kent State University and is studying business. She and Frank collect antique cars and recently loaned photos to the André Kertész Retrospective in Chicago. They attended the opening and look forward to the exhibit's arrival at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in NYC.

Barbara Moreski Holbrook still lives in HI and loves it. She keeps busy with two children, volunteer work and long walks on the beach. Last year she traveled to Hong Kong, Guam and Tokyo.

Jane Ranallo Goodman was a partner of a law firm specializing in negotiating and writing computer contracts for companies buying equipment and software. She and Richard do lots of Bar Association work in their fields, but still find time for opera and country weekends.

Susan Mabry Gaud is busy with baby Henry and his sister Emily, as she drives to dancing, gymnastics and church activities.

Cheryl Shepley Deane-Maniello writes that life is full of "the same old thing." She finished a production of My Fair Lady in 9/85, after doing Brigadoon, Company, and Chicago the previous year; she does grad work in art history; she is part-time "administrative assistant" for husband Bob, preparing reports and environmental impact statements for his landscape and land planning company. She is an active admissions aide for CC; she plays tennis, paddle ball and soccer; she went to Russia last June for two weeks and is raising their sib children and her daughter.

Folly Leonard-Keefer claims to have been a heroin for more than a year while working on a book about cartooning for which she interviewed about three dozen famous cartoonists. She found time, however, to teach class to cartooning at Akron U and to care of husband Bob and Ted, 15, at Western Reserve Academy and Whitney, 4.

Karla LeFren Blinn is back in school studying art. Her first art history teacher was Monica Rotchild Burros, CC '75.

Ellie Leader Pike is enjoying temporary life—and her leave of absence from teaching—in TX while husband Carl is on sabbatical, doing research in botany at the U of TX in Austin. Bitty is in grade 3 and Jill in grade 7.

Patricia Reinfield Kolody and family spent last summer touring France. She and Frank enjoyed seeing everything through the eyes of Johanna, 6. Patti is a docent at the Princeton U Museum and would be happy to give any classmate a special tour. She and Frank collect avant garde 20th century photography and recently loaned photos to the Andre Kertesz Retrospective in Chicago. They attended the opening and look forward to the exhibit's arrival at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in NYC.

Joyce Todd Wilson is director of product information for Federated Investors, Inc. She manages the advertising, marketing communications and public relations for the company, which supplies mutual funds to banks nationwide. Husband Dick is with Vuno.

Lovelie and Gray, a private law firm specializing in transportation law. Although both travel frequently for their jobs, they recently had a delightful vacation together in Switzerland. On a business trip to NYC, Joyce saw Ann Werner Johnson and Lynda Mauriello Franklin.

Sally Schwartzlter Sanders is arts editor for the Akron Press newspapers. Husband Jack is editor of The Ridgefield Press and has sold articles on speculation to The New York Times CT section and to several magazines. Sally and Jack and sons Benjamin, 10 and Michael, 8, last fall spent 12 days touring England, where they thoroughly enjoyed the old inns and the countryside.

Jean Wains Fisher, after ten years as an academic librarian, switched careers and is now an information specialist for General Foods Corp.

Donna Matthews reports that compared to mothering Heather, 16; Brendan, 2 and infant Brett, her part-time work as an RN in a cardiac rehabilitation program is like being on vacation.

Dinny Stearns Taylor was named project leader for the administrative programming group at the Williams College Computer Center. She claims she is adjusting more slowly to being the mother of a teenager than Aaron, 13 is to being a teenager. Daughter Karen is 9.

Suzanne Steinborn O'Cheyck and husband Brad moved to Princeton, NJ in '94. She completed an internship as a family nurse practitioner at Rutgers and works for Planned Parenthood. Brad is a benefit administrator at Lever Bros. in NYC. Son Terry, 7, is on soccer team and Matt, 5, attends preschool.

Candace Mayeron is vp of Ulysses Capital Corp. and loves her work sponsoring tax-advantaged investments.

Robertia Ward Holleman has lived in Sonoma, CA for 12 years with husband Terry and Christopher, 15. They enjoy living in an old farm house with five acres, cows and sheep. Robertia is director of the Rainbow Valley School, the first employment-related childcare center in Sonoma County, and is on the Sonoma Developmental Center.

Ruth Kischner Young is in S.F. writing fiction and doing a record series with The Bobs, a Bay Area New Wave vocal group. She also writes and illustrates children's books. Husband George is interning at the domestic violence project at Berkeley.

Mary-Eliza Walker Jackson writes that she is "seeking challenge—no, interesting—employment which will keep the vultures away but allow personal freedom for parenting." She is kept busy by her two boys, 4th and 7th graders.

Paula Zammataro Messina is co-director of Student Learning Center, Inc. in Meriden, CT, a state certified day school for learning disabled children. Husband Ed is changing careers from teaching to general contracting. Allison is 13 and Mark and Laurie are 10.

