

We Remember Them

50
YEARS | Women in
Yale College
1969–2019

SEPTEMBER 2019

YALE UNIVERSITY

We Remember Them

Included in these pages are remembrances written about our First Women classmates who have died since we arrived at Yale in September 1969. Reading about the lives they lived and the people and communities they touched is humbling. Remembering shared experiences from our days together at Yale and in the years after is bittersweet.

Life is short, and we do not have much time to gladden the hearts of those who make the journey with us. So be swift to love and make haste to be kind.

Jane Curtis '73 by Lawrie Mifflin '73

Jane had a wonderful smile, one that stretched into almost-dimples and made you eager to conspire with her. She first flashed it my way when we were 18, in the summer of 1969, at a fancy Philadelphia Yale Club reception for students newly admitted to Yale. Jane and I might have been the only girls in the room; I can't remember. But I do remember we had two things in common – we were both Quakers, and we both loved to play field hockey – and we felt relieved to know that when we got to New Haven and Vanderbilt Hall, at least we'd have one sure friend.

Little did we know that our field hockey bond would lead us to make Yale history.

When we tried to find out how to join the Yale team, we learned there wasn't one. Nor were there any teams, or even plans for teams, in any sport for women. The Ivy League? For Yale, it was still men-only. So Jane and I posted flyers around Vanderbilt, inviting other hockey players to join us on the Old Campus at certain times. We'd hit the ball around, which was nothing like the same high as playing a game, and lament that Yale didn't have a team.

Time to conspire with Jane. We figured if we could get a few colleges in the area to come to Yale and play a scrimmage, Yale would have to give us a field, and maybe the Athletic Department would understand how serious we were about our sport. That summer we typed out letters – to Southern Connecticut State, Connecticut College, Trinity, even Albertus Magnus – and, with their replies, we cobbled together a schedule. Yale gave us a field (better known as Parking Lot A) and two goal cages, and off we went. Jane and I were sophomores. The following year, field hockey was a proper club sport, with a coach and about 30 players. Jane and I were co-captains. Then Jane graduated early, in 1972, and so wasn't with us when field hockey became a varsity sport, the first for women, the next fall. It was my senior year, but Jane had trotted off to medical school.

I hope someone else will tell the story of Jane playing on the intramural soccer team for JE, and the powers-that-be making JE forfeit its games for letting her play. That smile, that energy, that positive outlook – how could the JE guys have resisted? As Eve Rice beautifully put it, Jane was a wise and wonderful friend. I will always cherish her memory.

Jane Curtis '73 by Libby Burnett Reinhardt '73

Jane and I were in JE together. I was in awe of her – she was so smart! So athletic! So radical! We were friendly, all the JE women were, but we became real friends when she was living in New York and I in was in New Jersey, raising our families at the same time.

Then she would come out to our suburban New Jersey town for lunch every couple of months. Jane loved the train ride and a glimpse of suburbia. We'd have lunch and walk and talk and laugh – about our kids, aging parents, and siblings, about our careers, husbands, books, clothes. We looked at life basically the same way, but Jane always had a wise and thoughtful perspective. After a visit with Jane, I felt uplifted and reassured.

As our lives went on, and our parents died and our kids grew up, Jane's life became immensely more difficult. Her failing health, her son David's struggles and death, were burdens that no one should have to bear. But Jane did bear them, with the same wisdom and perspective she had always had. When moving around was more difficult for Jane I came into Manhattan for lunch and our wonderful visits continued – both in person and, later, on Instagram.

Jane knew how to find comfort – in her marriage to Mike, her daughter Emma and her family – oh, those beautiful little grandsons! – in her knitting and her reading. As her physical world became smaller, her joy, especially in her family, expanded. Now, with her death, my life has shrunk. But I am comforted and grateful that she was my friend, and I am still in awe of her, and of how she lived her life so well.

Jane Curtis '73 by Eve Rice '73

I met Jane my first day on campus in September 1969 and she has been a wonderful friend ever since. Jane and I were part of a legion of freshman women settling into suites in Vanderbilt Hall, a bit awed by the strangeness of our immediate surroundings as well as the grandeur of Yale. Jane, Cai, Carol – turned out to be a wonderful group of roommates with whom to spend an initial year, and then three more around the courtyard in JE. Although some of Jane's interests ran to soccer (until the famous episode in which Master Cannon asked her to leave the JE intramural soccer team), field hockey, and SDS (and another memorable episode at Woodbridge Hall), not all of which I shared, we found a great deal of common ground.

However, like many Yale women in our class, our strongest bonds formed after we left Yale and it is that friendship, forged in long conversations, that carried us through the years. To be sure, over the decades, there was so much to talk about. We saw each other regularly, though not always frequently. Jane was especially good about making the time and making contact. The phone would ring and she would say, "I think it's time for a lunch." Almost always, it was understood that this would be at my house, out in the "country," because an essential part of any afternoon with Jane was a walk across the fields and through the woods. Jane loved those walks, and I loved sharing them with her. Jane was an enthusiast who was studious about nature – she gave me a book on birds she thought I ought to have and another on trees – in counterpoint to my more ad hoc approach. Because of her illness, we had not been able to walk those paths together in years – but I still think about Jane every time I do.

On those days when Jane made the trek out from the city, we always began with a long lunch around the kitchen table, sharing notes on our lives. Our children were fairly close in age and seemed to grow up in tandem; we talked each

other through the rough spots and cheered their successes. More recently, Jane's grandchildren, the apples of her eye, took center stage. Or we talked about interests – politics, or museum exhibitions that were a must-see, or the books she had just read. And our careers overlapped as well. Although Jane had had the good sense to go to medical school shortly after graduation, I was a late bloomer. Initially, I depended on her good counsel to navigate the world of pre-med and medicine. Later, when we were both practicing physicians, there were the inevitable “war stories” about our day jobs and the inanities of the medical bureaucracy. It was easy to talk with Jane on a level that would have been difficult with others: there was nothing dissembling, nothing artificial about her. She was always the patient, empathic listener, speaking at just the right moment, often with words of wisdom.

Years after our graduation, I remember asking Jane, who by then had two small children, a job as a highly respected physician, and a traditional life, “You used to be such a radical. What happened?” Jane paused a moment before saying, “When I was young, I had all the answers. My thinking about the world's problems hasn't really changed,” she said, “but I no longer know what the answers are.” That was characteristically Jane – a distilled, absolutely honest assessment, albeit with a bit of resignation about how the drive and conviction of youth are tempered by the complexities of life and experience.

Although Jane moved on from those overarching battles when she settled into raising her family and attending to her profession, she found other ways to “do good.” She had strong moral Quaker roots and an unwavering compass: fair, compassionate, insightful. She was a wonderful, sought-after pediatrician and an esteemed medical educator and mentor, and in those roles she touched many, many lives. Jane always said that her own health issues as a child, due to a bad burn, influenced her desire to make things better for other children – and I have absolutely no doubt that she did.

Warmth, empathy, enthusiasm, formidable smarts — all are among the attributes that Jane brought to our hundreds of conversations. There have been few people in my life with whom I have felt so comfortable. With Jane, the rules were simple: come as you are, speak from the heart. It was a great gift to have had the time with Jane that I had, but in the end, fifty years was far too short. I will miss her immensely.

Jane Curtis '73 by Joan O'Meara Winant '73

Sometimes lives as big as Jane's are hard to grasp, because she herself was so modest about her own talents — intellectual, athletic, activist . . . to cite just a few. I was always in awe of her.

In recent years, we reconnected through my love of knitting and Jane's knitting for the beloved grandsons.

Perhaps there is something about traditional arts passed through the matriarchy, a proto-feminism now largely ignored. Jane's superb mastery of the art was always for me a metaphor for her quiet greatness: complex, difficult garments done to perfection; deeply traditional patterns like Hudson's Bay blankets adapted to new, soft yarns to cuddle Emma's beloved babies.

Jane was one of the fiercest, most intelligent women I had the privilege to know and admire. She was and is the best of us.

Lise Goldberg '73 by Victoria Morgan Amon '73

Lise was an extraordinary woman and a vivid presence in our residential college and class. Of course, she was brilliant, but also had a sense of humor that at times bordered on wacky, and an intensity that belied her years. She was thoughtful, kind and cared little for outward appearances – the heart and mind inside were paramount to her.

Sadly, I wasn't able to keep up with her much after graduation, yet when I learned she went on to study and practice medicine, I knew how lucky her patients and colleagues were to have someone so caring and committed attending to them. Her death at too young an age was a real loss to her field and to the world.

