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Connecticut College Alumnae News

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Love Letter from an Impossible Land
by William Meredith 3

The Dynamic Image: Some Philosophical Reflections on Dance
by Susanne K. Langer 6

More Battle than Books
by Rosemond Tuve 12

Freedom: Contradiction and Paradox
by F. Edward Cranz 16

In Memoriam 21

Class Notes 22

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LOVE LETTER
FROM AN IMPOSSIBLE LAND.

By WILLIAM MEREDITH

OMBED by the cold seas, Bering and Pacific,
These are the exile islands of the mind.
All the charts and history you can muster
Will not make them real as the fog is real
Or crystal as a certain hour is clear
If you can wait.

Write to me often, darling.

Thrown up hurriedly for a late-crossing people,
These are unsettled mountains where I walk,
They dance at the center still and spout new ash;
The teeming salmon remember in their courses
When they were not, and the winds run into the hills
By an old habit.

Now I am convinced there is nothing to fear,
Now on these islands you are all I want;
They shake and change and finally enchant;
But I have wished you a bawdy darling and here
Often, I, rootless and needing a quick home.

Here I have seen such singular strange visions,
So moving strong in beauty
You would not believe them, no
Not if your very lover told you so
At night remembering, stirred in my sleep at night.

One was, in the orange time of morning,
The smoking peak Shishaldin in a glory;

continued
(Eastward I saw, oh, I remember eastward
Pavlof, the black volcano, throwing flame
At night, to seaward, when beacons were forbidden.)
Empedocles' element, neither earth nor fire;
And when I put a wing across the cone
(Snowy, and striking deeply at the memory),
It drew me, too, driven and weary
What with the war, and those foolish citizens my thoughts.

Another, the humorless mounds, the kitchen middens
Built in the painful winds that blow forever.
Watch the slow procession laying them down
(An almond-eyed people, parent to Incas and Indians)
Shell upon shell, bone upon bone, until
See they have builded there a little hill!
A thousand years, seated by this cold harbor, eating fish,
In what was to prove only a delaying action.

You are one for the day I landed there in sunshine,
Porcelain little village with your white Russian church,
Your far-eyed children and hollow-barking malamutes
That romp on the beach, cluttered with boats and flowers.
When was June gentleness set in so alien a land,
In a calendar with so few sunny saints?

A moon miracle are the milky hills at night
With streamers of snow dancing in the moon at the summits,
An ageless dance with the peculiar rhythm of zero,
And the wind creaking like a green floe.

And now I write you from such another vision.

As the haunted men who wrestle a weariness
Or women who languish from no sickness known
In books a century back, am I alone

In the sheer time of hilltop happiness.
Deft on the harbor I have put behind
The lovely gray vessels for their battles wait.
Twenty-four blue sailors anticipate
Orders of drill that drift up on the wind.
And stiff on the apron are the pretty planes
That waddle to the water and drum away,
Leaving me stammerer, inept to say
Why in their simple duty there is pain.

You will see in this passage I am wanting you.

Providence occurs to me;
I will salvage these parts of a loud land
For symbols of war its simplewrathsand duties,
Against when, like the hut-two-three-four sailors
Disbanded into chaos by Fall-out,
I shall resume my several tedious parts,
In an old land with people reaching backward like many
curtains,
Possessing a mystery beyond the mist of mountains
Ornate beyond the ritual of snow.

The moth sky of evening and the moth sea
Linger into night and coupling sleep.
Sleep for us here is a leaping down safely in silk
From the flaming bull's-eye plane of day,
Stricken ship that twists and thirsts for the metal sea.
We lie in khaki rows, no two alike,
Needing to be called by name
And saying women's names.

Now the moth descends, but when the dove?
God keep us whole and true, my distant love.
THE ALUMNAE NEWS tries to keep alumnae abreast of faculty research and writing, but there is never enough space to do justice to the subject. Here then is an issue devoted entirely to the writing of faculty—a poem by William Meredith and articles by Susanne Langer, Rosemond Tuve, and Edward Cranz.

WILLIAM MEREDITH

WHEN William Meredith was a young Navy pilot in World War II, his first collection of poems was published, a slim volume entitled Love Letter from an Impossible Land. It was one of The Yale Series of Younger Poets, and the title poem, which appears on the two previous pages, won the Harriet Monroe Lyric Award. Since then he has written two more volumes, Ships and Other Figures and The Open Sea and Other Poems, and he has risen from a poet of promise to one of prominence. Today he is one of a small elite. Time magazine listed him last year as one of seven poets of proven powers, describing him as a "master of compression."

In 1955 Mr. Meredith came to the College, where he teaches the writing of poetry and fiction. He has read his poetry and lectured at the College and on many other campuses, and he has twice read his poetry at the Library of Congress. His Shelley edition was published in 1962 in Dell Books Laurel Poetry Series.

Mr. Meredith's knowledge of opera won him a fellowship in 1960 from the Ford Foundation for a study of opera libretti with the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Opera companies. His own three-act opera, "The Bottle Imp," was produced in 1958 in Wilton, Connecticut.
ONCE upon a time a student, paging through a college catalogue, asked me in evident bewilderment: "What is 'philosophy of art'? How in the world can art be philosophical?"

Art is not philosophical at all; philosophy and art are two different things. But there is nothing one cannot philosophize about — that is, there is nothing that does not offer some philosophical problems. Art, in particular, presents hosts of them. Artists do not generally moot such matters explicitly, though they often have fairly good working notions of a philosophical sort — notions that only have to be put into the right words to answer our questions, or at least to move them along toward their answers.

What, exactly, is a philosophical question?

A philosophical question is always a demand for the meaning of what we are saying. This makes it different from a scientific question, which is a question of fact; in a question of fact, we take for granted that we know what we mean — that is, what we are talking about. If one asks: "How far from here is the sun?" the answer is a statement of fact, "About ninety million miles." We assume that we know what we mean by "the sun" and by "miles" and "being so-and-so far from here." Even if the answer is wrong — if it fails to state a fact, as it would if you answered "twenty thousand miles" — we still know what we are talking about. We take some measurements and find out which answer is true. But suppose one asks: "What is space?" "What is meant by 'here'?" "What is meant by 'the distance' from here to somewhere else?" The answer is not found by taking measurements or by making experiments or in any way discovering facts. The answer can only be found by thinking — reflecting on what we mean. This is sometimes simple; we analyze our meanings and define each word. But more often we find that we have no clear concepts at all, and the fuzzy ones we have conflict with each other so that as soon as we analyze them, i.e., make them clear, we find them contradictory, senseless, or fantastic. Then logical analysis does not help us; what we need then is the more difficult, but also the more interesting part of philosophy, the part that cannot be taught by any rule — logical construction. We have to figure out a meaning for our statements, a way to think about the things that interest us. Science is not possible unless we can attach some meaning to "distance" and "point" and "space" and "velocity," and other such familiar but really quite slippery words. To establish those fundamental meanings is philosophical work; and the philosophy of modern science is one of the most brilliant intellectual works of our time.

The philosophy of art is not so well developed, but it is full of life and ferment just now. Both professional philosophers and intellectually gifted artists are asking questions about the meaning of "art," of "expression," of "artistic truth," "form," "reality," and dozens of other words that they hear and use, but find—to their surprise—they cannot define, because when they analyze what they mean it is not anything coherent and tenable.

The construction of a coherent theory — a set of connected ideas about some whole subject — begins with the solution of a central problem; that is, with the establishing of a key concept. There is no way of knowing, by any general rule, what constitutes a central problem; it is not always the most general or the most fundamental one you can raise. But the best sign that you have broached a central philosophical issue is that in solving it you raise new interesting questions. The concept you construct has implications, and by implication builds up further ideas, that illuminate other concepts of the whole subject, to answer other questions, sometimes before you even ask them. A key concept solves more problems that it was designed for.

IN philosophy of art, one of the most interesting problems—one that proves to be really central—is the meaning of that much-used word, "creation." Why do we say an artist creates a work? He does not create oil pigments or canvas, or the structure of tonal vibrations, or words of a language if he is a poet, or, in the case of a dancer, his body and its mobility. He finds all these things and uses them, as a cook uses eggs and flour and so forth to make a cake, or a manufacturer uses wool to make thread, and thread to make socks. It is only in a mood of humor or extravagance that we speak of the cake Mother "created." But when it comes to works of art, we earnestly call them creations. This raises the philosophical question: What do we mean by that word? What is created?

If you pursue this issue, it grows into a complex of closely related questions: what is created in art, what for, and how? The answers involve just about all the key concepts for a coherent philosophy of art: such concepts as apparition, or the image, expressiveness, feeling, motif, transformation. There are others, but they are all interrelated.

It is impossible to talk, in one lecture, about all the arts, and not end with a confusion of principles and illustrations. Since we are particularly concerned, just now, with the dance, let us narrow our discussion and center it about this art. Our first question, then, becomes: What do dancers create?

Obviously, a dance. As I pointed out before, they do not create the materials of the dance — neither their own

Mrs. Langer, who for much of her life has been concerned with the problems of aesthetics, is considered one of the important thinkers of her era in this field. Her interest in explaining the mysteries of art has resulted in a philosophy of aesthetics that was described in a *New Yorker* profile as "among the most comprehensive, systematic, and professionally coherent endeavors of its kind." She is one of a handful of women in her profession and is regarded by fellow-philosophers and the wide audience who read her works as an extraordinarily creative and stimulating thinker.

Her work extends well beyond the aesthetic field, but she is known chiefly for two books, *Philosophy in a New Key* (1942) and *Feeling and Form* (1953). When the latter book was published, a review in the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* called it "the most complete system of aesthetics to be enunciated and argued since Croce." She wrote one of the pioneer books on symbolic logic, *Introduction to Symbolic Logic* (1937), and *Problems of Art: Ten Philosophical Lectures* (1957), from which a chapter is reprinted in this issue. Her most recent book, *Philosophical Sketches*, came out early last year, and she is now at work on a book entitled *Mind: An Essay on Human Feeling*.

Mrs. Langer came to the College in 1954 as professor of philosophy and chairman of the department. She is now professor emeritus of philosophy and a research scholar at the College. She holds honorary degrees from Wilson, Wheaton, and Mt. Holyoke Colleges and from Western College for Women. She is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.
THE DYNAMIC IMAGE
Continued

bodies, nor the cloth that drapes them, nor the floor, nor any of the ambient space, light, musical tone, the forces of gravity, nor any other physical provisions; all these things they use, to create something over and above what is physically there: the dance.

What, then, is the dance?

The dance is an appearance; if you like, an apparition. It springs from what the dancers do, yet it is something else. In watching a dance, you do not see what is physically before you — people running around or twisting their bodies; what you see is a display of interacting forces, by which the dance seems to be lifted, driven, drawn, closed, or attenuated, whether it be solo or choric, whirling like the end of a dervish dance, or slow, centered, and single in its motion. One human body may put the whole play of mysterious powers before you. But these powers, these forces that seem to operate in the dance, are not the physical forces of the dancer’s muscles, which actually cause the movements taking place. The forces we seem to perceive most directly and convincingly are created for our perception; and they exist only for it.

Anything that exists only for perception, and plays no ordinary, passive part in nature as common objects do, is a virtual entity. It is not unreal; where it confronts you, you really perceive it, you don’t dream or imagine that you do. The image in a mirror is a virtual image. A rainbow is a virtual object. It seems to stand up on the earth or in the clouds, but it really "stands" nowhere; it is only visible, not tangible. Yet it is a real rainbow, produced by moisture and light for any normal eye looking at it from the right place. We don’t just dream that we see it. If, however, we believe it to have the ordinary properties of a physical thing, we are mistaken; it is an appearance, a virtual object, a sun-created image.

What dancers create is a dance; and a dance is an apparition of active powers, a dynamic image. Everything a dancer actually does serves to create what we really see; but what we actually see is a virtual entity. The physical realities are given: place, gravity, body, muscular strength, muscular control, and secondary assets such as light, sound, or things (usable objects, so-called "properties"). All these are actual. But in the dance, they disappear; the more perfect the dance, the less we see its actualities. What we see, hear, and feel are the virtual realities, the moving forces of the dance, the apparent centers of power and their emanations, their conflicts and resolutions, lift and decline, their rhythmic life. These are the elements of the created apparition, and are themselves not physically given, but artistically created.

Here we have, then, the answer to our first question: what do dancers create? The dynamic image, which is the dance.

This answer leads naturally to the second question: for what is this image created?

Again, there is an obvious answer: for our enjoyment. But what makes us enjoy it as intensely as we do? We do not enjoy every virtual image, just because it is one. A mirage in the desert is intriguing chiefly because it is rare. A mirror image, being common, is not an object of wonder, and in itself, just as an image, does not thrill us. But the dynamic image created in dancing has a different character. It is more than a perceivable entity; this apparition, given to the eye, or to the ear and eye, and through them to our whole responsive sensibility, strikes us as something charged with feeling. Yet this feeling is not necessarily what any or all of the dancers feel. It belongs to the dance itself. A dance, like any other work of art, is a perceptible form that expresses the nature of human feeling — the rhythms and connections, crises and breaks, the complexity and richness of what is sometimes called man’s "inner life," the stream of direct experience, life as it feels to the living. Dancing is not a symptom of how the dancer happens to feel; for the dancer’s own feelings could not be prescribed or predicted and exhibited upon request. Our own feelings simply occur, and most people do not care to have us express them by sighs or squelches or gesticulation. If that were what dancers really did, there would not be many balletomaniacs to watch them.

What is expressed in a dance is an idea; an idea of the way feelings, emotions, and all other subjective experiences come and go — their rise and growth, their intricate synthesis that gives our inner life unity and personal identity. What we call a person’s "inner life" is the inside story of his own history; the way living in the world feels to him. This kind of experience is usually but vaguely known, because most of its components are nameless, and no matter how keen our experience may be, it is hard to form an idea of anything that has no name. It has no handle for the mind. This has led many learned people to believe that feeling is a formless affair, that it has causes which may be determined, and effects that have to be dealt with, but that in itself it is irrational — a disturbance in the organism, with no structure of its own.

Yet subjective existence has a structure; it is not only met from moment to moment, but can be conceptually known, reflected on, imagined and symbolically expressed in detail and to a great depth. Only it is not our usual medium, discourse — communication by language — that serves to express what we know of the life of feeling. There are logical reasons why language fails to meet this purpose, reasons I will not try to explain now. The important fact is that what language does not readily do—present the nature and patterns of sensitive and emotional life —
is done by works of art. Such works are expressive forms, and what they express is the nature of human feeling.

So we have played our second gambit, answering the second question: What is the work of art for — the dance, the virtual dynamic image? To express its creator’s ideas of immediate, felt, emotive life. To set forth directly what feeling is like. A work of art is a composition of tensions and resolutions, balance and unbalance, rhythmic coherence, a precarious yet continuous unity. Life is a natural process of such tensions, balances, rhythms; it is these that we feel, in quietness or emotion, as the pulse of our own living. In the work of art they are expressed, symbolically shown, each aspect of feeling developed as one develops an idea, fitted together for clearest presentation. A dance is not a symptom of a dancer’s feeling, but an expression of its composer’s knowledge of many feelings.

The third problem on the docket — how is a dance created? — is so great that one has to break it down into several questions. Some of these are practical questions of technique — how to produce this or that effect. They concern many of you but not me, except in so far as solutions of artistic problems always intrigue me. The philosophical question that I would peel out of its many wrappings is: What does it mean to express one’s idea of some inward or ‘subjective’ process?

It means to make an outward image of this inward process, for oneself and others to see; that is, to give the subjective events an objective symbol. Every work of art is such an image, whether it be a dance, a statue, a picture, a piece of music, or a work of poetry. It is an outward showing of inward nature, an objective presentation of subjective reality; and the reason that it can symbolize things of the inner life is that it has the same kinds of relations and elements. This is not true of the material structure; the physical materials of a dance do not have any direct similarity to the structure of emotive life; it is the created image that has elements and patterns like the life of feeling. But this image, though it is a created apparition, a pure appearance, is objective; it seems to be charged with feeling because its form expresses the very nature of feeling. Therefore, it is an objectification of subjective life, and so is every other work of art.

