

**MEMORIES: COLLEGE DAYS AT GRINNELL, 1956-1960**

By John Price '60

My mother had attended high school in Chariton, Iowa, where she had a Latin teacher named Hortense Gabel, who was an alumna of Grinnell, the sectarian Congregationalist college in the eponymous town in central Iowa. The school had been founded by the “Iowa Band” of Congregational pastors. They moved the school from Davenport, where it was birthed in 1846 (as was the state of Iowa), to Grinnell some years later, in 1859, to land Josiah B. Grinnell, the founder of the town, had intended for Grinnell University. It was always well known and well regarded in Iowa, which itself for decade after decade was the state with the highest literacy rate. Because of Ms. Gabel, whom my mother revered, mother always had a positive disposition toward Grinnell.

My church in Manhasset was Congregational, so almost naturally I looked at Grinnell and others of similar lineage, like Oberlin in Ohio. Other close friends at Manhasset High School were headed for the Ivies. I spent the summer between my last two high school years at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, in the very first Telluride Association Summer Program, and, familiar then with Cornell, applied to it and was accepted.

My parents took me to the Grinnell campus from a farm visit in 1955 or perhaps 1954, to look it over. We were shown around by a student, and, in strolling the streets then still lined with magnificent American Elms, encountered Professor of Philosophy Paul G. Kuntz. He was an eccentric and a thoroughly sweet one. He had a round face, somewhat dark complexioned with dark hair and bushy eyebrows (which I never saw the like of until years later when I spent many days over many years with Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, then the Chief of Naval Operations). My mother was always intrigued by interesting, intelligent and offbeat individuals, and here was a case in point. With a luminous and excited look in his eyes, a propos of little, he announced to us, “Isn’t it wonderful—square circles!” His philosophy courses were said to be as enthusiastic and somewhat disconnected as one might expect from that preview.

The decision to accept Grinnell’s offer was prompted by a timely weekend spent there as a prospective student, in early Spring, 1956. I attended a number of classes, including one by Professor Norman Springer on Shakespeare, which I found fascinating. What clinched the decision was a peculiarly Grinnellian feature of campus life of the time, which happened to occur the weekend of my visit. At Grinnell, there were and are no social fraternities. Rather, in the mid-1950s, there were dormitories, of uniform and rather attractive architecture, in which a new student was placed, and spent his or her four years. Each year the men’s dormitories would have an intracollegiate competition in choral singing, the entire dormitory’s cadre of tenors, basses and wholly atonal talents practicing then having a sing off in the Darby Gymnasium. This was known as the Fetzer Sing, funded by some music lover, or someone who thought music would soothe the savage beast of non-interested athletes or physicists. For a Welsh origin choral enthusiast like myself, I thought I had gone to heaven—if the entire corpus of male students of this college was singing good glee club music, and in competition, there must be something right about Grinnell. Finally I had been placed in Smith Hall where I met and spent time with Bruce Pauley, a German American from Lincoln, Nebraska. He was serious and interesting, and offered to request me for a roommate should I choose to come to Grinnell. That is what occurred and I spent many an hour listening to German “Schlagers” or pop songs in our triple room, the other roommate the first autumn being David DeLong, a transfer from Carleton, and a very competent athlete, whose family owned one of the companies in town, an athletic and sporting clothes concern, and later a stadium seats manufacturer.

Bruce had an academic career, teaching in Wyoming and Florida, in his specialty, which was Austrian fascism. He published frequently, and, as he puts it, had his moment of fame when the Secretary General of the United

Nations, Kurt Waldheim, was disclosed to have had Hitler Youth connections as a young man. Bruce wrote and was interviewed with frequency on this topical connection with his life's work.

The sectarian affiliation of the College was reflected in compulsory attendance at Chapel every Sunday. I had no compunctions or quarrels with that, as the College Chaplain, Winston King, who looked a bit like an Old Testament prophet, was an accomplished preacher, and the choir was excellent. The organist, Elbert Smith, a delightful, warm and lovable man, became my organ teacher for my first two years at Grinnell, as I had chosen to continue my studies. He had been a student of Marcel Dupre in Paris, who in turn was a direct linear connection to Camille Saint Saens, Cesar Franck, and other great French organists.

