

# **Smith College Class of 1970 Memorial Remembrances**



**Reunion 2015**



Dear Class of 1970,

In the fall of 1966, when we were all young and new and so hopeful, I thought what an amazing group of women we were. I think it still. Those we are remembering with this book were part of that impressive collection of individuals. Although we are diminished by the losses reflected in these pages, we are also heartened by the sentiments and affection so eloquently expressed. They will be a part of us always.

Thank you to all those who took the time to write something about a classmate; your memorials are sure to prompt fond memories for all of us. And special thanks go to Gerry Smolka, Helen Grubb Stakem, Chris (Sieradzki) Stevens, Peggy Devine Moore and Helen Page Ting for their hard and wonderful work in assembling this lovely testament to the spirit of the Class of 1970.

*Judy deBuys Makrauer, Memorial Chair*

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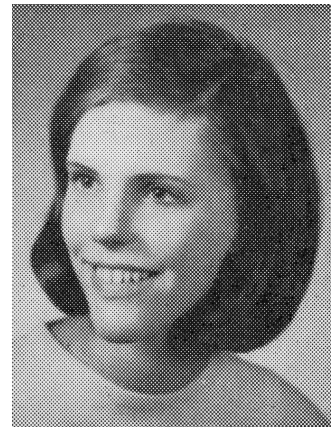
# Joan Annett

*January 28, 2008*

## Sessions

Joan died at home in Berkeley, CA after a long battle with cancer. Joan was married in August, 1971 to Earl D. (E.D.) Osborn of Tiburon, CA whom she met while attending Amherst College as one of the first full-time women students. She went on to receive an MBA in 1980 from the Haas School of Business at UC, Berkeley. For 30 years, Joan was a pioneering leader in the financing of senior living and healthcare facilities in the U.S., especially in the non-profit sector. Many have benefited from her foresight, expertise and efforts, and will do so for many years to come. She resided all of her adult life in the San Francisco Bay Area while spending many summers on Cape Cod. She radiated an impassioned love for family, friends, business, community and needlepoint, creating needle art heirlooms and remembrances for those she treasured.

— *San Francisco Chronicle*



# Kristan Bowen Harrington

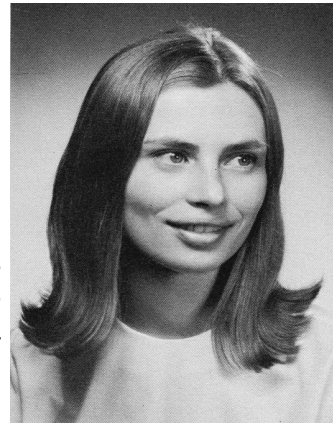
*October 31, 2014*

## Jordan

Kristan died from complications following heart surgery in Sacramento, California. She is survived by her husband, Richard, three children, Matthew, Elizabeth, and John, and her daughter-in-law, Isabela, and granddaughter, Julia.

Kristan was originally from Wayne, Pennsylvania and after graduation and marriage lived in New York City, NY, Strafford, PA, Tiburon, CA, Boerne, TX, Dallas, TX, and Nevada City, CA. She began her career in elementary education and stopped when she became pregnant with her first child. She later resumed working as a financial aid administrator for Rosemont College, in Pennsylvania, and later as a financial analyst at Benefit Planners in Boerne, TX and Milliman, Inc. in Dallas, TX.

— *Richard Harrington to Smith Alumnae Office*





# Kathleen Boyden

*September 18, 1980*

**Baldwin**

It is impossible to think about Smith without thinking about Kathy. She was such an integral part of our lives there: lengthy post-dinner discussions about the world, politics, classes, lives, loves, families, our futures, the coming weekend, and more; coffee breaks from our carrels in the library; sunbathing behind Baldwin, complete with reflectors; knitting through Gov 100 lectures; senior year cooking class (we were very progressive...); and late spring jaunts to Sandy's family cottage in Madison, CT. Kathy periodically had to run off and tend to the more industrious side of her Smith life with Gold Key, the Senior Year class presidency, and other community service commitments, but never let her many accomplishments go to her head.

And then after Smith, there were the many visits back and forth—New York, New Hampshire, Cape Cod, San Francisco. Anne and Kathy's five-week cross country camping trip in Kathy's Toyota Corolla with pots and silverware right out of the kitchen drawer and the smallest pup tent imaginable. Louise and Kathy living together in San Francisco, driving that same Toyota up to the beach in Bolinas on weekends, and brunching in Sausalito. Louise, with her two-month-old in tow, staying with Kathy's aunt in Deerfield for our fifth reunion. Sandy, visiting San Francisco from Stowe in the summer of '76, feasting on the roof of Kathy's apartment, sharing the joys and challenges of their single lives, and dreaming about a future that would soon bring them both to Washington, DC.

In DC, Kathy welcomed Sandy into her new discovery, "the big house," with its lovely pool out back and Anne not far away. But it was in DC that tragedy snuffed out a life so full of promise. Kathy's outgoing and sunny personality, her friendliness to all those around her, her tremendous potential for leadership, all came to a crushing end. We mourn the friendship that we lost and can only imagine the impact that this amazing woman would have made. Smith and every other community of which Kathy was a part are a bit smaller and sadder for her loss. In loving memory.

— *Anne Clark Jarboe, Sandy Crow, Louise Eastman Weed*

Kathy and I went through eight years of school together, and I think that she was the most authentic and down-to-earth person I had ever known. I have so missed sharing middle age and now the Medicare years with her. For me she will always be that bright spirit in capezio flats, zip up turtleneck worn backwards under a Shetland pullover, and wearing her hair in a high ponytail that curved around to each side and under in back ... check out Megan, Don Draper's wife, if you can't picture this. Dear KB, I know that you are up there with the angels, but they took you far too soon.

— *Pat Thatcher*

# Kathleen Boyden

Kathy's great smile and positive outlook won many friends at Baldwin House and on campus. We miss her.

— Susan Harvin Lawhon, Anne Davis Griffin

Kathy lived in Baldwin which in many ways was like the sister house for those of us in Albright. When you spoke to Kathy you knew she was really listening. She was kind and compassionate and cared deeply about her classmates. I remember speaking to her at length down at the boat-house during our 5th reunion. The day was a sunny, beautiful one and we were out on the deck and we talked about how life had been good to us.

