

PART III - COLLEGE YEARS

University of Virginia

In February, 1946, the University of Virginia (UVA) was my only choice if I wanted to go to college right away. But it was so far from home that I thought I would just forget the whole thing for the moment and stay put. My excuse was going to be that I still had trouble walking long distances, and with all the returning servicemen I didn't want to take my chances on where I would live. I wrote UVA asking if they would reserve a dormitory room for me, and to my surprise I received a telegram saying that they had reserved a room for me on the main grounds. That was impressive and it blew my excuse for not going.

I arrived in Charlottesville by train—the Southern Railway's Tennessean—on Saturday afternoon, February 24, 1946. I stayed that night at the Albemarle Hotel on Main Street and went to the University the next day. I reported to the housing office in the basement of the Rotunda and was given the key to 31 West Lawn. When I got to my room I met my roommate, Frank Hubbell from Charlottesville. I roomed with Frank on and off for three years. He was the son of a career army officer who was a graduate of West Point and the step-son of Major General Peyton. General Peyton was the roommate of General George Marshall at V.M.I. and was one of the highest ranking officers in the army at the beginning of World War II. Unfortunately, he had a heart attack in 1942 and had to spend the rest of the war as the commander of Fort Jackson in South Carolina. Frank was not the rugged army type and had disappointed himself by failing officers candidate school. He finished

the war as a corporal, so we had that in common. He had gone to Kent School in Connecticut and was quite the gentleman. He often said he took a hayseed from Arkansas (me) and made a gentleman of him.

On Monday we went to Cabell Hall to register. When I met Dean Ivy Lewis—in those days deans registered everyone—I told him I was interested in architecture. He told me that I could not go to the architecture school unless I had been accepted ahead of time; the only possibility was to spend a year in the College of Arts and Sciences and then transfer. So I registered for the college.

Except for Chemistry, all my classes were on the Lawn, either in Cabell Hall or in the Language Pavilion. I took Chemistry, Math, English and French. I made B's in the first three and a D in French. I was very disappointed in my Chemistry and Math grades, as I was sure I had earned A's. I was happy with the English grade and delighted I had not failed French. I just could not understand the spoken exercises.

Clothes were a big problem after the war. White shirts were not available and there were very few other items of men's clothing in the stores. Aunt Nance asked me to spend some time in Memphis on my way to school. She took me to Phil Halle's, the best men's store in town, where she bought me a suit, a sport coat and slacks, and two white shirts! This was a wonderful gift. Generous, too.

When I got to school I had the one suit and the one sport coat. I had a couple of pairs of slacks, some sport shirts, my two white shirts, and a sweater or two. I

also had my army clothes, overcoat, and field jacket. Imagine my surprise to find that UVA students wore coats and ties to class. I couldn't believe it and, of course, I didn't have either the shirts or ties, much less the coats.

Frank took me downtown to The Young Men's Shop where I was able to find another sport coat, some shirts and some ties. I hadn't planned to spend the money, but there was no alternative.

Frank and I ate our meals at a boarding house just off Jefferson Park Avenue. Four residents of West Range also ate there and we would usually walk to the boarding house together. This led to some friendships that lasted throughout my four years at the University. One of these friendships was with Frank Billings, a future roommate. Another was with Sandy Gassaway, an outstanding person.

I attended Westminster Presbyterian Church and sang in the choir. I also sang in the Glee Club; wrote for *College Topics*, the student newspaper; and pledged Sigma Chi fraternity. I was very concerned about being accepted in this new and different environment so I went out of my way to become involved in extracurricular activities.

At the end of the semester I went home, stopping by Memphis again where I spent a week in a veterans hospital having shrapnel removed from my left thigh and foot. Aunt Nance arranged this. She was the head of the Red Cross Gray Ladies in Memphis and as such, knew the commanding officer of the hospital. After a week I left the hospital—I just walked out. According to Aunt Nance the hospital was a little upset about this but I wanted to get home.

