



In Home

Valentine Ackerman



Died: February 14, 2005

House: Emerson
Major: BA, Government

Valentine Ackerman died December 14, 2005 due to an extended illness. Ms. Ackerman was born September 18, 1947 in Charleston, SC, to William and

Jennie Shimel Ackerman. She was a graduate of Ashley Hall, Smith College, and the University of South Carolina Law School. She is survived by her beloved spouse, Mary Williams, of Avondale Estates, GA and three children, Jed, Chanda and Andrew, and dear friend Jerry Kaynard of Charleston, SC. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Carolyn Leigh Patterson remembers:

Valentine ("Connie" in those days) Ackerman was in our freshman group at Emerson. Short, glossy black hair, with a wonderful sense of humor, intelligent and focused, she was always a wonderful person to spend time with. I lost track of her after changing houses. Then a few years later, she wrote in the Class News that she had come out as a lesbian. How sad that we all were so ill-informed in those days and that Connie must have felt isolated from those immediately around her. (From 45th Reunion *"n Memoriam*)

Judith Koltz Treanor remembers:

Connie (aka Valentine) was a rock for me during our sophomore year. She had invited me down to Charleston over spring break, when I got a call that Patrick (now husband of 47 years) was at death's door in Vienna. I couldn't go to see him, so Connie insisted I come home with her. She and her family were so kind and considerate and got me through that terrible time. Connie had the wickedest laugh I've ever known and the greatest sense of humor.

Nancy Vedder-Shults remembers:

Connie, as she was called back then, was from the Carolinas and had never seen snow fall before she came to Smith. I had the pleasure of seeing her – head tilted backward, eyes gleaming – as she watched the first snow fall on campus. I will never forget the sight!



Leslie ARENDS Eckel



Died: February 21, 2010

House: Baldwin
Major: BA, Religion & Biblical Literature

Leslie Arends Eckel died February 21, 2010, of cancer, in Chestnut Hill, MA. Even at the last, she lived vibrantly and

courageously, and displayed the kindness, care, wit, and independence of mind that all who knew her came to love. Leslie was born in Washington, D., the daughter of Betty and Leslie Arends, her father the Republican whip of the US House of Representatives. She attended the Madeira School in Virginia, graduating in 1965. Known to many at Smith as Letty, she lived in Baldwin House and majored in English and religion. She had a rewarding career as a kindergarten teacher at the Park School in Brookline, MA, where she taught for more than 30 years and was beloved by generations of students. Leslie taught Kindergarten at The Park School from 1969-1998, and from 1999-2009, she served as a leader and special assistant in early childhood admission. Perhaps it was Leslie's profound respect for five-year-olds that gave her, and them, the greatest joy. When parents, colleagues, friends and "grown" Park School students look back on Leslie's clarity, pace, personalized attention, humor and bright, witty, outspoken spirit, they cannot help but rejoice in the difference she made in those she taught. In addition to her devotion to teaching, she was also the loving mother of Leslie Elizabeth. Leslie will be missed by the many people whose lives she touched. She was a member of the vestry at the Church of the Redeemer in Chestnut Hill. Diana Eck, '67 (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Joan Meltzer FitzGibbon remembers:

Letty was a warm, loving friend, daughter, mother and teacher. At Smith she was involved in many activities and was a fun, caring friend. After Smith, she became a kindergarten teacher – the kind we would all have wanted for our own children – kind, loving but firm when it was called for. I know she had the highest respect of colleagues and parents at her school. Her daughter Leslie, now a college English professor, was such a source of pride and joy to her, and they got to spend much quality time together. Letty was also devoted to her mother and took a leave of absence from teaching to nurse her mother through the final stages of cancer and was grateful to have had that time with her. Sadly, Letty herself died of cancer in February of 2010. I was lucky to be able to see her several times over the years because my brother lived in Cambridge and I

always saw Letty when I got out that way. We could just pick up where we left off, and it was as if no time had passed. She couldn't come to the last reunion because of a wedding, but had said she would come to this one. What a loss to many of us that she can't be here. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Peak Mason Power remembers:

She was "Letty" when I first met her, sometime in nursery school. She was what? Four? Letty saw me standing alone, the consummate 3 year-old nincompoop, and took me by the hand in the playground that day and taught me how to make a swing work. And she never stopped teaching.

We were lucky enough to grow up in Washington, DC. Her father, Les Arends, was then Republican whip in the House. Letty was so extraordinarily proud of him, and I soon discovered why: he took us for rides on the train that ran under the Capitol. What a great job, I thought. But Letty knew better – she always knew better, and in the kindest way possible taught me about Congress and field hockey and Latin conjugations and Methodist churches and how to button my sweater to look cool and how to wear black rim glasses and push them up on your nose and still look cool.

And by the time we got to Baldwin House, she was "Leslie" and still cool. The first one to raise her hand in Mr. Fink's class and pass posture class and always first to help me walk up three flights of stairs when I was in a full leg cast. So I know she's up There, taking some little angel by the hand, pushing up her glasses and nodding to God, 'I've got this one...' (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Margaret Wittigschlager Nareff remembers:

Letty wore the same glasses for years – they were her signature (just as Gale Curtis' was her white curl and they were such good friends). I remember Letty's story about taking a plate of brownies she had baked to Julie and David Eisenhower after they returned from their honeymoon and moved into the apartment just down the street from Baldwin (her former house with Letty) on Bedford Terrace. When she rang the doorbell, a disembodied voice asked her who she was – of course it was Secret Service protection detail, but Letty never quite got over it. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Polly Lane Dunn remembers:

Letty was outgoing, a best friend to many classmates, a story teller with a great sense of humor, and you knew it when she was in the room. I never observed her with children, but her warmth and strong sense of family seemed to be the perfect ingredients for educating young students.

Jill Judd Witten remembers:

I wrote a long tribute to Letty, my roommate/suite-mate of 4 years, in the 45th Reunion book, so here I will just say that I still miss her and think of her. She was a great friend.

Margaret ARNHEIM Nettinga



Died: June 13, 2017

House: Hampshire

Smith College has been notified that Margaret Arnheim Nettinga died on June 13, 2017. No further information was provided.

Mary Shaughnessy Whitaker remembers:

Margaret was so tall, statuesque, and sophisticated. She knew about things that I knew nothing about...especially art. She had lived in Europe and New York...and I had lived in Townsend, Massachusetts. So it seemed to me that most of what we shared were friends and space and great conversations at the Wilder House dinner table. Then I had a chance to really talk with her at our (Was it the 35th?) reunion gathering, and I learned how much alike we were...in our vision and our perspective, in our thoughts about Smith and its influence on the lives we were living. I always hoped that we would meet again to continue that conversation.

Sheila Berman

Died: May 15, 2002

House: Gillett

Major: BA, English Language & Literature

Shelia R. Berman '69 died May 15, 2002, at her home in Washington, D.C. of ovarian cancer. Sheila received her law degree from Georgetown University. She worked at the Department of Labor and then as executive director of Washington Lawyers for the Arts before adopting her baby, Zoe, in 1992. She traveled widely in recent years, with Zoe as an enthusiastic partner, and had wide-ranging interests. Her many friends agreed, however, that her greatest gift was knowing how to make friends, keep friends, love friends, and make each of her friends know that he or she had a unique place in her life. Sheila faced death with remarkable courage, while making the most of every moment she had. Sheila knew how to enjoy life and

what was important in life – and she did enjoy her life. She is deeply missed by many people. Sheila leaves her daughter, mother, and a brother. (Gloria Weissman '70 in in Winter 2002-03 *Alumnae Quarterly*)

Judith Robinson Poloff remembers:

I remember Sheila as a fellow housemate in Gillett who seemed much more mature and confident than I was. She was also extremely nice and had a car! When we were sophomores, she drove a carload of us to New York City to the Fillmore East to see The Grateful Dead and Janis Joplin! It was one of the most exciting things I did in college, and it was all made possible by Sheila.

Joanne BIRK HOLD Krakow (Nan)



Died: February 7, 1997

House: Northrop
Major: BA, Religion & Biblical Literature

Chellis Glendinning remembers:

I am thinking about Joanne. It was truly a shock when she died in 1997. We were put together freshman year as roommates in Northrop House. A vital spirit, she! Open. Eager to explore. Fun. We weathered the 1965 New York blackout together by trying out the rope window escape, taking photos of each of us hanging in midair in the dark. Joanne and I both hailed from prep schools, were athletic, and Protestant – so when she sat me down to tell me she had fallen in love with a Jewish man, planned to marry, and not only finish her spring exams but also study in order to convert, I was impressed with her focus. And indeed she stuck with the plan, which became the center of her life's dedication. By the end of the year, we found ourselves in a difficult dynamic between the Neat One and Messy One and I moved to the top floor next to still-friend Leslie Krinsk. Joanne continued on with her academic work, her marriage plans and a life dedicated to family and teaching psychology. She was a wonder to behold.

Judith Vanderkay remembers:

But no one ever called her "Joanne" – she was Nan. We came from similar backgrounds, though not identical – she was far more sophisticated than I was, socially, and I learned so much from her. We had escapades on and off campus and carried out pranks that still make me smile. I will love and miss her forever.

Margaret Berne Altschul remembers:

Nan and I did not know each other at Smith, but we became fast friends when we both taught in Hamden public schools while our husbands were at Yale Law School. Marvin and Nan moved to LA shortly after we did, and Nan went on to get her PhD in psychology at UCLA. We continued our wonderful friendship as we celebrated birthday parties of our children as well as Chanukah parties and Passover seders. Our children overlapped in age, and our sons were friendly in high school. I was so sad to watch Nan's decline and death. She was a trooper through the end, and she helped create a beautiful memorial service for herself. We are still friendly with her husband, Marvin. Nan's children are thriving, and she has two grandchildren. Wish she were here to bask in their glory and to hug them and love them.

Ann Robbins Jefferies remembers:

I remember Nan steady and strong behind me, rowing bow to my three.

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

Joanne was in Northrop and I was in Lamont so we would pass each other coming and going to classes. Joanne had one of those friendly, nice faces that always made you happy to see again. We took a religion class together and I remember thinking that if there were saints living on earth, then Joanne had the countenance and look of a saint. Yes, she was that sweet and nice.

Elizabeth Blakey



Died: May 1, 2006

House: Haven
Major: BA, Art

Carolyn Coulter Gilbert remembers:

Betty was a charming "Southern Belle" who was delightfully funny. One of the photos I sent in for the Then and Now slide show features Betty in the Northampton snow – her first experience in the snow! As I recall, Betty and her mother lived in Atlanta, Georgia. Betty's favorite movie was *Gone with the Wind* which she had enjoyed at least 15 times. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Joanna BUFFUM Chamberlin (Jenny)



Died: September 14, 2017

House: Morris
Major: BA, American Studies

Joanna ("Jenny") Buffum Chamberlin died peacefully at home on September 14, 2017, with her family by her side. Her life was one of quiet love, deter-

mination, and courage in all its phases. She grew up in Providence and Little Compton, RI. After graduating from Smith College, and with a Master's from Yale, she taught in Lexington, MA for 8 years and then at Dedham Country Day School for three decades. In that time, she married Bill Chamberlin and had two children, Sarah and Sam. Along with her joy in her extended family and her love of her students, she enjoyed 40 summers with her family at their island home in Isle au Haut, ME. She is survived by her husband of 40 years, Bill, her daughter, Sarah Fesenmyer, and her family of Boise, Idaho, and her son, Sam, of Rockport, ME, as well as four siblings and many nieces and nephews. *Boston Globe* 9/24/17

Susan Hall Mygatt remembers:

Jenny Buffum and I were childhood friends during the summers on the beach in Little Compton, RI. We continued to see each other after Smith – in fact we both were married in the same month, June 1977. I saw her less often in Little Compton over the years, as she and her husband Bill spent most of their summers at their house on an island in Maine, but I was always delighted when our paths crossed in Little Compton. I still see her sister and brothers often, and when I do, I think fondly of Jenny and her bright, sparkling light that is now a special memory.

Barbara Wyper Pettus remembers:

Jenny and Diana – We three shared Greek classes with George Dimmock – they seemed to breeze through the translations that I struggled with, but they brought me along with them. I thought of them both fondly during a recent lecture given by Emily Wilson, the first woman to translate the *Odyssey* – how they would have loved hearing her.

Virginia Pugh Wiggen remembers:

Jenny was active in crew with me. I didn't know her well, but she was always a delight. We spent many mornings rowing on the pond at 8 a.m. and she never failed to have a smile (even at that hour, which was not my best!). I loved her wonderful hair.

Linda Curtis remembers:

Jenny and I were freshman roommates. We were the only freshmen on our floor in Morris House, and I remember both of us being rather afraid of all the upper class residents on our floor.

I loved seeing Jenny at our various Smith reunions. She was always delightfully happy and warm. Her daughter told me that after our last reunion, Jenny had told her how the Morris House '69ers all stayed up very late every night and laughed and cried together over various memories. Her daughter – a Yale grad – said she told her mom that would never happen with her classmates at Yale!

I will truly miss Jenny at our 50th.

Diana BUITRON-Oliver



Died: April 29, 2002

House: Morris
Major: BA, Art

Dr. Diana Buitron-Oliver dedicated much of her successful career to curating Greek and Roman art exhibits. This brought her to the National Art Museum in Washington DC as well as the Walters Art Museum in Baltimore, MD. She also taught the history of Greek art as an adjunct professor at Georgetown University from 1977 to 1984. Diana was born in Ecuador and grew up in Peru, Venezuela, Mexico and France. She was able to speak English, Spanish, French, and Italian as well as modern Greek. In a review of Diana's 1987 exhibit, *The Human Figure in Early Greek Art*, *Washington Post* staff writer Hank Burchard called her "a scholar in serene command of her field." She leaves her husband of 23 years, Andrew Oliver, as well as her mother, brother and sister.

Alice Myers Goldet remembers:

Diana's face, voice, and mannerisms remain vividly etched in my memory. We became instant friends at Smith, and remained close until her death. That she was half-Ecuadorian gave her an exotic side that appealed to me, a level of sophistication which, when added to her inherent kindness, made her so interesting as a friend. I always admired her, of course for her scholarly excellence, for her insistence on doing things the right way, and for maintaining calm in the face of enormous adversity, but also for a sort of girlish frivolity which leavened the great seriousness she brought to her profession. Conversation could veer from some incredibly complex detail in her research to a dress she had just found in a boutique in the rue des Saints-

Pères. And who can forget how her dark eyes twinkled when she laughed, which she often did? I was lucky that her studies, jobs, and travels seemed to dovetail geographically with mine. Our Smith friendship was thus prolonged in Cambridge, New York, Baltimore and Paris. She managed to carry on traveling and living part of the year abroad despite her health; no doubt, these journeys helped to keep her mind off her illness and insured she remained mentally strong. All her friends, I am sure, marveled at her immense fortitude during such a long and no doubt painful sickness. Her composure seemed, at least to me, so far beyond the norm as to be unique, and uniquely admirable. I don't think I ever heard her complain, not about her ever worsening physical state, in any event. She had, of course, the wonderful Drew by her side throughout her long ordeal, which, despite everything, was very lucky indeed. That her husband knew and shared a great interest in her field, in her archaeological dig in Cyprus, made a significant difference for her in the early years of their marriage, and then the long years of her battle against the cancer that eventually won out. I miss Diana very much. In that, I am sure I am not alone. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Barbara Wyper Pettus remembers:

Diana and Jenny – we three shared Greek classes with George Dimmock – they seemed to breeze through the translations that I struggled with, but they brought me along with them. I thought of them both fondly during a recent lecture given by Emily Wilson, the first woman to translate the *Odyssey* – how they would have loved hearing her.

