

Name: Connie Worthington (68)
Interviewer: Christy Law Blanchard
Date of Interview: June 8th, 2015

CLB: It is Monday, June 8th, 2015 at 10:00 AM. This is Christy Law Blanchard, Director of Program Outreach and Development for the Pembroke Centre for Teaching and Research on Women. I'm on the East Side of Providence interviewing Connie Worthington, class of 1968, in her home. Connie, let's begin. Can you tell me a little bit about your family and childhood?

CW: Well, you know, some people are army brats. I was a Brown brat. My father edited the Alumni Magazine from...I forget when. He did it part time at first in the, probably late 20s [or early 30s] because he came to work for the *Providence Journal*. Maybe it was the 30s before he started doing the magazine. And then it became a full-time job sometime, probably in the mid to late 50s. So, I had the glorious campus, and our neighbors growing up from the time I was three were the children of Helen and Freeman Twaddell. Freeman was in the Linguistics Department—*was* the Linguistics Department, I guess, for quite awhile. And they were our family friends—the Blisteins, the Kapsteins, the...so many wonderful—Staples. Staples? Was Doris Staples [Stapleton] the woman who started the Pembroke Center first? Or no it was a gallery, the Sarah Doyle Gallery. But, so if you pricked my father's fingers, it would be Brown blood. It is not quite that intense for me, but I've known Brown a long time. And my mother Diana Scott Worthington went to Wheaton College but at one point she did a stint in the Admissions Office at Brown, and at one point I had decided not to go to Brown—or Pembroke then—because I wanted a different experience. So I went to Mount Holyoke for two years, but one Christmas, Alberta Brown [Dean of Admissions and a family friend] called up and said, "Connie I need campus tour guides," so I lost every other family looking for Andrews Hall and I didn't get around. And that was fun too.

CLB: So your mother was a probation officer.

CW: She was.

CLB: Was that an unusual career choice for a woman at that time?

CW: It must have been, it must have been. But she downplayed it. But the best story from that was that, well first of all, she had not finished her comprehensive exams at Wheaton. And because by the time...she was ill with something...and by the time that fall [when] she could've retaken it, she was already in to her job and just didn't drop the job to do the studying and so on. So she always felt handicapped by the fact that she was a Wheaton woman, they certainly considered her a Wheaton woman, but she'd never gotten the piece of paper. So that was always a driving force for her. But my favorite story about her job was that my grandfather, with whom she was very, very close, said, "You're gonna do that job? All right, have you got a big pocketbook?" And he presented her with the largest wrench he could find so that she could defend herself, sling her pocketbook, or pull out the wrench and clobber somebody. But it was also, I think, during that time that mother realized how vital the work of—it wasn't called Planned Parenthood then, but how many of the women that she counseled needed reproductive health services. And I think then it was then the Birth League of Rhode Island. So that's been a theme in our lives together as well.

CLB: So it sounds to me that your Mom's work and her choice of career kind of influenced your commitment to social changes. I know that that's been a very big part of your life, and we'll talk about it later in the interview. I also wanted to talk a bit more, back to your dad. So, he received an honorary degree from Brown in 1958. Why did he receive that honor and what kind of an impression did it make on you, that your dad was honored by the University?

CW: It was fun more than a surprise because Dad just lived and breathed Brown. He (dog barking)—is that going to pick that up? Sorry, I'll just leave it (laughs). That's my phone; I should turn it off. You always hear it (laughs), oh come on, all right. But he really did, he just loved Brown. He graduated in 1923, I believe in three years, and then went on to Columbia School of Journalism and came right back to the ProJo. And then, probably because he was always on campus, he was the person who got the Alumni magazine. Also because he was an editor and a writer and a drama critic for, or an arts critic, for the ProJo. But his life was devoted to Brown and to alumni work. When I was a kid, a lot of his travel had to do with getting people at colleges and universities to realize their greatest strength was in their alumni base, and that they should start fundraising through alumni.

And Dad was a member of the American Alumni Association, which met annually, but had meetings every fifth year on the West Coast, which appealed to all our gypsy instincts and so we got to see quite a bit of the country through that, but Dad also was part of a group from the American Alumni Association that realized that they were all often working on the same topic for their Alumni Magazines. These were primarily editors, sometimes members from the board of the Alumni Magazines, but... so they started writing, first I think it was a page that got inserted into a lot of Alumni magazines. But ultimately it became the *Chronicle of Higher Education*. And (inaudible) it was called 'Moon Shooter' initially, and I should probably give to the Hay his 'Thanks a lot, Moon Shooter' nuts and bolts paperweight. So yeah, their friends were involved in the University, and elsewhere. They were both involved outside, Dad in the Athenaeum Library and in Boy Scouting. That was his great love from the time he was a Boy Scout, probably in 1913. And he was still, at his death, on the board for Boy Scouts of Rhode Island, which existed only to manage a fund that had been left for Camp Yawgoog. It was Boy Scouts of America, Narragansett Council at that point. That was his life and he loved the outdoors, he loved to cabin in Chepachet which he and my mother built 75 years ago with hurricane wood from 1938. So he was a very dapper, debonair intellectual, but there was this lovely scruffy outdoorsman as well. They hiked a lot—Dad proposed to my mother on the top of Mount Lafayette... 'finally', Mother added. So at one point, my son and I hiked Lafayette to take pictures of the summit because it was beyond my mother's capability then. And we came home and we'd stayed the night up there in one of the Appalachian Mountain Club huts. But it was socked in so we came back with pictures of socked-in Mount Lafayette. And my mother said, 'Oh, Ches!' And she looked at my father and said, 'it's just the way it was when you proposed!' (laughs) So...

CLB: So your dad, you've spoken quite a bit about his love for Brown and how deeply involved he was with the University, but you began college at Mount Holyoke.

CW: Right.

CLB: Why did you decide to study there instead of Brown?

CW: Well, I knew Brown. You know, I knew Brown, I knew the professors, I knew many people who were not involved with the academic side. Just because I'd been there, I'd been a scruffy tomboy kid who'd run all over the campus and Rob Emlen was so cute, he was doing a thing on Aldrich-Dexter Field and I said, 'Well, I used to go to the Saturday morning movies at the Avon by going across the big wall around Aldrich-Dexter, or walking around the top of it. I don't know, so Brown was just everywhere. And mentioning neighbors, Lon Quinn, who was head of the geology department, then his wife Alice Quinn, was one of the greatest early advocates for abortion rights in Providence, were just up the street, you know, one block away. And now I'm married to a geologist; go figure, the connections. You just never get away from Brown. But I'd gone to Mount Holyoke for a different experience, and I certainly had that, it was absolutely wonderful. I'd been at Lincoln School, which was a girl's school, and it was very comfortable to continue at a New

England school, and at a women's college. But just as an aside, the big question that's a 'what if?' in my life is not so much 'what if I'd married so-and-so?' because those were easy decisions. But I got into all of the colleges I'd applied to, and one of them was Duke University. And Duke University was a) so foreign, b) so big, and c) I'd never gone there. So it was a choice of Mount Holyoke, which I'd seen and really loved, and felt I would be comfortable there. I thought I'd be more successful there because I was not an A-student when I got to Mount Holyoke, but... So I will always wonder, what if I had gone to Duke? How different would my life have been? Rhode Island is always home, but anyway.... So at Mount Holyoke I thought I was going to be a Math and Chemistry major, but those courses quickly deterred my interest. And I fell in love with Political Science and English. Had a wonderful political science—well had several political science professors who were just great. But one of them was a woman named Jean Grossholtz, and I hope she's still alive because she was this little bitty woman, wire-y, always carried a thermos with tomato soup in it, walked with purpose. And when we did the Greek political philosophers, Holyoke had an outdoor amphitheater, and there we were in the amphitheater, and she was using the Socratic Method. She didn't answer a single question that we had; she'd just ask us another question and she was brilliant. She, I think, had the first PhD from, I don't know whether it was MIT or what, but she had lived with a tribe in the Philippines for her thesis and she was just extraordinary, and I hope she still is extraordinary.

But during the summer just before sophomore year began, my neighbor and dear friend Bill Twaddell introduced me to one of his fraternity brothers, who turned out to be Mike Carley. So from that point on I majored and minored in Michael Carley and we commuted between Holyoke and Brown. He went to Quantico; he was late in graduating. He'd had a lot of fun. And he went to Quantico to catch up so that he would be an officer, because his ROTC contract had finished up. So that June I left Holyoke with Michael and with Michael Junior [just on the way] and we went to life in the military for two years. And that was wonderful—Mike had been a sociology professor [major], we were right next door to Alabama, we were in Florida for the most part. But he would say, 'Gee, my textbook such-and-such had a situation just like this!' And it was a frightening time to be down South. There was immense poverty, there was immense racism and hatred and violence.

CLB: What year was this? Approximately?

CW: This was in '64. One night we had— somehow or another, Mike had been warned maybe on the base or whatever, you know, "Don't give out too much information about where you come from." And then one day we had rolled almost without a breath of gas in our car into Rebel Gas Station and they refused to serve us because we were Yankees and had Connecticut plates on the car. So we were always a little bit careful, but there were rogue church groups that would say, "We'd love to have you join us in our faith home," and then at night we heard revival meetings not too far away. But a horrible night, we heard a lynch mob getting ready to—someone had spoken to a white woman or you know, we were too far away. Mike sort of said "I'm going to go see what's going on," and I said, "You are going nowhere. You're staying right inside this locked door." And another time there were...they were putting in water, so they were digging not very deep trenches for the water pipes. And these were big black men from a work crew that was mainly based in Alabama I think. And one morning, before we got air conditioning, I was reading the paper and looked and one of the workers had drowned in a trench about a block from our house. And without air conditioning, I had the windows open all day long. There had not been a bit of noise and these men were big, tall, sturdy men, and how one of them could have drowned in a ditch that was no more than 4 or 5 feet deep was beyond me. But it made me realize what a dangerous place and time we were in. One store, sort of a department store, but one floor only, had little Ku Klux Klan outfits on a display thing, so you could outfit your little children. And one of our colleagues was teaching in the schools and never had any money because she was constantly buying shoes for the children who were there, and buying breakfast for the children who were there, because they came to school

without clothes, they came to school without underwear, because she said then, people couldn't see that they had no underpants on. So it was a hard time and we weren't too disappointed when we got transferred out of the Pensacola area.

