

*Class of 1955*  
*2014 Newsletter*

January, 2014....Dear Class of "55..Greetings to all....I am including our December letter this time, since it pretty much covers our news. Some of the following is a repeat of that information.

I will add that Chuck is doing very well...he now has a Cardiologist..had not needed one before, and is starting Cardiac Rehab, so we are moving into our "New Normal."

Thanks to all who sent supportive cards and emails and phone calls. As each of you who has gone through a major issue know, it is very helpful!!

It has been quite a ride....we are glad to be on this side of it. I am doing fine, and we are indeed settling into our new home, which we like very much. If you are ever in New Haven, please give us a call and come see us.

203-208-2882 88 Notch Hill Rd Trumbull 153  
North Branford, CT 06471 email is still [zoedonnell@aol.com](mailto:zoedonnell@aol.com)

Thanks to all who have written notes for this letter. I miss those of you who do not, but will hope for next year!!!

I am inspired by your reading suggestions...for the most part it was all I could do the keep up with the newspapers. I have missed all the new books but have had pleasure in dipping back into Aldo Leopold's A Sand County Almanac..it refreshes my own urgent interest in ecological ideas and issues. One of my favorite observers of the natural world, Verlyn Klinkenborg had retired from his column in the NYTimes. I will miss him, and include a piece of his from this fall. Also, an editorial page piece from The Times 1-8-14, regarding the fierce cold that gripped the Midwest, South and to some degree, East this month. I also spent a lot of time reading bits from favorite books I was packing to bring here....not productive but fun.

I am looking forward to our class Mini...Thanks Pat, for organizing and arranging all of it. meanwhile....hugs to all, stay well..it is the best way, believe me...Smile, breathe and say I love You to your dear ones. We just never know...that magic line is very fragile.

Joe ♥

While Chuck was recuperating, we started to listen to The Bully Pulpit Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft and the Golden Age of Journalism, by Doris Kearns Goodwin, as well as her book No Ordinary Time Franklin and Eleanor The home Front in WW II. Our next one will be Bill McKibben's Oil and Honey.



## Waiting for What Comes Next

The sky to the west is kettle-gray. The last leaves on the sugar maple in front of the house are flickering but hanging tight for now. Most of the hickory nuts have fallen, but sometimes I still hear one clatter onto the chicken-house roof. Another couple of months and Orion will be visible when the dogs and I go out for the last walk at night.

The basil has not yet been blackened by a sharp, cold night. There has not yet been a morning when the dogs and I get our feet wet on frost instead of dew. We lit a fire in the woodstove the other day just because the color of the world outside seemed to demand it, but when the fire went out no one missed it. I have wood to stack and small engines to winterize, but the weather keeps telling me not

to hurry, put it off, take it easy, and so I do.

There is still a stand of small, pale blue flowers growing along the fence by the barn. It has been alive with bumblebees of a kind I rarely see, leaner and darker over all than the thumb-size, yellow-banded bumblebees that have worked their way through summer. I can't help thinking that all of them will be dead before long, their queen alone alive in the winter nest.

So we wait, me at the kitchen table, the dogs scanning the deck for chipmunks that scurry and start, overwhelmed by their work in this year of the prodigious hickory harvest. The dogs don't even bother to bark. They simply watch and wait, full of expectation.

VERLYN KLINKENBORG

## The Cold This Time

1-8-19

By now, we all know that a polar vortex is a cyclone of frigid air centered on the Arctic. A rogue sweep of that air moved south and pushed the temperature in Central Park in New York City to a 118-year low of 5 degrees on Tuesday morning; records were similarly broken in scores of other American and Canadian cities; and flights were canceled across North America. Yet winter has barely begun, and, even before the icy cold of this week, it had already treated the eastern United States to snowstorms, southwest Britain to monster waves and northern Europe to unusually nasty weather.

Weather is changing in ways we cannot easily predict or understand. The polar vortex has had kinks before — most dramatically in March 1921, when temperatures in Central Park plummeted from 82 degrees to 26 degrees in 14 hours — just as there have been catastrophic floods,

droughts, heat waves and blizzards all through recorded history. Experts say this week's kink in the polar vortex could be the result of warm air over Greenland and Alaska; some point out that changes to the polar vortex have become more common in recent years. British meteorologists said the brutal storms in Britain since October could be the result of hot Sahara air that got stranded over the North Atlantic.

The point stressed by meteorologists the world over is that severe conditions that used to occur infrequently, say once a century, now happen more frequently, with greater and greater consequences. The threat of climate change is real, and our governments should prepare for the damage and dislocations caused by more extreme weather. Common sense would dictate that we attack all the risk factors that might make things worse next time.

*Letters*

Hip. Home. Heart

2013 has been the most unusual year to date of the Donnell life.

"How grateful I am to have a second chance at life and I plan to make the very most of it. I look forward to renewing contact with each of you."

Greetings and best wishes to all.

That is a quote from Chuck when he first came out of surgery early in November. Without any of the traditional warnings of pain or fatigue or trouble walking, he apparently had what is called a "silent heart attack", possibly on November 2<sup>nd</sup>. He was in the hospital for open heart triple bypass surgery on the 6<sup>th</sup>, with a 95 % blockage in the front of his heart and 100% in the back. We feel it is nothing short of astounding that he is still with us. We are grateful to his Doctors, his own general good health and the support and love from family and friends.

So yes, as this unusual year winds down and he is getting stronger each day, we are grateful beyond measure.

The year has been full and good in other respects. There were trips to celebrate grandson's graduations, visits to and with friends and family, theater and travel, for Carleton (although he missed a reunion..the first in 20 years) and for fun...Kiawah Island, with family, Northfield and Massachusetts with friends, and Chicago and travel on the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, to celebrate Zoe's 80<sup>th</sup>. This on a paddle wheeler, a real one, a long time dream for her.

In May, Chuck had hip surgery and recovered well from that.....and in November our 4 kids were coming to celebrate our home of 47 yeas, where they grew up and which we have loved. Earlier, we had decided we were going to move, and after much research settled on Evergreen Woods in North Branford, CT, and after research on pricing, sold our house to the first and only couple to look at it, with a closing date of Dec. 2.

Much has happened since, but we are still closing on that date, all of our children and other family have been here to help with the packing, the move in general, and emotional support to both of us. Our son David, due to the seasonal nature of his business has been able to stay on and give us even more help and support in that process. Could not have done it without him.

So, here we are, about to step off into a new adventure. We are looking forward to that and to seeing and hearing from all of you over the year ahead.

Our new address is: 88 Notch Hill Road

153 Trumbull, North Branford, CT 06471

Phone: 203-208-2882

Our emails stay the same [chuckdonnell@aol.com](mailto:chuckdonnell@aol.com) [zoeedonnell@aol.com](mailto:zoeedonnell@aol.com)

We both send you warmest greetings and all the best wishes for a healthy and happy Holiday Season and the very best for 2014. Take care of yourselves, tell your loved ones you love them, breathe deep, and smile..you are special and life is special.

Love to all, Chuck and Zoe

Hello Everyone...This will come well after Christmas, but it does indeed bring many good wishes for 2014.

Here we are, December 21. We are almost fully moved into our new home...one more room to settle. We like the apartment very much, the people here are friendly and open, and the food is, for the most part, very good. There are many opportunities for service in this community, as well as many social and cultural events, and yet we have a good sense of independence. Living here is going to suit us well.

Chuck is making very good progress following the open heart surgery, and that makes all the difference. It was a life changing event and it is good to be on this side of it. To the many who have sent us cards and letters and phone calls, our warmest thanks. Again, we send our love and best wishes to each of you. Chuck and Zoe

Zoe Chuck

Each year I like to include bits and pieces from life at Carleton, and here are some this year too, but I encourage you to go to the web site and poke about there. Much of interest to be seen regarding faculty, new programs, student life, the current majors offered.

You have likely done this, but if not, just Google Carleton College, or go to the Website [carletoncollege.edu](http://carletoncollege.edu).

Our wonderful college continues to be an exciting, vibrant place. ... and beautiful as ever.

*Love to all,  
Zoe*



December 30, 2013

Dear Zoe, You were smart to move when you were still in your right minds.

John and I plan to stay in our house until one passes away.

I have Pulmonary Hypertension (P.H.) it is a rare incurable and life threatening lung disease. This fall through technical means they put a hole in my heart . I have been on a pump for years. I wear it in a back pack. Medicine goes from a catheter into my lungs. I have done a lot with my life...been on various boards, and helped find funds to build a new clubhouse for recovering alcoholics, friends and drug addiction. We have meetings around the clock and are open to all addicts and those seeking help. I have been sober 35 years. My favorite things were being on stage in various roles and swimming 6,500 miles. The last nine years I have not been able to swim.

I noted I lost my freshman roommates Jane Beebe and Ann Carol Anderson. Thanks for the '55 Newsletter.

Ruth Landis Braun  
2318 N 6<sup>th</sup> St.  
Sheboygan, WI, 53083

PS We have also driven all over the U.S. Haven't seen Carleton since 1985.



Dear Classmates,

Respectfully borrowing the format used by Georgia Hesse, I offer:

**Best quotes:** "We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars," Oscar Wilde.  
And, humorously, "Love is blind, but marriage restores our sight." Author unknown.

And,

"Be soft. Do not let the world make you hard.  
Do not let pain make you hate.  
Do not let the bitterness steal your sweetness.  
Take pride that even though  
The rest of the world may disagree,  
You still believe it to be a beautiful place."  
Kurt Vonnegut

**Best conversation with a classmate:** Sitting in my living room talking with Phil Hall, my former roommate and a fine man.

**Best sports moment:** The Red Sox win the World Series.

**And sports disappointment:** That the Nebraska Cornhuskers haven't won a National Championship in seventeen years.

**Best domestic trip:** With eight friends to Red Cloud, Nebraska during the town's annual Street Car Days. I signed copies of my book, "Grubbed Stumps Fixed Fence, Pa to Town: Our Nebraska Farm, 1871-2010," at the Willa Cather Foundation, and we all had a picnic on the prairie.

**Best trip abroad:** Our Carleton Alumni trip to Cuba that Chuck and Zoe urged us to join. We visited the Bay of Pigs Museum, and, seeing two tall stacks belching black smoke, I asked our guide if there is an environmental movement in Cuba. His response: "There is no 'movement' in Cuba. Anyone who wants to start a movement is either in jail or in Miami."

**Best joke:** A fellow asked his best girl to the prom. When he went to get her flowers, there was a big line, but he waited. When he went to rent a tux, there was a long line, but he waited. When he went to sign up for a limo there was another long line, but again he waited. Everything was going well. In between dances, she asked if he would get her some punch. He did. There was no punch line.

**Coming event:** Finishing my book, My ABC's at 80, which I'll dedicate to the Class of 1955.

**Best books read:** *The Warmth of Other Suns* by Isabel Wilkerson. The book chronicles the lives of five blacks and their migration from the South to western and northern cities. I'd known about the suffering of African Americans in our history, but this was the first time I felt it.

*My Promised Land* by Ari Shavit. My understanding of the Arab-Israeli conflict was partial. Shavit begins with the founding of Israel and continues its history to the present day. He also presents the Arab side and considers Israel a colonial power; the Arabs, displaced people. Finally a terrific read partly because I'm from the Great Plains:

*The Heart of Everything That Is: The Untold Story of Red Cloud, An American Legend* by Bob Drury and Tom Clavin. Recommended because it's a terrific read, and because I'm from the Great Plains.

**Sobering moment:** I asked the high school guy checking me out at a supermarket what he wanted for Christmas. He paused a moment, then said "shoes." "Dress shoes?" I asked. "No," he said, "just plain old shoes."

**Regret:** Not becoming a pacifist early in life. Our culture is burdened by military preparedness, by a military mindset, and by honoring everyone who wears a uniform. I wish I'd added my voice to the other side. Eisenhower once warned against the influence of the military-industrial complex. Since his warning wasn't heeded, we live in an America burdened by what Eisenhower warned against.

**Best public celebration:** My grandson's Bar Mitzvah. For years, weddings were my favorite public occasion, because they brought together so much love and hope. I've switched to Bar Mitzvahs. While the focus is on one person, the ceremony, including prayers, asks for blessings, for not only that person, but also for the world beyond.

**Best day of the year:** November 8, 2013, the day I followed my 8th grade grandson around, during his day at the Black Pine Circle middle school in Berkeley, California. I marveled at his classmates energy, and couldn't recall ever having so much.

