

Mount Holyoke College Class of 1964
After the Middle Ages Comes the Renaissance!
In Memoriam

*Remembrances from Classmates 2015-2019**

Jane [Jani] Morrill
October 26, 1943 - December 13, 2019

Jane (Jani) Elizabeth Morrill died December 13 from a glioblastoma, a brain tumor, which came as a shock to her family and close friends. Jani loved Mount Holyoke passionately, and as she said in her 50th Reunion writeup, "making strides for women has been important for me." Jani did this in the many roles she had and the jobs where she forged the way so that younger women "should be able to take their rights for granted." Jani had a strong sense of justice and caring, having marched on the White House during the Vietnam War and taken part in the Vietnamese Baby Lift. To the end of her life, Jani thought often of the babies she carried to their new homes. Her friends and family spoke of Jani's smile and that she was always giving. Jani said, "I have always believed that it is the quality of the love I give that defines me, not the quality of the love I get. That's the only part I can control."

This tribute written by Mary Victor Jones Giersch appeared in the Spring, 2020, Alumnae Quarterly

Note: Jani supported our class by being the chair for the Reunion Booklet for our 40th reunion and by serving as a Class Agent from 8/21/15 through 8/7/19.

Jani Morrill's bio from our 50th Reunion book

Jani Morrill's Top 10 Blessings

1. Attending Ogontz White Mountain Camp for Girls back in its heyday where I learned every sport you can think of. I also learned to read the great poets in weekly poetry readings. It was the real beginning of my life. Time spent with girls from privileged backgrounds inspired me. They became my friends. An Ogontz girl was my Blue Key guide at Mount Holyoke when I went for my interview: Carolyn Rickards '62. I brought another Ogontz girl to Mount Holyoke the next year: Karen Kelly, '65.
2. Going to Mount Holyoke where I learned as much from the other girls as I did from the teachers. I was so proud that I bought my degree hood and still have it. I thought I was so grown up then. If possible, I'm more proud of graduating from

Mount Holyoke now than I was then.

3. Giving a little black boy in the '60s in Brooklyn, New York, the money someone stole from him so he could take the subway home: 50¢. He was stunned and he stopped crying. I loved that. Maybe it made a difference in his life, maybe not. But it showed me I could make a difference.
4. Marching on the White House during the Vietnam War. I was scared but I believed in it so much I went anyway. There were children, older couples, people in wheelchairs, a real people's movement.
5. Moving to Denver in '70 to work for United Airlines was very important to developing my own personality. My mother was a strong-willed woman — she wouldn't have made it otherwise — and I wasn't strong enough to be myself up close. Working for United gave me the opportunity to travel for practically nothing. I went to London for a date, to Paris for a week, to Hawaii for a weekend.
6. Being the first female bagpiper in the Sutherland Highlanders and in the City of Denver Pipe Band. Making strides for women has been important to me, probably ever since Joe Kelly, Head of the Programming Dept at Time-Life, told me he liked my work but he wanted a man. That's when I left Time-Life to go to IBM. My contributions have been small but I'm proud of them. Girls today don't really know what we went through for our/their rights, but that's as it should be. They should be able to take their rights for granted.
7. Taking part in the Vietnamese Baby Lift. Because I worked for United, I could travel cheaply so someone would bring the Vietnamese babies and some of us would take them on to their new homes. I took 3 babies on 3 different trips. I loved it. It still matters to me because I know I did what I could to help stop the killing. I still think about those babies sometimes.
8. Being head of the state-of-the-art section of BYTE magazine and taking it from the least read section of the magazine to its most read and most popular. Putting together BYTE's 15th Anniversary issue and getting a McGraw-Hill President's Award for it was the highlight.
9. Being the founding editor of Windows NT Magazine. I took everything I learned at BYTE and (with my friend Anne's help) created a good magazine. It was the best job I ever had and I loved it.
10. I have always believed that it is the quality of the love I give that defines me, not the quality of the love I get. That's the only part I can control. That said, I have loved and been loved by a wonderful man. There is no decision that I would undo and no different course of action I would take if it would deprive me of this love. It is the biggest blessing of my life.

Classmate comments:

From Sue Nash Rice I, too, was shocked to hear of Jane's death. She became my class agent some time ago, and we then became Facebook friends. From her class agent letters. I knew she had significant hearing loss. She cheered me on when I was facing knee replacement surgery, and as I was recovering. On one of her niece's posts, I learned that when she received her diagnosis of a glioblastoma she opted out of treatment, left Arizona and went to live with her sister.

From Gail Humphreys I sure will miss her soft smile and the keen humor behind her gentle self-presentation.

From Karen Kelly Becker '65 Jani's and my friendship goes all the way back to Ogontz White Mountain Camp in New Hampshire, where we met when we were not yet 13 years old. We became fast friends almost immediately, and our friendship deepened at Mount Holyoke: although I was technically three months older than Jani, she was a school grade ahead of me, having begun first grade as a five-year-old – so she entered MHC the year before I did.

Jani was, in fact, largely responsible for my choosing to attend Mount Holyoke, rather than Smith: toward the end of my senior year in high school, I wrote her a letter, telling her that I was having a hard time choosing between the two, but that I was leaning toward Smith. Just a few days later, I received her impassioned response in the form of a five-page letter, listing all the compelling reasons I needed to join her at Mount Holyoke. That letter so thoroughly convinced me that I immediately said "Yes" to my Mount Holyoke acceptance! So Jani and I shared a history, both of us viewing Ogontz Camp and Mount Holyoke College as being among our most important experiences; these two places significantly shaped our lives, as well as the women we became.

Not long after Jani was diagnosed with glioblastoma in October 2019, she left Arizona and moved to the Missouri home of her sister, Anne Morrill Pegelow, who took loving care of her to the very end. Jani's surrogate daughter, Emily Pheonix, traveled from Colorado to prepare her Arizona place for being sold – and she, too, was with Jani at the end, along with Anne's adult children – Jani's nieces and nephew – whom she loved dearly. Despite the shock of Jani's death a few short weeks after her diagnosis, we can all take great comfort in knowing that she passed peacefully, surrounded by

the love of her cherished family.

From Mary Victor Jones Giersch I became good friends with Jani when she organized and led a small group to Europe the summer of 1963, a perfect time for us to share the art and culture we had been studying in our various disciplines the past three years. Our Europass took us from Norway and Sweden to the Netherlands and Belgium and then on to Paris, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. We spent hours in the Louvre, were awed by Michelangelo's Pieta and the grandeur of St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel. Traveling on the railroad gave hours to dream and plan what our futures might look like. Jani was such a dreamer! She loved nothing more than musing about the future, and who knew then how creative and productive Jani's future would be! After graduation Jani went to New York to work for Time and I married Charlie right after graduation and we lived in New York, too. So, Jani took an apartment one floor above ours on East 81st Street between York and East End. I was working as a copyeditor at Harcourt, Brace and Javonovich and Charlie was chasing spies in NYC as a First Lieutenant. Jani loved to come down to our apartment and enjoy what she always called a "Charlie Collins." She adored Charlie, and on the first anniversary of his death, sent me a beautiful bouquet. Jani, always thoughtful, always dreamy.

**Elizabeth [Betty] Grayson Blank Hartley
1942 to January 31, 2018**

Elizabeth [Betty] Grayson Blank Hartley died on January 31, 2018 in York, England. Betty came to college from Summit, NJ, majored in Philosophy and was in Brigham senior year. Kathie Pfeifer Mack and Mary Lynn Skinner Bayliss have wonderful memories of their travels with Betty during junior year abroad in the UK. After graduation she studied at the U. of Edinburgh and the U. of London. She met Brian Hartley at the British Museum where they both were archeologists; they married in 1973. She had become the first Keeper of Archeology at the Yorkshire Museum in 1971 and worked there until her retirement in 2007. Betty was responsible for a number of noted exhibitions, including in 1982, "The Vikings in England" which was opened by the Prince of Wales. The 2006 exhibition "Constantine the Great: York's Roman Emperor" was described as "the most important archaeological-historical loan exhibition to have been held in a provincial British museum."

Betty is survived by her son Christopher; her husband Brian pre-deceased her. Our thanks to Susan Koch and Ruthann Arneson Fowler who notified us of Betty's

death.

<http://www.herstoryyork.org.uk/elizabeth-hartley/>

Elizabeth Grayson Hartley (1947** - 2018)

As the first ever Keeper of Archaeology at the Yorkshire Museum, Elizabeth held a key role in the City of York. She had responsibility for possibly the largest and best collection of Roman-British antiquities outside of London and for the Yorkshire Museum's vast archaeological collection drawn from the City of York itself and the Museum's regional area.

She skillfully masterminded a series of spectacular special topic temporary exhibitions, commissioning the best museum designers of the day and successfully gained loans and support from the British Museum (building on her earlier work contacts there). She also had much support from other regional museums in Britain and throughout Europe. Her most notable exhibitions include:

1976 The Viking Kingdom of York (which helped raise funds for the Coppergate Viking town excavation in York)

1980 The International Vikings Exhibition

1982 Vikings in England exhibition (opened by HRH Prince of Wales and the Minister for the Arts in York) and awarded European Museum of the Year

2001 Alcuin & Charlemagne- the Golden Age of York

2006 Constantine the Great (marking the 1700th anniversary of the Emperor's proclamation in York) resulting in a superb catalogue with her co-editor Reverend Professor Martin Henig.

Elizabeth was particularly active in obtaining wonderful objects for the Yorkshire Museum, including the iconic Middleham Jewel. The Coppergate Anglian Helmet and the Gilling Sword, along with many other objects, were added to the collections during her Keepership.

In 1995, Elizabeth was elected Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. She was married to Brian Hartley, another archaeologist. They lived in Bootham and had two children.

Dr Peter Addyman, her friend and colleague, described her as ‘This most determined, imaginative and devoted American expert – whose legacy to her adopted city will extend far into the future’.

Reference: Addyman, P. (2018) Eulogy, Elizabeth Grayson Hartley

Memories from Classmates:

Kathie Pfeifer Mack and Mary Lynn Skinner Bayliss spent time with Betty during their Junior years abroad. As they looked back to that time:

Kathie wrote: “Betty was a vivacious brunette who was excited to spend her junior year abroad studying at the University of Edinburgh. In fact, her experience was so positive that she went back to the UK after graduation from Mount Holyoke and made her home there.”

I have a mental image that Betty, Lynn, and I all went over to Britain together in 1962 on the Berlin, a grand old ocean liner in the North German Lloyd line. And that we went together to Edinburgh to catch some of the fabled Edinburgh Festival before term began. This is probably fantasy, unless Lynn also remembers the same thing.

And Lynn writes: My memories of our travels coincide with Kathie’s, but mine also include our week-long stay in a B & B in Edinburgh for its magnificent Festival of musical, theatrical, and literary events. I also remember youth hosteling with them in the Highlands for several weeks until the universities opened (in October!) and staying in a castle that had become a hostel after the bankruptcy of its owner.

And Kathie responds:

Yes, I remember all the things Lynn mentions! The youth hosteling adventure involved hitch-hiking between the hostels, and it is amazing how many single commercial travelers made room in their cars for three girls standing by the side of the road in the middle of nowhere.

Betsy Wadt Mulcare writes: I was fascinated to read about Betty’s involvement with the Vikings in England exhibit at the York Museum. I remember seeing that exhibit in 1994 when we toured England and Scotland with our children--then 14 and 12. We all loved the interactive and three-dimensional aspects of the displays. It seemed “ahead of its time.” Certainly, it was a highlight of our York visit. How wonderful to now know the MHC ‘64 connection.

**Note many references list Betty's birth year as 1947. However, her brief obituary from the funeral home stated that she died on January 31, 2018 at the age of 75. So, her birth year would have to have been 1942 or 1943, which would be in keeping with birth years for our class of 1964. A classmate has confirmed it was 1942.

For Betty's biography in Wikipedia, See: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Elizabeth_Hartley_\(archaeologist\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Elizabeth_Hartley_(archaeologist))

That Wikipedia biography contained the link to the tribute in Her Story York: Making invisible women visible, which we was included above.

Carol Becker Lynch

December 3, 1942 - June 22, 2019

Carol's high school classmates voted her Most Likely to Succeed-and succeed she did-as a scientist, a teacher, and an academic leader. At Mount Holyoke Carol majored in Zoology and lived in Torrey senior year. After graduate school, she became a Professor of Biology and then Dean of Students at Wesleyan University in Connecticut. Later she went to the University of Colorado at Boulder as a Professor of Ecological and Evolutionary Biology and a Fellow of the Institute of Behavioral Genetics and was Dean of the Graduate School and Vice Chancellor for Research. She then served as a Senior Scholar at the Council of Graduate Schools, establishing a new degree program: Professional Science Masters. For over fifty years, Carol was married to Robert Lynch. She is survived by her husband, her brother, a nephew, and a niece. By Beryl Scheib Afton, classmate in High School and College



Submission to our MHC 50th Reunion Booklet by Carol Becker Lynch:

I left MHC directly for graduate school at the University of Michigan, starting with a summer program at the UM Biological station, where I got a head start with two graduate courses toward my degree. In Ann Arbor I shared an apartment with Karen Peterson (MHC '64 " now, sadly, deceased). This continued a pattern, as I roomed for four years at MHC with my friend from high school, Beryl Scheib.

