

Susan Leventhal

House: Capen

Sue Ann LEVIN Schiff



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House: Chapin
Major: Latin American Studies
Graduate School: UC Berkeley,
MA, Sociology, 1972; UC
Berkeley – Berkeley Law, JD,
Law, 1976

Marital Status: Widowed

Spouse/Partner: Robert N. Schiff

S/P Occupation: Partner, Haight, Brown & Bonesteel

S/P College: University of Pennsylvania, BS, The
Wharton School, 1969

Children: Robert I. L. Schiff, 1982; David G. L.
Schiff, 1986

Grandchildren: 2

In 1969 there were three things I knew with certainty:

1. I would not consider marriage before age 30.
2. Whatever profession I chose, law was not an option (too much fine print).
3. I would dedicate myself to social justice and service to my community, which I intended to pursue in multiple ways over my lifetime.

This is what really happened:

1. I married Robert (Bob) Schiff in 1972 at age 24, following a brief romance while we were students at UC Berkeley. A 1969 Penn grad, Bob was in law school when we met on his 25th birthday. We became engaged 10 weeks later on my 24th, and married six months after that. We waited 10 years to have Robert, now 36, so that I could develop my career. David arrived four years later.

2. After dropping out of the urban elementary credential program at the University of Chicago, teaching exercise classes at a vegetarian health resort in Baja, California, spending two years in the sociology doctoral program at Berkeley (MA received), and taking a law course required by my graduate fellowship, I applied to law school. I loved the analytical discipline and creative problem solving, and graduated from Berkeley Law in 1976.

3. I have not had a straight-line career path, but passion for the work itself and commitment to a larger



Sue at the San Francisco Botanical Garden in 2017

public purpose have always been essential. Over my 40+ years of professional life, I have worked in the corporate, higher education and nonprofit arenas, and as a community volunteer. In my 17 years as a nonprofit executive, I grew a small local legal advocacy organization to national prominence and impact in the gun violence prevention movement; oversaw youth, family and recreation programs at a large community center; and led the growth of a major botanical garden.

I have been blessed with a loving marriage of almost 46 years, two wonderful sons who now have families of their own, a great support system of family and friends, a rewarding career devoted to improving lives and communities, and good health. I have had ups, downs, successes and failures, and continue to learn how to navigate life's challenges.

Approaching our 50th Reunion, I am in the most significant transition of my 70 years. Bob died in March 2018. He was a talented, highly respected lawyer overtaken by Lewy Body Dementia. Years before I'd lost my father and youngest brother. They died quickly and unexpectedly with no opportunity for goodbyes. Bob's death was different – a slow, but increasingly accelerated decline that he bore with courage and grace to the very end. I left my job running San Francisco Botanical Garden to be with him. Bob died 18 days later. I thought we would have more time for our goodbyes.

So, here I am, figuring out what my next phase will be. Bob and I had plans for what we would do together, but right now I have no plan for what I will do alone. I refuse to use the "R" word (retirement). I want and need to take better care of myself. I'll continue to be a mom, grandmother, sister, aunt, friend, and daughter to my remarkable 98-year old mother who moved to San Francisco to be near me. These roles literally go to the heart of who I am. But I still feel driven to stay engaged on a broader platform, outside my circle of family and friends. Sometime over the next months – maybe before or even at Reunion, I will decide what I'm going to do when I grow up.

Susan LEVINE Fritz (harvey)



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Major: French
Graduate School: University of Pennsylvania, MA, Arts and Sciences, 1972

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Harvey Fritz
S/P Occupation: podiatrist
S/P College: Clark University, BS, 1968
Children: Robin, 1972; Brenda, 1975
Grandchildren: 2

I loved my years at Smith. However, I never thought much about a profession after graduation. As a French major, I was the only one in my education course. Honestly, I never thought I would go into teaching, thinking that my MRS "degree" would be enough for me. In fact, I got married a mere two weeks after graduation at the age of 21! Harvey and I moved immediately to Philadelphia where he was getting his degree as Doctor of Podiatric Medicine. After a summer of leisure, I enrolled in the master's of French literature program at Penn. I then applied for a teaching position in the Philadelphia school system, which proved to be a somewhat difficult task. After a year and a half of teaching inner city school children, we moved back to Massachusetts and began our family, two daughters. I was a stay-at-home mom for several years, doing some volunteer work at my synagogue and teaching CPR as well. Somehow this wasn't enough for me, so I decided to start substitute teaching when my youngest was five years old, unsure if I even liked teaching. Well, I loved it. Soon after, I was offered a part-time teaching position at a Jewish day school, where I worked for four years. I went from there to a public school where I taught both French and Spanish for twenty-five years until I retired nine years ago. Teaching and especially speaking other languages have been a joy to me. Although I especially loved my AP French language class, I also enjoyed teaching lower-level students, helping to write a curriculum for those who needed modifications to meet with success. In addition, I was a consultant on the French textbook used in class and organized an exchange with a school in Rouen, France.

Looking back on these almost-fifty years, I have been blessed to have great friends and family, and especially to have had my mother around me as my

kids grew. We lost my dad in his seventies, while my mom lived to be 91. Being an only child, I especially feel grateful to have moved back to my childhood home. So now I'm retired? Not really. Four years ago, a local middle school asked me to come in for an ailing Spanish teacher, and I ended up staying the whole year.



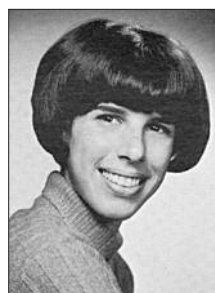
Susan and Harvey

Now I substitute a couple of days a week, tutor, work out at the gym, participate in two book clubs, visit my two grandchildren in New Jersey, and enjoy reading, baking, friends and family. I try as best as I can to surround myself with positivity, and reach out to other people in any way I can. I am now enjoying more opportunities to travel, even though Harvey still works, and we're planning one to Amsterdam, Israel, and Paris this month. I appreciate these trips even more after years of chaperoning teenagers.

I feel that I have built on the foundations laid at Smith. The French as well as Spanish departments challenged me and gave me the confidence to speak and ability to analyze texts that have made me a better teacher. I especially remember M. Collignon, my thesis advisor, and Mlle. Ott, as well as Srta. Clemente for her patience with my Spanish. I have made many friends and acquaintances because I can speak these languages.

After many decades away from campus I returned for our last reunion and had an amazing time reconnecting. I am looking forward to our big one in May.

Margaret Levy (Margot)



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Major: American Studies

Marital Status: Formerly Married

I acknowledge these Smith gifts that have shaped my life:

1. Distributional requirements: unfamiliar ideas and how to approach the unknown with curiosity and delight;

2. A women's college: so many capable, strong, confident, and bold role models;

3. Dorm life: friendships and sisterhood;

4. Bridge: a game I still enjoy;

5. American Studies: interdisciplinary connections that shaped my thinking style;

6. Finally, I learned "how to learn," so I could navigate changing careers, technologies, and situations.

Senior year, I told a date I wanted to be "expert in some field when I grew up." Nothing could be further from the way my life has unfolded.

- As an American Studies graduate, I went to Washington, DC, and snagged a Labor Department management internship. Non-expert in its very job description: rotate through the entire department to find the perfect niche.

- Instead, deeply disillusioned by the Vietnam War, I was reborn as a peace intern for the AFSC. There, I realized I could learn about global issues quickly (#6) and explain them clearly.

- I moved to Denver and turned that into work designing secondary school curricula. Which led to college courses, a certificate, and seven years teaching a potpourri of high school social studies classes. Still a generalist, not an expert, but it was fun teaching in the free-wheeling seventies, and the social studies/English work room was sort of like a Smith dorm – lots of smart, fun women who remain friends (#3 above).

- After seven years, I seemed destined to become an administrator or other specialist, so time to shift again. I took a sabbatical and returned to college to study computer science. Well, I had taken a UMass class in programming (#1 above). One thing led to another, and I left teaching to study computer science.

- A consulting company recruited me at graduation. When the interviewer commented that Smithies are "something else," I didn't miss a beat, asking her what exactly she meant, putting her on the spot (#2 above). Bad interview protocol; luckily, she recognized a fellow Seven Sisters grad and made me an offer on the spot.

- Years later, in danger of becoming a data modeling expert, I shifted again, this time moving to Crested Butte, a small ski resort, where I applied for a job as a programmer. When the interviewers asked me what questions I had, I asked "Your department is all men; do you have any problem with hiring a woman?" (#2)

- I got the job, moved to Crested Butte, and, loving the outdoors and small town life, became downwardly mobile, working low-key, seasonal jobs with nonprofits and with the ski resort.

- Just when I started to feel a little bored, my friend Linda (#3) said, "I'm running for mayor; why don't you run for Town Council? It'll be fun...." I

served eight years, working on affordable housing and environmental issues.

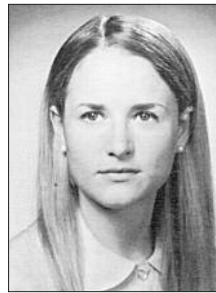
I still play bridge, now duplicate, attending tournaments around the western U.S. (#4), slowly trudging my way towards Life Master.

I love travel, and have visited South America, Europe, Africa, Asia, New Zealand. I've traveled far and wide (non-expert!), and my wish list still grows. I especially loved Bhutan, a true Buddhist kingdom (#1, Hinduism and Buddhism class).

Since 2001, I have been making art of various sorts – watercolor, mixed media, and other techniques. If I look back on my daily art practice, I see that (no surprise) I am relentlessly experimental in my approach to subject, media, and techniques.

I didn't plan it this way, just followed my heart, and it has been great!

Elizabeth LEWIS Small (Lisa)



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House: Martha Wilson

Major: English Language & Literature

Graduate School: University of Pittsburgh Graduate School of

Public Health, MPH, Biostatistics, 1997

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Peter Allan Small

S/P Occupation: Retired

Children: Jesse Cohn, 1976; Simon Cohn, 1979;

Jessica Small, 1974; Ben Small, 1977

Grandchildren: 5



Lisa

My life since Smith has followed a somewhat circuitous path, but nevertheless has come to a place of fulfillment and gratitude.

A few years after graduation, I married and had two sons. During early motherhood, I did editorial work in various roles, landing in an academic medical department in the early 80's. My work as a science writer with physician researchers led to an interest in research

design, as I realized that there can be no clear writing without asking clear questions. So I eventually pursued a degree in biostatistics – after taking several post-baccalaureate math classes! I established a research support infrastructure for my physician colleagues that the medical center converted into a small business. After this business was acquired by an Indian company, I made many trips to, and came to love, India.

Along the way, I met and married my now husband, Peter, and gained a stepson and daughter. In an unbearably painful interlude, I cared for my sister as she died of ALS. Once retired, Peter and I moved to Maine, in part to be near one of her daughters so I can be surrogate granny to her two children. Altogether, our blended family now includes my two sons, Peter’s son and daughter, my three nieces, and seven grandchildren.

After arriving in Maine, I spent our first year getting in shape at the local Y and overseeing the building of our house. Once settled, I rather deliberately sought out social connections, being naturally introverted and feeling the loss of my sister, and I have been fortunate to find a very welcoming community. I am studying studio art at the Maine College of Art, singing in a women’s chorus, serving on the town’s Parks and Lands Committee and Open Space Task Force, reading with a book group and volunteering with the local food pantry. With another member of my church, I co-founded a housing and support program for asylum seekers primarily from Africa. I have found an interest in native landscape and am working to create a native wildlife habitat on our small piece of land.

Like many of you, I’m sure, I enter my 70’s full of conflicting feelings: anger and dismay at the state of our nation; wonder and awe at the incredible beauty surrounding me; pain at the loss of a beloved sister; gratitude to be alive and well and loved; inspiration and stimulation by acts of drawing and painting and singing; regret that my time remaining may be short. My plan and hope is to keep moving broader and deeper, keep exploring and learning, keep being grateful for the treasure of my life.

Kathryn LEWIS Browning



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Major: University of North Carolina Chapel Hill
Graduate School: Tulane University Graduate School of

Business, MBA, 1972

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: David E. Browning

S/P Occupation: Retired banker

S/P College: University of Michigan/Tulane Business, BS/MBA, Engineering/Finance, 1971

Children: Charles; Jennifer

Grandchildren: 2

For years, I regretted transferring from Smith to the University of North Carolina in the middle of our sophomore year. At times I have called it one of the dumbest mistakes I’ve ever made. However, at some point I realized I am a Southerner at heart (in spite of some Yankee roots!) and am at my best with family and lifelong friends.

So where did that decision to leave take me? Instead of living in New England, which I thought would be great – cold weather, snow, fall foliage, summer days cool enough to actually enjoy – I wound up back home in New Orleans, a place with fabulous food, incredible music, odd customs, and amazing architecture, along with heat, humidity, hurricanes and mosquitoes!

But my time in both Massachusetts and North Carolina must have made a real impression on me, and by extension, my family. Our son graduated from high school near Asheville, NC, and our daughter graduated from Hamilton College. Never thought I’d see either happen!

I’ve finally made peace with my decision to leave Smith, although I do still regret not taking the opportunity to get to know more of you. To my classmates in Park House – I remember you all, and cherish the time we shared. I consider two of you even to be in my group of lifelong friends. Maybe I don’t stay in touch as often as I should, but you are always in my thoughts and prayers. Maybe “Once a Smithie, always a Smithie” really is true.

Lucy Lichtblau



House: Wilder

Susan Lillo



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Major: History

Sandra Lillydahl (Sandy)



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Major: Religion & Biblical Literature

Marital Status: Divorced
Children: Elija Lillydahl-

Schroeder, 1979; Hosanna Lillydahl-Schroeder, 1983

Beginning my years at Smith as an art major, I became intrigued and inspired by Eastern religions and switched to a religion major. I also became deeply involved in campus politics, first with the anti-war movement and then women’s liberation. Art, religion, and politics have remained my lifelong interests.

Ready for a leap into the larger world after graduation, I spent a couple of months cutting sugar cane in Cuba with the Venceremos Brigade – an adventure-some time experiencing an alternative, vibrant, music-filled culture as well as challenging physical labor and aromatic cigars. Returning to Northampton, I found my way into the Valley Women’s Center, a women’s liberation organization with many other Smith-related women. Receiving paralegal training, I served for several years as a welfare rights advocate there.

In 1975, following a few years working at the Hampshire College library, I became interested in, and actively involved with, Sufism and the Sufi Order of North America, and eventually serving on the board of directors of the Sufi Order and its retreat center, and leading Sufi meditation classes for over 30 years. In 1977 I took ownership of a small independent bookstore in Amherst, and refocused it on world religions, Middle Eastern/Asian studies – I actually got to use my religion major! During the time I had the bookstore I was married, had two beautiful boys who are always the twin apples of my eyes, then got divorced and continued life as a single mother, which is an adventure in

the heart as well as in life.

After 15 years, like so many other small bookstores, my store went under during the post-Gulf War recession. Life certainly does have its ups and downs, but it is always moving somewhere, somehow. The somehow in this instance was the Smith Career Development office, where I got very helpful advice that led to a new book-related career in the UMass Amherst Library, first in government documents (an education in US history and how our government works), and then curating the map collection (a dream job – history, geography, geology, climatology, international relations, the environment). Weeding out duplicate maps and collecting more maps from relatives and friends, I was able to send small map collections to elementary schools overseas and in the USA, so that the maps could open up new worlds for the children. A more comprehensive collection of over 400 maps was also personally delivered to Kabul University’s war-damaged library by a UMass graduate student who

was working there with a USAID teacher training project.



Sandy

Retiring in 2015 after 21 years in the library, with both of my sons established in their own careers, I have been able to devote more attention to publishing. Since 2008 I have been managing a small independent press focused on Sufi books. Over the years I’ve learned how to edit and prepare a book for publishing, design the interior and cover, and generally see the book into print — my freshman year Smith graphic arts unit has been put to good use.

In 2000 I began studying iconography – learning to create icons with traditional materials of gesso, gold leaf, egg tempera, and pigments. For me this is the reunification of my two academic interests of art and religion, and it is a meditation in itself – time spent in a world of glowing beauty. For the last eight years I have been able to share this work as the instructor for a small group of local iconographers.

And life continues to move, somewhere and somehow – I can never guess what until it actually happens.

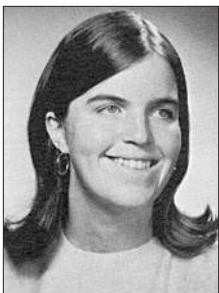


Geane LINZ Schubert



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Major: Chemistry

Elsa Little (El)



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Major: Government
Graduate School: Teachers
College, Columbia University,
MA, Home and Family Life,
1973; Wharton Graduate Divi-

sion, University of Pennsylvania, MBA, Finance, 1975

Marital Status: Single

The road from 21 to 71 gets shorter by the year! After spending the rest of 1969 in Berkeley and San Francisco, I began my life in the nonprofit world at Bank Street College of Education in New York. I got an MA at Teachers College and my advisor was Dr. Ruth Westheimer – BEFORE she was a sex therapist! Then I got an MBA in finance at Wharton at the University of Pennsylvania and arrived in Washington in 1976.

Within a few years I connected education and finance, and that led to my career in nonprofit finance. I worked for many years at the Council for Basic Education, then at a large early childhood center, Rosemount Center, serving a population 75% Hispanic. My last full-time job was for the DC community action agency managing all the finances for the Head Start programs in Washington, DC. Since 2013, I have been an independent consultant in finance for small nonprofits.

In 1979 I joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and found a home. In the LDS Church, the members serve in all the auxiliaries for several years and then rotate into other callings. I've been a teacher, a youth leader, the president of the women's organization, and various other things. It's an involved community of saints and a vibrant Christian Church (no plural marriage, no discrimination against women, no sect!). That's been a rich spiritual life for me.

I've lived in Burke, VA, between Fairfax and

Springfield, since Halloween 1981. All my life our family has spent summers on Long Beach Island, NJ (LBI), my shore of choice. I've traveled a lot, including New Zealand, Brazil, and Australia. During the '90's I did a lot of scuba diving and got to a depth of 134 feet. My last adventure was zip lining near Denali, Alaska, in July 2016. My zip group had seven people in it, all under 35, and, after every zip, they'd turn to me and say, "Are you all right?" So far, so good!

With my Hubbard House roommate, Jane Mills, and her friends/family, we saw the last Beatles concert at Candlestick Park in San Francisco in August 1966, then we went to the airport and stood in the huge Butler Aviation hanger as the Beatles' private jet taxied by with each of them in profile at four successive windows! Jane and I saw Paul McCartney again in Washington, DC, in the late 1980s. Over the years much of our Class of 1969 followed rock and roll and I'm happy to have seen lots of concerts, including Aretha Franklin at one of her last (great) concerts at Wolf Trap last summer. One of Aretha's great songs is *Sisters Are Doing It For Themselves*.

Although I have never submitted a blurb for the *Alumnae Quarterly*, I enjoyed my time at Smith. At Hubbard House, we held a Valentine's Day Party in our room for the whole house every February, borrowing all those silver serving bowls from the kitchen, filling them with candy, playing 45's, and having a karaoke night. I remember playing bridge before and after dinner on the living room floor. I remember great classes in con law with Mr. Weinstein and Russian literature with Miss Afferica.

Smith shaped my life in positive ways. I went there because my mother, Lucille Schmedtje, was also an alumna who loved Smith. Today, 50 years later, I love the liberal arts and cherish being educated, healthy, and happy. Every day I feel blessed to enjoy a good family and an A-list of friends.

Margaret LITTLE Warren (Meg)

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House: Hampshire
Major: Russian Language and Literature
Graduate School: Boston University, MEd, Social
Education; University of Maine, ESOL Certificate

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Daniel Warren

S/P Occupation: clergyman

Children: Timothy, 1979; Seth, 1982

Grandchildren: 2



Christmas 2016

To this day, languages, cultures, and intercultural exchange opportunities have beckoned me, although I have never traveled in a straight line.

Memorable and favorite stops along the way have included:

- Counselor, NYC headquarters of AFS International Scholarships
- Project Manager, Childreach, "See Me, Share My World" curriculum and art exhibit, Rhode Island
- Teacher Fellowships, Earthwatch Institute, pioneering "Teach Live from the Field" in Brazil, Costa Rica, Kenya
- Learning languages (French, Spanish, Chinese)
- Visiting my children wherever they are around the world

Am I doing what I thought I would be doing 50 years ago? As a language major, I never thought much about that then. But now I am not surprised at where I am now.

I have been getting back to basics, traveling the world from "home." I am currently teaching English to African refugees at Portland Adult Education. The experience has been gratifying and humbling.

Rebecca Livengood



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Major: Government

Linda LOCKHART Marks (Landa)



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Major: History
Graduate School: Stanford University, MA, Education/History, 1970; Uni-versity of Barcelona, MA, Estudios Hispánicos, 1972

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Gordon H. Marks

S/P Occupation: retired

S/P College: Harvard, BA, Psychology, 1969

Children: Darcy Elizabeth, 1975; Kristi Katherine (Gerby), 1981; Meagan Maria, 1983

Grandchildren: 5

Walk with me on a country road between the fields of sunflowers and olive groves in rural Osuna or La Campana, Spain, little places that don't matter much outside of the four generations of goat-herding families who live there. Maybe history majors like Linda Frank, Emily Scovil, or Jean Krogh appreciate this walk the same way I do, realizing it's an old Roman Road, an old Moorish route, an ancient Iberian path.

My husband, Gordy, and I often take this same road with our two water dogs, Panza and Lucha. They are noble and our best friends in life. It is good to have sameness and ritual. We never tire of this landscape



Family celebration in Spain

and the simple country folk we meet along the way. Walking makes conversation easy, don't you think? Let's break bread together at Apolo XV, our favorite truck stop where lentejas and cocido are deliciously homemade, and a big plate of judias is surprisingly cheap. How nutritious are the Spanish vegetables! Espinacas con garbanzos always fortifies me. Yum.

My daughters, you ask? Yes, the three of them are wonderful girls, especially Gerby who is Liz Goodenough's goddaughter. (Gerby is presently working on the Venezuelan crisis, getting food to the masses of starving people there). Five grandchildren are our legacy: Altivo, Diego, Rafa, Zelda, and Jedi. How far away they live! Seattle and Mill Valley, CA. I am not a left coast person, preferring Sarasota and Charlottesville where we raised our family. Panza and Lucha have become family now, and we are rarely without our dogs.

It is true: I would have liked more Hispanics, more Hindus and a warmer sun at Smith, but I loved the intellectual sharings of classmates. I still adore history, and this summer Gordy and I are researching the Napoleonic Battles in Spain and the Carthusian horses in Jerez. Sometimes I can't get enough history. Recently I have become fascinated with Alexander the Great and his long 20,000 mile trek to Central Asia. Perhaps I shall never visit Uzbekistan and Turkistan, but I love reading about Alexander's adventures there. Gordy and I have been twice to India and have many friends in South India as well.

Sometimes I think the nicest girls in our class have already died, and it would make me too sad to go back and see Smith without them. I also miss Melanie Bates, a freshman with us from Oklahoma. Whatever happened to her?

Having lost my favorite brother, Topper, in Africa the year before I entered Smith, I often felt vastly misunderstood. I was so pained by this early loss of my favorite sibling and so far away from home. Couldn't you have been warmer? kinder? more interested in a rural girl from California? Luckily I felt loved by the men from Amherst, Princeton, and Yale. They made me feel whole and confident. Sisterhood sounds good on paper, but does it really exist? I am still waiting to find out.

Favorite painting: Eugene Delacroix, *Le 28 de juillet*

Favorite poem: *La Higuera*, Juana de Ibarbourou (Uruguay)

Favorite charity: Native American Schools

Some Discoveries: Our children are only borrowed from God for a few years.

Nobody is ever as rich or poor as one might believe.

My DNA results: 21% Spanish romantic, 16% Mexican campesino, 14% Andalucian gypsy, 10% French seamstress, 9% Moorish poet, 7% Indian Hindu, 6% Catalan architect, 6% English librarian, 6% Jewish midwife, 5% Polish Catholic.

Katherine Lynch



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Linda MACHINIST Pines



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House: Dawes
Major: French

Lucy Mack



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Major: English Language & Literature

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Susan MACMILLAN Arensberg



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Major: Art
Graduate School: Institute of Fine Arts, NYU, MA, Art History, 1972; Johns Hopkins University, PhD, Art History, 1985

Spouse/Partner: Walter Whitman Arensberg
S/P Occupation: consultant; managing partner, Social Capital Group
S/P College: Harvard, BA, MA, Government, Urban Planning
Children: Chloe, 1980; Alexander, 1985

I majored in art history, and that was it for me. Most everything professional that I have done since leaving Smith has revolved around art, history, and museums. A summer internship at the Metropolitan Museum launched me on a museum career. After getting an MA in medieval art at the Institute of Fine Arts at NYU, I escaped academia for Paris – I always wanted to try living in another country – where I worked in a center devoted to contemporary art (about which I knew next to nothing). Then on my return, I spent several wonderful years on the curatorial staff of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and taught art history at the Massachusetts College of Art – a course on American art, about which I also knew next to nothing, but I learned fast, and not only about art. In the first session, I was lecturing about Colonial painters and John Singleton Copley when a very tall, not-so-young student in an Exxon uniform (he worked at the gas station) stood up and called me a %\$#@! @#\$\$%&! &%\$#@ %\$#@!& for not starting the course with the art of American Indians. Gulp. Not exactly like Smith where everyone politely took notes.

It was around then that I met my wonderful husband, Walter, who was getting an MA at Harvard, and, after his job took him to Washington, I eventually followed and worked at Dumbarton Oaks (finally, a job in my field). Then on to Johns Hopkins for my PhD in medieval and Byzantine art, which led to a pre-doc fellowship at the National Gallery of Art, where I wrote my dissertation. While I was a graduate student in the 1980's, my daughter Chloe (now a senior producer at CBS News) and son Alexander (now a lawyer in Denver) were born, resulting in a deeply satisfying, but almost sleepless, decade. I have stayed at the Gallery ever since, working on exhibitions of art from all cul-

tures and time periods, which has been fascinating. An exhibition on Byzantine art from Greek collections reunited me with my old colleagues in the field and took me all over Greece to look at the potential works to be included and, later, to accompany a film crew for a film about Byzantine churches; so that was a highlight. I keep thinking about retiring, but somehow agreed instead to take on an extra job teaching a seminar on Byzantine mosaics at George Washington University. I am still in the throes of preparing that course, so must get back to it now, but I am looking forward to seeing everyone at our Reunion and send many thanks to the organizers of this Class Book.

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Major: Mathematics
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Alexandra Maddox



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Major: English Language & Literature
Graduate School: George Washington University, MAT, Education, 1971; University of Minnesota, MPH, Public Health, 2001

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Joel R. Kramer
S/P Occupation: Retired
S/P College: Harvard, AB, History and Science, 1969
Children: Matthew, 1976; Elias, 1979; Adam, 1982
Grandchildren: 4

Fifty-three years ago, my parents dropped me off at Morris House. I remember wearing a summer dress made from India print fabric. I was excited about new challenges. And excited to meet my freshman roommate, Irene (Renie) Restieri, who had written to me over the summer and described herself as a normal 5'10" girl. I'd never known, and could barely imagine, a girl that tall.

Inside I still feel like that 17-year-old freshman. Even though strangers call me ma'am. Even though, after cataract surgery, I can finally see the wrinkles decorating my face.

The journey from Smith to today has been mostly wonderful. The few spots of not-so-good make me appreciate the rest.

Geographically, it's been a westward journey. Joel and I married the fall after graduation, spent a decade or so in cities on the East Coast, followed by two years

in Buffalo, NY, and 35 years so far in Minneapolis.

Along the way, we had three sons. The older two are happily married and living in Minneapolis. The youngest is single, living in Miami and starting a business with a longtime girlfriend. We have four granddaughters, ages 7 to just turning 12. The oldest is already taller than I am, and I'm confident I'll be the peewee of the family when they're all grown.



Selfie, October 2018

After my degree in English from Smith, I got a couple of master's degrees (in teaching in 1971 and public health in 2001). In between those degrees, I attended the Smith Management Program and developed skills in nonprofit management.

Workwise, I've had four main careers: consumer education, followed by Jewish communal work, followed by mental health education, and

online nonprofit journalism. I've loved them all, especially the last two which were entrepreneurial ventures.

After a Jewish woman struggling with bipolar disorder was killed in 2000 by the Minneapolis police, I founded an annual conference to raise awareness of mental illness and to decrease stigma. Sponsored by the Twin Cities Jewish community and free and open to everyone, the conference now reaches almost 600 people a year. After 18 conferences, I've just turned the reins over to my replacement and will continue to be involved as a volunteer.

The other entrepreneurial venture is MinnPost, a nonprofit and nonpartisan journalism website which Joel and I co-founded in 2007. With an editorial and business staff of about 20, MinnPost provides high-quality news and analysis for people who care about Minnesota. We raise funds through membership donations, events, grants and online advertising. After nine years of unpaid labor, we were able to hire and train the next generation of leadership. Our involvement now is on the board and committees. I also produce the major annual fundraising event, MinnRoast, a Gridiron-style show poking gentle fun at politicians and the media.

I'm adjusting to retirement, taking up duplicate bridge and watercolor painting. We travel a fair amount and spend four months a year in Sarasota to avoid the Minnesota winter. Turns out we see lots of friends and family seeking sunshine. And in a nice Smith bookend, freshman roommate Renie lives in Tampa.

**Barbara MARDINLY Swanson
(Barbara Jean)**



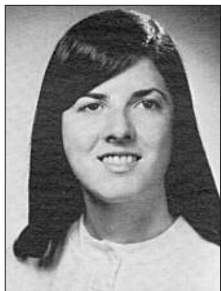
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Major: English Language &
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Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Robert Swanson

That cute Amherst boy I met at the first mixer of sophomore year (Hotel Northampton, 9/23/66) and I just celebrated the 52nd anniversary of that starry, star-crossed night, and last spring we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary with our children and grandchildren around us. Bob and I have had – and continue to have – a lovely life.

Terry Marek



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Major: American Studies
Graduate School: Smith College
School for Social Work, Master
of Social Work, Social Work,

1973; The Ackerman Institute for Family Therapy,
Clinical Externship, Family Therapy, 1981

Marital Status: Widowed
Spouse/Partner: Peter Lehman Bittenwieser
S/P Occupation: (Retired) Educator
S/P College: Columbia & Harvard, PhD, Education
Children: Emily Edwards, 1977; Sarah Bittenwieser,
1963; Julie Bittenwieser Suh, 1966
Grandchildren: 10

I am writing this essay at a tough time. My beloved husband, Peter, died in February, 2018. As I review my life, I am in mourning for my dreams of a perfect self and family. Facing serious illness and grieving the deaths of family members has been a recurring challenge.

The year I began Smith College my mother was diagnosed with stomach cancer. My father shared her diagnosis only with me, not even with my mother. I was forbidden to discuss her illness with anyone. In

my senior year, her cancer metastasized. A month after graduating, I married a vibrant Amherst graduate. We divorced nine years later, but we had a wonderful daughter. My mother died within months of my wedding.

In my early 30's, I fell in love with Peter, an educational consultant working with foundations on public education. We shared a love of children, travel, tennis, music, movies, and great food. We worked hard blending our families. Peter had two teenage daughters, and I had a three-year old daughter. Days before our wedding, my father was hospitalized with heart failure. Months later he passed away.

After the heartache of watching my father die, I left my psychiatric social work career. In a leap of faith, I created a performing arts shop, Intermission, with gifts connected with theater, music, dance and film. My shop memorialized what gave my family joy. Traveling through Europe, Peter and I enjoyed hunting for commedia dell'arte masks and automaton music boxes to sell in the store. Intermission offered musical and dramatic performances, marionette shows, and book signings. I opened a second location in Philadelphia's performing arts



National Geographic Trip to Norway and North of the Arctic Circle to Svalbard Island, 2016 Terry Marek and husband Peter Bittenwieser

center. My staff and I helped launch a documentary on The Philadelphia Orchestra, *Music from the Inside Out*. Creating this store; assembling an exuberant, talented staff from all over the world; and sustaining it for two decades was "the stuff of dreams."

At age 42, I was diagnosed

with an aggressive breast cancer and received chemotherapy and radiation. My daughter was 12; my stepdaughters in their 20's. My deepest fear was I would not live to see important milestones in their lives, but my dedicated oncologist and my husband were with me every step of the way. I squeezed through the eye of a needle and was given a second chance to live life to the fullest. At every family celebration, including the birth of 10 grandchildren, I have felt lucky to be alive.

After Peter retired, he concentrated on raising

money for progressive Democratic Senate races. When Obama ran for the Senate, we held a fundraiser. Days after Obama announced he would run for President, we gave one of the first fundraising dinners. Our friends and family doubted our judgment, but it was our most exciting political activism. We were in Iowa going door-to-door before the 2008 caucus and in Washington for Obama's Inauguration.

2017 took a sad turn for our family. Peter was diagnosed with a brutal form of leukemia. For five months, he underwent chemotherapy, which took such a toll we decided to stop. We concentrated on what mattered most, taking sustenance from our time together – visiting children, grandchildren, brothers, and friends. We forged new relationships through our local Friends Meeting. Our daughters, Sarah, Julie, and Emily, came home often, supporting us through their different strengths. The grace and courage with which Peter and the family handled his illness was our finest hour.

I am gathering my courage to attend our 50th Reunion. I hope to keep learning and growing; connecting with old and new friends; once again feeling lucky to be alive.

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Major: Art, Middle Tennessee State
Children: Elisha David Tate, III, 1972; Charles Aaron Tate, 1976
Grandchildren: 2

My Smith Odyssey began when I entered the college in September, 1965, along with 600 other high school graduates trying to find their way as freshmen.

I have since discovered that most of them felt as overwhelmed as I did. Coming from a small prep school in Tennessee, I felt like a kid in a candy store and wanted to take one of every course offered. Being an artist and not a planner, I took any course that looked interesting, including astronomy, architecture, government, religion, drawing, education, theater, Art 100, and English. Unknowingly, I was working on a humanities major 30 years before it was created.

Needing a year to get myself together, I planned to take a year leave of absence after my junior year. My father was supportive of the idea but wanted me to make the most of my last year. I attended more lectures, concerts, and special events; was involved in more organizations; was selected as a Junior Usher for Ivy Day; and made Dean's List grades the final semester. I had finally figured out how to make the most of



71 is not so bad

the Smith experience, but still had no major. My education continued that summer with 10 weeks of hitchhiking through the British Isles and Europe with Joan Christison-Lagay, a housemate. We had storybook adventures and packed everything possible into the summer, making memories still vivid.

While the rest of the class was graduating, I was getting married and beginning a teaching career at a private school. My goal was ultimately to help young minds follow their curiosity, to think critically and let their minds develop ideas outside of the box, asking questions and seeking answers. It remains to be seen how effective I was with the art and English students, but then again, that's the role of the teacher.

I wish my astronomy teacher could know the continued curiosity I have for the universe and the exploration of space; my architecture professor could have seen me ask pertinent questions of the youthful designers and contractors of a multi-million dollar project for the nonprofit I directed; my art education teacher could have seen the work my students created; my drawing teachers could see the contemplative drawings I produce; my government professors could see my passion for justice; my religion professors, my compassion and dedication to finding truth and purpose; and my theater family to know that I am always on stage. I have

fearlessly faced challenges and solved problems with the piercing insight learned at Smith. I have embraced community and know the importance of relationship-building.

The tapestry of my life has been rich with birthing two sons, Elisha David and Charles Aaron Tate who have grown into fine young men serving our country and choosing worthy women to build lives with and to raise their sons, the next generation of young people to lead us on towards ambitious goals and ideals.

My career has been in the nonprofit world mainly in fund development and administration. I am currently Director of Resident Services at St. James Place, a senior living continuum in Baton Rouge, LA.

The darkness of addiction to alcohol took its toll and left dark areas in my tapestry. At age 35 I entered treatment, and a new life of clarity began. Here 36 years later, I am still walking daily in this new life of service to others and being true to myself. I keep laughing, even through my tears and know that, as Julian of Norwich said, "All is Well and All Manner of Thing is Well." Threads of gold laced the dark times and embellish the colorful ones. The weavers of my tapestry have been family and friends and my most precious Smith sister, Priscilla Carter Fort. God bless and protect us all.

Sheila Martin



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Major: Religion

Marital Status: Deceased Spouse
Spouse/Partner: Christopher Bladen

S/P College: Williams, LSE, Maxwell School, BA, MA, Political Science, 1967

Children: Rebecca Bladen, 1977; Lisa Pollack, stepdaughter, 1963; Anne Bladen, stepdaughter, 1967

Grandchildren: 4

I was a sufficiently diligent student to get into and graduate from Smith, but while there I realized that academic proficiency was not one of my strengths. Freshman year I found that I was hopelessly over my head in two difficult (for me) classes. I somehow made it through and subsequently made more careful course selections. Despite memories of interesting professors, lectures, and classes on a variety of subjects, I developed no area of expertise that stuck with me. My most clear and satisfying memories of those long months in dreary (at the time) Northampton, relate to activities



Playing hockey at 50th High School reunion in 2015. I hadn't touched a hockey stick since 1969 but survived a short game.

not academics. Examples range from causes such as fundraising for civil rights workers, political campaigning, voter registration trips, and silent vigils by the library to more mundane activities such as playing field hockey, bicycle riding, and serving as house president.

While I was not a big mover and shaker in organizing campus demonstrations against the Vietnam War, I did help set up the National Day of

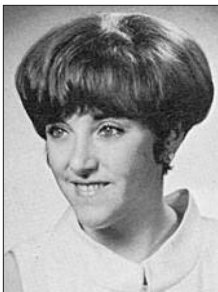
Inquiry activities on the campus. My job was to get permission from the College administrators to use various lecture halls and buildings as venues for the programs. It was apparent that some of the staff members

were not in favor of this event, but I like to think that my non-confrontational approach helped us gain their cooperation. Whatever the reality was, I was gratified that I was a small part of a worthwhile cause and that I had made a practical contribution to it.

Looking back, this Day of Inquiry project may have been more influential than I thought. As I think of my later career in the federal government in Washington, DC, and two subsequent jobs for local nonprofits on Cape Cod, there is a theme. I found that I was good at working with large groups of people for a worthwhile public program, and that I was effective on the implementation side. While others were the visionaries and established the big goals, I enjoyed the practical side of organizing the work and the workers, tracking progress and getting the project completed.

Now I am retired from paid work, but continue to volunteer in my community, along with playing tennis and bridge. There are many opportunities to be on town committees and nonprofit boards, but I am finished with being the organizer of things and just want to do the straightforward tasks at hand. I love to mow my lawn, burn the brush pile, shovel snow, deliver library books, drive for the senior center or play a set of tennis – and then be “done.” However old roles are hard to break, and I find that when friends say, “Oh, we should do such and such,” I am frequently the one who makes it happen. We may have not been “take-charge” types prior to Smith, but many of us had become so by the time we graduated.

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Major: Government
Graduate School: NYU law school, JD, 1972

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Alan Lee Gosule

S/P Occupation: Partner, Clifford Chance

Children: Garson; Jamie; Jared; Bethany; Erik

Grandchildren: Extended family from three times trying: 12

Relying on instinct, going through doors as they opened; coping with life decisions, being grey, and that I could not be perfect; I have by chance come to a life



Me and my wonderful husband Alan

that is happy and rewarding. My winding road has been filled with special people and times. I have a wonderful marriage to a strong, loving man. We live in New York and have a home up the Hudson River, and enjoy all that both have to offer. We travel as much as possible. I have a special son and his beautiful family, and stepchildren and grandchildren from both the relationships that followed my divorce. I have a wonderful bond with my brother and his family. I am blessed with love and surrounded by people who think I am a special force in their lives as they are in mine.

A glance at the years after Smith: First, NYU Law School, where I went because I could not find a good job. After my second year, I decided to travel rather than look for a summer job. In Zurich I met my first husband, who it turns out was also at NYU. By the end of third year, we decided to marry and move to Chicago, where, in June, I took what was most likely the last law firm job available in the city. I was the first female lawyer. Although, because of my gender, I did not get into the department I wanted, I wound up as a business lawyer with amazing mentors and where I actually had talent. The career choice was accidental and perfect. My husband was not the right man for me, although he was a good guy. When my son was two years old we were divorced. I married, knowing he was not my soulmate (although a good friend), but I was fearful that if I did not marry by the time I graduated from law school, I would be alone forever (insecurity never being the best of motivations). After my divorce, I lived with a man for about 10 years, many of which were intensely loving, rich and fun, but which

ultimately blew up. I was pretty singed. Life as a single woman after that was, for me, perfect. They were years of self-discovery and self-acceptance (mostly).

My career, on the other hand, was quite successful. Despite years of sexual harassment and being underestimated because I was a woman, I used my talent, personality and drive to build a career. I had many clients who considered me their counselor and developed a big book of business and reputation in my field. More than anything else, the most gratifying part was the number of young women who considered me a role model and came to me for counsel and advice.

About 20 years ago a client asked me to come back to New York and start a business with him. I am presently chief legal counsel and vice chair. It's been a challenging and interesting ride. I am trying to come to grips with what it will be like when I retire some time next year. I am on three not-for-profit boards, one advocating for women and families, all of which I love, so it's a start.

A final thought: I was insecure in many ways for many years. I have finally come to appreciate myself, for all the good and all the warts, which allows me to be most available for myself and others. They say that growing up is hard to do. It is, and so is this.

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Major: History
Graduate School: Fordham
University School of Law, JD,
1974

Marital Status: Widowed

Spouse/Partner: J. Schneider

S/P Occupation: stock broker and dog breeder

S/P College: Wharton Business School, MBA

After graduation I went to work at a broker/dealer, but the following year I enrolled in Fordham Law School at night to work my way through. During those four years, I worked as a paralegal at Cravath, Swaine and Moore and got an amazing legal education from some brilliant lawyers. Despite working all day and going to school at night, I managed to graduate in the top 10% of the entire class and was hired by Reid & Priest, a mid-size New York law firm.

I was elected the first woman partner of Reid & Priest, and during the years as an associate, I met Dick Schneider, who liked to be known most of all as a

breeder of amazing bearded collie dogs. About the time we married, I switched to an investment bank, and spent the rest of my career working as a securities analyst, advising traders, investment bankers and institutional investors about public utilities and legal issues. For the last 20 years of my career, I was one of the founding members of a company called CreditSights, which was a pure research firm, as the Senior Utility Analyst and Legal Analyst. Although most people on Wall Street thought no one would ever pay cash for research, we have proved them wrong. Our analysts represent only our subscribers. I am very proud to have been there at the beginning and to still be a shareholder.

When Dick passed away 13 years ago, the many people of our Ha'Penny (our kennel name) family wanted me to carry on his amazing legacy of producing wonderful dogs who enrich so many lives and who also happen to win often in the show ring. With the help and support of many friends, I have done my best. In these years, we have twice won the National Specialty and have had the number one beardie several times. Keeping his legacy alive has been a lot of work but has been very rewarding.

I moved to Virginia several years ago and retired from CreditSights at the end of 2017. I am in the process of taking courses so I can do mediation here in Virginia. I think, and hope, that it will make use of the negotiation skills I honed as a contract lawyer and also help people who need such services. I continue to breed and show beardies and to have several in the house, along with an elderly rescue poodle who has been the hit of two Bearded Collie National Specialties.

Andrea MATTSON Hunt (Andi)



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Major: German Language &
Literature
Graduate School: Stanford
University, MA, German, 1970

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Gregory Hunt

S/P Occupation: Dean, School of Architecture,
Catholic University, Marywood University (retired)

S/P College: Middlebury, BA, Art, 1963

Children: Meredith Haines Spacie, 1979; Warren
Haines, 1983

Grandchildren: 5

After leaving grad school at Stanford, I taught German at Smith. I was an awful teacher, and I only lasted a year. At least it taught me what I didn't want to do. After that miserable year, I married and moved to Washington, DC. It took a long time to find a career that I enjoyed and that made use of my talents. With a decade of uninspiring jobs on my resume, I ended up spending the next 30 years with various companies that supported the Federal Aviation Administration. I found I was good at "translating" engineering concepts into plain English. I worked at all levels of the agency, writing and editing documents and speeches. Along the way, I learned a lot about our nation's aviation system and the technologies that support it. I loved it.

