

The Women of '72 **TALES FROM THE FRONTIER**

As co-authors of our Women of '72 essay for the 50th Reunion class book, Daryl and Janet are forever grateful to these generous contributors, whose thoughtful remembrances helped shape our story – sadly limited to 3,000 words for the printed book. Your individual stories –at a transformative time for each of us – together paint a vivid picture of Princeton in transition. This unabridged collection preserves your stories in all their rich detail for University and Class of '72 archives, and above all for the collective memory of all 64 Women of '72.

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Jacqueline Ariail

One clear memory I have of the fall of 1970 is sitting in a McCosh classroom, awaiting the start of an American lit. class. The professor walked in and greeted us, “Gentlemen—”. I don’t remember whether I was the only woman in class that day. I do remember thinking that he could have acknowledged my female presence. It was a small incident, one that I certainly took in stride, but it speaks to the character of those early days of co-education at Princeton.

I was the first in my family to go to college; I had two years at Northwestern University, just north of Chicago, before transferring to Princeton. That move was a hard sell to my father. I was at such a good school—why on earth did I want to transfer? But the fraternity and sorority life at Northwestern was not for me. I wanted the challenge I believed Princeton offered. And I was eager to strike out far from my Midwestern roots and home. (I was a closet liberal within my Republican working-class family.) My father came around. When he visited during my senior year, I took him to Lahiere’s to awkwardly eat lobster together. He and my mother were thrilled to be a part of graduation weekend, and I know that he bragged to his friends and co-workers about his

daughter at Princeton. I was thrilled too. There were students at Princeton, besides me, who wanted to talk about Dickens or George Eliot *outside of* the classroom!

Precepts intimidated me, and I rarely spoke in them. But I could write, and two years at Princeton and my advisor, Joseph Kestner, made me a better writer. I don’t have distinct memories of working on my junior paper—that first year, when I had a single in the Princeton Inn, is very much a blur. A work-study job, I seem to remember, as the class secretary—because I was a woman?? Late afternoons on the terrace of the Inn, looking out over the golf course, eating Triscuits from the box with mostly male friends. By senior year, living in the north tower of Edwards Hall, I’d found my feet. I was a happy member of Stevenson Hall, where I hung out with the Jewish students. I made avid use of the Scribner Room in Firestone, reading and whispering with English major friends. My best memories by far are of sitting at my desk in that Edwards tower room, drinking coffee and pounding out my thesis on George Eliot’s women. *That* was an exhilaration which has colored much of what I’ve done since.

7/2/21

Mary Coale Baldwin

I arrived at Princeton following six years of all-women's education, including a gap year at an English girls' boarding school (ESU). I was a 4th generation Princetonian, following my father, grandfather, and great grandfather, all Presbyterian ministers who were educated at no cost by the University. My uncle, also a Princeton graduate, was the founder and Director of the Office of Population Research where I worked in the summers, mapping relationships in the !Kung Bushmen tribe. I was very happy at Goucher College but when Princeton offered me a full scholarship, Princeton it was. My family was so proud.

My assigned room was in Pyne Hall: a single converted into a triple. Within a few weeks, I moved into a suite in 1937 hall with Daryl English, Judith White (then Judy), and Jan Miller, a Critical Languages student studying Japanese. This was the beginning of a truly wonderful year. I loved everything about Princeton, everything. And yet it was a tough year: my boyfriend, now husband of 50 years, was an infantry Marine lieutenant in Viet Nam, and that year my mother, who was my best friend, was diagnosed with terminal cancer. One extra-curricular activity I joined immediately was the Glee Club/ Chorus. I loved singing. At try-outs, the Director of Music noticed my high school and the name of the school's music director. That lovely man from Princeton said: If you spent three years in Russell Locke's chorus and choir, you do not need to tryout. You are in. I felt relieved and pleased. In retrospect, I think he was desperate for soprano and alto voices and would take any female who expressed interest. I joined, but soon had to give it up to be with my mother in Baltimore as often as I could manage. There were so many opportunities at Princeton and not enough time.

What continually surprised me was the lack of women. I could go a full day without seeing another woman. I remember thinking there are men everywhere and women nowhere. During my two years at Princeton, I had few women friends and missed those relationships terribly. Most of the time, I could not FIND other women on campus; I was often the only female in my classes, even my

lecture classes. Apparently not many women had signed up as Philosophy majors. At the end of my Junior year, I added Political Science. There were a few more women in this group, but most who were interested in Political Science had been accepted into the Woodrow Wilson School. Several times in large lecture classes I was asked to explain the woman's point of view. Not "a" woman's perspective, but "the" woman's position. This made me chuckle; of course there is no such thing. I did my best to give a credible, meaningful answer, but I thought the professors should know better.

Joining Cap and Gown on their newly created seven-meal plan, which I could afford (one classmate told me that women ate less than men, which is probably as a rule, true) happily broadened my circle of woman acquaintances. Amazing women! Not all the eating clubs were willing to accept women; several stated a strong preference to remain all male. Reasons given were that the male members could not party in the same way, could not relax in the same way, and could not discuss issues in the same way. Cap and Gown was one of the few that openly welcomed women. I was grateful to be part of a smaller community. I, too, remember the infamous Christmas party with the controversial "entertainment" [reported in the Women of '72 essay in the 50th Reunion yearbook.] I was slightly offended and embarrassed. And while I didn't think the party planning committee intentionally excluded the women from the "fun," I wondered with both surprise and confusion how my friends could be so thoughtless.

I was close to several of the swimmers on the men's varsity swim team and would cheer them on in swim meets both at home and away. I do not think I missed a meet. I marvel at the dedicated athletes all over campus on so many different teams. I admired the women's tennis team. People, men and women, worked so hard to achieve excellence in their sport.

I do not know how a newly created women's field hockey team was formed but word got around and I was thrilled. Just enough of the women had played at their former colleges or high schools to make us a

competent, competitive, good group. We knew what we were doing. I believe my senior year in the fall of 1971, the women's field hockey team beat Harvard at the Princeton-Harvard weekend. We may have been the only team to have won that Saturday. After our hockey game, I went to the stadium to cheer on the football team. My friends. I sat in the bleachers behind three elderly alums, probably the same age or younger than I am now. At the time they seemed very old. At halftime, over the loudspeaker the announcer announced the Women's Field Hockey team had decisively beaten Harvard and that sadly most of the other Princeton teams had lost. The three geezers guffawed: Princeton Women???? What???? "Winning???? " "Field hockey?" "What the Hell is that?" "Well, it is better than nothing." "But Women? Winning for Princeton???" I wish I had had the nerve to say something but I let it be. I was well aware that I had ruined many alums' memories of their college experience. At any number of dinners (back in Baltimore), I was accosted by then "old" men who held me personally responsible for ruining "their" Princeton.

Midway through my Senior year, I got engaged. It had the unintended consequence of significantly restricting my social life. Nevertheless, I have a sweet memory from my changed status: Mary Wadsworth planned a surprise engagement shower

for me. A group of about eight or nine women (that was huge) surprised me with a decorated cake and a lovely engagement gift: a large wooden salad bowl with long, curved utensils that I still own. That party was one of the very few social gatherings of women that I can remember. We just didn't gather, perhaps because we were so few, or perhaps because we were so busy taking advantage of all Princeton had to offer, "achievers" in a predominantly male world. By contrast, my engagement shower was such a "girl" thing to do, and so kind and thoughtful!

As a full scholarship student, I felt a strong obligation to the University. I tried to do my best in all areas that contributed to Princeton. I was a serious student, and I remember thinking that the person who invented the "library date" was a genius. I found writing my Senior thesis challenging and difficult. I remember a very kind, good friend helping me with the typing and word processing to meet the printer's deadline. Without his help I would have missed the last deadline. All in all, I loved and appreciated my Princeton experience. I had wonderful and kind friends, mostly men, and a good education. I am forever grateful to the University for giving me such an opportunity.

