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Toward a Bachelor of Arts

This issue of the Alumnae News features the work of a few Connecticut College students whose efforts were selected for their high calibre and general interest. The assignments on the following pages were completed for courses in creative writing, art, sculpture, philosophy and architecture.
homecoming
a short story

Rebecca had not seen her brother since he had gotten married. In fact, no one had, except her father who was at the ceremony. Rebecca thought of him as she sat alone in the living room. She sat, dwarfed by the couch where she sat in the corner, curled up in a ball. This had been her place every afternoon for nearly two weeks while she waited for her father to come home. Her mother had spent most of the time in her bedroom, except when she came out for one meal a day, or to tell Rebecca that her brother was crazy, "absolutely mad," was how she put it, to marry "that woman." Sometimes she came out to break some kitchen china, or to slam a door. Rebecca shivered, and tucked the afghan more tightly around her. If she did things around the house, her mother would follow her, talking about Peter; if she kept still, she became aware of her mother's silence, and frightened. For the past two weeks, Rebecca had either tried to forget that her mother was upstairs, or tried to think of things to say to her. She failed in both. Often, on these afternoons she would call her father in his office; not hearing any sounds for hours at a time from her mother's bedroom, her imagination frightened her. She waited for the familiar sound of her father's car in the driveway. Now, she wondered what comfort she found in this. He would come in, ask where her mother was, and then not go up to see her. He had explained to Rebecca several times that both her mother and Peter could suffer a breakdown. For thirty years, he would say, he had tried to reason with her mother's immutability. Keeping her shoulders hunched and her hands and feet as curled as possible, Rebecca made a cup of tea, and found a small tray and a napkin and a hunk of her mother's favorite sharp cheese and went upstairs.

The door was open and Rebecca felt a little easier. Her mother pretended to sleep. She had covered herself with the mohair throw that Peter had given her for a birthday present a few years before. She held a small tray by the bedside table. "You might be warmer if you had some. It's nice and flat across your chest. The room was dark because the sun had set about an hour before, and the colors in the room were muted and dull. Rebecca's mother opened her eyes, and then closed them.

"I'm freezing," she said. Rebecca turned on the light beside the bed and started to make room for the tray on the bedside table. "I don't want anything," her mother said. Rebecca was reminded of a baby and of a bedridden old person. "You might be warmer if you had some. It's nice and hot." She looked at her mother who still kept her eyes closed. She saw again that she looked like her grandmother. There was no color in her face and the soft blues and purples of the mohair that were usually so becoming to her mother's complexion and eyes, made her look lifeless. Her lips were dry and the swelling around her eyes was prominent in the sunless, electrically lit CONNECTICUT COLLEGE ALUMNAE NEWS.
ANONYMOUS '68

room. Her hair looked as though it had not been combed for days; Rebecca remembered how her mother used to comb her grandmother's hair every time she saw her. She put the thought out of her mind quickly. Her mother rolled her head on the pillow and opened her eyes. She pushed herself up slowly and Rebecca reached for the cup of tea.

"Is Daddy home yet?" her mother asked.
"No," Rebecca answered.
"Did you see the card from Peter?"
"Yes."
"She wrote it." Her mother slightly emphasized 'she.' "I know." Rebecca waited for the outburst.
"I hope they drive carefully," her mother continued. "They." Rebecca picked up the word which her mother had used instinctively.

Her mother finished only half the cup of tea and handed it back to Rebecca.
"Thanks, sweetie." She slid down underneath the mohair and kept her eyes open. Not even the blue of the blanket so near her face could give her normally bright blue eyes any color. Rebecca turned her head away. She hesitated by the side of her mother's bed, and although she knew she wasn't asleep, she tiptoed out of the room and closed the door behind her. Rebecca took a deep breath and hurried down the stairs.

II

Rebecca washed the cup and saucer that her mother had used. She put the saucer on the counter, and as she was drying the cup, a corner of the dish towel swept the saucer on to the floor. That's the last of them, Rebecca thought, as she went for the broom. She had left it and the dustpan outside the closet rather than inside it. Rebecca checked once for any bits which she might have missed, and then went back into the living room. She settled herself into the corner of the sofa with a book. She cupped her hands together and blew into them. The skin on them had contracted and Rebecca noticed that the ring on her right hand was about to slip off. She took it off and put it on the table beside the sofa. The post card from Peter and his wife was still there. She remembered that her mother had been keeping it on her bureau underneath her hand mirror; she wondered how it got downstairs.

It was nearly 5 o'clock and Rebecca thought that Peter and Carol would be coming home soon. They had said around dinner time on Tuesday. She had met Carol only once two summers ago. She couldn't recall anything unusual about her; Peter did not look nine years younger than she. Rebecca had watched the two of them walking along the beach together, and she couldn't see any obvious age difference. Carol was small and had short, curly, sandy-blond hair. She had lovely skin and eyes; a noticeable over-bite detracted slightly from these features.

Rebecca especially remembered, now, how Carol had packed the box lunch. The basket was spotlessly clean, inside and out; everything in it was individually wrapped and sealed against sun, sand, and water, and "the impurities the human eye can't see," Peter had said. Peter had a bug for cleanliness. Ever since the family knew that he was working toward his doctorate in science, they had joked with him about the precautions he took with food. Rebecca remembered having joked with him that day. He laughed at his own impracticality. She wished she could have talked with him more. She had never heard anything about his years at college, or the two years that he spent at medical school. And since he had started work on his doctorate, she had hardly seen him except to ask him how he was. They had once started a discussion about the necessity of science as compared to the humanities, but the phone rang and the interruption was enough to send Peter back into himself.

Rebecca felt a chill, and realizing one of her feet was not covered, she curled it up underneath the blanket. She picked up the book which she had been reading; an account by a trial lawyer of five of his biggest cases. She had been reading about the Billy Rose divorce case. Divorce cases, the lawyer wrote, were by far the most exhausting, fragile and violent of any he had tried. Rebecca was distracted when the clock struck: 5:30. Her father was usually home by now. He never made office appointments after 4 o'clock and if he had any house calls to make, he would call home to say where he was going. He had not called. As Rebecca was dialing the number of her father's office, she heard his car door slam in the driveway. A minute later, she heard him fumbling...
with the front door key. She could not see him since he was still in the front hall and she was in the living room. But she heard his medical bag knock against his knee as he slammed the front door closed. She heard him drop the daily paper on the hall table. As he came into the living room, Rebecca saw the brown paper bag containing a bottle of liquor lying on the top of his medical bag, secured between the two handles. Neither of them said anything, but only glanced at each other as he walked through the living room into the den. Rebecca listened.

"Anything new?" he asked.

"No," Rebecca said without looking up at him.

"Mother upstairs?"

"Yes."

"Rebecca." He had raised his voice slightly. Rebecca looked up and saw the face which she had been trying to avoid. Her father looked tired. His face was lined and drawn. His nails were bitten down, and as he breathed, Rebecca could hear the unevenness and trembling in his breath. His hands shook as he unbuttoned the top button of his shirt.

"Would you like to go out for a bite to eat tonight?" Her father asked her this as he put the bottle of whiskey into the liquor cabinet.

"I don't really care," Rebecca answered. They hadn't been bothering much with dinner recently. Rebecca had made hamburger a couple of times and a steak, but all her mother wanted was tea and an egg and her father didn't care what he ate. Rebecca couldn't see not eating, but she never wanted to bother with anything just for herself. She was irritated every time she thought of it.

"Mommy probably won't want to go," she answered.

"Well, why don't you run up and ask her anyway." Her father was being more persistent than usual.

"O.K. I will in a minute," Rebecca said. She didn't feel like moving just then. She picked up the Billy Rose divorce case account and read another few paragraphs.

Her father had gone back into the den. She didn't hear anything from her mother upstairs. Rebecca inadvertently picked up the post card from Peter and Carol and used it as a bookmark. She got up and folded the blanket which she was wrapped in. She puffed the sofa pillows before she went upstairs.

III

The door to her mother's room was closed; Rebecca looked under the crack of the door to see if there was a light on. There was. She went in without hesitating. Her mother was propped up on two pillows, and she was reading. The artificial light from the lamp cast a soft light onto her mother; the rest of the room was dark. Her mother looked up from the magazine which she was reading.

"Daddy's home," Rebecca said.

"Yes, I know. I heard the front door," her mother answered.

"How are you feeling?" Rebecca was embarrassed by her own question. She was embarrassed that she had fallen into treating her mother as if she were an invalid. She did not give her mother time to answer, but continued.

"He wanted to know if you would like to go out for dinner." Then she added, "The three of us." Her mother made the barely perceptible but familiar motion with her lips as if she had a bad taste in her mouth. Rebecca pressed her lips together and tightened her mouth slightly. Her mother answered sooner than she expected.

"I don't know. It means I have to get dressed. And I'm not really hungry." She had eaten practically nothing in the past two weeks—at least, not while Rebecca was around. Her face was wan, but she didn't look as though she'd lost much weight.

"Well," Rebecca began. She didn't know what she was going to say. It was like all the other times she went to talk with her mother.

"It might be good for you to get some fresh air." Rebecca was unconvinced herself. "I don't know about you, but I'd like to get out of here." Rebecca did not know whether she regretted speaking so truthfully. But she knew that she did not want to aggravate her mother.

"I suppose I should eat something. O.K. Why don't
we go. I'll be ready in a minute."
Rebecca felt the muscles in her face loosen. She left
the room quickly. She wondered if she had been unduly
couraged.
She started down the stairs, but stopped on the first
landing. She heard her father cough as he opened the
door of the liquor cabinet. She heard the slight suction
noise that the release of air made when he took the bottle
from his mouth. Rebecca waited until she heard him
replace the bottle in the cabinet. When she heard him
take a few steps, she continued down the rest of the stair-
way. He was sitting in his favorite wing chair, reading
the newspaper.
"Was mommy asleep?" he asked.
"No. She's reading," Rebecca answered. "She says
she'd like to go out."
Rebecca waited for him to ask where she'd like to go.
There was always a discussion about where they should
eat. He didn't ask, and Rebecca did not wish to provoke
any discussion.
"We'll be ready in a few minutes."
Her father acknowledged with a nod. Rebecca went
upstairs again. She was thinking of how she could wear
her hair.

IV

It was seven o'clock when they got to the restaurant.
Rebecca and her mother got out of the car while her
father went to park it. He said to wait until he came
in before they were seated. Rebecca didn't question him.
Her father came in a few minutes later. He checked
his hat and coat, and walked over to Rebecca and her
mother. He looked around inside the dining room. He
was biting the inside corner of his mouth. The hostess
came over to them.
"Dr. Roberts," her father said to her.
"Yes, sir. This way."
The three of them followed the hostess across the
dining room to a table for six. It was near the window,
overlooking the harbor. Peter and Carol were sitting there,
opposite each other. Rebecca did not look at her mother.
Her father shook hands with Peter and kissed Carol on
the cheek. Rebecca and mother began to take off their
coats. Her father was the first to speak. He looked at
his wife and then at Carol.
"Sara, this is Carol."
"Sara, this is Carol."
Rebecca's mother smiled and
shook hands with her. Mrs. Roberts was meeting Mrs.
Roberts. Rebecca wondered whether her mother was
thinking of that. Her father continued.
"And this is our youngest, Rebecca."
"Yes, we've met," Rebecca said as she shook hands
with Carol.
"Hi, Peter," she said to her brother. She couldn't re-
member ever having kissed him, and she thought that
shaking hands would be awkward, so she did neither.
They sat down. Peter next to his mother; Carol and
Rebecca's father and Rebecca across from them. Rebecca's
father spoke again.
"Well, how was the trip?" He looked at Carol.
"Oh, it was lovely," she answered. "Canada is lovely
this time of year." She smiled effortlessly. Rebecca looked
at her mother who was watching Peter.
"How's everything, dear?" she asked Peter.
"Fine," he answered.
"Was the driving bad?" she continued.
"No. We shared it."
They were quiet during the meal, except for polite
dinner conversation. Rebecca said nothing but to ask
her father for her coat so she could put it over her
shoulders. They did not hurry, but spent the right amount
of time over dessert and coffee. When the waitress brought
the bill, Rebecca's father was the first to stand.
"Are we all ready?" he asked. They all answered by
standing up.
"Why don't we go back to our house?" Carol said. She
looked at Rebecca's mother. "You might like to see some
of the conveniences Peter's rigged up." Rebecca thought
her mother would like that. Carol continued. "He's wired
a light in the coat closet so that it goes on automatically
when you open the door."
"Well," her mother began by drawing
out the word.
They waited. Peter helped Carol on with her coat. Re-
becca buttoned hers. Her mother was kneading the fin-
gers of her gloves.
"Why don't we go back to our house?" She paused.
"I'm a little tired."
Styrofoam and plaster—a study in the relationship of negative and positive shapes

by KATHRYN ANN BARD '68
Once, as three geese fly across a snow cloud, they wheeled, and one separates himself—for just a moment they formed a crescent. And what can a lone bird do, in the dead of winter that felt like spring?

The ancients began their year with spring, let it grow older, then die and live again. We, being modern, knowing better, begin and end in winter: only death is forever.

I remember, as a child, reading all the books and stories, and always wishing that someday, just once, the monster might win. I still wonder, do the captive princesses wait for the hero or the dragon?

My wish seems coming true. Growing up can be worse than a monkey's paw.

Tears, though bitter, are warm. But a wild goose, without his mate—did he ever have her? For there were three in the sky, strange and unnatural. Silly—but the plural is so much more beautiful.

Complete, and complex, when one becomes we, when quiet music is shared and the drift of sleep is like the tide going out, or the molted feathers, spiralling down from the sun, of three white geese.

"To the blind, all things are sudden."

Do you remember how it was, remember? For of course we are all blind, when it comes to that, and the all-important things have a sharpness, a bite, a pain, a pang: a stiletto in the heart. But then, they say, one feels nothing. Not true. There is a suddenness that is eternal as the moment when three geese form a crescent in the sky.

by JOAN DIMOW '69
"queens fire ruins draw crowds"

The New York Times
January 16, 1967

I was wearing my cotton candy coat.
Today, on the way home from church,
"You look good enough to eat," Fred said,
"Want to go for a drive?"
I was wearing my raccoon turban, he had his camera along,
And we went over to Jamaica.

On the Van Wyck Expressway
On the way home from church today
The cars glittered, the slow traffic crawled.
Over Brisbin Street in Jamaica
Pigeons fly, but they will not light.

All around a four-block ash field,
Staring families stand eating,
Pressed against gray police sawhorses.
At the end of a short day, the vendors push home,
Wheeling their empty carts against the crowds.

One girl with buns of black hair
Wearing a pink coat,
Poses under a street sign.
Smiling and squinting at the winter sun,
Her eyes burn, and water shines in them.
"Hurry up," she says, "I'm crying."

on pancake beach

Solemn Bryan and I sit on the beach
In front of our pile of dead crabs.
The moon is a refrigerator light
Big over the quiet river.

Bryan and I stand and stretch
And sit and stack our soft crabs.
Six for me and six for her
One to throw to the woods.

We walk up the trail
Back through the small trees.
Quick insects bump and buzz,
Clicking the crab in the sand bushes.

The net poles balance on my shoulder.
Bryan carries the tin pail.
Home from the flat beach
Locked in our cold bathing suits.
Drawing made to the following specifications: a diptych based on a landscape theme, each section to be in a different medium with the objective of unifying the contrasting parts. Here the medium is collage on the left, ink wash on the right. by RHONA MARKS '69
myself, partly

grade-C-movie-izing my life
into picture screen flashes of happen
and personnages
whose detailed, eventful relation to the main me
will make it self-evident,
I fashion a chock-full speeded up script (very like Edison's train robbers for its hurry) however
I must allow a few more years' development
to plot the time sequence of scenes
and create an appropriate grade-C ending
for the heroine

by MARGOT SAHRBECK '69

privacy

The walls lock
so inevitably
at the corners of my box
the bed, restless nest of dreams
the magnetic center of my cell
on the bureau and desk
my expressive mess of odd ecceetera—
the cage compresses
these manifestations of me, so much me
that it's lonely, oppress the senses—
one could go mad
in the tedious comfort
of one's own possessions
in one's very own box.

by LINDA LEAVITT '68
Woodcut, done for printmaking by DEBORAH HITCHCOCK '68
Collograph

by JANET STEIN '66
criterion of excellence

All students at Connecticut College during the freshman or the sophomore year take either one course in philosophy or one course in religion. The courses in philosophy which are usually taken to satisfy this requirement are Problems of Knowledge or Problems of Value. During the first semester of her freshman year, Miss Cohen was a student in the course devoted to an examination of the problems of knowledge, and this paper was one of three written by each student to satisfy the requirements of the course. The assignment for this paper was to discuss critically the implications of Augustine's principle that what judges is better than what is judged. The text under examination is Book Two of St. Augustine's On Free Choice of the Will (New York: The Liberal Arts Press, 1966). What Augustine does is to show that perception and knowledge do not coincide, that perception is not sufficient to deliver knowledge, and that God's existence is required in order for anyone to claim that he knows anything whatever. Miss Cohen follows the various stages of this argument with considerable clarity and rigor, and the questions she raises at the end of her discussion concerning the nature of the distinction and relation between God and the natural world are very well taken.

