

NEIL GRAUER '69

July 8, 1999

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Mame Warren,
interviewer

Grauer: ...Dr. Ames died, I suppose, and that's why Isaiah Bowman became president. I graduated in 1969, when Lincoln Gordon was president of the university. When I entered in 1965, Milton S. Eisenhower was president of the university. I have a diploma signed by Lincoln Gordon, but I was very close to Dr. Eisenhower, and so at the time I got my diploma, I went over to his home and had him sign the back of it.

There was a certain amount of continuity in some respects among the faculty and administration, between my grandfather, father, and myself, because as I said, Dr. Ames was president of the university when my father was there, and he'd been a professor for my grandfather.

My first professor, one of my first professors at Hopkins was Frederic Chapin Lane, who was a renowned historian who taught at Hopkins for thirty-five or forty years, and almost everybody in that period of time studied under Dr. Lane, took his Occidental Civilization history course. I know that Russell Baker had Professor Lane, and my father had Professor Lane, and I had Professor Lane.

I remember Professor Lane was unusual in that he always took sections, at least one section, and I was fortunate enough to be assigned to his section, as opposed to lecture, his student section, but unfortunately he held it on Saturday morning and nobody wanted to go, of course. He held it in the basement of Gilman Hall in one of those rooms with big windows, and he would come in on a frigid Saturday morning and throw open the window, because he liked brisk air. After the first meeting with him as a section, I had said to my father on the telephone, earlier that week, that I had this Professor Lane, and he said, “Oh, I had him in 1932. I had him my freshman year, too.” So after the section, I went up to Dr. Lane and I said, “My father tells me that he had you as a freshman when he was a freshman in 1932. I hope that doesn’t make you feel too bad.” And Professor Lane smiled and said, “Oh, no, Mr. Grauer. I hope it doesn’t make *you* feel too bad.” [Laughter]

My father also had G. Wilson Shaffer for abnormal psychology, as did I. We are sitting in Shaffer Hall, where I presently work as a media relations person for the School of Professional Studies. I may be wrong about this, but I might be the only person working at Shaffer Hall now who knew Shaffer. Well, there may be a few others. But he was a very interesting, interesting guy.

Warren: Tell me about Dr. Shaffer.

Grauer: Well, he had a very droll sense of humor. He would lecture—he had kind of a deadpan. I remember almost the first lecture of abnormal psychology, when we had received our textbooks or gotten our textbooks, and he instructed us to read a certain amount of chapters, and then he said, “Now I want you to understand that as you read this text on abnormal psychology and they

describe the symptoms of various conditions, you will recognize attributes of your own. Don't worry about that. Just remember, the mentally ill are exactly like us, only more so." And that, of course, got an appropriate laugh, but it was very wise advice. [Laughter]

He often stood in a way that, like Jack Benny, he would hold one arm in the palm of one hand and rest the other hand on his cheek while he was lecturing. The pose struck me as looking like Jack Benny right before he would look at the audience and say, "Well." And I did a caricature once of Dr. Shaffer in that pose, but he was in the center, but then emanating from either side of him were the spirit of the id and the superego, a little devil and a little angelic Shaffer with a halo. And I gave him that caricature, and he loved it. For the remaining twenty-five years of his life or so, whenever I would see him, which was, during lacrosse season, rather frequent, he would say, "I was just looking through my papers and I found that drawing that you did." He must have rifled through his papers a great deal. [Laughter] But he never forgot that caricature.

Warren: I wonder if that's still around.

Grauer: I have the original.

Warren: You have the original?

Grauer: Yes.

Warren: Is it in the yearbook? I will have to look for it. Oh, wonderful! We may just make you the illustrator of this book. I love your caricatures so much.

Grauer: Thank you. Thank you.

Warren: I can go five different directions, but while we're talking about your caricatures, I've got to ask you, in looking at your notebooks, it felt to me—and I'm interpreting here, but it felt to me as though you were illustrating what you were hearing. Is that what—

Grauer: In some cases, yes. Certainly in the history lectures. I've always been something of a history buff. I think I had fairly good grades at Hopkins, and in some courses—Steve Ambrose or David Donald—I probably knew some of what was being spoken about. If Ambrose was talking about World War II or something, I'm just drawing Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin all the time, or Chiang Kai-shek or whatever. I guess with David Donald I remember doing a caricature of him as a Southern gentleman holding a mint julep because he had that deep honeyed Southern accent.

But I'm a little embarrassed about those notebooks. I can tell you a story that doesn't reflect that well on me, and the language is a little rough. But at some time in the mid '70s or late '70s, not too long after my father and I gave to the university examples of my grandfather's notebooks and some of my father's notebooks and mine, around Homecoming the archives put on a little display of items from the Hopkins Archives, and to my astonishment and initial delight, there was the display of three generations of family notebooks. This was in Levering Hall in a glass case.

So I ran home and got my camera and came back and carefully adjusted it so I could take a photograph of these items behind the glass, and I was adjusting the lens and the aperture. While I was doing that, some gentleman came by with his wife. This was, as I said, during the Homecoming weekend. He looked in the case and he said to his wife, "Look at that." He said, "Three generations of the same family." You have to understand, my grandfather's notebook was

a chemistry notebook, I think, and he had very small, meticulous handwriting. My father's was a biology notebook or anatomy or something. It was very thorough, careful notes. And mine were all cartoons. And this fellow, looking at it, said to his wife, "Look at that. Three generations of the same family. Two of them were serious and one of them was a fuckoff." [Laughter] And the spell was broken for me. I felt like saying, "That was a history course. I got an A in that course." [Laughter] But I just didn't say anything, and walked away.

Warren: He was not paying attention to what he looked at, because I've seen those three generations, and yours was the one I spent the most time with. Maybe it's because we're almost contemporaries, but I was so charmed by the thought that your mind was quick enough to interpret what you were—the one I copied, that I loved, was you have Roosevelt with a big pot, and he's stirring this big pot and all these initials—WPA and—

Grauer: The alphabet soup.

Warren: The alphabet soup is coming in.

Grauer: Well—

Warren: And you didn't need to take notes. Clearly you understood what was going on, what was being talked about, and you took it to a different level.