Shelley Taylor has published her book, "Health Psychotherapy," and is working on a novel, "The Great Leap," and has been since 1992. As soon as this column is in the mail, I leave (alone) for a three-week teaching assignment in Germany. Courtesy of the U.S. Office of Personnel Management, almost immediately after that we all leave for a semester in London, where Philip is directing an academic program for Bunker Hill Community College.

Correspondent: Nancy Finn Kukara, 79 Mt. Vernon St., Melrose, MA 02176

70 BORN: to Donald and Sharon Sweet DeLuca.

Sally Elizabeth, 8/10/85

Sharon Sweet DeLuca has been doing consulting in Finance and Agriculture for Wheaton College and Brown U for the past five years. Sally Elizabeth's brothers, Peter, 6 and Nathaniel, 5 are fascinated by their new sister.

Katherine Maxim Greenleaf is vp of Hannaford Bros. She recently served on a "Liberal Arts Day" panel at Westbrook College in ME, offering advice to current students to "think about who you are and not what you want to do," that employers are interested in a prospective employee's thinking process and ability to solve problems.

Randall Robinson, husband Greg, Casey, 6 and Whitney, 3 gave their 20 acres of farmland back to the original owner and moved back into Fresno. She describes "Yosemite" as a welcome change from almond farming. She continues her private clinical psychology practice and trained for the NYC marathon. She shared some wonderful moments at the 15th class reunion with Pauline Schweide Alsenza, Barb Keshen and Linda Manno Kennedy.

Correspondent: Karen Blickwede Knowlton, 1906 Sprucewood Lane, Lindenhurst, IL 60046
MARRIED: Denise Gagnon and Mohamed Nagib, 2/12/82.
BORN: Nancy Close, 10/25/84; to Peter and Beverly Close, Chairs in the Partnership for the Arts.

JoAnn Giordano is treasurer of Chapel Hill Service League, which is raising funds for a Ronald McDonald House. JoAnn and Richard's sons are Ben, 5, and Robert, 3.

Norma Drab Walthr worked on her third National Endowment for the Humanities fellowship last summer studying African and Latin American literature. Besides teaching at school English, she is busy with sons Ivan and Todd.

Lynne Miller Moshe and family returned to Israel in '82 after four years in Hudson, NY. Lynne teaches English and advises students in the Community College. Her fourth child, Miriam joined Odad, 1/11; Shimiela, 9/6, and Leah, 5 on 8/29/84.

Celia Hasbrouck has worked for SEI Corp. in Lexinton, MA. She has a training specialist. In her free time she owns and manages three-four family homes.

Linda Johnson Quale is with Patchers-Browningfield Advertising in Phoenix, Arizona. Husband Mark is with Telecommunications Inc. and their 9-year-old Matthew is very busy with school and soccer.

Cynthia (Cindy) Bond completed her MBA at Northwestern in '84.

Sherryl Goodman is an assp. prof. with tenure at Emory U in the psych dept., the only tenured woman in the 25-member dept.

Margaret (Meg) Creason Ashman is head of the Office of Externship at U VT Extension Service. Husband Jay also teaches at the University. Children are Kate, 6, and Daniel, 2.

Nancy Burnett teaches at the Job Corps in Oneonta, NY.

After her three-month maternity leave, Bonnie Baker Humphrey has returned to her law practice.

Betty Cohn Simpson is busy as a therapist and as a mother to Natalie, 4, and Erica. Mark works for Bechtel in the real estate group.

Nancy Close received her Ph.D. from Bryn Mawr College in May '84. She is a child therapist at Yale's child study center and also teaches in Yale's psych. dept.

Deborah Dickinson Shajitura has a private law practice in Middletown. Children, Sarah, 5, and Suzanne, 3, keep her busy. She and husband Danny visited Israel and Egypt in May '84.

Denise Gagnon Hamedy lives in Scheentady and is a part-time salesperson for a furniture company when not with husband Mohamed and son Gerard.

Stephanie Gomberg Chiusa is MNS manager at Computer Corporation of Boston, MA.

Kathleen Cooper Vadala is working on her dissertation and has been rehashing with a new chamber music group. Her husband did a summer concert tour with Chuck Mangione's band.

Kathryn Jacobs Housiaux teaches four-year-old kindergarten half days and stays active with Andy, 6, Julie, 4, and Charlie.

Christopher Berg Mara is a full-time mom, a full-time Shackle Ray coordinator and a certified colorologist in ME. In '84 the family went on a Royal Viking cruise to Montreal courtesy of Shackle.

J. Hatch Seiter is full-time mother to Meg, 7; Scott, 5; and Jay, 1.

Addie Bernheim Firtel has a growing shop with a large selection of ladies' clothes and accessories. She has three children and is a member of the assoc. bd. of trustees at the North Carolina Woman's Center for社会责任s.

Beth Alpert is working on her Ph.D. in Near Eastern archaeology from the dept. of oriental studies, U of AZ. She did field work in Israel last summer.

Koelker-Muller moved to Marion, MA in 2/85. Peter is with the New Bedford Standard-Times. Her boys are in 5th grade.

