

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

*Remembrances from Classmates 1964-2004**

Frances Cantor Davis

March 14, 2003

Francie always seemed the epitome of elegance and warmth simultaneously. Francie died with her husband and daughter when their private plane crashed in the mountains of North Carolina. Francie showed a warm, sweet surface to the world that covered a wicked wit, a creative soul, and the drive to change as the world changed. A high school librarian when her husband took a job transfer from North Carolina to Long Island, Francie, by age 59, transformed herself into a tenured college professor and a computer wizard. In the process, she dragged the sleepy Dowling College library into the 21st century. She and Jim gave their children a great gift - permission to follow their own creative muses. Amanda, was already a successful author when she died. Adam is a technical theater designer, and Joanna is a painter.

Joanne L. Walker

March 13, 2003

Jo and I were roommates for the first two years at Mount Holyoke. We bonded as nervous freshmen from small town public high schools, hers in Maine and mine in New Jersey. We worked hard, had good times, and graduated with great respect for our experience and school. Several classmates met in Maine to honor her memory. As an only child whose parents were deceased, Jo considered her Mount Holyoke friends her surrogate family. Despite her many setbacks with diabetes and depression, Jo had a successful career with the federal government, rising to the top of the administrative hierarchy working for Medicaid. She was in charge of a large district, which included the West Coast and Hawaii and Guam. She traveled extensively, visiting six of the seven continents. She loved hiking, sailing, skiing, kayaking, canoeing, and bungee jumping! She was also involved in college activities, often hostessing young women coming to MHC from other countries. We miss Jo. She gave us the gift of witnessing her courage.

Kathleen Mazur Mosher

January 30, 2002

Picture Kathy in Brigham dorm, having stayed up all night on an end-of-the-year project for biology (Baby Zoo?) stippling in dots in some large illustration of shellfish, and otherwise putting the finishing touches on the project. Kathy was a meticulous person who was driven to do her very best. (If the project was for Miss Boyd, that was what was expected!) I am sure the rest of her life was lived with the same devotion and attention to detail. May she rest in peace.

Kathleen was a wonderful friend. We shared not only adjoining singles in Pearson's Annex and the new 1837 Hall, but also our majors and religion, Chemistry and Catholic! Every weekday morning we would walk up the street a mile to St Theresa's Church to attend daily Mass. "Mazie Baby" and I studied for many tests together, but she, being much more focused than I, did special projects and presentations for the Chemistry Department, while I washed test tubes as a student aide! She was the sister I never had, the person with whom I shared many laughs and tears at a critical juncture in my life. I am richer by far for her presence in it. Thank you, Mazie; we'll miss you always.

Andrea Kivic Schrader

January 8, 2001

Andrea was a Studio Art major and put that to full use, initially as an art teacher, and then as a special education teacher. As an avocation, Andrea restored houses and also ran a craft festival for ten years to benefit mission outreach efforts of her church where she was a deacon.

Jocelyn Jansen Doane

September 14, 1999

During sophomore year, I met Jocelyn, and we remained friends over the years. I introduced her to her husband, my high school friend's brother and student at MIT. Both were physics majors and had much in common. Their wedding in Brooklyn was lovely, and I was maid-of-honor. Jocelyn and John moved to Connecticut where she worked part-time as a physics proofreader and raised three lovely daughters. They and grandchildren are a great consolation to John now. Jocelyn died suddenly and unexpectedly. She is missed by family and friends.

Ann Walthausen Streichenberger

December 10, 1998

I remember Ann as tall, serene, and beautiful. She always seemed to have any situation under control. She was an Art major, but I do not know what she did after graduation.

Elise Edholm McDonald

December 7, 1997

Elise was one of the loveliest human beings imaginable: lady like, gracious, with never a bad word to say about anyone. She was loyal and totally trustworthy. She also was a lot of fun.

Elise and I were lab partners in "baby" Physiology our freshman year. I remember her as a real sweetheart, kind of quiet, but fun-loving and supportive. I enjoyed her company a lot. Neither she nor I enjoyed the blood and guts of dissecting very much, but we helped each other through it!

Dianne L'Esperance Alcivar

October 17, 1997

With her dark brown hair and eyes and her warm smile, Dianne was a wonderful person to know. She had lots of energy, was ambitious, and a good friend. A day student and a French major, Dianne ate lunch with many of us in Torrey Hall. Dianne and I were acquainted because we shared the experience of being day students. Dianne proved to be a generous friend. She was self-possessed and serene, an attentive listener, and an easy companion. I remember her classical features with the glow of good health and youthful beauty. I think it was during our junior year that my Amherst boyfriend asked me to find a blind date for his fraternity brother, handsome Michael Alcivar. I called Dianne, who said she really must study her Spanish assignment. She finally agreed that perhaps Michael, who was bilingual, could help her practice Spanish. Michael was instantly smitten. I attended their wedding in Newport, RI, where he was in Navy Officer Candidate School. That happy day was the last time I saw my classmate Dianne L'Esperance Alcivar.

Diana L. Foster

February 21, 1997

Diana came to Mount Holyoke from the Shipley School in Bryn Mawr, PA. I remember her as quiet and a good athlete.

Susan Kendall Winfield

August 3, 1995

As incoming freshmen, Sue and I decided to room together, and when we arrived on campus, we discovered that a room on the top floor of Wilder, usually reserved for seniors, had fallen into our laps. Thus, we started out as those two "freshmen with the big room." Sue got me through Calculus along with a kindly Miss Bates. Sue was already headed on a career path as a teacher - I, her first pupil, must have been a great challenge. Sue did become a Chemistry teacher, teaching in a high school on Long Island. Sue married Raymond Winfield, a Williams graduate, and they had a son Jeffrey. After their divorce, Sue continued the hectic pace of being a single mother and teacher until medical problems eventually required her to retire from teaching. Sue was a good friend who always remembered the little things - my feelings, views, and hopes were conversational topics she brought up. How sad it was that her life needed to be so short!

