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COVER ILLUSTRATION: Marjory Dressler '67
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Surrounded by the paraphernalia cluttering our language today, the slang expression bread, as a substitute for money, shines forth as a beacon of hope. By comparison with past terms — rocks, wad, mazuma, bucks, chips, palm oil — bread plays a role (pun intended) of something esteemed. Interpretation, we know, is chancy, but it almost appears as though the vice of easy-come-easy-go is about to be supplanted by the virtue of an honest dollar. An honest dollar that looks in two directions, from whence it came, but mainly at where it is going, reminding us that the merit of any coin rests on what is given in exchange, and, as much as anything else, in procuring things of the spirit as well as those of the flesh. So true is this, indeed, so conclusive, that we hesitate to call to anyone’s attention the benefits of Cultural Weekend July 28-30, the value of AAGP and scholarships, or to repeat in an appropriate manner that man/woman cannot live by bread/bread alone.
This summer marks the 25th anniversary of the Connecticut College American Dance Festival. Since 1947, the Dance Festival has brought together outstanding choreographers, performers, and teachers of contemporary dance to renew and extend their own creative resources, and share both process and result with students from all parts of the country and abroad.

During six intensive weeks, it has been a place for established artists to premiere new works, many of them especially commissioned by the Festival, and to create works from established repertoire, often using young professionals and students at the Festival.

In addition to performances, which draw an audience of dance lovers from across the country, there are special events: lecture-demonstrations, films, workshops, and informal happenings involving professional artists, critics, faculty and students. Funded by the National Endowment of the Arts, Dance Critics Conference will be held again for the third year with professional critics participating in a four-week work-study program.

Classes in major modern dance techniques (Graham, Limon, Cunningham and others) in ballet, jazz and choreography give students a broad view of the discipline necessary to their art. In addition they study music, Labanotation, kinesiology, stagecraft, and other related areas with teachers whose special experiences contribute to the depth of their background as developing artists.

The special anniversary celebration includes a gala roster of performing companies: Jose Limon, Don Redlich, Louis Falco, Murray Louis, Alvin Ailey. Furthermore, there will be concerts with new, and especially commissioned, works by young professionals in residence. And a major innovation will be a repertory company in residence, reconstructing some of the great works of the past from the modern dance repertoire. For two of the Festival weekends, presentations are planned.
In conjunction with the American Dance Festival, two academic events of milestone importance are taking place at Connecticut with the initiation of a Master of Fine Arts (MFA) in dance program and a new undergraduate major in dance. Both programs will be directed by Martha Coleman Myers, Connecticut's associate professor of dance, department chairman and dean of the American Dance Festival. MFA candidates will spend one academic year at the college and two summers with the Festival. Only a dozen or so American institutions offer this special degree, and ours will be the only one of its kind in New England. Requirements for the B.A. in dance will be three full academic years of study and three summers with the Festival. Over the years Connecticut students have been participating in the Festival in ever larger numbers, and with much of the summer curriculum and some of the professional faculty bridging both seasons, winter and summer programs already share more than studio space.

Except for selling programs, there probably is no facet of a professional dance performance in which Mrs. Myers has not participated, nor any aspect relating to dance that she has not witnessed. With a background of study under the renowned — Martha Graham, Jose Limon, Merce Cunningham, Luigi, Louis Horst, George Balanchine — and teaching experience that extends from children's classes as a neophyte under Doris Humphrey to master classes at colleges and universities throughout the Northeast, and summer courses at Jacob's Pillow (Dance in Films and TV and Development of American Dance), she is exceptionally well-qualified to direct the new MFA program.

From Phoenix, Arizona, to Paris, France, Martha Myers has appeared on panels, in demonstrations and as a lecturer on dance, and at present is serving on the board of directors at the Walnut Hill School of Fine Arts in Natick, Massachusetts. Many of her articles have appeared in dance publications; one, On Creativity, was co-authored with her husband, Gerald Myers. And on TV she is known for the dance programs she creates, performs in and directs. Recently See How They Run, one of many dances she has choreographed, was performed in Harkness Chapel by the Connecticut College-Wesleyan Dance Company.

For those involved in shaping the educational and artistic climate of the Festival, the merging of summer and winter programs is an exciting development. Dance at Connecticut College becomes not just "something you do" but "something you live"; and our students, extending their technical training and creative abilities, will discover new and rewarding possibilities for personal and artistic growth.
Little Fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brush'd away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink, and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

Songs of Experience. The Fly.
William Blake

Dance, dance, dance, little lady,
Life is fleeting
To the rhythm beating
In your mind.

Dance, Dance, Dance, Little Lady. Noel Coward

Except for the point, the still point,
There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.

Four Quartets. Burnt Norton, II. T.S. Eliot
dance mehitabel dance
caper and shake a leg
what little blood is left
will fizz like wine in a keg
mehitabel dances with boreas. Don Marquis

Ich am of Irlonde
Ant of the holy lande
Of Irlonde.
Gode sire, pray ich the,
For of saynte charite,
Come ant dance wyth me
In Irlonde.

Ich Am of Irlonde anonymous
Experimental Dance: Firebrands and Visionaries

Marcia B. Siegel '54

Some of the most interesting dance of our time is classifiable as dance only because it doesn't fit anywhere else. For that matter, it doesn't fit as dance either, in any of the common usages of the term. As radical as many earlier developments seemed at the time—Isadora Duncan daring to dance barefooted, Graham and Humphrey integrating the spoken word into their dances, Jerome Robbins putting jazz movements into ballets—at least the revolution was taking place in the same ball park.

Today's experimental dancers frequently do not dance. They seldom employ music, and when they do, they don't use it as accompaniment for their dancing, or non-dancing. They hardly ever dance, or non-dance, in theaters. Their structures, content, methods and means not only exist outside the usual channels of dance production, but call into question the nature of dance itself. Yet this is not a destructive revolution. Its practitioners don't even despise the more traditional modern dance as the modern dancers despised ballet. Experimental dance today is affirmative and challenging. It is trying to push out the boundaries of what we consider dance.

The dance avant-garde is no longer a Merce Cunningham generation. It seems quite clear that Cunningham made it possible for this group to work, but their relationship to him for the most part is philosophical now, rather than stylistic. Cunningham was the first to explode the old concepts of stage space, phrasing, sequence and determinacy in dance, but with the lead he gave them many younger choreographers are exploring these areas more deeply than Cunningham cared to go, and making new discoveries.

There was a period of a few years in the early 1960's when the dance avant-garde centered around Judson Church in New York. Most of the participants were Cunningham devotees, and Cunningham's attitudes were reflected in their work; they were also heavily influenced by the Happening movement of the same period and by the idea of collaborating with painters. The Judson Group seems to have been a rather tightly-knit, like-minded community that did things for their own enlightenment and showed them to their friends. Judson was like a growing, ripening milkweed pod. When it popped open, things got planted all over the place. Today's experimental choreographers are far more visible and less exclusive. Where Judson was the Underground, working almost in secret with an almost fanatical desire to destroy the dance conventions of its time, today's experimental dance is very much in the open, not a Movement in itself but representative of and spokesman for the social and political movement of our time.

Some months ago Yvonne Rainer, taking part in a television panel, expressed genuine amazement when portions of a black-militant dance by Rod Rodgers were shown. Rodgers was using the now-literal vocabularies of modern dance and stylized jazz-Afro movement to express the anger, fear and alienation of the black man. Rainer's reaction—how could a dance be political while using the languages of its oppressors?—dramatically clarified the difference between the politics of content and the politics of form. Many black choreographers and white populist choreographers such as Maurice Béjart want to get across a message; they show the audience the sentiment or the slogan in the quickest, clearest way. Rainer and the experimental choreographers want, rather, to show the audience something about the process of dance. You might say that though their work is nonpolitical, their whole life style—their artistic posture—is a political statement.

I think this generation of experimentalists view themselves and their work very differently from all other American dancers. They don't, for one thing, see their output as part of a progression toward a certain standard success. Their aim is not to become good at making dances that are solid, assured and repeatable, but to install themselves as masters of increasingly structured, programmed organizations. Their "companies" might consist of three or four regular dancers, augmented when necessary by students or even by people summoned through classified ads. Some people work almost entirely outside the established routines of teaching, touring and producing; others are organized only to the extent necessary to receive financial help and reach wider audiences.

The formal company hierarchy in some cases has been virtually eliminated. People as far apart artistically as Rainer and Twyla Tharp and Daniel Nagrin, who since 1971 has been working with an improvisational Workgroup, incorporate the contributions of company members in their work, not listing themselves as choreographers at all but as directors or leaders. Quaint communal-sounding groups are beginning to replace the one-owner dance company, although the founders continue to dominate our image of these groups—James Cunningham’s Acme Dance Co., Deborah Hay’s The Farm, Rainer’s Grand Union, Meredith Monk’s The House.

This democratizing tendency is perfectly visible in Rainer’s work, and Hay’s and Rudy Perez’s for example—in the underplayed costumes, production, dance proficiency. They are attempting to put the performer more on a par with the spectator—not, as in the Judson days, by figuratively handing round peeled grapes in the dark.
or reciting "in" formulas — but by recognizing their common humanity.

This worries me somewhat, because all anti-elitist movements that I know about in the arts have resulted in a downgrading of art. But so far, experimental dance seems to be in vigorous health — I suppose because there's still such a remarkable flow of creativity among its practitioners. Of course, the traditionalist would argue that dance is being downgraded because most of these people are not obviously dancing, and even those who do something recognizable as pure dance — Twyla Tharp, Duane Wagoner, Viola Farber — use the devices invented by Merce Cunningham to defocus and understate the dancer's virtuosity: the surpluses of everyday movement borrowed from sports, games, rehearsals, mealtime; the working against or without music; the presenting of several key events at the same time so the viewer can't concentrate on any one of them.

I find it interesting to note how many experimental dancers did not come from the major companies. The modern dance always accepted, and even welcomed, the possibility that young dancers might go off on their own after dancing for a suitable time with a major choreographer. It may be their firm grounding in post-Graham dance that keeps Tharp and Wagoner, who danced with Paul Taylor, and Farber, who danced with Merce Cunningham, as attached to pure dance as they are. A surprising number of important people on this scene, however, went straight from their dance training into their own creative work, and some, like James Cunningham, had considerable experience in other theatrical forms. They seem to be freer from preconceptions about what can or cannot be done in the name of dance, and they're also refreshingly without the anger or rebellion that often hangs over the dropout for a while after he's declared his independence from the system.

Perhaps the most important difference between the present avant-garde and everybody else is their attitude toward continuity. Up to now I think most choreographers saw themselves as descended from certain artists, thought they were adding something, however modest, to the development of dance, and hoped, however secretly, that others would follow them. Those who judge are always wanting to wait and see if a new idea takes — and so withholding their real esteem until the work has grown senile hanging around. I don't think the people who make today's experimental dance necessarily see their work as part of a linear progression; it simply exists because it needs to be done at this moment in their creative lives, and at the next moment it can cease to exist. Repertory is almost unheard of among these artists — not only because they want to avoid its confining demands on their time and energy, but because they don't see the need for repeating a work after the doing of it in the first place. Their work is truly disposable, not in the planned-obsolescent, chromium plated manner of the pop companies, but like some useful, biodegradable product that has its place in the life cycle.

Critics and conventional audiences are bothered by this attitude, which aggravates all the familiar difficulties of dance manifold. If we don't know what dance is or how to look at it or how to contain it or keep it or value it, at least we can look for precedents, relationships, likenesses. We can discern lines of heredity and expect certain kinds of effects and experiences to come from certain previously defined situations. Now experimental dancers are telling us to forget all that. Nothing can be taken for granted; we can't expect a new work to look like anything that came before, and the difference may be in light years, not just minute stylistic advances. Nor can we hope for another chance to see the work; this is the experience, and this is the only time we'll get for taking it in. But there's reassurance too — that even if this is the end of this particular line, it isn't going to be the end of dance.

Young people have accepted experimental dance in gratifying numbers, not just young intellectuals and artists, but students and working people who may never have seen any dance before. Wherever I go to see experimental dance, at colleges, in museums, in churches, parks and plazas, there's an open, giving atmosphere on both sides. No one is condescending or putting on airs for anyone else. Performers and audience are there to explore experience together, and in this most thorough sense, without slogans or testimonials to promote it, the new dance belongs to the people.

In 1962, when Marcia Siegel '54 was in charge of publicity for the American Dance Festival's 15th anniversary, modern dance so fascinated her that she decided to make dance her career — without becoming a dancer herself. The following year, in New York, she worked in various administrative, technical and managerial capacities, learning the inside workings of dance. As founder of the magazine Dance Scope she wrote and edited research, reportorial and feature articles from 1964-'66, and in 1967 she began doing criticism. In addition to her writing, Ms. Siegel has given workshops and seminars on dance and dance criticism, and has been an adviser to the New York State Council on the Arts since 1969. Last winter she edited the papers of Alwin Nikolais, which appeared in Dance Perspectives under the title "Nik: a Documentary." At the Vanishing Point, the book from which this article is taken, will be published by Saturday Review Press in September.
In much the same way as skirt lengths fluctuate, historical attitudes and styles seem to evolve in what may be called a very loose cycle. President Shain, in the last issue of this magazine, made a good point along this line by comparing some aspects of today's situation with the roughly 100-year-long period most historians associate with Romanticism. Consciously or otherwise, it is true that a large portion of American youth is aligning itself in appearance and thought with the Romantic poets, artists and activists of 150 years ago, and in the process is apparently pulling the rest of society along with it.

The most striking and easily observed similarity between the Old and the New Romanticists is that of fashion and hair length. Sideburns and ruffles are rapidly replacing bare cheeks and narrow ties. Even President Nixon has grudgingly widened his lapels and, realizing that the wethead is indeed dead, has cut down on his dosage of hair cream. Less than a year ago, alert newsmen noticed that the Presidential sideburns were a good 3/32 of an inch longer — a move which reliable sources said came only after weeks of consultation with top government officials. Who knows, Phase II may bring a handlebar moustache.

Connecticut College's president, Charles Shain, has yet to follow the new trend toward 150-year-old styles. Perhaps fearing that a few of the more conservative alumni would disapprove strongly of a more Romantic look, he is still sticking to tailored suits and trimmed hair. Yet, as the illustration shows, Mr. Shain is potentially a very striking Neo-Romanticist. Would a true Romanticist look at home in a business suit and short hair? Definitely not. In a conventional coat and tie, the 33-year-old Henry Wadsworth Longfellow looks more like a vacuum cleaner salesman than a poet.

Fashion, though, is only a very small facet of Romanticism's apparent comeback. President Shain mentioned some of the less tangible similarities between the Aquarians and the Romanticists, such as the commitment to "human brotherhood" and "human perfectibility," the anti-establishment attitudes, love of nature, etc. Another parallel can be drawn in the identification of old and new Romanticists with revolution.

The activists of the early 19th century were inspired by the memory of two great revolutions, in France and America. The radicals of the sixties and early seventies,
on the other hand, were stuck without any morale-boosting massive uprisings even though they claimed to be part of one. The barricades so courageously defended by the campus activists seem rather small in retrospect — after all, occupying a college president’s office isn’t quite the same as storming the Bastille. The only “revolutions” anybody talked about seriously were vague “social” ones, or the Big One that was About to Happen. It might happen yet, but a lot of revolutionaries are getting tired of waiting.

No political movements involving the youth, radical and idealistic, are without their martyrs and imprisoned, persecuted heroes. Witness George Jackson, the Chicago Seven (or was it eight?) and the Berrigan brothers, praised in song and poem. The same kind of thing happened about a century and a half ago, when William Wordsworth composed a sonnet “To Toussaint L’Ouverture,” a black revolutionary and one of the liberators of Haiti, who was imprisoned “… in some deep dungeon’s earless den” at the Chateau of Joux. In a virtuosic display of revolutionary rhetoric, Wordsworth ends his poem with these stirring words:

Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth and skies;
There’s not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man’s unconquerable mind.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, as Mr. Shain has pointed out, was a radical in a style closely resembling that of today’s student activists. His idealism and involvement with political issues gives the observer every reason to believe that Coleridge would have felt completely at home at Berkeley or Columbia during the 1960’s. As a young man, Coleridge not only spoke out against the condition of the poor; he was also a vigorous opponent of the war — in this case the war that England declared on France in 1793. Fascinated by the political upheaval of the period, Coleridge gave a series of lectures on “A Comparative View of English Rebellion Under Charles the First and the French Revolution.”

