Treasures from the Lockwood Library
Special Collections and the Bechtel Collection of Children's Books

We gathered arbutus that spring in the Preble woods.

Also inside:
A century of Westerners at Vassar
Undergraduate research on Librium and alcohol
A Jack Anderson reporter confesses all
Important Announcement
to our Readers

The effects of inflation are by now a familiar story, so it can hardly be a surprise that the costs of publishing the Vassar Quarterly have risen dramatically in the past few years.

Faced with these rising costs, the AAVC Board has had to look again at the policy it adopted in 1973 whereby all four issues of the Quarterly were to be sent to each of our alumnae/i, now 25,000. Although fully aware of the many advantages of this policy, the Board has accepted the financial realities of the eighties and has voted to return to its former policy of cutting production costs by limiting circulation.

Effective with the 1981-82 academic year, only the fall issue will be sent to all alumnae/i. The subsequent three issues will be sent to the following groups:

- Alumnae/i who, during the previous academic year (July 1, 1980 to June 30, 1981), have contributed to the AAVC Fund or to Vassar College. To make the policy change as easy as possible, during this period of transition these three issues will also be sent to alumnae/i contributors who forward their gifts prior to December 31, 1981.
- The 25th and 50th reunion Classes, in the year of their reunion.
- Classes which have not yet celebrated their first reunion.

In addition, beginning with the fall issue, the price of a subscription to the Quarterly will be raised to $7 for the year or $2 per issue.

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Letters

Vassar and poverty

Catherine Little's letter [in the winter, 1981 issue] suggesting that the incidence of poverty among Vassar graduates be explored is a good one. One does not associate Vassar and poverty, but given economic discrimination and limited job opportunities, Vassar graduates who either divorced early or never married could be living in poverty. We can't alter the past, but we can help to alleviate the effects of past wrongs. Elizabeth W. Hill '44 Washington, D.C.

In reply to Catherine Corson Little's letter regarding women's salaries and the finances of Vassar graduates, winter, 1981 issue:

I am a Vassar graduate in my late forties and I am poor; I do not, however, do any of the things Mrs. Little lists as tendencies of the poor. I never overstayed my welcome as a guest (actually I accept almost no invitations because I cannot reciprocate). I never "touch" anyone for loans (Mrs. Little implies that "loans" to poor people will not be repaid). I never buy theater or even movie tickets, and any phone bill or other expense I incur at another's home is scrupulously repaid. Otherwise her letter was fairly understanding. I have sometimes wondered how many Vassar graduates would be shocked at my circumstances, or how many— if any —share them. I have never had a savings account, investments, or retirement plan; there was never anything with which to start one. My income has always been below the poverty level. I work very hard at a pursuit not noted for financial return, but where I have a significant reputation. I also have a boring low-level office job; I can only accept a job which leaves freedom for my real pursuit. I do all my laundry by hand rather than use the 60-cent machines in my building; 60 cents would be bus fare when it is raining or I am too tired to walk. I send no contributions to Vassar, nor do I pay my Class dues; and obviously I do not feel like explaining why to any of the slick requests. Once a Vassar friend called me "cheap" because I could not go with her to expensive restaurants. That's when I stopped seeing her. I see no Vassar friends now. There is not one to whom I could comfortably reveal my circumstances. I sometimes fear for the future, and wonder how long I can hold out. I've been lucky so far and have never had a major illness. (Obviously I have no insurance.) I have no idea what my old age will be like. One thing I can tell you: I feel pretty much alone. I have many friends, but none in my financial condition.

Sorry I can't sign my name.

Graduate from the '50s
New York, New York

Ends and means

"You get caught in the stupidest things," said Janet Cooke, the young Washington Post reporter who, in April, won a Pulitzer Prize for a story that turned out to be a fabrication. She was referring to the false information she'd put on her job application and the sheet she'd sent to the Pulitzer committee. She said she'd graduated from Vassar and she hadn't. [Editor's note: Ms. Cooke did matriculate with the Class of '76; she stayed at Vassar for a year.] She said she spoke five languages fluently — and she couldn't. She said she'd won six journalism awards. She hadn't.

Those were "stupid things." Small in comparison to the big lie. Small yes, insignificant no.

The editor of The Washington Post, Ben Bradlee, is willing to dismiss the incident as an isolated one. But I doubt it.

Consider the common practice of fixing résumés. Try to find a job-hunting manual that doesn't in some form or another endorse truth-tampering. Betty L. Harragan, author of Games Mother Never Taught You, a book for female executives, suggests lying about your current salary as a negotiating device with a potential employer. She calls that the "Arab bazaar" or the "Tijuana tactic."

Well, of course, there has always been a kind of double standard in business, where plays like that are considered part of the game. And in fact, that's part of Betty Harragan's point: that women are traditionally clumsy players because they've had minimal exposure to competitive sports. As a result, they can't tell the difference between scrappping and cheating, the former being something you have to do to survive.

Still, there's a lesson to be learned, however sadly, at Janet Cooke's expense: if we are going to enter any fierce battlefield, we'd better learn to discriminate among the artful dodge, the shrewd maneuver, and pointless lying. Phony achievements may score points, but they leave an unpleasant aftertaste.

What's more, no one's immune. In fact, the better the gamesman, the more tempting it is to embellish the truth; Janet Cooke proved that. How easy it is for ends and means to get jumbled.

A better alternative is to concentrate on satisfying oneself — the only goal that's real in the long run.

"If I am not for myself," the saying goes, "who will be for me?"

Rhoda Kaufman '66
New York, New York

Editor's note: For more on this story see Omnium-Gatherum.

Roses for Mr. Rose

I was in Bill Rose's first class in writing, and some of us decided early that "he didn't know how to teach women, especially Vassar women." [See "Discipline, Chivalry, and Rose," winter, 1981, p. 26.] I remember him as awkward and ill at ease at our first meetings. And I remember distinctly our first assignment: "Write a narrative. Do not gush. I will not tolerate bleeding hearts all over the page." As the author of a successful narrative, I was smug and cocky. I was also furious at him, as was the rest of the class, after he read as a horrible example of gush a personal and emotional description of someone's romantic anguish after a date had left. He read sarcastically and contemptuously, even when the sniffls and sobs of the author became audible to the entire room.

We tolerated him, giving him a chance because he was new, because he had taught only boys, and because we were learning. He had us meet at his attic apartment where he could stand upright only in the middle of the room. I still have my stories with his comments scribbled in broad brown ink. "Well, Miss Faulkner! Don't you think this has too much blood?" Or, "Please, not another one of your family sagas!" I purposely chose his senior seminar, where he made the judgment that Joyce's Ulysses would be the Alice in Wonderland of 1984. Instead of a research paper, he let me write a novel for my thesis, and he took time during his summer to meet with me in New York to talk to a publisher.

What changed my mind about Bill Rose? In one of the last meetings of the writing class, he read aloud a funny and caustic caricature describing all of his own mannerisms and foibles and, with a charming smile, returned it to its author, the one who had gushed and sobbed. He was one of the most human, delightful, and genuinely concerned teachers I have ever met, at Vassar or at any of the other institutions where I have studied or taught. I wonder how many other writers and artists he has influenced even beyond the Fellowship.

Jane Newbold Hyatt '55
Indianapolis, Indiana

I, too, remember Mr. Rose as one of Vassar's outstanding professors, an altogether too rare combination of true intellectual commitment and an un-precious sense of humor. Hard to find in universities or anywhere else, for that matter.

In any case, I enjoyed reading about the literary and artistic exploits of my fellow classmates. Although I was knee deep in literary criticism during my senior year — and not in Mr. Rose's seminar — his class on Pound, Eliot, and the other men and women of
1914 whom one felt he knew firsthand all comes back to me now as I continue to write my own work.

It helps enormously to see and read about what other people are doing with themselves; and even though our Class of '66 is notorious for remaining blank issue after issue, your hard work in publishing the Vassar Quarterly doesn't go unnoticed! It makes its way to me here in London, and reminds me of long evenings in the Library. Perhaps this issue of Bananas [a literary magazine published in London which includes one of Ms. Kavounas's poems] will find itself on a table there to provide a respite for some hard-studying freshman.

Alice J. Kavounas '66
London, England

The good search

They sought the good search

It was with pleasure that I read in the winter, 1981 issue of the Vassar Quarterly that Polly M. Kuhn '47 has been selected as the new executive director of AAVC and that she assumed her new duties in January — just a few short weeks after the resignation of Susan Gillotti took effect. The search committee quickly completed its task and assured continuity of leadership for AAVC.

There is another aspect of the search committee's activities which I wish to address. The search committee, comprised of Susan DeBevoise Calver '69, chair; Anne S. Alexander '67; Jean E. Grego '32; Lou Ulery Elliott '52; Kathleen Holman Langan '46; and Caroline Dunney Standley '52, carried out its important charge in an expedient and professional manner. It screened applicants, responded promptly, and conducted several personal interviews. In addition, and equally important, the search committee regularly and frequently notified the applicants of the progress of the search.

AAVC is fortunate to have had Mrs. Calver and her committee to carry out this important task. They have performed their duties professionally and with consideration for all people involved.

Patricia P. Hannaford Pine '72
New Paltz, New York

On gratitude

Two interesting items in the recent issue [winter, 1981] moved me to write. The first was the apparent discontent of some of the tenants of the Terrace Apartments and the Townhouses ["A Room of One's Own? Yes. But who cooks?] which began with "adjustment" and ended with vandalism. Wow! The Class of 1943 never imagined the luxury of one's own apartment, nor did we think it such a trial to "sit and eat with someone" on a "strict schedule, theirs, not yours!" And it was especially intriguing to read about the person who was apparently so surprised to find "your dishes in the sink."

The second item was about a bequest to the College ["To Vassar, with love"] and commented on the donor's impressive daughters and granddaughters who had attended and graduated from Vassar. It so happens that there is a member of this Vassar family who will never be written up in the Quarterly, and yet who exemplifies magnificently the qualities Vassar praises. This person is carrying out a commitment that contrasts so dramatically with the hedonism of the later group that, without going into detail, I did think I should write you. My veiled references to the unselfish classmate accord with her desires, I'm sure. Perhaps the Townhouse and Terrace people will eventually become as altruistic as my friend.

Helen W. B. Zimmermann '43
Saunderstown, Rhode Island

Loathsome state

It is, of course, folly to pursue an argument over several months through the printed page. However, since a young lady from Oregon [Laurie Wimmer '80] chose to attack me personally in your fall, 1980 issue ["Letters," pp. 2-3], I feel obliged to respond. I do not dislike women — quite the contrary — though I do not admire those who hysterically consider any male criticism of the social mores as an attack on the opposite sex. What I deplore is the sad demise of morality, as well as the spineless institutions that have contributed to this loathsome state.

Robert E. Niebling
Mystic, Connecticut

More! More!

I was very excited to read the article, "The Child and the Book," in the fall, 1980 Quarterly. I am a children's book writer, but I'm afraid I've been lazy about sending in books for review. (I believe I did send Jungle Laboratory in 1973 or so, and it appeared in the Quarterly.) I have enclosed photographs from my hardcovers so you can see that Vassar is always mentioned!

Mostly, I was excited to hear about the seminar. Could you please let me know if there are any events in the near future concerning children's literature? It would be wonderful if Vassar were to become another center in that area, like Simmons and Appalachian State.

Nancy Konheim Robinson '64
New York, New York

Editor's note: According to Joyce Riley, the Vassar faculty member most actively involved in the organization of "The Child and the Book" institute at Vassar last summer, there are no plans to repeat the institute here. Children's literature fans might enjoy the article on Louise Seaman Bechtel's collection in this issue.

En recherche du pays obsédant

I'm writing a note of appreciation for Elisabeth Schalk's article, "Vassar in France," in the [fall, 1980] Vassar Quarterly.

Thanks to my husband's love of the French language and yearning to find again some of his wartime French friends, we went to France in 1973, and again in '75 and '78. The first two times we rented a house in Venasque, a hilltop village in the Vaucluse. So we know well the area you toured.

I feel we discovered the Abbaye de Sénanque — "haunting" is a good word, so beautiful! I'd like to suggest, if you don't know of these places: Vaison la Romaine, east of Orange, with medieval and Roman history; Glanum (surely you know of these excavations between St. Rémy and Les Baux), and the Fontaines de Vaucluse, especially beautiful in the early summer when the great spring fills the shady river with clear water.

I'd like to think I could join one of your trips one day. I'm trying to polish up my French.

But in the meantime, thank you for a trip back into a country I love so much!

Harriet Gibbs Gardiner '41
Jacksonville, Florida

Sextist trap?

I find it puzzling that the AAVC has apparently fallen into such an obvious sexist trap. The nominations brochure informs us of the marital and parental status of all the women nominated and frequently includes information on their husbands' careers. To understand the frame of reference of the nominee's spouse is indeed interesting and pertinent to me, but if Vassar women marry interesting men, I trust that Vassar men are finding equally talented wives who contribute in the same way to their spouses' perspectives.

Or are all three really bachelors?

Caroline Hopewell Ostertag '53
Fort Collins, Colorado

Editor's note: According to Frances Thompson Clark '53, chair of the nominating committee, the material in the nominations brochure is supplied by the candidates themselves. In each case the biography represents what is most important to the candidate. The nominating committee does not require that candidates discuss their marital status or their families, and unless they tell the AAVC, we have no way of knowing that information.
Candid, tough-minded, her speech peppered with sly humor, Louise Seaman Bechtel made one heck of a children's book editor during the 1920s and '30s. Her overall accomplishments as an editor and a writer — noted in "Mr. Winkle moves to Vassar" this issue — might even lead one to put her on a pedestal. The tapes of the interviews that Nancy Lindbloom and Joyce Riley conducted with her early in the spring, however, strongly suggest that Mrs. Bechtel would be the first to object. She didn't set out to be a pioneer in the field, although we can't help seeing her as anything less; she earns our admiration because she followed the dictates of her intelligence, tastes, intuition, and business sense in a way that seems to have compromised none of them. Among the children's books she has earmarked for Special Collections is her original Macmillan edition of the Pinocchio reprint pictured above. "Once I went to a library where two little boys came to return this book," she says. "They didn't want to return it; they wanted to keep taking it out. So they cried and screamed and the librarian telephoned their mother that she should buy it for them. It's a grand book. And boys in particular love it."

Ideas for articles originate in various ways and in this issue all are represented. Once we learned about Mrs. Bechtel, we began to wonder what more Special Collections could offer — thus, Georgette Weir's "The Accessible Ark." Meanwhile, Helen Bledsoe was putting the last touches on "Pacific Passages," an article that she had suggested — and that I requested almost as soon as I eased into my swivel chair at Alumnae House for the first time on arriving from Oregon. The piece on undergraduate science was inspired by both Ms. Weir's own interest in the subject and by an alumna's comment that science majors have graduated from Vassar and where are the articles for them? (We'll try to keep closer tabs on this area.) Both of the features on careers came out of the blue — the same week coincidently. Nancy Smyth Berliner's arrived one morning in the mail; Lucette Lagnado's followed the writer's enthusiastic query by phone. Brett Singer's essay on teaching appears because of my regard for her work, and Ms. Singer's generosity in taking time off from a novel to make something for us.

One thought from the Quarterly's editorial committee was to expand the Books department. In honor of all those summer reading lists that begin with War and Peace, we feature Suzanne Massie's Land of the Firebird. Open it anywhere, and you're flying. M.A.
The Field House

During April, ground south of the parking lot behind the Terrace Apartments was broken for a new athletic facility, expected to be ready for use by September 1982. Over two million dollars in gifts has already been received by the College toward the $5.4 million-dollar project, which includes renovation of Kenyon Hall, the current gymnasium (built in 1933). The College reports that in addition to the total construction cost, a goal of $2.5 million dollars in endowment funds is being sought to support staffing, programming, and maintenance of the new facility.