Grauer: Well, that's very kind. Actually, I should actually have a tape recorder and get this down for my own self-preservation, but actually I think the last test I took at Hopkins was in some political philosophy course or something like. I can't honestly remember what the course was about. But I was going to graduate in a few weeks, and I wasn't particularly concerned, and

so I answered each question with a caricature, with a drawing. I know it was something about the 1912 presidential thing, and so I just drew pictures of Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, and Woodrow Wilson battling it out or something. I got a B on that exam. [Laughter] Didn't get an A, but I'm pretty sure I got a B on that exam. I don't know what ever happened to the blue book.

Warren: I'd have given you an A.

Grauer: Yes. Well, I was pleased with that. Also, you know, it used to be that—

Warren: Who was the teacher?

Grauer: I have no idea.

Warren: It had to be somebody with a sense of humor.

Grauer: Yes. Yes. Something makes me think it was a woman graduate student, but I can't—that was years ago. But I remember that when you took exams at Hopkins, of course, they were not proctored. It was an honor system. Whoever left the class first, whoever left the classroom, finished the exam first, would usually get either a round of applause or jeers. "Oh, you bum," or whatever. And I can't remember whether I, having polished off my cartoons aside, I would leave first to a round of cheers or jeers, or whether I just waited till somebody else left, because I didn't want to be the first one out of there. But I remember that last test I took.

Warren: That's a great story. That's a great story. Again you've talked about ten things I want to pursue. Let's talk about the honor system.

Grauer: I think there undoubtedly were people who cheated and were not turned in. There was always a kind of moral quandary about, you know, if you see someone cheating, do you go turn them in, you know, kind of a snitch. But I know that I was never involved in any cases involving cheating or—I don't know what other violations of the honor code there might be—plagiarism, I suppose.

But I know that there was the Honor Commission. I had friends who were on the Honor Commission. I know there were trials. And I know that to some extent that system in another form prevailed as late as the late '80s, because a good friend of mine, Quint Kessenich, who was the goalie on the Hopkins lacrosse team, if memory serves, he acted as a defense attorney or defender of a teammate who was accused of cheating, I think, and got him off. But I was never involved in—I was never a member of the Honor Commission, and I don't remember how people were selected for it.

I know that a good friend of mine, who was my orientation leader, named John Sanborn, was the chairman of the Honor Commission, I think, if not the junior year when he was my orientation leader, then the following year. Maybe he was a senior. I think he was a senior my freshman year. I can't honestly remember. I think maybe he was a senior. So I think he was chairman of the Honor Commission. At the time I knew no finer individual. I think that concept was respected.

I made a couple of little notes I thought to refer to and now, of course, I've misplaced it. There were changes that came over Hopkins in the years that I was here. I can't find that slip—here it is. You know, I think the '60s came to Hopkins very late. I came here as a freshman,

of course, in the fall of '65, and I think the buildup in Vietnam was just beginning. We weren't all that aware, at least I wasn't, of what was going on in the outside world.

I remember when I first went to do work for the *News-Letter*. I wanted to do political cartoons, and I did a political cartoon about Charles de Gaulle wearing a Napoleonic hat, saying, "I have a dream of a European Union; let's call it France." And they printed it, but my editor at the time, Caleb Deschanel, who went on to become a renowned cinematographer in Hollywood, and remains a very good friend, I remember—I'm pretty sure it was Caleb who said, "Well, this is a clever cartoon and all that, but do you think you could do some cartoons about what's going on on campus?" And, of course, by 1968 I was doing cartoons about the presidential election and [Richard M.] Nixon versus [Hubert] Humphrey, and George Wallace was in the mix, and the war and all that sort of stuff. I remember thinking at the time, that shows the great shift of focus.

But when I was a freshman, you were still ostensibly supposed to wear a tie and jacket to the dinner at the dorms, the freshman dorms. There were some guys who honored it in their fashion by wearing a tie and a jacket, but no shorts and no pants, which was something that you could get away with very easily on an all-male campus. So, you know, they'd say, "I have my tie and jacket on."

Warren: And this was in 1965?

Grauer: Yes. Yes. But, heck, by 1967, I'm sure there was no rule to wear a tie and jacket.

Warren: They probably weren't even wearing the coat and tie. [Laughter]

Grauer: Right. But there were still these little touches of propriety that were still in effect in the mid '60s, which four years later were all out the door.

Warren: That's something I wanted to pursue with you, because I know you were here at a time of great social change here, social change anywhere.

Grauer: Well, social change in the country. I don't think—I really don't think that it hit Hopkins all that strongly, other than for that sort of thing, still at least until my senior year. I think the first female undergraduates came in 1970, so we were still an all-male class and there was still the freedom, or lack of couth, that could attend to that.

I may be entirely off base about this. Others would have a completely different view. I think if you talk to Bruce Drake, who is now the head of the news at NPR Radio, Bruce was the editor of the *News-Letter*, I think, our senior year, and had been with the *News-Letter* all the way along. So I think that he might have a better take, maybe a more realistic take, than I do on how politically active or involved people were on the campus. But certainly by '68—'68 was, you know, the worst year of the century, probably—well, that's a hyperbole. I would think probably 1932 was worse. But certainly it was a pretty bad year, certainly the worst year of the '60s. You know, there was the assassination of Dr. [Martin Luther] King [Jr.] that led to the riots.

I remember leaving the Eisenhower Library, leaving my books in my usual place, and going to the snack bar to get something, and then coming back and finding that the library was locked up, all my books inside, because there had been a curfew decreed and everybody had to go home. I lived at that time in an apartment on Calvert Street, Saint Paul Street, and you could sit in the window box and watch the Army patrol, jeeps, going around the block. They were like clockwork, you know. Every twenty minutes or something, around came the jeep again.

It was a pretty grim time. But I don't remember a whole lot of political unrest on the campus. I know my senior year there was some sort of demonstration where a group of students "took over" Homewood House, which was then the offices, the administration offices. Lincoln Gordon was not on campus, which was a frequent occurrence. He had to be called back from Washington—I don't know what he was doing in Washington—to try to confront the students. Relatively speaking, compared to what was happening at Columbia or at Berkeley or any of the other major universities, I think what happened at Hopkins was probably pretty mild. But I was not radicalized. I wasn't too pleased with what was going on in the national government or whatever.

I remember thinking, when I came to Hopkins as a freshman and was so overwhelmed with the work load, that if I had entered in September of 1941 and graduated in June of 1945, I wouldn't have known there had been a war, because I was just so busy with everything that I had to do, all the incredible work load. Well, I found out that from September of 1965 to June 1969, I knew there was a war on. [Laughter] It certainly did make its presence known.

