

## STUDENT LIFE – 1960s

**John Graef '60:** When I came to Reed, the music program was very much a sort of one-man show. There was Herb Gladstone and his wife Leigh, who was a soprano, and there were these musical occasions that were imperatives: there was the Christmas concert, there was the Boar's Head Carol, there was the Gilbert and Sullivan production in the spring, and that was about it. If there was anything else, it was pretty much ad-hoc. I came from a musical prep school, Putney, where music was just legendary. There were two other students at Reed my sophomore year, Helen Pittaway and Susan Homer '61, that I began to sing madrigals together with, just informally, but fairly regularly. Soon two or three other people came and sang with us, and we began to actually sing together about once a week. The kind of music we were singing did require some skill and training. You can't just sit down and sing a madrigal. The music is a little tricky. You have to kind of know how to adjust your voice and how to sing an ensemble. In the fall of 1957, our little singing group—David Mason '58 tenor, myself bass, Betty Strayer '58 soprano, and Sue Homer and one other alto--decided to put on a folk Sound Experiment. We sang four or six madrigals and a couple of rounds. Mark Ptashne '61 had come to Reed by then as a freshman. He played the fiddle, and he had gotten together a small string quartet. John Hancock, who taught chemistry, played the organ. David Rosen '60 played the piano. We put together a little concert. It wasn't more than an hour. It was very participatory. I don't even think Herb Gladstone knew we did it. If he did it was not a big deal. Pretty soon people said, "Well, when are you going to do that again?" We wound up doing three or four of these concerts that year, between the fall of '57 and the spring of '58. In the fall of '58, Ginny Oglesby Hancock '62 arrived at Reed as a freshman along with a group of other people who had musical skills, and the group grew a little bit. By this time we had a bit more formalistic idea of what we wanted to do. So we began to do more of this music. Bob Ross '61, who was a freelance artist and our local Maoist, gave us our name, Collegium Musicum, and did some wonderful freehand drawings for our programs. So we began to take on a little life of our own. We had a little logo, and we began to get reviewed in *The Quest*. Most of what we sang was seventeenth century music, we also put together some barbershop and some rounds. The group grew like topsy over the next two years, so that by my junior year we had maybe thirty candidates to sing in the group. By the time I was a senior, seventy-five people auditioned for four places in what we had. It really had taken hold by then, and it became an expected thing that we were going to do at least five Sound Experiments a year. After that it became really part of the life of the school. I think that was a very important example of the way in which Reed was ruled, that sort of bootstrap effort of the students.

**Virginia Hancock '62, chemistry professor 1963-80, music professor 1991-:** I was on the College Bowl team my sophomore year. College Bowl was a television program that was very popular for a number of years. They would get four-person teams from colleges all over the country, fly them to New York, and ask them a lot of questions. It was a quiz show, and you earned scholarship money for your school by going and by winning. They'd throw out a question; you'd slap a buzzer. First person that slapped a buzzer,

answered the question. If you answered it wrong, then the other team got to try to answer it.

Reed got invited to be on the show, and was auditioning people for their team. Dick Jones who taught history was the coach for Reed. He and a couple of other faculty members asked questions. You would answer questions as fast as you could, as many as you could. I wound up being named an alternate to this team. Lenny Ross '63, who was a thirteen year-old freshman who previously had won the *\$64,000 Question* was on the team. The people in New York said, "He can't come, he's a professional." So he was kicked off the team. One of the other four dropped out of school, which meant that two of us who were alternates got to go to New York.

Then we went on the show. It was, they said, the most exciting game that they had had, with the highest score of any game up to that time. Our opponents were four students from Purdue University, who had been on the show for several weeks already, and they were real pros. Their engineering department back at Purdue had built a mock up of the set with the buzzers and everything. They really knew how to work the timing of the buzzer, which we weren't very good at. We had been practicing at Reed by just slapping the table. Still it was neck and neck until the tremendously exciting finish when we lost after one of our people, who was so excited and so agitated and knew the answer, jumped in and answered a question out of turn when he shouldn't have.

