

**In Memoriam**  
**Tributes for the Class of 1971**  
**June 1971 through March 2023**

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\* Beloved faculty member, in honor of her being on campus for same tenure as our class.

\*\* MHFP, affiliated with our class

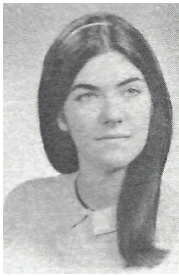
### 9/10/1974 Linda Rustigan, Winter 1975 Quarterly (plus quotes)



I am very sorry to report that Linda Rustigan died on Sept. 10 after a long illness. Linda had been a graduate student at Northwestern U. She is survived by her parents Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Rustigan (Mildred Atwood '33), 1220 Spruce St., Winnetka, IL 60093, and her sister Janet '74. On behalf of the entire class I extend to them our deepest sympathy. Amy Silver Khoudari reminisces, "I knew Linda very well. She was a ray of sunshine. Her smile could light up a room. She was sweet, smart and funny. Her life had its struggles but she weathered them with dignity." Paula Robinson Collins writes, "Linda Rustigan was my freshman year roommate in South Mandelle. She was a gentle and sweet soul who loved music and nature. Though she was a whiz at biology, I recall her being very upset when we had to dissect a frog. We both thought it rather cruel. But, following her example, I persevered. Linda was truly liked by everyone and, though shy, she always reached out with warmth and genuine interest. She taught us the value of kindness in new settings and made the adjustment to first-year college life smoother for many. We lost her way too soon."

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### 12/26/1983 Wendy Morrissey, Winter 1984 and Spring 1984 Quarterly



**Winter:** We were shocked to learn that Wendy Morrissey died in an automobile accident on Dec. 26. A tribute will appear in the spring issue. Our deepest sympathy goes to her husband Joseph Scannell and her two children, Benjamin and Caitlin of Worthley Hill Rd., Goffstown, NH 02045.

**Spring:** As reported in the last issue, Wendy Morrissey died in an automobile accident on Dec 26. Margie Johnson Ware wrote the following:

By the time Wendy was 30, she was already terrific. She never wasted time on "if only" or "what if." She had dreams and realized them. In the last 12½ years she managed to hitchhike through Europe, run for political office, live on a Greek Island, get a master's degree, fly to Spain for the weekend, raise children and stepchildren, teach aerobics and marry the man she loved. Wendy's native New England reserve could make her appear cool to those of us who had been reared elsewhere, but as we grew to know her, we found her to be someone whose loyalty to and love for family and friends had no limit. Her expectations of herself, and those she loved, were extremely high, and her stark and uncompromising honesty could leave us feeling uncomfortable. The fact that we knew she was right made it all the worse. She brought that same ability to praise and prod simultaneously into her work as the director of an elderly nutrition center, high school teacher, and most recently, as a counselor in a community mental health center. She could nag you to eat your vegetables, study harder or get your act together; she could also make the face of an old person light up when she entered a room and reach out to a schizophrenic through dance therapy. Wendy was the best friend anyone could ask for, and in losing her, we lose a reminder of what sisterhood is all about.

A memorial fund has been established for Wendy. Contributions may be made to the college c/o the development office.

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### 5/30/1991 Cheryl (Cherie) Bushey, Fall 1991 Quarterly



We are saddened to report the death of Cheryl Bushey on May 30. "Cherie" lived in Belfast, Maine, where she was a psychiatric evaluator for the Pen Bay Medical Center and dance instructor for the Belfast Dance Studio. Our sympathy to her family, including her mother, June Labun (913 Dean Way, Fort Myers, FL 33010). Becky (Rebecca) Ritchie Cutting remembers Cherie "as vivacious and fun-loving, and a friend to her housemates. She was pretty and had remarkable hair, a sort of burnished brunette, long and shiny." Kathy Bendo adds her fond memories, "[Cherie] was tall, beautiful, enthusiastic and warm, and she had a wonderful smile. We met the first or second day in Pearsons freshman year and became fast friends. We shared the excitement of living away from home for the first time, exploring the campus, learning about where we were from and how we came to be at MHC. We went to mixers together and were part of a small group who biked to Mt. Holyoke for our first Mountain Day. We had fun, and it's tragic that she died so young."

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#### 4/6/1994 Gretchen Feiker, Spring 1995 Quarterly



Gretchen J. Feiker died April 6, 1994. She leaves her parents Mr. and Mrs. William Feiker (140 Whittington Course, St. Charles, IL 60174).

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#### 4/30/1996 Anne Spivey Woodward, Spring 1997 Quarterly and The Daily Local News, West Chester



In the summer, there was a brief mention of Anne Spivey Woodward's death, but since then her roommate Pam Sears Ludolph has reflected on Anne's life: "Anne (who died after a long struggle with breast cancer) was a fighter and an optimist to the end, valiantly planning ways she could join us at reunion when she only had weeks to live.

Those who knew her in college [knew] her wry wit and big heart. She was ardent about the preservation of American history and its artifacts. She left a professional legacy at museums in Pennsylvania and Delaware, where she worked for 20 years. Prominent among her contributions were the restoration for the Headquarters House at Valley Forge, which she planned and supervised for the Bicentennial, and a landmark exhibit on the Civil Rights Movement in Delaware, which she organized when she served as the director of the Historical Society of Delaware in Wilmington. Anne was devoted to her husband Roland and their 3 daughters. [We] miss her."

**From her obit in The Daily Local News, West Chester, Chester County, Pa.:** [She worked] for the commission as regional curator and administrator of Brandywine Battlefield Park from 1985 to 1989. In both 1977 and 1987 she was instrumental in helping organize and direct the 200th and 210th anniversary reenactments of the Battle of the Brandywine.

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#### 8/25/1997 Marie York, Fall 1997 or Winter 1998 Quarterly



Lastly, I received the sad news that Marie York died Aug. 25 following a long, courageous battle with breast cancer. After Mount Holyoke, Marie went on to earn a certificate in physical therapy from Simmons and an MBA in health-care management from Boston U. She ultimately put all of her education and work experience in hospitals around New England to work in Stonybrook, the national senior executive search and management consulting firm that she ran with her husband.

Marie lived in New Castle, New Hampshire, where she was an active member of the New Hampshire Breast Cancer Coalition. She was involved with the Berwick Academy Parents Association. An excellent athlete herself, Marie continued, despite her illness, to support her family's competitive sports interests. Her greatest joy and delight were in her son Colin's extraordinary skill in Alpine ski racing. Her favorite memories were of her long ski weekends at their winter home in East Burke, Vermont.

Together with her family, Marie loved to travel, and most recently spent a wonderful family holiday with the World Wildlife Fund in southern Montana and northern Wyoming. She pursued her avid interest in music—percussion, in particular—as the bass pan player in the community steel band, "Oasis." In addition to Colin, Marie is survived by husband Robert William DeVore (45 Quarterdeck Lane, PO Box 707, New Castle, NH 03854), her mother and stepfather, 2 stepchildren and a stepbrother. We send our sympathy.

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#### 11/24/1997 Nancy Jean Bakerman, Boston Globe 11/27/1997



"A wonderful and respected teacher and friend to many and an incredible fighter." Nancy was survived by her parents, siblings and nieces and nephews.

Elisabeth (Von Engelhardt) Tarras-Wahlberg, who was a close friend, says though Nancy "had tried a number of cures [for her cancer], none of them worked. ... She was really a good, good friend of mine from my arrival on American turf and to the College. We were in the same dormitories the two years I was there. Nancy was, in a way, a loner and spent much time with her TV-set." Nancy liked the Academy

Awards shows and spent time with her guinea pigs. Her favorite courses were in history. Elisabeth adds, "Nancy also invited me to come home with her to Boston and her wonderful family a number of times. She came to visit me and my family in Sweden as well, after my return home in 1971."

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### 1/9/2000 Rita Pando, Fall 2001 Quarterly plus Alumnae Directory



I am sorry to report that Rita Pando died last January. She is survived by husband Gerald Nikolaus [16121 Howard Landing Dr. Gaithersburg, MD 20878-2274] and sister Gloria Pando-Terrill. We extend sympathy to her family.

