REGINA

AMHERST, NORTHAMPTON AND BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, AND WASHINGTON, D.C. · 1964–1966

On a Cadillac Hearse, a Sari and a Serbian Fez

I 'm sure 't is India all day
To those who look on you

EMILY DICKINSON

In the middle 1960s the Connecticut River valley around Amherst was being taken over, slowly and then all at once, by its colleges. There were four of them within a few miles of one another: Amherst College, Mount Holyoke, Smith across the river at Northampton, and the University of Massachusetts, which was the biggest and was getting bigger every term. The university counted 10,497 students in 1964–65, twice as many as six years before, and expected to double again by the early 1970s; that year it took one applicant in five. Amherst itself, a town of 13,718 at the 1960 census, would have 26,331 by 1970. The colleges did not much resemble one another. A year at the state university cost a Massachusetts student $200 in tuition, and anyone else $600. A year at Smith, with its 2,457 young women on 292 acres running down to Paradise Pond, cost $2,962 all in, at a time when the median American family earned about $6,900 a year. The four had lately agreed to share some of their teaching, so that a student at any one of them could, with a dean's permission, take a course at any of the others, and the arrangement was very nearly the only thing that ran between them on a regular schedule. The valley was also, as it happened, unusually dry. The weather station at Amherst recorded 29.57 inches of rain and snow in 1964 and 30.21 in 1965, against an average of more than 43, and those two years were the driest in its record from 1931 to 1970.

Regina was from Amherst. Her father had been the principal of Amherst High School for twenty years, and he had died when she was a senior there, about two years before she met Daniel; he died, as Daniel put it, "of alcoholism, basically, symptoms, things relating to alcoholism." Her mother, whom the family would come to call Grandma Perry, was left a widow, with a house in town and a Cadillac, and Regina's sister, Deborah, lived down the street. They were, by Daniel's account, a "very conservative family," though her mother, he was careful to add, was "a little bit on the conservative side, but not Republican."

Daniel was from Holyoke and the paper mills, the son of a man who had gone off to Los Angeles, and he was paying his way through the state university on a gymnastics scholarship and whatever the mills had paid him. He had also, in his first year there, refused to take compulsory ROTC and told a board of officers why. "I was clearly a radical student," he said.

In the summer of 1964, Daniel was in a Russian classroom at the university in Amherst. He had come back from Berkeley the year before and taken his first year of the language, and now he signed up for the second year in the summer program. "I knew I missed a year of college," he said, "and I was trying to make up for it and then I wanted to go more into Russian and major in it." The university had just rebuilt its summer for students in a hurry.

The old summer term had run for ten weeks, which faculty and students alike, the student paper reported, considered "too rushed"; from 1964 there were two six-week sessions instead, the first opening on June 15, a week after Commencement, and the second running from July 27 to Friday, September 4, so as to finish before Labor Day. It was a hot summer and a dry one. On July 2

the thermometer at Amherst reached 96 degrees, and the whole of June had brought less than two inches of rain. Russian, in those years, was not a crowded subject, even five years after Sputnik, and a summer class in second-year Russian was not a large room. Regina was in it.

He did not say much more about how it began, except that it involved a car. "I had various cars," he said. "And at that time, I had something like a 54 or 55 Chevrolet." The two of them started going out together, and in the fall they went their separate ways to school, which in their case meant about a hundred miles apart, by Daniel's reckoning.

❧

In the fall of 1964, Regina went to Simmons College in Boston and Daniel began his junior year at the university, majoring in Russian. Simmons, on the Fenway, had been founded in 1899 with the fortune of a Boston clothing manufacturer, John Simmons, to give women an education they could earn a living by, and it trained teachers among much else. It cost $2,400 a year to live there and $1,400 just to attend. At the university, Russian did not yet have a department of its own; it shared one with German, which was how a Russian major came to take advanced German as well.

He was also on the gymnastics team, and the team that winter was in the big leagues for the first time. The university had joined the Eastern Intercollegiate Gymnastic League, and the season opened in New Haven with a 78–46 win over Southern Connecticut State, in which the university took six of the seven events. After that the league's real members arrived. Pittsburgh won 67–52, and the student paper's report of that meet was candid about the side horse, where three of the university's men, Dan St. John among them, "unexpectedly broke in their exercise."