The Congregational affiliation lasted actively well after my time there as a student, although, in an irony which would be strong for the dissenters who founded the Congregational Church, Grinnell also, by the mid twentieth century, had become the recognized diocesan school for the Episcopal (Anglican) Diocese of Iowa.

The connection to the church was historically important in an academic and social context as well. While most students were McKinley Republicans in the 1890s, a combination of the then President, George Augustus Gates, and Professor George Herron, in the context of massive labor unrest (later, the Homestead and Pullman strikes), and the rise of populism, led to a major alignment of the College toward social justice. Gates gave a baccalaureate sermon in 1893, titled "The Kingdom of God Is at Hand." Gates embraced the notion of a fourth attribute of a rounded education, "Character", which he deemed possessing the "Mind of Christ."

The academic framework for this was put in place the same year, when Herron was given a newly created Chair of Applied Christianity. Speeches by Herron which raised troubling questions about unrestricted capitalism, and the claim that Christianity required attention to the issues, led to tension with the Congregationalists. Yet, the College became a major center of both the Kingdom Movement (a millennial vision of rebirth of concern for humanity) and the Social Gospel Movement, and the College saw a constant stream of visiting lecturers such as Jane Addams and others who were involved with social welfare.

This continued under Professor Steiner and it was into this milieu that Harry Hopkins entered when he graduated from Grinnell High School and matriculated at the College. Hopkins is undoubtedly the best known product of the Social Gospel Movement, as his work with relief agencies in New York, and then his leading the New Deal Works Progress Administration, would indicate. Under Roosevelt, he brought classmates from Grinnell in, as for example Hallie Flanigan, who ran the Federal Theater Project for WPA.

The more liberal politics, which this initially Gospel orientation induced, continue down through time to today. In my time at the College, it was not intolerant, as in the Eisenhower era, apart from McCarthyism—in which a Grinnell alumnus, Joseph Nye Welch, helped to put paid to the Senator in the Army McCarthy hearings—was not a period of wedge issues. There was a large element of moderate and moderately conservative thought on campus. The faculty, while some of its more visible members, like my history professor Joseph Frazier Wall, were highly liberal or beyond (Wall voted several times for Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, for President), were not particularly political, and more than a few were Republicans. The student body included some returning Korean War veterans: there was a group of Quonset type huts just to the East of what was then Darby Gymnasium and now is the Joe Rosenfield Center, which served as married students' quarters. My friend, Lucien Geer, and his wife were among those who lived there. ROTC was welcomed on the campus—there was an Air Force branch—and many students of the time were more than happy to have their college expenses partially met by the stipend ROTC afforded, in return for the commitment to service for a few years.

As an entering freshman the political cast or ethos of the College was not uppermost in my mind at all. Rather, I was thrilled to be away from high school days, as fine as they had been, and on the next frontier of my life. I had always looked up to and felt comfortable around people older than I, and that persisted. Partly because of the dormitory concept at Grinnell where there were no freshmen dorms for men, I was thrown together with upper classmen, people buried in their pre-med work, or a senior thesis, or doing accomplished work in music.

In addition, some of the classes were splendid. Among my treasured first year courses was an American Literature survey course, taught by a first time teacher, Bob Bredesen, himself a Grinnell alumnus. He was wholly enthusiastic and his love of what he was doing was contagious. I still turn to the two volume anthology from which he taught, and have derived pleasure from reading to my now eleven year old pieces like the Concord Bridge, or reading "Snowbound" fifteen or more years ago with my Mother and sister and Jane Campbell and Sebastian Vieregg, as we were indeed snowbound for days at the Maryland farm, with feet of drifts piled up and the driveway impassable.

Others were not so energizing as Bredesen. A visiting professor, retired but doing laps, Elmer Nettles, taught the required freshman course in European History. His teaching technique consisted essentially of reading aloud his outline. That made for easy transcription to my notes, but not a great deal of stimulus. I remember to this day: Causes of the Protestant Reformation. A) Abuses in the Church. 1) Simony. 2) Sale of Indulgences, etc., etc. It was all intoned in an unmodulated drone.