When not working, I indulged my jock tendencies with jogging, ballet, weights, and swimming. I was fortunate to be able to work part-time when my daughter and son were small, so I also had time to fulfill all the roles that moms had in that era. Cookies for the bake sale, anyone? Amateur soccer coach? My kids have grown into caring, smart, responsible, and interesting adults and parents. We are all blessed with good health and good minds. Aren't we lucky?

Fast forward through a divorce, bad decisions, depression, a religious reawakening, a second marriage, and retirement. Flashes of living in Virginia, Maryland, DC, and Pennsylvania; a house fire, deaths of beloved friends and relatives, and a gut-wrenching move to the West Coast. After a certain age, everything happens so fast.

Since late 2015 we have lived on beautiful Bainbridge Island, just off Seattle, with a view of Mt. Rainier. Settling in was difficult. Northwest residents just aren't the most welcoming people at first (and the weather is just as dark and as damp as you've always heard). The silver lining of the move – here's where it starts to sound like a feature in a ladies' magazine – is the swimming community and its phenomenal coach. There are more than 150 of us on the team and we are a family. I swim with people in their 20's and with a few in their 80's. I've traveled all over the United States and Canada, and I'm considering a trip to South Korea next year. My proudest achievement this year was winning my age group in the Pan American Masters 1.5K open water swim at Daytona Beach. I'm good at it, I enjoy it, and I'm addicted to the wonderful post-swim mind-clearing aura.

Nothing more to prove in my life. I still have a lot to contribute to my fellow citizens, and I'm an active volunteer. But after all the years of school and work, I can lean back in my chair and admit that for now, I'm just a swimmer.

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Graduate School: Columbia University School of General Studies, premedical curriculum, 1973; Columbia University College of Physicians & Surgeons, MD, Medicine, 1977; Harvard University School of Public Health, MPH, Clinical Effectiveness (research), 1998; University of Texas – Dallas, MBA (pending), Business, 2019

Marital Status: Divorced

Looking back, of the rare clear 'awakenings' in my life, my time at Smith stands foremost among them. My father said many years ago that attending Smith 'ruined' me. I came from a narrow, non-religious, but parochial socio-demographic background. To the contrary! How different the world became, opening my eyes academically, intellectually, politically, and socially to a larger, more vibrant and important world. Ever since, unsure what life would hold for me as I carved out an uncharted future, I have carried Smith College in my back pocket.

At Smith, I followed a rather traditional academic path – English literature and Classics minor, but I left Smith with feminist leanings – somewhat rigid and, possibly, naive – to strive in life for a role equivalent, rather than subordinate, to a man. After two years working in low-level jobs in NYC, I restored a persistent, dormant desire to be a physician. Although I had



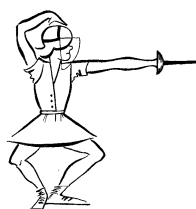
Ellen

taken no science courses at Smith, apart from a calculus requirement, I relied on the self-confidence and fortitude, nurtured as part of the "Smith Experience," for this long, arduous undertaking (nearly 12 years counting pre-med, medical school, house-staff and fellowship training). I became an internist, rheumatologist and geriatrician, practiced and taught in academic settings for many years. During my years of training, I

recognized a serious interest in biomedical research but ultimately realized my background (and talents) were insufficient to support this focus. Instead, mid-career, I received an MPH in clinical research methodologies at Harvard University School of Public Health and embarked on a nearly 20-year career within the pharmaceutical industry, helping to design and test innovative medications for unmet medical needs, primarily within fields of autoimmunity and inflammation. Although the industry is much reviled in the US due to greed related to a generally recognized “broken” healthcare system, my focus always remained on bringing light to patients, either as individuals or populations.

I recognize this focus proved an obstacle to greater social or personal fulfillment. A short marriage to an eminent physician (medical school dean) ended in divorce, and I have no children. Instead, I live in a rural setting in New Jersey with a number of achondroplastic dogs (dachshunds and corgis), continue to pursue a career in clinical research as a consultant, a lifelong interest in ballet as a practitioner (classes) and spectator (primarily New York City Ballet), travel when feasible, nurture old and new friendships, and am currently pursuing an e-MBA (online) at University of Texas – Dallas. I consider my education to have been incomplete relative to finance and economics and am trying to do something about it, mostly out of interest. Recently I have rekindled my involvement with the Smith Club NYC and am serving on the Board of Directors. This is equally fun, interesting and eye-opening, as I interact with succeeding generations of much younger, talented and motivated Smithies in mid-career. I will join the Smith College Global Brigade (Healthcare) to Honduras early in 2019.

I would advocate that my fellow classmates refer to the mission statement of the College, available on the official website, approved by the Board of Trustees on October 15, 2016, long after our time at the college. I believe it is relevant and applicable to our experience as well. With its STEM programs, especially, the College has evolved to respond to modern-day educational and vocational needs. We, earlier graduates, have had to respond on our own. I would say that I certainly was prepared for a life of purpose, with desire and capacity to continue to follow curiosity, learn, and, hopefully, give back in some incremental measure.



Meribah McALLISTER Elliott

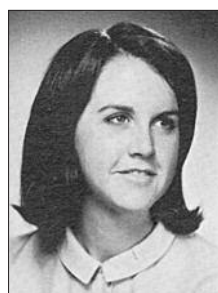


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House: Cushing

Major: History

Rosanne McARTHUR Lobitz



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House: Martha Wilson

Major: Religion & Biblical Literature

Graduate School: University of Colorado School of Law;

Gonzaga University School of Law, JD, Law, 1973

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: John Lobitz

S/P College: Dartmouth, BA, 1967

Children: Sarah P. Hall, 1978; Peter T. Hall, 1983

Grandchildren: 4

In many ways, my life now is very much what I might have predicted while I was at Smith. The jour-



Rosanne and her family. Christmas, 2017

ney from there to here, though, is anything but. I came to Smith a well-educated, but very provincial, girl from upstate New York. I had big ideas, but I had never been more than a few hundred miles from home. Perhaps the thing that influenced the trajectory of my life the most was my Colorado Smith roommate, Barbara Perry. Thanks to her, I've lived my entire adult life in the West, something I never would have imagined. And we've had the joy of being friends and neighbors for all these years.

The other big influence of those years was my mother, Smith Class of '41. She knew my strengths and insisted that I apply to law school. Without her insistence, I never would have found the career that gave me so much satisfaction and success. At Smith, I developed the rigorous thinking and analysis, and the ease of expression that are the marks of an accomplished lawyer. (I also suspect that my law school application was the first they'd seen from a Smith Religion major.)

The other pivotal thing that happened at Smith was that in 1968 I met John Lobitz, Dartmouth '67. Thirty-four years later, we got married.

One of the memories that has stayed with me over the years is Mr. Mendenhall's giving his Rally Day speech (the same one every year?) in which he said, "You are not second-class citizens." I recall asking, "What's he talking about?" That question was answered early in law school and innumerable times thereafter. By our efforts, and the new and sometimes lonely careers we chose, we have made the world a little bit less second-class for our daughters. For that, I think, we should all be very proud.

The years of work, family and community were hard and relentless. I was widowed at 47 with two young children but had wonderful and supportive friends and family. Now those years are a distant memory.

From childhood on, I've always loved sports. I still play golf and tennis and ski. I played bridge primitively as it turns out, at Smith, and then not for 40 years. Now I've started playing, taking lessons and studying, and find that the mental challenge is a great part of the fun. I like learning new things, and lowering my handicap at 71 years old.

So, after 33 years of practicing law, balancing family and work, being a single mother, and trying to "do it all," at least a bit at a time, I find my life surprisingly as I might have thought it would be in 1969. I have wonderful children and grandchildren and am very involved in their lives. I have a terrific husband. We're still active in sports and community pursuits and have many and varied friends, both old and new. Life is good and I count my blessings every day.

Milva McCaw Sandison



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Major: Music

Graduate School: University of Utah College of Law, JD, Law, 1978; Royal Holloway, University of London, MSW, Social Work, 1998

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Brian Pearse

S/P Occupation: Retired

Children: Gavin McCaw Sandison, 1985

Grandchildren: 4

Class notes:

I bet you didn't know this about me, because I didn't know it until I was 52: I have Attention Deficit Disorder. That made Smith a rewarding but confusing time in my life. I look back at the 50-year point with clear understanding of the many difficulties I encountered, and use that experience to coach others, including my son.

Despite the difficulties, the positives of Smith have been a bright stripe all through the pattern of the last 50 years. I'm a strong, independent feminist (Thank you, Gloria and Betty.). I am aware of, and participate



My mother, at the start of dementia, looked at me as I greeted her for the first time in three months and said, "Pity you've got Aunt Clara's neck." It's now a family joke.

in, politics, including the Women's March in London (Thank you to the two young Amherst students who came to dinner at Hopkins House and sat talking about the Vietnam War without eating.). I have music skills (Thank you, Iva Dee Hiatt, Philipp Naegle, Adrienne Auerswald.) that have allowed me to conduct and teach amazing groups and individuals. My panic at not getting straight A's spurred me to distinctions in law and social work degrees which, in turn, led to meeting, and working with, strong and giving

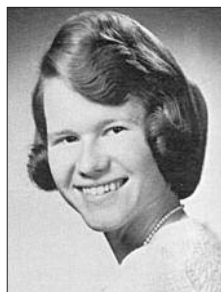
people, including, especially, Native Americans. My experience of Europe in our Smith/Princeton Choir tour of 1968 no doubt made me more comfortable deciding to live in England 37 years ago, a decision I have never regretted.

ADD has its quirks that I am using to advantage in retirement. I love exploring everything, so I master few things, but certainly enjoy life to the full. I have a creative side that is giving me fun in textiles and clay. My music has swung to playing fiddle in a band. My friendships, both old and new, are very rewarding now that I have learned how to sustain them. My family surrounds me and fills my life with smiles. I love to travel and to explore modern art museums.

A few memories: skating on Paradise Pond at midnight; Miss Auerswald being upset because she had to cancel my singing lesson to show a very stuck-up member of her class around the college – Nancy Reagan; playing violin, singing and conducting in HHH Chapel; being sized up when the boys made a line either side of the bus door at a Yale mixer; being nominated to stop the bus on the way back to empty bursting bladders. The driver was not happy. Taking the 7 a.m. bus to Amherst for breakfast before attending their paleontology class in which I got the best grade; playing basketball for the freshman team; not understanding the questions on the exam for Philosophy of Government; taking Basic Motor Skills and having my posture picture taken. (No one will believe me when I describe it all!); having to dance with my dad on Father's Weekend (How very embarrassing!); being surrounded by the comfort of all my housemates; singing Bach around the piano in Hopkins A.

My best Smith story: freshman year was the year of the super ball. I was given one the size and color of a plum, so I put it in the Hopkins fruit bowl. One December evening, an Amherst date grabbed the super ball and bounced it as hard as he could on the front sidewalk. It cleared the house. Wow. There was a crash, another crash, another crash. Silence. The greenhouses were behind and below Hopkins A. An anonymous call was placed to the Kingsmen: "There are some holes in the greenhouses. Perhaps you should investigate."

Mary McCULLOCH Baker



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Major: Psychology

Marital Status: Formerly Married

Susan McDaniel



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House: Cutter
Major: Italian Language & Literature

Graduate School: Middlebury College, MA, Italian, 1970; Yale

University, PhD, Romance Languages, 1976

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Stuart Conner

S/P Occupation: Lawyer

S/P College: University of Montana, JD

After graduate school, Italy and teaching at Middlebury and Sarah Lawrence Colleges, I returned to the West and New Mexico and taught briefly at a community college. In the early 1980's, my husband, Andy Elting, DVM, and I moved to Montana and opened a veterinary practice in Columbus, MT. In Columbus, I managed the veterinary practice and raised sheep, a small farm flock of 50 ewes. When we sold the practice and moved to Miles City, MT, I became director of a nonprofit art museum, Custer County Art Center. In the mid-1990's, after Andy's death, I became director of grants at Rocky Mountain College in Billings, MT. From 1996 until 2002, I was provost and academic vice-president at Rocky, then was appointed professor of Italian and Humanities, and taught until I retired in 2012.

Stuart Conner, a retired attorney, and I were married in 1996, and I have been fortunate in learning about his passion, American Indian rock art (pictographs and petroglyphs). We have traveled widely in this region to see, and record, archaeological sites and also to enjoy the wondrous sights and flora and fauna of the West, especially in Yellowstone and other national parks. I feel like a Montanan after over 35 years here. I occasionally visit friends in NYC to experience a more cosmopolitan setting, but I'm happy to live in the West.

In spring 2016 I was diagnosed with lung cancer and received four intensive radiation treatments that apparently eradicated the tumor. After two and a half years, I now schedule CT scans at six month intervals (down from three) and, so far, have been cancer-free. Naturally, that's a good feeling. I feel pretty lucky, not just about my health, but in my life in general. I have had two wonderful, caring and accomplished husbands and many good friends who have encouraged and supported me over the years.

My Smith education, especially Junior Year Abroad, has helped me adapt to numerous challenges and changing life situations. Learning to think critically and embrace new ideas and experiences has made changing careers numerous times not only possible, but also positive. Never thought I would raise sheep and help injured and sick animals, nor did I think I would know a lot about High Plains Indians, especially Crow, but it's been great. The broad, liberal arts education Smith offers is important in the changing role of higher education in the US.

Ann McFALLS Lansing



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House: Gardiner
Major: English Language & Literature

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: William A. Lansing

S/P Occupation: CEO, Menasha Corporation
S/P College: Yale University, MF, School of Forestry, 1970
Children: Brent Lansing, 1975; Kurt Lansing, 1977
Grandchildren: 4

After graduating from Smith, I followed my husband to Coos Bay, OR, where he was hired to grow trees for a timber company and later became their CEO. I ran a program for disadvantaged and handicapped



Ann at Death Valley, 2017

children, with an emphasis on wilderness and animal adventures. We've been swimming with humpback whales and dolphins, snorkeling in many Indonesian

students at the local high school. After our two boys were born, I returned to work teaching reading and study skills at our community college until I retired. This dove-tailed well with my life-long love of reading.

My volunteer interests revolve around the environment, children's organizations, and the local library. Bill and I have always travelled as much as we could, before,

with, and since having

locations, seeing several African countries, exploring Iceland, the Galapagos, Arctic and Antarctic (multiple times); and I've kayaked in Greenland and hiked above 18,000 feet at Everest – to name a few favorites. Outdoor activities like tennis, backpacking, kayaking, skiing, windsurfing and hiking have been passions.

As a challenge to my creative side, in addition to various crafts, I've found outdoor photography an adjunct to these interests (and easier on aging body parts). Namibia's variety and photographing polar bears on foot in the sub-Arctic were favorites this year, though the local Oregon coast and redwoods scenery can't be beat.

Smith College promoted my lifelong curiosity and love of learning, and this has led to a rich and full life. Grandchildren have added a new and wonderful dimension. Life is good.

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Major: Economics

Graduate School: Johns Hopkins University, ScM, Health Policy and Management, 1976



Footes in Del Mar, CA: Bonnie, Steve, Sandy, Brian

Spouse/Partner: Stephen L. Foote
S/P Occupation: Retired – Scientist and Science Administrator
S/P College: UC Santa Barbara/MIT, BA, PhD, Psychology (Brain Research), 1972
Children: Bonnie McLaren Foote, 1975; Brian McLaren Foote, 1978

Janice McMillen (Jan)



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Major: Mathematics

Jane McNICHOLS Hedberg (Janey)



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House: Chase
Major: Hispanic Studies
Graduate School: Simmons Graduate School of Information Science, MS, 1980

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Hilding Hedberg
S/P Occupation: Librarian
S/P College: Brown University, AB, History, 1972

I expect that like many of you, my life didn't turn out at all as I planned. When I went to Smith I thought I would major in math and become a teacher. I did neither of those things. I fell in love with Latin American studies/history as a major and couldn't find a teaching job for love or money when I graduated. I did eventually get a job in the Wellesley College Library (knowing I would enjoy working at a women's college) and ended up with a library career in academia. I worked my whole professional life in three places: Wellesley, MIT, and Harvard. My husband does not consider any

of them part of the real world, but I had wonderful jobs in the unreal world. My favorite was probably the last one. Working as a sort of roving preservation consultant, I was able to visit collections in most of Harvard's ninety-two libraries. Those collections were so astonishing because Harvard started collecting in 1636 and never threw anything away. My job was to help protect them for future scholars. I learned so much and worked with such wonderful colleagues, it was always enlivening.

I met my husband at an American Library Association Serials Cataloging Conference, which is a specialty beyond esoteric even for librarians. The odds of meeting a prospective spouse there were infinitesimal. However, we did meet and have had many years of happy "mixed" marriage (public and academic librarians). I couldn't have children, so we "adopted" a couple from Germany that we hosted for the International Program at Harvard. Anna and Thomas are our German children and Noah, their six-year old



Janey

son, is our German grandchild. They live in Cambridge, England, now but come to our summer home on Prince Edward Island, or we go to visit them in Germany or England at least once per year.

Getting older has been a challenge. I have had some health issues that I refer to as my tour of Boston hospitals. On the plus side, retirement is wonderful. The freedom to set our own schedule, travel and spend more time in Canada is fabulous. We love our summer home on PEI because it is so relaxed on the Island (no traffic, no rushing around), the beaches are lovely (the water is warm enough for swimming), and Canadians are so polite (yes, it is true unless they are playing hockey). Lately, we find it does help to escape from American politics for part of the year.

Although my life is different than I expected, it is a good one and I owe much of it to my time at Smith. I deliberately chose a women's college because I went to a coed high school and felt like a second-class citizen. Four years of being taken seriously was immensely valuable to me and, I suspect, to some of you. Looking back on it, going to Smith was one of the smartest decisions I ever made.

Frances McSweeney (Fran)



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Major: Psychology
Graduate School: Harvard
 University, MA, Psychology,
 1972; Harvard University, PhD,
 Psychology, 1974

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Margaret Mary Kelley
S/P Occupation: Classical pianist
S/P College: University of Idaho, MA, Music, 1978

At the risk of sounding boring, I'm pretty much where I expected to be when we graduated. I'm Regents Professor of Psychology Emerita and Vice Provost for Faculty Affairs Emerita at Washington State University (WSU). Although my marriage to Meg Kelley (more below) and my current location in Pullman, WA, are surprising, my academic profession is not. Seems like I was born for it.

Here's a brief synopsis of my life since graduation. I received my MA and PhD in experimental psychology from Harvard (1972, 1974) and served as a temporary assistant professor at McMaster University (1973-1974) before moving to WSU (1974). I met my partner and spouse, Meg Kelley, in 1978. I served as Psychology Department Chair (1986-1994) and then as Chair of the Faculty Senate (2000-2001). I was appointed Vice Provost for Faculty Affairs (2003), promoted to Regents Professor (2004), and served as president of my international professional organization (2005-2006). I married Meg (2013) and retired (2017). Along the way, I received my share of honors and awards from WSU and from my profession. My time at Smith was critical to achieving these professional goals. Harvard was easy after Smith.

I've always had a thirst for knowledge, but I also chose an academic career because thought I could spend mornings reading in my pajamas, with perhaps a foray out later to attend a lecture, concert or play. I have to admit that I was disappointed when I found myself working at my desk at 5:30 a.m. I have never been disappointed, though, in the people that I've met along the way. I think that the greatest thing about an academic career is that you're surrounded by energetic and curious young people and by adults who are intelligent, knowledgeable and passionately devoted to their field of study.

Here are some other things that have given me joy

over the years: my family, both biological (parents, brother; many aunts, uncles and cousins) and adopted (in addition to Meg, I've been owned by two dogs and 13 cats – at different times); my friends (we particularly enjoy dinner parties); the students (especially graduate students and postdocs); travel (especially with our friends); and tennis (I still play two hours, five days/week). Of course, reading, learning and movies continue to give me joy.

Now that I'm retired and the constraints are largely



*Inauguration as president
of my professional
organization*

off, I'm looking forward to meeting myself. So far, I have thoroughly enjoyed organizing a 'play' group of friends and fellow retirees.

We've gone on many outings and trips together and frequently have dinner. I've also accidentally become an 'expert' on women's issues and diversity. During one of my sabbaticals, I finished my proposed project a little early and looked around for a smaller project that would be fun. I

settled on examining the status of women in my professional field. The three journal articles that resulted apparently made me an expert speaker on diversity.

The current situation in our country saddens me. I'm disturbed by the lying and name calling; the rhetoric of fear, anger, hatred and exclusion; the fanning of resentments; the casual cruelty and the all-out assault on science, the truth, and the rule of law. I know that we gave our parents fits in the sixties with our protests, but I don't remember the current level of vitriol. I hope that all of this will be behind us by the time we meet, without violence or a constitutional crisis.

Monica Meerbaum

House: Hubbard



Joan MELTZER FitzGibbon



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House: Albright
Major: Economics
Graduate School: Harvard
 School of Education, MAT,
 Mathematics and Education,
 1970

Marital Status: Widowed

Spouse/Partner: Daniel Harvey FitzGibbon

S/P Occupation: Attorney

S/P College: U.S. Military Academy, BS, Engineering,
 1964

Children: Katherine, 1976; Thomas, 1979

Grandchildren: 3

Had I predicted my life in 1969, I might have been pretty close. I became a math teacher, got married, and had children. I didn't accomplish as much as many classmates, but like to think I had a positive impact on the majority of people with whom I came in contact. Due to a variety of circumstances, I did not continue my teaching career after I had children but remained very involved in education in our local district, with numerous volunteer positions in schools and running district-wide committees and organizations. I found it satisfying, flexible, and, as a side benefit, the source of many enduring friendships.

While getting my MAT at Harvard, I met my husband, Dan, who was then at Harvard Law School. We got married in 1973 and moved to Indianapolis where he practiced law. Our children were born in 1976 and 1979. Kathy is a professor and the Choral Director at Lewis & Clark College in Portland, OR. Tom practiced law for a while and now teaches history and government at a high school just outside Indianapolis.

Some other noteworthy events in my life were my husband's heart disease diagnosed in 1980, a year in Russia in 1998-99, and Dan's death in 2013 at age 71. The heart disease was always a source of some concern for me, but thanks to the wonders of modern medicine, two bypass surgeries and eleven stents, he managed to live a fulfilling life, including a lot of travel – some for work and some for pleasure. Our year in Russia was with a program to help former Communist countries learn more about Western legal practices. (Unfortunately, there don't seem to have been any long-lasting effects). I went with some trepidation about how I would entertain myself, but thanks to a wonderful Smith connection made by fluke, I met someone



*With husband Dan, daughter Kathy, son-in-law Dan,
 and son Tom, August, 2013*

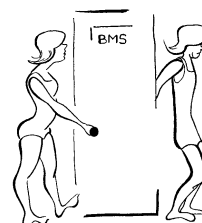
from the class of '68 – first by email and later in person. She was already there, gave me lots of advice ahead of time, and got me involved in some interesting International Women's Club activities that made it a great year.

My husband's sudden death was a surprise; his health had been stable. It has been an adjustment, but I think I have managed reasonably well, although I certainly miss him and the life we had together. Losing my younger brother to cancer less than two years later was another blow.

I continue to volunteer in the schools, though try to maintain flexibility in my schedule to allow me to visit two young grandsons in Portland, OR. I now have a granddaughter in Indianapolis, born in July, 2018; it is lovely not to have to fly all day to see her. I have also been very active in the Indianapolis Smith Club, as well as some work for the Class of '69.

I play tennis and try to exercise to keep moderately fit. Scoliosis, first diagnosed at my Smith freshman physical, makes me try to take care of my back with stretching and physical therapy. I can tell I am not as young or strong as I used to be, but the need to be able to live alone is good motivation to keep active. I am still in a big house, liking that my daughter's family can stay with me when they visit, but wondering when the time will come to downsize.

I value memories of Smith, the academic experience it provided, and the friendships I enjoy to this day. Looking forward to the 50th!



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Mandy Merck

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House: Lamont
Major: English Language &
Literature

Graduate School: St. Hugh's College, Oxford, BA
Honours, English, 1971

After post-graduation summer house sharing in Boston with Nicky Toomey and Ann Carrad, I spent the next two years at St. Hugh's College, Oxford. Also at Oxford was former Lamont-er Liz Goodenough, who introduced me to a Rhodes Scholar who "knew everybody," one Bill Clinton. Through the charming and gregarious Bill, I made a number of friends, including a group of feminists who are still among my closest, but our politics diverged over the possibility of achieving meaningful change through the Democratic Party. A decade later, when I was covering the 1980 Democratic Convention for the London weekly *Time Out*, he hilariously took his revenge: introducing me to the entire Arkansas delegation as "a real Marxist feminist from London, England."

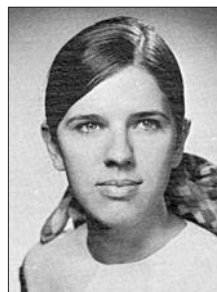
Like Bill, journalists are great company, and I still hang out with my *Time Out* pals, a group of radicals who collectively left the magazine in 1981 rather than surrender their commitment to equal pay for all members of its 60-odd staff. My next step was towards what ultimately became a career in media studies, editing the academic journal *Screen*. But together with many of the journal's writers, I was fascinated by the establishment of a new British broadcaster, Channel 4 television, legally mandated to innovate in form, content, and address to audiences not catered for in the mainstream. After six years of *Screen* I became a senior producer on Britain's (and possibly the world's) first

ever LGBT weekly programme, Channel 4's *Out on Tuesday*, followed by the BBC theme night, *Saturday Night out*.

Throughout this period I was also giving talks and writing them up for what became my first book, *Perversions: Deviant Readings*, published by Routledge in 1993. This work led to my first university appointment, as a Fellow of the Cornell University Humanities Society, followed by visiting lectureships at Duke University and UC Santa Cruz. In 1994 I returned to the UK to lecture at Sussex University, and in 1999 I became Professor of Media Arts at Royal Holloway, a college of the University of London, where this term I'm teaching a class on films directed by women while finishing a book to be titled *Cinema's Melodramatic Celebrity*.

As a dual citizen of the UK and US, I am saddened by the turn both countries' politics have taken, despite massive improvements in the status of women and LGBTs. Although I'm not quite the revolutionary that Bill introduced to his Arkansas colleagues, I remain convinced that only a redistributive economy can bring about the gender equality we have aspired to since second wave feminism kicked off in the 60's. Without it poor women will never have the parental rights and affordable childcare that make Scandinavia the best place to be female in the world. In Britain we are about to go in the reverse direction with Brexit, which will reduce workers', consumers' and environmental protection. And don't get me started about Trump. Even more heartbreaking, as I sit here listening to the news of the synagogue massacre in Pittsburgh, is the rise in hate crimes fuelled by poverty, ignorance and widely available weapons – with both British and American companies leading their sale to countries all over the world.

Enough soap-boxing. I cherish fond memories of Lil Goldstein, Marty Wood, Nicky Toomey, Wendy Stein and Andrea Rosnick, whose rendition of Mae West playing Macbeth stays with me to this day. I commemorate the late Susan Heyer, a film producer whose love of cinema continued to inspire me when we remade our friendship in Hollywood in 2005. Have a lovely Reunion and come see me in London!
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Jean Merrill (Jeannie)

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Major: Biological Sciences



Jeannie

Graduate School: UCLA School of Medicine, PhD, Microbiology & Immunology, 1979; UCLA Anderson School of Management, MBA, Marketing and Finance, 1986

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Douglas F. Munch

S/P Occupation: retired
S/P College: Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, PhD,

Biomedical Engineering, 1979

My fifty years since Smith have been a wonderful journey of discovery: self-fulfillment, scientific discovery, world travel, and adventure, my genealogical past, and the search for details about my parents' lives.

Discovery occurs when there is a balance between chance and methodical planning, defiance and taking sound advice, mistakes and do-overs, audacity and patience, courage and fear. Discovery is driven by imagination, intuition, and timing. One of the joys of discovery is the element of surprise. That is why I was drawn to the field of biology. I loved the interplay in biological systems between the technical and predictable with the beautiful and unpredictable. Biology provides the latitude for invention: the remodeling of the injured brain, the repair of damaged tissues by stem cells, and the imprecisions of DNA replication.

An important part of discovery is presence. Presence allows us to lead richer lives. It defines the difference between hearing and listening, tasting and savoring, noticing and detecting. Presence allows perception of subtle cues from "the environment," as in unexpected scientific data in the laboratory or the leading embrace of your partner in a tango hold. I have danced Argentine tango for almost 30 years. This dance has taught me that the ability to feel subtle cues from one's partner will lead to continuous invention in the execution of the steps. Unlike the waltz or foxtrot, which is the same every time, in response to my partner's lead, I participate in the creation of a new and different tango every time I step on the dance floor. In science, following the clues from previous experiments or from the work of others while daring to leave well-trodden paths can lead to new findings. Discovery in science occurs when one pays attention to obscure details or data, even those that refute one's original hypothesis.

Discovery comes about when we have a desire to know more, such as what we are capable of doing or

becoming. That desire is why I attended Smith College, got a PhD and MBA, and changed course in mid-career from an academic position to leading a large research team in the pharmaceutical industry. I wanted to know more about the disabling disease Multiple Sclerosis (MS) so I spent almost 40 year of my career teaching graduate and medical students and leading research teams toward that end. In 2012, Aubagio, a drug I had worked on for 11 years, was approved by the FDA for the treatment of MS.

In my retirement, I have embarked on new roads of discovery. I have set out to become a better photographer and found that I am impelled to take environmental portraits of women in their natural surroundings. I have been drawn to the hope, despair, joy, sorrow, contemplation, and determination I see in the female face and have tried to capture it in photographs. It has been said that if one's photographs are not interesting, one is not close enough. I try to get close enough without invading the privacy of the moment that I see in my subjects. It takes patience and luck to capture that moment. Once that moment is captured, there is a kinship between me and the woman I have just photographed.

I have also embarked on the discovery of the joys of "giving back." I have joined a group of teachers, including Smith Alumnae, who teach English fluency in a secondary school for girls in Morogoro, Tanzania. With a secondary education the chances for a better life for these girls increases exponentially. Who knows, perhaps in the future, one of them will even attend Smith College.

Katherine Messenger



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Major: Economics
Graduate School: MIT, MCP, Urban Planning, 1972

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Will Wright
S/P Occupation: retired
Children: Penny Windle, 1969
Grandchildren: 1



Enjoying retirement this fall! On the road in Santa Fe, NM.

Jill METCOFF Metcuff-Jahns

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House: Tyler

Major: Religion & Biblical Literature

Graduate School: University of Chicago SSA, MA,
social work research, 1972

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Jeffrey Jahns

S/P Occupation: attorney, Seyfarth Shaw

S/P College: Villanova, BA, Humanities, 1968

Children: Anna Jahns, 1978; Claire Jahns, 1981;
Elizabeth (Zibby) Jahns, 1985

Smith and I intersected at decisive moments. A love of plants and birds led to taking the first ecology class ever offered, which reinforced a lifelong involvement with natural ecosystems, professionally and voluntarily as a citizen scientist. Junior Year Abroad in Geneva coincided with the Paris 1968, student uprising, forcing me to look deeply at political issues from Vietnam to capitalism, democracy, inequality, and our frightening politics today. My religion major was an invaluable guide to thinking critically, ethically and compassionately, appreciating multiple viewpoints. Finally, fellow religion majors Taj and Anne provided the catalyst and opportunity to join them as ski bums for the year after college. Serendipitously during that skiing year I discovered the joys of film and darkroom work, which became my life work.

Except for a ski-bum year, my life followed the predictable path of many Smithies of our era: grad school, marriage and family, full and then flexible part-time work, a comfortable urban life style, travel and reading. In retrospect, had I not succumbed to family and peer pressure, I might have remained single, avoided (useless) grad school, and put all my eggs into the artist basket while living in a rural area full-time. Then and now I need time and space to focus, one task at a time.

I deeply love my husband and family, but regret having spent many years compromising between family and darkroom, Chicago and rural Wisconsin. I was adamant about needing a rural life from the first day of

marriage, and my husband (an urban lawyer) understood. Before the wedding we bought land and a pre-fab kit house in Spring Green, WI. Much of my adult life has been spent there, with and without the family, culminating in wonderful things: having exciting grant-funded photo projects and exhibitions, publishing two books of which I'm proud, and encouraging an environmentally-aware family. Our three daughters followed paths that I might have chosen had I been more courageous. Two are environmentalists in their professional lives, one is a full-time artist (and Smith grad) in New Orleans. I am pleased that I never suggested their paths, but that they chose them based on their life experiences.

I think I found my 'voice' early on, that this sense of self was a model for our daughters, (although they think I'm more independent than I really am). I am aware that many of my opportunities were made possible because of the secure lifestyle created by marriage and family, so take my nostalgia for the single, focused life with a grain of salt.

1998 was pivotal. Independently I began to turn a former ag field into a prairie. Prairie restoration brought a new world of friends, artists and projects. It took me out of my comfort zone while creating a new one. It restored the connection to my earliest nature-loving self, while opening up new science-based learnings and volunteer opportunities. I enlisted friends and organizations to help me with controlled burns for land management. I learned that responding to the needs of the land is a continuous process. My book *Firelines* (University of New Mexico Press) expressed all this.

Then health issues arose. Breast cancers in 2006 and 2014 resulted in a mastectomy. I was terrified. But I learned I wasn't alone as friends started showing up and helping out, including Smith classmates. It may seem stupid, but I hadn't realized that there were so many helpful and caring people out there. Their generosity of spirit and time changed me. Now I make more time for friends, for reunion, while also giving in return.

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Major: English Language &
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Graduate School: Franklin and
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1971

Marital Status: Divorced

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Major: Religion & Biblical Literature

Marital Status: Divorced

Children: Jeffrey, 1977; Christopher, 1981; Andrew, 1984

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House: Cutter
Graduate School: University of Alaska, Fairbanks, MAT, Education, 1972; University of California, Berkeley, BA, Political Science, Asian Studies, 1969

Political Science, Asian Studies, 1969

Marital Status: Partnered

Spouse/Partner: Ian Macrae

S/P Occupation: Owner, Highlife Cannabis

S/P College: University of Washington; Golden Gate Law School, BA, JD, Law

Children: Zachary Treisman, 1976; Michael Macrae, 1981; Sean Macrae, 1986; Duncan Macrae, 1987

Grandchildren: 2

Freshman year I came to know Professor Jay Sorenson while taking Gov 100. I'd been in the top of my Ohio public high school; was from an upper middle class, Republican, fundamentalist/evangelical Christian family; and wanted the challenge, prestige (and escape) of a Seven Sisters college (I was also accepted at Vassar). I soon found I was frighteningly unprepared academically, socially and emotionally for Smith. Whew! Professor Sorenson encouraged and mentored me to have confidence in my abilities and perceptions, to explore and study hard, to be curious and open-minded, and to become my own person, while honoring from whence I came. I developed serious interest

in China, Japan, the US in SE Asia.

Junior year I transferred to UC Berkeley and pursued Asian studies, planning to go to grad school, but fall of 1969 found me with Eric Treisman (Dartmouth '66/Stanford Law '69) in Crownpoint, NM, on the Navajo Reservation, learning the language and culture. I taught kindergarten, and he worked for Navajo Legal



Puerto Escondido, BCS, 2015

Services. In 1970, I helped open Ramah Navajo High School, (<http://rnsb.k12.nm.us/>).

Micronesian Legal Services lured us to Yap and the Caroline Islands, then Alaska Legal Services brought us to Ketchikan and Fairbanks (where I picked up a Master's and teacher certification), then Dillingham, on Bristol Bay, where I wrote grants and did teacher training for a rural school district the size of West Virginia. No roads, so I flew to villages in small planes.

In 1976, son Zack joined our family, we retired, managed investments and bought houses in Fall City, WA, and Santa Fe, NM. I acquired a pilot's license, gardened, hiked; Eric wrote magazine articles and a book; Zack took his first steps on the Pacific Crest Trail.

The '80's brought me back to Washington full-time, a new partner and three more sons. I loved being a mom; the boys are so different and amazing in their own ways. We read, drew, gardened, cooked, rode bikes, played soccer, hiked, camped, took road trip to the Pacific Coast. One question I found peculiar: "When are you going back to work?" I wore a button that said: "Every mother is a working mother." I struggled with this and with the lack of support for being a bright, college-educated woman who was choosing to take care of her own kids.

In the '90's I became an active environmentalist. Passions were Ancient Forests, wetlands, wilderness, and growth management in my local valley. I studied widely, seriously; Hazel Wolf and Estella Leopold were mentors and friends. I wrote letters/comments, lobbied, testified at hearings, ran workshops, wrote a column for the local paper, started school clubs and our local recycling program, and worked as a legal assistant for Ian's general law practice. In 1995 we bought our 60-acre farm, raised beef cattle for a while and now lease acreage for others to grow veggies, hay, and graze cattle. From 1999 – 2012 I taught eighth grade algebra and was a secondary librarian. Middle school is hopeful: the gamut of kids are all still there, few dropouts, the possibility of tipping scales, making a difference.

In my 60's I explored Tibetan Buddhism and have a daily meditation practice. And became Nanna Janna!

For my 50th, I hiked the Chilkoot trail from Alaska into the Yukon with five women friends. For my 60th, Zack organized a 70-mile trek from Himachal Pradesh to Ladakh (over the 18,500' Parang La pass into Kashmir). For my 70th, after living in Mexico, Ian and I sailed from La Paz, BCS, Mexico, to Seattle on Freyja, our Passport40 sailboat. 80th?? 90th?? Stay tuned!

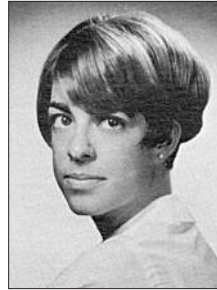
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House: Tyler
Major: Psychology
Graduate School: Yale Law School, JD, 1972;
University of Chicago, MBA, Graduate School of Business, 1981

Marital Status: Single
Children: Sophia Nadine Moran, 2002

I'm a 70 year-old, single, working mother being treated for cancer. My adopted daughter is 16, and I've spoiled her. I couldn't have predicted any part of that status 50 years ago, but I'm proud of every gray hair.

Law and business school followed Smith. I began law practice in Chicago as the first black attorney at a then big firm, and next spent 25 years in-house at Sears. Free time was devoted to family, volunteering, bridge, a community chorus, and church activities. I

worked on local political campaigns, and am especially proud of writing the report for the transition committee of Mayor Harold Washington. Interested in community outreach, I coordinated a series of programs at my church on topics ranging from political empowerment to AIDS. I chaired a church committee that partnered with an organization to build a housing development in our community for low income young adults and older people raising grandchildren or close relatives. I directed an enrichment program for seniors at my church in which I taught bridge and knitting. I also served on the legal services boards (local and national), the Illinois Judicial Inquiry Board, and the Chicago School Finance Authority.

Being a volunteer for Smith was always important. I started out selling pecans and working on recruit-



Joyce

ment. After a term as an AASC Director, I served 10 years on the Smith Board of Trustees (first as an Alumna Trustee), and on the JMG Medal Award Nominating Committee. A highlight of my experience as a Smith Trustee was chairing the Presidential Search Committee that found Ruth Simmons. The strength of the Smith connection is exemplified by the friendships I've maintained with classmates.

The deep appreciation I have for the special bond our common experience forms is the result of working with alumnae from so many other classes.

Life changed when I adopted Sophie, a great-niece with medical issues, at age three. My sister and I had bought a house in Pensacola together. Neither of us expected to move here full-time, but now we're both here. I moved to Pensacola when Sophie entered first grade. Sophie is now the high school junior from whom I'm still learning every day.

Family has become increasingly important. I recently helped write a cookbook for a family reunion. The stories I heard in gathering recipes were an education about the enduring love of family and the way that traditions develop and can be preserved through recipes. I'm looking forward to having the time to explore genealogy beyond the one course I've taken.

I hope to see Sophie become a mature and responsible adult, and I'm looking forward to having more time to relax, play bridge, knit, read, and travel. I pray that I stay healthy and alert enough to enjoy the coming years.

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Major: English Language & Literature
Graduate School: Boston College Grad School of Arts & Sciences, MA, English, 1970

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Jack Creighton

S/P Occupation: Retired Police Chief, Uxbridge Police Department

S/P College: Northeastern, MA, Criminal Justice, 1978

Children: John, 1977

I was honored to spend my four years at Smith, with my wonderful housemates at Parsons and amazing professors like Elizabeth von Klemperer and Harold Skulsky. A special shout out to Jani (Hahn) Collins, my beloved room/suite mate for three years and to Joani Borod, with whom I shared a wonderful year as junior roommates.

After receiving an MA at Boston College, I went back to teach English at my own high school, with my beloved teacher and mentor, Dan Whitehouse. After 30 years of teaching, I went into administration, spending four years as K-12 Director of Curriculum, Instruction, and Assessment, then finishing my last year as high school principal. Since then, I've had the pleasure of seeing many talented students from Uxbridge graduate from Smith.

After retiring in 2005 to Cape Cod, I taught classes on report writing to corrections officers with my husband; he taught how to do investigations, and I taught how to write them. It was great fun! I also edited manuals for a law enforcement agency. Once I fully retired, I became active with our community. I managed the volunteers for the Cultural Center of Cape Cod for many years, and I still volunteer there. As a trustee for the South Yarmouth Library, I have co-chaired our annual Cookie Stroll fundraiser for years.



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House: Chase
Major: Art

Graduate School: University of Wisconsin, Madison, MA, Art History, 1972; University of Wisconsin, Madison, PhD, Art History, 1976

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Nicholas Berkoff

S/P Occupation: Russian interpreter, freelance

S/P College: University of Wisconsin, Madison, M.A., Russian Language and Literature, 1970

Children: Sasha, 1984

Grandchildren: 3

One of the main reasons I retired after 30 years at the Smithsonian American Art Museum was to have the freedom to travel. Nick and I just returned from a safari to Zimbabwe, Zambia, and Botswana – incredibly wonderful! We added three days in Amsterdam en route, and stayed five minutes away from the three major art museums. What a luxury; no appointments, obligations, or meetings. On our last trip to Sicily, we added five days in Paris. These additional stops were not possible when I was working, since I counted my annual leave days very carefully.

The other benefits of retirement have been lower blood pressure, water aerobics four to five times a week, ta'i chi, mahjong, and much more reading. I can finally attend plays and concerts during the week without falling asleep. The thing I miss most about my job is my friends and colleagues. However, I have an emerita appointment and an office space where I go occasionally to visit with them and to use the library. I have many opportunities to continue doing curatorial projects but am trying not to accept anything that involves meetings or deadlines. I just finished writing a book review for an art journal, and I continue to jury art exhibitions. I try to go to one museum a week, and even then I do not attend all the exhibitions I want to see. The Washington DC area is a wonderful place to be retired.

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Major: Art



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House: Gillett
Major: Economics
Graduate School: Harvard,
 MBA, 1972

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Jean-Marie Robert Eveillard

S/P Occupation: Retired Investment Manager, First Eagle Investment Management

S/P College: HEC, MBA, 1962

Children: Suzanne, 1977; Pauline, 1982

Grandchildren: 1

Fifty years ago I could not contemplate being at this momentous “50th” milestone. Viewing the 50th Reunioners of 1969, it was hard to connect with where they were then and where I would be – if I made it that far. I did not know where life would take me, but I had a “plan” that dated to before Smith. I wanted to pursue a business career, I wanted to spend serious time living in a foreign culture, and I wanted to learn to speak a second language. These were general ideas I had, but they led me to apply to Smith. Smith had a strong Economics Department (since I felt majoring in Economics would give me credibility in getting a job), Smith offered a Junior Year Program in Geneva, where I could pursue my Economics major and I would learn to speak French since all classes were in that language. No other school offered this combination – I am lucky Smith accepted me.

