Making the News

By Callie Crossley ’73

At a time when the future of network news is in question, Executive Producer Patricia Shevlin ’71 is putting her stamp on the CBS Evening News With Scott Pelley, following a hard news format and setting new standards for the broadcast.

Insider Information

By Jennifer McFarland Flint

If you’ve got a question, chances are good that there’s a Wellesley alum out there who has an answer. Individuals from a wide array of fields—from economics to obstetrics to plumbing—offer unsolicited advice from their areas of expertise.
Photographic Memory

By April Austin

The Davis Museum’s current exhibition, A Generous Medium: Photography at Wellesley 1972–2012, helps anchor select images to a timeline in both the Davis collection and the history of photography.
From the Editor

T
here are certain things that those of us who have worked at Wellesley a long time just know: for instance, where to avoid puddles on warped stone steps, or when students rushing to class dart across College Road without looking (drivers, beware!). We know that on one fall Wednesday, there will be fried dough and kiddie trains on Severance Green. And we’re not terribly surprised when a US secretary of state shows up, or when students engage her in articulate questioning about American foreign policy. It’s all just part of the fabric of Wellesley.

It’s great fun, therefore, to see the campus community through the eyes of someone who is encountering it for the first time—for example, to watch the face of one of our new magazine designers light up as hundreds of students yell “sisterHOOD” in the middle of “America, the Beautiful” at convocation. Or to experience their reaction as they take in a bit of architectural whimsy: an iconic Wellesley lamppost standing full height inside the Science Center. They register to things we tend to take for granted.

This summer, Hecht/Horton Partners of Arlington, Mass., came on board as the magazine’s new design firm, and we’re pleased to welcome Alice Hecht, David Horton, Hayley Capodilupo, and Lina Kong to the magazine team. In true College style, we set up a series of get-to-know-you sessions for them that probably should have been called “Wellesley Boot Camp.” They met with provosts and faculty, took a behind-the-scenes tour of campus, and got the scoop on Wellesley academics and social life from students. They even checked out Platform 9¾, well known to Harry Potter fans.

They summarized their impressions of Wellesley with a short list: dynamic, scholarly, fun, multifaceted, involved, rigorous, vibrant, and having a strong sense of community. These were the qualities, they said, they wanted to particularly bring out in the magazine. They also hoped to create a look that would allow readers to feel that they are “entering a special world, similar to what you feel entering the President.” As always, we’ve looked at readability issues closely and hope those of you who have had trouble with our type will find the going easier.

In this redesigned magazine, you’ll find the same sections that you’re used to, from “Window on Wellesley” to “Class Notes.” You’ll still notice recycled content in the paper. But we’ve also made some adjustments to help you get your bearings—clearer labeling and distinctive designs for each section. In addition, all your favorite reads have been refreshed, from the new class-year markers in Notes to the hand-drawn portrait of a familiar face in “From the President.” As always, we’ve looked at readability issues closely and hope those of you who have had trouble with our type will find the going easier.

In the features section, we hope you’ll enjoy the whimsical illustrations of “Insider Information,” the boldness of the type treatments in “Making the News,” and the refined elegance of “Photographic Memory.” There’s a little bit of Wellesley in the design and content of all of these pieces.

Most of you know Wellesley as well as we on the magazine staff do—though it might be the Wellesley of 1948 or 1984. You might know Tree Day pageants instead of Lake Day antics, divestiture protests instead of discussions with a secretary of state. Whatever your era, there is a “dynamic, scholarly, fun, multifaceted, involved, rigorous, vibrant” Wellesley community to be known today. Let our new designers open your eyes to it—just as they have opened ours.

—Alice M. Hummer, editor
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Wellesley welcomes short letters (a maximum length of 300 words) relating to articles or items that have appeared in recent issues of the magazine. Send your remarks to the Editor, Wellesley magazine, 106 Central St., Wellesley, MA 02481-8203, or email comments to magazine@alum.wellesley.edu.

AN INVITING MAGAZINE

The summer ’12 magazine was absolutely spectacular! Inviting layout, great pictures, excellent content. Makes me very proud—again—to be a Wellesley woman.

ELIZABETH MORRIS DOWNIE ’57
Fenton, Mich.

BLUE PRIDE

Since graduating in the spring, I’ve been spending much of my time thoughtfully thinking of Wellesley, specifically how much I am going to dread not being able to lace up my cleats, tighten my lacrosse stick, and wear my crisp white and blue uniform when next spring rolls around. So, when I saw the cover of the summer ’12 edition of Wellesley I couldn’t help but smile.

After reading the issue cover to cover, not only was I completely satisfied with the detailed coverage of athletics at Wellesley, but also so impressed by the many struggles Wellesley women overcame to create the legacy that I was privileged enough to experience during the past four years.

The way in which the magazine seamlessly connected the history of Title IX’s effect on Wellesley with current student-athlete profiles, in addition to highlighting inspiring stories of active life after college, provided a unique perspective for the reader. And it deepened my pride for Blue athletics beyond what I thought was possible. Thank you for featuring Wellesley athletics, past and present, in the magazine’s summer edition. It was such a pleasure to read. Go Blue!

KAYLA BOLTON ’12 (varsity lacrosse, 2009–12)

SPECIAL RESONANCE

As the parent of a current student-athlete at Wellesley, I cannot thank you enough for the summer ’12 sports-oriented edition. I always enjoy the magazine, even if I’m not an alumna, but this issue hit all the notes we have found in sports activity in our family—a balanced life, serious goals, serious friends, sound healthy habits, and an “inner” identity as a mentally and physically tough competitor. All of these notes have cascaded into my family’s academic and personal life as well. Kudos to you!

PATRICIA HAMILTON P’14
Stone Mountain, Ga.

TITLE IX CHANGES

Congratulations on the wonderful special issue on women in sports and the 40 years since the passage of Title IX in 1972. The article and photographs are inspiring. It is true that in my years at Wellesley (1950–54) we saw little—if any—intercollegiate athletic activity. Ruth Elliott was in charge. I played tennis, but not competitively, and had regular badminton games with some faculty in the economics department in the early evenings. I definitely felt short-changed.

Now I play competitive tennis at the national level and look forward to next year when I can join the 80s in the National Senior Women’s Tennis Association’s tournaments. Having a national ranking of 6th in the Women’s 70s (in 2003) was a very exciting and fulfilling moment in my sports life.

Title IX has brought about truly monumental changes. Your special issue made that dramatic point!

ANN PATTERSON MUNRO ’54
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SPECIAL IX SCHOLAR

I read with great interest the cover story on Title IX (“In the Wake of Title IX,” summer ’12) and the impact of sports on the lives of Wellesley women. I’d like to point out that our own Betsey Stevenson ’93 is a leading academic scholar of Title IX. Her research was the first to establish a clear causal connection between the opportunities provided by Title IX for girls to play sports and their outcomes later in life. She found that Title IX’s expansion of sports opportunities directly led to more girls attending college and being employed as adults, making that generation more likely to be employed in male-dominated and high-skill occupations. She has also shown that while Title IX benefited high-school girl athletes, those gains did not come at the expense of boys. Perhaps of most interest to the Wellesley community, she concludes that gender gaps in high-school sports today are almost entirely explained by sexist attitudes. Clearly we have more work to do!

DIANE WHITMORE SCHANZENBACH ’95
Wilmette, Ill.

(For more on Betsey Stevenson ’93, see page 25.)

75TH REUNION

I was pleasantly surprised recently to get a telephone call from Mary Holt Hastings ’37 reporting on her 75th reunion at Wellesley (“Reunion Album,” summer ’12). She is the mother of a close friend of mine from the town of Wellesley,

Continued on page 80

CLARIFICATION

The spring ’12 president’s letter mentioned the Maurer Public Speaking Program, an exciting new initiative at the College that was established and endowed by Ann D’Espinosa Maurer ’51 and her husband, Gilbert. Wellesley has also received a generous gift from Jackie Loewe Fowler ’47, whose contributions have enabled the Maurer Public Speaking Program to begin this fall. This recognition was unintentionally omitted from that letter.
One of the consistent messages that I hear from alumnae around the world is that the Wellesley experience is a transformative one. And this transformation—occurring from the moment a student arrives on campus to the day she receives her diploma—transcends generations.

Whether it was an “aha” moment in the classroom or lab, a pivotal conversation with a professor or mentor, an eye-opening internship or study-abroad program, or some other meaningful experience on or off campus, Wellesley opens doors for students in very real ways.

For every student who has graduated from Wellesley, there is a compelling story of how she benefitted from her college experience. For Consuelo Valdes ’11, who was the first in her family to go to college, a Wellesley education enabled her to find and explore her passions, and empowered her to choose a field—media arts and sciences—in which women are underrepresented. Consuelo decided to come to Wellesley in part because of the generous financial aid she received, making it possible for her to focus on her scholarly work. Today, with manageable loans, she continues her research as a fellow in the College’s Human Computer Interaction Lab, where she is furthering work on large multitouch tabletops.

Every year, many first-generation college students like Consuelo—from families where neither parent has a college degree—choose to come to Wellesley. Thirteen percent of the students in the class of 2016 are the first in their families to go to college, a percentage that has remained consistent over time.

Wellesley is able to attract and retain so many first-generation college students in part because of the academic support we provide, including strong advising and tutoring programs for all students, as well as WellesleyPlus, a program inviting the participation of a variety of students, some of whom are the first in their family to go to college or who are coming to Wellesley from high schools with less robust academic support programs.

All these programs help our students make a good transition to college.

There is also our generous financial support that benefits students from a wide variety of socioeconomic backgrounds, and our commitment to sending women into the world energized by potential and unburdened by huge debt. (Students from the very lowest income levels graduate without any loans, and currently, all students on financial aid graduate with no more than $12,825 in packaged loans from Wellesley.)

I am especially proud that Wellesley allows bright young women—no matter their financial background—access to our exceptional educational experience. At the same time, I am continually impressed by our alumnae who, grateful for the educational opportunities they received here, retain a sense of responsibility for ensuring that these opportunities remain available for the generations of students that follow after them.

Why do we remain committed to providing financial aid? An investment in a robust financial-aid program is an investment in the quality and diversity of our students. Financial aid enables Wellesley to remain competitive and to provide opportunities for students to find their passion here and pursue what they love, wherever that may take them.

During the economic crisis—at a time when we needed to find ways to reduce our expenses—we actually increased our funding for financial aid, to keep Wellesley accessible and affordable to all deserving students. I am particularly proud of this decision and proud to have received the full support of the Board of Trustees in recognizing the importance of financial aid for our families. I am especially proud of our alumnae who—in the midst of the economic crisis—continued to support our Wellesley ideals.

Our institutional commitment to access and affordability is woven into the very fabric of our history and tradition. Our founder, Henry Durant, believed that a Wellesley education should be made available to all capable women. He felt this so strongly that he deliberately kept tuition low and was known to contribute, out of his own pocket, to make up any deficit.

More than 130 years after the founding of the College, we have stayed true to Mr. Durant’s vision. We continue to invest in the talent and potential of our world’s future leaders. I cannot think of a more worthy investment, nor a greater benefit to society.

H. Kim Bottomly
“This is what we do for fun in South Carolina,” a tall student yells at the top of her lungs as she whizzes by. “I won a speed contest.”

It’s Saturday night in the Keohane Sports Center just after the start of classes, hot and humid as all get-out. But that’s not stopping crowds of students—grinning broadly—from circling a rented rubber floor on roller skates. Some of them can barely stand up (“I haven’t done this since fifth grade,” says one), but others, like Adele Clifford ’16, sail around, weaving in and out. Clifford, on her own Rollerblades, explains that she grew up in Brussels, where streets were closed every Friday night for skating.

The College’s climbing wall is also open, and harnessed students are sweating their way to the top. Megan Jordan, associate director of student activities, says the goals of the event are simple: “to get students who normally may not enter the sports center to experience something fun in the space and ... expose them to some exercise, even though to them it is just fun.”

“Macarena” suddenly blares from the sports center’s loud speakers, and dozens of arms on the “rink” fly into the air in unison, hips shaking. Someone wipes out to gales of laughter. Fun with exercise? Mission accomplished.

—Alice Hammer
THE TWO GROUNDSKEEPERS responsible for the full-time care and feeding of 6½ acres of athletic fields aren’t the type to bluster about their work. But when visiting teams leave full of praise for the College’s pitches—whether or not they leave with a win—you know Roth Schmidgall and Bob Allen are doing it right. The fields sport Olympic-quality turf, even if their caretakers are reluctant to say so themselves. Schmidgall and Allen, who attend every home game between them, say their satisfaction comes from hearing the students’ pride in their facilities. “They’re just very thankful for what they have,” says Schmidgall. “That makes it worth it,” says Allen.

Schmidgall, a grounds specialist, and Allen, a groundskeeper in his 23rd year of employment at the College, maintain five miles of cross-country trails, as well as five fields (four natural and one synthetic) used by Wellesley’s 13 varsity teams, plus assorted gym classes, club sports, summer camps, and the Dana Hall School. The synthetic field, used heavily by the lacrosse and field-hockey teams, helps “take the heat off” the natural pitches, according to Schmidgall, allowing them to bounce back between uses.

The fields’ quick recovery is also due to their healthy diet. “One thing that separates Wellesley from a lot of other places is that the bulk of our program is organic, and we’re able to put things out in an environmentally responsible way,” says Schmidgall. Water usage and chemical runoff are key concerns, given the fields’ location in relation to the sensitive wetlands on the edge of Lake Waban. So rather than blasting the grass with synthetic fertilizers containing an array of excess chemicals, “We’re able to micro-feed the turf, which is very advanced for a fertilizer program … and reduces our environmental imprint,” says Schmidgall.

One of their best tools is soil testing: “We call it the blood work of the turf,” he says. Results show precise levels of calcium, magnesium, and potassium, for example, “and it’s all about getting the right balance in the soil. So we’re able to give the turf exactly what it needs.” When treatment is necessary, they apply flowable forms of nutrients to targeted areas, eliminating runoff. Because, as Schmidgall points out, “One of the greatest things about this area is our buffer zone around these waterways, which also attracts insects, butterflies, and birds and animals. This buffer zone, right next to these high-end fields, puts the school in its own category.”

