



Editor's Note

■ The upheaval and conflict on the campus this spring touched all those who believe themselves to be part of the Columbia community. Some saw the students' revolt as a promising beginning toward the revitalization of a moribund university bogged down in rule by the out-of-touch, alienated from both students and community. Others found the affair a dangerous threat to Columbia's continuing existence.

Any examination of the crisis must lead to many questions, primary among them that of what kind of a climate made the sit-ins, violence and strike possible, and what motivated some students to take such drastic action.

You will find in this issue two articles on the crisis: one the work of an alumna, who is also a teacher in the university, the other of a faculty member.

Professor of Italian Maristella de Panizza Lorch was a faculty observer during the crisis. A warm, optimistic, understanding woman, she describes not only her experiences on Morningside—and how she feels she must act in the future—but also what she found in Paris and in Rome this late spring and summer.

The other article is by Susan Rennie Ritner '61, who teaches political science in the School of General Studies. She, too, was a faculty observer during the crisis. Mrs. Ritner chronicles the sit-in and strike with both her pen and camera. (There are no photos of the police action, she explains, because she feared for her camera and her person during the violence.)

What you will not find in this issue is an expression of the student point of view—a grievous lack. Though we don't usually tell you our editorial troubles, those relating to our attempts to include student opinion shed an interesting sidelight on the story.

Because we believe people should tell their own stories, BARNARD ALUMNAE sought two student articles. We asked two former Bulletin editors (who had spent the entire year on the campus) to discuss the events as they had seen them, both as participants and as professional observers. We also asked a Barnard student who had been arrested in the police bust to write about why she took part, what the experience meant to her, and what she hoped would be gained. At the same time, a member of Barnard's administration (who is also a graduate student at Columbia) in sympathy with the need for university reform, volunteered to write a third article.

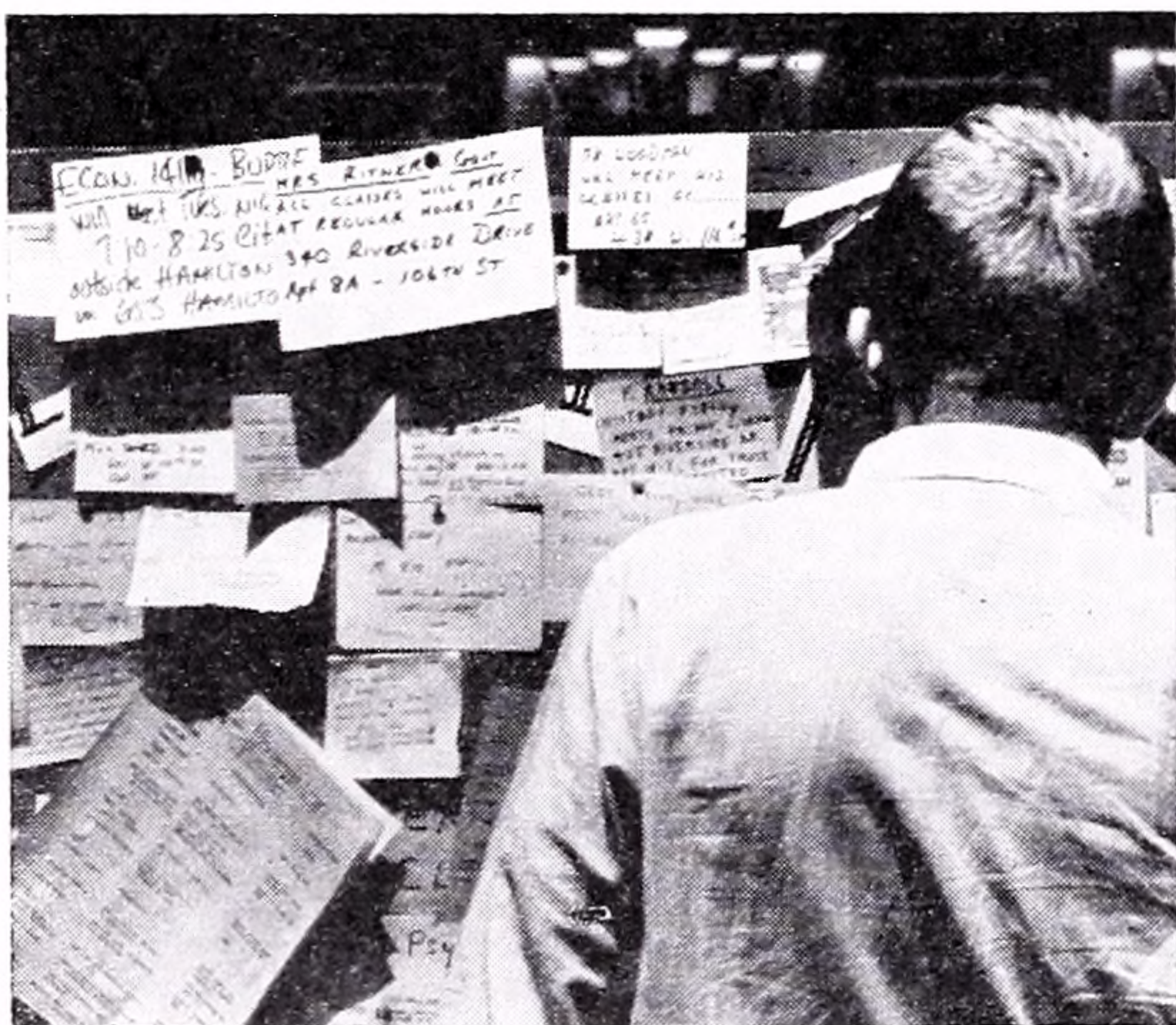
In every case, the prospective authors—who had enthusiastically welcomed a forum—found it impossible at the last minute to express their opinions or even, for the students' part, to explain why they could not do so.

The New Left has been called a movement without ideology; one which acts on the spur of the moment, with the goal only of disrupting the established order. Personally, we had hoped there was more to it than that.

In a nation that has barely learned to recognize its poverty-stricken, much less to share its affluence that is conducting a costly, controversial war that drains manpower and money from the solution of abyssmal problems at home, college students are a very privileged class. And they know it. And they protest, perhaps with good reason. But the protestors have not been able to offer a viable program for change. Only gut reactions, for good or ill.

Whatever hope for solution there is for Columbia's (and Barnard's) problems, then, would seem to rest with faculty members like Mrs. Lorch and Mrs. Ritner, who have an enlightened interest not only in the here and now on campus, but also in the future. At Columbia, perhaps, the difficulty was that the faculty largely had abdicated that responsibility. We hope Barnard's faculty marks the lesson.

■ And, speaking of Barnard's faculty, we did its members an injustice in our last issue. During the sit-in across Broadway, it was not President Peterson who cancelled classes to allow informal student-faculty discussion, but the faculty.



—JACQUELINE ZELNIKER RADIN

BARNARD ALUMNAE

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CREDITS

Cover, and pages two through 14, by SUSAN RENNIE RITNER; page 15, Wide World photos; all reunion pictures by JOSEPH GAZDAK.

Vol. XVII, No. 4

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Published fall, winter, spring and summer
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of Barnard College, Milbank Hall,
New York, N. Y. 10027
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Member of the American Alumni Council

Columbia in Revolt

By Susan Rennie Ritner '61

*Mrs. Ritner, an instructor
in the School of General
Studies, was a faculty
observer through
Columbia's crisis. She took
all the pictures
accompanying her notes.*



Wednesday, April 24th, the only signs of revolution at Columbia were the clumps of city police outside Hamilton Hall and the offices of President Kirk on the west side of Low Library. (The white "dissidents," members of the Students for a Democratic Society, repaired to Low early Wednesday morning after they were ousted by their black colleagues of the Students' Afro-American Society from "Malcolm X University," otherwise known as Hamilton Hall.) No sign yet of the angry partisan groups, speechmaking and counter-speechmaking, flurries of violence, international press corps. Small groups of the curious gathered outside the buildings under umbrellas to see if it really was true that SDS was in Kirk's office. With the exception of the cancellation of those classes scheduled in Hamilton it was business as usual on the campus. More than a few persons wondered out loud why the University had not acted against the invaders.

By Thursday — cold, but clear and sunny — the seizures of the Mathematics Building, Fayerweather (the heavily used graduate social sciences building), and the School of Architecture (where students and faculty had joined the strike) released sizable numbers of students to join the crowds milling around the "liberated zones," especially Low, the glamour spot of the rebellion. I was struck by the changed mood of the occupants. The nervous bravado of Wednesday ("I was scared out of my mind") had made way for an almost holiday spirit. It seemed that the rebels were as surprised as the rest of the campus at the uncontested occupation of the buildings — a success witnessed by hordes of newsmen tiptoeing through the tulips to get at them for interviews.

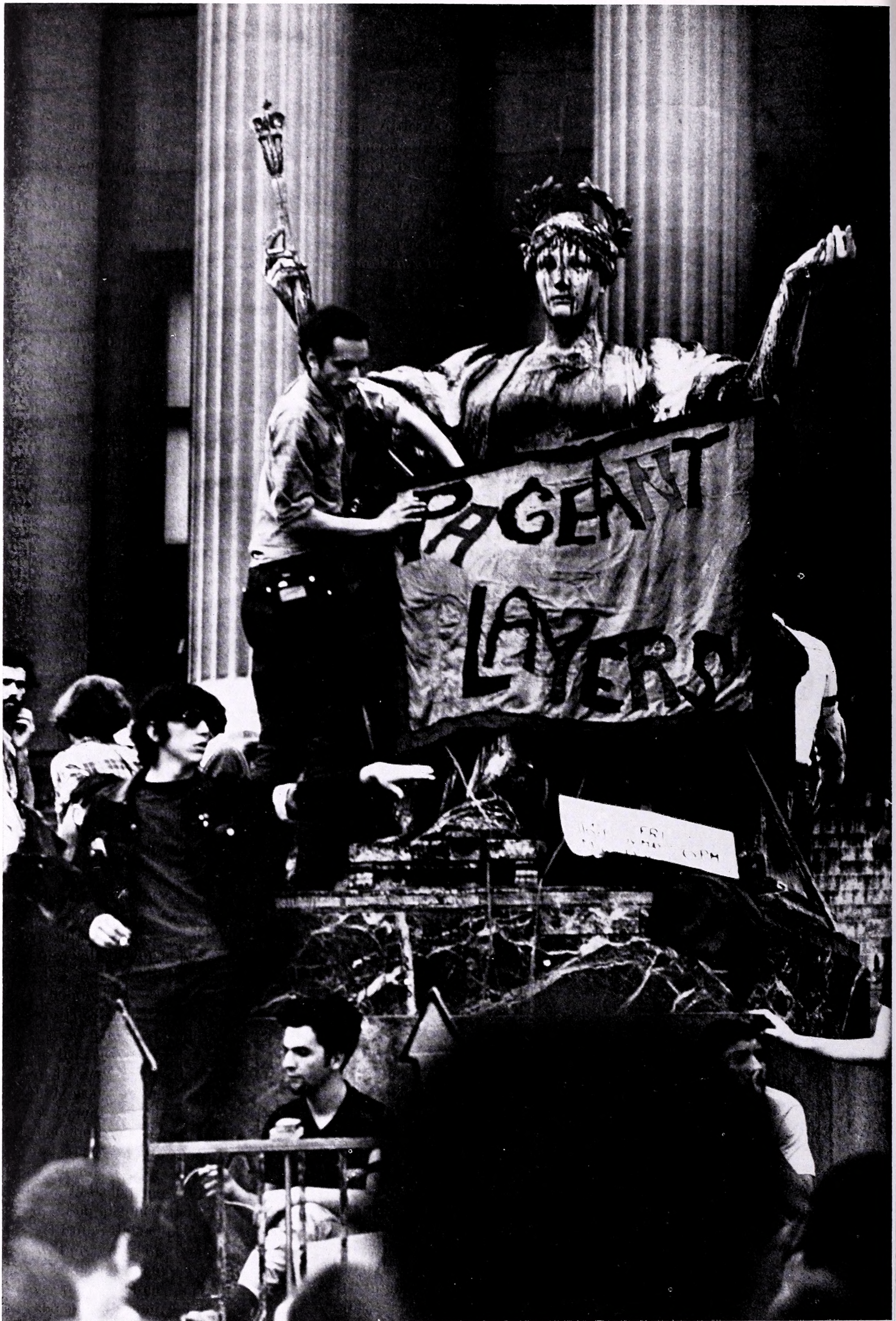




The first challenge to the occupants came not from the Administration, but from a group of students calling themselves the Majority Coalition. The threat of fights between the Majority Coalition, wearing green armbands, and SDS, identified by large strips of red adhesive tape, brought out the Faculty Ad Hoc Group (white armbands) organized Thursday by Faculty members who wanted to end the confrontation between student dissidents and the Administration without bringing police onto the campus.

From Thursday through the following Monday night, right up to the "Big Bust" early Tuesday morning, Faculty members operating in shifts around the clock interposed themselves between the Majority Coalition and SDS while others tried to mediate a settlement between the strikers and the Administration.



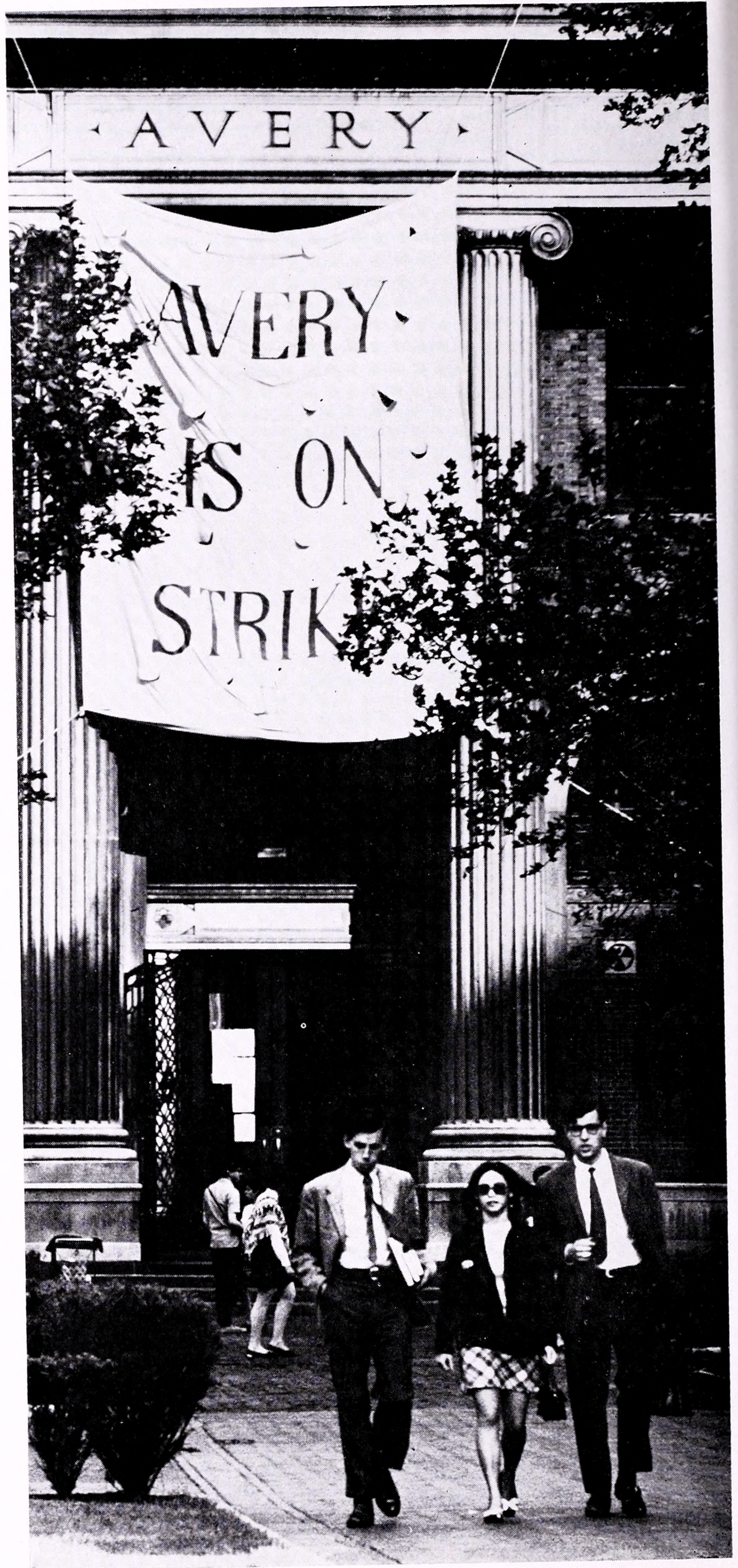


The tempo of "politicisation" of the campus built up over the long weekend in the ambience of continuing rallies, speechmaking, picketing, small alarms ("Harlem is marching on Columbia!"). Amid the siege-like state of the University — mounted and Tactical Patrol Force police units outside the barricaded Amsterdam and Broadway gates — political games and theatrical performances were staged by SDS and sympathizers. (At one time Low Plaza was transformed into a giant monopoly game, with Columbia's properties represented on the board.) The "radicalisation" of the student body (and some Faculty) was also visibly under way, with students previously either indifferent or hostile to SDS now supporting their demands: the severing of the University's links to the Institute of Defense Analysis, the ending of construction on the gym in Morningside Park, revocation of the rule prohibiting indoor demonstrations, a larger measure of student participation in the affairs of the University, particularly in disciplinary procedures. Not only among students, but also among a good number of the Faculty, the feeling that the strikers were right on the issues complicated responses to their more dubious actions. By Monday, April 29th, a prevalent reaction was, "Their tactics may be wrong, but . . ." In addition, one heard mea culpas from Faculty who felt that the students were triggering much needed changes at Columbia in default of Faculty action. On the morning before the police were brought onto the campus to clear the buildings, blue crepe armbands — denoting support for the strikers' amnesty demand — far outnumbered the forest green of the Majority Coalition. The Big Bust completed the process.



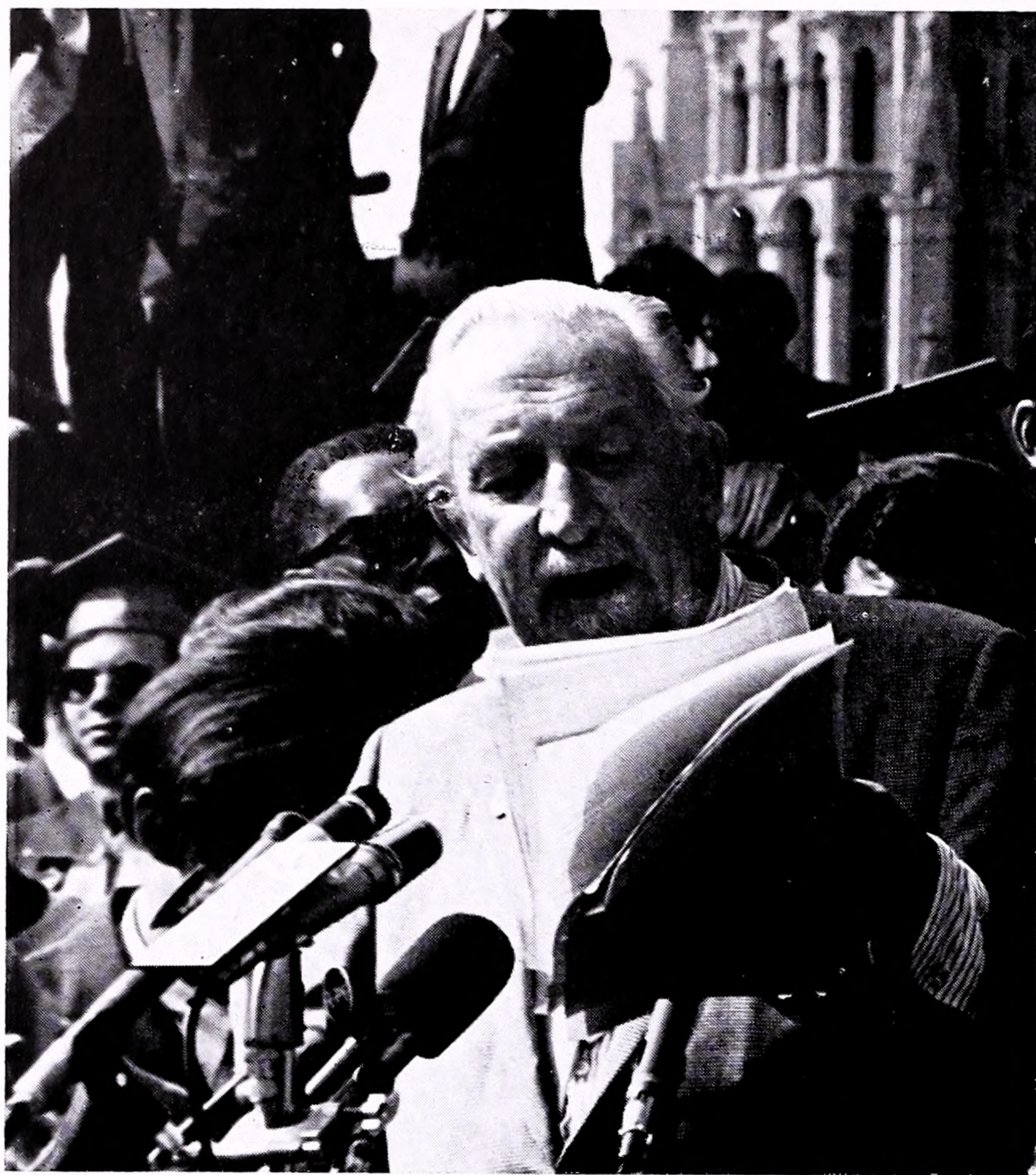
Outrage at police excesses during the clearing of the campus consolidated what was probably a majority of the undergraduate student body behind a strike aimed at the Administration.

The boycott was co-ordinated by members of regular student organizations—including the Student Council of the various divisions—allied with SDS. If the goal of "Strike II" was the prevention of a return to normalcy on the campus, then the students achieved their purpose. (Except at Business, Law and Engineering, which were able to finish the semester in the usual fashion.) A substantial number of teachers in the undergraduate and graduate divisions, although not necessarily supporting the strike, but anxious above all to get together with their students again, elected to finish the term out of the University buildings, arranging to meet their classes on the lawns, in apartments, in off-campus buildings (the Broadway Presbyterian Church was a much-used spot). The official exam period was cancelled in the College and in General Studies, and passing grades were made available to those students who felt unable to return to regular work.