**Silliest iPad app:** 'Days of Life', which says that as of December 26, 2013, I have 3,319 days left to live and will die at the age of 90. It comes with a pie chart colored according to the days I've lived and the days I have left. One color predominates.

**Looking forward to:** Making dinner for a few friends on my 81st birthday: fried chicken, Greek salad, buttermilk biscuits, and homemade apple pie a la mode for dessert, and to our mini-reunion in Montgomery in late April.

**Continuing addictions:** books, newspapers and recipes.

**Favorite movie:** *Nebraska*, of course.

Cheers,

Bill Buffett

Dear Family and Friends,

Wendy and I leave tomorrow for home. Her transport to the airport leaves at 4:30 a.m., mine at 2 p.m.. We've been on a nine day Stanford Travel tour, "Insider's St. Petersburg," one of the best trips I've ever taken. Two reasons stand out. The trip has opened up a new world: Russia, and I've spent a lot of time with my adult daughter, Wendy, whose idea it was that we come on this trip. Since I turned 80 and she's turned 50 she thought we should travel somewhere together. For years I've wanted to visit this city, solely for the Hermitage, one of the world's great museums. I found much more.

Our guide said that St.P. averages thirty days of complete sunshine a year, and we've seen four of them. Stanford will be disappointed to read my evaluation form--I have no suggestions for improvement. There are about thirty in our group. There are a number of lawyers and doctors. There is another writer, a child psychiatrist and a pediatric surgeon. There is a Spanish teacher and a minister, both women, both traveling alone. There is an art historian and a medical oncologist. There is Marilyn, our tour manager. She is wonderful and is on her forty-third trip as a Stanford tour manager. She takes another to Turkey in a month and is 76 years old.

Last night at 7 a.m. the house lights dimmed, the conductor came forth, and the orchestra began to play. Soon the curtain went up on a performance of of Tchaikovsky ballet "Sleeping Beauty." Decades have passed since I last saw a classical ballet, and the performance made me want more. I thoroughly enjoyed this one: the music, the costumes, the story, and the dancing. For everyone, fatigue has been a minor motif of the trip, but all have held up quite well. One fellow asked his wife to poke him if he snored. He didn't. She didn't. A

special delight was seeing little girls dressed for the ballet. My favorite was one in a black dress of velvet with a pink boa around her shoulders.

Here are a few highlights:

There are 250 museums in St. Petersburg. We visited the main ones, about nine in number if you include several palaces and churches. The city has traffic and occasional traffic jams, especially in this tourist season, but hardly any honking. There is a notable absence of neon and advertising. The buildings are relatively uniform, none very tall and all done in shades of pastel. To avoid tourists we were told to come in the winter. This is inviting. Sort of.

A special place we visited was to a Russian apartment for tea. A man and his wife live there both are artists. Tea from a small samovar was poured and there was an abundance of cookies. Two elderly people showed up, his parents. Boris is 92, and especially for me, a very impressive man, both because I'm just twelve years away from his age, and because of what he's experienced. During the Second world War, St Petersburg was under siege by the Nazis for 500 days. In a city of three million, one million died, many of starvation, during the winter of 1941-42. (The Germans invaded on June 22, 1941) The ground was too hard to dig graves, bodies were stored in churches, and buried in a mass grave at one end of the city. Boris was rejected for service because of his legs so he drove a truck until the city ran out of gas. Boris was articulate, his voice was strong, and his hands didn't shake as he sipped his tea. His wife, Irena, looked about ten years younger and was a lively presence. I was sitting near a window and some noise from outside was disturbing, and our guide--Antonina--translated what Boris said, some of it at a time when he was speaking. I did understand that he was very upset with the educational system. (Our group was divided into two, and the prior group heard more of his war stories. I was disappointed not to hear more of them.)

Another special place was the studio of an iconographer. I'd thought icons were musty old things that hung in churches. That is like saying cars are old black model T's. Philip was a lively, articulate fellow in his late 40's whose father was an iconographer. Both Philip and his wife Olga work at the same trade. She was not present. Many of their icons, all bright and with some charm, were on shelves around the small studio. He explained all of the minerals he used to color his work, and painted a bit to show how he can overlay one color with another to give a unique tint.

The Hermitage was special. I'd arrived three days early and had been there twice already, but my solo visits were no match for being taken around by Antonina, our Russian guide throughout the week. The place is huge and includes a room with twenty-four Rembrandts, and the Gold Room, which contains several hundred objects of gold and precious stones: diamonds, rubies and emeralds. The source of so much beauty and amazement is the Czars who ruled Russia. Many of the paintings were collected by Catherine the Great, and much of the wealth came in the form of gifts to the Czars from other potentates, e.g. the Ottoman Emperor.

Another key element in our trip was a Stanford professor, Jack Coleman. He guessed that this was his forty-fifth trip to Russia, the first being in the fifties when he was a student. He not only spoke Russian but has a wealth of knowledge which he was always willing to share. Many of our mornings began at 9 a.m. with a lecture by Jack, one of which was especially impressive to me, his lecture on Russian painting. I left feeling that a whole new world had opened up, one that I'd known nothing about. Our last lecture was on Russian literature wherein he read passages from various authors and poets.

My writing mentor, Carol Henderson, acquainted me with Nabokov's "Speak Memory," and I learned that the Nabokov museum was a five minutes walk from our hotel. I went there alone, and am determined to read more of his work. I copied down the first (?) line of Lolita, "Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap at three on the teeth, LO-LEE-TA."

My only negative emotion was an occasional kindling of anger at what the Nazis

did. Visits to reconstructed or restored palaces were accompanied by photographs of how they looked, burned out and severely damaged, at the end of the war. We also learned how, working from original documents, the palaces were painstakingly restored using the same materials originally used in their construction.

Our visit to the Siege Museum was also memorable. Shortly into the siege all radios were set to one frequency that became the sole source of news. Notable was seeing a metronome and hearing its sound. Citizens from bomb shelters heard the sound of the metronome, which they referred to as the "heart of the city." As long as the metronome could be heard, the city was still alive. There was also a small journal, kept by a young woman which had the dates on which members of her family had died. The last page read, "I am the only one left." She survived the war, but died shortly thereafter of malnutrition.,

Yesterday, a small group of us when to the ethnographic museum with Jack. He stopped on the way and took us into the ballroom of the Astoria hotel. Hitler had already printed the invitations for a banquet he planned for this very room to celebrate the Nazi victory. Hitler thought the defeat of St. Petersburg would take only weeks, and planned to completely destroy the city afterwards. What happens to the people, he said, was "not our problem."

Two more items:

Russia is not a happy country these days. (But are we?) In a recent poll, 47% had a favorable opinion of Stalin. 28 million died? People die in war. He industrialized the country. He won the war. Many things worked better under Stalin, e.g. the educational system and health care.

Finally, my dear daughter. Susan said that she felt comfortable knowing that Stanford and Wendy would keep an eye on me. I didn't know until it continued how much I'd appreciate, "Let me hold this," "Remember this," "Here, put it on this way" or hear the knock on my door at 8 a.m. to accompany her to breakfast. And, if she minded, didn't show impatience when I asked many times, "What did he say?"

It took me eighty years to get to St. Petersburg. Here's hoping it doesn't take you this long.

Love to all,

Bill

p.s. I know of no city relative to size with a richer culture than St. Petersburg, and of no other country's history that was fundamentally changed by two persons: Peter the Great and Lenin.



Dear Zoe,

I'm sorry that this will reach you after the deadline for our class newsletter. It may be too late to include. I do what to thank you for 58 years of publishing our class news. Considering all those years, you have written a class encyclopedia.

The year 2013 has been a transitional year for my wife Judy and myself. Both of us have now retired; Judy in 2011, myself in 2012. But 2013 has brought a hip replacement for Judy, and a knee replacement for me. Both of us had physical therapy, which has improved our walking, though we both use walkers for longer distances. So we gave our new body parts a workout and went on vacation. In March, we spent a week with friends in Laughlin, Nevada, sightseeing and playing bingo. In July, we spent a week with family in Williamsburg, Va. during the Fourth of July celebration, and witnessed a spontaneous parade of children and adults falling in line and marching behind the fife and drum corp.

In September, we went on back-to-back cruises for 23 days, starting in London and going to five ports in Norway, then coming down the coast of Europe and returning to London, then on to Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Norway, Paris, and back to London. Two of our children joined us for this venture. In November, we went on back-to-back cruises in Caribbean down to Central America with Judy's family. Judy has taken 26 cruises. I'm not far behind with 18. I find time to read and write during days at sea. Our favorite activity on board is attending art actions and seminars sponsored by Park West Gallery, headquartered in Michigan.

Over the years we have collected a variety of lithographs and paintings by contemporary artists from these ship auctions and galleries, as well as from artists in ports we visited. Art has been a profound interest ever since Dr. Elson's class. And now I am re-reading the textbook from that class, *The Story of Art*, by E.H. Gombrich. It is interesting to read again from the vantage point of visiting museums and living with works of art past and present.

We wore out the ski's on the bottoms of our walkers visiting the ancient seaports and cities this year. Cobblestone and walkers don't mix well, but we keep trucking along. I'm sure we look like a strange pair of sightseers, but do meet a lot of interesting people that way.

We're planning another cruise or two this year, health and weather permitting. I'm missing the many satisfactions of my mental health work less and less as we travel more and more!

Don Clokey

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Dashing in at the 11th hour and 59th minute, with the second hand sweeping toward 12:00, I decided it might be a good idea to get a few words included in the class newsletter, lest someone think I have gone off to the great alumni ground in the sky. Didn't make it last year so, like all naughty children, I will try to do better next time.

One of the highlights of our year was going on my 9th Carleton *Alumni Adventures* trip, this time to circumnavigate the Black Sea in the company of history professor David Tompkins and his cute and clever wife, Avigail. This trip officially began in Istanbul, but Henry and I first spent ten days in Russia. Henry thought I was mad, but having devoured Robert Massey's books on many of the Russian Tsars, I became determined to see those places for myself, and guilelessly pointed out that they were virtually in the same time zone, so why not?!

Following a few days in Istanbul, we hopped on a very comfortable ship and set off for northern Turkey, Georgia, the Crimean Peninsula, Ukraine and Bulgaria. In the course of all this, we fought the Crimean War, built submarines in the underground waterways of Sevastapol, re-contemplated the Yalta Conference, attended the ballet in Odessa and, of course, climbed all 192 of the Potemkin Steps, both up and down again. There used to be 200, but subsequent harbor construction reduced the lower limit.

We were accompanied also by Sarah Forster, the new Director of Alumni Relations. She probably thought it was like herding cats, but she did a superb job of coordinating a disparate group of alumni, organizing cocktail parties, extra lectures and in general, keeping us all happy and well fed. I have to tell everyone in the class that you are missing out on some very special travel opportunities if you haven't been on one of these alumni trips. It is a rewarding academic experience, accompanied by wine!

When we are not traveling, I manage to stay fairly busy keeping up with our combined six children, spouses, and fourteen grandchildren, plus my ward, Kunga Wangmo from Sikkim. She is currently a junior at Hobart-William Smith Colleges and just spent a semester in Rennes, France perfecting her fifth language. I am also serving as President of the World Affairs Council of Rochester and just recently went on the national Board of WAC. Add in a few hours interviewing prospective students and/or raising money for Carleton and that just about fills up the days as much as I care to have them filled.

In closing, I want to mention that I was privileged to join Pat Schipplock Oetting's family in Washington, DC in December for the interment of her husband, George, at Arlington National Cemetery. George had a noble career with the U.S. Air Force and current Air Force servicemen participated in a most impressive ceremony. Pat will undoubtedly tell you all about this in her letter, but I just have to say that when the lone bugler played *Taps*, it was a bittersweet moment memorable beyond belief.

Does every reader of this letter realize that we have all known each other for 62 years? Better plan to come to Montgomery in April before the clock shuts us all down. Hope to see you there. Cheerio, Nancy Furby Hamlin



## Merry Christmas from our house to yours!



The past year has had a few ups and downs.

Ups first: We are healthy and happy. Enjoyed watching our family being the same. Nearly everyone is in Texas, which makes it so nice.

Cass went to Morocco in March and Minnesota in August. Gene played a lot of bridge.

