CARLETON '59
(with acknowledgment to Brian Setzer ©2001)

CHORUS
In the late fifties at old Carleton,
As a class we had lots of fun:
Everything I love is from '59,
Bonfires, beanies and that college of mine;
Everything I want is from '59,
I guess I'm behind the times,
'Cause everything I love's from '59.

In '59 at Carleton it was clear who ruled,
He wore red ties and his name was Gould.
When he wasn't in Northfield, he was at the Pole,
Antarctic was his element, no matter what the cold.

On the women's side of campus, Hazel Lewis was Dean;
If Larry was the king, witch Hazel was queen.
One minute late, and the rule she'd impose;
You'd serve your detention, but you'd get a rose.

Northfield was a town of con-tent-ment,
Colleges, and cows and entertainment:
Movies at the Grand, the Jesse James Café,
But shaving Olies' heads was specially risqué!

(Repeat CHORUS)

Fifty-nine was a vintage year!
The Dean of Women made decorum clear:
“Lady-like behavior is what we revere.
Keep your hat and your white gloves near.”

What you wear might interfere
With the reputation of this Place Premier.
Hats in chapel are required here;
Slacks at meals are a lapse severe.

East Side women had much to fear,
But just two rules to which men adhere:
No campus cars and no blatant beer.
That's how it was in yesteryear!

(Repeat CHORUS)
We had dances in the gym and proms in Great Hall;  
Wherever we were dancin’, we had a ball.  
But we also had rules: you couldn’t dance without shoes;  
If you took those off, who knew what else you might lose.

Back then our social life was pure delight,  
From blanket Arb parties to Ladies’ Date Night;  
Monthly Open Houses offered even more:  
“Six inches at the doorway and four feet on the floor.”

We had our own way of talkin in the abbrev lang;  
It wasn’t diff to speak it once you got the hang.  
Mel Taube was the mentor, so we called him Tor:  
Just sac one syl or maybe more.

(Repeat CHORUS)

We hit the books from morning till night;  
8 o’clock classes: six were just right;  
Five courses no problem, for at semester’s end,  
One “Dead Day” gave us study time to spend.

We had classroom heroes who knew their stuff;  
You did your bookin’ or life got rough.  
There was Thurlo and Owen, Ada and Kate,  
Ralph, Charlie, and Lucy, and Lucy’s mate.

For Milton or Shakespeare your man was Scott,  
Geologist Stewart was king of the rock,  
Eshleman lectured in Philosophy,  
Weekly Chapel offered “4-cut Christianity.”

(Repeat CHORUS)

We had two quarterbacks, Schmucker and Smith;  
They had barrels of vinegar and plenty of pith.  
And they’d throw the football or run it through the line  
As they marched down the field led by Eric and Stein.

And every spring on our island green,  
We celebrated May Fete and crowned a Queen;  
Women danced barefoot around a pole,  
But our sparkling Lyman Lakes became a mud hole!

Wonder where as time rolls on  
All that style from 1959 has gone;  
But we’ve got memories in the back of our minds,  
What it was like to be alive in ’59.

(Final CHORUS)