WOMEN of the World

Scripps women follow their dreams. For Karen Tse ’86, this means crusading for defendant rights in a reluctant China.
A full moon rises over Dorsey Hall, winter 2005.
FEATURES

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Scripps alumnae can do almost anything they set their minds to.

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20 LEGAL MATTERS Constant vigilance and commitment are forefront in the efforts of Barbara Arnwine ’73 to protect civil rights.

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Don’t Read This  
by Mary Shipp Bartlett

Rather, go straight to the heart of this magazine. Don’t miss:

• Ilana Panich-Linsman’s photo essay on two Muslim sisters at Scripps. Her senior project seeks to document and demystify their lives as Arab-American, Muslim-American women and promote understanding both here in Claremont and abroad.
• Profiles on amazing alumnae: from Ellen Clark Revelle’s unique perspective on Scripps to Carla Webster’s peacekeeping work in Kosovo to Sandra (Fettes) Wood’s fascinating career as a Cher impersonator. Plus many more.
• Alumnae Speak. Once again, some of our best writing is often done by alumnae, this time on the trials, tribulations, and joys of working with other women. For the next Alumnae Speak, we’ll be asking you to write about your favorite professor at Scripps—see page 29 for details.
  And that’s just a start.

I don’t need to urge you toward the most popular section of the magazine, Class Notes. I do encourage you to write back to the College and to the editors of this magazine. Let us hear about your activities and interests (send to clsnotes@scrippscollege.edu), your ideas and suggestions to help inform and guide Scripps’ latest strategic planning efforts as outlined on page 4 (send to president@scrippscollege.edu), and your comments on the magazine’s direction and contents (send to editor@scrippscollege.edu). Also, if you have story ideas, we’d love to hear them.

We love to hear your ideas.

LETTERS

I enjoyed Mary Weis’s tribute to Judy Nelsen Keep; it certainly caught the fun-loving and exciting person that was Judy. However, I did want to point out a factual error. I was elected president of the freshman class, not Judy. She was president of our sophomore class.

Jan Roby Loomis ’66
Poway, CA

Editor’s note: Both Jan and Mary are scratching their heads trying to remember who was the class president during their junior and senior years. If any member of the class of 1966 still retains this information, please e-mail me at editor@scrippscollege.edu and I will let them know.

In the sidebar on page 41 of the fall 2005 magazine you gave a nice plug for Ginny Stibbs Anami’s book, Encounters with Ancient Beijing. I am fortunate to own an autographed copy, and just wanted to point out that this book is decidedly not a travel guide in the sense that there are no walking maps to the locations described. What it truly is, in my opinion, is a loving recount of Ginny’s personal quest to find locations in Beijing of importance through China’s long history, some marked by a tree, some by stone, some by water. Many, however, are probably even now gone without a trace. The vignettes are touching and the photographs are wonderful. Perhaps more important, Ginny introduces the people in Beijing who are working to preserve their heritage and promote environmental awareness. Ginny has done a fantastic job of on-the-ground detective work. She’s woven each story with good historic detail and paid careful attention to facts and to correct spellings in Chinese and English (no small feat in itself). Finally, her affection for the people and the scenes shines through. This is the kind of book you can dip into over and over again for a short mental visit into another culture. It is fantastic, but it is not really a travel guide. Buy it anyway!

Andrea Faste ’67
(also an Asian studies scholar)
Seattle, WA
Newsweek named Scripps one of America’s 25 Hottest Colleges for 2006—the places that everyone’s talking about. We asked current students why they think Scripps was designated the “Hottest Women’s College.”

“No other place brings in the sunshine and pours on the feminism; it is a nurturing environment for loud and proud successful women.”

Sabrina Monteverde ’08

“We are the hottest because we don’t need to look for approval, we are self-assured.”

Cate Powell ’06

“Gorgeous campus! Palatial dorms! Awesome food! Great classes! And on top of that a five-college setting that makes sure there’s something to do all the time!”

Yurika Bhuiyan ’08

“There is nothing hotter than being surrounded by women who know what they want and who refuse to settle for anything but the best.”

Courtney Peterson ’09

“In actuality, the college experiences warm weather all year round so that makes us the hottest.”

Erin Okamoto ’08

“Scripps is the hottest women’s college in the nation because its students burn with passion, the campus blazes with beauty, and the professors spice up the mix with their zesty ideas and approach to life.”

Megan McCall ’06

“I am inspired every day not only by the respect my peers have for each other, but by the incredible amount of respect that each and every woman has for herself. What could be hotter than confidence?”

Kristina von Hoffmann ’09

“Scripps fosters warm relationships, heated discussions, and blazing-hot opportunities.”

Emily Bennett ’06
The Future Scripps

As announced by President Nancy Y. Bekavac last summer, the College is engaging in a massive strategic planning effort—the third such effort in the past 15 years. Steering committees and working groups are meeting regularly to work on major issues that will affect the College in the years ahead. Strategic planning leaders welcome input from all concerned alumnae, parents, and friends of the College on key issues under discussion. Ideas, comments, and questions may be addressed to president@scrippscollege.edu.

Key issues being discussed include:

**Academic Excellence: Teaching and Scholarship.**
Academic excellence is the overarching priority for Scripps. From a strategic perspective, there are a wide variety of opinions as to what constitutes academic excellence; e.g., what are the expectations for faculty in terms of teaching and scholarship? What measures are appropriate for student learning and other issues?

**Demographics and Diversity.** Scripps has increased diversity within the student body, faculty, staff, and trustees. Yet as we look further into the changing demographics in California and beyond, significant challenges remain. Given the changing demographics of U.S. K-12 education, how will future first-year classes be comprised? What are the implications for our curriculum?

**Independence and Consortium.** The outside world identifies Scripps closely with The Claremont Colleges, and indeed we benefit in many ways from participating in the consortium. The give-and-take of these relationships affects not only our “balance of trade” in terms of cross-registration of students among the colleges, but also almost every aspect of our college. In light of competing demands for real estate, how do we plan future development of the core campus? What do we view as priorities for consortium land planning?

**Leadership: Women’s Education and Image.** As Scripps’ recent achievements become more widely recognized, we are increasingly being seen as a leading women’s college. Looking five and more years into the future, in what aspects of liberal arts education will Scripps be setting the new standards to which other colleges aspire?

**Mission: Education, Core, and Size.** Residential liberal arts colleges fulfill a specific traditional and contemporary niche in higher education, in which Scripps is distinguished by its curriculum, campus, and community, among other characteristics. In 1926, Scripps was among few institutions educating women for professional careers as well as personal growth. What will Scripps educate women for in the future?
Architectural rendering of a side view (south elevation) of the soon-to-be-constructed recreational athletic center, shown with the already completed Scripps swimming pool.

Breaking Ground for Fitness  Groundbreaking on Scripps’ long-awaited recreational athletic center, to be named in memory of Sallie Tiernan ’45, is planned for late spring 2006. Several significant gifts have made beginning construction possible, including a $5.87 million lead gift from the Seaver Institute. In addition, there have been generous gifts of $500,000 from Nancy Hart Glanville Jewell ’49 and $250,000 from the Ahmanson Foundation. Approximately $4 million remains to be raised to complete the total project, with several attractive naming opportunities still available in the facility. For more information on the center, please contact Mary Weis, director of constituent relations, at (909) 607-7534, or mary.weis@scrippscollege.edu.

Click and Load

An innovative way to stay in touch with Scripps College is now available on the World Wide Web. Introducing ScrippsCast, your podcast connection to what’s happening at the College. ScrippsCast takes advantage of the latest in Internet technology to broadcast the audio of prerecorded events, such as lectures and presentations, on a special page of the Scripps website. For example, if you were interested in the Kenneth Turan Humanities Institute lecture on the golden age of documentary filmmaking (November 2005), but you couldn’t make it to the event, you can now log on the Scripps website and listen to Turan at your leisure. Even better, with a few clicks you can download the recorded segment to your personal computer and upload it to your handheld mp3 player. This is called podcasting. Think of it this way: you can listen to Scripps events on your iPod as you go for a morning jog or on your daily commute to the office.

We encourage you to log on to www.scrippscollege.edu/sounds to hear the latest, literally, from Scripps. This is your new online source for Scripps-related lectures, presentations, and special events. Or, if you’d prefer to access ScrippsCast without going to the website, you can find it on Apple’s iTunes Music Store by searching for “Scripps” in the podcast section.
TRANSATLANTIC TENSIONS
Historians and Political Scientists Consider the State of the Atlantic Alliance

The challenges posed to the transatlantic bond between the United States and the European Union by the war in Iraq are an important theme in current U.S.-European relations. This issue is addressed in a recent anthology, _The Atlantic Alliance Under Stress: U.S.-European Relations After Iraq_, edited by Professor David M. Andrews. Andrews is the founding director of the European Union Center of California, associate professor of politics and international relations at Scripps College, and adjunct professor at the Claremont Graduate University. The cross-national and multidisciplinary volume offers analysis by a distinguished group of political scientists and historians from Europe and the United States, including Andrews, on the causes and consequences of the crisis in Atlantic relations that accompanied the invasion of Iraq in 2003.

TWO EMERITI TRUSTEES REMEMBERED

Kenneth Rhodes, former chair of the Scripps College Board of Trustees from 1975 to 1980, died on August 23, 2005, at his home in Pasadena. He was 93. A lawyer who vowed to devote one-third of his time to volunteer work, Rhodes also served on the boards of the Claremont University Consortium and the Claremont Graduate University, among many others. Rhodes is survived by his four children and seven grandchildren. His wife of 62 years, Elizabeth Fleming Rhodes ’37, died in 2000. He was brother-in-law to John Fleming, an emeritus trustee.

**Back to School: What They’re Reading**

This is the first in a series of glimpses into some of Scripps’ superb academic offerings. We hope the reading list inspires alumnae to revisit the classroom through their own at-home reading tour.

Antebellum history has never been so intriguing. This spring, Associate Professor Rita Roberts and her students tackle cults, gurus, political strife, and other phenomena in the course “Women, Religion, and Political Culture in the Antebellum Era.” Books they are studying include Harriet Beecher Stowe’s groundbreaking novel _Uncle Tom’s Cabin_; _Confidence Men and Painted Women: A Study of Middle-class Culture in America_ by Karen Halttunen; and _Doers of the Word: African-American Women Speakers and Writers in the North_ by Carla Peterson. Readings also include many first-person accounts such as public speeches and sermons.

Professor Roberts’ favorite reading from the course is _The Kingdom of Matthias: A Story of Sex and Salvation in 19th-Century America_ by Paul E. Johnson and Sean Wilentz. “I like the book not only because it shows the difficulty young men and women from small towns face moving to the city and adjusting to urbanization, but because it also illustrates something about human nature,” says Roberts. “The story tells of our need to belong, need for companionship, and the need to be respected and do something worthwhile.”

The course culminates in a 20-page research paper on a topic of each student’s choosing, ranging from explorations of Civil War nurses to antebellum women preachers. But don’t worry, if you’re brave enough to tackle all the readings at home, we’ll exempt you from the final paper.

**The Full Reading List:**

_Confidence Men and Painted Women: A Study of Middle-class Culture in America, 1830-1870_ by Karen Halttunen (recommended by Professor Roberts if you want to get a sense of the course as a whole)

_Disorderly Conduct: Visions of Gender in Victorian America_ by Carol Smith Rosenberg

_Uncle Tom’s Cabin: Or, Life Among the Lowly_ by Harriet Beecher Stowe

_The Kingdom of Matthias: A Story of Sex and Salvation in 19th-Century America_ by Paul E. Johnson and Sean Wilentz

_Doers of the Word: African-American Women Speakers and Writers in the North_ (1830-1880) by Carla Peterson

_Women and the Work of Benevolence: Morality, Politics, and Class in the Nineteenth Century United States_ by Lori Ginzberg

_Revivalism, Social Conscience, and Community in the Burned-Over District: The Trial of Rhoda Bement_ by Glenn Altschuler and Jan Saltzgaber
Breakfast with the President

ON A RECENT WINTER MORNING, a group of Scripps students pulled themselves out of bed before 9 a.m. to share breakfast and conversation with President Nancy Y. Bekavac. The monthly “Breakfast with the President” gives students an opportunity to ask questions and advice of the president, share concerns, and learn about her background and experiences. Subjects covered in the January breakfast included current and past projects of Watson Scholarship applicants, the president’s own Watson travel experiences in Eastern Europe and South Asia (which she called “the greatest adventure of my life”), this year’s Core II sections, and presidential advice on applying to law schools.

William “Bill” Waste, a member of the Scripps Board of Trustees from 1981 to 2001, died July 19, 2005, after a short bout with pneumonia. A fourth-generation Californian, Waste was a retired insurance executive and 50-year volunteer with the Salvation Army.

A well-respected voice on the Scripps board, Waste expertly chaired the investment committee from 1985 to 1991. He and his wife, Laura, opened their home to many Scripps events in the San Francisco area. In addition to Laura, Bill Waste is survived by their six children, including Ann Waste Woodbridge ’76 and Molly Waste Ashford ’81.

