

IN THIS ISSUE:

- ▶ **THE MANY LIVES
OF FLORENCE HALL** □ *David R. Savoy '61*
- ▶ **CORIOLANUS** □ *Peter Douglas MacLean '59*
- ▶ **STATUSPEAK** □ *Anthony Van Riper*
- ▶ **ART AT EMERSON** □ *a report*

BEACON

APRIL

1964

THE EMERSON COLLEGE ALUMNI MAGAZINE

AUDIO



THE EDITOR'S CORNER

TSUNAMI !

Back in the late eighteen-hundreds, a wise man decided that much money could be saved by closing the Patent Office. For, he reasoned, everything of importance had already been invented.

From this side of the desk, it appears that the nation's wise men have come to much the same conclusion about education. A recent newspaper story headlined the fact that — as early as April 7 — the University of Massachusetts was turning away 8,000 applicants for lack of space, and furthermore, did not have facilities for the over 4,200 accepted students!

The story further went on to say that the University was studying possible changes in the academic calendar, with an eye toward making more efficient use of its physical facilities.

The wave of students has reached tidal proportions, and *this was foreseen at least 15 years ago!*

And *still*, most colleges continue to hew to the two semester, four-year plan for undergraduate education. This seems peculiar, to say the least. It isn't as if the two semester system had been presented to us, graven on gold tablets set in the groves of Academe. The increase in America's educable population has made a prophet out of Malthus, and yet, with some notable exceptions, most colleges are still educating within the framework of a two semester structure.

Emerson is not, and never will be, in a position to turn away 8,000 students. But the day is coming when we *will* be forced to turn away future Emersonians for lack of space.

A student rejected by UMass has the opportunity of applying elsewhere. But there is no other Emerson College where the students we will have to turn away can go.

We are presently studying a modified semester plan at Emerson, using a three-quarter system.

We cannot repeal the law of supply and demand. It seem imperative that colleges begin now to admit its existence.

For, unless we do, we won't even see the tidal wave . . . and then it will be too late to swim for the surface.



BEACON

THE EMERSON COLLEGE ALUMNI MAGAZINE

Coriolanus: A Director's Approach

Peter Douglas MacLean '59 examines one of The Bard's least-praised plays, and offers a dissenting and interesting viewpoint.

2

The Many Worlds of Florence Hall

BEACON'S own Dave Savoy recently visited one of the sprightliest members of the sprightly Class of 1909. This is his admiring report.

6

Art: Barbara Burns Matheson

George Spelvin, that peripatetic reporter, was present at the opening of Phi Mu Gamma's exhibition of art at Governors' House. A BEACON photos-and-text special.

10

Statuspeak

"Words . . . words . . . words . . ." quoth Hamlet, and the Prince of Elsinore might well be spinning in his grave at what's happened to language lately.

13

Letters to Ed.

Bouquets, brickbats, and banter on a potpourri of subjects, as received in BEACON's mailbag.

16

Alumnews

Notes of interest to all alumni, together with the departments of vital statistics.

17

Class Notes

Checking the activity in the alumni classes.

19

HAIG DER MARDEROSIAN '54
President, Alumni Association

MADLINE A. CHAFFEE '27
Publications Chairman

JOHN R. CHASE '56
Director, Alumni Relations

BEACON IS PUBLISHED five times a year, in July, October, December, February, and May, by Emerson College, Boston, Mass., for the benefit of Emersonians everywhere. Second-class postage is paid at Boston, Massachusetts.

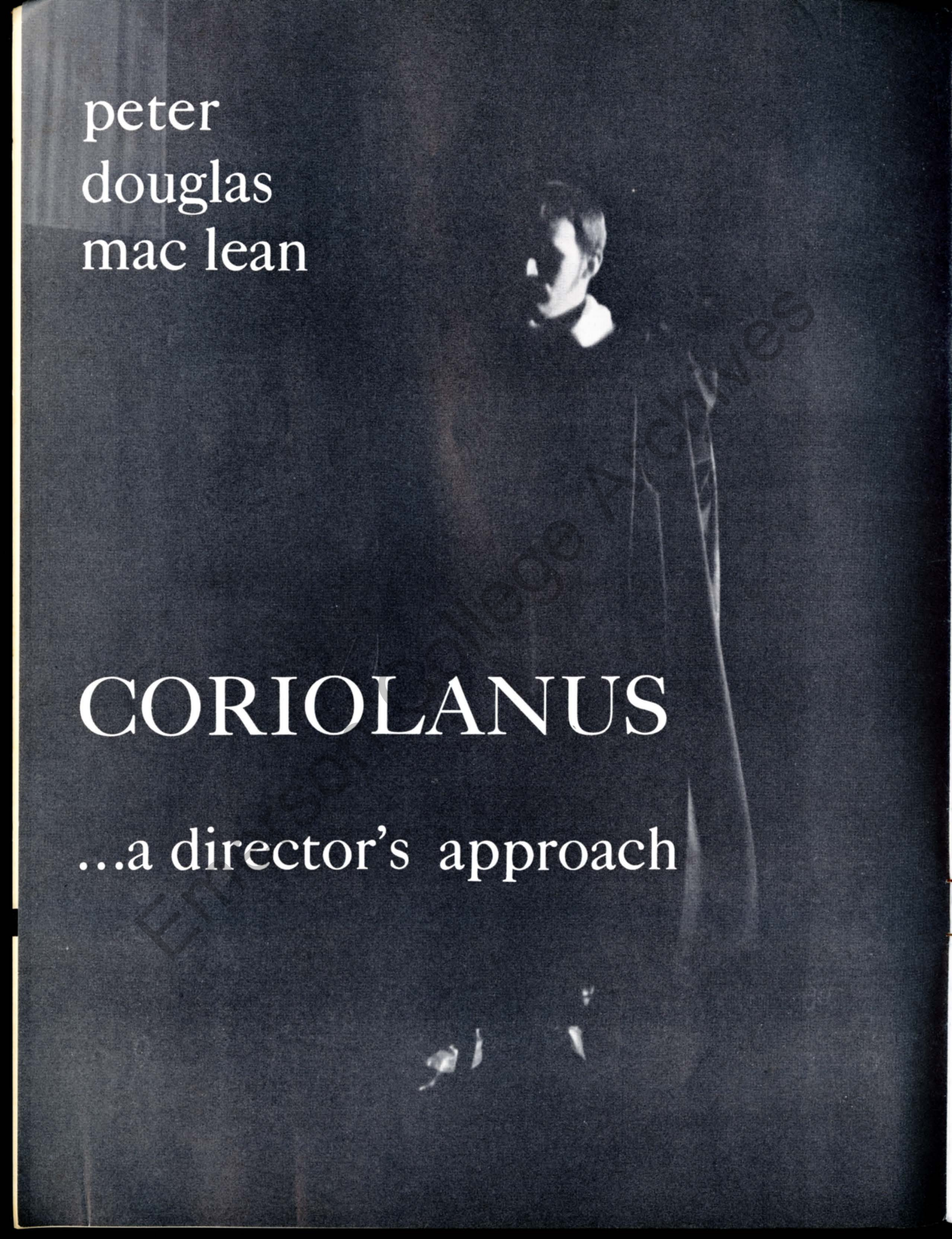
VOL. VI

NO. 5

ANTHONY VAN RIPER
Editor

DAVID R. SAVOY '61
Assistant Editor

PAULA R. SHAER
Contributing Editor



peter
douglas
mac lean

CORIOLANUS

...a director's approach

The singleness of theme and action embodied in *Coriolanus* establish it as Shakespeare's most unified play. The utter intrinsic relationship that each line has to the total expression of that unity elevates the drama to a level above and beyond the truth of history or nature, thus insuring that Shakespeare's dramatic genius has a poetic expression. Whatever has been said or can be said about *Coriolanus*, it has been conceded to be Shakespeare's most exciting, most political, most psychological, most harsh, most unpopular and most uncompromising drama. I have stressed the term "uncompromising" because I am convinced it is the critical key that unlocks the play's greatness. It is a term, therefore, that I shall want to return to later.

Critics have not only, in the words of Goddard, "neglected" *Coriolanus*, they have also negated its poetic and dramatic merits by mitigating the drama. They have done so by choosing to criticize the play from a standpoint that gives no recognition to Shakespeare's dramatic or poetic integrity. To write the play off as one of his lesser plays (a task many "Victorian" critics have performed rather ineptly) because it does not contain the lyrical mysticism of *Hamlet*, the passionate violence of *Othello* or the philosophic universality of *King Lear* is to say in essence, "don't concern yourself with the play because it's not a *Hamlet*, an *Othello* or a *Lear*." Critics, by failing to cite, through contrast and comparison, the actual contents of the drama, fail to make a valid statement for or against the play — they are merely extending their own criticism of *Hamlet*, *Othello* and *King Lear*. Let me (with a taste of audacity) point out to those critics who persist in measuring *Coriolanus* in this way that perhaps by measuring these three plays via the standards developed from the contents of *Coriolanus* they will prove to be the lesser plays — since none of them reach the psychological depths or political insights achieved in *Coriolanus*.