Karen Hamity '71 by Jean Brenner '71

Karen and I were roommates in TD as juniors – our first year at Yale. We weren't particularly close friends, partly because I didn't enjoy also being roommates with her boyfriend. But if you carve out the discomfort of that arrangement – caused mostly by the overcrowding that came with the arrival of women on campus – I remember her as being always cheerful, and very kind and warm and generous. Much to my amazement, she was even perky and chatty first thing in the morning. (I'd always thought I was a morning person until I met Karen and realized I wasn't.) She organized a surprise birthday party for me when I was turning 20 in the midst of exams that year. It was the first time anyone had ever done that for me, and I was very touched. We lived across the hall from each other our senior year, but I don't recall that we saw much of each other that year. And we lost touch after graduation, except when I called her to encourage her to attend one of our class reunions (perhaps our 25th). She begged off, having just been to New Haven with her child on a college tour. That was the last time we spoke. And then she was gone.

Karen Hamity '71 by *Chicago Tribune* via Bliss Brown '71

Karen Lou Hamity, 52, a Chicago lawyer who raised money for community organizations, died Tuesday, August 27, of uterine cancer in her Highland Park home. Ms. Hamity was born in Evanston but spent most of her childhood in Glencoe, where she was known as "Super Girl" to family and friends. "She was a vibrant, energetic, enthusiastic, smart, good-looking woman," said her husband, Ludwig "Luke" Kolman.

The former senior class secretary of New Trier High School, she went to Smith College for two years before

transferring to Yale University, where she was in the first class to graduate women. She earned her law degree from Northwestern University. Ms. Hamity worked in Washington for a federal agency that focused on human services issues. She also worked for the People’s Law Center, representing indigents and coal miners who had black lung disease. “She was always the defender of the underdog,” her husband said. “She was the kind of person who thought you’ve got to give back.” She transferred that same passion to her children, he said. “She took to motherhood like we all take to breathing. . . . She ordered me to get a real-paying job,” said Kolman, then a lawyer for the U.S. attorney’s office who moved into private practice. Ms. Hamity immersed herself in school and charity endeavors and recently worked for a foundation that gives money to non-profit community organizations. She would investigate the groups and determine whether they provided services the foundation wanted to support. “She loved the job and was great at it,” Kolman said.

Karen Hamity ’71 by Georgia Goldberg ’72

I was a good friend of Karen Hamity’s. Karen was vibrant — living life at full force with a smile. We ran together in the chlorine-saturated air above the Sterling Gym pool, removed from the swim team (male) below.

Karen exuded warmth and vitality — it was always a joy to be with her. It was with much sadness that I learned she had died when I looked her up while at an artist residency in Lake Forest, IL. It seemed incomprehensible.

Anya Hilliard '72 by Barbara Blaine '71

That first year at Yale my roommate Anya Hilliard learned that she would die of leukemia and she set about living all she could. She studied; she worked hard; she made friends; she made sardonic jokes about death; she wrote papers about death in Russian literature. Her second year at Yale, she went back to India to visit her Canadian missionary parents but she returned to the U.S. so she could have the best medical care and live as long as possible. She brought me a smiling batik picture of an Indian woman that my daughter has hung in my granddaughter's playroom. I think Anya would like that.

Anya Hilliard '72 by Rhonda Sarnoff '72

Anya was my suitemate during my junior year at Yale. She was a true scholar with a thirst for knowledge and a passion for Russian Studies, in which she majored. She was often deep in conversation with the close friends she made at Yale. Anya always had time for her friends and others who wanted to speak with her. She was warm and patient with those who knew her well and casually.

Most of all, I remember Anya's strength of character and purpose. She never seemed distracted by the coeducation experience. Anya was at Yale to learn. She made the most of that time, which was tragically cut so short.

Anya Maureen Hilliard '72 by Sarah Shapiro '72

She was my next-room neighbor junior year. I did not know she had leukemia, so when she died, I was all the more amazed at how solicitous she always was of my health and welfare, how sympathetic she was to other people's comparatively minor problems, how interested she was in our concerns and worries. Her death at such a young age made all the more amazing, too, her majoring in Russian and her efforts to overcome difficulties getting permission to stay and to work in the United States after graduation. She evidently had decided to live life to its fullest, to seek challenges in her life greater than the challenge of her illness.

Gail Horowitz '73 by Floy Brown Kaminski '73

When I think of Gail Horowitz, my roommate for two years at Yale College – 1969–70 and 1970–71 – I remember a brilliant young woman from Teaneck, NJ, whose smile and quick wit were disarmingly genuine. We were “bunkmates,” me on the upper because of my height, and she on the lower. We often reflected on our days in the strange new world of being coeds at Yale as we were settling in for the night.

Each of us graduated from coed public schools, and neither of us anticipated what it would be like to be the transitioning female presence at Yale. The Yale admissions committee, we later learned, had selected young women who were strongly independent with an instinct to achieve in the most challenging of situations. As roommates, Gail and I shared our challenges in trying to connect and make meaningful friendships in an environment where females were often objectified.

After I moved off campus in junior year to build a more meaningful community through sharing a house with a mix of Yale students and others, I lost touch with Gail. We met several times in New York City, when she was in a management training program at a prominent bank, but we didn't continue our relationship.

I so regret the loss of this amazing woman, Gail Horowitz, who went on to succeed in the field of law devoted to elder care. She was a kind, empathetic person who used her impressive intelligence and knowledge to help others be treated fairly.

Gail Horowitz '73 by Priscilla Lundin '71

Gail and I were friendly acquaintances for more than a decade, seeing each other over the summer in Provincetown, where she and her wife Susan owned in the condo association where my husband and I were renters. Gail and I would often

have interesting conversations on the run when we saw each other. After many of those conversations, I would think—this woman is someone I want to get to know better.

That started to happen last summer, around July Fourth weekend. Gail and I had one of our usual chance meetings, in our usual meeting spot in the shared condo deck facing the Provincetown Harbor. But this time was different. This time we really talked. By this time, too, I was aware that things were becoming much more difficult for Gail, who I learned had battled ovarian cancer for over four years. When I went on Facebook a few hours later, I saw that Gail had sent me a Friend request. I accepted immediately.

When I saw Gail's Facebook profile, I thought to myself, wait a minute. It says here, among other things, that Gail was in the first class of women at Yale. So the next time I saw her around the condo deck, which may have been later that day or the next, I noted (perhaps right after hello) that I had seen her Facebook profile and wanted her to know that *I* was in the first class of women at Yale—the Class of '71. Gail begged to differ. It was *her* class, the Class of '73, that was the first class. Both of us being lawyers, we then briefly debated the question: Which Yale class was the first class of women? Was it the Class of '71 or the Class of '73? (The Class of '72 was unrepresented.) It took only a few minutes of this for us to start laughing. After almost fifty years, we understood our connection, that all three classes were *all* First Women.

Gail died peacefully at home on May 1, not long after she, Susan, and friends made a trip to the Grand Canyon. Gail's obituary provides a small window into the tremendously interesting life she lived to the fullest. Harvard Law School after Yale and working in banking; partnership at a Boston law firm and then founding her own firm; swimming, cycling, and a Boston Marathon; and social justice and political activism, particular regarding LGBTQ rights and elder law.

As I write this, I'm back in Provincetown. Without Gail, it's not the same.

Gail Horowitz '73 by Didi Robins '73

When the Yale coeducation 50-year celebration started posting registrants, I eagerly looked for Gail Horowitz, hoping to reconnect. I was greatly saddened to see her name on the list of those who had died, and, in fact, only a month or two earlier. Gail and I entered in the class of '73 and were good friends starting in freshman year, sharing a malaise of Yale social life among other things. Gail introduced me to meditation, which suited her spiritual, philosophical, and gentle nature (mine, not so much). We saw each other several times over the postgraduate years in New York City, where Gail became a VP at Chase Manhattan while my nose was to the academic grindstone, but we lost touch in the mid-eighties. In 1986, Gail went to Harvard Law School and her life took a remarkable upward trajectory. She became an expert in elder law for LGBTQ couples, eventually starting her own firm in 2000 that did estate planning and elder law for all clients but specializing in the LGBTQ community. Gail was also a political activist, working for voting rights in the 2016 election. A colleague of Gail's described her as someone who knew how to take on a fight – "the passion and creativity that shone through her work were unmistakable, but it was her patience and empathy that made her truly unique. She had that combination of great skill and capacity and intelligence and tremendous compassion for people." At Harvard, Gail met Susan Brand, who was to become her life partner and wife; they shared homes in Cambridge and Provincetown and a love of outdoor activities, travel, and family. The photo of Gail with her obituary was a face that glowed from a happy, successful, beautiful life, with so much left to give. When I knew Gail in college, she was not a happy person, seeking herself and her purpose in life. I am so glad to know that she found a wonderful life, an essential purpose, and is leaving a legacy to be proud of. I am just so sad that I never got to see her again – Gail died of ovarian cancer in May 2019.

