

## Chapter 3. Coming of Age in Pittsburgh, Squirrel Hill, and Taylor Allerdice High School, 1963–1967

Life changed in too many ways to remember or recount with my transition from 8th to 9th grade and from my K-8 elementary school to a large (more than 3,000 students) 7th to 12th grade public high school in Squirrel Hill. Built in 1927, almost 40 years later it was the newest public high school building in Pittsburgh. Reflecting the neighborhood, it was by far the best academically but among the worst athletically. Extending through my college years at Northwestern University, that was another sign of the times.

That passage into high school brought all the personal and symbolic weight that the myths of social psychology and the fictions of “great transitions” convey. I see clearly how my teen years combined inseparably and uncomfortably the best and the worst of the process of growing up in 1960s middle-class, urban America (for more on growing up in America during this time, see my *Conflicting Paths*, 1995a).

Whatever its idiosyncrasies, the second stage of my pre-adult life formation lay in a series of intersecting conflicts. The seminal writings of the social psychologists that emerged in the same period underscored and elaborated on these conflicts. Chief among them were Erik H. Erikson (1950, 1968), Kenneth Keniston (1965, 1968, 1971), and David Elkind (1981, 1984, 1987). Also influential were sociologists Glen H. Elder, Jr. (1974/1999), James S. Coleman (1961), and Coleman and colleagues (1974) and historian Joseph F. Kett (1977). Documentarian Frederick Wiseman’s film *High School* (1968) brilliantly and controversially captured the in-school dynamics.

Not surprisingly (especially to readers familiar with my historical work), conflict and contradiction ruled and integrated my social framework and personal experience (see my works *Conflicting Paths*, 1995a, *Growing Up in America*, 1987a, and *The Literacy Myth*, 1979c). Three are most vivid in memory and my experiences: in-school, often related to achievement but also social cliques and conflicts; common intrafamilial stresses; and extracurricular, organized, and disorganized teenage social life.

In a nutshell, I was successful in my classes and tests but never the top student. At home, I experienced regular, implicit, and explicit pressures to succeed and was told of too many examples, especially from my mother, of wealthy lawyers, doctors, and businesspeople (all male of course). Socially I was never unpopular but never very popular. I had friends and a few girlfriends but was not part of the “cool” and the “in” kids. At times, I was satisfied and comfortable, at other times, insecure, anxious, and depressed. In retrospect, I can see how the latter

two pressed on the former as I took steps, at best semiconsciously, toward my developing life with literacy.

There are many lenses through which to view these events. They are interconnected not only with each other but also with the epochal 1960s. Shelves of books have been written about one or another of the many 1960s, including the memoirs of Mickey and Dick Flacks (2018) and Paul Lauter (2020) and the intellectual autobiography of Russian historian Lewis H. Siegelbaum (2019), noted in the Introduction (for the best recent introduction to the era, see Kevin Boyle, 2021, and its references; see also the literature I cited in the Introduction).

The historical political context of the time is inescapable, even over-determining. For some but not all, this was the radical, rebellious 1960s. The usually noted defining events began with John F. Kennedy's 1960 election and his 1963 assassination in Dallas. At the moment that JFK's death was announced, I was sitting in a miserable "new" geometry class whose ineffectual instructor did not know what to do in response to the news broadcast on the PA system by the school principal. A bright and idiosyncratic classmate (a future professor of political economy in Texas) calmly lectured the rest of us about the history of presidential assassinations, one of his interests that was unknown to the rest of us.

To a social historian, the origins of the period lie in the New Deal, the aftermath of World War II, and the contradictions of early civil rights struggles inextricably interrelated to segregation and racism (see my "The Nondebate About Critical Race Theory and Our American Moment," 2022d). The context of the time includes the great moments of the civil rights movement: President Truman's integration of the armed forces and arming of Black soldiers after World War II, school desegregation, boycotts, beatings, marches to Selma, Freedom Rides, murders of activists in Mississippi, Civil Rights, Voting Rights, and other legislative triumphs of Lyndon Johnson's "Great Society." There are also western democracy's battle against Soviet communism; the space race; the struggles for immigrant rights; the early growth of the feminist and LBGTQ movements; the diverse counterculture of radical youths; and the early, organized, anti-Vietnam War movement with the Port Huron Statement, the University of California at Berkeley free speech rallies and sit-ins, and the founding of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) and Mobilization Against the War (MOBE).