Far more colorful but not a great deal more informative, was my introduction to Political Science, with Joseph A. Dunner. While reading Spinoza with him was of interest, his main contribution to my learning was the realization of how massively an ego can grow. He would, with his dark, long locks framing his serious and jowly face, and in a thick German accent, recount how he had crossed from Nazi Germany into free Switzerland, a pistol in each hand. This would segue, though not neatly, into how he was a guest of Franklin Roosevelt in the White House. College legend recounts a titanic confrontation in Herrick Chapel between Dunner and Professor Frederic Baumann of the History Department on the topic, "There is no Political Science Without History." Baumann, a caustic and cranky man (of whom more later), as his first move, and a brilliant one at that, worthy of a courtroom lawyer, opened an umbrella above himself, saying it was "to protect me from the shower of insults I anticipate."

The College then and now stresses classroom teaching as one of its paramount attractions. The strong disciplines within the faculty were varied. Among them was physics. Grant Gale, a towering campus figure until his death late in life, had taught the first course in transistors in the world, according to College legend. Among his students was a young man from town and son of a Congregational minister, Robert Noyce. Despite a senior year prank, and a potentially criminal one (the theft and slaughter of a hog in the dormitory shower), which nearly ended his education at Grinnell, Noyce had imbibed Gale's passion for physics, and Gale recognized his exceptional talents in that science. Noyce did indeed graduate, due to some serious intervention by Gale and other College officials with town authorities, and went on to MIT, then to what would later be called Silicon Valley, where he and others founded Fairchild Semiconductor. After a falling out with some at Fairchild, he and Gordon Moore co-founded Intel Corporation.

Another concentration which attracted many was pre-med. Here the strong academic disciplines were chemistry and biology.

My father had been interested in medicine, but I had deliberately eschewed high school chemistry. I did choose to take a course at Grinnell taught by biology professor Guillermo Mendoza, in genetics. It was quite fascinating, and went well beyond the sophomore year breeding of fruit flies which Laurance Prunhuber had us perform as he taught us simple principles of Mendelian inheritance in his biology class in Manhasset. I determined to do a paper on the genetic basis of schizophrenia, then a quite young topic. My parents saw little of me during the Christmas vacation of that semester, as I betook myself regularly to the great New York City Public Library on Fifth Avenue at 42d Street. I passed the guardian lions and into the dark reading room where I pored over papers on schizophrenia and identical twins' patterns of inheritance from a parent or grandparent with the disability.

History at Grinnell was highly respected, and apart from my unnerving semester with the visiting professor, my gravitation to history led me to many happy classroom hours. Charles Goddard in high school had sharpened

my enthusiasm for “social studies”, really history, or contemporary history, in my final year at Manhasset High. A revered figure in the department was Joseph Wall, who later was to be my senior thesis advisor and many years later was Dean of the College and an aspirant to the presidency. Wall was steeped in American history, with an increasing concentration on the Robber Baron era, and later, a splendid biography to his credit of Andrew Carnegie secured the Bancroft Prize in History for him. His classrooms were truly lecture courses, so popular that they required the largest spaces in Alumni Recitation Hall. He was braced by a less imposing but very steady Professor Kenyon Knopf, whom I enjoyed in American Economic History, and Wall’s acolyte and fellow liberal, Alan Jones.

I credit Knopf, with his characteristic narrow bow tie, short hair, and quiet delivery, with my lifelong interest in the economy, and the geographic influences on the siting of industrial development, trade and urban development patterns. He later moved on to Whitman College in Walla Walla, WA, a remote outpost but fine college in the southeastern corner of that state.

