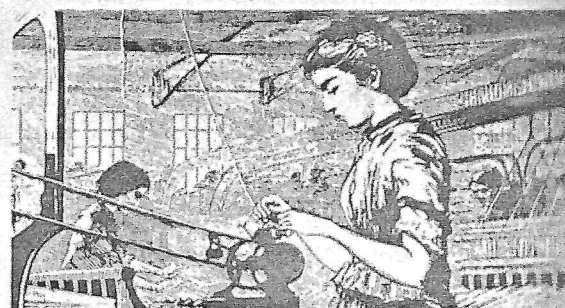


New Tensions In Women
Simmons Review Vol. 58 No. 4



Editorial Board

Alumnae Representative
Mary Jane Doherty, '51

Editorial Consultant
Peggy Loeb, '62

Editor
Dorothy F. Williams, '41

Associate Editor
Kathryn K. Furlong, '75

Alumnae Association Officers

President
Patricia (Doherty) Westcott, '47
1975-1977

Vice President
Martha (Hyndman) Gray, '61
1975-1977

Secretary
Nancy (Quinn) Helmig, '63
1976-1978

Treasurer
Winifred (Whittemore) Kneisel, '37
1974-1977

Staff

Class of 1976
Susan Aucella
Ellen Barlow
Deborah Bernstein
Judith Burke, G.S.
Danis Collett, G.S.
Lucy Dillon
Maria Fang
Nancy Farber
Leah-Rachel Hoffman
Jannie John
Suzanne Langdon
Sarah Lawton
Katherine Morris
Cynthia Naturale
Deanne Peterson, G.S.
Christine Rand, G.S.
Hilary Sametz, G.S.
Beverly White
Phyllis Whitman, G.S.
Catherine Wilson
Colleen Winn
J. En-York Wu
Cherylle Young

Design Adviser
Peter Simon

Design Assistants
Lucy Dillon
Maria Fang

Photographers

Bradford Herzog
Peggy Loeb, p. 29 a,b
Edward Fitzgerald, p. 6
The Bettmann Archives, pp. 10, 11
Culver Pictures, Inc., p. 23
The Berkshire Eagle, p. 61
H. Armstrong Roberts (E. P. Jones Co.), pp. 41, 45(R)
Ewing Galloway (E. P. Jones Co.), p. 45 (L)
Story Litchfield, pp. 18, 20, 27, 28, 31, 43 (R)
Wide World Photos, pp. 4, 5

Illustrations

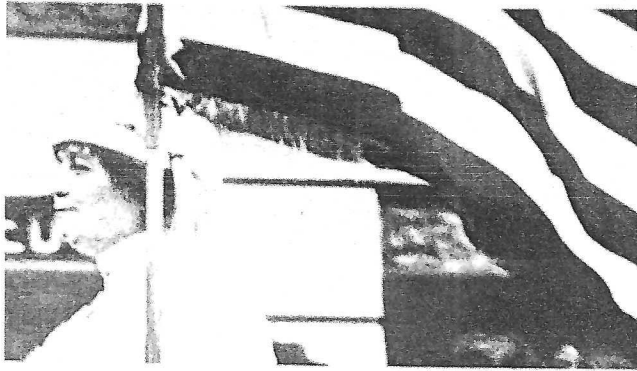
"Bobbin Girl" by Winslow Homer, courtesy of the
Merrimack Valley Textile Museum, p. 2
Snark International, Paris, p. 25
Library of Congress, p. 26
Central Press Photos, London, p. 7

Issued quarterly: late fall — early winter, late winter — early
spring, late spring — early summer, late summer — early fall
Department of Communications, Simmons College, 300
The Fenway, Boston, Massachusetts 02115.

Second-class postage paid at Boston, Massachusetts. Please
send any changes of address to the Simmons Review Office,
Simmons College, 300 The Fenway, Boston, Massachusetts
02115.