Between lectures, Coleridge did everything a modern-day freak would do—admired nature, and experimented

Vacuum cleaner salesman?

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Whom Will You Marry?

For the past eight years I have been doing research on the determinants of marital choice which has resulted in a theory of marital choice I call stimulus-value-role (SVR).

Two principles form the scaffold of the theory: 1) marital choice involves a series of at least three sequential stages, stimulus, value and role; 2) at any given point of the courtship its viability can be determined as a function of the equality of exchange subjectively experienced by its participants.

SEQUENTIAL STAGES

Stimulus. In an “open field” where interaction is not forced, one individual may be drawn to another based on his perception of the other's physical, social, mental or reputational attributes. Because attraction is based largely on noninteractional cues, this stage refers to stimulus values. It is of crucial importance in an “open field” situation; for if the other person fails to provoke sufficient attraction, further contact is not sought. Although the “prospect” in question might be potentially a highly desirable person, the first person — forgoing opportunities for further contact — never finds this out; consequently, physically unattractive individuals or persons whose stimulus value may be low for the individual (i.e., other races and religions) are unlikely to be considered seriously as marital candidates by a societally determined, high stimulus value person.

Value stage. If mutual stimulus attraction exists between a man and woman, they either initiate or increase their interaction and enter the second or “value comparison” stage, so named because the individuals assess their value compatibility through verbal interaction.

The couple may compare their attitudes towards life, politics, religion, sex, and the role of men and women in society and marriage. The fact that the couple is now interacting also permits more continuous and closer scrutiny of physical appearance, as well as other important factors such as temperament, “style” of perceiving the world and ability to relate to others.

It is possible that closer appraisal of physical qualities and temperament will lead to a changed opinion regarding the desirability of the partner, and this may result in an attempt to terminate the contact gracefully as soon as possible. If contact has been made on the basis of strong stimulus attraction, however, it is more likely that the couple will remain in the second stage, continuing to assess the compatibility of their values.

Should the couple find that they hold similar value orientations in important areas, they are apt to develop much stronger positive feelings for each other than they experienced in the “stimulus” stage. One reason is that when an individual encounters another who holds similar values, he gains support for the conclusion that his own values are correct; his views are given social validation. Further, many values are intensely personal and are so linked to the self-concept that rejection of these values is experienced as rejection of the self, and acceptance of them implies validation of the self. Providing we have a reasonably positive self-image, we tend to be attracted to those persons whom we perceive as validating it. Also, perceived similarity of values may lead to the assumption that the other likes us, and there is empirical evidence that we like those individuals who we think like us.

Last, we may note that persons having similar values are likely to engage in similar activities and, thus, reward one another by validating each other's commitment to the activity. Moreover, because these activities are similar, they are apt to have similar reward value in the world at large, drawing the couple even closer together since they share equal status in their milieu. In sum, the holding of similar values should be a major factor in drawing two individuals together.

Role stage. It is possible that the couple may decide to marry on the basis of stimulus attraction and verbalized value similarity. For most persons, however, these are necessary but not sufficient conditions for marriage. It is also important that the couple be able to function in compatible roles. Role here means the behavior characteristic and expected of a potential spouse. A role is thus a norm for a particular relationship and for particular situations. The role of husband, for example, may be perceived by the wife as embodying tenderness and acceptance of her. But this role does not clash necessarily with another role of the husband, that of ability to maintain aggressively the economic security of the family. There are, in short, a multiplicity of roles for different kinds of situations.

In the pre-marital phase, however, the partner's ability to function in the desired role is not as easily perceived as his verbalized expression of views on religion, economics, politics and how men should treat women. Knowing how much emotional support the partner will give when the individual fails a history examination

Bernard I. Murstein is the author of Theory and Research in Projective Techniques selected as one of the fifty outstanding current books in psychology by Basic Sources of Information in the Social Sciences, and he has edited the Handbook of Projective Techniques. Theories of Attraction and Love (New York: Springer Publishing Company, 1971), also edited by Mr. Murstein, is a recent book in which the research relating to and supporting the theory described in this article is discussed in greater depth than our limited space permits. His history of marriage, Love, Sex and Marriage Throughout History, will be published early in 1973.
presupposes an advanced stage of intimacy. It is for this reason that the role stage is placed last in the time sequence leading to marital choice.

EXCHANGE PRINCIPLE

Although romantic people may believe that love overrides all material considerations, the second principle of the SVR theory holds that love depends on equality of exchange.

Essentially, these approaches maintain that each person tries to make social interaction as profitable as possible, profit being defined as the rewards he gains from the interaction minus the costs he must pay. Rewards means the pleasures, benefits and gratifications an individual gains from a relationship. Costs are factors which inhibit or deter the performance of more preferred behaviors. A young man living in the Bronx, for example, might like a young lady from Brooklyn whom he met at a resort. Back in the city, however, he may doubt that the rewards to be gained from the relationship would be worth the costs in time and fatigue of two-hour subway ride to Brooklyn.

Closely allied to rewards and costs are assets and liabilities. Assets are commodities (behaviors or qualities) an individual possesses which are capable of rewarding others and which, in return, cause others to reciprocate by rewarding the individual. Liabilities are behaviors or qualities associated with an individual which are costly to others and, by reciprocity, costly to the self.

A man who is physically unattractive (liability) might desire a woman who has the asset of beauty. Assuming that his non-physical qualities are no more rewarding than hers, she gains less profit than he does from the relationship, and his suit therefore is apt to be rejected. Rejection is a cost to him because it may lower his self-esteem and increase his fear of failure in future encounters; hence, he may decide not to court women whom he perceives as much above him in attractiveness.

Contrariwise, he is likely to feel highly confident of success if he tries to date a woman even less attractive than himself, where he risks little chance of rejection (low cost). But as the reward value of such a conquest is quite low, the profitability of such a move is also low. As a consequence, an experienced person is likely to express a maximum degree of effort and also obtain the greatest reward at the least cost when he directs his efforts at someone of approximately equal physical attraction, assuming all other variables are constant.

During the first moments of contact, a man may attempt to supplement his visual impression of a woman with information regarding her role in society, professional aspirations and background. Persons attracted

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It was a pleasant coincidence when two Connecticut College alumnae, A. Harriet Tinker '48 and Fanchon Hartman Title '20, with her husband, Mel met on a tour bound for Antarctica. Taking off from Los Angeles, we flew to Auckland, New Zealand, and a day later were 2,000 miles away in Christchurch, headquarters for Operation Deep Freeze where we were introduced to Antarctica.

In Avon Park there is a towering statue of Robert Falcon Scott, the English explorer, who arrived at the South Pole a month after Amundsen, the Norwegian, had reached there over a different route. The Canterbury Museum was in the midst of preparing a collection of memorabilia, but in the store room a few of us were shown old sleds, dog harnesses, worn clothing and unopened cans of food among other remains from Antarctic expeditions dating from the nineteenth century. One evening, the New Zealand Antarctic Society welcomed us with memberships and an illustrated lecture by Rear Admiral David Fife Welch, who was commander of the United States Navy Antarctic support force at the time.

During the briefing we learned that the U.S. scientific program in Antarctica includes geology, ecology, glaciology and meteorology, and that ice, often a mile and a half thick, covers ninety-five percent of the continent. This seventh continent, bigger than the United States and Western Europe combined, has ninety percent of the world's ice. Twelve nations have agreed by treaty that Antarctica shall be used for peaceful purposes only and that all weapons shall be banned. By working together, the nations avoid duplication of effort.

The United States has four bases. McMurdo, our eventual destination, was constructed just prior to the International Geo-Physical Year and is the taking-off point for the Pole Station 800 miles away. (Previous to 1957, only ten people had ever been to the South Pole!) Our party took a train from Christchurch to Invercargill, a beautiful ride with hostesses serving food and drinks, no billboards obstructing the view and each station neat and attractive. After a 370-mile trip, we reached the MS Lindblad Explorer at Port Bluff in time for dinner.

From that very first night we had rough waters in the South Pacific. First stop was Enderly Island, of the Auck-land Group, where Zodiacs (rubber boats with outboard motors) set us down near the shore amidst Hooker's sea lions; harems of a dozen or more cows, carefully guarding their pups, encircled each nine-foot bull. The island is a breeding center for southern sea lions, penguins and shags. Our ship was anchored in a harbor called Sarah's Bosom, which sounded like a safe and hospitable place, but on an afternoon excursion to another island we found remains of an 1864 German expedition and crude graves with epitaphs reading "died of starvation." Next day we were in Perseverance Harbor for a stop at Campbell Island. These sub-antarctic islands, where it rains 325 days of the year, have few visitors and are the only place in the world where Royal Albatross nest. Our mile and a half ascent, plodding through slippery wet peat without paths, was well worth the effort. Huge white birds (with seven to nine-foot wingspread when in flight) were calmly sitting on their nests, each hatching an egg the size of a grapefruit for a sixty-day vigil.

Three days later we saw the first of hundreds of ice-bergs we were to pass, some a mile long, others as tall as office buildings. Soon our ship slowed down, and there came a cracking noise. We were in the ice, huge heavy masses at times nine feet thick, which our ship (an ice-breaker) parted like scissors cutting paper. Seals and penguins inhabited the ice while albatross, petrels and terns flew overhead. Often at night, birds attracted by the ship's lights would fly against the decks. When one died in this manner, Tink and Mrs. Roger Tory Peterson proceeded with the job of taxidermy using the only available stuffing — cotton and mashed potatoes. Two other birds that were stunned at the same time were set free.

The farther south, the whiter the scene with spray freezing as it hit the decks and encrusting everything with ice. We stopped at Hallett's Bay where the United States and New Zealand operate a weather station at Cape Hallett. But of greater interest were the one thousand Adélie penguins (although the odor of guano is offensive and penetrating) who came to the rookery here. Because it was the molting season some had left already, but we admired the white chests, shining silvery in the sun, of those that remained. Many dead ones were lying around; however, it was difficult to tell if they had perished recently because nothing deteriorates in this cold. They may have been chicks deserted by parents or killed by the skuas, who are deadly enemies. Skus even swooped down on us as we walked near their nests.

Days were lengthening, and about this time we had continuous daylight, an advantage in many ways. In these waters man must adjust his schedule to nature. A strong wind might keep the Zodiacs from getting close to the shore. It also was extremely cold, and we needed the several pairs of wool socks, heavy boots (especially when we jumped out into a foot of water), the thermal underwear, waterproof ski pants and heavy sweaters worn under our red parkas. Balaclavas protected our heads and faces. Warm scarves and a couple of pairs of gloves completed our outfits.

We passed Mount Erebus, an active volcano 12,450 feet high, early in the morning on a clear day. And soon we were preparing to go ashore at Cape Evans on Ross Island to see the hut Captain Scott had built in 1911. This shelter was used as home base by fifteen men dur-
Adélie penguins near Palmer Station
ing Scott’s fatal expedition when he froze to death as he was returning from the Pole. Seeing this fifty by twenty-five foot building which was living quarters, laboratory and office, and the relics within, gave us some idea of the discipline of these early explorers and the hardships endured in this desolate place, with scurvy a constant threat! The intense cold and the wind still remain, but today our navy personnel have a 5,000-calorie diet and excellent shelter and equipment. The hut was used again from 1915 to 1917 by seven members of Shackleton’s Endurance expedition who ate original 1911 food supplies preserved by the dry, cold air. Members of the New Zealand Explorers’ Society, restoring the hut in 1960, dug through ice inside and outside and then carefully dried the contents. As a consequence, we saw the hut in almost its original condition. For thirty years no man saw the huts, and not too many people see them today.

Shackleton’s hut at Cape Royds is close by; this one was winter quarters for fifteen of his 1907 expedition party. Some of the Zodics reached the shore, but because the wind changed most of us did not get there. Only at McMurdo, at Hut Point, could the Lindblad Explorer use a gangplank. The first building we saw was Discovery Hut, named for Captain Scott’s ship, the Discovery, which went aground here in 1902. Shackleton’s party used it in 1908 and Scott was there again in 1911 and 1912. Being located nearest to the Pole, it was a storage base for expeditions trying to reach there. Unheated and not furnished for living, it has been called “an ice-filled memorial to the men of the heroic age.”

A modern plane now makes the trip from McMurdo to the Pole in three hours!

Towering over McMurdo Station is Observation Hill. At the thousand-foot summit, a nine-foot cross erected by eight men who took part in the search for the Scott party memorializes Captain Scott. The bodies of Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson and Lieutenant Bowers remain where they perished. The search party built “a mighty cairn” above them, and placed a cross made from two skis on it. Peter Scott, son of the explorer, his wife and daughter were with us on the Explorer, and along with others they made the difficult ascent the evening we arrived. Mr. Scott, a worldwide famous ornithologist and director and founder of The Wildfowl Trust, is also a painter, illustrator, author, broadcaster and lecturer. His wife is a writer and photographer, and their daughter is an ornithologist studying biology at Oxford.

McMurdo Station has a new modern building with living quarters, kitchens and dining areas. There are many jamesways (reminding one of quonset huts) and many other kinds of buildings on the site. We were greeted by the chaplain at a chapel that was built by men who volunteered their time; and the doctor, slightly bored because there is so little illness, showed us around the
ten-bed hospital — the only one on the continent! Men rarely have colds as there are no bacteria except when a new contingent brings germs with them.

Dr. Richard Pinney, who is coordinating scientific programs, personnel and navy cooperation, spoke to us about the station in the modern and attractive National Science Building. The station is really a complete city for the twelve hundred who live there in the summer. A nuclear power plant cuts oil consumption, furnishes light and power, distills fresh water from sea water and disposes of sewage. This base services the Pole Station and also Byrd Station. We also visited New Zealand's Scott Base, adjacent to McMurdo, which is manned by civilians and supports those working on scientific programs. Water needed for bathing and laundry comes from snow, which each man shovels into a bin that empties into pipes winding through the furnace room.

From Scott Base we were transported in nodwells (like caterpillars, tractors or snowmobiles) to see the huskies. Scott base still uses dog sleds, and everyone there is really sentimental about them. Huskies are very good at locating crevasses, which when covered by snow are dangerous for hikers or mechanical conveyances. It was planned to harness the huskies to the sled, but a fifty-mile an hour wind and bitter cold prevented it. The huskies are kept tied apart from each other, otherwise they fight, but when drawing the sled they work well together, and they were gentle with us.

The following morning it took two hours to break the ice, which had formed around the ship while a strong wind was blowing against us. Once free, we were perplexed to see the ship heading south until the captain announced we were setting a record. It was the first time a passenger ship had ever gone as far south as 77° 54'! Everyone who comes to this continent hopes to have a "first," for Antarctica inspires man to do and dare. We felt like explorers of a sort.

On the return trip we saw Emperor penguins and some Adélies sitting on icebergs; there are many varieties of penguins in all sizes and with different colorings and markings. To walk among penguins and to be close enough to touch seals is a unique experience (if their ears are to be seen, they are sea lions). Occasionally we spotted small whales and leopard seals, always at a distance; no one wants to get close to them. When we took pictures our obliging captain usually circled the iceberg for the best view.

Going north we made a stop at Cape Adare, discovered by Kristensen in 1895. Two huts were erected here.

Continued on page 47
OBJECTIVE

The second President's Conference for Alumni was held this spring with 30 alumnae and 11 husbands in attendance. President Shain opened the two-day series of meetings by saying that the primary purpose of the conference was to provide an opportunity for alumni to assess Connecticut College for themselves on the basis of direct information from students, faculty, administrative officers and trustees. His hope that "a free spirit of inquiry" would prevail was borne out as, from first to last, frank questions were asked — and answered with equal candor.

