



HARVARD-RADCLIFFE CLASS OF 1966

Dear Classmates,

June 2023

Herewith our June newsletter, albeit slightly late, but you're all enjoying the holiday and not waiting for me!

Anne Buxton Sobol

I've gotten involved in the effort to block a proposed huge expansion of Hanscom Airport – "Stop Private Jet Expansion At Hanscom Or Anywhere." The massive hanger expansion, if carried out, would undermine municipal, State and national climate goals when climate scientists are urging acceleration of these goals.

Governor Healey can stop the expansion. Please consider signing a petition to the Governor. <https://www.ipetitions.com/petition/stop-Hanscom-jet-expansion> [no need to donate!]

Built on land located at the intersection of the Towns of Bedford, Lexington, Concord and Lincoln purchased by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1941, the State leased the Hanscom land to the U.S. military, and for years the airfield was operated as an Air Force base. In 1974, the Air Force turned responsibility for the airfield over to Massport. Massport is a largely autonomous agency responsible for Logan, Hanscom, and Worcester airports in addition to the Port of Boston and real estate holdings in Boston.

Massport touts Hanscom as the "region's premier full-service general aviation airport" serving the "diverse flying needs of the region's technological corporations and educational institutions" as well as providing a "resource for Hanscom Air Force Base" in its current incarnation as a research and development facility.

The principal activity at Hanscom is private jet traffic, some 38,000 flights per year. With typically 4-5 passengers per flight, private luxury jets are considered the most egregious form of travel per capita for their carbon footprint. A **2.5 hour** private jet flight from Hanscom emits roughly **20** tons of CO₂e. A typical car emits about **5** tons of CO₂/year.

The proposed expansion at Hanscom would add 27 jet hangers on 49 acres. Each hanger could house 2-3 jets. The **current 38,000 jet operations** at Hanscom per year result in **752,000 tons/year** of CO₂e. **If tripling the airport hanger capacity only caused a 50 per cent increase in operations**, the result would be about **1,129,000 tons of CO₂e/year** attributable to Hanscom. **Current installed solar photovoltaic in Concord is 11.2MW which offsets 4,100 tons/year.**

One of the individuals connected to the LLC's seeking to build the hangers is Jeff Leerink who founded SVB Securities, one of the entities connected to Silicon Valley Bank which imploded this last spring.

Sorry for all the detail, but it's really a bad situation. If the hangers are built, as I understand it, under FAA rules it will be difficult to impossible to prevent the increase in private jet traffic.

It's time to get real. Apparently many private jet flights simply take people to vacation destinations. Advertisements for private jet flights feature the convenience of going someplace and taking your pets. Why can't the wealthy and the business people using the private jets take first class on commercial airlines?

For more information, see StopPrivateJetExpansion.org. The petition to Governor Healey is at <https://www.ipetitions.com/petition/stop-Hanscom-jet-expansion> [no need to donate!]

Shelby Allen

Daniel Ellsberg's obituary last Saturday mentioned **Randy Kehler**, whose act of conscience sparked Ellsberg's own bold action. Very moving to read, I found. Here's a clip from the *NY Times*:

By 1964, Mr. Ellsberg was an adviser to Defense Secretary [Robert S. McNamara](#). As American involvement in Vietnam deepened, he went to Saigon in 1965 to evaluate civilian pacification programs. ... What he saw began his transformation. It went beyond the failure to win the hearts and minds of the South Vietnamese. It was a mounting toll of civilian deaths, tortured prisoners and burned villages ...

To Mr. McNamara, Mr. Ellsberg forecast a dismal prospect of continued death and destruction, ending perhaps in an American withdrawal and victory for North Vietnam. His reports went nowhere.

But he was deeply disturbed by [a Defense Department's internal history of Vietnam, describing how] successive presidents had widened the war while concealing the facts from Congress and the American people.

Mr. Ellsberg ... began quietly acting on his changing views, composing war policy statements for Senator Robert F. Kennedy's presidential race and attending antiwar conferences.

In August 1969, he went to a War Resisters League meeting at Haverford College in Pennsylvania and heard a speaker, Randy Kehler, proudly announce that he was soon going to join his friends in prison for refusing the draft.

Profoundly moved, Mr. Ellsberg had reached his breaking point, as he was quoted saying in "The Right Words at the Right Time" (2002), by the actress Marlo Thomas. "I left the auditorium and found a deserted men's room," he said. "I sat on the floor and cried for over an hour, just sobbing. The only time in my life I've reacted to something like that."

Mr. Ellsberg began to oppose the war openly.

[The next year, Senators J. William Fulbright and others "cautiously refused to act", so Ellsberg gave the Pentagon's report to the *NY Times*.]

Ann Peck

Final Word:



Rona Goodman

Interesting factoid: A Radcliffe founder's art is included in the MFA's Hokusai exhibit



Sarah Wyman Whitman
American, 1842–1904

Floral Medallion, 1890s
Stained glass, lead came

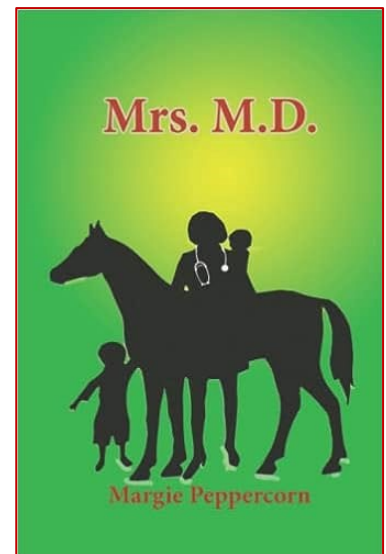
Sarah Wyman Whitman was a trailblazer for women in education as well as the arts. In 1879, she helped found what was then called the Harvard University Annex, later Radcliffe College. In the 1880s, she learned stained glass design by working with John La Farge, and a decade later, she was a successful glass designer with her own studio, Lily Glass Works. Many of her spectacular large windows can be found in churches and other institutions in the Boston area. In addition to traditional colored glass, she enjoyed using opalescent glass, which has a pearly sheen, allowing for an even greater range of colors.