Linda Curtis remembers:

Diana was so gracious, very bright, and came from such an exotic background. She was always so lovely to everyone. How I wish I had gotten to know her better while at Smith.

B. Sharon Byrd



Died: March 4, 2014

**House: Morrow
Major: BA, Philosophy**

On March 4, 2014, our beloved friend and colleague, Professor B. Sharon Byrd passed away. She lost her battle with cancer. She was buried on March

11, the following week, in Erlangen, Germany. Sharon, as her friends know her, is survived by her husband, partner and friend, Professor Joachim Hruschka.

Telling the story of Sharon's life is beyond the scope of this short memorial. However, I will try to do her the honor she so deserves.

She was born on April 28, 1947 in Dayton, OH. From the way she told it, she was a precocious child. It is no small wonder, given her keen mind and array of talents. She went on to study at Smith College, earning her BA degree in 1969, only to move to the other side of the country and begin law school the following year at UCLA. Several years later, after her graduation from UCLA, she decided to return to the academy, where she procured her LLM. and JSD from Columbia. From there, her adventurous spirit led her to Germany to take a faculty post in the law program at Friedrich-Schiller Universität in Jena.

Her academic life was and is quite impressive. Her work on Kant and jurisprudence and political thought is most notable. And she most recently coauthored with her husband an extensive and extraordinary book, *Kant's Doctrine of Right* (Cambridge, 2010).

Her desire to understand Kant's work holistically and to garner support for its study is almost unmatched in our field.

However, it is Sharon's heart that she is most well known for. In a way, she collected academics. She reached out to so many and responded in kind. If one valued Kant, there was a firm basis for friendship. Though she held on to her interpretations fiercely, she was open to many differing opinions. It is no surprise then that so many people hold her in such high respect. She was thoughtful, kind, open, and caring (though she brook[ed] no fools), and she pressed us for excellence.

— Excerpted from North American Kant Society website (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Jan Humphrey Dexter remembers:

Early in our freshman year, Sharon stole (yes, stole) a sign from a local construction site. It said only BE CAREFUL TODAY (which she thought was hilarious). It was enormous, taking up most of the remaining empty space in a rather large double she shared with Deborah Jacobs (Brosgol). Debbie was furious, but the sign remained in place for quite a while. They were not compatible roommates – oil and water, sound and fury, meat and dairy! Both wonderful friends, but a disaster as roommates.

Marsha Herrick Foley remembers:

Sharon and I were two of only six freshmen in Clark House in 1965. She was a true mid-westerner in many ways – friendly, full of laughter, open-minded.... She was a very protected only child and Smith was the first time she had really ever been on her own. She found the freedom amazing – late night gatherings and talks, smoking, and experimenting with various drink

concoctions..., never too excess in any of it, but loving the freedom to "try-out." She moved to Germany some years after graduation where she married, became a law professor, and remained until her death.

Catherine CAMPBELL Rhorer



Died: November 27, 1979

House: Franklin King
Major: BA, Classics

Catherine Campbell Rhorer died on November 27, 1979. After receiving her Master's and doctoral degrees from Yale, Catherine joined the classics

department of Wesleyan University where she was serving as assistant professor at the time of her death. She is mourned by her husband, Thomas, as well as her parents, her maternal grandmother, a brother and a sister. (*Smith Alumnae Quarterly* February 1980)

Jane Baker Holt remembers:

Cathy Campbell was brilliant, talented, and gorgeous. She should have had a long successful life, but cancer doesn't take those things into consideration.

Cathy and I, good friends at Smith, became even closer after graduation. She was a bridesmaid at our wedding. She rented the top floor apartment in our New Haven townhouse and we saw each other daily for afternoon tea, a quiet time to reflect in the midst of those heady days of Yale Graduate School. Her cats, Socrates and Xantippe, often joined us and loved playing with the cellophane cigarette package wrappings Cathy would toss at them. She and I later wondered whether those cigarettes were her undoing, but her doctors insisted her cancer was unrelated to her smoking.

Cathy began her study of the classics at Smith. She was so adept at languages that she mastered Latin and then Greek in a very short time – she crammed my four years of high school Latin into just one year. She was indeed a fast learner.

Before completing her dissertation at Yale, Cathy studied at the American Academy in Rome.

She received a dissertation fellowship from the Whiting Foundation in 1973.

Her first teaching position was at Kalamazoo College in Michigan. Following this, she was granted tenure at Wesleyan where she remained until her death in 1979. In addition to her teaching, she wrote several books and articles on Latin and Greek literature and language.

Near the untimely end of her academic career, she

took up the study of Sanskrit, mastering that difficult language as quickly as she did Latin and Greek. In addition to her academic writing, Cathy compiled an Italian cookbook for friends and family. My husband still makes Eggplant in the Cathy Campbell manner.

While Cathy pursued her studies at Yale, she was pursued by a following of besotted professors and colleagues. I remember her being given a bedspread, stolen from an hotel by one of her would-be lovers, as a token of affection. (She was not swayed.)

Cathy was a voracious reader, completing a book every day. Her apartment in New Haven was full of paperbacks – bestsellers, trashy novels, mysteries, and "literature." Eric Segal, then a visiting professor of Classics at Yale, asked her to review the galleys of *Love Story*, so she got to read that soppy bestseller before the rest of us. (Segal, too, was besotted with Cathy.)

While my husband and I were bumbling around Europe for a year in a camper, out of touch with the world back home, Cathy married Tom Rhorer; I was sorry to miss the wedding. Soon after her Wesleyan appointment, they bought a house in Middletown where she developed her green thumb. She cultivated rare African violets under ultraviolet lights in her dining room. She planted a small garden with both common and unusual vegetables. We still get a huge annual harvest from the offspring of her Jerusalem artichoke plants. Cathy and Tom also learned a bit about the pitfalls of home ownership when the wallpaper of all the first floor rooms peeled off after they left the house empty and unheated for a few months.

I'll never forget another Cathy crisis, the early morning phone call from Cathy when we were still at Yale: "Help me, I'm blind!" A long, slow walk to the Yale Health Services and the removal of her contact lenses, which she had accidentally left in the night before, solved that problem.

Her later illness could not be solved so easily. She was diagnosed with an aggressive and mysterious cancer, the primary tumor of which could never be found. She faced certain death with dignity, strength, and a bit of humor. She was angry when she had to correct a technician who tried to X-ray the wrong lung – but she was spirited enough to laugh about it.

She was pleased with the curly hair that grew in after chemo took her magnificent long brown straight hair. Mostly she tried to take care of friends and family until the end. My father died of cancer soon before Cathy, and it was she who gave me permission to cry over his death, something I had not allowed myself to do.

Finally, I will never forget the phone call from Cathy when she told me she had just tossed all her meds down the toilet and flushed them away – she wanted to die in control of her life. And so she did, just before her birthday in November of 1979.

After her death, her family established the Catherine Campbell Rhorer Fund, now called The Rhorer Fund, a Department of Classical Languages and Literature Award to honor her memory and to help support enrichment studies of classics and classical language majors. See: <https://www.smith.edu/academics/classics> for further information (scroll down the page until you reach "Resources" and click on Awards & Prizes.) Anyone wishing to honor Cathy's memory is encouraged to make a donation to this fund, as I do on Cathy's birthday in November.

Elizabeth Carney remembers:

Cathy and I met when we were in fifth grade. She was always brilliant but only turned to classics when she came to Smith and, a whiz at language, was soon a star. We stayed in touch during grad school – it helped that we were in the same field and that my parents had moved to New Haven – and after. She was the first girl I knew with high heels, the first who smoked, the first who had a college boyfriend in high school, and, sadly, the first to have cancer. She confronted her death with aplomb. I wish she'd lived the long life the rest of us have been able to enjoy. She often seemed amused by human folly and it would have been nice to know her as an old lady.

Mary Welch Ericson remembers:

Cathy was so bright and attractive and full of life. And she had the most amazing eyes! Although she and I didn't spend a lot of time together, I admired her style and her spirit. Jane Baker Holt's tribute to her in the 45th Memorial Book is very special, and conveys so well Cathy's amazing gifts. I still find it hard to believe that she died so young.

Kathleen Carlson



Died: February 24, 2013

House: Tenney
Major: BA, History

Dr. Kathleen Carlson, 65, died at her home in Hatfield, MA, following a courageous battle with cancer and Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (ALS). She was

educated at Concord High School, Smith College, and Johns Hopkins University, and received her Doctor of Medicine degree from the University of Massachusetts Medical School in Worcester. Kate practiced internal medicine for many years at Enfield Medical Associates where she was well loved by her patients. She was a devoted member of the Unitarian Society of

Northampton and Florence. Kate is survived by her two loving sons, Benjamin and Zachary, the lights of her life. With them, she enjoyed the outdoors, travel, and avidly following their favorite basketball team, the UConn Women's Huskies. She is also survived by her sister, brother, nieces, and nephews; and is fondly and lovingly remembered by her many close friends and neighbors with whom she spent many happy occasions and long walks. (Drawn from 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Nancy Rubenstein remembers:

When I knew Kathy (her name back in Franklin King days), we were both living for the moment with little thought of the future. Kathy was really fun to hang out with and my first-ever friend from New England. I have very fond memories of the several Thanksgivings I spent with her family in Concord, NH, and still, whenever I see pumpkin ice cream, I think of her and how much she loved it. The fall after graduation, I lived with Kathy and her sister Peggy in Somerville, MA. I next remember a few years later when Kathy stayed with me on her way out to California for a feminist workshop. She told me, to my surprise, that she had changed her name to Kate and was realizing she was a lesbian. Fast forward to 1979 and Kate is calling me during the fall of my first year of medical school (unbeknownst to her), asking if she could stay with me in Chicago for her medical school interviews. We laughed long and hard when I told her at that moment I had a Biochemistry textbook on my lap and I was struggling to remember the Krebs Cycle. I knew Kate went to UMass Medical School and became an internist in the Northampton area and I heard that she had a partner and children. But I regret that we didn't keep up our friendship as I imagined we would have – I guess life and distance intervened. I'm sure Kate was a wonderful doctor. She was very kind and generous and a lovely person. I hope that the years we were out of touch were happy ones for her. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Mary Welch Ericson remembers:

I knew Kathy as a quiet and caring person, with a wonderful smile, and the most amazing and beautiful red hair. Although I seldom saw her after she moved out of Franklin King House, and lost touch with her after graduation, I think that Nancy Rubenstein offered some wonderful recollections of her in the 2014 *In Memoriam*. Also, I can't begin to imagine the courage it had to take for Kathy to face the devastating condition that is ALS. We recently lost a son-in-law to the disease, and I now have a better appreciation for the unique and uniquely difficult challenges ALS patients must face. My heart goes out to her family.

Christine Anderson Morrison remembers:

Kathy lived a life of excellence. A devoted mother to two boys and a talented physician, she gave to those she served. She was a sweet girl at Smith and obviously became a beautiful woman. I remember with love.

Ann CARRAD Schaffner



Died: June 19, 2013

House: Parsons
Major: BA, English Language & Literature

Beloved wife of Stuart Schaffner, of Morrisville VT, and devoted mother of David Schaffner, of Dorchester MA, she

also leaves her brother David Carrad, of Augusta GA. Ann received a BA in English and Music from Smith College and a MA in Medieval Studies from the University of Toronto. Later she earned an MS in Library Science and an MBA from Simmons College. She was an Associate University Librarian at Brandeis University and later Director of Institutional Research at Olin College. She was an active member of the Vermont Land Trust, the Catamount Trail Association, Habitat for Humanity, and the Hyde Park Community Circle. Music was always very important to her, and she sang in several choral groups, including Village Harmony and the Montpelier Gospel Choir. Ann's spirit shown through her battle with brain cancer to which she eventually succumbed. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Patricia Moran Creighton remembers:

Ann and I shared the wonderful Parsons House experience from the Annex to the Big House and we were both English majors. She was a brilliant, delightful girl and we had great times, really growing up together as such a close group. May she Rest In Peace!

Jane Caldwell Rose remembers:

Ann and I sang in choirs together all four years. The night we found out we had made Chamber Singers, we shared a bottle of champagne sitting in the snow at Mary Burnham. After our tour with the Smith/Princeton Chamber Singers ended, we traveled together for another three weeks. We had big suitcases for the tour, but we left them in the hotel in Paris and bought doll-sized ones for the time we had to carry them. We did just fine. Ann never lost her love of music. Despite her brain tumor, she continued to sing and perform with her world music chorus until a few weeks before her death. Her husband Stuart decided to study music after her death in her memory. She and Stu had one son David.

Jane McNichols Hedberg remembers:

I didn't know Ann at Smith, but our professional lives intersected later. She was such a lovely colleague and friend that her death profoundly affected me and many other librarians in the Boston area. I hope her family knows how much she will be missed at this reunion.

Susan Deland Livesay remembers:

I have many great memories of time spent with Ann such as the summer we worked together at a ranch/camp in Montana. We had responded to a job listing posted on the bulletin board at Parsons, hopped a train to NY and been interviewed in the railroad station!

Another recollection has been the source of much laughter over the years. One early spring when Ann was working in Boston, she drove to Maine for a ski weekend with us. As soon as she arrived, she began apologizing profusely for the cheesecake that she had brought to share. She had bought it on her way home from work, and had transported it on the back of her bike in the rain. Although she had not looked at it, she was certain that it had been damaged. Her distress led my mischievous husband to replace the cheesecake (which was actually completely unscathed) with a hunk of bacon grease that he moulded into the same shape. When it was time for dessert Ann began to apologize anew, and with great reluctance put the box on the table. Her reaction when she opened it was priceless. Ann gasped loudly, put her hand to her forehead and cried out, "Oh my gosh, it died!" The prank was revealed only when my ever-thoughtful brother, trying to reassure Ann that the dessert probably tasted fine in spite of its appearance, took a bite that he instantly regretted! I think of Ann fondly -and smile - whenever I indulge in cheesecake.

Joan Borod remembers:

I am so sad that Ann is no longer with us. She was a good friend to me during College. I miss her very much.