Shortly after I got home two army buddies, John Courter and Nick Cigrand, came from Kansas and Iowa to see me. I was flattered that they would do this. We had a great time and resolved to get together every year or two.

At the last minute I decided not to go back to UVA for the second semester. I wanted to stay home for a while and I wasn't sure I wanted to go back to Virginia anyway: it was too far from home and quite different from Arkansas and the informality I was used to. I didn't want to do anything that summer but lie around the house, go to ball games, and socialize with some of my high school friends. In mid-June, however, I got a long letter from my Sigma Chi "big brother", Ralph Waldrop, telling me that the chapter expected me at the house for initiation in July. I was surprised that they still planned on initiating me after I had dropped out, and I wrote them accordingly. A letter came right back saying they definitely expected me. The following Sunday I brought it up at the dinner table. Both Daddy and Mother felt I should go back, and Daddy offered to pay my train fare. I could only conclude from his offer that he felt strongly about my going. I had prided myself on not taking any money from the folks. This had been true since my paper route days when I was 14 years old. I had saved over \$2,500 from the paper route, the Alaskan Highway, and the army, and I was getting the GI Bill for college and a small disability payment. I really had plenty of money. I did not accept Daddy's offer of the train fare but I did go back to Charlottesville. I spent a week—hell week—at the fraternity house and was initiated in July 1946. The whole affair, and especially the brothers, made a lasting impression on me. I really felt that they wanted me to

stay at UVA and be a member of the fraternity. From that point on I was determined to return in the fall.

In September 1946 I transferred to the engineering school. I did not want to continue in liberal arts, had rethought my desire to be an architect, and decided that engineering was what I really wanted to do.

I roomed that year with Frank Billings at 39 West Range. Frank had a positive influence on me. He was from Vermont, son of a former governor. He had completed Harvard in three years and after being turned down by the U.S. Army had enlisted in the Canadian Army where he served as an officer in Europe. He came to UVA in February 1946 to attend law school. He was very intelligent and a member of the *Law Review* after his first year. Above all he was very disciplined and dedicated. He lived a Spartan life, no frills, and followed a set routine. He would get up first and shave. He would wait for me and we would go together to the Commons for breakfast. Then he was off to the law school. He came back for lunch and to check his mail and then went back to the law school for the afternoon. He would reappear around 5:30 or 6:00 p.m. for dinner and then go back to the law school. He would return to the room around eleven and get ready for bed. The only change in this routine would be an occasional handball game in the late afternoon and a dinner and a movie on Saturday night. On Sunday he would go to early church and then go back to the law school. All of this had a positive effect on me.

I tried to do as Frank did. I spent most of my time studying and tried not to get caught up in too many things. I still sang in the Glee Club and at church and went to fraternity meetings. At the end of the year I had excellent grades. I made the Dean's list both semesters.

The one person at the engineering school and the University who made a real difference in my life was a professor, Joe Vaughan. I met Joe in the spring of 1946 at Westminster Church and at the Sigma Chi fraternity where he was a member and chapter advisor. In the fall of 1946 I took his course in report writing. It was a good course, but more importantly it gave me a chance to know Joe better. For one thing he gave the class a form which listed the days of the week and the hours of the day. He lectured on the necessity of planning your time and sticking to your plan. For the next few years I would fill in my class schedule and my study and recreational times on the form and display it prominently on my desk. I tried very hard to allocate my time properly and to follow my plan. It provided me with a discipline that I had not had.

Joe Vaughan turned out to be a good friend and advisor. I audited the public speaking part of his first year English course. That helped me. I also took his fourth year English course. This broadened my outlook and gave me some insights I didn't normally find in engineering courses. Most importantly, I started going to Joe for advice on a number of personal matters. That continued after graduation as I kept in close touch with him and his wife, Ann.