The front of this issue of the *Simmons Review* was set in
10/11 pt. Univers Medium IBM. The Reviews of the Classes
and Clubs were set in 8/9 pt. Univers Medium IBM. The dis-
play type was set in 12 pt. and 18 pt. bold Friz Quadratic.

The *Review* was printed by Howard Kirshen Printing Cor-
poration on 50-lb. Finch Opaque text, vellum finish, and
60-lb. Javelin Coated Cover.



n this Issue

- 2 Social Trends and Women's Lives
- 10 Pressures Created by the Women's Movement
- 12 After the Mixer, What?
- 14 The Over-Thirties on Campus
- 16 Mother-Daughter Professional Rivalry
- 18 Parental Pressure
- 20 Still Single and Liking It
- 22 Marriage without Children
- 24 Why They Come Back to College
- 27 A Woman Needs More Than a Career
- 28 Don't Sit on Your Latent Abilities
- 30 The Liberal Arts Concentration is Alive
- 32 "Life, the whole thing in one day!"
- 34 Helping Students Face the Exit
- 36 Tackling the Job Market
- 38 Custom-Made Careers

- 40 Women's Work in an Economy of Change
- 42 Double Standards for Women Medical Students
- 44 The Other Kind of Ulcer
- 46 Women Who Understand Women
- 48 Stress Can Trigger Illness
- 50 A Dorset Village — One Corner of the World without Stress
- 58 J. Garton Needham Was a Man for All Problems
- 60 No Woman Is an Island
- 63 Alumnae President's Corner
- 64 Commencement 1976
- 66 Reunion 1976
- 70 Review of the Classes
- 90 Review of the Clubs
- 91 Obituaries

A Dorset Village— One Corner of the World without Stress

By Sarah Lawton and Anne Connelly

Cheselbourne is not a chocolate box village. Though it does have a soft grey thirteenth century church, a spattering of thatched cottages looking as if they had been stroked and tenderly tucked in each generation, a quaint combination village shop-post office, and a stream that weaves its way through it all, it would not qualify as a "good village" in the Victorian reference book on *English Villages and Hamlets*. For the road, which the village manifests itself on, is a "C" road, unnamed except for that notoriety. Even more serious, its mile length prevents a feeling of autonomy since the school is a mile from the pub. Cheselbourne is disqualified from any honors. "It is first essential that the village should, so to speak, read as a whole and thus give the impression that the life lived therein is that of a community. There are scattered villages in their hundreds throughout England, indeed I suppose that a majority of English villages fail to convey this impression of a communal life. But then most English villages, on our reckoning at any rate, are not good villages at all."¹

It even more radically diverts from these arrogant qualifications with a row of mirror image council houses lining Streetway Lane, and a group of cement houses for the elderly, defacing the village like a new scar.

And, though the creek inspired the name of the village -- "chesel" - gravel; "bourne" - river -- one can't trot by the side of it, as one trots, when very small, by the side of a man who holds one spellbound by exciting stories,² as Kenneth Grahame described his river. Nor does this river "chatter a babbling procession of the best stories in the world sent from the heart of the earth to be told at last to the insatiable sea."³ Cheselbourne's river is too swampy to trot beside, and its tale is only of another shallow, muddy little ditch.

But Cheselbourne benefits from not being a "good village." It doesn't have the tourist car-parks, wealthy weekenders, Londoners, or hoards of retired folks as has nearby Milton Abbas, the second prettiest village in England. A quiet beauty that grows richer and richer the more you know it takes the place of the tiring flamboyancy. Homely, humble little Cheselbourne, only because it isn't a model village, retains the atmosphere of England's rapidly fading country village.

What has characterized the country village for the last nine hundred years of English history is a well-defined social structure. The villagers worked for and lived in great awe of the aristocracy, who enjoyed total social and economic freedom. Now, few of Cheselbourne's three hundred inhabi-

tants work for Colonel Turner, the closest one will get to an aristocrat in Cheselbourne, but they still view him with this ancient awe.