Gift of Miss Mary C. Wheelwright, 1929 RES.29.32

Marge Peppercorn

I retired from my pediatric practice a number of years ago and since then have enjoyed being able to spend more time with my children and grandchildren while also being actively involved with animal rights groups trying to protect animals from cruelty. This past year I also published a short humorous book called *Mrs. M.D.* (available on Amazon) about the challenges I faced as a female physician at a time when we were way in the minority. It includes stories probably many working women could relate to about being a working mom but also crazy stories about the practice of pediatrics and juggling it all while caring for my dogs, horses, geese, and menagerie of other animals. The country faces so many problems these days that I felt we could all use some laughs.

AB Harvard College '66 and MD Harvard Medical School '70



William Neaves



Photographing wildlife in Northwest Texas continues to distract me from less pleasant matters. On 6/22/2023, a greater roadrunner (*Geococcyx californianus*) was eating a grasshopper at Priscilla's ranch on the Salt Fork of the Brazos River in Kent County.

Richard Horvitz

I found Elayne Archer's report on her experiences at Radcliffe between 1962 and 1966 so interesting that it inspired me to write my own report on my experiences at Harvard during this same time. It's attached to this newsletter.

In Memoriam

'65	Roy Cobb	2/23/23	St. Louis, MO
'65	Walter Winslow	11/22/22	Chevy Chase, MD
'65	Alison Jean Dray Novey	3/28/23	Baltimore, MD
'65	Ronald Cloutier	7/28/20	New Salem, MA
'65	Chris Eisele	5/6/23	Bloomington, IL
'66	Wilbert Jordan	4/30/23	Los Angeles
'66	Randolph Haviland	4/12/23	Somerset, NJ
'66	Henry Frey	4/04/23	New York

There it is, but no pictures from the Crimson Society gathering, rats!

Tom Black
co-class secretary

MY EXPERIENCES AT HARVARD: 1962-1966

Richard Horvitz

Before Harvard

I grew up in the Boston area, living in Newton and Cambridge. My father was an attorney with a successful practice in the areas of corporate and estate planning law. My mother was a psychiatric social worker who worked at various local hospitals and in various research projects at Harvard Medical School. I had two older brothers, 6 and 9 years older than me. They were both very different persons than me, and took paths in life very different than mine. The age difference was such that they had little influence on my life. When I was 12 years old, my family moved into a house at 152 Brattle Street, just down the road west of the Harvard campus past the Longfellow House. This house was across the street from the home of Mason Hammond, one of the great historians of that era, and next door to that of Robert Ebert, the dean of the Harvard Medical School at that time. Quite some illustrious neighbors. I attended various private schools in the Boston area through the first 9 years of my education.

For the last 3 years I attended Cambridge High and Latin School (CHLS), one of the two public high schools in Cambridge. This school was just east of the Harvard Campus, only a couple of blocks from Burr Lecture Hall and the Fogg Museum. I walked to that school every day during the time I attended there. I was on the school's football team my senior year, and walked the distance from my home to the school (about a mile) carrying one of those green book bags with a strap (the standard book carrier at that time: this was long before the days of backpacks) over one shoulder and a duffel bag of football equipment over the other. Quite a feat of strength for a boy my size. My football team program listed me as weighing 145 pounds. This was probably only after a full meal, in full football uniform, and soaking wet. I applied to only two colleges, Harvard and MIT, and was accepted by both. I chose Harvard because I felt it would provide me a richer educational experience. The top 5-6 students from CHLS more or less automatically got into Harvard each year. I ranked third in my class. 1962 was an exceptionally good year for CHLS graduates being accepted by Harvard. There were 9 students from my class who went there that year.

Freshman Year

For my freshman year I was in room 32 of Greenough Hall, a former apartment building just across Prescott Street from the Harvard Union and the Faculty Club. This building had a central section and two end sections on either side of the stairwells. My room was in one of the end sections. These had 4 rooms and a bathroom with a couple of sinks, a shower, and a urinal. If one needed a stall (as distinguished from a urinal) one had to go into the center section where the bathroom with these was located. The doors across the stairwells locked behind you, and if you forgot your key you got locked out and could not get back to your room without finding someone to let you back in. This happened to me quite a few times.

My freshman year roommate was a Chinese boy from San Francisco, an interesting person with whom I got along well and with whom I have kept in touch off and on over the years. He was the first person I met when I arrived at Dunster House for my 50th reunion in 2016. One time his parents sent him some kind of pickled eggs which were a Chinese delicacy. These were called "1000-year-old eggs," though I doubt they were actually this old. He put these on his closet shelf and forgot about them for a while. I started noticing a funny smell in our room, and also noticed that people coming into my room grimaced and walked out again. One time while he was off studying in the library I went into his closet and did some investigating as to the source of the smell. I discovered the eggs, and confronted him with an ultimatum: throw these out, or I was going to throw him out. He then decided he could not stand the smell, and disposed of them. The other persons on my floor in Greenough Hall were quite a congenial group, with whom I interacted regularly. They had quite a diverse variety of backgrounds, and went into quite a diverse variety of careers. One in particular was an Italian boy from Syracuse, New York, the son of a doctor there. I have also kept in contact with him for many years, and actually heard

from him within the last few weeks. I had an amazing coincidence with him the summer after I graduated. That summer my parents paid for me to go on a student group tour of Europe. The main train station in Rome is a large Mussolini era building with a series of 20-30 doors across its glass front. As I was walking into the station through one of these doors, this person was walking out through the exact same door so that I literally physically bumped into him. What a coincidence for him to be coming out of the exact same door, out of all the doors into that station, at the exact time that I was going into the station!