Jones and Wall in later years collaborated on a sesquicentennial history of the College, and did road shows to alumni groups. Jones also taught my Medieval History course, and another history faculty member, Richard S. Westfall, my course in Renaissance and Reformation. Westfall’s special interest was the history of science. Around Thanksgiving of my second year at Oxford, Westfall was on leave at Cambridge University, studying Isaac Newton in greater depth than he had theretofore had the opportunity to do. Duane Krohnke, a Grinnell Rhodes who had come up to Oxford that fall, and I went to spend the day with Westfall. Another highly regarded professor I never had, Samuel Baron, was a Russian specialist, though as is true at any liberal arts college, he taught a variety of courses, including one on the history of India. I connected many years later with Sam, and when he was at a conference at Peabody Conservatory, in Baltimore, I introduced my Russian wife, Svetlana, to him, during a most pleasant evening of recollection.

The acknowledged leader of the history department was the aforementioned Frederic Baumann. He was nearing retirement when I selected history as my major subject. He taught a senior level seminar remembered by me (and probably others) only as “D 10”. I wanted to get it before he stood down, even though I was only a junior. I was successful. He was irascible, challenging, stimulating, and hard. He phoned me one day in the dormitory (there was only one phone per floor, so any call became a public event). He opened his call by saying, at a high decibel level more suited to the classroom than a phone conversation, “Price, your comments in class today displayed Gross Ignorance!” He then proceeded to reel off for me a list of books he wanted me to read. I duly did so. His counsel to me at the end of that semester, and the end of his teaching career was, “Keep your feet dry and your head warm.” It was said with genuine affection, and he knew that he and others there had inculcated in me what would be a life-long passion for reading of history and biography.

I was fortunate to have had the solid foundation in high school which I enjoyed at Manhasset, then certainly one of the finer public school systems in the country. It meant I started out with an advantage over many other freshmen who had less opportunity in their communities. But the Grinnell admissions standards, while far more demanding today, were inducting very strong and educable young people. Within a semester or two, the others were on the same footing.

Grinnell faculty were, as likely is true at good liberal arts colleges everywhere, very engaged with their students. While each of us was assigned what at Oxford I suppose would be styled a “Moral Tutor” or someone to look over our settling in and dealing with the strains of adjustment or competition, those connections might or might not evolve into a close academic connection. My freshman “tutor” or guide was Wayne Denny, a physics professor. Kind and helpful as he was, nonetheless by the time I declared my history major in my second year, my faculty friendships became much more oriented to the history and economics faculty.

Along with Bredesen, another young and new to teaching light for me was Philip S. Thomas, who taught a course I took in Labor Economics my sophomore year and with whom I happily renewed contact decades later,

long after he had departed Grinnell for Kalamazoo and other schools. Thomas' enthusiasm was extraordinary and gratifying. He prepped us for a lecture visit by Professor John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard, who put me down with a haughty dismissal when I questioned him at the end of one of Galbraith's Rosenfield Lectures in Herrick Chapel. ("Great minds are entitled to contradictions. Next question, please.")

For underclassmen, there was not much contact with the College's Administration. When I arrived, the President was still a newcomer, having been there only a year. Howard Bowen was an erect, rather formal, and formidably intelligent man. He had taught economics at Williams College, and had already emerged as one highly respected in the field of the economics of higher education. He followed a disgraced former President, Sam Stevens. Stevens' tenure was not brief but it was fraught at the end, and many came to feel he was a charlatan. There was an interregnum, during which James Stauss was acting as President. Stauss was an outwardly colorless man, with an accounting training, and he then receded back into a less visible position as the chief financial or business officer of Grinnell when Bowen moved in with his family to Grinnell House.

Bowen of course met with freshmen and was not inaccessible. Yet his style was characteristic of my father's generation. Bowen helped put the College back into the highly respected column academically. He also enjoyed a good relation with the Board. For a student, the Board was so remote as to be on the back of the moon. However, I had a part time job as a waiter during my Grinnell years, so I did have occasion to serve trustees occasionally at functions in Grinnell House. Also, as my father had been for decades on the board of his alma mater, West Virginia Wesleyan, toward the end of his life serving as its President, I understood a considerable amount about the function of the board. Father had long been passionate about education, not only taking an interest in the Manhasset Public Schools while on the school board, but being involved in the Union Carbide Scholarship program support for many US colleges and universities.