And I remember the guy who came from the moving company was white and very efficient and talking about the things we were going to move. And when the [African-American] movers came we said, "Okay, how do we get through Atlanta?" because [Interstate] 95 hadn't been completed, it was still you were partly on Route 1, and every now and then you've got a 4-lane stretch of it. And I remember this wonderful man saying, "Well y'all can go straight through Atlanta, but we have to drive around. But there's a pretty area you could drive around, too, if you'd like." And we said we probably don't have time to do anything but the fastest route and he said, "Well you'll be faster than we will." So there were sometimes very gentle reminders of what a hard time it was. So that was essentially, we lived in North Carolina for awhile longer, then Mike got his Vietnam orders and I thought, "Okay, what am I going to do for this year?" and that was easy, with my mother's "You've got to get that piece of paper. You've got to get that piece of paper."

So I applied to Brown—to Pembroke—I guess through the Brown Admissions Office. And to URI. And I was very surprised and proud of the fact that Pembroke had eleven transfers that year and I was one of them. And I'm eternally grateful. Not only because I got in, was able to continue working in such a comfortable, beautiful, stimulating environment, but also because Brown continued my faculty tuition. As Dad's dependent, I was entitled to tuition that was equivalent to Brown's tuition at any college at that point. And so when I went to Mt. Holyoke, I think they paid 300 dollars for that. But that was a great kindness, and made a great difference in our finances. 'Our' being my son and my finances that year. So I'm always grateful to Brown. I will never be as ever-true as my father was—I'm not an alumni kind of person, I'm a one-to-one kind of person. So life at Brown, life in the military—I should say that when I went back to Brown, the military supported me through the announcement of Mike's death that first winter I was back as a student, and Mike's [Alpha Delta Phi] fraternity brothers. I realized that I'd sit down in a class that fall, and there would be four brothers that would sit down near me that fall. And then when Mike was killed, I didn't go back to classes for a while, but I had notes. They would all take carbon paper and take notes for my classes. As did a number of my Pembroke classmates. And then the campus mobilized, and that was very hard because there had been plenty of internal [Marine Corps] jokes about—but they were jokes, nobody took it seriously—that we should not be in Vietnam. And many people on campus knew that we should not be in Vietnam, so there was a very vocal element as the—you know, the administrative buildings got taken over by protesters, and it was very hot and heavy. And at one point I remember discussing with one young man, whose comments were just a little too lofty and a little out of touch, and I said, "You know you need to realize that some of your audience have a personal commitment to what's going on over there. My husband's in Vietnam right now." And he didn't know what to say, and he sort of fumbled with words and said, "Well you ought to talk to him." That was real...you know. But I hate war, I went to a Quaker school. I'm not a Quaker, I don't belong to any church, but war is not the answer and I knew that then, as—not as well as I know it now, but...so...

CLB: And how was it to be a student at Brown and Pembroke as a single mother, as a widow? What—how did the other students react? How did you feel in this environment?

CW: There was a lot of sympathy, but the other thing is, they didn't have a clue who I was. I just went in and went to class and walked the campus. West House was very wonderful and welcoming, so if I wanted to get off campus and go sit in a cozy chair and have a cup of coffee and study for an exam, West House was there. And there were some women there who were exceptionally kind. But it was my professors who were most wonderful. Particularly Lyman Kirkpatrick because I had wanted another course with him but at that point all that was available that I hadn't taken was his

sort of “PoliSci number 1,” so we devised that we would ask the Honors Council, even though I had not applied to be an honors student, if I could do a thesis with him. And I did, and it was just wonderful to have a frequent rapport with him. And Michael and I would go visit him and Michael would hop into his wheelchair and zoom off around the basement of—what’s the building called? It’s on Prospect and Waterman...But, at any rate, that was where his office was. And his son was, and I don’t know how many children they had, but he had a son who was in the Marine Corps at the same time, so there was a lot of unspoken rapport with him.

CLB: What was your thesis? Do you remember?

CW: My thesis was on the economic impact of...the British were getting ready to give up...Singapore? Isn’t that terrible? I don’t really remember. But it was what is the impact going to be on England and on...pretty sure it was Singapore. So there were some economics in there and a lot of politics in there. You know, Britain giving something up to the Chinese, or some place so close to the Chinese. And Mr. Kirkpatrick—when I went in to get my paper—and his secretary looked up and said, “He doesn’t give A-pluses. This is an A-plus.” And I thought “Who!” And the lovely thing about that was that when I got my degree at Commencement from, I guess it was Posey Pierrel or...I’m pretty sure it was Posey...who had gone with her father when my father and I went to the Father-Daughter weekend at Pembroke. It was so much fun (laughs). But when she announced that there was a cum laude after my degree, it just sort of stopped me and I thought, “What did she say?” as I went down those stairs. (Laughs). Very nice. Very nice.

CLB: And how did your parents or others help you and your son Michael during this time? Because it must have been challenging to be undertaking such an ambitious academic program and having a young son.

CW: Yep. It was great, I mean just examples of kindnesses: when the announcement came that Mike was killed, there were two girls from around the corner whom I, maybe I had babysat for them, I don’t know. But they would show up when they got out of school every day and take Michael over to a playground and play with him, so he got out of this house of mourning. Got adored, he was number one for that hour or two hours, it was very special. But I was living with my parents when Mike was killed because we thought it would be one year, and I had a babysitter, but obviously, at night when Michael was asleep, if the folks were going to be home, I would head for the Rockefeller Library. And where I had two friends every night, Bill Kolb and I used to end up in the same cubicle in front of the windows and talk. Part of our excitement was the—what was it called—the Seven-Days War in Israel? And then the other was a classmate named Peter Clark who would just show up and if I wanted to talk, he’d say, “Wanna get coffee?” and if I wanted to talk I had someone to talk to. If I didn’t, he’d just sit down and do his studying. A great friend whose support was just so unspoken and so wonderful. And the campus was great—I started to talk about Mr. Kirkpatrick. Well he gave me, there was a paper due probably March, and I think I’d finally passed it in to him in August, or no—I passed it in in June just before I went on a trip.

A good friend had said, “Well I think I’m going to go to—” where was it, Sandy wanted to go...and I said, “Well you know I’ve had this great art course, I’d really like to go to Italy.” And she said, “Okay, I’ve never been out of the country, let’s go.” So we did, and my parents took Michael at that point, but it was so delicious to have...after all the work on campus, and all the coping with life, to just sort of get off and spend, I think it was two weeks. George Gurney who was a Brown alum, and grew up with Mike Carley—there were two of them: Charlie Milmine and George Gurney who all were boys together and all were fraternity brothers together at Brown. George was working on his thesis in art history so we saw a lot of Rome with George, then took off in a car, you know, two young women just, it wasn’t a top down. We had ordered a nice car, but the car rental place had gone out of business completely and we couldn’t find them. So we ended up in a very ordinary,

little car. But had a great time anyway. And came back and finished up at Brown. So that was good. Bless Sandy Koerner for...can you imagine? saying to somebody, "I know you're a new widow, and I know you have all these things that I don't even want to deal with, but let's go travel for two weeks!"

CLB: Sounds like a very good friend.

CW: Yeah. Another person that I talked to several times in Rome, but never actually got to meet because "Mussolini's revenge" struck me down when we had a date with Irving R. Levine. But he was so kind and...very often when a Brown man was planning [a career in] journalism, he would end up having a lot of conversations with my father. And Mr. Levine was one of those.

CLB: So can you tell me a little bit about Michael's childhood? It certainly was not a usual one.

CW: No, it wasn't, because people were so sympathetic: he was the little boy without a father and it wasn't until he was in fourth grade that there were more children of single parents at his school. Now, granted he was at Moses Brown, I was teaching at Lincoln School, there was a lovely, again a lovely tuition arrangement. And so he was at Moses Brown, but it wasn't until Fourth Grade, when you think of the divorce rates, but so...he was unique in that respect. And when he was in nursery school, I remember the teacher telling me, "We were reading the Three Little Bears..." I guess—excuse me—"...and Michael chirped up, 'I don't have a daddy bear'" and some little girl chirped up and said, "I don't have a mommy bear." And said Miriam Ross, "and they started talking. But I had to keep on with the book reading" or whatever it was. So she hadn't been able to follow. Unfortunately for me, the girl's father remarried and so he was once again the only child with a single parent. And I think of today, how many single parents there are for various reasons, or simply for not marrying the other parent. So it's interesting. But he was—I had to work against the sympathy vote, most particularly with my mother-in-law. She would send him things on his father's birthday, and I said, "You know these are—send him things that have to do with him, but don't send him things that have to do with the loss of his father, or I'll throw them in the trash." And so she understood, and it was very hard for her, she was devastated. But she did eventually say to me one time, "Thank you for bringing Michael to this family reunion, and I know this must be very hard for you, and I am very grateful." So that was more recognition that I'd had and much of our relationship...I wasn't Catholic, I was a great disappointment because I wasn't Catholic. And she'd had great disappointments in her life because her parents had not been married when she was born because they were out in the mountains of Colorado and until they came back to Washington, D.C. there was no priest. So...but.

CLB: Was there pressure to raise Michael in the church?

CW: No. None. I mean he had my sister-in-law, Kathy Stevens, and her husband were one set of Michael's godparents. But no, there really wasn't. And Mike had been such an open—we found that basically, our values and our spiritual values were so similar that...and he'd said, "I don't care where we raise our children. But let's sign this document so we can get married, anyway."

CLB: Can you tell me about your journey with [your son] Michael and the discovery that he had Asperger's syndrome?