Freshmen were not supposed to be drinking alcoholic beverages: the minimum legal age for these was 21. But I had a couple of experiences in Greenough Hall where other students in this dormitory were trying to make their own. One time the boys in the room across the hall from me decided to try making some hard cider. They took a gallon glass jug of cider, added some sugar and yeast, made the mistake of screwing the top on tightly, set it on the radiator in their room, and went away for the weekend. In the middle of the night I heard a large explosion. The CO₂ from the fermenting yeast had built up enough pressure to cause the bottle to burst. Another time I got up in the middle of the night to use the urinal, and found the hall outside my room flooded with water. I went into the bathroom to see where it was coming from. There was more water on the floor in there, and a steady stream running from the light fixture in the ceiling. I went upstairs to investigate the source. Some students there had made a batch of home brew beer, and were ready to bottle it. They had put a collection of bottles in a large plastic waste basket, put it in the shower, and turned on the water. The mistake they made was that they had set the basket right on the drain. No wonder this produced a flood.

I took a four course load my freshman year, plus the universal General Education Ahf writing half course that all Harvard freshman of that era took. Chemistry 1 and Biology 1 were half year introductory courses in inorganic chemistry and general biology. Physics 1 was the introductory full year course for non-physics majors: the other first year course for persons planning to major in that field was much more mathematical. Mathematics 1a and 1b were courses in calculus and other areas I cannot remember. I also took Social Studies 1, a general survey course on European history. I can remember little if anything as to what was covered in this course. One of the professors I had in Biology 1 was the James Watson of Watson-Crick DNA fame. He had just won the Nobel Prize for this work in 1962, the fall of my freshman year (another Nobel Prize winner who taught in this course was George Wald, who had discovered the mechanism by which cells in the retina of the eye sense light). Watson gave his lectures at 11:00 AM in a room in the old Peabody Museum building. He was soft spoken, and sometimes hard to hear. There was a construction project going on just outside this room. One day a worker on this project was using a very noisy jackhammer. Nobody could hear Professor Watson over this noise. He then announced "I will be right back" and excused himself from the room. The noise stopped soon after then. As he returned to the lecture hall, he announced that he had asked the jackhammer operator to take his lunch break an hour early. He was able to complete the rest of the lecture without further interruptions.

Sophomore Year

When it came time to make one's House choices in the spring of my freshman year, I put down my three choices as Quincy, Lowell, and Dunster in that order. I chose these largely because I wanted to avoid the intramural athletic powerhouses of Kirkland, Leverett, and Winthrop. More on my frustrations in this area later in this essay. I did not put down any roommate choices, trusting that the luck of the system would put me with some different persons as interesting as those with whom I had shared Greenough Hall. In retrospect I sometimes thought that I should have asked to be with the Chinese and Italian boys I had met there. They asked to room together, and got into Dunster House. I did keep in touch with them fairly regularly during my remaining years at Harvard, periodically visiting them with inter house dining. I got assigned to Eliot House. This was probably the worst house for me, with its cadre of big time athletes and a reputation for attracting a large cadre of "preppy" types with whom I had little in common. I had the theory that what they did with the applications was to throw them off the top of Leverett Towers, assign you to whichever House yours landed on, and if you landed in

the Charles River put you in Kirkland House, which at that time for some reason was the House nobody particularly wanted to be in. There must have been a strong breeze blowing at the time my application was thrown off of Leverett Towers. The master of Eliot House was the famous John Finley. He was a regular presence around the House, in the courtyard, dining hall, and elsewhere. He always dressed meticulously, generally in a three-piece suit. He would show up on the sidelines of House football games, cheering on the team "Go, ye Greeks! Go, ye golden warriors!" My classic anecdote about him was the time I ran into him in the House courtyard late one night when I was coming back from the library. He was carrying, very delicately by the waist band as it was a dead mouse, a pair of underwear that someone had obviously dropped on the way to the laundry room. "Somebody has decorated the House with their underdrawers," he announced. Another oddity about Eliot House. The room keys were of a brand of locks whose name was the same as that of a certain Ivy League university in New Haven, Connecticut. Harvard was probably the only institution in the country that handed out dormitory keys inscribed with the name of their arch rival. My room key was a source of great amusement to students from other colleges to whom I showed it. I still wonder who in the Department of Buildings and Grounds had the great wisdom, or lack thereof, to choose this brand of locks for a Harvard building.

I was in room F-31 my sophomore year, on the side of the House overlooking Boylston Street and the MBTA transit yard. The two roommates I had that year were thoroughly obnoxious, and I had as little contact with them as possible. One thing I do remember about them is that one day I came back to my room and found a cat litter box in the bathroom. I asked them about this. One of them had a girl friend who needed a place to leave her cat for the weekend, and she left it with him to take care of. I do not recall if I even ever saw the cat.

My most notable course that year was Chemistry 20. This was the celebrated organic chemistry course which was a major hurdle for premedical students and notorious for its difficulty. Very few if any students got an A in this course. The course was taught by a Louis Fieser, a famous organic chemist who had a long background in developing napalm and other munitions during World War II. He wrote the textbook *Advanced Organic Chemistry* used in this course, and also a fascinating book *The Scientific Method* about his World War II experiences. I still have copies of both of these. Louis Fieser was a dynamic lecturer, scribbling complicated steroid and other formulas on theboard as he talked rapidly. The class would often start hissing each time he wrote a diagram of another steroid. One time the whole class started hissing loudly for a reason not apparent to him. He was facing the board, with his back to the class. What had happened was that a cat, one of the strays which wandered around Mallinckrodt Hall, had walked into the lecture hall and jumped up onto the demonstration table at the front of the room. He turned around, and saw what was the problem. He unceremoniously picked up the cat, threw it back out into the hall, closed the door behind it, and announced "And let us continue on with the lecture." The laboratory sessions for Chemistry 20 were the highlight of the course. These were hands on sessions where the students set up various chemical reactions to observe what happened. One of these was on something called the Grignard reaction, where one crushed a strip of magnesium ribbon in a flask of chemicals with a glass stirring rod to start a reaction which bubbled vigorously. The reaction was very sensitive to even the least trace of moisture. If it would not begin one had to start over, making very certain that the flask was thoroughly dry. We had quite a number of laboratory sessions synthesizing different organic compounds. For many years I kept a collection of vials with samples of the various substances from these laboratory sessions.