**Directory:** Although she left MHC after first semester, Rita earned her J.D. from George Washington U. and had been an attorney with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. She died in Washington D.C. Jenny Masur, who was in Torrey with Rita first semester, wrote, "Rita was a friend of mine. She had the same freshman advisor. I remember her as being sensitive and caring."

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### 9/11/2001 in World Trade Center Elizabeth (Lisa) Gregg, Fall 2001 and Winter 2002 Quarterly



**Fall 2001 Quarterly:** At press time, Elizabeth(Lisa) Gregg had not been heard from since the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks. She worked for Fred Alger Management on the 93rd floor of 1 World Trade Center. For more information, contact Melissa Gallagher at maxcat714@aol.com

**Winter 2002 Quarterly:** Melissa Gallagher was kind enough to share this tribute to Lisa Gregg, the only MHC alumna known to have perished in the Sept. 11 attacks. "Because Lisa so enjoyed her major in medieval civilization at MHC, she went on to earn a PhD in medieval studies from Yale in '77. When a tight academic job market yielded no faculty positions, she earned an M.B.A. from NYU, which led to her employment with Fred Alger Management, where she worked for 18 years, most recently as a senior vice president and a specialist in convertible bonds. Her office was on the 93rd floor of 1 World Trade Center. Lisa grew up in Pittsburgh, India, Princeton, N.J., and the Philippines, as she moved with her family following her father's job. She researched her Ph.D. thesis in France, on 15th-century walls against invasion, and often traveled back to visit friends and tour gardens."

"Recently Lisa's main interests involved renovating and restoring her brownstone in Brooklyn with her own much-tended garden and grapevines, participation in local Democratic politics and neighborhood projects, and supporting a wide variety of arts and civic organizations. These included the Brooklyn Botanic Garden and the Brooklyn Museum of Art. Her family in Hawaii, her many friends, and her four cats rounded out her interests."

"Lisa was a fun person in a quiet way, not drawing attention to herself. In recent years especially, Lisa seemed to have come into her own. She became bolder and more willing to say what she thought; she had definite plans and had thought out ways to make them happen, then followed through. Lisa was happy with herself and with the way things were turning out in her life. Truly the only sadness any of us should feel about Lisa is that it was all over too soon. She was a fine representative of all those things Mount Holyoke women are supposed to be: bright, discerning, curious, determined, accomplished, loyal, and true to herself and those she loved." Lisa's mother is Luvia Taylor Gregg '37 (4340 Paho Ave., Apt. 19A, Honolulu, HI 96816).

**From The Republican (Springfield, MA) and legacy.com on Oct. 17, 2001 [obits.masslive.com/us/obituaries/masslive/name/elizabeth-gregg-obituary?pid=111527](http://obits.masslive.com/us/obituaries/masslive/name/elizabeth-gregg-obituary?pid=111527)**

#### History Before Finance

Elizabeth Gregg was not in her brownstone in Cobble Hill, Brooklyn, when a neighbor walked by on the morning of Sept. 11.

"We had talked the day before about voting," said Joseph Igneri, who had lived near her for more than 20 years. She was always punctual, so he figured she had already left to vote, or was at work on the 93rd floor of 1 World Trade Center, where she was an analyst for Fred Alger Management. "Then I went around the corner," Mr. Igneri said, "and disaster happened."

Elizabeth, 52, who was known to her friends as Lisa, had no family in the area, so Mr. Igneri took it upon himself to search for his neighbor. "Somebody had to show for her," he said. He searched the hospitals and rescue sites, pasted up fliers and tracked down her dentist for records.

Lisa had worked at Alger for 18 years, but finance was not her first career choice. Before she moved to New York in the late 1970s and earned an M.B.A. from New York University, she eagerly studied history, receiving a doctorate in medieval studies from Yale. Her specialty was defense spending in 15th-century France.

**Excerpt from Yale Daily News (Marc Sorel) 10/1/2001:**

Gregg, a portfolio manager for Fred Alger Management, is still missing after her office in the World Trade Center was destroyed in the attack Sept. 11. Gregg, 52, known as Lisa to her friends and family, worked at Fred Alger for 18 years after receiving her master's in business administration from New York University in the early 1980s. After graduating from Mount Holyoke College in 1971, Gregg immediately entered graduate school at Yale, where she spent six years studying French defense spending in the 15th century.

Melissa Gallagher [MHC'71] met Gregg in their first week together at Holyoke and remained friends with her ever since. "She was shy and welcoming in a way the Seven Sisters encouraged at the time," Gallagher said. "She wasn't quite deferential, but she was a gentle, easygoing person." When Gallagher was at Holyoke with Gregg, they once went on a double date at Princeton both wearing miniskirts. While Gallagher wore a suede miniskirt, Gregg's leather miniskirt kept shifting the entire night, providing such a source of embarrassment that Gregg still blushed when Gallagher mentioned it this year. "Lisa wasn't the kind to make a commotion or draw attention to herself," Gallagher said. "Even something as simple as the miniskirt was an amusing embarrassment."

At Yale, Gregg was a serious researcher, forming more close bonds with her professors than her fellow students, Gallagher said. But Gregg also mixed business with pleasure, using a research trip to France to traverse western Europe with Gallagher. "She met people in New Haven she really liked," Gallagher said. "It was a time of a whole lot of work, but she certainly enjoyed the process of working toward her Ph.D." While learning French and German as part of her graduate studies, Gregg demonstrated her strong work ethic. "I remember her having to learn two languages, and that was agony," Gallagher said. "But ever since she learned them, she always used them and never forgot them."

At Alger, Chief Investment Officer Dan Chung remembered how Gregg dedicated herself to every specific task. "In all the craziness of the go-go stock market, she was very disciplined in her approach," Chung said. "She never wavered in trying to understand who her clients were." Outside of her interest in medieval French history and her work for Alger, Gregg's interests included her cats, her friends, her house, local politics and gardening.

Gregg channeled her historic interest into frequent visits to France and the historic restoration of her 150-year-old brownstone in Brooklyn, which she had nearly completed at the time of the attack. Grape pies and preserves were a common staple at Gregg's house, where a grape arbor in the backyard was the focal point of a garden that included a rotating selection of fruits and vegetables.

"She always tried to beat the birds to the grapes," Gallagher said. "She would always give her pies and preserves to people in the community. That was one of the things she did to relieve the stress of working for Alger." To her family, Gregg was a dedicated sister and daughter, visiting her mother and brothers Tony and Charles Gregg in Hawaii for two weeks each year. In her visits, her brother Tony Gregg remembered her ability to separate work from her home life. "Whenever Lisa came to visit, we didn't talk about how things were going with work," Gregg said. "We did family stuff. I do construction, so when her and me would talk, we would talk about how to fix up her house." Tony Gregg also remembered his sister's loyalty to their mother. "When she came to visit, Lisa would spend most of her time with Mom, because she can't leave the house," Gregg said. "We would always go over there for a family setting." In Brooklyn, Gregg had become involved in neighborhood politics.

When Mayor Rudolph Giuliani tried to get Gregg's city council member to retire, Gregg formed a coalition in her neighborhood to support the council member. "She was one of those people who had no idea what she meant to other people," Gallagher said. "She made sure the neighborhood retained the qualities it had. She was really helpful and self-effacing too."

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## 1/30/2006 Wendy J. Wasserstein, Spring Quarterly 2006 Class notes and College tribute



Scribe Margie Ware writes: The death of Wendy Wasserstein has left us all reeling. Only close friends and members of the arts community realized she was ill, and her death has left a void not only in our class, but in the lives of American women who resonated with the “voice” she gave us and encouraged us to take for ourselves. Classmates have reached out and called one another to connect because of the influence she had on our generation. Even those of us who did not know her have defining “Wendy moments” where she touched our lives and reminded us of our struggles. A classmate from Hartford saw *Uncommon Women and Others* with me in South Hadley, and we spent hours at the bar in Willits after the play, she bemoaning that she’d basically become “an insurance seminar hostess” (she had a very responsible job at a large insurer!) and me whining that I had no intellect and had married my college sweetheart Robert while symbolically carrying a teddy bear through life. But my 15 minutes of fame on the American stage (OK, it took 45 seconds to say the lines...) was this passage from the play:

**Muffet:** ...Did you read in the alumnae magazine that Nina Mandelbaum, now a landscape architect, got married twice to the same pediatric pulmonary specialist? They had a small wedding in Mexico and then a big religious ceremony in New York. Why Mexico? So you think he went to medical school in—

**All:** Guadalajara!

**Holly:** My parents got hold of that magazine and offered to fly me to Mexico if I thought he had any friends.

And I just want to point out that Esther Troper Simpser and Dr. Moises Simpser are still married.