Although spring and fall are their peak seasons, the two-man team is busy year round. Allen, who also volunteers his time as an assistant coach to the rugby team, spends his winters clearing snow and ice from the College’s nine miles of paths—a modern-day Sisyphus with a snow blower. And Schmidgall spends the off-season planning for the year ahead. Never a dull moment, always a smile: “With the amount of green space we have up here, there’s a lot of oxygen,” says Schmidgall, “and I just don’t see how you could be in a bad mood up here with all that oxygen.”

—Jennifer Flint
**Tropical Semester** (Monkeys Included)

**STUDENT:** Dana Williams ’14  
**MAJOR:** Biology  
**HOMETOWN:** Rowe, Mass.  
**STUDYING IN:** Costa Rica

→ **Tell us about your program.**

I am on Duke University’s Organization for Tropical Studies in Costa Rica on their tropical biology semester. It is a research-focused “traveling semester,” where 28 of us move around the country visiting different sites and exploring the wide diversity of ecosystems in the country.

→ **What was your first impression of the country?**

My first impression was of San José. The hotel cafeteria was on the roof, so we got to eat our (very delicious) meals looking out over the city and toward the mountains covered in fog beyond.

→ **What other activities have you been doing this semester?**

On our recent day off, some friends and I went for a long hike through the rainforest and were rewarded with monkey sightings, toucans, tarantulas, and many birds and butterflies. At night, we have gone looking for glass frogs and whip scorpions. Soccer is also a popular pastime between classes.

→ **What is the most surprising thing that has happened to you?**

One day, we started early with a 7:30 class. About a half hour into the class, the tables started moving. It took a while for everyone to realize that it wasn’t their own sleep-deprivation making them dizzy, but that we were having an earthquake!

→ **What survival tactics have you learned the hard way?**

Be careful on the road; pedestrians do not have the right of way, and cars drive fast! Toilet paper goes in the trash can, always bring your rain jacket if you’re going out in the afternoon (daily afternoon thunderstorms!), and don’t touch the trees—many have large spines or biting ants.

→ **Why should a Wellesley student study abroad in Costa Rica?**

It is a beautiful country with fascinating culture, history, and environment. Whether for language, science, or otherwise, it is a great country for getting a hands-on experience.

— Sidrah Baloch ’14

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**Flower Sunday**

**FLOWER SUNDAY.** Wellesley’s oldest tradition, was held on Sept. 9, celebrating the connections among the diverse members of the Wellesley community. Houghton Memorial Chapel was full to overflowing, with students sitting in the aisles, cradling their bouquets of flowers in their laps.

The service featured performances by the Yanvalou Drum and Dance Ensemble (above), ascenDance, and the Wellesley College Choir; reflections from seniors in the Multifaith Council; and readings from a variety of religious and spiritual traditions. In the responsive reading “Friendship Offering,” adapted from poet Clarissa Pinkola Estés, first-years read together in one voice, “Be brave, be fierce, be visionary. / Mend the parts of the world that are ‘within your reach.’ / To strive to live this way is the most dramatic gift you can ever give to the world.”

— Lisa Scanlon ’99
SEPT. 12 was school picture day on campus. But instead of sitting for stiff portraits in front of a humorless photographer, students were captured outside, all over campus, in Shakespearian getups, waging sword fights, in drum circles and Quidditch matches. Because the photographer was a guy on an oversized tricycle, hauling Google street-view cameras to document the campus for Google Maps. (The street-view car also made rounds of the roads.)

The office of public affairs orchestrated the campuswide photo bomb in honor of Google's visit, encouraging everyone to get outside and do their thing. And the students delivered: The student-org fair sprawled across the chapel lawn, a costumed crowd stood outside the Shakes house, helpfully offering directions, and the SBOG frog hopped all over campus, literally in hot pursuit. (The plushy head is as breathable as it looks.) The result? When prospective students or nostalgic alums check out the campus on Google Maps, they'll see a campus full of people—with faces blurred out for privacy. And it turns out that process takes a lot of time, so look for the new images early next summer.

—Jennifer Flint

As part of the recently announced MasterCard Foundation Scholars Program, Wellesley will provide nine African women with comprehensive support that includes scholarships, mentoring, counseling, and internship opportunities. Partnering with 10 colleges and universities, the foundation has launched a $500 million education initiative that will provide educational aid for talented, economically disadvantaged students from developing countries, particularly from Africa. Wellesley's Office of Admission is currently undertaking recruitment efforts to identify qualified students, who will arrive in groups of three beginning in fall 2013.

—Alice Hummer
In August, the riotous red class of 2016 arrived at Wellesley from all over the world. Where, exactly, did they come from? In the illustration on the left, which shows many of their hometowns, the most common cities appear larger (Los Angeles, for example, with 11 students).

21 Liters of Outer Space

It looks like something out of a sci-fi movie, and, in fact, its use is pretty science fiction-y, too: This ultrahigh vacuum chamber (UVC) simulates the conditions of outer space.

Nathalie Rivas ’15 and Audrey Tran ’15 worked to design and build the chamber last summer with chemistry professor Chris Arumainayagam. Rivas and Tran became familiar with his work as students in CHEM 120, and when he mentioned that he was interested in building a new UVC to replace the 20-year-old model the College had been using, they jumped at the opportunity.

Rivas and Tran quickly came up to speed on using an engineering program called SolidWorks to design the chamber, even though “the learning curve was exponential,” Tran says. But by the end of the summer, parts from vendors had started coming in, and it all began to come together. When the device is complete, the pressure inside the chamber will be able to get down to between $10^{-8}$ and $10^{-11}$ torr, and the temperature will be as low as –20 degrees Kelvin. When it’s in working order, Arumainayagam’s lab will use it to study the effect of electron- and photo-induced reactions in gases. “Hopefully before we graduate,” says Rivas.

—Lisa Scanlon ’99
**Adventures in Team Building**

**Ziplining in Costa Rica** isn’t your typical team-bonding activity, but this past May, it brought the soccer team together in a whole new way.

“We got to share new experiences that were different from what we’d get on the soccer field or on campus,” says Lily Stowell ’14. “Being together for that much time brought us together more than being on campus, when we all have different things pulling us different ways.”

Team travel isn’t a new idea, and being together outside of the academic setting is a key component of many team-building experiences. Some teams travel as far as Florida and Hawaii, or as near as Hull, Mass., where the cross-country team goes to run on the beach.

“When you bring the athletes together and they have the opportunity to spend a full 24 to 48 hours together, they have to get to know each other in a way that has nothing to do with their field performance,” says Bridget Belgiovine, chair of athletics and director of the Department of Physical Education, Recreation and Athletics (PERA).

“It’s about exposing the student athletes to some different things,” adds head soccer coach Tony Mohammed, “giving them some opportunities to learn and to grow and to stretch themselves a little bit.”

To really stretch themselves in Costa Rica, the soccer team also took a whitewater-rafting trip, learned how to surf, participated in community activities like traditional dancing—and played soccer, of course. All travel and activities were paid for by team fund-raising and contributions from the athletic department. “We never preclude someone from going on this trip because of finances,” Belgiovine says.

Now back on the Wellesley soccer fields, Mohammed notices a distinct difference in his players. “This year’s team is more focused and determined than any group we’ve had in my six years,” he says. “The quality of time our student-athletes spend getting to know each other [on our international tours] is priceless. It strengthens their connection to each other and, I believe, changes they way they think about and relate to the game.”

The soccer team is already looking ahead to its next trip in 2015, and the field-hockey team is planning an international trip of its own. No matter where they end up traveling, Belgiovine says, “These are experiences of a lifetime.”

—Jennifer E. Garrett ’98

**Take a Hike**

**Even though the campus** is situated on 500 acres of beautiful woodlands, foothills, and meadows, it’s all too easy for the average student or staff member to get stuck walking the same well-worn path every day. Last summer, Emily Wilson ’14 worked with PERA’s Kristen Weeks to create trails around campus with the goal of getting more students and staff out of their ruts and out getting exercise.

There are now five Wellesley Wellness Trails: one inside the Science Center, one through campus linking all the major buildings and areas, one outside the Science Center and around East Campus, one near the campus center, and one from the sports center over toward the athletic fields. The trails vary in length; the one linking all areas is a 5k; the one in East Campus is one mile. “One idea that I think is really exciting is using the trails for walking meetings,” says Wilson. Also, she hopes the trails will give all students easy access to a walking plan, “especially on the East Side, when the trek across campus to the sports center can seem very long.”

—Lisa Scanlon ’99
WINGING through WELLESLEY

In late August, first-year Nora Neil ’16 took this photo of a red-tailed hawk taking a rest on one of Wellesley’s lamp-posts outside the campus center. The College had very noisy red-tailed visitors for much of the summer, but when Neil snapped this picture, this hawk was probably not nesting. Biology professor Nicholas Rodenhouse speculated that it was migrating through the area and stopped to take advantage of the campus’s rich food supply. (Beware, pizza-crust-fed squirrels.)

Report from Around Campus

College Road

Rank and File

Well, it’s official. Wellesley ranks among the top 10 schools in the nation that are, well, least likely to host a party where there’s too much drinking. So says the Princeton Review. Anyone surprised? How about third among “The 20 Fittest Colleges in America” (MSNBC)? Fall is the season for rankings, with all their quirks and inconsistencies. Some other results: Sixth—tied with Bowdoin—among national liberal-arts colleges (US News & World Report). Top three, “Best Professors” (Princeton Review). Sixteenth among “America’s Top Colleges” (Forbes).

Overheard

"Fall ’70, Art 100: Two streakers interrupt the class, running down the aisles of Jewett Auditorium, across the stage, and back down the aisles. After they were gone, Miranda Marvin comments, ‘Did you notice how one was a Baroque nude and the other more Rococo?’"

—Laurel Nowell Ragland ’74, posting on Wellesley magazine’s Facebook page after the College’s memorial service for the beloved professor emerita

Share & Share a Bike

TAKING UP PRIME REAL ESTATE in the parking garage this fall is a fleet of 15 shiny new bicycles, available for free (yes, free!) to members of the community. Users have to fill out a release and activate their OneCard to be eligible to borrow the bikes, but from there the process is a breeze: Swipe your card, get a key, unlock a bike, then ride off into the sunset. (But please come on back within 24 hours.)

The program is based on Boston’s bike-sharing program and is supported by the Class of 1957 Green Fund. The bicycles themselves have an internal gear system and brakes, minimizing the amount of maintenance required to keep them running smoothly. But the garage has also been outfitted with a self-serve repair station, including a pump and basic tools, so even those with their own bikes on campus will benefit.

—Jennifer Flint

BY THE NUMBERS / RED CLASS OF 2016

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<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Number of countries represented in the class</td>
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<tr>
<td>91</td>
<td>Percent of ‘16ers who led student organizations or sports teams in high school</td>
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<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Percent of the class who identify as ALANA students (African-American, Latina, Asian-American, Native American, and biracial)</td>
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<td>137</td>
<td>Students who learned another language before English</td>
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<td>30</td>
<td>First-years with a parent who attended Wellesley</td>
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n a Paris basement, poring over handwritten letters pinned together with a century’s worth of rust, Professor of History Fran Malino knew she had struck academic gold. A one-line footnote in a colleague’s book had led her to the archive of the Alliance Israélite Universelle, where she had unearthed thousands of letters written by the women of the Benchimol family, northern Moroccan Jews who directed schools run by the Alliance throughout North Africa, the Balkans, and the Middle East from the 1880s through 1939.

The letters were academically important to Malino, the director of Jewish Studies at Wellesley, but she also found that the women were just personally intriguing. “They were extraordinarily intelligent, feisty—and fabulous letter writers,” she explains. So she spent the next five summers riding the bus every day to that basement in the Ninth Arrondissement to find out what had become of the three Benchimol sisters, as well as two of their daughters, who were also teachers. And she has spent the last decade mining those letters for their wealth of historical insight.

Written to the secrétaire général of the Alliance in Paris, who was close to the Benchimols, the letters were intensely personal and politically sophisticated in a way that was very rare for women of the era. “They wrote of miscarriages, cholera epidemics, typhoid,” explains Malino, “but also of the political issues of the day, including child marriage, French and Italian colonialism, local nationalism, and anti-Semitism.”

Although a second generation of Benchimols continued to direct Alliance schools in Casablanca during World War II—even taking in Jewish children fleeing the Holocaust—the letters end in 1939, when they were confiscated by the Nazis. Once they were returned from Germany, the letters languished in dusty boxes until Malino discovered them in 2001. Now she’s ensuring they are read once again, thanks to her book, Teaching Freedom: Jewish Sisters in Muslim Lands 1889–1939, due out soon.

Malino never intended to become a Jewish historian, but her father’s interest in Sephardic Jews no doubt influenced her destiny. (He was a prominent rabbi and the author of several translations of the Jewish poets of Spain.) At Wellesley, she teaches courses on Jewish history and identity and was one of the founders of the popular Wintersession course HIST 290: Morocco History and Culture, taught in Rabat. She is also one of the few American scholars to be named a chevalier (knight) of France’s prestigious Ordre des Palmes Académiques.

Central to winning that award has been her work with Diarna, a digital mapping website that she helped found. Diarna, which means “our homes” in Judeo-Arabic, launched in 2009 and uses Google Earth to preserve information and personal memories about Jewish historical sites across North Africa and the Middle East. “You can click on what was once a synagogue in Fez … and watch old footage of Purim being celebrated there in the beginning of the 20th century,” explains Malino. “There’s a rich array of material.” Several Wellesley students, under the supervision of Malino and the Diarna staff, have traveled the world to help document these sites.

In fact, Diarna.org includes photographs of the Benchimols and several of the schools they directed in Tetouan and Essouira in Morocco and in the Balkans. Malino hopes that one day site visitors will also be able to click through and read the letters that so captivated her in that dusty Paris basement.

—Sarah Ligon ’03
Stars on Ice

Three times a week, Professor of Astronomy Wendy Bauer leaves telescopes and planets for a more terrestrial activity: gliding around an ice rink. Skating, she says, keeps her from “giving in to being an old lady.” Under the tutelage of coach Anne Marie Nesto Filosa ’77, she works hard to master jumps, spins, and footwork in order to make her annual trip to Adult Nationals, sponsored by US Figure Skating.

How long have you been involved with skating?

When I was an undergrad at Mount Holyoke, I took a half-semester PE class, learned some of the basics, and spent many, many hours out on ponds in the winter. When I came to Wellesley, I actually had my first lesson on learning to spin and jump on Paramecium Pond from a Wellesley student. I started taking adult group lessons at a Natick, Mass., rink in 1990.