Taking the extreme position that reforms within the University were irrelevant and meaningless so long as the surrounding society remained unchanged, SDS very quickly lost leadership of the students they had newly mobilized. Representatives of the "broad middle" on the university-wide Central Strike Co-ordinating Committee separated from SDS to form Students for a Restructured University. SDS moved further out of touch with the main body of students. Perhaps to underline their stand, perhaps to rally the battle-weary, SDS sponsored a mass-meeting Friday, May 24th, addressed by militants from Harlem and culminating in a march down the middle of Broadway to a Columbia-owned apartment building as a gesture of "solidarity" with the "community" that had seized it. (Mark Rudd, chairman of Columbia SDS—in checked shirt below—was arrested for the first time in the ensuing police action.) The following Monday, SDS re-occupied Hamilton Hall in protest against the University's initiation of disciplinary proceedings against those students still facing criminal charges for participating in the original occupation. In the course of the removal of students from the building, fires were set in Fayerweather and in the office of Professor of History Orest Ranum — destroying ten years' research. Bricks were tossed through windows in Schermerhorn; a large heavy potted plant dropped through the roof of a police car on Amsterdam. SDS claims these were the actions of police "provocateurs." Whoever did the damage, on the morning after this "little Bust" one sensed a mood on campus very different from that of April 30th.



It should not be supposed that because SDS lost the sympathy, not to say the leadership, of the student body it lost the war. The continuing strength of student dissatisfaction with University status quo sparked by SDS was demonstrated at the counter-graduation organized by the Students for a Restructured University. An estimated three hundred graduates walked out of commencement exercises in St. John the Divine to take part in their own ceremony addressed by Dwight Macdonald, Professor Alexander Ehrlich, and Erich Fromm. SDS, which had advertised its own ceremony on Amsterdam Avenue, was forced to join the far larger gathering on Low Plaza. But, unless a new basis of legitimacy is established in the Fall—with structural changes that lessen the students' feeling of impotence and dissatisfaction and heighten the sense of possibilities for participation in the University community—SDS could again become the radical tail wagging the moderate dog. If substantive proposals for reform are not forthcoming from responsible bodies, the Administration itself or the Faculty Executive Committee set up at the emergency meeting of the Joint Faculties—or if such proposals are vetoed by the Trustees—no one should be surprised to see another upheaval.



And now, where do I stand?

by Maristella de Panizza Lorch

Voices on campus:

The faculty:

"A university exists as a community dedicated to rational discourse, and the use of communication and persuasion as the means of furthering that discourse...."

(from a resolution by Prof. Daniel Bell adopted at a special meeting of the Faculty of Columbia College, April 24, 1968.)

The striking students:

"We, the striking students of Columbia University, believe in the right of all people to participate in the decisions that affect their rights. An institution is legitimate only if it is a structure for the exercise of this collective right. The people who are affected by an illegitimate institution have the right to change it...."

(release of the Strike Steering Committee, April 28, 1968.)

A faculty member (after dealing with strike leaders):

"I felt as if I had failed miserably. . . . At 1 a.m. Mr. Rudd informed the Ad Hoc Committee that in his opinion the conversations with professors X, Y, Z were 'bullshit' . . . What is at issue here now is the peculiar and contradictory combination of SDS disruptive tactics and the passion of SDS to remain in Columbia as students. . . . Mr. Rudd and the SDS Steering Committee want very much to be a part of this community, yet they reject its rules. What can be done? . . ."

(statement by a Columbia Faculty member to the Ad Hoc Faculty Group around April 28, 1968.)

The students again:

"The demand for amnesty is a political demand. It embodies a recognition of the illegitimacy of a university administration which has chosen to commit the university to a coercive expansion policy...."

(Strike Coordinating Committee, May 28, 1968.)

The anti-strike students:

"Martyrdom does not validate the tactics SDS has employed. It is not the absence of violence that is the criterion in determining whether acts should be tolerated by a democratic society, but whether an infringement of fundamental human rights has occurred."

(paper titled *Supporting SDS is fostering Fascism.*)

Other students:

"... The rebels' demand for amnesty is the demand for abdication of legal authority. If amnesty is granted in any form, society will have given the rebels an engraved invitation to escalate their demands ceaselessly. . . ."

(Committee for Defense of Property Rights.)

Official policy statement of the Strike Education Committee:

"We are asking all faculty and students to respect the strike by refusing to teach or attend classes within regular classroom buildings. ANY CLASS HELD INSIDE WILL BE CONSIDERED A STRIKE BREAKING CLASS. . . . The SEC exists to help the teachers and students of liberated classes."



All liberated classes must register with the SEC. . . ."

The Independent Faculty Group:

"Columbia University is being torn apart by the remorseless operation of a confrontation system. Two parties are required for such a system. . . . Intransigent student leaders and inflexible administrative officers are locked into a series of acts each of which amounts to a self-fulfilling prophecy. . . . It is urgent that all those who are committed to the survival and healthy development of the university come forward and support measures which will remove it from the threat of violence from any source. . . ."

A voice from the Sorbonne:

" . . . The essence of revolution is that you can't make change and still compromise with established institutions. The revolution must go on. . . ."

(Daniel Cohn-Bendit after his re-entry from West Germany.)

An SDS leader:

"The Revolution here (in the US) is not yet. . . ."

These quotations have been chosen at random from the abundant material on campus during the past crisis. The last is the lonely voice of the Columbia Christian Fellowship followed by a long quotation from Saint Paul:

"We as Christians believe that the first step in reconciling ourselves with other men is through a reconciliation with God. . . ."

Under present conditions is teaching still possible and under what form?

It is not my intention to evaluate issues, parties, political opinions. I will deal with the crisis exclusively from a personal point of view, as it fits into my experience.

As I write, the Columbia University Executive Committee and Judiciary Committee, the various groups of faculty and of students are working feverishly, not with the hope, but with the confidence that we shall have a better university. I fully share that confidence. Perhaps my optimism is partially due to the fact that in the present complicated society I am the mother of three lively but still 'non-alienated' children and the teacher of a small sturdy group of divided but 'non-alienated' students. Many of my colleagues and friends are in the same situation. I feel also fortunate not to be twenty at this moment, but to be enjoying a substantial generation gap with those that are twenty. Fortunate that I have been an American for the past twenty years, but I was European in my twenties, at the time of the German occupation of Europe. The latter was a privilege with much suffering, but still a privilege, considering the learning that came from it. Fortunate, last but not least, to be a teacher in the humanities who has chosen as a special field Renaissance literature and civilization.

Student riots are as old as universities. Dealing, for instance, with university farces in the fifteenth century composed around the *Studium* of Pavia, I came in touch with a series of "ducali" (ducal ordonnances) concerning the troublesome behavior of the Pavese students. Originally, the Duke of Milan sided with the students, asking the honest peace-loving citi-

zens of Pavia to put up as much as possible with an unpleasant situation. It was only after a couple of professors and students were killed that the Duke addressed himself sternly to the students and threatened severe punishment.

April 28 (if I remember well), the Faculty Ad Hoc Committee in "liberated" Philosophy Hall, was issuing a statement which began:

"We believe that there is a fundamental crisis which is shaking the foundations of this University and thus far no solution has been found. . . ." I, a member of the group, was on duty, on the stone platform which surrounds Low Library. Blue skies. A warm breeze. Over my head, a group of revolutionists stood on the President's window ledge. Long hair most of them, beards, barefooted girls. All quiet, some smiling, one boy reading a book on mysticism. In front of me, beyond the trampled irises, the trampled grass and the privet hedge the boys of the opposition (no girls), the healthy-looking non-revolutionists protesting the revolution. Quietly looking up. No food was to pass their lines to go to the rebels and no communications. On the other side of the lawn, in the Commune established under the auspices of Marx and Che Guevara (which a few days ago was Mathematics) everyone was allowed free movement in and out of the seized building. I was puzzled by the discrimination that we seemed (or they seemed) to exercise against Low Library. A colleague had just told me this was a symbolic building. Everything had become a symbol.

On the other hand, it wasn't up to me to ask questions. Philosophy Hall was precise about its orders and exercising this kind of duty was almost pleasant. Beyond the opposition boys stood the policemen. Beyond the gates of the university the city life was flowing in its utmost normality.

All of a sudden, screams. Protestations. Confusion. A male colleague has climbed up on the window ledge. Confabulations. Something must be done about it. There are cases of intestinal illness and the President's facilities—if I understood well—are insufficient or clogged. Could I, a woman, take some girls to the bathroom? Obviously, yes. They are helped down—well-groomed girls in dungarees and quite serious. The opposition boys accept my word of honor. The girls want to return to their fort. But now another problem. Which building could offer a bathroom to two rebels? I am told Lewisohn Hall is a neutral building held by the Dean of General Studies. The silent solemn boys guarding it refuse us entrance first, but later agree upon kind permission of their dean. ("Please be silent, there is an important conference going on".) In the bathroom we talk about the situation. No giving up. Amnesty is a must. It is not the university which should try us, but we the university. The usual argument. Back they go much relieved, hoisted up to the Presidential nest by kind faculty hands. The opposition looks on with an ironic smile, but they keep quiet. Only a boy comments: "Professor, I guess classes will not be the same after these days . . .", an obvious, trite remark to block out oppressive silence. But it sounds strangely in my mind and sets a train of strange thoughts in motion.

. . . April, 1943, around 10 in the morning, in a Liceo

along the Tiber. We were translating Euripides' Alcestis. We had spent the night in the shelter. The door opens and the janitor whispers to me to leave quietly from a back exit. The SS were in the President's office. The students remain quietly in their seats. They know the procedure. "Can't you tell us anything before you leave?" asks one of them. I felt I had to give a proof of strength, but I am not courageous and my legs trembled. All I could say was exactly: "When I'll come back, I guess classes will not be the same any more. . . ." I never went back to those classes. And those classes unfortunately did remain pretty much the same.

The boy's words in front of Low Library stirred up new thoughts. Were American universities, and Columbia in particular, in such terrible need of basic reforms? I could not convince myself of it.

In the days and weeks that followed I felt less and less enthusiastic at the idea of participating in long hours of discussion with colleagues and students on the statutory "restructuring" of the university. The main reason is quite simple. I have very little to contribute. I love my subject. I love to teach it. I belong to the humanities and there I want to stay. My contribution to the renovation of the university will be within the humanities, with an always greater emphasis on what can render them more meaningful to the young American student in the aridity of the present world, the world of IBM punch cards. There is indeed a thirst in the American student of today for a kind of humanistic education in which the whole man can be studied, mind and heart, the poet and the critic at the same time.

Unfortunately some humanists—less deserving such a name—are so preoccupied with their own field of specialization as to have lost the capacity of creative communication not only with the students but also with colleagues in allied fields. It was because I deeply felt the oppression of compartmentalization that I worked hard last year with a group of wonderful friends to launch at Barnard a new program of Medieval and Renaissance studies.

Like other programs at our college, it was designed to allow the student to move out of the narrow channel of one literature or one art, into the open spaces of a civilization where science and the humanities were still united. Now, more than ever, we need to teach the humanities for the enrichment of the young individual, for his spiritual joy, partially to counteract the mechanization which has been falsely introduced under the banner of pure and social science.

Hopefully none of us in the humanities will feel too much the pressure of the recent revolution to adapt ourselves and our subject to the social needs of the day; be it black experience or international problems. Students in their thirst for something lively and creative are trying to lead us in this direction.

"The substitution of petty discrete details for analytical thought, the increasing fragmentation of study into academic disciplines and specialties, the increase in student work loads. . . are perpetuated by the university. . . the university has increasingly denied us the opportunity to become creative, socially



Faculty observer Dankwart Rustow.

productive individuals. . ." reads a *Strikers and Pickets* announcement.

Under the title "Renaissance of learning at Columbia" we find:

". . . The old administration. . . has proven itself incapable of meeting the legitimate desire of the University community for a free and democratic, creative and relevant educational institution. The SCC can and will meet the desire for free and democratic learnings. To do so, the SCC has set up a Strike Education Committee (SEC) to coordinate the renaissance of education, learning and scholarship at Columbia. . . ." Counterclasses will be a "continuing democratic procedure." . . . A counterclass might take up topics not adequately covered in the old classes, e.g., guerilla warfare. Third party movement, the Black experience. . . It might also take up topics formerly covered in regular classes, but now run in a free and democratic spirit along these guidelines. The distinction between such a

counterclass and a strikebreaking class *is precisely this spirit*, as manifested through initial evaluation of the relevance of the class to society, discussion of the shortcomings of the traditional power of faculty and impotence of students in the learning situation, and other signs of freedom and democracy . . ." As for form and structure, they "encourage experimentation. . . . Almost *anything* is worth a try, and special effort should be made to break the confines of the traditional lecturer and passive audience mold. As for leadership ". . . anyone including undergraduates and custodians will be allowed to run a counterclass as long as the community of students, faculty and *others* [italics always mine] *in his alleged area of expertise* recognize him. . . ."

To every reader his own conclusions. When this document was handed to me by a young girl at the exit of a Columbia College faculty meeting that had lasted three hours I did not know whether to laugh or cry. Not for a moment however was I tempted to discard it. Rereading it now, paradoxical as it is in its literal interpretation, it seems to be an indication of a "new" spirit in which teaching and learning should take place. How "new"? It is obvious that the humanities have always contributed enormously to the lives of young individuals. I wish here to go back once more to wartime Rome. One of those students whom I left with *Alcestis* the day of my arrest, met me four years later on board the General Muir as I departed for the U.S. He came with a gift, a mimeographed copy of his own poetry version of the Greek lyrics we had translated together. The dedication said: ". . . in the hope that you might find solace in reading Greek poetry to American students."

I, personally, had a vivid proof that communication between faculty and students can be "creative" (. . . "the old university has denied us the opportunity to be creative. . ."), at least for the faculty. In the first week of May all of the members of one of my classes, V1132y (girls and boys) with the exception of my daughter who had chosen to wait for me in the building, met me in front of Milbank Hall and asked me politely to hold the class on the lawn. The sun was shining, the temptation was great "to give a liberated Petrarch" under the trees in flower. But throughout the weeks of turmoil I had been made too aware of "symbols." I did not feel at this moment any need to "liberate" myself (since I was free) nor what I was about to teach in the direction of a "symbol." We had a long, frank talk and then shook hands. When the students finally followed me up to my office as "guests of the trustees," there was no feeling of victory on my part. It was indeed a strange feeling of incredible closeness to my students, the "rebels" as much as the "anti-rebels."

Do we have to thank the strikers for this "new" way of communication? No more than we have to thank God for a war which allows us to reach a feeling of brotherhood and human closeness. It is however essential, if we want to teach, that we should be in a position to teach to "all". Here I ask myself for patience, patience, patience and the ability to strive to keep away from any form of "polarization."

It gives me confidence and hope to dig into my past expe-

riences, into my first years of teaching, when "normal" teaching was absolutely impossible.

Rome, November, 1942. *The German-Fascist occupation was unbearable. The Germans had taken away our men. They were now taking our boys. My "boys"—from 14 to 18 years of age—were in constant danger. The windows of the classroom were always open to allow them to jump out in case of emergency. Obviously the political passion of these boys was more than hot . . . and they were divided. One evening about 10 of them came over to my apartment and for three hours they filled it with the most extreme talk. The majority wanted to join the partisans, two of them the fascists. They expected something from me, perhaps a form of guidance. My brother and sisters came to help us, as did a friend of mine, then a leader in the socialist party, now a well-known name in Italy. At that time I, who was reading Das Kapital and Gramsci more than Euripides, obviously stood on one side of the fence and spent all my energy that evening (with plenty of screaming) trying to save the misled minority. The air got hot. There was a fist fight. Toward dawn, my mother—a widow who had raised four children while teaching elementary school, but also an "activist" in her twenties against the Austrian Empire—called me out of the small room. "Who do you think you are?", she sternly rebuffed me. "One of them? You are their teacher. No matter what your political convictions are, you must be able to teach them all tomorrow."*

I brushed her aside. She belonged to the past. At my age and under these circumstances I couldn't follow her advice. Now, however, in America, I can. I can today take a position I could not take then. Thanks mostly to the generation gap and the experience that comes with it, I feel today joyfully ready to give the bit that I can, give to all that wish to accept it.

"If thou must love me (says a poem I love to recite to my children) let it be for nought—except for love's sake only. . . ." Teaching is a form of loving. Let it be done for "nought, except for love's sake only."

The following postscript was started in Paris, June 10, and completed in Florence, July 10.

Observations from abroad

European universities are in turmoil. It is impossible at this point to single out trends and causes, ties, analogies, and diversities between one country and another. The students ask for "student power"; the adult world reacts in different ways. Sartre carries on a debate with French student leader Daniel Cohn-Bendit; the Italian writer Pasolini publishes a poem in *Espresso* titled "The Communist Party to the Youth," or "vi odio, cari studenti" (I hate you, dear students). This last is a defense of the police, the true proletarian in the game.

This postscript to my New York article is meant to serve two purposes: it intends to provide a perspective on the American scene acquired through my recent French and Italian experiences. It is meant as homage to a special group of Parisian students, those of the School of Law, who allowed me to enter



French student leader Cohn-Bendit.

their circle: in particular to Gilles Radot, who since then tragically died, to Bernard and to the many others whose work and enthusiasm is worthy of our attention and respect. It is also inspired by the burning enthusiasm for the France of tomorrow of a 16-year-old Jérôme. There are many Bernards, Gilles and Jérômes in today's France.

I do not wish to comment on the purely "revolutionary" side of the affair: the black flags, the Che Guevara ideals and the H. Marcuse quotations, which are the ephemeral part of the phenomenon.

Here, as in America, there is a crusade of the spirit against the materialistic world in which we live; a world that youth would like to modify or, more often, radically change. How the change will be made is quite unclear. What is clear here in France is a resentment against "false democracy" and governmental "paternalism," mostly against every form of the empty and pompous nationalism of which de Gaulle has become the symbol.

With this as background, the feverish work of the reformation of the Sorbonne proceeded. The students themselves insisted on social and political reforms, without which any internal reform would be inconceivable. The Student Striking Committee was in full solidarity with the workers. The student movement, its participants affirm, has been the catalyst of the crisis. Now, though part of a "*mouvement d'ensemble*," they must themselves maintain the originality and dynamism of the movement.

Students and professors met regularly in late May and early June at the Sorbonne in committees to outline the new "democratic university."

The primary impression one received speaking with these students of Law (in spite of their tired faces and hoarse voices, they are all freshly shaven and perfectly dressed) or on reading the material hot from their meeting, is of a great enthusiasm, of a joy of creation, of taking upon themselves new responsibilities in trying to connect the university with the life around them. "We are in a hurry," they say; don't make us waste our time."

"*Autonomie, cogestion, libertés politiques et syndicales*" is their motto; autonomy from the government, bipartite administration (professors and students), political and union liberties. A very striking aspect of the proposed reorganization is

the introduction of an essentially American kind of stratification. Decentrification is a must. The department (whose nature and form is not yet clear) should be the lowest and most basic rung of the academic ladder. Departmental administration is to be carried out by a committee, half of students, half professors, instructors and assistants: the "*commission paritaire*." On this, the rest will be built. The students are absolutely opposed to any compromise on this point.

In the general plan of the university, the departments will be united in two groups or schools, the Faculty of Sciences and the Faculty of Human Sciences, which will form the highest university unit. At each level from the department up, the governing body is elected by the governing bodies immediately below it.

One of the most touching aspects of the work of the particular group of students whom I approached was the deeply felt urge to make contact with their professors. "Why a bipartite committee?" the students ask. "Students and Faculty must get together in order to constitute the statutes of the new University. We must break down the barrier which separates us. We must not prepare each one on his own a reform, we perhaps too unrealistic, you perhaps too timid, which will not hold, neither of them, against the one that the government can impose on us."

Of course, many of the new proposals are utopian; some are unrealistic, some naive. The students admit it openly. Besides, the expression "student power" came out at too high a volume, in too close contact with the red and black flags. But it would be an error not to perceive among other things the students' unanimous condemnation of the present political regime and their tremendous drive to get closer to the faculty to make teaching and learning meaningful and constructive.

In France (and in a different way in Italy) much more than in the United States, the drive of the students strikes me for its reasonableness and validity. One is indeed relieved to read that the plenary session of the Faculty of the Sorbonne decided, May 18, on the creation of a "*commission paritaire*" and one rejoices at the more recent news that on June 18, day of the elections at the Law School, 12,000 students voted, electing 300 of them to their "*commission paritaire*."

However, beyond the problem of structural reforms and the student-professor relationship lies something deeper.

"The May experiences," writes to me now, in July, a Parisian student, J. Clément, "is rich, very rich, and too recent in order for us to understand its full meaning. It is first of all a movement that challenged the French university. Then it is a global criticism of our society and perhaps of our civilization. It is finally the experience of a spontaneous and generous revolution."

Since the traditional ideals (country, family, God), he continues, have practically disappeared from the world of today, "the students dream of an adventure higher than the one the affluent society proposes to them."

Here we may find the meeting point of American and European youth.

LETTERS

Comments on the magazine and the college are welcomed by BARNARD ALUMNAE. Letters, which will be excerpted as space requires, may be sent directly to the editor at 40 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, New York 11201. Our next deadline is Sept. 15.

On Columbia

To the Editor: Several days ago I received my copy of the Spring Edition of the Barnard Alumnae Magazine and have found it extremely difficult to overlook some of the statements made therein—particularly in relation to the “student” demonstrations at Columbia University. . . .

I have been greatly concerned over the Columbia happenings and the participation of some of Barnard’s students. I deplore the pictures which you saw fit to include on page 11 and the caption next to them, part of which quotes the photographer of these pictures as saying “he had never seen such brutality as police used against the student demonstration.” I deplore the fact that the magazine staff saw fit to dignify the part played by these students by publishing their pictures in our magazine.

I am sick and tired of the words “police brutality.” They form an expression which is always parroted by the law-breaker who is caught in the act and who is in the process of being apprehended by the law. I wonder if the above photographer happened to see the policeman being attacked whose legs were both so badly injured that he probably will never walk again. What kind of brutality would he call that? On this subject, it is a shameful state of affairs when the police force and the firemen in a city have to pay for a full-page ad in a newspaper, asking for help and cooperation from the local citizenry.

How any sensible, well-informed, thinking young man or woman could condone what the hoodlums did in Columbia, I will never understand. Just read the facts—pictures of Marx, Lenin, *et al*, were on public display; over the same building flew the red flag; obscene words were scribbled on the walls and President’s Kirk’s office was used for many purposes, one of which was for a latrine. . . .

