Crisis in New Orleans: ONE ALUMNA’S STORY
LEFT: Sophomores Jessica Guinn (left) and Jessica Portillo study together in their Dorsey Hall suite, complete with laptop computer, mini fridge, TV/VCR, and electric mixer. BELOW: Circa early 1970s, students play cards in their Toll Hall room; note poster for the bluegrass music group The Gross National Product and computer-free desk.
14 **Scripps Pulls Out All the Stops**

What’s a college to do when its popularity and increasing national recognition create a bumper crop of first-year students? Steve K. Wagner explains how Scripps is managing to maintain the same high quality, intimate education it’s known for.

20 **UnCommon Tastes**

*College Prowler* recently gave Scripps College an A+ in food quality. Mary Bartlett interviews Executive Chef Dale McDonald to discover the kitchen’s secrets.

24 **Code Gray**

A resident physician in emergency and internal medicine at Louisiana State University, Melissa McKay ’96 shares her story of a harrowing six days in New Orleans’ Charity Hospital in the wake of Hurricane Katrina.
When the editorial staff was first laying out this issue of the magazine, we thought we’d use this page for an imaginary piece about what we might serve Miss Scripps if she came to dine at the Malott Commons. This tongue-in-cheek piece would also include a few of Executive Chef Dale McDonald’s recipes and lead to the full article on the food service at Scripps.

Then, senior editor Margaret Nilsson heard from Melissa McKay ’96, a resident physician in internal and emergency medicine at Louisiana State University, whom Margaret had been trying to contact since Hurricane Katrina devastated New Orleans and forced the closure of LSU’s Charity Hospital. Melissa had worked for six days following the disaster at Charity, which serves the indigent poor, and one of two hospitals operated by LSU in New Orleans. She had a bold and harrowing tale to tell. Would she put together her notes and thoughts for our readers? She would.

This remarkable first-person story changed the layout, timeline, and contents of the magazine.

It made us sad and angry to read about her ordeal and then proud to be associated with a young alumna who was doing such essential, life-saving work. Read her story, “Code Gray,” beginning on p. 24.

Melissa’s account follows our feature story on the many successes at Scripps, with a focus on the sizeable and superb Class of 2009 (and a look at the way we’re feeding them at the Malott Commons—with the attention to detail, personal attention, and excellence Scripps College is known for). We think the stories go together beautifully. They show what Scripps is all about: offering its students an outstanding educational and extracurricular experience and preparing them to go out into the world, be ready for anything, and then do good.

Also in this issue are personal stories from 10 alumnae on the power of women’s friendships, from Mary Fraser Weis’s memorial tribute to classmate Judy Nelsen Keep ’66 to Anita Snow Orlikoff’s essay on her struggle to accept a changed relationship with a friend.

And the recipes for Miss Scripps’ imaginary meal? We have them posted on the College website. To learn how to make your own Roasted Corn and Sweet Potato Soup, Balsamic Vinaigrette, and English Toffee Squares—all favorites at the Malott Commons—visit www.scrippscollege.edu/dept/newscenter/pubs.html and look for “Chef Dale’s Recipes.”

Bon appétit!

The Scripps Magazine welcomes letters on subjects of interest to the community. Submissions may be edited for length and clarity. Submit letters to: Editor, Scripps Magazine, Scripps College, 1030 Columbia Avenue, Claremont, CA 91711, or send e-mail to editor@scrippscollege.edu
SUCCESSFUL WOMEN: Today, I have decided to talk about something we can all relate to: successful women—in particular, successful women in science. This topic has garnered much press recently in response to comments made by President Lawrence Summers of Harvard University at a session on the progress of women in academia organized by the National Bureau of Economic Research.

I am not here to add my opinions about these comments to the long list you’ve already read in the media. Instead, I plan to use these comments and the coverage of them in the manner they were described by Denice Denton, chancellor of UC Santa Cruz, as a “teachable moment.” In response to President Summers’ comments, Chancellor Denton pointed out that “individuals and organizations are revisiting the issue of equal representation of women and minorities in science and engineering. Many are learning more and doing more in this important arena.”

Whatever one’s opinions of President Summers’ comments, we can all celebrate it as a teachable moment that may lead to positive outcomes for improving representation of women in academia and the sciences. To that end, I plan to use this talk as an opportunity to inform about the opportunities and successes of women.

President Summers had three main points.

His first point is that women are encumbered by child-rearing and family commitments. They are therefore reluctant or unable to work the 80-hour work weeks necessary to be successful.

As Denton describes, “The notion that plum positions require an 80-hour work week, and that many women are unwilling or unable to commit to this for a variety of reasons, is an outdated mythology that is unsubstantiated.” In her book Why So Slow?, Virginia Valian discusses data showing that married women academics with children were promoted at a higher rate than those without children. This may seem contrary to current assumptions, but Valian goes on to describe evidence that shows that both men and women regularly engage in activities that reduce productivity and it is those who reduce these activities, and not those who work more hours, that advance. Anecdotal evidence shows that successful women (and men) with children become more efficient and eliminate the other activities that reduce productivity.

In addition to the idea that women’s family obligations prevent them from advancing being an outdated notion, it also assumes that men do not alter work habits upon having a family. While research shows that even women who work full time still do the lion’s share of the household chores and child-rearing, that percentage is decreasing. It is as unfair to fathers and husbands to assume that women are not committed to their careers.

Summers’ second point was that research on behavioral genetics shows that not all things are due to socialization and women simply do not have the same innate ability in math and science. He referred to data showing that fewer girls than boys achieve the top score on standardized math and science tests late in high school (although the median scores are the same).

The data quoted by President Summers is true but limited. He did not mention data showing that girls’ scores on these exams go up when they take the tests in a room where men are not present, suggesting a socialization contribution to the score discrepancy. This second data set may explain why so many more women from women’s colleges major in math and science and go on to get PhDs in those fields. Jill Ker Conway, past president of Smith College and author of A Woman’s Education, compares having ‘a college of their own’ to a having a ‘room of one’s own,’ as in Virginia Wolfe’s novel. Conway states, “[women’s colleges] provide an environment where women who are so-minded can be taught by a first-rate faculty in their own institution, which they and the alumnae own and have created. That’s a very energizing experience.” This sentiment is echoed by Judith Shapiro, president of Barnard College, who stated that “women’s colleges tend to have higher proportions of women majoring in fields in which men traditionally dominate, like the sciences and math.

What is it about a women’s school that results in these success stories?
Their [graduates] continue to be overrepresented in positions of leadership—[women’s colleges] certainly still play, I think, a vital role in fostering women leaders and in moving the whole agenda of gender equity forward.”

The impact of all-women’s education is evidenced by the women Nobel Laureates…all but one of the women receiving a Nobel Prize in Science went to an all-women’s school.

Women’s colleges also lead the way for gender equity in academia. It was the women’s colleges that hired women scientists in the early years and their commitment to women academics has not decreased. AAUP data from 1997 showed that in a sample of women’s colleges, women are 42% of full professors and 55% of assistant professors, while at a comparable sample of coeducational colleges, with similar academic curricula, women are only 18% and 49% of the full and assistant professors. This is not a surprising result as women’s colleges understand the value of role models for their students.

Summers’ third point was that discrimination in the science and engineering workplace no longer exists. He used an economic model stating that if there was discrimination, schools that did not discriminate would then hire the top women and would have an advantage. He argued that this is simply not observed.

This economic model assumes that there is a sufficient supply of women science and engineering PhDs. However, the data demonstrates that this is not the case. The size of the pool, especially for high-ranking positions, is limited. The real issue is whether discrimination is responsible for the size of the pool. In Why So Slow, Valian describes the term glass ceiling as a popular way to refer to the scarcity of women at the top level of organizations and infers that there are invisible factors, such as discrimination, that keep women from the top. Her goal in writing Why So Slow was to show what these invisible factors are and how to change them. She argues that implicit hypotheses about sex differences, gender schemas, play a role in shaping men’s and women’s professional lives. She adds that these hypotheses are held by both men and women and we begin acquiring them in early childhood.

Judith Shapiro highlights the disadvantage these hypotheses have on women’s professional careers with the following statement, “When a man who is the head of state, governor, or CEO screws up, people are not likely to say, ‘Well, I guess we’d better not choose a man next time,’ and that type of comment still affects many women.”

It is this type of comment that keeps women from shattering the glass ceiling. There are rarely blatant gender biases in the workplace anymore. However, the main reason women cite for leaving academia is hostility from colleagues and/or a chilly campus climate, manifested in exclusion from department community, slights, ridicule, and
attention to women’s sexuality in professional settings. Many of these chilly behaviors seem innocuous in isolation but the cumulative effect can be devastating. While women make up 46% of the PhDs in biology and 30% of the assistant professors, they are only 15% of full professors. The drop-off is far greater in chemistry where the percentage of PhDs and assistant professors is 33 and 23%, respectively, but women are only 8% of the full professors.

President Shapiro, Chancellor Denton, Jill Ker Conway, and Virginia Valian all point to the same cure, a critical mass of women. The data suggest that when women make up 25% of a group, women are more fairly evaluated. A larger percentage of women reduces the gender bias against them and alters perceptions of the job itself. When 25% are women, the job is no longer seen as a male job. Seeing women in leadership positions encourages people to see leadership not as a masculine trait but as a human trait.

This is a good time to take another look at the role of women’s colleges and see what having a critical mass of women can achieve for gender equity.

Here’s some data: Women who attended women’s colleges…

• are only 2% of female graduates but constitute more than 20% of women in Congress and 30% of a Business Week listing of rising women in corporate America.
• have a higher percentage of majors in science, math, and economics than even men at coeducational colleges.
• continue toward doctorates in science and math in disproportionately large numbers.
• develop measurably higher levels of self-esteem than other achieving women in coed colleges.
• score higher on standardized achievement tests.

What is it about a women’s school that results in these success stories? A recent book, Taking Women Seriously: Lessons and Legacies for Educating the Majority, asks that question. Some of the answers include: 1) Spaces where women’s voices are heard—classrooms where women respond more frequently and where collaboration is the norm; 2) Centrality of women’s issues— institutions where the success of women is the primary goal; 3) Diversity of roles—places where all roles (the athlete, the science genius, the class president, the poet, etc.) are filled by women classmates; 4) Positive peer influence—a place where women are involved with women studying, participating in research, talking about their futures and developing community; 5) Institutional purpose of preparing women to succeed—faculty with high expectations and belief in young women’s abilities. Most of these are achievable in any workplace, and with a critical mass of women, will be achieved.

So where are we today? Things are getting better and better. Twenty years ago, the 98th Congress had 22 female representatives and 14 senators (5% and 2%, respectively). Today, four of the ten chancellors in the UC system and three of the five presidents at the Claremont undergraduate colleges are women. And in 1995, there were two tenure-track women in the Joint Science Department (one tenured) and today there are 11 of 25.

The data on women’s college exemplifies your education. You have been given the advantage of a “college of your own.” This, and the statistics demonstrating the success of women today, shows that the table is set and the glass ceiling is within reach. Go, be successful, and shatter it.

Seeing women in leadership positions encourages people to see leadership not as a masculine trait but as a human trait.
HOT OFF THE PRESS
National College Rankings Showcase Scripps

*Newsweek-Kaplan* picked 25 colleges as “the places that everyone’s talking about for 2006.” Naming Scripps as the “Hottest Women’s College,” *Newsweek* heralded Scripps’ academic strengths as well as its physical location and campus amenities. In the same issue, Scripps’ Core Program is described as “one of the most progressive, interesting, and rigorous programs at The Claremont Colleges.” Other quotes include: “The Scripps campus…is absolutely one of the most beautiful college campuses around, and it breeds a sense of friendliness and serenity.”

In *U.S. News & World Report* rankings of America’s best colleges, Scripps remained in the top tier among national liberal arts colleges, in 27th place out of 215. Key criteria in the judging are acceptance rate, graduation rate, and highest proportion of classes with fewer than 20 students. Within the issue, Scripps’ signature Core Program in Interdisciplinary Humanities is highlighted in a feature story “Back to Classics,” with quotes from Professor Marc Katz and Scripps sophomore Sarah Sullivan. Along with Columbia University and St. John’s College, Scripps is noted as a college that fosters an intellectual community by giving students a shared, broad base of knowledge and skills.

Princeton Review’s *The Best 361 Colleges: the Smart Student’s Guide to Colleges* has a unique ranking system. Based on a survey of more than 100,000 college students, they list the top 20 schools in 62 categories of special interest to students. Scripps is included in several: “Dorms Like Palaces”: #4; “Most Beautiful Campus”: #17; and “Best Campus Food”: #19. Within the guide, Scripps is given a quality of campus life rating of 93 and an academic rating of 96 (out of 100). The latter is based on the student/faculty ratio, the accessibility of professors, and the level of interesting teaching, according to students.

*The Students’ Guide to Colleges: The Definitive Guide to America’s Top 100 Schools* is a new guidebook created, written, and edited entirely by current college students. Three students from each school offer “detailed, nuanced, personal, and honest portraits of their schools.” Scripps is listed among the 100 top institutions. The opening statement in Scripps’ section is: “Every so often a magazine profiles some up-and-coming young woman who is changing the face of politics, business, her occupation … These women come from Scripps.”

*College Prowler* gives Scripps high marks in several categories, and a rare A+ for campus food. Only Cornell and Boston Universities earned such a high rating. (See article on Scripps’ food on p. 20.)

The sheer physical beauty of the campus is but one of the many Scripps assets that has been praised in the media in recent months.

**The Students’ Guide to Colleges: The Definitive Guide to America’s Top 100 Schools**

**Thomas Poon,** associate professor of chemistry, co-authored the third edition of the textbook, *An Introduction to Organic Chemistry.* The text emphasizes the connections of organic chemistry not only to the health and biological sciences, but also to the surrounding world. The textbook was published by John Wiley & Sons, Inc. in 2005.
This fall, as Scripps students were unpacking their most valued personal effects and decorating their new rooms, one first year experienced déjà vu as she moved into her residence hall. Ashley Franklin '09 was remembering her first experience with Scripps College. But she wasn’t thinking of an admission tour or a visit to a friend or sister. Three years ago, Ashley had stayed in the same residence hall for two weeks as one of the 13 girls who participated in the inaugural year of Scripps College Summer Academy, an academically intensive two-week residential program.

When graduation day approached at Ashley’s all-girls high school, she was making the critical decision of where to go to college. After letters of admission arrived from several of her top choices, Ashley initially picked the University of California at Berkeley. She was ready for coed! But with the deadlines at hand, she began to have doubts. Although the multicultural environment of a large university was appealing, the huge class sizes were not. On the day tuition was due Ashley changed directions and headed to Claremont. “The academic and tutoring programs, and the diversity offered by The Claremont Colleges drew me back to Scripps,” Ashley said.

This summer, Ashley shared with the new group of Summer Academy students her experience with the program and why she decided to attend Scripps. She noted many of the girls come from small schools, so the Summer Academy group feels “like a family.”

And she plans to stay involved with the Summer Academy family. This fall Ashley will be helping Sylvia Ruiz ’05, director of the Summer Academy, conduct outreach to past participants to help them remain connected to the program, which has year-round activities. “It will be an asset to have Ashley working with the Summer Academy,” Sylvia says. “She knows the schools and can relate to the students’ experience.”

Sylvia continued, “All of us, Scripps student mentors, professors, and staff are like big sisters to the girls.” With her friendly manner, positive attitude, and dedication, Ashley—an only child—will make a great big sister.

LEFT: Ashley Franklin ’09

Summer Academy Success

Summer Academy Success

Hurricane Katrina: Scripps Responds  After hearing about the destruction caused by Hurricane Katrina, the Scripps College community acted:

Scripps agreed to offer tuition-free admission to five college students displaced by the hurricane. A student from Xavier University in New Orleans accepted the offer and is now on campus adjusting to her new school. (See story on p. 52)

On September 6, Scripps Associated Students (formerly College Council) knocked on students’ doors and asked for donations. In just one hour, students raised more than $1,200 for hurricane victims.

On September 25, Professor Charles Kamm and the Music and Dance Departments of Scripps hosted performances from faculty, students, and staff in a concert to benefit Dillard University, a liberal arts college heavily damaged by the hurricane. The suggested donation was $10, but many people donated more. Over $4,200 was raised and sent to Dillard. California Senator Barbara Boxer recognized the effort with a letter applauding the Departments of Music and Dance for “using your talents to assist others.”

The Office of the Chaplains held numerous blood drives, doing their part to ensure that the national blood supply wouldn’t be depleted following the disaster.

Shoes and clothes continue to be collected by the Office of Black Student Affairs and shipped to those most in need.

The recovery effort will continue throughout the semester as students, faculty, and staff continue to donate their money and time to volunteer organizations dedicated to helping those in need.
THE SCRIPPS COLLEGE BOARD OF TRUSTEES, with a membership of 36, is responsible for the oversight of the College. The Board adopts rules, regulations, and policies governing the College, and has authority over curricular development, use of property, development of facilities, and fiscal and human resources management. Among the powers vested in trustees is the power to appoint a president, who is responsible for the overall management of the affairs of the College. The entire board meets four times a year, with additional regular committee meetings. Regular appointed members serve three-year terms, while representatives from the Alumnae Association and Scripps Association of Families, and a recent graduate serve one- to two-year terms. The following members have recently joined the board:

Bob Breech, senior vice president and executive producer for David E. Kelley Productions. Breech has an AB from Stanford University, an MFA from the University of Southern California’s Peter Stark Motion Picture Producing Program, and a JD from Loyola University. He serves on the budget and educational policy committees.