What is your competition schedule?

I usually do two competitions a year, Adult Nationals and a local competition. At Adult Nationals, some of the male skaters at the highest levels are doing triple jumps, with the strongest women doing doubles. I am at the lowest test level. I can do all the single jumps, although my two hardest ones, the flip and lutz, are almost always “cheated,” which means that I don’t manage to get all the way around in the air and finish the rotation after landing. My personal best performances have put me just below the middle of my age group and level. (I’m now age group 61 and over, we fondly call this “61-to-death.”) For these competitions, we work up programs to music. At my level, they’re a minute and a half long.

Why skating?

I wouldn’t get any exercise if I weren’t doing something fun. What I like best is skating to music.

Do skating and astronomy ever intersect?

I certainly use analogies in teaching. There’s the obvious one of the skater spinning faster when she pulls her arms in for the conservation of angular momentum. But my favorite is “retrograde motion,” which is when an outer planet appears to move backward in the sky when a faster inner planet overtakes it. I like to have them imagine a slow skater like me being overtaken by, say, Michelle Kwan, and how it would look to her as if I were going backward.

—Alice Hummer

Teaching Rocks

In what was surely one of the most exciting field trips in Wellesley College history, Associate Professor David Hawkins led 20 students to White Island, off the coast of New Zealand, to look at rocks. No, really. On the boat ride over from the mainland, the class saw pilot whales and albatross. They then donned gas masks in order to hike around an active volcano to an acidic lake, where steam erupted from a crater wall.

Fortunately, the eruption was part of the syllabus that day, as Hawkins and Professor Jim Besancon had brought the class to New Zealand to get up close and personal with volcanoes as part of GEOS 220, a Wintersession course that explores various volcanic zones, as well as alpine geology, coastal platforms, active faults, and glaciers.

Hawkins is an expert on the plumbing systems of ancient volcanoes. By studying the fossilized remains of the magma systems that were once beneath the volcanoes, he is able to reconstruct how they were formed. “The Earth is extremely old, and it astonishes me how much information rocks record,” says Hawkins, whose recent research has focused on granite formations along the coast of Maine.

“About 420 million years ago, these bodies of granite I study were five to 10 kilometers beneath the Earth’s surface in a chain of volcanoes that were in the Southern hemisphere and were formed from molten rock that was 900 degrees C,” he explains. “Since that time, the Earth has changed so much, and trying to reconstruct that history is what fascinates me most.”

Hawkins’ work brings him to some of the most dramatic landscapes on Earth. In addition to teaching campus-based courses on plate tectonics, mineralogy, petrology, and geochemistry, he has taken students to see volcanoes in California and Hawaii. His own field research has found him hiking along the Grand Canyon and rafting down the Colorado River. And when studying those granite cliffs in Maine, it often happens that the best way for Hawkins to see the full panorama of their horizontal layers is by sea kayak. Sure, it’s hard work, but somebody’s got to do it.

—Sarah Ligon ’03
ShelfLife

Reviews of books by Wellesley authors

Home, Sweet Presidential Home

VICKI GOLDBERG ’58
The White House: The President’s Home in Photographs and History
Little, Brown and Company, New York
230 pages, $35

In The White House: The President’s Home in Photographs and History, writer and photographic critic Vicki Liebson Goldberg ’58 stitches together 250 photos of the building, its inhabitants, and its visitors to create a multi-layered portrait of both the nation’s most recognizable home and the American presidency.

I was surprised at first to discover that Goldberg did not group photos chronologically but grouped them instead around themes that she wished to illuminate. Chapters cover nine topics, including “Weddings and Funerals,” “The White House and Technology,” “Presidents’ Families,” and a half-dozen more. The result is anything but a coffee-table book, in which the images are paramount and captions an afterthought. Instead, it is a social history of the White House and the presidency, in which text and photographs are inextricably bound.

Goldberg’s meticulously researched text illuminates the many layers of meaning in each carefully chosen photograph, from its surface value, to its social implications, to the way in which it illuminates a fact, trend, or personality.

At first, for example, the 1910 photo of President Taft throwing the first pitch on opening day of the baseball season in Washington, D.C., seems to be merely a period piece that depicts the portly president in the presidential box draped in American flag bunting. But Goldberg takes us deeper and explains that Taft’s pitch that day was the very first thrown by any president and that it not only established a new tradition for presidents but inflamed the American public’s passion for baseball.

Most compelling are the images of the first ladies and the first families, because they offer insights into the personalities and private lives of their subjects. Via the 1903 hand-colored photographic portrait of Alice Roosevelt, President Theodore Roosevelt’s eldest daughter, we learn about Alice’s beauty and defiant personality, as Goldberg explains how Alice’s pose emphasizes her “boldness,” a quality for which the young woman was widely known.

We learn, too, about the times in which she lived: Hand-coloring was “the order of the day” because autochrome (the first successful color photographic process) had not yet made it to market when the photo was taken. And we learn about pre-World War II White House customs when Goldberg explains that Alice wears a long court train because they were “de rigueur for women at White House state functions” in that era.

Continued on page 80
Bibliofiles

Read Prague Winter. Get the book from your library or your bookstore, settle down, and read it. The experience of this book begins, quite literally, when you pick it up. Its cloth binding and paper jacket are textured, not glossy; its pages are roughly edged, not smoothly sliced; its sepia cover calls to mind the artistic conventions of an earlier era.

Open Prague Winter and you find that its words reach out to the intellect and the heart. The 11 years from 1937 to 1948 were a time of overwhelming loss. Madeleine Korbel Albright’s experience was all too representative, her family members and friends executed by the Nazis, imprisoned or assassinated by Stalinists. Yet these events were unknown to Albright prior to her 1996 nomination as secretary of state. Then, a Washington Post reporter pieced together her family history, documenting her Jewish origins and her family’s suffering throughout the Holocaust. In Prague Winter, Albright does her own research, presenting a story of personal discovery that both honors and complicates her childhood memories.

Prague Winter has its full measure of disappointment, anger, and grief. Yet these are not the emotions that dominate. “There are many examples of cruelty and betrayal in this book,” Albright acknowledges, “but they are not what I will take with me as I move to life’s next chapter. In the world where I choose to live, even the coldest winter must yield to agents of spring and the darkest view of human nature must eventually find room for shafts of light.”

Prague Winter is memoir rather than autobiography; it emphasizes the author’s inner life and interpretive frames. Albright generously reveals herself through three interwoven narratives.

A dynamic and well-respected professor, she provides a historical account of events occurring in these years. Always the policy-maker, she focuses on the ethical dilemmas that accompany the exercise of power, whether by chiefs of state, diplomats, or citizens.

As a daughter, granddaughter, niece, and cousin, Albright shares the narrative of her far-flung family. The lives and the deaths of her family members, quietly yet richly characterized, bring depth to the volume; much loved forces in Albright’s life, these individuals at once exemplify and indict their times.

Finally, as a woman aware of her own privilege and power, Albright comments on her self and her life. She offers simple descriptions of childhood routines; evaluates influential decision-makers, among them her father; and compares her priorities as a diplomat with theirs, respectfully but without equivocation. This brings the book full circle, back to the historical events that anticipated today’s political debates.

“I believe we can recognize truth when we see it,” Albright writes, “just not at first and not without ever relenting in our efforts to see more.” Madeleine Albright gives expression to this conviction in Prague Winter. And in doing so, she gives those silenced in life or by death an opportunity to speak, to say what is true, and to hold the decision-makers accountable.

—MARYYANE BORRELLI ’81

Borrelli is the author of The Politics of the President’s Wife and The President’s Cabinet.

History, Memory, and Family

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT ’59 WITH BILL WOODWARD

Prague Winter: A Personal Story of Remembrance and War, 1937–1948
467 pages, $29.99

Read Prague Winter. Get the book from your library or your bookstore, settle down, and read it. The experience of this book begins, quite literally, when you pick it up. Its cloth binding and paper jacket are textured, not glossy; its pages are roughly edged, not smoothly sliced; its sepia cover calls to mind the artistic conventions of an earlier era.

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Not surprisingly, then, Prague Winter has its full measure of disappointment, anger, and grief. Yet these are not the emotions that dominate. “There are many examples of cruelty and betrayal in this book,” Albright acknowledges, “but they are not what I will take with me as I move to life’s next chapter. In the world where I choose to live, even the coldest winter must yield to agents of spring and the darkest view of human nature must eventually find room for shafts of light.”

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—MARYYANE BORRELLI ’81

Borrelli is the author of The Politics of the President’s Wife and The President’s Cabinet.

Freshink

CAROLINE GILES BANKS ’65—The Weight of Whiteness: A Memoir in Poetry, Wellington-Giles Press, Minneapolis, Minn.


Sheila Delany (SHEILA WINNICK DELANY ’61)—Anti-Saints: The New Golden Legend of Sylvain Maréchal, The University of Alberta Press, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada


SUSAN SACHS GOLDMAN ’69—Friends in Deed: The Story of Quaker Social Reform in America, Highmark Press, Washington, D.C.

MALINDA LO ’96—Adaptation, Little, Brown Books for Young Readers, New York

SUSAN ELIA MACNEAL ’91—Princess Elizabeth’s Spy: A Maggie Hope Mystery, Bantam Dell/Randome House, New York

Mary Manjikian (MARY MCEVOY MANJIKIAN ’86)—Apocalypse and Post-Politics: The Romance of the End, Lexington Books, Lanham, Md.

Mary Manjikian (MARY MCEVOY MANJIKIAN ’86)—Threat Talk: Comparative Politics of Internet Addiction, Ashgate, Farnham, U.K.

MURIEL MIRAK-WEISSBACH ’65—Madmen at the Helm: Pathology and Politics in the Arab Spring, Ithaca Press, Reading, U.K.


JI HYANG PADMA ’91, contributor—My Neighbor’s Faith: Stories of Interreligious Encounter, Growth, and Transformation, Orbis Books, Maryknoll, N.Y.


Lorine Parks (LORINE ANDERSON PARKS ’53)—Catalina Eddy: Poems, Conflux Press, Marina del Rey, Calif.


Enid Shomer (ENID STEINE SHOMER ’65)—The Twelve Rooms of the Nile, Simon & Schuster, New York

Libby Smith-Holmes (LIBBY HORNUNG SMITH-HOLMES ’60) and Timothy Holmes—Saratoga: America’s Battlefield, The History Press, Charleston, S.C.

SUSAN STERLING ’68—Dancing in the Kitchen, Publerati, Portland, Maine

UZURI M. WILKERSON ’05—Sweet, Aziza Publishing, Boston
In an era when the future of network news looks questionable, Executive Producer Patricia Shevlin ’71 wants to make the CBS Evening News With Scott Pelley a necessary habit for viewers—and boost her show to the No. 1 ratings slot.
By Callie Crossley '73
Photographs by Richard Howard
She alone stands in the darkened room, facing a wall of 28 monitors embedded in a state-of-the-art console. The ever-shifting images in each of the black boxes reflect onto the face of the woman wearing a lightweight headset, staring intently at the monitors. A production crew of about a dozen sits in rows to the side and behind her at long silver tables, the swirl of images washing over their faces, too. The scene could be from Star Trek, but the woman on deck is not fighting off futuristic alien creatures. She is earthbound, stylishly so, in brown-and-black designer flats.

“Make sure that…,” her voice trails off, barely audible above the low drone of conversation in the room. For the next 30 minutes, hers is the singular voice that matters. When she talks, everyone listens. Her voice bears a steely authority commensurate with her stature.

But for her commanding presence, she might not draw attention. She is average height, her brown hair styled in a relaxed bob. She is wearing the professional woman’s modern uniform: a well-made nubby jacket, a greenish silk blouse, a string of twisted pearls at her neck. Standing alone, Patricia Shevlin ’71, executive producer of the CBS Evening News With Scott Pelley, makes a powerful statement. She is the captain of her own starship Enterprise and—though her calm demeanor may not reflect it—she is steering the ship at warp speed. Maybe Captain James T. Kirk always knew he’d be the top guy in charge, but Pat Shevlin did not.

“This is a job I never thought I would get,” Shevlin says, smiling as she sits relaxed on a couch in her office. “And to be given it now is such a gift, so invigorating. It’s a challenge, and to have it work is amazing. It’s really the greatest thing.”

From the outside, Shevlin’s appointment a year and a half ago might have been expected. She is a rarity in the news business these days—a “lifer,” having spent her entire career at CBS. From her start in children’s programming as an associate producer to her work as a field producer for the CBS Evening News, Shevlin steadily moved up the ranks. She had several turns as both producer and senior producer on CBS’s morning and evening programs. And she spent more than a decade as executive producer of the CBS Weekend News.

“She had the experience, the temperament, and the judgment to step right in on day one and take command, and that’s precisely what she did,” Evening News anchor Scott Pelley says. “Leadership and consensus building, decisiveness in decision-making [are] so important for an EP. We’re operating on a daily deadline, and decisions have to be right. Pat has a wealth of experience which guides her to the right decisions. … The values of CBS News are in her DNA—accuracy, fairness, traditional journalistic values.”

Shevlin is quick to point out that the journey to the top wasn’t a straight path. “Sometimes you have to take a sidestep to go forward,” she says, admitting that there were times when she felt her talent wasn’t being recognized.

“There were times when I was Weekend News executive producer and people would say, ‘You should have that job [Nightly News EP],’” Shevlin says. She is sitting in her glass-walled office, which has a brass plate on the door bearing the name of journalistic icon Edward R. Murrow, a former CBS employee. “You have to decide what you care about,” she notes.

Her office reflects exactly that—with pictures of her two grown children equally displayed with the plaques and awards she has earned for her journalism. Sanguine about it now, Shevlin says her life choices may have slowed her rise.

“I made decisions: I won’t do that job,” she says, remembering the time she turned down an assignment to work in London and cover the Bosnian war because her son was 1, and her daughter not much older. For her, making that decision wasn’t a hard choice. “I always wanted to have children, and I always wanted to work in TV journalism. I do think being a mother is the most important thing I’ve done. How did I do it? I had a fantastic nanny for 14 years.”
ynn sherr ’63, a retired ABC News correspondent, was part of a “breakthrough” of women on air in television news in 1972, a movement she chronicled in her memoir, Outside the Box. The veteran broadcaster says getting women on air was just the first step. “Next level was about women in management,” she reflects. “And we did a lot more screaming, and we fought, and we kicked a lot of doors in” to get women into the pipeline for management. “What [Pat Shevlin] represents is the exact logical success of that plan—which was to get women moving up so that they’re trained and in a position to take over the big jobs.” With the executive producer appointment, Shevlin became only the fourth woman—ever—to take the helm of a network evening news program.