It turned out that Michigan was not a good place for women (although Karen persisted and did get her PhD - with the rare women advisor). I left with a master's degree (finishing early as I was able to transfer some graduate credits that I earned in the senior year at MHC.) My experience on my exit interview would probably violate several university policies today. When I told the graduate director that I felt Michigan was prejudiced against woman, he made various excuses, including that he had had women graduate students, "and what have they done for my career - they just got married and had children. When I then asked why they bothered to accept women, his answer was, they make good teaching assistants and they keep our male graduate students happy.

One good thing about Michigan is that I met my husband, Robert Lynch. In a somewhat complicated series of events around looking for a way to avoid his being drafted into the Vietnam war, we ended up at the University of Iowa. Our experience there was diametrically opposed to U. Michigan. Instead of faculty fighting over who would get stuck with me as a student, they fought over the privilege of having me as a student. My husband and I had excellent mentoring and feel we owe our success to the graduate program there in the department of zoology. The chair was very open to facilitating interdisciplinary projects, allowing my husband to do most of his research in the medical school and me to have two official PhD advisors.

Upon finishing our PhDs from U. Iowa, we both landed postdoctoral fellowships at the University of Colorado in Boulder - the first of several fortunate experiences where we ended up as academics in the same institution. Even then, the job market for academics was not good (it's worse now) so we applied for anything that looked reasonably relevant in places where we would be willing to live, hoping to get one job. We were both lucky to land our first choice jobs – unfortunately not in the same place, but chosen in part because both places indicated there was a good chance for a position for our spouse the following year. Bob was at the University of Maine at Orono and I was at Wesleyan University in CT. Both places did in fact have reciprocal openings the next year. We could have gone to either place, but after some very stressful asynchronous timing issues (and other procedural glitches) we both ended up at Wesleyan. Again, we had excellent mentoring as Asst. Profs. in the Biology dept. I was awarded tenure a year early. We were happy there, with some really good undergraduate and graduate students and I was persuaded to become Dean of the Sciences. However, a new president came in and wanted to reduce the support for the PhD programs in the sciences. I had the opportunity to go to the National Science Foundation as visiting scientist Program Director, and that opportunity gave me the additional experience to apply for administrative positions at major research universities.

I was extremely fortunate to be offered a position as Dean of the Graduate School and Vice Chancellor for Research at the University of Colorado Boulder where we had done our postdocs. In an interesting switch, my postdoc advisor (who had had a bad reputation with woman which I could confirm) ended up reporting to me and we got along much better in that relationship! In another fortunate turn of events, it turned out that my husband was a perfect fit to the EPO Biology department, so once again we landed in the same place. After 12 plus years as dean, I stepped down to head

up a project at the Council of Graduate Schools in DC developing and promoting a new graduate degree, the Professional Science Master's (PSM). I've recently retired, although I still consult and volunteer " mainly for the CU graduate school and the PSM initiative and national organization. We travel extensively, especially internationally, and I don't know how I ever had enough time to work!

Carol Lynch Obituary Publication
The Daily Camera Boulder Colorado 7/11/19

Carol Lynch peacefully passed away at home on June 22, 2019 in Boulder, Colorado. Carol was born on December 3, 1942 in Queens Village, New York to Milton and Catherine (Kupsh) Becker, and she was raised in Roslyn, New York. She married Robert Lynch on August 19, 1967. The service was conducted by her uncle, the Reverend Henry Kupsh. Carol B. Lynch is Dean Emerita at the University of Colorado at Boulder where she was Professor of Ecological and Evolutionary Biology, and Fellow of the Institute for Behavioral Genetics, having served as Dean of the Graduate School and Vice Chancellor for Research from 1992-2004. She then served for 5 1/2 years as a Senior Scholar at the Council of Graduate Schools, establishing a new graduate degree program called the Professional Science Masters. Carol received her B.A. from Mount Holyoke College, her M.A. from the University of Michigan, and her Ph.D. from the University of Iowa. She held a Postdoctoral Fellowship at the University of Colorado's Institute for Behavior Genetics. From 1973-92 she was at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, as Professor of Biology, and later Dean of the Sciences. She held a Career Development Award, is a Fellow of AAAS, and was President of the Behavior Genetics Association. She was a Program Director in Population Biology and Physiological Ecology at the National Science Foundation (NSF). Carol's service record included President of the Western Association of Graduate Schools, Board of Directors of the Council of Graduate Schools, and Board member for Educational Testing Services in New Jersey. She also served as a NSF's Dean in Residence and co-chaired the board for National Professional Science Masters Association. Locally, she was a member of the Board of Trustees for Frasier Meadows Manor and a member of the Boulder Rotary. A biologist by training, she has held many research grants and has published extensively on evolutionary and behavioral genetics. She was also Co-PI on an NSF award to increase and support diversity in graduate education and was Co-PI on another NSF award to support woman at all levels of academia. Carol was an intelligent, kind person who had penchant for mentoring junior faculty and graduate students. Friends and colleagues respected her wisdom, common sense, and strength to back her beliefs,

while providing an enduring role model for others, especially women. They also valued her truthfulness and her keen ability to solve what were often complex problems. On a personal level Carol was accepting, open, and caring. She loved travel and new experiences, such as traveling downriver through the Peruvian rainforest in a motorized canoe. Carol was an avid walker who walked a minimum of five miles a day. Carol was preceded in death by her mother and father. She is survived by her husband Robert Lynch, brother Donald Becker of Rochester NY, niece Jasmin Becker of Novato CA, and nephew Richard Becker of Pittsford NY. A memorial service to celebrate her life will be held September 7, 2019, 2:00 pm, at St. John's Episcopal Church, 1419 Pine Street, Boulder, CO 80302. Memorial contributions may be made to the Carol B Lynch Graduate Fellowship Fund at the University of Colorado, Boulder. *Added 6/22/20*

Barbara Joyce Thiele
September 19, 1942 to July 23, 2018

Barbara Joyce Thiele was born September 19, 1942 in Lincoln, NE and passed away on July 23, 2018 in Suffern, NY.

S. Ruth Hill Lehr asks: So how do I remember Barbara? And speaks for us all when she answers: As a gal who was outwardly dignified, quiet, organized, thoughtful - all the proper things - but also warm and supportive, with a delightful sense of humor, willing to participate in things you wouldn't expect and never one to call attention to herself or what she did for others. I respected her, but I really, really liked her. I'm sorry she's gone.

From her brother Barrett Thiele, we remember and learn:

Barbara graduated second in her class academically from Ramapo High School and matriculated at Mount Holyoke College where she graduated in 1964, Magna Cum Laude as a Mary Lyons Scholar. Majoring in Psychology, Barbara had conducted original experiments in perception that resulted in published research. Based on her work, the Director of the Lincoln Laboratory at MIT asked Barbara to join his staff. At that time, Lincoln was conducting secret government research related to the Distant Early Warning (DEW Line) System in the field of perception. Barbara received a secret government clearance in order to perform her work there. She continued her research at Lincoln Labs but following a near fatal illness, Barbara resigned and took a sabbatical traveling to Oxford, England where she spent



a semester studying 17th Century English Literature at Wooster College in Oxford. She later said that spending time reading in the Bodleian Library gave her the career change focus on Library Science. When she returned to the United States, she entered Rutgers University receiving a Master's Degree with honors from the School of Library Science. Subsequently, she was appointed Library Director in Franklin Lakes, New Jersey where she successfully spearheaded the campaign to build a new library that was dedicated in 1977.

A new chapter opened in Barbara's life when she applied for a State Librarian position in Virginia and was offered the job. As a State Librarian, she was responsible for the introduction of computers throughout the Virginia Library System. She traveled extensively in Virginia from her office in Richmond while she completed this work. But growing homesick for her family in New Jersey, Barbara applied for an opening in Westfield, New Jersey and became Library Director there. Realizing that the library space in municipal offices was inadequate, she organized a campaign to build a new library that culminated in the completion of a state-of-the art Library in Westfield in 1988. During her professional career, she was an active member of the New Jersey Library Association. At the start of the new millennium, she was elected President, serving from 2000 to 2001.

When her mother was diagnosed with a terminal illness, Barbara retired early in order to make it possible for her mother to remain in her own home. Until her own death, she was a strong supporter of women's rights, a contributor to many progressive causes, and an advocate for environmental responsibility.

Carol Sicbaldi remembers: Barbara Thiele was a warm, kind, fun-loving woman. She could always make me laugh. I vividly remember being the subject of her visual perception experiments. A life well led.

Barbara's sister Pamela Thiele kindly informed us of Barbara's passing and shared Barrett's memorial as well as helpful Mount Holyoke contacts and the following thoughts:

I remember visiting Barbara for a weekend her freshman year. She was in Pearson's. It was way cool for the junior high student I was. But I think Ruth would have more and better memories than I have. Most of mine are of the younger sister admiring the older one.

When I started Mount Holyoke, Barbara told me not to get so tied up in studying, that I'd miss what was going on around me, like the fall colors. My freshmen year, she was seriously ill. But my sophomore year, she had recovered enough to resume her life and job outside Boston, which meant she could swing over to college and visit.

One time, my sophomore year, she showed up by surprise on my birthday (which only occurs every 4 years) and took a group of my friends out to a Friendly's birthday bash.

My junior year, she adopted my friends on the 4th floor of North Mandell. She would come over on a Saturday and take us to Atkins Farm for apples and pumpkins; to Friendly's; and up Mt Tom, to look at the Oxbow and remember there was a world out there. She was always willing to stuff her car with my pals and take us somewhere off campus. The dorm decided to have an unofficial Mothers Weekend and my floor voted to make it a "Moms and Barbara" weekend. There were signs welcoming her everywhere. I have lost in moving almost all of my Holyoke memorabilia, including one of those signs that so delighted her.

For exams every winter, she'd send a care box, including her homemade and totally yummy goodies: cookies, or brownies, or both. There was often a dopey toy instrument, such as a plastic horn that bleated. And always, a book: Gerald Durrell's *My Family and Other Animals*, Rumor Godden's *An Episode of Sparrows*, and one time, that guilty pleasure, *Gone With The Wind*. She was available to give me advice but she never pushed it. And she never overdid the visits, but came enough to reassure me that I was loved and cared for. Barbara and S. Ruth Hill Lehr roomed together in Pearsons and Le Foyer and were suite mates in Abbey.

Ruth writes: Barbara and I were roommates In Pearsons (Fourth Floor, I think) our freshman year. We were close friends with Jean Arthur Johansen and Carol Sicbaldi who were next door. (Jean transferred to a Boston area college at the end of the year.) There were a great bunch of seniors on that floor; it was a fun place to be.

Our sophomore year we were roommates in Le Foyer, the off campus French House. My French was pretty lame but Barbara was fluent in both French and Spanish. The housemother was young, with a striking resemblance to Jackie Kennedy. We were part of a small cohesive group that included Kathleen (Kathy) Wasden Ludman, Christine (Chris) Foreacre and Haidee Whiteside Flinders. That year Robert Frost came to speak at the College but tickets to the event went quickly. Neither Barbara nor I got one but

we believed we were destined to attend. So in the early afternoon we entered the hall and hid out until the doors opened. And we found wonderful seats. And we got Mr. Frost's autograph.

Our junior year we had separate rooms in Abbey but spent a lot of time together. I had been named Head of Freshmen for Abbey (Anne Greer Garonzik was Head of Freshmen for the campus), but in truth and fact, it was Barbara who performed the duties at Abbey. She was a natural born mother hen, knowing when to console and when to cluck. The Abbey freshmen were a hoot - Barbara and I enjoyed them immensely.

Our senior year we didn't see as much of each other because I had married in the summer and lived with my husband, an Amherst grad, outside of Boston during the first semester, returning to live on campus for the second semester. Barbara lived in Buckland and became seriously involved in her honors research. When I returned to campus, we didn't seem to have much time to do things together. Pity. The College had permitted me to bring my VW Beetle to campus (a rarity in those days) so I could come and go more easily on the week-ends. In our earlier years Barbara and I and our friends had yearned for the ability to get off campus more readily.

Nancy Bond '66 was a couple of years behind us in the class of 1966. She writes:

I was one of the freshmen in Abbey that Ruth refers to - I must say, I'm glad she and Barb found us amusing! I think of us as a very mixed lot. I had a fairly incompatible roommate and spent most of my time with others in the dorm. Barb and I were very good friends. I don't remember exactly how we got to know one another, but we did. She was an important part of my freshman year. I hadn't seen her in a very long time, and learned from her sister Pamela that she had died last summer. We had exchanged Christmas cards for years, but I hadn't heard from her last year, and had no real news from her for several before that.