— Peggy Moore

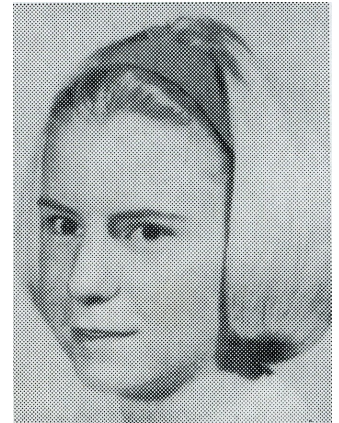
Kathy was a central figure in my Smith experience. Smiling and laughing always, we spent many happy times together during those four years. After Smith, we lived together for a time in New York before she moved to the East Side and her classy internship at Bloomingdale's. She even introduced me to my husband! I loved her dearly.

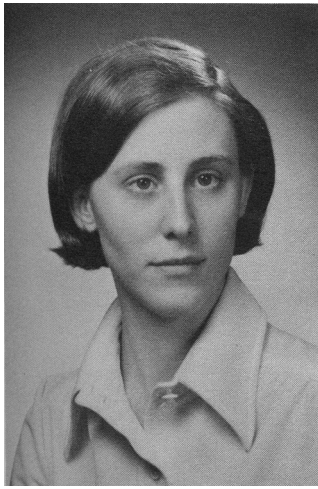
— Judy deBuys Makrauer

# Helen Bright Schwab

*October 19, 1979*

Parsons





## Jane Buxton Paddock

*September 28, 1996*

**Chapin**

Jane Buxton was a proud Virginian. She came to Smith and the Northeast following her sister Anne, three years her senior, but she never relinquished her Southern identity. As a Midwesterner, I too came to slightly foreign territory when we met as roommates in Chapin House our freshman year. She quietly befriended me. She was whip smart, but not at all showy about it. Beneath her calm reserve there lay a wicked sense of humor. She was fiercely loyal, would do anything for her family and friends, but never asked anything in return. Years later, we met in Washington D.C. where she was an editor at The National Geographic, having steadily risen through the ranks starting as a secretary. She was married, with two small children—living a happy and accomplished life. It should have been much longer. She died of cancer just a few years later. She has been greatly missed.

— *Mary Marshall Coe*

## Pamela Chernoff

*May 29, 1996*

**Scales**

I last saw Pam in 1967. We were corridor-mates in Laura Scales' Maids Corridor. Ironically, the Smith of today and even the Smith of 1970 were vastly different from the Peter Pan collared, Papagallo pumped preppie environment we entered as freshman. Armed with a wry sense of humor, and a quest to find herself and her place, Pam quickly set off to explore new worlds. If Smith did anything for Pam, it was to propel her on a spiritual journey far away from her New England roots that only ended with her tragic death in a car accident in New Mexico.

— *Paula Neely Sinclair*

# Debbi Dorsey Baptist

*November 6, 2000*

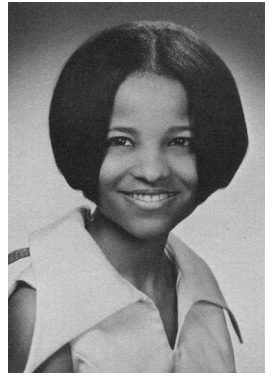
## Ziskind

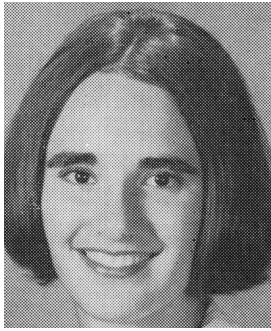
I felt heartsick when I read Debbie Dorsey's name "in Memoriam" years back. I had no idea what caused her passing, far too young. I wish to extend deepest sympathies to her family. My fervent hope is that life blessed Debbie abundantly. Debbie and I were roommates freshman year. Suite mates to be precise. We found much to laugh about. Shared funny happenings of each day with each other, giggled over them. Very artistic, Debbie loved colours; her fashion sense superb. She chose her clothes with great care. I had the opportunity to meet a couple of her friends when they visited her at Ziskind. Debbie was very friendly; I'd say a very sociable person. I miss her.

— *Nancy Burke*

The first thought that popped into my mind about Debbie is the first semester night freshman year (I think) that Ziskind House had a mixer and wanted to attract visitors by having residents stand on the sills of the big picture windows, dancing to the music blaring (or were they just dancing w/o music?). Petite Debbie danced up a storm (and undoubtedly wowed a bunch of on-lookers in the street, inducing them into the house). Other images—small, but ambitious, stubborn and out-spoken as needed.

— *Carole Masters*





# Sherrie Echols

*June 13, 2007*

**Albright**

Sherrie helped me out when my husband and I moved to Charlottesville for business school. We were poor and Sherrie wrangled a property management job (a 32 unit dog friendly building, right near campus, owned by her dad) for us, with a free apartment. “Don't worry about it, SWEEETIE!!” Pure Sherrie.

— *Nancy Nathan Hair*

Sherrie was my freshman roommate and my most vivid memory of meeting her was her broad smile and cheery disposition. This cheeriness was particularly noteworthy given our first conversation. Sherrie needed a pen and in the flurry of unpacking and settling in couldn't find one so she asked me if I had one. What followed was a comical exchange worthy of Laurel and Hardy since with her strong southern accent, I thought she was looking for a pin. She smiled and laughed when I asked if she needed a straight pin or a safety pin. That smile exemplified Sherrie and is what I will always remember.

— *Peggy Moore*

I met Sherrie in 1966 when we were both eager first year students at Smith and lived down the hall from each other. Sherrie graduated from Barnard and earned a MA in English from the University of Virginia, and a PhD in clinical psychology from The California School of Psychology. She touched many lives as a clinical psychologist in institutional and private practice in California, Wales and London.