"In keeping with Vassar's comprehensive energy conservation program, the architect, Daniel F. Tully & Associates of Melrose, MA, has incorporated several energy-saving features in the design," the release from the press and information office reads. "In addition to an advanced system of insulation, solar collectors will heat water for the showers, bathrooms, and other domestic purposes. The collectors also will serve to keep the water in the swimming pool at the desired level of temperature. Large fans depending from the ceiling will provide cold-weather comfort at floor level by preventing heat from rising. Vassar's president Virginia B. Smith said the year-round use of energy in the building — electric power and heating — is expected to cost about 50 percent less than the average energy cost for all buildings on the campus. 'The field house, basically a one-story building of wood with concrete abutments, is designed to cover an area of 325 feet by 130 feet. The roofing system features a patented hyperbolic paraboloid which eliminates inside supports, providing a column-free interior for the playing areas. Mr. Tully has designed and built field houses at a number of other colleges including Amherst, Middlebury, and Swarthmore, and at Brown University."

"For a large event, the floor will accommodate 4,000 folding chairs. [This is an important feature, as it means that the building can house the entire College community which currently cannot fit under one roof on campus.] In addition, principally for athletic events, there will be folding bleachers for 360 persons."

"The two principal areas of the new building will be the field house [proper] and the natatorium, which will house a 109-foot pool. A moveable bulkhead separates the diving area from the swimming area. There are six lanes, and the bulkhead may be adjusted to provide laps of 25 yards or 25 meters."

The release goes on to say that there will be three courts for basketball, five courts for tennis, two courts for volleyball, four courts for badminton, and a running track on the perimeter of the floor. "On the partial second floor will be exercise, weight-lifting and conditioning rooms, as well as the trainer's room. As required, the floor also will accommodate indoor soccer, baseball and golf practice, gymastics, and 'street' hockey." The renovated Kenyon Hall will house squash, racquetball, and handball courts, and sports programs in wrestling, boxing, and martial arts, and fencing. The dance program will continue in Kenyon.

In the past academic year, the student weeklies Unscrewed and the Miscellany News have called the new facility into question with regard to the extent of its energy efficiency and its aesthetic qualities. An April 24th Misc editorial reads: "While we applaud the administration's speed in providing a desperately needed facility, we remain dubious of the plans for this building. We recall that various comments of professors and master planning committee members apparently fell on deaf ears — comments like, 'There's nothing innovative about this building. It's just a straight, ugly building with a lot of excess space to heat.' While the questions about energy will probably continue to percolate until the field house is operating and proves itself one way or the other, the questions about aesthetic appeal are, it seems to be generally agreed, uncontroversial. Said James Ritterscamp, vice president for administration, prior to his retirement this spring: "We won't get an architectural gem, but what we want is an athletic field house."

He's also just a bit proud of her.

In keeping with our focus on the Library in this issue, we feature here Florence Nelson Flanders Hickok '39, the head reference librarian at Michigan State University. This year, Ms. Hickok received one of M.S.U.'s Distinguished Faculty Awards for being (as the citation reads) "a tireless public servant, whose contributions have enriched the lives of thousands of students and faculty members. She has consistently displayed a remarkable understanding of the informational needs of a vast variety of academic disciplines, has promoted the use of data bases as an integral component of reference services, and has initiated special seminars for faculty and staff which emphasize new library technologies and programs." The citation also notes that "federal and state officials and employees, law students, leaders from business and industry, have all come to rely upon her staff and facilities as invaluable aids in the quest for knowledge."

The news about Ms. Hickok came to us from her husband, Benjamin Hickok, M.S.U. professor emeritus. "Colleagues at large tell me that when a librarian received the biggest public ovation of the evening [as President Mackey presented Ms. Hickok with her plaque] the crisis occurring in the library, the very center of our university's academic life, was suddenly italicized. The catastrophe in the state's auto industry has produced sickening cuts in our budgets, particularly in our campus's libraries. But faculty members started writing the administration and phoning the student and local papers: 'Cut every other thing if you must; but how do you expect us to maintain this as a university of front rank if you cut the library's resources and services?'"
March was the cruelest month for students whose work he found insipid, the crest month for those he found inspired. The “he” of this is Stanley Kunitz, who, for three weeks, was in residence at Vassar: visiting classes, conducting open seminars, giving a formal reading of his work, and in general, being here. Often cited by poets as “a poet’s poet,” and an exceptionally fine mentor of poets, Mr. Kunitz’s distinctions are long and varied. They include a Pulitzer Prize for his Selected Poems 1928-1958, a stint as the Poetry Consultant to the Library of Congress — the closest thing we have to a poet laureate — from 1973-1976, an eight-year tenure as the judge for the Yale Series of Younger Poets, and the Brandeis Medal of Achievement. He has taught the craft of poetry writing for over 30 years; currently, he teaches in the graduate writing program of Columbia University. His recently published Poems 1928-78 (Atlantic Monthly Press, 1979) was, as the accompanying photograph shows, on many Vassar desks. A collection of his essays, A Kind of Order, A Kind of Folly, has just been published in paperback by Atlantic.

The Quarterly caught up with Mr. Kunitz toward the end of his visit.

VQ: What can be taught to aspiring poets?
SK: Obviously, you can teach technique, certain things that have to do with language, forms, and structures. You can acquaint your students with a tradition, the links between the present and the past, the continuity of the poetic voice. But beyond that, the poet as I see it has another duty, and that is to be a symbolic presence in the classroom. To stand for those values of the free spirit that are at the center of the whole poetic tradition, and to keep reminding one’s students that poetry is a great medium in a great tradition.

VQ: Do the students at Vassar strike you as typical of college poets?
SK: Yes. There’s a great ferment in the universities throughout this country, a love for poetry expressed on the campuses wherever one goes. How far that love realizes into the actual production of poetry depends on the presence of one or two members of the faculty who really work at it, and are willing to spend a great deal of time nurturing gifted students. At Vassar clearly this is happening, and I’ve been impressed by the number of students who are engaged in writing poetry, and in the quality of some of the work. It seems to me quite representative of the places where poetry is loved and nourished.

VQ: What’s the finest tribute a country can pay its poets?
SK: Read ‘em.
What prize glory?

The unhappy news about the Washington Post journalist Janet Cooke '76, who attended Vassar for one year before transferring to the University of Toledo (see Letters this issue), has put the College on the wire services once again. In place of comment, we reprint below an interview with another Vassar Pulitzer Prize-winner, this one possessing unblemished credentials: Lucinda Franks '68. The interview, by Brooke J. Kamin '84, appeared in a slightly different form in the May 1, 1981 issue of The Miscellany News.

"Lucinda Franks, visiting instructor in English at Vassar, said that the Janet Cooke/Pulitzer Prize controversy has 'put a blot on the credibility of journalists.' Ms. Franks is a lecturer here on The Contemporary Press.

"A Pulitzer Prize-winner in 1971 while a reporter for United Press International (UPI), Ms. Franks said she was 'shocked, saddened, and surprised' at the Cooke incident. But being 'a loyal New York Times person, I smiled a bit because the Times would never be that careless,' she stressed. Ms. Franks, who is currently working on a novel, is a Times feature writer.

"When I wrote (for the Times), I always had to sit around with lawyers and editors,' and document each of her sources, she said. Even 'with a lot of documentation, one isn't forced to give away his source.'

"When Ms. Franks read a reprint of 'Jimmy's World,' the Pulitzer Prize-winning fabrication of an eight-year-old heroin addict, she felt that 'there was something suspicious about it from the beginning. It sounded phony,' she said. Ten years ago, Ms. Franks wrote a five-part series for UPI on the life of Diana Oughton, a member of the radical terrorist group, The Weathermen.'

"To win a Pulitzer Prize, a writer must be chosen by the Pulitzer Jury (a group appointed each year) and the Pulitzer Board (with permanent members). The Board can overrule a Jury recommendation, according to Ms. Franks.

"Reportedly, in the case of Janet Cooke, it was the Pulitzer Board who approved her story for the prize. 'I think the Board is going to have to listen to the Jury a little more now, because it really has egg on its face,' Ms. Franks said. For her own Pulitzer Prize, Ms. Franks said 'the Jury recommended it and the Board accepted it.'

"Ms. Franks graduated from Vassar as an English major who wrote a creative thesis. After Vassar she went to London, where she was hired by UPI. As a woman, Ms. Franks stressed, she was assigned articles on 'donkey shows and beauty contests.' Then, on vacation in Belfast, she 'bumped into a riot' and after covering that, she became 'UPI's correspondent in Northern Ireland.'"

(The same issue of the Miscellany News carried another interview by Ms. Kamin, this one with the Washington Post's editor, Ben Bradlee, who is paraphrased in the article as saying that Vassar graduates who apply to the Post as reporters will not suffer from the Cooke/Pulitzer Prize incident. The board chairman of the Washington Post is Katharine Meyer Graham '38, who attended Vassar for two years before transferring to the University of Chicago.)

Good ghosts

"I got a letter from Alex. He wrote that he thought things were tough in twelfth grade and that he didn't realize how much it had affected him till this year. He wrote that he had dreamed about Erica's funeral. That she was really still alive; that it had been a joke of mine to make him laugh.

"He wrote to me as though we were still together. He wrote to me as though no time had passed. He said to call him when I am home from school. I won't. I can't. I suppose I am too afraid, I suppose I have too many ghosts."

The above paragraphs come from "Exorcising Ghosts," a short story by Susan Diller '83 that recently won second prize in the Madisonville College Fiction Competition. The award of $300 was given to Ms. Diller for the originality, clarity, and sense of structure in what Mademoiselle calls "an outstanding piece."

Written this past November, "Exorcising Ghosts" is about the end of one's high school years — "the way the world is changing when you're a teenager and you don't want it to change so much." Its author believes that teenagers aren't given sufficient credit for having to deal with issues such as the death of a close friend or the dissolution of a romance.

The story explores these themes and looks ahead to young adulthood.

During 1980-81, Ms. Diller studied and wrote fiction in the narrative writing course taught by Brett Singer '74, to whom she feels she owes much of her accomplishment for the encouragement and support that Ms. Singer gave her work. Also a student of photography and art, Ms. Diller has designed an independent major called "Artistic Perceptions of the Twentieth-Century City," which explores contemporary urban life as portrayed in art and literature, and has pursued independent study — with art instructor Gail Harrison Roman — of the photography of Paris as a changing city. As a senior in high school on Long Island, New York, she won a competition in black-and-white photography; this summer she participates in an internship with New York City's International Center of Photography.

Of her fiction she says: "I find myself writing about high school, college, love, friendships — things I know about. I guess other topics will come with time." The award came as a great surprise. "It's given me a lot of confidence, though, to have outside criticism and recognition."

— Jessica Neely '82

Tall trees and a tough woman

One day in April, the day all the tulips in Poughkeepsie opened up, we received in the mail the following portrait from Lucy L. Bridges, a Vermont alumna, Class of '34. It made us wish that we had known the subject, and we share it with you here.

"I see by the winter, '81 Quarterly, that Ruth Park '06 is dead. Do you know about Ruth Park? She's a legend among the woodsmen, lumbermen, and foresters of northern New England. When I was working in the Middle School in Hanover, I took out as many students to interview her as would fit into my Saab. She was living in a cabin by Reservoir Pond, between Lyme and Dorchester, on a dead-end dirt road impassable to anything in winter but a Jeep. A strong, substantial woman, she spoke to us of logging in the days before World War II, when one worked with oxen or horses, not cats (Caterpillar tractors).

Her father was a lumberman. When she was a small child, she lived in the 'big house' at the Pond, and her mother taught her, her sister, and the children of the lumber crews. After Vassar, Ruth came home and took over her father's business. When they had logged Smarts Mountain pretty thoroughly, they moved north and logged a large part of Mount Washington.

"When it came time for us to leave, we discovered that my car's battery had gone pfft. What to do? Out comes Ruth with a
logging chain on her shoulder, flings herself on the ground, to hunt for a spot where she could hook in the chain so my ear could be pulled uphill. She was then in her middle eighties.

"There is a chatty sort of history of the great days of New England lumbering. Tall Trees & Tough Men (by Robert E. Pike); Ruth is in it. I myself once worked for a woodlands outfit in Lyme and have heard men from the Forest Service — who would drop into the office now and then — recount the tales about her. According to legend, she could swing an ax and curse a crew, in three languages, on a par with any woods boss ever born. She is supposed to have been the only woman in the business who ever actually ran her own woods crews herself.

"I well remember the day one February when Ruth — attired in high boots, lumberman's jacket, and pants — stalked into our office to return some books to the boss's wife, since, as she told me, she had run out of firewood and was taking the jeep to Mexico for the rest of the winter! There is another tale from her later days. Reservoir Pond is a 'made' pond, and the power company wished to lower the water level to do some work. They notified Ruth, whose cabin was in that area, that their crews would be coming in to start taking boards out of the spillway dam on a certain day. When the crew arrived, the dam had already been lowered. Said Ruth: 'Thought I'd save you the trouble.'

"In her later years, she represented the Town of Lyme in the New Hampshire legislature. There is hardly an old-time businessman around here who did not, at some point, tangle with her. Lumbering was a rough game. It was also, if ever there was one, a man's game. Ruth was just better at it than most men."

What I had loved about geology were the broad vistas, the vast panoramas, the view from above, the analysis of land forms and entire geologic regions — not the view through the microscope or the chemical analysis that had become such an integral part of my geologic training. Being outside, examining and recreating the big picture, the large-scale relationships of land, sky, water, season, and light: they were the same things I loved about painting landscape.

"Most of my work since has continued in this vein. The pictures have been getting larger, however, with more of an emphasis on the gestural quality and energy of the brush work. Made up of three 5' by 4' panels, my last major painting was completed in the studio from sketches done in Missouri last summer. It owes a great deal to the American luminist painters Church, Bierstadt, et al. Whether I'll be able to continue as a 'contemporary romantic' remains to be seen; the mode seems so out of touch with the violence and trauma of daily life. Of course, that's probably its major attraction."

For more responses to the Rose articles, see Letters in this issue.

**Vassar's newest Luce Scholar**

Every year, the Henry Luce Foundation picks fifteen Luce Scholars — "on the basis of their leadership potential" — for one-year placements in Asian communities as "professional apprentices" under the guidance of leading Asians in their given fields. This fall, Alice Markowitz '76 will begin work in the field of mental health in Malaysia, Singapore, or Hong Kong as one of those fifteen Scholars. The unusual program, which is directed exclusively toward persons who are not Asian or international specialists, is tailor-made to the interests of each participant, an element of it that Ms. Markowitz finds quite satisfying. "I'm very interested in how other cultures meet the needs of families and children," she told the *Quarterly* during an interview. "I'm interested in family interaction, extended family ties, the formal and informal support networks that Asian countries set up and how these networks differ from ours. With Reaganomics now, we need to find cost-benefit ways of providing people with social services. I thought that abroad I could learn about alternatives to what we have."

A former psychology major at Vassar who graduated with departmental honors, Ms. Markowitz holds a master's in education from Harvard University, where she has also worked for the departments of psychology and social relations. Last year, she worked for the Somerville Mental Health Clinic part time as a therapist on child abuse and neglect,
Advice from the front lines

"They asked me what it was like to be black and to go to Vassar College."

"More is going to be expected of you as a minority. Anticipate that, and give it all you've got — and a little bit more."

"In many companies you may be the first black. But you cannot represent the whole black race. You just have to do the best for yourself."

"Go out there knowing that Vassar represents a very long tradition of high-class education, even though you may not have seen that while you were here."