Katherine Cleveland



Died: February 17, 2013

House: Chapin
Major: BA, Art

Katherine Nelson Cleveland died on February 17, 2013, after a battle with cancer. She was at home and at peace when she passed, surrounded by family

and friends. Elizabeth Cleveland Jamison, her daughter (Smith Alumnae Quarterly Winter 2013-2014)

Susan Jackson Stillman remembers:

Kathy Cleveland was a member, with Janet Brauer, Sandy Fascell, Pam Chamberlain and me on the Chapin House crew. To add to the post-Smith memories of Kathy, we had letters from her for several years as she traveled around, mostly sailing in exotic areas. Eventually, probably mid-70's, she and I got together in San Francisco, in the Haight, for lunch on a lovely sunny day. Then she moved to Hawaii, I think, and we lost touch. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Janet Brauer Weinberger remembers:

Kathy was a very dear friend. As you probably remember, she was a fantastic skater. I don't recall any skating on Paradise Pond. But our freshman year, she arranged access to a rink in Amherst, and she patiently taught us neophyte skaters a few simple spins. She and I took freshman chemistry together – at the time she was pre-med (strongly influenced by her father), and unfortunately it quickly became clear to her that she was not cut out for a career in science. As Sandy recalled, she was an excellent rower, and I believe was All-Smith crew her senior year. Like me, she was an ice cream fanatic, and we spent many a night at Friendly's. I recall with some embarrassment that during a hunger strike in support of stop the war efforts, we sneaked off campus for an ice cream fix. She visited me once when we lived in Boston, as she was planning a modeling career. And she visited my parents in New York City at one point – even my hypercritical father found her enchanting. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Rebecca Rogers remembers:

After school, Kathy moved off to San Francisco where she found a friend. They bought a sailboat and sailed to Auckland, New Zealand. The friendship dissolved, he left her to sell the boat. She taught school in New Zealand for five years, hoping to gain dual citizenship.

The U.S. State Department told her she would lose her US citizenship if she sought New Zealand citizenship (later not true), so she moved to Hawaii, where she lived in Kailua, on Oahu. I saw her in Honolulu at least once, talked to her on the phone three years ago, but we could not connect as she was traveling on the Big Island and I was soon to leave for Kauai. I recall her working very hard for the acting union based in Honolulu. Jim and I went to a concert with her in Honolulu, on Labor Day about 10 years ago. She did lots of work, not as an actor, but as the stand-in for the actor, discussing camera locations, shots, where to film, etc. Lots of TV and a few films get shot in Hawaii. She

also modeled clothes for a high-end women's clothes store. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Adele Harvey Gercke remembers:

Kathy had the most consistently optimistic view of people and life. I remember traveling with her in Europe after our sophomore year. She tended to be late to everything. So as we were traveling by train everywhere, we would be running to the station dragging our bags with us laughing hysterically. I was sure that we would never make it but she was sure that we would and we always did.

We both majored in art history, and as the lights were turned down for lectures, many of our eyes would close and our heads droop. At the end of the lectures Kathy would laugh and say that she had blacked out. We all dismissed this as just falling asleep like the rest of us. It turned out later after graduation that her family doctor remembered that she had had a "lazy eye" as a child and that it would cause her brain to kind of black out for a moment instead of trying to see two things at once out of each eye.

She was a kind and good friend to everyone.

Virginia Pugh Wiggen remembers:

Kathy was active in crew with me. Though I didn't know her well, I always enjoyed her. She had the straightest back you can imagine (I think from all her ice skating) and that made her rowing form terrific. Ms. Benson wanted us all to look like Kathy!

Sue Ann Levin Schiff remembers:

Kathy was part of the Chapin House Class of 1969. She was warm and welcoming to everyone. She should have lived decades longer. May her memory be a blessing.

Emily Couric



Died: October 18, 2001

House: Laura Scales

Major: BA, Biological Sciences

Emily died of pancreatic cancer in her home in Richmond, VA. As a leading Democrat in Virginia, Emily chose to drop out of the race for the nomination for lieutenant governor when she was diagnosed with cancer in 2000. Her fellow democrats believed in her so strongly, however, that she was elected to serve as general chair of the state Democratic Party in December of the same year.

While she was ardently Democratic, she was a

moderate on many issues and often found common ground with the Republican majority in the Senate. "She was the unifier. She could bring all the various parts of this disparate Democratic family together," said Mark Warner, the party's nominee for governor. Emily graduated from Smith College with honors and worked as a public information officer and speech-writer for the federal government, a newspaper reporter, a newsletter editor, and a high school biology teacher.

She is survived by her husband George A. Beller, her two sons, her parents, and her three siblings. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

Emily was quiet, persistent, and beautiful. She was a hard worker and never afraid of new experiences. She was so happy when she made Senior Kickline and worked hard to improve her dancing. Later, after Smith, I knew her in Charlottesville, VA, where everyone in the community admired her hard work on the local school board (and later in state office). She always went beyond the call of duty and was never afraid to get her hands dirty to get something positive accomplished...always working hard for others. A very big heart with a lot of persistence. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Harriet Hubbard McConnochie remembers:

Emily and I were in Aix en Province and Paris together for our Junior Year Abroad. Getting to become friends with Emily and to experience that year together and with each member of the Paris 1967-1968 group is, and remains, a big part of my life. Emily is in one of my "Scrapbook" photos.

Elizabeth Willis Neger remembers:

Emily was a Comstock '69er the first two years and I always remember her name being read as a prize-winner at every assembly! Very impressive! A very organized scholar who had everything ready so she could enjoy the week-end away. Katie Couric's smile would always remind me of her and I hear that she was on her way to becoming a great legislator, someone who could have made a real difference this last decade. I was impressed to see her Memorial Building at the University of Virginia. Your life was way too short, Emily.



B. Gale Curtis



Died: June 27, 1969

House: Albright
Major: BA, Psychology

B. Gale Curtis died June 27, 1969, in an automobile accident in Brownsville, TN. At Smith, Gale was v.p. of Baldwin House [sic], a Glee Club officer, on Gold

Key Central Board, and had helped to organize Skating Club. Interested in the treatment of cerebral palsy, Gale had worked at the Children's Specialized Hospital in Mountainside, NJ, and Massachusetts General in Boston. She was to have entered University of Pennsylvania Medical School to study physical therapy. "One who lived more completely in 21 years than some live in one hundred." Rev. Richard B. Anderson (Smith *Alumnae Quarterly* November 1969)

Margaret Wittigslager Nareff remembers:

Joan FitzGibbon sent a reminder to Albright house-mates about memorial stories and I realized that it is almost to the day in April 1969 that I was covering the phone desk when the mail came and Gale picked up her acceptance letter to grad school. She had dreamed of becoming a physical therapist and never expected it to happen. She was so happy that day and we all were thrilled for her. I also remember how she set her hair every night with two small rollers for the curl in front where her hair was white. She had short hair but that white curl was her signature. Gale possessed a throaty belly laugh that was absolutely contagious.

She was dedicated to Smith, singing and her friends. The last time I saw Gale was at my wedding, hours after our graduation, in her bright green dress enjoying a Dubonnet rouge - her preferred drink, and she was gone from us only three weeks later. I miss her every day. (From 45th Reunion *"n Memoriam*)

Pearl Yau Toy remembers:

I remember she was brilliant and made beautiful biological drawings. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Joan Meltzer FitzGibbon remembers:

Gale Curtis was a dynamic and fun part of my four years at Smith, including junior year when we roomed together. She was in Choir, a Gold Key guide, a house officer and always on the go. From Gale I learned about competitive ice dancing - a sport I had never heard of, which she had participated in before college. We watched some of the 1968 Olympics on the tiny TV in the little Albright TV room. I thought of her many times this year during the ice dancing competition and

especially when the Americans took gold. I also learned from Gale about Dubonnet, an aperitif I'd also never heard of, when we were in New York where the drinking age was 18 – lest anyone think we were drinking illegally! Gale had done summer jobs working with children with cerebral palsy and wanted to be a physical therapist to help CP patients. She was killed in a tragic car accident just a few weeks after graduation – a great loss for those of us who knew and loved her, and for those she had yet to meet. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

I shared a couple of classes with Gale. She was always friendly and nice with a welcoming smile. (From 45th Reunion *"n Memoriam*)

Barbara Ozol Labatt remembers:

Gale and I got to know each other by singing in a madrigal group in high school. I join her family and those who knew [her] in remembering someone whose life was too short. She died in a tragic traffic accident a month after graduating from Smith. I just wish she had been able to go to Europe her junior year with the Smith-Princeton Chamber Singers.

Linda Curtis remembers:

I remember meeting Gale very clearly, because of our shared last name. I also remember my parents getting at least one condolence card in a mix-up when she died tragically so soon after our graduation.

Taj DIFFENBAUGH Worley



Died: September 7, 1987

House: Wilder
Major: BA, Religion & Biblical Literature

Taj Diffenbaugh Worley (Mrs. Stevan) died September 7, 1987 of cancer. She was a well-known Seattle painter and print maker.

She had won many purchase awards and prizes, and her work is part of several permanent collections, including the Brooklyn Museum, City of Seattle, Indiana University and the Riverside (CA) Art Museum. At the Brooklyn Museum, her work was honored with a one-woman show: *Taj Worley Prints* from October 12 through December 2, 1984. Her more recent large abstract oil and gouaches related to pathways of energy, which is described in physics as well as in Buddhist concepts of reality, life and death. She received an MFA from Indiana University in 1977. She

is survived by her husband, two children and her parents. (Smith *Alumnae Quarterly* Spring 1988)

Katherine Reuter remembers:

Taj was so special as a friend and a person. She had the gentlest spirit and it showed in her art work. I remember her taking woodblock printing from Leonard Baskin and giving me one of her prints. Taj, Sandy Lillydahl, Helen Jelliffe and I all lived in the top floor under the clock tower of Wilder House our senior year. With only freshman twins in one other room, we enjoyed a special closeness that year. I had contact with Taj's family after she died, and her dad gave me the most beautiful framed gouache that hangs in my bedroom and that I look at every day. I think of her daily.

Sandra Lillydahl remembers:

My main and most treasured memories of my roommate Taj are of us laughing, laughing, laughing so hard we would double over and then collapse still laughing. In the midst of all the personal and political upheavals of the 60's, our laughter targeted and released our shared confusions and surprises, experimentations, contradictions and questions about everything within and around us.

Susan McDaniel remembers:

Taj was a delightful, spirited woman. I was shocked to learn a few years ago that she had died; she just seemed so alive. What a loss.

Jill Metcuff-Jahns remembers:

In our senior year, Anne Rognstad and Taj were sitting in the row in front of me during a boring guest lecture. They began to talk quietly about an opportunity to be ski bums in Aspen, living for free in a cabin at a motel, cleaning 27 rooms daily, serving breakfasts, and spending most afternoons skiing. In addition the motel owner was a ski instructor and had a Danish woman already signed up. But to make their dream come true, all they needed was one more person. I barely knew them other than as fellow religion majors, but was stymied about my future. Without hesitation (and I can't believe I did this!) I leaned forward and said, "I'll be your other person." The next year Taj and Anne, who had been very close for years, said let's explore making art in the evenings. We only set the kitchen drapes on fire once when Taj taught us how to batik fabric with hot wax! We signed up for an evening photo course in the basement of the Hotel Jerome and I was hooked. We "made art" frequently and Taj kindly gave me some of the woodcuts she'd made at Smith (I still have them). She taught me how to carve linoleum blocks. And, boy, did they develop my social life. Anne, the Wyoming gal, explained about Wyoming's drive-through drinking places and taught us to drink Scotch

in a heated swimming pool while mingling with motel guests. We goaded each other to experience the world around us. Taj fell in love with Steve Worley. These two expert skiers were very patient with my limited skiing and art-making skills and taught me lots. Together we learned how to really have fun and become more worldly, what with motel guests of all stripes and Hunter Thompson living down the road! Our Danish roommate was constantly shocking us with her ability to pick up strange men, then bringing them back to our cabin. None of us had ever met anyone so happily irresponsible (even it turned out abandoning a child back in Denmark). Anne and I were devastated when years later Taj developed breast cancer, dying young. But we were inspired by the information that she spent the last year of her life making art night and day. Then Anne died a few years later and the reflections on our crazy magical year came to an end.

Lynn Barthelson Rognstad remembers:

Taj died way too soon. She was a lovely, gentle person. Rick and I were blessed by her presence at our wedding in Scottsdale, AZ. Our gift from her was a beautiful handmade book, *Junctures*, of her intaglio prints. I still cherish it.

Mary Shaughnessy Whitaker remembers:

I had never known anyone like Taj until I came to Smith. She was so creative and talented and had such an amazing energy about her. I love thinking about her smile and the joyful spirit that she radiated; I remember feeling happier just being around her. Robert remembers that, on one visit to Smith, Taj tried to help him out by offering him the use of the shower on the fifth floor so that he could get dressed in privacy. It almost worked but, unfortunately, he didn't make it out before the cleaning lady came through!! When he recovered from his embarrassment, he and Taj laughed all weekend!!

Sally DOONAN Rogers



Died: September 12, 2004

House: Gardiner
Major: BA, History

Sally began her career at Houghton Mifflin in Boston as a copy-editor and subsequently joined Alfred A. Knopf in New York. She was an active volunteer in Westchester County, NY, and was a past president of the St. Faith's House Foundation and the Thursday Club as well as a fundraiser for Smith College. Sally was an active tennis player and received

a number of awards for her contribution to the sport and she acted as president of the Fox Meadow Tennis Club in Scarsdale, NY, from 1998-2000. She co-founded and led the volunteer group that runs an annual charity tournament for the Children's Village in Dobbs Ferry, NY, that has raised over \$260,000 since 1990 for homeless and runaway children. Sally is survived by her husband Jo, son David, and daughter Sarah.

Carol Frueh Gourley remembers:

I didn't know Sally very well when we were fellow Gardiner House residents, but she became one of my dearest friends in the years after. She introduced me to my husband, and when she moved back to NY after a stint in Boston, we got together frequently. She was my daughter's godmother; I was her son's...an indication of just how close we became. Sally was a rock – always there with wisdom and quiet, unflappable confidence that all would work out for the best, as we met and conquered the vicissitudes of life. And then came the devastating news that a melanoma on her arm had metastasized to her lungs. Sally accepted the diagnosis with calm confidence and a positive attitude – to the very end. I always thought of her as my own personal "rock," but it seems she held that position in the eyes of many friends and admirers. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Susan Hall Mygatt remembers:

I remember Sally Ann Doonan. We went to Ogontz Camp together in middle school, and I was delighted to see her again at Smith!

Adrian FOGEL Curtis



Died: August 18, 2002

House: Lawrence
Major: BA, Government

Adrian A. Curtis died of stomach cancer in her home in Bethesda, MD. She began her government career in 1971 with the Labor Department and later worked as the civil agent evaluator for the General Accounting Office. Before becoming the budget staff director of the Justice Department, she was budget director of U.S. Customs as well as an analyst for the Office of Management and Budget. She graduated from Smith College and received a Master's degree in advanced international studies from Johns Hopkins University. Ms. Curtis was a native of Kansas City, MO, and a member of the Bethesda Jewish Congregation. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Sarah Chasis remembers:

Adrian was an incredibly dynamic person. She had a strong sense of justice and a seriousness of purpose—she wanted to do good in the world and she pursued that goal vigorously. She also possessed a great sense of humor and was very lively and fun to be around. She studied abroad her junior year in Geneva and loved it. She came back sophisticated and stylish. I was the maid of honor at her first wedding, which occurred sometime after we graduated. She went on to get her Master's from the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies (SAIS) and eventually went to work for the federal government. I used to stay with her sometimes when I visited DC. We lost touch for many years, but we were reunited at a Smith reunion (maybe our 35th?). We had a wonderful time – it was so easy and fun to be with her. I learned then that she had divorced, remarried, and had a young son. I also learned that she had had cancer. Not long after that, a fellow classmate called to let me know that the cancer had recurred and that Adrian was dying. I called and spoke with her a few days before she died. She was a wonderful person who had a strong and positive impact on the world and on those around her.

