



**Catharine Jane
Hull Van Riper**

Catharine Jane Hull, the daughter of an Iowa physician, was born on the evening of December 30, 1909.

“She entered the world yelling and has rarely been silent since,” wrote her husband and biographer Charles Van Riper.



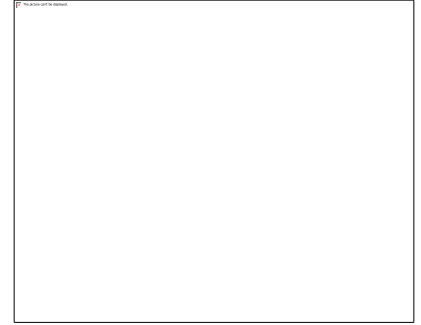
**Katy grew up in
Iowa and
graduated with
honors
from high
school. She
was
valedictorian
of her high
school class.**



She was an Iowan with a capital “I”, so going to U of Iowa was fore-ordained! There she became the first woman to graduate in the new field of speech pathology.

The head of speech pathology at Iowa told Katy that he would like to see her get away and meet new challenges. He suggested she look for a position in speech correction, a field in which she could pioneer and grow, but on her first job interview, she was turned down. “You are just too young,” she was told.

A new Speech Clinic had just been started by Bryng Bryngelson at the U of MN in Minneapolis.



To be on the faculty of a major university – and with only a B.A. degree, especially for a woman – was unheard of. Katy shed tears as she left her beloved Iowa, moving north to Minnesota.

She taught many of Dr. Bryngelson's classes, helped him with his research and edited his professional articles. She also provided speech therapy services at the U of M clinic in Fallwell Hall. Her salary for these many duties was \$1200 a year. "It was the perfect job for me," she wrote, "with new challenges every day."

Therapy for stuttering at that time included “mental hygiene and the shifting of handedness, using both individual and group therapy....I showed my clients I could do anything I asked of them!” she wrote emphatically.

N.B., a former client of Catharine Hull Van Riper shared information about her as his clinician. "I was assigned for therapy with Miss Catherine Hull. I was about 18 years old and she was about 25. She had graduated from the University of Iowa's speech therapy program. Miss Hull said, 'Come into this room with me. I have a newspaper. Do this for me. Here are the headlines. Speak out the headlines, but don't begin before I tell you, and say one word at a time.' She'd point to one word at a time and I read them with no stuttering. She almost jumped up to the ceiling. She started me on something called 'Precise initiation.' I was tremendously successful with it. Some of the activities I remember her having me do was to talk before a floor-length mirror on casters for an hour at a time.

She'd also have me go out in 'speech situations.' She had me stand right in front of Fallwell Hall in Minneapolis and ask where Fallwell Hall was. The first day I had to do that once, but following days she built up the number of times I had to do it to 50." She not only improved my speech and mental attitude, but gave me her friendship for her lifetime. And then along came a guy from the University of Iowa, arriving in a Buick with a lunch box under his arm, bounding up the steps of Fallwell Hall. He didn't look good to me! I thought he was taking too much of Miss Hull's time. But I had to admit that he had a good sense of humor. He was also a very homey, down to earth person. His name was Charles Van Riper."



Katy enrolled in a master's degree program in psychology and was also active in University Theater, mainly in stage craft and sound effects. Van Riper's story was that he applauded wildly whenever the wind blew. In 1936 Katy married the young man who made frequent trips from Iowa where he recently completed a doctorate in psychology.



At home in Kalamazoo, Michigan



Always a gracious hostess. . .



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1969-70
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Ditaff E valuation of Speech Foundation
Conference at Montego Bay - Dec. 27 - Jan. 2.

The following summation is
respectfully submitted after long hours
of thoughtful deliberation. Among the
subjects considered were: relative
hardness of winter, clothes of other
women, treatment of mal-de-mee,
diagnosis of lumpy, itchy epidermis,
children and grandchildren, the eternal
battle of the sexes, evaluation of chemical
properties of sun tan lotion, acceptable
locations for drying panties.

The stimuli which produced the
most consistent responses were:
a hot sun, clear water, a perfect
shell, generous husbands, a wad
of money, Jamaican rum, cold toast,
bargains, Helen's shopping spree,
drunken orgies, Ali's bent elbow,
morning dips.

The only day that open hostility
was evidenced was upon consideration
of the largest and loveliest shell - and
it was concluded that snorkelers
had an unfair advantage.

... with a
sense of
humor
(continued->)

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The following conclusions were reached.

- 1- Upon return to mainland homes husbands are not to be offered menus. It is to be meat balls or meat balls.
- 2 - There will be no complaints of bad weather, shoveling snow or skidding cars.
- 3- Upon return there will be no swimming until temperature reaches 70
- 4- No beautiful young limbo dancers or fringe swinging will be permitted in living rooms.
- 5- Each wife's mad money will be drastically reduced - any received will be hoarded until next conference.
- 6- Everyone here must learn The Bent Elbow in its entirety.
- 7- A beauty parlor appointment is futile and unrewarding.
- 8- A future conference is recommended.
- 9- It is also suggested that this document be included in the official Foundation publication.

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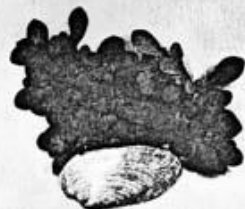
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10- We unanimously salute a very sweet guy who made this trip possible for all of us and we wish them much joy.

Signed, sealed + delivered on
this balmy second of January-

The Parasites



A love affair that lasted a life-time



**A loving
final
farewell
to
friends
and
family**

Dear Special Person -
I'm making a last
request of you - for joy and
thanksgiving.

I have had the most blessed
life of any female I've ever known.
A love affair that lasted all these
years, (with a flower on the breakfast
tray even when the snow came), three
loving and supportive kids who are
mature and still loving, nine
grandkids who have been pure joy,
Beautiful places to live, friends
kind to touch, exciting and
worthwhile jobs, and a beautiful
old house which spread its arms
around me, and all who entered its
back door. I've always known the
Lord, had an arm around me.

I'd like most to be remembered
at the moment you see a beautiful
sunset, a perfect flower, a starry
night, a red-eyed Springer, a child,
or someone who needs a loving
touch or an encouraging word.

I've had more than my share,
and wish a sunset for you also.
"And now abideth faith, hope and
love, these three. But the greatest
of these - -"

Love to you -
Catherine (Katy) VK