HUMANITIES AND BRITISH FOOTBALL MIX WELL

Professor Tony Crowley readily admits to having two consuming passions—education and the Liverpool Football Club. Born in Liverpool, England, and educated at Oxford, Crowley recently took over as the Hartley Burr Alexander Chair in the Humanities at Scripps. An expert in language and cultural theory and in Irish studies, Crowley says he is thrilled to be teaching at Scripps. The College’s interdisciplinary Core humanities program perfectly suits this scholar whose interests have never fit neatly into one discipline. Professor Crowley is co-teaching a Core II class this semester with President Nancy Bekavac—“James Joyce’s Ulysses: Literature and Censorship”—as well as a humanities seminar titled “Culture in Conflict: Ireland.”

Crowley’s office is a testament to his passions: floor to ceiling bookshelves are packed with his collections on cultural theory/philosophy, literature, history and politics, Ireland, and language and linguistics; a floppy teddy bear with a Liverpool Football Club emblem sits on his desk.
Into the Woods

Take a cast of 21, a 15-piece orchestra, and a crew of 25. Add two complete scene changes, several hundred lighting cues, two remote-controlled animals, and an intricate, fast-paced script. What do you have? The five-college theater department’s production of Into the Woods.

Into the Woods, with score by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Lapine, originally opened on Broadway in 1987. The Tony Award-winning musical, selected by the theater department for the 2005-06 season, ran in Seaver Main Stage Theatre during November 2005.

The play creatively intertwines familiar fairy tales and characters with a central story of a baker’s family cursed by the witch next door. The plot goes beyond the traditional fairy tale to explore the consequences, conflicts, and desires of life.

Into the Woods includes a large number of roles for women—15 out of 21 are female characters—and Scripps students took an impressive six of these. Scripps women also accounted for a sizeable segment of the crew, including choreographer Katy Lind ’06 and stage manager Anne O’Dowd ’06.

Anne, a double major in theater and history, is considering a career in stage management. She says she performs well under stress, a vital quality for this profession.

Essentially unnoticed by the audience, the stage manager helps adapt the vision of the directors, designers, and technicians from concept to stage. Anne supervised the physical aspects of the production, assisted the director during rehearsals, facilitated communication among actors and all production and technical staff, and maintained order on stage during each performance.

During the eight-week rehearsal period, Anne worked between 40 and 50 hours a week to ensure that the show ran smoothly. “This job was difficult. Any issues that arose in rehearsal were my responsibility to report to the people who needed to know, from shoes being too small to a request for a remote-controlled cow; I had to figure out not only who but how to ask.”

The themes of the play made it appropriate for The Claremont Colleges theater group. The director, Professor Boots Pascual, remarked, “The very American and yet universal themes that Sondheim and Lapine tackle require adept focusing and sensitive artistic handling. It truly fits into a program like this, which is situated in a liberal arts context.”
A Witty Selection

Students from French Theatre: The Tragic & Comic Muse, team-taught by Professors Eric Haskell and Thierry Boucquey, will perform a witty selection of one-act plays by Tardieu, as well as various scenes from Molière, Ionesco, and others. This biennial performance has become a beloved tradition among Francophile Scrippsies. The performance will be in French and will take place at the Bette Cree Edwards Humanities Auditorium at Scripps on April 6 and 7 at 8 p.m. Tickets are available at the door. For more information, call (909) 607-3606, s'il vous plaît.

THE CLAREMONT COLLEGES
Four out of Five Ain’t Bad

When Maria Klawe assumes the presidency of Harvey Mudd College this summer, the number of women leading the five undergraduate colleges in Claremont will be four out of five.

Scripps’ president, Nancy Y. Bekavac, was the first woman to head one of The Claremont Colleges, beginning in 1990.* The others are Pamela Gann, Claremont McKenna College, and Laura Trombley, Pitzer College. In addition, Brenda Barham Hill is CEO of the Claremont University Consortium, which oversees joint operations for all the colleges and two graduate institutions.

Klawe, who becomes HMC’s fifth president and first female president, is currently dean of Princeton University’s School of Engineering and Applied Science. She will begin her duties July 1, 2006, succeeding Jon C. Strauss, who retires after more than eight years of service as president.

* Mary Kimberly Shirk was acting president of Scripps College from 1942-43 during the search for Dr. Ernest Jaqua’s successor; she was never granted the full presidency.

SCRIPPS FACULTY MEMBERS showcased their recent works at a faculty tea in December. Front row, from left: Susan Seizer, associate professor of women’s studies and anthropology, with Stigmas of the Tamil Stage; Cheryl Walker, the Richard Armour Professor of English, with her book, God and Elizabeth Bishop: Meditations on Religion and Poetry; and Kathleen Wicker, professor emerita of religious studies, co-editor (with Althea Spencer Miller and Muse Dube) of Feminist New Testament Studies. Standing, from left, are Professor of Music Preethi de Silva, director of Con Gioia, an early music ensemble, with the group’s new CD, Bach’s Harpsichord Concertos; and Adjunct Professor Althea Spencer Miller.
Stunning black and white

images of two Muslim-American first-years make up the core of Ilana
Panich-Linsman’s senior project. Ilana, a studio art major with a photography
emphasis and an interest in Islam, documented the daily life of her class-
mates, Fatima and Asmaa Elkabti, during Ramadan in November 2005.

Since her father first put a camera in her hands at age nine, Ilana has pur-
sued the art of photography. As a Scripps student, she developed a
fascination with Islam while visiting Morocco during a year abroad. She had
arrived in the country with preconceptions about Arab and Muslim culture;
she was disarmed by what she deemed “a culture with tolerance at its root.”
The experience, while short in duration, led to her desire to incorporate Islam
into her thesis. Enter two sisters from Claremont, California. Fatima and
Asmaa Elkabti were eager to participate in Ilana’s project to demystify and
document their lives as Arab-American, Muslim-American Scripps women.

Both women spoke eloquently to Ilana about the misconceptions Americans
have about Arabic and Islamic culture. Asmaa commented that the U.S. edu-
cational system rarely includes Arab culture among its study of many other
cultures. Fatima expressed concern that we hear the word Arab mostly when
we hear news coverage about Arab terrorists. Fatima and Asmaa described
the reaction they frequently get when people see them dressed in their tradi-
tional Muslim headscarves—first
shock, and then something like,
“Oh, are you the girls from Iran?”

Ilana photographed the sis-
ters during the Muslim holy days
of Ramadan at daily prayers, at
the local mosque, and at their
residence hall. They said, “We
see her project as a milestone
on a path to mutual under-
standing between Muslim
Americans and the greater
community.”

Ilana concluded, “I do believe
that the photograph reaches
across language and cultural
barriers and can resonate with
so many that it is imperative to
use that language to create and
inspire dialogue and thought.”
CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: Asmaa, left, and Fatima Elkabti; Prayer after iftar (the breaking of the Ramadan fast); Fatima and Asmaa in their room after prayer, reading a chapter from the Qur’an; After fajr (the dawn prayer), Fatima and Asmaa watch the sunrise from the patio off their room in Browning Hall.
I have been president of Scripps Associated Students (SAS), formerly College Council, nine months, 26 days, and seven hours. In that time, I and the other members of SAS have changed the name of the student government, transformed the budget system, altered the Hall Council structure, and sent hundreds of e-mails to one another and many more to the student body. In short, we have strived to be active, visible, and energetic every moment of the day (and quite a few of us have dreamt at night about our duties, as well).

In recent years, College Council had fallen out of the mainstream. Because our real challenge was students’ relative disinterest and lack of knowledge, we have focused on advertising and making ourselves more accessible. We all wear sweatshirts displaying our names and positions. We have our contact information posted and have created a list serve and a website with FAQ, a calendar, forms to download, and other information essential to have online to increase accessibility. The changes we made this year are not perfect, but we believe that as the kinks continue to be worked out, the system will benefit students on a level that hasn’t been seen in years.

The most obvious change is, of course, the name. At the beginning of our term, we voted to rename College Council “Scripps Associated Students.” We did this because most of the other five colleges were all “Associated Students.” Because of the recent disinterest of students in student government, Scripps women did not know what the role of College Council was. We hoped that changing the name would eliminate that question. Finally, name changes can denote integral change, and this name change was no exception. Now, we are all “SAS-sy,” a cute nickname that has caught on. I believe one of the reasons we have been so successful this year is because of our new name and our advertisement of it.

Beyond the laundry list of things we’re trying to accomplish, the biggest thing we’ve focused on is teambuilding. We came back to campus earlier than in previous years and went to the beach, dinner, and bowling together. We enjoy each other’s company and don’t just spend time together when we must. This has made us answerable to one another not just as associates, but as friends. I hope this trend continues. We are only as strong as a body working together. We get along and work hard.

When we started this endeavor, many of us did not know what our duties entailed. I would have never considered running until a woman who was on College Council asked me to run. One of the things I hear again and again is that women just don’t consider running on their own—they have to be asked. Well, I was one of those women.

So today I issue a challenge to current and future Scripps women—run for office. Whether it be city council, state office, or Scripps Associated Students, run for the position; take the initiative. In recruiting people to run for office next year, I face the same challenge. Women I talk to are interested and excited about running but tell me they never would have thought about it if I hadn’t asked them. As our term comes to a close, we will watch the elections and work hard to find people who are just as passionate, energetic, and motivated as this year’s board has proven to be.
By Kate Lindsay ’06

I love advertisements. For most, ads are an ignorable nuisance—something to laugh about, but nothing to take seriously. When commercials flicker before me, I think about their target audience, the images that inspire consumption, and the careful branding that goes into color, font style, syntax, and wardrobe. I buy magazines for their ads. I brake for billboards. I am ad-obsessed.

Upon arriving at Scripps, I knew I wanted to learn more than how to create my preferred medium. I wanted to learn how ad messages are encoded and decoded, why Apple’s branding extends from its print publications to its store layouts, and, most important, the ways advertising affects our psyche, culture, and society.

These interests do not fall into a single traditional major. As a psychology major, I might have had a refined understanding of advertising’s effect on emotion and mental health, but had little opportunity to investigate advertisements as consumerist texts. If I had chosen studio art, I would have an impressive portfolio, but I would lack research skills and an understanding of the sophisticated theory surrounding advertising, art, and consumerism. So, rather than choose a major that satisfied only some of my curiosity, I dove into an uncharted territory—I self-designed.

I designed my major, commercial communication and design, my sophomore year with the help of a committed and inspiring professor, Susan Rankaitis. My major is the definition of interdisciplinary—combining psychology, sociology, anthropology, studio art and art history, linguistics, writing, cultural studies, media studies, politics, and journalism. Being between departments and disciplines, I have the freedom to take classes in many departments, meeting students of various majors and with various areas of expertise. These friends inform my studies as my professors do, showing how diversity in education can enrich the quality of a student’s experience (and diploma).

Scripps challenges all its seniors to complete a senior thesis paper or project before graduation. I opted to do both. My thesis, which explores advertising’s shift from textual to visual messages using a critical perspective, is complemented with a gallery exhibition that tests the practicality of my solutions and observations. This solo exhibition features my friends displaying parts of their body they find unique and beautiful. The project, “Advertising Reality,” evaluates the line between commercial objectification and empowerment.

Students have approached me about using my major for their own studies here at Scripps. While I’m flattered at the idea and love discussing my self-design experience, the great thing about self-designing is that you have the ability (and responsibility) to tailor your education to you. At a large university, this experience may not exist. But for Scripps students, with enthusiastic professors and an accommodating self-design program, the opportunity for custom education is freeing.

The design process, too, contributed to my Scripps education. While I had a faculty member’s help and support, designing my major was an independent experience, requiring that I set my own deadlines, make important decisions, and approach professors and administrators to ask questions, follow-up, and get advice.

This semester, I will graduate in front of my professors and alongside my peers. But, my diploma will mean more than years of hard work and determination. Rather, it symbolizes the independence and individuality I discovered during my time at Scripps.

I can envision the commercial I might make to “sell” my experience in Scripps’ self-design program: Fade into a well-decorated office. The walls are a light, avocado green, complementing a cherry desk with a slim computer perched on top. A woman, wearing a tailored suit, sits with her legs crossed and tucked underneath her. Her brows furrow and her bare feet wiggle as she types, her physicality resembling that of a studying college student. She pauses and lifts her head. Fade into a montage of the woman’s college memories: getting a slip signed at the registrar’s office, the woman huddled over a laptop on Bowling Green lawn, an animated discussion with a professor, and her major proposal getting stamped to read “approved.” Fade back to the office. The camera leaves the woman, following the wall past dry-erase boards covered in campaign ideas, a Mobius award for excellence in advertising, and a framed diploma from Scripps College, ultimately resting on the working woman. Fade to gray. Text appears on the screen, reading, “Self-motivated. Self-defined. Self-designed. Explore your excellence with self-designed majors at Scripps College. Strong women, strong minds.”
Ellen Clark Revelle ’31
Forward-thinking and passionate about life, a member of Scripps’ first class plans for her 75th reunion.

Sandra Fettes ’76
A self-described perfectionist “becomes” one of the pop world’s most famous icons.

Carla Webster ’99
A gutsy adventurer helps facilitate peace in Kosovo.

Leslie Sagalowicz ’94
A young entrepreneur launches a vitamin-rich bar for pregnant women.

Barbara Arnwine ’73
A tireless advocate and protector of civil rights will speak at Scripps’ Commencement this May.
World

SCRIPPS WOMEN: pioneering, daring, innovative, and just plain amazing. All that and more. Here are stories of six alumnae who have used their brains, courage, and talent to follow their dreams, change others’ lives, and inspire us all.

