

CNR Alumni Connections

We four College of New Rochelle graduates live at Avila Independent Retirement Community in Albany, NY, and we try to get together for lunch regularly.

We three youngsters-- Beverly Cipollo Tobin '59, Janet Keenan '61 and myself '61 --- especially relish our time with Marion Reardon O'Brien, SAS '45 a spry 99-year-old. Although her hearing and vision are compromised, Marion is up-to-date on current events and has an optimistic philosophy of life. Always with a smile on her face, she regales us with tales of her family and of her CNR experiences. She has a better memory than most of us, and she's loved and respected by all the Avila residents.



(Left to right). JoAnn Fogarty Crinieri '61, Beverly Cipollo Tobin '59, Marion Reardon O'Brien '45, and Janet Keenan '61

During her CNR days, all the students ate at Maura, in the room we knew as the Maura Ballroom. Dress code for dinner wasn't a problem because women didn't wear slacks then. Marion tells of writing many, many letters to young men serving in the war although she never met any of them. She also talks about sneaking up to the roof of Maura Hall with friends. We all remember wearing caps and gowns to Mass and academic assemblies.

We are blessed to have these CNR connections, especially with Marion.

- JoAnn Fogarty Crinieri, SAS '61
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Dr. Rosalind Rothman taught several classes in Special Education during my years at CNR (circa 1980.) I still have my notes from her classes. Her expertise and kind endorsements helped me further my career. I became a Resource Room teacher for the Pocantico Hills Central School and used many of the methods and strategies she taught. In later years, I had the pleasure to work for Dr. Rothman at Language and Learning in White Plains. Roz became my mentor and in the 90's I taught classes with her at the Northern Westchester Board of Cooperative Educational Services (BOCES).

We are still great friends and I know my career as a teacher was strongly influenced by her. Dr Rothman's unique understanding of special needs children is a gift that was shared with me.

- Madeline McDougal, GS '80

My son David, a fundraising professional, was attending a huge gala for Chicago's Loyola Hospital. Sitting at his assigned table, he struck up a conversation with his dinner companion, Fr. Jack O'Callaghan S.J., by asking where Fr. Jack was from. The priest replied, "a small town in New York you never heard of."

"Ha" said David. That small town was Larchmont where I grew up and lived for 20 years.

Communicating via text with me, he said Fr. Jack wanted to know where I went to college. David knew all about CNR which his grandmother and aunt also had attended. And he had spent time with my teacher, mentor and friend Sr. Alice Gallin, '42. He texted again, saying Fr. Jack was asking if I knew his sister Mary Anne O'Callaghan who had also graduated from CNR. The texting ended when I replied I didn't. I later learned Mary Anne was in my sister Carroll's (Carroll Reid, '68) class! You never know when, where and how a CNR conversation might pop up!

- Sue Reid Wilke, SAS '66

It was the September after CNR closed. I was attending Mass in my small Adirondack town of Schroon Lake, NY. At the sign of peace part of Mass, I turned to the row behind me to see four or five older women, my age. One of them was wearing a CNR shirt. I said, "I went there. I went to CNR." We agreed to talk after Mass.

Her story was that she was in Schroon Lake to be with classmates from nursing school in Texas, a mini-reunion. Her connection to CNR? Her grandmother, mother, sister, and daughter - as I remember it- all went to CNR. But more than that, her father was the groundskeeper for the campus when she was little. As a youngster she used to run around the campus as her father worked. She loved it there. But why the T-shirt, this week, with nursing school friends, I asked. "I just had to, I can't believe it's closing," was her answer.

At the time she told me her name. I remember thinking her sister was a year or two ahead of me at CNR, but I did not know her. I can't remember her name now, but maybe someone else from a class in the early 1960s remembers this family?