If works of art are all alike in this fundamental respect, why have we several great domains of art, such as painting and music, poetry and dance? Something makes them so distinct from each other that people with superb talent for one may have none for another. A sensible person would not go to Picasso to learn dancing or to Hindemith to be taught painting. How does dancing, for instance, differ from music or architecture or drama? It has relations with all of them. Yet it is none of them.

What makes the distinction among the several great orders of art is another of those problems that arise in their turn, uninvited, once you start from a central question; and the fact that the question of what is created leads from one issue to another in this natural and systematic way makes me think it really is central. The distinction between dancing and all of the other great arts — and of those from each other — lies in the stuff of which the virtual image, the expressive form, is made. We cannot go into any discussion of other kinds, but only reflect a little further on our original query: What do dancers create? What is a dance?

As I have said before (so long before that you have probably forgotten), what we see when we watch a dance is a display of interacting forces; not physical forces, like the weight that tips a scale or the push that topples a column of books, but purely apparent forces that seem to move the dance itself. Two people in a pas de deux seem to magnetize each other; a group appears to be animated by one single spirit, one Power. The stuff of the dance, the apparition itself, consists of such non-physical forces, drawing and driving, holding and shaping its life. The actual, physical forces that underlie it disappear. As soon as the beholder sees gymnastics and arrangements, the work of art breaks, the creation fails.

As painting is made purely of spatial volumes — not actual space-filling things but virtual volumes, created solely for the eye — and music is made of passage, movements of time, created by tone — so dance creates a world of powers, made visible by the unbroken fabric of gesture. That is what makes dance a different art from all the others. But as Space, Events, Time, and Powers are all interrelated in reality, so all the arts are linked by intricate relations, different among different ones. That is a big subject.

Another problem which naturally presents itself here is the meaning of dance gesture; but we shall have to skip it. We have had enough pursuit of meanings, and I know from experience that if you don’t make an end of it, there is no end. But in dropping the curtain on this peep-show of philosophy, I would like to call your attention to one of those unexpected explanations of puzzling facts that sometimes arise from philosophical reflection.

Curt Sachs, who is an eminent historian of music and dance, remarks in his World History of Dance that, strange as it may seem, the evolution of the dance as a high art belongs to pre-history. At the dawn of civilization, dance had already reached a degree of perfection that no other art or science could match. Societies limited to savage living, primitive sculpture, primitive architecture, and as yet
A CITATION accompanying a $10,000 prize for
distinguished scholarship in the Humanities,
given to Miss Tuve in 1960, reads in part: "... when she presents a lucidly composed and quietly
written paper at a learned meeting, [Miss Tuve] is
probably in the act of exploding a generation of
literary misconceptions." Furthermore, it went on to
say, she "illuminates one matter as she corrects
another, and thereby gives scholarship the substance
that enables criticism to proceed in insight, and her-
self offers shining examples of both."

A scholar of the literature and thought of Eng-
land in the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and the
17th Century, Miss Tuve is a giant in her field. Her
book, Elizabethan and Metaphysical Imagery (1949),
commanded enormous respect in the scholarly
world and won her the Rosemary Crawshay award
from the British Academy. In the last ten years she
has written A Reading of George Herbert and Im-
ages and Themes in Five Poems by Milton. At
present she is working on another book, Sixteenth
Century Inheritances, based on material presented
in the Christian Gauss Seminar at Princeton Uni-
versity.

Miss Tuve has been a member of the faculty
for 28 years and was recently named the first Henry
B. Plant Professor. She travels frequently, lecturing
on other campuses, doing research in libraries here
and abroad, and from time to time serving as a
visiting professor elsewhere.

She is a fellow of the American Academy of
Arts and Sciences and holds honorary degrees from
Augustana, Wheaton, and Mt. Holyoke Colleges.

Her article, "More Battle than Books," which
begins on the following page, was originally part of
a symposium on The Teaching of Literature.
THE traditional issue in a symposium on "the teaching of literature," the expected, the comfortable, the scarred and symbolic bone, is the place of philological, literary-historical and "research" considerations in that teaching, and in training those who are to teach. I shall pick this bone but little, and that little in whispers. I do not take it very seriously. I take seriously that unhappy figure in whose name the contentions are evoked — the student who is not taught what he needs, does not need what he is taught, and does not much enjoy what he learns. But I would put forward another worry, a cause for deeper disquiet.

This worry will sound like the mere making of excuses until I have done with fixing the responsibility for the difficulties. I have reference to the decreasing number of first-class people among those students who are to be the teachers of literature. And beyond that, to the increasing difficulty of making good teachers of literature out of those multitudes needed to "teach English" up and down America, an increasing difficulty because more and more is left to be done at the highest levels of training. Other things have increasingly supplanted, at the lower levels, those things which were fundamental to the future training of teachers of literature. These embarrassments are but a part of the larger difficulty. Literature as an aesthetic experience for students seems to have shrunk in the last hundred years. The disquiet behind all these is a disquiet about the character and values of American culture. I fear that the major obstacles to good teaching of literature lie outside the profession and outside the training, though I fear also that the profession and the training do little to counter them.

To this point I shall return. As concerns the first, perhaps if one asks the questions, one may be saved the embarrassment of answering them. Do the colleges get the best human material (is the "best" in education given to the most teachable young people)? of those, do the best go on to higher studies? of those, the best go into teaching? of those, into the teaching of literature? But let that pass, let that pass, said Simon Eyre's wife.

Teachers of literature, like the rest of the profession of which they are part, and the institutions in which literature is taught, have given over one of their professional tasks in a way which would have caused chaos had it been the practice in the professions of medicine and law. When the world, the press and the parent have laughed at scholars and literary men with the scorn of "As if the students were professionals," or "they teach as if they wanted to produce another race of scholars and critics," we have laughed loud and long as earnest of our innocence, recognized that the all-round man of this particular world could make do with but two Shakespeare sonnets, added two of Dylan Thomas's to relate Shakespeare's "to the student's world," and hurried off to the meeting of the Committee on Curricular Change. What wonder if the Schools of Education have taken up with alacrity the job of squaring off all our well-rounded pegs? while the Graduate School
hurriedly introduces the two pegs it gets from the lot to
the problem of what a sonnet can be, and do, by pouring
Petrarch, Drayton and Daniel onto the ashes of two for-
gotten Shakespeare items? In a very true sense, magister
nasium non fit, but few professions try to make it happen
by laughing at their own sterility. In addition to their
other responsibilities, college and university English de-
partments face — or ought to — a strict professional task,
of fearsome scope and delicacy.

Willy nilly, out of "the English major" are going to
come (and they may be either good or bad): A. scholars
and critics; B. college teachers; C. the army of high-school
English teachers (1. the M.A. group, 2. the rest).* A and
B and C must all also be part of a group, D., which covers
them but which A. B. C. does not cover: D. the readers
of good books, for pure love. These four have one funda-
mental necessity in common, as far as the teaching of lit-
erature is concerned; all must read decently. I shall not
define it now; we all mean pretty much the same thing
when we say of the Freshmen, the Ph.D. candidates, the
reviewers, that they simply don’t know how to read. This
at least, then, we can teach everyone at once without loss,
and this must be taught at all costs.

There are certain reasons why the costs come so high.
One of these is a fact about education in a democracy which
we could think of some way around, but haven’t. At each

* I do not include the creative writer, who will be and probably
should be obstreperous under any system; we cannot cut our cloth
to his measure partly because he never twice the same size.
But anyhow he is probably better off, like Yeats, in walking naked.
I suppose he must in these days and times take a B.A.; it should
probably not be in English but in a foreign literature, in politics
or economics or fine arts or philosophy.

stage of the educational process the push of the crowd
against the gates has weakened the standards. Enjoyment
(a sine qua non; literature by definition should and must
involve pleasure) gets defined as “liking without thinking
too hard”; Steinbeck and Galsworthy begin to look safer
than Pope and Spenser; and the 2 in 10 who would enjoy
Pope more than Steinbeck don’t know he existed; gram-
mar disappears for similar reasons, and the syntax of any
sentence written as early as Dr. Johnson becomes unman-
ageable except via class discussion. Spenser, Pope, Johnson,
including tools to read Johnson, postponed; for handling
by the Graduate School. At the college underclassman
level: same process, plus the hazards involved in competing
with Abnormal Psych, Marriage: how to succeed in it, and
Geo-Politics; the 1 out of 25 who will in five years be
teaching high-school students misses grammatical discipline,
and now for the last time; since “they only get what you
discuss,” excerpts supplant epics, “Three Years She Grew”
supplants a good slice of The Prelude, Lear alone supplants
Lear-in-class, Oedipus and part of the Poetics for compar-
ison, and Tamburlaine to sharpen one’s points for a paper.
Marlowe, Sophocles, Aristotle, also ability to construe a
strange poem or play by oneself, postponed; for handling
by the Graduate School. At the senior level: have those
who expect to teach the next year subtract 12 hours from
total time spent reading literature, for use in learning How
to Teach In General. At the M.A. level: 27,000 M.A.’s
were given in 1940; of these 9,500 were in Education, 900
in English; a moment’s thought will produce conclusions
anent "the teaching of literature." (Reading postponed to
the Ph.D.).

But: whose job is it to train whatever proportion
teaches English out of the 18-fold increase in numbers of M.A.'s? (B.A.'s for the same dates, 1900 cf. 1940, increased 7-fold; Ph.D.'s 9-fold).** It is easy to say we have little faith in what this young army got taught, and went forth to teach to others (whom we shall teach, at, at, in six more years). But who precisely is the custodian and guard responsible for maintaining those aesthetic values we think of when we talk of "the teaching of literature"? "My God, I mean myself," said George Herbert ending his poem on Misere. It doesn't lower the death rate to deprecate the capacities of those doctors who rushed into the area.

There is a worse misery still. Since I have admitted that one Indispensable for the professional groups A. B. C. is that non-professional one of reading-well-and-for-love, we might be cheerful if the undermining of professional training (because of the mere brute fact of numbers) were accompanied by a new strengthening of that primarily aesthetic aspect. This I doubt. We have instead allowed the entrance of two new professional risks (weeds in a cultivated public as well) — the aesthetic bigot, who has read too little and too squintingly by the rush light of a very few literary experiences, and the literary vulgarian, who has read much carelessly but little that was good enough to shake him by the roots.

I wonder if this might be true: if we took our professional responsibility seriously for one generation, we might be able to teach literature to the next one — because it could read. I should like to think out how it would hit group C, and then notice whether such tactics would hurt or harm A, B and D. When I began teaching, English was Outlining and Surveys (Great Tool Age), and then it became Sociology (Period of Economic Man), now it is Psychology (The Author's Sensibility). It would be exhilarating for spades to be spades, for a time. We might conserve some of the discipline of the Tool Age, and some of the discussion approaches of the others, but all in the service of English; or, *the reading of mature literature, by oneself*. As in a seventeenth-century sermon, my division is word by word.

**Reading:** Many possible meanings of a literary work

admitted, but no substitution, for inquiry into its meaning, of vague remarks on its effect; enter explication, the study of words, syntax, artistic structure, metrics to catch tone of voice (part of meaning). Reading with the ear of the mind included; one is thankful for recent emphasis on the fact that poetry is a craft, thankful that we can of late years remark on Milton's pitying sternness toward Man and his caesuras in the same breath. Caveat, that the over-efficient student can make a trick and a technique out of this too, a substitute for honest aesthetic responses of his own. Two levels of reading admitted: one extremely meticulous, and one admittedly imperfect — to learn what the world contains. The only verboten on either level: a separation between what's said and how. In other words, perhaps one can only read if one makes, and stands to, the hard admission that if a poem says a stupidity, its caesuras will show it; and vice versa.

**Mature:** The deepest, widest, maturest writers we have, and no quarter. Shakespeare, all of Milton all of Keats, Troilus and Criseyde, Yeats, James, Swift — or whatever we think is greatest, but for that reason. This would make English the hardest course in the curriculum, unpopular with all but serious students. Soit; that would include the geeze that can lay golden eggs. Neglect the others, for this generation. One lucky peculiarity of English departments would operate: in most colleges, the unavoidable Waterfall, "The common pass Where, clear as glass, All must descend," is the required year of English. I think we might escape detection for ten years at the outside if we applied here the same standard of intellectual maturity. By the time our colleagues discovered why 20 per cent failed and had to take a non-credit remedial course in reading, we could lose the course, having salvaged whatever percentage of students have it in them to be "quickened by this deep and rocky grave." Bury the rest of this generation. We might even succeed with most of them if we taught these greatest works as

**Literature:** Literature is not the history of ideas. (Nor even the recurring of recurrent symbols). Some young people, at least, have become hungry for plays that have plots, poems that are enchanted music, novels that people their thin world, for literature that extends their experience — but through and because of the compelling power of form. This last relation they do not realize and must be shown. Once they have learnt it, they can "read." One generation of lower-school teachers who could read Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and Eliot aloud with passion and understanding would clear up half the reading-comprehension troubles at the Freshman level. I would even reinstate learning by heart. And keep to the best metrists and prose-writers in the elementary courses, no matter what the pressures; we have tried floating the touchstone notion and found all hands reading *Life* when the lights went up. But
ourselves for the speedy "integrating" of others, students ought in all these matters to watch a process, not secure an opinion, or erect into truth another man's set of interpretative judgments. A synthesis like an aesthetic experience, is something one has

By oneself: I suppose flesh and blood could not resist it, but surely faculties, from the high-school to the graduate level, have followed students into the Great American Delusion: "Take a course in it." No society matches ours for willingness to keep its young people immature, but if the American middle-class parent is the egregious security-worshipper, faculties cooperate by the lowness of their expectations, not even ostracizing the non-vacation-reader. And of course if I thought that these remarks about English courses had provided for "learning to read," I should deserve to be choked with a volume of Beowulf-to-Hemingway. How read Mann without Freud, or Whitman without American history, or Donne without Augustine, or Swift without Veblen? Literature and death are not the only things a man must learn to handle alone.

I return, at my close, to the unhappiest point of all. To lift one's head and look about is to fear that the major obstacles to good teaching of literature lie in certain deeply entrenched characteristics of our culture. Insofar as we are a technological civilization, our values are opposed to the values inherent in aesthetic experience. Literature aesthetically considered has no cash equivalent, no advertising status; it does not Get One Anywhere. There is a distribution problem for literature as for all commodities which fill human needs; but this particular need itself is flat nonsense to a society organized for and around material profits. The postulate of literature is that life is something else entirely.

Insofar as we are a technological civilization we are not opposed to but unalert to aesthetic values. There is too much to do; being is a luxury. Literature as mere relaxation is as much a contradiction in terms as literature written to sell soap. So we thunder professionally against plain enjoyment and against rhetorical persuasion, and the technologist concludes (quite rightly) that "aesthetic" must mean something useless but decorative (which is what he said all along), and that all America should buy one when things loosen up a little. And this indeed it most amiably does.

Insofar as we are a society which does what is to its continued on page 20

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***Of course most good books are didactic, and all literature is a course in philosophy. But both elements had best get into a literature course by gate-crashing, since that's how they get into the books in the first place. (I should be obliged if the reader will attach to his understanding of what I mean by these disclaimers regarding the history of ideas certain later remarks.)

***As one reads the descriptions of Humanities Courses in 57 American colleges (see Shoemaker, Francis, Aesthetic Experience and the Humanities, Columbia Univ. Press, 1945, pp. 156, ff.), one cannot but sigh to think of all the "formulations" one has had to unteach, in one's time. The younger a student, the more he is at the mercy of a formulator. The fewer facts he has to fight back with, the less he is able to learn how to make a generalization. Of course it always looks like success when he learns to "make" ours.
I SHOULD like to explore freedom as one of the essential characteristics of serious and significant human action. In our modern world such freedom has become steadily more paradoxical and even self-contradictory, and sometimes we are almost tempted to abandon its pursuit. I shall suggest that it is only through the ultimate seriousness of religion that we can face and give meaning to these paradoxes and contradictions and that only thus can we achieve the freedom and significance which is our goal.