Downs: Gene broke his hip pulling vines off the back fence in January. Cass broke her right arm falling into bed. How clever can we be? All healed now and a new bunch of docs to see.

Hope the past year was a good one for you. Best wishes for 2014!

*The picture is from Thanksgiving.  
The letter is from Xmas.  
I am a bit lazy re: everything.*

*See you in Montgomery!*

*P.S. Don't feel obligated to put me on your Xmas list. ☺*

*Cass*

**Georgia I. Hesse**  
**380 Wawona Street**  
**San Francisco, CA 94127**

**Land phone: 415-664-8736**  
**E-mail: [Georgiahesse@comcast.net](mailto:Georgiahesse@comcast.net)**

**Dear Zoe, Chuck, and Class of 1955:**

A friend named Judith Viorst whom I never have met began in her 50s to write what I call her “decade books” of poetry. They are listed in the catalogue of my old-fashioned bookseller-by-post, Bas Bleu (bluestockings; [www.basbleu.com](http://www.basbleu.com)). The first one was entitled *Forever Fifty*. Recently, *Unexpectedly Eighty* was issued. I haven't read it but I chastise myself for not having thought to write it. I am envious of the idea and of its wry title.

I suppose most of us now live slightly north or south of eighty. I hadn't noticed I'd moved here until the other week when I tried to dangle off some precipice or other and my sister (18 months younger) asked, crankily, “Why must you always think of yourself as 39?” Touché.

Yesterday (as I write, Dec. 29), marked the 843<sup>rd</sup> anniversary of that afternoon in 1170 when Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, was set upon in his cathedral by four knights who may or may not have been inspired by Henry II to commit murder most foul. (Did or did not Henry sigh, “Will no one rid me of this turbulent priest?” Tradition says yes; historian Simon Schama thinks not. I'll stick with Schama.)

I beheld this tragic tale play out on Oct. 5, 1960, on Broadway at the St. James Theatre when Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn relived the sorry scandal. (At one point they even reversed their roles; I preferred Quinn as Becket.) In reel life, Richard Burton recreated the saintly Thomas to Peter O'Toole's haunting Henry II (“Becket,” 1964). A couple of decades later, I humbled upon Becket in Burgundy, specifically in Sens, in the compelling museum collections of the great, early-Gothic cathedral where he hid out for six years or so in exile from England and Henry. His gorgeous vestments stand (or hang) witness to his great size: the Refrigerator Perry of the 12<sup>th</sup> century.

Why do I bring up Becket? Because, at age 80, it seems much longer ago since I met him at Carleton in Ruth Eliot's class – or was it Dr. Pinkham's? – than it does since 1170.



We turn a curious corner along the road to the century mark. Events in the oh-so-distant past remain present in the brain while those nearer the present may have faded from the mind's eye view. To wit, I think of Leonardo nearly every week (could he immediately conceive the workings of my new iPhone?), although *he* hasn't thought of *anybody* since 1519. I don't remember where we first met, although I did buy his *Notebooks* from Miss Eliot in 1951 and visited him at home in Vinci sometime in the '70s. (He invented things he couldn't build – the submarine, flying machines, the parachute, for examples – because their essential structural materials didn't yet exist. Working models repose in Vinci's Museo Leonardiano.)

On Jan. 1, 2014, I will elbow Marcel Proust, since on that date in 1909 he dipped a rusk of toast in his tea and watched the decades roll back to the *madeleine* incident memorialized in *Swann's Way*, from which he spun the 16-volume *Remembrance of Things Past (A la recherche du temps perdu)*. It seems longer ago when I first read it on the terrace of a sidewalk café near the University of Strasbourg than it was when he wrote it (1913-1927).

Similarly, on my 81<sup>st</sup> birthday, I will salute Dorothy Parker (we share the day, if not the year), who back in 1963 quipped, "If I had any decency, I'd be dead. Most of my friends are." Despite medical reports, she isn't.

Travel conspires to confound any sense of time we may try to construct. I can tell you it was colder, wetter, and longer ago when my mother and I stepped on the battlefield at Agincourt (a.k.a. *Azincourt*) on Oct. 25 in 1970-something than it was on that date in 1415 when

the French forces in their clumsy armor lost to Henry V and his lightly-clad longbowmen during the Hundred Years War. Did the Brits ride into battle crying, "For God, for England, and St. George!"? Shakespeare only (and maybe God) knows.



If spacetime is curved onto itself in a universe that is finite and yet has no limits, as only Einstein could imagine, and since the two hemispheres of the human brain are themselves similarly shaped in order that the human head can squeeze through the birth canal, perhaps it is only natural that we should step more easily in a straight line across the fold and find ourselves more truly in ancient Troy than in recent Reno. In fact, psychologist Julian Jaynes has posited that in ancient mentalities the hearing of voices of gods were auditory hallucinations that resulted from the cerebral hemispheres' attempts to communicate. This early mentality was called the bicameral mind. So it might be easier for me to step across a synapse or two and converse with Eleanor of Aquitaine (1122?-1204) rather than with Gwen Stefani (*merci, Dieu*).

I know as an airline passenger that the easiest way to keep a seatmate from chatting to you is to sit on the aisle and read Jaynes' *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*. That plus white hair will work every time.

As one ages, puzzling oddities occur. If you enjoy average health, you may develop jealousies of those who lived longer and scorn (not a nice attitude) or pity those who died younger. My friend and heroine Eleanor endured 82 tumultuous years during which she went on Crusade to the Holy Land, gave birth to Richard the Lion-Hearted and Bad King John (among several other less outrageous offspring), became the only woman to reign as queen of both France and England, shuttled armies across the Channel with the precision of a ferry master, and was imprisoned for years by her husband. Eighty-two, imagine, and she had neither a dishwasher nor a vacuum cleaner and must always, in her castles, have suffered from chilblains.

In distinct contrast, both Joan of Arc (died at 18) and Marie-Antoinette (38) perished too young and too painfully.

George Bernard Shaw began at about age 70 to tell the public he had divined in his wisdom how to live forever. Before he died at 94 many Englishmen had begun to believe him. But Mozart died at 35. Perhaps his genius just wore him out.

So we are 80+/- . We snicker at TV's "Days of Our Lives" ("As grains of sand through an hourglass, so are the...") Treacle, perhaps, but statistics show more people may be listening than laughing. DOOL (its unfortunate abbreviation) is one of the longest-running TV programs on earth, airing nearly every weekday in the U.S. since Nov. 8, 1965, and packing 'em in around the globe. It has been renewed through September, 2014, and its 12,00<sup>th</sup> episode aired on Jan. 11, 2013.



True, our days may be numbered by fate, but it is we who make each of them count.

Happy New Year from **Georgia**



**Nota bene:** Anyone who is hooked on historical biography might like to own *Chambers' 1869 Book of Days*, but since there is a limited number of them in existence and buying one might cause even Warren Buffett to check his budget, I suggest clicking on [www.thebookofdays.com](http://www.thebookofdays.com), the hyperlinked and searchable site created by Michael and Audrey Hillman and maintained by members of the Greater Emmitsburg Area Historical Society of Maryland. It will make your 2014 very happy indeed.

## THE BLESSINGS

- 1) <sup>ever</sup> THE FOUR DEAR ONES  
ABOVE, THEIR SPOUSES  
AND CHILDREN
- 2) OUR EXTENDED FAMILIES  
AND ALL FRIENDS
- 3) OUR MINDS AND BODIES  
ARE STILL WORKING  
MOST OF THE TIME
- 4) WE WERE SAFE  
FROM COLORADO FIRES  
AND FLOODS.
- 5) WE STILL ENJOY  
EACH OTHER AFTER  
58 YEARS TOGETHER
- 6) THE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS  
GOT TO THE WORLD  
SERIES

7) ~~YOU~~ WHO HAVE TOUCHED OUR LIVES IN SUCH  
VERY SPECIAL WAYS.

BLESSED CHRISTMAS!! ALL OUR LOVE-  
Harry Anne (Haines)

## THE NOT SO MUCHES

- 1) WE CAN'T REMEMBER  
ANYONE'S NAME
- 2) IT TAKES 3 TIMES  
LONGER TO GET ANYTHING  
DONE
- 3) WE ARE BOTH  
COMPLETELY  
TECHNOLOGICALLY  
CHALLENGED
- 4) THE UNITED STATES  
GOVERNMENT

Love! Love! Love!!  
Hope all is well -

GREG

DOUG

JANEY

JULIE



A group of 40-year-old girlfriends discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed upon that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant, because the waiters there were good looking and had buff bodies.

10 years later at 50-years-of-age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View Restaurant, because the food there was very good and the wine selection was good also.

10 years later at 60-years-of-age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View Restaurant, because they could eat there in peace and quiet and the restaurant had a beautiful view of the ocean.

10 years later at 70-years-of-age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View Restaurant, because the restaurant was wheelchair accessible and they even had an elevator.

10 years later, at 80-years-of-age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View Restaurant, because they had never been there before.

## SPEL CHEK



*I halve a spelling checker  
It came with my pea see  
It plainly marks four my review  
Mistakes I dew knot sea.*

*Eye strike a key and type a word  
And weight four it two say  
Weather eye am wrong oar write  
It shows me strait aweigh.*

*As soon as a mist ache is maid  
It nose bee fore two long  
And eye can put the era rite  
Its rarely ever wrong.*

*I've scent this message threw it  
And I'm shore your pleased too no  
Its letter prefect in every way  
My checker tolled me sew.*



## Christmas 2013

Dear Family and Friends,

Once I started reviewing this past year, I was surprised at how much traveling we had done. Right after Christmas, along with Michelle and Curt and their family, Evan, Emily, and Samantha, we flew to Kauai, Hawaii. We stayed in a Wyndham property near Princeville, very close to the North Shore. Despite some rain, we swam, hiked, kayaked, took a boat tour, and pretty much covered the whole island.

In March along with friends, we did our annual snowmobile trip up the Yentna River to Bentalit Lodge. It's always a treat to enjoy Annette's gourmet cooking and Pat and Tom's hospitality. The machines and we are getting older but we are still running.

As soon as school was out, we were again on the move, this time to Williamsburg and Washington DC. It was Evan's special trip but Michelle, Curt, and the twins joined us. While in Williamsburg, we visited Colonial Williamsburg, Colonial Jamestown, Busch Gardens, and America's National Maritime Museum in Newport News dedicated to the USS Monitor. From there we drove to Washington DC, stopping on the way to tour Monticello, Jefferson's plantation. Of course we spent time in the Smithsonian Museums, walked to all the monuments, and also visited the Spy Museum, a new one for us and one I highly recommend. Side trips to Luray Caverns, Mt. Vernon, Arlington Cemetery, and Six Flags of America kept us constantly on the go.

Debbie and Bruce came home from Kuwait in July and stayed with us. Andrew, their son, spent the summer here working before returning to college in Iowa.

Once again we fished in Valdez for silvers with the Kakels and Donahoes. Then shortly afterwards, we took our trailer north to Tangle Lakes for berry picking. It was a most successful year for both.

Two days after returning home, we boarded a plane for a very interesting, historical, and special cruise that circumnavigated the Black Sea beginning and ending in Istanbul, Turkey. Our stops included Georgia, Russia, Ukraine, Romania, and Bulgaria. It was a fabulous trip despite the fact our luggage didn't catch up with us for four days. Before returning home, we flew to Kuwait to visit Debbie and Bruce. Kuwait is flat, sandy, hot, and an interesting blend of modern and traditional. On our way home we also spent four days with Becky and Greg in Seattle.

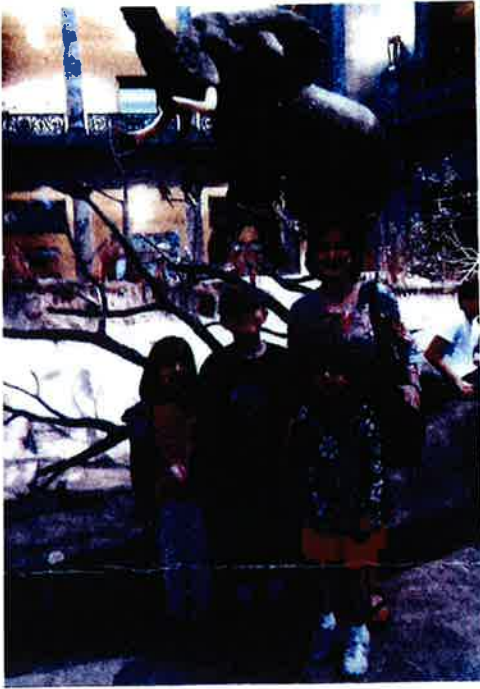
At home, Susie, our Goldendoodle, gets walks almost every day, often with friends in the Happy Hikers. Craig has a love/hate relationship with his computer and remains active in the Lion's Club. Both of us enjoy our new church, The Anchorage Presbyterian Fellowship. We have called a permanent minister who will begin preaching the last Sunday in December. As one member says, "Is God in this or what?"