Until college, I experienced much of this on the national evening news, daily newspapers, and weekly magazines like *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *U.S. News and World Report*. There were some influential occasions of direct personal and learning experiences, too. Most memorable was the mid-1960s national grape boycott, launched by the United Farm Workers with Cesar Chavez in support of the largely Mexican American immigrant workers' rights to organize for a living wage and humane treatment. From its California origins, it spread nationally. The lawyer-father of a school and neighborhood friend took his slightly younger son and me to the local Giant Eagle grocery store to protest the sale of nonunion grapes and to picket on a Saturday. That was my first organized protest. Among the consequences: I lost my taste for raw grapes forever.

This was my first activist experience. It was memorable and educational. Early interests and my limited adolescent involvement in both the civil rights and anti-war movements stimulated me. So too did the foundational role of Pittsburgh in both labor history and Black history. Together, they created expectations for union activism that were dampened by my summer union membership experiences with the Amalgamated Iron, Steel, and Bridge Workers in 1967 and the United Steel Workers in 1968 while laboring to earn money for college.

Reflecting my age and idealism, I took a date to a union meeting, only to witness a near fistfight over planning for the upcoming Fourth of July picnic. It was not the lively discussion of the political economy of unionism and activism for which Sally and I naively hoped.

Among the underpinnings for almost all versions of the 1960s was a relatively healthy economy for many (though certainly not all) that fueled the broad middle class. Massive, monopolistic, corporate capitalism was spreading but did not reach the heights of the *fin-de-siècle* and after. Socioeconomic critics like Ralph Nader had more powerful microphones and larger audiences than their successors would find by the 1990s and later.

Labor unions were perched precariously at their historical height. Simultaneously, the college-educated, white-collar, often professional middle class expanded significantly. It was a great era for public university, college, and community college foundations and growth—and their contradictions (among many sources on these topics, see Mattingly, 2017; my forthcoming *Reconstructing the “Uni-versity” from the Ashes of the “Mega- and Multi-versity”* addresses these topics as well).

Urban deconcentration and suburbanization accelerated with hopefulness for the predominantly White, middle-class, two-parent families who could afford to pay or borrow for postsecondary education. Public schools were just beginning to be challenged on both real and false grounds of decline and charges of either genuine racial discrimination, especially in the suburbs. Busing for school integration in the wake of efforts to make good on the promise of the landmark 1954 *Brown v. Board of Education* ruling that “separate but equal” is not equal prompted protests from White people in cities and suburbs.

Toward the end of the decade, when my younger brother’s cohort was threatened with being bused away from neighborhood public schools, my generally liberal mother spoke about picketing the Pittsburgh Board of Education. I told her that I would disown her, at least rhetorically. She did not follow through, nor was my brother bused.

The social and cultural dimensions of the often exaggerated, incessantly caricatured 1960s are exciting and divisive. The culture—along with the politics, society, and economy—reflected a complex blend of the novel and the historical: a search for the new within the parameters of the ever-changing past. Of course, I did not understand this until I got well into my graduate studies and after.

Rock music of the 1960s exploded from the various combinations of gospel, jazz, blues, folk, rock and roll, and British roots and invasion. My generation, along

with those a little older and younger, loved it. Our parents did not. They grasped onto the final days of Frank Sinatra, Frankie Lane, Perry Como, Eddie Fisher, Harry Belafonte, Johnny Mathis, Nat King Cole, Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, and Duke Ellington. Ed Sullivan's iconic TV show became a barometer of change.

We listened, hummed, sang, swayed, and danced, and we purchased 45 rpm and increasingly 33 rpm, long-playing albums from record, grocery, and department stores. I received my first pocket-sized transistor radio when I was eight or nine years old. Personal devices in their early forms literally amplified pop music, widely broadcast on AM frequencies. Small audiotape cassettes and players increased its surrounding presence. As mentioned in the preceding chapter, dozens of dance steps and moves competed for our uneven, often unbalanced, talents. Pittsburgh's own DJ Porky Chadwick on the Black rock channel WAMO became a national influencer. He was "the Daddio of the Radio."