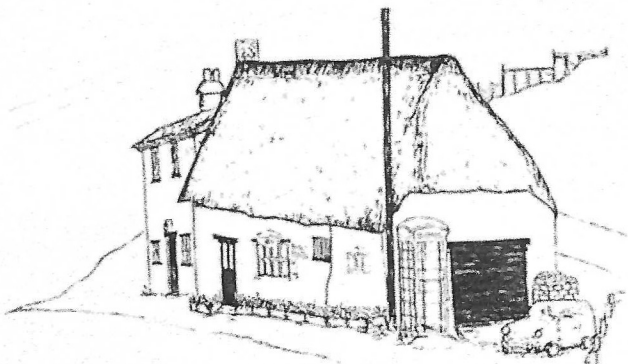
His mansion is lovely. A black medieval harvest table, oriental rugs, and numerous family portraits decorate his dining room. "Nice, isn't it?" he asked. The supreme confidence he has in his role excuses the threadbare rugs and fading oils. And his wife, the Honourable Mrs. Turner, the daughter of a peer, can sell eggs occasionally without rupturing their regal bearing. Even if consecutive labour governments have robbed Cheselbourne's resident aristocrat of his economic freedom, he still retains the confidence to be eccentric. He carries with him the social freedom that commands such respect. The reverence recalls the traditional village hierarchy.

These traditions stem from A.D. 1019 when King Cnut granted Agemund the village of Cheselbourne. The charter's ancient Saxon terms were modernized and so probably date from early in the thirteenth century.

William Barnes, renowned Dorset poet, wrote in the middle of the nineteenth century about the tradition where a steward, a few men, and several boys would go to observe the boundary lines and thereby qualify themselves for witnesses in the event of any dispute about the landmarks or the extent of the manor at a future day. "In order that they may not forget the lines and marks of separation, they 'take pains' at almost every turning. For instance, if the boundary be a stream, one of the boys is tossed into it; if a broad ditch, the boys are offered money to jump over it, in which they of course fail and pitch into the mud, where they stick as firmly as if they had been rooted there for the season; if a hedge, a sapling is cut out of it, and used in afflicting that part of their bodies upon which they rest in the posture between standing and lying; if a wall, they are to have a race on the top of it, when, in trying to pass each other, they fall on each other, they tumble down on each side -- some descending perhaps, into the still stygian waters of a ditch, and others thrusting the 'human face divine' into a bed of nettles; if the boundary be a sunny bank, they sit down upon it, and get a treat of beer, and bread and cheese, and perhaps a glass of spirits."⁴

And so these landmarks of the Saxons were never forgotten.

The church of St. Martin's, Cheselbourne, is one of the three in the joint parish of Cheselbourne - Hilton - Melcombe under the vicarage of David Pennal. With a bowl-shaped haircut minus sideburns, and bright blue eyes