Wendy Freedman, chair and director of The Observatories of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and principal investigator, Hubble Space Telescope Key Project on the Extragalactic Distance Scale. Freedman received a BS, MS, and PhD from the University of Toronto. She serves on the student affairs and educational policy committees.

Patricia (Trish) Jackson ’82, vice president for advancement, Smith College. In addition to her Scripps degree in psychology, Jackson has an MBA from the Drucker School of Management at Claremont Graduate University. As an alumna trustee, she is a member of the educational policy and institutional advancement committees.

Gabrielle Jungels-Winkler ’72, president, Jungels-Winkler Charitable Foundation. She is also the founder of Kindness Clubs, a program in developing countries that combines education and the care of animals. She graduated from Scripps with a major in art history after spending a year at L’Ecole du Louvre at the University of Paris. A member of the Board of Trustees since 2004, she is a member of the building and grounds and educational policy committees.

Frank R. Miller, Jr., certified public accountant. Miller was appointed in 2004 to complete the term of his wife, Katharine Howard Miller ’55, former vice chair of the board who died in September 2004. He is a graduate of Claremont McKenna College. He serves on the audit and budget committees.

Carl and Makiko Pirscher, owners of CDA + Pirscher Architects, Inc. The Pirschers are parents of Meghan Akiko Pirsher ’07, and serve on the board as chairs of the Scripps Association of Families. Makiko Pirscher is vice president of CDA + Pirscher Architects, Inc. She has a BS in medical technology from Michigan State University and serves on the educational policy and student affairs committees. Carl Pirscher is an architect and president of CDA + Pirscher Architects, Inc. He has a BA and MA in architecture from the University of Michigan and University of Washington, respectively. He serves on the building and grounds and institutional advancement committees.

Diana Fukushima ’05, graduate student. She received her Scripps degree in legal studies and is currently at Pepperdine University School of Law to earn a JD. At Scripps, she was vice president judicial on College Council, and financial manager of the Asian American Student Union, among other activities. She serves a two-year term as a recent graduate trustee, and is on the educational policy and student affairs committees.
A Walk on the Wild Side

Take 50 Scripps first years, drive them into Sequoia National Park, throw in a few bears for good measure, and what do you get? One great bonding experience, claim the founders of the Scripps Outdoor Orientation Program Jaime Michaelson ’00 and Lisa TenEyck ’00. They started the program in 1998 as a way to help new Scripps students build meaningful relationships with other women before the hectic first weeks of classes. “The thought of first-year students being introduced to Scripps by their peers, developing friendships, and succeeding in traditionally male-dominated activities seemed like the perfect way to welcome them to Scripps,” says Jaime. Now in its eighth year, Outdoor Orientation continues to challenge Scripps women in the wild.

The program, which begins a few days before the official Scripps Orientation, is entirely optional. Participating first years agree to this jump-start adjustment to college, leaving home a week early to spend 24 hours a day with strangers. But the payoff comes when leaders are able to answer all those last minute questions and strangers turn into lifelong friends.

“I still talk with all the girls that I bonded with over clumpy oatmeal and below-zero creek water,” says first-year Sofia Janney-Roberts. By the time students return to campus for the start of orientation, most feel a little more settled in, even before they unpack.

Students can choose among four groups of varying intensity. After a long drive north (this year to Sierra National Forest, north of Fresno), some will stay at base camp and take day hikes to hot springs or enjoy the ropes course (new this year); others will hit the steep trails for a nomadic week of backpacking, up to seven miles per day, and camping in a different “home” each night. Each group is led by students who have already attended the program as first years or transfer students and are excited to share the experience with the next class of Scripps women.

These leaders return to campus even earlier for intense days of training, covering everything from homesick/lonely attendees to water purification and outdoor cooking to splinting broken bones. By the time the first years arrive, they are prepared for just about anything that could happen on a five-day hike.

Outdoor Orientation is a self-sustaining program, funded solely by the fees paid by participating students. Each year coordinators have to carefully budget training, equipment, and site fees to keep the program as affordable as possible for new students. The Scripps Outdoor Adventure Program (SOAP), which runs backpacking, kayaking, and other outdoor athletic trips throughout the school year, has traditionally loaned backpacking gear, tents, and stoves.

This year, coordinators Anne Marie Butler ’06 and Stephanie Widmer ’07 have begun collaborating with Claremont McKenna’s and Pomona’s similar programs, including borrowing bear-safe canisters (to protect food supplies from bears) and sharing first-aid training. It is hoped that these programs can coordinate more of their training and continue to share resources in the future.

For more information on the Outdoor Orientation Program, contact the Student Activities and Residential Life Office at (909) 607-4307.

by Lindsey Galloway ’07

PHOTO: AMY VANDERLOOP ’07
 Anyone who has spent more than a day in Claremont knows that elevation increases as one travels north, making for a decent uphill workout. Also, that parking facilities have decreased as the student population has increased. So how can Scripps’ anticipated new Recreational Athletic Center, to be built on unequal terrain, reconcile it all? It’s all in how we use the space.

Scripps’ Vice President of Business Affairs and Treasurer James Manifold explains that the combined NCAA regulation-size women’s lacrosse and soccer field must be leveled by raising the south end of the field by about eight feet. This creates an underground void perfect for…a parking garage!

The new center will provide an excellent place for Scripps women to get fit and work off stress in state-of-the-art workout facilities. With the addition of upwards of 100 new parking spaces, perhaps finding a place to park a car will be one less thing for students to stress about.

But parking is not the only way the facility will enrich Scripps women. The new center will have direct access to our lovely pool, locker rooms for students and faculty, a team room complete with audio-visual equipment, weight and cardio rooms, deep porches meant to facilitate pre- and post-workout stretching, and a place for Claremont-Mudd-Scripps women’s teams to practice and play. With a women-friendly atmosphere and programming aimed at women, such as classes on nutrition and health, the center will encourage lifelong habits of physical well-being and fitness. The facility will serve Scripps students and also be available for faculty, staff, and others at the colleges.

Manifold makes it clear that it is important for Scripps to make a contribution to the athletic facilities of The Claremont Colleges and, through this new center, the College will contribute to CMS athletics via the planned field facilities.

When you begin with the simple obstacle of leveling the ground, you can see how Scripps’ Recreational Center will do just that, allowing access to more parking, better exercise and health education opportunities, and bolstering Scripps’ contribution to the Consortium’s athletic facilities—i.e., leveling the playing field for everyone.

by Emily Bennett ’06, shown above, co-captain of the Athenas volleyball team.

Conversations on Diversity

In spring 2005, Associate Professor of History and Black Studies Rita Roberts hosted a reception for African-American alumnae in her Pasadena home. Musa Dube, then assistant professor of religious studies, spoke about her personal and professional work and her hope for unity among blacks of the African Diaspora. Attending alumnae discussed their experiences at Scripps and the challenges the College faces in attracting and retaining a diverse student body. Support of the Samella Lewis Scholarship and mentoring of incoming students was strongly encouraged.

Right, front row, from left: Muse Dube, Susan Anderson ’75, Cherry Caldwell Young ’77, Judith Jones ’76, Denise Nelson Nash ’76; back row, from left: Lenora Anson ’88, Rita Roberts, Barbara Brunner ’76, Victoria Nelson ’93, Lorena Reid ’88, Sheila Walker (associate professor of psychology), Brenda Battey ’78, Abie Olambiwonnu ’86, Guest Olambiwonnu, Crystal Jones ’85, Lynne E. Thompson ’72, Myeisha Peguero ’02.
ELLEN BROWNING SCRIPPS SOCIETY
Giving Level Change

As the College faces the realities of changing economics of higher education and patterns of philanthropy, the Ellen Browning Scripps Society committee, the Annual Fund committee, Alumnae Council, and the Advancement committee of the board of trustees have all endorsed setting the new Ellen Browning Scripps Society (EBSS) level at $2,000.

The Young Leaders program will remain the same. The Young Leaders program is designed for Graduates of the Last Decade (GOLD) and allows these young alumnae to become members of the Ellen Browning Scripps Society at incremental gift levels. As seniors and during their first year after graduation, they may enroll in the Ellen Browning Scripps Society with a $100 gift. In order to maintain membership, they must increase their giving by $100 every year. On the eleventh year after graduation, they must make a gift at the $2,000 level to remain a member.

The Ellen Browning Scripps Society is the College’s oldest tradition of giving, and gifts from its members make a substantive impact in the programs that the College offers, in the quality of faculty that the College attracts, and in securing a thriving future for Scripps. Its mission will remain the same: to benefit current and future generations of Scripps students, and ensure the quality that is the hallmark of a Scripps education.

If you have any questions, please contact Martha Keates, vice president for development and college relations, at (909) 621-8152.

Same Mission, New Moniker

The Scripps Associated Students (SAS), formerly known as College Council, started the academic year with a new name. This student organization continues to function as the liaison between the student body and the administration, faculty, and the Board of Trustees of Scripps College.

So, why the name change?

“The title ‘College Council’ was not as well understood by people outside of the Scripps community, and ‘Associated Students’ is a more accepted term for a student government,” said Arielle Bauer ’08, SAS’s communications chair. Therefore, the College Council changed its name for continuity with other student governments in the Claremont Consortium. And even though the other colleges refer to Scripps’ student government as “Associated Students of Scripps,” the official name on campus is “Scripps Associated Students,” thereby deftly avoiding an unacceptable acronym, according to SAS athletic chair Stephanie Widmer ’07.
by Laine Middaugh ’06

As a freshman, I would often wake up at 10:50 and race to Core I in my pajamas. I hadn’t yet figured out my college sleep schedule, but I knew that I did not want to miss Core. From the moment I read the admissions brochure, I wanted to be a part of the Scripps academic environment with its explicit focus on interdisciplinary studies. The Core program and its underlying philosophies seemed so logical to me—why confine your studies to one narrow discipline when the diverse perspectives of other fields could be so illuminating?

Yesterday, I woke up in time to hear the morning news. The nuanced, deliberate commentary of National Public Radio’s senior Washington editor Ron Elving, made me sit up straight. After ten weeks of hearing his analysis firsthand as an intern at NPR, I knew to listen.

Last summer, I worked in the fourth cubicle down from Ron. I was selected out of more than 1,000 applicants to participate in NPR’s summer internship program. My primary role was to help Washington and National Desk reporters prepare their pieces. I researched stories, looked for audio, and transcribed interviews—anything to help a reporter meet a deadline. Despite the legendary pace of the newsroom, my work could be mundane. Sifting through transcripts, copying CDs, and digging around in the freezing cold tape archives were part of my regular duties. Although these tasks were decidedly unglamorous, they allowed me to learn firsthand about subjects ranging from Howard Dean’s chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee to the workings of a small, family-owned bicycle basket manufacturing company in rural Kentucky.

Often acting as a preliminary researcher or fact checker, I learned a great deal about each of these subjects. Even the dreaded task of logging (transcribing) lengthy interviews could be interesting. The chance to hear full, uncut interviews—from the initial sound check to the final farewell, when the reporter tells the guest when the piece will air—is an opportunity not granted to most listeners. These interviews helped me understand that what I hear on the radio, or read in the newspaper or on the Internet, is just a small (and hopefully representative) slice of the full range of perspectives surrounding an issue or event.

After several weeks of learning my way around the Washington, D.C., headquarters of NPR, I asked to shadow individual reporters. I soaked up everything I could from my field trips at the Justice Department, Congress, and the White House. I tried my very best to look as if I knew my way around the press galleries, while inside I was bursting with excitement at the idea of making my C-SPAN debut at a Senate press conference featuring Hillary Clinton and John Kerry. Although I can’t deny the glamour of these occasional excursions, the highlights of my summer took place back at NPR’s headquarters on Massachusetts Avenue. Each morning, I attended meetings with the senior editors, producers, and managers of NPR News as they evaluated potential stories and deliberated issues regarding how to report a situation or event.

What struck me most about these meetings was the way that participants drew upon the unique knowledge of their colleagues to strengthen coverage. Everyone was a potential resource, and members of the news staff valued the expertise of their associates. The dynamic interactions in these meetings were not limited to the conference rooms. My desk, conveniently positioned at the front of the news desk and on the way to the studio, put me in a front row seat for quality conversation.

I offered my own expertise—that of a college student. I pitched story ideas about college life to the education editor, and shared what I loved about NPR with a vice president eager to attract the prized youth demographic. I came to realize that this kind of collaborative interaction was a large part of what attracted me to NPR as a listener. I was drawn to programs like Morning Edition and All Things Considered precisely because of the wide range of topics covered in a single show. I found that each story benefited from the perspective offered by other stories on the air. A political scandal is, in fact, complemented by a review of a new and innovative band, because it forces listeners to consider every story in a greater context.

Scripps College and NPR share a passion for the interdisciplinary; each organization relies on the unique strengths of community members to powerfully pursue collective goals.
Psychologists have described a “negativity bias” that exists across a wide range of areas. Simply stated, the negativity bias is the tendency for humans to pay more attention to negative versus positive information. For example, social psychologists have noted that it is much harder to undo a negative first impression than it is to reverse a positive first impression. The negative information seems to weigh more heavily in individuals’ judgments of others. In terms of financial decision-making, individuals weigh the potential for losses about twice as heavily as they weigh the potential for equivalent gains and make investments accordingly.

Tiffany Ito at the University of Colorado has developed a technique to measure the brain’s reactivity to emotional information. Individuals are shown pictures of highly emotional images such as a perfect bowl of ice cream (positive) or an image of a garbage-strewn beach (negative). At the same time, electrodes glued to the scalp measure brain activation. Using this technique, Ito and her colleagues studying individuals ages 18-25 found that emotional images provoke much greater activation than do neutral images (a hairdryer, for example), and that negative images result in the greatest neural activation. There seems to be a biological mechanism mediating the negativity bias. The negativity bias is a robust effect, although data supporting the idea comes almost entirely from undergraduate populations.

But what happens as we age? Laura Carstensen at Stanford turned the conventional wisdom of aging on its head when she first started to publish her work related to an optimistic view of middle and late life. Older adults are happier than younger adults, less likely to be depressed, and more likely to report being satisfied with relationships. Carstensen believes that these positive changes result from changes in motivation. As we age, we shift from an emphasis on building a career and family to enjoying relationships.

Working with undergraduates, one can not help but marvel at their energy and zest for life. When they are happy, the sun is shining, lectures are fascinating, and all is right with the world. However, there is inevitably a time in the semester when one notices a change in mood. Events such as a poor midterm grade or difficulty with a relationship mark an end to the sunshine, energy, and interest in fascinating lectures.

My own life seems quite dull in comparison, fewer days of elation, but, thankfully, fewer days of despair. Research from my laboratory and others suggests that this observation of age differences between students and their professors may be biologically based. There are changes in the way that the brain processes emotional information as we age. Older adults demonstrate less reactivity to emotional information, in general, and specifically are much less reactive to negative information than younger adults.

Older adults are happier than younger adults, less likely to be depressed, and more likely to report being satisfied with relationships.
AS DEAN OF ADMISSION, Patricia F. Goldsmith noticed it first—a sharp uptick in the number of deposits mailed in by students hoping to enroll at Scripps College for the 2005-2006 school year. In fact, by late April 2005, deposits were running well ahead of 2004. She took notice.

“We were pretty sure we were going to at least meet our enrollment goal,” Goldsmith said. “We were actually quite shocked to exceed it as we did.”

By the time classes had begun on August 30, the numbers had settled somewhat. Still, 234 first years—19 above the target of 215—and 17 transfer students were occupying seats. Thanks to early planning, all 36 extra incoming students had beds to occupy as well.

“Our fate is in the hands of all these teenage girls,” President Nancy Y. Bekavac said in partially explaining the surprise numbers. “Logic dictated that because this class was more qualified, and therefore these women would have other college choices, we should have had about the same yield as last year or even a lower one.” Not so.

Bekavac and Goldsmith, both longtime administrators, had seen similar early high numbers before—most recently in 1998. Over the previous two years, the number of applications for admission increased by a whopping 33%, and although the acceptance rate had dropped from more than 70% a decade ago to just 46%, 19 first years beyond what was anticipated signed letters of intent to enroll. Eight others agreed to defer their admission until next fall.

Indeed, the class is impressive. The median SAT score of about 1350 was equivalent to or better than that of the entering classes at many top colleges last year, including Wellesley, Smith, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, and Barnard. And, during the previous two years, Scripps has enrolled more National Merit Scholars than any other women’s college. This year, the numbers are expected to be equally impressive.

Still, the first years confounded…

Debra Carlson Wood, dean of students, also saw the 1998 numbers. She attributed the rush of new students this year to several factors, including a highly successful recruitment effort; the school’s growing national reputation, based in part on satisfaction among current students; and recent positive publicity. In fact, in August, U.S. News & World Report named Scripps the 27th top liberal arts college in the country, and the Newsweek-Kaplan College Guide named it the “hottest women’s college” in the country a week later.

“We have seen increases in retention, a decrease in student requests to live off campus, and an increasing level of energy combined with institutional enthusiasm,” Wood said, adding, “President Bekavac and others, both on campus and nationwide, have helped put the spotlight on the value of women’s education and obtaining it at a women’s college.”
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“Growth in the endowment (which helps to fund student aid), our new buildings, and the atmosphere of planning and growth all send the message that Scripps is a powerful place to be, and it makes students want to come and stay.”

While most administrators agreed that the higher-than-anticipated first-years’ enrollment is a good thing, significant planning was required to hold that notion. That planning began before graduation when Bekavac assembled a team that included Goldsmith, Wood, Dean of Faculty Michael Deane Lamkin, Vice President of Business Affairs James Manifold, and Staci Buchwald, the associate dean of students/residential life. The group, along with others, met weekly for more than a month, ultimately identifying housing for the increased number of new students as a top priority.