We are hoping to hear from each of you this Christmas Season. May God richly bless you in 2014.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

*Craig and Pat  
Kauffman*

Mr. Craig Kauffman  
10000 Hillhaven Cir  
Anchorage, AK 99507-5968





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Dear Zoe,

Thank you for doing all you do for all of us. Congratulations to you and Chuck on your new home in North Branford, CT. When I was in the Navy, it began at O.C.S. in Newport, R.I., I remember our first liberty took us to the "Green Door", a pretty swank place which we entered through a green door, and celebrated our one day leave. I loved the north east. One of my buddies lived in Boston i.e. Everett, Mass, an Irish community and John Quealy's father, a long shoreman lived in the same row house, growing up. John asked me early on, "Gerry, do you have paved streets in 'Seeattle'?" One time when I was spending the week end with John and his delightful family, I was walking to mass on a Sunday, and passed by a mother and her young son, and I heard him say, "Mom there goes Jerry Lewis in a sailor suit." I felt famous. At least my classmates will recall Jerry Lewis as a standout comedian.

I am doing fine, trust you are as well. On December 5th, I turned eighty. The nice part was that my daughter, Laura gave me the gift of an airline ticket to Mobile, Alabama, Yes, I know, she will have to change the ticket to Montgomery, Al. I have a friend here who hails from Mobile and that's all it took to get me off track. Short term memory, you say? you're right. Did I say "I'm fine". Well I really am. Isn't it wonderful of Pat Oeting to plan the upcoming event in April? I look forward to seeing you and others there.

I'm looking forward to watching the Rose Bowl game today. My grand daughter, Brianna Bain, is a junior at Stanford. She will be at the game, accompanied by a graduate of Stanford, who is also a Miami Dolphin foot ball player, on leave, named Johnathon Martin. Brianna is on the track team at Stanford and has thrown the javelin further than any other young woman before her. Brianna is on a full scholarship. She tickles me no end. I love her dearly. Until later,

Love to all,        Cheers!

Gerry Kerns

Greetings to All and Happy New Year,

I'm still living in Santa Fe in my too big house, waiting for a buyer who isn't scared off by the road up to it. I continue to keep busy and for the most part, out of trouble by continuing with Spanish classes twice a week, (although at 80, I think I forget more than I learn but the class is lots of fun), gym three times a week, church choir Sundays with Wed. night rehearsals. I'm still an alto, although tending towards tenor or bass. In addition I'm an active member of the Justice and Peace Committee at my church as well as a member of the Interfaith Social Justice Network. And I just went back on the board of Directors of the Santa Fe Desert Chorale, a professional choral group, 24 singers from throughout the country. They have a summer season of about two months and a shorter Christmas season. Please do come visit me, Santa Fe, and treat yourself to attending a Desert Chorale concert.

Last August, I celebrated my 80th birthday during a four-day family and friends reunion, more like an extravaganza, put together by my children, in Keokuk, Iowa, on the banks of the Mighty Mississippi. Great fun! Included were a "Heritage Tour" of the town, showing all the grandchildren where their parents lived, hung out, got into trouble etc., a day trip to Hannibal, Missouri to visit all the Mark Twain sites, take a river boat ride and have a delicious lunch at a TURKISH restaurant, paint a fence, and so on. The "boys" put on a barbeque at the Keokuk Yacht Club, friends had a poolside potluck picnic, other friends a breakfast for the family and the grands were able to hunt for geodes, still more friends had a brunch on their deck overlooking the river, and my children put together a dinner dance at the Keokuk Country Club, with live music, no less.

Most of my reading has been newspapers, newsletters, and Internet sites such as Common Dreams, Sojourners, The Nation, Daily Kos and the like. I consider myself a progressive through and through, and just wish I could do more to alleviate the world problems which concern me deeply, e.g. racism in this country, bullying in school and on the internet, economic inequality, the Israeli/Palestinian problem, our faltering school system. U.S. foreign policy, which I consider deeply flawed in so many areas, widespread poverty and hunger right here in the U.S. and throughout the world, the violence and terrible loss of life in the middle and Far East, well, the list is endless. I imagine most of you; my fellow classmates are greatly disturbed by many of the same issues. Do any of you have some ideas of something we could do as the class of '55 that would be of some benefit to some cause? I believe we have talked about this before. Let's talk about it again at our mini-reunion in Montgomery which I am looking forward to with great anticipation.

In the meantime, I wish you all the best in the New Year, and if you want to talk about any ideas for a project between now and then, do call or e-mail me, and maybe we can come up with a few proposals. My e-mail is lynnielee1103@gmail.com. My phone # is 505-983-8345.

Lynn (Fisher Lee)

P.S. Had an all too short but very nice visit with Bill Buffet and Susan Kennedy while on a Thanksgiving visit to children in the Boston area. Wish I didn't live so far from everyone. L.L.

Hope to see you all in Montgomery, Happy Travels,

Zoe, I can't imagine what it must have been like to move from your home of 47 years. We have been in our present house for 11 years and that is the longest we have ever lived in one house. Hopefully you are settled in by now and able to enjoy the Holidays.

We have had a good year of doing much of the same old things, dividing our time between Vero and Scotland Cay. Fortunately for the island, we were free of damaging storms this year. We continue to play tennis and are happy to have younger friends who will tolerate us. We had a good fall trip in our camper, marred by a few mechanical challenges and the government shutdown which caused us to adjust our itinerary due to closed campgrounds. We visited the Crystal Bridges Museum in Bentonville AR (on the recommendation of Zoe and Chuck who had been there last year on the way to Kansas City). It is a museum funded by the Walmart family with a collection of American art, very impressive buildings and extensive beautiful grounds with walking paths throughout. Well worth a visit. Another trip was a return to the Russian River Valley for a repeat of Wine and Food tasting. We had spoken so highly of our last year's trip that we were joined by eight of our family who rented a house of their own and also enjoyed the experience.

We spent two days on the way there with Marvin and Carolyn Smoller in Berkeley. They were wonderful hosts showing off their most interesting neighborhood on our morning walks and took us to the de Young Museum for a David Hockney exhibit. We were not familiar with Hockney, but he certainly is a fascinating artist.

We have both recently read Michener's Recessional. This was his last novel, written in 1994 when he was 87 and three years before his death. It takes place in a fictional retirement home in Tampa and was written while he was living in a retirement center at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg. It draws on his own life experience to show the challenges of aging and dealing with our American health care system. The subject matter was particularly applicable to those of our vintage and well worth a read. And on the subject of vintage, BJ reached 80 this year (a very common age except for a few like Jerry who married an older woman) and this seemed a lot of years to the daughters who threw a birthday bash with the daughters and families in attendance including 7 of the 8 grandchildren. It is not often that we get this many of the Marnie clan all in one place together at the same time.

The Florida graduates (daughters Amy and Sandy) plus mates will travel to Tallahassee to help Florida State graduate (daughter Lynn) cheer on her FSU team to hopefully a national football championship. We look forward to seeing many of you in Montgomery in April. We can welcome Jerry to the magic 80 number that weekend.

BJ and Jerry Marnie

--

BJ & Jerry



Dear Zoe:

Old habits live on: Give me a deadline and I'll push it. To (1/2) wit: You're getting this on New Year' Day. See last paragraph to know why it's later than intended. cheers to you and Chuck, ed

Dear classmates:

Happy New Year! I hope this finds you healthy and active. Sorry to have missed you last year, but I plan to be in Northfield for our 65th.

You might remember from Zoe's last newsletter that my 2012 ended with a 50th wedding anniversary in late June, Carole's death in early November and my left knee replacement three weeks later followed by return home just before Christmas with complications..

Rehab continued, slowly. Was able to walk around Riverside Dickens Festival in early February for about an hour Saturday and Sunday, but unable to resume participation. Found area for children's teas in Oliver's Alley named "Dame Fuzzy's Tea Room" in Carole's honor; she had presided over as head tea nanny and tea nannies trainer as well as lending bunch of her teapot collection and writing the little booklet of manners for the under-12 tea drinkers.

March, April and May brought limited participation with Clan MacColin in the Renaissance Pleasure Faire. "Battle wounds, you know. Joined Kaiser Permanente bereavement group; found I wasn't alone in dealing with things like songs on the radio, etc., triggering tears. Still go when I can. Spent a May night in hospital after almost fainting at a breakfast meeting. Turned out internal

bleeding from GERD had weakened me. Two transfused units off B+ red cells fixed me up. Continue serving on board of two-county blood bank. This and other activities follow Carole's final instructions to family, quoting her favorite auntie: "One does go one, doesn't one." You will note it was a very rhetorical question, as in no question about it.

Wasn't fit enough for Pat's Alabama mini; dratted all the way through the month. Did a couple of limited gig with the Guild of St. Olaf, which re-creates royal courts for smaller Renaissance Fairles. I'm William Cecil, Baron Burleigh, adviser to Queen Elizabeth I, way before she had a Roman numeral nailed onto her name, and one of the elders in the Scottish Court of Mary Queen of Scots.

After missing early events last year, I resumed carrying on with other members of the Scottish Society of the Inland Empire, including walking in a couple of local parades. I may be doing the "Toast to the Lassies" for this year's annual Robert Burns Supper. I'll be attending Clan MacCollin's Hogmanay (New Year's) awards dinner 01 February solo for the first time. Last year, elder daughter Kerre was still Da-sitting and truck driver son Jason called up that afternoon to announce he'd just delivered a load locally and was taking us to dinner - surprise! Kerre said, "No, you're coming to dinner with us. It's Hogmanay." We wound up at the Chief's table (by his command). A surprisingly good time was had by all. Jase and Kerre knew as many or more people than I did because of their long involvement with the renfaire in the German mercenary guild.

Wedding anniversary was observed quietly. The annual Geezer Patrol fishing trip into the High Sierra, which I had missed the year before, became a two-geezer event with the unexpected death of a dear friend and the decision of another to see his wife through chemotherapy for a newly diagnosed Stage 4 cancer.



(She's in remission as I write.) Jim and I did catch the requisite number of trout when they were on the menu.

Jase and his wife, Marie, bought a home in Red Bluff, 30 miles south of Redding just off the I-5, where his company has a distribution center that he drives out of.

Youngest daughter Paulie Fisher and husband, Larry, also bought a home in nearby Temecula, less than a mile from their leased "flipper." It is in the same school attendance area, so no educational turmoil for Tristan, who turned 8 in November, or his little brother, Brenton. Tristan's rec department soccer team won the league championship then the city championship for its Under-10 leagues. They were bumped out of the countywide recreation leagues tournament in a see-saw battle that went down to the last minute for a 3-2 ending.

The family Thanksgiving dinner was at Jase and Marie's new home.

The family Christmas dinner was at Paulie and Larry's new home.

In the fall, I renewed my membership in the Citizens University Committee, which supports the University of California, Riverside. We provided grassroots support to get the Legislature to fund the newly opened medical school, sorely needed for our under-served areas.

Having given myself a year to decide what I was going to do, I developed a "Tankard List." Some of you may remember when beer came home in buckets, giving rise to "bucket list" as well as hangovers and bad breath in decades gone by. Tankards are Renaissance beer containers more modestly sized than buckets and therefore quite appropriate for someone of my age and abilities.

I'm working on two items on the T-list at the moment: Bagpipe lessons from the UCR pipe band's pipe major (the price is incredibly reasonable because he's recruiting); and learning German using the Pimsleur Approach so I can go ancestor hunting in 2016 around Koln (Cologne), Mauel (there is such a town), and the site of Schloss Mauel, now a beer garden, and wherever else the trail leads.

This year's Riverside Dickens Festival is 21-23 February and I've been attending dance classes to learn this year's quadrille and others dances. Knee not up to polka or schottisch hopping yet. Beyond that, is organizing this year's Geezer Patrol trip (Jim moved from Newport Beach to Lacy, WA). A MacColin nephew noted online there were 10 weeks before Faire classes and site building starts. That was last week!