**Barbara Ehrenreich '63:** The word "intense" doesn't begin to come close to what was going on at Reed. I was being challenge and engaged in every, every direction. Jay Rosenberg '63 would always be in the coffee shop, smoking his 500<sup>th</sup> cigarette of the day with his cup of instant coffee and waiting like a vulture for somebody to come in that he could engage in a serious and philosophical discussion with. Sometimes I'd try to sneak by him but a lot of times I didn't. I got sucked in and I loved that.

I was a chemistry major, and not a left-winger or a political student in those days. One day another chemistry major named Jonathan Schwartz asked me, "Barbara, if you were called on to do so as a chemist, would you work on weapons? Would you work on some kind of weapon that could be used in war or for mass destruction?" I thought to myself, my God, do I have to answer that? Well, yes, in a world that contains people like Jay Rosenberg, you have to answer that question, you definitely have to.

**Lawr Salo '67:** You could talk about ideas and not get beat up. It was basically explosive decompression, and it was a very heady time. I had come from a fairly intellectually repressed area, and to arrive at Reed and find that the life of the mind was so celebrated was almost overwhelming. There was such an encouragement of exploration of different ideas, styles of expression. There was a lot of personal contact, and we could basically do scat on ideas, meaning we could discuss a topic and explore it in depth from different approaches. Two or three people would gather in the coffee shop, which was a great hub of activity, for all sorts of intellectual contact. I learned more in that coffee shop than I did in most of my classes.

**Roger Law, artist-in-residence, 1968:** Coming from London, I found the students very strange. There were a lot of New York Jewish intellectuals there. Everything was questioned, and I didn't know half the answers when they would ask me a question. I was

in the coffee bar one day, and one of the students who was Irish-American, had his hair in a big Afro, like Jimi Hendrix. His hair caught fire from somebody with a cigarette, and these intellectual students sat around discussing the fact that his hair was on fire. I rushed across the room and grabbed him and put out his hair. But nobody else moved to help him.

**Constance Crooker '69:** The big hangout place was the coffee shop. It had the world's best jukebox with the best rhythm and blues on it. Ry Cooder '71, the musician, used to come to the coffee shop occasionally. But he was very shy. I flirted with him, trying to draw him out because I thought he was so cute. The coffee shop itself didn't look like much of anything. It wasn't decorated or anything. There was a blackboard on the wall, and somebody did a flowchart of who had slept with whom, and it was like everybody was all linked together around on this flowchart. We were pretty promiscuous.

The coffee shop was very clubby and exclusive. It had booths. You could pretty well exercise whatever degree of snobbery you needed by forming your group there. There were certain sections that the cool kids had, so my friends and I hung out there. But I was second-tier cool, not first-tier cool. First-tier cool was playing poker in lower Commons. Those were the real cool kids. They were so cool that they stayed up all night playing poker and almost none of them finished Reed. Second-tier cool was having enough nerdiness to actually complete their education.

**J.D. Eveland '64:** The game of Empire had an interesting incarnation. It began in the fall of 1960 as a simple board game provided to us by my then roommate Dan Drake '64. It was a political/military strategy game of various kinds his father had done apparently back in the 1930s. It didn't become thoroughly institutionalized at Reed until the fall of 1963, when a number of us who played the game were living in the five-person dormitory, Davis. There being only five of us in the dorm. We decided to proclaim ourselves to be an idiosyncrasy, under the absolute rule, of course, of an idiosyncrat, who was selected on a monthly basis by the turn of the cards, low man winning.