I was interested to read both Ruth's memories and Barrett's memorial - they told me many things I hadn't actually known about Barbara. What I did know - I remember Barbara as being quite musical, and we shared an early passion for the Beatles. In fact, when they came to the US on their first tour, and played a concert at what was then Boston Garden, she and I found an ad for someone with three tickets to sell. We arranged to meet a woman at Shopper's World in Framingham to buy them - she and I and my younger sister, Sally, went. It was a memorable occasion! The Garden was full of fans - mostly girls - standing on their seats and screaming. You could hardly hear

the Beatles themselves. I remember her senior year, Barbara had her brother's VW convertible at the end of the spring semester and we went tooling around the Connecticut Valley countryside. There was a roadhouse in the Notch where we went several times for supper, and she introduced me to a "sandwich" called The Truck, which, if I remember right, was a hamburger, fried egg, and BLT combination. We went to the movies in Holyoke. I remember Barbara sitting on the couch in our living room in Concord on one of her visits while my mother tried very hard to teach her to knit. But Barbara was left-handed and my mother was right-handed and somehow it never worked. When she was so sick, I remember visiting her at Mount Auburn Hospital in Cambridge. And I remember staying with her family in New Jersey and making excursions into New York City. We went to see *Beyond the Fringe* there once, and *The Fantasticks*. Very exciting. She did indeed have a good sense of humor and we had a very good time together. I'm very glad to have known her and sad to think she's not with us anymore.

Christine (Chris) Foreacre and Donna (Dee) Wilson Nelson were also in Le Foyer with Barbara and Ruth. What a special small off-campus experience that must have been! Chris wrote: "I remember Barbara in Le Foyer, where I envied her French, and as a fellow psychology major where we shared classes and working/studying on the top floor of Skinner. We both were very involved in our honors research. We also were in Buckland together senior year. Also in Le Foyer Sophomore year were my roommate Elizabeth (Betsy) Hightower DuPlessis and Donna Dee Wilson Nelson (and perhaps others I don't remember). I don't remember that Barbara and I spent a lot of time together but I certainly liked and respected her. I remember her kindness, her quietness and her competence in academic matters."

We are grateful for all the contributions in memory of Barbara from her family and our sisters at Mount Holyoke. Not only did each offer valuable glimpses into her life but also commented about how they value and have benefitted from the thoughts and memories of others.

Barbara is survived by her brother Barrett Thiele of Redhook, N.J., and her sister, Pamela Thiele, of Lakewood, Colorado (Mount Holyoke, Class of 1970). Her parents, Rev. Clarence and Narcissa Ranseen Thiele, predeceased her. Our condolences to Barrett and Pamela. *Added 10/23/19*

Mona Marich Hanford
May 24, 1943 - October 27, 2018

A tribute from: Susan Koch, Kathie Pfeifer Mack, Barbara Anderson Ratigan, Mary Lee Warren, and Anita Corman Weinblatt

On October 27, 2018, Mona Marich Hanford died far too soon, eleven months after being diagnosed with cancer. Mona leaves her daughter Tania Hanford Neild, son William Edward Hanford III ("Troy"), six grandchildren, and a host of friends, including many Mount Holyoke classmates. Her husband Bill, whom she married just after her early graduation from college, died on the same date six years earlier. Many words come to mind when thinking of Mona, notably faith, hope, love, joy, energy, and commitment. They do not capture her full essence, but they help us to appreciate what an extraordinary person she was.

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. Drawing on all of her extraordinary attributes, her experience caring for Bill over many years, and especially her deep religious faith, Mona spent much of the last two decades as an end-of-life teacher and activist. 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 Summer Quarterly.

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. Mona was not well enough to



*TOP: Mona blowing bubbles in the Alumnae Parade at our 50th reunion. [Carole Nagy Theodore is to the right of Mona.]
BOTTOM: Mona and Ellen Manfredonia together at the DC mini-reunion, Lily Klebanoff Blake and Mary Lee Warren are behind Mona.*

attend, but she watched the web stream, accompanied by Mary Lee Warren, and her taped remarks were presented at the conference. You can view more information about Mona's Hope Initiative and the entire Hope At the End conference at <https://htc.us/hope>. Mona also derived strength and comfort in her final months from her family and the many friends who brought her lunch, dinner and company; she told us that what she learned to treasure most were relationships. Mona retained all of her faith, hope, love, joy, energy and commitment until the end. We miss her deeply.

Memories from classmates.

From Nancy Chambers Goff: My Friend Mona - We met in 1961 at Mount Holyoke when we were living in the Russian house. As brave souls we signed up to live in a house where only Russian was to be spoken. Mona thrived as she had a gift for languages and a Russian heritage. We loved life as young college students thinking about the future pizza or game of bridge. Mona was looking forward to becoming Mrs. Hanford.

After many years of intermittent contact, raising children, pursuing careers we became fast friends when we moved to the DC area. Many nights were spent dining and playing bridge. Mona mostly tried to maximize the hand with great flourish and enthusiasm. The game was mostly secondary to our many discussions of issues of the day and the economy.

Spending New Year's Eve week up in Vermont became an annual tradition. Most of us ventured to the slopes a few times to slide down the icy New England trails. Mona was out there braving the cold and cheering us on with her enthusiasm sliding down the hills. Lots of laughs and cocoa made in the blender ended the afternoon in the gray winter eves. Evenings were spent at the game table with many of the guests assembled for the celebrations. Games included bridge, puzzles, and Uno for large groups.

We had an annual stock game each New Year's Eve. Everyone would predict the DOW for the next year and results were posted in the closet upstairs. After the close of the market the predictions from the last year were retrieved from the closet. Laughs followed and we all consumed the prize of a glass of champagne to toast in the New Year and our successful or not so successful choices. We all felt like winners celebrating good friendship and love of a great time together. Lots of champagne rounded out the evening.

Over the years we have spent many hours discussing values, world problems, spiritual thoughts. Mona always participated with enthusiasm and well-developed ideas. It was a pleasure to spend the evening in meaningful conversation. Mona had the unique ability to assemble a group of interesting people willing to participate in thoughtful discussion of issues of the day. She also took us on a spiritual journey leading with positive energy to look toward tomorrow with hope. I will miss my friend of 57 years. She looked to the future with hope and peace for all in our journey through life. Her energy and spiritual faith are an inspiration. She left us with faith and wisdom to continue a spiritual journey.

From Gretchen Wuth Hays: After the Volunteer Conference on campus in September, I flew to Baltimore to stay with a former Malibu neighbor, hoping that I would be able to see Mona too. She and I spent two wonderful, soul-filled hours together. We talked of family, her legacy with Hospice and hopes for her book. She was grateful for the article in the summer MHC Quarterly and the extended tie-ins with other MHC Hospice connections. The better I knew Mona, the more impressed I became with the way she could make connections. She urged me to continue her Hospice legacy and she and I talked about the possibilities. Mona was one who made possibilities, possible. In sadness but gratitude for having known Mona. Gretchen

From Ellen Manfredonia Nutter: Mona was a real "Mt. Holyoke type," as we used to say. I once read advice from older alum in the Alumnae Quarterly, "If you see something that needs to be done, you can and should do it." Mona embodied that. She saw that money needed to be raised for things she believed in, and she raised it. She saw that people needed help understanding how to end life, and she wrote and popularized her book *The Graceful Exit: 10 Things You Need to Know*. And then she modeled how to do it.

Mona had a way of helping others to do things they might not think they could do. She was chair of our nominating committee when they were looking for a 50th reunion chair. She called me and suggested I might have a role. I suggested perhaps I could be a co-chair. I will never forget Mona saying "Wouldn't you rather do it yourself?"

I was so pleased to be able to attend Mona's inspiring columbarium service in DC. '64 representatives included Mary Lee Warren, Susan Koch, Anita Weinblatt, Kathie Mack, and Barbara Ratigan. The ceremony included many heart-warming stories about

Mona, and a wonderful trumpet player and jazz band. We learned that the truly beautiful St. Patrick's Episcopal Church was a result of Mona's fundraising. Apparently, a professional fundraiser has been hired, but it was during a recession, and the necessary funds were not raised. Enter Mona. She raised enough for the walls in time for Christmas, then held a candlelight Christmas Eve service in the roofless sanctuary. The money came in and the church was finished.

After the service, there was a gathering at the church with Mona's signature vodka drink, and lots of good food. I am sure that Mona planned everything, including the menu and even the recipes!

From Betsy Wadt Mulcare We shall all miss having Mona among us at reunions and other gatherings. I got to know her through our 50th reunion preparation meetings in South Hadley, as we have all gotten to know each other so much better via these times on campus working together. I remember driving her back to Greenwich from one of our meetings so that she could get the train to Bronxville to visit her daughter. It was a wonderful several hours of conversation.

From Mary Dee Beall I, too, got re-acquainted with Mona during the 5-year planning events for the 50th reunion. We'd begun some fairly deep conversations on campus, continued in the car (Nancy Goff driving). I believe most any conversation with Mona was a deep one - not heavy, just deep. Such a caring and kindhearted woman. I don't know anyone who seemed more at peace with herself - what she had given to and taken from this world.

From Gail Simons Humphreys Mona was such a deep thinker and at the same time so practical. Her hearty laugh validated a life well lived. I will really miss her.

From Mary Wegner Mayer Though I knew it was coming, it is still a sad shock to lose Mona, such a vibrant, compassionate, and spiritually grounded woman.

AT RIGHT: Mona with two of her grandchildren.

Mona Marich Hanford's bio from our 50th Reunion Book: Being a grandmother of 6, I am thinking



about leaving legacies-what survives, what is priceless. My Russian Grandfather Archbishop Amvrossy serves as a powerful role model.

My grandfather taught me Russian as a child. Years later this ability allowed me to finish my course work as a Russian major at Mount Holyoke in 3 years. In September 1963 I was teaching Russian at Monmouth College in Monmouth, Illinois. Hence, no yearbook photo.

However, Russian language proficiency wasn't his greatest gift. Grandfather left Russia at the time of the Revolution and the value I got from that experience, even though I didn't go through it, was to understand you could lose everything: your house, your money, your stuff. All of those things can go in a minute and really it's what you have inside that counts.

Like my grandfather who raised money for mission churches, fundraising came naturally to me as a volunteer, director of development and fundraising consultant. My work for churches, schools and hospices, was based on my grandfather's ideas about being a good steward, and not being afraid to ask for help and not being afraid to talk about faith and its importance. My career as a fundraiser was never about raising money-it was about getting good people to do good things for others. It was about values, and money was just the tool to live out those values.

But without a doubt the most priceless gift my grandfather left me was a legacy of faith and hope that sustained me even in the dark times of my husband's grave and long illness. Bill and I were engaged my sophomore year of college and we spent almost 50 years together. Faith and hope allowed me to hold Bill's hand as he was dying in a hospital bed in our family room, and yes, cry but never lose hope. I believe we must be open to possibilities and remember that "when the caterpillar thought the world was over it became a butterfly." At Bill's memorial service last year all 6 grandchildren participated in the service and butterflies were everywhere - on the altar and throughout the congregation in men's lapels and in ladies' hair.

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. I can give it to anybody I come in contact with and it doesn't diminish the gift. The more I give it, the more it grows. It is wonderful, it is the ultimate gift.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SERVICE TO CELEBRATE MONA'S LIFE AND HER GRACEFUL EXIT

Susan Koch, Barbara Anderson Ratigan, Kathie Pfeifer Mack, Mary Lee Warren, and Anita Corman Weinblatt were among those who attended Mona's service. Their description of the service is below:

On November 17, 2018, a beautiful fall day, a Celebration of Life and the graceful exit of our classmate Mona Marich Hanford was held at St. Patrick's Episcopal Church in the District of Columbia. Every seat in this large church was occupied; soon, there was standing room only. A Jazz Processional Hymn with trumpet, "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands", announced the start of the Memorial Liturgy and Columbarium Service. One of Mona's close friends presented a Reflection on Mona's life, including three pivotal moments in her life: when she agreed to begin her very successful fund raising career with St. Patrick's Episcopal Church and School; when she and her husband Bill escaped the explosion of their car on the side of a highway; and, when she resigned her fund raising position at St. Patrick's to have more time to focus her efforts on advocacy of end of life issues and to manage care for Bill until his death. Her son-in-law, Carter Neild, and grandson, Troy Neild, reflected on Mona's family life. Music was a prominent part of the service, including a solo of "The Very Thought of You" by her granddaughter, Haley Hanford. Following the service, there was a reception with Mona's signature Vodka drink or champagne, along with energetic conversation remembering Mona's life. Mona was there in spirit. She made a positive and lasting impact on those she left behind.

An Obituary from her daughter Tania Hanford Neild

MONA TANIA MARICH HANFORD

May 24, 1943 - October 27, 2018

Celebrating a Grace-Filled Life and Most Graceful Exit.

Mona's grandfather Archbishop Amvrossy taught Mona to be a good steward, and she followed his lesson of service throughout her life. She was a devoted wife to Bill Hanford and took care of him throughout his long last chapter. Bill died at home under the care of hospice, with Mona and the dog by his side, just months before their 50th wedding anniversary. But, Mona's favorite role was that of mother and grandmother.

Added 12/27/18

Suzanne (Suzy) Brown Butters
May 17, 1942 - January 30, 2018

Suzy was Emerita Professor of Art History at Manchester, England, where she had worked since 1975. She received her MA in Italy and completed her PhD in London. Suzy came to Mount Holyoke from Briarcliff Manor, NY. She majored in art and lived in 1837 senior year.

Suzy was a recognized international expert on the art, architecture, gardens, and culture of the Italian Renaissance. Yet, to all who knew her in any capacity she was still just Suzy.