The program included a campus tour, attendance at regular Friday classes, meals and small seminars with faculty and students, reports from President Shain and his administrative team, and informal remarks by Trustee Chairman W. E. S. Griswold, Jr. The interchange between alumnae and the representatives of various components of the college community was remarkable for its open sharing of concerns and for its penetrating insights into the challenges and problems facing the college itself and its individual constituents. There was wide-ranging discussion of such matters as curriculum revision, the nature and extent of student participation in the making of policy, the recruitment of faculty and students from minority groups, the transition to coeducation and its impact, and the fiscal stringencies being encountered by private colleges in general and by Connecticut in particular. One alumna voiced the feeling of all by saying that "we were able to look around corners and to see how the whole organization works together as a modern, unified whole."
RESPONSE

Dear Charles, By the end of the conference I felt blocked with information and had that old feeling of having to pass an exam or do something responsible with it. Then I began having fun with [Conn. daughter] Judy's friends, finding I was an absolute fountain of facts, figures and information. They seemed to be enjoying hearing me, and I believe I was transmitting the positive impressions I was getting about the college from you. With all the negativism and doom and gloom around the world, you seem to convey a positive feeling that I like — the budget is balanced, enrollment is up, men are coming, a new library will exist. Even when the picture isn't that good, I get another picture that it will be soon and that you enjoy your role of balancing all the factors involved.

John Detmold gives me that positive impression also. I had a very good feeling, too, about Barrie Shepherd. I happened to meet him in the Cleveland airport where we talked for a moment. And then I liked so much what he said in your office about providing a place to just be, a needed balance for us all to "get it together." As always when I return from Conn. College, I find myself spreading the good feeling I get all around.

Thank you for the opportunity to come to the meeting. Betty Pfau Wright '43. I do hope we were able to convey to you our great enthusiasm for what we saw and heard on campus. Anne [Gartner '50] and Bob Wilder.

So, in addition to thanking you for allowing, or perhaps insisting that we participate, we wish to thank you for the effect you have had on us personally. One cannot take part in a program of this type without its leaving a strong imprint. Bob, [Husband of Carol Bernstein '54.]

You [John Detmold] and all who had a hand in arranging the weekend at the college get an A+. Barbara Gordon Landau '55.

I've kept up with the school through reunions but rarely have I had such a thorough insight into the workings of an institution.

In fact, it was almost too much to absorb in 24 hours. Mariana Parcells Wagoner '44. . . . our minds were spinning every minute.

You have indeed an impressive staff of individuals who obviously reflect enthusiasm and dedication. In short, Connecticut College is a great institution. Harry Goff, [Husband of Mary Giese '40.]

Both Pat and I truly were stimulated by the events. Enclosed is the valuation [requested at the end of the conference]. Pat and I agreed so completely that we simply used one form instead of two. David F. Squire, [Husband of Patricia Roth '51.]

It made us far more sympathetic with your various problems and successes. Dorothy M. Pryde '21. You hit just the right note: open, frank, obviously unrehearsed as far as the students were concerned. Mary Anna Lemon Meyer '42. You [John Detmold] should be inspired to serve as the director of such a great college.

Patricia Hancock Blackhall '45. It was an enlightening experience for me which I enjoyed very much, a reflection of your efforts to stimulate me and other alumni to renew our contacts with the campus. Susan Fleisher '41. I never fail to be pleased with what I see and hear as far as faculty and administration are concerned. When it comes to the students, I'm pleased because I see talent, ability and concern. Sally Pitthouse Becker '27.

I live in the New London area and have frequent contacts on campus, but this conference offered new opportunities to see students in action and hear opinions expressed freely. Frances M. Joseph '27.
Commencement Is a Speaker

Consumer advocate Ralph Nader
Commencement Is Class Day

Reviving the enthusiasm and spirit of a traditional Class Day, graduating seniors during commencement weekend celebrated the occasion with songs by Schwiffs and Conn-Chords, presentation of class gift and trees, and by acting out the class history. Even a new tradition was initiated; a man participated. Highlight of the event, however, was the speech by Dean Alice Johnson, who was invited by the '72s to be Class Day speaker and to give the baccalaureate address as well.

Commencement Co-chairman JoAnn Giordano '72: Perhaps the thing we all will remember best about our first day at Connecticut College was the speech given by Dean Alice Johnson. To us not only was this speech a pep-talk to prepare us for the trials and tribulations of freshman year, but it was also a welcome which immediately made us feel at home in an environment that was to be ours for the next four years. Her compassion, optimism and sense of humor always have made life here more tolerable in times of stress and happier in times of joy. I am pleased to introduce Alice Johnson, who has followed this class so closely for the past four years.

Dean Alice E. Johnson: Class Days are traditionally occasions when for a brief moment we take a stroll backward in time to recall the highlights of what American mythology insists must constitute the four happiest years of our lives. After agreeing to participate in the celebration of this ancient rite, I suddenly began to understand what danger Daniel Ellsberg must have felt when he decided to reveal the secret files of the Pentagon. While all of us together in the class of '72 have experienced essentially the same four years, it is curious to discover how differently the experiences imprint themselves on our individual minds.

As I look back over our years together at Connecticut College I must confess that while there may have been an occasional generation gap, there certainly has never been a communications gap. Let me, therefore, tell you how I remember the many ways in which we communicated together. Way back in May or June of 1968, upon your admission to Connecticut College, you will recall that you received a communication which asked you to select your courses for the entire freshman year. After listing the course choices, you were told: "In the space below, please write a statement explaining your course choices." Here is a sample of the way that academically intellectual statement is imbedded in my memory:

I have selected eight courses in English for my freshman year, because as I plan to major in English I should get the necessary background and foundation for my major. I have been writing poetry for a long time, some samples of which I enclose that were published in the Sentinel — my high school literary magazine, of which I was the founder and editor for three years.

I understand there's a poet in residence at Connecticut, so naturally I hope you will make sure I get him for all possible courses as I need as much poetic exposure as possible because I am very creative. Am I allowed to take two courses in creative writing in the same semester?

By this time, you may be wondering why I have not signed up for French right away. Well, I have pursued the study of French every single year since kindergarten. Naturally, I feel that I would like to further my knowledge in this field. But I do not, at this time, consider my background and preparation is strong enough to support an advanced literature course. Unfortunately, the catalogue makes it sound as if I would have to take the advanced 201-202. I think, therefore, I will wait on that. Anyway, a recent graduate I met told me that the language requirement is going to be abolished next year. Can you advise me about this? Also, will I need French to get admitted to medical school?

As my ultimate goal is medicine, you may think it strange that I haven't elected any science courses for this year. I don't know if you read the recent article in Harper's where it said that medical schools really wanted more humanitarian types — or was it humanists? Anyway, since science is my worst area of study and all those boring lab sessions would cut into my creative writing time, I think it would be better for me to take my science and math courses somewhat closer to graduation, so that that material will be a little clearer in my head when I enter Harvard Medical School — which is my first choice, although I will go to Yale if necessary.
I hope my explanation helps you in approving my program of study. I can’t wait to meet you so I can get the low-down — I mean advice — on the teachers at Conn, if you know what I mean. Thank you. P.S. If you can’t fit me into all those English courses right away, I will understand. In that case simply shift me into Asian history as I would like to get some good background there for more exploration in this field, as I plan to practice medicine in the East — near or far whichever. I was introduced to a Pakistani student last month and he made Eastern philosophers sound fascinating. Perhaps though, as I plan to get involved in pediatrics, I should look in on some child development courses.

You may also recall that back there in the dark age of your freshman year, there still was such a dreadful label as “academic probation” attached to anyone who had what might be described euphemistically as an academically non-rewarding semester. My letter, as I remember it, ran something like this:

I am sorry to have to tell you that the Administration Committee has placed you on academic probation for this semester. Try to do your best in this new semester to overcome this dire deficiency. Although you may feel discouraged at this time, try to consider this setback as a challenge in disguise. If you have any ideas about the cause of your failure in the first term, please let me know.

Here is the response as I remember it now:

You write and say that since I am flunking out I should consider this setback as a challenge — some disguise! And do I have any ideas what went wrong in the first semester. Do I ever? If this college only provided every student with a decent academic adviser, I wouldn’t be in the mess I am today, and my parents wouldn’t be bugging me on the phone every few minutes, checking to see if I’m still in the library or not. Do you know what it is like to take four English courses in the same semester? I had four mid-terms, twenty-one short papers, four forty-page term papers, not to mention four final exams.

When my arm swelled up from the strain of writing (I don’t type as you well know), I went to see Doctor Hall at the infirmary. She had the nerve to say I was suffering from something she laughingly referred to as “tennis elbow.” Everyone knows I got a ‘not passed’ in physical education.

Then there was the conversation we had in May of 1969, after the college had gone co-educational and the decision had been reached that Larrabee would be the first co-educational dorm on the campus. This communication exchange occurred in the Fanning parking lot as I was, according to my usual custom, walking to my car.

“Say,” the conversation ran, “I was just on my way up to make an appointment to see you in your office, but this will do just as well. I want to register my protest about this co-education thing. I turned down Middlebury, Jackson and Pembroke because I really wanted a girls’ school. If I’d known this was going to happen I would not have come. Thank goodness, I was lucky and got a good number. I got number 6 in the room drawing so I’m moving in to Windham — my first choice — for sophomore year.”

Let us move ahead now to late August, 1969. A letter arrived from the Cape by special delivery and here is what it said as nearly as I can recollect:

Will you please see what can be done about my room assignment in Windham which is still a single-sex dorm. Dean Watson keeps writing back every time that I had a chance to make my room choice last May, but with number 2,489 you can see what my chances were to get into my first choice — Larrabee. After all, the only way I can come to grips with co-education is to experience it first hand.

Most of sophomore year was spent in my capacity as the local cruise director assisting everyone over the hump of sophomore slump by making travel arrangements for any ambitious student who felt the need to get away for a year. Itineraries were arranged so that skiers could spend the year at Dartmouth or the University of Colorado; theatre buffs could spend the theatrical season in London, Paris, or, in a pinch, off-Broadway on the Junior Year at N.Y.U. Musicians and classicals jaunted off to Florence and to Rome; intellectuals were dispatched to Cambridge University; those who yearned to get closer to the soil romped off to work on a kibbutz in Israel. The list is endless.

Naturally, then, the junior year provided another bundle of communication gems such as this one from Paris: “Have you ever spent a night in a French pension without windows yet? This crib they call a bed just reaches past my knees.” Or the postcard from Jerusalem: “Have I ever got callouses . . .!” On the response to my frantic notes to one who was about to embark on a vacation tour from England to India at the height of the cholera epidemic: “You sound like my mother.” Not to mention the one who claimed to be studying in Geneva and all of her communiques reported the return address as being Chez Booz. Now my French may be bad, but how would you translate the House of Booze?

Suddenly the senior year loomed ahead and it was necessary to warn all rising seniors that they should make every effort to make up any and all incompletes before the start of the senior year. Here is how I recall the response to this last minute warning:

Thank you for your letter reminding me that I have four incompletes from this past semester, not to mention a few left over from last year’s strike semester.

I will give you an idea of how everything is going. Are you ready? Well, to be honest, not quite as well as
we both have been hoping, and I am sorry. I function very slowly while writing term papers as they take a lot of thought, although I now can type three words a minute on the old Smith-Corona, but, believe me, I certainly do share your desire that I start senior year clean-slated.

I am going away now for two months to recuperate behind one of the dunes on the Cape. But I want you to rest assured about the incompletes as I have reserved the entire month of August to finish everything up, when I am feeling stronger — physically if not mentally — that is, of course, assuming that I will be able to read my class notes. You will remember, I told you about my disaster that week last spring when I went up to Wesleyan for a little peace and quiet to get ready for exams. I really do think I am the only student in Conn's history to have a beer barrel explode all over her notes for the whole semester — including my term paper for Mr. Wiles on Religious Mysticism as Reflected in Drug-induced States. Have a good vacation. Don't let my incompletes spoil your summer.

Suddenly, without warning, it was the final year for the Class of 1972 and once again communications flew, which fuse together in my mind in this way:

Will you please write me a recommendation for the Peace Corps and for Vista in case I decide not to go on to law school right away. Meanwhile I am enclosing forms for you to fill out for Harvard, Yale, Chicago, Berkeley and University of Pennsylvania Law Schools. As you may remember, law has always been my first and only love. The reason I am hesitating a bit is that Roger and I plan to be married after graduation. Consequently, I will have to decide where to go when he finds out where he will be interning. Since he has applied to seventeen hospitals here and four abroad, you can expect to be hearing from me again when I find some more law school possibilities. I may, of course, decide in the long run to go for an MAT and get certified for teaching, as that will be something to fall back on should all else fail. Roger and I plan to spend the summer hitching to California — our last fling before we join the Establishment. I will keep you posted along the way as soon as my plans are a little clearer. Meanwhile keep the faith. Don't worry. And since I will, sooner or later, be taking up cooking, would you mind letting me have your recipe for Swedish meat balls? Roger and I will be living on hamburger for the next three years.

Thank you then, Class of 1972, for having been here. We are all the richer for having had you. May you remember in the years ahead the years that we spent together — in a certain time in history — at a certain place — called Connecticut College.
Commencement Is Recognition

Commencement this year acclaimed Trustee Anna Lord Strauss and two alumnae, Patricia McGowan Wald '48 and Cecelia A. Holland '65, by presenting them with the Connecticut College medal awarded to graduates and friends of the college who have brought honor to her name.

Anna Lord Strauss, member of the Connecticut College Board of Trustees; honors or degrees from five colleges; national past-president of the League of Women Voters of the United States from 1944-1950; among her presidential appointments are membership on the U.S. Delegation to the first UN meeting of the Food and Agricultural Organization, executive vice-chairman of the Commission on Internal Security and Individual Rights, the U.S. Delegation to the UN Sixth General Assembly in Paris, and the People to People Program; under the Educational and Cultural Exchange Program of the Dept. of State she visited Asia and later was consultant for the UN at their Seminar in Bangkok on "Civic Responsibilities and Increased Participation of Asian Women in Public Life." Presently, Miss Strauss is trustee of the Committee for Economic Development and the Overseas Education Fund of the LWV, honorary co-chairman of the UN Association of the USA; honorary board member of the Foreign Policy Assoc., The Center for Information on America, the National Council of Negro Women Educational Fund, the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, Interchange, and others.
Cecelia A. Holland '65, the youngest alumna ever to have received the Connecticut College Medal, is the author of the highly praised historical novels: The Firedrake, Rakossy, The Kings in Winter, Until the Sun Falls, The Antichrist and The Earl; and of two children's books, Ghost on the Step and Kings Road. Miss Holland has reached a degree of success that makes her outstanding among distinguished alumnae; success made even more notable in light of her youth.

Patricia McGowan Wald '48. Connecticut College Phi Beta Kappa; Yale Law School, 1951; Staff member of the National Conference on Bail and Criminal Justice, where her work established her as a principal architect of bail reform in the United States; consultant to the Department of Justice, 1967-68; former member of the President's Commission on Crime in the District of Columbia, and former consultant to both the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Criminal Justice, and the National Advisory Committee on Civil Disorders; co-author of Bail in the U.S. (1964), and author of Law and Poverty (1965). Mrs. Wald is the wife of a Yale Law School classmate, mother of five children, and a trustee of the Ford Foundation.
L. to R.: Josephine Mooney '71, AAGP Chairman Jane Gullong '67
Focus on Reunion

As though to test alumni fervor, it rained, rained, rained from early Friday night until just before commencement Sunday morning. Yet not a spirit was dampened nor a word of complaint heard except from President Pat Abrams '60, Reunion chairman Jane Funkhauser '53 and Director Louise Andersen '41. These three focused so intently on perfection that they even felt responsible for the weather!

On Friday night President Charles Shain, Professor John MacKinnon and Anita DeFrantz '74 introduced the focus theme of the weekend with Focus on Connecticut College. The following nutshell version of Anita's speech answers many questions about the college that alumni have been asking:

The manner in which coeducation has been achieved is indicative of this [Conn's] absorbency. Coeducation has moved at such a pace that housing for men, which only three years ago was confined to one dorm on campus, is projected for fourteen of the twenty-one dorms next year. This was accomplished without great furor, and those women who elected to live in women's dorms were accommodated in the remaining seven dorms. The classic problem of staying in a favorite dorm remains, but grappling with the problem each year brings us closer to a solution. The traditional form of house government has stayed intact during this transitional period, but the difficulties of coed housing give rise to added responsibility for each house's physical and social maintenance.

