

Macalester College Class of 1972

Memories Fifty Years Later



'68: a different atmosphere

Those who did not live before the Revolution will never know how sweet life is, Talleyrand said. This year's senior class leaves Macalester next week the link between the new Macalester and the old will be gone.

When the class of '72 came to Mac bearing guitars, stuffed animals, clothes, and all the things needed to make their rooms more homely, they entered an atmosphere that was different from the climate at Mac now.

Big campus events were Homecoming, Snow Week, All-College formal, and the Daddy Daughter Dinner Dance.

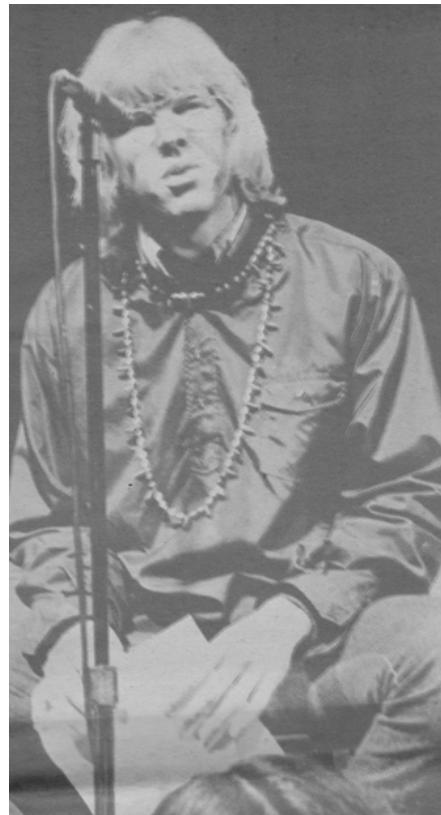
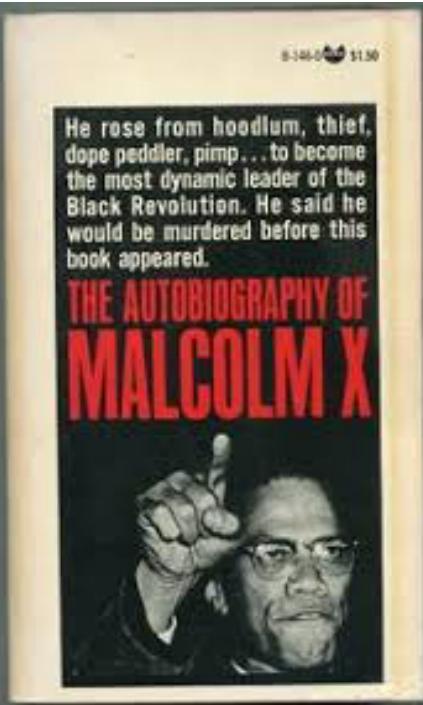
The new frosh moved into dorms occupied by members of their own sex. Women had hours and grace minutes.

The residents of the women's dorms serenaded the men and the men serenaded the women's dorms.

On those occasions when the sexes were allowed to entertain each other in their rooms, the host placed a towel (wet or dry) over the door and a person on each floor checked to make sure regulations were properly enforced.

That was a year of transition. There were religious "confro's," many required courses and *in loco parentis* were eliminated. The SRFR document was adopted. The E.E.O. program was conceived and recruiting began.

Mac was in the first rank in the changes in American private education. But the changes had just begun.



The Mac Weekly

Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101

EXTRA

Vol. 56, No. 19

Press time: 9:00 a.m.

Friday, April 17

Mac Students Take Business Office

At nine-thirty last night a group of about one hundred Macalester students entered and occupied the college business office building at 77 Macalester St. The seizure, which continued until 12:30 a.m., was staged in protest against the board of trustees' decision to withhold proxy rights in several corporations from student control. The action claimed a chain of events which began with the opening of the trustees meeting in the Dining Commons at 1 p.m. yesterday afternoon.

An account of those events follows.

At 1 p.m. a meeting between trustees and students convened in the Dining Commons. The agenda centered upon the "proxies for people" issue. There was considerable discussion. Then the trustees retreated to their board room to deliberate. About 4 p.m. the trustees announced their decision; they refused to deliver proxy rights to the students. Instead of proxy representation, students received a promise that the trustees would present the views of the "proxy

movement." In proxy representation, students received a promise that a trustee would present the views of the "proxy for people" movement to the stockholder meetings.

Students were dissatisfied. For the next few hours, about fifty students rapped in Dupre lounge about

the resolution. After some time, they decided to rally on the Mall at 7 p.m. At 7 p.m. a protest rally of sorts did begin, but the turnout was small. In

(See, occupation p. 2)

text of statement

We, the members of the Macalester College Community, reject today's decision by the Macalester Executive Board of Trustees to deny the Macalester Community the right to participate in the voting of the college's stock in Honeywell, General Electric, and General Motors Stockholders' meeting. This action was, we feel, in total disregard of the petition of one thousand Macalester students, faculty, and administration who supported the community voting of college proxies.

We have occupied the college's business office at 77 Macalester St. in protest of this decision. We plan to leave the building at 12:30 this morning of our own volition. The purpose of this action is to demonstrate to the Board of Trustees our desire to participate democratically in the decision-making of this college. We are asking with this action that the Trustees agree to the following:

- 1) Open Trustee meetings in the future;
- 2) The proposal of the Macalester Proxies Committee be adopted as procedure for the voting of College stock this year!
- 3) Permanent procedures for voting of College stock be adopted that are consistent with the spirit of the Proxies Committee's proposal.

We are demonstrating with this action that we are firm in our decision that the Trustees must face their obligation to vote the College's stock. We have tried to responsibly de-

monstrate to the Macalester Board of Trustees our potential power--we implore them to act equally responsibly in fulfilling their institutional obligations. We have, finally, asked a number of Trustees to meet with us and the entire Macalester Community at 7:00 p.m. Friday, April 17, to discuss their decision.



Carl Griesser, a leader in last night's occupation, also figured in Tuesday's GRASP action.

college reactions

The administration took the seizure of the business office last night calmly, almost matter-of-factly. William D. Jones, Director of safety and maintenance at Mac, was one of the first members of the administration to be "on the scene." He had heard of the students' intention to occupy the business office and was there to oversee the activities from the beginning. He did not interfere. Nor would he interfere, he said, unless the students be-

able to oversee the activities from the beginning. He did not interfere. Nor would he interfere, he said, unless the students became very unruly, or began destroying things. As it was, he said, the action was "very orderly, and the students worked hard to

The Lottery of Our Lives

Mel Duncan

On December 1, 1969, many of the guys who had been at the wine guzzling birthday party for Bob Van Heuveln a few weeks earlier, crammed into the lounge on 4 East Dupre. As we arrived that evening, we quietly nodded to each other. Nobody said much. It felt like a wake. We silently huddled in front of the TV. CBS had preempted Andy Griffith's *Mayberry RFD*. There would be no Aunt Bea tonight. Instead, we had gathered unwillingly to play Russian roulette, except some old white guy on the screen was pulling the trigger. We were there to watch the Draft Lottery. It seemed insane. The TV stage looked more like a hastily assembled bingo hall than the site of an official government ceremony where thousands of young men's futures would be decided. One by one men in suits, some old, some young, drew blue capsules from a large glass bowl and handed them to an expressionless woman seated at a card table. She slowly opened each capsule, one by one, extracting a small paper like a fortune from a giant fortune cookie. She then handed it to the wretched General Hershey. He called out the birth date printed on the note. He sounded like an executioner, just doing his duty but revealing a slight relish. An eternity stretched between the drawing of each blue capsule and the announcement of the birthday it contained.

We all stared at the screen, avoiding eye contact. We were together attending the most significant event of many of our lives and, at that moment, I felt very alone. "SEPTEMBER 14," Hershey announced the date. We still weren't looking at each other. Then Ken in a voice of quiet resignation acknowledged that his birthday was September 14th. He was number 1 in the lottery, a sure bet to be drafted. I was angry, really angry. I wanted May 22nd to be the first date. I was ready to fight the draft and wanted to be number 1. Instead, I watched most of the year draw by as friends quietly conceded as their birthdays were announced. May 22nd was 326th to be drawn. I literally had no chance to be drafted. Damn it. Damn it. DAMN IT!

Jon Schroeder was 55th. He would likely be drafted. I sat with him most of the night in Wally Hall as he had with me less than a month earlier when I had gotten drunk at Bob's party after watching Nixon's silent majority speech. In my stupor on November 3rd, I couldn't let go of my older brother, Larry, who sat in Da Nang while I sat in the comfort of Macalester College. Jon mainly held on to me that night. Now, on December 1st I could return the kindness. We talked but were mostly silent. I told him that I would gladly exchange numbers with him. He didn't know what to do. We discussed options and ways that he could get out.

I decided that night that I would still resist the draft. If they weren't going to come to me, I would come to them. Eighteen months earlier I had walked down to the Davenport Post Office and signed up for the draft on my 18th birthday, now I would resign. I would use my Conscientious Objector application which I had begun writing to explain how I not only conscientiously objected to war, I also conscientiously objected to taking part in conscription. I would take Mitau's Con Law class to develop a constitutional basis for my claim. As the flyer handed out at the Moratorium in DC a few weeks earlier read, "*The draft is a form of involuntary servitude.*" And, "*a high lottery number does not free you from the draft.*"

First semester of our sophomore year illuminated a path that I had already been walking and forged my commitment to actively resist violence through creative nonviolence, a commitment I still follow today.

It was a dramatic time

Wyndy Knox Carr

Halfway through my sophomore year at the University of Wisconsin in 1969-70, the campus started to look like a war zone itself. I had gone up to St Paul to look at Macalester to check out their English Department and apply for a transfer. I had known I needed a better education than UW, and was amazed at the small classes, cool seminars, and full professors teaching. Mac had “interim,” summer and month-long opportunities for study and travel as well as the small campus on bucolic, elm-lined Midwestern residential streets. *Wow.*

Roy McBride was the first person I met as he sat on the retaining wall next to the octagonal brick and glass Weyerhaeuser Chapel, and he, his girlfriend Muggsy and the rest of the “Inter College” psychedelic crew and their coop housing staff welcomed me with open arms and severely dilated bloodshot eyes. Food, parties, crash pads, smokables. We were writers, artists, radicals and mystics. We were cool. Everything was groovy at Macalester in St. Paul. Everything was *cool.*

When I got back to Madison, though, things were definitely *not cool*. Things were *hot*. Everybody except Andrew seemed to have lost their minds as well as their self-protective capacities, and he was actually pretty anxious about his draft status, too. He was graduating, I was supposed to be staying.

Andrew and I looked grimly out our apartment window a few days later. Students, faculty and workers were strolling down the wide sidewalks and the narrow street towards campus as usual, then stopping in their tracks, staring, spinning around and *very* briskly jogging back towards us in the direction from which they’d come; dropping coffee mugs, umbrellas, class notes or accessories willy-nilly.

Probably 250 soldiers in full riot gear gripping their rifles pointed towards the pedestrians with bayonets drawn, gas masks and helmets covering their faces and heads with their insect-like goggles were stomping rhythmically down State Street towards us one-two, one-two, one-two, one-two shoulder-to-shoulder.

This was *Wisconsin*. This was a *college* campus. It was 8 o’clock in the *morning*, for Chrissakes. The War had definitely “come home.” We stared, but we were *already* home, so we had no place to “run.” A chill came rocketing up my back and arms, shuddering from toe to head and then back again. The phalanx of soldiers clomped wordlessly past us below our window. School was closed today, boys and girls. Better stay home, and how.

Later that afternoon, Roy and Muggsy had come down to Madison from St. Paul for the weekend and had my address, but we were so chickenshit terrified we wouldn’t even let them in the house. Everyone could be an enemy. Anyone could be a policeman, soldier or a spy.

We knew nothing of “solidarity.” I didn’t even *think* about how *they* felt. We didn’t *know* them very well. Maybe they were those “outside agitators” we’d heard so much about. I was definitely ready to be *out of there*. Like, *I am so gone...*

So I transferred. My straight-A Computer Scientist graduated fiancé was in Korea fixing cash registers for two and a half years in order not to “go to Nam.” Andrew’s parents let me stay overnight with him at their house the night before he got on the bus to go to basic training because we were engaged. I cried the way I did 25 years later at the nursing home when I realized my Dad was going to die and I’d never see him again.

I came into the English Department as a junior and was welcomed with those intelligent, liberal, international-consciousness open arms of the teachers until I made even more very, very interesting friends.

Poets. Anthropology students. Musicians. Math majors. Eco-chemists, whatever *that* was. Religious Studies majors. Weirdoes, a lot like me.

And women teachers. Susan Toth. Mrs. Kane, Marge Maddux, who taught Modern Dance with *yoga meditation* at the end. VERY smart, outspoken women who wrote, published, had spectacular showings in the art galleries, directed performances, translated Proust, conducted the concert choir and took us to plays at the Guthrie. It's hard to imagine being surprised by that nowadays!

Susan ("NOT just *Mrs. Toth*," she told us after we'd said goodbye to our parents at the airport) led us on an "English Novelists" Interim tour for nearly six weeks of glorious reading and study. We saw the Royal Shakespeare Company in their winter season and she rescued us from a dank youth hostel to a sweet Kensington Garden Square B & B just by calling the college President and demanding that he and the Finance Department "make it so."

Funding, scholarships, pianos, equipment, library books, dormitories, a Student Union Building and biology lab. Teachers with Ph. Ds who had the time and financial stability to *care* about their students. Many prominent alumni and area business people "gave back" generously not only to the college and the students, but to the whole Twin Cities cultural, social, political and artistic scene. Many of the social concerns and justice issues I'd only *learned about* at Madison seemed to be functioning here already.

Macalester was a small enough fishbowl that I could be powerful and visible as well as *learn* and *grow*, too. I'd gone to Heaven, it seemed to me, but Andrew was still stuck in Limbo, if not in Hell. I told him at Winter Break we had to break up. I was paralyzed by a physical and emotional pain of being separated from him and guilt of being somewhere so beautiful among people so stimulating and benign.

It was like a terrible wound that I knew I had to cauterize with my own hand or die. Dramatic? *It was a dramatic time...*

Juanita Garcia-Godoy was a poetry writer, and one of the woman students from our UK trip was, too. They were proud of it. We read each other poems and encouraged each other to staple together illustrated "chapbooks" and submit poems to the *Mac Weekly* campus news. "Confessional" poetry was in the air! So was "free love." Editor Tom Lincoln's sister Nancy told me many years later that the *Weekly* had lost a big grant from the Wallace Foundation because he published one of my poems that started out "Finally getting laid..." *Ooops*.

We heard from Muggsy and Mary Ellen that there was a Women Poets group forming in the Twin Cities, and we went to see what it was. I met Dale Handeen and Mary Karr there, too. Wendy Parrish, from Susan's trip, or Bea Williams, a middle-aged woman poet, read as a "token" woman at readings for the *North Stone Review*. Bea and another writer, Phebe Hanson from Minneapolis, were pretty fed up with the lack of women poets recognized in readings or published in magazines, so they decided to have regular meetings at their houses to read poems and provide an open forum. Park Square Court and Poetry in the Schools sprang up.

The idea that I didn't have to *marry* an English teacher, *be* an English teacher or *marry* a poet to feed my hidden "calling" gripped my consciousness. I could actually *be a writer*. Not even a *poet-ess*. What an amazing possibility. The world of expressive, lyrical and important language belonged to *ME*.

African proverb from Facebook: "If you want to go fast, go alone; if you want to go far, go together." Let's do *both...*

Goin' To DC to Stop a War

Mel Duncan

On a bleak November afternoon with the sun disappearing before five o'clock, six of us- two couples and two others who would couple up enroute- piled into Debbie's mom's 1966 black Chrysler Newport and headed east on Interstate 94. My home-made button read, "I'm going!" We were going! Going to DC to stop a war! But nearing Madison Wisconsin four hours later, the car started smelling funny and overheated. All the car repair shops were closed by then, so we scrounged for a place to crash on the University of Wisconsin campus and ended up sleeping in a dorm laundry room.

We pooled our money and got a hose replaced on the car early next morning and we were off to DC. When I wasn't driving, I spent much of the day making out with Buff, my girlfriend from St. Kates. We claimed to have made out across the entire state of Indiana. I spent the rest of the time writing a running commentary for my older brother Larry who had been drafted and was now in Da Nang. A cassette of Crosby, Stills and Nash provided background music the entire way. Who the hell was *Suite Judy Blue Eyes* and what was a *Marrakesh Express*? Wasn't there something more relevant that we could play?

By night fall we had entered Pennsylvania headed for Pittsburgh. Now people in almost every car were flashing peace signs. When we stopped for gas and at rest stops, kids would run up to us and start talking, forming an instant solidarity. I felt a collage of emotions. Mixed with the gravity of the war were giddy, excited feelings like we were headed for a rock concert. Peace, revolution and sex were in the air, hell, they were in the Chrysler Newport. We were no longer going. We were arriving. We were joining a giant convoy to the Capitol to stop a war!

As we crossed the Maryland line, we listened on the car radio to Agnew's speech in Des Moines attacking the media for their coverage of Nixon's November 3rd speech. He also attacked the Moratorium claiming it to be a product of the media led by an elite corps who did not represent America. We groaned and yelled back at him. Afterall, a month earlier Agnew had denounced the October Moratorium as "encouraged by an effete corps of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals." Although I would not allow myself to acknowledge it at the time, I hated him. I hated lots of things.

My excitement grew as the shining white Capitol Dome came into view. I reminded myself not to have fun. The world was in too serious a state.

That night we stayed at our carmate, Peter's parents' home in Arlington. The comfort seemed to contradict our mission but it sure beat the U of W laundry room. His parents made it clear that the boys and girls were to sleep in separate rooms, an arrangement that remained until we thought that the parents were asleep. Afterall, I was living in a co-ed dorm back at Macalester.

Early the next morning, Buff and I stood in front of a big tent near the Arlington bridge waiting to take part in the March Against Death. It all seems so painfully innocent now. We were there to stop Death.

Tens of thousands of mostly young people were flowing towards a large canvass tent, sharing food, joints, hats, mittens, themselves. How beautiful, I thought. A glimpse of the future. A single stream of marchers filed out of the opposite side of the tent,

each of us carrying a placard with the name of an American who had been killed in Viet Nam. I stood aghast as I waited. These signs represented real people. Name after name. Sign after sign. What if the next sign had the name, "Larry Duncan?" My eyes frantically scanned each sign as it emerged from the tent. I shook. I felt like I was going to vomit. When I got inside the tent, I grasped the sign handed to me knowing that my brother's name would be on it. It wasn't.

I defiantly stopped and posed for the man taking each of our photographs as we started across the bridge over the Potomac. As I silently marched, I thought about what I would feel if the placard actually did carry my brother's name. Then I remembered that I truly was carrying the name of someone's brother. And, then I realized that regardless of the name printed on my placard I actually was carrying the name of my brother. I felt weak and quietly wept as I marched silently to the White House where I shouted the name written on my sign to the President. A president who would later reveal that he would rather watch a football game than listen to the pleas for peace from a half-million people gathered in DC for the weekend. Amid tens of thousands, I was only aware of Buff and the placard. I was carrying more than a piece of poster board, more than a name. I was carrying the life, and death of a real person. I was carrying the lives and deaths of many, including Larry's. I gently placed the name in a coffin in front of the White House.