Over the years, we saw each other on and off (mostly off) until early 2000 when I phoned Sherrie's mother to try to find her. We met up in a beautiful field in South Wales. During the course of many walks and talks over nearby wild moors, I came to understand the breadth and depth of the pilgrimages that Sherrie had made in search of truths for her life. Those conversations changed my life. I still am the linear, pragmatic person I have always been (Sherrie has always had a wide variety of friends), but her descriptions captured my imagination and I began to study astrology, sacred landscapes and energy medicine.

After Sherrie received her cancer diagnosis in 2003, the calls and visits became more frequent. By ‘chance’, my husband and I had planned a trip to the UK when we learned that Sherrie was in hospice. We were able to spend the time in the sacred landscape of Sherrie's home in Avebury, get to know many of her extraordinary friends there, and make pilgrimages to a few of her much-loved places in the Gower Peninsula and Cornwall.

— *Ellie Weist Karl*

# Sherrie Echols

Sherrie Winn Echols and I met on the very first day of our freshman year at Smith. She may have been wearing, that day, the sweater I think of her often wearing—a tailored, conservative cardigan with her initials monogrammed onto it. The monogram is where I got my name for her, SWEEEEEE; she called me, alternately, Rosenbloom and Rose-in-bloom. The Southern-girl monogram; the Jewish Rosen-name: for each of us, the other was something of an exotic bird, something not encountered before except perhaps in literature. In the next few years, having quickly become best friends, we were sometimes mistaken for sisters, though clearly we didn't look alike. Sherrie had shiny, brown, wide-open eyes, a neck as long as a giraffe's, and a kind of springy physicality which always seemed to reach a crescendo in a guffaw. I think both of us found almost everything funny; and perhaps sad, too...

More than anything else, Sherrie's huge and evident curiosity was about people. She studied them in political science first, then literature, and finally arrived at what would be the heart of the matter for her, psychology. She was intrigued, confused, and curious about her own family and her place in it, and out of those feelings she jumped into her career as a psychologist in northern California where she lived for many years. She had responsible positions that made for arduous, emotionally challenging work with patients in institutions and in her private practice. Her lifelong fascination with clowns and performance found her taking clown training, and working with theater troupes as a psychological counselor and mediator. She had grown, in the meantime, into a stunningly beautiful woman, stylish, with a Katherine Hepburn allure...

Sherrie's always-questing soul led her, in her last decade or more, to give up her life in the Bay Area and begin to travel with a group of friends on spiritual quests. She lived in England and Wales, traveled to India and to sacred sites in Europe. I do not know whether she wanted to find peace—hers was a soul often at odds with itself, and like most clowns she had a dark side. She had a tragically early death, but when I spoke to her on the phone a few days before she died, she described a pastoral scene out her window, and her voice was calm: perhaps she was describing what was finally her internal landscape. I miss her so.

— *Deborah Rosenthal*

Sherrie was a strong presence in my Albright House life without our ever being especially close friends. She was distinctly "southern", with all the warm, good things that that can mean. I had never met anyone who talked like that, calling us all "Hon", for example. And her laugh! And her eyebrows!! I would like to have known her the rest of her life but our ways parted...

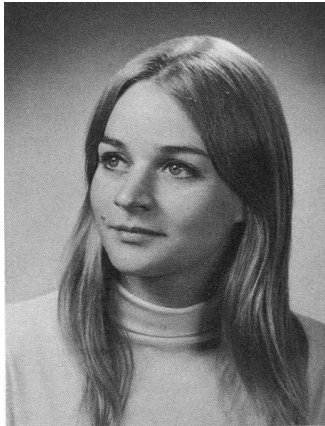
— *Margaret Joss*

My family moved around quite a bit while I was growing up, and I arrived at Smith thinking that I had already been exposed to a wide variety of people. I soon discovered, however, that the freshmen in Albright House included many young women whose backgrounds differed sharply from my own. Of these, perhaps none was more remarkable than Sherrie Echols, who was the only person under age seventy who had ever called me "Sweetie" or "Hon."

# Sherrie Echols

Friendly, generous, funny, and smart, she taught me the valuable lesson that Southern charm can conceal a probing intelligence and a strong determination—an observation that has often served me well in my personal and professional life.

— *Chris (Sieradzki) Stevens*



## Reid Fisher Kelly

*November 26, 2001*

**Northrop**

Reid was always a warm and reassuring presence in Northrop House. I really liked her smile and just having her around. I was also honored when I won a Shakespeare prize named after her father. It was a special connection.

— *Nancy Rauch Douzinas*

Reid Fisher was my best friend at Smith. We bonded quickly after first meeting, living on the dreaded fifth floor of Northrop, and remained very close through our senior year at Duckett. Reid was bright, funny, mostly charming, occasionally moody, and extremely loyal. She got the most endearing, goofy look on her face when surprised with something unexpectedly pleasant. I like to remember Reid as she was during one of her happiest moments at Smith. After returning late one night from an on-campus mixer, she couldn't stop smiling about the cute, funny Yalie she just met, the man who turned out to be her future husband, Sean Kelly. Rest in peace, dearest Reid.

— *Lil Findlay Bein*

Reid was one of our "Band of Five" on the fifth floor of Northrop House freshman year—in what used to be the Maid's Quarters back in the olden days. Being up there created a special bond that lasted well beyond our Smith years. Reid was funny, with a wonderfully dry sense of humor, and unassuming. It was weeks before I realized that the professor for my Tragedy class was her father, a renowned Shakespearean scholar. (And it was many years later that I discovered that the eminent food writer M.F.K. Fisher was her mother.) Reid was taking Music 101 and shared many of the pieces with us. To this day whenever I hear Mozart's Symphony #40, I recall her trick to remember the opening melody: a chant, "Oh I know, oh I know this is Mozart, la la la, la la la, la la la...." I remember when she met her wonderful future husband Sean Kelly and attending their lovely wedding in Wellesley. Because we lived near each other, I attended her baby shower, as well as my only Tupperware party—which made us chuckle because she was the last person we'd have expected to host one of those. Although we only kept in touch via holiday cards once I moved to San Diego, I was greatly saddened to learn from Sean of her untimely death in 2001 from lung cancer.