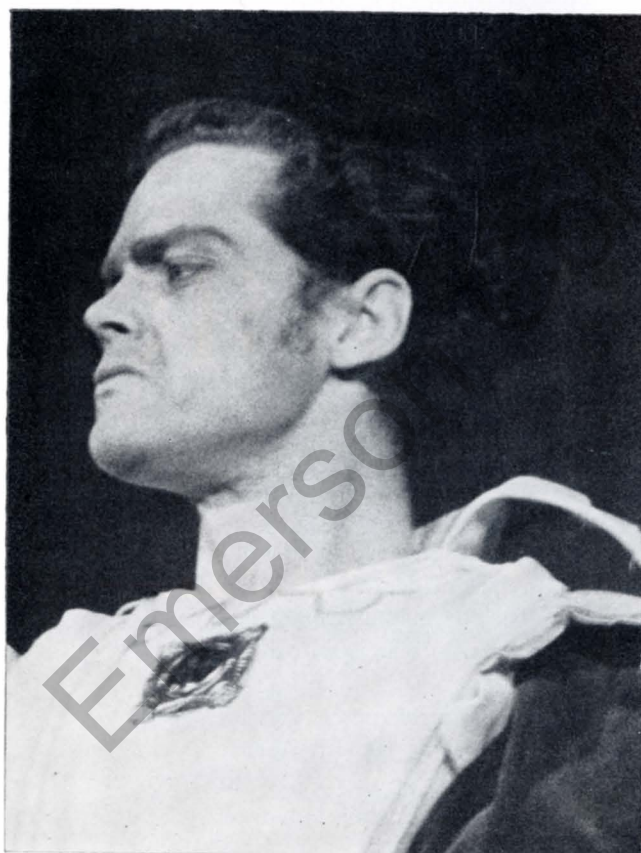
Critics who say: "In the final analysis, Caius Marcius as a tragic hero, as noble as he is, is caught in a drama too cold, too austere and too harsh for me to identify with," must be in the final analysis inadequate, for what better framework is there, especially in the light of our own times, to set off a character who is in search of his own soul?

I have only the deepest remorse for those critics who say: "There is no quality within the central hero that can engage our awe, our sympathy, or our ability to like, and therefore, the only conclusion one can draw about the nature of his character is that he must be a petulant egotist, void of humanity and possessed by the desire to be a tyrant." I suggest that these critics are looking for escapism in the drama. It seems they want their souls soothed but not scratched. Why can't Shakespeare do both? He's a playwright, not a tranquilizer.

A playwright deals with the dramatic expression of human experience — and its expression can be as varied as its tragedy.

Caius Marcius is a man miscast in life, striving to emerge as a human being with an uncompromised sense of dignity and integrity, knowing full well that if he does, a compromising world will demand his death — a world in which only the politician can thrive, a world dominated by “time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.”

The blunt honesty with which Caius persistently states that he wants to be left alone has been taken by critics as an open lie, a lie put in his mouth by an unsympathetic creator. Critics scoff at his humility saying it is a front. They simply never give him a chance. If you were to throw down your defenses, accept his humility and then ask why he is like this, you would echo the words of Menenius: “He is too noble for this world.” You would weep to see how a mother can torture her son for you would then feel his tragedy.



PETER DOUGLAS MAC LEAN graduated with the Class of 1959. He is presently Instructor in Theatre Arts at Emerson. He played the title role in the Department's production of *Coriolanus* recently, a role for which he had won wide acclaim in the Shakespearean Festival in Ashland, Oregon. He is married to the former Dorothy Geotis '59. He is shown above as Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

Caius Marcius is a man who birth made noble, nature made sensitive and destiny made a gift to an ambitious mother. A mother who never once, within a course of 2069 lines, professes any love for her son. A matriarch who, solely for self-glorification, encased her poet son in a warrior's armor. A mother who mis-shaped, mis-guided and miscast her son. The key to Marcius' life can be found in the moment that passes between Valeria and Volumnia in Act I, scene 3. In describing young Marcius, Valeria says:

O' my word, the father's son! I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy . . . I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it! 'O I warrant, how he manmocked it!

“One on's father's moods,” Volumnia replies.

As Harold C. Goddard points out: “The butterfly throughout myth and poetry is psyche, the soul, the winged and immortal part of man.” Through this scene Shakespeare, using the father-son relationship, shows what Caius's own boyhood was faced with. Here one is able to see (if he is inclined to look) the seeds of an intense struggle which will end in the pleading scene when the strength of Volumnia's love enables the poet to triumph over the warrior. It is amazing how people viewing the play say of the famous pleading scene: “How noble Volumnia is, for she has saved Rome!” This is the flattest critical statement ever uttered. How easily those who say it have been able to disregard the action of the passage above.

With the introduction of that passage Shakespeare's stage is completely set for the unraveling of the drama. Up to that point we had been shown the mob and its reasons for unrest; we had been shown Menenius and Aufidius and their reasons for unrest, and last of all we have been shown a part of Marcius and his movement. Now with the introduction of Volumnia we have been shown the other part of Marcius and from now on there should be no doubt in our minds as to the nature of our hero's conflict. The events are all there, they are intrinsic, they are clear and they have their focal point in the character of Caius Marcius. Whether we identify or not will depend upon how clearly and fully we objectively perceive these events and how strongly we avoid subjectively over-stressing any one of them. Marcius is an honest man trying to find himself in a dishonest world. Marcius, a man whose heart is in his mouth and “would not flatter Neptune for trident”, looking for human dignity in a turbulent world of rash, ruthless, conniving *personae* who have greasy palms and oily tongues — a world of men like Menenius, who in one

breath calls the people his "good friends and honest neighbors" and in his second calls them "rats."

When one has looked closely at the play's content and structure he can see clearly how critics have duped themselves. Critics in defense of their own bias have glossed over the play's unity. They have hammered away only at various phases of the play such as tone, language, lyricism, character, or theme. Over and over again critics have stated dogmatically that the play and its hero are too uncompromising and therefore too cold, too austere, too harsh. *They fail to realize that perhaps the play's unity is imbedded in these qualities!* Marcius, when his integrity is tempted, answers: "Would you have me false to my nature? Say rather I play the man I am." Therefore, by his own admission to honesty, if

he is ever to win this battle with himself in this politically compromising world he has got to be uncompromising. And it seems to me that such a stand, because of the personal sacrifice involved, will make honesty appear cold, austere and harsh. Caius accepts it—why can't the critics? When I read the criticism of *Coriolanus* I begin to feel the anguish of Nicodemus' desperate plea, "In God's name, Caphias, is one string the sum of all your music, and one word your only song? Because you are afraid must you see nothing in the world but fear." These "men of high places," these critics, these "boys" who have behind the tinselled shades of form and lyricism complacently written off the play are unimaginative, dull, fearfully, dull. On the contrary, Caius is not "an inch of history . . . whose noise will be overblown," he is the eternal echo of man's eternal conflict—a man in search of his own soul. Caius in his search is a 'beautiful man.'



THE MANY WORLDS OF FLORENCE HALL

by DAVID R. SAVOY '61

In the aristocratic quiet of Saratoga Springs, on an equally quiet street near Skidmore College, lives Florence E. Hall of the Class of 1909. Our instructions had been neatly typed out: "Come in the front door, go up ten steps to a landing, and then five steps more. There are two doors. Mine has my name on it."

The door gave no indication of the woman who lived on the other side. And yet, the card with her name on it had been jauntily placed, slightly cocked in inquiry.

The first knock brought no response. A second, slightly louder one elicited the standard "Just a minute . . ."

An open door, a smiling face, and an assured, twinkling "Two handsome young men from Emerson. Come in." She ushered us down a short hallway to an airy living

room, took our coats and went to put them away. We looked about.

On a studio couch against one wall a life lay neatly arranged. Clippings . . . some aged and some new. Photographs, some yellowed and some fresh. Crisp bond paper neatly typed. Frequently turned sheet music. Stuffed envelopes slit the short, rather than the long way.

Even the walls told a story. Framed photos. Eddie Arcaro up on Citation, and personally inscribed by the late great Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons. Native Dancer, haughty and aloof. A personal note from Dwight D. Eisenhower. Two young men in uniform, one of whom would never grow any older. A home, taken in the thirties. A doctor, who helped to save her life in 1959.

Bits and pieces?

Perhaps not. Mrs. Hall, answers in her eyes, came

continued on page 8



back into the room.

"I didn't realize . . . really . . . until I started digging out all this, that I'd led such a full life." She smiled at us. "Where would you like to begin?"

Where *can* you begin, when life and living has occupied every moment of a person's existence?

She passed a clipping across a small card table.

"This was in 1944." The yellowing newsprint showed a woman, her hair done up in a bandana, standing in front of a complex piece of machinery. *Mrs. Hall, first woman employee to operate baling process equipment*, the caption read. *Compressor uses twenty tons of pressure.*

It seemed unlikely, even in a woman as vital as the one before us. 110 pounds controlling 20 tons? That's a man's job, war or no war.

"I remember I wanted to do somethings for the war effort, even though I was pretty well wrapped up in my teaching, and doing doctoral work as well," she said. She applied to the Army's Quartermaster Depot in Schenectady, and for some time was relegated to sweeping and cleaning. At the same time, she was fascinated by the large equipment. As the time allowed, she became familiar with most of it, and when the opportunity arose, she asked if she could try her hand.

"Did fairly well as I recall," she laughed. "At first we made only about a hundred bales a day, but at the end, we processed 199 in one shift."

The commanding colonel wrote her a letter of commendation, concluding " . . . setting an example in leadership and faithfulness to those you were working with although most of them were much younger."