Cheryl Gould was the first, serving as acting executive producer for NBC Nightly News With Tom Brokaw from 1985 to 1996. In 1993, Emily Rooney became the second woman in the role, the first given the full title. She served as executive producer of ABC World News Tonight With Peter Jennings. (The ABC broadcast is now anchored by Diane Sawyer ’67, who was unavailable to comment for this story.) Rooney lasted for only one year.

Fourteen years later, Alex Wallace helmed NBC Nightly News With Brian Williams starting in March 2007, exiting in December 2008. Finally, in 2011, another woman—Shevlin—got the top job in commercial television news. Sherr notes that being fourth has certain advantages: “I think it is terrific that she’s not the first. I say that because being first carries a lot of baggage with it, and now she doesn’t have to worry about the baggage and [can] just do a really good job.”

Tom Rosenstiel, a leading expert on network news, observes that Shevlin’s appointment didn’t get a lot of new-woman-named hoopla. “Not much was made of it,” points out Rosenstiel, head of the Project for Excellence in Journalism at the Pew Research Centers. “There’s a woman editor of the New York Times. We’re past that.”

But not so long past. “I got interested in the news early, when I was 9 or 10,” Shevlin says. Back then, she didn’t see any female role models. She grew up on Long Island in Manhasset—close to the epicenter of the nation’s best known and most colorful news outlets. “When my father worked in New York, he’d buy the New York Times on the way to work, and the World-Telegram and Sun on the way home,” Shevlin recalls. “I couldn’t read the New York Times. It was so dense
in those days, no pictures. But I could read the *World-Telegram and Sun.*”

A national tragedy led her to consider television news as a possibility. “When I was 14 years old, Kennedy was shot, and we watched, like everybody else, the coverage for four days,” she says. “I said, ‘That’s what I want to do.’ But in those days, there were no women on TV.”

Shevlin didn’t know then that she was witness to the burgeoning feminist movement that would begin to change the news industry. “I think it was a little before that, when I was home from school one day. I was sick, and my mother let me lie on the couch and watch TV in the afternoon. And Nancy Dickerson came on the air and did a news update in the afternoon. I said to my mother, ‘Do they let girls do TV? Do they let girls do TV news?’ And she said, ‘Well, I guess so. It’s right there.’”

Nancy Dickerson was the first female correspondent at CBS; she was hired for that position in February 1960. She’d been one of the first female producers on the *Evening News* before going on the air. (Shevlin’s life came full circle when she took over as executive producer of the *CBS Evening News*. Nancy Dickerson’s son, John Dickerson, CBS’s political director, now works for Shevlin.)

She knows she owes much to women like Nancy Dickerson, who blazed a trail, but also to Wellesley College. Her acceptance into Wellesley gave the high-school graduate the confidence to know she was meant for greater things. “What it taught me was not to be afraid of being smart. … It meant you are an achiever and you can go other places,” she says. As part of a Wellesley-sponsored program with the BBC, Shevlin went straight to London upon graduating from college. For a year and a half, she worked at Broadcasting House, the BBC headquarters, doing radio, her first foray into broadcasting.

When she returned to the States, she tried repeatedly to get a job at CBS, the personnel office turning her away after quizzing her about her shorthand and typing skills. It was 1973, a time when top news executives at CBS were quoted saying they wanted to hire qualified women. Her father encouraged her to write to the president of the network to complain. The letter got her a response from an executive who promised to call her back. Shevlin was not to be deterred. “I called him every week religiously,” she says, “but then I met a woman who had been in my class at Wellesley, and she said, ‘Oh, I know of a job.’ She sent me to see this woman who also had gone to Wellesley, and that’s the woman who hired me.” The woman was Judy Towers Reemtsma ’58, at the time one of two female producers at CBS. She hired Shevlin for *In the News*, a Saturday morning show for kids featuring 2½-minute stories explaining the news.

Being executive producer of the *Evening News* means that Shevlin is the essence of CBS News. In putting her stamp on the program, she has followed a hard-news format, something recently noted in a *Columbia Journalism Review* article comparing the three network broadcasts. Former EP for ABC News Paul Friedman wrote that *World News Tonight* under Diane Sawyer was softening up the broadcast, that NBC anchor Brian Williams had taken a middle ground, but that CBS was a consistently serious news broadcast. So serious, he wrote, that Scott Pelley never smiled.

“Not true,” says Shevlin, chuckling. “Scott has a great sense of humor.” Turning serious, she says, “Scott and I, we just want to tell the news. And I think there is a news audience for that. They want to watch the news but don’t really want to watch Kristen Stewart breaking up with her boyfriend.”

Shevlin has set new standards for what she wants the broadcast to be. “I want us to have the same quality as *60 Minutes*. I want the shooting and the video to be the same. We’re getting there.”

When she took over a year and a half ago, Shevlin’s first order of business was to break down the walls by being more accessible. She had producers give up private offices upstairs in favor of pod-like seating in the newsroom downstairs. It’s a very different model than the more formal hierarchy of her predecessor, the hard-driving Rick Kaplan, EP with anchor Katie Couric. “It helps [that] I was one of them,” Shevlin says. “Now there is a much more open feeling.”
It’s 2 P.M., and the newsroom is a hubbub of activity. The interaction now exhibits the editorial cross-fertilization she wanted. She moved her office downstairs, where she is a few steps away from the central activity, giving her a chance to be more hands-on. “I just walk over there a lot of times. Last Friday, something was breaking and I walked over and said, ‘Can’t we do a story on this?’ There is much more of a collegial feeling than there has been in a long time,” she says.

A glass-fronted room called the fishbowl is prominently situated on the floor; the production leadership team, senior producers handpicked by Shevlin, is stationed there. The five producers, two of them women, one African-American, sit at an outsized round desk ringed with computers, and large television monitors hang up high. Shevlin says, “[The staff has] to walk into the fishbowl to come and see us. There’s a dialogue, not just orders barked out. It’s a different style.”

The daily 3 P.M. meeting is evidence of the change. Just a few hours before the show goes live, this gathering is the critical debrief for all involved in the broadcast. At this point, the seniors have conferred with producers and staff and assigned a rundown—the order of stories for the half-hour program (22 minutes without commercials). Every available space in the fishbowl is filled with people piled in behind the senior staff, squeezed together on the wrap-around padded benches, and crammed into chairs right outside the glass wall. Shevlin takes her seat at the midpoint of the round desk with Pelley flanking her. While the meeting is under way, Pelley is reading and editing the script of the lead-ins and outros to the stories that he’ll read to camera. “What do you think of the headlines, Pat?” he asks.

In the world of network evening news programs, all of which carry the name of the anchor, Scott Pelley and Pat Shevlin are twinned. CBS News Chairman Jeff Fager named Scott Pelley anchor and paired Pat Shevin with him. For Pelley, it’s a match made in collegial heaven. “We have just meshed perfectly. We share the same values, same goals, the same ideals,” he says. “I just cannot imagine a better partner to run this broadcast with. I really wouldn’t want to do this with anybody else.” Shevlin has also helped him develop his anchoring skills. “She’s my coach,” he says. This is a new role for Pelley. He continues, “I’ve been a correspondent, but I never anchored a local newscast. She taught me how to do it.” More importantly, he says, “In the heat of battle, she’s a cool breeze; she calms everybody down, and calms me down.”

‘Everything may very well just have a life. [The nightly news program] is not going away immediately. I’m not saying it isn’t going away in our lifetime. It’s not going away this year, next year, or the year after. But it sure is a lot different, and it sure is a lot less necessary than it used to be, and that’s too bad.’

—Former ABC News correspondent Lynn Sherr ’63

Ack in the fishbowl, Shevlin leads the meeting, asking the status of various stories. On this day, Pelley is in favor of letting a story from Syria get more time because the correspondent and crew are in hiding, planning to upload their story by satellite at the last minute so as not to be discovered. The senior foreign producer reports that she’s not quite sure what the quality of the video or sound will be.

Shevlin is composed and focused, giving her seniors wide latitude, saying of one story, “It’s so good, we should let it run as is, but should we cut it because the first piece needs 30 more seconds?”

Throughout the late afternoon, she is constantly asking questions here, following up there, checking in with Pelley. And always, it seems, comfortable making the final decision.

Do not mistake her gracious, soft-spoken manner for weakness. “I hold people accountable,” she says. “I had to learn to show my authority in a different way.” Part of that authority involves bringing down the hammer on work that is not to her standard. “I don’t let the seniors call [the producers] and say, this could have been better. I call them. And so it’s not quite going to the principal’s office, but they know they have to do better the next time,” she says.

5:45 P.M. It’s 45 minutes to broadcast time. Shevlin is in and out of the fishbowl, in consultation about every single detail. This is her special gift, says Pelley. “She is master and commander of the live broadcast. She is a real talent, merging all of the elements and dealing with whatever may come in the last minutes.”
Writ large, “whatever may come” is bigger than any daily broadcast Shevlin will oversee. Having survived more than a few pronouncements of its impending death during the last couple of decades, television network news is at another crossroads. That, despite the fact that the evening broadcasts still draw more viewers than all the cable news programs combined. “I don’t think most people realize that,” she says. “My own father is 92, and he said to me something a few weeks ago: ‘Well, I guess Fox News is beating you,’ and I said, ‘Dad, do you know on their best day, maybe they have 500,000 viewers? CNN has 1,500,000. On a regular day, we have 6 million.’ Everybody talks about them, but everybody watches us. I don’t think network news is dead.”

Even if it is the biggest draw, it’s clear that lifestyle changes (nobody home at 6:30 p.m., younger viewers turning away from traditional TV) have impacted viewership. Rosenstiel, head of the Project for Excellence in Journalism, says, “The networks may have so much audience for conventional television that is watched at 6:30 in the traditional manner that they may not see the push to innovate.” That would be a mistake, he warns. “I don’t think we know if people are going to watch a 20th-century TV news program on the giant digital tablet that’s hanging on their wall or watch something entirely different.”

Lynn Sherr, the former ABC correspondent, is resigned. “Everything may very well just have a life. [The nightly news program] is not going away immediately. I’m not saying it isn’t going away in our lifetime. It’s not going away this year, next year, or the year after. But it sure is a lot different, and it sure is a lot less necessary than it used to be, and that’s too bad.”

Certainly if Pat Shevlin has anything to do with it, the CBS Evening News With Scott Pelley will be very much a necessary habit.

6:25 p.m. Eleven hours of editorial effort now comes down to this. Shevlin is in place in the control room, headset on, speaking softly to Pelley, who is on the set. Her concentration is in the moment, but her eye is also on shaping the future of this broadcast. She predicts, “I think we’ll be No. 1. CBS is the No. 1 network, and we have 60 Minutes, a top-10 show. It takes a long time for people to switch, but I think it will happen.”

6:30 p.m. From her standing pose, she looks on as Scott Pelley reads the headlines. “Good evening.…”

Mission focused. Pat Shevlin is boldly going where few women have gone before. Full speed ahead.

Callie Crossley ’73 is the host of Boston Public Radio, a live call-in radio program airing daily in Massachusetts. A seasoned television professional, she is also a television commentator and a former producer for ABC News’ 20/20 and for the award-winning documentary Eyes on the Prize.
The old cliche holds true: Wellesley alums are everywhere. Name a field, city, county, or cause, and there’s probably a Wellesley woman up to her elbows in it. Such a wealth of information begs to be shared, so we asked individuals from a few scattered corners to drop some knowledge on us. Prepare to be schooled.
Opportunity Costs
The best way to think about making decisions in your life is to realize that the biggest cost, any time you do something, is the thing you’re not doing instead. If you’re thinking about going back to school, for example, the biggest cost is not tuition: It’s the time you spend not working. Or when I’m cleaning up the kitchen, I’m not playing with my kid. There’s a cost associated with that. So when you think about how expensive goods or services are, think about what you would do with your time if you purchased them instead.

Comparative Advantage
The idea here is to figure out how you and your partner can produce more together when you specialize. The key is to know where your relative strengths lie. Women, especially, tend to think they’re better at everything in the house and take everything on. But we can only do so many things, so figure out what you’re the most best at, relative to your partner, and what you are the least best at. Also think about what you like doing, not just what you’re good at, and allocate household tasks that way.

My partner, Justin, loves new technology and gadgets. Even though I have some skills in that area—I worked in the tech sector at one point—I don’t love it at all. He’s maybe only a little more skilled than I am, but he loves it, so he does all the technology stuff in our house. We’re also both economists, but I am really interested in tax policy and money-management things, so I do all of our finances and taxes.

We talk a lot about the value of outsourcing. Someone else can do your laundry almost as well as you can, and if you don’t particularly like doing laundry, but you do particularly like taking your child to the playground, say, then you might be better off outsourcing your laundry to play with your kid.

Opportunity costs are really relevant here, too: We just moved, and we hired someone to be at the house when the movers arrived. Instead, I spent the day writing a column for Bloomberg, which paid more than the cost of hiring someone to count boxes for me. I’m not particularly good at moving boxes, so it was the perfect thing to outsource.

Stevenson is an associate professor of public policy at the University of Michigan. You can follow her on Twitter: @BetseyStevenson.
How to Not Bomb on Stage

JANE CONDON ’73

Remember that the audience wants you to be good.
They paid money to see you. Even if they didn’t pay, they are giving you their valuable time. They want you to succeed.

Be honest.
If you can tell a joke, go for it. If you’ve never been able to tell a joke, don’t tell a joke. Just say something local. Is it a hot day, a cold day? Is the wallpaper behind you hideous? Love is always good. I often say, “I love New York. I live out in Connecticut, which is why I look like this.” But only say that you love something if you really do. Audiences are really smart, even if they are dumb. They can tell what’s true.

Accept nervousness.
Channel it into your work. Beverly Sills, the famous opera singer, once said, “If you’re not nervous, you don’t care [about your performance] anymore.”

Remember that it’s not rocket science.
If you fail—we call it bombing—it’s no big deal, except to you. Every comedian bombs. Here’s what’s important: that you live to fight (or speak) another day. Don’t preemptively take yourself out of the game and decide you’re not a good speaker. What if a baby said, “I don’t think I’m going to be good at walking. Nope, I’m not going to try it”?

