The background of the cover features large, dark blue, stylized letters 'B' and 'C' that are partially obscured by the title text.

# **BENNINGTON COLLEGE BULLETIN**

ALUMNAE ISSUE VOLUME XXIX NUMBER 3 FEBRUARY 1961

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# **BENNINGTON COLLEGE BULLETIN**

## **Alumnae Issue**

*volume XXIX, no. 3, February, 1961*

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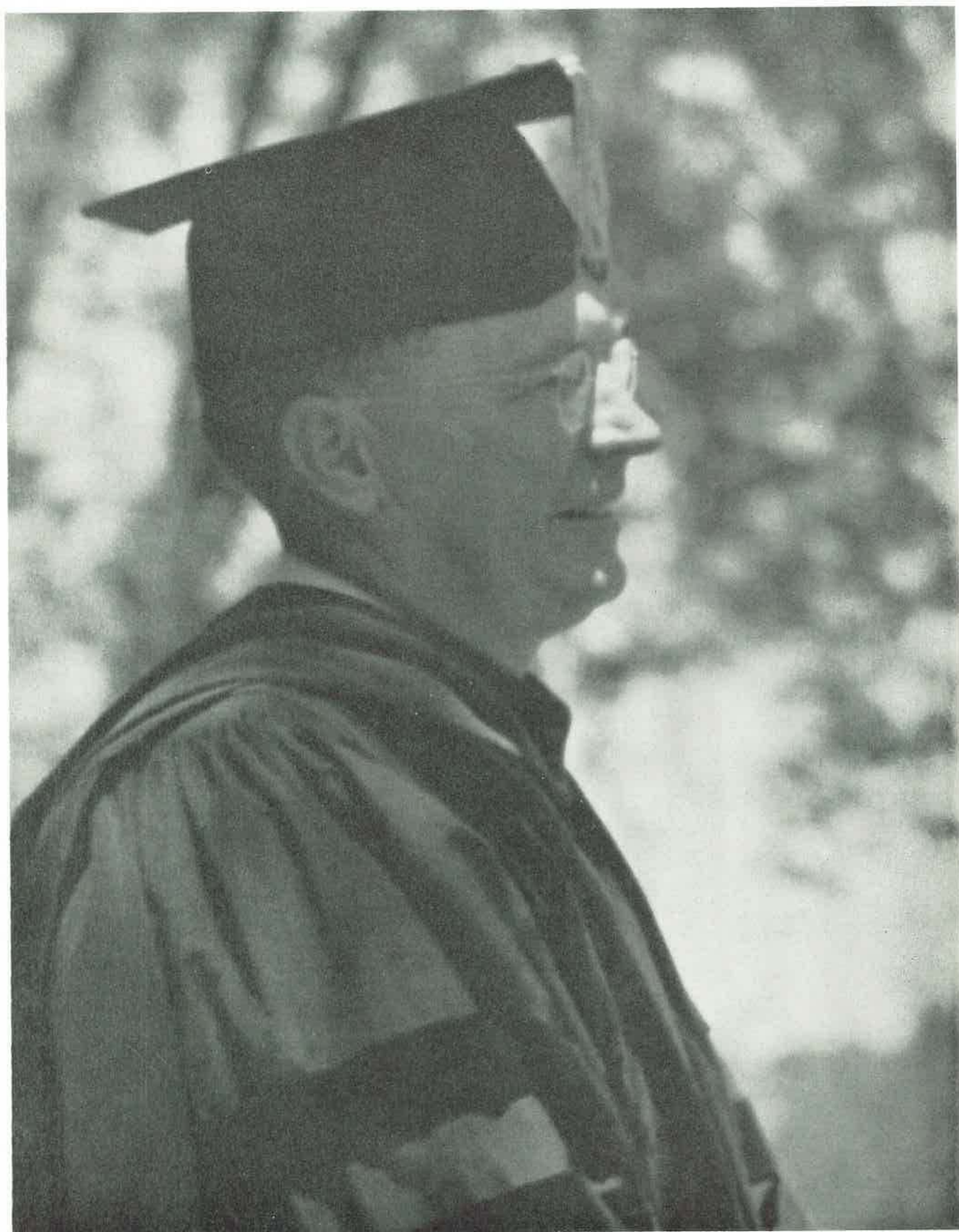
### COVER

*Dale Lester graduated from Bennington in science and art in 1956, and received the Max Beckman fellowship to continue her art studies at the Brooklyn Museum School in 1957. Currently she is working in New York for Forbes Magazine as production assistant in charge of layout and all editorial art work.*

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*Picture page 10: Priscilla Rendell '63*

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# ROBERT DEVORE LEIGH

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ON JANUARY 31ST Robert Devore Leigh, first president of Bennington, died in Chicago where he and his second wife had just gone to attend the mid-winter meetings of the American Library Association.

The Bennington chapter of Mr. Leigh's life began in 1928, four years before the College opened, and ended thirteen years later with the graduation of the sixth class. His accomplishment would have been noteworthy had he never been president of Bennington; but it was the transmutation of this unique institution from idea to reality that was his greatest challenge and his most lustrous achievement.

The founding of Bennington occupied the thoughts and energies and taxed the faith and resources of a select host of men and women, but it is not invidious to say that Mr. Leigh was uniquely fitted by character, temperament and past experience to be Bennington's first head.

Robert Leigh was born in Nebraska, but his family moved to Seattle when he was very young and he grew up there. After attending public high school, he went east to Bowdoin College. He was graduated *summa cum laude*; and he was soon given his first teaching job by another Bowdoin alumnus, William T. Foster, president of Reed College.

Reed College was an excellent school for the training of college presidents before World War I, and it was perhaps particularly useful to the future president of Bennington. Coming from traditional Bowdoin, Mr. Leigh found himself in the stimulating atmosphere of a college only three years old which had renounced fraternities, intercollegiate football, classroom oratory and even grades, and insisted that learning was the thing. He found himself also in the company of a remarkable group of scholars whose conversations on the theory and practice of teaching were themselves highly educational; and halfway through his four years at Reed he married Mildred Boardman, graduate student of education at Columbia, who from that time on played an important role in his life and career. Finally it can be said that it was there that he decided he could risk hiring Reed graduates if the need ever arose.

Before Mr. Leigh became president of Bennington he had also filled in his background with a knowledge and some practice of public administration. During the war he had been in Washington with the Public Health Service, and his field being government he made the most of his work and observations and later wrote his doctoral dissertation at Columbia on the "Federal Health Administration in the United States." He taught at Columbia briefly after the war and in 1922 was appointed at the age of 31 to the Hepburn chair of government at Williams College. An outstanding political event of the six years at Williams was Mrs. Leigh's election to the Board of Education, though no woman had ever run before, and the result has been credited to Mr. Leigh's work on strategy and tactics.

But Mr. Leigh's schooling in education and in the theory and practice of administration and politics went hand in hand with character traits that were indispensable, particularly in Bennington's four precarious years of non-existence. It was then, Harold Gray wrote in the *Alumnae Magazine* (Vol. II, No. 1, 1950), that his tenacity, patience, flexibility and faith were demonstrated

most clearly; and in the same article he speaks of Mr. Leigh's solidity of character.

In looking back over Mr. Leigh's seventy years, one notes a remarkable coherency: whatever he did seemed to be in harmonious relationship with something he had done before and with something that he would do later. While the element of chance played its part, the decisions that affected his career rested firmly on the careful weighing of alternatives. This process of choice and planning the future, and fitting it with his past was never a solitary one, but involved his family, his associates and his friends. By talking it out the evidence became clear, reason dispelled emotion, and finally the next step was plain and conscience would never throw it back. This deliberative process was so part of Mr. Leigh that he never seemed hurried, and he customarily exhibited a calm serenity. This process in arriving at decisions concerning himself was not unlike that which he employed with his faculty in matters of College policy, and which is well described in his book, *Group Leadership*.

This characteristic of coherence is of course illustrated in Mr. Leigh's commitment to education, but it is again evident in the last thirteen years of his life during which the subject of inexhaustible interest and possibilities became The Library. Everyone at Bennington who knew Mr. Leigh remembers well his interest in the College library, but his first formal identity with the field dates from 1947 when he was commissioned to do a study, "The Role of Public Libraries in the United States." The large subject is still education, but the library replaced the college and university in his thinking. In 1954 he was made Acting Dean and in 1956 Dean of the School of Library Service at Columbia University. Mrs. Mildred Leigh died in May, 1959, after a long illness; and when he retired as Dean Emeritus in the fall of that year he was invited to Honolulu to a survey of Hawaiian public and school libraries in preparation for statehood. Last fall he married Mrs. Carma Russell Zimmerman, state librarian of California, whose daughter, Rita, attended Bennington. They had made their home in Sacramento, but planned to spend their summers in Bennington and move to Bennington permanently in a few years. At the time of his death, Mr. Leigh was about to direct a survey of state libraries of the United States.

Mr. Leigh is survived by his widow and his two daughters, Mrs. Calvin Stillman (Helen Leigh '39) of Chicago and Mrs. H. Terhune Herrick (Virginia Leigh '43) of Pittsburgh, and two brothers and a sister.

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*A memorial service for Mr. Leigh will take place at the Old First Church in Old Bennington on Sunday afternoon, April 30th at 2 o'clock. His friends and anyone associated with Bennington College are invited to attend. His family has generously requested that instead of flowers, memorial gifts be made to the Scholarship Fund.*



BARBARA DEMING GRADUATED FROM BENNINGTON AS A DRAMA MAJOR IN 1938, AND RECEIVED HER M.A. IN DRAMA FROM WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY IN 1941. SHE IS A FREE LANCE WRITER AND HER POETRY, FICTION AND CRITICAL ESSAYS APPEAR FREQUENTLY IN VARIOUS NATIONAL MAGAZINES. A SHORTER VERSION OF THIS ARTICLE WAS PUBLISHED IN "THE NATION" OF DECEMBER 17, 1960.

# THE PEACEMAKERS

by Barbara Deming '38

*"A vast conspiracy of silence has spread all about us, a conspiracy accepted by those who are frightened and who rationalize their fears in order to hide them from themselves. . . . And for all who can live only in an atmosphere of human dialogue and sociability, this silence is the end of the world. . . . Among the powerful of today, these are the men without a kingdom . . . nor will they recover their kingdom until they come to know precisely what they want and proclaim it directly and boldly enough to make their words a stimulus to action."*

—ALBERT CAMUS

LATE IN AUGUST, I attended a sixteen day training program in nonviolent methods, conducted by a group called the Peacemakers. The site of the training program was New London, Connecticut—where a related group, the Committee for Non-violent Action, had been protesting, since June, the manufacture of Polaris-missile-bearing submarines. Both groups propose—as an alternative to the arms race and the cold war—unilateral disarmament (arranged in stages), and national defense, if it should be necessary, through nonviolent resistance.\* They argue that their means are not only powerful but the only means consistent with our professed belief in the sanctity of human life. They also believe that if we disarmed, there is a very fair chance that Russia would follow suit.

I learned of the program only by chance, and when I started out for New London, I expected to be unimpressed; for I assumed blandly that if the people involved were, in fact, impressive, I should somehow have heard of them. (The press, when it does not ignore these people, dismisses them briefly as "pacifists." The Committee for Nonviolent Action is rarely identified by name.) The first hour or two after my arrival seemed to confirm my skepticism. Peacemaker headquarters were not impressive—or, rather, the impression was vivid but

\* Anyone interested in one man's account of how such a policy would operate—and how it would cope with invasion, should that occur—might read Bradford Lyttle's *National Defense Thru Nonviolent Resistance*, Shahn-ti Sena Publications, 5729 Dorchester Avenue, Chicago—price 40 cents. Or for an English view: Stephen King-Hall's *Defense in the Nuclear Age*, Fellowship Publications, Nyack, N. Y.—price \$2.75. I especially recommend to skeptics Commander King-Hall's book, for he is "not a pacifist in the accepted sense of that word" and he rejects "all wishful thinking that there can be 'peaceful co-existence between . . . Communists and the democratic way of life.'"

disheartening. An abandoned three-story tenement had been rented for the occasion—rooms above and two empty shops on the ground floor. The place had been furnished hastily with rented folding chairs, three long tables, a stove and icebox, and enough army cots for some (the rest slept on the floor). Plaster dropped from the ceilings in little pellets upon one's head; and now and then drainage water ran down the walls. (A plumber's visits were little help.) The first evening, as the group sat about in discussion, a sudden crackling report brought us all to our feet. I thought for a moment that a bomb had been thrown in among us; but it turned out that a beam had just given way. Not long after, the building was condemned.

When I arrived, only about a dozen of the participants had gathered. Attendance varied, but usually there were anywhere from thirty to fifty people in the place. These first arrivals were assembled in the larger of the empty shops, their chairs pushed up against the room's four walls. They were young men for the most part, and shabby as the old building itself. Dirty bluejeans and khakis, T-shirts and rumpled sports shirts were the rule. A good number of shirt tails were out. One young man had eased off his shoes and was wriggling his toes energetically. Another was draped about his chair like a pretzel. Flies buzzed about the room. An older gray-haired man, mild and grave, dressed in a neat brown business suit, was giving the first lecture. This was Richard Gregg, author of *The Power of Nonviolence*. He was presenting the essentials of nonviolence: respect for the other person, *whoever* he is; patience—"Patience is the recognition that change takes time." He was telling of the struggle of the untouchables in India to persuade the Brahmins to let them use a certain road. For one year and three months they had stood at the entrance to the road. On the 487th day, they had been allowed to enter. He played with his watch-chain, and seemed not quite to look at his audience—his foot quietly tapping the air as he spoke. Did the group seem to him unpromising? I wondered. One young man passed a paperbound book to another, and I noted the title: *Jesus Was a Beatnik*. Was this, in fact, a Beat gathering? What were they digging?

As more people arrived, however, I noted considerable variety among them: there were women as well as men; a number of couples with children; a range of ages, and of dress—though none looked prosperous. Before many hours had passed, I began to look twice, too, at the young men I had met first. My



skepticism faded. (I began, I might add, to take more seriously the Beat movement itself; for many of the young men present here, I hazard, *are* kin to them. That is, their criticism of the status quo is similar. But they are Beats raised from limbo by a positive faith.)

THE REASON FOR THE DISMAL headquarters was clear soon enough. Most of those present had adopted a life of voluntary poverty. (It was announced that nobody would be approached for money: let those who could afford \$2.50 a day contribute to it; and those who could afford a little more, do so if they were moved to. No one who was hard up should pay anything, and if anyone needed financial help, he should ask for it.) Many in the group had chosen to be poor because of a wish to identify their lives with those of a majority of the world's people. But also they had chosen to be poor to fit themselves for battle—lest anxiety about losing what they had should make them hesitate. What soon became apparent about these people was that they were above all people ready to act. Somewhere in the history of nonviolent resistance, the term "passive resistance" has been picked up. This term should be discarded. During my stay in New London, I was struck by many ironies in the drama I glimpsed of the relation of this group to the larger public. One of the chief was: it is those who insist on military preparedness who are—of necessity now—constrained and passive. The "pacifists" are the only freely active people I have met in a long time. Coming face to face with them was, in fact, like entering a new world.