What makes a woman work as though she were "much younger?"

The question went through our minds as Mrs. Hall showed us a yellowed photograph of herself perched on a rock, cigarette in hand, and a daisy pushed through the buttonhole of her jacket. Wyoming, she says, is a land of strength and raw beauty, and for a woman who loved mountain climbing, a Shangri-La. After she attended Emerson, and Oneonta State College, she went west, and stayed in Wyoming, teaching, climbing, studying, until the end of the first World War.

She returned to the east, however, and took up the duties of a teacher in Saratoga Springs. She matriculated at Skidmore, and received her B. A. in the middle thirties, graduating with the class who called themselves (with considerable justification) the "Perfect Thirty-Sixes."

Four years later, she received M.A. from Albany State Teacher's College.

But one job never has been enough to keep Mrs. Hall satisfied. For 19 years she spent her summers as chief telephone operator at Saratoga's famous Grand



" . . . perched on a rock . . . a daisy pushed through the buttonhole of her jacket."

Union Hotel, meeting and making friends with many of America's men of decision . . . the Vanderbilts . . . the Paynes . . . the Whitneys.

And her professional life extended itself far beyond the classroom, as well. Finishing her requirements for her Skidmore degree, she was taking private lessons in French . . . out of this came the French Club at her school.

In the late thirties, as well, she learned to fly, first Taylorcrafts and Pipers out of the Schenectady airport, and then a pontoon-equipped Stinson from many of the lakes that dot upper New York state. Out of this adventure in living came the Aviation Club, where her boys and girls studied aviation, displayed their models at the Armory of the High School, and ended each year with a talk by a flight instructor with the appropriate name of Mr. Angel. We have no doubt that he was referred to by the irreverent as "Hall's Angel."

Add to this the Travel Club, where, often using her own funds to help, students visited the state capitol, the Worlds Fair, and many other parts of the state. They met, under her aegis, the late Al Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt, as well as Nelson Rockefeller.

"I always made it a point to take the boys and girls on trips of interest," she reminisced. "Once, when Al Smith was governor of New York, he took time to talk to us. One of my boys started to tell him about the fossils he had seen in the Educational Building. 'You're wasting your time,' Governor Smith said. 'Go to the Senate chamber . . . that's where you'll see plenty of fossils!'"

The wrinkles of a smile, somehow, are not the same as those of age.

In recent years, Mrs. Hall has put in over 500 hours in volunteer work for the Hospital Guild in Saratoga Springs. She has also had more than a taste of the patient's side of hospital life. She underwent major surgery in 1959, and is still under the watchful eyes of two doctors

at the present time.

"I won't know until May whether I'll be able to attend my reunion at Emerson," she told us. "If the doctors say I can be there, I will." In letters to her classmate and Class Agent, Berenice Wright Lewis of Santa Barbara, California, she sounds as if mere doctors, be they Ben Casey or the Mayo brothers, could never stand in her way.

More space than is available would be necessary to do justice to the life of this remarkable Emersonian. Teacher . . . nurse . . . traveller . . . volunteer . . . composer . . . pilot . . . ski enthusiast . . . mountain climber . . . defense worker.

Things that want to be done seem, invariably, to attract the people to do them. Thus it has always been with Florence Hall. And why does she? Perhaps, with her, it is another application of Mallory's immortal epigram: "Because it is there."

For all that she has done in her life, however, Florence Hall has been remarkably reticent about most of it. Her teaching . . . but then, that's *other* people she's talking about. A clipping from the *Newburgh News* for 1949 makes the point:

The coolness of an unidentified woman saved an estimated 40 children from death or injury when their bus started to roll down Walsh Ave. Hill toward the Hudson River. The children were in the bus while the driver was getting a cup of coffee. The woman moved quickly from her seat at the rear of the bus, turned the bus and steered it up Walsh Ave. and applied the brakes.

The unidentified woman? Florence Hall.

Although she holds her degree from Skidmore, Mrs. Hall credits Emerson with providing the impetus for her further education.

"I had Prof. Gilbert as a private teacher," she mused. "He sent me to read for Mr. Froman one day, and I was offered a chance to go on the Keith Circuit at \$40 a week. My father put his foot down . . . hard."

Even nearly sixty years on, you could see her wondering: what if . . . ? And Ponce DeLeon's fountain sparkled in her eyes again.

"They were good days," she said "But so are these . . . just different. There's so much sex today . . . much more than when I was dating." She paused, and we waited for disapproval.

"But, of course, we had chaperones," she said.

We never asked her for the "secret" of her success. It was plain. Work with youth. Learn from them as they learn from you, and you will stay as young as they. Admit mistakes, even to those who consider you infallible. There are few boring jobs . . . only many bored people.

And then, too soon, it was time for our flight back to Boston, and time for her prescribed nap. She looked at us.

"You," she said, "can scoop the ice cream, and you can open the root beer. I'll get the cookies."

There will never be cambric tea and crocheted shawls for Florence Hall. As we sipped our drinks, her eyes strayed across the walls . . . past the pictures and the letters and the newspaper clippings. Past the walls themselves and back—or perhaps forward—to other groups gathered around other tables. To those things she had accomplished, and to those which she regrets she did not accomplish, for it is characteristic of her that she can regret not having done all, even though she has done so much so well.

She got our coats, and thanked us for coming, and asked if we had enjoyed the refreshments. We assured her that the root beer floats were delicious, and with a teacher's instinct, we found ourselves corrected.

"The what?" she asked. "Oh . . . the black cows."

As she had told us, we made sure that we shut the door quietly. We started down the stairs (first five, and then ten more) and stopped to look back.

It was still the same. The card, so jauntily placed on the door, still read:

Mrs. Florence E. Hall.

And that, for those that know of her, speaks volumes.

One of you asked me the other day, "What do you see, sometimes? I'm sure it's not the walls of our classroom nor the brick building in which we're housed."

He's right. It isn't.

I see some of my former boys and girls doing excellent work in the world of men. I see some of them, few in the total percentage, who lost the way or never started on the road to happiness. I find the sweet-faced, soft-spoken girls making the excellent mothers in the community. I read of a boy who asked the unanswerable questions in class finding the answers as he works for his Ph.D. I hear of one being rated as a scientist of note, another specializing in medicine, and so on, down the years.

I have made many case studies of you through the years. So many of you had problems to be solved and you were groping to solve them and I, misunderstanding, called you 'problem children.'

Why don't you make case studies of us? I'd like your evaluation of the observations, interviews, and conversations we have had together.

We always want to help you find your place where you can best promote the public and your individual welfare, and many, many times that is what you are doing to and for us.

Barbara

Burns

MATHESON



I may not understand art — I doubt that art is “understandable” as we use the word. But, like countless people before me, I know what I like.

And what I liked was the recent exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculpture by Barbara Burns Matheson at Governors’ House.

This was Art . . . and please use a capital A.

Phi Mu Gamma sponsored this exhibition of Mrs. Matheson’s work, which was held in the Mahogany Room from March 15 through the 22nd. Vivid colors, used with subtlety and grace, brought the sombre beauty of the room to life, and left this observer, at least, wishing that some of these paintings could hang permanently in the halls of Emerson.

Mrs. Matheson is a member of the Theatre Arts faculty, and the College is lucky to have her. We were also highly fortunate to have had these examples of her work, if only for a little.

Crossing the entry hall of Governors’ House and looking into the Mahogany Room, the eye was caught by a flash of vivid red glowing

against a dark canvas and accented in pure white. "Pillars" was without a doubt the hit of the show; the standing figure draws the eye deep into luminous abstraction. It is a work not easily forgotten.

Mrs. Matheson's work ranges from "Feminine," a gossamer pen-and-ink sketch which is far more than a sketch, to the eye-stopping impact of "Harlequin Spectres," which pours a torrent of red, orange, and yellow tones upon the viewer. She works often in these colors, only occasionally moving into blues and greens as with "Brett's Charleston."



CHATTING AT THE EXHIBITION are Phi Mu's Vice President, Brenda Kleinman '64, left, and CHRISANNE (DONE) and BERNIE GREGOIRE, of the Classes of '60 and '58.

The major piece of sculpture, "Emergence," occupied the center of the Mahogany Room. Unlike the touch she employs with her painting, Mrs. Matheson's sculpture, especially in this piece, is almost brutally direct. The figure thrusts her sensuality forward like a banner, and creates an effective mood.

The constructions are abstract and pleasing; the drawings lack much of the force of the paintings.

The sisters of Phi Mu Gamma are to be congratulated for bringing to Emerson the outstanding cultural event of the current academic year.



JUNE HAMBLIN MITCHELL '35, right, passes an animated few minutes with senior SANDRA GOLDSTEIN in the lobby of Governors' House.



Photos and text by
GEORGE SPELVIN



"?" seems to be the reaction of MIKE WOODNICK '62 to the major piece of sculpture at the show. "Emergence" is shown directly above. In the photo at the top of the page, Dr. McKinley chats for a moment with Tom Dahill, of the Department of Fine Arts, while the crowd swirls about them.



Something has been happening to words, recently. No one ever calls a spade a spade any more. Here is one reactionary view to the creeping peril of language for the sake of status. In other words . . .

STATUSPEAK

by ANTHONY VAN RIPER

Something has been happening to words, recently. In an age where communication is held to be the hope of mankind, we seem to be distorting—deliberately—our mainstream of communications, damming our meanings up behind a wall of jargon.