The starting materials for a couple of laboratory sessions were interesting. One session involved isolating some compound from olive oil. To maintain political neutrality, they offered two types of olive oil: Arab and Israeli. I wanted to be impartial in my choice, and mixed equal portions of the two. I did not expect which oil one used would make any difference in the result, and it did not. Another experiment involved isolating one of the components of a liquid labeled "Crude Iso-Octane." There was a gallon container of this liquid, which looked like and smelled like gasoline. Obviously, this is was what it was. Iso-octane is one of the major components of

gasoline. I got deeply involved in Chemistry 20 (or “Chem 20” as everyone called it), and thoroughly enjoyed this course. At the end of the year I got a certificate, signed personally by Professor Fieser, indicating that I gotten an A in his course. The other courses I took my sophomore year were Mathematics 20a and 20b, Humanities 6, and Fine Arts 13. The math courses got more and more abstruse, and I had a harder and harder time understanding the material. My grades showed this. I got an A and a B in Math 1 my freshman year, but a C+ and a C– in Math 20 my sophomore year. After this pattern of declining grades I took no further mathematics courses. I took Humanities 6 because I thought it would be the easiest way to meet the humanities requirement. It was some course on poetry, but I could not relate to the material at all and struggled to get a C–. Fine Arts 13 was my other highlight of my sophomore year, after Chem 20. This course was truly “Darkness at Noon,” meeting at 12:00 noon in an auditorium in the basement of the Fogg Museum. Elayne Archer, you would have been in Fine Arts 13 the same year I was, but I do not recall ever meeting you. In the first lecture the speaker showed a slide of the Gulf gas station diagonally across the corner from Lamont Library and analyzed this building as if it were some great temple of classical Greek architecture. The rest of this course covered art history from the ancient Greeks and Romans to modern 20th century artists. I thoroughly enjoyed this course, and I think I got an A in it.

The Harvard Band

I participated in two major extracurricular activities during my years at Harvard: the Harvard Band and intramural sports. Joining the band in the fall of my freshman year was easy. I simply went down to the band room with my clarinet and auditioned by playing a few pieces to demonstrate that I could do so. My parents had bought me a clarinet and signed me up for lessons when I was in about the 8th grade, and I had played in my high school band. I easily passed the audition. There were two divisions of the band, the marching band and the concert band. The marching band is what performed at Harvard football games. Each Saturday morning before a home game they would gather near Memorial Hall and march through Harvard Square and down Boylston Street before crossing the Charles River and arriving at Harvard Stadium. This procession was a popular event with students and locals. The patterns the Band formed in their halftime shows were actually not all that complicated to learn. The Band practiced these on a football field near the stadium only just before each game. Each band member only had to remember what yard line and where on that line he had to run to for each formation. The formations usually told some kind of story, but others were simply amusing. Whenever a game was televised, the band first spelled out “HI MOM” and everyone waved at the camera. One of the most amusing formations I ever remembered was at a game against Colgate University. For their first act the band spelled out “PEPSODENT.”

The Band traveled to away football games on buses. These bus trips were one of the greatest memories from my Band experience. There were usually two buses. One was supposed to be quiet, so members who wanted to do so could study en route. The other was the “raunch bus.” I always rode on this one. The Band members had a repertory of songs which they sung to the tunes of various popular classics of the time. The lyrics of many of these songs were openly pornographic. Even though I was not “in” to this type of activity (more on this later) I found the songs amusing and a cultural learning experience. There was almost always also a bridge game, set up on an instrument case or suitcase which served as a card table, which went on for hours and hours. I never played bridge, but this was a standard feature of Harvard Band bus trips.

The Band regularly traveled all night on longer bus trips, such as to Cornell, Princeton, or Penn. On one of these trips the band made a stop in New Haven at about 3:00 in the morning. The band members got off the buses with their instruments, lined up, and did an impromptu concert of loud Harvard music marching past the dormitories there. By the time the university police arrived, we were back on the buses again and heading out of town. The long all-night bus trips were tiring experiences. At one stop on one of these trips someone asked me how I was doing. “I’m OK,” I responded, “but I am tired, hungry, and I need to go to the bathroom.” Sometimes when we stopped and there were no facilities available the Band members relieved themselves

against the side of the buses. One person who always got a round of recognition at the end of each trip was the bus driver. The Band had a song "Three Cheers for the Bus Driver" which they regularly sang just before arriving back in Cambridge.

At the Dartmouth football game in my sophomore year, I saw President Kennedy in Harvard Stadium. He was sitting in the regular spectator seats, about 8-10 rows behind the band section. This is the only time in my life that I have ever seen an American president in person during his term in office. This was only about a month before his assassination. Surely with modern Secret Service and other security measures around the President no current President would appear in a situation like this.

Outside of the football season, the full Harvard Band appeared annually at two other events. One was a Golden Gloves boxing tournament held each February in Lowell, Massachusetts. We rode up there in buses. The other was the Red Sox opening day baseball game in Fenway Park. The Band members were instructed to take the subway to Kenmore Square and go to a certain gate where their band uniform would get them admitted to the park. The Band did not provide lunch for this event. There were three choices for this: eat before leaving for the game, get a box lunch from your dining hall and bring it with you, or buy food at the ballpark after the game started. Most Band members did not choose this third option. The food there was expensive.

Besides the marching band, there was a separate concert band which performed various classical and other music written for band ensembles. This band was active during the winter and spring, outside the football season, and put on 3-4 concerts a year in the Boston area or elsewhere. One year they went on a week-long tour down to the Washington DC area and back during the spring break. The Band members stayed in the homes of local hosts at each stop. Many years later my wife and I hosted a Harvard Glee Club member when this group came to Grand Rapids. The highlight of my Harvard Concert Band experience was the time we put on a concert in Carnegie Hall in New York City. This was a joint concert with the New Haven band. We met them for rehearsals in Hartford and New Haven before this event. I often mention having performed on the stage of Carnegie Hall as one of the unique events in my life. Not all football band members were invited to be members of the concert band. I was in this band for my first three years at Harvard, but not in my senior year. It was common practice to not include seniors in this band to give more chances for musicians in lower classes. I did not feel at all bad about not being in this band that year. The Band had been a good experience for me, but I had had enough of it by then.