A large percentage of those present had already risked and served jail sentences for their stand. The majority, for example, refuse to pay taxes, because the bulk of taxes go for armaments. (Some of them refuse to pay what is due, some of them manage to live on incomes that are below the taxable level.) They all stand, of course, for refusing the draft. Those who have been sent to jail for these "offenses" have usually protested the prison system while they were about it—their battle being with violence wherever it is met. (Many, though not all, are anarchists, and object to prisons per se.) And the tales they tell include remarkable instances of prison authorities bowing to their will. Their stand against violence engages them in protests against capital punishment; against segregation (many are active in the sit-in movement); against imperialism (some had joined a

"peace walk" across Puerto Rico, calling for the true independence of that country); against Congressional abuse of investigating powers (many had had to fight for their own lives here; others had picketed for those in trouble). But the most distinctive activity in which they engage is civil disobedience at various war plants. For example, during the summer of 1959, eleven of them trespassed upon the missile plant at Omaha, Nebraska—in symbolic protest, "to reclaim the land for peaceful purposes." (One of the eleven to serve a six months' term for this was a mild-faced mother of four, Marjorie Swann—whose husband meanwhile patiently coped with the children. Her story has been told in the August issue of *Redbook*: "You Are a Bad Mother.") Along with members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Quakers, they have held continuous vigils of protest at Fort Detrick, the chemical and biological warfare plant; they have organized protests against the absurdity of civil defense; they have demonstrated in various cities on Hiroshima Day; and backed the voyage of THE GOLDEN RULE into the Eniwetok H-bomb testing area. The pacifist magazine *Liberation* is perhaps the best general source of information about these various actions.

In New London this past summer and fall, the act of trespass has consisted in rowing across the Thames and attempting to board a Polaris-missile-carrying submarine. (They protest the Polaris submarine especially because in any attempts at a disarmament agreement, it is bound to complicate the problem of inspection infinitely.) In the first several attempts the submarine turned out to be absent. The demonstrators trespassed, instead, simply upon the property of the Electric Boat Company, manufacturer of the submarine. What happened, too, was that the authorities decided that there would be less publicity if they made no arrests, but simply deposited the invaders outside the company gates. The publicity *was* less. On the other hand, the group was enabled to return again and again; and the fact that no one had been jailed encouraged others to swell their numbers. (After I left, the group managed at last to board the GEORGE WASHINGTON and the PATRICK HENRY—for a few minutes. And at the launching of the ETHAN ALLEN on November 23rd, nine of them trespassed and two managed to swim through the frigid Thames and climb up the sides of the sub. This day, finally, all who trespassed were arrested. These actions did make the *New York Times*, and the arrests made the front page.)



There is room in the movement, of course, for those who are not prepared to risk jail. A much larger group of volunteers backed up these actions—with "vigils" at the scene, with "peace walks" and with leafleteering. A series of leaflets was passed out among Electric Boat workers at every working shift; lectures were arranged at local churches and clubs; and everybody involved engaged whomever he could throughout the town in conversation. ("Polaris Action" was organized by the Committee for Nonviolent Action, but members of the Peacemaker program took time out from the daily discussions they held to assist them.)

AT A CERTAIN NUMBER of these conversations I was present, and some of them were startling to me. Many took place at CNVA headquarters—a tiny office at 13 Bank Street—where townspeople, throughout the summer and fall, dropped in either to heckle or ask questions; most of them were at Electric Boat, where larger and larger crowds of workers, as well as passersby, would gather after the acts of trespass, to comment upon what had gone on. Over the months, more and more townspeople expressed sympathy, and a handful of workers volunteered to quit their jobs if the committee could find them other work. (A Committee for Useful Work is a CNVA project.) But first responses were for the most part violently hostile. That readiness to act which I have noted among the group was viewed as a disposition not admirable but highly questionable. "Why must you make fools of yourselves?"—it was asked again and again, with a tone of horror. There was deeper horror still in the other question asked most frequently: "And why must you break the law?" Several of the leaflets reminded the reader of the many examples of civil disobedience in the evolution of this democracy; reminded him that the phrase itself—civil disobedience—had been coined by Thoreau (the group's rowboat, by the way, is named the HENRY DAVID THOREAU). One leaflet quotes him: "If the law is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter friction to stop the machine." It continues: "The government of the United States is derived from the consent of the governed. Just as a citizen in a democracy freely obeys all just laws so, too, he is obligated to protest unjust or immoral laws . . . resisting them openly and non-violently." Heads would shake. "But why break the law?" The depth of many Americans' awe of authority astonished me. "Would you have broken the law if you had lived in Germany under Hitler?" I heard one workman questioned. He answered stoutly: "No. I believe in obeying the law." I heard another asked, "And when you feel that the law contradicts a higher law?" With stress: "I believe in my country!" Those who viewed with the greatest alarm the prospect of challenging authority (and who invariably assumed that individual action must be ineffectual: "What can you or I do? It's up to our leaders")—were the same people who with extraordinary heat professed that they would rather die—would rather see mankind itself exterminated—than live "as slaves" under "authoritarian" Communist rule.

The longer I listened to the advocates of nonviolence in conversation with the town, the more I was struck by the difference

that marked them off from the majority—a difference, I think, directly resulting from those "foolish" acts in which they are engaging. One incident, though minor, sticks in my memory as illustrative of this. The last day I was there, four people trespassed at the submarine base at Groton, and their act was prefaced by a "peace walk" the five miles from New London. Passing motorists yelled "— — — — — !," "Commies!," "Go back to Cuba!," and a few waved and smiled. A few onlookers, indeed, at the sight of our posters, seemed to me to smile with a freshening look of relief—as at the sight of clearing skies, of sanity. A newspaper reporter walked alongside, and a good deal of the time he questioned a woman directly behind me. Like others before him (myself of course included), he was bothered about the sloppy clothes of a few of the marchers. Why couldn't they be more careful of public opinion? Why must they risk offending anyone? Well, some among the marchers, she answered, thought it important not to be concerned about middle-class conventions. For some, this was an important protest, too, though for others it wasn't. Did a few beards and a few shirt tails out really matter? The reporter seemed to think they mattered painfully. There was a note of peevish anxiety in his voice—a curious note, considering the fact that this was not, one gathered, *his* Cause the untidy ones endangered. A little later, a CNVA car came along—a large poster on its roof—and the driver pulled off at the side of the road for a moment; but not quite all the way off—still took up perhaps two inches of the highway. A police car appeared in the stream of traffic, and again the reporter began to fret: "Oh why do they do that? Now they'll get a ticket! *Why* do they have to do that?" His tone was again one of nervous alarm. I turned to observe them both. The young woman looked at him with a calm surprise. "I don't think they'll get a ticket. But why be nervous about it?" she asked him. The police car drove on by. As I turned away, it struck me that here were two people living in quite different worlds, breathing an altogether different air.

The nervous agitation of the reporter was not an agitation at all peculiar to him. By now it was a phenomenon familiar to me. It seemed to me, sometimes, in these encounters with those who opposed us, that Fear was tangible in the air between us—a free-floating creature. Often we, ourselves, incongruously, were its object. In spite of the fact that one argument used against us was that our acts must be ineffectual, people hardly ever passed us by with a pitying or a careless smile. They passed us with eyes averted as though from some obscene or acutely embarrassing sight; or turned on us looks of such venom and such panic that it was hard, at first, to believe; some snatching leaflets from our hands to tear them into shreds—"Get out of here!"; some few getting rougher still. By the end of the summer, a great number of the workers were accepting leaflets with open friendliness: "Back again?" "You get up early, don't you?" But I speak of those who were still unsympathetic. When those in the group who had trespassed were deposited outside the gates of the plant (to emphasize both their attitude of disobedience and their rejection of violence, they followed the course of going limp once officials laid hands upon them) onlookers would sometimes scream with fury: "Smack them down hard!" "Crack their heads on the sidewalk!" I remember one



middle-aged woman in a light cotton housedress appealing with desperation to a nearby cop: "You ought to drown them all!" A young Naval officer who wandered into the CNVA office one evening screamed at one of the women volunteers: "When the first Russian soldier rapes you, I hope you remember me!"

THE REAL SOURCE of all this panicky fury was clear enough in any prolonged conversation. Most conversations followed a pattern. The man or woman objecting to unilateral disarmament would first declare that the country had nothing to fear if only it would keep itself strong—and not play the coward, "like you lousy pacifists." If we just kept strong, war could be prevented. (Sometimes one would add the very next moment: "We'll be out there fighting for *you*, if it comes—you cowards!") The risk of war through some accident or miscalculation would be dismissed with a scoff. Didn't we think the people in charge were going to take such possibilities into account? But at a certain point there would break from their lips some remark revealing the assumption at heart that disaster *must* come, sooner or later; there was just nothing anyone could do about it. Many remarked that it was all in the *Bible*, after all. "Read *Revelation*." Many remarked, "Sometimes I think it's what we deserve." Those who make this latter remark usually assume it to be daringly original. The uniformity of all these responses is, in fact, striking. The responses of the workers at E. B. match almost phrase for phrase—if one censors a few rough words—the responses I have heard from intellectuals. Their source is the same acute suffering: the same infuriating sense of helplessness; of the impossibility any longer of battle that is not self-defeating, of gallant action; and the same deep sense of guilt from which there is, seemingly, no way out—unless perhaps in that almost-wished-for explosion which would be the End of the World.

A lively admission of the paralysis experienced by so many but rarely made a matter for public discussion, is contained in a statement made by one of the young men who volunteered to try to board a nuclear submarine. (CNVA always announces beforehand to the public and to all officials involved, just what action it plans and also gives its reasons—the first and fifth items in its printed Discipline being: "Our attitude towards officials and others who may oppose us will be one of sympathetic understanding of the burdens and responsibilities they carry. . . . We will always try to speak to the best in all men, rather than seek to exploit their weaknesses to what we may believe is our advantage.") Each individual who is about to commit civil disobedience always writes his own statement of motives, too. (None of these statements, of course, is ever quoted by the press.) The following is a portion of a statement by Victor Richman, a student at Columbia:

"An awesome specter threatens me now, invading the seclusion of the most precious parts of my existence, carelessly flaunting its meaning and visions, identifying itself, terribly, with my being. I try, perhaps, to write a poem, to discuss the specter with others, to think seriously about it, and yet it remains, ever conscious of my movement, always ready to inhibit and restrict. It will be at times a dark, inky mist, blocking my path. . . . It appears also as a hard steel chain penetrating insidiously far

below my skin, to hold the molecules of my body, to make them . . . cold and uneventful. And I have discovered, eventually, that I am not free. . . .

"I have been told that I must not refrain from learning to kill. I have also been told that I must prepare myself in every way for my annihilation. And I have been told that I cannot be present at the places where these conditions are set down.

"I have not the right to obey these conditions."

If there is a difference between these people and the majority, this decision has made the difference. In refusing "to obey these conditions" they have found at least a degree of freedom from the bondage the passage above, I think, quite accurately describes. How eventful the actions of these people will be in terms of the world at large, remains an open question—how many others, that is, will finally join them. But there is no question that their actions have changed *them*. The people I saw gathered in New London were people of altogether mixed background: Quakers, Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, Jews, atheists; Negro and white; men and women from all over the country, of both humble and privileged birth, and drawn from any number of occupations. They were people, also, of strong temperament; discussions were lively; the group was hardly monotone. Yet the longer I observed them, the more I was struck by a certain enviable air that could be said to distinguish them all—and most particularly those who had experimented with nonviolence for any length of time.

They are marked by an extraordinary spontaneity. All had recovered—or retained—the sense that an individual *can* act, and *has* weight. "If no one else will do it, then do it yourself," a homely vivid old man said to me lightly—a housepainter, who had staged a one-man memorial protest in Cleveland on Hiroshima Day. (He had been a C.O. in the First World War and survived brutal abuse at General Wood's detention camp.) "I told them it would be nice if several other people would join me, but I'd decided to do it alone if nobody else would"—these are the words of a southern minister, describing the beginning of resistance to segregation in his community. As a result of their commitment to action, almost all were conspicuously hardy—fearless in a very special manner. There was an atmosphere among them both grave and lighthearted. The place was full of wit. The more particular quality and cause of their boldness struck me one day as I listened to a group discussion, full of talk of radical changes that should be made in our society. We were sitting in the abandoned store, its windows heavily shrouded (the landlady had insisted on this, for rocks had been thrown through the windows over at CNVA). The shrouding gave the place rather the air of a gangster's hideout, and as the talk touched upon one thing after another wrong with things as they were, I suddenly asked myself (for I am the daughter of a well-to-do Republican lawyer): What am I doing here? This is talk of revolution. Which of course it was. Then I recalled the methods to which they are committed. I recalled their rejection of secrecy; their careful advance notice to their adversary of all their plans. If the windows here were shrouded, the door was open to anyone who cared to wander in (and indeed a number of meetings were attended by curious neighbors



—not always sober—who injected their own views with occasional grotesque effect). I recalled their commitment to the use of persuasion in place of violence—seeing in memory their harmless though stubborn forms dragged by E.B. officials from the company cars, and dumped on the sidewalk—at which they would rise, brush the dirt from their clothes, and address the flustered officials: “We’re sorry to have to put you through all this, but it’s necessary.” I suddenly recognized the source of their distinctive boldness: the source is innocence. No ordinary misgivings about injuring another person need dilute their resolution, and make them hesitate. Max Sandin, the 71-year-old Cleveland housepainter of whom I’ve spoken, writes in the *Peacemaker* bulletin of being carted out of the submarine base after trespassing: “I looked all the time to the clear blue sky, and on the tree tops—how they shook their heads with approval of what we did.” The candor and innocence of their actions gives to these people—for all the very great differences among them—a likeness to each other. The actions themselves leave their mark upon them.

THE TRUTH OF THIS last statement was remarked by Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth, the minister I have quoted, who attended the conference for one day—a man very active in the integration struggle in Birmingham, Alabama. He was being questioned as to whether nonviolence had been adopted by the Negroes in the South as a tactic or as a way of life. For himself, and for many others, he answered, “It is our philosophy—though we don’t understand it as fully as we ought or must . . . ‘Love thy neighbor . . . love thy enemy . . . Do violence to no man’—that’s what I preach, you see. . . . Every person who has to say something continually has to try to bring himself into accord with what he teaches. . . . This is our slogan: ‘Not one hair on the head of one white person shall be harmed by us in this struggle.’” For some, nonviolence *was* a tactic. “We couldn’t afford to be seen as the oppressors.” But, he added, the question actually was not a simple one. “Because the more you try to practise it, the more it becomes a part of you.” He made the point another time. Asked how he had found the courage to persist as he had, in spite of provocation and terror, mob action against him, the bombing of his house, he answered. “When you get into it, you discover things about yourself that you didn’t understand before you began.” “Before all this,” he related, he had been deadly afraid of airplanes. “You couldn’t have given me money to fly. Now I hate to hear a plane go off unless I’m on it.” He put out his hands in a gesture of wonder.

Among all those present who had experimented with nonviolence for any time, I encountered the same surprise at the power of the actions in which they engaged to bear them up. “I’m not an authority on nonviolence,” Reverend Shuttlesworth said of himself; “I’ve just been exposed to some incidents. . . . There don’t have to be big men—just big actions.” Many of them had impressive tales to tell of what they had endured and what they had accomplished; but in the telling of these stories they boasted invariably not of themselves but of these new means they had adopted. Shuttlesworth, for example, described for us at length an encounter with a Birmingham police captain one

evening, when the captain was clearly after his life—trying in every way he could think of to provoke him to some move which would give his men an excuse to shoot him down. (“I’ve never seen so many riot guns. . . . The captain said to me: ‘We protect people in our town.’ I said: ‘I see you do.’”) He had refused to be provoked, and at the end of the incident “The man might hate me,” he said, “but he could at least . . . respect what I aspired to. He wouldn’t tell me that, of course, but nonviolence had won a victory even there.”