“We promised beds to first years and a certain number of transfer students,” Manifold said. “We had to provide them.”

“I think the housing people did such a good job of matching people up that it doesn’t matter to me that it’s a little cramped in our room. When we were asked if we wanted to de-triple, none of us jumped at the chance. In fact it is now a running joke that whenever any of us does anything stupid, we say ‘That’s it, we’re de-tripling. You’re out.’ Plus the rooms are rather large for dorms so it is merely cozy, not overcrowded, in our room.”

Rachel Mitchell ’09, Clark triple

“I live in Clark. The bunk bed takes up a lot of vertical space, making the room seem smaller. There are only two closets, meaning that we have had to buy our own shelves, which take up further storage space. I feel that this room would do much better as a double.”

Eva Smith ’09, Clark triple

“I’m thrilled more and more women are interested in Scripps. Our housing situation is great. As a senior, it’s a good transition from living in the dorms to having an apartment or a house.”

Alison Omens ’06, Off-campus house

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DID YOU KNOW?

First-year students come from such towns as Lee’s Summit, Missouri; Shaftsbury, Vermont; Lanai City, Hawaii; and Jardines Lookout, Hong Kong.

The first-year class brings with them a total of 399 Scripps College credits through Advanced Placement, International Baccalaureate courses, and college work taken during high school. This is the equivalent of close to 50 years of college work.

Newsweek-Kaplan names Scripps “Hottest Women’s College” as one of America’s 25 Hottest Colleges for 2006.
To that end, a number of options were put into play as part of the College’s “over capacity” housing plan, which was outlined to the families of new Scripps students in correspondence sent out in June:

A Scripps-owned cottage at 1030 N. Dartmouth Avenue, the former Intercollegiate Women’s Studies Center, was converted to student office space for the College’s multicultural student groups, which formerly were housed in the residence halls. With Scripps Communities of Resources Empowerment (SCORE), Wanawake Weusi, Café Con Leche, FAMILY, and the Asian American Student Union all relocated, space for nine students was created in the residence halls. While some organizations were not happy about being moved, all will benefit from the rise in the student activity fee from $70 per semester last year to $84 this year and the increased number of first years who will pay it.

A second house at 1060 College Avenue was taken off the market, and now houses five senior women.

The College rented four units at the Brighton Park Apartments in Claremont, where eight upperclass students are living.

A house at 240 11th Street, which formerly accommodated Human Resources and other offices, was converted into a residence hall housing 12 upperclass students.

Two miscellaneous units in the residence halls were expanded to accommodate an additional student each.

The grand total? Thirty-six new beds.

As the housing issue was being settled, the focus also turned to classes, where roughly $50,000 was budgeted to fund the hiring of faculty and pay for existing teaching staff to cover the program additions that needed to be made. Because all first years must take Writing 50 and the first semester of their Core Curriculum when they begin the school year, additional classes had to be added. Two sections of Writing 50 were added, bringing the total number of beginning composition sections to 16; the number of Core I sections was increased from 12 to 14.

According to Lamkin, one writing, one Core instructor, and a visiting lecturer were added as a result of the larger-than-expected freshman class. Existing staff were stretched to meet the need everywhere else.

“We managed to put all the sections in classrooms,” said Carol Entler, the registrar. “During the Core teaching day, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., I don’t have classrooms available to do a lot of room changes.”

Additionally, a high number of first years have expressed interest in pre-medicine, pre-dentistry and pre-veterinary medicine. Each must take the same lower-division science courses as prerequisites—Biology 43, Chemistry 14, and Physics 30—beginning their freshman year. In the Joint Science Department, comprised of representatives from Scripps, Claremont McKenna, and Pitzer colleges, new sections were added in biology, chemistry, and physics.

“The Joint Science faculty and dean have been working to figure out a way to accommodate all these students,” Entler said. “At this point I don’t know how everything will be resolved.”
Finally, one section of Spanish 22, an intensive introductory course, and a section of third-semester Spanish (Spanish 33) were added.

Housing and classes aside, congestion—both on campus and in student rooms—also required attention. To draw first years out of their rooms, the dean of students was allotted $20,000 to add programs of likely interest to students. These may include beach trips, museum outings, picnics, and other activities.

Relieving lunch-hour congestion in the Elizabeth Hubert Malott Commons—the Scripps dining hall—also was problematic. One of the first steps involved restricting staff from using the dining hall between noon and 12:30 p.m.; the dining area also was placed off-limits to non-students—except for faculty who are eating with students—during those hours. The staff lunch hour was changed from noon-1 p.m. to 12:30-1:30, allowing those who were precluded from dining between noon and 12:30 the half hour they would have lost.

To further ameliorate traffic, private dining rooms off the courtyard were improved to draw additional faculty, students, and student organizations away from the main dining room; lunch tables that had been pushed together in those rooms to create longer (and ultimately underused) tables were separated, enhancing table occupancy. And, the staff lounge was rededicated for use by students.

“We think that with those moves we created about 40 new spaces in the dining room,” Manifold said. “To us, a 14% increase in seating is a big deal.”

“Lunch for faculty and students ran from 11:15 a.m. to 1:15 p.m., however we extended that until 1:30,” Manifold said. “That overtime will cost us $70,000, but it gives us
15 additional minutes every day throughout the school year when people can be served. That should greatly reduce congestion.”

While housing, classes, classrooms, and dining were major issues that needed to be addressed, the influx of new students had—and may yet have—other implications. The Office of Admission hired two part-time readers to scrutinize applications, and the application deadline was cut by two weeks to provide additional reading time this year. Bekavac spent dozens of hours meeting with staff and preparing to meet the new demand. Staff had to create and process the correspondence that eventually was sent out to staff, faculty, students, and their families, notifying them of the upcoming crunch and likely crowding. Budgets had to be redrawn. Tired staffs had to be kept motivated.

On top of that, additional food service and other personnel may yet be needed. As the fall term progresses and unforeseen needs arise, other departments are expected to petition for assistance as well.

One of those doing budgeting was Manifold, who estimated that approximately half a million dollars might be spent accommodating the overage. That was offset by net tuition revenues that the College will realize from the additional students.

Still, there were losses, albeit minor ones. One father withdrew his daughter, claiming the school misrepresented the housing situation. And, a small number of alumnae have expressed concern that Scripps may be losing its small-college feel. All in all, however, the situation appears to have turned into a positive one, though reaction among administrators has been mixed.

“This is the kind of thing that makes the dean of admission’s hair fall out,” Goldsmith laughed. “The admission process is much more an art than a science. You never know what the response from prospective students is going to be.”

She added, “This is a great thing for Scripps. It’s a terrible thing for the dean of students, who had to figure out how to house all these students, but it’s a great thing for Scripps. It says something about the popularity of the College and how it’s being taken much more seriously as an institution than it was 10 years ago.”

Manifold was less effusive.

“On balance, it’s a bad thing,” he said. “If a college grows, it should be by design.”

Bekavac, whose office is where the buck stops, had the final word. That word was “cozy”—not crowded.

“Certainly, our faculty and staff took the large number of students as a reflection of our strength and the attractiveness of our college,” she said. “Overall, it will have a positive effect on the bottom line, but we won’t know how positive for some time. Given how great this class is, given their academic strengths, this is the class we want. There’s always room for another good student.”

DID YOU KNOW?

The Class of 2009 includes an experienced fly fisherwoman, an Oregon State champion baker, a Taekwondo first-degree black belt holder, the co-president of a non-profit dog-washing business, and a young woman who swam a 45-minute race from Alcatraz to the beach in 57-degree water. Also, one who has slept on the beach of the Galapagos Islands to monitor the nesting habits of Green Sea Turtles, and the Bedrocks’ Bowling Alley reigning hula hoop contest champion.

“Every so often a magazine profiles some up-and-coming young woman who is changing the face of politics, business, her occupation…these women come from Scripps.” From the Students’ Guide to Colleges: the Definitive Guide to America’s Top 100 Schools, 2006 edition.
YOU CAN USUALLY SPOT EXECUTIVE CHEF DALE MCDONALD surrounded by students during the lunch or dinner hour at the Malott Commons, pen in hand, taking notes, often on a paper napkin. The tall, thin chef in the tall white hat and chef's coat makes it a point to find out what students like—or don't like—about the food he serves. He has a discerning clientele with definite tastes and preferences.

“That’s where I get my best information,” he says. “Most of the time the students are very helpful. I try to accommodate them whenever I can.”

Only occasionally does Chef Dale get an outrageous request or question. The one he’s heard at the start of every academic year since he arrived in 2001 goes something like this: “Is it true that the College makes you put starch in the salad bar lettuce just to bulk up the students?”

“It’s hilarious,” responds McDonald. “Basically, I tell them it just doesn’t happen.” Then he goes one step further and shows them. “I ask them if they want to take a tour of the kitchen and the prep stations downstairs. I’ve given plenty of tours to students. They see people chopping lettuce, putting it in the bins, taking it upstairs directly to the salad bar. All of a sudden, it’s ‘Oh!’”

“If you deny it and don’t open up [the process] to them, then it looks like you have something to hide,” he adds. “I have nothing to hide. I also tell them, whenever you’re ready, come check it out. You’ll see for yourself that everything we do is fresh.”

Indeed, fresh produce arrives at Scripps every day. Teo Ibarra, production supervisor since the Malott Commons opened in 2000, orders most of his produce from Bentley’s Produce in Claremont. Each day, the kitchen uses up to 14 cases of lettuce (at 50 lb. each), four cases of spinach, three cases of bananas, two cases of oranges, two cases of apples, and 22 cases of melon. And that’s just the top of the list.

“The best part is that they eat it all,” says McDonald, who is one of five Sodexho employees who serve in food management positions at the Commons; the remainder of the food service workers are directly employed by the College.

One reason the food at Scripps tastes so good is that the kitchen does what it calls “batch” cooking. Ibarra, who oversees breakfast and lunch preparations each day, says, “I don’t like to bring stuff in the house (the Commons) and just have it sit around. I order as needed, and the cooks cook as needed.” Perhaps it’s that attention to freshness that resulted in CollegeProwler.com giving Scripps College an A+ for food, based on student surveys; only Cornell and Boston Universities received such high marks among the nation’s colleges.

Aside from making sure that the food tastes good, Chef Dale makes sure it has the proper nutritional value. Trained at the New England Culinary Institute in Vermont, McDonald analyzes each item he serves, determining caloric value, fat content, carbohydrates, cholesterol, sodium, and fiber—and then posts this information for all to see. “Today’s Nutrient Data” is
available to students, faculty, and staff at a table near the entrance to the Commons, beneath the “Comments Board.” And students flock to it. At a recent lunch, seniors Arathi Govind and Cathy Taylor and junior Elizabeth Gallagher checked what they had just eaten or were about to eat. With a dish of sweet corn tamale pie in hand (325 calories, 18.4g protein, 63.1g carbs, and 1.9g fat), Gallagher pronounces it “worth it.

Other menu choices for the day ranged from a California BLT wrap at a whopping 701 calories (32.2g protein, 42.3g carbs, 44.4g fat) to a vegan grilled vegetable pizza (263 calories, 7.8g protein, 35.1g carbs, 10.6g fat) to two seafood tacos with salsa verde (366 calories, 19.5g protein, 49.1g carbs, 9.8g fat).

McDonald makes sure there is a wide variety of good choices. He plans his menus within a three-week cycle; at the end of the cycle, he adjusts his menus according to what worked or didn’t. He also has made some major changes. “What I’ve done since I’ve been here is to focus on a different station each semester. I analyze it, see what can be improved, and revamp it.” He has now worked his way around the food court, where there are stations for the salad bar, grill, exhibition (often with the chef preparing stir-fry from items selected by the diners), entrees, pizza oven, impinger (a type of oven that produces “loafer” sandwiches), deli, soup, and dessert. McDonald has made sure that every station now offers something for both vegetarians and vegans. At the grill, there are Boca Burgers and vegan hot dogs; at the deli, there are three kinds of vegan meat and cheese; at the pizza station, there is a vegetable pizza among the five offered; and so on.

There’s also rice or soy milk ice cream on hand, although students in the know have to ask for it. And how do they know? “Students come to me at the beginning of the year and tell me about their food allergies or special needs,” says Chef Dale. “I’ll go through the menu and check things, then call or e-mail them about it. I tell students what to stay away from and also let them know what to try.” McDonald has even ordered a special type of gluten-free pancake mix and pasta for one student so she can cook them in her own dorm kitchenette.

The chef also honors special requests that benefit the entire dining community (the Commons is open to all students from The Claremont Colleges with a meal card, as well as faculty and staff and members of the community for a nominal fee). One student brought in a recipe for a rice pudding her grandmother had made in Norway. The recipe was in Norwegian, which Chef Dale was just barely able to translate himself and then have made for the dessert bar. “She was as happy as could be,” he relates. He must have read the recipe correctly because the puddings went fast! Another student, from Asia, brought a stir-fry recipe from home, and the Commons served it the next day. “We’ll make anything within reason,” says McDonald. “It has to have ingredients we can get, be nutritious, and taste good.”

One of McDonald’s experiments has turned out to be a smashing success:

When he was new to the College, he noted that Friday nights were relatively slow, perhaps serving only 350 students. “I thought, let’s do a premium night, something really nice to pick up the numbers,” says McDonald. That resulted in Friday Night Sushi, which now draws up to 1,000 and sometimes more. Chef Dale brings in a company from Los Angeles with two professional sushi chefs. “They arrive in the afternoon and work their hearts out,” he explains. “We order 6,000 pieces of sushi, and often run out by the end of the night.” To help make sure there’s enough for everyone, diners are limited to six pieces each time in line. They can come back and get more, but only six pieces at a time.

Friday Night Sushi is so popular that the 55 alumnae at Camp Scripps heard about it this summer and ordered their own selection. “I put out more than 700 sushi pieces for them that night,” says McDonald. “They ate them all.”
There are several other favorite foods that students, faculty, and staff favor at the Commons. “Students seem to like the tofu and chicken breasts the most,” says Ibarra.

“I think the most unique thing about the Commons is the extensive salad bar,” offers Courtney Peterson, a first year. “You can make a really great salad because there are so many good healthy things.” Her lunch standby is a bed of mixed lettuce topped with a 4-oz boneless chicken breast from the grill, and vegetables and condiments such as cucumbers, tomatoes, mushrooms, garbanzo beans, raisins, and sunflower seeds. But her favorite meal is weekend brunch. “The omelettes are so awesome. You take a bowl and choose which veggies and things you want, hand it to the cooks and tell them if you want egg whites only, or whatever. The woman who makes them [Priscilla] is great.”

Another favorite is the soup. Two varieties are made fresh twice a day, or more often as needed. On Thursdays, there is a soup bar with four choices, served in a hollowed bread loaf. Choices might include sweet potato and roasted corn, cream of broccoli, black bean, minestrone, or chicken noodle (the kind Grandma used to make, not from a can). “Cruz and Gustavo make the soups in the morning, and Reynaldo and Richard make them in the afternoon,” says McDonald. “We also bake the bread loaves for the soup, as well as baking our own bread for the deli.”

Then, there are the cookies. Melt-in-your-mouth, right-from-the-oven cookies. “At night we serve about 800-900 chocolate chip cookies alone,” says McDonald. And there are other varieties as well: macadamia nut and white chocolate, raisin oatmeal, double chocolate, peanut butter, and old-fashioned sugar.

And the infamous “Freshman 15?” Maybe with the many tofu offerings, salads, and good soups, students have all the ammunition they need to stay healthy and fit…and still have their cookie and eat it too.
TOP: After snipers interrupt evacuation efforts, military guard the hospital’s ambulance ramp so that evacuation can continue. BOTTOM: LSU’s Medical Education Building. Katrina and its aftermath dealt a death blow to Charity, the second oldest continuously operating public hospital in the country. This New Orleans institution that served the poor and operated one of the top emergency departments in the country has now been condemned.

By Melissa McKay
A resident physician in internal and emergency medicine at Louisiana State University, Melissa McKay ’96 shares her story of a harrowing six days in New Orleans’ Charity Hospital in the wake of Hurricane Katrina.

**Friday, August 26**
I left the hospital Friday afternoon looking forward to sleep and relaxation. I had been on call the night before and had not yet slept. I knew that there was a hurricane heading into the Gulf of Mexico, but having lived in New Orleans for so long, I didn’t get too excited just because there was a hurricane. So, I went home focused on my nap, not knowing that when I woke up several hours later, my life would be on a new path. A friend of mine called and asked if I had heard anything about Hurricane Katrina coming toward New Orleans. I said no, but turned on the television and saw the gigantic mass of reds and oranges projected straight for us.

Many people—even those not in the medical profession—have heard of a Code Blue. Code Gray at New Orleans’ Charity Hospital means there is bad weather ahead and only a skeleton crew of essential personnel remains in the hospital. I had been introduced to the concept last year with the near miss of Hurricane Ivan. If you are on call the day that the Code Gray is called or the following, you make up part of the skeleton crew. Otherwise, from the view of the Hospital Medical Center at Louisiana State University (LSU), you are free to evacuate.

I was scheduled to be on call on Monday at Charity Hospital. If the hospital administration called the Code Gray on Saturday, I would be able to leave the city, but if they waited until Sunday, I was going to be in the hospital. I was hoping the call would come on Saturday.

**Saturday, August 27**
In the early afternoon I was on the computer at home checking my e-mail and watching the progression of the storm when my pager went off with a 911 page. I responded to my chief resident who told me that the Code Gray was going into effect at 7 a.m. on Sunday. I was going to Charity Hospital for the duration of the storm. The e-mails started to pour in for confirmation and placement in the hospital. After confirming that I was in town and able to report for work, I knew it was time to get ready.