A list of the dominant emphases in popular musical culture only begins to convey its widening presence and influence. The historical legacy ranges from 1920s–1940s folk and pop to late 1950s Elvis Presley and Sam Cooke; also significant were Black artists Odetta, Ray Charles, B. B. King, Little Richard, James Brown, The Temptations, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, Marvin Gaye, Aretha Franklin, Diana Ross and the Supremes, Ike and Tina Turner, the Jackson Five, and Stevie Wonder.

Before and beside them are two or more generations of folk singers from Pete Seeger to The Weavers; Woody Guthrie; The Kingston Trio; Phil Ochs; Tom Paxton; Buffy Sainte-Marie; Judy Collins; Gordon Lightfoot; Arlo Guthrie; Peter, Paul, and Mary; the Mamas and the Papas; Chad and Jeremy; Simon and Garfunkle; Bob Dylan; Joan Baez; Joni Mitchell; Laura Nyro; and The Lovin' Spoonful.

They were joined by the new pop music that combined the so-called "British invasion" (influenced by American blues, folk, and rock) and Americans: the Byrds; the Beatles; the Rolling Stones; Freddie and the Dreamers; the Dave Clark Five; the Beach Boys; Jimi Hendrix; Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; and so many more.

Music is the best known of the defining cultural thrusts of the era. Fiction and nonfiction literature are also key ingredients, characteristics, and influences. From about 10<sup>th</sup> grade, I began buying books and reading outside the curriculum and beyond the shelves of *Readers' Digest Condensed Books* at home and assigned texts in high school.

Influential then and later among fiction works and their authors were women and Black writers—sometimes more or less jokingly (unlike in 2021–2022) "banned in Boston"—including Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook*, Sylvia Plath's *The Bell Jar*, Mary McCarthy's *The Group*, and James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*. No less important were Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, J. D. Salinger's *Franny and Zooey*, Richard Yates' *Revolutionary Road*, Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange*, Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes a Great Notion*, Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, Thomas Pynchon's *V* and *The Crying of*

Lot 49, Kurt Vonnegut's *Cat's Cradle*, and William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner* (on book banning, see my essays "The History of Book Banning," 2021p, and "Book Banning Past and Present," 2022a).

Expanding and diversifying influences of nonfiction works made important contributions to the era. The most influential, some of them soon classics, included Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*, Malcolm X and Alex Haley's *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, Helen Gurley Brown's *Sex and the Single Girl*, Michael Harrington's *The Other America*, Ralph Nader's *Unsafe at Any Speed*, Anais Nin's *The Diary of Anais Nin*, Claude Lévi-Strauss' *The Savage Mind* (English translation), and James D. Watson's *The Double Helix*. I read some of them in high school and some in college. I also began to read history, politics, and sociocultural criticism outside of my classes, discovering the New Left and revisionism before they acquired those names. Most of these books remain on my bookshelves, documenting formative phases of my life with literacy.

Films, mainly at indoor theaters until we began to earn our driver's licenses at age 16 and borrow the family car to fill drive-in theaters, were basic to our entertainment and cultural formation. Long before "media literacy" competed for space in course rosters and journals, we teenagers were aware of the inseparable interactions of print, film, and audio, among other media. Even without Harold A. Innis' (1951) and Marshall McLuhan's (1962, 1964) influences, let alone cultural studies, we grappled with the challenges of reading and writing about different modes of expression. This is how I began to define literacy in graduate school and continuing (for discussion and references, see my *Searching for Literacy*, 2022e.)

Movies mainly from large American studios, but increasingly from Europe, helped to define the age and our ages. These years saw me passage from viewing *en famille* to same gender-same age outings and then to heterosexual dates. Reflecting the same currents as politics and literature, the great films of the first two-thirds of the 1960s included *A Raisin in the Sun*, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, *The Manchurian Candidate*, *A Hard Day's Night*, *Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*, *8½*, *Repulsion*, *Cool Hand Luke*, *Bonnie and Clyde*, *The Graduate*, and the iconic James Bond films. French and Italian films barely scratched the mass market or came to the attention of teens. They became among my joys beginning in college.