Debbie Eliason Rollins, John, and children Daniel, 8, and Andrea, 4 moved to New Haven where John works at Yale.

Claude Aufhauser travels extensively showing her Newfoundland dogs; she has been renovating a 250-year-old house in Concord, ME. She lives on Lake Winnepegue where she trains the dogs in water rescue. She still consults with her NY manufacturing firm.

Parry Barber Bagnell works at AT&T in Boston. She and Edward are busy raising Matthew, 5, and Andrew, 2.

Christine Hanson Adams is vp of Kaller Phillips & Ross, a division of Dodge, Dane, Bernbach. She works in NYC, and is responsible for the advertising of Tylenol, Pediacare, Reach toothbrushes and other products.

Karine Du Bray left NYC and Smith Barney in '84 and joined a Philadelphia law firm where she works in public finance. She lives in the center city and loves it.

Judith Piper Perkins lives in a house on the beach in Oregon. Her husband and two children. Her husband owns a trip fishing vessel and she runs the books at home in between kids. They use their sailboat and lobsterboat in their spare time.

Rita Riecke is enjoying her new 1790 home in Hopkinton, RI which she and Jim and daughter Tiana are busy restoring. She continues to teach dance at CC. In Nov she staged two Ted Shawn solos for a Dovey Uimpfance performance in Boston.

Enid Markowitz Garber is in private practice as a counseling rehabilitation as counselor doing consult work. David is distress manager for a film company.

Susan Monzani Swig left her job at Bain & Co. right before the birth of daughter Merrill, 2, and has been at home ever since.

Sally MacLaughlin Olivier enjoys rural suburban family life and keeps busy chasing after Gloria, 2, and Andrew, 5.

Linda Pinckney Emmons, active in CT state politics, is serving her fifth term as a representative in the General Assembly. She is now house chair of the committee on finance, revenue and bonding.

Peter Ann Rich Gilbert teaches emotionally disturbed juvenile high kids. Her daughter graduated, was married and is now in graduate school. Her son is at Evergreen State College and her youngest is in college in TX, where Peterann is visiting her living. She has written a novel about a CC gradate.

Linda Lee Howe and husband began a "man and pop" business designing and developing educational software. Their first package just reached the marketplace and business is taking off. Linda exhibits her artwork and designs murals. Her son is in first grade.

Elizabeth Otto is the administrator of the Colorado Open Space Council, the coordinating organization for the environmental community in CO.

Kathleen McGrath Stillman lives in Minneapolis, CT not far from CO, where she has taken courses in landscape design and in horticulture.

Glenn Morazzini has started a private practice as a psychotherapist with children and adults.

Pamela Peterson Johnson has recently reappointed to a two-year term on the mayor's Task Force on Women in Pennsylvania. She is a two-year term on the UC's Committee on Human Relations. She works as a real estate sales associate in the same area and researches brain neurotransmitters.

Karen Rudolph recently moved to Stonington, CT with husband Pat, who is out of the Coast Guard and now a civilian working at Ship Analystics, and six-year-old son Patrick Brigham Ryn. Maggie works as a self-employed accountant in her home and is also a part-time travel agent. She has taken art classes at the Lyme Art Museum.

Susan Froshauer finished her dissertation in microbiology and molecular genetics at Harvard last March
and is doing post-doctoral research in cell biology at Yal. She's enjoying salt marshes at her house on a cove outside of New Haven.

James Bernier is the v.p. associate publisher of Food and Wine Magazine and participates in the CC intern program. He lives in NYC, has a house in CT and sees a lot of Mark Gerolimo and Alec Farley '75. He'd appreciate news on Michael Baird '73.

Michele Berenbaum Reichstein lives in Montclair, NJ with husband Bob and two sons, David, 6 and Matthew, 2. She is returning to work full-time as a psychiatrist-in-training, planning on completing her residency in July '86.

Katherine Freygang lives in NYC, has a studio, is an exhibition designer for an excellent graphic designer, and does her own art which is primarily performance or installations.

Caroline Cole and Bernard Zelitch welcomed Michael Schoenwald '84 to the staff of their own newspaper, The North Andover Citizen, making him the third reporter who is a CC graduate.

Marianne Casey Reinhalter continues as a social worker on a part-time contractual basis for Catholic Social Services doing outpatient psychotherapy with adults and children. Husband Emil finished his residency and is an emergency room physician. Daughters are five and two. She sees Ann Jacobs Mooney frequently and was planning on visiting Susan Snyder Cloninger during winter '85-86.

Janis Alexander-Jackson has worked at IBM as an advisory system engineer since '78 and is in NYU grad school for an M.S./M.B.A. She has been married for three years.

Melissa Fleshman Pruitt is staying extremely busy (and barely sane) caring for Andrew, 6; Timmy, 3; and Adam, 1. They moved to the DC area about three years ago, where husband Phil is with USA Weekend.

Amy Cohen is teaching at Western New England College of Law and recently visited CC to recruit for her school. Husband Harvey Shrag is an attorney with the NLRB in Hartford and daughters Rebecca, 5 and Madeline, 1 are doing wonderfully.