4/17/23

Yaffa Ventura Beck

Ever since receiving the request to write about my Princeton experience, I've been deliberating the notion that I dare not!

I only spent 10 months of my life at Princeton: September, 1969 – June, 1970. In August, 1970, while visiting my family at my home country, I was conscripted into the Israeli army and that was it!

I wonder if it is at all appropriate that I be called an alumnus, based on such limited experience. That said, my life was so profoundly influenced by those few months, that I still consider Princeton my alma mater, rather than the multiple universities I later

attended. So, here are my two cents, take them or leave them.

My first thought is that it was a fluke, or pure magic, that brought me to Princeton that beautiful autumn morning.

I was an 18-year-old girl, a very good, but in my view, not brilliant, student, at a mediocre city college, after graduating from the New York public school system with good but not amazing SAT test scores. I had only arrived in the USA five years earlier, my family having been relocated from Israel. My family was now returning to Israel, but I

was determined to go on to continue my studies at one of the excellent colleges that had just opened their gates to co-education. I was naïve (perhaps also cheeky) enough to apply to both Yale and Princeton on the same day, stating that, despite some confusion due to my name, I am a female applicant. Within a couple of weeks, I received a response from Yale, turning me down, as I had missed the female applications deadline. Princeton's response was that my application is in order and that I would be notified in due time. How lucky could I be? You can imagine that I was in my seventh heaven when the answer was yes.

My parents drove me to Princeton that wonderful, strange morning. A city girl, I could not dream of a more beautiful campus. There were so many young people around, not too surprisingly, they were mostly boys, and they all wanted to help carry our belongings into our Pyne Hall rooms. There was also some drama and newspapers (my picture made the NYT the next day and a reception, all very exciting but also confusing. I was awed and felt a bit belittled by the level of my fellow students. They were so cultured and intelligent and their test scores were so much higher... I couldn't help thinking that I was at Princeton only because I made the multiple admission quotas for woman+foreigner+Jewish (yes -there were quotas then)

I became a very serious student, passionate to

pursue medical research, and was allowed to be a University Scholar, under the mentoring of Professor Sueoka in the biology department. My time was mostly spent studying in my room and in a very cozy armchair at the Firestone library, which was my favorite place, but there was still space for socializing. I did fall in love and out of love, so that probably colors my memories. Unfortunately, I did not have enough time to make many life-long friendships with any of my '72 classmates. Although, I was not worried by the boy/girl ratio, I clearly remember being approached by a teacher, at my first seminar class, asking if I was discouraged of participating, being the only girl among 20 boys. I didn't understand what he was talking about. I was never timid and was raised as completely gender equal. In fact, it was fun being the center of attention.

It was a historically memorable year: student anti-war movement, women's lib, man on the moon, Woodstock, civil rights. I tried to be as socially active as I could. I participated in a Politics seminar, committed to erasing the female admission quota. Clearly, I was devastated by my conscription at the end of that year. Nothing I experienced later, academically or professionally, reached the level of excellence practiced at Princeton. It became the highlight of my life.

6/11/21

Mary Wadsworth Darby

YES! When I received the now famous "YES" letter from the Dean of Admission, I was thrilled! My family too...my Harvard '30 father said, "Well, I always thought I might have a Harvard son, but I never dreamed I would have a Princeton daughter!" At the first meeting of our class, the Dean of Admissions welcomed us all as Princetonians...male and female. And, I guess that is how I always thought of myself during my years at Princeton. A Princetonian. I was so excited, to transfer to Princeton, which had one of the best East Asian Studies departments and Mandarin language programs in the world.

I have had an interest in China since I was a child. The classical Chinese novel, *The Journey to the West*, was read to me by my mother from the time I was about five years old. The intriguing stories of the Monkey King, who overcame many obstacles as he made his journey, fascinated me. At Princeton, I studied Chinese literature in the original..... One of my most vivid Princeton recollections is sitting in the small classical Chinese class with our professors Mr. and Mrs. Tang - studying Tang poems. How much I loved to read them. Sometimes we were able to learn only

four characters in one class. How satisfied I was to realize the full meaning of those "characters" and it taught me so much about the traditional Chinese culture. Professor Chen taught Mandarin like no other professor I ever had and gave us all our Chinese names (Hua Manli).

Highlights at Princeton included not only the academics but the deep and lasting friendships that I made during those years. Many of my closest friends today are Princetonians...and when I reconnect with members of my class that I did not know so well at that time we always recognize our special bond. Of course, there were some members of our class that wore "Bring back the Old Princeton" buttons, and they became and now still are among my closest friends. How well I remember the many football games, Prospect Street parties (including (haha)blow pong) and also the many informal coffees and meals at Stevenson and Terrace - before I joined Cap. Cap & Gown was a very special club which allowed co-eds to bicker from the beginning thanks to its leadership and

members. Priscilla Wohlforth Stumm and I were some of the first members from our '72 class.

Crew was also an important part of my life. As coxswain for the first women's crew launched in 1971, I was up very early to train and practice. At that time, we were only allowed at the boathouse very early because we had to train before the men. We beat Radcliffe in our first race against them. I used my father's megaphone...who had coxed for the Harvard crew in his day. I well remember the timing of our power tens and winning the race, and as cox being thrown into the lake afterwards and being so happy about winning. I am so proud of what our Princeton women's crew has become and the early stars that I rowed with that went on in some cases to the Olympics.

It means so much to me to have been part of our small group of adventurous women who made up the class of 1972.

9/24/21

Daryl English -- from overwhelm to triumph

There are 64 women on the official Class of '72 roster. Two among us matriculated in 1969 as freshmen with the Class of 1973, and if I have the numbers right, another 15 or so transferred that same year as sophomores. Which means the vast majority of our women classmates arrived as juniors in the fall of 1970. That set the stage for yet another dimension of difficulty in being "Princeton coeds" in those earliest years. Shamelessly flaunting a mixed metaphor here – we had to hit the ground running while simultaneously diving headlong into junior independent work for our declared majors!

Two related memories stand out for me. With only one physics class at Goucher College on my transcript, I'm sitting in the office of the physics department chair seeking a suitable additional course to satisfy distribution requirements – something I can fit into a full schedule centered around my major in English. After ascertaining that

I aced my Goucher class but lack the burning desire to study more physics, the professor picks up the phone and calls the Dean's office to propose a waiver. He successfully pleads my case – without once using a pronoun! It is a masterful performance, and I am in awe. Not to mention greatly relieved.

A few short weeks later, I'm sitting, agitated and despondent, in the office of Brian Swann, my English department advisor. Agitated, because I've never in my life missed an academic deadline. And despondent, because I'm convinced Princeton has made a huge mistake, and I don't belong here. My first junior paper is due today – October 15 sticks in my memory. All the newness, all the stresses and joys of being here, plus a move from Pyne Hall to Wilson College three weeks in, and the start of early morning "work-study" breakfast shifts at Wilcox Dining Hall – it has all added up to my first-ever, terrifying case of complete-and-total writer's block.

Patiently hearing me out, Professor Swann redirects my angst and reengages me in the content of what I'm trying to write. He sends me off with a three-day extension, until after the weekend, and I deliver my paper first thing that Monday morning.

Of course, with time came increasing confidence. My second junior paper squeaked in under the wire – I remember dropping it off at exactly 5 pm on due date, then leaving promptly for the airport for Christmas with family. I think I made the May deadline for my third junior paper with about five hours to spare. And I was on top of the world on submitting my senior thesis – three full days before the March 17 deadline – on my 21st birthday. I remember as if yesterday dropping the bound copy somewhere on Witherspoon Street on a rainy day,

and proceeding directly to Alchemist & Barrister to buy myself my first legal glass of wine. Triumphant!