Mary Jane Patrone graciously offered the tribute to Wendy that follows. As was her custom, Wendy left us right before the deadline, and so we pulled a few all-nighters in her honor.

“Wendy Wasserstein and I met in 1967 as freshmen living in 1837. She was unlike anyone I knew growing up in Glenview, Illinois. And I was immediately in her thrall. She was smart and funny. She was shy and self-effacing, wickedly irreverent without ever being disrespectful. And she had an amazing laugh. It began like a case of the hiccups before erupting into a full-fledged chortle. Her laugh always seemed to take her as much by surprise as it did her audience. It was impossible not to laugh along with her.

(The radio is on while I am writing this. The vice president inadvertently sprayed a friend with buckshot while quail hunting, and Wendy, I know, is chortling somewhere.)

Our friendship solidified in our junior year when Wendy and I found ourselves roommates at Amherst College as part of an experiment in coeducation (recipe for a bad experiment: 32 women, 1,200 men.)

For days, Wendy and I hunkered down in our dorm room, occasionally venturing out for a class. But we were getting hungry, and Wendy began foraging for food. She would sneak into the dining hall and make a stack of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches to bring back to our room. Along with provisions, she came back with wild and hilarious stories from the front. I knew she wasn’t gone nearly long enough for such adventures, but it didn’t matter. Her tales became our way of figuring out our place in this strange new world. “Wendy’s Adventures in the Dining Hall” easily segued into talk of boys and mothers, Glenview and the Upper East Side, whether there was room in the counter-culture for eyeliner and shaved legs.

Eventually we acclimated to our new environment and gained the confidence necessary to venture forth. But we ended nearly every day of that year at Amherst, and the following one back at Mount Holyoke, with meandering conversations about everything and nothing that are the hallmarks of women’s friendships. Those conversations continued for the next 35 years. And, like countless others of our generation, I continued to depend on Wendy’s “reports from the front” to make sense of our changing times.

In 1971, if I were asked whether I thought Wendy Wasserstein would become a Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright who would speak for a generation, I would have said, “Sure.” But I would have had the same answer if you asked if I thought she would become an esteemed senator from the state of New York, a world-renowned choreographer, or a top-rated television talk show host. Like the characters said of each other in *Uncommon Women*, I knew Wendy was a natural resource before the rest of the world caught on.

When asked about the process of writing, Wendy liked to say she wrote characters more than plot. She would visualize the final scene—Janie dancing alone, Heidi singing to a baby—and watch her characters get there. The greatest tragedy of

Wendy's too-early departure is, of course, she never got to her own final act and left those of us who loved and depended on her to unexpectedly fend for ourselves.

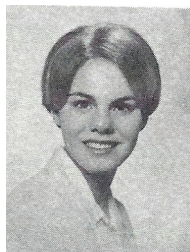
Like most of her great characters, her life among us was mostly about their dramatic journey. For me, the other *Uncommon Women* and millions more, it was not quite enough."

At a dinner honoring Wendy as an outstanding young alumna many years ago, when asked the secret of her play's success she said, "I listened to the voices of my friends." If that is not a lesson for life, I don't [know] what is. Shalom.

For College tribute in the Summer 2006 Quarterly p29, see last page of this document or [https://issuu.com/mhcalumnae/docs/2006\\_spring1.1](https://issuu.com/mhcalumnae/docs/2006_spring1.1)

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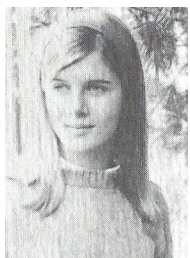
### 8/10/2006 Susan Beaven Rutter, Spring or Summer 2007 Quarterly



Finally, sad news: Susan Beaven Rutter died on Aug. 10, 2006, of a rare form of kidney cancer. A talented graphic designer, she was devoted to her 3 sons and 3 granddaughters. Helen Wills Brown, her freshman-junior roommate and senior dormmate, says, "Susan had the graciousness of the southern lady from Virginia. That she was, but she also had a southern 'rebel, raise hell, and party' streak. She was fun, brave, generous and very smart. Her fiercely-creative nature was in everything she did—handwriting poetic letters, clever turns of phrase, embellishment (and vast improvement!) of dorm meals. We lost touch but reconnected at our 30th reunion and laughed, cried and hugged for 3 days. We looked back with some regret that we hadn't studied harder and were sure that had we been paired with someone else we'd have been stellar scholars! Maybe so. But I wouldn't have missed the experience of knowing her for anything." Condolences may be sent to Susan's sister Lee Beaven (120 A Matoaka Court, Williamsburg, VA 23185).

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### 11/18/2007 Darion Gracen (formerly Marilyn Dickie), Summer 2008 Quarterly and blog



Yet another cherished classmate has been taken too soon by breast cancer. Darion Gracen, known on campus as Marilyn Dickie, died last November. She was assistant chair and a professor at Naropa U., a psychotherapist, writer and spiritual mentor to many. Her message was "to open your heart, awaken your mind, and live the best life you can." Condolences may be sent to Darion's partner, Nadine Ornberg at 40 Lamy Downs, Lamy, NM 87540-9647. Your scribe would welcome receiving from her friends any personal memories of Darion you would like to share in a future column.

From [dariongracen-riverofgrace.blogspot.com](http://dariongracen-riverofgrace.blogspot.com)

Darion Gracen was a warm-hearted teacher, guide and friend to many. A student of the wisdom of different traditions and cultures, inner-work in wilderness settings, as well as various psychological systems (such as The Enneagram.) ... After a very full, joy-filled life and a brave fight with cancer, she passed over surrounded by friends in November 2007.

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### 3/10/2008 Amy S. Vance, Summer 2008 Quarterly and New York Times 3/12/2008



In sad news, we lost our dear classmate and friend, Amy Vance on March 10 after a valiant 7-year battle with breast cancer. In a New York Times tribute, the dean of Fordham Law School wrote that Amy, a '78 grad, was a "brilliant lawyer" and a "passionate and tireless advocate for society's less fortunate," and spoke of her "wise counsel," "tremendous energy," and "remarkable spirit," as well as her "quiet, humble, and selfless manner."

Amy's close friends, Marilyn Budzanoski, Rose Fujimoto and Marcy Wilcov Waterman provide their own heartfelt tribute: Amy was a true New Yorker, returning after graduation to the beloved city of her youth. Her passions included anything French (she spent junior year in Paris,) singing in a choral group, chocolate and good food, human rights and social justice. Warm and generous, Amy had the special gift of being able to make and mix friends. Being Amy's friend might mean enjoying dinner at her parents' Fifth Ave. apartment or at an ethnic restaurant in some far corner of Brooklyn.

After Fordham Law School, Amy worked at the Ford Foundation making grants to programs that supported women's issues. Most recently, she was [Deputy Counsel] to the New York State chief judge. She served for years on the board of the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies, and the Cyrus R. Vance Center for International Justice.

In recent years, as the lives of dear friends were cut short by cancer, she was only too aware of the tenuous nature of life and cherished her friends and family all the more. Once she herself became ill, she became an expert in the disease and proactively researched every single option, choosing aggressive treatments that included an experimental stem-cell transplant at NIH.

Amy is survived by 3 sisters and a brother. Her mother, already in fragile health, died a few days after Amy. Condolences may be sent to the Vance family 2 E 92nd St, New York, NY 10128, and contributions in her memory to MHC.

Marcy reports that she, Marilyn, Rose and Nancy Gerstein Novograd attended “the beautiful memorial service Amy planned for herself at the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York City. The church was packed, and there were quite a few other MHC grads who were friends of Amy’s over the years. It was a very moving tribute to a generous soul who was taken from us far too soon.