Intramural Sports

The intramural sports in which I participated were football in the fall and basketball in the winter. At the time I was at Harvard House football was regular tackle football, with full pads and other equipment. I played mostly as a linebacker or in the defensive backfield. There were two levels of House basketball: the A teams and the B teams. I never played on anything but the Eliot House B team. I virtually never had any good experiences with intramural sports. I got very little playing time. If I got any at all, it was only a few minutes late in games whose outcomes had already been decided. In my years in Eliot House I noticed a distinct pattern as to which Houses I was likely to get any playing time in games against them and which I was not. Adams, Dudley, and Lowell were my best chances. These houses had fewer athletic types, and Eliot usually did well against them. Kirkland, Leverett, and Winthrop were the opposite. These houses generally had strong teams, games against them were often competitive to the end, and rarely were they one sided enough that coaches felt comfortable putting me into the game. Dunster and Quincy were somewhere between these two extremes.

One has to know my history with sports as a child to understand why I had so little success with Harvard intramural sports. I had two major things working against me. The first was that I was not naturally athletic. I was small, I did not have much in the way of natural strength or stamina, and I was physically awkward and not well coordinated. The second, and I think equally if not more important, was that I had virtually no exposure or support in developing sports skills as I

was growing up. My parents had no interest in sports. They were from a Jewish background, and very few Jews become active in this area or rise to become sports stars. About the only Jews who ever became notable Major League Baseball players were Hank Greenberg and Sandy Koufax. Neither of my brothers were active in sports. My older brother went to private schools where at the time it was commonly required that all students participate in sports. I recently asked him if he had any recollections of these, and he had virtually none (my middle brother passed away many years ago). Most people who become proficient athletes have support from their parents or older siblings, but I had none of this. Not only did my parents not recognize and support my interest in sports, they actively discouraged it. I participated in grade school and summer camp sports, where I had only a few good experiences. Good coaching can make all the difference in developing sports skills, but I got very little of this. I never played Little League baseball. Nor did I ever play in an organized basketball program where I learned to play as part of a team. In my early days with Harvard intramural basketball I thought I should shoot at the basket whenever I got the ball, not knowing that it was important to be aware other members needed to be near the basket to have a chance of getting the rebound if I missed. Someone on the Eliot House team did point this out to me, and I changed my playing strategy accordingly.

Basketball was also one of the few sports I could practice independently. I could go into the Intramural Athletic Building, find a basketball, and practice shooting on my own. With my limited physical abilities, I never had any ambitions to compete at the varsity level, but I hoped to at least be able to play intramural sports with some sense of confidence and knowing what I was supposed to be doing in a game. I hardly achieved these objectives at all. One might wonder why someone with such a poor background and poor experience with sports even continued with these activities. Sports were important to me. Perhaps they were a rebellion against the narrow Jewish culture of my parents, but more importantly they were probably an attempt to establish a masculine identity and identify with role models to whom I looked up as heroes. The few minutes of playing time I got on an erratic basis were rewards for the long periods of frustration sitting on the bench. In ways this was like the traditional Pavlov experiment where an animal stepped on a pedal to receive a piece of food. Even if the reward was only occasional, it still kept stepping on the pedal to try to receive one. I also had the hope that as I got more playing experience I would learn more about the sport, become more proficient, and get more playing time. One never gets any better just sitting around and not playing. To some slight extent I made progress in this respect, but it was very slow and only miniscule. I could only keep trying. Sports were such an integral and important part of my identity that I did.

My experience was somewhat better my senior year. The Eliot House football team had defined first and second teams. In my senior year I was clearly identified as being included on the second team, and I did get more playing experience. I remember that over my whole season on the Eliot House B basketball team I scored a grand total of 8 points. Any respectable basketball player should easily score this number of points in a single game, but even these 8 points were better than nothing. I do not recall scoring any points at all in my sophomore or junior years. I had a few episodes with other sports during my Eliot House years.

One time the House soccer team had a game on a field next to the one where the football team was playing. Only 10 players showed up for the soccer game. If they did not have 11 players they would forfeit the game. The captain of the soccer team had the bright idea of borrowing someone from the football team, and it was me. I took off my pads, and joined the other 10 players on the soccer field. I had not played soccer since grade school phys ed classes, and do not recall what I did on the field during the game or whether we won or not, but at least we did not forfeit.

Another time the House athletic secretary asked me to enter a wrestling tournament. Wanting to stay in good graces with him in the hope of getting more playing time in other sports, I accepted this request. I had never wrestled before, and had no idea as to what I was supposed to be doing. Needless to say, my opponent was quickly victorious.

One year I entered an intramural track meet in Harvard Stadium. I lined up at the starting line for one of the sprint events, and when the gun went off began running as fast as I could. I suddenly had an eerie sensation that I was running backwards. My legs gave me the strong sensation that I was running forwards, but my eyes showed me as moving backwards. What was happening was that I was so much slower than everyone else that I was falling farther and farther behind the other runners. I suspect this was like the illusion one gets when sitting on a stationary train and a train on the next track begins moving forwards, making it appear that your train is moving backwards. This was one of the most uncanny sensations I have ever experienced.

Everyone who was around at the time President Kennedy was assassinated has distinct recollections as to what he was doing at the time and how he found out about this event. My history with this event involved my two major Harvard extracurricular activities. The assassination took place on a Friday, November 22, 1963, in my sophomore year and the day before the final big game of the Harvard football season. The game was in New Haven that year. On the day before the varsity game each Harvard House football team played a game against a House team from the New Haven college. On the morning of that day I got a ride there from a member of the Eliot House team who told me he was going into New York City for the weekend and could not give me a ride back. I did not see this as a problem, since the band would be coming down the next day and I could ride back with them. I was standing around on the sidelines of one of the New Haven intramural football fields. The game was a close one, and it did not look like I was going to get any chance to play. I heard a rumor, I do not recall from where, that President Kennedy had been shot. Since I was not likely to get to play in the game, I volunteered to find out whether the rumor was true. I went back into the field house to find someone with a radio. Of course, it was true.