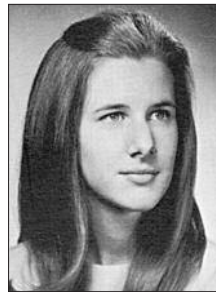
After graduation I indeed followed a business career, thanks to a first job found through the Smith career placement department and then an MBA from Harvard. I married, had a family, and spent over 30 years in Investment Banking. Busy with a career and family, my connections to Smith were distant until the Capital Campaign of the late 1990’s when I realized how much influence my Smith experience had on my life. Upon retiring in 2003, I thought I would take a pause and maybe have time to “read the Great Books.” It was not to be. Within a short period I was asked to join the corporate boards of two clients, as well as Smith and Glimmerglass Opera. It seemed a new career had begun. I ended up Chairing the Glimmerglass Board during a time of transition and reorganization. I then had the great privilege to Chair the Smith Board during Carol Christ’s last year and

Kathy McCartney’s first three years. Upon retiring from the Smith Board, I joined the boards of The Metropolitan Opera and The Frick Collection, the latter of which I now Chair. Again, my Smith “education” on its Board directly influenced my credibility and capability to take on these new responsibilities.

During these years I have had the support of my husband, Jean-Marie, who himself had a successful career in investment management. My two girls have brought to us great joy – and we now have a new granddaughter, our first.

I will not be able to attend Reunion this year but will be thinking of those who were my friends and fellow Gillett House classmates.

Elizabeth MURRAY Platts (Liz)



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House: Gardiner
Major: History

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: H. Gregory Platts

Children: James, 1979; Christopher, 1982

Grandchildren: 2

“I never lose; I either win or learn.” I don’t know the author of these words that I read recently on a white board in the nurses’ station of a hospital, but this is what I have come to believe. Not only because I have spent most of the past 50 years as a teacher of young children, but because this philosophy allows one to get the most out of everyday life.

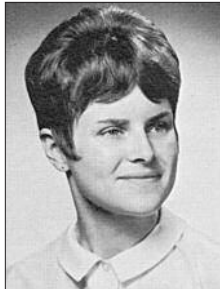
My life has been so fortunate – family and friends,



New Hampshire family vacation, 2017

now part-time work, lived for the most part in Washington, DC – a city of endlessly fascinating people and institutions. Smith alumnae here are some of my favorite people, and I hope to keep meeting more of them.

Kathleen MURRAY Doherty (Kathy)



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Spouse/Partner: John Doherty

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House: Park
Major: Art
Graduate School: Harvard University, MA, Fine Arts, 1972

Marital Status: Partnered
Spouse/Partner: Olivier Bourgois
S/P Occupation: Administrator, Ministère de la Culture
S/P College: Institut des Sciences Politiques, Ecole Normale Supérieure, ENA, history, literature, public administration
Children: Gabrielle, 1981
Grandchildren: 1

Multiple choice exams always seemed to me rather frustrating, and so did this questionnaire. Some of us do not quite fit into the listed categories! Smith College started me on my way to becoming an art historian. I will always be grateful to my mentor, James Holderbaum, whose passion for Italy reinforced a love for Italian culture imparted to me by my parents.

Equally as important as Smith’s excellent classes was the Junior Year Abroad in Paris, ending in the heady days of May ’68. I cannot imagine how my life would have panned out without that experience. After graduation and a gap year teaching in Athens and working at the Children’s Museum of Boston, I enrolled in the PhD program of the Fine Arts Department at Harvard. However, art history, in an academic or curatorial sense, got side-tracked at the MA stage by a job offer in New York to work with the Picasso biographer John Richardson on several traveling exhibitions of paintings from major public collections in Russia, shown first at the National Gallery in Washington, then in New York and other cities.

After rather chaotic personal and professional years in my twenties spent in NY and London, I returned to Paris, married a Frenchman, Michel Goldet,



Alice today

a collector of Old Master drawings, passionate equestrian, and magistrate, whose family had co-founded the Cité Universitaire de Paris. Apart from his four children by a previous marriage, we had one daughter, Gabrielle, and led a “normal life.” Art and music played an important role, and still do, as do schools, gardening, horse trials, golf, summers in Maine, and for me, doing odd jobs in the

documentary film world, a low-level degree in gemology, and beginning to collect early nineteenth-century landscape paintings. I kept a foothold in London, which to this day remains a constant, especially as my daughter, a doctor, and her family live there.

Being widowed at 50, I found I had a lot of curiosity about other countries and other cultures, particularly Italy and Germany, spending periods of time in both, but also in Switzerland and Belgium. Now my life is mostly centered in Italy, but London and Paris provide regular bases to keep up with family, old friends, and ongoing exhibition projects. Some of these have to do with my personal collection, principally of “plein air” oil sketches, but also, and, more importantly, in collaboration with certain museums, like the Musée Condé in Chantilly, the National Gallery and Wallace Collection in London, the Fitzwilliam and the Fondation Custodia in Paris, the National Gallery in Washington. For the past fifteen years, I have had the luck to share my life with the fiction writer Olivier Bourgois, now retired from the French Ministry of Culture. His early jobs in Italy, as administrator of the Villa Medici, and in the

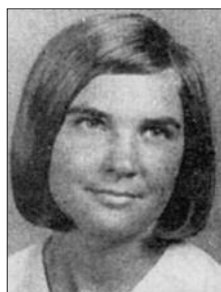
French Embassy to the Holy See, made it quite natural for him to return to Rome with me. We split our Italian time between the historic center of Rome and a hilltop farm on the border of the Val d'Orcia and the Crete Sinese, with views that more than rival those in any landscape in my collection. We are hugely fortunate to have excellent chamber music festivals in the area. Since childhood, opera has remained my special passion, as well as art, both requiring travel, as does visiting our children and their families, whose lives are quite different from our own. Mercifully, we now have a dog, who keeps our feet very literally on the ground.

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Major: Art
Graduate School: University of London, PhD, Art History, 1988

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Christopher J. Kelly
S/P Occupation: Political Science professor, Boston College
S/P College: University of Toronto, PhD, Political Science

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Graduate School: CUNY, MA, Psychology, 1972; Seton Hall U, Certification, School Psychology, 1975; Rutgers U, Psy.D, Clinical Psychology, 1982; Adelphi University, Certification, Psychoanalysis, 1990

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Marc F. Bernstein
S/P Occupation: Sup't of Schools, retired
S/P College: NYU, Ed.D., school administration, 1975
Children: Merrick, 1970; Rachel, 1972
Grandchildren: 5

Robin NEUSCHEL Reeves



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House: Chase
Major: American Studies
Graduate School: Tulane
University, political science,
1976

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Robert Murphy

S/P Occupation: Managing Member, Partner,
Gauthier Murphy & Houghtaling

S/P College: University of Louisiana, Lafayette, B.S.,
Business Administration, 1971

Children: James B. Irwin VI, 1974; Christopher
Hammond Irwin, 1978; Rebecca Roos, 1972;
Christina Hayes, 1977; Robert Murphy JR, 1975

Grandchildren: 12

Smith College imbued in me the belief that I could accomplish anything I wanted to in life; not that life has been easy or that I climbed the highest mountain, but I have had such a blessed, fulfilling life. There were some rough patches along the way. I was divorced from my first husband in 1993. I was diagnosed with non-Hodgkins lymphoma in 2000 and treated throughout that year with chemo, surgery, and radiation.

Happily I found the love of my life in Bob Murphy. We celebrated our 24th anniversary last August. We married in 1994 and combined his three children and my two children into a loving family. We live in New Orleans and all five of our kids, spouses and 12 grandchildren live here, as well. When we have a family dinner or holiday there are 24 of us, and we get together often. How blessed is that!

We have a home in the country north of Lake Pontchartrain where we keep our horses, chickens, dogs, and cat. This is where we retreat every weekend, when we are not travelling, to ride horses, swim, bike, garden, kayak and hunt together and with family and friends.

Bob was a Louisiana district judge and an appellate court judge for 21 years. He retired from the court a year ago, and returned to the plaintiff law firm Gauthier Murphy & Houghtaling, that he founded 42 years ago. Luckily he took me with him to the firm as a real estate and benefits consultant following my six years as administrative assistant to a New Orleans Republican City Councilman, and 36 years as an insurance executive. We have had the luxury of having lunch together just about every day since we started this law firm adventure nine months ago.

We are members of St. Martin's Episcopal Church where we recently headed up their successful capital campaign. We are both believers in giving back to our community and have spent decades doing so. I was on the Audubon Park Commission for 10 years, overseeing their zoo, aquarium and Nature Center. I was appointed to the Tulane Health Sciences Center board and the East Jefferson General Hospital Foundation, as well as the Cabildo Board in the French Quarter.

Our children and grandchildren are our greatest blessing. They are school teachers, lawyers, stock brokers, a guidance counselor, landscaper and a nurse. They have busy lives and their children seem to be even busier in this day and age playing sports and going to art classes.

Bob and I are looking forward to more travel in the decades (hopefully!) to come. We have enjoyed experiencing other countries, as well as travelling many places to hunt and fish.

Every Tuesday and Thursday morning we lift weights with a trainer and have for 24 years. We are big believers in exercise (love the book *Younger Next Year*), and I wrote a book called *Smart Ways to Stay Young and Healthy* with a friend from Yale in 1994. Exercise is the "fountain of youth."

Fifty years flies by so fast! I have learned that family and friends mean everything to me. I believe, and this is thanks to Smith, that it is important for women to work – find your passion and a career whether for pay or as a volunteer.

Elisabeth NURICK Spector (Lisa)

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Major: American Studies

Graduate School: University of Miami, MA, American Studies, 1971; Hastings College of the Law, JD, Law, 1975

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Myles Abbott

S/P Occupation: Pediatrician, East Bay Pediatrics

S/P College: Emory University, University of Miami Medical School, MD, 1975

Children: Jordan Offenbach-Abbott, 1978; David Offenbach-Abbott, 1981

I've had a very happy life since Smith. My husband and I will celebrate our 50th anniversary right after Reunion, our sons are fine young men, my work has been and remains fulfilling, we travel, play and have fun, and we are all in good health. No grandchildren yet, but there's new hope: our older son is getting married in a week. Our younger son is an expat, thriving and enjoying bachelorhood in Australia. Maybe his brother's wedding will inspire him.

I'm not sure that Smith gets credit for any of that, but there is much I am grateful to the College for.

Aside from an excellent education, I learned a great deal about how to be an independent, self-confident, and assertive woman. I also learned the power and enjoyment of strong networks and friendships with women.



Ida

My first knowledge of Smith was through an *Alumnae Quarterly* given to me by a high school senior I met who was planning to go there. In reading news of the classes, I was amazed to see what Smith women did and achieved in every

conceivable field. I had never imagined it was possible for women to do such things. The few prominent women we had studied in school seemed to be exceptions, yet at Smith, accomplished, enterprising and adventurous women seemed to be the norm! The Smith women I met during and after college confirmed that impression, expanded the possibilities even further, and awakened career ambitions I didn't know I had.

It helped that we were in college during a major wave of feminism and activism. When we arrived in 1965, we were pretty conventional. But, by the time we graduated, even those of us who took the traditional route and married young were rebelling, overturning conventions, and redefining what we – and women

generally – expected and wanted. It wasn't all easy or smooth; it was also a crazy and confusing time. But being part of a large community of remarkable women helped. Insisting on our autonomy and following our ambitions seemed natural, our friends supported us, and we started to see plenty of strong women leaders as role models.

All of that influenced my career choices, and much of my work has focused on supporting and advancing women, primarily in the legal profession. Along the way, I constantly ran into other Smith women fighting the same fight. And while things are better today, after almost five decades, my greatest frustration is how slow and meager the progress has been.

I had some grand adventures at Smith and have many memories, most fond and happy, others not so much. But I've always been grateful to Smith for opening my eyes, connecting me with so many amazing women, and daring me to strive higher.

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House: Jordan

Major: Hispanic Studies

Graduate School: University of Washington School of

Architecture, Certificate, Lighting Design, 2004

Marital Status: Widowed

Spouse/Partner: Kwami Taha

S/P Occupation: Chairman Business Dept., Shoreline Community College

Children: Kimathi Taha, 1969; Khalim Taha, 1975; Zahra Taha, 1981

Grandchildren: 6

I left Smith, returned to Harlem and embraced the civil rights movement and all of the Garveyite and Black Panther dialogue of the day. While Henry Kissinger was the first person to hire me and I later worked for Mayor Lindsay and Vera Institute of Justice, I met a young man who introduced himself by calling me the TAHA TAMER. He was Kwami Taha. We married two months later and I spent 40 years trying to tame the TAHA. He was President of the 2nd African Corps, directed the Street Academies and Probation services in Harlem. He had a brilliant mind that communicated a very different perspective on African American history and nationhood. I changed my name,

embraced Islam and married Taha. We moved to Seattle in 1975 since I told him I would not raise our child in NYC. Khalim was born in February and we moved to Seattle in April without jobs and without knowing anybody. That was the best move we made professionally



Shani

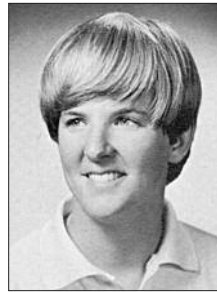
and for our family. My husband was an adept sailor; we had a sailboat in NYC and gained three more in Seattle. Our children learned to sail and served as lifeguards on Lake Washington. I was the skier and taught our children to ski with our daughter becoming a downhill racer, training in Chile with Peekaboo Street. I would later take a group of seven black racers to events in Colorado, Oregon,

Washington, and California. When we would arrive folks would look at us and go...are these the Jamaican tobogganers ...guess not...and they are damn good racers! Seattle and the beautiful environment of the Pacific Northwest embraced us and was very good to us. I served in a number of executive capacities, CAO for King County when it changed from a commissioner to a charter government, one of three deputies at Seattle City Light when it was me and 350 white male engineers who couldn't believe I was running a utility with a degree in history and Portuguese. SCL was a leader in energy services nationally and internationally and I had the pleasure of introducing conservation strategies to utilities in Sweden and Italy.

We moved to La Conner in the turn of the century. I served on the Town Council and as Administrator of the Town. La Conner is a beautiful small town with 1,000 residents and 700 acres of tulips and daffodils. I am running for Freeholder in Skagit County's District One and fuming with a districting system that has disenfranchised the four small towns in the district with 3,000 or less voters as compared to Anacortes with 11,000 voters! You can't take political injustice out of my heart.

My children are doing well. Kimathi is my stepson and he is a seasoned electrician living in King County. My son, Khalim, is a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force stationed in Ohio and serving as senior staff to one of the eight Air Force four-star generals. Our daughter is in Detroit working with Ford Motor Company and designing the cars of the future. I'm a happy camper, folks. Came thru blood clots in my lungs after a failed walking tour of the Amalfi Coast where I broke my leg. And while my duet is now a solo act, I'm singing a good song.

Alexandra Olson (Alix)



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Nancy O'NEIL Travis



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Major: English Language & Literature
Graduate School: Johns Hopkins University, MAT, English, 1970

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: William Travis

S/P Occupation: Retired/School Superintendent

S/P College: Colgate University, BA, History, 1969

Children: Matt, 1975; Peter, 1978

Grandchildren: 2

Life is full of coincidences. Here it is, the deadline day for Smith 1969 Reunion Book essays (after two postponements), and I am hurrying to get mine finished. Those of you who knew me may recognize the pattern. I'd have started earlier, but...

I just got home from teaching the last class in a course for Osher Lifelong Learning Institute (a group organized to provide learning opportunities of various kinds to people of a certain age) about Ovid's Metamorphoses. I've been using the translation by Rolfe Humphries, which was just republished in a new annotated edition last April. A few of you will remember Rolfe Humphries from the fall of 1965, when he taught Horace and Catullus in Latin. (Do you remember the assignment to translate Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break" into Latin using the same meter?) Another Smith graduate, not in our class, co-taught with me by selecting and discussing art works from various eras that were influenced by the Metamorphoses, and at least one other Smith alumna was in the class.

My high school senior-year English teacher predict-

ed that I would become a teacher, but I didn't know myself where I was headed. After I graduated from Smith I started an MAT program at Johns Hopkins, but I don't think I really expected to teach for the rest of my life. Nevertheless, that is what has happened. My first teaching internship was in a Baltimore County junior high school, and I remember thinking that I'd never done anything that was so much fun. I taught junior high for another five years in Lexington, MA, and then my husband and I moved to Pittsfield in September 1975, where Bill had accepted a job and where our first son was born at the beginning of October.



Nancy

I loved having babies; I think of my sons' early childhood as the most intensely happy period of my life. But I also knew I needed to be doing something more than staying at home to keep my sanity. I was lucky: I was able to teach part-time at Berkshire Community College, just one or two courses at a time, which was the right degree of balance for me until my sons were older. I started teaching full-time at BCC

in 1988, and – much to my own surprise – continued until I retired at the beginning of 2012. I taught some remarkable students (including several who transferred to Smith); part of the reason I loved my job was that I met so many people whose paths would never have crossed mine in other circumstances. I miss teaching, though I'll admit that it's nice to have weekends without student papers.

I continue to teach occasional OLLI courses and tutor for Literacy Volunteers. My children and grandchildren are farther away than I would like (southern New Jersey and Texas), but we see them several times a year. One son teaches biology at Rowan University; the other is a mechanical engineer. We travel a bit, but we lead somewhat slower lives, with more time for exercise, cooking, reading, crossword puzzles, etc. (And far too much news-watching.) I can't say my life is unusual or exciting, but it's happy, and I am very enthusiastically looking forward to another Smith Reunion and the chance to catch up with old and dear friends.



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Major: Music
Graduate School: Stanford University, MA, Music, 1972

Marital Status: Divorced

Children: Erik Henriksen, 1975; Signe Henriksen, 1976; Rebecca Reeve, 1984; Teddy Henriksen, 1986
Grandchildren: 5

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House: Tyler

Major: English Language & Literature
Graduate School: New School for Social Research, MS, Management and Urban Policy

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: F. Joseph Owens Jr.
S/P Occupation: partner, Pillsbury Winthrop
Children: Charlotte Campbell Owens, 1978;
Elizabeth Parrish Owens, 1981
Grandchildren: 1

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House: Sessions

Major: Government

Graduate School: Kean
University, MA, Education,
1973; University of Texas at

San Antonio, MM, Organ Performance, 2003

Spouse/Partner: Blair P. Labatt Jr.

S/P Occupation: President, Labatt Food Service

S/P College: Princeton, Oxford, University of
Virginia, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., English, 1975

Children: Annie M. Labatt, 1979; Blair P. Labatt III,
1981; Grace Labatt Parazzoli, 1983

My four years at Smith were wonderful and challenging. I played viola in the Smith-Amherst Orchestra, sang in the Glee Club and with the Smith-Princeton Chamber Singers, and studied the piano with the incomparable teacher, John Duke. After graduating, I mainly pursued my interests in music, not the field I majored in. My big regret was not studying the viola with Ernst Wallfisch, but I was already doing so much music. I continue to play the viola in a community/university orchestra and a string ensemble.

With my husband of 48 years, Blair, I raised three children – Annie, a professor of art history; Blair III, a businessman; and Grace, a freelance editor and writer. My husband built a successful food service distribution company that provides an economic base for families in our city and across the state.

During about 25 years, I had my own piano-violin studio, which gave me flexibility as the children were growing up. An out-of-character employment for me was as a stringer for *Texas Monthly* magazine for 10 years. In those pre-email days, I got my magazine copy to Austin by Greyhound bus.

In my mid-forties, I asked a Smith alumna, Dr. Bess Hieronymus, how to use the pedals on the pipe organ. That led to about 12 years of wonderful lessons from Bess, who was the first woman to earn a DMA from the University of Texas in Austin and was the first woman appointed full professor at the University of Texas in San Antonio. After a few years of individual lessons, Bess suggested I take lessons through the university since it would be “cheaper.” That led to all kinds of classes and eventually a MM in Organ Performance.

Since learning to play the organ, I have substituted in about two dozen churches. For three years I have played for an African-American Episcopal Church,

which uses the traditional Episcopal hymnal but also the wonderful *Lift Every Voice and Sing* hymnal, a compendium of spirituals few of which I had encountered in other churches. The first time I played a postlude based on an arrangement of the hymn *Lift Every Voice and Sing*, I got a standing ovation, not realizing that it was an anthem of the Civil Rights movement and had nothing to do with my performance. I do not know how that hymn could have eluded me all my life. My most exciting experience at the organ was this year – I played *Amazing Grace* on the historic 10,650 pipe Skinner organ in the National Cathedral in Washington, DC.

Most of my volunteer involvement has focused on music education – making symphony docent presentations, serving as chair of the youth orchestra, evaluating grant applications for two foundations, and currently supporting Blair as he tries to firmly establish an opera company in San Antonio. Music has been integral to my life.

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Major: History

Graduate School: University of
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Social Work, 1983

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Richard Zercher

S/P Occupation: Primary Care Physician, Retired

S/P College: Indiana University, MD, School of
Medicine, 1979

Children: none

Grandchildren: none

It's really hard to believe that almost 50 years have passed since I graduated from Smith College. I remember in detail my arrival at Smith, age 17 y/o, from the small town of Antioch, CA. I traveled alone via plane and then bus from Hartford, CT, arriving at night to meet my roommate at Lawrence House. I felt completely overwhelmed and profoundly insecure. Those feelings did not abate over the next months as I chose my classes and experienced the rigor of Smith's educational expectations and demands, so much more rigorous than at Antioch High School. One of the most important supports for me during the difficult times in that first year and the years after, were the friendships I



2013 in San Francisco

developed with other Smith students at Lawrence House — Sarah Chasis, Wendy Stein, Debbie Schuhmann, Adrian Fogel and Daryl Massey, among others.

As I think about both the challenges and joys of my years at Smith, I am certain that being there, 3000 miles from home, supported my independence and opened up opportunities to pursue satisfying work over the course of my career. After graduation, I had the good fortune to work as Personal Assistant to Eric Sevareid at CBS News in Washington DC (during the Watergate scandal); to be part of the Marketing Department at Random House in New York City and to take dance classes with Anna Halprin in Marin, CA. When my mother had a stroke in 1980, in her early 60's, I decided to pursue an MSW degree in the aging services field and was accepted at the University of California, Berkeley, from which I graduated in 1983. I had a particular interest in developing supports for adult children of aging and/or ill parents. Since 1983, I have become a licensed clinical social worker (LCSW) in California and have worked for 35 years in various capacities in the aging field, including a medical/social services clinic for older adults in the Tenderloin area of San Francisco. I met my husband at this clinic and we've now been married for 23 years.

At this point, I am semi-retired. I have been working as a consultant for various social service agencies over the past several years and, currently, have the privilege of working with the Alzheimer's Association in Lafayette, CA, where I facilitate a group for care partners of those with early onset, early stage dementia and also provide clinical supervision for MSW staff.



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Major: Biological Sciences

Graduate School: Emory
University, MAT, Education,
1971

Marital Status: Widowed

Children: Olivia Waller-Hall, 1969; Mary Elizabeth
Howard, 1977; Dorris Howard Barrie, 1978

Grandchildren: 4

Skaidrite Pastors



House: Ziskind

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Major: English Language & Literature

Graduate School: Boston University School of Law,
JD, 1972

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Robert Weiss

S/P Occupation: retired

S/P College: Amherst, BA, Philosophy, 1968

Children: Nora Caroline, 1983



With one of the tools of my trade

I arrived at Smith exhilarated at the possibilities of being in a community of women with intellectual lives and, if I'm being honest, a bit apprehensive about the competition; I had breezed through high school without having to exert effort. The profound shock of receiving a "C" on my first essay in the required English composition class taught me a lesson in humility that was overdue. For the first time, some dedication and work would be required.

I don't remember specific classes or more than a few professors. What I do remember, and what has stayed with me, is the confidence that I was capable of accomplishing whatever I was willing to work for. It took me through law school — one of a very small cadre of women in those days — and a subsequent career that broke through a few barriers. I was a baby (25 year-old) assistant attorney general in Massachusetts when we started the first Environmental Protection Division. We were making it up as we went along. I always advise anyone who has the opportunity to be in at the beginning of something new to take the chance — there's nothing like it.

I then became a partner in a small public interest law firm (remember those?) in Washington, DC, and General Counsel to the Union of Concerned Scientists (UCS). UCS is a national research and advocacy group that has been a crucial part of the debates about nuclear power, arms control, climate change, energy, and the role of science in a democratic society. I have been associated with UCS since 1973, served as General Counsel and then as a member of the Board of Directors for the past 30 years, beginning when it was four people in two rooms above Madame Rosa the Palm Reader in Harvard Square. UCS is now about 180 people in four offices nationwide. Professionally, this is the association that has been most enduring and satisfying for me.

My last ten years as a lawyer was spent as a partner in the Washington, DC office of Foley, Hoag and Eliot, a Boston law firm of distinction and a good deal

of decency, which is, sadly, not a characteristic one always finds in big law firms. Two and a half of those years were spent first on the Clinton Transition Team and then as Director of a federal investigative project on Human Radiation Experiments. (The description of this project would take far more than 600 words, alas.)

At the age of 50, having spent half of my life as a practicing lawyer, I decided that I would devote the rest of my working life to visual art. I had been making art on weekends and vacations forever, so the change was perhaps not as dramatic as it might seem. That was over 20 years ago! You can see my work and my art bio at www.ellynweiss.com. I believe in being engaged with my community and with the environmental and social issues of our time.

On a more personal level, I met Bob Weiss at our first Chapin House mixer at the Chi Psi house at Amherst. He was tall and lanky, with a black turtleneck and an eye patch. We've been together ever since — 50 years in June, 2019 — and have one daughter, Nora.

He's still tall and gorgeous even as he approaches grizzly old dude status. (Think Sean Connery.) I can't believe our luck. Every day I am grateful for the life that I stumbled into and am privileged to live.

Laura PAUL Hall (Laurie)



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Margaret PAYNE Mahoney



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House: Capen
Major: English Language & Literature

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Brian Mahoney

S/P Occupation: Retired, Oracle Corporation

S/P College: Dayton University, BA, English, 1969

Children: Tom, 1975; Ned, 1977; Jack, 1979

Grandchildren: 3



Proud grandparents

Whenever I think about it, I am so surprised that I am 71 years old. And now, as I write this, I am equally surprised that all of you must be about the same age!

But those 71 years have given me many many things to be thankful for. I have three wonderful sons, two of whom live in the same town as my husband and I do. They have three children between them, so we are able to spend quite a lot of time with them. How lucky is that! Also, after a divorce many years ago, I am now married to a wonderful man who brightens every day – and who enjoys spending time with grandchildren just as much as I do!

I have to admit that my years at Smith seem very long ago, but they have certainly affected much of my life. My minor in education led to my first job as an elementary school teacher, and my major in English led me, after the children were grown, to my career in educational publishing. I have some wonderful memories of those college times – endless talks with friends, early morning labs, bicycling late to class, horseback riding, certain classes that blew me away, and especially, of times just hanging out in Capen House. I am grateful to be still in touch with Amy, and Susan, and Liz.

My perspective now is very different from when I was at Smith – I imagine that all of you feel the same. More and more, I want to be sure that I live these next years in the fullest and most positive way. I want to make this a period of being sure I do a little good every day, of appreciating my family and friends, and of letting those I love know how important they are to me.

Blair PEPPARD Hyde



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Jennifer Perkins



House: Emerson
Major: Religion & Biblical Literature

A Tale of Twists and Turns that Turns Out Well

Fifty years ago I was pregnant, unmarried, and in my last semester at the BA program of Smith College. Members of the

College governance were perplexed and dismayed. They requested that I leave for a semester and complete my degree after the birth. Today I can understand their concerns — of that time — very well. This was 1969, a drastic time when many things changed, as my classmates have since experienced.

My child was adopted by a Massachusetts family. A group of very kind and concerned fellow students made a request that a student in my situation should be allowed to complete her degree in a timely way — and this was granted. I am truly grateful to those at Smith. Much later, I couldn't stop thinking about my child. I called Mass General Hospital circa 25 years ago to try and get some information as to who the adoptive family was, hoping to make contact.

We have all experienced the negative power of bureaucracy: "...I am not allowed to give out that information..." But, on his part, my son, Jay Kaufman, was also trying to find and contact me. Through the internet, on his initiative, we connected about 15 years ago. My husband, Jared FitzGerald, accompanied me on our first meeting, a walk in Central Park. I think we were all nervous. What will this person be like?

Things have worked out: Jay has become a friend of my whole family and my husband. Jared consults with Jay about his (Jared's) business, and my family has included him on the advisory board of a charitable effort we are making.

All is well!

Sandra Perko (Sandy)



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House: Park
Major: English Language & Literature

Graduate School: New York Institute of Technology, MBA, Business, 1991

Marital Status: Divorced
Spouse/Partner: James Sheehan
S/P College: Fitchburg State College
Children: none

Though I often felt like an outsider, I am grateful to Smith for helping me to see beyond my childhood life to a wider world. I grew up in Fitchburg, MA, in the Finnish-American community, with strong ties to family and the local Finnish-American club (Saima).

Moving to the neighboring town of Lunenburg at age ten was a short step away from that community, and going to Smith was a giant step!

I sometimes regret that I did not recognize and take better advantage of opportunities at Smith: the fabulous horticultural facilities, the astronomy professor who would have loved an interested student to



Sandy in 2016

mentor, the programs in the arts and music and physical education. Oh well! I guess I did the best I could. It was a whole new world! I loved all the history and English courses that enriched my time there; singing in the chorus was exciting and rewarding; and there was great camaraderie with some of the other students.

At some point, I began to believe that my job in college was to have as much fun as possible in spite of the crazy news we were getting from Vietnam War, which overshadowed everything and distorted my plans for the future.

Life since Smith has been amazing and wonderful, though sometimes strange and unpredictable. My marriage during senior year ended soon enough, though in 1970, we spent several fascinating months in the Soviet Union. Later on, I lived in New Haven and worked at Yale in the Babylonian Collection, traveled to Yucatan (before there was a single hotel in Cancun), hitchhiked around Europe, including Finland, and lived in Key West. Back in Fitchburg, I worked as a travel agent and enjoyed many travel opportunities.

I had always assumed I would become a mother and raise a family, but never got pregnant. A cousin helped by letting me care for her three children days during two school years.

In the 1980's, I sold educational software (Follett),

then moved to Long Island, NY, working in project management and IT for electronics companies (Norden & RVSI) and a freight forwarder (KWEUSA), and also served eight years in the Coast Guard Reserve.

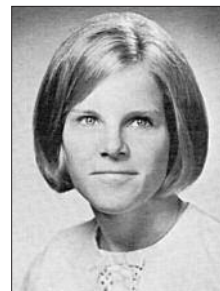
In New York, I took up golf, sailing, skiing and ballroom dancing — hobbies that I still enjoy. I was married again from 1996 to 2002, when I had the pleasure of getting to know and share in the lives of three wonderful stepchildren.

2003 was a challenge – I had endocarditis for months before diagnosis, open heart surgery to replace a valve, and then recovery and discovery of a new “attitude of gratitude” for life, for everyone who helped me, and for many other blessings.

In 2012, I retired from full-time work and returned to Lunenburg, where I live in a little house on Lake Shirley, located on the footprint of our family camp when I was a kid. I work part-time driving developmentally disabled adults to their day program. An old high school friend lives here with me, and I’m lucky that several cousins, my brother, his three children and their families live nearby.

I’m disappointed that I can’t write about some great accomplishments! But this is my life. I’m thankful to Smith for widening my eyes and helping me to appreciate the beauty in art, music and literature as well as in the natural world. At Smith, I learned enough about history to gain perspective on events in the outside world, to help me appreciate my ethnic background and our belief in cooperatives, socialism and democracy, and to respect and appreciate the cultures and religions of others.

Barbara Perry (Barb)



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Major: Geology

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Robert MacDermott
S/P Occupation: Retired

Fifty years is a lot to cover in a short paragraph! Stats: married 24 years. Stepson, daughter-in-law, three grandchildren and golden retriever. Live in Denver, own condo in Vail and cabin in Steamboat Springs. Since graduation, I have lived in Hawaii, on a boat in the Caribbean, Vail and Denver. I used my geology degree to teach skiing and run a catalog in



Barbara at ease

Vail, buy for a May Co. store, and sell residential real estate for 35 years. My college roommate, Roseanne McCarthy Lobitz, is still my BFF! Golf and skiing are my current sports. Tennis, biking, hiking, rock climbing, kayaking, sailing are in my past, I suspect. I am blessed with good health, am surrounded by friends and family and live a life I love. I loved the East but my roots and heart are in Colorado.

Carol PILLINGER Daw



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Major: Education & Child Study/Religion

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Paul Daw

What were you doing on Thursday, September 27, 2018? Perhaps it was something you do almost every day, or something out of the ordinary, but whatever occupied you, I imagine it said something about you. This year, it just happened to be Mountain Day. In Boulder, I strolled with a friend to Green Mountain Cemetery to honor a mutual friend who died 30 years ago. We make this yearly pilgrimage, remembering Susan, but mostly treasuring the gift she gave us — each other. We chat about our families, the faith communities we belong to, the state of the world, books, hikes we've enjoyed with our spouses, art, our personal histories, our longings and our hopes....

Connecting with family, friends, and even strangers has become increasingly important to me, and perhaps it has become so for you.

Years ago in our class notes, I quoted a British

author. It was a time when our two young sons were charmingly exhausting, when our careers were demanding, at least Paul's was. I was taking a "vacation" from teaching. "It takes a lifetime to learn to love someone." Thankfully Paul and I are still learning. Today, however, I think I might paraphrase the quotation to read, "It takes a lifetime to learn to love."

Peace to each of you.

Jan PIPER Kornbluth



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House: Gardiner
Major: Theatre
Graduate School: Breadloaf School of English, Middlebury College, MA, English, 2000

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Bruce I. Kornbluth
S/P Occupation: Owner, Retailer, Elva's Old P.O.
S/P College: University of New Hampshire, BA, English, 1969
Children: Ian, 1976
Grandchildren: 1

600 words. Impossible. Here goes.

I grew up in Waterville, ME, in a Victorian house shared with my grandmother. My father was a dentist and a golfer. My mother was a golf widow and writer of advertising copy for a local restaurant that served classic New England dinners, popovers, and killer cocktails. I had a cat and three male cousins I saw on vacations. We spent summers on Maine lakes in funky family cottages with outhouses. I graduated from Waterville High School.

At Smith, I lived in Gardiner House and majored in theater. I thought every undergrad except me would be a rich preppy, but I was wrong. Freshman year I made friends, gained weight, and floundered academically. Later, I slimmed down and made the Dean's List. In the "Connector," I downed gallons of vending machine coffee. My refuge was the tropical room at the greenhouse.

Summer '67, I was hired as wait staff at an inn on Monhegan Island, ME. I joined the counter-culture and



With my son and grandson in front of our Monhegan Island store

met Bruce and a group of crazies who've been my friends for 50 years. I life-modeled for New York artists and shocked my mother, which made me happy.

After Smith, I worked in Boston and had a fling with a Greek architect. Seeking adventure, I went to Europe and reconnected with Bruce. We went to France, Spain, Italy, Austria, and England. I read Hemingway and fell in love with Spain.

Bruce and I married in a Monhegan friend's pasture in NH. My father said Bruce had "no visible means of support." Bruce became a professional potter. I taught first grade at a village NH school. We moved to Maine and lived in a chicken barn. We bought land and built a two-story octagon; Bruce's studio below, our home above. Our son, Ian, was born, and my Aunt Caroline gave us a drilled well.

We built another house but immediately moved to Santo Domingo where we lived for 10 years. I taught high school English in an American school. Bruce built a ceramics factory where 70-some employees produced hand-thrown work. Ian was a kid. Santo Domingo was goofy, colorful, mad, and the antithesis of New England. I adored it.

We moved to Portland, ME, to a Victorian house. I taught Gifted and Talented Verbal at Scarborough Middle School. Bruce opened pottery studio/gift shops in downtown Portland. Ian graduated from Deering High and Wesleyan University.

I earned my MA from the Breadloaf School of English and quit teaching. Bruce and I opened another

gift shop downtown. We later opened a seasonal shop on Monhegan, operating both stores for three years. On Monhegan, we started selling clothes along with the gift hodgepodge. We closed up in Portland.

We've now run the island store for 16 seasons with no end in sight. Bruce no longer pots but paints. His work sells at our friends' gallery next to our shop. I write, am on the Monhegan Library board, and recently performed in three Monhegan Theater productions.

Ian lives in Los Angeles and has an architect wife, a son, a dog, and a house. He's a film editor.

We own three Victorian-era buildings: our store, plus a family place on Monhegan, and the house in Portland. (No more outhouses.) I love both our homes. When it's cold, we travel. We go to Manhattan for trade shows and California for family. We've been to Argentina, Spain, France, Portugal, Vietnam, Cambodia, Mexico, Myanmar, Malaysia, Thailand, Singapore, and Guadeloupe.

I cherish our family, our friends, our endeavors. We have a great life. I feel rich looking back, excited going forward.

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Katherine Powers



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Major: Biochemistry

Graduate School: University of
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Biochemistry, 1972; University of Southern Maine,
Certification, Education, 1991

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: David Wakelin

S/P Occupation: Attorney

S/P College: Dartmouth College, AB, History, 1969

Children: Benjamin, 1976; Margaret, 1978; Jonathan,
1981

Grandchildren: 3

I married in the summer of 1969, something I never expected. I did not date much at Smith and as I had gone to girls' schools since 6th grade, and had three sisters and no brothers, I knew very few boys. But senior year I was swept off my feet by a senior at Dartmouth and David and I have had almost 50 years together. David served in the Navy and then went to law school. During that time, I obtained a master's degree in biochemistry, my major at Smith, and then taught biology at a local college to aspiring pharmacists. After law school, we moved to Portland, ME, "the end of the trolley," according to my father-in-law. We raised three children, Ben, Margie, and Jon, who now live far afield, one in Oakland, one in Philly and the youngest, Jon, in Boston. Since our grandchildren live with their parents, they also are at a distance. We have not regretted the decision to live away from the mainstream. Maine has allowed us to maintain a satisfactory work/life balance. As you can see, you children have not adopted this philosophy.

After being a stay at home mom, at the age of 44, when the kids were sufficiently launched to be able to not have mom at their beck and call every minute, I went back to school to get my teaching credentials, after which I taught science at a high school in Portland.

Smith instilled in me a lively curiosity, love of learning and a can-do attitude which stood me in good stead when I was asked to teach subjects that I had never taken, like botany (I did not get into the horticulture class that was so popular). Who knew that flowers produced fruits that made seeds? Too much cell biology, I guess. Let's just say there were gaps. I somehow



With my husband, David, all dressed up

managed to keep a few pages ahead of the students and they were none the wiser.

A persistent theme in our life has been our love for a small island in Penobscot Bay, Pickering Island. We inherited it early in our marriage and have made it a priority spending at least two weeks there every summer. It is a true camp, we live in cabins and tents without running water and electricity; the only amenity is an ancient gas refrigerator. Time on the island is slow, the activities of life take longer, we take our life outside, one becomes more aware of the wind, the waves, the clouds, tides matter. We spend hours on the beach collecting shells, interesting jetsam and lots of flotsam. Sunset is a big event. Our children and a few friends who share our love of this special place also come for a visit almost every year. It is a wonderful spot for children; they can explore and play and have the undivided attention of all the adults. Now it is time for the next generation to come to love it as well.

I am very thankful for my life; it has been rich and fulfilling. We have been able to travel to many places in the world, we have time for family, we have been happily engaged in our careers. I am thankful for what Smith has given me to prepare for it.

Elizabeth PRIESTER Lahaussais (Betsy)



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Major: Art

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Jacques Lahaussais

S/P Occupation: retired

Children: Aimee, 1971; Remi, 1974

Grandchildren: 4

My Life As a Homemaker

We '69'ers were bombarded with the message that we owed the world more than our perfect three-bean salad—from the Class Dean, whose farewell speech admonished us “Don’t just go out and get married, DO something!”, to Ms. magazine, which my concerned sister subscribed me to, when I showed an unhealthy interest in steam irons. I just wanted to turn into my mother! I wanted to have some kids, and mess around in my studio all day, making sure dinner was under way by the time the hungry troops came home.



Betsy Lahaussais, *Fantasia all'italiano! Serendipitous find at the local nursery*

Aunt Libby once tried to convince Mom to call herself “Artist” rather than HW, but she felt claiming to be an “artist” was self-aggrandizing and irrelevant. She just did what she needed to do, from painting the bathroom to throwing pots, without worrying about her job title. I found her own 50th Smith Reunion essay, in which she said, “I have fought all my life for time to paint, pot, and make prints....though I have had shows and

won prizes, I’ve never fooled myself that my work made much of a mark. It is, however, necessary to me.” Yes, exactly, Mom, me too!

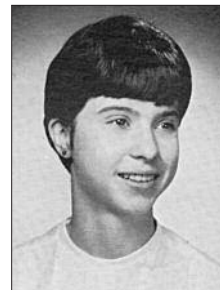
I married Jacques (my love from Junior Year Abroad) soon after we graduated, and briefly held the only paid job of my life, before escaping with relief to have a baby and play house, and “make things.” We lived for twelve years in Montreal before moving to Italy, where he worked at the Food and Agriculture Organization until retirement, and where we continue to live. “Doing the math,” I realize I have been an expat for 48 years! Being a bit of an outsider has been a significant, but not disagreeable, feature of my life. Formally excused from official employment, I have been a prolific “maker” in various media, careful to have just enough shows for credibility and minor local fame, but much preferring “the process.” Luckily

Jacques never needed my help to pay the rent, and working in my home studio has allowed me to keep an eye on the the “three-beans” simmering in the kitchen.

I’ve had a lifelong romance with Early Music, and spent hundreds of happy hours playing the viola da gamba and lute with friends from around the world. Occasionally we play in a concert, which is thrilling and scary. While I’m gone, Jacques goes mountain biking. He has mastered the art of waiting till the water boils before throwing in the pasta, and last time I came home I was amazed to find a blackberry crumble in the refrigerator! (“How did you do that?” “I Googled it!”)

I realized, when I was entrusted with Mom’s journals after her death, that she packed a lot more into a day than I ever will, notably museum board meetings and tennis matches! I am not quite the clone I imagined. But I have had a happy, peaceful, “artistic” life, doing the things I love best. Though I sometimes wonder what it would be like to live in my own country and speak my own language, there are worse places to live than the Italian countryside and Paris! The kids turned out OK, though I still have nightmares about forgetting their carpool; and their own kids bring us much joy. I have had a lucky life.

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Major: Mathematics
Graduate School: Louisiana State University [Baton Rouge], MS, Mathematics, 1972

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Thomas P. Wiggen

S/P Occupation: Associate Professor, University of North Dakota

S/P College: Louisiana State University [Baton Rouge], PhD, Mathematics, 1973

Children: Peter Haftor Wiggen, 1977; Virginia Butler Wiggen, 1979

My geographic ‘odyssey’ has come almost full circle. When Tom retired from teaching at the end of 2010, we moved to Cookeville, TN which is only about 100 miles from where I was born and grew up. While the definition of odyssey does not seem to require this, Odysseus did return home so it seems somehow appropriate that my ‘odyssey’ has also brought me home. Between Smith and moving here, I lived in Louisiana

(where I earned an MS in mathematics at LSU, and met and married Tom), Virginia, Oklahoma (where my son, Peter, and daughter, Virginia, were born), Illinois, and North Dakota (where we spent most of 27 years). Unfortunately none of our locations were even remotely close to a Smith Club, but I was able to serve as an AAC for North Dakota, and also on several fund teams and as a House Rep. These activities and attending most of our reunions have helped keep me in touch with both Smith and my Smith friends.