— *Marlene Bellamy*

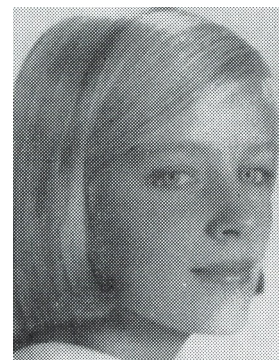
# Wendy Glaenzer

*February 12, 1985*

## Lamont

Wendy was a bright light, full of sunshine with a radiant smile and a twinkle in her eyes. I lived next door to her in Lamont, and still remember her laughter which makes me smile even today. We were shocked and saddened when we heard of her death, but she remains one of the fond memories of freshman year.

— *Jennifer Marble Rich*



# Drayton Grant

*October 31, 2012*

## Talbot

Drayton Grant was in Talbot House (I lived there only freshman and sophomore years.) Although I knew Drayton only a little bit, she made a strong impression on me freshman year. I remember Drayton as a tall, blond-haired, very handsome young woman, so sophisticated in the ways of the world. She was so clever and played a mean game of bridge. After the customary evening study sessions in the library (can't remember the name!), Talbot house first-years would trudge back to our house. There was always a late evening bridge game somewhere. Drayton was lively and mercurial. It took me a while to realize that she was coping with her experience in college in her own way, just like the rest of us.

— *Molly McGlannan Lindner*



Drayton was true blue, steadfast, witty and smart, and, especially in college, enthusiastically and often forcefully spoke her mind. Born with wisdom and self-confidence, she shared her trove of amusing stories—and her opinions—articulate and original and sometimes outrageous. At times she ruffled feathers. For example, at a spring 1970 anti-draft meeting during the nationwide moratorium, she firmly pronounced her support for the draft because it democratized and united all segments of society. (This did not go over well.) A vehement anti-smoker, another time she walked up to a friend in my hometown, snatched his cigarettes and firmly broke them in half. Her strategies and grace matured over the years though her resolve remained strong.

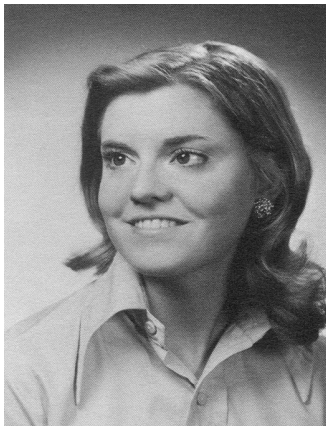
# Drayton Grant

Her husband recounts how she once sidled up to a smoker in New York and engagingly murmured, "You're way too handsome to be doing that." She always happily chatted with strangers in stores. An accomplished and wise environmental attorney, she could be disarmingly friendly to the opposition before hearings, much to general astonishment. When deputy commissioner of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, she especially enjoyed meetings with her foresters. Drayton was also a generous and highly effective community environmental activist in the Hudson Valley, always in demand for board service. Burger Hill, a glorious open space near Rhinebeck, has been renamed for her, in recognition of her vision for its preservation for all to enjoy. A loyal friend to the end, Drayton was a devoted wife and mother, to husband Wayne and her wonderful boys, Sam and Nat.

— *Syd Waller*

Drayton like so many of her peers also took up golf in her recent years. However, she truly understood that as much as golf is an athletic and competitive endeavor, it is still referred to as a "game". So being true to the spirit of the game and wanting to enjoy herself when "playing" golf, Drayton explained that she would often select where in the course she would tee it up to start a long hole from! She was truly fun loving and indomitable at the same time.

— *Renee Yuen*



## Sarabelle Hare Tumola

*September 13, 2003*

**King**

Sally Hare, from Havertown, PA was a quiet, brown-eyed history major. She lived in Franklin King for three years and in Geneva her junior year. We were roommates in Geneva, enjoying the friendship of Peruvian and Greek students who roomed in our pension, across from the University of Geneva. She also found herself a tall, serious Irish boyfriend that year. We enjoyed meat fondue most Sundays because Sally's small mouth couldn't manage the huge chunks of bread our (also huge) hostess preferred for cheese fondue. However, we often went out for our cheese fondue with Nina Shapiro, and would follow it with ice cream, much to the horror of true Genevois.

After graduation, Sally returned to Philadelphia, where she became a paralegal and met her husband, Tom, a lawyer at her firm. They had two children whom she adored, TJ and Christabelle. They now are a transportation planner in the Bay Area and a journalist in New York City.

Sally died much too young in 2003. I regret that we never had a chance to renew our friendship and reminisce on our superb year in Geneva. Would love to have joined her for our 45th and 50th reunions!

— *Margie Carpenter*

# Caroline Henderson

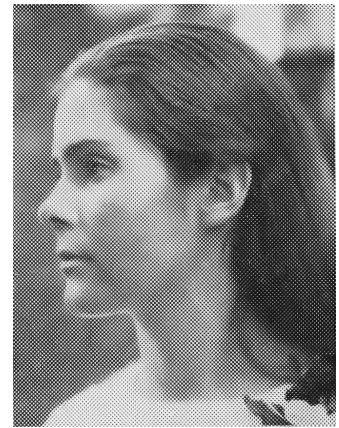
*March 4, 2002*

**King/Chase**

After Smith, Caroline went on to earn an MBA from Boston University in 1976 and DBA from Harvard Business School in 1983. In 1984 she joined the marketing faculty at Dartmouth's Tuck School of Business. She left her husband and two children.

She delivered stellar teaching, and her students and colleagues respected her talent, knowledge, and commitment. She also taught at the Thayer Engineering School where her husband, Harold Frost, is on the faculty. Caroline fought her disease with courage and energy. Her beauty as a person showed to the very end, as did her commitment to her career and her teaching. We will miss her deeply as a friend and colleague.

