STUDENT LIFE – 1930s

Harlow Lenon '35: In Reginald Arragon's freshman history we started out with Ur of the Chaldees, the town in the Hebrew Bible where Abraham was supposedly born, and we went through all the permutations of Babylon and its various regimes. Finally Assyria, Persia and then Greece. Arragon was big on Greece, and big on Plato and Socrates and the Stoics. After we got through the Greeks, he brought us into medieval thought and neo-Platonism, a body of knowledge that involved some Plato and a good deal of mysticism. It also gave rise to a medieval controversy over the nature of what were called universals in metaphysics—general or abstract qualities and characteristics that individuals may share. Are universals real or are they nominal? Do they actually exist in individuals or are they only in people's minds? We had an enormous amount of stuff like that to talk about and to read about, and we just talked endlessly about notions of that kind.

Barry Cerf was a short, little man who had the appearance of a Roman senator, hairstyle and all. He was dynamic, cynical, and eloquent, and he knew most all of the world's literature. His approach was like Arragon's, teaching not just the history of world literature, but the history of Western Civilization. We started in freshman literature with the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, went through the Greek plays—Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes—then on to Virgil's *Aeneid*. Cerf was good because he apparently believed in nothing, although he enjoyed talking about the Book of Job, which is the book of the *Bible* that deals with the problem of evil. Our conclusion was that while Barry Cerf believed in evil, he didn't believe that there was any solution or any way out of it, that this was inherently an evil existence.

After we finished the argument about the nature of morality and the cosmos, Cerf called to our attention the recent discovery by the astronomer Edwin Hubble that the universe was expanding. Up until at least the late twenties everybody thought that the Milky Way was the entire universe. Nobody knew that there were, in fact, other galaxies, let alone several hundred billion galaxies. Our minds were completely blown by how our conventional notions of religion and destiny, God, and the nature of society had been distorted by the idea of an expanding universe.

Mary Barnard '32: There was a group called the Godawfullers that gathered regularly at Victor Chittick's house off campus to share their poetry. It was the first time in my life I encountered other people who wrote poetry. We would meet on Saturday nights about once a month to read our Godawful poetry and our Godawful prose. Appropriate for Portland, we all wore slickers and raincoats, with galoshes and buckles. We also wore berets because Greta Garbo had made them popular in the movies.

Victor Chittick, English professor 1921-1948: The name [Godawfullers] came about from the fact that, although they would read to one another with the expectation that the others would criticize what they had heard, a piece read was always, without exception, met with complete silence. I referred to it, in my refined way, as Godawful silence.

Margaret Churchill Labovitz '30: We didn't talk much about religion at Reed. I don't think anybody went to church that I know of. My friend Eleanor Mitchell Wheeler '30,

was pretty free-thinking. She and her husband, George Wheeler ’29, had married before they came to college. They were the only married couple I remember on campus. Together, Eleanor and I started the Atheist Society on campus. We were just being outrageous. Eleanor wrote to the Atheist Society of America under the alias Elmer Nutshell for their material. They addressed her as Professor Elmer Nutshell, Department of Atheism. We had a lot of fun with that.

Cheryl Scholz MacNaughton, dean: When it got out around town that Victor Chittick was having the young read Thomas Hardy’s *Tess of the d’Urbervilles,* it caused quite a stir. Certain parties felt the book was not acceptable. At that same time there was also a storm brewing about the girls parking their girdles somewhere after they left home to go to a dance on campus.

Josephine Lewis Utley ’39: My older sister Claudia Lewis ’30 and her Godawfuller friends made up all these songs about their various professors, and sang them openly. It was the beginning of women’s emancipation, and there was a strict rule that boys did not go upstairs in the girls’ dorms, and vice-versa. Of course, many did anyway, and some people advocated to have the rule changed. The Dean of Women, Cheryl Scholz, was very much against that. There were heated meetings arguing pro and con on the subject. Finally, Victor Chittick said, “Well, why don’t you just let them go to the second floor and not beyond?” That became known as the second-floor compromise, which the Godawfullers memorialized in song:

“Victor Chittick was a sympathetic soul.
Dean of Women was his favorite role.
He effected the second-floor compromise.
Good old Vic, in his red pajamas.
Good old Vic, cultivating phlox.
Good old Vic, had 30 red-hot mamas
Who sat around and worshipped,
While they darned his socks.”