A few days after graduation, Daryl celebrated "whatever comes next" with Judith White and Holly Lovejoy at Holly's family summer home in Madison, CT.

4/12/21

Diana Foster

Being a pioneer in any endeavor has its challenges. The beauty of retrospect is I can now put them in perspective. We early women were invited to help in a transition. The institution wanted us. Yes, some of the men were jerks, and yes, there were too few bathrooms for us, but there were many people who did support us, and we helped make the transition a success. Our surviving made us and Princeton stronger.

After a free-range childhood followed by idyllic teenage years in a small Midwestern town followed by two years in a competitive women's college, I hit numerous obstacles at Princeton the moment I stepped foot on campus. As possibly the only woman in my department and with a schedule heavily laden with science courses all of which had labs, I remember having no women in any of my classes and no female instructors. My first course advisor recommended that I not take certain classes because "You will not do well." I defied him, persisted, and aced them. My junior thesis advisor was gone from campus more than on site, and I was on my own to figure out how to write the required but ill-defined paper. My senior thesis advisor was wonderfully supportive, but he assigned me a topic that in hindsight seems to be someone's idea of a

joke: the study of embryoid bodies derived from testicular teratomas of mice, research in which I had to extract cells from mouse testicles, grow them in tissue culture, and then inject them into the testicles of other mice.

In the basement of Firestone a man exposed himself to me. How naïve I was at the time to think it was my fault for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. While accompanying a classmate-boyfriend-now husband to his hometown over winter break, we attended a luncheon for Princeton students sponsored by alums. When the older gents walked around the circle introducing themselves to each student, one man noticeably walked right by me. Deliberate? An assumption that I was just a girlfriend? Was this just a holdover from the older generation?

No, even post-graduation has had its moments. How many women found the grey slacks of an early reunion outfit man-sized with no curves to accommodate a woman's waist? Who else received a huge sweater vest that came down to her knees? How am I to interpret a classmate's comment that reunions are a good opportunity to get "classmates back with wives and kids."?

Moving on! I truly believe and am grateful Princeton helped make me the woman I am today. Surmounting obstacles at Princeton reinforced the survival skills my father had instilled in me as a child. Since graduation I've repeatedly created positions for myself within organizations to best use my skills; traveled solo to tropical rainforests and throughout West Virginia mining towns collecting data about migrating birds; thru-hiked the Appalachian Trail discovering for myself the inequities of diversity in natural places and resolving to address that phenomenon; taken on

regional, state, and organizational bureaucracy in order to build and protect a community hiking trail accessible to all; created a forest-based program for children within the Boys & Girls Club; trained for and competed successfully in marathons; rehabilitated and interpreted the gardens around a historic African American homestead; and served as caregiver to parents and family. I have felt friendship, kinship, and respect from a number of both male and female classmates, and for that I am thankful.

4/1/21

Helene Fromm

My years at Princeton were an important turning point for me. Transferring to Princeton as a junior, I was more focused on my personal transition than on the historic transition to coeducation. Having attended local public schools through high school and a large state university before entering Princeton, coeducation was not new to me. I decided on Princeton over other schools because it was the furthest from my own experience. The steeper academic challenges and wider social horizons at Princeton gave me a chance to test expectations about myself. I was energized academically and made remarkable and lasting friends.

I immersed myself in my classes and independent research. I was encouraged by my professors in the Politics Department (my major) and other classes to explore new perspectives about their subjects and motivated by their interest in my views. The opportunity to do in-depth research and write a senior thesis, while an intimidating process, was particularly gratifying. My dance, poetry and visual art classes expanded my academic and personal experiences.

Given my penchant for studying in secluded corners of the university, I spent long hours in the Philosophy section on an upper level of Firestone and in empty class rooms, as well as my carrel. One of my fondest memories is of the Politics graduate

student in the adjoining carrel, who was interested in my thesis topic. He posed unexpected questions about my research and gave me a book on the topic, which helped me refine the focus of my thesis.

The many hours I spent with friends in our dorm rooms junior year at Wilson College and senior year in Edwards Hall relaxing, listening to music, learning about opera, discussing politics and our individual goals, and at concerts and political events, were integral to my Princeton experience. They were thought provoking, intellectually exhilarating, and fun. I felt supported and stimulated.

Transferring as a junior and immediately having to declare a major and diving into the required independent research, while endeavoring to meet other students and professors, were nonetheless daunting. I focused on each of those goals. Over the years, I've asked myself why I did not also join *The Daily Princetonian* given my abiding interest in both politics and writing. It certainly in part was due to the social and academic pressures of entering Princeton as a junior, but during recent Women of '72 Zoom discussions, some commented that the women in our class were to a large extent dropped into the university and left to navigate campus life on our own. I've since thought about whether that also may have had something to do with my not joining the paper. Before transferring,

I had no knowledge about campus life other than from the university catalogue and did not know any Princeton students or alumni. My Princeton experience, as academically engaging and personally rewarding as it was, might have been further enhanced if the newly admitted women had a non-academic mentor or advisor or more formalized follow-up to help us better explore life at Princeton. Perhaps that might have led me to *The Daily Princetonian*.

I also particularly regret not getting to know more of the women in our class. We were scattered among different majors, dorms and dining options junior and senior years. Having more opportunities to share our individual and collective experiences might have brought others of us closer together and enabled us to support each other, especially classmates who may have faced more difficult

challenges. And we may have been better prepared for life after Princeton, including in confronting the biases, historic prejudices and obstacles that women have encountered (and continue to encounter) in pursuing personal and professional options.

A number of the women in our class have since connected or reconnected at reunions, at the *She Roars* conference, and through the Women of '72. I was struck at our 45th reunion by the overwhelming applause the '72 women received when we marched behind our banner and the cheers from the increasing number of women in each subsequent class. The reaction from the crowd that day along with our conversations during those gatherings and Women of '72 Zoom sessions sparked a deeper reflection about our time at Princeton during the early years of coeducation and since and on the impact we've made.

8/20/21

Elizabeth Koser Houghton – reflection on pioneering

Although the experience of the women of '72 has often been referred to as pioneering, I cannot say I personally felt like a pioneer during my time at Princeton. Having carefully searched my memory for pioneering contributions I might have made, I realized there were none. I cannot remember ever blazing trails, overcoming obstacles, or helping to create something new at Princeton for the benefit of future generations of women. My concerns at the time—academics, money worries, family issues, a difficult relationship—were personal and mundane rather than visionary.

Perhaps not feeling like a pioneer at Princeton was inevitable, given how much the University differed from my first alma mater. The latter was a brand-new school founded as the separate all-women's "coordinate" branch of an old, well-established men's college. As an experiment during a time of great social change and unrest, the college was committed to giving students an active part in shaping all aspects of the institution's culture. The idea of helping to build an institution and community from virtually nothing was so intriguing

I chose to enter its charter class despite offers of admission from several excellent colleges. The experience at my first alma mater—we joked it was a perpetual ad-hoc process—often proved to be exhausting and contentious, but always felt like true pioneering.

I transferred to Princeton, however, to pursue studies in a major my former school could not offer.

Princeton was quite a contrast. Nothing about the University seemed ad hoc, provisional, or experimental (except perhaps, for the fact it had admitted a few women). The University's well-established academic policies and structures, as well as its long-standing traditions, seemed, to me at least, more supportive of conformity than pioneering. The unspoken assumption appeared to be we women would do whatever was necessary to assimilate ourselves into the University's existing norms, just as generations of male students had done. In retrospect I doubt there were expectations at the time that women would change much about Princeton's basic character other than providing a

different gender of students.