Karen Tse ’86
A dreamer and crusader advances defendant rights in China and Cambodia.

Sagalowicz ’94
Launches a vitamin-rich bar for pregnant women.

Buster ’99
Fights for peace in Kosovo.

Karen Tse ’86
A dreamer and crusader advances defendant rights in China and Cambodia.
ELLEN CLARK REVELLE, a great-niece of Ellen Browning Scripps, was one of 52 women in Scripps’ first entering class. She joined the board in 1938 as an alumna trustee and has served continuously since 1947 as a trustee and now an emerita trustee. Her many contributions to the College through the years have been thoughtful and far-reaching. Among them is the James E. Scripps Scholarship fund she and her late husband, Roger, established in 1985 to provide merit scholarships each year to undergraduates. This fund, which allows Scripps to attract and enroll some of the most academically superior students in the nation, has literally changed the face of Scripps. Twenty years after it was started, the fund enabled the College, in 2005, to award half-tuition scholarships to 139 outstanding Scripps students.

At 95, Ellen has only recently given up her lifelong habit of a daily swim (in the ocean in summer). Her ready wit and sharp intellect have not waned. I joined her for lunch in January at her home in La Jolla to reminisce about Scripps and find out how she views the College today from her singular vantage point.

MSB: Scripps now has almost 900 students. Does the College’s size surprise or concern you?

ECR: I assumed it would stay around 200, with 50 or so in each class. Certainly, we all assumed it would never be more than 250. As long as the quality stays the same, it doesn’t worry me.

MSB: The College has evolved in many other ways. Your thoughts?

ECR: Some of my classmates were distressed when the Core changed. But one of the early trustees, Mary Routt (she was very elderly—probably about my age now), believed change was good. I thought, “If she thinks change is good, it must be all right.” So, I wasn’t shocked when change happened. I think what Nancy Bekavac is doing is wonderful. And I’m so proud of Scripps for remaining a single-sex college.

MSB: Aside from the family connection, why did you choose Scripps?

ECR: Classes on campus were just women. I was extremely shy. I wouldn’t even read for honors because I would have had to take an oral exam. This didn’t go away at Scripps—I was always shy.

I almost didn’t go to Scripps its first year. I was just 17. Mother suggested we might travel to Europe instead and then I would enroll the next year. Two weeks before school started, Mother and I were taking a trip by train to Michigan. I had time to think about what I wanted to do. I realized that five friends from high school would be in that first class; they’d be sophomores when I was just starting out. I said, “Mother, would you mind terribly if I went to Scripps this year?” I had already been accepted, but with delayed entry. So, we wired the College at the next stop.

Not until after Mother died did I find a letter from Aunt Ellen to her, saying she was very glad that I went the first year—that it would be a very interesting experience to be in that first class. And that perhaps after a year away my interest in education might not be as great.

The date on the letter was after I had made the decision on my own to go to Scripps. I made the decision on the train.

If I had waited a year, I probably wouldn’t have married Roger because when I met him he was already a junior at Pomona and I was only a freshman.

MSB: You certainly have gotten over your shyness.

ECR: My big breakthrough in speaking in public was when Mark Curtis [then-president] persuaded me to give a talk at convocation about Aunt Ellen. I was one of the first persons who met Curtis before he became president; we had a special relationship. I thought, “I can’t let him down.”

So I practiced and practiced giving the talk into a tape recorder. I could be in plays, so that’s what I imagined I was doing; it was almost as if I were someone else. When I stood up to give it, I realized right away they [students, faculty, staff] were a wonderful audience. Roger had said, “If they don’t laugh, don’t wait, just go on.” They laughed at the right places, and I kept going. But my left leg started going like this [Ellen shakes her hand back and forth]. I said to myself, “Silly leg, I’m not afraid, why are you?”

After that, you couldn’t keep me quiet.

MSB: When Revelle House [the former President’s House that is now home to Alumnae Relations] was dedicated in 2000, you said that your relationship to Ellen Browning Scripps, one that you cherished, came with some problems. Would you talk about that?

ECR: I had been teased about being Ellen Browning Scripps’s great-niece. President Jaqua brought it up too often. I even thought of transferring to UCLA to get away from that. Dr. Stevenson, my
adviser, talked me out of transferring. “That’s ridiculous,” he said. “You’re not getting by on your aunt.” I was so grateful to him.

MSB: Do you visit Revelle House often?

ECR: I stay there with my daughter [trustee Carolyn Revelle] when we come up for Board meetings. I stay in the downstairs room now, which is very handy. I wish I had more chances to see the campus.

MSB: What are some of your more memorable moments at Scripps?

ECR: Construction of new buildings was constantly going on at the campus. The grounds were gradually being landscaped.

We had candles at supper, every night. And we always changed for dinner.

One of the things we had then, that students don’t have today, is that on rainy days, professors would come to us. Rather than 52 students going across campus in the mud, the professor would come to the residence hall.

When we were students, we led tours of campus. We were always asked, “How can you possibly study in such beautiful surroundings?” Well, you just do.

MSB: Will you be at your 75th reunion this spring?

ECR: Yes, I certainly hope so.

I wish that reunion classes were four years apart, so that you could be with more people who were at college the same time you were. I always knew others outside of my own class. We could start a new tradition. Just because you’ve always done something one way, doesn’t mean you can’t do it another way.

MSB: What holds your interest now?

ECR: My extended family—four children, 12 grandchildren, and 17 great-grandchildren. They come to me now that I am “grounded.” I belong to the Over 80 Gracious Aging Group. We meet the first Monday of the month, at my home. There are about eight women; one member is 100. We talk about whatever we want: travels, retirement homes, health problems, what we’re reading, and, of course, show pictures of our great-grandchildren.

[Ellen also enjoys a playreading group, a memoir-writing class, Tai Chi lessons, a University of California-San Diego women’s group, and five cultural series: opera, symphony, chamber music, and two theater series.]

MSB: Do you ever get used to this view? [The dining and living room windows in Ellen’s beachfront home offer an almost 180-degree view of the Pacific Ocean, complete with surfers.]

ECR: Never. I love to see the sunsets from the deck, with the reflection of the sun on the clouds, from east to west. I don’t see much of the sunrises; they’re at such an early hour.
The Dreamer
By Robyn Meredith

AS A GRAD STUDENT AT HARVARD six years ago, Karen Tse drafted a business plan for an impossible dream: She wanted to form a charity to push defendant rights in China, a booming market where political enemies are thrown in jail and suspects are urged to confess to avoid a beating. Tse, 40, started her nonprofit, the grandly named International Bridges to Justice, on her own dime in 2000, basing it in Geneva and blowing through most of her savings. In 2001, when a helpful professor at a Chinese university in Beijing lined up her first meeting with the chief of the government’s legal aid program, Tse had to use a $5,000 donation from an old friend to make the trip.

Since then Tse (pronounced “Cheh”) has led a staff of eight on a budget of $800,000 a year. She started out with not a single contact in China and little ability to speak Mandarin yet she has parlayed an abundance of moxie and tread-lightly charm to pull off a number of small victories that would have seemed all but impossible in China a few years ago. Her group has trained hundreds of public defense lawyers, opened spartan lawyer-training centers in Beijing and Anhui Province and distributed thousands of posters informing people of their guaranteed rights.

“We are at a unique time in history because there is so much we can do,” says Tse. China’s bulging economy makes this an ideal time to advance defendants’ rights. “China is moving forward.”

Yet China remains one of the world’s most obstinate abusers of basic human rights. It didn’t outlaw police torture and threats until 1996, when it also dictated for the first time that defendants have the right to a lawyer and are to be presumed innocent until proven guilty. In mainland China dissidents are routinely arrested and held incommunicado, according to a recent U.S. report. Members of Falun Gong, a dissident movement the Chinese government views as an “evil cult,” are beaten, tortured, and brainwashed; tens of thousands have been imprisoned or detained in labor camps. And though China’s laws are improving, “the Shanghai judicial bureau is locking lawyers up” when they press too hard in defending the accused, says Jerome Cohen, a China scholar at New York University.

Karen Tse, undaunted, focuses on the positive. She is spunky, relentlessly perky and less than five feet tall, an unabashed optimist wary of saying anything that might miff her China contacts. She has lined up big donations from the billionaire financier George Soros.

A professor at Harvard’s Kennedy School of Government may do a case study on Tse’s efforts. “She’s a spark plug,” says Robert B. Oxnam, president emeritus of the Asia Society in New York and a professor at Beijing University. “She’s like Tinkerbell—she goes into rooms and lights them up.”

Her dream of a nonprofit rights group evolved from a childhood nightmare. One of three children born to Chinese parents who had immigrated to the U.S. from Hong Kong in the 1950s, she grew up hearing harrowing tales of rights abuses in Asia. “Sometimes it seemed so hopeless,” she says. By age eight Tse started having a recurring dream that she was witnessing a prisoner being tortured but was powerless to help him.

As an undergrad at Scripps College, she wrote outraged letters demanding fair trials for political dissidents around the world. In 1986 she got accepted to UCLA’s law school and Harvard’s divinity school, but she deferred enrolling at either to take a one-year scholarship to work for “the forgotten people” at refugee camps in Hong Kong and Thailand. She returned to the U.S., graduated from UCLA law school in 1990 and spent three years as a public defender in San Francisco.

Then she went back to Asia, working in Cambodia to help rebuild the justice system destroyed by the brutal Khmer Rouge.
She helped train 25 Cambodian public defenders, the first ones in the country’s history. And that is when Tse’s childhood nightmares began to fade.

While there she visited a prison and met a boy who had been jailed and beaten, with no trial in sight. “When I looked into his eyes,” she says, “I realized that for all of those years I wrote letters on behalf of political prisoners, I would never have written one for him because he wasn’t a political prisoner—he was a 12-year-old kid who stole a bike.”

She wanted some big, powerful group to crusade for defendant rights across Asia but found no takers. Thus when she enrolled at the Harvard Divinity School in 1997, she began devising the business plan for International Bridges to Justice (and later became an ordained minister in the Unitarian Universalist Church). When she formed IBJ in 2000, experts, friends, and family told her she was crazy to tackle the rights issue in China; her mom and dad even refused to make a donation (they later gave $10,000).

In 2001, two days before she was to leave to make her first official trip to meet the Ministry of Justice’s legal aid chief, Gong Xiaobing, he tried to bail out. “I just need 15 minutes,” she told his staff, insisting she would drop by anyway. Her request was met with a nod. When she arrived from the airport, he took her out for Chinese food at a local restaurant. At dinner he declared: “I don’t know exactly why, but I think I want to work with you.”

Tse’s group could set up in China, train lawyers, and do other things in support of defendant rights, he offered, but for a price: Tse had to come up with 400 desktop PCs for government legal aid outlets setting up across the country. “My jaw dropped,” she says—she hadn’t yet raised any money, and IBJ had a staff of one: herself.

Nonetheless she shot back: “No problem.”

A few months later she had signed a formal memorandum of understanding with the Chinese government, granting her nonprofit the right to train defense lawyers. But Tse then endured a year of fruitless efforts to raise money. Her friends kept telling her, “Get a job; Justice officials were growing impatient.” “The Chinese were really, really angry, and they almost refused to see me,” Tse recalls. “But I couldn’t say I didn’t have any money.”

Friends threw a fundraiser for her in Hong Kong, and that led to a businessman giving her $25,000; he insisted on anonymity, fearing China might retaliate against his business there. An even bigger break: Another attendee introduced her to a program officer at George Soros’ Open Society Institute. The Soros group handed Tse a $300,000 grant in the summer of 2002. “They took a huge risk on us—we had done nothing,” she says. Smaller donations followed.

In early 2003, still searching for her 400 free PCs, Tse finagled an invite to the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland. There she schmoozed with the merely powerful and the immensely wealthy. At one dinner she regaled her tablemates with the advances taking place in China, and—hint, hint—how public defenders there can’t even look up cases online because they don’t have computers. Sitting next to her was Michael Dell, the billionaire founder of Dell Computer.

An Accenture official took her aside, told her, “You need to ask people for money,” and donated $5,000. Afterward Tse worked up the nerve to ask Michael Dell and another Davos luminary, John Chambers of Cisco, for the same amount. “I probably could have asked them for $50,000, but I asked for $5,000, so they gave me $5,000.”

In the years since, International Bridges to Justice has accomplished small but critical steps toward a better justice system in Asia. It has trained 500 legal aid lawyers in China and has begun similar efforts in Vietnam and Cambodia. It has produced a poster codifying defendants’ rights; in the U.S. a single ten-item Bill of Rights in the Constitution makes it easy, but in China the rights are spread across myriad bodies of law.

So far half a million posters have been handed out, and they have been reprinted in the languages of China’s most oppressed groups: Tibetan, Mongolian, and Uigher. Last year Tse’s group staged 49 roundtables of judges, lawyers and prosecutors to highlight the emerging role of lawyers in China. In December IBJ worked with the Communist Youth League to have 3,000 law students blanket police stations nationwide with a second poster, listing rights during interrogations.

Plenty more is needed. Legal aid lawyers in China have sparse funding and antiquated equipment. In Beijing the main office is housed in a dingy gray building with a rickety elevator and no heat; staff members wear parkas indoors in winter. And despite her efforts, Karen Tse thus far has lined up only a few of the 400 PCs she promised. Yet 2,800 legal aid offices have opened, and she needs at least one for each. No problem.