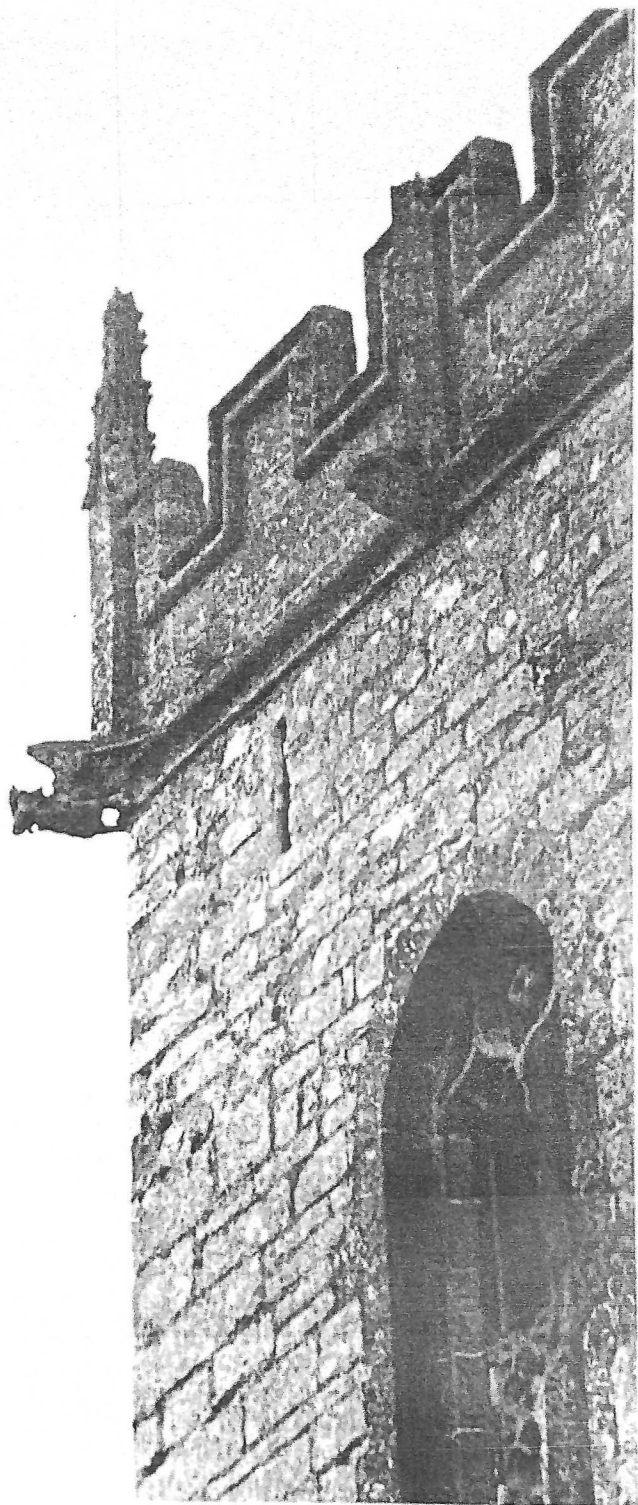


shaded by protruding brows, he looks like a wizened little boy, while at the same time giving the impression that as a boy he looked like a little old man. But deceptive appearances, unusual in Cheselbourne, are certainly the case with the thirty-two-year-old vicar, who zooms through sermons in a little under four minutes, chaperones the village youth club, and chauffeurs people who are without transportation to church services, dances, and even one of the local pubs occasionally for a pint or two. He is not at all what one would consider the typical product of King's College, Oxford. "I liked Oxford well enough, but Oxford didn't like me, you see," he confides. "Oxford doesn't get along well with people who haven't got good memories." Most of his village acquaintances would certainly agree on the fact that their vicar, while overflowing with enthusiasm, is lacking as far as a good memory is concerned, to the point that he's known to forget his wife's name when introducing her, and needs to be prompted, "It's Fiona!"

Considered by some parishioners to be very unorthodox (for example in taking kids under eighteen years of age into the pub) most of them would nevertheless agree that during his twenty months as vicar, he's brought new life into the parish, especially where the kids are concerned.

The church building itself, built mainly of the flint stone plentiful in this area, is nestled in the valley through which runs Cheselbourne's stream, in the midst of fields just off the main road across from the general store. Not a large structure, it consists of a nave and south aisle constructed in the late thirteenth century, an early fourteenth century chancel, and a north aisle and perpendicular tower added on in the fifteenth century. Aside from these later additions, "The rest of the church is mainly as the medieval builders left it."⁵

An outstanding peculiarity of St. Martin's is the separation of the nave from both aisles by three varying arches of





diverse character. These are supported by two stone pillars, from one of which glares "a queer corbel . . . It is a comical stone face crowned with a double fool's cap, the points of the cap being curved back to the wall. On one of the walls are two dwarves with shields, and near them is a brass which tells of a sixteenth century squire following five of his children to the grave and leaving five behind; it has a charming coat-of-arms with many queer animals."⁶

