

# The Woodstock Tales

*À la Recherche des Choses Perdues*





Peter Scheiber  
Class of 1961

# THE WOODSTOCK TALES

*À la Recherche des Choses Perdues*

This small volume is presented in memory of:

Peter Scheiber  
Brewery and her pups  
The original Westport Cupids

Renn Fayre, Reed College, 2007

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## INTRODUCTION

The Doyle Owl is well known to Reed students past and present, even appearing in Wikipedia. What few people know, however, is that at one time there were also the Westport Cupids. The details of their provenance are obscured by time, but the purpose of this booklet is to describe their end.

They were a group of three cherubs on a pedestal, cast in bronze. How they came to be in the possession of Westport is unclear, but we believe they had been purchased at a garage sale or antique store in Portland in the late 1950's.

Sometime circa 1959, they were to be displayed at an open house on campus - maybe in Westport, but we think in Anna Mann. The plan was to protect the statue from capture by electrifying it. This was a clever idea, except for one fatal flaw: someone could simply pull the dorm's fuse. That's what happened, and the Cupids disappeared in the dark.

Shortly thereafter they appeared atop the chimney of the Commons, today's Student Union. We believed they had been placed there by a mountain-climbing student named Peter Scheiber.

Peter was a trickster. One time he and his buddies removed the furniture from one of the dormitory recreation rooms. It took the school quite a while to figure out that the missing furniture was hidden in plain sight - distributed among rec rooms in the other dorms.

Then there was the bell, spirited away from George Fox College (now University) during a basketball game. The Reed guys left a treasure hunt of clues around town, which put the George Fox students hot on their trail. The idea was to hang the bell from the Hawthorne Bridge, but something went wrong and when the rope reached its full extent, the bell kept on going. It took scuba divers to retrieve the trophy and return it to its rightful owners.

Perhaps the most well-known incident came when Peter proposed to alter a large sign on the side of the then J. K. Gill building in downtown Portland. The sign invited people to "CALL GILL'S" for their office needs and Peter set out to change the first "L" in "GILL'S" to an "R". This was particularly daring, as a police station was just around the corner. But the joke was on Peter; he inadvertently changed the wrong "L", as shown in this Oregonian photo:



Undaunted, he returned later to make the correction.

When the Westport Cupids appeared at a dizzying height above the Commons roof, the three of us, with the honor of our dorm at stake, set out on our own Mission Impossible. Since we had no climbing experience, however, our options were limited.

We decided to have Kelly climb onto the roof and simply push the cupids overboard with a pole. Carol and Marjorie would be waiting below to catch them in a mattress. Incidentally, in those days, the area next to the building along that side was grassy ground.

We regret that we ever attempted a rescue. The idea was harebrained to begin with, since there was no guarantee the cupids would survive, even if they hit the mattress. As it is, we'll never know. We had become the agents of destruction.

What followed is a blur. We believed that Peter was coming back, so we frantically gathered up the pieces, then ran and threw them through an open lower Westport window. We don't remember whether we carried the mattress through the door at a run or went back for it later.

The body parts ended up in a bag in the basement, and all that now remains is one arm that Marjorie kept as a memento, its small hand still clutching a red-painted heart.

We are here to atone. Not being able to find a statue that resembles the charming original, we have come to Renn Fayre 2007 to present to Westport the best substitute we could find. It consists of four cherubs around an urn containing the long-lost arm.

We were sad to learn that Peter died of a brain tumor in 1985, and thus would never know the ending to the story.

May the spirit of the Cupids watch over Westport and their successors in title.

Kelly (or Carolyn) Pomeroy, Class of '61  
Marjorie Ireland, née Roston, Class of '62  
Carol Hurwitz, née Petterson, Class of '62

aka: The Three Musketeers  
aka: The Three Witches

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The Owl's Tale: A Word from the Wise  
by D. Owl

You might think, given my density and my age - even at the close of the 1950's - that I would find it difficult to become airborne. But don't think for a minute that all of my many absences over the years have been due entirely to the shenanigans of the Homo sometimes-not-so-sapient denizens of this illustrious institution. I have been known to take an occasional sabbatical of my own. But I digress.

On the night in question, I happened to be cooling my jets on the roof of the old dining hall - now the Student Union - wondering if it was an opportune time to show myself to hoi polloi (don't you just hate it when people say "the hoi polloi"?) on campus.

