



*Mount Holyoke College
Class of 1964*



*Memorial Service
Saturday, May 25, 2019*

*1904 Garden
Mount Holyoke College
South Hadley, Massachusetts*





1964 Memorial Service Program 55th Reunion

Musical Prelude

The Call to Worship (to be read responsively)

We are the people who are drawn together by our love of these our sisters and our sorrow in the face of their deaths

We have come from many places, with many thoughts, and many feelings

We gather around the powerful moments of life and death and declare ourselves to be the community of faith

While we admitted death is real, we celebrate the legacy of living in our classmates and friends. We declare and share the preciousness and beauty of their lives.

Together: **So in the name of God our creator, God our redeemer, and God our Sustainer, we worship the Lord of life in the face of death.**

Psalm 139: 1-18

Oh Lord, thou hast searched me and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thoughts afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou has beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

For thou hast possessed my reins; thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand; when I awake, I am still with thee.



Rose Ceremony

*For Our Sisters
"Who From Their Labors Rest"*

In Memoriam

- Jean Arthur White** (10/10/08)
Susan Betzer Hellerman (10/23/17)
Mary (Libby) Bradbury Pethick (7/29/15)
Suzanne Brown Butters (1/30/18)
Penelope Butts Roberts (8/12/18)
Margaret Carr Jost (11/12/15)
Margaret Cormeny O'Brien (5/19/17)
Barbara DuBarry Erdman (6/9/15)
Linda Goldstein Heineman (7/16/15)
Carolyn Hahn Sawyer (5/26/18)
Harriet Hatcher Morrill (3/17/15)
Karin Holzer O'Neil (4/25/18)
Jeanie Kinney Small (4/25/17)
Mona Marich Hanford (10/27/18)
Kristi R. Olmanson (5/22/16)
Elizabeth D. Pierson (4/2/14)
Susan Schuck Hirst (5/6/17)
Carole Strickler Hart (1/5/18)
Barbara J. Thiele (7/23/18)
Pamela Timson Carlson (11/9/06)



When Death Comes

When death comes
like the hungry bear in autumn,
when death comes and takes all the bright coins from his purse

to buy me, and snaps the purse shut,
when death comes
like the measles-pox

when death comes
like an iceberg between the shoulder blades,

I want to step through the door full of curiosity,
wondering:
what is it going to be like, that cottage of darkness?

And therefore I look upon everything
as a brotherhood and a sisterhood,
and I look upon time as no more than an idea,
and I consider eternity as another possibility,

and I think of each life as a flower, as common
as a field daisy, and as singular,

and each name a comfortable music in the mouth,
tending, as all music does, toward silence,

and each body a lion of courage, and something
precious to the earth.

When it's over, I want to say all my life
I was a bride married to amazement.
I was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.

When it's over, I don't want to wonder
if I have made of my life something particular, and real.

I don't want to find myself sighing and frightened, or full of argument.

I don't want to end up simply having visited this world.

--Mary Oliver

Alma Mater

Oh, Mount Holyoke, we paid thee devotion,
In the fervor of the youth that is strong,
The courage of right is thy garland,
Our lives, Alma Mater, thy song.
So from east and from west now we gather,
And united in firm love to thee,
All years are as one, and their loyal pledge
Mount Holyoke forever shall be,
Mount Holyoke forever shall be.

Thro' the heart of a new day's endeavor,
Breathes the life of the old days that live,
For what thou hast given we honor,
But we love thee for what we can give.
So when soft in a whisper thou callest,
For the treasure unlocked by the key,
Our achievement, our hopes, and our glorious faith
Shall answer, Mount Holyoke to thee,
Shall answer, Mount Holyoke to thee.

I arise today

Blessed by all things,
Womb of the Word,
In the name of Stillness
Home of Belonging,
In the name of the Solitude
Of the Soul and the Earth.

I arise today

Blessed by all things,
Wings of breath,
Delight of eyes,
Wonder of whisper,
Intimacy of touch,
Eternity of soul,
Urgency of thought,
Miracle of health,
Embrace of God.

May I live this day

Compassionate of heart,
Clear in word,
Gracious in awareness,
Courageous in thought,
Generous in love.