For our 50th Reunion Book, Suzy wrote, "I took delight in devising new courses, new degree programmes, and new means of establishing research contacts in the UK and abroad." Much of her research was carried out in Florence, which lies at the heart of her acclaimed work on the sculpting of porphyry, *The Triumph of Vulcan*.



*Recollections of a University of Manchester colleague,
Tom Rasmussen (February 2018)*

Art History and Visual Studies has been hugely saddened by news of Professor Suzanne Butters, who has died after a period of illness at a hospital close to her home in Didsbury. This news will also reverberate, and shock many people, among wide academic circles in Italy, the US, and elsewhere. Suzy was an international authority on sixteenth-century Italian architecture and art, on Italian Renaissance villas and gardens, and on the cultural histories of Florence and Rome. Florence was where, over many years, much of her research was carried out, and lies at the heart of her great 2-volume work on the sculpting of porphyry, *The Triumph of Vulcan* (1996), recipient of prizes and global acclaim. Florence has also been central to the research of her husband, historian Humfrey Butters, who survives her. Between them, the two have covered - albeit at different universities - every aspect of this period in Italy.

Suzy joined the then History of Art Department at the University of Manchester as lecturer in 1975 and stayed until her retirement in 2008. Thereafter she put all her re-



Suzy with her husband Humfrey in Manchester, England. Rosalie Hackley Anders took this photo during a visit in early October 2017.

maintaining strength into research publications and conference papers; she only regretted towards the end of her life that she did not have the energy to travel as much and accomplish all the things she had set herself. Through all her years in post she was a pivotal figure in the department and was always at the centre of new initiatives, some of which at School and Faculty level she steered through herself, such as the creation of the Italian Forum (a research centre sponsoring conferences and day events, on topics ranging from ancient to modern times) and the very successful interdisciplinary MA programme *Constructions of the Sacred, the Holy, and the Supernatural*. Suzy did not actively recruit PhDs, she simply attracted the best and brightest research students from both home and abroad, and a number of them now have academic posts in the UK, Europe, and the United States. She was equally attentive to her undergraduates, and a great many over the years will have had cause to rejoice at their good fortune of encountering her inspired teaching. To all her students Suzy was extremely loyal, as she was to the department - in an era, dare one say, when university departments could still inspire the sort of loyalty that present-day university structures would scarcely recognise.

I regard myself as extraordinarily fortunate that I was in Manchester throughout the whole of Suzy's career here. For much of that time, her office was right opposite, and at the end of the day with our doors wide open we would shout out ideas for the next joint seminar or course proposal, with much irreverent banter in between. Above all, she was enormous fun, full of rapid wit, and with an ability to turn any situation around to reveal its (sometimes darkly) humorous side. I was fortunate too to travel in her company on a number of study trips abroad, for she kept us all laughing most of the time - lecturers, students, coach drivers, everyone. For Suzy (as it should be for us all), it was the best way of approaching the serious subject of art history.

<https://manchesterarthistory.wordpress.com/2018/02/08/in-memory-of-prof-suzanne-butters-by-dr-tom-rasmussen/>

Recollections from Classmates

Nancy Boda Anderson: Suzy was the kind of person who would walk into a room and immediately a light would shine. A smile and a devious sense of humor would brighten the day. There was a depth and seriousness to Suzy. She had an amazing intellect and many accomplishments and she treated me as a friend. I am grateful to have known her.

Rosalie (Sally) Hackley Anders: To me, Suzy was cooler, smarter, more creative and more sophisticated than I was. She was an accomplished pianist and knew all about opera. I played much less well. But we both loved musicals, and I knew about jazz, and I treasured the world of classical music she introduced me to. Suzy did see Barbara Field Collins, who lives in London, every so often, but otherwise had cut off her past friends. I did see her once after she went to Manchester. She told me she didn't know why but she'd had to leave everything American behind. Seeing her was wonderful, but it wasn't enough. I read her book and loved being on her art history email list until she retired, and occasionally I sent emails but she never responded. Through Barbara, I knew she had health problems. She sat in my heart as unfinished business.

When I heard Suzy died I felt as if a big hole had opened in my life, though I'd only seen her twice in 40 years. The last time was this past September, when Paul and I stopped in London on the way to Dhaka, and Barbara and I took the train up to meet them at a big, hospitable local pub. Clearly they were regulars. We had a big lunch and a couple of pints and talked and laughed for hours. It was as if a psychic wound healed for all of us. I learned about her brother Larry's drug addiction and the sad deaths of him and his wife. That Suzy herself had been much sicker than I had realized, at times chronically exhausted, not able to do much of anything, even emailing or phoning. We soon fell into our old kind of humor, a celebration of the ridiculousness of life. I felt transported back into a side/center of myself that rarely shows itself now. It takes two, and really she's the only person I've been able to be quite that silly with. Maybe part of it was our youth, and we were reverting to that time. It means so much to me that I saw her that last time. Some piece of unfinished emotional business was resolved.

After that, we began emailing as buddies, as if no time had passed. Of course we also knew we probably wouldn't ever see each other again. Knowing she was over there in Manchester had been oddly comforting even though we had no contact for so many years. I am profoundly sad for all that she went through and for her death. I remember how completely I trusted her goodness and how much we laughed. I don't think there's been anyone else in my life with whom I could laugh so much.

Carolyn ThompsonL In past years Suzy had gone through a number of serious illnesses, but had come out on top of them, well enough to become one of the most highly respected scholars of the history of the art of the Italian Renaissance. A book she wrote in the 1990's, *The Triumph of Vulcan: Sculptors' Tools, Porphyry, and the Prince in*

Ducal Florence, was cited by a British critic as the art book of the decade. During her last few months, she was working on the index of a book of equal quality-- my hope is that its index will be completed and the book will be published as well, to similar accolades. She was Professor of Art History at the University of Manchester, England, a title, which in the UK is not bestowed lightly.

Yet, to all who knew her in any capacity, she was still just Suzy, as you remember her from MHC. I resumed contact with her a few months ago, after a period of not being in touch, since both of us were extremely busy. We discovered we both were having knee replacements, mine in recovery, hers upcoming. A daily exchange of emails then resulted: we caught up with each other, discussing knees and other serious matters, but of course there was lots of humor, including photos dredged up online of absurd dogs!

Her wonderful, devoted husband, Humfrey Butters, a political historian of the Italian Renaissance and at the University of Warwick (UK), cared for her so diligently throughout her life.

Barbara Field Collins: Suzy and I both settled in England - Suzy in Manchester, me in London. We always kept in Christmas card touch and met rarely, always with delight when we did. I was honoured to speak at the Memorial Event for Suzy at New College Oxford in June when friends and family came to share memories. Humfrey, and several of Suzy's sisters-in-law and nephews, spoke for the family. It was good for me to realize how important Humfrey's large extended family had become for Suzy. They all spoke warmly of their delight in Aunt Suzy and the hilarious times they had at family gatherings. One recalled his own student days at Manchester and the cachet of having such a star in their family. At tea after the Memorial I enjoyed talking with Carolyn Elam who knew Suzy well and told me about her way of working - a combination of lateral thinking and meticulous scholarship using archival material in a way that opened up new vistas in art history to other scholars. When I got home I saw again the crabapple tree in our front garden which I planted after the only time my family visited Suzy and Humfrey at home in Manchester, in the 1980s. I admired her lovely shady garden with its beautifully shaped crabapple tree. When I think about Suzy now I remember especially her kindness to me in New York when I stayed for a time with her family until I found a place of my own. And I am profoundly sorry she is not here to enjoy the things that made her life so rich.

Added 10/16/18

Carolyn Hahn Sawyer
July 8, 1942 - May 26, 2018

Around Carolyn, there was always cause for laughter, snorting, whooping, gasping, eyes-streaming, stomach-cramping laughter. Once when I was visiting her in Pittsfield MA, where she lived her married life, we had to pull over to the side of the road, so blinded by tears and hilariously distracted, that we couldn't see to drive.

I count 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 understandably called her "GoGo." 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.

Written by Lisa Lansing for the Fall 2018 Quarterly

Marjorie Long Longenbaugh writes: I have been much less than diligent in keeping in touch with college friends who were once so close and such an important part of my life. After graduation I saw Carolyn once in Boston (probably 1966) and then she was present in South Hadley at our 35th reunion. Although, if I remember correctly, she wasn't registered - just drove down from Pittsfield for a quick coffee in the library with a few of us from Woodbridge.

I have attached some memories from Senior year in Woodbridge. It is odd what one remembers after 54 years:

Senior year in Woodbridge we were a gang of four. Carolyn Hahn, Judy Anderson, Lisa Lansing and me, Marj Long. We had nicknames ... Carolingian, Dewey Anderfofle, Little, and Marginal (we were studying Art and Economics that year).

We divided up the Beatles. Carolyn chose Paul, Judy chose George, Lisa chose John and I was left with Ringo. We went to Wilbur, which had the only TV on campus at that time, and screamed at the Beatles' appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show. We collected Beatle trading cards and used them to cover the holes in the soles of our Bass Wejuns.

We made plans to return to campus for reunion - probably the 25th - riding Harleys with ape hanger handlebars and inadequate mufflers. It's really a shame that we all grew up and didn't do it.

Gail Simons Humphreys writes: Carolyn had such energy, presence, humor and sarcasm in a great package. She was part of the MHC fabric I knew. Now there's another tear in it. We just have to find ways to keep sewing it together and looking forward.

Gretchen Wuth Hays writes: Carolyn and I both lived in Woodbridge junior year. She a bio/zoo major and a true go-getter. She was a proud example of a MHC woman.

Obituary. *Publication: Recorder Date: 05/30/18*

Text: PITTSFIELD - Carolyn Hahn Sawyer, 75, of 206 High Street, Pittsfield, passed away at home on Saturday, May 26, 2018, in the company of her loving family. Born in Greenfield, Massachusetts, on July 8, 1942, to Evelyn Primeau Hahn and Louis Francis Hahn, Carolyn was a 1964 graduate of Mount Holyoke College, majoring in Zoology. Following graduation she took a position as the Assistant Dean of Students at Wheaton College.

In August 1965 she married Charles Francis "Charley" Sawyer, who survives her. Carolyn was known by her grandchildren as "GoGo," a moniker that perfectly reflected her approach to life - energetic, accomplished, and fun. With her good friend Judy Spencer of Stockbridge, she started a women's consciousness raising group and in 1987 a women's book group. The book group still meets regularly, having now read some 330 books. In 1973 she and Judy started Sunshine Nursery School at the Stockbridge Congregational Church. Judy's husband, Jack, always referred to Sunshine Nursery as an excellent example of a "non-profit" enterprise.

In 1978, Carolyn, Judy Spencer, and an intrepid band of fellow Berkshireites went to Hanover, New Hampshire to run in the Dartmouth Medical School Marathon. The next year she ran in the New York City Marathon, surviving some gastric upset from a bad spaghetti dinner the night before. Over the duration of the race, she visited the facilities at two fire stations and in the basement of a Chinese restaurant.

In 1982, Carolyn was appointed as the Director of Admissions at Berkshire Country Day School and in 1989 she went back to school, obtaining her Masters Degree in

Speech Pathology from the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. Following graduation, she was for twenty-five years the inpatient speech therapist at Berkshire Medical Center, retiring in 2016. Upon retirement, Carolyn looked for a way to do something that involved two of her passions: reading and children. She found it when she volunteered to be in charge of monitoring the United Way book houses in Pittsfield - which she did on her bicycle. Carolyn competed in the annual Josh Billings Triathlon some thirty times, often in the family category with her husband Charley, her daughter Lizbie Porter, and her son-in-law Philip Porter. From 2004-2014, Carolyn and Charley paddled in the annual 90-mile Adirondack canoe race with their good friends, Doug and Toddy Munson.

Carolyn loved reading, biking, canoeing, cross-country skiing, hiking, the New York Times Sunday crossword puzzle, singing good hymns, her children, and her grandchildren - but not necessarily in that order. In addition to her husband Charley, she is survived by her son Jonathan and his wife Beth, of Medford, Massachusetts, her daughter Lizbie Porter and her husband Philip Porter of Lexington, Massachusetts; her four grandchildren, Katharine Sawyer, Charles Porter, Anne Porter, and William Sawyer; her sister Lisa Hahn and her wife Regina Figueroa of Riverside, California; her brother Kurt Hahn of Rapid City, South Dakota; and her former daughter-in-law, Jodi Polep-Mines of Natick, Massachusetts. *Added 10/16/18*

Karin Holzer O'Neil
January 2, 1942 - April 25, 2018

As Karin Holzer O'Neil's roommate (North Mandelle, South Rocky, 1837, Wilder) for four years, I have the sad job of reporting her death on April 25, 2018. A religion major, Karin dabbled widely in other disciplines (to the extent of participating along with me in Vicky Schuck's 1963 D.C. internship program), studied piano, and sang in the Glee Club. She met her husband-to-be (of 53 years!) volunteering together in a Springfield political campaign field office.

