

Recap of the Elfing Project from Dana Whyte February 2008

This last weekend (Feb 16-17) saw the culmination of [an ELFING project for 593 members of the class of 2010](#). Do the math; this is our 50-year class.

I deal with “warm fuzzies” and “campus logistics” and preparations for this began over 2 months ago when I attempted to obtain cards for dorm access.

Ah for the olden days of unlocked dorms and rooms! For those interested in access, check with Residential Life for approval for a limited number of hours and people...it will still take awhile. The updated list of sophomores grouped by dormitories and room numbers was not available until a few days prior to this event and without it, we would have been toast.

“We” had a total Mount Holyoke Immersion weekend and I can truthfully say that cultural events were not involved. I am just surfacing with multiple body aches and pains and a head buzzing with the juggling of logistics.

The cookies had been picked up. Just back into the loading dock at Blanchard and try loading 600 Chef Jeff cookies, transporting them and securing them in a room safe from dogs. The woman asked if I needed a herd of cows to go with the chocolate chip cookies. I told her I had an Australian Cattle Herder.

Thousands of red plastic bags had been acquired. The bracelets had taken up space in our basement for months...acquired wholesale because of the numbers. Someone asked “from where?” I say that Curtis has his sources and won’t share the information. The basement is filled with just such “valuable prizes.”

[Heidi Keller Moon, Kasha Duffield Kingsbury, Joan Steiger and Nancy Bloom](#) and I TIED (ouch!) the letter and reading material like a diploma and attached the red and blue “friendship” bracelet. These were stuffed into slippery red plastic bags along with a wrapped cookie.

We grouped and re-grouped and counted and recounted and did quality control on bag contents (omygoshthereisnocookieinthisone! Etc), dividing them into large trash bags for 19 dorm drop-offs.

YES, we had student helpers. We consider the current class board and a number of others to be our “MOC’s” (Moles on Campus). Gloria, the class president, met us at 6PM on Sunday and she called ahead as we approached each dorm, cars laden with and smelling like chocolate chip cookies. The appointed students met us and spirited off the goods and LISTS for surreptitious distribution in their dorm later that evening. Nancy and I picked up those helpers who were not working within their own dorms at 11PM. (That is a STRETCH for me).

Nancy helped in Prospect and I helped in Pearsons and the Annex. Symbolically, Nancy and I “worked” Dickinson House together. Having found an entrance and a staircase, picture the two of us with our combined obsessions and compulsions and our paranoia about frightening someone (or being frightened). Students are just not accustomed to seeing older women carrying large trash bags, squinting to read small print on lists even aided by flashlights and glasses...checking the list, checking the room number, checking the name on the door, hanging the bag and checking it off. Since I can’t walk straight with glasses ON, I was staggering and appeared inebriated. They are far more accustomed to seeing men on the floor than this unusual sight...and, of course, it was tough not to giggle!

We have had some fun feed-back from our “moles” and via email. One comment was,

“Why is the class of 1960 so nice?” “Oh, from our grandmother class. How nice.”

My own special “mole”(an international student from Nepal with whom I am friends) has said there was quite a buzz and that many bracelets had been seen on Campus. Now we all know that won’t last but it was fun to think about as we recuperated from a very late night. I was probably the only one who had a bit of a private meltdown but it went unseen.

We had a little crisis when we came up short of cookies but Blanchard rectified the situation with a smile on a Sunday, no less. Have I forgotten to say that we had a few glasses of wine and a wonderful dinner at Food 101? And that I took BAGS to the mail room to be put in the mailboxes of those sophomores who live off-Campus? And that I returned the infamous “dorm access cards” assuring the folks that the students were no longer in danger from marauding members of the class of 1960?