Then, on a Friday and a Saturday in February, Syracuse won 67.5–44.5 and Temple 78–42, which made "their fourth and fifth loss of the season in Eastern Gymnastics League competition." The headline over that report, all the same, read "Cohen, St. John, Lizotte Stand Out," and the yearbook agreed: "Cohen, Lizotte, Parner, and St. John were standouts for the Redmen." In the team photograph Dan St. John stands in the second row, between Al Cohen and Al Carver, two places from the coach, Erik Kjeldsen. It was not a deep team. The student paper, looking back on it a year later, recalled that there had been "only eight men."

❧

In the spring of 1965, Daniel asked Regina to marry him. They were at Smith College in Northampton, where they had gone to see, as he put it, "some movies about Gogol, Gogol's Overcoat." Smith had a Russian department that took Gogol seriously; its course in Russian drama that year promised "emphasis on Gogol, Ostrovsky, and Chekhov." Which film of *The Overcoat* they saw, no record found says. The likeliest is the Soviet one, made at Lenfilm in 1959 by the actor Aleksey Batalov, seventy-five minutes long and in Russian, with Rolan Bykov as the clerk.

Gogol's story is about a poor copying clerk in St. Petersburg who scrimps for months to buy a new overcoat, has it stolen on the first night he wears it, and dies of the disappointment, after which his ghost goes about the city pulling the coats off people's backs. An English translation of 1916, which calls the story "The Mantle," gives the clerk's whole difficulty in a sentence: "In St Petersburg all those who draw a salary of four hundred roubles or thereabouts have a terrible enemy in our northern cold." As the evening's entertainment before a proposal, it is an unusual choice, and it worked.

"And then at the bridge there," Daniel said, "I asked her if she'd marry me, and she said yes." The Smith campus runs down to Paradise Pond and the Mill River, and there is more than one bridge to choose from; he did not say which, and it is left here as he left it, the bridge there.

That spring, the war in Vietnam had begun to reach the campus at Amherst, in a small way. A student group called the Young Independents picketed the ROTC building and then, in the words of the yearbook, "staged a silent but effective protest march into Amherst," which it noted had gone ahead "Despite a sleet storm."

❧



VARSITY GYMNASTICS, 1964–65: DAN ST. JOHN STANDING, FOURTH FROM LEFT

In the summer of 1965, the plan was to go to Russia together. There was a program for it, which Daniel called "the Putney International Living Program": the Experiment in International Living, founded in 1932 by Donald Watt and run from Putney, in southern Vermont, which sent young Americans abroad to live for a summer with a family. It had a good reputation in high places. Sargent Shriver, who set up the Peace Corps, had been an Experimenter himself, and in the early sixties he asked the Experiment to train the first class of Peace Corps volunteers.

Daniel was accepted for the Russian group, where he would have spent the summer living with a Russian family. Regina was not. "There was very high competition for the Russian one," he said. She was accepted instead to go to India.

Then the money ran out before the plan did. "I couldn't go to Russia because I didn't have the money for it," Daniel said. What a summer with a Russian family cost, no record found says; the federal minimum wage that year was $1.25 an hour. So in July Regina went to India for a month and a half, and Daniel stayed in Amherst and went back to summer school, this time for German and French.

The summer session that year ran in two terms, from June 15 to July 23 and from July 27 to September 3, with more than two hundred courses and some 4,500 students, and the university was building so fast around them that the freshmen in the dormitories complained of "the plague of dust and bulldozers at 5 a.m." And he wrote to her. He wrote letters to India all that summer, he said, "about her wonderful experiences in India."

India that summer was not an easy place. The country was in the first of two years of severe drought that brought food shortages and famine. The grain harvest fell from 89.4 million tonnes to 72.3 million, and at the worst of it ten million tonnes of food were shipped in from the United States. On August 5, while the Experiment's groups were still in the country or just leaving it, war broke out with Pakistan over Kashmir. It lasted until a cease-fire on September 23 and saw the largest tank battles since the Second World War.

At home, that same summer, the war in Vietnam got a great deal bigger. On July 28, while Regina was in India and Daniel was at his German and French, President Johnson told a news conference that he had "today ordered to Viet-

Nam the Air Mobile Division and certain other forces which will raise our fighting strength from 75,000 to 125,000 men almost immediately." To find the men, he said, it would be necessary to raise "the monthly draft call from 17,000 over a period of time to 35,000 per month." Daniel said nothing about any of that. What he remembered was what came home.

While she was away, Daniel bought a hearse. The reasoning behind it went back to the Cadillac. "I knew she was kind of a high-class lady because she drove her mother's Cadillac and so forth," he said. "So I thought it's kind of an upper-class lady to be associating with a proletarian like me." A friend of the family had a chauffeuring business, and the friend had a Cadillac hearse, and a habit, as Daniel described it, of selling his vehicles at exactly the right moment.