Until retirement, Tom taught mathematics and computer science at various institutions and I raised children and kept house (not very well) with occasional part-time positions teaching mathematics. Our lives were mostly happy, but not very exciting.



Ginny

Our quiet lives were interrupted by two rather significant events. In the summer of 1994 (just after our 25th Reunion) I suffered a herniated disc in the lower back. I was treated conservatively for about six months. During this time, despite living on high (prescribed) doses of ibuprofen, I was unable to stand up straight, or be

up or seated for more than about 30 minutes at a time without considerable pain. That December I had successful back surgery and was able to resume normal life. Then in the spring of 1997 our town (Grand Forks, North Dakota) suffered a major flood when the Red River rose to a level more than 25 feet above flood stage. More than 50,000 people were forced to evacuate. Most essential city services (water, sewage, power, etc.) were non-functional for several weeks. We were not able to live in our home (basement and garden level flooded) for about two months, though we were able to get back in before that to work on the clean-up (a very long process). Our personal losses (both financial and emotional) were significant, but we had a lot of help and everyone knew someone whose situation was worse. We learned a lot from this experience and I recommend that if you have to endure a major natural disaster of this type, North Dakota is a good place for it!

I have been blessed with generally good health (except for the back as mentioned above). I try to keep active and most of my physical activities are both social and enjoyable. I walk three-four miles daily and participate weekly in 'senior fitness,' yoga, and line dancing classes. I do puzzles (sudoku, kenken, jumble, unilingo — my favorite, crosswords, etc.) on the computer daily to stretch my mind (mostly because they are fun, but I like to think they are 'brain' exercises), participate in a monthly book group, and read (rather

voraciously) additional books of my own choosing (in a variety of genres).

Smith taught me to think clearly, logically, and carefully, increased my self-confidence and gave me lifetime friends and memories for which I am most grateful. It is hard to believe that it has been almost 50 years since we graduated. I look forward to seeing many classmates next spring when the passing years will seem to disappear as we gather and remember our days together.

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Major: American Studies

Marital Status: Divorced

Children: Ted Berglund; Katherine Berglund
Fernandez

Grandchildren: 4

I remember "patience, politeness, and perseverance" as our President Mendenhall's mantra for us, and it has served me well. I overdid the patience part living through tough marital times, but perseverance has brought me to a wonderful place with family and career.

What I took with me from Smith were lifelong friends. My Gillett housemates, Ellen Gay Detlefsen '68 and Ruth Glass McKenzie '68, enticed me to visit their magical summer retreat in Thousand Island Park, where I now spend five months a year — gathering my son and grandsons from Berlin, and my daughter and family from Bethesda for indescribable fun on the St. Lawrence River. It's my happy place, with a community of close friends, many of whom I organize weekly in the Wellesley Island Ladies' Golfing Society!

I also took away lifelong professional skills, although I didn't recognize them as such at the time.



Our favorite time of the year – family gathering in the Thousand Islands

They derived from my work with Glee Club and Chamber Singers. During junior and senior years, my sidekick, Lisa Getto, and I never took no for an answer when helping to fulfill Iva Dee Hiatt’s every mission. Airfare’s too expensive for a Smith-Princeton Chamber Singers spring tour to Mexico?

OK, we’ll just charter a plane! When we sat in her office in Sage and procrastinated on a difficult-seeming task, Dee would hand us the phone across the desk for immediate action. As I managed the Smith tours throughout the seventies, the pattern continued. “Yes, Dee, we will be in Paris on the 4th of July. You want me to call the Embassy in the morning and invite ourselves to sing at the Ambassador’s? And you want the confirmation tomorrow night?” Hmm ... it didn’t seem very patient or polite, but I had my marching orders. As Kissinger walked down the Embassy steps on July 4, the Chamber Singers ascended! Dream big, know your worth, and go for it!

I started my lifelong marketing career by targeting Smith alumnae! They bought cost-saving seats on another plane I chartered, this time for Smith Chamber Singers on a European tour. This turned out to be the first “alumnae travel” event for the College. Then I asked permission from the Alumnae Association to contact the hundreds of alums in Europe, and was denied due to worries about hurting fundraising. I went for permission from College Hall, and then invited the hundreds of alumnae in Europe to help us identify concert opportunities and provide meals and accommodations for four tours in the ‘70’s. Their enthusiastic help made the tours possible financially, the home stays greatly enhanced the travel experience for the singers, and the Alumnae Association went on to actively engage with the proven enthusiastic alumnae abroad!

Iva Dee taught me to just pick up the phone, make the case, don’t take no for an answer, and persevere! These are the habits – and the passion – that have underpinned my lifelong and continuing career in marketing and fundraising for nonprofits. This is my tribute – and thanks – to her.

Susan Rauch

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Gale REESMAN Parrillo



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Major: English Language & Literature
Graduate School: Harvard University Graduate School of Education, MAT, Reading, 1973; The George Washington University, EdD, Human Development, 1990

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Joseph Parrillo

S/P Occupation: Physician

Children: Nicholas, 1977

Grandchildren: one



Out on the town with Nicholas and daughter-in-law, Jenny

Claudia, Mary and Jan – and in heartfelt memory of Denise – if you are reading this, what a happy opportunity to thank you who were such good friends to me at Smith. Be well.

Elizabeth REID Maruska (Liz)



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House: Capen
Major: American Studies
Graduate School: MIT, MBA, Finance, 1979; Stanford University, Fine Arts, 1989

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Donald Lee Maruska

S/P Occupation: Owner, Don Maruska and Co., Inc

S/P College: Harvard, BA, Government, 1972

Children: Katherine Maruska, 1988

Much to my surprise, I find that at 71 I am now happier than ever. My husband, Don, and my daughter, Kate, and I just returned from a delightful trip where we circumnavigated the entire isle of Ireland on mostly back roads. We laughed and joked the whole time, ate great food and the scenery was splendid. You can't have a bad time in Ireland. The people are very engaging and lots of fun. It was an especially meaningful trip for us since it was the first time my daughter was able to join us in ten years due to almost constant migraines. She eliminated dairy from her diet entirely, and the migraines were cut in half. Of course, before that we went to at least 27 doctors and health care professionals who never mentioned this as an option.

I met my husband in Paris one evening on my way to Africa in 1981. I left Chicago without knowing I needed a visa until I was flying over the Atlantic Ocean. I stopped in Paris to try to get one. Much to my dismay it wasn't possible. So I looked up a friend from MIT who was in town. She invited me to dinner and to go dancing with her business group from McKinsey. Don asked me to dance and we were glued to each other on the dance floor from midnight to 5 a.m. I flew off to Africa a few hours later, and he went off to Greece. I thought he would find his female friend a bit boring after meeting me.

In the end, I was able to talk my way into Tanzania. I was so tired that I fell asleep in our tour vehicle. When I woke up, I heard a Tanzanian chieftain offering the tour guide 20 cattle for my hand in mar-



Family trip to Ireland in 2018

riage. This was a very high bride price. Fortunately, the guide said I was not available. When I got home, there was a letter from Don asking me to visit him in Berkeley. This was the beginning of our mileage-plus romance, flying between Chicago and San Francisco. We married in 1984 and have been together ever since. As you might imagine we are big travelers, which is great for my career as an artist.

Although I had studied art history at Smith, I never picked up a paintbrush until 1986. My husband was frustrated with his paint set, and I was not catching any fish on my fancy fly rod. So we traded. I was very astonished to learn that I was actually good at painting and drawing. That was the beginning of my art career. I was able to convince the professors at Stanford to take me on as a special student for two years. I am still enjoying my career and have a one-person show in town every year. We love our town of Los Osos on Morro Bay. It is on the Central Coast halfway between Carmel and Santa Barbara. Please stop by and we will feed you dinner.

Of course I have the usual aches and pains, but no one is telling me what to do or how to do it. I love my new garden and our house on the water. The scenery is constantly changing and inspires new paintings all the time. I look forward to reading your essays and catching up with what you have been doing for the last 50 years

Irene RESTIERI DeSisto (Renie)



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House: Morris
Major: English Language & Literature

Marital Status: Widowed
Spouse/Partner: Joseph DeSisto
S/P Occupation: Teacher
S/P College: University of MA, BA, English, 1969
Children: Jason, 1972
Grandchildren: 2

I feel that I have lived a life with many unexpected bends in the road I had not anticipated, as have so many, if not all of us. The first 30 years were full of establishing a career and raising our family, the latter bringing the most fulfillment in every way. We moved to Florida in 1994 to pursue our dreams and enjoy the fruit of our hard work and our second act. Sadly, it was not to be, and my husband of 31 years got diagnosed with terminal cancer just as our new life was beginning. There is no good time to lose a loved one, a spouse, a life partner, a best friend, but I found that being widowed at 50 was disorienting and disheartening. It is a tough age for a woman and I navigated as best I could...reinventing myself, making new and different friends, and trying to find a life that would suit me. I have been alone now nearly 20 years and it is still daunting. However, I have found my way, had a fulfilling career and now newly retired, am getting involved in taking classes and volunteer work. I am fortunate to have my son and his wife and two granddaughters here in Florida and they enrich my life in every possible way. I am a very lucky woman.

My life continues to be enriched with the dear friends I made at Smith, five women whom I admire and treasure; Jane Abramson, Jane Hammer, Laurie Maloff, Linda Curtis and Bobbin Wyper. Fifty-four years of friendship is something to truly cherish. When life took that turn in 1999, I joined the local Smith Club and found more dear and wonderful friends that have helped see me through life's surprises, one of them being Edie Dinneen from our class. I cannot measure the impact Smith has had on my life — it has been life-saving. The decision I made as a young woman in 1965, to live in the company of amazing women, has served me well.

Katherine Reuter (Kathy)



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Major: Psychology
Graduate School: University of Kansas, MA, Developmental Child Psychology, 1971;

University of Kansas, PhD, Experimental & Developmental Child Psychology, 1973

Marital Status: Divorced
Spouse/Partner: Robert H. Gerner
S/P Occupation: Psychiatrist
Children: Rebecca Sarah Gerner, 1976; Robert Louis Gerner, 1978
Grandchildren: 3

What to say about the last 50 years...? I left Smith very ambivalent, and thought, "That's that — I'm out of here!" The only regret I had was that my beloved bicycle somehow never got shipped to my parent's house. I loved that bike!

But very shortly, I was back in contact with Smith the summer of '69 as I applied to graduate school and needed records and recommendations. I did not plan on going to graduate school, but the opportunity arose through driving my mother to a summer faculty opportunity at the University of Kansas. After going to San



Kathy 2018

Francisco and discovering the paltry employment opportunities (a receptionist?), and then being accepted to graduate school with a fellowship in child psychology, the choice became sort of obvious.

My career path was varied, from working in a preschool program for autistic children in San Diego, a clinical internship in Baltimore, a year in a state hospital in Maryland, a contract psychologist and Chief Psychologist for the developmentally disabled in Los Angeles, then the executive level positions in a number of mental health HMO's, including being a vice president over 250 staff. My final stint was 12 years as the Director of Clinical Services for children ages 0-5 and their families here in Santa Monica. Somewhere in there I survived being laid off, almost being fired after an HMO company merger, and learned a lot about budgets and grants, big and small, as well as personnel issues and processes. I feel proud of the work I did, but did I plan any of this? No. One thing led to another....

My personal life has also been something I didn't particularly have in mind. I got married in 1974, had a daughter in 1976, and a son in 1978. That was according to plan, but then came the divorce in 1988. Actually the divorce was one of those things that was percolating for a couple of years before it happened.

As I said to my children at one point when they kept asking why: Daddy thought you could have a girlfriend while being married and I didn't. I had a couple of relationships in the first years after the divorce. But honestly, my children and career came first. I certainly didn't think or plan on being single for the rest of my life, but it has turned out to be just fine.

I have never gotten over/past being upset when my children are upset. And being a grandma... that is also wonderful and scary. I have stepped up to the plate for my children and 3 grandsons with love, time and money. And there continue to be many opportunities to do all of those things. It's just what I do. I still need to improve in just listening more, because that fills a lot of needs. If I could just listen and not obsess and think of what could/should be done!

And for fun? Some things I have had to give up but enjoyed, such as skiing and horseback riding. I have been in a book club for almost 40 years, have season tickets to the LA opera, sing and play harmonica in a garage rock band for the last eight years or so, cats and now dogs (one at a time), movie series with Q&A, volunteering at the city animal shelter, museums, some travel local and otherwise, cooking and enjoying my house 12 blocks from the Pacific Ocean. And, knock on wood, so far my health has been good.

Looking forward to seeing you at Reunion – particularly the Wilder Wenches!

Lynn Reynolds



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Laura RICE Saunders (Laurie)



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Virginia RICHARDS Youngren



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House: Hampshire
Major: English Language &
Literature
Graduate School: Rutgers
University, PhD, English
Department, 1975; Boston
College, PhD, Counseling Psychology, 1994

Marital Status: Widowed

Spouse/Partner: William T.H. Youngren

S/P Occupation: Professor of English, Boston
College

Children: Austin Richards, 1967; Erica Youngren,
1972; Valerie Youngren, 1981

Grandchildren: 5

I know that faculty-student romantic relationships are varied and complex; and some involve power relationships that turn out badly. I had the good fortune to marry my Smith English professor and thesis advisor after graduation, and, though there were undoubtedly those who disapproved, we have been so blessed in our relationship and in our family, which includes three children and five grandchildren. I am extremely grateful for my experience at Smith that gave me a superb start in English literature and a wonderful husband, Bill Youngren.

Rachel RIKERT Burbank (Rach)



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Major: Art History
Graduate School: Reed College,
MAT, 1971; Williams College
Graduate Program in Art
History, MA, 1981

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Douglas West Burbank

S/P Occupation: University Professor

S/P College: Reed College, BA, English Literature,
1972

Children: Hilary, 1980; Andrea, 1984

Grandchildren: 4

In looking for a pivot point for my life after Smith, I imagine the moment in a small apartment in Hanover, NH, some ten years after graduating, when I finally realized how different my future might become. I had trained as a teacher, not by serving in the Peace Corp in Tunisia, as planned upon graduation, but instead (when the PC rescinded its offer) by joining my then boyfriend (now husband) Doug at Reed College, where I earned an MAT degree. That accomplished, I assumed that I would become a secondary school teacher, as he was preparing likewise to be, only changing his choice of discipline from English literature to geology.

Six years later, I recall standing at the proverbial sink and realizing, slowly, that Doug was not ready to start a family and that his greatest pleasure and challenges were coming from research, not secondary-school teaching, such that his academic trajectory would be much higher and farther.



Rachel with youngest grandson Nate

Back then, I never would have expected that we would become enthusiastic Californians, not to mention global travelers in a privileged way that I wouldn't have imagined. Doug's expertise garnered him research grants from the outset, in his first faculty post at USC in downtown Los Angeles. He brought all of us with him to summer projects in Spain, Switzerland, and

the Rockies, but left us behind for increasingly frequent trips to the Himalayas and Central Asia: encompassing geologic and environmental dynamism that intrigued him. Happily, his sabbaticals overseas included all of us, providing memorable experiences. We lived for a year in Wellington and later Christchurch, New Zealand; in Cambridge (United Kingdom and Massachusetts); in Sydney and, later, Melbourne, with an extended driving tour of western Australia included; and finally, atop a villa in Turin, Italy, overlooking the Po River and Alps beyond.

One highlight for both of us of these expanding travel years was taking both of our girls along with us on three sabbaticals, admiring their adaptability, and watching their growth and intellectual maturation with keen pleasure and amazement. Hilary and Andrea

have continued to enrich our lives enormously with their own choice of mates, successful career paths (in academia and technology), and their decisions to start families of their own.

My own career trajectory took an abrupt turn when I found little skill in teaching, with a preference instead for art museum work, for which I was insufficiently trained. A first year in the graduate program run by Williams College at the Clark Art Institute was a highlight for me. But, when pregnancy prevented my second year, I chose to prioritize motherhood over continued training. Although never officially qualified enough to participate behind the scenes in organizing shows for art museums, I have benefited hugely by being able, through our global travels, to tour many of the premier art institutions which preserve and exhibit our Western art heritage.

I feel lucky overall to have been able to tour (with more leisure than most can) a series of foreign countries, having unforgettable encounters with the landscapes, cuisine, and above all people with whom we've made friends while being overseas.

In 2001, Doug's academic career took us to UCSB in Santa Barbara, CA. No happier location could have been chosen for me to flourish: making new friends, sharing cycling and hiking opportunities easily, enjoying the vibrant cultural scene, participating in active book groups, as well as in a serious literature class; pursuing the quilting I love and, now, art journaling to document our fortunate travel overseas. I only hope now to live out my days here!

Ann ROBBINS Jefferies



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House: Northrop

Major: Chemistry

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Robert S. Jefferies

S/P Occupation: Principal, TBA Architects

S/P College: Syracuse, BArch, Architecture, 1974

Children: Taran, 1977; Rhiannon, 1981; Landon, 1985; Aislinn, 1988

Grandchildren: 3

The man who hitchhiked on weekends to visit me at Smith became my husband in March 1969. Together, our odyssey continues. His philosophy of life is summed up in the question, "Where's your sense of

adventure?" Our adventures include: a cross-country trek initiated in a Model A Ford we had rebuilt, and completed on an unreliable Yamaha dirt bike; a family trip that began with the question from my husband, "Would you like to go to Costa Rica? You have 1 hour to decide," and ended with me driving the children from the wild coastal town of Quepos back to San Jose because he was crewing on a sailboat, sailing the Pacific coast to San Diego where he ended up unofficially in the America's cup race; a family Christmas on a houseboat on the Willamette River, complete with full rainbow on Christmas Day; a vacation to the big island of Hawaii for the entire family, all the children, spouses and grandchildren; and now rebuilding antique, falling down, barns. Our life is never boring!

My career as an Environmental Chemist began shortly after graduation and continued until retirement in January 2018. I started in the private sector as a research bench chemist, advanced to Director of Quality Assurance, and then worked 25 years as a public servant at the US Environmental Protection Agency as a Quality Assurance Chemist. (My Smith education opened several doors along the way.). The environmental projects were many and varied, a water purification method using hydrogen peroxide and UV light; a system for removing very foul air pollutants at a rendering plant; early discovery, detection, and identification of pollutants in the Mississippi River; discovering a pollutant plume in Gray, Maine and tracing it in the groundwater; discovery of unsuspected contamination of the aquifers on Long Island, NY, which led to the closing of all landfills in the state; sample analysis and identification of priority pollutants from Super Fund sites in New England; in Alaska, field sampling and analysis of environmental samples from the Exxon Valdez oil spill; field audits of sampling and analysis operations at Super Fund sites in New England; laboratory audits of state laboratories; ensuring use of approved methods for wastewater analysis by labs in New England; and overseeing state laboratories and state programs for laboratory certification to ensure safe drinking water for all of New England.

Environmental Chemist was my "easy job," as I told my children probably once too often. We raised a family of four children (and numerous pets) at the same time we both worked full-time. All four are successfully navigating the unique paths they have chosen, 1) Lieutenant Commander in the CDC Commission Corps; 2) marketing director and photographer for an architecture firm; 3) organic farmer and business owner, selling at the oldest outdoor market in Philadelphia; and 4) an accomplished artist now pursuing a graduate degree in Interior Design.

We also are proud to claim three amazing grandchildren, all granddaughters (potential Smithies?)!

The adventure continues ...

Judith ROBINSON Poloff (Judy)



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House: Gillett

Major: German Language & Literature

Graduate School: Johns Hopkins University, MAT, Education, 1970

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Stephen Jon Poloff

S/P Occupation: Banker

S/P College: Lynchburg, BS, Business, 1971

Children: Amy, 1981

My first memories of Smith are moving into the fifth floor of Gillett House and meeting my fellow floor mates — Linda Gitelson, Carol Pillinger, Vicki Powers, and Kathy Chinn — who became my best friends — the people I could always count on. We quickly added Maureen Fast to our little group. I regret not keeping in touch with them, but have such wonderful memories of all our fun times together. I remember Carol coming home with me for Thanksgiving. I also visited Maureen's and Linda's homes many times. And, of course, many long talks in each other's rooms. Those talks kept me happy and sane. Linda was a wonderful roommate and friend.

After graduating from Smith, I went immediately in June to Johns Hopkins University to get an MAT, which allowed me to be a certified teacher. I taught German and French for ten years in Baltimore before moving back to my hometown, Bridgeton, NJ, to marry Steve Poloff. I taught German, French and English for 26 years in Bridgeton before partially retiring in 2005. During those years, I took students on many trips to Germany and France, which always reminded me of my Junior Year Abroad in Hamburg. It was a great experience, especially the trip during semester break I took with Lauretta Laurenitis.

Since retiring in 2005, I've been teaching part-time in the Adolescent Mental Health Unit of our local hospital. It's a wonderful job, where I get to work with a few students at a time — students who are very thankful for the personal help. Also since retiring Steve and I have had time to travel a lot with some close friends — to Europe, Russia, China, Scandinavia and Canada. We

also like to spend time in Ocean City, NJ, a wonderful beach town about an hour from where we live. A few years ago we bought a house on a lake in the little town of Alloway, where we stay most of the year, moving back to Bridgeton for the winter.

Our daughter, Amy, is a mental health therapist in Baltimore, which gives me a chance to visit the city where I lived for ten years. She's been married for two years to Kate Raffelt, a wonderful person who's made our family complete.

I spend a lot of time working at our small Methodist church in Bridgeton, a church that does a lot of mission and outreach work in the community. Cumberland County, NJ, is a very needy area, but it's full of wonderful, generous people. As President of the United Methodist Women at the church, I get to work with a lot of funny and caring women. That thought brings me back to my days at Gillett, where I felt closer to those friends than I'd ever felt with people before. I'm sure those friendships shaped the way I've dealt with people over the years. That bond with others is probably the most important thing from Smith that still stays with me.

Rebecca Rogers (Becky)



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House: Chapin
Major: Art
Graduate School: Massachusetts Institute of Technology, M Arch, Architecture, 1973

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: James R. Swager

S/P Occupation: Retired

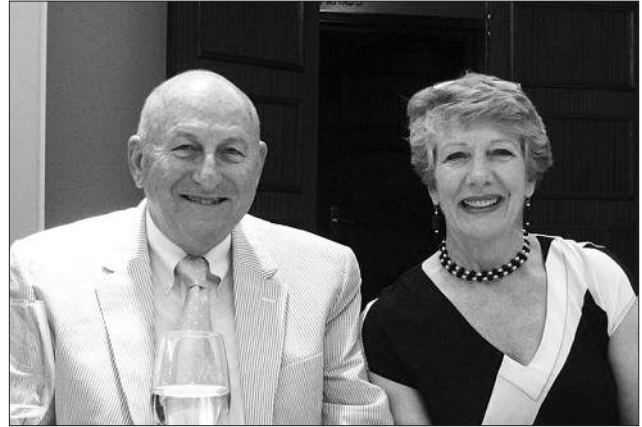
S/P College: Mt. Union College, University of Hawaii, BA; MBA, History, Religion; Management, 1970

Children: R. Henry Swager, 1981

Grandchildren: 2

When I headed off to Smith in September 1965, I wanted a broad education, not confined to my goal of a degree in architecture. I also knew I was intimidated at the thought of being the only woman in a first-year architecture class. I generally imagined that Smith would lead me back to New England from Ohio, where I had lived for my school years.

Smith supplied all the friends and experiences I sought. I wish I had been more open to sciences, as I have learned to love horticulture. I have always



Jim and Becky in Madrid, about 2016

wished I had become a student of Mr. Campbell and spent much more time in Smith's Botanical Gardens.

Off to MIT Architecture from 1969-1973, I found that I loved architectural history, urban history and landscape history, learning primary research from Abbot Cummings in Boston and how to see in Minor White's photography classes. I enjoyed structures and materials classes, but was not really taken with current tastes or demands of architectural design. No problem, I landed as an historic architect for the National Park Service, working on Tidewater Virginia buildings and archeology. After a falling in love with a Navy diver, I returned to Ohio.

I have stayed buried in historic preservation ever since, working on domestic-sized buildings, writing histories of important buildings and sites in Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Indiana. Preservation is useful in giving back to a community, changing the way others see old buildings, bringing some consensus about local history. It builds and shares.

And, I have fallen in love with Ohio. I have had consulting jobs in many parts of the state. I served on the Arts Council where I volunteered to do many on-site reviews and on the state board that reviews National Register nominations; this work carried me all around my very diverse state. I was a founder and long-time member of a statewide decorative arts group; we continue to explore Ohio unearthing Ohio's contributions to material culture.

I live in a fascinating city, Youngstown, with a rich history of both industry and social and political corruption. My husband and I live in a great 1825 Federal-Greek Revival house that we purchased for \$1, moved and restored, beginning in the second year of our marriage.

Claudia Rose



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House: Morrow
Major: English Language & Literature

Graduate School: Hunter College of the City of New York, MA, English, 1974; Columbia University Graduate School of Business, MBA, Marketing, 1984

Spouse/Partner: Theodore Chichester Morehouse III
S/P Occupation: SVP, Chief Marketing Officer, Emigrant Bank

S/P College: Dartmouth, BA, MBA, Economics, 1965

Children: Zachary James Brown, son, 1976; Kirsten Morehouse, stepdaughter, 1966; Trina Morehouse Lüth, stepdaughter, 1969; Lindsay Morehouse, stepdaughter, 2001; Matthew Brown, stepson, 1968
Grandchildren: 3

At Smith, I married my Amherst boyfriend and headed for life in Manhattan as a teacher and doctor's wife. Things changed quickly. Over the years, there was great love, discovery, adventure and crushing loss.



Claudia Rose, Palm Springs 2017

My story includes two divorces, parenthood, step-parenthood, an MA, teaching at Fieldston School, a Columbia MBA, work in two global ad agencies (Y&R, JWT), grandparenthood and constant travel. Today, I live in Los Angeles with my long-term love (37+ years).

In between, we had a horse farm in CT, survived the loss of a child on

9/11, explored France innumerable times with French family members, rode through the Arizona desert on horseback every spring and welcomed three astonishing grandchildren.

There was travel to Japan, Israel, Poland, Jamaica,

England, Greece, Italy, Czech Rep., Spain, Holland, Norway, Portugal, Mexico, Bermuda, Canada, Hawaii, Turkey, and Bulgaria. There were commercial shoots in Hollywood. And most importantly, the chance to raise an amazing son, three fabulous stepdaughters and a wonderful stepson. And who knew grandchildren would be such a treat?

I loved teaching literature to students who became lifelong friends. And I also loved my second career in advertising, studying consumer behavior and helping to market products from diamonds to fried chicken.

After a lifetime of working in New York, we stunned some friends by selling everything and moving to California without acquaintances or an address. (Of course, there were West Coast children and grandchildren involved!).

Smith inspired a lifetime love of learning which I'm still indulging, via courses at UCLA and Oxford. College was also a time of social consciousness which motivates me to this day. I'm a volunteer teacher in LA working with kids who lack the opportunities of my former students. And I'm still marching for justice, but now my kids and grandchildren are by my side.

Dorothy Rosensweig (Dotty)



House: Martha Wilson
Major: History

Susan Ross



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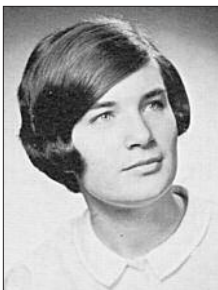
Major: Art

Graduate School: University of California, Santa Cruz, ABD, History of Consciousness, 1979

Marital Status: Formerly Partnered
Spouse/Partner: Marvin Dorgan
S/P Occupation: Educator/Entrepreneur
S/P College: University of Montana/University of California, Santa Cruz
Children: Alexander Dorgan, 1977

My life is full of blessings – including some ordinariness, big challenges & lots of joy! My aspiration is to continue acting on all these w/ open heart & eyes. Cared for my folks until their passing & now exploring this next phase. After living in Boulder for years, moved up to Longmont, bought & now creating new homestead in this vibrant community! Trying to keep a small footprint, get out often w/ my pup, Trinley, and making art in new studio. Work includes regenerative agriculture/social entrepreneurship, a cross Continental Divide trail, co-housing & other creative projects. Still a Buddhist practitioner, & enjoy adventures w/ family & friends in this beautiful place. Doing ULab work w/ Otto Schumer’s MIT Presencing Institute creating our future, but find time in the wild best for finding the way forward in this crazy world! Please friend me & come visit – big sky/mts/waters/prairies await you!

Geraldine ROWAN Bonneau (Gerry)



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House: Hampshire
Major: Latin American Studies

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Robert P. Bonneau

S/P Occupation: English Teacher, retired, Northampton High School
S/P College: UMass, Wesleyan, BA, MALS
Children: Megan Bonneau McCool, 1973; Corinne Bonneau, 1976
Grandchildren: 3

Immediately after Smith, I coordinated a health program for migrant workers in Western MA for the MA Dept. of Public Health, worked briefly for the New England Farmworkers Council, interpreted for a Head Start program, and spent some years at home with my young daughters. I then worked part-time in area schools, including the Smith Campus School, while taking courses to get certified to teach, later also getting certified as a Library Media Specialist. I retired from

my position as a school librarian in 2014 at the age of 67.

After first working in areas directly related to my major in Latin American studies (and some courses in public health), I switched to education, partly to work on a schedule closer to that of my children, and partly because I began to feel that personally I might better be



Gerry in 2016

able to impact some of our social problems by getting involved at the ground level with how students learn and think about other people and the world. Anyhow, that was my goal.

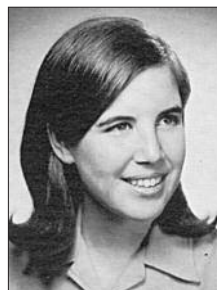
My eventual role as school librarian highlighted aspects of my Smith education that became increasingly valuable. In that position, I worked to promote habits related to critical thinking and informed decision-making

by, among other things, encouraging reading deeply and widely, the responsible use of technology, and the crucial need to assess the credibility of all sources of information.

Retirement has meant having more time to focus on my family and three grandchildren, including babysitting to allow my daughter to teach part-time after the birth of her youngest child. I have also had more time to read, a luxury that, ironically, often eluded me while I was working as a school librarian.

I have lived in the Five College area for most of my life and have always felt fortunate to have access to the academics, arts, and rural richness of the valley. Before returning to work full-time I spent a number of years sewing costumes for my daughters’ ballet company, picking up enough expertise to successfully attempt to copy my mother’s wedding gown when my older daughter married. That daughter, Megan, also attended Smith, getting her BA in 1997, and her MFA in 1999.

Nancy Rubenstein



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Major: English Language & Literature



Bob and Nancy, August 2018, in Glencoe, Scotland, on a Smith trip. Quite different from Glencoe, Illinois, where she grew up

Graduate School: University of Chicago, MST, Education, 1972; Chicago Medical School, MD, 1983

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Robert Shapiro

Am I doing what I thought I'd be doing 50 years ago? Absolutely not! I had no idea about life after college. I think I just thought things would work out somehow, with very little effort on my part. I realize now I was very immature (read clueless) in college. I thought that I would likely marry a doctor, have kids and live on the North Shore of Chicago – exactly my mother's life. Though it must have registered somehow that, though she had a wonderful husband and four very nice kids, my mother wasn't exactly happy. And neither was I right out of college. It was my unhappiness with my life teaching middle school in Chicago that eventually led me to everything in my current life. I very reluctantly ended up in psychoanalysis, and decided along the way that psychiatry would be a perfect job for me (I, a non-science type, who had never considered going to graduate school, let alone having a career). For me, being a psychiatrist is like being paid to do something I would do anyway. (None of this would have happened, of course, without the Women's Movement's influence on changing my expectations and the environment so that an older woman might have a chance of being admitted to medical school.) I moved to NYC in 1983 for my residency

and stayed. I married for the first time in my 50's and never had children. My husband, a widower with no children, was married to a psychiatrist friend I'd met in my pre-med classes at the University of Illinois – Chicago in the 1970's His name is Robert Shapiro and he has taught Political Science at Columbia since 1982. His field is public opinion, voting trends and the American presidency, so he is very attuned to what's happening in our current turbulent times. Our TV is most often tuned to news though we watch a lot of movies and binge watch many of the excellent series, current and past. I'm writing this essay from a hotel in Colonia, Uruguay, where Bob is speaking at a public opinion conference on the politics of lying (ahem). I have turned him into a (less reluctant but not quite enthusiastic) traveler and we've gone on many trips both for work and pleasure. Travel is something I always knew I wanted to do and I plan to continue doing a lot of it. Bob is simply the best thing that ever happened to me.

I'm still in full-time private practice and I just moved my office to the East 30's near NYU Medical Center. I trained as an adult and child/adolescent psychiatrist – both at Albert Einstein. I see mostly teenagers and 20- and 30-somethings in psychotherapy, including medical students and residents from NYU. I really enjoy what I'm doing and have no plans to give it up – especially since Bob is a bit younger and is still very much a full-time professor. Fortunately, we're both healthy and I certainly hope that continues. I'm very close to my brother and two sisters.

I appreciate Smith more in retrospect than I did at the time. I didn't take advantage of many of the opportunities the college offered, especially academically. And I was a very self-conscious and inhibited person socially. I've continued close friendships with several people from Franklin King and Smith classmates from high school and the Chicago area. And I've renewed and made friends with classmates at reunions and in NYC. I continue to be proud and happy that I attended Smith.

Martha RUFFIN Ackerman



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Major: American Studies

Perry Russell



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House: Chase
Major: Religion & Biblical
Literature
Graduate School: Boston
College, MAT, English, 1974

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Leo Roy
S/P Occupation: Commissioner, Massachusetts DCR
S/P College: Harvard, BA, English, 1979
Children: Emily Russell-Roy Warms, 1984; Lydia
Russell-Roy, 1987
Grandchildren: 1

It's a bit daunting to try to encapsulate 50 years in a few words. Suffice it to say that I have been blessed with good health, a loving spouse, two smart and beautiful daughters, rewarding occupations and a satisfying retirement. Of course, I wish that Emily and Lydia lived fewer than 3,000 miles away, that Leo would join me in retirement, and that I could leap effortlessly out



Perry

of bed every morning. But I feel very lucky to be able to spend my days as I wish – swimming, singing, walking, teaching ESL, doing yoga, traveling and trying to appreciate each moment.

It is sometimes difficult to do that, given the political chaos in Washington, and the fact that everywhere it seems that the voices of reason and sanity are not being heard. I sometimes feel,

as Yeats did, that “the centre cannot hold..,” but I know that many people are working very hard to bring reason back into personal and national dialogues, and I try to do my part. And, through it all, I aspire to follow the advice of a Chinese fortune cookie I found in a dusty corner: “Enjoy yourself while you can.”

Because I won't always be able to do what I can now, and so I try to be present, appreciating the joys of singing in harmony, moving sleekly through the water, and watching a favorite tree change with the seasons. How grateful I am to have people I love, a mind that still works, and a body that can usually take me where I want to go!

Eleanor Rutledge



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House: Sessions
Major: Classics
Graduate School: UNC Chapel
Hill, PhD, Classics, 1973

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: James Hunter Leshner
S/P Occupation: Professor of Philosophy, UNC
Chapel Hill
S/P College: UVA, BA, Philosophy, 1962

One year at Smith a schedule conflict prevented me from taking the second half of a science course, so I signed up for a course in horticulture. It turned out to be one of the happiest and most memorable experiences of my college career. The horticulture class was taught in the Lyman Plant House by Mr. William Campbell, a charming Scot, who was trained at one of the great gardens of Britain. We students had no textbook, but we learned about annuals, perennials, ferns, shrubs, and trees by examining live specimens. Each of us was allotted a place in the greenhouse where we could plant our own cuttings and seeds. No wonder I was left with a lifelong passion for gardens.

Rhoda SACHS Samuel



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Major: Government/Urban Studies
Graduate School: University of Chicago, MAT,
History/Social Science, 1971

Spouse/Partner: Allen Samuel
S/P Occupation: Executive Director (retired, part-
time now), Aerospace Components Manufacturing
S/P College: City College of New York, Bachelor of
Mechanical Engineering, Engineering, 1969
Children: Joanna, 1975; Daniel, 1978
Grandchildren: 4

During my Smith years, I didn't envision that I would become a city administrator overseeing the work of six departments while a single parent raising two children. I did envision the children part, but the career part evolved through unexpected detours on my journey.

My Smith years clearly directed me along the path of city government. As a freshman taking Gov 100 with Prof. Leo Weinstein, enthralled with political philosophy, I shifted my major from pre-med to government, with a concentration in urban studies. Inspired by the "let's stop the war and change the world" politics of the mid-late 60's, I continued my urban studies at the University of Chicago. In an MAT program sponsored by the Ford Foundation to train inner-city



Rhoda

teachers, we learned to become "change agents." I married Raphael Zahler, and I taught history, social studies and English in urban environments in Chicago, California, New Jersey, and New Haven, CT.

When Raph decided to change careers (he was a tenured math professor at Rutgers) and went to medical school at Yale, I decided to try city planning in New Haven. Our

daughter, Joanna, was eighteen months old. I began work as a planner in 1978, when I was five months pregnant with Daniel. My marriage did not survive the pressures of medical school, and Raph and I divorced when he moved to Boston for his internship and residency.

As a neighborhood planner in New Haven, I worked with neighborhood groups to develop and implement plans to stop demolition of housing that could be rehabilitated and channel funds into housing rehabilitation, infill housing, job training, economic development, and early childhood education. My title became Director of Special Projects and Administration, and I loved the variety of the projects I facilitated, from the creation of a science park to promote technology transfer from Yale research to the development of a plan for universal early childhood education and care. My experience as a single parent, especially the difficulty finding quality care for a child under three, made this project especially important to me. My work and children filled my life, but I also found time for friends, swimming, and singing with a state-wide Jewish choir.

After twenty-four years with the City, I had the opportunity to take an early retirement. It came at a time when my mother had Alzheimer's Disease and

needed my help, my daughter had just been married and was about to start a family, and I had met the love of my life, Allen Samuel. I needed to have more family time.

Upon retirement, I was asked to serve on several boards, and soon became President of three of them. I continue to serve on three boards: The Consultation Center at Yale, the Jewish Historical Society of Greater New Haven (I conduct oral history interviews and write articles), and the Ethnic Heritage Center (I led a team that created three books and a website: *Walk New Haven: Cultural Heritage Tours*. We just began research for a fourth tour.). I also consult with a few local nonprofits, helping with strategic planning and grant applications. I enjoy staying involved with the New Haven community.

Al and I cherish our time with our children and grandchildren, who currently live in Needham, MA, Santa Monica, CA, Somerville MA, and Nyack, NY. We have traveled, hiked, biked, and kayaked together, and now go for long walks with our Miniature Schnauzer, Schnitzel. I still sing, and enjoy Yoga and T'ai Chi. We hope to continue to have good health and more time for family, friends, and travel in the coming years.

Linda SALZMAN Levy



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Tanya SANDERS Benford



House: Lamont



Barbara SARGENT Griffiths



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House: Emerson
Major: English Language & Literature

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Jim Griffiths

S/P Occupation: Artist, Watercolors by Griffiths
S/P College: Amherst, BA, Fine Arts, 1969
Children: Jessica Griffiths; Meg Griffiths Anderson; Elizabeth Anne DeChant
Grandchildren: 2

Louise SAUCIER Valdes-Fauli



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Margaret Savage (Mardi)



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House: Morrow
Major: Art

Graduate School: Western Kentucky University, M.A., Folk Studies, 1999

Marital Status: Widowed
Spouse/Partner: Walter F. Meade
S/P Occupation: Nature Photographer
Children: Jose, 2000
Grandchildren: 2

Arriving from Oklahoma, where education was not as valued as social status, I nestled right in at Smith. I immersed myself in things less available in my arid home state: the friendship of hard-studying female friends, wide choices in the humanities (Oklahoma was a STEM state before the term was invented), the beautiful Smith campus, and snow! Art 100 blew me away. I took little else for four years and went to Europe on \$5/Day to see everything I had studied.

But cities and the elite life of art museums were not for me. After marrying a high school boyfriend, Gary Bricker, I ended up at Old Sturbridge Village, where I gained a social historian’s viewpoint by sitting in on OSV’s graduate program in museum studies and historic preservation, teaching in the outdoor history museum’s education program, and falling in love with its historic farm.

The marriage ended fairly quickly and I moved to Roxbury, NY, to teach at the Manhattan Country School Farm. There I resuscitated a textiles program for the sheep’s wool, learned to milk the cows, to preserve the garden produce, and to make maple syrup. I also met the love of my life, Walter Meade, former dairy farmer and nature photographer who made sure that our life together was in constant contact with the wild denizens of the Catskill Mountains. We worked together to develop the curriculum at the School Farm and to establish a folklife program at a nearby cultural center. After Walt retired, I became the Farm’s director, staying in that position until I retired in 2014. Walt was a good deal older than I, and he passed away in 1993 after publishing his book of essays and wildlife photographs the year before.

Rebuilding after losing him, I realized I could expand my geographical reach. I took a sabbatical to attend one year of the master’s degree program in folk studies Western Kentucky University and completed my course work and thesis remotely from Roxbury. On returning to the School Farm, I became involved with the Manhattan Country School’s sister school in Central America, a farm school high in the cloud forest of central Nicaragua. I thought the school’s students would be my “children” until an opportunity to adopt led me to Guatemala where I adopted my son, Jose, in 2002 when he was almost three years old.

Was it the example of those hard-working female scholars at Smith that made me think I could direct the

School Farm, raise my son, take care of my Mom, and start a new career in folklore all at the same time? With support from the state arts council, in 2007 another folklorist and I founded Catskills Folk Connection to preserve and celebrate the folklife of the Catskills. I retired from the School Farm to move my son to a better school district, and so I could concentrate more on the folklife project.

Jose is now 18 years old and we are back in Roxbury where he is determining his direction for the next few years, while I am developing and expanding Catskills Folk Connection so I can retire again by 2023. I'm looking forward to the Reunion, seeing old friends and former acquaintances, and meeting members of our class for the first time. Having had the chance to write the "what have you done" essay perhaps we can talk about important things we can affect before our next Reunion!

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House: Franklin King

Major: Government

Graduate School: University of Missouri-Columbia, MA, Romance Languages, 1972; University of Massachusetts-Amherst, PhD, French, 1983

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Philip H. Steckler III

S/P Occupation: business broker, Country Business, Inc.

S/P College: University of Vermont, BS, Economics, 1967

Children: Erica L. Steckler, 1974; David R. Steckler, 1976; Peter B. Steckler, 1978

Grandchildren: 7

Goaltending for a late-night men's hockey group? Rowing a single in the Head of Charles? These were certainly not on my radar screen fifty years ago when I married "Flip" (now better known as Phil) the summer after graduation to settle in southern Vermont.

In January 1979, as I was looking for a way to get back in shape after the birth of our third child, Phil sug-

gested I look into a newly formed women's ice hockey team. I'd never played before, but ice hockey soon became a lifelong passion for me. Nearly forty years later, I'm on the ice two to three nights a week in winter! I am still a member the Brattleboro River Hawks, but I also tend goal with the Greenfield Vipers, another competitive women's team, and for a local men's league.

For our 20th wedding anniversary, when Phil asked how I'd like to celebrate, I surprised us both by saying I wanted to try rowing. Fast forward through several years of early morning training sessions to my elation upon reaching two personal lifetime goals: rowing in the Head of the Charles and earning a genuine fish-head trophy for a first place finish at the Head of the Fish regatta in Saratoga Springs!

