

## **Freshmen Year: 1966-1967**

### **Beanies & Dingbats**

Orientation Week at Mother of the Lake College followed an age old pattern; trying to distinguish itself from other colleges in the Twin Cities. The week was meant to introduce freshmen to their esteemed school with an emphasis on its rich history and many traditions.

It began with a Freshman Tea on Sunday right after noon mass. By that evening all the parents were gone and the young women were on their own. The rest of the week brought placement tests, dormitory assignments, and purchasing books at the student bookstore. There were orientation classes covering everything from extracurricular activities to volunteer opportunities. And of course, time for a mixer or two with those fellows down the road, the College of St. Paul boys.

Colleen met her new roommate, Peggy Scranton, the first day on campus. They had a mutual admiration for one another with a stubborn competitive streak between them from the start. They were both eager to make their respective marks academically and socially - with a greater emphasis on social for Peggy and academic for Colleen.

Like Colleen, Peggy came from a very well-to-do family in the Twin Cities. She'd gone to Blake School, an Ivy League prep school for the affluent and entitled. Her family lived in Edina, a decidedly upscale neighborhood just southwest of downtown Minneapolis. Her father was a business executive and her mother, a stay at home mom. Peggy had all the energy and charm of Colleen but with a bit more spunk that Colleen hadn't quite mastered. Together they made a very formidable pair. Their shared laughter at some of the silly formalities of Orientation Week reverberated down the hallway of their dorm.

One evening during that first week, Colleen and Peggy were sequestered in their dorm room, pouring over class assignments and perusing the pile of books that towered over their small study desks.

"Can you believe the number of books we have to read this first year?" Peggy asked.

“Hold on, it only gets more complicated as the year goes on. I’ve heard that by the second semester, the number of books we have to read doubles or triples for most classes.”

“Speaking of the challenges ahead, are you going to the mixer this Friday?”

“I guess, are you?”

“Absolutely. We’re supposed to get involved in extracurricular activities, aren’t we? Going to the mixer is a great way to meet new friends from down the road and perhaps a future lifemate.”

“Lifemate? Is that what we’re calling them now?”

“Oh, Colleen, you know what I mean.”

“Yeah right, Peggy.”

“Anyway, let’s plan on it. I’ve got a darling red dress that will catch everyone’s attention, and French cut undies to go with it. What do you have to wear? If you don’t have anything, I’ve got a ton of clothes you can choose from.”

“Peggy, what I wear to the mixer is the least of my concerns right now. Journalism 101 is my top priority, followed by Chemistry and Algebra. After that, I can worry about what to wear.”

“Suit yourself, Miss Academic. We all have our priorities.”

They laughed and went back to studying.

Colleen kept leafing through the pile of reading material in front of her until she came to a colored flyer. “Oh my God!”

“What? What is it?”

“I can’t believe it!”

“What, Colleen?”

“Nancy. She’s going to be *here*. She’s the guest speaker during Founder’s Day. I can’t believe it.”

“Nancy who?”

“Are you kidding, Peggy? Nancy Dickerson, the news correspondent. I’ve been following her career since high school. She’s exactly who I want to be. She’s a brilliant journalist. She’s thorough in her research. She cuts to the chase in her interviews and she writes wonderful articles. She’s even been on television. She is everything I love in a journalist. I can’t believe she’s going to be *here*.”

“I assume that means you’re going to Founder’s Day?”

“Peggy, I wouldn’t miss it for the world. It’s being held at the St. Paul

Hilton. Want to come with me? You'll love her, believe me, she's great."  
"Sure, Colleen, count me in. I've always wanted to get the inside scoop on Washington and what goes on inside the beltway."

The first freshmen mixer was quaint, and very boring. It was more like a high school sock hop rather than the elevated collegiate affair promised on the flyers. The boys from St. Paul College lined one side of the gym and the girls from Mother of the Lake, the other. Even Peggy's bright red dress didn't bring on the boys.

The second mixer was a little better attended, but neither Colleen nor Peggy made any headway in meeting new boys. The more sophisticated men could pick out the more experienced girls in a second. They made haste connecting and securing those eager women for the evening. The rest of the girls, Colleen and Peggy included, were left to dance with each other or line the walls and sit in chairs for most of the evening. It was another bust.