Karen Katzman '71 by Ruth Jarmul '71

Karen Katzman, who died June 3, 2000, was among my closest friends at Yale. She was one of the most brilliant members of our class, winning many prizes at graduation and graduating summa cum laude. She was incredibly proud to be in Yale's first coeducational class and loved being a Yalie. As Morse College's master's assistant, she worked closely with Vincent Scully and Brenda Jubin, Yale's first woman dean.

As a strong believer in social justice and a feminist, Karen decided to become a lawyer. In addition to being a partner in one of New York's most prestigious law firms (Kaye, Scholer), she was an active member and supporter of the New York City Bar Association's Committee on Women and the Law and the National Organization for Women's Legal Defense and Education Fund. She was incredibly generous in both words and deeds.

Karen combined brilliance, incredibly hard work and commitment, creativity, and a wonderful sense of humor to everything she did. She adored her family, particularly doting on her nephew and niece, Wyndam and Harper Makowsky, who adored her back, as well as New York sports teams and her Jewish faith. She was a great friend who always had time to entertain at her country home near her beloved Yale.

Karen also always will have a special place in my heart since I met my husband, Irvin Rosenthal, through her. It has been wonderful to maintain a friendship with Karen's sister Melanie and Melanie's family. We were so happy to go to Wyndam's wedding last year. We only wished Karen could have been there.

Karen Katzman '71 by Alice Young '71

Karen was a powerhouse. Although I did not know her well at Yale (since we Davenport women did not venture that far from York Street), I did get to know her when we both were admitted to Harvard Law. We were a small band of women at Harvard—under ten percent—so in many ways predominantly male Harvard Law was like a continuation of our experiences at Yale.

Karen brought me into her study group, as the only non-Jewish member and only other woman, and we became fellow classmates, women activists, and friends. Karen joined Kaye Scholer on graduation in 1974 and became a partner in 1983.

She was a formidable and successful litigator and a fierce advocate for women, and many years later was my fellow law partner and friend when I joined the firm in 1994. Throughout her legal career she was an active supporter of the National Organization for Women and the Committee on Women of the New York City Bar Association and Yale. She left us too soon, but will never be forgotten.

Allison Boucher Krebs '73 by Wyn Kelley '73

Allison Krebs had a wonderfully buoyant spirit, endless energy and compassion, and an urgent drive to make the world a better place. I first met her as a young teenager brought along to the Yale reunion of 1968 with her parents; her father and my father were best friends from the class of 1938. Allison and her family (her parents and three siblings) were refreshingly unlike stereotypes I had somehow imbibed of Yale grads. They lived in Newton, MA, and might have seemed like the suburbanites I knew growing up in Connecticut, but they had iconoclastic ideas, traveled widely, blazed new trails, and never looked back. They valued education and made varied uses of it to expand their horizons and those of others.

Allison worked as an anthropologist after graduating from Yale, focusing on Mayan civilization, but she found her true calling later in life when she traced her own Native American (Ojibwe) roots and embarked on a PhD in indigenous information ecology at the University of Washington. She participated actively in the Yale University Native American Alumni Oral History Project and became a valued member of the Sault Ste. Marie Tribe of Chippewa Indians. I did not stay in touch with her during these years, but I enjoyed seeing her at Yale at a reunion in 2008. She was as ebullient as ever, a mother of two young sons, vital, loving, and community-focused, with a smile that seemed to take in the world.

I wish I had known, when we were at Yale, how far she would travel from New Haven – around the world, and deep into indigenous ways of knowing in the Americas. I wish she could have shared more of that knowledge with us.

Marjorie Marks '72 by Allen Carney '72, her husband

From our first encounters, I was attracted to Marge's spirited personality. Plus, I found her to be very cute. We started seeing each other during the summer of 1971 and we fell in love to eventually marry and raise a family together. Marge loved Yale. The educational, cultural, and Yale community stimulated her active intellect and imagination. I miss her.

Marjorie Marks '72 by Deborah Rose '72

For a few years, while a graduate student and a Junior Fellow, I led a series of career seminars for undergrads in Jonathan Edwards College. The most popular seminar by far was the one on architecture as a career. Students flocked to the Taft Library, braving a powerful snowstorm that weekend. I had asked Marjorie Marks to be one of the speakers, and she agreed.

I was raised by a civil engineer who considered architects to be impractical dreamers. I was brought up to believe that architects designed fanciful edifices, but that only an engineer could get the plumbing aligned between floors, or assure that the building would not fall down.

When Marjorie described the engineering and other structural courses she took for her degree and her license, and how she incorporated those concepts into her plans, my respect for her and other architects soared. Marjorie started her own firm with classmate Jonathan Leffell, which showed she had the business skills too. Her marriage to classmate and fellow Spider Al Carney was strong, and they had a lovely family. Competent, personable, and genuinely nice, Marjorie was the one who showed us all, all that a Yale woman can be.

Marjorie Marks '72 by Bill Shields '72

My memories of Marjorie are based on working together on a class project in a city planning course. The class was with Alex Garvin and was exciting partly because he was a thoughtful practitioner of the trade in New York City, still a very big apple for me then fresh out of the industrial Midwest. To Marjorie it was home, however, and she very graciously introduced it to me, including a visit to her family household.

The class project took us through a study of planning theory, some New York City history, and a field trip to assess community development needs in the South Bronx and what kind of planning might help people address those needs. The course and its context were the best of late-sixties/early-seventies education, really, a mix of classroom work, advocacy, and professional planning for the Lindsay administration in New York. It would have been harder for me to handle without Marjorie, however. She knew the Bronx, our neighborhood of focus, as I could not. She knew how to get into and out of the City, as well as how to ride the ever-bewildering subway system, and she knew something about New York's complicated and byzantine political topography, all essential to making sense out of our project. With her help, we were able to convince Garvin that we knew at least a little about our subject and that, maybe, City government could actually work with the people of the Bronx to improve their lives.

Knowing that Marjorie's husband, Allen, was at the last reunion, I should probably be embarrassed to say that by the end of the semester I had a little crush on her. But then, of course, he would know better than anyone why that was. It was submerged, she was seeing someone else, it was a minor thing, but, then, perhaps it was inevitable. She was beautiful, smart, hardworking, ebullient, and kind. I salute him on his good fortune in partnering with her and extend my

condolences at losing her so soon. As well, I wish him well on his new partnership.

As for me, I remember Marjorie as one key player in helping me expand beyond my solid, but limited, Cleveland upbringing. Remembering her and her bright spirit, I'll close with a phrase learned from my years working with the Latino community: "Marjorie Marks, *presente!*"

Susan McClure '73 by Bethlehem (PA) *Globe-Times*

August 21, 1980: *Michigan Building Is Memorial to Girl*

The first of a complex of buildings for a training center at the Wilderness Cove site of Cedar Campus in Cedarville, Michigan, was recently dedicated in memory of a Bethlehem girl killed in a bus crash seven years ago.

The Susan McClure Center, run by Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, a ministry to university students on the campuses across the country, was given in Susan's memory by her family, Garrison and Polly Penman McClure, 1841 Millard St., Bethlehem. McClure is a retired Bethlehem Steel purchasing manager.

Construction of the facility, which houses a recreation room, a snack shop, craft and seminar rooms, an apartment and library was made possible through donations made in her memory.

The dedication ceremonies were conducted August 2 at the Cedar Campus. Dr John W. Alexander, president of the national IVCP, and Dr. Lloyd John Ogilvie, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood, California, were the guest speakers. Ogilvie formerly was pastor of First Presbyterian Church in Bethlehem.

Miss McClure's interest in the church began during her days as a student at Liberty High School. Principal Charles Klein described her as an "energetic young woman and a genuine student."

She was born in Bethlehem and was a member of the First Presbyterian Church. She belonged to the National Honor Society and worked on the school newspaper.

At the time of her death at age 22, she was living in Boston and doing campus work at Harvard, Radcliffe, and Tufts Universities for the ICVF.

She was riding a bus with 38 passengers to Urbana '73, a missionary convention in Illinois on December 27, 1973, when the bus swerved to avoid hitting another vehicle. It overturned, killing her and a friend she was talking with at the time.

Susan (Shuey) McClure '73 by Jane Beach Voytek '73 and Pauline Thomas '73

We have fond memories of our freshman-year roommate, Susan (Shuey) McClure, who died the winter after graduation. The three of us became good friends early on during our time at Yale. We had a lot in common – more of a “small town” and “protected” upbringing than some of our fellow classmates. We were glad to have each other as friends in the face of the many different backgrounds of our fellow students.