I want to assure you that there is no truth whatsoever to the charge that sibling rivalry played a part in my attitude toward the Westport Cupids.

The fact is, I welcomed the respite an alternate target would provide, trophywise. I have suffered repeated indignities over the years, and I am only too happy to share the limelight with anyone whose presence will give these old bones a break - oh, poor choice of words! - from further jostling. Even those *endearing* babes cavorting on their

pedestal, naked as jaybirds! (Who am I to talk about lack of clothing, you ask? My dears, I am beautifully arrayed in nature's finest sartorial offering. I am not, furthermore, obese! But, again, I stray from the point.)

While focusing my keen sensibilities on the business at hand, and only occasionally dozing off, my ruminations - OK, my crop grindings, if you want to be a stickler - were interrupted by a bizarre sequence of events.

First, a mountain climber in full regalia showed up on the roof with the aforementioned chubby brats in tow, and proceeded to scale the chimney. (I happen to know that the chimney *needed* scaling; but I had envisioned that as being an *inside* job...if you'll allow me my little witticism.)

I was worried the lad might get a *cramp on* the chimney and come to a bad end! (You'll have to forgive me. Being regularly locked away for months at a time makes me a little giddy when I manage to escape for a time.)

Anyway, that knave was no more descended to his proper realm and out of sight than a trio of co-eds appeared from nowhere and began surveying the scene.

I must have lost focus for a moment, because the next thing I knew, they had a ladder and one of them was climbing onto the roof! I thought she was going to practice something akin to a high-wire act along the ridgeline, because she was carrying a long pole.

I figured her companions were there to serve as the audience, since they produced a mattress to sit on - and,

surely, pop corn could not be far behind. That really got my attention!

But they didn't sit on the mattress, they held it horizontally between them. And suddenly those bronze cherubim were taking a nose dive. It looked as though they were aiming for the mattress - no doubt they were hoping for pop corn too - but, alas! - they missed the target. Gave a whole new meaning to "sticking the landing"!

They didn't stick for long, though, because those three primates did a scoop and run...just what some experts say the French EMTs should have done with Princess Diana, instead of fooling around trying to stabilize her ("stay and play"). But apparently the kids bled to death anyway, because I haven't seen hide nor hair of them since that night.

I'm not sure what happened to the human threesome, either, since they haven't been around for eons, as far as I know. Nor that Papageno who first invaded my aerie. So I've had the campus to myself again, lo, these many years, without those metal homunculi to vex me.

But you know what? The truth is that I kind of miss them.



## The Dog's Tale: Confessions of Brewery

My name is Brewery. Unofficially, I lived at Anna Mann at the time of these incidents. I was medium-sized, long-haired, and was told that I was both sweet and appealing. I think it's because of the litter of pups that they realized I was appealing not only to humans.

But there's more to the story than that. You see, I had a secret admirer. He was shy and only came around at night, so I was the only one who knew about him. I called him Doofus, which wasn't very nice, but I only called him that in my mind.

He really wasn't my type, with his boxy head, ribs showing beneath his dull coat, and perpetual BO. If he didn't have halitosis as well, it's only because he slobbered so much that the germs were constantly washed away. I guess I'd be shy too, if I were him.

Well, I won't say he stalked me, exactly, because he knew how I felt about him...though, true to my nature, I tried to be nice about it. As long as he didn't get too close, I pretty much ignored him. Yet he remained ever hopeful, and followed me around at night at a respectful distance.

But this one night, something strange happened. I was walking past the old Commons, when I noticed a group of three small children standing very still on top of the chimney. I could have sworn that one of them was looking

at me, and suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my side. I think that kid must have thrown a rock at me or something.

The pain wasn't all that bad, but it must have affected my mind, because I began to feel a warmth all through my body. Most amazing of all, when I looked over at Doofus, who, as usual, was nearby, he looked pretty good to me!

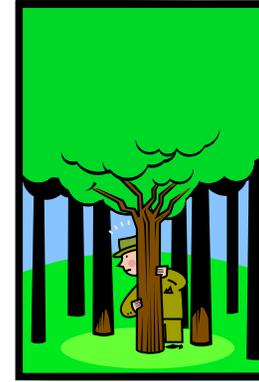
I had noticed that some of the students who were smokers would get very mellow after they'd had a cigarette, and I imagine they must have felt the way I did at that moment. I thought, what the heck, why not give Doofus what he wants, just this once.