The next morning was a sunny, cold blue as the six of us carmates, parked in Virginia, walked across the Arlington Bridge again and on to the Capitol joining a crowd that would swell to 500,000. Of the six of us, Mark and Debbie, and, Buff and I were already couples. Peter, a friend of Mark's and Jane, a friend of Debbie's had quickly and passionately coupled up on the trip.

At the Capitol we encountered a dozen coffins holding thousands of placards bearing the names of war casualties. I fell in as one of the pallbearers and carried a coffin down Pennsylvania Avenue hoping my parents, who I hadn't told about my trip, wouldn't see me on TV. We poured onto the National Mall occupying the vast, gentle green space sloping from the Washington Monument toward the Jefferson Memorial. The White House was at our back. I could barely see the tiny stage on the opposite side of the mall but could hear everything well. The sound system was really good.

It felt like an outdoor music festival: Arlo Guthrie, John Denver, Peter, Paul and Mary, the cast of Hair, even a string quartet played. Damn it. I wasn't there to celebrate or even enjoy myself. This wasn't supposed to be a Woodstock redux. We had serious business to attend to. We had a war to stop.

We sat for hours on the cold ground, Buff and I leaning on each other. Speakers, mainly white men, interspersed the music. Senator Gene McCarthy. What the hell was he doing here? He had abandoned us after Chicago the year before. I had dismissed him in the same stroke of resentment as I had Bobby Dylan when he checked out. "Perhaps the pictures in the Times could no longer be put in rhymes...Do you hear the voices crying in the night, Bobby? They're crying for you" Joan Baez would sing.

George McGovern spoke. He sounded earnest as he tried to position himself as heir apparent to Bobby Kennedy. The mantel didn't quite fit.

Dave Dellinger appeared, finally a nonviolent organizer, who had to get back to Chicago where he and six others were on trial for protesting at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. Now we were getting down to business. Dick Gregory

reminded us: "Last month the President of the United States said nothing you young kids would do would have any effect on him. Well, I suggest to the President of the United States if he want to know how much effect you youngsters can have on the President, he should make one long distance phone call to the LBJ ranch and ask that boy how much effect you can have."

Pete Seeger led us in "All we are saying is give peace a chance," as he shouted between verses, "Can you hear us Nixon?" "Can you hear us Agnew?" "Can you hear us Pentagon?" Nixon said the next day that he was too busy watching a football game to hear us although we would later learn from the White House tapes that he was "peeking out at us well into the night."

Dusk was starting to fall when word circulated through the crowd to go to the Justice Department. The six of us walked to the base of the Washington Monument and watched as a couple of thousand demonstrators headed up the Mall toward the Justice Department building. Hundreds of riot gear clad police, soldiers and National Guardsman streamed out of government buildings. It looked choreographed. They started firing tear gas cannisters. The smoke ushered the dusk to darkness. A phalanx of National Guard headed our way. Their gas masks made them appear like ant-eating aliens. They all carried rifles diagonally across their chests. People started to run. Buff and I just stood and stared. The white helmeted, armed creatures scared me as they approached. I wondered who they were. Where did they come from? Some demonstrators screaming "death to the fascist pigs," also frightened me. Both groups seemed to have something distinctly in common with Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew.

Cops started clubbing demonstrators on Constitution Avenue. People were running everywhere and nowhere. The soldiers didn't break ranks as they marched towards us. The tear gas intensified. We pulled bandanas over our mouths and noses more for style than effect. Behind us from the stage that now appeared hazy, Peter Yarrow was calmly telling us all to remain peaceful. The sound system still worked well! There was no reason to panic. He was reuniting kids and parents who had become separated, telling people where their buses were parked. His soothing voice redirected us from the chaos.

I turned to my friends, suggesting that we go. Amid the mayhem, Jane and Peter were lying on the ground making out. The National Guard had gotten within 20 yards when we finally rousted them. As we walked away, I turned around and looked into the Guardsman's faces. They were young, my age. Behind the masks I saw fear. What in hell were they doing here?

A flyer passed out from the DC Moratorium Committee that day read:

You cannot make the draft fair.

Gen. Hersey

1. *The draft may force you to kill or be killed in a war that you had neither chosen or supported.*
2. *The draft is a form of involuntary servitude.*
3. *Deferments are unfair to those who do not want to or cannot afford to go to college.*
4. *Any draft system perpetuates a set of arbitrary decisions made by each local draft board.*
5. *The lottery calls first those who are not yet allowed to vote.*

6. *A high lottery number does not free you from the draft.*
7. *In attacking the war in Vietnam we must attack the basis of US militarism.
And the central institution of militarism is that of the draft system.*

As we walked back over the Potomac into Virginia. I felt hopeful. I thought how great it will be when hundreds of thousands of us men at the rally refused to enter the military. The Spirit of love and peace was growing. I was sure that it would spread. The clouds of tear gas that listlessly wafted over DC told another story.

Musical Remembrance

Tom Copeland

On April 11, 1970, composer John Cage came to Macalester to perform *Musicircus* at the field house. The field house was filled with dozens of performances all happening at the same time: televisions and radios tuned to different channels, ballroom dancers, chamber orchestra, Swedish folk dancers, mylar balloons, rock bands, etc. I joined with some fellow students who brought pots and pans to the event. We marched around the field house banging them as loud as we could, although we couldn't hear anything over the din. We saw Cage smile at us as we marched by! What a thrill. At the end of the day our pots and pans were dented beyond repair.

I wasn't ready

Paul Nelson

College, especially in memory, is supposed to be a triumph: Youth, freedom, flowering. It wasn't that way for me. I wasn't ready.

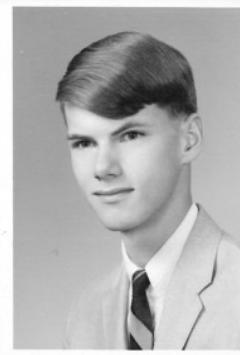
I was 17 when I arrived at Macalester, the product of a placid, pleasant childhood in small-town Ohio. I had only a vague idea of where Saint Paul was, and the driving trip here with my parents marked the farthest from home I had ever traveled. I did not enjoy the drive.

When we unloaded (it didn't take long – I had my clothes, a typewriter, a radio, a baseball glove, and a popcorn popper) at Kirk Hall the last thing my father said in farewell was that he envied me. I didn't feel that way at all. I was scared.

What was I doing at college? I had no idea. I enrolled in college because, well, that's what you did after high school. What did I want to accomplish? I don't think that thought ever occurred to me. What was I curious about? Nothing, really. What new horizons beckoned to me? Nope.

I hated orientation. Frosh camp was something to be endured. Did I talk to anyone? Not that I recall. We read *Soul on Ice* for discussion. I had grown up (to the extent that I had grown up) in an all-white transplanted New England village, complete with village green, in northeastern Ohio. What thought did I have about Eldridge Cleaver's account of his raping a white woman as a political statement? None.

There was a physical education aspect to orientation. We were weighed and measured and tested (see second page), and there at the old gym I learned a new word.



I hated being skinny (6'1", 145), and now I found that there was an ugly word for me: ectomorph.

Perhaps the most difficult thing for me was that the college gave me a single room, the tiny 412 Kirk. Probably no one in the Class of '72 needed built-in chums more than I did, yet there I was, alone. Next door, David Eisenstat (the first person I met at Macalester), Steve Sharratt, and a third whose name I forgot, shared a suite. How I envied them. While they enjoyed their built-in social life (or so I imagined), I listened to Minnesota Muskies games on my radio. It was something to do.



I have no doubt, now, that many others were going through similar hard times in that fall of 1968, but that did not occur to me at the time. Little by little, things got better.

I certainly couldn't do five pullups today. Biceps in the 8th percentile! Lord only knows why they put us through all this. For the humiliation?

Remembrances

Ken Andrews

My college applications went to schools that were academically competitive, liberal arts focused, co-ed, non-fraternity, and located in a big city. Mac fit the bill and accepted me. When arriving at Mac in August 1968 for Frosh/Freshman (now First Year) Orientation, I had to be the most clueless person at whatever camp that was. Musically for sure. The biggest question I confronted in high school about bands was whether I liked soul or psychedelic music better, and I had been to a Peter, Paul, and Mary concert. Thanks to a bunch of guys (sad that it was only males), I majored in the music scene, reinforcing the notion that we attended a residential college where most of the learning occurred outside of class. At a Stadium party, Reid McLean told me about Jackson Browne, some new commercial (at that time, not a plus), but worthy, guy I should catch (never did). Reid's impact on Foxglove made their "concerts" the highlight of my social calendar, including their reunion at our 25th in Kagin. Doug Johansen (Dane), class of '71, dragged me out of the Dayton Tube Room to see The Stanley Brothers in Cochran, I think twice. That morphed into a Doc Watson Cochran concert and lots of Hank Williams, Doug Dillard, Waylon Jennings, Flatt & Scruggs, etc. on Dane's convertible Camaro eight-track. Speaking of Cochran, Dick Gregory's act there influenced my thinking as much as anything else in college. Picking up your mail, spending coin on Scuba (pin ball game) or losing money at nine-ball (it was a sad day when Clark Edwards, Game Room manager, died), or heading to the bookstore, meant going by the Grill where "Teach Your Children" and "Black Magic Woman" were ever present. Ted Berry and I lived on 1st Dayton as FY "students." An owner of the Old (maybe Ol') Laughing Lady, he was an invaluable resource – when was the CSNY album to be released? On the way there, Pasha Poi was an intriguing spot but don't remember going in or even knowing what they sold. I'm not sure who put me on to Mississippi Fred McDowell in the Chapel basement, but where else could you see a

legend with 50 of your closest friends for free? Terry Judd and Doug McManus told me that the Flying Burrito Brothers had a gig coming up in the Fieldhouse. I had seen the fliers, but assumed it was a circus act. A transformational evening that changed my music tastes forever. Terry and I shared an apartment in Baltimore (both at Johns Hopkins) when Gram Parsons died: Doug visited the GP shrine at Joshua Tree a few years ago. I minored in cards (bridge, hearts, spades, and poker) at the aforementioned Tube Room (anyone remember the Mel Jass matinee movie, Jeopardy, Laugh-in, and Star Trek?) and Grill. John Macke and Morrey Nellis were Dayton denizens who introduced me to Sha Na Na and the Stone's Get Yer Ya Ya's Out, whose songs were Tube Room anthems. While working at Mac (1985-98) and visiting MSP subsequently, I count on the two of them to set up visits to Twin City music venues. At last count, Morrey owns over 2,000 albums; some were chewed up by dog while stored in my living room. Over the years, I don't remember who paved the way for Joe Ely at First Avenue, John Sebastian and Muddy Waters at Midway Stadium, Miles Davis and Alison Krause at the Guthrie, Iris DeMent at Lee's Liquor Lounge, the Band at Valley Fair and the Cabooze, the Dead at Northrup, the Stones at Met Center, Poco in St. Cloud, Rosanne Cash at some venue in the Minneapolis suburbs, and many other acts, but they are all tied to Mac friends. My kids are impressed with my range of music interests (though I not so much with theirs); it all started at Macalester because of those life-long friends, and I am forever grateful.

Oh yeah, we took academic classes at Mac, too!

Terry Judd

A *leitmotif*, in the sense of a recurring theme in everyday life, for me at Mac was the *leitmotif*, recurring music whether from instruments, a stereo, or simply playing in my brain. For many of us, music was the heartbeat of our lives then and certainly a driving force for the culture of the times.

Prior to my time at Mac I listened to mainstream music of the Beach Boys, Beatles, and Stones, but also enjoyed lesser known artists like Koerner, Ray and Glover. And as a freshman, learning that Spider John Koerner would be playing his nine-string guitar in the Dupre Lounge, I was ecstatic. Hoo boy, Mac knew how to push my musical buttons! As I recall, after his first set, Spider John extracted from the organizers his payment for playing – and to play his second set he had to be extracted from the DH where he was consuming his fee in liquid form. During that second set I mustered the courage to ask him to play "Rent Party Rag" but he couldn't do it, saying he recorded it drunk and never memorized the words. Variations on a theme.

The Student Union floor was very hard and uncomfortable, but the minor inconvenience was far offset by hearing Bonnie Raitt and marveling at Freebo's bass playing behind her. And I didn't care at all that I was plunked on the floor for the Burrito Brothers concert in the Field House. Former roommate Reid Mclean had introduced me to Burrito's music, and as a longtime Byrds fan I was hooked. Prior to the concert, the two of us took my 1954 Willys Jeep to the airport to meet the Burritos as Reid was the concert liaison with them. The plan was for them to follow my Jeep from the airport to Mac, but, since the Jeep only went 45 mph, their rental car immediately left us in the dust.

I never took a music class at Mac, but I absorbed a few tidbits from classmates. I came to think that maybe there is a God – considering how major chords and relative minors made sense and were configured on the keyboard. I marveled at how the

Beatles could use a backbeat but the old Beach Boys, Byrds, and Burritos could do well with a one-three emphasis in four-four time. Locally, Foxglove could maneuver quite well with those cool major seventh chords. Simple pleasures.

Some of my rare escapes from campus included hearing The Band at the Guthrie, Poco at the Labor Temple, and Jefferson Airplane at the Masonic Temple. Heavenly then and still memorable now.

I treasure those musical moments and sparse music theory tidbits as much as academics and friendships at Mac, and I still remember walking to class with “Down by the River” playing in my head.

My Time at Macalester

George P. Knight

Many people had important impacts on me during my time at Macalester, but there were two individuals who had the greatest and complementary impact on my future. The first was Dr. David Mack, a young faculty member visiting at Macalester from Europe. The second was Clark (I never knew his last name), an older gentleman who ran the game room in the student union. Although these two persons had quite different roles at Macalester, there were things I learned from each that have stayed with me throughout my career and life.

When I first started at Mac most of those who knew anything about my high school background thought I would become a music major. I, on the other hand, was intent upon being a Math and Chemistry double major. Hence, I acquired an advisor from the Mathematics Department and set out with a fairly typical set of courses in calculus and chemistry. Unfortunately, near the end of my freshman year my interest in these two topics began to wane (though not because of any experiences in my freshman courses). During the first semester of my sophomore year my academic year at MAC reached a low. I “earned” a very low (and I mean very very low) GPA and was perhaps on the verge of being asked to “go home.” Instead, I was asked/told to participate in a program offered for “failing” students. This program offered training in study skills, etc., and the opportunity to continue classes during the second semester of my sophomore year. I decided to try courses in topics for which I previously had little interest. One of those courses I enjoyed was introductory psychology.

During my junior year I took more psychology and other social sciences courses. Not only did my interest in my courses increase substantially, but my GPA also increased greatly (of course, it could only change in one direction). Early in my junior year I met Dr. Mack, as my instructor in social psychology. Eventually, he involved me in his research program on cooperative and competitive behaviors. I found the research endeavor very stimulating, and I began to see a future career interest. Eventually, my GPA fiasco abated, and I was asked to enter the honors program in Psychology.

I had also already started working for Clark in the game room on weekends and evenings when he was not on duty. Some students found Clark very demanding. However, from Clark I learned “attention to detail.” When I brushed and vacuumed the pool tables in an easier way than he had instructed, he was on my case. When I completed this task as he instructed, I could see that the tables were indeed cleaner. Ultimately, I even succumbed to his insistence on organizing bills in a particular fashion before putting them in the cash register.



In the end, my interest in scientific data collection and attention to detail has pervaded all aspects of my life. For example, my poor kids have had to suffer most of their young adult lives with my insistence on keeping meticulous gas mileage records every time they put gas in their car.

After graduation, I bounced around a bit in a master's degree program and then finally a Doctoral Degree program. Since earning a Ph.D. in Psychology, I have been a faculty member in a top 50 Psychology Department conducting research on the influence of culture on the development of cooperative, competitive, and prosocial behaviors. During my academic career I most often taught courses in research methodology and, oddly enough, quantitative/statistical methodology. Although I am an Emeritus Professor now and spend a great deal of time watching the development of my four grandchildren, I continue to be involved in my research program. This is how my life fell together and my primary role was to be persistent, even in the face of potential failure.

Let me finish by adding that Dr. Mack and Clark were supportive in significant ways other than educationally. Further, I have many people to thank for their support and contributions to my career and life since leaving MAC. This includes faculty, particularly in the Psychology Department; staff in both the Audio/Visual service program and Student Union, where I worked for quite some time; and fellow students at MAC. I'm not sure what all these people saw in me, but I am confident that these people played a large role in making my life what it is today. I am grateful for all my experiences during my time at Macalester.

Chem 12 with Dr. Slowinski – Spring 1970

Carol Wolf Runyan

One winter day in 1970, I settled into my third-row seat for Dr. Slowinski's 8 AM chemistry 12 class. The class nearly filled one of the large lecture halls in Olin Hall. I was trying my best to pay attention to a subject that I once thought might be my major but which I long since had decided was not my forte. In my first semester Freshman year, I had tested into Chem 13, the accelerated course for potential majors that combined Chem 11 and 12 into a single term. The first day we were sent to the lab with an unknown substance and asked to figure out what it was. I was totally baffled but noticed my classmates proceeding as if they knew what to do. Later, after spending the whole afternoon with no clue how to proceed, I earned a visit to the professor's office to be counseled to take the slower-paced course. I learned that the other students had discovered the back page of the lab notebook contained step by step instructions for what to do when confronted with an unknown substance. So, I settled for Chem 11 and then waited a year to take Chem 12. It was my first encounter with Dr. Slowinski who was known as a tough instructor with a kind heart. As was his tradition, he offered to buy tickets for anyone wanting to attend the symphony, given that we had all had to buy the textbook he had authored.

So, on that cold day in 1970, the class began with tall, slightly graying Dr. Slowinski (see photo) gracefully drawing diagrams and formulas on the board and lecturing full steam ahead to a room of maybe 50 students. Mid-lecture he turned fully toward the class and noticed a male student dozing in the front row, about two rows in front of me. Without a moment's hesitation, Slowinski continued his lecture uninterrupted, raising his voice just enough as he went into the hall so that the volume stayed constant. Our eyes followed him – all of us who were awake, that is. He returned to the classroom carrying the fire extinguisher he



had freed quietly from the glass compartment just outside the door. He swiftly approached the dozing student and squeezed the handle, covering the student with foam. The whole lecture hall let out a collective gasp, eyes wide open. Dr. Slowinski set the fire extinguisher down in the front of the room and, without skipping a beat, continued his lecture. The no-longer-sleeping student lurched out of his seat scraping foam off his head looking around in shocked disbelief at the rest of us sitting in our seats holding our collective breath, stunned yet snickering silently to ourselves. I recall nothing else about that course as became evident when I struggled with organic chemistry two years later. But the fire extinguisher event made a lasting impression on me. I can attest that no one ever dozed off again in that class.