"He liked to trick people by when the thing started going bad he could predict it and he would try to get it off on somebody," Daniel said, "so he convinced me that I needed one and I bought this black..." It had, he remembered, "heated seats and adjustable leather, you know, patent leather black seats." And yes, it had carried what hearses carry. "Everything, yes."

The hearse was built, as nearly every Cadillac hearse was, on what Cadillac called its Commercial Chassis: a heavier, stretched frame, with a wheelbase in those years of 156 inches, which the factory sold unfinished to coachbuilders to turn into funeral coaches, ambulances and "combination cars" that could serve as either, depending on how the patient was doing. It was, in short, thirteen feet between the axles of a vehicle designed with one kind of passenger in mind.

When Regina came home from India, Daniel drove the hearse to New York to meet her plane. The airport had been Idlewild until a month after President Kennedy's death, when the city renamed it for him, and so he drove, as he said, "into New York to Kennedy with this vehicle. I thought this would really make a big impression." He had, after all, asked her to marry him, "and of course I didn't have many resources."

Regular gasoline that year cost, on average, 31.2 cents a gallon, and how many gallons a Cadillac hearse took to get from Amherst to Kennedy and back is a figure history has kindly not preserved. What Regina thought of it, he could not say for certain, but he had a fair idea. "I don't think she was so impressed," he said. "But anyway, I pulled up with a hearse." He picked her up in it, and drove her back.

She was thin when she came back. "She was skinny," Daniel said. "She had some bad experience there in the heat of India." And while she was away, he came to believe, she had had second



HE PULLED UP WITH A HEARSE (ILLUSTRATION)

thoughts. "I think she talked too much with her sister Deborah and with her mother about such a thing," he said. "I think she put me off there, and I was very brokenhearted."

In the fall of 1965, Daniel began his senior year, and, as he put it, "I proceeded to enroll in 21 credits." He had already taken two years of Greek at the university; now he went over to Amherst College for a year of Homeric Greek. He took Chinese at Smith, and Russian at home, and two advanced classes in German. The Chinese class at Smith was Chinese 11, "Modern Chinese (elementary)," which met on Monday and Friday afternoons with two more hours in the language laboratory, taught by Mr. Kung.

Getting there was the student's own affair, though the dean's office would "help with the arrangements for transportation," and that October, for the first time, a bus began running between Smith, the university and Amherst College in the evenings, for a quarter each way.

That September his coach came to see him. Daniel remembered him as "Dr. Kelson"; the yearbooks call him Erik Kjeldsen.

> *And my coach Dr. Kelson stopped into my dormitory room and said, Dan, you're going to have to drop some of these classes because, you know, you're getting a scholarship. And so, you know, and there I was all worried about my relations with Genie and so forth. And it was in September and I said, I'm sorry, I quit the gymnastic team, which hurt my feelings because I was at my very best. I was quite good. I was the best on the team. And I quit.*

He had competed, he said, in four events, "the trampoline, side horse, parallel bars, and still rings." The yearbook did not rank its gymnasts, but it had named him among the standouts the season before, and the team he left behind did not do well without its depth. In December the student paper reported that the coach now had seventeen men to choose from instead of eight, most of them sophomores, and by the end of the season the yearbook was explaining a record of two wins and seven losses, seventh of the eight teams in the Eastern league, by "a lack of depth on this year's squad." The team photograph in the 1966 yearbook has nineteen names in it. His is not one of them.

The Chinese did not last either. "I did drop that Chinese class at Smith because it was too much having to commute," he said. "It was the five college program, but I did enjoy my Homeric Greek, and I still like to read Homer." The program was still officially the Four College Cooperation that year; the fifth college, Hampshire, was still being planned, and the name came later.

Russian, meanwhile, was becoming fashionable at the university in the way that subjects become fashionable during a cold war. That year the new Orchard Hill dormitories ran a course of their own called "Continuity and Change in the Soviet Union," in which eight professors, from philosophy, economics, government, education, food economics and Russian, took turns explaining the Soviet state to the students who lived there; one of them was Dr. L. Tikos, "of Russian."

Senior year at the university that fall had a war in it. On September 29 the student paper announced a panel on the draft, with the news that Massachusetts would be sending 398 men in October and 1,018 in November, the largest calls since the Korean War, and that draft boards meant to look at student deferments "with a more discerning eye." In the same column it observed, helpfully, that "Men married before Aug. 27 and fathers will not be ordered for induction."