The fact that they marvel not at themselves but at the possibilities in a certain mode of action, lends to all their stories a special quality, gives to the teller a dramatist’s eye upon events—lively, impersonal, frequently humorous. There were bursts of laughter throughout Reverend Shuttlesworth’s story. (“The Captain: ‘Are all these men with you? Why are there so many?’ ‘Well, I like company.’ ‘Everywhere you go?’ ‘Captain, you see, I have more or less someone with me everywhere I go. They like me, and I like company.’ ‘Are you expecting to run into trouble?’ ‘Well no, Captain, but you know life—one can get into trouble just trying to stay out of trouble.’”

One of the most remarkable tales told at the training program was that of Eroseanna Robinson, the track star. Arrested for refusing to pay taxes, she refused to cooperate at all. (“In conscience I couldn’t be part of this drama. . . . Everyone was playing a role and I was asked to play one, too . . . to submit blindly to it. . . . [Every official] was like a man who had learned a script—learned it so well that if you ad libbed, he didn’t know what the next line was. What we have to do more and more is teach them that the script is wrong . . . by ad libbing in the spirit of nonviolence.”) So she refused to walk into court, and was carried in; she fasted in jail, and was tube fed. In the beginning, officials were very rough with her indeed. She was painfully carried along by the chain of her handcuffs (“But I said: I’ll just detach myself”). One man couldn’t resist jabbing her with his fingernail. They carried her with her feet carefully angled up in immodest fashion (“But I felt: ‘This is not my indignity. I’m not doing it to myself’”). They put her in solitary; they threatened her with a mental institution; they promised her that the other prisoners would beat her up. But the other prisoners, who had begun by asking “Who is this silly?,” ended by identifying solidly with her resistance. (In fact, when another inmate was badly hurt, and the prison was slow about getting her to a hospital, a large group, for the first time in the history of that prison, went on hunger strike—in imitation of Rose—and the prison got the woman off to the hospital with unusual dispatch.) By the time she left, prison officials themselves were talking to her “not as to a child, but trying to reach courteously across quite a gap, and with apology.” (She left after 93 days of a year’s sentence. Other Peacemakers were by now picketing outside the prison walls; all the inmates were stirred by this fact; and it was too much for the authorities.) This story, too, was told with great spirit and wit—the wit impartially at her own expense and at others’. The room sometimes shook with laughter. Again, it was not herself at which she marvelled but these new means that she had adopted. The effect of her resistance on the other prisoners occasioned her special wonder. When I went up to her, some time later, and



said, "That was a very beautiful story that you told," she answered with simplicity, "I felt that way about it, too."

ONE CONSTANT NOTE, of course, recurring in all the discussions, was the question of how the nonviolent method could gain mass support. No one thought the answer obvious—though one man, Richard Gregg, declared himself "not too troubled about the future of this thing. The idea has been simmering for a couple of thousand years," he said; "I rather feel its time has come. . . . People have been used to trust the past as a guide, but the past has almost ceased to be a guide, the world is so utterly different suddenly." There was much discussion as to whether it was wiser for the group to act on many fronts or to concentrate time and effort on a single action. The executive secretary of CNVA, Bradford Lyttle, argued with passion that it was essential to forget for the moment all other projects and to concentrate on protesting against nuclear armaments. As someone paraphrased his argument: "Would it matter whether we blew up integrated or segregated?" Another man argued just as passionately that "It has always been the folly of pacifism to think of violence and nonviolence as only overt. . . . Resistance to war is impossible without resistance to imperialism, to racism," to violence as "an everyday pervasive reality." (This was Ralph Templin, now a teacher of sociology at Central State College, for fifteen years a missionary in India. He was recalled by his church when he tried to start a Christian non-violent movement—at the time when England was our war-ally and Gandhi an embarrassment to the British government.) The majority shared this view: "It is all one picture."

It was felt that a considerable impact upon public opinion had been made in New London. When the summer ended, though many had to return to jobs and schools, a few made the decision to pull up roots and actually move to the area. One man has given up a printing business to do so; another has moved his business and his family with him. But a variety of other projects were set in motion, too, before the conference closed—including another visit to Puerto Rico and concerted support of the sit-in movement.

The discussions were frankly groping. Those who were most experienced were most frank about admitting how much there remained to be learned. Their readiness to learn it was striking. They were quite obviously learning much from each other.

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC events of the conference was an exchange between Reverend Shuttlesworth and one of the less humble members of the CNVA. Reverend Shuttlesworth had just been questioned as to whether the Negro in the South had adopted nonviolence as a way of life or simply as a tactic, and he had answered as I have related. He said a great deal more than I have quoted. He said among other things, "Maybe one day I can meet the man who bombed my house, and we can shake hands, and talk about it. I'd like to meet him, anyway." And he said it quite simply. One had—with amazement—to believe him. The young pacifist suddenly declared bluntly: "The key to whether you have really adopted nonviolence or not is: How many of your men refuse to go into the army?"

There was a moment of surprised silence and I rather ex-

pected to hear the southerner reply with emphasis: When you have endured quietly some of the things that I have endured, then I will let you tell me what it is to be nonviolent. This was not his response, however. There were others at the meeting who spoke out with some such emphasis for him. One man (who had been the first man to picket for Willard Uphaus) jumped in: "Pacifists demand too much of other people and not enough of themselves! To ask the Negro to take this added burden is absurd. Every time a Negro is whipped in the South, let a hundred pacifists go down there and ask to be whipped on the same spot; let us teach our *white* brothers pacifism." Anne Braden (author of *The Wall Between*) quoted the title of an editorial she had recently seen: "Are Pacifists Willing to be Negroes?" One of those who spoke was Ralph Templin. Yes, he agreed, "maybe the larger percentage of learning has to be on *our* part, in this thing. . . . We began," he said, "under the inspiration of Gandhi, trying deliberately to bring nonviolence into the pacifist movement. But in studying Gandhi it became a matter of amazement to many of us that there never was any real *pacifist* organization in India. The whole picture was one of nonviolence used to end colonialism, in all its implications. Here is the same paradoxical thing: there is violence in the very nature of the Southern social structure, and nonviolence is being used to overthrow it. . . . How can we say that our own use of nonviolence against a particular violence is more legitimate? There is a complex violence in the Western world. We have to think: Where can one take hold? It has to come out of an historical situation, and we have not yet found in the pacifist movement the historical situation that makes it similar to the process in India, or here in the South. The day may come. When it comes, if we are ready, it may mean everything to what happens. That's the reason for staying on. . . . But in the meantime what is natural for us is to get into *this* struggle with all four feet. We mustn't think that we can be against war and not against racism, or against the whole structure of colonialism. These things are not apart from it. We simply have this opportunity opened up to us."

Reverend Shuttlesworth himself said—quite simply and without heat: "I will confess that I don't know very much about pacifism. I'm not an expert on nonviolence. I'm simply a person thrown by the hand of destiny into a position of leadership. . . . A man has to go according to his degree of understanding and dedication. He can be no more dedicated than he understands. You may be right," he told the young pacifist, "that this is something we must consider. . . . It's a complex subject, even to those who are students of it. . . . I think, as you do, that somewhere somehow maybe these various actions are kindred actions. The only way they can be related is by your meeting me, like this—all of us meeting each other—so that we can see and relate the whole situation in a better pattern. . . . It's a world-wide movement, and the whole is greater than any part. . . . The possibility *looms* for the future . . . that we may find we are on common ground. Meantime, this is a good discussion. . . . The word 'pacifist' in the South has a bad ring. It has it even here in the North. So you have a job. But you *are* allied with us. . . . We have to improvise as we go. Teach us what you will, in so far as it's possible."





# NORMA AMONG THE LEAVES

A Play for Television

by Gene Baro

Gene Baro has been a member of the Bennington literature faculty since 1958. He is the author of *Northwind and Other Poems* (1959), and is a frequent contributor to numerous national magazines. He is the American Editor of *Stand*, a British quarterly of literature and the arts.

This play was produced live, in color, over WHDH-TV, Channel 5, in Boston last March, directed by Ted Kazanoff, who was at one time on the drama faculty at Bennington.

## CHARACTERS

NORMA RUSHMORE

DR. THOMAS RUSHMORE, *her brother*

TOMMY RUSHMORE, *his son*

MRS. LOGAN, *their housekeeper*

HELEN CREWS

## SET

*The living room of the Rushmore summer house on a lake in New England. The room is large, comfortably and richly furnished, though without ostentation. The room shows use, love, the casual accumulations of three generations of living. French windows overlook a flagged terrace, beyond which a garden can be seen. Two doors lead from the living room to the interior of the house. A large fireplace dominates one wall of the room, and a low round table of considerable size, with chairs grouped around it, stands at the hearthside. The time: early evening of a day in mid-September.*

MRS. LOGAN, *the housekeeper, a portly, kindly woman in her middle sixties, is discovered kneeling*

*at the hearth. She is in the act of setting the fire: once or twice she looks over her shoulder questioningly, toward the French windows, at which, in a few moments, while MRS. LOGAN is turned away, the figure of NORMA RUSHMORE appears. She is a tall woman of forty-two or -three, with that kind of beauty which is both severe and delicate; her hair is brushed straight back and is gathered into a bun at her nape. Her face is pale; she gives an impression of assurance, of poise: after a moment of hesitation, she enters the room: she carries in one hand a reticule in which some knitting is visible, and in the other a slim Malacca cane. As she moves into the room, it must become apparent to the viewer that NORMA RUSHMORE is blind, but that she is a blind woman entirely familiar with her surroundings.*

MRS. LOGAN: (*Turning*) Oh, there you are, Miss Norma. I was just going off to fetch you. Haven't you sense enough to come out of the cold? (*Regarding fire and rising*) There now, it's going to be cozy.



NORMA: It is getting cold, rather. The garden feels damp, almost as if it had rained. But I thought I would wait for them.

MRS. LOGAN: Wait for people on a picnic? You should have gone with them is what.

NORMA: They didn't need me. I daresay Miss Crews will take care of them.

MRS. LOGAN: Your own dear brother and his son? Why, the Doctor and Tommy have always needed you. But there, I forgot about their planning to climb that fool mountain on horses. It would have tired you. *(Sets fire screen in place)* People on a picnic are late, and the Doctor is always late, isn't he? So you mustn't fret. And this is the last outing of the season, isn't it? And Master Tommy will want to make the most of it.

NORMA: It's an old story. *(Smiles wryly)*

MRS. LOGAN: The waiting for them? But that's what they expect. *(TOM RUSHMORE's voice is heard outside the door crying, "Norma, Norma?" A child's voice is also heard crying, "Norma".)* Now, there they are. I'll get to my kitchen. *(MRS. LOGAN exits by one door as another door opens to admit the DOCTOR, a heavily-built, handsome man of about forty-five; his son, TOMMY, a lively young boy of about twelve; and MISS HELEN CREWS, a handsome, expensively dressed woman some ten years the Doctor's junior. The DOCTOR and TOMMY rush to NORMA, calling her name, vying for her attention.)*

MISS CREWS: *(Too loudly)* What an afternoon!

TOM: Norma, dear. *(Kisses her cheek)*

TOMMY: Oh, Norma, wait till you hear!

TOM: Is something the matter? You're so pale.

NORMA: No. It was just that you startled me. *(Ironically)* I didn't expect you so soon. *(To TOMMY, waiting impatiently for her attention)* Tommy? Well, what have you been up to?

MISS CREWS: A moment of mercy, Norma, if you please.

TOM: Yes, by all means. Let's sit a minute first.

MISS CREWS: *(Wearily)* Give me a cigarette, Tom. *(He obliges testily. There is an air of tension)*

NORMA: *(To TOMMY, who is embracing her)* But you're warm, overheated.

TOMMY: *(Enthusiastically)* We had a blow-out! At the bottom of the hill. We had to climb all the way.

MISS CREWS: Not a blow-out, Junior.

TOM: It was a slow leak. I'll have to telephone the garage. There was nothing to do but abandon the car, as it turned out. Why do we go through tortures in the name of pleasure?

TOMMY: *(Eagerly)* Oh, let me tell! First, I lost all my sandwiches. I don't know where. Somewhere on the trail. We looked and looked but didn't find them. Then Daddy gave me some of his. And Helen did too. Then Helen's horse threw a shoe. We were at the top of the mountain, as far as we could go anyway. Then we had the flat tire coming back. And the spare was no good either. *(He finishes breathless and exultant)*

NORMA: But your picnic was spoiled!

TOMMY: No, it was wonderful! My horse was wonderful. I was only afraid at first, and a little coming down, it was so steep. But I did it, and Daddy didn't hold my bridle. And Helen showed me how to make a fire, and build a lean-to. Do you know what a lean-to is?

NORMA: Yes.

MISS CREWS: *(In a tone that shows she doesn't mean it)* Oh, do be quiet, Junior.

TOM: It's time he was tired. He exhausted both of us hours ago.

MISS CREWS: Nonsense. I adored it. Junior is good, healthy fun, aren't you? Think of the fun this winter. I might even teach you ice-skating.

TOMMY: Would you?

MISS CREWS: If your Aunt Norma says I may. But perhaps she will want you to stay with her.

TOMMY: Stay with her?

MISS CREWS: After school, that is. Perhaps she won't want to be alone. *(Somewhat acidly)* You must obey your Aunt, you know.

NORMA: I am often alone. *(At this moment MRS. LOGAN knocks and enters)*

MRS. LOGAN: I beg your pardon, sir. Tea will be ready when you want it.

TOMMY: Oh, Nanny, tea!

TOM: *(Turning to MISS CREWS)* Yes, I suppose we want it now.

MISS CREWS: By all means. I'm perishing for a cup, as they say.

TOM: Give us time for a wash and change then, will you, Mrs. Logan?

MRS. LOGAN: Yes, sir.

TOMMY: Do you want to hear about the picnic, Nanny?

MRS. LOGAN: Of course, I do, Lamb. Was it fun?

TOMMY: *(With the same enthusiasm as before)* We had a blow-out!

MISS CREWS: *(Interrupts)* Not again, Junior. Not again, and not now. Mrs. Logan has her work to do.

MRS. LOGAN: Yes, Miss.

MISS CREWS: I beg your pardon?

MRS. LOGAN: I said, yes, Miss, I have the tea to get.

MISS CREWS: Come along, Tommy. You and I will have our wash. *(A bit sharply)* Tom? *(Exits)*

TOM: In a moment. *(He hesitates and glances inquiringly at NORMA and MRS. LOGAN, decides that MRS. LOGAN is not going to leave the room and begins reluctantly)* I've something of a headache. It's been a long, hard day. . . .

NORMA: *(Interrupting)* Don't trouble to apologize for her.

TOM: *(Irritated in turn)* Excuse me. *(Exits)*

NORMA: The Doctor has his manners. Every day is a long, hard day.

MRS. LOGAN: *(Trying to laugh away the unpleasantness)* You're sometimes too hard on all of us, Miss.

NORMA: Someday we'll all of us say just what we mean. *(MRS. LOGAN stirs the fire. NORMA turns to her.)* There now Nanny, will you excuse me? *(Pauses)* Do you like her, Nanny?

MRS. LOGAN: Who, the Doctor's Miss Crews?

*(She moves across the room and arranges vase of flowers)* *(Carefully)* She seems a decent enough sort. *(More quickly)* You're so moody these days, Miss Norma. I wouldn't be surprised at your taking cold, sitting all day in that chilly garden, every day, out in the damp. Right after breakfast, too.



NORMA: But you haven't really answered my question, Nanny.

MRS. LOGAN: (*Going toward her*) Oh, Lamb, you're wanting Boston again, and your friends. Think of the fine concerts you love so well, and the teas, and the plays in Cambridge.