After completing her masters in history at UMass, Karin joined the faculty of the Northampton School for Girls, which subsequently merged into Williston Northampton School, where she spent the remainder of her career - the last 10 years as Associate Head of School. A 2015 Williston tribute to her contribution to the school is available at <http://willistonblogs.com/bulletin/2015/01/26/giant-on-campus-karin-oneil/>

After retirement, Karin and Dennis moved to Galena, OH to be closer to their son, daughter-in-law and two grandchildren who are both now in college. Though our face-to-face visits had been rare after graduation, we stayed in touch at least at Christmas, and occasionally managed a get-together when one of us traveled to the other's coast. It means a lot to me that we had a final visit last summer at the assisted living facility to which she and Dennis had moved to cope with the advancing symptoms of her struggle with Parkinson's.

An Excerpt from the Williston Blog (*written by Megan Tady, 1/26/15*)

Giant On Campus: Karin O'Neil

Karin O'Neil smoothed the transition from two schools to one and helped radically shift Williston Northampton's approach to teaching

During her 33-year tenure at Williston Northampton, as both a teacher and an administrator, Ms. O'Neil had a talent for uncovering something miraculous just below the surface - from an old hairbrush, to a teacher's innate ability to inspire a classroom of students. She took everything to the next level: first elevating how she taught history and then elevating how the school, collectively, approached the curriculum.



Karin's bio in our 50th Reunion book:

Shortly after graduation I married Dennis O'Neil and began an MA in History at the University of Massachusetts. We have one son, David. With MA in hand, I began teaching 5th grade at a small, public school in the area and plunged in with absolutely no training in education. After a year with fifth graders ranging in age from 9 to 13, I began teaching History and Social Studies and running a dorm at Northampton School for Girls which soon merged with Williston Academy to become the coeducational Williston Northampton School in Easthampton. Intending to stay only long enough to get "my girls" through the merger, I ended up staying until 2001 in various roles - teacher, department head, Middle School Director, Director of Studies, Academic Dean and Dean of Faculty. For my last 10 years, I was Associate Head of School.

Along the way, I also got involved with the state association of independent schools and then with the National Association of Independent schools for which I did a number of workshops and presentations on faculty development and curriculum and co-authored a small book "Paths to New Curriculum."

After 30 some years, it was time to do something different since boarding school life meant a lot of night and weekend supervision of teenagers. We had two grandchildren living in Columbus, Ohio so when I saw an ad for Executive Director of the Ohio Association of Independent Schools and it stated that the office could be located anywhere in the state, I sent my resume. Dennis and I were on our way to central Ohio. The Association position was supposedly part time but the needs of the schools were fulltime. Nevertheless, having the chance to learn and do a lot of things for which larger organizations hired specialists kept me on my toes. I ran meetings for the Heads of School and worked with the Teacher Services Committee on workshops and major conferences but I also worked on redesigning the website, developing publications, and lobbying with the Ohio legislature on behalf of independent schools. It was gratifying to help school leaders collaborate to start an independent school benefits consortium that made a huge difference for the member schools in dealing with health care costs and predictability.

Along the way, I sang with a couple of community choruses and have been involved with the League of Women Voters both in Massachusetts and Ohio ever since Professor Vickie Shuck urged those of us in her course to join the League. I'm currently on the Board of the Columbus League and serve as Treasurer. Most importantly, however,

in moving to Ohio nearly 13 years ago, we are close enough to have been involved in the regular activities of our grandchildren: Erin, a freshman at Butler University and Ryan, a freshman at The Wellington School. It's been any number of dance recitals, plays, softball games, soccer games, baseball games, and now curling but worth every moment. Thanks to the grandchildren's school assignments to interview grandparents about "the old days" and my granddaughter stalling of bedtime when she was little by insisting "Tell me a story of when you were a little girl, Karin", I'm writing a combination of family history and family stories to keep myself occupied.

An Obituary: Read the Whole Obit: <http://www.newcomercolumbus.com/Obituary/156805/Karin-O%27Neil/Columbus-Ohio>

Karin H. O'Neil, age 76 of Columbus, passed away at her residence, Friendship Village Columbus, on April 25, 2018. She was born on January 2, 1942 to Dr. Charles E. and Roberta W. Holzer in Cincinnati, OH. Karin grew up in Gallipolis, OH, graduated from Stuart Hall School in Virginia in 1960, earned a Bachelor's Degree in Religion from Mount Holyoke College in 1964 in Massachusetts, received her Masters Degree in History from the University of Massachusetts in 1967 and her CAGS in Education from University of Massachusetts in 1969. After her schooling Karin became a 5th grade public school teacher in the Palmer Schools in Massachusetts in 1968. From 1969 to 1971 she taught at Northampton Schools for Girls as a history teacher and a dorm parent, then went to Williston Northampton School and taught history. She became the department head in history and was made co-director of the middle school. She was appointed Academic Dean of the Upper School and went on to become Associate Head of School. She retired from Williston Northampton School in 2000 to move to Ohio to become the Executive Director of the Ohio Association of Independent Schools from which she retired in 2011. Prior to retiring she conducted many national workshops and trainings for the National Association of Independent Schools and was an Independent Educational Consultant. She was an active member of the League of Women Voters for over 50 years and involved in various choral groups and supported the arts throughout her life. Along with her mother, Karin is survived by her loving husband of 53 years Dennis O'Neil, son David A O'Neil, grandchildren Erin and Ryan and their mother Carol Lynne O'Neil, siblings Dr. Charles E. (Jean) Holzer, III, John W. (Ann) Holzer, Christiana H. Gallant, Amy H. (Dudley) Irvin, many beloved nieces, nephews, friends and colleagues. Along with her father, she is preceded in death by nephew Nathan H. Gall *Added 8/29/18*

Carole Strickler Hart
April 30, 1943 - January 5, 2018

Carole Strickler Hart died Friday January 5, 2018. Carole was in our class at Mount Holyoke only during our freshman year (in Torrey) and went on to live a very active and dedicated life as a writer and producer of children's TV including "Sesame Street" and "Free to Be ...You and Me" that many of us have benefited from although we did not get an opportunity to know her more personally. Her obituary by Neil Genzlinger appeared in the New York Times January 11, 2018. There is a wealth of fascinating information on the internet and elsewhere about Carole's many contributions over the years. *Added 1/30/18*

Susan Betzer Hellerman
September 27, 1942 - October 23, 2017

Susan came to Mount Holyoke from Pittsford New York. She majored in religion and was in Safford senior year.

Jean Hayes Crooks Gora writes: Susan died October 23, 2017, at her home in Columbia, Maryland, after a long battle with ovarian cancer. She was my roommate all four years at Mount Holyoke and my friend for 57 years. Throughout her illness, she received the loving support of her husband, Jerry, and son, Stephen, and an immense extended family and network of friends. Despite undergoing unpleasant treatments, she remained interested in the world at large and had many periods of great happiness. She gave and received much joy. I will miss her.

Susan's entry from our 50th Reunion book: How to sum up 50 years? Government employment, when one could be proud of saying it. Our 1970 move to James Rouse's "new city" of Columbia, Maryland, where community involvement was encouraged and supported. There, into non-profit services in mental health, overseeing a roster of 65 therapists and inter-viewing/linking clients to them on a sliding-fee scale. And community development, starting resource organizations designed for then-under-served women, addressing needs such as career counseling for those returning to the work force.

Then, in my 40s and 50s (the perennial student), graduate school in writing and graphic design; I entered as a designer, but quickly found that writing was my real strength and passion. My final job before retirement involved writing and editing a small magazine, sponsored by the Center for Talented Youth and published by Johns Hopkins

University, for exceptionally talented middle and high school students.

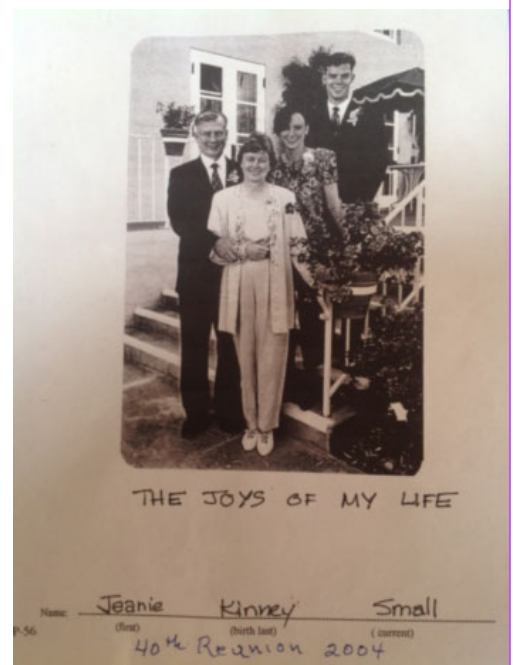
These days my “work” focuses more on the microcosm of daily life, for example, helping provide care and comfort to an elderly neighbor and mentoring a struggling single mother who has become a successful social work student. I continue my undergraduate interest in religion through courses in our congregation and the Institute for Christian and Jewish Studies. Although my husband, Jerry, has not yet retired, we are fortunate to travel frequently with friends and relatives.

But let’s be honest about the hardest challenges of the past 50 years. Certainly, I am not the naïve, wide-eyed “Susie” I was then. In fact, it seems as though nothing in my early life, which from this perspective appears idyllic, prepared me for what would come next. Family has always been of primary importance to us, but a major focus of our married life has been on dealing with drug abuse among those near and dear. In the process, we learned a lot about multi-generational patterns, but have lost two close family members to their addictions. Others are in recovery and doing well. I credit my 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.” Indeed, I feel wiser, more multi-faceted, and more loving toward my fellow humans at this end of the 50 years than ever before. Life is good. *Added 12/30/17*

Jeanie Kinney Small

August 8, 1942 - April 25, 2017

Jeanie came to Mount Holyoke from Manchester, Massachusetts. She was in South Rockefeller senior year. She married William (Bill) Small and they had two children. 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. She worked for years as a science specialist in the San Ramon Valley California Unified School District. She won honors in this role and at times went abroad to teach other teachers. Echoing Jeanie’s favorite quote from “Mary Poppins” - “practically perfect in every way,” colleagues labeled her their



“practically perfect science teacher.” She loved travel and being in the outdoors, including kayaking with her sister on the Mississippi River. Leslie Raissman Wellbaum, Laraine Masters Glidden, and Christie McDonald remember her as a caring friend and a gentle person who also could be hilariously funny. Jeanie is survived by her husband William and their two children Jennifer and Peter and several grandchildren.

Comments from classmates:

Leslie Raissman Wellbaum writes: Jeanie died while we were organizing a mini-South Rocky reunion in California. Her death hung like a soft gray cloud over our otherwise joyous gathering. I met Jeanie in our senior year. She had a fragile beauty, a classic grace. She was very sensitive, but also hilariously funny.

Long ago, at a moment when I needed a friend, she opened her door, no questions asked. Although we both ended up in the Bay Area, I saw her rarely, but always enjoyed her company.

One evening in 2017, Laraine Masters Glidden, Barbara Rosen, Lurline Purvis Aslanian, and I dined with Chaney Li & Don, but Jeanie couldn't join us because her ovarian cancer had recurred and metastasized.

We were hoping to visit her in Danville, or at least call her on the phone.

But when Laraine finally got through to her house, Jeanie's daughter Jennifer told her Jeanie had died about a month before.

We all signed a condolence card to her husband, Bill Small.

As I approach my 75th birthday, I think Jeanie is my first Mt. Holyoke friend (as opposed to acquaintance) who has died. Sigh It is sad and sobering that she is gone.

Lurline Purvis Aslanian writes: I was delighted when Jeanie invited me to room with her senior year. I remember her as very thoughtful. She had a twinkle in her eye, a dazzling smile, and a devastating sense of humor. We had fun!

Laraine Masters Glidden remembers:

I still have a visual memory of first meeting Jeanie at the beginning of sophomore year in North Rocky when Joanie Singer Madison and I shared a double across the hall from Jeanie and Christie McDonald. Jeanie frequently reacted in conversations with a wry expression—a slight downturn at the corners of her mouth—that caused me to pay greater attention to what was being said than I otherwise might have done. The last time I saw her at a dinner in San Francisco, several years ago, that expression was still part of Jeanie's persona. Plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose.....

Christie McDonald remembers: During a recent move, the only photo I could find was one during our sophomore year Fathers weekend (wisely re-named, I believe, Family and Friends Weekend) when we were roommates. Jeanie stands tall and elegant between our two fathers with tennis racket in hand and an impish smile on her face; the trees are bare, Lower Lake and Prospect Hall are in the background. I think of how she enriched and brightened my life and those around her in those days.



PHOTO: Christie's father John McDonald, Jeanie Kinney Small, Jeanie's father Robert Kinney.

On the right is Jeanie's father, Mr. (Robert) Kinney, who made us all love Gorton's fish cakes (Apparently, he later went on to General Mills.). Leslie reminded me today (and I do remember!) that her father had rented a Rolls Royce for the weekend, and we all went out to dinner in style! *Added 9/5/17*

Susan Schuck Hirst
April 7, 1943 - May 6, 2017

Susan came to college from Minneapolis, MN. She was in Porter senior year, majoring in zoology. Susan earned a MAT from Northwestern. She and Eric married in 1968, taught at Tuskegee Institute, then lived in Oak Ridge, TN raising their two daughters. Susan earned an MS, and thrived as a middle-school guidance counselor. In 2002, they moved to Bellingham, WA to be near children and grandchildren.