Dorothy (Doffie) Clarke-Farrar took last year off from corporate American life and was a "nanny" for a motherless 7-year-old girl in San Rafael, CA. She and husband Stephen recently honeymooned across America visiting national parks and Smith friends—Sallie McClure Stanley and Martha Klingsbil Murphy. They now live in Rye Beach, NH.

Holly Babbitt Cobb lives in Westport, CT with husband Bill and two daughters, three and six. She works for IBM in Workstation Marketing at NAD headquarters in White Plains and Bill works for the Bank of NY.

Sharon Bell graduated from the U of Tulsa College of Law, married a fellow law student, was admitted to the OK Bar in 10-85, and joined her father's law firm of Rogers and Bell in Tulsa.

Linda Ferguson Benoit is in St. Louis with husband Elliot and children, Elliot, 3 and Libby, 6 mos. She is president of St. Louis Magazine and is also active in Junior League of St. Louis, plays tennis and travels. She frequently sees Pam Strawbridge and Anne (Missy) Fenner.

Ellen Feldman is regional sales manager of Gentry Foods Corp. in CA, and commutes every two months from her home in Chicago. She has almost completed her M.B.A. at Northwestern and is very involved in aerobics, working out and running. She, too, sees Pam Strawbridge occasionally.

Jody Fabso is completing a M.S. in dance therapy from Hunter College and is working at Fairfield Hills Hospital in Newtown, CT with an inpatient psychiatric population. She loves her work and living in CT.

Warren Erickson is associate director of communications at Conn. Mutual Life Insurance Co., busily restor-
ing his early 18th century house in rural Asford, CT, and winding down as pres. of the CC alumni assn.

Thomas Cheetham and wife, Joan Zapraalka Cheetham ‘75, are both working on Ph.D. at Iowa State, he in entomology and she in crop physiology. Catherine Backus is in her ninth year at Planned Parenthood of CT and is the manager of a clinic she developed in Enfield, CT. Music continues to be her big interest; she sings with the Connecticut Choral Artists, a professional vocal ensemble, and is a paid soloist at Immanuel Cong. Church in Htfd. She manages occasional visits with Leslie Revitlock. Peggy Powell ’76 and Charlie FitzHugh ’76.

Joanne Allport has lived in S.F. for almost four years and loves the Bay area. She did a subspecialty fellowship in adolescent medicine at UCSF and is currently involved in setting up and evaluating preventive youth health care programs for the City of S.F. Dept. of Public Health. She spent summer in Sweden learning about preventive health care and making an educational film, which was a great experience.

Cynthia Caravatt Holden decided after the recent birth of her daughter to stay home to care for her two children and not return to her job at the bank. Volunteer work also keeps her very busy.

Joan Courgey Goldstein recently moved to Madison, CT where she has temporarily retired from the teaching profession to care for her children, Drew, 3 and Jill, 1. After a seven-year residency program her husband Leon went into private practice as a plastic surgeon in New Haven.

Lynn Aschenbrenner had been employment manager at ARGO Systems until the birth of her daughter but is now doing some consulting from home.

Christopher Wright was recently voted into partnership in the law firm of Dunn, Haase, Sullivan, Malton and Cherner in Media, PA.

Mary Lou Breglio Cornimization and Andrew’s second child, James, joins his four-year-old sister Christina.

Sarah Brown Laughlin and husband Tim teach school in Brookfield, CT and work hard on restoring their old farmhouse in New Milford, CT. New daughter Elizabeth joins brother Timothy, 2.

DeEtte (DeDe) Chirgwin left the Wharton School where she had been an assoc. director of alumni affairs for three years and was recently appointed director of development at the Shipley School in Bryn Mawr with responsibility for development, alumni relations, publications and public relations. She continues as Phila. co-chairman of Give Green for CC. Husband John Flowers is director of the Wharton School’s grad admissions.

Paula Dzenski Heavy is enjoying her new home and neighborhood in Silver Spring, MD and is director of equity research for a local investment advisory firm. She moved to Potomac from Phoenix, Ariz. Her children, Jonathan, 5 were transplanted to some delicious Maryland crabs by Rick ’75 and Kathy Powell Cohn this summer.

Elizabeth Diario Lightman is thoroughly enjoying family life in her new home in British Kba. Inc., a clothing business in which they design all of their own fabric, produce sportswear that is sold throughout the U.S. and Japan and also have eight licensed stores in the country. They spent their honeymoon traveling through Italy and France and have made several business trips to the Orient.

Christine Dunkel-Schetter is an asst. prof. of psychology at UCLA and lives in S.F. with husband Charlie and son Alexander. She would like some news from the old branford bunch.

Sherry Alpert had a busy year. Last spring she left her p.r. job at Morgan Memorial Goodwill Industries and became director of public affairs at Jewish Memorial Hospital, Boston. In Sept. she was married and became stepmother to 12-year-old Laura. The Alpert/ Shmishkin family is doing well in Sherry’s 20-year-old home in Canton which they have decorated extensively over the summer. Sherry continues her studies at the Graphic Design Certification Program at MA College of Art. She stays in touch with Pam McMurray.