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International Bridges to Justice has recently opened an office in Cambodia. Tse is also instituting a worldwide “Communities of Conscience” initiative—a short-term exchange program for lawyers to provide meaningful exchange and safe haven. Though she is on maternity leave (her second son was born in November 2005), Tse continues to do the work she loves. This January, she again attended the annual meeting of the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland. In 1998, Karen Tse was named Scripps College’s Outstanding Young Alumna.
THERE’S A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING. No one knows that better than lawyer Barbara Arnwine ’73. She is the first African-American woman to serve as executive director of the Lawyers’ Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, a non-profit, non-partisan legal organization dedicated to protecting civil rights. In 1995, she organized the first national African-American Women and the Law Conference. She was also the first in her family to attend college. Achieving that feat, however, came earlier than she anticipated.

As a self-starting 11th grader, Arnwine decided to apply to a summer Upward Bound program hosted at Scripps. But by some twist of fate, instead of sending in the summer application form, Arnwine ended up sending in a regular Scripps admission form. Though the admissions committee wasn’t in the habit of accepting 11th graders, Arnwine’s application was so impressive (she studied Swahili and read Plato’s Republic on her own), the committee invited her to enroll at Scripps during the fall. To this day, Arnwine is without a high school diploma. Armed with her Scripps education, she has never missed it.

Being offered early admission to Scripps was just the first of many unexpected, but fortunate, turns in Arnwine’s life. Even her decision to become a lawyer was one she made at the last minute. During September of her senior year, nearly done with her American studies major, she realized she was interested in law. “I ran to sign up to take the LSAT on the last day you could take it in October,” Arnwine recalled.

She was one of only five Scripps students that year to take the LSAT, and the only one to enter directly into law school after graduating. Coming from a Scripps humanities foundation, Arnwine had to adjust her thought process in law school. “Humanities thinking is broad and requires applying the lessons of the world to your situation,” said Arnwine. “In law, you must apply the strict legal analysis. It’s a different contouring of knowledge. I think law suffers somewhat from having such a narrow focus.”

Since graduating from Duke Law School, Arnwine has been a tireless advocate for civil rights. The Lawyers’ Committee has recently dealt with some high profile cases, including a lawsuit filed against FEMA for attempting to eject Katrina survivors out of temporary hotel housing without first establishing private housing. “We’re the reason why those families still have a place to live,” said Arnwine.

She has overseen many other tough cases as well. The Lawyers’ Committee recently settled a case involving an African-American family who had planned a family reunion at a resort in South Carolina. When the owners of the resort learned the family was black and there were going to be interracial couples in attendance, they closed the pool. During the time that the family was there, the owners of the resort did open the pool and let white guests use it. “This case was so psychically harmful to the family,” said Arnwine. “We were able to settle with damages awarded to the family. We also try and make sure this never happens again.”

“The work I do is all very complex and difficult. Many people say ‘Racial discrimination doesn’t exist,’ or ‘It’s all in the past.’ It’s very hard overcoming that conventional wisdom, people’s perceptions and their denials,” said Arnwine. “But at the same time, I get to work with talented lawyers who are at their prime ensuring the constitution is upheld. It’s fun to work with good law firms that deliver a lot of pro bono services. I see the worst and best side of human nature in the work that we do.”

According to Arnwine, protecting civil rights is not just her job, but the responsibility of every citizen. “The U.S. cannot be a true country until it really faces up to the challenge of providing equal opportunity for all,” said Arnwine. “And, of course, that’s easier said than done. It requires constant vigilance and constant commitment. It requires all of us to really be vocal about the need to keep inclusion foremost in our agenda.”
BARBARA ARNWINE, (left) executive director of the Lawyers’ Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, will be the Scripps College Commencement speaker on May 14. Arnwine gained national recognition for her work on passage of the landmark Civil Rights Act of 1991, and is a frequent public speaker on the issues of civil rights, electoral barriers, and election reform. In 2004, she helped lead the nonpartisan Election Protection Coalition, which organized 8,000 lawyers throughout the nation to staff a national voting hotline and serve as poll monitors and mobile field attorneys in more than 28 states. The Lawyers’ Committee has organized a National Blue Ribbon Commission on the Voting Rights Act to conduct regional hearings throughout the nation to assess continuing obstacles to the exercise of the political franchise.

BARBARA ARNWINE AND YOUNGER SISTER JOYCE ARNWINE-ISMAIL, (right) were featured in More magazine and the Scripps Magazine, in summer 2003. The sisters, growing up in a poor family with 10 other siblings, took totally different life and career paths, yet are now both advocates for women’s rights and social services. Barbara, at age 16, entered Scripps on a scholarship; at the same age, Joyce was a pregnant high school dropout and eventually became a welfare mother of three. Barbara went on to Duke University Law School, and now heads the Lawyers’ Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, in Washington, D.C. (In recognition of her outstanding career, Scripps awarded Barbara its Distinguished Alumna Award in 1997.) After Joyce suffered personal tragedy and turned to drugs and alcohol, Barbara kept in frequent contact with her. Joyce eventually pulled her life together and studied at night for a college degree. In 1995, Barbara invited Joyce to Washington, D.C., to help run the first African-American Women and the Law conference. Inspired by the meeting, Joyce earned a master’s degree and founded a non-profit to help women struggling with poverty and drugs.
Being Cher
by Mary Shipp Bartlett

THE FIRST THING YOU NOTICE ABOUT the performer is the hair: an extravagant display of black curls that could blanket a full-sized poodle. Then there’s the look: a take-no-prisoners, this is who I am, don’t mess with me gaze from almond-shaped brown eyes. Add high cheekbones, sculpted features, and a toned, statuesque 6’2” frame—accessorized with jeweled crucifixes—and you’d swear you’re looking at the real thing.

Sandra Wood (her stage name) almost makes Cher seem the impersonator. Even before opening her mouth.

Yet it is Wood’s performance, in addition to her appearance, that sets her above the rest of Cher look-alikes in the world of celebrity impersonators. Now, represented by her own agent, she appears at corporate events for such clients as IBM and Xerox, and has appeared in Bette Midler’s “Divine Miss Millennium Tour,” a Cher music video, and various television shows—with a voice and act that could pass for the real thing. And often does.

How did a Scripps graduate, raised in a two-parent, conservative, church-going family in Pasadena, get this gig and become so good at it? And how did she accomplish this while working full time at NASA’s Jet Propulsion Laboratory, her day job?

At Scripps, Sandra Fettes ’76 studied dance and cello, not singing. After college, armed with a degree in history, she turned to accounting and bookkeeping. Realizing this was not her calling, she made it to Vegas, and auditioned at the MGM Grand. She made it to Vegas, and auditioned at the MGM Grand Hotel as a covered dancer (that means you’re wearing at least some-thing), and then, because of her height, was tapped to be one of the dancer-showgirls in the musical production Jubilee!—a $10 million stage extravaganza featuring Bob Mackie costumes and spectacular headaddresses. “I danced covered, uncovered, and walked the big ‘birthday cake’—the finale staircase—as a showgirl,” Sandra says. “It was exciting to be part of the original cast of a brand new show on the Strip. We did 13 shows a week, seven nights a week, and packed the house for every show.”

Such a schedule, and a dedication to keeping in near-perfect shape took its toll. After six years, she left Vegas. “I burned out and my feet hurt.”

Returning home, Sandra took time out to recuperate. It was then that people would tell her that she reminded them of Cher.

“I’d never heard that before,” Sandra says. “I wasn’t trying to look like her. Impersonation was totally foreign to me.”

Then, Sandra’s mother was in need of a program for the annual church Christmas party and suggested that she do Cher. “I thought, this is crazy, and really didn’t take it too seriously.” But for the next couple of years, Sandra collected photos of Cher, then finally had someone do her makeup and went over to Ron Smith’s Celebrity Look-Alikes agency in Hollywood. It was “Don’t call us, we’ll call you.”

Months later they did. The agency hired her to be part of a stunt to crash the red carpet at the Academy Awards and be filmed for Fox TV. This was in 1989, the year after Cher had won the Oscar for Moonstruck. Sandra, a novice to the impersonator game, didn’t know what she was in for. “I thought people would know we were look-alikes; I was that naive. I thought we’d do a little schtick, they’d film it, and we’d be gone. But, no, I’m the first one to step out of the hired limo at the Shrine Auditorium, and people in the bleachers were screaming, ‘Cher! Cher!’”

To her right and to her left, Sandra saw the real Candice Bergen and Jodie Foster getting out of limos. “This is one place you’d never put yourself as a celebrity impersonator,” she says. “This night is for the real celebrities. We’re not trying to take over their lives. It was very embarrassing. Even after we got out of it and were walking down the street, people were still hanging over the bleachers shouting, ‘Cher! Cher.’ I thought, stop it. I’m not Cher.”

After that experience, Sandra attended a celebrity impersonator mixer, where she met booking agents who subsequently got her some jobs for corporate receptions and parties. It was strictly “mixing and mingling,” with no singing. “I didn’t know how to sing at that time,” she admits. But she realized that if she were to continue doing Cher, she would have to learn.

When Sandra makes up her mind to do something, she reaches for perfection. “I do everything to the nth degree,” she says. Here she was, a non-singer, planning to learn how to sound like one of the most recognizable voices in the pop music world. Not an easy task.

She started by lip-synching to Cher’s records. Every time Cher appeared on TV, she’d watch and take note. “I spent hours going over her tracks, looking at her music videos, watching her movements and what she was wearing. Then I moved on to what’s called vocal elimination: you take Cher’s track, digitize it, strip out the central track [her vocal], then sing along with her track. I would become the lead vocal. Now, I have a recording engineer who composes all my tracks on his computer.”

“Don’t call us, we’ll call you.”

When it’s time to perform, there’s no going back. It’s showtime!”
Capturing Cher’s voice was a challenge, even with singing lessons. “Cher has a unique sound,” Sandra explains. “She doesn’t have a great voice—even Cher herself admits this, but when you hear her, you know it’s Cher. She has a smokey, covered sound, even on her high belts. I have had some of my tracks written down a half or whole step to a more comfortable range where I feel I sound more like Cher.”

Sandra takes pride in having and maintaining some of the best wigs and costumes in the business. She has 10 of Cher’s signature big black curly ones, from Singapore (Sandra actually combines two wigs for a fuller look), and others ranging from blonde straight to red straight. Her costume designer, Margi Kent, has done Fleetwood Mac, Stevie Nicks, Michelle Lee, and Mariah Carey, among others. Sandra also has a beader who applies each sequin and crystal by hand.

“I spend quite a bit of money,” says Sandra. “Look-alikes are often thought of as third-rate entertainment, primarily because there are a lot of what I call ‘Halloween look-alikes.’ So, if you’re a legitimate tribute artist, you have to be at a different level, and hope the industry recognizes the difference.”

The business, Sandra admits, has had its interesting moments. For a corporate biker-themed event, she rode into the event on the back of a Harley. Then there was the time she arrived on horseback to the strains of “Half-Breed.” She has performed in shows all across the U.S., including Alaska and Hawaii, and was flown to Banff, Canada, for a one-hour mix and mingle.

Sandra has met Cher once, while doing a music video in 1997 as Cher’s double. She claims she was never a Cher fanatic, although she always enjoyed the Sonny and Cher television shows, tuning in to see what outrageous outfit the star was wearing, but never feeling any particular identity with her. “She and I are very unalike in personality and experiences. For one, she’s a Democrat and I’m a Republican. I graduated from a private women’s college; she dropped out of high school. Her mother was married eight times, three times to Cher’s father; my parents were married for 35 years.

There is also a substantial height difference, with Cher at least 8 inches shorter than 6’2.” Sandra. But because Cher is a “larger-than-life” personality and played up being taller than Sonny on TV, she gives the illusion of more height. And, no, Sandra has not had any ribs removed. Nor other surgery to look more like Cher.

Sandra impersonates Cher in the way that she herself sees Cher—strong without being hard, and also soft and appealing. “I try not to be a caricature of Cher, like being over-the-top with her mannerisms, which is common with some impersonators.”

Sandra sometimes finds herself slipping into Cherisms in her daily life. “Sometimes I’ll lick my lips like she does. A friend will say, ‘Oh, you just did that Cher thing.’ I did?” I’ll say. Or sometimes I’ll have a sound in my voice, like ‘Oh, okaaaaay,’ and it’s just me talking, but it comes out like Cher. At times, it is difficult to remember what my mannerisms were before I was doing Cher.”

“I’m a naturally reserved person,” she admits. “I like to be behind the scenes, in the shadows, not necessarily in the spotlight. So what was in me to pick up and go to Vegas? What was in me to do Cher? You know the saying, ‘Fools rush in where angels fear to tread’? Well, that’s me in a nutshell. Like taking Dr. Brogden’s classes at Scripps. He was an amazing history professor. His classes were notorious; they scared me to death. But I knew if I hung in there, I would reap the benefits. From that experience, I did develop the ability to ‘think independently…and live confidently and courageously.’”

Sandra doesn’t expect to do Cher forever. “I don’t think even Cher could do Cher forever,” she muses. She has other dreams, but with so much vested in Cher, she will impersonate a while longer. Besides,” she says, “when the show ‘kills’ and you’re knocking their socks off, it’s such a great feeling. It just feels good when I can make the audience feel good.”