--John O'Donohue

Musical Postlude



In Memoriam
1964 - 2014

- Nola Bangs Carroll** (1/11/14)
Suzanne Trappe Black (2/10/14)
Edith Lewis Canning (8/10/10)
Frances Cantor Davis (3/14/03)
Anne Joan Carlisle (8/1/12)
Phyllis Cavicchi Bailey (9/8/69)
Tricia Pritchard Colt (6/30/09)
Peverley Dennett Kinsey (3/27/66)
Elise Edholm McDonald (12/7/97)
Diana Lanigan Foster (2/21/97)
Katharine Fulcher Ferguson (1/7/93)
Linda Gilbert Katzenbach (4/13/13)
Vicky A. Gray (2/25/91)
Lindsay Hopson Torreblanca (1/3/10)
Jocelyn Jansen Doane (9/14/99)
Susan Kendall Winfield (8/3/95)
Andrea Kivic Schrader (1/8/01)
Marilyn Claire Lefevre (10/13/06)
Dianne L'Esperance Alcivar (10/17/97)
Mary B. Lichtenstein
Carol Lidz Neulander (11/1/94)
Martha McCrumm Thomas (5/25/12)
Ellen Mahoney McLanahan (8/10/06)
Kathleen Mazer Mosher (1/30/02)
Phyllis Michele Nielsen (2/23/11)
Nancy Peake Aupperle (8/16/90)
Karen Petersen Adkisson (3/10/09)
Marjorie Petersen Garren (7/11/13)
Elizabeth Dixon Pierson (4/2/14)
Susan Prugh Steward (5/18/11)
Barbara Rasmussen Thomas (6/14/10)
Barbara Saam Wojciechowski (11/28/06)
Joanne Leslie Walker (3/13/03)
Ann Walthausen Streichenberger (12/10/98)
Lois Young Friedrich (5/11/77)

Remembrances From Classmates

2014 -2019

Jean Arthur White

Jean was with us only our freshman year. She became a teacher and taught science and math at Notre Dame High School in Fitchburg, MA. She made her home in Townsend, MA for many years before moving to Littleton, MA. Jean and her husband George had four children and seven grandchildren.

Susan Betzer Hellerman

Susan was Jean Hayes Crooks Gora's roommate for four years at MHC and she notes that Susan gave and received much joy. In her 50th Reunion Yearbook writeup, Susan talks about her long career in non-profit mental health services and in providing career counseling for women returning to the work force. Later, she edited a magazine sponsored by the Center for Talented Youth and published by Johns Hopkins University.

But Susan also speaks of a major challenge she and her husband Jerry faced: multi-generational drug abuse among those near and dear. "I credit surviving these challenges, including my own struggle with depression, to my wonderful husband, therapy, 12-step programs, tightly supportive social and religious communities and 'better living through chemistry'." She also continued her interest in religion (her MHC major) through courses at the Institute for Christian and Jewish studies and, during her bout with ovarian cancer, Jean mentions that Susan remained engaged with the world at large and had the loving support of her husband Jerry and an immense extended family and network of friends.

Mary Bradbury Pethick

Libby, as we knew her, was so vibrant and full of energy. Carole Enright remembers her spunk and enthusiasm always. She describes Libby's congenial nature, lovely smile, humor, friendliness and get up and go. Libby gave her time and talent to every endeavor. For nearly 30 years she served as class agent including as head class agent. Her work with AstraZenica organizing drug trials often took her to Denmark where she met up with Pat Napper Knudsen. Libby's husband Larry wrote: "Libby made friends everywhere she went, and she cultivated those friendships with letters, phone calls, lunches, and trips. Holyoke friends were ubiquitous. Everywhere she went there was someone to visit." Not long before her death, Libby joined the D.C. Reunion and participated with as much energy as she could muster – again showing her inimitable determination. A very sad loss to our class Carole emphasizes. However, Libby does have a legacy – her daughter Amy was in the graduating class in 1999.