The reason for the date was an executive order President Johnson had signed on August 26, ending the exemption for married men without children for anyone who married after midnight that night. On October 17 a "Teach-Out" on Vietnam was held at the Unitarian church in Amherst, and the university's director of security went along and photographed the students there, which caused a row in the Faculty Senate.

The Peace Corps came to the campus as well. In the middle of November a recruiting team set up a booth in the Student Union: three returned volunteers, one of them back from Ethiopia. A former Peace Corps director in the Dominican Republic, himself a graduate of the university, told an audience in Mahar Auditorium, "I'm not telling you to join the Peace Corps and get shot at," and warned that the volunteers who failed

were the ones who tried "to change the world in 6 months to a year and it doesn't work that way."

On November 19, for the first time, the Peace Corps placement test was given on the campus, and on Monday, November 22, the student paper reported that more than 150 students had signed up to take it. The response, the team's leader said, had been "greater than any other campus of its size in the country." The wedding was the next day.

❧

In November 1965, the lights went out. At 5:16 on the evening of Tuesday, November 9, a single misset relay on a power line near Niagara Falls did exactly what it had been set to do, and within minutes some thirty million people in Ontario, New York and New England were in the dark. In Boston, people were stuck in the subway and in the elevators of the brand-new Prudential building.

At the university, the student paper reported, the Student Union carried on by candlelight; behind the main counter one young woman "answered the phone with a cool: 'Hello, Darkness,'" and when word came that the dormitory named for Emily Dickinson was dark too, students outside shouted, "Let's get Emily Dickinson." The panty raid that followed was reported in some detail.

Two weeks later the university let out for Thanksgiving, and before it did, Regina's mother went off on a trip to Mexico. That left Regina with the car, and the house, as Daniel said, "was empty." The two of them spent their nights together there. Deborah, down the street, had been asked to keep an eye on things, and she did. "Deborah was apparently instructed to watch them," he said, and to see whether, as he put it, "we were sleeping together. We don't want the neighbors to see these activities."

Deborah's view of Daniel was not a high one. He did not know exactly what had been said, but he had a theory. "Well, I come from a lower-class background," he said, "and I think they might have known something about my father being kind of a communist or whatever. I had no idea what it was." Deborah, as Daniel understood it, concluded that he must have wanted to marry Regina for the money, an idea he dismissed in the plainest terms he had: "which I had no interest, no question about that."

So Deborah came over, and, Daniel said, "she was really quite direct about scolding" Regina. The two sisters fought. With her mother away in Mexico, Regina was worried, as he told it, that her mother would come home, that Deborah would "raise hell," and that "there's going to be a scandal." Daniel had a solution. "And I said, why don't we just get married? And so we did."

❧

On Tuesday, November 23, 1965, Daniel and Regina were married by a justice of the peace in Boston. They went first, as Massachusetts required, for their medical certificates. "We went and got our shots," he said. "We got shots." What the law of the Commonwealth actually required of a couple, until the requirement was repealed in 2004, was a medical certificate and a blood test, but the principle was the same, and the needle was real.

The office was, he said, "just across the street from the Prudential Building," and the Prudential was the newest thing in Boston. It had gone up on an old railroad yard in the Back Bay, with the new Massachusetts Turnpike tunneling in beneath it, and when it was finished in 1964 its fifty-two floors stood 749 feet high, which made it the tallest building in North America outside New York City and ended the fifty-nine-year reign of the Custom House tower as the tallest thing in Boston.

Nobody's family was there. "My father was long gone," Daniel said. "My mother was also in L.A. She had borrowed money from me." Deborah was not invited. The guests were a girlfriend of Regina's from high school; the best man, Peter Perhanas; and a group of friends from MIT who did folk dancing, in costume. "They were wearing costumes, like Slavic costumes, a Serbian and whatever," Daniel said. "And they dressed me up in the Serbian costume with a fez, right?" Regina wore a sari. She had brought saris back from India. "And you see we were married like that."

The justice of the peace was, as Daniel described him, "a really heavy old gentleman, like a Navy commander that was marrying people

there." It was not a church wedding, and was never going to be one. "Neither one of us were interested in the church or had any affiliation with any church," he said. "And so we had a nice party." It was a mild day for late November, with a high of 49 degrees at the airport, which in Boston in a sari counts as luck. The family still has the pictures, which Daniel described as "very colorful," and in which he is wearing what he called "this crazy kind of a Serbian costume."

For the record, a wedding in November 1965 did nothing at all for a young man's standing with his draft board. The executive order of August 26 had seen to that. Married men who were not yet fathers were, as far as Selective Service was concerned, single.