CW: That was a long, long journey. He was always an angry kid, although it's interesting: he has written a book called "Asperger's Syndrome from the Inside" or...isn't that terrible? I think that's "Inside Asperger's Syndrome?" [*Asperger's from the Inside Out*] At any rate, he rarely mentions his anger, but he was a very angry kid. And part of that I thought was, "Oh well, he's Irish" and "Oh, his father used to do things like that." His Dad would, when things got too much, he'd sort of

disappear and one time he came back and his knuckles were all bloody, and he'd just punched a wall. So there was that in him, but also there was great—oh had one babysitter and every time she came, he gave away something. Because she'd say "Oh, isn't that a nice stuffed animal," and she'd go home with it; Michael would give it to her! And I tried to say, "Hon, this is a pattern. You really need to stop or I'm going to stop her coming" So I don't think he minded when I stopped her coming. But, he was not a traditional kid and he really shouldn't have been in a traditional school, but when you have an opportunity like a Moses Brown Education because you're teaching at the sister school of Moses Brown, I wasn't going to send him anywhere else. And interestingly enough, when we got to the high school level, Classical High School, which was and I think still is the top—in terms of challenge—public high school, they wouldn't accept him because his achievement was so low and his aptitude was so high on all the things he had done. And this was a lot of his pattern in middle school. He would start to fail and Steve Barker would call up and say "Connie, he's not going to get out of 7th grade this year" and I would say "Michael, okay, you've got six weeks!" And he would pull it out all the time. So there was that, on the other hand, he hated science but he loved a science teacher at Moses Brown—Steve, Phil...oh isn't that terrible? But the teacher showed up with his Greek girlfriend when we were vacationing in Greece one summer and he—Phil Sneed—I think. So he had very definite opinions, he had very strong reactions. But nobody knew Asperger's Syndrome in those days and it wasn't until his older son, who's just turned—well he's about to turn 19, just finished his freshman year, was diagnosed and that was a revelation for Michael because the doctor said, "You have a mild case of this also." And it let Mike know why he had been different, why people didn't get some things that were very important to him. It also let him know why his memory was so extraordinary. Michael could tell you any fact from this huge baseball facts book: what was Babe Ruth's ERA in 1934? And he had it, right...you know...didn't even have to spit it off the tip of his tongue. And he also had become an expert in the rise of the Nazis in World War II. He knew all of those facts, and I thought that was kind of interesting because it was again, his father had fought for an "underdog" and this was a losing regime as well. He got some flak for his father's serving in Vietnam, and certainly never for his father's dying in Vietnam. But you know, I know in school when the tide turned and we were so terrible to Vietnam veterans coming back that...that Mike got a lot of that. And that was one of the twists was that he got involved as an adult with a group called Veterans for Peace. And there is a smaller group, Vietnam Veterans for Peace that a good friend of his father's had been one of the founders, as Rusty Sacks will say. I wasn't one of the original three; John Kerry was one of the original three. But I was one of the original eight. But another thing that came out of Mike's Asperger's Syndrome was that when he realized as an adult this diagnosis, it made him want to help people, help his son. He became an expert on Asperger's, but also he founded an organization called GRASP: Global Regional Asperger's Syndrome Partnership. And it's a web-based organization, but it's done a lot of local groups, and a lot of good for people with Asperger's Syndrome and fitting into the world a little better. And then as Asperger's Syndrome people can do when it's no longer black or white, it doesn't belong in one of your compartments, and he just dropped the Vietnam Veterans, well it was Veterans for Peace, then, that group, his first marriage ended. It was very interesting. And he just closed doors, there's—you know, I envy him in that he can see things without worrying about the, well the "What if...?" and the other perspective of something. But it can be very harsh. W It was very harsh for our first daughter-in-law, and it was very harsh for some of his friends in Veterans for Peace when we entered Iraq, he got emails saying, "Mike, where are you?" Because before we went into Iraq, I'm sorry, that was later, on—with Iraq, he organized a group of American Veterans from the first Gulf War who worked with Iraqi Veterans and another group. But they rebuilt water treatment plants in Basra. And when the Second Gulf War began, the British bombed Basra, so—but he has been to parts of the world that I'm afraid I'm never going to get to, and always wanted to. So...

CLB: I think I'm going to switch gears a little bit, because there's something in your biographical form that I was quite amused by and wanted to ask you about it. You said you spent the latter half of your adult life as Josiah Carberry's willing slave.

CW: Yes.

CLB: So could you tell us a little bit about the Carberry legend, how it all happened, and how it became such a big project in your life?

CW: Mmm. My father was the first family slave to Carberry. In 19—oh dear, I should've reviewed these notes. Well if anybody buys a Carberry cookbook, and I'll give you one, it has the story. I believe it was in 1929, but...I'm not sure, I'm bad with dates. A notice appeared saying that Professor Josiah S. Carberry would lecture on something about Ionian Revetments. And it was behind a glass door in those days: bulletin boards had glass doors, at least in University Hall. And apparently when someone looked again at a later time, it was, "Professor Josiah S. Carberry may not lecture on Ionian Revetments." So the legend was born. Some people say that a professor Spaeth had put that notice up. Professor Benjamin Clough saw it in both of its images, renditions, and then was joined by Dad and Elmer Blistein and Israel Kapstein, in making it a legend. And this whole folklore came along, suddenly Carberry not only had a wife who was grammatically challenged, but he also had two daughters. One of whom took aim at anything that began with a P, whether it was a puffin or a ptarmigan because the 'p' was silent, it was okayed. And another daughter loved poetry and would submit poetry to the ProJo, which used to have a poetry column. And when the ProJo found out that this was bogus, in their terms, certainly not in Carberriana's terms, they no longer permitted any mention of Carberry in the newspaper. When my father died, every paragraph of the obituary we had written about him was printed except for the paragraph with Carberry in it. But in the death notices, where it said, "In lieu of flowers, please make a gift to Boy Scouts of America or the Providence Athenaeum, or the Carberry Book Fund at Brown University," then they had to print it. So every Friday the 13th, every February 29th, there was a gathering at our house and sometimes it was in Chepachet in the woods, sometimes it was simply on Oriole Avenue, but there was a gathering. And much fun made of this great—I mean I look at the characters who represent other universities and I think, "Eli Yale, fine. John Harvard, fine." But to have a professor of cracked pots who's emeritus, who is always expected, never seen, never arrives, to have something as whimsical—when you're such a serious and revered institution of higher learning—is just great. And it's been fun. And it is a lot of fun, except when I find there's a Friday the 13th looming, and I have no program planned and a lot of people are expecting a small dinner party to sit and wait for Carberry to come. I've had wonderful cohorts, and half cohorts, and full consorts, but now I have a committee, thanks to the Friends of the Library board. I have a small committee who are going to join the cohorts and half cohorts to plan the next Friday the 13th in November, and I was very pleased to look and find that there's only one Friday the 13th in 2016 as well as a Carberry annual meeting on the 29th. Leap Year Day is always the Carberry annual meeting, and Friday the 13th little cracked pots go out on campus still and collect spare change. And the Library Book Fund, which was started by a check for— it was a check but it was a banker's check, there was no trace of who sent it— for 101 dollars and one cent [\$101.01]. That arrived on a September, I think in '55 on a Carberry Day to start a book fund, "which shall be in honor of my future late wife, Laura Carberry to be known as the Josiah Carberry Book Fund." So there is a book fund that started with 101 dollars and 1 cent. Carberry loves palindromes. But it is now in the range of \$25,000 and books that "Carberry may or may not approve" are purchased with the money, with the income from that. So life with Carberry goes on, we've had some wonderful lectures. There is now a Carberry star, so we built an event around that. And at one point, Carberry organized a trip around the world in 24 hours—Jules Verne had nothing on Carberry. And so there are postcards received from all the way around the world on noon saying that on noon of whatever Friday the 13th it was, that person, that alum had had lunch with Josiah Carberry. But there was one minister in England

who couldn't bear to be too untruthful, and he put his postcard inside an envelope, so it doesn't have the stamp of Friday the 13th on the actual postcard. There's a great collection of memorabilia, including a rubber screaming chicken from the Ig Nobel Prizes—Carberry was given one of the first Ig Nobel prizes ever for his contributions to science I guess.

CLB: So you and I met through the library when I was on staff with the library, and—

CW: Thank goodness! (laughs)

CLB: —the Josiah Carberry Fund supports the library, but you've been involved with the library beyond Carberry for some time. Can you talk about your commitment there and why you feel it's so important?

CW: I'm one of the slowest readers I know, but I love libraries. I've served the Providence Athenaeum, I've served Brown in several capacities, but it's a great pleasure to be part of the Friends of the Library Advisory Council, in that I learn what's going on in the libraries, I meet such interesting people. I'm there because of Carberry, there's no other reason they would've ever put me on. But it's fun to find that there are people I know that do have collections that could benefit. One of the collections I would really love to get I will never get. Because, unfortunately, well, I probably shouldn't even say why, but someone wasn't accepted at Brown and another person went to many more appropriate schools for the collection. But there's still a great love for Brown in there. So yes, I mean I've had a lovely time, and one of the biggest draws for working in Brown's libraries was always Sophie Blistein, whom I adored. I love her family, I loved Elmer, they were neighbors years ago. And welcomed my Terry into my life in such a rich and loving way that...it's always fun to look at the Carberry video and see, not only my father looking as ancient as anyone possibly can—

Terry Tullis: Good morning, how are you?

CW: Good morning! Oops (laughs)
End of Audio Part I

Part II

CLB: So you've also been a long-time supporter of the Pembroke Center for Teaching and Research on Women. Why do you feel that their work is important?