**Preparing for a hurricane can be mass chaos.**

There were lines around the corner at gas stations. The grocery stores were sold out of water, canned goods were off the shelves, hardware stores ran out of plywood and plastic. These are pretty regular occurrences in advance of a hurricane, but an early indication of the magnitude of the storm came when my cell phone could not get through for a couple of hours at a time. I stood in line at Wal-Mart for almost two hours trying to buy food and water.

I closed up my house on Saturday night as well as I could. I arranged to have my dogs evacuated to Baton Rouge—60 miles away. I packed clothes, food, water, and books. At the last minute, I threw a flashlight into my bag.

That night a few friends and I went out to dinner. It was our last meal together in a restaurant on a street that no longer exists.

**Sunday, August 28**
My dogs were picked up at 5 a.m. I started my day like any other—a shower, clean clothes, a little coffee, and out the door. Of course, my car was packed and I left a house with furniture pulled into the center of rooms, all blinds drawn, and pool and patio furniture brought under cover. The drive to the hospital was eerie; the city was already starting to look deserted.

The hospital was in full swing. Cars were pulling up from all directions, obviously packed with everyone’s necessities. The elevators were full of people carrying their food and water into the hospital—medical personnel were responsible for their own provisions. It took me quite a few trips to carry everything from the 5th floor of the parking garage to the 14th floor of the hospital.

I was assigned to a “call room” with a couple of other residents. Call rooms consist of two rooms, each with two twin beds, connected by a bathroom with a shower. Knowing I was going to be there for at least a few days, I made sure that I had what I was going to need. I had brought towels from home as well as a bath mat and a small folding table to use as a night stand. The other residents had already brought in a mini-refrigerator. After putting my own sheets on the bed, towels in the bathroom, throwing my clothes into the closet, and unpacking food, I was ready to start my day.

The LSU System has two hospitals—Charity Hospital and University Hospital, about six blocks apart. Both are public institutions, serving the indigent population of the area. For the Code Gray, our team (the attending physician, another resident, an intern, and myself) was responsible for all of the LSU Medicine patients (for example, those with acute or chronic respiratory, cardiac, or renal issues) at Charity in addition to patients in the Detoxification Ward and any Medicine consults from the surgeons.

We spent the morning learning the patients’ histories and discussing their care. In between patients, we caught glimpses of the storm on the computer. Despite the mandatory evacuation of the city, we continued to admit patients. Charity Hospital is (was) a fixture in
the city of New Orleans—providing for all of those who can or do not provide for themselves. The community relied on Charity. No one was ever turned away.

Between admissions, we were able to go to the call rooms and relax. I spoke to my parents throughout the day and learned the projected path of the storm—it was going to be devastating.

**Monday, August 29**

I woke up at 5:30 a.m. to no electricity. I couldn’t believe it. Initially there were some back-up lights on in the hallways, but looking into the long hall of call rooms, there was nothing. You could hear the rain going into the elevator shafts.

I called my mom and she told me the good news—the storm had turned. We were going to be OK.

I grabbed a granola bar and went to take care of my patients. My call room was on the 14th floor, the patients were on the first floor in the Emergency Department and on the 4th floor in the wards. So, I headed down the stairs. There were no lights in the stairwells and, located in the interior of the building, the stairs were pitch black. The building had already started to get hot without the air conditioning—it was August in New Orleans. I went to the ward first to see the patients. They were doing pretty well, but were worried about the storm. Rain was coming down and the wind was blowing.

You could hear the breaking of windows from around the hospital and every now and again, the thunderous crash of a window air-conditioning unit falling from the upper floors down to the ground. As the windows continued to break, the patients became more nervous—they were right next to the windows. We moved all of the patients—in their beds—into the hall. This took quite a bit of maneuvering, with many patients being in traction, on oxygen, connected to tubing or monitors. They remained in the hallway for the remainder of Katrina. The Emergency Department, lit only with lanterns, was full of patients. We continued to admit patients to the hospital and every now and again, the thunderous crash of a window air-conditioning unit falling from the upper floors down to the ground. It was almost peaceful.

I brought so much, but others did not. They were relying on the community. No one had been evacuated. When the power went out, the ventilators went out.

Nurses and physicians took turns “bagging” or manually ventilating, the patients for hours on end. Power from emergency generators wasn’t available for 24 hours.

By later in the afternoon, the worst of the storm had passed, and it looked like we were going to be OK. We didn’t even flood. I looked out the window and everything looked alright across the city—until the water started to rise. First there was a little water in the street, then it came to the sidewalk, then over the sidewalk, then to the building, then up the ambulance ramp, then over the cars. By the early evening, when I looked out of my window on the 14th floor, some of the city streets looked more like rivers.

I finished working in the Emergency Room at about 1:30 a.m. and took a shower before I lay down. Even though there was no air conditioning, the wind was blowing through the broken windows and creating a breeze. It was almost peaceful.

**Tuesday, August 30**

I woke up at 4:30 in the morning to a phone call. My friend working down the street at University Hospital called. She was hysterical. There was no electricity, the water was rising and about to go into the hospital, and they had no water. I tried to reassure her that everything was going to be OK. We said our goodbyes, with the plan to speak later in the day.

At 6 a.m. there was no water. The shower I had taken five hours before was the last.

By 8 a.m. the hospital phones didn’t work. My cell phone didn’t either. As Charity began to flood, we had to evacuate the Emergency Room. An auditorium on the second floor was transformed into a makeshift ER. The patients who could walk up the stairs did so, and we carried the others. Patients were placed on spine boards, secured in place with medical tape and sheets, and carried up the flight of stairs in the dark. It took six of us to transport each of these patients.

Once the patients were moved upstairs, we tried to work as though it were a normal day. Granted, the marvels of modern medicine were not at our disposal, but we pressed on.

Water had been delivered, but not a lot of food. I was lucky that I brought so much, but others did not. They were relying on the hospital. A few cold ravioli or canned beans in a small plastic cup would make up lunch.

At some point during the day, a back-up generator for the intensive care units was up and running. Fuel had been siphoned from a stranded ambulance into the hospital, electric cords were being run outside the hospital from one floor down to the next. The ventilators were finally able to work without the assistance of human hands.

No one had been evacuated.

**Wednesday, August 31**

The days were starting to be regular, in that there was little change. I woke up, got dressed, and went to work. I was growing accustomed to the conditions. I would bathe with the body wipes used for the...
patients in the ICU, brush my teeth with bottled water, and put on my clothes which consisted of a tank top, cut-off scrub bottoms, "doctor shoes," a stethoscope, identification, and a flashlight.

I took care of my patients as well as I could, and wondered when the patients were going to be evacuated.

At the private hospital across the street—Tulane University Hospital—the helipad on the top floor of the parking garage was being used for the evacuation of Charity, University, and Tulane hospitals. Military Blackhawks and Chinooks as well as some private helicopters flew patients and staff from Tulane to safety. No one from Charity was being evacuated.

A few people were able to use cell phones. We were begging for people to call for help. We wanted our patients to get evacuated, and we could not understand why nothing was happening.

Finally, we located someone who would evacuate our sickest patients by private helicopter. Yet when that helicopter landed at the helipad, for five hours it was used by Tulane to evacuate their own people. Meanwhile, a Charity Hospital physician stood bagging our patient with a head injury. By the end of the day, only four of our people were going to be evacuated.

Thursday, September 1

The ICUs were to be evacuated. People were going to get out. The day began with a flurry of activity. We started at the top of the hospital. The patients in the Surgical ICU (SICU) were bundled up and ready to go. Six people around the spine board, one person on the ambu bag (to administer oxygen), two flashlights in the front and two in the back. We carried out the 14 people in the SICU and loaded them onto military trucks to be brought to the helipad at Tulane. We repeated the same for the other intensive care units. We thought the patients were being flown away.

The critically ill patients of Charity Hospital lay tied down to spine boards in the parking garage of Tulane while the entirety of Tulane University Hospital was flown to safety. For 10 hours, more than 30 Charity ICU patients were waiting to be evacuated while healthy people from Tulane cheered as they were evacuated. During this entire time, physicians from Charity were manually ventilating their patients.

I have never been so angry, frustrated, or confused in my life.

Friday, September 2

After the hard work and frustration of the day before, I did not have a lot of hope that much was going to be accomplished. I have never been so happy to be wrong. People from the Department of Wildlife and Fisheries were going up and down the street in air boats, organizing evacuations. We were to get our patients ready for evacuation. Every patient in the hospital had a one-page summary of their medical condition and plan as well as three days of their necessary medications secured to their person. The plan was to evacuate University hospital first, then Charity.

I was standing on the ambulance deck watching the patients from University Hospital come down the street on boats, with military escort. I looked up and noticed a face. My friend went by—she was safe. I had a smile on my face and tears in my eyes.

We then started to evacuate our patients—we would load them from stretcher to boat. Some of the patients would be loaded to the front of the air boat on a spine board. It went on for hours. A couple of 18-wheelers were able to get through and we loaded them up as well. The staff started to go.

Little by little, Charity was being evacuated. If the patients couldn't walk, they were carried. Nurses, patients, staff, families.

The military came that afternoon. There had been no presence at Charity before then. Upon their arrival, we were ordered to be out by dark.

When there were no more patients, no more nurses, no more staff, and very few physicians, it was time to go.

With only five or ten people in the hospital, I grabbed my one bag and walked down the ambulance ramp to get on the air boat.

I was finally evacuated.

From the boat, we were loaded onto school buses and driven out of town. A colleague sent a text message to my family to let them know where I was going.

I arrived at my mom's house in Baton Rouge at 10 p.m.

The Rest

I started the second year of my Internal and Emergency Medicine Residency on July first of this year. I was as nervous as any new resident—fear of the unknown and the new responsibility. I had no idea that those fears would pale in comparison to the emotions I have experienced daily since I left Charity Hospital.

I was lucky to have some place to go—I stayed with my mom and my dogs in Baton Rouge for the first few weeks after the storm. I watched the news here and there, but couldn't quite digest what had happened while I was in the hospital. I also wasn't quite ready to go back to work.

I was finally able to go back to my home in New Orleans three weeks later. I went inside—to no power and a refrigerator that had been without power for nearly a month. The house was damp and smelled awful. I got my clothes for a month and some medical textbooks, and left after 20 minutes. I haven't been back since.

My life has changed; the future is uncertain. Charity Hospital—where I completed medical school and my internship, and was to finish my five-year residency—is slated to be torn down. I am currently living in Houma, Louisiana, a small town on the bayou, where I have been assigned to temporarily continue my residency. I don't know where I'll be next month. I am finally happy to be back at work, taking care of those who need me. It is a good feeling, but yet the uncertainty of tomorrow remains constant.
Greetings, fellow alumnae:

This past summer, I read a marvelous book about a remote county in the Hunan province of China where, in the 19th century, a group of women formed what would become a tradition of sisterhood. In a cultural period when women grew up to become isolated from their families and each other, these women developed their own society in which they shared their hopes, dreams, and accomplishments with each other protected by a secret code of language called nu shu. Nu shu is a Mandarin Chinese term which translates into “women’s writing.” The women, who would often become separated geographically after marriage and family, wrote letters to each other in nu shu which were transmitted by painting delicately-edged fans or embroidering messages on handkerchiefs.

In Snow Flower and The Secret Fan by Lisa See, we learn that many of these women are paired, in a process similar to matchmaking, if they share the same birth year and birth date. Imagine finding someone with your exact birthday—including the year! These women became each other’s lifelong lao tong. This term translates into “same old” with the implication that these women are predestined to share a lifelong bond of sisterhood. It may seem strange that such a formalized system was employed to facilitate these friendships. Yet, in the context of a woman’s role in society at that time, it is a rare and unique example of women drawing strength and inspiration from each other’s shared identity. It is also notable since it essentially was a society formed by women for each other.

As I read this book, I thought about another group of remarkable women who are linked by a shared association with an institution created, in part, to celebrate their identity as women. Naturally, I am referring to women’s colleges and, more specifically, to our common bond as alumnae of Scripps College. I began to reflect on what attending Scripps has meant to me, and moreover, what it is to be a graduate of a women’s college.

This inquiry is especially relevant now at a time when the College is gearing up to establish a new Strategic Plan and our alumnae, as one of the core constituents of this community, will be asked to consider their experience at Scripps and how they envision the future of this institution. Perhaps, one important point to consider is how our experience has been shaped by being graduates of a women’s college.

To begin with, we should recognize the vision of the woman who founded our alma mater, Ellen Browning Scripps. Perhaps the best statement of the unique opportunity Ms. Scripps established for women by founding Scripps College is our mission statement:

The mission of Scripps College is to educate women to develop their intellect and talents through active participation in a community of scholars, so that as graduates they may contribute to society through public and private lives of leadership, service, integrity, and creativity.

In the past two years that I have held a leadership position in the Alumnae Association, I have had the invaluable privilege of meeting Scripps alumnae of multiple generations who fully embody this message. I’ve learned that we walk a similar path from the days we are students to today which takes each of us to a wide variety of destinations but with the common denominator that we are all profoundly impacted by the education we received at Scripps both inside and outside of the classroom. Today, this message remains relevant as a lasting influence on the lives our alumnae live, personally and professionally, and provides us with the inspiration to further improve the role of women not only in our local communities but in other parts of the world where this recognition is sorely needed.

It is also evident in the experience of our current students who are a vital extension of this principle. This past year, for the first time, applicants to our College were asked why they chose to apply to Scripps. Notably, one young woman, who is now a member of our Class of 2009, wrote, “I know I want to go to Scripps because things might not go my way, but my voice will be heard here.”

This year, I look forward to hearing you speak out about what your Scripps experience has meant to you. I hope we can engage, as a community, in a rewarding conversation of our past, present, and future.

BRENDA M. CHING ’93
President, Alumnae Association
VOLUNTEER OF THE YEAR

Merrilee Stewart Howard ’70

On July 23, during the 2005 Volunteer Leadership Conference, Merrilee Stewart Howard ’70 was honored as the first recipient of the Volunteer of the Year award. This award enables Scripps College to recognize the ongoing commitment, dedication, and leadership of its alumnae. Each year at the Volunteer Leadership Conference an alumna will be honored for her commitment, dedication, leadership, and exceptional volunteer efforts on behalf of Scripps College during the previous year (July 1–June 30). The following is an excerpt from Merrilee’s acceptance speech:

For me the most gratifying aspects of my volunteer work have been the coming together and sharing with other alumnae of all ages; the serendipity and synchronicity of these evolving Scripps connections; the rich rewards of the personal relationships that develop with so many wonderful women; and the personal growth that is the result. By giving your time and energy to help Scripps College, you share your best self with other women who often times don’t know that they have just been waiting for you to show up in their lives, and that you have just been waiting for them to show up in yours. I invite each of you to join me next year as a volunteer for Scripps College. It would not only be a gift to the College; it could be one of the best gifts you could ever give to yourself.

I leave you with one final list I have assembled with 13 thoughts to take with you:

- Laugh a lot.
- Open your heart.
- Find your muse.
- Be yourself.
- Do the work you love.
- Follow through.
- Remember to proofread.
- Take chances.
- Keep promises.
- Wear Scripps green.
- Call your friends.
- Make new ones.
- Give back to Scripps.

ALUMNAE SPEAK NEXT TOPIC

Women at Work – Friend or Foe?

Nan Mooney ’92 takes a provocative look at conflict and competition among women in the workplace in her book I Can’t Believe She Did That! – Why Women Betray Other Women at Work, released this October by St. Martin’s Press.

With clarity and insight, Mooney tells the stories of real women from a wide range of personal and professional backgrounds to give us some unsettling news: today’s women aren’t always nice to each other, especially in the workplace.

In October, Mooney came to campus to talk to the Scripps community about her book. Now, we welcome your own stories and comments on women’s relationships to one another in the workplace.

Have you been in a competitive situation with other women at work? Was the rivalry resolved? How? Did you have a woman boss or mentor who was an asset to your career? What lessons have you learned that you could share with others?

Submissions should be no more than 750 words in length and submitted by January 5, 2006, to editor@scrippscollage.edu or Mary Bartlett, Scripps College Magazine, 1030 Columbia Avenue, Claremont, CA 91711.

Correction

In a spring 2005 class note, we printed that Pamela Bickoff Fields ’68 (above with husband Gordon) would turn 70 in February. Ooops, it’s Gordon who turned 70. Pam reports: “I gratefully remain 12 years his junior. But, as he joked when I told him of the misprint, ‘Well, honey, you look pretty good for 70.’ And, I must say, it’s prompted several of my classmates to write.”
My Favorite SOB
BY MARY FRASER WEIS ’66

The Sisters of Browning (SOBs) arrived at Browning Hall in the fall of 1962. We were typical freshmen: nervous, anxious about succeeding in this new environment, and very impressed by the sublime upperclass women in our dorm.

Then there was Judy Nelsen Keep from Omaha, Nebraska. She charmed us all from the first day with her huge smile, raucous laugh, warm and inclusive personality, lack of sophistication, and insatiable curiosity about everyone and everything. She had made the break from the Midwest against her parents’ better judgment, and she was eager to absorb everything she could about wild and crazy California.

Judy was a natural born leader; she stood out on campus, not just in our hall or among her classmates. She plunged headfirst into everything Scripps had to offer: academics, student government, and the social scene. She was a dedicated and excellent student who wasn’t afraid to question her professors; she was a leader in student government across the campuses; and she was the life of every party. We elected her freshman class president and she went on to be chosen May Fête queen (selected by the sophomores) in the spring of our first year, and president of the student council in her senior year. Underlying all of this, Judy was a good and caring friend to everyone and especially to those of us who lived with her for four years in Browning Hall. We formed a special bond that became even deeper and more meaningful over the years.