Perhaps because I am a historian, it seems to me that a brief history of the earlier Greek and New Testament ideas of freedom can best serve to introduce us to our modern situation.

The Greeks throughout their thinking always emphasized freedom as central to human life, and in their early ages they saw this as essentially political. Man is a political animal by nature; the polis or city-state is a community of free men; and the free man is one who is "his own" and the "ruler of himself." In later Greek and Graeco-Roman thought, freedom ceased to be primarily political, but it did not become any less important. With the failure of the city-state, the locus of freedom was transferred to the cosmos, or universe, and here again the wise man was always free as he was "his own" and the "ruler of himself" within the great cosmic order. The Stoic Epictetus (c. 55-135 A.D.) replies to the threats of a tyrant, "Zeus himself made me free, and do you think that he will allow his own son to be enslaved." (Discourses I, 19#9) The Emperor Marcus Aurelius (121-80 A.D.) writes of the rational soul, "It is conscious of itself, it moulds itself, it makes of itself whatever it will... so that it can say, 'I have what is my own.'" (Meditations XI, 1)

The general presuppositions of Greek freedom are clear. Man is free because in an eternal cosmos he has the power to be his own and to have his own; he achieves freedom as he sees, affirms, and acts his part in the cosmic order. Freedom is thus a human possibility, never lost permanently; it appears in clarity to those who turn their minds toward it; and it is neither paradoxical nor problematic. The wise man manifests it for all to see.

When we turn to the New Testament, we find that freedom is no less important than it was for the Greeks, and it is the key concept in many crucial texts. "You shall..."
R. Cranz, a scholar of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, came to the College in 1941 from Harvard, where he was a Junior Fellow, an honor given to unusually promising young scholars. He was also Lowell Lecturer at Lowell Institute in Boston, giving lectures on The Medieval Idea of the Christian Society.

His writings and research have been chiefly in the fields of Medieval and Renaissance theology and intellectual history. In 1959 he contributed "An Essay on the Development of Luther's Thought on Justice, Law, and Society" to Volume XIX of Harvard Theological Studies, and he has written articles for learned journals such as Speculum, Harvard Theological Review, and Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society. At present he is working on a descriptive catalogue of all Aristotelian publications from the beginning of printing through 1520, work for which the American Council of Learned Societies has given him two grants. He expects to complete Volume I within the year.

Alongside his scholarship lies his devotion to teaching and to the College. Last May Mr. Cranz was named Rosemary Park Professor. He is a member of the Medieval Academy.

know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. . . . If then it is the Son who shall have made you free, you shall indeed be free." (John VIII, 32 and 36) "Stand fast therefore in that freedom wherewith Christ has made us free, and do not submit again to the yoke of slavery." (Galatians V, 1)

BUT the Christian’s freedom is very different from that of the Greeks. It is not a freedom within the cosmos but rather a freedom from and above the world. It is a divine grace and not a continuing human possibility. And its manifestations are deeply paradoxical, for in them the opposites of freedom and slavery are inextricably intertwined. All this is most fully worked out in the writings of Paul, and here we can best study it.

In the first place, the freedom of Paul does not mean being one's own and having one's own in an eternal cosmos. Christianity has downgraded the Greek cosmos to a creaturely status as the temporal world of men. And the Christian does not want so much to assert his own worldly self as to be free of the bondage to sin which that worldly self involves. Hence the Christian is on the one hand “not his own” but the “slave of the Lord.” (I Corinthians VI, 19 and VII, 22) On the other hand, through grace, all things are his own, including the world. “All things are yours, whether the world, or life, or death, or things which are past, or things which are to come, all are yours. But you are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.” (I Corinthians III, 21-25)

But if the Christian’s freedom is above the world and in some sense a hidden freedom, how can it appear in the world? Paul’s answer, implicit rather than explicit, is best seen in his account of his own work, and I think we can summarize it in saying that the Christian’s freedom can appear only in the world as a paradoxical coincidence of opposites and contradictories.

There is first of all Paul’s freedom in relation to what the world can do to him, for he is free not just in one place on the worldly scale but in all places. "Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatever situation I am to be self-sufficient. For I know both how to be abased and how to abound; everywhere and in all things I have been initiated both on how to feast and how to fast, both on how to abound and how to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.” (Philippians IV, 11-13)

In the second place, in his action in the world, Paul
is free of all worldly norms, and he exhibits this freedom in enslaving himself, out of love and charity, to many different norms. "Being free of all men, I have made myself a slave to all men that I might win over all the more. And unto the Jews, I became as a Jew that I might gain the Jews, to them that are under the law as under the law, that I might win over them that are under the law. To them that are without law, as without law (being not without law to God but under the law to Christ) that I might win over them that are without the law. To the weak I became as the weak that I might win over the weak. I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some of them." (I Corinthians IX, 19-22)

Paul thus exemplifies his freedom in relation to the differing norms of different civilizations. He knows that in the sight of God and in the sight of the Christian saved and above the world, there is no difference between Jew and Greek, between cultured Greek and barbaric Scythian. In the power of this freedom above all civilizations, he is free in love and charity to be all things to all men, and he is free to make himself the slave of all civilizations. "For, brethren, you have been called to freedom; only do not use freedom for an occasion to the flesh, but by love be slaves of one another." (Galatians V, 13)

Finally, at the deepest level of all, Paul makes use of the same paradoxical coincidence of opposites when he describes himself as the apostle and preacher of Christianity, and he does so in full consciousness of his exemplary and symbolic character. "For I think that God sent forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed unto death, for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels and to men." And Paul goes on to describe his paradoxical and contradictory relationship both to his disciples and to his enemies. "We are fools for Christ's sake, but you are wise in Christ; we are weak but you are strong; you are honourable, but we are despised. . . . Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat. We have come to be like the scum of the earth, the dregs of the world, and we are so now." (I Corinthians IV, 9 f.) Elsewhere he writes in the same manner of himself, "considered an imposter, when I am true; obscure, when I am well known; dying and yet here I live. . . . as grieved, when I am always glad; poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." (II Corinthians VI, 9-11)

In summary, then, Paul's freedom is a divine grace which raises him above the world; freedom is the spiritual and hidden truth of his new being. But if Paul is above the world he is also sent into it. In the world he is free of the old slavery to sin, and he is also free of all worldly norms. Yet Paul exhibits this freedom by accepting slavery to many norms, that he may better serve his neighbor in love and charity. As apostle, Paul preaches a freedom above the world in wealth, power, and life; yet in himself he exemplifies the worldly opposites of freedom, namely poverty, weakness, and death. If we ask why Paul speaks and acts through such paradoxical forms, the answer is that he would point by worldly words and deeds to what is beyond the world, and it is the paradox which forces us to look beyond what is said and done.

If we now turn to the modern age, I think that we shall find Paul's position most relevant, but we shall also find that for us the problem of freedom is located differently than it was for Paul's audience. We do not think of ourselves as part of an eternal cosmos, and there is no need to convince us that we do not have a Greek freedom. Nor, for most of us at least, does freedom appear first of all as the opposite of human bondage to sin.

Our starting-point is rather the modern "world" which is the result of a long process of Christian secularization, and our problem is to find out, if we can, how human freedom in the full sense can exist and be exhibited in such a world.

This modern world is for us defined in the first instance by the modern methods of knowledge, the methods which may be roughly grouped under the two heads of natural science and history. And when we think seriously about freedom, we find that it can never be seen or demonstrated objectively in the world which we can know by these methods. Hence for us, as for Paul, ultimate freedom must somehow exceed the world, and within the world ultimate freedom must always remain hidden.

If we try to explain this in terms of what we mean by "freedom" and the "world," it would doubtless be hard for us to answer briefly, but I think that the main outlines are clear. If an act is to be free, at least two conditions must be met. In the first place, the act must not be completely determined by the past as the effect of a cause; it must in some sense be "new" and presuppose a human future. There must be a creative and emergent decision, even if it is only a "yes" or a "no." In the second place, the act must not be merely arbitrary, and depending on chance; it must in some sense be determined and necessary. One is not free until he has found out what he as a responsible person must decide. And without going into long argument, I am prepared to assert that our common and objective methods of knowledge such as natural science and history, the methods which created our "world" and through which it is known, cannot embrace this coincidence in freedom of what is undetermined and also determined, "new" and yet "necessary," merely possible and yet fully actual. Freedom therefore remains for us one of the things which are extremely present but which can never appear, something which we experience directly in ourselves but.
which we can never know or demonstrate objectively. And hence as for St. Paul, our freedom too can perhaps best be exhibited to the world in paradox and contradiction.

In illustration I should like to notice two modern examples of Christian freedom; in both cases the paradox appears as the combination and the coincidence of jest and seriousness.

The first example is St. Thomas More, who was a martyr for his faith in England during the reign of Henry VIII. More had a brilliant political career culminating in the lord-chancellorship with all the pomp and circumstance that such rank involved in a more ceremonial age. It is foolish to suppose that More did not enjoy the outward attributes of an office which he had worked so hard to gain. But the point of the story is that More had secretly all the time worn a hair-shirt under the costly garments of the lord chancellor, and I suppose we may say that he thus exemplified a freedom both above the hair-shirt and also above the lord-chancellorship. Paul was proud that he knew both how to be abased and how to abound; More in some way exhibits his freedom by doing both at once. In the words of his great-grandson and biographer, More "cunningly all his life time, had with his mirth hidden from the eyes of others his severe mortifications." (Cressacre More, Life of Sir Thomas More, Chapter XI, 3) Perhaps we too might be freer if we could better conceal our mortifications under mirth; perhaps there are times when freedom lies rather in concealing mirth under mortifications.

In any case, More is seen as a magnificently free man, free in the world and above the world, in the dialect of jest and seriousness with which he surrounds the last stages of his martyrdom. He will not take the oath and he will not equivocate; he dies a martyr for his Christianity. Nevertheless as the hair-shirt mocked the lord-chancellorship, so his desire to wear his finest cloak to the execution was a kind of mocking of his martyrdom. Of all the seriousness of the world, there is none more serious than a calm and premeditated martyrdom, and whoever can jest about this is indeed free of the whole world and above it. Yet to the very end, More alternates and combines his seriousness and his jests. The pattern is so well presented in the life written by his son-in-law, William Roper, that I shall quote in full the passage in which Roper described More's actions after he had been led to the place of execution:

"Where, going up the scaffold, which was so weak that it was ready to fall, he said merrily to Master Lieutenant, 'I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself.' Then desired he all the people there about to pray for him, and to bear witness with him that he should now there suffer death in and for the faith of the Holy Catholic Church. Which done, he kneeled down, and after his prayers said, turned to the executioner, and with a cheerful countenance spake thus unto him: 'Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office; my neck is very short; take heed therefore thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty.' So passed Sir Thomas Moore out of this world to God, on the very same day in which he himself had most desired." (W. Roper, The Life of Sir Thomas More, Knight)

The Danish Protestant theologian Søren Kierkegaard (1813-55) is surely in many ways an opposite to Thomas More, and yet I think that his advice to the Christian on jest and seriousness is not so very different. Kierkegaard touches on the problem in the Concluding Unscientific Postscript, where he tries to work out the proper relation between the minister's proclamation on Sunday that man can of himself do absolutely nothing and the week-day abilities and disabilities of his listeners. Kierkegaard asks whether, if a man takes the Sunday statement as seriousness and his own apparent abilities as the jest, this means that he will do nothing at all. "Ah, no for then precisely he will have no occasion to appreciate the jest, since the contradiction will not arise which brings it into juxtaposition with the earnestness of life. . . . Sloth, inactivity, the affectation of superiority over against the finite, this is poor jesting, or no jest at all." And Kierkegaard means that there is no real seriousness here either. He continues, "But to shorten one's hours of sleep and to buy up the hours of the day, and not to spare oneself, and then to understand that the whole is a jest, aye that is seriousness. . . . To hold the fate of many human beings in one's hand, to transform the world, and then constantly to understand that this is a jest; aye, this is earnestness indeed." (quotations taken from A Kierkegaard Anthology, ed. R. Bretall, Princeton, 1951, p. 235) In Paul's terms, slave to the whole world, and yet free of the world; free of the whole world and therefore able to be slave to the whole world in charity. Here lies the jest; here lies the seriousness. Here lies the slavery; here lies the freedom.

And perhaps at the end to bring all this back to the Class of 1939, we might offer a slightly paraphrased Kierkegaard as good advice on the comprehensives, about which rumor has it that some few of the seniors are a bit worried. "Sloth, inactivity . . . this is poor jesting or rather no jest at all. But to shorten your hours of sleep and to buy up with reading and thinking all the hours of the day, and then to understand that the whole is a jest, this is seriousness indeed." Within the heart of such seriousness I believe your ultimate freedom lies hidden, and this freedom is a grace for which we all should pray.
MORE BATTLE THAN BOOKS
continued from page 15

interest but says what it thinks sounds well (see foreign policy or social mores, any newspaper for any day) we can nourish no sound literature, nor read any, for long. If literature (except satire) were not other-worldly in a world of arrogant acts accompanied by pious disclaimers, the more shame to it; but otherworldliness can kill an art too.

Insofar as we believe only in the active life and defend the contemplative life only in terms of it, aesthetic activity, including the writing and reading of literature, loses its touch with the impulse which gave it birth (both births; all books have two, if they find a reader). Professionally alarmed, we call names at "science" — though it is born of the same impulse, as its thoughtful exponents constantly point out. Or we deride the notions of "social relevance" or "moral purpose," as if this were not the finite world, and as if contemplation could ever end in a state of pure rest in the realm of imperfections. So we assist the break we thought to mend, and squabble with those whose glue we do not like, or who are working on some other tear in the fabric.

Insofar as we are a culture with a push-button conception of the human mechanism, the whole set of our life is inimical to aesthetic experience. "It is expected that they will be able to find the formula tomorrow morning," say the reports of our deliberations upon the most delicate problems of political and economic difference. "Push the right button and you can chart the human reaction" is no merely American delusion, yet if there are no traces of it in this essay, I am no American.

These and like limitations of the modern mind are the most serious obstacles to "the teaching of literature." These are the Common Enemy — yet like most groups not in the ascendant, we find more stimulating our fights with each other. Teacher against scholar, humanist against scientist, scholar against critic; the pot calling the kettle "mere" is the scrap that has life in it, that sells the book; re-hires the instructor, makes a man a hero among his own kettles.

That there is pedantry among scholars, superficiality among critics, technique-worship among scientists, personality-mongering among teachers, who is not aware? But who is for it? Least of all those in the baskets wherein these staler eggs get put, looking as they do so much like other eggs. Perhaps the "teaching of literature" would be served if we dropped these groupings in American intellectual life, spoke to a man's arguments instead of to his coterie or position, paid each other the compliment of his agreement without malice, and fought instead the forces that are out and out against the love and understanding of literature. These forces are not weak; nor few.

THE DYNAMIC IMAGE
continued from page 10

no poetry, quite commonly present the astonished ethnologist with a highly developed tradition of difficult, beautiful dancing. Their music apart from the dance is nothing at all, in the dance it is elaborate. Their worship is dance. They are tribes of dancers.

If you think of the dance as an apparition of interactive Powers, this strange fact loses its strangeness. Every art image is a purified and simplified aspect of the outer world, composed by the laws of the inner world to express its nature. As one objective aspect of the world after another comes to people's notice, the arts arise. Each makes its own image of outward reality to objectify inward reality, subjective life, feeling.

Primitive men live in a world of demonic Powers. Subhuman or superhuman, gods or spooks or impersonal magic forces, good or bad luck that dwells in things like an electric charge, are the most impressive realities of the savage's world. The drive to artistic creation, which seems to be deeply primitive in all human beings, first begets its forms in the image of these all-surrounding Powers. The magic circle around the altar or the totem pole, the holy space inside the Kiwa or the temple, is the natural dance floor. There is nothing unreasonable about that. In a world perceived as a realm of mystic Powers, the first created image is the dynamic image; the first objectification of human nature, the first true art, is Dance.
THE College community suffered a great loss on February 15th with the death of one of its oldest and most distinguished members. Miss Elizabeth C. Wright, chairman of the committee which founded Connecticut College and Bursar Emeritus of the College, died in New London at the age of 86.