— *Paul Danos, Dean, Tuck School of Business to Smith Alumnae Quarterly*



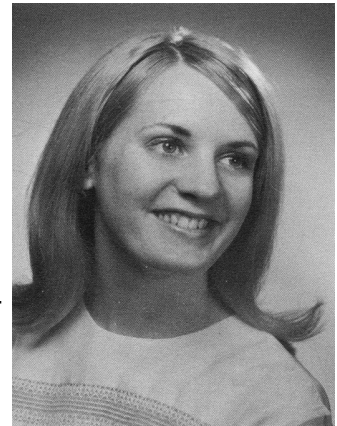
# Carol Keeney Staelin

*September 16, 2005*

**Ziskind**

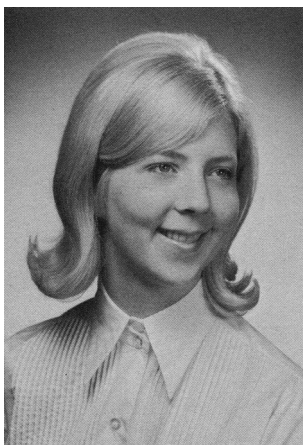
Carol was a gentle and caring young woman who I had the pleasure of visiting many years ago when I traveled to Denver. She was an upbeat and gracious host; I regret that I wasn't aware of how challenging her life had been. She is missed.

— *Rosalie Gross Fox*



Carol was my roommate the year her regular roommate did Junior Year Abroad. Always thoughtful, funny, and well-groomed, she had perfect pitch, so the (chorus? orchestra?) took their lead from her. I remember her tale of going to Central America to visit her Peace Corps boyfriend (Barry?) from back home in CO. She took a bus from Mexico south, accompanied by locals carrying chickens (and other livestock?).

— *Carole Masters*



## Saralyn Lankford Woods

*March 26, 2008*

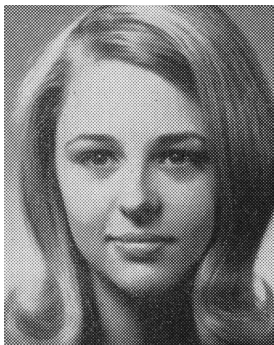
**Wilder**

Saralyn and I were both Econ majors but where I got to know her was when our paths crossed at Columbia Business School in 1973. The business world wasn't all that friendly to women; and a family relocation compounded the difficulties of building a career. But Saralyn had a strong sense of who she was and who she wanted to be and simply made it work. I was particularly impressed when she managed to keep her career moving forward, if perhaps in unconventional ways, even when her husband's job took them to Paris for a while. When Saralyn died, her husband, Bob, scattered her ashes in places that were important to her in life. One of those places was Smith.

— *Peggy Moore*

Saralyn was my good friend and sophomore year roommate. She was a tried and true Texas girl who often declared that "true love is not possible above the Mason-Dixon line." Until she met Bob Woods at Wesleyan, married him, and lived a happy and successful life with him (and their two children) in Darien, CT thereby disproving her own axiom. She is much missed and fondly remembered.

— *Pamela Phillips*



## Linna Larson

*September 6, 2008*

**Duckett**



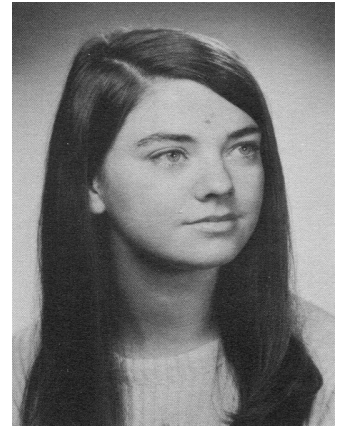
# Patrice Leary

*October 29, 1970*

## Albright

What I remember about Patrice was her cheerfulness, her smile, and her friendliness. She was a genuinely nice, good-hearted person. I graduated a semester early, and was living in Paris when she was killed. Devastating.

— *Glenna Dumey*



I remember as if it were yesterday, and that is not an exaggeration, the day we learned that Patrice Leary had died. We were young women, fresh out of college, trying our first real jobs and our first apartment leases. We were full of energy, and we really didn't have any idea that anything really bad could happen to us. Except that we had the year before experienced Cam Milwid's death on the Smith campus, and indeed it was a shock, but we somewhere in the backs of our minds figured it was an accident, a terrible tragedy, but not an indication that we needed to be worried about being in any sort of danger. But that night, when I sat at a table on Beacon Hill with Helen and Gerry and Mrs. Grubb (had she come because of Patrice's death?), I remember now how I felt shock and also a first-ever awareness that bad things could indeed happen to me and to my friends. I can still feel the shock we felt that night. I went off on some talking streak, as if talking it out would help make sense of it. But after a year, five years, twenty years, now 44 years, I don't think any of us can make sense of Patrice's death. She was, like the rest of us, smart, full of energy, off to the avant garde New School (that was Patrice!), and deliberately, thoughtfully in search of her life's work. I can remember Patrice sitting at dinner with us at Albright—she was always ready to talk about what she was working on, and I learned a lot from many conversations with her. Patrice had a great smile that lit up her pretty, ruddy face. It was such a short time that we spent at Smith. But, as with so many things about Smith College, the times I spent there have stayed with me, and I still think about Patrice from time to time.

— *Deborah Kuhn*

Patrice had a gift for making friends and her Smith friends were important. She had many of them in both of the houses she lived in at Smith and was great at staying connected to all of us when we moved to New York after graduation. She was full of adventure and excited at the prospect of trying new things together. She hung out with Smith friends the night before she died and was supposed to meet other Smith friends for lunch after school the next day. A life cut short but a life in which Smith and her Smith friends played an important role.

— *Peggy Moore*

# Patrice Leary

Patrice Leary was my freshman year roommate. She actually had a profound effect on my life. Patrice was bright, talkative, friendly. She would regale me with stories of her escapades in Lake Okoboji where she grew up. I was absolutely enamored of her and would happily sit, listening to her in rapt attention. Patrice, on the other hand, did not quite know what to do with her attentive, but silent, roommate. Some of the stories may have been largely to fill the empty space. We eventually figured this out and settled into a more equally balanced roommate routine but I continued to find her charming, thoroughly enjoyed her company, and held her with a special regard.

In the fall after we graduated, Patrice was killed. I, along with all her friends and family, was devastated. I can still clearly remember the bleak day that we stood over her grave in Iowa, stunned by what happened and trying to figure out what the implications of it would be on our lives. I could only imagine that the person who killed her was mentally ill. Why else would you kill a perfect stranger for no reason? I later learned that there are many people who kill and would never receive a diagnosis of mental illness and that mental illness is not particularly associated with violence, but at the time I thought it the only possible explanation. So I determined to work with mentally ill violent people. That fall after we graduated from Smith and Patrice was killed, I redirected my work to people with mental handicaps given to violence.