The game of Empire took on an increasingly sophisticated process at that point, moving from being occasionally set up in various sundry places to a more-or-less permanent location right in the Winch Social Room at a big, long table, fifteen or twenty feet long, six feet wide. The game got set up on that table and it got left there all term. There was sense of Empire being an odd and acceptable subculture. We played two games a year. One in the fall and one in the spring. This went on for at least four or five years. I built this rather elaborate set of 20,000 playing pieces for it. The most interesting part about it was that it was left sitting there all the time. It didn't get damaged. It didn't get destroyed. It didn't get moved. Any given player's move took anywhere between an hour and two-and-a-half hours to complete. A player's turn was indicated by a little Chinese dragon with a baldy head. If you found the dragon sitting in the middle of your country, it was your turn to make a move.

I was taking a course in economics that fall, and like many people who took courses in economics, I didn't always happen to attend the class. In fact, I rarely ever attended class. Sometime during the fall the professor called me in and said, "You haven't been to class lately much, have you? What have you been doing?" I said, "Well, I've been working on these economic rules for this game we're playing." And he said,

“Oh, tell me a little bit about them.”

So I sketched out what we were doing with this, and he opened the textbook. There was a flowchart of the international economy laid out there, and it bore a remarkable resemblance to what it was I had generated in game content. He said, “Have you seen this?” I said, “No, that’s amazing.” He said, “Well, if you can make this up by yourself, maybe you don’t need to come to class.” I did reasonably well in the class, too.

**Carter Weiss ’66:** When I arrived in September 1962 at the Foster dorm—its last year as an all-male dorm, the next year it was all-female—there was a third roomie in our two-room suite, Peter Lomhoff ‘66. The second portion of the new cross-canyon dorms was under construction, scheduled for completion by Labor Day, but the contractor missed the deadline, so there were four dorms’ worth of males with no place to bed down. Cross-Canyon was to be exclusively male—senior Dean of Students Ann Shepard ’23 was convinced it was too dangerous for females to live on the other side of the bridge. As a consequence, it was widely believed that saltpeter was added to the Cross-Canyoners’ food in Commons. We had a pretty cozy existence for six weeks or so until Peter moved out when his dorm was finished.

Later, I helped Peter Lomhoff lay down a transmission line for KRRC to the new Cross Canyon dorms. We worked our way through a mud-walled tunnel—maybe from the heating plant—all the way around the lake to the dorms. On campus, KRRC was transmitted via the house current carrier wave. You tuned your plug-in radio to a specific 89.3, and, voila! KRRC.

From that, I got into the World of KRRC. The technology was awesome for the early 1960’s—two big manual turntables, microphones, and a telephone. I was always thrilled when someone would call to say they were listening to my program. Carlton Whitehead ‘41, Alumni Director and Lord High Everything Else for many years, would call. He could hear the very faint through-the-air signal in his home, a ten-minute walk from campus. A Big Lure was the free records. KRRC would order LP’s—promo freebies for the station for you to use on your show. At the end of the year you got to keep them. This was College Radio! Pete Lomhoff made up the jingle we sang in the old Doyle basement studio at “station break”: “Kay - Are - Are - Seeeeeee . . . Eighty-Nine Point Threeeeeee . . .”

**Mark T. McLean ’70:** When I came to Reed in ‘66, the first thing I heard walking into the dorm was Frank Zappa’s “Help I’m a rock!” from his album *Freak Out*, played on two different stereos a fraction of a second out of synch. To me, it was stratospheric! Later, in the record library, someone was playing Velvet Underground not through the speakers, but through a really big one of those horn-shaped P.A. blasters with a bizarre paint job. Somebody was sitting on a table with his head stuck into it. That was when I knew I had come to the right place.

By my second year, the Jefferson Airplane and Jimi Hendrix were well established, and The Doors added wondrously to the mix. Quicksilver Messenger Service came along shortly thereafter, and I thought that, musically, at least, everything was flying along nicely. I’m not entirely sure what KRRC was doing during this time. The signal couldn’t reliably make it over to the cross canyon dorms.