Otherwise, my life journey has followed a relatively conventional path. I earned an MA and PhD in French language and literature, taught for almost forty years, and coached youth and prep school ice hockey, while Phil played competitive tennis and kept himself busy as a successful New England business broker. We raised three wonderful children who now have fulfilling careers and families of their own: Erica is an assistant professor and co-director of the Donahue Center for Business Ethics and Social Responsibility at UMass Lowell; David is currently Dean of Faculty at North Country School in Lake Placid, NY; and Peter works for the Nature Conservancy of New Hampshire where he is deeply engaged in protecting wildlife corridors and related conservation efforts. They have given us the great joy of seven uniquely different grandchildren ranging in age from one to almost 12 years old.

Fortunately, all live within a few hours drive so we can regularly share in their adventures. Over the years, Phil and I have spent as much time as possible with extended family on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee, NH, or on snow, either alpine or cross-country skiing.

My most formative experience at Smith was the Junior Year I spent in Geneva, Switzerland. It solidified my command of spoken French and opened me to a much deeper appreciation of cross-cultural interactions and global interdependence. Since then, I have eagerly embraced adventures abroad, re-connecting with relatives in Finland and Sweden, leading a term abroad in France, trekking in Nepal with friends and, more recently, observing wildlife in southern Africa with fellow Smith alums. Last year, Phil and I skied in Val Gardena, Italy, and this winter will find us in the Spanish Pyrenees!

I've also been actively engaged on behalf of local nonprofits such as the Brattleboro Music Center, the New England Center for Circus Arts, Friends of the West River Trail, and, most notably, serving on the Board of the Boys & Girls Club of Brattleboro for the past 20 years. Additionally, I discovered oil painting as

a creative outlet through the River Gallery School, and my first solo exhibit is scheduled for May 2019 — a fitting coincidence for my 50th Reunion at Smith!

Katherine SCHNEIDER Coward (Kathy)



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House: Gillett
Major: Economics
Graduate School: University of Minnesota, BLA, Landscape Architecture, 1978

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Willis Gregory Coward Jr.
S/P Occupation: Chief Restructuring Officer, Platinum Management
S/P College: Trinity College, BA, Economics, 1968
Children: Kate Coward, 1979; Will Coward, 1972
Grandchildren: 1

Following a humbling experience with ovarian cancer eight years ago (and in addition to having the DNA of a first-born child), I experienced a new burst of energy. Although having to undergo two surgeries and chemotherapy, my cancer was discovered very early and I essentially won the game of chance. This experience made me grateful every day for my good health and the people in my life, my beautiful children and husband, my many wonderful friends, and as of five weeks ago, my first grandchild.

Since winning this game of chance, I have continued my career in nonprofit development but with my own consulting business, Katherine Coward & Associates, LLC. My projects have been diverse and rewarding. Most importantly I have carved out time to focus on my everlasting love of gardens and landscape architecture. Being one who does not like unfinished business, I finally received my BA in landscape architecture in 2013 from the University of Minnesota which had been put on hold for 35 years! My husband and I both enjoy working in the gardens we keep on our two acres on Lake Minnetonka, and I continue to be active in Garden Club of America and proud to be an honorary board member of our Minnesota Landscape Arboretum.

Last summer my sister and I also put closure on some important unfinished business, the celebration of my mother’s centennial birthday at her grave site where she had been buried three years previously without a service. Not a traditional religious ceremony, but

one overlooking the breathtaking Washington State Cascades, we provided a third chair for mom, plenty of family photos and flowers, served her signature zucchini chocolate chip cake, and, with some carefully concealed beer, toasted her the way she would have wanted. Her tombstone reads “Pioneering Spirit,” referencing her time as a 50-something divorcee who, trained



Kathy

only as a housewife, moved back to her home on the West Coast to own and manage a shake and shingle mill with an all-male crew. We also befriended two groundskeepers who helped us uncover our missing great-grandfather, Charles Spaulding, his gravestone having been mysteriously buried a foot and a half under. In the late 19th century, he and his wife, Druscilla, and six children traveled

across the country in a covered wagon to settle in Washington State. My sister and I, who were never really close, had a wonderful week bonding, laughing, and appreciating our family.

Coincidentally I recently found on my messy desk a possible remnant from the game of chance, a piece of paper entitled: “Personal Overarching Goal: to thrive during the last third of my life.” It lists ten goals, none of which include retirement or unfinished business. Granted, I do still want to one day spend less time building nonprofit boards and fundraising plans (the lucrative route) and more time on designing gardens (potentially not lucrative), plus enjoying my new job of grandmother, exploring my spirituality, and adding more travel into the mix.

And then there is that other unfinished business: the petit point Christmas stockings for my two kids (now ages 39 and 36), the bunny rabbit sweater for a friend’s baby who is now a married woman, and my husband’s needlepoint belt started when we were married 41 years ago. (No way, Jose, that is ever going to fit.) Maybe unfinished business is not always a good idea or maybe be it gets relegated to the next generation!



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Major: Theatre

Deborah Schumann (Debbie)



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House: Lawrence
Major: Chemistry
Graduate School: University of
Maryland School of Medicine,
MD, 1975

Marital Status: Divorced

Children: Jessica Jewell, 1982

Smith wasn't my first choice. But I didn't get into Pembroke, Smith gave me some scholarship money, my mother and her sisters graduated from there, my grandmother Jencks had been a housemother at Chapin House, and my cousin Ann Gordon was living in Lawrence House; so I guess it was in my stars to go to Smith. I liked the coursework as well as the opportunities to ride my bike around the Northampton area. There wasn't enough of that, however, because the



Debbie

weather was cold and rainy. I guess it was conducive to studying, especially since there were no young men around to distract and decry us. I do remember sharing depressing Saturday evenings with Linda Stickler probably listening to "We gotta get out of this place, if it's the last thing we ever do."

Adrian Fogel, on the other hand, never seemed to get depressed. She was always upbeat even when I visited her at her home in Bethesda when she was very sick from the cancer. After Smith I did a year of Pharmacology grad school

at Yale, but changed to medical school at University of Maryland. There were plenty of men there since the class was 10% women, 10% minority and 1% minority women. Those male classmates had a significant "mentor" advantage, sharing locker rooms, locker room jokes, and conversations about sports, etc. Ophthalmology was also male-dominated; I couldn't compete very well. I struggled for 25 years, but found that it gave me a headache to hit my head against the glass ceiling so I retired. Now I exercise, garden, play music, and take care of my two coonhounds, among other things. My one daughter, Jessica, is a research scientist in Vienna, Austria. Now she is struggling with gender inequality in the workplace. She was born in 1982. I'll be interested in reading other people's stories.

Marilyn SCHULTZ Blackwell (Lyn)



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Major: Psychology
Graduate School: University of
Vermont, MA, History, 1990;
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, PhD, History, 1996

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Edward Blackwell

S/P Occupation: VP National Life Investment
Management, National Life

S/P College: Trinity College, BA, Psychology

Children: Spencer, 1974; Scott, 1977; Colin, 1979

Grandchildren: 8

Am I doing what I thought I would do fifty years ago? With only enthusiasm for learning and books, as a freshman I had no clear ideas about my future pathway, nor any significant female role models in my life that particularly inspired me. But at Smith I was exposed to a vibrant community of scholars, and I knew I wanted to be part of an academic environment in the future. I had also become enamored of New England, its seasonal beauty, historic architecture, village greens, and pastoral landscapes.

Luckily, my husband-to-be tapped this hidden vein in my psyche when he suggested we leave our jobs in Manhattan and head to Vermont, where we could buy a farm and escape the tedium of urban existence. That was the real turning point in my life, not only because he was the right guy for me, but also because living in rural Vermont gave me a new freedom to become who-



Hiking in the Pyrenees 2018

ever I wanted to be.

In 1971, we joined the rural migration of baby boomers from New York and Boston seeking the country life. While my husband secured a day job, we began renovating an old farmhouse, raising a few animals, planting huge gardens, baking bread, and nurturing three babies, all without knowing much about how to do any of it.

It wasn't long before I got restless. How could I feed my intellect developed at Smith in this beautiful spot? While my sons played and napped, I began researching its history, that of our farm and then the whole town. Interviewing residents, researching, and writing that local history ignited my passion for historical studies and eventually sent me back to graduate school.

Returning to academia in my late thirties definitely limited my career options, but by that time I had also gained enough wisdom to recognize my need to balance my desire to write and teach with my devotion to family and the outdoor life. For the next twenty years, I wrote articles and taught U.S. and women's history part-time at local colleges. In 2010, I co-authored another book, *Frontier Feminist: Clarina Howard Nichols and the Politics of Motherhood*, tracing the career of an early nineteenth-century suffragist and abolitionist.

While I no longer teach, I continue to write articles and consult on historical projects. With eight grandchildren, I am easily distracted from my computer but grateful for all the rewards of extended family networks. With a passion for hiking and Nordic skiing, my husband and I are hoping to keep physically fit enough to pursue outdoor adventures into our eighties.

Roni SCHWARTZ Noland



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House: Chase

Major: English Language & Literature

Graduate School: University of Missouri-Columbia, MA, counseling psychology, 1979

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: John T. Noland

S/P Occupation: Counseling Psychologist, Veterans Administration

S/P College: Notre Dame, BA, English

Children: David, 1981

Grandchildren: due Dec 2018

Facing a blank piece of paper brings back all of the insecurities I felt as a first-generation college student (we didn't even recognize that this was a "thing" back then) at Smith. I struggled with every English paper that I wrote, especially – as some of you may remember – my paper on Paterson by William Carlos Williams for a seminar taught by David Cavitch. This writing phobia and procrastination continued to plague me as a graduate student, and even throughout my career, as a career columnist for the Sunday Boston Globe and Milton Patch.

Fortunately, during the past decade, I have been able to separate my love of learning from my perfectionism by auditing (i.e., no writing papers!) a smorgasbord of classes through the wonderful Evergreen Program of Continuing Education at Boston University. I have joined BU undergraduate and graduate students in classes and seminars such as The Music and Lyrics of Bob Dylan, The Modern American Presidency, The Emergence of Eastern Europe, Documentary Film, Pulitzer-Prize Winning Plays, and Tolstoy (in translation).

Like many classmates, my first job after graduation was as a teacher – in my case, teaching high school English to students only slightly younger than myself at Wayland High School, and "reverse commuting" from Cambridge.

A job listing for a "Career Resource Specialist" at Wellesley College sent from the Smith Vocational Office (as it was called back then) changed my career direc-



Roni and John

tion into the one – career counseling – that I happily pursued for 30+ years!

Positions in other colleges and universities followed, as did a master’s degree in counseling psychology, and a lengthy tenure at Jewish Vocational Service in Boston. Even after retiring from my paid position as a career counselor, I volunteered at our local library as the “Milton Job Doctor,” answering patrons’ career and job-related questions on a walk-in basis.

My (one and only) husband of 43 years, John, and I escape the harsh New England winters by spending three months of the year in Naples, Florida, where the wonderful public libraries provide me with the opportunity for lifelong learning, especially through the Great Decisions program. John and I share a love of the performing arts in many forms – opera, classical music, theater, film, and dance – which we enjoy in both Boston and Naples.

John and I have a son, David, an attorney, who, with his lovely wife Maria Lapetina, also an attorney, are about to bless us with our first grandchild!

Although osteoarthritis has slowed me down, our delightful dog Sophie (part Cavalier King Charles spaniel, part poodle) demands her daily walks. Pool walking and exercise are also an important part of my weekly routine, enabling me to maintain my mobility and avoid surgery.

Armed with my small but close family, sweet Sophie, my sense of humor, an ongoing meditation/mindfulness practice, and our grandchild-to-be, I am looking ahead with pleasure – if not physical vigor – to the years ahead.

Susan SCHWARTZ Banfield

House: Chapin

Susan Schwartz



House: Ziskind

Susan SCHWARTZ McDonald



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House: Morris

Major: Art

Graduate School: NYBG, cert, Landscape Design, 1983

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: William Gedale

S/P Occupation: partner, NGN Capital

S/P College: Syracuse University, BA, American Studies, 1965

Children: Caitlin Brown, 1975; George C. Brown, 1977; Elizabeth E. Brown, 1979

Grandchildren: 2

Amy Scott



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House: Capen
Major: Art

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Sam Bryan

S/P Occupation: professor of film history, Pratt Institute

S/P College: Dartmouth College, BA, History, 1961

At Smith:

Freshman year: crashing end to my proposed career in math

Senior year: my own studio space, basement of Hillyer, no window, two fluorescent light bulbs, all mine, heaven

In between: Chamber Singers' European Tour
Since:

One year at art school, NY Studio School of Drawing, Painting & Sculpture, in drawing & sculpture

Great good luck finding my first apartment (rent-controlled), then could not afford to leave the city

Finding/renting my first art studio in June 1970 – scariest thing ever!

Building things, starting with a crazy loft bed in my first apartment

Freelancing at whatever (dress-making, wallpaper hanging, cooking, painting apartments) to keep a steady studio schedule

Studying modern dance

Singing in small choruses

Second apartment: finding a (rent-stabilized) gem, a city oasis, 2 rooms on the parlor floor of an 1895 brownstone overlooking back gardens, May 1972 – still in it

Designing & building children's rooms

Christmases in my NYC home, and big dinners from a teensy kitchen: the need for a half-time Christmas dinner activity spawns a tradition of making painted wooden jigsaw puzzles

Summers in a story-book size house in a field – no running water – perfect pace and balance to city life – no shoes & no keys – my house, not by ownership – my house, by stewardship & love – studio space in a barn

Memorable solo travels, and travels with dear friends, in France & Italy

Several different studios, one for 28 years

Ten years, and 4 solo shows, with Fischbach Gallery, NYC

My artwork reproduced as posters, in Italy & CT, 1980's

Building for residential spaces morphs into designing the spaces, leaving construction to others – never met a floor plan that didn't interest me! – spatial problem-solving in tight city apartments

Volunteering, art projects with 3-6 year-olds at Children's Storefront, NYC

Waiting a while to get married ... took the plunge at age 52

Travels with my husband Sam Bryan, including Smith trip to Cambodia & Vietnam with three '69 classmates

Commuting between 2 apartments, 5 blocks apart (a New York Story)



**Bringing home the baby
 Mandevilla!**

Inevitable losses – invaluable loving support of my husband and friends

Gardening on our city terrace

Swimming

Cross-country skiing at night in Central Park

Coping with essential tremor

Keeping up with my 2 brothers, their 6 children and 9 grandchildren, and my husband's dozens of cousins

Exhibiting my artwork in NYC

'under the radar' –

studio shows since 1994 – evolution from realistic still life, to abstract compositions often based on nature, to exploration of continuous-line compositions, and exploration of handwriting as drawing

Paintings accepted in the juried mid-year show at The Butler Institute of American Art, Youngstown OH – 2002, 2004, 2008, 2014, 2018

My residential interior design business flourishing via word-of-mouth, 48 years and counting

Enjoying mob, 'new' studio, re-purposed room of my parlor floor apartment, as of spring 2018 – beautiful light – with pencils, watercolors, gouache, oils, paper, canvas & a supply of wood for puzzles

Ongoing juggling act – artwork, design jobs, family, friends, travel – still wishing for 30-hour days

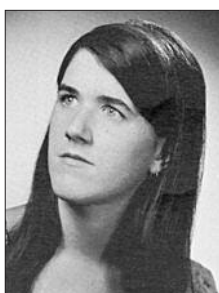
It's all good!

Melissa SCOTT Smith



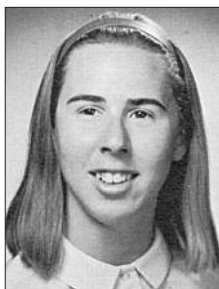
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Susan Scott



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Emily SCOVIL Eklund



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Susan Searles



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Mary SEIBERT Goldschmid



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House: Chase
Major: Economics
Graduate School: Columbia University, MBA, Business, 1974; Columbia University, PhD, Business, 1976

Marital Status: Widowed

Spouse/Partner: Harvey Jerome Goldschmid

S/P Occupation: Law Professor, Columbia Law School

S/P College: Columbia College and Law School, BA/JD, 1965

Children: Charles Goldschmid, 1976; Paul Goldschmid, 1978; Joseph Goldschmid, 1985

Grandchildren: 5

I've led a charmed life. With a Smith degree in hand, it was easy to go on to a Columbia MBA and



Harvey and Mary

PhD, fully financed by scholarships. With this academic pedigree, I never fretted about finding a job that made me think and that paid well. I was debt- and fancy-free. I was even lucky in love. While at Columbia, I dated and married a law professor who not only was talented and charming, but also incredibly supportive of my pro-

fessional ambition. He did virtually everything right over the next 41 years with only one major failing. He died four years ago. Damn cancer. We had three sons who excelled academically and athletically and are now gainfully employed, abundantly procreative (five grandkids), nice to me, and mostly off the dole. I am told they never get off your cell phone plan.

So why haven't I written a book about how to lead a happy and prosperous life? Probably because it would contain a single sentence of advice: "Be grateful; be lucky." Life after 70 years reminds me of a favorite palindrome: "Are we not drawn onward, we few, drawn onward to new era?" Start from the beginning, start from the end, reinvent, recreate, and start over again.

And, as George Eliot said, "It is never too late to be what you might have been." I am not going gently.

Winke Self



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House: Gardiner
Major: Economics

Marital Status: Widowed
Spouse/Partner: Paul A. Barber

S/P Occupation: Banker

S/P College: Hiram Scott College, BA, 1969

Children: Andrew C. Barber, 1974; Peter H. Barber, 1979

Grandchildren: 4

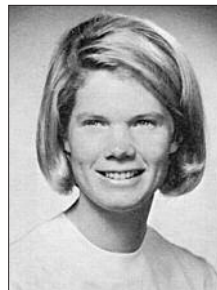
I married Paul Barber on July 17, 1971, in Montour Falls, NY, near Seneca Lake, where my parents lived. We had two sons, Andrew and Peter. Paul liked to travel and, fortunately for me, liked to plan our trips, which included England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, France, and Italy. Sadly, Paul died in May 2003, after a five-year battle with cancer. He did not get to see

Andrew and Peter happily married or get to know the four grandchildren, though I believe he does enjoy watching them from on high.

After graduation from Smith, I went to work for Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, which is where I met Paul. I did some tutoring, volunteer work, and teaching when Andrew and Peter were small. After they were both in school, I went to work at Goldman, Sachs & Co. where I worked for 23 years. Toward the end of 2008, I was laid off, but fortunately found a job with Barclays Bank several months later. After six years at Barclays, a colleague who had been at Barclays with me offered me a job at Morgan Stanley & Co., where I am now.

St. Ann & the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in Brooklyn Heights has been an important thread throughout my life. Holy Trinity Church was my mother's family church and I was baptized there in 1947. When Paul and I moved to Brooklyn from Manhattan in early 1973, Holy Trinity Church, now St. Ann & the Holy Trinity, was the obvious choice for my church home. Both my children and all of my grandchildren have been baptized there. Over the years, I have been, and continue to be, very involved.

Jane SHAPLEIGH Mackey (Jan)



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08/31/19/1986) 160 Mishaum
Point Road
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House: Lawrence

Major: Art

Graduate School: Washington University in St. Louis, MBA, Business, 1986

Marital Status: Widowed

Spouse/Partner: John Mackey

S/P Occupation: Business

S/P College: Yale, 1969, Economics, 1969

Children: Alexander (Alex) McKinney Mackey, 1975; John Wells Mackey, 1980; Jane Shapleigh Mackey, 1984

Grandchildren: 5

It is amazing how fast 50 years has gone by! Seems like yesterday I was packing up to leave Lawrence House for the last time. I am grateful for the friends I

made there and for the wonderful Smith education. An Art History major gave me a lifelong interest. After years of taking my children to museums (not always happily), it is rewarding to see them now taking their children.

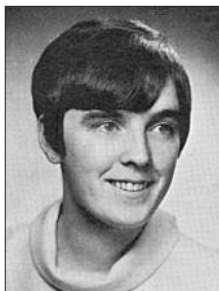
In the fall of 1970, I married John Mackey. We initially lived in Norfolk, VA, and Newport, RI, while he served as an officer in the US Navy during the Vietnam War. When John's service was completed, we moved to Saint Louis, where both of us had grown up. John had a successful business career, and we had three children, Alex, Johnny, and Janie, now 43, 38, and 34 years old. Unfortunately, John died in the prime of his life at the young age of 48.

The children have grown up and have their own families now. Alex lives in the Boston area with his wife, Alix, and their three sons. Johnny lives in New York City and will be married in March, 2019. Janie lives in Saint Louis with her husband, Zach Foster, and their two daughters.

Along the way, I have received an MBA from Washington University, had a couple of jobs, and been involved with a lot of community service. Forest Park Forever has been an extremely rewarding nonprofit involvement. It is now a model for private/public restoration of urban parks. And then there are the wonderful games of tennis, golf and bridge – wonderful times with friends, meeting new people, and stretching those competitive juices!

Summers are spent at Mishaum Point, MA. Lots of sailing, biking, reading, and spending time with grandchildren.

Mary SHAUGHNESSY Whitaker



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House: Wilder
Major: Government

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Robert Whitaker

S/P Occupation: Retired

Children: Jeremy, 1970; Katy, 1972; Josh, 1973; Mark, 1975; Tim, 1977; Megan (Smith 2002), 1979

Grandchildren: 8+1 on the way

I couldn't get my essay to work, but maybe I can offer some thoughts....

On retirement

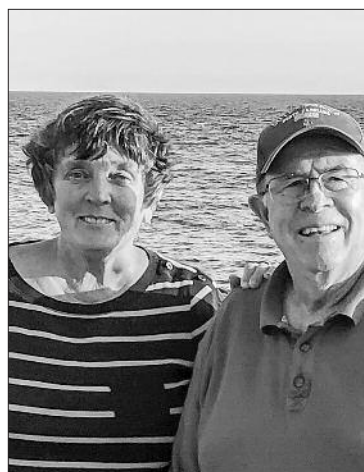
So, here it is again. The Question. "Is this it, Mrs. Whitaker? Is this the year you retire?" And I smile at

the questioner—the ex-student or parent or colleague or friend—and shake my head. Not yet. I'm not ready yet.

I don't know enough to go. I'm afraid that's it. My eighth grade classroom is the one corner of the world that I still understand. In this small universe people treat each other kindly and speak to each other with respect. It is peaceful and we all know the expectations here. People laugh often in this space and sometimes their eyes light up with understanding or discovery.

Now, don't get me wrong. I do find it hard on a cold, dark morning to get started. I am more tired at the end of the day than I used to be. And in the evening I often find myself nodding off over a stack of vocabulary papers before I've finished grading them.

But I just don't know what I will do with myself when I'm not going to school. At this point I have the



Mary and Robert

attention span of a fourteen-year-old; so deep, thoughtful adult reading and discussion groups don't appeal. I've never ever—except for the riot of geraniums that exploded in the summer planters around the deck—been able to grow anything. And politics makes me feel sad and frustrated and helpless.

So I am still teaching. And I love it. I know this ride is almost over, but my eighth graders keep me smiling. They make me feel that there is hope that we can be better than we are. And, at the end of the day, they've made me feel productive.

On government

I was a government major, for heaven's sake. Con Law made sense to me; Mr. Weinstein inspired me. And now, fifty years later, I am disgusted and horrified and guilt-ridden. I should have done more. I should have listened to my dad and gone to law school. I shouldn't have left our government in the hands of other people.

I didn't realize that it was so fragile, that soulless people would prey on the poor, the weak, and the angry, and do so much damage so quickly. How can this be what my generation leaves behind? A despicable man with no integrity in the most honored position we have? His soulless, repulsive minions dismantling our progress, our climate, our planet, and our honor?

Of course I will vote. But I don't have enough time to fix it.

I should have done more. I'm so sorry.

On the heart of it

Well, fifty years ago we graduated in June, and in August I married Robert. I taught school that year. I had no business teaching school at twenty-two; I knew nothing. Then, in the '70's we had our family, two daughters and four sons, and for the next fifteen years I stayed home with them. We lived in New Mexico in the school year and New England in the summers. It was the best of times.

In 1985 my baby went to first grade, and I went back to school. Now I was ready to be a teacher.

Eight grandchildren have added to our story and to the blessings of my life. Tonight I think about the past fifty years with surprise that they have passed so quickly and gratitude for the love that I have known.

And there is this: a new grandson will arrive in February. Hope endures.

Sarah Shell

House: Comstock

Althea SHEPHERD Schoen



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Major: English

Graduate School: Hunter College, MA, English, 1974; Hunter College School of Social Work, MSW, clinical, 1983; Center for Psychotherapy and Psychoanalysis of NJ, psychoanalytic psychotherapy, 1990

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Howard Schoen

S/P Occupation: scientist/programmer, retired

S/P College: City University of New York, PhD, biology, 1975

I've led a modest life, but one that has been interesting and challenging to me.

After finishing a Junior Year Abroad at the



Althea at home

University of Toronto under Smith auspices, I transferred to the School of General Studies at Columbia, where I continued to major in English as I had at Smith. (Do any others recall Paul Pickrel's elegant lectures on the English novel?) I received a Master's in English from Hunter College. Then, while living in Kingston, NY (100 miles north of the city), I worked for the Department of Social Services, as many who are unsure of their calling do, before heading back to the city to pursue an MSW at Hunter. As I was completing those studies I had the good fortune to meet my (second and long-term) husband, who was doing bio-medical research at Downstate Medical School. We were drawn together at a Mensa function at the city's Williams Club, finding the same jokes funny:-).

My MSW eventually led to a job at a New Jersey mental health clinic and then to my own practice. I was fortunate to be able to partake of several years of excellent post-graduate training in psychoanalytic psychotherapy and psychoanalysis.

I remember a professor quipping back in our day that Smith was the only college where the students were more conservative than the faculty—I know that's changed. In my own life, after a long hiatus from any kind of political activism, I was moved to join a small local movement opposing the Iraq War. My particular interest was legislation, and I lobbied our two local Congressional representatives on war and peace and civil liberty issues, in addition to writing legislative alerts for our members for many years. With the onset of the chaos presidency, I've been unable to retain my laser-like focus on those issues, but still try to make whatever contribution I can to the resistance.

After living in and around the New York metropolitan area and the Hudson Valley most of our lives, Howard and I decided to try a different place and state for retirement. We moved to Brewster on Cape Cod five years ago. The Cape is beautiful, but I do find myself missing suburban/urban vibes and our network of Jersey relationships. And due to an inherited kidney

condition, Howard's health has been precarious, making Massachusetts General Hospital too often our home away from home and restricting travel. Thankfully we seem to be on an upswing presently.

In the past we have especially enjoyed trips to the national parks, connecting with friends and relatives in California and Utah, and, at Howard's instigation, chasing eclipses when the stars aligned, so to speak (but heedlessly paying less attention to the other crucial component, the weather).

One of the constants in my life has been the Unitarian church, first in the form of a lay-led fellowship in Kingston and later in some centuries-old churches with ministers, in NYC, NJ, and now the Cape. My UU affiliation has been the source of many wonderful friends as well as a social justice vision that supports my own.

The richest blessings of my life have been marvelous friends and family. Always open to expanding the circle, I would love to hear from any of you.

Jane SHERWOOD Palomountain



House: Chapin

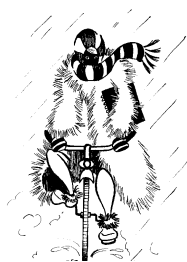
Barbara SHOUGHRUE Carey



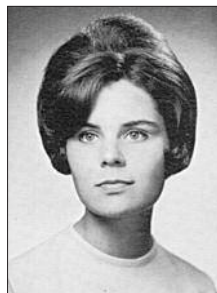
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Major: Hispanic Studies

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Robert Carey



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Major: English Language & Literature

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Joseph Nolan

Children: Paul Nolan, 1986

My three years at Smith (I transferred in sophomore year from the University of Wisconsin) helped to form me as an English major for life! I remember courses that I loved – Joyce and Yeats, William Blake and a Faulkner seminar at UMass. I still feel excitement when I start a new book of great (or not so great) literature. After a few career fits and starts, I found my way into the nonprofit world as a fundraiser with a focus on foundation grants, which has proven to be a good fit for my research and writing skills. I am very grateful to mark this occasion, and each year that passes makes me more thankful for what life has offered.

Eileen SIMKIN Prince

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House: Hampshire
Major: Music
Graduate School: Utrechts Conservatorium, Soloisten Diploma, Piano, 1974; Utrechts

Conservatorium, Prix d'Excellence, Piano, 1977;
Columbia University, EdD, Music Education, 2015

Marital Status: Formerly Married

Spouse/Partner: W. Warwick Lister

S/P Occupation: Professor of Music, Violinist, Ithaca College, Maggio Musicale Orchestra (retired)

S/P College: Boston University, DMA, Music, 1969

Children: Chloe Fitzgerald Plumb, 1983

I am blessed, and gratitude is my constant companion. On a chilly October night, as I sit at the kitchen table in my little farmhouse, I can feel the presence of so many spirits, past and present—threads in the rich tapestry of my life. Today the dried leaves crunched under Molly, my chartreuse bike, as I rode carefree as a kid up and down my little lane, winding around the curves, avoiding the roots, and basking in a glorious autumn day. Pilot Mountain, NC's Monadnock, rose like an oracle in the far distance. And the mockingbirds, in their usual maniacal fashion, shared my joy just to be alive.



Barbara in 2017

Since leaving Smith, the path of my life has been far more winding than my little dirt lane. I am a performing musician, my essential identity. But along the way, I also became a mother, teacher, administrator, visual artist, and healer of sorts. In 1969 though, I was unaware of the circuitous path that would unfold. I married a Canadian violinist, Warwick Lister. After six challenging but extraordinary years in Amsterdam—studying piano and voice, performing in a great orchestra, and learning Dutch—we parted ways. But since musical kinship transcends time and distance, we performed together recently as if a half-century had not passed. The only noticeable difference was that his hair is white and mine is chemically-induced red!

In 1975, I returned to the US to be near my mother who had cancer. But I did not heed the insight of my beloved piano teacher, John Duke, who wrote that someone with my intensity, creativity, and passion might do best not married. Instead, I married yet another Canadian string player—a violist—and moved to Rochester, NY, to teach piano at the Eastman School

of Music and suffer through the brutal winters there. But there I also received the most precious gift of all, my daughter, Chloe. Now at 35 with characteristic wisdom and forthrightness, Chloe makes sure I keep growing, learning, and stretching myself. A teacher, photographer, astrologer, artist, and New Yorker for many years, she is always there for me, as I am for her, and as she was when I walked down the aisle of St. John the Divine in 2015 to receive my doctorate from Columbia University.

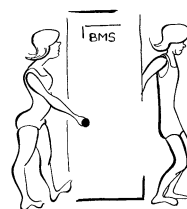
At 39, I returned as a single mother to the red clay of Piedmont, NC, to be Dean of the School of Music at Salem College. The former Dean had been largely responsible for this young farm girl's acceptance to Smith. (I always thought of myself as an Appalachian test case with my Southern accent and homemade dresses.). Thirty-three years later, I am still at this distinguished, centuries-old women's college, alma mater of several of my ancestors. I perform locally and globally and help keyboardists worldwide recover from or prevent debilitating, playing-related injuries, such as the one I had suffered at 16.

The loss of Daddy in 2006 was difficult. But the greatest sadness in my life was the unexpected death of my mother in 1983. She held her one-month-old granddaughter for the first, and last, time that June night. In her arms, if briefly, I know Chloe felt Mama's tremendous love that never ended for me, as mine will never end for Chloe. Now this single Smithie is in relatively good health and at peace, surrounded by loving friends, two dear brothers, and Edward, a large, theatrical tuxedo cat. I ride my bike, practice piano, listen to the mockingbirds sing, and smile often in profound gratitude.

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Lynn Slaughter



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House: Sessions

Major: Sociology

Graduate School: University of
Arizona, MA, Sociology, 1972;

University of Michigan, MA, Dance Education, 1976;
Seton Hill University, MFA, Writing, 2016

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Alan Lommasson

S/P Occupation: Physical Therapist, VA Medical
Center

S/P College: University of Michigan, MFA, Dance,
1983

Children: Edward Rosenfeld, 1975; Joel Lommasson,
1985

Grandchildren: 5

Other than my summers teaching at Interlochen, I don't think I've ever been in a more inspiring dance space than the Boathouse studio overlooking Paradise Pond! In fact, whenever I've returned to Smith, I've been struck by the incredible beauty as well as intellectual richness of the campus. And I've wished I could



Lynn — 50 years later!

have attended at a later time in my life when I might have been less filled with coming-of-age angst, and better able to truly appreciate the experience.

In all honesty, Smith was more my father's choice than my own. I had unsuccessfully petitioned to attend a school with a dance major, which Smith did not have at the time (although I wrote a proposal for one in my senior

year). But my dad was determined that his daughters attend Seven Sister colleges, so off we went to Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, and Smith.

Looking back, I had no idea how privileged I was to get a first class education and not have to work and

go into deep debt to get an education, as is the case for so many of my college students. At Smith, I discovered a major, sociology, which I genuinely loved, and had professors who took my work and ideas seriously. It was a heady experience! Perhaps most life-changing during my college years was the summer I spent living and working in an African-American community in Atlanta. Along with my immersion in sociology, that experience unquestionably ignited my lifelong passion for addressing issues of systemic racism and inequality.

Like everyone else on the planet, my life has had its challenges—a painful divorce from my first husband, struggles with depression, professional disappointments, and now a beloved parent's dementia. But I've also been incredibly gifted with many blessings. My two sons and their families have been a tremendous source of joy—and of course, worry. Do we ever stop worrying as parents? (True confession: I still find myself occasionally telling my forty-something CEO son to "be a good boy" in our phone conversations.)

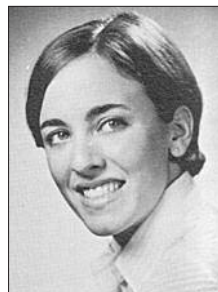
My work as a long-time dancer/dance educator and now as a writer/teacher has also been enormously rewarding. I am at heart a teacher and a nurturer and have been fortunate to spend my life doing work that made a difference.

The biggest blessing of my life has been Alan, my husband, soul mate, and best friend for close to 40 years. We met in a dance company, and he has kept me laughing and loving as my amazing partner in dance and life ever since.

As I look back, I wish I could tell my younger self to savor each moment and spend less time agonizing about the past and the future. Above all, I'd advise my younger self to be less of a wimp and stand up for myself. I spent way too much time trying to please other people instead of listening to my own voice.

However, I cannot fault Smith for my youthful shortcomings. It's an amazing place where women's voices are encouraged and empowered. And for that, I am so thankful.

Deborah Slavitt (Debby)



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House: Emerson
Major: Psychology
Graduate School: Lesley University, MEd, Art Institute, 1976

Marital Status: Single
Children: Henry, 1982

Who I am and my favorite things:

The aesthetics and challenges of making things from re-purposed, found, and natural materials give me great joy: in recent winters on Marie-Galante FWI, I make paperweight sculptures, jewelry, and mobiles from smooth, flat stones, driftwood, broken shells, and beach glass. I combine metal to odd beads and charms for necklaces and earrings. My process often depends on the color I feel like or the material that tempts me. Then I see what emerges. At les Z'arts O Soley art markets I present an array of natural materials and the children string mobiles with only the slightest help from me.

I teach and create hyperbolic crochet from reused materials. Friends' leftover yarns become whimsical embellished hats, jewelry, and shawls and often-exhib-



Too young for grey

ited wall hangings, including two of the Oxbow, a free-form tree that began with "baby blanket" in mind and dolls like Miss Quiss, made of fabric beads.

Another great pleasure is spending time with the little ones, in the classroom: Boston, Santiago, Taipei, Paris – and wherever I encounter them. They are so curious and joyful. I remember my little-girl group,

Commonwealth Day School summer '71, jumping in the playground's fountain, running through the waves and picnicking at Cranes Beach. We had so much fun together. They are grown women, even grandmothers, now.

My goal in teaching is sharing: to give basic skills and then to inspire experimentation and confidence. I have worked with emotionally disturbed teens at Danvers State Hospital; with parents and children, and with teachers and social services professionals. I do not accept, "Debby you are creative." I'm not.

These experiences are very often satisfying. This

past winter, however, was frustrating and bewildering: I taught photography to a group of perplexingly badly behaved teenage girls. Their photos will illustrate an alphabet book describing their island. I want them to become aware, take the photos they envision and proudly express themselves. Can we get there this winter?

Change and challenge: places, work paths, art forms. Northampton to Cambridge, years living in Chile, Paris (twice), Frankfurt, Taiwan, a replay of Hamp and NYC (several times). Since 2016: two years of nomad life. I may have dared too much this time. It's been free and spontaneous, and has also used too much energy in "keeping track" and other nuts and bolts and less than I want in being creative, productive, and spending time with others. Now I'm looking for a landing pad and that will solve a good deal of that.

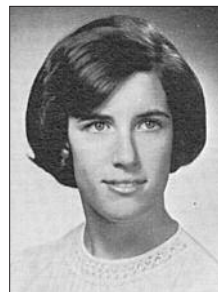
Work: People ask if I'm retired: No I'll never be. I've worked in all my interest – photography, fiber art, fashion design, early and art education, and travel. My writing and photos about family and cultural travel, reuse and the environment have been widely published, and include my books *Childwise*, *The ABC Explorers' Guide to the Outermost Cape*, and, *Seeing and Symmetry and Work on Farm, Ranch and Country Vacations*, *Adventure Travel Overseas* and others.

Now: Inspired by a small mention in a NYT wedding announcement, I will contact The Ezra Project working with the elderly on the Lower Eastside. I'll try Story Corps again. I first heard them on NPR decades ago; it's a perfect fit, I think.

On my mind, too:

1. Shocked and saddened by with the turn in our country and what to do now.
2. Touched by friends' recent deaths. I must learn to choose what is really important for right now.
3. Wishes: more time with son Henry and my friends, better sleep, a calm mind, and perhaps a kindred spirit to share this life.

Jane SLOCUM Deland



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House: Chase
Major: History
Graduate School: Wesley Theological Seminary, MTS, Theology, 1996

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Michael Reeves Deland



Greeting First Lady Barbara Bush at The White House

S/P Occupation: EPA Regional Administrator, Chair, CEQ, EPA, White House Council on Environmental Quality

S/P College: Harvard University, BA, History, 1963

Children: Michael Stanton Deland, 1977; Melissa Reeves Deland, 1978; Holly Louise Deland, 1978

Grandchildren: 3

“The days of our life are seventy years, or perhaps eighty, if we are strong; ...

So teach us to count our days that we may gain a heart of wisdom.” Psalm 91:10, 12

What a sobering start to writing my reflections upon reaching two milestones: my 70th birthday and our 50th Reunion! Where did all those years go since we gathered in the Quad to receive our diplomas?

As I count my days since that June day, I count many blessings that have been the focus of my life – primarily family, friends, and faith – all of which have provided opportunities to grow in wisdom, as well as compassion, understanding, and the joy of giving.

Family blessings have included marriage to a resilient and accomplished public servant, three treasured children, and three precious granddaughters. The high point of Mike’s public service was serving as Chairman of the White House Council on Environmental Quality in President George H.W. Bush’s administration. We had the honor of getting to know the President and First Lady (and Smith alumna) in intimate gatherings and greatly admired their integrity, wisdom, and compassion, which were hallmarks of their public and private lives.

Living in Washington for 25 years brought its own opportunities to grow in wisdom. Following many years studying and teaching art history, I pursued a strong desire to study theology and received a Master of Theological Studies degree at Wesley Theological Seminary. After graduation, I served on Wesley’s Board of Governors and then, for 15 years, as Special Assistant to the President. I am deeply grateful for the

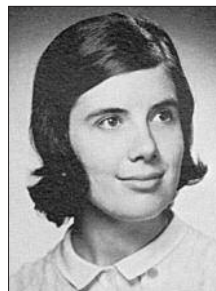
countless ways Wesley helped to inform and inspire my faith life.

Now retired, I am engaged in Trinity Church, Boston’s outreach ministry, helping to reestablish libraries in two Boston Public Schools that had no library for five years due to a lack of funds. Many of the students come from broken homes and crime-riddled neighborhoods, which led the school administrators to make the Middle School library a trauma sensitive space. When the library reopened, one student asked, “What did we do to deserve this?” Later that year, another student said wistfully, “I wish I could live here.” I realized the library was more than a place to create a culture of reading. It was a place of refuge, a safe haven from “the real world.”

My greatest joy is helping care for our three young granddaughters who live nearby. Seeing life through their eyes puts everything else in perspective. Each day brings new learnings, so I am growing in wisdom along with them. Another joy is having more time to connect with family and friends, but joy is not the only connector. In January 2018, a diagnosis of colon cancer and subsequent surgery and chemotherapy brought renewed contact with friends who have weathered similar health challenges and deepened my gratitude for the gift of each new day. My lifelong love of sailing continues to provide great enjoyment.

Smith-related activities have included induction into the Smith Athletic Hall of Fame and serving as President of the Boston Smith Club, Class Fund Agent, and member of the Board of Counselors during Jill Ker Conway’s presidency. Reading her book, *A Woman’s Education*, opened my eyes to the extraordinary initiatives she implemented during her ten-year tenure that laid the foundation for Smith as it is today – and to which I look forward to returning in May to celebrate the College and the Class of ‘69 that set me on the path to gaining a heart of wisdom.

Janet SMITH Averill



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House: Morrow

Marcia Smith



House: Martha Wilson

Marguerite Smith



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House: Gardiner
Major: Economics

OK – you win! The threat that you’ll be using my Senior Yearbook photo – which I haven’t

seen in nearly 50 years – was enough to get me to respond – though I can’t figure out how to get into whatever “website” has been created!

Some might say my “tech challenges” are due to my focus on the past – a project I call -going “BACK FOR THE FUTURE” – exploring Native American, indeed specifically Shinnecock/Mid-Atlantic & Northeast Coastal – traditions to secure healthy futures for our young people – and “us elders” too! The work is all about nurturing healthy interpersonal relationships; “nutritious & delicious,” “beautiful & beneficial” plants; exploring decision making, dispute resolution & peacekeeping systems so that our communities might rear children who are happy & hopeful, and equipped to live as resourceful & resilient people, less plagued by diseases of mind & body, stymied by racism & sexism and yes, ageism; and other barriers to balanced & joyful, alert & active living.

All to say, my husband of 30+ years & I live in Suffolk County, Long Island, NY, as semi-retired lawyers & never-give-up justice advocates, in an area that struggles with “rural-suburban”, and indigenous, immigrant & “regular diverse American” identity. As I write, powwow season is ending, pumpkin festivals & fall thanksgivings abound; Ron’s garden is not yet fully harvested (I will make a salad today with a few fresh tomatoes, and hope some that remain will turn red before the frost! The sunflowers are dried but a few squash-blossoms remain!).

Because we enjoy the talents shared at our many local community theaters, we awaken this morning with heads filled with the tune & words of “Impossible Dream”! Yes, LIFE is GOOD & we are GRATEFUL!

Sharon SMITH Burlingame



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House: Lamont
Major: Art
Graduate School: Gallaudet University, MA, Deaf Educ, 1973

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Westcott Burlingame

S/P Occupation: Owner; Retired, Laurel Springs Nursery

S/P College: University of Michigan, MPH, Public Health: Population Studies, 1973

Children: Eric, 1977; Maya, 1979

Grandchildren: 2 (+ 2-3 within the year)

During my odyssey, I have learned that each day, we can be kind. We can be loving. We can build our families, friendships, and communities through informed support. Our academic foundations, like those gained at Smith, equip us for the journey, help us satisfy our curiosity, and allow us to recharge in so many ways for this task called Life.

After Smith, I received my MA from Gallaudet University. I helped hearing impaired students journey into mainstreamed classrooms in the 80’s. I guided preschoolers with disabilities into varied Pre K settings in the 90’s, breaking simple barriers, like “must be potty-trained..”. We improved play-based diagnostics in the 90’s-2000’s, until I retired from Special Education in 2008, and shifted advocacy from the classroom to the community in on-going volunteer work (mediation, voting rights, the League of Women Voters...).