Practice.
Try out your speech on a friend. Say it out loud. And please, I beg you, be brief. No matter how much wisdom you have to impart (because once you get up there, you are going to love it), be brief.

Condon, a comedian, has been on stage and TV for more than 20 years. She gave the 2011 commencement address at Wellesley. You can find her at janecondon.com or on Facebook.
I have often been struck when reading the obituaries in this magazine by how many loving tributes are delivered by classmates who have stayed close for decades. But I know from my work as Slate’s advice columnist that friendships don’t always last.

Often people want to know how to revive a waning friendship. The best course is to simply state your concerns: “I know we’re both busy, but I’ve been missing you. If something has gone wrong between us, I would much prefer if you tell me.” You may not get a satisfying reply. Sometimes the reason truly is not personal, it’s just life: Lack of physical proximity, or moving into different roles (stay-at-home mother vs. single executive) can simply create a chasm between two people whose lives were once so in sync. If the fading can’t be stopped, often all one can do is mourn and move on.

Other times there is a reason. I’ve heard from people who have come to see a once-close friendship as too one-sided, too burdensome, too boring. Sometimes people are so overwhelmed with family and work obligations that, as much as they’d like to nurture a friendship, doing so just becomes another chore.

Then there are what I call the Brigadoon friendships, from the musical about the enchanted Scottish village that appears once every 100 years. In these cases, there are people for whom one continues to have the deepest affection, but because of distance, or busyness, you fall out of touch. Then you see each other at a reunion and the years in between fall away and for a short time, at least, the connection is renewed. You both promise to stay in better touch, and you usually don’t. Instead of feeling guilty about this, I think these connections should be treasured for what they are.

Yoffe doles out advice, with an occasional well-deserved dope slap, in the “Dear Prudence” column on Slate.com.
How to Deliver a Baby in a Taxi

VERONICA ADES ’99

The good news is that the vast majority of super-fast deliveries are usually fine, so the best thing you can do is just not get in the way. But do make sure that what’s coming out is the head. Because if it’s not a head, then you really need to get somewhere, now. And, of course, remember to notify someone that you’re doing this.

Sterility Treatment
A lot people worry about sterility, but I would say that’s less of a concern, because the baby’s coming through the vagina, and that’s like the least sterile place ever. Having something protective for the baby is useful, but who has gloves in their car? I would take off my shirt and catch the baby in that. But more than that, you should think about the person who is doing the catching, and protecting them from the blood and other fluids. Literally anything that covers their hands would help.

Crybaby
You know a good baby when you see it. Make sure it’s pink, crying, breathing, and looks fairly vigorous. If the baby is sort of stunned, gently rubbing its back can help irritate it into crying, which gets air into the lungs.

Warmth and Fuzzies
Babies lose a lot of heat from their skin, so keep at least one shirt, or whatever you have on hand, to wrap the baby in. Then put the baby on the mother’s chest, both because it’ll keep the baby warm and because, you know, it’s nice! And she’s the best one to hold the kid while you deal with stabilizing the situation and making sure everything’s OK.

Happily Ever Afterbirth
If the placenta delivers before you get help, use anything—like a shoelace—to clamp the cord. But don’t cut it. Then put your hand on the mother’s lower abdomen and rub her uterus in a circular motion. Fundal massage will stimulate the uterus to contract and stop the bleeding; it’s one of the most lifesaving things you can do.

Tipping Etiquette
I can’t even imagine what the bill is for cleaning a taxi after that, but I would imagine that you should pay that bill. And especially if the driver was helpful—like if he took off his shirt to wrap the baby in—you might want to give the child his name. Or maybe a middle name.

Ades is a faculty obstetrician/gynecologist and the assistant director of global women’s health at the NYU School of Medicine. She has practiced in Uganda, Kenya, Mexico, South Sudan, and three New York boroughs. She writes online about her work at veronica-wanderlust.blogspot.com.
1. Don’t throw up on someone and then walk away.
This is what I call it when someone opens a conversation with an elevator pitch. Which basically says: I’m not listening to you, I’m not engaging with you at all. Simply because we’re at this event together, I’m assuming you want to hear all my business. But no one does.

Instead, think about ways to loosen up the conversation. I have a list of small-talk topics in the back of my head at all times: where I grew up, where I live, or coffee. Yours might be animals, children, or sports. Keep a list of these topics in your wallet or purse.

More importantly, you’ll get more out of a conversation if you’re asking instead of telling. At a conference, ask someone, “Who else have you met that you think I might want to know?” People love being asked for a referral, and it creates an opening for more casual conversation—plus, it sets you up to connect with one more person.

2. Don’t wait for official networking events.
Really, every place you go is an opportunity to connect with someone. At a basketball game, I’ll make friends with everyone in my section. The conversation doesn’t need to be based on what I do for a living, but ultimately there’s always somebody there who exchanges a card with me just because they’ve enjoyed the conversation.

3. Don’t show up without an agenda.
I don’t even go to a baby shower without an agenda, because there’s probably someone there whom I need to know. Maybe I’m a mom wanting to know what pacifier to use, but I’m too exhausted to do the research: There’s always something that we need that someone else knows, and that’s the agenda for networking.

Johnson is a business and career strategist who focuses on building community on- and offline. She has met some outstanding individuals while waiting in line for the restroom at conferences.
How to Keep Your Plumber in Business

LESLIE PANO ’77

Run your garbage disposal as briefly as possible.
Just because you don’t see the food in the disposal any more, you’re not done. Keep running the water long after you see the food go down. Because even if you don’t see it, food could be just beyond the disposal, sitting in the drain, and if you have things like rice and pasta in there, with the water and wetness, they’re going to swell up and block that drain like cement.

Brush your hair while standing over the sink.
Think about it.

Plumbing problems? Save some money and hire your cousin’s unlicensed and shady friend, Vinny. What could go wrong?
I get a lot of calls to fix work that was done by someone who thought they knew how to do plumbing. If you don’t hire someone who’s licensed and will pull permits, you just don’t know what you’re getting.

People will sometimes say that a licensed plumber is too expensive. Bear in mind that that person probably had to go to school longer than your lawyer or doctor in order to become a licensed plumber. In Massachusetts, it’s five years of schooling and apprenticeship work for a journeyman license and another year for a master on top of that, then passing an exam. We keep a page from USA Weekend on our bulletin board, where Diane Sawyer ’67 says about high-paid TV anchors: “We don’t deserve as much as a great plumber.”

Pano is a master plumber at the College, where she has worked for 35 years. Her mother and sister are also alums. She recommends that you learn where the shutoff is for your water main, if you don’t already know.
Three Ways to Benefit From Twitter

JANA RIESS ’91

Hundreds of millions of people use the social networking site Twitter. It’s free, fun, and a great way to meet people with shared interests. However, it can also devolve into a cacophony of idiotspeak, with total strangers shouting past each other about what they ate for breakfast.

It doesn’t have to be. Here are three ways to use it without having it make you crazy.

1) Follow news events in real time.
Whether it’s a revolution in Libya or the Olympic games in London, you’re no longer dependent on the whims of cable television to tell you what’s really going on in the world. Do a Twitter search for a trending hashtag (e.g., #downtonabbey or #election) and then learn about the news precisely as it’s happening—from ordinary people on the ground.

2) Get better customer service.
It’s always a good idea to lodge consumer complaints in writing, but companies pay a lot more attention to you when you are cc’ing hundreds or even thousands of Twitter followers. Before composing your tweet, find the @ symbol for the company you’re grumbling about and be sure to add it to your text (e.g., “@verizon just raised my rates w/no explanation and they won’t put a human being on the phone!”). Remember that praises are even more important to make public than kvetchfests, so if you liked something, be sure to crow about that, too.

3) Keep current on your industry or hobby.
If you’re choosy about whom you follow, you can tailor your Twitter feed so that it only contains valuable information about specific topics you care about. If you’re an amateur historian, you can follow museums, archives, research collections, and conferences; if you’re a knitter, you can find out about exclusive yarn sales or how-to videos. It’s all out there.

Have fun, and always remember the basic rule: Tweet others as you would like to be tweeted.

Riess is the director of publishing for Patheos Press and the author of Flunking Sainthood and other books. For the last three years, she has tweeted a chapter of the Bible a day in 140 characters or less … now with 68 percent more humor! Your can find her on Twitter by following @janariess.
The most important thing to do when you leave a job is to keep your professional reputation intact by leaving on a high note. Even if you’d rather throw a tank of gasoline on the bridge then throw a match—you just can’t. So give whatever notice your organization expects, be dedicated to wrapping up your projects before you go, and leave a transition plan for whatever you can’t finish. Offer to train your replacement, or at least leave a detailed memo for your replacement.

Do
• Give notice to your direct boss first, and in person.
• Request an exit interview. Be upbeat, positive, grateful, and constructive. This is really not the time to throw anyone under the bus.
• Be prepared for people to be angry or disappointed that you’re leaving. And for people to immediately start bidding on your office or chair.

Don’t
• Don’t update your résumé at work.
• On your way out the door, don’t post negative comments about your employer on Facebook or elsewhere online.
• Put on an Academy Award–worthy performance if you must, but don’t gloat about your new position.

Sullivan is the associate director at Wellesley’s Center for Work and Service. She has excellent references.
How to Jump-Start Your Spiritual Life

JI HYANG PADMA ’91

Practice Forgiveness
Before bed or at the beginning of the day, do an inner review and notice where your energy is still holding on to something. Before I go to bed, I meditate, and I’ll just notice where my mind goes. Am I dwelling on something that happened at 10:30 in the morning? I just notice that and set that intention to calm my energy. If there was a misunderstanding, I might envision a little bouquet of flowers at the person’s door.

It doesn’t mean condoning whatever might have happened, just releasing it, so we can get on with our lives. If it’s a difficult one, I might say, “Forgiveness isn’t easy, but today I vow to take one more step toward that goal.” It’s hard to get on with life if we have a lot of extra baggage. The idea is just to travel lightly, and forgiveness is one of the most efficient ways to do that that I’ve yet found.

Set a Daily Discipline
Really valuable, in my own experience, is having some kind of daily commitment to ourselves, to our spirit. For me, it’s getting up every day and meditating for an hour. But for other people it might be journaling or prayer, yoga or tai chi. There’s no one way, from what I can see. But that act of showing up for ourselves consistently forges a connection that’s unconditional. If we can be there unconditionally for ourselves, we can also be there unconditionally for other people.

In the same way, if you wanted to play the piano, you’d practice every day. You’d play the scales, and sometimes it would feel inspired and sometimes not. But through consistency and over time, that proficiency would develop, until playing something complex like Rachmaninoff was possible.

Open Your Heart
As far as I can see, this applies to everyone, of every spiritual persuasion: Begin by feeling loving-kindness for yourself. Then spend a little time generating love, allowing that to arise in your heart and mind, toward someone you care about. I imagine my little nephew, but it could be anybody. Then widen it out to someone who’s neutral: I imagine one of the women in the Wellesley post office. (Now when I see her, I have this warm feeling of, Oh, there is my beloved neutral person, how is she doing?) Then open your heart to a more challenging person. Even if it feels like it’s just half-hearted, say all right, give it your best shot. Then let go, and see what happens. It creates a connection that we can’t touch, we can’t know, we can’t prove. And yet those connections between us may go farther than we realize.

Ji Hyang Padma is the director of spirituality and education programs at Wellesley, as well as the Buddhist advisor. She has two books out this year: My Neighbor’s Faith and The Arts of Contemplative Care.
Photicraphic Memory

By April Austin

Wellesley College’s embrace of photography as art form, documentary, and teaching tool reaches back nearly a century—and has broadened dramatically since then. The Davis Museum’s collection now numbers about 3,000 images, ranging from Oak Tree in Winter, made in the early 1840s by the inventor of the photographic negative, William Henry Fox Talbot, to the newly acquired Untitled (Bus Riders) series of 1976 by the goddess of impersonation, Cindy Sherman.

The impressive breadth of the Davis’ collection is represented by 100 photographs gleaned from the museum’s archives and given a fresh showing in the exhibition, A Generous Medium: Photography at Wellesley 1972–2012. The title is taken from a quote by photographer Lee Friedlander, in which he describes the capacity of photography to not only capture the object in direct focus, but also to pick up incidental details on the periphery. This capacity, he concludes, makes photography a “generous medium.”

The broad themes that have come down through the earliest days of photography are all represented in this exhibit: awe-inspiring landscapes, genre scenes, revolution and civic unrest, and celebrity worship. The big names are represented as well, from Berenice Abbott, Ansel Adams, and Diane Arbus to Andy Warhol, Edward Weston, and Garry Winogrand.

The photographs were chosen through an unusual process. Lisa Fischman, Ruth Gordon Shapiro ’37 Director of the Davis Museum, and Lucy Flint, former curator of photography at the Davis from 1987 to 2002, invited former Davis directors, curators, current and past faculty, alumnae in the field of art and photography, and patrons to select photographs that held personal meaning and to write an essay about their choice. Sixty-five people responded to the invitation.

The result, in the exhibition and its accompanying catalog, is a compelling set of narratives that brings each photograph to life and helps anchor the images to a timeline in both the Davis collection and in the history of photography as a whole. Fischman and Flint emphasize this dual timeline aspect by arranging the photographs by the date they were acquired, rather than the date they were taken. It’s a feat of curatorial aplomb, and it gives the viewer an opportunity to think about not just the changes in photographic technology and technique, but also the cultural forces and events that shaped people’s lives at the time the photographs were taken.

'We are steeped in this medium every day. If you study contemporary culture, you need to understand photography—how it shapes your imagination, knowledge, and worldview.'
—Patricia Berman, Theodora L. and Stanley H. Feldberg Professor of Art
The exhibition also serves as a reminder that the Davis is a teaching museum. The archives offer students an opportunity to interact with photographs in a more tangible and immediate manner than is possible by viewing high-resolution images on a computer screen. This makes the photography collection an invaluable resource not just for art-history majors but also for students in other disciplines. As Patricia Berman, Theodora L. and Stanley H. Feldberg Professor of Art, explains, “We are steeped in this medium every day. If you study contemporary culture, you need to understand photography—how it shapes your imagination, knowledge, and worldview.”