So I did. At first he couldn't believe I really meant it, so I had to repeat the offer a couple of times before he sprang into action. I'm not sure he believed his good luck, but he wasn't taking any chances that I might change my mind.

When it was over, I was about to make sure he understood it was a one-time thing, when a heavy object fell out of the sky and hit him on the side of the head! He staggered and ran off into the canyon. Luckily, he was stunned, so he really didn't suffer too much, and he died shortly after that.

How do I know whether he suffered? Because when I eventually died, myself, and went through the pearly gates, guess who was waiting for me! I have to say, he cleaned up pretty nice. And what with watching over our children and grandchildren, and *their* children and grandchildren - all of whom have now joined us - we grew pretty close.

We like to think of Reed as one big happy family, too. Sometimes it takes a little effort to see it that way, but basically, I think it's true.



### A Vision in a Grove

by Cole R. Hill, Senior in English Literature

This whole affair strikes me as having a very poetic quality to it. In fact, as I was reclining under some canyon verdure the other day, having taken a little Xanax to help me relax, what with finals and thesis deadline coming up, I got to pondering the pathos and bathos of these extraordinary accounts. I don't know if I drifted off, or what, but there came to me such a vivid and startling reverie that, when it was over, I felt compelled to pull out my Blackberry and record it:

In Westport dorm did residents  
A bronzy cupid dome display,  
Where Pete, the mountain climbing man  
Through passageways all darkened ran,  
To where a footpath lay.  
A hundred feet of paved ground  
With walls and roofs were girdled round  
And there were rooms all bright with sinful girls,

And through the trees a little ways away  
There blossomed high above the world  
A cherub trio, cast in bronze, belayed.

But oh! that lofty pinnacle o'r slanted  
Grayish slate that served as worthy cover!  
Precarious place! it was so wholly canted  
As e'er beneath a Portland sky was haunted  
By co-ed wailing for her missing sculpture!  
And from this spot, by pole and frantic thrusting,  
As if the stick for contact, sooth, were lusting,  
The spritely threesome soon was forced:  
Amid whose swift ensuing burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail;  
Those cherubs were fore'er beyond the pale.

There was actually more to my vision than that, but my  
mind has a poor lock on the details - whether because of the  
Xanax or the stress that caused me to take it, I don't know.



### The Staff Weighs In

#### Heist N. Berg, Professor of Physics

Mr. Owl might have pointed out that this misadventure also gave new meaning to the phrase "terminal velocity"! My colleague, Prof. Figg, considers it a redeeming feature of the boondoggle that it served as a satisfying demonstration of the second law of thermodynamics. Entropy certainly increased for that statue! It seems a shame that Ms. Pomeroy did not throw herself overboard at the same time, thus turning it into a Galilean demonstration as well.

There's too much uncertainty as to the amount of friction between the owl and the cupids, so I won't try to quantify it. I'll leave that discussion for the psychology department.

#### Randy Young, Assistant Professor of Psychology

Friction is, indeed, quite relevant here, given what kind of symbol the owl obviously represents, and the clearly libidinous aura of the frolicking nudes. But perhaps the less said about this, the better, given current attitudes toward child pornography.

Mlle. May Wee, Instructor in French

Mon Dieu!

Bra'n Girdle, Instructor in Logic

I would like to point out that while all this is a fine, albeit incomplete, story, the statements herein cannot be proven nor can their negation be proven. Not to mention, this statement is false. Quod erat demonstrandum.

Zena Fletcher O'Hare, Professor of Mathematics

I don't know what all the fuss is about, since the cherubs never left the chimney. In order for them to hit the ground, they would first have to go halfway there, but before they went halfway, they would have to go a quarter of the way, and so forth. No matter how short a distance you envisioned as the initial distance, it can always be cut in half, so it really isn't the initial distance. If there's no initial distance, they can never even get started.

Even if they could get started, in every moment of their flight they would be at rest in a space just their own size. And since at every moment they're in a space just their own size, they're always at rest.

It's a good thing, too, because if they *had* fallen, even the owl could not have saved them...had he been so inclined. Each time he got to where they had been, they would have moved on. If you think this reasoning is tortuous, give it a little more thought. That might bring it to heel!