The whole campus and the whole country went into a state of shock and mourning. The varsity game was postponed, and the band would not be coming down the next day. This left me with one problem: how was I going to get back to Cambridge. I had to borrow \$5 from the team captain to take a Greyhound bus back to Boston. Everyone to whom I have told this story over the years has considered it a classic. At the time of my 50th reunion in 2016 I set up a gift annuity to Harvard for the support of sports activities. Most alumni who make donations to support college sports programs do so for varsity teams, but I did something different. I directed my gift to the Friends of Recreational Sports, which supports intramural and other recreational activities. These are far more important to me than any varsity sports.

Eliot N-43

In my last two years at Harvard I lived in Eliot N-43. This was a unique suite of rooms, a series of seven private bedrooms above the master's house which had once been maids' quarters. I had a room at the far end of this suite, overlooking the Charles River. The Harvard crew regularly practiced in the early morning. One would think that an activity like this would be pretty quiet, but they were not. The shouting of the coxswains and the exhortations of the coach over a megaphone from an adjacent motorboat were loud enough that they regularly woke me up. The rooms in Eliot N-43 were off a long hall, off of which were also a couple of bathrooms. In the center of the suite was a fire escape stairway leading down into the master's house. One time we got so noisy that someone from this house burst through the escape door from below and asked us to quiet down. Also off the hallway was a room with walls covered with cedar wood paneling, obviously a former closet. In this room was our refrigerator and our telephone. Refrigerators were a standard feature in many Harvard dormitory rooms. Students commonly bought them from the graduating occupants in the spring and sold them to the next occupant at the end of their senior year. They were often put in bathrooms. These rooms in Harvard dormitories were large, and this was near the sink which was convenient for filling ice trays. If one wanted telephone service, you ordered this from the local Bell Telephone company and split the cost with your roommates. (A riddle I have often asked: Why do telephones ring? Because they are Bell telephones). The phone number we had in Eliot N-43 was two digits reversed (3290 vs. 3920) from that of a local steel company. We sometimes got calls from job

sites in the early morning asking if their steel was going to be delivered today. Someone else I knew had one even better. His number was one digit different than that of a funeral home. This was long before the days of cell phones and the now ubiquitous Apple iPhones and other brands of smart phones. Two services which were a standard feature of Harvard dormitories and which regularly hired students wanting paid jobs were the student porters and the Gordon Linen Service. The porters came around to rooms once a week to vacuum floors and clean bathrooms. Most students subscribed to the linen service. Once a week you put your dirty sheets and towels outside your room and received a delivery of a large brown paper envelope containing a set of clean bed linens and three towels. The Gordon Linen Service towels, white with two blue stripes, were a distinctive and ubiquitous feature of Harvard dormitory life.

The roommates whom I had during my two years in Eliot N-43 were a motley crew. N-43 was often referred to as "The Zoo Suite" because its occupants were often a collection of oddballs and misfits who had nobody else to room with. Probably the most "normal" was a Jewish boy from Brooklyn whom I remember for his very distinctive curly hair. Another was a somewhat pudgy fellow who was the worst slob one could ever imagine. His room was always knee deep in old papers, empty pizza and other food boxes, and empty coffee cups and pop bottles. He had a habit of carrying a cup of coffee back to his room after almost every meal. When the dining hall ran short of cups they knew where to go to collect them. I had a regular commission for dealing with his empty Coke bottles. If I was willing to take them back to the store to collect the deposits I could keep the money.

Another roommate I had my junior year was this somewhat distinguished type who always dressed in a shirt and vest. His room was right next to mine, and about double the size of the other rooms in the suite. He always carried a silver case with cigarettes, not because he smoked but because he wanted to have these with him to offer to anyone who wanted one. He would light a cigarette, stand it on its end in an ashtray in his room, and let it burn down. This was his way of using up his cigarettes to keep them fresh. Smoking was a common and accepted practice at Harvard at that time, being permitted in dormitory rooms and dining halls. The Surgeon General Report establishing the link between smoking and lung cancer came out in the spring of 1964, during my sophomore year. Professor Fieser mentioned this report in the Chem 20 class. He was a smoker himself, and later died of lung cancer. This roommate also bought a bartender book with recipes for various mixed drinks. Each week he bought the ingredients for a different drink, prepared it according to the recipe in the book, and noted in the book his rating of how well he liked it. By the end of the year he surely had the best stocked bar of anyone at Harvard.

This roommate took a leave of absence during my senior year. In his place moved a kid who had previously been in a different room in the suite and whom the former occupant of the large room next to mine found thoroughly obnoxious and absolutely hated. One thing I remember vividly about him is that he and a few of the other fellows in the suite had a habit of re-enacting every play of Boston Celtics basketball games. They put a wastebasket on top of a bookcase, made a ball out of wadded up paper and socks, and as they listened to the game on the radio tried to throw the ball into the basket in the manner described by the play by play broadcaster. The only problem with this arrangement was that the bookcase was on the opposite side of the wall behind my desk. Their antics were quite noisy. They kept banging into the bookcase, and this was very distracting when I was trying to study. I came up with a solution to this problem. I made a basketball hoop out of a wire coat hanger, and figured out a way to hang it on a closet door on the other side of the room. They could play their basketball game to their heart's content, their playing no longer disturbed me, and I could get my studying done.

A piece of Harvard history of which I became aware years after I graduated: Ted Kaczynski, the "Unabomber" who terrorized the nation with mailed bombs during the 1980's and 1990's, lived in Eliot N-43 during his time at Harvard. He graduated in 1962, the spring before I started my freshman year in the fall, so our paths never crossed. I have often told this story as a historical coincidence and a piece of notoriety in my life.