Daryl Massey Bladen remembers:

Adrian and I became friends the day she moved into Lawrence House as a transfer student at the beginning of sophomore year. I remember our first of what were to be many long conversations taking place in the dim Lawrence House basement where we stored our suitcases and trunks. In 1969 we both moved to Washington DC, began careers with the Federal Government, found husbands (two for Adrian), had children and stepchildren, and attended a few Smith reunions together. Even after I left the DC area and moved back to Massachusetts, we kept in touch and remained friends. I miss Adrian's energy, enthusiasm, curiosity and competence. She would have been overjoyed to be part of our 50th Reunion and to be with her many Smith friends.

Suzanne Cohn Scheu remembers:

Friends since we met on the AFS Exchange program in 1964.

Roommates

Jr. Year Abroad travelers (Geneva, Paris).

She worked in Washington DC, and it was great to know that there were good people in the Govt. who cared deeply about their work.

Elizabeth Fuller



Died: March 14, 1974

House: Clark

Major: BA, Economics

Elizabeth Fuller was born on November 11, 1947, and passed away on Thursday, March 14, 1974. Elizabeth was a resident of Massachusetts.

Marsha Herrick Foley remembers:

Betsy Fuller was my freshman year roommate in Clark House. We did not know each other before entering Smith and we both arrived with our parents on Day 1 not knowing what to expect of Smith or each other. We went shopping together for decorations for our room – and managed to agree on a color scheme and “look.” Betsy and I turned out to be quite different in our interests, but we had a polite, good roommate relationship. I remember Betsy as a fun loving but reserved person. Early on in our first year, she became much closer to the older classmates in our house than to the other freshmen. She shared a lot of good times and laughter with them. One thing I learned from Betsy was what an artichoke was and how to eat it. Believe it or not, I had no clue what to do with an artichoke but, boy, was she right – they are delicious! I also remember that Betsy loved, and only wore, Shalimar – a fragrance that I always to this day associate with her.

(From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Jan Humphrey Dexter remembers:

Betsy loved to ski. When the fall weather turned a bit nippy, she would pull out her skis for a trial run – on the flight of stairs between floors. It's a wonder she didn't break her neck.

Linda Curtis remembers:

Betsy and I went to high school and then on to Smith together. She transferred to Morris House in, I think, our junior year. She died in a tragic car accident much too soon after our graduation. I miss terribly being able to share stories and remembrances of high school and Smith with her.



Patricia Goodyer



Died: November 10, 1986

House: Jordan
Major: BA, English Language & Literature

Patricia E. Goodyear died November 10, 1986, of cancer. After graduation, she studied at Boston College grad school of

education and at University of CA Berkeley. She taught English in Oakland, CA, and Eugene, OR. A memorial service was held in Shasta Abbey, Mt. Shasta City, CA, headquarters of the Order of Buddhist Contemplatives of the Soto Zen Church. She is survived by her parents, a brother, and a sister.

Sandra Perko remembers:

A gentle spirit with a graceful manner and a giving heart.

Jean Merrill remembers:

Patty Goodyer was my roommate for two years, part of our freshman and all of our sophomore year. I was a science major, Patty a religion major. But, because we had some indeterminate bond, we "found" each other in Hopkins A after we parted ways with our originally assigned roommates. We moved from Hopkins A to Jordan House in our Junior year. And although we had our own rooms, we spent a lot of time together, even sharing clothes, since we were the same size. I had the skirt, and Patty had the ideal matching knee socks and sweater (in bright coral). More importantly, Patty shared with me her love of literature, photography, and art. Her lunchtime stories of her classes and professors made me realize there was more to gain from my liberal arts experience at Smith. Because of Patty, I embraced the experience of blending theater, art, and music courses in with my biology and chemistry classes. Her influence helped me broaden my intellectual horizons and made me a more thoughtful, curious, and creative scientist.

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

She was wholesome and very nice. Patty was exactly like the friendly place she was from, Guilford, CT, where neighbors help each other and greet each other in the big central "green" surrounded by a small hardware store, mom and pop grocery store, etc. This classmate exuded all the best small town values in America. Who can visit Guilford without remembering her? (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Barbara Lister-Sink remembers:

I remember Patricia Goodyer to be one of the kindest people I have ever known.

Bonnie Gordon



Died: October 1, 1993

House: Dawes
Major: BA, History

Sandra Perko remembers:

Bonnie was so smart and full of energy and fun.

Susan Heyer



Died: July 4, 2017

House: Lamont
Major: BA, English Language & Literature

Sharon Smith Burlingame remembers:

Susan Heyer was a quiet Lamont classmate, closest to those who roomed with her or took the time to get to know her. I shall remember her as an opportunity missed. As I speak to other classmates now, I realize how much we can be separated by a floor level, by an academic department, or just by coincidence or lack of coincidence. I shall always remember Susan with a smile, however, and am glad that she was in our class.

Janet Williams Harrison remembers:

In August 2017, I wrote to a few Lamont classmates whom I had not known well hoping to reconnect before or during Reunion. Part of my reason for writing to Susan was realizing belatedly that she had grown up in Dallas only a few miles from where I have lived for the past 29 years. In response, sadly, I received a phone call from an attorney handling her estate who shared with me that Susan had been diagnosed with lung and brain cancer in April 2017 and succumbed to the disease only a few months later. I am sorry I did not know Susan better and that we missed the chance to perhaps reconnect at Reunion, share stories of our time in Lamont and to regale each other with stories about living in "Big D."

Sandra Bernstein Clarren remembers:

Susie Heyer was my friend in Lamont House. She

came her junior year from the University of Denver. A smart, funny, adorable young woman who added a Western perspective to our class. I tried to find her a couple times after graduation, but never did. Life seemed too busy and now I regret not trying harder to find her and tell her how much I wanted to chat like we often did late into the night.

Diana HIBBARD Bitz



Died: June 17, 2010

House: Chapin
Major: BA, History

Diana Hibbard Bitz, age 62, of Gainesville, FL, died June 17, 2010 at her home, surrounded by family and friends. She was born in New Haven, CT on May 5,

1948. She was a member of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church. Dr. Bitz was an Associate Professor of Architecture at the University of Florida. A legendary lecturer and advisor, Diana was widely known for her ability to make the classics relevant by explaining ideas through stories. She won several teaching awards, and was beloved by her students and colleagues for her intellectual generosity and elegant style. Dr. Bitz came to the University of Florida in 1991. She previously taught in the School of Business at Moorehead State University in Moorhead, MN from 1978-1979. She headed the History and Theory sequence at the School of Architecture for 18 years, published many academic papers, and was associated with several National Endowment for the Humanities Seminars and Institutes. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Ann Freed Edmonds remembers:

Diana liked bagpipe music and had every record of bagpipe music she could find. Every one of those records included *Scotland the Brave*. Whenever I hear that song, I think of Diana. She always was up on the latest styles and could be so totally put together when she chose to be. But mostly she was intensely serious about art history. She was hard on herself and never completely satisfied with her work, always wanting to do better. Apparently, she did have a very successful career in her field, showing that hard work does pay.

Barbara Van Iderstine Holden remembers:

Diana had two brothers serving during the Vietnam War. She struggled with the anti-war sentiment of the time that condemned both the war and those serving.

Paula Iverson



Died: December 13, 2001

House: Dewey

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

I knew Paula and liked her. I think she was fun to talk to, sometimes outrageous and direct, and could laugh at herself more

easily than many other Smithies. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Deborah JACOBS Brosgol (Debby)



Died: September 2, 2015

House: Clark
Major: BA, English Language & Literature

Deborah Jacobs Brosgol '69 died on September 2, 2015. Debby was an English major from Clark House. She received

a Master's degree in Jewish studies from Hebrew College, worked as a Hebrew tutor for many years, and was active in many volunteer roles at her synagogue. Although a muscular disease, myotonic dystrophy, came to limit her mobility, it never dampened her spirit. Debby enjoyed travel, especially to Paris, where she had attended lycee before entering Smith. She is survived by her husband, Ben, her children, Abigail Coyle and Daniel Brosgol, and five grandchildren. (Ben Brosgol, her husband, *Smith Alumnae Quarterly*, Spring 2016)

Jan Humphrey Dexter remembers:

Deborah was serious, focused, disciplined. Sharon Byrd, her freshman roommate, was not (though that changed later in her years at Smith). They did not make a great pairing! But they were wonderful friends – I'm so glad I knew them. [See also B. Sharon Byrd for a memory of both.]

Marsha Herrick Foley remembers:

Debbie and I were housemates in Clark House our freshman year. She had some really interesting quirks – she only called people by their last name, for example. So I was known always simply as "Herrick." She always spoke her mind and was not particularly PC-minded.

But she was smart, quick, and had unavoidable logic on her side generally. Over the years, she was a dedicated Smith supporter and I don't think she ever missed a reunion.

Michael KEHOE Hubner



Died: April 6, 2018

House: Dawes
Major: BA, French

Michael K. Hubner died peacefully, surrounded by family and friends, in her Sudbury, MA home on April 6, 2018, from complications related to ALS. She was 70.

She was born on June 1, 1947 in Rockville Centre, NY, the only child of Edward James Kehoe and Winifred Swanton Kehoe. When she was nine, the family left Long Island for Albuquerque, NM where she spent the remainder of her childhood. One adolescent highlight was a starring role in her high school production of *The Sound of Music*.

Always a voracious reader and receptive student, she graduated with a B.A. in French from Smith College in 1969, obtained an MTS from Harvard Divinity School (HDS) in 1974, and returned to Smith for an MSW. where she was elected class speaker in 1980. She also received a certificate in health care administration from Simmons College.

After two post-college years as an art director in New York City, she found her calling in social work. As an oncology social worker for more than 30 years, she dedicated herself to providing material and psychosocial support for cancer patients and their families through diagnosis, treatment, recovery, and end of life. She worked at Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center from 1982 to 2001, then served as director of social work at the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute from 2001 to 2013, where an annual lecture is named in her honor. She also served on the board of the Massachusetts Chapter of the National Association of Social Workers. She was celebrated and beloved by colleagues for her leadership, mentorship, empathy, intellect, and integrity.

Michael met her husband David in the fall of 1971, who at the time was a fellow HDS student, and the two married in June of 1972. They went on a coast-to-coast camping trip for their honeymoon, and upon their return to school, became live-in house-parents at a halfway house for former psychiatric patients. In 1974, they moved to Hudson, MA where David had been called to be minister of the Unitarian Church. While

there, Michael served as attendance officer for the local school system. They moved to First Church and Parish in Dedham, MA in 1980, where their beloved son Benjamin was born in 1985.

In the last three years of her life, she faced the challenges presented by ALS with exceptional grace and courage. She described herself in a note to friends as "well-suited" for the disease because the physical limits it imposed on her had given her the gift of time and mental space to meditate on the nature of existence, truth, goodness, and beauty. Most importantly, she wrote: "I have time to love and be loved."

Michael deeply loved her "small but important family," her friends and colleagues, gardening, art, music, travel, language, and thinking seriously about life and how to live it with purpose and meaning. (*Boston Globe*, April 22, 2018)

Laurene Kreer



Died: June 1, 1980

House: Hampshire

Cicily Corbett remembers:

...sliding down the banisters. Burning a dozen candles at both ends till she crashed and ended up in the hospital. Her parents in the Midwest being notified and their asking how much money they should send. Mrs. Cadeau giving them a stern talking-to; telling them to get their butts over to Northampton to be with her. Laurene's decision to transfer to Northwestern and be close to home (or perhaps a decision made for her).

Jill LAPORTE Sklarz



Died: October 25, 2018

House: Laura Scales

Jill Laporte Sklarz, 71, of Talpa, passed away peacefully on October 25, 2018, with her son Dave by her side.

Jill was born to John H Laporte, Sr, and Donna Jane Bailey and grew up in Short Hills, NJ. After traveling the world as a PanAm flight attendant, Jill moved to Taos in 1978. Most recently Jill worked at Del Norte liquor store.

Jill enjoyed bridge, collecting art by local artists, playing golf at Taos Country Club and being with her



Jill

many friends.

Jill is survived by her beloved son, Dave Sklarz, her sister-in-law, Andie Laporte and nephews, Chris (Jennifer) and Tim (Olga). She is predeceased by her parents, brother Jack Laporte, and best friend and father of her son Danny Sklarz.

A gathering of friends will be held at Taos Country Club on Sunday, November 11th, 2018 from 3 to 6

PM. Arrangements by Rivera Family Funeral Home, Taos. (*Taos News* November 3, 2018)

Marjorie Barkin Searl remembers:

Yellow gym suit. Friendly smile. Easy laugh. That's my memory of Jill. I knew some of the women in Laura Scales because my high school classmate Barbara Wallace lived there, and through her I first met Jill. Our paths crossed on campus, our friendship remained at the level of exchanges of "hi," but of all the hundreds of our classmates' faces, hers was one of the few I could conjure in my mind's eye in a flash.

Sarah LAUBSHIRE de Brabander (Sally)



Died: November 11, 2015

House: Ziskind
Major: BA, Economics

Smith College has been notified that Sarah Laubshire de Brabander died on 11/11/2015. No further information was provided.

In 2009, Sarah donated a Favrile Pottery vase made by Louis Comfort Tiffany to the Smith College Art Museum. Sarah's gift was in memory of her mother, Helen Goodwin Laubshire, who was also a Smith College graduate, class of 1928. This beautiful ceramic vase now stands as a lovely memorial to them both. (<http://museums.fivecolleges.edu/detail.php?type=related&kv=5019859&t=objects>)

Marsha Herrick Foley remembers:

I met Sally when we were both seniors in Ziskind House. She was sweet and funny. I distinctly remem-

ber her spending almost all day on Sundays reading the *New York Times* and doing the crossword puzzle.

Julia Burroughs Norris remembers:

My husband will never forget Sally. When he showed up at Ziskind on Sunday morning he would find someone had already worked the *New York Times* Sunday crossword in pen. That was Sally.

Laura D'Andrea Tyson remembers:

Sally (Sarah) was one of several close Ziskind friends for 4 years.

Eleanor Lazarus



Died: February 26, 2013

House: Chase
Major: BA, German Language & Literature

Eleanor "Ellie" Lazarus died on February 26, 2013, at the age of 65 after a courageous 13-year battle with brain cancer. An emblem of *carpe diem*, Ellie was known to all for her radiant smile, energy, and enthusiasm. Born in Cincinnati, she graduated from Smith College. From 1979 to 1999, she served as director of education at the DeCordova Museum, serving briefly as director and then choosing to return to direct the museum school, which was her great love. Her favorite program at the museum school was the summer camp, which she transformed into an intensive cultural program, instructing the teachers and children about countries around the world through art projects. In addition to receiving many awards for education excellence, Ellie received the Art Educator of the Year Award from the Massachusetts Art Education Association. Ellie's great love of Ashfield, MA was exemplified by her daily bike rides to Ivy Donovan's potato farm, cross-country skiing through the woods near Bear Swamp, caring for her gardens and apple trees, her participation at the Congregational Church, swimming at Chapel Falls, canoeing in the Ashfield lake, and her annual neighborhood Apple Valley party, which she hoped would continue in her [absence].