Judy went on to law school in San Diego and was appointed to the municipal court by Governor Jerry Brown. In 1980, President Carter nominated her to the federal bench; she became the first woman chief judge of the federal district court in San Diego, from 1991-98. Most of the SOBs attended the impressive ceremony. There were endless VIPs at the reception, but Judy spent an inordinate amount of time with her Browning friends being sure we felt welcome and included. The SOBs watched her progression from the sidelines, applauded her successes, and commiserated with her—and

she with us—over life’s twists and turns. We also listened to her hysterical stories of life on the federal bench. The stories never showcased Judy, or what wise and important decisions she had made; instead they highlighted some of the bizarre cases that came before her and some of the amazing things defendants do and say in the courtroom. We could have spent the majority of every mini-reunion being entertained by Judy, but that was not to be. She inevitably focused her laser beam on each of us and wanted to know how we were really doing, how our children were faring, and what was important to us in life.

The last mini-reunion of 11 of the 12 SOBs was in San Diego in April 2004. Judy had been diagnosed with cancer three years previously, and we had watched her battle the disease with her usual upbeat and determined attitude. It became clear that Judy was not going to win the battle, so we made the decision to plan what might be our last gathering with her. We all arrived at a wonderful beach house on Mission Bay and Judy joined us each day, with her feeding tube and catheter. It was the old Judy, albeit a much thinner version with very short hair; but the incandescent, huge smile, the booming greeting to each of us, and the warmth and enthusiasm were intact. There were many long hugs, but no sadness and no tears because Judy didn’t want it and wouldn’t allow it. We talked, we laughed (we howled!), we ate, we walked on the beach, we slept now and then, and we relished every minute of our weekend together. Judy was the centerpiece of this gathering, but anyone looking in on the group wouldn’t have known it. She posed a question early on that kept us engaged for much of the time: “What role did Scripps play in the women we have each become?” It was so Judy in that it kept us away from a focus on her, and it made us think back to our early and formative years together. It was fascinating to hear each of the women’s thoughtful responses and the ongoing discussion that resulted from this one question.

Judy lost her battle with cancer in September 2004. The memorial service was held in San Diego and as many of the SOBs that could attended. It was an impressive and moving service. The setting, in a very light and informal church, the eclectic lineup of speakers, and the overflow crowd all spoke volumes about the way Judy lived her life and the kind of woman she was. The chief judge of the Ninth Circuit spoke, as did a superior court judge, someone from her tennis group, a family friend, her niece (Judy performed her wedding in the hospital), and Sherry Eckhardt Reed, an SOB and longtime fellow attorney and judge in San Diego. All of Judy’s many accomplishments were noted by each speaker, but to a person they spoke from their different perspectives of Judy as a friend: her warmth, her laugh, her curiosity, her caring, and her unique and wonderful generosity of spirit.

To the SOBs, Judy embodied the power of friendship at its best: she gave so much of herself to the Sisters of Browning over the years, and in return we infused her with courage and hope at several critical junctures in her life. Her unintended role modeling and her expectations for each of us, as well as her megawatt smile and sense of humor, will be an enduring and powerful memory.
In my multifaceted life I have many friends who have played an important part in my life or my memories. They are all special in their own way and at different stages in my life.

There are four close childhood friends, all born within months of each other. No matter what state I have lived in (they live in Michigan), we get together once a year. During the year, we use the telephone or e-mail and share our joys, sorrows, sadness, excitement, family news, children, grandchildren, cousins, and obituaries. All of us have friends in the localities where we live, but there is this strong bond between us. We know that we can trust and count on each other at necessary times.

I have friends from a variety of religious denominations, including Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Mormon, a few Fundamental Mormons, and spiritualists. Even though we do not have the same religious beliefs, we can share and discuss other topics and be friends when needed and in specific situations.

Our daughter was damaged at birth and was diagnosed with cerebral palsy. This changed my life dramatically. Parents with children of handicapped children pass through several stages of acceptance—shock, guilt, rejection, bereavement (sorrow), acceptance, “What can I do about it?” and “How can I help others?” While working through these stages, I have met many parents, especially the mothers. We commiserate, talk with each other, have meetings as needed, gain knowledge, listen to one another, and become caring, loving friends. It helps to talk it out, solidify thoughts, add new dimensions, and share with others so that one is not alone, but can grow in acceptance, focusing, and planning for the future.

When I cannot seem to see clearly what to do in certain situations or about certain issues, I go to another friend and say, “Lord, this is the situation. What do you want me to do about it?” I get an answer, sometimes not immediately, but it comes in varying ways, and I proceed with the answer. It usually involves friends who have no idea where I received my direction.

As a professional educator, I am friends with teachers, principals, superintendents, communities, university and college staffs, students, and parents as well. There are times in each of these occupations when friends are needed to listen, discuss, and care. I have helped them and they have helped me. It is a mutual friendship at the right time and place.

Friends are about sharing in various ways, caring, listening, thoughtfulness, trust, love, and just being quiet together. Friendships can be stronger at certain times in our life and also “in neutral.” Friends have been my lifeline, a pick-me-upper at low times, and sometimes just a quick cheery “Hello” brightens a day. Friends cannot be categorized, defined, or labeled, but we require the Power of a Friend. We need each other in various ways and times in the multifaceted lives that we live.
Can a deep friendship end? Can the friendship end even if I don’t want it to end? Even if I didn’t do something wrong?

Technically, she didn’t ask to end the friendship, just that I stop calling her. But how is that not the same thing? She sent what felt for all the world like a friendship version of a “Dear John” letter.

She wrote: “This is hard to write because I care for you very much and you have been nothing but a good friend...But I think it is important to tell you what is true for me...the more intimate place you once held in my life is being filled in other ways and by other people. This is not because of anything you did or didn’t do—it’s just that our roads have been diverging for quite some time now...I would be happy to touch base every now and then—but without the expectations, and with the understanding that the relationship has changed for me.”

Reading this, I felt intense pain, confusion, sorrow, and a pull to fall into a self-indulgent tantrum of anger and blame. I had never wanted our “roads to diverge.”

I can’t put the depth of our past friendship into words. I can only hint. It began when each of us were new mothers isolated and overwhelmed, finding solace and comfort in each other’s company as our baby daughters grew up together also becoming “best friends.”

To say that Mary Lou and I were best friends doesn’t capture the way our thoughts flew back and forth as we talked of the deep important things. Each conversation brought us to new levels of understanding about ourselves and life. And great joy in the easy connection: our thoughts soaring, our spirits more than either one alone. All the inevitable painful times in life actively transformed into adventures in learning. Until one day, about ten years ago, she felt the need to move back home to where her family lives. I struggled then with loyally supporting her in being true to her inner needs while feeling a deep but invisible loss: there are no Hallmark cards for “I’m sorry your best friend has moved away.”

Besides all the usual ways that we miss someone, it seemed that I could no longer think as well, that my brain was slower and hesitant. I kept noticing the loss of our soaring synergy.

She had never felt comfortable with phone calls; I wasn’t comfortable with writing. By now we each had two school-age children, so trips were infrequent, but no matter how long it had been since we had last seen each other, that special connection, that openness to knowing the other and being known, that excitement in the flow of thoughts, was magically still there.

I assumed we would both try our best to maintain our friendship despite the distance and the demands of our lives. And I searched for that joyful mind-spirit connection in other friendships, finding it most reliably with my best friends from grammar school and high school and college, but they also live far away—the connection infrequent. I have other kinds of strong, satisfying relationships: with my husband, with family members, with people I know within a particular context. But no special friend sharing my daily life and thoughts, no Mary Lou. And so, periodically I have tried to call her, tried to reestablish the old bond, been puzzled and even worried when she didn’t respond. I acknowledge that she is right, that there is something I need her to be for me. What confuses me, what I can’t understand, is why, having shared and experienced what we were for each other, she doesn’t need it too.
Lending Strength and Grace

BY CAROLE COCHRAN ’67

I used to have a bumper sticker that said “Art Saves Lives.” I believed it to be true for me. But my belief now is that friends save lives. Not in terms of heroic CPR measures we all aspire to, but by keeping us connected to some essential thread of ourselves when our lives are unraveling or blasting in celebration. Also, sometimes, stretching the thread.

For me, the unraveling parts meant so much. Diane, who called me every morning after my first son was born—my husband had left six months earlier and it was a Boston winter. The Allens and Shanks, who had me over for dinner, took me to Cape Cod, concerts in the Berkshires, and did art projects in the basement during my pregnancy and then Malcolm’s infancy. Sustaining me with interesting ideas, comfort, stimulation, great food, and friendship. Donna, who moved into my house, rescued me from the isolation of single motherhood, and was a family for the baby and I, delighting in his development. The four friends I trusted with an enormous sense of vulnerability and talked to at length about the endless problems, crises, school conferences, and fears during my son’s turbulent adolescence. Most were longtime friends, but one was an older woman volunteer at the hospital where I worked who had gone through similar issues with her son—a friendship of opportunity. Kyo, who made baskets with me every Wednesday night for years as I worked through the death of my father from cancer and ensuing grief. The companionship and creativity a balm.

I have a group of three women I have known since kindergarten. We were in Brownies together, and now we meet once a year for a weekend at the beach. They are all bright and successful and love just the “me” in me. The long shared past is important to me too. Since my family has died, they are the only ones who remember the details of dinner at my house in 1955. But the moments now are wonderful too—such rich ideas. We are going together to Italy in October.

Mara, my 22-year-old daughter is a deep-blessing friend, who shares expansive worlds with me, pushes me to keener adventures and understandings, and keeps me laughing and real.

I have three profound Scripps friends with whom I am still close after 38 years. Myra, who made me believe in myself as an artist and experienced so many parallel life moments and intellectual adventures over the years; shared through letters because she lived in England. Sue Talbot, who took my son to pick Bert and Ernie pumpkins 25 years ago while I studied for finals at graduate school and now is a model to help me stay hopeful about an experimental medication for serious illness. Connie, who talked me through two careers, then through motherhood, and my brother’s death.

There are also friends who are providers of arcane information: How do you harvest and ready kelp for a basket? Will the leftovers be good or bad for your garden? What about cycad blooms—can male come from female? How to attach a codicil to an imminently dying brother’s 40-year-old will? What knitting stitches would be good for a scarf for my daughter in New York? (A two-foot sampler comes by return mail.)

The friendships have lent me strength and grace during bad times and enriched my good times in a way that nothing else in the world does. I cannot imagine being without them.
The Scripps Experience
BY CYNDEL PODICH ’71

Hugs are not always in person.

Sometimes things are going so terribly wrong that the smallest thing can have dramatic effect. We see this in the news these days, and we feel it in our own lives.

This past year, one of the women of Camp Scripps, Lucille Housel Burke ’70, experienced the sudden, tragic loss of her 21-year-old son, Evan Hartley Burke, on March 6. In a roundabout way, many of us on the Camp Planning Committee learned of her loss and the first flurry of e-mails expressing shock and offering support, prayers, and condolences was followed by another flurry (not, of course, intended for Lucille) lamenting our inability to do anything except send flowers—what kind of flowers, or would a plant be best? Lucille was “somewhat amused” to receive these e-mails, as she was on the mail list of the Planning Committee.

Lucille’s best friend, Merrilee Stewart Howard ’70, stayed with the family in Ashland for the next two weeks. Merrilee was her physical “rock.” Scripps Camp and the extended Scripps community served as additional support.

In an e-mail forwarded to the Camp Planning Committee list, Lucille reported, “I did feel all of your support, especially in the first two weeks. There were many days that I had on a Scripps T-shirt, a Scripps hat, and a Scripps sweatshirt. They just seemed to leap into my hand. I don’t think I would be functioning very well now if I hadn’t had all of the emotional support that I got, especially from Merrilee who was with me as soon as she could get to the hospital when we arrived from Medford. She and Marty left today. You guys are the best.”

Even in those dark days, blessings would shine. Numerous organ and tissue transplant recipients benefited from Lucille’s courage and generosity. Generosity and opportunity continue with The Evan Hartley Burke and Lucille Housel Burke ’70 Annual Fund Scholarship. Established in memory of Evan and in honor of Lucille, $10,000 scholarships were awarded this fall to two Scripps students.

That’s one of the things Scripps does best, and no one can put their finger on exactly how. The Scripps experience, from the gentle campus to the laughter of friends, creates a subconscious response and connection to a nurturing place and community of women. It weaves a remarkably strong thread into each of our lives.

Were it not for Camp Scripps, I would not even know Lucille. We attended the College at the same time, but our circles never overlapped. Through Camp, I have been introduced to Lucille and an ever-growing number of remarkable, complex women. We are a colorful lot. As a group, we have witnessed achievements great and small. We have witnessed sorrows and disappointments. We have encouraged dreams and shared logistics. We discover we genuinely care. It feels very, very personal. It also feels very special.

Bound by shared experiences, the recipient and giver morph as needed—often in the same conversation.

When all else seems to be unraveling, the Scripps thread grows stronger.
The Kimbo Queens: The Perfect Blend of the Spices of Life

BY ANITA IYER ’01

One of the best things to come out of my Scripps experience are the friendships I made with some of the strongest, most intelligent, adventurous, and loving women I have had the pleasure of knowing. Strong friendships in life are hard to form and maintain, but the bond and the connection that my Scripps friends and I share with each other is unlike any other I have had in my life.

In the spring of 2000, during room draw, ten of us soon-to-be seniors decided to live together on the second floor of Kimberly Hall. Everybody knew each other from a variety of different experiences during our time at Scripps, but for the first time, we would all come together to form the “Kimbo Queens.” We called ourselves the Kimbo Queens because we were seniors and as such, we ruled Kimberly Hall, but we were also queens because we are flamboyant, enthusiastic women and proud of it! We always supported each other and shared so many good times together. From practical jokes to support during some of the most exciting events of our lives, we have formed bonds that can’t be broken. Little did we all know that we would become practically family well beyond our lives after Scripps.

What I find extraordinary about the Kimbo Queens is that we are all unique in our fields of study, personalities, life philosophies, values, cultural backgrounds, and idiosyncrasies. After all, on the surface, what could a biology and music major like myself possibly have in common with a French and European studies major? We are so different, yet we came together to form a strong support system that has become an integral part of all of our lives and has made us into much healthier and happier people.

What makes the Kimbo Queens tick?

A good formula for a healthy relationship is that we pride ourselves on a strong foundation of respect and appreciation for each other’s values, cultures, and points of view; we accept everyone for who they are. We embrace our differences and love each other more because of them. Thomas Hughes once said, “Friendship: it involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one’s self and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.” We can be ourselves without hesitation. This is what makes the Kimbo Queens so special.

The Kimbo Queens help me to step back and put my life in perspective. As a PhD student in the sciences, it becomes very easy to get wrapped up in your own little universe, which, in my case, is mostly the trials and tribulations that come with the life of a scientist. I cannot emphasize enough how much I treasure having friends outside of my field of study. Even though we are all doing different things, we often realize that our experiences in our careers, or even in our lives as twenty-somethings, are similar in many ways. The Queens in law school, medical school, and graduate school have helped each other realize that our experiences during the tough transition period from Scripps are not specific to our given fields. This takes the mystery out of whether the grass is really greener on the other side.

We help each other to see the big picture by offering a fresh view and an outside perspective on life. This allows us to constantly encourage and applaud everyone’s accomplishments, no matter how big (graduating medical school or hosting your first art show) or small (starting to exercise after weeks of procrastination!), and to remind ourselves that we are strong, beautiful women. Being around positive people like the Queens has instilled in me a healthier positive attitude. When things are not going exactly as I would like—for example, if my experiments in the lab aren’t working well—the Queens’ diverse perspectives will remind me to step back, look at everything I’ve done, how much I’ve grown, and how much I have learned since my time at Scripps. Suddenly, life isn’t so bad.
The Chicks
BY ANGELA DICKEY '92

I’m a Chick and proud of it.

As a student at an all women’s college, I never thought I would find myself saying that. However, ten-plus years after graduating from Scripps, I now frequently say that I’m a Chick—only instead of using it as a derogatory term, I’m referring to “Chicks Night Out,” or CNO for short. The Chicks are five strong female friends who have been meeting at least once a month for the past couple of years. We laugh together, cry together, hold emergency meetings when needed (especially after a significant break-up), and provide support when the going gets rough. When the results of the UCLA study on friendship hit the headlines, I immediately forwarded it to the group, and we all agreed: that study talks about us and the value of CNO.

We first met through friends of friends that had formed a loose-knit singles activity group in Portland. The singles group ended when the two main coordinators got married, but the five of us decided that we enjoyed each other’s company too much to let it go by the wayside. So we agreed to meet for wine tasting and the First Thursday Art Walk, and the Chicks Night Out was born. Since then, we have sampled the best happy hours in town, made candles, gotten foot massages and facials, decorated pottery, painted, cooked fondue, and attended concerts. At the end of each gathering, we pull out the blackberries, the palm pilots, and an old-fashioned day planner, and set the date for the next meeting.

As a group, our interests are wide-ranging. We like being outdoors, and we like being indoors. Some of us have beautiful, manicured nails, and mine, well, they’re a mess. Some members know how to match their clothes, and I have a habit of wearing orange Converse high tops. We are a teacher, computer engineer, insurance agents, and a CPA. To look at us on paper, you would never guess the spirit that binds us all could be so strong.

It’s that indefinable and indescribable spirit that makes us unique. I know that whatever I do and wherever I go, the CNO gang is right there behind me. If I succeed, they will applaud. If I fail, they will pick up the pieces. They keep me from jumping off cliffs without a parachute and from getting my head stuck in the clouds. They provide support, comfort, perspective, and the occasional stiff drink. And always, they keep me laughing and smiling. With the Chicks in my life, I am ready for anything.