The summer of 1947 I was at home working on a surveying crew for the Arkansas Power and Light Co. We traveled all over central Arkansas, sometimes away for a whole week. It was fun and very good for me physically.

Frank Billings graduated in the fall of 1947 and I moved next door to 37 West Range. Frank Hubbell and

I were roommates again. This was another good year for me academically, and again I made the Dean's list both semesters. I gave up the Glee Club but sang at church. I was President of the Westminster Club, an activity of the church for University students. I also joined the Trigon Engineering Society, wrote for the *Virginia Engineering Review*, and rejoined the *College Topics* staff as a sports reporter. None of these extra-curricula activities required a lot of time. For instance, I only wrote for the newspaper one afternoon a week.

The summer of 1948 I again worked for Arkansas Power and Light. At the end of the summer I had a severe flare-up with my left foot and spent a week in the Army-Navy Veterans Hospital in Hot Springs. This was the first of four such problems diagnosed as osteomyelitis. I had an attack during exam week the next year, again at the end of the summer of 1949, and finally during semester exams in January 1950. The series of events was a pain in every way. As a result my disability payment was increased but it was hardly worth the physical pain and the tremendous inconvenience, especially during exams. I took at least two exams while in great pain. In both cases I entered the hospital within the hour after completing the exams on which I didn't do very well, and once I had to put off a final exam until a week after school was out. Again I did poorly.

One extracurricular activity that I really enjoyed was being editor-in-chief of the *Virginia Engineering Review* in 1948-1949. The magazine was almost defunct, and with classmates like Jack Dovel and Cranston Williams we published six issues that year, all of them larger, and I think better, than anything that had been done before. This publishing success, my grades, and

some other extracurricular activities led to my election to the Raven Society and to Omicron Delta Kappa leadership fraternity in the spring of 1948.

During the winter break in January, 1949, Frank Hubbell, Doug Eager (a next door West Range neighbor), and I went to Florida. We went in Frank's convertible and had a great trip. The idea was to sleep on the beach—no hotel bills—and to live frugally. I took \$60—a third for gasoline, a third for food, and a third for other things. I had to borrow money from Doug on the way home, but even so the ten days didn't cost me much. The first time we slept on the beach was at Vero Beach, Florida. We drove along the beach road and about midnight found an unlocked door at a private club. We walked through an eating area and unrolled our sleeping bags on the sand. We left early the next morning after a quick swim and a wash up behind the bar. The next night we slept in a ball park in Homestead. I woke up lying next to third base with some kids coming in ready to play ball. We went on to Key West where we spent five days.

The police ran us off the beach one night, but other than that, everything went all right and we had a lot of fun in the sun.

While at Key West our routine was to eat a good breakfast and to use the men's room of the restaurant to wash and brush our teeth. We fixed our lunches from items we bought at a grocery store (we had a cooler). We showered at the beach and at night tried to eat a good dinner.

On the way home we stopped in the dreary little town of Naples, Florida. We wanted to take a late afternoon swim in the Gulf of Mexico. The most

noticeable thing about downtown Naples was the dilapidated "For Sale" signs on overgrown lots; most of the signs looked as though they had been left over from the Depression. I have often thought how wealthy I would be now if I had invested my savings then in one of those downtown lots.

The summer of 1949 started off poorly as I was recuperating from my most recent hospitalization. I wound up not doing anything except going to the doctor, taking whirlpool treatments, relaxing at home, and going to ball games.

My last year at UVA was a good one. I only had to take twelve hours a semester, and only six of those were at the engineering school. The other six hours a semester were taken at the commerce school. These broadened my understanding of, and got me interested in, business and industry. I made good grades in all my courses and that was always a plus.

My roommate for the year was Frank Goodman. I first knew Frank in Little Rock. He moved to Louisville, Kentucky during the eighth grade. I met him again at the engineering school. At the end of my third year (his second) we got together and applied to be dormitory counselors. We were given that assignment, which included free room and free laundry and dry cleaning, and had responsibility for Randall Hall. Frank was a member of the DKE fraternity. His fraternity served meals, the Sigma Chi's didn't, so I took all my meals at the Deke house. In the spring semester Frank and I moved to Gildersleeve dormitory, a much nicer dorm and much closer to the engineering school.