**Excerpt from NY Times:** VANCE—Amy Sloane, a lawyer and advocate for the poor and needy, passed away this past Monday after a long and brave struggle with cancer. A native New Yorker who spent her entire professional life in New York City, Amy graduated from Mt. Holyoke College and Fordham School of Law. As a young lawyer, Amy practiced law at the Carter Ledyard law firm before working as a program officer at the Ford Foundation. She then spent more than 20 years working for the New York State Office of Court Administration, most recently as Deputy Counsel to Chief Judge Judith Kaye, before retiring in 2007. Throughout her career and life, Amy devoted her heart and soul, intellect, energies and leadership to help the city’s most vulnerable, applying her lawyer’s training and problem solving talents to serve the needs of the poor. An active member of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, she was also Chairperson of the Board of Directors of the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies, supporting the Federation’s historic legacy of caring for those most in need. Amy had a strong interest in health care ethics, serving on the Mt. Sinai Hospital Institutional Review Board. She is survived by ... a large community of loving friends who were inspired by her courage, sense of humor, and commitment to public service.

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#### 8/3/2008 April J. Forrest Farber, Spring 2009 Quarterly



Sadly, April J. Forrest Farber passed away Aug. 3, 2008, from cancer-related complications. She is survived by husband, Barry, and children, Alissa and David; condolences may be sent to Barry Farber at 622 Seney Ave., Mamaroneck, NY 10543. April brought life, light and laughter to all who knew her. She was deeply committed to civic service and served 3 terms on the Larchmont Mamaroneck board of education, was president of the local League of Women Voters and chairwoman of the Larchmont Mamaroneck Human Rights Commission. April worked as a special education evaluator for the Greenwich, Connecticut, school system. Your scribe would welcome any personal memories of April to share in a future column.

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#### 10/02/2009 Jane Schlumberger Blackwell, Spring 2012 Quarterly



I am sad to report the passing of Jane Schlumberger Blackwell, who died two years ago on Oct. 2, 2009. Just learned of it recently through the Alumnae Association. After college, Jane moved to Arizona, where she spent many years as a bank executive in the Phoenix area and later obtained a master’s degree in human resources. Condolences may be sent to her husband, James Blackwell (5314 S. Marine Dr., Tempe, AZ 85283). Contact your scribe for more information.

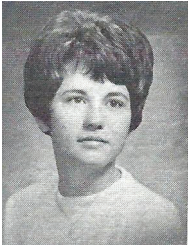
Marcia Mead Lebre recalls about Jane, “I do remember her devilish sense of humor and her perspective in coming from [pre-Clinton] Arkansas—the deep South to New England! When spring days began to really warm up, we would stretch out on Torrey’s terrace to tan—smoking and chatting. Oh, those terrible habits of youth!”

Former roommate Merrilee Kyriakos Thissell ’70 shared that Jane was a “typical Southern belle—a giving person with a wonderful heart. She was always happy, wanting other people to be happy. She had an infectious laugh.” Merrilee recalled that Jane was in her wedding party, but they had lost touch for many years.

Linda Scott adds, “I remember her for her wonderful smile and her warm and humorous personality, which made others happier just to be around her.”



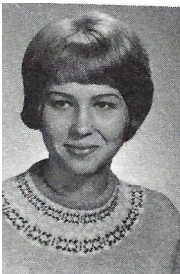
### 6/18/2010 Diane Escott Baker, Fall 2010 Quarterly



On a sad note, Diane Escott Baker died of lung cancer on June 18. She is survived by her husband Mel Baker to whom she was married for 38 years, and also leaves behind 2 brothers and 2 sisters. Originally from Chicopee, Massachusetts, at the time of her death Diane was living in Forks Township, Pennsylvania, where she participated actively in local government, serving as editor-in-chief and webmaster for the Forks Action Committee. While at MHC, she majored in studio art, then received an M.A. and M.F.A. from Wayne State U., in Michigan. Diane also obtained an M.B.A. from Rutgers U. and used both her art and business training over her career. Most recently, Diane was the manager of Orkin Steel, where she had worked for 32 years. Prior to that, Diane worked as a teacher at the U. of Michigan, preparing displays at Detroit Institute of Art, as a drawing and printmaker in New York City and as a designer for Dixie Cups. Diane was a founding member of the Eddington Salmon Club in Maine and belonged to the Women in Steel, known as the Iron Maidens. Condolences may be sent to Mel Baker, 3120 North Delaware Dr., Easton, PA 18040. Your scribe would welcome any personal thoughts or memories of Diane to include in a later column.

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### 8/18/2010 Karen Klingensmith, 2011 Winter Quarterly



[It] is my sad duty to report that Karen Klingensmith, our class president from 2001 to 2006 died Aug. 18 in Glastonbury, Connecticut. An English major, Karen received her M.A. from U. of Wisconsin-Madison and worked as a professional writer and editor (including several years in the executive office of U.S. President Carter.) As so many of us knew, she was devoted to our class and to the college, working with the Washington, D.C., and Hartford clubs, the Alumnae Association, and class president and class agent. In a moving e-mail tribute, Margie Johnson Ware described Karen as “an incredible human being who is survived by two of the most amazing young men in the world, (her sons) Glenn and Evan.” Condolences may be sent to Glenn Buchberger at 88 Adams St., Rochester, NY 14608, and Evan Buchberger at 1021 Asylum Ave., Apt. 210, Hartford, CT 06105, or posted online at [glastonburyfuneral.com](http://glastonburyfuneral.com)

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### 3/8/2011 Christine (Chris) Compston, Summer 2011 Quarterly

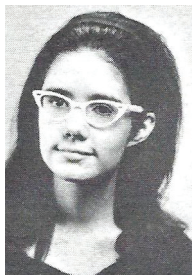


It is my sad duty to report the Mar. 8 death of Christine L. Compston after a brief illness. Chris, a political science major, earned M.A. and doctoral degrees at U. of New Hampshire-Durham. She was a Fulbright scholar in Norway and a liberal arts fellow at Harvard Law School. At the time of her death, she was fellowships advisor at Western Washington U., where she established the fellowship office. Western’s memorial notice reports: Indicative of her success as an advisor and mentor, Chris’ efforts led Western to be named as one of the nation’s top Fulbright generating universities in 2010. In addition to her work in the Fellowships Office, Chris was an academic historian and an expert on the history of the Supreme Court. Her publications include “Earl Warren: Justice for All” (Oxford University Press, 2001) and “Holmes and Frankfurter: Their Correspondence, 1912-1934,” co-edited with Robert M. Mennel (U. Press of New England, 1996). Earlier in her career, Chris taught constitutional and women’s history at Clark U., the U. of Massachusetts-Boston, U. of New Hampshire, Gould Academy, Phillips Exeter Academy, and in the honors program at Western.

While at Phillips Exeter, she taught with Marian E. Strobel, who alerted us to Chris’ death; the 2 became close friends and also directed a National Endowment for the Humanities summer seminar at Furman U. Chris was the founding director of the National History Education Network and a consultant for Oxford U. Press, the PBS production “Where in Time Is Carmen Sandiego,” and the National Endowment for the Humanities EDSITEment project (a partnership offering “the best of the humanities on the Web” for teachers, students, and parents.) Chris was active professionally in state and regional humanities councils as a scholar and program director, and in alumnae activities as class agent and reunion co-chair. Chris is survived by her husband, Stephen Senge, a professor in the accounting department at Western’s College of Business and Economics. Condolences may be sent to Stephen at 1911 Mill Ave., Bellingham, WA 98225

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## 8/13/2011 Mary R. Rice, Winter 2011-12 and Spring 2014 Quarterly



I am sad to report the death of Mary R. Rice in August 2011 in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Maureen Flannery, Linda Wong Chu, and Fung S. Lew attended the service. Fung wrote, “Mary was a wonderful friend. She was so happy at our 40th reunion, reconnecting with classmates, revisiting the beautiful campus and most importantly for Mary, hearing Lynn Pasquerella’s plans for MHC.”

“I remember Mary with her guitar when we were MHC students,” Linda wrote. “At her service, I was introduced to her poems. I’ll remember Mary for her smile and soft laughter.” Maureen, Linda, and Linda’s husband, Kwong, climbed up Mount Monadnock on the white dot trail and down the white cross trail on Sept. 28. Linda said, “It turned out to be a beautiful autumn day. On Mount Monadnock’s summit Maureen and I let the wind take Mary’s yellow rose petals from Mary’s service at the summit.” Marj Dietzler Zunder shared, “Mary Rice was an excellent listener and writer, always ready with empathy and support. Constantly following and analyzing current events, Mary was full of ideas and opinions. It was a joy to spend time with her. And she never doubted the value of women’s colleges or the strength of a Mount Holyoke education.”