Warren: So you weren't involved in the occupation of Homewood House.

Grauer: No.

Warren: Was that a fringe group who was involved in it—

Grauer: I would say so.

Warren: —or was the campus at large aware of it and watching it evolve? I've seen photographs.

Grauer: Yes, you've seen photographs.

Warren: It's hard to tell.

Grauer: I think it was a fringe group. I remember standing around and watching some of it and thinking it was rather stupid, but I don't remember what their particular grievance was at the time. I don't think the general—and, again, you should check with somebody like Bruce Drake, who would have been more attuned to that than I, but I think it was pretty much a fringe group.

But I do think, and I wanted to say, that another measurement of the change at the university can be seen in the *Hullabaloo*s, to this extent. 1966, the first *Hullabaloo* I bought because I came in as a freshman in '65, very traditional yearbook. Team photographs, cutlines with the names and positions and pictures of the faculty, fraternity pages and then a page devoted to the fraternity, with something written about the fraternity. You know, they bought the pages, and so they had their composite and they had their copy. That's 1966.

1967, I don't know whether there are team photographs anymore. I know—I mean, I did these cartoons to accompany the composites of the fraternities, but I assumed that they were going to be used to illustrate whatever the fraternities submitted for the copy on their page. I personally was stunned when I got the copy of the yearbook and saw that the editor had decided not to use any of the copy that the fraternities had submitted, but to just use my cartoons. I'm sure—I know that there were quite a few fraternities who were not pleased by that. They hadn't paid whatever they paid per page just to have my drawings. I think some of them were perfectly happy with the drawings; it was better than nothing.

But the people who ran the *Hullabaloo* over that period of time, you will see by '68 and certainly by '69, it becomes a form of self-expression. It doesn't become what a yearbook ought to be, which is a history of that particular class or year and activities and organizations, whatever.

I had been the editor of my high school yearbook, and I went to the same high school system as my parents did in Great Neck, Long Island, and I knew, because I'd seen it over the years, how many times my parents would go back to their high school yearbook to look up a photograph. Who was so and so? They'll see something in the paper, that so and so died. Who is that? Or whatever. And I knew it was used as a reference, you know, and it was an important reference. It really annoyed me to see those who became editors of the *Hullabaloo* turn it into a vehicle for personal expression, which that isn't what it's supposed to be. And now, thirty years out, I want to check on a photo of somebody who was on a lacrosse team in 1968 and I can't find it, because it isn't there, and that infuriates me. But I knew at the time I was going to be mad.

[Laughter]

Warren: You had more foresight than most people. I'll tell you, for somebody doing the job I'm doing, self-expression is lovely, but it doesn't tell me what I need to know.

Grauer: But I think you can see, in one respect, the change that occurred at Hopkins by just looking at these *Hullaballoos* from '66 to '69, and it's dramatic. But that just reflects, I suppose, the nature of the people who were involved in the publications.

Warren: You don't think it reflects the institution at the time?

Grauer: No. I know that it annoyed a lot of students, because—well, let me put it this way. I know it annoyed a certain segment of the student “leadership,” because I was a member of

Omicron Delta Kappa. I went into Omicron Delta Kappa in 1968 as a junior, which at that time was an organization—I suppose it still is—of “student leaders.” These are people—at that time the criterion was that you had to be the president or an officer of at least two student organizations and maintain a gentleman’s B or whatever average, I guess, or even a gentleman’s C. But you had to be involved in at least a couple of organizations, and I was. So I got elected to ODK.

They would have meetings once a month. Other members were Bill Bevan, I remember was there, he was the provost at the time. Carl Swanson, who was the dean of students at the time, I’m pretty sure he was a biology professor. And, oh, what’s his name? Robert Serena, who was the head of the dormitories, an old Army colonel. And I remember Conrad Gebelein, bless his soul, the band leader, was a member. So really you’d have these meetings once a month or something, and you’d have a cross-section of the—you’d have somebody from the administration, you’d have somebody from the faculty, you’d have various student leaders, president of Student Council. I was from the Blue Key Society and I was also from the *News-Letter*. But I think they had some *News-Letter* editors. In any event, it was a good cross-section.

I remember that the—I think the *Hullabaloo* of ’68 caused a considerable row. Not row. I mean students were annoyed because they had paid money for this thing and they ended up getting a four- or five-page photo essay on some guy and his girlfriend, you know, nice artsy pictures of them in intimate clinches and running around the park or something like that. And people would say, “What the hell did I pay for getting pictures of Dick and Cindy?” That was the name of the couple. I remember it vividly, because people were saying, “What the fuck do we

need all these pictures of Dick and Cindy in here for? What does that have to do with what happened last year on the campus?"

And it became a topic of conversation, and I think they called in one of the editors of the *Hullabaloo*, either past editor, saying, you know, "You get support from student activities groups. You're supposed to turn out a yearbook, you know. You're not supposed to turn out photo essays." And, of course, people said, "This is artistic," and everything. But it caused some grumblings. I don't think people were particularly pleased. I would venture to say that thirty years hence, none of them are pleased, except maybe the guy—

Warren: Dick and Cindy, if they're still together. [Laughter]

Grauer: Actually, I know they did marry and I know they didn't stay together. [Laughter]

Warren: The footnote.

Grauer: The footnote.

Warren: What about social life here? You said that you wouldn't have known World War II was going on. Was there time for social life?

Grauer: Yes, and I'm not really the person to talk to about that. I was never particularly— [Copy cassette problems. Speed of tape is very fast. Grauer talks about fraternity parties; Chester's Place (which Grauer never visited), requirements to live in dormitories, apartments, first trip to Baltimore as a child. **Master cassette is ok. What follows in bold is transcribed and edited by Mame.**]

You could, in those days, get a three-bedroom apartment for a hundred and fifty bucks. So it would be fifty bucks apiece. Gosh, tuition was only eighteen hundred dollars. What is it now? Twenty-one of twenty two thousand. Quite a difference.