I find it very tragic that a fine old Uni-

versity with the academic prestige of Columbia should lower its standards and give recognizance to such a minority group of professional dissenters as invaded the campus and also that a number of young women from Barnard should feel impelled to give aid and encouragement to such riff-raff, for that is what they are. There are so many worthy young people standing in line begging for a place in the college world that I see no reason for pampering those who are interested only in tearing down, for that is what it amounts to. This criminal element is bent on destroying our university and our society and there is no appeasing them. You are only aiding and abetting them by writing an editorial and showing pictures such as you published in your magazine. Why not excoriate them and defend your college and its principles!

Margaret Whitehead Hoge '26
Rockwell, Texas, June 1

To the Editor: The events of these last few weeks at Columbia are a source of both shame and pride for me as a Barnard alumna. I am proud that the students have assumed a responsibility which the University Administration has long neglected; both the acceptance of defense contracts and the construction of a gymnasium in a Harlem playground illustrate the moral mire into which the University has fallen. That the students have the clearness of mind to see that the University has a responsibility to the community—a community universally recognized as deplorably neglected and abused—is indeed to their credit. That they see as well the real and present danger posed to academic freedom by the University’s acceptance of defense contracts is a sure indication that the preservation of the University—not its destruction—is their aim. The students have been condemned by those who claim they violated the law by trespassing on private property. One can only wonder and be appalled at the values of those who consider trespassing a greater evil than human neglect and the abrogation of academic freedom.

It is shameful that Columbia has failed to grow with its students but worse is the fact that the University Administration with considerable faculty support can abandon so readily its commitment to the ways of

reason and choose instead violence as the means of answering those who oppose it. It is heartening that the students see the merit of non-violence even when their elders so flagrantly reject it.

If the events of these last weeks have been in any way instructive to the Administration, it must realize that it has not seen the end of student opposition to irresponsible University policies. President Kirk has demonstrated an extreme inability to cope with the challenge of his office and can now best serve Columbia by offering his resignation.

Anne Fragasso Brown '65
Del Mar, Calif., May 22

To the Editor: It distressed me to read your report of the trouble at Columbia College in the current issue of the alumnae magazine. You scored twice, in the short article, occasions of “police brutality,” without once giving the other side of the picture—the tauntings and obscenities the students used, and their absolute refusal to accede to any peace-

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able dealings. How do you justify Patrolman Guiccari's paralyzing injury, and that of Sgt. Bernard Wease? . . .

I would think one should support, more than ever, the side of law and order, in these times of unrest and trouble!

Margaret Reilly '36

New York City

May 29

■ *The Peace Corps Cont'd.*

To the Editor: The two articles on the Peace Corps appearing in the Spring alumnae magazine point out an essential dichotomy in this New Frontier enterprise: Is the Peace Corps for its volunteers, or is it for the people of the "Third World"?

Miss Noble attributes to her three years in Chile a greater understanding of the real needs of "the people" and recommends such investigations into empathy to her fellow white, middle-class Americans. Miss Donnelly, whose article indicates a similar understanding and sympathy for the Filipinos with whom she worked as a Volunteer, questions the imperialistic overtones of an organization founded with the greatest hopes and idealism. She points out the Peace Corps' lack of attention to the real needs and desires of the host country, lack of proper training, placement, and organization of Volunteers, and PC Establishment interest in keeping its Volunteers bland.

My year as an English teacher with the Peace Corps in Iran raised many of these latter questions and criticisms, to which I sadly concluded there were no answers. It is the very fact which Miss Donnelly mentions, that the PC wants both public relations men and trained workers—in theory—that makes it unworkable. There may be places where it does accomplish something, but, at least in Iran, it was clear that the Peace Corps "as it was defined and structured, could never have succeeded . . ." Miss Donnelly notes how little the PC has been questioned at home, because, as an idea, it is an embodiment of the optimism and idealism Americans cherish. But it seems that no one considered very deeply how this idealism was to be carried out. They sent—and continue to send—inexperienced and "idealistic" young people into situations

where they must rely almost totally upon themselves. There is a definite *lack* of structure: the responsibility for planning and carrying out a program lies on the Volunteers' shoulders, and even were the plans worthy (which in many cases I seriously doubt), it is naive to think that any but a few young Americans are capable of the tasks put before them.

I must conclude that the Peace Corps is for neither its volunteers nor the country it is ostensibly helping, but is rather simply another arm of U.S. foreign policy. Most of us in Iran—teachers, agriculture men, and engineers—found ourselves with little work (certainly little if any worthwhile work), considerable hostility (for professional, social, and national reasons), and no sympathy from the PC staff for the real problems we faced as mostly young, inexperienced foreigners, living and working alone and trying to accomplish something that, even if we could see its value, was often well-nigh impossible. As English teachers we faced resentment and jealousy from other teachers, often impossible classroom situations, and the knowledge that even were we to succeed in teaching, proficiency in English would be of use to only a tiny percentage of our students.

Meanwhile, I was appalled by health conditions and wondered why the Peace Corps wasn't involved in something the people really needed. Most of my time was spent trying to "make friends" with teachers, principals, and education chiefs—or at least this is what the Peace Corps expected and wanted. I found that the Teheran PC office was quite aware of how little we accomplished on our jobs and was satisfied that the presence of Americans in Iran justified their (and our) existence there.

It is this justification that constitutes the real "betrayal" of the Peace Corps dream. Most volunteers in Iran found themselves victims of the PC policy of independence and old-frontier self-reliance, challenges they had welcomed at first but seemed utterly senseless when they realized that all their sacrifices were for nothing but improving the U.S. image abroad. We found ourselves tools in the hands of a bureaucracy which, being self-perpetuating, could not face up to the reality that most of us were useless as anything but (necessarily bland) "foreign policy band aids." Perhaps this is what

they want, but then it should not go under the heading of Peace Corps, channeling our sincere desires to help into biding time and making public relations.

Because of this atrophy of talent and enthusiasm, the people most hurt by the Peace Corps are the Volunteers themselves.

The U.S. is happy with a pretty salve to its foreign-policy guilt and the Iranians can take advantage of an opportunity to cultivate American friends or can dismiss us as meddling foreigners (the concept of altruism is so foreign to them, they cannot believe we're simply there to help them—and maybe they're right). The Volunteers, however, find themselves in a bind. Like Miss Noble, everyone naturally and inevitably learns something from two years in a foreign culture, but there are healthier and more constructive ways to gain this knowledge. For although the Volunteers haven't forgotten that they came to help and may continue to try in whatever way they can, they find too often that they are impotent to do anything worth two lonely years of their lives. They sit in their rooms or offices passing the time, and, faced with the impossible, discover in the betrayal of their dreams and capabilities a disillusionment that may regrettably extend far beyond their Peace Corps service.

There is certainly always a difference between ideals and reality, and every young person at some time finds his dreams are not so easy, or are perhaps impossible, to fulfill. But it seems the Peace Corps itself has not realized this and confronted its dream with reality. Peace Corps advertisements lend a certain exotic glamour to the boredom and frustration which they admit

one finds in two years of service. What they do not say is that the boredom and frustration are often totally purposeless and because of this can destroy the very spirit which leads sensitive people to meet their challenge.

Carol M. Japha '66

Jerusalem, Israel

Filmmaker's Thanks

To the Anonymous Alumna: You rushed away so quickly after presenting your gift that I didn't get a chance to thank you properly.

As director of the Barnard Student Films Corp., I was proud to show you our first film short "Prospera" at Reunion and was thrilled that it was so warmly received. I shared with you our plans for this summer—the making of the first feature-length commercial film to come out of any college in the United States.

I will always remember you and your thoughtfulness. It represents to me the unity of spirit among Barnard women regardless of age or year of graduation.

I would like to get in touch with you so that I can better express my appreciation. Please call me at 662-8947 and let the Barnard Student Films Corp. know who you are.

Gratefully yours,
Linda Yellen '69

Director

Barnard Student Films Corp.

P. S. To all the other Barnard Alumnae who read this letter. It is my hope that you will call also and let us know if you can help in any way in the production of the film.

NEW BOOKS

Charlotte Armstrong (Lewi) '25, *Lemon in the Basket*, Coward-McCann, Inc., 1967, (suspense).

The Balloon Man, Coward-McCann, Inc., 1968 (suspense).

Suzanne Straight Fremon '35, *Children and Their Parents: Toward Maturity*, Harper and Row, 1968 (guidance).

Carol Arnel Greenberg '56, *The Day Before Cookbook*, Little, Brown & Co., 1968.

Lenore (Glutzer) Klein '36, *Just Like You . . .* Harvey House, 1968 (juvenile).

Margaret Mead (ed.) '23 (with T. Dobhansky, E. Tobach, R. Light), *Science and the Concept of Race*, Columbia Univ. Press, 1968 (essays).

Joan M. Webber '51, *The Eloquent "I"*, Univ. of Wisconsin Press, 1968 (synthesis-17th century prose).

Alumnae React

Letters on LeClair

Barnard's postman was very busy this spring. In March, when the case of Linda LeClair, a sophomore who broke the college housing rules to live with her boyfriend, was made public, alumnae and others began writing to the College to express their views. May 10, President Peterson wrote to alumnae about the case, and the replies added volume to the mailbag.

Eleanor Streichler Mintz '44, director of the Barnard Fund, read most of the mail. She reports that of some 350 letters from alumnae, slightly under 200 were against the Judicial Council's ruling, that is, that Miss LeClair lose only access to nonacademic campus facilities. Those alumnae were generally in favor of expelling Miss LeClair. They called for honor, integrity, obedience to the rules, firmness, discipline.

In favor of Judicial Council's right to decide the case (the council is a student-faculty-administration body subject to presidential veto) were just under 150. These alumnae called for revision of the rules, elimination of the *in loco parentis* theory of administration and for judgment of students on their academic qualifications only.

Some of the letters were written to President Martha Peterson; others to BARNARD ALUMNAE. Still other expressions of opinion—not included in Mrs. Mintz rough tally—accompanied gifts to the Fund.

We have tried to publish a representative sample of alumnae opinions here. The editor's apologies to those alumnae whose views could not be printed for lack of space.

Dear Miss Peterson: . . . I feel that the personal rights of any student must be balanced by the application of rules considered reasonable and imposed by the college which she attends by choice, and that if a student feels that her personal rights are so being impinged by that college as to become unbearable, she has the option, if not the duty, to leave. In this connection, I feel equally strongly that going to Barnard, as well as to college in general, remains a privilege and is not a birthright and as such affords the student the choice of leaving if discontent, but does not confer on any student or group of students the right to dictate to, demand of, or impose her will on the College.

It is accordingly my intention, if the College feels unable or refuses to enforce rules which it considers reasonable and just, including the rule pertaining to the off-campus residence of a student, to withdraw all future support of any nature to the College. In arriving at this conclusion, I emphasize that it is not my intention to impose a particular code of morality upon anyone; it is, however, my strong belief that if Barnard abdicates its right to promulgate and enforce rules for the benefit of students who have chosen to attend Barnard, then the College is no longer entitled to my support.

Mary Price Franco '47

New York City, April 17

To the Editor: The aspect of the *Affaire LeClair* which troubles one alumna the most is not the breaking of a college rule, nor the legitimacy of the rule itself, nor even the unfortunate airing of the case in the public press. The violation of the college's

precious though delicate Honor System is the greatest tragedy.

In former days, enrollment in the college automatically implied acceptance of the privileges and responsibilities of the Honor Code. This was known to apply not only to the unproctored examination and the use of source materials in all academic work, but to all aspects of college life. To deliberately deceive college authorities in any matter was and still should be considered a violation of that Code.

Naomi Loeb Lipman '51

Scarsdale, N. Y., April 19

Dear Miss Peterson: . . . It is a great temptation for those of my generation to judge today's young people by the standards which were relevant to our times. We are tempted to impose upon these young people the ethical codes to which our generation has paid much lip service but relatively little attention. It would seem to me that at least one good thing has emerged from the recent chaos at Barnard and Columbia: it has forced many of us — and I am sure the Barnard and Columbia administrations—to reappraise the purpose of the college and to reconsider the rules and regulations we have grown accustomed to accepting. . . .

I am inclined to the view that the primary purpose of a university is academic and intellectual. . . . I have some question, whether in today's times, house rules which were developed for other times have relevance, and if they have not, why should we bother so much to concern ourselves when they are broken. . . .

I believe the essential responsibility of

the college is to transmit knowledge and instill wisdom. In today's times I doubt that it is possible, even if desirable, to regulate young peoples' lives and enforce a code of ethics upon them, which they may be reluctant to accept. I doubt that this is a practical function for a college to assume. Furthermore, as a parent, I have no intention of relinquishing my responsibility for teaching "virtue" and, what is even more difficult, for making laws to enforce my teaching. . . .

It would seem to me appropriate, therefore, that academic performance should be the principal criterion for remaining or being asked to leave Barnard. I hope you will be able to use this criterion in your decision about the publicity-minded Barnard sophomore, about whom you wrote us.

Mrs. Muriel Mathez '39

Rutherford, N. J., May 14

Dear Miss Peterson: I would like to thank you for, and to congratulate you upon your decision in the case of Linda LeClair.

I thank you for the decision because in making it you uphold the integrity of the Judicial Council. Judicial Council is one of Barnard's greatest assets. It allowed me, as a student, to feel less divorced from decisions about students than Columbia students, for example, who have no such student-faculty judicial body. Far from being "not adequate to the demands placed upon it," Judicial Council serves well as a first step toward bridging the gaps between students and faculty and administration.

I congratulate you upon the decision because I believe that Barnard has no business regulating anything but its students' academic lives. The excellent Judicial Coun-

cil decision in this case, it seems to me, reflects this attitude.

That Linda LeClair became "a case" before Judicial Council and before the press merely points to the absurdity of Barnard's housing rules. When other schools (University of Wisconsin, for one) have dropped the requirement that upperclass women live in university controlled housing, Barnard maintains that all women 50 or more miles away must live in the dorms, until they are 21 or seniors. While New York area students are crying to get dorm rooms, but cannot because there is no space, others cannot get out! No wonder people try to circumvent these rulings, however they can. . . .

Merry Selk '67

Chicago, Ill., May 28

To the Editor: . . . I feel that Barnard's housing regulations are hopelessly outdated. Where and with whom a student lives is her own decision. It should affect neither the college nor the other students. The college should be concerned with the academic conduct of its students; it cannot and should not act *in loco parentis*.

The social sanctions against Miss LeClair can only be called ludicrous and will certainly leave those imposing them open to ridicule.

It is most unfortunate that Miss LeClair lied and falsified her record, but it is more unfortunate that she felt compelled to do so because of the college's outdated regulations. The honor and integrity so often referred to by the administration cannot exist unless each student can lead her life as she wishes.

Olga Jargstorff Hughes '51

West Lafayette, Ind., May 18

Dear Miss Peterson: As an alumna, I was disturbed by your recent letter, not because of the matters it discussed, but because of the attitude which you, as a representative of the administration, are taking. . . .

I am proud of the students at Columbia who are taking actions that I was too tired or too cynical to take while I was at Barnard. The campus is alive for the first time since I have known it, and the University has been rendered impotent only because stu-

dents refuse to recognize the establishment whose power it embodied and whose *status quo* it maintained. Your inauguration in the midst of the insurrection (and your remarks quoted in the *Times*) constitute one of the high points in academic irony.

. . . The Barnard sophomore and the hundreds of students at Columbia will not be swallowed up in the great academic machine and spewed out in a few years, diplomas in hand, their "spring folly" forgotten, ready to join the establishment. Columbia will never be the same, if it is at all. The administrations of Columbia and Barnard must *accede* to student demands if they wish to play any kind of meaningful role in the new education.

My donation is going to Students for a Democratic Society, not Barnard, this year.

Sonya Michel Weil '64

New York City, May 13

Dear President Peterson: As an alumna of Barnard College and a one-time member of the Board of Proctors, I feel very much concerned about the case of Linda LeClair. I heartily support the decision of the Judicial Council. I feel that, regardless of the merits of the case, if you proceed with your apparent decision to override the decision of the Council you, as Barnard's new president, will set up the dangerous precedent of disregarding the judicial process which sets Barnard apart from her more lawless bigger neighbor to the east. Expelling Linda LeClair will serve no purpose other than to whet the unfortunate appetite for sexual scandal and revenge on the College campus. I strongly urge you to abide by the decision of the Judicial Council.

Mai-Lan A. Rogoff '67

New York City, May 16

Dear President Peterson: My first reaction upon receiving your letter of May 10, 1968 was one of shock and disbelief. Now it has muted to one of sadness. I had thought that Barnard College would be one of the institutions capable of being a pioneer, particularly in the area of women's rights, but now I understand that it wants to play the safe role dictated by society. . . .

. . . This incident seems to be a golden

opportunity for the College to reexamine the meaning of honor and personal integrity. Should not honor and integrity involve being honest with oneself and the rest of society as long as one does not infringe upon the rights of others? Should not this apply to the behavior of the College as well as to the behavior of individual students? As Acting Chairman of the Equality Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union of Western New York, and as an active member of the National Organization for Women, I am particularly concerned with the civil liberties of the young and of women. A quick look at the Negro in the 1960's should be all that is necessary to understand how the limitations of civil liberties leads to "crimes" such as those committed by Miss LeClair. Some of the more obvious things the College should reexamine are the following: who should make the dormitory regulations, should the faculty and/or administration have any say concerning the personal behavior of students, should the college publicly defend the right of an individual to determine his or her own behavior. The latter should include not only the right to sexual freedom, with the information and birth control methods necessary to obtain it, but also the right to be a Puritan.

It seems to me that colleges and universities today are among the most hypocritical institutions. Their administrations and faculties speak endlessly in favor of freedom, equality, and democracy. Yet, they run one of the most autocratic systems in the United States. When students are given a role in the university, it is usually a sham role. Barnard could be a pioneer in the area of civil liberties particularly as it pertains to juveniles and women and in the area of educational democracy. I am saddened to see one of the few institutions I thought capable of doing this closing its doors on the real issues of our day in order to remain noncontroversial.

Daphne Kean Hare '58

Buffalo, N. Y., May 13

To the Editor: I have just written a number of fellow alumnae to urge them to give money to Barnard. I did so in spite of President Martha Peterson's recent letter to all

alumnae and in the hope that it does not truly represent the present sense of proportion of the college administration.

It is hard to believe that across the street from the turmoil and tumult at Columbia, the chief concern remained Linda LeClair; yet such is the impression given by this letter. . . .

One student, for whatever reason, has chosen to make her private life public. In so doing, she has shown that the college with no real rationale had attempted to regulate that non-academic, private sector of her life. If she broke a school regulation which had no reason to exist and if she lied while doing so, neither indicates her ineducability. She may be penalized for breaking a rule and the college may abandon the rule. Both individual and institution have then engaged in a learning experience and can get on with the business of education, certainly including the student protests centered on the academic aspects of the University.

Janet McKee Silard '51

Bethesda, Maryland, May 31

Dear Miss Peterson: As an alumna, it's my hope Barnard will recognize it can't continue to use housing as a way of regularizing a student's personal life.

Possibly the College has already been negligent in having kept to the letter of a law which in these days most surely invited infringement.

Miss LeClair, however misdirectedly, and however much an embarrassment and nuisance to the College, has served to make clear that the College must reexamine itself. If the rules do ameliorate, asking her to remove herself may someday appear retroactively unfair. It has another even more unfortunate connotation.

Students *must* be able to trust that academic achievement will keep them in school. That is the really important standard. I deplore any erosion of it.

Hortense Calisher '32

New York City, May 9

Dear Miss Peterson: As both an alumna and mother of a daughter just completing her sophomore year at Barnard, I appreciated receiving your letter concerning the matter of Linda LeClair.

I can only agree with you in believing that the continued presence of this girl at Barnard can serve no useful purpose. Regardless of the merits of the current dormitory regulations this girl and her parents together with all other dormitory students and their parents have accepted these regulations as one of the conditions of admission to Barnard. So long as these regulations remain in force, I consider it the obligation of the students, parents, and college to see that they are adhered to.

Frankly, it is difficult for me to see how you or any member of the Barnard faculty or administration can expect the successful enforcement of any regulation if Linda LeClair is permitted to continue as a student. In all probability my own daughter would take issue with this conclusion. However, to be unburdened by wisdom remains a luxury of youth.

Rosemary Short van Metre '42

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 21

Dear Miss Peterson: Many of us *were* troubled by the situation on the Columbia and Barnard campuses, especially when we were there. Once we had left the campus, unfortunately we tried to forget, rather than reform.

I have never been prouder of being a Barnard alumna than I am now. Never have I recommended Barnard to prospective students; never have I praised it—until now. When I attended Barnard, the staff was incredibly poor, the living conditions stifling, and the disinterest of the faculty and administration was overwhelming. I was not a rebel at Barnard, much to my present shame; I picked up a Phi Beta Kappa key, but not much else. I began my education and my growing up, when I left.

I know of no one who did not falsify records at Barnard—we all made out false sign-out slips, especially for overnights. . . .

I wish that I had the courage, strength, and commitment of those who are now trying to liberate the University and ally themselves with the community. . . .

Margaret H. Niederer '61

New York City, May 18

Dear Miss Peterson: I was very much disturbed by the tone of your letter to the alumnae and its assumption that as alumnae we would all be relieved to learn that the

crisis at Columbia and the Linda LeClair case have only temporarily inconvenienced Barnard. Both of these disturbances, it seems to me, point up failings in the administration that need more than superficial correction. The hypocrisy of the housing laws, not Miss LeClair, should be chastised. The university's indifference to the needs of the neighborhood it shares is more deplorable than the students' attempt to expose and remedy the situation.

You seem to equate "personal integrity" with conventional morality, and to regard order as an absolute good, regardless of the soundness of its base. Here is one alumna, anyhow, who cannot concur.

Emily Wortis Leider '59

San Francisco, Calif., May 22

Dear President Peterson: As a Barnard Alumna of the class of 1913, and as a

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professional student of the effect of institutional action on the public mind, I suggest that your way of dealing with the problem of Miss Linda Le Clair has been damaging to the College. I believe it has also been damaging to higher education.

Peripherally, and centrally, Barnard is guilty of implied falsehood and disingenuousness in stating that Miss Le Clair may be stigmatized and asked to leave because she "admittedly falsified her record with the College so that she might share an apartment with a Columbia junior."

Many people might argue that lying is an integral part of our culture and one of its conventions. People habitually tell little lies, white lies, social lies, eleemosynary lies, selfish lies, kind lies, vicious lies, military lies, official lies, expedient lies—lies to fit innumerable kinds of situations and for innumerable reasons, including the natural desire for privacy. It would be interesting, but unimportant to the cause of truth-telling, to know whether this Barnard student, in order to spare her parents' distress or anger, lied cynically, desperately, or out of love.