Which they did. The Godawfullers were mostly women. When they would go over to the Chittick house and sit around reading their poetry, Chittick’s wife Edna, who gave piano lessons, would always give them his socks to mend. Chittick, by the way, loved that song.

Brunhilde Kaufer Liebes ‘35: There were tea gatherings each week at Anna Mann Cottage, the woman’s dorm. I had never experienced anything like that before. Someone asked me, “How do you like your tea?” “Just fine,” I said. But what they meant was, “With sugar or lemon?” That struck me as quite funny.

Girls at the tea had quite nice clothing, and they did their hair up. I didn’t care about that. I couldn’t afford it, anyway. I did buy a few blouses and things, but I didn’t have much of a wardrobe. I had two skirts. One was lighter weight, and the other was really for cold days. I had a number of sweaters. My father was a small man, so I could wear his shirts underneath a sweater. And I had one pair of shoes. Clothes weren’t a big issue on campus. Manners were, though.

Josephine Lewis Utley '39: Some of us were so poor that we would go to all the different teas that were given, and try to eat enough so that we could get by without paying for supper. At Anna Mann Cottage you paid two cents for a rather heavy cookie and tea. The Arragon's had a tea at their house every Thursday afternoon, where anyone could come. We sat around the dining room table. If there wasn't enough room for everybody, we took turns sitting there. Mrs. Arragon presided, toasting hamburger buns and calling them English muffins and putting marmalade on them. We spent our time desperately trying to figure how we could possibly get two.

Harold (Jim) Jambor '35: Canyon Day really got a turnout of kids. When Norman Coleman was president, he liked to get out and wield an ax or shovel. He was a pretty nifty, big, physical guy. He would just point us in a general direction, and we would go down and clean up the trails around the Canyon. We would put a good half-day into that. In my freshman year when I was doing bug collecting in the biology class, weather permitting, I would walk in the Canyon. This was before they put the bridge in. Just walk the trails, sit down someplace and eat my lunch. I enjoyed that.

Earnest A. Movius '37: We had Canyon Day in the spring and the fall. It was primarily targeted at flower gardens and cleaning out brush in the canyon. A pretty high percentage of students participated, but it seemed to me that the canyon activity was done mostly by the day-dodgers. The social activity, the tea in the afternoon and whatever else, was put together by the girls up in the dorms. We used to kid them a good bit about the fact that they were making tasty little tidbit sandwiches for the heavyweights up from the canyon. They always had a dance at the end of Canyon Day. And those who were more interested in dances, we didn't see them down there with mud up to their ankles!

Arthur Livermore '40, Professor of Chemistry, 1948-1965: After the clean up in the morning on Canyon Day, there were games and a tug-of-war down at the Crystal Springs Lake of the Eastmoreland golf course. The teams were freshmen and sophomores, all boys. One team would be on one side of the lake and one on the other. With this great big rope we would have a tug-of-war. It was big fun and sometimes it got pretty rough. I remember Dave French '39, who later became a professor of anthropology at Reed, got his limb broken.

Carleton Whitehead '41: My class won the tug-of-war down at Crystal Springs Lake on Canyon Day every time, so none of us got wet. It was only freshman and sophomore year that you participated in the tug-of-war. It was sort of the climax of the day. One Canyon Day we had a jousting match with canoes on the lake. Louis Benezet '39, who was one of the psychology associates, got dunked. He went on to be president of Colorado College, I think.

We took the bus in all the time. Few of the students had cars on campus. But if you did get a group together, you could rent a station wagon and load it with students. We'd generally go up to the mountains, or to a dance. I remember several rides which scared me a little bit, driving around Portland. People feeling a little too exuberant for my taste. There was a Swedish boy, Hank Foleen '41, from Seattle. I wouldn't ride with him. He

was a wild man.

Evelyn Shields Dusenbery ’37: There was an unheated outdoor swimming pool. For some reason, the question arose whether men had to wear tops to their swimsuits. It was a very big question. One fellow who went swimming for the first time in his life took the shoulder strap off his swimming suit, so part of his trunk was exposed. He was making a big statement, and apparently he got away with it.