LESTER J. REISS
Instructor in Philosophy

N O ONE can doubt that what judges is better than what is judged." This statement, made by St. Augustine in Book Two of his On Free Choice of the Will, leads directly to his final conclusion that God exists. Two areas of inquiry become immediately apparent: first, what is the Augustinian argument and, second, are there any valid or at least profitable objections to it? An initial assumption, first, must be examined: if God exists, then He is that being to which everything else in the universe is inferior. If there is such a perfect being, then that being is God (p. 49). The question now becomes, "What is the criterion of perfection, of excellence?" The significance of the assertion that "what judges is better than what is judged" then becomes immediately clear. The superiority of the judge is used by Augustine to identify more and more excellent entities, until he finally arrives at the most excellent, or God.

Using this criterion of "what judges," Augustine begins to arrange the sensible world according to excellence, and to give man a place in relation to it. The five senses, first, are seen to be better than objects in the physical world; the "inner sense," better than the five senses; and reason, finally, better than the five senses and the inner sense together. The five bodily senses are those of sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell. The inner sense is not so easily defined; its function is to sense the action of the senses themselves. That is, while hearing does not hear itself hear, we all know when we are hearing something, and we achieve this knowledge through the interior sense. The relationships among the physical world, the bodily sense, and the inner sense are summarized in this example: "Just as the inner sense judges what is lacking or what is sufficient in the sense of the eyes, so the sense of the eye itself judges what is lacking or sufficient in color" (p. 47). A kind of hierarchy is thus formed, the inner sense at the top judging the bodily senses, which in turn judge the objects they perceive. Reason, finally, is the functioning of man's mind, the quality which distinguishes him from the rest of the sensible world. It is superior to both the bodily sense and the inner sense on the basis of the same criterion of judgement:

For, of ... bodies, bodily senses, and the inner sense, how would one be better than the other and reason more excellent than all unless reason itself told us so? Certainly this is possible only if reason makes judgements concerning them. (p. 48)

Reason is thus more excellent than the inner sense, the five bodily senses, or the bodies in the physical world—superior, in other words, to all that is. If there is anything superior to reason, then, that thing must be God.

At this point in the argument, a new criterion of excellence is added to that of judging: immutability. What is superior to reason or understanding must also be superior to being and living, as being is included in the concept of living; living and being, in the concept of understanding. All three, however, are categories in which
things are mutable: that which is or the physical world, that which lives or the plant and animal world—both are clearly and necessarily mutable. Reason, too, is mutable in that we all change our minds frequently, "now struggling to arrive at truth, now ceasing to struggle, sometimes reaching it and sometimes not" (p. 49). There are, in addition, certain objects of perception which change when perceived; objects of taste and smell are ingested so that X cannot conceivably taste precisely like Y because the object itself is no longer the same. While we can all see, hear, or touch the same object, our perceptions of them are private and limited to our own senses. The question, then, has now become, "Is there any object of the understanding which is both immutable and incorruptible, which will not be changed by the process of being understood, and which is equally available or public to all who reason? The first answer provided to this question is "number." Ratio, the order or truth of number, is available to all who reason, and numbers are eternal and immutable. The second response is "wisdom," more obscure perhaps than that of number. Wisdom, Augustine insists, is not private to the individual; all wise men use the same wisdom, which is public, immutable, and accessible to all who reason. Sapiens, or the order and truth of wisdom, is parallel to the order and truth of number and, in fact, equal to it in excellence. Both ratio and sapiens, however, are "truth of" something, and thus cannot be perfect in themselves, but must be subordinate to truth itself. Veritas, or the single, immutable, and public truth, encompasses both number and wisdom. In much the same way as understanding encompassed living and being, then, veritas includes ratio and sapiens; the important distinction is, of course, that ratio and sapiens are equal in excellence, whereas living is superior to being. Finally, then, if there is something superior to truth, that something is superior to all that is, and thus is God. What, however, could be superior to a single truth, eternal, immutable, public to all who reason, a truth which encompasses wisdom and number, which are in turn superior to reason, living, and being? As nothing is found that is superior to truth, truth is seen to be God; therefore, God exists (p. 71).

Having now followed the Augustinian argument through to the existence of God, are there any worthwhile objections to the argument itself? The most interesting, perhaps, is related to the initial criterion of judgement. It would appear at first that in making the statement "Truth is God," one is actually judging both truth and God, and thus must be superior to them. (This raises a problem, of course, because God is by definition that being to which all else is inferior.) Augustine insists, however, that man does not judge the truth, but rather judges according to the truth (p. 66). Man makes use of the single, eternal truth, then, in order to judge, and thus is necessarily inferior to it. In this way, the nature of the word "judge" is clarified:

When a man says that the eternal is more powerful than the temporal, and that seven plus three are ten, he does not say that it ought to be so; he knows it is this way, and does not correct it as an examiner would, but he rejoices in it as if he has made a discovery. (pp. 66-67)

In addition, if all judgements must be made according to the truth, then all judgements are necessarily "good" ones. As this concept is implicit in the statement "what judges is better than what is judged," an otherwise fruitless objection has produced a rather valuable qualification of "what judges" to "what judges according to the truth."

The Augustinian argument for the existence of God, proceeding from the criterion for excellence of judgement and later of immutability, thus holds up almost disconcertingly well. The view of the universe resulting from the argument, however, may be seen to involve certain contradictions. These contradictions, however, do not relate directly to the initial statement concerning the judge and the judged, and thus will be examined only briefly. The universe, as Augustine saw it, is composed of the eternal world, the sensible world, and of man's reason. Man cannot judge the sensible world without recourse to the eternal world of truth; the sensible world is thus dependent upon the eternal world for characteristics and structure. It may be seen that two objects as totally different (mutable and immutable) as the eternal and sensible worlds cannot be related. One cannot be dependent on the other for characteristics if the two are indeed totally different. The Augustinian view thus presents insoluble contradictions, but the logic of the Augustinian argument itself, building from its initial criterion and judgement, remains valid and irrefutable.
The students in Modern Architecture taught by Mr. Richard Sharpe A.I.A. were given a choice for their term project: either to design and build a scale model, for the purpose of exposure to the design process; or to research off campus and write a paper on a subject related to people, buildings, and urban environment.

Above is a scale model of a projected student activities center, with lounge and snack bar, by Carolyn Anderson '67, to be situated between the Power House and the Bookshop.

Following is a research project by Joan Gockley '67:

JOAN GOCKLEY '67

THE SEARCH for successful solutions to the problems of old age is provoking new thoughts and concepts in modern American society. In the first place, continuous developments in the field of medicine and high levels of sanitation mean that more people are living longer. Secondly, today's business world has contributed to our society's traditionally and distinctively mobile character. And as a consequence of this economic and social mobility, sociologists have witnessed the replacement of the concept of the extended family by that of the nuclear family. Elderly people have, then, reached a stage at which they are particularly vulnerable to the death of a spouse, the migration of their children, the giving up of an old home and neighborhood, and the abandonment of many activities because of increasing infirmity. Such factors are connected with the isolation and loneliness which so often accompanies the growing old process. And retirement or the inability to work after a certain age cut-off point is in conflict with every individual's need to derive satisfaction from work and to belong to a group or community and be kept in the mainstream of our national life.

All of the above considerations or opinions, in the form of either cause or consequence, are intimately involved with the facts about where elderly people live. Obviously the ever-present and unavoidable decision-maker—money or income—lies at the crux of this matter. In this paper I am not concerned with the elderly people in private residence or in privately-owned nursing-homes in which the large majority of old people reside for medical rather than residential purposes. I am concerned with those elderly citizens whose residence falls under the classification of Public Elderly Housing. The following analysis is, thus, an attempt on my part to examine specifically the city of New London's recognition of this need or "problem," its existent and potential "solutions" to it, and, most important, a personal evalua-
tion of its success in fulfilling the economic, social and psychological demands inherent in such a situation both at the local level and as a general societal concern.

The many faces of public housing (both a Federal and local enterprise) are the many faces of low-income America, of which one of the largest groups is the elderly. In an introductory letter to the citizens of New London accompanying the Annual Report of the Housing Authority of the City of New London, 1965, Foster Sistare, Chairman, points specifically to the city’s real concern with this group: “It is the ultimate desire of the Housing Authority to provide decent, safe and sanitary housing for the young married couples with children and the aged citizens.” At the present moment, however, about 5% of the housing in New London is public housing, and of this fraction, less than 1/5 of public housing is specifically public elderly housing. (The other component parts are State Moderate Rental and Federal Public Housing). In more concrete numbers, in the city of approximately 10,000 dwelling units, 80 units accommodate the elderly. Some description and facts pertaining to these units deserve some attention at this point.

New London’s 80 units of state elderly housing are unequally divided between two “projects”, or what are commonly referred to as Senior Citizen Communities: The Harry Gordon Project for Elderly Citizens (located off Williams Street) and the Michael A. Riozzi Project for Elderly Citizens (located off Colman Street). Both are approximately 2-3 years old. The former is comprised of thirty-eight units; sixteen of these are for couples and twenty-two units are for single occupancy. The latter project houses fourteen couple units and twenty-eight singles. Aside from these numerical considerations and location, the two projects are identical in structure and appearance. They consist of a complex of separate, one-story brick buildings and a central furnished community recreation building which includes a television, a kitchen-dining and a laundry area.

The two basic factors with which the HA has to work are age and low income. The age requirements are 62 for women and 65 for men. The income limit is based on the social security laws where the benefits change from time to time. However, the 1965 estimates reveal that the maximum income for single persons was $2,750 and $4,100 for two-person occupancy. In relation to these average income figures, the rents are $41 and $46 per month for the efficiency and one-bedroom units respectively, including all utilities except for telephone.

As was mentioned before, both these projects are financed by the state of Connecticut in the form of an outright grant of approximately $11,500/unit. The only remaining controls are the state housing laws.

Applications for residence in the senior citizen communities are accepted primarily according to need, how long the individual or couple has resided in the New London area, their present living conditions, and physical disability, in that order. Like all PHA projects, they are subject to the non-discrimination provisions of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

Being equipped with the foregoing amount of factual information facilitated my own personal assessment of these projects. Perhaps the most significant factor in relation to these communities is their location. In this respect the Williams Street project seems a bit superior to the Colman St. one in regard to propinquity of stores, churches, etc. Both the architect and the Director of the HA (and I) agree that neither is a particularly ideal or centrally located site, and that a downtown site is always preferable. However, monetary considerations and availability of land at the time seem to have dictated these choices. Furthermore, the fact that the Harry Gordon project previously had been a public baseball field, and the Riozzi a portion of the “Poor House” grounds, indicates that no buildings formerly occupied these sites and now the loss of these functions to the city or respective neighborhood appears not to have been too great.

Economically speaking, the rental fees appear sufficient for upkeep of the properties and low enough to be within the range of low-income people. In reality, the residents’ only expenses are the monthly rent and the telephone bill. The grounds are maintained by the HA and the residents are free to do their own gardening in front of their units, which not only improves the project aesthetically, but provides them with an activity. The recreation hall is furnished and cleaned by the HA, and generally appears to be a comfortable social center permitting and succeeding in maintaining a high degree of
interpersonal relationship. Social activities center around weekly Bingo, sewing sessions, and occasional suppers or banquets, all of which are well-attended. The lack of racial or national discrimination contributes to the diversity of peoples dwelling side by side in such a community. About 15-20% of the residents have cars, so that the community is not entirely isolated or dependent upon public transportation, and I observed a good deal of co-operation in this regard. And, most important, the HA and the architect have given a good deal of consideration to the special requirements of elderly housing as, for example, non-slip floors, wide doors and elimination of steps so as to accommodate wheelchairs, a number of hand rails and grab bars in the bathroom, the replacement of dangerous bathtubs by showers with seats and flexible shower cords, and an alarm system in case of trouble or emergency. Understandably, the units are rather small, but I encountered no complaints about size. Rather, the units are thought to be compact and efficient. It must be realized that a major reason for residence in these projects is the elimination of unnecessarily large amounts of housework and upkeep in old age. The small size, then, is seen as an advantage since all residents are responsible for the maintenance of their own units.

The Senior Citizen Communities in New London have met a particular need rather successfully. However, two rather specific disadvantages come to my mind, although they can logically be explained away. Firstly, as the photos of the Harry Gordon buildings on page 18 illustrate, the architecture is not of great quality or particularly pleasing aesthetically. I have not included a picture of the Riozzi project in this report for the simple reason that it is identical in appearance, which is also a displeasing fact. In reality, however, these considerations only bring us back to the elementary factor of monetary involvement. The architect was simply working with—and himself motivated by—a relatively small sum of money. Furthermore, it is an almost natural and unavoidable conclusion that projects tend to take on characteristics of the agency that spawned them, and that the architect is working within a great number of restrictions and requirements which stifle beauty or creativity to a large degree.

A second finding, and one which greatly surprised me upon investigation, is the lack of a manager or younger couple in a managerial capacity in this type of elderly housing situation, particularly vulnerable to health and accident emergencies. However, this inadequacy may also be explained away and, in the long run, even turned into an advantage. First, all applications for residency in the projects must be accompanied by a physician's statement of satisfactory health. And, as previously mentioned, an alarm system of lights and bells is installed. The police department and a single resident are both in possession of master keys, and the occasional presence of maintenance men on the grounds aids the prevention of incidents going unnoticed. Obviously, there is also a financial factor which accounts for the lack of a manager in residence, since the HA feels there are not a sufficient number of units to generate the necessary salary or justify the giving up of one unit to house a manager. And, finally, it seems essential to recognize the important and favorable psychological effect on the atmosphere of not having a manager on the premises. The elderly do not seem to feel as oppressed or watched-over as they might if some type of authoritarian-parent feature were incorporated into the projects. In this way, the communities get away from the nursing home image and work toward the feeling of a private apartment.

The above statement is primarily the defense of the Housing Authority. But, after having spent some time visiting and talking to the residents of the projects myself, I find that the Authority has anticipated this very feeling and thus contributed to the success of their communities in this small way. The most striking impression that an outsider receives from a visit is that of satisfaction and content. And a major contribution to this happiness apparently lies in this sense of still being on one's own, for these people have a great pride in their own "homes." They find them well enough located, pleasantly quiet, never "small," but always "compact" and "workable." And I observed a high degree of friendliness and sociability, heard accounts of their "good times," and found that every resident is at least acquainted with every other resident and his doings.