It used to be that plain speaking and clear meaning were virtues. The Gettysburg Address, for instance, runs under 300 words; the preamble to the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence even less. But during the Second World War, an order changing the price of cabbage took rather more than 14,000 words to spell out.

I can hear a cry arising in the distance, wailing "But that's different!"

Is it? Listen around you a while . . .

If you listen, you will hear that the world has finally approached perfection.

We have conquered juvenile delinquency, for instance. There are no more crooks. We have "norm violators" now. Were you to call the Mass Murderer of Dusseldorf a crook, you'd be violating his civil rights, or something.

Nobody's stupid any more, either. You say little Johnny can't count to one without using his fingers? You say he spells his name "Jhon?" You say he wouldn't know enough to put up an umbrella in a rainstorm?

He's not stupid, citizen. He's "exceptional!"

Then what about little Billy, who plays a good chess game at age ten and dwells upon the binomial theorem at bedtime?

He's "exceptional," too.

Which seems to prove that you can be so dull you're a genius, or so bright that you're a moron.

But there aren't any stupid children any more.

If they aren't "exceptional," they're "under-achievers."

Edgar Bergen, in one memorable radio show, asked Mortimer Snerd how he could be so stupid. Replied Mortimer, after some thought, "It ain't easy, Mr. Bergen."

Especially these days, it ain't easy.

Still with the New Eden, President Johnson, if he only knew it, doesn't have to do a thing to fight poverty. We have no poverty, any more. To be poor is shameful.

You are now "culturally deprived."

Isn't that a wonderful phrase? Roll it over on your tongue a few times. Look at the images it calls forth. Culturally deprived . . .

. . . you are kept from libraries, because those are prime sources of culture.

. . . you are not allowed to walk in the Public Gardens and commune with what little of nature is left to the city dweller, because that's cultural, too.

. . . you are not permitted to have friends with whom

you can talk, or whose television set you can watch, because friends and television are part of our culture, and you're "culturally deprived."

Fess up, now . . . wouldn't you rather be poor?

Also, we've done what Ponce de Leon could never do. We've conquered old age. Haven't you noticed? There's no one any more who is old or elderly.

He's a "senior citizen." A "golden ager."

People are no longer young, middle-aged, and old. They start off as infants, progress to the "subteen" (which sounds like a bomb shelter) or "junior miss" category. From there, they outgrow the padded bra designed especially for the up-and-coming ten year old, and become "teens." The next step is, variously, "young moderns" or "young adults" or "young America." There is then a huge gap, because no one has thought up a catch phrase for middle age, and lo, the poor wretch has become a "senior citizen." Apparently that's different than a plain ordinary citizen.

And who says that arthritis, rheumatism, false teeth, cataracts, palsy, and eventual death is your golden age? Whoever he is, he's probably thirty-one and plays four sets of tennis on Saturdays.

The first person that welcomes *me* into the fellowship of the "golden age" will get a punch in the nose!

And brother, that's not all.

What we've done with the pseudo-psychological catch phrase is bad enough; what we're doing to the rest of our language is worse.

The word has become the new status symbol. It's been coming, ever since the first status-conscious scientist designed a computer which needed another scientist to talk to it.

George Orwell might have called it "Statuspeak".

Empty your swimming pools, citizens . . . cash in your snowblower for a mess of syllables! No longer will a corner office be Valhalla for the gray flannel suit. There will be room at the top only for the polysyllabic panderer, driven upward by a jihad of the jargonists.

There is no reason for people to say what they mean in such a manner that someone else can't understand them. There isn't any reason, but they do it.

I can, of course, excuse the citizen who never finished grammar or high school, but today's verbal vacuity does not exist upon these "exceptional" levels. Rather, it makes its appearance only after the formal educational process is deemed complete.

The B.A. uses Statuspeak only occasionally. When he receives his M.A., the polysyllables flow more freely. And upon the receipt of his Ph.D. . . . look out! It will be difficult to understand him without a translator, which obviously proves how much more intelligent he is than you.

If you can't understand him, it's *your* fault.

Why? Don't argue! It just is.

That's Statuspeak, citizen, and you aren't *supposed* to understand it.

These academic Lochinvars come bounding out of the educational West, their minds awhirl with Statuspeak. In order for the 24-year-old professor to impress his 20-year-old students, he trots out the jargon of his field, polishes it to a bright glow, and lets it ooze, like verbal treacle, across the notebooks and into the minds of his students, who then go on to graduate school, and . . .

There's a horrible fascination to such an endless circle, you must admit.

I suppose it's natural enough for people to seek status. We all do it. But to use words to produce an aura of mysteries-which-may-not-be-veiled is carrying things too far. Isn't the world in enough trouble today through faulty communication? Must every two-bit group of "ologists" add to the misunderstanding?

Doctors, of course, have been doing it for years. Ask a medical man what's wrong with you, and you may well need a dictionary to translate the answer. As Adelaide sang in *Guys and Dolls*, "Psychosomatic syndromes, affecting the upper respiratory tract." In other words, "A person could develop a cold!"

But perish forbid a doctor should tell you you have a cold. Especially a common cold.

Furthermore, if you *do* have a cold, you don't go to a doctor any more. Gad, no! You implement a one-to-one relationship with your handy, neighborhood otolaryngologist. (Note to typesetter: that word is spelled correctly, believe it or not. Don't argue . . . just set it!)

Doctors may have started it, but the banner has been taken up by many other professions. Social workers (except perhaps for George C. Scott) don't merely get to know someone . . . they "establish a meaningful relationship with their clients." They don't work . . . they function in a medical (or psychiatric) setting.

Ask any Statuspeaking speech or hearing therapist. They'll tell you . . . no one is deaf any more. They have a hearing loss. That's good mass psychology, because "loss" implies "gain." Nevertheless, if you can't hear, you're deaf.

Sociologists are really in the major leagues when it comes to Statuspeak, as witness this quote from Norman E. Green, writing (?) in the *American Sociological Review*:

"In effect, it was hypothesized that certain physical data categories including housing types and densities, land use characteristics, and ecological location, constitute a scalable content area."

I won't go on . . . that should be enough for almost anyone. You'll say, of course, that that's specialized writing for a specialized group of readers. And so it is. But . . .

Take the following examples. They aren't as far out as some. However, when you consider that they are intended for the eyes of *high school juniors and seniors*, they seem rather appalling.

"... study of the research on the sequential nature of the acquisition of motor skills . . ."

"... person-to-person relationships . . ."

"... with special reference to the process involved in contemporary problems by which the individual American citizen forms and evaluates his economic attitudes."

"A study of contemporary dynamics in domestic relations . . ."

"Attention to the early infantile experiences in their relationship to personality development and to primitive cultural phenomena."

"Practice in phonetic and allophonic transcription."

Had enough?

So, I suspect, has the average high school student who has waded through all that.

The quotes above were all selected from the Emerson College catalog, 1963-65 edition. I suggest that any high school student who can translate all of these fragments correctly be admitted to the College without further ado.

Our society today uses too many words based on the proposition that if you can't understand me, I'm better than you.

Gilbert and Sullivan expressed it (as usual) better than anyone, when Gilbert wrote:

"If that young man expresses himself/ In terms too deep for me,/ Why what a very singularly deep young man/ That deep young man must be."

Do you enjoy T. S. Eliot because you can't understand him or because you can?

So away with all circumlocution. Let crooks become crooks again, and let a bad examination be just that . . . there's something inherently pitiful about the failure, but I doubt that he's exceptional.

Let's fall in love, or have an affair, or get married. To implement a relationship sounds rather like catching beri-beri.

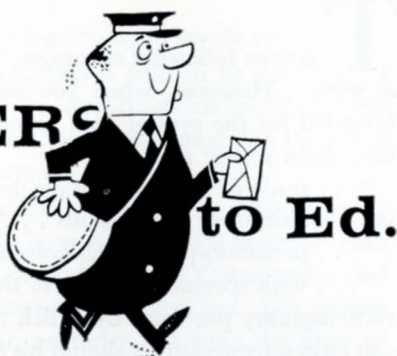
Let's work instead of function. Let's get the good, workaday four-letter words like work, poor, dumb, and so forth back into the vocabulary. Countless thousands of Anglo-Saxons will stop spinning in their graves if we do.

And for our own sakes, let's communicate with understanding, rather than with Statuspeak, and a pitying smile for the peasants . . . oops, I mean the linguistic under-achievers.

I am now headed for the Ritz bar. When I leave there, I shall pass through the only door in the world labeled "Not an Accredited Egress Door."

English, anyone?

LETTERS



Letters should be kept to a reasonable length. Pen names may be used, but only if the actual name of the sender appears elsewhere on the letter. Address all letters to "Letters to Ed., BEACON, Emerson College, 130 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116."

To the Editors:

Maturity is characterized by the October issue, which deserves the support of every Emersonian. To comment upon Mr. Townsend's letter, an alumni magazine is the place to bring intelligent articles which arouse the conscience of the individual. I look to BEACON for news about our alumni and the College, but I also look to it to channel its energy in the proper direction when a problem needs better understanding and clarification.

Sincerely,

ART PINANSKY '50

Thanks, Art. How about the rest of you readers? We'd be very interested to see your definition of what an alumni magazine should be.

—Ed.