The music, fiction and nonfiction books, and films of the era all reflected the social and cultural politics of war and peace; struggles for civil rights and racial equality; feminism and gender equality; political economics and the environment; and cross-cultural connections. The sexual revolution and the women's movement were increasingly visible along with calls for peace and justice as I entered and moved through high school.

These many currents combined, sometimes smoothly, sometimes contradictorily, in the rapidly growing and distinctive bodies of political, social, and cultural commentary and criticism that characterized the times. At first, the emerging

critical schools were reminiscent of currents of the 1930s which had largely but not completely paused during the 1940s–1950s.

The 1960s were marked by criticism across professions and disciplines from such distinctive figures as Paul Goodman, Saul Alinsky, Herbert Marcuse, early Paulo Freire, Malcom X and other Black activists, and the emergent New Left and feminist movements. They appeared in both longstanding and new publications like the *New Left Review*, *Dissent*, *Radical America*, *In These Times*, and the older *The Nation* and *The New Republic* and publicized in *The New York Review of Books*. Frequent concerns included critiques of social inequality, racial discrimination, public education, state and federal policies, mainline conservative and liberal values, and sexual and gender mores. This was a great age for independent journalists across the world. They increasingly defined my extracurricular reading and writing as I moved through high school to college.

In the pre-social media and pre-internet age of print dominance, the messages were amplified regularly and widely. By about 10th or 11th grade, English and American New Left historians began to catch my eye. In the mix were Michel Foucault and the modern French heirs to Marc Bloch and Henri Lefebvre and the English Marxists like E. P. Thompson and Eric Hobsbawm.

The connections between these currents and their articulation, my high school education, extracurricular activities, and personal development are inextricably and complexly interrelated. They shaped my expanding and deepening uses of literacy.

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Enter the hallowed halls of Allderdice High School with me in September 1963, after a summer working as a deliverer, counter clerk, and soda jerk at a local drugstore for a few dollars an hour. Because of my age and the small size of the neighborhood establishment, I delivered by bicycle. I partially compensated for the meagre pay by snacking freely from the soda bar. Just before school started, we moved houses from one side of Squirrel Hill to the other.

Allderdice is a quite large, public, city school, known widely for its academics. In the third quarter of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, it held more than 3,000 students, including the grades seven to nine junior high division. It often finished closely behind elite private schools in the Philadelphia area for the most National Merit Scholars, Finalists, and Semifinalists in Pennsylvania. As a very good, very White, and very middle-class urban school, it was academically stratified into two tracks: the advanced, college-bound and the vocational streams. The first was comparatively large and the latter small. The vocational track students attended another facility part of the school week for the necessary training equipment.

As an incoming advanced-track student successfully graduated from eighth grade and expecting to attend college for at least one degree, I was excited. I recall my disinterest and displeasure in the traditional chemistry class after “new” elementary school courses. Between the text and the teacher, the “new” geometry

was also a total loss. English, civics, and French brought more pleasurable and productive memories along with expansion of my reading and writing abilities.

Ninth grade social studies were a tantalizing harbinger of courses to come. Working closely with “Project Social Studies” at then Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh and without a printed textbook, my teacher presented a comparative and cross-cultural course. Almost 60 years later, I recall an exciting unit on the European Renaissance (to which I returned the next years in World and Advanced Placement European History) and a photo essay assignment that I conducted with a classmate at a local arts center.

This was 1963–1964. Not yet conscious of it, I was learning the critical common elements of reading and writing across subjects and different modes of understanding and communications. Failure to recognize the challenges and complexities of literacy more generally was promoted in grossly exaggerated versions in the proliferation of proclaimed “new literacies” a few decades later. That was not the rhetoric of the 1960s. My classmates and I were introduced to reading and writing across print, pictures still and moving, and early “new media” even before the “age of Marshall McLuhan.”