The faculty at Conn. is aware of the variance [in educational minimums] and I assume has adopted distribution requirements in deference to it. This system has been successful to the extent that I can not understand why any one requirement must remain a traditional rather than a functional unit of the system. Traditional education has flown out the window, but it must come to rest on the powers of the individual to decide which type of tradition he wishes to follow. The nature of a small liberal arts college must tend towards an individualized education. It is a contradiction to force education for its own sake.

... in the area of administrative development, students are forced to prepare and submit their own proposals to the administration rather than taking part with the various officials in the planning stages. This seems to me a waste, and it slows the wheels of progress. My concern is that students who participate on committees are not being taken seriously. Our membership is certainly a gesture of good faith, but that is not enough. We have a real interest which must not be smothered; the college cannot afford to lose this vital avenue of communication.

My last major concern is that this college (as well as many others) has too often abdicated its responsibility to the community. I must admit that Conn. has fairly well extended herself in offering services to community organizations; however, until recently she has remained politically aloof. I am encouraged by the recent participation in New London politics by faculty members and...
by the backing they receive from our students. I trust that their entrance into that arena will generate a feeling of mutual action - community and college. In closing, I see you, the alumni, as proof of Conn's capacity for variety. Through the years the types of aspirations you entertain have changed - changes more or less subtle. So with us, the future alumni, the drive for education and the use we make of that education will be multi-faceted. I am convinced that our years at Conn. will develop for us a sort of comraderie that transcends the differences between us and will make this time worthwhile in more than a communicable sense.

Focus on Alumni occupied Saturday morning, beginning with reports by board members. Jane Funkhouser focused on who we are: 14,172 graduates and non-graduates (54 male, 72 graduate students) living all over the world; 43% graduated after 1960; 3,000 changed addresses last year. She then added:

You might say that, diverse as we are in many ways, we have in common the Connecticut College experience. That we do - but let's take a moment to compare our experience with that of others of us who are here today. Consider the differences in physical surroundings between that known to 1922 and that known by 1942!

Coffee Break

There was no Fanning Hall when 1922 came to Connecticut College. Members of '36 and '37 saw Jane Addams and Freeman being built, but there was no chapel. KB was not known to the Class of 1942, but the roof of Bill Hall was well known to them as a lookout post for enemy planes. Only three of the classes represented here today knew the campus with Crozier-Williams and the North Dormitory Complex; however, we do have in common the fact that none of us had the privilege of using the building we are in this morning.

Graduation requirements, college presidents, and courses offered were not the same for all of us either. Forty-four faculty members were led by Dr. Marshall when 1922 were students. There are 410 on the faculty-administration roster today. 1936 and 1937 matriculated during the presidency of Dr. Blunt, and Rosemary Park was known to them as an instructor in German. At that time, $1,020 was the charge for room, board and tuition. To the class of 1947, Miss Park was an incoming college president, and to those of you from 1962 and 1963 she was an outgoing president. 1963 spent their senior year in a larger Connecticut College of 1200 students where a man was president for the first time in a long while. You also saw the beginning of 4-course semesters. Members of 1967 were the first to have the privilege of being elec-
ted to a student-faculty academic committee. You may think that none of us in these reunion classes went to Connecticut College with men, but the class of 1947 had many veterans in summer school classes just after World War II.

As far as dress codes, extra-curricular activities and social life at Connecticut College are concerned, the range of experience in this group is diverse, to say the least. From Paul Whiteman to Frank Sinatra to the Rolling Stones — from no talking movies for 1922 to Elizabeth Taylor in National Velvet while 1947 were seniors, to television in the dormitories — from cloche hats to wartime bottled-stockings to rolled-up blue jeans, to Bermuda shorts and knee socks by the early 60s and finally to bare feet. As far as rules go, 1942's leadership gained fame as developers of a fine sign-out system, '62 pioneered in the very liberal policy of men being allowed in seniors' rooms on Sunday afternoons with the door left open — and also were in the first group not to have compulsory chapel. There are recurring themes in your class histories — mascot hunts, secret Santas, and an extraordinary interest in the post office seem to be common to all of us.

I think we are a pretty neat group. And today — whether we were formerly flappers or Gibson Girls or

L. to R.: Jane Muddle Funkhouser '53, reunion chairman; Eleanor Hine Kranz '34, alumni trustee; Justine Shepherd Freud '51, club relations. Mary Elizabeth Franklin Gehrig '42, nominating committee chairman; Patricia Wertheim Abrams '60, Alumni Association president.
bobby soxers, — we share in the fortune of being members of the Connecticut College Alumni Association.

Pat Abrams spoke next on The Alumni Association Is Us and listed a few of the Extending Education programs the association already has embarked on. One is Mid-Summer Festival of the Arts, which will take place the last weekend in July during the 25th anniversary of the Connecticut College American Dance Festival (watch the mail for a stunning black and white announcement and reservation coupon). The other is a mid-winter tour to Mexico with a faculty lecturer. As Pat pointed out, the Alumni Association is what its members make it, with ideas and by participation in its events.

An alumna trustee, Eleanor Hine Kranz '34, then outlined the responsibility of being a trustee. First, though, she related a hilarious, early experience with trustees when she was a student:

When I was in college here back in the '30s, I never knew a trustee. I never thought about trustees, and I'm sure that if you'd given me my druthers then, I'd have said that — like the purple cow — I'd rather see than be one!

In fact, the only time I ever saw a trustee was one Saturday morning in the living room of Winthrop House in my senior year. In those days the living room was the only place we could smoke, and, since everybody smoked, that room was generally blue while people in various stages of undress played bridge, or banged on the piano, danced (with each other), held gripe sessions, and so on. In those days we went around campus during the week looking about as bad as the present students do, until Friday before the weekend or Saturday morning before date-night. Then presto change-o!

There were several girls in the house who were good at setting hair, so on Saturday morning they'd line up customers at 25¢ a head, and the living room, besides holding all the activities I've mentioned, also became a hairdressing salon. On this particular morning I was sprawled on an old chair with a towel around my shoulders while a friend enthusiastically dumped globs of glob on my locks and wrapped them up in bobby pins. All of a sudden, unannounced, there coming in the door was President Blunt followed by a group of old fogeys who had come to inspect the room with an idea of spending money to refurbish it! I'm sure you get the picture. Poor Miss Blunt — we certainly let her down that day. Strangely enough, the room was done over, but I always thought that Miss Blunt must have put up one helluva argument, to wit, that since most of us were graduating, maybe the next bunch wouldn't be quite so messy.

Well, here I stand, now myself an old fogy trustee, and believe me, times have changed.

Today trustees seem to be the most sought-after people around! Students ask, even demand to see us. We have lunch with them, dinner with them, conferences and discussions with them, committee meetings, and even late night bull sessions. That's the reason it was decided to have each senior class elect a trustee for a 2-year term, so that we'd have two people on hand young enough to stay up half the night, and young enough also to act as interpreters to the rest of the board. This past year these delightful children on our board have been Pam Brooks of the Class of 1970 — and Julie Sgarzi of the Class of 1971. That's a joke — delightful they are, children they're not.

Students today want to know everything: about the college portfolio of investments (Are we operating on the ill-gotten gains of war industries or industries that pollute?); about the budget and where the money goes (down to the last cent); why there can't be more
scholarship aid; and why do they have to pay for meals they don’t eat?

And, in case you think we’re talking only to students, I assure you we are in much communication with the faculty, the staff, and the parents. Whereas heretofore everyone was happy to let the Board of Trustees quietly take care of things, now everyone is butting in. And frankly, we think it’s marvelous that they’re so interested. So, since everybody else is in the act — how about you? Liz Dutton of the Class of 1947, Sue Rockwell Cesare of the Class of 1952 and I represent you, but to do a good job we need to know what you’re thinking, what your wishes are.

After a late-morning coffee break, the theme of Focus on Alumni continued realistically with a panel of four outstanding women whose unusual occupations emphasized the breadth of alumni interests. The four speakers were: Sue Krim Greene ’57, a math major whose career as market researcher for IBM takes her all over the United States and abroad; Mila Rindge ’37, M.D., who heads a large staff as medical director of the Southeastern Regional Office of the State Department of Health; Mary Anna Lemon Meyer ’42, one of three alumni trustees and a Governor Rockefeller appointee to the New York State Board of Social Welfare; and Virginia Pond ’47, zoology major, research assistant in radium cytology at the Brookhaven National Laboratory (for the study of atomic energy).

The Service of Remembrance, which preceded commencement Sunday morning, was particularly beautiful and moving this year. Soloist Carlotta Wilsen ’63, organist Mary Woodworth Grandchamp ’64, and violist Jane Overholt Goodman ’57, blending their talents, brought alumni activities to a touching close, sending us away uplifted and at peace, and with justified loyalty to our alma mater.
Presented in recognition of outstanding service to the Connecticut College Alumni Association to:

Juline Warner Comstock '19, first editor of an alumni publication; charter member of her College Club; class historian and correspondent. The list of Juline Comstock's achievements within the Alumni Association could go on ad infinitum, but the contribution most cherished by all is her 50th anniversary poem ending with this bit of women's lib:

The seniors of those earliest days
Are 70, and grey;
We're grandmothers, and most of us
Are on retirement pay.
But with geriatrics on our side,
There's more work coming soon —
They'll need educated women
When we populate the moon!

Amy Peck Yale '22, president of the Connecticut College Club of Meriden-Wallingford (which she has served in many capacities), class correspondent and class agent chairman. Not unlike the manner of Amy Yale herself, her accomplishments are simple and modest, but they represent years of dedication, wisdom and kindness that endear her to all those with whom she works, win respect and devotion, and encourage colleagues to seek out her advice and service. In the alumni directory her name is one of the last, in loyalty to the college it is among the first.

Mary Anna Lemon Meyer '42, charter member of the Connecticut College Club of Nassau-Suffolk; chairman for the L.I. Connecticut College 50th Anniversary Fund; member-at-large of the Alumni Association 1943-45; president, 1950-53; Alumna trustee, 1965-70; Laurel chairman, 1966-71. For thirty years Mary Anna Meyer has served the Alumni Association tirelessly and almost continuously, and through her own friendliness and tact she has won countless friends for the association and the college. But it is mainly as a board member that we think of her today; wise, deliberate and considerate, her opinions at board meetings earned respect and inspired thoughtful discussion until her famous "Mr. Duely" finally carried the day.

Juline Warner Comstock '19, Amy Peck Yale '22, Mary Anna Lemon Meyer '42.
Recommended Reading
James Clouser, assistant in dance

The Rise and Fall and Rise of Modern Dance. By Don McDonagh. Mentor paperback, $1.25. A fine portrait of the contemporary dancer's activity as an artist, and an enlightening study of the later developments of modern dance, exploring and explaining the elements of randomism that have confused so many.

Diaghilev and the Ballets Russes. By Boris Kochno. Harper and Row, $35 (list price). This is a lush gift book full of some familiar but many rare photographs, designs and stories of the events surrounding the productions of one of ballet's greatest periods.

The Dance in America (revised edition). By Walter Terry. Harper and Row, $6.95. A colorful panorama that has appealed to the general reader as well as the dance aficionado since 1956, now brought up to date. Many photographs.

"Russian Journals," Dance Perspectives 44. By Agnes De Mille. Available through Dance Perspectives Foundation, 29 East 9th Street, NYC, 10003, $2.95. A fascinating account of the divergent ideologies of dance on either side of the iron curtain, told with devastating wit.

"Nik, a Documentary," Dance Perspectives 48. Edited by Marcia B. Siegel '54. Vivid writings and drawings by Alwin Nikolais, the wizard of dance, along with superb photographs and an explanation of the conception of his theatre, wryly commenting on the college dance scene.

At the Vanishing Point — A Critic Looks at Dance. By Marcia B. Siegel '54. Saturday Review Press, to be published September 1972. A collection of reviews and articles on dance in New York between 1967-71. The writer looks at a broad cross-section of the American dance scene during a period of enormous success and change, and tries to describe each dance event on its own terms as well as to find out where it enters the larger cultural process.

In the Mailbox

Time Will Tell
What was page 1, spring 1972, CC Alumni Magazine all about? I read it several times and wondered. But the final disgust was when my husband, who teaches logic as well as a great many other philosophy courses, asked, "What is this supposed to mean?"

The use of puppets to stimulate discussion — or role-playing in its various forms — should need no explanation. Why is it illogical to bring people together? Why are the quoted cocktail party remarks "ill-mannerly"? Expressing opinions, yes, but ill-mannered? Ho, ho. In fact they seem to show a good cross-section of opinions.

Those of us who have continued to be intimately involved, emotionally, financially, with time, with hope, with teaching in a liberal arts college know the problems. We also know that many of us worked harder to get our tuition money, to do well in our studies, to learn at college, to plan for a worthwhile occupation after college than many of the college students today.

Yet on the pages of CC and Yale alumni bulletins, we of the forties and fifties are pictured as a carefree, callous bunch who somehow managed to pass a lot of exams, get jobs, support ourselves, pay for our grad school work, and/or that of our husbands.

Time will tell. Present disparagement of the "over thirty" group may create a need for a college course taught by the sociology and history departments. "Appreciation of the Forgotten Forties and Fifties, the Quiet Generation Who Worked."

Alida van Bronkhorst Knox '52
Madison, New Jersey

Before answering your question: first, forgive me for having caused "disgust," offense certainly was far from the intention; second, I join you as an adult participant of the '40s and '50s, for, although '66 follows my name, I am a grandmother who also knew the '30s.

Simply stated, the page one editorial related colleges to families. The kind of family wherein love, compassion and loyalty inhibits derogatory criticism of its members in public. And where mutual responsibility requires each member to share, in varying degrees, the virtues and vices of the others. Ed.

The Value of "split religion"

Bravo to President Shain for his timely article relating today's youthful radicals to those once obscure young radicals of the 1790's, Wordsworth and Coleridge. It was indeed illuminating to observe the distinction he made between the two as the source of the enemy, political and philosophical.

However one may express the ideological dichotomy existing between the two writers, one must acknowledge that each one came to respect the freedom to pursue intellectual interests which money can bring. This realization was to supersede their early proclivity toward the outsider, the underdog, the person who lives at the margin of society. One may easily recognize now how heartily today's young people endorse such an affectation for the disenchained. Ultimately, of course, each man was to internalize his
resentment at the suffering of those whom society victimizes and to later transform this resentment in poetry and prose.

May Mr. Shain's remarks on utopian yearnings serve as a touchstone for those of us who would perhaps neglect the youthful aspirations out of which the work of the mature Coleridge and Wordsworth evolved. Let us recognize the value of the "split religion" as an early part of the process of self-determination and as an essential part of the inevitable conflict between youth and age. If we are not willing to transact a one-for-one exchange, of "wealth, status, and power for love, creativity, and liberation," let us at least recognize the dynamic role of the latter three qualities in establishing the awareness and independence of maturity.

May the flowering of today's young radicals be as exhilarating for tomorrow's society as the flowering of Wordsworth and Coleridge was for our society today.

Noel C. Tripp '61
New Bedford, Mass.

The Goal of the Magazine

I would like to thank you for sending me this magazine over the years. I am an "ex'68" — left to be married in my junior year. Since then, I have taken odd courses here and there depending on where my husband was studying or working at the time.

Now we are settled in a small, rural community, raising a daughter and a son, and leading a happy and fairly easy middle-class life. I think I might just idle along this way forever if it weren't for the regular contact from you via your fine magazine.

As an "ex" I have felt at loose ends — incomplete in a very exciting part of my life. However, I have identified this frustrated part of me for what it is and find your magazine intensifies my desire to complete my education and charge ahead, as I read so many of my classmates have done. Perhaps it is only a typographical error that has put me on a dream yet to be achieved in front of the eyes of every "ex" who receives your magazine, and for this I thank you.

Michaela Bratslow Besse ex'68
Newton, New Jersey

An Anachronistic Convention?