Cecelia Gunterman Wollman ’37: On the north side of the Canyon there were great fields there that were planted with raspberries and cherries. Students would stay and harvest these fruits in the summertime, and we would can them in the Commons kitchen and put them away for the winter. Several of the people I knew at Reed spent their summers harvesting fruit, and then canning it for their tuition. They were students who came barebones to Reed, and would work throughout their time there for their board and room.

Ellen Knowlton Johnson ‘39, Administrator 1945-1981: There were raspberry fields between the first faculty house, now one of the language dorms, and the old library. Students would work in the fields, clipping the vines and weeding. That was one of the ways you earned money. Then during the summer, students would work as weighers of raspberries. That was one of the ways the College had some income coming in. Then there was the holly grove. It was solid with holly trees and the College sold the holly. The trees had to be pruned regularly. Across the canyon at one period they had cherry trees, I think sour ones, and there were more raspberry fields over there as well.

Mr. Brunner was janitor for what was then just basically Eliot Hall. To get on Brunner's crew, you had to be really good, because it paid well. Most student pay was thirty cents an hour, but on Brunner’s crew you could get up to more than forty cents. You had to work hard for "Bru." It was mopping, sweeping, that kind of thing. But, brother, if you ever needed anybody to fight for you, there was Herr Bruner.

Ellen Johnson ‘38: At a lot of the dances you went whether you had a partner or not. You didn’t have to go with a date. There would be men’s and women’s groups sort of hanging out in the evening time. It was just the thing to do on a Friday night. Then there were a few special dances, like the senior prom or the junior ball. The women had a dance each year where no men were supposed to come. Some man would always try to dress up and crash it.

Elizabeth McCracken McDowell ’34: There were Saturday night dances. It was just ballroom dancing. I had a car, so I would take Dicky Scholz ’37 downtown, and we would buy records to provide the music for the dances. Dicky was the son of Reed’s second president Richard Scholz, who was deceased. His mother, Cheryl Scholz, was dean of women. Dicky was later killed in World War II.

The dances were in what is now called the Winch Social Room. There would be about 30 couples. I used to go to the dances with Victor Earll ’38. He and his sister, Marjorie Earll ’35, were twins. Each night they would pick a winning dance couple. If you won one night, you were judges the next week. Victor and I often won, and then we

would be judges the next week. Then we would win the next week, and then be judges again. In the spring, they had women's choice dance, where the women had to ask for dates. A lot of women asked boys who had never danced. So we decided there had to be a lesson. I got some others to help and we gave lessons at mid-week. There was a graduate exchange student that was from Italy, Emilio Pucci '37. He showed us how to dance the Viennese waltz. I danced one dance with him once. That was a good experience.

I don't remember that there were rules of conduct between the men and women, other than for those who lived in the dorms. Sex then wasn't as it is now. It wasn't really necessary. We were too busy studying. I don't think there were very many women who lived on campus. I remember Bessie Dariotis '36. Her father had a Greek restaurant in Portland and he wouldn't let her date, so she moved on campus.

Jane Willson Falkenhagen '37: I lived on the second floor in the dorms. A history professor, Dorothy Johansen '34, lived in the same dorm. It all operated on the honor system. You could stay out as late as you wanted to. They didn't care. It was a wonderful attitude, because people soon found out that it just wasn't cool to be out late. I went to a dance one night, and Merrill Falkenhagen '37 wanted to show me his dad's new car. We drove up this hill where it had rained and the car got stuck in the mud. The road was impassable, but somebody had taken the sign down. We called from the nearest house to get a tow truck. Then the tow truck ran out of gas. I finally got back to the dorm very, very late, and threw my shoes in the wastebasket. They were ruined. I was lucky there wasn't anybody to question when I got in. At that time there was nobody that checked up on you.

Later on we had some excitement when some man broke into a dorm. This young woman hit him over the head with a milk bottle and that ended that.

One winter there was a terrible snowstorm and they had to close the school, because the buses couldn't run. So they declared open house in the dorms. The fellows could come visit the women's dorm or vice versa. That was when Monopoly was a brand-new game. We could have the boys over, and we played Monopoly until doomsday and had so much fun. The Commons needed supplies. So those kids that had skis at school went out on skis to the nearest grocery and got whatever it was the Commons needed. It was all kind of beautiful and exciting.