He became acquainted with Bowen while I was still at the College, and in my last year or soon after, they created a role of Overseer or Senior Advisor, and he began to help out the College with strategy about approaching foundations and corporations for support. This role expanded dramatically when, a few years later, Glenn Leggett became Grinnell's President. Mother and Father became very close to Glenn and Doris Leggett, sharing a roughly similar worldview and temperament. Glenn was a frequent guest at the dinner table in Manhasset, when he would come to New York to call on prospects. Dad worked diligently with Glenn as the latter sought to build Grinnell's endowment from its \$25 or \$30 million which it had in the early 1960s.

College felt welcoming—apart from the fact that on my first evening in Smith Hall, after a 24 hour train trip from New York, I ingested some cookies which contained peanut butter, one of my few allergic afflictions.

In the first autumn, there was still a tradition of freshman hazing by upperclassmen. We all had to wear a beanie, and had to fashion some paddles, with College insignia, and which looked like cricket bats. With these, periodically, we were swatted by upperclassmen, although at least in my experience in Smith Hall, with no malevolence or harm. More typically we were sent out on midnight errands, to purchase a "loin with" (hot pork tenderloin sandwich with all the accompaniments) at a greasy spoon not far from the Men's Dormitories.

More pleasurable was getting the feel of a lively campus. The autumn of 1956 saw the Hungarian uprising against the communist government, and the Imre Nagy regime called in the Soviet legions. One senior, from his command post in an overstuffed easy chair in the lounge of Smith Hall, organized a letter writing campaign to President Eisenhower and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. Bob Adkins fulminated and called for rolling back the Iron Curtain, just as Foster Dulles did. However, Bob, with his 3.2% beer and his supply of pretzels, did not bow to international realities, and continued to declaim his unswerving desire to use this as the starting point for taking down the Eastern European satellite structure.

Another upperclassman, Roger Soderberg, a physics major, took me out to fields north of town one starlit night the next Fall. His purpose was to show me the Russian Sputnik, which had been launched only days earlier. It was easily discernible in the sky which did not suffer light clutter as the New York suburbs did. When I spoke

to my Grandmother Nellie of the satellite, she said it could not be there, as God would not allow it to exist in His heaven.

Actually the proximity of the Milnes family meant my homesickness was kept at bay. Another Chariton figure, Attorney Leo Hoegh, who had become good friends during Chariton summers of my Dad, had been a World War II Colonel under Ike's European Command. He had gone on to be Attorney General of Iowa, and then Governor. The autumn I arrived at Grinnell, he was seeking reelection, and failed, losing to Ottumwa Mayor Herschel Loveless. At Thanksgiving the Hoeghs invited me to stay the weekend with them in the Governor's Mansion in Des Moines. While the mood was subdued, it was still an experience to be savored. Dad later went to Washington in 1958 to serve as an Assistant Director when Ike named Leo to be the head of a newly merged pair of agencies, for civil defense and defense mobilization.

My Grandfather Earl passed away the winter of my first year, and I went to Chariton to play the organ for his memorial service. His companionship had meant a lot to me, even though my Iowa farm visits had mostly been constrained by my father's brief two weeks of vacation each year. Yet, for me, riding on the fender of the tractor as he did the second or third cutting of alfalfa, and talking about rattlesnakes and bull snakes, about his childhood recollections of the larger family farm, or sitting on the porch listening to his conversation with my father and perhaps Burke about Iowa politicians, gave me a wonderful world of Grandfather Tales. And his initiating me into adulthood by annually making my chores more complex at the farm, until I was myself mowing alfalfa with the tractor, was something beautiful. Losing him was painful. Contact with Iowa family members continued, although some had married and just started families.