Shuey was calm, had a pleasant laugh, and was always up for an adventure. (If we had more space we would provide details of the four-day trip to New Orleans for Mardi Gras that turned into a two-week adventure.) She kept a sign on her desk that said “Sleep, too, is essential.”

During her senior year, she became very active in a Christian fellowship group on campus, and went to work for them after graduation. She was killed on a bus trip to a religious conference in the Midwest, when the bus she was traveling on was involved in an accident in a snowstorm. She was sitting right behind the driver (her favorite seat, so she could see out the window), and was thrown out of the bus. Both of us have avoided that seat on buses for the last 45 years. We miss her, and are glad to get an opportunity to remember her at this time.

Susan O'Connor '73 by Elaine Fox '72

Susie was Susan Redden O'Connor, a blond-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful young woman as bright as the sun. She was wondrous and full of wonder herself. I met her when we arrived at Yale in 1969, and she lived in a coveted single room on the first floor of the entryway straight across the courtyard from the TD gate. She was pre-med and Protestant, like and unlike me, and she didn't always like to be called Susie because she said it sounded like Sooie, a call to the pigs on a farm.

We became close friends that year. She had gone to private school – Chapin, in New York City – and I'd never met anyone like her before. She was an athlete: she played tennis and field hockey, and she swam. She encouraged me to ride a bike up Science Hill to my classes there, for which I was grateful, and we took many long bike rides together. When I finally took swimming lessons eight years later, it was because of her inspiration. Susie's mother coached the girls' field hockey team, and her father worked in Sam Chauncey's office; her family lived locally, in Hamden, and I was often a guest at their home. Susie would make us cinnamon toast and maybe hot cocoa, too, just before bedtime at sleepovers. And we took her baby sister Joanie trick-or-treating at Halloween in Hamden. (Her sister Carol was just a few years younger than us, and then she had a brother too.) I even went to services at Battell Chapel with her on a Sunday morning – Reverend William Sloane Coffin preaching – and watched as she sang the hymns with joy and intensity. She was in the Yale Glee Club and did love to sing, promising me that anyone could when I said I couldn't.

When Susie knew I was troubled, she tried to help and told me to talk to "Papa" Zaeder, another Yale chaplain she knew personally. Still, she seemed more spiritual than religious. We talked about so many things, and she was mature beyond her years. She actually told me that she wasn't afraid to die, when I had never even really considered the

subject. We had fun, frivolous conversations, too, but would then get serious again rather quickly. Susie went to the March on Washington (against the Vietnam war) as a peacekeeper.

Over the summer of 1970, Susie traveled to Europe with the Yale Glee Club. She sent me lots of postcards and brought me back a small replica of a Matisse painting, as well as an enameled Jewish star pendant. I still have them. When she came to visit me at my family's house on Long Island in NY, she brought my mother an Entenmann's pound cake; she was thoughtful and culturally sensitive. And then I took her on a long walk after a short train ride to the City – forgetting all the while that she'd gone to Spence and knew the City, at least a little – looking for a favorite falafel place I'd discovered the previous year. We spent hours lost in the West Village and I couldn't find it. I was so disappointed, as was Susie, who was looking forward to trying something new that she could only pronounce as “falahfalu.”

When we returned to Yale in the fall of 1970, Susie was my roommate in our suite of four women. We continued sharing conversation, pre-med work, bike rides, friends, and fun. She usually brought out the best in me. She generously shared her family with me, and the cinnamon toast and trick-or-treating continued. When we left campus in the spring of 1971, it was already with excitement about coming back together in the fall.

And for the summer of 1971, it was me who was off to Europe, to immerse myself in a French program in Avignon. I got the news of Susie's death by telegram. Stop. So few words with such an impact. Stop. Just one word about the circumstances – a fire. I could not get back for the funeral. I still could not breathe when I returned to Yale that fall. At the memorial service for Susie in TD, we all sang the Beatles' “Let It Be,” but for me the song that still resonates most is James Taylor's “Fire and Rain” from the same year, which he wrote about his friend Suzanne.

I've seen fire and I've seen rain
I've seen sunny days that I thought would never end
I've seen lonely times when I could not find a friend
But I always thought that I'd see you again

For forty years, I did not know that my best friend died a hero. The fire at the tennis camp where Susie was a counselor started in the fireplace in the house where she lived with some of the campers. Only through a Yale friend who lived in TD and uses Facebook did I learn that Susie died of smoke inhalation while getting each and every camper in the house to safety. She saved a lot of lives. She was larger than life herself, a true force of nature. What an honor it was to have known her.

Susan O'Connor '73 by Laurie Treuhaf '73

I met Susie O'Connor the summer after freshman year on a Yale Glee Club tour of Europe. I don't remember the first time we spoke but I do remember feeling completely comfortable with her right away. Susie had gone to Chapin, a prestigious private school in New York City, and I had gone to a public high school in the New Jersey suburbs. None of that mattered. We clicked instantly.

Susie was down-to-earth, unpretentious, and fun. She called things as she saw them in her quiet, natural, and, yes, unassuming way, without making an issue of them. She told me that when we became friends on that Glee Club trip, she thought: "Finally, someone I can talk to!"

We kept up the friendship sophomore year, meeting for meals at Calhoun or TD. We didn't get together frequently, but every time we did I had that same comfortable feeling, that feeling that what she had to say was real, and that we were on each other's side.

It was a terrible shock to return to Yale junior year and learn that Susie had not survived a fire while working as a counselor at a sleepaway camp. I remember attending a very intimate memorial for her in a TD suite. We shared our special memories of Susie, and someone played the guitar and we sang.

Afterward, I wrote to Susie's parents. Her mother wrote back, reflecting on the irony that they had sent her to Europe the summer before "with some misgivings" but — and here, her mother's exact words ring in my ears to this day — "we sent her to the summer camp with nary a care — and lost her."

Darryle Pollack '71 by Jean Brenner '71

I regret that I only got to know Darryle a little more than ten years ago. What an incredible woman she was – filled with love and warmth and strength. We “first women” have been told that one of the significant characteristics that Yale sought in its first group of coeds was resilience. Darryle certainly embodied that. She fought cancer in her forties and seemed to treasure every day of her life after that experience, all with humor and grace. Darryle was the kind of person who could go through a divorce and remarriage and manage relationships so that her first and second husbands played golf together – all for the sake of her beloved children. After her cancer, she took up making mosaics, seeing the process of gathering broken pieces of pottery and assembling them into something beautiful as a metaphor for life. She was a writer, an artist, a storyteller, and a survivor. She was the kind of person who made you feel like an old friend almost immediately after meeting you. You should watch her TEDx talk. She really wanted to be here for this celebration of 50 years of coeducation. “Wouldn’t miss it,” she said back in February.

I hope that many others, people who knew her longer and who are more articulate than I can be right now, have submitted remembrances of Darryle.

Darryle Pollack '71 by Deborah Rothman '71

While I met Darryle at Yale and we occasionally got together there, we didn't really get to know each other until she had married Howard (thank you, Mel Brooks!) and moved to Los Angeles from Miami. Our "real" friendship began over our first L.A. lunch. We discovered that we had both lost our mothers years earlier and were desperately afraid of leaving our children motherless, we both loved to laugh and to read novels, we were both night owls, we were not that happy in our marriages, we both adored chocolate, and we both had daughters – hers was Alice and mine, Danielle – who were challenging and exceptional in some of the same ways: anxious, brilliant, clingy, poor sleepers, sensitive, precious, and sweet. We talked for hours at that first lunch, and when the check came, we both opened our wallets and flipped out identical American Airlines mileage Visa cards.

Darryle had an amazing sense of humor, and a knack for seeing right through BS. So when we discussed that our husbands were unresponsive when we asked them to spend more time at home and with the kids, she mentioned that Howard always made his work sound too important to take time away. "For God's sake, it's not like he's the Chairman of General Motors!" she exclaimed, and I laughed so hard, because I, at least, had been cowed into believing that the world really *would* stop if my husband wasn't talking, reading about, or watching the stock market 24/7.

Darryle had a million friends (she was an extrovert), while I had a small, close circle (I am not). After she moved with the kids to Carmel and married Vaughn, she visited L.A. infrequently, so whenever she could, she planned dinners at her favorite restaurants and invited some friends. Everyone would show up, of course, and Darryle made each friend feel special and loved. She really felt that way; she had a huge heart and a tremendous capacity for intimacy and warmth, and she focused on her friends' strengths. She was quick to offer support and suggestions to friends when they had

problems, always leavened by a sprinkle of her inimitable humor.