Suzanne Brown Butters

Suzanne was Emeritus Professor of Art History at the University of Manchester in England where her colleague Dr. Tom Rasmussen said "the news of her death would reverberate, and shock many people among wide academic circles in Italy, the US, and elsewhere. Suzy was an International authority on 16th century Italian architecture and arts, on Italian Renaissance villas and gardens, and on the cultural history of Florence and Rome. Florence lies at the heart of her greatest volume of work on sculpting of porphyry, *The Triumph of Vulcan* (1996)." She was enormous fun, full of rapid wit, and she herself wrote in our 50th Reunion Book that "I took delight in devising new courses, new degree programs, and new means of establishing research contacts in the UK and abroad." Carolyn Thompson writes "yet, to all who knew her in any capacity she was still just Suzy, as you remembered her from MHC."

Penelope Butts Roberts

Penny always had a dazzling sense of humor often laced a bit of bite. Quick, funny, smart, she had loads of friends and was always ready for a good conversation toned with her slightly British accent. Her two most favorite things in life: her daughter Kate and a glass of white wine. Pat (Downs) Ramsey says that "even with the ups and downs of close friends, we were bonded. Three days before she died we talked reviewing funny events from our past, had deeper conversation about how oncoming death feels, listening to her talk about feeling at peace....we covered it all, from humor to love, to frustration and always with stories. We even shared a good hearty laugh together. It was Pure Penny. With great love..."

Margaret Carr Jost

A chemistry major at MHC, Peggy followed in the footsteps of her great aunt Emma Perry Carr for whom Carr Laboratory is named! GeeGee Barden, her four-year roommate, remembers Peggy as "very bright and studious, spending a great deal of her time in the library studying....She excelled in all her classes. " Peggy went on to Yale Medical School, met her husband there, and eventually earned a Masters in electrical and biomedical engineering at Washington University. She worked many years in medical research laboratories, but Peggy is described as "happiest when traveling with her husband, gardening, and sharing stories with her family and friends." Freshman year, Gee Gee and Peggy coincidentally each chose Torrey to be close to the gym. Gee Gee always wondered whether Peggy's aunt whom GeeGee's mother had loved as a professor and whom Gee Gee met on a campus visit, hadn't "pulled a few strings to put us together as roommates!"

Margaret Cormeny O'Brien

Meg was such an integral part of our class and she served in many capacities: class agent, Reunion dinner chair, President, and nominating commit-

tee. She also was secretary in the years leading up to our 50th reunion. Meg in her 50th Reunion Book essay says that "as a child, I discovered that elementary school and the local library provided an open door to wonderful experiences. Ever since, I have seen education as my open-door." Meg was in South Mandelle senior year and majored in economics and social sociology. She went on to the University of Pennsylvania for a Masters in demography and then to Cornell to for a doctorate. With these degrees, Meg pursued a variety of jobs spending 25 years as a demographer for the Boston Redevelopment Authority, where Meg's research was considered "key to overturning the de facto segregation of the Boston schools by its school board." Furthermore, in her 50th essay, Meg claims that "beyond education, I believe the most enduring legacy of my Mount Holyoke experience has been the wonderful friendships both with classmates and those in other classes. Mount Holyoke alumnae are amazing in their loyalty to their friends and classmates. Capable, strong, and creative."

Barbara DuBarry Erdman

Barbara came to MHC for only one year. She is remembered as petite and pretty, a good bridge player, and "she partied every weekend at Amherst." Barbara's mother, aunt, and cousin Barbara Crawford Huppe are also MHC graduates. After leaving college, Barbara went to Katharine Gibbs in Boston and then worked for Houghton Mifflin Publishing as a publishing assistant. Barbara and her husband lived primarily in the Main Line area of PA and spent summers in Edgartown, MA. She loved gardening and was known to have extensive knowledge of plants and landscaping. She devoted time to Fairmount Park Historic Houses, Sharpe Park and Bird Sanctuary, and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Linda Goldstein Heinemann

Linda loved MHC and was a caring member of our class serving as a class agent and reunion caller. She devoted her talents and energy to the MHC Club of Westchester, NY where she served in many capacities, including as President and Treasurer. In 1984 Linda pursued an MBA at Pace University, but in her 40th Reunion writeup, Linda described herself as doing her learning at the bridge table. "Duplicate bridge has taught me so many life lessons... to be a better listener and communicator, to take responsibility and to learn from my mistakes...in bridge, as in life, there are situations you can't control, but you can control your reaction... if you play for the joy and to learn, you always have a good day." A good friend describes Linda as being passionate about bridge and playing daily, often twice a day with several regular partners, including her mother! Mel, her devoted husband, says that most of all Linda was proud of her daughters, Amy and Karen, and adored her grandchildren, Rachel, Michael, Matthew, and Brian.