Like the other Franks, Frank Goodman was a terrific roommate. He was as pleasant as could be and a campus leader. He was an excellent athlete. Bus Male, his coach at Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Virginia, and later a coach at UVA, described Frank as one of the best athletes he had ever seen. Apparently Frank was an all-star in several sports at Episcopal. He played halfback for Virginia in 1944 and varsity tennis when we roomed together. He played all intramurals for his fraternity. Through Frank and the Dekes I met a lot of different people, and some of those friendships endure to this day.

I was a big politician during 1949-1950. I served as president of Trigon and the honorary journalism fraternity, Pi Delta Epsilon. I was also president of Sigma Chi. I was awarded Sigma Chi's Balfour Award as the outstanding undergraduate in the Virginia Province. I was elected to TILKA and later to Tau Beta Pi honor societies and was vice president of the Class of 1950. In addition, I wrote editorials for *The Virginia Engineering Review*, was vice president of ODK, and secretary of the Raven Society. I also went out for baseball as I had the year before, but didn't make the team either year. Altogether I was doing too much.

One thing I was not doing too much of was dating. In high school, and, to a great extent, in college, I rarely had a date. For one thing I was busy. If I wasn't going to class or studying, I was involved in an extra curricular activity. I always had time to go to see the big bands on dance weekends but most of the time it was without a date. To put it mildly, I was a bit shy. I dated a couple of girls from Randolph-Macon Woman's College but going to Lynchburg was difficult. I had them come to

UVA for dance weekends but that was about it. I dated some girls from town, at least one nurse, had several blind dates, and went to Sweet Briar once to see my neighbor from Little Rock, Nancy Moses.

My most serious girlfriend was one I met in the late fall of my fourth year. Lynn McCullough, from Houston, Texas, was in her junior year at Sweet Briar. She was good looking and out going. She played the piano beautifully although I wasn't very interested in that. We had some good times and I thought for a while she was someone I should get to know a lot better. Unfortunately, after I graduated we were too far apart physically for this romance to continue.

In April I went home for spring break and bought a new Ford car from my cousin, Richard Brewer, the Ford dealer in Mountain View. I had just accepted a job offer from Westinghouse and felt I could finally afford wheels. It also allowed me to get to Sweet Briar more often and more easily.

In December I decided to apply to Harvard Business School. I completed the application, printing the whole thing in ink, and submitted it in January. I called to see if I should come to Boston for an interview and was assured that was not necessary. After I had accepted the Westinghouse job Harvard wrote and asked if I would come for an interview. I went to Brockton, Massachusetts, with a member of the DKE fraternity who was driving there for the weekend. I stayed overnight with Roy McVicar, a sergeant of mine in the army. The next day I went for my interview. I first met the dean of admissions, Mr. Ward, who literally didn't say anything after I sat down. Finally, after a minute or two he said, "I

know why you're here and you know why you're here so why don't you tell me why you want to go to the Harvard Business School." He said it in a gruff manner and scared me to death. We didn't talk long before he turned me over to a recent graduate, Jim Lipscomb. Frank Goodman had mentioned his cousin, Jim Lipscomb, to me before I went, and it just so happened that it was the same person. He had my application in front of him and after introductions asked me how to spell "responsibility." I glanced over at the application and saw several black circles. My answer was "should I leave now or stay through the rest of the interview?" From there on we had a good meeting. I, of course, told him I roomed with Frank. I think that made a good impression. In any event I didn't hear from HBS for a long time and had decided that I wouldn't worry about it. I had a good job and didn't have to go for the MBA, at least not now, and perhaps not at Harvard.