It seems to me that there is no better way to measure the success of these senior citizen communities than by the undeniable contentment of their residents. Added to the fact that the Housing Authority is presently swamped with 175 applications for public elderly housing, the need and desire for more of this type living is clearly evident. And so, the city of New London has in the works at the present moment a much larger and what seems a much more exciting and potentially successful project. Bearing no name as yet, the 100-unit, 11-story high-rise federally-financed Housing for the Elderly Project is planned for location in the Williams Memorial Park. Since it is certainly much too early to speak about definite architectural plans and impossible to observe the finished product and talk with the residents, comparison of this project with the existing ones, especially in the way of relative advantages and disadvantages, can only be attempted in conjecture form.
a project, and it is this proposal which was accepted only a few days ago (Dec. 5, 1966). Williams Memorial Park, located between Broad and Hempstead Streets, was selected by the NLHA and, from the beginning, was the object of much controversy or at least consultation. The two main objects to the use of a portion of the park were the New London Veterans’ Council and the Thames Garden Club. The veterans’ concern seems to have centered on the retention of the veterans’ memorial and simply the fact that they were not consulted at an early date. The Garden Club was fittingly concerned about the loss of a park in the city, a point which was also brought up by the Planning Committee. However, both these factions are apparently pacified by the provision made by City Manager Barycki, according to which the potential master plan would assure that the park is maintained as such and, furthermore, that whatever money is paid out by the HA for the project land will be reserved for the acquisition of other park land elsewhere in the city. In the event that these provisions are kept intact, this location represents for me a vast improvement over the present ones. For one reason, convenience is probably the most pertinent need of elderly people, so that this downtown location offers adjacent shopping, churches, (which are an understandably important consideration in old age, especially) and transportation facilities. Secondly, and of equal import, construction of the building in such a park will assure reciprocal advantages. The park will be an open and pleasant place for the residents to sit, walk and mingle with each other and meet new people of all ages with whom they would otherwise not come in contact, since the bulk of the park will remain intact and open to public use. And, in turn, the park itself (which has a reputation for “undesirable” characters and not being used) will come alive with different people and purpose, and so, become a better park.

As for the building itself, it will occupy the southeastern corner away from the streets and approximately only 11% of the park itself. Due to its verticality, it requires less land, so more money can be invested in building. Also, it will offer an excellent view. A small area to the south of the building will be set aside for the exclusive use of the tenants, as will be a gardening plot with a proper orientation. The need of the elderly to seek and enjoy sunshine has been successfully dealt with in these ways, and also by the inclusion of adequately proportioned balconies on alternate floors large enough to handle the number of people there. On floors where there are balconies, there are small inside communal rooms and, to compensate, on floors where there are no balconies, there are larger community rooms. By these means, the architect has shown consideration for both weather factors and the deeper psychological significance of the identity problem, which is especially manifest in a communal living situation. The architect has predicted that subcultures or subcommunities will form on the basis of a floor or every two floors, and, accordingly, he has encouraged this type of interpersonal association through his plans.

An obvious advantage of the high-rise structure over the single-storied senior citizen communities lies in the fact that it is an entirely self-contained unit. All common facilities are within the single building so that they are easily and more safely accessible after dark or during bad weather. Such a design is clearly an advantage for the infirm, also, and more conducive to the formation of friendships and general socializing.

The preceding discussion has tried to outline New London’s attempt to deal with the “problem” of public elderly housing. The city’s present accommodations are minimal and yet, (despite specific disadvantages and those attached to the concept of the Senior Citizen Community as a whole) rather successful as measured by the satisfaction of the residents, the fact that the units are and always have been full, and the quite impressive fact that no one has ever left these projects through disenchantment. Without exception, the small turn-over has resulted from death or the removal of persons no longer able
to take care of themselves. Because of the number of waiting applicants and the failure of surrounding communities to make a similar effort, New London is striking out in a bigger and better direction with its potential downtown high-rise, which will more than double its accommodations for the elderly.

I had begun this project with a very definite prejudice against the senior citizen community concept, its being considered a "project,"—a term which meant to me the idea of an isolated geographical locale and an isolated "brand" of people housed according to age and/or socioeconomic capability. As a result of my field work, my opinions have been greatly modified. I have come to realize that the terms "project" and "problem" are not necessarily derogatory ones, but rather ones reflecting a very real need for the housing of a group of the population having peculiar living requirements, and rightly geared to one basic factor, which is income. These are people who cannot afford to be housed by private enterprise. If nothing more, the creation of publicly-subsidized projects shows that the local and federal governments recognize the inadequate supply of dwellings and the fact that these people cannot afford the quality or standard of living which the authorities feel should be within the reach of all.

I also feel that these public elderly low-income housing projects must not necessarily be achieved at the expense of separation from the community at large. Obviously, the right location is of utmost advantage, and it is this factor which, if properly dealt with, will guarantee or preserve an adequate degree of integration with the organism of the city. Furthermore, it is a comforting realization that location according to the income factor is not such an abominable idea nor one restricted to the domain of public elderly housing. In reality, what better example do we have today of this same determinism than suburbia?

As for the homogeneity of age, I spoke in the beginning of this paper of such factors as societal mobility and the reduced number of multigeneration families. The elderly enjoy being on their own in most cases, and their families often prefer it, to the benefit of both parties. One might even go so far as to assert that housing by age is almost a necessity in our society today. I do not think it is that we as a society are becoming less emotional, but only more practical. And I have observed the compatibility of these people, their pride in their independence, their fondness for peace and quiet, and their lack of remorse over the absence of children, bicycles and noise. I heartily agree with Mayor Lee of New Haven who asserted that we cannot "cure the problems of urban America simply by building housing," that "we must seek solutions in terms of people." Obviously New London's projects are not ideal solutions, but I do believe that the HA and the architects together have shown some real consideration of problems and needs uniquely associated with our elderly citizens and have ended up with something more than what Jane Jacobs would refer to as projects for "sorted-out sets of statistics."

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MARCH 1967

THE DAY, NEW LONDON, CONN., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1966

HOUSING FOR ELDERLY — This is the architect's drawing of the proposed 11-story apartment building the New London Housing Authority wants to erect for housing for the elderly at Williams Memorial Park. Recessed balconies for social use are in the center of the building on alternate floors. In other alternate floors in the same location are social areas and lounges. Each floor has ten units with bedroom, living room, dining alcove and bath. The ground floor has a community room, social room and space for laundry, maintenance equipment and management.
faith
and the
underwater sound lab

Mary Rita Powers '42 is a mathematician with the title of research associate in the Digital Computing Branch of the Data Analysis and Computing Center at the Navy's Underwater Sound Laboratory at Fort Trumbull in New London. Under the Naval Ships System Command (formerly the Bureau of Ships), the Underwater Sound Laboratory is concerned with research and development for sonar detection and communication systems for the submarine forces, anti-submarine detection systems for surface ships, sonar ocean surveillance systems, submarine radio communications systems, and optical communication systems. This includes the study of the sea's effect on sound and radio propagation and transmission and, in general, the attempt to increase our knowledge and understanding of "inner space."

Hurricanes did not figure in the early plans for the USNS Mizar because her voyage was to take place in the spring. However, the loss of an H-bomb off Spain's coast caused a postponement, and the "spring" trip finally left Bermuda on August 29, 1966.

My boss had generously offered my services to the Bermuda Research Detachment of the Underwater Sound Laboratory, who were looking for someone to write a program for a computer and then put it to use aboard ship at sea. When I left on the flight to Bermuda, no one really believed that I would go out on the Mizar. The Sound Lab had never sent a woman on a "sea trip," and although word had been received that the ship now had "suitable accommodations" for a woman and that the men were "willing to give it a try," I was far from certain myself that nothing would happen to prevent my going.

But at nine o'clock on a beautiful, sunny Monday morning, we sailed. The Mizar is an MSTS (Military Sea Transport Service) ship, which means that she has a civilian crew. She is 268 feet over-all—not exactly the "United States." Our group consisted of four men from the Sound Lab and four from the Navy Research Lab in Washington, D.C.—and me. The "suitable accommodation" was actually two rooms with connecting head, a suite in the No. 2 hold. My cabin was large, furnished with two bunks in one corner, a sink in another, two metal lockers with doors that came unlatched during the night and banged, and one folding straight chair. I was also given a fan, which I really appreciated.

After we sailed, the captain invited me up to the bridge. It was interesting to follow our route on the charts. I have been looking at those charts for years but never thought I'd be working out in the area they cover. After we rounded the eastern end of the island the ship began to roll and I began to wonder what kind of sailor I'd be. At lunch one of the officers said to me, "This isn't your first trip." Really a statement, but almost a question. (It was not only my first for the Lab, but also my first on a ship that size). He made some remark about thinking I'd been out before since I was eating.

The particular phase of the operation which required the use of our program was not scheduled until the middle of the week, but there was plenty to do. The computer on the Mizar is a Packard Bell 250, programmed in machine language with paper tape input. This is not the easiest computer to program, but that was why I had the job. Most of our staff are young and haven't had any experience with the machine-language programming. Part of the program was written by one of the Navy Research Lab men, and part was our own. We had to put the two parts together and check it out with data recorded on a similar operation. In unclassified language, we were trying to receive a signal, do the computing necessary and print the results before the next signal arrived, about a minute later. We decided on some changes in the computations as the result of the data we got from these tapes. This meant program changes and more check-out.

Meantime we had been watching the course of hurricanes—of sunken aircraft debris—as well as beer cans and old tires. The camera, mounted on a sled, was towed near the bottom. On board, computers determined the exact position of the sled at any moment, while the recovered film showed the time the photograph was taken. By coordinating the two, a photo-mosaic of the sea bottom was constructed..."
cane Faith, an erratic lady who belied her name. On Wednesday she headed for us, and things started to roll. Rattling, creaking, shaking—that was a noisy night. During rolls I found myself wondering just how far the ship could go before rolling over—and then she would start back. The next morning the waves looked mighty high to me. At breakfast I learned that we had "passed through the periphery of the hurricane" during the night. I asked how high the waves were. The answer came back, "We logged them at 20 feet, but we always underestimate. At times when we went into the trough, the next wave seemed to be level with the bridge, and that's 34 feet." I was sorry I'd asked.

We gathered in the lab that morning, but of course the weather was too rough for work. At one time I looked around to see two of the fellows asleep in their chairs, one on the deck between two racks of equipment, and two of us working on that foolish computer. To walk across the room you had to wait for the roll. If you were walking uphill, you were all right. If not, there was no stopping until you bumped into something. About 4:30 that afternoon I knocked off and, fascinated, went up to watch the waves and the white water washing the deck.

Thursday night there was one almighty crash and my fan slid across the floor and stopped, face up, near the bunk—still running. My first thought was to leave it there, but then I was afraid I might step on it when I got out of bed. There are some injuries that might be explained easily, but to say that you stepped inca a fan! So I got up and dragged it back across the room. Another problem was my folding travel clock. I thought that if it fell over it would close and turn off the alarm. First I tried the floor, then put it on a towel on the chair. After one particularly loud crash I turned on the light and found the chair folded up on the other side of the cabin—but the clock was still running. After that I put it in a shoe on the floor near my bed.

The meals were good, with much more choice than I expected. I was glad that I didn't have to miss any. Dinner was early, from 4:30 to 5:00 or 5:00 to 5:30. But then there was food out at night in the crew's mess. I stayed clear of that part of the ship, but when the fellows went up from the lab they brought me coffee, fruit, and Dagwood sandwiches. The earliest that I stopped work at night was 9:30, and the latest 12:15. It was usually about 11 o'clock. The last day out, I was questioned again about previous voyages. This must have been bothering that poor fellow all week! He said that I must have done some sailing perhaps? I told him that I had been on small boats, and I'd grown up on the Connecticut coast. He looked as if light had dawned, and said "That's why you weren't sick."

It was not until Sunday that we were able to take one set of data, leaving the job to be finished without me the following week. On Monday, September 5th, a beautiful, calm day, we made port in Bermuda. One of the crew asked for my autograph. He writes to his daughter in Puerto Rico, and wanted to tell her about the one woman aboard. If any of the crew were disturbed by my presence they kept it well hidden.

I have worked on the ship once since then, in November. She was at the dock in Bermuda. The crew greeted me like an old friend. The captain told me I was welcome on board any time. So I feel that we have passed the first test. The Underwater Sound Lab sent a woman to sea. The ship neither foundered nor sank, nor did the world come to an end.
Alice Ramsay, Director of Personnel at Connecticut College for the past 38 years, has begun a semester's leave of absence before her retirement becomes effective on June 30th. An alumna of Connecticut, Class of 1923, with a Master's in psychology from Columbia, she has helped and guided nearly 6,500 Connecticut College girls. She organized and directed the campus work program, found summer jobs, advised on post-graduate careers and assisted older alumnae in finding post-family employment. The Eastern College Personnel Officers Association last fall named her to honorary membership, and she has recently been appointed to the Board of Directors of the Alumnae Advisory Center in New York City.

"Ramsay" remembers —

When I came here as a student, Connecticut was young, small, and comparatively unknown. We were a family of 450 eager students and 46 scholarly faculty who spent their lives on this campus. Nearly 50 years ago there were only ten buildings on a rather barren hilltop surrounded by a lot of daisies, buttercups, rocks and mud, a few old apple trees, but the same magnificent view.

After I graduated from college with an A.B. in psychology and a great love for people, I didn't know where or how to put the two together. I was on vacation one summer in Culdaff, Ireland, sitting on a rock looking out over the Atlantic Ocean, when a cable arrived where cables were not in the habit of arriving. Connecticut needed a personnel director and wanted to know if I would take the job. I would and I have never been sorry. No one had ever sent a cablegram from Culdaff Village so a cousin of mine went down and directed the old postmistress in how to send them back and forth until I became a celebrity of sorts, the 25 year old girl from America who had to make up her mind in a hurry on her future career.

1923 Koine'—

Heigho! Is it being Irish? Or does the Lord deal out a disposition like that every now and then just to show what He can do when He concentrates?

Professor Hamilton M. Smyser —

It is not true that Alice Ramsay was born in a fisherman's hut on the coast of Donegal and still burns peat in her grate in Burdick; that as a girl she took pot shots at Black and Tans from behind her father's hedges, and still keeps on her mantel a shillelagh she carried during The Troubles; that when excited she breaks into Gaelic. These stories are extrapolations by the people who have heard her talk about Ireland and Irish literature or have seen her act in Abbey Theatre plays. It is true, however, that she was born in Ireland, has visited Ireland often, and hopes to live in Ireland in retirement. It is also true that she has to a preeminent degree the two most endearing qualities of the Irish—a warm heart and a gorgeous sense of humor.

This hardly needs to be said to Connecticut College people (nor to an amazing number of other people who have met La Ramsay on her travels, at professional meetings, and so forth, if I may judge from my own chance encounters with friends of hers in various parts of the world). Even the neophytes on the Faculty have not remained long unaware of her: if they have not happened to meet her in the course of the normal comings and goings, social and professional, of the first few weeks, they have been due for a pleasant surprise when she gave her first report of the year in Faculty Meeting—invariably an informative and solid report but with a dead pan by-play of comment and quotation that would cause hilarity in circumstances far more demanding than Faculty Meeting.

For an indeterminate time Miss Ramsay is going to stay in the neighborhood and this is good news for the many who are given to dropping in on her to chat and swap anecdotes and who have found through the years that this is an admirable recourse in a world that sometimes takes itself too seriously.

President Shain —

No one else has ever represented this college so personally, so charmingly, and so helpfully to at least 38 classes of graduates as she has. To look into her correspondence now and then is to see into the heart of this place. I hope we will all continue to stand within the pale of her fairness and understanding for many classes and many faculty members and many staff members to come.
CHARGE! Throughout the world today the word "change" characterizes our society and life. This college community is no exception. If you were to return to your old "Alma Mater by the sea" chances are it wouldn't look very different to you. Except for the presence of the new guardhouse, the stop lights on Mohegan Avenue and the bulldozing for a new parking lot, we aren't physically different from several years ago. Instead, many of the changes at Conn are social and academic, brought about by polite ladylike petitions through all the proper channels. Sometimes this petitioning system works well—for example, we were successful in getting cars on campus for seniors this year. Sometimes it doesn't work quite so well, because a good suggestion gets lost in the channels.

Some changes just seem to happen by themselves, but behind them there inevitably is the helping hand of a student government officer or a member of the administration. This is how our new curfews—12 a.m. on weekdays and 1:30 a.m. on weekends (for everyone except a girl alone, off campus, after-dark)—came about.

There are some changes which occur as a result of a related action. For example, a committee petitioning for no sign-out regulations during Reading Period stirred up enough interest and inquiry that it was discovered that the rule for daytime sign-out had, more or less, found its own way into the C-Book. So we voted and took it out. But the petition itself was tabled in favor of working toward an over-all, academic and social, new outlook on Reading Period.

But the majority of changes at Conn today happen because someone is concerned, and interested, and makes a good suggestion that starts others thinking and planning until something concrete evolves. The Pass-Fail system which hopefully will be in effect next fall is the result of such an effort. Under this new system Juniors and Seniors would be able to take one course per semester, graded Pass or Fail, as long as the course is not being used for a graduation or major field requirement.