[Begin Tape 1, Side 2]

Grauer: ...and prepared him for everything that he's done subsequently. He's had a very distinguished career. Then [John] Halperin's mentor at Hopkins is another brilliant English professor, J. Hillis Miller, who was again one of the most captivating lecturers. I think Steve Ambrose was probably the most entertaining and captivating lecturers, but I was enthralled by the European fiction course I took from Hillis Miller, and was enthralled and frustrated, because I took it pass/fail. In my senior year, they instituted a pass/fail program which they had not had before. You could take one or two courses pass/fail. I took Hillis Miller's British and European fiction of the twentieth century pass/fail. I was so fascinated by it, I did everything that you could do for that course, and I got an A and it didn't count. [Laughter]

You know, Dick Macksey. I mean, everybody for the past forty years who has been in liberal arts at Hopkins is in awe of Dick Macksey. Milton Eisenhower used to say, "Dick Macksey knows everything." And that is about right. I think he does know everything. Oh, gosh.

Warren: Take me into the classroom with these people. You've mentioned numerous names. I'm interested in all of them.

Grauer: [Stephen] Ambrose would conduct a course, would conduct his lecture in some respects almost in the Socratic manner, in that he would invite you—and it could be a very big lecture hall,

but he invited you to interrupt him, to raise your hand and question what he was saying or take a different angle on it. That was very exciting, very engaging.

Somebody like Hillis Miller, you'd read *Mrs. Dalloway* or something like that, and then you would just sit and listen to his explanation of it and be entranced. Yeah, I read that, but my god, I didn't see this in it, I didn't see that in it, I didn't see the next thing in it. He was just captivating.

There's a wonderful quote in a recent article in the *Hopkins Gazette*, when the professorship was recently endowed in Macksey's honor, where it quotes some former student of his, which I don't know who it was, it was identified—I wish I'd said it—"Asking Dick Macksey a question is like going to a fire hydrant for a drink of water." And that's perfect. All I can say is, you don't mind one bit getting wet. [Laughter] Because it's just so refreshing and invigorating to get that splash.

Charles Singleton, the spirit of the Renaissance, and Dante's *Divine Comedy*. I don't know whether students do this today or whether there were that many students who did it when I was at Hopkins, but I know that there were some students who would go to—there was a book like a *Who's Who* or a faculty—nothing printed by Hopkins. It was in the reference book section of the library. Colleges and universities, faculty, whatever. And they would look up the professors and check out their credentials. I suppose that is typical. That speaks volumes about Hopkins, I suppose. You want to check out if this guy's *bona fide* before you decide you want to take his course, or you want to know whether he's the real article.

And Charles Singleton was a brilliant scholar. I think he won the Dante Prize from the Florentine government, and the only other person at the time to have gotten it was T.S. Eliot. I mean, these were the sort of things that people would say, “You know, he got the Dante Prize,” or something.

But I remember a classmate of mine looking up Singleton’s background. And Singleton was very dignified and he had a great head. I did a caricature of him as the consigliere from a statue in Venice, you know, with his pointed Van Dyke and his precise pronunciation, almost British. Then, of course, whenever he would speak Italian, describing a name or whatever from the Renaissance, it just flowed so beautifully. And I remember this classmate of mine going and looking up and saying, “Singleton, the son of a bitch is an Okie! He was born in Oklahoma, went to the University of Oklahoma! The guy’s a fraud!” [Laughter] Well, he wasn’t a fraud, but it certainly gave you a—the man had remade himself. It gave you a certain perspective. Not that his course was any the worse. I mean, it was still a marvelous, marvelous course. But I kind of like that. As I say, I think that does speaking something about kids who go to Hopkins. [Laughter] Got to check out these guys.

Warren: You may not have to pay extra to take their courses, but you wanted to make sure they’re worth your investment.

Grauer: Yes, that’s right. That’s right. “The son of a bitch is an Okie!” [Laughter]

Warren: Has to be from somewhere.

Grauer: Right. Right. But the classes, you know, it’s hard to remember. Carl Swanson taught a course, biology for non-science majors, which was referred to as “baby bio,” because you had to

take a lab course. Everybody knew there were plenty of students on the campus who were not going into medicine in any way, but they had to take a lab course, so you got biology for non-science majors. Swanson was a wonderful lecturer.

Then there was the lab, where you had to—you know, the various dissections and look in microscopes and cut up a rat and that sort of thing. I remember the section instructor, the graduate student was the section instructor, criticized my first paper, whatever it was, I don't recall, but he sent it back with a note, "I expect better drawings from a *News-Letter* cartoonist." [Laughter] Which was marvelous, again, because here you have a grad student, you know, who read bylines, I guess, you know. So when it came time to dissect a rat, I did as meticulous a drawing, I suppose, but I put Mickey Mouse's head on it, you know, with the tongue hanging out. [Laughter]

Warren: Great.

Grauer: I know I loved David Donald, again, that lovely voice and his lectures on the Civil War and Reconstruction, the courses he taught. I remember he taught two hours. He'd give two-hour lectures. They'd be like an hour and then there would be a ten-minute break, then he would do another hour. I remember the first lecture he gave on Civil War Reconstruction, he said [imitating Donald's accent], "I want to give you the causes for the Civil War." We should have caught on. He kept saying, "Last year I said the causes were—" and he gave this marvelous explanation of reasons behind the Civil War, and everybody's taking notes furiously. And then there's the ten-minute break, during which often, particularly when the course got a little farther along, he'd

stand around and shoot the breeze with you. He'd take a drink of water or whatever, but then he'd stand around and chat with you.

In the second part of that opening lecture, he would say, "Now, I've just given you what my beliefs were, my theories were on the causes of the Civil War last year. This year, however, my beliefs are—" and then he gave you a completely different lecture, and it all sounded just as logical as the first was. It was just this great intellectual entertainment.

Warren: I wish I'd been in your pocket. These guys sound fantastic.

Grauer: Oh, they were. They were. I never had Kelso Morrill. I know son and his grandson very well. Because he taught math, and that's not my thing, and I steered clear of math. At Hopkins at that time, you had to take a lab course, but you could take, if you were a liberal arts major, you could take either a math course or philosophy, so I took philosophy and avoided math. I don't remember much about philosophy, but I would haven't remembered anything about math. But Kelso Morrill, people knew, I mean, by reputation. He was a fierce teacher.

I had Shaffer and enjoyed his course immensely. I was too squeamish—it was ridiculous. He had a tradition, every year he would take the class in different groups out to Sheppard-Pratt to meet patients there. I don't know why, I mean, I can say it's ridiculous, but I was uncomfortable doing that, and it was stupid, because it always was, apparently, the most memorable excursion of the class. My father did it from thirty years before when he had done it, and they had gone out to Sheppard-Pratt and they'd met a variety of patients.