There was a flurry of activity at the end of school. The class president, Jim Phillips, and I led the class down the Lawn on Class Day and I presented the class gift to President Colgate Darden. On Monday morning, June 11, 1950, graduation exercises were held in the amphitheater. Mother, Daddy, Uncle Will, and Mother's sisters, Aunt Seddie (Sarah) and Aunt Mrytle were in the audience.

In the early afternoon of graduation day I said goodbye to UVA and the family and headed for the Sigma Chi Grand Chapter meeting in Columbus, Ohio. Three days later I drove to Greenville, South Carolina, where the folks were visiting Uncle Will. From there I drove to Atlanta to see Mary Nance, her husband, Bill Stramm, and their son, Billy, and then on to Little Rock.

When I got home I had a letter from Harvard admitting me to the Class of 1952. I immediately wired George Lobinger, the head of college recruiting at Westinghouse, and asked what he would suggest I do. He wired back that I should go to Harvard but work that summer for Westinghouse, so that is what I did.

On Friday, June 22, I left by train for Pittsburgh. I had sold my car to Neal Robins, a good friend in Little Rock. I had paid \$1,400 (\$100 off list price courtesy of my cousin) for it, and sold it for \$1,400. I was sure that I could no longer afford the car since I needed all the money I could get to go to Harvard. The GI Bill I had at Virginia was exhausted, and I would have to pay my way. I did apply for a Spencer Love Scholarship as soon as I had been accepted. Shortly afterward I was notified that I had been awarded one.

I arrived in Pittsburgh late in the evening of June 23 and took a cab to the Penn-Lincoln Hotel in Wilkensburg. I was assigned to a room with another new hire, Matt Sheeleigh, from Little Falls, New Jersey. The next day, Sunday, we moved from the hotel to Mom Daniels boarding house at 210 South Dallas Avenue. A fraternity brother of Matt's had stayed there and recommended it so we quickly decided to see if we could also stay there. Mom Daniels and her husband and two daughters ran quite an establishment. She rented eight rooms, four on the second floor and four on the third, to sixteen boarders. The top floor was occupied by members of the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team. Mom and her husband had a bedroom at the back of the first floor, and the daughters lived in a room in the basement. Mom fed everyone breakfast and dinner seven days a

week. The refrigerator was always full of cold cuts and drinks. She had a cooler off the kitchen where she kept beer. We were on the honor system to pay for the beer—15 cents for Iron City and 20 cents for the others.

On Monday, Matt and I, along with 70 others, started the six-week product course at the new Westinghouse student training center in Wilksburg. We spent every morning listening to product descriptions and applications, and every afternoon studying handout materials and taking tests. Most of what they talked about was new to me and I didn't do a lot of work anyway. If you made a certain grade by the end of the course you received six hours of graduate credit at the University of Pittsburgh's engineering school. I didn't make the required grade.

After the course, I took a six-week assignment in the market planning section at East Pittsburgh. This was interesting and I made a good impression, and that was where I eventually returned.

Matt also took an assignment in the Pittsburgh area so we roomed together all summer at Mom Daniels. Matt had a car and a desire to have a good time so we spent a lot of time running around. I did play on the student softball team which won the Westinghouse recreational league title. That was a lot of fun.

By mid-September when I had to leave for Harvard I hated to go. I enjoyed Westinghouse and I enjoyed Pittsburgh. Everyone treated me great. It was a good life.

Harvard Business School

I flew to Boston and took a cab to Harvard Business School (HBS). I was excited and just a bit proud as the cab let me off in front of Baker Library. During the spring Frank Goodman introduced me to a fellow Deke, Frank Batten. I knew Frank Batten but had never really talked to him. Goodman wanted us to get together because he knew we had both applied to HBS. From the time we met, Batten and I talked about Harvard and what we might do there. Eventually one or the other of us suggested that we room together. As soon as we were accepted we let the housing people know and they put us together in a suite in Gallatin Hall, C entry, third floor. That is where I went when I arrived, and Batten was there waiting for me.