— *Janet Meyers Van Zandt*

Patrice and I met our sophomore year. She moved to Albright junior year and became one of my most important and beloved friends. Everyone loved her humor, laugh and enjoyment of life. We heard wonderful stories of mink stoles and raccoon coats stored in the freezer in Okoboji. Patrice was such a genuine person. We took a class in the New Testament together our senior year with Dr. Donfried, and it was more challenging and demanding than we expected. I managed a B on a last minute paper, which I still have with a written note from Patrice: "Miss Grubb, exactly how do you account for this?" So Patrice. I can still hear her voice.

She spent a wonderful summer after graduation doing an Outward Bound program and loved it. She came to Boston to visit Gerry, Debbie K. and me the weekend before she died, full of optimism and happy to be with friends. I have always missed her. Her death, for years, had such an enormous impact on all who knew her. It still does.

— *Helen Grubb Stakem*

My favorite photo of Patrice is one that was taken by someone else, in a place that I have never visited. It shows her in the wilderness during the summer of 1970, when she explored both nature and self in an outdoor leadership program. After I had seen her hometown of Okoboji, Iowa, I began to understand the attraction that rock climbing and open spaces had for Patrice. Amazingly, she was just as comfortable in Smith's more sedate environment, where she brought her lively, considerate, and cheerful presence to the community that was Albright House. Although her death profoundly affected all of us, it was her life—enthusiastic, adventurous, and joyful—that made the deeper impression.

— *Chris (Sieradzki) Stevens*

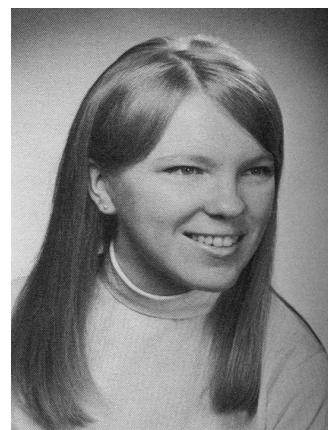
# Nancy Naughton Schott

*November 18, 2000*

## King

Nancy died in Hebron, CT after a nine-month struggle with lung cancer. Nancy followed her Smith studies with graduate work at the University of Massachusetts. She worked at the Gilead School in Hebron. Her good humor, kindness, and constant encouragement touched many lives, as did her paintings, quilts, genealogies and stories. She left her husband of 30 years, a daughter, a sister, and a brother.

— *Smith Alumnae Quarterly*



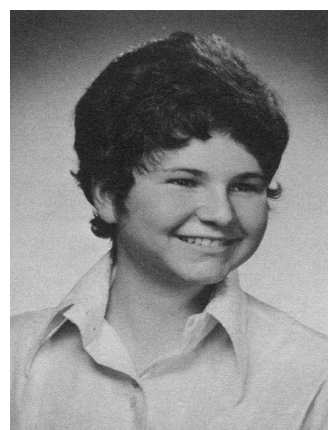
# Barbara Newman

*July 23, 2011*

## Emerson

With her bright wit, ready laugh, and impish smile, Bobbie was always ready for adventure—and one night she led a group of us to get “seconds” on a favorite dessert, lemon cheesecake squares. We crept down the backstairs to the kitchens with their massive steel refrigerators, padlocked against us hungry sophomores...but she showed us how to unscrew the hinges on those huge doors with butter knives, remove the plated desserts from the “wrong” side, and then re-screw the doors. I suspect there was a lot of head-scratching among staff the next day, but Eat More Dessert was never so fun!

— *Dorothy Drummer*



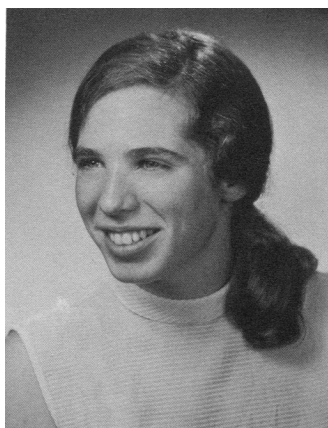
# Barbara Newmyer Johnson

*July 2, 2010*

## Emerson

Barbara died in Washington DC of complications from a stroke. Her husband of 31 years, Mark Johnson predeceased her. She was a teacher and volunteer at the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute at American University, and prior to that had worked as an editor and writer. She is survived by daughter, Emily, and son, Evan, and a brother.

— *Smith Alumnae Quarterly*



## Nancy Offenhauser

*March 7, 2011*

**Washburn**

I first met Nancy Offenhauser at our 40th reunion (the first one that I attended)—on our last day, at breakfast on Sunday. We had never crossed paths during our college years. But at reunion we found things in common, especially our interest in natural healing, and we hit it off immediately. We promised each other to get together again "sometime soon." Nancy mentioned her book, *Healing Cancer Peacefully*, and told me how she cured herself of cancer; I read her book with great interest. I was shocked and saddened to see her death notice in the *Alumnae Quarterly*. She died suddenly and unexpectedly on March 7, 2011, of cardiac arrest. Our planned meeting never happened, yet I feel enriched for having known her briefly.

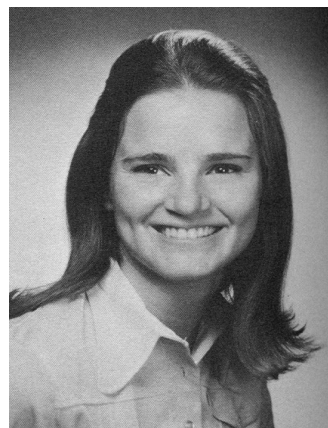
— *Elisabeth Trumpler*

I didn't get to know Nancy until one of our reunions where we played guitars together and sang our hearts out. She was such a lovely, positive person, and I enjoyed her presence very much. I join so many in feeling sorrow at losing her.

— *Jane Hurst*

I will remember Nancy for her remarkable good cheer in the face of anything from a bad bridge hand to serious illness. She always loved the theater and was one of the first women professionally licensed to do theatrical lighting.