Other large issues like what to do about comprehensive exams, "calendar days," and the Honor Pledge are presently under discussion too. The main problem in each of these issues seems to be that the freedoms we feel we ought to have are being regulated or denied. At present seniors haven't the opportunity to study for comps anywhere other than on campus, and they can't retake their comp before graduation if they fail it; students are not allowed to decide for themselves about attending class directly before and after vacations, but attendance is up to them during the rest of the year; and even though we all matriculate, pledging to uphold the social and academic standards of the college, we must constantly remind ourselves of it by writing the Honor Pledge on every exam.

While these major problems are being considered, and advanced toward solution, there are other good ideas awaiting attention and action. These range from specific (like changing the Phys. Ed. requirement of 3 years with no class cuts) to general (like improving the student-faculty-administration relations). Most pressing is the student-teacher relationship. We are happy to see attempts being made to cut down the "barrier" and bring the student and her professor together on a personal as well as academic basis. Faculty members and their families are becoming frequent guests in the dorms for dinner, coffee or informal discussions. Student-Faculty committees are helping us towards unity.

With all this talk of rule changes and new practices there is one thing that remains basically the same. The primary concern of all of us here is still education, and what it means to us. Of course this is a highly personal thing, and it means something different to each of us. We seek it in different ways and we find it in different places. For some, college is a series of dull or thought-provoking classes, term papers and lists of assigned reading. For others it is an exchanging of ideas with peers and elders, getting lost in the stacks of the library, and listening to a fascinating lecture on East Asian philosophers. We may choose to learn and explore on our own, or to follow the class syllabus strictly, but we learn. We learn about the world and about ourselves. We seek and hope to find something we can devote ourselves to—a course, a field of study, or even a man! There may be much less academic talk than 20 years ago, and fewer class discussions than 10 years ago, and we may seem more or less serious and dedicated to what we are doing, but we still believe in the importance of getting the best possible education, and we move, in our own way, toward that goal.
China--
Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Reading List For Alumnae College

Payne, Robert. Mao Tse-tung (Pyramid Books 95¢)
Schram, Stuart. The Political Thought of Mao Tse-tung (US48 Praeger $2.50)
Jenyns, Soame. A Background to Chinese Painting (#117—Schoken Books $2.45)

Texts may be ordered from: Connecticut College Bookshop, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. 06320. For mailing add 45¢ for one book and 5¢ for each additional book.
“Firenze Resurgens!”

Eleanor Kempsmith Nocentini '46, a native of Cleveland, Ohio, went to Italy for a brief holiday after graduation. She fell in love with the city of Florence and stayed. For two years she taught in a private elementary school and learned Italian. "That first year," she says, "all I did was listen." Then she met and married a rising young businessman, Renato Nocentini, who now has the distributorship and repair service for many foreign cars in Florence. They are the parents of two daughters, Susana, 13, and Lisa, 12.

Since the disastrous floods that swept a third of Italy and inundated Florence on November 4, 1966, Ellie Nocentini has been totally involved with the relief of her fellow Florentines, visiting stricken families and small shopkeepers as a case worker for the St. James American Church Flood Relief Fund. This is the central agency in Florence which is distributing American and international aid directly to thousands of flood victims in the area. CRIA, the Committee to Rescue Italian Art, is a separate agency whose funds are spent for art restoration. Contributions for the relief of the people may be sent by personal check to: St. James American Church Flood Relief Fund, Via Gioberti 34, Florence, Italy.

The following account of the Nocentinis' experiences during the flood and its aftermath comes from letters written by Ellie Nocentini to a close friend, Suzanne Macpherson, who lived in Florence and is now with the Department of Education of Connecticut College. Miss Macpherson has edited the letters and arranged them chronologically to make a unified piece, but the writer speaking is Eleanor Nocentini.

"We're very proud that our bridges withstood the torrent. This was far worse than the German dynamiting in 1944. But at least it was an act of God, not the purposeful cruelty of a human enemy ... Shopkeepers on the Ponte Vecchio salvage what they can."

The Editor
OUR BEAUTIFUL CITY—what a tragedy! And yet, what marvelous spirit and amicizia have come out of it all. I've lived here nearly 18 years now, and I thought I knew my adopted city well, but I never really knew her, nor the tremendous pride and courage of her people until disaster struck us. It will be long, but we'll recover . . .

When the flood hit, the girls and I were in Genoa on our way home after seeing the Premier of Italy inaugurate the annual auto show there. Renato had gone to Torino for more auto inaugurals. Little did we know that we would be cut off from each other—and Florence—for days.

It rained steadily all day and night in Genoa. We missed the morning train and had to wait hours in the station. The porter reacted queerly when we asked that our bags be put on the Florence train. "You can't get to Florence," he told us. "We've heard that the Arno has swept out the bridges and the whole city is one big lake."

We couldn't believe him. It was not true about the bridges, which we later found had withstood as much as 15 feet of water raging along at more than forty miles an hour. But it was true that the Valley of the Arno had become a lake.

We were advised to go as far as Pisa. There the bad news and rumors kept piling up—trains stopped, roads washed out, no way to Rome, no way to anywhere. We were shunted back to Viareggio before the flood hit Pisa and the whole lower Val d'Arno. There we sat for three days with no contact at all with Florence, except for eagerly awaited TV broadcasts. One evening there was only a voice which let us hear the waters rushing down the streets. It was like the violent sea pounding near us on the beach of Viareggio. Dramatic appeals were made to all the beach lifeguards to gather their rubber boats and rafts and try to get to Florence to save lives. Pathetic stories of heroism began to be told, like that of an old worker at the aqueduct who refused to leave his post that first terrible night when no one realized what was happening. He was found two days later, with his few cigarettes, in a tunnel of mud.

You can imagine how frustrated we felt, knowing nothing from home or friends. But at least Renato was
Petite Ellie, 5' 2", points to the high water and oil marks on the first floor of the Archaeological Museum in central Florence. "Damage was bad," she writes, "but not total. Each archaeologist is assigned a room at a time and keeps systematically at it. Etruria resurgent!"

"It's the small artisans, the craftsmen of fine work, whose tradition is handed down from father to son, that have suffered the greatest losses. But nobody complains. They just go on to work."

able to call us from where he had been stuck. When we did at last reach Florence the sight was more appalling than we ever could have imagined. By now you know at least the look of it, if not the smell.

At first it seemed that Renato, like so many others in the center of the city, had lost everything. At "La Rotonda," his garage, there were nearly thirteen feet of water, mud, debris, fuel oil, and walls knocked down. But nowhere did we see anyone in despair. No one complained. Everyone just went to work, at first silently, with the grim pride of Florentines of all classes pulling together to salvage our city. Students of all nationalities were great, and still are at it. Renato and his men have managed to salvage about 60 per cent of the garage, dug out and freshly painted. Mercedes in Germany has sent equipment and very real help. Just before Christmas Renato took the whole crew out to dine on your check for the first big meal they'd had in days. I hope you don't mind that this is how it was spent! Florentines can still make spirito . . .

Little by little, superficially, we're coming back to normal. But all one has to do is enter the back streets of areas like the Santa Croce district to find mud and refuse still in the streets and the ugly black sign of the oily waters halfway up the lovely old palazzi. The deserted first and second floors, where the poor families lived, leave desolation in the air. In spite of the reopening of schools and many restaurants and shops, and the return of running water (that ironically precious commodity), it will take a long, long time to put right so much personal loss and misery. I know this, from my field work for the Flood Relief Fund of St. James American Church which is working all day and night to reach the poor, the sick, the small artisans and shopkeepers who are the life of Florence.

It's disheartening to see how many families have been indirectly affected—those whose livelihood depended on others who were flooded and can no longer pay. These are the hidden tragedies we are trying to reach. The combined American-British-Italian flood relief committees, composed of bilingual residents of Florence, are literally working around the clock, yet we've reached only about 10 per cent of the thousands of desperate families and artigiani, as of January. We go to them, not they to us. My first field work was in the Santa Croce area where one felt most the evil the flood had wrought. There one is constantly reminded of it by the stench, this peculiar stench still rising, which I don't think any of us will ever forget.

Now I've been assigned by the Flood Relief Fund to the area of the Val d'Elsa, remember? Those little roadside villages like Galuzzo. The people ask nothing more than they think right. They bless you for the promise.
of aid you bring, like a very old couple isolated on the
top floor of a decaying building. The old man was para-
lyzed in bed with a lung abscess, but he tried to speak
English to me, apologizing that his family was in need
only because the flood had cut off their weekly pittance
of $6.00 from the city.

A puppeteer whom the children loved, who lived on
the Via Romana and made his own puppets, their plays
and tiny theatre and used to pack all on his bike and
give shows at Susi’s and Lisa’s school and at our house,
had finally managed to set up a permanent theatre at
Bellariva. All washed out! But he’s starting again, some-
how.

At Christmas time the city decorated herself, believe
it or not, and staged Rigoletto in the washed-out Com-
munale Opera House. Susi and Lisa were thrilled to have
parts as pages for four nights and got friendly with all
the stars and have treasured autographed photos. It was a
fine show, although the great velvet curtain was still
missing, and the chairs in platea. Costumes were mar-
velous. Seemed like pre-flood times . . . Susi was prom-
inent in the first scene, passing a cup to one and all. Lisa
was a bit hidden by the chorus, but both have drawn
their impressions of what it was like to be part of resur-
gent Florence this Christmas time. They are still little
girls, although Susi, now almost 14, is beginning to show
a womanly interest in clothes. They both love ballet and

(above)
"Mercedes sent equipment from Germany to help
Renato pump out La Rotonda and his repair
garage. Now they’re helping clean the streets.
Everyone pulls together."
are quite professional about it. Also, they've been helping the Girl Scouts since the flood, giving out food, cleaning out churches and the Scouts' group headquarters, which is still unusable.

It has amazed me continually how in gamba (on the go) the Flood Relief Fund workers continue to be. What dedication! A case comes in from our field work in the morning and a check has gone out by evening. Sometimes I get so sick of the whole damn thing, though, I'd just like to go out and see a movie about anything else! But, so are the poor families in their damp smelly rooms sick of the whole thing, and we've reached only a fraction of them all...

I continue to do the case work. There is always at least one a day that really touches you and makes you want to fight to put them right. We can only give them our feeble promises to keep up their courage for a few more days... And now we have the February flu!

It is good to hear news of Connecticut College, not so far away after all. I am amazed that someone there at the College still remembers me after 19 years. How is Miss Ramsay? Please give her my affectionate regards. If anyone from the College should be visiting Italy this spring or summer, tell them we are certainly back to normal for tourists, with the watchword, "Firenze Resurgens!" But of course the relief work for the people, as well as CRIA's heroic efforts at art restoration, will go on for a long, long time.

I was able to visit the Archaeological Museum recently to see our good friend, La Dottoressa Anna Talocchini, hard at work in the smashed Etruscan rooms. It seemed a long way from those wonderful digs we used to go on with "La Dott" in the hills and plains of Toscana. But as Talocchini says, while she delicately reassembles the shattered treasures: "There is comfort in knowing how much the bonds of friendship have been strengthened by this disaster, and how much our American friends continue to do. It is these proofs of friendship in the midst of mud and ruin which give us the strength to continue the struggle. It is killing work, but lavoreremo, lavoreremo (we shall work, we shall work), as all Florentines are working to restore our splendid city to what she was before. We feel sure now that everyone who has known Florence like a second country will not abandon her."  

Susi and Lisa make their own Christmas cards together. This was their impression of the Cathedral of Santa Crocè, Christmas, 1965. Susi signed the Cathedral, her part of the card, while Lisa signed her drawing of the people.
Susi and Lisa Nocentini are pictured here at a ballet recital in the Teatro Pergola in Florence last spring. The girls have many talents. They performed at pages in Rigoletto, staged in Florence's flood-damaged opera house this past Christmas season, and then made drawings depicting the event. At left, Susi's drawing of "Rigoletto" and below it, Lisa's "Gilda." Each girl made a drawing of her own page costume—upper, Susi, and lower, Lisa.
Books

Dr. Niering’s special interest—wetlands


The McGraw-Hill Book Company has recently initiated an outstanding series of popular books under the title of *Our Living World of Nature.* Each volume is devoted to a particular habitat, which is given a broad ecological interpretation. Thus far the forest, the desert, the seashore and caves have been dealt with. The latest one to appear has been *The Life of the Marsh: The North American Wetlands.*

Authored by Dr. William A. Niering, Professor of Botany and Director of the Connecticut Arboretum, this magnificently illustrated book contains a wealth of information clearly presented to the lay reader about the wetlands of the United States, both saline and fresh. The book can be perused in two different ways. One can study the superb color photographs and the drawings with their full and descriptive legends, thereby picking up a great deal of natural history about the plants and animals that inhabit the marshes and about the special topics explained in the diagrams; or one can read the text, thereby gaining the author’s insight into the dynamics of the whole ecosystem. If one were to criticize the presentation it would be on the grounds that the text becomes somewhat lost amid the profuse illustrative material which takes up at least sixty percent of the space.

Among the features of the book that make it a useful reference are an excellent series of maps showing the distinction of the various types of wetlands within the United States, an appendix describing the wetlands in the National Parks and National Wildlife Refuges, and an index.

Dr. Niering obtained his formal botanical training at Pennsylvania State University and at Rutgers, the State University of New Jersey, where he received his Ph.D. in 1952. His special interest in wetlands, and his knowledge of them, stems from research carried out under his direction by Connecticut College students in the Arboretum and elsewhere, and from his conservation activities. *Nellie Beetham Stark ’56* made a study of the pollen profile in the Arboretum’s red maple swamp. This technique and its usefulness are described in *The Life of the Marsh.* The vegetation of the Mamacoke salt-marsh was carefully mapped in 1957 by Marion Whitney Melhusib ’60 and Ilse Ann Farinholt ’59, and salinity determinations of the peat were carried out by Amelia Rechel ’62. The zonation of the Brucker Marsh in the southeastern corner of Connecticut was mapped in detail by Christopher Gross, M.A. ’66.

On the conservation front Dr. Niering has been very active in evaluating wetlands and negotiating their acquisition as natural areas for The Nature Conservancy. The Cranberry Bog near Tannersville, Pa. and the Beckley Bog in Norfolk, Conn. are outstanding examples. His survey of Natural Areas for the Regional Plan Association included marshes and led to the publication under its auspices of *Nature in the Metropolis.* He was one of the authors of *Connecticut’s Coastal Marshes: a Vanishing Resource* (Connecticut Arboretum Bulletin No. 12), a publication that has made an important contribution to a popular understanding of the values of marshlands.

Unfortunately far too few scientists have sufficient concern for the long-range welfare of mankind to devote their energies toward social reforms. Dr. Niering is one of this unusual breed. His broad ecological background has given him a sound perspective in dealing with natural resource problems and he brings this to bear effectively in his research, his teaching, and his activities as a citizen in the community. And the same message is here in *The Life of the Marsh,* especially in the final section entitled “Wetlands or Wastelands?” The beauty and wonder of the marshes are eloquently portrayed throughout the book, but the tremendous value of these areas to mankind and the ruthless human forces at work to destroy them are here brought into sharp focus. The last photograph shows
Dr. Niering's boys walking at the edge of a slough with a wild deer. The legend says, "The future of wetlands is entrusted to the present generation. For centuries to come, youngsters like these should be able to explore a marsh, to see its plants and animals, and to sense the millions of years involved in its making." Here is a message which must be conveyed to the urban community.

The Life of the Marsh ($4.25) will be released to conventional outlets sometime in April.

RICHARD H. GOODWIN, Chairman
Department of Botany

Rakossy

Cecelia Holland '65 had her second novel published in January by Atheneum Press. Named Rakossy, it is available at the Connecticut College Book Shop ($5.75). We shall review it in the May issue.

West Coast Reception

Los Angeles area alumnae arranged an enthusiastic welcome for President and Mrs. Shain at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles on January 19, 1967. Alumnae and their husbands, parents of present students, and prospective students and their families, numbering in all about 60 people, enjoyed cocktails and dinner. Winifred DeForest Coffin '33 was mistress of ceremonies.

The Shains were in Los Angeles to attend meetings of the Association of American Colleges and the United States-India Women's College Exchange Program.

Pictured at left are four members of the committee. Left to right: Carolyn Cushman Doughty ex '57; Barbeur Grimes Wise '46; Esther Pickard Wachtel '56; and Ruth Goodhue Voorhees ex '46.