Miss Hyla Snider, retired faculty member and friend of Miss Wright, writes of her: "Elizabeth Wright was a person of remarkable qualities. Vigorous in intellect throughout her life, she maintained a vital and continuing interest in the affairs of the College. From her home on North Ridge, she took pleasure in the remarkable growth of the College, culminating, in 1963, with the completion of the dormitory which bears her name. Her wide reading interests included French literature; other hobbies, actively pursued, were writing, gardening, and travel. In appearance she resembled Mrs. Roosevelt so greatly that she was taken for her wherever she traveled. Elizabeth Wright's presence as an individual, her wise counsel, inspiring philosophy, and never-failing sense of humor will be missed by the entire College community, as well as by innumerable friends from the east coast to the west."

Miss Wright occupied a unique position in the early history of the College. In 1910 when Wesleyan University closed its doors to female applicants, Miss Wright and her committee began their work. A year later they chose New London as the site of the College, which was called at first Thames College. The original incorporators acted as the College's first Board of Trustees and Miss Wright served as Secretary of the Board from 1911 to 1918.

Miss Wright became the College's first Bursar in 1915 when the College admitted its first class, and she remained Bursar until her retirement in 1943. She was, for a few years, Registrar and from 1928 to 1943 she acted as Assistant Treasurer of the College.

Vigorous and active, Miss Wright took part in many College activities. In 1961 she participated in the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration, when the College honored her by naming a dormitory in the North Dormitory Complex after her.

Miss Wright received her B.A. from Wesleyan University in 1897. The College awarded her an honorary M.A. in 1935.
1919

CORRESPONDENT: MRS. ENOS B. COMSTOCK (Juline Warner), 176 Highwood Ave., Leonia, N. J.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Hanson to Warren R. Corliss of Cape Cod and West Palm Beach in April 1962.

Reunion plans loom large in the Christmas messages from Esther Buchtel (on vacation in Puerto Rico with her housemate, Jane Ebbs) to Julie Hatch of Burlington, Vt., who spent the holidays in St. Louis with her niece and three talented youngsters. Reunion chairman Virginia Rice asks for program ideas. Mildred White, from the skiers' paradise of Woodstock, Vt., attended the 1962 reunion of '22, '23, and '24, and looks forward to our 44th. Winona Young in Hartford hopes that Alison Hastings Thomson will be able to come up from her Florida home in Melbourne Beach in time to attend with her.

Class agent Dr. Ruth Anderson has added to her alumnae duties participation in a fund drive to enlarge their Boston hospital and trips to Nova Scotia and to a family Thanksgiving reunion in Philadelphia. Ruth Trail McClellan had a family Christmas with their twin grandchildren (from 10-1) all living near them in Klamath Falls, Ore. Edith Harris Ward of New Milford says that after Betty Hanson Corliss retired, she sold her New Milford home and moved. Elinor and brother Allen of Yonkers and a niece, Joan Scott.

1920

CORRESPONDENT: MRS. DANIEL PEASE (Emma Wipperfurth), 593 Farmington Ave., Hartford 5, Conn.

Among distinguished guests at the Inaugural Ball were Ted and Chief Justice Baldwin. Doris Matteson Gray retired four years ago but has gone "to help out" three times since. She and her husband had so much fun on the continent a year ago that they went to Spain and France last summer. Avril Roberts Titterington and her husband "did" the Pacific coast last summer, from Lake Louise and the Seattle fair down. Trina Schofield Parsons and Don spent Thanksgiving with her son and family in Pennsylvania. Both Linda and Leslie are good students and Linda has received several cups in swimming competition; Robin 7 is "all boy and I'm sure will rule the roost in a few years so far as his sisters are concerned."

Our sympathy to Marion Rogers Nelson upon the death of her mother, with whom she made her home in Norwich.

From Yonkers, N. Y., comes the sad news of the death there on Jan. 10 of Dorothy Upton, professor of English at Skidmore College. After graduating from CC, Dorothy received her M.A. from Columbia University and did graduate work at NYU, Oxford, Cambridge, the Univ. of London and the Univ. of Geneva. She taught for three years at St. Agni's School, Albany, and joined the English faculty of Skidmore in 1928; during a sabbatical year she taught at General College for Women. She had travelled extensively and was a member of AAUW and many professional organizations. She is survived by her sister Elnor and brother Allen of Yonkers and a niece, Joan Scott.

Career Opportunities for the Housewife

In order to help the college-educated housewife begin professional work while she has growing children, the Harvard Graduate School of Education now offers part-time training programs leading to careers in both elementary and secondary teaching. Alumnae in the greater Boston area who would like to know more about this opportunity should write to: Mrs. David Levi (Secondary), Miss Nancy Woods (Elementary), 17 Lawrence Hall, Graduate School of Education, Harvard University, Cambridge 38, Mass.
Our sympathy goes to the family of
Dr. Harvey Schmuck, who died in
September 1923, and to Maya Johnson
Schmuck, who lost her husband in
October 1924.

Correspondent: Mrs. David North (Hel
den Douglass), 248 Orange St. Box 178,
New Haven, Conn.

Ava Multobaldin Hill became the
wife of Commander Paul Maloney Owen,
USN, retired, on May 19 at Spring Hill
College, Mobile, Ala. Bob Forst, director
of Social Service Dept. at Conn. Valley
Hospital in Middletown, Conn. for 35
years, on Aug. 17 sailed for Sicily with
Margie Thompson to visit Marge's brother
there. Glad vase Fisher attended the
annual meeting of the Garden Clubs
of America in Lenox, Mass. last June. Marion
Armstrong, guidance director at Woodrow
Wilson Sr. High School, takes keen
delight in working on ceramic jewelry and
has sold bowls, mugs and new slabs at Re-
union. Glad has patience. She enjoys
gardening and bird watching but more
especially just being the wife of the head-
master of William Penn Charter School in
Havemont, Penn. Gloria Bridge Allen's
husband is in the construction business in
Denver. They have two children and a
two-year-old granddaughter. Dot Brown
Terry still keeps active as a substitute
teacher in the elementary level with a
preference for kindergarten, first and
second grades. Her three daughters are
married and she and Harold have six
grandchildren. Helen Covert's Lan's
dughter, Gretchen, a graduate of Sim-
mons College, is married and living in
Princeton, N. J. where her husband is
working toward an advanced degree at
Woodrow Wilson Graduate School. Greg-
then has a daughter, Heidi. Hazel
Lives in Putnam, where she manages the
retail store in connection with her florist
business and does design work. She enjoys
working on the Community Concert Ass'n,
the Woman's Club, as a Nurse's aide, for
the VNA, and with the winter birds.
Marjorie Clemon, Mary's son, is the mother of
four and grandmother of seven. Janet
Crawford, How takes delight in her three
grandchildren, children of her daughter,
Sara How Stone. Executive director of the
YWCA in Hartford, where her time is spent primarily in
securing and promoting volunteer par-
ticipation and in raising money.
Glory Eble Preston Smith is now in Melbourne,
Australia, where her husband is Managing
Director of Alcoa of Australia, Ltd. In
June Ginny wrote that she is going to
have 'start 2n entirely new batch of
hobbies and activities' while becoming
oriented and acclimated to her new home.
When she isn't teaching biology and
physiology at Classical High School, Spring-
field, Mass., Eileen Friedwald enjoys
gardening.
Golf, bowling and "all kinds of good
works" occupy Mad Foster Conklin when
she isn't entertaining her grandchildren.
In addition to her church activities as the
wife of an Episcopal clergyman, Mary
Hilger Biggs, our class president, enjoys
grooming and her volunteer work at the
coffee shop of Glo
Hollister Anable as Naturalist and
Conservation Director helps to preserve the Minus
River Gorge Wilderness. In 1923, present acreage of which is 207 acres, with
more being acquired. Glo conducts field
trips for youth and adult groups to study
and observe native plants, trees and
animals, very abundant in this area. Dr. Richard Good-
win of Conn. College is a trustee and advisory
member of the Conservation Committee. Glo is in editor of Florida and
Amen of Minus River Gorge, now in its
second edition. Tite and Betty Holmes
Brandow took a trip to California last
March. They saw Bobbie Kent Kepner in
Logan, Utah, and had a weekend visit with
Catts Holmes Brandow in her new home
in Valley Center, Calif. Catts is teaching
in grade school. Betty and Tite keep busy
with commuting, work, house, woods, dog,
recreation. Does anyone have Clara
Cooper Morton's address? Janit Preston
Dean has done some teaching, a lot of
substitute teaching, and when she isn't
involved in house renovation and gardening,
she is teaching her four grandchildren
to swim and ride a pony. Lillian Gunneman
is an active church group member, society
and conservation organizations. Peg
Kendall Yarrell now enjoys bridge,
golf, swimming and attending good theater.
She is a "job and keeping house weekends.
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she is teaching her four grandchildren

Ruth Exler is Chief Psychiatric Social Worker, Institute of the Penn. Hospital in Philadelphia, doing the intake for Psych. Outpatient Clinic, which operates as a training clinic for residents in psychiatry. She enjoys reading, gardening, and spending time with her friends. Lucille Witte Morgan, a grandmother of five, is Library Circulation Assistant at Connecticut College. Margaret Carlson Benjamin's husband, a graduate of Penn Dental School and in Alaska, is an exhibitor with Gulf Oil. They have two sons and four grandchildren. Elizabeth Hollister is enjoying the leisure of a retired school teacher.

Louise Hall Spring lives in Ann Arbor, Mich. Sam, Wee's eldest son, and wife have four sons lives in Jackson, Mich., where Sam is General Accounting Supervisor for Consumer Power Co. Elinor married Ed Eldridge. She finished her Master's in social work and is working with mentally disturbed children. Daughter Marjory was married to Larry Ferguson, a teacher. She is Teen Hi Program Director at the University of Grand Rapids, Holland, Mich. Lousie has a son who is a member of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra. Ann Fraker Latoccano, whose husband is a physician in New London, spends her free time in gardening and the hospital auxiliaries in the LWV and with her cats. Minna Gardner Thompson works at the bookstore at Mt. Holyoke College and keeps up with her golf, swimming, church work, blood bank and cancer drive when she isn't occupied with her four children and five grandchildren, including twins. Organization work and serving as a volunteer at the New London Hospital keeps Smnt Gordon Hahn occupied, though she has a full-time job taking care of her father and husband at home. Bob Hamblet, in addition to her work in physical therapy, enjoys her garden club, her International Institute and serves as a volunteer at the hospital and with the Hospital Aid Assn. Elinor Hau kes Torpey has three grandchildren. Hun ken has served as one of the special chairman of the LWV. Marie Jetter Warrow is a volunteer social worker with the Sunbury VNA. She enjoys gardening, drumming and singing. Olivia Joines is the head librarian at the Wilton Library Assn. Anna Kupfer works under the auspices of the Mass. Dept. of Public Health as Public Health Nursing Advisor to Community Nurses in 24 cities and towns. Mickey Lawson Johnson is a county teacher of hooked and knotted rugs with Cornell Univ. Extension, is president of her garden club, and is a travel trailer "bug." She and her husband have gone all over the U. S. and a large part of Canada. Her son David, RPT '51, has two sons, Michael and Thomas. Douglas North; two sons and their wives attended the annual convention of the National Assn. of Insurance Agents in Washington, D. C., in September with Dougie and David. The boys represent the fifth generation in North's Insurance Agency, founded in 1835 by their great-great-grandfather. While in Washington, Dougie had a brief phone conversation with "Call Ledge" mother. He was at work. Genie Walsh Brown's son David was graduated from the Univ. of Maryland. Her daughter Barbara, a secretary at the Columbia Law School, is married to Richard Winter, a graduate student at Juilliard. Genie is teaching French under FLES. Marion Vibert Clark and her husband flew to Edmonton this summer to meet son David and his wife and to travel with them, camping along the Alaska Highway and in Alaska, seeing her youngest son in Fairbanks, and visiting several national parks briefly en route to Boulder, Colorado, where a 12-day visit with daughter and four grandchildren completed the trip very satisfactorily.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Barbara Kent Kepner, her three children and four grandchildren on the death on Aug. 17 of Harold Kepner, who had retired only last fall as Professor of Civil Engineering at the Univ. in Logan, Utah; also to Elizabeth McDougall Palmer, whose husband died on Feb. 25 after a long fight with cancer. Her daughter died on April 25. William A. Kepner has served as one of the special chairman of the LWV, and has a full-time job taking care of her father and husband at home. David Kepner, married the year he was in Washington, D. C., during the holidays attending a Modern Language meeting. Eleanor Stone has night charge of 64 epileptic and schizophrenic women at the N. H. State Hospital, is second vice president of the Practical Nurses Ass'ns, secretary of the District, program chairman of the Psychiatric Forum and is active in Eastern Star, Federation of Business and Professional Women's Club, the local Music Club and an evening church group. She maintains a five room apartment, knits, reads and enjoys FM. Last spring Constance Parkway flew to St. Croix to vacation with her sister, her husband and their daughter, Connie's namesake. Then she flew back to Winter Park, Fla., picked up her mother and drove to Daytona Beach for a month. During the summer she spent three weeks at Nantucket. From Grace Bennett Neveen, "Left for Greece the end of April and spent May cruizing in the Aegean Sea, getting Princess Sophie married and visiting friends in Athens. Then in a freighter up the Dalmatian Coast and home by way of Italy, Switzerland and France." Daughter Margie and Rene came from Switzerland for Tim's wedding July 7. Tim is a minister and has two small churches at Amagansett, L. I. Graduated Xmas with daughter Ann in North Carolina and New Year's with Tim in Long Island.

Morton Walf Besbee continues in the processing department of New Haven's Free Public Library and hopes to as long as possible despite very serious operations on her eyes.

Our sincere sympathy to Marian, who lost her mother in April and to Grace Naveen, whose father died Dec. 1 at 92.

1926

CORRESPONDENT: Katharine L. Colgrove, 38 Crescent St., Waterbury, Conn.

Barbara Brooks Bixby, our class president, represented 1926 at the inauguration of President Shain. Also present were Edna Smith Tibbitt, Barbara Bell Groeh and Jessie Williams Kohl.

Rosky Beebe Cochran recently returned from a European trip. Her husband, as U. S. representative on the Committee of International Conference of Economic Historians, attended a conference held in Aix-en-Provence, France. Following the conference, he and Rosky drove through Spain, France, Italy, the Greek Islands, Switzerland and Holland. A card from Millie Dorrin Goodsellone from Rome says that Marge Thompson was in Florence for two weeks when the Goodwillies were there. Gladys Lord Willett, whose husband is a Cornell graduate, was married the year he married to Mary Ann Castellano. Brian is a 2lt. in the Army Intelligence Corps. Master Sergeant Frances Green spent two weeks at Governor's Island in place of WAC reserve training camp and saw Brian Wil there. Clarissa's younger son David is a music major at Syracuse Univ. House Farnsworth, Schneidewind and her husband last spring flew to Portugal and South America, and her son and daughter-in-law winter in California, making the trip to California.

Word has been received of the death of Margaret Covert Vanderveer. She was living in Forest Hills, N. Y.

After the brief mention of Hope Farrington Snow's death in the December issue, a dear friend told Barbara Tracy Coogan 27 the following details of her life. Her husband was a widow whose husband, Colonel Albert Snow, had died about 10 years before. They had 2 sons, George Farrington Snow and Robert Albert Snow, and 5 grandchildren.

Hope was a great reader and wrote poetry herself. She loved the outdoors, flowers, seashells, grass, the small quiet things. She had a great capacity for friendship — so much so that business in the little town of Blue Hills, Me., where she lived, closed down in tribute to her at the time of her unexpected death.

Hazel Brackett Catise died on June 9 in South Willington.

1927

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. L. B. Gatchell (Constance Noble), 6 The Fairway, Upper Montclair, N. J.

Barbara Tracy Coogan is handling the column for one issue for Connie Noble Gatchell, who has had some trouble with her eyes.