CW: Um, well from the time that I realized what an advantage I'd had going to an all-girls school, and a women's college, I've believed in single-sex education or single-sex opportunities in education. I also have to admit that when I transferred to Pembroke and went to Brown classes, that it was wonderful to have the men's perspective, that women loved to deal with "the trees" in the forest and the men dealt with the forest—they just saw a larger picture than I had ever experienced in class. But I felt that the Pembroke Centre honored those experiences that single-sex education made possible. And frankly, Christy Law Blanchard dragged me into the Pembroke Centre because it had been going for a while, but when she moved from Friends of the Library there, I came along because it's a great idea and wonderful experiences. I think that workshop that Louise Lamphere inspired and attended was a great experience and when she was doing her job of standing up for women having equal rights, I was well aware in my quiet way—I'm not a trailblazer—but that with Mike Carley's death I had lost my credit rating. I had none. Wondered if I should take my father or my brother with me when I signed my mortgage for the house I bought in 1970. Was queried the first time I got a telephone when I moved out of my folks' house. And was told, "Well, how do we know you can pay for these phone bills? You're a widow, you're a single parent, you have a child,

and you're going to school, and you don't have a job," and I said, "You can talk to my bank manager and she can tell you that I can pay phone bills," and that's it. So I also had an interesting conversation at that point with a very traditional unmarried woman, Miss Miga, at the bank with whom I'd had another, sort of, not run-in, but educational experience. I don't know how else to say it, but she said, "You're here in the bank; you just lost your husband a week ago." And I said, "Yes, am I supposed to come in wearing black and weeping?" (laughs) And she said, "Oh no, I didn't mean that!" But it was just...we were still business associates, or whatever you want to call it...but there was a great level of understanding that we each found in that.

CLB: So when you were thinking about Pembroke and were talking about some different women who were important, you mentioned Louise Lamphere and work with the Pembroke Center, were there other women that were really pivotal figures for you during your time at Brown?

CW: Yes. Some of them were in the administration, Posie Pierrel [Dean of Pembroke College] I've mentioned, and Alberta Brown [Dean of Admissions] who was just wonderful. But also, when I transferred, there were some women there who were also remarkable. One woman who became my friend and a year after, Mike died, her husband committed suicide. Interestingly enough, we're both now on our third relationships, happily. But another was Roberta Joslin, who was the mother of two contemporaries of mine, and whose husband was also on the Corporation, and a judge in the State Supreme Court. But Roberta discovered, she was always full of life and it was such fun, and I was sort of, 'Mrs. Joslin, what are you doing here?!' and she said, 'It's Roberta, we're classmates now.' And she took Spots and Dots and discovered this incredible talent for painting that was marvelous, and she just, she really knew how to live. When she needed hip—it wasn't hip replacement, it was a knee replacement—she had them both done. And this is back in the late '60s, maybe it was 1970, I don't know.

I also, as an indirect connection, or very direct connection, but not to do so much with Pembroke, when I was taking Van Nostrand's American history [literature] course, my section leader was a young man named Bob Gerouard. And Bob was finishing his thesis and said, "I'm moving away, there's this great job I think you'd like, I know your grammar." My father had corrected our grammar at the dinner table, so I knew grammar. I didn't know the rules, but I knew grammar. And I became the grammarian for the Rhode Island State Supreme Court. My official name on my paychecks was "Rhetorical Analyst double-O double-O." (laughs) I felt like James Bond. (laughs) But it was great because I was paid, in those days, so well. I forget what it was...babysitting cost 50 cents an hour. And I think it was something like [12 or] 24 dollars an hour that I got. And I kept my time, it was so good to me, and this should probably not be public, but at one point when I had started teaching at Lincoln School, and found that to get to the court and sit down and read these decisions, and then get home, was really difficult with the school schedule. And wonderful Chief Justice Roberts said, "Well, take 'em home. I said, "They're unpublished!" "Take 'em home. If you get robbed on the way home, just call us up and be sure we know that unpublished decisions are out there." (laughs) And I thought that was so great, but after a while it was just, you know, I think I did it for about another two years after [I began at] Lincoln. But the rush on court decisions was always the rush at exam time, so that it just couldn't work anymore.

But that was lovely, and Judge Jocelyn [Roberta's husband] was the man who was the greatest challenge, because he knew how to write. In fact it was one of his decisions that taught me to appreciate the law. Some landlord had refused to rent to a couple—I forget whether they were black or orange or pink, whatever. But they were a family of color and he reneged on an agreement to, not on a written agreement or anything, but the place was for rent and he refused to rent to these people. So in about a paragraph, Judge Joslin dealt with the fact that this landlord was within his rights, and that the decision was that he had the right to refuse these people. But he went on for about four or five pages about what a slimy, racist action this was. And I thought, "Isn't that wonderful?" You do

have to follow the law when you're making these decisions in a court, but you can acknowledge wrong; you can acknowledge what's wrong.

So that's a long way from Roberta Jocelyn and Pembroke—Charlotte, Charlotte Lowney was my advisor and she was wonderful. And this'll segue in to another question we have but, when Pembroke and Brown merged, I was approached; did I want to be in the admissions office? And, oh my, it just sounded so wonderful! The pay was enormous compared to what I was getting. But then I realized that admissions officers do much of their travelling during vacations, and summers and that would mean too much time away from my son, who was still very young then. I think he was 6 in 1970—I don't remember when the merger was, but I think it was around 1970. So I turned that down and then one day in passing I mentioned it to Charlotte, and she hit the roof. She was so upset, and I don't know whether she was upset—I'm sure she knew about the merger at that point, but I'm not sure whether it was that they hadn't consulted her about people merging, that they could be helpful, or what was going on there. Anyway, and it was delightful to find that after those times, Charlotte married a handsome man. What was his name? Anyway, nice to see there's life even after Pembroke (laughs). Which was true for Posie Pierrel as well.

CLB: So let's talk about life after Pembroke. You were teaching at Lincoln School. This was where you had gone to school as a child. What was it like teaching, being a teacher, in the same school that you used to be a student?

CW: The hardest thing was calling my colleagues by their first name (laughs). I always remember that ferocious—she was not ferocious in any way, she never raised her voice, but she was terrifying in the classroom—Barbara Stanhope was a woman from Maine, so she had a wonderful Maine accent. And it was she who stopped me on the corner on Thayer Street, I remember it was Thayer and Waterman, or maybe it was Thayer and at the bus station, but on a corner facing south, she said, "You are going to graduate, aren't you?" And I wasn't sure for only that moment that I might not graduate if Ms. Stanhope was asking me. So, she said there was a teaching position about to open up and she would expect me to come in. So I came in and that started 15 years of happy teaching and the last few years of that, I taught at Miss Stanhope's desk when she had retired. The head of building and grounds said, "Wouldn't you like Miss Stanhope's desk?" and I said, "I would love it!" It turned out it was the desk that Marion Shirley Cole, who had been head of the school at one point, but who had taught my mother English, had used. And when my mother walked in—I called her up and said,—I found her finally at the dry cleaners I think—Belle and Lester Eisenstadt's dry cleaning. And I said, 'You need to stop by on your way home' and she came into the classroom, looked at the desk, spun around, and sat right in front of the desk. (laughs) So it was just great. But that was Ms. Stanhope's desk, but it was— she's still Miss Stanhope. But it was always, "Call me Barbara." So I eventually called her "Barbara," and Naomi Brodsky who taught me AP English shared my classroom and sort of became my Jewish mother, and said to me—I think actually her husband was, may have been on the Corporation, I'm not sure, Irving Brodsky. But they were wonderful and she said to me one day, "My mother was a single parent and everything was for me, and I resented it. Don't let Michael resent your devotion." And it was one of those life lessons that she was right, I got it from another friend when I had flown down to a wedding without Michael and came back, and had a lovely view of the whole East Coast as I flew North. But decided I wasn't going to travel without Michael because of being a single parent. And a good friend said to me, "You mean if the Aga Khan called you up and asked you to fly to Paris for a naughty weekend, that you would turn him down because Michael wasn't..." So another life lesson. Good things along the way.

So Lincoln School...Lincoln School was a great place despite some of the...there were some advantages taken because I was a woman and not a man. "Well if you need more salary you can ask your parents to help." So I said to that woman, "Would you ask your brothers for financial help?"

“No,” she said, so I said, “Well I’m not going to ask my parents either.” But it was a great school and my classes were always noisy, particularly my seniors, whom I taught for about the first five years. So at one point there was a visiting teacher from the Friends Council on Education who came in and watched my seniors, one boy dressing up in his father’s old dressing gown to play Claudius in *Hamlet*. And anyway, Dave Denman [from the Friends Council on Education] then told the school, “Oh! Such excitement going on in her classes, of course it’s noisy” and so on and so forth. Dave became a good friend and advisor and colleague. But at Lincoln you had such flexibility in creating your syllabus—my 8th graders always learned Greek myths and always did *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* to get Greek myth and the great literature together. And a wonderful colleague, Julia Andrews and I did their first term paper, and Julia would do, I mean it was for Julia’s history class so they would work on Elizabethan times. But you had sometimes where—probably the brightest 8th grader I ever had, did her term paper on Erasmus, and she read Erasmus [granted, in translation]. She didn’t go to an encyclopedia or look up things about him. She read Erasmus in 8th grade. It was great. Other things that you could do, we realized that incoming classes didn’t merge very well in 6th grade with kids who had been there forever, so we devised an outdoor-ed program where I led the 7th grade and we would bring along about ten—no it wasn’t 10 other faculty members, maybe it was 8. I think the ratio was 1 in 10. So, maybe it wasn’t even that many. Anyway, we brought the same ratio of seniors and they waited each year to be asked—who was going to be asked to go with the 7th grade trip? And we went to the White Mountains and camped in Dolly Copp campground, just, you know, it was a thrill every year to get up there and think, “I’m being paid!” The foliage is full, the weather is gorgeous, we have all these kids, some of whom were very experienced in the out of doors, and some of whom had never left home for more than a slumber party. But that was great.