Diana Altman's letter in the last issue is a very lucid statement about a pernicious and anachronistic convention of marriage. The taking on of a husband's name could have been justified in a time when the husband assumed full responsibility for his wife in all public affairs, when he was the only enfranchised member of the household and when her life of wifely service was agreed upon by society and by both partners in the marriage. Now, we claim equality, a "joint partnership" and yet, as Justice Black pointed out in U.S. vs Yazell (1966), our laws (he could have said our behavior) are based "on the old common-law fiction that the husband and wife are one...[which] has worked out in reality to mean...the one is the husband."

The hypocrisy is plain: either a man looks for a wife he will own, in the sense of property, or he looks for a woman whom he can regard as a separate personality, as a friend. A woman either looks for a husband to exploit, or for a man who will be a companion. If we decide, both sexes, to choose the latter then we can't have the institution of marriage and its obsolete customs obscure that choice.

I've recently written a book on the subject (Marriage Is Hell, Wm. Morrow, May 9, 1972), and so was very glad to see the eminently sensible letter of Diana Altman. I am married, as she is. I have children, and I have my name. My husband introduces me by my name, as I introduce him by his. Neither of us wears a wedding ring. We are deeply married, but not to society.

Kathrin Perutz '60
Great Neck, N.Y.

Ms. Connecticut Alumna

What better place to stop using my husband's name than with the alumni magazine. I've been contemplating returning to the use of my real name for several months, but Diana Altman's letter (spring issue) provided the final inspiration.

Henceforth, send my copy not to Mrs. Thomas Woodworth but to Ms. Martha Williams.

Martha Williams '65
Fort Bragg, N.C.

The Alumni Association office gladly will change any alumna's addressograph plate upon request. However, with seven Elizabeth Smiths — some in the same class! — we ask that you also include your husband's name (only for our records) in order to properly identify you when there is a duplication of names.

Alumni Response to the AAGP Blue Book Questionnaire

I am still a student. In June I may be gloriously well-educated and pathetically unemployed while not qualifying for unemployment compensation. I realize that my experience at Connecticut was a valuable one, although I sometimes doubted that when I was there. Nevertheless, a valuable experience doesn't lead directly to fortune. Give me a few years and I'll send you a check when I'm independently wealthy. '71

There was a time, and I knew only the tail of it, when women's colleges were the havens (and the only havens) for exceptionally grand women scholars and teachers. Shunted into what might seem intellectual backwaters to the academic or intellectual community at large, these women flourished intellectually and exhibited a unique femaleness which did not imitate men, nor did they take to heart the
20 Married on Dec. 26 in Concord, Ca., Pamela Dingley and Baird McKibbon, grandson of Margaret Davies Cooper. Virginia Metzger and 1920 Col. Charles I. Clark were married in Sept. They will live in Phila. but have tripped as far as Austria with a stopover in Richmond with Philip and Jessie Menzies Luce. Clarissa Ragsdale Harrison, and Ted has moved from Miami to Ft. Myers where they converted a duplex into a single residence. Among 20s second generation are Jeanne and Don Eitharp, children of Ellen and Edward with two young children, went to still unspoiled Grand Cayman Isle. Their elder daughter is back at St. Lawrence U. Emma Wipper Pease and a friend made a skit for their Women’s Club. Emma attended Fanchon Hartman Tittle’s slide lecture of last year’s trip to Antarctica. This year the Tittles flew to South America to board the Lindblad Explorer and study Antarctic flora and fauna, history and oceanography. Their ship went aground south of Cape Horn, but fortunately all were saved by the Chilean navy. and his recent bride and built a small cabin for Margaret Call Dearing and Charles spent last summer and Peg’s cousin, Frances Jones and her nieces. Loretta Higgins, a director of the Norwich Concert Assn., also has entertaining, crossword puzzles and calling on the sick to keep her busy in retirement. Eunice Gates Collie’s granddaughter, Georgie Woods, is receptionist at Holiday Inn, Key Largo, Fla. Marion Vibert Clark ’24
(Mrs. Huber Clark)
East Main Street
Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

22 Gertrude Traurig is in Hawaii for her winter vacation; she had one day in Los Angeles, just time to phone Amy Yale Var- row ’49, Jessica Williams Buck spent Feb. in Tampa, Fla. Christmas with her two nearby daughters and a phone call from the one in San Francisco made it feel like a family reunion. Gladys Smith Packard moved into a more centrally located apartment. She recently attended a luncheon of West Coast Fla. alumnae and met Pres. Shain. Toni Taylor is exec. director of the Central Branch of the N.Y. YWCA. A recent Hartford Times story tells of the retiring of Capt. Ellery Thompson on whose boat some early CC-ites had many happy outings, mentioned Toni whom he had seen recently as “a handsome woman.” In Oct. Helen Merritt cruised to Yucatan, at Merida she visited ancient ruins and a sail mill. Marjorie Wells Lybolt gets into San Francisco often, is still studying Chinese, and saw Dorothy Wheeler Pietraro last summer. Ann Slade Frey was in San Francisco at Christmas for her grandson’s wedding. She is busy starting a recreation building for young and old under the same roof. Claudine Smith Hane and Elmer will celebrate their gold wedding this summer with a houseful of family coming west. They spent Nov. and part of Dec. in Silver Spring, Md. with their daughter Melicent. Claudine’s sister Constance Smith Lewis spent two weeks in Maine, a week on Eleuthera, and spent two weeks in Africa and the Red Sea. Gladys Barnes Gummere’s husband Jack works for PACS and is involved in getting business corporations and foundations to give money for Black scholarships. Glad and Jack had two wonderful weeks in England in May, just “mooching around,” being entertained by friends. They spent two weeks in Maine, a week on Eleuthera, a week at Carpon Springs, W. Va., and a long weekend in December at Coral Gables, Fla. Dorothy Brockell Terry had an easy teaching class with not one unpleasant disciplinary problem and wished she could have the same children again this year. Dot’s grandson graduated from college last May. In Oct. she has a “mini-vacation” in Mexico and at Christmas was with her daughters Marilyn and Betty and their families in New Mexico for the skiing. Josephine Burnham Ferguson hoped to go to Munich in the spring but her health would not permit it. Margareta Carlson Benjamin spent Christmas holidays in Pittsburg and Swansea, Mass. with her children and grandchildren, and returned to her home at Punta Gorda, Fla. She hopes a grandson may some day enter Connecticut. She and her deceased husband, a former executive of Gulf Oil, lived in Green- wich for many years and were frequent visitors at college by boat. Although Greta was at college just a short while, she writes, “Connecticut was a great joy to me. To watch its great growth in size and stature.” Lillian (Smudge) Grumman spent the summer in Maine as usual. She had a visit from Katherine Hamblet on her home from visiting her nieces in N.Y. Louise Hall Spring, hospitalized for surgery last fall, is fine now. Ruth Wexler still has a full-time job in the field of child placement and believes hard work agrees with her. In another year she faces mandatory retirement but looks forward to working on a voluntary basis. A New Britain newspaper picture showed Dotla White, retired head librarian of the New Britain Insti- tute, attending a reception at Central Conn. State College. For many years Dotha’s father was principal of this college, formerly known as New Britain Normal School. Eunice Gates Collie and businessman Baldwin and husband spent most of the summer at their home on Gotta Island, Me. Betty, retired, is busier than ever with her dogs and as chairman of the Heart Fund of Medfield, Mass. With a professor brother, grandchildren and niece students dotted over the country, Betty has done a lot of thinking about colleges, and in her opinion Connecticut stacks up very high. Amy Hilker Biggs is busy hooking rugs. Her husband was hospitalized before Christmas and is still not well. In Sept. Marion Armstrong fell (catching her foot on a tree root), broke her ankle and was in casts for 10 weeks. Gloria Hoffman Anable writes that Tony had major surgery in Nov. but is making an excellent recovery. Dorothy Clawson had an article in the Oct. American Journal of Nursing, When the Green and Yellow Do Not Meet, a story about

IN MEMORIAM
Catherine Hardwick Latimer ’24
Dorothy Ayers Buckley ’28
Marjorie Evans Betts ’32
Dane Leib Ulm ’52
Diana Linda Chaney ’69

Glads was chairman of her church’s 100th anniversary celebration this year. Fanchon Hartman Tittle was at college with Marion Kofsky Harris ’19 for the MacLeish lecture, 1919’s event in memory of Dr. Sykes. We are sorry to hear of the death of Ellen Carroll Wilcox’s husband. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Ellen and her family.

Correspondents: Mrs. Philip M. Luce (Jessie Mennigs) 1715 Bellevue Ave., Apt. B-902, Richmond, Va. 23227; Mrs. King O. Windsor (Mar- jorie Viets), 350 Prosped St., Wethersfield, Conn. 06109.

1924 a year ago Ava Mulholland Hilton left from Port Everglades, Fla., for a 65-day around the world trip on the “immigrant” ship Australia, ‘interesting but 2500 passengers are a bit much.” This year she is taking a freighter on a 4-5 month trip to Africa and the Red Sea. Her son-in-law is mayor of Key West where Ava lives. Margaret Call Dearing and Charles spent three months at their cottage at Frye Point, Me. in last summer and Peg’s cousin, Frances Jones Stremmel ’27 and her family were next door.
Dottie's missionary nurse experiences of the 30's. It was written to assure people that contributions for the hungry around the world did much. Dot is much impressed with the Chinese Dept. at College and occasionally entertain instructors and students at tea where they speak Chinese. Agnes Jones Staeber entertains the children whose home was being built near Chicago where they were transferred by Western Electric.

Barbara Kent Kepner spent Thanksgiving in San Antonio with her son Harry and his family and planned to be with her son Phil in Littleton, Colo. over Christmas. Bobbie's granddaughter Martha goes to Franklin Junior College in Swampscott, Mass. for an extensive study of her education; she spent time in Turkey, the Greek Islands, Calif. for (Christmas) and Russia for spring vacation. Bobbie keeps busy with volunteer work at the hospital, is secretary of Eastern Star chapter and financial secretary for her church. Gladys Westerman Greene's husband bought a 33' Columbia sailboat last May, "the fastest boat in the waters near our home." Glad is president of her 80-member Garden Club. Marie Jester Kyle and husband are wintering at Holmes Beach, Fla. Ted looks forward to playing more golf and hopes for further improvement.

Catherine Holmes Rice lost her husband recently and our sympathies are with her and her family. Catherine (Kay) Hardwick Latimer died on Jan. 5, in Wheaton, Ill. in a hospital. Her daughter is our class baby. Kay is survived by her husband, two sons and a daughter, eight grandchildren and a great-grandson. Our sympathy goes to her family.

Margaret (Peg) Dunham Cornell, our class president, reminds us of our forthcoming 50th reunion in 1974 and asks you all to give serious thought to planning your trip for this happy occasion, the "big one" for our class. Although 1974 seems quite a long way off, time flies and it will be here before we know it.

Eleanor Wood Ayres, 4th North (Helen Douglass), 89 Maple Ave., North Haven, Conn. 06473

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Katharine (Kay) Bailey Mann and Dick left the Cape for Puerto Rico in Feb. for two months in the sun. After suffering for two years with a serious foot problem, Dick is able to get about and hopes for further improvement. They were joined by Helen Hood Defendorf and Bob, who had visited Guadalupe in Feb. Elizabeth (Betty) Alexander Blair and John, who had been to Puerto Rico, also went to Puerto Rico with their daughter and her family. When John decides to quit as director and executive committee member of the bank, they will make longer trips.

Dorothy Brooks, who attended the annual meeting of the American Assn. of Publishers in Bermuda in April and a meeting of the International Publishers Assn. in Paris in May. Barbara Brooks Bixby and Chet flew to London in June, traveled in England, France, Italy, Spain, and Pent-up feelings everywhere. As an expression of her feelings, she spent time in Turkey, the Greek Islands, Calif. (for Christmas) and Russia for spring vacation. Bobbie keeps busy with volunteer work at the hospital, is secretary of Eastern Star chapter and financial secretary for her church. Gladys Westerman Greene's husband bought a 33' Columbia sailboat last May, "the fastest boat in the waters near our home." Glad is president of her 80-member Garden Club. Marie Jester Kyle and husband are wintering at Holmes Beach, Fla. Ted looks forward to playing more golf and hopes for further improvement.

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When Cornell plays football at Dartmouth, the Van Lawes (Elizabeth Gordon) come to the Schoen huts (Sarah Emily Brown). On one such weekend, full of nostalgic reminiscences, Margaret Tauchert Knolle and Alex joined us before escaping to Florida, and Margaret Marquis twice last fall. Helen Little Clark writes that some time ago the Clarks moved to Holmes Beach, Fla. and "Peg" looked like 1928 to me." Recently the Clarks moved to Homestead in Florida. After a marvelous Christmas with their children and grands, Jeannette (Jean) Bradley Brooks and Dick went in February to Central America and planned later to explore the American southwest. Barbara and Norm are in Bermuda. Helen Boyd Marquis tells of her "double house" existence, "one swing between here (Palm Beach Shores) and Vt. (South Hero). She is a very happy arrangement." She writes that Vt. is still bucolic and peaceful, but not Fla. Where everything is changing so rapidly. Lois Gordon Saunders '28 wrote of going to Fla. looking up Helen Boyd whom she hadn't seen since graduation. After a warm, mellow, confused reunion it turned out that Helen Boyd '28 was not Helen Boyd '15. She thought her husband and daughter Dunning McConnell and husband had it made—wintering in Arizona, summering in their Colorado cabin and in between visiting children and grandchildren in Wyoming. They have 7 grandchildren (2 in Germany) and 2 granddaughters. Hazel Gardner Hicks' daughter, Jane Hicks Spiller '35, and navy husband and family returned from a tour of duty in Rome and are stationed in Little Creek, Va. Son Bill is in the Philippines. John, Edith Cloys McLanahan's son, finished his stint with the Air Force and is studying for an M.A. at U. of N.Y. in Albany. Elizabeth Gallup Ridley's daughter Helen moved to Ill. where her husband is a professor at S. Ill. U. Grace Bigelow Churchill and retired husband Ed take cruises in the sun, and last winter found them in Calif. visiting daughter Sally and family; several times a year they see their son and his family in Pittsburgh. Grace brings Ed to the thriving Ironstone C.C. Chapter. "We will be all prepared for the male grads. Wonder if they will help on the annual rummage sale?" Mildred Rogoff Angel's youngest daughter, Susan, and her family live in Louisville, Ky. They visited Scotland and Ireland last summer, finding Scottish delightful and the Irish people warm, hospitable and charming. In Belfast the day after the riots, however, she felt the tension and the violence most acutely and our sympathies are with her and her family.

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Katharine (Kay) Bailey Mann and Dick left the Cape for Puerto Rico in Feb. for two months in the sun. After suffering for two years with a serious foot problem, Dick is able to get about and hopes for further improvement. They were joined by Helen Hood Defendorf and Bob, who had visited Guadalupe in Feb. Elizabeth (Betty) Alexander Blair and John, who had been to Puerto Rico, also went to Puerto Rico with their daughter and her family. When John decides to quit as director and executive committee member of the bank, they will make longer trips.

Dorothy Brooks, who attended the annual meeting of the American Assn. of Publishers in Bermuda in April and a meeting of the International Publishers Assn. in Paris in May. Barbara Brooks Bixby and Chet flew to London in June, traveled in England, France, Italy, Spain, and Pent-up feelings everywhere. As an expression of her feelings, she spent time in Turkey, the Greek Islands, Calif. (for Christmas) and Russia for spring vacation. Bobbie keeps busy with volunteer work at the hospital, is secretary of Eastern Star chapter and financial secretary for her church. Gladys Westerman Greene's husband bought a 33' Columbia sailboat last May, "the fastest boat in the waters near our home." Glad is president of her 80-member Garden Club. Marie Jester Kyle and husband are wintering at Holmes Beach, Fla. Ted looks forward to playing more golf and hopes for further improvement.
Feb. and to stop to see Allison nursee Tyler. Ruth Jackson Webb returned in Jan. from 4'h
months in Africa. En route she stopped to see Allison nursee Tyler.
Ruth then went on to Nairobi where she
met her, for they live on the island of Sikmos-te.
Ruth stayed in the cottage provided for her,
complete with both boy and girl, and they now
enjoy a short illness.
Ruth met and had a long talk with son Rod who
teaches law at the U. of Leeds in England.
They also met her, for they live on the island of Sikmos
with friends and grandchildren who live near-

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The class extends its sympathy to Marion
Ransome. Marion and her husband, who had lived with her in West Orange, N.J., for many years.