After the patient would come in to—I guess it was like a surgery room, you know, a well, and they would talk with the patient, and then after the patient left, Shaffer would turn to the class

and say, “What do you think is that person’s problem?” And my father vividly remembered that they brought in some gentleman in a three-piece suit was seemed to be perfectly fine, engaged everybody in very polite conversation for a short period of time, then left. Shaffer said, “Gentlemen, what’s the matter with that person?” And none of the guys could figure it out. Shaffer just smiled and said, “Tertiary syphilis.” This guy had been a banker or something like that, and I guess for a few hours a day he was perfectly fine, and then he would go crazy, you know. Of course, back in the ’30s, he was a dead man, while if you get to tertiary syphilis now, you’re a dead man, but there are ways to prevent it. But my father had never forgotten that.

Warren: I bet.

Grauer: So I should have done it. But I got to know Shaffer very well later with lacrosse, because I remained involved with the lacrosse program drawing the Blue Jay cartoon. I used to sit up in the press box many times with Shaffer. He was, I think, the final word on which player was named to the all-time Hopkins lacrosse team, and he didn’t do that by the seats of his pants. He kept meticulous stats—ground balls, saves, shots, assists and goals and everything. I mean, he took that very seriously. I didn’t talk with him about it. I just used to sit next to him and watch. He was a remarkable guy and certainly had a profound influence, I think, on a lot of students who went through here. Remarkable man.

Warren: Before I lose track, I want to ask one more question about courses. You mentioned “baby bio.” Were there other names for courses?

Grauer: “Baby bio.” That’s the only one off the top of my head that I can remember. No, I think the only nickname the courses went by was by the professor’s name. You know, “Have you taken

Lane? Have you taken Ambrose?" Of course, Ambrose had different courses. I know "War in the Modern World" was one of them. But I took several courses from him.

I remember Earl Wasserman. Romantic poets, I took that. I was not particularly—I didn't like it. [Telephone rings. Tape recorder turned off.]

Warren: Let's go up into the press box up in Homewood Field. Tell me about being up there.

Grauer: Well, I hadn't been up there that much. I was not up there as a student. So what exactly do you want to know about it? I mean—

Warren: What I really want to talk about is the Blue Jay.

Grauer: Oh, the Blue Jay. Well, I've written about that and I've been interviewed on that before, so everything I'm going to be saying is a repeat. But I originally started the Blue Jay as a comic strip for the *News-Letter*, and I did little comments on things on campus with the Blue Jay. The great irony is, I can dig out for you, I still have a cartoon I did probably in 1967 with the Blue Jay complaining about the parking problem on campus, with a car being parked up in this tree. But I started doing it for that.

Then a friend of mine, Rich Hollander, class of 1970, who later went into the newspaper business and broadcasting and now has his own company, he was the sports editor and did a column called "The Jay's Nest." It had been done by a previous sports editor, and so he took it over when he became sports editor. I did a cartoon of the Blue Jay in the nest, with a typewriter. [Interruption.] So I did a cartoon of the Blue Jay in the next, with a typewriter, and a newsman's fedora on.

Then I started doing drawings every week for the lacrosse season, and, you know, the Blue Jay beating up on the opposing team's mascot or emblem. I did it for a couple of friends of mine on the team.

Then when Bob Scott retired as head coach after the 1974 season and Henry Ciccarone came on as head coach, "Chick" called me up and said, "You know, Scotty has been using these old drawings of yours from the *News-Letter*, tacking them up on the bulletin board in the locker room before every game, and these are yellowed and full of thumbtack holes and falling apart. I want a new set of drawings." And so I started to do a new set of drawings every year for Chick. Then Chick was a great motivator, and part of his way of motivating was promotional stuff, so Chick put my Blue Jay on caps and T-shirts and bumper stickers. At that time, of course, Bob Scott was the athletic director, and so they put it on the cups that they sold Coca-Cola at, at the Homewood Field.

So it was everywhere. I know of some students in the late '80s and early '90s who had it tattooed on them. I did not know this was going to happen. I found out about it subsequently, and initially I was horrified. Then I decided, well, maybe it's a tribute of sort and I'll be with those guys long after I'm gone. I'll be under their skin while I'm under the ground.

But about three years ago, I think, the athletic department, under new management, so to speak, decided that they wanted a Blue Jay that was more uniform, because a lot of the, I gather, coaches on some of the other teams thought that my Blue Jay was a lacrosse Blue Jay, and they wanted something that was uniform for all the teams. So they hired someone to design a more ornithologically correct Blue Jay profile, not a cartoon, and it's just the profile. It doesn't do

anything. But I know that there's a web site that says that mine was the unofficial Hopkins athletic logo for more than twenty-five years, and I think that's a pretty long time to be unofficial.

But I had a pretty good run, and I still do Blue Jays for every senior on the lacrosse team, and occasionally the alumni office will call me up and ask me to do a drawing, and I'm delighted to do it.

Warren: How do you feel about that? That's quite something you created there. How does it feel to have done that?

Grauer: Well, you know, it's very odd. You never know, I think—it's very rare that you know what you will do that will last. And sometimes things—well, lord knows that—the analogy is a little overblown, but, you know, Arthur Conan Doyle tried to kill off Sherlock Holmes. He got mighty sick of Sherlock Holmes. I'm sure he thought—he believed there were other things that he could do better and that people should pay attention to. I'm sure that when he created Sherlock Holmes, he never dreamed that that would be the thing that would stick. I'm sure there are plenty of other examples of that. I think when I first started drawing the Blue Jay in 1966, for the *News-Letter*, the idea that I would be drawing it in 1999 or 2000 for lacrosse players never occurred to me. It was phenomenal.

Same thing, I've done a lot of writing and interviewing of classic animators, people like Marc Davis, who I've known for many years in the Disney organization, who drew Tinkerbell and Cruella deVille. I don't think Marc ever had any idea that when he drew Tinkerbell in 1950, that Tinkerbell would become, other than Mickey Mouse, the corporate emblem of the Disney organization. I mean, she really is.

And I remember one time talking with Chuck Jones, the great director at Warner Bros., because there was an exhibit at the Baltimore Museum of Art of artwork from Warner Bros. cartoons, framed cells of Bugs Bunny at the Baltimore Museum of Art. And I said to Chuck Jones, “Did you ever imagine, when you were doing—” What’s the famous one with the opera? “What’s opera, Doc?” “Did you ever imagine that cells from this would be in the Baltimore Museum of Art?” And he said, “Of course not. It’s madness.”