During the past 47 years, my husband, Wes, has

kept life from being dull. Together, we have traveled, on a shoestring, to Fiji, the Samoas, Nepal (where our son Eric was born), Thailand, Laos, Malaysia, Indonesia, Mauritania, Senegal, Mexico, India, and Europe. Our daughter, Maya, was born in another foreign country – North Carolina! – as we dealt with returning culture shock. While I raised children and students, Wes raised native trees and shrubs, and instilled a love of wildlife-friendly environments in our area. We have been happy using our professional skills for service and to feed our passions, but not, evidently, to build great wealth. We have two wonderful grandchildren, and three more on the way.

My mother and my aunt felt very fortunate to attend Smith between the Depression and WWII. They never doubted the power and joy of intellectual women, and I have felt blessed to have their expectations, and those of my Smith classmates and professors, embedded in my “toolkit” these past 50 years.

Susan Smith



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Graduate School: New York Law School, JD, Law School, 1973

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: A.J. Gelinias

S/P Occupation: Lawyer

S/P College: Notre Dame, BA, 1969

Children: Paul Theodore Gelinias, 1980; Michael Scott Gelinias, 1986

Grandchildren: 1

After many years of resistance, I did come to see the virtues of the experience and education here, so much so that I would be disappointed if Smith became coed. While any college would have been exciting and liberating, in the long run, it became clearer that the Smith environment was beneficial for me. In my Smith mind’s eye I see most clearly the Art 11 (100) slides of so much that was new and exciting—and that is the class that has stayed with me the most—it taught me how to examine carefully, study facets and look at other perspectives—useful in any aspect of life.

I’ve odysseeyed very little—always in the NY metro area and in a pretty straight lawyer path. After 45 years of full-time practice, I am anxiously peering over the retirement cliff with a flutter of readiness. Not much else has changed since 1994 (or I have not tried to change much)—and I confess I have not ventured much out of my comfort zone. I am grateful for the circumstances and opportunities I have enjoyed, for the people I love, and those who have loved me.

Eila SPIALTER Sherman



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House: Park
Major: Physics
Graduate School: USC,
Mathematics/Physics

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Phillip N. Sherman

S/P Occupation: Executive Director: Device Engineering, International Rectifier Corp.

S/P College: Cal Tech/U of Illinois, BS,MS,PhD, Physics, 1968

Children: Jennifer, 1986

Grandchildren: 3 steps

During my career after Smith, I was fortunate to have several fantastic technical jobs, because of the intense science education I received from the amazing instructors in the Physics Department! My first was with Zenith Radio Corp in Chicago, in their newly-created Failure Analysis Laboratory, analyzing both standard discrete components and NEW groundbreaking semiconductor devices.

After a few years of Chicago winters, I decided that I wanted to be a part of the exciting semiconductor growth occurring in SUNNY California, and joined Rockwell International (Defense Electronics Division) in Anaheim, as a Reliability Engineer, working on applications to help keep the USA at the forefront of

applications. My crowning achievement was being "Program Engineer" on the Prototype Global Positioning Satellite Program, long before consumer electronics, like cellphones made those initials (If not the meaning!) familiar to all!

Husband Phil and I had crossed paths at several technical events over the years, and when he joined Rockwell Research Division, our journey together really



Eila's husband-approved picture

began! I have been so fortunate to have a wonderful, supportive, tolerant husband for over 40 years! We are still residents of Irvine, CA, but seriously considering making a move to another state for our "twilight years."

In 1986, our wonderful daughter was born, and as the years passed, I also became involved in the standard "mom" activities, until 2005, when Jennifer went off to Reed College in Portland, OR (where she still resides). SHE is definitely my CROWNING achievement!

I have always been involved in dance/exercise (I remember the early-morning classes—in the boathouse (?) at Smith) : after early retirement, my devotion as a "gym rat" evolved into my training as an instructor in several varieties of exercise programs. Now that Phil has retired, and we travel more to visit his daughter's families, as well as Jennifer, I have abdicated my teaching Group X classes, and am now just a rabid participant!

In addition to my exercise addiction, I am also an active member of our local Irvine chapter of National Assistance League, a philanthropy whose focus is on helping school-age underprivileged children with clothing and school supplies.

In summary, my life after Smith is wonderful!



Charlotte Squarcy (Char)



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Major: Psychology
Graduate School: Loyola University, MEd, Special Education; Howard University, MS, Psychology

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Sterling M. Lloyd Jr.

S/P Occupation: Associate Dean, Howard University College of Medicine

S/P College: Williams College, BA, American Studies, 1968

Children: Sterling Lloyd, 1971; Stephen Lloyd, 1978

It was at Smith that I began to consider more deeply issues of difference and sameness – race, gender, mental illness, privilege, and opportunity. Those issues have guided my life's journey. It was there that my desire to understand big questions and solve problems was nurtured and my love for psychology began. It was there that I met a wonderful lifelong friend, Marguerite Smith, with whom I have shared so much. And it was there, as a sophomore at a Gardiner House mixer, I met and fell in love with a young man from Williams, the man to whom I have been married for 49 years. Sterling has been my partner and friend ever since.

Since leaving Smith, I have spent my time working in small ways to help those who struggle with mental health issues and to help students achieve their goals. My interest in the impact of race on both mental health and education began at Smith where I struggled to get a handle on issues related to race and self-concept. I later received master's degrees in education and psychology. I worked as a therapist at Bowie Therapeutic

Nursery School (a pioneering preschool for two-six year-olds with behavioral and emotional problems), as an intern at Howard University's Counseling Center, and therapist at the out-patient services of Children's Hospital in Washington, DC, along with a group private practice.

For 25 years, I taught psychology at Northern Virginia Community College where I had a special interest in the low graduation rates seen in low-income and first-generation college students. As a volunteer, I participated in a mentoring program at the struggling Washington DC high school from which I graduated. I have been fortunate throughout my life to have had challenging and gratifying work. I have thoroughly enjoyed all of the jobs and volunteer projects on which I have worked.

At the center of my life has been my wonderful family, my husband Sterling and my two sons, Sterling and Steve. Along with a wonderful extended family and close friends, they have provided love, support and joyful times. I recently retired from teaching and look forward to traveling, reading, enjoying plays, and art galleries and just hanging out with family and friends. I will continue to look for ways to examine the questions that have concerned me for so long. How can we support and care for those struggling with mental health problems? How can we reduce the gaps in educational achievement? How can we bring people from different backgrounds together? As the journey continues, I plan to look for new small ways to have some impact on these issues.

Wendy Stein



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Major: Art

Graduate School: University of California at Berkeley, MA, History of Art; University of

California at Berkeley, PhD, History of Art, 1980; Warburg Institute

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Bart Friedman

S/P Occupation: Attorney, Cahill Gordon & Reindel

S/P College: Harvard Law School, LLB

Children: Benjamin Friedman, 1986; Jacob Friedman, 1988



Wendy Stein and family

Elise STEINER Small (Lisa)



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House: Washburn

Major: English Language & Literature

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Stephen Small

S/P Occupation: attorney, self

S/P College: Georgia Tech, BS, Math

Children: Charles; Jonathan

Grandchildren: 1

Smith was a very special place for me. I learned how to think critically (particularly from Professor Leo Weinstein's law class), argue persuasively and develop my leadership skills. As a 50-year community volunteer, past president of my congregation and co-chair of several fundraising campaigns, those skills have been invaluable.

More importantly, however, Smith helped me see that my true vocation was teaching, especially teenagers who have either learning differences or life hurdles that have kept them from reaching their true potential. Intermittently over these last 50 years, I have taught in both private and public schools in Nashville. In addition, in the last 46 years, I have now tutored probably 250 or more high school students in English,

history, writing skills, study skills, time management and strategic planning. In fact, I have tutored a number of the children of students I taught just after graduation! At one point I was sure that after I turned 60, I would not be able to connect with teenagers, but here I am at 71 still learning from them and loving watching them succeed.

Probably my most lasting accomplishment is as a wife, mother and FINALLY grandmother. Steve and I will be married 50 years just a month after our Reunion. I am so lucky to still have my best friend alert and healthy at this stage of our lives together. We still love traveling together, just not to so many distant places. Our two grown sons are wonderful young men, compassionate and caring individuals who lovingly helped their grandmothers as they aged and who now have directed all that nurturing toward the two of us. And then there is this wonderful new being in our family – our 10-month-old granddaughter who is named after her two great-grandmothers – a choice my daughter-in-law made as soon as she knew she was having a girl.

As an almost-five-year breast cancer survivor, I have finally learned to slow down and savor each day, I treasure not only my family but also my friends, particularly those I made at Smith. Carol Carney and I both came to Smith from Nashville, but it was there that our friendship grew. We now see each other at least once a week and talk even more. Sandy Neshin left Smith after sophomore year, but we have visited each other ever since and tried to stay connected over the distance between New York and Nashville. Georgia Thomas and I reconnected about 25 years ago and again just last week. We have vowed to stay in touch on a regular basis.

When I turned 50, I decided to start over-counting my age – so now I am only 21! I look forward to each new day and hope that I live long enough to enjoy many new adventures. I appreciate everything and everyone that contributes to a positive attitude. I still read the *NY Times* daily, a habit I developed at Smith, and I am learning to enjoy exercise as a way to stay mobile.

I particularly look forward to being actively involved in my granddaughter's life and helping instill in her the sense of self-confidence as a woman and the joy of learning for its own sake that I received from my years at Smith.



Barbara Steinmann (Para)



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Major: History
Graduate School: Universiteit
 van Amsterdam, none, takes 3

years for an MA; Maharishi European Research University, MA, Vedic Studies, 1975; Maharishi European Research University, DSCI, Vedic Science, 1985

Marital Status: Single

After graduation I moved to Paris, which I loved from my Junior Year Abroad. Paris in those days was very repressive, after the students and workers staged a revolution in May, 1968, that nearly overthrew the government. I went to Amsterdam to visit a young couple with whom I had become friends on a Youth Work Camp in the former Czechoslovakia, and ended up staying nearly five years. Holland was very charming, though flat. It was full of beautiful old buildings and charming villages. I learned Transcendental Meditation there, and in January, 1972, went on a Transcendental Meditation Teacher Training Course in Mallorca, Spain, for five months. After teaching TM in Amsterdam for four years, I went to Switzerland to join the Vedic Studies PhD Program. We ended up moving to India, which I loved. I felt I had come home.

Communications in India were very poor, and it was primitive on every level. There were still horse-drawn carts and oxcarts on the street, and, if you went somewhere, you were likely to see your laundry hanging from a tree to dry. Because communications were very

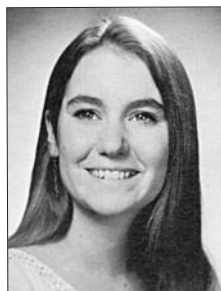


Barbara "Para" at my home in India with my friend

poor, after a year we returned to Europe, this time to Holland again. I was in the group that traveled with Maharishi, so I went to every continent but Australia and so many countries. We went to Brazil three times; it struck me as a very decadent country. I went back and forth to the US while my mother was still alive, and, since her death, live permanently in India. I still travel a lot, as I love seeing new places, but I just do short trips to nearby countries and only when my six months are up, because as a foreigner you can only stay 180 days in India and then you have to exit.

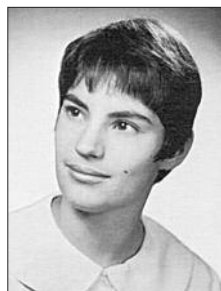
India has modernized hugely since I first came here in 1980. They have good roads and tons of cars now, with the concomitant traffic jams. Nicer places, like ours, have regular garbage pickup, and our development is actually starting to recycle. They have terrible corruption and terrible pollution still, and people still just throw the garbage on the ground or in the river. Poor people still go to the bathroom and bathe in the river. Now nicer places have sewers. Still, I love it, pollution and all!

Penny STIRLING Michels



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Deborah Stone



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Kaia Svien



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House: Sessions
Major: Art History
Graduate School: Univ of Wisconsin, MS, education, 1974

Spouse/Partner: Robert Lyman

My time at Smith surely put wind in my sails that still pushes me along. The women I lived with and



Kaia

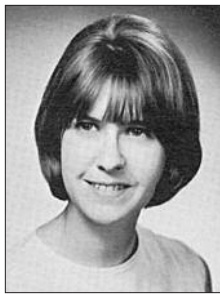
knew in classes, the late night conversations, the in-class discussions opened both my mind and heart in essential ways. Thank you.

Most of my life has been dedicated in one way or another to being a cultural change agent. It is exciting to be on the planet with the current influx of greater con-

sciousness. I've been a meditation teacher for years and enjoy teaching in a feminist, embodied manner, weaving together internal and external healing and insights. At the moment, I'm helping develop and teach courses on Mindful Direct Action Training so that we create a sector of people who come to protests and rallies knowing how to ground and center, and hold the well-being of all involved, so as to reduce brutality when arrests take place. I also teach courses for people of European descent so that we can move more intentionally from separation to unity consciousness and learn to reckon with the actions of some of our ancestors as we bring in the gifts of our lineage so that we act in ways that reflect our greatest ability to comprehend our interrelationship with the rest of life.

Nature and friendships bring me great restoration and pleasure. I canoe, hike and cross-country when I can. Wishing the best for you and yours.

Elizabeth SWOOPE Sweetow (Beth)



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House: Park
Major: Economics
Graduate School: University of Michigan, MA, Economics, 1970

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Joseph W. Michels

S/P Occupation: retired Professor of Anthropology and Archaeology, Penn State University

S/P College: UCLA, PhD, Anthropology, 1965

As early as the age of fourteen, I knew I was going to attend Smith. My mother was a Smith graduate and had decided I would follow in her footsteps. The local public schools of central Pennsylvania, where I grew up, were not up to my mother's standards and so she sent me off to the Baldwin School in Bryn Mawr, PA, where I spent my last four years of high school. I became a freshman at Smith in September of 1965.

Although I found myself distracted by an Amherst guy I'd met in my sophomore year I still managed to graduate Phi Beta Kappa, but without writing a senior thesis. As it happens, I married the Amherst guy and moved to Chicago, then to UC Berkeley, following and supporting my husband as he moved from graduate school to an academic position. Upon arriving in California, I went to work for the Federal Home Loan Bank in San Francisco.

My first marriage ended in 1978, no children. By

then, I was working at World Savings in Oakland. It was a great job, especially the opportunity it provided to work for Marian Sanders, one of the owners and a pioneer woman in finance. After seven years there, I went to Bank of America where I enjoyed a long and satisfying career working as a Finance Specialist for various bank departments, including Trust and Private Banking, Commercial, and Residential Real Estate. My skills were also put to use by the bank as it grew through mergers and acquisitions.

I remarried in 1982 to Mike Sweetow. We had a wonderful relationship that ended with his death in 2000. By then, I'd retired from Bank of America and



Beth in Berlin, Germany

had moved back to central Pennsylvania to be close to my family. During the several years there I engaged primarily in a number of non-profit activities, including serving as the President of the Board of the local community symphony.

In 2003 I met my current husband, Joseph Michels, who is a retired Penn State professor of anthro-

pology and archaeology. His wife had died in 2002. Early in our relationship I invited him to come to San Francisco to meet my friends. During that brief visit, Joe fell in love with the city and we decided to move there, securing a lease on a lovely Edwardian flat in Cow Hollow and settling in by July 4th of that same year. Some years later, in November of 2011, after living elsewhere in the city, we moved to The San Francisco Towers, an elegant continuing care community (CCRC) located only blocks from city hall, and within easy walking distance of many of the city's attractions. We have been very happy during the seven years we've lived there. I've been particularly active in resident governance, serving on the Resident Council in various roles, as well as on various resident committees.

I've been blessed with two very supportive husbands. Both Mike and Joe welcomed my continuing involvement in outside pursuits, including those where I've been able to utilize my finance expertise on behalf of various nonprofit organizations.

I want to thank Smith College for giving me an education that laid the foundation for the world I

worked in—Wall Street, Finance, Acquisitions & Mergers. But most of all, for giving me the confidence that—as a Smithie—I knew I could do whatever I wanted to do. And happily, I find that Smithies continue to have that special self-confidence, even now, as we all move through our later years—still displaying that Smithie penchant for more challenges or opportunities for involvement.

Sharon TAKEMURA-Mannacio



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Teresa Tan (Terry)

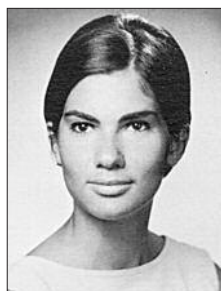


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California at Berkeley, MA,
Asian Studies, 1971; Berkeley

Law School, JD, Law School, 1973

Marital Status: Divorced

Patricia Tarzian (Pat)



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Major: English Language &
Literature

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House: Baldwin
Major: English Language &
Literature
Graduate School: Georgia State

University, Certificate, Journalism, 1971

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Richard Lisle

Our graduating year, 1969, was rife with political conflict. I'd joined hunger strikes on campus and actively protested the Vietnam War during that year. September after graduation, I enlisted in VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America) and was sent with my husband, a legal aid attorney, to Atlanta, GA, to work in poor black communities still reeling from Martin Luther King's assassination the year before. MLK's father was a leading Baptist pastor and civil rights activist in Atlanta.

Over the next year, I worked with other VISTAs setting up a network of food-buying cooperatives in the city's public housing projects. I also worked in a project day care center. It was an experience that has colored the rest of my life. After VISTA, I took journalism courses at Georgia State University, interned at the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, and spent the next few years as a news and feature reporter for local papers around the city.

My marriage broke up and I moved to California and then to New York State, where I married again,



Janet and husband Dick with granddaughter Timony Hitchcock in Little Compton, RI

had our daughter in 1977, and took up journalism again. But it was hard to cover stories with a small child at home. After taking a course in fiction writing from a local writer, I realized that I had a talent for dialogue. It was so much easier to invent my own characters, their conversations and motivations, than to report the news. (Real people never seemed to say what I needed them to say to compose a striking article!).

I published my first novel for children in 1984, joining forces with a terrific editor at Bradbury Press in Scarsdale, NY. The book was successful, and I went on to others that also did well. I'd found something I loved to do and that fit into the kind of life I wanted to lead. Over the past 35 years, I've published 19 books, 17 for young readers and young adults and two nonfiction histories for adults.

My main publishers have been Penguin Putnam, Scholastic, and most recently Simon and Schuster: Atheneum Books for Young Readers.

It's fun to remember how I started writing on a Smith Corona Electric typewriter (with injection cartridge) on my kitchen counter, moved to an early Mac computer in the attic in the 1990's, and finally achieved the most important space of my life, a writing studio over my garage in Rhode Island. I now work on a 27" iMac and mail my manuscripts to publishers electronically. Quite a difference from the early days when I was so worried about losing original hard copy that I stored my manuscripts in the freezer when I left the house, and traveled with copies in the trunk of my car!

Themes of many of my novels still carry the imprint of my experiences in VISTA and the work I did with children in the public housing projects of Atlanta, though I've never written directly about that time. Rhode Island history has also featured largely in my novels. I took no writing classes at Smith, but have always known that writing I did for my English and sociology professors at the college contributed greatly to my ability to write.

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Laury Temple



House: Tyler

Virginia THIELE Boyda (Ginger)



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Georgia Thomas



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Major: Philosophy

Graduate School: Ohio State

University College of Medicine,

MD, 1973; University of Texas School of Public Health, MPH, 1990

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: James Lee Murray

S/P Occupation: Physician, Retired

S/P College: Colorado College, BA, 1968

Children: Maureen, 1985; Kevin, 1990

As I sit at the keyboard, remembering back in time to my dreams as an 18-year-old freshman at Smith, I'm struck by the fact that my professional life has been a close match for my intentions a half-century ago: I did go to medical school, became a physician, loved it (and still do), and have had a stable and rewarding career at a famous place. But it's the unplanned events that have made the true difference and that still impact my thoughts and feelings on a daily basis.

When my 20-year-old daughter died, the catastrophe of that loss changed everything. I stopped being afraid because I had demonstrably experienced the worst thing that could ever happen to me. Nothing left to be afraid of, it had already happened. That freedom from fear while in the depths of profound grief was so strange. It seems now that every molecule in my body underwent some kind of shift, leaving me unrecognizable both to myself and to others. Even my writing has changed, becoming more spare, more utilitarian, and more capable of protecting me from showing emotion.

Now, thirteen years later, I have learned so much. I now understand that life can be over in a second, no

time to say goodbye, no way to prepare for the agonizing loss, and that the very best way to live is to be certain that I've added value to this particular day, just in case it all ends on this sunny Texas afternoon.

What Smith did for me was to help me become more confident, more optimistic, and to believe that I could do almost anything, given preparation and effort. Those adaptations have helped to sustain me along roads I never expected to take. Perhaps the most



Georgia

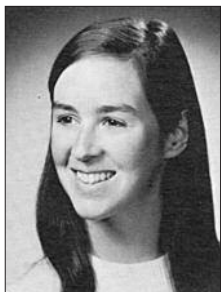
unique and fulfilling experience of my life has been the parenting of my son Kevin, born with multiple disabilities. For my husband and myself, the slow realization that this child, far from being a burden, was actually a gift – warm, extroverted, loving and happy – has been the surprise of my adult life. We want to do everything possible to be sure that he stays healthy and safe. He's now in a private group home out-

side of Austin, close to the small town where we plan to live after retirement. I am so grateful for his love, and for the understanding I've gained as a result of being Kevin's mom.

Another path that I have been blessed to travel has been recovery from substance abuse and my entry into Alcoholics Anonymous. My friends in sobriety literally saved my life after my daughter died.

Looking back, it seems that events not imagined, decisions made without the benefit of prolonged analysis, and forks in the road have enriched my life far more than I ever expected. I am still learning lessons from these experiences, and hope that both insight and gratitude will characterize my path forward.

Louisa THOMAS Hargrave

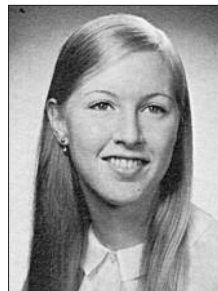


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Major: Government
Graduate School: Simmons,
MAT, 1972



Louisa punching down Merlot in fermentation

Rebecca THOMAS Jones (Beckie)



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Major: Religion & Biblical
Literature

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Robert Penfield Jones Jr.

S/P Occupation: Retired

S/P College: Amherst College, BA, German, 1969

Children: Robert P. Jones, III, 1971; Rebecca T. Jones, 1972; Emily G. Jones, 1974

Grandchildren: 4

I had no career in mind when I applied to colleges. I did know that I wanted to be in the Northeast. Chose Smith because of the wonderful interview that I had and because of the enthusiasm of the tour guide – not only about the “academics,” but about the house system. I was lucky to live in Lawrence House with 56 diverse, intelligent, fun young women who shared



Daughter Emily's white coat ceremony in October 2012 with Emily holding niece, Madeleine; sister-in-law, Liz (far left); brother Pen; Emily's daughters, Idalee and Havvah; and me

hopes and dreams, as well as chores, bathrooms, dining tables, and telephones. Wanted to experience Mountain Day, and I did, four fabulous times! I was lucky enough to meet Bob Jones, Amherst '69, whom I married three weeks after graduation. Three of my bridesmaids were from Lawrence House – Cynnle Greenleaf Fanton, Jan Shapleigh Mackey, and Linda Stickler Lotto. They are also godmothers to our three children, whose lives became my career.

After Bob graduated from Naval OCS, we moved to Norfolk, VA, where Robert Penfield (Pen) was born on 1/20/71, Rebecca Thomas (Becca) 8/4/72, and Emily Greer 2/8/74 in Falmouth, MA. We moved to Burlington, VT, in 1976. The children loved the Burlington public schools and, through the years, Bob and I spent many hours volunteering in classrooms and as PTA leaders, as well as sitting in cold hockey rinks, at tennis matches, softball and basketball games where Becca and Emily were lovingly called The Twin Towers....they were both six feet tall.

In 1992 Pen graduated from Amherst College and Wharton (MBA) in 1998. He and his wife Liz (Brown '97) live in Winchester, MA. He is a financial advisor at Fidelity, and Liz owns "Manoire," an online furniture boutique. They have Madeleine, nine, and Henry, six. Becca began studying Marine Science at Coastal Carolina University in Conway, SC, in 1991 but, sadly, died in her sleep of sudden cardiac arrhythmia her sophomore year. She is buried nearby on the shores of Lake Champlain, and we have a Marine Science scholarship at CCU in her name.

At the time of her sister's death, Emily had just finished her freshman year at Amherst College, took medical leave, and spent the following years with AmeriCorps, managing an organic herbal farm, and earning credits at Goddard College. After getting married, she enrolled at UVM and, in 2002, graduated

summa cum laude and had our first granddaughter, Havvah, the next day. Our second granddaughter, Idalee, was born in 2004. After her divorce, she enrolled in UVM Medical School at age 37, and married Dr. Peter A. Dale, who has an internal medicine practice in Montpelier.

Since moving to Manchester-by-the-Sea in 1997, Bob and I have made many trips to Vermont to "assist" with the girls, attend academic and athletic events, and babysit the girls on weekends while Emily crammed for Monday morning medical school exams, anatomy labs, *et alia*. In late 2015, Emily and Peter asked if we could move to Montpelier to assist with the girls until Emily finishes her three-year residency in Family Medicine in June, 2019. In return, she and Peter would "assist" us as we grow older. (Not a bad deal with two doctors in the house.) All six of us now live happily together in a beautiful home on 18 acres of woods and meadows with two ponds!

What's next?.... Breakfast in bed!

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Major: Art

Patricia TIERNEY Falkenhagen (Princie)



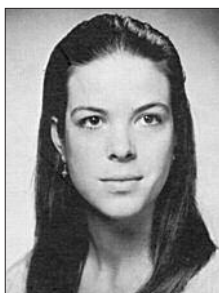
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House: Lawrence
Major: Religion & Biblical Literature

Spouse/Partner: Robert Falkenhagen
S/P Occupation: financial advisor
Children: Jessica, 1973; Darcy, 1976; Derek, 1980
Grandchildren: 8

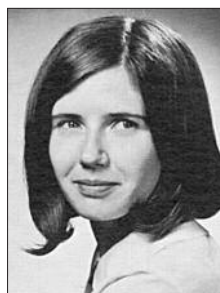
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Monica Toomey (Nicki)



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Janice Toran



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Major: Government
Graduate School: Columbia University, Linguistics, 1970; Northeastern University, JD, Law, 1974

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Robert Bogomolny
S/P Occupation: Retired University President
S/P College: Harvard, LLB, Law
Children: Michael Landsman, 1979; Peter Landsman, 1982; John Landsman, 1990

I live in Lenox, MA, a small town in the Berkshires in the western part of the state, not far from Northampton. This is a new home base for me. It's beautiful here and there's a lot going on in this region.



Robert and Janice

After graduating from Smith, I studied linguistics at Columbia University in NY, and went to law school at Northeastern University in Boston. My 30-year marriage ended in divorce in 2004, and I remarried and moved to Baltimore in 2008. I lived in Baltimore until 2016, when my husband retired from his job as president

of the University of Baltimore and we moved to Lenox. From 1993 until 2008, I lived in the Chicago area. Before that, I lived in Cleveland and all three of my children (sons who are 39, 36 and 28) were born there.

Over the past 50 years, I've had a number of different jobs. I practiced law in a medium-sized firm in upstate NY, served as assistant dean and taught law at Cleveland State University, acted as associate general counsel at an American pharmaceutical company in Chicago, and then as vice president in charge of compliance at the Chicago office of a multi-national pharmaceutical company based in Tokyo, so I traveled to Japan fairly often. When I moved to Baltimore, I taught part-time at the law school at American University in Washington, DC. I've been more or less retired for the last eight years

These background facts aren't really at the heart of what the 50 years since graduating from Smith have been like, but they're a kind of concrete starting place. I'm grateful for the life I have right now. The death of my parents, the challenges facing a developmentally-disabled child, and the sadness of divorce have all been important facets of these years. Equally significant have been my great good fortune in finding a wonderful man to marry and watching my three very creative and interesting sons become men. I now find great joy in singing with the Berkshire Hills Chorus (a Sweet Adelines affiliate), playing the piano, practicing yoga, tutoring non-English speakers, and visiting far-flung friends and family. I'm pretty sure that the years to come will be full of all kinds of surprises and I look forward to them!

Alice Towers



House: Northrop



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House: Chase

Major: History

Graduate School: Cornell University, M.S., Industrial Relations, 1975; Columbia University, JD, 1978

Marital Status: Widowed

Sarah Underwood (Stu)



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House: Wilder
Major: Government

Marital Status: Partnered
Spouse/Partner: Courtland Wilson

S/P Occupation: Retired

Grandchildren: 2

Upon graduation, my plan was to join the Foreign Service and have a glamorous overseas career. That plan was upended because so many people had passed the test the previous year that it was not given in 1969. I then decided that, if I had wanted to work on underdeveloped countries thanks to African government courses with Miss Bates, underdeveloped cities would do instead. I got a job in the District of Columbia's urban renewal program, in one of the project areas that had been badly damaged during the riots following Martin Luther King's death. That job became a 14-year career in urban renewal and community development in local and federal government. I then joined a small real estate development and property management firm which specialized in lower income housing and in consulting for schools, museums, and other nonprofits undertaking real estate development projects. I started as a project manager and retired in 2010 as Chief Operating Officer.

I'm now on my third long-term, domestic partner-



Proud grandparents with grandson #2, Courtland

ship (I must be a serial monogamist). My partner, Courtland, and I have a grandson born in June 2018 (his son's son), and I also have a 3-year old ersatz grandson who belongs to a young woman I have mentored for 10 years. They are local, and we spend a good bit of time with them and their parents.

Much of the rest of my time is divided between volunteer work (doing tax prep for low income folks; working for a nonprofit helping DC high school kids get into college and graduate; and doing political support work), traveling, and playing with my friends.

We have recently signed up for the waiting list for a continuing care retirement-community just northeast of Washington. It's causing me some angst, and making me feel old, but we don't plan to move for a couple of years at least, and I am getting tired of the burdens of home ownership and maintenance. Based on observation of older friends and relatives, I strongly believe its better to move a little too early, rather than wait too long.

• • •

I write this on the day Brett Kavanaugh is slated to be confirmed on the Supreme Court. The hearings and news stories have brought back memories of indignities large and small (not to mention traumas) that we have all suffered over the years. Among the smaller ones for me was learning at age eight while on a tour of the FBI that I could not become an "FBI man" because I was a girl; having to go to secretarial school after freshman year to learn how to type and take shorthand so I could get a decent-paying federal job in future summers;

climbing out of a ladies room window at Yale and sitting on the mixer bus with other refugees and the bus driver 'til it was time to head back to Smith; and not being able to wear pants to work during the first years after college — and on and on.

I close with a quote I love from suffragist Sarah Grimke in 1837 – "I ask no favors for my sex. I surrender not our claim to equality. All I ask of our brethren is that they will take their feet from off our necks, and permit us to stand upright on that ground which God designed us to occupy."

Judith Vanderkay (Judy)



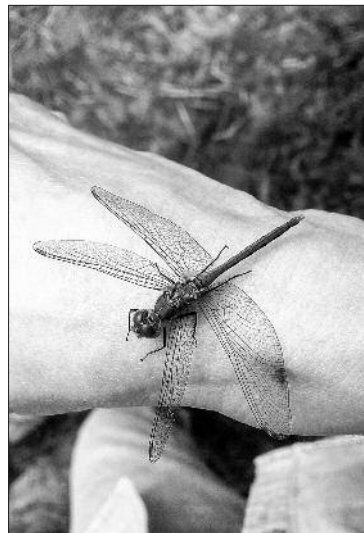
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Major: Religion & Biblical Literature

Graduate School: University of Wisconsin, MA, English, 1971; Simmons College, MBA, 1978

Marital Status: Divorced

Children: Andrew Vanderkay Powell, 1986

What a long, strange trip it's been. As a young woman, I thought I would meet the man of my dreams and live happily ever after, in some unspecified way.



Judith and friend

Not much of a plan, was it? No wonder it didn't work.

Being at Smith was the first time I was allowed to be self-determining, and I made the most (or worst?) of it. I made some bad choices, but also some good ones. One good one was to major in Religion, where my mentor/advisor was Thomas Derr. I applied myself to my studies in his courses (my field of

concentration was Ethics) as I never had before: he revealed a new and better way to look at and live in the world, which still informs my life. I am forever grate-

ful for this, the germ of my present, progressive outlook.

Today, I'd say that those lessons are more relevant than ever, in the current polarized political climate of corruption, racism, and so on. As I write this, I don't know how the 2018 midterm elections will go, but I have hopes that they will set us on a path to better relations with each other, with the rest of the world, and with our beautiful, endangered planet.

I also got much good advice from William Van Voris, whom I remember fondly. He and his wife came to my first wedding, and I still treasure the Dansk bowl they gave me.

After many years of striving to get ahead in various workplaces, with some success, I finally couldn't stand the politics at the executive level and I quit to be self-employed as a technology trade association consultant in 2004. That worked out well until recently, when my clients dried up (no technology lasts forever). I plan to seek new ones, but my time right now is limited due to helping my mother. She is 95 and living in Florida (Maine in summer), and I have been spending half my time with her. (Until December 2017, my brother was living with her, but he died – my younger brother! A shock). My father died in 2013 at 94 – I am fortunate to have had them so long.

I miss the traveling I used to do, both for work and later when I was self-employed. But it isn't feasible now, with my mother needing me, not that I could afford much anyway.

I suppose my life actually *has* been an odyssey, in the sense of wandering around – I was never much of a planner (I was told by a workplace psychologist that this was probably due to my being so good at planning on the fly). I just fell into things. Advertising copywriting, association management, and public relations, etc. Along the way, I got a master's in English and an MBA. But I don't have a clear view of the destination of my odyssey.

Today, I live in Brookline, MA, in an 1897 house (my second husband had the decency to deed it to me when he left) full of stuff. My son, Andrew, lives with me, as do a dear Standard Poodle and orange cat, and various wet pets. I keep a horse – a flaxen chestnut Morgan. I would like to have a significant other again, but so far it hasn't happened, and I am coping with being single.

I am proud of my progressive town, and I am pleased that I can serve its citizens. I'm an elected Library Trustee, an elected Town Meeting Member, and I sit on the board of Brookline PAX.

Barbara VAN IDERSTINE Holden



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Major: English Language & Literature
Graduate School: Fairfield University, MA, Education, 1975

Marital Status: Widowed

Spouse/Partner: Frank Edward Holden

S/P Occupation: Vice President, Signal Administration

S/P College: Yale University, MS, Music, 1975

Writing this entry for the Class Book has been a challenge. Am I alone in feeling as if this piece is a draft of an obituary?

In fifty years I have become a New Englander (though many consider Connecticut a mere pretender); "touched the future" of thirty-five years of secondary students; tried and rejected numerous sporting pursuits



Barbara

and manual arts; and learned to accept my limitations.

Among my notable achievements:

- seventeen years of 100-mile-a-day commuting on I-95 without an accident;
- ten years developing and implementing a writing curriculum for Greenwich Public Schools;
- three years coaching and mentoring teachers new to the profession;

- fifty years of friendships with special Smith women.

In this millennium I have largely reinvented my life, becoming a widow in 2003 and retiring in 2004. Friends, family (four siblings and their spouses, 11 nieces and nephews, 20 greats, assorted in-laws), travel, and enjoying New Haven during daylight hours fill my time. I begin each day at my gym, drink a Starbuck's quad espresso while watching the tides in the river from my front porch, and decide the one task that must be completed that day (lest I fall victim to the sin of sloth). I end the day drinking a glass of wine while watching the tides in the river from my front porch and

congratulate myself for accomplishing that one task (unless I haven't, in which case I chastise myself for being guilty of sloth). Busy, busy, busy!

The life I am living is not the one I foresaw, sitting in the brutal sunlight on Graduation Day in 1969. For that I am more grateful every day. As the wise person said, life is what happens while we are making other plans.

Kristina VAN NOSTRAND Harrison (Kris)



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Nancy VEDDER-Shults



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Major: Music
Graduate School: University of Wisconsin-Madison, MA, Comparative Literature, 1972;

University of Wisconsin-Madison, MA, German Literature, 1973; University of Wisconsin-Madison, PhD, German Literature, 1981

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Mark Shults
S/P Occupation: co-founder, Dexcom
S/P College: MIT, BS, Aeronautical and Astronomical Engineering, 1970
Children: Linnea, 1981
Grandchildren: 1

When I applied to Smith, I wrote that I wanted to be a first-class citizen for four years of my life. I'm sure I didn't realize what I was saying back then. But I must have had an inkling that equal opportunity didn't exist when it came to the sexes. Senior year, my friend Jane Malmo introduced me to members of the Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell or W.I.T.C.H., an independent feminist group that used flamboyant guerilla theater to expose sexism. One night

in a dorm room next to mine, these feminists outlined the need for "hexing" patriarchy and ultimately overturning it. I realized that their analysis was legitimate, but believed that it wouldn't apply to me, since I was getting my degree from one of the best schools in the country.

When I graduated, I discovered very quickly that the job market was skewed against me as a woman. Even the classified ads were segregated according to gender. So I looked for the incipient women's movement, found a consciousness-raising group, and began my feminist odyssey. A few years later, I went to graduate school, because I wanted to prove that women were just as smart as men.

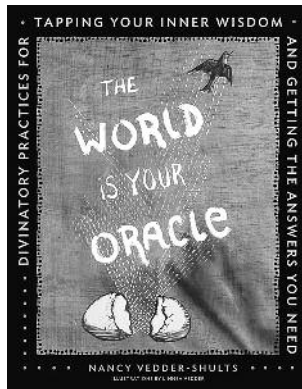
Since finishing my PhD, my entire work life has been dedicated to empowering women. I first taught in the Women's Studies Program at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, empowering women intellectually. Eventually circumscribing my work to the intellect felt too restrictive. In 1993 I made my first recording *Chants for the Queen of Heaven*, a compilation of 15 Goddess chants from around the world. This CD became the springboard for spiritual growth workshops in the 1990's and 2000's, workshops in which I used a more holistic view of women as



Nancy

body, mind, spirit, and emotions. As a result of this undertaking, I was named a Wisdom Keeper of the Goddess Spirituality Movement in 2013.

Most recently my empowerment work has been based on my book *The World is Your Oracle: Divinatory Practices for Tapping Your Inner Wisdom and Getting the Answers You Need* (I gave the book its title; my editor at Fair Winds Press added the super long subtitle). Using a selection of the 40 techniques contained in the book,



women in my workshops, classes, and spiritual coaching sessions have been diving deep into their intuition and emerging with greater insight about their lives. We now know that these ancient, indigenous, and contemporary practices facilitate "aha moments," sudden insights or discoveries that are especially helpful

in our chaotic times. So if you're a woman with a more rational bent, the book also includes a chapter on *Science and Divination*. (For more information about my book, see my website: www.WorldYourOracle.com).

I have to add that a major impetus for writing *The World is Your Oracle* was that my daughter Linnea Vedder, a NYC artist, created the beautiful illustrations for the book. Our mother/daughter collaboration was a gratifying experience. And almost two years ago, Linnea gave birth to our first grandchild, a beautiful baby boy. He's located in the Big Apple, and he's definitely the apple of my eye.

Anita VERCHINSKI Gebhardt



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Major: English Language & Literature

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Klaus J. Gebhardt

S/P Occupation: Retired

S/P College: MacMurray College, BA, Political Science, 1967

Children: Anthony Christopher, 1974; Julie Marianne Smith, 1977; Mary-Ellen Eberly, 1979

Grandchildren: 4

Kathryn VOGT Griffin



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Graduate School: University of Konstanz, MA, Sociology+ Political Science, 1973; TU

Dortmund University, PhD, Sociology, 1996

Marital Status: Single

50 years ago I would have considered 72 old, my life all but over. Today I'm seven years into retirement, yet (apart from various health issues) far from feeling "old."

After my return to Germany in 1969, I enrolled at the new Konstanz University, completing a master's in sociology and government in 1973. A year later I moved to Stuttgart to conduct a three-year research project on educational biographies of former students of Rudolf-Steiner-schools. During this time I became involved with the emerging second-wave feminism, specifically, the movement against violence against



Christine

women. My next job took me to Sheffield, England, to participate in a project on the housing needs of battered women.

October 1978, 40 years ago exactly, I started working as researcher at the newly established Fern Universitaet (FeU, Germany's Open University), a job which I held for 33 years until my 65th birthday and consequent retirement in 2011.

In 600 words I can only touch on a few developments which most impacted my life. Most of these were connected to women and gender issues and to overcoming inequalities in the workplace and in society.

Early on I realized that FeU was a male-dominated environment with few women academics and, until 1985, not even one female professor. Today, the president and the registrar both are women – we have come a long way. In 1980 I was fortunate to become part of a state-wide network of feminist academics based at nearby Dortmund University.

It took a few years and a 4-month stay Athabasca

University (AU) in Edmonton, Canada, for me to realize the glaring under-representation of women among FeU students. In 1983 two-thirds of AU students, but only 17 per cent of FeU students, were women. Back in Germany and searching for an explanation I embarked on a large-scale research project on the situation of women and men in distance education (DE). It was a stroke of luck that an English colleague decided to do a parallel survey of OU students. The results of our comparative research provided far-reaching insights into gender issues in DE and e-learning. In 1990 we published our first joint paper on *Support and Connectedness, The Needs of Women Distance Learners*.

In 1988 I started work on a PhD based on the data students had provided on their social background. My dissertation concentrated on women with working class mothers and/or fathers enrolling in a DE degree course to secure their own social mobility: *Frauen im Fernstudium: Bildungsaufstieg für Töchter aus Arbeiterfamilien*. I was awarded my PhD in 1996, two weeks before my 50th birthday.

Meanwhile I had become involved in WIN, the Women's International Network of DE colleagues. In 1985 I attended my first international DE conference in Melbourne, Australia. This was also the first of many long-distance journeys with my mother. We both enjoyed our travels and the friendships with colleagues from around the world. Gradually I became an international expert in the fields of research and gender issues in open and distance learning. In 2000 Routledge published my book *Women and Distance Education, Challenges and Opportunities*. In 2004 USDLA initiated its International Forum for Women in E-Learning, asking me to be a keynote speaker at its first IFWE Event in Phoenix, Arizona.

In Darmstadt I became involved in an organization dedicated to promoting educational and career opportunities for women in the spirit of Luise Buechner, a 19th century author and pioneer of women's rights, to access schools and jobs as means for a self-determined life. I keep busy, made lots of new friends while maintaining old contacts and enjoying closeness with my brother's family here.

Pamela WALDO Gibbon (Pam)



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Major: Sociology

Graduate School: Case Western Reserve University, MSSA, Social Work, 1973; John Carroll University, Postmasters School Psychology Certification, Education, 1994

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: John H. Gibbon

S/P Occupation: Attorney, Walter and Haverfield

S/P College: Case Western Reserve University, JD, Law, 1972

Children: Jeffrey, 1975; Andy, 1978; Tim, 1981

Grandchildren: 5

It's hard to believe 50 years have passed since graduation. I'm fortunate that my journey has brought many blessings, despite some bumps in the road, in terms of my family, work, and interests.

John and I were married a week after graduation – which means our 50th wedding anniversary is also coming up soon. Two weeks after our wedding, we entered the Peace Corps. We were sent to Cameroon, in French-speaking West Africa, to teach English. We spoke French much of the time (Thanks to my Junior



Hiking in the Adirondacks

Year Abroad in Geneva I managed well, though that skill is now quite rusty.). It's hard to know how much of a difference we made, but it was a challenging, fascinating opportunity to live in a culture so different from ours.