With exceptions mainly in math and science, my teachers were young, talented, personable, and keenly interested in their students. A number worked with faculty at the University of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Tech on experimental history, social studies, and literature curricula. Some pursued Ph.D.s and Ed.D.s. Most had M.A. or M.Ed. degrees. In their classrooms, competition was under control and participation encouraged, almost demanded. Ninth grade was satisfying in fair measure because it did not yet carry the academic or the social stresses that came with pre-college 10th through 12th grades—punctuated with PSAT and SAT exams and our more complicated and organized heterosexual social life.

Tenth grade was different. On the one hand, there was the disorganized and inequitable adolescent fraternity “rush.” Our high school cliques were much less organized, less impressive, and less offensive than the collegiate. But there was some prestige to belonging as well as new “brothers” to “assist” 14-year-olds in mastering the tools of active, mid-teen socializing with both young males and females. Although I was interested in one of the two or three predominantly Jewish associations, I was not invited to pledge. This was a moderate blow to self-esteem and to my confidence in obtaining invitations to parties and beginning heterosexual dating.

On the other hand, my classes were much more inviting and exciting. Most crucial at the time and for my future was World History for advanced-track students, a precursor of Advanced Placement courses in the next two grades. My teacher was Bruce Forry who also taught Advanced Placement European History to the 12th grade. He was my first academic model and example. (I refrain from using the traditional term “mentor” because my female colleagues convince me that, in their experience, it is inseparable from power relations; see my “The Power of Models and Examples in Education and Higher Education,” 2023e). It is no exaggeration to state that between the two courses, Bruce (as I later began

to call him) laid the paving stones that led—with some twists and turns—to my undergraduate history major and then to graduate school, my M.A. and Ph.D., and more than 40 years as a history professor.

I well recall my chatting with him at my 40th high school reunion, the only one I attended, and informing him that he was responsible for the central course of my life from age 15 to that moment. In June 2022, I reached him by telephone to tell him about this book. He was delighted! In April 2023, Vicki and I treated him to a memorable three-hour lunch on a visit to Pittsburgh. Some learning and teaching relationships are lifelong.

In Forry's classes as well as in 11th grade Advanced Placement United States History and advanced track and AP English classes, we read college-level texts supplemented with many primary documents, much like good college courses. These exceptional instructors introduced them to us and demanded that we practice advanced literacy skills across diverse texts and media.

I first read Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, and *The Communist Manifesto* in high school history courses. I was introduced to classics of ancient, European, and American history and civilization. Another sign of the times was the absence of Asia, Africa, South America, and Canada in these courses. My only non-western high school or university course was the timely, special Vietnam seminar at Northwestern University. Graduate studies in Toronto introduced me to Canadian history and literature, but at 75, I am still learning about other parts of the world. Doctoral students taught me about China and Turkmenistan, for example, and over decades, colleagues across disciplines taught me about their subject areas. That learning continues in retirement.

Hand in hand with the focus on advanced texts, a few monographs, and primary documents—in English and literature courses, too—classes were primarily seminar-style discussion sessions with our chairs arranged to form a circle. Although that formation assisted a bit of “collaborative” work on in-class exams (for which Forry once reprimanded me), it overwhelmingly boosted our engagement, involvement, interactions, and active learning. I still remember Forry's unusual ability to cross his legs at the knees and have the crossed leg's foot flat on the floor! At least as important were challenging writing, library, and out-of-school research projects and papers. I was well prepared for university.

As I grew older, I increasingly regretted the substantial failure of high school (as well as grade school) science and math courses. As in elementary school, they irregularly alternated between traditional and “experimental.” Among the textbooks, classroom exercises, teachers, and my own developing interests, I turned away from science by about eighth grade and math after 10th grade algebra II and partly through 11th grade calculus. Grade 11 physics was my last high school science course (followed by two quarters of uninteresting, lower-division astronomy to meet my only college math and science requirement in my first year at university). I faked my way through Astronomy I and II by intimidating the teaching assistant with equations learned in high school calculus.



In high school I enjoyed and did well in Algebra I and II, while geometry failed me, repeating a pattern from elementary school. I also did well in 11th grade calculus, which was less well taught. The teacher nominated me for a national math exam, and to my surprise I finished in the high percentiles, winning a certificate of achievement. Combined with my algebra classes, that class provided the basics to fool my way to a passing score on the AP calculus test and college credits. That was the last math class I took, not counting informal instruction in statistics in graduate school.