To the Editors:

Enjoyed the February issue of BEACON. I attended the Taunton Branch meeting of AAUW and had a wonderful time. There were no other Emersonians there. If there are any interested in joining please refer them to me for information. I shall become a member as of April 1, as membership goes from then through April 1965.

Sincerely,

TOBI MENDELSON MANN '58

Interested alumni may contact Tobi at 620 Cohannet Street, Taunton, or by telephone at Taunton 823-0309.

—Ed.

To the Editors:

Received my copy of the February issue today and was moved to send the enclosed check. As you know, I'm not easily moved into doing such things. I particularly liked your images in The Editor's Corner (see "Heart in the Mouth" in the Feb. issue) also the article on what Emersonians are doing in educational television.

And of course I was appalled to see so few names under my class for the Alumni Fund and then to realize ours wasn't the smallest list.

Fondly,

MIMI COZZENS '56

To the Editors:

Congratulations on your fine story in the February issue on "A Trio for E. T. V."

WABI-TV has been closely allied with the University of Maine for many years. It is a real pleasure having an Emerson grad producing our University of Maine half-hour series. George Wildey also appears weekly on our "Mid-Day" program with commentary concerning current events on the campus.

May I offer one correction? You stated that "in another year, the University's Education Television station should be on the air." The station is now on the air, and recently held an open house for its new on-campus studios.

Incidentally, I was an Emerson special student, and am happy to report I have been continuously employed in the broadcasting industry since three days after leaving Emerson! I have been with the Hildreth Radio-Television Network in Maine, both in Portland and Bangor, for the last 17 years.

Sincerely,

RICHARD B. BRONSON SP'40-41
Manager, WABI-TV, Bangor

Sorry about the mixup in dates. The story was originally scheduled for publication in 1963 and when re-scheduled, the error slipped by the gaze of our eagle-eyed proofreader. We're always delighted to see another educational television transmitter on the air.

—Ed.

To the Editors:

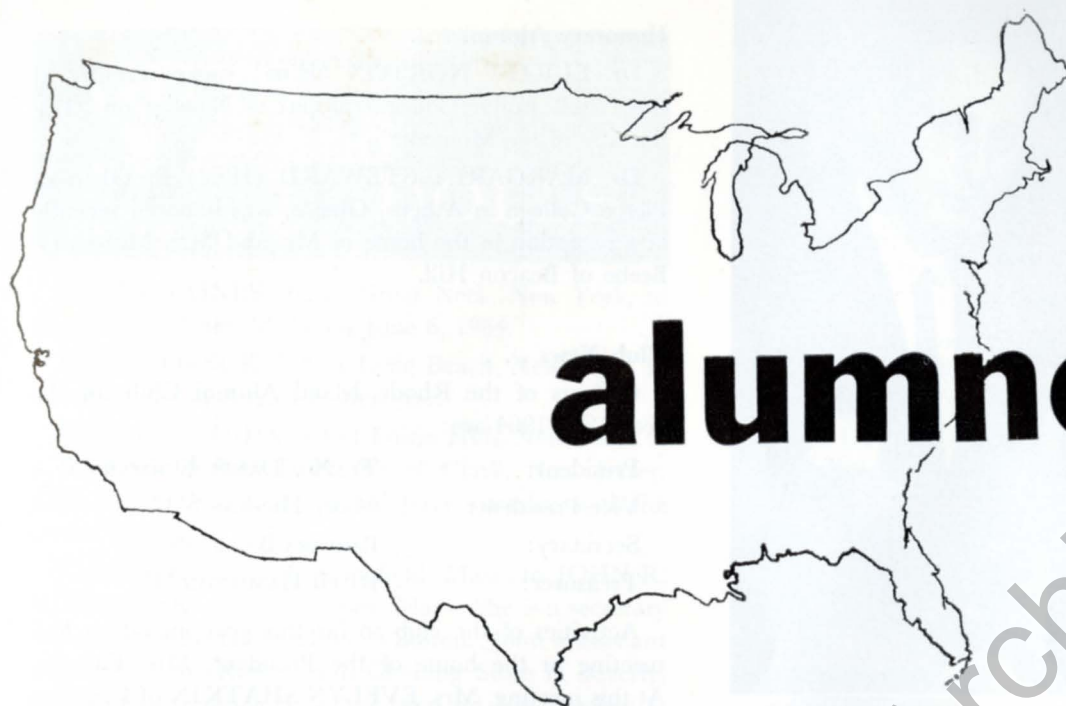
I was interested to read Dr. Lawton's article ("Speech is Vital," February) in the last issue. Dr. Lawton makes a very good point; I am glad that my children have speech courses in their school curriculum. As an Emersonian, of course, I am even more in favor of the article. Cannot BEACON print more articles of this nature by Emersonians? I, for one, would welcome them.

Sincerely,

W. T. Hatch '54

We would dearly love to print more articles by Emersonians, if only they were submitted to us. How about it, Mr. Hatch? Care to try your hand? We promise to read all manuscripts submitted to us, and will print any which have, in our opinion, significance for Emersonians. Manuscripts, by the way, should be typed, double-spaced. We eagerly await a veritable flood.

—Ed.



alumnews

edited by
David R. Savoy '61

Shields elected trustee . . .

At the March meeting of the Board of Trustees, JOHN F. SHIELDS '38 was elected to the board to fill the unexpired term of ROBERT D. REIFSNEIDER '38. Mr. Reifsneider was forced to resign because of the press of business. Mr. Shields has been a member of the College Corporation for a number of years, and has previously served a term as a trustee, at the time of the inauguration of President McKinley in 1952.

"Carnival" announced . . .

The Department of Theatre Arts has announced that *Carnival* will be the annual musical comedy this year. This is the eleventh annual musical presentation by the Department, a tradition which began with *Lady in the Dark*. Directed by LEON NICKOLE '49, Chairman of the Department, *Carnival* opens at New England Life Hall in Boston on Thursday, May 14, for a three-day run. Tickets are available from the Department of Theatre Arts.

A benefit performance . . .

HELENA COOK BEALE '25, President of Aid to Speech Therapy of Emerson College, has announced that the Friday, May 15, performance of *Carnival* will be a benefit for the College's Robbins Speech and Hearing Clinic. Tickets begin at \$5.00, and only a limited number are available, Mrs. Beale emphasized. Tickets and reservations for the benefit may be obtained by writing Mrs. Beale at the Clinic, 168 Beacon Street, Boston 02116, or by calling her through the College switchboard, 262-2010.

A wonderful town . . .

That was New York on the evening of April 10, as

the annual meeting of New York area alumni was held at the Henry Hudson Hotel. Traditionally held to coincide with the annual conference of the SAES, the meeting attracted a record number of alumni. Photos of the affair will be found throughout the Class Notes columns in this issue.

DiFoggio Award report . . .

As of April 15, the standings of the six Greek-letter organizations on campus whose alumni are vying for the coveted Nicholas Lawrence DiFoggio Memorial Award are:

Phi Alpha Tau	13.7%
Rho Delta Omega	9.1%
Alpha Pi Theta	6.6%
Kappa Gamma Chi	20.8%
Zeta Phi Eta	20.1%
Phi Mu Gamma	15.4%

The Awards go to that fraternity and sorority with the greatest percentage of alumni giving to the annual Alumni Fund. Gifts received from Greek-letter alumni after June 1 cannot be counted!

A deserved honor . . .

Emerson senior JEFF FIELD came up with a whole trunkful of kudos on February 28, when he received the United Press International Broadcast Association of Massachusetts coveted Tom Phillips Award.

Jeff received the plaque from H. C. Thornton, UPI's Northeast Division Manager at the annual meeting of UPIBAM in Cambridge.

The presentation was for Jeff's program "Pornography and Youth," which was rated as the top public service



radio program presented by a Massachusetts station during 1963.

This is the first time that a college radio station has received a Tom Phillips Award, and also the first time that a full-time college student has received the honor.

Jeff was producer-narrator of "Pornography and Youth," which was broadcast originally over WERS on November 19, 1963, and re-broadcast on March 10, 1964. The program was six months in preparation, and has been lauded by Massachusetts Public Safety Commissioner Frank Giles as "a great service to the people of the Commonwealth."

Jeff and his wife, Leslie, live in Westford, Mass., where Jeff, in addition to his full Emerson schedule, works as clerk-dispatcher for the Westford Police Department.

Honorary Alumni . . .

Dr. ELIOTT NORTON (H'63) spoke recently at the Lasell Junior College campus in Newton on "The Theatre of the Moment."

Dr. MARGARET STEWARD (H'62) President of Pierce College in Athens, Greece, was honored recently at a reception in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus G. Beebe of Beacon Hill.

Club News . . .

Officers of the Rhode Island Alumni Club for the year 1963-1964 are:

President:	TEMMA DAVIS FURMAN '54
Vice President:	MARY HIGGINS S'37
Secretary:	BARBARA BIGGS '46
Treasurer:	RUTH HAMILTON '47

Activities of the club so far this year include a Fall meeting at the home of the President, Mrs. Furman. At this meeting, Mrs. EVELYN SHATKIN of Cranston lectured on a comparative analysis of *Liliom* and *Carousel*.

On October 6, 1963 the Rhode Island Club attended a joint meeting with the Hartford, Conn. Club.

In December, a dinner meeting at the Greenwood Inn in Warwick was held after which club members attended a production of *The Glass Menagerie* at the West Warwick Playhouse, directed by Albert Cohn, a former Emerson Faculty member.