The churchyard, surrounded by a stone wall, is shaded in the northeast corner by an aged horse chestnut tree, the source of "kunkers" for generations of Cheselbourne boys. Minor skirmishes take place at the site, as different factions strive to collect the most kunkers, each of which is strung on the end of a string for the test. When two challengers meet, each with a strung kunker, they stand apart, swing their strings, aiming at the other's kunker. Whichever one fails to withstand the blow and smashes, disgraces its holder, who is humiliated as the loser.

According to the vicar, the church is rarely filled for the weekly matins services and the monthly evensong service, which rotates between parishes, the principle churchgoers being the older women and the retired men. When the Stour Valley Brass Band at Hilton attracted a much larger crowd

than usual, one member of the congregation was heard to say, "There's a complete blackout of TV transmission, the Rivers and the Fox are closed tonight, or a nuclear war has started. Nothing else would bring out so many bodies!" Those activities which the parish sponsors are largely social in nature, but the same lack of enthusiasm for religion, especially among the young, which has caused the steady decline in church attendance throughout the Christian world, is evident in Cheselbourne as well.

For many Cheselbournians, the village is their cohesion, as the web is to the spider, or a neighborhood is to a dog. The library on wheels comes once every two weeks; the mobile dental clinic comes to the school; the butcher, the baker, and the green grocer stop biweekly. There are a myriad of clubs, and always, the "tellie." One can take the option of being totally self-sufficient within the village, and make it one's whole territory.

But, mostly it is the young and the elderly who look at Cheselbourne as an island. For the middle-aged work in hospitals outside of Cheselbourne, drive lorries in Weymouth, or occupy themselves as housewives busy within their families and diverted from the village. But the children and the old folks flourish in the simplicity of life here and lead gregarious lives.

The children solemnly say that they will never leave the country. They form a little community within the greater group and go to their own organizations: youth club, choir, and some of their own invention such as the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They take long walks together in the fields.

Cheselbourne's school has the distinction of being one of the relatively few village schools remaining in England, where the school system has been largely consolidated under the labour government, so that children from several villages attend one bigger school, divided into classes by age. The village school has only two classes, one comprised of twenty-three five-through-eight-year-olds and the other of twenty-two eight-through-eleven-year-olds. Thus within each group, there is a wide range of age and ability with which the three teachers must cope.

A square red brick building, built on the wide of the stream in 1909, houses the younger children, who are under the supervision of a full-time headmistress and a part-time teacher. The children work mostly on their own, with no set schedule, moving from one section of the large room to another as they like, completing simple work cards

in math, reading privately to the teacher, or doing various creative projects.

The part-time teacher, Mr. Hodder, commented openly, with a slight air of condescension, "They may not be all that intelligent, and I don't mean that in a nasty way, but I think that one advantage in this school is the lack of competition and aggression, which one would find, say in a town or city school. In a village, where there's a much less hurried pace of life, it's reflected in the children's attitude towards learning." The children don't appear to be under the same pressure to advance, normally found in a standard classroom structure, and the teachers seem disinclined to push them into a competitive situation.