"Remember, you come from Vassar, and Vassar would not have accepted you if you did not have talent."

"All your intelligence goes out the window when you can't type."

These comments were gleaned from remarks made by a group of nine women and one man who had returned to the Vassar campus one April afternoon for a Black Alumnae/i Career Forum in Chicago Hall, arranged by Patricia Kaourouma, assistant professor of education and Africana studies, and advisor to minority and special students. The audience of nearly one hundred black students were clearly anxious about the tight job market, interested in specific advice about how to prepare for careers and interviews, and eager for reassurance about the market-place value of their anticipated liberal arts degrees. There were no exceptions to the consensus of those on the panel that the Vassar name on a degree is a head start in the race for jobs. Valerie Hartman '79 remarked, "One woman said to me, 'I see you went to Vassar, so I know you're intelligent.' I hadn't even opened my mouth and she had already made that judgment." Ms. Hartman is a paralegal and aspires to law school.

The panelists represented a wide range of careers, as well as a variety of educational backgrounds. Jette Burnett '70 majored in political science, then extended her stay at Vassar to prepare for medical school. She is now an ophthalmologist. "I would encourage you, if you plan on medicine, to get a broad education while you're an undergraduate," she said. "It will help you deal with the broader world. When you get to medical school your studies will be focused.

"Banks," said Deborah Cooper '72, "take poets and philosophers and train them to be bankers," Ms. Cooper majored in economics, earned an M.B.A. in 1977, and is now a loan review officer for Chemical Bank. Geneva Kellam '72 had an independent major in black theater and now works as an advertising copywriter. Sandra Wilson '75 also earned a degree with an independent major — People and Profits: The Ethics of Investment. Now an Episcopalian minister — her goal when she enrolled at Vassar — the Rev. Wilson worked during the five years between her graduation and ordination for Chase Manhattan Bank, for TWA as a micro-economist, pricing specialist, and cargo marketer, and for Time magazine as a reporter and researcher, "becoming, finally, their nuclear energy specialist.

"The liberal arts degree from Vassar provided me with the analytical ability and the writing skills that were the demands of all these jobs," she told the students. "But remember one thing: Vassar will get you places, but it won't keep you there."
Letter from the second person
by Brett Singer '74

When I was teaching at Stanford University in the spring of 1976, a student from my introductory writing class came into my office to talk about his story. We talked about the story for a half an hour or so, and then, just when I thought we had finished up, just when I thought I could pack up my papers (two manilla folders thick with my students' words — my students —), Robert told me that he was dying. He was twenty years old and the cancer was developing more quickly than his mind. And his mind was quick, this twenty-year-old boy whose moon face I'd always attributed to some exotic genealogy, whose moon face was growing wider and wider right in front of my eyes. The cortisone or the chemotherapy. All those terrible words that seem inevitably to begin with "C." Hadn't I taught the students not to start out writing about rape, cancer, nuclear war, intergalactic race riots? Hadn't I taught them it was much harder to write about cancer than German measles? Hadn't I taught them they had to write "out of their own experience," as I, before them, twenty years old, had myself been taught?

I managed to ask Robert clinical questions: hospitals, doctors, lymph glands, nodes, i.v.s, and something I'd read somewhere in Newsweek or Vogue about laser beams so powerful the cancer was nuked to sleep. He looked at me and I looked at him and I was still young and foolish enough to feel proud that I hadn't cried with him there in the office, resting his three-year-old Birkenstocks on my teacher's desk. It was 1976 and all the students wore Birkenstocks, summer and winter and fall. It was Palo Alto, and not Poughkeepsie, and some of them who didn't wear Birkenstocks would walk around barefoot in December. It was all I could do to restrain myself from lecturing to them about still-lit cigarettes burning on the pavement.

I drove home that afternoon, got into my bed and cried myself sick. I thought then I was crying for Robert — twenty years old, his whole life, his metaphors were just starting to make sense, he was learning to prefer the active mode to the passive — wasn't he? Wasn't he learning how to write out of his own experience?

I was twenty-two when I started teaching. I laugh when I think about it now. How earnest I was and full of ideas, how young I must have looked to them — my Freshman English section. My students. And I remember their names. Danny Coch. Laura Pace who wrote only about prostitutes growing old. Carla

Brett Singer declined an offer to be writer-in-residence at the Squaw Valley Community of Writers in order to accept a full-time position with the Vassar English department, where she has been teaching since 1979. As an undergraduate at Vassar, she published fiction in the Vassar Review and Hudson River Anthology. At Stanford University, where she was a Helen Mirrieles Fellow in The Writing Program and where she earned her master's, she taught freshman English, and — as the Jones Lecturer in Fiction — fiction writing. She has published short fiction in The American Review; in 1979, Simon and Schuster brought out her first novel, The Petting Zoo. She is at work on another novel.
Palles, the class sexpot, who'd been around L. A. a lot and dropped names like forks and was training with the A.C.T. repertory and herself practically twenty-two. Carla flew into a rage one day in November when I'd told the group that their in-class assignment was to compose an imaginary suicide note in an "invented" persona. Carla screamed out how I was insensitive, callous, a Nazi. How dare I tamper with the students' lives? Who did I think I was?

Who _did_ I think I was?

I quieted her down easily—my first real crisis in the classroom. And then she sat down like a good freshman and wrote the best paper in the class. Her violet mascara dripping down her face, she read beautifully, she read like an actress, she was after all, an actress, she read out loud to the whole class an invective against _me_. How she hated me for assigning the class to write a suicide note in an imaginary persona when she was _really_ suicidal. Real life, remember? Remember real life?

"You," she'd read. "You." You. You. You. The suicide note in "an imaginary persona" addressed to me was very well-written and very deeply felt. And I was young and foolish enough (or wise and "professional" enough? Which?) to praise her command of the second person. I explained to the class the unusualness of the second person as a narrative technique. _You_. And when the bell rang at ten-fifty, I was still raving about the confessional poets and Sylvia Plath and the second person and the students were looking at me _that way_. That way they look at you. Especially when you're twenty-two and your hair is as long as theirs.

Who _do_ you think you are?

And then, a year later, there was the creative writing class I taught in a laboratory in the chemistry building, still at Stanford. I was terrified half the time that the bunsen burners would explode. I felt like Fred MacMurray in one of those "Flubber" movies. Or Jerry Lewis as the Nutty Professor. That was the class with the worst "problem student" of my career. I'd be lecturing about, say, the imitative fallacy. If you want to write about boredom, I'd say, don't write boringly. And the problem student, a strange boy a foot taller than I, would call out at intervals of maybe ten minutes: "But what do you think about Kurt Vonnegut? What about Kurt Vonnegut?" Every once in a while, he would yell that out in my class.

When I finally forced him to come to my office and explain himself to me—"Why do you find it necessary to disrupt the class?"—he talked to me feverishly about the Nazis and Masada and Charles Manson and how the whole world wanted to kill him because his father was a Jew. And I was young and foolish enough to think that he was crazy.

What _do_ I think about Kurt Vonnegut?

Sometimes when I am sick and tired of reading my students' words—sometimes when it is three-thirty in the morning and I imagine them, my students, making love and smoking pot in the Rose Parlor while I am looking up the spelling of _miracle_ for the third time in five minutes and remembering that I used to be a crackerjack speller before I met them—sometimes I remember that the students are dying. And I remember that that's why I am a teacher. Not a writer who teaches. A teacher. And I remember what Plato taught me ten years ago, and I remember the wonderful teacher who taught me to listen to Plato, and I remember it was Plato who knew that education was always and first a _moral_ education. And then I remember why I'm a teacher and I remember they're teaching me, too.

My students. _My_ student papers. They do not belong to me. And I do not belong to them. I try to convince myself of this, to remember they are new grownups and not old children. To remember that even though I was once twenty years old and a Vassar girl in my own right and as wild as any of them, that I do not _really_ know what it's like to be twenty in 1981. I beg them to explain punk rock to me, but I'll never understand it.

Reagan is the father of our country, John Lennon is dead, and I, woman or not, am too old to be drafted. The students are dying, I tell myself. They need _me_. I tell myself. They _are_ my students, I tell myself. And I am _their_ teacher. And I need _them_. But now I am twenty-eight and I know that the teachers are dying, too.

And what about Robert? What happened to him? Is he alive somewhere? And if he is, is he writing from his own experience?
The Accessible Ark
Vassar's Special Collections
Story and photographs by Georgette Weir

If someone, a gardener say, sifts shovelsfull of her back yard through a screen, she is likely to find herself left, at the end of the job, with a pile of evenly textured dirt underneath the wire mesh, and a much more fascinating jumble of objects on top of it: rocks, twigs, worms, bottle caps, long-lost toys, a fossilized shell, maybe an Indian arrowhead, an old knife. A college librarian sifting through a collection of reading matter is as likely to find, at the end of her job, that she is surrounded by well-organized shelves of books, and confronted by book carts loaded with materials that didn't quite fit into the system: old maps, galley proofs of books, personal letters, photographs, scrapbooks, diaries, illuminated manuscripts, a clay tablet.

One housekeeping solution is to label the items in this assortment "special," and to gather them, along with other unique items such as rare and fine books, into Special Collections — a sort of Noah's ark of records plucked from the flood of history's paper.

It was not very long ago that Vassar's family treasures — its rare and fine books, its collections of papers and manuscripts, the College archives, children's books, and Vassariana, were scattered throughout the library on the general shelves and locked away in closets and basement rooms — "generally inaccessible," wrote librarian Eileen Thornton in a Quarterly article thirty years ago. The wish Mrs. Thornton expressed in that article, for an "attractive and workable rare book center," was realized in 1976 with the opening of the Francis Fitz Randolph Rare Book Room in the five-year-old Helen D. Lockwood wing of the Thompson Memorial Library. Actually the public area for what is an otherwise closed repository for materials ranging from a 2020 B.C. Babylonian clay tablet to the latest releases from the College publications office, the Rare Book Room is a well-lighted, climate-controlled (68-72 degrees, 50 percent humidity), and glass-walled space. Wall-to-wall carpeting and furniture of modern design, oak wood, and royal blue upholstery make it a comfortable place to examine the library's Special Collections which are the Rare Book Room's reason for being.

Rare and fine books have interested many close friends and benefactors of the Vassar Library, and Special Collections is, perhaps, most commonly associated with its guardianship of these treasures; However, it is also the repository for materials less exotic than illuminated manuscripts and rare incunabula, such as the minutes of trustee meetings, and personal letters to and from distinguished alumnae/i. Given Vassar's role, its "individual condition" as a pioneer in the liberal education of women, its papers and the papers of its alumnae and faculty have special significance for historians of women and of education. And given

Two of the original drawings by E. W. Kemble for Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn in Special Collections
Vassar's role in the education of women, it is not surprising that among the special interests of Vassar's educated women are women and their history. Thus, we discover a 1670 first edition of Female Pre-eminence; or, The Dignity and Excellency of that Sex above the Male, by Henry Care, one of the earliest pieces of feminist literature in Vassar's holdings — just one item from a large collection (given to the College by Alma Lutz '12) of materials pertinent to women's history.

This history is personalized in a manuscript journal kept by one Hannah Whipple. The volume, given by Amy Reed '92, begins: "Having for some time being exercised with a grievous [sic] and distressing bodily disorder, and having likewise been much exercised in mind, I have in compliance with the advice of friends and my own inclinations, taken up a resolution to keep a Journal or in other words to note down the daily thoughts and exercises of my mind, hoping that it may hereafter be advantageous to future ages. Hannah Whipple, Ipswich, Hampt. Dec. 2nd 1790." (A note in a Special Collections inventory states: "The journal is devoted exclusively to the expression of religious thought and provides an excellent example of the morbid religious sentimentality of the period.") A checklist of items related to women's history would include, in addition to English and American first editions of Mary Wollstonecraft's A Vindication of the Rights of Women, an 1845 edition of particular interest because it was owned by Susan B. Anthony and contains a number of annotations in her own hand. (A gift of Frances Jones Brooks '40.)

During the 1980-81 academic year, Special Collections inventoried the personal papers and manuscripts of eighty individuals deemed relevant to the history of women, a project directed by Special Collections librarian Frances Goudy. Among the eighty are Susan B. Anthony, Ruth Fulton Benedict, Caroline Bird, Maria Mitchell, Jean Webster, Helen D. Lockwood, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Maynard Salmon, Jeanne R. Lowe, Alma Lutz, and five men — college founder Matthew Vassar, and presidents Milo P. Jewett, John Howard Raymond, James Monroe Taylor, and Henry Noble MacCracken. These collections vary widely in size and scope. According to the new inventory, Vassar's collection of Elizabeth Cady Stanton's papers are stacked twelve inches high; the papers left behind by President MacCracken total 196 feet.

The Stanton papers include 147 letters, written between 1839 and 1902, relating to family, children, the woman's movement, lectures and travels, and various publications. There are three scrapbooks containing letters written to Stanton from persons involved in the woman's movement and other causes, as well as clippings from newspapers and magazines, copies of speeches, photographs, and memorabilia. Also part of the collection are the manuscript and typescript of Who Was Elizabeth Cady Stanton, by her daughter Margaret Stanton Lawrence, class of 1876.

Such papers, whether of the famous, the not-so-famous, or even the not-at-all-famous, are the closest things to time tunnels that historians, biographers, and other researchers have to the past. One can be transported into other eras, other places, and other minds.

For example: Lucy Maynard Salmon, the first professor of history at Vassar and author of the influential volumes, The Newspaper and Authority and The Newspaper and the Historian, penciled at age nine in a diary about the size of a key case under the date January 1862, Monday 20: "I done something but I cant remember what it was." Further browsing through Miss Salmon's collection of papers — stored, like many materials in Special Collections, in acid-free cardboard boxes to minimize potential causes of deterioration of paper — turns up a packet of peace stickers from the time of World War I. "Armed peace has proved itself inevitable war," typifies the nature of the messages. On the envelope containing the stickers, someone, obviously an acquaintance of Miss Salmon, has scribbled, "On her front door she had a poster — Law not war." From another box one unfolds a yellow ribbon which proclaims, "Suffragette."

The eulogies upon her death in 1927 are indicative not only of Miss Salmon's character and influence, but of the times as well. An editorial in that year's February 15th edition of the Brooklyn Eagle declares in part: "Perhaps she was the best-loved spinster-professor in America.
Mistaken are the cynics who think loyalty of women to a woman is impossible or even rare.

Possessing collections of valuable papers and books is, says head librarian Barbara LaMont, a heavy responsibility. "You're torn between the wish to make them easily accessible and the need to keep them safe." In the case of particularly valuable books and papers, keeping them safe means making them available for general use via microfilm or photocopies. Such is the case, for example, with the Stanton, Anthony, Millay, and Mark Twain papers, the latter donated to the College in 1977 by the writer's great-great-grandniece, Jean Connor, and her husband Ralph Connor, a former trustee of Vassar. The Twain papers have, additionally, been going through a deacidification process to prevent their self-destruction. Money to pay for this treatment was part of the Connors' gift to Vassar. So far, about half the papers have been deacidified. It is an expensive process, as is repair of fine bindings, and unless funds are given expressly for such work, it is done only when something is extremely valuable and the effort necessary for preservation.

(Paper, being organic, becomes more acidic with time. Generally, the poorer the quality of paper, the faster it deteriorates.) Miss Goudy, noting that the writing materials, particularly the paper, used by our ancestors were frequently of better quality and therefore longer-lasting than those used today, declares most of the materials in Special Collections to be in reasonably good condition.