Carolyn Hahn Sawyer

Carolyn was in Woodbridge senior year, a member of “the gang of four” that included Mars Long, Judy Anderson, and Lisa Lansing. They had crazy nicknames and loved the Beatles. Off to Wilbur they went where the only TV on campus was and screamed at the Beatles’ appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show. Lisa remembers that “around Carolyn, there was always cause for laughter, snorting, whooping, gasping, eyes-streaming, stomach-cramping laughter.

Lisa further cites “I counted it one of my greatest accomplishments that I got Carolyn to go on a blind date with Charley Sawyer at a Yale football game. When she left us on May 26, 2018, they had been married for 53 years. She and Charley celebrated Carolyn’s 60th birthday snowshoeing up the side of Mount Greylock. She ran marathons and did the Josh Billings Triathlon 30 times. Her four grandchildren called her understandably “Go-G0.” Carolyn’s wisdom included the rule that one must have a kitchen big enough to dance in. She was a good and brave friend, nonpareil in every way.”

Harriet Hatcher Morrill

Christina Downey Cowan writes: Harriet and I were roommates our sophomore year, and during that year, we planned a Junior Year Abroad in South East Asia at the University of the Philippines. To avoid “sophomore slump” we put up a large map of the world on our dormitory wall and plotted going around the world as well. In going through letters and photos just after Harriet died, I was reminded of her many loving and lovely qualities—of her compassion and empathy for the ordinary person, her wisdom and intellectual stamina, her humility and uncertainty about her own strengths, her acceptance of what it is to be a human being, her constant searching to “find and fulfill opportunities to create love,” her ability to express her insights poetically, and her abundant joy at being alive.

But what I remember most is how she was driven to learn about other people by “being in their shoes.” In the Philippines Harriet became particularly close to the Fernandez family, and soon she was learning about the life of the rice farmer by “being in his shoes.” In August Ephren gave her one of his patties to plant, cultivate, and harvest. We, yes, we – she talked me into helping – stood side-by-side, bent at the waist in the hot sun trying to get the tiny rice plants to stand up in the water. Impossible! Our backs ached. We became dirty, tired, and sweaty. But Harriet’s floppy little plants found a way to stand up straight and succeeded in being ready to harvest and winnow by mid-December. The whole barrio celebrated harvest time by roasting an entire pig over an open fire. Oh, so delicious! Harriet had earned every bite, but so much more importantly to her, she had gained the deeper insight she always craved: to understand the life of another human being by living that person’s life for at least a little while. This is the Harriet I remember.

Karin Holzer O'Neil

A religion major, Karin dabbled in many disciplines, and according to her roommate, she even joined her in Vicky Schuck's 1963 D.C. Internship program! She studied piano and sang in the glee club. She met her husband of 53 years volunteering in a Springfield campaign field office!

After receiving her Masters in History, Karen began her long tenure teaching at Williston-Northampton. The Williston-Northampton blog describes her this way: "Karin O'Neil smoothed the transition from two schools into one and helped radically shift Williston- Northampton's approach to teaching. Over 33 years as a teacher and administrator, Ms. O'Neil had a talent for uncovering something miraculous just below the surface...she took everything to the next level, first elevating how she taught history and then elevating how the school, collectively, approached the curriculum." Quite a tribute to an uncommon woman! And further, as Karen mentioned in her 50th Reunion bio, she also became involved with the state's and ultimately the national Association of Independent Schools, conducting workshops and presentations. After moving with her husband to Ohio to be near grandchildren, she became President of the Ohio Association of Independent Schools.

Jeanie Kinney Small

Jeanie was in South Rockefeller senior year. She is remembered as a gentle person who could also be hilariously funny. She frequently reacted in conversations with a wry expression—a slight downturn at the corners of her mouth— that caused us to pay greater attention to what was being said than we might otherwise have done. In a picture taken on Father's Day Weekend, Jeanie stands tall and elegant between two fathers with tennis racket in hand and an impish smile on her face. She had a fragile beauty, a classic grace.