- Regina Killeen Dietz, SAS '64

I was checking my Facebook page one day and had a suggestion of someone I might know. I checked out her friends and could tell that many were fellow residents of a senior community in which I live in Virginia Beach. One was a CNR classmate of mine, Martha Counihan, OSU, SAS '67. I emailed Martha and asked how she knew Mary Jane Sufficool. She replied quickly, "She's my cousin!" I didn't know Mary Jane so I made it a point to find her — not too difficult as in this community of 600+, someone you know will always know someone you seek! Thus, I met Mary Jane Harnett Sufficool, who attended CNR for two years with the Class of '62. Although Covid got in the way of us becoming immediately well acquainted, we have since shared many meals and fond CNR memories. Sister Dorothy Ann was right. Even 380 miles away from New Rochelle, we made a CNR connection!

- Joan Foley Kreimer, SAS '67

My third novel, entitled *Stand in the Box*, was published in October of 2022 and my fourth novel entitled, *Secrets and Revenge*, will be published in June 2023. Annalinda Pandolfi Ragazzo, SAS '74, jumped right in when I needed some help and proofread both manuscripts for me.

We reconnected many years ago in the Young Lawyers section and performed in the Frolics, which is a roast of the bench and bar, for the Westchester County Bar Association.

- Noël F. Caraccio, SAS '73
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Some time ago my husband, John, and I got two bright blue CNR long-sleeve cotton T-shirts for some volunteer work we did with CNR. John wears his every year when we are at the beach in Florida (Lauderdale-by-the-Sea). And every year we meet at least one person who says "CNR"? "College of New Rochelle"? "I went there too!" And we have a brief but sweet chat about our connection to CNR. Happy memories!

- Beth Ball Hofstetter, SAS '63
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I was manning a table in The Community Church (a Universal Unitarian church I go to now). It was set up to promote a cello concert whose proceeds would be used to support NC Fund for Reproductive Health. This Side With Love committee has fundraisers and other activities also for other injustices. The other helper was Dianne Williams. We gaped in astonishment upon discovering we both graduated from CNR. She looked like a proper CNR girl but in her 70s. I was class of '62 and she was '65.

- Genevieve A. Jansen (Genie), SAS '62
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"Let's call ourselves *The Magnificent Seven*," declared Sue Grady (CNR '63) with a quick clap of her hands and a grin on her face. Seven CNR'ers, who had flown to Oregon from all parts of the country, were feverishly talking and industriously preparing dinner in the large open kitchen of Sue's vacation home.

When a phone call came from Sue in the early 2000's, I was long settled in Tustin, CA, a busy wife with an ailing husband, three grown children, and at the end of a full-blown career. "Let's get together with some of our CNR classmates," she said. "A mini-reunion, she continued, Cathy Lasalle, Kathy Vaiciulis, Marianne Mundy, Ann Marie Hubscher, Madeline Jascewsky." Sue offered her vacation home in Sun River.

We'd graduated years ago, and aside from Sue and my CNR roommate, Ann Marie, I hardly remembered any of them. No doubt, they felt the same about me. I took out my yearbook, glanced at the photos and began to recall a few bits about each one.

When we gathered in Sun River, those decades dissolved away. Though our lives and experiences were different, we were bonded by a common college. That CNR connection

created a seamless friendship. The days were full of chatter, endless stories, laughter, memories, plenty of good food and day trips.

Weeks in Charlevoix, MI (2X); Mesa, AZ; Tustin, CA; Mystic, CT; Seattle, WA; Naples, FL, and Nashville, TN followed. Careers ended, grandchildren grew bigger, we grew older. Widows met older boyfriends. As each trip unfolded, we picked up where we left off.

At some point, classmates Carol Hyatt and Francia Parsons were added.

When we turned 80 in 2021, we gathered in La Jolla, CA. This time at an Airbnb near the water. Balmy days, kayaking, the La Jolla Playhouse, and a celebratory dinner filled the week. We talked about achy joints and weak ankles, COVID, wrinkles, the best exercise, old age, the state of the world, and our grandchildren's challenges. There were still plenty of stories and laughter. Sue, our catalyst, was not with us. She had passed away a few years earlier following a second bout with breast cancer.

Living very disparate lives in different parts of the country, yet linked by four formative years in New Rochelle, we delightfully remain very special friends unlike any others. Where to next, ladies?

- Susan Boyce Dobak, SAS '63