❧

At the end of November 1965, Daniel and Regina took their honeymoon in Washington, D.C., in her mother's car, and Daniel told it in a single breath.

> *And also borrowing Grandma Perry's car, what did we do after the wedding? We decided we would go down to a peace march in Washington. And we had to take some of Mother's friends to their place in New York, so we went to Washington, D.C. There, we enjoyed a nice Thanksgiving with Uncle David, who was doing medical school there. ... We had a nice Thanksgiving there and then we were at the Washington Monument.*

Thanksgiving fell on the Thursday, two days after the wedding. The march was on the Saturday.

The march was the March on Washington for Peace in Vietnam, and it was organized by SANE, the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. It began at eleven in the morning with pickets walking around the White House, clergymen and veterans in front and everybody else on the side streets, and at one o'clock it moved to the Sylvan Theatre beside the Washington Monument for the speeches.

Dr. Benjamin Spock spoke, and Coretta Scott King, and Carl Oglesby of Students for a Democratic Society, back from a trip to Vietnam; the old Socialist Norman Thomas, asked about the nation's honor, said, "I'd rather see America save its soul than its face"; and Judy Collins sang between the speeches. The crowd was put at anywhere from twenty to thirty-five thousand. The day's demand was a moderate one: in the organizers' words, "an immediate cease-fire leading to negotiations and a return to the Geneva Agreements of 1954." It was 69 degrees at the airport, which for the end of November was very nearly a miracle.

They were in good company, and some of it was from home. The student paper at the university sent a reporter, who counted more than a hundred people from the Amherst and Northampton area among the marchers, and MIT's paper reckoned its own turnout at well over two hundred students and faculty. The crowd was not what the newspapers had led people to expect. "The majority of marchers were well-dressed adults and middle-aged people," the university's reporter wrote, "many in family groups with teen-aged children and small babies. The stereotyped bearded protestor was infrequently seen."

A honeymoon couple, it seems fair to say, did not stand out. There was a scuffle when one demonstrator tried to tear a Viet Cong flag from another, and a small delegation of Hell's Angels paraded for a while. The reporter's account of the day's casualties was brief: "One UMass student was hit with an egg. No one was hurt." MIT's reporter, for his part, recorded that the sponsors had "succeeded in operating the march 'in the black.'"

Daniel remembered it differently. "We had a big protest against the resumption," he said, "Kennedy's resumption of nuclear testing." President Kennedy had in fact resumed American nuclear testing, in 1962, after the Soviet Union broke a moratorium the autumn before; but the test-ban treaty of 1963 had ended testing in the atmosphere, and Kennedy had been dead two years when Daniel and Regina stood at the Monument. The march they went to was against the war. The likeliest source of the difference is in the organizers' name.

SANE, the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, had been founded in 1957 by Norman Cousins and Lenore Marshall to fight nuclear testing, and in 1965 it was still marching under that name, though by then it was marching

about Vietnam; the university's reporter wrote that the demonstration had been "conceived by the Committee for a SANE Nuclear Policy." The platform, too, was full of people who had first marched against the bomb. Coretta Scott King had been one of SANE's founders in 1957, and Dr. Spock had joined it in 1962, the year Kennedy's tests resumed. Three days later, the Vice President, Hubert Humphrey, met Dr. Spock and two of SANE's other leaders to hear their proposals for ending the war.

After the honeymoon, as Daniel put it, "we went back and we got an apartment."

❧

In the spring of 1966, Daniel and Regina were living in Dorchester, in Boston, in what he called "a nice little apartment." They both had degrees to finish. Regina did her practice teaching at Girls' Latin School, "which is probably one of the best girls high schools in the country," Daniel said. It was certainly the oldest of its kind: founded on November 27, 1877, eighty-eight years to the day before the march in Washington, as the first college-preparatory public high school for girls in the United States, it had grown to some 1,350 pupils by 1955, when it moved into the old Dorchester High School for Girls building in Codman Square.

The city's schools manual for 1965 gives its address as Talbot Avenue and Washington Street, Dorchester, and lists it second among the city's Latin and day high schools, after only the boys' Boston Latin, so that Regina's practice teaching was, at least, conveniently placed. Simmons asked a great deal of its student teachers. Each one, the catalogue said, "assumes full responsibility, under supervision, for the teaching of not less than one secondary school class in her subject-matter field for the entire semester," with a seminar every week besides.