Jeanie married Bill Small, and for a time, they lived abroad, including Saudi Arabia and Venezuela. Although an English major in college, Jeanie thrived teaching science to middle school children. Colleagues labeled her their "practically perfect science teacher" as from Mary Poppins "practically perfect in every way." Jeanie also went abroad to teach other teachers. She loved travel and being in the outdoors, including kayaking on the Mississippi River with her sister. As Christie McDonald remembers: I think of how she enriched and brightened my life and those around her in those days; and yet another South Rocky friend lamented: I think Jeanie is my first Mount Holyoke friend who has died. Sigh... it is sad and sobering that she is gone.

Mona Marich Hanford

Many words come to mind when thinking of Mona, notably faith, hope, love, joy, energy, and commitment. Mona amply demonstrated those qualities in her devotion to Mount Holyoke, our classmates, and following generations, including our Class of 2014 Bridges partners. She was our Reunion Chair in 1999 and Class President from 1999 to 2004.

Mona devoted her energy and vision for more than 30 years, first as a parent volunteer, then as Saint Patrick School's Capital Campaign Coordinator and later as Director of Development. During her tenure Mona raised money for each of Saint Patrick's buildings, including its magnificent church. In addition to her work for St. Patrick's, Mona was a consultant to churches, non-profits, philanthropic commissions, where she worked successfully on more than 20 capital campaigns. In addition, Mona served on many boards.

Mona's deep faith in God led her to devote the last 20 years of her life to work tirelessly as an end-of-life care activist, teacher, and writer. She was a powerful advocate for hospice care and against the artificial prolongation of life, what she called "intervening with God's timeline." Her book, *The Graceful Exit: Ten Things You Need to Know*, published in March 2018, was on the Washington Post best-seller list, and was featured in the Mount Holyoke 2018 Summer Quarterly. Through her writing and speaking, service on the boards of hospice organizations, and projects such as The Hope Initiative, she hoped to offer patients and their caregivers spiritual life lines. Her goal was to prevent the fear of death from getting in the way of wise, humane choices. In one of her last major contributions, Mona organized a highly successful conference, *Hope at the End*, which was held in Washington less than a month before she died. In her 50th Reunion message, Mona herself said, "I want to live with honesty and faith and hope. To me this is the ultimate gift I can give my children, my grandchildren, and my friends... the more I give it the more it grows. It is wonderful, it is the ultimate gift."

Kristi R. Olmanson

Kristi was seen as having a brilliant mind, caring heart, a wry sense of humor, and completely devoted to her only child Kirsten. Growing up, she is described as a pants-wearing, cowboy-loving, tomboy with a kind heart, a strong will, and a life-long stubborn streak. Kristi defied convention. At MHC Kristi was an English major and discovered a keen interest in the Quaker philosophy. She lived in Cowles Lodge senior year. After graduation Kristi moved to New York City's East Village where she worked as a social worker for three years before returning to her native Minneapolis as a grad student and activist for progressive causes. She married Frederick Appelle an activist she met on the picket line of the grape farm workers' strike in California. She helped publish *One Hundred Flowers*, a radical newspaper, with several friends (one of whom joined the Symbionese Liberation Army and took part in the Patty Hearst kidnapping). Kristi worked in health services, including the State Service for the Blind and as a health clinic and nursing home administrator. Throughout her life, Kristi worked for peace and justice and tirelessly advocated for women's rights. She took in strays and wayward souls and offered shelter to women and children seeking refuge from abuse at the Harriet Tubman Women's Shelter. After Appelle and she divorced, Kristi met her life partner of 34 years Barbara Bell.

Elizabeth D. Pierson

On campus, Dixie was recognized as outstanding by her professors in the English department, in the art department, and by colorful Bessie Boyd in zoology. Classmates remember Dixie as a fun, lively, and devoted friend. Her professional career ranged from urban planning in Anchorage after the 1964 earthquake to teaching high school English in the Boston area to researching and protecting endangered bats in Samoa and in abandoned mines in California as a zoology PhD. Ms. Boyd knew she had a valuable prospect in Dixie! Dixie realized her true passion on an Earthwatch trip to the Amazon. She taught, researched, and published with her husband Bill Rainey on the faculty of Berkeley.