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Correspondent: Mrs. Frank R. Spence (Elizabeth Edwards), Box 195, Trotta Lane,
Morris, Conn. 07653

Ruth Caswell Clapp and Ed made a
mid-winter jaunt to Boston for dinner and
theatre with son Dave and his wife, Diane,
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Ransome. Marion and her husband, who had lived with her in West Orange, N.J., for many years.
express our deepest sympathy to Betty Linscott whose mother died in Oct. at the age of 93. Correspondent: Mrs. Alfred K. Brown (Priscilla Moore), 27 Hill St., Shrewsbury, Mass. 01545

34 A gay note from our unbeatible honorable society class member, Alice Ramsev '22; at age 60, a bee, taking 15 in class in art and Bible, and looking forward eagerly to her 50th reunion in '73. Minna Barth Nathan finds life on an island a busy one with the visiting friends and children—and claims she doesn't spoil her grandchildren when parents aren't around. Dorothea Petersen Southwood's '32 husband is a cooper with Minot & Gen. in Enfield. Holidays at Florence Bayly Skelson's bubble with people—all family. Daughter Anna and husband (a law student at Duke) welcome two boys, sons Richard and Robert with wives and children; Lynne, husband and 2 girls; and daughter Susan were all on hand for Christmas Eve egg nog. Babe continues teaching art in the high school. Jean Berger Whitelaw and husband Mac ate Christmas dinner on the shore of Africa's beautiful Lake Victoria. They combined a birdwatching trip with a cattle-watch with girlfriend Alice in Kampala, Uganda, went on safari to Queen Elizabeth Park and "discovered" the source of the Nile. Majorie Bishop is more than busy as president of the Home刺nhood Cooperatives at the McLean Home in Simsbury, Ct. "the place you have to see to believe—a place to make people who are chronically ill and disabled want to live." While Marge was waiting for the home to be completed, she taught "Recreation for Special Populations" at So. Conn. College and worked on special projects at the Central Ct. Vocational Technical School in Meriden. In spare moments Marge and Cary Bauer Bresnan worked in the photo lab fixed up by Cary's Joe. Serena Blodgett Mowry will be a lady in retirement this summer, free to travel wherever her itchy feet guide her. A letter from Rose Braxl, director of nursing at the Harrington Memorial Hospital in Southbridge, Mass., "For Auld Accquaintance," appeared in the American Journal of Nursing in support of an article I had written in November. And Emily Smith's mother is being visited by a public health nurse who was my classmate at C.C. and later a patient in Boston and my cabin mate on the U.S. Hospital Ship "Minnie" during WW II. Three "Coastie" wives met at Homecoming last fall—Majorie Prentis Hirschfield, C. C. '23, and Victoria Bogart Holtzman. Our class president "Budge" had to pinch hit this year as class agent chairman—won't any one volunteer to help her out? Marge Hirschfield and husband found the perfect retirement spot after much searching. They claim the "worst day at Rancho Santa Fe, Cal. is better than the best day anywhere else." Marge's older daughter Kate and husband are in Brussels, attached to the U.S. Mission to NATO; younger daughter Mary, living in San Francisco, had a son in August, making grandchild tally 6. Winfrey and Carol攻克 and Jean Daub and Schwartz claim to be busy but not "interesting." Being the mother of 3 bachelors makes Muriel Dibble Vosius wonder what has happened to feminine wiles. Two of her 3 sons are most eligible—but they don't like women in pants. Oldest son Robert is with Navy Intelligence in Stuttgart. Dib has a glorious time visiting home and friends all over Europe. Last summer she and husband bought a Fiat. Son Richard is in the Army working for the A.S. Secy. of Defense. The youngest, John, is a West Point cadet. Dib still works in the dental lab and dental挥手 has no intentions of retiring yet. Really seems as if the U. of Washington should award some special honor to the Buxton family. Mildred Dorothy Buxton '22, daughter of a freshman who works as a research chemist, has 3 sons, chemical engineers are graduates; and Mildred received her master's there. She is branch librarian in the Renton, Wash. library. Her husband is Marina Supt. for the Port of Seattle. It was a family affair for the Dornans. Dorothy Merrill Dorman's husband Dan delivered their first granddaughter, Rory—parents of Tim and Louise live in nearby Wallingstown whom Tim teaches. Son John shed his military stretch and is taking a pediatric residency at Mass. General in Boston. Daughter Pril works in England, and twin sons are sophomores at Bucknell. Dody and Dan will be in England at Christmas over the past 36 yrs., and her hobby, rat race champion long-haired dachshunds took her to Madison Square Garden last Feb. Alice Galante Greco sees enough tears to float a battleship in her counseling job—the number of unhappy children in this affluent society never ceases to amaze her—she does her best, but a caseload of 450 pupils is frustrating. Son Carl is so happy living at home with her sister, and is helping her with book daughter-in-law. Miriam Greil Pouzzner keeps busy with her job at the Yale Medical Center and enjoys 2 grandchildren. Lilla Linkletter Stutts' granddaughter is 2 years old while daughter Dan works at C.C. Louise Hill Corliss likes Dallas but misses New Orleans. Son Steve is a sophomore at Louisiana State. Rose Piscella Ingo is doing well and is getting along with expectations but hopes for better health in the future. Ruth Jones Wentworth sent some interesting articles concerning the juvenile diabetic written by her daughter son who is doing research and clinical work. Ruth and her husband retired, are now attempting a life of no set routine but Ruth still does some volunteer work and expects to keep getting involved. Ruth McHul- ty McNair and John bought a "terrible slum house with a wonderful view of Baltimore and the harbour, all part of renovation of the Inner Harbour." They are taking out the whole inside of the house to make an apartment. Mary Lib is still involved in flower arranging but misses the holly and boxwood in the place where they lived for 28 yrs. Barbara Meaker Walker's daughter Nana lives in California doing psychological testing in Omega, her husband is with Northwestern Bell Telephone. Bobby's husband's company was taken over by a conglomerate and his job will last until retirement time next year. Ed Mitchell was off this spring on a trip to Australia. She saw Violet Stewart Ross recently. Vic's husband is business manager at New Milford Hospital, Ct. Elizabeth Moon Woodhead and Dan finally settled in Old Lyme, Ct. in a beautiful old house left to Dan by his aunt. Their Christmas sounded homesick for Winnetka but "if our friends paid a visit, we'll feel the East has been won." Alma Nichols has been living for the past few months "hooked up like a space man" with all sorts of medical instruments. Since her husband retired, she does her best, but a case load of 450 pupils is overwhelming. Grace Nichols Rhodes and husband had a fabulous trip to Hudson Bay and saw in summer-plumage all the birds they see on Capit Cod during the summer. Son Roger is in the pharmacy business and teaches in the Veterinary College in Texas. Son John teaches biology and coaches football in the Virginia Islands while waiting word about school for '72. "So guess where we'll go for spring vacation," charters Niclce Janyce Pickrell Willman's daughter Peggy produced a new second caree is Martha Prendergast's goal this year. She is enrolled in a master's program in human resource development at George-town U. Mart was employed in 4 Girl Scout Councils over the past 36 yrs., and her hobby, raking leaves, has been a pastime for life. Marrile Peters, daughter of the Rev. John Peters and Mrs. Peters, took her to Madison Square Garden last Feb.
law and granddaughter live in a trailer at Seal Beach and are still in college. A newspaper clipping shows Elizabeth Waterman Hunter being honored for over 25 yrs. involvement in Society of the Cincinnati. Barbara Sarallah, Cal. AIAUW (by vocation and as a volunteer) she wonders if there ever will be any grandchildren. Daughter-in-law Pam is taking an art course at Maryland Inst. is as beautiful as ever, despite arthritis. Miriam Young Bowman spent 3 weeks last fall in Edinburgh until her 3rd granddaughter appeared. It was cruising again last summer for Ceda Zsellt Libutze and her husband—over the Baltic Sea by boat and all over Germany by train. Betty Hershey Luxz sent a card from Tahiti in March; she was flying around the world. After 3 yrs. in Naval Ordinance as an engineer, Mary Curnow Berger's son John is at the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth. Son Richard is an engineer about to do graduate work. Red gave up her job at Manhattanville College and misses the stimulation of being in the college scene. She and her husband are ardent campers. Bernice Green's son, John, is settled for good in Fla. Ruth Lister Davis and John visited her in Feb. Our sympathy goes to Bernice for loss of brother, brother-in-law and sister-in-law in the same year.

Our sympathy also goes to Marjorie Sorenson MacPherson, widowed last year, and to Barbara Meaker Walker whose 3-year-old granddaughter was recently involved in a car accident. Correspondent: Mrs. J. Arthur Wheeler (Ann Crocker), Box 454, Niantic, Conn. 06357

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and lives in Sheboygan. Steve is married, has 2 children, and is in graduate school after 3 yrs. in the Service, including Vietnam. Her other 2 children, Barb and Karl, are in college. Teacher plans for a Holiday Garden Tour in March in Houston, Tex. and then on to Mexico with husband Ed. Margaret Budd McCubbins who has had 3 address changes since summer '70 writes, "Getting settled one more time after moving south in June." Her husband was made commander, 8th Coast Guard District, New Orleans, La. Peg's daughter, Sandy was married in July in Seattle to Richard Sander who is with Northwest-Orient Airline. They live in West St. Paul, Minn. Peg's son John is with IBM and lives in Gaithersburg, Md.

Correspondent: Mrs. A. Douglas Dodge (Elizabeth Thompson), 243 Clearfield Road, Wethersfield, Conn. 06109

42 John and Mary Elizabeth (Pete) Franklin Gehrig were delighted to have newlywed daughter Susie and husband David home at Christmas. Son Johnny took the occasion to announce engagement to Carla Snyder. Tom, high school sophomore and 7th grader Ted were disappointed that there was no ice to try out the ice boat Tom had made in shop at school. John is still an avid Starboat racer and going to regattas proved to be a fun summer vacation. Husband, Jan, Janet Swan Muen and son Bob spent Christmas with daughter Gay, her husband and baby at their new base in Tampa. Bob is at Franklin Pierce, N.H. Their great love is Hatteras, N.C., miles of beach, no people and great fishing. Jane (Woody) Worley Peak's Christmas card was a collection of a dozen postmarks tracing their and children's travels. Paul is inspector for the 8th C.G. District, from the Mexican border to Florida. Woody shares exploring of this new (to them) section of the country: "New Orleans is home. Marty is at C.C., cox of the girls' light crew; Roger at Feather River College; Lucy at Beloit. Lois Bachman and Bill still travel a lot, recently to Palm Springs, Switzerland, Peru. Bill is president of AAA. Both boys have finished school. Tom is in Sausalito, Cal. working for a film studio; Bill in Boulder, Col. starting out in real estate. Barbara Welt McGuire and Bill left Bangor, Maine in May for Europe and Middle East, and Europe before settling down within walking distance of Cornell. Tom has married. He and Christine are now in Tucson, Ariz. Bob, who spent a semester in Slavic studies at Berkeley, is working near Hanover, N.H. to earn money to return to Prague. Jane Quine Pettengill's daughters have found their niches at C.C. Ann worked under a research grant from Yale last summer; Sara worked for the town of W. Htdf. and is living in Mary Harkness. Husband Dan works on Nail. Health Ins. and Social Service. Bill in Boulder, Col. starting out in real estate, lessons in psychedelic lighting, has several days of pure wonder. Margaret (Maurie) Rulman is magazine agency head of TV Guide. Young Bill specializes in the designing and selling of psychedelic lighting, has several shows in progress, and Stevens Freeman's Bill is senior v.p. in charge of finances for Chicago Bridge. Daughter Carol and her husband and child live in Little Rock, Ark. Grace Nelson Auge reports young Roger's journalism, his wife Linda switching from interior decorating to photography to tie in with his career and travels; Nels and Judy living in Toledo; Gigi has her thing learning to be a good medical secretary; Mary Jean golfing with her mother and father now.

Cynthia (Scho) Schofield Cleyar's Mark graduated from Xavier in '71; Mariannne from high school. She was Des Moines' Italian doctor from Detroit and wife to spend two summers at their villa in Italy as companion and baby sitter to their 2 children for 6 wks. high in the mountains near Lake Garda. Bill was separated from the Navy in June after a 3rd tour of the Pacific, and then on to U. of Mich. to get his business master's. Pat's a senior, Mike a 4th grader. Nothing like a 9-year-old around to keep you young.

Correspondent: Mrs. Douglas G. Nystedt (Susan K. Smith), Rte. 302, Glen, N.H. 03838

44 Constance Gerachy Adams' daughter Patricia graduated from C.C. in Dec., having taken a semester off to work on the Newport Daily News. Last Apr., Elise Abrahams Josephson and Neil spent a few weeks in France visiting daughter Gail (Wellesley '67) and her husband. Ellie also travelled in South Africa and Rhodesia in Dec., spending a month with her father's family. Son Russ (Wesleyan '70) and also C.C. lives and works in Denver; daughter Miriam is a freshman at C.C.; and Matthew 16 is a student at Westbridge School in Simsbury. Neil is staff anesthesiologist at Rockville Hospital. The Josephsons will be "at home" at the beach house after June 15. Florence Fieg found her lives in So. Orange, N.J., teaches English at Union Junior College. She writes, "My daughter Amy, a student at Sarah Lawrence, is engaged. Her older sister Emily lives in Newton and teaching 1st grade in Milford; Sandy (Fisher 71) and hunting school. Having taken a semester off to work on the Newport Daily News. Last Apr. Elise Abrahams Josephson and Neil spent a few weeks in France visiting daughter Gail (Wellesley '67) and her husband. Ellie also travelled in South Africa and Rhodesia in Dec., spending a month with her father's family. Son Russ (Wesleyan '70) and also C.C. lives and works in Denver; daughter Miriam is a freshman at C.C.; and Matthew 16 is a student at Westbridge School in Simsbury. Neil is staff anesthesiologist at Rockville Hospital. The Josephsons will be "at home" at the beach house after June 15. Florence Fieg found her lives in So. Orange, N.J., teaches English at Union Junior College. She writes, "My daughter Amy, a student at Sarah Lawrence, is engaged. Her older sister Emily lives in Newton and teaching 1st grade in Milford; Sandy (Fisher 71) and hunting school. Having taken a semester off to work on the
Muriel Evans Shaw would love to start college all over again (she thinks) after an inspiring Alumni Council meeting at which she roomed with Betty Finn Perelman and visited the Eugene O’Neill Memorial Theater workshop. Muriel does such a good job and is a consultant for Head Start. Son #1 graduates from pre med U.N.H. Son #2 is junior at U.N.H., a political science major. Daughter is high school senior. Betty Finn Perelman “was exhilarated by the new departures” after two visits to C.C. She works hard in Cincinnati Club to transfer this enthusiasm to alumni. An exciting trip to Japan on business (her hobby) tour gave them access to people and their homes. Betty helped get a woman elected to the city council and feels lucky to have “daughters” from Germany as “political, outgoing and unconventional as my real 16-year-old daughter.”

PRETTY WORLD
A New Schiffs Album

This excellent album, released in time to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the Connecticut College Schiffs, features fourteen songs from such favorites as I Get a Kick Out of You, Night and Day, Lullaby of Broadway and Penthouse Serenade, including Sergio Mendes’ Pretty World, San Francisco Boy Blues, Helplessly Hopeful, Rainy Days and Mondays Always Get Me Down, Light Sings and others.