So I never—I’m very proud of it. I’m very proud of it, because it’s been fun to do and it’s surprising to me how much it means to the people that I’ve done the drawings for over the years, how much fun they get out of it. Because I’ve had guys come up to me—I saw guys this past spring from the class of ’79, you know, they’re up here for their twentieth reunion, saying, “I’ve still got your Blue Jay. It’s in my office,” “It’s in my bedroom,” “It’s in my basement,” or something like that. That’s very gratifying and flattering, so I’m proud of the Blue Jay. [Laughter]

Warren: You certainly should be.

Grauer: I know that [President] Brody likes it. Brody said to me this past spring—and you should get this. I don’t really think—well. Brody has said to me, “I’d like to have your Blue Jay back.” I don’t see any reason why there isn’t room for both, quite frankly, and I said to Brody, I said, “Well, Hopkins ought to take a leaf from the Disney marketing book.” I said, “You look at a Disney catalog and they’ve got as much merchandise showing Mickey Mouse as he appeared in the mid thirties as he did after *Fantasia* in 1941, when he got pupils, you know.” [Laughter] I said, “They’ve got many T-shirts and dolls and whatever of the old Mickey as of the new

Mickey.” I said, “There’s no reason why Hopkins can’t have my Blue Jay and the ornithologically correct one.”

Warren: Yours is the classic.

Grauer: Well, that’s right. The classic.

Warren: The Classic Coke. They tried to introduce the new formula and nobody really liked it.

[Laughter]

Okay. When I came in here, you showed me an outrageous picture of you with President Milton Eisenhower.

Grauer: Right. Right.

Warren: And I want to know the story behind that.

Grauer: Well, that was at the aftermath of a banquet that was held every year for the Blue Key Society, and that was the year that I was president of the Blue Key Society.

Warren: Start by telling me who the Blue Key Society is.

Grauer: That’s where I was going. The Blue Key Society is still in existence, but it’s done differently now. I think basically it’s the organization which works with the admissions office and provides students to give tours of the campus to visiting parents and prospective students and any others, I suppose, who need a tour of the campus. As I understand it now, anybody can be a member of the Blue Key Society. You just say, “I want to give tours of the campus.” I don’t know if there’s anything more done with it now.

But when I was a student, it was a very limited organization and you had to—there was a little booklet of facts about the campus and you should study up on that, and then you went in and were interviewed. We didn't take everybody. I think they only took about fifteen, twenty guys a year, if that many. It was a much smaller campus, much smaller situation. And we had keys and little lapel pins.

Every year we would have a banquet. When those who were tapped or selected for Blue Key were admitted, we'd have a banquet for them. For many years it was held down at the restaurant, now out of business, called The House of Welsh, down on South Street. This was at an old stone building that had survived the great fire of 1904, and they served a T-bone steak dinner, with very soggy french fries and rolls. But we could get that dinner for a dollar—I think it was a dollar twenty-five a person. It was a T-bone steak that came on a sizzling platter. But where they made their money on us was they had an open bar. I mean, guys walked out of there literally with full fifths in their pockets, you know.

John Halperin liked to tell the story that he ordered a gin and tonic, and the bartender took a tumbler, you know, a full-size glass, put an ice cube in it, and filled it to about a quarter of an inch from the top with gin, handed Halperin a bottle of tonic, and said, "Mix your own." And that's how The House of Welsh made their money on the Blue Key banquet. So we were very well lubricated.

The year that I was president, we were more than well lubricated and got quite raucous, and we got into a food fight, throwing rolls and stuff, and Eisenhower was up on the dias with

me, and he was happy as a clam to throw rolls at people as well. We had a lot of faculty and some administration there.

Then the director of admissions at that time, a gentleman by the name of William Brinkley, Bill Brinkley, who was a wonderfully generous, fun-loving guy, he had a membership to the Playboy Club in Baltimore. Baltimore did indeed have a Playboy Club. He took the whole group to the Playboy Club after The House of Welsh, so this was like eleven or twelve o'clock at night, twelve o'clock. And we went to the Playboy Club, and I think they had Jack E. Leonard there, the comic, and everybody had souvenir mugs of Irish coffee. Must have cost Brinkley a fortune, because we were probably thirty people there, and I'm sure that each one of those drinks was five dollars apiece at least, you know, even then. And the Playboy Club always had a "bunny" going around with a Polaroid camera to take snapshots, and she took a snapshot of a bunch of us at the table with Eisenhower, who thought it was a grand evening. I mean, he just had a ball.

But I remember the next day on campus I saw Carl Swanson, who was then the dean of students, I believe, and he had been playing bumper pool with one of the "bunnies." I think everybody was feeling it the next day. I saw Swanson on campus and he just kind of held his head a little bit and said, "Very quiet on campus today." [Laughter]

But, you see, the aspect of that story I love the most is the collegiality of the place. Here you have a guy who was a dean, chairman of the biology department, he was a full professor, and you have a president emeritus of the university and, you know, they're playing bumper pool with undergraduates, and throwing rolls and having a good time. It's hard to believe that these things did happen. [Laughter] I have plenty of witnesses.

Warren: Sounds like it. Tell me about Milton Eisenhower as a person.

Grauer: He was a great man. He was a very human man. When he came to Hopkins in 1956, '57, he was a widower. His wife had died while he was at Penn State. His son was grown. His daughter was certainly in the upper reaches of high school, if not ready to go to college. So in many ways his social life became the students at Hopkins. He lived on campus.

Mr. Nichols—I forget his first name—gave the money, and Milton designed the president's house. He did the original floor plan and a little sketch of what he wanted that house to be, and Nichols paid for it. So he lived on campus. And I think there were plenty of students who were intimidated by him. I know there were some students who thought, well, he represented the Eisenhower years in the nation, more paternalistic or whatever. But there were an awful lot of students who took very warmly, and rightly so, to him, because he was genuinely interested in them. I really do think he was the undergraduates' best friend at Hopkins.

Some people would say that was Wilson Shaffer, and Wilson Shaffer certainly did care for the undergraduates very, very much so, particularly setting up that psychiatric service that was used by everybody that I know, myself included. You'd have been crazy if you didn't. It was free.