Mac Memory **Vera Dauffenbach**

This is one memory among many: how many of us remember fellow students who smoked in class and professors who did likewise? I don't remember particular student names, but I do remember Dr. Lloyd Gaston smoking as he lectured. Of course, many students smoked in dorms also.

Does anyone care to name names??

Mac Memories **Pat (Brown) King**

1) Professor Roger Blakeley, English Department, used to start his class by saying something about "who's here today under the guise of taking attendance." Then he would quickly say, "No, I'll leave the body count for the Department of Defense."

2) I remember going to lectures on the history of Vietnam on the 3rd floor of Old Main led by Mac history professors -- on Sunday mornings!

3) I also remember seemingly endless discussions of the morality of war with friends. I thought this was strictly an artifact of being a college student from 1968 to 1972 but learned years later that this was not a universal college experience among our broader cohort. In my view, learning about so many isms at Mac during those tumultuous years was a terrific way to learn about the world and my possible places in it.

Paul Solon Gave Me a C

Paul Nelson

I still remember (or so I imagine) taking that particular exam in Prof. Solon's Medieval History class. I was a sophomore, if I recall right, a history major (I fled from Political Science when I learned I would have to take statistics), and I had figured out how to take history exams: Dredge up a few facts, relate them to some bigger theme, and DONE.

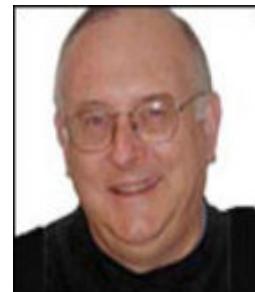
But he gave me a C. This was a gut blow. I don't think I had ever gotten a C in my life. In his notes on the paper, he explained that I needed to actually cite authority for my assertions. Such a thing had never occurred to me.

This alarming, soul-shaking situation cried out for a conversation with the professor, but that did not happen. I NEVER went to talk with a professor about ANYTHING. It never occurred to me to do such a thing. But, academically, that C, and Professor Solon's notes, were the best thing that happened to me at Macalester. They suggested to me that there might be higher standards.

I had some good instructors at Mac – Solon, Yahya Armajani, Gerry Fisher – but, on the whole, the requirements for getting a history degree were minimal: Ten or twelve courses. Period. No senior project, no courses in historiography. No genuine engagement in the how and why of studying or, Lord help us, writing history – BEING a historian – was required.

Macalester had always been an ordinary, undistinguished Midwestern liberal arts college. It was only then, the late sixties, beginning to imagine itself as something more, and that imagination had evidently not reached the history department. That was both perfect for me, as I too lacked all imagination, but it was also a shirking of responsibility. What, after all, is the point of being a small liberal arts college if the history professors do not make it their job to engage every student directly with these questions: What is history for? How do you read it? How do you write it? What are you doing here? Merely offering classes and grading tests and papers is not enough. Not nearly enough. But that's all we got.

Years later, as much despite my Macalester education as because of it, I became a historian. An amateur one, to be sure, but a historian just the same. I read a lot of books at Mac, wrote papers (all nonsense, I'm sure – for which I was never called out), attended all the lectures (and never asked a question.) All forgotten now. But I remember one thing: Paul Solon gave me a C. Thank you, Professor Solon.



Remembering Hélène Nahas Peters (1919-2020)

Martha LUTMAN Brogan

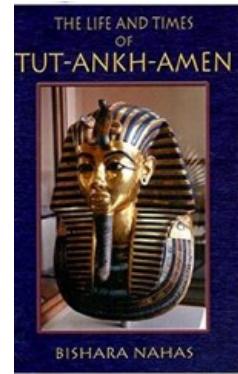
From the outset, I “adored” my French professor, Dr. Peters and wrote home that “her accent is very French.” Indeed. I told my parents that maybe I really *did* learn some French during my year as an AFS exchange student in *België* because I could “understand her very easily but speaking is more difficult.” Ah yes, the Belgian accent that plagued my French throughout college and presented Mme Peters with a constant challenge. You see in 1967-68, I lived with a Flemish-speaking family and attended a Catholic girls’ school in Ghent taught in Dutch. While I had classes in French and many friends who did speak French/Walloo at home, it evidently imparted a heavy Belgian accent, the eradication of which Mme Peters gladly accepted as a professional challenge of the highest order. I still hear her admonishing me *allégez*

vos voyelles—or lighten your vowels. I became one of her most devoted—if not dazzling—students and she was a steadfast mentor and influence during my years at Macalester and beyond.

From my first class with her, I was captivated and hence became a French major by default. I aspired to register for every course she offered. Spring semester I enrolled in Advanced French Conversation and reported home again that “my French prof. is a real *Française*!” I continued, “Today, I had a personal interview with her which she arranges for each of her students. We have class 4 times a week with discussion group once a week and go to lab outside class daily.” I concluded that “if that doesn’t teach me to speak French nothing will.” By the end of the semester, I was hoping to become her assistant, which became reality a year later. It was assuredly not, however, because I had mastered speaking French properly—*comme il faut*.



By now, I would know of course she is real French with an authentic French accent. Born to an Egyptian father and French mother, she grew up across three continents (Africa, Europe, and the United States) before getting a master’s degree at the University of Toulouse. She came to the University of Minnesota earning her PhD in French Literature in 1954 and writing her dissertation on feminism, existential philosophy, and Simone de Beauvoir’s relationship with Jean-Paul Sartre. She was very proud of her family’s heritage. Her father, Bishara Nahas was a noted Egyptologist, whom I understood had participated in excavations leading to the discovery of King Tut’s tomb in 1922. Following the publication of his informative booklet in 1923, “The Life and Times of Tut-Ankh-Amen,” he gave a series of popular and widely reviewed illustrated lectures in the U.S. to promote knowledge of ancient Egyptian culture and encourage cross-cultural relations. Contemporaneous reviews praised the book “by a native Egyptian” that offers “a wealth of new and interesting information on the history, myths, and customs of ancient Egypt, as well as a vivid presentation of the life and personality of Tut-Ankh-Amen.” Some years after we graduated, I understood that Mme Peters was given an inheritance that had to be spent in Egypt, so she took her husband and two teen-age daughters for the trip of a lifetime, touring up the Nile to the Valley of the Kings. Her mother, Gabrielle Nahas (1887-1975), was a smiling and quiet presence when I visited the Peters at home. I regret that I never asked more questions.



As Dr. Peters’ assistant, I was situated at a large desk directly adjoining hers in a small office. I was proud to learn how to fix her coffee with the perfect amount of non-dairy creamer, stirring it until it became the requisite, warm *café-au-lait* brown color she preferred. She gave me serious work to do and always kept me busy! I ordered books or fetched them from the library and prepared reading lists, eventually assisting her with the preliminary grading of beginning students’ French tests or supporting her research. She was tirelessly industrious, serving as President of the Minnesota chapter of the Alliance Française, while also serving as Chair of the French Department, and raising two daughters with her beloved husband in their charming home on Lake of the Isles.

During our Interim '71 in Paris, focusing on theatre, Dr. Peters was in her element. Staying at the Hotel Trianon in the Latin Quarter we were in the care of an insider who loved the city. Not only did we get to attend numerous plays, but if memory serves, she took us to the studio of poet Jacques Prévert, which may explain why to this day I have a marked-up copy of Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire* and Prévert's *La Pluie et Beau Temps* in my bookcase. She invited me and a Mac graduate to dinner at the "mythic" *Au Pied de Cochon*, open 24/7 since its establishment in 1947. Over the course of five hours, I was introduced to *pied de cochon farci* (stuffed pigs' feet), *croquettes de pommes de terre, soupe à l'oignon gratinée*, and *crème de cassis* – black currant liqueur, which I still love and have in my cupboard today!

Thanks to Dr. Peters, our program was distinctive not only because of the opportunities we had to attend live theatre in Paris but also due to the program's semester-long location in Avignon where we lived with families—unlike most American students who flooded Aix-en-Provence and lived amongst themselves.



My senior year back at Mac, I continued with Mme Peters' French literature and translation classes. After my absence, I came to appreciate even more her passion and brilliance in the classroom. She was tough and exacting, always expecting the most of her students whether teaching us how to analyze literature through an *explication de texte* or encouraging us to find the precise turn of phrase—*le mot juste* in our fledgling efforts at translation.

When considering my post-Macalester options, I clearly recall Dr. Peters sharing a brochure with me from a newly accredited master's degree program at the School for International Training in Brattleboro, Vermont. She knew that I was not interested in pursuing a PhD or teaching French, so she suggested this program, geared towards intercultural communication, international economic development, and non-profit management, where on-campus studies were followed by field work internships abroad. For me, it was the perfect blend of theory and practice. The degree was instrumental, along with her letter of reference no doubt, in helping me land my first professional appointment at the International Student Advisers Office at the University of Minnesota.



Returning to the Twin Cities after a two-year absence, Mme Peters welcomed me back like her adopted daughter. I was often invited to dinner on the large screened front porch of her Lake of the Isles home. In her home milieu, she and her husband loved preparing elaborate dinners, gathering a small group of close friends and lingering *à table* debating the issues of the day. The *cassoulet* or *paella* was always followed by a simple totally French salad of greens with a light lemony vinaigrette. As a wedding gift, she gave me a large glass water pitcher – another signature of her tabletops. She taught me the pleasure of slow dining and long conversations, which has lasted me a lifetime.

When I left the Twin Cities in 1990, married with two young children and a second masters' degree in Library Science, we stayed in touch over the decades. The highlight of her year was always her cherished trips to Paris and the time spent with her daughters and grandchildren of whom she was so proud. She remained a profound influence on my career choices and in the way I attempted to emulate her nurturing of students beyond the classroom. We exchanged family Christmas newsletters until the last years of her life and on several occasions, I visited her on my trips back to the Twin Cities. She was always welcoming--dare I say affectionate. She lived a long and full life

and I miss her. Her spark, the glint in her eye, her cocked head and feisty attitude are treasured memories.



Rendezvous with
Mme Peters in spring
2002 in Minneapolis



Did College Impact Who I Am? **Barbara Carpenter**

Having reflected on the years at Macalester, I find myself in awe of the energy, bravery and joy of our youth. And also appalled at my terrible memory for specifics of those years! It has been fun to see the posts and pictures on the Facebook reunion page, in addition to reviewing pictures and memorabilia that I unearthed in the boxes long settled in my closets.

I just re-read a short journal I kept while in Avignon junior year. It only covers about 6 weeks of that 5+ month adventure, so now I need to read the many postcards and letters I sent home that my parents kept for me to get a fuller recap of that extraordinary experience. So much of what I read seemed new to me – my memory of many of those details is long gone – but the overall tone of pushing boundaries and being open to new experiences has stayed with me over the years. It revealed to me the joy and importance of being surrounded by a group of friends to share the ups and downs of daily life in a country where everything is a bit different from our past lives. It also showed how very enthusiastically we embraced those differences, learned from them, and pushed ourselves to try even more.

We came of age in a unique time in history, for which I'm grateful. I know I did not always understand the background or impact of the events surrounding us, from Vietnam to Black power to Women's rights, but I know it helped shape my world view. I went to Mac for many reasons, including: 1) a desire to study and travel overseas, 2) to get a quality liberal arts education, and 3) to be just far enough away from home to feel independent but not isolated. I can see now how those goals were fulfilled, albeit not always by design.

My professional life always had an international/global thread running through it, including many opportunities to travel beyond the US borders. From international banking to international higher education administration, one of the outcomes of our liberal arts education was an ability to become a problem solver, to think critically and express my thoughts clearly. As many of us have sadly experienced, those skills are not always apparent in today's workforce. In relation to family, mine moved across the country the summer of our graduation, which forced me to make a lifestyle decision about where to live. My choice was to stay in MN and build my life independent of their nearby presence. I'm sure I was helped in that endeavor by the nearly 8 months I'd spent in Europe the prior year, thanks to Mac. Then, just

as now, I have always been able to count on friends and family, wherever they are, for guidance, support and friendship.

With our 50th reunion this year, I continue to pursue interests begun during the years at Mac. These include an on-going curiosity about the world, a commitment to action to create change, an ability to thrive independently and, perhaps most importantly, a deep commitment to my friends and family. I am happy to say many of those friendships began at Macalester and remain today as a key part of my inner circle.

Professor Mitau Scared Me

Paul Nelson

I attended one session of Prof. G. Theodore Mitau's famous class, Constitutional Law. And though I had long thought of becoming a lawyer, one session was enough for me. The class promised to be demanding, rigorous, and – horrors – you might get called on. I dropped out.

And though I did so for bad reasons, it turned out to be a great decision.

I had satisfied the college's language requirement by taking four semesters of Spanish – were they all with Sandra Siegel? (It seems that way.) And that was enough. But quitting Con Law left a hole in my schedule, so I wandered over to the Spanish Department. I saw a poster there for a semester abroad in Spain. So I took another Spanish class and applied for that program, IES Madrid.

And so I found myself, on December 29, 1970, on a plane bound for Europe along with my Mac coterie: Barbara (or was it Bev? – not sure) Braun, Dana Lepler, Sandy Andrews, Cynthia Hagstrom, Lonnie Loveness, Ken Keate, and Barbara Bullis, all chaperoned by Prof. Walter Thompson and his wife Sonia. We landed in Paris, had a jet-lagged day there (saw the Mona Lisa, went to the movies – *Lawrence of Arabia*), then took a train to Madrid. We were there for New Years Eve.



I'm pretty sure that, in preparation for this adventure, I never so much as looked at a map of Spain. As we neared Madrid I recall looking at the train window and, every time we approached even a hamlet I wondered, "Is this Madrid?" I knew nothing.

Before Madrid, the biggest cities I had ever seen were Washington DC, Cleveland (for baseball games), and Pittsburgh. In my life to that point I think I had visited one art museum, the Butler

Museum of American Art, in Youngstown, Ohio. (Winslow Homer's "Crack the Whip" is there.) To exaggerate only a little, I was a small-town hick.



What a revelation was Spain! I'll never forget my first Spanish Gothic cathedral, in Leon, with its intact 13th century stained glass. In Salamanca we walked over a Roman bridge. Our Art History class visited the Prado once a week. We ate paella in Toledo. One of our classes at IES was taught by Enrique Tierno Galvan, a kindly, patient man (he had to be patient to put up with us) who had been persecuted by Franco and later became, after Franco's death, Mayor of Madrid. We rode the

subway (my first!), where one seat on every car was reserved for “caballeros mutilados” – gentlemen disabled in the Civil War.

I wrote earlier about NOT having, at Macalester, the cliched time of glorious exploration and self-discovery that we are all required by custom now to recall from this period of youth. But I did have it, for one semester, in Madrid. My roommate and I (the late Dana Lepler – right) lived smack downtown. We prowled the neighborhood for the cheapest vino tinto (we found a five-peseta joint, with tapas of jellied blood – we did not return.)



With Cynthia Hagston (left), mostly, I hitchhiked or took the RENFE (Red Nacional de Ferrocarriles Espanoles), all over the country. I, a small-town hick, went to every Gothic cathedral and local museum I could find. I loved listening to the refined Castilian accents of our instructors (I still chuckle at the memory of El Cid being pronounced, “el theeth.”) I got good enough at Spanish to complain in spontaneous umbrage over a cancelled reservation at some small-town hotel. Carlos V remains, despite his many faults, my favorite monarch. I was convinced that El Greco’s “The Burial of the Count of Orgaz,” in Toledo, is the greatest painting of all time. (In my maturity I learned that it’s only the second greatest.)

It was fear of Professor Mitau, and his reputation for rigor, that got me to Madrid. I gave in to fear and have enjoyed the benefits of that surrender ever since. In Spain I discovered a quality I didn’t know I had – a rudimentary worldly competence. And I have used the Spanish language the rest of my life.



A word of gratitude here for Prof. Walter Thompson, one of the kindest and most accomplished men I ever met. Walter left Macalester after a few years, went to medical school, and became a psychiatrist.

And another word of thanks to Sandy Andrews. As our Madrid semester neared its end some of the students in our program (IES Madrid) from other colleges were about to host a farewell party. Did anyone want to go? “I don’t want to get arrested,” Sandy said. We did not go, and, sure enough, those who went got arrested, for marijuana. Sandy, you saved us a world of trouble.

Learning by Being in “The Room Where it Happens”

[Anne Lewis](#)

January 1969, I was approved for a one-month Interim study with the Minneapolis City Council, specifically in the office of Alderman Anne Weyrauch. I can’t remember what ward she represented, but I do remember lessons learned about Minneapolis City politics and about city government in general.

Things may be different today, but I’m not sure that being a good Minneapolis alderman doesn’t boil down to the same two key services City Councilor Weyrauch used to stress: garbage collection and snow plowing. These two key issues lost luster for recent Minneapolis City Councilors in their rush to build social media constituencies. Minneapolis city voters cleaned house last summer.

My most vivid memory was an incident where younger, newer city councilors were trying to make changes. I remember the players best: Al Hofstede, who eventually became mayor, John Cairns, Anne, of course, and Gladys Brooks, who blazed so many political, historic and international trails for Minnesota women that her name is synonymous with progress in many circles.

Most days I sat in a corner in Anne's office while she dealt with constituent issues and ceremonial events. In those days, Arne Carlson, who would become governor, and Lyall Schwarzkopf, who would become a powerful Minnesota legislator, were in constant evidence at City Hall. One particular day, John Cairns and Al Hofstede came into Anne's office and shut the door, leaving me trapped in an inner circle I didn't think I had any business being in. When I got up to leave, John said to me, "Where are you going?"

I didn't know what to say. Neither did my mentor, Alderman Weyrauch.

"You're here to learn, right? John said to me. "You'll never learn anything if you aren't in the room when things happen?"

That small event, that clear statement, one afternoon, made possible by the freedom of a January term, the openness of a Minneapolis city councilor, and Macalester's fluidity about practical learning was formative. Three city councilors' willingness to be observed and to be teachers set a tone for me about government, public service and elected officials. It taught me how to know the good ones from the bad. It opened my eyes to the complexity of government. And, it cemented an understanding of how to gauge openness in decision-making. It's not as much about televising hearings and getting people to public meetings, although those things count, too. It's about a willingness to share "the room" with a potential new person and not being afraid to have decision-making observed and shared.

Macalester allowed me to be in "the room where it happened" more than once. It made all the difference.

In loco parentis

Kimerly Miller

Little did we know as we entered Macalester as freshmen in 1968 what a watershed first year we were about to witness. There had already been significant national events that year, tragedies for the most part, that had marked our young lives but the cultural upheavals were about to become personal. Macalester was still operating in much the same way it had for decades especially with regard to the concept of *in loco parentis* which, in effect, substituted parental oversight of students with the supervision of college administrators. This was especially true for female students who had curfew hours though men, if I'm not mistaken, did not.

I'm not sure how the decisions were made during our first semester on campus - faculty meetings, board of trustee decisions, I wasn't really paying attention - but by the end of the semester things were moving fast. The academic requirements that had been put in place were starting to be questioned, our compulsory attendance (recorded with computer punch cards?) at weekly religious convocations at the nearby church was terminated, women's hours were eliminated. And here, things got very personal for me. Parents could request that their daughter's hours be maintained for the second semester and, lucky me, my parents made such a request.