“I still get knots in my stomach before each show. Ipace and try to take some deep breaths. Then I hear, ‘Ladies and Gentlemen, here she is, the one and only Cher’—and the nervousness melts away. It’s like being scared and exhilarated at the same time. When it’s time to perform, there’s no going back. It’s showtime!”
The Kosovo Force (KFOR) is a NATO-led international force responsible for establishing and maintaining security in Kosovo. This peace-enforcement body entered Kosovo on June 12, 1999, under a United Nations mandate, two days after the adoption of U.N. Security Council Resolution 1244.

When I was a sophomore at Scripps, in 1996, I decided I needed to find an autonomous way to fund and finish my education. So, I withdrew and enlisted in the Army. I sometimes wonder where I would be today and how my life would be different had I not made that decision.

Looking back, my foundations at Scripps served me well in persevering through an adventure that I may never have had if I had taken the safe road in life. When asked if I’d like to write something about being deployed to Kosovo in 2003 from my Army Reserve medical unit, I didn’t quite know where to start, or what stories were most important to tell. For me, it was a challenging learning experience where life was the ultimate teacher. In many ways I feel very fortunate to have had the experience, and lucky that I served for a purpose that I believed would help restore peace in a fragile region of the world.

Welcome to KFOR
Our task force, “Task Force Med Falcon,” consisted of a straggly bunch of reservists interspersed with a few National Guard members. We were anything but elite fighting machines. Most of us were nurses, doctors, EMTs, dentists, or hospital administrative personnel, many of whom didn’t work in the profession the Army had chosen for them in the civilian world. I served as a licensed vocational nurse (the Army’s chosen field for me), and sergeant, but had only worked part time in this field while I was finishing my degree in neuroscience at UCLA.

By the time our group was boots on the ground in a “hostile fire zone,” we had spent a month training in Georgia and, well, mostly waiting around while the Army lost our personnel files—twice! We had rolled in the mud together, gone through the gas chamber as a team, and spent many nights at the Karaoke bar at the NCO club doing bad renditions of Aretha Franklin and Queen, since we weren’t allowed to leave post. By the time we arrived in country, we were a family. Somehow the fear of what we might encounter had subsided to a certain comfort that, good or bad, we were all in it together.

I remember the first time I took a good look at the landscape of Kosovo, which was to be my home for between eight months and two years, depending on “the needs of the Army.” The hills were lush and green. It was late winter, and there was snow on top of the mountains. The open space was sweeping and spectacular. If I wasn’t confined to the small camp, and it weren’t for the copious land mines, I should think it would be an ideal place to hike. Then, as the bus left the airport, we got a closer look at our new home. Bombed-out buildings, garbage, old vehicles, and scrap metal lined the roadside. The city of Pristina was harsh and austere. Drivers seemed not to mind swerving into oncoming traffic, barely avoiding a disaster, to get around a slower car or a mule cart. We passed check points, lined with concertina wire and little hutchies with the tips of rifles sticking out. We had to wear “full battle rattle,” which consisted of heavy and cumbersome body armor, an M-16 rifle, Kevlar, and ammunition vest. I hated these accessories, as they reminded me that I was there to play soldier, which was not my favorite game.

When we first arrived at Camp Bondsteel, we silently took in the boring view of our little wooden S.E.A. huts all lined up with a cement and sandbag bunker in between each one. The hospital in which I was to spend many days and nights was completely sterile; I had never seen such a spotless medical facility. The Army had hired local nationals as housekeepers, and they would follow us around, mopping the floor behind as we walked. I quickly learned
from an interpreter in the hospital, who was a medical doctor, that
the going rate for MDs in Kosovo was
$200 per month—poor, even
by their economy. It was easier to survive as a
Kosovar doctor by working for the black market. One such doctor
told me that his job was once to examine women for STDs who had
been promised freedom, then had their identities stripped, and were
forced to work as sex slaves in the human trafficking industry.

After we had settled and slept off the 72 hours of travel, we were
inundated with briefings, mass casualty exercises, air raid sirens, and
EOD blowing stuff up on “Radar Hill.” It was very hard to sleep
with all the commotion and excitement. One thing that really stood
out for me about our orientation to Kosovo was the briefing about
how morale would likely dip, and that it wasn’t uncommon for task
forces to lose an individual to suicide halfway through the deploy-
ment. I was stunned. I thought they were just telling us about
worst-case scenarios.

A couple days later, the EMTs got a call to respond to a captain’s
vehicle that had run off the road. It was a standard call; the roads in
Kosovo were rough. When they arrived on scene, the captain was in his
POV, seemingly unscathed. As they got closer, he ran out into a field
and shot himself in the head. The Army keeps this type of thing under
tight seal to prevent other soldiers from succumbing to the stress of
being away from home and the uncertainty of when they will return.
I wouldn’t have known much about it except that I had to drive and
provide security for the Command Staff to his funeral. These losses are
the untold casualties of deployment, unreported, and vastly ignored.
After this incident, we vowed to take extra good care of each other.

The Good Times

Although nearly a year stuck on a tiny compound, wearing a green
uniform, and toting a weapon might not seem like anyone’s idea of fun,
we had to get very creative to come up with entertainment. There was
always Karaoke; lonely soldiers away from their families for nine months
can sing very heartfelt, ear-wrenching Garth Brooks songs. Birthdays
were often the most exciting reasons to celebrate, and could get inter-
esting. We would sip on a “near beer,” up the wager on a high stakes
snail race hosted by the British contingent, and watch movies projected
on sheets outside the huts while sitting in a hot tub consisting of a baby
pool with siphoned warm shower water. We would throw “techno
raves” in the medical supply warehouses and salsa dances outside the
bunkers. It wasn’t exactly Las Vegas, but it did serve to take our minds
off of counting the minutes until we got to come home.

The People

My heart goes out to the strong people of Kosovo; they have survived
such turmoil and always seemed to manage a cheerful smile and a
“Mermanjas” in the morning to greet me in the hospital. They have so
little and have been through so much, yet always seem to maintain hope.

Some soldiers from my medical unit and I went out on a mission to
set up a clinic for some of the local folks that had been hit very hard
by the war. On the way, we passed signs by the side of the road warn-
ing that areas were mined. The interpreters would tell us of the
strategies used to keep refugees out of their homes by mining their
re-entry pathways and homes. We passed sights that are now just slabs
of rock covering relatively large areas of land, which were put up as
gravesites where people were marched out to fields and mass mur-
dered. There were many homes along the way that had been bombed
by mines or grenades. Strangely, often there would be one whole
neighborhood that had been destroyed, but immediately across a dirt
road, neighborhoods were untouched.

When we got to the small town where we were to set up a
clinic, Greek doctors were there to assist us as the entire village
lined up for a check-up. Mostly, illnesses were the same as what we
see in the U.S., lots of hypertension, asthma, colds, and that sort of
thing. Some of the men, teenagers and up, had chronic combat-
related aches and pains. It was an amazing experience just to see the
enthusiasm the villagers had in meeting us. The kids would run up
and hug us. But, deep down, there was an
awareness that horrifying
events had taken place in this village only
a couple of years earlier. Our interpreter, who was also a nurse and a native of Kosovo, couldn't wait to leave the village that day, as if she knew what might have happened there. We had heard stories of atrocities: women who covered themselves in feces to prevent being raped, and schools of children who were marched out to fields and shot execution-style. There were land mines that were made to look like toys, brightly colored and curiously squeezable. They were designed to be found, played with, brought back to a village, and then, with more handling, they would detonate. I could see such strength in the weathered faces of the elders, and resilience in the way children would play and sing. One little boy drew me a picture of a plane going into a tower and a big U.S. flag, as if to say, “I get it. I know that feeling.”

Back in the field hospital, we cared for many of the usual injuries and illnesses that multinational peacekeepers would come in with. However, it was always a waiting game. Just when we would get too comfortable with our routine, we would get a major trauma. I worked in the ICU, so if patients made it to my ward, they had survived through the ER and OR.

One of the worst nights of the waiting game for survivors was when we received word that in a nearby village a grenade was thrown into a crowded restaurant. Our emergency department received one of the patients who had managed to survive the initial blow. He was quickly rushed to surgery to retrieve the shrapnel in his legs. Unfortunately, it was embedded in his femoral artery, and after hours of working on him to stop the bleeding, and 20 units of blood, the surgeon pronounced him dead. In times like these, I felt both saddened by the devastating violence, and fortunate that had I been deployed elsewhere, I would’ve been confronted with events like this daily. I felt like my time in Kosovo was a vacation compared to where many of my comrades and friends are now.

**Hope for Peace**

When the U.S. first decided to go into Kosovo as part of a peacekeeping mission, I didn’t fully understand how dropping bombs and placing soldiers on the ground could facilitate peace. And, I certainly don’t recall the news media around that critical time in 1999 being focused on telling the Balkans’ story. Now that I’ve seen the ramifications of centuries of ethnic hatred and genocide, and how grateful the ethnic Albanians and Serbians are for the U.N. and the U.S. humanitarian and peacekeeping efforts, I feel that we have done, and are doing, the right thing in this fragile region of the world.

Since my deployment, I have been working as a research associate at Stanford last year and University of California-San Francisco this year in the fields of ion channel biophysics, and the mechanotransduction of fine-touch sensation. I am hoping to enter a PhD program in the fall in either neuroscience or biophysics.
“DRINK PLENTY OF MILK,” is one of several pillars of nutri-
tional wisdom my grandma imparts at the end of our phone
conversations now that she knows that because of me she’ll have
another great-grandchild to boast about to her friends.

Her counsel is among other advice I have voluntarily sought. For
the past seven months I have poured through books, magazines,
and websites seeking validation of my dietary habits. And I have
invariably concluded each research session with the same resolve: to
head directly to the health food section of my local grocer and fill
my cart with tofu, non-fat yogurt, and as many fruits and veggies
as I can carry.

In practice, however, I have discovered that making
healthy meals at regular intervals can be difficult. I needed a wholesome convenience
food for when I am suddenly famished. I especially needed some-
one to keep an eye on my food intake during
my demanding daily schedule. I needed a
supervisor for my belly—a “belly boss.”

Leslie Sagalowicz ’94 is a self-
proclaimed belly boss who, with
co-belly boss, Meredith Lincoln, set
out to develop a delicious, healthy,
and convenient alternative to the
prenatal vitamin supplement.

The two women met while
attending the Kellogg School of
Management at Northwestern
University. Sagalowicz, who began
her MBA with the goal to become
an entrepreneur, said she is lucky to have found a friend and
business partner like Lincoln. Their mutual interest in good food
and well-being made them receptive to their friends’ complaints
about the lack of alternatives to the prenatal vitamin that some
find difficult to take because of its size or the digestive discom-
fort the pill can cause.

Toward the end of 2004, Sagalowicz and Lincoln founded their
company, NutraBella. And, after exhaustive research, the two
women created Bellybars, a nutrition bar for pregnant and nursing
women. Bellybars hit the national market at the end of October
2005, and Sagalowicz says, “It’s been non-stop since!”

For Sagalowicz, every day brings something new, from press calls
to new accounts—“That’s what makes this so fun and exciting.”

The bars are sold at numerous retail and maternity boutiques
including Motherhood Maternity, select Whole Foods Markets, and
select H-E-B grocery stores and have been featured in FitPregnancy,
Fitness Magazine, BabyCenter Magazine, and Essence.

Because of my research, I knew
if I ate the Bellybars and took my
prescribed prenatal I was doubling my
intake of many nutrients. And more isn’t always better.

During pregnancy, it is critical to incorporate wholesome food
choices into a daily regime. Expectant moms can
snack guilt-free on a Bellybar
knowing that it is a protein-packed snack that includes vital nutrients recommended by doctors, midwives, and nutrition experts.

Sagalowicz’s business has come to occupy a niche that many busy
depend on.
FROM THE PRESIDENT
Greetings, sister alumnae:

As I write this letter, some exciting news has spread throughout The Claremont Colleges community. I hope that by the time you read this, word will have reached you. Maria Klawe, currently dean of the School of Engineering and Applied Sciences at Princeton University and a renowned computer scientist and scholar, has been named the fifth president of Harvey Mudd College.

I was overjoyed to learn that Harvey Mudd had named its first woman president. Whether or not it was intentional, I marveled at what a wonderful response this was to Harvard University President Lawrence Summers’ remarks about women and science. Most important, this news made me realize that our alma mater, Scripps College, is a member of an academic community that has become one of the most ideal places to develop leadership skills for women.

This development summons us to take notice of the growing number of women of intelligence, accomplishment, and vision who provide presidential leadership to The Claremont Colleges. They include Ms. Klawe, President Pamela B. Gann of Claremont McKenna College, President Laura Skandera Trombley of Pitzer College, and, of course, President Nancy Y. Bekavac of Scripps College.

This great wealth of female leadership sets an amazing example for all members of the Scripps community and assists us in the fulfillment of a core goal of our identity as a women’s college—fostering leadership in women. Each time we witness the passage of a woman into new territory rarely traveled by her predecessors, our mental boundaries of what is possible for women are expanded.