Fran Axelford-Rosenberg keeps busy with her law practice offices in Cherry Hill, NJ and Phila.; her children, Michael, 3 and Cindy, 6 mos., and husband Barry serving as pres. of Tri-County Women Lawyers; and teaching CPR for the American Heart Assn.

Carol Machado Nalewajk lives in Manchester, CT and works for Connecticut Bank and Trust Co. in Hartford as an asst. foreign exchange trader.

Susan Compton moved from Atlanta to accept a position in Phila. as the asst. director of the credit division at Robert Morris Associates, where she is involved in new program and services development and is coordinating workshops which allow her to travel.

Brian Peniston married Anne MacDonald in May ’85. They returned to Bali where Brian works for Foster Parents Plain International. Among guests at the wedding were Donald Kane, Jonathan Gold, Nancy Williams Ward ’73 and H.P. Goldfield ’73.

Dena Kirkbridge Bellows co-authored a book entitled Partners for Home and School — A Piece of Cake. Mark Gero (formerly Gerolamo) had his sculpture exhibited at a N.Y gallery and is working on a show at a gallery in L.A. for ’86.

Bruce Garnett loves living in Potomac, MD with Tish and 5-year-old daughter Vanessa. They are working on developing child and infant safety vehicle signs, about which they’re very excited.

Marjorie Tappan told us she regret to report the death of Carroll Jo Hunter to Daniel Blackstone, 10/24/82; Haynes (Tim) Cates to Sally Keith, 1/25/85; Elizabeth Hopkins to Daniel Blackstone, 12/8/84.

BORN: to Anne and David Alden, Peter Ham, 9/23/85; to Bruce and Linda Butler Munro, Heather Louise, 2, 2/15/85; to Ted and Renee Baumball-Magida, Matthew David and Brianna, 6/28/85; to Kristin Shepard ’77 and Todd Cody, Alexandra, 10/30/85; to Fred and Mary Yoshimura Elkin, Matthew Craig, 6/11/85; to James and Susan Dudding Evans, David James, 1/25/85; to Daniel and Elizabeth Hopkins Blackstone, Lindsay Elizabeth, 2/25/85.

Samuel (Sandy) Adelman is v.p. in charge of sales and trading for a major N.Y.C. tv and record exchange. He also does legal collection work, and promotes charity functions for professional baseball stars such as Manteo, Mattingly and Gooden. Sandy still keeps in touch with Barry Wooly, Bob (Wah Wah) Benn ’74, and Jon Mar-
cord ’85.

Dave Alden has been promoted to the merchandising office of Ford Division, Ford Motor Co., Detriot, MI.

Bob Axelrod has just had his wisdom teeth extracted. He has kept in touch with Steve and Jane Minnick, Hauptman, and Dan Samelson.

Lynda Butler Munro is actively engaged in the practice of law in a three-person partnership of Peska, Sipples and Munro in Clinton, CT. While the Munros have help come into their home, husband Bruce is primarily responsible for Heather’s daily schedule. Lynda and family live in an old papermill barn in Clinton, which they are making over into their home. She has heard from Holly Wise, who is a wife and mother in Bar Harbor, and is in close touch with Beth Stenger, who lives in Oak Park, Ill. with her husband and dogs.

Reene Baumball-Magida, husband Ted and twin sons have a house outside of Phila. where Renee is in private practice as an occupational therapist.

Dave Biro is a copywriter and jingle writer for Cunningham & Walsh, an advertising company in N.Y.C. Dave sings and plays guitar professionally on weekends, and keeps in touch with Steve Brumetti. A happily married homeowner, Dave refuses to believe that nearly ten years have passed since our graduation.

Faith Ebersch Zweck and husband Wayne have moved to Phila., where Wayne is a research biologist in the research division of E. J. Dupont de Nemours & Co.

Ann Boodurthi, after two summer vacations spent exploring the wilds of Wales, in summer ’85 moved into her new condo in No. Haven. Still with SNET Co., Ann is back in the regulatory area, managing a staff which conducts economic cost analysis. She and her staff members can regularly be seen running the streets of New Haven on their lunch hour. Ann still enjoys singing, and performs for a local music club to which she belongs.

Lisa Boodurthi is in her second year at Northeastern U Law School, after completing her summer internship with MMA Attorney General Bellotti’s Public Protection Bureau Chief. She was voted to the bar in Boston with a small civil practice specializing in discrimination law.

Sarah Cahoon recently moved to Phoenix where she does research and program design in global futures studies for business and education partnerships.

Tim Cates finished his residency in urologic surgery and started a practice in Wilmington. He is also a part-time instructor in the urology program at Jefferson U.

Prudence Cherry Durazo and husband Ernie lieve in Portsmoth, RI with their 17-month-old son Ernest. Rebecca Cloe has a new job as choral director of the Milford area senior high school in Milford, NH.