Edward Richmond has retired as teacher of biology at the Newton (Mass.) High School in order to do some of the things he never had time to do — a class in making and exchanging lessons in needlework, and art lessons. It is 52 years since Newton
High has been without a Richmond in the Science Dept., for her father was its head beginning in 1910. Several teas and luncheons for her benefit are planned at the Conn. College Club of Boston; membership chairman of the Jackson Homestead, an early American home, now a museum; and president of the Newton High School Class of 1928, Thistle was a prominent member in the Newton School Students' Legion of Merit award. A portion of the

Kay is very much her twinkly self and says, "I can still climb a mountain if no one hurries me."

Last spring while Peter and I were in Washington, we had dinner with Toscana and Thistle McKee Beuyn on the terrace of their home in Alexandria, Va. The house was originally the slave quarters for the main house, Burgundy Farm, which rivaled Mt. Vernon in its day but burned some years ago. Toscana is a internationally known engineer and Thistle a distinguished pediatrician. Thistle has two step-sons, one in the State Dept. in foreign service, the other a microbiologist. Their daughter Bonnie is an excellent housewife.
Correspondent: Mrs. James G. Mesland (Susan Comfort), 371 Lancaster Ave., Haverford, Penna. Apt. 3B.

Hort Alderman Cooke continues her philanthropic activities and has added a class in oils which, after 30 years’ absence from the easel, she finds most rewarding.

N. B. Barber Knaff and Bob Cordy of Cleveland last August to welcome their newest granddaughter, Gretchen. Fran Buck Taylor and husband John love having an 8-month-old grandson, Brownie Chalker Glicksway in 1958 received a Master’s degree in Public Health Nursing from Yale and is now Nursing Home Consultant for the State of Vermont. She travels state-wide on educational work to improve conditions in nursing homes and homes for the aged. Son Hugh Maddocks is at Northeastern University in Boston, with his own ham radio station at the YMCA. Brownie reports good fishing and hunting in the rugged Vermont climate. Margaret Cornelsen Kerr and Lowell are “cliff dwellers” and busy with what little time is left for hobbies or surf-casting, electronics, knitting and rug hooking. A winter trip to Florida is planned. Peg Hilaud Waldecker’s Sandra is a freshman at Beaver College, Penna. and 14-year-old Peter is a high school freshman. Dana 12 is upholding the good family scholastic record in junior high. Alice Higgins represented the class at President Shin’s Inauguration, taking leave from her position as social editor of the Norwich, Conn. Bulletin to do so. Ruth Raymond Gay is now librarian in Trumbull High School.

A Christmas card from Dottie Bell Miller showed her photogenic family group of husband and 3 sons as they were in 1947 and looking just as handsome in a similarly posed 1962 picture with the addition of pretty wives and cunning grand-children. Ratty photographers has been on indefinite leave of absence from her librarian position in Washington since October in order to care for her ill parents and attendant household problems. Our sympathy to her on the death of her mother last December. The Merrills (Ellie Roe and Earl) are now on vacation last year. Ellie has recently been appointed to the Board of Governors of Lawrence Hospital. Martha Satter Walker and sister Katherine visited Vienna, Switzerland and London last spring.

Deepest sympathy of the class is extended to the husband, son and daughter of our classmate Biddy Sawyer Snodgrass, who was killed instantly in an automobile accident while on a family vacation last summer.

Correspondent: Mrs. William R. Comber (Helen Peasley), 1720 York Drive, S.E., Columbus, O. Penna. The couple is now stationed in Columbus and “digs” the midwest.

Mrs. H. Neal Kerr (Petey Boomer), 125 E. 68th St., New York, N.Y. son John John of their own instead of supporting the children. Bonnie is a freshman at Centenary. Ham has cut down her extracurricular activities but the last left would make a column of its own. Jane Cox Cosgrove’s daughter Penny was married last year and Charles S. Morris II, lives in Champaign, Ill., doing graduate work in psychology at Univer of Illinois. Lillian Green Gluck’s daughter Ellen has been accepted at CC on Early Decision. Son John is a sophomore in high school. Eulene Bates Doeb is still in Woodbridge. Kaye Carwright Backus attended the inauguration ceremonies for Dr. Shain. Peggy Loan was there representing the American Association of University Professors. Kay took an enforced rest in the hospital in November.

Peg Bogy Brown’s married daughter Janet was in NYC, ski trip in Istanbul; Mary in Wyoming; John Jr. and their marvelous St. Bernard, Brandy, in Ohio; Peg in New Hampshire. Our sympathy on the death of her mother, Andrey LaCoste was in a creative writing seminar at Radcliffe—“such fun but the old brain is so rusty.” She also has a job as part-time secretary. Daughter Noelle is majoring in Psychology at Mt. Holyoke. Betty Lou P. Forrest reports, “For Christmas vacation our son David a junior at Princeton, David is a member of the Nassoons and of Cap and Crown.” Daughter Ginny is a sophomore at Emory, where one of her classmates is Jeni Smith, daughter of Doc Stevenson Smith, who with her husband Ira runs Smith’s Fancy in Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. Red and Hiney have just one child at home these days — Judy, aged 11.

It is the sad duty to report the death of our classmate Camille Sams Lightner. Several of Camille’s classmates have already made a contribution to the College in lieu of flowers. Others who wish to make a contribution in her memory may send it to our College in care of the Office of the President, Connecticut College.

Correspondent: Mrs. John B. Forrest (Betty Lou Buzell), 198 Larchmont Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.

Mrs. H. Neal Kerr (Petey Boomer), 125 Prospect St., Summit, N. J.

Mrs. H. Neal Kerr (Petey Boomer), 125 Prospect St., Summit, N. J.

Mrs. H. Neal Kerr (Petey Boomer), 125 Prospect St., Summit, N. J.
guest was our son Donald's brand new fiancée. She is a darling from Chile and Spain; her name Montserrat Hebe. She is a freighter pilot from MIT

Wood; ('

an art major. Don is at Princeton in the

Dominican College in San Raphael, Calif.,

reduced. to Montsi. We all fell in love

with her. Her name is in Germany with the Army; the older

students are at Colorado College. Cindy 16 has just entered Gulf Park Junior College in Mississippi. Chip and Pat, 12 and 8, are in the American School Foundation. Betsy finds time to go to school and take extra courses in Spanish. Having just moved to a new house, Faye Irving Squibb has been a busy getting settled. Her family is scattered:

Lyn 23 working in NYC; Jory 21 a senior at Yale; and another daughter a freshman at Western Michigan Univ. The three youngest are still home. After skiing with the family at Christmas, Faye is busy again with board jobs in the community.

1938

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. William B. Dolan

(M. C. Jenks), 755 Great Plain Ave., Needham 92, Mass.

Last fall when she took her daughter to college, Kay Bontwill Hood had a long chat with Jane Swynor Stott and an all-

nighter with Ruth Holdingshead Clark, all planning to reunite in June. Helen Susan Stanley has been taking courses in education and modern art at NYC. Her hus-

band Dave has completed his report on NYC Personnel and they are moving back to their own home in Vienna, Va. Their

youngest daughter, Betsy, is in high school while the others are at college, Dave a junior at Princeton and Mimi a freshman at Bucknell. During the past

year, Jane Hutchinson Gauff bought a three-gaited horse and has joined her chil-

dren in the show ring, adding more ribbons to the growing collection at the horse shows in Harrisburg, New York and Chicago. Evelyn Cole's daughter Carol

was married last July. Jean Pierce Field has moved to Norwell, Mass., where they have completely remodeled a 250-year-old house. Carman Palmer von Bremen is still holding down her school cafeteria job. Her daughter Janet graduates from high school this June; son Bob is playing varsity soccer; and her youngest Barbara is an enthusiastic Camp Fire girl. Augusta Strout Goodman, according to the local newspapers, is working as a husband and wife team in the interest of the United Communities Fund drive of which her husband is president this year. Their son Bob is foll-

lowing in his father's footsteps as a junior at Dartmouth, while Lynn is a freshman at her mother's Alma Mater. Their other son attends Norfolk Academy. Gerald has a reputation as a grand dinner party hostess and she loves to cook. She still keeps up with her volunteer work on the Health, Welfare and Recreation Planning Council of the U.C.F., the Volunteer Services Bureau, Girl Scouts, PTA, and the Virginia Beach Recreation Survey Committee.

More at Reunion in June. See you on campus!

1939

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. F. Eugene Diehl

(Janet Jones), 67 Jordan St., Skanesetes, N. Y.

BORN: twin grandsons to Elizabeth Parcelli Arm. They are now residing in New Haven, Conn., where their father is a senior at Yale.

Helen Gardiner Heitz went with her mother and her brother and his family then living in Budapest, Hungary. They departed via the Orient Express, but were taken off at the barricaded border and sent back to Buda-

pest for no apparent reason. They led them first to Mexico where they should have left as they came (via air) and, after much consultation with the Hungarian govt. through our charge d'affaires, they were permitted to leave. In the fall of 1939 Jean Ellis Blumcica

made a six-week trip in Europe visiting Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Italy, southern France and Brussels. Clarinda Phillips visited London and Stockholm in 1960 and Betty Parcelli Arm. went with her husband who sells iron ore for Pick-

ands Mather & Co. on a business trip which led them first to Mexico City, where they visited a family of nine children; two of the boys had lived with Betsy while they were learning English. Chuck Arms is now in Australia and Betsy is dreaming of traveling with him, as these trips, her son's marriage and her girlhood are the most important events in her life now. This winter Betsy is enjoying a Swiss vacation with her husband east from San Francisco most every January, would like to

convince her husband, a Stanford graduate, who travels east from San Fran-

cisco most every January, would like to

visit Utah when she went on a trip to Europe with her sister Anne.

Peg McCutcheon Skinner moved to Rye, N. Y., from NYC. Mary Elaine Wolfs Cardillo will be moving to a 2 acre wooded lot in Virginia Beach by January. Berencie Hecht Schneider hopes to find a larger home for remodeling. Jean Ellis Blumcica, who travels east from San Francisco most every January, would like to

pick a different month, since she wants to convince her husband, a Stanford graduate, of the high points of the east, and most particularly of our campus; her husband at present is an Ass'V. P. of Marketing for Crown Zellbach Corp. which manufactures paper products. Enrie Cocks Millard is sure to be found in a sailboat on Nantucket Sound every summer. Eleanor McLeod Adriance sees Steile Taylor Watson and Jane Goss Cortes every summer at South Wellfleet, Mass. Jane lives in Texas, Eldreda Love Nie and family camped in northwest U.S. and Canada last year and
went back to fishing in Temagami, Ontario. Elizabeth Young Riedel has made many fascinating trips by canoe from the Blue Ridge area to Ontario, mostly in connection with the Girl Scout Marines Ship and Canoe Cruises’ Ass’n. Elizabeth also has birds for Fish and Wildlife Service and works with outdoor groups active in the Washington area. Her daughter Margaret shares her many interests and is studying at the Univ. of Maryland as a biology major.

Emnie Cocks Millard’s son Stan is a private in the U.S. Army at Fort Dix. Elizabeth Riedel’s husband, a U.S. Coast Guard Captain, is in command of a C.G. cutter, Mendota, which engages in weather patrol duty. Mary Elaine DeWolfe Cardille’s husband was Executive Officer on the USS Shaw. Betty Coe Miller, three step-daughters are visiting their mother in Arizona, Alakalufa. Eldreda Lowe Nie’s daughter Dierdre is a freshman at CC this year. Barbara Shepley Dallas has a daughter Barbara at Chatham College, Pittsburgh. Elizabeth Riedel’s sister Sara is at the Linden Hall, which gives Eunice a new-found freedom. Betty Arm’s daughter Carol is at Hathaway Brown; her son David at Trinity College. Claudina Barr Phillips’ Sally is at Cornell. Elizabeth Riedel’s son Robert is at RPI. Jeff Heitz, son of Helen Gardner Heitz, is at Rollins College. Dorothy Lee Loomis’ son Rich is at College of Wooster, Ohio. Her husband Kim died in 1959. He was a senior engraver in the graphic arts laboratory of Time and Life Magazine.

Betty Coe Miller had hoped to consider her son Tim’s conscription the biggest event of the year until the Air Force recalled her husband Don to active duty during the Cuban affair. However, after thirty days, he was able to return to their home in Ironont, Ohio.

1940

**CORRESPONDENT:** Mrs. Howard M. Tuttle (Annette O’Boyle), 2290 North St. James Pky., Cleveland Heights 6, Ohio.

During 1962 Harvey and Nat Kitturs Dworken were in Europe, Harold and Billie Bindloss Sims visited the continent, and Tommy and Evie McGill Aldrich spent Christmas in the Bahamas with their son Bill. Tom Jr. is in the Marines. Prof. Boris and Anne Seaton Bittker and their two children are enjoying a sabbatical in Rome, Italy. Ellie Malemian Jacobs had her first plane ride into Atlantic City. Her son Edward is a junior at Lehigh in the Honors program, while her younger son Jeff is a 3rd grader. Ginger Clark Bisninger’s daughter is a senior at the WMI school on the Connecticut campus and has Miss Osler for English. Ed and Teddy Testwuide Koaui’s Christmas card was a picture of a son at the Univ. of Wisconsin, another at Notre Dame, a 7th grade daughter and a 6th grade son. Betty Gebzy Streeter is teaching 2nd grade and finds it fun, not work. Ginnie Bell Winters is working full time for an attorney. Her husband Harold is studying at the Univ. of Maryland, working, and writing articles for the Book of Knowledge.

The class extends sympathy to Perky Mansfield Higgins and her three children on the death of her husband last November.

1941

**CORRESPONDENT:** Mrs. William I. McClelland (Sally Kiskadden), 3860 Adams Rd., Rochester, Mich. That Datcher Coburn missed CC Reunion but had one of her own with Dr. Gardner Downes, her husband Ben and two daughters at Bainbridge Island, Washington, last summer. Dot’s son Tom has a naval ROTC scholarship at Cornell. Thea and her husband Jim were on the west coast to attend the ABA convention in San Francisco. Thea is Suffield, Conn., correspondent for the Hartford Times and secretary of the Suffield Board of Education. Margaret Stocker Moreley has moved to a new home, still in Riverside, Conn. She is studying Russian and working for the Red Cross. Husband Cameron was a VP of Hartcourt Brace and World thinks him of a broken wrist resulting from skating. Mary Farrell More is an enthusiast for anything athletic. With her three sons and husband Rams, she is now learning to ski.

A small group of Detroit area alumnae including Ethel Moore Wills, enjoyed meeting and lunching with Dr. Shain when he was her in January for a conference of new college presidents.

1942

**CORRESPONDENT:** Mrs. Paul R. Peak (Jane Worley), 2825 Otis Drive, Alameda, Calif.

The class should know that Eloise Stumm Beach wrote our reunion report. Franke Corwell Nielsen sells children’s clothing at Best and Co. in Eastchester, N. Y., only five minutes from her home in Crestwood. She had a chat with Betty Graham Evans in her store. Her daughter Cary is a freshman at Centenary College, taking a medical secretarial course. Son Freddy is a sophomore at Roosevelt High School. Franny’s husband died three years ago of a heart attack. Do you Kate Renshaw wrote, after they had been transferred from Seattle to Baltimore, “We had a nice trip east through Canada, via Banff and Lake Louise.” Jack and Adle Rosebrook of Yonkers, N. Y. have two handsome sons: Pete, who looks like his father, and Dick, who favors Adele. Adele and Jack combined business and vacation on a trip to Florida and Nassau in October. Jack gave a clinic at the American Dental Ass’n convention in Miami, even appearing on TV. Adele has been active in Hospital Auxiliary for many years, having recently completed a year as President. Your correspondent joined the Alumnae Hospital Auxiliary a year ago. I find it the most satisfying activity I’ve ever participated in.