Susan was very active in HIV/ AIDS education, both in the states and in Ghana. Throughout her life she loved the outdoors, especially canoeing. She and her family

traveled extensively in the US and abroad. She went with classmates to China, and to Bhutan and Nepal. Her many activities included: rowing, choral singing, gardening, knitting and hiking. Participating in the lives and activities of her four grandchildren was a major priority.

Her husband, daughters Sarah and Cheryl, sons-in-law and grandchildren survive her and miss her dearly.

Obituary written by daughter Sarah that appeared in Bellingham Herald:

Obituary for Susan Marie Schuck Hirst, April 7, 1943 - May 6, 2017

Stopping to look at a monarch alight on a cactus, marveling at the Joshua trees, hiking with 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.

Raised in Minneapolis, Susan grew up with a love of loons and lakes. She was an avid canoer throughout her life, something she and Eric later found to be great marriage therapy. Spending summers on her grandma's farm in Indiana sparked a love for nature and the out-of-doors

After college at Mt Holyoke and grad school at Northwestern, armed with degrees in biology and teaching, Susan was ready for her first job in NYC. Her plans were thwarted when she visited her parents at Stanford. There, at a faculty/student holiday party, she met a smart, persistent engineer. Eric convinced Susan to stay in California to start their life together. On March 31, 1968, they married in an outdoor ceremony. The newlyweds spent two years teaching at a black college in Alabama, Tuskegee Institute, before settling in Oak Ridge, TN, where they began a family with the birth of Cheryl. She was a handful! Susan convinced Eric they should have another child, and 5-1/2 years later Sarah was born.

In the 32 years Susan and Eric lived in Oak Ridge, their lives were filled with work, adventure, and family time. As a guidance counselor, Susan relished her career at Jefferson Junior High School, where both students and colleagues relied on her love and support through tough times. All the while, Susan and Eric planned and took the family on many trips throughout the US, and Susan went on even more adventures-South America with her mother Lucile, the Galapagos, and Europe with each daughter.

Somehow, Susan and Eric found time to take sabbaticals to D.C., Minneapolis, Bellevue, and Boulder. Susan used those years away from counseling to take classes, and volunteer in her new communities, most notably at the Boulder County AIDS project, which guided her work in the years after, especially on her recent service trips to Ghana.

In December 2002, Susan and Eric packed up their lives and moved to Bellingham, WA, close to both daughters. They took care of their grandsons one day a week and followed Sarah's rowing career with gusto. Susan joined many groups in Bellingham -walking, book clubs, choir, gardening, poetry, knitting -all the while, she was integrating herself into her grandkids' lives, first with Jonathan and Gabe, and then with Macie and Caroline. She became an important and consistent presence with all four kids, doing special projects with them, helping in their classrooms, and enjoying root beer floats together.

Susan loved life. She valued the varied and honest relationships she had with friends in Bellingham, Oak Ridge and around the country. She loved the adventures she planned and took. She took great pride in her daughters and the families they built. She was completely smitten with and excited for her grandkids' cool and interesting lives. And, she deeply treasured the marriage she created and continuously worked on with Eric.

Susan is survived and sorely missed by her husband of 49 years, Eric, daughters Cheryl and Sarah, sons-in-law Tony and Mike, and grandkids Jonathan, Gabriel, Macie, and Caroline. They are already feeling the gaping hole that "Ama" has left. We love you and will keep you in our hearts; we will find you in nature; we will spread the love that you so freely gave.

In lieu of flowers, please donate to Mt. Baker Planned Parenthood or Whatcom Hospice.

Susan's entry from our 50th Reunion book: I am very thankful for the directions my life has taken since I arrived at Mount Holyoke. 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.

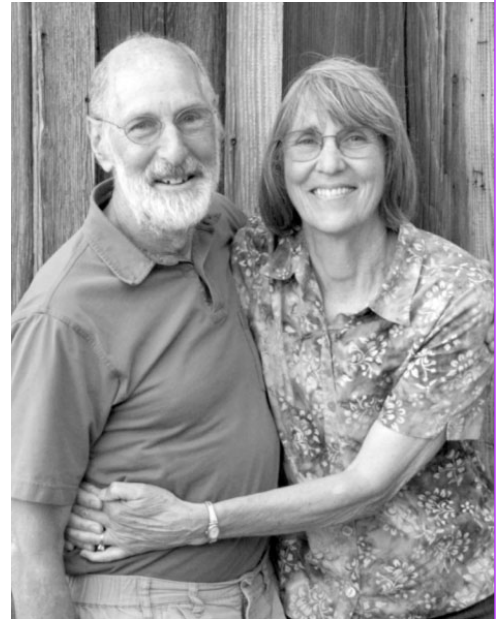
After graduation, I earned a MAT at Northwestern while teaching in an inner-city Chicago school. I then taught high school science in California and met and married Eric. We taught two years at Tuskegee Institute and then moved to Oak Ridge, Tennessee. I earned an MS from the University of Tennessee, had two children, stayed home with them for a while, and then spent 20 years as a middle-school guidance counselor - a job that I loved! We moved to Bellingham, Washington, 11 years ago to be nearer our children and grandchildren, and we love it here. I have been involved in HIV/AIDS education here and in Ghana as well as doing a variety of other volunteer work.

I have a wonderful family. Eric and I have been married for 45 years and have two daughters who are good friends with each other and with us. They are married and between them we have four grandchildren - two grandsons and two identical twin granddaughters.

As I did at Mount Holyoke, I still enjoy the outdoors, like to work with people, and get pleasure from learning new things and exploring new places. I row, garden, sing in a chorus, travel, and enjoy hiking, poetry and book groups. And I can still fit (somewhat) into the basic black dress I brought to college in 1960.

Comments from classmates:

Jane Shilling Emerson wrote of Susan on the 2015 trip Jane organized to Bhutan, Nepal and India: We all ended up enjoying this very unusual and demanding exploration of Nepal, India, and Bhutan - even the 128 miles of trekking up and down Nepal's slopes to visit remote villages which still adhered to their long-time culture and traditions. Susan was usually in the lead on these treks - she was termed the group's "mountain goat" due to her unusual fitness and hiking ability. Susan's death IS indeed tragic and a great loss for



AT RIGHT: Barbara Dallinger Crowell, Sarah Allen Mowitt, Susan Schuck Hirst, Hope Whitaker Justman, and Jane Shilling Emerson dressed for a dinner in Kathmandu, Nepal.

those who loved her. She was a high-energy, capable lady who worked hard to improve many peoples' lives throughout the world including AID/HIV training in Africa and the USA, and fund-raising for the victims of the horrendous earthquakes in Nepal which occurred a few days after we trekked there.

Carole Bleyfus-Richardot Enright wrote on May 9, 2017: In honor and love of Sue, Deb [Deborah Taft Perry] and I walked around Upper Lake on the cool windy spring day in May that was yesterday. As we remembered Susan, there were sightings of close flying birds (the most gorgeous red winged black bird greeted us first), a string of sunning turtles, masses of just-opening feathery green ferns, low bunches of purple violets by the walking path, an ample beaver lodge in the sheltered bank of the lake and much evidence of beavers having gnawed away at the bases of large trees, some felled, surrounded us with the tender-green leafy, damp forest Susan loved. (At Mount Holyoke especially.) We felt her with us.

"Her" red tidy boat house, was closed up, and launch piers empty; the canoes and kayaks all put away. Just waiting to come out again for the eve of graduation when songs fill the night air on Lower Lake and lantern lights gracefully reflect in the water as the canoes glide along carrying their treasures: hopeful, talented young women. That was Susan always. Youthful, forward thinking, caring for and teaching youth the world over, with encouragement and facts she inspired them to better lives and was their friend. Her special legacy: her children and grands, and during the eleven years in retirement, her devotion to teens in Ghana. We'll all miss her so much and feel deeply for her family. *Added 9/5/17*



TOP: Susan and Carole Bleyfus-Richardot Enright on campus during our 50th. MIDDLE: At the end of the alumnae parade with Elizabeth Jones Harris and Deb Taft Perry on the right side of Susan and Carole Bleyfus-Richardot Enright and Lynn Adams Carr on Susan's left. BOTTOM: At the Reception before Class dinner at our 50th. Susan is in the center. Susan Koch is to her right; Carole Bleyfus-Richardot Enright and Lynn Adams Carr are to her left.

Margaret [Meg] Cormeny O'Brien

April 24, 1942 - May 19, 2017

Meg was born in Philadelphia and came to Mount Holyoke from the Baldwin School in Bryn Mawr, PA. Meg was in South Mandelle senior year majoring in Economics and Sociology. She got a Masters in Demography from U of Pennsylvania and a doctorate in Sociology from Cornell. Meg used these degrees in a variety of jobs. She was a demographer for the Boston Redevelopment Authority for 25 years. Her research was described as being "key to overturning the de facto segregation of the Boston schools by its School Board."



Meg contributed her skills to our class in many roles, including serving as our president [1984], and as class secretary during our 50th reunion and its years of planning. Click [here](#) to see her outstanding summary of our 50th. Meg is survived by her sons Thomas Peter of FL and Robert of CT, and by four grandsons.

Meg's Memorial Service in Belmont Massachusetts: Meg died in Florida where she had moved about 5 years ago to be closer to family. Her memorial service was held on June 10 in First Church in Belmont Unitarian Universalist, a community she had belonged to for years. Priscilla Morse Huston, Barbara Horwich Lloyd, Katrina Hellebush Looby and her husband Joe, Marilyn Brainard Hofmann, and Jean Vnenchak attended.

It was a heartwarming service. Meg had selected all the readings and hymns. Her two surviving sons, Rob and Peter, spoke movingly, affectionately, and humorously about their mother and the grandmother of their children. Comments from members of the church made it clear that Meg had been an integral part of that community for years. She had even continued to teach Sunday School long after her children were grown.

The readings and hymns were about the importance of love for family, friends, and nature coupled with the need for action. Perhaps best expressed in what was said to be Meg's favorite hymn:

Spirit of Life Hymn #123 by Carolyn McDade.

Spirit of Life, come unto me.
Sing in my heart all the stirrings of compassion.
Blow in the wind, rise in the sea;
Move in the hand, giving life the shape of justice.
Roots hold me close; wings set me free;
Spirit of Life, come to me, come to me.

PHOTO: Barbara Horwich Lloyd, Katrina Hel-lebush Looby, Marilyn Brainard Hofmann, Jean Vnenchak, and Priscilla Morse Huston in front of Meg's photo in the First Church in Belmont Unitar-ian Universalist after Meg's service.



Meg's write up in our 50th Reunion

Book: 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.

My father was visionary in enrolling his children in demanding private schools near our Philadelphia area home. Because of his foresight, I was able to apply to Mt. Holyoke and other Seven Sisters schools.

I chose Mt. Holyoke because of Sue Selby Grenager's mother, an alumna. If colleges created molds, I wanted to be in her Mt. Holyoke mold.

I loved Mt. Holyoke. It was the right school for me with its mix of academic excellence and friendly students. And I often recount that it gave me a truly liberal arts education. As a freshman, I wanted to be a French major. By second semester, I aspired to be a Physiology major. As a first semester sophomore, I turned to Art History. As I first semester junior, I became an Economics-Sociology major. What wonderful opportunities.

While I used to balance community service, family, and professional/academic in different proportions at different life stages, I now feel like a lifelong learner. I earned an M.A. at U Penn in Demography and a Ph.D. in Sociology at Cornell. I enjoyed many years of doing demographic estimates and projections at public service and consulting firms. Then I did an M.B.A. and went into market research modeling in mid-career. It was a whole new learning experience.

Now I continue my liberal arts education through OLLI classes that include “The Medicis in Florence” and “Quantum Mechanics”. Smithsonian and Road Scholar have enriched my travel learning experiences in numerous ways.

However, beyond education, I believe the most enduring legacy of my Mt. Holyoke experience has been the wonderful friendships with both classmates and those in other classes. Mt. Holyoke alumnae are amazing in their loyalty to their friends and classmates. Capable, strong, and creative.

While the current group of women in the U.S. Congress who brokered the latest impasse probably don't include a Seven Sisters graduate, these are the kind of women that Mt. Holyoke nurtures. Women can see the way to make things happen and push them forward. I have seen this in my 1964 sisters and hope that I have done some of it also. You are the best, 1964.

Comments from Classmates:

Marilyn Brainard Hofmann wrote: Meg and I were very good friends at Mount Holyoke because we met Freshman year and then were both in the same major. I remember going to the Boston Art Museum with Meg one time when she had come to visit at my house; Meg went the whole way through all the exhibits doing her usual knitting the entire time! My memories of her are fond ones, and I'm very sorry to hear about this.

Katrina Hellebush Looby wrote: Meg and I were roommates for 3 years, until we got N. Mandelle singles senior year. We did remain friends but never lived in the same city. I moved to Philadelphia when I married and regularly saw the young O'Brien family when they were in town for Thanksgiving with her parents. With 3 sons each, it made sense to send all males to the Academy of Natural Science or Franklin Institute the day after Thanksgiving. A fun day for them and a peaceful one for Meg and me.