But Eisenhower really cared for the undergraduates, and that's at a time I don't think when they were really cared about that much at Hopkins. Hopkins has always been a place that's focused on graduate students. I know in the past, in the early part of its history, back when [Frank] Goodnow was president and everything, they wanted to get rid of them, thought they were too much trouble. But Eisenhower cared about them, and he understood students. He was

interested in what you were taking and what interested you about courses, what interested you about life.

He knew more baseball statistics than anybody I've ever known. He knew the stats of every player who set foot on the field. He could tell you their batting averages and their pitching and everything. He took me to many a ball game and found out that I did not know everything about baseball players, so I didn't go to as many ball games as I might have, because I didn't know that much about the game.

He understood interpersonal relationships. He gave you very good advice on how to handle friends and relationships, if you asked him. He would never volunteer. I remember one time a friend of mine, whom we mutually knew, was getting divorced, and I was questioning why the marriage had broken up or something. And Milton cut me right off and he said, "Stop that. You're taking sides." He says, "That's not what you should do. You like them both, so you just don't take sides," or something like that. "That's their problem, and you can't get involved."

And he wrote [unclear]'s recommendation for me. I know, for example, he was the head of the Rhodes Scholarship Committee for the Mid Atlantic States for many years. And I remember when Kurt Schmoke first ran for state's attorney, long before he ran for mayor, I was having a drink with Eisenhower, and I knew that Schmoke was a lawyer at Piper Marbury [& Flynn], the only black at Piper or something, I guess, at the time. I don't know. I think it's Piper. Maybe it was [unclear], but I think it was Piper. In any event, Eisenhower said, "Oh, I love Kurt Schmoke."

And I said, "How do you know this guy?"

And he said, “Oh, he was a Rhodes scholar. I gave him a Rhodes scholarship. I know all about Kurt Schmoke.”

And many years later, I had occasion to spend some time at a social event with Larry Lucchino, who was then the president of the Baltimore Orioles, not a Hopkins man. I think he went to Princeton or Yale, one or the other. He went to one undergraduate and one to law school. Whatever. But Lucchino, as then-president of the Orioles and now president of the San Diego Padres, Lucchino said to me, “Do you like baseball and stuff?”

And I said, “Well, you know, I used to go to a lot of ball games with Milton Eisenhower, but I really didn’t know that much about the sport.”

And Lucchino says to me, “I knew Milton Eisenhower.”

“Really? How so?”

He said, “When I was at Yale, I applied for a Rhodes scholarship, and I didn’t get it. But after they came out and they meet you and they interview and then they go in a room and they make their decision, they came out, and Milton Eisenhower came up to me and he said, ‘I’m sorry, you didn’t get it. You were my candidate, but you didn’t get it. But if you need a letter of recommendation or anything in the future, I’d be happy to write one for you.’” And Lucchino said, “And he followed through on that, and he did that.” And Larry Lucchino, to this day, revered his memory. He was, to use the vernacular, a *mensch*.

Warren: Change the tape?

Grauer: Sure.

Warren: Keep on a little bit longer.

[Begin Tape 2, Side 1]

Warren: This is Mame Warren. It's tape two with Neil Grauer on the eighth of July, 1999.

All right. Big question. I found some great pictures of Milton Eisenhower's seventy-fifth birthday.

Grauer: Oh, yes. I was there.

Warren: Were you there?

Grauer: Sure. I even have a cap signed.

Warren: Everybody wearing the cap. Tell me about that occasion.

Grauer: Well, that was splendid. I don't know who organized it, but they did a brilliant job, and it was in the bull pen at Memorial Stadium. Huge crowd, beautiful day. Something makes me think it was a double header, actually, which they don't play much anymore. But we had a big barbecue, and I remember Brooks Robinson came around back in the bull pen. He was friendly with Milton. Actually, if memory serves, Milton's son-in-law, Tom Snyder, went to grade school with Brooks Robinson in Arkansas, so, I mean, they went back a long way. Then it was a huge cross-section of people at that party. I know Senator [Charles "Mac"] Mathias was there and lots of faculty. I know Shaffer was there and Dean Benton. I'm pretty sure he was there. And family members.

Then after this barbecue, we literally walked across the field. We walked from the bull pen across the field to reserved seats for us behind home plate and along the first base line. Why I think it was a double header was I know there was a ceremony held where they had Milton down

at home plate and they gave him a warmup jacket and a dollar-a-year contract as a relief pitcher, and then announced that they were putting him on the disabled list.

But the Orioles, you see, Milton was very close to Zanvyl Kreiger, who had been one of the organizers of bringing the old St. Louis Browns to Baltimore and, I think, had been the treasurer of the organization when Jerry Hoffberger owned the team. When Milton retired from Hopkins the first time in 1967—oh god, the name's just gone out of my head. He later went to the Mets, an official of the Orioles. Saw to it that the American League issued a gold fourteen- or eighteen-carat gold lifetime pass to Milton to all American League ball parks, and it's the only one, certainly the first one. Whether any have subsequently been issued, I don't know. Harry Dalton.

In any event, he had this solid gold pass. Of course, he was only going to use it for Memorial Stadium. It entitled him to get into the ball park, but it did not entitle him to a seat. And so what he would do was call Zan Kreiger and say, "Are there seats in your box tonight?" or whatever. Of course there always were. In those days, there were always seats at Memorial Stadium, even though we had won the World Series in '66. In the late '60s and early '70s, we were always in the run for it and had a number of championship teams.

In any event, that's what we would do. Milton would call me up and he would say, "If you take me to the ball park tomorrow, I'll buy you a crab cake." So I had a '68 VW Beetle, which I have driven for thirty-one years and was driving then, and I would pick him up. He also had a parking pass, a paper, cardboard parking pass. He would sit in the passenger side of my VW, and we would ride into Memorial Stadium, and he'd hold this thing in front of his face, the parking

pass. We'd park my bug next to Hoffberger's Cadillac in the officials' parking thing, and go in and go to Zanyl Kreiger's box, which was along the third base line, which was where the Oriole dugout was. And Kreiger sometimes would come by, and sometimes Hoffberger would come by.

Then after the game, we would go to Thompson Seagirt House on York Road, doesn't exist anymore, but they had the best crab cake in town, really. I don't know how that thing was held together, because there was no filler. And we would have a crab cake and a bottle of Michelob. It's the only time Milton drank beer, was when he was going to have a crab cake. He was not a beer drinker; he was a bourbon man. In some respects he taught me how to drink beyond college. You know, you'd drink bourbon in the wintertime, and then when warm weather comes, you'd switch to gin and tonic or vodka tonic, sometimes martinis.