For students in Carlos Ramos’ Cultures of Spain course, the impact on their worldview can be dramatic. Professor Ramos helped the Davis acquire a series of images of the early days of the Spanish Civil War and its impact on a small village. The photographer, a gifted amateur named Ramon Ruis, took pictures that are among the only documentation of the struggle that pitted neighbor against neighbor. Now, Ramos takes his classes to view the Ruis photographs and reflect on the turmoil of that era and how it inspired writers and artists, most notably Picasso. “I don’t know if the students realize how fortunate they are to have a museum of this caliber on campus,” Ramos says.

Some photographs are so compelling that students gravitate toward them year after year. One such image is Arthur Rothstein’s Artelia Bendolph, Gee’s Bend, Alabama (1937), a near-perfect composition of a young African-American girl gazing out from a window of her sharecropper family’s log shack. Rebecca Bedell ’80, associate professor of art, writes in the catalog of the photograph’s iconic stature and how its richly textured layers of meaning have inspired many of her students’ research papers.

Director Fischman describes the museum’s most recent acquisition, by Cindy Sherman, as a capstone to the entire exhibition project. “Untitled (Bus Riders) is early evidence of the path this celebrated photographer’s work would take,” she explains. “Her early works in particular demonstrate a rather uncanny relationship to art historical conventions—self-portraiture, impersonation, iconography. The acquisition is meaningful because it gives us a window on this emerging talent, but it also connects us to the moment in an emerging artist’s life that finds a parallel in the lives of young women at Wellesley College.”

Like the students, the Davis’ collection will continue to grow, change, and develop its character. A Generous Medium marks a pivotal point in the history of the collection and solidifies its importance to academic life on campus.

The exhibition, which closes on Dec. 16, will live on in a catalog available from the Davis Museum. It can be ordered from the College bookstore.

April Austin writes on public-health topics for EDC, a global nonprofit organization based in Waltham, Mass., and is a former arts editor and writer at the Christian Science Monitor.
New WCAA Board Member

CAREER & VOLUNTEER ACTIVITIES
★ Marketing consultant, focusing on brand marketing and innovation. Clients include companies such as Church & Dwight and Pfizer ★ Twenty years in consumer marketing, with management assignments at Warner-Lambert, Seagram, and Liberty Richter ★ Member, founding committee of Wellesley Alumnae of African Descent (WAAD), 2009–2010; president, New York Wellesley Club, 2002–2006 ★ Active supporter and volunteer for community performing-arts and youth-outreach programs

INTERESTING FACT
She is a longtime science-fiction fan, an interest first excited by taking an astronomy class at Wellesley.

THOUGHTS ABOUT WELLESLEY
“Connecting with Wellesley always gives me a boost. It helps me recharge my ambitions and think in new ways about our world and our places in it as Wellesley women. I look forward to serving my fellow alumnae and helping our Association in its role as a strong support to the alumnae community.”

Women Who Won’t Always …

ABOUT TWO-DOZEN ALUMNAE met in September to discuss expectations of success and failure, a topic inspired by the magazine’s 2011 article “When Life Doesn’t Measure Up.” At the Chicago Wellesley Club event, participants agreed that Wellesley is supportive of the notion that alumnae can achieve great things—but is it less effective in preparing people for the bumps in life? As one alumna said, “Why don’t we just accept that it’s OK, we don’t all have to be a Master of the Universe?” Brava, well said. Let’s keep the conversation going.
WCAA Student Workers: Alumnae in Training

WE’D BE LOST without our students. It’s as simple as that.

It’s no secret that offices across the College run on student labor. It’s a win-win situation for everyone involved: Students earn money for tuition and build valuable work experience; the staff benefits from the skills of a talented workforce.

The Alumnae Association and magazine offices are no exception. A fleet of 13 students helps organize events, staff the WCAA front desk, send out birthday cards to the oldest alums, build databases, and much, much more.

“Being a student worker in the Alumnae Office is unlike any other job I’ve ever had,” says Sidrah Baloch ’14, who works in the magazine office. “The staff makes us feel like part of their office family, and we get the opportunity to meet so many amazing alumnae.”

We asked four of the WCAA students to talk about their experiences.

*Kristen Green ’14
Student administrator

On what she has learned:
Working in the Alumnae Association, I’ve learned a lot, not only about working in an office, but also about the importance of staying connected to the College community. I’ve learned that Wellesley offers a great support system to its students, even after they’ve graduated. Before reunion, I called many members of the classes of 1947, 1952, and 1957 to invite them to the event. One alumna told me about the College housing soldiers during World War II, and another told me about hearing students in her dorm sneak out to meet their boyfriends. It’s great to feel so connected to my school’s history.

*Adjoa Boateng ’14
Assistant for the Alumnae Events team

On her experience with alumnae:
I was surveying the Alumnae Hall Ballroom to ensure everything was in place for an event during this past reunion. “This is where we met,” I heard someone say. I turned around to see an elderly couple gazing into the ballroom. “Excuse me?” I responded. “I came here for a mixer from Harvard. And at that time, there were always more men than women at these things,” the man continued. “I looked across the room, and we settled,” the woman advised.

The couple held hands, smiling at the memory. “Don’t ever settle,” the woman advised.

*Cicia Lee ’14
Assistant to the Communications team

On what she has learned and the office atmosphere:
I’ve learned a lot of new design techniques and how to use some new programs: I had to learn Adobe Premiere Pro to put together a video project last year. I’ve also learned that an effective way to cut through ice-cream cake is to heat the knife in hot water beforehand. … I definitely love how friendly and fun everyone in the office is. Making jokes is as essential as sending emails. During last year’s “Dance Your Class Off” reunion party, I had a dance-off with [WCAA Executive Director] Susan Challenger ’76. And the fact that there is always food around the office certainly helps.

*Marika Psyhojos ’15
Assistant for the Alumnae Connections team

On the alumnae connection:
When I worked here over the summer, I had an hour-long phone conversation with an alumna who was interested in redistricting alumnae clubs. She asked me what I was studying. I explained that I was most likely an economics major, but was also considering being pre-med. I told her that I had no idea if I was making the right decision. She calmed me down and told me that a career in medicine would be great as long as I could pass “that damn chemistry” (her words). She followed up the next day with a kind email explaining that not all Wendy Wellesleys have a clearly planned path for the future. In fact, most of us don’t, and she wrote, “Just enjoy the ride. … You will figure it out.” I keep a printed version of her email next to my computer.

—Alice Hummer
Students at work in Stefan Shrier’s computer science class

Courtesy Wellesley College Archives
It was with great sorrow that the Wellesley community learned of the death of Nancy Angell Streeter ’50 on Aug. 22 in New York City. Nancy was the embodiment of Non Ministrari, a quintessential volunteer for her College and for her community. She will be greatly missed by those who knew and loved her and by others whose lives were enhanced by her thoughtfulness and generosity.

Although her humble demeanor belied it, Nancy was descended from a prominent New York and New England family. Upon her graduation from the Chapin School, her father was determined that she attend Vassar. But Nancy—in a notable act of independence—enrolled at Wellesley without her father’s knowledge. For four years, he told his colleagues that his daughter was at Vassar, but Nancy was supremely happy at Wellesley and never regretted her decision. She majored in art history, developing a love of the subject that lasted all her life. In 1951, she married Frank Streeter, an investment advisor, philanthropist, and collector of rare books. Together, they raised three daughters, Ellen Streeter Rhodes ’74, Ruth Streeter, and Meg Streeter Lauck, and later took particular pleasure in their nine grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. Frank died in 2006.

In 1962, Nancy and Professor Curtis Shell established the Friends of Art, the first “friends” group at the College. They started small, with annual dues of $10, and hoped to attract 50 members. In fact, within five years the membership was more than 500. Over the years, the group has supported innumerable special exhibitions and programs and donated almost 100 works of art to the Davis Museum. In recognition of Nancy’s contribution to this success, the museum purchased an important Renaissance painting by Giorgio Vasari, The Holy Family, in her honor.

In 1967, Nancy was invited to join the Wellesley Board of Trustees and served for 18 years with great distinction as co-chair of the Jewett Gallery renovation and sports center building committees and as a member of the search committee that selected President Nannerl Overholser Keohane ’61. Nancy was appointed to fly to San Francisco to meet this talented alum who was then a professor of political science at Stanford; Nancy returned to report that she had found the perfect candidate. As Nan says now, “Nancy and I became close friends and colleagues; she was, I gather, an ardent advocate for choosing me and a strong counselor in the early days after my selection.” Nancy retired from the board in 1985 and was elected trustee emerita.

Nancy was as involved with her community as she was with her alma mater. After a trip to India with daughter Ellen, she became fascinated by art of the region and became a program assistant at the Asia Society, overseeing a series of courses under the “Discover Asia” curriculum. In 1986, Nancy became concerned that so many of her young friends in the world of ice skating, dance, and theater were being struck down by a lethal new disease. She volunteered her services to the newly formed AIDS team at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center as the coordinator of volunteers. The mission was to offer comfort to patients and help provide some normalcy to their lives. As Nancy said, “Witnessing extraordinary courage—and heartbreak—of patients and their families taught me that ‘being there’ has made a difference when little else can.”

Nancy was also an avid ice skater, practicing up to three hours a day and serving as president of the Skating Club of New York. An ice dancer, she passed the “silver level” national dancing test and volunteered her time freely for the sport, once organizing a major ice show at Madison Square Garden to benefit the Olympic Fund. Skating influenced Nancy and Fred’s choice to purchase a home in Sun Valley, Idaho, as there was a year-round rink within walking distance. They spent winters there skiing and summers hiking and enjoying the wildflowers.

Late in life, these two well-matched people had one disagreement: Frank wanted to be buried in his family plot in New Hampshire, and Nancy preferred to be with her family in Garrison, N.Y. They finally reached a compromise: They would be buried together in a bucolic spot in Sun Valley. Frank rests there now, and his much-loved Nancy joins him.

—Judith Gaillard Jones ’60, trustee emerita
Miranda Constant Marvin
1941–2012

“Egypt is the gift of the Nile.” Miranda used to launch Art History 100 with this quotation from the Greek historian Herodotus, jolting generations of Wellesley students into asking themselves how topography might affect culture. Lecturing without notes, brilliantly and buoyantly, she paced back and forth across the stage in the Jewett Auditorium. The spoken word was her forte (she claimed she learned timing from watching the Dick Cavett Show). Effortless as the results seemed, the lectures were the end product of countless hours of careful thought and image selection. She counseled junior colleagues: “If you want to speak impromptu, you have to be very well prepared.” Remarkably, she was equally effective as a language teacher, prodding and propelling students through Greek grammar and Homer’s Iliad with her enthusiasm, wit, and innovative teaching.

Named after the character in the Tempest (appropriately, as it turned out), Miranda was born in New York City but raised in Columbus, Ohio. After attending the Columbus School for Girls, she went on to Bryn Mawr, graduating magna cum laude in 1963 with a major in classical and Near Eastern archaeology. At the time, Bryn Mawr had the strongest program in ancient studies of all the Seven Sisters colleges, and there Miranda was one of the first and best students of the brilliant lecturer and scholar Professor Brunilde Sismondo Ridgway. No one who knew both of them could fail to notice Bruni Ridgway’s intellectual influence; a student once complimented Ridgway on “lecturing like Prof. Marvin”! Miranda then spent a year in Athens at the American School of Classical Studies and went on to get her Ph.D. in classical archaeology at Harvard. She came to Wellesley in 1971, after teaching for a year at Boston University.

Miranda’s scholarly activities included participation in archeological digs at Gezer (Israel) and Idalion (Cyprus). In 1975–76, however, she spent a year’s leave in Rome that proved to be a turning point in her development as a scholar. It was there that she became fascinated with Roman sculpture and the way in which Roman art was reinterpreted over the centuries. In a significant article of 1983, she identified and interpreted the sculptures that once decorated the Baths of Caracalla. In a subsequent series of articles, she refined her arguments about the originality of Roman statuary. The culmination of this work was her “dazzling” and “magisterial” book, The Language of the Muses, in which she explains why critics through the ages had regarded Roman sculptures as “copies,” rather than as originals. The book had a transformative effect. As the president of the Archaeological Institute of America, Elizabeth Bartman, puts it: “Thanks to her, we will never look at ancient statues in the same way.”

Holding an unusual joint appointment in art history and classical studies, Miranda somehow managed to be a full colleague in both departments, working among art historians, archaeologists, philosophers, and ancient historians with equal ease and confidence. She held strong opinions on many subjects, but always expressed them with a disarming tact and good humor not often found in academe. Her reputation as a lecturer and a colleague made her a welcome visitor at other colleges and universities, either as a lecturer or a visiting scholar. She was twice a visiting professor at Williams College. In 1993–94 (while teaching full-time at Wellesley), she was a Phi Beta Kappa Visiting Scholar, lecturing at 10 colleges and universities across the United States. She was a codirector of a National Endowment for the Humanities Summer Seminar for College Teachers on “The Roman Art of Emulation,” held at the American Academy in Rome, a visiting scholar at the Getty Research Institute, and a resident in classics at the American Academy in Rome. In recognition of her popularity as a lecturer to Wellesley alumnae clubs, she received the Faculty Service Award from the Alumnae Association.

It is easier to talk about Miranda’s outstanding contributions to Wellesley and to her profession than to find ways to adequately describe her character. Among her many gifts were ones of friendship, often expressed with hospitality. She was a brilliant cook; old-fashioned recipes perfectly recreated, unusual ingredients sought out and magically combined. The sick or the grieving were greeted at exactly the right moment with a container of homemade soup or other delicacy. Miranda was an avid follower of politics. She would agonize when events went wrong, relish a juicy scandal, rejoice in victories of her preferred candidates or issues. She loved travel and music, especially opera. Miranda read everything, from heavy-duty scholarly articles in German to detective stories. For those who shared this last obsession, Miranda would arrive for dinner not with the traditional bottle of wine but with an entire bag full of detective novels.

Miranda never learned to touch-type, but the computer and email liberated her. It seems fitting that she died sitting in front of it, working, thinking, keeping up with the news all over the world.

—Lilian Armstrong ’58,
Mildred Lane Kemper Professor of Art, emerita
—Mary Rosenthal Lefkowitz ’57,
Andrew W. Mellon Professor of Humanities, emerita

With thanks to Katherine Geffcken, professor of Greek and Latin, emerita, and Ann Congleton ’58, professor of philosophy, emerita
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<td>Karen McGruder</td>
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<td>Ingrid E. Olson</td>
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<td>Patricia M. Stucy</td>
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She attended the Emma Willard School and then received B.A. and M.A. (American history) degrees from Wellesley. She married Robert Stone Gillette in 1939. Their very busy lives were spent in Vermont and Falmouth, Mass. Among her numerous civic activities, she served on the Vermont State College board for many years.