As members of the Scripps community, we have a unique opportunity to work together towards a complete eradication of these barriers. For example, becoming involved with Scripps as an alumna volunteer and leader has provided me with an uncommonly supportive environment in which to further develop my leadership skills. It has been an invaluable experience that affirms the benefits of being a women’s college with leadership as a common goal. Without a doubt, our alumnae association consists of women with their own individual opinions and a diversity of opinions that conflict with each other as much as they merge. However, we have both an opportunity and responsibility to help each other develop an individual voice by welcoming and respecting each other’s opinions. It is, after all, our voice that enables us to lead.

This spring, when we honor two fellow alumnae with the Distinguished Alumnae award and Outstanding Recent Alumnae award at Reunion Weekend 2006, we will be reminded of the legacy of leadership that continues to grow in our alumnae community. At graduation, we will celebrate with a group of young women who, transformed through their education at Scripps, will lead the world in a positive direction. We, alumna and student alike, belong to a community that produces women leaders. Therefore, I hope you will consider, as I did, the possibility of growing as a leader through an active affiliation with Scripps.

With best wishes for a peaceful and prosperous 2006,

Brenda M. Ching ’93
President, Alumnae Association

“Scripps College...has become one of the most ideal places to develop leadership skills for women.”

Alumnae Leaders Step up to the Task

The Scripps Alumnae Council held its December meeting at Caltech’s Athenaeum. On the stairs, from left: Catherine Pyke ’79, secretary, marketing and communications; Brenda Ching ’93, president; Sarah Belanger Lantz ’00, GOLD Committee co-chair; Lori Steere ’66, president-elect. In front of the stairs, from left: Alumna trustees Crystal Jones ’85 and Trish Jackson ’82.
REUNION 2006

Good Times, Good Friends

Join fellow alumnae April 28-30 as Scripps celebrates Reunion 2006. The first graduating class of 1931 marks its milestone 75th reunion, while the class of 2005 celebrates its first. The weekend’s highlights include:

Friday, April 28
Welcome Luncheon: Keynote speaker Melissa McKay ’96, a resident physician in internal and emergency medicine at Louisiana State University, shares her experiences and stories of Hurricane Katrina.

Join in the annual Three-College Wine Tasting to sample wines donated by alumnae vintners from Harvey Mudd, Pitzer, and Scripps.

The Class of 1956 celebrates its 50th Reunion.

Saturday, April 29
Learn more about Scripps’ lasting landscapes, the Money-Wise Women program, and estate planning from faculty experts.

At Convocation, we honor the class of 1931, as well as recognize the 2006 Distinguished Alumna, Dr. Kathleen Brogan Schwarz ’64, and the 2006 Outstanding Recent Alumna, Kelly St. John Regier ’96.

Scripps Camp Workshop: Woven Paper/Photo Collage.

Tour the renovations and additions to campus, take the five-college bus tour, or discover the art treasures in the humanities building.

An elegant buffet dinner in the rollicking spirit of The Great Gatsby includes live jazz.

Sunday, April 30
The annual memorial service in Margaret Fowler Garden is where we pay our respects to those alumnae who have passed away in the last year.

The weekend concludes with the Champagne Brunch and GOLD Toast. Join the Graduates of the Last Decade as they toast the graduating seniors and welcome them into the Alumnae Association.

The full schedule of events, including Class Reunion Volunteers and online registration, can be viewed at www.scrippscollege.edu/dept/alumnae/reunion.

ALUMNAE SPEAK NEXT TOPIC

Great Teachers: Who We Remember and Why

PERHAPS THERE WAS one particular professor who changed your life. One who opened your eyes to learning or to an essential lesson in life. Maybe she or he wasn’t one of the legendary figures in Scripps history, but someone whom you’ll never forget. We invite you to share your favorite memories of interaction with one of these teachers—whether it was an “aha” moment of academic awakening or a conversation that made a difference in your life.

Please submit your essay, up to 600 words in length, by April 21, 2006, for inclusion in the next issue of Scripps Magazine. Send to editor@scrippscollege.edu or by mail to Editor, Scripps Magazine, 1030 Columbia Avenue, Claremont, CA 91711.

Traveling in Style

Special trips offer alumnae a chance to sample wine and chocolate, enjoy the Bard, tour the heart of Germany by river boat, enjoy the splendors of Tuscany, and even view a whale or two.

Scripps Winery Weekend, May 5-7, 2006, with Dean Michael Lamkin

12th Annual Oregon Shakespeare Festival Trip, August 10-13, 2006

Central Germany by River Boat, August 1-15, 2006, with David Oxtoby, President, Pomona College

Chianti in a Tuscan Villa, October 29-November 6, 2006

Baja: Among the Great Whales, January 2007 (Scripps and CMC)

For more information on any of these trips, contact the Office of Alumnae Relations at (909) 621-8054 or alumnae@scrippscollege.edu, or visit http://www.scrippscollege.edu/dept/alumnae/index.html.

Get Online, Stay Connected
The Scripps College Alumnae Association has an Online Community that allows alumnae to stay connected with the College and each other. Here’s how:

• Moved? Changed jobs? Looking for your classmates? Update your profile and search for your classmates via the Online Directory.
• Register for events with ease online. See who else is coming. Encourage others to attend.
• Let your classmates know what you’re up to by submitting class notes online. Decide which class notes you would like to receive and how you would like to receive them.
• Participate in a national book club discussion. Post a job opening. Plan a regional event in your area. Discussion boards let you read, post, and reply to messages from alumnae with similar interests.

To access the Online Community, log on to http://alumna.scrippscollege.edu. To register, you will need your eight-digit Scripps ID number, printed on the back cover address label of the magazine. Forgot your username and/or password? E-mail helpdesk@alumna.scrippscollege.edu.

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A Rare Breed
BY MELINDA WHITE ’91

After Scripps, I expected professional women to embrace my educational foundation, helping to foster my confidence in confronting a “man’s world.” The students at Scripps were competitive, but there was an overall sense of support that made the competition healthy.

Since I have been in industry for 14 years, specifically in the predominantly male technology arena, I have been astounded at how truly cut-throat women can be. I thought that I would be working with up-and-coming Carly Fiorinas, whereas I discovered that they are simply catty with their personal agendas. Backbiting women think that they are snowing other women, when their vulnerabilities are simply transparent.

There was the flag-waving Ivy League alumna who was in a race for a director title before she turned 30. I could see her agenda in stages: Cornell education, a directorate, marriage, then children. She stomped on her colleagues and stole credit for our work. She had an unusually close relationship with our VP, since they had worked together previously. He made exceptions for her and for no one else. When she resigned, the VP customized a lavish severance package even though severance was intended for laid-off employees, not for those who voluntarily leave.

There was the candidate who was in direct competition with me for a director-level position. She landed the job over me because she made a political maneuver with the CEO’s wife. When her team realized that she was more style than substance, she was demoted, and I was offered her old position at a lower salary. I declined.

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In order to endure, my recommendation is two-fold. First, expect the unexpected; it is rare to find women who had the unique opportunity that Scripps provided, therefore the workplace is a fierce and selfish competition. Second, stay strong and true to your values and integrity. Don’t give up early because that seems to be the only alternative. Persistence and tenacity make the difference. While women have made significant strides throughout history, there is still a lot to accomplish—this time involving not just our interactions with men, but with women as well.

“I was surprised to acknowledge that, for the most part, I work better for men as managers—assuming they are not misogynists and they do not possess the same vicious female motives.”

MELINDA WHITE ’91
Several years ago, three female colleagues and I decided to start a monthly get-together. One female engineer colleague noted that in order to have coffee with another female engineer, she needed to walk to another level and then to the other side of the building. We wanted to create a better way to meet one another and to learn more about the organization. Our group started in Houston, Texas, with only a few members, but grew quickly into a group called WISE (Women in Schlumberger Everywhere). After growing to several hundred members in Houston, it has sparked chapters in different cities, with women networking and mentoring each other in a positive way within the company. Our Houston chapter organized speakers who ranged from internal senior managers in the organization to external speakers who gave tips on balancing work and family life. The group has also reached out to the community to support educational efforts that encourage girls to keep studying math and science and found strong participation for the Komen Breast Cancer Foundation’s Race for the Cure.

It helps to work for a company like Schlumberger, which is committed to supporting diversity. Schlumberger is the world’s leading supplier of technology, project management, and information solutions to the oil and gas industry. The company, believing that diversity spurs creativity and collaboration, employs over 60,000 people of more than 140 nationalities working in 80 countries.

Schlumberger is strongly committed to gender diversity and promoting technical careers for women. This is evident by the support given from the highest level of management, our chairman. In a recent international conference on women in industrial research in Europe, he presented the keynote speech, “Waking up to the Need for Women in Science and Technology.” Another initiative sponsored by the company is “Faculty for the Future,” a program that helps secure role models for the next generation of women in science and technology.

Commitment like this coming from the top permeates throughout the rest of the organization. This level of support combined with initiatives to continually improve work-life balance of employees is motivating.

Even though I no longer live in Houston, I stay in touch with women I met through our chapter there and correspond with them frequently for their input on various work-related issues. It’s these types of professional connections that are fruitful and lasting.

I recently had an unfortunate experience with another woman at work, who happened to be my boss. As a probationary teacher, my job was less than secure. The principal of my school, a woman, seemed to have it in for me from the start, though I’m still not sure why. She was constantly reprimanding me for not meeting expectations that were communicated to me after the fact. Although there was another new teacher, who happened to be male, she focused her attention on me, even when the other new teacher made the exact same “mistakes.”

I accepted her criticism and made every change that she suggested. However, her attention finally escalated to what qualified as harassment, according to my union representative. When I consulted the union president, she did not support me at all. She basically told me that if I chose to stand up for myself and have the union call her on her behavior, I would likely not be offered a contract for the next year. I finally decided that I had to maintain my self-respect, and that I did not deserve to be treated this way. I asked the union president to speak with my principal. She immediately backed off, but I was informed a week later that I would not be offered a job for the next year.

If only that were the end of it. I recently found out that she was deliberately sabotaging my efforts to find a new job. After several excellent interviews where I was told that I was wanted for the job, I never heard from the school districts again. After a little digging, I found out it was because of what the principal said when they called her after the interviews. Luckily, I found another job—I guess they didn’t call her—and I love it. I am still glad that I made the choice to stand up for myself. I know that someone else might have made a different choice and kept the job, but, for me, it was more important to keep my sense of self-worth.
Up Front and Personal
BY NORMA BLAIR GILMORE, EDD ’47

I have had to use a certain technique only once with three staff members, but it was necessary for the situation. The three staff members consisted of a social worker who wanted to be the new director of special education, but had no certificate for the position; a speech language therapist, her buddy; and a young psychologist who worked closely with them. They were employed by a Board of Cooperative Educational Services (BOCES), which is an administrative unit that provided support services to small or rural school districts.

I had been director of special education twice before in this BOCES and had returned to live in the area as a retiree. The directorship opened up, and I was hired for the third time—not the social worker. She was extremely unhappy, as were her friends. From the moment I was on the job, they were negative, complained about everything, made snide remarks about me and what I did. I knew that this had to be nipped in the bud, so I gave considerable thought to how I should handle it. I concluded that I must talk to them away from the other staff members; tell them what they were doing; not be nasty or mean, but tell it like it was; let them know that we have to function like a team; no discussion, just facts.

One afternoon, the three women were in a small office, and I walked in. I told them that they were acting like spoiled children who did not have their way; told them what they were doing; cited three incidents; and discussed how we must function like a team. Then I walked out. I discussed it with no one else.

Their faces and body language showed shock and surprise, but they functioned as a team after that. I do not know if they talked about it with anyone, but I assume that the social worker discussed it with her husband, and the psychologist discussed it with her father (also a psychologist). The speech language pathologist went with what her friend said and did.

I have never mentioned the situation to anyone until this article, which could give the reader ideas to adapt to her own situation.

The following year, the social worker’s husband took a position in an adjacent BOCES, causing them to move. She took the required coursework and became certified to be a director of special education. A year later, there was an opening in her area and she became the director of special education for the adjacent BOCES. She was happy.

The speech language pathologist stayed another year with us and then married the social worker’s brother-in-law and moved to the adjacent BOCES. She was happy.

The psychologist married during the summer and moved to an urban area. She was happy.

I hired new staff replacements. Four years later, I was again retiring. I was on an area board where the former social worker, now director of special education, was chair. At the last board meeting, she gave me a metal aluminum sculpture of a dove in flight. It sits on my desk; I feel that it represents peace.

A Passion for Equality
BY PENELOPE WILLARD MADRY ’92

After graduating from Scripps, I had a rude awakening. Not everyone in the workplace had a fire in their belly about the equality of women, or the equality of all people. In fact, there was a distinct lack of fire in the belly or elsewhere. As I adjusted to the pace and temperament of the “real world,” I began to wonder if my Scripps experience was at best a fantasy or at worst artificial. Having a broker ask me to photocopy my naked body and fax it to him while working at one of my first jobs didn’t help.

But then, in 1996, I found some sanity, or at least a company that gave me hope that my Scripps life could be a reality. I landed a job at Advent Software in San Francisco. Stephanie DiMarco founded Advent when she was 25, in 1983. She told stories like the time in the late ’80s when she was trying to put her laptop in the overhead compartment of a plane (back then laptops were huge) and a man asked her if he could help her with her sewing machine.