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

"We had a lot of nice girls from Ohio in our class, but Ellie was one of my favorites. She always looked so healthy to me with her fabulous freckles and warm smile. We spent a lot of time chatting with each other in Chase House about Princeton boys, classes, and Columbus, Ohio. Ellie always looked so comfortable in

her big sloppy sweaters. I always thought Ellie would become a granola goddess and do commercials for healthy foods on TV! She always made me feel like I should eat more apples and foods that were good for me. I really, really liked her! (From 45th Reunion "In Memoriam")

Barbara Ozol Labatt remembers:

A wonderful friend from Sessions. She was someone I should have kept up with after graduating.

Carol Fox Kurt remembers:

Eleanor was my roommate sophomore year in Sessions house. We had fun skiing together in Vail and going to parties in Manhattan.

Kathleen Golden remembers:

Eleanor was a vibrant presence in Sessions House. I remember her full of life and good cheer and making the most of her time at Smith, as she did for her whole life with her great work in arts education. One memory I have is Eleanor, a German major, telling me she was taking Italian "for fun" □ taking anything for fun at Smith was a foreign concept for me! Although a twin, Eleanor was also one of a kind.

Judith LEACH O'Neil (Judy)



Died: January 18, 2018

House: Gillett
Major: BA, Education & Child Study

Judy O'Neil died on January 18, 2018, at the age of 70. She had a happy life. She was confident, optimistic, and outspoken!

Judy leaves the love of her life, her husband, Jerry; her sons, Colin and Brian; her daughters-in-law, Shayla and Signe; her four grandchildren, Sophie, JT, Charlie, and Eilee; and her sister, Donna Gibbs.

Judy graduated from Shrewsbury High School in 1965, Smith College in 1969, and then received a fellowship to study at the Sorbonne in Paris. She taught French and second grade in Newton, MA, before moving to Williamstown in 1975. She also graduated summa cum laude from "Thrifty School" and the "IDGS School of Cooking."

For more than 30 years, Judy brought art to life. She was a docent at the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute and at the Williams College Museum of Art. She was appreciated for her humor, friendliness, interesting stories, and unconditional love.

Judy audited more than 80 classes at Williams

College, read 100 books a year, played tennis and bridge, and walked and talked!

She had frequent dinner parties for her many friends. She had a joie de vivre and a "joie de boss"! Obituary 1/18

Katherine Schneider Coward remembers:

I remember Judy Leach O'Neil for her quick laugh, eternal optimism, confidence and outspoken manner, always with a twinkle in her eye. She was from Shrewsbury, MA, and spoke with a distinct Boston accent and married her high school sweet heart Jerry, who became a dentist. After we graduated, I went to Greece to do an internship and then lived for a short time with Judy in Paris where she had a rotary fellowship. I recall a hilarious side trip to Barcelona. Later we reconnected at our Smith reunions. The last time I saw her, she told me that her house in Williamstown where she and Jerry had settled had burned down but, being Judy, she accepted this as one of life's bumps, and had moved on, always seeing the sunny side of life's most challenging moments. I peaked at her obituary and was not surprised that she had been a docent, a gourmet cook, and read 100 books a year. I can still feel her energy and believe if there is a heaven that she is bossing everybody around up there with a twinkle in her eye.

Eileen LESKO Scott



Died: March 11, 2005

House: Hampshire
Major: BA, Government

Eileen was born December 24, 1947 in Biloxi, MS to Edgar and Leona Lesko of Northampton, MA. Eileen graduated from Smith College with a

degree in Political Science. She and her husband David were married in Chicago in 1972. Eileen's career included the President of Pro Marketing in Norwood, MA, and working at Proctor & Gamble in Cincinnati, OH, and Quaker Oats and Gillette in Chicago, IL. Eileen was an active member of St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Foxboro, MA, serving as a clerk of the Vestry, a lector and host of the Sunday coffee hour. She was also heavily involved in the Mansfield town soccer and field hockey booster clubs. She was an avid reader and a loving and devoted mother and wife. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Patricia Knight Mew remembers:

Eileen and I went to high school together. She was extremely bright and focused. I admired her a great

deal – her intelligence and articulateness. We ended up sharing the prize for mathematics at high school graduation and, in that way, we were bonded. Her life was tragically cut way too short. RIP Eileen.

Susan Ludlow-MacMurray



Died: April 26, 2001

House: Comstock
Major: BA, History

Susan Ludlow-MacMurray died on April 26, 2001. Susan earned an MA from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy and received her JD from the

University of Michigan Law School in 1976. Her interest in international relations led her in 1977 to the Department of Defense, where she began as an attorney adviser in the Air Force general counsel's office of international affairs. In 1980, she moved to the general counsel's office, where she helped break new ground in defense cooperation. In 1990, Susan joined the Defense Security Assistance Agency, serving as chief of the operations management division and then as general counsel. In 1997, Susan was selected for the senior executive service and became director, international security programs, in the office of the undersecretary of defense for policy. Despite these responsibilities, Susan always found time for family and friends. She will be missed by all who knew her. Susan leaves her husband, two sisters, and a brother. — Joyce Trimble Gwadz '70 (*Smith Alumnae Quarterly* Fall 2001)

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

Susan passed away on April 26th, 2001. After graduating from Smith College and earning several other degrees from the University of Michigan and the University of Geneva, Switzerland, Susan began actively pursuing her interest in international affairs. In 1980, Susan began working for the General Counsel's Office, where she helped break new ground in a number of areas of defense cooperation. These included the German-U.S. PATRIOT Agreement, the Multiple Launch Rocket System (MLRS) and the NATO Identification system. At the time of her death, Susan was elected the director of international security programs in the Office of the Under Secretary of Defense for Policy. Despite her many responsibilities, she always found time for family and friends, and for her special times in the garden and at the beach. She will be missed by all who knew her and leaves behind her husband, Michael M. MacMurray, her two sisters and a brother.

Susie could talk up a storm and was extremely quick and bright. She was in a couple of history classes with me and then I ran into her at the American School in Barcelona where she taught after Smith. She was always friendly, helpful, and a history major like myself. She inspired me to teach at the same school in Spain. I admired her a lot. A smart girl with a brave soul. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Judith Bertolet Shipman remembers:

Susie and I stayed close until her death. She came to both of my weddings and was my older son's god-mother. We had enjoyable times together in Florida and in Washington and saw each other through some good and bad times.

Polly Lane Dunn remembers:

Susan was at the top of our class in high school and gave her valedictory address in Latin!

She was brilliant. She worked for the State Department and I remember talking to her about a visit she made to Lithuania to support the country's independence from Russia in the 90's. She was doing important – and I thought fascinating – work. Unfortunately the pace and stress of that work and some tensions at home took a toll on her, and she died much too young.

Elizabeth Willis Neger remembers:

Susie was good friend of ours in Comstock. I admired her scholarship and was very touched by her invitation to spend Easter at her house freshman year. I learned a lot about the Philly area from that visit.

Although we did not remain in close touch after college, I was glad to see she was able to put her knowledge of French to use in her job in Europe. She was gone way too soon.

Je pense a toi!

Cary MacRAE McDaniel



Died: May 30, 1996

House: Tyler
Major: BA, Art

Cary MacRae McDaniel died May 30, 1996, after her car was hit head-on by a drunken driver. With a Master's in education from George Mason University, Cary taught for several years at her alma mater, St. Agnes. After many cross-country moves, her family returned to Alexandria, where she served on the board of governors of the St. Agnes School, was active in

church, hospital, and social organizations, and ran a tennis shop. An avid gardener and an expert on the plants of the colonial period, she taught a gardening seminar. She is survived by her mother, husband, son, daughter, and two sisters. (*Smith Alumnae Quarterly* Winter 1996-1997)

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

In Cary's memory, the Cary MacRae McDaniel '69 Internship was established at the Smith College Botanic Garden in 1997 through the generosity of several 1969 classmates with income from the fund used each year to underwrite an intern during the school term. The interns gather valuable experience which is excellent preparation for a career in the botanical world. (Excerpted from *Smith College Botanic News*, Spring 2000)

Cary was the first girl from our class I met at Smith!! Justine Neff set us both up with blind dates from Yale... We thought ourselves lucky as we had just arrived on campus. Later it turned out we had a lot of mutual friends in Alexandria, VA. Cary was sweet, kind of quiet, and had good Southern manners. She had a soft beautiful voice and was always friendly.

We laughed a lot about some of our lousy dating experiences. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Rosalyn Zakheim remembers:

Cary was president of Tyler House. She was cheerful and helpful to all in the house. One funny memory: bagels were not part of Cary's background. She had to make an announcement mentioning that baked doughy treat and pronounced it "bahg-ell." It reminded me that we all came from different backgrounds, one of the reasons Smith was special.

Barbara Burgess Wolfe remembers:

Cary and I started our post-graduation adult lives together. In the summer of 1969, we spent four weeks driving across the country sightseeing and visiting friends along our route. When we arrived in San Francisco, we rented our first apartment. Then we found jobs, certainly not dream jobs, but a source of income and a steppingstone for a future career path. She was a wonderful friend, roommate, and companion to share those early adult adventures.



Susanah MAYBERRY Mead



Died: December 23, 2017

House: Baldwin
Major: BA, English Language & Literature

Susanah Mayberry Mead, '70, died on December 23, 2017, at home surrounded by her loving family. Susie was married to

William John Mead (Jack) for 47 years, until his death in November 2014. They are survived by three daughters.

Susie was born on August 10, 1947, in Indianapolis, Indiana to Susanah Jameson Mayberry and Francis Thomas Mayberry. Susie attended Tudor Hall School for Girls and Smith College, and earned her JD at the Indiana University Robert H. McKinney School of Law in Indianapolis in 1976.

Susie led a distinguished career as a legal scholar in Indianapolis. She was a trailblazer, role model, and leader at the McKinney School of Law, where she worked as a professor and administrator for more than 35 years. When she began her legal career, Susie was one of a handful of women who matriculated at the law school in 1972. Upon graduation, she clerked for two years for the Honorable Paul H. Buchanan, then chief judge of the Indiana Court of Appeals. Susie returned to the law school in 1978 as a legal writing instructor and served the institution in multiple roles over the years, including director of the legal writing program, tenured professor, associate dean for academic affairs and dean. Always ahead of her time, Susie was the first woman and first alumnus to serve as dean at the law school. Among her contributions to legal education was the creation of the Dean's Tutorial Society, one of the first organized, volunteer, peer tutoring efforts in a law school in the nation.

Susie was a dedicated member of Christ Church Cathedral. She was appointed as chancellor of Christ Church Cathedral and was a de facto legal advisor to the church for many years. Susie also served as an elected member of the Cathedral's vestry and a member of the church's Millennium Development Goals Committee. In her personal time, Susie was very active in the Christ Church hats for the homeless project knitting dozens of hats for homeless individuals in Indianapolis.

Susie was a consummate cook and entertainer, and hosted numerous parties for family and friends over her lifetime. She also put her entertaining skills to important use, bringing people together around important issues and causes. She and Jack opened their home to many dignitaries from around the world,

including Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg of the United States Supreme Court, who had been invited to the IU McKinney School of Law to lecture on legal education and discuss the role of women in the law, and Episcopal Bishop Zache Duracin of Haiti, who visited Christ Church Cathedral in Indianapolis in 2010 to discuss the rebuilding efforts in his community after the earthquake.

Susie was also a great supporter of the Indianapolis historic and arts community. She served as trustee to the Pension Fund of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, Local No. 30; as an elected member of the Indianapolis Garden Club; and as a member of the advisory cabinet to the Benjamin Harrison Presidential Site. Susie was an avid supporter of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, the Indianapolis Opera, and the Indiana Repertory Theater.

Susie was a devoted wife, mother, and grandmother; a passionate believer in women's rights; a gifted educator and supporter of advanced education; an ardent enthusiast of the arts; and a good and loyal friend. She is survived by her three daughters, Katherine (Holly) Mead (Michael McCaughan), Edith (Edie) Mead (Seth de Matties), and Sybil Mead (Dan Leraris); her seven grandchildren; her sister, Katherine (Kit) Mayberry; her sister-in-law Edith Holway; and her brother-in-law Frank Mead. She will be sorely missed. *Indianapolis Star* 1/4/18

Jill Judd Witten remembers:

Susanah was such a fun-loving, all-around great person. I regret that I never saw her after college, but have lovely memories of her and her storybook romance with Jack. I was so hoping to see her at this Reunion.

Margaret Kuhn Moore remembers:

Susie and I grew up together in Indianapolis. She had a beautiful voice and always got the lead in our musicals – the “lovely lady lead” (in the 60's!). Susie also shared with me one night a piece of classical music that has since been my favorite of all time: Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*. We were 10 years old at the time.

Terry Marek remembers:

I have warm memories of Susannah's love of literature, her contagious laugh, her keen wit, and her sense of mischief. While she was diminutive in size, her heart and soul were immense! Even though we lost touch after college, she added so much life and light to my days at Smith. I feel lucky to have known her.

Catherine Milwid (Cam)



Died: April 18, 1968

House: Morris

Carolyn White Wallis remembers:

Cam and I went to the same high school, famous New Trier High School, and she and I have the same birthday! It is a special

day of remembrance for me. She was a good friend, always able to find the bright side of everything, talented and funny – sounds so trite – but all true. She is definitely missed.

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

For me, Cam Milwid was exemplary of what every Smith woman wanted to become. She was sophisticated (I believe she was from the Chicago area), but she was also kind and friendly. I knew both her and her boyfriend and have never really gotten over her early passing. She was such an inspiration at Smith! I often reflect on the wonderful things she would have accomplished if she had more time with us. If I ever do make it to a Smith reunion, I will embroider the name “CAM” on a white shirt close to my heart for all of you to see and remember. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Nancy Rubenstein remembers:

There isn't an April 18th that goes by that I don't think about Cam. I was in North Carolina with a contingent of Smithies to register rural black voters (a response to Martin Luther King's murder) when I got the terrible news of her death. I was stunned. I remember thinking that it was impossible – I had just sat next to her in a lecture in John M Greene. And she was such an adorable, vivacious girl – how could she be dead? Cam had influenced my decision to apply to Smith. To me, she was the coolest girl – smart, warm, funny, and someone people just wanted to be around. It's a blur now how I made it home in time for her wake. Seeing her lying there in her open casket is seared in my memory. And recently, I have been thinking about Cam unexpectedly. An article in the paper about the 1964 New York World's Fair and I think of Cam's urging me to go out with her to see it. I feel regret all over again for turning her down. And the 50th anniversary of the launch of the 1965 Ford Mustang brings up memories of driving around in Cam's coolest-ever high school graduation gift. I miss the friendship that I'm sure we would have continued after college. And I know she would have come back to every Reunion. She had been very happy at Smith.

It was all so sad. My introduction at age 20 to life's tragedies. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Irene Restieri DeSisto remembers:

Freshman year, an unusually tight group of Morris House freshmen gathered to create a document of our future...which of us would marry first, who would have the first child, etc...