I got to devise the first Women in Literature course which was just such a treat and that was when we were sharing classes with the boys, so you’d get this great perspective of, “So Jane Eyre goes through all of this for this one man who hasn’t even told her, been honest with her, about what he was hiring her for?” They were just great. And, but it was wonderful to have that flexibility, and as a result, in fact the same class that had had the bathrobe for Hamlet had been some really vocal, wonderful, lively Moses Brown boys. And Lincoln women. But the boys sort of led this class and said, “Well why don’t we read this, this year? And why don’t we read that?” So I made a deal: I said, “Okay we’re going to do the standard senior curriculum items in the first two terms, and third term, you can establish the syllabus.” But I reserved the right to veto any of it. So we had a ball and that year we read *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, which was just marvelous because it was their favorite book. And I had to read Tolkien, which I had never read. And there were some Mondays they had the nerve to say, “Well, where are our papers, Mrs. Carley?” And I’d say, “Well I’m reading. I’ve just gotten to the Eye of Sauron and you want me to drop everything and read your papers?” (laughs) SO it was a very happy time teaching, it really was. And I loved 8th grade particularly, because you still had time to change a child, and kids were still willing to believe that they weren’t “the dumb ones,” they could write, they could do all sorts of things. So more and more I was doing 8th grade work and loved it. But then more and more I realized I was burning out, that I was still a really good English teacher, but I wasn’t a *great* English teacher, so I had sort of made plans to maybe go work for the Appalachian Mountain Club in New Hampshire or something like that. And instead, after 16 years of widowhood, I met a man in England and agreed to marry him, and left Lincoln School for that. Those kids were so funny; I mean they were just a riot. And one of my last days there they sat down at my feet as I opened a tube—a gift—from them. And anytime I was trying to get them to tell me who could make them swoon, they were always reluctant. So I would swoon over Robert Redford for them. And they had gotten a big poster of Robert Redford with “Connie, best wishes, all the happiness in the world! Love, Robert” (laughs) It was so special, they were great. I loved those kids. But it’s tiring, I had burned out. So...

CLB: So you moved to England and it appears from your biographical form that that's where you began kind of a second phase in your career, working in fundraising for non-profits, focusing on social change. So you worked for the Hunger Project Trust and Amnesty International in London. Can you talk to me a little bit about what those jobs were like and also what living in England was like?

CW: Yeah. Living in England was wonderful because, well, the class system and the caste system was still very strong. I was an American. So I didn't have to walk any of those boundaries. People from all walks of life were happy to engage, and... I remember one man, the first time I went shopping in Lewisham which we were in a working class borough, New Cross. And Lewisham was the nearest center. And this man said—came through a door, or held a door and I said, "Thank you so much!" and he said, "That's an American accent." And I said, "I'm an American." And he said, "Well, welcome to Lewisham." And I said, "Thank you." And he said, "You've got a big shopping list." And I said, "Yes I do, I've just come here." And he said, "What brings you here?" And I said, "Well I married an Englishman." "Good for you!" And then he looked at my list and he said, "Oh, don't call them the cobblers, because that's not a nice phrase in East London Cockney language." So I said, "Okay, what...?" "You go to a shoe repairman and there's one right around the corner. So you've got some meat to get so don't wanna go to the..."—I forget—Sainsbury's was the big chain of food markets. "...You want to go to this butcher here and he'll give you nice stuff, but tell him exactly what you want or he'll give you too much." And all this stuff. And as he held my hand and told me this, I was wearing a ring that my mother had given me a long time ago from some old jewelry and she had a ring like it. And I had this ring and he looked at the ring and said, "Good God, don't wear this ring in public!" And I said, "Why not?" And he said, "Because if someone is desperate and they see it, they'll cut your finger off to get it." I said, "Oh! Thank you!" I didn't wear that ring in public again. (laughs)

But people were so kind, and I could learn the life story of the guy at the gas station or from someone in the House of Lords, and that was wonderful, where my English husband, John, could not. When he found out that real good friends were taking the family to dinner with the kids' grandfather at the House of Lords, he just could hardly talk to them anymore; it was very sad to see. John's father had been a soap maker and he had terrible eyesight, but he had been a warden during the Blitz, and had been killed by one of the bombs. And so that was one of the harder parts of England... meeting all these people who had lost everything in the Blitz. Where I had all my baby pictures, I had all these funny, framed old portraits of ancestors, and they just lost everything. It wasn't the lives, it wasn't the property, it was the treasures like that, that I was really profoundly touched by.

And so every now and then I found my language was a little risqué because I'd use an American word instead of a British word. An old dog was being very cute and came up to greet me at one place, and John and a bunch of his friends were somewhere, we were talking about the dog and the woman said, "Oh! He got hit by a lorry last year, we thought we'd lost him!" and I said, "Well he's got lots of spunk left!" Well spunk has one meaning in England—it means sperm. And I wondered where John and his friends were; they were off snickering somewhere. And the woman said, "Yes, hmm, well..." and turned and walked away with her dog.

CLB: And how did you get the jobs that you worked at?

CW: It was hard because I didn't want to teach and that was the only thing I really had credentials in. And I had a work permit, I had to go down to New York and get a letter of something-or-other [consent] from the consulate there to allow me to work because I'd married John and couldn't get the form in England. So when I went back the first time after John and I got married, Michael and I had a nice day in New York and got the letter of—they stamped it right across my passport, but I

can't remember what it was. Anyway, so I could work in England, and I first started as a volunteer for the Hunger Project because hunger had been one of those political crimes that I'd always cared about. And I always loved food and I always get hungry, so it was meaningful to work to end hunger. And while I *really* learned to hate Werner Erhard's methods, the Hunger Project was very compelling in that it focused on first Brazil, which had ended illiteracy and ended hunger in a statistical way in that birth rates changed, and the death rate of infants had changed drastically. So anyway, I volunteered then, and then someone went on vacation so I filled in for that person and then I was asked if I would like to work there. And I worked, not with fundraising, I worked actually with record keeping so that I was, I got to know because I was doing donations and that sort of thing, I got to know about the ways of British philanthropy. I mean, they were the first ones to have money withdrawn from your bank account automatically for your donations somewhere, your regular donation. And that was where I learned that the English taxes didn't get taken out if you had one of these withdrawal agreements with the Charitable Aid Foundation, it was called. And they would make sure that if you gave 20 pounds, that the charity actually got 22 pounds, or whatever the difference of the tax was.

And from there I went to Amnesty International, which was just wonderful. And the people I met there, people for whom those letters had meant a great deal, Perico Rodriguez was an editor in Argentina, who was just taken because his editorials were against the Junta, and his family heard nothing. And letters were written and letters were written, and suddenly, they got one letter. And suddenly Perico got a letter, everything was blacked out on it, but he got a letter. And he was tortured, and finally was released and he and his wife no longer had a life together, so there had been a divorce, which angered his two handsome sons. But he was so full of life and could not do enough for Amnesty, would take on any speaking engagement. I remember one time there was a guy who came through from America, he had been in, and I wish I was better at names, but he'd been in on death row [in Florida] for years and the treatment he'd had...he was devoting the rest of his life once he was released to telling people about it. James from...I can't remember what African nation [South Africa]...but his neck was huge and full of scar tissue because they'd put a "necklace" around him, a tire, and set it to fire, and he had survived. And a Russian poetess, who had been released and ...just the ordinary people who had understood the idea. I never met Peter Benenson, who had started the idea with an editorial in the *London Times* about some men who had lifted a glass and said, "Here's to freedom!" and were slapped into jail. But I met the two volunteers who showed up [the day after the editorial was published] and said, "Bet you got a lot of mail!" and he said, "Yes, I do!" and they said, "We're here to help," and they were still volunteers in the membership department where I was working at that point [more than 20 years later]. So that was really wonderful, and every morning I got on a train from New Cross and went over the Thames and looked at St Paul's Cathedral, and got off near the meat market—what was that called...Smithfield! And walked from there to Amnesty. It was the British section, so it was just the UK division, not the international division, but it was wonderful. And it was such fun because we would have these annual trainings where someone would come in pretending to be a terrorist, and taking over the organization and demanding that we release somebody from some country. And it was, I just remember what fun it was because one of us, not all of us, knew that there was one phone that could call out independent of the switchboard, because they always came into the switchboard. But, gosh we were still...seeing the desk with the switchboard and across the small room was one of those old Teletype machines and that's what we were using for instant information. But it was a great experience. It was wonderful living in London, I love the old and the new and how it balanced. And then I realized that John and I just didn't have a real partnership, and going home was the hardest part of my day. It wasn't that it was ugly, it was just not...home. So I came back—the house that I'd bought in 1970 had been rented to two sets of people, and the second set had said, "Sell us the house" and I said, "It's not for sale" and they said, "Can we look for a house?" and I said, "Sure," and they had written to say they'd found a house, could they break the lease? And I said, "Sure." And I came back to Providence.

CLB: So you came back to Rhode Island and you ended up working for a number of years for the Rhode Island Religious Coalition on Abortion Rights. And many people would not associate pro-choice with religious organizations. Can you tell me a little bit about this and how it came to be, and what drew you to work with them?

CW: Well again, I think for Mom's influence on...and when I was at Lincoln School, there were some girls who really needed help and I put them in touch with Planned Parenthood. And so this was a good friend who steered me there, or—actually, I didn't know Harry [Rev. Harry Sterling, chair of the RCAR in the '90s] that well when I did that. He was married to the woman he called the 'other Connie'. She was also the other Connie...or...I was the "other Connie." She was Connie. But these were ministers who had the voice that no other person could use when you were across the street facing a bishop of the Catholic Church. They knew the scriptures and they could say, "No, it does not say that. No, St Francis put that verbiage in." I'm making that up, I don't know what St. Francis did specifically. But it was just wonderful because they could also counsel and comfort people who had had abortions, and the abortions had been forbidden by their faiths, whether they were Presbyterians...I don't know where the Presbyterians stand now, but in Rhode Island they were anti-choice at that point, too. So that was great, again, I met a lot of wonderful people. We did good work and it was nice to include that spiritual component of my life. Not religious, but with it. And that group had been started by Beverly Edwards who was a Brown Chaplain, along with some of my favorite religious people like David Ames and Charlie Baldwin. Charlie Baldwin married John and me and had been my friend since he came to Providence. Again, for another church, but not my church. (laughs) So it was very rewarding, it was not enough for a salary, so when a full-paying job came along, I took that. I'd worked at the Rhode Island Community Food Bank before the Coalition, and then worked for Insight, learning a whole new perspective from people who were blind. That was also very valuable. And from there I went to the Girl Scouts, again serving girls, giving them leadership skills and independence, preparing them for the real world.