There'll be a couple of small renfaires along the way before the Geezer Patrol trip after Labor Day, birthdays and anniversaries.

Oh, one more set of Tankard List activities remembered: I'm signing up for the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society's Team in Training program. One (who's carrying one) joins a group to train for an event, marathon, etc., in my case walking sections. Trainees who raise a specified minimum for the society get to wear a Team LLS T-shirt at the event. This is going to be my principal charity because the myelodysplastic syndrome that turned into acute leukemia and killed Carole needs a cure. In the same vein, I donated \$72 on her 72nd birthday in December and will send \$52 in June on our wedding anniversary.

Now it's time to feed critters and then myself, but not until I get this sent. One of our "honorary daughters" came and a quick visit became a 2 1/2-hour information exchange (unbegrudged).

Luv and hugz to you all, ed.

---

I am recovering from the busiest weekend of my life, I think, it was my 80th birthday and my family was all here and stayed for the weekend with parties, family dinners and even a family movie -- "Saving Mr Banks" -- wonderful -- go and see it -- even the men in my family loved it. I think most of the organizing credit goes to my daughter, Diane, I can't thank her enough. A big thanks also goes to my classmates who sent cards -- I don't know how she managed that. Also a big thanks to Zoe for our wonderful news letter --getting us to cooperate must be like herding cats!!!!!!

I am happy as I can be here in my retirement apartment, but lonesome as I lost my husband of 56 years last February. He was interred the 12 of December at Arlington cemetery in Washington -- a beautiful service -- full of meaning and military tradition. It seems to me to be the only place I have seen so far that my tax dollars are being wisely spent. Speaking of tax dollars, I am awash in papers, receipts, and other necessary paper work -- should have paid more attention when George was doing all his "paper shuffling" -- that's what he called it.

I am now going to get all the fine details worked out for our mini-reunion and you that are coming will soon get a bill for your attendance -- sorry I can't treat! The bus is the big expense but I don't drive and perhaps others of you don't -- after all most of us are 80 or close to it -- how did this happen? -- just a few years ago we were 35!!!!!!



Speaking of not driving -- I have discovered a wonderful service -- the bus company here in Montgomery runs a handicapped bus (I qualify as I have to use a walker to get around) that picks you up at your door and takes you wherever you are going for 4 dollars. A wonderful bargain as taxis are very expensive here. They will take you anywhere in the Montgomery city limits -- which includes the airport and a taxi out there is \$25!!!!!! Sometimes it pays to get old.-- but not often.

The only "55er that I have seen and spoken to is Nancy Furby Hamlin, who came to George's services in D.C.-- she not only looked well but kindly picked up my daughter and myself at the airport at 10:30 at night. The rest of the attendees at the services were either family or friends of his -- even had a "girl" who was in our junior high car pool and a good friend of Diane's -- her husband is a full colonel and stationed in DC. I seem to go back to DC but it is the most important thing in my life at the moment-- perhaps when I turn my attention to the mini I will have a new important thing in my life -- remember, even if you have said you won't come, you can change your mind and send me a check.

I hope I have Morris Dees lined up to speak to us -- he is head of the Poverty Law Center here, but he can't give us a final answer until closer to the date as he is gone a lot on speaking dates. I have discovered a National Park on the Selma highway and we will stop there for a short visit. Also have a tour of Montgomery lined up lead by Mary Anne Neeley -- she is Montgomery's most informed authority. I do hope that those who come will go home much more aware and informed about civil rights.

I send to all my best wishes and "com'on down and see me sometime" Pat Schipplock Oetting





12/4/2013

Dear Friends,

I have a new address! (see envelope). The reason: At approximately 11:30 pm on 3-22-13, my former apartment caught fire approximately 100 yards from my door. All got out safely despite the fact that no alarm ever sounded, not even our smoke alarms, which had been tested biannually. The cause of the fire was electrical. My only hints that something was wrong were loud "Zzzzt! Zzzzt!" sounds coming from our hall and all lights out there, and my neighbor, Tiffany, telling me she smelled smoke. Then all in our hall got out fast. (At [www.redcross.org](http://www.redcross.org), a fire facts sheet states that in 2005, 74% of home fire deaths happened in homes with no smoke alarms or no working alarms. We all got lucky. Had the fire started later when we were asleep, things may have been quite different.)

Immediately following the fire there was much confusion, lack of communication, and isolation. After I exited the building and entered the parking lot, I saw a surreal scene: bright lights illuminated firefighters on the roof as flames shot into the sky. Police cars and an ambulance filled the lot. I stood there shivering in the cold, leaning on my cane and holding onto my emergency Pak n Roll cart while wearing my nightgown, mules, long dress cover-up and ski jacket. I was mind-numbed. A kind friend who lives about half an hour away took me and another neighbor in for the rest of the night. The next morning she drove me to our clubhouse to get help from a Red Cross volunteer, who provided me with three night's lodging in a motel, a \$160 debit card, and a brochure describing necessary steps I needed to take during recovery. Then on the following day, Palm Sunday, my cousin Steve came from out of town to assist me! What a blessing!

After I left the motel, homeowner's insurance paid for my one month stay in a Marriott hotel. My stay was complicated by a trip to the ER where I failed an eyesight test and was diagnosed with elevated blood pressure. Then for three weeks I had to hire a driver to take me on errands until my doctors helped me improve enough to resume driving.

Meanwhile, all of my smoke-damaged possessions (but the few I had with me) had been removed from my apartment by special companies and taken to remote sites for cleaning and restoration and then storage until I found a permanent place to live. Insurance paid over \$20,000 for their services and for my hotel stay.

Big challenges remained once it was time for all my belongings to be returned to me. Although my belongings had fit in my former one-bedroom apartment, once the loose things were packed in boxes with huge amounts of paper, the resulting volume filled a space equal to that of a five car garage! I had to downsize most large pieces of furniture fast, and rent a 10'x30' climate controlled storage unit to hold the rest. Finding help to get those items out of there for sorting/downsizing was a logistical nightmare. I needed volunteers with large trucks and/or vans. My cousin Steve and other "Angels in Disguise" helped so much, including my writing group instructor, some relatives, and my dentist.

I am still sorting, so you can say my year has been defined by the fire. Some good things followed: my new two bedroom apartment is healthier; I have downsized approximately 90% of my possessions; I like my new simpler style of living. I have hung up my sailor's cap that is embroidered with the words "BeginAgain." It is a souvenir from the three hour sailing trip I took on Chesapeake Bay years ago to celebrate my retirement. And so, I will "BeginAgain" once more.

Please do yourselves a favor if you haven't done so already: Give yourselves the gift of safety by visiting the website [www.redcross.org](http://www.redcross.org) or call your local Red Cross to learn how to evacuate and to learn much more. Also visit [www.ready.gov](http://www.ready.gov) or call 1-800-BE-READY to order the free brochure, "Preparing Makes Sense for Older Americans." In 2010, a sleep health employee urged me to learn how to prepare for evacuation, so I did, using the resources of these two organizations hugely. I give much credit to them for providing the information I needed before, during and after the fire. It made all the difference.

I am looking forward to a happy, safe Christmas and a better New Year. I wish the same for you.

J. Perry

1503 E. Centre Ave

# 120

Portage, MI

49002



Joyce



NEW YORK TIMES: TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 2014  
(FRONT PAGE)

## Burglars Who Took On F.B.I. Cast Off Shadows

By MARK MAZZETTI

PHILADELPHIA — The perfect crime is far easier to pull off when nobody is watching.

So on a night nearly 43 years ago, while Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier bludgeoned each other over 15 rounds in a televised title bout viewed by millions around the world, burglars took a rock pick and a crowbar and broke into a Federal Bureau of Investigation office in a suburb of Philadelphia, making off with nearly every document inside.

They were never caught, and the stolen documents that they mailed anonymously to newspaper reporters were the first trickle of what would become a flood of revelations about extensive spying and dirty-tricks operations by the F.B.I. against dissident groups.

The burglary in Media, Pa., on

### Documents Stolen in 1971 Helped Point to Dirty Tricks

March 8, 1971, is a historical echo today, as disclosures by the former National Security Agency contractor Edward J. Snowden have cast another unflattering light on government spying and opened a national debate about the proper limits of government surveillance. The burglars had, until now, maintained a vow of silence about their roles in the operation. They were content in knowing that their actions had dealt the first significant blow to an institution that had amassed enormous power and prestige during J. Edgar Hoover's lengthy tenure as director.

"When you talked to people outside the movement about what the F.B.I. was doing, nobody wanted to believe it," said one of the burglars, Keith Forsyth, who is finally going public about his involvement. "There was only one way to convince people that it was true, and that was to get it in their handwriting."

Mr. Forsyth, now 63, and other members of the group can no longer be prosecuted for what happened that night, and they agreed to be interviewed before the release this week of a book written by one of the first journalists to receive the stolen documents. The author, Betty Medsger, a former reporter for The Washington Post, spent years sifting through the F.B.I.'s voluminous case file on the episode and persuaded five of the eight

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MARK MAKELA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

John and Bonnie Raines, two of the burglars, at home in Philadelphia with their grandchildren.



men and women who participated in the break-in to end their silence. Unlike Mr. Snowden, who downloaded hundreds of thousands of digital N.S.A. files onto computer hard drives, the Media burglars did their work the 20th-century way: they cased the F.B.I. office for months, wore gloves as they packed the papers into suitcases, and loaded the suitcases into getaway cars. When the operation was over, they dispersed. Some remained committed to antiwar causes, while others, like John and Bonnie Raines, decided that the risky burglary would be their final act of protest against the Vietnam War and other government actions before they moved on with their lives.

"We didn't need attention, because we had done what needed to be done," said Mr. Raines, 80, who had, with his wife, arranged for family members to raise the couple's three children if they were sent to prison. "The '60s were over. We didn't have to hold on to what we did back then."

## A Meticulous Plan

The burglary was the idea of William C. Davidson, a professor of physics at Haverford College and a fixture of antiwar protests in Philadelphia, a city that by the early 1970s had become a white-hot center of the peace movement. Mr. Davidson was frustrated that years of organized demonstrations seemed to have had little impact.

In the summer of 1970, months after President Richard M. Nixon announced the United States' invasion of Cambodia, Mr. Davidson began assembling a team from a group of activists whose commitment and discretion he had come to trust.

The group — originally nine, before one member dropped out — concluded that it would be too risky to try to break into the F.B.I. office in downtown Philadelphia, where security was tight. They soon settled on the bureau's satellite office in Media, in an apartment building across the street from the county courthouse.

That decision carried its own risks: Nobody could be certain whether the satellite office would have any documents about the F.B.I.'s surveillance of war protesters, or whether a security alarm would trip as soon as the burglars opened the door.

The group spent months casing the building, driving past it at all times of the night and memorizing the routines of its residents.

"We knew when people came home from work, when their lights went out, when they went to bed, when they woke up in the morning," said Mr. Raines, who was a professor of religion at Temple University at the time. "We were quite certain that we understood the nightly activities in and around that building."

But it wasn't until Ms. Raines got inside the office that the group grew confident that it did not have a security system. Weeks before the burglary, she visited the office posing as a Swarthmore College student researching job opportunities for women at the F.B.I.

The burglary itself went off largely without a hitch, except for when Mr. Forsyth, the designated lock-picker, had to break into a different entrance than planned when he discovered that the F.B.I. had installed a lock on the main door that he could not pick. He used a crowbar to break the second lock, a deadbolt above the doorknob.

After packing the documents into suitcases, the burglars piled into getaway cars and rendezvoused at a farmhouse to sort through what they had stolen. To their relief, they soon discovered that the bulk of it was hard evidence of the F.B.I.'s spying on political groups. Identifying themselves as the Citizens' Commission to Investigate the F.B.I., the burglars sent select documents to several newspaper reporters. Two weeks after the burglary, Ms. Medsger wrote the first article based on the files, after the Nixon administration tried unsuccessfully to get The Post to return the documents.

Other news organizations that had received the documents, in-

cluding The New York Times, followed with their own reports.

Ms. Medsger's article cited what was perhaps the most damning document from the cache, a 1970 memorandum that offered a glimpse into Mr. Hoover's obsession with snuffing out dissent. The document urged agents to step up their interviews of antiwar activists and members of dissident student groups.