I lived in Turck, which was connected to Doty through a passageway referred to as the Fishbowl because it was like a glassed in tunnel where we could see people coming and going. In the Fishbowl someone sat at a reception desk with a box not unlike a card catalog in a library (which has also gone by the wayside in the intervening years). When a female student left for the evening she had to pull a card with her name and then return it to the box when she came in at night, presumably before the bewitching hour of her curfew. By the end of the semester I was pretty tired of being one of the only women on campus to have to suffer this indignity so I just didn't bother to pull my card when I went out and ended up staying out all night. I was

recently reminiscing about this with my 97-year old mother who told me she knew what I'd probably do so I wasn't fooling anyone.

By the following year, the first co-ed dorms opened and *in loco parentis* was on death's door.

The 1968 Macalester Crime Spree

Desmond K. Runyan

It seemed like a good idea at the time. My freshman roommate, Ed Rust, and I decided that one of the blinking yellow construction-zone warning lights would be an interesting room decoration for our room in the off-campus house at 209 Macalester Street. We passed a lot of these lights coming back and forth to the dining hall and going to class that fall as there was a great deal of construction behind the campus library and near the Janet Wallace Fine Arts Center. We had been placed in this off-campus house during the fall of 1968 as we were part of a larger-than-expected freshman class that year. The off-campus house was our punishment for both of us committing late to the offers of admission to Macalester.

It was already getting dark early so it may have been just before the change to standard time. Ed and I left the house after supper carrying a large box and headed over toward the campus. We found a group of the sawhorse contraptions with blinking yellow lights near the library. We couldn't find an on-off switch but Ed had come prepared with a book bag that he slipped over the light. We then inverted the frame and light put the contraption in our cardboard box.

Each grabbing an end of the box, we started the process of marching our illicitly acquired warning signal back to 209 Macalester Street. It was going to look great in our room and we didn't even consider how we were going to turn the light off when we didn't want it blinking. As we rounded Old Main and headed for home, we encountered a uniformed campus security officer who demanded that we stop; he pulled out his gun and pointed it at us! With that show of force, we meekly accompanied him to the security office in Old Main. Following a long conversation with the officer, we opened the box and surrendered the light. We remained in the security office for another hour when a more senior officer took our names and sent us home.

A day or two later, we were summoned to Dean Whipple's office and asked to explain ourselves. When we got to the part of the story where we revealed that the security officer had pulled a gun on us the Assistant Dean became less concerned about us and more concerned about the response. He told us to go home and behave ourselves. He clearly was distressed that the officer had felt the need to point his gun at us.

As we reflected on what had transpired, we also worked ourselves into a froth about the gun. For reasons I now can't imagine, we decided to go out again a few days later with our box and walk around the campus until we were again stopped by campus security. This time, when the security officer stopped us and demanded to know what was in the box, we asked if he had a warrant. We wouldn't let him look in the box and repeated our request for a warrant. We were again marched to the security office. While we again waited for a senior officer, we repeatedly insisted that the security officers needed a warrant to look in our box. They finally wearied of us and sent us home. At that point we walked over, picked up the box, turned it over, and let the flaps fall open revealing that nothing was in the box. We marched out feeling very smug. At least no guns were involved in this second caper.

The next day there was another summons to Whipple's office. We walked into his office in Old Main and as we walked through the door, he looked up at us and asked

“Was that a prank.” We said “yes;” he then waved to us to get out of his office. We can only imagine the discussions that ensued between the Dean’s office and campus security.

Recollections

Linda Kennedy

When I look at today’s dorms I am always surprised by the conveniences. I brought a popcorn popper with me and thought I was so lucky. Now I see students with microwave ovens, cooktops, and mini refrigerators. In my junior year, I brought a portable record player. Motown reigned. I was thrilled. My makeshift refrigerator was two plastic Applebaum grocery bags which I hung out the window of my Dupre single. By my senior year, I had an elevated bed, purchased from classmate Ben Cox, and I had brought my sewing machine. I had a tiny black and white television on which I watched Star Trek. And, most important, I had figured out who I had to cajole to use the semi well-appointed chapel kitchen which was always clean and quiet. So, I guess, as is the case with everything else, it’s all about perspective.

What? No Computers? No Cell Phones? How Did We Survive?

Christine Manlove Hartman

I often smile when thinking about how different our college experience was when compared to that of the Macalester students of today, with all the technology available at their fingertips. We had no internet, no laptops, and not a mobile phone in sight during our four years of academic and social challenges. For example, remember registration? A trip to the school gym to sign up for classes, followed by visits to each professor’s table to make sure we could get in the class. Sometimes the professor was in his or her office, which meant further running around campus to get the necessary signatures. No easy emails requesting permission to enroll.

Once in a class, you had to show up in person for the lectures. Research for a paper necessitated a trip to the library to check out books and other resources. If your resource fell into the “rare” or “reserve” category, you had to remain at the library, spending hours and hours taking notes. Think how we wrote papers--- no easy computer creations or submissions for us! I distinctly remember plunking away at my manual typewriter, saying a few choice words every time I had to use the correction tape (no delete button available). As a French major, all accent marks had to be added by hand (in ink) once the error-free paper was typed. Of course, all research papers were delivered in person while attending class.

Communication was definitely more challenging in our college days. To learn of college events, you had to constantly read the posters or flyers which publicized gatherings of interest. The Mac Weekly was read cover to cover to make sure nothing was missed. Of course, word-of-mouth was also a way to be aware of campus events---face-to-face communication was probably much more prevalent than the frequent texts of today’s students.

Communicating with families also had its challenges. So many letters were written by hand and sent off in the mail. Phone calls home were rare. With only two phones available per dorm floor, with limits on how long they could be used per conversation,

this was not a common means of communication. Were long distance calls even permitted on those phones? Remember the joy of hearing your name yelled down the echoing halls of the dorm to let you know you had an incoming call? All of these issues have likely disappeared with the use of individual cell phones.

Of utmost importance, how did we contact our friends to organize study sessions, or better yet, the parties of our college days? Sometimes, a personal visit to a dorm room was required to set up the necessary arrangements. Remember leaving notes for friends on their dorm room door, or sliding a message under the door, or dashing over to the Student Union to put a message in their P.O. box? Somehow, these efforts were successful, and study sessions and more than a few parties were well- planned and executed.

Yes, it was a different world back then (1968 – 72), but we made it work without the efficient and streamlined technology of today. Each generation of college students adapts to the circumstances of its time, and we were no exception. We DID survive, quite nicely in fact, in ways that made our Macalester experience both meaningful and memorable.

A Dayton Hall Story

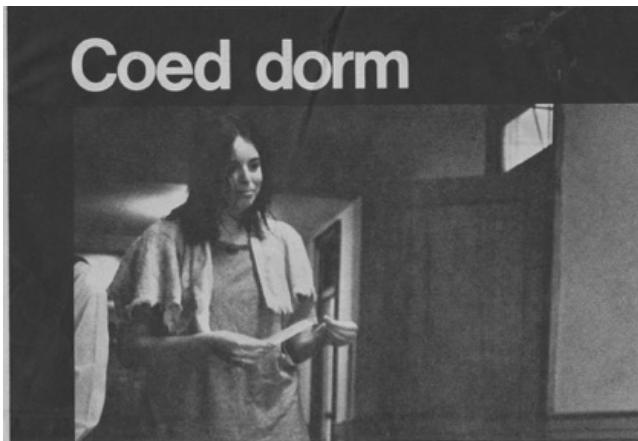
Heidi Hoard Wilson

I only lived on campus as a sophomore and that was at Dayton Hall, the first year it went co-ed. I remember a red-headed guy playing acoustic guitar in the stairwell, long talks with friends, laughing over the antics of a crazy cat, joking about putting flowerpots in the urinals in the “girls” bathroom, and dodging water balloons tossed by the guys from a second story window. I also remember the one and only time my mother came to the dorm.

I often worked the 11pm to 7 am shift at the Embers restaurant on University Avenue. My mother picked me up from work one Sunday morning and drove me to the dorm to gather some things so I could spend the day with my family who lived in St. Paul. Having never been to the dorm, she came in with me and got the shock of her life. Apparently, there had been a kegger the night before and the washing machine had overflowed. As we walked into the hallway, the dorm reeked of sour beer and other substances whose odors my mother luckily wouldn’t have recognized. The carpet, soaked from a combination of beer and water from the washing machine, squished with every step. To make matters worse, a large guy wearing only his boxer shorts was sitting on top of a washer that was now in the middle of the entryway hall.

My mother was aghast. Still, there were two good outcomes from this event. First, my mother who was known to criticize everything and everyone, was momentarily speechless. Secondly, and more importantly, she never again came to Dayton Hall!

Coed dorm



12th/April/1970

7

Photos / R. BERTRAND HEINE



The women students who live in Macalester College's Wallace Hall are sleeping a bit more soundly this school year. They feel safer—there are men in the room next door or just across the hall.

Staid old "Wally," as it is affectionately known at Macalester, was a women's residence for most of the first 62 years of its existence. Last fall it became part of a growing experimental trend at American colleges and universities.

Four other Macalester dormitories are partly "integrated" with male and female students living on different floors, or in different wings or sections. One dormitory has retained its "for women only" status.

But at Wally, men and women students live right next door to each other. They don't share rooms with the opposite sex, of course, nor do men and women use the same bathroom at the same time. But they eat together, study together, and often enjoy bull sessions in each others' rooms.

Sex? Forget it.

"We know each other too well here," said one coed. "We're almost like brothers and sisters."

This bears out the remarks of Dr. Joseph Katz, of Stanford University, commenting on coed housing here. He said, in an article in *Ladies Home Journal*, that students in coed dorms are governed by what he calls the "incest taboo." "Quite simply," he

COED DORM



COED DORM

Authorities at Macalester say it's too early to judge the success of the coed living experiment, but they say that all indicators so far are positive.

Lois Ann Lindblom, counselor-in-residence at Wallace Hall, said, "I was among those who were hesitant about this kind of coeducational living situation when it was being planned. As the year developed, however, I became more and more convinced that this is a very positive, helpful experience for most of the students who have participated in it."

Several students told her, she said, that they chose coed living because they did not know how to relate to members of the opposite sex except in a dating situation. Most report now that they are more at ease, and have even developed friendships with members of the opposite sex.

Whipple said he noticed a greater sense of community among residents of Wally. More students attend residence hall meetings and other group activities within the hall, he said.

The heterogeneous living concept, as the Wallace Hall practice is called, grew out of a new policy adopted by the all-student Residence Hall Policy Committee, which was given the responsibility for setting student housing rules. Restrictions on hours for women students have been abolished. ▶

said, "these students tend to form deep, intimate, brother-sister type attachments."

Dr. Katz said his students tend to date more with students from other houses than from their own. The same has been true at Macalester.

Take the case of the coed who is a real knockout when you see her on the campus between classes. But if you spot her walking down the hall in a bathrobe, with her hair in curlers, you get a different perspective.

That very closeness of boys living right next to girls tends to eliminate much of the mystique about the sexes that preoccupies so many minds. Residents of Wally recall how strongly their conversation in all-male or all-female dormitories dwelt upon the opposite sex. The same is not true at Wally. Men and women get together to talk, and their conversations have more substance than they did in the segregated atmosphere.

Students in coed housing place great stress on the importance of getting to know "the whole person"—of knowing members of the opposite sex as personalities, rather than simply as dating objects.

The security aspect is not unique at

Macalester. Coed dorms throughout the nation report that there is less theft, less destructiveness in their rooms than in others.

Susan Dailey, a sophomore Wally resident from North St. Paul, said, "The men on our floor are our best security." She made the same observation reported by James Whipple, dean of student services, that Wallace Hall has had less problem with theft than most of the other dormitories on campus.

Wally residents feel that they enjoy more privacy than do residents of other dorms.

"Men are not anxious to barge in on a woman half-dressed, and knocking on doors has become a habit," Miss Dailey said. "As women get used to knocking on men's doors, we do the same at another woman's room." ▶

Women residents of Wallace Hall are covered, if informally, as they go to breakfast in the dining hall of the dormitory (left). Below, students gather for a "rap" session (their parents had bull sessions).



COED DORM

and each housing unit has the responsibility of setting its own social regulations. All residence halls have enacted a 24-hour open visiting policy.

Each student is allowed to choose the kind of living situation he desires. Residents of Wallace Hall must be at least sophomores.

There are 59 men and 53 women living at Wallace. There are six single rooms and three triples, but the great majority live two to a room.

Obviously, not everyone is convinced of the benefits of coed housing.

One alumna wrote, "You know they're not playing tiddlywinks behind those doors."

Families can be a problem for the students. Jim Matthews, a sophomore from Kerrville, Texas, was surprised that his mother betrayed no emotion when he told her he was going to live on the same floor with women.

"I got more reaction out of my sister and my sister-in-law, who are both Mac alums. My sister said that

when girls go on dates they like boys to see them only when they are ready. But it doesn't bother me to see a girl in curlers."

"I've had kids come back from visits with their families in tears," said John Thron, resident counselor for Macalester. "They try to explain that the situation does not promote nightly orgies. The arguments get so serious that some of the kids wonder if they'll ever be united with their families again."

Some of the coeds had doubts, too.

"All the girls got kinda worried," said one.

"We spent all night wondering if this meant we couldn't go to breakfast in our bathrobes." ■

R. Bertrand Heine is a staff photographer for The Minneapolis Tribune

The attic at Wallace is much the same as the attic of any other residence on campus. There are old clothes, boxes, and signs, no longer useful, but evidence of the typical student willingness to engage in a bit of activism for just cause.

In the second-floor lounge (top) some talk, some study, others play cards on the floor. Karla Hoerschgen (right) studies alone in her room. Below, Debbie Gang and Paul Thompson decipher notes.



Streakin'

Desmond K. Runyan

Saying my new freshman roommate came on strong is an understatement. Within the first 5 minutes of our meeting, I learned he was a "Double Ruby" (?) in debate, held the high school Kansas Mile swim record, and had garnered the highest national merit score that year in the state of Kansas. That we ended up together apparently was a marker of bilateral procrastination as the room the off-campus house of upper-classman was assigned to us after all the dorm rooms were taken. The house was over by the practice and football fields on Macalester Street next door to Professor Chuck Green's house. My roommate and I gradually slipped into a daily routine that fall- I would go to class and he didn't. I would sleep in the living room of the house on the many nights as he "needed" the room to entertain women. He acquired an old

Volkswagen beetle with a clutch problem that required pushing it to get it going; it had trouble on hills or going up the car park ramp at Dayton's. He slept most of the day to prepare for his night-time escapades.

October came around and a discussion with the upperclassman in our house about "streaking" as a college activity clearly got my roommate's attention. On the evening of the first snowfall in October, after returning from the dining hall, he decided this would be the night to experience this old college tradition. About an inch or two of wet slushy snow had fallen. The upper classman in the house egged him on and one housemate called his girlfriend in Turck Hall to let her know about the planned "streak" around the women's dorm.

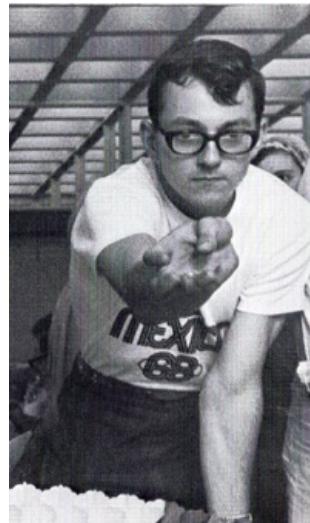
My roommate laced up Converse sneakers and pulled on a long woolen cap, leaving the remainder of his clothes in the room. He headed out the door and down the front walkway and promptly slipped and slid onto the sidewalk on his ass. Amid laughter and jeers from the upper classman in the house, he took off. The rest was anticlimactic. He returned 30 minutes later very cold and in a great hurray to get warm clothes on. The upperclassman in the house confirmed that his girlfriend and apparently hordes of other women witnessed the execution of this college tradition. We imagined that the cold limited their view of the proceedings, and we heard nothing more about the event.

The denouement: Early in our freshman January term, the Dean of Students called the two of us into his office in to let us know that we had the lowest average grade point of any room on campus and that my modest contribution was the sole contributor to our average. My roommate left Mac following the January term after also managing to flunk his interim course entitled "Social Dance." My grade point average rebounded as I now lived in a single and had a bit less distraction. Following his interlude at Mac, my roommate received an all-expense paid trip to Vietnam working in what he wrote to me was the ultimate oxymoron: "military intelligence." He returned from 'Nam a wiser man and had a long and well-regarded career with an urban fire department.

Kovatch [Paul Nelson](#)

By far the most memorable character I encountered at Macalester was Paul Kovatch. He has no competitor in that regard. We connected over baseball, during that remarkable World Series of 1968. We were both former Boy Scouts and small-town Midwesterners, in Paul's case from Monticello, Indiana. He never lost his distinct Indiana accent, even when speaking in Spanish (and, for all I know, in Russian, another language he mastered.)

I never met a more tormented soul. He had father issues – his father had been a professional football player whose career was wrecked by World War II. Kovatch (nobody called him Paul) suffered from a morbid fear of poison ivy, which he attributed to the clinging, smothering tendencies of his mother. He once came within inches (he said) of throwing himself out of his Dupre Hall dorm window onto the spikes of the fence below. He liked to talk about Teilhard de Chardin and Miguel de Unamuno.



His persistent mental health issues moved him to submit twice to a psychosurgery called “target treatment,” a zapping of connections between the hemispheres of the brain that eventually got Kovatch’s surgeon barred from the practice of medicine. Kovatch always insisted that it had helped him.

After college he moved to Seattle, where one night, sleep-deprived and taking various therapeutic drugs, Kovatch ran his car into a roadside fence and lost both his legs. He got a modest settlement from the State of Washington and never worked again. After he had lost it all (including through loans to “friends”) he insisted someone should have known to tell him to invest his money in Microsoft.

Being legless did not deter him from his passion for climbing mountains, which he would typically attempt solo and with insufficient preparation. He’s the only person I know who at least twice had to drink his own urine to survive and at least twice had to be rescued by helicopter, both times stranded on a mountain.

He lived in Seattle the rest of his life, but periodically would show up at my door, his car packed to the gills with his belongings. These visits were difficult for me. A conversation with Kovatch was not really a conversation but rather a Kovatchean monologue. One could challenge his opinions only with caution. Once, when he was sitting in my dining room, I chanced to disagree with his admiration for Gary Hart. The beer bottle then in his hand went whizzing past my head, across the dining room, across the living room, and shattered a window.

About forty years ago, maybe longer, he stored his many books and some personal papers in the rafters of my garage. Now and then a box would break, spilling reminders of Kovatch onto the garage floor. Last year I finally had them all hauled away, though not without some worry that Kovatch would appear and demand to know what I had done with them. But I needn’t have worried. As Reunion approached I got to wondering if he moved back to Indiana, as years ago he told me he planned to do. He didn’t. He died in Seattle in 2009. In life Kovatch rarely enjoyed peace; may he rest in peace now.