The items regularly displayed in the library's exhibit cases are evidence of the collections' general good health. Among the books which take their turns in the showcases one can find an Italian, late fourteenth- or early fifteenth-century illuminated manuscript of Virgil's "Georgica" (given by the late president of the College, Henry Noble MacCracken), and several fifteenth-century manuscript "Hours of the Virgin. There are four original leaves from one of the first books printed in moveable type — Gutenberg's "Biblia latina," circa 1454-55. Also from the fifteenth century is Thomas Aquinas's "Summae Theologicae." Vassar's copy is among the earliest printed editions of this classic. (Pars secunda: Prima pars. Venice;
The heavy responsibility of valuable collections: “You’re torn between the wish to make them easily accessible and the need to keep them safe.”

A mouse’s revenge

Contemporary stories of man-made pollution may well move us to sigh with Wordsworth that the world is too much with us. But as the following letter by Vassar president Henry Noble MacCracken demonstrates, even the pastoral College of half a century ago was disquieted by an out-of-sight/out-of-mind approach to the disposal of scientific wastes. Dated March 4, 1919, and addressed to L. Gillespie, superintendent, the letter was discovered at Special Collections this past spring by Elizabeth A. Daniels ’41, professor of English, among the MacCracken papers.

“Mr. Gillespie:

“Our cat was poisoned yesterday by eating a white mouse which had been inoculated in the bacteriology work. It had apparently been thrown out of the window in the New England building. We had to chloroform the cat.

“We are informed that the janitor had instructions to burn the animal, but I am not sure where the fault lies and should be glad to know. Great emphasis should be placed on treating everything used in connection with the Department of Bacteriology as dangerous, as carelessness of this sort might result in losing our license to handle diseased germs for scientific study.

HNM”

— M.A.
The work that history or English students might do with primary sources here is parallel to the work a science student might do in a laboratory.

Catherine Rendón '81

The Good Earth

The bookplates started it. One after another showed that the volume to which it was attached had made its way to the library's shelves of Latin American history, courtesy of Charles Carroll Griffin. Catherine Rendón '81, then a freshman student in a course on Latin American history, was moved to wonder, "Who is this man?"

The question — put first to those of Griffin's faculty colleagues still at Vassar, then to his wife, Jessica, who lived in Hyde Park, then to his sister Mary '26 — evolved over four years to, "Was Charles Griffin an American historian with a special interest in Latin America, or was he really a pioneer in developing the history of Latin America as an historical area?" Griffin's intellectual development became the subject of Ms. Rendón's senior history thesis.

The change from informal, but avid curiosity about Charles Griffin, to formal, intellectual analysis occurred when his papers were given to Special Collections following his wife's death during the spring of 1980. "The Griffin children were going to throw them away," Ms. Rendón says, "but then a neighbor, Antonio Marquez (who once taught Spanish at Vassar), and David Paulus, acquisitions librarian, found out about the papers and rescued them from the trash."

Prior to embarking on the Griffin project, Ms. Rendón had done primary research for a course entitled "Women in American History." Using the papers and manuscripts of Lucy Maynard Salmon, she analyzed the late history professor's ideas on the teaching of history. Miss Salmon's papers have for some time been ordered, catalogued, and the subject of scholarship. (See "The Accessible Ark" in this issue.) Mr. Griffin's, on the other hand, were newly unearthed when Ms. Rendón began picking through them. "I was the first person ever to go through the papers," she says, "and I would come out covered with dust and dirt. There are thousands of papers, and they really aren't in much order yet. I've read every single one of them."

Letters are an important part of the Griffin collection — letters to Griffin in his early years as a student at Harvard, as a Yankee nomad and cement salesman in South America, then as a graduate student at Columbia University. Later, "when he became a professional," he made copies of the letters he was writing, and so made whole the record he was compiling. "I was overwhelmed by it all — by the sheer volume of the information," Ms. Rendón comments. "The problem when you have access to so much material is you don't know when to stop. There are so many views of him, even by him of himself. And there are so many possible approaches one might take. I really worry about how I am going to put it all together. There are no books that I can point to and say, 'I don't agree with so-and-so in the chapter where he says . . . .' I'm the one who is doing the first work. It's an experience I've never had before in researching."

— G.W.

Franciscus Renner, de Heilbronn and Petrus de Barton, 1478; a gift of Francis Fitz Randolph, Sr.). A sixteenth-century treasure is a first edition of The Herball of Generall Historie of Plants, by John Gerard, printed by John Norton, 1597. (This is one of forty-one gardening and herbal volumes, including many of the most famous published between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, given to the library by Helen Morgenthau Fox '05.) Also from the sixteenth century is a first edition of Edmund Spenser's The Fairie Queene, part of a bequest of 970 rare volumes given by Mabel L. Rossbach in 1964.

For special collections such as Vassar's to be available for use by undergraduates is uncommon. "It's a rare opportunity that students at Vassar have," says Ms. LaMont. "Most colleges do not have these resources. And at universities, it's safe to say undergraduates are not often welcome to use them." But at Vassar, she continues, such use is the only justification for acquiring them. The collections are put to work in a variety of ways. The chronological development of the history of the book has been illustrated in twelve "teaching exhibits" of selected rare and fine books. Titled "Adventure and Art: Odyssey of the Book," the exhibit series was organized by reference librarian Joan Murphy.

Barbara Page, associate professor of English, likens Special Collections to a science laboratory. Speaking to a group assembled to hear "Faculty Perspectives on Vassar College," Ms. Page said, "The work [that] history or English students might do with primary sources there [in Special Collections] is parallel to the work a science student would do in the laboratory . . . The object is to free the student from an uncritical appreciation of the past, to teach how to winnow, and how to compose a comprehensive view of the material."

Beth Darlington, associate professor of English and director of women's studies, expressed a similar view. "Doing primary research is very different from going through the published scholarship on a topic," she says. "It's a tremendous turn-on to work with something that hasn't been published. Students come to me about Brontë or Shakespeare, and say, 'I
love this book, but it's been written about before.' So I might suggest that they go to Special Collections. And also, a lot of generalizations are made, for example, about women's history and education. Going through primary sources you can find these generalizations are false. Students can learn that published interpretations are different from the facts. The facts may indeed refute published interpretations. That's educationally valuable."

One exercise she finds useful is to have students act as "pseudo editors," to study a collection of letters and write an introduction as if the collection were about to be published. She finds also many materials in the Collections good supplements to classroom work. Uncommon eighteenth- and nineteenth-century conduct books "are invaluable for providing social background" for courses on Victorian-era literature, for example.

Outside of work done in connection with specific classes, many Vassar students have turned to Special Collections for their thesis subjects. "An Investigation of a Fifteenth-Century Book of Hours," a 1976 senior thesis by K.A. Watson, is, with the Book of Hours it discusses, on deposit in the Rare Book Room. Another student, reports Miss Goudy, went to nineteenth-century children's books to study their portrayal of the American Indian in textbooks.

Catherine Rendon '81 had as her thesis project a biography of Charles Griffin, the late Vassar history professor. The greater part of her research has been done in Special Collections, where she has pored over and rummaged through the many boxes of Griffin's letters. [For the story of how those letters came to be in the Library, see sidebar.] "There's an overwhelming sense of fright," Ms. Rendon comments, remembering the thousands of pieces of uncatalogued paper she faced during her project. "But this is combined with the sense of discovery when you say, 'Oh, I've pieced it together. I've made a connection.' And then I sometimes also had a sense of, 'This is it. Somebody's life ends up in a box.' " The spirit of that life, however, is contained in its memorabilia. When that is probed and pieced together by scholars such as Ms. Rendon, the spirits in these boxes can regain the force of life.
Mr. Winkle moves to Vassar
A glimpse of a new special collection at Vassar, and of the pioneer who donated it
by Nancy Willard Lindbloom and Joyce Bickerstaff Riley

Imagine a room filled with shelves of all the books you loved as a child, and of books that, on your discovering them, turn you into a child again. English and Irish fairy tales, Homer, Shakespeare, Aesop, and classic myths. Epics and legends from Africa and Asia. American tall tales and legends. Pinocchio, Hitty, Alice, and Charlotte. Poetry, picture books, story books, history books. "Books where facts gather toward wisdom," as their collector once wrote.

This outstanding group of late nineteenth- and twentieth-century children's books, numbering in the thousands and accompanied by scrapbooks, letters, photographs, clippings, and other rare or unique ephemera, was given to Vassar during the past year by their distinguished owner, Louise Seaman Bechtel '15. The first editor of the Vassar Miscellany's weekly newspaper (now called The Miscellany News). The first editor, at the Macmillan Company, of the first children's book department in the United States. Author of two children's books herself (The Brave Bantam and Mr. Peck's Pets), and of numerous book reviews and essays, some of which were gathered by Macmillan in 1969 under the title, Books in Search of Children.

Now in the process of being catalogued, the Bechtel collection ranges from a mint-condition German children's book from the era of the Weimar Republic — its inserts, pop-up pages, and tissuey windows begging to be handled — to a well-thumbed copy of Collodi's Pinocchio. The thumb prints are little ones. Most of these books once belonged to Mr. Winkle's Room, the library of approximately 3500 volumes in Mrs. Bechtel's upstate New York home where, for many years, visiting children have been permitted not only to browse, but also to check out the objects of their fancy.

"There was a certain day when children were allowed to borrow books from me," she said during a recent interview. "I had a 'borrowing book.' It showed which children took what. Those children are now grandmothers, and it's very amusing to have them still return. One came last week. She remembered coming here when she was little. She looked around the shelves and said, 'Oh, I took that and I took that.' And it was all in the borrowing book, written in by her own hand."

To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its children's book department in 1969, Macmillan gave a reception honoring Mrs. Bechtel for her notable contributions to the field, including but hardly limited to:

- a book list that, during her tenure as editor (1919-1934), amounted to between 600 and 700 volumes, among them many prizewinners;
- the founding of two series at Macmillan: The Little Library, a group of classics in editions sized for a small child, and the Macmillan Children's Classics, books that Mrs. Bechtel considered important for older children to have read;
- the editing of Macmillan's children's book catalogues which — thanks to Mrs. Bechtel's organization, writing, and fine sense of design — were regularly reviewed in daily newspapers, right next to the books those catalogues discussed;
- her unflagging efforts to reach children themselves through cross-country travel to schools and libraries, and over radio; and, finally, her insistence that literature for children should be of the highest quality in every respect — writing, illustration, and general design — whether the book is elaborate or inexpensive. "Louise was the first editor to go on the air to discuss children's books," wrote poet and children's book writer, Elizabeth Coatsworth (V. C. '15) in Macmillan's anniversary newsletter for its children's book department. (Miss Coatsworth's 1931 The Cat Who Went to Heaven was one of the Newbery Medal-winning volumes edited by Mrs. Bechtel.) "In everything she was a pioneer with a pioneer's infectious vigor and high spirits. Hers was the great gift of making writing exciting and rewarding in itself, and something went out of publishing when she married, and instead of being an editor, became a tradition."

Except for the one drawn from Books
in Search of Children, the quotations that follow have been taken from our interview. But first we set the scene.

Mr. Winkle's room

Lunch is over.

The afternoon light slants through the begonias on the window seat in the dining room. From a shelf in the corner the figurines of Alice and her friends watch over Mrs. Bechtel and her two visitors from Vassar, exactly as if they had stepped out of Tenniel's illustrations to join the discussion of children's books.

"You must see my scrapbooks about the real Alice's visit to the United States," says Mrs. Bechtel.

And she leads the way upstairs to her personal library, which she has named "Mr. Winkle's Room." Dickens's Mr. Winkle and the Pickwick Club itself could not have asked for more delightful surroundings. Here are books and more books, the very best written for children. Here is Mrs. Bechtel's doll, Louise, an elegant young lady with a bisque head. Here are photographs of Mrs. Bechtel's family and friends, and of the authors with whom she has worked.

The visitors take out their tape recorder. They have come to interview Mrs. Bechtel. But soon the room falls silent.

Everyone is reading.

The woman in the opera cape

"I'll never forget the first weekend my father came to Vassar to see what it was like. I sat with him at a service and down the aisle walked the procession. Among the girls there was a very tall, very straight, dark-haired woman who wore an Italian opera cape, which made her stand out. My father gave me a pinch and said, 'There's a girl who ought to be your friend.' After that I made a great point of trying to meet her, and that was the beginning of my friendship with Elizabeth Coatsworth.

"There came a very snowy winter. She looked me up and said I had better hurry and follow her because something wonderful was happening. So I put on my boots and followed her into the snow. There, in the quad, were girls riding all the riding horses; the horses were having fun out in the snow. She made me look at them for some time, then she said: 'I couldn't possibly do a poem about that, but I want to.' She did, at that time, write a lot of poetry that was published. She was already a good writer before I knew her.

"Later, when I was her editor at Macmillan, I didn't 'work' with her; she did it all herself. I very seldom corrected or suggested anything about a manuscript of hers."
One day I had to interview President Taylor, who had been told I was to be the editor of the Vassar newspaper. He looked at me and said,

"I've been examining your record. You didn't continue your Greek. You may have taken them elsewhere, but you never took French or German here."

"I said, 'I can read French easily.' At Vassar I'd taken what was called a 'listening course' in French, and it was very well done."

"He said, 'A lot that helps. They don't make you work when you do it that way. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, to think you can get ahead in anything literary without French and German. You'd better get busy and learn German before you leave Vassar. I suppose you expect a career connected with literature in some way?'"

"Well, I hope to get a job with a publisher," I said.

"I doubt you can," he said. 'There are too many women who want it. Imagine, working on a newspaper instead of learning French or German."

"He refused to allow me to do it. But the literary board persuaded him."

The editorial board of the Vassar Miscellany, from the 1915 Vassarion. Louise Seaman is, we think, the woman in the middy blouse and dark skirt on the far left.

Garriette Weir

Gateways to heaven

"A nice man from the New York Times commented that the gateway to heaven, in his opinion, was through my catalogues." (From the interview)

"I have always written my own catalogues myself, for the purely selfish reason that I enjoy doing them ... I have never seen any reason to put my name on a catalogue — it is the books that count — I must make them speak...

"I think of the inside of a children's room just as I think of the inside of my catalogue, as a place where somebody who didn't know he wanted something must be surprised into finding himself irresistibly persuaded that this is what he wants." (From Books in Search of Children, Speeches and Essays Selected with an Introduction by Virginia Haviland, The Macmillan Co., New York: 1969, p. 20)

A page from the 1928 fall announcement, Macmillan Books for Boys and Girls, one of the catalogues edited by Mrs. Bechtel. The Happy Hour Books was a series, inaugurated by Mrs. Bechtel, of inexpensive children's books. Reproduced by permission of Louise Seaman Bechtel.
wickedest pair of yellow eyes I have ever seen were bent upon me. "Caw, caw, caw!"

Stout as he was, quailed at the fierceness of this attack. I felt that my end had come and I was glad to bury my face in the cool moss so that I might be spared the sight of the Crow's cruel expression. Looking back upon it now, I realize that perhaps the Crow was not really cruel. Crows cannot help their blackness or their sharp beaks. But they should be all the more careful about what they seize. Evidently, this one was rather discouraged about eating me.


Hitty

"I met Dorothy Lathrop, the woman who did the drawings for the book, through the writer, Rachel Fields. Rachel and Dorothy had found an antique doll sitting in the window of a shop in Greenwich Village, and they just fell in love with her. They came to me directly from the shop and said, 'You've got to publish this book we're going to write tomorrow!' They had great fun making it up too. It really was a collaboration: they loved the story very much. They even went to the Metropolitan Museum to choose a calico pattern of the right period for the binding and jacket designs.