After two years, we returned to Cleveland for grad school at CWRU. I earned my master's in social work and then worked in a

counseling agency for families and children, until starting our family in 1975. Again, it's hard to believe that our three boys are now in their late 30's-early 40's, busy with their own careers and families, and that we have five grandchildren. Jeff's an architect, living in Cleveland, so we visit and babysit often. Andy has a coffee roasting company in Asheville, and Tim is an arts educator and artist in Philadelphia. Family visits are a great pleasure. John's recently retired from his law practice, and enjoys more time for his cello and chamber music, challenging volunteer work, and many hobbies.

I returned to grad school in my 40's, after our

youngest child entered kindergarten, to become a school psychologist. This allowed me to expand my skills to include working with at-risk children in a school setting, and it worked well with my family schedule. Now retired, I'm enjoying more time for reading, exercise, choir, and some social justice volunteer work. I'm also working as a docent at our wonderful Natural History Museum. John and I love the out-of-doors, and recent trips have been to our stunning national parks and the Adirondacks for hiking, canoeing, and camping. We've also gotten our scuba diving certification and have done some diving in the Caribbean (where global warming is alarmingly evident among the corals).

As for the future, I hope to continue to learn, give back, and stay active in my community, especially given our current political climate. I do feel deep gratitude for my Smith education which I believe prepared me well to pursue these goals.

Susan Walker



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Major: History
Graduate School: Old Dominion University, MA, History, 1973; SUNY College at New Paltz, MA, TESOL, 1997

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Barry G. Braker

S/P Occupation: programmer, IBM

Children: stepson Jason Braker, 1973; stepdaughter Aryn Braker Kerr, 1978

Grandchildren: 1 stepgranddaughter

I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life when I was an undergraduate. The Vietnam War was a major distraction, and my focus was on my fiancé (David Johnson, Amherst '67) and his stint with the US Army. We got married in December, 1969, and I joined him at Fort Benning, GA, until he was sent to Korea (thankfully, not Vietnam) where he was doing something top secret that he never told me about. I lived with his parents that year, attending graduate school, then in Cambridge, MA, where he finished his PhD at MIT. I worked for a harpsichord builder and wrote my MA thesis on social mobility in 16th-century Edinburgh. David got a job at Bell Labs in NJ, where we split up. I moved on through various jobs and relationships, basically having three careers:

copyeditor/writer, teacher of international students at SUNY New Paltz, and historic house museum curator. Throughout all this, I tried to have children but couldn't, and because I couldn't find out why, it remained a devastating distraction from other important things, like building a career.

Like most people, we have faced some challenges, a major one being caretakers of Barry's mother in our home. We have also experienced great joy with the birth of our granddaughter and consider ourselves fortunate that we live so close. My older and youngest sisters have died, so my remaining sister and I have become very close, no longer taking each other's existence for granted. She is the only one of the four of us who had children, and I adore my two nieces, who are remarkable young women. The older lives in Pennsylvania, where she and her husband have a theater production company. The younger, SC Class of '16, recently returned from Panama, where she was working with the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute on a Fulbright. She's now checking out graduate schools.

I am currently living in Coxsackie, a small town on the banks of the Hudson River, about 20 miles south of Albany, with my husband, Barry Braker, a former computer programmer. I retired from my curatorial position with the NYS Bureau of Historic Sites in 2014 and subsequently took a part-time job at our local library, partly to get involved in and more acquainted with our new community. I revel in having more time to read, time to cook from scratch, and the opportunity to take an occasional art class. And I plan to get out on the Hudson more in my kayak.

Barbara WALLACE Grossman



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House: Laura Scales

Major: English Language & Literature

Graduate School: Brandeis University, MA, English Literature, 1970; Boston University College of Fine Arts, MFA, School of Theatre, 1976; Tufts University, PhD, Drama and Dance, 1984; A.R.T. Institute for Advanced Theatre Training/Harvard, Certificate, Voice & Speech, 2011

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Steven Grossman
S/P Occupation: CEO, Initiative for a Competitive Inner City
S/P College: Princeton University, Harvard Business School, BA, MBA, Romance Languages, 1969
Children: David Maxwell Grossman, 1976; Benjamin Isaac Grossman, 1980; Joshua Adam Grossman, 1989
Grandchildren: 6

When I think of my life today, the word that comes to mind immediately is gratitude – for boundless love, precious family, good health, personal and professional fulfillment, and the ongoing opportunity to serve. I’m profoundly grateful to my beloved husband, Steve – my life partner of almost 50 years – and to his mother, Shirley Dane Grossman (‘43), for introducing us. As I wrote in my 25th Reunion essay, I met Shirley in May 1968 when she came to Smith for her 25th Reunion and



Barbara and Steve

stayed in Laura Scales. I was there helping returning alumnae and encountered Shirley on her way up the stairs with her suitcase. We started talking and discovered we were both from Newton. We continued our conversation that night while I waited on her table at dinner and afterward at Wiggins Tavern, where we both went with our friends to escape the heat.

Following an offer to fix me up with her Princeton-grad son and encouragement the next day from Linda Frank Sicher who knew Steve and urged me to go out with him, we started dating in June 1968 and were married in December 1969. It was much sooner than I expected, but it’s the best decision I ever made! It put a positive spin on my Smith experience, which in all honesty wasn’t the happiest time in my life. Notwithstanding the close friendships I enjoyed and the few inspirational professors I had – most notably the English department’s engaging Frank Ellis – it isn’t a time I remember with particular fondness.

In retrospect, I probably shouldn’t have chosen a women’s college in rural Massachusetts. I had been very happy at my large, coed high school just outside Boston, missed having “boys” as friends and classmates, and longed for a more urban setting. Beyond

that, though, as I’ve come to realize, my Smith years were devoid of everything I now find most meaningful, beginning with my loving relationship with Steve and our beautiful family. We’ve been blessed with three wonderful sons, three “daughters-in-love” (as my rabbi puts it,) and six extraordinary grandchildren. We’re grateful for David, Mary Jo, and their children William, Carina, Luke, and Michaela; Ben, Becky, their daughter Madeleine and son Jack; and Josh and Rachel. We’re fortunate that we still have our mothers, Shirley Grossman and Bunny Wallace, as well as our extended family, which includes our sisters, their families, and Sally Honeybee, our sweet Springer Spaniel.

At Smith, in addition to smoking, which I stopped decades ago, I wasn’t involved in any of the pursuits that now define my life:

- Theater: teaching a variety of courses and directing plays and musicals as a full professor at Tufts;
- Choral singing with Kol Emanuel (my synagogue’s adult choir);
- Daily exercise, especially Nordic walking in the woods and practicing yoga;
- Spirituality: my Jewish faith and spending as much time in nature as possible ;
- Embracing optimism, which is something Steve taught me; What a difference that’s made in my life!
- Committing to public service on the local, state, and national levels.

Although the myriad demands can sometimes be stressful, I’m grateful for the opportunity to use my knowledge, training, and resources in a transformational way to add value and have a positive impact on our world.

I recently read a quote from C. S. Lewis that resonated with me: “You are never too old to set a new goal or dream a new dream.” I hope Steve and I can keep setting goals and dreaming dreams for many more joyous, productive, and fulfilling years!

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House: Tenney
Major: Biological Sciences
Graduate School: Johns Hopkins University, MS, Biotechnology, 2003

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Robert N. Tiffany
S/P Occupation: Carpenter, Cabinet Maker

S/P College: Hobart

Children: Robin Price, 1976; Christopher Tiffany, 1978

Grandchildren: 3

Hi All,

Didn't have a great time at the alma mater... (too busy fighting my own demons to connect with anyone I guess)...First in my family to go to college...Didn't know about grad school fellowships and wasn't a star in my major, so no substantial career mentoring from Smith faculty... Also the #MeToo experience didn't help.

Got a job as a lab technician at a medical school in New York City...moved to Baltimore in 1982...will retire this year after 50 years in neuroscience research, a



Carol

master's degree from Johns Hopkins, and a publication list over two pages long.

Got married to Bob in 1972.... Happily together for 46 years so far....

Two children (Robin is a director of rehabilitation and physical therapy for a DC vet clinic, and Chris is a sound technician in Hollywood)...and three grandkids:

Samantha, 14, Benjamin, six, and Rosie, three....

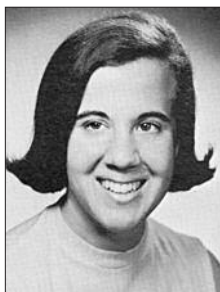
Designed and built (with our own hands) our own house in 1990.... Survived a bout of breast cancer in 2000, including chemo and radiation while working full time and studying for my master's degree (wheee!) The cancer grabbed me again just last month; stay tuned for survival again.

Active member of Smith College Club of Baltimore since 1986, where I enjoy the company of bright, independent women....

Looking forward to places to go and people to meet....

I'll be in Paris during the May 2019 campus Reunion.

Deborah Watarz



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Major: Government

Graduate School: Smith College,

MEd, Education, 1970

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Richard C. Schmitt

S/P Occupation: management consultant, retired

S/P College: Tuck School/Dartmouth, MBA, 1969

Children: Jonathan W. Schmitt, 1974; Landon C. Schmitt, 1980

Grandchildren: 2

Dick and I have lived a remarkable life with many ups and tragic downs. In tough times we have each other, our faith, and an ability to accept and move on. Eckhart Tolle advises, "Whatever the present moment contains, accept it as if you had chosen it. Always work with it, not against it."

As newlyweds we lived outside Munich, Germany, thanks to the US Army. Instead of sending Dick to Vietnam, they gave us a two-year honeymoon. I taught, he soldiered, we traveled.

We then were privileged members of the historically black college community at Wilberforce University and lived in Yellow Springs, OH, formerly a stop on the Underground Railroad. This magnificent experience taught us much more than we taught others.

Having moved to NYC, I gave birth to our first child, Jonathan. Miraculously he and I both survived after I developed pre-eclampsia. Our luck faltered when our second son died seven months in utero in June 1979. Losing Peter was profoundly sad, but we turned to the future with Jonathan.

Dick accepted a job with Vice President Mondale in Washington. We settled into suburban life with many friends and a neighborhood school for Jonathan. In 1980, we welcomed Landon. His birth tempered the news of Carter's defeat and Dick's joining the unemployed. Nothing to do but keep it together and remain optimistic. Dick soon joined a DC executive search firm.

In 1997, while living in Brussels, Dick developed seizures, necessitating an emergency evacuation to Washington. Neurosurgeon Bob Martuza removed a bacterial brain abscess, saving Dick's life. We began new careers, I as general manager, Dick as paralyzed, but determined, patient with processing issues and epilepsy. He learned to walk and think again. With seizures controlled, he skis, plays pickleball, advises,



At Landon's School for Visually Impaired Children in Dong Ha, Vietnam

volunteers, and travels the world.

Dick's illness reminded us not to waste time feeling sorry for ourselves. We had sons who needed us. I needed a job (which I found in independent school fundraising,) and Dick informally advised friends about job searches.

Soon the boys were gone, Jonathan moving to work in Dubai and Landon to Vietnam. We met around the world for holidays and became adept at airline and hotel loyalty programs.

Then tragedy struck. One night in Saigon in June 2009, Landon took his life. He was 28 with everything to live for and yet he couldn't.

You don't get over this. If you are very lucky, you find a way to keep living.

Hundreds of US and Vietnamese friends asked us to create a memorial for Landon. With their help, we have raised over \$500,000 to build and support Landon Carter Schmitt Center for Blind and Visually Impaired Children in Dong Ha. Here families live below the poverty line, typhoons strike violently, and the land is replete with unexploded ordnance dropped by B-52's during the war. There is no money for school or doctors.

Additionally, Landon's Fund supports impoverished children near Da Nang; a human trafficking prevention organization working in factories and schools throughout Vietnam; an orphanage supporting children by growing organic mushrooms.

Yearly we visit Landon's School and our other projects in Vietnam. At home we're busy fundraising to support them through Landon's Fund. Of 20 children living at Landon's School, nine are comfortable in the sighted world and attend local public school. Equipped with laptops and teachers who believe in them, our kids can now move on into the future.

Jonathan married a wonderful woman who knew Landon in Vietnam. They have two adorable children who know Uncle Landon from his pictures and the stories we tell.

Landon lives in all of us.

Lucille WAUNG Davies



Kingston, ON, Canada
House: Capen
Major: Biochemistry
Graduate School: University of British Columbia, Canada, MSc, Biochemistry, 1971; Queen's University, Canada, BEd, Chemistry, 1985

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Peter Davies

S/P Occupation: Professor, Biochemistry, Queen's University, ON, Canada

My apologies. My "essay" is an email. It is my explanation to our dear Amy Finley Scott, on my hesitation to attend our 50th Reunion. Amy urged me to post it, if only as a snapshot of these unusual times, from a Canadian vantage. So here it is, with my grave reservations, and sincere gratitude for my Smith years.

October 9, 2018

Hi Amy,

Thank you so much for keeping me in the loop about the Reunion. I am ever so grateful for my time at Smith, and attending our 50th Reunion is a celebration I have been looking forward to for years, since our 40th! I would love to be in Northampton again, step into Capen House again, walk from Capen to Sabin-Reed, where I spent almost all my waking hours. Crossing Elm Street where the crossing guard always stood, and where I watched daily for the mailman, hoping for a letter from home. I'm getting goosebumps picturing all this in my head. I would love to see everybody, and walk the Alumnae Parade. I worked the Reunion weekend one summer, in 1968, and thought how wonderful if one day I could be in the parade myself. And I thoroughly enjoyed it at our 40th, walking side-by-side with you!!



With Peter and our youngest son at a Toronto Maple Leafs hockey game eh! #GoLeafsGo!

You know, Amy, it is so hard for me to put into words my feelings about coming to the US, or not coming to the US. The last thing in the world I want is to make you upset with me, or think that I am ungrateful. You, and my other wonderful kind, caring American friends. But the world has changed, everywhere, in the last year and a half. What is happening in the US is affecting everyone all over the world. We are watching values, relationships, world order, being disrupted. If I had to list the top most concerning issues, they would include the travel ban, unleashing of gun violence, and white supremacy, children in camps, removing protections of the environment, such as pulling out of the Paris Accord. And most recently, trade negotiations with Canada and Mexico. When the US Director of Trade, Peter Navarro, declared on national television that "there is a special place in hell" for Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau, I think all Canadians were shocked.

Many of our friends are limiting travel to the US; they are vacationing in Canada or Europe instead. A friend who spends all his winters in Arizona is considering selling his house in Scottsdale and buying a winter home in New Zealand. School boards are no longer allowing field trips to the US; they cannot risk students being denied entry at the border for being Muslim or from a targeted country. Of course we few Canadians make not even the tiniest ripple in the US; nobody would notice. :-) It's just a small symbolic gesture, to feel that we are showing support for human rights, global security, and our environment, our future.

Amy, I really appreciate that you email me and include me, and I thank you sincerely for hearing my views. You know, when I first arrived at Smith from Hong Kong, at age 18, I had very few opinions; I knew how to study and do well on exams; that was all.

In my three years at Smith, the most valuable lesson I learned is to think for myself, not just come up with the "right answer," but my own ideas. Now at age 70, I have way too many opinions!! It's all thanks to my Smith education! :-)

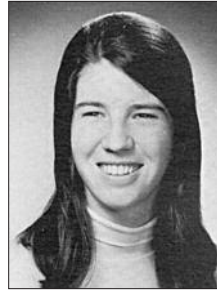
Thank you Amy, I hope you understand.
Lucille

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House: Albright
Major: Biochemistry
Graduate School: Union
Theological Seminary, MBA,
1999

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Robert Callender

S/P Occupation: Professor, Einstein College of
Medicine

Children: David, 1978; Sean, 1982; James, 1985

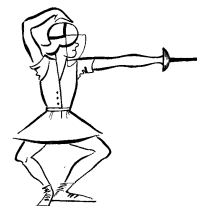


*Nancy and Robert's 40th anniversary
at the home of Lucile and Peter Davies*

Danyce Weinberg



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Kaethe Weingarten



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House: Chase
Major: Psychology
Graduate School: Harvard
University, PhD, Clinical
Psychology and Public
Practice, 1974

Spouse/Partner: Hilary Worthen
S/P Occupation: Physician
S/P College: Harvard, BA, Classics, 1969
Children: Benjamin Weingarten Worthen, 1976;
Miranda Eve Weingarten Worthen, 1979
Grandchildren: 5

Last year, before yet another major operation, I wrote my ethical will. It's dedicated to my five grandchildren and in it, I leave them what I think has been central to my life and what I hope will be a meaningful part of theirs. Mostly, it is a meditation on love, service to others, compassion and deep listening.

It's odd to think that I can boil my life down to just two pages but I believe I have. I re-read the document this year, and I changed nothing. The ethical will is a meta-commentary on my autobiography; it distills what I have learned from my life.

Since college, I have primarily worked as a clinical psychologist/family therapist/community activist in the area of witnessing violence. I believe that my main theoretical contribution has been developing a theory of witnessing violence and violation by combining bystander and trauma theory. I applied the model on a continuum of ordinary to extraordinary witnessing in the domains of conflict (domestic, community, national, and international) and in the domain of illness. My other contribution is that I wrote in a deeply felt, personal voice and I shared my family stories. I was fortunate that I was able to find both an academic and a popular audience for my work.

Like many of my peers, I experienced significant sexism during my career at Harvard Medical School, starting in graduate school. I had a much better education at Smith than I got at Harvard. My dissertation was my peak learning experience at Harvard. My committee was chaired by a woman, and she has remained one of my closest friends after nearly 50 years.

For most of my work life, colleagues have also been close friends. I have made career decisions on the basis of interpersonal factors rather than ambition. I left a tenure track position at Wellesley College, for instance, when only one person in my department



*Kaethe and Hilary's 40th
wedding anniversary party*

offered condolences on my mother's death in 1976, six weeks after my first child's birth. I left a full-time job at a Harvard teaching hospital in solidarity with a female colleague who had been screwed by our male chair. Other career changes came about in response to health challenges, my own or others'.

We have had more than our share of medical issues. I have had breast cancer three times, and now I have had four rounds with an incurable, possibly fatal, lung infection. I have been in arduous treatment – surgery, IV infusions, chemotherapy, multiple complex medication regimens – over half of my adult life. My husband has had twice-monthly chemotherapy for multiple myeloma since 2008. Our daughter was born with a rare genetic syndrome, and she still suffers from it. I have published seven books and over 100 articles or essays. Many manifest my motto: "Turn private pain into public purpose." I feel fortunate that my last two professional articles were co-written with my daughter, a tenured professor of social epidemiology and the mother of two of our five grandchildren.

We moved to Berkeley from Boston in 2013 after 44 years because both of our children, and their families, had moved to the Bay Area. I have spent the last five years actively creating new community, which has been successful. I have extended my work on witnessing to the dance world and I now have colleagues/friends among elder dancers.

Love of family, friends, and my work has been at the center of my life. I am fortunate to still love, and be in love with, Hilary.

Lydia WEISS Stofka



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Spouse/Partner: Thom Horton
S/P Occupation: Secretary-Treasurer, Gateway Management, Inc.

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Major: History
Graduate School: Teachers College of Columbia University, MA, Higher Education Administration, 1976

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Kent P. Ericson
S/P Occupation: Retired – College Admissions & Enrollment Mgt.
S/P College: St. Mary’s University, MA, History, 1968

50 Years ~ Notes on my Journey Since 1969

On Family and Friends Single until my mid-30s, I’ve been married to Kent for the past 35 years. Although no children of my own, I’m fortunate to have two lovely stepdaughters, who were 12 and 16 when I married their dad. Together with the wonderful men they married, they’ve blessed us with four beautiful grandchildren.

I’m also fortunate to be part of a close-knit family that also includes my sister and brothers, nieces, nephews, & countless cousins...In addition to friends who are family, my “family of friends” extends beyond my relatives, and I count myself lucky to have encountered so many terrific people over the years.

On Loss One aspect of being part of a large family is that the passage of years means dealing with continual loss. Over these past 50 years I’ve mourned the passing



Kent and Mary Ann visiting Venice Beach, CA in 2017

of so many near and dear to me. Just last year, our 48 year-old son-in-law lost a courageous 10-month battle with ALS. While I’ve come to understand loss as a natural part of life, I still struggle with the grief that comes with losing loved ones – my parents, my brother, Tom, treasured aunts, uncles, cousins, and old friends who’ve made up the circle of my very special extended family.

Home is Where the Heart Is Although Manchester, NH has been “home” for 22 years, we’ve also owned a small place in South Portland, ME. (No, it’s not on the water?) for about 18 years. Kent and I must have some nomadic impulse, not only because we have been shuttling between NH and ME for so long, but because we’re often going “hither, thither, and yon,” catching up with our kids in metro Boston, with family and friends scattered throughout the Northeast, or going wherever the spirit moves us!

Some Reflections on Smith and its impact on my life

Career As House President in the tumultuous period of 1968-69, I had occasion to meet regularly with Helen Russell, Smith’s long-time and remarkable Dean of Students, regarding issues in our house. Three years later, I received an unexpected invitation from her to assist the College in its transition from Heads of House to Head Residents. I served as liaison between the houses and administrative offices and over the next four years experienced the rewards and challenges of educational administration.

Thus, the trajectory of my career was set in Alumnae Hall in 1972. I left in 1976 to pursue my MA in higher ed at Teachers’ College/Columbia and lived out the rest of my work life on college campuses across the Northeast. I retired in 2014 after serving for 18 years as Registrar at Saint Anselm College in Manchester, NH. From my early days in Alumnae Hall, in a career that spanned 42 years, I valued the opportunity to work in academic communities filled with wonderfully engaged faculty and staff and enthusiastic students.

Personal Enrichment – I couldn't have foreseen how much enjoyment I would derive from being a history major! With concentrations in Medieval and Modern European History, and with courses such as Art 100, Medieval Art & Architecture, and Music 100, it isn't surprising that I would go in search of the castles and cathedrals of Europe...or find peace in Gregorian chant softly playing in a 12th century Norman church in the medieval town of Casertavecchia, or be stirred by the exquisite ninth-century frescoes of Saint Angelo in Formis in central Italy. Smith College has enriched my life immeasurably!

All in all, it's been a remarkable journey thus far! The Odyssey continues...

Linda WELLMAN Bandilla



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Virginia Whitaker (Gindy)



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Major: Mathematics

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Peter Rosen
S/P Occupation: Film/Video
Producer

Children: Mickey Rosen, 1988; Jenny Rosen, 1991

Fifty years later I am grateful for my sustained good health, wonderful family and friends, and good work. I spent the first 12 years after graduation moving less than every two years in Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and the NYC area, while also climbing the Bell System corporate ladder. After a divorce in 1982, I met Peter in late 1983; we've been married since 1985 and have two wonderful adopted children now in their late 20's. We are happily ensconced in northern Westchester County, NY, and are both still working, I, a project manager for a software company (my second career since 1997), he doing video production work. I

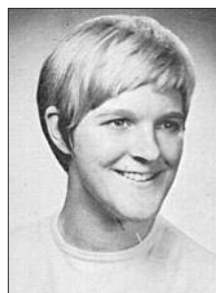


Gindy and Peter

every day includes stimulating thought and wonder, laughter, good deeds, the comfort of loved ones and friends even if at a distance, and enough physical activity to stay fit and mentally positive.

keep in touch with several classmates but see them less frequently than I'd like. Although I was not mature enough at the time to fully appreciate my undergraduate education, I thank Smith College, my schoolmates, and professors for instilling in me a lifelong love of learning and a respect for intellect. I wish for myself and all of you that

Carolyn WHITE Wallis



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Major: Government
Graduate School: Makerere

University, MA, Political Science, 1973

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Philip S. Wallis
S/P Occupation: Executive Director, Martha's Vineyard Museum
S/P College: Princeton University, BA, Woodrow Wilson School of Public Policy, 1981
Children: Elizabeth, 1986; Anne, 1989

We all left Smith in a tumultuous time for women and single-sex colleges. I remember all of our sister schools voting to go coed, and we valiantly voted to stay single sex. When I look back today, thank goodness we did. While neither of my daughters was interested in attending a women's college, I am so glad that Smith remains an outstanding college option for women, particularly now and for the future. I went on to get my graduate degree in political science at

Makerere University in Uganda, and I recall no one knowing what or where Smith College was. They thought it must be a girls' finishing school! I had to smile at that, thinking how my fellow Smithies would be appalled. How little they knew! Since then, it has been a very positive asset to have Smith College on my professional resume, and I have realized how much I value having had a women's education. We were surrounded by smart women, always got a chance to express ourselves and learn from the conversations with others in and out of class. The faculty was outstanding and the breadth of courses offered continues to amaze me. When I came to help my daughters select colleges, I recall being so impressed by the breadth of courses that we were able to choose from at all levels. From a hiring perspective, I would value a candidate with a Smith education, and I know that is widely true for graduates of women's colleges. Final words — Jordan Jocks, you rock!

Mary White

House: Hampshire
Major: Italian Language & Literature

Laura Wick



House: Morris
Major: Religion & Biblical Literature

Consuelo Wiener



House: Ziskind

Margaret Wiest (Margie)



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Sandra WILCHER Sheckman



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Major: Russian Language and Lit

Barbara Wilcox



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 wilcoxb@iupui.edu
House: Martha Wilson
Major: Psychology
Graduate School: University of Illinois, MA; PhD, Psychology, 1973

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Lee H. Ehman
S/P Occupation: Professor, Indiana University
S/P College: University of Michigan
Grandchildren: 4

Fall 1965, I left Akron, Ohio and headed off to Smith. Life since then has been lived largely in higher education. After graduating, I spent the summer working in the psych department at Kent State University (where Kathy Reuter's mother was on the faculty).

Fall 1969, I arrived at the University of Illinois for a doctoral program in developmental psychology. I had the pleasure of two Smith roommates—first Cilla Hamill (briefly), and, for a longer time, Mary Emily Bussey. Champaign-Urbana was flat, hot, & fun—the early 70's! Married (#1) a Kenyon College grad who

had returned from a tour in Vietnam.

1973 Took a faculty position at Temple University in Philadelphia. Had a wonderful year...but #1 decided he needed to go to law school at the U of I. I returned to U of I as a young professor in the College of Education focusing on the education of individuals with disabilities.

1979. Divorced #1 and moved to Washington, DC, to work in the federal government (in what was then the Department of Health, Education, & Welfare). Loved DC and the insanity of the federal government. Met and married #2 (a Davidson grad) and moved to



Barbara in 2017

the University of Oregon. Started running—you have to in Eugene! Got a Great Dane!

1985. Divorced #2 and moved to Seattle for a year. Was recruited back to the heartland – Indiana University in Bloomington. Wrote articles, books, and grants. Worked in and with schools across the state. Supported parent groups.

1991 married #3 (and the charm) Lee Ehman (three degrees from

Michigan) also on the faculty at IU. Became Dean of the School of Education at IUPUI. Great fun, very exhausting, and a 110-mile commute each day! Retired from administration in 2001, and from the faculty in 2004.

Two divorces and three marriages is not what I'd imagined for my future (to the extent that I ever vividly imagined my future), but I am very happy, and my life would not be my life without those particular events. Lee is wonderful—well worth the wait. I gained two wonderful, interesting married adult children (one family in California and one here in Bloomington) and have four lovely grandchildren (14 yr-old twin girls in California; Emily, a junior at Northwestern, and Nick, an EMT in the Boulder area). I have loved being a grandmother and an indulgent aunt to three nieces/three nephews.

Retirement is glorious in this college town! Yoga. Pilates. Cycling. Gym. Gardening. Reading. Knitting. Cooking. IU sports (soccer, women's basketball, volleyball). IU theater & music events. Many hours with Friends of the Library. We spend four weeks each summer on Crystal Lake in Michigan (where Lee grew up and where I often get to see Jan Findlater and Sandy Foote).

Only two real health adventures—Lee had Guillain-Barre in early 2008 (very scary, but he recovered quickly and completely!) and I had a little dance

with breast cancer in winter 2015...but all seems good there, too. We keep our fingers crossed and count ourselves quite lucky.

Smith was an important beginning for me. I treasure the education, perspectives, and friendships that started there.

Alice WILDE Field



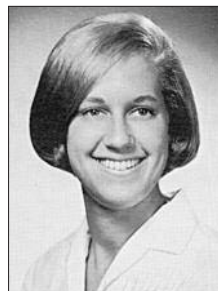
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Major: History

Janet WILLIAMS Harrison



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House: Lamont
Major: Russian Language and Lit

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Edwin Harrison

S/P Occupation: Physician, Retired
S/P College: Southern Methodist University, BS, Chemistry, 1955

Children: Trent MacNamara, 1979; Will MacNamara, 1981; Christian MacNamara, 1983

Grandchildren: 13

Life is, of course, about stories. As Madeleine L'Engle '41 said, they "make us more alive, more human, more courageous, more loving." Mine begins



In the Pyrenees with Edwin, June 2018

with how quirky I was (rather like Madeleine's character Meg Murry) when arriving at Smith.

At age 17, I brought a weird and wonderful Pandora's box of interests and life experiences to Smith. Those experiences – those stories – bonded me to some classmates in the first week, and we are still friends fifty years later. Yet certain parts of my life experience or story left me feeling that I might not truly belong at Smith – surprising since I came to Smith with 11 high school classmates, and a sister was Smith '68. Still it was very hard sometimes to find my way. I picked an oddball major – Russian language and literature. I spent a lot of Saturday nights huddled over books trying to keep up with brainiacs (you know who you are...) who seemed to play bridge more than study. I never played sports. I was in the minority by choosing to attend Chapel on Sunday mornings rather than sleep in.

Sometimes it seems my time on campus walking the halls of Lamont was so long ago that it was a wrinkle in time, a weird and wondrous imaginary trip through a space-time continuum. But it wasn't imaginary; it was as seminal an experience as any in my life – and a wondrous one.

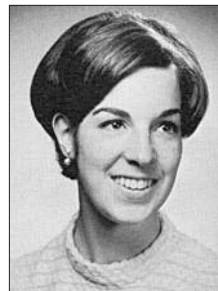
So what do the highlights of chapters in my story look like since then? I roomed with Jane Slocum Deland in Boston – and we are still fast friends. I married my college sweetheart Larry MacNamara (PU '69) and went into banking, supporting him through law school at Virginia. At age 36, early in his DC law practice, he died of melanoma leaving me with three wonderful and rambunctious young sons. Volunteer work on boards gave me the flexibility to devote time to them and introduced me to many of my closest friends who upheld me during some busy years. At age 41, I remarried and moved from Virginia to Texas. Edwin was at the height of his ob-gyn career in Dallas and seemingly relished the challenge of raising those three young whippersnappers when he had two grown daughters. And here I am in Dallas these 29 years later,

having expanded my nonprofit career to include both executive staff and board positions in many organizations in Dallas and across the US. Among those, it has been a very special honor and privilege to serve as our Class President leading up the 50th Reunion.

Since retirement at 65, my life is very happily consumed with travel all over the world and tending to grandchildren who live near and far. At this writing, I am a 15-year breast cancer survivor and, God willing, plan to be alive and engaged to age 100. My life has been sustained by faith in a gracious God, blessed by a loving family, and supported by two wonderful husbands.

I hope all of you will commit, no matter what your Smith story, to connect and reconnect as we head toward our 50th Reunion year. We are an awesome group of women. We can encourage each other on our journeys as we share our individual stories. What is yours? Has it made you, as Madeleine suggests, more alive, more human, more courageous? I hope so. I can't wait to read them all!

Elizabeth WILLIS Neger (Liz)



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House: Comstock

Major: Government

Graduate School: Yale University, MAT, French, 1970; NYU, 6th/7th yr credits, French, 1977; Fairfield University, 7th yr credits, School Administration, 1980

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Nial E. Neger

S/P Occupation: Math. Department Chairman, Trumbull High School/Central Office (CT)

S/P College: University of Bridgeport/NYU, BS/MA, Math, 1964

My odyssey began when I came to Smith from across the Atlantic to experience "living" in my home country where I had only vacationed on "home leave" many times during my first 17 years. As an American born and raised in England, then France, I was eager to learn how to be a full time American young person.



Big Sur, California, May 2017, the part you could still drive to that year!

My life has always been a life of two's it seems, back and forth between my first two homes, England and France, then between two continents, Europe and America. This duality has continued throughout my life. My childhood experience made me bilingual and bicultural and determined my career path, teaching French for 30 years in the Fairfield, CT, public high schools. My young adult experience at Smith taught me American life skills that I would never have acquired in Europe and rooted my life in the US.

I have never been goal-oriented, but my overall plan entering Smith was to perhaps enter the Foreign Service. My major was Government but by senior year, I realized that my best skill was my bilingual knowledge of French. My Smith friends pointed me toward graduate school and even made me consider teaching as a career, which had never entered my mind! My MAT experience at Yale confirmed that this was indeed a very good match. So my odyssey continued with a very fulfilling teaching career which allowed me to promote cultural open-mindedness and global curiosity, which had been (and remain) passions of mine throughout my life, having lived as a semi-outsider and adapted to cultural differences since very young. A little like the Foreign Service, <i>n'est-ce pas?!

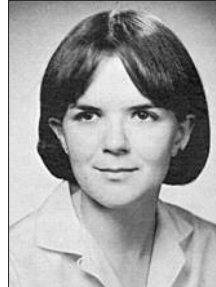
From 1970 to 2000, I was very fortunate to have a rewarding career in a school system that encouraged creativity and independence and recognized the long hours and hard work of its teachers. We quickly formed a team of talented and energetic French teachers, started traditions and programs still in existence, and most of all thoroughly enjoyed our work. My Smith experience certainly helped me create a dynamic team and language community which kept us from burning out. My school exchange program with Nîmes still keeps me in close touch with a dozen colleagues in France. We visit on both sides of the Atlantic! And hearing from former students lets me know I made a difference.

My husband Nial and I have been together as a

supportive team for over 45 years. Marrying at 35 and not having children (a mistake?) allowed us to be totally committed to our teaching careers and enjoy regular travel to Europe. Our first dates involved skiing in Vermont, another Smith initiated activity! We retired in our mid-fifties and continued to be involved in annual workshop activities, Nial in math at Yale with Fractals and Mandelbrot and myself organizing French-speaking musical events statewide for Connecticut schools. It was fun having the time to plan these outside activities. We still ski annually even since Nial's hip replacement surgery in '17. We now have two houses, one in Connecticut plus my parents' in Seacoast, NH, and we constantly drive from one to the other. So we are not downsizing, just keeping up both places. We travel enough, but not to exotic destinations.

We have been very lucky so far to have no health problems. However, recent developments in the US are very disturbing to me. The New Normal is not OK, so I've signed hundreds of online petitions and been to five protests. This has so enraged me that my lifelong optimism seems challenged. I'm still very able-bodied. I feel I should be doing more!

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House: Northrop
Major: English Language & Literature

Graduate School: University of North Carolina Chapel Hill,

MBA, School of Business, 1978

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: William Miles Fletcher

S/P Occupation: Professor emeritus, UNC Chapel Hill

S/P College: Amherst, BA, 1968

Children: Eric, 1981

Grandchildren: 2

I have two 50th anniversaries this summer as marriage to Miles Fletcher followed graduation by just six weeks. I joined him in New Haven where he was enrolled in the PhD program in Japanese history at Yale. After two and a half years and three jobs, including one I loved in marketing for Wallace SilverSmiths, we moved to Tokyo for two years, a marvelous period of exploration and learning, while he pursued his dissertation research.

Within 10 days of arriving in Tokyo, a tip from a Smith friend led to a position with Kodansha International, the English-language division of Japan's largest publisher. I spent my time promoting books about Asia, with the first I worked on, *The Unknown Craftsman* by Yanagi Soetsu, prompting my lifelong interest in folk-crafts, particularly pottery. We returned to New Haven in 1974 and a year later moved to Chapel Hill, where Miles began his professorial career in the Department of History at the University of North Carolina. I received my Carolina MBA in 1978 when business management positions for women were rare in this area. Fortunately, in 1982, I found my way to university advancement, a.k.a. fundraising, and discovered that it matched my skills, energy and ambition pretty neatly. In 1989, I pioneered the position of director of development for the University Library. By my retirement in 2010, I had ridden the wave of the digital revolution in library services and collections, while remaining constant as well to print and manuscripts, and had raised more than \$50 million, largely in permanent endowment, for a library ranked in the top 15 in North America.

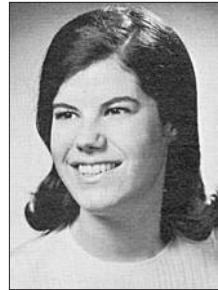
Miles and I became parents of son Eric in 1981. Eric attended Chapel Hill schools, UNC Chapel Hill, and Harvard Law School. He and his wife, Kelli, spent nine years in Boston where our grandson, Sam, and granddaughter, Edie, were born. To our delight, they returned to Raleigh this past August and are now a mere 35-minute drive away.

Retirement allows for travel and hobbies that I only dreamed of during my working life. These include three trips to Japan and visits to China, England, Scotland and Italy. I sew, restore old photos and old furniture, and do decoupage and collage. I'm a semi-serious collector of North Carolina pottery. As a passionate gardener for more than 40 years, I wish I'd followed Smith's introductory botany with its horticulture course. I've been president of the University Woman's Club, and I created a book club that's been a satisfying way to pursue friendship and reading. For six years I coached writing to a Japanese graduate student through to her successful dissertation. As most of us, I've had my share of caretaker duties, for my never-married aunt, my parents, and, most recently, my widowed older sister when she had quadruple bypass surgery.

My feminist commitment developed at my all girls' high school, Smith, and in New Haven when I participated in a class action lawsuit to overturn Connecticut's abortion law, made moot forever, we thought, sigh, by *Roe v. Wade*. I'd characterize my marriage as equal, with shared parenting and household duties, something that I treasure. As Miles and I confront our aging and occasionally failing bodies, we remain committed to each other, our family and

friends, equal rights, social and economic justice, arts, and education. I hope the political landscape has shifted nationally by the time this reaches publication. The last few years feel like a reversal of all we fought for while in school, as young adults and later. I wonder often about what my grandchildren's world will be.

Priscilla WINKLER Kenaston (Sally)



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Major: Psychology

Graduate School: Benedictine University, MS, Management and Organizational Behavior, 1991

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: John C. Kenaston Jr.

S/P Occupation: Retired

S/P College: San Diego State College, BA, Radio and Broadcasting

Children: Matthew B. Kenaston, 1974; Elizabeth W. Kenaston, 1977

Grandchildren: 2

As I agonize over what to write for our 50th Reunion Class Book, I wonder what my classmates would want to know about my life post-graduation. Though I am curious about everyone's life stories, I am somewhat reluctant to write about mine, so here goes—a brief synopsis of life after Smith:

1969 Taught 4th grade in East Walpole, MA. Learned that despite playing teacher as a child, I wasn't cut out for it.

1970 Persuaded my post-Smithie roommate, Joanie Neiss (Aronson), also a teacher, to spend our summer traveling in Europe "on five dollars a day." We had a car to make our trip easier. Leaving London, we took the car ferry across the English Channel, and at the landing in Calais, we picked up three hitchhiking American boys. After five days in romantic Paris, my favorite tall and handsome boy proposed, and we were married three months later. On Halloween 2018 we celebrated our 48th anniversary!

*a curious note: years earlier, playing with a Ouija Board with high school friends, Ouija predicted I would meet a man named John in France and marry him soon after. I met my husband, John Courtney Kenaston, in Calais, France. You know the rest of the story!

1974 We bought our first house, in Carmel, IN, and welcomed our first child, Matt. Matt went to time trials for the Indy 500 at five weeks old; we still celebrate the 500 at the noisy start-up of the engines! Matt and Margot live in San Francisco and have two adorable girls ages 11 and eight. He is a partner in a small wealth management firm.

1977 Our daughter, Betsy, was born shortly before we moved to Naperville, IL, where we have lived for 40 years. Betsy is single and lives in Massachusetts. She excels in satellite imagery and other technology I don't understand.

In the next years, I was room mom, Cub Scout co-leader, workshop leader, literacy volunteer, Junior League leader, church Deacon and Elder, 1969 class officer, campaign volunteer, and mostly Mom and Wife. As a volunteer, I met so many wonderful people and was encouraged to build and manage volunteer programs. So I did—for the City of Naperville, a park district, and The Morton Arboretum. These were the good years.

2013 Breast cancer. I am a five-year survivor! In the same year, Court was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease. Our lives have changed dramatically, as has his mobility. We moved to a ranch house recently, and, for now, I am his sole caregiver. I volunteer for two organizations that enable women to become independent, through the care of mentors, free food markets, housing, medical care, education, tutoring, budgeting, and I am so proud of the women who have the courage and commitment to change their lives, and those women who make it happen. The Ada Comstock program at Smith is such a life changer, I am happy to support.

2018 Though I've rarely contributed news to the *Quarterly*, and know amazing women who also don't (Sandy?), I know that by reading our stories we can be enriched and learn how we, as strong, capable, and intelligent women are making huge differences in others' lives. I can't wait to read all of your stories of how you have fared since 1969!

Catherine Wiss (Cathy)



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Major: Religion & Biblical Literature
Graduate School: Catholic University School of Law, JD, Law, 1986

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: W. Christian Schumann

S/P Occupation: Retired

S/P College: Harvard College, BA, History, 1969

Children: Sarah Schumann, 1980; Thomas Schumann, 1983

When I was at Smith, people asked how I planned to use my religion major. I had no long-range plans, but simply enjoyed the coursework. Yet over the course of my life, I have drawn on my major in unanticipated ways. Shortly after moving to Washington, DC, I was hired as a social worker for the city. This led to a job in the Office for Civil Rights at the federal Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. I had concentrated in civil rights in Ethics class at Smith. It was gratifying to be able to work in the field professionally.

While at HEW I met my husband, Chris Schumann, a lawyer. We had two children, Sarah and Thomas. I began teaching Sunday school as a way to introduce them to the Bible. As they outgrew Sunday school, I turned to working with adults. For the last 22 years, I have been convening a group of women to support each other, pray, and study the Bible. Three of us are Smithies!



Cathy

Washington is a town of lawyers. I joined their ranks briefly in the 1980's, when I clerked for two judges on the DC courts. When childcare made lawyering difficult, I turned my sights to volunteer work with the DC schools and public libraries. I also founded a neighborhood association. This led to my service for 12 years as an advisory neighborhood commissioner, an elected position for which my legal background proved an asset.

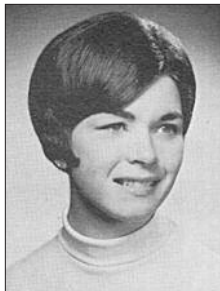
My interest in protecting the environment was inspired by my daughter Sarah. While in high school, Sarah asked me to drive her to water quality monitoring activities with our local Audubon Naturalist Society. I was so taken with the experience that I have continued as a monitor myself, and for the last 10 years have served as the coordinator of the program. I never cease to thrill at the complexities and marvels of the unseen life at the bottom of our streams. This experience has given me the chance to explore and embrace science. Sadly, I had little exposure to science while growing up. I am now catching up.

Sarah's passion for the environment continues. She spends her summers fishing in Alaska and the rest of the year in Rhode Island advocating on behalf of sustainable fishing and local fishermen. She has appeared in the media, given a TEDx talk, and created a nonprofit to promote eating a wider variety of seafood to maintain balance in the marine ecosystem. Sarah has written two books — *Island's Shellfish Heritage: An Ecological History*, and a cookbook, *Simmering the Sea: Diversifying Cookery to Sustain Our Fisheries*.

When my children were young, I took them on several cross-country trips to visit friends and national parks. Thomas grew to love the wide open spaces of the West. After working in DC and Montana, he attended Berkeley Law School. Currently he is clerking for a justice of the Alaska Supreme Court in Fairbanks and on the curling team. He plans to devote his career to protecting the environment and to remain out West.

Chris is my best friend. Now that he has retired, it is very pleasant to have him home, although I am the one who now goes off to work. Our travels are mainly to see our mothers, both of whom are still living. I had planned to accompany my mother to her 75th Smith reunion last year, but at the last moment she decided not to go. My mother-in-law turned 100 earlier this year. It is a joy to have both of them still in our lives!