Positive Energy
BY TERESA E. DONIGER ’92

This spring, I had the good fortune to meet a group of women (Carmen, Pam, Darlene, Mildred, and Yvonne) in the Los Angeles metropolitan area through the American Heart/Stroke Association. Each of us decided to train, fundraise, and ultimately run the Kona Marathon on the Big Island of Hawaii this June for our own personal reasons. Yet, what we came out of the experience with is incredibly meaningful friendships, a nice break from our regular routines (that our Saturday morning run continues to give us), and a real sense of camaraderie, inspiration, encouragement, and support of one another.

Some of us ran with the American Heart/Stroke Association in memory of family members we have lost, some of us ran simply for ourselves, and some of us joined the training program as a way to meet new people. We had been transformed by the experience. We run, not just to stay in shape, not just to improve our performance, but also to keep the positive energy alive! Recently, we decided we all deserve something special to remind us how positive each of us truly is as individuals and as a group of women. A few of us had noticed how nice the Tiffany “mesh ring” looks on others, so we have each begun to purchase the ring for ourselves. This is a symbol of our friendship, of staying positive, and staying connected.

Two of us will run the Nike Women’s marathon on October 23 while some of the others may fly up to San Francisco to cheer us on. This event is yet another opportunity to challenge ourselves as well as enjoy a sense of accomplishment we’ve all achieved this year as individuals and together.
In August 2004, the life I had lived for 31 years came to a screeching halt. Those pesky irreconcilable differences surfaced, and my husband and I agreed divorce was the best option. Our almost-adult sons were not surprised and seemed to handle it well.

Through this ordeal, one of the blessings I have is the angels God gives me in the form of my mother and my women friends. I have laughed, cried, prayed, talked, gone out for dinner, shopped, and watched movies with many wonderful women. This is about how I have survived and how I will have the courage and energy to start my new life.

One of my supervisors was recently divorced. She has mentored, encouraged, and cared about me. She told me how to change payroll deposit and beneficiary information with the company. She advised me to keep the joint checking account open in case there were refunds from the sale of the house. She was correct; I have needed that account. The problems in our respective marriages had some similarities, and she reminded me it was not my fault. We have even cried on each other's shoulders.

Another friend was divorced several years ago. She has listened to my frustrations and concerns. She also has two sons, and has reminded me that my sons will have to work out their own relationship with their dad. All I can do is be there for my sons when and if they need to talk. She has helped me carefully compose messages to both my husband and son. We met after work one day for happy hour and shared stories, feelings, and laughter.

Having been married 31 years, I was used to making decisions as a team. My women friends have helped me process decisions and given me much needed information that I did not have by myself.

When the house sold and I had to find an apartment after owning houses for 27 years, I really did not know what to do. One friend told me which property management company to avoid, how to carefully inspect the apartment before moving in, and to make sure there were no fleas from previous animal residents. The husband of this same friend is a licensed electrician; when the buyers of my house wanted an electrical inspection, I had someone I could trust immediately.

The day I had to go to court, many of my women friends (and a couple of men) prayed for me. I was not sure what would happen but was afraid I would fall apart due to the high anxiety. I was calm during the process (although extremely tired when it was over). The judge ruled in my favor: Ah, the power of praying girlfriends!

I have had friends just look at me and ask, "Are you OK?" They could tell I was not OK even though I was trying to be. After crying and hugging for 10 minutes, I have always felt better. The value of a friendly shoulder is immeasurable.

When I was stressed about how I was going to get all the stuff from the four-bedroom house moved, one of my girlfriends at work said, "We can help you." I had not even thought about asking my co-workers to help me move.

One day my husband and I were exchanging increasingly heated e-mails about who would pay for moving and disposing of things from the house. This same girlfriend advised: "Stop it. When a two-year-old is pitching a fit you just ignore it." She was right. I quit playing that game with him and have not done it since.

I am now living alone for the first time in my 55 years. (My single room in Toll Hall does not count as living alone.) I know that any and all of my women friends will be available by phone, e-mail, or in person if I need something. I have a list of their home phone numbers on my refrigerator. They have carried me through and will continue to do so. Because of them, I will have the strength to carry others who may need it.

I am just about convinced that God is a woman because of the unconditional love given to me by my wonderful mother and awesome women friends. I pray I can share that love with others as well.
Engaged? Adopting? Expecting?

We look forward to helping you celebrate—when your good news is a reality. We’ll wait to publish marriage/commitment and birth/adoption information until you let us know the big event has taken place.

Marriages and Commitments

'74 Sarah Chamberlin to Benjamin Bottoms, July 10, 2004
'91 Angela Meyer to Derek O’Connor, May 21, 2005
'91 Antoinette Sabarots to John Etulain, December 27, 2003
'92 Jennifer Stoddard to Mark Jenkins, August 9, 2003
'93 Kendra Armer to Chris Dorger, April 2005
'98 Amy Pettigrew to Alex Alfieri, April 10, 2005
'98 Shannon Weed to Alton Shader (CMC ’95), May 28, 2005
'99 Inger Crickenberger to Gustavo Montecinos, September 4, 2003
'00 Lisa LeTourneux to Tom Heberlein (HMC ’00), January 1, 2005
'01 Sarah Paul to Forrest Myatt, April 23, 2005
'02 Kelly Feinstein to Luke Johnson (PO ’01), July 3, 2005

'93 Sheena Robertson Matheson and Bruce, a son, Angus William, August 9, 2004
'94 Juliet Hagenmayer Pappas and John, a daughter, Luna Elisabeth-Cesidia, May 11, 2005
'97 Susan McCormack Metcalf and Thom, a son, Jack Thomas, June 23, 2005
'00 Laura Sullivan Wetzel and Mark, a daughter, Sarah Grace, March 11, 2005

Births and Adoptions

'87 Anne Boubion-Steers and Greg, a son, Gabriel, June 2, 2005
'89 Kris Lesher Aring and Steve, a son, Carson Matthew, February 2005
'90 Rosalyn Scaff and Michael Cahill, a son, Rowan Lawrence, May 15, 2004
'93 Melinda Evers Carbon and Peter, a son, Liam Kyle, May 4, 2005

'93 Sheena Robertson Matheson and Bruce, a son, Angus William, August 9, 2004
'94 Juliet Hagenmayer Pappas and John, a daughter, Luna Elisabeth-Cesidia, May 11, 2005
'97 Susan McCormack Metcalf and Thom, a son, Jack Thomas, June 23, 2005
'00 Laura Sullivan Wetzel and Mark, a daughter, Sarah Grace, March 11, 2005

In Memoriam

'31 Louise West Ashcroft, August 28, 2005
'31 Jessie Gorham Toll, September 14, 2004
'33 Laurabel Neville Hume, July 7, 2005
'36 Frances Stewart Springer, date unknown
'41 Dorothy Bauman Carrithers, August 3, 2005
'42 Margaret Olshausen Steele, May 30, 2005
'44 Suzanne Smith Frantz, July 6, 2005
'46 Virginia Schuck Curtis, June 20, 2005
'49 Joan Curby, June 21, 2005
'49 Meeta Cook King, October 6, 2005
'50 Harriet Thum Grubbs, October 3, 2004
'50 Ann Davis Melbye, October 17, 2005
'61 Gail Paradise, August 11, 2005
'72 Patricia Reeb, July 25, 2005
'88 Marie Watkins, August 30, 2005
'91 Jennifer Dieges, March 19, 2005
'91 Traci Sheckler, October 16, 2005

Pictured on the roof of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, are (from left) Caroline McDougall Helmuth ’60, Suzanne Stofft Nystrom ’60, Janet Bideaux ’62, Karen Jurs Kalkstein ’62, and Dee Tackett O’Neill ’62. The group spent five days together in New York in June. “We walked our feet off, saw three shows, visited many museums, ate great food, and best of all, spent time together,” according to Karen Jurs Kalkstein.
The Bee’s Knees  Molly Rightmyer ’97 spends her days studying bees’ knees. And their wings, antennae, and other features that the rest of us don’t get close enough to notice. On a typical day you can find Molly seated in her lab next to a tray of bees, examining under a high-powered microscope one of 17,000 specimens on loan to her for her dissertation research. A sixth-year graduate student at the University of Kansas in Lawrence, Molly is a world expert on a tribe of bees known as the Epeolini.

Molly chose Scripps for her undergraduate education because of the College’s extensive offerings in both biology and art. She took a drawing class from Susan Rankaitis her first year, the beginning of what became a minor in studio art. She was mentored in her major, biology, by Professor Don McFarlane of the Joint Science Department, who also introduced her to the field of systematics (the classification and analysis of the evolutionary history of organisms) and to career possibilities in museum work for scientists.

After college, Molly worked as a freelance scientific illustrator—work that satisfied both of her interests. One of her first commissions was for McFarlane. When he needed an illustration of a fossil rodent skull, he called on Molly. Later, Molly landed a coveted internship at the American Museum of Natural History in New York illustrating fossil turtles. She then became a scientific assistant with the museum in the Division of Entomology (now called Invertebrate Zoology), where her skills as an illustrator were in demand. It was in this position that her lifelong interest in the natural world became focused on bees.

For those with a passion for bees, the University of Kansas (KU) is the place to be. It is one of the few universities in the country with a program in systematic entomology and one of the even fewer places with a special emphasis on bees. KU’s Dr. Charles Michener, Molly’s adviser, is one of the world’s experts on bees. The University has an outstanding collection of bees, including a new acquisition of bees from a former British spy who collected in the Middle East. “It is extremely rare to have bees from such places as Afghanistan,” explains Molly, who adds that both Oxford and the British Museum were vying for the specimens.

After several years of coursework in entomology and the successful completion of her comprehensive exams, Molly has been free to spend the bulk of her time analyzing the thousands of unidentified museum specimens she has on loan, identifying them, naming and describing new species, and writing keys to allow the identification of different species of bees. The subject of her study is a particular genus of parasitic bees that is especially common in the southwestern United States.

Identifying bee specimens is exacting and takes great patience. For Molly’s research, it entails examining each specimen and noting the external structures, coloration, pits, and hairs. A typical bee might be approximately 8mm and may differ from another specimen in the banding pairs of hairs or the pattern of pits on its body. Molly spends anywhere from a few seconds (with a common species) to several days studying each specimen.

Molly has so far discovered five new species, one of which she named after her grandparents. Her expertise in the field has led her to be called to identify specimens for places such as the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) and the Zoological Museum in Berlin.

For the future, Molly is contemplating post-doctoral positions at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, and at the “Bee Lab”—USDA’s Bee Biology and Systematics Laboratory—in Logan, Utah. Whatever she chooses, it is certain she will be up close and personal with bees.
“Among my friends are Bulgarians, Russians, and Chinese. I am a sort of assistant teacher for a weekly group called ‘Let’s Talk English.’”

— Jo Ann Sampson Turner ’50

Frankie Castelletto Runzo (Oceanside, CA) Too ill to attend 2005 Reunion Weekend. I enjoy the Scripps College magazine. I want to keep in touch. I have been in Scripps Hospital in La Jolla recently. College rooms much better! Food too!

Pauline Riedeburg Plesset (Solano Beach, CA) Suddenly, I’m a very old woman but my interest in friends and issues has not diminished. Scripps gave one so much!

Alicia Koenig Hamilton (Golden, CO) Celebrated Warren’s 80th birthday with family here from New Hampshire and San Diego in May. Summer includes two weeks in Maui in June, 10 days at Aspen Music Festival, and a week in Estes Park in August.

Grazziella Groth-Marnat Outmans (Laguna Beach, CA) My two daughters, sons-in-law, and three grandchildren were all with me Easter weekend. The weekend before, Gary and Carol Goodrich Torre ’48, Oakland residents, were my house guests. We had a wonderful visit.

Caryl Chesmore Hinckley (Sedro Woolley, WA) Ted died in September 2004 of a rare blood disorder. I continue to work as a tax preparer for H&R Block during tax season, and travel to visit daughters, sisters, and friends. • Jo Ann Sampson Turner (Princeton, NJ) Here I am, very thankfully, expecting to live out my days in a town which I call “Heaven” or “Paradise.” My daughter, Dianne, and her family live just six blocks away—literally down the street. My younger children still live in Southern California, and due to the new, liberal phone rates, we can talk as much as we like. As you can imagine, the university affords everything in the way of cultural activities: a very fine art museum, a symphony orchestra, a history of the Revolutionary War. I live in a pretty little complex of small apartments just one block north of the main Nassau Street in a park-like setting of rolling green lawns, lots of squirrels, and birds (colorful species which I had never seen before). The best thing about this little complex is that we are of various nationalities. Among my friends are Bulgarians, Russians, and Chinese. I am a sort of assistant teacher for a weekly group called “Let’s Talk English.” I also do a bit of proofreading, but gave up teaching a year ago at age 75.

Kathleen Niven Lechner (Laguna Niguel, CA) My house flooded twice from heavy rains this year, so I will do some planning to avoid that again if possible! College, some writing and painting, and watching my grandson are filling my days. A visit to Vermont and Virginia (where I will visit Audrey Michie ’53) are coming up. Camp Scripps, as always, was lovely. • Joan Tavernetti Ward (Pasadena, CA) Ken (CMC ’52) and I have lived in Pasadena for three years after selling our home on Treasure Island in Long Beach and our cabin on Orcas Island off the north coast of Washington. Our three children, their spouses, and our five grandchildren live in Eagle Rock, Ventura, and Tucson. In the 1960s and 70s, we lived in Arcadia where I did interior design and remodeling projects and taught silk-screen design at Creative Arts Group in Sierra Madre. Now, Ken and I volunteer at the Huntington Hospital. Diana Grupe ’52 comes to Pasadena every year from her home in Connecticut to visit her niece, and we get together with DeeDee Treacy Babcock ’52 from Santa Monica for lunch and catching up. For many years now, Ken and I and my Salinas “kindergarten friends” (we all started school and graduated from high school together) have taken trips with our spouses to many wonderful places in the U.S., Mexico, and Europe.

Diana Kontas Colson (Sarasota, FL) I will be near Turia, Italy, for three weeks in late May-June. I am assisting a writer friend on research for her book. We will be staying near Damanhur, a community dedicated to art and spirituality. They do fantastic experiments with time travel, which most scientists consider impossible. If I don’t come back, look for me in Ancient Egypt!

Jeanne Fisher Chandler (Los Altos Hills, CA) Sorry to miss all of you on our 50th. Grateful for my Scripps education and the time now with four grandchildren—plus freedom to paint. • Barbara Cavanagh Pattinson (Escondido, CA) Scripps is marching into the future. The changes seem in keeping with the Scripps spirit. They do fantastic experiments with time travel, which most scientists consider impossible. If I don’t come back, look for me in Ancient Egypt!

Joan Tavernetti Ward (Pasadena, CA) Sorry to miss all of you on our 50th. Grateful for my Scripps education and the time now with four grandchildren—plus freedom to paint. • Barbara Cavanagh Pattinson (Escondido, CA) Scripps is marching into the future. The changes seem in keeping with the Scripps philosophy. The campus looks beautiful. I have so many lovely memories—the picking garden, olive grove, Chinese pieces, lovely library from Europe. My sorrow right now is the passing of Anita Egnew Hood ’55—a friend forever.

Diane Divelbess (Langley, WA) Short stay in Melbourne, Australia last January. Planning on a tour to Northeast India this coming January. My art studio and
Naturalized Japanese citizen Anami has put together a unique travel guide entitled Encounters with Ancient Beijing: Its Legacy in Trees, Stone and Water. The book explores the history of Beijing not only through its natural landmarks and ancient ruins, but also through the people who remain intimately connected with the landscape. The guide was published in 2004 by China Intercontinental Press.

Virginia Stibbs Anami ’66
Anami has put together a unique travel guide entitled Encounters with Ancient Beijing: Its Legacy in Trees, Stone and Water. The book explores the history of Beijing not only through its natural landmarks and ancient ruins, but also through the people who remain intimately connected with the landscape. The guide was published in 2004 by China Intercontinental Press.

Reunion 2006: April 28-30
Rebecca Barber Adams (Santa Barbara, CA) I am looking forward to getting together with Class of ’61 friends in May, organized by Carol Baker McCrary and Barbara Johnson Murray. • Charlene Mayne Woodcock (Berkeley, CA) I attended the Berkshire Conference of Women Historians held at Scripps in June. What a pleasure to stay in Grace Scripps Hall and find it very little changed since 1961. A welcome addition to campus is the beautiful swimming pool.

Pamela Corey-Archer (Arlington, VA)
On May 2, 2005, I am retiring from the Foreign Service on my 65th birthday! I have returned to Arlington from my last assignment in North Carolina. My son and his wife will be living in Arlington, too.

Gayle Neumann Silva (Canoga Park, CA)
I am enjoying retirement. A second granddaughter is due to be born this August. I may travel a bit this year.

Carol Steele Buss (Laguna Beach, CA)
My mother, Margaret Olshausen Steele ’42, died in May of heart failure. We had a memorial service for her in Tucson.

Karen Diehl Merris (Hayward, CA) Russ and I have decided to retire at the end of the school year 2005. Our son, Rhian, will be married in Cherokee, NC, in June. I love seeing Anne King Gregersen ’63 from time to time.

Suzie Urquhart Reed (Cambridge, MA) My husband, Michael, had heart surgery in April to replace a worn-out aortic valve. He’s doing well and walking five miles a day now. Our daughter, Sarah, was married in July 2004 in N.Y.C. Our son, Bruce, was married in September 2004 in Seattle.