Any correspondence or announcements for the Rhode Island Club should be sent to:

Mrs. Richard L. Biggs, Secretary
55 Barrows Drive
East Greenwich, Rhode Island

We would welcome any Emersonians of Rhode Island to our club.

IN MEMORIAM

1893 Grace Patten Conant	1907 Margaret Tait Ross	1928 Henry G. Brubaker J. Fred McGaughy
1897 Lillian Thompson Heard	1909 Katherine Griffin Armstrong Nettie V. Bowlus	1950 Florence Feldman Robins
1900 Ethel Houghton Burr	1915 Helen Baxter Brown	1951 William P. Corman
1902 Fredrika Towers Webb	1921 Lola Allbee Loudon	1952 Charles Steele
1903 Mae H. Bromley Lynn B. Hammond	1924 Rita Nason Murrell	

GUYS and DOLLS

ROBIN RAINES, '62 of Great Neck, New York, to Dr. Richard Rose, M. D. on June 6, 1964.

FRAN BORSUK, '62 of Long Beach, New York, to Steven Weiss in August of this year.

ENID C. GRODIN, '64 of Forest Hills, New York, to J. DOUGLAS BARTON, '63 of Clark, New Jersey. Enid is a senior at Emerson and Jerry is serving with the armed forces.

Kathleen Kendall, of Springfield, Mass., to JOHN R. KOZLOWSKI, '62 of Chelsea, Mass. She is a secretary at the Katherine Gibbs school in Boston. John is assistant manager of the Robert Hall Clothing Store in Beverly, Mass. The wedding date has been set for October 3, 1964.

BRENDA C. JOHNSON, '62 of Medford, Mass., to EDWARD C. BLAKE II, '62 of Manchester, New Hampshire. Brenda is an advertising copywriter for Ginn and Company in Boston. Ed will be graduated from the University of New Hampshire this June.

SUSAN B. ARKIN, '62 of Winthrop, Mass., to Harold Smith of Biddeford, Maine. Sue will receive her Master's in Education from B. U. in June. Mr. Smith is employed as a staff accountant at the Corning Glass Works. A July wedding is planned.



A daughter, Margaret, to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Popson (NANCY PERKO, '60) on September 29, 1963. This is their first child.

A son, Francis Keith, to Mr. and Mrs. James L. Jamieson (SANDY RELLEA, '61) in May, 1963. This is their third boy following James W., 4 years and Duncan S., 2 years.

A son, Jonathon Mark, to Mr. and Mrs. Hillel J. Auerbach (SARA-ANN ROSNER, '61) on February 9, 1964. The Auerbachs also have a daughter, Ellen Sue.

A daughter, Renee Eileen, to Mr. and Mrs. NORMAN CARMEL, '59 (BARBARA REGAN, '58) of Pittsfield, Mass. on January 30, 1964. Renee joins another daughter, Denise Kathleen, age 3.

A son, David Howard Dane, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Levy (LINDA DANE, '63) on February 6, 1964. This is their first child.

It's twins, Tracy Robin and Shawn Douglas, to Capt. and Mrs. Gene Youngstedt (ELEANOR ALTMAN, '54) on March 14, 1964.

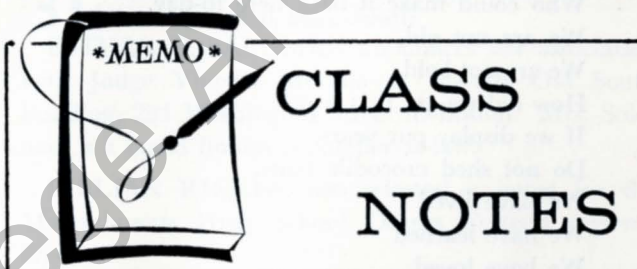
A daughter, Kimberly Joy, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Johnson, Jr. (JACKIE WEBSTER, '51) on February 17, 1964.

A son, David Block, to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bergman (JUDITH BLOCK, '63). The Bergmans may be congratulated at 3529 Section Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A son, David Charles, to Mr. and Mrs. Allan Silodor (LOIS COLITZ, '59).

A son, Gerard A., III, to Mr. and Mrs. GERARD A. KAY, JR. '60 on October 24, 1963.

A son, Neil Martin, to Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Friedman (MURIEL SOSSNER, '46). He joins Marcia, 12½, and Allen, 6½. Neil was born February 18, 1964.



'05

Mrs. LAURA TODD ARNETT writes: "My eldest grandson, Emerson James Arnett is now taking post-graduate work — Law at Harvard. His father also is Emerson, named after Ralph Waldo and my *Alma Mater*. I am doing my bit to perpetuate the name Emerson."

'08

GERTRUDE M. LAWSON, 12 Second Street, Swanton, Vt.

Only two months to 1964 Commencement. Now memories are taking me back to last June and the happy time "Naughty-Eighters" had celebrating our 55th Reunion. Remember? Our only regret was that more of you could not be there sharing those three wonderful days and nights. All reports told how and why it was the best Alumni representation in all ways ever. Oh, there are so many reasons why we should all feel a deep sense of pride and gladness for our Alma Mater. It is time to make our contribution to the 1964 Alumni Fund. Each gift, whether large or small, is welcomed and will help the total. Mrs. MAZIE SUTER DAVIS sends her winter address: 557 Cyprus Avenue, Clearwater Beach, Florida. Thanks for your holiday greetings. Don't forget to send me any news or messages you would like to see in our next BEACON.

'09 **BERENICE WRIGHT** (Mrs. I. K.) **LEWIS**, 18 West Constance Ave., Apt. 2-E, Santa Barbara, California

As of April 15, our class is leading in the race for the Mary Parlin Huddy '07 Award for best percentage of giving to the Alumni Fund. Let's keep it up. Only three members have yet to give. When they do, we will have achieved 100% and nobody can do better than that.

ISABEL ELLIS BASTEN has had her home in Lynchburg, Virginia selected as one of seven selected for the April Garden Tour.

Several members of the class have already indicated that they hope to return for the 55th Reunion of the "Naughty-niners" in June. Any of you who have not answered my several letters pertaining to our reunion do so at once so that suitable plans can be made for our get-together.

From Saratoga Springs, **FLORENCE E. HALL** writes:

The Naughty-Nines

We are what's left of the NAUGHTY-NINES,
Who could make it back here to-day.

We are not old,

We are not bold,

How did we get that way?

If we display our years,

Do not shed crocodile tears.

We have lived

We have learned

We have loved

We have yearned.

Life has taught us to be gay.

Some of us fat or gray.

Some cheating with rinse and spray.

(That's me,

Halley, F. E.)

All take our years with a grin.

None of us crying "Boo-Hoo"

Some of us angels, old and new.

God keep them until all of us go through?

(Pearly gates or gates of H---)

All depends on what we do.

If only one makes it in sixty-nine,

We'll still be your NAUGHTY-NINES.

'13 **MYRTIE HUTCHINSON** (Mrs. Charles) **BOYNTON**, 145 Crystal Lake Road, Osterville, Massachusetts

Letters are now being mimeographed and will be going out to members of the Class of 1913 and Post Graduates of the Class of 1914 whose 50th Reunion is coming up in June. I urge as many as possible to return for the celebration and I invite all those who can and care to be my guests at "Welcome Hinges" at Osterville, Cape Cod for Monday and Tuesday following Commencement.

'14 **BERTHA McDONOUGH** (Mrs. Joel M.) **MELICK**, Box 288, Falmouth, Massachusetts

DOROTHY DEMING HEYMANN writes: "Went to Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia, Manila, Bangkok, Hong-Kong and Japan. Rested in Hawaii and to think how much culture and gracious living was to be learned."

'15 **GERTRUDE MORRISON**, 142 Marlborough St., Boston 16, Massachusetts

HALLIE McKINNEY LINDER sends her regards and adds: "On April 2, I shall return to the Continent to continue my quest of literary places of interest. The major interests this year are Switzerland and Scandinavia."

ALICE CONANT LANDON looks forward to her 50th Reunion in June, 1965. She has served since 1953 as Town Representative in the Vermont legislature and is getting to be quite a politician.

'18 **BARBARA WELLINGTON**, Nonquitt, Massachusetts

ELLENA WADE JACK is wintering in Switzerland.

'20 **CATHERINE C. PERRY**, 60 Russell Ave., Watertown 72, Massachusetts

BERNICE CASWELL and her sister Dorrisica recently received notice that they were elected to the 1963-64 edition of *Who's Who in American Education*.

PEARL ATKINSON, formerly of Connecticut, is now living at 1179 Boylston Street in Boston. She is working in the Speech Department of Leland Powers, teaching oral interpretation and in charge of tapings.

'23 **Mrs. HELEN HEATH GILBERT**, Danielson, Connecticut

FRANCES L. HUESTON, Chairman of the English Department of Portland Maine's Deering High School, was honored last fall by Yale University as one of the nation's outstanding secondary school teachers. She and four other teachers received prizes of \$1,000 from Yale's president Kingman Brewster, Jr. at a Parents' Day program in New Haven. Frances took her first teaching assignment six months after her graduation from Emerson, and went to Deering High in 1926. She has been President of the Portland Teachers Association, was named President of the New England Teachers Association in 1950, and served from 1956 to 1959 as Director of the secondary school section of the National Council of Teachers of English. She has been active, in addition to taking an M.A. at the University of New Hampshire, and graduate study at Yale, Harvard, Boston University, and the University of Maine, in civic and service organizations, including the Portland Players and the College Club of Portland.