Festina Schnell, P.E. Instructor:

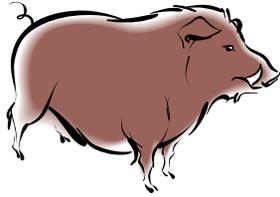
Now I know why I'm so zenophobic! Anyway, had I been here at the time, I most certainly would have given credit for this exercise.

Pablo Kunstler, Professor of Art History:

And I will give credit for any artwork depicting this moment in Reed history, and will sponsor a competition for the best entry, to be decided by a campus vote.

Chauncey Spiffer, Custodial Engineer:

Whichever custodian loaned those dizzy broads the ladder must have been out of his freakin' mind. Well, I'm just glad I didn't have to clean up the mess.



## Sweet Memories of the Grand Ole Apri by Kelly Pomeroy

My boyfriend at Reed was the son of a blacklisted screenwriter. One day we made a game of plotting to blow up the Pentagon. My father was a chemist, and I said I would write to him for information on how to make a bomb. The letter was straightforward, and Bill watched with incredulity as I dropped it into a public mail collection box.

I have never been so proud of my dad as the day I got his equally straightforward reply. "Darling Daughter," it began, and he told me what chemicals to use. He trusted me enough to know that I had not turned into a violent revolutionary in this hotbed of radicalism. (Years later, a stranger on a train would become convinced I was the fugitive Patty Hearst!)

I then tracked down a couple of small bottles and filled them with harmless chemicals that looked as though they might be what my dad had prescribed. When I showed them to Bill, he went white as a sheet!



In November 1959, Oregonian employees embarked on what would become a bitter, and ultimately unsuccessful, five-year strike, and some students began joining the picket line in solidarity. I was not one of these...at least not until Mayor Terry Shrunken issued a proclamation banning the students from participating. Then I joined the line on behalf of the Bill of Rights.

My recollection is that there were nine Reed students, three of whom returned to campus when the paddy wagon arrived. The other six of us were arrested. We had barely been locked up, however, when we were told to get our coats.

It turned out a local group of lovely old radicals had posted our bond. I found myself back on the street, without having been asked if I wanted to be bailed out. After several court dates and postponements, the charges were finally dropped.

I have always felt cheated out of my night in jail. After all, I had come to Portland for an education.



One day someone paid a visit to Westport, apparently to see if Reedies really were the left-wing, free-loving hippies they were reputed to be. I obliged by letting down my long hair, stocking one of my rear pockets with a book about Marx or Lenin and the other with a hip flask - both of

which I had borrowed from other students - and ran a routine on the hapless visitor.



I was always grateful that intercollegiate sports were de-emphasized at Reed. Where else could an announcement at dinner of our latest resounding defeat at 7-man touch football be resoundingly cheered? One time we won, and that announcement was greeted with boos.

That must have been the time we beat a local Christian college, leaving their co-eds in tears. In that case, our guys went too far. At half time, a semi-naked Reed student wearing a crown of thorns and dragging a large cross came onto the field, scourged by another Reed student who followed along behind. This should never have happened.

That may also be the game where Peter Scheiber faked everyone out by pretending to throw the ball, but throwing a frisbee instead. While everyone went piling after the frisbee, he made off with the ball.



I am also grateful to Linus Pauling's daughter, Linda. Two of the Pauling kids went to Reed - Crellin was still there when I was - and before I headed off for my freshman year I somehow found the courage (read: chutzpah) to call up Linda and ask her about the college. My excuse was that my dad had known Linus when they were both students at Caltech. Linda was incredibly patient and gracious, given that I had called on her wedding day! She insisted on answering all my questions.



I have always hated ironing, but it's amazing how attractive ironing can be when it's an alternative to studying. I heard about one Reed student who ironed her sheets. Boy, she must have *really* hated studying! I bet that whatever students do for escape these days is a lot more fun...



I miss the old Farmer's Market, which extended across two blocks in downtown Portland and was open daily. I remember returning to campus with a loaf of black Russian rye and a ripe avocado...and hiding out so I wouldn't have to share until I'd had my fill.



I was majoring in political science because I thought it was my duty as a good citizen to know about such matters. After pretty much blowing my junior year, I came to my senses, transferred to Berkeley, and took a degree in linguistics - which was not available at Reed in those days.

The Reed honor system got me into trouble at Cal. Forgetting that I was no longer at Reed, I walked into the bookstore one day carrying two expensive Sanskrit texts I had purchased the day before. I realized my mistake as soon as I was through the turnstile, and tried to reach across to the shelves outside to stow my books. But I was caught, my books were confiscated, and I ran home to see if I could find the sales slip. I lucked out: it was in my wastebasket.