Boston itself was getting smaller. The city had counted 697,197 people in 1960, thirteen percent fewer than ten years before, and would count 641,071 in 1970: the new Prudential tower went up over a city that was losing residents. In Dorchester, out on Columbia Point, beside a public housing project of 1,500 apartments in twenty-seven buildings, two doctors from Tufts, Jack Geiger and Count Gibson, had opened in 1965 what is counted as the first community health center in the United States, with money from the new federal Office of Economic Opportunity.

And on Patriots' Day, April 19, 1966, a young woman named Roberta Gibb hid in the bushes near the start at Hopkinton, waited until about half the field had gone past, jumped in, and ran the whole Boston Marathon, the first woman to do so, in 3 hours, 21 minutes and 40 seconds, ahead of two-thirds of the runners. The governor shook her hand at the finish.

Boston's schools were, that year, the subject of a long argument. On April 1, 1965, a committee appointed by the state's commissioner of education had reported that more than half of Boston's black pupils were in schools that were at least 80 percent black. In August Governor John Volpe signed the Racial Imbalance Act, which called any school more than half nonwhite "imbalanced" and allowed the state to withhold its aid from a city that did nothing about it; and in April 1966, finding the Boston School Committee's plan inadequate, the State Board of Education voted to do exactly that. The School Committee, led by Louise Day Hicks, dug in. The argument would go on, through the courts, until busing was ordered in 1974.

Daniel, meanwhile, was still a student at the university in Amherst, and Amherst was a long way from Dorchester. He still owed the university three classes in physical education, which he had missed out on. The rule was in the university's bulletin: every male freshman and sophomore "must successfully complete four semesters of physical education and demonstrate his ability to swim as a requirement for his degree," and a varsity athlete could earn the credit on his team, though not for more than two semesters in any one sport.

And so three times a week Daniel drove the hundred miles out to Amherst and the hundred miles back. The road at the Boston end, at least, was new: the Massachusetts Turnpike had been extended into the city in 1964 and 1965, running in past the Prudential. Since he was making the trip anyway, he took three graduate courses in Slavic linguistics "to make it worthwhile." Not

everyone at the university thought the subject essential.

An essay in the student paper that spring, making the case for a department of religion on the grounds that "We cannot do everything and do it well," allowed that the university could "forego the minor Slavic languages, for instance, or the history of the cinema, and still be a good university." The Russian office in Bartlett Hall, meanwhile, was taking names from "Any girls wishing to live on the Russian corridor next semester." That February nine inches of snow fell on Boston in a single day.

The university, for its part, had made some provision for students who married. Its Lincoln Apartments were set aside for "junior faculty, married graduate and undergraduate students," and the student paper that autumn had run a cheerful feature on the Dames Club, for student wives, whose "membership requirement is an MRS." Daniel and Regina, with one degree to finish in Boston and the other in Amherst, lived in Dorchester instead.

They had to decide what to do after June, and they decided on the Peace Corps.

> *So we applied for the Peace Corps and were accepted to go to Ethiopia. And we were going to, after we graduated in June of 66, we would go to Addis Ababa and learn the Ethiopian language, the main one, Amharic. And we would be like teachers in the Peace Corps. And that's what we'd do. We were very idealistic. We weren't thinking about our future so much as in that period.*

It was, he said, "our plan of what we would do together, being newly married." They had been influenced, he said, by people like Pete Seeger, and "J.F. Kennedy, who had been strong on the Peace Corps, and Martin Luther King." Seeger, in those years, was still kept off network television. Two students had asked in the university paper, in 1964, when ABC's *Hootenanny* would book him, and answered themselves: "It appears now that the answer is never." He went on singing where he could; on a Sunday night in February 1965 the Berkshire Music Barn had presented him in concert, with the McPeake Family of Ireland, at the Boys' Club in Pittsfield.

The Peace Corps was five years old and at its height. Kennedy had founded it by executive order in March 1961, and by the middle of 1965 there were 8,624 volunteers in forty-six countries, with 4,604 more in training; in 1966 it would reach its peak, 15,556 volunteers in fifty-two countries. More than forty thousand Americans applied that year, and the Peace Corps expected to take about a quarter of them. Most were single, but not all: of the volunteers in the field, 2,430, or 15 percent, were married.

Ethiopia alone had more than five hundred volunteers in the country by the summer of 1965, and the Peace Corps had lately decided that language mattered above everything; trainees now spent about three hundred hours, more than half their training, on it. One young woman back from teaching English to eleventh and twelfth graders at the Haile Selassie I Day School in Addis Ababa wrote that the hardest part of coming home was the sixty-third person to say, "Ethiopia is... by India, isn't it?" Training usually took three months, and for at least one Ethiopia program in 1966 it happened in the United States, at the University of Utah, whose staff wrote its own textbook for the purpose, *Amharic and English*, so that the trainees could learn the language they would live in and the methods for teaching the one they would teach at the same time; the language classes, its authors wrote, "aimed at giving the PCV's a practical control of Amharic."