For A Complete Commencement Schedule, See the Back Cover ►

'24 KATHRYN KELCHNER (Mrs. C. E. O.) JONES, 2506 Aurora Terrace, Alhambra, California

Latest score in the grand-children department for THELMA EVANS HARTSHORN is a nice round fourteen. Anyone care to challenge her?

'25 HELENA COOK (Mrs. Charles H.) BEALE, 17 Rosemary St., Needham Heights 94, Massachusetts

FLORENCE DAY KENNICOTT has resigned as District Superintendent for Chehalis, Washington. She and her husband plan to spend the next year touring the world.

'26 ELIZABETH WELLINGTON (Mrs. John) SAMPSON, 96 Appleton St., Arlington 74, Massachusetts

DORA MITNICK NAHUM has been named one of four judges to select the "Woman of the Year," picked annually by the Ararat Chapter of B'nai B'rith in Hartford.



Caught in a light moment are ASTRID ANDERSON '29 and ALICE SANDERS LISSNER '26, at the April meeting of New York area alumni, held April 10 at the Henry Hudson hotel.

'27 MYRNA DUNHAM (Mrs. George J.) JUNG, 70 Greenwood Street, Greenwood, Massachusetts

In response to our holiday greetings, your class agent has heard from VIRGINIA W. FRANKLIN, JEAN McFADZEAN BOND, EUNICE HOWARD MAXWELL, MADELINE CHAFFEE, NORMA GOODEN GILBERT, DOROTHY CRABTREE BAIR, MARION GEORGE HANSON, ELLEN FIREOVED, AILEEN M. WILLENNAR, CELIA DLOTT SCHORR, RUTH STRATTON SHADER, DOROTHY MORRIS SWARTZ, FRANCES BRINKERHOFF BOSTELMANN, LOIS STOKES OLSON, KATHERINE O'CONNOR BLAIKIE, ELEANOR LEE MULLIGAN, BEATRICE CARRUTHERS MAXWELL,

MARION LEONARD HALL, ERNESTINE KIRBY FRIGERIO, MARY BRADY FOX, MAUDE ISABEL BEAN, AVIS HARQUAIL WHITING, RUTH FRANCES BRANZ, ZELIA WILBUR BUTTERER. Both Carolyn and Myrna appreciate and thank you for your well wishes.

RUTH RICHARDSON HUNT writes: "I am teaching Speech and Dramatics at Philip Livingston, Jr. High School, Albany, New York. 1200 students — wonderful opportunity to work with boys and girls."

'30

ADA J. B. CHAPIN enclosed a note with her Alumni Fund gift: "Now serving my 12th year as Social Worker for Braintree. Knowing that the voice is the natural reporter of the mind has proved valuable in interviewing clients. A smile conceals inward turmoil."

'31 LEONA ROTHSTEIN (Mrs. Alexander) BEAL, 419 Beacon St., Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

ESTHER G. SALOMAN announces her association with Judge Vincent Mottola at 507-509 Old South Building, 294 Washington Street in Boston. Mrs. Solomon is a noted Boston counsellor-at-law.

LILLIAN RICKER was selected a judge for the Massachusetts High School Drama Festival regional finals.

'33 RUTH BURNHAM (Mrs. Millard G.) DECATUR, 24 Oak St., Reading, Massachusetts

HELEN PALMER PARSONS writes: "After years of substitute teaching and working on a newspaper, I have at last started teaching in earnest. I am teaching freshman and sophomore English at Newport High School, Newport, Maine; have started Debate and have charge of plays. Love every minute of it."

'34 EDITH STONE (Mrs. Sidney) BIRNBAUM, 1980 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts

FREDERICA OLSSEN CHASE noted with her Fund contribution that "I have been married and living in Panama for 29 years. My daughter graduated from William and Mary College, and is now living in Virginia. My oldest son graduated from Colorado School of Mines, is very happily married, but right now doing his stint in the Army at Fort Leonard Wood. When he is finished, he'll go back with General Electric where his job is being held for him, as an engineer metallurgist. My youngest son is a freshman in high school. Of course, you've been keeping up with our troubles in Panama. I'm glad we live near the border in Diablo, and so got no bullets in our house. My watch needs some repairs, but will not go near the jewelery store where I usually get it fixed."

'35 MRS. JUNE HAMBLIN MITCHELL, 4 Arlington Street, Apt. 21, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140

ELSIE TURNER HUNGERFORD writes: "My daughter Farleigh will graduate as a Home Economics major from Limestone College, Gaffney, S. Carolina. She was Social Board Chairman this year and official college hostess, also on Student Government. She and four others are taking a cruise to Nassau during Spring vacation. I taught for six weeks as a substitute teacher at Garringer High School in Charlotte."

BERNICE JAINCHILL writes: "My marital status has changed from Mrs. Sidney Segaloff to Mrs. Edward Reader, as my former husband passed away. My address is 56 Elmwood Road, New Haven, Connecticut, 06515. For the records I have two children: Jimmy, 20, who is a Junior at Syracuse University and coxswain of the crew, and Jeanie, 16, who is a junior at high school. We own the Terra Mar Ships' Stores at Old Saybrook, Conn., and the Ships' Stores at Capri Marina, Port Washington, New York and would be happy to have any alumni drop in and say hello."

'41 W. DAVID CROCKETT, 7 Gaymoor Circle, Springdale, Connecticut

GEORGE MICHAEL has begun what has become one of educational television's most popular shows throughout the nation. The program, "Antiques", taped at WENH-TV in Rochester, is seen in cities from New Hampshire to Washington, D. C. to Columbus, Ohio and even in San Francisco. The show is gaining such national prominence that George has been asked to do special antique shows from Washington and Philadelphia.

'42

FREDDIE SEYMOUR DALTON has been elected to the Presidency of the New England Chapter of American Women in Radio and Television. Freddie has been a staff member and director of Topic Time at WBET in Brockton since 1947.

POLLY REARDON writes that she has turned angel for a show now up at Stage 73 on 321 E. 73rd Street in New York. Entitled *The White Rose and the Red*, Polly is sure that Emersonians, undergraduate and alumni alike, will be highly impressed by the performance.

'44 LESLIE BIDWELL, 540 East 20th St., Apt. 2-D, New York 9, New York.

RUTH T. SCHMUCKER received her M. A. in the College of Arts and Sciences of The American University,

Washington, where she heard President Kennedy deliver the commencement address last June 10.

'46 JUNE GLOVER, 200 East 16th St., Apt. 10-J, New York, New York

How small is the world? LEATRICE FEIGIN COTTON writes that her daughter Linda will enter Lesley College in the Fall and in the same mail, ALMA BAKER MacCORMACK notes that she is Associate Professor at Lesley.



JIM DiSTEFANO '48 convulses the girl with a bit of "remember when?" Among those listening are BEVERLY MOLOT '47 and, back to camera, JOAN KESSLER BEITLER '47. The third young lady remains, alas, unidentified.

'47 ELAINE DUCHARME (Mrs. Walter) FOWLER, 56K Crescent Road, Greenbelt, Maryland.

BOB GUEST has the unique honor of being the guest director for the 100th production of the Walpole, Massachusetts Footlighters in a revival of *Harvey*.

LEE WHEELER BENEDICT played the Contessa in *The Devil's Advocate* at the Mission Playhouse in San Diego. "Lee Benedict was a beautiful and sophisticated Contessa, a role which might have been written for Ava Gardner, to whom Miss Benedict need not bow in either beauty or acting. The Contessa may be sinful but she is also scintillating."

CLIFFORD B. REEVES, JR. writes: "I am working for CBS in New York City as a film editor. I cut and, when necessary, censor objectionable material in feature films prior to TV exposure."

MAXINE LAMPERT KUTCHIN notes: "I have three children, Eddie, 10½, Susan, 8, and Jimmie, 4. I participated in the 250th anniversary play of the town of Lexington last April 19th as a member of the chorus. Great fun."

WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS is Program Director and Chief Announcer at WMPM in Smithfield, N. Carolina.

'52 JACK LABRIE, 36 Enmore Street, Andover, Massachusetts

NAOMI LEZBERG LEVY recently celebrated her tenth wedding anniversary. The Levys have three sons, Seth, 6; David, 5; and Daniel, 1½. Naomi has again resumed a part time career of entertaining at bridal showers, hospitals, clubs and the like.

'53

PHIL JOYCE is teaching argumentation and debate at Rhode Island College where some forty New England high schools will meet for a debate tournament on May 9th.

DR. DWIGHT DAMON has filed for election to the Nashua, New Hampshire School Board.



THERE'S MO . . . and there also is DICK SPARLING '50, who takes time for some table talk with MAUREEN WENK HANNIGAN '49 at the recent smash bash in Manhattan.

'55 KENNETH C. CRANNELL, 5 Nira St., Malden 48, Mass.

Song of the Dove, written by TIM KELLY, opened February 7th at the Sagebrush Theatre in Scottsdale, Ariz.

RONALD LANE had the lead in *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* with the Hartford Players, a role which requires not only insight but improvisation — an actor's challenge.