**Steven Herold '63:** There was no relaxation. Even our pastimes were incredibly intense. We played bridge in the afternoons, then we would play poker later in the night, and this would be world-class play. These guys were criticizing your bidding and your playing down to micro levels—you had to be really world-class in everything you did. At Reed, you realized that if you undertook something, you really had to be prepared to just do everything you could to excel. It made my head hurt.

I lived in the new Foster-Scholz dorm. The floating table-stakes poker game was down in the boiler room, and no one seemed to mind. There were people there who had been students forever, one a fourteen-year Reed student. There were people who had dropped out but couldn't stay away. They lived in Portland because of Reed, and they kept coming back like Whitey. Whitey supported himself on winnings he took from us at the poker games. I was lucky. I'd go down there and win ten bucks, and that was my spending money. But I was really sweating it, because these guys were betting five hundred to a thousand dollars on a hand.

**Jack Levy '65:** The freshman and sophomore classes each elected a president toward the beginning of the year. The concept was to keep the other class from finding out who your class president was, because if they could find out they would play some major prank on that individual. Because you didn't want a prank to be played on somebody you liked, it meant that each class tried to elect the least popular person as their class president. That was something that probably didn't happen at many colleges, but in a way it was typical of the mentality at Reed. It was difficult at the beginning of the freshman year to know who was going to be the least popular person in the freshman class, let alone really know who exactly was in the class. So it was rather easy for a sophomore to infiltrate the meeting at which freshman class president got elected.

We went to some lengths to get only members of the freshman class into an upstairs room in Eliot Hall. Members of the sophomore class began rappelling down from the roof to peer through the windows from outside. Somebody opened a window and we dragged one of these individuals inside. Someone attempted to cut his rope once he was inside, but cut his own hand in the process. It was really quite a scene.

**Charles Lave '59:** Sometime during my senior or junior year, they had uncovered a call girl ring in Portland, and it was in the headlines of the *Oregonian* every day. The scandal lasted a long, long time. Downtown the biggest office supply store was J.K. Gills. They used the side of their building as a giant billboard for the store. It read "Call Gills at 5-something-something-something." One of my rock-climbing friends, Peter Scheiber '61, asked if he could borrow my car. I said sure. He drove over to Gills and managed to get up the fire escape, attach a rope to the top of the building, and rappel down the side of the billboard. He had a can of paint that matched the color of the letters on the billboard, and used it to change one of the Ls on the billboard to an R. He was also a little bit scared, and changed the wrong L. So it read "Call Gilrs." The *Oregonian* picked it up a day later, having missed the morning edition. The question was, "How had it happened?" They found an eyewitness who claimed he saw it being done from the street, from someone on the sidewalk with a very long brush. Now this is eighty feet up. Scheiber gave me back my car. It had a big blob of this sign paint on it, and I was worried for some time about getting picked up.

**Ethan Scarl '61:** The George Fox students were very upset and incensed that somebody took their bell, but it is fair to say that they did use it in a provocative manner. They brought it to games and rang it when they won. So it was used as a sort of taunt. It was enormously heavy, maybe as much as four hundred pounds, and was suspended on a big heavy wooden frame on wheels. We ended up just taking the bell without the frame, so we always had to carry the darn thing by hand. It took four of us to carry it at any particular time.

It sat around for a while, and then Peter Scheiber '61 dreamed up the big show, which centered around the basketball game between Reed and George Fox. The bell was to be lowered and suspended under the Hawthorne Bridge over the Willamette River. There was a ceremony during half time of the basketball game with diaphanous maidens dancing and strewing flower petals. The George Fox students were presented with a three by five card, which was the first clue to an Easter egg hunt for their bell. There were something like six or ten of these cards, which were to lead them chasing around Portland, mostly in the Southeast, from one card to the next, finally ending up at the Hawthorne Bridge, where they would discover their bell hanging under the bridge. Unfortunately, things did not go quite according to plan.