Ann Ewart Hughes (Edmonds, WA) In 2004, I received the Issaquah, WA, Citizen of the Year Award. I left Providence Marianwood (Srs. of Providence Health System) after 15 years as administrator, moved to Edmonds, and began a new position as administrator of a 175-bed skilled nursing facility. Dennis and I celebrate our 42nd anniversary this summer. We enjoy our Border Terrier puppy, Jack.

Judy Smith Ware (Tucson, AZ) In early 2005, I moved to Tucson and would love to get together with other Scrippsters living in the area. • Barbara Cook Wormser (Redlands, CA) Another Scripps graduate was added to our family in January 2005 when our son, Paul, married Jennifer Martinez ’95.

Marcia Davidove Baugh (Palo Alto, CA) Busily retired. I continue my various volunteer activities in the community and with AAUW. I’ve taken on the position (among others) of Palo Alto AAUW Branch Historian—and I write fiction better than cloth to my pattern-reading, gardening, sewing, traveling. I think it will be such fun!

Ann McEwen Standridge (Monroe, NC) At last I am retired as of June. Now I am looking forward to cutting my cloth to my pattern-reading, gardening, sewing, traveling. I think it will be such fun!

Cyrene Keyes Moore (Blaine, WA) My husband, Bill, and I are still splitting our time between Mesa, AZ, and Birch Bay, WA. Tennis and track play a big part in our lives.

Betsy Gordon Reinhold (Laguna Beach, CA) Still keeping up the piano with Ravel, Rachmaninoff, Bach, and Chopin. It continues to be the sustaining passion of my life. Thank you, Lee Pattison and Jascha Veissi.

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If you know an outstanding young woman applying to college, encourage her to investigate Scripps. As an added incentive, present her with the certificate below—a waiver of the $50 application fee.

Applications for the Class of 2010 are due November 1, 2005, for Early Decision I; January 1, 2006, for Early Decision II; January 1, 2006, for Regular Decision. Other deadlines are as follows: Scholarship deadline: November 1, 2005; Midyear Admission deadline: November 15, 2005; Fall Transfer deadline: April 1, 2006.

Outstanding Young Women Wanted!

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Helen M. Kupka (Maple Grove, MN) I love the 2005 Scripps College Calendar. I have it hanging in my office at work, and people have been oohing and aahing over the beauty of the campus! • Rosemary Bohen L’Esprit (Arvada, CO) My day job keeps me busy taking care of about 150 scientists at an environmental testing lab. My passion is working on a memoir about my journey through my teenage daughter’s drug addiction—how I survived and how she eventually triumphed and recovered at the ripe old age of 20. We are reunited and she lives with us in Denver. • Lydia Elaine Ringwald (Laguna Hills, CA) My daughter, Alexis, graduated with a BA in political science/international relations from Yale in May.

Reunion 2006: April 28–30

Eleanor Bisconer Patrick (Dallas, PA) Our son, Curtis Patrick, 25, is a pro hockey player with the Wheeling Nailers, Wilkes-Barre/Scranton Penguins. Daughter Veronica is a flight instructor.

Hilary Roe Metternich (Pasadena, CA) After circling the globe for the past 30-plus years, my husband and I will soon be living (part of the year) in—note the irony—the zip code of my childhood: Pasadena 91105. I welcome reconnecting, connecting, and generally getting involved while keeping an eye on our younger son, Matthias, a budding baritone in the opera studio at UCLA. Cornell and I are listed in the phone book, so all friends, please call if you are in the area.

Linda Young McArdle (Encinitas, CA) In March, Glynn Roberts Birdwell, Ruth Sandberg Biedermann, Chris Casady Borgers, and I spent a delightful weekend together in Encinitas and Claremont reminiscing about days at Scripps and catching up on our post-Scripps lives. Ellen Feeney Jesaitis participated by telephone. The rest of us attended the presentation by Chris at “Life After Scripps,” after which we explored the campus and dined in Claremont; both the campus and the town look better than ever!

Sarah Chamberlin (Los Olivos, CA) I was married in July in Pwll-y-Faedda, Wales. After planning our wedding in the U.K., I have a lot of empathy for Prince Charles and Camilla. Ours was a lovely ceremony attended by friends from California and Europe. • Lisa Watkins Lilles (Springfield, OR) I was fortunate to spend time in Greece last summer, visiting my daughter, Elena, who was studying in Athens. Visited a lot of my husband’s relatives—great fun! Elena will graduate from University of Redlands this May, and son, Nikos, is completing his freshman year at University of Oregon. • Sid Garrett Reel (Union City, CA) I’m celebrating 10 years at HP, and I was promoted to vice president, Global Inclusion and Diversity. • Barbara Preston Taborek (Irvine, CA) This is a big year for us. Two of the kids have graduated from UC, and the third is going to begin at Bucknell in the fall. As Peter and I celebrate our 30th anniversary, we’ll be alone again for the first time in 24 years. We enjoyed the Scripps and HMC reunion last year. None of our children chose Claremont.

Gloria Haro-Knapel (San Jose, CA) I hope my classmates can make our reunion. Our 25th was great. The 30th will be even better! • Sheri Stevens (Thousand Oaks, CA) I have had a wonderful time at Camp Scripps and would like to extend an invitation to other alumnae. A very wise woman once told me that I deserved it. Camp has all the best parts of being at Scripps without tests, finals, etc. It is good to try things that you do not normally do like yoga, bird watching (there were three hawks on campus this year), or walking a labyrinth.

Reunion 2006: April 28–30

Lauren Tresnon Klein (Mill Valley, CA) What fun! My son Warren is now a freshman at Pitzer. Back to Claremont we go!

Cindy Clarke Dellinger (Los Altos Hills, CA) I am still in the financial world as I head into the fifth decade of my life. I have been at Bear Stearns for the last 10 years, and continue to find it very challenging and interesting. I can be reached at cdellinger@bear.com. • Angel Smeeth Lafferty (Lancaster, KY) I’m a grandmother! My oldest, Tera, and her husband, James, welcomed Austin James Fraley in January 2005. They live in Clarksville, TN, and James is now a Sgt. serving at Ft. Campbell, KY. My middle daughter, Althea, and her husband have moved into their new home in Paint Lick, KY, and are expecting their first in early July 2005. My youngest, Alyssa, is taking nursing classes at Eastern KY University. She is working full time and looking for an apartment in the Danville area. • Kathy Jo Ogren (Redlands, CA) I have just been appointed the Virginia C. Hunsaker Chair in Distinguished Teaching at the University of Redlands. Also, we have just moved “back to town” from the mountains.
Enjoyed “The Berks” at Scripps this past month. • **Dey Young** (Beverly Hills, CA) Aldo Casanova was very responsible for launching my sculpture career. Access my webpage at deyyoungart.com.

**Tracey Borst** (Oakland, CA). Robert and I are enjoying our post-corporate lives. We’re involved in the kids’ school, coaching sports, and improving our tennis games. Nick is 10 and Natalie is 7. • **Jackie Gabrielson Fein** (Mission Viejo, CA) This fall, our son, Jarrett, begins his freshman year at UC Berkeley. Thanks to Virginia Rivero Napoles and Cristelle Baskins for all the advice. • **Marilyn Haas Maher** (Longmont, CO) I have begun a private psychology practice again after 10 years as a full-time mom—and I love it as much as I always did! Also am celebrating my mid-life renewal with a week-long rafting trip down the Grand Canyon with my childhood girlfriends.

**Barbara Barna Abel** (Brooklyn, NY) I finally joined this millennium and launched a website for my business, designed by Cindy Workman ’83 (who does beautiful work if I do say so) www.barbarabarnacasting.com.

**Julie Lumpkin Moran** (Los Angeles, CA) I’ve recently moved back to Los Angeles with my husband, Sean, and our children Katie (16) and Sean Jr. (13). I’m currently working toward a master’s degree in professional writing from USC and have just released my second book, *The Six-Spoke Approach to Golf* (The Lyons Press, foreword by Fred Couples), which I co-authored with Tom Patri, one of *Golf Magazine’s Top 100 Teachers*. • **Sonya Singh-Smith** (Ridgefield, CT) It was wonderful to see everyone at the reunion. Scripps looked beautiful, well-maintained, and welcoming. I appreciated even more my time there with wonderful friends such as Vicki, Karen, and Wendy.

**Serena Schourup Carlsen** (Bellevue, WA) My boys are now 2 and 3, so it’s a full tilt boogie at our house. We’re in the middle of building a summer home off San Juan Island and hope to entice Dana Skutt Delman ’83 and Tammy Kuhn Hertz for a visit. Life is very busy and very fulfilling. • **Jody Cantrell Garcia** (Kensington, CA) I have three very busy boys ages 5, 3, and 16 months. Our roots are still torn between California and New Mexico. Work keeps us in California; family in New Mexico. I am working with Bree Bowman Blank ’83 at SBC. Our offices are right near each other so it’s like being back in Grace. I have 22 years at SBC still heading up their Diversity Marketing Program. • **Margaret Sturdevant Schaefer** (Paso Robles, CA) I was a first-timer at Scripps Summer Camp. What a treat! The campus was beautiful and it was a great respite for me. Being there in the company of so many intelligent, creative, funny, and supportive women from different eras recharged my batteries. I plan to go again and hope to see more of my friends from the early ’80s there too.
Balancing the Books

Trust a Scripps alumna to come into a new job, assess the situation, and make changes that not only help the business, but make for a warmer, consumer-friendly environment. That’s just what happened when Johannah Muhs Bradley ’98 took over as director of the Huntley Bookstore last spring.

A marketing expert with a background in sales and consultation for such clients as Borders Books, Amazon.com, and Musicland, Bradley has brought a fresh look to the Huntley. There is now a special section where customers can pick up a book and relax at a reading table, as well as a “kiddy corner” with smaller furniture, educational toys, and children’s books. Other sections have been revamped to provide visual interest and ease the process of locating books and merchandise. She also plans to add, in the near future, a small coffee bar with a possible connection to a favorite local bakery.

Bradley has reached out to The Claremont Colleges community in new ways. She saw that information on the Bookstore was placed in student orientation packets for the first time, held community events at the Bookstore, and talks regularly with customers about their needs. She credits the former director with making the business financially solvent. Now, she sees her job as growing sales through service and merchandising.

“This job is very much like running my own business,” said Bradley. “It’s what I’ve always wanted to do. I like the immediate gratification of seeing changes executed and implemented.”

Overseeing a staff of 16-plus students and occasional temporary workers, Bradley comes to the business world naturally. Her parents have owned and operated a tofu manufacturing business in Ashland, Oregon, for 25 years. But it wasn’t a straight path. At first a fine arts major at Scripps, she made what she refers to as a “harsh shift” to economics late in her sophomore year. “I loved microeconomics with Nancy Neiman Auerbach,” she explains. “It put a new perspective on how things worked in the world.”

In an unusual move for a Scripps woman, Bradley married her husband during her junior year, and held her wedding reception in the Grace Dining Room. She then had a baby before graduating. She recalls listening to a presentation by another student in one of Auerbach’s classes when she was near term. She was sitting in the front row when the baby moved his foot quite suddenly—and visibly. Astonished, the other student promptly dropped her papers. Auerbach offered this droll comment: “I see she’s causing trouble already.”

Right after college, Bradley worked for Avery Dennison in finance before moving into marketing. “It was nothing planned,” she admits. “It just evolved.” Then she went to Warner Brothers as a sales and marketing consultant with retailers as clients.

She finds her current job exciting as well as challenging. “Each Claremont College needs to be equally represented,” she explains. “But because each college has its own culture, I have to meet different needs for each.”

Bradley has plenty of excitement and challenge on a personal level as well. With a husband and three children, she is in the midst of a home remodel. “What is life but a balancing act?” she says with a wide smile.
Food for Thought  

Akua Kwakwa ’00 wears a golden pendent of Nefertiti around her neck—a graduation gift from her mother, handmade by an artisan in her hometown in Ghana, West Africa. As her high school prepared for graduation, her adviser helped her complete several international college applications, including one for Scripps College. After a personal call from a counselor in the Scripps Office of Admission, “an outreach that really made the difference,” said Akua, it came down to two colleges. She went with her instinct and came to Scripps.

During her senior year, Akua began researching the effectiveness of an Ayurvedic remedy her roommate was using to treat a skin irritation. “It was new, fun, challenging,” Akua said with a grin.

Attendees at the Scripps College Awards Convocation applauded as Akua was announced as the winner of the Best Senior Science Thesis Award. The elated student joined her friends on stage—“all the smart girls I wanted to know from day one,” Akua said.

As a graduate student in Chapman University’s Food Science and Nutrition program, Akua had the opportunity to work with several classmates and a professor on a NASA competition. The team created a bite-size pizza cracker as a possible snack food for future astronauts. “We were competing with bigger universities,” she said, “but the next thing I knew, the professor was screaming, ‘We won!’”

Winning NASA’s competition provided validation for Akua’s decision. “This experience confirmed that food science was the right choice for me.”

Enriching her education, she began an internship at a natural cereal manufacturer. The recent graduate welcomed the challenge presented to food science engineers. Clients provide their requirements for a product’s nutritional profile, appearance, and flavor and the engineer finds a way to make it happen. Akua believes research and development is a good match for her personality. It offers a challenge to come up with desirable solutions within strict boundaries. “You have to be creative,” she said.

Creative and meticulous. Throughout the process, industry standards are observed assuring product safety. There are regular FDA audits as well as those conducted by the American Institute of Baking, both setting very high quality standards.

And her experience with the space program proved helpful, too. “A lot of people think of space and say, ‘What does it have to do with me?’” To which Akua usually replies, “Everybody who goes to the store is affected by NASA.” The Hazard Analysis and Critical Control Point (HACCP), an internationally recognized food safety method to identify and manage risks, began as a NASA program and has trickled down to consumers.

This past summer, Akua started her latest venture, a job with pet food product development at Nestle-Purina in St. Louis. Spending the last month in training, she says she enjoys the work and an environment where her coworkers often bring their pets to work. Akua, a woman of many talents and interests, still has many goals on her list. She wants to earn an MBA to learn the business aspect of the industry. Maybe attend culinary arts school. She dreams of living in both France and South Africa some day. Somewhere in the middle, she wants to get married and have a family. “I’d rather have five dreams and do two of them than have one or two and do none.”

Her pursuit of knowledge and creative expression is evident by a brief catalog of her experiences while attending Scripps. She spent her junior year in an off-campus study at Spelman College, took ballet, modern, and West African dance classes, and performed in a gospel choir at the West Angeles Church of God and Christ. Now in her new home, she has found an outlet for her love of creativity and exercise. “There are a lot of great parks in St. Louis, so I have been learning soccer and also going to free concerts in the parks.”

Still she says, “There’s so much I haven’t done.”
Andrea Knieps (La Crescenta, CA) I was very sorry to miss our 15-year reunion. However, I had a terrific reason. I gave birth on April 6 to Rachel Mariam Baker, future Scripps student, and had my hands full. Roger, our son, Harrison, and I would love to hear from you. Call us at 818-542-3036.

Jean Connolly Lampert (Pine Mountain, CA) Scott and I recently moved from the Pasadena area to a small mountain community 90 miles north of Los Angeles. We think Pine Mountain is an ideal place to raise our two sons, Benjamin (21 months) and Nicholas (8 months). We really enjoy reconnecting with old classmates; e-mail me at jclampert@rapidcable.com. • Krista Head McKenna (Eagle, ID) Paul, the kids, and I enjoy our life in Idaho. Lots of outdoor recreation to keep us out of trouble! Paul and I were in Austin, Texas, for Joe Chung’s (PI ’91) wedding. We spent time with Stephanie Johnson, Kate Beeson Zarou, and Pam DeMare-Rohloff ’90. Christian is about to finish his freshman year of high school! Visitors are always welcome. • Angela Meyer O’Connor (New York, NY) It was great to have Alicia Monks, Rita Bernard Boyd, and Colleen McClurg at my wedding to Derek O’Connor in May. • Danielle Prince Rosenkrans (Dakota Dunes, SD) We are still practicing and living on the Iowa/South Dakota border. We really enjoy our small community. The kids—Sylvia, Blake, and Zachary—are growing fast and are now 8, 6, and 3. Anyone driving through or nearby please call or e-mail. • Antoinette Sabarots-Etulain (Seattle, WA) I was married in 2003. My husband, John, is an intelligent, conservative farmer and engineer from eastern Washington. I guess opposites do attract. We share a passion for our Basque culture, traveling, spirituality, and politics. We spent an amazing honeymoon in South America including Easter Island. • Kristin Wiberg (Long Beach, CA) It’s been a wonderful year! I’ve had some great adventures with the love of my life, Matt Carroll. Our recent travels have included Bali, Spain, and Turkey. In November, surrounded by family and friends, we were married.

Teresa Doniger (Culver City, CA) I will be attending graduate school to pursue an MSW this fall at USC. • Carrie Reay (Minneapolis, MN) I am an art buyer at a fabulous ad agency. I just finished producing all the illustrations for the Target-sponsored issue of the New Yorker. • Jennifer Stoddard (Marblehead, MA) I married Mark Jenkins on Bowling Green Lawn in 2003. Many dear friends, family, and Scripps alumni celebrated with us. We honeymooned in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. This year we bought our first house and we have plenty of room for visitors. • Shannon Matthews Tyrvan (Altadena, CA) Our beautiful daughters, Paige (7) and Zoë (2), are growing by leaps and bounds. Paige will be in second grade at Pasadena Waldorf in the fall. To celebrate our ninth wedding anniversary we went to Tuscany in the spring. I am still staying home having a blast with my giggling girls. • LeeAnn Williamson (Salem, OR) This past year brought many changes to my life. I am once again a single person. I’ve taken back my maiden name, bought myself a house, and started my life over with my face towards the sun. Thankfully, some things have remained constant: I am still teaching first and second grade, I can walk to my parents’ house and my brother’s house in five minutes, and I balance my free time between gardening and exploring Oregon’s twisty back roads with our local MINI Cooper Club. And some excitement on the horizon: I am traveling to Taiwan in July with a new friend (need to brush up on my Mandarin!). All in all life is very good and I am thankful. Please keep in touch. My new address: 1606 High Street SE, Salem, OR, 97302, and e-mail: tejr@msn.com.