After graduation from MHC, Mary received a master’s degree from Boston University. She was a writer all her life, and her poetry and prose have appeared in a number of publications, including *Ms.*, *Sojourner* and the online *Wilderness House Literary Review*. She was also an editor of the feminist magazine *The Second Wave* and recently an editor of the poetry magazine *Ibbetson Street*. Mary managed to complete a collection of her poems during her final days; her friends hope to have these poems published posthumously.

Mary’s husband Robert H. Hammond predeceased her.

**Addendum from Spring 2014 Quarterly:** Marcia Cole reports that the late Mary Rice’s book of poems, *Angels and Anarchists*, has been published, including a piece by Marj Deitzler Zunder. Contact [dorianb@verizon.net](mailto:dorianb@verizon.net) for more information.

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## 1/8/2012 Helen Wade Goolishian MFP/1971, Fall 2012 Quarterly



Bethany Holley Craig gave me the sad news about Dr. Helen Wade Goolishian’s passing on Jan. 8, 2012. “Before the FP (Frances Perkins) program was established we in ‘71 had a classmate—Helen — who fit all the parameters for it. She seemed ‘old,’ to me, at least—one is so ageist at 20 or 21!! She had a husband and kids already, for heaven’s sake. But after I moved to Cape Cod (and that was only 5 years after graduation), I joined the MH Club here and became active and got to know Helen as a friend and colleague. She was an amazing woman and a great friend to MHC, to Cape Cod Community College, where she taught, and to the FP program, of which she was a staunch supporter.” We extend condolences to her husband, Gregory A. Goolishian, Sr. (PO Box 753, East Dennis, MA 02641) and children Wade Goolishian, M.D. and Gregory A. Goolishian, Jr., Cmdr. USN (Ret.)

**From [www.capecodtimes.com/story/news/1999/09/05/helen-goolishian-life-that-inspires/51029463007](http://www.capecodtimes.com/story/news/1999/09/05/helen-goolishian-life-that-inspires/51029463007)**

“Born in 1935, Helen Goolishian came to Cape Cod years later as a homemaker. Nothing about the former dance teacher screamed feminist. But few have influenced the independence of more under-privileged women on Cape Cod than Goolishian. In 1986, Goolishian founded the Women In Transition Program at Cape Cod Community College with a former student, Dorothy Burrill. The home-grown program, which later included men, has shepherded more than 1,500 students through associate degrees, inspiring many onto four-year schools, masters’ degrees and Ph.D. programs.”

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## 5/19/2012 Tamara Brooks (Mrs. Knell, “ersatz” member of our class), Fall 2012 Quarterly



We were saddened to hear of the death of Tamara Brooks, known to us as Mrs. Knell, choral director during our four years at MHC, of a heart attack in May at age 70. She was a dynamic person who influenced many of us. Please see the faculty obituary section in this issue and [bikel.com/tamara\\_brooks.html](http://bikel.com/tamara_brooks.html)

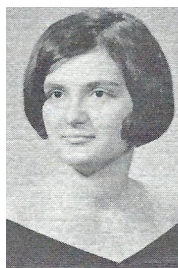
<Scribe Alice Capson was not allowed to put the following in the Quarterly class notes, but there was a college tribute in this issue.> “As Glee Club treasurer, I used my left brain accounting skills to influence her right brain style! At the end of the Chamber Singers’ European tour, members were touched by her individualized comments to each member of the group.”

Kathy Plowitz quotes from a Leonard Fein tribute in *The Jewish Daily Forward* in her comments, “I’ve never forgotten Ms. Knell (and I guess she will always be Tamara Knell to me), and those first phrases, ‘a storm of a person’ and ‘tireless conductor’ brought the memory of her into sharp focus. I always considered myself extremely fortunate to have gotten into the Chamber Singers in my freshman year, and to have had the wonderful experience of working with her during my time at MHC. She was passionate about the music, dedicated to excellence, an incredible whirlwind of energy, and she challenged us to not only do our best—to do better. Who else would form a small choral group during the first week of school and have the group perform only two weeks later? Her passion and joy in the music inspired us, and it was infectious. For me, the singing was such a joy, and each rehearsal and performance brought a wonderful sense of enjoyment and accomplishment. And fun—definitely fun.” (Conducting photo: Photo by Jeff Thiebauth, courtesy of the New England Conservatory Archives)



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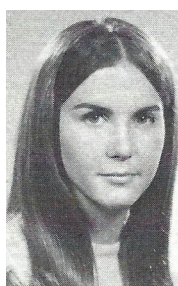
### 10/12/2013 Rosemarie Maddi, Spring 2014 Quarterly



I regret to report that Rosemarie Maddi, prominent physician, anesthesiologist, teacher, MHC class agent and Mary Lyons Scholar, died Oct. 21, 2013, after eight years with Alzheimer’s disease. Rosemarie was the kind of selfless physician whom people would seek out and come to the Brigham and Women’s Hospital to be under her care. Dr. Maddi was Chief of Cardiac Anesthesia at Brigham and Women’s Hospital, a member of its executive committee, a leader of several physician groups and a member of the Harvard Medical School faculty. She was the primary anesthesiologist for New England’s first heart transplant in February 1984, and the anesthesiologist for the first bypass operation performed in China. She authored or coauthored 20 original research papers on anesthesia in cardiac patients. Her teaching included 8 visiting professorships at major hospitals in Moscow, Beijing and Bethesda Naval Hospital in Washington. Karen Alves Dorval writes, “In addition to all her biology courses, she loved her MHC art history courses and was an active supporter of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Rosemarie was interested in art the rest of her life, visiting museums wherever she traveled. She enjoyed a nice trip to Stockholm with Mary Q. Foote, Margaret Vieira Flouton and me in June 2006, where we visited our dear classmate, Elisabeth von Englehardt Tarras-Wahlberg. We have lost a wonderful friend, devoted teacher, dog lover, and early champion of women in medicine.” Contact your scribe for address to send condolences to her family. She is survived by her brother and sister.

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### 1/26/2014 Cynthia Gibson Beerbower, Fall 2014 and Winter 2014-15 Quarterly



**Fall:** In our reunion letter, Cynthia Gibson Beerbower described her great career, successful children and “45 year marriage to John and said I had no idea what lay ahead.” Last year, John suddenly sued her for divorce. As the Quarterly was going to print, we learned that Cynthia passed away on July 26th in her London home.

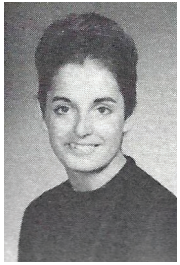
**Spring:** Cynthia Gibson Beerbower died on July 26, 2014. Her numerous achievements can be found in the obituary at [legacy.com](http://legacy.com). Highlights include graduating magna cum laude from MHC (marrying John Beerbower that year), earning her J.D. from Boston U. Law School and her L.L.B. from the U. of Cambridge. Over the years, Cynthia was a partner specializing in tax at a time when only a handful of women were partners at prestigious Wall Street law firms. In the first Clinton administration, she served as International Tax Counsel and Deputy Assistant Secretary for Tax Policy. She founded and ran Reeve Court, an insurance company based in Bermuda and then was in hedge funds at the Quellos Group and XE Capital (NYC). She lived with her family for 20 years at 720 Park Ave., NYC. After retiring from the financial business in 2005, she moved to France, acquired an olive farm in the south of France and oversaw the production of high quality olive oil. After 2012, Cynthia divided her time among residences in Toronto, New York City, the south of France and London. Condolences may be sent to her sister, Shelley Gibson, of Kettering, OH.

Barbara Kelly remembers Cynthia’s “warmth and friendliness, her attractiveness and her air of calm self-assurance.” Marcy Wilcov Waterman adds, “Cindy and I were friends at school (Torrey freshmen together) and stayed in touch sporadically over all these years both in Washington and New York. ... She was charismatic even at 18. Who else had a boyfriend at Harvard, Yale and Amherst and a stunning black cocktail dress upon arrival in South Hadley? Beautiful, brilliant, driven, apart from the rest of us—and glamorous always. MHC wasn’t big enough to hold her ambition. She was enormously successful in her professional life but seemed to take the greatest pride in her olive harvest in France. Such a bright light extinguished

so soon.” When Alice Capson’s daughter needed UK housing in 2011, Cynthia let her stay in her Knightsbridge home in exchange for some housesitting, and even took her out for their one-day-apart birthdays! In August, when Alice visited Judy Katzenelson Brownstein in Buffalo, they reminisced about Cynthia, not realizing she was gone.