The final, important high school contribution to my growth was active participation on the school debate team, especially in grades 10 through 12. The debate coaching was poor. None of us, all teenage boys with no probable cause for suspicion, wanted to share a motel room with our young Latin teacher-sponsor on road trips to away events. I benefitted from the debate practice in learning to organize both arguments and evidence. Our team did relatively well, winning some local and regional tournaments.

The annual debate topics, which I no longer remember, were stilted versions of current events. Our abilities and those of our opponents, whether local, from across state, or from neighboring states, varied widely, as did our knowledge and preparation. I did well, benefited from the verbal practice, and gained needed self-confidence. In the pre-internet age, for sources I drew on newspapers, weekly and monthly magazines, and library materials. I recall opponents quoting their own fathers and fabricating their quotations.

I also participated in the seemingly relevant Student United Nations. My experience in Student UN is memorable much less for its content than for the regional and the national assembly at Georgetown University in Washington, DC, and for dates with some of my female UN ambassador associates.

My semi- or extracurricular activities during high school included boring but valuable typing class in summer school around 10th grade at about age 15. Many readers, like so many of my students and younger colleagues, will find it impossible to believe that their elders wrote papers, theses, dissertations, and even books on manual and electric typewriters, long before word processors and personal computers.

Shortly after typing class came a summer school driver's education course in preparation for turning 16 and eligibility for a Pennsylvania learners' permit followed by written and then actual driving examinations with an official inspector. Most of my peers and I took the course in large part to reduce if not completely eliminate the stress and conflict of parental instruction and practice driving. The course was poor, the practice driving more useful. The hills of Pittsburgh are challenging. I side-swiped the rear corner of a parked car in making a right turn up a hill the first time I took the family car out by myself!

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At least as seriously, my classmates and I shared an intense process of researching, identifying, and visiting candidates for college application and attendance. Onsite

visits, mail solicitations, and lots of informal chatter accompanied investigating scholarships and loans, essay writing, and completing applications. Without websites and common applications for admission and financial aid, researching schools and scholarships and applying to them occupied, indeed characterized, the final year and a half of high school. For the advanced track in particular, this complicated set of activities was at least as important as preparing for SAT tests, AP exams, and graduation. Especially in the pre-internet and pre-personal computer age, at times it was a full-time activity for the entire household.

Although conversations started earlier, including the vexed question of leaving home or attending Pitt and living in the dormitories (one of my father's occasional money-saving propositions), a full-family focus (with the exception of six-year-old Gary) began during grade 11. With the inconsistent and not especially knowledgeable help of the high school guidance counsellor and a bit of assistance from a private college consultant, we identified a large handful of private and public institutions that included long-shot, Ivy League universities and safe Pitt and Penn State. A group of primarily private universities constituted the most attractive targets. Costs were an overarching issue.

During the summer before my senior year, we made the ritual, middle-class family driving trip to visit a range of campuses mainly in Pennsylvania and New York. Cornell, in Ithaca in New York's lovely Finger Lakes region, was particularly attractive, until I visited a second time the next winter on an alumni-sponsored bus trip and was startled by the frozen, wintry campus (despite attending a Beach Boys concert). I visited Northwestern University just outside of Chicago earlier during a Key Club (my major, nonacademic, extracurricular service activity) national convention in downtown Chicago.

The application process was a family affair. Before today's common application form, my father and I completed seemingly endless application and financial aid forms. I wrote essays about one or more of my desires to attend a particular university, the meaning of my life and times, or what I wanted to be if and when I grew up. This was not a major intellectual challenge. My father laboriously typed the forms and essays on our old, manual Underwood typewriter on the dining room table, while my mother struggled to keep us more or less organized and fed.

In winter 1967 I was named a National Merit Semifinalist, but not a Finalist with scholarship. In early spring 1967, the yesses and nos and financial aid offers arrived by postal mail. When all was added and divided and we learned the state of Pennsylvania's scholarship and loan allocations, the winner was Northwestern. My family drove me with my recycled footlocker, new suitcases, and new stereo player to Evanston in September.