Kendra Armer (San Carlos, CA) I am currently working as the manager of Global Sales & Operations Planning at LifeScan, Inc., a Johnson & Johnson company. I continue to volunteer for the Golden Gate Raptor Observatory, capturing and banding birds of prey as they migrate through the Marin Headlands every autumn. • Sheena Robertson Matheson (Boulder, CO) Daughter Moira (3) is the sweet constant entertainment for Angus (11 months). I had my third knee surgery (all soccer-related injuries…still playing!). Bruce is trying to get me hooked on fly-fishing which is a much safer sport. Anyone looking for a river and mountain? Please feel free to drop in.

Eve Erickson Rutherford (Snohomish, WA) My husband, Brent Rutherford (HMC ’93), and I have had much joy and much loss during the past year. We have moved to the country, I purchased my own dental practice, and our son Knox is now 15 months old. However, we are very saddened by the tragic and unexpected death of our dear friend Kevin Corneille (HMC ’93). He leaves behind his wife, Christine, and their two sweet daughters. We will miss him dearly.
Stephenie Nikolopoulos ’01

Nikolopoulos recently penned a new introduction for Isabella Bird’s travelogue A Lady’s Life in the Rocky Mountains, originally published in 1879. The updated intro explains how Bird’s solo journey west remains relevant for the independent-minded women of today. The new edition was published in 2005 through Barnes & Noble.

Rebecca Ennauls (San Mateo, CA) I married my soul mate, Adam Wisnewski, in San Jose in March. I’m now in my fourth season with the San Francisco Shakespeare Festival. • Patti Hoffman-Friedes (San Francisco, CA) Donna and I are about to celebrate our one-year anniversary. Our wedding on the beach in South Lake Tahoe was a blast! We are living in San Francisco with our dog and cats—no kids yet! • Jennifer L. Martinez (Rancho Santa Margarita, CA) What a joy it was to return to Scripps for our ten-year reunion! For those of you I have not kept in touch with, I can summarize my adventures since leaving Scripps: I received my MLS from the University of Maryland and worked in the world of archives and manuscripts at UCLA, The Huntington, and SDSU; I hiked the Grand Canyon three times with my dad; I’m finishing up my term as president of the Society of California Archivists; and last but not least I fell in love with and married Paul Wormser (son of Barbara Cook Wormser ’59 and Laurence K. Wormser, CMC ’58) in January of this year. Scripps women raise sons who become excellent husbands!

96 Alice Pierce Finch (Mercer Island, WA) I retired from a career as an educational technology trainer for teachers and a seventh-grade language arts and social studies teacher. After a stressful transition year of stopping work, having a baby, and building a house, Reiner (HMC ’95) and I are now happily settled into our new home. I now spend my days playing with Legos, reading Richard Scarry books about tractors and cranes, and scampering about with our son, Thorin Marshall Finch, who just celebrated his first birthday on October 1. • Lauralie Frykenberg (Encinitas, CA) In March, I was lucky enough to marry my best friend, Gary Johnson, who emigrated from the south of England to be with me. We were married at the Church of the Angels in Pasadena, CA, and are enjoying beach life in North County San Diego. I am director of operations for a small advertising agency. Gary has moved his recording studio here to the states and continues to produce Brit-pop records. We’d love to hear from long lost friends at superfryk@hotmail.com. • Melissa McKay (New Orleans, LA) I recently climbed Mt. Kilimanjaro, a mountain that I saw for the first time while I was abroad 10 years ago. It was great to be back. I’m starting my second year of residency in emergency and internal medicine at LSU in New Orleans.

Elsa Hsu Ching (Irvine, CA) After three years of commuting to LA, I finally made the leap and transferred to my company’s Orange County office. Now I have a 2.5-mile commute vs. a 1.5-hour train ride. There are lots of changes going on at Marsh. My department has integrated with our sister company, so soon I’ll be officially known as Mercer Human Resource Consulting — Health and Benefits practice. I can be reached at elsahching@mercer.com if you are in the Newport Beach area. • Carolyn Wu Kurtzig (Shanghai, China) I love getting Scripps Magazine each quarter. It is a great reminder of the wonderful four years we spent at Scripps and the lifelong friends we made there, particularly since it has been an amazing year of change and growth for me. The most exciting news is that I was married in June to Joshua Kurtzig. Josh received his MBA from NYU in May 2004, we moved from Manhattan and got married in June, and then I was transferred to Shanghai for Nike as Global Issues Manager in July. We’ve really enjoyed the adventures of living in Shanghai, and I travel quite a bit in Asia for work. On one trip that took me to Cambodia, I was fortunate to meet up with Jana Davis who was visiting with her family. Josh and I just took an amazing trip on the Trans-Siberian Railway from St. Petersburg to Beijing in May. We covered one-third of the distance of the earth by train and highlights included the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, St. Basil’s in Moscow, Lake Baikal near Irkutsk, staying in a ger camp in Ulan Bataar, seeing a herd of wild camels run in the Gobi Desert, and passing through three sections of the Great Wall as we approached Beijing. If anyone finds herself in Shanghai, please let me know (onehotwuwu@hotmail.com). • Susan McCormack Metcalf (Yorba Linda, CA) I am starting my fourth year of teaching junior high English, and I still love it! Also, Thom and I just added to our family with the birth of our son, Jack Thomas, in June. Just a few weeks later, on July 8, we attended the Margaret Fowler Garden wedding of Jen Baylor ’98 and Brian Zinda (HMC ’97), who I and several other friends introduced during an SYR party her first year at Scripps! About 15 Scripps alums from across the country came to the wedding.

Elizabeth Jackson Culp (San Carlos, CA) I got married to “the one” (Christopher Culp) in Hawaii in 2002 and later had a reception at home to celebrate. In attendance were my Scripps sisters Jennifer Baylor, Kelly Farwell, Sophia Lund, and Anne Marie Purkey Levine. I am presently the director of a preschool in my neighborhood and am going back to get my master’s of fine
Justina Cross ’02 is following her passion for improving the lives of women through her role as marketing and communication associate at Women’s Initiative for Self Employment. Women’s Initiative provides high-potential, low-income women the training, one-on-one consulting, financing, and personal development skills that help them to become successful business owners. In her first four months with the organization, Justina helped raise $250,000 and updated outreach materials and profiles of successful graduates. Justina’s drive comes from the inspiring women who graduate from the program—from bakery owners to motorcycle repair experts. More than half the women who go through the training are Latina and 85% of the graduates double their income within 18 months of completing the program.

Working with my elementary school this summer, I developed and am teaching an acting/math/music/science camp for 3rd-6th graders called Wizard Camp because each day has a magical theme around which activities are based. It feels good to go back to the campus where I was a student so long ago.

Ivy Grey (Houston, TX) We started official life as Texans on July 1. Travis is continuing working with SMK. I will start law school on August 22 at the University of Houston Law Center. For those of you who’ve really fallen out of touch…Travis and I got married in April at the Bowers Museum. I still love my iPod and swing dancing, and Travis still loves his motorcycle and City of Heroes. Our home is always open to visitors.

“I’m coming in on the home stretch in the PhD program at the UCLA Department of Human Genetics.”
– Anita Iyer ’01
Kendra Armer ’93 married Chris Dorger at the Thomas Fogarty Winery in Woodside, CA. Classmates Suzanne Pardington Effros (left) and Julie Keeler were there for the April celebration.

Seven Scripps women attended the wedding of Carolyn Wu ’97 and Joshua Kurtzig on June 19, 2004 in San Francisco. Among the bridesmaids were Lindsey Snyder ’97 (third from right) and Emily Rankin ’97 (fourth from right). Not pictured but at the wedding were class of ’96 alumnae Jessica Hawley Barter, Jana Davis, Connie Sheng, Angela Sonico, and Kristen Behn Stuckenberg.

Ellie Escher (Maplewood, NJ) After graduation, I returned to Princeton where I received my master’s of music in vocal performance and pedagogy from Westminster Choir College. I am now settled in Maplewood with my boyfriend, Mark Wolfmeyer (PO ’02), teaching voice and singing. I am happy but miss my friends from Scripps and our days in the sun. I can be reached at EllieEscher@yahoo.com.

Kelly Feinstein (Pasadena, CA) I was married in July to Luke Johnson (PO ’01) whom I met freshman year during the 5-C production of the “Rocky Horror Show.” Luke and I will be pursuing PhDs at UC Santa Cruz starting in September 2005. I will continue my education in European history with a focus on modern Germany. I am looking forward to heading back to the Ivory Tower and would love to hear from any other alumna in the area.

Mishanda Freeman (Los Angeles, CA) I graduated in June 2005 from UCLA with dual masters in social welfare (MSW) and public health (MPH). Uncertain of what I want to do, I am currently looking for jobs in both fields. I keep in touch with Marisa-Andrea Moore, Denice Wint, and Courtney Brown.

Emily Patterson Kugler (San Diego, CA) Things are going well for us. Tad finished his PhD in May and is teaching at La Sierra University. I passed my qualifying exams and am beginning my dissertation research on depictions of Islam, romance, and monarchy in 18th-century British novels. Trilby Nelson (Altadena, CA). Trilby recently won design honorable mention in NeoCon West.

Darcie Harms (Marlboro, NY) I have settled into a development position at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, NY. I am excited to finally return to the east coast. Anyone in the NY area, please contact dharms@hotmail.com.

Coren Cooper (Los Angeles, CA), a black studies major, was recently accepted into the MFA program in art criticism and writing at the School of Visual Arts in New York.

Natasha Ross (Elk Grove, CA) Moved to Sacramento and bought my first house. Working as a pharmaceutical sales representative for Astellas Pharma US.
As she explored Asia and Oceania, Stefani Crabtree ’04 hacked through jungles, declined marriage proposals, and experienced the pain of isolation and the elation of new friendships, all as an unofficial cultural ambassador of the United States. The recent graduate studied the women in indigenous cultures and their role in the practice of traditional medicine during her year as a Watson Fellow. But collecting empirical data and drawing cross-cultural comparisons was not all she did. Throughout her travels and research, the fair-skinned, blond Oregonian discovered what it was like to be an outsider and how to gain trust despite being an interloper. The Watson Foundation, sponsors of the prestigious fellowship, envisioned a journey that challenges recent graduates to be self-reliant, adaptable, and expand their sense of identity.

During an arduous hike up 6,000 feet into the Himalayas out of Darjeeling, Stefani’s self-reliance was indeed taxed as she wearily struggled into the campsite. A Nepalese woman noticed Stefani’s feverish fatigue and sat her down in front of a fire. The woman placed a warm blanket around Stefani’s shoulders and served her tea. The bitter and smoky concoction turned out to be one of the herbal remedies Stefani was investigating in India. As the herbalist nursed her back to health, Stefani quickly understood that compassion and remedies traverse cultural boundaries.

Just days after she walked down Elm Tree Lawn to accept her diploma, Stefani flew to New Zealand, or in the Maori language, “Aotearoa”—The Land of the Long White Cloud. The indigenous Maori people, constituting 15 percent of New Zealand’s population, have preserved their culture despite two centuries of assimilation efforts. Because of Stefani’s appearance and the Maori’s experience with social and economic inequalities, she was initially rebuffed. Fortunately, she met two women who introduced her to midwives and healthcare workers upholding traditional medical practices.

Conversely in Samoa, the word about Stefani traveled fast. Her exoticness facilitated her acceptance into a culture that was eager to share its local customs and practices. She reflected, “I found that I would show up to a village in a rural part of the island and would be greeted with, ‘Oh, you’re that anthropologist doing that project.’”

After departing the Samoan islands, Stefani joined a group of medical students who were traveling throughout India volunteering at rural clinics. While in a small village in the Himalayan foothills, the group hiked to neighboring communities to administer vaccinations. As they began their descent into a deep canyon on their way to a remote village, the group was caught off guard by heavy rain and forced to find shelter immediately. Nearby, three grizzled shepherds and their herd of goats sat beneath a black tarpaulin stretched over a rope. The men invited the drenched students to warm themselves by the fire and share a cup of chai. The impression made by the enormity of the men’s generosity and being accepted without hesitation lasted much longer than the warm tea Stefani enjoyed that day.

In Vietnam, Stefani began to learn Vietnamese, much to the surprise of the local residents. Stefani noted that few European and North American expatriates speak Vietnamese. “When I went to the store and said ‘Toi muon mot can xoai’ (I want a kilo of mangoes) they were so excited that I could even say anything. It made it much easier for me; since I saw how grateful they were that I tried, I didn’t have to worry about making a fool of myself.”

Stefani spent a year living with people of indigenous cultures around the Pacific Rim, and although she learned a great deal about traditional medicine, the scope of the Watson fellowship goes beyond data collection and reporting methodology. It invests in the character development of its participants. In many ways, the Watson Foundation’s vision is not unlike the philosophy behind liberal arts education where studying a broad range of topics is as much about knowledge as it is personal transformation through knowledge and, perhaps, the growth of wisdom.
IN THE WAKE OF HURRICANE KATRINA, Scripps College offered free tuition to five students affected by the disaster. Following the temporary closure of her home college, Xavier University, junior Tenisha Harrell decided to accept Scripps’ offer for fall semester. I sat down with her for a few minutes and listened to her perspective on Scripps life and what it has been like adjusting to another community.

LINDSEY GALLOWAY: How do you like Scripps so far?

TENISHA HARRELL: I really like it here. I feel very welcomed. The girls living here [in the 240 House] put up a “Welcome Tenisha” poster on my door that they all signed. I will never take it down.

LG: You had started school at Xavier before the hurricane hit. What was the process once you were told to evacuate?

TH: I had been there four days. The hurricane had been on the news, but I wasn’t worried about it at first. The school said we could evacuate, so I left on Friday before it hit on Sunday. A friend and I left for Houston, where we stayed for a week before I returned home [to Redland City, California] for two weeks.

LG: Once you decided you wanted to continue going to school this semester, what made you choose Scripps?

TH: After all that had happened in New Orleans, I wanted to stay closer to home. I wanted to stay in-state, so I narrowed it down to California schools. I did an internet search and considered UCLA, UC San Diego, Santa Barbara, Cal Poly, and of course, Scripps. I was used to a liberal arts school, and Scripps was liberal arts. The idea of an all-women campus was also unique; I liked the idea. So I called [Registrar] Carol Entler and worked with her. She always returned my phone calls and answered any questions that I had. She set me up with an adviser before I even got to campus and really organized everything for me.

I’m also a psychology major, and Scripps has a great psychology department. Xavier had a good and small department where you got one-on-one attention, and the department at Scripps is also nice and small.

I got here September 14, and I went to class that very first day. I appreciate Scripps letting me come in two weeks late. All my professors were flexible and cooperated with me on assignments and deadlines.

LG: So what are the differences between Scripps and Xavier?

TH: This, of course, is an all-women’s school, and Xavier was coed. That makes this a very nurturing place. There’s also a comfortable and open atmosphere here. Xavier and Scripps are both liberal arts colleges, so they’re very familiar in a lot of ways. There’s of course the usual college stuff that doesn’t change no matter where you go—a lot of studying, writing essays, and reading.

LG: So, in the little free time you have in between classes, how do you keep yourself busy?

TH: Well, I joined Wanawake Weusi and PASA [Pan-African Student Association]. I’m also trying to get involved in the Environmental and Community Service Committee as well as the Diversity [Coordinating] Committee. So much has been given to me, I want to be a good contributor to the community and give back.

This article first appeared in Voice, Scripps’ student news magazine.
Dr. Barbara Abrams and
Mr. Gary Root
Anne Kuiper Ainsworth ’77
Barbara Appell ’74
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Auffret
Deirdre Treacy Babcock ’52
Shannon McGrady Bane ’85
Jane Douglas Barna ’70
Ann Baxter ’80
Marlou Rau Belyea ’47
Marie Ostman Berman ’78
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Bloomquist
Dr. and Mrs. John Bonner
Drusilla Johnson Bowman ’81
Darlene Rebhausen Brandt ’44
Victoria Brien ’75
Katherine Manning Brill ’41
Dr. and Mrs. Stephen Butler
Serena Schourup Carlson ’82
Dr. and Mrs. John Carollo, Jr.
Mary Miller Chapman ’74
Catherine Chatton Cheney ’67
Janet Strickler Childers ’89
Karen Pedersen Conroy ’68
Jarmaine Haddad Contino ’84
Catherine Coulson ’65
Adrianne Court ’89
Sara Calvillo Cuecuecha ’73
Carol Reid Dabney ’51
Sherry Datwyler Dargert ’89
Diane Divellbes ’57
Fay Pearson Dreher ’59
Joanna Hamel Dunklee ’62
Jane Lueddemann Ehrman ’41
Edith Pattou Emery ’75
Mary Sherwin Faulkner ’47
Mr. and Mrs. William Feldman
Brent Shaw Foster ’55
Dr. and Mrs. Richard Fry
Ursula Griese ’86
Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery Grunewald
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Guinn
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ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE: From left, seniors Kate Lindsay, Adrienne Ducomb, and Kate Friedmann stop to chat, as other students walk toward the Malott Commons for dinner.