1943

**CORRESPONDENT:** Barbara Hellbom, 52 Woodruff Rd., West Hartford, Conn.

Ruby Zagoren Silverstein and family this summer traveled 9,000 miles on a far west trip which included the Badlands, Yellowstone, Great Tetons, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Mexico and several famous parks. Son David is in the 4th grade and junior editor on her school’s newspaper. Besides being active in scouting she is an honor student in Sunday School. Grant is in the 4th grade, “doing crafts in Cub Scouts, and frequently, with his father, put to music ‘Man.’ Husband Sam, a teacher in Torrington, is also teaching Sunday School and has taken a new job as a chairman for the Audubon Society. Ruby was chosen Woman of Valor for community service and steadfastness and was invited to judge the state wide poetry for Colorado. In December several papers carried her articles, one being about the fast disappearing pinyons. ‘Calcutta Review’ of India has carried one of Ruby’s poems.

Betty Ford Woodworth is in Bar Harbor, Me. The summer of junior year Betty began working at the Jackson Memorial Lab and has been connected with it almost ever since. She’s doing part-time work at the lab now, although Michael 2 doesn’t give her much time for sitting and working. Husband Henry is a building contractor and they have an older boy, Robert 10.

Barbara Andrus Collins, whose husband Stewart, is in college administration, lives in Pennsylvania and has three sons: Pete, who looks like his father and Bud, a commander in the USCG, and Kay. Their family went to Colorado and California last summer. Barb is active in PTA, scouts and the Drexel Women’s Club. Ruth Wood is secretary-treasurer of the Kingswood School Parent-Teacher Club and lives in Chicago. She attended a national convention in New Jersey about reunion time. Filly Arborio Dillard lives in Florida, where husband Barney is a grove owner. The Dillards have four children: Sallie 14, Susan 12, MaryKay 9 and Barry 7. Carolyn Willits North lives outside Bridgeport where Nels is executive vice-president of a bank. Nelson III is now college. Bruce 16 is in college and Brud, a commander in the USCG, and Janet Ayers Leach live in Silver Springs, Md. They have four children. Janet is doing substitute teaching.

Mary Louise Williams Haskell, husband Woodrow and their four children now in West Sylvania have Mary Lou in the local CC club and the Children’s Museum Service. The Haskells spend their summers on the Maine Coast. Barbara Batchelor Hamlin and her husband, a clergyman, have four children. The latest for Alice Watson McAllister, Bill, and their three is in California. Bill is an engineer with American Airlines and they have traveled extensively in the USA, Canada and Europe. Alice Brackett Larson and husband Ray, a vice-president of finance with Crouse-Hinds Co. of Syracuse, have four children, all boys. In her travels Alice had dinner with Julie Margarita Morehead (also Betty Woodworth) on her way home from a trip to St. Lucia, B. Wl. The Martinezes “had just moved back to civilization after many years on the sugar plantation.” Deborah Barton Adler, whose husband Wallace is a vice president in the foreign operations department of Pre Formed Line Products, has three girls. The oldest, June, is CC 65. Debbi and Wally
have been to Europe several times. Carolyn
Thomson Spicer is getting established in
a new community. The Spicers have
Stephanie 13, Melissa 10 and Leslie 7.
Lynn is now a sports car buff and says,
"For 6 years we owned and flew our own
planes all over. Then my husband Aly's interest
in sports car racing and did well enough to be New England
Champion for his classification the last year he raced." Benjamin and Marion Butter-
field Hinman are living in one of the
Harbor Island suburbs. Ben is a lawyer
and they have three boys under 10. Marion is
erving on the Avon Board of Education for a four year term. The Hinmans went
to Europe for six weeks in 1959. Irene
Stockle Jacobson, after getting an M.S. at
Colombia in social work, took many
courses at William A. White Institute
of Psychiatry. She is now a psychiatric social
worker, works in a child guidance clinic
in White Plains and has private patients.
She does psychotherapy. The Jacobsons
have a girl, Laurie 12, and a boy, Steven
9.

Aly Campbell Vincent, now living in
Philadelphia, has two children, Carol 10 and
Paul 6. Husband Donald is in life
insurance. Aly sees Barbara Andrews Collin
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Eleanor Horsey Bleusnan. Aly's son
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Elizabeth Smith Livesey's only daughter Betsy
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Beth saw Mary Haskins Gregory, who lives
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This is a growing family. The family of
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With them. While on a trip to Florida
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By the time you read this column, Joan Brower Hoff will be the first lady of Vermont. Husband Philip was elected the first Democratic governor of that state in over 100 years. Joan Jensen Saville writes from Houston, "I have remarried, now being Mrs. Rodman Saville. We are true Texans but bathe our Yankee yearnings by visiting our Vermont farm just outside of Manchester. French Hollow Farm on the Bondville Road. Mary Baty Taylor and husband visited us with their tent this summer. My mother-in-law visited Jane Cope Fenn in Italy. Junice Somach Schwalm wrote from Hewlett, N. Y. just too late for our last column. Chadkie spent last winter student teaching the first grade in a local school and planned to spend another year, at all with a view to permanent certification. She hoped to complete this year at Hofstra College the six points needed for her M.S. in Education. Dr. Elizabeth H. Faulk, known to us as Candy, is a clinical psychologist with the Topkappa, Kansas, VA Hospital, is teaching at Washburn Univ. and is doing research at the Menninger Foundation. "It was raised in rank, over a year ago, to assistant professor at the Univ. of Conn. In June Pat moved into a house which she designed and built. She has acquired a dog, has retired from teaching, feels that she is in Storrs 'pretty much to stay.'

A Christmas card from Belfast, Ireland, from Jeune Siedel Goodman, Seymour, Nancy 8, Michael 6 and Brian 3 says, "Here we are back in Belfast at last year's last-month visit to the States. While home we managed a visit to campus and were most impressed with all the building and modern conveniences. After 2 years in Dublin and now over 2 years in Belfast, our children are thoroughly Irish and I must confess that a good bit of Irishisms have crept into Seymour's and my speech as well. Probably the two things we miss the most are central heating and the supermarkets stacked high with epicurean delights. About this time of year it's pretty depressing going to the green grocers and having a variety of cabbages, carrots, cabbages and turnips. The Goodmans broke up a dreary and cold summer with a two-week trip to Spain. Daughter Nancy and Michael are in school, leaving just Brian at home. The Goodmans met former President and Mrs. Eisenhower here last summer and Jeanne commented that everyone was impressed by their friendliness.

1949

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Harold K. Douthit Jr. (Mary Stecher), 2930 Valley Lane, Sunnyside, Ohio.

BORN: to Jim and Betty Hunter Moore a third child, second son, Charles Parker, on Sept. 29; to Jim and Barbara Norton Flemm- ing a second son, John Timothy, on Dec. 5; to John and Jean McMillen Struckell a fifth child, fourth daughter, San, on Jan. 3, '62; to Fred and Mae Blackman Stiefel a second daughter, Madeline Marie, on Mother's Day, May, '62.

Joan Jensen Birn and Dick have been recently transferred from Hawaii to Nor-
ham's early arrival called on all Ron's resources to help Sarah decorate the tree and play Santa Claus without assistance. Eyewitness report from correspondent Sue is that Sam Rameker is wonderful. Dick has left Kansas for the snows of Jackson- ville, Fla., where Dolly Haekin, who was dreaming of another trip to the Philippines, has completed their dream house in State College, Pa. Curtiss-Wright transferred them with Paul 12, Kappy 10 and Lynne 7 to Caldwell, N.J. J. G. Greene Davenport, Dick and her daughter are now in Willimette, III., still nostalgic for Denver's climate and scenery. Gerald and Ginny Maharg Sili- plant have forsaken the midwest of Colo- mbus, Ohio for Anlover, N.J. J. J. J. and Fransky Black Shaw have moved from a Great Notch house to a Little Falls, N.J. apartment, while Dick and Rossanne Klein Rattier discovered the reverse in Woodmere on Long Island and promised to return to the west for Dick and Gerry Foote Dolliver and Wendy 11, Gail 9, Kay 7 and Janet 5. En route to Eureka, Calif., they dropped unexpectedly on Mary Clark Shade and spent some time catching up on the twelve years since they'd seen each other at the Dolliver wedding. Dick finds his new job of executive officer on air-sea rescue serv- ice exciting despite fog and other in- clenaries but Gerry says Eureka seems like a one-horse town after their four-year sojourn in the District of Columbia.

After a six-month separation Boardy was working in Chicago and Mary Ann Woodward Thompson was in Pitts- burgh trying to sell their home, the Thompkins had three months in a rented house. Their new home in Deerfield, III. was completed for Christmas and they moved in with Kathy 9, Peter 6 and Chris 5. Eleanor Wood Piellow, John (associate professor of psychology at the Univ. of Rochester), Beth 12, and Tim 10 were all in good health, and another year of executive officer on air-sea rescue serv- ice was not to interfere with his work in labor relations. Dick finds his new job of executive officer on air-sea rescue serv- ice exciting despite fog and other in- clenaries but Gerry says Eureka seems like a one-horse town after their four-year sojourn in the District of Columbia.

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Another set of pictures for our class Christmas album features Jill and Jeffy, daughters of Bob and Nancy Budde Spano, and Grace, who belong to Albert and Nan Lou Parliament Hawkei; Bobby and Betsy, children of Ralph and Isabelle Oppenheim Gould; Mary, Sarah, Henry, Benjamin and Alexander, children of Jerry and Elizabeth Lowengard, attending the dedication of the Hoover Library and seeing former Presidents Hoover and Tru- man. Vacationing in the New Kent of the Barbadoes for a sterner life at The Horseshoe, Scarborough-on-Hudson, while Bernie and Joyce Bailey Kane and family are still in the District.

Lyndy Lowengard, daughter of Bob and Nancy Budde Spano, and Grace, who belong to Albert and Nan Lou Parliament Hawkei; Bobby and Betsy, children of Ralph and Isabelle Oppenheim Gould; Mary, Sarah, Henry, Benjamin and Alexander, children of Jerry and Elizabeth Lowengard, attending the dedication of the Hoover Library and seeing former Presidents Hoover and Tru- man. Vacationing in the New Kent of the Barbadoes for a sterner life at The Horseshoe, Scarborough-on-Hudson, while Bernie and Joyce Bailey Kane and family are still in the District.
finding time for summers on the Cape where Frank enjoys his sailfish. Another set of statistics from the annals of 186 recorded mothers, the total offspring is 515, of whom 239 are boys and 256 girls. There are 25 mothers with all girls and 21 with all boys.

1951

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Robert P. Katz (Connie Goldschmidt), 145 No. Whitney St., Hartford 5, Conn.

MARRIED: Marilyn E. Whittem to A. Francis Gehrig on Dec. 22 in Richmond Hill, N. Y.

BORN: to Norman and Florence Cameron a fifth child, fourth son, Alexander Duncan, on Nov. 14.

ADOPTED: by Murray and Marge Erickson Albertson a daughter, Bonnie, in the fall of 1962.

In spite of stormy weather on the day of Katie's wedding it was a festive event. Betty Gardner was maid of honor. Lois Banks sat with us at the reception. Frank and Katie had a well-timed southern honeymoon in Key West. Andrea's Panama raves about Portland, Ore. They are happily located on an acre of land and only five minutes drive from downtown. On a Sunday outing to Mt. Hood they literally bumped into Elizabeth Babott there for the day. Ann enjoys doing volunteer work once a week in a school for mentally retarded as well as dabbling in medical auxiliary projects. Mr. League Marilynn Affleker has a daughter 3 and a son 4. Her husband Bob is an engineer at Electric Boat Co. and has a successful first filing at politics, having been elected mayor of Groton last spring. Hal and Ronnie Williams Waltington kept their daughters with them last summer in England and found them remarkably good travelers most of the time. They spent one heavenly week out of their six on Exmoor where the girls saw their first stag hunt. Last fall found David and Judy Clippinger Chauvinard and their 2-week-old daughter enjoying Argentina despite the storming revolutions. They visited an estancia deep in the pampas and found the vast open country as well as the dashing gauchos quite impressive. Pat Roberts heard from Judith Bennett Elierson, who is living in Long Lake, Minn. Pat and Joe and their family of four were to spend the winter holiday in Cincinnati.

Jerry and Joyce Ding's Haeker moved to New Canaan, Conn. last July. Their sons 4 and 2 love to roam the area with neighborhood dogs. Nancy Bath Doyle is now living in Cambridge and working at Harvard. Still in Alburnet, Ore., Nancy Lynne McCorrnick has a full schedule keeping up with Kathleen 5 and Stuart 2½, 16 piano pupils and a politically active husband. Ross was a candidate for representative in the last election. John and Mary Stuart Parker Colby are delightful homeowners in White Plains, N. Y., following John's switch into promotion work for the National Council of the Episcopal Church. Mary Ann Best Murphy keeps busy with three small daughters. Lisa, the eldest, is an enthusiastic kindergartner. Hubby Ed is in the last year of law school and anticipates taking California bar exams in August. Bob and Hatice Basset MacGregor and their four had a marvelous summer including a week's camping trip in the Adirondacks and climbing Blue Mt., a five mile round trip. They are fast becoming sailing enthusiasts and bought a Brownie troop and teaches church school — anything to avoid housework. Jo Pelkey Shepherd has become mesmerized by the piano. She teaches two neighbor children, studies harmony and enjoys playing music once a week with a friend plus practising in her spare time. She also is in a puppet group of the Houston Jr. League. Babette is enjoying her off campus after some time as housefellow in Burdick House. In preparation for teaching genetics first semester, Babette took a course at the Univ. of Washington in Seattle and had a marvelous summer out there. In addition to giving a new course, Human Development, second semester, her days are jammed with sophomore triumphs and woes. It is now definite that her next three years will be at the Univ. of Nigeria in Nsukka as a member of the Zoology department. It is good to hear from an insider how delighted the College community is with President Shain. His first address at an alumni club well be in Hartford. Bob and Claire Goldschmidt Katz will sing in a symphony performance of Honegger's "Jeanne D'Arc." I was lucky enough to hear Dr. Shaw when I fell into for Roldah as class representative at his Inauguration. There I saw Leda Treinkoff Hirsch, who was bubbling with enthusiasm for her studies at CC leading to an M.A. in music. She has her eye on a doctorate from Yale next. So far she manages to juggle her work around the schedule of daughter Judy 2½.

1952

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. George M. Cover (Norma Neri), 49 Blueberry Lane, Avon, Conn.

MARRIED: Alida von Bronkhorst to John Knox on June 30 on Long Island, N. Y.

BORN: to James and Jean Lattine Palmer a second daughter, Boatie, on July 3.

ADOPTED: by Sidney and Patricia Reinher Alverton, Steven Mark, born Mar. 25. The Kaplans have moved to a new address in Brookline.

The von Bronkhorst-Knox wedding provided a reunion for David and Claire Carpenter Byler, Warren and Joan漂亮 Cassidy, and Joan Yule Wanner. Jack Knox studied at Yale for his Ph.D. after a stint as a lieutenant in the Navy and is now assistant professor of philosophy at C. W. Post College. Jean Lattine Palmer's new daughter, Boatie, was named for a maternal great grandmother who was born on a Missouri river boat. Martha is now 2 and Jean's architect husband has hung out his own shingle this year. Jean occasionally joins him in business ventures as a decorator. Jon and Roberta Katz Duker have three native Pittsburghers: Jonina in 1st grade, Yon Selig 4, and Judith 1½. Jon is a purchasing supervisor at Westinghouse Atomic Power. George, Gina, Mike and Norma Neri Cover had a delightful vacation in Sepening, Fla. this summer visiting George's parents. Our jet flight, powered by Pratt & Whitney engines of which George is justly proud, provided an exciting experience for us. Now that Mike is in kindergarten, I'm taking a few courses at Columbia. Hattie has a college with a view toward teacher certification.

1953

CORRESPONDENT: Teresa Ann Ruffolo, 57858 Elliot St., Fremont, Calif.

BORN: to Bob and Janie Roza Newman a fourth child, second son, George Ward, on Dec. 4; to Larry and Connie Baker Woolson a third child, second son, Peter, on Oct. 23; to Harry and Jeanne Garrett Miller a fourth child, third daughter, Gail, on Nov. 16.

I am now teaching a 5th grade in Union City, Calif., and have been matriculated in the evening program at San Jose State. My first course will be a seminar in Shakespeare—objective: improvement in English Literature. The jaunt to Italy and Spain was idyllic, and I'm still adjusting; as California climate is similar to that of southern Italy, I have occasional pangs of nostalgia.