"It will enhance the paranoia endemic in these circles and will further serve to get the point across there is an F.B.I. agent behind every mailbox," the message from F.B.I. headquarters said.

Another document, signed by Mr. Hoover himself, revealed widespread F.B.I. surveillance of black student groups on college campuses.

But the document that would have the biggest impact on reining in the F.B.I.'s domestic spying activities was an internal routing

slip, dated 1968, bearing a mysterious word: Cointelpro.

Neither the Media burglars nor the reporters who received the documents understood the meaning of the term, and it was not until several years later, when the NBC News reporter Carl Stern obtained more files from the F.B.I. under the Freedom of Information Act, that the contours of Cointelpro — shorthand for Counterintelligence Program — were revealed.

Since 1956, the F.B.I. had carried out an expansive campaign to spy on civil rights leaders, political organizers and suspected Communists, and had tried to sow distrust among protest groups. Among the grim litany of revelations was a blackmail letter F.B.I. agents had sent anonymously to Martin Luther King Jr., threatening to expose his extramarital affairs if he did not commit suicide.

"It wasn't just spying on Amer-

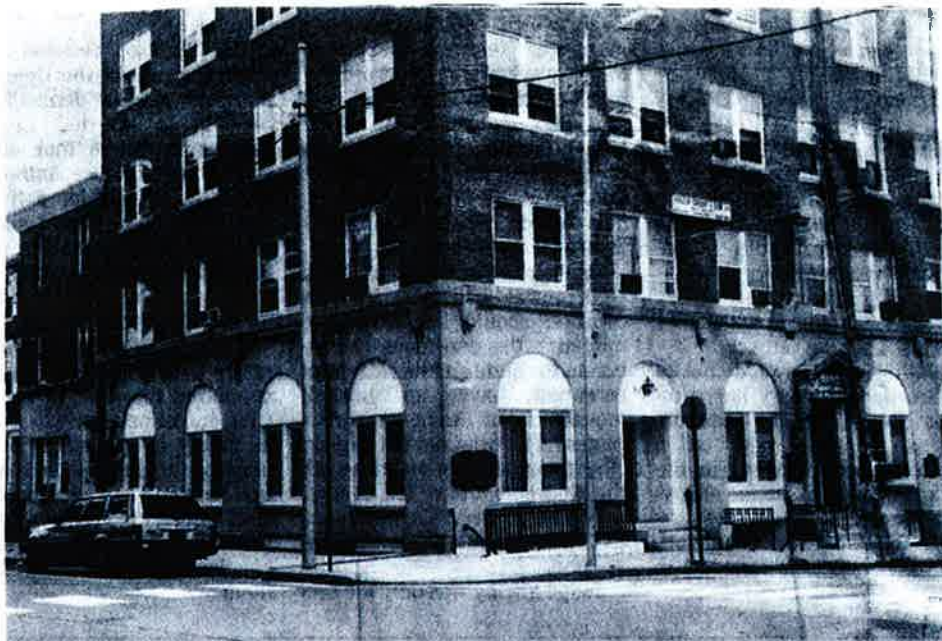
icans," said Loch K. Johnson, a professor of public and international affairs at the University of Georgia who was an aide to Senator Frank Church, Democrat of Idaho. "The intent of Cointelpro was to destroy lives and ruin reputations."

Senator Church's investigation in the mid-1970s revealed still more about the extent of decades of F.B.I. abuses, and led to greater congressional oversight of the F.B.I. and other American intelligence agencies. The Church Committee's final report about the domestic surveillance was blunt. "Too many people have been spied upon by too many government agencies, and too much information has been collected," it read.

By the time the committee released its report, Mr. Hoover was dead and the empire he had built at the F.B.I. was being steadily dismantled. The roughly 200 agents he had assigned to investigate the Media burglary came back empty-handed, and the F.B.I. closed the case on March 11, 1976 — three days after the statute of limitations for burglary charges had expired.

Michael P. Kortan, a spokesman for the F.B.I., said that "a number of events during that era, including the Media burglary, contributed to changes to how the F.B.I. identified and addressed domestic security threats, leading to reform of the F.B.I.'s intelligence policies and practices and the creation of investigative guidelines by the Department of Justice."





BETTY MEDSGER



BETTY MEDSGER

Above, the F.B.I. field office in Media, Pa., from which the burglars stole files that showed the extent of the bureau's surveillance of political groups. Afterward, they fled to a farmhouse, left, near Pottstown, Pa., where they spent 10 days sorting through the documents.

According to Ms. Medsger's book, "The Burglary: The Discovery of J. Edgar Hoover's Secret F.B.I.," only one of the burglars was on the F.B.I.'s final list of possible suspects before the case was closed.

### A Retreat Into Silence

The eight burglars rarely spoke to one another while the F.B.I. investigation was proceeding and never again met as a group.

Mr. Davidson died late last year from complications of Parkinson's disease. He had planned to speak publicly about his role in the break-in, but three of the burglars have chosen to remain anonymous.

Among those who have come forward — Mr. Forsyth, the Raines and a man named Bob Williamson — there is some wariness of how their decision will be viewed.

The passage of years has worn some of the edges off the once radical political views of John and Bonnie Raines. But they said they felt a kinship toward Mr. Snowden, whose revelations about N.S.A. spying they see as a bookend to their own disclosures so long ago.

They know some people will criticize them for having taken part in something that, if they had been caught and convicted, might have separated them from their children for years. But they insist they would never have joined the team of burglars had they not been convinced they would get away with it.

"It looks like we're terribly reckless people," Mr. Raines said. "But there was absolutely no one in Washington — senators, congressmen, even the president — who dared hold J. Edgar Hoover to accountability."

"It became pretty obvious to us," he said, "that if we don't do it, nobody will."

## F.B.I. Burglars Step Out of Shadows, Four Decades Later



## Participants of Pa. 1971 FBI theft discuss plot

Updated 10:03 pm, Tuesday, January 7, 2014



In a Dec. 18, 2013, photo Bonnie Raines sits with her husband John and holds a 1971 FBI drawing of her after they and others broke into and took files from the FBI office in Media, Pa. in 1971. She wore a disguise, including glasses, when she visited the FBI office before the break-in. PHIX OUT; TV OUT; MAGS OUT; NEWARK OUT Photo: MICHAEL S. WIRTZ, AP

From: Laurie Slocum <pathfinder5@ymail.com>

Having moved this last Spring after 13 years in one house, I can't imagine what it would take to move after 47 years! More power to you and Chuck. Yes after some 35 years living in the Western part of US we moved back to Iowa City, Iowa and did some downsizing. We brought 2 dogs with us but had to find homes for horses, cats and chickens. We find Iowa City a small but very active city and very friendly. My stepson and his wife are both teaching history at the U. of Iowa and it is great to be able to see them often. Minneapolis isn't such a long drive and there are a host of family there which is an added benefit of returning to the Midwest. My health has been good and 20 months after major cancer surgery there appears to be no signs of previous illness. I lost 30 pounds and have leveled off around the same weight I was upon graduation from Carleton. There is a very active senior center in town and I am taking some interesting lecture courses generally given by retired faculty from U of Iowa. Also I am a volunteer at the Herbert Hoover Library in West Branch, Iowa one day a week which I have found very interesting. I recently started reading LBJ by Robert Caro but I am still in the first book and to read all the volumes will take some time. Anyone who has read the three Caro books thus far and would comment, I would appreciate your opinion. Getting acclimated to Iowa weather hasn't been easy but we are making headway! I may regret that remark by late February. Can't make the mini-reunion this coming Spring but will be thinking of all of you.

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Dear Zoe,

Herewith is our contribution to the next newsletter:

Carolyn had such a good time in Kansas City in 2012 with the Carleton group that she convinced her gal pals from high school in Omaha to meet there this spring. Nine of them made the trip from Nebraska, Colorado, Texas, Nevada and California, and enjoyed a grand reunion. One of the people was Marlene Willie (now Schilling) who some of you may remember from freshman year.

Marvin still enjoys his volunteer tax preparation work with seniors. He had cataract surgery and now has better eyesight than ever before in his life, since one of his cataracts was congenital.

We continue our interest in family history, in opera, in wine and food, and try to read enough to keep our brains functional.

We now have two grandsons in college - Ethan at San Francisco State, already involved in performing arts but planning a major in computer science, and Diego at University of California at Santa Cruz, interested in environmental science and perhaps medicine. Two more grandsons are at Berkeley High.

Our Vermont family (daughter Karen) has two girls in high school, and a girl and a boy still in grade school. Nobody seems interested in a small college.

Our annual trip to the Northeast was mainly to Vermont and to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Excitement included a damaging lightning strike to the inn we were sleeping in at Chesterfield, New Hampshire, a sudden foreclosure of a favorite inn in Newfane, Vermont (without notice and without return of our money), and a few other unexpected events. We had lots of good weather, did many interesting things, though we were too early for the fall foliage.

This fall we had visits from BJ and Jerry Marnie and then from Lester and Beverly Davis. And we hope to see lots more Carls in Montgomery in April.

Marvin and Carolyn Smoller

**Dear Zoe and fellow classmates**

**Last year started out well and ended horribly. This year it's the opposite....started with me being out of the hospital but no where near normal., but the year ended well. As I stated in last year's letter, I did make my son's wedding in Hawaii and I was glad to be able to do that.**

**I continued with the horrible, toxic anti-fungal medicine until June. Pretty massive doses of it, and I did have 1 or 2 hallucinations when on it. The worst part was that I lost about half of my hair (as did most of the other patients) Fingernail and toenails split, lost tons of weight (a good thing!), had major sleep disorders, no energy, poor concentration, depression along with some other side effects. Now that I'm off the 'poison' my hair is beginning to grow back and my nails are pretty good. But thank heavens for good wigs! All of the other problems are slowly correcting themselves with only some balance problems and sleep disorders remaining on my 'to do' list. I feel so lucky to be alive and to be as healthy as I am now. I have spent a lot of the year just recovering and this whole experience has been a learning one...things I should have learned long ago. My perspective on life has changed dramatically...I am a more positive person, I don't spend a lot of useless time worrying. Most of all, having been at the brink of death, I just treasure and appreciate life so more.....Life is Good!**

**In May my sister and I went to our Mexican Spa (it was her birthday present from me) and it was a great restorative period for me. Alas, two days before leaving I fell in my office and really banged up my face. That wouldn't have been so bad except the next day when checking in for my flight I realized my passport had expired two weeks previously. Getting a quick passport is doable (but expensive) but the horror of it all was that I needed two new passport fotos, so with a lot of makeup and flesh colored bandaids it worked....and will have to work for the next 10 years. At least it's good for a laugh or two!**

**I just returned from my annual trip to Hawaii for Christmas with the Hawaii clan plus Nancy. Sorry that the Houston branch is unable to join us, but they always go to her parents' home for Christmas. We have all come to love this low-key family centered Christmas. No big presents....just small stocking stuffers, and instead we make donations to charitable organizations. My favorite has been Heifer International, and the kids all wonder what they are going to 'get/give' It's usually a lamb, a goat, a pig, a basket of chicks and ducks, etc. I rotate them around so they don't get the 'same animal' every year. This year I'm adding the International Children's Heart Foundation. This is a group of Pediatric cardiology nurses and doctors who travel as volunteers for two weeks to third world countries. While there, they perform numerous heart surgeries on babies and children while teaching the local doctors these skills. My niece, Sara, who is a nurse has gone on several of this trips and I am so impressed by what they do and what she contributes and what she gains from this.**



**This year I'm looking forward to my niece' wedding in Aruba, the Carleton Reunion in Alabama which is always a highlight every two years. I've only driven through Alabama so it will be nice to really see it for a change. A United Airlines reunion in DC in September (always fun) and the traditional Thanksgiving in Oklahoma and Christmas in Hawaii. And I'm going to appreciate every moment of these trips.**

**I am ALIVE and so grateful for that, and I do not take any day for granted. If nothing else, last year's trials and tribulations were a wonderful learning experience for me.**

From: DODYV <DODYV@aol.com>



Brian, Caroline, Me, Nancy and Dan

## CHRISTMAS, 2013

With amazement that this year has sped by so quickly, we send our very best wishes to all of you good friends and family and look forward to hearing from you.