She created a culture at Advent where women and men could achieve equally. Many of the top executives were women, and several of their husbands were stay-at-home fathers. There was a room in our office that started out as a nap room for folks working long hours,
Always a Friend: Never a Foe
BY NINA ROSOFF '65, PHD

Every time I look into another woman’s eyes, I see her soul. Each of us reflects love or fear, especially to another woman. Foes are only foes out of fear. Female friends are forever; nothing can change that. Women are the patches, each one different, in a woman’s life quilt. From mother and mentor to colleague and competitor, women are my friends because each one, like the pieces on the tapestry of my life, reflects me, and them. Each is essential, a part of my growth, my heart, my hurts and disappointments, my greatest joys. Each woman I have come to know, becomes a place on which I land, both in my mind’s eye and heart. Tossing my stone onto life’s hopscotch, I wonder will she be a friend or a foe?

No woman has ever been my foe for long. Some have cost me jobs, while others have opened doors of opportunity. I understand each and both, for I am both. Women colleagues span my 40 career years with lasting good friendships. When other women colleagues, feeling threatened, threaten other women out of envy or fear, then they are foes. Foes and friends reflect earlier women relationships. The scars and joys we formed long before we met, their own pain or happiness had been sewn into their heart threads, becoming mine.

Women colleagues need women—desperately! Now, more than ever, women’s souls need to blossom as stewards of global change, birthing new global souls. We have different qualities than men in abundance. Unfolding the flower, petal by petal: endurance and determination; wildness and courage; optimism and clear thinking; hope and faith; humor and drive; instincts to nourish, nurture, and protect; resilience, dignity, and integrity; strength and intuitive wisdom; an ability to receive, hear, take in and wait, patiently and not; laughing out loud at the mistakes we make; kindness. And most of all we communicate; our voice cannot be taken from us, silenced, or dampened.

Yet, daily, in my heart and soul, exists an uneasy feeling that echoes uncertainty about what we women are doing individually and collectively to, for, and with one another. Are we making progress—alone and together? What are we closing our eyes to that needs eyes wide open? In what direction is this present progress taking us? Is it the direction we need to be going?

Are we bringing our unique gifts as women to the workplace? As women perhaps it is time to:
• Lead as stewards.
• Use our voices (graciously, with wisdom) more poignantly.
• See the whole picture, not the sum of its parts.
• Mentor, guide, teach by sharing what we know.
• Walk our talk with unwavering integrity and character.
• Befriend all women…and men, not create foes.
• Heed our own unique call; bring our special gifts to work.
• Stop thinking we have to block out, compete, take down, or take from someone else, women and men alike, in order to succeed.
• Build bigger tents and cast wider nets.
• See the chard of God in everyone.
• Reflect our humanity, not our inhumanity.

We must become friends. The 21st century needs women leaders to steward others at home and at work. These times call for different mental and emotional maps and paradigm shifts in the ways we think, work, care, and achieve success, in order to sustain the world and make it generative.

Always a friend: never a foe.
Marriages and Commitments
'89 Marina Zarifes to John Amirehteshami, May 22, 2005
'00 Jamie Trubia to Mark Holland (Harvey Mudd '00), October 1, 2005

Births and Adoptions
'86 Jennifer Neu Higginbotham and Steve, a daughter, Katherine Hubbard, March 15, 2005
'88 Susan Lundin-Kaufman and Ted, a daughter, Margaret Mary, July 19, 2005
'89 Aileen Jones La Corte and Stephen, a daughter, Katharine Ada, October 27, 2005
'92 Nancie Carollo Baumann and Carsten (CMC '91), a son, Thaddeus, July 9, 2005
'92 Kate Robinson Perkins and Jeff, a son, John Harrison, April 2, 2005
'92 Lori Billings Reynolds and Bruce, a son, Jack Robert, November 12, 2005
'96 Margaret O'Brien Dilloway and Keith, a daughter, Kaiya Rose, September 4, 2005
'98 Carrie Candelaria Cappiello and Scott, a son, Griffin Christopher, September 1, 2005
'98 Kath Heidel McCandless and Brian, a daughter, Allison Marjorie, July 26, 2005

In Memoriam
'36 Jane Praeger Yaggy, November 7, 2005
'37 Mary Alice Rockey Beckerlegge, October 9, 2005
'40 Elizabeth Lee Mellinger, November 8, 2005
'41 Dot Sue Boake Young, December 10, 2005
'45 Barbara Tilt Barmore, December 10, 2005
'72 Carleigh Hoff, November 5, 2005
'78 Barbara Hilchey Caruso, November 16, 2005

Betty P. Broadhurst (Fort Collins, CO) After living six years in Puttaparthi, India, I have returned to Fort Collins. I came down with a virus and end-stage kidney failure, resulting in three weeks of dialysis in India and the U.S. I am now completely well with a normal kidney—a miracle. I still have my condo in India and will return.

Doris Cailliet Brunzie (Redwood City, CA) I’m getting along in years, like my classmates. I’m also handicapped and move along—for restricted distances—with a walker. I live very near my older daughter, Suzanne Brunzie, who has teenage sons. Doing okay, but I am afraid I won’t make it to the class reunion. Dottie Bright Davis (Arcadia, CA) We are pleased to invite reunioners to stay with us, have tea, or just visit during alumnae gatherings.
• Sally Bieler Chamberlin (Los Alamos, NM) We’re still “chugging along” here. Our eldest son and family are in American Fork, UT. Our daughter is living with us and our youngest son and wife are living in Pasadena, CA. • Ginny Westgate (Honolulu, HI) It is heartbreaking to have to put a pet to sleep; I did just that last February. Tiny Girl was 17 years old and I had her for 15 years. I am still playing the ukulele. • Connie Wright (Carmel, CA) I have given UC-Santa Cruz my collection of 16th–18th century authors in Latin (Cicero, Vergil, Ovid, etc.). I had lots of fun collecting them.

51 Jo Widick Casterline (Poway, CA) We are hooked on Elderhostel. It is a good way to have a family reunion and to visit different areas of the country and the world. Since January 2005, we have visited Palm Springs; Amelia Island, FL; and Kohler, WI.

52 Diana Grupe (Old Greenwich, CT) In my retirement, I am enjoying grandchildren, painting, DAR, PEN Women, music, and writing. Also enjoy art exhibitions and concerts. A real dilettante! • Kathleen Niven Lechner (Laguna Niguel, CA) I enjoyed a lovely visit with Audrey Hadow Michie ’53 in her home in Charlotteville, VA, surrounded by trees and not far from Monticello. Earlier I had visited New England briefly with my Mexico City high school friend. The Shelburne Museum in Vermont was especially outstanding with three original Mary Cassatt pastels to enjoy.

53 Diana Kontas Colson ( Sarasota, FL) We’re in the throes of remodeling our historic house where we have lived since 1964. The remodeling goes on while we are living in it—a recipe for chaos. I had a great trip to Northern Italy last May–June. • Audrey Hadow Michie (Charlotteville, VA) Two Scripps friends visited me in Virginia this past year: Janet Gillett and Kathleen Niven Lechner ’52. Mary Lou Rhees Born came the previous year. What great gifts these visits were for me and my family.

54 Joanna Stensson Bonnell (Marina, CA) I had a fantastic trip in the fall to Botswana, Zimbabwe, and Namibia. A safari—a time for much learning. • Ann Terry Wide Haven (Seal Beach, CA) Our son, David, 34, received his doctorate in psychology. He moved to Portland and is looking for a job to get his 1,500 hours so he can be licensed to practice. Janet, 32, lives in Budapest and travels widely for her work.

55 JoAnn Benter Christian (Bend, OR) For the first time, I am traveling south to Solana Beach for the winter. • Mary Ann Youlden McNamee (Pacific Palisades, CA) Enjoyed our 50th reunion—a small but impressive group of great ladies.

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57 Mimi Rollins Coombs (Pasadena, CA) Tom and I are so grateful that our daughter, Courtney, and Jeffrey Toland and our only grandchild, Olivia, are living close by in La Cañada. • Farida Fox (Santa Rosa, CA) This year my brother and I sold our beach house in Hawaii. It was originally my mother’s house. It gave us many years of pleasure and our kids loved it dearly (though they could hardly afford to go there). Now, in my 70th year, I can finally focus completely on my own home here in Santa Rosa—painting, remodeling, and big garden projects. I have also completed the second level of training to become a home funeral facilitator. A home funeral is very different from a funeral home! I urge my classmates to investigate this more compassionate and personal way of dealing with death. There is an excellent video, “A Family Undertaking,” which aired on PBS last year, and is available through Final Passages, an educational nonprofit organization (www.finalpassages.org).


59 Mary Eason Connor (San Marino, CA) I am delighted to be the recipient of the Organization of American Historians Precollegiate Teaching Award (2005). I just retired from teaching after 35 years of loving my profession. I plan to work as an educational consultant, with a focus on teaching about Asia, especially Korea and Vietnam. • Betsy Edmonston Evans-Banks (Tucson, AZ) On October 28, a group of Scripps alums met at Sarah Gabbert Schmerl’s lovely home on Tucson’s east side. It was great to see old friends and meet new friends. We will get together on a more regular basis now. It was such fun. • Charlotte Brown Perry (Midland, VA) I enjoy being the director of an Episcopal preschool. This year we completed an addition to our building and doubled the size of the school. My husband and I raise and show dogs and enjoy our six grandchildren.

60 Gaye Garrett Izzard (Tucson, AZ) I enjoyed a May get-together in Tucson with Scripps classmates. • Virginia MacIntosh (Ukiah, CA) In memory of Gail Paradise: I visited with Gail in July 2005 shortly before her death. I was struck by her cheerful resilience and mental energy, even at this very difficult time. It was the same energy and devotion that I had always admired in her pursuit of art in its many forms. She was a skilled painter, potter, sculptor, etcher, serigrapher, and more. Even when she was up to her eyeballs planning exhibits or selling her “critters,” she always had time for her friends and family—always searching, always learning, always cheerful and loving. She was a wonderful asset to Scripps as well, and an important part of the art community that enriches it, both as an undergraduate and alumna. All who knew her will miss her and never forget her.

61 Kathy Weston Cohen (Murray, KY) Son Matthew Cohen recently published Brother Men: The Correspondence of Edgar Rice Burroughs and Herbert T Weston (my grandfather). It might be of interest to some in California. • Sherma Koppel-Stevenson (South Lake Tahoe, CA) For a formerly lifelong resident of Southern California, wonders never cease on how I truly love and thrive on the four seasons, including massive snowfall. This is paradise. I have comfortably segued into storytelling plus a little librarianship from time to time. Quilting, gardening, cooking, reading, travel…wonderful! Visitors are welcome. • Matj Stevenson May (Spokane, WA) Catching up—Norm and Sharon Aston Olsen and Carolyn Wilber (Pomona ’60) joined Dick and me in Bluff, UT, in October of 2003 to celebrate the inclusion of St. Christopher’s Mission to the Navajos on the National Register of Historic Places. I was invited to speak, and I presented the first copies of my biography about the mission’s founder to the Episcopal Bishop of Navajoland. All profits go directly to Navajo education and outreach. The Highly Adaptable Gospel: A Journey Through the Life of H. Baxter Liebler is available on amazon.com or through your local bookstore. I finally (20 years later!) finished my theology master’s in 2001. We have laid our parents to rest and now we move on. We are leaving Utah at the end of September and have built a beautiful home in Spokane. • Sarah Gabbert Schmerl (Tucson, AZ) I’m looking forward to taking a group to paint in Italy in June 2006. • Louise Stapleton Snowden (San Francisco, CA) Husband Everett and I recently participated in the celebration of our granddaughter’s first birthday.
Judy Nelsen Keep
Endowed Internship in Leadership

THE CLASS OF 1966 is raising funds to establish an endowed internship in honor and memory of classmate Judy Keep as its 40th class gift to the College. Judy held numerous leadership positions during her years at Scripps, including student body president, and she received the Distinguished Alumna Award from the College in 1982. Judy was a practicing attorney and then served as a federal judge in the Ninth Circuit Court in San Diego for many years until her death in 2004.

The internship will provide current Scripps students with a unique leadership experience in the “real world” before they graduate. The class has established a $35,000 challenge grant, which will match dollar for dollar each contribution to the Keep Endowment.

All Scripps alumnae and friends who knew Judy and would like to make a gift in her honor are encouraged to call Mary Weis at (909)607-7534, or e-mail her at mary.weis@scrippscollege.edu.
Jean Duffett (Eugene, OR) After starting to pursue the practice of architecture over 20 years ago, I finally became licensed this summer. Another milestone was our son starting college at Amherst. I’m pleased to report that my niece, Jessica Duffett ’06, continues to enjoy her Scripps experience. I’ll miss her annual fundraising call next year!

Christina Luebke McPhee (Los Osos, CA) My life and career continue to flourish in California, having returned to my native state in 2001. This winter, I am showing work from Carrizo-Parkfield Diaries, in a three-person photographic show, “Persona-Personae,” at Sara Tectich Roma New York (www.saratectichia.com). • Anne Selle Spitzer (Jamaica Plains, MA) I recently spoke with Carrie Bolster and can’t believe we were smelling orange blossoms and wearing leis that Kari Vasey gave us for graduation 30 years ago! My son, Henry, is a senior this year and has been looking at CMC. I work at Brommer and May School in the development and alumni offices. Scripps looks wonderful—continue all your good works.