Barbie Perdue Robinson stumped around the country and settled in Studio City, Calif. She has taken adult education courses including sewing and interior decorating and has helped in Community Chest drives, church nursery, FTA and the local chapter of the Crescent Alumnae. Lynn Mars Costello is a fellow northern Californian. She reports an engagement to George Edward in Alameda, i.e., chasing two boys and a 10 lb. dog. John is a Lt. Commander in the Coast Guard stationed at San Francisco. Sally Wing loaded her gear into a rented trailer last fall, hitched it to her little Valiant, and left Ohio heading west. Sally's assistantship at the Univ. of Oregon involves teaching five discussion sessions for the televised general psychology course. Extra-curricular activities include being a Lutheran Student Assn. choir and occasional Sunday School teaching. Ray and Marion Skeber Sader and Emily I have moved to Briercliff Manor, N. Y. Ray is a producer in New York. Jeanie Bronson Sager, John and Jude are living in Old Greenwich, Conn. Allie had a card from globe-trotter Alice Osborn postmarked New Zealand. Jeannie Garrett Miller's fourth offspring arrived in September, thereby limiting the social activities of the family which includes Jim '5, Susan '3, and Linda 18 mos. Ann Hutchison has a new job working for two editors of the Saturday Evening Post and is currently engaged in advertising and has helped in Community Chest drives, church nursery, FTA and the local chapter of the Crescent Alumnae. Lynn Mars Costello is a fellow northern Californian. She reports an engagement to George Edward in Alameda, i.e., chasing two boys and a 10 lb. dog. John is a Lt. Commander in the Coast Guard stationed at San Francisco. Sally Wing loaded her gear into a rented trailer last fall, hitched it to her little Valiant, and left Ohio heading west. Sally's assistantship at the Univ. of Oregon involves teaching five discussion sessions for the televised general psychology course. Extra-curricular activities include being a Lutheran Student Assn. choir and occasional Sunday School teaching. Ray and Marion Skeber Sader and Emily I have moved to Briercliff Manor, N. Y. Ray is a producer in New York. Jeanie Bronson Sager, John and Jude are living in Old Greenwich, Conn. Allie had a card from globe-trotter Alice Osborn postmarked New Zealand. Jeannie Garrett Miller's fourth offspring arrived in September, thereby limiting the social activities of the family which includes Jim '5, Susan '3, and Linda 18 mos. Ann Hutchison has a new job working for two editors of the Saturday Evening Post and is currently engaged in advertising...
Bill and Cynnie Linton Evans. The Evanses live in Upper Marlboro, Md., near Andrews Air Force Base, where Bill is a flight surgeon. Bill's interest in flying does not end with his working day; he is now a licensed pilot. He and Cynnie and their children spend frequent weekends on flying trips. Although she tried in vain to reach most classmates there, your east coast correspondent enjoyed a pleasant visit in the D.C. area in October. It was fun to spend some time with R. Hamady Richardi and her family in their lovely new home in Rock Creek Hills. Debbie Wolles Gilder lives in Alexandria, Va. with her husband David and their 2½ year old son, Michael. Richard is a lawyer for the Department of Justice. John and Mary Clymer Galiber live in Butte, Mont. with their three children: Anne, David and Linda. John got his Ph.D. in geology in February, 1952. A reunion between Jane Weiss Donnelly and Jane Doly Crowley took place in Belmont, Mass. after the Yale-Harvard football game; last fall. Pete and Debbie Phillips Haviland have moved into a new house in Sunningdale, Pa. where Pete is Assistant Administrator of the Presbyterian Unit of the United Hospitals of Newark. The family has been busy camping and travelling since returning to the east at Christmas '61.

Betty Sager Burlem wrote an eyewitness story on the tense Colombian internal situation for a Coronado weekly after a visit home last fall. Betty didn't expect the front page treatment, with pictures, her trip received. Jeanne Pritz Sarnord moved in October to Romeo, Mich., where Sandy is a research technician for Ford at the Michigan Proving Ground. After eight years in Illinois, Bob and Lois Star Kibble moved to San Gabriel, Calif. Bob is vice president of the First Western Bank in Los Angeles. Their Susan 9 and Bobby 7½ are delighted to be in a warm climate. Connie Meehan Chapin, Bill and their three girls, 9½ and 3½, love the small town life in Cazenovia, N.Y., 'a busy and going village' near Syracuse. Their community activities cover a wide range, including Connie's contribution to the Religious Education, a position ‘in which I teach boisterous sixth graders. . . . I am on the board of the Jr. League, the Cazenovia College Auxiliary. Planned Parenthood and women's work at the church.” Connie has taken some courses in government and religion and finds time to pursue her sports interests in sailing, swimming and skiing and even hikes "two or three miles each weekday morning after Susan goes off to nursery school.”

When Lois Keating's November visit to Eud Stieguy Gorne coincided with the New London CC Club's welcoming reception for its newly-inaugurated President Shelly Melvyn Shain, she joined all the guests who attended lasagna afterward. John and Barbara Rice Kazakowski, Ed and Peggy DeTar Baumgartner, Tim and Libbie Alcorn Holt, Ray and Claire Wolles Engle, Linda and William Davis had a very enjoyable evening. Denny Robinson Levenshul and the two boys spent last fall and some of the winter in Europe while Bob's cruiser, the Boston, was on a six-month Mediterranean cruise. The window of their apartment at Wilfinia on the island of blue, sky, bluer water and a picturesque peninsula. The children attended a French Catholic nursery and speak French. Denny was with only French people and loved living "the life of a native instead of that of a tourist. She planned to travel before returning to the US. Art and Nora Karus Grimm are 'happily settled' in their new house in North Highlands, Calif. Linda is in kindergarten, Mary Beth in nursery school and Mickey still at home.

Bob and Nancy Garland Bote moved to Daytona Beach, Fla., when Bob transferred to GE's Apollo project. They're building a house on the Halifax River about a block from 'the World's Most Famous Beach.' Their children quickly developed a passion for the outdoor life, especially fishing. Back up north, Bruce and Judy Brown Cox have a new house in Indianapolis. Their son Chris is in kindergarten and Jennifer is "into everything that keeps her happy and me demoted." Judy is already planning to be at the tenth Reunion in June. In June 1966, John and Coni Cork and Peggy DeTar Baumgartner spent some time together during the Christmas holidays. Nancy was visiting in Hadlyme, Conn. with Randolph's mother.

Clare Wolles Engle's husband Ray has the distinction of having launched more nuclear submarines than any naval officer in history. He'll be executive officer of the first (Blue) crew of the Nathan Hale, a Polaris-firing submarine launched Jan. 12 in Groton. This is Ray's fourth nuclear sub. Bill Kennington, husband of Sabra Grant '57, is also on the Nathan Hale.

CORRECTION: An editorial error in the last issue credited Peggy DeTar Baumgartner with Regina Tate's travels. It was Reggie who went to Pakistan last summer and to Egypt at Christmas '61.

1956

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. William Baker Jr. (Barbara Hostage), 311 Highland Ave., Cheshire, Conn.

BORN: to Cy and Ruth Shea Miller a third daughter, Leslie Jean, on Feb. 27; to Bill and Suzy Johnston Granger a second son, Jeffery Johnston, on July 14; to Howard and Bonnie Ether Norton a son, Charles Olin, on Aug. 21; to Thomas and Margaret Walsh Keenan a fifth child, fourth daughter, Patricia Jean, on Sept. 11; to Lyman and Barbie Givan Missimer a third child, Julie Givan, on June 30.

Ken and Dee Rowe Sandin have returned after two marvelous years in Europe. They left Munich at the end of October, toured the Scandinavian countries on their way home, and spent a few days in London with a friend. Lyman and Barbie Givan Missimer moved from Chicago to Cincinnati when Lyman was promoted by IBM to Data Processing Sales Manager. Bill and Suzy Johnston Granger prepared for the skiing season. Norma Williams Raynor spent her year by investing in new head skis. They plan to go to Boston in 1964 for an orthopedic residency at Harvard. Nancy Swiermeister is teaching for the third year at Castellia School in Palo Alto and her diversified workload has included elementary and intermediate algebra, general science, physics and chemistry. She has started working towards an MAT in chemistry at Stanford and hopes to do more course work this summer. Last year she took a trip around the world.

1957

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Robert A. Johnson (Judith Crouch), 83 Hilltop Road, Mystic, Conn.

Dorothy A. Dederick, 1093 North Farms Road, Wallingford, Conn.

MARRIED: Sandy Jellinghaus to Patrick McClellan in Wilmington, Delaware on June 30; Sally Read to Bryden Murray Dow in Rockville, Md.

BORN: to Barry and Yoji Garland March a third child, first son, Christopher Neal, on Aug. 6; to John and Barbara Humble Hill a son, Jeffry Austin, on Sept. 25; to Nancy and Harvey L. Gray a daughter, Ann Fletcher, on Nov. 10.

Ned and Nancy Keith DeFeere traveled to New London in October when Nancy completed the class at the inauguration of President Shain. Allan and Claire DeTar Hartman are living in West Hartford. Allan is principal of the high school in Avon. In Honolulu, Hunter and Priscilla Bruce Temple with daughters Elizabeth and Laura built a ranch home overlooking the ocean. Hunter is teaching history at Punahou Academy and Cilla has been working in community affairs, notably on a large ball for the American Cancer Society and hostessing for the exhibitions at the new Contemporary Arts Center. Also in Hawaii are Mickey Mullican Lent, her husband Will, a submariner, and sons Michael and Steven. Mickey keeps busy being secretary of the Submarine Wives Club, taking part in a book discussion group and taking uke and hula lessons. Back in Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., after spending the summer teaching and studying in Israel with study at the University of Barcelona with study at the University of Barcelona, Helene Zimmer. Having taken on administrative duties, she has cut her teaching schedule to four years of German. She plans to spend time to travel to the opera, Museum Concert Series, and playing. Ernie and Nancy Grisdoma Richards are in Nuremberg, Germany, where Ernie is chief of the service out-patient clinic. Deon wrote that the medieval city is especially lovely around Christmas with traditional pageants and fairs abounding. She is busy with the Wives' German-American Club and learning the German language. Ann Whitlow Ferraro describes their old-new home in Midfield, Mass. as "American Gothic." Active with the LWV and church work as well as their children, Peter and Laura, whom she is also designing and hooking a rug for their 75-year old home Camille Maggiore Vetetano has restricted her activities to allow her take courses in 19th Century French Poetry at Harvard College. Dusty Egan is Junior College in New Hampshire. From Youngstown, Ohio, Judy Beegly Wallis writes that she and Rich have three youngsters, Susan 7, Ricky 5 and David 2. Rich is manager of Advertising and Public
Relations for McKay Machine Co. Judy is finding work as a docent at the art gallery interesting and much fun. She has seen Pat living in Des Moines, where Pat is in his third year of medical school. Sandy is doing research work in biochemistry, taking an education course in Art Appreciation and singing with the Drake University Chorus. Sally Ballantyne Hatch is moving temporarly to Boston before setting in the Washington D. C. area. Guff works for the US Geological Survey. Daughter Kricket is now 3, Pete and Marry Kelly Peterson and children, Lin and Eric, were expecting a Christmas visit to their home in Okinawa from Dunster Petitt. In the New London area, Divina Witherpoon Mann is now the busy secretary to the First Committee of the Connecticut General Assembly. Barbara Dixon Miller and Bob are living in Gales Ferry while Bob is teaching at CGA. Bill and Saba Grant Kennington and sons have settled temporarily in Groton Long Point while Bill joins the crew of a newly launched submarine.

Reunion coming up in June for '57. See you there?

1958

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Edson Beckwith (Jane Houseman), 175 West 93rd St., New York 25, N. Y.

Mrs. Richard Parke (Carol Reeves), 309 West 104th St., New York 25, N. Y.

MARRIED: Ann Frank to Dr. D. Gordon Potts on June 16.

BORN: to Max and Tina Van Tassel Anderson a son, Mark, on Dec. 2; to Jay and Sue Saz Kaplan a son, Peter, on Aug. 24; to Dick and Peggy Goldstein Marx a son, Jeffrey, on Sept. 6; to Richard and Carol Knott Boyd a son, Michael, on Oct. 9; to Carl and Roswitha Rahill Claassen a son, Carl Friedrich, on Nov. 13 in West Germany.

The Andersons (Tina Van Tassel) are living in S. California. Tina received her B.A. from Lake Forest College in Illinois in June '61. Rob and Edie Reddig Creighton have been transferred from Seattle to Staten Island. Allen Wood Wieland was married in New York at Ann Frank Potts' wedding. Ann and Gordon, a neurologist whom she met while working at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in NYC, took off in January around the world. The trip is primarily for skiing in Austria and to see Gordon's family in New Zealand before settling down in the NY area. Sue Saz Kaplan has given up after three years of kindergarten teaching to be a mother. She sees Lorrie Goodman Springer and Alane Arina Youngentob from time to time through her A. N. and family are settling into their new home in Wenham, Mass. Bob and Barb Jenks Harris are back in San Diego after six service moves in one year. Dick and Peggy Goldstein Marx are moving from Great Neck to a new house in Rye, N. Y. Joan Waage Goodwin got engaged while she was enscorned in their new house in Scarsdale.

John and Jean Lawson Carlson came East from Illinois for Xmas and hope to come in June for Yale and CC Reunions. John has been teaching two months a week at the Univ. of Illinois in addition to his medical practice. Beppy Taylor Ingram and Frank are studying at Indiana Univ. Frank will get his M. A. in Slavic Languages this spring. Beppy has been part-time at the Univ. of Illinois Library Science in addition to tending Michael, now about 2. Beppy saw Charlie and Nancy Watson Tighe and their two young uns in Connecticut last summer.

Judy Epstein Grollman moved from Boston to Maryland, where Al is practicing at the internal medicine. Their Diane is now 2. Dan and Carol Eubker Berger sent a holiday picture of their three boys, David, Josh and Tad. They've been fixing up a 50-year-old house and Dan has done some Peace Corps recruiting. Airin Hinkson Satoon is in Oklahoma with George and the US Army. Gretch Diegendorf Smith, who represented us at President Shain's Inauguration, is in Uxbridge, Mass. with a house and farm near Boston. Oscar Hove MacRae at a CC tea at which Mr. Cobledick showed slides of the new buildings on campus. Nancy Dorian is in the middle of her prelims, planning her doctoral dissertation but last summer she was in the Hebrides, in Germany and a 3-week trip to the Alps this winter and says it's becoming an expensive habit. She saw a lot of Bi Arvill in Sweden. Arky and Gale Linch Partioy now live in NYC. Arky is a patent lawyer; Gale is teaching 10th grade history in Great Neck. In Boston Pat Waterman is working at the Harvard Business School and living on Beacon Hill. A ski fanatic, she's made her second trip to the Alps this winter and says it's becoming an expensive habit. She says Roy and Susan Miller are living with their two kids in Larchmont. Lennei Elkins is in India.

Andy and Rena Kasnaki Koutlisides, who now live in Seattle, were married in January 1962. Rena's mother, whom she had not seen in six years, came from Greece for the wedding. Rena is working at the 1st National Bank and Andy is combining his Master's in electrical engineering at the Univ. of Washington with a Boeing job.

Do make plans for our 5th Reunion (yes, it has been that long).

1959

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Robert N. Thompson (Joan Peterson), 1031 Noel Drive, Menlo Park, Calif.

Mrs. Nathan W. Oakes Jr. (Carolyn Keefe), 100 Mather Lane, Bratenahl 8, Cleveland 7, Ohio.

MARRIED: Glenna Holloway to Philip Graham Ottley on Sept. 22; Mimi Matthew Kettel to Thomas Monroe on Jan. 5 in Washington, D. C.