Much more recently she was here for a Baldwin reunion and to visit the new Barnes. She brought Joe and me a colored lithograph of the Philadelphia Waterworks on the Schuylkill River, a scene that had belonged to her parents. She wanted us to have it as she no longer had family in the Philadelphia area and felt it should be where it would have meaning. It hangs in our dining room. She is gone too soon for someone so full of life.

PHOTO: Debbie Newcomb Nightingale, Meg Cormeny O'Brien, Katrina Hellebush Looby, Mary Jane [Gigi Higgins], and Rana Aronson Rottenberg at Rana's in Connecticut 1992.



Mary Jane [Gigi] Higgins wrote:

This is extremely sad. I had talked with Meg a few times over this past year as I hadn't heard from her at Christmas. I knew her in Mead Hall as a freshman. She roomed with Katrina Hellebush, who became one of my best MHC friends. On the phone this year Meg was laughing and brave and even hopeful of a trip back to Boston area to see her new grandchild, perhaps this spring or summer. A beautiful and stalwart soul, Meg.

Added 6/29/17

Kristi Ruth Ann Olmanson

June 25, 1942 - May 22, 2016

Kristi Ruth Ann Olmanson died on May 22, 2016. Kristi, who came to Mount Holyoke from St Peter MN, was an English major who lived in Cowles Lodge Senior year. After graduation she was a social worker in the East Village of New York City. In 1969 she married Frederick Appell. They divorced several years later. She had a daughter Kirsten Griffith Appell Mair. In the 1980s she met Barbara Bell, who became her life partner.

The couple lived in Minneapolis where Kristi worked in health services, including the State Services for the Blind and as a health clinic and nursing home administrator. One obituary led with: "As an adult, [Kristi] marched on picket lines with farmworkers, risked arrest in neighborhood demonstrations and tirelessly advocated for women's rights." Another said "she had a brilliant mind, caring heart, a wry sense of humor, and was completely devoted to her only child. An introvert and avid walker and reader, she loved all creatures great and small."

She is survived by her partner Barbara Bell; her daughter Kristin; siblings Joanne Pedersen, Vern Olmanson and Don Olmanson; and two grandsons.

The following obituaries give a fuller picture of Kristi's life:

Obituary from Star Tribune by Erin Golden <http://www.startribune.com/obituary-kristi-olmanson-advocated-for-people-in-need-had-an-independent-spirit/381719711/>

Obituary: *Kristi Olmanson advocated for people in need, had an independent spirit*

As an adult, Kristi Olmanson marched on picket lines with farmworkers, risked arrest in neighborhood demonstrations and tirelessly advocated for women's rights.

Olmanson, who died May 22 at age 73, pushed buttons as a health clinic and nursing home administrator and women's shelter volunteer while extending a hand to people in need - going as far as to bring home abused women and children who needed a place to stay.

For those who knew her as a kid growing up in St. Peter, Minn., in the 1950s, Olmanson's grown-up life as an outspoken activist for social issues was no surprise. The daughter of a well-known town doctor and a mother who was bedridden through much of her daughter's life, Olmanson always had an independent streak. Childhood friend Carolyn Dry, of Winona, Minn., said Olmanson once protested having to take Latin by sitting backward in her chair in the classroom - for the entire year. She wore pants and loved cowboy gear in a time when girls were expected to be in skirts and was well-liked by classmates, who elected her homecoming queen.

"When we talked about childhood friends, she always remembered the outsiders, and any injustices," Dry said.

After high school, Olmanson headed to the East Coast to attend Mount Holyoke College and later serve as a social worker in New York City's East Village. She helped publish "One Hundred Flowers," a radical newspaper, with a pair of friends - one of whom who later joined the Symbionese Liberation Army and was one of the kidnapers of publishing heiress Patty Hearst.

Olmanson's own path through activism was more peaceful, influenced by the Quaker community she befriended as a college student and her deep-rooted interests in peace and justice. In 1969, she married Frederick Appell, an activist she'd met on the picket

lines of a grape farmworkers' strike in California and later moved to Minneapolis to attend graduate school.

Appell said Olmanson dug in on social issues in her new city, including protests in the Dinkytown neighborhood over plans to demolish several buildings to build a Red Barn fast-food restaurant. The couple took part in a 40-day long occupation of the businesses slated to be torn down. As crews moved in with demolition equipment, Appell said Olmanson locked herself in her car and laid on the horn to alert others - and was later pulled from her car and arrested.

Olmanson's daughter, Kirsten Griffith Appell Mair, said her mother passed along her values, allowing her daughter to make signs and hold a sit-in when she was sent to her room.

"I grew up with bumper stickers on my bedroom door that said things like: 'Women are not chicks,' " she said.

Olmanson and Appell divorced a few years after they were married. In the early 1980s, she met Barbara Bell, the woman who would remain her partner until Olmanson's death.

The couple built a life in Minneapolis as Olmanson built a career caring for others, at State Services for the Blind and later as a health clinic and nursing home administrator. In her later years, as she suffered the effects of dementia, she continued to take comfort in caring for others, visiting with friends, family, and hauling bags of corn to a nearby park to ensure the birds were fed.

In addition to her daughter, Olmanson is survived by her longtime partner, Barbara Bell; siblings Joanne Pedersen, Vern Olmanson and Don Olmanson; and two grandsons.

Services will be held on June 25, which would have been Olmanson's 74th birthday.

Obituary from Cremation Society of Minnesota: <http://cremationsocietyofmn.com/obituaries/kristi-ruth-ann-olmanson/>

Kristi Ruth Ann Olmanson: June 25, 1942 - May 22, 2016

Kristi Ruth Ann Olmanson died Sunday, May 22, 2016 at the age of 73. She is survived by her partner of 34 years, Barbara A. Bell, her daughter, Kirsten Griffith Appell Mair [Bruce Mair], a sister, Joanne Pedersen [Connie], and two brothers, Vern Olmanson [Jan] and Don Olmanson [Barb], two grandsons, Evan Mair (20) and Carson Mair (16) and many nieces and nephews. Born in St. Peter, Minnesota to Dr. Edmund Goodwin Olmanson, physician/surgeon, and Gertrude Luella Evanson, writer/pianist and loving mother, bedridden for most of Kristi's life, who died when Kristi was just 16. Young Kristi ran wild and grew wise early, with a sister six years her senior doing her best to watch over her and two older brothers already trained on their adult lives.

A pants-wearing, cowboy-loving, tom-boy with a kind heart, a strong-will, and a life-long stubborn streak, Kristi defied convention. She was independent, smart, vulnerably innocent, and immediately likable: becoming homecoming queen, attending Mount Holyoke College (where she majored in English and met dear friends including Quaker Helen Griffith, her daughter's namesake) and living in NYC's East Village in the mid-60's as a social worker for three years before returning to Minnesota as a grad student and activist for progressive causes. On June 21, 1969, Kristi married Frederick Appell, whom she met on the picket line of the Grape Strike. She helped publish One Hundred Flowers, a radical newspaper, with Nicki Muggli and Camilla Hall (daughter of the Rev. Hall, chaplain at Gustavus Adolphus, whose violent end in 1974 cut deeply into Kristi's heart).

Like her brothers and sister, Kristi made a career in health and service, first at State Services for the Blind, the MN Social Service Assn., and then as a health clinic and nursing home administrator. She had a brilliant mind, caring heart, a wry sense of humor, and was completely devoted to her only child. An introvert and avid walker and reader, she loved all creatures great and small. 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.

Kristi, Barb and Kirsten had homes in the Kenwood and CIDNA neighborhoods, always near lakes and parks convenient for walking. After the onset of dementia from probable Alzheimer's and Lyme, Kristi lived a quiet life which included long walks, drives around town, and visits with family and friends, preferably involving chocolate. She died at Rakhma Peace Home, her residence since 2012, in her daughter's arms, with her life-partner, a friend, and a loving staff of caregivers at her bedside.

A memorial service will be held on her 74th birthday, June 25 at 11:00 a.m. at St. John the Baptist Episcopal Church, 4201 Sheridan Ave S, Minneapolis 55410. A prelude begins at 10:30 and a reception follows in the parish hall. In lieu of flowers, please send memorials to Rakhma Homes, 4953 Aldrich Ave S, Minneapolis MN 55419.

Added 12-7-16

Margaret [Peggy] Carr Jost
November 12, 2015

Peggy died unexpectedly on November 12, while on a cruise with her husband Gil. As a chemistry major in college, Peggy followed in the footsteps of her great aunt, Emma Perry Carr, for whom Carr Laboratory is named. Peggy roomed with Gertrude [Gee Gee] Barden all through college. They were in Safford senior year. Gee Gee remembers Peggy as being very bright and very studious and a wonderful friend.

Peggy attended Yale Medical School after graduation where she met her husband Gil Jost. After they moved to St Louis, she earned a masters in Biomedical Engineering from Washington University and worked in a variety of medical research laboratories.

Peggy is described as being “happiest when traveling with her husband, gardening, and sharing stories with her family and friends”.

She is survived by her husband Gil, daughters Amy and Sarah and their spouses, five grandchildren, her brothers James and Thomas, and seven nieces and nephews.

Notes of condolence can be sent to: Gilbert Jost, 11 Countryside Lane, St Louis MO 63131-3310

Remembering Peggy Carr Jost (excerpted by Gee Gee Barden from a sympathy letter she sent to Peggy’s husband R. Gilbert “Gil” Jost, 12-9-15)

As you know, we had a long history together, beginning as freshman roommates at Mount Holyoke. I had visited



Peggy Carr Jost with Gee Gee Barden, probably in garden beside Abby Chapel

the College on one occasion earlier, and while we were on campus my mother (MHC class of '37) made sure to visit one of her favorite professors, Emma Perry Carr, a renowned chemist for whom Carr Laboratory at the College is named. During the visit in her apartment Miss Carr mentioned that her grandniece would be a classmate if I in fact enrolled at Mount Holyoke. I had always known growing up that I would be going there, and it was somewhat shocking to me when my dad suggested that I should look at Pembroke too (he had gone to Brown), which as I recall we subsequently did as part of that same trip. I was not impressed with Pembroke.

I always wondered if Miss Carr might have pulled a few strings to put us together as roommates, as the coincidence seemed to be quite amazing, but both Peggy and I had chosen Torrey Hall, the dorm nearest the gym, as our first choice. When Peggy entered our room and found my mother standing on a desk and measuring the windows for curtains, she said she knew we were her kind of people.

Needless to say, we got along very well together, remaining as roommates for all four years. We visited each other's homes a couple of times during breaks. She introduced me to the sights in Chicago, and I showed her a little of Maine. After two years with a red and cream color scheme for bedspreads and curtains, we were ready for something more feminine, and for our junior year (back in Torrey) we chose a very pretty lavender, green, and white floral print fabric, which Peggy made into curtains. As seniors we had the option of getting single rooms, but when Peggy suggested it, I said that we would never see each other if we did that, so she agreed to continue rooming together in a double.

Peggy was very bright and extremely studious, spending a great deal of her time in the library studying. I preferred to study in our dorm room. She excelled in all her classes, while I struggled to receive middling grades. Having graduated first in my high school class, this was a tough wider world experience for me.

How fortunate it was for me that when I finished my 12 months of medical technology training and was ready to start a job at the VA Hospital in West Haven Peggy also needed to find a place to stay, putting us together for two more years! We had good times together in that apartment (690 Howard Ave.) in New Haven. I remember eating off of our ironing board for our first meal there, as we had no table at the time. We shopped together at a second hand store and acquired two almost matching mahogany bureaus at a good price which I still have and use in our master bedroom.

Other things I still have of Peggy's that date from then are: a nest of 3 different colored mixing bowls that she gave me as a gift, which are still in wonderful condition, and a set of little Pyrex containers that I think Peggy brought from home, now with the pink finish worn off in places and with only one lid remaining. These containers are frequently put into use to store leftovers in the fridge and heat them later in the microwave, and I often think of her fondly when I use them, marveling that they have lasted all this time.

How fortunate the two of you were to find each other, a wonderful match. I of course remember being in your and Peggy's wedding and the yellow dress I wore as her maid of honor. When I was briefly engaged in 1969, she agreed to travel to Connecticut to be my maid of honor, which I was very grateful for. For my wedding to Bill in 1998 I very much appreciated having her and Amy in attendance. It was so nice of them both to make the trip.

I wish that Peggy and I had managed to stay in a little better contact over the years. Our lives are too busy. I was glad that she was very interested and that I was able to send her a little summary of what happened at our 50th reunion. I will always remember her with great fondness and be very glad that she came into my life and contributed so much to it.

-- Gee Gee Barden

This is the writeup that Peggy submitted for our 2014 50th Reunion book: After graduating from Mount Holyoke in 1964 I attended Yale University School of Medicine. Within a year I discovered that my goal of using my scientific training for the good of others did not require that I become a doctor, and that, in fact for me, being an M.D. would be an all consuming thing, preventing me from having the kind of balanced life I desired. I therefore elected to leave medical school after a year of study. I worked for four years as a chemist in medical research laboratories at Yale in the Departments of Pharmacology and Radiation Oncology. During this time I met and then later married my husband of 46 years R. Gilbert (Gil) Jost.