Not everyone that spring was planning so far from home. In March the student paper announced that Selective Service would give an optional test on May 14, May 21 and June 3, and that from the fall local boards would weigh a student's score along with his grades in deciding whom to defer. In the Korean War, the paper explained, a score of 70 out of 150 had been good enough to keep an undergraduate out of the Army, and 80 a graduate student. The test, a spokesman said, was "similar to a general aptitude test," half words and half numbers.

Then the plan changed. By the late spring Daniel had been accepted at Berkeley, and, as he put it, "We had to give up the idea of going in the Peace Corps to Ethiopia." Why, and what came of Berkeley, is the next chapter's story. But there had been another option that spring, and he had

looked into it himself. The armed forces needed people who could read and speak Russian, and Daniel had even taken scientific Russian, for translating documents.

> *And they had on the border of Turkey, these stations where they were listening, listening to the Russians, right? And so, People who did that and went to Monterey got to learn all the foul language that these troops were learning. There were hundreds of slang, filthy words, such as whatever.*

The school he had in mind was the military language school at Monterey, in California. "The Army had one, and the Air Force had one in Denver in Colorado," he said. "But the Monterey one was the best one. It was very intensive, totally immersion." The Army taught languages at the Presidio of Monterey, Russian was its largest program, and in 1963 the school had become the West Coast Branch of the new Defense Language Institute.

Between 1965 and 1973 more than twenty thousand service personnel studied Vietnamese at the institute, many of them in an eight-week "survival" course. The listening stations were real as well. The Army Security Agency used linguists trained at Monterey to listen to Soviet communications from field stations that included Sinop, on Turkey's Black Sea coast, which looked and listened toward the Soviet Union until 1992; the Air Force's own listening service, with its "voice intercept and linguists," had detachments at Diyarbakır, Karamürsel, Samsun and Trabzon.

Another of the Army's stations, as it happened, was Kagnew Station, at Asmara, in what was then Ethiopia. Denver had something too. Since July 1963 Lowry Air Force Base there had been home to the Armed Forces Air Intelligence Training Center: not a language school, but an Air Force intelligence school in Denver, very nearly as Daniel remembered it.

He did not have the conversational Russian, only the academic kind. "I could read it and so forth," he said. "I had a lot of knowledge about it." If he had wanted to become a fluent speaker quickly, Monterey would have taken him. He turned it down. "I, of course, rejected that," he said, "because that's the last thing I wanted to do was be part of this military." In 1966 the draft took 382,010 men, two-thirds again as many as the year before.

❧

In June 1966 they both graduated, Regina from Simmons and Daniel from the University of Massachusetts, and both, he said, "with honors." The university held its commencement on June 12, and gave six honorary degrees, one of them to the historian Barbara Tuchman and another to the president of Hampshire College, the fifth of the valley's colleges, which had a president before it had any students. The yearbook that year lists "St. John, Daniel J." among the seniors who were not there to have their pictures taken, which, for a man commuting from Dorchester, is not hard to understand.

In a little over a year he and Regina had been engaged, put off, married in a sari and a fez, and honeymooned at a peace march. That summer the Peace Corps went on to Ethiopia without them, and in the late summer of 1966 they drove across the country to Berkeley, where the next chapter begins. What became of the hearse, Daniel did not say, and no record gives its year or its maker. What the family still has are the pictures of the wedding, in very bright color.

THE RECORDS

The university and the valley. University of Massachusetts, *Index 1965* (varsity gymnastics, pp. 246–248, and the team photograph, p. 248; the Young Independents' march); *Index 1966* (gymnastics, 2–7; Orchard Hill's Soviet Union course; "Seniors Not Pictured," p. 431); *The Massachusetts Collegian*, 1963–64 (the 1964 summer session; Seeger and *Hootenanny*), 1964–65 (the gymnastics meets of February 1965; the 1965 summer session), summer 1965 and 1965–66 (the Experiment's visit; the Dames Club; the four-college bus; the draft; the teach-out; the Peace Corps team and the placement test; the blackout; the Thanksgiving recess; Jane Roland, "UMass Students March In Viet Nam Protest"; the deferment test; the Slavic languages; commencement); University of Massachusetts, General Information Bulletins 1964–65, 1965–66 and 1966–67 (*Adventure in Higher Learning*) (tuition; physical education; married students' apartments); MLA, *Modern Foreign Language Enrollments, Fall 1963* (ERIC ED010472); U.S. Census Bureau, *Income in 1965 of Families and Persons in the United States* (P-60 No. 51, 1967); Wikipedia, "Amherst, Massachusetts"; NOAA NCEI, Amherst station USC00190120: annual precipitation 1931–1970 and daily, summer 1964.