For years, Reed stayed with me in my dreams. But I didn't return until the beginning of the 2003-2004 school year, when I made a short visit to campus and shed a few nostalgic tears of my own. There had been many changes. The entrance to the library had been moved, in deference to the ginkoes...or, rather, in self defense against them, as students would track in the noisome fruit.

How nice to be associated with an institution that would go to such lengths to keep from cutting down trees! Reminds me of the story of Mohammed cutting off his sleeve to avoid disturbing his sleeping cat, Muezza I wonder if that was before or after he resolved not to murder any more infant daughters he might sire...

(In the same vein, I understand that Albert Schweitzer became ambidextrous so that if his cat Sizi was sleeping on one of his arms, he could still write prescriptions with the other hand.)

While on that visit, I was told the Commons had been renovated some years before. But that was the "new" Commons; that building did not even *exist* when I was at Reed! Isn't that where the infirmary was - a little wooden cottage painted green? My freshman year I was in the New Women's Dorm, later known as McNaughton. Now there are other new dorms.

The change that has made me the saddest is that the Wednesday night folk dancing exists no more as a vital part of student life. Students used to pack the old Student

Union, located where Vollum now stands, and raise the roof with their exuberance.



My island stands still. The water that washed its shores is long gone to the sea.

I miss you, Reed.



Kelly



## From Texas to Reed (but not back)

by Marjorie Ireland

I asked Kelly if the rumor was true that the cupids had once been owned by the grandson of Genghis Kahn and kept in his stately palace on the shores of the River Omeg, but had been swept out to sea in a flood. Her only comment was that I was probably confusing them with Wynken, Blynken and Nod. I disagree, but there's no reasoning with that woman.

I do agree with her, however, about how wonderful it was to be on a campus that was not obsessed with athletics. Which puts me in mind of a poem I wrote in high school in Dallas, where football was worshiped right up there with Jesus:

Whan that October with his drizzles colde  
The spirit of football chills for young and olde,  
And bathes every fan in chilly dew  
Of which vertu engendered is the flu;

Whan Jack Froste hiding in the grasse  
Goes painting ice on every pane of glasse;  
Than longen folk to stay by the fire side,  
And curse the early winter far and wide!



I had been advised that it didn't get "colde" in Portland so I was surprised when the first snow fell. I wished I had brought along Rosebud. (That's what I called my longjohns.)



My biggest concern before I started Reed, while I was still in Dallas and contemplating living in a dorm with roommates, was what to do when Sunday morning rolled around. I assumed - based on my experience in Dallas - that my two assigned roommates, Kelly and Carol, would expect me to go to church. What would I tell them? (I was an unobservant Jew.) How would I weasel out of it? So imagine my astonishment when Kelly casually, unapologetically, announced that she was an atheist, and Carol that she was an agnostic. I don't think I'd even heard the words before. And Kelly was also a fervent socialist. Openly! We talked and talked late into the nights. We hit it off immediately and we've remained close friends all these years.

And it was ok to be Jewish! Indeed, it seemed like half the student body was Jewish, and also much of the faculty. And nobody apologized or kept it hidden, as I had in Dallas. In the spring the school put on a huge Passover Seder in the Commons. That was the first Seder I had ever attended. It was tremendous fun!

Reed was heaven! Such heaven!



There was a camping trip up in the mountains for incoming students just before school started. We slept in large tents, and hiked around, ate real camp food, got to know some of the other students. On the bus ride back to Reed, someone discovered that one student came from a working class family near San Francisco. Her father was a mailman. I thought, she must be so embarrassed that they found out. But, astonishingly, everyone around her seemed to think it was something she should be quite proud of - that the daughter of a mailman could make it into Reed. Another chink in the bourgeois armor I had grown up in.



Near the beginning of my freshman year someone hung a large, beautifully calligraphed sign over the mezzanine banister in the dining hall. It read, "Defer Immediate Gratification." I was not yet the sophisticated, intellectual student I aspired to become; I didn't know what it meant. Of course, eventually I did, and it was good advice for students. Assuming they understood it.



A student in my class was the daughter of a famous depression era painter. She was quite striking: tall, large, you could say fleshy, with thick, black, unkempt curly hair; the culture wouldn't have defined her as attractive, yet she exuded such self-confidence and poise that I hardly knew what to make of her. Yet

another chink! We became friends, and she gave me a painting she had made of a field of flowers. Years later I would see little drawings of hers in the New Yorker magazine.