Moreover, since she is acting in imitation of the prevalent behavior of our society, I cannot believe that this student's negation of the values you cite in your Report as "honor and personal integrity," threatens either Barnard College or what we like to think of as our ethical standards.

My second major disagreement with the expressed policy of Barnard has to do with the yoking of two disparate ideas in an oxymoron in order to arrive at an unwarranted conclusion.

You say, "She falsified her record with the College so that she might share an apartment with a Columbia junior." Is the accused student to be punished for falsifying her record? Or for living in sin, known in classical terminology as fornication? If the first charge is true, one would, I think, be forced to punish every student, and parent, and legislator, and diplomat. Everyone, in short. No sane person never lies.

If she is to be punished for fornication, it would be best to face that issue and deal with it frankly and intelligently. To do this would entail some considerable research into social history and the social sciences

and demand that we look out, among other things, the stale, boring, but annoyingly persistent question of the double standard. What, by the way, is the Columbia junior, Peter Behr, likely to encounter in the way of censure or career penalties?

There are, of course, many ways of looking at boy and girl rebellion. But there has never been a way of eliminating boys and girls in love. We might make the whole subject less debasing to all of us, and more wholesome in the societal pattern, if we were to act in situations such as the present one with more intelligence and compassion.

Doris Fleischman Bernays '13

Cambridge, Mass., May 11

Dear Miss Peterson: . . . the real issue here is whether the college administration has any right, "in loco parentis," to dictate and police the off-campus behavior of its students. I think it does not and should not have this right. And I hope you will not feel that the disposition of Linda's case (whatever it may be), will end or paper over this matter, for this issue will remain.

As for Linda's particular case, you feel "that no useful educational purpose will be served by this particular student's remaining at Barnard." Is it your opinion that her off-campus arrangements render her ineducable? If Barnard can't serve *her* any educational purpose, I don't see that it can serve anyone's.

This inflexible and Comstockian attitude on the part of the administration can only reflect badly on the college, and is precisely the sort of behavior that students have taken to protesting and rebelling against. . . .

Robin Rudolph Friedheim '56

Washington, D.C., May 11

Dear President Peterson: . . . I had not planned to make much of a contribution this year. But because the recent publicity about one of our students, may generate a bit of faintheartedness among us, I am enclosing a check for \$500.

I am sure that those gifts that would be discouraged by the publicity concerning this matter are not really worth worrying about. What is important is the fine and responsible attitude of the Barnard administration and faculty and the overwhelming majority of

the students. It is never easy to know just where the right lies when there are several groups of valid considerations and principles which are in conflict with one another.

Whatever way this matter turns out, I know the most careful and responsible consideration will have been given to it.

Felicia Deyrup '38

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IL PLOE:R DA MO KOE:R

by Hortense Calisher '32

Hortense Calisher '32 is well known to most alumnae for her novels and short stories, which have appeared in book form and in such magazines as Harper's and the New Yorker. The thoughtful, charming writer consented to let BARNARD ALUMNAE publish one of her stories in this issue. The choice was not an easy one. But after happily rereading several Calisher anthologies we picked Il Ploe:r da mo Koe:r. Miss Calisher—who assures us the setting is not Barnard—reminds us the story is one she wrote “just for fun.”

Miss Calisher (Mrs. Curtis Harnack in private life) has twice held Guggenheim Fellowships. She has been an adjunct professor of English at Barnard and a visiting professor at Brandeis and the University of Iowa. In the fall, she will be an adjunct professor at Columbia.

I was taught to speak French *with* tears. It was not I who wept, or the other girls in my high-school class, but the poet Verlaine—the one who wrote “Il plœ:r dā mō kœ:r.” Inside forty slack American mouths, he wept phonetically for almost a semester. During this time, we were not taught a word of French grammar or meaning—only the International Phonetic Alphabet, the sounds the symbols stood for, and Verlaine translated into them. We could not even pick up the celebrated pen of our aunt. But by the time Verlaine and our teacher Mlle. Girard had finished with us, we were indeed ready to pick it up, and in the most classically passionate accents this side of the Comédie Française.

Mlle. Girard achieved her feat in this way. On the very first morning, she explained to us that French could never be spoken properly by us Anglo-Saxons unless we learned to reanimate those muscles of the face, throat, *poitrine* that we possessed—even as the French—but did not use. Ours, she said, was a speech

almost without lilt, spoken on a dead level of intonation, “like a subway train.”

“Like this,” she said, letting her jaw loll idiotically and choosing the most American subject she could find: “Ay wahnt sahm ay-iss cream.” French, on the other hand, was a language *passionné* and *spirituel*, of vowels struck without pedal, of “I’s made with a sprightly tongue tip—a sound altogether unlike our “I,” which we made with our tongues plopping in our mouths. By her manner, she implied that all sorts of national differences might be assumed from this, although she could not take the time to pursue them.

She placed a wiry thumb and forefinger, gray with chalk dust, on either side of her mouth. “It is these muscles ’ere I shall teach you to use,” she said. (If that early we had been trained to think in phonetic symbols, we would have known that what she had actually said was “mœslz.”) When she removed her hand, we saw that she had two little, active, wrinkling pouches, one on either side of

her mouth. In the ensuing weeks I often wondered whether all French people had them, and we would get them, too. Perhaps only youthful body tone saved us, as, morning after morning, she went among us pinching and poking our lips into grimaces and compelling sudden ventriloquisms from our astonished sinuses.

As a final coup, she taught us the classic "r." "Demoiselles," she said, "this is an *élégance* almost impossible for Americans, but you are a special class—I think you may do it." By this time, I think she had almost convinced herself that she had effected somatic changes in our Anglo-Saxonism. "*C'est produit*," she said, imparting the knowledge to us in a whisper, "by vibr-ating the uvula!"

During the next week, we sat there, like forty purring Renaults, vibrating our uvulas.

Enfin came Verlaine, with his tears. As a supreme exercise, we were to learn to declaim a poem by one of the famous harmonists of France, and we were to do it entirely by ear. (At this time, we knew the meaning of not one word except "*ici!*," with which, carefully admonished to chirp "æp, not down!," we had been taught to answer the roll.) Years later, when I could *read* French, I came upon the poem in its natural state. To my surprise, it looked like this:

*Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?
O bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre . . .*

And so on. But the way it is engraved on my heart, my ear, and my uvula is something else again. As hour after hour, palm to breast, wrist to brow, we moaned like a bevy of Ulalumes, making the exquisite distinction between "*pleure*"

and "*pleut*," sounding our "r" like cat women, and dropping "l's liquid as bulbuls, what we saw in our mind's eye was this:

il plœ:rə dā mō kœ:r
kəm il plø syr la vil
kəl ε sətə lāgœ:r
ki penɛtrə mō kœ:r

o bryi du də la plyi
par te:r . . .

And so on.

Late in the term, Mme. Cécile Sorel paid New York a visit, and Mlle. Girard took us to see her in "La Dame aux Camélias." Sorel's tea gowns and our own romantic sensibilities helped us to get some of her phthisic story. But what we marvelled at most was that she sounded exactly like us.

L'envoi comes somewhat late—twenty years later—but, like the tragic flaw of the Greeks, what Mlle. G. had planted so irrevocably was bound to show up in a last act somewhere. I went to France.

During the interim, I had resigned myself to the fact that although I had "had" French so intensively—for Mlle. G. had continued to be just as exacting all the way through grammar, *dictée*, and the rest of it—I still did not seem to "have" it. In college, my accent had earned me a brief eminence, but, of course, we did not spend much time *speaking* French, this being regarded as a frivolous addiction, the pursuit of which had best be left to the Berlitz people, or to tacky parlor groups presided over by stranded foreign widows in need of funds. As for vocabulary or idiom, I stood with Racine on my right hand and Rimbaud on my left—a *cordon bleu* cook who had never been taught how to boil an egg. Across the water, there was presumably a nation, *obscurcie de miasmes humains*, that used its own speech for purposes of asking the way to the bathroom, paying

off porters, and going shopping, but for me the language remained the vehicle of de Vigny, Lamartine, and Hugo, and France a murmurous orchestral country where the *cieux* were full of *clarté*, the oceans sunk in *ombres profondes*, and where the most useful verbs were *souffler* and *gémir*.

On my occasional encounters with French visitors, I would apologize, in a few choicely carved phrases that always brought compliments, for being out of practice, after which I retired—into English if *they* had *it*, into the next room if they hadn't. Still, when I sailed, it was with hope—based on the famous accent—that in France I would somehow speak French. If I had only known, it would have been far better to go, as an underprivileged friend of mine did, armed with the one phrase her husband had taught her—"Au secours!"

Arriving at my small hotel in Paris, I was met by the owner, M. Lampacher, who addressed me in arrogantly correct English. When we had finished our arrangements in that language, I took the plunge. "*Merci!*" I said. It came out just lovely, the "r" like treacle, the "ci" not down but æp.

"Ah Madame!" he said. "You speak French."

I gave him the visitors' routine.

"You mock, Madame. You have the accent *absolument pur*."

The next morning, I left the hotel early for a walk around Paris. I had not been able to understand the boy who brought me breakfast, but no doubt he was from the provinces. Hoping that I would not encounter too many people from the provinces, I set out. I tramped for miles, afloat upon the first beatific daze of tourism. One by one, to sounds as of northern lights popping and sunken cathedrals emerging, all the postcards were coming true, and it was not until I was returning on the bus from Chaillot

that, blinking, I listened for the first time that day.

Two women opposite me were talking; from their glances, directed at my plastic rain boots, they were talking about me. I was piqued at their apparent assumption that I would not understand them. A moment later, listening with closed eyes, I was glad that they could not be aware of the very odd way in which I was not understanding them. For what I was hearing went something like this:

“rəgɑrd lɑmɛrɪkən sɛ kɑʊtʃu sɛkɔvnbəl sɑ nɛspɑ purlɑsɑbl ɔ pɔv-wɑrlɛsulʃɛ”

“ɑ ɛl nəsɔpɑvrɛmɑ ʃɪk lɛzɑmɛrɪkən ʃɑkɪnrəsɑblɑlɔtr”

“ɑ wɪ [Pause] tɪkɔnɛ mɑrɪ lɑ fɪʃɔɛl dɑ mɔ dɑmɪ frɛr ɑdrɛ səlwi [or sɛl] ɑvɛk ləbʊk tɪlɑrɑkɔtrɛ ʃɛmwɑ ɑlɔ:r lɛɑdɪ swɑ:r ɛl [or ɪl] ɑ fɛt ɪn fɔskʊʃ”

Hours later, in my room, with the help of the dictionary and Mlle. G.'s training in *dictée*, I pieced together what they had said. It seemed to have been roughly this: “*Regarde, l'Américaine, ses caoutchoucs. C'est convenable, ça, n'est-ce-pas, pour l'ensemble. On peut voir les souliers.*”

“*Ah, elles ne sont pas vraiment chics, les Américaines. Chacune ressemble à l'autre.*”

“*Ah, oui. [Pause] Tu connais Marie, la filleule de mon demi-frère André—celui [or celle] avec le bouc. Tu l'as rencontré chez moi. Alors, lundi soir, elle [or il] a fait une fausse couche!*”

One of them, then, had thought my boots convenient for the ensemble, since one could see the shoes; the other had commented on the lack of real chic among American women, who all resembled one another. Digressing, they had gone on to speak of Marie, the god-daughter of a stepbrother, “the one with the *bouc*. You have met him [or her, since one could not tell from the construction] at my house.” Either he or Marie had made a false couch, whatever that was.

The latter I could not find in the dictionary at all. “*Bouc*” I first recalled as “*banc*”—either André or Marie had some kind of bench, then, or pew. I had just about decided that André had a seat in the Chamber of Deputies and had made some kind of political mistake, when it occurred to me that the word had been “*bouc*”—goatee—which almost certainly meant André. What had he done? Or Marie? What the hell did it mean “to make a false couch”?

I sat for the good part of an hour, freely associating—really, now, the goddaughter of a stepbrother! When I could bear it no longer, I rang up an American friend who had lived in Paris for some years, with whom I was to lunch the next day.

“Oh, yes, how are you?” said Ann.

“Dead tired, actually,” I said, “and I’ve had a slight shock. Listen, it seems I can’t speak French after all. Will you translate something?”

“Sure.”

“What does to ‘*faire une fausse couche*’ mean?”

“Honey!” said Ann.

“What?”

“Where are you dear?” she said, in a low voice. “At a doctor’s?”

“No, for God’s sake, I’m at the hotel. What’s the matter with you? You’re as bad as the dictionary.”

“Nothing’s the matter with *me*,” said Ann. “The phrase just means ‘to have a miscarriage,’ that’s all.”

“Ohhh,” I said. “Then it was Marie after all. Poor Marie.”

“*Are you all right?*”

“Oh, I’m fine,” I said. “Just fine. And thanks. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

I went to bed early, assuring myself that what I had was merely disembarkation jitters (what would the psychologists call it—transliteration syndrome?), which would disappear overnight. Otherwise it was going to be very troublesome having to retire from every conversation to work

it out in symbols.

A month went by, and the syndrome had not disappeared. Now and then, it was true, the more familiar nouns and verbs did make their way straight to my brain, bypassing the tangled intermediaries of my ear and the International Phonetic Alphabet. Occasionally, I was able to pick up an unpoetically useful phrase: to buy a brassière you asked for “something to hold up the gorge with;” the French said “*Couci-couça*” (never “*Comme ci, comme ça*”) and, when they wanted to say “I don’t know,” turned up their palms and said “*Schpuh*.” But meanwhile, my accent, fed by the lilt of true French, altogether outsoared the shadow of my night. When I did dare the phrases prepared carefully in my room for the eventualities of the day, they fell so superbly that any French *vis-à-vis* immediately dropped all thought of giving me a handicap and addressed me in the native argot, at the native rate — leaving me struck dumb.

New Year’s Eve was my last night in Paris. I had planned to fly to London to start the new year with telephones, parties, wireless, conversation, in a wild blaze of unrestricted communication. But the airport had informed me that no planes were flying the Channel, or perhaps anywhere, for the next twenty-four hours, New Year’s Eve being the one night on which the pilots were traditionally “allowed” to get drunk. At least, it *seemed* to me that I had been so informed, but perhaps I libel, for by now my passion for accurately understanding what was said to me was dead. All my pockets and purses were full of paper scraps of decoding, set down in vowel-hallucinated corners while my lips moved grotesquely, and it seemed to me that, if left alone here any longer, I would end by having composed at random a phonetic variorum for France.

In a small, family-run café around the corner from my hotel, where I had often

eaten alone, I ordered dinner, successive *cafés filtres*, and repeated doses of marc. Tonight, at the elegiac opening of the new year, it was "allowed"—for pilots and the warped failures of educational snobism—to get drunk. Outside, it was raining, or weeping; in my heart it was doing both.

Presently, I was the only customer at any of the zinc tables. Opposite, in a corner, the *grand-père* of the family of owners lit a Gauloise and regarded me with the privileged stare of the elderly. He was the only one there who seemed aware that I existed; for the others I had the invisibility of the foreigner who cannot "speak"—next door to that of a child, I mused, except for the adult password of money in the pocket. The old man's daughter, or daughter-in-law, a dark woman with a gall-bladder complexion and temperament, had served me obliquely and retired to the kitchen, from which she emerged now and then to speak sourly to her husband, a capped man, better-looking than she, who ignored her, lounging at the bar like a customer. I should have liked to know whether her sourness was in her words as well as her manner, and whether his lordliness was something personal between them or only the authority of the French male, but their harsh gutturals, so far from the sugarplum sounds I had been trained to that they did not even dissolve into phonetics, went by me like the crude blue smoke of the Gauloise. A girl of about fourteen—their daughter, I thought—was tending bar and deflecting the remarks of the customers with a petted, precocious insouciance. Now and then, her parents addressed remarks, either to her or to the men at the bar, that seemed to have the sharpness of reprimand, but I could not be sure; to my eye the gaiety of the men toward the young girl had a certain avuncular decorum that made the scene pleasant and tender to watch. In my own country, I loved to listen at bars, where

the human scene was often arrested as it is in those genre paintings whose deceptively simple contours must be approached with all one's knowledge of the period, and it saddened me not to be able to savor those nuances here.

I lit a Gauloise, too, with a flourish that the old man, who nodded stiffly, must have taken for a salute. And why not? Pantomime was all that was left to me. Or money. To hell with my perfectionist urge to understand; I must resign myself to being no different from those summer thousands who jammed the ocean every June, to whom Europe was merely a montage of their own sensations, a glamorous old phoenix that rose seasonally, just for them. On impulse, I mimed an invitation to the old man to join me in a marc. On second thought, I signalled for marc for everybody in the house.

"To the new year!" I said, in French, waving my glass at the old man. Inside my brain, my monitor tapped his worried finger—did "*nouvelle*" come before or after "*année*" in such cases, and wasn't the accent a little "ice cream"? I drowned him, in another marc.

Across the room from me, the old man's smile faded in and out like the Cheshire cat's; I was not at all surprised when it spoke, in words I seemed to understand, inquiring politely as to my purpose in Paris. I was here on a scholarship, I replied. I was a writer. ("*Ecrivain? Romancier?*" asked my monitor faintly.)

"Ah," said the old man. "I am familiar with one of your writers. Père Le Buc."

"Père Le Buc?" I shook my head sadly. "I regret, but it is not known to me, the work of Father Le Buc."

"*Pas un homme!*" he said. "*Une femme! Une femme qui s'appelle Père Le Buc!*"

My monitor raised his head for one last time. "Perlebyk!" he chirped desperately. "Perlebyk!"

I listened. "Oh, my God," I said then. "Of course. That is how it would be. Pearl

Buck!"

"*Mais oui,*" said the old man, beaming and raising his glass. "Perlebyk!"

At the bar, the loungers, thinking we were exchanging some toast, raised their own glasses in courteous imitation. "Perlebyk!" they said, politely. "Perlebyk!"

I raised mine. "*Il pleure,*" I began, "*il pleure dans mon cœur comme il pleut...*"

Before the evening was over, I had given them quite a selection: from Verlaine, from Heredia's "Les Trophées," from Baudelaire's poem on a painting by Delacroix, from de Musset's "R-r-rappelle-toi!" As a final tribute, I gave them certain stanzas from Hugo's "L'Expiation"—the ones that begin "*Waterloo! Waterloo! Waterloo! Morne plaine!*" And in between, raised or lowered by a new faith that was not all brandy, into an air freed of cuneiform at last—I spoke French.

Making my way home afterward, along the dark stretches of the Rue du Bac, I reflected that to learn a language outside its native habitat you must really believe that the other country exists—in its humdrum, its winter self. Could I remember to stay there now—down in that lower-case world in which stairs creaked, cops yelled in which women bought brassières and sometimes made the false couch?

The door of my hotel was locked. I rang, and M. Lampacher admitted me. He snapped on the stair light, economically timed to go out again in a matter of seconds, and watched me as I mounted the stairs with the aid of the banister.

"Off bright and early, hmm?" he said sleepily, in French. "Well, good night, Madame. Hope you had a good time here."

I turned, wanting to answer him properly, to answer them all. At that moment, the light went off, perhaps to reinforce forever my faith in the mundanity of France.

"*Ah, ça va, ça va!*" I said strongly, into the dark. "Couci-couça. Schpuh."

AABC News

Anne Gary Pannell Is a Trustee

Names in the News



Catherine Mason Swezey

CATHERINE MASON SWEZEY was named 1968 Virginia Mother of the Year. She was nominated by the local AAUW chapter, for which she chairs the topical program "Testing Values in a Changing Society." Catherine and husband Fenton, a chemist, have three children. Their son is a minister. First president of the Waynesboro chapter of the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Catherine is currently director of the Blue Ridge chapter of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, active with the A. F. S. Committee, and was the first woman member of the local school board when Waynesboro was incorporated in 1948. Her hobbies, characteristically, require detailed work but produce readily shared results: photography, sewing, ceramics, and painting.

BEATRICE ROSENTHAL COLEMAN has succeeded her late husband Joseph as president of Maidenform, Inc., the world's largest brassiere manufacturing company which was founded by her mother, now honorary chairman of the board of directors. Beatrice spends about 3 days a week in her New York City office and the other 2 days at the main plant in Bayonne, N. J. when not attending sales meetings throughout this country and abroad. She joined Maidenform after graduating from Barnard and has been active in many phases of the business, including advertising, design, and most recently as vice president of marketing. Two daughters and one grandson provide an active family life when business matters are done.



Trustee Pannell listening with Dean Boorse at a Reunion panel

ANNE GARY PANNELL took office at Reunion Friday, June 7, as newest alumnae trustee, succeeding Marjorie Marks Bitker '21.

Mrs. Pannell has been president of Sweet Briar College since 1950 and was elected this year to a five-year term as president of the American Association of University Women. After graduation from Barnard, she attended St. Hugh's College, Oxford, from which she received the D.Phil.

(Oxon.) degree in history in 1935. Until assuming her Sweet Briar appointment, Mrs. Pannell taught history at Alabama College, the University of Alabama, and Goucher College. She was a Senator-at-Large for Phi Beta Kappa from 1958-67 and has many honorary degrees to her credit, including the D.H.L. from the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, awarded this June. Mrs. Pannell, a widow, is the mother of two sons.

Fellowship

The 1968 AABC \$1600 graduate Fellowship has been awarded to Miss Janet E. Frank '68, who will study cello in France next year.

Janet Frank studied cello at the Manhattan School of Music in 1964-65, at the '67 summer Casals Festival, at the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood, and with Bernard Greenhouse, one of America's foremost cello teachers. She has been a member of the American Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Stowkowski for two years and intends to become a concert cellist.

The fellowship alternate is Miss Gail Ross '68, who plans to study for an Ed.D. in Educational Psychology.

These seniors were chosen from a field of 34 seniors and alumnae, representing a wide variety of fields from law to poetry.

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425 Riverside Drive
New York, N. Y. 10025

Helen Loeb Kaufmann, President, and Florence Wolff Klaber, Historian, invited the class to a luncheon at Florence's, who lives just around the corner from Barnard. Of course the members of the class are widely separated from coast to coast and many of those near were prevented from attending by illness. Those who came were Ellen O'Gorman Duffy, Elsie Helmrich, Jessie Houston, Eleanor Hufeland, Gertrude Wells Marburg, and their 2 hostesses. There were fine letters and some pictures from Mabel Peterson Paul, Elizabeth Fox De Cou, Mabel Stearn Pfeiffer, Agnes Miller, Hilda Welles Stidfole, Adelaide Requa Lake, Eleanor Hunsdon Grady, Lura Beam—who had been expected, but could not attend at the last minute, Margaret Yates—who was recovering from illness, and Linda Savitz Thomson. Several of those who could not write themselves had husbands and children report.