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Kathy Powell
92 Overlook Road
Upper Montclair, N.J. 07043

In D.C. Miriam Kraemer Melrod has 3 practically grown sons who “are independent souls.” She now hopes to become involved in community work. Ed and Dan are busy in Cincinnati Club to transfer this enthusiasm to alumni. An exciting trip to Japan on business (her hobby) tour gave them access to people and their homes. Betty helped get a woman elected to the city council and feels lucky to have “daughters” from Germany as “political, outgoing and unconventional as my real 16-year-old daughter.”

48 Nancy Morrow Nee still head of literature dept., at San Francisco Public Library, spent 10 days in Conn. last fall visiting family. She saw Margaret Reynolds Dodge and Helen Colegrove Nesbitt and was impressed by all the noses she saw at the C.C. campus. Carol Conant Podesa still writes for Elmco. Last summer, with the whole faculty and administration to Greece and Turkey, the reason: students are world travelers and faculties must keep up with them but they always afford it. Gloria Hirsch and her husband have had their own direct mail agency for 14 years, where they spend long, exhilarating hours. They now work with National Cousins on his newspaper. He was our graduation speaker, remember? She keeps in touch with Jean Handley who has a demanding job with the phone co. in Conn. Virginia Rusterholz Altridge moved to Fayetteville, N.Y. Liza was an AFS student last summer in Indonesia. Cyndi, now a junior at Wellesley, was an AFS student in Thailand in ‘96. Ginny works with Priority-One which deals with city problems of middle and upper income people. Her responsibility is mainly with police-community relations, this dovetails with the volunteer work she has done for years. Ginny enjoys traveling with Walter on business trips. Louise Gold Levitt’s Tom is a junior at Yale; Jim a senior waiting to hear from colleges; and Jean a minority.

The very grandmother of one of the students who is a member of the “AOL group,” remarking she had to go to Conn.
so important now that everyone is thinking ecologically. Phyllis teaches English part-time at the U. of Htfd. and is involved in the usual community activities, attended the C.G. Club of Htfd. 

Phyllis Hope Thompson read poems at the San Francisco Poetry Center and at Berkeley in Feb. She attended the national Daughters Association for Law and Justice in Santa Cruz and has worked 3 days a week in the Montebello school system. She is director of the Poets in the school program in Hawaii. Oldest son Max, a CO with a 267 lottery number, attends U. of Hawaii. Willie is a surfer and John is out to be a tennis pro. Katharine is an artistic, domestically inclined young lady. Helen Bardsley Nickelsen's family, happy with central Penn. and Bucknell, enjoy family trips and summer canoe trips into the Ontario wilderness. Cindy tutors in a Head Start center; Dick has been busy presenting the results of his work in Norway and keeping up on Penn.'s geology and environment; daughter Ably, interested in piano and ballet, spent the summer in part-time secy, work, senior lifesaving and college tutoring; Bruce likes outdoor activities but does play basketball. Jill takes drama and ballet and is in Brownies. Last fall Patricia H. Metz was elected to the board of trustees of the Ford Foundation. "Her work with the Nall Conference on Bail and Crime Justice established her as a principal architect of bail reform in the country. She has served as a consultant to the Justice Dept., working chiefly on the revision of the recommendations of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement to which she was a consultant; as a staff attorney with the C. of N. Neighborhood Legal Services doing work on housing, poverty law, mental health care for the elderly, enforcement of housing codes, and juvenile law proceedings; and most recently as a staff attorney with the Community Foundation for Law and Social Policy, a public interest law firm in Wash., which is supported by the Ford Foundation. She is resigning this position to assume her duties as a foundation trustee."

My (Ashley Davidson Rolando) Pat, a senior at Hartwick Coll., is spending winter term in Vienna; Ashley, a Bennington freshman, worked in Sun Valley for her winter work term; Helen, senior at Dobbs, enters Beloit Coll. this fall; Peter Jr. is a sophomore at home still interested in hockey. 

Correspondent: Mrs. Peter Roland (Ashley Davidson), 7 Margaret Places, Lake Placid, N.Y. 12946

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"With 2 boys, Tom and Bill, having 2 different hockey schedules," writes Ann Gehreke Aliber, "Jim and I spend much time at hockey rinks." Daughter Sara enjoys the slopes and this year is one of 8 cheerleaders for an all-boys school. Dorothy J. Globus works in TV as assoc. producer and/or production coordinator, primarily on dramatic specials. Jean Griffin-Hamaker, a sophomore at Wellesley, spent her 2nd semester as exchange student at Wesleyan; Ted is a sophomore at Blair Acad.; and Ann in 8th grade. For recreation they attend the local hockey rinks. "With Jeannie as passenger. On weekends they retreat to an old farm in the Endless Mts. of northern Pa. From Hawaii, Holly Barrett Henkler has visited Sea Island "for a week of heaven." Daughter Sue is a sophomore at Suffield Acad., Eleanor a 7th grader, and Elizabeth a 1st grader. Carol Baldwin, instructor in the Art Dept. at Montclair State Coll., does studio reenactments. Daughter Sue is in the W. Village area NYC, where she also teaches private students. Carol sells her etchings and won a Purchase prize at the Trenton museum. She enjoyed participating in a "movement theatre" piece called Deadman Glance at the Brooklyn Acad. of Music which was well received by the press. From Marlis Bluman Powell, "Kathy is a sophomore philosophy major at Conn. and loves it, and a member of the Schiffs just like I was." Son Rob is a 10th grader at Montclair Acad. Marlis and Jay continue to take their daughter is a senior in high sch., youngest son

was commanding officer of the C.G. Cutter Winona, Eleanor Kent Wagnett and he was ordered to Houston where he is Captain of the Port and, among other duties, keeps tabs on oil spills. "Anyone want a chemist?" asks our class treasurer, Charlotte (Nina) Antonides Winser. She is taking a refresher course in quantitative analysis. Son Chris is at prep school and daughter Patty is vice-pres. of her high sch. freshman class. Though she never took a botany course, Virginia Claybaugh Worley works at a large nursery and loves it. Son Rich is a freshman at Wesleyan. Annie travels whenever and wherever she can, and Billy is an avid skier. Elaine Hansen Fraser checks in from Amherst where husband Duncan is asst. publisher of the Amherst Record. Elaine, on the program staff of the campus ministry at the U. of Mass., plans to enter this master's degree this summer. Their daughter is a college junior hoping to become a nurse. Newywed Patricia Into Gardner and Burt, after a wonderful 10-day spring trip, bought a town house in Essex, Conn. with a beautiful view of the river. Nancy Allen Roberts works with a pre-school deaf class and takes a language disability training course in their family's home. The Roberts family frequently see Priscilla Harris Dalywymple and Jeanne Welos Yoell who live in neighboring communities. Joyce Bailey Kaye, husband of a plastic surgeon, and their twins, Debi and Bob, live in Jacksonville, Fl. Joyce stays busy running her husband's office and still manages to read 200 books a year. In her spare time, he and his family travel to Russia, Budapest, So. America, Europe and within the U.S. With a busy teaching program, Janet Baker Tonney is paid director of both the Community Services Program, working on test cases in poverty law, mental health care for the elderly, and the St. Martin's Church Weekday Nursery Sch. in Radnor, Pa., a school she voluntarily helped organize 10 yrs. ago. She also serves as a Sunday sch. teacher. She has 3 children: John a sophomore at Suffield Acad., Eleanor a 7th grader, and Elizabeth a 1st grader. Carol Baldwin, instructor in the Art Dept. at Montclair State Coll., does studio reenactments. Daughter Sue is in the W. Village area NYC, where she also teaches private students. Carol sells her etchings and won a Purchase prize at the Trenton museum. She enjoyed participating in a "movement theatre" piece called Deadman Glance at the Brooklyn Acad. of Music which was well received by the press. From Marlis Bluman Powell, "Kathy is a sophomore philosophy major at Conn. and loves it, and a member of the Schiffs just like I was." Son Rob is a 10th grader at Montclair Acad. Marlis and Jay continue to take their
groups, netted $850 for UNICEF selling their Christmas cards. Owing to her engineering sch. fall 72-73, Eve, in high sch. Ellie calls W. Va. winters freakish—below zero to 70s, snow but no plows. Mary Harrison Beggs decides 5 off-spring season, 3 in law, under 5 before. Jim is Under-Secy. for Transportation, and the whole family benefits from the experience. Mary saw Elizabeth McLane KinElkin in Brussels, Joan Siarchan Zwaan, and Arleen (Bo) Price in Wash. D.C. Bunny and her daughter were met by Dana Louri Cicss on the ski slopes near the Clcss Lake Tahoe weekend place. Their top priorities for the next winter pool for Holly, Brad and Tracy. Elizabeth Rockwell Cesare is new headmistress of Low-Heywood School in Stamford but devotee time to her hus-
band's office. She receives occasional visits from her N.J. sister-in-law, Marilyn MaIzla Schlegel. For David and Sylvia Snltkln Kreiger their monthlong trip to the Orient this past year resulted in a fantastic, culturally rewarding experience. A surprise event was the chance meeting with their friend Jude Noyes and Ruth Thomas in Bangkok. The rest of the Kreigers also enjoy traveling. Daughter Rose-
anne, a sophomore at Russell Sage Coll., spent the spring at a scholarship study tour of Europe, while Beth, a high sch. junior, spent the summer at the U. of Strasburg in a French Language Program. Also in the same program was Laurie, daughter of Anita Mana-
sevit Perlman. While both daughters have musical talents, sons Steven, Kenneth and Howard are skating and boating enthusiasts. Aside from family activities, Sylvia devotes considerable time to remedial and volunteer reading tutoring programs.

Correspondents: Miss Ruth L. Kaplan, 82 Halcyon Road, Newton Center, Mass. 02159; Mrs. David Kreiger (Sylvia Snltkln), 16 Beech-
wood Road, Woodbridge, Conn. 06525

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52 David and Claire Carpenter Byler traded their tent for an easy to pack camper. Jennifer, Rebecca and Julie Ann, members of a gym-}
zastic, of course. Their parents are doing seasonal work. Marian also works with rehabilitation of prisoners, doing court watch with a view to finding methods of court reform. Husband Seymour gave up private practices as a psychologist in Wood-

ing and the State legislature. All three older boys have the 3 top scout awards. Arthur is first jr. member of the Parks and Rec. Board. Flops is on the steering committee to revise the intermediate school curriculum. She finds her driving im-
proves as each boy takes driver's ed.; she'll be a master driver when all 4 boys finish. Husband Howard must go to Rutgers banking courses for several summers so Flops may get to see some of us easterners. Joan Portiell Cassidy is disappointed that the grand experiment in good government for Lynn failed after 2 yrs. with Warren as mayor, but the family enjoys return to normal living. Son Warren is Dartmouth '76, twin Julie a possible C.G., the 3 younger ones occupied with their peer activities. Kath-
leen O'Toole Rich and family returned to Md. via Hawaii and a 3-wk. drive cross-country. Katie visited friends in Tokyo, and the marvelous fulltime maid who freed Katie to take courses (in Japanese art and language, flower arranging and Chinese ink painting) and tour the magnificent sights of Hong Kong, Thailand, Korea. Chris, Cathy and the family ping pong champ John enjoy the novelty of Y. M. C.A. in English but miss their home of 3 yrs. Jean Lindstrom Tellan renews friendships in San Jose as Milan returns to Ampex and the 3 kids adjust to the latest move. Joan Lattner Palmel helped entertain Janet's mother and sister in San Francisco. Jean reports a trip to Hawaii "with my parents, our 4 children and a lot of suitcases." We can all see Ken and Janet in the 80 min. film cut to 57 min. The Read's story is in 3 articles, a lec-
ture film "In the heel of the Northeast Trades" and Ricky's log. Janet claims that exploring underwater caves, provoking sharks, living on remote atolls in the Pacific, and the culture and economy is thrilling but not as taxing as the competitive riding she did prior to leaving. She refused to donate her horse to the 72 Oly-
pic team as she felt the devilish box in the West was too nice for the grueling task. Janet works as part-time psychiatric social worker for parents of re-
tarded children and has 18 horses in the home field. George and Margaret Newbold Rupple 41
65 Born: to Francisco and Marian Lenci Tapia John Francisco 2/17/71; to Mai and Sheila Walsh Bankhead Benjamin Lewis 7/71.

From our hardworking class agent chairman Gale Anthony Cllltord, comes a plea for every-56

This is my last column. I just realized I've ment art programs. I am a Sunday Sch. head
teacher and have a Camp Fire troop. Visited
tortes Dunlap David 5/7 and her family in
family moved from Baltimore last summer for
famous television shows, has also hosted the
women in the United States, has co-authored
comedy, My... in NYC to private schools.
Naomi Walk Goodell keeps busy with 3 child-
ren, yet continues with her art and sold several

58 Al and Sidney Wrightson Tibbonets vacationed in Spain last Nov., visiting
Portugal, Tangiers and the Casbah too. Sydney is on the state board of the N.H. Library Organiza-
in Sept. Herry and Kathy Rafferty Toll-
ert spent 2 weeks in S.A. when he attended
a conference in Buenos Aires. The Tollertons
bought a house town in Chevy Chase. Jim and
Jean Cook Brown are semi-settled in their new
home in Wethersfield, Ct. They spent last
summer in Newport. Kathryn Gregory Hoare,
Marlyn Chamissy Cassidy, Ann McCoy Morrison,
Judith Ankarstan Carson, Sydney Wrightson
Tibbetts and their children spent a great day at
Judith Johnson Rosc in Boxford, Mass. Later,
in Nov., the Hoares were transferred by GE to
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paintings recently. Having recently moved to Cincinnati, Debbie Stern Persels joined a hobby-weaving course and went back to school to get a degree in social work at Catholic U. Sch. of Social Work. Cynthia Enloe, recently voted "outstanding teacher" at Miami U., is leaving Miami to join Clark U., Worcester, Mass., as assoc. prof.—the result of presenting a paper there last fall. This past year, Cynnie (on leave from Miami) was Fulbright prof. at the U. of Guyana. "I've enjoyed the most interesting summer teaching Black Studies at the Niantic Correctional Inst. and is now Assoc. Dean of the Northfield Center of Northfield U. Herman Sch. Marlon Fitz-Randolph Coats Bill moved from Puerto Rico to Satellite Beach, Fl., where they report Disneyland is great. Barbara Drake Holland, Bob and their 3 children spent 2 months last summer touring the west in their camper. Joan Murray Webster and John moved from Hawaii to San Francisco where John is commuting officer of the U.S. Navy. Susan Twyford Spencer and Jan moved to Holland where Jan is with an internat. engr. corp. Susan Biddle Martin and Sally Glanville Train spent a week in Va. skiing with their families. Susan has been modeling an old house in Warwick, R.I.; Sally works part-time in public relations at a private school in Atlanta.

Correspondents: Mrs. Samuel K. Martin (Susan Biddle), 21 Blackstone Ave., Warwick, R.I. 02889; Mrs. John K. Train (Sally Glanville), 947 Swampmore Drive N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30327

62 Married: Florence McCrea to Frederick P. Wright 7/7/62.

Born: to Merlin and Joan Addison Berry Heather Johanna Klure, 4/5; to John and Wendy Buchanan Merritt Andrew Tinsley 3/1; to Frank and Marilyn Cox Ritchie David Douglass 5/11; to Arial and Tamsen Evans George Bromwell 7/2; to Jonathan and Jane Crandell Glass Jonathan Alexander 5/12; to Michael and Hilda Kaplan Colten Melissa Gayle 9/8; to Noel and Ruth Nichols Bennett 9/8; to Steve and Johanna Schrader John 9/19; to Michael and Hilda Kaplan Colten Melissa Gayle 9/8; to Noel and Ruth Nichols Bennett 9/8; to Steve and Johanna Schrader John 9/19.

Barbara Hockman Baldwin originated a community service program for foreign students at Miami U., Ohio, serving as pres. for 2 yrs. and helping to print an Oxford Guide for Foreign Students. As originator and inspirational force behind COSEP, Barb was named by Oxford Press of Ohio as one of 4 runners-up for a Citizen of the Year Award. Susan Hall Beard pursues yoga to get in shape for a European ski caper, and also does volunteer reading in instruction at 1st grade level. Alice Dawn Pataki chek to an English course; this year she was appointed a reader by Educational Testing. Last spring 2 of her students won prizes in the nat. French contest. Ann Hairline Howe, active in the League of Women Voters-Nowalk, sits on its board of directors as meetings chair.

man. Ann has done volunteer work at Mountain Top Day Care Center in Stamford. Elizabeth Haines is on the college faculty at University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee. She is a member of Psi Omega, a psi phi, psychology department in the U. of Calif. Judith Bassewitz Theran enjoys a unique position at the United Nations purchasing—assisting the settlement of international staff around the world. Marly is associated with the Wall St. firm, Bear Stearns & Co.