We spent most of the first day registering and getting acquainted with other students. We had no homework that night so we decided to see the Boston Braves and St. Louis Cardinals play baseball. That was the only time I ever saw Stan Musial play and he performed well, including hitting a home run over the right field fence.

Frank and I were assigned to Section C. Each of the six sections had between 100 and 110 men—no women. All our activities throughout the two years were on a section basis. We went to our first-year classes together and did all our socializing and intramurals on a section basis. Even today, forty years later, class notes and fund raising are on a first-year section basis. Most of my best HBS friends were section mates.

One of the first persons we met was Jerry Shively, who lived next door. Jerry had just graduated from Colgate. He roomed with another from Colgate, Dick Damon (it turned out that Dick had been in the ASTP and the 399th Regiment of the 100th Division.) I was impressed by Jerry and Dick, and for that matter with most of my classmates. It was not that they were smarter, but they seemed much more worldly. HBS had a large number of students from the East Coast, especially New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

About 150, or 25% of the class, had graduated from Ivy League schools, especially Harvard and Yale. This was a new crowd for me.

The first year at HBS was a busy one. We worked very hard but spent some time socializing. I played intramurals for the section. I played on the "B" team in touch football, since the "A" team had six former college lettermen playing for it. I joined some of these lettermen for the section's volleyball and softball teams. We won the intramural championship in both of these. George Sella and Jack McKinnon from Princeton were the section's big guns in sports. Jack didn't play softball but George did. He was our third baseman while I played first.

Harvard classes were taught by the case method. We were given a "case" to read and analyze. In class we would be called on to give our analysis and recommendations. With one hundred students in the class there were always several different analyses and recommendations to be presented and defended. This led to some pretty active discussions.

I was always afraid I would be called on to start the class and that I wouldn't do a good job of presenting my ideas. It seemed that no matter how much I studied and how good my numbers were, they were never good enough. All of my friends said they felt the same way but I still felt inadequate most of the time.

Some times we would go to class without thoroughly preparing the case. This was especially dangerous if we were called on early in class or to answer a specific question that the professor asked. I would be extremely nervous when I went to class without good preparation.

For most of the year we stayed on campus. There was too much work to do and we wanted to do well. Several of us did go on a trip through parts of New England one weekend in the late fall. We drove through Maine to Dartmouth on Saturday and then down to Smith College in Western Massachusetts on Sunday.

Brother Jim spent most of the fall in Boston working with Stone and Webster on the design of a new plant for Monsanto. He came out to School on a Sunday and took several of us on a ride through the Lexington and Concord area. I also had dinner with him a couple of times.

I completed the first year with above-average grades. My best grades were in Accounting and Finance which should have given me a clue as to what career path I should follow. At that point I was still thinking about industrial sales, something akin to my Westinghouse experience and my engineering undergraduate training. I was further encouraged to go in that direction when

Westinghouse recruited me hard for a summer internship. I accepted their offer and went back to Pittsburgh for the summer of 1951.

My first year at Harvard was difficult for me in some ways. I didn't have much money and felt a little deprived. I used my savings for the first two quarters' tuition, and room and board, and I borrowed \$1,250 for most of the last half of the year. My scholarship only provided about \$300, which was a disappointment. My total cost for the school year was \$2,500.

I had other problems adjusting. I had great respect for my classmates—their backgrounds, money, Ivy League schools, their worldliness—and I let that intimidate me a little. Finally, the case method really got to me. I was afraid to participate in class and could never really get into it. It was almost like another person was speaking when I occasionally said something. The Administrative Practices course (what we now call Organizational Behavior) was especially puzzling to me. I guess my engineering training got in the way. I expected logic and answers, but instead I heard neither.