Paul W. Wiseman '33: I had taken dance lessons before I got to Reed, which helped out a whole lot. We would have dance programs. Each dance in the program would be numbered. You would invite a date, and then days before the dance, you would line up someone to exchange each dance with, some other pair of boy and girl. You would talk to probably a friend, maybe in your own house, like House F where I lived, and you would agree to exchange partners in dance number six for example. You would put that on your dance card. Then come dance number six, you would dance with his guest and he would dance with your date. Then, on dance number seven, you would switch back to dancing with your date. You would alternate switching between dances. I always wore a blue suit and necktie to the dances.

Wilbur L. Parker '36: I had a succession of girlfriends. I didn't seem to stay firmly with one. I guess they got tired of me. I used to go to dances with them. I was on the Central

Dance Committee for several years. The thing to do was to hire a band and have them come. The students would gather and dance. The students paid for the dance – for the orchestra – and Reed provided a floor in Commons. They were very enjoyable, and well attended too. Faculty would come. They were good fellows. One year they put on a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Pirates of Penzance*, and it was all faculty. It was a delight! I'll never forget it. The faculty really put their hearts into it, and did a great job.

Christian Freer '36: For the dances, I scraped together enough money to buy a tuxedo dinner jacket, a black bowler derby, and a double-breasted Chesterfield overcoat with a white silk scarf and white gloves, so I felt quite dressed up. Several of us couples would go somewhere after the dance and have something to eat. Some of the men in our group were able to get cars for the evening, and my date and I always rode with one of them. Although I didn't really enjoy the dances as such—I was not musical and was lacking in a sense of rhythm—I did like the sociability that accompanied them, and so attended a number of dances. Prohibition had been repealed, and sometimes we would go over to Milwaukie and Bybee for a glass of beer. The only beer then sold legally in Oregon to those eighteen to twenty-one was 3.2 percent alcoholic content. We weren't used to anything better, and it tasted pretty good.

Ethel Fahlen Noble '40: I was on the Central Dance Committee. There were two people selected from each class to be on the Central Dance Committee. The committee arranged for all the school dances, and particularly the formals. There were always the junior and the senior, and the Christmas one was formal. For the formals you had to get patrons, they were the chaperones. Not all the patrons were necessarily faculty, but sometimes they were. There was a very strict alcohol rule. If you left the dance and you came back with any alcohol smelling on your breath, you were not admitted. In those days, many of the formals were not at Reed. They were in the country clubs, like Waverly, or the Columbia Edgewater, and down at the Shriner's Temple.

Jack Benveniste '43: The guys in the physics department were kind of oddballs—we didn't have dates. We didn't take dates to dances. We all went together. We would stand in a row, watching the people dance and say, "Okay, why don't you cut in on her?" "No, you do it." "No." That kind of thing. We would spend a whole evening not dancing, just arguing about who should cut in on whom. There was one young lady who was a very good dancer. The guys would say, "Come on Jack, go ahead. Cut in on her!" "No, no, no." So they would push me out, but each time I would try to cut in, she wouldn't dance with me. She hated me. Don't ask me why. I didn't know her. Well, finally, after three or four times, she finally agreed to dance with me. At the end of the dance, she said, "Wow! Where did you learn to dance?" Then she asked, "Would you play tennis with me?" And I said, "Sure, be glad to."

So I went back told the guys what had happened, and they said, "Do you know who she is?" I said, "No, who?" "She's the state champ." I said, "Oh, God." It never came off. I had no stomach for being beaten by the state champion.

We used to have spring follies every year and it was sort of a revue, a bunch of acts centered around some kind of a theme. We would collect some talent from around

the school and put it on display. Normally I would never dream of trying out for something like that. But there was a girl at school who was putting together a jitterbug act. She had a partner but he wasn't working out—a personality conflict or whatever. So one day I was walking down the hall with some friends and she approached me and she said, "I hear you dance." I said, "Mm, yeah." She said, "Would you dance with me at the Spring Follies?" I said, "Well, uh, I don't know. The guys were all huddled around, trying to find out what was going on. Finally, I said, "Well, sure. If I can help, I'd be glad to." She said, "Okay. Meet me this afternoon at the Commons." So, I met her. We turned on some music and danced a little bit. Then she said, "Okay, you're it."

And then I was it.