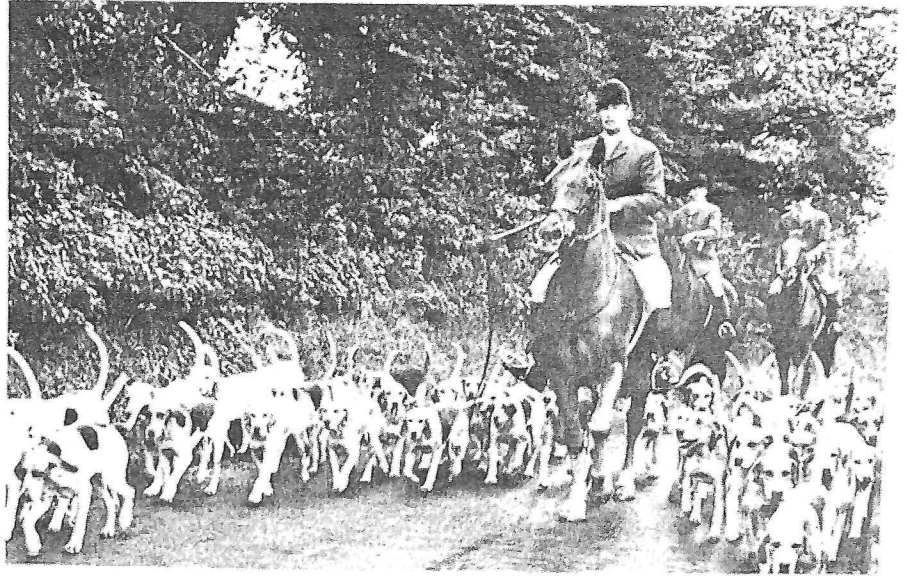
Mr. Hodder summarized his views of the difference between non-village schools and the Cheselbourne school, saying, "I find the children in this school generally slower than those in the city. This environment necessarily has to affect the kids, aside from basic learning ability, which is inherited. Most of their parents aren't intellectual, and have few books around the house. Their kids will probably end up leading similar lives."

With such a light emphasis on schooling, even for the older ones who attend classes away from Cheselbourne, the children have a lot of free time to enjoy living in the heart of the country. There is a great love for horses and riding, and those who have part-time jobs grooming in the stables of the more well-off Cheselbournians consider themselves lucky.

The local hunt club met in Cheselbourne one Tuesday morning in October for a small fox hunt, prior to the opening of the regular season in November. Only the wealthy horse-owners participate, the cost of membership being £50.00* per season.

Scores of excited children ran up the main road to greet the hunt, as the pack of hounds scrambled down, followed by the dignified red-coated huntmasters and the twenty hunt participants arrayed in more subdued tweeds. The spectators kept up with the horses as long as they could, on foot and on bicycles.

The horses stood impatiently about the fields, as flashes of hounds could be seen jumping feverishly through the kale trying to catch the scent, unsuccessfully on this hunt. There are two polar views on fox hunting in this area, and people hold either one or the other, with no cloudy sentiment in between. One side sympathizes with the fox, and condemns



hunting as a cruel and inexcusable sport. But Vicky, a fifteen-year-old enthusiast who works in a local stable, argues that fox hunting is necessary to protect the poultry on area farms. "Foxes are merciless, greedy, and sly," she pointed out. "They sneak in, kill ten hens, and only eat one. The hunt is really the most humane way of killing them. A trap or a bullet can mangle a fox and cause him to die a slow tortured death. But hounds are trained to bite them on the neck and kill them instantly."

The highlight of the week for those between the ages of ten and seventeen is Monday night youth club, held in various village halls in the parish. Toward 7:00 P.M., the children start gathering near the school bus stop to wait for the village coach, which runs to provide transport for all inter-village functions as well as twice daily for the workers, the older school children, and the villagers who do their marketing in Dorchester.

As everyone tumbles from the bus into the hall, ping pong tables are already being set up and tumbling mats dragged out from their cupboards. Aside from amateur gymnastics and table tennis which rival football in roughness, a typical evening includes wild dancing to blaring music, to practice for the "discos" which are sponsored by the club occasion-