Cam sat on her bed, lotus position, in her pajamas, with a pad of paper, a pen, and her huge smile and infectious giggle that always surprised me when it came from her tiny frame. Those of us there that night have never forgotten the happiness and good will that always emanated from Cam, but it is her giggle and grin that is still with all of us who loved her. I see her as clearly now, sitting there on her little bed, pen in air, as clearly as I did that evening. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Jill Daubenspeck Zifkin remembers:

I met Cam the spring of our senior year in high school at an alumnae-sponsored gathering for incoming freshman from the Chicago area. I was immediately drawn to her wide eyes and warm, open manner. At Smith, we lived in dorms on opposite sides of campus, but we crossed paths often and our friendship grew. So, it was a devastating shock when she died in an accident our Junior year.

Decades later, I began teaching at the same Winnetka school where (unbeknownst to me) she had been a student as a child. One morning, as I was checking my mailbox in the office, I overheard a short blond woman asking if she could take a quick look around the school to refresh her childhood memories. When she gave her name as Milwid, time stopped. I asked if she were Cam's sister. She hugged me immediately – for a long time and with the same warmth as Cam. Memories flooded back, and we shared both laughs and our sense of loss.

Cam, your life was cut way too short, but it was long enough to leave a fine legacy of open-armed friendship. You are missed.

Barbara Wyper Pettus remembers:

Cam was my freshman year roommate – such a tiny girl with such a big personality. No matter how nervous I got or worried about an exam, she always made me laugh – such a gift at reaching out to people and thinking of others first. I never thought when I went off on Junior Year abroad that I would never see her again.

Linda Curtis remembers:

Cam had a horrific and completely preventable death at Smith when she fell down an open construction pit at the Fine Arts Building being constructed on

Green Street right across from Morris House. I think all of us in Morris House remember exactly where we were and what we were doing at the time of Cam's death.

Whenever our class members in Morris House get together, Cam is always someone we remember and cry about. Such a tragic death and loss of a truly loving and caring young woman with her whole life ahead of her.

Barbara Wallace Grossman remembers:

The first loss in our class, Cam Milwid died in a freak accident during a scavenger hunt. I remember how shocking that news was then and how terribly sad it remains. Although she and I weren't in the same dorm, she and I were "campus friends," someone whose bright smile, ebullient presence, and electric energy conveyed the vibrant person she was. I often think about Greek mythology's Three Fates: Clotho, who spins the thread; Lachesis, who measures the length; and Atropos, who cuts it with her shears. I'm sorry Cam's thread was so short because I'm sure she would have done wonders with her life.

Rosalyn Zakheim remembers:

I will forever remember Cam Milwid as the first person my age who passed away in college. A friend suggested listening to Judy Collins' *Both Sides Now*, and whenever I hear that song, I think of Cam.

Virginia Morton



Died: September 2, 2010

House: Gardiner
Major: BA, English Language & Literature

Virginia L. Morton died on September 2, 2010, at the age of 63. Dear mother of April Morton, beloved sister of Marianne and Sally Morton, aunt of Laura and Alex Mitchell-Morton. Memorial service will be held Sunday, October 3 at 2:30 PM at Druid Ridge Cemetery, 7900 Park Heights Ave. Baltimore, MD 21208. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions to American Friends Service Committee, 4806 York Rd., Baltimore, MD 21212 or Paul's Place, 1118 Ward St. Baltimore, MD 21230. (*Baltimore Sun*, Oct. 1, 2010)

Cicily Corbett remembers:

...talking with great conviction about zero population growth. She seemed very serious and mature compared to others in the house. I've come to believe that

overpopulation is a major contributor to global climate disruption, though a political hot potato and little discussed. I think about Ginger a lot.

Joan Gottschall remembers:

My memories of Ginger are far less distinct than I wish they were, but among our youthful cohort, I remember her as unusually principled, and in those times of upheaval on so many fronts, much more centered than I (or perhaps most of us) were. I wish I had known her better.

Mary Hayward remembers:

I went to Roland Park Country School in Baltimore with Ginger and she was by far the smartest girl in our class of 50, plus she was on all of the varsity teams – an all-around great person.

Jan Piper Kornbluth remembers:

Ginger Morton was my freshman roommate. The summer before we met, she wrote me a letter whimsically listing the things she liked best. I wish I could name some of them, but what I do remember is that they appealed to me. Relieved, I wrote back to her in a similar vein. She was a perfect roommate, quiet and soft-spoken, intelligent and intellectual, with the courage of convictions she voiced in a firm but gentle manner. I loved our conversations.

At some point during freshman year, a close family member – her mother, I think (horrible not to remember more clearly) – died, and Ginger more or less retreated. Sophomore year, I moved to a single room and rarely saw her any more, which made me sad. After I had been long out of Smith, I met a woman who had known Ginger in Baltimore and learned that she had returned to Maryland but not much else. For me, she remained mysterious, ghostlike and oddly ethereal, but always a sweet memory. I am so sorry to hear that she is gone.

Malashri Mukerji (Mala)

Died: July 1, 2012

House: Hubbard

Major: BA, English Language & Literature

Malashri “Mala” Mukerji was born May 27, 1947, in Calcutta, India. She died at the end of July 2012, in Salt Lake City, UT. A graduate of Smith College, she later graduated from the University of Utah College of Law. At her request there were no services. Her ashes were scattered in southern Utah at a later date. She is survived by her brother, Darab Nagarwalla, in India.

Margaret Wittigslager Nareff remembers:

I’m not sure how well known Mala was at Smith since she and I transferred together from Hartford College for Women but ended up in different houses and different majors so lost contact as soon as we got to campus. What I do remember about her from HCW was how very studious she was and how proud everyone was when she received a full scholarship to Smith. Three of us transferred that year (1967) and we all got scholarships – she was the smartest among us and one of the smartest people I ever met. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Gale Eaton remembers:

She was brilliant, hilarious, and inconsolable. Outraged. Loyal. After graduation she married twice and earned a law degree – though it turned out that Salt Lake City, home to her second husband, was not the ideal place for a brown woman to practice law. She made gardens there (like her beloved grandmother’s gardens in India, fragrant and especially lovely at dusk) and filled her house with cats and tea and art lessons.

Sometimes life bent to her wishes. Once, after she’d rushed from concourse to concourse in not quite the nick of time, she stared out the window at a departing tail and cried, “That’s my plane!” and it came back. Once, helping me proofread my honors thesis after it came back from the typist, she cried, “Eaton, you can’t hand it in like this!” and I said it would have to be late, since I could never retype it by the deadline; and she organized half a dozen friends with identical typewriters into an all-night sweatshop and got it done. “I’m not a Brahman princess for nothing,” she said.

Sometimes there were Bobs to fill her every need: mechanic Bob, plumber Bob, lawyer Bob, even psychiatrist Bob. They got the keys out of the locked car, but in the end, they could not unlock the depression that held her. I miss Mala.

Frances McSweeney remembers:

I didn’t know Mala well, but I do remember a story she told that seemed to capture her dismay at life and the spirit of the times in which we lived. Mala had a boyfriend in New York City who owned a car. She wanted to keep his car in Northampton to avoid the inconvenience of parking it in the City and to have the car handy to drive to NYC on the weekend. In those times of primitive rules, she was not allowed to have a car on campus so she went to ask for an exception to the rule. The appropriate administrator asked her why she should be allowed to break the rule and Mala replied that it would make her happy. The administrator responded that happiness was not required for graduation. Mala was, of course, appropriately dismayed at the administrator’s casual indifference and

suitably outraged at the outdated rules. Nevertheless, she didn't get to (legally) keep the car.

Many years after we graduated, Mala and Gale Eaton came out to visit me in Pullman, WA where I was teaching. It was a memorable event. For some reason, I don't get many visitors in Pullman. We had a great time reminiscing and I showed them both of the tourist sites. I'll always remember Mala as she was during that visit and in college: elegant, kind, intelligent, articulate and fascinating. I'm sorry that she won't be able to join us at reunion. She would have made a contribution.

Martha Pollock (Marty)



Died: December 17, 2017

House: Emerson

Major: BA, Government

Martha Avery Pollock, age 70, passed away on Sunday, December 17, 2017. She was the daughter of the late Herbert C. and Virginia J. Pollock. Born and raised in Niskayuna, NY, she attended Niskayuna High School and then, Smith College in Northampton, MA. A few years later, she received her business degree from NYU.

Marty loved new experiences and challenges. As an accountant, her work took her from the skyscrapers of Manhattan to the peaks of Denver, CO. In the late 70's, when her mother became ill, she returned to Schenectady to help out and ended up putting down her roots. Her latest accounting roles have been with MVP Consulting Plus in Albany and Gordon, Tepper, and DeCoursey, LLP in Schenectady.

Accounting, however, was just the tip of the iceberg for Marty. She had a son, Michael Herbert Pollock, born December 15, 1989.

For 28 years, she kept young by teaching, prodding, advising, and occasionally, skiing down mountains after her son and his band of friends. She frequented Upper Saranac Lake, NY, enjoying recreational things like boating, swimming, and hiking while also participating in the less glamorous chores required to maintain an older Adirondack Great Camp.

Marty never uttered the sentence, "There's nothing I can do about it." If there was a shelter dog in need of adoption, she was there with a leash. If somebody was stuck, she was in her truck with all kinds of tools. If somebody was in the hospital, she was at the bedside. Mart was the keeper of the flame and the flame was never in jeopardy on her watch.

Martha is survived by her son, Michael Pollock,

her three brothers (Robert, Richard, and James), 3 nephews, 3 nieces and one grandniece. *New Comer Family Obituary 12/22/17*

Judith Koltz Treanor remembers:

Marty was wonderful. She was tall and lithe and bouncy like Tigger. She surprised us all at our 25th Reunion bringing her young son, when we all (except for Mary Douglas perhaps) had finished having kids. It was devastating to hear of her death recently.

Melinda Fuller Loberg remembers:

I remember Marty Pollock, a free spirit – brilliant, intense, unpredictable, authentic and loving. She was the source of much merriment and humor in the pit at Emerson House.

Plus, the only fridge was in her room!

Deborah Slavitt remembers:

What a shock it was last winter to hear of Marty's death. She and I had just been writing emails back and forth, talking about getting together after she retired, and that was to be very soon. I happened to be looking at Facebook that day, something I rarely do, and there was the announcement from her son, Mike. I wrote a remembrance of her on the funeral home website. I tried contacting Mike. I know nothing of how she died. Marty was a spirited, fun-loving friend and I miss her. I miss them all.

Mary Quiett (Mimi)



Died: October 1, 2005

House: Washburn

Major: BA, Economics

Marsha Herrick Foley remembers:

Mary (or Mimi as I knew her) and I were actually from the same large public high school in San Diego, CA – Grossmont High School. Imagine that! Mimi was one of the most honest, straightforward, sweet people I have ever known. She seemed to be even a bit naïve but that was just her unbiased enthusiasm and openness to most things. She loved Smith and her experiences and friends there. I reconnected with her at reunions which she was always so excited to attend. We shared a bond as older mothers – both having an only child in our early 40's. She was a good person to have known all my life. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Judith Robinson Poloff remembers:

I met Mimi Quiett when we were both in Hamburg for our Junior Year Abroad. (I didn't know her real name was Mary.) In the summer, after the semester was over, we had some time before we were flying back home. Mimi and I took our backpacks and traveled to Copenhagen, Oslo, and Stockholm, before returning to Hamburg to fly home. Mimi was quite tall – 5 ft. 10 in. I believe – and I was barely 5 ft., so we made quite a pair. But those were wonderful, carefree days – staying in youth hostels and seeing as much as we could before we had to leave.

Nancy Reilly

Died: May 30, 1995

House: Emerson
Major: BA, English Language & Literature

Nancy Reilly '69 died on May 30, 1995, at home in Marshfield Hills, MA, after a long struggle with cancer. Her natural sense of style led her first to a retailing career, but her English major moved her to publishing and then to corporate communications. She loved her 18th-century home, her beautiful gardens, and most of all her family. Her love of language and literature carried her through some difficult times. She will always be remembered for her grace and beauty and the wit and intelligence that made her such a beloved companion. Dorothy Drummer '70 and Patricia Orsini '70 (*Smith Alumnae Quarterly* Winter 1995-1996)

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

Betty Ann Schroder and Nancy Reilly were perfect roommates, so blonde and beautiful and all-American. They both drove their bicycles with such poise. I figured that must be an Emerson House characteristic: brains, books, and beauty balancing on bicycles! I always wanted to be their third roommate and move into Emerson House with them. I guess I mostly always saw them on their bicycles since they came over from the Quad. They even encouraged me to ride my bicycle more. Both Betty Ann and Nancy were friendly and down to earth. I remember feeling so sad when they both had passed away. Wondering why all the pretty blondes from our class left us first. I was proud to be a friend to both of them. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Carolyn Leigh Patterson remembers:

Nancy Reilly and Betty Ann Schroder were my

next door neighbors at Emerson House freshman year. Both were smart, gorgeous, gregarious blondes and very sweet people. Our paths parted when I left Emerson junior year, but it seemed clear both had the enthusiasm, abilities, and personalities to get where they wanted to go in life. Nancy was able to live into her promise and I had the pleasure of re-finding her at our 20th reunion. Nancy was still beautiful, gregarious, and sweet and she was living a life she loved, focusing on raising her son, then about five years old. It was clear he was the light of her life. But she also shared that she was suffering from serious heart problems and was very concerned about leaving her son motherless. Nancy did in fact die four years later, hopefully living long enough for this little boy to get to an age when he could truly remember his mom. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Mary Douglas Dick remembers:

Nancy was lovely, vivacious, and perceptive. I recall standing in front of Emerson House with her one Saturday evening and having a random guy who was heading toward Martha Wilson stop dead in his tracks when he spotted Nancy. He changed direction, walked over, and asked her, "Will you marry me?" We laughed. Nancy had that effect on people.

We kept in touch after Smith, and visited back and forth. I met her 6-year-old son and her husband when they lived in Marshfield, MA, in the late 80's. She proudly showed me her son's artwork, and I recall thinking that he was unusually talented. When we last visited, there seemed to be some kind of shadow beneath Nancy's usual laughter and wit. She said she had a myocardial infection, but chose not to share that she had breast cancer. That was the private side of Nancy, but I respected her decision. She gave much joy in her too-short life.

Judith Koltz Treanor remembers:

Nancy was the most beautiful, demure (but with a contagious laugh) girl I had ever met. I was a bit in awe of her. My high school friend Jim Stone at Harvard was always trying to get me to fix him up with her. Little did I know at our 25th Reunion, when she pushed me and my broken leg in a wheel chair, that her cancer had gotten worse and that she would be gone so soon. In a strange way, her death resulted in my reconnecting with Emerson housemate Patti Orsini '70, who was a dear friend of Nancy. We both ended up in the same little town of Wassenaar near The Hague in the Netherlands.