Josephine Lewis Utley '39: The Wheelers—Don '35 and his sister Helen '39— decided to teach us square dancing, because they came from square-dancing country out in Eastern Washington. So we started regular square dancing sessions, and all the faculty that were interested joined in. Mr. Chittick just adored it, but he was a terrible, terrible dancer. Square dancing went on year after year after year. Then a German teacher, Alice Borden, started teaching us folk dancing and line dancing. Suddenly we had a huge amount of dancing going on.

Isabel Beckwith Goode '41: Most of the dances were informal and, we had them fairly often—maybe every weekend. I remember not getting much sleep on those dance weekends. We would stay out pretty late at night, and the next morning we would get up very early and head for a day of skiing at Timberline on Mt. Hood. The dances were held in the old Student Union Building. The band was local. Most often it was the one led by Dick Irwin '42, a fellow Reed student, and they were good. We loved their music. Ballroom dancing usually, "cheek to cheek." Very romantic! Some couples knew how to jitterbug to the fast music. Jitterbugging was just beginning to be popular.

One of the dance evenings each year was "women's choice." That was fun, at least for the women. I remember a pre-dance dinner party that was planned for this occasion by a group of us nine women and held at my house. This was before Pearl Harbor. The draft had not yet gone into effect, but it was in the advance planning stage. The men students were facing this upheaval in their lives, but many of them did not take it very seriously. I guess they were "in denial". There was still hope that the U.S. could somehow mange to stay out of the war by continuing to send ships and munitions to Britain to help them in their struggle to defend Europe. Well, we decided to serve a typical army meal. So we served the poor fellows beans on tin plates. Looking back on this now, it seems unbelievable that we would have done such a thing. Not too many months later a lot of the fellows at the party were in the thick of military action and subsisting on just such rations.

I remember a very successful no-host dinner that was held our senior year at a popular restaurant in the Columbia River Gorge. This was not a pre-dance dinner, fortunately, because as things turned out we might not have made it to the dance. It was a surprise birthday party for one of our classmates, Florence Walls Lehman '41, who later was the alumni director for the college for many years. One of the men at the party held an after school job at a Portland mortuary. He arrived at the party with a gallon jug of—we didn't dare ask what. It was passed around freely at the dinner and seemed to make

everyone very happy!

Donald Wheeler '35: When I was in high school I had fallen in love with a girl who rejected me, and for the first day or two, my eyes wouldn't focus. Everybody told me, "Don't worry about it, it happens to everybody. In two weeks you'll be ready for more things." But I wasn't. When I got to Reed, in spite of all the wonderful girls around, I paid no attention to any of them. Throughout college I didn't date any girls. I was still paralyzed. I learned a little bit of dancing at Reed, just enough to get by, but not enough to please myself or anybody else really. The only dances I did well at were square dances, which I introduced at Reed along with my sister, Helen '39. We said, "Here's a chance to do something good for the human race." I was the caller. My dancing inhibition did not apply at all to square dancing.

One girl I didn't pay attention who apparently liked me was Mary Lukes '35. My good friend Clare Vause '34 did, and they got married after he graduated, and Mary left Reed to go east with Clare to Columbia University, where he was doing his graduate work. After coming back to Oregon, Clare fell sick with an appendicitis attack, which was extremely dangerous in those days, and died. Ten days later, Mary gave birth to their son, Steve. After about six months of being a widow, Mary wrote me while I was at Oxford on my Rhodes Scholarship, asking me how I would feel if she came to visit. At Oxford I had gotten permission to go to the University of Paris to write the history of French socialist leaders. But when I got to the University I found it was full of fascist students. This was right before the start of the war in Europe, and these people were thoroughly-going Fascist. So instead, I became a courier for the International Brigades. I volunteered to go to Spain, but they said, "We need you more here. We've got plenty of people on the battlefront." So I ran all over France, assisting wounded fighters sent back from Spain, and getting people arrested by the police out of jail. That is what I was doing when Mary joined me in France. The war was coming. We saw it coming. Mary and I married, and I adopted her son Steve as my own.

The fact that I married a Reed woman, one of their best, made a difference in my life, because I could feel the Reed influence in her and she could feel the Reed influence in me. Reed was a factor in our marriage, and in both our families. My brother George '29 and two of my sisters, Margaret Jean '26 and Helen '39, had gone to Reed. Mary's sister Janet Lukes '30 and her brother Joseph Lukes'34 were Reedites. Later, our son Stephen Vause '58 followed us to Reed.