Margaret WITTIGSCHLAGER Nareff
(Margi)



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House: Albright
Major: History
Graduate School: Trinity College (Hartford), MA,

History, 1980; University of Connecticut, MA, Education Administration, 1999

Spouse/Partner: Jonathan Y. Nareff

S/P Occupation: Retired

S/P College: Trinity College (Hartford), BS, Biology, 1968

Children: Seth Lorden, 1970; Matthew Edward, 1974; Gretchen Emily, 1979

Grandchildren: 2

A 50-year odyssey in numbers: one husband, three children, two grandchildren; six careers (museum curation, labor market research, public relations, college admissions, independent school administration, human services executive leadership); four apartments, two

condos, six houses; six dogs, eight cats.

Life's milestones that truly matter -

A 50+-year partnership with the man I married three hours after graduation. Our beloved children – the chef, the data analyst, and the wildlife biologist; and precious grandchildren — our grandson who loves history and our artistic granddaughter.

We have been wealthy and out of jobs. We've seen family members battle alcohol addiction and mental health issues, emerging sober and healthy. My greatest pain is being an only child-adult orphan; Daddy died when I was 26 and Mom when I was 40 — so many of life's important moments not shared with them.



Margi – less hair, more grey

I have volunteered countless hours for causes ranging from Habitat for Humanity and the Anti-Defamation League to mentoring at-risk teen girls, a first-responder helping families during tragedies, and my treasured Smith. Most of my professional and volunteer life has involved working with and for

women's organizations, and I'm proud of having served as project manager for an \$8 million innovative, supportive housing and shelter complex and launching a leadership development program for teen girls while at the YWCA of the Hartford Region.

Along the way we've visited 41 states and 35 countries, with more to come. I've been fortunate to see Michelangelo's David, pray at the Wailing Wall, marvel at the Great Pyramid, listen to church bells chiming from the tiny room in which Anne Frank wrote, and spot brown bears in Denali. We've cheered our favorite sports teams, read endlessly, seen more films than one can count, and enjoyed food from many nations. Gave up home ownership this year and love apartment living, overlooking the harbor — no upkeep, no chores!

In short, fortunate indeed.

At Seventy

So
Here is seventy.
Knowing
The road ahead
Is shorter than those already traveled.
In truth,
Many to this point.
Roads that continue to fade in memory.
Yet another signpost on the road *from* seventy.
Memories turning to rumors,
And rumors to ephemera.

Wishing that they could be grasped once more,
Accepting they cannot. (September, 2017)

"[A]n adult life can be made a work of art. It's a slowly emerging design, with shifting components, occasional dramatic disruptions, and fresh, creative rearrangements." (Jill Ker Conway, President, Smith College 1975-85 – *A Woman's Education*)

Ann Wolken



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House: Franklin King
Major: Art
Graduate School: University of Oregon, MFA, Art, 1973

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Jeff McGrath

S/P Occupation: Commercial Artist, Motion Picture Union

S/P College: Yale, BA, Art, 1966

Children: Cassandra, 1985

I have been working on an archive of my art inspired by the Joan Mitchell Foundation pilot program named CALL, which is short for *Creating a Living Legacy*.

I have always wanted to do this because my mother died in 1954 when I was a little girl, and she was an artist.

In 1967, when I was a sophomore at Smith, I had more than a sophomore slump. What I had was a breakdown or breakthrough at Dawes House during final exams. All of a sudden I started to cry and couldn't stop when I was supposed to be studying. I had this delayed grief about my mother being gone. I had finally gotten it.

In 1971 I moved to Eugene, OR to get my MFA Degree in painting during the era of Vietnam War. It was a popular degree at the time. Afterwards I moved to Los Angeles, thinking it would just be a brief stop. It was harder than I thought it would be living in Los Angeles. I didn't have any jobs skills, and I didn't have any money.

My big break came when my maternal grandfather's corner property on the North Side of Pittsburgh sold, and his lawyer sent me a check for ten thousand dollars. With that money I bought my house in Venice, CA. I will be forever grateful to Mr. Southcott who told

me about it. The seller was on his way to jail for dealing pot. I had never had a safe place to live before, and I am still here in this same house.

I am a person of ones—one husband, Jeff McGrath, one child, Cassandra Violet Wolken McGrath or Cassie for short.

I flash forward to the present-time moment. There is a new book by Mary Gabriel, called *Ninth Street Woman*, about woman artists in the era during which

my mother lived. When I was a little girl, my mother was the only artist I knew.

My work is narrative and fed by a network of women friends who I have had for many years. Many of them are linked together by my birthday gathering that I have had for more than twenty years.

For my seventy-first birthday, I had this annual gathering in the early evening just as the sun was setting. I didn't have time to get fixed up, to wash my hair, and put on some make-up. I took a short walk, and by the



In front of Metropolitan Museum of Art with my nephew Alex Zorn

time I got back, some of my friends were already there. Magic seemed to be conjured up by the ceremony of my friends making offerings – prayer flags, a poem of forgiveness, a handmade ceramic bowl as well as plants, coffee, candles and offerings of shared support.

The most recent period of my life has had a spiritual focus.

We all shared a short meditation, and I thought with gratitude of my meditation teachers over the last twenty years: Erich Schiffmann who said, "death isn't real;" Jim Finley who said, "You are loved so much;" and Mathew Brensilver who said, "Practice should never feel like pretending."



Carol Wolkowitz



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House: Haven

Major: Sociology

Graduate School: University of Sussex, UK, MA,
Sociology; University of Sussex, UK, PhD, Sociology

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Martyn Partridge

S/P Occupation: Retired graphic designer/company
director

S/P College: Keble College, Oxford, BA, PPE, 1971

Children: Tim Partridge, 1984

Because I left the United States after college, in what turned out to be a permanent move, first to travel in Europe and Asia, and then to study in the UK, I now look back at the US, and Smith, from what sometimes feels very far away. My main connection with my time at Smith is my continuing enthusiasm for sociology and, latterly, gender and women's studies. Sociology was my major at Smith (the then unknown Morgan Freeman was one of the interviewees for my senior thesis), but since then I've been a resident of the UK. After my MA and PhD at the University of Sussex, I was a professor at the University of Warwick for 30 years, retiring in 2016 (although I am still responsible for seeing my remaining PhD students through to completion, and other speaking, writing and editorial roles). I was thrilled to give the annual lecture for the Smith Sociology Department in 1999, on my then-current research on the representation of *Nuclear Families* in the WWII Manhattan Project; to meet again some of the faculty who taught me as an undergraduate, especially Peter Rose and Myron Glazer; and to experience again the beauty of the Smith campus in the autumn. Since then, most of my research has focused on the workplace embodiment of workers, managers and practitioners, especially the huge expansion of "body work" occupations which involve people using their own bodies to touch other people's, with all the ethical, emotional, and organizational dilemmas that poses. This includes my book *Bodies at Work* (Sage 2006), an article on the body work economy of south Florida, and co-editing two volumes of essays by scholars using the concept in their own research.



Martyn and Carol in New Zealand

Meanwhile, I have been extraordinarily lucky in my personal life. My husband, Martyn Partridge, is semi-retired from his work as director of his design-for-print business, which produced work for London NGO's and national charities. We're immensely proud of our son, Tim Partridge, now 34; he started work at Google after graduating from Wadham College, Oxford, and now runs his own creative agency. He lives with his girlfriend in Brighton, near where I lived as a graduate student at Sussex.

I am looking forward to our 50th Reunion. I participate in the Smith College in Great Britain alumnae club (SCGB), but there aren't any other '69ers who attend events. Lenore Barkan and her husband have visited us several times in the UK, on their way to or from tours of English gardens. It would be great to see other friends here too.

Martha Wood (Marty)



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House: Lamont

Major: Art

Graduate School: University of
Pennsylvania, MArch, Graduate
School of Fine Arts, 1986

Marital Status: Married

It's not so much the resumé-worthy accomplishments and big life changes that are bubbling up in the percolation that accompanies my procrastination, but rather glimpses of memories coming in no particular chronological order. Love, joy, pain, satisfaction, pride, regret, disappointment and, mostly, incredible gratitude

for a rich life. All jumble together. I am resistant to looking back.

Procrastination. Memories. Popovers. How did the ladies in the Lamont kitchen ever make popovers for 80? How could we not have thought that was the most miraculous and splendid of accomplishments? So, I made popovers this week in their honor, but mostly to delay this writing. Then giant, perfect, green organic grapes took me back 40 years to my one beautiful child in his high chair, delighting in his thumb and index finger being able, with great concentration, to deliver a tiny piece of a quartered and sliced green grape to his perfect rosebud mouth. I hear his lips smacking at each success.

I could make this about being thrice married, twice and, presently, to Ron. I could also tell you about the places I've lived, always leading back to Hunterdon County, NJ, or say that I am an architect who finally recognized that my attention span is much too short for building, but just long enough for Alla Prima painting, teaching a yoga class, or cooking a meal. I discovered



Marty

that I hated wounding the earth for yet another building foundation, but love sinking my hands into the rich garden soil that I have improved through decades of composting.

At the Lamont House bridge table, we called this the ultimate moment: the moment that ends procrastination because exactly enough time remains to write the paper before its deadline. It's the ultimate moment

for my reunion essay, but what I really want to do instead is get back to the present and continue to prepare for rural winter. Stack firewood on the porch, put gardens to bed, fix groundhog damage, clean up after tree removal, scrub pool furniture mildew caused by a too hot and wet summer. I doubt I will follow in the footsteps of my mother Emily Wood '46 or my grandmother Ruth Churchill '19 who wrote books in their 80's and 90's. Architecture was my escape from writing. Hard work outdoors is what I would rather now. My respite is time in NYC.

Amy Scott thinks I should just write about my painting and my friends Miguel and Gerardo, watercolorists, who earn their living painting on the streets of Antigua, Guatemala. When Ron and I visit every March to see our beautiful "adopted" granddaughters and their mother, Miguel and Gerardo let me paint with them. We sit on low stools, backs against a stone

wall plastered in ochre or coral. I keep my knees to the side so that my long legs don't block the narrow stone sidewalk. They have taught me to beware of Antiguan dogs who can drink up the water in my brush washing container, or lift a leg, thinking me part of the street furniture.

Lately, I have not allowed despair for this country to overtake me the way it did in the years that followed our graduation. My timer just sounded. I vowed to stop in time to dress for Unitarian Fellowship this morning at the Old Stone Church. I spent August remaking the grounds of this beloved place, as patron, general contractor, and laborer. For the record, my best project ever was to bring into being a new building for our local volunteer rescue squad. Just beginning, but my time and words are up.

Margaret WOODBRIDGE Dennis (Woody or Peggy)



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Major: Sociology
Graduate School: UCLA, MA,
Latin American Studies, 1972

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Robert A. Dennis

S/P Occupation: Director, Macroeconomic Division,
Congressional Budget Office

S/P College: Oxford University/Princeton, MA,
Economics, 1973

Children: Peter McF. Dennis, 1980; Alexander C.
Dennis, 1986

I have had a challenging and wonderful life, largely due to Smith and my two summers in Mexico with the Amherst Amigos. My first summer in La Asuncion Malacatepec living with the family of Fidel Reyes, the town butcher, and my 15 host brothers and sisters – plus an endless number of cousins, aunts, and friends – left me permanently in love with Mexico. I took all of Prof. Ruiz's courses on Latin America, spent a second and third summer in Mexico, then went on to get an MA in Latin American studies, then joined the Foreign Service as an officer.

Along the way, I acquired a wonderfully accommodating husband who was willing to become a US citizen and share my two overseas assignments, two years in Mexico City (loved it!) and two years in London (he could work professionally but it was not nearly as enjoyable as Mexico.).

The Foreign Service was not “family friendly” in the ’80’s. Once we started a family, life in the Foreign Service became much more challenging. I sometimes have regrets about assignments I didn’t take, but I was eventually glad to call it quits, and I was never unemployed. I found numerous volunteer jobs to do: ice cream social organizer, International Week Coordinator for our elementary school, and land use activist.

I got to design and build our third home – a timber frame house with passive solar and water source heat pump. Not bad for someone with no architecture training or building experience! And the land where we built was next to the entrance to the C&O Canal National Historic Park which made three adjoining undeveloped properties a prime target for inappropriate land use proposals. I ended up heading the opposition groups to successfully fight off three land use disputes. That turned me into a civic activist and put me touch with the Montgomery County Civic Federation, our County Council members, and County Executive.

Civic activism has been my calling since 1995. I tell young people to get involved with their state and local politicians because that is where we can have the greatest impact on laws and regulations to preserve and improve our quality of life. Our local elected officials tend to be accessible, good listeners, and usually open to constructive criticism and suggestions. Case in point: our home was on a road which had been “built” in 1947, three years before the council passed a law requiring developers to build roads to county specifications and have the roads accepted by the county for future maintenance. Because Fawsett Road was “dedicated but un-maintained” – a DBU or “orphaned road” – we residents had been funding and caring for the road for decades. But we wanted the county to build it and take it over. For years the DOT had put us off with sky-high cost estimates and excuses about not being able to do anything about our road because they “didn’t know how many roads in the same situation.” So, I carried out a comprehensive study of these roads, saved the county \$250,000, and got the Executive to set up a “working group” (myself included) to develop a process whereby residents could petition the county for relief. Our road finally got “improved” at a cost half the amount DOT had estimated and with all residents very happy with the outcome. We even had a ribbon-cutting ceremony with the county exec. Now, I’m the “Erin Brockovich” of the Orphaned Roads, and the person DOT refers to whenever other residents ask about improving their roads.

So much more to say, but I’ve reached the limit!

Ida Woody



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Major: Economics

Janeice WRIGHT Roy



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House: Baldwin
Major: English Language & Literature
Graduate School: University of Virginia, MAT, English, 1973

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Charles Thomson Roy, Jr.

S/P Occupation: retired, Michelin

S/P College: Princeton University, BA, History, 1970

Children: Charles Thomson Roy III, 1976; Eleanor James Roy Barrett, 1978; Henry James Roy, 1980

Grandchildren: 3

Hard to believe 50 years have passed since we graduated from Smith, but I have had a life full of experiences since then.

Brandishing my BA from Smith, I went to New York expecting to be flooded with job offers from the likes of *Time Magazine*. Unfortunately, despite my excellent education, my gender and typing skills did not qualify me to be on the staff of any such publication. So, because I needed a job, I began teaching as an assistant at the Dalton School and found that I loved working with children. After two years, it was time to move on, and so I entered University of Virginia to get an MAT in English. While at Virginia I met the love of my life, Tom, and, after graduating, I married him.

We moved to Greenville, SC, where Tom began a legal career with a firm and I taught fourth grade. Two children later, Tommy and Eleanor, Tom decided to leave the firm and join Michelin Tire Corporation which was soon to be headquartered in Greenville. We went to Clermont-Ferrand, France for training, where I had my third baby, James. After a stint of less than a year we returned to Greenville and settled back into



Janeice and Tom

our life only to be transferred to Rio de Janeiro where we spent a fabulous two years. From there we moved to Paris for two wonderful years and then back to Greenville for three years. We then left for Hong Kong where we spent eight exciting years. I even started a small retail business there and became president of a fascinating Chinese investment club. We were there during the handover of Hong Kong to China, a moving experience. Our children all graduated from Hong Kong International School where I coached the girls' tennis team. After the children left home in 1999, we moved – this time to Singapore. There I joined a study group with the Singapore Art Museum, learned to play golf with crazy Australian and New Zealand ladies in Malaysia and Indonesia (who seemed to enjoy the g and t's on the way home as much as the golf), and played duplicate bridge with a Chinese/Canadian friend. After two years in Singapore, we went back to Clermont-France for five years where I enjoyed learning to speak French better with all the French friends I made. Everywhere we lived I was involved with tennis groups, churches and the schools where we met wonderful people and made lifelong friends.

We are now retired and living back in our favorite U.S. city, Greenville. Our eldest child Tommy lives in Hawaii. Our daughter Eleanor lives with her husband and our three grandchildren in Philadelphia, and our youngest son James lives in Shanghai. Our life abroad was exciting and wonderful for our children, but the down side for us is that none live nearby.

We both spend time now advocating for and volunteering at an after school tutoring program for under-privileged children. We have raised money to implement the STRIDES program for reading and have had excellent results. I am also teaching beginning/intermediate bridge and playing golf with friends. Although travel does not figure largely in our lives now because we have lived all over, we celebrated our 45th anniversary by taking a Smith cruise to the Baltic on which we enjoyed lectures by Lech Walesa,

Sergei Khrushchev, and Smith college professor Brent Durban among others.

I am very much looking forward to reconnecting with my Baldwin housemates this spring at our Reunion.

Barbara WYPER Pettus (Bobbin)



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House: Morris

Major: Classics

Graduate School: Simmons
College School of Library

Science, MLS, Library Science, 1971; Simmons
College Graduate School of Management, MBA,
Management, 1980

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Terry Wayne McCauley

S/P Occupation: Retired

S/P College: Rutgers

My odyssey after graduation began with a waitressing job on Cape Cod and ended with an opportunity I could never have predicted, one that changed my life. Following Cape Cod, I got my master's in Library



October 2018
—finally retired!

Science and spent eight happy years as a public librarian in Andover, MA. During that time I married an artist and helped to raise his two children. With ambitions of becoming a library director, I got an MBA but, after graduating, decided to leave the nonprofit arena for the world of banking. We moved to New York City where my career thrived, but our marriage did not. Much to my surprise I suddenly found myself living as a single woman in New York, a city I never thought I would live in, working at a job that was a struggle at times, and grinding my teeth a lot!

Despite a few missteps along the way, I spent the next ten years expanding my horizons, meeting new people and developing new hobbies (golf, squash,

kayaking), all the while continuing in banking. Then, on my 50th birthday, Terry McCauley and I announced our engagement, and we just celebrated 20 years of marriage – it has been a wonderful journey! Terry has two sons and two granddaughters, and we spend as much time with them as they will allow.

After 22 years in banking and one merger too many, a wonderful opportunity came my way, and I returned to the nonprofit world, this time in church administration. As Director of Administration and Finance for Saint Thomas Church in NYC, I have never worked harder but, as my husband said to me early on, “you come home smiling.” While there I had the opportunity to work, not only on the largest restoration of stained-glass windows in the country, but also on a twelve-year effort to build a new organ – projects that brought me into contact with stained-glass restorers, wood carvers and organ builders whose mastery of their art is unparalleled. Along the way I joined the (Episcopal) church and, when not in NYC, I am an active Vestry member of St. Mark’s Church in Westhampton Beach. When my career path took me into church administration, I didn’t expect my personal life to follow – now it’s hard to see where one ends and the other begins.

In my 70th year, I watched the fun my husband was having in retirement and decided that, as much as I loved my job, I might enjoy retirement too. It has been hard cutting the cord (it is still a bit attached) but my calendar is filling up. I am trying out a lot of activities, and it is too soon to tell what will stick but, as I struggle with my bridge game and wonder how my fellow bird watchers can identify birds that I can’t even locate, I am encouraged by a recent Opinion piece in the *NY Times* titled *In Praise of Mediocrity*. In a nutshell, we are probably never going to excel at a hobby if we didn’t start doing it in high school so our goal should be enjoyment, not excellence. But I still hope that one day I can advance out of the novice class in flower design at my newly-joined garden club!

Finally, but so importantly, a constant for me since 1969 has been continuing to connect with my Morris House friends – not only at reunions but in between as well. As our ranks have sadly thinned, these connections are even more important. Look forward to seeing you all soon!



Pearl YAU Toy



California

House: Lamont

Major: Biochemistry

Graduate School: Stanford, MD, School of Medicine, 1973

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Larry Toy

S/P Occupation: Founder;

President and CEO, Foundation

for California Community Colleges

S/P College: Harvard College, AB, Astronomy, 1967

Children: Jennifer (Harvard '01), 1979

Grandchildren: 2

I wish I took more English classes. I struggle to write, and admired Nancy Rodgers who wrote well. In fact, I admired Smithies for their intelligence, talent, and grace. The 50th Reunion year is an opportunity to give thanks — to my “big sister” Martha Fulford, my “big sister’s big sister” Joan Hutchinson, and other kind friends, teachers, and their families who invited me to their homes. To Marty Wood for her astonishing plumbing skills and kindness in retrieving my contact lens in the sink drain! To flutist Martha Woodward ‘68 who introduced me to my husband Larry in 1970! To Smith for the scholarship, which I am happy to have repaid.

After graduation, I transitioned from all-girls schools to the virtually all-men medical school that had only two women in my class of 70 students. Unfamiliar with sexism, it was easy to “tune out” as RBG recommends, an unfamiliar comment from a classmate: “Women should stay home.” After training in internal medicine, hematology, and transfusion medicine, I joined the medical school faculty in 1980 and never went into private practice. Climbing the academic ladder to professor was very difficult for any faculty, as being principal investigator of investigator-initiated National Institute of Health research grants was a virtual prerequisite. I “tuned out” a few more unfamiliar comments. Collaboration with colleagues at multiple medical schools was essential and enjoyable. I was lucky to investigate interesting, preventable diseases that have become rare, such as transmission of hepatitis B from mothers to their newborns at birth, and transfusion-related acute lung injury caused by plasma from previously pregnant blood donors. Also satisfying was finding methods to prevent patient problems that hospital colleagues brought to me. Thanks to many, blood transfusion is much safer than in the 1980’s AIDS era. Collaborating with co-authors who write well, I continue to publish scientific papers since retirement in 2010, and am writing a book on blood for children – because

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GEORGE GARRATTY
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A PERSONAL JOURNEY**



presented by:
Pearl Toy, MD
*Professor Emeritus
UCSF School of Medicine*

2017 California Blood Bank Society Award and Lectureship; 2007 International Woman in Transfusion Medicine Award; 2007 Margot S. Kruskall Lectureship at Harvard

there currently isn't one. There is a wonderful world in blood that goes round and round inside us!

Larry and I enjoy music. After returning to the piano, opportunities came to perform the five Beethoven piano concertos with local orchestras over five years – with Lory Wallfisch present for the Beethoven 4th. I started and continue to run a free, noontime concert series that brings refreshing classical music to members and neighbors of an all-science campus.

Now, with declining energy, vision and hearing, we aim for slow-paced tranquility. I learn Mandarin and enjoy RBG home workouts. We move on elliptical trainers...and take daily naps. With our projects, we still "can't find the time" to de-clutter our home. We prefer engaging in our local "Beacon Hill"-type Village, where Larry is highly valued because of his experience and success in starting a nonprofit organization. I started a Village Women's Group with members 70-95 years old. We enjoy conversing about life experiences, practical solutions to aging-associated issues, and the pros and cons of some current civic issues.

Our landscape architect daughter Jen (Harvard '01) and her graduate school classmate founded an extraordinary nonprofit (KDI.org) that transforms public spaces for underserved communities. Our ophthalmologist son-in-law Jason (Harvard '01), a wonderful per-

son, takes care of veterans. I mail handwritten letters to our two grandchildren and hope they handwrite letters back. Our seven-year-old granddaughter wrote: "I lost my tooth on 9-23-18. I lost it when I was eating a carrot!" Our four-year-old grandson wrote: "I saw lightning and a storm!" I enjoy their exuberant exclamation marks. These after-diapers and before-adolescence years are especially precious. We appreciate each day...and each daily nap.

<https://profiles.ucsf.edu/pearl.toy>

Betsyellen Yeager



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Major: Religion & Biblical Literature

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Glenn Frankel

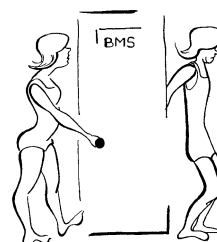
S/P Occupation: journalist/author

Children: Abra; Margo; Paul

Grandchildren: 5



70th Birthday Food Fight!!!!



Ingrid YOLLIK Alpern



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Susan Young



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Alice Zaft



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House: Capen
Major: Psychology
Graduate School: Western New
England University School of
Law, JD

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: John O'Neill

S/P Occupation: Physician

S/P College: Georgetown, 1965

Children: Matthew, 1975; Judith, 1979

Grandchildren: 6

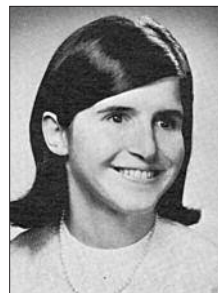
When I entered Smith as a freshman, I was thrilled to be a part of the Ivy League scene. Although I had always been viewed as strong and independent, what I wanted most at that time was to fit in, to wear the right clothes (matching sweater sets) to date Ivy men (three different colleges each weekend), and oh yes, to devour the educational opportunities. By sophomore year, I realized that fitting in at Smith actually meant being strong and independent. I learned to handle rats for psych courses without fear, to attempt architectural drawings for theater productions, and to assert my

political views (How was it possible to date a cadet from West Point while marching against the war in Vietnam?). I was privileged to be educated by some of the finest women and men in their respective fields. And the skills I learned at Smith led to a career as a trial attorney where I successfully combined my psychology and theater courses. I learned that it is possible to raise wonderful children while working in the field I loved.

Since my retirement I have focused on my incredible grandchildren. I find time to create such wonders as fairy houses with my grandchildren, delicious meals to feed family and friends, and batik art to satisfy my soul.

I still try to wear the right clothes, although more often than not that is white jeans and a sweater, I am married to the man of my dreams, and I continue to devour information.

Rosalyn Zakheim (Roz)



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House: Tyler

Major: American Studies

Graduate School: UC Berkeley School of Law, JD,
1972

Marital Status: Married

Spouse/Partner: Gayle Dukelow

S/P Occupation: Writs Attorney, Court of Appeal

S/P College: UC Irvine, BA, Philosophy, 1969

Children: Kevin Dukelow, 1983

Grandchildren: 1

Smith has been a significant part of my life ever since I journeyed 3,000 miles from home to a college I'd never even seen in person. My first year was filled with the expansive joy of education and being so far from my California home. I wasn't much of a partier, but sitting up at night discussing philosophical questions was fun, as was going to Friendly's and eating peppermint ice cream with hot fudge sauce (still one of my favorites) in the Talbot dining room. Lifelong friends from Talbot, Tyler, math and American Studies, P.E.(archery, anyone?), summer internship in DC, Southern Student Exchange and Smith Student Exchange (with historically black colleges) all helped

mold me as a person. Special thanks to Marjorie Seneschal, who helped organize a math tutorial in a Springfield elementary school. I was grateful for the support I received in applying to law school at a time when only three percent of US lawyers were female.

From Smith I went to law school in Berkeley, complete with tear gas and antiwar demonstrations in Golden State Park. I met my husband, Gayle Dukelow, on the steps of the law school library.

I spent two summers as an intern in DC, once with Margaret Heckler and then with Pete McCloskey. Both were Republicans, and never questioned my Democratic background. I often think of the differences in leaders then and now. Phone banking for Hillary and Obama probably started during those summers. My association with California Girls State, which I attended as a delegate and continued as courts counselor for many years, is an experience I treasure.

My work as a lawyer was intellectually interesting. As an appellate lawyer, I worked in private practice and at the Court of Appeal.

For a brief time I was a deputy city attorney, mainly trying driving under the influence cases. I was active in the Women Lawyers Assn. of LA and served as its president 1983-84. Friends from WLALA as well as from work formed a support structure. Proudest moments included receiving WLALA's Distinguished Service Award and a similar award from the LA County Bar's appellate law section. Mentoring young women has always been important.

Being involved in our son Kevin's life, from rooting his Little League team, to taking him to art and Hebrew classes, to being PTSA president at his high school, gave me love and a purpose. He inspired me to become an adult bat mitzvah.

Looking back, my cancer diagnosis in 2007 probably has had the biggest recent impact on my life. The prognosis for non-Hodgkin lymphoma was not good at the time so I retired from the practice of law, a decision I never regretted. Mindfulness meditation has helped me come to terms with my worrying and stress. I am grateful for the years I've been given and the people I've met with similar challenges. Seeing Kevin marry Xiaolei and give us grandson Dylan (named after Bob, my son's favorite poet) brings immeasurable joy. I spent the summer of 2018 flying between their home in Spokane to care for Dylan during the week and home to LA on weekends to make sure Mom, now 102, has what she needs. Some friends described me as part of the "panini" generation, more squished than the sandwich generation!

As for regrets, I came close to being appointed a judge and wish I could have had that experience. If I'd been more adventuresome and less risk averse, my life would have been fuller. High on my bucket list is travel.

Looking forward to our 50th!

Elizabeth ZIMMERMAN Tuckwell



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House: Franklin King

Major: Mathematics

Graduate School: University of California, Berkeley, CA, None, Mathematics, 1970; Yale Law School, JD, 1973

Marital Status: Divorced

In high school, I heard of Smith because a socially prominent family sent their daughters there. I read about that in the society section of a local newspaper, and I thought Smith must be a very good college for women. And it was a very good college for me. Smith allowed me to pursue many academic avenues and to meet a broad variety of people. For me, Smith also demonstrated that women could run things, move heavy objects, do many things that society generally relegates to men. I came to love mathematics, another area society generally relegates to men. After a year of graduate study of mathematics, I switched to law, another area then socially relegated to men. After working many years, I retired and was free to spend more time traveling. I love to travel in the third world. It's fascinating to learn the ideas of people shaped by a different culture, religion, language, morality. I also love to travel in Europe. It's equally fascinating to learn how my own culture, religion, language, and morality came to be what they are today.



Transit center in San Francisco in August 2018. About a month later, the transit center was closed because of faulty construction. Hopefully repairs will soon be made.

Heddy Zirin (Huj)



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Major: Chemistry

Lora ZITIN Laird (Lori)



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Major: French

Carolyn Zollar



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House: Comstock
Major: Government

Graduate School: Columbia University, MA, Teachers College, 1970; American University Washington College of Law, JD, 1976

Marital Status: Single

“How does your daughter enjoy Smith so far?” That was the first question from a senior classmate my first night at Talbot House. I guess my suit (yes we wore suits to travel) made me look more “mature.” I said I had enjoyed it so far (all four hours I had been there.). My freshman class included women from eastern boarding schools and a smattering of us public school girls who were set apart. Not an auspicious beginning. After several untoward and unsettling events my freshman year due to my roommate, I transferred to Comstock House. And the rest was history...and an enjoyable three years. I remember at graduation looking at all the alums in the back of audi-



*Having a great time riding camels in Petra, Jordan.
And looking like the ultimate tourist!*

torium and thinking “those ladies age well!” And now here we are – the ones in the back! We all ask, “Where did the time go?”

Smith provided a good base for a shy young woman and an opportunity to grow—just what it existed and exists for now I hope. The most influential professors were Tom Jernigan (?) and Leo Weinstein who introduced me to law and illuminated the path for me to become an attorney after an interlude at Columbia University for a master’s while I debated returning to Washington, DC, where I had been a Smith intern, and going to law school. I did so and proceeded to have a rather typical DC background—work in the Senate (Smith internship), House of Representatives, contract with the White House, governmental agency, law firm, general counsel to a trade association, and then manage another one from which I am stepping down, finally!

Meanwhile I loved to travel, which was necessary, since I was traveling three weeks out of four until 2013. For vacations I travel internationally which has included Mexico, Caribbean, China, Hong Kong, the Czech Republic, Poland, Hungary, Austria, Italy, France, Spain, the British Isles, Croatia, Slovenia, Montenegro, Greece, Israel, and Jordan. And I am planning to see Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Portugal, and Morocco. And I love the beach, so, after almost 30 years of renting in Rehoboth Beach, DE, I built a small house in 2002.

My parents have passed, and I am an only child with several cousins. So friends are truly my family and I couldn’t exist without them. My closest ones are scattered around the country, and I feel lucky to have them. See Deborah Tannen’s book on female friendships, *You’re the Only One I Can Tell*. I include my dear friends from Comstock House in that group. It is so wonderful that we have stayed together all these years!

I was raised to be a wife and teacher. Well, clearly

that didn't happen. We were on the cusp of the social revolution, and I was part of it to my parents' dismay. I have been seeing the same gentleman for about 11 years. I still love to read, garden, play golf, etc.

Health over the last six years has been different. I have light chain amyloidosis, which frequently goes undiagnosed, so I am fortunate it was. I say this so people are aware of it! I have had smoldering myeloma since 2002 and 17% of people with that get amyloidosis. Neither are curable so I am perpetually on chemo to manage them. So far, so good, but not necessarily fun. Now as I write this epistle I am scheduled for a hip replacement. And so it goes...patch, patch, patch and glad the technology is there to provide the patch!

Looking forward to seeing all of you at the Reunion!

Pamela ZUCHELLI Morris (Pam)



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Major: French

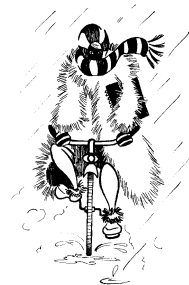
Susan ZUKOWSKI Ogdon (Suzu)



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House: Cushing
Major: Government

Marital Status: Married
Spouse/Partner: Michael D. Ogdon

S/P Occupation: Insurance Executive
S/P College: University of California, BA, 1969
Children: Sara E Ogdon Weiss, 1974; Jennifer A Ogdon McGuigan, 1978
Grandchildren: 2



Valentine Ackerman
Leslie A. *Arends* Eckel
Margaret *Arnheim* Nettinga
Sheila R. Berman
Joanne *Birkhold* Krakow
Elizabeth B. Blakey
Joanna *Buffum* Chamberlin
Diana Buitron-Oliver
B. Sharon Byrd
Catherine *Campbell* Rhorer
Kathleen E. Carlson
Ann *Carrad* Schaffner
Katherine N. Cleveland
Emily Couric
B. Gale Curtis
Taj L. *Diffenbaugh* Worley
Sally *Doonan* Rogers
Adrian *Fogel* Curtis
Elizabeth Fuller
Patricia E. Goodyer
Bonnie R. Gordon
Susan J. Heyer
Diana *Hibbard* Bitz
Paula F. Iverson
Deborah J. *Jacobs* Brosgol
Michael *Kehoe* Hubner
Laurene Kreer
Jill *Laporte* Sklarz

Sarah *Laubshire* de Brabander
Eleanor Lazarus
Judith *Leach* O'Neil
Eileen *Lesko* Scott
Susan C. Ludlow-MacMurray
Cary *MacRae* McDaniel
Susanah *Mayberry* Mead
Catherine Milwid
Virginia L. Morton
Malashri Mukerji
Martha A. Pollock
Mary M. Quiett
Nancy Reilly
Anne Rognstad
Andrea K. Rosnick
Denise *Ryan* Tedeschi
Wilsa J. Ryder
Norma Salem
Jane Dede Samz
Elizabeth A. *Schroder* Hoxie
Phyllis Ann Shapiro
Ann Spiegel
Cheryl *Steinmetz* Kent
Linda *Stickler* Lotto
Marcia Taylor
Margery *Willey* Marshall
Mary M. B. Wilson
Phyllis I. Ziegler



In Memoriam

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:

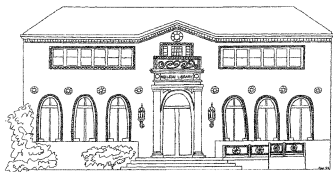
Valentine ("Connie" in those days) Ackerman was in our freshman group at Emerson. Short, glossy black hair, with a wonderful sense of humor, intelligent and focused, she was always a wonderful person to spend time with. I lost track of her after changing houses. Then a few years later, she wrote in the 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 Wittigshlager 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 Lame 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/suitemate 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

Sheila 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.

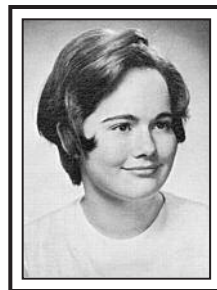
Ann Robbins Jefferies remembers:

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



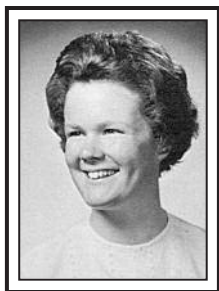
Died: May 1, 2006

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 LL.M. 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*)

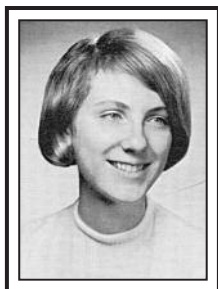
Mary Welch Ericson remembers:

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:

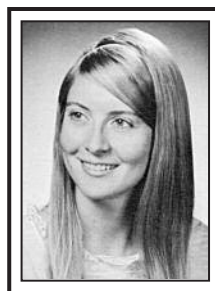
I have many great memories of time spent with Ann such as the summer we worked together at a ranch/camp in Montana. We had responded to a job listing posted on the bulletin board at Parsons, hopped a train to NY and been interviewed in the railroad station!

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 it 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.

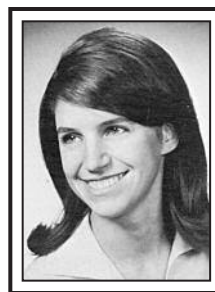
Virginia Pugh Wiggen remembers:

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:

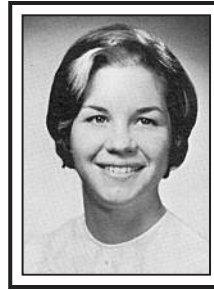
Emily and I were in Aix en Province and Paris together for our Junior Year Abroad. Getting to become friends with Emily and to experience that year together and with each member of the Paris 1967-1968 group is, and remains, a big part of my life. Emily is in one of my "Scrapbook" photos.

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 housemates 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*)

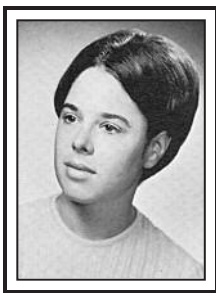
Barbara Ozol Labatt remembers:

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.

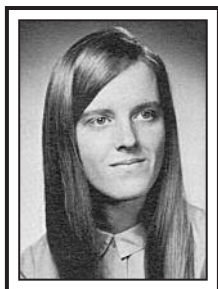
Lynn Barthelson Rognstad remembers:

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.

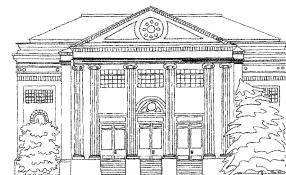
(From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

Jan Humphrey Dexter remembers:

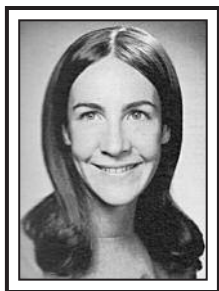
Betsy loved to ski. When the fall weather turned a bit nippy, she would pull out her skis for a trial run – on the flight of stairs between floors. It's a wonder she didn't break her neck.

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. Goodyer 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:

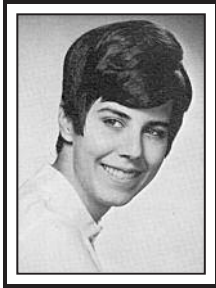
In August 2017, I wrote to a few Lamont classmates whom I had not known well hoping to reconnect before or during Reunion. Part of my reason for writing to Susan was realizing belatedly that she had grown up in Dallas only a few miles from where I have lived for the past 29 years. In response, sadly, 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



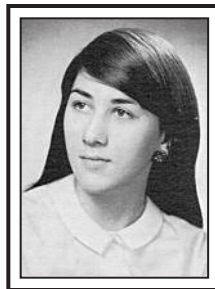
Died: December 13, 2001

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:

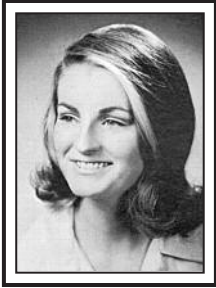
Deborah was serious, focused, disciplined. Sharon Byrd, her freshman roommate, was not (though that changed later in her years at Smith). They did not make a great pairing! But they were wonderful friends – I'm so glad I knew them. [See also B. Sharon Byrd for a memory of both.]

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



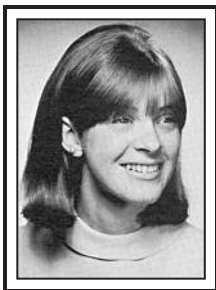
Jill

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.

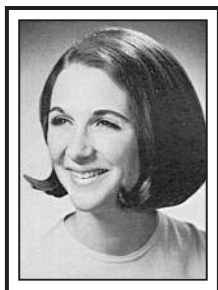
Carol Fox Kurt remembers:

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 Eileen; 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

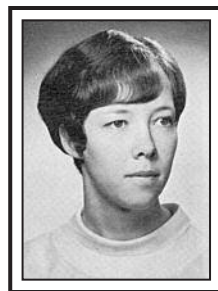
College, read 100 books a year, played tennis and bridge, and walked and talked!

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 Lame 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.

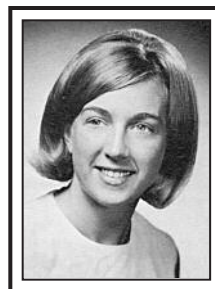
Elizabeth Willis Neger remembers:

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.

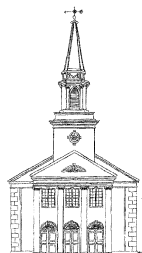
We laughed a lot about some of our lousy dating experiences. (From 45th Reunion *In Memoriam*)

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 alumna 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.

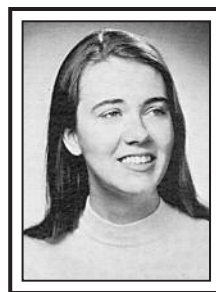
Barbara Wallace Grossman remembers:

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:

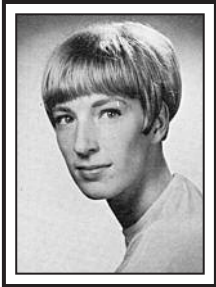
Nancy was the most beautiful, demure (but with a contagious laugh) girl I had ever met. I was a bit in awe of her. My high school friend Jim Stone at Harvard was always trying to get me to fix him up with her. Little did I know at our 25th Reunion, when she pushed me and my broken leg in a wheel chair, 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 Wiggen 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 irrepressible. We had uproarious moments studying in the Blue Room.

Nancy Vedder-Shults remembers:

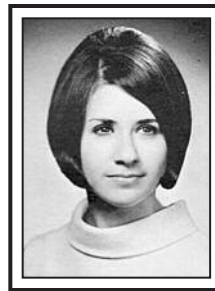
Betty Ann, as I knew her at Smith, was one of the most happy-go-lucky people I've known. Not that she

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

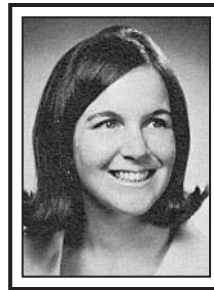
Ann Spiegel, 62, of Phoenix passed away on March 29, 2010. Ann Spiegel, M.D., beloved wife of James Patrick Clark, M.D., loving mother of Lisa and Julie, succumbed to cancer on March 29, 2010, at the age of 62. She was born in New York City, to Natalie Shainess, M.D. and Herbert Spiegel, M.D., and leaves 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.

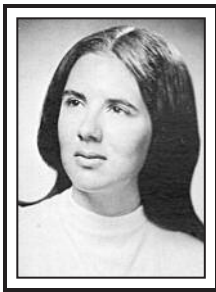
Joan Gottschall remembers:

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 Wiggen 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, Marilyn, 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.

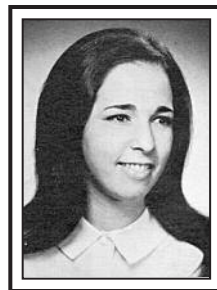
Corbin Crews Harwood remembers:

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 of 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

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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*)



Our Creative Side



Top (l-r): Katherine Reuter, Lynne Lesyk Heidel
Second: Pamela Waldo Gibbon, Linda Burden Monchik, Helen Hooke
Third: Priscilla Hamill, Margaret Elman Gillespie
Bottom: Janice Jackowski D'Addamio, Susan Hall Mygatt