

Topic/Turn	1983	1988
Arrival – General Culture	<p>Hello, my name is Lisa Fagan Walts and I am the president of the class of 1983. In the fall of 1979, 505 of us entered Mount Holyoke at a time of change – it was the end of the 70s, of the “rock and roll” generation, although we didn’t know that yet (and in fact many of us are still in denial!) Some of us dressed Bohemian, some of us in alternative punk - and some of us memorized the Preppy Handbook! And of course, there were those sexy Lanz nightgowns (pull out nightgown here!). As 18 year olds, we were excited about college, but less than thrilled that the drinking age had JUST been raised to 20. On the flip side, good or bad, we COULD still smoke in our rooms!</p>	<p>Hello, my name is Danetta Beaushaw and I am the president of the class of 1988. Bridging several generations, we entered Mount Holyoke as children of the late 1960’s and as the TV generation of the 1970’s. We came of age in the time of yuppies, and unknowingly became the vanguard of Generation X. We had Dorothy Hamill haircuts in elementary school, but by college our big hair edged more towards “Flock of Seagulls”. (Oh, you know who you are!) We were hazed, not disoriented, by seniors like Suzan-Lori Parks and her infamous mohawk. We still enjoyed waitressed meals in our dorms, the occasional gracious dinner, smokers in dorms and the library, and alcohol deliveries from the local “packy”.</p>
Common Sayings	<p>We said things like: May the Force Be With You, Gnarly, and Out To Lunch.</p> <p>(said after 1988) Well – Like, Just Gag Me With a Spoon (with hair flip).</p>	<p>Well, that’s just random. In the 1980’s we were all such wusses, spazzes and ditzes. But I’m wicked psyched to tell you that’s just typical late 1980’s slang. In truth, we preferred to accept the “challenge to excel” at, as Liz Kennan would say, Mount Holyoke (note: read in Liz Kennan’s accent). Now, isn’t that special?</p>
Activities and Technology	<p>We hung out at Willits eating ice cream, the CI for beer and popcorn, and looked forward to care packages from Chanticleers. We danced to “It’s Raining Men” by the Pointer Sisters, learned the Pretzel, and yes, did Jane Fonda Workouts. We had hall phones only, and long distance calls were so expensive most lasted less than 5 minutes. We were gadget confused – we had turntables, 8 track players AND cassette players, but alas no walkmans. We used manual typewriters and at some point each of us has resisted the urge to throw the thing out the window!</p>	<p>Fire alarms disrupted our self-scheduled exams sophomore year. With heavy hearts, we watched the Odyssey and the C.I. burn. By senior year, we saw the Village Commons begin to rise from the ashes.</p> <p>We danced and drank beer at the Rat, enjoyed Willits popcorn, and listened to punk, The Talking Heads, jam bands and 1980s dance music on our Walkmans and WMHC. We wrote papers on typewriters freshman year, and borrowed or college computers senior year. We lost many papers as a result!</p>

TV, pop culture	We spent hours watching the dorm TV – the end of MASH, Dynasty, and Thornbirds. We were mesmerized by Michael Jackson and Thriller. We spent a great deal of time discussing Who Shot JR, Luke and Laura’s wedding, whether catsup really IS a vegetable as Reagan claimed, and if giving out your name and number to guys you didn’t want to see again as “Jenny, 8675309” was rude (we decided it was NOT!).	Not only were we still using that Jenny trick on guys 5 years later, some of still consider using it to this day! We shared one dorm TV and thrilled when Bill Cosby wore a Mount Holyoke sweatshirt on the Cosby Show.
Campus Events	Pangy started our Freshman year. We were part of the first varsity Soccer team, and watched our Riding, Crew, Golf, and Softball teams rack up victories.	We set a Guinness world record for the world’s largest Trivial Pursuit game, started the English Handbell Choir and celebrated Holly Metcalf’s gold medal and our equestrian team’s national championship. But perhaps our favorite sport was watching Moondoggie fall in love with our college president instead of Gidget!
Political Arena and Formative Experiences	We started the Peace through Disarmament project, and were passionate about Amnesty International, Divestment for Apartheid in South Africa and other causes. We lived “Argo” – the end of the Iranian hostage crises. We watched Reagan being shot – and were all CLEARLY relieved that Haig was in charge! We celebrated the fact that Shirley Chisolm was a visiting professor, Maya Angelou was at our commencement, and Mr. McFeeley won the Pulitzer Prize for his book on Grant.	We continued the work of those who had gone before us, and convinced the Trustees to finally divest from South Africa. We survived the end of the Cold War, the explosion of the space shuttle and Black Monday when the stock market plummeted, challenging the resilience of some of our dreams. Since Vietnam and Watergate resonated in our youngest memories, we watched the Iran Contra hearings with suspicious eyes, and jockeyed to get into Tony Lake’s class on the Vietnam War. We cheered Joseph Brodsky’s Nobel prize and celebrated MHC’s Sesquicentennial.
Closing (separate portions)	But really, what we, as a class and as individuals, remember most is the combination of how serious and silly we could be, of the groans over all nighters and the laughter of friends.	Through it all, our minds were opened to a much bigger and more complex world, and through that experience, we grew into “uncommon women”...
Closing (together)	... each in our own way, by being encouraged and trusted to think freely and boldly.	