— *Mary Grant*



## Charlotte Parker Gillie

*April 16, 1977*

**Lawrence**

Princeton road trips, late night squash games, American Place Theater, birthday cheese cake at P.J. Clarke's, Nestle Crunch bars, Tall Ships in Bermuda, secrets whispered, laughter shared, NYC girl, Ford model, infectious smile. Thanks for the memories!

— *Pansy Jones*

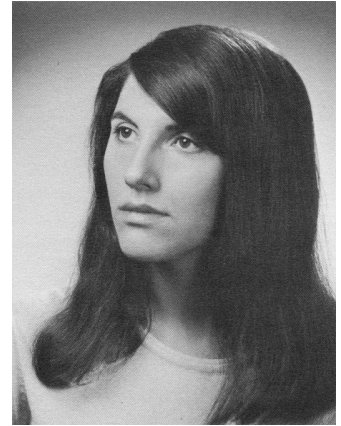
# Lorraine Power Tharp

*October 28, 2008*

**Clark**

Lorraine Power Tharp was the epitome of a Smith woman—incredibly bright, charismatic to the max, kind and generous, but with a wicked sense of humor. After Smith, she attended Cornell Law School, and went on to become an accomplished lawyer, eventually rising to the presidency of the New York State Bar Association. She was a great friend-for-life, and her life was too short, indeed. The last reunion Lorraine attended was 10 years ago, and she left unexpectedly early because her family needed her—I said she was generous, didn't I? It was only months after that that the breast cancer that claimed her life three years later was discovered. I'm sure that all her friends and colleagues in Albany and Saratoga Springs, her other housemates at Clark House, her colleagues in Geneva, and her major-mates (is there such a thing?) miss her, as I do.

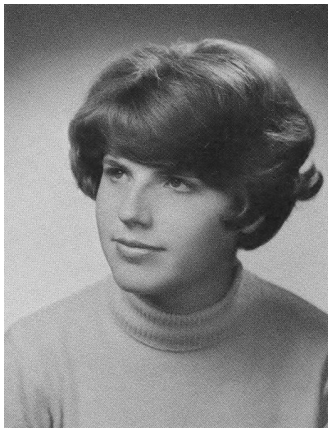
— *Francie Margolin*



Lorraine and I were roommates during our junior year abroad (1968-69) in Paris and Geneva. Lorraine had a wicked sense of humor and a lively spirit of adventure, so we had a wonderful time together getting to know each other while we experienced the continent with growing maturity and confidence. I recall the two of us often foraging for food—our hosts were slim Frenchies and we were used to large American portions—a situation that led to endless jokes between us and surreptitious raids to the kitchen at off hours. We were avid bridge players and played in the most unlikely and historic settings, to the chagrin of our very proper chaperones. Once we (foolishly) hitchhiked from Geneva to Paris to see Jacques Brel performing in “l’Homme de la Mancha”. The show was fabulous but, if we had had better sense, we would have taken public transportation and avoided the vulgar truck drivers who gave us lifts. Luckily we got to Paris unscathed, so we were able to laugh about it for years afterward. We both went straight to law school upon graduation and I was so proud of Lorraine when she reached the pinnacle of recognition in our profession by being elected President of the 75,000-member New York State Bar Association. She was a beloved and visionary leader. She touched so many lives, and was mourned by thousands on her untimely death. I was fortunate to have been her friend.

— *Rita W. Warner*





# Nancy Smith Bauer-Manley

*April 8, 2000*

**Haven**

Nancy Smith Bauer-Manley, known at Haven House as Nanc (pronounced “Nank”), was my assigned roommate freshman year. We remained roommates until senior year, when we chose two singles right next to each other. We could have had single rooms for junior year as a result of the room drawing lottery. However, due to the lack of single rooms at Haven House, there were other people who would have then had to share a room and would have killed themselves or their roommate. So, Nanc proposed that we share a room for the year to free up two singles and prevent one or more homicides—or prevent at least a year of unhappiness for two other people. She was like that. I miss her very much. To this day, when somebody says something out of which Nanc would have made one of her uniquely styled jokes, the joke automatically comes into my head and I smile. I hope she does too.

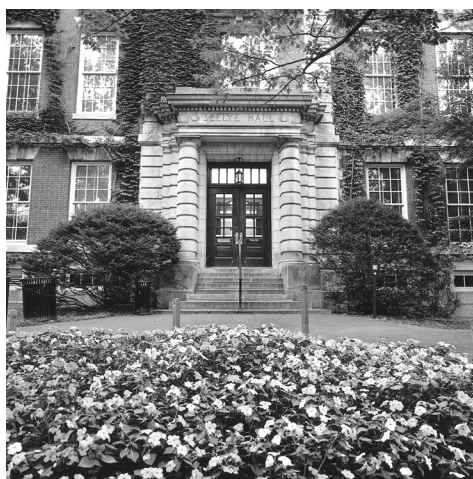
—*Sharon E. Grubin*

I was in Wesley House freshman year, which was the annex to Haven. There weren't many freshman assigned there but Nancy was one of us. I remember Nancy as being incredibly kind and generous. Her roommate, Sharon Grubin, was homesick at the beginning, so Nancy and I made her a big wall hanging picture of an owl. I think that owl was hanging on their wall all four years. There were many nights that first year when I would just make it back by curfew and I had usually had too much to drink, but Nancy would have waited up for me and would help me to bed. I called her Nanc and she called me Walt. I loved seeing her at reunions and will miss her greatly this May.

—*Jeanne W Garvey*

I remember Nancy (“Nank” to us) doing a spot-on imitation of our housemother, Maude Woodbury, serving tea. It was hysterical.

—*Cathy Webb*





# Monica Smith Cooper

*November 30, 2001*

**Lawrence**

Monica Smith was my freshman roommate in 1966-7. She was from the Chicago area, Winnetka, IL, from a large family, had never been away from home, very smart, and had won a Westinghouse Science competition. I was quite embarrassed not to even know what that competition

was!! Monica was quiet, shy, very nice, and easy to get along with.

— *Susie Herrmann*

As freshmen, I remember Monica as being shy and soft spoken but very approachable. Although we were not close friends, I remember feeling that she grew in self-confidence during our four years and was ready to tackle the world in 1970. It is very sad to know that her life was cut short.