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### 3/9/2017 Lorraine Garnett Ward, Summer 2017 and Fall 2017 Quarterly



**Summer:** Profound sadness doesn’t even begin to describe the loss of former Class President Lorraine Garnett Ward. The following tribute was written by a close group of MHC friends dubbed “The Magnificent Seven”.

Lorraine Garnett Ward lost a long battle with cancer on March 9. Touching everyone she knew, she had a special place at the epicenter of our tight MHC group of seven. But everyone who knew her thought they were her best friend. Lorraine was president of our class at the time of our 25th reunion. Although she was a class leader, she was singular among us, as we tended to fly under the radar screen. But imagine our delight when we flanked her to carry the yellow 1971 banner at the head of our class in the reunion parade. In the spring of last year, as we prepared to attend our 45th, Lorraine was unable to attend. We arrived in Boston before the weekend to see her. Turning the tables, Lorraine presented each of us with a framed photo of our infamous “head of the class” march. She was a staunchly selfless person, whom we were all privileged to know. The family has established an MHC scholarship in her name. Personal condolences may be addressed to her husband, Jerry Ward, 480 Monument Street, Concord, MA 01742.

**Fall:** Ann Colucci Thompson follows up her tribute to Lorraine Garnett Ward in the last issue of the Quarterly by letting us know “the rest of the story.” Lorraine had asked that her friends—aka The Magnificent Seven—come to her memorial service when it is planned ... and sing our alma mater for all the shared memories we hold. Although only a few of the group could carry a tune, Susan Stearns led a group consisting of Deborah Bowen, Carol Waterhouse Ferguson, Gretchen Winston May, Donna Spindel and Ann. Ann notes, “We sang both verses a cappella and received an ovation from the nearly 1,000 people in attendance at this remarkable service held on the campus of the Fenn School.”

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### 10/24/2018 Jo-Anne Bacciolo, Spring 2019 Quarterly



We lost Jo-Anne Bacciolo on Oct. 24 to cancer. Joanne Hiratsuka Petersen submitted the following tribute: “Jo-Anne was the quiet, smart, studious and funny member of our group. There were four of us who rented Peter Viereck’s house on Silver Street our senior year: Jo-Anne, Ann Ronchetti, Sue Uber and myself. We were among the first students allowed to live off campus without staying with a relative, and we took advantage of it! In more recent years, I was glad I had a chance to catch up with Jo-Anne at the last couple of MHC reunions. She hadn’t changed at all, still as full of laughter and joy and able to make me enjoy life with her. She was a very good friend; she had a wicked sense of humor, sassy, but she was so very kind, always with a good word and support if you needed it. She loved soul music, and since I grew up in Chicago, I had that love too. I miss her; I know she’s enjoying music (she also was a Glee Club member) somewhere.”

Joanne asked some of her friends to add to this memorial. Lily Tang Hausman writes, “I met Jo-Anne my first year. I remember being introduced at Orientation as the first student to be accepted from Singapore. I was, however, born in the U.S.; I left the U.S. when I was 8 years old and only returned for college, so I definitely experienced culture shock. Jo-Anne was so warm and friendly and helped me ease into my new surroundings. She even invited me to her home in Hartford for my very first American Thanksgiving. I shall never forget how the Bacciolos embraced me and made me feel so much at home. After I left Mount Holyoke, Jo-Anne and I lost touch and only reconnected for a short while in 2014. I had flown in from Singapore to attend my daughter’s graduation in Boston. Jo-Anne and I made some tentative plans to meet but unfortunately, our schedules did not allow for it to happen. I sorely regret that we were not able to do so. I have such very fond memories of her.”

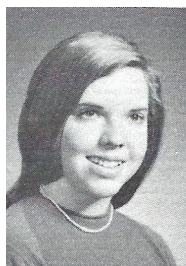
Mary Anne Azar Mendall writes: “My favorite remembrance of Jo-Anne is the time that Poppy brought a Christmas tree back to the dorm in October, and Jo-Anne dressed up as Santa Claus. I also remember the times we met up with her for lunch in South Hadley. Poppy Benson, Cynthia Carter LeBlanc, Wendy Hagen, Adrienne Neufeld Maykow and I all miss her so much.”

Susan Uber writes: “Describing Jo-Anne is not easy, as above all, she’s a complicated individual. She was smart and funny,

also moody, edgy, irritable, with a biting sense of sarcasm and irony. But she was also intensely passionate, with strongly-held beliefs about how people in the world should behave. Underneath her cynicism and gruff exterior lay a real love for life. She loved family above all but also loved reading mystery novels and watching good movies. She loved singing, with her beautiful alto voice, foremost as a member of her college Chamber Singers, as well as with other choral groups post-graduation. She loved traveling, and with the Chamber Singers, she traveled to the far reaches of the earth. She loved good food and drink and really loved laughing. In college, she was fun-loving and free-spirited, and we spent endless hours listening to music, hanging out and roaming the countryside in my brand new Super Beetle. Of course, we were also serious students. I believe some of Jo-Anne's best years were spent at Mount Holyoke. Sassy and spunky, she kept us on our toes, called us to task. She was able to laugh at life and sometimes at herself. Jo-Anne may not have shown her love in traditional ways, as she was secretive with her warm and tender feelings, but she did touch many lives and will never be forgotten. Goodbye, dear friend. Rest in peace."

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### **2/23/2019 Susan A. Dupstadt, Fall 2019 Quarterly**



I am heartbroken to report the death of a classmate who was very special to me. Susan Dupstadt and your scribe [Margie Ware] graduated from Shaker Heights High School together, and she remained a friend throughout the years, although we didn't see a lot of each other. She was my brother's internist, and she was there for me at inadvertent times when I needed a friend.

Robin Parsons coordinated a tribute to "Duppy": "We were saddened to receive word of Susan Dupstadt's death on Feb. 23. The cause was multiple systems atrophy. Susan was a family practice specialist in Akron, Ohio, as well as an avid birdwatcher and naturalist. After majoring in English, she went on to study medicine at Case Western Reserve. Patty Blum reminded all of us of Susie organizing weekly vigils on South Hadley's main street in protest of the Vietnam War. She was also a talented singer and musician who introduced her dormmates to Tom Rush, Janis Joplin and Gordon Lightfoot, to name a few. Carolyn (Mussy) Rodgers Schold writes, "Duppy had a quiet, purposeful, diplomatic and witty manner. I wish she had been my primary care doctor!" Mari Miya adds, "We will miss her gentle spirit, her wonderful sense of humor and her ability to always find the best in others." In addition to her husband, Susan is survived by her two sons, Tom and Freddie. Theo (Norma Pennette) Pinette and Robin Parsons attended her June memorial service, held at her family's riverside cottage in Ashtabula, Ohio. Family, high school friends, medical staff from her clinic, her pastor and former patients were there. Duppy's gift to her family, the poem "No Coming, No Going" by Thich Nhat Hanh, was read.

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### **8/22/2019 Shirley Stein Mizrahi, expected in Summer 2023 Quarterly**



Amy Silver Khoudari shares that after living most of her life in Panama, Shirley died after a long illness. "When she and Jaime, her husband, realized that her time on earth was limited, they traveled all over the world. On her last Passover, she stood aside with Jaime. After looking at her four children and their spouses and all her grandchildren, she said that she had everything she wanted. Shirley was the daughter of parents who fled Romania in advance of the Nazi invasion. ... She loved life [and] was a wonderful friend and roommate."