Peggy told Colleen about the first officially sanctioned dance of the school year to be held next. It was not just for freshmen this time. All students from both colleges would be welcome to attend, and it would be at the College of St. Paul gymnasium. There would be decorations, refreshments, and a really good band.

"It can't hurt to try again," Peggy urged Colleen who by then had little interest in trying for a third time to meet some of St. Paul's finest. Colleen shrugged her shoulders. "You're too desperate, Peggy. Boys can sense that a mile away. Why don't we just skip the dance and focus on our studies?"

"Colleen Catherine, I am not desperate and I do intend to give it a try - with or without you." Peggy gave her roommate a broad bright smile. "So won't you come along with me? Please!"

Colleen put her book down and let the pages flip over her hand. She flicked her finger from under the cover then slid the book across her desk. "Yes, my desperate friend, I will go to the dance just to make sure you don't offer yourself to the first male specimen that comes along. But I'm not staying if it's like the first two."

"This time will be different, just you wait and see. Let's see what you have to wear." She walked over to Colleen's closet and opened the door. "You didn't tell me you've got a closet full of designer outfits!" She began leafing through a stack of Colleen's sweaters. "Oh, and *look* at your *brassieres!*"

"Peggy!"

“Well, not everyone gets sent off to college with outfits from Mary Quant.”

“My mother insisted on buying those at Bazaar, Mary’s store in London,” She got up and reluctantly walked over to Peggy. “And remember what I said, Peggy. If it’s a bust, we leave.”

“Now wear something cute, but not white,” Peggy cautioned Colleen.

“Not white?”

“Your underwear, silly. If you wear white they can see your underwear.”

“Desperate!” Colleen shook her head and went back to her studies.

### **College of St. Paul, Fall Semester**

Freshmen orientation on the College of St. Paul campus mimicked Mother of the Lake very closely. There were the mandatory classes on academic life, study habits, social events and faculty expectations that far exceeded those of high school. In short, it was a fast-paced introduction to the wild, wonderful, wacky world of higher education; sans the lecture on sex, alcohol and recreational drugs.

Pep rallies were designed to instill in the malleable freshman brains the rich tradition of the school’s sporting history. Clubs, social activities and fraternity pledging would come later in the week.

Registration Week proved to be Daniel’s first collegiate test filled with card table stations for class assignments, dorm selection and extracurricular activities. There were notices to pick up and stuff in his backpack, cards to sign and bills to be paid on the spot. There was even a table to sign up for lectures from visiting professors on Saturday and Sunday mornings. *Amazing*, Daniel thought, *college goes on seven days a week around here*.

After traversing the minefield of table stations and overzealous sophomores eager to help, Daniel found himself alone in the campus quadrangle, trying to catch his breath. He grabbed a corner bench and watched the other freshmen, most with their parents in tow, passing by him. He should have been so lucky.

Daniel felt alone among the milling crowds of confused, scattered freshmen and TA’s answering their multitude of questions. Daniel had pretty much stumbled through, faked and barely passed the academic requirements to be accepted to college. He’d missed academic probation

by only a few points and knew he was on notice to improve his grades or seek an education elsewhere.

Daniel got up and headed for the bookstore. It was certain to be another onslaught of pushing and jockeying for position as he tried to buy his schoolbooks for the year.

St. Paul's bookstore turned out to be the challenge Daniel had expected. As Daniel jostled his way through the crowd he couldn't help but be amazed at the tenacity shown by his opposition to find books and other classroom materials.

To identify and humiliate the freshmen, the upperclassmen had a longstanding tradition of making all freshmen wear multi-colored (in the school colors) beanies for the first two weeks of the fall semester. In addition to the beanies, all freshmen were to be addressed as 'Dingbats'. Daniel took it all in stride. If this was the price to be paid for being a part of this world, he would gladly accept the silliness of it all.