Deborah Slavitt remembers:

Nancy was one of my close friends in Emerson House in the early years. We were roommates in sophomore year and I especially remember visiting her

sweet, warm family in Dedham. Freshman year I went there for Thanksgiving but, even before turkey could be served, I became so homesick that I had to fly home to NJ (People Express, \$8). Her mom and dad understood completely. Nancy introduced me to Boston. We saw the Rolling Stones at the Boston Garden. Later we reconnected in Cambridge and I went to her beautiful wedding. Nancy was elegant, smart, and fun.

Anne Rognstad



Died: January 10, 2010

House: Wilder
Major: BA, Religion & Biblical Literature

Anne graduated from Natrona County High School in 1965 and moved to Northampton, MA to attend

Smith College. She went on to earn her Master's degree from the University of Northern Colorado and then taught for many years in Colorado before returning to Casper in the early nineties. Anne was an English reading instructor and the director of learning communities at Casper College. In 2008, she won the prestigious Rosenthal Outstanding Educator Award. She was also the director of the Annual Humanities Festival and was active with the Casper Chamber Music Society, Literacy Volunteers, the Isaac Walton League, and the Nicolaysen Art Museum. Anne loved music, painting, hosting parties, and spending time at the family cabin on Casper Mountain. She was dedicated entirely to her community, her students, her friends, and her family. She leaves behind her partner, Rainer Schwarzkopf, six children – Stefan Schwarzkopf, Alexander Schwarzkopf, Reese Baker, Julia Schwarzkopf, Suzette Schwarzkopf, and Adrienne Koplik – and three young granddaughters – Ria Baker, Madelyn Schwarzkopf, and Henrietta Koplik as well as her brother, Rick Rognstad. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Katherine Reuter remembers:

Anne and I had April birthdays very close together. Our senior year, we turned 21 and went down to Wiggins Tavern to order our first legal drink. And I had a nickname for her, but you will have to ask me if you want to know... What a great sense of humor she had!! She and her husband dropped by to see me briefly in Santa Monica about three years before she died. It was like time had stopped – we laughed a lot. I miss her.

Jill Metcoff-Jahns remembers:

Senior Year. Anne and Taj were sitting in the row in front of me during a boring guest lecture.

They began to talk quietly about an opportunity to be ski bums in Aspen, living for free in a cabin at a motel, cleaning 27 rooms daily, serving breakfasts, and spending most afternoons skiing. In addition, the motel owner was a ski instructor and had a Danish woman already signed up. But to make their dream come true, all they needed was one more person. I barely knew them other than as fellow Religion majors, but was stymied about my future.

Without hesitation (and I can't believe I did this!) I leaned forward and said I'll be your other person. The next year, Taj and Anne who had been very close for years said let's explore making art in the evenings. We only set the kitchen drapes on fire once when Taj taught us how to batik fabric with hot wax! We signed up for an evening photo course in the basement of the Hotel Jerome and I was hooked. We "made art" frequently and Taj kindly gave me some of the woodcuts she'd made at Smith (I still have them). She taught me how to carve linoleum blocks. And boy did they develop my social life. Anne, the Wyoming gal, explained about Wyoming's drive-through drinking places and taught us to drink Scotch in a heated swimming pool while mingling with motel guests. We goaded each other to experience the world around us. Taj fell in love with Steve Worley. These two expert skiers were very patient with my limited skiing and art-making skills and taught me lots. Together we learned how to really have fun and become more worldly, what with motel guests of all stripes and Hunter Thompson living down the road! Our Danish roommate was constantly shocking us with her ability to pick up strange men and bringing them back to our cabin. None of us had ever met anyone so happily irresponsible (even it turned out abandoning a child back in Denmark). Anne and I were devastated when years later Taj developed breast cancer, dying young. But we were inspired by the information that she spent the last year of her life making art night and day. Then Anne died a few years later and the reflections on our crazy magical year came to an end.

Lynn Barthelson Rognstad remembers:

Anne's life and mine were so intertwined, from the time we met freshman year until her death in 2010. She was one of the most open-hearted, joyful individuals I have known, and her sense of humor was something else. She loved life, and her sudden death after a brief illness was a terrible shock. I still find it difficult to believe she is gone. She was beloved by many.

To commemorate Anne's death, Pam Philips '70 organized a wonderful weekend in Washington DC in 2011 for a bunch of her old friends from Wilder House.

We were joined by Reese and Adrienne Baker, Anne's children. The highlight was a performance on April 10, Anne's birthday, of Mozart's *Requiem* by the National Symphony at the Kennedy Center.

She would have loved it.

Mary Shaughnessy Whitaker remembers:

Anne is such an integral part of every Smith memory that it would be impossible to recall one or two or fifty moments to share. I am still hoping to go someday to Jackson Hole and visit the places that Anne loved. She was a special person and a dear friend, and I know that I will feel her presence when I see the Tetons.

Andrea Rosnick

Died: July 6, 1998

House: Chase

Major: BA, English Language & Literature

Andrea Rosnick '69 died on July 6, 1998. She was publications director and announcer for WCPE-FM, a listener-sponsored, classical radio station in NC. After teaching briefly, she worked for several public relations firms, rising to the position of vice president at Hill & Knowlton in New York City. She eventually formed her own firm in Stamford, CT. In 1990, she became involved with WCPE-FM, first as a volunteer and later as a staff member. She is survived by her longtime companion, a sister, and a brother.

Wendy Beardsley '73 (Smith *Alumnae Quarterly* Winter 1998-1999)

Judith Ferster remembers:

For me in 1968, Andrea Rosnick was one of the benefits of moving to the newly-invented Mary Ellen Chase, Smith's first house of seniors. She was funny, with a deep bass laugh, some humor directed against herself. And she was serious about English literature and shared her love of it. When having trouble with Milton's *Paradise Lost*, maybe my first long Renaissance poem, although, I ended up a medievalist in grad school and my career, I was at the time immersed in American poetry, reading William Carlos Williams and Walt Whitman, the subject of my senior thesis. But Andrea spent several long sessions showing me the delights of Milton. That, I thought, was one of the good things about being in a senior house.

When I taught Milton years later, I was still influenced by what I had learned from her.

When I arrived in Raleigh, NC, in 1985 to teach English at NC State University, there was an announcer on the classical radio station named Andrea Rosnick,

but she sounded nothing like the Andrea I knew at Smith. This woman had a totally different voice and when I ran into someone from the station, he assured me that that announcer couldn't be my contemporary. I only learned after her death from cancer that the radio Andrea Rosnick was indeed our classmate. The deep voice, it turned out, had been an artifact of smoking and was utterly transformed when she quit. She was a good classical music announcer. When she substituted for the host of the opera program, her Italian pronunciation was good. The program she taped of music appropriate for Jewish holidays was repeated at the station until 2005. I should have persisted in trying to figure out the identity of the mysterious Andrea Rosnick on the air was. Maybe we could have had a few years of friendship with discussion of both pre-modern and modern poetry and I would have found out how she, like me, had landed in Raleigh, NC. On the occasion of our 45th Reunion, I am remembering her. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

Andrea had a sharp wit and was bright, creative, and musical to boot! A very funny classmate who always made me laugh. She helped enormously with Senior Show. She never minded helping others. Her ego kept a low profile so others could shine. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Denise RYAN Tedeschi



Died: December 11, 1998

House: Morrow

Major: BA, Sociology

Denise Ryan Tedeschi (Mrs. Paul) died December 11, 1998 of lung cancer. Originally from Braintree, MA, Denise lived in nearby Norwell for many years.

She and Paul met in her junior year at Smith and were married in 1970. He recalls that Denise had three basic rules in life: One: Always do the right thing. Two: Never stop learning. Three: Never go anywhere without a book. She leaves behind her husband and two sons. (Source: *Smith Alumnae Quarterly*, Summer 2000)



Wilsa Ryder



Died: October 28, 2017

House: Haven
Major: BA, Biochemistry

Wilsa Ryder '69 died October 28, 2017, in Boston. An academic scholarship got Wilsa to Smith, and she always maintained a love for her alma mater. She met her future husband in medical school and did her residency at the former Boston City Hospital.

She founded a practice and was a working pediatrician for decades. A beautiful, smart, funny, articulate, and successful professional woman and mother, Wilsa nonetheless ultimately succumbed to the ravages of alcohol addiction. She is survived by her husband, Brian O'Malley; a son, Robin; a daughter, Grace Ryder O'Malley '03; and two grandchildren. Grace Ryder-O'Malley '03, her daughter (Smith *Alumnae Quarterly* Spring 2018)

Elissa Getto remembers:

Dr. Wilsa Ryder...she worked so hard at Smith and was so focused on becoming a physician. She had a delightfully wry sense of humor. The day after my 21st birthday I didn't feel too well so my roomie Carolyn Coulter Gilbert went to get advice from our pre-med - need help - Wilsa. Wilsa took a look at me, got a cold wash cloth, basically threw it in my face, and told me I deserved to feel terrible, and no I couldn't go to Boston that day - and gracefully left the room. A bedside manner which evolved obviously. Wilsa loved Smith, she loved her profession, and she loved her family. And she is loved and remembered by many, including her daughter, Grace O'Malley, also a graduate of Smith.

Mary Shaughnessy Whitaker remembers:

Wilsa lived in Groton, and I lived in Townsend, so we sometimes shared rides back to Smith after a holiday or vacation. She was quiet and serious, a truly smart person who was dedicated to doing well. I, of course, talked her ear off all the way to Northampton. My dad, our chauffeur on those trips, used to laugh at the differences between us; he was not surprised, but he was very happy for her when we learned that she had accomplished her dream of becoming a doctor.

Carol Wolkowitz remembers:

I knew Wilsa Ryder when we were classmates in Haven. I met her and her husband at the reunion in 2004, and was so impressed by their work in Cape Cod, both their medical practice and support for a local theatre. But I had recognized her earlier, when I was visit-

ing Provincetown in 1985 or so, and saw her and her friends and children happily playing in their front garden, like a moment in a film. Was totally shocked to learn of her passing.

Norma Salem



Died: January 1, 1990

House: Laura Scales
Major: BA, Physics

Smith College was notified that Norma Salem died on January 1, 1990, but no further information was received.

Rhoda Sachs Samuel remembers:

Norma and I were together in chemistry class as freshmen. We often worked together on assignments and became friends. We talked about the politics of the Middle East a lot. We lost touch when I switched my major to government and we were no longer in science classes together.

Jane Samz (Dede)



Died: September 14, 2011

House: Comstock
Major: BA, Mathematics

Jane was born on January 2, 1947, and passed away on Wednesday, September 14, 2011. Jane was a resident of Jersey City, New Jersey. (Published on Tributes.com)

I am shocked at Jane's passing at such a young age. I wish we stayed more in touch, and hope her last years were good, surrounded by friends, and in comfort. She had the strength to tackle life's challenges without family support and without asking for help. She will be missed.

(Posted August 2, 2013 on Tributes.com by cousin Arthur Samodovitz, Vestal, NY)

Virginia Pugh Wigger remembers:

Dede was in Comstock with me for all four years. I didn't really know her well and wish now that I had made the opportunity to get to know her better.

Elizabeth SCHRODER Hoxie



Died: December 1, 1983

House: Emerson
Major: BA, American Studies

Betty Ann died in December, 1983, in an automobile accident in Chicago.

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

Betty Ann Schroder and Nancy Reilly were perfect roommates, so blonde and beautiful and all-American. They both drove their bicycles with such poise. I figured that must be an Emerson House characteristic: brains, books, and beauty balancing on bicycles! I always wanted to be their third roommate and move into Emerson House with them. I guess I mostly always saw them on their bicycles since they came over from the Quad. They even encouraged me to ride my bicycle more. Both Betty Ann and Nancy were friendly and down to earth. I remember feeling so sad when they both had passed away, wondering why all the pretty blondes from our class left us first. I was proud to be a friend to both of them. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Carolyn Leigh Patterson remembers:

Betty Ann Schroder and Nancy Reilly were my next door neighbors at Emerson House freshman year. Both were smart, gorgeous, gregarious blondes and very sweet people. Our paths parted when I left Emerson junior year but it seemed clear both had the enthusiasm, abilities and personalities to get where they wanted to go in life. So news of Betty Ann's death in an automobile accident in 1983 was a truly unexpected tragedy and cast a shadow on our 15th reunion. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Judith Koltz Treanor remembers:

Writing about Emerson House classmates who have died makes me reflect on how we all just took it for granted that we would go on after Smith and live full lives, not realizing what a gift it was to share time with each other "in the moment" of our college careers. I remember the shock of hearing of Betty Ann's untimely death. It seemed impossible that someone so young, bright and beautiful was gone, just gone, in an instant. She had a broad smile and infectious laugh. She seemed irreplaceable. We had uproarious moments studying in the Blue Room.

Nancy Vedder-Shults remembers:

Betty Ann, as I knew her at Smith, was one of the most happy-go-lucky people I've known. Not that she

was foolish or superficial, she was just really light-hearted. I was totally shocked when I read that she was among the first of our class to die, as I understand it, killed by a drunken driver.

Deborah Slavitt remembers:

BA was one of my first friends in Emerson House, too. She was a live wire, self-confident and lots of fun, a NJ surfer girl. I learned of her death from a letter I received just as we were leaving Frankfurt to return to live in NYC. I'll never forget that moment. Her younger son was barely older than 1, close in age to my little Henry. What a tragedy. Henry and I visited Fred, her husband, a couple of years later in Chicago when I was there doing a family travel story. We ate at the new "Wild West" themed McDonald's and Fred regaled us with stories from American History.

Phyllis Shapiro



Died: November 28, 2017

House: Ziskind
Major: BA, Art

Phyllis Ann Shapiro, '69, of Centreville, DE, and Miami, FL, died on Tuesday, November 28, 2017, after a short battle with lung cancer. Phyllis was the

beloved wife of Partha Bagchi. From the time they first met in 1992, Phyllis and Partha have been inseparable. Raised in West Hartford, CT, she was the daughter of the late Isaac and Doris (Mintz) Shapiro. A graduate of Hall High School and Smith College, Phyllis pursued a career in development and public relations. After holding senior positions at Hank Meyer Associates and Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden in Miami, Phyllis pursued a career as an independent management consultant to non-profit organizations. She is survived by her husband, Partha Bagchi, and two sisters: Joan and Franklin Green of New York City, and Ruth Shapiro and Bruce Frankel of Larchmont, NY. (*Miami Herald*, December 9, 2017)

Nora Glass remembers:

Phyllis and I grew up two blocks from each other, and went all the way from kindergarten through high school together. We both got early acceptance and went up to Northampton to check out the different houses before making our selections. We both wound up majoring in art history. We went to each other's (first) weddings. She made my wedding dress.

She moved to Florida, and then we grew way apart. I'm really sorry about that.

Julia Burroughs Norris remembers:

Phyllis and I were roommates, then next-door neighbors in Ziskind. In a lot of ways we were very different from each other. For one, Phyllis was more studious, even taking extra classes to get the most out of her Smith experience, which impressed me enormously. I was the easygoing one. But we got along well, especially after I omitted the cheery "Good Morning" with which I delivered the daily orange juice I brought upstairs for her. We even had a little "business" trimming hair in Ziskind using hair-cutting scissors we owned in common. She was an integral part of my life in Ziskind and largely responsible for my interest in the history of art which continues to this day.