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In the meantime, my teenage social world partly overlapped and grew out of late-elementary-school relationships and their expansion in the age 13 Bar and Bat Mitzvah whirlwinds. These relationships continued in my first terms in

high school. Based in part on longstanding and new friendships, the changing social environments and psychophysical development deepened conflicts and contradictions.

High school hallways, classrooms, the gymnasium during basketball games and occasional school-sponsored dances, and the wall on the edge of school grounds where the smokers hung out quasi-legally, including me (I smoked from age 15 to 37 as the son of two smoking parents), were among our scholastic social environments. A second primary location for me at this time was the “Jewish Y” in Squirrel Hill, the sponsor of sports events, clubs, and some dances. A third was private homes with varying degrees of parental supervision where we hung out, danced to popular music on record players in family dens or living rooms, and surreptitiously squeezed and kissed in partial hiding, sometimes halfway in closets. A fourth, less frequent but more prominent spot—especially for those in the fraternities or members of the expensive golf and country clubs—were the social halls of those organizations for dances with disc jockeys.

Social life had complicated, largely unwritten rules. It was riddled with competition and conflicts. This included clothing and shoes. Girls were attentive to the boys’ shirts from Gant (with little hanger loops on the back) and Brooks Brothers. Penny loafers from Brooks Brothers were all but required for the cooler guys and some gals.

Denim blue jeans were a point of contention. At times, they were permitted as proper or even expected attire, at other times not. Unlike today, no one had a beard or mustache. Hair length for boys was also grounds for conflict. Being a good dancer and to a lesser extent a good kisser (we were not skilled in practicing or evaluating that) were advantages. So too were displays of family wealth, including a car at age 16.

My social life embraced all-boy activities, from tennis and basketball to bicycle rides and miniature golf. I gave up my uncle’s passion for golf in favor of tennis between ages 12 and 13. We attended baseball and football games both professional and at Pitt, watched movies, and hung out with the guys and with the gals. Beginning to drive at age 16 expanded our field of play. A few high school male buddies remained my close friends for a few years.

After age 13 and especially 15, my social life included heterosexual gatherings, often in groups. Sometimes they were small, such as double dates, and increasingly single-couple pairings. One female friend whom I did not date, Gail, living today just outside Philadelphia, remains close after almost 60 years of shared classes, points of view, and some social spheres. Another, Ava, a year younger who also attended Northwestern, is my intellectual property rights attorney, largely paid with copies of my books.

By age 17 or 18, I had more “serious” girlfriends. I had two fairly long-lasting relationships, Sally and Carol. Sally was my age, a friend of a friend and also of family friends who lived in a former mill town across the river. She was an intellectual soul mate, another highly intelligent overachiever from a middle-class Jewish family.

I recall one date, with my parents away on vacation, when we met at my house after I finished my shift at the summer steel mill job. While I showered and dressed, Sally shopped for dinner groceries and then prepared our meal. Other dates took us to lovely Pittsburgh parks in summer evenings to lay in the grass with her head on my chest or my lap as we watched the moonrise and the stars come out.

The last time I saw Sally was her autumn 1968 weekend trip to visit me as a sophomore at Northwestern University when she was a second-year student at the University of Michigan. We had resumed dating the previous summer. She stayed in a women's dorm with my high school friend. We had a pleasant time in downtown Chicago and walking the beaches next to the Evanston campus. In the pre-internet era, we lost contact. I sometimes wonder what became of lovely, intelligent Sally.

Carol, a year younger, was my second high school sweetheart, to use a phrase that perhaps captures the transitional and contradictory nature of the mid-1960s. Sweet and companionable, she was not, and did not attempt to be, Sally's intellectual equal. Attending Allderdice, she lived in an apartment with her divorced mother in nearby Shadyside. She had ready access to her mother's Volkswagen Bug and taught me to drive a manual stick-shift car. I recall spending a wintry New Year's Eve at my house celebrating with and even dancing with Carol and my parents.

Our happy relationship continued for almost two years, including my first year in college, until I felt the need to break up following her high school graduation. I remember her mother's displeasure with me.

Another sign of this transitional era was the physical nature of our relationships. We actively "made out" and explored each other's bodies, often in each other's bedrooms when our respective parents were away. Sally and I made out in the expansive but empty Pittsburgh public parks. We kissed and hugged passionately.