She is survived by a daughter, Deborah Gillette Law, of Sun Valley, Idaho; two grandchildren; and one great-grandchild. She was predeceased by her husband; their son Ned, tragically killed in Pakistan; and her sister, Elizabeth French '37.

Pat Beers Mraz '59
Mary Pat Carroll Brigham '53

Bernice Libman Lewis '36 died on Aug. 1, at home, surrounded by family, after 97 years of a beautiful life.

Our mother lived the creed of Non Ministrari sed Ministrare, whether caring for loved ones or introducing art history to groups such as the women of the Larchmont Avenue Church or the Jewish Museum, or teaching immigrants English. She helped found Wellesley’s Greek theater. Everyone treasured her warmth, intelligence, and wit. The class of ’36 benefited from her creative reunion tributes (often poems). We honor her by loving our families, reading poetry, roaming art museums, and reaching out to others.

Ann Lewis Seltzer '70

Barbara Chandler Larner '41 died on May 20.

She had a wonderful life filled with friends, travel, events, and contributions. She was interested and alert to all the goings-on at home and in the world. She developed good judgment and took good care of us all right up to her last smile.

My mother was a painter and printmaker, with one of her paintings auctioned in a fund-raiser for the Concord Art Association. She really loved her time at Wellesley—we drove over to the campus from Concord frequently just to take in the view and visit the Davis Museum.

Holly Larner

Elizabeth Bell Ralph '42 died on July 24.

A lifetime resident of the Barre, Vt., area, from 1942 to 1945 she was the first female reporter of the Barre Daily Times. Her 1943 war marriage to Fred Ralph of Barre took place in Deming, N.M. Ever active in civic, church, and cultural affairs, she began her career with Vermont Job Service in 1964. She was a manager for over 20 years.

Surviving are sons Stephen and Duncan, four grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, and her sister, Leslie Bell. Her husband died in 1980, and daughter Lesley Ralph Wetherbee ‘68 in 2005.

Mary Pat Carroll Brigham '53
Pat Beers Mraz '59
Clara Chittenden Sylvia ’43 died on April 29.
As a daughter, niece, sister, and mother of Wellesley women from Connecticut, Clara treasured her own college years and friendships. Music was a lifelong passion—playing violin, teaching, composing, arranging, sharing music with others. Clara continued playing in orchestras outside Chicago and in Palm Springs, Calif., until nearly age 80. Up to her last days, she eagerly joined in singing the old songs, with a grand smile and spirit. Clara’s love of music was surpassed only by her devotion to family, especially husband Bernie, their three children, and their families who survive her.
Libby Sylvia Danahy ’73

Geraldine McKinley Garvin ’43 died on May 14.
My mother’s life was centered on her love for her family and teaching. She happily remembered her days at Wellesley, where the world opened up to a young woman from a small town in northern Michigan. Over the 65 years that she and my dad lived in Wilmington, Del., she directed a preschool, earned a master’s degree, and taught at almost every grade, from elementary to college level. In retirement, she became a terrific contract bridge player, often sought out as a partner by much younger players. She leaves her husband, two children, three grands, and three great-grands.
Nancy Garvin Shor ’73

Margaret “Peggie” Webster Hammond ’43 died on June 26.
Our mother’s closest friends were her college classmates, regardless of how frequently she saw them. She would return from reunions tired but exhilarated from staying up all night talking! Peggie loved reading, art, music, and traveling with her beloved husband, Bob, as well as spending summers at their cottage on Lake Webster and holding forth on the most current topic of the day during family dinners. She loved her college years and was proud that her sister-in-law, daughter, two nieces, and granddaughter followed in her footsteps to Wellesley.
Louisa Hammond Garrison

Mary Helen Steinheimer MacQuiddy ’45 died on May 11.
As freshmen, we lived in Little House on Washington Street, moving to Clavin for the next three years. At one time we were roommates, using a double-decker bed when the Navy lived in the Quad. An economics major, she minored in music. Piano was her instrument, and the one in Clavin’s living room saw plenty of action. She played everything from Bach to boogie; friends would gather to listen. Before exams, “You Made Me Love You” was our lucky song. Junior Show, Junior Prom—Mary Helen was there! Farewell, old friend.
Carol Edgelow House ’45

Carmel Zupa deMarinis ’47 died on Aug. 3 at her home in Lutherville, Md.
She had a long and productive career as an educator and historian since graduating from Wellesley magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa, with master’s degrees from Columbia and Fordham universities. She went on to instill the Wellesley spirit in both of her daughters, Marian deMarinis Damewood ’75 and Lisa deMarinis ’80. Carmel is also survived by her husband of 62 years, M. Joseph deMarinis, and two granddaughters. We will all miss how our mother’s eyes would light up whenever she spoke about Wellesley.
Marian deMarinis Damewood ’75
Lisa G. deMarinis ’80

Margery Milne Battin ’48 died on Aug. 9.
Marge’s death is hard to take. Expected, but not so swiftly, it left a lonely place against the sky. Our class president, she just recently celebrated 22 years as Lexington’s Town Meeting moderator. We never knew how many organizations she served, how many causes went forward under her leadership, how many she helped. Her efficiency and thoughtfulness were legendary; she got things done.
In her last reunion report, Marge wrote, “Wellesley inspired us to be involved in the world and gave us the skills to do it effectively.” Well done, Marge.
Deborah Newman Kassman ’48

Judy Ilsley Gleason ’51 died on Aug. 3.
Judy blew into our lives like a tornado, inspiring us with her call for social justice and energetic living: mother of five, scholar, Radcliffe graduate, Columbia Ph.D.; after a thesis on West African novels in English and French, author of seven books; researcher on African slave trade, religion, and women; documentarian on the effect of the Chippas massacre and the relationship of Mexican women to the Virgin of Guadalupe; teacher; and constant protester and civil rights advocate. At our 50th reunion she challenged us anew with spirited conversation and calls for action.
Beth Taylor ’51

Sue and I became friends immediately as freshman. She was both brainy and fun, a voracious reader, excellent bridge player, and a keen conversationalist. She loved debate, where her strong, well-reasoned beliefs usually prevailed. Sue spent her years after Wellesley committed to her children and grandchildren and political causes that improved the lives of others. We kept in touch over the years, our fun in challenging each other’s beliefs never diminishing. For many years, we would carve out time during the summer to walk a beach and renew our friendship. I will miss Sue greatly.
Betsy Rauch Rainoff ’57

Nina Bullet Clinton ’58 died on Nov. 15, 2011.
She was the same person to all who knew her, quiet and thoughtful, with a sense of fun that made her the best party giver. Her listening skills helped many, and she never forgot the details of our lives. An economist by occupation but an artist in her soul, she became an accomplished Chinese brush painter and watercolorist. She was brave and accepting as she faced heart problems and Parkinson’s. She was an excellent example of how one person can touch many lives in a positive way; one person at a time.
Katie Clinton
Chris Christie Wade ’58
Len Purdy Pierce ’58
Louise Murray French ’58
Lou Hassell Mason ’58

Mary M. Campbell ’62 died on May 19, of complications from Alzheimer’s. She was a kind, graceful, gentle spirit, with a lovely humor.
After two years in Venezuela with the Peace Corps, Mary worked for architectural firms in the Boston area and studied architecture. Her broad volunteer activity in Haverhill, N.H., where she moved to care for her mother, included the Haverhill Historical Society. A crafts woman, she raised sheep for wool, grew plants for dyes, and spun yarn. Mary’s husband, Bill Koch, Jr., died in 2009. She is survived by her sisters Ann and Elizabeth, and her niece Caroline.
Martha Reardon Bevick ’62

Nora Ephron ’62 died on June 26.
When we learned of Nora’s death, the whole world seemed to mourn, too. There was universal praise for her talents as journalist, author, screenwriter, and director. For our ’62 classmates, there were also memories of Nora as one of the four editors of the News, who spoke out on important issues of the day that Wellesley needed to address. She served as News’ liaison to College Government and on the lyrics committee of Junior Show, also performing the memorable role of Nails. Her joyous life with Nick happily made it “a Nora Ephron movie.”
Marcia Burick ’62

Jeanne O’Donnell Maisonpierre ’44 died on June 14.
Cleaning out her apartment, I leafed through her books. I found scraps of paper, with her unmistakable script—linguistic theories, notes explaining what Joseph Campbell really meant to say about the divine trinity.
When I was a boy, she was my mom, who made us eat stinky fish on Fridays, who berated us for having dirty rooms. But page by page, I started to see my real mother: the intensely intelligent woman who by day was the mundane mother of five boys but by starlight, a complex aesthete with boundless intellectual curiosity.

Robert Maisonpierre, with
Eric Maisonpierre
Peter Maisonpierre
Michael Maisonpierre
Timothy Maisonpierre
Phoebe Hicks Hickin ’62 died on July 26, just eight weeks after attending her 50th reunion.

She earned a master’s degree from Tufts after her graduation from Wellesley. Phoebe was an active volunteer in her hometown of Hanover, N.H., registering voters, helping with book sales, and participating in activities at the White Church. An avid reader, she spent many hours at the Howe Library in Hanover. She is survived by her children, Laura and Ben, who believe that their mother was deeply influenced by her Wellesley education. Phoebe is also survived by four grandchildren.

Anne Ruboff Turtle ’62
Jane Vennard ’62

Neva S. Cram ’68 died on July 28.

Neva lost her third round of breast cancer, and we lost a wonderful friend, full of life and ideas. Investing herself completely in her native Portland, Maine, Neva gave help and voice to those who had none, humans and even felines. She looked for those who needed help, figured out how to provide it, marshaled the resources, and created effective, lasting solutions. Neva always tackled difficult projects, like her classics major, with persistence and an uncanny sense of humor. She deeply loved her family, her Maine heritage, and her friends.

Jean Hamilton ’68
Martha Heisel ’68
Nancy Langen Steketee ’68
Beth Levine Borko ’68
Sharon Smith Rounds ’68

Mary Moore Levy ’69 died on Jan. 10.

During our courtship, Mary and I walked her dog around Lake Waban every day. She was irresistibly funny and interesting. Mary developed and ran the family farm while staying at home raising our three children and then helping to raise her granddaughter. Her continuous sense of social justice was expressed in her writings and in her work in the local hospice shop. She had a remarkable skill to take a positive spin in any situation—something she attributed to her Wellesley education. I feel very lucky to have known her.

Benjamin Levy

Ann Scales ’74 died on June 24, of complications of a brain injury sustained after a fall at her home in Denver.

A history and philosophy major, Ann was a brilliant legal scholar (Harvard J.D., ’78) and pioneer of feminist jurisprudence. Inspired by the 1970s Boston school desegregation crisis, she crafted a prize-winning Halloween costume: Wearing a yellow rain hat, jacket, and pants, Scales zoomed into Caz on black roller skates, a flashlight affixed to her rear. One jacket pocket held a Pillsbury Poppin’ Fresh Doughboy; the other, my black rag doll. Voila: an “integrated school bus.” The crowd roared.

Evelyn C. White ’76

Leslie K. Davidson ’80 died on Sept. 1, 2011. Born in Denver and raised around the world, my sister Leslie found two true loves at Wellesley College: her Russian major and her engagement with the Shakespeare Society. These experiences and her post-graduate training in Russian at Harvard instilled in her a commitment to and passion for government service. A national-intelligence expert, she lived and worked around the world—Russia, Kazakhstan, India, Estonia, and more—until her untimely death from non-smoking-related lung cancer. She leaves her husband, Joseph DeThomas; stepson, Benjamin DeThomas; and a wealth of Wellesley friends.

Nancy E. Davidson ’75

Ingrid E. Olson ’87 died unexpectedly on July 4, of cardiac arrhythmia.

Ingrid was much too full of life to leave us so suddenly. She had a fantastic and expressive cackle I can still hear, inner strength, and fabulous dimples. She was wholly committed to the people and pursuits she loved. She thrilled to share her love of Wellesley with her beloved daughter, Annika, and danced like a diva with her and many friends at our 45th reunion just a month before she died. Mother, daughter, cherished friend, and sister: Ingrid, you will always be with us.

Virginia L. Bennett ’87

Patricia M. Stucy ’97 died on July 31.

We were fortunate to befriend Patricia. She had a bright smile, sharp wit, and an infectious laugh. As a leader in Mezcla, her style was passionate yet reserved. She supported mischief by skipping class to lounge outdoors and tease passersby, supported aspirations by babysitting while a young mother studied, and supported dreams as a dedicated bridesmaid. She was closest to family, often organizing outings for them, and enjoyed restoring cars with her brother. Perpetually curious, post-Wellesley she studied Italian and web design. She recently secured her dream job and welcomed further career strides. Gone far too soon, Patricia is dearly missed.

Laura Gonzalez ’95
Michelle Pickering ’97
Vanessa Velez-Wyche ’97

HOW TO SUBMIT A MEMORIAL

Wellesley welcomes memorials for alumnae written by friends or family members. Please contact the appropriate class secretary and/or the magazine staff (magazine2@alum.wellesley.edu or 781-283-2344) before writing or submitting a memorial. Memorials in Wellesley magazine are limited to 100 words. The magazine does not accept eulogies or previously published obituaries for adaptation. All submissions may be edited.

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Stay tuned for more information on the full WAAD product launch. Please direct inquiries to WAAD Treasurer Novella Brady ’98 at waadmerchandise@gmail.com.

To learn more about WAAD, please visit www.wellesley.edu/Alum/Groups/WAAD/about.html

Connect to our blog http://waadblog.blogspot.com/
WANTED

A FEW GOOD WOMEN

Are you inspired by the life work of a fellow alumna? Would her insights and accomplishments provide valuable lessons to students?

The Wellesley College Alumnae Association is seeking nominations for the Alumnae Achievement Awards. This annual award, Wellesley’s highest honor, celebrates women from a wide spectrum of fields.

The deadline for nominations is June 15.

For more information and to download a nomination form, visit www.wellesley.edu/Alum/AAAnominations.