Ann Spiegel



Died: March 29, 2010

House: Park
Major: BA, Mathematics

Ann Spiegel, 62, of Phoenix passed away on March 29, 2010. Ann Spiegel, M.D., beloved wife of James Patrick Clark, M.D., loving mother of Lisa and Julie, suc-

cumbed to cancer on March 29, 2010, at the age of 62. She was born in New York City, to Natalie Shainess, M.D. and Herbert Spiegel, M.D., and leaves a brother, David Spiegel, M.D. Ann attended Smith College and the University of Rochester Medical School, where she met Jim. She trained in pediatrics at the University of California, San Francisco, and became Chief of Pediatrics at Cigna Health Care in Phoenix. She loved her family, her work, and her life, and will be sorely missed. We ask that you honor Ann's memory by doing a good deed. (*The Arizona Republic*, March 30, 2010)

Deborah Chase Franczek remembers:

Ann was a quiet and serious girl (if I may use that term, we were all so young then) from New York City. She lived in Albright House for her first two years at Smith, where I got to know her. From day one, her life plan was to become a physician. Unlike many of us who didn't yet have any serious career ambitions, Ann took the necessary courses to fulfill her ambitions. She and her husband then moved to the Four Corners area and lived in Farmington, NM, where they practiced medicine for ten years. After New Mexico, they moved to Phoenix where she worked for Cigna as a pediatrician for over twenty years. Ann had two daughters, who are now 30 and 33. I had the pleasure of having lunch twice with Ann in Chicago when she was in town for medical meetings. She clearly loved every-

thing about her life – her children, her husband, and practicing medicine. I was surprised how this New Yorker had grown to love living in the southwest. At the time I had lunch with her, I had not yet read any of the Tony Hillerman detective novels set in the Four Corners area. I would love to have discussed with her the settings of the books and the various Native American cultures that are at the heart of his novels. Ann died in 2010 from complications from the cancer she was suffering from. Her husband Jim recently wrote me and summed up the Ann that I had become reacquainted with: "Ann was stylistic, elegant, caring and principled. She was very bright, which is probably a requirement for getting into Smith! Ann truly lived a "balanced" life as wife, mother, friend, professional and leader." Although I was not a close friend, I am glad that she had such a wonderful life. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Cheryl STEINMETZ Kent



Died: August 13, 1986

House: Gardiner
Major: BA, Education & Child Study

Carol Frueh Gourley remembers:

Cheryl was the diva of Gardiner House amongst the Class of '69. She had by far the most impressive set of "pipes" of any of us! Post-graduation, her domestic skills were a match for her singing; she was always ready with a great recipe and splendid household tips. Though she was successful in her career choice, she was most proud of being a homemaker, in the best sense of the word. I often think how sad it is that her young daughter lost her mom and role model at such a tender age, and how much Cheryl would have enjoyed seeing her daughter grow into adulthood.

Cicily Corbett remembers:

...singing opera in the shower LOUDLY. Always trying to persuade me to sneak orange juice upstairs for her from breakfast. I was a goody two-shoes and that was against the rules, but occasionally I caved. I remember her meeting Michael Kent and really liking him, but being afraid to tell him she was Jewish. Then being over the moon when she finally screwed up the courage to tell him, and learned that he was Jewish, too. I remember her lavish Long Island wedding to Michael Kent.

Joan Gottschall remembers:

Cheryl was a good friend. I remember her warmth and her smile, and I'm pretty sure we spent at least one terrific Mountain Day off bicycling in search of fresh apples together.

Jan Piper Kornbluth remembers:

I remember how she sang in the shower. I sang in the shower also, and sometimes people mistook me for Cheryl. If anyone said they'd heard her singing in the bathroom when I had been the one, I never fessed up. She was a friend. Her father offered to get me a job in Australia when I thought I might move there after college (I didn't). She died too young.

Linda STICKLER Lotto



Died: December 29, 1987

House: Lawrence
Major: BA, Art

Linda Stickler Lotto died on December 29, 1987, after an auto accident near Champaign, IL, where she was associate professor of educational administration

at the University of Illinois. She specialized in organizational theory, policy analysis and research design. She received an M.Ed. from Tufts in 1971 and a Ph.D. from Indiana University in 1979. From 1979 to 1986, she was at the National Center for Research in Vocational Education at Ohio State University. She won several scholarly awards, made numerous presentations, and published extensively. She is survived by her fiancé, Joseph Murphy, and her parents. (Smith *Alumnae Quarterly* Spring 1988)

Janet Williams Harrison remembers:

Linda received her Ph.D. from Indiana University at Bloomington in Education and was the published author in 1979 of *Educational Knowledge Dissemination and Utilization and Schools of Education*. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Rebecca Thomas Jones remembers:

Stick is on my mind and in my heart always. I remember her laugh vividly. She was the only person for whom I would get NEAR a horse (her passion) much less ON one. She needed to give 3 lessons to someone who'd never ridden before in order to earn her instructor's license. Because I loved her, I agreed. Lessons 1 & 2 were okay, though I was scared stiff (literally). Lesson 3, less so...a friskier horse who might take off with me on it (or not). When I burst into tears

of fear, the instructor demanded that I not dismount. Stick demanded that I do. I did. I sobbed as I walked back to campus, certain that I'd caused her to fail. She received her license to teach and even more of my love. Sadly, both Stick and Becca (our daughter, Stick's god-daughter) have died...much too soon. I can only hope that they are together somewhere regaling each other with many happy memories....perhaps about horses. Becca loved them too.

Louise Knapp Page remembers:

Linda was a unique personality who followed her own path, and I enjoyed her immensely. She decided to take Arabic as her foreign language requirement. She was one of maybe 2 or 3 students out of the entire college doing that. I admired the curiosity she must have had and, as unassuming as she was, her willingness to single herself out to undertake that effort.

Carolyn Keith Silvia remembers:

She was a very graceful horseback rider. It was a joy to be able to occasionally ride with her, but just watching her was very lovely and motivating to me. I had a goal to improve to that level, but it wasn't in the cards. So sorry to read that she has passed. Carrie (Carolyn) Silvia

Marcia Taylor



Died: November 8, 1975

House: Tyler
Major: BA, Music

Marcia Taylor died suddenly of infectious hepatitis on November 8, 1975, in London. The previous summer she had married Michael Smith, a young don in Russian history. Marcia was establishing herself in England as a concert harpsichordist and teacher. (Smith *Alumnae Quarterly*, February 1976)

Marcia Carroll Peterson remembers:

We became friends through class and tried to get together frequently which was difficult because Marcia was always doing a hundred things. The image I have of her is riding her bike — actually flying on it because she was late meeting me. On her face was a huge, humble smile, but so full of life and joy that one could not be flustered by her tardiness. She was a thoughtful, deliberate person in my memory. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Margaret Elman Gillespie remembers:

Marcia was my chosen roommate at Comstock House, then we moved together to Tyler House. She played the harpsichord and was an adventurous, talented, lovely person. She died so young and I hadn't seen her in a few years as my memory is that she married and moved to Europe. Then I heard through her sisters that she had died. During our first year at Smith, I think her dad died very soon after we arrived and we bonded immediately as mine had died during my senior year of high school. We both loved the arts. I snuck in a cat to our dorm room which was totally against the rules back then. We protested together against the war. I miss her still.

Virginia Pugh Wigger remembers:

Marcia was in my house our freshman year (and maybe sophomore year also). She taught me to play Russian Bank and we spent time playing together on the floor from time to time. I remember that her father died during her freshman year and she had to go home for the funeral. While waiting for her ride to the airport, the two of us played Russian Bank to keep her from just sitting, waiting, and mourning. I think it helped.

Margery WILLEY Marshall (Margie)



Died: October 1, 1987

House: Wilder
Major: BA, English Language & Literature

Margery Willey Marshall died in October, 1987, of cancer. She lived in Colorado and Toledo, OH. She is survived by

her husband and two children. (Smith *Alumnae Quarterly* Spring 1988)

Susan Bangs Munro remembers:

I remember walking home from the library late one night with Margie, with snow falling lightly.

We were talking Shakespeare and were absolutely ecstatic about some passage. In front of the President's house, we danced in circles, catching snowflakes on our tongues and quoting lines from *Romeo and Juliet*. Then we collapsed in laughter. Margery was so beautiful, like an Elizabethan heroine. I hold this memory dear; she died of breast cancer in her 30s.

Janet Williams Harrison remembers:

A graduate of Maumee Valley Country Day School in the Toledo area, Margery was a news assistant at *The*

Toledo Blade and a teacher. She was chair of the candidates' committee for Smith Club of Toledo and active in her church and community. Both Margery's mother, Marilynn, and her daughter, Keller, graduated from Smith in the Classes of 1939 and 1992 respectively. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Katherine Reuter remembers:

Every time I think of Margery, I see her amazing smile. It lit up the room.

Susan Levine Fritz remembers:

Margery (Margie) and I became fast friends during freshman year at Wilder House. We were lucky enough to have singles for the next three years next door to each other and spent many hours together. Since I lived in Massachusetts and she in Ohio, she sometimes would come home with me for a visit or joined me and my parents when they came for the day. She was kind, sensitive, helpful. If I needed advice on a personal matter or analyzing a literary text, she was there. I remember coming into her room and listening to her favorite singer, Otis Redding. We also enjoyed going on double dates together, and just "hanging out." The last time I saw her was at my wedding as she was my maid of honor. Life happens and unfortunately we didn't keep up with each other as I would have liked to, but I did talk to her a few times before her untimely death from cancer. She left behind her husband, daughter, and son. Margie is surely missed.

Mary Shaughnessy Whitaker remembers:

When I think of Margie, I think of a gracious, kind person. I don't think that I ever heard her raise her voice or say anything critical of someone else. Her eyes were beautiful, and her smile was radiant.

Mary M. B. Wilson



Died: June 23, 2013

House: Lamont
Major: BA, Art

Mary B. Wilson was born on November 26th, 1946 in Charleston, South Carolina. Throughout her life, Mary B. studied fine arts, receiving a

Ph.D. in art history from the University of Delaware and then her M.D. from Medical University of South Carolina. Her specialty was oncologic pathology. In the last decade of her life, Mary devoted herself to Grace Episcopal Church in Charleston, SC, where she was beloved. As a volunteer there, she helped in the

kitchen, served on the Vestry, and worked at the Crisis Ministry Center. She was treasured by the many friends she made in the ten years that she dedicated to Grace Episcopal Church and will be dearly missed. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

I still see Mary B. in her watermelon-colored worn silk robe she wore at Lamont House. We often talked about the nice Southern boys at Princeton like Granville Burgess as we sipped hot tea together. (This always pleased Mary B.'s mother enormously as she always fancied Southern gentlemen way more than "Yankees"). Mary B. was especially dedicated to the causes she believed in like the Episcopal church in Charleston. She also had been on the Board of her alma mater, Chatham Hall (Danville, VA), which I visited in her honor. Mary B. was extremely loyal to the people and places she cared about. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Janet Williams Harrison remembers:

Mary B. was deeply Southern. Although my family had moved several times before I hit high school, I was raised in Atlanta and my parents both had deep Southern roots – so we shared that heritage and understanding. She often kidded about whether the Civil War was the War of Northern Aggression or the War of Southern Independence. She was a faithful friend, although we did not reconnect often. At important times in my life – when I lost my first husband in my 30s, when I remarried several years later, she always showed up. I think of Mary B. when I think of that saying: Showing up is 90% of life. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Sharon Smith Burlingame remembers:

Mary B. was kind to a fault. She was generous in her compliments, self-deprecating, and always turning the conversation back to others. She was tirelessly inquisitive and intellectually vibrant. When I think of Mary B., I picture her absentmindedly drowning her dinner in pepper while she tenaciously pursued a discussion point! Her sense of aesthetics led her to notice and consider the smallest details in art, as well as the overriding themes. She was a pleasure to study with in the art lab, quite an asset to the art historians in our house. We all loved her in Lamont. My family and I had the opportunity to visit Mary B. at her parents' home in Charleston during our college years. She truly was a docent in her own home – a magnificent historic mansion on The Battery. Unfortunately, our paths did not cross later, but I was thrilled to hear of her growth from art to medicine, knowing that she was not limiting her enthusiasms, but rather taking it all in! (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Nora Glass remembers:

I was terribly homesick my first few weeks at Smith, and felt pretty alone. One night, while brushing my teeth, I saw her and realized she'd been crying. When I asked what was wrong, she said she was really missing home. I knew she had gone to boarding school, but here she was, homesick in spite of having lived away from home before. We talked a bit, and I felt so much better knowing I wasn't weird or alone. She taught me how to do calligraphy, called me "Glass" with that Charleston accent of hers, and made me laugh all the time. I really loved her.

Corbin Crews Harwood remembers:

Mary B. graced Smith with Southern charm, out-sized intelligence and the ability to make any stranger feel like her best friend. An art history major, she earned an M.A. from the Winterthur Museum, Garden & Library and an M.D. from the Medical University of South Carolina, where she was a pathologist. Fearless and imbued with a strong sense of place, Mary B., along with her mother, rode out Hurricane Hugo in their antebellum home, something she allowed she might not do a second time! More recently, Mary B. was devoted to serving on the vestry of Grace Episcopal Church in Charleston.

Elizabeth Reid Maruska remembers:

Mary B. and I were in calculus together. Unbeknownst to us, 50% of the class had already had calculus in high school, so they were remarkably good at learning it again. We did not have such luck. We did scrape through with lots of anguish and tears. This cemented our relationship. We enjoyed lots on dinners together at Capen and Lamont. I was able to visit Mary B. in Charleston twice in her lovely home on The Battery. She is missed.

Phyllis Ziegler



Died: December 15, 1998

House: Ziskind
Major: BA, Hispanic Studies

Phyllis Ziegler died December 15, 1998. She was Phi Beta Kappa at Smith and earned an M.A. from Columbia University Teachers College.

Fluent in several languages and interested in foreign cultures, she lived in Argentina and Brazil. She then worked in a variety of positions in bilingual education in both the White Plains, NY, and the New York City school systems. In 1990, she became director of second

language programs at the New York City Division of Bilingual Education. Most recently, she was director of bilingual/ESL program development. A noted authority on teaching English to speakers of other languages, she lectured extensively on the subject around the world. (*Smith Alumnae Quarterly*, Fall 1999)

Marsha Herrick Foley remembers:

After junior year abroad in the UK, I moved into Ziskind House. That is where I got to know Phyllis; we were both seniors there. My memory of her was as an outgoing, fun-loving, somewhat boisterous person. Coming from a southern California upbringing, I was fascinated by her New York personality and style. She was a hoot! (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Linda Lockhart Marks remembers:

Smart, savvy, and with real style. Phyllis Ziegler could dance and move well, very coordinated. You always had the feeling she was one of the Smithies who would set the world on fire. I always wanted to get to know her better, but we had no classes together. Still I would look wistfully off in the direction of Ziskind and Cutter (across from Lamont) and imagine myself with Phyllis and the Ziskind-Cutter crowd. And now that I am immersed in Spain, and was a Hispanics major, I am even more sorry!! Anyway, I really admired you, Phyllis, and thought you had a lot of energy and positive qualities and am happy we shared some. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