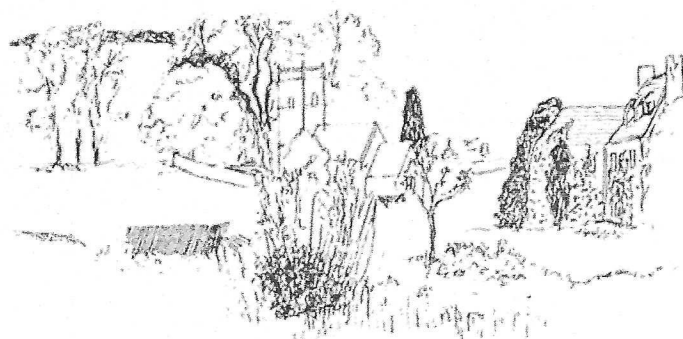
ally. Whenever Donny Osmond's voice is heard, a melting look softens the eyes of the little girls, who swoon and sing along with all the passion they can muster at age eleven. To "swear on Donny" is the most sacred oath utterable and the password for a newly formed club is "purple Donny," in honor of their idol's favorite color.

Mr. Godwin, a Wiltshire man new to Dorset, is sharing his retirement with his sister and brother-in-law in one of the council houses on Streetway Lane. He says that because Dorset people have been very sheltered from outside influences until recently, they are as a result, "on the thick side. It's well nigh impossible to pound sense into their noggins," Mr. Godwin said with his eyes shining under a grey thatch of hair shaded by a tweed cap lined in grease. But, now the villagers are being exposed to other people and the villages are opening up.

This is due to a combination of factors, among them the consolidation of two or three smaller parishes into one larger parish, intervillage activities such as the coffee morning, the garden club, social events, and the change in education structure. Also with more travelers coming through or settling in small villages, there is new blood. "There's a man from Canada down the street, there are two American students in Hayes Cottage, and I'm not from Dorset myself." But, he added, many of the people in Cheselbourne are related, and still maintain very close ties. "Heaven help the person who steps into the left side of the pub on a Friday night. All the members of one family gather there and if a stranger happens to poke his head in everyone stops talking and stares at that one face until he backs out. Once that happens, you never go back."

The village store-post office is one of the informal meeting halls of a disparate population. The pub up the road fills this need in the men, the village store and the local coach satisfy the need for conversation for the women. The coach, driven by Mervin, whose wife often collects fares and shuts the heavy door as each passenger leaves, is a convenient clearing house for the news. Most everyone in the crowded bus lives in Cheselbourne, so words flow unrestrained. "There are more scandals in this village," someone said slyly. "Not long ago, a married man ran off with the hunchback bar maid, and there are a few illegitimate children left over from the war."

One large room houses the groceries, drug store items, toys, and the post office. Morag Butcher handles both the post office and store, as well as her three little girls. She is a soft-spoken vegetarian, with a manner so serene and sooth-



ing one can see her writing verse more easily than spending much of her day grabbing high-sitting boxes with a long hooked stick. She will fetch a heavy red-jacketed book with some of her poetry featured inside, in a shy, pleased way if you ask, but she says sadly that she doesn't have much time to write anymore.

A space for intersection is necessary in a "world of daylight coteries and green carpet wherein cattle form the passing crowd and wind the busy hum, where a quiet family of rabbits or hares live on the other side of your party wall, where your neighbor is everyone in the tything, and where calculation is confined to market days,"⁷ as Thomas Hardy wrote of a Dorset he knew a century ago. But, Hardy doesn't receive the reverence here with which he is treated in foreign lands. "I named this dog Hardy after Thomas," an elderly woman said in the village store with revengeful glee. "I have a friend who knew Hardy and said that he was a miserable old bugger. I won't have his books in my house. Besides being horrid and gloomy, he was an immoral man as everyone knows in these parts," she said piously as she picked up a bottle of lemon barley water.

The light of the pub, the Rivers Arms, is the only hospitable sight on a lone narrow avenue hedged by black, braided blackberry briars. And, inside, the pub is much the same, night after night. A similar group meets, if not similar in face, similar in temperament. It is as important to them as their tea in the afternoon. Seventy-four-year-old Charlie Upshaw leaves his bed-ridden wife and goes to the River's Arms every night, even Christmas. His nose, twice the size of W. C. Fields' nose, is a huge, uncontrollably amorphous mass. "I'd say he's spent £15,000 on that nose," John Butcher swears, "and it was the rum daily that did it." Charlie has never left Cheselbourne for even a night. He walks down to the pub, always at 9:40 P.M., with his genteel friend Don, who is a gardener at the manor house. "They've gone together to prop each other up," joked John, "ever since anyone can remember."