Jacqueline (Jacque) Goodspeed Buchelor is director of development for the Women and Children's School for boys with educational and behavioral problems. Ann Jarmulski is a volunteer in Chapel Hill, teaching in a slide lecture series for the Museum of Art and doing hospital volunteer work. Harriet Fishburne is a volunteer in Chapel Hill, teaching in a slide lecture series for the Museum of Art and doing hospital volunteer work.

Susan Tweyffort Spoor and Alexander 5/12; to Michael and Hilda Kaplan Colten Melissa Gayle 9/8; to Noel and Ruth Nichols Bennett 9/8; to Steve and Johanna Schrader John 9/19.

Another aspect of our fast-grow-

American Arts: As originator and inspirational force behind COSEP, Barbara was appointed a reader by Educational Testing. Student's League and the College Alumni Association tour with the Children's League of New York, who is a member of the Social Science Dept. at San Diego High School. Harriet Fishburne is a volunteer in Chapel Hill, teaching in a slide lecture series for the Museum of Art and doing hospital volunteer work. Harriet Fishburne is a volunteer in Chapel Hill, teaching in a slide lecture series for the Museum of Art and doing hospital volunteer work. Harriet Fishburne is a volunteer in Chapel Hill, teaching in a slide lecture series for the Museum of Art and doing hospital volunteer work.
treaty with the objectivity of a new mother, "She's a..."  

Charles and Gertrude (Trudy) Gillogan Nicholas have lived in St. Thomas, V.I. for 3 yrs., where Trudy teaches economics and French in a private high school; Dr. Morris of Conn's Economics Dept. gave her much useful information. Art and Janet Hart King are in Boston. Art teaches perceptually handicapped and emotionally disturbed children in Wellesley; Janet is research asst. to the internat. econo- mists at the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston. Last Nov., Sally Schweitzer Sanders is in Boulder, Colorado. She took an introductory painting course...

She met Barbara Hatch and they traveled for 3 weeks through France, Italy and Austria. After getting home, she worked with the Cost of Living Council to curb inflation, especially in the health field. She now serves on the dir. of Health Services Industry Committee, a 21-member presidentially appointed group (representative of all aspects of the health industry) whose goal is to reduce health care costs 10 to 1/2 its previous level. Dorcas attended Alumni Council in Oct. as representative of the Washington club. Rick and Pamela Gnazoo Larrabee are in Long Beach, Calif. before going to the AFSC. In Sept. Rick begins grad. sch. at U. of R.I. in...
N.H. winters. Elayne Fontana is working toward a degree at Harvard while employed in an accounting office in Watertown, she plans to put that hard-earned money toward a trip to Europe. Betty Sacchicchi Landsmann taught jewelry making in a Lewiston community arts project last summer and taught in a free school during the winter. Her husband is involved in a模特 cities project, as his C.O. alternate service. Ginger Henry transferred to Syracuse U. after sophomore year and graduated with a major in poli. sci. Ginger is now a legislative ass't. to Congressman Long, D., Md. Terry Appenzellar is specializing in reference work in special libraries for her master's in library science at the U. of Md. Terry works at the D.C. Bar Library in the Federal Court House and will become librarian for the Federal Trade Commission when she graduates in Aug. '72. She spent a week in Denver with Marilyn Linenell Huff, who is working toward an M.A. in guidance counselling while teaching a 5th grade class. Susan Mendenhall is working for her M.A. in chemistry. Susan is currently researching the facts of life—researching pregnant sheep and monkeys. Marjorie Jones McBride welcomed her husband Jay home from Vietnam. They are stationed in New London but plan to move to Mich. where Marjorie will begin graduate work. They have two sons, John and Benjamin. Joan Schwartz McCallie received her master's in history at Boston College, after which she exchanged her roommate, Lynn Robinson, for a husband. Wyatt entered Yale Law School and Joanie is searching for a teaching job in New Haven. Margot Plouton graduated from NYU with a major in English. She works in Boston and spent last summer backpacking through the Northwest, taking a train from San Francisco through Canada, and returned this past winter to ski at Mont Tremblant. Karen Blickwede Knowlton is working on a M.Ed. in counselling at U.N.H. She was married in 1970 to Russell Boswell, a student in her management class at U.N.H. Martha lives in Montana. Karen sees Denise Killoff and Betty Maciolek Frechette on the U.N.H. campus. Regina O'Brien Thomas is at Pine Manor Jr. College as an ass't. resident councillor. She is a graduate of U.Mass. and lives in West Village, one of three student-residential complexes on campus. Her husband is a Harvard graduate student; they reside in the Village where she works.

Correspondent: Mrs. J. I. Morgan III (Nancy Pierce), 45 Willow Terrace, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Francine McQuade writes that she is at Univ. of Penn. doing graduate work in Energy Management and Power, which deals with energy problems of this country. In addition to working on her master's in music at the New England Conservatory, Kristina Nilsson plays the violin in the Newton, Mass., and the Portland, Maine, symphony orchestras. She also "misses Connecticut terribly!" Lois O'cott is studying for a master's in Early American Culture in a program with the University of Delaware and the Winterthur Museum. Diane Seidel's letters are wildly enthusiastic, as she loves Paris; she will receive her master's in French this June from the Sorbonne and then return home for Deborah (Deebby) Gordon's wedding. Katharine (Kathy) Swift Gravino and her husband and 2-year-old son, Timothy, have just moved from Pensacola to NYC where Bob is flying helicopters. From Newark, N.J., Pamela Whitney writes that she is in a management trainee program for an insurance company and plans to start graduate courses at night.

Correspondent: Mrs. Arthur H. Napier III (Terry Swayne), Box 1095 Connecticut College, New London, Conn. 06320

In the Mailbox

Continued from page 32

deprivations of husband and/or family life. I had known enough women, like Mrs. Langer, to give me the impression that when women called the tune its melody took new directions. To find there was something distinctly different about women and to find that it was something nobody had counted on was a salutary if disturbing sensation.

After finishing my undergraduate education, I was aware that I had travelled through a very strange country, a country of female underworld figures who jealously held their lives apart from the threats of marital respectability, guilt, and the normal expectations about their nature and their roles. In retrospect I realize that they alone knew that being a woman was an infinitely different business from what other people supposed, and knowing this makes of their lives precious examples. '69

In response to your bid for alumni donations, I would like to register a brief protest against the "means" of your request rather than deal with the "end," as you suggested. With your endeavor to create a "catchy" and appealing way to ask for money, you unnecessarily added to the growing amount of solid waste that pollutes the environment. '71

At a time when we realize that the traditional structure of alumni relationships is no longer adequately meeting the needs of our alumni, especially young alumni, we are seeking new directions for ways in which we can better serve the alumni and they can serve the college. This could have been done through a conventional questionnaire, but we decided that the amount of wastepaper and expense could be reduced by combining the opinion poll with a reminder of the importance of AAGP to continued and increased scholarship aid.

Blue Books are returning daily, providing the "end" we had anticipated; and after the information is noted, the books are turned over to the student recycling project. We hope that alumni not wishing to express an opinion will utilize the books for shopping lists or other useful purposes. Actually, this recent mailing was much less expensive than the usual appeal which entails printer's fees.

"We are mindful of crucial problems of waste disposal, but face with the reality of communicating with alumni in hopes of soliciting their interest in maintaining Connecticut College's status as a private institution with high academic standards. We are grateful for alumni concern and welcome any suggestions for fulfilling our purposes in a more effective way. Louise Stevenson Andersen '41, executive director, Connecticut College Alumni Association.

You ask me to design an interdepartmental major — that's easy; it would be Literature Studies, requiring courses in old and new outstanding books of the world. Although I did not major in English (nor any other language) Mr. Baird's American Lit. course is still the most valuable gift Connecticut College gave me. Whether Moby Dick or Light in August, we studied language, philosophy, art, psychology, history and, perhaps to stretch a point, even economics. As necessary equipment for getting the most out of this major, I would require Mr. Woody's symbolic logic course, Dean Johnson's seminar in expository writing, and the psychology course I have never got around to taking. What better preparation for understanding and being understood in today's world? '66

Quite frankly, the sight of the thing gave me a turn. I am still ambivalent about the effects Conn. has had on me, though its reputation alone granted entree to several situations. I went to Conn. for academic rather than social reasons, and to a degree my academic goals were reached. Still, I often felt estranged from various subjects in spite of
my involvement in them. The struggle for grades — including exams, papers, etc. — was more often than not a deterrent to my curiosity. I will be more honest about my experience with the Comprehensive. Throughout my entire college career, I strove to "integrate" and correlate all that I gained and not just my major. The Comp. in no way asked me to express the results of this work, but was, simply, a glorified hourly which was tremendously frustrating.

The picture is not all bleak, and I spent many exhilarating hours at Conn., too. But I have some very grave reservations about the entire educational system, public and private. In no way are these articulated yet, but I hope some day they will be. While Conn. is obviously out in front of them all, and seems to be doing a tremendous job of remaining flexible, I'm afraid I still remain somewhat guarded in praise. '65

P.S. I think exams as such are obscene.

If I were matriculating at Connecticut presently and knew what I now know, I would relegate liberal arts to a mandatory secondary study, and design a co-op program whereby I would be directly and indirectly exposed to merchandising, finance, business management and international affairs. Psychology would be important, too; not in regard to theory so much, but as it applies to consumer behavior. And I would absolutely include a 2-year course in Yoga and a 3-year course of regular physical exercise. Also, at least one year should be devoted to law . . . not a philosophy of law course . . . [nor theoretical behavior or theory of economics] but a study and/or review of legal cases and the situations to which they apply.

In international affairs, current events would be discussed with special emphasis on government economics and the social structure of countries. In this way, an inert theoretical structure would come alive and be more meaningful for future reference.

The program, sketchily outlined, includes the study of liberal arts, but turns it from an isolated frame to a working machine, each part intermeshing with the other. '67

When I won the Woman of the Year award about five years ago, I realized strongly how well my liberal arts background prepared me for general good living. Courses in history, science, literature and music opened all the doors I needed to appreciate and understand developing trends through the years. The techniques of research and composition, the academic excellence of the faculty, and the balance and variety of subjects have added immeasurably to the standards and philosophy by which I have chosen to live.

In 1960 I received an M.A. from Trinity College in Hartford, and for three summers I have attended Dartmouth Alumni College. This brings me to the subject of alumni support . . . My point of response is continuing education and if Connecticut College could involve me in that way, I would not feel that the college was interested only in how much money I could send back. Broad spheres of influence and active participation are needed. '80

Come to the Cultural Weekend, July 28-30! Ed.

Who could resist your blue book and Mr. Meredith's poem? '86

I pledge that this little bit of nostalgia, your Blue Book, has gotten to me; therefore I shall send you a donation next week when I have some money even though I am practically bankrupt because I am spending $15,000 a year on tuition for my kids now. I don't want you to think I don't love you. Conn. College always has been precious to me. It's special. It's wine. '58

My husband and I are both members of the faculty of a small liberal arts college that needs support also. Our salaries are not high, and we feel we are making our contribution to education through our teaching and concern for the students. We are very involved with innovation in the classroom as well as in the curriculum, and if there is any way we can help you with ideas, rather than money, we'd be for it!

I feel my 2½ years at Connecticut instilled in me a love of learning and a concern for the individual man that the years at other colleges did not — and for this I am grateful. '55

I think colleges should be leading the country in teaching economy. I certainly did not get that impression at Connecticut. The "under dog" and "over dog" are favored over the dog in the middle. I think the country has gone hog-wild in requiring more and more years of credits, which may or may not be of any practical value . . . I may be in a minority; however, I would be more likely to give more to Connecticut if I were assured that a moral code was being offered and explained in such a way that the young people would be receiving an education in which values were taught that would be a lasting guide for them.

[Continued the next day] Today I received in the mail a copy of the Connecticut College News. I have just finished reading it, and I must say I am heartened by its content; particularly "A New Year Prayer" by J. Barrie Shepherd. '39
This Return to Romanticism

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extensively with sex (he had an affair with one woman while in school, and an unhappy marriage to another later on) and drugs (he was addicted to opium). Few members of today's drug cult can beat Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" as a vivid description of what would now be called a psychedelic experience:

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

Many of the radicals of the sixties have left "the movement," replacing politics with philosophy and seeking a more calm, personal way of life. Although Coleridge's life could hardly be called calm, he did roughly the same thing, writing and talking less about political issues, and involving himself with Transcendentalism. In only one area does the parallel between Coleridge and contemporary radicals break down: Coleridge ran away from college in 1793 to enlist in the army. Maybe history doesn't repeat itself after all.

Whom Will You Marry?

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to each other are likely to be balanced for the total weighted amalgam of stimulus characteristics even though gross disparities may exist for a given trait. Men, for example, tend to weigh physical attractiveness in a partner more than women do, whereas women give greater weight to professional aspiration in the partner. Accordingly, although physical attraction may play a leading role, it is hypothesized that the weighted pool of stimulus attractions each possesses for the other will be approximately equal if individuals are to progress in courtship.

Operation Deep Freeze

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by the Borchgrevink expedition in 1899; he had seen this beach (Ridley) when he was a seaman on a whaling voyage in 1895. Another hut was built by the Scott expedition in 1911. Only one is in good condition now, the Borchgrevink living hut, but we could not enter it.

Late in the afternoon of the next day we anchored close to Macquarie Island (Australian). Luckily, we had but a mild drizzle — only forty-four days of the year are clear. Royal penguins are native to the island, and there also were King penguins, Rock Hoppers, Gentooos and many little birds called Wekas, which resemble so many chickens. Tremendous 10 to 18-foot elephant seals, heaped together, looked as if moths had been working on them, but we were told they were molting. Dark nights were returning, and we could not linger. The men stationed here welcomed us with a tea party; the tea table was beautiful and conventional, but pin-up girls decorated the walls and the guests wore high boots and parkas. This was our last stop; we now headed for Hobart, Tasmania.

We often have been asked, "Why did you want to go to Antarctica"? And our answer is that we were curious about this strange icy continent, which at one time may have been joined to Australia and may have been tropical. The men who dared to come to such an isolated part of the world interested us too, and only by seeing Antarctica and the huts could we really appreciate their courage and endurance. We learned a great deal from experts on board who explained about the winds, weather, ice and snow, and from Captain Edwin MacDonald's daily reports. Others who taught us about sea life were Mr. Peter Scott and Dr. Roger Tory Peterson, the noted ornithologist whose field guides are authoritative for bird identification. Dr. Peterson's bird paintings, prints and beautiful films are famous. He showed many of them on the trip, and his lectures were fascinating. Having Dr. Peterson and other experts so close at hand gave us instant information which we will never forget. Mrs. Peterson also had a fund of knowledge about birds and nature.

For those living in Connecticut, like my husband and myself, Antarctica is closely connected with home, for it was Captain Benjamin Pendleton of Stonington, Connecticut, who in the first place ordered young Captain Nathaniel Brown Palmer to search for new sources for the fur trade. [Our Palmer library is named after his descendants who were generous contributors to the college.] The log of Palmer's sloop, the Hero, for November 18, 1820 reads, "discovered a strait . . . literally filled with ice and the shore inaccessible . . . thought it not prudent to venture in ice . . . the shore everywhere perpendicular." The days of hunting seal are gone, but Palmer's name remains in Antarctica. There is also a modern Hero named for the old sloop, a research vessel.

Research is the key that will unlock Antarctica. Knowledge of the ice (there is plenty as the Ross Ice Shelf alone is as big as France), the dry valleys and of the sea will probably help scientists solve many of our problems, especially that of food for our hungry world.
It's never too soon ... never too late to give to them.
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