Josephine Lewis Utley '39: Every department had a teaching assistant, who had graduated the year before, and was kept on to lead some of the conferences. That's how I met Carl Uhr '34 in my freshman year. He was a teaching assistant in economics, and a very brilliant but controversial figure. Having been in love in high school and rejected, I was very thrilled to have an older man take an interest in me. Toward the end of the school year, we became involved. He was going to Northwestern University the next year, but said he couldn't study unless I married him. I said okay. My mother couldn't dissuade me, though she could have if she had tried harder. Getting married was the thing to do then. You weren't supposed to have sex, so you got married. Many students did it. Carl and I got married in September before the start of my sophomore year. Then he got on the train and left for Chicago. When I went back to Reed to see the Dean of Women,

Cheryl Scholz, to get my room assignment, she said, “You cannot live on the campus, you’re a married woman.” I was given a list of names of people who rented rooms to students in the neighborhood. This was an upsetting, shocking time for me, but a lot of good came out of it, because I got involved with the off-campus Reed people, many of whom were older and brilliant. One group I got involved with met once a week to read *Ulysses* aloud. I never would have done that otherwise.

Elliott Roberts ’39: Sue Abraham ’40 and I began keeping very heavy company in my senior year. She was a class behind me. We were very, very much taken with each other. We felt that we really had found our life’s partner, and we wanted to marry. In October we went to my family and said, “We’d like to get married.” There was a lot of family-type fluster and bluster, and some anger, and a flat negative: “We won’t cooperate with this. You can’t do it.” We went and talked [to] Sue’s family and it was worse. Her mother was quietly supportive, however, when I said to Sue’s father, “I’d like to marry your daughter,” he burst into laughter. It was not nice laughter. He said, “Who’ll support her?” Well, since he hadn’t been supporting her for three years at that point, I didn’t take kindly to that question. But I had enough sense, even at almost 20, to keep my mouth closed and say, “Well, that’s how we feel about each other.” During Christmas break we went off and got married, and we naively thought that this would be a secret thing. Well, it wasn’t, of course. It was published in the paper’s courthouse notices. Then everybody said, “What is going on?!” Well, what was going on was, it was young love in an academic environment. We loved each other, and I had some money, and we could afford a one-room dig about eight blocks from campus, and we set up housekeeping. That was how we did it.

In taking this step, I had a very clear perception that I was breaking family ties. There wasn’t a damn thing they could do about it, and I had made my point. I didn’t find it difficult living with that point after that. The only fly in the ointment – Sue and I found that we really liked being married – was that being married isolated us socially. People didn’t know how to take a married couple as undergraduates. It was very unusual at the time. There were almost none, probably only a handful of married couples on the whole campus.

Eleanor Emmons Maccoby ’39: Monte Griffith taught psychology. He was a big, big man at 300 pounds, but still very agile on his feet. He had been a heavyweight boxer and football player. His proper name was William, but he was called Monte because he came from Montana. There was a little group of students, almost all male, who clustered around him and had lunch regularly with him and went to his house. It was macho, the whole thing. Their interests were partly centered on sports, on prowess. Monte was a raconteur and told sort of off-color stories. He was quite a sexist.

There was a group of us in his class who were very serious students. We formed a little committee that we called the Student Union to go and see him. We told him that we thought his lectures were too lightweight, too funny, not meaty enough, and we weren't learning as much as we should be. He swelled up behind his big desk and said, "Union! You punks. I'm the only union man in this whole place." He pulled out his union card to show us. It turns out that he had worked as a copper miner in between his college years.

Monte was a knocker-down of all kinds of beliefs. My parents belonged to the Theosophical Society when I was growing up. Like most Theosophists they studied occult kinds of literature and believed in reincarnation. My mother was the only person I knew who was interested in astrology and who meditated every day. I don't know whether Monte ever knew that I had been schooled in spiritualism and things like extrasensory perception, but he had plenty to say about the things he thought of as popular nonsense misconceptions. He knew how to expose some of the fraudulent stuff that was going on, which previously I probably would have bought hook, line, and sinker.