In the course of sifting through memories I realized I spent my two years at Princeton internalizing that unspoken assumption and adapting as well as I could to the ethos of the place. Much as I would like to believe the contrary, I do not think I changed or shaped any aspect of the University's culture at the time. My energy went into my personal interests and concerns.

I recognize that admission to Princeton was a great privilege. It allowed me access to considerable educational and other resources. My degree, furthermore, provided opportunities that led to an interesting and satisfying life, with some modest pioneering thrown in for good measure. I am very grateful for that. On the whole, however, I spent my time at Princeton as a beneficiary of privilege, not as a catalyst for change.

6/5/21

Janet Howard – Three Vignettes

1. Christmas Makes You Feel Emotional

Cap and Gown was one of the first clubs to go co-ed. The quality of my life at Princeton improved dramatically when I joined it. The atmosphere was warm and welcoming, and one would have thought that the club had always had female members.

Then there was the Christmas party.

We were partying away in the haze of smoke and beer that accompanied parties back then, looking forward to the holidays, when what to my wondering eyes should appear but a nearly naked woman emblazoned with circles of green and yellow day-glow paint. At first I thought I was seeing things. (It was after all quite dark in the room and the booze was flowing.) But no, there she was gyrating away in all her glory. It was, I learned, the club's Christmas tradition and, whoops, someone had forgotten to change it.

The evening did not end well. In fact, something between a chill and a freeze descended on 61 Prospect Avenue.

When the semester resumed, the leadership convened a meeting to address the issue. There were, as could be expected, some earnest and heartfelt complaints, but the ice finally dissolved into laughter when one of the more worldly members took to the floor to express her disgust. She had, she announced disdainfully, visited many

strip clubs with her parents and had seen many strippers. BUT NEVER HAD SHE SEEN SUCH A TACKY ONE.

Life returned to normal and, as far as I know, Cap & Gown has never had another stripper. At least not a tacky one.

2. In Praise of Old Nassau

I had the pleasure of recounting this anecdote at a joint meeting of the Princeton and Harvard Clubs in New Orleans.

My first year at Princeton Maestro Walter Nollner seamlessly led the Glee Club through the transition from an all-male chorus to a mixed one. It must have been challenging to introduce a new repertoire while reworking old chestnuts to include sopranos and altos, but he did it without missing a beat.

Each year the Princeton Glee Club sang a football concert with either the Harvard or the Yale Glee Club. That year it was Harvard. We spent the first semester busily preparing for the trip to Cambridge. We practiced "Fair Harvard" and whatever lampoons Cole Porter had written on the subject until we had them down pat. Then came the word from Harvard: The Princeton women could not sing Harvard's school song.

It was not discrimination. The Yale women couldn't sing it either.

The Glee Club voted to cancel the concert, but Harvard remained adamant. Consequently, to this day I can regale you with a football medley for Yale, but not (un)Fair Harvard.

3. *Deep Throat*

Transferring into Princeton junior year from a less-demanding college, and thus missing the skill-building experiences of the first two years, created challenges. So it was with great trepidation that I undertook my first junior paper. That anxiety level increased exponentially after I was approached by one of the few women who had been at Princeton the year before. In a hushed voice she informed me that she had been assigned my junior paper advisor the year before and that he had told her that he would never give a woman a grade higher than a C.

She got a C. I got a C. The next semester, under the

tutelage of a different advisor, I got an A.

The experience didn't help my GPA, but it did give me an interesting insight into the unsettling impact of discrimination on the psyche. I was left to wrestle for the first (but not the last) time with the question of whether the unsatisfactory outcome was the result of my inadequacy or his prejudice. I'll never know.



Sandy Dodd, Janet and Lizz Plater-Zyberk

3/21/21

Dotty Jannarone Kemper – Room at the Inn

Like most of the women in our class, I arrived on campus as a junior in September of 1970. My dad helped me move my stuff into a room at Princeton Inn, the erstwhile hotel which of course had just been dormified. I could hardly believe my luck: a double with its own bathroom! Yes, this thought was uppermost.

I wandered downstairs after Dad left that first day and thought, "You're not in Kansas anymore" (or, more accurately, not at Wellesley). The Inn featured common rooms with primary-colored soft modular furniture and shaggy male underclassmen doing flying forward rolls over the sofa backs and into the cushions. This was not Wednesday tea with the house mother, skirts required; naturally the new girls had to give the tumbling a try and had just the bell-bottoms for the endeavor.

My roommate soon arrived, a pleasant girl named Nikki who had transferred from UNC as a sophomore. I never really got to know her, though, because she fled back to Chapel Hill on like Day

Three. Was it something I said? (Apparently the transfer had been more her parents' idea.) In any case, I was beyond jubilant because to me this meant that now I had a room AND a bathroom all to myself! But this was not what it meant to Halcy Bohen, who immediately dispatched a freshman to my door. Mimi had a roommate problem and needed a switch, and, honestly, I thank Halcy for sending her my way, as she and her sisters became my dear friends. Mimi and I both talked in our sleep. Ha! Conversed! We had such an interesting and hilarious year, the freshman and the junior, Innocents Abroad, overlooking the golf course and hearing the Dinky.

Jan, Lizz, Claire, Dibby, Sandy, Aida, Ellen, Melissa, Sarah: we had a great wing. Duncan and Peter kept us sane. Gene kept us thinking. Gordie was always available for tv quiz shows at lunch. Lamar, a senior, hosted game nights in his room next to the second-floor cookie-baking kitchen and seemed to be in charge of the whole place. He certainly was in charge of distributing the

mail into our mailboxes. I know this because he always knew our grades and I do remember his writing "There must be some mistake" on my report card envelope at least once! Translucent address window.

Having grown up with three older brothers (and a younger sister), having attended a coed public high school, and having spent most of my life as an Army-brat-faculty-child at all-male West Point, I must admit that I might have had an easier adjustment than many of us. It didn't seem all that strange to be among so many males; in fact, for me Wellesley was the aberration. I'd had to learn a whole other code there, whereas at Princeton things

just seemed more "normal" to me. And more fun. I never really considered myself a pioneer (though I did have a long skirt straight out of Little House on the Prairie). I considered myself fortunate.

After I joined Triangle that winter, I made many more friends from other classes, and so to my regret I never really knew that many of my own female classmates as well as I did some women from '73 and '74, some of my best friends to this day. I was delighted to meet more of my own femme squad in Cap senior year and remember them fondly. But, always, always, that first year at the Inn brings back many happy memories, ineffably sweet.

7/30/21

Chris Wavpotich Loomis

Arriving on campus in September 1970, I was one of the first women students at the University. I came as a junior in the Critical Language Program and was called a "Critter." We women were also known as coeds. I came to study Russian and loved it!

It was the time of the Soviet Union and we had professors from Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev. They included the poet, Nina Berberova, language teachers Mrs. Dolenko and Mrs. Tucker, Professor Burgi for Pushkin, and Professor James Billington, later Librarian of Congress. I was absorbed and stimulated in an unimaginable way. Professor Ellen Chances was my advisor on my Dostoyevsky Junior Paper and thesis.

Other memories during the intense writing of my JP and thesis include the study carrel in the bowels of Firestone Library and emerging near midnight to meet friends at the nearby Student Center.

Briefly, I rowed crew but practice for the women got us up at 5 am, which wasn't sustainable.

I joined Cap & Gown, with one of my childhood friends, Priscilla Wohlforth and quickly befriended Lizz Plater-Zyberk and Janet Reyerling. After dinner backgammon games became a tradition.

A special fond memory is when a Cap friend left recordings of Brahms Violin Concerto and Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto at my door after hearing at dinner how I dreaded retyping my 80-page thesis to hand-in as a final.

Football games followed by Cap parties were cherished and, on another note, sherry receptions at the art museum.