MAC Memories

Doug McManus

As I think back on those years, 1968-1972 were an incredible time to be in college. There were tumultuous things going on throughout, but we felt we were in a bit of a bubble at Mac. We would go out into the big city but were always able to come back to our little world. My best memories were in three or four buckets.

First, we had a great time at Mac, hanging out, playing cards, listening to music and enjoying friends. Being more specific is probably not appropriate.

It was an amazing time for music, and we saw some incredible concerts, Hendrix, Jefferson Airplane, The Band, Janis Joplin at big venues but at Mac, we had The Stanley Bros, Doc Watson and Merle, and The Flying Burrito Bros among others. We would go to coffee shops on University Ave and hope that Bob Dylan or Bonnie Rait would wander by.

Politics and the Vietnam War were a constant backdrop in our 4 years. The Chicago Convention, Kent State and the student strike, the protest marches and the sit-in at Humphrey’s office were highlights. I was able to negotiate an undeserved C in Organic Chemistry which saved my medical career.

The Interim Term was a great idea for the school and students. One January it never got above 0 degrees either day or night and we played hearts tournaments all month. My favorite was the January I spent at the Joan Baez Institute For The Study of Non-violence in Palo Alto. We saw BB King at the Fillmore West and picketed at

the local draft board. All these were formative experiences that set me up for an interesting life.

Ski Patrolling at Quadna Mountain

John Robbins and Des Runyan

This is a memory about a group of Macites, mostly from the class of '72, who were part of the National Ski Patrol team at the old ski resort, Quadna Mountain, in Hill City near Grand Rapids Mn. Our group of patrollers, including Des and Ray Runyan, Mark Chambers, Sharon Clark, Connie Klein and John Robbins patrolled together for a couple years at this great old resort. Frequent guests included Carol Wolf (now Runyan), Tim and Cindy Hultquist, Romaine Scharlemann, Mike Zimmerman, Dave Thorson, Mike Bolen and others.

Sadly the ski resort closed years ago; a victim to rising temperatures in northern MN. The resort was a great place to be in the early 70's however. The dedicated group rented a small house or apartment each winter, filled it with mattresses (the size of which resembled that of the dorm beds – pure coincidence), and welcomed friends and guests every weekend. Tim Hultquist admires to this day the entrepreneurialism of the group. To help pay for the rent and utilities, guests were charged a whopping one dollar per person per night! The resort treated the patrollers and friends well – free skiing with a guest anytime, use of the sauna and pool at the lodge, meals, and more just for coming to ski and help people every other weekend.

Needless to say, there are many stories that could be shared about the group's exploits. We share one fairly tame memory here: In February 1969, several of us from the ski patrol had stayed late at the resort to use the sauna after a long day of patrolling and were very tired and relaxed. We returned back to the rental house to find that our ski instructor colleagues had a large group of friends over for a very loud party. An elderly woman neighbor knocked on the door, complained about the noise and announced that she had called the police. Since there may have been some under-age persons consuming alcohol, the party crowd decided to exit quickly and left for some other place. The rest of us finished supper and then, dead tired, went to bed on the various mattresses spread around on the glassed-in porch. We were awakened by loud knocking. When we opened the door, a large group of sheriff deputies 'entered'. There were 3 or 4 police cars out in front of our 'palace'; this must have been the largest public disturbance in Aiken County in quite awhile. We explained that the partiers had left more than an hour previously and that we were not part of the group. We made sure that they knew we were ski patrol at Quadna; this no doubt carried some weight! One deputy, after surveying all the mattresses on the sleeping porch pulled Des aside and wanted to know: "Is this some kind of boy-girl thing going on here?" No arrests were made and the multiple police cars turned off their flashing lights and left. To our



knowledge no 8 by 10 photos were taken and while this may have been the biggest crime scene in Aitken County that winter, it all ended quietly.

Ray Who? [Raymond B. Runyan](#)

I was on the soccer team for my four years at Mac. Having played for the first time in high school while living in Barcelona, my ability was modest at best. I played all 4 years while at Mac though I rarely got on the field during games for the first two years. The anonymity of my effort in the early years was displayed by the acquisition of the nickname "Ray Who?" despite my enthusiasm, presence at every practice and the number of fellow students I recruited to the team. This is my recollection of its origins.

I was living in Bigelow Hall my sophomore year in a room adjacent to that of Chuck Young and Manny Cervantes. Macites of my generation may recognize Chuck Young from our class as a frequent contributor to the Mac Weekly. He wrote a series that described his efforts as a fourth-string defensive back on the Mac Football team that otherwise had only 3 strings of players). After he graduated, Chuck went on to become a writer and Editor of Rolling Stone Magazine. He was known as a frequent critic of the Eagles and for his early and strong support for punk rock. In contrast, Manny Cervantes was a freshman of Mexican heritage from St. Paul who went on to law school became a distinguished Judge in the Twin Cities. He was a first-generation college student who eventually had several generations of his family follow him to enroll at Mac.

Very early in the academic year, I stopped by their room and discovered Chuck pursuing a project where he was collecting pithy comments from the bible and writing them down on a lampshade as a collection of "Quotations from Chairman God". This was an apparent response to the quotations of Chairman Mao that one could find in many bookstores at the time. As Manny was a Catholic kid from the inner city, he was uncomfortable that Chuck's selected quotes tended to focus on sex and other less religious themes. Manny was also somewhat overwhelmed by the Mac environment and, as I learned later, he was thinking about quitting and going home. I talked about the soccer team and I recruited him to come out as he had played in high school. He came with me to practice escaping the biblical quotations. Joining the team proved to be the impetus that kept him in school.

The soccer Coach for Mac, Ron Mettler, was a European engineer at 3M who came to campus after work each day to coach the team. There were about 14 players who regularly saw game time and another dozen or so who made up the second team in practice but rarely got in. To give us something to look forward to, several of the MIAC teams decided to establish junior varsity games. We were scheduled to play the first of these games against Augsburg. Just before the game, Ron called the JV players together and announced that we should elect a Captain for the game and solicited nominations. As I had recruited him to the team and as a friend, Manny raised his hand and said "I nominate Ray". To my chagrin, my coach for the previous one and a half seasons looked around the room and said "Ray Who?". At least my teammates were able to identify me, and I was elected a co-Captain for the game. By my Junior year, I became a bit less anonymous to the Coach. I succeeded in getting on the field and lettered for both my Junior and Senior seasons.

However, for the rest of my career at Mac my teammates rarely missed the opportunity to remind me that I was Ray Who? One could say that the nick name had a biblical origin, courtesy of Manny's roommate.

Gary Paul Nelson

One day in mid-January of 2001 I got a phone call from Eugene, Oregon, from Cindy Ryder. Her husband Gary had gone for a run as he did most every day, come home, and dropped dead on the kitchen floor – heart failure. Gary was the fittest person I ever knew.

At his home town high school in Sheboygan, Gary sang in the a capella choir, played football, ran track, and was a member of the National Honor Society. At Macalester his event was the intermediate hurdles, an impossible combination of sprinting and leaping. Gary was so limber he could sit on the floor, stretch out his legs, and touch his nose to the floor between his knees.



During our Macalester years we lived together twice: as sophomores at 180 Vernon Street, and as seniors at Portland and Pascal. Our situation on Vernon Street could not have been better. Four of us – Gary, Scott Lupton (left), Dean Christensen (right), and I – had the upper half of a roomy duplex. It had a fireplace and a balcony. The college provided maid service.

What a year it was! We fell in love with The Band, and saw them at the Guthrie in January, 1970. We played touch football in the street with the neighborhood kids. We made fun of Dean (a farm boy from Redwood Falls) for playing his Jimmie Rodgers, the Singing Brakeman records ("When It's Peach-pickin' Time in Georgia, It's Gal-pickin' Time for Me.") Alva Pingel (right) used to come over to watch the TV news and rail against the perfidious Melvin Laird. We all watched the draft lottery there. Gary got a low number.



Gary had grown up in a religious home (in his high school yearbook he reported his future profession as "minister"), and we attended church together a few times (Dayton Avenue



Presbyterian), but Gary didn't talk much about Christianity. He studied other traditions on his own. When he got his draft notice he applied for, and received, conscientious objector status. After college he worked two years at Mount Sinai Hospital in Minneapolis to fulfill his obligation. During college summers he worked one year on the factory floor for Whirlpool, on the east side, and another summer driving the countryside selling seeds for Northrup King. Gary worked. Like me, Gary majored in history, but he had wider, more intellectual interests. He subscribed to Scientific American and took an interest in silviculture – trees. Now and then he and I would walk down Summit Avenue to the river, and back, just talking. Gary was also a handsome guy, and had two noteworthy romances at Mac,



with women of talent—with Cynthia Crossen, who went on to write for the *Wall Street Journal*, then Linda Wisner, who still runs her own design business. He married Linda, which is what took him to Oregon. That marriage did not last, but he stayed in Oregon, married again, and started a nursery business in Eugene. He turned his interest in silviculture into a career. He was running that business when he died, at age 51, much too young.

Our senior year we lived with Jerry Miller in those apartments on Portland. We stuck together after graduation, and we all had jobs, so Gary got it in his head that we should rent a house. He found one, at 1661 Ashland. The interior walls were painted dark green and there was a waterbed stain on the dining room floor. We moved there in September of 1972, and I live there still. Thanks, Gary.

A Macalester Memory

Sally (Satrom) Ziebell

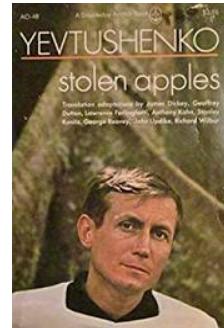
In February 1972, our last semester at Mac, Macalester was host to a poetry reading by the well-known (to Russian majors anyway) Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the last appearance of his three-and-a-half-week tour of the U.S. As a Russian major I was so thrilled and so in awe of his being at Mac that I even told myself that I could die happy now. I had written a paper for interim comparing him with Vladimir Mayakovsky. He came to the Russian House that afternoon and sat with a fairly small group and talked to us, although I can't tell you what he said. That evening we Russian students were ushers at the reading which was held in the field house. Apparently, there were over 4000 attendees (per the New York Times). Part way through his reading several Ukrainian-American young men jumped up on the stage and threw Yevtushenko off the stage. I was not far from the stage and one of the protesters then was pushed off the stage and landed at my feet. I was so furious with him that it took all my self-control not to kick him; I settled for holding him down with my foot on his chest. He was taken away by the police. Yevtushenko got up and climbed back on stage and continued his reading. He received a very loud ovation at the end.

(Albert Trod, chairman of the Slavic Languages department at Queens College in New York, who has accompanied Mr. Yevtushenko on his three-month tour of the United States, said it was the first such incident of the tour, which ended tonight.)
Mr. Yevtushenko was apparently unharmed. The 34-year-old poet bounded back onto the stage, dusted himself off and lit another cigarette.
"It doesn't matter," he said.
"I am not accustomed under fascist heads. I am not afraid. I am only sorry they spilled our milk."

The milk he referred to was in a pitcher and glass on a table on the stage, which he drank between recitations.

A crowd of 4000 persons reacted to the incident with murmurs and shouts of distress, but then gave him a prolonged, standing ovation.

After the protest, two persons leaped onto the stage, only two were arrested. They were charged with disorderly conduct, but it has not been disclosed whether they will be tried or not. The two arrested were identified as 21 intellectuals illegally imprisoned Jan. 21 in the Ukraine.



Flash forward about 30 years to when I was living in Oklahoma City. Yevtushenko had been asked to be a visiting professor at Tulsa University and began spending part of every year in Oklahoma, moving his wife Maria and their two young sons to Tulsa. I was teaching high school Russian and whenever Yevtushenko had a reading in the state I would take my students to hear him. His wife Maria (Masha) began teaching high school Russian as well and we met and eventually became friends. Through her I met Yevgeny Alexandrovich and although I could not call us friends, we were acquaintances and spent numerous occasions, social and cultural, together. I told him that I was a student at Macalester when he had recited there and had been treated so poorly. He told me that a week or so after that night he was playing table tennis and began to have terrible pains in his side. An x-ray showed that he had cracked a rib when he'd been pushed off the stage. Yevgeny Alexandrovich asked me to

write up what I remembered about that evening for something he was putting together and so I did. I don't know whether he ever used it or not.

When he passed away five years ago in Tulsa I went to his memorial service along with many Russian teachers I knew well and went to a gathering afterwards of family and friends.

Summer 1971 in Ghana

Nora Palmatier

During my junior year, I participated in Student Project for Amity Among Nations (SPAN) and chose to spend the summer of 1971 in Ghana. SPAN still continues as a joint project among several Twin City colleges and the University with a format that during the spring semester, participants attend language and culture classes each Saturday, determine a research project while in country, travel as a group to the country and then set up their own living situation.

The Air Ghana flight from Frankfurt to Accra was overflowing with packages above and below seats, in the aisles and piled on laps; it was hot, and chaos reigned. I'm not sure which astounded me more, the lackadaisical use of seat belts or my seat mate's friendly offer to house me and bring the entire group for dinner. As soon as we were outside the airport, young boys surrounded us offering taxis and trying to grab our luggage; fortunately, the University of Ghana handler was there to get us on the bus and take us to the dorms for the first week where my new roommate warmly welcomed me and I fell, exhausted, into the lumpy cot.

I was awakened at dawn to raucous radio music, my roommate smilingly wished me good morning and continued studying while turning radio up. Such behavior at Macalester would be grounds for changing rooms but here everyone assumed at dawn one arose or if tired you would sleep thru anything. The cafeteria smell was so different that I could not eat anything but subsisted on packets of cookies, bananas, and oranges – thank goodness I'd learned that phrase! Everyone in the Minnesota group was traumatized by unhappy emotions as we'd prepared so hard and really, really wanted to be here. We knew intellectually it was culture shock, but the emotions were still overwhelming.

Within a few days, my perspective changed. I ate with my roommate's family and discovered I loved ground nut stew with rice and there were all these fresh fruits and vegetables I'd never seen. I attended a rally to free South Africa and experienced being the only white person, but my roommate clung to me because we were also the only women present; she thought we'd been too rash while I blissfully soaked up the ambience. The health clinic workers were very friendly, and I gathered lots of materials for the research project.

Throughout my Peace Corps in Dominican Republic and decades later when I was the adult adviser for a Crossroads Africa student group, I'd remember that mood swing from fear on entry to sadness at leaving. I learned we don't all see the world in the same way and my goal is to try and understand. It works not only while in foreign countries but also with conservative family members.

Memories

John Austin

I grew up in a small town in Central Minnesota (Little Falls – The Boyhood Home of Charles Lindberg). When I first arrived at Macalester my room was a single in Section 6 of Kirk Hall, with the window facing east to Snelling Avenue. The cars and trucks (especially the trucks) loudly passed by at all hours of the day and night. For the first few days I was sure the noise would prevent me from getting any sleep for the next 4 years. Eventually, fortunately, the brain adapts and after a couple more days I never again heard the vehicle noise, even though I continued to live in Kirk for 3 years. I had been a big fish from a small pond, and I was jumping into a large pond with imagined sharks who could eat me for lunch. I was worried that I would not be able to survive, but too afraid of failure to quit. Thus began the most transformative years of my life!

That first year I met people that have continued to be good friends for over 50 years. Interactions with professors, colleagues and the culture of the college caused me to think about things I had never before considered (The Autobiography of Malcolm X, Mao Zedong, Manifest Destiny and Mission, *in loco parentis*, marijuana and Vietnam among them). I had been recruited to play football, having been the quarterback on an undefeated high school team. I decided I did not want sports to increase my chance of failure, so I did not participate. However, by spring I did return to another sport, track and field, as I had been a pole vaulter in high school. I practiced hard my freshman year and performed adequately. I returned to the pole vault my sophomore year and with little practice and no participation in other meets I managed to win the MIAC pole vault championship with a vault of 13 feet 6 inches. I know I put Coach Bolstorff in a bind where he couldn't exactly celebrate with me since I wasn't really a part of the team, yet I did earn the team 6 points for winning.

While on the theme of running, I turn to Wikipedia: "Streaking is the act of running nude through a public area for publicity, as a prank, a dare, or a form of protest." Streaking allegedly gained its greatest popularity in 1974, so this may be the only arena where I was ahead of my time. Sometime (but not in the middle of winter) in my junior year, accompanied by my shoe-carrying friend, Craig Laughlin, I ran bare-ass naked from Kirk Hall to the St. Clair Dress Shop (just past the St. Clair Broiler) and back. Perhaps the most uncomfortable part was waiting briefly at the corner of Snelling and St. Clair, jogging in place, for a red light – then quickly realizing waiting was unnecessary.

Returning to football, I was honored to be the Undies coach in the 1969 Undies vs Uppies annual women's football game. This turned out to be one of many traditions at Mac that ended with us. We practiced hard, developed plays and seriously prepared for the big game. I'm not certain (of most everything these days) but I believe we lost. I don't recall how I got to be the coach but I know that I thoroughly enjoyed the experience (and I still have the jersey).

Macalester first had a radio station in 1947. While radio on campus went dormant in 1955, it reemerged in 1961 and became KMAC in 1968. My friend, Jim Bach, and I had a weekly show on KMAC – The Nifty Fife-Fifty – the 50 Watt Giant of the Upper Midwest. We typically got high and then proceeded to the station on the second floor of the Student Union. The station was full of LP albums and had two turntables (one playing the current song and the other getting set for the next one). It had a control booth and a DJ booth, facing each other separated by glass. We were often joined by other friends which created a real party atmosphere. We imagined we

were talking to scores of listeners, but in reality, the number was probably barely in the teens. Nevertheless, it was always fun!

While at Macalester I considered myself to be an integral part of the college experience. I lived on campus and while I knew I didn't know everyone, I felt I was aware of most of what was happening. I felt fully integrated with the culture and activities of campus. More recently, I joined the 50th Reunion Committee and participated in virtual and in-person meetings. I called classmates and read Facebook posts. Through these activities I realized that there was much more going on at Mac than I ever knew while I was there. People were engaged in a wide variety of enterprises for which I had no idea. While a small college Macalester had lots going on, so much so that no one person could keep track of it all. Even though by the time I graduated I felt like I had again become a big fish in a small pond, I am constantly reminded that we are all small fish and the pond we live in is, indeed, very big.

Wilt and Don Paul Olson

As I walked into the Macalester College athletic facility on a hot mid-July afternoon in 1969, I was bone tired. My denim shirt and jeans were dirty and soaked with sweat after working my first day for Droeher Construction at Valentine Hills Elementary School in Arden Hills. The last thing I wanted to do was to lift weights for two hours. As the typical, struggling thoughts of "stay determined, disciplined, and focus on your quest to excel" versus "take the day off; you deserve it" rolled around in my mind, I glanced through the glass of the heavy, double entrance doors to the expansive Tartan-surfaced Field House. To my amazement and annoyance (I didn't like people getting in my way while working-out in what had become Ole's Weight Room), volleyball players and fans covered the sidelines and 10 courts. I had no intention of watching them play. My primary goal was getting an intense workout, going home, eating, and resting up for another hard day on the construction site.