"The front of one of my best children's book catalogues from Macmillan shows Hitty in an airplane; that's when she went out west and the mayor of Los Angeles got in a plane and went to meet her. Great publicity. That doll traveled around, to be shown at libraries and so forth. I had a horrible time; I had to keep her insured. Hitty: she was something."
The children's books from France

"My husband was a lawyer for American Express. He was sent abroad on various exciting jobs quite often, and generally I'd accompany him. So I had a chance to snoop around for books in Paris. I think my French books are unique; nobody has such a collection. And the thing is that they're from an era when it was the new art of France — a new way of doing things for children."
The real Alice in Wonderland

"You know of course that Alice Liddell came over here from England. She was just a fat, homely old lady, and nobody could get up a thrill over her; but still, everyone honored her greatly. She went all over. I think the children were horrified by her."

Inside front cover of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-glass by Lewis Carroll, illustrations by John Tenniel, J. M. Dent and Sons, London: 1954. (Alice is the girl under the book plate.)

Just right for a land of dreams

"Pamela Bianco was one of my favorite illustrators. Pamela was a little girl, small, fair-haired, with pigtails over her shoulders. She began publishing young — she was around twelve or thirteen — and did really good work. She was brought up in Italy, and her parents were great book lovers themselves. I did her Blake book, The Land of Dreams, at Macmillan, and I was very proud of that one. The owners of a bookshop in Northampton, Massachusetts, called up when they received it and said, 'We want —'. I forget how many thousands of copies. They took the whole edition and put their name on it, which seldom happens in a bookshop. They loved it. I think the Smith College girls were just the right age for it."
Pacific passages:
from West Coast to Main Gate, and after

The medical students told aspiring physician Emma Sutro, V.C. 1877, to have her female organs removed, and she said . . .
Vassar College came into being in 1865 with a student body of 353 young women, among whom were Anna Aurora Day and Emily Foster Talbot. These girls — Emily was only sixteen — lived in San Francisco. Seeking an education so far from home was an extraordinary act, especially when one considers that four years were still to elapse before the Golden Spike was pounded down in Promontory Point, Utah, to complete the first transcontinental railroad.

Curiosity about these young women led me to investigate a small group of West Coasters who, over the years, have gone East to Vassar. What prompted them to go so far from home for schooling? Did they find the transition difficult? Did the rest of their lives demonstrate initiative? Beginning with Anna and Emily, and ending with Richard Carter 1980, research indicates that Westerners educated at Vassar are indeed original and high-spirited, and that their later experience bears it out.

After college, Emily and Anna returned to the West Coast to live, as did most of the subsequent West Coast Vassarites. Anna became the wife of a San Francisco banker and merchant, Frank J. Synnex, and the busy mother of eight children. Emily married Cyrus Walker, who worked for her father's lumber company, Pope and Talbot. The Walkers lived in San Francisco and Puget Sound, and Emily was equally at home at formal dinner parties or around ships and sawmills. Her active life prompted her sisters to say, “Emily went to breakfast with her hat on.”

Another San Franciscan to attend Vassar in the last century was Emma Laura Sutro. She was the daughter of Adolph Sutro who was famous for devising a drainage system for the fabulous silver mines of the Comstock Lode, then reinvesting his millions in San Francisco, and finally becoming mayor of the city in 1894.

At college with the Class of 1877, Emma formed a friendship with the campus physician, Dr. Elida Avery, who inspired her with a desire to study medicine. She began her professional education at the Women's Medical College in New York City, and after two years applied to the medical department of the University of California, where she was refused admission. She sued, and the Court ruled that as a citizen of California she had to be readmitted. The male students protested strongly; she told a friend they even suggested that she have her ovaries removed, to which she replied she would if they had their testicles taken out. Despite such harassment, she persevered, and became the first woman to graduate with a medical degree from the University of California. Subsequently she married fellow student Dr. George Merritt and for twenty years was staff physician at the Children's Hospital in San Francisco.

By the time Dorothy Wheaton Fay '12 (Wheaton for her mother's alma mater, Wheaton Female Seminary in Norton, Massachusetts) went to Vassar, it was a seven-day train trip across the country from Seattle. Her younger sister Jean remembers the expressman pulling up to their house with his horse and wagon to transport the big oblong trunks to the railroad station. Of course, Christmas vacations had to be spent in the East with relatives or friends, but summers were one long house party at the Fay summer home in Port Madison, Washington (now the Fay-Bainbridge State Park).

Votes for women were a compelling issue for many Vassar students, and the Woman Suffrage Parade of 1912 found Dorothy marching down Fifth Avenue in New York. She and her friend Ines Mulholland were dressed all in white, like the other paraders. Ines rode horseback, while Dorothy walked sporting her Hudson's Bay seal muff on her hand like a major-domo.

After graduation, Dorothy returned to Seattle where she and her husband, architect Carl Frelinghuysen Gould, had their fingers in most of the city's cultural and educational pines. Dorothy was an amateur painter and sponsored several Northwest artists by arranging exhibits of their work. She taught at the University of Washington, broadcast radio and TV shows on local history, and published
Western girls at the College during WWI traveled alone across the continent. It must have seemed strange to need a chaperone for an evening in Poughkeepsie.

several books, including the still-popular Northwest history, Beyond the Shining Mountains. She credited her Vassar professor, Miss Lucy Salmon, with fostering her love of history and teaching her to rely on original sources for research.

World War I was approaching when Henrietta Failing '18 first traveled to Vassar from Portland, Oregon. She had never been East, but her family encouraged her desire for a first-class liberal arts education. Indeed, her grandfather Josiah Failing (a general merchant who sold, among other things, Vassar ale) is sometimes referred to as "the father of Oregon's public schools." For this he was honored by having a Portland school named for him, and Failing School still elicits jokes from the historically uninformed.

Henrietta set off the first time accompanied by her mother, traveling first to Seattle, then by ship from Seattle to Vancouver, British Columbia, and from there to New York by Canadian Pacific Railroad. (Some of the twenty-one Western girls then at the College traveled alone across the continent. It must have seemed odd to them to be required to have a teacher-chaperone accompany them for an evening in Poughkeepsie.) Henrietta remembers loving to stand on the rear observation platform of the train, but she was careful always to carry some flax seeds in her purse; these were used to dislodge cinders from the eye. Cinders notwithstanding, she could see that all the bridges and tunnels along the route were guarded by soldiers, as it was 1914 and Canada was already at war.

The war affected the daily routine at Vassar less than the polio epidemic of 1916 which claimed many lives in the Class. The girls learned to roll bandages, to knit (a lifelong interest of Henrietta's), and to administer first aid. The following song was a favorite at evening stepsinging:

- Somebody's sick
- First aider, quick
- Send for the Doc
- Treat for shock
- A fractured leg
- Make way, I beg
- An epileptic stroke
- That's a mere joke
- A broken arm
- Needs no alarm
- Send for the Doc
- Treat for shock
- First aiders should
- Be clean and neat
- Pretty and sweet
- Light on their feet
- Keep the patient
Mary McCarthy '33 chose Vassar over Bryn Mawr because the Vassar catalogue was more clearly written — important to an aspiring novelist.

From chill and knock
Send for the Doc
And treat for shock.

Every Sunday afternoon, Henrietta's father wrote and mailed her a letter which she received the following Friday. He often addressed her as "hertenas klooch-man," or little woman, in the Chinook language which was used by the Northwest Indians, traders, and settlers. Henrietta took her Chinook dictionary to college and once mystified Western Union officials by sending her father a birthday greeting in that language.

Illness forced Henrietta to drop out of Vassar after two years, but, undaunted, she graduated from the University of Washington in 1941, only twenty-three years behind schedule. Last fall she was one of fourteen members of her Vassar Class who attended their sixty-second reunion.

Readers of Memories of a Catholic Girlhood will have a vivid mental picture of the Seattle background of Vassar's noted author, Mary McCarthy '33. In a letter written for the purpose of this article, she says she had been longing to go East for so many years that she felt immediately at home when she arrived; in fact, the gentle rolling countryside gave her a déjà vu sense, derived, she thinks, from the imagined background of all the English novels she had read. She rather liked the fact that at college she was a stranger who knew no one. Classmates were friendly and invited her home for the long holidays — all except one Easter which she spent on campus with about ten other girls from far away, "a painful experience but mainly from the point of view of pride."

She chose Vassar over Radcliffe because she lacked Radcliffe's requirement of four years of Latin, and over Bryn Mawr because the Vassar catalogue was more clearly written — important to an aspiring novelist. She later discovered that its author was Helen Sandison, her favorite and much-loved English teacher, who came close to the "cool Vassar ideal" she had imagined while still a student at Annie Wright Seminary in Tacoma, Washington.

In the almost fifty years since her student days, Mary McCarthy has written a large number of highly readable works,
as varied in subject matter and style as The Stones of Florence and The Group. When Patsy Bailey '45 of Portland, Oregon, entered Vassar, she was one of fifty-one West Coast students among 1359 undergraduates. She had never been East, but as a high school senior was intrigued by the prospect. Dean Mildred Thompson paid a visit to Portland; Patsy was her guide on a sightseeing trip, and the result was an offer of admission and a scholarship.

By now the trip on Union Pacific's streamliner, "The City of Portland", which originally had only one "sailing date" a week, was a fast thirty-nine hours to Chicago, but three nights and four days were required for the entire trip to New York. Most of the Ivy League contingent traveled together, usually by day coach (a lower berth to Chicago cost an extra $18.50), and it was one big party, or perhaps a form of "orientation." Patsy remembers, however, the gaiety being broken by a sobering event during her trip back home sophomore year. As she passed through a coach, she heard her name called out, and recognized a Lincoln High School classmate. She was a Japanese-American girl on her way, not to college, but to a Midwest detention camp.

Patsy was at West Point on Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, but did not hear a word about Pearl Harbor until her return to Vassar that evening.

Like most of the other enterprising Westerners, Patsy quickly adapted to her new environment. She says that the girls who could go home for the weekend were often far more homesick than those who knew they had to stick it out for the entire year. The greatest change was the academic side of life, as in high school she had seldom been assigned a paper to write, and like other students with grades of A or B, was usually excused from exams.

After sophomore year, Patsy joined the Waves, partly out of uncertainty about a major and "accelerating," and partly out of wartime patriotism. Boot camp at Hunter College in New York was followed by assignments in Georgia and Florida where she was a link trainer instructor with the rating of First Class Petty Officer. She found that life in the Navy changed her social attitudes more than Vassar had done.

When the war ended, she married Ross Hughes and enrolled at the University of California at Berkeley. At graduation, she discovered that her academic gown was a good camouflage for infant Susie, who graduated into the world the next month. After Susie and her two sisters were well launched, Patsy became a travel agent and satisfied her wanderlust by exploring most of the countries of the world, including Taiwan, where she visited her roommate, Hope Fuess Phillips.

Richard Carter '80 of Portland continued the Western pattern of wanting an education with "different people in a different culture, ethnically diverse." Men had been students at Vassar for eight years when he was admitted, so that was not a factor in his choice, but coeducation was still sufficiently recent that he felt "not like an intruder, but like a newcomer." He enjoyed the persisting flavor of a women's college and admired the women's self-assurance.

He claims he had an initial "My God, what am I doing here?" reaction, but it must have vanished quickly, for by October of his freshman year he was not only the lead in the College production of Charlie Brown, but also the author of a Miscellany News article entitled "East Meets West and Oregon's the Best." By Richard's time, plane travel from coast to coast was easy, if expensive. At the end of four years, however, he found it necessary to buy a car to transport back to Oregon his four years' accumulation of gear, including his Phi Beta Kappa key. Richard's goal is writing, probably for the theater. He is working currently as a chauffeur, a job that supports him and gives him time to write.

The 1980-81 freshman class at Vassar boasted twenty-nine Californians, eight Washingtonians, and two Oregonians. These thirty-nine brave souls represent only about six-and-nine-tenths percent of the Class of 1984; but the guess of this Oregonian-by-adoption is that they will contribute more than their share of verve, originality, and good old Western spunk to Vassar, and that these qualities will propel many of them into lives and careers that are out of the ordinary and full of adventure.
Science update: undergraduate research

What effect, if any, does a mother's consumption of moderate- to low-level doses of alcohol or Librium have on developing offspring?

by Georgette Weir

Librium and alcohol: two drugs that have long been among the most widely used in this country. "For years," says Vassar assistant professor of psychology Noel Jay Bean, "the benzo-tranquilizers (benzodiazapines), of which the product Librium is the best known and most used, were the most widely prescribed drugs on the market. In 1968, their peak year, 8000 tons of these tranquilizers were prescribed for anxiety, stress, and general nervousness." It has also been estimated that among American adult women, more than sixty percent consume alcohol on a regular basis.

When consumed by women who are pregnant, what effects, if any, would moderate- to low-level doses of these drugs have on developing offspring? These questions are being probed on campus in two separate projects: research into the effects of the benzo-tranquilizer Librium is being coordinated by Mr. Bean; the investigation of the effects of maternal alcoholism is the responsibility of undergraduate biology major Martin P. Sorette '81.

Mr. Sorette's "fetal alcohol project" began in 1978 as an experiment he designed to fulfill a routine research requirement in the developmental biology class of professor Marci Greenwood. From this modest beginning Mr. Sorette and his project have progressed to a level about which Ms. Greenwood enjoys saying, "Marty is the only student at Vassar who has two faculty members, a postdoctoral fellow, and two technicians working for him. He has gone about as far as an undergraduate can go in research."

In its three-year history, the project evolved into two stages: pre-natal and post-natal studies of the offspring of alcoholic mother rats. The studies of pre-natal pups were concluded last spring, an end marked by Mr. Sorette's presentation of the results to a meeting of the Federation of American Societies of Experimental Biology in California (FASEB). Out of this came a paper, "Maternal Ethanol Intake Affects Rat Organ Development Despite Adequate Nutrition," published in Neurobehavioral Toxicology, volume 2, 1980. Carol A. Maggio, a postdoctoral fellow currently at Vassar; Anthony Starpoli, Class of '81; Andrea Boissevain, Class of '83; and Marci Greenwood are listed as contributors and joint authors of the article.

Their conclusions: When a pregnant
female rat consumes twenty-five percent of her calories from alcohol (equivalent to five drinks a day), or even fifteen percent of her calories from alcohol (equivalent to the average woman having three drinks or a six-pack of beer a day, according to Mr. Sorette), her fetal offspring tend to be smaller than those of a non-alcoholic mother, and internal organs such as the brain, kidney, and heart of her young are comparatively underdeveloped. “Even moderate alcohol exposure,” the authors caution, “may subtly compromise organ function.”

The next stage of the project was to study the effects of alcohol on post-natal rat pups. “We were really looking at two questions,” says Ms. Greenwood. “One, do you continue to see retarded growth post-natally? And two, does exposure in utero to alcohol influence the preference for alcohol later on?” Mr. Sorette continues: “We began last summer using even lower blood alcohol levels — 7.5 percent was our low level. We spent the summer breeding the pups and the fall, testing. We’re spending the spring assembling the data and organizing it. This summer, the results will be written up in a paper.” He adds it is too early to discuss the results of this year’s work. “But we’ve actually answered many of the questions we set out with,” Ms. Greenwood comments.

The “we” of these references goes beyond those named on that first article. Michelle Wood ’81, Richard Long ’82, Susan Aull ’81, Robert Hamlin ’82, and Adrienne Bennett ’81, have enjoyed substantial laboratory research experience as part of the so-called “alcohol group.”

While the alcohol work has progressed in Olmsted Hall, across campus, in Blodgett Hall, a “benzo group,” under the supervision of psychology assistant professor Jay Bean, has been busy this year. Mr. Bean has also been involved with the alcohol project and in work that roughly parallels it, he and four biopsychology students are researching whether the regular administration of the tranquilizer Librium to pregnant rats affects the post-natal development of their offspring.