Darryle was one of the most creative people I've ever known. In addition to her magnificent mosaic pieces and stylish dress (I'll miss having her take my scarf—the one I had tied and untied dozens of times until I gave up—and quickly drape it stylishly around my neck with just a flick of the wrist), Darryle always found creative possibilities in conversations, and was often involved in three, four, or five at a time. She was writing two books at the time of her death and had planned to collaborate with Alice on a book about the mother-daughter relationship.

Have I mentioned that she was a fierce protector of her children? The image that comes to mind when I think back on Darryle's mothering is of her children moving around in the world, oblivious to the fact that she was running circles around, over, and under them, dreaming up ways to protect them from real and imagined dangers.

After she recovered from a double mastectomy occasioned by breast cancer twenty-five years before her death, Darryle never forgot that each subsequent birthday was a gift, and that is how she lived the balance of her life—grateful and without complaint. Her motto, which she discussed in her TEDx Talk, was “Live, love, laugh.” For her, her mosaic projects were a metaphor for making lemonade out of lemons—she chose to rearrange the broken shards of her life into something beautiful.

Judy Radspinner '72 by Alexis Krasilovsky '71

A Remembrance: The student with poetry-filled laughter

I remember my roommate in Berkeley College, Judy Radspinner, as one of the first people who taught me how much fun poetry could be. (Her joyous poems had none of the gloom of my role models back then, like Sylvia Plath.) We'd get some guys to drive us around in the rain to the nearest doughnut shop, with Judy reciting e.e. cummings in the backseat, in between bouts of warm laughter.

As a single mother hell-bent on tenure, it took me many years to finally visit Judy in Colorado, driving cross-country with my ten-year-old son. It was great to catch up with her while filling up our water bottles from a natural spring, and watching our sons race each other to the red rocks of the Garden of the Gods. After graduation, Judy had gone to law school and fought for Native American rights. She later married a cowboy, Francisco Tarango-Duarte, who played the guitar and inspired her as the protagonist of a novel she was writing – adding to the poetry she'd sent me years before. Their son, Juan, loved sports, and between motherhood, a rambunctious husband, her beloved pinto horse, part-time teaching, and fighting a development company that was uglifying Colorado Springs, Judy had her hands full. We didn't correspond nearly enough, and I'm not sure everything I've written here is accurate. I was so sorry when she passed away in 2013 after a three-year fight with cancer. I think that wherever Judy is now, she would appreciate our supporting Native Americans in Colorado through organizations such as <http://www.onenationwt.org/>.

Judy was central to many happy days and nights that her friends and I experienced at Yale. May she rest in peace.

Judy Radspinner '72 by Maryellen Toman Mori '72

Judy Radspinner, one of my roommates at Yale, was a loyal friend and an unforgettable character. Raised in Colorado, she remained intensely attached to the mountains and ranches of her native habitat. She possessed an Annie Oakley-like bravado, an earthy sense of humor, an aura of largesse, and an infectious laugh. A mutual friend once observed that Judy was the rare female whose laughter could aptly be described as “jolly.”

By her college days, she already had a dilettantish style of intelligence and wide-ranging interests and experiences. She enjoyed entertaining others with her strong opinions and colorful tales. She was a cross between Susan Sontag and a brassy female saloon-keeper in an old-time cowboy film. An attractive young woman with a wild mane of honey-gold hair, she was never at a loss for male companionship, on which she thrived. I once overheard one of her boyfriends tell her, “You’ve got the best pair of legs on the Yale campus.” Born with the sun in Aries, she exemplified the most appealing traits of that sign – fiery, proud, generous, courageous, and effortlessly brilliant.

Judy was intrigued by foreign locales, and she had an anthropologist’s empathy for other peoples’ values and beliefs. She was especially drawn to Spanish culture and spent a period of time in Spain during college. She fell in love with the country – particularly the city of Barcelona – and on her return she captivated me with stories of her adventures there.

More comfortable in Wranglers than business attire, she returned to the West after graduating from Yale, and there lived a freewheeling, nomadic existence, alternating among sites in the San Luis Valley – “the Appalachia of Colorado” – and Jackson Hole, Wyoming, “a sacred hole.” I regret that after graduation we never had a chance to meet again. But we exchanged several letters over the years. I was moved by her descriptions of the beautiful wilderness surrounding her, was

startled to read about the men in her life (“crazies” and “racist rednecks” among them, she claimed), and was amazed by the variety of jobs she had held. In 1987 she wrote that she was living in a trailer, having become a cook for an old gold miner with whom she shared “a calm, quiet, peaceful, poverty-stricken life of chopping wood and hauling water. Outhouse, no electricity. We run our radios off of car batteries. . . . I’m writing a book about it all.” I wonder if she ever did that.

I was greatly saddened to learn of Judy’s untimely death. I hope that at her memorial service her host of friends scattered her ashes over the prairies she loved, while a cowboy strummed a guitar and crooned, “Don’t Fence Me In.” Judy would have liked that.

Marcy Roseman '71 by Joanne Yeaton '71

Who would you have been, Marcy, if you'd had more time? Less than six months after graduation you were gone, killed in a tragic hiking accident not long after you'd moved to Colorado. You had seemed to be on your way to great adventures and you were so excited about moving to Aspen, where you'd spent the summer. Would you have stayed in Colorado, pursued photography, hiked in the Rockies, learned to ski in powder (nothing like the icy conditions that left you so black-and-blue in Vermont)? Would you have pursued your interest in city planning, realizing your dream of bettering people's lives by improving the places they lived? Maybe at some point you might have even run for political office – your outgoing personality would have served you well in any campaign, and your deep caring for others, along with your ready smile, would have won the hearts of voters. Though after your summer internship in Washington, DC., you were pretty disillusioned by what you called “the wind-up bureaucrats” who seemed to be everywhere, so maybe not politics. Still, you would have cheered to see how many women are now in Congress!

I feel so lucky to have had those two years at Yale with you and Nancy as my roommates. You knew how to balance fun and academics, and were always ready to take a study break and play a few (or more) hands of bridge. And your confidence in breezing through the Sunday *New York Times* crossword in pen was astonishing! You were easygoing and flexible, kind and generous, with a great sense of humor, all of which made you really easy to live with. I still miss you, and think of you often; you are forever alive in my memory.

Merle Roth Rubin '71 by Cornelia Emerson '71

It's impossible for me to think about Merle Roth without also thinking about Martin Rubin. They appeared to be a couple when I first met them. We were all English majors in our senior year in Harold Bloom's seminar on American poetry, and in thrall to his seemingly spontaneous, spell-binding ruminations on the Transcendentalists and their twentieth-century inheritors. We'd huddle afterwards to clarify a literary reference or compare our understandings of a difficult idea. Merle was always brilliant and insightful in class, and I also appreciated her ready wit, which could bring too-lofty topics down to earth. We went our separate ways after graduation, Merle and Martin going on to PhD programs at the University of Virginia while I stayed at Yale. About a decade later, I started following my classmate Merle Roth Rubin's book reviews for the *Los Angeles Times*, which had the same qualities of insight and wit in force. It wasn't until I read her (premature!) obituary in 2006 that I learned she'd worked in the same capacity for the *Christian Science Monitor*, *Wall Street Journal*, and *Washington Times*. In that obituary, *L.A. Times* Book Editor David Ulin commented on her unusual career: "It's a way of making a literary life. . . . The intellectual benefits are there." Her husband, Martin Rubin, who taught English at Caltech, died in 2017. RIP Merle and Martin.

Evadne Anne Sanichas '72 by Debbie Bernick '72

Evadne (“Flip”) Sanichas passed away in her home state of California in 2011, attended by her beloved sister, Mary.

Flip had been a unique character during our days back at Timothy Dwight. A philosophy enthusiast and prolific macrame artist, her ideas abounded and her creations adorned all the windows and ledges of our college suites. After seeing the film *Destry Rides Again* our sophomore year, Flip adopted a stray dog and named him Destry. He accompanied her everywhere on campus and became a TD legend in his own right. Flip was a particularly close friend to another wonderful classmate whom we lost far too soon – Burr Thomas. She encouraged Burr’s penchant for collecting subway maps from all over the world and, later, building a wooden cabin for himself on family land in Vermont. Burr succumbed to the AIDS epidemic which felled a number of our other talented classmates.

Flip gave us all fond nicknames, a sign of her warmth and wit. It always struck me as absolutely amazing that she went from not awakening until 12 noon in college to a strict daily schedule as an attorney in the Navy. She clearly made an extraordinary contribution to the U.S. Armed Forces. According to the *Yale Alumni Magazine*, “Evadne served with the Navy’s Office of General Counsel in San Diego, rising in 1980 to a position as attorney at the Naval Sea Systems Command. In 1984, she served as a senior trial attorney handling multi-million dollar complex government contract cases. In 2008, she was awarded the Department of the Army Special Act Award for exceptional trial support as the lead Navy trial attorney for the Army’s litigation with L-3 Communications.”