But I used to also drink with Abel Wolman. I got to know him long after I'd graduated from Hopkins. I wrote some articles about him, and he used to invite me to his house to have martinis up in his study on the second floor there. He had a shaker and everything, and he would mix them. He always had a small plate of Saltine crackers, because he had had a brother who said you had to have something to eat, to absorb the alcohol. [Laughter]

I mean, Milton and I used to get together probably at least once every two weeks for drinks, at the very least, and then at least once a month, maybe every three weeks, for dinner. After his housekeeper, Margie Johnson, died, he had never done any cooking. I think I'm a great cook. But he learned some basics and stuff, and occasionally he would fix—I'd go over to his place and he'd fix a meal. It was a very close relationship with a guy who was certainly old enough to

be my grandfather, which gives me hope that I'll still be friendly with students or something in my dotage. It's possible.

Warren: You had a wonderful role model.

Grauer: It's entirely possible. You just have to try to keep up better than I do with what's current. I wrote a piece about him for the magazine when he died, that I think gives the best sense of the sort of person he was. Part of that, I did a piece for the [*Baltimore*] *Sun* the day after he died, on the Op Ed page, which I know the family liked a lot.

As I said in the article, he was vain, he hated being bald. He was a snazzy dresser, conservative, but in a snazzy way. In the '70s, when wide wild ties and multicolored shirts and whatever came in, he had some of them in his wardrobe. He liked looking a little snazzy. He liked to go to the latest movies, you know, and he was pretty up on things. And he was a very sensitive guy.

Again, you have to be very discreet with how you use some of this stuff, but, you know, when Steve Ambrose was at Hopkins, his first wife committed suicide. I don't know any details about that, other than—well, I do know is that Milton Eisenhower was very sensitive to the tragedy and sought to provide emotional support in however way he could to Ambrose. Of course, Ambrose never forgot that, and adored Eisenhower. You know, he wrote a brief biography of Milton. There is a biography that came out in '83 or '84, called *Milton Eisenhower: Educational Statesman*, and it was done by Ambrose. He co-authored it with a guy named Himmerman. But I know that he revered Milton.

So there were many sides to the guy. He was a watercolorist. He loved flower arranging. He had an interior decorator's eye for color. Like I said, he knew everything there was to know about baseball, and I watched some football games with him. He'd get so furious at the announcers of football games, he would slam the side of the chair and say, "Goddamn it, give me the yardage and the down! Don't give me all this crap! I want to know what's going—where are we in this game?" [Laughter]

Warren: He sounds like such a character.

Grauer: Well, the first thing I said is, he was a great man. This was a man who served eight Presidents of the United States in both parties, and had an extraordinary breadth of knowledge and service in a wide variety of ways. Hell, I mean, he was the president of three major universities, all of which named buildings after him. Now, that says something. And not too many people, if any, whom I'm aware, who've been the president of three major universities, to begin with, but to have president of each of those institutions in such a way as to have impressed the people enough to warrant them naming a building for you, it takes it to another level. The last of the universities to name a building for him was Penn State, and they did that in the '70s, twenty years after he left, named the Eisenhower Theater, like a concert hall. It's a big building. And he was very touched by that, the idea that twenty years later they would decide they wanted to honor him was really very, very impressive and touching. So he was a very human person, but he was a great man.

Warren: You've done a wonderful job of describing him as a personality. Do you think that the institution has a personality, that Johns Hopkins itself has a personality?

took attendance in class. I was horrified. I had to get written permission from my parents not to attend commencement at that university. They treated graduate students like no undergraduate was ever treated at Hopkins, and this is a highly regarded institution and I'm not unfond of it. But this was in the late '60s. I was flabbergasted, after four years of Hopkins. They took attendance? I mean, give me a break. [Laughter]

And like I said before you turned on the tape, I think every student that goes to Hopkins has two somewhat contradictory reactions or recollections, feelings. One was, as Russell Baker once said to me, the catalog always seemed to be better than what was available. There were a lot of name professors or interesting-sounding courses that might be in the catalog, but then when you went to apply for them, the professor was on sabbatical or wasn't around or wasn't teaching that semester. So there was a sense, to some extent, of disappointment.

A contrary sense of disappointment, I think, and I've heard it from countless students from my era through the past thirty years, is their sense of regret after they graduated that they didn't take advantage of all the opportunities that were available, that there were so many courses they could have taken, so many areas they could have explored, and they only realize it after they leave here and have to go out into the real world. Graduate school is a trade school and you're preparing for your career, then you have your career, and you never again really have the opportunity to do at Hopkins we were allowed to do, which was spread your wings.

Warren: Well said. Are there myths around this place? Are there legends?

Grauer: Legends, I don't know. Well, yes. Well, I alluded to one myth that said you couldn't get to know the faculty and everything, and you got that, so you don't need that.

I seem to recall there was supposed to be a series of subterranean tunnels or something built during the First World War. I don't know. I never knew where the hell that came from, and I don't know anything about it, and I don't know if there's any truth to it.

Warren: Are there any sacred places on campus?

Grauer: Well, they used to have, and I think they still have, some brass pylons, so to speak, or stands around the seal, the brass seal in the main entrance where in Gilman Hall they used to have felt ropes around. So that you are not to walk on that seal. Actually, when I was an undergraduate, I believe it was an unwritten rule that you were not supposed to go through the main door of Gilman until you were a senior, and then you could go in and out. I think that was far more honored in the breach than not. But I stuck by it, because I figured, what the hell, you know. It's something I had heard from my father, had heard when I got here, and I thought, well, that's a nice tradition, and I have no problem going in the side doors. But definitely don't step on the seal. That's why that seal has held up as well as it has. That building is seventy-five, eighty years old, more than eighty years old now, and I think that brass seal is still pretty well maintained.

I remember seeing a giant bust, portrait bust, of the poet [Johann] Schiller, and by giant I mean huge. The head was at least—it was just like the head and neck, but it was probably the size of what the Lincoln head is at the Lincoln Memorial. It was huge. The story was that it was kept up in the Gilman clock tower for many years because it had been a gift to the university from Kaiser Wilhelm, and when the First World War came around, well, they didn't particularly care to have this gift from the Kaiser, so it was hidden in the Gilman clock tower for many years.