HELAINE ARONSON MILLER and her husband were Chairmen of the Newton United Fund. Mr. Miller was recently named "Outstanding Young Man in Newton" by the Newton Junior Chamber of Commerce.

'56 PATRICIA WEHKOJA (Mrs. William J.) DONAHUE, 32 Mill St., Maynard, Massachusetts

BEVERLY HENDEL TCATH contemplates returning to part time speech therapy now that her older child starts school in the Fall.

ELINOR McNEVEN McGOWAN was married in Las Vegas. Her husband is a probation officer working on his M. A. They may be reached at 22022 Lopez Street in Woodland Hills, California.



JOHN R. CHASE '56 takes time for a chat with NORMA McCABE. Norma was one of several non-Emersonians at the Henry Hudson, and she appeared to have every bit as good a time as her husband, Bernie, of the Class of '56.

'57 THOMAS F. CARROLL, 94 Powderhouse Boulevard, Somerville, Mass.

MARIANNE N. STANLEY (E) has joined Raymond's of Boston, Lynn, Quincy, Waltham and Methuen in a newly created position of Fashion Coordinator and special Advertising Copywriter.



DIANE WARKOW '56 listens intently to a speaker out of camera range. To her right are ELINOR BRENNER WINER G'57 and BOB HANDY '57.

'58 JOHN C. LeBLANC, 212 S. E. Walnut St., Apt. 102, Minneapolis 14, Minnesota

RICHARD C. FERREIRA of Lexington has been named to the advertising staff of the Essex County Newspapers, Inc. publishers of the Gloucester *Daily Times*,

the Beverly *Evening Times* and the Newburyport *Daily News*. Dick has previously done sales promotion work for Household Finance and Campbell Soup Company.

Rev. J. RICHARD KILFOYLE of Grace Episcopal Church, New Bedford, has accepted a call to be rector of St. Johns Episcopal Church in Lowell. Dick's address is now 83 Luce Street, Lowell, Mass.

PETE MacLEAN recently played the lead in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* at the Rindge Technical High School auditorium. The play was directed by LEO NICKOLE '49. Pete's comments on *Coriolanus* appear beginning on page 2.

ED STEWART, announcer at WSAR in Cranston was recently featured in an article by Dottie Dyer in the Cranston, R. I. *Herald*.

JOY PALMER WALLACE may now be reached at 1 Overlook Drive, Oak Ridge, New Jersey.



Talk against the background of a pleasant evening in New York is the lot of JOE FAMOLARE '58, MYRA MOSKOWITZ WEISER '58, BARBARA BEHRMAN '58, and SANDRA BURNHAM '57, who thwarted our photographer by having her back to the camera.

'60 PHILIP AMATO, 42 Dakota Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts 02124

NORM MICHAELS has been appointed News Director for WXHR-FM and WTAO-AM in Boston.

BERNARD SWEET, '60, is now associated with Donald A. Hodes, Inc., Advertising Agency, 274 Main Street, Worcester as Account Executive. Bernie and Mrs. Sweet (RUTH KAPLAN, '60) are moving from Brookline, Mass. to Worcester.

VIRGINIA MAY JONES is teaching in Frederick, Maryland and intends to start work on her Masters in the summer.

'61 JUDITH C. ESPINOLA, Department of Dramatic Arts and Speech, University of Delaware, Newark, Delaware

ART SCHIFF (full Lieutenant, if you please) writes: "Well, you finally caught up with me. I received a copy of the February BEACON, my first in about a year and a half. My wife and I are now living at 11792 East 16th Avenue in Aurora, Colorado." Art hopes both to start pursuing a Master's degree at Univ. of Colorado and drop back to Emerson sometime in June.



JUDIE ESPINOLA '61 and EDNA WARD '55 discussed at length during the New York get-together. The topic? The photographer couldn't get close enough to eavesdrop.

DAVE PARNIGONI has been named as Vice-Chairman and General Advisor to the Miss Waterbury Pageant, 1964. Dave is still announcing with WWCO in Waterbury, Conn.

TED BAKER is now stationed in Pusan and is connected with the Army Network headquarters there. He may be reached at AFKN-Homesteader, APO 59, San Francisco, California.

'62 LINTON L. NELSON, 1422 E. 80th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

PAMELA GANS CARALUZZI was married in August of 1960 to Edward A. Caraluzzi. They are living at 21 Prospect Street, Bethel, Conn. with their daughter Linda Elaine, 2½.

ELLANA R. LITCH is now employed as a Drama-Recreational Rehabilitation Therapist at the Guardian Hospital in East Cambridge. She is working mainly with long-term terminal cases.

JIM REID was in the offices the other day recruiting for his agency, Ad Media. Carrying on the tradition, Jim and his wife have produced James III.

'63 JOHN P. BERTSCH, 1745 Overview Court, Dubuque, Iowa.

It's military time all the way round for the class of '63. PAUL F. DAHILL is a Seaman Apprentice with the Navy. JOSEPH A. HUFF is in basic training with the Army at Fort Dix. DAVID A. LONG has been assigned as staff announcer with Armed Forces Radio in Puerto Rico. HOWARD LANDY will probably rejoin CRAIG WORTHING at WIDE in Biddeford, Maine on completion of his service with the Army.

LOIS WINSTON is now a Probation Officer for the Essex County Probation Department in New Jersey. She finds the work extremely challenging.

ARNITA MONGIOVI is continuing her studies in Italian culture, art and design at the University of Rome and the Dante Alighieri Academy of Fine Arts in Italy.

COMMENCEMENT WEEKEND

FRIDAY, JUNE 12

1:00 - 7:00 p.m. Registration, *Governors' House*
 1:00 - 5:30 p.m. Alumni Snack Bar,
Governors' House
 1:00 - 4:30 p.m. Continuous Tours of the College

CLASS REUNIONS BEGIN

5:30 - 6:30 p.m. *Dinner with Students,
Governors' House
 7:30 p.m. on Registration, *Hampshire House*
 7:30 p.m. on Dutch Treat Cocktails,
Hampshire House
 8:00 - 8:30 p.m. Registration, *Theatre*
 8:30 p.m. **THE SEAGULL, Senior Play,
Theatre

SATURDAY, JUNE 13

ALUMNI DAY

9:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m. Registration,
Governors' House
 9:00 - 9:45 a.m. Continental Breakfast,
Governors' House
 10:00 - 11:00 a.m. EMERSON COLLEGE ALUMNI
 ASSOCIATION ANNUAL MEETING
 AND ELECTION
Governors' House
 11:15 a.m. - 1:00 p.m. Senior Recital,
Theatre
 1:30 - 3:00 p.m. **Alumni Luncheon
 Reunion Luncheons
Governors' House

3:30 p.m. BACCALAUREATE, *Hale Chapel*
 4:30 p.m. Faculty-Alumni Reception,
First Church
 5:00 p.m. Meeting of Alumni Corporators
 5:30 - 7:15 p.m. Greek-Letter Reunions,
 as arranged
 6:30 - 7:15 p.m. Sherry Hour,
Governors' House Garden
 7:30 - 9:30 p.m. **ALUMNI BANQUET,
Governors' House
 9:30 - 12:00 p.m. Senior-Alumni Dance,
Sheraton-Plaza
 Alumni are invited to make use of the
Venetian Room or Gold Room cocktail
lounges.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14

9:30 a.m. *Breakfast with Students,
Governors' House
 10:00 a.m. **Alumni Council Breakfast,
Governors' House
 10:00 a.m. - noon Emerson Sailing Club
 Open House
Charles River Dock
 12:15 p.m. *Sunday Dinner,
Governors' House
 12:30 p.m. Platform Party Luncheon,
Governors' House
 2:30 p.m. COMMENCEMENT,
Old South Church
 4:00 p.m. President's Tea,
Old South Church
 5:00 p.m. (Approx.) Resolve to return again
 next year
 5:01 p.m. Sigh! See ya around the campus
 *RESERVATION REQUESTED **RESERVATION REQUIRED

REUNION PLANS? THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW

Five year reunions are in order for all classes whose years end either in 4 or 9. If you are interested in what your class is doing for its reunion, please contact the persons listed below. Your reunion is in their hands, and they are responsible for your reunion plans.

1909

Mrs. Berenice Wright Lewis
18 West Constance Avenue
Santa Barbara, California 93105

1914

Mrs. Bertha McDonough Melick
Box 288
Falmouth, Massachusetts

1919

Mrs. Sylvia Folsom Bushnell
14 Wellman Street
Brookline, Massachusetts 02146

1924

Mrs. Kathryn Kelchner Jones
2506 Aurora Terrace
Alhambra, California 91803

1929

Miss Astrid L. Anderson
245 East 40th Street
New York, New York 10016

1934

Mrs. Edith Stone Birnbaum
1980 Commonwealth Avenue
Brighton, Massachusetts 02135

1939

Mrs. Irma Bommarito DiRusso
15 Locke Lane
Lexington, Massachusetts 02173

1944

Miss Leslie S. Bidwell
540 East 20th Street, Apt 2-D
New York, New York 10009

1949

Mr. Walter Stelkovich
2 Mayfield Street
Rye, New York

1954

Mr. Haig Der Marderosian
130 Beacon Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

1959

Mr. Harry Morgan
1862 Beacon Street
Brookline, Massachusetts 02146

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID
AT BOSTON, MASS.

EMERSON COLLEGE
130 BEACON STREET
BOSTON, MASS. 02116

BEACON