CLB: So you had responsibility for fundraising and communications. And you did a lot for the organization in terms of helping them raise their sights. Can you talk a little bit about some of the things that you feel are significant accomplishments for the Girl Scouts and how the organization has changed over time?

CW: M-hmm. Well, two things that I'm proud of: you measure fundraising success by money, and I'm not a good fundraiser, I can't...I choke before I can ask someone for \$10,000. But when I got to Girl Scouts, major gifts were \$50. Those were the donors they kept track of. And we had a capital campaign, it was my first capital campaign, and it was their first *real* capital campaign. They'd done a "fifty dollars apiece supports renovations and headquarters," but they hadn't done a big time thing. And I remember sitting around with the campaign committee, talking to the wonderful John Marshall at Kresge Foundation. John had worked in Brown Development Office; I'd known him then. And here we are, this big round, it's a big circle of people, and John said, 'Well, if you're asking Kresge for \$400,000, do you have someone in mind from the Girl Scout donor base who can contribute \$400,000?' And I thought a minute, "Yes." Watched some faces blanch and then the mother of this donor I was talking about smiled and John said, "Have you got more than one?" And I said, "Not yet." So that part of it was great, and the capital campaign was great because it just enhanced the circle. We reached out, again, like my father going to colleges and saying your alumni are your strength, reaching out to Girl Scout alums in the area who had stayed connected, but you know, for an overnight at Camp Hoffman once a year, things like that. There was a wonderful woman named Doris Goldstein that everybody loved, and the first development committee that we had, I remember going around the circle and saying, "So why have you come, tell us your Girl Scout story" and three women said, "Doris told me to be here." The other things were just some of the opportunities that came up. Opportunities like when the Boy Scouts homophobia got in their

way and United Way decided they were not going to fund—in those days you applied to United Way every third year and you got a regular gift from them those years, and it was an extensive process, but you did it. And when they cut the Boy Scouts out, people assumed that we would be cut out too. And it was a great learning opportunity: we are *not* the Boy Scouts. We have never closed doors on anyone; the only thing a girl has to do to become a Girl Scout is to accept the Girl Scout law. And if she doesn't want to do it in God's name, she can do it in any name she wants to. And that was great. Suddenly there were a flood of additional donor groups and it was terrific. And it's been a very hard time, I mean we did very well when I was there. I left twenty...ten years ago? Dad had died that summer and I left that winter. I guess that fall. I forget where I was going with that.

CLB: You said it was a very hard time...

CW: Yeah, you know there were so many—thank you—there were so many after-school programs for girls that for a girl to really want to play basketball and still attend a Girl Scout meeting was pretty tough when she had five afternoons, or four afternoons, a week and practice to then take another afternoon or evening for a Girl Scout meeting. It was hard to find troop leaders because more and more parents, more and more mothers, were working full-time. And some of them were working two jobs to make ends meet. And we, with some of the inner city activities in Girl Scouts, starting offering stipends, which upset a lot of people. "It's supposed to be an all-volunteer—" I said, "For the amount of money that we are giving these women, it is *still* a volunteer activity." But it was great and I say I said that, but it was Jan Feyler was a remarkably enlightened woman who also had been a Girl Scout all her life. Hated camping, hated latrines, hated any of that part of Girl Scouting, but loved Girl Scouting and was so wise. And immediately gave me permission to disagree with her, but also immediately told me that I may not have been a Girl Scout all my life, but she was counting on that so I would question things that were done for perhaps the wrong reasons.

CLB: So you said, you mentioned your opinion that you're not a good fundraiser. However, I believe that the Rhode Island Chapter of the Association of Fundraising Professionals disagree with you because in 2001, they gave you the Outstanding Philanthropic Citizen's Award. Can you talk a little bit about what that award has meant to you, and how it made you feel to be recognized for all your work in the community?

CW: It was wonderful. For a lot of reasons. I mean I've never worked on an acceptance speech so hard. I learned in August that I was going to get this wonderful award, which I had nominated countless visionaries for. Ben Mondor from the Paw Sox. I mean I was not the only one, but I was on that committee that nominated him. Simone Joyaux, who started the Women's Fund of Rhode Island. And so I worked very hard on that. One of the exciting things was that Terry gives everything with me, and he has come to Women's Fund events since they began, as our honorary woman, because it is an honor. And he gives with great honor to so many things we do. But it was also a great privilege and pleasure because we give small, you know, we give a great deal of our income, but compared to the previous winners of the Philanthropic Citizen of the Year Award, we gave peanuts. But I think one of the things was we gave peanuts in a lot of places, that we decided that we weren't going to give ten dollars to different organizations, but we were also going to acknowledge fine work by remarkable people of good will. So that was wonderful, and it was wonderful because it was recognition from so many organizations, so many—I know the nomination came from the Urban Collaborative Accelerated Project. I love them; I know that I will do anything I can. But they're also one of the organizations that's accepted that when it's time for me to move on, or it's time for me to retire, and they fortunately, I was on their bylaws committee that helped grease the escape root. But it was just a thrill. It was a thrill for the people who were there, it's been a thrill for the people who still remember it, and it was also in my own nasty little

mind, a thrill because Donald Carcieri gave the award out. And at first when I walked in I said, “Oh, no! That anti-abortion man is going to give me the award!” He gives his wife the State House for her right-to-life things, and then I realized, perfect, because what I had written—almost the first thing I wrote in that speech— was talking about when Planned Parenthood had merged and I was on my way to New Haven in a torrential downpour, so bad that I had to pull over under an overpass to let the rain go by. And I was talking about it, and I knew the minute I said that I was going to a Planned Parenthood meeting, and in the video that Terry took on a cellphone [and put on YouTube], Mr. Carcieri covers his face and turns away as I talk about it. But I talk about it was a terrible rain, and I thought, “Why am I doing this? Why aren’t I home?” And then, “...because it’s important. Because it’s something where I can make a difference.” So, yeah it was, it was the kind of thing you often wish that somebody could be at their funeral to hear their eulogy, and it was as if I was there to hear the eulogy and be able to respond to it. It was great. Just great. And I highly respect the Association Fundraising Professionals because they teach people how to ask for money, how to raise money. And years ago Sam Babbitt said to me as we walked across the campus at Brown, “You don’t have to ask for money. You just become a friend who can bring people together.” And that’s what I do; I connect people. I introduce them.

CLB: So speaking of introductions, how did you meet your husband Terry? You mentioned him a lot as your partner in philanthropy and many other things, and he is now your partner in life. Can you tell me a little bit about that story?

CW: Yes. When we got back from—when I got back from England and moved back into my wonderful home, and felt safe, and there were a bunch of robbers that were going around the neighborhood, stealing computers, VCRs, televisions. And they were very good at it, they had targeted four blocks, so my neighbor Peter Gangler, had one of those old funny boxes of an early Macintosh, or was it an Apple? Anyway, and I wasn’t working yet, so we went around the four blocks, the two of us, and then I put us all into the computer. And there was “Jerry Tullis” in there. Peter had gotten his name wrong. So, and I kept seeing someone as I went up to run the track at Moses Brown who was on his way to Brown. And mentioned that there was a meeting of the police at a neighbor’s house, had they had any problems? “Oh! The guys next door lost their TV...” So that’s how we met and he walked me home after that meeting and said that he really loved to dance, would I like to go dancing? And I said, “What kind of dancing?” and he said, “Well my favorite is rock ’n’ roll” and I thought, “Yes!!” So we went rock ’n’ roll dancing for a while and then realized things were more serious. I think probably at that point I was still legally married and so was Terry, so it took some time. But it’s always been magic, it’s always been the bells and whistles that I felt in a different way when I met Mike Carley and I had not felt when I met John O’Shea, but thought to myself, “Oh, well, I’m older and wiser” Ha. You need bells and whistles. So and 25 years later, it’s still very noisy. Lots of bells, lots of whistles.

CLB: And you can’t escape Brown because Terry was a professor.

CW: Exactly! Again, I’m on campus and that’s wonderful, too. I’ve learned a lot of science...

CLB: He’s a professor of geology.

CW: Professor of geology whose research is in earthquakes, so... Years ago, I can’t remember whether it was our trip of crisis when he’d gone on... we’d gotten together... and he’d gone on to meetings in San Francisco, and as we were trying to sort some differences out, he said, “Well just come. I don’t care if I pay for it, but just come.” And I called our travel agent and she said, “Oh jeepers, it’s going to cost you a fortune to go to San Francisco now,” and I said, “He said, ‘Do it.’” “I could make you an incredible honeymoon with this money,” and I said, “Get it.” So I flew out and we had a picnic on the San Andreas Fault, it’s that weird. Just sort of picnic there and expect

the mountains over on the east side to collapse on you and things to move, and so it was something. And I should...another sort of historic comment on that flight out: it was at PanAm and I started in a little tiny plane from Providence to New York and then got on a big PanAm jet to L.A. where I didn't know it then, but PanAm was going to last about one more week. And the pilot was going on about what a beautiful day, you can see everything. So I started saying to the stewardess, "Is that the Wind River Range? What's below us now? Where's the crater, where's the canyon?" And we had a tour of the Western United States, thanks to these pilots. But also, in...behind me were three women and a young man. They were from Armenia. One woman had helped translate for doctors who came when there was that huge earthquake in Armenia. So she knew some doctors in L.A., but her sister was a chemist and had been in the lab and when the earthquake came, her hands were damaged. So they were going out to L.A. to hopefully find surgery that would let her sister continue her work, and the young man was one of the sister's sons, but...So that was amazing to have that perspective also. And it was PanAm where while I was in England that jet had come down in Lockerbie and my son had flown that exact flight from New York to Heathrow four, five times. So, it was a very sentimental trip, but a very productive trip.

CLB: So speaking of trips, Terry's often been a faculty leader for Brown Alumni Association travels. Can you talk about some of the trips that you've gone on with him and kind of the, how it has or hasn't affected your relationship with Brown and meeting all these alumni?