Connecticut College Flight

To Europe

The Connecticut College Student Travel Bureau has announced the 1967 Group Flight to Europe, leaving from New York to London on June 21, and returning from Paris to Boston on September 6. The group will travel by Pan American Jet. Round trip fare is a low $325. All members of the faculty, the Administration, the alumnae, and their families are eligible to take advantage of this low fare European flight. A $25 deposit is required to reserve a place with the group. If you are interested, contact the Connecticut College Student Travel Bureau, Box 1181, Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut 06320.
The Alumnae News Board held its annual meeting in January. It was decided to continue the twice-a-year class reporting for another year, with the following exceptions:

1. All classes may list vital statistics (i.e., marriages and births) in each issue; and

2. The three youngest classes ("mobile and marriageable") may have a column in each and every issue. Three years after graduation a class will join the even-odd group.

All correspondents are asked to request news from each class member just once per year. If alumnae will answer their postcards promptly, their news will not be stale.

For the information of all alumnae, the correspondents' deadlines are: Odd numbered classes must have material in on January 15 for the March issue of the News; on June 15 for August. Even numbered classes have deadlines on March 15 for May and on October 15 for December. Reunion classes may have notes in both the May and the August issues. Any material not postmarked by the deadline stands the chance of being returned to the correspondent.
1920
CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Philip M. Luce (Jessie Menzies), 3930 Bolyston Road, Petersburg, Va. 23805
Mrs. Reginald A. Massonneau (Eleanor Seaver), 43 Degnon Blvd., Bay Shore, L. I., N. Y. 11706

1921
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Emory C. Corbin (Olive Littlehales), 9 Brady Ave., New Britain, Conn. 06052
Barbara Abended was to have retired on July 1, 1966, had two parties given for her "with all the trimmings" only to find that no one could be found to take her place, and so has stayed on half-time. Meanwhile she had contracted for another job for one day a week and so finds herself as busy as ever. She hopes to be at reunion in June. Louise Avery Favorite, who does psychological testing in the Providence Schools, has a visit from Dorothy Pryde and invited Olive Doherty to join them for dinner. Louise has moved from Laura Batchelder Sharp who has been in a car accident. Louise and Dot went to Boston where they visited Marenada Prentice and Paul Kelsey has moved into a smaller house in Old Lyme since she had another heart attack in October.
She is no longer substituting at New London High though she does some at Old Lyme High, too.
She and her husband were at Martha's Vineyard from May 1 to Nov. 12. Anna Mae Brazeal Chalmers and husband Al spent some time in the summer at the Outer Banks of North Carolina near Cape Hatteras, were at the beach in Connecticut with their family later, and then went to Vermont. In August they took a western trip visiting most of the national parks and points of interest. In Inglewood, Calif. Anna Mae spent a day with Dorothy Wulf Weatherhead, her CC roommate for the CC picnic and were sorry we missed her.

1967

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. David H. MaJon Dempsey, Thistle, 3 Chester Road, Upper Montclair, N. J. 07043
Mrs. Philip M. Luce wrote in October, "A couple of weeks ago in Portsmouth, N.H.
I was surprised and flattered by being elected to honorary membership in the Eastern College Personnel Officers Ass'n.

Agnes Leahy introduced me to the group two years after its foundation in 1928 and I have attended all but one of the Annual Conferences." Ramsay has retired as director of our personnel bureau.

Eileen Fitzgerald '24 sends an anecdote about Ramsay: "Her remarkable poise was admired by everyone. I recall the day she fell asleep in Dr. Frank Morris' psychology class. (Yes, Alice, too, stayed up all night occasionally to get a certain paper in on time.) She was sitting kerplunk in the front row and it soon became apparent that even though she wasn't sleeping audibly, she was distracting the class. Dr. Morris finally broke through to Alice by pissing Miss Ramsay.' As she blinked her eyes open, he said quietly, 'Miss Ramsay, don't you think it would be preferable for you to sleep in your own room?' Was Ramsay flustered? Not at all! 'Oh, yes I do, Dr. Morris. Thank you very much,' replied Alice; and gathering up her books she solemnly departed, made a bee-line for Plant, and slept until noon.'

Mary Birch Timsherman is elated about our '23 percentage participation in Alumni Annual Giving Program. She tells us about her family: their son was made president of his company at 38, and their grandchildren, 10, 11, 13, have taken blue ribbons at all the Westchester, Jersey, and Connecticut horse shows. Mary won a senior ladies' golf prize this year. They love their summers in Old Lyme and have been travelling and have received an Oscar Appel writes: 'I'm greatly enjoying retirement. Just finished a course in bridge. I do a little painting and ceramics, knitting, and make an occasional dress. I go to a University of Oregon history class and a nutrition book, Nutrition by Taylor and Pye. Ethel Mason Dempsey is still forced to curtail her activities but looks forward to being more active in 1967.

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Our news is the birth of twins, Deborah and Gary, to our daughter Ann Bilezikian on Nov. 11. She has another son, Timothy. When making plans for your vacation in 1968, don’t forget our 45th reunion will be in June that year. Plan to be there.

Our sympathy goes to Rheta Clark on the loss of her mother in November. The funeral for Lucy Whitford Heaton, our class treasurer, who died Oct. 14, was held in the College chapel. Lucy was instrumental in establishing the Connecticut blood program in 1950 and was known in New London as “Mrs. Red Cross.”

1924
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. C. Doane Greene (Gladys Wetserman), Decoy Farm, Rock Hall, Md. 21661

1925
CORRESPONDENT: Dorothy Kilbourn, 18 Townley St., Hartford, Conn. 06105

Aileen Fowler Dike was disappointed to miss reunion but being a department head at Windsor High School demanded her time during exam weekend. Eleanor Harriman Kobl reports, “We both enjoy retirement in San Francisco, a delightful clean small city—after years of NYC.” Graduation at the Univ. of N.Y. Maritime College prevented Eleanor Kelly Moore from attending reunion. “Hap” expects to retire this year after seven years at the college. Their son is in law school, having spent three years in the 82nd Airborne, part of the time as an advisor in Viet Nam. Beulah Kimball Swanion writes, “We are still on the same farm, west of Carlisle, Mass.” Her children are all married and scattered; four grandchildren live in California. Grace Bennett Nueven and John have had a busy year building a house in N. Palm Beach, Fla., where they expect to spend about half of each year, the other half in Winnetka, but perhaps reserving a month in the spring and in the fall for travel. The Nuevens had daughter, Anne Reynolds CC ’54, and her family for Thanksgiving and then went to Geneva to spend Christmas with their other daughter. Catherine Calbourn is still interested in the Historical Society, the Women’s Club and the Red Cross. Recently she entertained 36 high school girls who are interested in Connecticut and enjoyed hearing present Connecticut students extol the virtues of the college.” Miriam Chadsey is still living in Osining and keeps busy with church work. She has been enjoying ballet and opera at the new Lincoln Center in New York. Phyllis Jayne sent Christmas greetings but said it was very difficult to write. A Christmas card from Mary Auwood Bernard tells of her four and a half months trip last summer seeing friends and relatives in New England and Canada after reunion, before returning West. She was spending Christmas with friends in the Santa Rita foothills and hoping not to be snowed in.

Correspondent: Miss Hazel M. Osborn, 152 East 94th St, New York, N. Y. 10028

1927
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. L. Bartlett Gatchell (Constance Noble), 6 The Fairway, Upper Montclair, N. J. 07043

From Frances Joseph: “When Marguerite Olsmitz Williams returned home that Sunday she tripped over the door sill and broke her ankle. What a way to end our happiest class reunion.” Frances Williams Wood wrote, “Grace Treppen was attending a State Library convention in Maine the same weekend that I was at Alumnae College. She served on a panel for one of the programs.” In June Sue Chitnonden Cunningham showed the sights of Washington to Barbara Tracy Coyne, who had gone to the West Coast to visit relatives. She is chairman of the Metropolitan Critical Areas Advisory Committee, guiding a government funded project, “Finding successful ways of starting youth groups in the inner city using local leadership.” Madelyn Clibh Wankmiller and her husband flew to Spain in July, then on to Bavaria to visit his relatives. Madelyn is now on the staff of an “elegant new library” in Worcester, Mass. On Aug. 12, Mary Crofoot DeGange welcomed Rosemary, the firstborn of her son Jack and his Jane. Edna Lisa Barney, still an artist, is in Missouri, painting fairy tale pictures for nursery schoolers. From Florence Syncaller Miller: “We’ve bought a lot in Naples, Fla., and plan to build and retire there this spring.” Their son Michael recently married a nurse in New Jersey. This spring Celeste Denniston Hoffman, past president of the Garden Club, is busy “making America beautiful” in Hartford. When Frances Jones Strembeil’s son Peter got married recently, she flew to Kentucky for the wedding. Eleanor Herrman Adams has just returned from spending the winter in La Jolla, Calif. She had luncheon with Helen Schaff Weber. Eleanor’s two sons are unmarried. Helen’s daughter has two.
children. Marion Lamson Carr is alumnae secretary for Boston Bouve College of Northeastern Univ.; her daughter Clara, CC '58, is in the Washington, D.C. Far Eastern office of AID. Sarah Pitouse Becker will be serving CC as trustee for the next three years. Miriam Addis Wooding is a part-time secretary in a chemical research office, "and meeting the most interesting people, especially the Japanese."

Eleanor Richmond is doing research at Delft, Holland, Mary trustee. "It is the research station of the Audubon Society and I work on plants, sea gulls, etc." Gwendolyn Luis Hoitt is alumnae treasurer of the Chi Omega Sorority at New Hampshire Univ. and a member of the University Folk Club and the Women's Club in Durham.

Gretchen Snyder Francis, principal of New Marlborough Central School, teaches the 2nd grade there; she is also columnist for the Berkshire Courrier. Eleanor Chamberlain is guidance counselor at the Scarsdale High School; call her "Dean." Ruth Ford Duncan is admissions director on the ABC program (A Better Chance) for disadvantaged girls at Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass. Elizabeth Fowler Cox: "Here at Hilton Head, S.C., I am down to 79 lbs. Just look at my picture in Bob Tracy's scrapbook. We have a daughter and four grandchildren. The classmates we see most often are Marian Worden Bell and Esther Vass du Buss. Esther is married to a pediatrician. I correspond with Katherine Sembrada Coule who is busy running a newspaper in Albuquerque, N.M. 'My plans for '67 include traveling for fun, maybe to the British Isles.' Your correspondent has been travelling from Mexico to Canada via the Hawaiian Islands.

1928
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Alexander C. Mitchell (Louise Towne), 15 Spruce St., Cranford, N.J. 07016

1929
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Thomas L. Stevens (Adeline McMillar), 287 Overwood Road, Akron, Ohio. 44313

Eunice Mason Blais and her husband have been living in West Germany since July '65. Arthur is financial assistant at the American Embassy in Bonn/Bad Godesberg. Eunice was deep in the study of German and doing some oil painting along the Rhine. We received three enthusiastic letters from the lunchbox notes by Esther Rose Kott when Ruth Dudley visited her in West Harford the last week in September. Aline Brown Stone came from Orange and Elizabeth Kane Marshall from Avon, and, along with Dud, reported a great time reminiscing and "catching up." Dud, looking forward to retirement in 1968, is planning an extended trip Westward. Houston March and her husband Alan spent three happy weeks last summer on a long-dreamed-of trip to England, Scotland and N. Wales. They took a tour of the "Master points" system for winning and helping with five grandchildren. Harold is an orthopedic surgeon in Carmel, Ind. Kay is on a special committee to revitalize the inner-city integration and school building program; a committee studying religion in the public schools and another looking into the ramifications of educational TV. Her older son "Mac" is with Corning Glass and second son Andy with Sears Roebuck in Newark, N.J. Caroline Brown, the only daughter, has moved to Los Angeles. New Mac 1borough Central School, teaches English at Andover, Mass. "My plans for '67 include travelling for fun, maybe to the Continent. They must have seen, photographed and done everything. Janie Moore Warner is busy with a new granddaughter, Miss Allison." She last visited Woodbury, Conn. in Dec. '66. Kay is on the Alumnae Annual Giving Fund.

1930
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Paul T. Carroll (Ruth Cooper), 1617 16 St. Arlington, Va. 22205

1931
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Richard M. Jones (Constance Ganoce), 23 Bloody Brook Road, Amherst, New Hampshire 03031

Mrs. Fred R. Harriff (Mary More), 22 Red Brook Road, Great Neck, New York 11024

Due to the dedicated work of Alice Kindler and C. B. Rice and our class response, we made the $2000 bonus for the Alumnae Annual Giving Fund. C. B. and Dorothy Chen left our shores in August for an extended tour of Great Britain and the Continent. They must have seen, photographed and done everything. Jane Moore Warner is busy with a new granddaughter, "Miss Allison" born on Dec. 3 in Corning, N.Y.; school board activities; support of inner-city integration and school building program; a committee studying religion in the public schools and another looking into the ramifications of educational TV. Her older son "Mac" is with Corning Glass and second son Andy with Sears Roebuck in Newark, N.J. Caroline Brown, the only daughter, has moved to Los Angeles. New Mac 1borough Central School, teaches English at Andover, Mass. "My plans for '67 include travelling for fun, maybe to the Continent. They must have seen, photographed and done everything. Janie Moore Warner is busy with a new granddaughter, Miss Allison." She last visited Woodbury, Conn. in Dec. '66. Kay is on the Alumnae Annual Giving Fund.
the odd years report . • •

rice in Paoli, Pa. He is on the staff of Bryn Mawr Hospital and Memorial Hospital. Son Dick is teaching in public school near Ardmore and living in Narberth, Pa. He has his MA in education. Your correspondent 

Mary Moreland has been spending two weeks in New Hampshire this summer thinking of a retirement spot. Chatted with Constance Ganoe Jones in Amherst for a couple of hours. We drove to Columbus, Ohio to visit her daughter Nancy, granddaughter Kelly, and son-in-law Rod Myers for Thanksgiving. We had just arrived on Nov. 23 when the phone rang telling us our husband Bob went to Paris for our first grandson. We headed for home promptly to go to Marblehead, Mass. to take care of the new, heir Robert Bruce Gould. While there, we had dinner and a pleasant evening with 

Constance's son Michael, daughter-in-law Ginger, and granddaughter Elizabeth. We discussed the game was too close. The telephoto lens was useless; our first grandson. We headed for home promptly to go to Marblehead, Mass. to take care of the new, heir Robert Bruce Gould. While there, we had dinner and a pleasant evening with 

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1965. Son Vincent Jr. is married, about to receive his Ph.D. in biochemistry when he will go to the Univ. of Washington to do research for two years. Daughter Johanna teaches first grade in Sudbury, Mass. and son Erik is a student at New England Conservatory. Marty has been studying French and Dutch and spent several months last spring in South America. According to agent Victoria Stearns we did ourselves proud in Alumnae Annual Giving last year and earned $1000 for over 50% participation.

It is with much sorrow that I report the deaths of two of our classmates and friends: Joan Garrett Morrison in July 1966 and Ruth Norton Mathewson in January 1967.

1934
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. George W. Holtzman (Marion Bogart), 902 Primrose Rd., Apt. 303, Annapolis, Md. 21403

1935
CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. John B. Forrest (Betsy Lou Bozell), 198 Larchmont Ave., Larchmont, N.Y. 10538
Mrs. H. Neal Karr (Dorothy Bozell), 16 Dogwood Lane, Darien, Conn. 06820
Mrs. John E. Gagnon (Marjorie Wolfe), 511 Saw Mill Road, North Stamford, Conn. 06903
Margaret Watson O'Neill, still busy with her orchids, attended the 5th World Orchid Conference in Long Beach, Calif. with her husband Bill. Marcia is in Phoenix working and teaching; Bill, Jr. is in Duke Medical School, having been graduated from Univ. of Calif. at Berkeley; 9th grader Steve plays football, wrestles and plays organ in a combo band. Charlotte Bell Lester spends her days running "as fast as I can, doing first things first." She is with a real estate office which works all of northern Virginia. Her husband retired from the Air Force as a colonel in 1962. They have three daughters: Betty, who graduated from Gettysburg and is working in New Jersey; Martha, the mother of two; and Judy. Hazel Depey Holden reports a July reunion at their summer cottage in Green Hill, R.I. where son Rog and daughter Judy with their spouses came from New Orleans and Pittsburgh to join Gretchen and Hazel and Hap. This year Gretchen is a freshman in college. Mildred Drowsen Hill and her husband, working together in the resort business, built and operate the beautiful Lakeview Inn and Motor Lodge in Wolfeboro, N.H. Their son, Norman, followed the same path, and after graduating from the Cornell Hotel School, is manager of Food Service at Princeton. He has two sons and two daughters. Their daughter Susan graduated from Lake Erie College. Margaret Baylis Hrones and Johnny visited Japan to see their new granddaughter and incidentally, Japan. Steve, Mary and John are away at College: Michigan Law, Univ. of Michigan, and MIT respectively. Charlotte Harburger Stern is still at home recuperating from her operation, watching TV and waiting for the mailman to bring your letters. Helen Bear Longo is married to a golf pro and when he goes on tour, she sometimes tags along. Otherwise she spends her time horseback riding, cooking and caring for their animals. Both Judy and David, their children, are married. Judy has four children.