After the letters were read, Helen was reelected President and Florence Historian. They and Ellen attended the Alumnae Assoc. business meeting at Barnard and heard Barnard's new president give a most satisfying address. Finally Ellen and Florence had supper together in a delightful room in Reid.

It was quite evident how much the old classmates enjoyed the hours together!



1913

13

Mrs. C. (Sallie Pero) Grant
5900 Arlington Avenue
Bronx, N. Y. 10471

On May 1st, about 25 class members were the guests at a delightful tea party given by Hazel Martin Spicer at her Claremont Ave. home to meet Pres. Martha Peterson. Joan Sperling Lewinson had sent beautiful flowers for this pre-reunion occasion, although we missed her and Naomi Harris Wolfson due to their husbands' illnesses.

It was a pleasure to see Helen Dana Howard, who had come over from England to visit Priscilla Lockwood Loomis. Eleanor Oerzen Sperry drove Gertrude Morris Hannan and Harriet Seibert down from Westchester. We regret very much that 3 class members lost their husbands in April—Marion Newman Hess, Priscilla Lockwood Loomis and Gladys Slade Thompson. Marion and Priscilla were at the tea and we are sorry that Gladys did not make it.

Those present at the June Reunion were: Eleanor Oerzen Sperry, Mary Voyse, Miriam Grenelle Mandalian, Helen Foland Graham, Lucy R. Powell, Beulah Bishop Pond, Naomi Harris Wolfson, Louise Bartling Wiedhopf, Margaret Kelley Walsh, Hazel Martin Spicer, Helen Crosby West, Anna Salzman Cohn, Mollie Katz Perlman, Emma S. Hubert, Joan Sperling Lewinson, Edith Halfpenny, Mollie Stewart Colley, Jean Shaw Horn, Bessie MacDonald Allen, Marguerite Neugass Katzenstein, Sallie Pero Grant, Harriet Siebert.

Dorothy Kinch Luster sent greetings from Pa. where she is spending June with her family. She is living happily in a retirement center at Meadow Lake, Hightstown, N. J. Elizabeth Donovan Bailly wrote from Jackson, Miss., that she is busy taking care of her deceased son's children.

It was a special surprise and pleasure to see Bessie Allen after her long absence from reunions. She and her husband drove from their home in Marion, Mass., and then visited their home town on Staten Island. Their family is scattered from N. Y. to Alaska, where they maintain a home which they visit every other year. Miriam Mandalian also came from her home in Mass.—North Attleboro.

A few statistics about 1913 may be of interest: freshmen class numbered 144 and deaths and lost addresses now leave us with 94 classmates. In the fiscal year 1967-68, 66% of the class gave to Barnard, one of the highest percentages for reunion classes. For this, thanks are due to all who took part in the phone and letter campaign initiated by Joan and Edith. In some cases, a former employer matched the alumna's own gift: Helen Crosby West was successful in this approach with Metropolitan Life Ins. Co.

Friday evening the TV Room in Brooks Hall held an inviting buffet supper for the class. After supper, Joan introduced Edith as moderator of a program comparing the attitudes, activities and problems of a 1913 college student with those faced by the



1908

student today. This became a lively, interesting and often amusing discussion. A highlight of the evening was a brief visit from Pres. Peterson, who did not tarry since she had seen most of the group at Hazel's tea.



1918

18

Mrs. H. (Edith Baumann) Benedict
15 Central Park West
New York, N. Y. 10023

From Fri. a.m. until late Sat. p.m., June 7 and 8, 1918 enjoyed itself. Lectures were attended, and clusters of our classmates were much in evidence. Most of us attended the alumnae meeting, where '18 was cited for the many workers that it has given and still is giving to the Thrift Shop.

We were then served supper in the College Parlor in Barnard Hall, which our class helped to inaugurate. Those who attended were: *Mary F. Barber, Helen Purdy Beale, Edith Baumann Benedict, Fannie Rubenstein Bruner, Elsa Grimm Bunn, Mary Burns*, who came from Ireland just for the occasion; *Millie Griffiths Clarkson, (Alvina) Martine Cobanks, Helena Shine Dobrenwend, Hildegard Diechmann Duffee, Mimosa Pfaltz Fejos, Sophia Schulman Felton, Charlotte Dickson Fisher, Marie Bernholz Flynn*, who must be thanked for ordering all of the flowers and the liquid refreshment that preceded the supper; *Virginia Williams Foote, May Levison Friedman, Wendela Liander Friend, Mary Wellock Garretson, Margaret Giddings, Edith Gross Hall, Sophia Amson Harrison, Shelby Holbrook, Viola Williams Hotson, Bertha Sherline Jovis, Margaret Rothschild Katzenstein, Hedwig Koenig, Jacqueline Longaker Kranz, Nell Farrar Lawrence, Kathryn Cutler Lincoln, Jeannette Robbins Maas, Rhoda J. Milliken, Mary M. Murphy, Isabelle Murtland Page, Margaret Schlauch*, who will be decorated by the President of Iceland this summer in recognition of her work in Old Icelandic studies; *Dora Kahn Seldin, Helen Stevens Stoll, Florence Barber Swikart, Marion Washburn Towner, Dorothy Graffe Van Doren, Pauline Grossman Vorhaus, Carolyn Harris Waller, Esther Schiff Wittfogel*.

Dorothy Van Doren's talk entitled "I remember" reminded us of the headlines on the front page of the *N. Y. Times* in Sept. 1914, when we entered Barnard, and also of outstanding events during our 4 years there. Everyone was pleased with her speech.

The Medalie Character Award, given to

a 50th reunion class member for fine character and community service, was received by Millie Clarkson (who felt that she could not accept it for herself) in honor of all '18'ers who have taught (over 40%) and of all who have done much for their communities. The only other business was the election of new class officers. Except for the fact that Pres. Millie felt that we needed a Vice President, the officers remained Helena Dohrenwend, Treas., and myself as Secretary, with Mary F. Barber the new Vice Pres.

Miss Peterson visited us and left us all pleased and happy that she is our new college president. Each of us felt that she has become a friend on whom to rely.

The remainder of the evening was spent in private conversations. I really believe that many friends were made among people who scarcely knew one another 50 years ago.

Sat. afternoon 23 of us gathered at Esther Wittfogel's lovely and spacious Riverside Drive apartment. She could not have been better as a hostess. As an additional pleasure, *Ethel G. Dawbarn* joined us. She had not been well the night before and we were delighted to find her in good health again.

Our only regret was that everyone was not able to come. As we parted the last words often were, "See you on our 55th."

Edith Baumann Benedict

23

Mrs. G. G. (Estella Raphael) Steiner
110 Ash Drive
Great Neck, N. Y. 11021

29 members of the class of '23 came to its 45th Reunion, including 4 who had returned to Barnard for the 1st time since graduation (with asterisk). Present were *Leah Murden Bayne, Grace H. Becker, Alice Boehringer, *Emily Galt Bready, Edythe Sheehan Dineen, Winifred Dunbrack, Mary Lee Slaughter Emerson, Agnes*

*Purdy Faile, Marion Byrnes Flynn, Emily Martens Ford, Charlotte MacNamara Guedalia, *Helen Bradshaw Hassler, Dorothy Houghton, Ruth Lustbader Israel, Dorothy Maloney Johnson, Dorothy Scholze Kasius, Agnes MacDonald, *Annie May Williford McCarrell, Effie Morehouse, *Arcadia Near Phillips, Alice Burbank Rhoads, Pauline Fulcher Stone, Clare Loftus Verrilli, Leone Newton Willett, Nancy Boyd Willey, Elizabeth R. Wood, Dorothy Dockstader Wunderly, Aileen Shea Zahn*.

The Barnard Hall Annex, a colorful room just north of the gym—normally a snack bar, held our supper and meeting. Alice Rhoads, Reunion Chairman, read the list of deceased classmates, who were remembered with a moment of silence. The Reunion committee was thanked for its cooperation in planning; Alice announced the cancellation of our Saturday evening dinner because the Fonda del Sol restaurant would be closed in honor of Sen. Robt. F. Kennedy.

Edythe Dineen's tape recorder playing songs of the '20's, including "Oh, It's Great To Be A Milkman," furnished background music. She later recorded a tape to be sent to *Minnie Mae Fleming* in Texas. Dorothy Houghton was snapping pictures, but they still are not developed. After a delightful buffet supper, everyone visited, chatted and enjoyed the scrapbooks put together by Estella Steiner.

The business meeting began with the Treasurer's report, followed by thanks to Alice Rhoads, Effie Morehouse, Secy.-Treas., and Agnes MacDonald, Fund chairman. Lee Willett read Estella's report as class correspondent. Alice Boehringer, chairman of the nominating com., announced the newly-elected officers for 1968-73: Dorothy Houghton, Pres.; Elizabeth R. Wood, V.P.; Marion B. Flynn, Secy.-Treas.; Estella R. Steiner, Correspondent. Alice accompanied her announcement with a tiny bouquet of dainty garden flowers to



1923

the incoming and outgoing presidents. Elizabeth turned the gavel over to Dorothy, who was making a most enthusiastic speech when there appeared a distinguished visitor, Pres. Martha E. Peterson, accompanied by Mary Maloney Sargent, pres. of the Assoc. Alumnae.

Agnes MacDonald's fund report was indeed a happy one: the class of '23 led all others in giving to the Barnard Fund this past year with 79% participation, netting \$7653.80, of which \$5000 was designated for a scholarship in memory of Virginia Gildersleeve. A May telethon to the class produced 12 more gifts and allowed the telethon committee to chat with friends they had not seen in years.

A baker's dozen of '23ers stayed overnight in Hewitt Hall, with others joining them for 2 excellent lectures Sat. a.m. and a last gala lunch on the library patio.

The class joins in extending its deep sympathy to *Helen Werner Johanson*, whose husband died in April. She wrote that she might be going to Winter Park, Fla. for a private reunion with *Rose Catogio Larkin*, thus being with us in spirit.

Please send news of yourselves and summer plans to Estella.

28

Janet D. Schubert
330 Haven Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10033

This 40th year of our alumnaehood, with its national tragedies and its local perplexities, will not soon be forgotten by any of us. Given this, the renewals and exchanges afforded by Reunion were all the more heart-warming. Star reunioners were *Laura Orta*, from Panama, and *Madeleine Lake Elder*, from Calif., via a vacation in Jamaica and a visit to daughter Jean ('52) and family in Philadelphia. Laura teaches English at the Inter-Amer. Air Forces Academy and spoke most entertainingly of her work for the USAF and the Canal Zone Junior College.

The roster was small but lively: *Edith*

Steinman Blecher, Ruth Greenwald Citron, Helen Hope Dibbell, Florence Atkins Dunham, Anne Anastasi Foley, Betty Sussman Griffin, Florence Levin Kandell, Jane Franklin Lesser, Rashelle Mutnick Levine, Edith Colvin Mayers, Eleanor Michelfelder, Clara Fisher Miller, Margaret Ackerman Miller, Ethel Barnett Neuburg, Eleanor Kaiser Reinheimer, Thelma Barasch Rudey, Janet Schubert, Marjorie Nelson Spellman, Eleanor Rich Van Staagen, and the undersigned.

Strictly in accordance with '28 tradition, very little business was transacted, except for the regretful acceptance of Florence's resignation as Class Correspondent, a position she has filled so faithfully and well and far beyond the bounds of official duties. She will be living abroad for the next 2 years—details in a forthcoming issue.

A second order of business was a vote of thanks to Janet Schubert who single-handedly represented our class at the Fund Telethon in May. She is a medical social worker in NYC and has consented, to everybody's delight, to take over the post of Class Correspondent.

A wonderful harvest of replies arrived in response to the Reunion letter. 32 far-flung members of the class wrote, in addition to several who did attend Reunion; some of these letters were read aloud and very warmly received. The news therein would overflow this column, so it will be presented piecemeal in forthcoming issues. *Mary Hooke Goodwin*, now of NYC, and



1928

Martha Davis Keerans, of Houston, called to personally say hello and a telegram of greetings from *Connie Rouillon Critchfield* arrived during dinner.

Ruth Richards Eisenstein, Pres.

33

Mrs. C. (Gaetanina Nappi) Campe
73-20 179 Street
Flushing, N. Y. 11366

Miss Josephine Skinner
128 Chestnut Street
Montclair, N. J. 07042

45 classmates attended Reunion. Early arrivals included *Grace Iijima, Josephine Skinner*, and *Betty Adams Currie*. Joining them for lunch were *Ernestine Bowman, Helen Phelps Bailey*, and *Frances A. Barry*—better known to the present generation as Dean of Studies and Bursar, respectively. Added faces at the afternoon lecture: *Ruth Jacobsen Leff* and *Ruth Roeser Irvine*. Meeting time brought *Kay Crook de Camp, Dot Crook Hazard, Rosalind Deutchman Posner, Elizabeth Stewart Schade*, and *Lillian Bachmann Osterhus*.

Buffet supper was held in the old Blue Room of Brooks where *Florence Dickenson O'Connell* had prepared a photo exhibit board. The open bar was well stocked by *Anna Sardi Gina* who was unable to attend, but, as *Denise Abbey* noted, was with us in Spirit. *Evelyn Willson Laughlin* was among the able bartenders.

Professor Margaret Holland, an honorary member of '30, '33, '38, and '43, announced that she is sending a check in the names of these classes for the benefit of the Manhattanville Community Centers. *Ruth Bedford McDaniel*, V.P. of our sister class '35, joined us for cocktails.

Rosalind called the meeting to order just before the arrival of Pres. Peterson and AABC Pres. Mary Sargent. Pres. Peterson



1933

dwelt more intimately upon some aspects of her afternoon address to alumnae and graciously answered our questions. After the reading of the minutes, *Adele Burcher Greeff* dramatically rendered the treasurer's report. In presenting the Fund report, *Ruth Korwan* described the May 14 Telethon. *Gena Tenney Phenix*, chairman of the nominating com., presented the following slate: Pres., *Ruth Korwan*; 1st V.P., *Anna Sardi Gina*; 2nd V.P., *Frances A. Barry*; Sec., *Edith Ogur Reisner*; Treas., *Olga Bendix*; Fund Rep., *Doris Hyman Miller*; Class Corres., *Gaetanina Nappi Campe* and *Josephine Skinner*. The class expressed its appreciation to Rosalind for her 10 years of devoted service as president.

Dr. Gladys Meyer, Professor of Sociology, then spoke about the "recent unpleasantness" on the Columbia campus. Her talk was most enlightening and the deluge of questions indicated how very much we are concerned with the situation. *Phyllis Machlin Jaffee* summed up our feelings with her constructive query, "What can we, as alumnae, do?" Dr. Meyer recommended forming a committee to pass on our suggestions for curricular changes to the College. Before the meeting broke up, Phyllis, Gena and *Beatrice Lightbowne Tukesbury* had a dozen volunteers.

Cecelia Freedland Rosenberg, who had prepared some really fine songsheets, entertained us beautifully, but all too briefly, and led us in singing. Near the end of the evening, all were invited to Rosalind's home to continue the "dialogue."

Contributing to the festivities of the evening were *Lillian Hurwitz Ashe*, *Jean Waterman Bender*, *Kathleen Roderick Clift*, *Janet Silverman Cohen*, *Eleanor Crapullo*, *Myra Grigg Diemer*, *Loretta Haggerty Driscoll*, *Eleanor Levy Furman*, *Rita Guttman*, *Rita Hoar* and her mother, *Eleanor Overbeck Koepchen*, *Martha Loewenstein*, *Muriel Kelly Major*, *Esther Tolk Metzger*, *Mae Nueske Miller*, *Hortense Feldman Mound*, *Thelma Smith Rado*, *Viola Wichern Shedd*, *Ethel Frank Whitehorn*, *Virginia Kane Wichern*.

The class salutes its oldest member, Com-

fort *T. Gilder*—at age 80 she is exhibiting her art work at the N.Y. Botanical Gardens. A note about *Imogene Jones McCarthy*—she is now Mrs. Theodore C. Byerly, living in Greenbelt, Md.

Questionnaire replies reveal a most interesting diversity: 3 artists, 1 of whom is a sculptor; 3 doctors, 3 lawyers, 1 member of the Foreign Service; 2 others in govt. work; 9 librarians, 25 teachers, including 3 professors; 18 writers, whose publications run the gamut from books on fashion to a Russian-Eng. Chemical & Polytechnical Dictionary. Among the 23 businesswomen are 1 V.P. in a stock-brokerage house, 1 city planner, 1 bursar, 4 statisticians, a controller, an ad. copywriter, an asst. V.P. of a bank and several exec. secretaries.

38

Mrs. E. H. (Valma Nylund) Gasstrom
2 Adrienne Place
White Plains, N. Y. 10605

"Family-centered, work-centered, adhering to basic values of high standards, healthy, pragmatic, alert, idealistic, forward-looking, still convinced that the world is rational—the last practitioners of the Protestant Ethic"—this is '38 today, as described by *Jean Libman Gollay* in her summation of our replies to the class questionnaire.

49 enthusiastic members of the class so described put in an appearance at the gala celebration for the 30th reunion. Everyone

looked great, attractively mature, and relaxed. Supper was served in the Deanery with the assistance of obliging husbands attending bar and wielding their cameras. Pres. Peterson visited us personally after having addressed the alumnae at the general meeting. Honored guests were *Margaret Holland*, Prof. Emeritus of Phys. Educ., and *Amelia del Rio*, Prof. Emeritus of Spanish. We have reason to be proud: our class contribution to the College was the largest announced at Reunion—over \$13,000.

Helen Hirsch Acker presented our new officers: Pres., *Louise Barten Dott*; V.P., *Harriet Kennedy Hamilton*; Fund Chair., *Jean Libman Gollay*; Class Corres., *Valma Nylund Gasstrom*. Give them your cooperation and support!

After supper we adjourned to Butler Hall for further celebration with husbands at a gay party arranged by *Jane Block Blum* and her reunion com., to whom we are all indebted for a memorable evening. In the midst of the gaiety and festivities it was apparent that we have now a great appreciation of common problems, a tolerance of differences in interests and ambitions, and strong feeling of loyalty and cohesiveness among our classmates.

Others present were: *Margaret Liebman Berger*, *Kathryn Smul Arnow*, *Beatrice Rosenthal Coleman*, *Barbara Lake Dolgin*, *Marjorie Harwich Drabkin*, *Virginia MacEachern Dunford*, *Elizabeth Armstrong Dunn*, *Adelaide Murphy Evans*, *Alice Krbecsek Fraser*, *Sibyl Levy Golden*, *Betty Sargent Hammack*, *Audrey Snyder Harding*, *Frances Boehm Harrison*, *Peggy Stark Heinsohn*, *Adikent Thomas Jeffrey*, *Bernice Bachrack Kalmanoff*, *Suzzane Sloss Kaufmann*, *Jane Harris Kiernan*, *Harriet Harlin Knirsch*, *Lenore Schanhous Krieger*, *Elizabeth Swinton Le Compte*, *Ruth Frankfurter Lehr*, *Kirsten Johannsen Leigh*, *Janice Wormser Liss*, *Mary Lawlor Lynyak*, Har-



1938

riet Heineman Marcus, Elaine Glaston Miller, Pauline Auerbach Moyd, Claire Murray, Eileen O'Meara, Ruth Landesman Rosenfeld, Shirl Rothenburg Seeman, Edna Holtzman Senderoff, Helen Knapp Shanahan, Virginia Shaw, Margaret Reese Shiff, Dorothea Eggers Smith, Elizabeth Suppes, Mildred Gottlieb Taffel, Emma Coulter Ware, Caroline Babcock Willner.

The results of the questionnaire will be forthcoming to one and all.

43

Mrs. J. P. (Maureen O'Connor) Cannon
258 Steilen Avenue
Ridgewood, N. J. 07450

It was a gala get-together! 35 of us celebrated the quarter-century mark in the James Room of Barnard Hall, aided nobly by 3 hard-working husbands-turned-bar-tenders: Mel Fenichell, Ed Reinert, and Bob Puder. The cocktail hour was lively and, after a buffet supper, Class Pres. Marilyn Haggerty thanked Reunion Chair. Pat Condon Fenichell and her com. Ruth Geyer Harrison, who also contributed roses from her garden; Irene Thompson, who wrote the class profile, and Irene Jones Reinert, who read same aloud—to the delight of those present. Did you know that between graduation and the present "we wed (92%), we spread (despite 'Diet-rite') and we bred" (a total of 184 offspring of whom 3 have also bred!). We've garnered 30 Masters degrees, 4 Ph.D.'s, 1 LL.B., and 3 M.D.'s. Some of us have published; 56% are combining business and marriage in the fields of education, medicine, research and advertising. Married or single, we participate in community affairs.

Once the oh's and ah's on the profile had subsided, the Nominating Chair., Irene Thompson, announced the new class officers: Pres. Pat Condon Fenichell; V.P., Irene Jones Reinert; Secy., Maureen O'Connor Cannon; Treas., Helene Dresner Cole;



Fund Chair., Gretchen Relyea Hannan. A handsome birthday cake climaxed the meeting with Peg Jackson McComas doing the honors. And so ended the on-campus festivities, but not the party.

We adjourned to the E. 84th St. home of "Nonie" (Marjorie) Eilers Moore who had kindly donated house and hors d'oeuvres to the celebration. With husband Tom pouring, there was no lag in the partying and 12 husbands and escorts joined the distaff side, including Louise Woodward Robertson's son (Gettysburg Col. '70). On into the small hours then, news and nostalgia taking turns for '43 who, as Irene Thompson wrote, in 25 years went from "Dip to hip/Cut-in to cut-out/'Racing with the Moon' to racing to the moon!" A great quarter-century, a great reunion!

Others present: Flora Benas, Genevieve Wielunska Connolly, Sylvia Klion Disenhof, Ida Sarro Flanagan, Eda Bratschi Galli, Sybil Kotkin Harlam, Barbara Valentine Hertz, Lucille Osmer Hutchinson, Deborah Burstein Karp, Elfriede Thiele Kelso, Eleanor Pearlman Kostant, Lee Katzenstein Louis, Sophia Vrahnos Louros, Fannette Houston Lubrs, Leonora Garten Meister, Joan Walsh Miller, Aileen Gutheridge Malinowski, Margaret O'Rourke Montgomery, Diane Keedwell Papert, Laura Ponticorvo, Margery Newman Puder, Shirley Aronow Samis, Catherine Slaughter Seymour, Ruth Willey Swanson, Helena Wellisz Temmer, Polly Stenbridge Weaver, Eithne Colgan Wonsever.