CW: Oh, we've had so much fun! And I've been on 7 continents, thanks to Brown, directly or indirectly. Terry is a wonderful teacher. In fact, the year, the winter I left Girl Scouts, I took his Geo 1 course and learned a lot of things that I wish my brain still held, but didn't. And it was such fun because it was the Rocks for Jocks course, so we had a lot of athletes; we had a lot of people who were not going to be geology majors. We had a young woman from St. Thomas, whose name was Ariel, just like Shakespeare's fairy. And she worked summers rebuilding coral reefs. Another woman was Shalorn and she was from Ghana, and she was premed, and she was going to become a gynecologist and go back and help the women of her country have reproductive health and reproductive rights. So, it was just great. My lab partners were a guy who was so bright, he just was too big for Brown, and another guy who was so dyslexic, but he was graduating in History. So that was neat to have him as my teacher, but every trip he taught me something new, and the trips we've had...oh my. And when you're travelling with Brown, there is rarely a dud in the alumni traveler's group. You meet such terrific people, and they're there because they really want to be there. They know they're paying a little extra to have the faculty person go on, they know they're paying a little extra because this is a quality trip, we're about to go with Brown to Eastern Europe, not as a lecturer and I was often 'the Alumni representative' on the trips, but just because it's a great trip. So we've been to a lot of places. We've been to the Galapagos three times, and when we were asked if we could go a fourth time, because obviously this is food for Terry, but when we were asked a fourth time, I said to him, "You know I know two of your colleagues who will murder you if they don't get a chance to go on this trip," so he recommended them. The greatest trip was the around the world trip, where for two weeks and one day? Three weeks and one day? We got on a...787? I don't remember its number. But they had taken out all the seats except for the back two, three rows, and those were standard seats. And the rest were business class seats for 88 passengers, and the staff. And it was amazing. We flew from Washington, to Peru, to Machu Picchu, to Easter Island to Samoa, to Agra, where the Taj Mahal is, we flew to the Serengeti. We flew to Egypt, we flew to Morocco. I'm probably...Oh we flew to the Great Barrier Reef. I think that's everything. But it was just glorious! It was exhausting, I confess. I did not—we spent two nights in Jaipur. I saw our hotel room ceiling and that was it. I just was exhausted. But so wonderful, and all that perspective of the world. And the world's people. And the good people who travelled with us who were from—oh, gosh—a wonderful couple from Texas, who raced with us to be the last people back on the plane each time. So it was great. But yes, Terry has shown me the world. And I've helped make it a good team for Brown Travelers.

CLB: So speaking of trips, you and Terry and your son recently travelled back to Vietnam. That must have been a very emotional visit for you. Can you talk a little bit about what prompted the visit and about your experience?

CW: Well it's interesting...again, talking about Brown Travelers, Brown had a trip to Vietnam. And we thought about it and thought about it, and I just—the way you do...it's not denial, but sort of “Am I ready?” And then when I called Beth Galer at the Brown Travelers office, she said, “Oh, I don't know...” And I called the company Odysseys Unlimited and said, “Are we too late?” And the man said, “You really are because we need a full month for visas and so forth to get processed, and we could probably do it if anybody backs out, but this close to the trip would now pay a big penalty. I doubt it'll happen.” But David and I talked about the trip and he was a Vietnam Vet. And he waited 30 years to go back. Anyway, so the following fall we gave my son, Michael Carley, the brochure from Odysseys Unlimited with the flag on the Vietnam trip to take him and his wife the following March. Or whenever their schedule worked. And he was so excited; he just sort of leaned against the wall and held the catalogue for quite awhile. But Kathryn and Michael have a second child who—Michael—and it was very hard for Kathryn to imagine going for longer than a week, and we said, “No I'm sorry, this is a two and a half week trip. We really need to get there, recover, come back.” So, we said, “How about giving you a year to decide if you want to arrange child care, or if we just take Michael?” Because the older I get, the less I'll be able to travel the way I want to. And I said, “Besides, it's Michael's and my trip, and I don't want to take the boys.” Although that was the hardest thing, was to tell the older boy that “I can't take you because I can't take your brother. And he will just pull the attention away from what's important to Dad and to me.” So, we paid our money and I was babysitting for a friend's dog, who was sort of our dog too, and Simon decided he wanted to go across the street...he was on a Zipline leash, and I was on a neighbor's stoop talking to the neighbor, and Simon went across the street, and when the Zipline caught, I went flying across the street, broke both my wrists...no that had been previous, that wasn't the one. That was the summer that we plotted to go. This was an accident where I broke my elbow, and my kneecap. Anyway, one way or the other, the doctor said, you're not going on this trip. And I will always buy trip insurance as a result, because we got everything back except the money that we had paid to insure three people to travel. And signed up the next year. So it took us sort of 4 years to get there, but we went last March [2014], and it was wonderful. It's a long way to go, it was not a grueling trip, it was wonderfully planned. It's a really great travel company, we're going to travel with them this month, the end of this month. But to see a country that Mike's father had always said was beautiful, to meet people that Mike's father said were always so kind and energetic and good. And again, he had the perspective that a lot of men in Vietnam did not have in that he flew above it all. He went down, he picked up wounded, he dropped men to go into combat in the jungle, but—

CLB: Did he fly helicopters?

CW: He flew helicopters. So that he didn't have the awful experience. Some friends have said, “You're going back to Vietnam? Why?” And yet, a lot of the men that Mike served with have been back. So...and it's a bond. You find with our wonderful window cleaning company lost a grandfather, since the fall, who had made sure I knew about Vietnam trips that his Vietnam veterans newspaper had had. And we didn't talk much about it but...

CLB: Did you just stay on the itinerary that the company arranged, or did you do any of your own private...?

CW: We did, we did—my plan had been to do two private things. One near Hanoi and I found out later that it was right on the outskirts, it was still in Hanoi. But there's a “friendship village” that Veterans for Peace has to support victims of Agent Orange. Because it's in the earth and they're

farmers, and people still have terrible deformities from Agent Orange. But we were just wiped out from the trip and didn't have energy for anything that we weren't... "Come this way, get on this bus!" "Okay, now we're going to stand in the long line to go to the Mausoleum of Ho Chi Minh," and so forth. So we didn't get to the Friendship Village. But, when we got to Danang, our tour director had found a car and driver for us so that we could go South to Ky Ha where Mike's base had been. We couldn't go on base because, like most of the American bases in Vietnam, it is now a Vietnamese Army base. But we wandered around there and felt we were seeing things that Mike had seen. And then, our wonderful driver, who at Ky Ha stood in front of me—he'd had an occasional English word, but no sentences, so he'd rehearsed this with someone, stood before me and said, "I fought the Americans" and I said, "Of course you did, it was your home. We shouldn't have been here, of course you did." And we had enough understanding that I said, "Where were you fighting for the most part?" And he said, "Chu Lai" and I said, "Oh the helicopters were here, the jets were in Chu Lai," "Yes," he said. So it was just extraordinary. He didn't eat anything all day. The hotel had packed stuff for us; we didn't eat that. When he realized we were hungry we stopped to get Ga Pho or Pho Ga, chicken soup. The soup is wonderful. It all starts with the broth, and starts with scallions and vegetables, but it's all a light broth and it's just heavenly. But the seasoning is beautiful. So he took us to a place for Pho Ga where we were the only Caucasians. I have a lot of wrinkles in my face, and the woman who clearly was the owner or the majordomo of this strictly working-class place, came over and stroked my face and said, "How old are you?" She was 10 years older than I was and her complexion was perfect! She didn't have any wrinkles. I mean she was a little chubby, so she had those wonderful round cheeks, but...which were aided by rouge, but it was just such fun to have that kind of intimacy with someone you don't know. And we expected somewhere to find some resentment, and we were welcome. We were welcome. Our tour director, when we didn't know the statistics to something, would remind us that half a million to five million Vietnamese had died during the war. Things like that, and we went to a place in Saigon which had been the Museum of American Atrocities and it had become the Museum of Reconciliation. Still had much of the same contents, plenty of pictures of Agent Orange children, and a section devoted to the journalism of people like—oh what's the Australian's name who died at...? Not Bernard. Anyway, and a picture of Wells Hagen, [a Brown alumnus] whom my father had loved and had hoped to find information about at some point. Dad did not go to Vietnam, but they travelled in the Pacific. So then, Michael through a wonderful world of electronic technology has been in touch with the pilot who was with his father on the day they went down, so he emailed Jim to say, "Hey, guess where I am?" And waited half a day until it was daylight in Florida, I guess. And Jim wrote back. Mike had written him and said, "Where did you and Dad go down?" and Jim wrote back, "Well, we were flying along the coast, but we were really about three miles in from the coast, we could still see it, it was a clear day. And we were South of"...I'll think of it, but I can't think of it right now, the town that they were going to. "And we came down in a paddy field." Well, it's easy to find a paddy field anywhere. Darn. Oh well, I'm not thinking of it. Can you pause that and I can look at my journal and find it?

End of Audio Part II

Audio Part III

CLB: Okay.