“In addition to drinking, pregnant women also smoke a lot, and take anxiety-relieving agents,” Mr. Bean says, explaining his interest in the effects of Librium. “For the most part, people have concentrated on alcohol and have paid little attention to other drugs. So I wanted to see what effects the low-level administration of Librium has. But while the work in the alcohol project is mostly physiological, I’m more interested in how behavior is changed. We’re looking at activity levels at various ages, at the development of certain reflexes, at the development of reactions to sensory stimuli and also at the pups’ ability to find their own homes. And we’re looking at the development of different physical brain structures in pups.” These are all aspects of the normal development of muscle reflexes and coordinated movement. Taken together they indicate the progress of a pup’s growth.

For purposes of research, each of these aspects has been singled out for investigation by the individual students. “I told them where I want to go, and let them go through my papers. They then developed and designed ninety percent of their studies,” Mr. Bean says. Mark Schwartz ’81 decided to use Vassar’s electron microscope to examine the development of the cerebellum — that part of the brain which controls coordination and balance — in drug-exposed pups. Margaret Rea ’81 drops pups into an aquarium for ten seconds and measures the level of their heads above water, and the coordination of their four paws, to evaluate the development of their swimming reflexes. Dan Kalb ’81 pushes the hair of a paintbrush against parts of the pups’ bodies and records the level of their responsiveness from days one through ten. Julie O’Keefe ’82 is charting the development of the benzo-exposed pups’ ability to find their homes, in comparison with that ability in normal pups. According to Mr. Bean the results of these projects indicate a two- to three-day lag in the development of the drug-exposed pups, compared to normal growth. “We don’t know yet how this lag might affect later behavior,” he says. “That’s what I want to look at next.”

Scientific research at Vassar involves many more projects and many more students than those described here. “Undergraduates at most universities are overlooked in favor of the graduate students,” Ms. Greenwood says. “But it really depends on the attitude of the faculty. Marty’s is a good example of an idea from a bright undergraduate that can be just as professionally productive as a graduate student’s or a professor’s. “It’s extremely unusual for an undergraduate student to give a paper at a meeting like that,” she says, speaking again of Mr. Sorette’s trip to the California meeting of the FASEB. “And Marty wasn’t the only Vassar student to go to that meeting. Paul Castellanos (’80) delivered a paper on the effect of a compound called naloxone on obese rats. He had worked with associate professor Dick Hemmes.

“People kept coming up to me at that conference and saying, ‘C’mon Greenwood. I know Vassar students are supposed to be good, but this is ridiculous.’ I have a friend out there who still refuses to believe that these two were undergraduates. He thinks I’m lying.”

The Librium project: Dan Kalb ’81
Confessions of a junior muckraker

Everything you always wanted to know about how a Jack Anderson column is produced

by Lucette Lagnado '77

The Iranian Embassy looked as menacing in real life as it had on TV the night before, when a group of demonstrators carrying a mock coffin had encircled it to protest the taking of the American hostages. There were at least a dozen police cars, and double that number of cops. Somehow, the sight of all those guards failed to reassure me, and, as I got out of the cab and began making my way to the door, I couldn't resist asking one if it was okay for me to go in. He joked back: "We'll come and look for you if you're not out by tonight." I didn't laugh.

It was two weeks after the takeover of the American Embassy in Tehran, and Washington, D.C., home of the international diplomatic community, was an appropriate place to be. Because Iran was suddenly the only news of the day, syndicated columnist Jack Anderson, my new boss, had called a staff meeting and told everyone to concentrate exclusively on that subject. "I want the stories the rest of Washington isn't getting," he told us. "The news behind the news."

I had already spent a month of a three-month internship at the column. I had only a few more weeks to make my mark, and had an idea. A few days before, I'd called the Iranian Embassy to get a comment on a story I was doing on the death of the Ayatollah Khomeini's son. Khomeini's son, Mustafa, had apparently been murdered by SAVAK agents, and I found the diplomat at the other end of the line only too eager to give me the gruesome details. I decided to call him back, and asked if we could get together. He agreed to see me — at the Embassy.

These were the days when pro- and anti-Iranian demonstrations were daily occurrences, many of them in front of the Embassy. When I told my colleagues where I was going, they joked about my being taken captive. I later found out that one of my friends who worked for the C.I.A. had, upon discovering my plans, asked the security people at the agency to keep an eye on me.

I walked into the Embassy to find a group of sullen-looking men speaking Farsi while sitting around a still-luxurious parlor (a relic of the old days under the Shah). They eyed me suspiciously. But then an American woman wearing a black chador came to greet me. Mr. Movasaghi, the man with whom I'd made the appointment, would be seeing me soon, she assured me, smiling. I smiled back, all the while wondering what on earth an American woman could be doing working for the Iranian government. I later learned she was a former nun and now wife of the consul general.

After a few uncomfortable minutes of my being squeezed on a sofa between two of the Iranians, my revolutionary host — wearing a Cardin suit and smelling of English Leather — finally came out to greet me. I had been racking my brain for the "right" thing to say which would set the tone of our interview (and prevent him from taking me hostage). I suspect Mr. Movasaghi and his three Iranian buddies may have been a bit taken back by my hearty greeting, followed by a remark on the "lovely Persian rugs — are they authentic?"

As we walked through the maze of corridors to Mr. Movasaghi's office, however, I began to think I may have struck the right note after all. He took me on an impromptu tour of the Embassy — one which many journalists might have killed for — and made sure to point out every interesting rug. When we arrived at his small office, he offered me a cup of tea, and we were soon chatting away about rugs, Persian art, his background, my background, everything that is except the hostages.

I didn't get a story that first time, but I did establish my first important Washington source. Journalists thrive on adversity, and I must confess that those early weeks of the hostage crisis when every morning threatened to bring either the release or the trials of the fifty-three Americans were heady times for me. Each morning I'd call Mr. Movasaghi and ask if I could come and see him. He invariably said yes. I'd get in a cab and whiz over to the Embassy to get the latest news on the events in Tehran, then return to the office in time to zip out a story for our daily radio show, or Jack's appearance on "Good Morning America." It was about then, I believe, that Anderson learned my name. It might even have been at this time that he decided to hire me permanently.

That was secretly what I yearned for: to stay on as an investigative reporter for Jack Anderson.

Admittedly, my background seemed hardly the stuff of great muckrakers. I'd been a French major at college and followed up with a year at a local newspaper in Brooklyn, New York. Still, while a reporter for the Brooklyn Spectator, a 15,000 circulation weekly, I had distinguished myself somewhat by exposing a scandal in a local school for the mentally retarded. The series of stories I did on the school was eventually picked up by the daily papers, and then the networks. Eventually, the series won an award for Best Investigative Reporting by Geraldo Rivera's One-To-One Foundation, a national organization started by him to focus on issues related to the retarded.

With the award in hand, I decided to respond to an intriguing ad in Publisher's Weekly for a three-month internship with Jack Anderson. Not trusting normal channels, namely, the post office box address listed in the ad, I had my mother, a librarian, track down Jack's home address. I sent him the application with a short note apologizing for sending him the material at his home. "You often write about man's inability to cope with the bureaucracy," I wrote, "and, in an effort to bypass this bureaucracy, I've decided to send you my application."

I later found out that Jack didn't look at it, but he did give it to the head of the intern program who was sufficiently impressed by my brain storm to offer me the job.

A few weeks into the internship, the prevailing thought in my mind was what I could do to stay on. I was willing to do anything, even sweet-talk Iranian diplomats, if it meant getting the sort of story which would convince Jack to hire me.

A year later, as a full-fledged associate, I find that I have become part of a most creative family. My office is located in a beautiful, reconverted nineteenth-century mansion, which we share with a law firm. A vice-president lived there, I'm told, and it was also once a bordello. It still feels more like a house than an office, and the members of the Jack Anderson staff treat it like a home.

There are ten full-fledged associates: persons who have gone the painful route from intern to reporter to associate. At twenty-four, I'm the youngest; but that
doesn’t mean very much. The most “senior” reporter just turned thirty. Most of us are single, and terribly driven; normal work hours are meaningless. The majority of the staff virtually lives at the office, spending much of the day and even weekends there. Jack has furnished it with many comfortable couches, a fully stocked modern kitchen, and even a shower.

The office is run on an honor system. There are no set work hours, practically no deadlines, and no assignments. It is up to the individual reporter to do as much work as he can. With a daily syndicated column, a daily radio show, TV appearances four times a week, as well as three foreign columns aimed at Asian, Latin American, and European audiences, there is no room for shirkers. The hiring process is so stiff that everyone on the staff is both motivated and productive; we have to be, or we wouldn’t have survived.

There is more freedom at the office than at any other newspaper enterprise in Washington; people come in each morning at ten or eleven o’clock, but don’t leave until ten or eleven at night. One Friday night, when I’d stayed late by myself to finish up an important story, I looked up around 9:30 p.m. to see Tony Capaccio, an ace reporter who covers the F.B.I. ambled in. A few minutes later, Jack Mitchell, the TV editor, entered, followed by Rob Sherman, Dale Van Atta, and Gary Cohn — three other reporters. Soon, practically the entire staff was there typing and chattering away. It took a while for it to sink in that this was Friday night, not Monday morning.

There is intense competition among members of the staff, although the rivalry is offset by the camaraderie. Competition is keenest when one is lobbying to get a story in the column. At Jack Anderson’s, it isn’t enough to write a good story; one has to convince Joe Spear, the column editor, that it’s better than the pile of columns he already has in his files. To maintain Jack’s personal style of “barely suppressed outrage,” there is a special person on the staff who has the sole responsibility of rewriting what we write. Dave Braaten, a Harvard-educated former journalist, is one of the best rewrite men in Washington. It is bruising to the ego to find one’s magnificent prose tossed out to be replaced by Braaten’s own, but comfort comes with the thought that over fifty million readers will be perusing your story and seeing your name, which is always inserted somewhere in the column.

It’s a painstaking process to the final product — a ninety-line column sent out to the syndicate. After the story is rewritten, the editor will often touch up parts of it. After that, it is turned over to Jack who will smooth it out and, if necessary, rewrite some (or all) of it.

Once I proudly handed in a critique of the United States’ decision to sell arms to Pakistan despite that nation’s burning and sacking of the U.S. Embassy a few months before. A few days prior to my handing in the critique, a Pakistani diplomat had entreated Jack to aid the cause of his country. Consequently, even though my story was originally rewritten as a scaring attack on United States policy, Jack rewrote it to include the Pakistani point of view.

Jack’s strict Mormon background, which dominates much of his life, has not prevented him from surrounding himself with capable and influential women. In fact, many have whispered that the real power in the office is Opal Ginn, officially his administrative assistant. As his closest confidante, her judgment and perception of how each of us is doing counts a great deal. Vicki Warren, another associate, is responsible for running the intern program, and thereby exerts considerable influence also. What finally counts with Jack, though, is the work, the product. Those who produce will succeed.

French food can make my job seem deliciously simple. It often occurs to me as I sit there, sipping my wine and exchanging pleasantries with a bright, young Senate foreign relations staffer, that success can’t be too far away.

Finally, one perquisite that comes with being employed at Jack Anderson’s is the expense account, to which all staff members, even interns, are entitled. Jack will allow his staff to write off just about anything, provided it was done in pursuit of a good story. Expensive lunches at Sans Souci, taxis to and from the Capitol are okay, provided a good source has been cultivated in the process.

Thanks to the expense account, I’ve discovered an excellent habitat in which to work. Whenever possible, I reserve a cozy corner table for two at Dominique’s (Dom’s to insiders), the quintessential Washington restaurant. The presence of a full carafe of rosé surrounded by plates of
Liberations

One week after my sixty-fifth birthday I became a liberated woman — for the second time.

by Nancy Smyth Berliner '36

My first liberation happened in the late 1950s, when I followed a growing trend among women in their mid- or late forties and found a job. No longer would I just be a wife, mother, housekeeper, and volunteer. Instead, I announced with pride, I was also a salaried worker.

The second happened in May 1979, when I retired from my job with the District of Columbia's Department of Human Resources. In the eyes of my colleagues, I was finally liberated from "having to work for a living."

This concept interested me. On looking back, I could see that I often felt chained to my home, but never to my job. I realized this was because I had never been completely responsible for my family's welfare and knew that, even with inevitable belt-tightening, I could stop work any time I wished.

So I should have been entirely sanguine about my decision to retire. I wasn't. Indeed, it is only today, more than a year later, that I fully accept the fact of my retirement and am comfortable in it. More important, I no longer fear that the self-respect and confidence I gained in my first liberation will disappear, now that I am once again primarily a homemaker.

In the beginning, I worked only in the morning, so I could be home to greet our two youngest children on their return from school. Ostensibly, I was working to help pay for four college tuitions; but I knew I was working because I was restless and bored. I felt inconsequential and mentally lazy, and becoming increasingly jealous of my husband's newspaper career and of the children's expanding horizons. Fortunately, my family sensed I needed a change, and looked upon my secretarial/public relations job with the local mental health associations as, they said, a way of "keeping her out of our hair." They also discovered that dinner-table conversations were apt to be more interesting.

Though the pay was a pittance, the job helped scape the rust from my brain, and within a few months I was feeling the first twinges of ambition. By the end of two years, I was working full time in a newly created public information position with the area-wide Planned Parenthood Association.

As my colleagues turned more and more to me for advice and relied on me to do a professional job, I began to feel professional. My self-confidence soared. This carried over into my home, and my family's view of me as someone around to cook for them, wait on them, and listen to them began to change. I was a person in my own right. It was a good feeling.

As my skills improved, I became increasingly ambitious and pushed myself into new outlets, different positions. The last eleven years of my work was for the Department of Human Resources, the final two as chief of its small information office. This was a difficult job, complicated by budgetary problems and a depleted staff. Administrative hassles and hurry-up editorial deadlines were routine. But it was challenging and I enjoyed it immensely, despite weekend work and an exhaustion which sent me to bed as soon as the dinner dishes were done.

I decided to retire mainly because the kind of existence I was leading did not make for a relaxed retirement for my husband. In the seven years of his retirement, he had gradually taken over most of the household chores, in addition to driving me to and from the subway and frequently to my office. During the final year of my job, he had even volunteered to help man our office's information phone at least three afternoons a week. It was time he was liberated. So I deliberately chose Friday, May 18th, as my final day. It would be my thirty-ninth wedding anniversary present to him.

I notified the director, signed appropriate personnel forms, and began to worry about unfinished projects. I was determined to leave the office in good working order for my successor as well as my staff. At the same time, there were routine activities to continue and new assignments to which I had to respond. It was a frenetic time, made more unsettling by the numerous congratulations of co-workers, who were already counting the months before they could retire. I was surprised that I had never felt the need to join in this exercise, but now, unexpectedly, I found it very easy to do. In fact, I began to count days — and hours.

Suddenly, it was May 1st. I was jolted into realizing that I had only fourteen more working days. The feeling in the pit of my stomach should have warned me of trouble. My dread of empty days surfaced, and, in order to forget it, I pushed myself and my staff even harder. Soon even they were counting the days until I would leave.

Webster's New World Dictionary describes trauma as "a painful emotional experience or shock." I decided later that this is what I had. Only in my case, it was a series of small shocks leading up to a large one.

The first came the day my successor pulled out a tape to measure my office. The picture I conjured up of rearranged furniture, new wall decorations, and someone else at my desk remained vivid for a long time.

The second occurred when a new member of my staff asked for a plant I had carefully nurtured for many months. It was not that I minded giving it to her so much as my surprise at her request. It shocked me into the understanding that I actually was leaving and that my staff was already looking forward to the day I would be gone.

Then, three days before the 18th, the director informed me that I need not attend his mandatory executive staff meeting. Already I was expendable!