Nancy Walker Collins is ever on the move. Husband Bill had a successful one-man show in April and we returned to Greece again for the summer. Mostly Crete, but went to Turkey and Asia Minor and had a week in Rome. Their daughter is a senior at Stockbridge School in Massachusetts and their son a freshman. "I'm still plugging away in Classics Dept. and second year Greek, active in church affairs since Bill is the president." Donna Steinfield Todd has raised a family of scholars: Ann, a high school history teacher; Jim, Harvard graduate and medical student at Western Reserve; Bob, honors winner at MIT in engineering; and Louise, a high school senior. Dorothy Oliver Sadler received her BA at Northwestern and MA at Univ. of Minnesota and thereafter worked as a volunteer in speech pathology. She then took up teaching in the local Sioux City college after an interval of several years. Her husband is manager of the Sioux City Iron Co.; daughter Patricia is at Lake Forest, Julia in high school and John in 7th grade. Pat took her children skiing and, tired of being a spectator, learned to ski herself. Betty Lou Bozell Forrest and Johnnie have a second grandson. Son Donald is now busy as assistant to director of ABCD in Boston; son Jock, a captain in the Army in Saigon, just received permission for his fourth tour of duty until the summer of '68. Cell Silverman Grosder is the very busy director of the Baby Sitter Service which encompasses all of lower Westchester and Riverdale, active in Hadassah and the Ladies' Auxiliary to Emanuel, and teaches at Tarrytown School. Besides all this, she runs a 10-room house and cares for her dentist husband and five children, four of whom are still at home. Therapist, Brian, is in law school. Patsy Boemer Karr and Neal have suddenly become enamoured of ranching, spent one holiday a year ago on a dude ranch in Wyoming and this fall tried out desert riding in Tucson. Had a quick visit to Acapulco and some marvelous swimming over Thanksgiving. Both Judy and Jim are working in the Boston area and the Karrs get together when Patsy and Neal curl in the vicinity.

1936
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Newton D. Crane (Alletta Deming), Wesskum Wood Road, Riverside, Conn. 06878

1937
CORRESPONDENT: Dorothy E. Baldwin, 109 Christopher St., Montclair, N. J. 07042

Betty Schlesinger Johnson and her husband spent last summer at their camp on Mt. Desert Island in Maine, where they did a good deal of mountain climbing and canoe paddling. Betty's son Ken was married in June and is getting his master's in ecology. Son Bill is in his junior year at Emory in Atlanta. Betty saw Margaret Bennett Hires this summer. As Charlotte Calwell Stokes' family is all grown, she is free to be a volunteer guide at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, giving talks on tapestries. Mildred Garnett Metz has just been accepted also. Chinn is on the Philadelphia Women's Committee for the
American Museum in Britain. In England she and her husband made a tour of English homes. Chin paints in oils and is entering the Philadelphia flower show this spring. Dorothy Warin Smith is also interested in this. Chin sees Jeannette Shingle Thomas occasionally. Mary Re- noy, who is now in Texas after spending three years in Italy. Her teenaged girls are at school in Maryland. Her two sons pursue a typical boy’s life in Texas. Mary expects to be moving in the next few months but doesn’t know where yet. Her activities center around army life. Margaret Ros; Stephen’s husband is still teaching hospital administration at the Univ. of Minnesota. Her oldest son Jim is a 2nd Lt. in the Air Force stationed in California. Next son Walt is in graduate school at Univ. of Minnesota after undergraduate work in Peru and Costa Rica. He spent last summer as a summer intern in AID in Viet Nam. Her youngest son is a junior at Colgate. Peggy’s main interest outside of the family is the American Field Service. She is on the area board. Elizabeth Von Colditz Bassett’s eldest, Bettina, is engaged. Ralph Jr. is a junior at Albion College and daughter Ruth a freshman at Lincoln College. February will see all skiing in Colorado. Lucille Gate Hall has moved to Lake Forest and is busy getting settled again. She has two boys in college, one in high school on the football and swimming teams, and a daughter in 2nd grade. Elizabeth Chaffee McCabe has two grown daughters. Betty, a freshman at the Univ. of New Hampshire, made her debut at the Albany Cotillion this year. Carol 23 is an assistant buyer at Jordan-Marsh in Boston. Betty and Bob plan a trip to the West Coast in May. The family had a trip to Europe a year ago. Betty enjoys music, art, bridge, golf and gardening. Winifred Seade Coffin has moved to Kendall Park, N.J. from Florida, as the company for which she works moved its executive offices to Princeton. In October she and her daughter took a trip to Ohio to see her first grandchild, son Larry’s daughter. Another of Winifred’s daughters is married and lives in Coventry, R.I. In December I saw Theodora Hobson at a party given by Norma Bloom Heitman. Tippy is planning to visit her parents in Florida this winter. Norma’s daughter is working for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Her two oldest boys are in college. One son is in prep school in Connecticut and the two youngest children are in school in Short Hills. Lucinda Kirkman Payne and her husband still have their sheep farm. Her two oldest boys are in service, one in Viet Nam. They have seven children between them. Soapy is busy with community affairs.

1938

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. William B. Dolan (M. C. Jenks), 755 Great Plain Ave., Needham, Mass. 02192

1939

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Gaynor K. Rutherford (Barbara Curtis), 21 Highland Avenue, Lexington, Mass. 02173

Mrs. Robert R. Russell (Martha Murphy), 14 Fairview Avenue, Arlington, Mass. 02174

MARRIED: Margaret Abell to John Powell in June; Barbara Horner to W. Walter Neeley on Sept. 10.

Emunice Coeki Millard wants to assure all that our reunion is in 1969. Nini is still settling in her new home. She is not working this year, “hence more time, less money to devote to it.” Her son Stan Jr. was married on Thanksgiving. He served three years in the Army in Ethiopia and has two more years in college. Her daughter Lynn is a senior at Allegheny College. Beatrice Dodd Foster’s daughter Susan Jean was married Dec. 17 to Peter Thomas Paul of Troy, N.H. Janet Davis Donahue, 18-year-old Iranian boy living with them on the American Field Service program. Last April Elizabeth Hadley Porter and husband Ed had three weeks in Hawaii golfing, then in September went back in to Silver Lake for a couple of weeks enjoying more golf. They took their two girls to Europe this summer. Helen, their oldest, is a senior at Tower Hill; Josephine is in 10th grade and looking forward to a year in England. III is in 7th grade. “Pokey’’ sees Elizabeth Taylor Dean often. Libby’s oldest daughter is married, living in Oklahoma with two children. Her son Terry is in Australia and her youngest son, Gary, is attending the University of New Hampshire. Marie Elaine DeWolfe Cardillo had another exciting year “port-hopping” in Europe for three months keeping up with husband Bob who is commanding officer of a destroyer. Bruce is in the Navy too on a destroyer out of Pearl Harbor. Our sincerest sympathy to Elaine on the death of her father. She is not working now but may go back to freelance after the holidays. Edith Gray Burger’s main interest over the years has been volunteer work for the Mary Fletcher Hospital. Happy is now president and attends meetings, seminars, etc. in Boston, New York and Vermont. She may go on to the staff of the American Occupational Therapy Association and attend conferences. They are living in an apartment in the newly remodeled man-
Feldman Jacobson hosted the regatta of the International Optimist Dingy Ass'n at the Coral Reef Yacht Club in Miami. Her husband camped in Newfoundland last summer and are now headed for a Caribbean cruise. For the blind; Ruby and family went to Israel where they rented a car and drove 1,000 miles. "Seeing Megiddo and drive it." Our children attend or have attended some 60 colleges and universities with more than one at Berkeley, Univ. of Vermont, Skidmore (four), Wellesley, Amherst, Dartmouth, Middlebury, Harvard, Yale, Univ. of Rochester, and of course UC. Louise Stevenson Anderson won the geographical diversification of residences prize—five foreign countries and two states. We vote as: six independents, twenty Democrats, and seventy-seven Republicans. And this special message to 1941 from Elizabeth Holingshead Seyle. "Keep alive till "73." 1940 CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Charles J. Forbes Jr. (Glady's Bachman), Five Brook Lane, Plainfield, N. J. 07060. Mrs. William J. Small (Elizabeth Lundberg), 151 Sewall Ave., Brookline, Mass. 02146. 1941 CO-CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Janet P. McClain (Janet Petoe), 4657 Wallford Rd., Suite 12, Warrensville Heights, Ohio 44128. The questionnaires submitted before reunion last June provided the material for the comprehensive "Profile of the Class of 1941" prepared by Edythe Van Reest Conlon. Further gleanings from the same source comprise the class notes for this issue. Hobbes: Jane and Dolly Shaw plays in an English handbell choir, Theresa Lynn Siegel collects old dolls and miniature bronze figures, Ruth De Yoe Barrett's interest is textile painting, Sarah Kuhn Gregory is a collector of art dolls, Dorothy Reed Mahoney is involved in Experiment in International Living, and Jane Merritt Bentley searches our antique church silver, returning the pieces to the churches where they belong. Voluntary jobs: Priscilla Duxbury Wescott plays with a community orchestra; Janet Buryan Kramer records for the blind; Helen Stellwagon Sadler is a church draycon; Patti Grove Sloan works for Travelers' Aid, Margaret Patton Hannab for the Animal Rescue League, and Edythe Van Reest Conlon for American Field Service. Spare-time Projects: Susan Flesher cultivates a wild flower garden, Barbara Tuomey enjoys cabbages, Claire Haines Fairley walks her golden retriever, and Mary Hall enjoys playing tennis. As golf is our overwhelmingly favorite sport, but tennis-buff correspondent is pleased to learn that many of us still manage to get about the court. Snow-shoeing is the unique sport of Dorothy Boschen Holbein. What Would You Most Like to Do?: Barbara Berman Levy says, 'I'd just love to sit with my feet up, surrounded by butlers, chefs and laundresses, all hovering solicitously as they anticipate my every wish.' Elma Bidwell dreams, '1'd retire as a cooter from the Scottish highlands or more probably to the Hebrides. Mary Langdon Kellogg would dig for fossils and Helen Jones Cotten would be a beachcomber in the South Seas. What Errors Have We Made As A Nation?: the majority of replies mention our involvement in Viet Nam and in Cuba plus these two provocative opinions. "We have built too many cars and running highways." and "Please refer to the daily newspapers 1941-1966." What Major Advances Have We Made As A Nation?: The consensus of replies is "space" and "human relations" as "childless creation" and the "radio" or "pencil" and such pragmatic answers as "my dishwasher," "instant foods," and "the pill." Our children attend or have attended some 60 colleges and universities with more than one at Berkeley, Univ. of Vermont, Skidmore (four), Wellesley, Amherst, Dartmouth, Middlebury, Harvard, Yale, Univ. of Rochester, and of course UC. Louise Stevenson Anderson won the geographical diversification of residences prize—five foreign countries and two states. We vote as: six independents, twenty Democrats, and seventy-seven Republicans. And this special message to 1941 from Elizabeth Holingshead Seyle. "Keep alive till "73."
1944

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Neil D. Josephson (Elise Anderson), 83 Forest St., New Britain, Conn. 06052
Mrs. Orin C. Witter (Marion Kane), 7 Ledyard Road, West Hartford, Conn. 06117

1945

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Walter Griffith (Bette Jane Gilpin), 8704 Hartsdale Ave., Bethesda, Md. 20334
Mrs. Norman Barlow (Natalie Bigelow), 20 Strawberry Hill, Newton, Mass. 02170

Elizabeth Seissen Dalgren is settled happily in Hawaii for the next two years.

1946

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Sidney H. Burness (Joan Weismann), 280 Steele Road, West Hartford, Conn. 06117

1947

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Philip Welti (Jane Pinks), 5300 North Brookwood Drive, Fort Wayne, Ind. 46805.

Patricia Robinson has been appointed supervisor of women’s physical education activities at the Unv. of Connecticut. She combines her duties in this field with physical education and a small booklet on the teaching and playing of badminton. She also publishes a column in the American Field of Education.

1948

In the odd years report...

She is thinking of applying for an AAUW grant to complete her master’s degree so that she can return to college teaching. Jean Forman Harrington’s Patty is now a junior at the Univ. of Tampa. She won the Vermont Women’s Golf championship again this year. She’s working on a playground at Tampa in her spare time but her interest in golf has waned. Patty graduated from high school last June and is a teacher’s aide at the Bennett Douglas School for Retarded Children. Husband Bill is still active in the ski racing programs at Mt. Mansfield, for Vermont state and on the Eastern programs. Close by in Middlebury are the Prickitts (Frances Yeames and Hank). Their Sally is a freshman at HIllel College; Sue, a sophomore at Scarsdale high school—somewhat—still wrapped up in varsity athletics and his electric guitar. Still in Norfolk Jane Wood Beers reports that Chuck moved up to Chief of Staff to the Admiral in July; they are on two years of shore duty there. Young Chuck graduates from Annapolis in June and Sue is completely happy at Hood, with weekends at Annapolis. She makes regular phone calls with her home economics, and earns all her spending money. Another June graduate will be Marion, oldest daughter of Jean Nelson Steele, who is finishing at Hartford Hospital. Next daughter, Diane entered Albany Medical Center School of Nursing in September. The Steeles enjoy having her so near home in Delmar. Cynthia is a busy, typical 9th grader and Bill is in 3rd feeling very important because he is a Cub Scout. Donald and Jean are occupied with the usual activities of parents and small-town residents. Sylvia Klingon Eissen recently returned to substitute teaching (history) in the Great Neck, N.Y. high schools after a lapse of sixteen years. I had taught in the NYC schools after receiving a MA from NYU. I have three daughters—Amy, 16, Elizabeth, 15, and Claudia 10. My husband Charles is the executive vice-president of Polarad Electronic Corp., which manufactures high frequency equipment—esoteric to me. I kept in touch with Jean Cathleen Carter and Filomena Arboio Dillard, both of whom are looking forward to our reunion. Dorothy Lens Andrus, our class agent, thanks all who helped on the class fund drive in ’66. Dot reported that Elizabeth Shank Post is currently in London, England and Thelma Gustafson Wyland is in Bel Aire, Calif.—making 21 of the “class of ’48” who had seen Trail! Arnold Kenney who lives in Orange. Trail’s husband Bill brings home wonderful fish from Canada and Trail is a real gourmet cook. Last June I attended exercises for General John J. Pershing when my Stevens, oldest son of Virginia King Stevens, was graduated. He is now at Johns Hopkins Univ. During the time his family was not next door, Gerry stayed with us and livened things up. Also with us for a good part of the summer was June, middle daughter of Margaret Suppes Yingling. Our three families had a reunion the week before Labor Day.
in December for a fun weekend, your correspondent had a delightful visit with Barbara Otis who described her position as assistant to the dean of the graduate school of the University of Chicago as stimulating.

We received the sad news of the death of Mary Morse Baldwin in January 1967. The class extends profound sympathy to her husband, her two sons, and her parents.