Carol Lidz Neulander

November 1, 1994

Classmates at Hewlett High School, Hewlett, NY, Carol and I worked on our high school yearbook together. I remember how excited we were when we learned we would be classmates at Mount Holyoke. I will always remember Carol's intelligence, her gentle spirit, and her good humor.

Carol, all cuddled up in your big comfy chair on the third floor of South Mandelle, a heavy psych book in your hands, you must be too busy studying to be interrupted. But no - when a friend drops by, your brown eyes light up, and your mischievous smile appears. Always ready to share tales of boyfriends, classes, adventures, and sorrows, with your warm heart, you listen, laugh, commiserate. After college you went on to be a wonderful mother to Rebecca, Matthew, and Ben. The love and respect expressed by siblings, friends, and congregation members attest to your beloved position in their hearts. You also became a prize-winning entrepreneur with your Philadelphia-area business, Classic Cake. We miss you, Carol, especially today, and we thank you for your friendship and love.

Katharine Fulcher Ferguson

January 7, 1993

Katy, the wild and funny Texan, always kept us in stitches. She was a tall, slim, Lauren Bacall-type long drink of water who had tons of style and plenty of chic. A salesperson at Neiman Marcus would send her boxes of clothes at school to see if she liked them! We shared a wonderful weekend in New York together, when the place to be was NY, it being the coolest, the hippest, with the most pizzazz of any city anywhere! She was lots of fun to be with. She had a real Texas drawl that sounded so authentic coming from her, and she often had very witty things to say. Her skin was pale and her hair ashen; she looked like she had just stepped out of the pages of a glamorous spread in Town and Country.

Vicky A. Gray

February 25, 1991

I remember Vicky in college as ebullient, perky, fun, and smart, and also kind, friendly and always interested in other people. She was so genuine. Vicky was from Colorado, so she often spent holidays and weekends with my family. My father called her Carrot because of her red hair. She withstood a lot of teasing about that with good grace.

As sister psychology majors, Vicky and I spent time together - in the company of our pigeons. While they pecked at various discriminative stimuli, we chatted about the experiment analysis of behavior and our careers. Vicky and I both believed in environmental determinants of behavior, a sign of the 60's before the genetic revolution. Vicky went to Brown to grad school where she did a lot of work with monkeys and received her PhD in Psychology. She went on to have a successful academic career.

Nancy Peake Aupperle

August 16, 1990

I met Nancy on the first day we gathered in South Hadley as freshmen. In those days, it seemed, we were asked to be in attendance in alphabetical order, I guess, so those in charge could see that we had all showed up. Well, that practice put me right next to Nancy Peake. I remember thinking it was pretty cool to have someone with a last name so close to mine. I thought it meant we were destined to have a friendship. And it did. Nancy and I were friends throughout our college years, though sadly, not much since. She was a lovely person: gentle, kind, reserved but warm. Her personality was steady and sure-footed. That was good grounding for me. I wish I had kept the friendship going throughout the years. And I am especially sad about that because now that she is not here with us, my chance to have another opportunity at friendship is lost. God bless you, Nancy.

Lois Young Friedrich

May 11, 1977

Lois was an incredibly genuine person. She was blind to her own exceptional intelligence, talent, and beauty, all of which were so striking to those of us around her. Lois had an infectious laugh and a great, sometimes quirky sense of humor. She was the embodiment of impeccable style and sophistication, yet she was refreshingly down to earth. Lois was devoted to playing the organ, and we especially remember her lovely performance of a Cantata and Fugue at a recital in the College Chapel. Lois would be incredibly proud of her two children, Ann and Robert, and three grandchildren. Her absence leaves a hole in our hearts.

Phyllis Cavicchi Bailey

September 8, 1969

I met Phyllis freshman year in the furniture-strewn temp double we were to share in Porter. As I stood there dismayed, Phyllis was already devising a plan to transform that chaotic jumble into order. Energetic, unpretentious, intelligent, undaunted, caring, and loyal with great senses of fun and adventure - these qualities defined Phyllis. She loved her time at Mount Holyoke. We celebrated our graduation with a trip through the West. And oh the places we went with her little green Falcon and my pup tent! Phyllis met her husband at her job in Chicago. They returned to Massachusetts, established themselves, and started their family. Tragically, Phyllis' life was abruptly ended by a cerebral aneurysm during her pregnancy. She would have been a fabulous mother. We lost a wonderful friend and classmate.

Beverley Dennett Kinsey

March 27, 1966

Energetic, enthusiastic, spirited, gregarious, graceful - just some of the adjectives that come to mind when recalling our friend and classmate Peppy Dennett Kinsey. Drawn to service in the Peace Corps after graduation, she departed optimistically for Tanzania with her new husband in 1965. How impossible to imagine we would never see her again. Now thirty-eight years after an accidental fall in Africa took her life, she remains young to us - the image of friendship, laughter, joy, and promise. Still lovingly remembered. Still missed.

Mary B. Lichtenstein

Date not known

I went to Kent Place with Mary. I remember her as a top athlete. I can see her in her blue gym outfit playing field hockey. Mary joined my group of friends when we were sophomores living in North Mandelle. No one was ever bored when she was around. Brilliant, creative, a bit irreverent - being with Mary, you never knew quite what to expect. She dared to be different. Fiercely loyal to her friends, she never let us down. It was a long time ago - but we have never forgotten Mary.

**Note: many of these are composites of what several people have written.*