The trauma occurred at 5:45 on the morning of May 21st. That was when I awoke to the fact that I had no job to go to. A week or so later, I wrote to our children:

"How do I feel about retiring? The first few nights I woke at five, angry at one of my staff because I was sure he had slipped up on some assignments. Yesterday I had a hard time living through the hour of the director's regular press conference (background material for these conferences had been my responsibility). Today I am resigned. A friend told me my withdrawal pain would last a year . . . ."

I refused to believe it would take so long and launched into a frenzy of gardening and house cleaning. I dreaded to think I might be wasting time and, even if I just dawdled over a second cup of coffee and the daily crossword puzzle before dressing, I developed guilt feelings.

Happily, the summer was filled with weekend visits back and forth with family and friends. I also managed to swim almost every day and read about four books a week. Between times, though, the days dragged; I felt isolated, frustrated, and mentally lethargic.
My isolation was entirely my own fault. To my husband’s dismay, I had no desire to telephone or make arrangements to see friends. This actually surprised me, because at work I had particularly enjoyed my daily contacts with a wide variety of people. It owed in part, I think, to my mind’s straying back to the office, and I had decided I should not interfere by phoning. In deliberately keeping myself away from its activities, I at the same time kept apart from others.

My mental lethargy resulted from weariness. My concentration was so short I didn’t even attempt any serious reading. Anyone asking me how I enjoyed retirement got the disgruntled reply: “It’s for the birds.”

“Retirement is when you begin to look forward to a trip to the dentist,” is the way my husband put it.”

By October, the days had freshened and the nights were cool. I felt rested and slept well; there were no more dreams of the office. I was ready to take up my life.

Before getting involved in outside activities, though, I needed to find out why I had taken so long in adjusting to my non-working status. Was this normal for women, or had I dramatized my reactions? I called two colleagues who had also retired in the spring.

“Not one bit,” the first replied when I asked if she missed working.

“I haven’t thought about the office since the day I left,” the other said. They agreed that they were enjoying themselves immensely. Both had immediately gone out of the country when they stopped work, but I was sure that was not the reason for the difference in our outlooks. I delved further.

Both were in their twenties when they began working. My professional career didn’t really get off the ground until I was in my forties. They had worked steadily for up to thirty-five years; today they are in their early fifties. I worked for twenty years and stopped at the age of sixty-five.

They had achieved their professional goals; continuing to work had become a chore. I had not yet reached my goal. Although I was doing what I wanted to do in helping to publicize needed public services, I resented seeing younger colleagues professionally ahead of me. I was still ambitious. I wanted additional...
responsibilities and felt capable of handling them. I was, in fact, not emotionally prepared to give up my career.

Retirement probably did mean liberation to them. I retired because I knew my life at home was more important than a career, even though I would give up some of the freedom I had enjoyed while employed. Intellectually, I accepted this; I had no idea how much my changed status would affect me otherwise, and how afraid I would be of losing my self-confidence. Nor could I conceive of living the life of a sedentary senior citizen while still so young, yet lazy days without deadlines seemed to be a sure way to make this happen.

Once I understood the valid reasons for my discomfort, I realized that I needed structured outlets for my energies. Readjusting to the routine of the house was, of course, simple and in ways enjoyable, particularly with my husband working alongside. It is pleasant not to have to change sheets, wash clothes, vacuum, and scrub the bathroom and kitchen on weekends. Cooking turned out to be far more interesting when not confined to evening hours. And my husband discovered that having someone along makes marketing much easier.

It was just this ease with which we finished our chores that accentuated the long daytime hours. Occasional shopping sprees, luncheon with friends, afternoon bridge games, reading, and museum visits kept us amused, but were not enough. I needed activities which would assure me that I was not wasting time.

My pride finally came to the rescue. In the past, broadcasting my plans invariably resulted in my trying to carry them out. So, when I retired and was asked what I would be doing, I would deliberately embellish on the few ideas I had considered. Before October, no one had called me to task. Then the questions and remarks began:

“What are you doing these days?”

“Are you free-lancing?”

“You must be consulting. I’m sure lots of firms need someone with your experience.”

And,

“You’re much too energetic to sit around the house.”

I should have expected these attacks. My husband had been similarly bom-}

barded when he retired. For a while he succumbed to the freelance route, the obvious occupation of a former newspaper man. He was sure enough of himself, however, to stop within a short while. He didn’t want to work, particularly not just because it was expected of him. I was different, driven not only by pride but by an inherited puritanical work ethic. So I began to haunt the want ads of our local papers.

It was as though I were back again in my forties; but this time I was not as concerned with a career as I was in keeping the rust from covering my brain again. I also wanted to become involved in something which my husband could share. Eventually we found the answer in a small editorial firm which uses part-time writers, proofreaders, editors, and so forth. Assignments come up every month or so, usually keeping us busy about a week. This is just enough to keep our hands in, though it wasn’t enough to satisfy me. Once again I went the volunteer route. One morning each week I now help teach handicapped children to swim, and another morning my husband joins me working for four hours in the Resident Associates office of the Smithsonian. He also continues his once-a-week piano lessons. This schedule still leaves plenty of time for him to practice, for me to work in the yard and swim both summer and winter, and for both of us to enjoy the sorts of activities I had scorned when I first retired.

If only we could live closer to our children and six grandchildren, our life would be just as satisfactory as I hoped it would be that day in May when I left my office for the last time. I do have one lasting consolation: my forebodings didn’t come to pass. I still have the self-esteem I acquired while working. This does result in occasional complaints from my husband that I am acting toward him as I did toward my staff. It’s then I must remind myself of his remark to friends, after he volunteered for several months in my office and watched me in action:

“She supervises,” he said, “just like a grandmotherly drill sergeant.”

Obviously, he sees that I have more adjusting to do. 90

Vassar Clubs across the nation are on the move on many fronts. This column features Club benefits that capitalize on local venues, and tells how Clubs are hosting Vassar students who are on the move. If your Club is up to something you’d like to share, please let the AAVC in on it by writing Mary Meeker Gesek ’58, AAVC Associate Director for Clubs and Council, Alumnae House, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601.

Flightline Fun Benefits Fund. The Washington State Club bussed alumnae/i, spouses, and friends to Seattle’s Boeing ’74 plant for a VIP tour of the assembly line which belongs to, they say, the largest building in the world. After inspecting the interior of a custom-ordered ’74, the group had dinner at Boeing. The price of $15 per person bought the bus, wine, and dinner, and included a $9 tax-deductible gift to the scholarship fund. For further details, write: Nancy Dare Parker ’63 (Club president), 8911 Lake Washington Blvd., NE, Bellevue, WA 98004.

Parking lot book sale. Suburban shoppers and book dealers from a wide area had a feast of variables — including children’s books, cookbooks, mysteries, reference tomes, fiction, travel books, and a Collector’s Corner when the Westchester Club held its twenty-second annual book sale, May 13-17, at the E. J. Korvette parking lot, right in the middle of a large, busy shopping center. Club president Jane Bertuleit Hoelscher ’71-’72, Rt. 9, Garrison, NY 10542, can advise on points and pitfalls of such a location.

Flora, festivities, and funding were the mix at the Jersey Hills Club scholarship benefit cocktail party at the Frelinghuysen Arboretum on May 14th. In addition to the grounds and gardens, attendees relaxed at the spacious house — given the Arboretum by the Frelinghuysen family — to tunes by the Galliard Brass Quintet of Philadelphia’s Curtis Institute of Music. Among the members of the quintet is Ben Mundy, son of Marian Mundy ’51. Chris Willemsen ’56 arranged the Arboretum’s educational exhibits. Patrons tickets cost $50 for four, or two for $25. Barbara Zuger Spalford ’49, 22 Dogwood Dr., Brookside, NJ 07926, has details.

Botanic garden tram tour. On June 26th, during the height of the rose season, the Chicago Club will welcome alumnae/i and rose enthusiasts from a wide surrounding area to the Botanic Gardens for a tram tour among magnificent rose beds and cocktails in a stunning room overlooking the gardens, where guests can wander onto terraces and into greenhouses. Dinner will be provided in the spectacular main exhibition hall amid a
rose display. Afterward, an internationally
known rose specialist who raises a thousand
varieties will share his know-how. Ruth E.
Van Demark '66, 1127 Asbury Ave., Evanston
IL 60202, will give pointers on planting and
profits in July.

_Tudor “castle-lodge” in a Bryn Mawr meadow_
was the spot chosen by the Philadelphia Club
to entice thousands to its fifteenth annual
Designer’s Show House. Meadow Lodge is an
imposing, rambling mansion built for
Robert Early Strawbridge in 1898. The Great
Hall of this seventeenth-century English-style,
half-timbered dwelling is patterned after
Windsor Castle’s; it has a grand entrance with
a huge fireplace and carved wood paneling.
Carrying out the medieval defense theme, the
lodge is situated on high ground over a
meadow and meandering brook. Inside, the
many rooms provided a feast of decorative
ideas from many designers.

_Southern Clubs host Vassar Brewers._ Three
Clubs took advantage of the winter vacation
tour of the Vassar men’s basketball team to
give alumnae/i dinners, provide the students
with overnight hospitality, and engage in
prospective-student activities. Between team
games at Armstrong State and Southern
Technical Institute, the _Atlanta Vassar Club_
arranged a chicken-and-Brunswick stew
dinner prepared by Club president Sue Hunter
Smith ’58. The next morning, selected team
members spoke to prospective students at two
secondary schools. About their visit, alumnae/i
recreation chair Kathleen Daly Fricker ’43
wrote: “Coach Dick Becker and the Brewers
were delightful. Such interesting and individual
young men. They were wonderfully helpful and
appreciative guests.”

Two days later, on January 7th, after a
game at West Georgia College, the team
visited Orange Park where the _North Florida
Club_ hosted cocktails and dinner arranged by
Club president Frederica McIntosh Massie
’45-4, who concluded that “the young men
who came to see us put new life into our
Vassar enthusiasts. I am still hearing how
well-received they were because of their
straightforward enthusiasm.”

On the team’s way back, the _North Carolina
Club_ entertained the Brewers for dinner on
the eve of their final game at Elizabeth City
(N.C.) State, January 11th. Alumnae/i
admission committee chair Roberta Tomb
Hardaker ’67 was the hostess.

_Choir tapped to tantalize prospective students._
On March 29th, the _Westchester Club_ invited
Vassar director of choral activities, James L.
Armstrong, and his 66-voice choir to give an
afternoon concert of Brahms lieder, Mozart’s
Missa Brevis in D, the Kuhnau a cappella
motet, and works by Rachmaninoff and
Georg Schumann at the White Plains
Community Unitarian Church. Nine hundred
invitations went out to alumnae/i and area
high schools and counselors so that, at the
reception after the concert, choir members
could talk with prospective students and their
parents about the Vassar experience, and
discuss majors in astronomy, physics,
psychology, chemistry, computer science,
history, music, anthropology, Spanish, soci-
ology, drama, economics, geography, French,
English, biology, philosophy, and mathematics.
Westchester boasts 137 students currently at
the College, of which 37 are on Club
scholarships.

_Virginia Clubs fete women’s tennis team._
Seven tennis team members and their coach,
Kathy A. Campbell, were given beds and
breakfasts by alumnae/i of three Virginia
cities in March, just as the 11 Brewers and
their coach, Richard Becker, were during their
seven-game tour in January. The logistics
were no mean feat, but everyone agreed it was
a knockout idea.

Between March 12th and 14th, the _Richmond
Club_ hosted the tennis team, which played at
Randolph Macon. In addition to home
hospitality, Club members took the team out
to dinner, and Bessie Boocock Carter ’51
treated the Club membership, prospective
students, and the team at a brunch in her
home. In fact, she cancelled a trip out of town
to have the brunch. Club president, Suzanne
Smiley Wist ’50 reports that alumnae accepted
promptly when asked to house the team
members.

From March 14th to 16th, alumnae/i in the
_Norfolk/Virginia Beach area_ welcomed the
team for a buffet supper at the home of
Elizabeth Layton Ethridge ’51 after their
matches at Old Dominion in Norfolk. Team

Pam Thompson ’82

members updated alumnae/i about economies,
art history, biology, English, psychology, computer
science, and sociology—their majors at the College. Mrs. Ethridge and
Vassar’s area representative Margaret Tenhagen Greenwood ’45-4 were the team’s
weekend-home hostesses. Mrs. Greenwood informs us that a _Tidewater area Club_
might be in the making. Anyone interested?

On March 16th it was on to Williamsburg
for the team to play a set of matches. Busy
alumnae/i admission committee chair Jean
Wyer ’70 found time between job and home to
make arrangements for the team, of which
one senior member is from nearby Charlottes-
ville, VA. The tour concluded in Chapel Hill,
where for three nights the team members were
guests of Harriet Lowry King ’53 and
Margaret Buhlig Pullitzer ’50.

_Vassar to the hustings._ These activities rep-
resent only a few of the campus persons and
programs that Clubs can tap. Mathematics
professor Winifred A. Asprey visited the
_Colorado Club_ in January. Assistant pro-
fessor of political science Adelaide Villmoare
went to _Western New York (Buffalo)_ in
February. In March, President Smith was
hosted by _Dallas/Fort Worth, Houston, and
Louisiana (New Orleans)._ Professor of physics
Morton A. Tavel traveled to _Rochester_ that
month, and associate professor of drama
James Steerman visited _Pittsburgh_ in May.
To top it all off, the Washington, DC Recent
Graduates Group welcomed associate pro-
fessor of education Thomas McHugh and the
Raymond Avenue Ramblers in March, while
in April, McHugh, the Ramblers, and the
Fried Ham student theater group appeared at
the _Fairfield County Club_ in Stamford, CT.
Hail to all these travelers and the Clubs that
made the most of them!
“Make friends with your butcher and always answer your children’s questions,” was Vassar professor Helen Lockwood’s parting advice to Suzanne Rohrbach Massie’s Class of 1952. But who, when your baby proves fearfully ill, is going to answer your own midnight questions? When he was two years old, Ms. Massie’s hemophilic son, Bobby — whose childhood has been movingly charted by Ms. Massie and her husband Robert in their award-winning 1975 book, Journey — suffered a severe cerebral hemorrhage. They couldn’t predict then that he would grow up, beside his two sisters, to graduate from Princeton. “To keep sane,” Ms. Massie enrolled in an adult education class in Russian at a high school near her Irvington, New York home. By 1967, when, as the editor and researcher for her husband’s biography, Nicholas and Alexander, she accompanied Mr. Massie to Russia (the first of what would be 13 trips for her), she knew enough Russian to converse and read poetry, and she instantly felt at home there. “So one thing has led to another,” she says, “opening out from the original commitment.”

Among these things is Ms. Massie’s sumptuous new book, Land of the Firebird, The Beauty of Old Russia, published last fall by Simon and Schuster. Although its 26 chapters pour forth, in chronological arrangement, vivid stories of, and commentary on, pre-Revolutionary Russian art, architecture, literature, ballet, crafts, mores, and events — from the wooden churches of the fabulous medieval city of Kiev to the Futurist plays of World War I St. Petersburg — the author emphasizes that the work is not intended as an exhaustive cultural history. “It’s inconceivable to put the history of that land in one volume. Rather, I was trying to evoke the spirit of Russia, and something about the roots of that spirit. To give people guidelines in order to understand what they already know, as the Russians understand. I regard my book as a gigantic teaser. I’ve included a long [12 pages] bibliography, and I’m hoping the book will drive readers to their libraries — to check up on me.”

