

BY ROUL TUNLEY

most Roman Catholicly one-sex schools. The percentage is down to 10 percent. By this fall, the Ivy League will open when Princeton and Harvard will enroll their first men.

These changeovers are educational, others are not. Thomas More are on a coordinate route of Harvard-Radcliffe and Barnard. Girls live in coed colleges have different conditions and generally although even these are beginning to disappear. Libraries, labs and other activities, plus a few mainly shared. Still like Smith and Wilgong their courtship in many: they are merely students for a while to see what happens. Coed schools are feeling to coeducate. Concord and Rosemary Hall, recently announced a plan which the girls will be going on the Choate and many of the same faculty wag put it: "I don't live with one man."

Coedly built a coordinate (Northfield) nearby;

Chaffee is moving closer to Loomis; and Taft is eyeing both Westover and St. Margaret's with marriage on its mind. St. Paul's School (Concord, New Hampshire) and Concord Academy (Concord, Massachusetts) are going to exchange thirty pupils for a term. Massachusetts' Milton Academy, a pioneer of the coordinate school (boys and girls are divided only by a road) has been thinking up ways—like a library and a snack bar—to make the road less of a boundary.

In this process of breaking down ancient educational mores, it is perhaps inevitable that girls have come to think of themselves as pioneers, even though they travel in station wagons rather than Conestoga wagons. Long a minority and frequently underdogs in the higher education system, many today are scenting the heady aroma of conquest.

Take Sandra Fay, for example. A seventeen-year-old when she was admitted to PMC Colleges in Chester, Pennsylvania, two years ago, she was the first girl to enter since the institution was founded in 1821. Moreover, she didn't slip in the back door by an ambivalent English or art course. She flung down a challenge by entering what was considered a strictly masculine field—engineering!

Petite, feminine Sandra doesn't look like a pioneer at all. But when she graduated from high school in Columbia Crossroads, Pennsylvania, she was determined to get the

best engineering education possible. Hearing that PMC Colleges were accepting girls for the first time, she applied. Today, finishing her second year, she is immersed in calculus, physics, analytic geometry, chemistry, engineering and lab work. And she's doing better than average work.

"I admit I was scared at first," she says. "I panicked the first day when I was the only girl in a class of thirty boys. I was afraid to open my mouth. But after a while, I got used to them and they got used to me. Now we both take each other for granted. I'm just another student."

A frontier atmosphere prevailed last fall in Clinton, New York, when 175 girls settled into the hitherto all-male campus of Hamilton College, which hadn't had a female student since its inception in 1812. Hamilton had decided to go coordinate rather than coeducational. Unwilling to lose its smallness, the institution opted for building another college, Kirkland, right next door. That meant maintaining two faculties, two administrations, two presidents and two boards of trustees, but the student bodies would share the library, science labs and various courses that would not be duplicated.

The important thing about Kirkland, however, was that the girls were *there*. And nobody was in doubt about that from the moment they arrived. One redhead, stepping out of her station wagon and seeing the assembled

males, threw subtlety to the winds.

"Eight hundred of them and only 175 of us!" she observed. "Wow!"

There were more than a few comic interludes that week. Most of them resulted from the inexperience of both boys and girls in accommodating themselves to what had always been an all-male turf. One young man, en route to pay a call on a girl in a dorm, accidentally stumbled upon her startled roommate without any clothes. He quickly retreated, but before closing the door, he couldn't resist firing off a verbal salvo that soon reverberated around the campus.

"Close your eyes!" he said. "I'm coming through!"

Clothes, of course, are an important factor in the coed invasion. A few girls said they didn't like males dropping into dormitories where they once could let their hair down and wear sloppy clothes if they wanted to. But most liked the challenge of trying to look as attractive as possible all the time. Said one girl about to transfer from an all-girl school to Yale: "I never really liked wearing all those torn shorts, slacks and sweat shirts. I like to wear nice clothes and make-up all the time." And a fourteen-year-old Chaffee girl welcomed the new closeness with Loomis because, she said, "It gives me something to dress for every morning."

Outside of such sartorial change, what does all this upheaval in the halls of learning mean for most girls?

Their answers range from "Good" to "Wonderful!" And the principal advantages they mention fall under the headings of social or intellectual. SOCIAL. No honest girl storming the barriers of a hitherto all-male preserve is going to deny that the social opportunities are, as the Kirkland girl maintains, "Wow!" Especially when the male-female ratio is so much in their favor.

One plainish girl, recently arrived at PMC where the differential is a bonanza 1,430 to 64, confides: "Socially, you won't believe it! Any girl who doesn't make it in the dating league here had better become a nun. On a Saturday night, it's a question of deciding whom you *deign* to date."

A similar hallelujah was uttered by a new girl at Fordham-Thomas More. "It's fantastic!" she beamed. "There simply aren't enough girls to go around. The choice of attractive men is practically unlimited."

All the girls we talked to agree they prefer the more normal atmosphere of meeting boys casually on an everyday basis—at classes, in the dining hall, on campus—rather than in the pressure cooker of a weekend mixer.

Says Teresa Baker, a student at Sarah Lawrence, "At a girls' school, you constantly wonder if you know a guy well enough to invite him down for a whole weekend. It's all so formal and frightening. But if you see a boy in class (continued on page 145)