NORMA: (*Shakes her head*) No, I never tire of the garden. I never tire of this room, or of the lake. All the world's music is in the phonograph, and your teas are better than Boston's, I'm afraid.

(*Holds out her hands*) I only wish you were going back with us, Nanny. Or that I might stay here with you.

(*She clasps MRS. LOGAN's waist*) Boston is only a week away, isn't it? This is such a sad season for me, the turning of another year, and I like to be close to it, Nanny, as when I was a girl and father was alive, and we stayed on till past Thanksgiving.

MRS. LOGAN: I remember.

NORMA: Do you remember the games we played? What does father look like, what does father look like this morning, I would ask.

MRS. LOGAN: You were such a sweet child.

NORMA: (*Eagerly, wishing to play the game again*) What does father look like this morning?

MRS. LOGAN: Why, he is tall and handsome; he is wearing a riding coat and breeches; and his hair, which is rich and the color of chestnuts, like your own, is brushed and shining; and his moustache is trimmed.

NORMA: And he is smiling?

MRS. LOGAN: Smiling. And he carries a riding-crop. You could see your face in the polish of his boots. He steps out with a big stride. He is going to ride the bay gelding this morning.

NORMA: Hotspur.

MRS. LOGAN: (*Warmly*) Yes, that's his name.

(*They remain an instant silent*) But do you know what your father's going to do before he goes riding?

NORMA: (*With the wonder of a child*) No, what?

MRS. LOGAN: He's going to march down the stair, and open the door, and set his heels down, one, two; one, two; and come to this very chair and grab hold of you.

NORMA: And squeeze me.

MRS. LOGAN: And kiss you.

NORMA: It was a child's game. A child's world.

MRS. LOGAN: How he needed you, my dear. You were his little girl, the dearest thing to his heart. It was not the same love he felt for the Doctor.

NORMA: You mustn't say that, Nanny. You mustn't say that.

MRS. LOGAN: All the same it's true. (*They are gathered for a moment in the silence of their own reflections*) I love you, Lamb, do you mind?

NORMA: You love me without needing me. That is the way to love.

MRS. LOGAN: (*Somewhat shocked*) Oh, but I do need you! We all need someone to love.

NORMA: (*Shaking her head*) We need a sense of purpose. You were my eyes, and what wonderful eyes they were for a child to have. Remember our walks? Remember how, when I stopped in the fields, you took me by the hand? How you told me about the cloud shapes in the sky?

MRS. LOGAN: (*Eagerly*) How you could feel the shadow of the clouds!

NORMA: Yes, that is a strange thing, how one feels the shadow of a cloud. Even the shadows of the leaves. (*Musing to herself*) As I sit in the garden these afternoons—you know I'm just sitting and knitting young Tommy's sweater—I can feel the shadows of the leaves as the sun moves, warm and cool, warm and cool. I can feel them on my throat and cheek.

MRS. LOGAN: Yes, my dear, my dear.

NORMA: (*Smiles*) And those rainy days in the kitchen, you remember them? Do you remember how I learned the feel and the taste of things?

MRS. LOGAN: How the honey frightened you.

NORMA: Yes, it ran so slow. (*Laughing*)

MRS. LOGAN: Brother Tom would always be peeping in at the windows. He was always thinking you were getting some treat.

NORMA: Well, I was, wasn't I? There was always a little extra. Some fudge just cooled, a bit of cake.

MRS. LOGAN: But you shared with him. Who would have thought that he would be a famous surgeon, that wild one? (*TOM RUSHMORE enters silently*)

TOM: Greedy child. Did I hear you were about to steal a piece of cake?

NORMA: (*Warmly*) Oh, Tom.

(*MRS. LOGAN exits*)

TOM: (*Standing before her shifting his weight from foot to foot*) I couldn't leave you like that just now. Well, how was your day?

NORMA: Much the same as yesterday. A bit of braille, the garden, Tommy's new sweater, some music.

TOM: You might have come with us, you know.

NORMA: I'm not complaining.

TOM: Aren't you? Well, at all events, we will be back in Boston soon.

NORMA: (*Unable to help herself*) Alas!

TOM: (*With evident irritation*) What do you mean?

NORMA: Merely that I like this house, the garden—as you must know. I always leave it regretfully, though I have no dislike of Boston. Still, I often think that I should enjoy staying on here.

TOM: Alone through the winter? That is out of the question.

NORMA: There would be Nanny to look after me. And, of course, I'm accustomed to being much alone. But no matter.

TOM: That is unfair. (*Continuing more mildly*) We do need you, you know.

NORMA: (*With a suggestion of wryness*) So it seems. But that will grow less and less.

TOM: Must it?

NORMA: I was thinking of Dolly just now. A little while ago, before you returned.

TOM: Oh!

NORMA: Nothing, for no particular reason. I've been listening to some records she gave me once. It seems so long ago. Tommy had been ill, a summer cold, I think it was, and I was with him in the nursery.

TOM: Faithful Norma.



NORMA: Dolly had been shopping, or attending a meeting. You know how busy she was.

TOM: The busy young matron.

NORMA: I don't like that tone, Tom. She was your wife. Dare you forget it?

TOM: I am in no danger of that.

NORMA: It was only a few months before the accident.

TOM: *(Slowly)* Yes. Who would have thought that someone as capable, as sure as Dolly—she was without weakness.

NORMA: I should never have wished to be without weakness.

TOM: How do you mean?

NORMA: Weakness defines one's strength. Like the ability to feel pain—we would be destroyed without it.

TOM: You *are* the expert, my dear. And citing medical analogies, too.

NORMA: One learns a few things, Tom.

TOM: Norma, you dwell too much upon the past.

NORMA: And you not enough, perhaps. The past teaches us what we must do.

TOM: And what is done with!

NORMA: Do you really need me, Tom?

TOM: What can they be doing all this time?

NORMA: *(Realizing that he isn't going to pursue that tack in the conversation, subsides. Mildly)* Playing some game, I suspect. Is she very beautiful?

TOM: Helen? *(Blandly)* I suppose so.

NORMA: Is she to give up her social work, then?

TOM: What a preposterous thing to say! I don't see how that follows from her looks.

NORMA: *(Smiles)* I was wondering how she would find her afternoons free for ice-skating with Tommy. *(Ironically)* With Junior.

TOM: Need you have taken her so literally?

NORMA: Is she leading *him* on, do you suppose?

TOM: Why do you dislike her so?

NORMA: That is putting it rather strongly. After all, she has visited here for a month, and we are to see more of her in Boston.

TOM: *(Carefully and explicitly)* She has been associated with me through the hospital clinic, you well know it. She is a friend. My guest.

NORMA: Ah, so! Your guest. Be honest with me, Tom.

TOM: *(A bit too loudly)* Why do you insist upon treating me as a child? I am not a child. I've not been caught with grubby hands in a cookie jar.

NORMA: *(Softly)* No. You are well past forty. Why then are you so guilty? *(Pauses)* You are famous and rich.

TOM: *(With distaste)* Do get hold of yourself, Norma! You simply cannot have everything.

NORMA: Then we are in agreement. Why not let me go, Tom? I would survive.

TOM: You're determined to be impossible, Norma.

NORMA: Have you dressed? Let's see to the others. *(They face each other grimly. Fade out. Fade in MRS. LOGAN)* *(MRS. LOGAN hums to herself as she straightens the room. Exits briefly—the sense of the passage of time. Sound of her footsteps. Returns with tea tray. Lays out tea things on large low table before fire. She lays them out in a geometric pattern that will assist NORMA in the serving. Tea*

*is extremely elaborate—the kind of high tea with a variety of dishes that is often a substitute for dinner in England. Here it is also intended to take the place of the evening meal. MRS. LOGAN is still working at her arrangement when NORMA re-enters the room.)*

MRS. LOGAN: Oh, but you gave me a start! You make no more noise than a cat. *(Laughs)* It might be that I startled you, Lamb.

NORMA: No. And I am sorry. We're all nervous today. *(Sits in her chair by the fire and stretches out her hands to the tea table)* What lovely smells—strawberry preserves, cakes, the cheeses.

MRS. LOGAN: It's a huge tea. I thought they'd be famished. Now, dear, will you rehearse? Everything's in its accustomed place, but there are a few extras. I baked Sally Lunns. And there is a special cake I haven't put out yet. It's for Master Tommy. It's Master Tommy himself, on a horse, out of a light pastry. But the head's baked out too big, I'm afraid, so that all of it wobbles.

NORMA: He'll not mind.

MRS. LOGAN: I should hope not, for my afternoon's trouble. *(Stands still a moment)*

NORMA: I am afraid I've quarreled with Tom, Nanny, deeply, seriously.

MRS. LOGAN: *(Trying to ignore the statement)* I wasn't being cross just then when you frightened me, was I?

NORMA: Oh, Nanny, you of all never offend my blindness, for we know it's there, don't we? But Tom seems not to know. He's blind to so much, blind to himself and blind to Tommy.

MRS. LOGAN: Well, my dear, it's love that blinds him. It blinds all of us. It blinds him to you.

NORMA: You know that?

MRS. LOGAN: I've known you all your lives.

NORMA: Now, it's Tommy I'm afraid for. I don't want him to be only another grown-up child. There's so much I want for him.

MRS. LOGAN: Too much. Oh, Lamb, be content to give what you can, what you ought.

NORMA: I don't understand.

MRS. LOGAN: Give what *he* needs, not what you want for him. Let *him* be free to choose. It's yourself you're thinking about, what your life is to be.

NORMA: *(Bitterly)* I was never free.

MRS. LOGAN: Then, there's more reason. Lamb, lamb, I've loved you and Tom. You more than him. That was *your* need, don't you see, your need, to be loved the better.

NORMA: Oh, Nanny, no.

MRS. LOGAN: Yes, it was, as it was my need to give my love. Maybe that's why I'm a servant, to give my love to someone's child.

NORMA: I can't believe you.

MRS. LOGAN: That I have a need in me? I could never have a child.

NORMA: Is there nothing but sorrow?

MRS. LOGAN: *(Kisses her, cradling her head, rocks her gently. Softly)* There's a joy in giving.

NORMA: I know. I know. *(Fade out. Fade in. NORMA alone in chair. Voices, enter TOM, TOMMY, MISS CREWS.)*



MISS CREWS: (*Gaily*) We're truly sorry if we're late. But do be a good sport. We couldn't resist a bit of hide-and-seek on the stairs.

TOMMY: (*Laughs*)

NORMA: Surely not.  
(*All seat themselves around the table.*)

MISS CREWS: What a grand tea! What a lovely house, and what a charming visit! I can't decide which house is the more delightful, this one or the one in Boston. How gracious they both are. How orderly. You can't truly appreciate all these lovely old things, being so used to them, so close. (*Sips her broth, which NORMA has poured*) I suppose one must have come from Chicago for that.

NORMA: Really? (*Offering her sandwiches*) I had thought one might appreciate them also by belonging to them.

MISS CREWS: Thank you. I see what you mean. Quite right.

TOM: (*To TOMMY, with forced pleasantness*) Why so silent, Tommy?

TOMMY: I was just eating, Daddy. And thinking. Everything is so good. Did you have a fine day, Norma?

NORMA: (*Touched*) Indeed I did. Though I missed you. I worked on your new sweater, today.

TOMMY: The blue one?

MISS CREWS: Isn't that nice? I do wonder, Norma, how you manage to do all the things you do. Remarkable how you knit and sew. And pour tea. And manage the house.

NORMA: One must do something. I don't suppose I feel quite so deprived as you imagine.

MISS CREWS: Yet I should never have been able to cope with half of what you do. But then, you have the help of Junior and Tom. Doesn't she, boys? (*Laughs*)

NORMA: It does seem strange.

TOM: Norma manages better than most of us. She *will* not feel deprived.

NORMA: It is only that I am accustomed to blindness.

TOMMY: (*With real concern*) Is it terrible, Norma?

MISS CREWS: (*With some sense of shock*) Tommy!

NORMA: Not so terrible as not knowing you are blind.

TOM: Norma likes to think that everyone is partial.

MISS CREWS: (*Misunderstanding*) Well, we must all learn to help one another, mustn't we?  
(*They eat in silence for a few moments, but now without interest. The Doctor rises and tends to the fire. Turning back to the table, he says*)

TOM: But you must eat more, Helen.

MISS CREWS: (*Petulantly*) No, indeed, thank you.  
(*NORMA passes cakes*)

TOM: Thanks now, not for me.

NORMA: Sally Lunn's?

TOMMY: Oh, yes!

MISS CREWS: (*Lightly*) Greedy.

NORMA: Your father has outgrown them. (*Pauses*) (MRS. LOGAN is heard at the door) I think there is to be a surprise.

MISS CREWS: Is it ice-cream, Junior?

NORMA: He doesn't care for ice-cream.

TOM: (*Heavily*) Yes, it's one of the family oddities.  
(*All laugh in a forced way. MRS. LOGAN knocks and enters. Sets cake in form of horse and rider upon table, amid noises of admiration from adults*)

TOMMY: Oh! Oh, it's me, isn't it, Nanny?

MRS. LOGAN: (*Ardently*) So it is. I'm so sorry about the head being so big. One doesn't make pastry heads every day, you know. (*Begins clearing table.*)

TOMMY: Oh, it's too beautiful to eat.

NORMA: Surely we'll not eat you.

MRS. LOGAN: (*Going to door with soiled plates*) Only enjoy it as you please, Master Tommy. (*Exit*)

MISS CREWS: How she bustles. (*Turning her attention*) Now who to eat first, horse or rider?

TOM: Equally indigestible. (*Viewing cake*) How ugly it is.

MISS CREWS: (*Laughs*) Pathetic.

NORMA: (*Somewhat angrily*) I think not.

TOM: Oh, we're not attacking precious Nanny.

TOMMY: But you are going to leave him? You aren't going to eat him? (*Adults suddenly bewildered*)

TOM: Helen didn't--

NORMA: (*Interrupts irritably*) I'll put it away. (*Smiles too widely and reaches her hand towards the cake, but it just eludes her grasp, she knocks against it and it falls, breaking*)

TOMMY: (*Grief stricken*) You've broken it, you've broken it! Why? (*Scrambles from his seat and begins to collect pieces fallen on carpet*)

NORMA: (*Reaching towards him with genuine grief*) Oh, but my dear, I didn't mean to do it!

TOMMY: But you did it! You did it!  
(*His father reaches down quickly and slaps the boy's cheek*)

NORMA: You might not have done *that*! You need not.  
(*The boy lies at the hearth and weeps. HELEN CREWS bends over him consolingly*)

MISS CREWS: There now, upsy-daisy.

TOMMY: But she broke it.

TOM: Stop that! It's time you grew up. Don't you understand, it's only a cake? It's not *your* cake, what's more.

NORMA: That's absurd.  
(*She leans back in her chair and closes her eyes as if to shut herself away from the whole unpleasant scene. His father and MISS CREWS quiet TOMMY, though he still sobs. At last all three stand together at the fireside, silent. The boy goes slowly forward and grasps NORMA'S hand.*)

TOMMY: (*In an agony of contradictions*) I'm sorry, Norma.

NORMA: (*Gratefully*) I do understand, Tommy.

MISS CREWS: (*With determined charm*) Isn't it better now that you've apologized?

TOM: (*Sternly*) You must never speak to your Aunt Norma in that tone again.

MISS CREWS: (*Heartily cheerful, determined to make light of the episode*) I'll tuck you in old man, maybe tell you a story. (*Claps him on the back*) Say good-night to your Aunt Norma.

TOMMY: Good night, Aunt Norma.

NORMA: Good night.