Stuart Cohen has left the private practice of law and returned to the public sector, as senior law clerk to the chief judge of the state of N.Y.

Kathi DiMicelli is in grad school at the RU School of Social Work. She hopes to see some friendly faces at our 10-year reunion.

Patricia Dingle Murray is an illustrator for HIC 7 SIG in the Bavarian area senior high school in Germany. She has also been awarded a military medal for meritorious service to the U.S. Army, while serving with the 68th transportation battalion in Colorado Springs.

Christian Ebert manages the operation of a martial arts school and also teaches there. He has recently taken up rowing, fulfilling a dream since his days at CC. He is saving quarters for a trip East in ’86, and is looking
forward to cross-country skiing with his wife.
After eight years in Bloomington, IN, Beth Dolliver Eldon and husband Bill '75 sold their house and moved to Houston, where Beth's research advisor accepted a job at the M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute. Beth hopes to finish her degree in about a year. Bill is working on his dissertation and looking for a job. The Eldons are enjoying life in a city, and are wondering if any others from our class have found their way to Houston.

Sana Dudding Evans and family are living in Sirka, AK where Jim is stationed with the Coast Guard. They are due to be transferred during summer 86.

Nina Cowherd Millhiser writes from a position between teaching and writing—editing education books for Teachers College Press. She is more than halfway through writing a new novel, a comedy which her agent wants to send to publishers. Nina herself is working on his history Ph.D., enjoyed a summer vacation in the Catskills. They are looking forward to a 1986 move to Manhattan's upper west side, to be closer to old movies, Chinese food, and classical music. They confess that one was kicked out so that they could move in. Nina ran into Nancy Hershatter and had fun catching up. Also had a visit from Donna Diamond, who is surviving her last year in Georgetown.

Wendy Golart Wacher received a promotion in Sept, and is now the systems manager for a DEC VAX-11/780 computer at the Naval Underwater Systems Center in New London. She works in the same VAX branch as her husband John, a mechanical engineer. In addition to swimming and sunning at Ocean Beach after work, Wendy and John enjoy Club Med winter vacation in Europe, 7/6. On 11/15, Wendy and John celebrated the 10th anniversary of that fateful day when they first met in the Larabetic living room. Wendy is looking forward to seeing many '70ers at reunion.

Susan Hambrecht Milbrath writes from Reston, VA that they have moved into a new lakeside home and that her husband and dog are fine. She continues her freelance Portuguese English translation, and was looking forward to visiting her parents and her brother in New York City. Susan is working, to the point and corporate secretary of Enterprise Bank in Falls Church, VA. She was pleased to find another CA alum at the bank, Susan Duffield Strickland '68, the cashier. Susan recently passed the VA real estate licensing exam, and says the new knowledge will come in handy if she ever decides to write stories. Susan is also looking forward to reunion. Elizabeth Hopkins Blackstone and family recently moved to New York City, and would love to see fellow CCers who are area residents, as well as visitors.

Sharon Joyce is still with the NJ atty. general's office, representing professional licensing boards. She and her husband John are expecting their first child, due in mid-January. John practiced law as a trial attorney for a few years, and is now the corporate secretary for Soundpost, a systems analyst before going to law school.

Patience Merck Chamberlin and Thomas '76, Katherine '84, to Jerry Tisser and Jean, Matthew Leigh '89/95, to Jane Kappel Manheimer and Jack, Benjamin '78, to David Rosenthal and Julie, Sarah '84.

In the Boston area, Meg Propst stays in touch with Karen Haas and Steven James. She is the asst. director of development at Pine Manor College and works with David Cruirther, an attorney at Goulston and Storrs.

David's new Josephine works at Kent Publishing Company and they now live in Winthrop. Michael Bromley '77 was their best man.

Mary Lynn Edwards received her master's from Harvard Divinity School in 1985 and works at Wang Laboratories. Husband Douglas is finishing his Ph.D. Diane Revaz Quinn and husband Jim moved to Cambridge recently after five years in HI. While Diane enjoys motherhood and watching aerobics, Jim is completing his MPA at Harvard.

Also in Cambridge is Lyn Tranfield, rooming with Kate Hershey '79. Lyn no longer teaches, is now working for NEECO, a retail computer store in Needham where she is in training and support.

Valerie Rumsfield-Karr just began her doctoral program in psychology at the MA School of Professional Psychology and is living in Newton with husband Stefan.

John Moore works for Lowell, Blake and Assoc., an investment counseling firm in Boston. His wife Dorothy manages a secretarial department which allows them travel benefits away from home in Swampscott.

Michael Staz (Stasiowski) received a master's in human development from Columbia and splits his time between the Cape, where he's building an addition to the house, and Bermuda.

Patty Radin was promoted at John Hancock into a senior mass marketing position.

Carrie Wilson Newbold received her MBA from BU and recently began a new career as director of marketing for an international management consulting firm. Lancaster Consulting, of which Carrie and Sandy are partners, '77 stay in touch with Pari Amad '78 in DC as well as Richard Newbold '77, William Sheffieal and Andy Chamberlin '77, all in the S.F. area.