— *Catherine Greenwood Sweeney*

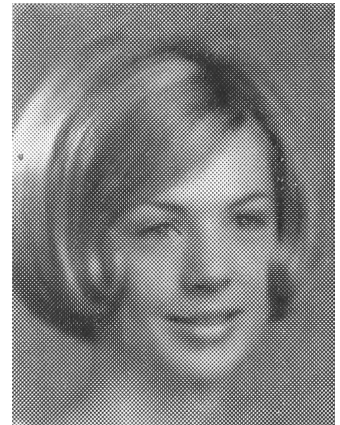
# Nancy Story Gunn

*July 10, 2003*

**Scales**

Nancy Story Gunn died on July 10, 2003. A loving and devoted daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother and friend, she has been sorely missed. In addition to caring for her family and friends, she worked faithfully as a volunteer and board member of Project Self-Sufficiency, a non-profit assisting low income single parents in Loveland, Colorado, and The Women's Foundation of Colorado. Her life was spent serving others.

— *Suzanne Story Karem '64*





## Mary Jo Sykowski Morrison

*August 4, 2006*

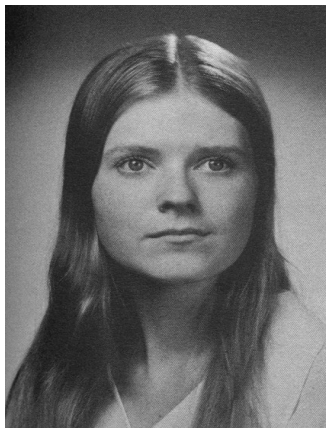
**Morrow**

Mary Jo was someone who, once she was a friend, was always a friend and never forgot you. When something tickled her she had a wonderful twinkle in her eye and an infectious giggle. She worked in grief counseling and I know she made a difference in many people's lives. She is often in my thoughts as a beautiful and generous person.

— *Karen Eberle Strano*

Mary Jo Sykowski Morrison died in June 2006 after a brave fight against a virulent strain of lung cancer. Her four closest friends from Morrow house, with whom she had shared many good times over the years, were there when she died. She was a vibrant and engaged woman who spent her professional life in NY and Florida as a social worker and grief counselor with a special interest in supporting children and families of fallen State Troopers. Mary Jo's time at Smith remained a source of pride for her throughout her life. Her spirit still lingers over our mini-reunions on Long Beach Island.

— *Cathy McDowell*



## Gwen Townsend

*March 14, 2000*

**Gardiner**

I didn't know Gwen well during college, but roomed with her for two years in NYC right after we graduated. I was at law school and third roommate Judy deBuys (Makrauer) was in graduate school at Teacher's College. But Gwen actually worked for a salary. She had the best job: designing book dust jackets. She spent her days reading books and then creating the images that would capture the theme or the mood to best sell those books. What fun it was to hear about her latest creation!

—*Kathy Rodgers*

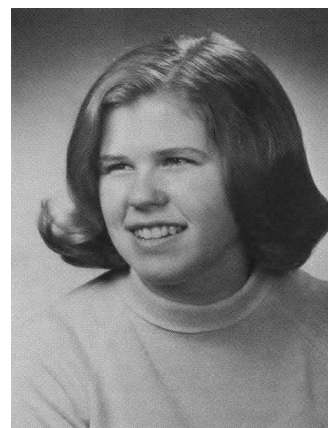
# Elizabeth Walker St. Clair

*May 15, 2011*

## Wilson

I have a clear and fond memory of Liz always being impeccably dressed. Gorgeous kilts with coordinated sweaters and knee socks, starched and ironed oxford shirts, polished loafers, coiffed hair. Even at breakfast, when most of the rest of us would be in bathrobes. And then for the rest of the day we'd be in turtlenecks, jeans and sneakers. Always a smile and a twinkle. Always a more stable, conservative (perhaps mature) outlook on the social and political turmoil of the times. We seemed like teenagers, she an adult. I was glad to catch up with Liz and her husband at the 15th and 20th year reunions. I was so sorry to learn of Liz's early passing.

— *Sheila Kennedy Thunfors*



# Susanne Wyman Cauffman

*September 22, 1989*

## Parsons

Susanne was my roommate at Smith for 3 years. Susanne was a generous, funny and beautiful woman with a very curious mind and spirit. Her family spent summers in Pennsylvania where she loved horses and riding, and winters in Florida where she went to school and was always bemused that her graduation took place on the local jai alai fronton. When she arrived at Smith she had never seen snow so she kept a block of it from the first storm by the front door of Parsons Annex. It was called "Susanne's Snow". We regaled her with stories about "snow balers" that should pass through the street at any moment, and she laughed harder than any of us at the "aha" moment. She majored and worked in microbiology and I think she would have produced important work with the benefit of more time. It is hard to believe she has been gone for over 25 years now. A bouquet of the yellow roses she so loved for remembrance.

— *Jean Husson*

Susanne and I were housemates at Parsons for four years. She was one of the funniest, most generous, and most intelligent women I ever met, and I counted her among my close friends. There were many gatherings in her room with housemates to listen to new Beatles albums, discuss classes, procrastinate, philosophize, and gossip.



# Susanne Wyman Cauffman

Susanne spent Thanksgiving at my home in Connecticut, and I spent spring vacation at her home in Florida, where she and her family were gracious hosts. I recall falling off a horse in the family paddock, and driving thru Fort Lauderdale in her convertible. One summer after college we travelled to the Greek Islands with another friend of hers. We had great fun on the ship, although the three of us were in a tiny economy cabin which was more like a footlocker than a room (think *Night at the Opera*.) I even remember carrying my art history notebooks from classes with Dean Lehmann. We hit bad weather and high seas one night. Most of the passengers took to their beds, but we gripped the hall rails with stubborn determination and made it to the dining hall. The air conditioning on the boat failed, and several of us slept top deck in the pool chairs, awakening to the sounds and sights of Piraeus.

My husband George and I were very saddened by her unfortunate passing. Although Susanne's life may have been short, it was full of kindness and adventure. She contributed much to the world.

— *Beth Steiber Handzo*



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