Junior year, I lived at Pyne Hall, entranced by the magnolia trees. My happiest memories are senior year at Little Hall, 15th entry. Mary Wadsworth and I shared a room followed by squash champion Wendy Zaharko.

Like many of my Princeton friends, I couldn't imagine how important the University would become throughout my life. Many longstanding friendships continue, and I've had two Class leadership roles. Becoming President of The Princeton Club of NY was unexpected, but sadly, COVID ended our club as it had existed for over 100 years. As a New Yorker, I visit campus three times a year to participate in Executive Committee meetings. It's amazing how new friendships are forged on campus and on Class trips. I am blessed and grateful.

8/27/23

Angenette Duffy Meaney – a Charter Club pioneer

[excerpts with permission from Rod McNealy '72 interview and article for 2018 Charter Club Annual Report: *First Female Members*]

1. *You began your college career at another college - university. What prompted you to consider applying to Princeton as part of its first “generation” of female undergraduates?*

I entered Smith College as a freshman (make that “first-year” in the new parlance) in September, 1968, following in my mother’s footsteps (Class of 1946).

Later that fall, I learned that both Yale and Princeton were considering coeducation. Being a Connecticut native, I had no interest in going to school in New Haven. However, I had never set eyes on Princeton so it had an appealing mystique. Also, as they were unsure about becoming coed, there was no application fee. Nothing to lose for applying. So I did and promptly forgot about it.

I was walking back to my Smith dorm after my last exam in May, 1969 and found a telegram awaiting me. I assumed someone had died. However, it was from John Osander, Princeton’s Director of Admissions, stating: “I AM HAPPY TO INFORM YOU THAT PRINCETON HAS TAKEN FAVORABLE ACTION ON YOUR APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION BY TRANSFER.” So off I went.

2. *During the first years of Princeton “co-education”, all female students lived in Pyne Hall, as the University clearly did not know how to handle housing female students across campus. Do you have any unique - special - colorful recollections of that housing experience, or of other campus experiences where Princeton had not quite caught up with a female presence on campus?*

Living in Pyne Hall that first year was not much of a change from my all-girls dorm at Smith. Male students tripped over each other trying to help us move in and there was lots of media fanfare. I

lucked out and snagged a single next to the janitor’s room, which came in handy for repairs, not to mention gossip.

I recall our first school-wide gathering in Alexander Hall and looking around at this sea of men. Quite a change from Smith as well as my all-female high school! Each Princeton woman was presented with a long-stemmed rose from a diehard alumnus who had finally come around on coeducation. Thought I’d joined a classy outfit!

I remember my first English class in McCosh. I was the only female. I sat in the same place on one side of the room and all the guys sat on the other side. Just like 8th grade dancing school. It took me a while, but I eventually realized that no one was discriminating against me; they just didn’t know what to do with me. I wasn’t their sister, their mother or their girlfriend so I didn’t fit into any traditional female category.

3. *What made you consider joining a “dining club” and Charter in particular? Clearly, some clubs were not open to female members and only became open after they were sued to do so. It appears the Charter Graduate Board was very open to female members, but what made you want to join?*

I worked at Commons and, like everyone, despised the food. A friend of my brother’s, John Gwynne, occasionally invited me to Charter Club for a meal and I learned about those nefarious eating clubs. Heavenly! When he told me that Charter would be opening to female members, I was thrilled. And I could also work in the club kitchen/dining room.

4. *Do you have any special memories of your Charter Club experience? You were clearly “trail-blazers”, was it a smooth transition, or were there “hiccups” in the process*

Charter Club was a wonderful haven for me. For the first time in my life, I had boys who were friends. I recall washing dishes with John Sethian ’72. Everything I know about physics (not much), I

learned from John. Hopefully, some of my English literature knowledge rubbed off on him.

5. *As you look back at your Charter Club experience - if you ever do - was it worthwhile, would you do it again? Do you stay in contact with any members from that time period?*

Since their inception, the powers that be seem bent on “repurposing” Princeton’s eating clubs. However, for me, Charter Club was one of the best experiences I had at Princeton. It provided a comfortable oasis in a strange place and made me feel accepted and at home in the brave new world of coed Princeton.

Ann Sease Monoyios

I transferred from Smith College, not because it wasn’t a good school, although I found the all-female environment very odd. I transferred to be close to a boyfriend enrolled at Princeton, so the move to co-education was serendipitous. I was also longing for the excellent academic focus of the music department, thinking at the time that I would pursue a PhD in musicology. From the beginning, the music department was fantastic: unlike some other faculties, the professors seemed to welcome co-education, taking its two new undergraduate women as seriously as any male classmates. I never experienced discrimination or down-grading because I was a woman, and I was actually encouraged at every turn. I happily divided my time between the Woolworth Center and the C Floor in the basement of Firestone Library, where the music collections were housed, along with

occasional visits to the Art Department and Museum.

The most disconcerting thing I experienced as a woman on campus was during the daily walk from Pyne or Little to Woolworth when I was regularly subjected to cat calls from drunken male undergrads hanging out of windows. Since graduating, I have found that our class was very slow to adapt to the reality of women members, particularly in Reunion clothing! As I pondered whether or not to attend a reunion and purchase the garb, I couldn’t figure out how to order for either myself or my husband: all clothing for class members was for men and all “partner” clothing was for women. And, unbelievably, it took many, many years for this to change!

4/12/21

Vera Basch Moreen

I transferred to Princeton from Smith College because of my growing interest in Arabic and Near Eastern Studies. Initially planning to be a music (piano) major at Smith, the interest in Arabic, present since high-school years, kept growing. Smith College abolished its course in Arabic the year I arrived! Fortunately, the professor who had taught it, Robert Haddad, an exceptional history professor, agreed to tutor me. I probably would have ended up a history major with him had Princeton not opened its doors to women. As soon as it did, Prof. Haddad

encouraged me strongly to apply. I was thrilled to be accepted!

My three years in Princeton were wholly taken up with courses in the department of Near Eastern Studies. I had not anticipated that once enrolled I would “fall in love” with Persian, which became my primary concentration not only because of the beauty of the language and of Persian poetry but also because of the powerful mentorship of Prof. Martin B. Dickson of blessed memory. However, in order to master Persian one is expected to know

Arabic as well so I ended up carrying three languages (Hebrew as well) for three years, with as many courses in their respective histories and literatures (the latter usually part of the language courses) as I could possibly take. Looking back at those years I recall that they were academically intense and highly rewarding. I continued playing the piano, but not as much. My interest in music devolved in the not-so-unconscious desire to associate with (male) musicians...and after a few years I was fortunate to marry an exceptional one,

Robert Moreen ('68, GS'75) with whom I am blessed to be sharing a marriage of 47 years. We have two married sons ('01, '05) and five grandchildren. I continued graduate school in the same field and have been able to combine the three languages through my research in Judeo-Persian studies and college teaching primarily in the field of Islam. Princeton has been crucial to my personal and academic life!

6/10/21

Helena Novakova

During our 45th reunion P-Rade I was touched by the exclamations of thanks by the current generation of women who jumped in to shake our hands expressing their gratitude to us for “paving the way” for them. I was moved but felt undeserving such respect.

During my time at Princeton as a student I was unaware at first of the significant move of the university to admit women. I came from a coeducational society. For that reason, after three years at Charles University in Prague, co-education at Princeton was not on my radar as something special to take note of; studying was. I was enchanted by the beauty of the campus just like I had loved the history and charm of Charles University. I valued much about the education I received previously and soon recognized the additional element of learning I was fortunate to receive at Princeton and that element was free thinking. In my former three years I was bound to take only classes that were included in my selected major and minor but at Princeton I could expand my horizons taking classes beyond that once I satisfied the requirements of the major. I appreciated that.