I last saw Flip in 1997, when my family moved briefly to the Bay Area. She was sharing a house with her sister, Mary, and enjoying her naval work and a passion for the opera. According to Mary, Flip was just completing a complex 500-page legal case in 2011, and getting ready for retirement,

when she became ill and passed on. It was a tragic loss to the Navy and to us all.

Everyone from Timothy Dwight '72 remembers Flip. Farewell, free spirit! You are greatly missed.

Evadne Anne Sanichas '72 by Galen Gisler '72

I first met Flip (as we called Evadne then) when her military family was transferred to the air base near my home town of Clovis, New Mexico. She landed, with the full force of a meteor impact, upon the senior class at Clovis High. Fresh from Kinshasa, she brought an exotic world to our small town, and her sharp wit suddenly gave us competition. I was enthralled with her, and we dated during the latter part of our senior year.

That the Yale Class of 1972 was the last all-male entry class was an obstacle to her; we both knew she belonged at Yale, she probably better than I. When we learned Yale would admit women to our class the following year, I urged her to apply and we were both thrilled when she was accepted.

Unfortunately, we grew apart during our time at Yale, and I saw her only once afterwards. I learned that she had become a very capable lawyer for the U.S. Navy, and successfully litigated many cases against fraudulent contractors. I was surprised, and deeply saddened, to learn of her death last year. Though I had not seen her in decades, I still thought frequently of her, and of the way she and her family opened up new worlds of experience and possibility for me.

Rest in Peace, Evadne. You are deeply missed.

Evadne Anne Sanichas '72 by Maggie Rogow '72

In 1970–71, five women Juniors shared two suites opposite each other in one entryway, switching some rooms halfway through the year. I first roomed with Debbie Bernick, who had also been one of my Sophomore roommates, but in the second term I found myself sharing a double with Evadne “Flip” Sanichas, whom I hardly knew.

I think what first drew us together was a time when I was sick. Since I needed to rest, I asked Flip to show me how to do macrame, bits of which she had hanging all over her room. Before I knew it, I had become immersed in this craft and Flip, my partner Michael Bales '71, and I had a macrame business together. Soon we were also doing decoupage together, and Michael was reading aloud to us (a combination of mystery stories and philosophy books) while Flip and I did macrame.

Eventually we were joined by Flip’s dog, Destry, whom she and Burr Thomas had encountered and adopted on the way home from seeing the movie *Destry Rides Again* one night. Destry used to accompany Flip to all her classes, curling up on her coat and sleeping through lectures as soundly as any of the students. Flip eventually had to move off campus because of Destry, prompting me to write this song to the tune of “It Came Upon a Midnight Clear.”

I had to leave my campus room
And dwell on Prospect Street
They didn’t like my roommate dear
Because he’s got four feet.
Now Destry-poo and I must walk
To where our classes meet.
Its twice as many steps for him
Because he’s got four feet.

The summer after graduation, we traveled together, along with roommate Jane Kaplan, to Paris and Greece, exploring

cultural icons and places to relax. On Crete, as we swam on a beach, Flip almost drowned when she was caught in the undertow but was rescued by Michael. She later made a humorous trophy for him in thanks for his deed.

Flip and Michael and I had great fun together at Yale, but it wasn't until a few years later that our friendship deepened when we visited her in Washington, DC, where she was working. We found that all the zany things we had done together at Yale had laid the groundwork for discovering our shared love of ideas and literature and interest in probing discussions. Suddenly, we had so much to talk about on a mature level of communication that we had never gotten to as undergraduates. We began to consider each other among our closest friends.

After she became a lawyer for the U.S. Navy and moved to Connecticut and then Oakland, we continued to visit each other and sometimes went on driving trips. For instance, when Flip moved to Oakland in the 1990s she drove us and our son Arden (Yale '10) through the Napa Valley, stopping at vineyards and parks.

Flip loved nature and was most comfortable outdoors, but she also devoured books and never went on one of those trips without about twenty different ones, always a mix of fiction and nonfiction. While she became a dedicated, brilliant litigator who won key suits for the Navy, she continued to be her hippie self in private, trading her office clothes for jeans whenever she could and stretching out in a hammock in her backyard, surrounded by books and the radio playing *A Prairie Home Companion*.

When Flip moved to San Diego to look after her aging mother in the late nineties, we lost touch with her. We continued to visit San Francisco regularly, but couldn't track her down. We always hoped that we would be able to reestablish communication. Finally, we were shocked and saddened last year to receive a letter from her sister, Mary, announcing Flip's death just before she was about to retire and move to a lovely country area near Mary's

own house. What a loss! She was a unique person, with tremendous insight and industry and an inimitable sense of humor. Anyone who knew her will remember her hilarious nicknames for people and things, her intense creativity, her incisive mind, and her fierce attachment to what she loved.

I often remember Rosanna Sattler's resume of Flip in our Senior year: "Flip is me carried to my logical extreme." She was definitely the *ne plus ultra* in whatever she did. We will always miss her.

Rosanna Sattler '72 by Debbie Bernick '72

Rosanna and I first met in 1968 as freshmen at Smith College, in a popular class called Gov 100. Rosanna was a stand-out political science student even then and always cared deeply about social justice.

We were lucky enough to transfer to Yale and both get assigned to Timothy Dwight College. There, we lived with 35 other coeds in the single Women's Entryway – Entryway H – where four women got crammed into wood-paneled suites meant for just two Yale gentlemen. We blasted the Rolling Stones, Creedence Clearwater Revival, and the Beatles out our windows, day and evening. Rosanna was a huge rock music fan, and boy, could she dance!

What she was *not* into was Yale athletics. In her own words, “Not only did I never set foot in the gym, I do not think I even knew where it was during my days at Yale.” What Rosanna did get involved in was the TD Dramat and other campus productions. She took a lot of pleasure from acting and found that the men welcomed finally having talented coeds to fill the female lead roles.

Rosanna claimed in later years that she became radicalized during our first year at Yale. Betty Friedan and Gloria Steinem spoke on campus and Rosanna was very involved in the May Day demonstrations and Black Panther support. She also worked with some women at the Law School, gathering information for amicus briefs for *Roe v. Wade*. At one point, a prominent professor added some works by female political philosophers to the curriculum for his seminar in American Political Philosophy after Rosanna pointed out that there were none assigned on the reading list.

When Rosanna returned to campus after the summer of 1970, she told us about having met her soul mate in a beer brewery in Holland – Ed, from Long Island. A bunch of TD friends attended their wedding in the spring of 1973, some of us still wearing homemade macrame and hippie outfits from our campus days (particularly Evadne “Flip” Sanichas).

Rosanna was a Renaissance gal. She attended Yale Drama School for one year in 1972–73 to do drama criticism. Then she switched to studying law at Harvard Law School and eventually became one of the first female partners in a prominent Boston law firm.

Over the years, Rosanna attended many of our Class of '72 Yale reunions, and her beloved Ed often joined her. Ed often referred to us '72 women as “The Amazings.” Rosanna also took the train down to New York to attend many of our '72 women's luncheons. Her friendships with Yale women only deepened over the years.

Twelve years ago, Rosanna and I decided to attend our 35th reunion at Smith College, to meet some women we had known as freshmen. Rosanna's favorite moment was when we all donned white outfits and joined a multi-generational march to the Presidents House. We particularly loved walking alongside the feisty women of 1942 and 1947. We felt like we were suffragettes!

In January 2017, Rosanna flew down to DC to join me for the Washington Women's March. We chanted slogans, sang feminist anthems, and laughed at the clever signs. As proud, pioneering Yale “First Women,” we felt it was our duty to be out there in the trenches once again, promoting women's issues.

At our 40th Yale reunion, Rosanna and I walked through Sterling Library and reminisced about the many evenings (and all-nighters!) we had spent writing papers there. She pointed to the green leather seats, the vintage globe, and the vaulted windows with her limitless enthusiasm. She was like an excited undergraduate again, a new arrival from Smith ready for big adventures at Yale! That was Rosanna – a true enthusiastic kid for her entire lifetime.

Rosanna had a special passion for space law. Perhaps she is out there in the heavens now, smiling down on us and staying current in her adopted field.

Our sweet memories of Rosanna will never diminish. There were only ten sophomore women in TD that first year,

and she made a big difference in all our lives. It is terribly sad that Rosanna won't be able to be with us this week to celebrate 50 Years of Coeducation at Yale. But she would get a kick out of all that we are doing now – as activists, professionals, alumnae, and in sisterhood – to keep up her values.