There were about six or seven of us on the walkway of the Hawthorne Bridge with Peter's array of ropes and a pulley. We were just about ready to get it up in position when George Fox students started appearing. I think their IQs were a little bit higher than we had estimated, and they got through their ordeal a little bit quicker than anticipated. So we raised it up, resting on the metal banister, tightened the ropes and pushed it off. The ropes were supposed to catch it, but there wasn't anything to take up slack and handle the kind of tension that it was going to have. The ropes broke and the thing just went straight down, into the river.

I had peripherally known people who were into scuba diving at Franklin High School in Portland and so I called one of them, who agreed to dive down and attach a rope to the bell. There was a trucking outfit up at the top of the bank, and they offered to hook a truck to the rope and haul the bell up the bank. Eventually there was a ceremony at George Fox when the bell was returned.

**Molly Uffelman Stafford '66:** Joe Parnell had a '63 Volkswagen. Somebody was mad at him for some reason, I don't know why. We were sort of tagging along. Together we pushed Joe's car through the doors of Eliot Hall, up the stairs and set it down in the hall. Then we jacked it up, took the wheels off, and put it on concrete blocks. The wheels got hung in what was then Commons and is now the Student Union. We got our picture in the *Quest*, running away. Some administrator decided it was a danger to the health and welfare of the students if they went in there, that it would fall over and crash or something. So they had to get tow trucks and jacks and all kinds of stuff to haul it out. It cost a hundred dollars or something. We all had to toe the line.

**Ron Fox '64:** The Doyle Owl was in the possession of the Haberfeld twins, Steve '63 and Peter '63, along with three other guys who were all members of the football team. They were the biggest and baddest guys on the campus, and in good humor they would

often show the Owl in the Commons during the dinner meal, repelling all attempts to wrest the Owl away.

One evening after one of these failed attempts, I was walking by the library when I spotted the Haberfeld's car parked in the library parking lot. I broke into the car through an open wing window, and found the Owl in the trunk. Dwight Read '64 and I then loaded the Owl onto his motorcycle, and took it to a safe place.

Dwight eventually took the owl to Los Angeles and got it filmed in Seaworld, where he had connections, with sharks, sea turtles, and divers. Some months later we spliced this film into the Friday night movie on campus.

**John Ullman '65:** Mostly the Doyle Owl was brought onto campus by surprise and then carried off again before other people could get organized enough to take it away from the current "custodians." This time, advance word went out that a showing would occur during the Friday night movie in the chapel. Owl fanciers showed up in full force, if not loaded for Owl, maybe just loaded. The movie that night was the 1920 German silent horror film, *The Golem*. Set in sixteenth century Prague, *The Golem* is about a large clay monster created by a mystic rabbi to chastise an anti-Semitic king. In one particularly suspenseful scene, the king, unable to sleep, walks through his palace. He sees the Golem standing at the far end of a long hall. The king is filled with fear, but can't help his curiosity, so he slowly walks toward the clay figure. The camera, taking the king's point of view, zooms in to a close-up of the Golem's face. The camera zooms out again, but this time we saw the Doyle Owl's face, and then the whole owl, under water in some marine park with fish swimming all around it. The camera zooms into the owl's face again, and when it zooms out, we were back to the Golem, and the film continued. Needless to say, there was considerable consternation among the folks who expected an epic tussle over the owl.

**Kathleen Davies '67:** Somehow I got in with the crowd that had the Doyle Owl. John Davies '67, who I later married, and Jon Bates '67 were the ringleaders. We publicized a showing of the Owl at the library on such-and-such a date. That day our group displayed the Owl from the balcony of library. To get it off the roof, they hired a helicopter to come by, and at the appropriate time the helicopter dropped a bunch of rope, with which the Owl, wrapped up in a blanket, was tied up in, and then the helicopter took off with the Owl dangling below it.