In the Bay Area, Marcy Zencero received an MFA from the CA College of Arts and Crafts while he interned at Creative Growth. He teaches at the S.F. Academy of Art, the CA College of Arts and Crafts, and Berkeley.

After managing restaurants in the Bay Area for years, Roger Sigal has enrolled in law school at Boalt Hall, UC of CA, Berkeley.

Karin Winnick, a CA native, took 8th grade math in Oakland where she sees Emily Odza '77 and Ann Heron '76. Karin, Roger and Marc all live in Oakland.

Susanne May Wagner and husband Daniel, both financial planners at IBM, were transferred to the San Jose General Products Division. They love CA and Tahoe skiing.

In N.Y., Seiden Prentice began work as an environmental lawyer at the regional council's office of the EPA in S.F.

After three years as a consultant in DC, David (Miami) Watkins entered Stanford Business School. received his MBA and joined a software company, Activision, as a product manager. In '84 he married a Stanford classmate and lives in Menlo Park.

Greg Silber continues work on his doctorate at UC Santa Cruz in biology: marine biology. As a consultant, he studied the effects of oil exploration on whale behavior in AK. This winter he did dissertation work on porpoises in Mexico and in the spring will continue that work in Monterey Bay.

In N.Y.C. Jack '77 has opened an antique silver and jewelry shop at 52 E. 76th.

Dan Warmflash lives in Hackensack but works in Manhattan for Manufacturers Hanover Trust as a technical officer, providing design support for online fund transfer systems.

Peter Reich teaches English at Riverdale Country School and runs summer schools in Canada.

Ethel Wolfe took away time from law practice this past fall to act off-off-Broadway in Frontenac: New Wave and The Googol-Plex. He has appeared on Ryan's Hope and The Equalizer.

Sally Shore Wittenberg was a systems analyst before her husband David Rosenthal continues to work, now enjoying being at home in Ardsley.

David Rosenthal left the insurance industry to become a parking attendant and risk manager for Edson Parking Asso. His wife Leda is a gainst accounting officer at the Morgan Bank. They live in Hoboken.

William Littanz and Martha Vibbert live in the Park Slope neighborhood of Brooklyn. Bill is a film editor for Roger Greemak, making films like Pig Let's, Appaloosa, Santa Claus, and The Bride. Martha received an M.Ed. from Harvard in '79 and pursues her doctorate in clinical psychology at N.YU. They keep up with many alumni and saw Robert Donaldson '77 playing tennis by the pool.

Jonathan Katz and Toby Mardis Katz celebrated their fifth anniversary in the Greek Islands last June. Toby works in film production and has just finished a film for Sandbank Films in Hawthorne. Jon is the senior psychologist on the crisis intervention unit at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, instructs clinical psychology at Columbia U, and also has a private practice in...
U.S. dist. judge in Hartford. He and Tina Gould Rear-don '79, a political analyst for the govt., live in Avon. 

Richard McClellan is now the asst. director of career planning at Wesleyan. He still chairs the bd. of directors of the Penny Ante Theater founded by classmates Nancy Kerr and Alan Klugman. Rick reports that Donna Hodge has received her Ph.D. in psychology from U Ml.

Natalie Fiontek Ramadon is keeper busy with two children and a house to decorate in Westport. 

Marjorie Scott, a political analyst for the govt., recently bought a condo in the newly renovated Norwalk district and switched jobs to Citicorp in Harrison, NY as a programming manager on a startup IBM database project. Marge is a C.C admissions aide and keeps in touch with Jean von Klemperer Mahriss, Marge Lisbon and Michael Colnes. 

Susan Guastamachio King of Mystic received her MSW from UConn. Last summer, she joined the professional staff of the Family Service Assn. of So. New London County.


Susan Slaunwhite starred in an Aug. '85 dance of Hamlet about Bank Street night life. She lives in Mystic and works with two small dance companies in New Haven—the Susumi Dance Theater and the Annie Sailer Dance Company is enrolled in a master's program in movement at Wesleyan.

Patience Merck Chamberlin and Thomas '76 are living in Exeter, NH where Patience enjoys motherhood with daughter Katherine, 2.

Jerry Tisser and Jean write from Providence where Jerry works for the Defense Mapping Agency, having spent time in a master's program in automated cartography. They plan some extensive European travels in spring '86.

Leigh Semonite Palmer is the first woman to be elected to the bd. of directors at the Portland Yacht Club where she directs the junior-sailing program. She is still at Unum Mutual Life Insurance in Portland and of course, still sailing. Leigh and husband Jim ran into Claire Bamberg Johnson, husband and son at a Boy- don's function.

Alison MacMillan DesMeules lives in Calais, VT and works for the VT dept. of water resources reviewing hydropower projects for compliance with water quality standards. Husband Marc is a science and stewardship director with the Portland office of the Nature Conservancy. Alison saw Wendy McAllister and her baby girl, also Pam Goff at Cornelia Boynton's wedding on 6/11/85.