The influences on me while at Grinnell of my prior life were not restricted to my Iowa family. As we young collegians returned home for Christmas holidays, the powerful influence of music in the Congregational Church continued. John Alexander a leading tenor at the Metropolitan Opera would always, on Christmas Eve, rent a car to bring him to the Church directly from what he was performing on stage at the Met, and he would join our choir in performing *Cantique de Noel*, by Adolph Adam, belting out high Cs as though he had not been doing it earlier that evening for an audience of thousands. We were accustomed to the extraordinary talents of Robley Lawson, our church choir director, and his wife, Jean, our organist. Robley was a voice coach as well, with students as diverse as Dixie Carter, of "Designing Women" and a cabaret career, and Gail Robinson, a lyric coloratura soprano at the Metropolitan Opera and later head of the Met's National Auditions program and the Young Artists Development program.

My Grinnell role, literally, involved working with Robley Lawson as I was trying in my sophomore year to learn the part of Sky Masterson in a College production of *Guys and Dolls*. There is a rehearsal room in the Bucksbaum Arts complex which honors Robley and his beautiful wife, Jean Lawson.

I enjoyed the part immensely and the cast would rival that of the film production, at least as to characters like Joe Nassif playing Nathan Detroit, and Carolyn Tilly playing Adelaide. Big Jule from Chicago was played by Big Bob Weitzman from Chicago, who was a tackle or guard on the College football team, and whose family ran pawn shops in South Chicago. When I laid him out during the floating crap game in the sewer scene in the first performance, not grazing him but with a right to the jaw, he looked at me with murder in his eyes, but as the curtains closed told me—to my intense relief—I had to hit him again, for real, the next night, too. Family members came up from Chariton for the performance which made it all the more exciting for me.

Another bright aspect for me was studying French with John Kleinschmidt, with whom I remained in touch until his death. He was a fastidious thinker, and his course in *Explication des Textes* was a perfect summation of his style. Later as Chairman of the Faculty, he helped lead an effort in redrafting College policies and governing documents with the Board. In addition to his trenchant mind and his peculiar pedagogic tricks, like the stick figure Theophraste which he would put on the blackboard to illustrate a point of French grammar, he had a wicked sense of humor, as did his wife, the daughter of a prominent Connecticut lawyer. Most of all, I treasured

the social moments with them. He and Barbara were childless, but as a partial surrogate, had a splendid slobbering French Braque named Joby.

Dear friends for the Kleinschmidts became Professor Harold Fletcher and his wife, Marti, largely because of the “French Connection”. Fletch was a confirmed socialist, having gotten to know Pierre Mendes-France, a French Prime Minister, during his studies and ongoing work in France. Also, the Fletchers had introduced the Braque dog breed to the US, the fruits of which the Kleinschmidts enjoyed.

John and Barbara also constantly entertained. John served a mean cognac punch, called a French 75 after the deadly French artillery piece from World War One. John had himself served in the artillery during the Second World War, and became married in New Orleans on his way to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, not without ingesting hundreds of tasty mollusks for which the Big Easy is noted, and at bistros which I later came to know well.

The Kleinschmidts, in later years, when Donald Stewart, another of his pupils and my dearest friend from Grinnell days, and I were on the Board of Trustees, would put us up during each Board meeting weekend, Donald ascending to the Stewart Room, and I walking on the ground floor to the Price Room. Their home reflected the same fastidiousness as his thought process, and was populated by lovely tchachkas and china and silver, many pieces of the latter already rarely seen in homes, or certainly in use, by the later 20th century. Each morning at the breakfast table there was a silver slender rack on which the morning’s Des Moines Register would rest for reading while eating. Donald and I, while Pam Ferguson was President, made a joint gift to honor John with a room in the languages area of ARH.

I made a faint move toward intercollegiate athletics in my freshman year at Grinnell, but it morphed into only some intracollegiate swimming. I went out for freshman track, clueless as to the various events, and wound up declaring for the half mile event, later learning that it is one of the most demanding, neither a true sprint nor distance running. Among my colleagues on the team was the Illinois state champion half miler, Walt Neevil. In my very first time trials, I was given the outside starting point. Within seconds, Neevil passed me up and continued to widen the lead to almost a lap. When Neevil finished, and before I had crossed the finish line, coach Pete Petersen was already going back into the gym with his stop watch in his pocket. Needless to say, I did not “letter” in track.