I agree that there was little or no guidance specifically geared to us, women. I did not think to seek it because I had been on my own fending for myself most of my life. My parents directed us and had expectations; I fulfilled them. I had dealt with uncertainty crossing the Atlantic, now I felt it was time to throw myself into studies and campus life.

As an athlete and a person who needs physical exertion to function at my peak intellectually, I was blessed to be given the opportunity to stand at the cradle of Princeton women's athletics. I understand why I am called a pioneer but in truth, I followed my instincts, spread my wings and joined other amazing women athletes.

If there was anything that confused me during my undergraduate years it was the social unrest, counter-culture, Vietnam War, Kent State and other campus riots and protests, Women's Lib movement. In my head I had an idealized picture of America where everything was jolly, harmonious and abundant. Instead, I found much discontent on many levels, yet the families I had the privilege to spend time with portrayed the idealized world I had imagined.

I arrived at an amazing period in US history, starting my first few weeks on this continent on the outskirts of Woodstock during the (in)famous music festival. I viewed events totally differently from everybody else due to where I had just come from and it took me decades of living all over the world to put things in perspective and generate some rational understanding of it all. I was very shy when I arrived, self-conscious because of my accent and I kept pretty much to myself, however with my eyes opened wide and finding amazing kindness from classmates, teammates, Cap & Gowners, professors and all who pulled me in and involved me. :-) I am forever grateful!

6/21/21

My freshman year roommate at Manhattanville College went to Yale for Coed Week - a silly idea, I thought. Within a year I was reconsidering: this could be the ticket to study architecture. So I sent a letter to the several Ivy League schools with architecture programs requesting a single year admission, like the long-standing critical languages program, then to return to Manhattanville for senior year. Princeton said no, but encouraged application for transfer.

The thin letter of acceptance had a mixed reception at home – my father happy to have me interested in his profession, my mother suspecting that this transfer to a coed university would be my demise. We visited the campus in the late spring. It was beautiful, and an architecture professor charmed my mother. By mid-summer, a fat envelope arrived, including the all-important list of a dozen ladies' rooms with their locations!

When classes started, I would not need the list, as my world focused on two locations – the Princeton Inn, the first coed dorm, and the School of Architecture, where I was the first woman undergraduate. Maria Romanach, the sole female graduate student, shared several classes with me. The strike of 1970 had interrupted the spring semester, so the fall courses mixed levels of students, enabling friends to be formed across the classes, many with whom I am still in touch. Three of us were among the initiators of the Congress for the New Urbanism (30 years ago): Stef Polyzoides '69, now architecture dean at Notre Dame, Doug Kelbaugh '69, who was dean at Michigan, and Andres Duany '71, who I never dreamt might become my partner in practice and in life - 45 years this year! He drove me back to the Inn one (only) night in his TR-4. Others who became life-long friends include Chip Kaufman '71 (now in Melbourne).

Working in the design studio until late at night was convivial, as was sharing meals and late hours at the Inn. I did not experience the isolation that early women at Princeton have described. At the Inn, I enjoyed the company of Janet Reyerling (Sacred Heart girls the two of us), Sandy Dodd, Duncan

Spellman and Peter Laundry (who still sends me holiday cards). Lamar Oxford, a laid-back Floridian sociology major, hosted gatherings in a room festooned with Indian bedspreads and dim red lights. All the men had awesome sound systems. They would delight in showing them off, inviting one to listen to Santana through their earphones! Campus music, including band concerts in inflatable structures on Poe Field, contributed to the good times.

Senior year found Janet and me in a first-floor tower room of Witherspoon Hall (unrenovated and uninhabited on its upper floors) overlooking McCosh walk. We could call out to friends as they passed by. We enjoyed dinners at Cap and Gown, on a reduced meal contract arranged for the early women members.

At the School of Architecture, the courses and the faculty continued to enthrall; learning to use the photography darkroom was an opportunity I had not foreseen. My work-study assignment was the desk at the architecture library, a small collection that pre-dated the explosion of publications that would soon follow. We now remark how the 'canon' was so obvious and simple then. As a teacher today I struggle with how to cut down to size the literature for beginners in the profession.

One memorable event involved a graduate student initiative to publish a journal of the work of students and faculty. I was preparing my submission, when I was approached by the several editors who asked me, in all seriousness, if I would consider being the centerfold of the publication! I declined as politely as I could, and the publication appeared without that embellishment. As surprising and again eliciting minimal reaction from me, was a professor's remark that a grade of B was "quite good for a girl". To not be treated like one of the men was always a surprise.

It was a marvelous two years. Courses and faculty are etched in my memory. Carol Bankerd introduced me to color theory. Kenneth Frampton introduced me to 20th century urban planning in Europe. Mrs. Burleigh-Motley opened the door to

modern art through its history. Hanno Weber took his students to meet the New Jersey farmworkers for whom we were to design a community center (never mind that I was assigned the kitchen to design). Dean Robert Geddes arranged for an internship in the new town Reston, VA. I now know that these experiences were setting me up for a life in architecture and urban design.

Even my assignment to represent the student voice on a campus committee reviewing the I.M. Pei design for Spelman Halls presaged my later years as a Trustee, advising on the campus building boom of the 90s.



Janet, Sandy and Lizz at the finish line

It was an absolutely thrilling moment - two years at Princeton - and I feel the same thrill whenever I meet old and new Princeton friends, whether at the many Reunions attended, at the visits back to campus for Board meetings, or during this lead up to our fiftieth with its opportunity to reconnect with so many who shared these experiences.

6/13/21

Carol Rahn

I was fixated on getting a good education and I got one at Princeton. My two years there was one of the best things that ever happened to me, but it could be intimidating. The first in my family to go to college, and coming from a middling high school, I was surrounded by people with a much better grounding than I had. The only class in which I spoke up was a four person, two or three hour seminar where I discovered that participation was the best antidote to lagging attention. Loans and grants were not enough to cover the cost of Princeton. I had to work full time during the summer and part time during the school year; I regret that this made extra-curricular activities impossible for me.

Some random memories specifically of being a woman at Princeton:

-Walking into the first session of a course, late, and rain-drenched and the professor greeting me, "Ms. Rahn, I presume?" He apologized after class for calling attention to me and said the faculty had been counselled not to do things like that.

-Chancing upon some graffiti, "Women at Princeton are really guys who worked their balls off in high school."

-Standing in the queue for a bus at Port Authority New York and trying to identify a strange sound. Ah, that's the sound of a group of young women talking to each other, a sound that was no longer familiar to me.

-Our bathroom at Pyne Hall overflowing with "imports" on the weekend.

-I'd been working in the Wilson College library and had the chance for extra hours at Firestone helping to re-shelve the tsunami of books returned at the end of the school year. The hiring manager took me straight to HR, expressing his doubts that I would be able to do such heavy work. The HR manager (a woman) asked him, "Do you need shelveers?" "Yes," he answered. "Then hire her." So I became the first female shelveer at Firestone Library. I learned that I was the first from (female) staff members in the elevator when I

wheeled in my cartful of books. They were very welcoming to me.

I was proud to be at Princeton and I probably liked the “pioneer” idea although it is difficult to be sure from this distance. My parents had opposed my going there; the University did a good job of making them proud, too.

At Boston University (from which I transferred), my friends were women; at Princeton, they were all men. I learned a lot about men, about their insecurities as well as their strengths. But none of my friends there were women. An opportunity missed. It’s only thanks to the Alumni Association that I now have a circle of Princeton women friends.

8/1/21

Patricia Bowe Romines -- Arrival

In the Fall of 1970, my father was working for the State Department in Vietnam so it fell to my mother to get me to Princeton where I was to join the class of ’72 as a junior. My British-born mother was more than up to the task – she had served in the Royal Air Force during the war and was a successfully Americanized career woman. But, as we drew nearer Princeton, I found myself missing my father’s boundless bravado and his belief that his eldest daughter could accomplish anything she set out to do.