This picture was taken at a family reunion on our favorite Martha's Vineyard, which was a frequent vacation spot during the years we lived on Long Island. In honor of our 80<sup>th</sup> birthdays, our three children rented two big houses for 14 of us, half a block apart, planned dining out and eating in, and entertainment, without any help from the honorees. The only person missing was Amy's husband, Matt, who has to run his business in Alaska 24/7 during the summer season. It was a very special two weeks. In addition, each family visits us in Florida, and Claire and Julian came to the Iowa "farm" for two weeks this past June. Mark's family (Rockland County, N. Y.) is on the left, including Kristen's boyfriend. Amy (Fairbanks, Alaska) and her three children are in the middle. Laird's family (Chicago) on the right, including the two dark-haired children in the front.

We still travel between Florida and Iowa each May and October, with our two cats and a full van. Our concession to old age is to take three days for the trips instead of our former two. Keeping up two houses is sometimes onerous, physically and mentally, but we love both places, the people, change of scenery. We still sail, on Red Rock Lake in Iowa but not in Florida – go figure!

Thankfully all family members are quite healthy and self-sufficient, blessings of which we are very aware. Hoping that the new year will be good to the world and its inhabitants.

*Happy holidays in your new abode.  
Try to find some parts of the above for the  
class letter! The Alaskan family visits  
next week, then the two of us are off to  
New York for Christmas. Keep Well —*



*Merry Christmas*

Barbara and Carl Zacheis

# *Obituaries*



Jane Beebe Turner, of Sarasota, Florida, passed away pm Tuesday, January 22, 2013. Born in Chicago, IL, in 1933, Jane entered Carleton in the fall of 1951. She later received her BA degree from Mount Holyoke College in 1955. She married Dick Turner, her high school sweetheart, in June 1955.

Jane will be remembered for her love of reading, sharp and sarcastic wit, and her strong devotion to her family and friends. Despite battling rheumatoid arthritis for nearly her entire adult life, Jane never complained about the progressive physical toll the disease had on her body. She was a devoted wife and mother, following Dick all across the country to support his academic career. Jane was active in all of the communities in which she lived, raising her two sons and generously volunteering her time.

Cape May, New Jersey held a special place for Jane and Dick, and they spent many weekends at the shore over the course of their lives together. They eventually retired there full time in the late 1990s. They shared a great love for the community and cherished the lifelong friendships they developed there.

Jane and Dick had two sons. Dick passed in 2011. She is survived by both of her sons, six grandchildren, two step-grandchildren, and ten nieces and nephews.

Based upon *The* (Sarasota Florida) *Herald-Tribune*. 25 January 2013

Dorothy Heinlein passed away on June 12, 2013.

### **Carleton Community Mourns the Loss of Three Students**

As we grow older life feels ever more precious, so the news of the three Carleton students killed on Friday, February 28, 2014 in a snow storm related accident is a sharp sense of loss. Our hearts go out to the parents and families of the students we have lost, Paxton Harvieux '15, James Adams '15, and Michael Goodgame '15, and to the Carleton Community.

Our thoughts and prayers are also with the two surviving students also in the vehicle, Will Sparks '15 and Conor Eckert '17. As of the printing of this newsletter, both students remained in satisfactory condition at Hennepin County Medical Center. We send our best wishes and high hopes for their full recovery.

*News of  
the College*



## There was a great article on “Pathways” in today’s Star Tribune: Carleton College website asks: What can you do with a liberal arts degree?

**The new Memorial Hall at Carleton College.**

Photo: **Carlos Gonzalez**, Star Tribune

[Star Tribune photo galleries](#)

[view larger](#)

Clara Shaw Hardy admits she was a little nervous when her son told her he wanted to major in music in college.

She knew that was his passion. But as a mom, she was hoping he’d pick something a little more ... practical.

That may explain why Hardy, a professor of classics at Carleton College, is so sympathetic to a new program designed to help her own students find a career that pays the bills.

This fall, Carleton launched an [interactive website, called Pathways](#), as a “one-stop” shop for those who wonder how to turn a history or philosophy degree into a meaningful career.

At the same time, it’s asking professors who teach subjects from French to women’s studies to Shakespeare to take on a new role: advising students to start career planning as soon as they arrive on campus.

“When I got here 20 years ago, I know I would have found it almost offensive,” Hardy said. “But there’s been a culture shift.”

At today’s prices, even elite schools like Carleton, in Northfield, are feeling the pressure to justify the value of a liberal arts education. “[It’s] a hot-button issue,” said Louis Newman, associate dean and a professor of religious studies. Especially among parents.

“They’re spending all this money on a college education; they want their students to have something marketable when they finish,” he said.

Paths to ‘Life after Carleton’

Carleton, one of the most selective liberal arts colleges in the country, has no shortage of customers. In the past year, it had 14 applicants for every spot in its current freshman class of 527. It's also the priciest college in Minnesota, at \$58,000 a year for tuition, room and board.

"Carleton does a great job of educating students," Newman said. But last year, as part of a strategic plan, officials decided they could do more to help students "prepare for life after Carleton."

The Pathways project, he says, was the response: an all-purpose website to help students explore the careers that might interest them. "So they don't get to the end or middle of their senior year and say, 'Oh, what now?'"

To create the site, staffers started combing a database of past Carleton grads, more than 8,000 since 1990, to find out what kind of jobs they have now. They identified the most popular career paths — such as business and finance, medicine, law, education — and created a section for each.

Interested in government or politics? Here are some potential job titles ("foreign service officer, policy analyst, senator"). And recommended courses (History 212: The American Revolution). And links to clubs, internships and fellowships, as well as alumni willing to act as mentors (the website is public, but the alumni links are limited to Carleton students).

The centerpiece of the site is the "[career path visualization](#)," an interactive chart that shows where grads from individual majors ended up. Click on history majors, for example, and it shows them spread across the professions, from business, law and education to museum curators and actors.

At first, Newman admits, there was some resistance to the "careerist focus" of the Pathways project. Some faculty members worried that students would feel pressure to abandon more cerebral studies, like philosophy or art history, for more practical ones like computer science.

"We had to make very clear from the get-go," said Newman, that "this is all about exploring. It's about branching out. The last thing in the world we want to do is start narrowing their interests too soon into some career path. That's not the point of this kind of education."

But when they saw the result, many were pleasantly surprised.

"I think that what it actually shows is the value of the kind of education we're offering," said Tim Raylor, an English professor who specializes in 17th century literature. "We've got English majors who are now architects, who are internal medicine specialists. It gives us the warrant and the evidence to say to students, 'Don't panic.'"

Cathy Yandell, a French professor, agrees. "We also have plenty of French majors who went into medicine, law, business and finance," she said. "I often tell students just keep doing what you're drawn to. And what you're drawn to will tell you something about what you want to do."

Newman calls it "a remarkable tool" that shows "you can major in just about anything at Carleton and end up doing just about anything in the world."

A skeptical voice

But that message can be somewhat misleading, says Anthony Carnevale, director of the Center on Education and the Workforce at Georgetown University. "I wouldn't tell them that it doesn't matter what you major in," he said. For many jobs in today's market, he said, it does.

What makes Carleton, and other elite colleges, different is that most of their students go on to graduate school, he said, where they learn their professions.

"That's terrific," he said. But, "I always get troubled when I see classics professors trying to sell classics as a good career, because they're always stretching the truth."

Newman is quick to point out that this isn't just about finding a job.



"The value of the liberal arts education is that it trains you very broadly to think and write and express yourself and analyze problems," he said. That, he said, is why most students choose a school like Carleton.

The new Pathways project, he said, will help them see that there's value in those skills in the workplace.

As of last week, Serena Chalaka, 18, a Carleton freshman from near Seattle, admitted she hadn't yet checked out the Pathways site. At this point, she said, she has no idea what she wants to be, and she's taking classes in dance, economics and Chinese.

But even though she just started her college career, she knows the clock is ticking. "There is slight pressure to find a place where I'll be happy," she said. "You put it off for too long, you can find yourself lost."

## Campus Updates

### *Strategic Plan:*

Carleton College's Strategic Plan was completed in fall 2012. The Carleton Strategic Plan is a comprehensive strategic plan for the next decade that lays out the six critical steps to take to secure Carleton's continued distinction. The six initiatives are 1) Prepare Students More Robustly for Fulfilling Post-Graduation Lives and Careers, 2) Enhance our Curriculum to Improve Liberal Arts Teaching and Learning, 3) Strengthen the Socio-economic Diversity of our Student Body, 4) Maintain a Self-Sustaining Economy with a Growing Endowment per Student, 5) Make Focused Investments in Facilities that Directly Advance our Mission, 6) Embrace Collaborative Opportunities with Other Institutions to Enhance Our Academic Programs and Save Costs. You can read about and keep updated about the Strategic Plan at <https://apps.carleton.edu/strategic/>.

### *Career Center Changes*

Under the new Strategic Plan, the Career Center has been undergoing some major changes to increase its visibility and capacity. In the past year, more than twenty new student Career Advisors have been hired, the new Pathways program was launched, and most recently, the Career Center participated in Sophomorphosis, a week dedicated to exposing sophomores to career-exploration opportunities.

Carleton's recent strategic plan enthusiastically endorses the Career Center and their engagement programs like Engagement Wanted. Engagement Wanted is a networking model in which the volunteers contact students when they have specific advice, a referral, or an opportunity for the student based on what his/her aspirations are. You can help a current Carl by:

- Replying to an ad with suggestions, advice or an opportunity
  - just go the Engagement wanted website:  
[http://apps.carleton.edu/career/programs/engagement\\_wanted/volunteers/](http://apps.carleton.edu/career/programs/engagement_wanted/volunteers/)  
and click on the "Contact Me" button
- Forwarding an ad on to your network
  - just click on the "Share My Ad" button

Student ads are updated weekly. To get you going, here are the ads from the week of March 10-14, 2014.

### **Kaiyue Zhou '14**

SEEKING EXPERIENCE IN ARCHITECTURE OR CREATIVE FIELD. Looking to gain real world experience before going to graduate school in architecture. Interested in learning about summer or year-long internship opportunities in architecture or other creative industries. Previous experience includes architecture programs at Harvard University and Columbia University, in addition to two internships at architecture firms. Proficient in all kinds of design softwares. Native speaker in Chinese and beginner in French and Japanese. Experienced traveler and passionate communicator.

**Major/Concentration:** Studio Art

**Career interests:** Advertising, Architecture, Design, Real Estate, User Experience, User Interface Design

### **Samir Rachid '14**

Multifaceted, multilingual statistics major, class of '14 looking for opportunities in biostatistics, environmental and public health. My academic background as well as my work experience in education and genetics research drives to seek career opportunities promoting better health practices among marginalized communities, but I am interested in exploring related fields in statistics. Have spent summers and semesters in Morocco and France, and seek advice on job opportunities that incorporate international work. Would love to chat with you about your line of work and how you got there.

Thanks!

**Major/Concentration:** Mathematics/Statistics, French and Francophone Studies

**Career interests:** Arabic Language, Biostatistics, French and Francophone Culture, Nonprofits, Statistics

### **Mike Habermann '15**

**Interested in community and economic development particularly in African/African-American settings.** Experienced with Somali communities in Minnesota and working abroad. Looking to combine knowledge of economics, statistics, and languages to work in responsible business development. I know basic Somali, advanced Spanish, and will learn East African languages and Arabic in the coming months. Planning to be in East Africa or Minneapolis this summer. I'd love to talk with you about your experiences!

Please contact me [athabermam@carleton.edu](mailto:athabermam@carleton.edu).

**Major/Concentration:** Economics

**Career interests:** Amharic, Community Development, Consulting, East Africa, Economic Development, Economics, Entrepreneurship, Ethics, Ethiopia, Finance, Languages, Leadership, Music, Philosophy, Political Economy, Psychology, Singing, Sociology, Somali, Somalia, Spain, Teaching, Teamwork, Travel

**Other areas of interest:** Alpine Skiing, Canoeing, Genealogy, Languages, Music, Nordic Skiing, Outdoor Activities, Singing, Travel

### **Anna Nisi '14**

Biology major with strong ecology research background seeks conservation or ecology opportunities. I am highly motivated and enthusiastic and I love being out in the field! Past research experiences include: selective herbivory in Carleton prairies, plankton ecology at Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, large herbivore monitoring in Botswana, and marine ecology in Australia. I hope to get a few years research experience before I apply to grad school, and any tips would be appreciated. I am especially interested in species of high conservation importance, including predators.