TOM: (*Looking at her angrily*) Excuse us, Norma. (*Exit*)

NORMA: (*She sits a moment with a stricken expression*) (*Bitterly*) Aunt Norma. Norma, Lamb, these are for you.



*(She reaches out her hand in a prolonged elegant gesture, and finding the remains of the horse-and-rider cake on the table, quite deliberately crushes them, withdraws her hand slowly, and sniffs her finger tips. She begins to laugh, but almost noiselessly, and finally there is only her silent laughter. She takes up her knitting, next to the chair, and begins to work at it. But after a few moments she gives it up. She rises and walks with certainty to the door, where the DOCTOR, MISS CREWS and TOMMY have gone. Hesitates before it, and finally opens it part way. The Doctor's voice is immediately audible from the stairway.*

TOM: *(Urgently)* Well, finish putting him to bed, and then we can discuss it.

MISS CREWS: I don't want to argue, Tom, but really she hates me. Don't you see it?

TOM: Be patient, be patient, Helen. It's only a matter of time, darling. Only trust me to do it my way. She'll come round.

MISS CREWS: She'll never come round. Will she always be with us?

TOM: *(Deliberately)* Why, yes, she must always be with us.

MISS CREWS: Yes, she'll come round, I suppose. In time. What else could there be? I knew she could never leave us.

TOM: She'll understand. Norma—

*(NORMA shuts the door upon her name, turns, leans her back against it: slowly she begins to move across the room. At first she lifts both arms before her and totters in a caricature of blind uncertainty: A bitter smile twists her handsome face. Then she stops. And in a moment moves easily, surely towards the French windows. She parts the draperies and presses her forehead to the glass. There is the sound of wind in the garden outside. She unlocks the windows and steps out upon the terrace. The wind moans: the branches of the old trees rub and creak. She is cold. A shiver passes over her. Dead leaves from the garden are blown against her and about her. She is smiling. She moves out towards the darkness and lifts her arms toward the heavens.)*

*Fade out*

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## CONTINUING EDUCATION, or Learning How To Live Life

by Eleanor Kester '60

*Eleanor Kester graduated from Bennington as a Literature Major in 1960, and is now working toward her Master's degree at Columbia in Community Organization, a new field which involves public administration, city and regional planning, human relations, public law, and related subjects. Miss Kester attended the conference referred to in the article in the capacity of staff assistant to the Institute of Adult Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. The Institute, under the direction of Dr. Paul L. Essert, executive officer, was host to the conference.*

IN THE EARLY PART of December, 1960, I attended a conference on Public Adult Education, at Teachers College, Columbia University. The conference participants—school superintendents, board members, teachers, school administrators, and lay advisors—had come to discuss and discover *The Unique Responsibilities of Public Adult Education in the Total Educational Enterprise*.

Several important events resulted from the conference: the authorization and writing of a declaration of participants' principles, the outlining of a guidebook for future planning and action in adult education, and the identification of potential issues for further study, to mention three. Perhaps the most timely, if not over-due, concern of the conference was the need for a philosophy of adult education.

It also became the concern of this writer. My personal philoso-

phy of adult education began to take shape, and from it, what I see as distinct implications for the education of Bennington undergraduates, and for alumnae.

Bennington offers a liberal education and, presumably, liberal education teaches students to be "teachable." Bennington students are encouraged to discover and ask the *meaningful questions*, as well as (if not more often than) to arrive at the *right answers*. Thus alumnae should have learned that the ingenuity is not in inventing answers—they are already "printed at the back of the book"—but in discovering which book, and when and how to use it. What relation, then, does the spirit of inquiry, so much encouraged at Bennington, have to the role and responsibility of adult education? What should these functions be?

In order to establish the role and responsibility of adult



education, it seems essential, first, to view adult education in the larger framework of "the total educational enterprise." It is important, here, not to confuse *education* with *learning*. Almost every human experience is a potential *learning* experience, i.e., an experience in consequence of which values are challenged and choices of behavior must be made. We can be sure that humans are afforded potential learning experiences at every turn. But is this haphazard and arbitrary set of experiences *education*? Hardly.

Education provides for *systematically organized* learning experiences. Education is developmental and purposeful; it is ordered, if not orderly.

Furthermore, we must not confuse either *education* or *learning* with *socialization*. We have become so much accustomed to learning in groups—if not joining educational activities for the primary purpose of joining a group (viz. bridge classes, social dancing classes, etc.)—that we sometimes mistake socialization for education. Ballroom dancing is not educational *per se*, but the opportunity for learning how to behave socially may meet an educational need. Thus, classes which provide systematically organized learning experiences in social living are educational.

Within this framework, let us consider the unique role and responsibility of adult education. Dr. George Crothers,<sup>1</sup> in his keynote address to the conference, suggested that adult education should provide adults with "opportunities for learning how to live a life," as well as how to earn a living.

But what is adult education *for*? Is it to produce happier, more able individuals, who may live better lives? Yes, but it is more than just that. Adult education might be considered as but one portion of the larger tasks of community development and human relations. "Education for living" is much more meaningful, to this writer, when it is part of "education for living together"; we all must live not only in the private, psychological environments we create for ourselves, but also in the public, social worlds we share in shaping. Indeed, the "smaller" the globe gets, and the more grave and more interrelated become the problems all humans face, the more urgent seem our needs for learning to live together.

Thus, adult education for what? For "wise and participating citizenship"<sup>2</sup>; for realization of *individual* potential, as well as for *community* and *universal* fulfillment. In this broader context, Dr. Crothers' suggestion of adult education as "opportunities for learning how to live a life" should be amended to: "opportunities for learning how to live *life*."

THIS IS A LARGE ORDER for adult education; it is a still larger and more pressing imperative for every adult citizen. The times are such that no adult can any longer afford the dubious luxury

<sup>1</sup> George D. Crothers, moderator-producer, Public Service Programs, CBS.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur P. Crabtree, supervisor, Adult Education, New York State Department of Education; in a conference statement, responding to the address of Erwin Canham, editor, the *Christian Science Monitor*.

of social apathy or irresponsibility. But let us suppose, for a moment, that every adult is ready and eager to learn how to live life. What should be the unique role and responsibilities of adult education?

First, adult education programs should identify and fulfill the immediate educational needs of the adult community. Adults need educational programs of learning experiences which train them to question insightfully and discover answers of relevancy to their pursuits. Intelligent inquiry, plus competent utilization of skills and knowledge, are the signs of a well educated and educable person.

Second, adult education should assume leadership in both anticipating future educational needs, and devising ways to meet them. In most communities, present needs are not new needs; and if they are pressing, they have been present for a long time. Leaders of adult education have the dual task of needing to be "on top of the situation" and, at the same time, to "keep their ears to the ground." It may be bad posture, but it's good policy. Adult education needs the kind of leadership that can anticipate and deter future crises by discovering and understanding current needs and resources, and then organizing the resources and channeling them to fill the needs.

Third, if adult education is to provide opportunities for learning how to live life, adult educators will have not only to be educational theorists and administrators, but also political lobbyists, public consultants, and community leaders. In short, adult educators must become professional citizens. They must *accept the community*, not only as a fact, but also as a *motivating value*. Thus the qualifications for the job of adult educator must include not only skills and knowledge, but also convictions about the community. Leaders of adult education must be no less than highly involved professionals, although no more than hyperactive citizens.

Participants in the conference at Columbia University declared their principles of public adult education. Bennington alumnae and undergraduates should likewise define and affirm their educational principles. Every undergraduate should make sure that she is learning how to learn. Every alumna should capitalize on her Bennington education; experienced in the art of creative inquiry, she should continue her education, always seeking ways of learning how to live life.

## A NOTE ABOUT TRANSCRIPT FEES

Beginning last December 1st, fees for all transcripts (after the first one) issued at an alumna's request must be paid before the transcript can be mailed. This will save the considerable time and expense heretofore involved in billing alumnae for fees of one or two dollars. Checks should be made out to Bennington College and sent, with the request, to the Student Personnel Office. As in the past, no fee is charged for the first transcript.



# THE UNINVITED GUEST

by Joan Hsu Boepple '57

Joan Hsu Boepple graduated from Bennington in 1957. Of her work for World Refugee Year in 1960 she writes: "This was an unexpected honor bestowed upon me by an uninvited stranger some guests brought with them for after-dinner drinks one evening last February. He was a member of the Vermont Committee for Refugees. He took one look at me. 'Aren't you Chinese?' he said, 'If you have the energy to go to Washington to lobby for the Minimum Wage bill, you should be able to work for the Hong Kong refugees, the group chosen by the Vermont Committee and one which should be close to your heart.' He left some literature and departed. I haven't seen him since.

"That night I took that large envelope to bed but was soon stunned out of my drowsiness. Next day I got to work—my first effort ever at organizing a committee. I looked in the phone book for the most likely candidates, the church groups, YMCA, and the press, I thought. After hours of phoning I got hold of many groups' presidents, making them promise to meet at my house next Tuesday. I sent the children out with a babysitter, put out twenty-two demi-tasses, brewed espresso, and sliced cheese. I darkened the living room, and prepared the projector for a film on Hong Kong refugees I had meanwhile gotten. I waited. Nobody came except three friends, who beamed at all the little cups which remained ludicrously empty, and told me I had better go it alone.

"Slowly I evolved a pattern of writing in the newspapers, speaking on the radio, and letting it be known that I was available for talks. I went to some seventeen groups, equipped with photos and films. I made speeches and answered questions, with PTA's, women's clubs, Girl Scouts and novices for the priesthood. The first talk did it. The word got round, and the others asked me by themselves. Although everything had to be done by myself (thank-you letters to groups that had asked me and had raised funds, going to cook for the groups that decided to have an "austerity" dinner, handling the mailed contributions, sending them off to the U. S. Committee, telephoning with Girl Scout leaders who couldn't find a projector for my film, driving the distances for the speeches) I felt a tremendous sense of freedom in my "committee"—since I knew at all times what was going on.

*"As a result of this work, Vermont State, per capita, leads the nation in its contribution to World Refugee Year. And, in the round-up report sent me, I learned that of the various committees operating in the State, Bennington's came out first.*

*"I am open for business as long as the UN High Commissioner's Office exists, and would be glad to help anyone interested and willing to work."*

PEOPLE BECOME REFUGEES through no fault of their own. They remain refugees, sometimes to the end of their days, through no fault of their own. It is not the fault of any individual or any country, it is the constant shadow of Collective Man. Man is belligerent, he fights and he kills; man is inquisitive, he experiments with diverse types of rule; and man has a soul which tolerates no subjugation. So when we say there are refugees in the world, it is not the Yugoslavs, the Algerians, the Arabs, Africans, Tibetans, Chinese and Hungarians. It is Man himself, enslaved and tormented by his own blunders.

It is I myself, and you, and our friends whose lives are so ruthlessly suspended, for we are but part of Man. It is, therefore, no do-goodism for us to "help the poor refugees." It is not especially heroic or remarkable for *us* to work for *them*. For they and we are but the same children of this earth, of this age. It is a totally gratuitous chance of time and place that saves us from being they. When we appreciate more fully the misery to which our brothers are condemned, it will then be our instinct to offer solace, as blood instinctively courses through our veins from a healthy area to the infected to nourish it. Surely there should be no feeling of *we* and *they*.

The refugee dilemma is not a temporary problem; it is a situation which shall remain with us for a long, long time. Such was the understanding of the United Nations when, in 1951, it saw necessary to create the Office of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees—a post now held by Felix Schnyder. An executive



committee of 25 delegates from as many nations rounds out this seemingly small but most important office. Under the High Commissioner's mandate come all refugees who are on foreign soil. In its ten-year history this remarkable body, using its influence and relying on the services of some seventy voluntary agencies of all denominations, has co-ordinated material assistance to refugees all over the world. It has instigated the camp-clearance programs in Austria, Germany, Italy and Greece at the rate of two to seven thousand persons a year.

One of the UN's main targets during "World Refugee Year" in 1960 was to obtain all the finances needed to complete the resettlement of the 20,000 refugees who still remain in camps, most of whom have spent ten to twenty years there, and a third of whom are physically handicapped, or suffer the cruel spiritual paralysis called "camp psychosis." And with the new and urgent need for refugee rehabilitation has come the need for psychiatric counseling—an ironic reward for men and women who have risked all for the liberation of their souls.

Out-of-camp refugees, in Europe alone, number 84,000, of whom 21,300 are physically handicapped, and 9,700 euphemistically termed "socially handicapped." The High Commissioner searches for individual solutions for all of them. As with those in camps, he provides for counseling, individual casework and follow-up of cases, as well as the necessary funds for transportation to the country of emigration, and for the necessities with which to begin their new life. The funds come from the UN, the respective governments, and from inter-governmental voluntary agencies—that is, individual contributions from the likes of you and me.

Not under the High Commissioner's mandate are persons called "national refugees," refugees not in countries other than their own. These include the vast majority of refugees, like the East Germans in West Germany, North Koreans in South Korea, Vietnamese in South Vietnam, Chinese in Hong Kong, Dutch citizens returning from Indonesia, and so on. The seriousness of their plight, however, is recognized by the General Assembly, which has urged the High Commissioner to utilize his good offices in these areas also. Efforts in this direction have resulted, for example, in two million dollars being sent to Hong Kong during World Refugee Year, either directly or through the Office of the High Commissioner.

There is a special UN fund for legal assistance to refugees, and the 1951 Geneva Convention Relating to the Status of Refugees gives refugees most of the other basic rights enjoyed by nationals of the countries of asylum—the right to work, education, social security benefits, freedom of religion, access to court and travel documents. This Convention was ratified or acceded to by twenty-four states: the larger western European countries and such small nations as Monaco, Lichtenstein, Switzerland, Ecuador and Morocco. There were two conspicuous absences among the nations acceding to the Convention: the USSR and the United States.

During World Refugee Year, eight nations were taking parliamentary action on this matter. They included Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, New Zealand, Paraguay, Uruguay and Venezuela. Again, the United States is left behind.

There are special schemes which allow families with ill mem-

bers to emigrate, providing the latter with sanatoriums and treatment, and providing the families with subsistence should the handicapped member be the wage-earner. These heartwarming steps are being taken by France, England, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Sweden, Denmark, Norway and the Netherlands. United States participation in these undertakings, with her vast lands, endless resources, high living standards, is singularly negative.

Our country, one of the loudest to bemoan the Hungarian refugees in 1956, has been the mousiest in her effort to accommodate them. Our great contribution to World Refugee Year was the Walter Bill, passed on April 4, 1960 as Public Law 86-648, which is as ungenerous and discriminatory a bill as one can imagine. It provides for the United States to "parole" into the country twenty-five percent of the total number of refugees accepted by other countries. It aims only at those refugees under the High Commissioner's mandate, thus excluding all Asians, Hindus, Pakistanis and Arabs. Senator Hubert Humphrey angrily called the bill "followship" instead of "leadership." I am so embarrassed by the bill that each time I talk about refugees I feel I am giving them a slap in the face. And as a nation all we do is talk. When the time comes to act, we behave like the little rich boy who takes all but cannot give. It is time we in the United States considered our feelings about the admittance of refugees in general, and of sharing our neighborhoods with them in particular. Each of us should advise our legislators in Washington of our stand. Unfortunately nothing can be done about the Walter Bill for at least the next four years.

Four hundred years ago when the first settlers came to the American continent, they came for refuge from tyranny, from spiritual and physical hardships. Their reasons for coming here were certainly diverse, but one thing they shared in common: hope. Here was a new continent sparsely inhabited. The adventurous went inland and the cautious stayed by the shore. But always there was hope. One would eventually, one thought—and rightly—make a life for his family. There was a meaning to his existence.