As the daughter of a foreign service officer whose family had relocated every two to four years, I’d hoped that leaving the security of Wellesley for Princeton would hold no new terrors for me. But if frequent uprooting as a child had given me coping skills, it had not overcome the native shyness that -- even today -- makes it hard for me to walk into a roomful of strangers.

My room was on the fifth floor of Edwards Hall. Isolated at the top of one of the twin staircase towers, it was the “singlest” of single rooms. As my mother and I hauled my trunk up the stairs, I am not sure whether she was more horrified by the collegiate decrepitude of Edwards Hall or by the boys who rushed past without offering help. The

sight of the communal bathrooms prompted even more dismay. Our family was no stranger to privation, having called many poor countries home. But my mother had worked so hard to amass the fortune it cost to send me to Princeton, I believe she was shocked to find what her money had not bought me in the way of creature comforts.

I, on the other hand, had barely noticed the sticky banisters and creaky floors of Edwards. What I had noticed was that I had not seen a single other woman. I could tell my mother was reluctant to leave me. She knew, without asking, that I was remembering my first day at Wellesley. There, I had been greeted by a roommate I had already met, a room whose décor we had planned together, the excited chatter of many women reunited with old friends, and the inviting sound of a dinner bell being rung in the basement.

In contrast, my memory of my first day at Princeton is this: it was lonely. I sat on my unmade bed wondering where I needed to go to find my meals. Experience told me that things would get better -- and they did -- but on that day my gut was telling me that I had made a terrible mistake.

4/12/21

Susan Squier

I do indeed have stories from Princeton, in fact I sent some to Don Gilpin for a book he was putting together of Stevenson College (was that what it was called?) members. Picketing the Institute for Defense Analysis, Cleve's steamship roast of beef, reading the wedding announcements in the NY Times after Sunday brunch.

But there are definitely other memories, too: of having D.W. Robertson make fun of women in his lecture on the Wife of Bath's Tale, of playing frisbee on the lawn in front of Blair Arch, of sitting next to Peter Sacks in Ludwig's Modern British Lit class and getting called out for smiling because we were having such a good time listening to it. And of course, of meeting Gowen Roper (then Jim Roper), who is my husband of almost 50 years.

And just before graduation I remember getting a phone call from someone in the Writing Program--can't remember who it was now--telling me that I had independently (by separate committees) been chosen to receive all three senior poetry prizes. This person then suggested that I decline to accept two of them so that someone else (a man

perhaps?) could get a prize. I was blown away by the suggestion and somehow managed to decline that suggestion, saying that since I'd won the prizes I should receive them. How very, very Princeton in those days that interaction was.

I don't remember having any female professors at all except Ann Douglass, who was a preceptor to Robertson's Chaucer course so very much (in my experience) dominated by his perspective. But I had great male professors: Ted Weiss, Brian Swann (who left to go to Reed College), Dick Ludwig, and one other English prof who was brilliant but whose name I can't remember. Maybe you remember? I think we must have been in many of the same classes. I remember having Duke Ellington play at Gowen's senior prom, and having Bob Dylan get an honorary degree. And I remember Bob Ramsay giving a party on Shakespeare's birthday at the Ivy Club. Finally, I remember working really really hard on my junior and senior theses. What a long time ago that was. I'd be really curious to hear what you remember!

[Letter to Judith White] 6/26/21

Suzanne Stohlman

Those first days at Princeton in the fall of 1969 were both exciting and intimidating. Where did I/we fit in; what was it going to be like, especially with only a dozen or so of us women in the sophomore class? Knowing some alums and even some undergraduates were very much against our being there, we also knew that there were those who were glad to see us. A former resident of my room in 423 Pyne even wrote a welcoming note, my only regret being that I never sent him a thank you for his warm wishes. Walking on campus I had the feeling that I could tell the freshman -- they gave a cheery hello -- from the upperclassmen who would look at the ground as we passed each other, as though they didn't quite know what to do.

During Orientation Week, Halcy Bohen, Assistant Dean for Students, had a gathering for all of us. Those of us who had transferred, came from colleges where there had been various regulations, dress codes, curfews, hours designated when men could be in our rooms etc. One item at that first gathering was whether we should have any rules concerning our lives on campus. She put the question out there and after a thirty second pause of dead silence said, "Well I guess that takes care of that."

When it came to academics, I was reminded not so long ago that some of the professors felt they were going to have to lower their standards for us women. That certainly put the pressure on, not only to do well for myself, but paving the way for all

future women. That year I had classes in a full range of subjects in the true spirit of a liberal arts education. They ranged from Middle Eastern studies, to Economics, from Art History courses which became my major, to Sociology. Second semester I took a course in Sociology called “Deviant Behavior,” and for our project we were to develop a questionnaire which we would then follow up with and write the results. I decided to work on a question which of course was on everyone’s mind – how had coming to Princeton, a predominantly male community altered female students’ attitudes and behavior toward sex? My preceptor spoke with me and said her cohorts had conferred, and although of course everyone was wanting to know the conclusion of my report, they felt it was too small a sampling and might compromise the female students’ anonymity around this subject.

As many others have mentioned I was usually the only female in precepts and even in a large lecture there might have been only two or three of us. Second semester the preceptor was taking attendance calling each person’s name as Mr_____. The suspense built until it finally came to me. After class, even though I didn’t know any of the other students, several of them called me by my first name, I guess not unsurprisingly. And I certainly had the same experience as others, sitting in the back of a precept to have the whole class turn around when I answered a question.

In extracurricular activities our athletic choices were limited to volleyball and modern dance, the latter ending up with more than half the class being men, much to the astonishment of the administration. When it came to dating, more often than not it was just spending time with classmates. I do remember one time going on an “official” date to the movies, accompanied by all of his roommates. On another occasion a younger brother was along with a whole group of us. He kept asking me questions, not sure how I fit into the picture. Finally, his young face lit up and he said, “Oh, you’re one of the guys.”

The pressures of that first year encouraged me to take some time away, so I enrolled in a Junior Year in France program. It was a wonderful experience and I am grateful that I was required to write my junior papers, having the opportunity to examine in person the art objects I was writing about. I also met Michael that year, my partner for the next 50 years until his death in 2020. On returning to Princeton for my senior year, as I had primarily spent time with juniors and seniors before going abroad, I knew almost no one. Three or four male classmates I reconnected with. The only female student I knew was Barbara Geller. I’m only sorry I didn’t get to know any of the rest of you.

3/21/23

Priscilla Stumm

I found this photo of me and my two roommates and since it shows our banner, I’m thinking it might be appropriate. I am on the left and Amanda Eggert Stuckenberg ’72 is on the right. In the middle is Marta Richards ’73.

We lived together for my two years on campus—first in Pyne and then on the third floor, second entry of Henry (I wouldn’t be excited about climbing those stairs three or four times a day now). This photo was taken in our Henry suite. I remember feeling very lucky. They were terrific



girls and we did our best to support each other as we wrestled with our nerves, especially during the

first year. Marta was instrumental in getting women on the cheerleading squad, and I remember brainstorming about what the women should wear. The only other woman I knew when I arrived was Chris Loomis. We actually went to first grade together and even one familiar face made a big difference.

I don't have what would be called complete stories to relate, but rather quick snapshots of a special time that make me smile and marvel at how long ago they happened. It just doesn't seem like 50 years. I remember.....being very anxious about the Junior Paper right away....joining Stevenson at first and then deciding to go ahead and bicker, a good decision that landed me at Cap where after-dinner coffee and backgammon were fun habits.....walking back to Pyne from the library on a very cold January night that first winter and being called into

1901 by friends watching the premiere of "All in the Family" to hear what we couldn't believe was being said on TV.....being invited to dinner at one of the eating clubs (still all male then, of course) by a fellow who said he'd come by our room to pick me up—he never showed! Stood up!....We were not amused. I guess my best memory is of celebrating our graduation and my dad's 25th reunion at the same time.