Rosanna, you rock!

Rosanna Sattler '72 by Georgia Goldberg '72

Rosanna was a bright star. Her range of interests was astronomical – literally – from Drama Studies as an undergrad and grad at Yale to space law.

Possessing a combination of warmth, joy, intelligence, and adventurousness, mixed with a bit of mischievousness, Rosanna was always fascinating and surprising. Rosanna knew how to keep true friendships and is loved and sorely missed.

Rosanna Sattler '72 by Constance Royster '72

The news of Rosanna Sattler's death came as a surprise and a serious blow to me and to the women in our class of 1972 lunch group that has been meeting twice a year for many, many years. The outpouring of heartfelt expressions of disbelief, loss, and sadness were palpable among the group members as emails circulated and filled our mailboxes with memories. Although she lived in Boston, Rosanna regularly and faithfully attended our lunches, traveling from Boston to New York City. She loved coming to the group's lunches and we all loved her presence. Her amazingly full smile lit up the room. As with so many women who arrived in 1969, I did not know Rosanna at Yale, but I am so happy I got to know her through our 1972 women's lunch group, and I looked forward to her semi-annual hugs and stories. In addition to her many

special qualities and wonderful smile, Rosanna left me with a lasting appreciation for space travel and the possibilities of outer space. Whenever I hear about space travel, especially privately/commercially funded ventures in space, or about the rightful place of women in aeronautics, I now think about Rosanna.

Rosanna Sattler '72 by Doris Zelinsky '71

Rosanna and I both arrived on campus in September 1969. We did not meet until we had both graduated. Rosanna joined a New Haven-based consulting firm, Cogen Holt & Associates, right after graduating in 1972 and I came on board during my graduate school summers and then full time in mid-1974.

Our firm's main client was the Connecticut Conference of Municipalities (CCM), the lobbying arm for the 169 cities and towns which make up this state. What CCM adventures we two Yalies shared! We churned out position papers, prepped mayors and first selectmen, designed legislation, and lobbied together at the yet unrenovated and pretty seedy State Capitol. We were a passionate spokeswoman's team for school finance reform, tax reform, and municipal overburden.

And what memories I have of our frenetic boss at CCM flying through our work cubbies, calling us late at night, chasing us two Yale grads down four flights as we left on time on Fridays, and bellowing that he needed just ten more minutes to tighten a lobbying document or press release. Breathless, flying out the door onto Chapel Street, we would collapse in giggles.

We enjoyed fun downtime together during those years, out with the "two Ed's," my husband ('72) and her Ed, who grounded us with his real-life experiences of public education in the seventies.

Rosanna's childhood actress years made her a "natural." Her smile and confidence paved our way on the lobbying

stage. Rosanna brought a bubbly warmth that softened even the crustiest of the seventies politicians, and some were quite crusty in those years, especially in the face of us two young “gals.”

Over the years, we would see one another at Rosanna and my Ed’s ’72 reunions. We always smiled, then giggled as we caught up.

Today, remembering Rosanna as I write, a big smile has crept across my face.

Goodbye, friend.

**Darial Roberta Sneed '71 by Kay Tucker
Franklin '73, Virginia Tyson '73, and Carol
Storey Johnson '73**

Darial Roberta Sneed arrived at Yale ready for college life in 1969: stylish, confident, pragmatic, and unflappable. She was tall and slender, a native New Yorker with a Nefertiti profile and personal flair. She considered herself sophisticated as only a young woman from “the City” could be and acted accordingly. After application and selection, Darial became one of the first three black women to participate in the Directed Studies Program’s intense seminars and study of Western civilization. She joined the Black Student Alliance at Yale. With the BSAY and others, she marched against police abuse and for increased enrollment of women and minorities at Yale. Meanwhile, Darial cultivated her “just-the-facts” persona and directed her intellect toward an Econ major. All four of us became acquainted in these first days at Yale, despite different college affiliations and heavy academic loads—for Darial, Virginia, and Kay from Directed Studies and for Carol from pre-med classes.

After freshman year in Vanderbilt Hall, Darial moved into Calhoun, her residential college, with us as her three new roommates. We ended up in Calhoun despite some serious misgivings. Friendship, the convenient location, and Darial’s persistent advocacy won us over. So sophomore year, “Sneedy” shared with us her taste for the finer things in life. She introduced us to Scotch (preferably Johnnie Walker or J&B). She helped make our room an eclectic, comfortable mix: a hand-me-down teal sectional donated by Darial’s parents plus a modern sofa, orange rug, and KLH stereo that the four of us chipped in to buy. Darial’s additions to our pile of vinyl record albums reflected her unique musical tastes, ranging from *Chacksfield Plays The Beatles’ Song Book* (Muzak to our ears) to then-newcomer Elton John’s “Your Song” to anything by the Delfonics. She was also an inveterate and versatile card player, regularly enjoying a “mean game” of

bid whist with BSAY members like us and contract bridge on some Saturday nights with the guys in Calhoun's "Castle." But her focus never strayed from academics. Her assignments were always done on time, if not well in advance. Through all we encountered academically and personally our second year, Darial exhibited a keen sense of individualism and could be relied on to offer a pragmatic approach to any problem.

Although our room split up after that year, we remained friends and saw each other almost daily. A group portrait from sophomore year best personifies this closeness. Our classmate and photographer Gregory King arranged us near the bay window in our living room. Carol and Kay stand behind the hand-me-down sectional, where Darial sits on the left next to Virginia. Darial smiles and gazes regally into the camera. This is our only photo together. Alas, we have no recordings of her distinctive voice or laughter: slightly gravelly, moderately monotone, and somewhat sonorous.

Throughout our lives, our Yale friendship, experiences, and confidences connected us. Yet we never managed to all show up at the same class reunion. Consequently we missed one of Darial's finest hours. At the 10th reunion, when the Class of '73 fell short of its reunion fund-raising goal, the call went out for last-minute donations. Darial stepped forward to write a hefty, goal-clinching check.

So we offer a warm remembrance for our dear friend Darial, our classmate and roommate at Yale. Darial went on to achieve an MBA from Harvard. She enjoyed a successful career in finance and stockholder relations with major corporations, including International Paper, Exxon, and BP. Darial not only lived and worked in the U.S., Canada, and the U.K., but also traveled extensively. In retirement Darial reinvented herself as an award-winning photographer of international dance and culture and was recognized by major arts companies and publications: <https://eveningsong.smugmug.com/>.

Darial's death a few months before our 45th class reunion dashed our hopes of ever having another card game and

perhaps a glass of Scotch together. We definitely miss her warmth, intellect, style, and spirit. Still, Darial will always be in our hearts as our friend, sister, and fellow pioneer in Yale's Class of 1973.

Darial Sneed '73 by Ann Schongalla '74

Darial was my freshman roommate in Calhoun College along with Anne Haley and Mamie (Nia) Anderson, who actually dropped out the last possible moment before classes started. Darial arrived first at 16 Vanderbilt to be sure she did not get the upper bunk and chose the low one in the first room. Then Anne arrived and chose the second room. I arrived third and took the high bunk with Darial, no problem for me, so that when the phone rang for "Ann" it was clear which room to call to.

Darial, an only child, grew up on upper Fifth Avenue and went to an elite high school in New York City, and her dad had a senior position in the City school system, so while she was "diversity," she was solidly middle class. When I asked what it was like to grow up with sirens all around, she said her mom told her "they are taking women to the hospital to have babies." Anne (later named "Little Anne"; I was "Big Ann") had gone to New Trier High School in Winnetka, IL, and was a suburban version of Darial. I grew up in Old Greenwich, CT, one of six children of a junior high school teacher, and was on considerable financial aid.

Darial arrived with a drive to study, to master economics and finance courses, with the explicit aim of a successful business career. She was a great Yale admissions choice. During our freshman year she humorously chided me for not studying enough and being out and about too much and for "organizing" my studying rather than studying.

Darial was slim, tall, understatedly elegant and attractive, poised and on the shy and reserved side but plainspoken. She was an enthusiastic participant in fun parties in our room,

where we initiated ourselves into drinking. Darial was a great giggler on alcohol and got dreamy about eventually replacing our affordable Cold Duck with Chivas Regal, which she imagined would be wonderful.

In sophomore year Anne and I switched to Pierson College. Darial was happy in Calhoun and close to Phyllis and Audrey and their boyfriends and others of the black community. I further lost track of her after sophomore year when I took a LOA to teach English in Bogota and then cemented it during junior and senior years by living off campus in a house on Sachem Street (all three years with Maggie Coon). Little Anne transferred to Stanford after sophomore year.