Junior and Senior Years

During my last two years at Harvard I took mostly advanced biology and biochemistry courses, plus a couple of survey courses in other areas. I do not remember much about the science courses I took. I remember taking a history of science course which I found interesting. This course involved reading some historic materials in Houghton Library, the only time I used this facility during my Harvard career. In my senior year I took a research elective in the Biology department. The first professor I approached for this was James Watson, who promptly indicated he did not accept undergraduates into his research laboratory. I found another professor who was working on something related to the mechanisms of cilia motion. I did not accomplish much with this research, and did not find this to be a very fulfilling experience.

I had contact with some of the people in Eliot House, mostly either students I knew from my classes or teammates from the intramural sports teams. The dining hall had a long serving counter along one side, from which the staff dished out the foods into a round serving tray with various compartments and a well in the center for a glass. Most of the Houses, including Eliot, got their food from a large central kitchen which served several Houses. The houses which had their own kitchens, such as Quincy and Dunster, had a reputation for having better food. House dining halls at that time required students to wear jackets for dinner. Most students had an old and notably ragged one, often acquired from a thrift shop, which they used for this purpose. By the end of the year these jackets became notably dirty with various food stains.

Sunday morning breakfasts in Eliot House were interesting experiences. Groups of students at the various tables regularly had long conversations about their experiences of the previous night. Most of these were people whom I did not know well, usually the “preppy” types who were common in this house and who moved in a social orbit and culture completely alien to me. They recited items about where they went, with whom they associated, and what they did. I listened to their dialogue almost with the attitude of an observing anthropologist, trying to glean insight as to the workings of a world very different from anything I ever knew. I strongly suspected much of their conversations related to sexual encounters.

Unlike Elayne Archer, who included a whole section “My Sexual Behavior” in her narrative, I had no sexual experience whatever while I was at Harvard. Even in high school, I never felt any physical attraction towards girls. Most of my classmates had such interests, and I distinctly sensed that the fact that I did not made me different. I was usually the only person at parties without a date, and this often made me feel like I was the odd man out. In the modern terminology for different sexual orientations I would describe myself as asexual. I did marry later in life, but it was a marriage of the minds and not the bodies. We never had any children.

Quite a number of students in Eliot House belonged to one of the private social clubs which were part of the Harvard scene. Most of these clubs had buildings near the Harvard Houses. These “final clubs” had a reputation of being highly elitist and exclusive. I often referred to them as “snob clubs.” Some, notably the Porcellian Club, admitted only the bluest of blue bloods. There was one close to Eliot House, across Boylston Street from Kirkland House, which I frequently heard mentioned in dining room conversations and which I somehow got the impression might be less elitist than the others. A few Saturday nights I hung out outside this club, hoping someone I knew from Eliot House might recognize me and invite me inside. Of course, this never happened. I did not fully realize that these were exclusive private clubs to which one had to be invited for membership. This was how naive I was about these.

Alcohol was a common part of the Harvard party experience. Beer was the most common, with kegs being a common feature of many gatherings. Setting up and operating the tap to dispense beer from these containers were often a challenge of mechanical ability. Local stores hardly enforced the legal age of 21, or students used fake ID's to purchase such beverages. At one party someone threw a can of beer towards someone sitting next to me. I was not looking that way, and the can struck me on my upper lip. I had to go to the student health center to get the resulting cut stitched up, and still have a faint scar from this incident. During my time at Harvard I never drank any alcoholic beverages. This, along with my disinterest in dating, further marked

me as someone different from most everyone else. I did not start drinking occasional beer or wine until well after my time at Harvard. I do not recall anyone at Harvard using marijuana or other recreational drugs. I did see quite a lot of this during my experiences after I graduated.

Pianos were a not uncommon feature in Harvard dormitory rooms. Departing students usually sold them to the next occupant. Reasonable rules for playing hours were commonly accepted. Loud band instruments, such as drums, were also expected to follow these rooms. Many Houses had music practice rooms in their basements which could be used for this purpose. Once someone posted an item on a bulletin board advertising a free piano. The hitch was that it was on the fifth floor of a walkup building, where the previous occupant had paid a pricey amount to have it hoisted in through a window. A group of ingenious students managed to claim this piano by disassembling it and carrying it down the stairs in pieces.

Few students had television sets in their room. These were considered a luxury. One room in Eliot House had two television sets. There was a reason for this. One set had a good picture, but the sound did not work. The picture tube in the other one was burned out. The occupants watched one and listened to the sound on the other.

One time I tried giving a party for some of the people I knew from Eliot House at my parents' house down Brattle Street from the Harvard campus. My parents put together a spread of food and non-alcoholic beverages. There was a pool table on the top floor of this house, which I would have invited anyone showing up to use. Nobody came. I suspect nobody was interested enough in me to want to attend, or everybody perceived me as being so different that they did not feel they had anything in common with me. The failure of this party to attract any attendees was a seminal moment in my Harvard experience and my life overall. This virtually turned off any hope that I would ever have any success in relating to this area of human endeavor.

I graduated from Harvard magna cum laude in the spring of 1966. I do not remember anything distinctive about my Commencement, such as who spoke there. I simply packed up my belongings from my room in Eliot N-43 and moved them back to my parent's house down the street from the campus. I do not feel any sentimentality or sadness in ending my time at Harvard.