Today there are no more empty and clement continents to offer refuge to the fleeing and the exiled. Yet people continue to escape. Thousands abroad are pouring into their border states, fleeing poverty and starvation—but mostly they flee the spiritual poverty, the spiritual starvation inflicted upon them by totalitarian states. Our Radio Free Europe is constantly telling them of the freedom we in this country enjoy, of how wonderful liberty is. We lure them out of their countries, but we don't want them to live in ours. Not in any quantity. Not in the numbers that have left their homes behind in search of this democracy, this priceless freedom. This is not true of the United States alone, though we, isolated on both sides by oceans, have been spared the pain of having to make room, whether we wished to or not, for the thousands upon thousands of half-clad, frightened, miserable and hungry people that daily stream across borders.

THE HONG KONG GOVERNMENT does not feel that it alone should be made responsible for the care of all its uninvited guests. Today only one-sixth of the refugee population there has



been absorbed into the economy. Tremendous expansion is still needed. The Chinese refugees there, groping for a meaning to their lives among the free, haven't even reached the relative sophistication of "camp psychosis," for most of them don't as yet have a roof over their heads. Of the Hong Kong population, which swelled from 600,000 in 1949 to three million today, two-thirds are refugees. At the rate of 67,000 people per square mile, the refugees roam about, empty ricebowl in hand, too busy or too weak to wonder what life means. The population density is sixteen times that of Manhattan, but actually much tighter when you take away the great vertical thrust of New York's living space. Hong Kong and Kowloon combined constitute the fourth largest city in the British Commonwealth after London, Bombay and Calcutta. Illegal immigration into the Colony has remained a major problem and the long, sparsely populated coastline, with its numerous small coves and beaches, affords points of ingress difficult to control.

The refugee influx in Hong Kong began in 1949 following the Communists' domination of the Chinese mainland, and the hallways and doorways of Hong Kong's residences filled in a blink of an eye. Next the refugees poured into the streets, sleeping under eaves, stairways, then on rooftops under nothing at all. Those that arrived even later were eased into the hills where they squat on government land in makeshift huts put together with driftwood, old cartons and flattened-out tin cans. A fire in one such "tenement" on Christmas Day in 1953 left 50,000 persons homeless within four hours. A few months later a similar fire wiped out the huts of 25,000 people.

The magistrates' courts and police force in the Colony face an unusually heavy task. The so-called "Triad Societies" are responsible for much of the crime and vice in Hong Kong. The prisons are always overcrowded, and sixty percent of the inmates are convicted drug addicts. Not less than 100,000 persons in Hong Kong are directly affected by the narcotics traffic, especially heroin. Gambling and prostitution are thriving minor vices, mostly among the yet unsettled majority of refugees.

Due to the generally low conditions, ninety-five percent of the total population in Hong Kong of over fourteen years of age, have contracted tuberculosis in one form or another, leaving a frail margin free of the disease. The orphanages, unable to turn away a dying child, spread their food among all who come, resulting in thousands of infants barely being kept alive, supine in their little baskets. Should a child be chosen for adoption, it is sent to a special fattening-up center where at least five months must be spent to bring it up to minimum immigration standards and the stamina necessary to sustain the journey to its foster parents.

FOR HONG KONG, refugee work has become a veritable science. With vast and mostly unskilled numbers of refugees, the first concern is not one of emigration overseas but one of simply keeping them alive. The objective is one of expansion. There is plenty of land, if not too inhabitable. The Hong Kong government is matching funds with voluntary agencies to level some of the hills in order to permit large scale construction. There are now over one hundred so-called "seven story mountains," large H-shaped apartment buildings with ten by twelve foot rooms

housing at least five adults each, and communal bathrooms running through the horizontal in the H. The Maryknoll low-cost housing plan is one where with refugee labor and with rocks, which abound in the hills, one-story units are constructed and turned over to the refugee families free of charge.

Employment is not yet what it should be, though Hong Kong so far has benefited greatly from three major contributions brought by the refugees: 1) surplus of labor, 2) new skills and techniques, 3) new capital seeking investment and security. All this has led to a considerable expansion of Hong Kong's industry, which still continues. Principal sources of employment are, besides industry: commercial houses, agriculture, fishing, and small trades. Most of the labor is semi or unskilled; daily earnings average three to twelve shillings, or 42¢ to \$1.68 a day. However, many people never have a full month's work, and most of them have no work at all.

Education is expanding, but not yet in step with the growing population. Seven "Refugee Colleges" are operating, with a total enrollment of 3,500 students. But they are constantly beset with difficulties—inadequate buildings, lack of equipment and library facilities, low remuneration of teachers, and the generally substandard accommodations and health conditions. So far, only 300,000 people have housing, employment and education, with medical help. There is still an uncounted number, estimated to be well over a million, roaming about in utter freedom: freedom from sanitation, freedom from nutrition, from shelter and from education.

The Hong Kong Department of Social Welfare is gradually expanding its services to meet this ever present crisis. And on the voluntary side, mostly of American origin, is the Hong Kong Council of Social Service, a federation of over forty of the more important voluntary bodies, co-ordinating their work and acting as a clearing house.

SOME INTERESTING INNOVATIONS have materialized as a result of this work. A noodle machine was invented to combine United States surplus enriched flour, powdered milk, and corn meal—food alien to the Chinese—and turn it all into Chinese noodles. This brain child not only eliminated the black market losses of refugees who sought to sell corn meal in order to buy food more palatable, it also provided employment for four to six persons per machine. Feeding 600 people a day, "Operation Noodle" has enjoyed such success that Korea and Vietnam have also adopted the plan.

There is also a roving dental clinic. Built into the back of a one-and-a-half-ton truck, it is fitted with a dental chair, pedestal spittoon with running water, a movable servitor with dental drill, a dentist's fluorescent lamp, a sterilizer, fan, and a full set of hand instruments, plus cupboards, a thirty-five-gallon water tank and a 2500 watt electric generator—all this in fifty square feet of ingeniously apportioned space. Manned by a doctor, a nurse and the driver, this clinic has been in operation with great success since 1959, opening thousands of mouths across hill and dale.

A remarkable woman in Hong Kong is a Norwegian nurse called Anna. A huge chunk of womanhood, she has fought indefatigably for a TB sanatorium. At last, after some nine or ten



years of persistent effort, she has her little "Hope Haven" hospital. Situated on a quiet cove with a splendid view of the bay and nearby hills, it has one hundred beds, medical staff and research rooms, a TB children's ward, fifty small convalescent cottages, and an adjoining agricultural scheme. A drop in the bucket, but a shining example of what devotion and perseverance can do.

Marvelous things can and are being done. What few people realize is that most of the projects mentioned above came directly from private contributions. There are ways in which you can help lessen the misery, individually. Money can be sent to the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, United Nations, New York, and to the United States Committee for Refugees at 11 West 42nd Street, New York 36. Clothing, blankets and toys can be sent to Church World Service at 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, and to the Catholic Relief Services at 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1.

Working in groups, individuals in even the smallest town can establish a Refugee Chapter and adopt, collectively, a project, be it the resettlement of a family, the raising of funds to send one orphan to training school, to establish a family in a small trade in Hong Kong, and so forth. Let a Refugee Fund be incorporated into the seasonal charities along with the Red Cross, the Heart Fund, and other drives which have become firmly rooted in the life of your community. Films and literature are available free of charge from and through the United States Committee for Refugees. Let the teachers sow the seeds of compassion in the young of your town. There is a sample "Teaching Kit" for you to examine, for the asking, from the United States Committee for Refugees.

For the childless couple, an opportunity to receive a double-edged blessing: you can adopt a baby from Hong Kong. Contact your Children's Aid Society and eventually you will deal through the International Social Service at 345 East 46th Street, New York 17.

You can also sponsor a refugee family in the States. You must be a United States citizen of good moral standing, and you must secure employment and lodging for your refugee family. Many agencies are happy to supply you with dossiers of eager applicants: some of these are the Catholic Relief Services, Resettlement Division, at 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16; the International Rescue Committee at 251 Park Avenue South, New York 10; the American Friends Service Committee at 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia 7; and the International Social Service and Church World Service already mentioned.

Everyone is able to write his legislators in Washington in support of refugee aid in money and surpluses. Of the ten million dollars appropriated by Congress last year for refugee relief, only four million has been spent. Your voice in favor of more generous immigration legislation also will have an effect when the issue next comes up.

The roving eyes of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees and of the United States Committee not only scan the refugees around the world, but with equal intensity they watch for the spirited reaction to such misery by compassionate people. We must take the refugees to our hearts, but we must put them in our minds as well, to make of reaction, action.

## WHAT VALUE QUESTIONNAIRES OR

# 44%

EXPERTS IN MOTIVATIONAL RESEARCH tell us that, for effective results, you can't question consumers directly on what they do, what they want, or why they do and/or want it. So you use the indirect approach to find out the real McCoy, like: "Men don't drink milk because they think it's sissy and besides it's not convivial. Who wants to be a solitary milk drinker?"

So if anyone wants to find out what Bennington College alumnae are like, it is far too canny to ask them right out. People get bashful when you ask them: "What are you like, anyway?" Besides, few people know.

Does this mean that the question of what Bennington alumnae are like will forever remain veiled in mystery? Not necessarily. For when your Bennington College Alumnae Association (*not* to be confused with the Alumnae Office at the College) sent out a questionnaire in May, 1960 to its nearly 2900 constituents to inquire about their suggestions, thoughts, reactions, dreams, wishes, responses, etc. concerning another big Alumnae Weekend in 1961, a cunning idea entered several so-called brains.

Why not, they reasoned, scan the replies to construct a profile of the Typical Bennington Alumna? For was this not a golden opportunity to delve into the minds and attitudes of the cross-section of people who had been exposed, for shorter or longer periods, to the Bennington climate? Since they were being asked to focus on the Weekend, its themes, its aims, its personalities and its methods, they would not be consciously thinking about themselves; yet in their suggestions for speakers, for themes, for entertainment and for ex-faculty participants, they would be revealing many things about their own interests and state of mind, as well as about what impressed them most deeply while they were at College.

First thought was to ask Alfred Politz, creator of "The Influential" for the *Saturday Evening Post*, to undertake this vital and challenging assignment. But Mr. Politz was in the midst of helping Chrysler Corporation determine the styling for their 1962 line. So thoughts went straight to Elmo Roper, he would be fascinated. Only thing was, he was just getting into high gear for the presidential polls. Well, you know how these things go. After a while, someone remembered someone who once took a course in statistics and had corrected Mr. Lundberg's papers one summer, so they came right to me. And of course I realized immediately what a challenging opportunity this was, and hastened to accept.



I looked hard at the questionnaire and the first question: "Are you in favor of a basic theme? What should it be?" and began counting. Forty-four percent were sufficiently aroused about a basic theme actually to suggest one in writing. Of the scores of themes suggested, 21 contained the word "Bennington" and 23 contained the word "Education."

Though assumptions are dangerous in this work, perhaps we may be permitted to assume that those respondents who mentioned Bennington in their suggested themes are also interested in education, even if indirectly. Adding the "Bennington" themes to the "Education" themes, we find that 44 were interested in education (basic arithmetic). Of course, a lot of people didn't favor a theme at all and others who did made no specific suggestion, which makes it hard to say whether they are interested in education or not. But if we project our figures of those who did indicate their interest in a theme to those who did not, we might say that a representative sample shows that 44% of Bennington alumnae are still interested in education.

Which brings us to the other theme suggestions without the words "Education" or "Bennington." Most of these respondents, though perhaps less interested in education *per se*, are still interested in being educated about a wide variety of things, most of them quite serious in nature. Some sample themes are "Crisis of Our Times," "America's Role in World Affairs and Development," "The Lost Art of Thinking," "Science in World Affairs," "Relation of World Tensions to the Arts," "World Concepts as Taught Today," "Attitudes and Adjustments in a Chaotic World," "Sane Nuclear Policy—Whose Responsibility?," "World Peace in Relation to Literature, Arts and History of Today." Fully 44% of those suggesting a specific theme chose one in this area of arts, sciences and world tension. In relation to our total sample, these respondents constitute only 21.9% of the entire group, as some respondents were against a theme altogether and others didn't say what the theme they favored was. But however you look at it, I think we will all agree that these results are pretty confusing.

Before developing our Typical Alumna further, we should mention several respondents whose theme suggestions fit neither of the two major categories already described. Though not statistically significant, these isolated responses may illuminate the outlying portions, the hinterland so to speak, of our collective mind. One asks "What Does a Graduate Do for Ten Years While Housebound with Babies?" Two suggest "Working Mothers." Another suggests "Contemporary Woman." We like best the one that asked "After Sex—What?"

Further tabulation leads us to conclude that our Typical Alumna is about 44% devoted to the arts, education and world affairs; 9% to questing, 13% fed to the teeth with quests; 3% off on a tangent; and 29% lying fallow intellectually. If these percentages total more or less than 100% it is because of unavoidable duplications and omissions.

Alumnae choices of a keynote speaker are equally revealing. Even more people chose a keynote speaker than indicated a theme, which may show that Bennington alumnae, like many other people, are more interested in personalities than in abstract ideas. On the other hand, a number of respondents with very definite ideas about a basic theme did not suggest any keynote

speaker at all, which could indicate that some alumnae are more interested in abstract ideas than in personalities. The implications remain to be determined.

The speaker most frequently called for was President Fels (so I'm told he got on the program for the last day). On a descending order of frequency we find a number of political and diplomatic figures, and running them a close race were literary men. Artists and scientists trailed in late returns, and only one alumna requested a doctor whose specialty is fetal wastage.

In asking for specific faculty members for the seminars, many alumnae wished to hear those presently teaching at the College whom they did not know. But many returns, not specifically mentioning ex-faculty by name, say that the former faculty members are what will make them feel most at home. Only 44% of all respondents mentioned specific ex-faculty members.

It was in the matter of entertainment that our respondents as a group were close to unanimous: they like it in the Bennington manner. Only three respondents, for example, chose a picnic. To no other question was there such a widespread and unanimous response; almost every alumna who filled in a questionnaire gave a resounding call for a Bennington drama, dance or music evening.

On the matter of fitting everybody into the Weekend our respondents were split with 44% favoring a first-come-first-served arrangement, 44% voting for division by class; numerous people were on the fence, and several had other ideas including three who suggested renting tents. Many who commented on this phase of the questionnaire did not complete any other part.

Which brings us to an evaluation of the "silent vote," without which no survey may be called complete. Five respondents were so silent they returned the questionnaire completely blank, whether through oversight, press of events, mailing it by mistake, or other unknown cause. Nine respondents replied negatively with such phrases as "Not interested," "Don't have the Weekend" and "No Comment." One wrote: "Can't come. Too much interested at home to leave here *Ever!*" The largest proportion of silent votes came from respondents of whom the following is typical: "As I have never attended an Alumnae Weekend, I cannot imagine the answers to any of the below." Others said they did not feel competent to comment on content, so would limit their suggestions to form. Six or seven allowed as they were or would be in France or India or Afghanistan for the next few years, they could not be on deck for this event. One respondent comforted the Weekend planners by allowing that she loved the '57 Weekend and would cheerfully accept whatever was proposed for '61. Fully one quarter of all responses fell somewhere in this category of silent or muted votes.

What of the classes? Is it the old alumna, the new alumna, or the one somewhere in the middle who is most likely to take time to read and return questionnaires? Our representative sample discloses that alumnae from the first five years and the last five years are the likeliest to reply, make of it what you will.

Now that the evidence is in, were we ever in doubt any way as to what our Typical Bennington Alumna is really like? She's an individual, what else?