There are a few people I deeply regret not keeping with me in lifelong friendship and Darial surely is one. She made me laugh, including at myself and at her. Her observations were acute, apt, and wry. She was very smart, very articulate, and very serious about making the most of her opportunities, and also a lovely person. Though shy, she could be candid and self-revealing about her own foibles. Just recently, better friends of hers told me that she did achieve her goal of great success in business. I am very proud and happy for her and not at all surprised.

Diane Straus '73 by Debbie Bernick '72

I met Diane (pronounced “DeeAnn”) only two times after I moved to DC in 2015, but on both occasions she left an indelible impression.

She came to a wonderful luncheon for '71, '72, and '73 Yale women at the home of Jan Thorman in Annapolis in 2016 and roused us all with her political passion, charisma, and sense of humor. We next ran into each other at the DC Women's March, where she, her daughter, and a young granddaughter bemusedly showed off their hand-lettered placards saying “3 GENERATIONS OF NASTY WOMEN.” Attaway, Diane.

And then, sadly, I attended the Memorial Celebration in her honor at Sidwell Friends School in 2018, attended by prominent figures from the media, politics, and sports (she was a 29-time national champion and Hall of Famer in platform tennis). One of the most touching tributes was made by Howard Dean '71, who had been a friend at Yale and whose presidential campaign Diane got involved with in 2003–04.

What a remarkable family! Diane's paternal great-grandfather was Nathan Straus, founder of Macy's and Abraham & Straus department stores. Her father was Peter Straus, owner of the rollicking WMCA radio station in New York City, home of the “WMCA Good Guys.” (I was a great fan as a teenager growing up in Queens.) The station not only served up endless rock and roll, but was also a precursor to NPR in doing public service radio. Diane's mother was a Sulzberger, from the noted publishing family.

Diane had a long career in journalism and publishing, beginning with the *Village Voice* and *New York Magazine*. She always used her focused intelligence and family heritage for the public good. Finally, as Publisher of the *American Spectator* and then the *Washington Monthly*, she helped invigorate investigative journalism and generate new sources of revenue for intermediate-sized publications, including foundation and private grants.

In her memory, I follow the *Washington Monthly* online postings regularly. We Yale women of the 1970s have made a big difference in the world, but few so prominently and publicly as Diane Straus. Farewell to a real star.

Two obituary links: www.legacy.com/obituaries/washingtonpost/obituary.aspx?pid=187620043 and <https://washingtonmonthly.com/2018/01/04/a-tribute-to-our-publisher-diane-straus/>.

Diane Straus '73 by Floy Brown Kaminski '73

Diane Straus, my Yale College quad-mate for 1969–70 and 1970–71, was a vibrantly intelligent and engaging young woman. Her passionate athleticism prompted her to start the Yale women's tennis team. Her outgoing, easy manner with people offset a determined and disciplined strategy for making things happen.

My more lasting relationship with Diane began years after our Yale experience. I reconnected with her in Bedford, NY, where she lived with Carll Tucker III, then her husband, and their three children, Peter, Rebecca, and David. My daughter, Margot, became close friends with Becca, and they often spent time together on weekends at our home in Bedford. I was lucky to count Diane as a friend, and I admired her ability to balance parenting and working in the publishing business at *The Patent Trader*. I will never forget how she managed to wear clothing, jewelry, and accessories from all of their advertising clients as she circulated in northern Westchester County, NY. Her skills as a hostess and platform-tennis champion are legendary. But Diane was so much more than the surface appearances and successes. When one of her children was diagnosed with a serious, lifelong health issue, she became an advocate and insisted on “normalizing” his life to the extent possible. In the aftermath of divorce, she relocated her life and her career to Washington, DC, where she succeeded in reviving the *Washington Monthly*. Diane

incorporated the idealism and commitment of her beloved parents, R. Peter Straus and Ellen Sulzberger Straus, in striving to speak truth to power through journalism of the highest standard.

Diane Straus '73 by Julia Preston '73

I became close friends with Diane decades after we arrived together at Yale in 1969 in the first class of freshmen. Starting in 2006, I was reporting on immigration for the *New York Times*. Diane lived in Washington, DC, in an apartment with a panoramic view of the city and a comfortable guest room. Whenever I went to Washington to cover immigration protests or debates on Capitol Hill, I stayed with Diane. She would cook a delicious dinner. (Early on after Yale she had run a catering business, and she was, effortlessly, a superb cook.) We would stay up talking about our lives, our loves, our journalism. And, with particular pleasure, we talked politics.

Casually placed around Diane's home were trophies, lots of them. Eventually there were 29 in all, signifying national championships Diane had won in platform tennis. Every morning she would get up early and power-walk on a treadmill for 45 minutes, all the while studying the *Times* and the *Washington Post*. More than once she mentioned to me, just in passing, that she had won another trophy the previous weekend. She was modest about her achievements. I never once heard her engage in boasting or self-promotion, even when as a competitive athlete she had earned the right to it.

She was a conscientious, devoted mother. In our talks, the first topic had to be our children. She glowed with pride over the work of her son Peter, a print and radio reporter in Washington, and her daughter Becca, also following the family tradition as editor of *Dirt*, a magazine about sustainable food. She adored her two grandchildren. Diane's son David, disabled since his teenage years by severe mental

illness, was never out of her thoughts. She was often on the phone with David at the group home where he lived four or five times in the course of a day.

She was dedicated to the preservation of independent political magazines, an endangered species in journalism. She believed in the deep, thoughtful reporting that only such publications can provide, and she was constantly coming up with new ideas to fund them, testing them on me over dinner.

Diane became fascinated with politics during her exhilarating stint with the all-too-brief presidential campaign of another friend from Yale, Howard Dean. As a result, she was a top-tier political gossip, always up-to-date on the latest murmurings in the nation's capital and ready to dish with delight.

I learned through our conversations that Diane was a woman who had done it all: mother, athlete, journalist, nonprofit media leader, generous friend. Years after we were Yale classmates, I was lucky enough to have Diane become my soul sister. I will always miss her.

Christina (Zuni) Gierlotka Wynings '71 by Cornelia Emerson '71

Zuni and I were in the same class at Yale, but that's not where we met. In a small-world phenomenon, her mother had recently become the headmistress of the all-girls Bartram School in Jacksonville, Florida. I had gone to high school there, and we were introduced because of the connection – maybe by our mothers, I don't remember, but probably in the summer after junior year.

At Yale, we had different majors and lived in different colleges; but for several years we'd get together in Jacksonville in the summer and over school breaks. One year, Zuni took an apartment on the top floor of an old house facing the ocean. Condo complexes were just starting to be built, but the beachfront was still lined with houses from the 1930s and 1940s, now chopped up into rentals. Sometimes an entire lot would be empty behind the broken bulkhead, house and land scooped out to sea by the storm surge of a hurricane.

I had known that landscape very well since childhood. However, one day Zuni invited me to join her and some visiting friends for a day at the beach, and I saw something I'd never witnessed before. After we'd swum and come back to the house for lunch, a storm came up suddenly. That's common in North Florida in the summertime. But instead of raining us off the porch, the clouds were unusually low, exactly at eye level. They looked benign and wispy rather than threatening. The rain fell onto the ground below us, and I dropped out of the conversation as I watched the clouds slowly drifting by.

Zuni and I stayed in touch for a few more years, then lost contact after I moved to the opposite coast. When I looked her up in the 2005 Yale Directory, she was living in South Florida. It seems she later moved to Northern California, but I didn't know. I also didn't know she'd died until I saw this memorial list.

*List includes names known
as of August 31, 2019*

Class of 1971

Karen Hamity
Cynthia Jordan
Karen Katzman
Cathy Kunin
Ellen Lerner
Darryle Pollack
Marcy Roseman
Merle Roth Rubin
Christina Gierlotka Wynings

Class of 1972

Anita Dixon
Maryse Baptiste Edwards
Gail Frishman
Sarita Wardlaw Henry
Anya Hilliard
Susan Lifshutz
Marjorie Marks
Elizabeth Montgomery-Heinz
Sherry Nichols
Pamela Horton Oliva
Judy Radspinner
Evadne Sanichas
Rosanna Sattler

Class of 1973

Jocelyn Chang
Jane Curtis
Stephanie Hill Fish
Lise Goldberg
Christa Hansen
Gail Horowitz
Olga Howard
Allison Boucher Krebs
Susan McClure
Susan O'Connor
Diane Polan
Darial Sneed
Diane Straus

REMEMBRANCES TEAM

Jeanne Devine '72

Miko McGinty '93 MFA '98

Eva Resnicow '72

Constance Royster '72

Cynthia Zujkowski '73