There was only one other freshman that Daniel knew from high school. Michael was more gifted academically than Daniel, but sorely lacked the same desire that fueled Daniel's presence on campus. Short and rotund, Michael was labeled a slacker by his friends and enemies alike. It was a moniker he wore with pride.

As they had planned, Daniel met up with Michael in the campus coffee shop after his foray through the bookstore. Michael, ever the old kindred spirit, had two cups of coffee waiting as Daniel walked in. He was holding something in his lap.

"What's that?"

"Jack Daniels for the soul, my friend. Want something to lighten up your coffee?"

"What? Are you frickin' nuts, man? Stuff it. Jeez, if they see us with that booze, they'll kick us both outta here for sure."

Michael frowned and pushed the flask back into his pocket. Daniel leaned in close to his friend. "You are a putz, Michael. I mean *certifiable*."

"Well, BFD! How'd you do at the bookstore?"

"Got screwed."

"Typical, they screw everybody. I heard the only ones who don't get screwed are the seniors."

"Why's that?"

"Because by the time they become seniors, they've learned how to play the game and get their books during their junior summer. They have the pick of the crop. So they come to campus locked and loaded, ready for class."

Michael proved to be a good counterbalance for Daniel. He was bright while Daniel certainly didn't see himself that way. He was an extrovert, while Daniel was more reserved. Michael was sarcastic and rude at times. Daniel was the peacemaker. Daniel worked on his friend's social skills and Michael educated Daniel on ways to survive his first year in college. Daniel had to study long and hard to grasp his coursework and Michael hardly ever opened a book, but he was always there for Daniel to clarify a point or help with his homework.

"So what the hell are two losers like us doing here?" Michael asked Daniel as he sucked in his gut and tried to get comfortable in their narrow booth. "Did you see all those jerks by the Student Union just snapping at us tadpoles this morning?"

"Dingbats."

"Whatever we're supposed to be called."

"Oh, Michael, it's just part of the pecking order. We'll probably be just as obnoxious when it's our turn"

"Not me! Most of these freshmen are just ankle biters, hardly been off their Mama's tit. You and I aren't like them. We've been in the real world."

"Unfortunately."

"What do you mean?"

"Michael, it doesn't matter. Nobody is admiring the notches on your belt. Or how much hooch you consumed last night. They're looking for academic excellence. Remember what their brochure said? It's not your experiences with the opposite sex that counts here."

"I've got as much smarts as any other slug here, but I don't intend to spend all my time in the library with my nose buried in some book. I mean college is supposed to be a blast, man. I intend to soak up as much of the culture as I can."

"Culture - you?"

"Ah, shit twice and die. You've seen those Playboy articles about college campuses. I mean, the women over at Mother of the Lake are just *waiting* for it."

"It?"

"Those girls are looking for a real man to show them the ropes. You know what I mean."

"You are a troubled person, Michael. Focus on getting an education and if you score with the ladies that'll just be an added benefit."

"Let's split and get some brew, man"

“At ten in the morning, are you nuts? Come on, Michael, you’ve got to cut that shit out. You’re drinking far too much. Besides, I don’t have any bread. Old man Dryer hasn’t paid me yet.”

“So, are you going to the dance in a couple of weeks?”

“What dance?”

“Oh man, the first official dance of the semester. It’s not just for freshmen like the first two stupid mixers. There’ll be sophomores and juniors there. Fresh meat! Let’s go to that one.”

“Calm down, boy. Yes, I’ll go with you. But right now I’ve got a three o’clock and some other stuff to get done before tonight. If we go to that thing and there’s not some quality chicks, I’ll be ditching you to hit the books.”

Michael put his hand on Daniel’s shoulder. “Don’t take this college stuff so seriously, Daniel, my boy. I don’t and look where it’s gotten me so far. Booze and snatch, man, booze and snatch.”

Daniel shook his head as he thought about the free and easy approach Michael was taking toward his classes. It wasn’t smart academically but Michael didn’t seem to care. His grades weren’t a concern to him. Having as much fun as possible was his priority. That wasn’t Daniel’s cup of tea but nor was it his business either. If Michael didn’t change his ways, Daniel was convinced he would never last his freshman year.