But, I did glance over at the main court and noticed these were not typical volleyball players. They were good, and a huge African-American guy – he appeared to be their coach – was conducting a set-and-spike drill. I stood there for a moment, mesmerized by his skill and familiarity. Because of Macalester's fine athletic facilities, we often hosted national sporting events. The next spring, we were scheduled to host the NAIA National Track and Field Finals, so hosting a major volleyball tournament was not too unusual. After a second glance and watching this huge man move around, it struck me that he looked like Wilt Chamberlain, the famed basketball player. Impossible! Wilt Chamberlain at Macalester College?

I went into the weight room worked out for about an hour and then decided to take a water break and 10-minute rest before powering forth with the rest of my workout. As I headed back to the locker room I saw our diminutive, assistant football coach Don Hudson laughing and talking to this tall athlete/coach. Coach Hudson was a charismatic coach and a terrific mentor. Three years later, the year after I graduated from college (1972), he was named the head football coach at Macalester College and the first African-American to coach a predominately white college football team (see below). Although he was an unsuccessful coach record-

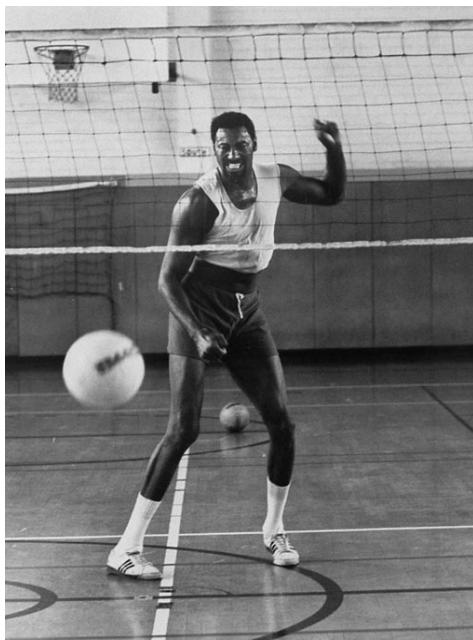


wise, he did an amazing job of shaping the thinking and character of young men.

Just then, our equipment manager and team photographer Vic Vinovskis--a colorful individual with a spectacular career as a soccer player in Eastern Europe in the mid-1960s--walked past me.

I grabbed Vic by the shoulder and asked, "Who is the guy talking to Coach?"

He turned to me, camera in hand, and said, "Wilt Chamberlain."



Vic took a snap shot of Wilt and Don, both grinning from ear-to-ear as the 7'1" Wilt draped his arm down and across the back and shoulder of 5'4" Don Hudson. Someone has the photo, and I wish to this day a copy could grace my office photo gallery.

It was an amazing day to see one of my sports heroes. Wilt Chamberlain was an icon for many young men as an NBA Hall of Fame player and the future head of the International Volleyball Association, yet Don Hudson poured himself into many young athletes including me. Don Hudson taught discipline, respect, and perseverance. He affirmed my mother's and father's teaching and appreciation for multi-cultural friendships, enriched my world-view, and gave me tools to interact with people of different experiences and viewpoints. Coach Hudson may have been small in stature, but he loomed much larger in my life than Wilt Chamberlain.

Photo: Art Rickerby/Time Life Pictures/Getty Images
http://sportsillustrated.cnn.com/multimedia/photo_gallery/1002/rare.wilt.chamberlain.photos/content.23.html

Macalester's Hudson: The first, but forgotten until now

By Jay Weiner

Special to ESPN.com

(Edited by PLHO 12-14-11)

ST. PAUL, Minn. -- On Dec. 21, 1971, Don Hudson was named head football coach at tiny, academically elite Macalester College in St. Paul. He made history. It should have been headline-news type of history: He was the first black head football coach at a predominantly white college.

Alas, no trumpets blared. In fact, no one seemed to notice. No one even mentioned the social significance of college football's racial barrier for head coaches being broken, even if at a small Midwestern school with a less than stellar football reputation. Time passed. And Hudson's achievement was more than simply forgotten. It was downright ignored. Indeed, *other* colleges and *other* coaches claimed to be "The First."

Until last October, that is, 36 years after Hudson blazed a lonely, bittersweet trail that remains lightly traveled to this day.



Then, on a warm autumn Saturday at a laughter-filled banquet on Macalester's campus, about 50 of Hudson's former players and another 100 friends, family and college administrators gathered to honor him. Later, at halftime of the Scots' game against Colorado College, a sun-drenched crowd of 750 fans stood and cheered for him. A proclamation from Macalester's board of trustees -- "Whereas Coach Hudson pioneered the way for other coaches of color ..." -- was read to him. Don Hudson, now 78, finally got his due. "He deserves the truth to be told and the truth to be recognized," his daughter, Kelly Hudson, says. "History needs to be set straight."

Donald Edward Hudson was born Nov. 20, 1929, and raised in Pittsburgh, the son of a jazz musician and the neighbor of Chuck Cooper, who would become the NBA's first drafted African-American player. He was only 5-foot-4 and 140 pounds, but Hudson never had a problem taking leadership roles. A quarterback at Lincoln University (a historically black college in Missouri), a physical education teacher and coach in the Kansas City schools, a U.S. Army officer in Korea, an assistant coach at Lincoln through the 1950s and 1960s ... Hudson should have been on a trajectory to a head college coaching job.

But there were no college jobs for black men. At historically black colleges such as Grambling, Florida A&M or Lincoln, coaches such as Eddie Robinson, Jake Gaither and Dwight Reed stayed for what seemed like forever, having nowhere else to work; and so, opportunities rarely opened for their protégés. And at predominantly white colleges, there simply were no black head coaches.

(Researchers at Dartmouth College recently learned there was one black head coach before Hudson -- before college football's modern era. Matthew Washington Bullock, the son of slaves, coached at predominantly white Massachusetts Agricultural College. He got his job in 1904 before the creation of the NCAA, which organized college sports and molded them into the modern era. It was another 67 years before Hudson was hired at Macalester.)

Finally, in 1968, when Hudson had already been an assistant on the university level at Lincoln for some time, he learned of a *high school* head coaching gig in Minneapolis. Months after Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated and the ensuing riots in the Twin Cities, he became the head coach at Minneapolis Central High, the first black head football coach in that city's league. All the white assistant coaches quit on him. "They never showed up," Hudson says. Only 10 players attended his first practice: five black, five white. But he managed to develop a winning team in his second season.

Swiftly, an opportunity arose at Macalester, long known for its progressive political atmosphere -- former vice president Walter Mondale and former United Nations Secretary-General Kofi Annan are alums -- and its losing football teams. Hudson was offered an assistant football coaching position and teaching job. He jumped at the chance, mostly because he had two teenage children and a tuition break was part of the compensation package. After a 1-7-1 season in 1971, Macalester's head coach, Dick Borstad, resigned.

With little fanfare and even less of a chance to win, he was promoted to be the Scots' head coach. "My opportunity to get a head coaching job was terrible," he says. "So, when the Macalester job came, I just took it. I just knew I could build the program."

Soon after, other pioneering black coaches received credit for being the first. Portland (Ore.) State claimed it made history in March of 1972 when it hired Ron Stratten to be its head football coach. Wrong by three months. Oberlin College in Ohio claimed history in January of 1973 when it hired Cass Jackson to lead its football program. At Oberlin, controversial athletic director Jack Scott also hired famed Olympic sprinter and black-gloved demonstrator Tommie Smith to be that college's track coach. Scott was a publicity magnet. So, the vaunted New York Times reported that Jackson was the "first black head coach at any predominantly white college." Television's Howard Cosell, who "told it like it was," visited Oberlin to mark Jackson's hiring. Wrong by more than a year.

Hudson remembers watching the Cosell segment about Jackson and Oberlin on television and laughing at its inaccuracy. But he did nothing then to correct the mistake.

"My father is a very humble man," says Natalie Hudson, who is now a judge on Minnesota's Court of Appeals, the state's second-highest court.

During Hudson's four years at Macalester, his roster never grew beyond 35 players, and they faced off against teams such as perennial Division III power St. John's, which regularly dresses more than 100 players.

Over four seasons, Hudson's teams were 3-36. Sixteen of those losses came consecutively at the end of his tenure, laying the groundwork for Macalester's then-national record of ignominy: 50 straight defeats. "We got killed," Hudson says, while noting in his defense that in 1974, six of Macalester's losses were by six points or fewer. By the end of the 1975 season, Hudson knew it was time to move on. "It didn't have a thing to do with my coaching or a thing to do with the kids," Hudson says. "We had some great players, but just didn't have enough of them. One thing I learned: You don't take a job where you don't have a chance to win."

He returned briefly to Lincoln to be the head coach at his alma mater, and then took a job as athletic director of the Cherry Creek, Colo., schools. He worked there for 16 years before retiring in 2000. He still lives in suburban Denver with his wife, Connie.

By 2006, his time at Macalester was all but forgotten. Then, while visiting Chicago with his son-in-law, Eric Parris, Hudson told a story. He told Parris that, despite what The New York Times or Cosell had once said, *he* was the first black head coach in college football history.

"I kept asking myself, 'Did he realize what a big deal it was?'" Parris, a real estate executive, remembers. Parris contacted Macalester athletic director Travis Feezell, who was new to the college and unaware of Hudson. Research was conducted, and Macalester administrators determined it was time to return to Hudson the place in history that belonged to him.

"My dad has been carrying this with him," Kelly Hudson said. "It remained a burden on his heart."

Last October, when Hudson's former players showed up at the banquet to honor him, the burden was lifted. Wrote fullback Stan Lynch: "Other than our cheerleaders, we rarely had more than a handful of people in the stands. For this reason, we played for Don and him alone as he was always there

inspiring us to do our best, even in the face of virtually insurmountable odds against us ... My only regret from my two years of playing ball for Don Hudson is that we were only able to win one game for him ... When he left, my reason and motivation for playing football ended and my medical career called me away to focus my time and energies elsewhere."

As Hudson listened to the words of his former players -- now doctors, lawyers, businessmen -- that October day last fall, he blinked away tears.

"I'm blown away by this," he said. But he had one thing to add. Since his hiring at Macalester, there's been only one other black head coach at any level of college football in Minnesota. John Parker coached at Division II University of Minnesota-Morris in 1996 and '97.

"I mean, holy cow, 35 years later and here we are," he said. "There's not another black head coach in Minnesota. Why?" Don Hudson, The First, wants to know.

I'll never know

Carol Wolf Runyan

A late Minnesota winter morning in 1970, my sophomore year at Macalester College, I was headed to an appointment with my history professor on one of the upper floors of Old Main. The stately red brick structure built in the 1880s with large arches conjured images of an earlier time. It is a quintessential college building, very similar to one on the campus in my hometown where I had worked as an admissions office tour guide during the summer before college. Both had the same uneven, creaky floors and musty scent, with handrails smoothed by generations of occupants.

On this day, the steep and uneven steps that formed the backbone of Old Main were brightly lit by a warming winter sun pouring through the rippled decades-old glass. About half-way up, I encountered an older gentleman in a suit heading down. In that era few, if any, faculty wore suits. I immediately recognized him and nervously stepped aside to let him pass easily. He put out his hand, gave me a friendly grin, and greeted me with, "Hi, I'm Hubert Humphrey." He stopped and looked across at me as I had climbed a step above making us even in height. I managed to sputter out my name and respond to his questions, revealing that I was from a small town in Ohio, a sophomore and not yet sure of my major and that I was taking a history course that term. He nodded with what I took to be genuine interest as I gradually became less flummoxed.

I had known that the former vice president was a visiting professor that term, but I had not seen him around campus. After serving with Lyndon Johnson, he had run unsuccessfully for President in 1968. A former professor at Mac in the 1940s before entering politics, Humphrey accepted a temporary teaching gig at the school between his defeat and his campaign to recapture his Senate seat.

My mother, eight years his junior was also a Minnesotan and had followed Humphrey's career with interest. Growing up, we were a Huntley and Brinkley family, watching the nightly news together and I had learned about different politicians starting in grade school. My dad, a former college debater, used to challenge me and my brother with questions about current affairs, encouraging us to think critically about the issues of the day. So, I knew a little bit about Humphrey and knew that my parents, strong Democrats, had voted for him. I also was aware that, with LBJ, he was caught in a swirl of controversy about the Vietnam War – a topic receiving great discussion on all college campuses of the day resulting in massive demonstrations at the Chicago Democratic convention as he received the party's Presidential nomination.

The whole stairway encounter was fewer than five minutes, but I was star struck. Several weeks later the college announced its annual Daddy Daughter Dinner Dance. Female students could invite their fathers to spend an evening with them on campus, having dinner followed by dancing. I had not even considered attending the event freshman year knowing my father would not fly in from Ohio even if I invited him. He always was grumpy about the functions he had to attend on his own campus, plus, he hated travel. And he didn't dance.

Instead, I hatched a bold plan to invite Mr. Humphrey as my date. I had only once before invited someone on a date – something girls rarely did in that era. I was never brave enough in high school to participate in the annual Sadie Hawkins dances sponsored by the school. But, during my freshman year at Mac, I mustered the courage to invite my new boyfriend to a concert. I had thought I was taking him to a mellow folk-rock concert at the Minneapolis Auditorium – a huge venue that, it turned out, had terrible acoustics. But, instead of the Arlo Guthrie concert that I envisioned, I got my musicians confused and took him to hear several excruciating hours of Jimmy Hendrix's cacophony. As Hendrix ended the show with his signature move, smashing his guitar on stage, I was mortified. I worried I had blown it with my date. It was not until about ten years later, after Des and I were married, that he told me he was not just being polite in saying he enjoyed the concert. He told me he had thought I was a "cool chick" for taking him to such a great event.

Despite this memory of a date gone wrong the year before, I pulled out some nice stationery my mother had given me and crafted a letter of invitation to Mr. Humphrey. I reminded him of our encounter on the staircase and explained that it was too far for my father to travel from Ohio. I tucked it away in my dorm room desk, pulling it out to revise several times, wanting to get it just right. That was my mistake.

As several weeks passed, I started to worry that my dancing skills were not up to par, especially if the music was of the type popular in his generation. I tried to conjure up recollections of my dance lessons with Mrs. Potts when I was in grade school where, wearing my poodle skirt and Mary Janes, I had learned how to do the fox trot and waltz. Images of me tripping over my feet or stepping on his kept flashing into my consciousness. Mostly, though, I started to question if I would be able to carry on an intelligent conversation for a whole evening with this distinguished man. I knew I could not articulate clear opinions about Vietnam or LBJ's war on poverty. I had never taken a political science course and was not regularly reading a newspaper or listening to radio or TV news. My encounters with my dad's debating had opened my eyes to the debating skills I had not developed, and Humphrey was a career politician, a debater for a living. At the same time, dad's expression when talking about famous people echoed in my head, "they put their pants on one leg at a time." I tried to imagine Mr. Humphrey as a regular one-leg-at-a-time kind of guy. But still, I was intimidated.

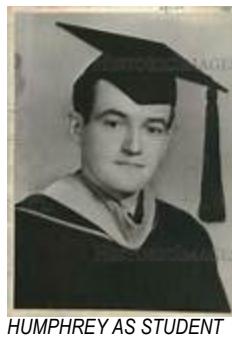
Tangled in knots about what to do, I kept refining the letter relishing in the fantasy of this date happening. I imagined how cool it would be to pull this off, but each time I re-read my carefully worded invitation and slipped it back into the drawer awaiting a moment of boldness to take it to the mailbox. Several weeks passed as the event neared. The letter remained in the drawer. Bravery never found me, and I never mailed it. I was left to speculate about whether he would have accepted, imagining there was a reasonable chance – he was a politician after all and might have seen this as an opportunity for some publicity. But my timidity left me with no more than a schoolgirl fantasy.

About five years later, I was enrolled in graduate school at the University of Minnesota and had put the whole episode out of my mind. One day I entered the austere, art deco lobby of the University hospital on my way to a classroom on the top floor and caught sight of Mr. Humphrey again. He was sitting in a wheelchair by the lobby door seemingly waiting for a ride. By that time, he was back in the Senate and

the newspapers had reported that he was undergoing cancer treatment at the hospital. Though gaunt and pale, he was very recognizable. I stopped for a moment, gazing at him from across the cold grey room. Though tempted and braver, I didn't think it was appropriate to invade his privacy. But as I reached the elevator, pushed the button for my floor and watched the lobby disappear, I smiled to myself. I imagined telling him of our encounter on those steep and time worn steps, the invitation to the dance and how I regretted that I had never posted it. I wondered if he would have enjoyed the story and given me a hint as to whether he might have accepted the invitation. I will never know.

Memories of HHH From a Mac Alumnus, Activist, Journalist Jon Schroeder

From 1977 to 1984, my wife Dana and I were the publishers and editors of the weekly Grant County Herald in my hometown, Elbow Lake, MN (2020 population 1,178). When Hubert Humphrey (hometown Doland, SD - 2020 population 199) died, we did a full-page tribute to him that focused on recollections of local residents, including the widow of a former Herald publisher, Harold Barker, who had been a State Legislator,



HUMPHREY AS STUDENT

Speaker of the House and, in 1946, the first DFL Party candidate for Governor. This was the first statewide election after the merger of Minnesota's Democratic and Farmer Labor Parties, that Humphrey had a major role in orchestrating. Barker didn't win, but Humphrey was elected to the U.S. Senate two years later. Because I'd taken his class at Mac – and had subsequently had other contacts with him – I wrote this column that ran in the same issue of the Herald. It was later reprinted in a tribute to Humphrey in Macalester Today. Ironically, I later worked for U.S. Senator Dave Durenberger from 1984-94. Durenberger succeeded Humphrey's widow Muriel, who had been appointed to replace her husband. And, in 1988, Durenberger defeated the Humphreys' son "Skip" who had challenged his reelection to a third term. I realize not all of my fellow students were great fans of Humphrey – either as Senator or Vice President – including those who barricaded his office with barbed wire. To ease your read, I've added some relevant open-source photos and quotes.

Town and Country

by Jon Schroeder

Many Minnesota newspaper publishers and editors spent time this past weekend trying to devise an appropriate way of paying tribute to Senator Hubert Humphrey. Our own tribute, elsewhere in this week's Herald, focuses on Grant County residents' memories of Humphrey. We also included recollections of some longtime DFL activists and elected officials



on their past relationships with a fellow Minnesotan who had served as U.S. Senator, Vice President and his party's candidate for President.



When a rare public figure like Senator Humphrey dies, we all mourn his passing – much as we mourn the loss of a loved one. We can't help but recall Humphrey as a friend, even though our closest contacts with him may have been at a parade or a large political gathering.

Unlike many Minnesota newspaper editors and publishers, I can't claim a close personal friendship with Hubert Humphrey that dates to his pre-Senate years. In fact, Humphrey's landmark speech to the 1948 National Democratic Convention took place two years before I was born.

His first two re-elections – in 1954 and 1960 – came when I was in elementary school. And he was the Vice President during a time I was preoccupied with high school extracurricular activities and worked part-time at Schroeder's Department Store.