Now it turns out that you can't legally carry a *dangling item* from a helicopter over public streets. So, they had to drop the Owl off on the other side of campus since they couldn't take it any farther than that. I was waiting over there with my old purple, semi-automatic Chrysler called the Vomit Comet, with somebody else, because the Owl weighed about seventy pounds and I couldn't lift it by myself. They dropped the Owl off beside the car, but it cracked. We hauled the cracked Owl into the trunk of my car, and as we're driving off, I notice that I'm out of gas. But we were able to get up the hill and get twenty-five cents worth of gas, which was enough for us to get far enough away.

When it came time for senior pictures, we decided that the best thing was to have a picture taken with the Owl. I never really had an urge to be a pinup girl or a calendar photo, although I did want to be a cheerleader in high school. So I dressed in a black corduroy jumper on my knees in the Sallyport kissing the Owl.

**Jim Kahan '64:** Folk dancing was the single most popular activity on campus. We would pull in on a regular basis maybe half the student body. The old Student Union would be packed. The interest was in ethnic dance. Israeli was popular. Balkan was popular. There was a group that really liked Scandinavian dances. There was a group that liked Greek dances. It was a way of dancing that wasn't the socially dominant, acceptable form, or what students hadn't done in high school because they were too geeky. There was a large element of that.

**Barret Hansen '63:** When I arrived in 1959, intervisitation hours were something like 1 to 9 PM Saturdays and Sundays. Later on, weekday evening hours were added, and the weekend hours lengthened. Overnight stays were still verboten, but this prohibition was often winked at, as long as the host or hostess dormmates didn't object to such sleepovers. One evening in the early 1960s, President Sullivan commanded all students residing on campus to gather in Botsford Auditorium. He then delivered an address, in which he declared that sexual intercourse in any Reed dorm, whatever the hour, was a de facto violation of the Honor Principle. His reasoning was that such dalliance made it more difficult for him to raise funds for Reed, and therefore harmed the entire community. Many were outraged at this perversion of the Honor Principle's purity, but the Judicial Board, or whatever it was called then, was quite busy with sex-in-the dorms and other intervisitation-related cases for awhile.

**Richard Roistacher '65:** The Brooklyn Diner was a twenty-four hour diner not too far from campus. One of the uses of the Brooklyn Diner was the Reed equivalent of sexual display among apes, in which males of one class would take females of the succeeding class there late at night, after the library had closed, and attempt to wow them with their intellectual prowess. I had several classes with a guy who shall, to protect the guilty, be called Fred. Fred had gold-rimmed spectacles, a beard and a pipe, and an all-purpose question which was something like, "Before we go on, could you please provide me with the ontological and epistemological foundation of what you're saying?" It was vaguely designed to cut off discourse at the knees. I had borne this for about two years, and had been utterly scrazzled by it. I didn't know how to deal with this all-purpose question. It was the start of the new year, and we were taking two freshmen females to the Brooklyn Diner where we were going to indulge in intellectual apelike sexual display. I saw him light up his pipe, remove it from his mouth, look over his spectacles, and ask the question, and suddenly I realized what the answer was.

"Fred," I said, "blow it out your barracks bag."

He deflated. He knew that I had seen through it. The girls, on the other hand, thought I was a terrible clod who couldn't keep up with the real intellectual macho type next to him. So I lost the evening, but I had won the battle.

**Cricket Parmalee '67:** Sometime during the fall of 1961 Pete Seeger came to campus and gave a concert in Botsford, the old gym. It was a funny gym, Victorian on the outside but inside it was just an old gym, with a basketball floor and a stage at the other end where Pete Seeger gave this concert. Lots of people came. He invited people to come and sit on stage with him. So he was sitting up front and there was a semi-circle of us sitting

behind him. One of the songs that he sang was a song that he had written with lyrics adapted from the Bible. It later became a rock song by The Byrds. It went:

To everything, turn, turn, turn,  
There is a season, turn, turn, turn,  
And a time to every purpose under heaven.  
A time to love, a time to hate,  
A time to plant, a time to reap,  
A time you may embrace,  
A time to refrain from embracing.