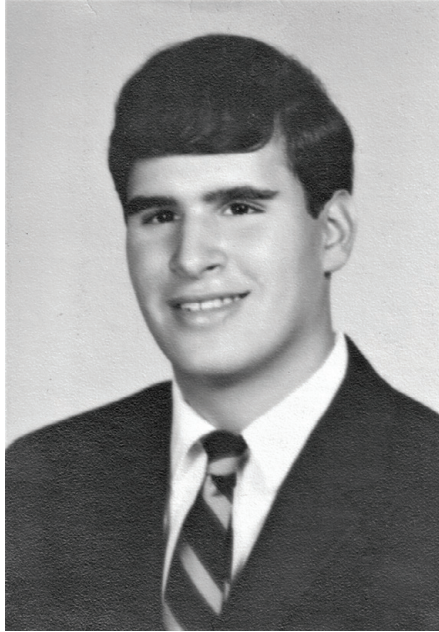
For our ages and circumstances, we loved each other. We were free with each other—but only up to a major point. Never did we consummate a full act of sexual intercourse. We came close. That awaited college relationships.

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The final installment in my teenage preparations for early adulthood and the further transition from high school and home to life away at university is my work experience. My parents encouraged but did not mandate summer jobs until late in high school. They made no mention of part-time work during school terms for either high school or college.

I toyed with a newspaper route by substituting a few times for short periods for vacationing friends. After 10<sup>th</sup> or 11<sup>th</sup> grade, I worked part-time with another person cleaning ceiling panels for a bowling alley. The following summer I worked in a local pharmacy's soda bar and made deliveries on a bicycle.

Serious summer work began immediately after high school graduation when I spent that symbolic, transitional period day-laboring in a steel mill just across the river from Pittsburgh in historic Homestead. The job connection was a family friend who was a business executive for the dying steel manufacturer.



*Figure 3.1. Harvey at age 18, Taylor Allderdice High School Yearbook, 1967.*

Having no choice, I worked swing shift from late afternoon to almost midnight. I manually moved steel slugs with a metal pole from one conveyer belt to another line, repeating the same task over and over. I often requested Darvon pain relievers from the factory dispensary.

The two months plus were eye-opening and deeply educational. I was one of only two college students among a demographically, ethnically, racially, and gender diverse workforce. There were many Vietnam War veterans, but my peace symbol taped to my hard hat prompted little comment other than generally good-natured humor.

Older workers good-naturedly joked about and with the youngsters. The “college boys” quickly bonded and even made a long-weekend vacation trip to Atlantic City. We were more often teased as objects of curiosity than ridicule or scorn. Political or cultural comments were mainly sarcastic. This side of the 1960s is seldom remembered.

More noticeable were the visible drug and alcohol use on the job, in restrooms, and at breaks; the quiet racial coexistence; and the strength and equality of the women among the unionized workers. Occasionally, other workers treated the “kids” to an Iron City or Duquesne beer at a nearby bar. It was quite a learning experience about far more than the kind of work that I was socialized to disdain and deeply desired to avoid. As in other summer jobs, I learned much more about workers as fellow human beings than only to confirm my need to attend college. I learned about myself and “other” others.

A final anecdote before we leave for Evanston and college. While I was working at the mill, I was visited at home one afternoon before work by two Pittsburgh-area resident, Northwestern University juniors or seniors “pre-rushing” me for their fraternity. This is another mark of the times. These two young men had absolutely no idea of what to say and what to make of an 18-year-old, Jewish young man—theirs was not a Jewish legacy house—earning money for college by working in a steel mill. Fraternities and sororities then as well as today were highly segregated by religion as well as social class, race, and ethnicity.

This provided my first lens into the then temporarily declining so-called Hellenic or Greek (fraternity and sorority), Midwestern, Protestant culture of Northwestern undergraduates. In part because of oversized student populations and limited housing alternatives, “Greek life” later rebounded nationally and at Northwestern. Despite some academic, pre-vocational, and theme or value-driven “houses,” fraternities and sororities remain sites of separation, competition and conflict, drunkenness, and sexual assault.