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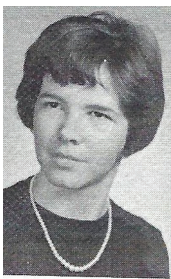
### **10/1/2019 Ingrid W. Arntson Hansen, Spring 2020 Quarterly**



Sad news: Ingrid Arntson Hansen passed away Oct. 1 at home with her family. She lived a full decade with Parkinson's. She began college at MHC for a short time before transferring to the U. of Washington. She graduated Phi Beta Kappa in chemistry. Ingrid was the first female partner at the firm Betts, Patterson and Mines, where she practiced for 13 years. While practicing law, she helped write the updated jury instructions for the state of Washington. Ingrid is survived by her sister, Linnea, her husband, Dennis, and her son, Blake.

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### 10/4/2019 Margaret Andrews, Spring 2020 Quarterly, Summer 2020 Quarterly tribute



**Spring:** Sad news: Margaret Andrews, a pediatrician who practiced in Cincinnati, Ohio, passed away Oct. 4. She received her M.D. degree from George Washington U. in May of 1975. A tribute will appear in the next Quarterly.

**Summer:** Donna DiPaolo was kind enough to share this memory of Margaret Andrews. Margaret passed away on Oct. 4. "She was a warm, quiet and cherished campus friend. A biology major from Silver Spring, Maryland, she earned her M.D. from George Washington U. in 1975 and became a pediatrician in her hometown of Cincinnati, Ohio."

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### 11/8/2019 Arlene Julius, Fall 2021 Quarterly and Princeton Quarterly



Just prior to our virtual 50th, we received the sad news of the passing of a former class member. Arlene Julius passed away Nov. 8, 2019. Arlene's sister shared the fond feelings Arlene always had for MHC and the lifelong friends she made there during her freshman year, in particular, Phoebe Zablow McBee and Sandy O'Toole. Arlene attended MHC for one year before transferring to Douglass College. When Princeton admitted women in 1969, Arlene transferred once again, graduating from Princeton in 1971 with a degree in sociology. After Princeton, Arlene earned a master's degree in library science from Rutgers U. and spent most of her career as a computer programmer at Bell Labs, AT&T and Telcordia.

#### From the Princeton Quarterly (2nd photo included to show how styles changed in just 4 years, as did many of us!)

Arlene Julius died peacefully Nov. 8, 2019, at home after years of living with serious health issues. Never one to complain, Arlene inspired everyone she knew with her independence, resiliency and remarkable ability to cope with whatever challenges came her way.



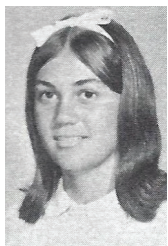
Arlene lived in Highland Park, New Jersey, where she was valedictorian of her high school class. She attended Mount Holyoke College and Douglass College before transferring to Princeton in 1969, the first year the University admitted women. Her sister, Barbara '72 (originally '73), entered Princeton as a freshman that year, and the two enjoyed the distinction of being the first sisters to attend the University. At Princeton, Arlene majored in sociology and lived in Little Hall her senior year with Robbie Wyper Shell '71. After graduation Arlene worked as a film librarian and earned a master's degree in library science at Rutgers University. Always a gifted mathematician, she went on to study computer science and spent most of her career as a computer programmer at Bell Labs, AT&T and Telcordia.

In many ways, Arlene was ahead of her time. Her love of programming came before most women entered the field, and when she retired, she turned to crossword puzzles as a way to keep her razor-sharp mind active. She developed a lifelong love of jogging and walking back in the '60s, when running shoes were no more than black Converse sneakers and decades before mindfulness entered the vernacular. To the end, she was grateful for the ability to take long, meditative walks and would greet neighbors with her radiant smile, which shone through even in her most trying moments.

If Arlene had one passion, it was a love of friends and family. She was always there for anyone who needed her help and took great joy in the accomplishments of those around her. To borrow from the reflection of her Princeton roommate, "She was one of the smartest, kindest, most beautiful and caring of human beings. Her life is a testament to a fighting spirit, a compassion and loyalty to others despite her own pain, and an ability to sustain friendships that lasted decades." Arlene is survived by her sister, Barbara Julius '72; brother-in-law Marc Silberberg; nephew Jesse Silberberg; and niece Molly Silberberg '11.

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### 3/31/2020 Anne Chalfant, Summer 2020 Quarterly, Winter 2021 Quarterly tribute



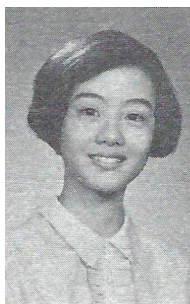
**Winter:** Andrea Lange communicates the sad news that Anne Chalfant passed away from pancreatic cancer in March. She was a travel writer and a photographer. A tribute will appear in the next issue.

**Summer:** Remembering Anne Chalfant by Joan Schwartz Weber: "My friendship with Anne began freshman year when we lived across the hall from each other on the third floor of Pearsons. As sophomores, we shared a big corner room in Safford. We were thrilled to be 'roomies', and that's how we signed our correspondence for the 52 years that followed, right through to our last email exchange in Feb. 2020.

The news of Anne's death from pancreatic cancer was heartbreaking, and I still find it difficult to believe. I catch myself planning to reflect with her on a travel memory or compare notes on our obsessions with colorful fabrics or ask for report on her beautiful garden. I long for more chuckles over tales of our grandkids. Anne's creativity and adventurous spirit, her deep thinking and curiosity about the whole planet and her talents as a writer and photographer made travel journalism a perfect fit. Her columns, features and photos won multiple awards. She was travel editor for the Contra Costa Times/Bay Area News Group. She taught journalism at Santa Clara U. and San Jose State. She developed an app on cruising. She was a prolific contributor to the USA Today 10 Best lists. Anne and her husband, Jerry Andersen, raised their two boys in Pleasanton and Walnut Creek, California. The sons are married with two children each, and they still live nearby. Also in the Bay Area, Anne treasured her friendships [with] Jan Thomson and Rose Fujimoto. Anne and I never lived near each other after college, but Anne visited me in Michigan, and I visited her in California. We explored together in Oaxaca, Mexico, and in Thailand, Laos and Morocco. She showed me the London, England, that she knew well. Anne and I delighted in the coincidence of our both having world travel at the center of our professional lives. We delighted in all that we shared, beginning with MHC and our fortuitous freshman year rooming assignments."

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### 7/26/2021 Lily Tang Hausman, Winter 2022 Quarterly



We received news of the death of Lily Tang Hausman on July 26, 2021. Lily's close friend Joanne Hiratsuka Petersen reported the sad news and has written a tribute to appear in the Quarterly. Lily's Buckland friend Poppy Benson, who remembers Lily from her freshman year, recalls her as "funny, interesting and exotic" and was grateful for being able to reconnect through Zoom during the last year. Adrienne Neufeld Maykow concurred with Poppy in her recollections.

#### **Tribute:**

Joanne Hiratsuka Petersen: "We lost Lily Tang Hausman on July 26, 2021 to cancer.

Lily was my international friend from Singapore; we connected at Ham Hall. She was a lively, smart, fun, and attractive person—she could always find something positive and hilarious about any situation we fell into, and there were quite a few on campus and afterwards.

She left MHC at the end of our sophomore year to go home; she came back to MHC after our graduation to finish up her degree in economics, graduating in 1976. Before returning to MHC, she attended Temple U. in Philadelphia, where she met her husband, Steven Hausman (also deceased) and had their daughter, Sarah, while living in southern California. She worked as an entrepreneur importing Asian goods to the USA; later, she returned home again to take care of her parents, who were in ill health, while Sarah was in graduate school.

Over the years, after graduation, we would go for long periods of time (years) between visits and communications, but each time we got back together again, it was like we'd only been gone since yesterday—we always understood each other, where we'd been, what we dreamed of and how we were going to get there—we were very good friends. My only regret was that I never visited her in Singapore—saw her in her southern California homes, but never overseas.

In these last few years, Lily and I went on trips together because we were good travelling companions—we could sleep in the same room and not bother each other if we woke during the night or snored! She always thought of places or events we hadn't seen before, and we'd go. We went to the Tucson Gem Show in 2018, Barcelona in 2019 (what a GREAT trip!), and we had planned to go to Comic-Con in 2020 but it was postponed to 2022. And I'd convinced her to go to our 50th reunion in 2021—but that didn't happen either (she was too sick to go anyway).

Lily was always warm, funny, caring, outgoing and supportive. I will miss her very much. There will not be a funeral, by her request (no one wants to travel in these pandemic times anyway). Goodbye, dear friend, rest in peace."