It was a very nice evening, and after the concert was over, a whole bunch of us walked back towards the Old Dorm Block and through the Sallyport. We were standing out in front and talking. There was this boy there that I really liked. He was tall and slender, and had sort of copper-red hair, with kind of a Prince Valiant haircut, and a sweet smile. He was not Brazilian, but for some reason his family lived in Brazil. So he was a little bit exotic. And I had a suspicion that he liked me. Everybody was talking, and gradually people began to drift away, until finally he and I were the only ones there, still talking. It was getting late, and whatever it was that maybe was someday going to happen, it didn't seem like this was going to be the moment. So finally, we said goodnight. He started off along the Old Dorm Block toward his dorm in Foster-Scholz. By the doors of Kerr and Abington there were these lanterns shining, and something happened that happens in Portland at night where it gets very foggy. He emerged out of the shadow into this pool of light. He had his fists jammed down in his pea coat, and he was whistling the song "Turn, turn, turn." There I was standing, listening to this whistling and seeing him move from the shadow into the light and again into the shadow. As he walked away the whistling was getting softer and softer. I had such *longing* in my heart, just standing there, listening to this thing fading away. I thought, well, I'll just stand here until I can't hear it anymore, and then I'll go home. So it was fading and fading, but as I was listening it just went on and on, and it even began to seem to me that it was getting louder. I listened and listened, and realized it really *was* getting louder, and I knew what that meant. He was coming back.

**Mark McLean '70:** The first dating event was a computer-matched dance in freshman orientation period the first week we were on campus. All the young men and all the young ladies submitted their list-of-interests profiles and they were matched by computer for the dance. Many of us men received little slips of paper that said "You've just found out the ratio of men to women is 1.5 to 1 and you don't have a date for this dance." The computer-matched dance was not replicated after that year.

**Joe Weisman '65:** I wrote down a lot of stuff for meeting the P.E. requirement. Under the Botsford Gym there was a rifle range. You could get P.E. credit for rifle shooting. Bowling got you P.E. credit. We went to Bend a lot to go to the lava tubes caving. Dynamite Cave, that was good. Bat Cave. We got P.E. credit for that. Matwork, which is a euphemism for sex, got you P.E. credit. You'd just write down "matwork."

**Celia Morris '64:** You have to picture what this football team looked like at Reed. It was all guys but it looked like every guy who had *never been allowed* to play football turned out for the football team. It was the scruffiest bunch of five-foot-two guys. I don't remember anybody who looked like a football player on the team. One of the chants that I remember from the sidelines was "Oregon Laundry and Linen Supply, Oregon Laundry and Linen Supply." That was the company that did students' personal laundry and linens. It always brought the other team running. They had no idea what we were saying.

**Richard Conviser '65:** I loved the football games on Friday nights for their irreverence. Drum major J.D. Eveland '64, wearing a bowler hat and carrying an umbrella, would lead a ragtag marching band of Reedies who would march in the formation of a cross, probably to get the goat of our Christian school opponents. There would be an assortment of kazoos, trashcan lids as cymbals, big trashcans as bass drums, and waste cans as snare drums, lending the event a kind of surreal atmosphere. We would clap the players out of their huddle by repeating over and over again, "Oregon Laundry and Linen Supply," which was the service that provided clean sheets and towels to those who wanted them. There were cheers like, "Schopenhauer Marx Kant Spinoza / Come on Reed, Hit 'em in the Nosa!" Or, "Secant/Cosine/Tangent/Sine/3.14159/Come on, Reed!/Hit that Line!" And, if the team should start winning, people would start to chant, "Beware of Overemphasis! Beware of Overemphasis!" One of the other football chants we did was: "Atheism, Communism, Free Love," or just "Love/Love/Love," and then, "Free Love."