In the Midwest, Elizabeth Gamble Taylor '77 and Peter Taylor enjoy their two youngsters in Minneapolis, the newest was a Thanksgiving treat.

Lynn Staufer Wayne teaches English as a second language at Carleton College in Galesburg, IL, and lives in nearby Monmouth with husband Charles and son Michael, 4. She's active in AAUW, vp of early learning center bd. and food-co-op and still swims laps.

In Ml, Donna Shaffer Albright lives on a beef cattle farm which she manages with husband Jon, whom she met while getting a MS at dept. of animal sciences, U.V.M. She studied the photoperiod effects on milk production and dairy cows. Donna says from River in the upper peninsula is remote and beautiful country.

In Ann Arbor, Prudence Regan Hallarman and Peter Hallarman are newcomers. Peter is doing a dermatology residency at U Ml and Rindy is a school consultant for the Washtenaw County mental health dept. Nicole, 2, keeps them entertained.

Mary Wheeler Ross received her MBA from Washington U, St. Louis '80 and has been living in the Phoenix area since then. Both she and husband Scott work for the state of AZ. They also own racing greyhounds that they watch competing in AZ.

David Blixt, a research analyst for the govt., lives in Avon. 

In AK, Rosaena Reis Stimson is an Air Force captain stationed at Elmendorf AFB since '83. She and husband David have two children, Gordon, 4 and Julie, 1. She is very active in the base's women's group and the base's women's group in the base's women's group.

Our class expresses sympathy to Sally Schwab Gerson, whose husband Raymond died unexpectedly in Oct. '85.

Correspondents: Laurie Heiss, 6 Seas Ave., Milford, CT 06460; Jay Kramer, 56 Oak Hill St., Newton Centre, MA 02159

80 MARRIED: Alison Butler to Frederick J. Geyer, 6/6/85; Anne Marie Dempsey to William Carter Sullivan, 9/28/85; Jacqueline Kent to Elliot Jacobson, 10/19/85.


Correspondents: Kathleen A. Boyd, 4302 Saul Rd., Elmhurst, IL 60125

MARRIED: Allison Butler to Frederick J. Geyer, 6/6/85; Anne Marie Dempsey to William Carter Sullivan, 9/28/85; Jacqueline Kent to Elliot Jacobson, 10/19/85.


Correspondents: Kathleen A. Boyd, 4302 Saul Rd., Elmhurst, IL 60125

85 MARRIED: Pamela French to George Evarts, 8/24/85; Elizabeth Griswold to Stephen Atkinson, 6/22/85; Eileen Kane to Stephen Engel, 6/22/85; Suzanne Hanny and Rosemary Belisle have married in France and are both starting an office management firm.

Kim Sloan is a candidate for a doctorate in clinical psychology at Washington U in St. Louis. 

Condolences to the family of Edith Thompson of Niantic who died 6/85. An RTC graduate, she had been a nurse for 14 years at Seaside Regional Center.

Correspondents: Jill Crossman, 63 Maplewood Ave., West Hartford, CT, 06119

MARRIED: Pamela French to George Evarts, 8/24/85; Elizabeth Griswold to Stephen Atkinson, 6/22/85; Eileen Kane to Stephen Engel, 6/22/85; Suzanne Hanny and Rosemary Belisle have married in France and are both starting an office management firm.

Kim Sloan is a candidate for a doctorate in clinical psychology at Washington U in St. Louis. 

Condolences to the family of Edith Thompson of Niantic who died 6/85. An RTC graduate, she had been a nurse for 14 years at Seaside Regional Center.

Correspondents: Jill Crossman, 63 Maplewood Ave., West Hartford, CT, 06119

MARY SULLIVAN has been promoted to the head of the Westchester County, NY office of Citicorp in Harrison, NY as a programming manager.

MARRIED: Pamela French to George Evarts, 8/24/85; Elizabeth Griswold to Stephen Atkinson, 6/22/85; Eileen Kane to Stephen Engel, 6/22/85; Suzanne Hanny and Rosemary Belisle have married in France and are both starting an office management firm.

Kim Sloan is a candidate for a doctorate in clinical psychology at Washington U in St. Louis. 

Condolences to the family of Edith Thompson of Niantic who died 6/85. An RTC graduate, she had been a nurse for 14 years at Seaside Regional Center.

Correspondents: Jill Crossman, 63 Maplewood Ave., West Hartford, CT, 06119

MARRIED: Pamela French to George Evarts, 8/24/85; Elizabeth Griswold to Stephen Atkinson, 6/22/85; Eileen Kane to Stephen Engel, 6/22/85; Suzanne Hanny and Rosemary Belisle have married in France and are both starting an office management firm.

Kim Sloan is a candidate for a doctorate in clinical psychology at Washington U in St. Louis. 

Condolences to the family of Edith Thompson of Niantic who died 6/85. An RTC graduate, she had been a nurse for 14 years at Seaside Regional Center.

Correspondents: Jill Crossman, 63 Maplewood Ave., West Hartford, CT, 06119