I compensated by taking up an interest in hunting, as pheasants were abundant in the area. I would go out on a Saturday morning in winter, walking along the M&St.L railroad tracks to the north. With no dog, my pleasure lay mostly in simply walking the fields, often with a dusting of snow, and occasionally convincing a rooster, with a nudge from my boot’s toe, to take flight and give me the chance to bring food home to join others’ contributions to a near weekly pheasant roast which was done in the men’s dining hall.

I saw a lot of the women’s dining hall. While on a part scholarship (a Baker), and a small stipend from the Benedum Foundation, I also worked for four years as a waiter, most of it done in Main Hall, a high ceilinged, cavernous hall with the kitchen to its east side. The wait staff was a fun, hard working group, nearly all of whom really needed the employment, and it was egalitarian. One of the coldest moments of my life was of a winter morning, as I set out around 6 AM from my dorm across to the women’s campus. It was 40 below zero on the thermometer and the wind was blowing strongly from the north as I fought my way to work.

In my senior year, on a couple of occasions, I played with Herbie Hancock for the Sunday sit down dinner in Main Hall. As I, unlike Herbie, could not just sit and improvise or chord, Herbie would dutifully write out the piano part in full for me, and then himself play the string bass. He composed Jazz versions of “Sons of Old Grinnell” and others.

Another musical event in a dining hall at the College was held each year just before the Christmas break. It was in Cowles Hall on the north campus. It was a reenactment of a Medieval ceremony, the carrying in of the Boar’s Head. The men’s glee club, in our scarlet sport jackets, would lead the ceremony, carrying a boar aloft on a

huge platter, and, in Latin, singing “Caput apri deferro, reddens laudes domino”, in four parts. It was a festive evening, always, as students were excited about returning to home and friends. And yet it also, for me, had the additional glow of celebrating in a fashion which had gone on for centuries. In a most delightful and ironic twist, when I went on to Queen’s College, Oxford, I discovered that this ceremony was a part of the College’s ancient history. In fact, not each year, but as a special event for graduates to return to in sequence of their classes, the Boar’s Head Ceremony is still celebrated at Christmastime in that 14th century other academic home of mine in the city of the Dreaming Spires. Alas, it has not been observed for decades at Grinnell.

As in David Lean films, there is an intermission. After my sophomore year, I went home to Manhasset, where I served as the understudy choir director to Bob Lawson, as we prepared for, then embarked on, a singing tour of Europe. We went to England and to Wales, where we competed in the Welsh choral Olympics known as the Eisteddfod. Then to the continent, to the Brussels World’s Fair (this was 1958), and on to a Germany which was still showing dramatic signs of the devastation finally wrought by the War they had begun. We ended in France, and I stayed behind for a week before sailing home on the CGT ship Ile de France from Le Havre. This was not before I had unexpectedly encountered John Kleinschmidt sitting outdoors at a café across from the Gare Montparnasse. And serendipitously, I shared a cabin on the westbound Ile de France with three Rhodes Scholars, returning from their years at Oxford, and full of encouragement for me to try for something which would be unforgettable.

The rest of the intermission was spent in Washington, DC, where I went on a Washington Semester program run by American University. It was a lovely autumn when I joined youngsters from many smaller schools like Grinnell. From Grinnell itself was my classmate and friend, Jerry Voorhis. Given my later service as Special Assistant to the President in the Nixon White House, there was heavy irony in the fact that Jerry was the son of former Congressman Jerry Voorhis of California, whom Nixon had defeated in his first run for Congress in 1946. Jerry years later told me that when Nixon lost in 1960, he and his father filled a bathtub in their hotel room in Chicago, with ice and booze, celebrating with anyone willing to share their elation.

During that autumn in Washington, I worked on a paper on the focal point of decision making in foreign policy, drawing shrugs, vacant looks or cynical smirks from the many with whom I was able to secure interviews. I also started Russian language, with a diminutive aging émigré woman, whose demands in the classroom were almost non-existent. I returned to Grinnell for my home stretch in the winter, and was an early victim of my poor language preparation when I took the second semester of the intro to Russian course from a vigorous, animated Volga German named Eddie Heier, who had just come to Grinnell in my absence.