When they reach the shelves, they may discover Ms. Massie’s fine first book, The Living Mirror (1972), an introduction, through translations and essays, to the work of five contemporary Leningrad poets, two of whom have since emigrated to the United States. They may also chance on Mr. Massie’s recently published biography, Peter the Great (winner of a Pulitzer Prize this year). Poets and tears jostle each each in Land of the Firebird, but when push comes to shove it is a poet one closes the cover pondering: the nineteenth-century “Mozart of Russian letters,” Alexander Pushkin. Bi-lingual in Russian and French, Pushkin fused the heartbeat of the first language with the forms of the second, creating a “transparent,” living poetry that, in the book’s words, “gave the Russians back their Russianness.” An insight into Pushkin, Ms. Massie suggests, is an insight into the Russian spirit — which, in her opinion, is now languishing. “Basically the Russians aren’t, as everyone thinks, gloomy, melancholy, or long-suffering by nature. Pushkin is joyous and the Russians are too. But when people ask me, ‘Aren’t they better off now than they were before?’ I must emphasize, in all moral and spiritual ways, no. Nor do they love to suffer. As a Russian friend put it, having to suffer and loving to suffer are different things. Today the situation is grim.”

A board member since 1978 of the International League for Human Rights, Ms. Massie has lectured extensively in the United States on aspects of Russian history and culture, and on political subjects such as the history of the dissident movement in the U.S.S.R. “I feel Americans don’t know enough about Russia to make informed decisions about foreign policy,” she says. “And the past, as the Russian proverb goes, is not a bad witness.” — M.A.

**Museum Collections of the Essex Institute**, by Huldhah Smith Payson ’35 (Essex Institute, Museum Booklet Series, Salem, MA: 1978). Small museums function to preserve remnants of local history. But beyond collecting and preserving antiques, art, and memorabilia, they offer a context for these objects. Many local museums recreate the past through display rooms filled with furniture, paintings, clothing, and household articles. Here, fine art, fashion, and the commonplace meet. Although often ignored in traditional art historical studies of the fine arts, this context has inspired modern art from Cubism to Pop and Funk, and artists from Marcel Duchamp to Robert Rauschenberg. Commonplace objects transform the visual language of high art into simpler motifs and popular images designed to embellish our mundane lives. On the other hand, fine art also serves to idealize small town settings and the physiognomies of local philanthropists who hoped that posterity would see them, not only as they were, but also as they wished to be.

The Essex Institute’s collection ranges from portraits to farm tools from 1630 to the present. Huldhah Smith Payson’s catalogue is a carefully researched and lively recreation of Essex County’s history and of the lives of its citizens. An appreciation for the telling anecdote complements her keen eye for details, and she expertly assesses the quality and craftsmanship of every object. She has chosen representative pieces, including vernacular tools exemplary of America’s technological prowess since the eighteenth century, and the fine arts of painting and sculpture. Between these poles, which are usually treated as extremes by art scholars, lies a broad spectrum of functional but highly decorated furnishings which comment on contemporary life through direct, simple renderings or combinations of visual images and words. Many of the prints and paintings were done in the same visual idiom; they are amateur, stylistically naive records of local settings, events, and citizens. The collection also includes portraits and scenes by professional artists of the area, reflecting the fashionable tastes of the well-to-do in the portraits, as well as in eighteenth-century chinoiserie decoration and nineteenth-century Empire dress and furniture. This well-written catalogue deftly joins the collect-
Alice Garrigue Masaryk: 1879-1966, compiled by Ruth Crawford Mitchell '12 (University Center for International Studies, University of Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, PA: 1980). The Republic of Czechoslovakia was fortunate to have had Tomáš Masaryk as its President-Liberator. Alice, the oldest of his children, a close companion of both her father and her American mother, was a remarkable person who shared her father's political and social interests and her mother's integrity and idealism. The combination of her heritage of Moravian and Slovakian peasantry on her father's side and the Dutch, Huguenot and Mayflower ancestry of her mother created a personality of worldwide interests but great loyalty to her homeland.

The book does not aim to be a biography of Alice Masaryk but tells her story in her own words and those of her friends, chiefly in letters which fortunately have been preserved. No method of delineating this stalwart individual could have been more rewarding for the reader. Soon after acquiring a university degree in Prague she had her first taste of American life, in 1904, at the University of Chicago Settlement, in the squaller of the stockyard neighborhood. Her great desire was to serve Bohemia and she found in Mary McDowell, the head of the Settlement, and in Jane Addams the practical idealism that she admired. As Miss McDowell said of her: "She was always natural, never felt or showed herself to be a superior person . . . . Her earnestness and genuineness made friends among high and low."

Teaching became Alice's vocation when she returned home. At the approach of World War I her father, a deputy from Bohemia in the Austro-Hungarian Parliament, went to Italy, where he made contact with Allied leaders. Because of her father's work she was arrested and spent eight months in prison in Vienna. Her mother's letters and her own strong determination kept her from a nervous breakdown. Her father, well aware that she was an innocent victim of his political activities, appealed to Miss McDowell, who started a campaign to free Alice. This was eventually successful and she was released, returning to Prague to take care of her mother, who was ill.

The close of the war brought about the establishment of the Czechoslovak Republic in 1918, and Tomáš Masaryk was named its first president. Freedom brought problems, as the country had been stripped to supply the Austrian army. Alice felt that a social survey of the new republic was essential and appealed to Miss McDowell to send her help, which she did in the person of Ruth Crawford Mitchell '12 (the compiler of this book) and two other Americans. (Vassar has another link with Alice Masaryk. The new nation of Czechoslovakia, independent after three hundred years of political domination by Austria, was of great interest to Vassar's President MacCracken. He visited both Czechoslovakia and Poland and arranged for a number of students to come to Vassar, including Kyra Klinderová, who had been Alice Masaryk's secretary and is one of the persons to whom this book is dedicated.)

Shortly after the War ended, Alice Masaryk was made president of the Czechoslovak Red Cross, which became the prime social agency for the devastated republic. The Red Cross matured, and as postwar needs were slowly satisfied, Miss Masaryk insisted it become the national peacetime welfare agent and proponent of peace. In pursuit of this idea she established the Easter Truce, celebrated by a solemn meeting at the House of Parliament in Prague on Easter Saturday. Alice's hope was that this idea of a Red Cross Peace Truce would spread to all countries.

The interval between the two world wars was filled for Alice by her duties as hostess for her father in the presidential residence. When, after her mother died, this castle required refurbishing, Alice undertook the task with a great sense of the simplicity and dignity of democracy. Dr. Masaryk was sixty-eight when he became president of the republic and by 1935 felt that his strength was ebbing. He retired in favor of Dr. Eduard Beneš, minister of foreign affairs, and died in 1937, on the birthday of his much-loved son Jan.

With the onset of World War II, implicit in the shameful abandonment of Czechoslovakia at Munich by her erstwhile allies, Dr. Beneš resigned his post and left for England, where he served in exile until 1945. Alice Masaryk soon after resigned her presidency of the Red Cross, as anyone connected with her family or the Beneš family was considered a liability. American friends, fearful for her safety, invited her to come to the University of Chicago Settlement. After some delay she decided to do this and arrived in the United States in June 1939, in time to be awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters by the University of Pittsburgh. Making Chicago her base in exile, she gave lectures at a number of colleges and universities, taking over the lecture program of her brother Jan, who had returned to London. The assignment, for which she prepared written lectures, was not very successful, and the speaking tour was cancelled. The effect of the shattering events of the Second World War severely affected Alice's health. In this period, she spent many months in sanatoria or with good friends.

By the end of the war, Alice was finally able to go back to Czechoslovakia with a few friends and her brother Jan, where a joyous welcome awaited them in Prague. In the family country house in Slovakia, she gloried in the clear air, swiftly flowing streams, and clean countryside. When the Iron Curtain descended on Czechoslovakia, Jan Masaryk, now its foreign minister, was ordered to withdraw his country's participation in the Marshall Plan. In March 1948, his body was found under a third-story window of his apartment. The official verdict was suicide, but it was widely thought he had been pushed to his death by political enemies. Alice was "terribly petrified" and "all that I used to tell you comes back in agony." After nine months more in Czechoslovakia, she went to spend Christmas with her sister Olga in Switzerland and never came back. Settlement of her brother's estate in London required her presence there until 1950. Then she returned to America where she was induced to write her "thoughts and impressions" of the Old World and the New for Radio Free Europe. These were transmitted on special anniversaries and eagerly received.

This period of her life produced much writing and saw the establishment of the Masaryk Publications Trust, to which royalty rights of Alice, her sister Olga, and her brother Jan could be transferred. They were especially anxious that the writings of their father should be preserved. The publication of the book here reviewed has also been made possible by the Trust.

In 1957, after a brief stay at the New York Y.W.C.A. and at Masaryktown in Florida, Alice went to live with a devoted friend, Mrs. Vokálek, who cared for her until 1965, when Alice realized that her friend's advancing age made her duties too taxing. She decided to go to Utulna, a Bohemian home for the aged in Chicago. There, overwhelmed by blindness and strokes, her life ended on November 29, 1966. Her ashes were buried in a niche in the Masaryk mausoleum, until such time as they can be returned to the little cemetery in Lány where her father, mother, and brother Jan are buried.

Through letters and direct reminiscences, this well-annotated and well-illustrated book generates a real feeling for the inception and unhappy history of the Czech Republic.

— Ruth E. Conklin

Ruth E. Conklin is professor emeritus of physiology at Vassar College and for many years has had a special interest in Czechoslovakia.
This summer, Maxine Leeds '79 is beginning a walk from Coney Island, Brooklyn, to San Francisco, California. The walk should take approximately one year to complete. You can participate in this adventure by offering her a home to stay in overnight. Please send name and address to: Maxine Leeds, 30 Montrose Ave., Apt. 18R, Brooklyn, NY 11206, 212/388-3207.


We're relocating, and are anxious to find a home in need of off-season care in Martha's Vineyard. My companion is experienced in cabinetry, furniture repair, and finishing, and is willing to perform these services. Personal and professional references available. Experienced house sitters. Write: Gregg Bachman '78, Riverhill Apts., 10-1B, Menands, NY 12204.

Vassar grad '81 needs apartment in Manhattan this summer. I have a job and no place to live! Will rent, sub-let, or house sit. Can you help me? Linda Swanson, 146 College Ave., Poughkeepsie, NY 12603, 914/473-5281.

Houston. Wanted, to rent August 15th: furnished or unfurnished three-bedroom (preferably more), two-bathroom, air-conditioned house. Good elementary school important, also reasonable commute to the University of Houston Central Campus. Joan Denton '46, P.O. Box 161, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601, 914/471-7069. After July 15th: 3820 Huntington St., NW, Washington, DC 20015, 202/362-7078.


Choice imported Dutch bulbs. Rare, fragrant "Prince of Austria" tulips — brilliant scarlet, early spring blooms — give dependable year-to-year color. Amaryllis (for indoors) produce magnificent 6'-10" blooms for the Christmas season or anytime. Make great gifts or a budding family tradition! Tulips $17.50/dozen, ppd., September delivery. Planting instructions included. Michigan residents add sales tax. Send check, payable to Grand Rapids Vassar Club, to: Mrs. Oliver Grin, 2840 Bonnell Ave., S.E., Grand Rapids, MI 49506.

San Francisco house-sitting arrangement wanted. We are moving to the Bay area in mid-August, when I will begin a Coro Fellowship lasting until mid-June, 1982. If you will be away for all or part of that time and would like to have your house or apartment cared for by a responsible couple, please contact: Jon Benjamin '78, 1237 Maryland Ave., NE, Washington, DC 20002, 202/396-1858. Sub-leasing a possibility too.

They've already graduated, and you're still wondering what presents you can give them? How about some College seal needlepoint kits: eyeglass cases and trivets (or coasters, or 6" x 6" pictures); the seal of Vassar or any other college or university hand-painted on #18 canvas. Complete kit with Paternayan Persian yarn: Eyeglass Case $12.50; Trivet $7.50. Also 15" x 15" Pillow or Picture on #12 or #14 mono canvas: painted canvas only, $27.50; complete kit $32.50. Glass of Vassar, Yale, or Brown College seals (for counted cross-stitch or latch hook) available too, $4.25 ppd., as is Vassar Daisy kit (white daisies with yellow centers surrounding the Vassar initials in the scroll design of Main Gate). Daisy kit includes #14 mesh mono canvas, Persian yarns, graph, needle, and instructions to make a 14" x 14" pillow or picture, $32.50. Background color gold, or send swatch if another color desired. Add $1 shipping/handling charge for each needlepoint item. New Jersey residents add 5% sales tax. Make checks payable to: Jeri Hills Vassar Club. Mail to: Mrs. Edward Rapkin, 180 White Oak Ridge Rd., Short Hills, NJ 07078.

London: Attractive furnished flats available in charming, convenient Hampstead area for sabbaticals, overseas study tours, and holidays. Call Mrs. Henry Haberfeld (Judith Edwin '56) at 201/569-5336 (evenings), or write 50 E. 72nd St., New York, NY 10021.

For sale: charming summer farmstead, one mile from ocean in Friendship, Maine. Partially restored Cape with connecting ell and three-story barn on 16 acres (garden, orchard, woods, and fields). Two wells, wood-fired sauna; 600-foot frontage on dead-end blacktop road. Wonderful neighbors. $49,000. Jean-Alice Uehlinger Cowan '73, No. 1 Main St., Rockport, MA 01866, 617/546-9253.

Apartment needed in Paris, London, Brussels, and Athens. Vassar alumni '78 will be traveling in Europe during the months of August, September, and October, 1981. House-sitting position or rental of an apartment in the listed countries is desired. I will have just taken the bar examination and will be looking forward to a quiet vacation. P. Cooper, 425 Hugo, San Francisco, CA 94122, 415/731-8166.
During her March visit to Vassar — where, as the Helen Forster Novy lecturer, she met with students and read one of her short stories to a packed audience in the Chapel — fiction writer Eudora Welty was the object of intense interest among faculty and students both. "She has big hands," observes English major Jan Gehorsam '81. "She talks with those hands, spreading apart the long, slender fingers, leaning her elbows on a chair, raising a forearm, then closing her fingers together during an airy gesture, perhaps so as not to point." At lunch in Alumnae House, recalls assistant professor of English Thomas Mallon, she remembered her concern about a passage in "The Wide Net," which she had chosen for her Chapel reading. Would the part where William Wallace Jameson takes his wife over his knees and spanks her prompt some of the Vassar girls to walk out? "But I wrote the story forty years ago!" she replied to her own query. "And he did it out of love!" (When she reached the spanking at the Chapel, no one moved.)

Professor of English William Gifford, who introduced Ms. Welty's reading, noticed "her extraordinary kindness."

"She was asked by a young man about how she composes characters — to what extent she adopts their qualities directly from real people. She gave her usual answer, something like, 'I wouldn't steal bits of a character either,' implying that she had allied herself with the questioner in a practice of good behavior, even though he had said nothing of how he himself goes about writing. Tiny, hardly noticeable touches like that punctuate her conversation all the time: the putting of other people in the right."
The Ancient Civilization of Peru

2 - 17 January 1982
A survey of the astonishing ancient civilizations which flourished in Peru, including not only the Incas but also civilizations far older. Among other places, the tour visits Lima, the ruins of Chan Chan on the north coast, Cuzco in the Andes and the “lost city” of the Incas at Machu Picchu, the Ballestras Islands with the sea lions and thousands of sea birds, and the “Nazca Lines” — one of the greatest achievements of ancient civilization. An optional extension is also available to the vast jungle of the Amazon.

Other AAVC tours for Vassar alumnae/i:
Treasures of Asia Minor, 23 May to 8 June 1982
Greece and the Aegean, 6-21 June 1982
Southwest France, 2-20 August 1982

For further information, write:
AAVC Travel Program
c/o Alumni Flights Abroad
One North Broadway
White Plains, NY 10601