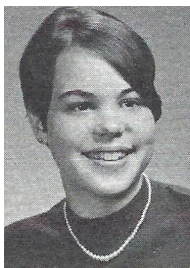
Poppy Benson: "Lily was in my freshman dorm, Buckland. She was so funny and interesting and exotic to me, a Midwesterner. I completely lost track of her until our group of 10 started zooming at the beginning of the pandemic. I was so happy to have rediscovered her, and she was still the same funny, entertaining friend I remembered. I was proud of her for going back and graduating from MHC after dropping out. I never did that. I finished at U. of Minnesota but always kind of regret I didn't do what Lily did. Her background, her family, the cultural pressures she was under at college were all fascinating to me, and she readily shared this window into another world. I am so sorry Lily was taken from us just as we were reconnecting. I am so sorry I never had a chance to see her again. She was something!"

Adrienne Neufeld Maykow: "My memories of her all seem to include her quick wit! And she was so much herself 50+ years later. Just glad we got to reconnect—even for a little while."

You can send memories of Lily to her daughter, Sarah Stein. Contact scribe for address.

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**12/24/2021 Susan Murphy Marie, Spring 2022 Quarterly and Summer 2022 Quarterly tribute**



The College notified us of the passing of another classmate. Susan Murphy Marie, who entered MHC with us in 1967, passed away in December 2021. Susan lived in North Mandelle her freshman year. Although she did not graduate with us in 1971, we remember her as one of us. She received her degree in 1976 from MHC. Susan is survived by her husband Peter of Loudon, Tennessee.

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**8/3/2022 Ann Sinclair Hurd, Winter 2023 Quarterly**



Sally Drabing Hicks and Jackie Hall Fesler remember Ann Hurd, another classmate gone too soon.

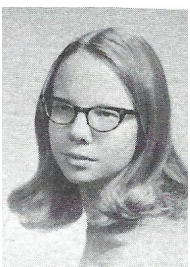
"Ann Hurd passed away on Aug. 3. Cancer did not stop her from doing the things she loved... knitting, cooking, reading, long walks with friends and especially time with her son.

Freshman year, we three considered ourselves roommates, moving as a triple after that. We all finished MHC 'early' in January 1971 and shared a TINY apartment in Boston."

Ann was born and raised in Gloucester, Massachusetts, settled in Bolton as an adult, and added a second home in Rockport. She was a gifted artist, taking studio arts courses and knitting socks for everyone after retirement. Ann treasured her college years, her family, her friends and was proud of her "Yankee" background and Scottish roots. Independent and courageous to the end, Ann was a loyal friend and will be missed. She is survived by her son, Alec Palmer, of Rockport, Massachusetts.

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**9/17/2022 Marian (Mackie) Chase Dalgarn, Winter 2023 Quarterly**



Sadly, we have lost another classmate in September. Joann Otto and Jenny Masur shared their memories in tribute of Mackie Chase Dalgarn.

Regretfully, we report the death of Marian (Mackie) Chase Dalgarn in late September 2022. Those who knew her will remember her as a botanist and birder with a wry sense of humor. Who can forget the snow Buddha or her mother's gift bags of home-baked cookies? Although she lived much of her married life in Michigan, she returned to her beloved Cape Cod in her retirement to live in her parents' home next to her father's cranberry bog and campground. She was an avid gardener and became a master gardener in Michigan. She enjoyed walks along the beach with her husband, David. She passed her love of biology on to her daughter, Susan, who also was a biology major.

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**12/21/2022 Judy Gale Crowder, expected in Spring 2023 Quarterly/Dignitymemorial.com**



Judy Gale Crowder, most recently of Tallahassee, Florida, passed away surrounded by family in late December after a two-year battle with cancer.

After graduation, she moved to the Sunshine State to be near her grandmother and started working at Metropolitan Life, where her father had already established a career. But it was her passion for medicine and caring for others that led her to become a nurse. Judy became an RN, working in pediatrics for many years in Tampa and later in Tallahassee. Judy was an avid gardener and enjoyed spending time outdoors working in her yard. She also adored being a dog mom to her black lab, Molly.



## **Editor's note**

Compiling the above tributes of the past 52 years: The goal was to use the tribute in the Quarterly class notes. The above tributes were either sent digitally to me by the scribe who posted them originally or transcribed from the Quarterly class notes by me with slight edits for punctuation, clarity or spelling of proper nouns or names. I have added additional material from other sources as well. If the class note was not available, the tribute came from the indicated publication, especially if an alum was quoted in it. If a classmate had a more public persona or if her death coincided with world events, additional information was included. Special thanks to Linda Keown, Donna DiPaolo, Liz Berens and Jennifer Grow (Quarterly) for providing extensive information, scans or tributes. Much gratitude to my daughter, Beth Lipoff, for editing and layout.

Alice J. Capson

## Farewell, Wendy Wasserstein '71

### An Untimely End for an Uncommon Woman

**WENDY WASSERSTEIN '71**, who died January 30 at the age of fifty-five, was arguably Mount Holyoke's best-known alumna. Tributes filled the national press after her untimely death from cancer, lauding the public Wendy, toast of the theatre world and winner of the Tony Award and the Pulitzer Prize.

Our Web site has a selection of these tributes. Here, we share the Wendy known to the Mount Holyoke community. Expanded versions of these tributes, many other memories, and much more information are at [alumnae.mtholyoke.edu/go/www](http://alumnae.mtholyoke.edu/go/www)

#### Wendy on MHC

"I know Mount Holyoke had a profound effect on my life. Not because I got into a better graduate school, learned to organize my time, or keep a file of facts, but because of the dignity of the women I met here and therefore the dignity that I learned to allow myself."—[from her 1990 commencement address at MHC]

#### MHC on Wendy

She called me her "MHC sister." We always had so many laughs about how both of us became playwrights and, then, how both of us were Pulitzer-winning playwrights—"it must be in the [Mount Holyoke] water," she said.—*Suzan-Lori Parks '85*

All the energy and humor later contained in her plays were evident to some of her classmates—and many of her friends—long before she began to write seriously.—*Kay Cordtz '71*

My first encounter with Wendy Wasserstein was ... when she burst through the doors at Sardi's in NYC and announced as loudly as she could, "My play won the Tony." My sister and I rushed to her side though we barely knew who she was. The fact that we had seen *The Heidi Chronicles* that day, and my recent acceptance into the Frances Perkins Program, won for us an immediate audience with the playwright and invitations to a Tony party upstairs ...  
—*Doris A. Rovetti FP'93*



1971 yearbook photo; Wasserstein in 2000

After *Uncommon Women* appeared on PBS in 1979, the college was bombarded with letters decrying "that anti-Mount Holyoke play." Wendy was surprised and saddened by this, and when I directed it at Lab Theatre the following year she was a constant and ebullient resource ... At a post-show discussion ... I asked Wendy if she felt she'd written an "anti-Mount Holyoke" play. With tears in her eyes, and a warm smile, she said, "No, I love Mount Holyoke. I wrote a play about my friends."—*Jim Cavanaugh, MHC emeritus professor of theatre arts*

Only after watching *Uncommon Women and Others* on PBS did I consider applying to Mount Holyoke. In my interview with the dean of admission, I mentioned the powerfully positive impact the play had on me ... After being accepted, I received a warm and encouraging note from Ms. Wasserstein. You can't imagine how thrilling this was for a theater-loving young college-bound feminist! ... My freshman year, Wendy Wasserstein spoke on campus. ... I was dumbfounded when she ... not only remembered me, but seemed to genuinely care how I was doing.—*Alison M. Gross '83*

Perhaps because she was so conspicuously a different drummer ... [Wendy] was one of the most refreshing, imaginative, capable ... students I have had at Mount Holyoke." [I wrote in her grad-school recommendation.] She is "a risk" ... but she would be "one of the more interesting risks to wander into graduate school in some time."—*Charles H. Trout (MHC history professor 1969–80)*



Our gang was ... commiserating about essays for freshman English. Someone mentioned that Wendy Wasserstein, at the next table, had written her *Beowulf* essay from the point of view of Grendel. That struck me as so original it made me laugh out loud ... Wendy single-handedly formed my first impression of the glamorous, original women I could look forward to knowing at Mount Holyoke.  
—*Michie Gleason '72*