Our dorm room was on the top floor of Westport. There was a balcony outside our window and I figured out how to climb from there to the roof, where I basked in the sunset's rosy fingers.

Students put audio speakers in their dorm windows and blasted baroque music into the common areas. Purcell, Telemann, Vivaldi. I'd never heard baroque music before. Such heaven!



Wednesday evenings there was folk dancing; everything from schmaltzy waltzes to Serbo-Croatian kolos with tricky Balkan rhythms. We flew around the room, bodies and souls soaring to the captivating music.

Every Friday evening there was a free movie in the lecture hall. That's where I first saw Ingmar Bergman films and American classics like Citizen Kane.

On Sunday evenings when the dining hall was closed, we'd go on long walks through the nearby golf course, usually managing to wind up at a café that served "California burgers" - hamburgers with tomato and lettuce, then a new and fashionable item - and hot apple dumplings with vanilla ice cream. Sometimes we'd

walk into downtown Portland and stop off at a bakery that offered donuts just out of the oven. Sublime!

The school brought in Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie. Folk music fused with radical politics, a heady mix.

And Pizza! I'd never had pizza before. And baklava.



I started out as a biology major. By the end of my first year I realized, to my surprise, that I'd enjoyed the botany component of Bio 11 more than the zoology. I had been astonished to learn about the "alternation of generations" of higher plants. Who would have guessed?

I think my favorite class was Comparative Anatomy and Embryology, a second-year course that compared the anatomy of various vertebrates, especially in their embryonic forms. We spent a lot of time looking at cross sections of the embryos under the microscope, and we made sketches from the slides. I so enjoyed making those drawings that I thought I'd like to be a textbook illustrator. When I mentioned that to my advisor, he pointed out that I'd have to take a year of medical school, learning human anatomy from cadavers. Never mind... I wasn't going to mess with cadavers!

I recently ran across a poem that circulated in that class, and I'm too fond of it to leave it out of these Reed reminiscences:

## Song of the Biologist (sung to the tune of "Oh, Christmas Tree")

Be glad you are an enteron  
And that you're not coelenteron!  
You need no excretory pores,  
Your feeding system has two doors,  
Oh, if you have an enteron,  
Then you are not coelenteron!

Coeloms are nice, they separate  
Your in from out, they lubricate,  
And though you may feel wet inside,  
Your organ system won't be dried;  
Oh, coelemate, please celebrate,  
Because you aren't acoelomate!

Oh, crowning height of spec'lization,  
Let us all cheer for ceph'lization!  
If you will only cogitate  
Your head will not degenerate;  
All those with heads praise cranium  
For it protects your brainium.

Be glad you have some mesoderm.  
This means you have three layers, germ.  
This means you won't have in your belly,  
Like our friend, a mass of jelly.  
To many systems mes. gave rise,  
Grow mesoderm and specialize.

Be glad you do not propagate  
At fruit flies' terrifying rate.

Or if nine million eggs you had  
Like codfish you'd be very sad.  
Remember when you propagate,  
For peace of mind, please moderate!

In summary, your joy affirm  
That you are not the lowly worm!  
Were your roles changed it might be true  
That he would be dissecting you.  
Of evolution be a fan –  
Remember what it's done for Man.



In my third year I took an introductory class in anthropology and sociology. It was archeology I was actually interested in. I wanted to know how our prehistoric ancestors had lived. How had we evolved from the other apes? When had we acquired language?

I naively thought there were answers to these questions. And I thought sociology would help me understand the social world, which so puzzled and perplexed me, and which I could barely bring myself to look at directly.

The sociology professor encouraged me to change my major to sociology, which I did. Later I would regret this decision, having come to suspect that sociology is 95% bunk. When I was much older, nearly 50, I entered a graduate program in biostatistics, which really suits me much better than sociology. It just takes some of us a long time to figure out what we want to do.

As I began directing my attention to sociology, I became less and less interested in the organic chemistry class I was taking. I had never liked chemistry to begin with, and was taking this class only because it was a requirement for biology majors.