By the end of my sophomore year I was shaken up, Monte having torn everything down for me. I became actively depressed toward the end of the year, and profoundly skeptical about the things I had grown up with. I developed a rather arrogant attitude toward my parents—how could they have fallen for all of this foolishness? I began to buy into behaviorism, which was what Monte was selling. He had been taught by Edwin Guthrie at the University of Washington. Guthrie was not a reinforcement theorist like Clark Hull or B.F. Skinner, two other influential behaviorists. He had his own particular brand of behaviorism. In my junior year I left Reed and went up to study with Guthrie at the University of Washington. I realized sometime afterward that Monte Griffin was one of the best teachers that I ever had.

Cordelia Dodson Hood ’36: One time during the summer we had a lecture in the outdoor theatre by Khalil Gibran, who had written a book called *The Prophet* that was very popular with the students. As we walked out, I was behind Monte Griffith and he said in a loud voice, “There is a firm grasp on the obvious.” That remark has never left me.

Elliott Roberts ’39: Capehart Instruments were the earliest automatic disc players. They played 33 rpm records with cactus needles that were soft enough to leave the vulnerable vinyl records more or less whole, and at the same time hard enough to produce fairly acceptable levels of true music. Homer Capehart, the “father of the jukebox,” was a business executive and later a reactionary Republican senator who donated his record players and a small record collection to colleges. The Capehart Room was located in the Winch social hall. Students were paid 30 cents an hour from National Youth Administration student funds to supervise the playing of the Capehart machine. The jobs were sought after because, hey!—you had exposure to Beethoven’s *Grosse* Fugue, various piano sonatas, and Schubert. It was a perfectly marvelous opening of ears to fundamentally instrumental music. Also, the process of overseeing the room gave you a certain social cachet. It was a campus institution: “See you at the Capehart Room!”

Virginia Paris Campbell ’34: We staged plays in the chapel, but there was never any budget for construction of stage scenery, and the fact that we couldn’t nail into the wood paneling in the chapel made it extra hard. We were dependent on what we could scrounge, and one thing you could always scrounge was cardboard—old refrigerator boxes and cartons and so forth. We built everything out of that, literally—headgear, sandals, wrought iron fences, and tile roofs.

Marshall Cronyn ’40, chemistry professor 1952-1989: The students ran the Outing Club for hiking and skiing ourselves with no help from anybody. I would rent an empty U-drive truck, put benches in it—not tied down, mind you—and then load everybody on. It cost twenty-five cents to go. People would put the tailgate down and sit on it, laying their feet over the side.

Emilio Pucci taught us how to parallel ski, none of that Norwegian stuff. He was the first person also to wear any kind of a helmet on the slopes. It was a football helmet because that was all he had. The road from Government Camp up to Timberline on Mount Hood wasn’t finished until the following year. So we would hike up four miles, then he would work us out, yelling at us in his Italian accent, “Bend zee knees, bend zee knees!” What is now called Pucci’s Glade on Mount Hood is where we worked out. At the end of the day, we skied down, and it was like a slalom course, except with trees instead of flags. You learned very quickly how to turn.

Arthur Carson ’40: President Keezer recruited Alfred Hubbard to the physical education staff, which previously had been almost solely Charles Botsford, to train us. After some training, we went out and played the same local teams—Multnomah College, Pacific College of Newberg— that we had always lost to when we were just a club team with no training and no coach. We walked through the schedule undefeated, ten straight wins. The famous undefeated Reed football team. But nobody had an inflated idea that we were a good football team. My brother who was nine years older than I, and who was quite an athlete, came over with a buddy to watch a game. “My gosh,” they said, “you guys couldn’t beat a good high school team.” That was absolutely true.

Charles Conrad Carter ’46: Alfred Hubbard held a rigorous training session every afternoon. We played on Saturday afternoons, and we had two cheerleaders, Ginger Spellman ‘41 and another woman. They dressed up in cute Reed-colored sweaters and dresses with little beanies. At one game at Pacific College of Newberg we discovered that they had not mowed the grass on the field. The middle of the field was pretty well flattened out, but around the edges the grass was still high. The first play of the game, the Pacific College team lined up, and hiked the ball. Suddenly, up jumped one of their players hiding in the grass on the sideline, and headed downfield for a pass. That was one of the vicissitudes of playing football in rural Oregon in those days.