Smith, the four colleges and Gogol. Smith College, *Catalogue 1965–66* (Four College Cooperation; Chinese 11; Russian; Paradise Pond); N. Gogol, "The Mantle," in *The Mantle and Other Stories*, tr. Claud Field (1916); Wikipedia: "Five Colleges", "Smith College", "The Overcoat (1959 film)".

The Experiment, India and the hearse. U.S. Department of Labor, "History of Federal Minimum Wage Rates"; U.S. En-

ergy Information Administration, *Annual Energy Review*, Table 5.24 (gasoline prices); L. B. Johnson, news conference, July 28, 1965 (American Presidency Project); Wikipedia: "World Learning", "Experiment in International Living", "Green Revolution in India", "Famine in India", "Indo-Pakistani war of 1965", "John F. Kennedy International Airport", "Cadillac Commercial Chassis", "Hearse".

Boston and the wedding. Simmons College, *Course Catalog 1965*; Boston School Committee, *Manual of the Public Schools of the City of Boston*, 1965 (Girls' Latin School); Massachusetts General Laws, c. 207 §28A (and §19, §28); NOAA NCEI, Boston Logan USW00014739, November 1965 and February 1966; Wikipedia: "Simmons University", "Prudential Tower", "Prudential Center", "Massachusetts Turnpike", "Northeast blackout of 1965" (article and wikitext), "Marriage license", "Boston Latin Academy" (Girls' Latin School), "Boston desegregation busing crisis", "Boston", "Columbia Point, Boston", "Bobbi Gibb".

Washington, November 27, 1965. *The Tech* (MIT), vol. 85 no. 26, December 1, 1965 (Ted Nygreen on the march); J. F. Kennedy, address on nuclear testing, March 2, 1962 (American Presidency Project); NOAA NCEI, Washington National, November 24–28, 1965; Wikipedia: "Peace Action" (SANE), "Coretta Scott King", "Benjamin Spock", "Carl Oglesby", "Operation Dominic", "Partial Nuclear Test Ban Treaty".

The Peace Corps, the draft and Monterey. Peace Corps, *4th Annual Report* (FY1965) and *5th Annual Report* (FY1966); Peace Corps and University of Utah, *Amharic and English* (1966) (ERIC ED132839); Wikipedia: "Peace Corps", "Selective Service System", "Conscription in the United States", "Defense Language Institute", "Sinop, Turkey", "Army Security Agency", "United States Air Force Security Service", "Lowry Air Force Base".

The epigraph. Emily Dickinson, "Your riches taught me poverty," in *Poems by Emily Dickinson, Three Series* (Second Series, 1891; Project Gutenberg).

Further sources consulted. *Index* 1964; Kennedy, remarks at Amherst College, October 26, 1963; *Report of the Town of Amherst*, 1960; University of Massachusetts newsletters, 1962–72; *The Tech*, November 17, 1965 and November 23, 1965; NOAA NCEI, Amherst daily, 1965 and New Delhi (Safdarjung), July–August 1965; BLS CPI via FRED; Robert Frost, *Mountain Interval*, *A Boy's Will* and *New Hampshire*; Project Gutenberg search and author pages for Gogol; Ethiopia & Eritrea RPCVs; Library of Congress photo searches for the November 1965 march; American Presidency Project searches (draft calls); Internet Archive searches and for Gogol editions; Wikipedia: "Assassination of John F. Kennedy", "Robert Frost", "Women Strike for Peace", "Norman Morrison", "1965 March against the Vietnam War", "Amherst College", "Eastern Intercollegiate Gymnastics League", "Putney, Vermont", "Donald Watt" (another man), "Codman Square District", "Amherst Regional High School", "Miller-Meteor", "Dorchester, Boston", "Northampton, Massachusetts", "Gymnastics at the 1964 Summer Olympics", "Quabbin Reservoir", "Karamürsel", "Sylvan Theater" (Seattle's), "Racial Imbalance Act" (no such article), "1965–66 Boston Celtics season", "Lal Bahadur Shastri".

Cached copies: facts/records/_raw/regina/ and _raw/college-and-the-paper-mill/; full list with dates: dossiers/regina/SOURCES.csv.