By early 1970, however, things had changed. My own interest in politics and public affairs was heightening.

I had just returned to Macalester College from a month-long Congressional Internship in Washington, DC when I learned I would be one of only 20 students in "The Humphrey Seminar." The former Vice President was on the Macalester Political Science faculty that year, teaching one class each semester. This wasn't "*Happy Days are Here Again*" for Humphrey. He had lost one of the closest elections in U.S. history

against Richard Nixon. And he was still faulted by many for his support for the Vietnam policies of President Lyndon Johnson.

Yet, each Wednesday afternoon, Humphrey reverted to one of his favorite preoccupations – teaching. American foreign policy formed the general framework for his lectures, that

focused particularly on U.S.-Soviet relations, disarmament, and American responsibilities in less developed parts of the world. He spoke with authority on all of these topics – spicing his lectures with personal recollections of his dealings with foreign leaders and his legislative initiatives, that now help form the cornerstone of American foreign policy.

"It was once said the moral test of government is how that government treats those who are in the dawn of life, the children; those who are in the twilight of life, the elderly; and those who are in the shadows of life, the sick, the needy and the handicapped." 1977 DC Humphrey Federal Office Building Dedication

Contrary to many press reports at that time, Humphrey's attention to his teaching responsibilities wasn't superficial.

We wrote two research papers for him that spring which he read carefully and marked up – often offering both complimentary and uncomplimentary comments. Humphrey also met individually with each of his students – offering oral comments on our papers and, overall, the topics covered.

Humphrey took particular interest in my involvement in a student-led campaign for a state constitutional amendment to lower the voting age. I remember

"The time has arrived in America for the Democratic Party to step out of the shadows of states' rights and into the bright sunshine of human rights."

1948 Democratic National Convention

rushing him through our meeting on my rather boring paper on the French nuclear weapons program – the “Force de Frappe” – to seek his support for our fledgling campaign. And help he did!

I also remember being in several meetings in the fall – the summer and fall of 1970 with Humphrey and his staff to discuss how *his* Senate campaign could support *ours*. He was very instrumental in gaining labor support for the amendment, made radio commercials endorsing lowering the voting age and talked the “Fifth Dimension” singing group into staging a benefit autograph signing event to raise funds for the campaign.

“The message of the United States is not nuclear power. The message of the United States is a spiritual message. It is the message of human ideals. It is the message of human dignity. It is the message of the freedom of ideas, speech, press, the right to assemble, to worship and the message of freedom of movement of people.”

And on the Monday before the election – following release of a statewide opinion poll showing a steep decline in support for the amendment – he held a press conference in Duluth to urge a “yes” vote from heavily DFL voters in northeastern Minnesota.

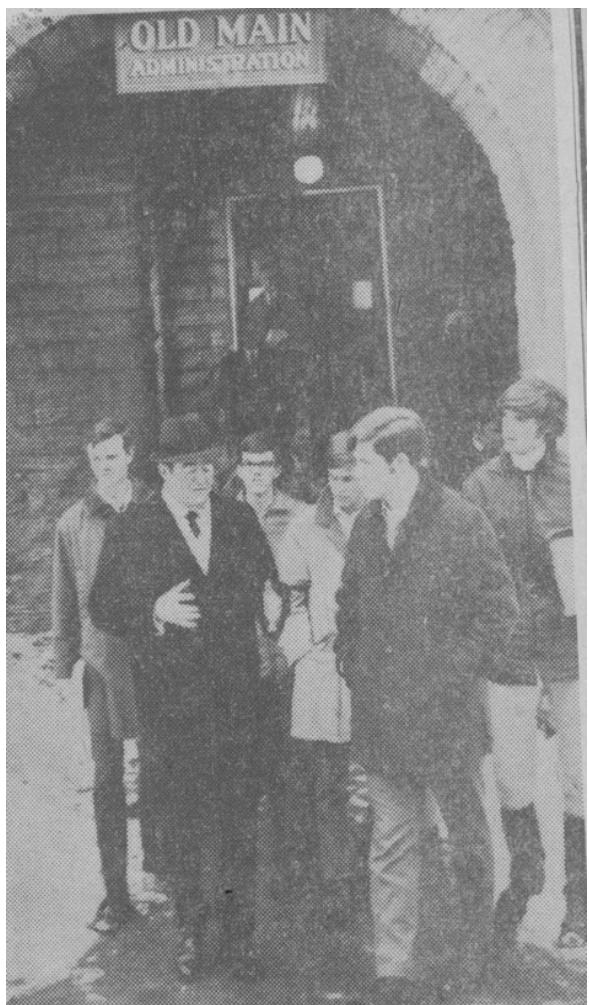
My final close-up contact with Senator Humphrey came the following spring when I was in Washington with a group of U of M students who had internships with major Minnesota corporations under a program I was promoting as “Consultant on Youth” for the Minnesota Chamber of Commerce. Humphrey invited us to meet with him in his office where he spoke at length about the importance of young people participating in the political process. He spoke warmly of our own association at Macalester and his help with the voting age campaign.



PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON WAS ONE OF THE LAST PEOPLE HUMPHREY SPOKE TO BY PHONE BEFORE HIS DEATH. NIXON ALSO ATTENDED HIS FUNERAL IN ST. PAUL

Humphrey couldn’t help but be an inspiration to a young person like me who was interested in politics and public affairs. His idealism, competence and hard work combined to make him a rare combination of politician, statesman, legislator, and – always – teacher. He inspired millions during his long and distinguished career. And he inspired all of us in the open and positive manner that he faced death. With his passing, may we now also be motivated to pursue the goals of peace, equality and justice to which he devoted his life.

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MINNEAPOLIS

HE still enters a room with the flourish of a man used to pomp and power. In public appearances, his eyes sparkle with humor, and his voice quickly rises to a level of enthusiasm. He is confident, positive and buoyant.

But there are many moments now when—away from public view—his posture sags, his voice trails off into awkward silence, his eyes turn toward the distant wall.

Five months after he was defeated for the Presidency, Hubert Horatio Humphrey remains what he has always been—busy, energetic, full of goodwill, loving life and eagerly pursuing it. Only, he says, he is different. He said often last year when he tried to explain his Vice-Presidency, "A man changes when his job and role change."

Tony Humphrey has no prime job or clear role. He is in a state of suspension, unable to dwell for long on the recently ugly past or to face the indefinite future. He struggles to adjust to the present. At least for a time, he says, "all we can hope to accomplish." "It is truly in transition," Mrs. Humphrey says soberly. "He is not what he was, and he is not yet what he will be."

Now is he what he wanted to be. The Professor has made Humphrey today, as much as it dominated his ambitions for the quarter of a century during which he held progressively higher political offices. As Vice President, he lived constantly under the possibility of becoming President in an instant, and he worked doggedly at the frequently stiff elbow of President Johnson. Two years ago, asked to describe his preparation for the Presidency, Humphrey answered with one, tersely uttered word: "preparation." Last November, his preparation as complete as it could ever be, he lost the Presidential election by a most narrow popular vote margin. He tries not to think about what might have been, but his conversation is sprinkled with such phrases as "if I were President now" and "if things had gone a bit differently in November. . . ."

HUMPHREY today spreads his time and energy over a variety of roles and activities:

•Professor of political science at Macalester College in St. Paul and the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis. He's spending at least six full days each month on his teaching duties, which pay him \$30,000 a year.



Minneapolis Tribune

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., SUNDAY, MAY 10, 1970

11

B



Associated Press
"I signs, much in evidence of Saturday's antiwar marchers and rollers in rock music, were held aloft by marchers on the Mall in front of the White House in Washington, D.C., above, and by marchers on the University of Minnesota campus, right, setting out far as early in the rain as the State Observers along the march route released the signs.



Marches, Rallies Protest Indochina War

Tele. Other readers



Marchers carried crosses bearing the names of four students killed by National Guardsmen while watching a disturbance at Kent State University last week.



Demonstrators gathered at the State Capitol as more continued to arrive at the rally site. The St. Paul Cathedral is in background.

Students, Trustees Talk Proxies at Macalester

By HOWARD ERICKSON

Minneapolis Tribune Staff Writer
Nearly 400 Macalester College students, faculty, administrators and corporate politicians were gathered in the college's trustees' Friday night meeting to discuss a proposal that all stockholders of the college's stock in two weeks will be compelled to vote proxies.

Last night's 3-hour session followed a 3-hour occupation of the trustees' offices by the Macalester Business Project, a group of 77 Macalester St., the corporation located at 1230 a.m. yesterday morning. All but 100 students withdrew and were home.

A. B. Jackson, board chairman of the St. Paul Community Foundation, who is also a trustee, called the meeting within two weeks — if he sees any possibility that the full day will be needed.

The executive committee of the trustees early next week will use hearings and other means to determine student demands — which, the trustees say, include a proposal to how to vote Macalester stock.

The trustees' next regular meeting is set for Dec. 1.

The students' petition enclosed last night from two Macalester students, Dr. Wallace Gibbs and Dr. Wallace Gibbs, administrator of the college's stock in Honeywell Inc., Northern States Power Co., General Motors Corp. and General Electric Co. to be voted by members of the college community.

When the students went about 850 of 1,000 students polled recently at few mutual-fund stocks my

firm, and we have seen proxies without even being about these issues.

You want them to

work on problems, pollution,

discharge, no?" said Dr.

Observers doubted

or the full board of trustees to

the executive committee

or the executive committee

The Mac Weekly, November 5, 1971, page 8

Rooster

by Howie Parker

And in those days the children of Macalester grew in their dorms of the single sex. The days were with the crushing weight of the requirement for a Leader of the Macites. And the children of Macalester cried out to Lord God.

And the Lord did not turn a deaf ear to their cries. He raised up a man from the land of Oregon said, "You shall lead my people. They shall call you Leader, that is, Leader of the Macites. This shall be my sign unto you. I shall cause food to down from heaven."

And Arthur Flemming came among the Macites. At the time there were approximately male and female and were glad. The requirement for graduation away. And the Macites rejoiced.

And lo! The next day food fell from heaven. An astonished Macite called it "manna" for that word so far out."

And there were student leaders in those days. Dr. A. B. Jackson, chairman of the Board of Trustees, called the Bureaucrat, the Stout, the Express and Howie Parker, called Peacock, the Weir and Spoiler. When Decker left to cap at the table most influential, the Macites asked: "Whatever happened Decker?" and they answered, "Decker was here." Howie Parker was due to the office of the Day.

And in those days, Arthur Flemming said to his people, "Let us build us a Macalester Community on a velvet drape of love, of otherness, of education, of administration strata came to Macalester. And all were fed with bread from heaven."

At that time, John Dozier, the keeper of the pottage said unto Arthur Flemming, "Should we not part some of the wondrous bread as a safeguard against times?" And the Leader of the Macites said, "The shall not go."

But the Lord looked down upon this marvelous drape and was displeased. The Lord called Arthur Flemming to the judgment so that the Angel of the Lord gave him command.

And Arthur Flemming went up to the mountain. The Angel of the Lord, called by men Paul Davis, appeared and said unto him, "Thus says the Lord God, Thou

may not resources and save thy mama so that thy child may not become as the pumper of gas and the type letters."

Now, while their leader was upon the mountain Macites grew restless. And taking up their trinkets gold, they melted them down and fashioned an idol of Ram Head. And they danced and sang and round image taking part in marvelous dialogue, organization and other abominations before the Lord.

And the Lord was angered. He spoke unto Arthur Flemming, "Because the children of Macalester I sinned against me, no more bread will fall from heaven and you shall not see the Promised Land of the Macites."

So Arthur Flemming went away unto the land of bureaucrat and the Macites went murmuring into years of wandering in the desert, even unto this day.

With apologies to God, Moses, and all the boys.

Macalester Official Refuse to Assign Proxies to Students

By MOLLY IVINS

Minneapolis Tribune Staff Writer

using the proxies to pre-debate on issues of concern.

The trustees' executive committee stated its case that the power to vote stock should not be delegated, but said the issue would be submitted to a meeting of the full board on May 24.

The executive committee also authorized the appointment of a committee of



Flemming

tees, faculty, administrators and students to recommend policies and practices regarding the voting of stock owned by Macalester. The committee is to report to trustees' meeting in May.

The trustees also urge that further sounding community opinion on the question be done through open hearings and referendums.

A. B. Jackson, chairman of the board of trustees, pledged to do his best to present the issues raised by the Proxies Committee before the stockholders' meeting of the corporations named.

One disgruntled student commented after the meeting, "Good grief, we weren't even going to do anything radical with the proxies."

Some of the students of the Proxies Committee have worked with the Honeywell Project, a group attempting to get Honeywell, Inc. to stop manufacturing anti-personnel bombs. The Project is trying to get a hearing at Honeywell's annual corporate meeting April 24 through the use of





MORATORIUM DAY SCHEDULE

10 a.m. Rally on the Chapel Hall. Thomas Grissom of the education department will speak on "Why the Nixon Strategy to End the War is Inadequate.

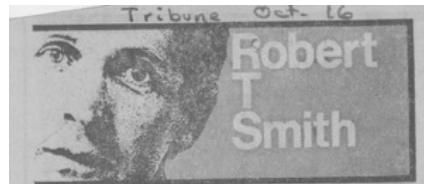
11 a.m. People interested in going out into the community will break into task groups.

1 p.m. Groups will leave campus to meet with community leaders and the People.

ALTERNATIVE: Teach-in in Cochran Lounge for those desiring to stay on campus... Will include: anti-war films ("War Games," "Vietnam: How We Got In; How to Get Out" and "The War Economy," (perhaps) also a Hawk-Dove Debate

Short talks by faculty members (on Vietnam).

7:30 p.m. Rally in the Fieldhouse with Georgia state Representative Julian Bond and Minnesota Senator Walter Mondale.



The chilling rain splattered the gutters on the night of the Moratorium. I stood on a corner waiting to march for peace.

The notice said to be at University and Snelling Aves. in St. Paul at 7 p.m. Apparently it was canceled because of weather and, as usual, I didn't get the word.

I waited for about 15 minutes then decided to march alone to the rally at Macalester College.

There was quite a bit of activity on Snelling, the Lake St. of St. Paul. Despite the cold rain, people were bustling about the avenue.

As I walked, I thought of how small Vietnam looks on the map, and how large 40,000 American dead looks anywhere. I wondered really how many Vietnamese are dead. Or if we'll ever know.

I thought of the three years I spent in Washington when John Kennedy was president, and of how terrified he was of this war.

AND STRANGELY, of how, despite his personal feelings, he agreed to a minor escalation that Lyndon Johnson grossly compounded.

I stooped to pick up a wet pamphlet. It was black and yellow and said: "Join the Young Socialist Alliance." I figured I wouldn't do that.

Inside, the pamphlet said YSA supports a revolutionary movement "for the construction of a socialist America and a socialist world."

I wondered how many of these young ones really know what they are pledged to support.

Although it was dark, you could see the rain back dropped by the lights of the street and the shops. They tell me it rains a lot in Vietnam.

I thought of the man in the White House who said he knew how to win the war, but so far has kept his plan a secret.

NEWS REPORTS said he spent the day ignoring the Moratorium. That's a bit like ignoring the sun.

Then I passed Towy Drugs, The Cue & Caron Lounge, Jim O'Gara's Bar and Grill. I stopped in for beer.

She had short-cropped black hair, and wore a pant suit. She was maybe about 30. A hockey game was on the blaring television.

"You come in here often?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"I do," she said.

"You do anything for the Moratorium?" I asked.

"What's that?" she said.

Back outside, I made for the Macalester fieldhouse. There were police at the corners, directing traffic.

I asked one if there had been any trouble. He said the only trouble so far was the weather.

THE FIELDHOUSE was jammed. It holds 6,000 but there were at least 1,000 in the lobby areas. I couldn't get in, but I wasn't particularly interested in speeches.

One wag who also couldn't get in shouted: "I could end this war if you just let me through. I have the answer..." There was laughter.

Everybody there wasn't against the war. There were signs such as "Let's Win the War."

I wandered outside and around the fieldhouse. There was a small group of young ones burning a flag.

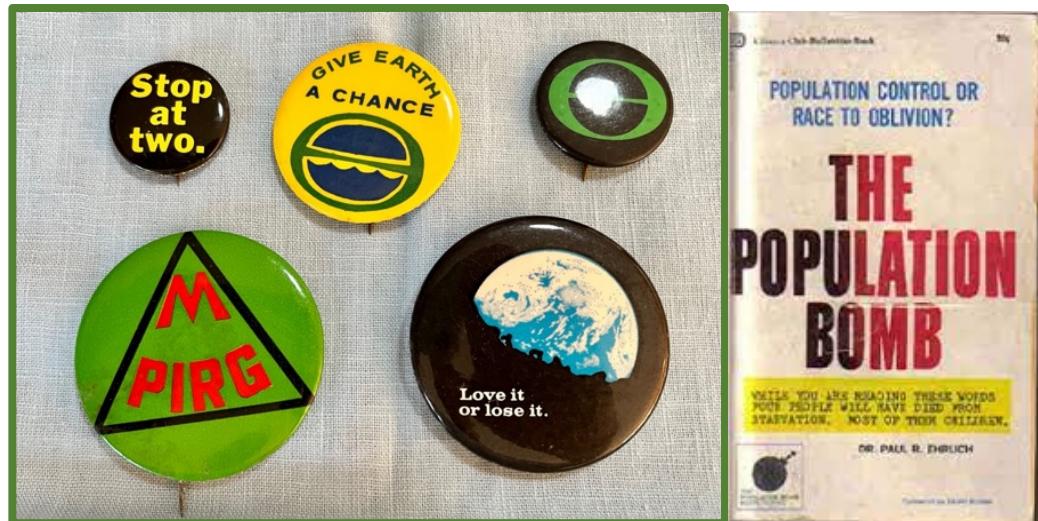
It was North Vietnamese. They said they were Your Americans for Freedom and were for the war.

"Where did you get the flag?" I asked.

They said they didn't know.

Everywhere there were young people distributing leaflets. "Survive the Seventies." "A Case History of Vietnam." "Oppose Legal Inhumanity."

I suddenly had a desire to be alone again. Outside the rain had gotten heavier. I continued my private march.



'Jubilation'

Presented by Drama Chorus

By MIKE STEELE
Minneapolis Tribune Staff Writer

After three years, Macalester College's Mary Gwen Owen finally talked me into viewing a performance by her Drama Chorus Thursday night.

"Choral reading, it scares hell out of everyone," she said in the lobby.

She was the center of attention in her floor-length, bright-red gown as she busily talked about her 42 years of teaching at Mac. ("Yes, 42 years, I'm always amazed the bones still hold together.")

The Drama Chorus is, indeed, something special, a far cry from the days of common recitation, musicless chant and banal verse done under the guise of cultural enrichment.

This performance marked the 40th anniversary for Miss Owen's 80-member choral group.

Its offering is a work called "Jubilation."

The first half is made up of bits and pieces from the comic to the profane, from Edith Sitwell to readings of Screaming Yellow Zonkers boxes.