**Major/Concentration:** Biology

## **Simon Lansberg '14**

Looking for experience in film/television production in any capacity. I'm an aspiring director who has written, directed, and edited several short films throughout my time at Carleton. I love collaborating with actors and exploring new ways to forge connections with an audience. Foley artistry is also a strong interest of mine, and I've had several opportunities to design and execute sound effects over several projects and short films. Another passion of mine is editing fiction, both for class and as a hobby. From screenplays to short stories, I deeply enjoy working with other authors toward the enrichment and focusing of ideas, worlds, characters, and language. I'm also quite curious about applying my creative instincts toward advertising. Advice on breaking into any of these fields would be incredibly appreciated. Thank you!

**Major/Concentration:** Cinema and Media Studies

**Career interests:** Advertising, Comedy, Directing, Editing, Film, Foley, Music Criticism, Music Promotion, Screenwriting, Sound Design, Television

**Other areas of interest:** Editing, Fencing, Music, Piano, Screenwriting, SCUBA Diving, Squash, Stand-Up Comedy, Travel

More information on Engagement Wanted (including Frequently Asked Questions and How to Volunteer) and other Career Center programs you can engage with can be found on the Career Center's Website, [go.carleton.edu/career](http://go.carleton.edu/career). You can also contact Brian Murphy, [bmurphy@carleton.edu](mailto:bmurphy@carleton.edu) or by phone at 507-222-4446, to ask questions about the Engagement Wanted program.

### *Carleton Guests and Speakers*

The 2012-2013 school year did not disappoint with a wide array of interesting visitors and speakers at Carleton. The most renowned speaker to come to Carleton this past year was Salman Rushdie, author of *The Satanic Verses*, to give a talk titled "Censorship and the Satanic Verses: Year Later." Rushdie's talk generated much buzz on campus and was the largest campus-wide talk, drawing over 2,000 people, filling the Recreation Center field house.

Another memorable event was the TEDxCarleton. Twenty members of the Carleton Community (students, alumni, parents, and friends) spoke at the day-long event. Speakers shared a broad range of personal stories, experiences, and passions.

## **Varsity Athletics Updates**

### *Football*

The team finished 5-5 this past season, missing the playoffs by one win. They rallied to beat the Auggies, clinching their senior day victory. Mitch Heflin ('16) and Anthony Kemper ('14) were both selected as MIAC player-of-the-week, and Kemper and Brian Frett ('14) were voted to the All-MIAC team.

### *Women's Volleyball*

The team finished 13-14 overall and missed playoffs by one game. Camille Benson ('16) was selected to the All-MIAC Squad, and Rachel Johnson ('14) was chosen to represent the Knights



### *Womens' Cross Country*

The Knights had a fantastic season once again, defending their title as MIAC Champions. They advanced to the NCAA Championships, where they finished 18th. Four Knights earned All-Region recognition, and coach Donna Ricks was voted MIAC Cross Country Coach-of-the-Year.

### *Men's Soccer*

The team finished 15-3-3, defending their MIAC Championship title. Their season ended in the first round of the NCAA Tournament, but not before at least half the team were recognized for their accomplishments. Members of the team were awarded athlete-of-the-week, All-Region team player, All-MIAC team player, and NSCAA All-American.

### *Mens' Cross Country*

Much like the womens' team, the men had a great season, qualifying for the NCAA Championships. They placed 16th overall. Hart Hornor ('16) capped off his incredible season by finishing 64th in the nation.

### *Women's Soccer*

The team finished 8-9-1, 6-5 in the MIAC. The Knights were in the running for a playoff spot this past fall, but had their hopes dashed by a 2-0 loss to St. Olaf in the final regular season game. The team did have three players – one senior, one junior, and one sophomore – named to the All-MIAC team.

### *Men's Golf*

The men's golf team finished ninth at the MIAC Championships this past fall, and the team earned Academic All-Conference in the process. They will be back on the links this spring.

### *Women's Golf*

The team fell one shot short of winning the MIAC Championships this fall and earning an automatic bid to the NCAA Championships. Freshman Shannon Holden won the individual MIAC title, and was backed by three other teammates who finished in the top ten. The team is going into the spring season ranked 21<sup>st</sup> by *Golf World* and the Women's Golf Coaches Association.

### *Mens' Swimming and Diving*

The team finished third at the MIAC Swimming and Diving Championships and set personal bests as well as school records this season with their relay times. A handful of Knights, including Stephen Grinich ('16) and Evan Harris ('15), have picked up weekly MIAC honors.

### *Womens' Swimming and Diving*

The team finished fifth this year at the MIAC Swimming and Diving Championships. Freshman Maria Wetzel has been selected as MIAC Swimmer-of-the-Week and has already set new records at Thorpe Pool. A number of swimmers has All-MIAC performances at the MIAC Championships.

### *Mens' Basketball*

The team finished 9-13 this season and had their playoff hopes dashed in the second to last game of the season. The team had three players earn MIAC honors this year, including All-Conference, All-Defensive team, All-First Year team, and All-MIAC Sportsmanship selections.

### *Womens' Basketball*

After a season wracked with injuries, the team finished 5-20 this season. The team had two players who received All-MIAC honorable mention awards, and they are looking forward already to next season.

### *Mens' Tennis*

The team opened the regular season with a pair of non-conference matches. They swept Ripon College, 9-0, but eventually lost to College of St. Scholastica, 5-4. All players saw court time and came away with at least one victory. The team looks forward to finishing strong this season.

### *Womens' Tennis*

The team is off to a strong start, and are currently atop the MIAC leaderboard. In 2013, the team successfully defended its MIAC playoff title and clinched automatic berth in the NCAA Championships for the fifth time.

### *Men's Track and Field*

The team finished the indoor season by placing 7<sup>th</sup> at the MIAC Indoor Championships. A handful of runners received All-MIAC honors, with three athletes setting a new personal record in their events. The team looks forward to getting outside for the spring season.

### *Women's Track and Field*

The team had a strong showing during the Indoor season, taking 3<sup>rd</sup> place at the MIAC Indoor Championships. Sophomore Amelia Campbell continued an already impressive streak in the pentathlon, setting a new school, conference and Division III record with her performance. Kao Sutton also set a new school record in the shotput. A number of athletes received All-MIAC honors, and six Knights will be competing at the NCAA Indoor Championships in March.

### *Baseball*

The team will kick off the season in Arizona over spring break. They are looking forward to a great season.

### *Softball*

The season is off to a slow start, with the team posting a 1-3 record in their first four games. They look forward to ramping up in Florida over spring break, and returning to Northfield ready for the spring season.

# *End Notes*

## Contacts

This year has indeed had a lot going on...In September, on our way to celebrate my birthday on the Mississippi, we stopped in Chicago, and Reese and Jeannie Elledge hosted Willi and Dick Nock, Susie Sommers and Chuck and me to a fabulous luncheon on their Yacht Club Yacht, enjoying good company, good food and the view of the beautiful Chicago shoreline. A terrific gathering of old friends. Chuck and I then visited Susie's home to enjoy tea and her and Tor's art and garden, and then on to visit and tour the very house Chuck's grandfather built in Evanston. A wonderful afternoon.

Barb Hanscomb Graham writes that she is enjoying her new home...413 Hampton, Media PA, 19063, Ruth Anne Hicks Doud reports that FL is grand and she is busy helping Dick recover from serious back surgery, Anne DeMallie Holmes sends her usual loving and cheery postcards..some things are very special!

Love hearing from you all!!!

As you will note in the obituaries, and a particular loss for me, Dottie McKenzie Heinlein died this past year. As I am sure you will all agree, it is very hard, this business of losing friends.

Keep those cards and letters coming in folks,...next year we will have another letter, and it is GOOD to stay connected!!!!  
Meanwhile, come visit us!! All best to each of you. Zoe



From: Nancy Hamlin <n2hhamlin@frontiernet.net>

This came to me today, and while I virtually never send things on, either from or via e-mail, this one struck home just a bit and I thought all of you might appreciate at least some of the sentiments expressed. Hope everyone is having a good summer. Love to all, Nancy

Subject: FW: And then it is winter

**AND THEN IT IS WINTER**

**I FIRST STARTED  
READING THIS EMAIL &  
WAS READING FAST  
UNTIL I REACHED THE  
THIRD SENTENCE. I  
STOPPED AND STARTED  
OVER READING SLOWER  
AND THINKING ABOUT  
EVERY WORD. THIS  
EMAIL IS VERY THOUGHT  
PROVOKING. MAKES  
YOU STOP AND THINK.  
READ SLOWLY!**

You know. . . Time has a way of moving quickly and catching you unaware of the passing years. It seems just yesterday that I was

young, just married and  
embarking on my new life  
with my mate. Yet in a way,  
it seems like eons ago, and I  
wonder where all the years  
went. I know that I lived  
them all. I have glimpses of  
how it was back then and of  
all my hopes and dreams.

But, here it is... The winter of  
my life and it catches me by  
surprise. How did I get here  
so fast? Where did the  
years go and where did my  
youth go? I remember well  
seeing older people through  
the years and thinking that  
those older people were  
years away from me and  
that winter was so far off that  
I could not fathom it or  
imagine fully what it would  
be like.

But, here it is... My friends  
are retired and getting  
grey. They move slower  
and I see an older person  
now. Some are in better and  
some worse shape than  
me. But, I see the great  
change. Not like the ones

that I remember who were young and vibrant. But, like me, their age is beginning to show and we are now those older folks that we used to see and never thought we'd be. Each day now, I find that just getting a shower is a real target for the day! And taking a nap is not a treat anymore... it's mandatory! Cause if I don't on my own free will... I just fall asleep where I sit!

And so... Now I enter into this new season of my life unprepared for all the aches and pains and the loss of strength and ability to go and do things that I wish I had done but never did!!

But, at least I know, that though the winter has come, and I'm not sure how long it will last. This I know, that when it's over on this earth... It's over. A new adventure will begin!

Yes, I have regrets. There are things I wish I hadn't done. Things I should have

done, but indeed, there are many things I'm happy to have done. It's all in a lifetime.

So, if you're not in your winter yet. Let me remind you, that it will be here faster than you think. So, whatever you would like to accomplish in your life please do it quickly! Don't put things off too long!! Life goes by quickly. So, do what you can today, as you can never be sure whether this is your winter or not! You have no promise that you will see all the seasons of your life. So, live for today and say all the things that you want your loved ones to remember. And hope that they appreciate and love you for all the things that you have done for them in all the years past!!

"Life" is a gift to you. The way you live it is your gift to those who come after. Make it a fantastic one.



LIVE IT WELL! ENJOY  
TODAY! DO SOMETHING  
FUN! BE HAPPY! HAVE A  
GREAT DAY!

Remember: "It is health that  
is real wealth - and not  
pieces of gold and silver.

LIVE HAPPY IN 2013!  
LASTLY, CONSIDER THE  
FOLLOWING:

TODAY IS THE OLDEST  
YOU'VE EVER BEEN, YET  
THE YOUNGEST YOU'LL  
EVER BE SO - ENJOY  
THIS DAY WHILE IT  
LASTS.

~Your kids are becoming  
you..... But your  
grandchildren are perfect!

~Going out is good..  
Coming home is better!

~You forget names....  
But it's OK because  
other people forgot they  
even knew you!!!

~You realize you're  
never going to be really  
good at anything....  
Especially golf.

~The things you used  
to care to do, you no  
longer care to do, but  
you really do care that  
you don't care to do  
them anymore.

~You sleep better on a  
lounge chair with the  
TV blaring than in  
bed. It's called "pre-  
sleep".

~You miss the days  
when everything  
worked with just an  
"ON" and "OFF" switch.

~You tend to use more  
4 letter words ...

"what?"..."when?"... ???

~Now that you can  
afford expensive  
jewelry, it's not safe to  
wear it anywhere.

~You notice everything  
they sell in stores is  
"sleeveless"?!!!

~What used to be  
freckles are now liver  
spots.

~Everybody whispers.

~You have 3 sizes of  
clothes in your closet....

2 of which you will  
never wear.

~But Old is good in  
some things: Old  
Songs, Old movies, and  
best of all, OLD  
FRIENDS!!

Stay well, "OLD  
FRIEND!" Send this on  
to other "Old Friends!"  
and let them laugh in  
AGREEMENT!!!

It's Not What You  
Gather, But What You  
Scatter That Tells What  
Kind Of Life You Have  
Lived.