**Richard Roistacher '65:** I was a member of the rifle club when Botsford Gymnasium had a rifle range underneath. Going out and firing fifty rounds was not considered a scandalous activity. It was, in fact, how you got your P.E. credit. Underneath Winch were lockers, in which, in those carefree days, we stored weapons and ammunition. I was an expert in weapons and firearms with the Special Forces Reserve at the time. In the spring of either 1962 or 1963 I found a little bottle about the size of the palm of a hand in the back of the lockers, labeled "PBN3." Lead azide, which is a primary explosive. A primary explosive is one that actually goes off when you hit it with a hammer. Most explosives are not. So I said to myself, "Well, this is not a good thing." But there were other things to do, and it wasn't bothering anybody.

That summer I worked at Reed. Toward the end of summer, I thought we should get rid of this thing because people were going to be moving back. Unfortunately, the guy with the keys to the locker had decamped for the summer. I went to Ann Shepard '23, the dean of students, who was completely unflappable as far as I knew. Only, I had gone beyond her envelope of unflappability. Learning that there were explosives in the basement of Winch, she called the police. The police sent around Officer A. T. Rogers, who had a bomb-shaped emblem on his sleeve, which I thought meant he was a fully-qualified explosives expert, having completed a year at Aberdeen Proving Ground, a federal facility in Maryland. But, in fact, he had completed a two-week course in Salem. He asked, "Well, how bad is this?" "Well, this is a twelve-inch drop test," I said, meaning that it is a device that is not nitroglycerin, but it's also not TNT, which you can sleep on.

Little did we know that the Portland *Oregonian* monitored the police channels. So immediately, two reporters showed up. They asked Officer A. T. Rogers about it, and he told them, "Well, this thing will explode if you drop it twelve inches." In truth it probably

would not explode if you dropped it out of a second-story window. But, hey. So then a huge squad of police went down to Winch. Their lock pick expert tried to pick the lock, which opened with one of these keys that is flat with the sawn out edges. After a while, Orval Agee, the maintenance man pulled out a huge ring of keys and said, “Would it be cheating if we used this?”

There was at the time, for reasons unknown to me, an army explosive ordnance disposal detachment across the river at Vancouver Barracks, where I was a reservist. They showed up in their jeeps with the red fenders that say, “EOD, dangerous, stand back.” The bottle was ceremoniously taken out of the locker. A friend of mine from the Special Forces Reserve unit, Bill Ellison, was a fully qualified EOD guy. The guys in the EOD detachment knew him. They said, “Well, listen, Bill Ellison’s as good as us. Just hand it to him. He’ll take it.” So the police went off. The EOD people went off. Leaving Bill and me and this bottle of lead azide. Ann Shepard had recovered her blood pressure and cool, so she dispatched to us Dr. John E. H. Hancock, Professor of Chemistry. A man known for his *sangfroid*, if not his *savoir faire*. We decided we’d go out to Bill’s father’s farm, which was outside the city limits, and which had a licensed explosives magazine, where in fact our reserve unit used to store its stuff. We took devious secret routes, changed cars, but of course when we got to Bill’s father’s farm, we were met by four guys from the local TV. At this point setting up a camera does weird things to one’s frontal lobes, because John Hancock, who was supposed to ride herd on this and say, “Go away,” is caught on film holding up the bottle of lead azide, giving a discursion on the properties of this thing. I’m trying to look cool while crimping blasting caps onto lengths of time fuse in the background. Our original plan was to take a rubber band, put a blasting cap on the bottle, and make it go, “Pop!”

It didn’t work like that. We thought maybe we’d improve it. So we put half a pound of TNT on there. Then while we were at it, we thought we’d put five pounds of C-4, plastic explosive stronger than TNT, on it. We put it by a large tree trunk, just to shield us. Later, we watched the evening news. It showed Hancock, me, and everybody else, and the stunt from far away. British, clipped voice—John was a Brit—“Five, four, three, two, one, anytime now.” Kerbloom! There was about a hundred foot-high column of smoke and dust coming from this, which appeared not only on television, but on the front page of the *Oregonian* the next day as “The Reed College Bomb.”