1948
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Peter F. Roland (Ashley Davidson), 7 Margaret Place, Lake Placid, N. Y. 12946

1949
CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. B. Milton Garfinkel (Sylvia Joffe), 22 Vista Drive, Great Neck, N. Y. 11021

Ruth Hauser Poudvet, conventioning in Key Largo, writes of spring in Europe, summer on Pecos Bay, and a Cape Cod-Nantucket cruise aboard a 32' Chris Craft. Crew included three sons 5, 13, 14; one daughter 11; one Labrador Retriever. Jane Broman Brown and Jim were "off to radiate in the sunshine" in Brighton, to the north of England to Jim's home town, then Germany, Marjorie Stutz Turner and family (husband and four children) spent a delightful weekend with us in August. We have a rather noisy household: Alan 12, clarinet and piano; Chris 9, trumpet and his twin Jeff, saxophone." Jane is on the board of the Long Island CC Club. Alice Fletcher Freeman and her companion Katrina Jarvis joined the public relations dept. of Standard Oil (N.J.)—speech writing now but foreign travel a possibility. Our Louise is now 10, Sax 8, Jeffrey 3. I'm on the religious education board of our church and as inactive as possible in PTA. Have found a new love in guitar." Barbara Miller Elliott built a new house in Simsbury, Conn. and "had a ball doing it." She writes, "Before our wedding a stag and hen party was held, a stagecoach ride in Connecticut, a tour of the sights and sounds of New Haven, and a week end at a ski resort in New Hampshire." As president of the Art Center. Brent and Vivian Johnson Harries took a vacation trip through the Thousand Islands and over to Cape Cod. Les and Chloe Bissell Jones spent two weeks on Cape Cod and moved to Grand Rapids, Mich. in November. Phyllis Hofmann Driscoll and family spent the summer in Sea Girt, N.J. and had weekend trips to Sturbridge Village, Conn. and Sowle, Vt. while ferrying Peter to camp in Lenox, Mass. Richard and Janice Sargoy Rosenberg and their sons took a six week tour of the Far West. Bill and Lea Janice Lent Balden took their family to Victoria, B.C. last summer. They did some salmon fishing there which delighted 10-year-old Teddy and his two sisters. Wilma Brugger learned to manage their 35' sailboat singlehanded and still had Betty Wasserman Coleman and her husband Newt to crew for her. Fiori Von Wedelkind spent the whole summer in Europe but returned to NYC in the fall. Priscilla

DECEMBER 1966
the odd years report . . .

Meyer Tucker has her own byline in the Women's World section of the World Journal Tribune as a free lance writer. Helen Johnson Leonard started to hand-sew a piece quilt in 1962, finishing the piecing two years and eight months later, and now is hand quilting it on an 8' frame. It takes 13 hours to quilt across one row 6" wide. The project was started as a bedshead for her daughter's bedroom. October found Joan Andrew White, Roldab Northrup Cameron and Bar Nasb Sullivan together at the ABA convention in San Francisco. We all had a wonderful time while our husbands were busy working and then the Whites and Cameron went to Carmel to play golf. Joanie and Henry and their three children moved into their new authentic colonial house ("You should see my hardware") just before Christmas and dodged painters and electricians until well into January. Bar Nasb Sullivan and Bob had waited three years to return to San Francisco after living there in their youth. Now, as of January, Bob will be the San Francisco manager for Sports Illustrated. So California here we come again. Watch for a new correspondent address.

1952

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Virgil Grace (Margarette Ohl), 201 West Lally St., Des Moines, Iowa 50313

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Bruce Barker (Jane Graham), 179 Lincoln Ave., Amherst, Mass. 01002

Mrs. Peter Pierce (Aleena Engelbert), 4804 Sunnyside Road, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55424

BORN: to David and Carol Gerard McCann a third child, first daughter, on Aug. 6.

Richard and Elizabeth Johnson Drachman moved to their new house in Bethesda, Md., during the summer. The big event in their lives this year was a trip to Hawaii where Dick attended a large number of educational associations and is an advisor to several student organizations at Lyman Hall.

Living in San Francisco are Jack and Loulie Hyde Sutro whose wedding took place in West Hartford, Conn. Sabra Grant Kenmington was a bridesmaid and Ed and Sarah Greene Burger were among the ushers. Jack (Tufts Law School '60) is a native of San Francisco and Loulie, before her marriage, worked there for 4½ years as a consultant for the Red Cross Youth Program. Charlie and Jane Buxton Brown have settled in Atlanta where he is associated with the pathology department at Grady Hospital and on the staff of Emory University Medical School. Their children, Peter 8 and his sister Cordy 7, attend Westminster School. For the past two summers Jane has been a classroom volunteer with Project Headstart. On a year's tour of duty as radiologist at the Third Field Hospital in Saigon is Ann Henry, Cordy's husband. Harrie, Ann, with Katie 5, Andrew 4 and Peter 1, is at home in Rosemont, Pa., keeping busy with school car pools, the Jr. League, and a course at WInchester. When Harrie returns he will have a shorter assignment at Valley Forge before returning to civilian life and the Univ. of Pennsylvania Hospital in early 1968. The new special assistant to the secretary of the Navy, a last fall, is Joanne Calloway Rhinelander's husband John.

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1954

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Thomas D. Kent (Ann Matthews), 81 Woodland Avenue, Summit, N. J., 07901

Mrs. David M. Reed (Carolyn Chapple), 3708 Cleveland Place, Mentor, Ohio 44060

1955

CO-CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. Richard E. Catron (Cynthia Rippey), 3163 So., Gaylord St., Englewood, Colorado 80110

MARRIED: Sue McComie to Alexander MacMillan on Aug. 12.

BORN: to Sumner and Dana Manahan Stanley a daughter, Persis (to be known as Pert), on Nov. 25.

Dick and Zenecia Byerley Doyle returned from Manila to NYC in March of '66. They met on the Cape in Dover, Mass., hoping not to be transferred for at least two years. Dick commutes to Boston as assistant district manager for IBM and Dona Bernard Jacobs. The Kinzies, leaving the two children under, are back in the East again, living in Arlington, Va. Alan and Mary Lee Prentis MacDonald are still in Veybuck, Denmark. Andy 9 attends the American School in nearby Soebur, Adam 5 and Christian 2 are at home. Mary Lee writes, "We have just moved into a wonderful modernistic 'castle' designed and built by the architect who lived there and I have dubbed it 'Hamlet House' because the exterior is red brick, complete with balconies and turrets. On a clear day we can see Sweden from our bedroom window and a lovely view of the water from the balcony." We are anxious to know the whereabouts of Abigail Young and Freddy Lon Rosentock. Do you have any leads?

1956

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. D. Graham McCalbe (Jacqueline Jenks), 897 Riderv Blvd., Grosse Pointe, Mich. 48230

Mrs. Norris W. Ford (Eleanor Erickson), 318 Sherbrooke Dr., Williamsburg, N. Y. 14221

1957

CO-CORRESPONDENTS: Mrs. Edmund A. LeFevre (Nancy Keith), 13 Vining Lane, Wilmington, Del. 19807

Mrs. Richard W. Purdy (Nancy Stevens), 262 Gilead Road, Westport, Mass. 02193

MARRIED: Eleanor Cattell Rhinelander's Mrs. Alan L. Johnston on June 13; Loulie Hyde to John A. Sutro, Jr. on July 9.

BORN: to Ilie and Judah Clark Smultea a second daughter, Elizabeth, on Dec. 25, 1965; to Robert and Gayle White Quinn a third son, Kenneth, on Jan. 7, 1966; to Chris and Linda Robinson Harris a third child, daughter, Andrea, in April; to Kim and Sandra Masfield Shaw a second child, first son, Peter, Kimball, on May 18; to John and Linda Cunningham Thomas a third child, second daughter, Amy Elizabeth, on May 26; to Robert and Elizabeth Rhinelander a third and fourth child, first and second daughters, Amy Anna Law and Elizabeth Remington, on July 12; to Lawrence and Meredith Prince Morris a second daughter, Lydia, on Sept. 29, to Roe and Jane Oertholdt Goodman a third son, Andrew, on Oct. 9; to Alfred and Judith Hartt Acker a second son, Jeffrey Roger, on Nov. 22.

Named the outstanding young educator of 1966 last March by the Junior Chamber of Commerce in West Hartford was Dorothy Dedrick. Dottie, a teacher at Wallingford's Lyman Hall High School, spent 1960-61 at the University of Madrid, received her degree in Spanish from Middlebury in 1961, was at the Language Institute University of Puerto Rico during the summer of 1963, and chaperoned students touring Europe under the auspices of the National Language League in 1964. She belongs to a large number of educational associations and is an advisor to several student organizations at Lyman Hall.

Leaving for the design of women's wear in Paris are 조 (Cynthia Rippey Catron) were less methodical but no less enthusiasm than our own women in Sweden. It was our second such business trip, and brief as it was, I am as enamoured as ever of Scandinavia.
in October, Jeanne and John had been living in NYC. He was with the law firm, Davis Polk, and was given many interesting projects and opportunities to travel here and abroad. Jeanne and their older child, John Richard, were nearly 4, accompanied both by a business excursion to Iceland last summer, to commemorate the signing of a document between a Swiss aluminum company and the Icelandic government. The Swiss delegation was entertained by new friends and government officials. Margaret Templeton, now 2, stayed at home. Moving the household from Wilmington to the Chicago area occupied Meredith Prince Morris last June when her husband Lawrence accepted a newly-created position as the Blue Shield Ass'n's assistant director for professional relations. His basic responsibilities include improving communications between Blue Shield personnel and physicians. Meredith's family includes two small daughters. Ann Arbor, Mich. is home for Alan and Jaynor (Eleanore) Johnston. Their 9-year-old daughter Andrea is attending the Ecole Prancaise. Son Steven is 4 years old and they have a son Raben 3 who is heading for nursery school next year. His job includes Mark 7, Megan 5 and baby Amy. Both Linda and Jack are active in the Jaycees, she in the auxiliary for which she has been both a local and state officer. In addition, Linda is involved in collecting many Indian arts and crafts. The Levicks are home owners in Greenwich. Ginger managed to attend N.Y. School of Interior Design, visit N.Y., museums of all types, and tutor in senior English. A cultural history course is in the offering whenever there is time. Melinda Brown Beard's son and daughter keep her hopping, but she still edits the Jr. League monthly newspaper. She was with the New York World-Trade Corp., was Ginger's Red Leich. His job also took him to South America where he spent some time in Lima visiting the Gruners. Judith Eichlerberger Bruner reports they have been travelling all over collecting many Indian arts and crafts. The Beans are King householders and enjoy skeet shooting. She was able to see the national Labrador field trials in Missouri, Joy Johnston Nevin had a fun and chaotic Christmas a year ago when her family moved into their new home. She is finding that small Maine towns are never dull, which is probably because she is social chairman of the Jaycee Wives' Club. Also a new home owner, Patricia Chambers Moore visited Connie on her fall trip East, when she also stopped to look over the Connecticut and Yale campuses. Moving west to a suburb of Mountain View was Pat Peck Fowl who is very active in the Conn. Alumni. Miriam Matthews Munro has located in a new home in Los Altos. Cleveland was lucky to see her on her trip East, tho' the fall but she loves the West. Lucinda Lockwood Savage is finishing school at Utica College of Syracuse Univ. She plans further graduate study at Maxwell School, then writing and perhaps to John and Dorothy Fleming King a fourth child, second son, William Hanna Bradbury, in August; to John and Joy Johnson Nevin a third child, first son, Samuel Robert Joins, in Oct. 18, '65. to Peter and Margaret Brown Gannett a third child, first daughter, Katherine Stone (Kate) on Dec. 6; to Chuck and Ann Segel Craig a third son, on Dec. 31, Scott Lindsay; to Herb and Gay Hellstedt Teus a second child, first daughter, Courtney Elizabeth, on Aug. 20; to Dick and Gilda Radin Stern a son, Lawrence David, on Sept. 3; to George and Deborah Tolman Holiday a third child, second daughter, Katherine, in July; to Joe and Ann Freedman Mizgerd a son, Joseph Paul, on Oct. 25; to Daniel and Barbara Quinn Flynn a son, Daniel Cauley, on Oct. 25; to Ed and Martha Stegmaier Spenu a fourth child, second son, Matthew Eaton, on Nov. 8; to Jim and Susan Camp Van Tres a daughter, Victoria, on Dec. 12; to Roger and Barbara Dorrington a son, Bates, on Dec. 29. The Brown family has rented a beach house at the beach here and abroad. Jeanne and their older child, John Richard, were nearly 4, accompanied both by a business excursion to Iceland last summer, to commemorate the signing of a document between a Swiss aluminum company and the Icelandic government. The Swiss delegation was entertained by new friends and government officials. Margaret Templeton, now 2, stayed at home. Moving the household from Wilmington to the Chicago area occupied Meredith Prince Morris last June when her husband Lawrence accepted a newly-created position as the Blue Shield Ass'n's assistant director for professional relations. His basic responsibilities include improving communications between Blue Shield personnel and physicians. Meredith's family includes two small daughters. Ann Arbor, Mich. is home for Alan and Jaynor (Eleanore) Johnston. Their 9-year-old daughter Andrea is attending the Ecole Prancaise. Son Steven is 4 years old and they have a son Raben 3 who is heading for nursery school next year. His job includes Mark 7, Megan 5 and baby Amy. Both Linda and Jack are active in the Jaycees, she in the auxiliary for which she has been both a local and state officer. In addition, Linda is involved in collecting many Indian arts and crafts. The Levicks are home owners in Greenwich. Ginger managed to attend N.Y. School of Interior Design, visit N.Y., museums of all types, and tutor in senior English. A cultural history course is in the offering whenever there is time. Melinda Brown Beard's son and daughter keep her hopping, but she still edits the Jr. League monthly newspaper. She was with the New York World-Trade Corp., was Ginger's Red Leich. His job also took him to South America where he spent some time in Lima visiting the Gruners. Judith Eichlerberger Bruner reports they have been travelling all over collecting many Indian arts and crafts. 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teaching. The airline strike hit Ritchey Wy-
man HelpingJtine hard since her husband
is a pilot but it also afforded them a chance
to travel around her husband’s family in South
Carolina, with a side trip to Sann-
vah to see Corrine Gentilella Rayburn.
They also had trips to Michigan and Wis-
sconsin. Keith and Martha Veale Von Lamberg is living in Cam-
bridge which she finds "as exciting as
ever." She joined her husband Karl in Bei-
urt last summer where he had finished an archeological survey of Nor-
thern Syria. She found a site and will "dig"
this summer. The Von Lambergs spent a glorious week on the Greek island of
Mykonos and another week in the medieval
walled city of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. New
residents of Minneapolis are Roger and
Gretchen Weinandy Clemence. Roger is
associate professor of architecture at the
Univ. of Minnesota. They bought a 60-
year-old Tudor style house located near a
lovely lake right in the city. Living in
Portland, Oregon is Diana Rebollido Nunn. Fred is teaching Latin American
history at Portland State College and Diana is
taking a class in contemporary dance and
dabbling in acrylic paints. They hope to get
to Spain this summer. Suzanne Rike Brown Elliott
is teaching Isr grade in advanced math. Now hvmg
a 10
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE ALUMNAE NEWS

hi.s time out on patrol. Another Navy
wife, Linda Hess Schwitz, is in Honolulu.
Preston has shore duty at Pearl Harbor.

This past year Lin kept busy doing Grey
Lady work and writing some advertising
promotion. Rochelle Schildkrant Gornish
reports that Jerry has joined a large law
firm in Philadelphia and both her children
are in nursery school. Joella Werner Zern is living in Boulder, Md. Larry is
in the service for two years, as a research
fellow at the National Institute of Health.
Joella is doing a bit of free-lance proof-
reading for several publishing houses.
Holly Lamberg/Flynn is in Alexan-
dria, Va. while the Coast Guard is sending
Floyd to George Washington Univ. Law
School. Holly keeps busy with church
choir, Law Wives’ Club, bridge and her
brood. Suzanne Warner Williams spent
the summer in England with Malcolm’s
family and visited Paris and Switzerland
during Malcolm's vacation, leaving the
baby with his family. She also spent two
months in Poland. Her husband is now
with Spencer Trask & Co., an in-
vestment house. In November, Suzie went
to a Bon Voyage party for Joan Tallman
who was married in Paris. Sebring Southerland joined her husband Tom at
White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico
last May for the launching of a rocket.
From there the Southerlands camped all
through Arizona and Oklahoma for a
month, leaving their daughters in Prince-
ton. Margot has been a Republican county
committeewoman for two years, as well as
president of the Conn. College Club
of Princeton. Tom was named regional
director of the Sierra Club. He writes a
monthly column on conservation for the
Princeton Packet, a local newspaper.
Margaret Granada Huchet is living in
Pittsburgh where Charlie is director of
pupil personnel services in the North Hills
school district. I, Joan Peterson Thomp-
som, am busy with my older daughter’s
c-operative nursery school where I have
taken on the job as coordinator. We had
a happy and hectic holiday, with our
beagle dog climaxing the season by giving
birth to five puppies.