## **Footprints of Birds in the Sky**

One benefit of attending the first official dance was the freedom to officially ditch their beanies and wear some real clothes. Colleen and Peggy couldn’t wait to dress like mature women without the yellow-striped bowls on their heads.

After an initial attempt to circumvent the dress code, Colleen settled on a muted knit skirt and a soft blue sweater. A unique brown belt, a gift from her grandmother, tied the two pieces together. Her crisp white blouse beneath the sweater was open at the collar. She had a simple silver chain around her neck and her auburn hair had been slightly curled at the ends. Just to satisfy Peggy she even dabbled a tiny bit of perfume around her neck.

For her part Peggy was dressed to the nines and on the hunt. She wore a simple black dress that she’d had altered to be shorter than normal. Her

black stockings had done a good job of hiding the shortness of the dress from the prying eyes of the nuns. She had a gold belt around her waist and she wore her hair plain and straight. She almost looked like Mary Travers from the folk trio, Peter, Paul, and Mary, who had played at the college just the week before.

They could hear the dance music half a block away. As they approached the gymnasium, they saw a large crowd milling outside the main entrance.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Colleen asked Peggy.

“Absolutely, I wouldn’t miss this dance for anything.” Colleen shrugged her shoulders and followed Peggy into the strobe lights and thundering maelstrom of noise.

The gymnasium floor was crowded with freshmen, men and women. There were a few sophomore and junior men circling the crowd like sharks trying to pick out the most attractive women. Only the refreshment stand was packed with young men eager to impress their dates with a coke. Colleen was amused by the maneuverings going on around her.

“I thought college dances were supposed to be different!” she yelled at Peggy.

Peggy tilted her head, cupped her ear and shouted back, “What?”

Colleen shrugged her shoulders and gave a dismissive wave. She motioned for Peggy to follow her as she began weaving her way through the crowds toward the bleachers across the room.

Seeking some refuge from the huge standup speakers that were blanketing the gym floor with waves of rolling decibels, the pair found a less-loud spot along the back wall bleachers. They settled in to watch the theatrics around them.

Initially, it seemed like the dance would end up a disaster like the first two mixers; a lot of the underclassmen followed their past performances by hugging the walls and bleachers. Collectively they were envying the students on the dance floor but weren’t about to venture out by themselves. It didn’t take long for both Colleen and Peggy to find a couple of kindred souls among their large freshman class of women. Several girls joined them on the dance floor and together they danced through several numbers with glee and laughter.

If the boys didn’t want to join in, Colleen didn’t care. She and Peggy were having a good time and enjoying themselves. After one long and ruckus rock and roll number, the two girls collapsed on the front bleacher laughing at their own gyrating antics.

“Great dancing,” a voice said directly behind Colleen. She turned to see two young men sitting several rows up, looking down at her and Peggy.



One was overweight and dressed like a slob. He was grinning ear-to-ear and seemed a bit out of sorts.

The other young man was strikingly handsome. He wore his hair a bit too long and over his ears. His clothes were neither preppy nor casual but rather more work-orientated. Yet his jeans were pressed with a crease and his penny loafers appeared to shine in the gym light. He had on a dark brown sports coat and a white shirt underneath. Colleen could tell by its cut and the way it fit his torso that he was muscular and well built. He looked a little out of place at a college dance but it was his eyes that caught Colleen's attention and held it.

His eyes were deep brown and penetrating. They spoke of interest and sincerity and curiosity. Colleen doubted he was a student from St. Paul College and had probably snuck into the dance. *He isn't hard on the eyes*, she thought.

"Thanks," Colleen answered with a quick smile and turned back to Peggy. They smiled at one another.

"No, I mean it! You two were really good," the voice spoke up again.

Colleen looked at Peggy then back up at the two young men. "Again, thanks," she said, allowing no expression to escape her face.

"Mind if we join you?"

"Suit yourself," Peggy answered. A lip curl told Colleen of Peggy's true intent.

The two young men arose in unison and stepped down the bleachers. They seated themselves one row up from the girls. Michael was first, plopping himself down right across from Peggy. Daniel followed suit but ended up further away from Colleen.