—M.Z.A. '44



## Alumnae regional notes

### Boston

Joan Rothbart Redmond '54, reporting:

Our Thrift Sale, given in conjunction with the Shady Hill School of Cambridge, is still in progress at the time of this report. We have high hopes for this, our first fund raising project of the year.

High school students from the Boston area who are interested in Bennington will be entertained by alumnae at three teas given during the second week in January. They are as follows:—

January 9—Lexington-Lincoln area: tea will be given at the home of Jane Kelley Vance '38. She will be assisted by Barbara Walker Day '41.

January 10—Cambridge area: hostess will be Constance Wigglesworth Holden '38. Alumnae assisting are Judith Knapp Johannet '44 and Elizabeth Brown Stommel '48.

January 11—Winchester area: hostess will be Marjorie Morrison Prince '41. Renee Hubert Spencer '51, Jean Campbell Clegg '56 and Jeannette Winans Bertles '49 will also be present to aid Mrs. Prince.

Jane Vance (daughter of Jane Kelley Vance '38), presently a junior at Bennington, will attend all the teas as a student representative of the College. She will show slides of the campus and answer questions concerning the curriculum, Non-Resident Term, etc. put to her by prospective applicants.

### Hartford, Conn.

Beth Olson Marshall '47, reporting:

Twelve of us met for tea at the home of Alice Rowley Cheney '39 on November 3rd. Present were Virginia Wilson LaPlante '52, Charlotte Goodwin Craig '39, Margaret Hepburn Perry '40, Janet MacColl Taylor '44, Susan Worcester Light '50, Hannah Coffin Smith '36, Leila Vaill Fetzer '40 and myself. Also, Aviva Dubitsky Winkler '61, Barbara Coffin Norris '38, and Sheila Hirschfeld Jacobs '58 to whom we are grateful for providing refreshments.

Mrs. George Holt, Acting Director of Admissions at the College, was our guest of honor. She was in Hartford to attend two "College Nights" and to visit the following local schools: Chaffee, Conard High School, Ethel Walker, Oxford, Miss Porter's, William Hall High School. The scheduling of these visits was arranged in advance by Hannah Smith.

Coming from a distance were Ann Agry Darling '40 of Wilton, member of the Alumnae Board, and Hudas Schwartz Liff '47 of New Haven, chairman of the New Haven Regional Group. They enthusiastically described the role alumnae can play in helping Bennington, and urged us to form a Regional Group. Unfortunately, many people had to leave before official action could be taken, but somehow, Beth Marshall and Hannah Smith found themselves drafted as Co-Chairmen and Alice Cheney as Treasurer. We embark with trepidation and count on members of our group for suggestions and support.

For this year we will concentrate on small projects, the first of which was a newsletter and a local directory.

Other plans are: our third annual tea for prospective students to be held sometime during the Non-Resident Term; a card file of all parents and alumnae in this area; publicity—local news releases about alumnae and student activities; a possible spring meeting to plan for next year.

### New Haven

Hudas Schwartz Liff '47, reporting:

Working for the first time at the "Vassar Christmas Show-

case" for the benefit of the Alumnae Fund and Bennington was fun and well worth the trouble from the point of view of public relations. The pottery, except for the mugs, from the Bennington Potters proved difficult to sell in the "College Room" set aside for the ten participating schools. We learned from this experience that in a similar situation stocking gifts, inexpensive knick-knacks, and small food items would be the best merchandise to handle. Our group, however, netted \$57.40 from the sale of the pottery and of four Bennington student prints. All of us who worked on this project felt we were heading in the right direction and would join again next year.

Having on display sixteen Bennington student prints was a coup! Everyone working and coming into the "College Room" was impressed. I can't tell you how pleased I felt when I overheard people commenting, "It takes Bennington to think of showing their own work."

The following alumnae helped with this project, November 14-18, in one capacity or another: Diana Allyn Granbery '41, Doralee Kaminsky Garfinkel '54, Betty Harvey '45, Anne Thomas Conklin '40, Tippy Ward Makepeace '58, Cynthia Moller '49 and Maureen Mahoney Murphy '53.

A prospective-student tea will be held at my home on Sunday, January 22 for interested high school students in our area. Jane Vance, a current student, will show slides.

Mrs. George Holt will be here in March, the week of the sixth, for two days to visit our schools. Nancy Lindau Lewis '49 is in charge of making the appointments for her and arranging the driving pool.

Our annual theater benefit has been planned for April 15th at the Amity Regional High School, Woodbridge. We are presenting from New York "The Merry-Go-Rounders," a professional dance repertory company of adults specializing in programs for children from five to twelve. Doralee Garfinkel is chairman for this, our main, project. Many alumnae have already accepted responsibilities—Treasurer: Maureen Murphy; Patron Chairman: Anne Conklin; Ticket Chairman: Anne Sharp Juergens '51; Publicity: Hudas Liff; Program: Pat Flagg Morris '60 and Barbara Ramsay Livingston '39; Printing: Diana Granbery; Mailing: Ruth Lee Sherwood '45; and Work Meetings: Betty Harvey.

Finally, to keep ourselves abreast of other Regional Groups, Jean Davidson Baldwin '41 volunteered to work for the Alumnae Board's Regional Fund Raising Committee in our area.

### New York City

On the evening of November 20th, about forty alumnae from the classes of 1954-60 and their husbands gathered at the Women's University Club. The guests of honor were President Fels—who discussed, among other topics, the "Committee on the Future of the College"—and Priscilla A. Karb, the new Director of the NRT, full of news about Winter 1961. Virginia Todahl Davis '40, President of the Alumnae Association, gave a very charming and informative account of the history, structure, and activities of the Association. Each of the speakers gave the group a chance to ask questions and encouraged lively discussions.

In addition to providing an opportunity for keeping up-to-date with the College, the meeting enabled old friends to renew acquaintances. Many diligent and enthusiastic "helping-hands" took part in planning for the occasion. Announcements, sent to all former students within the five boroughs, were prepared by: Nancy Spraker '54, Sheila Gallagher Arnaboldi '55, Julie Cummings Siff '55, Miriam Hermanos Knapp '55, Alma Sachs Morris '56, Sheila Solomon '56, Helen Isaacs '57, Marcia Sang Isaacs '57, Evelyn Stein Benjamin '57, An-



nette Hidary '58, Susan Ullman Chapro '58, Ann Meier McGrath '58, Theodora Klein '60, and Eleanor Kester '60. Evelyn Benjamin was also responsible for the lovely flowers, Dassie Houtz Hoffman '57 for the delicious refreshments, and Mary Lou Peters Rosenthal '56, Marshall Tyler '56 and Kay Crawford '56 were gracious hostesses.

The one disappointment was that many people who had planned to attend were unable to do so.

The first signs of a long awaited regional organization in New York City will appear when a Planning Committee for a NYC-NRT Program meets on February 8. Those attending the first meeting will be: Virginia Davis, Catherine Burch Symmes '40, Sonia Grodka '47, Sophie Ruderman Weber '52, Nancy Spraker, Kay Crawford, Sheila Solomon, Dassie Hoffman, Theodora Klein and Anne Hambleton '60. From the fruits of their labors it is hoped there will develop such tangible aids to the NRT Office as an "annotated" file on living accommodations and employment opportunities, as well as other facilities in the New York City area.

\* \* \*

The New York State Department of Labor's Professional Placement Service at 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, is currently recruiting a staff, as well as a file of applicants and jobs available elsewhere. A good place to remember, along with the Alumnae Advisory Center at 541 Madison Avenue, if you're in or on the market.

## Philadelphia

Edith Dinlocker Kuhn '45, reporting:

As of this (January) report, Philadelphia alumnae are planning, for the third year, a series of four teas and coffees for prospective students. Guidance counselors of forty schools have been contacted, and at the rate high schools are popping up in Philadelphia's surrounding counties, the day may not be far off when we will need a week to cover all the prospective and interested high school students. Attention, Admissions Office!

For example, last year we entertained forty students plus parents—thirty schools contacted, 202 invitations sent (one hundred new names from College, twenty-seven who had already applied, seventy-five names from schools).

Seven freshmen from Philadelphia are presently on campus, including Elizabeth Walker, first cousin of Molly Stimson Bareiss '41 and niece of Hannah Coffin Smith '36. Twelve other local girls are on campus, including Elinor Bacon whose mother is Ruth Holmes Bacon '37.

During the four years I have been Regional Chairman I have worked with or met forty of the eighty-six alumnae presently in the Philadelphia area. They have worked long and hard on school visiting and student teas. Before my imminent departure as Chairman, I am sure the Admissions Office and the Alumnae Director join me in expressing sincere thanks for their interest, enthusiasm and cooperation.

## Washington, D. C.

Eleanor Rockwell Edelstein '47, reporting:

Alumnae in the Washington area are planning three teas for prospective students, to be given during the first week in February. Tourri Rhodes Herndon '52 will be the hostess for the tea in nearby Maryland; Beth Ahn Toupin '48 will be the hostess in Virginia; and Judith Van Orden Peacock '50 will be the hostess in the District. They will be assisted by K. D. Edgar '59 and Polly Swan Brown '37, and, of course, by Jane Vance, this year's NR Tea girl. We are also hoping that as

many current students as possible, working in the Washington area, will be able to attend.

Final figures aren't in yet from the movie benefit sponsored by the alumnae in November, but our total sales, according to Patricia Sullivan '58, who was the benefit chairman, topped \$500, and our net profit will be between \$350 and \$400. This sum goes to the Alumnae Fund. Isa Richardson Dreier '36 won the original drawing of the Bennington cartoon in the *New Yorker* magazine (which the artist, Mr. Lorenz, had donated to our benefit), by selling 52 tickets.

The Inauguration is, of course, the big news from Washington, but Bennington alumnae are basking in a little reflected glory because Nuala O'Donnell Pell's husband, Claiborne Pell, won the Senate seat from Rhode Island with the largest plurality in the State's history.

## Pittsburgh

Alumnae in this area are planning a tea for prospective students to be held at the Twentieth Century Club on February 11th. Mrs. George Holt from the College will attend, show slides of the College and answer questions. Daisy Sharples Schramm '59 is in charge of general arrangements and Jane Berry Vosburgh '58 is handling publicity.

## Chicago

Katrina Boyden Hadley '52, reporting:

Twenty-two high schools were visited by Rebecca Stickney '43 and Helen Webster Feeley '37 during their three-day stay here. There was also a chance for them to meet with alumnae one evening at the home of Peg Stein Frankel '41 in Winnetka. Miss Stickney explained the *Freshman Profile* as a tool for highschool counseling toward college. Bennington was one of the first colleges to publish one. Those attending the meeting were Pat Williams Silver '51, Mary Rice Boyer '36, Jill Anderson MacKnight '36, Caroline Wickett Dern '40, Frances Berna Knight '43, Esther Kuh Askow '46, Jane McKenna Pfisterer '47, Fay Sigel Witz '53, Sue Friedman Miller '54, Joan Kearns '54, Ilene Greenwald Fantas '56, Marion Fisher '57, Mary Lou Chapman Ingwersen '47 and her husband, and myself.

Jane Vance, current student at the College, will be showing Chicago highschool students pictures of Bennington at teas on February 13-14-15 as part of her Non-Resident Term job. Joan Greenebaum Adler '40 will give the tea for North Shore students in her Highland Park home, and other teas will be given in the city and in the Hinsdale area.

We hope to be included in the schedule of the 1962 Dance Tour. I'm sure the regions outside New York and Boston join Chicago in feeling the more visits from College people and groups the better.

Sue Miller was representative for Bennington at the Woman's College Board's Fourth Forum: "New Campus Attitudes: Do They Forecast Adequate American Leadership?" held on February 9. Mary Hooker Huth '50 represents Bennington on the Executive Council of the WCB and has been responsible for revisions to the *WCB Handbook*.

## Detroit

Kay Brown Smith '50, reporting:

Last December 1st and 2nd, Helen Feeley and Rebecca Stickney came to the Detroit area to visit schools. Mrs. Harry Winston, trustee of the College, was hostess at a dinner and meeting with them and alumnae and alumnae husbands. We all felt very much up-to-date after their informative reports.

To follow up their good work, we are giving a tea in Bir-



mingham on February 16th and one in Grosse Pointe on the 17th to which interested students, faculty and parents will be invited. Jane Vance, a current student at Bennington, will be here to show slides of the College and talk to prospective students.

## Minneapolis-St. Paul

For the second time in Minnesota history a group of Bennington alumnae met! Seven partook of luncheon at the home of Marnie Rogers Donnelly '45 near White Bear Lake on the last day of September. Some of our greetings and good wishes we sent with Clytie Stevens Sheldon '43, who was about to depart for the College to serve as a new Trustee. Those attending were Sally Davidson Braman '46, Cynthia Kelley O'Neill '51, Nancy Hickey Ryan '40, Rebecca Lucas Ueland '42 who came in from Mankato, Druanne Blackmore Sweetser '44, Clytie Sheldon and of course our hostess, Marnie Donnelly.

## San Francisco

Sally Whiteley '49, reporting:

One week from the date of this writing, on January 11th, Bennington alumnae and friends in the San Francisco Bay Area will be among the first to see the world premiere of a comedy-fantasy, "Twinkling of an Eye," by Guy Andros and Hamilton Wright, presented by the Actors' Workshop. This theater group, along with only three others in the country (The Phoenix, The Alley and The Arena Stage), received a Ford Foundation grant this year and has been giving consistently fine plays and performances. We are indeed fortunate to have this opportunity to arrange a benefit with such an outstanding repertory theater.

In spite of the time of year and very short notice for our alumnae, we hope to compete with Santa Claus, taxes and fatigue, and raise muchos pesos for our Bay Area Non-Resident Term Scholarship Fund. To be concluded—next issue.

## Alumnae Association Board Meeting

Officers, Class Representatives and Members-at-Large met for their annual winter meeting at the Hotel Sheraton-Russell in New York City on February 7th.

The Treasurer's report was read, and the budget request for 1961-62, to be presented to the College Board of Trustees at their spring meeting, was discussed. Each committee chairman made a brief report on the work done in her area so far this year: Student Recruitment, Publicity, NRT, Regional Fund Raising and the special Class of 1936 Gift, Projects, Regional Organization, Nominations, Alumnae-Student Relationship, and the 1961 Alumnae Weekend. However, the meeting was mainly to thrash out ideas for next year and this took most of the time, of which there is never enough.

## Class notes

edited by YVONNE ROY PORTER '43  
*Please send your news to the College Alumnae Office. Only you can help us keep up to date!*

### 1936

Mary Rice Boyer represented Bennington College at the inauguration of a new president at Lake Forest College on November 19, 1960.

### 1937

Harriet Whitcher is teaching kindergarten in a public school in Buffalo, New York.

### 1939

We were recently invited to a first showing of Rassi-Léa Originals, clothes designed and made by Rassi (Ruth) Cleveland Gifford and Léa Beaubien and available at the Gifford Residence Boutique, College Place, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

Died: Rowena Goddard Thacher on December 2, 1960, after a long illness. Mrs. Thacher is survived by her husband and a daughter, Barbara, who is a freshman at the College this year.

Sally Pushee Appel is doing "a little piano teaching" to the children of friends. She has three children of her own.

### 1941

Patricia Hickox Beall represented Bennington College at the inauguration of a new president at Oberlin College on October 22, 1960.

Born: to Elizabeth Lawrence Van Meter, third child, third daughter, Amelia Margaret, on June 16, 1960.

### 1943

Elinor Carr represented Bennington College at the inauguration of a new president at the University of Tennessee on May 14, 1960.