BORN: to Marc and Carolyn Baker Frauenfelder a second son, David William, in August; to David and Torrey Gannage Fenton a son, David Christopher, on Sept. 26; to Jim and Phyllis Hauser Walsh a second child, first daughter, Tina Van Fenton, on Nov. 19; to Andrew and Hope Gibson Dempsey a son, John Burne, on Nov. 18; to Larry and Liza Kennan Griggs a second son, Barklie Kennan, on Dec. 3; to Peter and Frances Kerrigan Stinkwater a daughter, Victoria Lynn Stinkwater, on April 19; to Sandy and Nancy Kashin Wanger a son, David Elijah, on Apr. 17; to Barry and Sally Perkins Sullivan a second child, first son, Tim, on July 6; to Jerry and Sheila Schleifer Goren a daughter, Karen, on Dec. 19; to John and Laurel Siekel McDermott a daughter, Ann Catherine, on Dec. 12.

Glenna Holloway Ottley's husband works for Manning, Maxwell & Moore, where he does market research for industrial investments. Bruce Monroe is a Lt. jg in the Navy, stationed in Coronado, Calif., where he and Mimi Matthews will be living. Barry and Sally Perkins Sullivan are living in the country outside Pittsburgh, where Barry works for the Mellon Bank. Jim and Anna Frankel Robinson, now living in Rochester, N. Y. where Jim is an assistant resident medical officer at Strong Memorial Hospital, will leave there in July when Jim goes into the Air Force Flight Surgeons program for two years. Ann is working as secretary to the Women's Club of the Univ. of Rochester. She had an article published in the December issue of the October, 1959 Rochester alumni magazine, "The Rochester Review." Jean Alexander Gisvold is busier than ever teaching her last year's fifth grade in the sixth grade, while Roger is working for a small Cleveland law firm, having passed the Ohio Bar this fall. Another Clevelandian, Paddy Chambers Moore, has stopped her teaching in order to settle her newly acquired home. Joanan Histo is enjoying her work as a social worker at University Hospital in Cleveland; Carolyn Keefe Oakes does volunteer work at the same hospital and they often get together there. Carolyn's summer was busy; she planned and directed the activities of a small group of 7-9 year old girls at a day camp for many CC girls went, including Polly Eddy Parkhurst, who came from the home in California with her husband. Bill is in his final year at Stanford Business School.

Chuck and Lucy Allen Separk have dug out of the Main snows and now live on the campus of Bangor Theological Seminary. Lucy is still teaching second graders while Chuck is in his second year of graduate theological work. Bob and Ann McClure Schermer have taken up residence in Kansas City, Mo., where Bob is in the insurance business. We were sorry to hear of the death of Katie Carter's father last fall. Katie is now back in San Francisco, working in the California Public Library. At a recent CC luncheon in San Francisco were Kay Wieland Brown, Mary Byrnes, Sue Campbell, Katie Carter, Carolyn Baker Frankenfeld, Polly Highest Parkhurst, Joan Peterson Thompson and Sandy Sidman Larr.
Sandy and her husband are living in San Francisco and are the parents of a 3-year-old son. Bob and Joan Peterson Thompson, who admittedly became a little tired of California sunshine, took a vacation during the summer and have moved to the San Francisco Peninsula. They are trying to find some snowball fights. But they never did find any snow. Muffy Hallowell Hunting- ton sometimes auditions for Columbia in and is still living in California. In Southern California John and Mimi Adams spent Christmas at their rented cabin near Arrowhead with Emmy Zahniser Baldridge and her husband. Mimi was planning to journey East in January. Andy Thein is enjoying her work as a physiologist at the U.S. Naval Medical Research Lab at the Sub Base in Grotto, Conn. Presently she is back in the zoo building at CC as a graduate student. Andy stopped by K. B. recently to reminisce with Mrs. "Gris," who plans to retire this year. Dale Woodruff was in apartment in New York which boasts a beautiful view of Manhattan and is now attending the New York School of Interior Design. Also in NYC is Barbie Quin who works for Barneys and is planning an investment fund as assistant to the director of the Edward B. Ford Foundation which gives money to private secondary schools. Ellen Kenney Glaun's husband Tom got out of the Navy last May. The Glaucons have recently moved into a 150-year-old house on the Village Green in Norfolk, Conn., where they hope to remain "country bumpkins" forever. Tom works for the Hitchcock Chair Co.

Marg Wellford Tabor's husband finished medical school in January and will work at Dix Hill Hospital in Raleigh, N. C. before his internship. Marg keeps well occupied with knitting, taking an education course, and hoping to get a job. She is volunteering at a hospital under the Jr. League. Also working on her thesis is Marion Friedman Adler, who expects to get her M.A. in American History from Columbia this June. Chang Hang has worked ten months after her marriage doing research at the Seeing Eye, which included studies of the adjustment problems of the blind person after he leaves school with his guide dog. Gail Gildden Goodell spent Thanksgiving with Bobbi Jo Fisher Frankenberg and her family in Corpus Christi, Tex. Gail and her husband are located in the middle of the West Texas desert with no immediate prospect of leaving. Ruth Dixon Steinmetz keeps busy with her daughter Anne as well as singing lessons, choir and Marty's bachelor party. She is also writing a copy of "The Air Force reserve unit was called during the Cuban crisis which caused a small crisis in the Scoville household. Luckily the unit was released before Thanksgiving. A friend of mine has a house in Tiritangi, New Zealand. "In Mauori, the native language, Tiritangi means 'fringe of heaven and this little place couldn't have been better located. Most every room we have a gorgeous view of the Manukau Harbor which empties into the Tasman Sea. As we have dinner we can see the lights on the harbor twinkling in the distance. Besides our lovely view we are surrounded by beautiful native bush. We have over 1 1/2 acres to run around in. On our property we have orange, grapefruit, peach, guava, fig and other kinds of trees as well as many many flowers. The house is about 50 years old and has been altered several times, so it is full of nooks and charm."

Lee Finley Bobin writes that her first son, Scott, was born in Paris in 1958, while her second son, Patrick, was born in Dakar, Africa, by natural childbirth with only her husband and a midwife in attendance while living in Dakar. Lee gave private lessons in French and English and was also a free lance interpreter for the U. S. Trade Mission to West Africa. Her son Scott could speak English, French and the local dialect when the Bobins left Dakar in March of 1962. They are presently living in Paris but preparing to leave for Casablanca, where they will live a year before being sent to Algiers. Lee is now learning Arabic and finds it "sighing along harder than French or German to say the least."

1960

Correspondent: Mrs. Robert A. Fenimore (Edith C. Chase), 301 Hopkins Road, Had- donfield, N. J.

MARRIED: Sophia Dessa Strassenmeyer to Charles Austin Powell on Sept. 4.

Born: to Ray and Jean Cartiea Britt a daughter, Melissa March, on Oct. 17; to David and Pam Vau Nostrand Newton a daughter, Christina Beth Ann, on June 20; to Carl and Annemarie Margusen Lindskog a second daughter, Kristina Marie, on Feb. 19, 62; to Richard and Judy Ann Kittel a son, James Richard on Oct. 19.

Maureen Mehta recently attended the American Alumna Council. Joan Wertheim Caris is heading the theater benefit for the CC Club of NYC. Pat Wertheim Abrams called and told me of seeing Cinnie Edore in NYC during the Christmas holidays. Cinnie was home from Berkeley, celebrating the completion of her thesis. After three years in the Navy in San Francisco, Austen Maria Margusen Lindskog and Carl are back in New Haven, where Carl is working for the First National Bank. Linda Strassenmeyer Powell and Charles are in Eugene, Ore., both working on advanced degrees. Susan Ryder has returned to Cal.ifornia, is working at the UCLA Education Library and taking chemistry in night school. She says it is all quite a shock after mooring over Yeats for years to be suddenly confronted with sub-organisms and active anhydrides. Debby Moreau was getting a Master's and her teaching creden- dentials at Berkeley. Pam Vau Nostrand Newton and hubby are in the process of moving to their 400-acre farm in Nova Scotia. They plan to raise sheep and do some lumbering in the winter. They have four lakes on their property, several ponds, cliffs and lots of "lovely fresh air."

Did you see Pam and David on TV "Who Do You Trust?" Barbara Livingston is godmother to the Newton's daughter. Pam saw Harry and Christine Steinfield Wigger and their daughter, Tove Annika, and visited with Rip, Mark and Nancy Bald Rippy, who are back in New York. M. L. Corwin, who is with the Peace Corps in the Philippines, is teaching English in the 3rd grade and science in the 5th and 6th on the island of Leyte. She writes interestingly of the beautiful children and the "good simple things" she has here. M. L. says that the biggest difficulty is instilling the concept of individual creativ- ity in the youngsters who have been brought up under a concept of resignation to fate.

In the Philadelphia area, we have vis- ited Paul and Melinda Vail Kilenberg. Melinda is doing social work with cerebral palsey patients and Paul is doing research at Penn. Medical School. I talked with Judy Ann Kittel, who is living in Phila- delphia where Richard is working for Rohm and Haas.

1961

Correspondent: Lois Waplington, King's Drive, Old Westbury, N. Y.

MARRIED: Marion Hanch to Edward Robbins in November.

Marion went home to Venezuela to be married. Her next stop was Washington and the immediate plans will take them to Okanawa. Barbie Thomas has a job with the AEC as a management intern. Her training has taken her to Oak Ridge, Tenn., Washington, and now to Albuquerque, N. M. She can ski within 40 minutes of home. She hopes to get a job in Chicago. Liz Kestner made it through the M.A. comprehensive 3 days worth — and is now working on her thesis and taking a couple of courses for the fun of it. She plans to leave Brown in June. She is heading the theater benefit for the CC Club of NYC.

F. C. Burrows' godmother to the Newton's daughter. Pam met Pam and David on TV "Who Do You Trust?" Barbara Livingston is godmother to the Newton's daughter. Pam saw Harry and Christine Steinfield Wigger and their daughter, Tove Annika, and visited with Rip, Mark and Nancy Bald Rippy, who are back in New York. M. L. Corwin, who is with the Peace Corps in the Philippines, is teaching English in the 3rd grade and science in the 5th and 6th on the island of Leyte. She writes interestingly of the beautiful children and the "good simple things" she has here. M. L. says that the biggest difficulty is instilling the concept of individual creativ- ity in the youngsters who have been brought up under a concept of resignation to fate.

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1962

Co-correspondents: Judith B. Karr, 35 Upland Road, Cambridge 40, Mass.

Mrs. Jerome Karter (Joan Dickinson), 208 Farmington Ave., Apt. 126, Hartford, Conn. MARRIED: Deborah Brown to George J. 35
Pillorge on June 2; Margaret Genet to Jeffrey A. Gottlieb on June 24 in Garden City, N. Y.; Norma Jean Gilchrest to Jeffrey A. Gottlieb on June 24 in Garden City, N. Y.; Norma Jean Gilchrest to Jeffrey A. Gottlieb on July 13 in Cleveland, Oh.; Sarah Woflahing to Thomas Payzant on July 7 in Sudbury, Mass.; Ellen Watton to Thomas Payzant on June 16 in Newburgh, N. Y.; Sarah Worthington to Peter Greening on Nov. 17.

Joan Ades Grossman and Gisby are living in Philadelphia. Gisby is studying for more medical exams in October and Joanie is taking courses toward her M.A. at Temple Univ. They see Joanie (Jo) Lezvis Vandervliet and Fred frequently.

This summer Judy Basewicz, Hilda Kaplan and Susan Feldman travelled in 13 different European countries. Judy is presently studying art at Dartmouth College while Gispy was going to look for a job in Boston after going to Hickox Secretarial School, Yolanta (Vokie) Berinzis, her work as a research analyst at the New York Life Insurance Co. Marrit Berinzis is still working on a long term paper, though now at Ohio State, where, besides studying English for an M.A., she is also a graduate assistant teaching freshman composition. Debbie Brown Pillorge left Boston in September to spend a year in Paris, where George is studying architecture on a Fulbright grant. Debbie is attending concentrated French classes at the Alliance Francaise in the morning and taking care of children in the afternoon. She has even played oboe with various chamber music groups. Ann Bachstein and Jean Caubole are working in NYC. Ann is an assistant editor in an advertising company and Jean is in the Lord & Taylor executive trainee program. Celeste Caubole went to Stanford School during the summer to prepare for her job as secretary to the program director at the World Council of Churches in the New York office. After a summer of independent travel in Europe, Carol Caubole is employed by NBC in New York with Miss Ramsay from Dublin. Carolyn is now studying for an MAT in English at Boston College. Bonnie Edgerton and Eliss (Woo) Irving spent the summer in secretarial school in Philadelphia. On Sept. 6 they sailed to Europe where they travelled until Christmas. Kathy Ethimton is working in the Bronx Zoo as an educational assistant. She is learning to edit animal films and hopes to try her hand at school lecturing. Kathy has done a lot of work with animals and hopes to continue her studies in animal behavior. Patsy Farber spent her summer as a full-time volunteer for All American Indian Days, an organization in Wyoming. She is presently working for Operation Crossroads Africa in NYC. Ellen Mellen Freedman and Judy Saladin on July 24

Ellen (Shags) Watson Payzant and Tom are living in Cambridge, where Tom is at the Graduate School of Education (Harvard) working for his Master's degree. Ellen teaches kindergarten and also French to 3rd and 4th graders in the Chestnut Hill School. She and Tom spent Christimas with Pat and Heather Coughlan in Boca Raton until September. They have returned to Pittsfield and are now situated in the "snow-covered Green Mountains" in Vermont where they have a 40-mile view from their home.

Greyhound bus. Presently Mellen is assisting in the Research Laboratory at McLean Hospital in Belmont, Mass. Nancy Freeman spent a glorious summer in Martha’s Vineyard and is now working for the Pioneer Press & Broadcasting Co. Inc. in Boston as assistant art editor. Midge Genet Gottlieb had Paula Berry as a bridesmaid in her wedding. Midge is now working as an actualistic assistant at the Harvard Research Dept. at John Hancock in Boston while Jeff attends Harvard Medical School. Norma Jean Gleiser Adams is teaching 4th grade and 6th grade science and social studies at the All Nations School in Wellesley, Mass.; Elise Stahl is working as a half-time teacher at the Bronx Zoo as an educational assistant. She is learning to edit animal films and hopes to continue her studies in this field.

They sailed to Europe where they travelled in 13 different European countries. Judy is presently studying in this field.

Safah is working in the Research Laboratory at Mcl.ean Hospital in Boston, where he and Trinkie lived in Kitzingen before the war. Safah, who is a legal secretary in Pittsfield near her home in Lenox. Mary Coolahan received her Master's degree from Wake Forest College. Mary, Mix and Mellen are still travelling in Europe this summer and visited Mary’s parents in Italy. They have returned to study in Florida. Safah’s mother, Mrs. Coolahan, was married in January 1960 to Gerald Greenfield, a Lt. in the Army, was shipped to Germany where he and Trinkie lived in Kitzingen for two years. They are now in KarlLUhe in France, where they are planning a move to Belgium. Their two children are Michael and Jeffrey. At Christmas time Ginny Wadehr, who is working in Geneva as a student living and conference center and who is also studying French and international relations, spent some time with Trinkie and her family. Susan Davis spent the summer of 61 travelling in Europe, after which she completed her college education at the Univ. of Pittsfield. Now Bonnie is teaching 2nd grade in Hingham, Mass. Sally Scott is working as assistant to the Research Promotion manager for the Central Engineering magazine, which is published by McGraw Hill. She is the same job on which Joan Werthein Caras 60 started. Midge Shaw spent her summer studying acting at the Univ. of Connecticut and working with a student produced summer theater project. Now Midge is settled in New York, where she attends speech and acting classes at the Circle in the Square. This weekends she tours with a marionette company. Mellen is presently playing a part in "Rumpelstiltskin." Heather Turner Coughlan and Pat are both students at Duke Univ. Pat is in law school, studying for her M.A. in history, concentrating on Indian. He reports that she can speak Hindustani better than she could ever speak French.

Ellen (Shags) Watson Payzant and Tom are living in Cambridge, where Tom is at the Graduate School of Education (Harvard) working for his Master's degree. Ellen teaches kindergarten and also French to 3rd and 4th graders in the Chestnut Hill School. She and Tom spent Christimas with Pat and Heather Coughlan in Boca Raton until September. They have returned to Pittsfield and are now situated in the "snow-covered Green Mountains" in Vermont where they have a 40-mile view from their home.

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