1943

48

Mrs. J. P. (Natalia Troncoso) Casey
21 Canon Court
Huntington, N. Y. 11743

With mixed emotions and heated brow, 44 members of '48 gathered to observe their 20th reunion. Struggling to overcome the tragedy and grief of the preceding days, we concentrated on Reunion '68. The festivities officially began at the class cocktail party and buffet supper in the Reid Hall lounge. Joyous greetings, furtive appraisals, old friendships quickly renewed—plus current snapshots provided a warm atmosphere for comparing families, careers, and ideas.

We were delighted to have as our guests Prof. Henry Boorse, Dean of the Faculty; Prof. of Art History Julius Held, Prof. of Psychology Richard Youtz, Assoc. Prof. of History Annette Kar Baxter '47 and classmate Gertrude Rosenstein, Assoc. Alumnae Bd. of Directors. We were very pleased by a brief visit from Pres. Martha Peterson.

The Reunion program for our class began with a reading of the class profile. Elizabeth Eastman McGiffert evoked much laughter and applause by her candid and witty observations culled from the 125 questionnaires returned. Although the findings of this report were too extensive to be cited, suffice to say, our "unfulfilled ambitions" find us dreaming of "joining the Peace Corps, marrying the right man, being published in *The New Yorker*, being theater critic for the *N. Y. Times*, running a printing press, raising goats, breeding livestock, inheriting a million dollars, having more children, keeping our children out of Haight-Asbury and being THIN without suffering!"

The slate of new officers for the next 5 years was presented by Patricia Jones Thompson and duly elected: Roberta Tunick Kass, Pres.; Janet Dewitt Olson, V.P.; Natalia Troncoso Casey, Treas., Secy., Corres. A gracious note from outgoing class pres. Lawrie Trevor Nomer was read, thanking the class for its cooperation and interest during the past 5 years. Lawrie is about to depart for Dallas and we all wish her Godspeed.

Our "20 years later" reunion can be interpreted as a turning point—a time for re-evaluation. With this in mind, Carol Hoffman Stix described the work of the recently closed Barnard College Community Workshop. She detailed the many ways

that alumnae learn to take their places in urban society and how some are eased through the transition period from total commitment at home to gainful employment in the business world.

Profuse appreciation is due *Lois Williams Emma*, Reunion Chairman, and her efficient committee. Lois personally thanked *Natalia Troncoco Casey*, *Gloria Olofson Haelters*, *Janet Dewitt Olson*, *Nora Robell*, and *Patricia Jones Thompson* who worked on the planning. They were aided by *Dorothy Dingfeld DeTogni*, *Mearl Fenwick Awon* and *Cornelia Barber McGuinness*.

Classmates attending Reunion but not noted previously were *Muriel Fox Aronson*, *Nancy Ross Auster*, *Eleanor Krout Bache*, *Mary Wilson Bodenstab*, *Nancy Cone*, *Sheila Whitestone Cook*, *Mildred Gerdts Ferber*, *Amalie Mayer Flegenheimer*, *Muriel Steveson Garnes*, *Eleanor Cahill Georgopulo*, *Hope Howieson Grunt*, *Diana Chang Herrmann*, *Lita Rothbard Hornick*, *Alibeth Howell*, *Cecelia Kraeling*, *Betty Kirschner Lifton*, *Hope Franz Ligori*, *Adrienne Johnson Little*, *Alda Froelich Oertly*, *Grace Peters Papp*, *Janet Wessling Paulsen*, *Marilyn Schwartz Reichler*, *Marian Hinn Riggs*, *Nora Ravsky Schwartz*, *Eileen Gilmore Serocke*, *Joyce Schubert Sinsheimer*, *Dalva Canha Sorsby*, *Emily Steinbrecher Stage*, *Elizabeth Zlotzky Tovian*, *Gloria Monterubio Walsh*, *Marilyn Muckey Walter*, *Hannah Rosenblum Wasserman*, *Jerrie Conrad Wells*, *Kathryn Schwindt Zufall*. *Helga Dreves* would have loved to join us but she is "just recovering from open-heart surgery and that is enough excitement for '68." *Patricia Sassen Van Cleve's* home in St. Cloud, Minn., was too far away, but it is the nearest town to Collegeville where husband Bill is Dean of Students at the Catholic college there. Pat is a Rehabilitation Counselor for the State.

Sat. evening Crosby and *Jerrie Conrad Wells* graciously hosted a cocktail party for all class members and escorts in their beautiful East Side townhouse; it was truly a memorable ending to an exciting Reunion. New faces seen Sat. were *Margaret Lerner Eyre*, *Joan Sheer Grossman*, *Elizabeth Johnson Haynes* and *June Bousley Nash*.

Our brief return to Barnard during a sombre period in our nation touched each one of us. Hopefully, we derived a measure of comfort—comfort from the calm reassurance of Pres. Peterson and renewed faith that, at such a source of education and culture, one can envision the future with optimism. *Eileen Gilmore Serocke*.



1948

53

Mary Jane Noone
200 Highland Avenue
Newark, N. J. 07104

It was a pleasure to see so many familiar faces at our 15th Reunion: *Stephanie Lam Basch*, *Barbara Perkel Bleemer*, *Bridie Birdsall Cooke*, *Nancy Amsterdam Charkes*, *Julie Koegler Frank*, *Sue Sayer Harrington*, *Holly Bradford Johnson*, *Gaby Simon Lefer*, *Ronnie Levein*, *Judy Leverone*, *Aimee Jaffe Mast*, *Janice Donetz Morgenstern*, *Sue Hess Oscar*, *Joan Diehl Pollack*, *Lorene Heath Potter*, *Elise Alberts Pustilnik*, *Lillian Gross Ratner*, *Barbara Glaser Sahlman*, *Herdis B. Teilman*, *Dorothy Coyne Weinberger*, *Anne Betty Jaffe Weinshenker*, *Alice Aaronson Zlotnick*. Some of us attended the interesting lectures and the alumnae business meeting; we all gathered in Lehman Hall for our own buffet supper.

Our class was able to donate over \$7,000 to Barnard with 40% of the class participating. Miss Clara Eliot, our former advisor, is now a resident of Palo Alto, Calif., and therefore unable to attend. She did, however, send her regards to all. Her address can be obtained in the Alumnae Office.

80 classmates filled out our questionnaire and here are some of the results to date: 73 are or have been married, and the offspring count ranges from 2 expecting to *Emily Lewis Lattimore's* 6 children and *Phyllis Scheidecker Toohey* boasting the oldest (18 years old). Although responses came from all over the country, 37 live in the N. Y. Metropolitan area and many more in neighboring states. 36 of us are married to professional men and the remaining husbands are in business and the arts, including music and commercial photography.

As for our own post-Barnard education: 6 have obtained Ph.D.'s—*Lynne Bresler Iglitzin*, *Noemie Benczer Koller*, *Joan Jacobs Conn*, *Marjorie Mintz Perloff*, *Anne Betty Jaffe Weinshenker*, *Joan Sacknitz Carver*—and 2 are almost there—*Pearl Sobel Kaplan* and *Rosalind Eigenfeld Feinberg*; 16 have M.A.'s, 3 M.S.'s, 3 LLB.'s,

2 EdM.'s, 1 M.D., and 5 other graduate degrees.

40 are housewives with active community participation to their credit; 14 teach, and the careers noted range from law to journalism to real estate broker and museum membership director.

Only 30 would definitely send their daughters to Barnard, but of the "no" responses location and preference for a coed school were given as reasons.

The evening closed with the election of officers for the next 5 years: Pres., *Barbara Glaser Sahlman*; V.P., *Gabrielle Simon Lefer*; Treas., *Jackie Kraft Wickers*, and Class Corres., *Mary Jane Noone*.

It is practically impossible to draw a composite picture of the class of '53. One thing is certain: we are all actively engaged in making a contribution to society and the community and are utilizing our education in raising families and pursuing creative thinking. It will be interesting to follow the next 5 years!

Some new names to note: *Jeannette Mill* is now Mrs. William M. Brennan, living in Jackson Heights, N. Y.; *Marion R. Price* is now Mrs. Nathaniel J. Parish, living in White Plains, N. Y.; *Joan Burke* is now Mrs. John Brosnan, living in Queens Village, N. Y.; *Peggy A. Neumark* is now Mrs. Stanley Weil, living in NYC.

58

Mrs. J. A. (Betty Reeback) Wachtel
8 Taylor Road, R. D. #4
Princeton, N. J. 08540

"Don't trust anyone over 30!" Did you ever stop to think that most members of '58 turned 30 at about the time this slogan became popular? At the 10th Reunion supper, *Marcia Spelman DeFren* included this thought in a witty, nostalgic music skit performed by *Marcia*, *Lucy Weisselberg Bevaqua*, *Carol Schott Sterling* and *Clarice Debrunner Anderes*. You may remember that *Marcia's* lyrics were enjoyed at Junior Show and our 5th Reunion.

18 class members met to celebrate at the



1958

Fri. supper. In addition to those mentioned above, those present were: *Anne Hendon Bernstein, Jane Peyser Brooks, Eleanor Cohen Burstein, Sarah Ann Dinkins Cushman, Helen Keil Holt, Joan Sweet Jankell, Rhoda Lichtig Kleid, Sue Israel Mager, Shirley Glassner Muney, Anne Wilson Tordi, Betty Reeback Wachtel, Judith Leinman Wachtel, Barbara Barre Weintraub, and Lourdes Romanacce Zavitsas.*

Outgoing Pres. Clarise Anderes announced the new officers: Pres., *Benita Cooper Marks*; V.P., *Sue Israel Mager*; Treas., *Betty Bloxsom McMoran*; Secy., *Betty Reeback Wachtel*; Nominating Chair., *Margot Lyons Mahony*. Drawings were held for door prizes and we balanced the class budget by raffling off a set of decorative Japanese fans sent by *Reiko Kase Nagura* and won by Anne Bernstein. Pres. Martha Peterson stopped in for a brief visit, with Mary Maloney Sargent, Alumnae Pres. Dr. Richard Youtz, Prof. of Psychology, greeted us and remained to answer our many questions about the Columbia riots and the LeClair incident.

Sue Mager reported that 141 members of the class answered the questionnaire. A reunion booklet which combines this new data with what Sue has as in her records as class historian will be mailed to each member. Here is some news not included in the booklet: Married—*Ruth Helfand* to Arthur Markowitz, living in the Bronx; *Brenda Schwabacher* to Richard Webster, living in Berkeley; *Alice Moisner* to Stanton Robbins, living in Scarsdale, N. Y.; *Evelyn A. Schindler* to John Cannon, living in Chardon, Ohio; *Carole-Ann Pellis* to Alfred Schonberger, living in NYC. Born to Hong-Yee and *Celia Chen Chiu*, a son Tien-Seng, May 17. *Elizabeth Rich* is a TWA stewardess who uses her N. Y.-Paris route to buy her groceries in Paris and then create gourmet foods in her NYC apt. kitchen. *Harriet Heit Russell* is the part-time asst. to the Asst. Supt. for Pupil Personal Services in the Newburgh, N. Y. school system, and organist and choir director of an area church. Husband Tom is asst. librarian at the U.S. Military Academy (West Point); they have 3 children.

On Sat. evening after Reunion, several

classmates and husbands met for cocktails and dinner at Butler Hall, including Roy and *Clarice Debrunner Anderes*, Joel and *Eleanor Cohen Burstein*, Jim and *Betty Reeback Wachtel*, Dick and *Joan Sweet Jankell*, Ted and *Tamar Janowsky Rabb*, Dan and *Rita Shane Tritter*, *Betty Bloxsom McMoran*, *Vicki Wolfe Cobb*, Al and *Millie Markow Hellerstein*, Gene and *Roberta Frank Prashker* and Gerry and *Barbara Barre Weintraub*. It was a most pleasant evening, but would have been even more enjoyable had the turnout been better. Hope to see many more of you in '73!

63

Mrs. R. (Elizabeth Pace) McAfee
1424 M. Southland Vista Ct., NE
Atlanta, Georgia 30329

Class reunion activities featured a Friday night supper and a Saturday evening cocktail party. Representation was light at both events, but several classmates traveled to Barnard from afar to renew acquaintances and discover what Barnard looks like 5 years after our graduation.

At the supper were *Stephanie Smith Sechrist*, teaching in Pa., where the Sechrists have purchased a farm; *Helen Rauch Samuels*, in from N.C. with husband Jesse and daughter Sarah, en route to the Winnebago Indian reservation in Nebraska where Jesse will practice medicine; *Carol Mayer Attkiss*, living in Philadelphia with husband Mike, a resident in surgery and 2-year old Keith; *Willa Sack Elton*, living in Jackson Hts., N. Y., with husband Alan and working on her Ph.D. in Spanish; *Sharon Waterstone Lieblisch*, who traveled from Alexandria, Va., with husband and son Benjamin and is studying for a Master of Laws degree; *Jane Ruben Guttman*, who recently gave birth to a second daughter, Catherine Rebecca. Also attending were *Loretta Tremblay Azzarone*, *Kathy Kalty*, *Joan Freilich Sherman*, *Marion Mandel Bauer*.

The Sat. cocktail party was held at the Butler Hall Penthouse. In attendance were *Terry Rogers*, teaching Introductory Macro-Eco. and Labor Eco. at Queens College and working on a Ph.D. in Eco. at Princeton;

Ellen Aranoff, working as a school psychologist in NYC; *Beatrice Skulsky Galatin*, teaching German Lit. at Columbia College; *Pearl Sternschuss Vogel*, at home in Hartsdale with son Jeffrey; *Rosalyn Michel Manowitz*, also at home—in Upper Manhattan with daughter Michele Jacqueline; *Barbara Margolies*, doing field work in Mexico for a Columbia degree in anthropology. Others present: *Rachel Blau*, *Carol Bergman Lopate*, *Cynthia Turner Budick*, *Nusha Zuckerman*, *Liz Pace McAfee*, *Susan Gitelson*, *Charlynn Wright Goins*.

67

Arleen Hurwitz
60 Hamlin Drive
West Hartford, Conn. 06117

Barnard Reunion '68 saw only 4 classmates on campus. I was able to attend only the Fri. events, but the excellent lectures by Minor Latham Playhouse Director Kenneth Janes and Prof. Julius Held showed the hard work of the reunion com. Attending were *Alison Webber*, *Judy Herzfeld*, and *Deanne Shapiro*. *Amy Kallman* and *Jo Mongiardo* dropped by for a few minutes and both looked marvelous.

News from the class includes the following marriages: *Susan Brown* to William M. Tucker, *Mary Vanisky* to Stephen E. Morse, *Tondra Carlson* to Michael G. Abrams, all living in NYC; *Felice Train* to Raymond Londa, living in Elizabeth, N. J.; *Brenda Baker* to Edgar C. Crow, living in Chicago; *Bethany Good* to Luis Emiliano Gutierrez, working for a degree in economics from the National Univ. of Mexico in Baja, Calif., where they are living.

Congratulations to Ned and *Emily Hanlon Tarasov*, who became the proud parents of Elizabeth Natasha March 23.

Classmates are moving and changing jobs and getting degrees: *Ann Vaughn* will begin a 5-year doctorate program in classics at Princeton in September. *Marcy Fierman Kalkut* and husband Paul moved to Baltimore where he will be interning; *Sue Abramowitz Slossberg* and husband Bern will be in Washington, D.C. for his residency while Sue teaches. *Frances Mueller Dumas* will be teaching elementary school in Biddeford, Me. *Margaret M. Russo* received her MAT. from Wesleyan Univ. in June. *Naomi Harman Chazan* is finishing her Masters at Columbia and preparing for Sept. when she and Barry move to Israel, where Barry will teach at the Hebrew Univ. in Jerusalem.

Keep the letters and news and photos coming in!

CLASS NEWS

04

Florence L. Beeckman
Woodcrest Manor
Rhinebeck, N. Y. 12572

05

Mrs. E. C. (Alice Draper) Carter
215 East 72 Street
New York, N. Y. 10021

Our deepest sympathy goes to *Alice Rheinheim Bernheim* who lost her husband his past March.

06

Dorothy Brewster
310 Riverside Drive
New York, N. Y. 10025

07

Florence Furth Dalsimer
320 East 52 Street
New York, N. Y. 10022

An energetic letter-writing campaign by our new class president, *Elizabeth Tredwell Stebbins*, brought many letters. Elizabeth lives in Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., near 2 of her 3 children; besides '07 business, she enjoys her pets and African violets. We extend our sympathies to our faithful ex-president, *Louise Odenrantz*, who earlier this year lost her devoted companion of 27 years. Louise is considering a retirement home near Princeton, where she has several friends.

Margaret Bailey Barbour and husband live in an apartment in West Hartford, Conn.; they are proud of their 2 children and 6 grandchildren. *Helen Deacon* is retired, but keeps busy with reading and excursions around her Gramercy Park neighborhood. *Anne Carroll Rose* continues to serve faithfully as class representative for the Alumnae Fund from home in Marblehead, Mass. With her eldest grandchildren preparing for college, she appreciates her Barnard education even more. Anne received word that *Helen Carter Greene's* son is a history professor at the Univ. of Conn. at Storrs.

Judith Bernays Heller still translates from German and French and recently translated a number of Freud's letters to the Amer. neurologist James Putnam, to be published soon by Harvard Univ. Press. Her translation of some Thomas Mann letters were published in a collection entitled *In*

Another Language. In good health, Judith still enjoys travel as well as the exceptional cultural events which Berkeley has to offer.

Helene Harvitt has moved to the Sanger Nursing Home in NYC where she is recovering from an illness. Younger brother lives and practices dentistry a few blocks away. *Bernice Bernkopf* has retired after many years of volunteer work at Legal Aid. In spite of a cataract operation, Bernice still enjoys visiting and playing bridge with friends.

Agnes Ernst Meyer takes an active interest in the education field and still serves as Chairman of the National Com. for Support of the Public Schools. Former professor John Dewey inspired her interest in education. Last year your correspondent, *Florence Furth Dalsimer*, traveled by steamer to Bombay to visit her grandnephew and his Peace Corps bride. Since returning, she has given up thoughts of a trip to the moon!

09

Mrs. Leo (Dorothy Calman) Wallerstein
Kenilworth Road
Rye, New York 10580

10

Mrs. Marion Monteser Miller
160 East 48 Street, Apt. 7R
New York, N. Y. 10017

The 80th birthday of *Clarice Auerbach Rosenthal* was celebrated by some of her friends May 28. Barnard was well represented among the guests: *Nessa Cohen '05*, a distinguished artist, still active in her profession; *Louise Odenrantz '07*, a well-known exec. in the field of labor relations; *Gertrude R. Stein '08*, president and founder of the Vocational Employment Service which is a highly professional agency for the placement of social service and other personnel in the non-profit organization field; *Marion Monteser Miller '10*, retired Director of Public Relations of the N. Y. Hospital Psychiatric Division.

11

Stella Bloch Hanau
360 West 22 Street
New York, N. Y. 10011

April 22 in the Deanery found 14 classmates enjoying lunch and news. A shadow was cast, however, by news of the

OBITUARIES

Extending deepest sympathy to their families, friends, and classmates, the Associate Alumnae announce with regret the following deaths:

- 12 Molly B. T. Coyle June 3, 1968
- Doris Shelley Burchsted May 29, 1968
- 14 Muriel Bowden May 16, 1968
- 15 Ann G. Kuttner May 19, 1968
- 16 Mabel P. Lee May 22, 1966
- 17 Edith Morgan King April 23, 1968
- 21 Sara West Carr April 26, 1968
- Jeannette Seeley Schwartz
March 27, 1968
- 27 Dorothy Achilles Kaiser April 28, 1968
- 28 Helen O'Brien Corbit April 3, 1968
- 30 Bettina Grant Thrall December 1966
- 45 Dorothy Whittier Gowens
May 27, 1968
- 52 Judith Leon-Casals Chamberlaine
May 31, 1968

death of our beloved and gifted classmate *Edna McKeever*. Edna had a full and active life as a social worker and gave much joy to all with her poems. A collection of her lovely poems was privately published in 1964.

12

Mrs. H. (Lucile Mordecai) Lebair
180 West 58 Street
New York, N. Y. 10019

Celebrating a pleasant off-year reunion were *Blanche Hershfield Anspacher*, *Elinor Franklin Young*, *Edith Valet Cook*, President, *Lucile Mordecai Lebair*, Secretary, *Dorothy Spear*, *Marion Heilprin Pollak*.

14

Edith Mulhall Achilles
417 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022

15

Margaret F. Carr
142 Hicks Street
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201

With great sadness we report the death of our beloved classmate, *Dr. Ann Gaylord Kuttner*, associate professor of pediatrics at NYU School of Medicine. In addition to her Barnard degree, Ann held a Ph.D. from Columbia and an M.D. from Johns Hopkins Univ. and did research on streptococci and rheumatic fever, contributing about 30 articles to professional journals. Later physician in charge at Irvington House, a research and treatment center for children with rheumatic fever and allied diseases,

she had lectured at Harvard Medical School and had been on the Bellevue Hospital medical staff and was a fellow of the N. Y. Academy of Medicine.

A committee from our class has been activated to contact those who had not contributed to the alumnae fund as of March. We hope their efforts will result in 100% participation from our class.

Margaret Pollitzer Hoben visited her mother *Alice Kohn Pollitzer*, class of 1893, in New York this April. Mrs. Pollitzer celebrated her 75th reunion at Barnard in June.

A card from *Emily Lambert* at sea reports that she and *Sally Sewell*, '36, are having a wonderful 5-week trip on an Italian liner and shall visit the Azores, Lisbon, the Greek Islands, Istanbul, Venice, Barcelona and Gibraltar among other sites.

16

Emma Seipp
140 West 57 Street
New York, N. Y. 10019

17

Mrs. C. F. (Freda Wobber) Marden
P. O. Box 173
New Brunswick, N. J. 08903

The class extends condolences to Frederic King and twin sons on the sudden death of our classmate *Edith Morgan King*. Edith was greatly involved in charitable activities, especially assistance to the blind and the work of the Protestant chaplains of Bellevue Hospital. Both sons are Episcopal ministers; there are 7 grandchildren.

