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Smith College: Miscellany

1943-44

86/97c

Graduate House
Smith College
Sept. - May 1943-44.

FIRST FLOOR

Dottie Churchill H.R.	Boston, Mass	Music (violin)
Dorrie Jump	Waban, Mass.	Music (Cello)
Helen Strong	Terre Haute, Ind.	Zoo. (?)
Peggy Hackford	Oklahoma	Science

SECOND FLOOR

Ruth Trevorrow	} room mates -	Los Angeles, Calif.	Music (voice)
Jeanne Ward		Kansas	Chemistry
Anita Whistler	} "	Berkeley, Calif.	English
Carolyn Brown		Texas	Chemistry
Mary Jane Dole	} "	Hartford, Conn.	History
Lucile Snyder		Montana	Music (piano)
Miriam Lee		Carbonsdale, Pa.	Science Bact.?
Marian Dancis	} "	Bronx, N.Y.	Music (oboe)
Eunice Nordine		Mpls., Minn.	Music (piano)
Mary Elizabeth Spivey	} "	Cleveland, Ohio	Economics - Law
Mrytle Thorne		Charleston, S.C.	English
Sarah Basterrechea		Guatamala	Chemistry

THIRD FLOOR

Muriel Uprichard	Canada	Education
Cicely Greer	Canada	History
Mary Jo Beimer	Fergus Falls, Minn.	Music (piano)
Louise Potter	Ware, Mass.	Science
Barbara Morin	New Haven, Conn.	History
Y.U.	Calif, Utah, and Pa.	Education

Mrs. Margaret Maher - Cook
Louise Higgins - Self Help at breakfast

Meals at Tyler, Chapin, and Hubbard Houses.

IN RETROSPECT

May 1944
Smith College
Northampton, Mass.

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I remember. . . .

Paradise - with its little island of misty green trees - - the river bending away and dipping behind the lovely woods where trees stood in serene dignity. . . . The first walk along the river when the trees had just begun to turn. The red, the orange, and the yellow leaves tingling on branches and tangling the crisp air. . . The soft padded feeling of walking over fallen brown leaves.

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That green feeling!! A graduate student by name perhaps, but no different from a Freshman inside. Feeling utterly lost in a new campus... Not knowing where the library was. . that whistles were blown by grass cops if you walked on the lush green lawns; that a carrel was a place for intensive study...and that one was QUIET in or near them; that blue jeans and bikes were a Smith habit. . . . Bikes and more bikes lined up in rows by the hundreds outside of John M. Greene Hall on Wednesday Chapel mornings.

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Mountain Day! The bells pealing forth a beautiful clear October day... off to Mt. Tom with hamburgers, coffee, and do nuts...to revel in the autumn beauties of New England. Fun! ..even tho' the sky began to cloud over by the time we had reached the summit.. . . The climax of the day.... all 20 or so, of us hitching for a ride home and getting it too!!! Arms loaded with brittle branches laden with golden leaves.

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Seminars and papers! . . . Reading. . . book lists. . . papers . . .
books. . . carrels. . . . reports. . . lectures. . . Burning the midnight
oil!!!!

Dr. Kotshnig's superb lectures in Comparative Ed. . . . That empty
feeling in his first graduate seminar...feeling about as big as the
proverbial flea in the poundmaster's wig!!!

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The first snow - on a beautiful moonlit night.. That exhilarating
feeling of shuffling thru' fresh, white, new-fallen snow. . . Playing fox
and geese on the neighbor's front yard. . making "angels" in the snow. .
snow fights. . snow men. . trimming parked cars with snow polka dots and
grotesque knick knacks. . . Coming home for hot biscuits and coffee in
the warm kitchen! Mmmmmmm!

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That awful feeling at 7:30 A.M. when the bells ring stridently and
cruelly. . . the cold, dark morning outside. . . Trudging sleepily down
to breakfast with a robe thrown hastily over rumpled p.j.s.
Waiting on breakfast tables once every 21 days. . pouring coffee . ."service
with a smile!" Fun in the kitchen with Louise. . and extra helpings of
everything from Margaret!