1960

CORRIN WENDT: Mrs. W. Jerome Kier-
nan (Maureen Mehl) ’70 Garvin Road,
Mr. Carmel, Conn. 06518

1961

CORRESPONDENCE: Mrs. James F. Jun-
(Barbara Frick), 268 Bentleyville Rd.,
Chagrin Falls, Ohio 44022

MARRIED: Martha Gonda to John R.
Young (Ruthann Snow) ’70 Chagrin Falls.
Brendon Blandiger to Dr. Kenneth Perkins in January.
BORN: to Edward and Pauline Pischelro
Kaysor a daughter, Lauren Elaine, on
Sept. 3, 1965; to Randell Whitman Smith
and husband a daughter, Kimberly Jacken,
on Jan. 21, 1966; to Héctor and Helen
Janssferlott: Rubenstein a son, Marco
Ricardo, on Mar. 6, 1966; to Bob and
Linda Trawick a second child, first
dughter, Amy Kristin, on Dec. 21, 1965;
to Ron and Barbara Atkinson Beaudamp,
a second child, first son, Christopher Atkin-
on, on May 29; to John and Paula
Parker Ray a daughter, Kimberley Noyes,
on June 1; to Andrew and Sue Terry Bac-
bolz a son, Merritt Wilhelm, on June 28;
to Clark and Nancy Coziar Whitecomb a
daughter, Christine Towle, on July; to
Ed and Frances Brown at Storron’s second
son, Christopher Bowen, on July 18;
to Edward and Marion Hauck Robbins a
second child, first son, Edward Hutchinson
Jr., on July 29; to George and Joan Swan-
on, Yonlaki a second son, Carl John, on
Dec. 21; to Kit and Leigh Davidson Sher-
ril a third child, second son, Charles
Andrew, on Dec. 28.

With the near completion of the Cro-
well-Collier Encyclopedia Omnibus, Silver
Neil joined the editorial staff of the
Encyclopedia Americana where a major
revision has just been started. Her hus-
bond David’s doctoral thesis is being pub-
lished by the Regional Science Research
Institute of the Univ. of Penn. Sally Sum-
mler Woodward is teaching 1st grade in
West Chester, Pa. and working with "cul-
turally deprived" children. Her husband
Jeff is still working his job in San. Pel.
They are raising a Turkish sheepdog, "quite a handful." Alice Fitzgerald Hensen
received a master of education degree from
Tufts Univ. in June. Back from Greece
are George and Joan Watson Vanakas and their two sons. George, a
fellow in urology at Albert Einstein Col-
lege of Medicine, is studying for state
boards and looking for a place to practice.
They live down from the Khan and
Leslie Pomery McGoan. Mary Wofford
Amend is teaching at Eastern Jr. High
School in Greenwich, Conn. She and hus-
bond Drew are planning a skiing trip to
Switzerland again this winter. Clark and
Nancy Coziar Whitecomb had a delightful
summer with a new home, baby and dog
within two months of each other. Nancy
is busy trying to get a job as a nurse,
as ways and means chairman of the Hart-
ford Alumnae Club. Now living in Ger-
many are Donald and Kay Mingolla Ward-
rone. Donald, a career officer in the Army,
is spending a tour in a army hospital in Frankfurt. Kay is a social
worker for the American Red Cross.
Susan Snyder O’Neill’s activities in Lex-
ington, Ky. include serving as a part-time science librarian at the Ky.
library. She is also cataloguing a reprint
file at the medical center and building a
children’s library collection for a new
Montessori school which one of her sons
attends. Judith Maple, living in NYC, has
a new job at the Animal Medical Center there. Last summer Mary Stewart
Webster’s husband Fred changed from a
large downtown bank to a smaller sub-
urban one. Bernie, taking a trip through part of Canada and New England
with a stop in Boston to see Al and Sally
Foote Martin who took them sightseeing
and down to the Cape. Linda Travis Arterburn is president of St. Paul’s Epis-
copal Church co-op nursery in Cleveland
and is in charge of the Sunday morning
nursery. In addition, she writes a fiction
article for the Crippled Child’s Society
monthly magazine and is active in the
Conn. Alumnae Club. Herbert and Ann
Bloom Elliott and their four children are
living in Webster, N.Y. where Herbert
is teaching while working on his doctor’s
degree in advanced math. Now living in
Westport, Conn. are Paul and Susan Kislak Schulman. Sue was recently appointed director of volunteers at the Norwalk Hospital. In December they spent three weeks in Mexico. For the past year Hector and Pauline Rochel have been living in Rehovoth, Israel, where their son was born. Hector is a theoretical physicist who finished his first university degree in Buenos Aires, his home, and his Ph.D. at Harvard. He now has a position as a visiting scientist in the nuclear physics department of the Weizmann Institute of Science. Helen is busy with her home and baby. Both are enjoying the experience of Israel so much that they have decided to stay another year. Also living in Europe are Arnold and Linda Scleroter Lieber and their two daughters. Arnold is a flight surgeon with the Clear physics department of the Weizmann Institute. His Ph.D. is from Columbia. He now has a position with the Air Force in Labrador. They hope to be stationed in Florida. Shortly after their marriage Ken and Joan Kudenski Blodger Perkins and Joan's two daughters left to go with their family to Sydney. Elizabeth Burger is working at NYU Medical Center assisting with experimental heart surgery. Last summer she and Eileen Rem spent five weeks traveling in El Salvador, Guatemala and Mexico. Eileen is teaching English at New Canaan High School and has applied for a government grant to teach in Greece next year. After having taught high school art in Green Elysee, Lieutenant Buck retired before her son was born. Her husband is teaching history at the Latin School of Chicago and working for his Ph.D. at the Univ. of Chicago. While teaching at Knox College in Tennessee, Eliza Taylor had lunch with Suzanne Fleener who is married, has two children and works with a puppet group in Knoxville which takes her around to all the elementary schools in the area. Last summer Elinor worked at the Ass^n for Academic Travel Abroad and in the fall she began teaching German at Iona College in New Rochelle, N.Y. She is sharing an apartment in Manhattan with Roberta Vatske '63. Janice Hall McElwee happily reports that her husband Jack was released from Army duty in Vietnam last May. He accepted a position as a pilot-engineer with Pan American World Airways and had three months training in Miami. They are now living in Hong Kong and will be there two years. Gartie Mansfield Crockett is teaching 8th and 9th grade history and teaching credentials at Stanford University. He and his wife have been in Bangkok, Thailand, since last year. They plan to remain there for more years. Dave is an advisor to the royal Thai government. Lorraine is with the U.S. Operations Mission. The Schorrs hosted two AFS students, introducing them to bathtubs, hamburgers and other bits of Americana before they were due to depart for a year in an American High School. Betty Smith Prayag has settled down in Sharon, Conn. after working for two years as a research assistant in psychology. Betty's husband Lansing, a 1965 S.C.C.A. Sports Car Racing National Champion, is now working for an M.A. in political science at the Univ. of Connecticut. Betsy is also taking graduate courses at UConn but says that she spends most of her time following Lansing from school to home to race track. Susin Shapero and Sophie Sargent are studying at Eliah Mawr, Sue working for her Ph.D. in English and Sophie for her doctorate in philosophy. The largest concentration of members of the class of 1965 seems to be found in New York and Baltimore, working in the personnel dept. at Abraham and Strauss and attending drama classes at H.B. Studio in the evening. Sue Bernstein Mercy is a copy writer for Sears, Roebuck and Co. Edith Buck is a programmer for the Service Bureau Corp. Engaged in research at

MARCH 1967
Colliers Encyclopedia is Nancy Budde. Helene Plicber Craner is doing research for Crowell, Collier and MacMillan. Since leaving the Peace Corps, Jeannette Cannon has been an administrative assistant for the American Council of Volunteer Agencies for Foreign Service. She is a member of the Gloria Conteros Dance Co. Barbara Fisher is a buyer of children's clothing. Vicki Rogozi is in merchandising as the women's sportswear buyer for Mercantile Stores. Amy Gross is still a journalist, now assistant features editor for Ingenue Magazine, in charge of popular music, entertainment, etc. Betse-Jane Raphael has also continued the interest she began at CC. She is currently assistant fiction editor for McCall's Magazine. Since completing her MA in history at Columbia, Diane Schwartz teaches history at the Parkways School. Columbia University awarded an MA in English to Lois Sutton, who is now with the advertising firm, Muller, Jordan and Herrick. Joyce Sirozer Karp is teaching after completing her MS in educational administration at Harvard. Roberta Vatsko is pursuing an opera career through private studies at the Mannes College of Music in Manhattan. Back in New York after teaching for two years in La Jolla, Calif., Janis Veitch is teaching at Chapsin School while working for an MA in Latin. Marcia Simon Bernstein is teaching at the Lexington School for the Deaf. In addition to finishing her MA in special education at Columbia, Evelyn Ethison Dracan will no longer be a Navy widow, her husband having given up a life of the sea after three years on a submarine. The Dracans are now living in Endwell, N.Y. where the civilian Dracan is an engineer for IBM. Deborah Morris Ross is studying for her master's at the Univ. of Chicago School of Social Work. Nancy Allen started working in London at the Harvard Business School and is now a secretary and research assistant at Arthur D. Little Co. in Cambridge. Nancy was last seen in the the law review housing room surrounded by handsome junior executives and candidates. Robin Lee left the smog of NYC behind to spend two weeks in Sweden this holiday season. Jim and Diane Lewis Gately are living in Arlington, Mass. Although her new son takes up a good deal of her time, Heather reports that life at the university is a busy one with many interesting activities available. While in Charlottesville, Va. Heather received her M.Ed. and taught 7th grade American History while David pursued his medical studies at the Univ. of Virginia Medical School. Virginia Olds is an analyst for the Dept. of Defense in Washington, D.C. Her spare time is spent fixing up an old carriage house in Georgetown which has "lots of character, if not all the modern conveniences." In June 1963 Herb and Carol Chapman Biege moved to Monterey, Calif. for two years at the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School. The Biegeys moved to Key West, Fla. in July 1965 when Herb reported as the executive officer of the submarine Guardian. In May 1966 he took command of the submarine Barracuda.

1964

CORRESPONDENT: Mrs. William M. Senske (Kirk Palmer), 1907 Central Ave., Apt. K, Alameda, Calif. 94501

1965

CORRESPONDENT: Elizabeth Murphy, 420 Temple St., Yale Univ., New Haven, Conn. 06520

MARRIED: Karen Metzger to Howard Gan in July; Laurinda Barnes to Paul Morway on June 23; Rose Janet Abel to Jay Russell Deutsch; Mapler Williams to Thomas Woodworth on Dec. 20, 1965; Deborah Willard to Henry B. Sawyer on July 9; Judith Ann Jacoby to David K. Heimold on Aug. 2; Annabel H. Earle to Ronald E. Lesh; Patricia McCoy to Douglas Shafter on Apr. 23, '66; Geraldine Olivia to Alan Hoffman in August. BORN: to Michael and Judith Trauner Stein, son, David Jonathan.

In addition to finishing her MA in education at Columbia, Paul Morway, Laurinda Barnes Morway received her Ed.M. from the Harvard School of Education this last June. Prior to her marriage, Laurinda was working at the Harvard Medical School and Peter Bent Brigham Hospital doing research in transplantation immunology. She has seen quite a bit of Suzan Dill who is working on a NIH health program. Debbie also ran into Barrie Myttten who is married to Lord and Taylor in NYC and rooming with Regina Herold, Varney Spandell, Susan Ehlemann and Cynthia Eaton. They are all living in New York. Mary Eberhardt Juers was in the Boston area for two months while her husband Allan was completing his training at Ft. Devens. They have now moved to Arlington, Va. where the civilian Eberhardt is now back in the States and has commenced a program leading to a Ph.D. in Economics at George Washington Univ. and has been working as a financial analyst while her husband completes his master's program. Patricia McCoy Shafter is living in Brooklyn Heights, N.Y. and working as an administrative assistant in the business affairs dept. of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Judith Humphrey has completed her master's program in English at the Univ. of Indiana and is considering further study in this field. Ann Yellott, after working in London for Pan American for five months, came to Paris where she is teaching for the children of a diplomat's family in exchange for board and room. This left plenty of time for French classes at the Sorbonne and exploring Paris. Ann is now back in the States and has commenced a program leading to a Ph.D. in personality-social psychology at the Univ. of Rochester.

Patricia Olizon Webhink is studying for her master's degree in psychology while her husband works on his dissertation in economics at Duke. Kimba Wood, having received her M.S.C. at the London School of Economics, has returned to the United States and entered Harvard Law School this fall. Elizabeth Ann Smith Lawson in teaching fifth grade at a local elementary school while her husband Pete is a management engineer with a textile firm. Elizabeth Dinmore was graduated this June from the Columbia Univ. School of General Studies and is presently working for Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited, a program for drop-outs between 16 and 21 years of age who seek employment in the city. James A. Sutherland has started working on an M.A. in history museum procedures in a graduate program offered jointly by the State Univ. of New York and the New York State Historical Ass'n in Cooperstown, N.Y. Anne K. Taylor worked briefly as an editor on a forthcoming 30 volume edition of middle eastern history and in June entered Peace Corps training in New Mexico with a view to teaching English. San Jose State University, Carolyn Guiffrada Persone has been in contact with Don and Martha Welch Taylor. While Don is in law school, Martha is working in the Cornell library. Victoria Pozner arrived in Tokyo on June 15 after the American School in Japan. Eleanor Decker Groser is attending Vassar part-time in addition to caring for her two young daughters, Jennifer Ruth and Samantha Jane. Susan Feck took her final semester at Duke Univ., passed her comps this June and became a CC alumna. She lives in Sunnyvale, Calif. with her husband Randy and her daughter Dawn. Elizabeth Swain Hardway Corcoran just finished work for a master's degree in psychology at the Univ. of New Hampshire and is currently an instructor in psychology at Lowell State College. For the past year, Dana Hartman has been secretary to the ambassador of Afghanistan to the United Nations (Abdul Rahman Pash-wak). Her boss has just been elected president of the General Assembly of the UN, and Dana took him to the president's office as his secretary. Susan Heller is currently living in the Pacific Northwest on one of the San Juan Islands in the middle of Puget Sound, enjoying a respite from her research at the Univ. of Washington. Sue writes, "The country up here is delightful everywhere I go there is a view of the Olympics or Cascades ... and there are very few people, just me, two cars, three gorbils and an island." Cecilia Holland's second novel, Rakotzy, was published on January 9. (See "Books"—Ed.) Susan Harris was married on the 7th of January to Stanley Varenken and Carole McNamara were in the wedding. Gerry Olivia Hoffman is completing her third year as a medical student at Boston University and her husband Alan studies law at Harvard. Mary Lake Polan, Barbara Barker and Beth Murphy, the CC '65 reps at Yale, are still waving the Conn. banner despite Yale's indication of possible affiliation with "that other" woman's college.

1966

CORRESPONDENT: Joan M. Bucciarelli, 9 Chauncy St., Apt. 33, Cambridge, Mass. 02138
The proposed Fine Arts Center has a New Angel—CHARLES A. DANA, through the Dana Foundation, has offered the College $400,000 for the proposed Fine Arts Center. $250,000 of this is an outright contribution. To earn the remaining $150,000 the College must raise an additional $400,000 by December 1, 1967.

All AAGP gifts designated for the Arts Center and received before next December will help to earn the additional $150,000 offered by Our New Angel. If you have not yet contributed to the 1966-67 Alumnae Annual Giving Program, your support is now more important than ever. Undesignated gifts to AAGP are used for scholarships. They, too, can help build the Arts Center through the bonuses offered by our original angelic benefactors.

OUR THREE ANONYMOUS ANGELS will bless the Arts Center with a thousand-dollar donation for:

1. each class in which the percentage of contributors reaches 50% or higher
2. each class in which the percentage of contributors reaches 60% or higher
3. each class which doubles the amount contributed last year.

Your check may be just the one needed to earn one or all of these bonuses for the Arts Center from your class.