We had word in November that Alice Leavitt Thompson was running for a post on the school committee of Portland, Maine. Mrs. Thompson is secretary of the board of the Portland Red Cross, and of the Children's Theatre of that city. We would be very much interested to know the results of that election.

Jean Short Aldrich has joined the W. T. Smith Corporation of Geneva, New York, as a professional landscape designer. Mrs. Aldrich, who attended the Columbia Graduate School of Architecture, has worked on garden design for several large homes, and also on the UPA building, in Southern California, where movie cartoons are made. The Aldriches have four children.

### 1944

Cassandra Bristow Wolfe, who has four children, teaches social studies at the high school in Paris, Illinois.

### 1946

Joya Bovington Cox is living in Geneva, Switzerland. She is teaching piano, and doing volunteer work.

### 1947

Married: Linda Strobel Lion to Allen Smiler on December 26, 1960. Mr. Smiler is a guidance counselor and reading consultant at the New Rochelle (N. Y.) High School. Mrs. Smiler teaches dance at Centenary College in New Jersey.

### 1948

We report with sorrow the death, on November 24, 1960 of Suzanne Crane de Villafranca. Her death was due to bulbar poliomyelitis. Mrs. de Villafranca was the wife of the associate professor of zoology at Smith College. Extremely active in the Northampton (Mass.) PTA, she was a leader in the fight for a new junior high school in that city. Mayor Durbin Wells said of her: "Northampton has suffered a heavy loss in the death of Mrs. de Villafranca. No one tried harder than she to persuade the slow and faithless that the responsibilities of citizenship cannot be met by halfway measures or without sacrifice. No one worked harder than she in the drive to secure adequate schools for our children and children's children. . . ." Besides being active in PTA, Mrs. de Villafranca had taught children's dance classes in Northampton and Woods Hole, and was a neighborhood organizer for the Girl Scouts. She is survived by her husband and three children.

Born: to Susanne Potter Gillatt, third child, first son, Arnold Dickson, on September 19, 1960.



## 1949

**Elizabeth Dreher Jackson**, who has two children, teaches Grades III and IV at a school in Stamford, Connecticut.

**Cynthia Moller** instructs a play program at the Grace-North Haven Community Hospital in Connecticut.

## 1950

**Joan Hotchkiss Matthen** is attending art classes at Indiana University, where her husband (Bennington ex-faculty) is an associate professor in the University School of Music.

## 1951

**Sylvia Canova Lukens** writes that she has been "doing painting, with occasional commissions; art classes, privately; free-lance Christmas cards, to individuals; volunteer art work for women's organizations, and schools, group art exhibits in California and Germany."

## 1952

Married: **Marilyn Bernstein** to Ray Seide, on November 20, 1960. Mr. Seide is an advertising art director.

Married: **Marjorie Buell Fifield** to Carl Frederick Groos, Jr. on January 14th in Denver.

Born: to **Lynd Fletcher de Gaudemar**, second child, second daughter, Solange Paule, on May 1, 1960.

Born: to **Seena Israel Fish**, her third child, second daughter, Nora Viveca, on October 20, 1960.

Born: to **Elizabeth Ivory Greene**, third child, second son, Edgar Charles, on December 14, 1960.

## 1953

**Frances Dugan Hallinan** is assistant registrar at the University of Maryland, Eastern Division, in Japan. In addition, she teaches English six nights a week: two nights at one school, one night at another, and three evenings divided between tutoring private students and teaching piano to pupils aged ten to forty. She writes: "Spare time is divided quite unequally between final proofing of articles translated into English on things ranging from program notes for concerts to plays for children, reading (on trains and subways), practicing, being hosted by Japanese students and fellow teachers to things Japanese, acting as executive secretary and general manager of my husband's entourage of translators and typists, and last but far from least, trying to keep warm in winter..."

Married: **Alice Edge** to James K. Wittenberg on December 30, 1960. Mr. Wittenberg is a graduate of Dartmouth and Harvard Law School. He is associated with a law firm in San Francisco.

**Nancy Harrow** has just made an LP record for Candid Records, Inc. of New York, in which she sings, with an orchestra. The fascinating title of the record is "Wild Women Don't Have the Blues." It is made in monophonic and stereo, available at your dealer's now. According to Candid, "the studio was really jumping that day!"

Married: **Suzanne Snowden** to James Dovydenas, in July 1960. They live in Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania.

**Judith Wilson Fouser** exhibited paintings at the Trumbull Gallery in Worcester (Mass.) in November. Mrs. Fouser, who studied art in Munich on a Fulbright in 1954-'55, has had her work shown at six Boston Art Festivals and the Portland Art Festival. She also had a one-man show at Clark University.

## 1954

Born: to **Neisa King DeWitt**, second child, second son, David Bentley, on December 4, 1960.

**Ruth Lieblich Goldstone** teaches dance professionally in Los Angeles, and is a volunteer assistant at a co-op nursery school one morning a week. She has two children.

**Ann Loeb Bronfman**, who has four children, is on the board of the Blythedale Rehabilitation for Handicapped Children in Valhalla, New York, the United Cerebral Palsy of Westchester County, and the planning board of Harrison, New York.

**Susan Petrone** writes from Hollywood that she has been in three TV shows in the past three months: the Chevy Show, the Shirley Temple Show, and Youth Court.

## 1955

Born: to **Donna Bear Mullen**, second child, first son, Ben Thomas, on December 30, 1960.

**Josephine Brown** is assistant director of the Plymouth Nursery School in Belmont, Massachusetts.

**Elaine Grossman Gould** writes that she was married on June 28, 1959 to Dr. Gould who is a psychoanalyst affiliated with the Postgraduate Center for Psychotherapy in New York City. Mrs. Gould is studying for her Ph.D. in clinical psychology at NYU and interning at F. D. Roosevelt Veterans Administration Hospital in Montrose, New York.

## 1956

**Janet D'Esopo Leech** exhibited water colors at the Beverly, Massachusetts, Y.M.C.A. in October. Mrs. Leech has been painting on the north shore and in Boston for three years. She does portraits of houses on commission, and teaches a small art class. Her pictures of Beacon Hill houses are now available on greeting cards from a local specialty shop.

**Barbara Feldman Staff** is executive secretary at the Edgar Steiner Company of Research Engineers in New York.

**Carol Weston** is an occupational therapy instructor at Pilgrim State Hospital on Long Island.

## 1957

Born: to **Margery Beck Wiesenthal**, a daughter, Caroline Ann, on November 26, 1960.

**Pamela Cook** gave a solo harpsichord recital at the Carnegie Recital Hall in New York on January 23rd.

**Barbara Kelly** is art supervisor at the North and East Dover Schools in Toms River, New Jersey. She received first prize in the Eastern Ceramics show in the category of mosaics last May.

Married: **Judith A. Douglass** to Sidney R. Sutton Jr., of Berkeley, California, on November 19, 1960. Mr. Sutton, who attended San Diego Junior College, is employed by General Electric in Thule, Greenland.

Born: to **Laura Kesselman Skoler**, a daughter, Emily, on November 16, 1960.

## 1958

Married: **Priscilla Alexander** to Dr. Burton Kornfeld on December 26, 1960. Dr. Kornfeld is a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College and the University of Pennsylvania School of Dentistry. They live in East Orange, New Jersey.

Married: **Noel Bausher** to Rudolf L. M. Mészáros on December 31, 1960 in Reading, Pennsylvania.

Married: **Martha C. Calhoun** to Judson P. Wood on October 8, 1960. Mr. Wood is a graduate of Harvard, and of the University of Texas Law School.

Born: to **Sheila Hirschfeld Jacobs**, a son, David, on November 13, 1960.

Born: to **Abigail Morgan Hannan**, a son, Joseph L. Hannan II, on March 15, 1960.

Born: to **Judith Powers Robbin**, a son, Noah Edward, on November 3, 1960. The Robbins live in Mexico.

The dance company of Virginia Freeman, of which **Hester Renouf Goodwin** is a member, presented a concert at the Roosevelt Auditorium in Washington, D. C. last December.

Married: **Elinor Stockheim** to Dr. Morton Davidson on last Christmas Day, in Philadelphia.

**Helen Waterman Buckman** works in the accounting department of Medical Associates of Massachusetts Memorial Hospitals.

## 1959

Married: **June Allan** to Nicholas S. F. Carter, on July 2, 1960. Mr. Carter is a graduate of Williams.

Married: **Pamela Battey** to Dr. Jere H. Mitchell on October 1, 1960. Dr. Mitchell is a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School. He is currently conducting heart research at the National Institute of Health.

**Cary Donovan** is working for *Salesweek* magazine in New York City.

**Patricia Hopkins Owens** is modeling at Hattie Carnegies' in New York, as well as free lancing at fashion shows and for TV commercials. She is also acting at the Jack Manning Shakespeare Laboratory Showcase.

Born: to **Maxine LaPides Schwartz**, twin sons, Keith Andrew and Randall Craig, on April 18, 1960. She also has one older son.

Married: **Jennifer Rains** to J. Edward Brash on June 11, 1960. Mr. Brash is a graduate of Williams. They are living in London, he, writing on a fellowship, she, acting with the Repertory Theatre.

Born: to **Rita Zimmerman Collier**, a son, Michael Lynn Collier, on November 30, 1960.

## 1960

Married: **Barbara Black** on August 23, 1959, to Mr. Oscar Frank, a graduate of Brooklyn College. Mr. Frank is assistant director of clinical chemistry at the Jersey City Medical Center. Mrs. Frank is a research technician at Bellevue Hospital in New York City.

**Nancy Cooperstein** writes from New York: "Linda Cracovaner and I are living at the same address... We are both taking our acting classes, working to support ourselves... and trying to find that place in the sun."

**Cora Gordon** and **Kay Jibben** presented a violin and piano recital on December 2nd at the Greenwich House Music School in New York City.

Married: **Martha Ann Jacobs** to Richard L. Crews on December 26, 1960. Mrs. Crews is attending Boston University Law School. Mr. Crews is a student at Harvard Medical School.

**June King Nichols** writes that she hopes to finish college at the University of Vermont, where her husband is studying after completing his Army service. She plans to major in sociology.

Married: **Susan Rosenbaum** to Milton Nobel on September 11, 1960. Mr. Nobel is a psychiatric social worker. Mrs. Nobel is a student at the New York School of Social Work.

## 1961

**Jeanne Chadwick** has been teaching a special class for the mentally retarded in Liverpool, New York.

**Susie Glusker** held a voluntary position last year in a State mental hospital in Israel.

**Elizabeth Graham** has had a story accepted by *Seventeen*. It is the first story she has sold, but she did write a radio script that was broadcast in New York, Boston, and California last winter.

Born: to **Priscilla Kaufman Janis**, a son, Bruce Edward, on March 22, 1960.

**Sara Libsohn Prestopino** is a secretary at the Wisconsin General Hospital's electroencephalography laboratory.

Born: to **Monica Wulff Steinert**, a son, Timothy Alexander, on February 7, 1960.

**Harriet Zarling Schuman** hopes to graduate from Stanford University in June.

## 1962

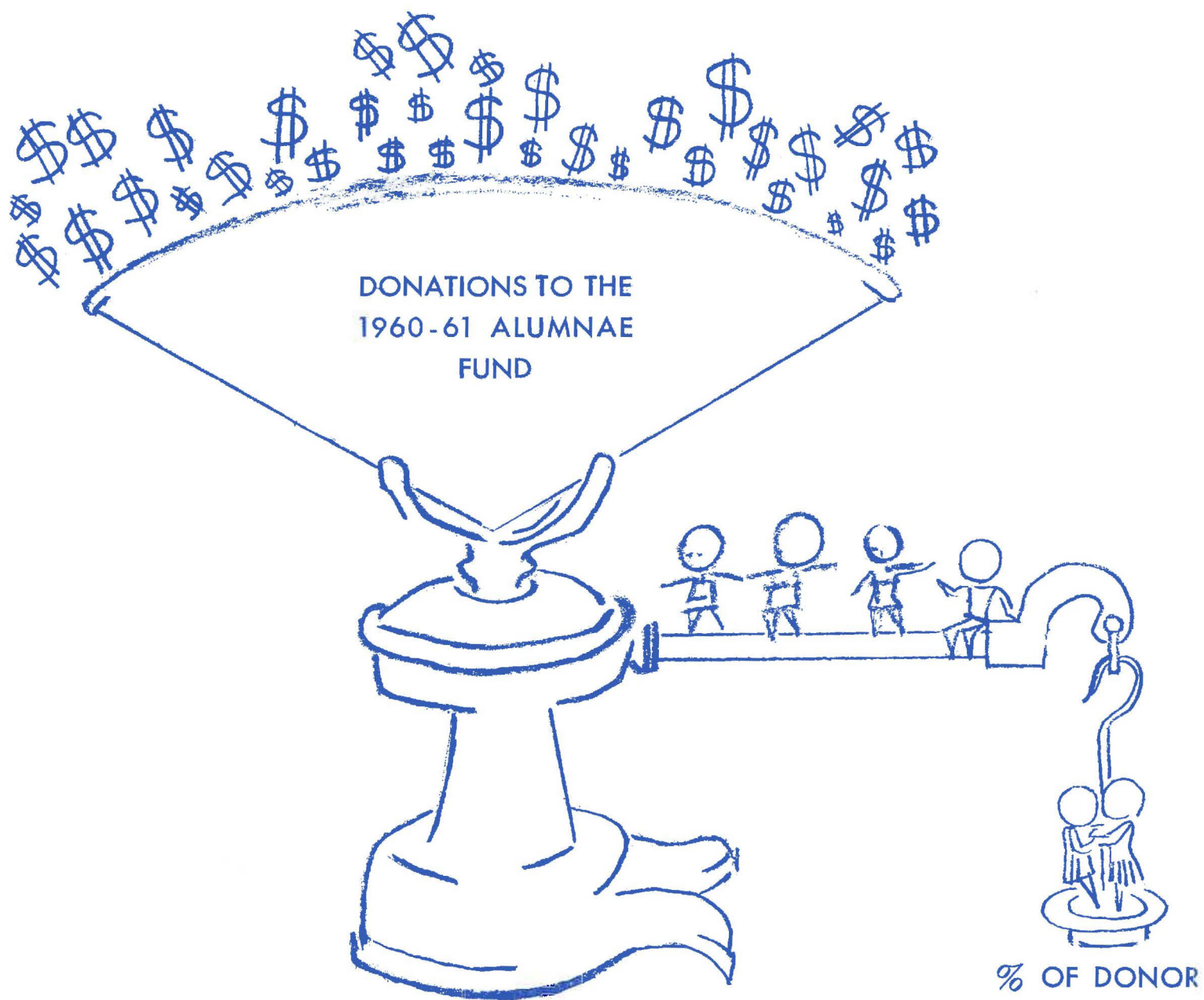
Married: **Bridget Beattie** to Michel Merle on May 22, 1960. Mr. Merle, a graduate of East Carolina College, is attending Columbia University, as is Mrs. Merle, who is also secretary to the inquiries specialist at the American Heart Association.

Born: to **Kathleen Earthrowl Syna**, a daughter, Deborah Ruth, on November 4, 1960.

Born: to **Mary Green Hefter**, a son, Steven Glen, on March 2, 1960.

**Helen Wilmerding Heap** is at present living in Dublin, Ireland, where her husband is Third Secretary of the British Embassy.





Every contribution balances the scale two ways: the fact that you give is as important as what you give, because the percent of donors is the figure foundations and industry ponder when giving their money to education—they help those who help themselves. As an alumna, you are Bennington. Have you helped this year?