At the beginning of the term I had written a paper about molecular bonds. I was intrigued by the topic, and the teacher gave me an A on the paper. But by the middle of the term my interest was flagging, and I only got a C on the midterm. Then I flunked the final. I had taken way too literally the Reed ethic that you should study a subject only because you love it. Oh, well, I thought, I'm getting out of biology, so it doesn't matter very much; I assumed I'd at least pass the class.

Wrong! I was totally shocked to find that the professor had given me an F. That didn't seem fair! I had done well enough in the first half of the class – surely I should at least have passed it! When I went to talk to him though, he dismissed me, referring to my change of major and demonstrating his own liberal education. "Oh well, Marjorie," he said, "The proper study of womankind is man."



Sometime during that year I fell in with another student, a very talented violist who played in the Portland Symphony. We had a goofy, entirely non-romantic relationship. We took to calling each other Griggle. After we had left Reed and were corresponding, we would both address our letters, "Dear Griggle," and sign off, "Love,

Griggle”. He took me into downtown Portland for string quartet concerts. I’d never heard string quartet music before. At first, I thought it was an acquired taste; I liked the fast movements well enough, but I wasn’t so sure about the slow ones. Eventually they grew on me though; I came to really love string quartets and chamber music generally.



I think I was one of the least prepared students at Reed. But for that very reason, I probably gained more from my experiences here. Reed totally changed my life, and I’ve never looked back.



Marjorie (Rufus)



### Abandon Hope, All Ye Who Ask for Pie by Carol Hurwitz et al.

When Kelly and Marjorie asked me to write something for this booklet, the chances of my doing it put me in mind of the proverbial snowball in you-know-where. It wasn't only the fact that I'm teaching fourteen units of college math without a student aide and have a seemingly unending array of family and social obligations. It wasn't even the major health issues with which I returned from a trip to Laos, on top of a few preexisting conditions.

No, expedient as those excuses may be, the truth is that, at my age, the little grey cells can be squeezed only so much. When Marjorie asked me what I missed most about Reed, the only thing that came to mind was the folk dancing. I was surprised to learn that she and Kelly had both come up with that same thing. Who'd'a thunk it??

When she asked me what I *didn't* like about Reed, a silly incident popped into my head from my days as a "hasher" in the Commons. Yes, Dearies, we were quite civilized in those days, with linen on the tables at dinner, and fellow students to transport delicacies from the kitchen to the

eagerly awaiting thron. Your current system is rather pedestrian by comparison.

In any case, one day the cooks forgot to put sugar in the chocolate cream pie. Now, keep in mind that the hashers tended to take a lot of abuse from the leisured classes they served, so I did not want to deliver the defective dessert. I had no intention of putting my lips - or anyone else's - to that dreadful thing. I may have gotten a speck of whipped cream on my apron, but I did not have gustatory relations with that pie! The forces of darkness prevailed, however, and I had to do the nasty.



Such were the profundities of my Reed experience. With tons of math papers now sitting on my desk waiting to be corrected - a dismal task, given the general level of preparedness of my students - I am going to turn you over to the British journal *New Scientist*, which recently ran a contest in which entrants were asked to compose text message reports from an alien who has just arrived on Earth. Here are a few of my favorite entries, some of which bring to mind a parent stumbling onto the Reed campus for the first time.

It's life, Jim, but not as we know it.  
*Justin Byrne, Dublin, Ireland*

Our assumptions were wrong. Their diet is so full of unhealthy chemicals they don't taste at all like chicken. Even their chickens don't taste like chicken.  
*Yonatan Silver, Jerusalem*

We followed the wormhole, and have now discovered the source of the wet socks (of the singular kind) which are spontaneously materializing on our planet.  
*Peter Hicks, Harrogate, North Yorkshire, UK*

See pic. This one will look good on veranda. We can come back for the ones with rings.  
*John Alderson, Reading, Berkshire, UK*

Too late. Another one overrun by Starbucks.  
*Len Cooke, Wokingham, Berkshire, UK*

Arrived safely. Weather chilly, but improving steadily over the next century or so. Found out why Aunty didn't come back from her Roswell trip.  
*Stephen Harrowing, Flitwick, Bedfordshire, UK*

OMG you have to see how they procreate.  
*Justin Byrne, Dublin, Ireland*



Carol (Fireball)

## EPILOGUE

This section is to bring you up to date on what has happened between the printing of the first edition of *The Woodstock Tales* and the present (March 2012).