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Discovering on some days that you wait tables again at Tyler on the
same day! That seemingly endless trudge from one end of the dining room
to the kitchen, and back again with a trayful of heaping dishes. . . That
day M. J. triumphantly walked into the dining room with a tray loaded with
chicken, rice, and carrots - got within two feet of our table and C-A- R-R-A-S-H
Chicken, carrots, and rice, all over the floor !! Nine red faces at Graduate
Table!!!

Rolling napkin rings . . a great game at the Tyler Grad. Table!
Those wild and hilarious meals when water glasses and milk would be
knocked over by napkin rings, spoons, and other flying missiles. . those
games of Simon Says... Faculty night and heels. . . Those impossible
graduates! OH!!

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Coffee and cake at seminars . . unheard of at Cal! Small informal
and friendly groups comprised a seminar here. . . Miss Carswell and her
tea at 4:00. . . Mrs. Rose "celebrating Spring" with her fresh straw-
berries and cake.

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Those superb concerts at John M. Greene. . . Piatigorsky. . . Cleveland
Symphony. . The Boston Symphony. . That blackout in the middle of Serkin's
performance... Wonderful sensation, hearing the flow of the piano in the
mellow darkness of the large hall.

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Those swell house parties. . . birthdays and celebrations. . a recital.
an engagement! . . Cake on a revolving musical platter. . lots of eats
and coffee and milk! Talking, laughing, singing at the top of our lungs. .
Merriment in the smoker!

The gab sessions in the Smoker. . on the third floor. . on the merits
of the Graduate School, the courses, the profs, people and places!!

Twenty two girls. . from Guatemala, Kansas, Montana, Minn, Calif,
Texas, etc. etc.. and what individual and distinct personalities all!!
Learned more about human nature in this one year than in many another!!!

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Practice teaching - every day - with the Day School darlings (?!)

Learned so much from Miss Warner . . a model teacher if there ever was one!!
A grand week in Springfield. . . on practice teaching assignment in a public
school. . . Taking the class over for one whole morning. . minus the regular
teacher! Darling children that act like children and not like so many
miniature adults! . . Bashful grins and friendly calls. . . The thrill of
having two little children present me with a big box of flowers on my
last day at the school. . . . Learned so much in one short week.

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The last step-sing (and my first). Seniors in caps and gowns rolling
hoops in the hoop race . . First in - first married!! What a sight! Mortar
boards clutched with one hand, hoop rolled with the other, gowns flowing in the
wind, girls tripping and falling amid gales of laughter. . . . Seniors on the
steps singing their farewells. . Jrs, Sophs, and Frosh answering back in
unimitable original songs. . . . An hour of song and fun. . Then, silence . .
Aloha from the College Hall chimes. . . Srs stepping down from the steps and
Jrs marching in to take their place on the coveted steps of Studes! The
College hymn sung by 2000 voices in the dusk of the evening.

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The thrill of my first New England Spring! Watching tree limbs eagerly
for a month. . waiting for the first signs of green. . . and then. . one warm
April day seeing the trees suddenly burst forth in a spray of pale young green....
seeing Crocus buds nosing their way thru' the ground. . seeing robins hopping
about, and squirrels coming out of hiding. . . Watching the campus transformed
from a barren wintry setting to a glory of Spring green in two short weeks. .
Cottons and gingham. . pigtails. . bikes. . picnics. . and sun baths!!
Spring officially arrives at Hamp;!!!

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Watching the poor M.A. candidates struggling over the last lap of thesis writing. . . meeting deadlines. . . seeing their directors. . . some typing their own. . . . All of us pitching in to help type, read proof, and give moral support in the last days of the eye-blearing, temper-quickenning grind!!

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Last seminar in 36b. . . Seems impossible that the year has gone and we've come to the stage of saying "our last classes". . "our last papers". . Finishing up!

Those last few days before Commencement. . . Hikes out beyond the City limits, picnics to nearby parks, canoeing on Paradise. . . . Then, Commencement!! The thrill of marching in the gowned procession. . of going up to receive my diploma. . of seeing Marian Anderson receive her Honorary Doctorate the same morning. Taking pictures, stuffing in last minute packing, farewells to friends made during the year. . . Then, seeing Northampton fade away into the distance as a part of the past, as the train whistles harshly and pulls away for the East. . .

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It's been a year of work . . . a year of fun and new friends. . . It's been living with a great bunch of girls. . . It's meant new and wider horizons!!!

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