Following his graduation from Yale Medical School Gil interned at Cleveland Metropolitan General Hospital, and then spent two years in the Public Health Service doing research in the Laboratory of Neural Control at NIH. Gil completed radiology residen-

cy at the Mallinckrodt Institute of Radiology at Washington University School of Medicine in 1975. He has remained at Washington University for his entire career, becoming Chief of Diagnostic Radiology in 1985 and then chair of the department in 1999.

Following Gil's graduation from Yale I continued to work in medical research laboratories at Cleveland Metropolitan General Hospital and the National Cancer Institute at NIH. When we moved to St Louis for Gil's residency I earned a master's degree in electrical and biomedical engineering from Washington University. I continued working in medical research laboratories at Washington University until 1986, interfacing micro and then mini-computers to laboratory equipment in order to automate the collection and analysis of experimental data. I had the good fortune of not having to work while our oldest daughter Sarah went through middle school and high school. During this time I volunteered in the girls' school, particularly in the school library, where I became a part time faculty member for four years. Once our younger daughter Amy went to college, I returned to volunteer status, working both in the school library and with the lay ministry team at our church. I retired from volunteer activities in 2000 when Gil began an eight-year term on the Board of Directors of The Radiological Society of North America (RSNA). Both Gil and I were eager for me to be able to participate fully in all that his new positions offered us.

Gil and I have developed a number of joint interests, in particular gardening and travel. With the exception of two summers when we were moving, every year since 1971 we have put in a vegetable garden and put in lots of annual flowers, which we start indoors under lights. We have been able to do a great deal of travel both domestically and internationally, particularly during Gil's time on the RSNA Board of Directors and Board of Trustees of the RSNA R & E Foundation.

With a search currently underway for his successor, Gil will soon be stepping down as chair of the department. Although he plans to continue working in the department at least for a few more years, with a more flexible schedule ahead of us, we both are looking forward to the opportunity to travel to destinations which require more time to get to and deserve more time once one is there.

\With the information I have included about my husband it should be obvious that my proudest achievement is my marriage of 46 years. An equally satisfying achievement has been raising two very talented and successful daughters - Sarah, age 39, a neurosurgeon in Seattle, WA and Amy, age 37, a pediatrician in Boston, MA. Each is happily

married and we have four grandchildren, all girls, as well as a new addition, a boy, due to arrive in mid-December. Mount Holyoke College prepared me well not only for the careers I had, but, more importantly, for being a loyal and supportive wife as well as a conscientious and devoted mother. For that I am truly grateful.

Peggy's obituary from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, November 26, 2015

Jost, Margaret Ann Carr "Peggy" died unexpectedly on November 12, 2015 at the age of 73 while traveling with her husband in Portugal. Peggy was born on September 9, 1942 in Brookline, Massachusetts to Ed and Ann Carr. She grew up in Brookline and later Evanston, Illinois. She graduated with a degree in chemistry from Mount Holyoke College in 1964 and was accepted to Yale Medical School where she began her studies as one of only 9 women in the eventual class of 1968. It was there that she met her husband, R. Gilbert Jost "Gil". They were married in 1967 and enjoyed 48 happy years of marriage together. When they moved to St. Louis, Missouri, Peggy was awarded a masters degree in Biomedical Engineering from Washington University where she worked in a variety of medical research laboratories. In her later life, her primary focus was her husband for whom she was a wonderful companion and the very definition of a soul mate, and her two daughters, Amy and Sarah, for whom she was an exceptional mother and friend. Peggy was happiest when traveling with her husband, gardening, and sharing stories with her family and friends. She was a loyal friend with an infectious laugh who will be missed by all. She is survived by her husband Gil, her two daughters and their spouses, Sarah and Luke Fouke and Amy and David Starmer, her five grandchildren Lily, Emma and Boardie Fouke and Anna and Katie Starmer, her two brothers, James and Thomas Carr and their families including seven nieces and nephews, and numerous extended family and friends. A memorial service will be held at Ladue Chapel on Friday, December 11, 2015 at 3:30 pm. *Added 3-31-16*

Mary Elizabeth "Libby" Bradbury Pethick

July 29, 2015

Mary Elizabeth "Libby" Bradbury Pethick, age 72, of Dunwoody Village, Newtown Square, PA, formerly of Chesterbrook, PA, died on July 29, 2015. Born on October 30, 1942 in Hollywood, CA, she was the daughter of the late Dave E. and Eleanor Miles Bradbury. Libby was a proud graduate of Mount Holyoke College, receiving a BA degree in physiology in 1964. She was thrilled that her daughter Amy followed her to Mount Holyoke and graduated in 1994. Libby was an enthusiastic supporter of the college and had a wonderful time at her 50th Reunion in 2014. She also received an

MS degree from Hahnemann University. Libby spent most of her professional life in pharmaceutical development, working for several companies in that field and retiring from AstraZeneca, with brief diversions into hospital management and sales of medical equipment and Scandinavian furniture.

Libby was devoted to her family and greatly enjoyed spending time with her grandchildren. She was also an avid gardener and volunteered regularly at Jenkins Arboretum. Libby traveled frequently for business and pleasure, and continued traveling after retirement, especially enjoying trips to England, Denmark, and Sweden. Libby is survived by F. Laurence "Larry" Pethick, her beloved husband of 47 years, her loving children Amy L. Pethick '94 (Eric Graves) and Edward B. "Ned" Pethick (Mary Jean), her grandchildren Molly, Nora and Ryan, and her siblings Ruth Asmus and David Bradbury (Jill).

A Memorial Service in celebration of the life of Libby Pethick was held on Sunday, September 13, 2015 at 2 PM at the First United Methodist Church of Germantown (FUMCOG), 6001 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19144.

Gifts in memory of Libby Pethick may be directed to Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, MA 01075, or to Jenkins Arboretum, Devon, PA19333, or to the Music Program at FUMCOG. Also, because Libby received many transfusions, anyone able to do so would honor her by donating blood to a local chapter of the American Red Cross. Additional Pictures and Notes: Libby and Susanna Campbell Kuo (who received an MA



*TOP: Libby at a stone shelter 700 feet above sea level at Cape Perpetua, Oregon August 2009
MIDDLE: Libby with Susanna near the Heceta Head Lighthouse, Oregon August 2009
BOTTOM: Libby in front of driftwood on the beach, Bandon, Oregon, August 2009. From Susanna*

from MHC in 1964) traveled along the Oregon coast in August. Please see pictures from their trip on the previous page.

On September 7, 2015 Susanna entered the following on Libby's Caring Bridge: "Last week I revisited Cape Arago and Bandon on the Oregon coast where Libby and I spent a happy week in August 2009. Found the exact spot where I took her picture in front of a giant piece of driftwood. Wrote her name in the sand below it." More recently the following pictures were taken at a mini reunion in DC (see more at MHC64.com). Larry's Caring Bridge post "Two Good Months" in August summarizing Libby's activities in May and June include both these trips. Please see link below picture.

LINKS TO RELATED MATERIALS:

Larry's notes included in his Caring Bridge post "Two Good Months" summarizing Libby's activities in May and June include both these trips. Larry's reflections presented at Libby's Memorial 9/13/2015 include additional references to MHC.

ADDITIONAL MEMORIALS FOR LIBBY: Send additional reflections to scribe64@mtholyoke.edu. These may include pictures and reflections. *Added 12-12-15*

TOP: Nicely done and so touching! Libby's name in the sand in front of driftwood on the beach, Bandon, Oregon, August 2015 from Susanna. SECOND: Libby and bonsai at the National Arboretum in DC, May 2015. THIRD: Libby and Larry with Patricia Knapper Knudsen '64 and Knud at MHC'64 mini reunion, Washington DC, June 2015. BOTTOM: Photo Op with Einstein on the way to lunch. On the left looking at Einstein (L to R): Libby Bradbury Pethick, Kate Shockey LaFrance, Meredith Dobyms, Mary Ann Lytle Anthony, Barbara Anderson Ratigan, Hannah Campbell (family friend of Meredith Dobyms), Marilyn Donovan Timbers, Barbara Mandelkorn, Priscilla Morse Huston On the right looking at Einstein (L to R): Meg Cormeny O'Brien, Heather Tyrie Wilkawkas, Lenore Wadzinski Yousef, Ellen Manfredonia Nutter, Molly Bowditch Jones, Pat Downs Ramsay



Linda Goldstein Heineman

July 16, 2015

Linda loved MHC, served as a class agent and was an active member of the MHC Club of Westchester NY, where she held many positions. She was Club President in 1991. Linda received an MBA from Pace University New York City in 1984. Two cousins, Gloria Hirsch Richmond '47 and Sondra Hirsch Gilbert '55, also attended MHC.

She is survived by her husband Mel, her daughters Amy Albert (Bruce) and Karen Shapiro (Steven), her brother Ken Goldstein, and five grandchildren.

Send additional memorials for Linda to scribe64@mtholyoke.edu. These may include pictures and links as well as text. *Added 12-11-15*

Barbara DuBarry Erdman

June 9, 2015

Barbara was born in Boston and grew up in Bryn Mawr, PA. She came to Mount Holyoke after attending the Shipley School in PA and graduating from the Westover School in CT. At Mount Holyoke she studied art history and was an avid bridge player. Barbara's mother, cousin Barbara Crawford Huppe '64, and an aunt are also Mount Holyoke alums.

After leaving college, Barbara attended Katharine Gibbs in Boston and then worked for Houghton Mifflin Publishing. She and her husband Michael lived primarily in the Main Line area of PA, but spent much time on Martha's Vineyard. Barbara loved gardening with extensive knowledge of plants and landscaping. She volunteered with Fairmount Park Historic Houses, a bird sanctuary and the Philadelphia Orchestra. She was a wonderful wife, mother, grandmother and aunt, who thoroughly enjoyed children and their activities.

Barbara is survived by her husband Michael, four children and stepchildren, three grandchildren, two siblings and many nieces and nephews.

Send additional memorials for Barbara to scribe64@mtholyoke.edu. These may include pictures and links as well as text.

[Click here to view full obituary \(11/9/15\)](#). *Added 11-3-15, Updated 11-9-15*

Harriet Hatcher Morrill

March 17, 2015

Harriet died on March 17, 2015 from ovarian cancer. Her mother, Ruth Cronk Hatcher was class of 1938. An Economics major, Harriet lived in South Rockefeller her senior year. Junior Year she studied agricultural economics at the University of the Philippines, and worked as a Crossroads Africa volunteer in Kenya doing community development.

She met her husband James Morrill, a Peace Corp volunteer, in Venezuela where she volunteered with Accion after getting a masters in economics from Stanford. They had two children, Jim and Molly. Harriet started the computer science program at Hotchkiss where Jim was teaching. In 1983, she joined IBM. She thrived in IBM's technical environment. When she retired in 2013, she was a key leader within IBM's High Availability Center of Excellence, advising global corporate customers.

Family visits and vacations, including annual gatherings on Martha's Vineyard were a special source of joy. Her husband, children, grandchildren and two brothers survive Harriet. (11/9/15).

Remembering Harriet

Harriet Hatcher Morrill and I were roommates our sophomore year at Mount Holyoke. During that year, we planned, with Harriett's economics professor, Dr. Red Hawkins, a Junior Year Abroad in Southeast Asia at the University of the Philippines in Quezon City. To avoid the proverbial "sophomore slump," we put a large map of the world on our dormitory wall and plotted going around the world as well. We ended up traveling to the Philippines via Hawaii and Japan, arriving in time for their school year June 1, 1962. We left the Philippines April 1, 1963 and spent 5 months exploring Southeast Asia, India, Pakistan, the Middle East and East Africa.

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. "It's like the Filipino days," she often would say, "I can't stand sleeping!" But what I remember most is how she was driven to learn about other people by "being in their shoes." My favorite story took place in the Philip-

pines.

As a major in Agricultural Economics, she was keenly interested in rice farming and the lives of the lowly, below-poverty-level rice farmers. There was a barrio, Cruz na Ligas, nearby the university campus. A barrio is a collection of nipa (wood and coconut frond) hut homes mostly in rural areas. Her curiosity took her to Cruz na Ligas frequently. She became particularly close to the Fernandez family of Lily, Ephren and their six boys. At first she spent time cooking with Lily. But typical of Harriet, she wanted to learn about the life of the rice farmer by “being in his shoes.” In August, Ephren gave her one of his paddies to plant, cultivate, and harvest.



Nipa Hut in Barrio, Cruz na Ligas

We, yes, we -- she talked me into helping - stood side-by-side with Lily, bent at the waist in the hot sun trying to get the tiny rice plants to stand up in the water. Impossible! They all flopped every which way. Our backs ached. We became dirty, tired, and sweaty.

During the planting times, guitar players walk through the paddies and play to set the pace and rhythm of the planting and to bring music to the day's work. I have never forgotten one of the songs:

*Planting rice is never fun
Bent from Morn 'til set of sun.
Cannot stand and cannot sit.
Cannot rest for little bit.*



Christina Downey Cowan planting rice in Harriet's paddy

So true! But her 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, a bamboo pole through its

middle, that was turned manually by shifts of the villagers (and us). The pig was crispy on the outside, succulent on the inside, and 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.

PHOTO: Harriet in her rice Paddy

This is the Harriet I remember.

Christina Downey Cowan February, 2016

Added 7-28-15, Updated 3-14-16

**Note: These are composites of what several people have contributed.*