"Hi, my name's Michael," he said to Peggy, "Edina, I'm guessing?" He wore a deadpan expression on his face. He tilted his head as if to ask the same question again.

"How did you know?"

"Do you know what Edina stands for?" Without waiting for Peggy's response, he answered, "Every Day I Need Attention!"

The joke was met with stone cold silence from both girls. Undeterred, Michael turned toward Colleen. "And where are you from?"

"Rochester, do you have a joke about that too?"

"Pill Hill ... and do you know what they call people from Lake Minnetonka?"

"That's enough, Michael," Daniel said, embarrassed by his companion's antics. Michael ignored him and turned back to Colleen and Peggy.

“Other than that, Mrs. Lincoln, how was the play?” he asked in a bellowing voice and then burst into laughter.

“Enough already, Michael. I have to apologize for my so-called friend. Michael’s normally semi-polite, but he’s been toking again.”

Michael smacked his fist against Daniel’s shoulder and kept laughing.

“What does that mean?” Peggy asked in a serious tone of voice.

Colleen started to laugh. “Oh come on, Peggy, you have to admit that was pretty funny. Sick humor, but funny - I’ve never heard that definition of Edina before.”

“No, I mean ... well, what about Pill Hill?”

“Doesn’t bother me. That’s what they call our neighborhood anyway. So what?”

“I’m Daniel,” Daniel interrupted. “What are your names?”

Peggy gave Colleen a quick glance and then turned to Daniel, ignoring Michael. “I’m Peggy and this is Colleen. Do you go to St. Paul College?”

“Yeah, we’re both freshmen here. You?”

“Colleen and I are too. At Mother of the Lake, I mean. Did you go to the first two mixers?”

“No,” Michael answered. “We wanted to see if we could mix it up with some upperclass gals so we came to this one instead.”

“Well, have you?” asked Colleen.

“No, that was Michael’s idea. I just came to make new friends.”

“Any new friends then?” Colleen asked.

“Not yet, but I’m feeling good about this encounter so far.”

Colleen wrinkled her eyebrows at Daniel. “You make it sound like you’re looking for a conquest!”

“Colleen!” Peggy said.

Colleen laughed and turned back to Daniel.

“Well?”

“Just looking to make friends,” Daniel said, locking eyes with Colleen.

Before her clothes, before her stylish hair, before her firm and trim body, it was Colleen’s expressive eyes that had grabbed Daniel’s attention. Now he and the beautiful redhead were exploring each other’s eyes, oblivious to everything around them. Daniel could feel his heart racing and tiny beads of perspiration begin to form.

The music started up again and Michael stood up. “Want to dance?” he

asked Peggy.

“Sure, I guess.” Leaving Colleen and Daniel alone, they made their way to the dance floor.

“Would you like to dance?” Daniel asked as he stepped down to her row and sat down next to her.

“No, I wore myself out on that last one. I just want to sit for a while.”

Daniel surveyed the dance floor as it filled with students, some of whom were dancing and others who were just faking it. He turned to Colleen who hadn't given him eye contact since he sat down next to her.

“I like your outfit. It compliments your hair color and your complexion.”

Colleen turned to Daniel with a surprised look on her face. “That's a strange thing to say to a girl you've just met. Are you a clothing designer or artist? Or just on the hunt?”

“Colleen,” Daniel said with mock seriousness. “I told you I'm just here to make friends. I'm not on the hunt. Jeez.”

“Daniel, I'm kidding! Relax. Don't take what I say so seriously.” Colleen laughed and her reddish auburn hair swirled around her smiling face. “OK,” she said suddenly, “I'm ready to dance.”

Daniel was up and extending his hand to Colleen in an instant. He led her out to the dance floor and quickly put his arm around her waist. At first they expertly avoided the interest of the strict chaperones, dancing not too close and yet without a yawning gap between their bodies. Soon, however, Colleen began scanning the room distractedly.

“What are you looking for?”

“The nuns. They caught me leaving the dorm and said my skirt was too short. I had to go back and change clothes just for them.”

“Your skirt is just fine.”