"There are only four proper Cheselbournians living in Cheselbourne today," Charlie said seriously. "To be considered a local, you have to live here three hundred years."

But, Charlie is very genial to all the regular "strangers."

"He's much more human than I," said a generous Londoner. "He didn't lose anything from not leaving Cheselbourne, only gained a lot of sensitivity. But, though I enjoy talking to the people here, none have become friends that we invite home for dinner. They are a bit thick, or maybe I should say simple. There's a well-known saying in these parts:

'Darzet be I barn and bred.
Strong in the arm, an' thick in the 'ead!'

The talk is only superficial for newcomers. Maybe we've never gotten beyond that."

The pub was named for the Pitt-Rivers family, who at one time owned all of Cheselbourne. Lord Pitt-Rivers had the village divided into seven farms. "We only saw him when he came to collect rent," Don said musingly. "Now his estate is a museum near Salisbury, and his family lives in a small section at the back."

The Londoner, looking up from his scotch-on-the-rocks, inquired of Ginger, a farmer, "What work do you do?"

"Relief agricultural work," he replied. "Milkin' an' washin' cows, helpin' when a cow's calvin', drivin' the tractor — very diversified work really. I can't imagine how folks who work in factories, doin' the same thing hour after hour, day after day, ever get by. I'd go mad . . . If you don't like agricultural work, you just don't like to work," he said, appraising how long this "city boy" could stand the strain.





"How many new calves do you have?" the Londoner asked.

"Fifty-six," Ginger answered.

"Sounds pretty exciting," he said incredulously.

"Only for the cows," responded the casually urbane Ginger. "My idea of a good time is riding my motor bike," he said, his eyes lighting up with visions of Evel Knievel. "The most exciting time in my life was riding straight through Cheselbourne and around the withy beds at thirty-eight mph with my engine held together with two garter belts."

The elderly, kindly-faced pub proprietor, Mrs. Allen, her voice no louder than a whisper, assured one of the regulars huddled around her who bought her a whiskey for her laryngitis, "I've never touched the stuff before you know."

"What'll you have?" Charlie asked to no one in particular.

The Rivers Arms is a public house rented by Mrs. Allen from the Hall and Woodhouse Brewery. She must buy all liquor exclusively from the brewery and makes a profit only on what she sells.

Charlie asked two newcomers how they were getting on in Dorset, to which they replied sincerely that it was the most beautiful and friendly place they'd ever been in. "Aye my loves, that it is . . . yes . . ." His voice faded away, as he himself seemed to fade into memories. His eyes teared a bit as he took another slug of rum from a brandy snifter, and chased it with a long gulp of dark biters. Then the light flicked off as the clock struck eleven, and Mrs. Allen said firmly, "Good night, please. Time to go home. Good night, my loves."

Art work: Anne Connelly; Photography: Sarah Lawton

*At the time of this writing, £1.00 = \$2.35.

¹ Humphrey Pakington. *English Villages and Hamlets*. (London: Batsford Press; 1945) p. 13.

² Kenneth Grahame. *The Wind in the Willows*. (London: Methuen Children's Books; 1973) p. 10.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Williams Barnes. *Some Dorset Folklore*. (Channel Islands: The Toucan Press, 1969) p. 10.

⁵ Arthur Mee. *Dorset: Thomas Hardy's Country*. (London: Hodder and Stoughton; 1939) p. 63.

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ Thomas Hardy. *Far From the Madding Crowd*. (London: Macmillan; 1874; re: 1974) p. 219.