Although officially retired from AT&T, *Helene Bausch Bateman* works as consultant for independent telephone co.'s in the U.S. and Latin America. Helene is the first and only woman exchange rate engineer for AT&T and in that connection has traveled extensively. The rare intervals at home for Helene and husband John finds them at their attractive rural retreat in the foothills of the Berkshires, near Carmel, N. Y. Also busy at work is *Elinor Sachs Barr*, in the Overseas Program of the National Council of Jewish Women, her main responsibility being students from abroad to whom NCJW awards fellowships for graduate study in education and social work. Her family is, at last, near enough to visit: daughter Winifred, '47, resides in Waban, Mass., where husband Jerry is professor of economics at MIT. Son Paul is a physician in Suffern, N. Y.



T-Day for 1920

Solveig Stromsoe Palmer reports good health and the enjoyment of visits to her sons and their families in San Francisco, Washington and New York. Leisure time interests include reading, theatre, opera, bridge, and oil painting. *Sara Lewin Diska* spent 5 months in France last year to welcome her first grandchild. Daughter Pat is a famed sculptress who has lived and worked in Paris since 1947, working mainly in granite and marble but exploring different materials from time to time.

Dr. Dorothea Curnow has officially retired from the practice of medicine and settled in Stillwater, Okla., where she moved from N. Y. in 1954. The "S.S. Hope" benefitted from Dorothea's office equipment. Stillwater is the seat of the State Univ. and thus offers cultural opportunities which she enjoys and serves on the Hostess Com. for International Students, as well as works with AAUW. Dorothea also visits her sister Eleanor, '19, in Va. and drives to Calif. and Ariz. summers—so no dull moments.

19

Mrs. W. E. (Constance Lambert) Doepel
P.O. Box 49
West Redding, Conn. 06896

20

Janet McKenzie
222 East 19 Street
New York, N. Y. 10003

Last year it poured; this year Columbia rioted; but neither rain nor rebellious youth can deter 1920 when T Day comes and Josephine stands ready to greet us. 14, who despite polluted air still live in the Metropolitan area, were present: *Edna Colucci*, *Juliette Meylan Henderson*, *Josephine MacDonald Laprese*, *Aline Leding*, *Dorothea Lemcke*, *Janet McKenzie*, *Elizabeth Rabe*, *Granville Meixell Snyder*, *Dorothy Robb Sultzer*, *Marion Travis*, *Marie Uhrbrock*,

Clarisa White Walker, *Margaret Wilkins*, and *Esther Schwartz Caben* whom I mention last because of her special contribution to the afternoon's pleasure: her good husband who took pictures. Now you who live far away can study the result and decide who has changed the most! Until the last minute *Margaret Myers*, *Amy Raynor*, and *Jean Brown* had expected to be with us. We missed them, but it was a jolly group that chatted animatedly all afternoon.

I am sure *Margaret Rawson Sibley* expressed the feelings of all who could not be with us when she wrote regretting the fact that New York is getting farther and farther away from Cape Cod. Shocking, but so also the sudden realization that our 50th reunion is approaching rather quickly as both *Eleanor Coates Bevan* and *Claire Schenck Kidd* said they will return then if not before.

From other notes received, I gleaned the following tid-bits: *Lucy Rafter Sainsbury* had just returned from a Mediterranean cruise but hopes to come north in June. *Leora Wheat Shaw* was busy teaching to prepare for 3 student recitals in May and June. *Ida Everson* visited *Florida Omeis* who took her to Carl Sandburg's birthplace and to the site of the Lincoln-Douglas debate at Knox College. *Lillian Sternberg Auster* and *Beatrice Whyte* missed our reunion because they were with the Barnard Club of Fairfield that day. *Elise de la Fontaine Robb* missed joining us due to her first serious illness, but she should be cheered with the honor of being included in the 5th edition of "Who's Who of American Women." *Eleanor Coates Bevan* was unable to come because of grandmotherly obligations with Gwen, aged 2½. Blessed are grandmothers!

Beatrice Becker Warde was setting out for Athens that day, while *Dorothy Burne Goebel* spent it feeling "dismal and infuriated at being housebound" from a back condition, which we hope is cleared up by now. To *Elizabeth Hobe Burnell* goes our

deepest sympathy at the loss of her husband last July.

Big news: *Elizabeth Rabe* has retired after 47 years of NYC teaching, although her plans for her garden and French theater and books have still not discovered the fabled "leisure" time of retirement. She was honored at the John Jay High School annual dinner for Foreign Language Chairmen and by the N. Y. *Daily News* item, "Goodbye, Miss Chips—You are a Princess." *Aline Leding* experienced a new kind of sit-in: a friend who came for a 2-week visit while new home shopping remained for 3 months. Aline must be a gourmet cook!

Remember my friends, June 1970 is coming and you will have to face me at the door. It will be easier if, unsolicited, you send me news!

21

Mrs. L. (Marie Mayer) Tachau
3917 Elfin Road
Louisville, Ky. 40207

We sadly report the sudden death of our friend and classmate *Sara West Carr*. We also mourn the loss of *Jeannette Seeley Schwartz*, a steady supporter of Barnard and its needs whom we last saw at our 45th reunion. Our sincere sympathy to their husbands and families.

Now happily settled in her new apartment, *Dorothy Rhoades Duerschner* plans a small Barnard reunion in Maplewood, N. J. with her sister *Amy Raynor '20*, *Alice Johnson Watson* and *Mary Stuart Gwathmey*. They are expected to "converge" at the home of *Helen Ball Dean* for the weekend. Mary relates some happy news: her granddaughter will be Barnard '72. You may remember that Mary's daughter graduated from Barnard the same week we celebrated our 25th reunion.

Juliet Clark Lang and husband Bill were at their seaside home in Northport, L. I., when others of us returned to Barnard for Reunion, including *Edna Fox O'Connor*, who reports a new grandson—Andrew McGuire.

Eloise Boeker Cason moved to Houston to be near her son and his family and to escape the cold of northern N. J. She relates "I get around very well with aid of an air-conditioned car. Houston is a musical city and has a fine symphony and an opera co. . . . The traffic is terrible—worse than in the N. Y. area." *Ebba Wahlquist Tolg* represented Barnard at the inauguration of

Dr. Malcolm Moos as new president of the Univ. of Minn. *Rhoda Hessburg Kohn* moved to the east side of N. Y. and reports "the chief beneficiary of said move has been Bloomingdale's." She volunteers 2 days weekly in remedial reading for a city junior high and was looking forward to Reunion when last heard from.

Class Fund Chairman and former freshman president (!) *Frances Brown Eldredge* hosted from the hospital through her housekeeper a supper meeting for our executive committee May 13. It was a relief to learn that she herself would be home by mid-May, hopefully in better health. Vacation trips in Hawaii and "the world" respectively kept *Frances Marlatt* and *Lee Andrews* away. Chairman and "hostess pro tem" was president *Helen Jones Griffin*; present were *Louise Byrne*, *Eleanor Tiemann Frazier*, *Alice Brady Pels*, *Gertrude Bendheim Strauss*, *Lucille Arkins Thompson*, and *Clara Weiss*. News and observations on our Alma Mater were exchanged; our high opinion of our new president, Dr. Martha Peterson, was unanimous as was our concern over the misfortunes of our brother college across Broadway.

22

Marion Vincent
30 West 60 Street, Apt. 3F
New York, N. Y. 10023

Ruth Koehler Settle
380 Main Street, Apt. 31
Chatham, N. J. 07928

We hope that each of you received the April letter and "change of address" list. If by any chance you were missed, please let us know and another copy will be forwarded.

The Newark Museum honored *Kitty Coffey* with a reception April 28, and 5 class members were there to extend best wishes to Kitty and to meet her successor: *Pat Wetterer* and *Marion Vincent* came from out of state; from N. J. were *Louise Schlichting*, *Dorothy Berry Davidson* and *Lila North McLaren* and their husbands.

Alice Newman Anderson sent a card from Hawaii in late April after a 20-day trip to the Far East with a Philadelphia world affairs council group. She planned a visit to Calif. before returning home. *Louise Rissland Seager* will repeat last summer's visit to the N. C. Cherokee Indian Reservation with the Save the Children Federation. Then in Oct. she plans a con-

servation safari to East Africa with the National Wildlife Federation.

Elizabeth Craig, professor of French and Chevalier des Palmes Academiques, was honored with a June reception at Millsaps College, where she teaches. *Helen Dayton Streuli's* son Konrad was married April 27 to Miss Barbara McCain Dawson in Wilmington, Del.

24

Mrs. E. (Fanny Steinschneider) Clark
201 East 79 Street
New York, N. Y. 10021

25

Mrs. S. W. (Anne Leerburger) Gintell
30 West 60 Street
New York, N. Y. 10023

Yvonne Robic Pannier visited some Barnard friends in the United States in conjunction with a Paris-based program she sponsors called "At Home in Paris." 25 young students spend a summer as paying guests in Paris homes and enjoy private parties, cultural events and a week each in Brittany and on the Riviera. We trust her return was a "bon voyage."

The annual 1925 tea was held April 20 at the Barnard College Club of New York. Present were: *Evelyn Kane Berg*, *Mary Bliss*, *Helen Kammerer Cunningham*, *Anne Leerburger Gintell*, *Gertrude Gottschall*, *Elva French Hale*, *Marion Kahn Kahn*, *Edna Peterson*, *Dorothy Putney*, *Margaret Melosh Rusch*, *Florence Kelsey Schleicher*, *Emma Dietz Stecher*, *Katherine Browne Stehle*, *Gene Pertak Storms*, *Marion Mettler Warner* and *Fern Yates*.

26

Mrs. M. F. (Ruth Friendman) Goldstein
295 Central Park West
New York, N. Y. 10024

Betty Kalisher Hamburger donned academic garb to represent Barnard at the inauguration of the seventh president of Goucher College, Md., May 3. *Irene Ziglatzki Cassidy* is director of her church's housing corp. under a government-sponsored program for "buying deteriorated houses, bringing them up to standard and then selling them to families who would otherwise be unable ever to own their own homes. Under this program such families get 3% mortgages. I am one of only 2 sceptics working on this."



Morris and Ruth Friedman Goldstein

Class correspondent *Ruth Friedman Goldstein* is "happily engaged in teaching English to the gifted population of Stuyvesant High School." Husband Morris still engages in Wall St. law after almost 50 years. Son Howard, recipient of a Yale fellowship and a Conn. state grant, "is thoroughly engaged in writing his doctoral dissertation" in musicology. Daughter-in-law, daughter of *Mildred Miller Rose '24*, teaches at Hamden Hall where their 2 boys attend school.

Our condolences to *Fanny Bokstein Houtz*, whose husband Philip passed away in March.

27

Mrs. R. E. (Jean MacLeod) Kennedy
464 Riverside Drive
New York, N. Y. 10027

Our condolences to the family of *Dorothy Achilles Kaiser*, who died April 28 after a long illness.

29

Mrs. J. (Dorothy Neuer) Sweedler
87 Kingsbury Road
New Rochelle, N. Y. 10804

Plan now to attend the annual Fall Dinner in the Deanery, Thurs., Oct. 24.

30

Mrs. W. (Delia Brown) Unkelbach
Sound Avenue, Box 87
Mattituck, N. Y. 11952

Margaret deMille Kaplan is now Mrs. George B. Doughman, living in NYC. The class extends its sincerest sympathy to the family of *Harriet Airey Morgan*, who died suddenly in Feb. Its sympathies to *Edith Kirkpatrick Peters*, who lost her mother in Feb. We are pleased, however, to report



Mary Dublin Keyserling

that the research grant under which Edith has spent several happy and rewarding years, has been renewed for another 3. *Mary Dublin Keyserling*, Director of Women's Bureau, U.S. Dept. of Labor, was honored with an L.H.D. degree at the Woman's Medical College of Pa. 116th commencement in June.

Katherine Brehme Warren is in charge of the Cell Biology Study Section of the Div. of Research Grants at the National Institutes of Health and the review for scientific merit of research grants in this field. "In my so-called spare time, I am Editor of the International Society for Cell Biology, and attend their meetings in Europe . . . and the U.S." Her three daughters have chosen various careers: teaching physical education, journalism, and photography. Grandson Wesley Matthew Egan was born in Dec. 1967, without stopping Mom from making the Dean's List for that term!

Calista Bristol Dowlin sent a long letter with wonderful vignettes of worldwide travel with Dr. husband Win. Now she finds her "leisure" years busier than ever: "While my back was turned, household help had disappeared. . . . Chores once done by 3 people are now mine alone. . . . The one cheery note . . . and I can't close without one . . . is that my lifelong hobby of studying psychology and psychiatry drew me into the study of handwriting analysis . . . in the past I've done some analysing for companies and even (unofficially) for the courts. It's really very fascinating, and not the parlor game some people suppose."

31

Catherine M. Campbell
304 Read Avenue
Crestwood, N. Y. 10707

Virginia Wood Kuhlman reports that her husband has officially retired but con-

tinues as library building consultant and professor of library science at Peabody College. She is still a school social worker, kept busy by perennial staff shortages. 4 step grandchildren are 1 to 12, in Ohio and NYC. *Cornelia Merchant Hagenau's* son is an USAF pilot in the Military Airlift Command, now stationed at McGuire AFB with his new wife. Her daughter and 3 children accompanied her husband to El Salvador, where he holds a Fulbright from the Dept. of Geography of the Univ. of Wisc.

Orpha Willson continues teaching art in the elementary grades of the Katonah-Lewisboro system and as a partner in "Wings and Things," a gift shop in Wilton, Conn. She has been assisting in a dog obedience school for the past 3 summers — "That's fun!" *Edna Meyer Wainerdi* enjoys her job at the DeWitt Nursing Home, in spite of long hours. Son Harold works at the home week-day evenings manning the switchboard "and doing a terrific job. He is now 6'3" tall and very handsome at the age of 15½."

32

Mrs. C. (Janet McPherson) Halsey
400 East 57 Street
New York, N. Y. 10022

We sadly report the loss of *Elizabeth C. Borden* Nov. 7, 1967. A note of condolence was sent to her brother by Lorraine Price on behalf of 1932. The class extends its sincere sympathy to *Frances Mack Lewis* whose husband, C. Carlton Lewis, passed on March 18. He was president and chief executive officer of Farrell Lines, Inc., which operates cargo ships to West, South and East Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

A number of class members hosted the house art tour in April sponsored by the Barnard College Club of N. Y. to raise funds for the New Chapter.

34

Mrs. R. P. (Alice Canoune) Coates
1011 Edgewood Avenue
Plainfield, N. J. 07060

35

Mrs. H. (Mildred Wells) Hughes
203 Van Buren Blvd.
Terre Haute, Ind. 47803

Congratulations to *Doris Schloss Rosenthal* on the marriage of her daughter Pat to James W. Cantor in May. *Suzanne Strait Fremon's* "Children and Their Parents:

"Toward Maturity" was published in May. A former junior high teacher, Suzanne is president of the Princeton Board of Educ. and a writer for the Secondary School Science Project, a curriculum-development plan.

36

Mrs. L. E. (Sonya Turitz) Schopick
52 Algonquin Road
Bridgeport, Conn. 06604

A long luncheon in White Plains, N.Y., helped bridge the distance between 2 busy working girls: your correspondent and Gertrude Graff Hornstadt. We discussed our respective teaching jobs (Gertrude—high school English and Sonya — elementary school music), college-bound high school senior offspring, Viet Nam, Barnard, people, etc. We recommend the half-way point luncheon idea to any classmates who are too far-flung from each other for intervisitation.

Our ever-studious and interesting classmates report impressive activities: *Laura Werner Wallerstein* received her Master of Social Work degree and is a medical social worker at an Erie, Pa. hospital. *Bernice Sutherland Stark* is "cramming" for Ph.D. comps and writing her dissertation. *Miriam Borgenicht Klein* and *Diana Hirsh* are each working on new books. *Dorothy Brauneck Vitaliano* is finishing a fascinating-sounding book on cultural-historical aspects of geology. *C. Adelaide Paterno* has been awarded certification as a nuclear medical technologist, the only so trained technician at River-view Hospital in N.J.

Doris Pascal Read, Ill. BAR, represented Barnard at the May 11 inauguration of the 10th president of Ill. State Univ. in Normal. *Marianne Nussbaum Scheck* is living and teaching in San Francisco. *Barbara Graham Junge* has moved from Wisc. and now teaches English to 125 seniors in White Plains. *Elizabeth Dew Searles*, our class president, represented '36 at the inauguration of Barnard president Peterson.

Gertrude Pfingst Mitchell has moved with her family from England to Westmount, Quebec; 2 daughters attend McGill Univ. in Montreal. *Jane Eisler Williams* is planning a trip to Scandinavia and the British Isles with her husband. *Ruth Day Moser* spent a spring holiday in Greece with her 2 daughters who attend school in the British Isles.

Nora Lourie Percival has moved to Jackson Hts. and was recently promoted to Asst. Editor of *Supervisory Management*

magazine of the Amer. Management Assoc., thus realizing her desire for editorial work. Her family are busy, too: son Peter is a new Ph.D. in chemistry and works for Amer. Cyanamid in Princeton, where his wife also works. Daughter Jane studies at the Amer. Conservatory Theatre school in San Francisco. Jill is '68 alumna of Hofstra; 2 younger daughters are still in high school. "Our biggest excitement is the old (1842) New England farmhouse we have just acquired at East Kent, Conn. . . . we love it dearly in all its decrepitude."

37

Dorothy C. Walker
75 Main Avenue
Sea Cliff, N. Y. 11579

39

Mrs. J. (Emma Smith) Rainwater
342 Mt. Hope Boulevard
Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y. 10706

Wilma Walach Dancik is youth-oriented as evidenced by her activities as substitute teacher at local elementary schools, Girl Scout leader, and student at Manhattanville College where she is studying for her teaching certification. Her own youths include 2 college-age daughters and 3 high school students. *Ruth Cummings McKee's* twin daughters have just completed their freshmen year at college. *Barbara Ridgway Binger's* son completed his sophomore year at Brown and daughter Mary looks forward to the Univ. of Denver in Sept. Ruth and Barbara were models at the breakfast fashion show given at Altman's in White Plains by Barnard-in-Westchester for the benefit of the club's scholarship fund. *Joan Weber Lowenfel's* son is a June grad of Harvard Law School and we congratulate him.

Kay Limberg Gould's husband is the Protestant Chaplain at Utica State Hospital where they have a very comfortable and homey apartment on the grounds. Oldest son is an architecture student, middle son interested in research forestry, and the youngest was one of 10 eighth-graders in his class selected to study Russian. Both of *Shirley Simon Low's* daughters are looking forward to Syracuse Univ. in the fall.

Barbara M. Watson continues to serve her country and reflect credit on her alma mater: she is Acting Administrator of the State Dept. Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs and thus the highest ranking

woman at State. Her impressive responsibilities include the administration and enforcement of immigration and naturalization laws, issuance of passports and visas and the protection and welfare of Amer. citizens abroad.

40

Mrs. H. (Frances Danforth) Thomas
19 East Cross Road
Springdale, Conn. 06879

Married: *Annette Bergold Walls* to S. Wylie Buck, Jr., living in Meadowbrook, Pa.

Margaret Pardee Bates, member of the Calif. St. Board of Educ. from '60-'68, has been appointed to the 16-member National Advisory Allied Health Professions Council, which will be concerned with the 1966 Allied Health Professions Personnel Training Act and national problems and opportunities in health services manpower. Margaret is active in numerous civic and professional organizations in health and education. Husband Talcott is a pediatrician; the Bates have 4 sons.

41

Mrs. J. M. (Helen Sessinghaus) Williams
336 Westview Avenue
Leonia, N. J. 07605

The class is shocked and saddened at the death of *Sherrill Cannold Layton* and extends its sympathy to her husband, her children, and her mother.

Buffalo Barnard Area Representative *Charlotte B. Johnson* has been busy: May 10 she represented Barnard at the inauguration of E. K. Fretwell, Jr., as president of the State Univ. of N. Y. Col. at Buffalo. The April edition of the *Instructor* reveals an article by Charlotte on the painting "Passer-Welsh Green" by David Prentice. Charlotte is Curator of Educ. at the Albright-Knox Gallery. *Lorna Drummond Johnson* is still at Harvard as a research assoc. in pathology, studying cancer of the cervix. A year on the Framingham School Board provided an education in public education and politics. Her husband practices internal medicine, specializing in arthritis. Oldest daughter, a Mt. Holyoke student, is also hoping to go into medicine.

Frances Lauber Baron relates some interesting hobbies—"from Bonsai tree growing to antique map collecting to bridge and chess to numismatics—with some community activities thrown in such as LWV,

UNICEF Chairmanship, etc." *Marie Turbow Lampard* intrigues us with the note "new baby in the house has kept me busy!"

Eugenia Limberg Dengel is a musician busy with teaching violin and viola at the Dalcroze School of Music and the Brooklyn Music School, and as a member of the Kohon String Quartet in residence at NY Univ. *Jacqueline Wirsching Murray* is getting spring fever and considering using her law degree again. *Winifred Hessinger* recently ran a party for junior volunteers and servicemen in Calif. 78th Street appears to be a popular location for 41'ers, reports class president *Elaine Bernstein Rankow*.

42

Mrs. G. H. (Rosalie Geller) Sumner
7 Pine Road
Syosset, N. Y. 11791

Ruth Lowe Bookman, a prominent sculptor, was the guest speaker at the May Barnard in Westchester meeting, on the topic "The Ins and Outs of Portrait Sculpture." *Madeline Pruess Burston* has received a Master of Library Science degree from Post College of Long Island Univ. She is an administrative officer of the Nassau County Dept. of Health Division of Laboratories and Research. Children are 2 daughters in college and a son in high school. *Gertrude Schaffer Heimer* is studying for her Master's degree in education, also at Post College, under the N. Y. Teacher Reserve Program. Daughter Marion '67 is a medical student at Yale.

The class extends its deepest sympathy to *Doris Bayer Coster* on the death of her husband Douglas last August.

44

Mrs. R. F. (Doris Jorgensen) Morton
467 Walker Road
Wayne, Pa. 19087

Nancy Rogers Saxon's work was featured in "Animals in Art," a spring exhibit at the New Canaan, Conn., library. Although she majored in art at Barnard, family life—husband Charles is a noted cartoonist—postponed real activity until now, when her favorite subjects are children and animals. *Helen L. Harper's* grandfather Dr. Charles A. Leale was the first surgeon to reach Pres. Lincoln at Ford's Theatre and Helen helped commemorate that event as one of the guests of honor at the Jan. dedication ceremony for the now restored theatre.