CW: So we went near the town of Duc Pho and sort of headed eastward toward the sea, down a dirt road but which was quite well travelled. And came to an absolutely beautiful rice paddy and pulled over and...I'll tell you, our driver was so wonderful, I mean, in addition to the emotional strain this must have been for him because we were close to Chu Lai, I'm not sure where he lived now, but we were close. And then hanging around smoking cigarettes, waiting for us. There was a wonderful old woman with her daughter and little granddaughter, who was just full of beans and so we had a

lovely exchange with them. I'd never looked closely, and neither had Terry, at rice, and we were there looking at rice. Doesn't look anything like what I would've expected it to look like. And the fields went on forever, and they were so, so green and beautiful. Michael went down the road and found a couple whose home they had turned into a temple. I think it was Buddhist, but there were a number of places in Vietnam where we went in and there was a Buddha and a Confucius as well in the temple. So he had this experience with this couple, and then at one point, I looked out across the paddy field because there was a stick out of the rice, the level of the rice. And there was a blackbird on it, and he sang just the way our red-wing blackbirds do, and just the way English blackbirds do, and that was just so amazing to have this connection there. And then when we left, the little woman and I embraced. We talked afterwards as we got in the car about the occupiers she has seen, and in that part of her world, I was so conscious, that I could hear a blackbird. That there weren't helicopters and arsenal—you know, all these sounds of war. That it was peaceful and quiet despite the blat of a motorcycle going by. Extraordinary. Extraordinary. And then we got to the Mekong Delta. What surprised me as we flew—we went from Danang north to Hue, and then flew to Saigon. And what I was not prepared for was the—I knew they called it Saigon, not Ho Chi-Minh City, but we landed at Tan Son Nhut Airbase, which was in all the war stories and so forth, and I'm sure that Mike's body flew out of Tan Son Nhut Airbase, and... So that was a surprise. And there were a lot of, you know, there were so many of those connections.

When we got on the Mekong Delta, talk about “a river of life.” Choked with some sort of plant, green, vibrant, glossy, with blossoms... I'm not good at remembering human names, let alone plant names, but it was amazing. And that was fun, and I'll stop with that because on the round-the-world trip with Terry, we approached the Asian mainland over Vietnam, and the sun was just rising, and I looked down below and there was the Mekong Delta, like slivers of mirror caught in light in the darkness. And I thought, “That's the Mekong. We've got to get there.” And that was sort of the, you know, it was always a place I had wanted to go, but that was kind of the turning point for the place we had to go.

CLB: This must have been incredibly emotional for you and for Michael especially. Did it bring you closer? Did you, were you able to sort of share memories of Mike?

CW: Yeah, and again, but he was a very small boy when his father died. He was three, I guess. And we've always had a very bumpy relationship...ragged...as one friend who's into stars, said, “Well no wonder, you had a Scorpio and you're an Aries!” (laughs) But it certainly brought us together. What surprised me was Mike said several times on the trip, “Thank you for not expecting me to do what's expected. Thank you for letting me take off after dinner and not expecting me to tell you where I'm going 'cause I don't know where I'm going.” And this sort of thing. So it was very interesting from that perspective. Whether he was anticipating that because we were paying that he was going to be expected to play a particular role. But he didn't and it was honest, it was fun, at one point we were out of cash and he had plenty of cash, so that worked out really well. But I had bought, when Rob DeBlois of UCAP—when Bonnie had gone to get their son, Eric, whom they adopted, everything was “one dollar, one dollar, one dollar.” So Rob said, “Don't forget: ‘one dollar, one dollar, one dollar.’” So I got a hundred one dollar bills. We had maybe fourteen [remaining] that we could give to people who were going on an extension trip. But we used those one dollar, one dollars a lot. They were very handy. These ingenious people, those coolie hats? They keep the sun off everything you want to keep the sun off, the back of your neck, which you always forget with sunblock. Your whole face, your shoulders, most of your arms are under those hats. And this wonderful woman—I'm not sure which city we were in, we were probably still in Can Tho which was on the Delta. But she said something like, “They're a dollar and a half” and I tried to give her a five-dollar bill and say, “Don't worry about the change” and she said, “No,” and she went to a neighboring stall and exchanged the five dollars for five one-dollar bills and brought us the change back, and I thought that was so telling. So telling about their attitude toward us. And

of course the majority of the visitors were Chinese, French, and American. All their occupiers. But no, it was a very easy time with Mike, we didn't have any of our flare-ups 'cause we didn't, you know, we just brushed them aside. And if anything had strengthened our...we hadn't spent that much time together in a long, long time. Not without children, his grandparents, and so forth so....And it was, it was not hard to go to Vietnam. It really wasn't a hard thing to do. It wasn't...we didn't have any moments of breakdown. I mean it had been 47 years at that point. Now it's over 48 years, so, you know, in that, there's healing. But it was emotionally charged, yes. Draining, yes. Particularly the conversation with our driver.

CLB: So, switching gears again, you retired in 2005, but you've remained very active with a lot of community organizations—Planned Parenthood I know was one of them. Can you talk to me a little bit about your activities serving as an escort at the clinic and share what that experience is like?

CW: I love Planned Parenthood. It's the difference. Abortion for me is the bottom line: we will never be equal citizens if women don't have the right to control their own bodies. So it will always be important, and we had a house party here just a couple of months ago in support of them and their work. You know, your children grow up, or my child grew up and my grandsons are growing up, but you don't lose touch with them. You still care about their lives and you want to contribute if there's a way you can improve some part of existence. So we'll never walk away from Planned Parenthood or from Girl Scouts. Or from libraries. Or from Carberry. And we care about the community, and it's always fun to meet somebody new. I just met someone who runs an organization called The Artist Exchange in Cranston. And it's for adults who are artists first, but also mentally challenged. And they teach kids and adults various artistic pursuits. Her daughter went for middle school to Lincoln School, and was the winner of a Shakespeare recitation contest I get to be on a panel of judges for. And I couldn't believe it. She played Othello. There's a young woman who takes on that role with all the rich women's roles that she could've taken on. But you just, you know, it matters. So you meet new people and again, you try and connect them with others, but I'm trying not to join, help, commit-ify myself (laughs) to anything more, we're trying to ease back so we can do more travelling while we still can. But Terry keeps doing—there keep being earthquakes and the science keeps growing, so there's more of that too.

CLB: And how about the experience you had being an escort? Because I think our listeners might be interested in that.

CW: Thank you. I want to make a commentary about that beyond this, but the most rewarding thing I have ever done for Planned Parenthood was escort duty. I've never—the Rhode Island office in Providence on Point Street has a public street between its parking lot and its clinic. So that, patients must set foot on public ground before they can come in [to the clinic]. Even if someone drops them off at the curb, there is still part of the sidewalk where a protester can be, and yell at them, try to give them a pamphlet. "God loves you," "Your baby needs you," all sorts of things. So that's the most rewarding because it's immediate; these young women have gone through enough to reach the decision they have reached. And I know that Planned Parenthood has talked to them to be sure this is their decision, not somebody else's, and that this is the right decision for them. And sometimes, there's one man who is such a gentleman, he's such a bastard because he has a voice that carries, so with the Cranston clinic, where we've also done—you can hear Joe's voice: "Save your baby! Don't do this!" And every now and then there are some very intimidating people. One woman, I can't remember her name, which is fortunate, but a neighboring business of Planned Parenthood let them put a camera up, and that was the only way we could get a restraining order on her for quite a while. And then the restraining order ran out, and she came back. She's very smart, she's very eloquent, she knows how to push buttons, and it's very hard not to hit her. (laughs)

CLB: Have you ever had a patient that you were escorting change their mind and leave?

CW: Actually there was one woman who came back out of the Cranston clinic, and it was her decision, that was great. Because she wasn't 100 percent sure. But no. One of the things that's also really impressive [moving] is the people who come with these young women. It is the boyfriend, most of the time, I would say. Not 50 percent of the time, but 40 percent of time, it's the boyfriend who comes with her. Her mother comes with her, her girlfriends come with her. And sometimes she comes alone. But I've never had a morning of doing escort duty without being thanked in a way that I wouldn't have done anything else that day. It was so meaningful. And sometimes it's as simple as saying, "Oh don't listen to this guy, tell me about your shoes. They're really beautiful," as we walk across the street. And you're very well trained for the process. You don't have to ad-lib at all. And you're told never to speak to the protestors, and sometimes that is beyond human experience. (laughs) But I got to the point where Joe and I would say good morning to each other. There's one wonderful doctor there who shakes his hand as he walks in. I will never shake his hand. But Joe's the man who has the horrific poster of a dismembered fetus on his truck that he parks outside. But it's rewarding, but is it easy? Terry and I went to a conference in Israel, not far from Gaza, after there had been a lot of fighting and the artillery had finally stopped. And one of the Israeli scientists said, "Did you have any second thoughts about coming to this because of Gaza?" And I said, "I do escort duty in front of Planned Parenthood. Nothing is as threatening as that is." But nothing is more rewarding either.

CLB: Thank you for sharing that. Is there anything else that you'd like to talk about that we haven't covered?

CW: ...is there anything else...?

CLB: Work with other organizations, memories of your...?

CW: I could probably think of many of them. We talked very briefly about my getting stuck in the Harvard Riots without realizing it. We were going up to see a Sartre play at the Loeb Theatre.

CLB: And this was when you were teaching at Lincoln?

CW: And this was when I was teaching at Lincoln, so this was probably in the 70s. And maybe, it could've been 1970, but I don't remember the date. Anyway, we had more girls that wanted to go than we had bus space, so I said, "Well anytime you want me to drive, rather than get in a crowded bus, I'm there." So we drove up, had a nice time, got into the Loeb Theatre, and there was this vast empty sea with no Lincoln classmates, colleagues in it. And the play began. And then we realized that we were feeling quite nauseous and our eyes were tearing. The play stopped, they told us we had been tear-gassed, and that down the street there were riots outside. And that the theatre company was going to continue, but would understand if any of us left. And I looked at the girls and said, "Nobody at school knows that we're alive. We'll leave." So we left and we got into the car and we're driving down 95 and listening to the radio and realizing just how worried the school is. And sort of collectively decided, well we're really only about 20 minutes from Providence; do we want to find a phone this late at night? So we just kept going. Mary Schaftner greeted—came right outside the minute she saw lights in the circle.

CLB: And what happened to the students on the bus?

CW: They had been stopped at the tollbooth in Cambridge.

CLB: So they had never made it.

CW: So they never made it. They just turned around and went back. But no, these two girls and I got quite a show that night. And we saw a line of protestors through the mist as we went back to the car on the street. Exciting times, you know, just... You live in changing times and it's just, and if you're, if it goes by without your noticing, what a shame! I'd rather not be in the middle of it, be responsible for two young girls, but....

CLB: Well thank you very much, I think we'll conclude here unless there's anything else?

CW: I don't think so. I'll probably look through and see—

END OF INTERVIEW.