Summer at Westinghouse

After a week at home I went back to work for Westinghouse for the summer of 1951. I again lived at Mom Daniels. It wasn't quite the same but not bad. My first assignment was in switchgear sales at East Pittsburgh. I still didn't have a car so I had to get a ride or take the streetcar to work. I don't think I contributed a thing during this six-week assignment. I didn't really understand either the complications of switchgear or the routine of the office. Once again I played on the student

softball team and that was fun. I had a limited social life. I did see Charley Kerr who lived in Pittsburgh and who was a year behind me in engineering school. He and I played some tennis and double dated a few times.

I requested that my next assignment be in Philadelphia. During the school year I had met and dated a very attractive Radcliffe girl from Philadelphia, and I thought it would be great to be in her home town for part of the summer. At the last minute my assignment was changed to the Transformer Division in Sharon, Pennsylvania. That was upsetting.

On a Monday morning in July I rode the bus from downtown Pittsburgh to New Castle where I changed to the bus for Sharon. I was supposed to report for work that morning, but instead I arrived in mid-afternoon. Jack Grewell, the person at the plant in charge of students, gave me a hard time about being late but I didn't care as I didn't want to be there anyway.

One of the students assigned to switchgear had an assignment in Sharon and had roomed in a house on Highland Road. He spoke highly of the accommodations, the location and the landlady, Mrs. Atherton, so I called her to see if she had a room available. She did, and I stayed there for six weeks.

My assignment in Sharon was in purchasing. I enjoyed it and thought seriously about going into purchasing when I graduated from HBS. In fact, I liked everything about Sharon and the Transformer Division. Actually, it was one of the best things that happened to me. My whole future revolved around that six-week assignment.

Sharon Westinghouse was a very successful operation. It was one of the company's largest, and far-and-away its most profitable. Its success set a tone that is hard to describe. It was exciting to be with a successful operation where the morale was high, the people were helpful, and many good things came along with being number one.

I met many wonderful people in Sharon, both at the plant and in the city. One neighbor from the city was Jack Willson, a 1949 graduate of UVA. He lived across the street from Mrs. Atherton. Another interesting person at the plant was a fellow Harvard B Schooler, John Wright of England. After we got to know each other he suggested that we double date some weekend. His girl friend knew that I had gone to Virginia so she arranged a date for me with a friend who had just completed her sophomore year at Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Lynchburg, Virginia. This was Camilla Starr, my future wife. As it turned out John and his date, Lita Jaffe, couldn't go on the Saturday night as planned, so I called Jack Willson and we double dated. I picked up Camilla at her home on Highland Road and was immediately swept off my feet by her beauty, especially her smile. We went dancing at the Shenango Inn and had a great time. My major regret was that it was the last weekend I was to be in Sharon before going back to Boston. I did resolve to see Camilla if I was ever in Sharon again.

Harvard - The Second Year

My second year at Harvard was better than my first. I was more confident and more interested in my course work. Socially it was quite a success—probably

too much so. Prior to leaving at the end of the first year, several of us decided to room together during the second year. The effort was spearheaded by Jerry Shively. He found space on the second floor of Gallatin, C entry, where there were three suites and a single all together. He lined up the eight suitemates. They were Jerry, Bob Jones, and me in the triple suite; Frank Batten and Frank Thompson in one of the two-person suites; John Priesing and Bud Kassel in the other two-person suite; and Paul Barth in the single. The social life revolved around our living room, the largest one of the group.

In May I had bought, for practically nothing, three suites of second-hand furniture. When we got back in September we had three couches, a bar, a coffee table, pictures, and other furnishings for our living room. I sold the rest to first-year students for as much as I had paid for all that I had bought in the spring. Jerry's mother gave us a big rug and Bob Jones's father gave us some additional pictures. Jerry immediately moved his desk out to make room for the other stuff. His comment was "I don't need a desk so let's get rid of it." That set the tone.