Kari Karlsgodt Koskinen (Jamul, CA) Happy 50th to Amy, Am, Dana, M.B., M.J., Nan (and me too). • Carolyn Lawson (Kennewick, WA) I joined the real estate agency Cypress GMAC. I would love to hear from other classmates. • Jackie Spaulding McCoy (South Pasadena, CA) I celebrated my 50th birthday; my 22nd wedding anniversary at Disneyland (since both Disney and I turned 50 in July). I have my golden mouse ears to prove it. My son, Alex, is a sophomore in college. The boy who hated literature, reads Shakespeare sonnets, and is a dual English/philosophy major.

Lindsay Bloomfield (Farmington, CT) I made a big move from Los Angeles to Connecticut last year. I’m pursuing real estate sales, having excelled in managerial positions in television sales for many years. Would love to connect with Scripps alumnae in CT, NY, and nearby states. • Jennifer Engel (Highland, CA) I have been teaching art for more than 18 years at Redlands High School, the oldest high school in the state. Ian is 11 and Erin is 9. Erin is in a GATE class this year, and may go to Scripps someday...if she survives 4th grade.

Susie Baker (Tucson, AZ) I had a nice visit with Amy Murch Sloan last summer (non-stop talkathon) I also had the opportunity to camp/mushroom hunt with Brooke Goodman ’05.

Dede Neilson Helmsworth (Portland, OR) While working the ticket gate at my son’s football game, I recognized Alix Wilhelm Hendricks, whom I had not seen since graduation, 25 years ago. We had fun catching up—it turns out her two daughters and my younger son attend the same very small high school. She looks gorgeous—doesn’t appear to have aged at all! That spurred me on to take a look at the Scripps website to see who else I might connect with. I married Chris Helmsworth, CMC ’80, and we have two sons. Andrew just turned 17 and is attending the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, working on his bachelor of music in oboe performance. James is 14 and a freshman at Riverdale High School in Portland. Chris works for Nike, and we spent five years living in Taiwan and then the last six here in Portland. I do the mom thing and spend a lot of time volunteering. • Shelagh McDonough (Prescott, AZ) For the past 25 years, I’ve moved around the country working for Credit Suisse First Boston, an investment banking company. I’ve lived in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Manhattan. In October of this year, I moved to a small town in Northern Arizona, and I am training to be a certified financial planner. Prescott is quite a switch from Manhattan, but I am enjoying the quiet, and the clean mountain air.

Mary Bly Cannon-Diaz (Whittier, CA) Lalo, boys, and I are doing well. Sean (20) is in Peru, due back before Christmas. David (18) is in his freshman year at San Diego State, and Joe (14) is a freshman in high school. The nest is emptier; I am enjoying more free time, but miss some of the noise and fullness the boys bring.

Trish Jackson (Northampton, MA) I am delighted to be back in the Pioneer Valley as vice president for advancement at Smith College. My husband, Will, teaches at Mount Holyoke. We welcome guests either here or in Vermont where we have our mountain getaway.

Lisa Hansen Fleury (Stockholm, Sweden) After 12 fantastic years in New Zealand, our family moved to Sweden in December 2004. We are enjoying the experience, the change in seasons, and the very welcoming people. Alan is managing director of the Nordic Countries for McDonald’s, which provides numerous opportunities for us to explore the region and neighboring Europe. I have retired from the corporate relations and marketing arena and am dividing my time to the benefit of our family, the PTA, and a tad selfishly, me. James is thriving at the Stockholm International School. His first-grade class of 21 students represents 17 countries and 15 primary languages. It’s wonderful to have your five-year-old race to the glove to show you where his friends come from, describe their language, their religion, cultural beliefs and traditions. We don’t know how long we will be here, but welcome anyone visiting. • Drucilla James Mills (Goleta, CA) Michael and I continue to live in Santa Barbara with our two sons, John (9) and Graham (7). Michael was recently asked to take over his boss’s job as head of quality for Vetronix, a division of Bosch, for North America. He will be traveling more than ever. I continue to fight my lupus, which has become involved in my organs and central nervous system. It’s a losing battle, but I’ll fight it as long as I can!

Jennifer Neughinbotham (Pasadena, CA) Our daughter Maggie adores baby sister Kate and proudly proclaims her “my baby.” I’ve been on hiatus from full-time paid employment in order to enjoy motherhood. Many community leadership opportunities and the occasional marketing consulting gig have kept me very busy.

Ellen Kibel Roese (Manhattan Beach, CA) My husband, George (CMC ’85), and I have two daughters, Natalie (13) and Emily (11). Life is busy, challenging, and wonderful.

Susan Lundin-Kaufman (Portland, OR) Our sons compete to see who can kiss new sister Margaret Mary the most! • Sarah Walker Wallace (Bainbridge Island, WA) My mother (Marcia Bate Walker ’59) and I rang in our respective new decades by visiting the Art Institute of Chicago. The Toulouse-Lautrec exhibit was exciting and brought back wonderful memories of my junior year abroad and Scripps friendships.
CHRISTINA MCPHEE ’76
In McPhee’s recent works, the artist imagines “seismic memory”—the geomorphology of earthquakes, but also human traumatic memory—the psychological trace as much as the rupture in the earth. Matrixial involves background images of ruins after the San Simeon Earthquake of 2003 (Paso Robles). The girl in the orange dress might be running from the quake, or she might be the quake herself, as a disappearing—or predictive and recurrent—visitation. At architectural scale, the chromogenic prints in the Carrizo-Parkfield Diaries combine documentary medium format and digital on-site photography with performance video clips and field drawings—all part of an ongoing site study of the San Andreas Fault country northwest of Los Angeles.

Matrixial (Orange Dress), 2005, from the Carrizo-Parkfield Diaries. Chromogenic lightjet print laminated to plexiglass, 94 x 44 inches.
is doing great. I moved up in management at NCI. Now I am an operations manager. • Dana Udall-Weiner (Philadelphia, PA) I graduated from USC in May 2005 with a PhD in psychology. In September, I married Eric Weiner, whom I met while studying in Seville during my junior year at Scripps. We both work at the University of Pennsylvania. • Rachel Sills Yurdin (Trumbull, CT) I got married last year and was thrilled to have many of my friends from Scripps join us to celebrate. Scott and I recently moved to Connecticut. We both have new jobs and are adjusting to life in the burbs.

Kath Heidel McCandless (Livermore, CA) Our second daughter, Allison Marjorie, who was born in July, joins big sister Emily (almost 2) in the quest to keep their parents from a good night’s sleep. • Elaine Musgrave (Cambridge, MA) Michael Wood Vasey (HMC ‘98) and I were married in 2004 with our mutual friend Rebecca Giacosie Marchand officiating. Many of our Claremont friends were in attendance. We’ve since moved to Cambridge, where Michael pursues his work in astrophysics and I am finishing my UC Davis English literature dissertation. We enjoy the company of our cat, Radish.

Jamie Trubia Holland (Seattle, WA) Aislinn Butler and Hai-Chau Ngo were in my wedding party when I married Mark Holland (HMC ’00) in October at the Seattle Aquarium. You can view our wedding pictures at www.markandjamie.com. • Torry Schellhorn (Dublin, Ireland) I’m enjoying life as an expat in Dublin, and working hard to use up all of my vacation time. I made it to South Africa last spring for a safari, shark diving, and lots of wine tasting. Also unsuccessfully attempted surfing on the west coast of Ireland. The highlight of the summer was drinking tea like the good old days with Cheryl Laven on her visit to Dublin. • Rachel Ban Tefft (Madison, WI) I’m in my second year in the MSW program at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. I also work at the Waisman Center on research studies on autism and schizophrenia. Nathan (my husband of one year) and I love Madison but miss family and friends on the east and west coasts. I am very active in the Wisconsin Track Club and am participating in a number of cross country races this fall. Makes me nostalgic for my CMS days!

Kelly Feinstein (Santa Cruz, CA) Kelly and her husband, Luke Johnson, are both graduate students at UC Santa Cruz. • Emily Meri Nitta Patterson Kugler (San Diego, CA) We just got back from England, where I was doing research for my dissertation. Now that I’ve finished my PhD qualifying exams and Tad is a full-time professor, it seems like our life is settling down. • Katie Lyon (Silver Spring, MD) This past summer, I had a great experience as an intern with a law firm in Munich, Germany. During the weekends, I visited the Bavarian Alps and even made it to Austria and France. Being in Europe again brought back wonderful memories from my time as a Scripps student abroad. Now I am back in D.C. and am enjoying my second year at Georgetown University Law Center. • Leann Terry (Bloomington, IN) I had a wonderful time visiting Alison Blake while she was at a conference in Chicago in July. I am in my third year in the counseling psychology PhD program at Indiana University. In August, my advisor and I presented at the American Psychological Association Conference in D.C. While there, I visited with a friend I made when studying abroad in Ecuador my junior year at Scripps.

Nina Myraya Simon (San Francisco, CA) I am making good use of my German major working at a German restaurant in San Francisco. It’s a lot of fun, and I love living in San Francisco.

Brooke Bohnet (Baltimore, MD) I am teaching sixth grade ancient history through Teach for America in Baltimore. My students are eager to learn about Egypt and Mesopotamia. Make a donation at adoptaclassroom.org. • Heidi Jakal (Edinburgh, Scotland) I just finished my MSC in creative writing at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. I hope to remain in Edinburgh for the next year.

Katherine Taylor (Seattle, WA) Jada Lindblom and I are enjoying being roomies in our first year out of college. We live in the beautiful Queen Anne neighborhood of Seattle. I am attending Seattle University Law School.

Sarah Belanger ’00 married Ray Lantz on December 30, 2005. The couple held their reception in the Colleges’ Bridges Auditorium. Pictured here with Sarah are, from left, Emily Rankin ’97, Anna Ekindjian ’98, Lauren Wildberger ’03, Alexis Amber (Pitzer ’02), and Kimberly Rideout.
INDIANPRENEURSHIP™: A Journey into Native American Small Business Development
by Jung Fitzpatrick ’01

SINCE AUGUST 2005, I have been serving in AmeriCorps VISTA as director of communications at ONABEN, a nonprofit organization that provides training and technical assistance to Native American entrepreneurs.

AmeriCorps VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America) is a one-year community service program. Often described as the “domestic Peace Corps,” it offers educational benefits, professional and personal development, as well as paid travel opportunities. I served one year prior in rural Northern California in a children’s health policy and advocacy position and liked it so much I decided to do it again, this time at ONABEN.

As the director of communications, I help tell ONABEN’s story through press releases, newsletters, and other mundane or niche media such as thank you letters to donors—all with the intent of reaching and connecting to a wider audience and community.

ONABEN provides a variety of services to Native American entrepreneurs that fall under the umbrella term “training and technical assistance (TTA),” including courses to help individuals research and write their business plans and develop other essential business skills.

While ONABEN’s services are available to any entrepreneur, the focus on Native Americans is important. In starting and running their own businesses, Native entrepreneurs often face additional barriers that stem from and are affected by historical, socio-cultural, economic, and political factors, especially those who live on or near tribal lands, which are usually isolated rural locations.

According to the Small Business Administration, about half of all businesses started will still be in operation after five years. Providing Native entrepreneurs with TTA increases their chances of success. It is with this understanding that ONABEN was founded in 1991 by four Oregon tribes.

Originally standing for “Oregon Native American Business & Entrepreneurial Network,” ONABEN’s mission is to increase self-reliance by promoting the development of tribal-citizen-owned small businesses and the diversification of reservation economies. It has become a resource for the entire region, working with tribes not only in Oregon but Washington, Idaho, and Northern California. Now, ONABEN is more inclusively known as “A Native American Business Network.”

As a small organization operating on limited financial resources, we must be resourceful and creative. I have learned not only to budget, but to hustle. Instead of paying for events, I volunteer to get in free. Instead of buying things, I have taken recycling to a whole new level.

Before I started this position, I knew very little about Native American entrepreneurship, let alone how to pronounce the name of the organization (long ‘o’-nah-ben)! My VISTA experience at ONABEN has allowed me to satisfy several goals: learn more about entrepreneurship for minority and Native American communities, continue to do good work for society, develop my communication skills and resourcefulness, build my résumé while trying a career on for size, but most important, gain better insight into who I am and greater clarity on what I want from life.

“I’ve realized that autonomy, creativity, and community building are essential to me and that working for myself may be the best way to live these values.”

ONABEN has allowed me to satisfy several goals: learn more about entrepreneurship for minority and Native American communities, continue to do good work for society, develop my communication skills and resourcefulness, build my résumé while trying a career on for size, but most important, gain better insight into who I am and greater clarity on what I want from life.

While I still don’t know what I want to be when I grow up, I’m getting closer to figuring it out. I’ve realized that autonomy, creativity, and community building are essential to me and that working for myself may be the best way to live these values. My goal for this year is to develop and pursue my own entrepreneurial spirit.
**RIGHT:** Sophomore Candlelight Supper, late '60s. This long-standing tradition is held each spring, now in the Elizabeth Hubert Malott Commons.

**BELOW:** Tea and cookies in the afternoon, circa 1969. Tea continues to be served each week, now in Seal Court. The “two cookies only” rule no longer exists, and there are ample vegetable and fruit choices.
A ROOM WITH A VIEW  “I was having such a lovely afternoon the other day, reading on my bed, sun shining on my face, fountain bubbling outside the window, I just had to take a photo. It epitomizes the beauty we are so lucky to live with at Scripps.”

— Sarah Goodspeed ’07, Eleanor Joy Toll Hall