‘The Alumnae Achievement Award recipients inspire hope for the future and show that anything is possible. Just what a graduating senior needs to hear.’  
—Shadae Beale ’12
HOME, SWEET PRESIDENTIAL HOME

Continued from page 14

Although I had never seen most of the images in Goldberg’s book, I recognized others instantly, such as the 1963 photograph of President Kennedy at his desk in the Oval Office while son John-John peeks out from underneath. Goldberg provides a back story that gives the image new interest: Although Jacqueline Kennedy insisted on keeping the press away from the Kennedy children, the president understood very well the publicity value of an image of him at work and his son at play and allowed the photograph to be taken.

Facing the Kennedy photo in Goldberg’s book is a 2009 color image of Caroline Kennedy standing in the Oval Office, her hand on the presidential desk. It’s easy to miss the other subject of the photo, a man crouching down on the other side of the desk, his face concealed as he looks under it. He is President Barack Obama. Thrilled to learn from Caroline Kennedy that the desk at which he was working was the same one in the famous 1963 photo, President Obama spontaneously dropped to the floor to look for the trap door through which John-John was peering.

By showing the two Oval Office images side by side, Goldberg not only illustrates personality traits of both presidents, she also makes a poignant statement about time, continuity, and the unbroken chain of the American presidency, an institution nearly synonymous with the White House.

— Stephanie Bruno ’74

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Continued from page 3

75TH REUNION (cont.)

where I grew up, and attended her reunion with Elinor Bunn Thompson ’37, another good friend from Wellesley days. They were the only two members of their class to attend.

Mary Hastings remains a woman of extraordinary energy and ability. I shall be forever grateful for her including me on the family ski expeditions to northern New England in the 1950s with her son Tom (my friend) and daughter Nancy. Elinor “Bunny” Thompson was my true intellectual mentor during my high-school days, a woman who read books endlessly (she still does) and essentially ran the Harvard Divinity School as assistant to several deans. Both Mary and Bunny were close friends of my parents.

At age 90-something, these two remarkable women still exude the enthusiasm, vigor, and acuity that made me admire them so much in the first place. I will not be surprised to hear that they attended their eightieth reunion in 2017. They are a living testimony to the human spirit and the quality of Wellesley women. Bravo!

ROBERT C. WILLIAMS

Vail Professor of History Emeritus, Davidson College

Center Lovell, Maine

SERIOUSLY? THERAPY DOGS?

Therapy dogs for exam week? What next? An automatic diagnosis of PTSD with every diploma (“For Less Stress, Try Puppy Love,” summer ’12)? The word “stress” appears over and over in your latest issue. Is Wellesley now glorifying stress the way the 19th-century romantics glorified the supposed torment of artistic creativity? This is college, ladies. Four years in a beautiful place, warm, dry, three meals a day provided, with freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom to learn, question, explore. The only bombs falling are yarn bombs, created to relieve … there it is again. You are living lives which most people would not even dare to dream of. Enjoy them. Revel in them. Let the therapy dogs go to V.A. hospitals, cancer wards, and nursing homes where they can brighten lives not already golden with privilege.

BEVERLY BARDSELSEY ’67

Austin, Texas

My summer issue of @Wellesleymag arrived this afternoon. Flipping through the pages as an alum! That’s a first.

—@abigail_murdy (Abigail Murdy ’12, former Wellesley magazine student assistant)

THE FABULOUS ’50S

It is time to speak up for the 1950s. While I admire Nora Ephron and thought your memorial piece was a lovely tribute (“In Memoriam,” summer ’12), there was one point with which I beg to differ. During my four years at Wellesley, from 1954 to 1958, I was unaware of any attempt to train me or the students I knew “to be ladies.” On the contrary, we were encouraged to think critically and to speak up. Our ’50s produced young women who were unafraid to challenge the restrictions of the time. Some went on to become scientists, lawyers, writers, community activists, and a US secretary of state, as well as teachers and social workers. Professors Margaret Ball, Teresa Frisch, Carolyn Shaw Bell, Kathryn Turner, and Claire Zimmerman were among our role models. I don’t recall any of them mentioning the importance of “making nice.”

LINDA KESTER COTTER ’58

Concord, Mass.

ENCOURAGEMENT

I want to offer some encouragement to the brave young women who shared their stories of single parenting (“Parenting Solo,” spring ’12). My husband left me with two children when he found that family responsibilities would interfere with his mathematics career. My daughter’s severe mental illness led to my having single custody of my two grandsons. Then I moved the family into my mother’s home to help her through her 80s and 90s. Sometimes, I did feel very jealous of classmates and friends with prosperous and supportive partners.

If my mother saw that I was cutting grass or shoveling snow or, during one summer, shingling my roof, she’d announce, “You should have a man in the house.” Today I have four men in the house. My recently divorced son, my two grown grandsons, and a friend of theirs who needs a place to stay. Once or twice a week, my daughter sleeps over. I am rich in family, though not in money. Some of my classmates

TWEETS TO THE EDITOR

—@adjarjololo (Frances Adjarjololo ’08)
and friends with prosperous husbands are now virtual nursemaids. Others are lonely widows. I seldom have to cut the grass or shovel snow. I am never lonely.

PAT COLE DANIELSON ’63
Beverly, Mass.

NO PITY NEEDED
As I read the spring issue of Wellesley, I was struck by some of the underlying attitudes in the articles about single parenthood. There seemed to be a sense of pity toward the women. For me, as a parent, I felt that so many issues were resolved by getting a divorce that many aspects of the period of single parenting between my marriages was enjoyable. I was making the decisions, and I knew how much money I would have to plan with. Women who choose to parent solo are strong and capable. They take their responsibility seriously and develop strong relationships of trust with their children. They need our help when they ask for it, but not our pity.

ROBIN MONTGOMERY LONG-TWYMAN ’65
Denver

SINGLE MOMS IN ISRAEL
I truthfully enjoyed the article, “Parenting Solo,” in the recent alumnae magazine. However, I was a bit surprised by the inaccurate statement that the Middle East has “no sperm banks for unmarried women, no adoption possibilities for single women, and no citizen recognition for a kid without a father.” I have several friends here in Israel who have become single mothers by choice, and they do so in what is generally a very supportive environment. In Israel, any woman can initiate treatment at a sperm bank regardless of marital status. Fertility treatments for women, whether single or married, are highly subsidized by the health-care system. There are certainly no issues with the child of a single mother receiving full citizenship. I am proud to live in a corner of the Middle East where women do exercise full rights, and have a range of reproductive choices.

KAREN EICHTINGER FEUER ’98
Jerusalem

BUDDING OUT
I had to laugh when I opened the spring ’12 magazine and saw the article, “Antique Insects.” My first work-study job at Wellesley, in the fall of 1968, was to sort a small portion of those many boxes of insects. I remember sitting in Sage, surrounded by stuffed birds, trying to match up the insects with the rest of their kind. By the way, I ended up marrying an entomologist.

SHEILA CONNOLLY ’72
Middleboro, Mass.

FASHION: FOR ERUDITE WOMEN
I am the mother of Doris Berman, a fashionista in the class of 2014. We were discussing “The Elements of (Personal) Style”—an excellent title—just yesterday (winter ’12; “Letters to the Editor,” spring ’12). I read the Wall Street Journal frequently, as do many other intelligent women, and enjoy Teri Agins’ column immensely. Surely the fact that she writes for the WSJ is proof positive that the subject matter appeals to many erudite women.

SARAH BERMAN P’14
Mount Kisco, N.Y.

INDIVIDUAL DRESS
As someone who has either been a curator of historic costumes or a professor teaching such courses as Why Fashion? or Historic Costume for more than 30 years, could I please put in my two cents worth? The term “fashion” is often misused for the word “dress.” “Fashion” is mostly used as the prevailing attire at a given time in a given place. Those “in fashion” are perceived as wearing the newest types of garments. The Wellesley article was about something entirely different: how Wellesley women brought out their own personalities by what they chose to wear, not necessarily what might be “in fashion.” By being individuals, these women showed that, not only did they have an artistic flair, but they were not afraid of being who they were: highly educated, mature women who did not have to be like most people and “follow fashion” like sheep. Wellesley taught us to be individuals, so be it.

JEAN “KEPPY” WINSLOW SPERO ’45
Columbus, Ohio

Nora: A Roommate’s View

Thank you to Karen Bates ’73 for her lovely memorial piece about Nora Ephron ’62. I’d like to add a few more words about her as our classmate, colleague, friend, roommate, even “agent provocateur.”

On the day I returned from her memorial service in New York, my daughter-in-law Amanda sent me an email. She was waiting to go to the dentist for a root canal and was in considerable pain. “Yes,” the dentist told her, “you can have alcohol.” So she filled one of the champagne flutes Nora had sent her and Ken for a wedding gift and decided that she would be—like Nora—a heroine and not a victim.

A word about those flutes: “What do they need?” Nora always knew what was best. When we were ready to get political-science advisers, we decided that Chuck Jones, a newly minted Ph.D. spending his first year at Wellesley, was cute and very smart. But would he accept us as his advisees? We were surely not first in the class. But Marilyn Shapiro was, so Nora asked her to form a threesome and request Mr. Jones to take us on. She did, and he did, and the rest was history. (“Mr.” Jones wrote a moving note “with special affection and sympathy for the loss of your friend and my student.”) Nora would have loved that he still cared. She also would have reminded us that she wrote an honors general exam in political science, though she claimed not to have studied.

As almost everyone recalls, Nora had an opinion about everything. And there was no way anyone could keep her from expressing it. While I was living in Hong Kong in 1972, she mailed me a copy of her column for Esquire on our 10th reunion, where we had roomed together. “You will probably not agree with anything I said,” she wrote.

She was right, I didn’t agree. Forty years later, she might not have written that. In the years following, she became a serious feminist and understood the right of women to make choices for what they did and when they did them. But the die was cast in that piece, and she never really felt totally comfortable at a reunion after that (and why should she have—or the rest of us?). It didn’t mean that she didn’t care about a whole lot of us who were her classmates and friends. She had lunch and dinner and walks and talks with many of us over the years, in many places.

We will all miss Nora—her wit, her pen, her films, her spirit, her stories, her joy, her amazing ability to light up a room, her bravery (over and over again). Especially, we will miss her incredible genius for friendship. That will be a gift forever.

MARCEA BURICK ’62
Leeds, Mass.

A fuller version of this remembrance can be found at bitly.com/T0FF1C.
Our Tradition

Wellesley’s traditions help unite our diverse community, shaping our common identity and pride. Flower Sunday is Wellesley’s oldest tradition, dating back to 1875 (seen here in 1971 and 2012). Over the years, it has evolved into a flower-giving day of sisterhood.
Be part of the positive ripple effect that alumnae giving has sustained for generations. When you support The Wellesley Fund, you keep Wellesley accessible to the country’s brightest, most promising young women—providing the life-changing opportunities that will inspire them to make their difference in the world.

www.wellesley.edu/give
Many moons ago, I was an astronomy major. Every evening, once the students from the introductory-level courses were finished with their night labs, the telescopes were turned over to the majors to play in the heavens as we pleased.

Wellesley has a pair of refracting telescopes, made by hand in the mid- to late-1800s and constructed of wood, brass, and glass. The majestic long cylinders are conduits to the skies, revealing details of our solar system’s planets and their moons. When using these instruments, we could feel a connection to all of the other young women whose hands and eyes had touched them in the generations before us. Standing in the dark, we could almost feel their presence guiding our work. Benevolent ghosts of nights past.

But to see objects farther away, students utilize the modern, metal reflector telescope with a 24-inch primary mirror. This instrument is driven not by warm hands but cool electronics. We would enter the stellar coordinates into the computer, and the tube would slew into position.

One evening, a couple of us were working on an assignment for class. It was well past midnight, and we were punchy with exhaustion. Our task was to look at double star systems: suns that are gravitationally bound together, spending their lives in a revolving dance of elliptical orbits. We entered the ascension and declination data, the celestial equivalent of longitude and latitude, and waited for the telescope to move into place. Then one of us peered into the eyepiece. Instead of the expected pair of pinpoint lights, what was seen was a couple of diffuse rings, small circles of light with soft edges. Another classmate looked to verify the sight. It was true. We double-checked the coordinates. We had, indeed, entered the numbers correctly. But what were we seeing?

The mass of a star determines how long it will live and what will happen at the end of its life span. For large enough suns, their death is marked by a brilliant explosion. The collapsing mass will rush inward, imploding at the center and in the process throw off a ring of debris, creating a supernova.

Our bleary eyes and weary minds quickly jumped to this possibility: a rare (had anyone ever seen such a thing before?) double supernova. We must be the first to see this prodigious phenomenon, because surely we would have heard of its discovery had it been previously observed. We were ready to contact the International Astronomical Union to stake claim to our findings.

But first, in a moment of clarity, we recognized we should call our professor. The phone rang many times before a groggy voice rather incoherently answered. With the rush of confidence we explained all that had occurred.

There was a long, long silence on the line.

Our hearts slowed with each second that passed, deflating our hopes. The voice of reason and experience explained our error. There was no double supernova. The telescope was simply, yet extraordinarily, out of focus. If we had bothered to slew the telescope in any direction, we would have found that every star in the night sky would also appear as an ethereal disk.

Click and dial tone.

Sheepishly, we returned to the dome and held the focus button for long moments until the stars resolved into pinpricks of light. We had been blinded by our assumptions and failed to see the truth.

In moments of failure, how do we refocus? Whether it is casual or catastrophic, how do we respond?

Failure is a call for new knowing. We came to Wellesley because we were exceptional students, frequently grasping complex ideas at first exposure. Failure opens an opportunity for us to relearn. Often it means needing to gather both new information and new perspectives. We are good information gatherers. We know that drill. But how do we collect the wisdom of others?

To grow from failure, we need to be vulnerable. We eagerly seek mentors when we embark on a new endeavor, so can we follow that practice to its natural end and allow ourselves to be served when we stumble? In the time of the Durants, it was radical to think that women didn’t need to be served but could spend their lives in service to others. Non Ministrari sed Ministrare. Maybe the radical view now is that a full life includes both. Maybe a new twist on our motto should be Ministrari et Ministrare. I’m not yet sure. I need to focus. Do some research. And ask for help.

Emily McMason ’92 is a personal and parent coach, as well as a writer. Connect with her at evolving-parents.com.
In September, residents of Tower Court West’s fourth floor were greeted by this “night and day” welcome board, part of the dorm’s “opposites attract” theme this year.

Photo credit: Yoon Byun
Oak Tree in Winter
William Henry Fox Talbot.
Salt type from calotype negative
early 1840s

Museum purchase with funds
provided by Wellesley College
Friends of Art

See “Photographic Memory,”
page 34.