Kelly took the Cupids to a meeting at Westport Dorm on April 25th, 2007 to introduce them to the house and briefly tell their story prior to the public presentation. When she was removing them from the car, however, she bumped them against the door frame. It was only a small tap, but that was enough to knock the head off of one of the cupids. Oops! Move over Louis Armstrong and Britney Spears; *we did it again!*\*

The statue is made of Durastone, a cement-like commercial product that we were led to believe was very durable, as its name suggests. It may be, but the cupids turned out to be at least partially hollow, and the necks are quite thin. Repairs were made the next day, with the help of ceramicist Geoffrey Pagen of the Reed Art Department, and a double-barreled tube of epoxy.

In early April of 2008, Marjorie flew with her young granddaughter from Minneapolis to Hawai'i to visit Kelly, and she brought a special gift. While cleaning out the drawer in which she had kept the cupid's arm for all those years, she had come across a little metal finger - the one that had been missing when we glued the cupid's arm into the urn. After all the grief Kelly had given her when they

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\* The song "Oops!...I Did it Again" may have been made famous by Britney Spears in 2000, but it was first recorded by Louis Armstrong in 1932. In our case, it refers to the fact that we broke the cupids again.

were working on the booklet together, she could hardly wait to give Kelly the finger!

In the Spring 2008 issue of Reed Magazine, Kelly asked for anyone who had information about the original Cupids - and maybe even a photo! - to contact her. The editors inserted the item at the end of a letter from Kelly on a different topic but, luckily, it was seen by one crucial person: Chilton Gregory, '60. This was his response:

My involvement with the Cupids is as follows:

I was living at 1505 SE Lambert St. with Mike Munk, David Digby, Tom Bransten et.al. Paul Robeson was there once after a concert, as well as Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee. They liked to party.

There was a musty basement. In the basement was a lot of old stuff, including the cupids. I contributed them to the FBI. [Foster Boys, Inc. - Ed.]

I recall them, visually, as having been made of pewter. Could they have been painted over? It was a long time ago.

I called them "Les enfants", then for a while they were referred to as "Chilton's children". Later, they were named the Cupids. The addition of Westport came yet again later.

This was about the extent of my involvement, and about all that I recall.

Later I heard that there was a disaster.

I wonder if they were valuable; nobody thought so at the time.

Chilton's suggestion that the statue might be made of pewter put egg on our faces. We should have realized, from the broken pieces we had, that the thing was made of a grey metal, surfaced in bronze, or something that looked like it. If it had been solid bronze, maybe it would have better survived the fall.

One piece of the puzzle is still missing. How did the Cupids come to be associated with Westport Dorm?

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The Cupids are now in possession of the Hauser Library Archives on the Reed campus, along with the finger, several copies of the hardcopy original edition of the *Tales*, and the corresponding version of the CupidsNotes (including part of this epilogue) which explains some of the obscure references in the booklet. Space does not allow a permanent display, but perhaps the Cupids will be brought out from time to time on special occasions. They made an appearance at the Reed Centennial in 2011, and if they are seen no more, at least we did what we could to rectify our foolhardiness. If we had it to do over again, we certainly would not...but 20-20 hindsight is not particularly helpful.

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**A sad postscript: On September 11, 2009, Marjorie lost a long battle with ovarian cancer. I'm so glad she and Carol and I made the trip to Reed in April of 2007 to tell our story and present the new cupids...and so sorry that she could not join Carol and me at the Reed Centennial festivities last year.**

Since I am keeper of the Cupid files, when my time comes, there will be no one to report my passing, and the westportcupids.net website will eventually disappear from the internet. To contact me in the meantime, email me at [kpterra@gmail.com](mailto:kpterra@gmail.com). If that doesn't work, check the website, in case I've gotten fed up with Gmail and switched.

--Kelly, March 2012



Carol, Kelly, Marjorie, and the new Westport Cupids  
Reed College, April 28, 2007



The Cupids and New Friends

[We aren't sure whether that large lump next to the cupids is the Doyle Owl or a giant regurgitation pellet, but it's the spirit that counts.]



**If you have any additional information about the original Cupids, or - dare we hope! - a photo of them, please contact us. We would also love to hear your theory as to what the arm in the urn is holding. The crowned heart of Jesus? A strawberry? Hand grenade? Or maybe the Little King of *New Yorker* fame, after he became colorized and got his own comic strip.**



**Peter Scheiber\***  
1938 – 1985

\*Erratum: see CupidsNotes regarding this photo