Sibyl Herzog Grubstein's husband Joe is

in the leather-finishing business and she and their 2 children have joined his international business trips this past year. Daughter Leigh is a Bennett College student who works for congressmen in Washington summers, while Peter's summer interest is swimming, although he too is interested in politics.

45

Mrs. J. (Marjorie Corson) Andreen
Box 113
Kennett Square, Pa. 19348

Daisy Fornacca Dewart is now Mrs. Alfred Kouzel, living in Atlantic Beach, N. Y.

46

Mrs. B. (Charlotte Byer) Winkler
81-40 248 Street
Bellerose, N. Y. 11426

Martha Hessel Page is staff psychologist at Fair Lawn, N. J., Mental Health Center. For the past 5 years, she has been specializing in group therapy for children. *Doris McGannon O'Brien* has moved from West Va. to Wayne, N. J. Also in N. J. is *Ruth Margaretten Bilenker*, co-ordinator of English, libraries, and reading for Elizabeth Schools and author of "The Human Spirit: Strong Yet Fragile" in the May N. J. Educ. Assoc. Review.

Judith Rudansky Goldsmith's "own thing" is a 1-woman show of dramatic readings ranging from her model Ruth Draper to Sholom Aleichem, which she presents to various community groups, such as Barnard-in-Westchester's May meeting. Husband Maximilian is Associate Clinical Prof. of Ophthalmology at N. Y. Medical College and Visiting Professor at the Univ. of Health Sciences of the Chicago Medical School.

Lorna Pitz Bunte was fortunate enough to accompany husband Bill on a business trip to Japan which they both enjoyed tremendously, especially such treats as this private dinner (see photo).

47

Mrs. E. S. (Georgia Rubin) Mittelman
316 North Street
Willimantic, Conn. 06226

Rita Girolamo Leone has been Prof. of Radiology at N. Y. Med. Col.-Metropolitan Med. Center since '65, having received a Master's degree in Medical Science in Radiology 10 years earlier, with a specialty in



Lorna Pitz Bunte, husband Bill and Japanese friends

Radioisotopes. Husband Armand is Director of Radiology at Paterson N. J. General Hospital and Assoc. Clinical Prof. at N. Y. Med. Col.; the Leones have 3 sons and spend spare moments breeding registered Welsh ponies, which their boys have been showing.

49

Mrs. J. P. (Lois Woodward) Bertram
182 Alpine Trail
Sparta, N. J. 07871

Inge-Britta Elgcrona Braunlich is working full-time for a Ph.D. in music at Catholic Univ. in Wash., D.C., where husband Helmut is a professor and a violinist. Inge is also teaching and singing, as well as serving as music director and soloist at a Washington church. Another musical classmate, *Ruth Crane Friedberg*, leaves her Ass't. Prof. in music at Duke Univ. this June to move to San Antonio where husband Sam will head the endocrinology section at the new S. Texas Medical School.

Jane Ritchie Rice has just returned from 2 years in Hong Kong and 1½ in Madrid. Jane lives in the country with her 4 children, but does travel throughout the U.S. as field supervisor for a market research co. *Bambi Elliott Bolles* and family are enjoying Norfolk, Va., where husband Hebert is a Commander in the Navy Chaplain Corps. After a year in Viet Nam with the Marines, he was awarded the Bronze Star with Combat "V," of which their 3 children are quite proud.

Julia Martin Embree's husband was transferred to Seattle, so she is busy with "new house, new school, new yard—the works." Also fully occupied with home and family is *Carmen Warrek Jaynes*, in Tarrytown, N. Y. *Ruth Musicant Feder* is chair. of the Advisory Board of East Harlem Block School, a demonstration school under the OEO. Husband Arthur is a partner in taxation in the law firm of Willkie, Farr & Gallagher; the Feders have 3 children.

50

Mrs. J. (Susan Bullard) Carpenter
15 Shaw Road
Wellesley, Mass. 02181

Phyllis Bradfute Knowles is listed in the

current *Who's Who of Amer. Women* and a glance at her credits shows why: business exec. and pres. of Business and Professional Women of Eastchester since '60, lecturer on and editor of original source material of Eastchester history, member of Amer. Assoc. of St. and Local History, member of Barnard in Westchester, and mother of 2 daughters.

Helen Conway Schwarz and family are en route from their St. John's home to Oxford for Dad's sabbatical year of research, while "Mum" works on her M.A. thesis in Stuart History. Helen managed to convert her Barnard A.B. into an Honours degree in History on the English system.

Marilyn Dodds Russell claims she is not a linguist, but manages as supervisor of the language lab. at Douglass College, since this calls for administrative and library skills—1000 students are scheduled each week. Husband Pete and she are "ardent golfers" and have traveled to St. Andrews, Scotland, and Pebble Beach, Calif. for golf.

51

Bernice Greenfield Silverman
303 West 66 Street, Apt. 8F East
New York, N. Y. 10023

Carol Burnham Travis, president of the Mid-Hudson Valley Barnard College Club, represented Barnard at the Ulster County Community Col. presidential inauguration in May.

Barbara Schlein Handman is chairman of the com. on Arts and Letters for presidential candidate McCarthy and the "idea-woman" behind the NYC caberet "Eugene." Her chairmanship of the entertainment com. for the Reform Democrats provided experience in mingling politicians and actors and her contacts come from husband Wynn, director of the American Place Theater and a former drama coach.

Barbara Smith Beer is "Outstanding Leaguer of the Year" for the Monmouth County Junior League, in which she has been an active member since 1958. In the community she was nominating chairman and office mgr. of the Greater Red Bank Area Youth Employment Service, on the United Fund, docent for the Monmouth Museum, and on the Community Services Council Board. In addition to these civic activities, she is an expert seamstress and works for Simplicity Patterns when not traveling with her banker husband or mothering their 2 children.

52

Mrs. R. S. (Barbara Skinner) Spooner
1564 Regent Street
Schenectady, N. Y. 12309

The class extends its deepest sympathy to the family of *Judith Leon-Casals Chamberlaine*, who died suddenly May 31. Judith was a member of the Bergen County (N. J.) Music Teachers Guild and had 1 son, Edward.

Our congratulations are due to 2 classmates: *Judith Reisner Papachristou*, who was awarded her Ph.D. from the Univ. of Colo. for her thesis on "American-Soviet Relations and U.S. Policy in the Pacific, 1933-1941," and *Ann Miller Lawrence*, Ph.D. and M.D., who was 1 of 25 (and the only woman) recipient of a Markle fellowship in academic medicine. Ann will teach and do research in internal medicine at the Univ. of Chicago School of Medicine where she will have the rank of assistant professor.

After the birth of their 3rd child (all boys), *Gloria Marmar Warner* had a visit from *Joan Bonime Glotzer* and son. Joan is also the wife of an M.D. Gloria is a practicing psychiatrist in NYC, on the staff of Mt. Sinai Hospital Dept. of Psychiatry, where husband Richard is Asst. Clinical Professor of Medicine. They live in Scarsdale with a huge white German shepherd, a gerbil and several fish and own a plane.

Carol Leberman Baldwin now mothers 5 children and is busy with amateur theatre groups in Lake Forest, Ill., and is the Chairman of the Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago auxiliary, doing public relations and nagging architects to circumvent "architectural barriers" to the handicapped; she also sells couture dress fabrics to dress-makers. Her 2nd husband is the "clever man who thinks up those ads . . . for Raleigh, Westinghouse, etc." and father of 2 of the 5.

54

Mrs. E. (Lois Bingham) Butler
5415 North 36 Road
Arlington, Va. 22207

Congratulations to Dr. Jerome and *Laura Sheskin Rotstein* on the birth of Marjorie Gail, June 6. The Rotsteins have their own home in Rye, N. Y., where "their big girl, Alicia Meryl, will begin 1st grade in Sept." Dr. Rotstein heads the Pneumatic Diseases Unit at Montefiore Hosp. in the Bronx.

55

Mrs. R. (Siena Ernst) Danziger
117 Main Street
Flemington, N. J. 08822

Two name changes to note: *Joyce Glassman Johnson* is now Mrs. Peter Pinchbeck and *Katharine Miller Sprague* is now Mrs. Knox Burger, both living in NYC.

56

Mrs. R. (Nancy Brilliant) Rubinger
54 Riverside Drive
New York, N. Y. 10024

From the world of books comes news of 2 classmates: *Ann M. Sperber* has been appointed Editor in the Junior Book Div. of McGraw-Hill Book Co. Ann's previous publishing experience involved picture book program development and an assistant editorship in Collier Books juvenile dept. *Carol Arnel Greenberg* has written the cookbook we have all been waiting for—*The Day Before Cookbook*, letting "you be a guest at your own parties."

57

Mrs. R. D. (Marilyn Fields) Soloway
1001 Germantown Pike
Plymouth, Norristown, Pa. 19401

Mrs. H. M. (June Rosoff) Zydney
5 Woods End Road
Rumson, N. J. 07760

Married: *Sheila Goodwin Kassner* to Paul Keat, living in Hartsdale, N. Y. *Morrissa Jampole Gaines* and family have moved to Great Neck, L. I., and report "We are happily settling in here—and finding it delightful after living in NYC for 4 years."

59

Mrs. J. M. (Joan Schneider) Kranz
516 Pepper Ridge Road
Stamford, Conn. 06905

Born: to Morton and *Judith Halpren Narro*, 3rd child David Isaac, in Jan.

Attention: Club Presidents and Program Chairmen

The Alumnae Office is interested in the activities of your Barnard College Club or alumnae group. Send us newspaper clippings, sample programs, and photographs. We will feature the most interesting events in *BARNARD ALUMNAE*.

Mom still teaches in Stockholm's Jewish kindergarten and plans to study anthropology in the fall as well. To Alan and *Karen Dombrow Fine*, 2nd child Jonathan David, Feb. 21. Alan is a cardiologist stationed at the Wichita Falls, Tex. Air Force Base hospital, looking forward to his civilian practice in NYC after July. To Jordan and *Judy Kronman Newman*, 3rd child Roxanne Stephanie, Feb. 23. To Gerald and *Lillian Needelman Miller*, Benjamin Robert, Nov. 14, '67, just after his parents returned from Japan where Dad was an Army doctor and Mom taught 1st grade in the Navy Dependents School.

Congratulations to *Gail L. Bernstein* on the receipt of her Ph.D. from Harvard in March. *Lila Fox Wyner* is teaching art and reading in a special NYC school and running a custom clothing boutique, "The Night Shift" from her home at 225th St., near Baker Field. *Louise Heublein McCagg* and family spent last year in Budapest where her husband did research as an exchange scholar; he is now teaching East European history at Mich. St. Univ. where Louise is a grad student in studio art.

Karen Swenson Shuter's husband Michael is a writer and editor at NBC News, but Karen's work is in the literary area: this winter she gave readings of her own poetry in NYC colleges and high schools, did an hour recording for WNYC and had 2 poems accepted by *The New Yorker*. She's been recently published in *The Nation* and *The Antioch Review*, and is working on a book of poems and "praying for a publisher." Also busy writing is *Tobi Bernstein Tobias*—short stories such as "Parents, Children" which appeared in the spring issue of *Plume and Sword*, and editorial work for the parent mag. of the Little Red School House. Irwin is an Assoc. Prof. of Chemistry at Rutgers and a consultant for the Amer. Optical Co.

Marlene Feldstein Ross's husband Bernie is Asst. Prof. of Govt. at Amer. Univ. in Wash. and a colleague of *Coralie Marcus Bryant*. Marlene is on the faculty of Univ. of Md. College of Educ. working primarily with student teachers. They love the Washington area and hope to settle there. Also enjoying the academic life are *Linda Novick Lakin* and family, at the Univ. of Calif. campus in Santa Cruz. She works part-time on campus on educational research, has been on the League of Woman Voters board and involved with the movement to pass school tax elections, difficult in an area with so many retired people on fixed in-

comes. Also teaching is *Iris Nelson*, working in the NYC public system as a Unit-Teacher in a Junior Guidance Program set up for emotionally disturbed children too disruptive for regular classes. Her background teaching in a psychiatric residential treatment center and M.A. in psychology have been great resources. *Sue Wartur Wolfson* works part-time researching for a management consulting firm. The other part of her time is spent on 2 children and husband Steve, a senior resident in cardiology at Mass. General Hospital.

By the time this reaches you, our 10th reunion will be less than a year away. Class officers are anxious to hear from '59ers with suggestions and advice concerning June '69. Surely our class can prove itself to be as lively as Barnard Today!

60

Mrs. S. D. (*Paula Eisenstein*) Baker
c/o Alumnae Office, Barnard College
606 W. 120 Street
New York, N. Y. 10027

Married: *Holly Harrison* to F. Coit Johnson, living in NYC. Born: to Dr. Harvey J. and *Jane Nadler Cohen*, 3rd child Jared Daniel, in March. Harvey is Asst. Prof. of Clinical Dermatology at NYU Medical Center and practices in White Plains. To George and *Carol Rosenblatt Weinbaum*, 3rd daughter Abby Beth, in Dec. Carol is active in the Phila. League of Woman Voters and often sees *Judith Granich Goode* and *Marcia Balaban Klafter*. To Dr. Harry and *Gilda Weiss Abramowitz*, 2nd son Hillel Ben-Yehuda, in Oct. in St. Louis where Dad is a surgical resident. To Dr. David and *Sandra Yantch Bachin*, 1st child Michael David, in Dec. Sandra returned in March to her staff position in the pediatrics dept. at Roswell Park Hosp. in Buffalo; her husband is a psychiatry resident.

Mail from Alaska livens things up: *Jacqueline Lahn Bloom* has been in Anchorage for the past 2 years where psychiatrist husband Joseph has been setting up a mental health program under the Div. of Indian Affairs. Jackie writes, "Since both of us were NYC kids, Alaska opened up a whole new world of hunting, fishing, berry picking, and bread baking, along with the rare experience of drinking clean water and breathing pure air." 3 small Blooms are thriving on that diet.

Margaret Backman is building on her

M.A. in social psychology with Ph.D. work at Teachers College in psychological measurement. *Eileen Pawlowski Birk* is an asst. editor at *Antique* magazine in NYC. Husband Tucker trades stocks and commodities. *Billie Herman Kozolchyk* and husband live in San Jose, Costa Rica, where Boris conducts a program of legal reform for AID. Dr. Richard and *Linda Kaufman Kerber* moved in June to Palo Alto. After a year in Vietnam, Dick is now a resident at Stanford Univ. Hospital; Linda received her Ph.D. from Columbia this winter.

Emily Fowler Omura is a resident in dermatology at Cornell in NYC; husband George (Columbia '58) completes his residency in internal medicine this year and will do cancer research next year. They have "2 little angel girls." *Tina Davidson Berins* is 1 up with 3 children. Tina earned an M.S. in education from Teachers College and taught 7th-grade science part of last year. Husband Michael is with Guild Molders, a custom plastics concern.

1 year in Jerusalem, 1 in Calif., 2 in Va. and then in '64 David and *Norma Gale Blumenfeld* settled in Glen Cove, N. Y., where David has his own congregation. Last summer they and their 2 children returned to Israel and visited the newly united Jerusalem. *Andrea Clapp Schneck* is a buyer for Ohrbach's Oval Room ("she got her job through the Barnard Placement Office") and travels to Europe twice a year to choose from the couture collections in Paris, Rome and Barcelona. Husband Paul is a psychiatrist; they have 1 son.

By the time you read this we will be home to European itinerants. Be sure to let us know if you are in or near Paris.

61

Mrs. Allan (*Marilyn Umlas*) Wachtel
245 East 19th Street
New York, N. Y. 10003

Married: *Merrie Leeds* to Thomas Griffin, managing director of the Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust in London. *Judith Commisso* to Henry V. Muse, living at Belknap College, Center Harbor, N.H. We've just learned that *Susan Appleton* is now Mrs. John H. Hughes, living in London. Also with a new title is *Livija Raudzens*, who received her Ph.D. from Columbia in '67.

Teresa Donati Marciano is working on her doctoral dissertation in political science at Columbia, while teaching sociology at Fairleigh Dickinson and working for the Ft. Lee, N. J., Young Democrats. *Deborah*

Hochstein Benjamin reports that she married Dr. Wm. Benjamin in '62, lived in England for a year, and has since returned to N. Y. where Jeremy Eli was born Nov. '66. Currently, she works 1 afternoon per week at the P & S Eye Clinic and serves on the board of the Brandeis National Women's Com. *Joan Rosof Schultz* and husband Jerry are at Ft. Bragg, where Jerry is an ophthalmologist. Son Frederic Charles was born Feb. 27. Before leaving N.Y., Joan taught French in Hewlett, L.I.

Our Ga. peach, *Carol Van Buskirk Paulk* is back at her law practice now that Elizabeth is a year-old. *Barbara Price Saltzman's* husband is in his 2nd year of residency at Parkland Memorial Hosp. in Dallas. Until the birth of Sharon last Aug. 1, Barbara worked as a research asst. at medical schools in N. Y. and Salt Lake City. *Carol Feist Dickert*, husband Fred and daughter Judith Michelle are happily at home in Freehold, N. J. *Nancy Blonder Schiffman's* husband is stationed at Ft. Jackson Army Hosp., near enough the Univ. of S. C. for Nancy to work on a Ph.D. in English. They and their 2 daughters will settle in Alexandria, Va., in June when her husband resumes private practice in orthopedic surgery.

Alicia Decker Reckford moved from Westchester to Coral Gables and therefore transferred membership from the Westchester to the Barnard Club of So. Fla. Why don't you join the club nearest you? "You'll be so glad you did!" *Susan Riley Solberg* teaches English at Columbia College and is working on a Ph.D.; her husband is a Wall St. lawyer, and Eric Norman is not quite a year old. *Gretchen McLean Glover* is busy with 6-year-old Barry, directing a contemporary dance studio, doing solo dancing with Rochester's Dance Theatre, and preparing to teach dance to 3,000 inner-city

Transcripts

For prompt service on transcript requests, the Registrar asks that alumnae keep in mind the following:

1. Transcripts are payable in advance at a cost of \$1 each.
2. Checks and money orders should be made out to Barnard College.
3. Maiden name as well as married name and year of graduation should be noted on the request.
4. Only *unofficial* transcripts are sent to the individual. *Official* transcripts should be ordered sent directly to an institution or company.

Note: telephone number for Registrar: 280-2011

children in a summer arts program.

From Rome, *Gemma Corradi* reports she has a permanent appointment teaching philosophy at the Univ. of Rome. "Rome is really a most international city" where she frequently meets alumnae. Call her at 584-723 if you'll be in Rome this year! *Linda Leibowitz Schwartz* is finishing her masters in library science; her husband is Ass't. Prof. of History at Northern Ill. Univ. at Dekalb. Linda claims "big city folk" can make very happy adjustments to small-town living, as she did. Arriving at Ft. Dix, *Sydney Oren Brandwein* and Charles met a friendly classmate and husband — *Carol Friedman Bromer* and Michael. Sydney's husband is chief of gastroenterology on base; the Bromers have since gone to Minneapolis, where Michael is a resident in neurology. Dr. *Lesley Bunin Heafitz* lives in Mass. with husband Mort and 2 children. Mort is in private practice in thoracic surgery; Bunny retired from active practice to her private pediatrics. A spring trip to San Francisco allowed the Heafitz family to learn that *Jan Houk Willette*, Dick and their 2 sons are thriving in sunny Calif.

62

Mrs. David (Rhoda Scharf) Narins
330 East 33 Street
New York, N. Y. 10016

Married: *Roberta Sackin* to H. William Batt, a Ph.D. candidate at Albany State Univ. Graduate School of Public Affairs. *Diana Shahmoon* to Charles Blustain, living in NYC. *Linda Fayne* is the East Coast sales rep. for Finnair. Linda has her Master's in Russian language and lit. from Harvard, and hopes to use her travel connections to make a return trip to Russia. *Dorothy Moskowitz* is the only female in a 5-"man" electronic rock band called "The United States of America," which travels from coast to coast with 3 tons of electronic equipment.

64

Janet Kirschenbaum
3017 Riverdale Avenue
Bronx, N. Y. 10463

Married: *Tamra Cohen* to Dr. Gerald S. Stoller, *Amy Stevens* to Stephen Wexler, all living in NYC; *Kaukab D. Hamdani* to John T. Ellis, living in New Orleans, La. *Kaukab* has a Master's degree in Journalism. *Marjorie Gordan* to Adrian Bowden, an industrialist and graduate of Merton College, Oxford, living in London.

Born: to Bill and *Andrea Blitz Rosenberg*,

Lauren Jill, in March; to Victor and *Hinda Sternbach Hoffman*, daughter Talye Lieba, June 12.

Grace Polk Stern and family are enjoying the "less frenzied and more peaceful mood" of Brookline, Mass. A triple role of wife-mother-student keeps her quite busy: husband Mel is finishing his 2nd year psychiatric residency at the Harvard Psychiatric Hosp.-Mass. Mental Health Center; daughter *Julienne Cara* was born last July; *Grace* is studying for a Master of Laws at Harvard, having received her LL.B. in '66 from St. John's Univ. in NYC.

Judy Cushman lives in Brooklyn Hts. and works in the P.R. Dept. of Lufthansa airlines. *Margo Brewer Harrison* and husband Ross move to the state of Wash. next year while he continues his studies. *Miriam Bokser* works part-time for the Liberation News Service, supplying photos which are then distributed to "underground" and New Left mags and newspapers. *Tecca Kaye Blankfeld* and husband Howard are moving to Chicago where he will fulfill his service obligation in the Navy.

65

Mrs. J. M. (Barbara Benson) Kaplan
535 So. Catalina St., Apt. 104
Los Angeles, Calif. 90005

Nancy Antell is now Mrs. Ira I. Sussman; both have completed their 3rd-year at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine of Yeshiva Univ.

Janet Kaufmann has been in Kabul, Afghanistan, since Dec. '67 with the U.S. AID-TC team as a materials reproduction specialist.

66

Mrs. R. L. (Marcia Weinstein) Stern
67-40 Booth Street, Apt. 5G
Forest Hills, N. Y. 11375

Married: *Marsha Teitelbaum* to Allen Cooper, living in Berkeley; *Vassiliki Kapri* to Emanuel N. Monogenis, living in Forest Hills, N. Y.; *Maureen McCullough* to Paul F. Donohue, living in Albany where he attends Albany Law School of Union College; *Maureen* has an MAT in economics from Yale; *Phyllis Roth* to Lawrence F. Selter, living in Brooklyn.

Robert and *Margaret Brauner Weinstein's* daughter *Deirdre* celebrated her 1st birthday in June. They now reside in Minneapolis where they are both finishing work on Masters degrees.

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New York, N. Y. 10027

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