Experience Grading

I have often rated my life experiences on an A-B-C-D grading scale like that used for academic courses. Here is my grading of the various aspects of my life at Harvard. My courses at Harvard were generally reasonably good. Some were better than others, and there were a few that I could not relate to well, but not anything more than what I would expect from a college of this kind. I would rate my academic experience at Harvard about a B. The band was a good experience for me. It worked well, never gave me any major problems, took me to a lot of interesting places, and did a lot of interesting things. Two things kept it from getting an A. It was a solid commodity experience, but nothing with any great brilliance or leadership. More important was the fact that getting involved in this area of endeavor was not something I had done out of my own interest, but something my parents had gotten me involved in because they never recognized or supported my interest in sports. If it were a sports program which performed as well as it did, I would have clearly given it an A. As it was, I rated it a B+. My intramural sports activities never performed well, and were an exercise in frustration. In no way did they merit a grade any higher than a D. There was some improvement in my senior year, and I took this into account in my grading. I rated my sports experience a D+. My social experience in my freshman year at Harvard was good: I would give it a B. My later years came nowhere near this level. I had little in common with most of the people in Eliot House. Being assigned there was a major stroke of bad luck in my Harvard experience. I made only mild efforts to get things to work for me in this area, and soon gave up on these when they were not working and I decided that I was not even that interested in them. I rated my social experience in my last three years at Harvard nothing any better than a C-. Summing up everything, I would rate my overall experience at Harvard as somewhere between a B- and a C+. The academic

work and band experiences were good, but my social experience the last three years and especially the intramural sports were not.

Life After Harvard

I applied to 10 medical schools near the end of my time at Harvard. All along I knew that this was I wanted to do after I graduated. Most students with a B average out of Harvard had little difficulty getting into medical school, but this was not what happened to me. Instead, I ended up in a biochemistry program at the University of Washington. My thesis title, "A Low Molecular Weight Form of Phosphorylase Kinase Associated with Proteolytic Activation" got quoted in the Seattle newspaper as an example of academic arcaneness. The professor under whom I worked, along with his close associate in the department, later got a Nobel Prize. Over my career I have worked or studied under four Nobel Prize winners.

After two years of this I applied again to medical school, including the University of Washington. The dean of the medical school told me that since I had lived in the state as a graduate student I was considered a resident of the State of Washington. I got admitted under state resident priority, and I paid resident rate tuition. I really liked the first two years of preclinical teaching, but found the clinical years quite out of my milieu and had a harder time getting through these. I had some major issues in relating to clinical medicine and especially how the school handled these. Because of these I could not go on into a clinical residency program. I instead did a postdoctoral fellowship in clinical pharmacology at the University of Rochester. I kept some contact with clinical medicine, and after two years decided to go into a medicine residency program. It took me less than two months to learn that I and clinical medicine were never made to live with one another. After quitting this program, I got involved in a research project on a new diagnostic test for heart attacks. This is how I got introduced to laboratory medicine. I did a two-year residency in this field at a major university hospital in New Haven, Connecticut. I liked this field of work, and did well in it. Towards the end of this program, when it came time for me to start looking for a job, the department arranged interviews for me at some academic centers. None of these appealed to me. I did other things on my own to look for a job. I looked through the Green Book (a standard listing of residency programs at the time) and sent letters to a bunch of hospitals I saw in there, and regularly reviewed the classified ads in the New England Journal of Medicine.

One day I saw a listing for a job "Clinical pathologist with interest in Chemistry" in a "desirable Midwest city." This was exactly what I was looking for, and I sent my resume and references to the listed blind box number. A few weeks later I got a call from someone in Michigan. It was the person who ran the box number ad. He was an old Army buddy of my residency program director. The job was in Grand Rapids, Michigan. I was offered the job right away when I went there to interview. I had not heard of that city except for the furniture industry and President Ford. During my time in New Haven I met a woman who lived in my apartment building. We first met talking to the doorman about the Patty Hearst trial. When I came back from my interview for this job, the woman in my apartment building, who had by then become my best friend, saw my enthusiasm for it, but said she could not share it because she would be losing me. "You're welcome to come with me," I told her. "But I cannot. Not unless you marry me," she replied. Well, then let's get married," I responded. We did so in July of 1977. That fall we drove out to Grand Rapids for my new job.

I spent 39 years, from 1977 to 2016, working in the pathology and laboratory department of Butterworth Hospital, later Spectrum Health. I was a jack of all trades there: setting up new laboratory tests, overseeing quality control, working with doctors and technical staff on answering questions and solving problems with laboratory testing, and working with the department's computer systems. I really liked my first 20 years there. The hospital was a manageable sized institution, and I was able to get a lot done. In 1997 the hospital merged with another one in town to form a new health system. This was enormously stressful to me, and my job satisfaction took a major downturn. I struggled to relate to an institution which became much bigger and more complicated to deal with, and did not feel that I was included in things as much as I should have been. When I retired in 2016, I did not miss my work at all. On

the grading scale I have used for other life experiences I would rate my time at Butterworth as a B+ or even A-, but my time at Spectrum Health no better than a C or C-.

Since my retirement I have kept myself busy reading various magazines, following medical science in journals and on the Internet, staying active with exercise (running, swimming, and weight training at a local YMCA), and taking care of my wife and our various pets. My wife had been in declining health her last few years, and caring for her became almost a full-time job. She passed away earlier this year. Although I no longer have her around and at times miss her, it was a great relief. I now have much more freedom to do the things I want to do in life.

Postscript: New Haven

Readers of this memoir might notice that nowhere in this document do I mention by name a certain Ivy League college in New Haven, Connecticut. Here are the words to a song I wrote about this institution:

There is a certain college, of very widespread fame,
Which where I went to, Harvard, they do not call by name.
'Tis considered most disloyal, unfaithful, and untrue
For anyone to talk about that certain shade of blue, Of blue,
For anyone to talk about that certain shade of blue.

They're in the famous Ivy League, the greatest in the land,
But no one here can mention them. Their very name is banned.
Though they are a well-known college, of very great renown,
Down in the state of Connecticut in old New Haven town, 'Ven town,
Down in the state of Connecticut in old New Haven town.

They call themselves the Elis, The Bulldogs and the Blue,
But her we have to call them "unmentionables" too.
About that hated college no one ever talks,
But I've noticed that its name's the same as a certain brand of locks, Of locks, But I've noticed
that its name's the same as a certain brand of locks.

[note previously that Eliot House had this brand of locks]

Their songs are "Boola Boola," "Bulldog Bow Wow Wow,"
But any mention of that school we do not allow.