The students put together the second half, a piece setting the mood of today through the literary and non-literary accumulation of verse, legend, popular-song lyrics, dance, music and unbridled imagination.

In the first part the students, introduced by bagpipes, enter clad in men's kilts of the Macalester clan tartan and women's honor sashes. The second part has everyone in some form of mod garb.

The Chorus starts with a Greek chorus effect moving into plainsong and finally music.

Music, dance, even acting is brought into it and by Act 2 we're into Brechtian theater very direct, very emotional, often didactic.

The second part hits the essentials of student concern — the war, pollution, alienation, intolerance and racism—presented in an "Oh, What a Lovely War" mood, a bit angry but finally celebratory.

It ends with a lofty paean to love.

As in all things like this—from papa "Hair" through all its progeny—the cast gets a bit self-righteous, a bit solicitous and makes much too much of the generation-gap business. But even their most sentimental and romantic moments were so earnest that the event became really charming and even disarming.

Poets culled from include the Jefferson Airplane, E. E. Cummings, Ferlinghetti, Langston Hughes, Brecht and Merce Cunningham in the non-verbal parts.

The sense of seriousness and high purpose behind it all was finally winning and compelling. It was a rich experience with the totality more vital than the component parts — just as the group together is much better than most of its individuals.

Miss Owen has created an extraordinary theatrical form.

She's right, choral reading is a bore. Thank Heaven she's risen well above it.

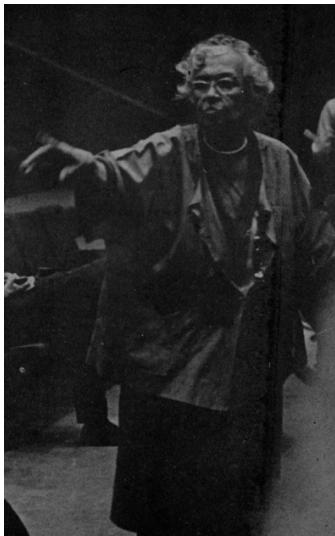
JUBILATION

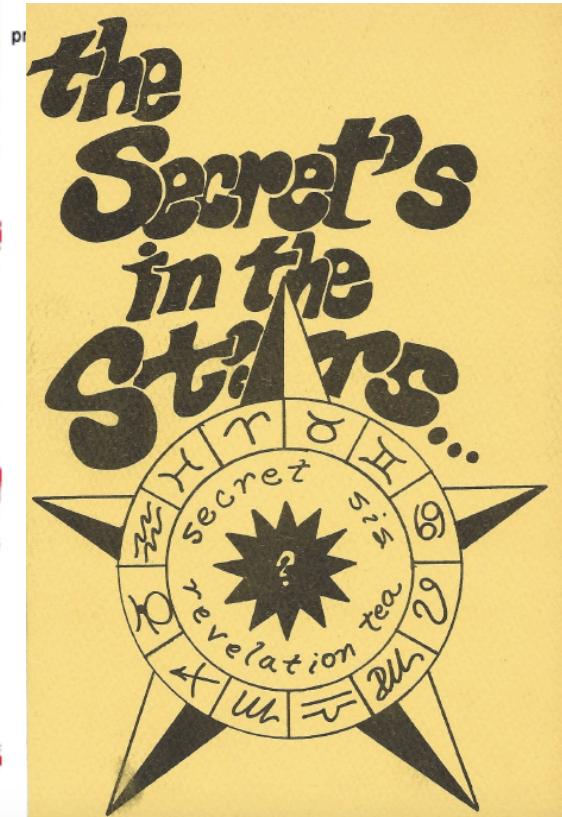
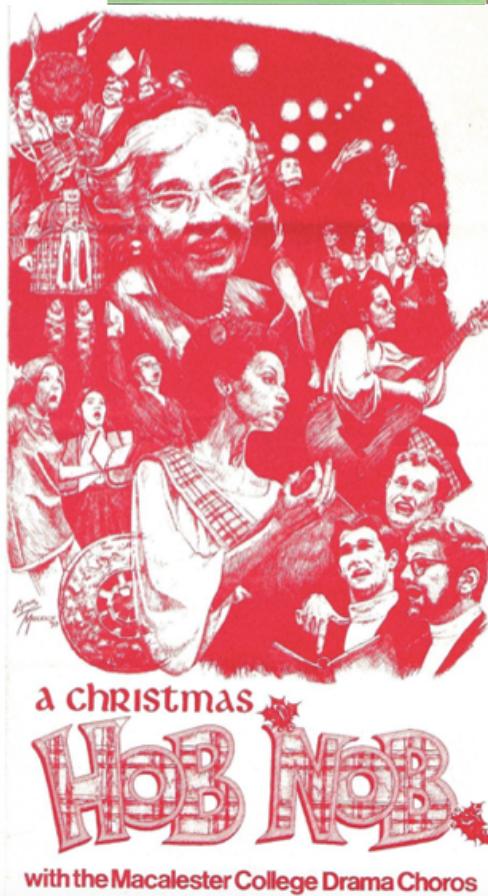
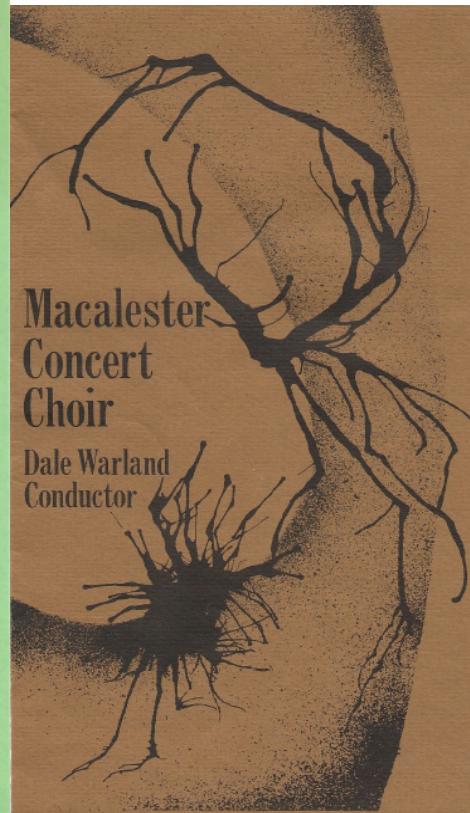
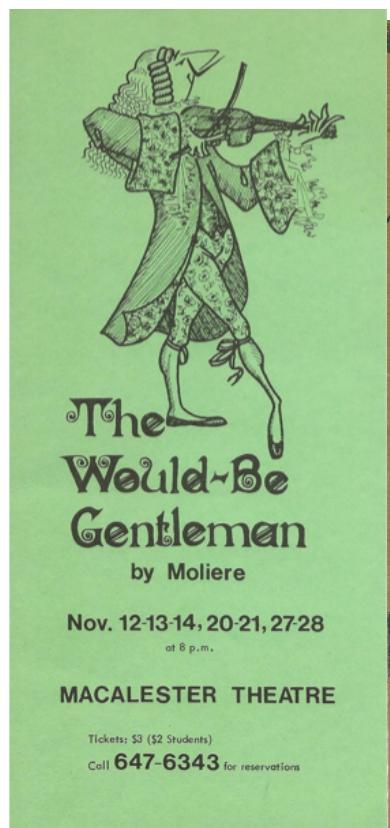
Macalester Drama Chorus
Fortieth Anniversary
Spring Review 1970

Mary Gwen Owen, Director
Harvey Paul Jurik, Designer

8 p.m., February 18-21
3 p.m., February 22

Theatre
Janet Wallace Fine Arts Center
Macalester College
St. Paul, Minnesota







The Eighty-third Commencement Macalester College

Two o'clock
May the Twentieth
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-two

Macalester College Fieldhouse
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Candidates for Degrees

Bachelor of Arts

Robert Payne Adams
Steven Loren Adams
William B. Adams*
Roderick B. Aird
William Keith Allen
Kent Fredrick Allin
Polly Dix Ames
Sandra Louise Andrews
Kohina Annan
S. Decker Anstrom
interdepartmental honors in American Studies
Sharon Kay Armstrong
Mary Alice Arneson*
Stephen Douglas Arnold
departmental honors in Psychology
Richard B. Aronson
James Michael Aune
John V. Austin
Felix N. Awantang
Jacqueline Rosemary Bailey
Lesley Dianne Bailey
Traeey Irene Baker
Carlotta Marie Bang*
Howard L. Barnes
John Robert Bartee
Elizabeth Ann Bayerl
Wail A. Bengelloun
James William Benson
Peter Anthony Beoris
Jonathan Lee Berg
Kathleen Marie Berg
Steven Lou Bergen
Robert Edward Bergmark, Jr.
Charles Berquist
Judy Katherine Betterton
William Paul Binder
Kathleen Ruth Bjerke*
William Anthony Black*
Douglas Wilson Blackstone*
Richard John Bloomfield
Michael James Bolen

Lisa Jean Bowdrey
Mark Anthony Bowman
Barbara Ann Brabets
James M. Braden
Marilyn Irene Brant
Janet Louise Brewer
Stephen James Briggs
special departmental honors in Political Science
John Richard Brimsek
Pamela Jean Brock
Sarah Susan Brodt
Jan Faunte Broin
David L. Brostrom
William W. Brower
Douglas Charles Brown
Richard G. Brown
Sarah Jane Brown
Calvin W. Brown
Stephanie L. Browne
Thomas Goodrich Browne
Susan Carol Browning
James William Buckley
departmental honors in Political Science
Nancy Catherine Buelow
Jorge Oscar Buhler-Vidal*
Marilyn Jean Bull
Barbara Joyce Bullis
Bruce John Burkland
Robert Wright Burwell, Jr.
Richard E. Butler
departmental honors in Religion
Wendy L. Butler
William J. Byers*
Shannon M. Byrne
Cynthia Ann Cannizzzo
departmental honors in Political Science
Frank John Capriotti III
Donna Faye Carlson
Barbara Lynn Carpenter
Victor L. Carpenter*
Thomas Calvin Carter

Order of Ceremony

Academic Procession	The Pipe Band Judy Lockwood '72, Pipe Major Duncan Baird, B.A., LL.B., M.A., Ph.D., Marshal
Invocation	The Reverend Mr. Alvin C. Currier, B.A., B.D., Chaplain
Welcome	James A. Robinson, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., President
Conferring of Distinguished Citizen Alumni Citations	Sally E. Howard, B.A., President of the Alumni Association
Recognition of Retiring Faculty Member	President Robinson
Presentation of Candidates for Honorary Degrees	W. John Driscoll, B.S., Chairman of the Board of Trustees
Commencement Address	Fred P. Kramer, B.B.A., M.S., Ph.D., Dean of Student Services
Presentation of Candidates for The Degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Education	Murray Braden, B.S., M.S., Ph.D., Dean of the Faculty, and Chairmen or Representatives of the Academic Departments and Coordinators of Academic Programs
Conferring of Degrees	President Robinson
Benediction	Chaplain Currier
Recessional	The Pipe Band

Robert Joel Chalmers Mark Chambers Merrick Chamlin Dean W. Christensen Margaret E. Church <i>departmental honors in Religion</i> Sharon Lou Clark William Albert Clark Carol Ann Coburn Elaine C. Cole Paul Anthony Coniaris Craig William Conrath <i>departmental honors in Political Science</i> Thomas B. Copeland Janet Leigh Cooper Ellen C. Coyle Benjamin Leon Cox Barry Robert Crawford Roland Willard Crawford Kathleen Diane Crepeau Emily Suzanne Crofford Brian E. Cronwall Deborah Dee Cross Vera Kay Dauffenbach Susan Dailey Christopher Elizabeth Davis Janet Louise Davis Peggy Harriet Davis Sherry Lynn Davis Theresa Ann Davis Suzanne Marie DeBolt Milton A. DeJesus Deborah Patricia Dezendorf Robert G. Dimit David John Doty Cherie A. Doyle David Fenton Dreis Susan Leigh Carlson Dreyer Mel Duley Paul Allison Dunn Bruce Wayne Earnheart <i>departmental honors in History</i> Richard Bruce Eblen Helene Rae Edelstein Darcy Edgerton	Heidi Eidness Linda Marie Ekwall Eric Ellington Janet Lee Erickson Anne Felicite Euller* Bonnie Marie Evans Donald William Evans* Elizabeth Joann Fager* Stephen Anthony Fedo* Lynn Thomas Fiero Kathleen V. Figenshau Cynthia Lynn Fischer Pamela R. Fleek Russell P. Flewelling II — Uwezo Akilo Angelina Fotopoulos Yolonda Gail Foultkes Robert John Francis Steven R. Fredrickson Jerry Stanley Freeman John Roy Freeman <i>special departmental honors in Political Science</i> Jan Thomas Freier Kerri L. Freund Leonard Sargent Fricke Patricia A. Gaarder* Deborah Carol Gang Richard Eugene Gauger Patricia Sue Gerber Paris Don Ray Getty Elizabeth Louise Gibson Muriel Bonde Gilman Gary Dennis Gin Duane F. Githens Karen Lynn Godshall Jay Thomas Gourlie Gene Gudmundson David Paul Gump Timothy C. Hadro Cynthia Lou Hagstrom Susan Hale Cathy W. Hansen Karen Alice Hansen Sandra Lee Hansen Douglas J. Hanson Susan Lea Hanson
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*earned degree in December 1971 or January 1972

Diana W. Hardin*	Pamela Jean Johnson	Kristie Melon
Jennifer Marie Haskins*	Ruthelyn Jean Johnson	Nancy Lynn Merrick
Charles Henry Hauck, Jr.	Timothy Donald Johnson	Cynthia Ann Messick
Thomas N. Havener	Virginia Lucile Johnson	Paul Frederick Meyer II
Nancy Jean Havernick	Robert Virgil Johnston	Jean Marie Mihelich
<i>departmental honors in Psychology</i>	Linda Carol Jokston	Diane Marie Miller
Jeffrey Benton Hayes	Judith Ann Jones	Galen Vernon Miller
Glenn Carlton Hazelton II	Terry Walter Judd*	John Edward Miller
Mary Jane Hedstrom	Susan M. Kelley	Jerold Lynn Miller
Nicolette Adair Heidepriem	Linda Cheryl Kennedy	Kimberly Anne Miller
<i>departmental honors in Political Science</i>	Daniel J. Kilduff	Marilyn Kay Miller
Alice V. Heinlein	Bonnie Ock Soo Kim	Neale Leonard Miller
Gerald Wayne Hendrickson	Patricia Margaret Brown King	Ronald Scott Miller
J. Robert Hensley	Mary Constance Klein*	Teresa L. Miller
Tracy Richard Hicks	Barbara Ann Kleinman*	John E. Miller III
<i>departmental honors in Economics</i>	Diana Jane Knapp	<i>interdepartmental honors</i>
Ricardo A. Higgins-Higginbotham, Jr.	George Preston Knight	Peter Gale Molenaar
Lendie D. Hill	<i>departmental honors in Psychology</i>	Steven Craig Moon
N. Ray Hillkey*	Russell Lee Knight, Jr.*	Gary Alvin Moody*
Elizabeth Hobbs	Mark Edward Knoche	Judith Lynn Morgan
Anthony Carleton Hoehn	Wendy Knox	Steve E. Mudd
Karla Jo Hoerschgen	Michelle Lynn Kohn	Karen Patricia Muller
Judith Williams Hoffman	Carol Anne Koller	Mark Edward Murphy*
Robert J. Holler*	<i>departmental honors in Political Science</i>	James J. Myers*
Lynne Doris Holman	Margaret MacNeale Konicki	Ann Christine Nelson
George Thomas Hope	Paul Eric Konicki	Janet Munro Nelson
Charles Stephen Horton	<i>departmental honors in Philosophy</i>	Janet Rajala Nelson
Christine Lee Howard	Margaret Elizabeth Kottner	Paul David Nelson
Paul Louis Howe	Mark J. Kozlak	Stephen Peter Nelson
Cheryl Jane Hughes	Janice A. Kowalski	Lynn Diane Neberg*
Timothy R. Hultquist	Sushil Ramchand Kriplani	Mary Ann New
<i>special departmental honors in Economics</i>	Sally Jane Kroon	Robert Lloyd Newell
Susan Marie Hunner	Edward Michael Kurtz	Timothy Allen Newman
Thomas L. Hystead	Clifford L. Kyte	Nguyen Thi Minhchau
Ira M. Istin	Carol Lynn Kyela	<i>special departmental honors in Economics</i>
Carol Ann Jabs	Kathryn J. Lamp	Janis Marie Niemi
Marilyn Sylvester Jackson	James Oliver Langmo	Shirley Ann Nims
Marylyn Jacobson	David Victor Lapakko	Frederick L. Nolan
Nancy Alice James	Stanley Lapidos	<i>departmental honors in Political Science</i>
James Joseph Jeddeloh	Cheryl L. Larson	Sonia Thelma Noronha
Robert Joseph Jeddeloh	Kenneth Allan Larson	Maureen Novak
Connie Jo Marolt Jewett*	<i>special departmental honors in Political Science</i>	<i>special departmental honors in History</i>
Douglas Alan Johnson	Susan Elizabeth Larson	Reid Brian Mcintosh
Joy Roberta Johnson	Charles Edward LaRue*	Vikki Rochelle McVeau

*earned degree in December 1971 or January 1972

Christopher Oldfather	Stephanie Jean Reynolds	<i>departmental honors in Political Science</i>
Judith Elaine Olson	John D. Richardson	Kathryn Eileen Ulrich
Karen Lynn Olson	Brian Harold Coats Riedesel	Robert Irvine Van Heuvelen
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Julia L. Osborne*	<i>departmental honors in Economics</i>	Steve C. Verby
Carolyn S. Orthy	Adele Karin Rodriguez	Robert Bruce Wallberg
Nora Elizabeth Palmatier	Deborah Anne Rose	Margaret Susan Walker
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<i>departmental honors in Psychology</i>	Thomas P. Ross	Wanda T. Wall
Lawrence Gregory Pan	Larry Richard Rowang	Holly Val Walters
Daniel J. Paris	Michael Wayne Ruedy	John G. Ward
Wendy Louise Parrish	Eugene Lee Ruenger	Douglas Clare Watson*
Joanna Elizabeth Parsons	Desmond Kimo Runyan	Janet Lea Welle
Ellen Maxine Parich	<i>departmental honors in Political Science</i>	Allison Christie Wells*
Patti Ann Pavlovich	Raymond Bruce Runyan	Barbara Ruth Wells
Shirley Binetta Payne	Elizabeth Alice Russ	David Warren Wetherill
David V. Perrin	<i>departmental honors in Psychology</i>	Kathleen Poornich Wetherill
<i>departmental honors in Political Science</i>	Walter Peter Rybka	Winnie Lee David Weyhrauch
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Richard J. Platteer	Lawrence Edward Schussler	Gary Robert Yackel
Craig Lyle Polfuss	David Terry Scott	Shui Man Yip
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Wendy Anderson Postier	Alison Hulett Seale	William Roland Young
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Stephen Paul Rasmussen	<i>departmental honors in Psychology</i>	
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Master of Education

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