Our suite was a gathering place throughout the whole second year, not only for the occupants of the other rooms, but for just about anybody and everybody we knew. There was activity there all the time. Friends like Lawton Waples, Sam Johnson, Howard Hull, and Moose Dunne were in and out all day. It was the party room on the weekends. All the suite mates had girl friends. Four of them were engaged to be married by the end of the year. We played bridge late at night and double and triple solitaire after lunch. It was usually necessary to go to Baker Library to do any serious studying.

In the beginning I wanted the single room, but Paul Barth insisted on it so I joined Jerry and Bob in the triple. When no one else would get a telephone for the suites, I got one. This added another deterrent to a normal life. Everyone used the phone and interrupted any studying I tried to do at my desk. Worse, when I got the long distance bills they were two and three pages long. We would rarely get all the calls identified so I would just divide up the unclaimed and share the expense with the other suitemates. We would even have calls charged during our big weekend parties, and sometimes the calls were long, expensive, and never identified.

In the fall semester I chose courses from a number of areas. I wanted a general management experience. In addition to the required Business Policy course I took General Doriot's Manufacturing, and also Collective Bargaining, Investment Management, and Advertising. All of these were taught by "stars." That was another factor in my decisions. Business Policy, Manufacturing, and Investment Management were year-long courses so my selections in the spring were limited to two. I chose Purchasing and Business History.

I liked my courses and did fairly well. I didn't work very hard and still got good grades. Advertising was the most difficult: it was new to me and I didn't really understand it. Investment Management was the most interesting, and Manufacturing the most useful. In Manufacturing we listened to lectures by Doriot most of the time. In addition we were required to do two group projects, one on a topic in the fall, and one on company analysis in the spring. These were group projects, and our group was Lawt Waples, Bob Jones, Norm Kennedy and

me. Norm insisted that we do our topic report on agribusiness. The rest of us were not interested so we made a deal. I would work with Norm on the topic report, then Lawt, Bob and I would do the company report in the spring. This meant that Lawt and Bob did nothing in the fall and Norm did not participate in the spring. And we were all graded as if we all participated each semester. Norm really did a super job on the topic report, and the other three of us did a good job on the company report. I got high passes for grades so we must have done all right. (Norm followed up his interest and eventually became the CEO of Red L Foods, Inc. in Lyme, New Hampshire.)

I played on all the section intramural teams. As in the first year we had a B team in touch football and in basketball. I was big on those teams. Our softball team won the championship again. I refereed intramural basketball for \$2.50 a game and also worked at Filene's Department Store in downtown Boston over spring break. The Filene's experience was enough to convince me that I didn't want to go into retailing.

Company recruiters came to HBS during the late fall and winter of the second year. I took a number of interviews and was offered call-backs to three companies, including Westinghouse. Actually, I was offered two jobs by Westinghouse, one by Bruce Henderson, vice president of purchasing, and one in a new product planning activity sponsored by Bill Sproul, the director of marketing for the Power & Industrial Group. I held off making a decision, and this resulted in heavy courting by both Westinghouse functions. Finally, the new head of the product planning group, Chuck Roderus, made a special trip to Boston to take me to

dinner and to sweeten the offer. His major selling point was that Bill Sproul had just been made a group vice president and this would help my exposure in the company. That was enough so I decided to go back to Westinghouse. The sweetened salary offer was \$400/month (compared to \$365 for most others) and a 10% raise at the end of six months. That was real money!

As the year went on I became more socially active. I dated regularly and even had a “steady” in the late winter and spring, Doffey McCann, a senior at Wellesley. Doffey was a super person and I thought she was special for several months. But for some reason the relationship died after a while.

By the end of the year I was ready to go to work, to try something different. My two years at Harvard were great and I will always be glad that I had that educational experience. The second year cost a little more than the first, \$2,800, and I was really in debt by the time I left.

I didn't stay for graduation. It was about three weeks after my last exam and I thought staying around that long was ridiculous. Now I wish I had. Instead I went home to relax and get ready to report to Westinghouse in June.