These are the snippets that come to mind for me. Honestly I don't remember being made to feel awkward in lectures or precepts. Professors and male students just weren't sure what to make of such a big change, but I never felt they were dismissive or unkind. Anyway, I'm glad that after 50 years only good memories survive!

4/12/21

Claudia Tesoro – Being a member of the Class of 1972

As a senior in a small, suburban New York public high school, I was rejected by my first and second-choice colleges. I bitterly remember an admissions person at the Seven Sisters school I aspired to, telling me at my interview not to get my hopes up; it might be different if I were applying from Alabama, but good students from New York were a dime a dozen. Needless to say, I didn't get into that school, and my second choice didn't pan out either. So, having had to settle for my third-choice college, I may have had transferring on my mind from the outset (although to this day I remain close friends with my freshman roommate and two down-the-hall neighbors in our dorm). I definitely took notice when Yale announced it would begin admitting women in 1969 because my refugee mother (yes, mother) had earned a Ph.D. there in 1943 and it would have been neat to follow in her footsteps, but for reasons I no longer recall, applying to transfer to Yale as a junior wasn't an option. Happily, transferring to Princeton was a possibility. I am *very* glad I applied and got in. Yet my two years at Princeton are a bit of a blur.

Being assigned to a dorm in Wilson College (I probably shouldn't, but I can't call it anything else) was a gift. An introvert then and now, I found myself in a suite with several other women who had all just transferred to Princeton. Perfect. The other three suites in our entry were occupied by guys who – fortunately, as far as I was concerned – weren't stereotypical “Princeton Charlies” at all. Edwards, senior year, seemed similarly friendly and relaxed.

I retain muscle memories of myself puttering about in my dorm rooms and walking around the campus, but conjuring up meaningful academic memories is nearly impossible. I know I took the requisite number of courses (I have no idea what most of them were) and somehow I completed a Junior Paper and a Senior Thesis, but it was all very solitary. I know I spent a lot of time in my carrel in Firestone and studying, alone, in other libraries. Now, 50 years later, I have the sense that my peers routinely engaged in electrifying debates, were constantly challenged intellectually, and – aided by brilliant thesis advisors and other faculty members – became genuine scholars themselves. I certainly can't say the same for myself, which makes me feel

very inadequate. I don't think I took full advantage of all available academic opportunities at Princeton, and I regret that. On the other hand, perhaps because of the political climate back then, I know I didn't want to be holed up in an Ivory Tower, during college or afterwards. I did choose to get involved in some more outward-facing activities at Princeton: working with the Student Volunteers Council both years; doing a bit of election canvassing in Trenton; and getting certified, through the Teacher Preparation Program, to teach Social Studies (which was very satisfying, though I didn't manage to parlay that credential into a job after graduation).

The one truly stand-out academic experience I had at Princeton was Humanities 406, Expository Writing. What prompted me to seek a seat in that small seminar? I have no clue, but I got in and it turned out to be an exceptional experience. Each of us chose a topic for the semester. We had to write weekly papers on our respective topics, from different perspectives, and critique each other's work. I learned a lot about my own family's history and about other people's topics. What's more, I learned a lot about how to use the written word to communicate clearly, whatever the context – which has stood me in good stead ever since. Years ago I tossed the mountain of Princeton spiral notebooks I'd stored in my parents' basement after graduation (if I still had them, I'd know more about what courses I took way back when) but I kept, and still have, the entire, lovingly-preserved bundle of notes,

drafts, class lists, and other materials from that writing course (where I earned my only Princeton A+).

What about being a *woman* at Princeton back then? It was a bit odd, given the male-to-female ratio, but I have no recollection of being harassed or feeling unwelcome. The only specific incident I remember – which may or may not have stemmed from a dorm-mate's subliminal sexism – occurred during senior year, when I got a high score on the math portion of the GRE. That guy – a friend – exclaimed, “YOU got that?!?” It's impossible to know, and I don't want to malign the guy, but it felt like he didn't believe a girl like me, with no interest in science, could pull off such a feat.

In May of 1971, someone I knew who was then about to graduate himself got a job during reunions, manning a registration table, or some such, for the Class of 1921. I tagged along and helped out a bit. It felt like I was doing anthropological fieldwork. I couldn't believe the cadre of gray-haired old men, in orange and black jackets, who'd come back to Princeton to reminisce with each other after 50 years. An alien species. I'd never seen anything like it, anywhere, in any context. They seemed absolutely ancient, yet energetic, happy, and visibly loyal to Princeton and each other. I never dreamed I might one day find myself in a similar position, but here we all are.

8/5/21

Mary Watkins



Barbara Julius at center and Mary at right.

The most generative and life-changing experience I had at Princeton was the opportunity and expectation to engage in a year of research and writing, culminating in the senior thesis. It was in the library late at night when I discovered unusual books related to my topic (visions and waking dreams) that I enjoyed a sense of vibrant curiosity and intellectual excitement. Having the open time to pursue my own pressing interests, untethered to professors' choices for me, I discovered that the pursuits of reading and writing, learning and sharing through writing, were where I could make my life home. Six books later and 44 years of teaching, I credit this opportunity to learn from others and to

unfurl my own thoughts as an essential seedbed for two of my life's vocations: writing and teaching.

(Editors' note: Mary's senior thesis became a book published by Harper and Row, *Waking Dreams*. It was followed by *Invisible Guests: The Development of Imaginal Dialogues*. After that, Mary made "a decided turn into liberation psychology.")

Life was difficult for me at Princeton and it was difficult for many of those around me, male and female. I was not part of the weekend gaiety many seemed to enjoy. I kept a low profile as one of fifty women on a male campus. My mother had cancer during this period and I was afflicted with the onset of a depression. Those I was close to confided in me their own struggles—loneliness, the suicide of a parent, a life-threatening illness imperceptible to others, shame around their transvestitism, deep insecurities, suicidal thoughts, longings for love. I wish there was more recognition of and validation for the depth of the interiority of young people and the intensity of their struggles to create their lives in the midst of both opportunities and difficulties.

4/12/21

Judith White -- Princeton Reflections [for 50 Years of Coeducation University Initiative]

As a transfer student in 1970, being a "first" often meant being the only woman in a group. The English Department, with fifteen women of 115 junior majors, gamely tried to have at least two women in each precept of its large classes. Still I was the only woman in the 30-person Literary Theory class where, when minutes late, I was gently but invariably greeted with "Good morning, Miss White." My exchanges were less formal with Princeton's first and only woman English professor, Ann Douglas Wood.

trip outside to enter the basement. I helped liberate the department chair's centrally located restroom for "co-ed" use. At the pool, I had to remember "women's hours." Other hours were for men, who swam naked.

I was well aware that my '72 classmates were the last men who had come to Princeton expecting it to be all male. Most were welcoming, but visiting alumni freely shared their objections to the travesty of our admission.

Princeton facilities in 1970 were not intended for us. The one women's room in McCosh required a

8/26/19

Additional Photos – from Meggan Moorhead and Dorothy Grouse Fontana

Meggan kindly submitted a collection of nostalgic photos from her personal archives. As with many of our treasured photos from “back then,” reproduction quality didn’t allow consideration for the printed yearbook, but we are delighted to share them here.



Meggan and Eve (Pam) Rassiga L&R



Anna (Tisha) Baird



In addition, Dorothy’s graduation day photo with her mother will surely fire up fond memories of proud parents for many of us. (lower right below)



Mary Watkins (standing)

Dorothy Grouse Fontana celebrating graduation with her mother, Helene Dorothea Grouse.