Mignon Swihart Gregg remembers the fun they had in California when "we still thought of ourselves as young and carefree. We both loved being among the wild things of nature, the physical vitality of long walks and backpack trips, and talking. The talking was marvelous, a real school for the soul. Dixie was so alive and curious and she had a refreshing candor, integrity, and fine judgment, We probed so many things: nature, ourselves, politics, spirituality. We gave each other a 'higher' education. She loved with a fierce passion and at the same time she had a soft heart for the vulnerable beings, especially animals and trees. And she had an emerging personal power and largeness of spirit which were inspiring. At the end of her life, she inspired many of us by the courageous way she met her last cancer. It was her third cancer in 25 years. She died the way she lived."

Susan Schuck Hirst

Stopping to look at a monarch alight on a cactus, marveling at the Joshua trees, hiking with her husband Eric, telling a once upon a time story to one of her grandkids. That is how Susan would want you to think of her. In nature, sun on her face, laughter in the air, surrounded by family. Susan grew up in Minneapolis with the love of loons and lakes, and throughout her life, she was an avid canoer. Senior year she was in Porter majoring in Zoology, no surprise! She earned an MAT from Northwestern and an MS from the University of Tennessee and thrived as a middle school guidance counselor. Several years ago she went with classmates to China, Bhutan, and Nepal. She was usually in the lead on their treks, so due to her unusual fitness and hiking ability, she was termed the group's "mountain goat." High-energy and capable describe Susan who worked hard to improve many people's lives throughout the world especially in her HIV/AIDS work in Ghana and here in the states. Days after the group trekked in Nepal, the horrendous earthquakes occurred; Susan began fundraising for the victims. In her 50th Reunion piece Susan states: "Mount Holyoke gave me confidence in my abilities, the courage to speak out on issues, a love for science, and some very good long-term friends."

Carole Strickler Hart

Carole was a member of our class during freshman year and she lived in Torrey Hall. Carol went on, however, to have a productive and dedicated life as a writer and producer of children's TV, including Sesame Street and Free to Be... You and Me. Many of us enjoyed the benefits of these shows even though we did not have the opportunity to know her well or for a long time. There is a wealth of information on the internet and elsewhere about Carole's fascinating contributions over the years.

Barbara J. Thiele

Barbara and Ruth Hill Lehr were together in Pearsons, Le oh man god fix Foyer, and Abbey. Ruth's words speak for us all: "Barbara was outwardly dignified, quiet, organized, thoughtful but also warm and supportive, with a delightful sense of humor. I'm sorry she's gone." Ruth, Chris Foreacre, and Dee Wilson Nelson remember Le Foyer together and how fluent Barbara was in French. Barbara and Chris were fellow psychology majors and very involved in honors research when they lived in Buckland together senior year. Barbara graduated magna cum laude from Mount Holyoke, received her MLS from Rutgers, and spent her career engaging in diverse and advancing areas of research and knowledge. In addition to leadership roles in library science, she was a strong supporter of women's rights, contributor to many progressive causes, and advocate for environmental responsibility. According to her brother Barrett Thiele and her sister Pamela Thiele, '70, Barbara retired early to care for her mother.

Pamela Timson Carlson

Pam and Marj Long Longenbaugh were roommates freshman year. Pam is remembered by Marg and her friends as having a perfect blond pageboy, a warm smile, and a ready laugh. One day, Marj found Pam in the room with a pair of scissors in hand and the blond pageboy scattered at her feet! And another vivid memory is the arrival of new clothes for her birthday from her mother – none fit! (freshman fifteen pounds?) And bursting into tears, she threw the clothes every which way! The two, thinking themselves very daring, went into Springfield one evening to see Ray Charles! After freshman year, Pam transferred to the University of Wisconsin, Madison where she met and married Tom Carlson. Years later, Pam hosted the Safford group for dinner in Ogden, Utah where she and husband Tom lived. Pam's "Mount-Holyoke-year scrapbook brought back memories and stories the group shared.