The DC semester had whetted my interest in politics, which had always been substantial. The 1958 elections were interesting, with Rockefeller and Goldwater being put in pole position to be struggling for the future of the Party. While at American University I had won a pool in predicting the outcome of the races for the US House of Representatives. On return to campus, I felt that I wanted to do more political economy in addition to my completion of requirements for the history major. Grinnell was experimenting with interdisciplinary seminars, and I was fortunate to participate in one which had us reading Polanyi, Hayek and others of various persuasions. I felt that either economics or law was going to take me where I wanted to go.

I was selected head of the senior honorary society, the Friars, that Spring. I also was active in the international relations club. I worked with Joe Wall to settle on my senior paper topic and selected the local playout of the 1928 presidential election between Herbert Hoover and Al Smith. I did extensive work on county by county returns, looking at ethnic and religious connections and correlations.

At this time, the Dean of the College, Homer Norton, approached me and said he thought the College would like to nominate me for a Rhodes—he having had one himself years earlier. At the Christmas break I went to Des Moines for the state selection rounds and was nominated with a Des Moines student at Princeton. The regionals followed, and I was one of four selected from the then upper Midwest region. I had unsuccessfully

applied as well for a Marshall, a very academically demanding scholarship, but was overjoyed about the Rhodes. I was placed by Rhodes House at the Queen's College which turned out to suit me admirably. Another path not taken was the army language school in Monterey, California, where I thought I would do Russian and Chinese.

All I had to do was graduate. Which, I nearly did not do. Toward the end of my senior year, the Friars group of which I guess I was the Abbott, had imbibed a good deal, drove up and down the street parallel to the women's dormitories in the back of a pickup truck, then stealthily assaulted the fortress, being let in to a dorm by sympathetic coeds. Our discovery was dramatic, with our hiding—not well—behind sofas, and retribution was swift and sure. We were brought before the Dean of Men. Due consideration was given to suspending (though probably not expelling) us all. However one young man had parents stationed in Germany and the authorities deemed it too harsh to force him to buy a fare to Europe. A most satisfactory Grinnell solution followed. We were all rusticated or banished about twenty miles north to Marshalltown, Iowa. There we were put up in the home of one of our number, Bob Norris, whose father was CEO and owner of Lennox Industries, and who happened to be the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Grinnell College. On the final evening of our mortification, President Howard Bowen came up and, with Mr. Norris, joined us in the indoor swimming pool and for hamburgers.

Another lovely moment in the last months of my Grinnell days was the final trip by the remnant of passenger service between Minneapolis and St. Louis, on a "doodle bug" or single car engine, mail, and passenger seating. The track bisected the College campus, often accounting for, or offering an alibi for, tardiness to class, as freights would roll through regularly, and still do. This night in late winter had poignancy. The passenger service was being terminated, like that on so many thousands of miles of rails lacing the Midwest, and ending the links for so many. Autos and the improvement of roads had changed everything. On this night, a group of us students awaited the train, then lit flares on the tracks, causing it to stop. We then boarded with coffee and donuts for the passengers, along with our good wishes, and our warm but sad farewell to a feature of campus life.

As I had been at the end of high school, so, too, at the end of my senior year at Grinnell, I was most anxious to move on. Time moved slowly despite an interesting summer job, and Civil War battlefield tours with two Smith Hall friends, Hunt Davis and Ray Horton, who also were working at Washington jobs that summer. At last came the Rhodes tradition of the sailing party, a New York dinner evening, followed by the trip together across to Southampton, during which it was, accurately, assumed that we thirty two would get to know each other well, and form the beginnings of friendships which would be among the happiest experiences of the remarkable personal growth and expansion on which we were now embarking. My mother and father packed my steamer trunk and escorted me aboard the SS United States. In yet another irony, its Captain on that voyage, John Pechulis, became a good friend when years later he came to work in administration at the Manufacturers Hanover Bank, where I was by then employed.

We sailed out of New York Harbor and into a glorious time in our lives.