Colleen leaned in close to Daniel. “I rolled it up a couple of inches after Peggy and I left campus. I could get in trouble if they catch me a second time.”

The next hour went by in a whirl with several fast dances that Daniel faked and a couple of slow ones that he worked on with limited success. Michael and Peggy had disappeared in the crowd of dancers and didn't reappear until some time later.

“Let's go outside,” Peggy said. “It's getting too hot in here.”

“Suits me,” Daniel agreed. “Colleen, do you want to go outside?”

“That's fine. I can use some quiet time after all this loud music.”

The four of them made their way to the exit. As they entered the hallway outside the main entrance, Michael announced that he had to take a leak. Daniel gave him a frown but then followed him into the men's bathroom. Colleen and Peggy stood outside.

"What do you think of Daniel?" Peggy asked Colleen.

"He's nice. I mean he dances pretty well. I'm not sure if he's my type but I didn't see anyone else here tonight giving me the eye. I don't know. What about you?"

Peggy shook her head. "Well, Michael is definitely not my type. He's a little weird. I mean he goes on and on about the government, the war in Vietnam and strange things like that. He's OK for tonight but I definitely will not be seeing him again in the future ... I don't think either one of them is our type, Colleen. They're more like rough-cut lumberjacks, not college freshmen. I thought their school had higher admission standards than that."

"Oh, come on, Peggy. They're not that bad. Certainly not like the Edina crowd or the Ivy leaguers you're used to, but they're sincere. Just pretend you're out slumming for the evening."

"Col-leen! We're here to meet our future husbands or at least a proper companion for the next four years. The lumberjacks can stay home for all I care."

Colleen wrinkled her brow.

Daniel and Michael came out of the men's room and the four of them wandered over to the quadrangle in the middle of campus. A few other pairings had the same idea. Some couples were sitting on the grass and talking, others were smoking and laughing off to one corner.

"Where do you want to sit?" Daniel asked Colleen.

"I don't care. I just don't want to get any grass stains on my skirt."

"Colleen!" Peggy interjected.

"What?... Oh, Peggy, get your mind out of the gutter!"

They all laughed and walked toward a slope that crested up toward the campus library. Before she could sit down, Daniel whipped off his coat and laid it down for Colleen to sit on. She gave him a warm smile.

The library building was dark. It blocked out a good part of the night sky. The dark canopy above them was pinpointed with bright speckles of light. Michael plopped himself down on the grass and Peggy sat down next to him.

Colleen lay back on the grass and carefully tucked her skirt under her legs. Daniel lay down beside her. They stared up at the stars for a long time.

Michael rambled on about something and Peggy gave him lip service in return. The air was cool and still with just a hint of fall weather in the forecast.

Daniel looked up at the darkened building. "That's my Rock of Gibraltar," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I go there every day and try to conquer my studies. Seven days a week."

Colleen wasn't sure how to respond. "I just love to look at the stars and envision all kinds of figures and symbols and signs up there."

"I think I can see the footprints of birds," Daniel said.

Colleen tried to remember what footprints of birds looked like, and then briefly searched the stars for which ones Daniel was referring to.

"...Or more like the sound of fish playing."

Colleen looked over at Daniel, "That makes no sense whatsoever."

"I know, I just made it up."

Colleen laughed and threw another look Daniel's way.

He smiled back at her then said, "That pattern of stars does remind me of a dress I saw in some Vogue magazine my friend had. It was about the fashion industry in England. You know swinging London and all that."

"Are you serious now?"

"Yes."

"I was just there this summer," Colleen said. "London, Paris, and Rome - for starters."

Daniel arose on one elbow. He looked down at Colleen who was still mesmerized by the stars overhead. "You were there!" he said excitedly. "Did you go to Carnaby Street? By Oxford Circus? My friend wants desperately to go there, but I don't think she ever will."

"Yes, my parents took me to Europe as a reward for doing so well in high school. We went to England, France and Italy. I think I had the most fun in London, but France was a close second."

Daniel's enthusiasm was contagious. "Oh, that's so cool! Is it true what they say about Carnaby Street? Do the girls really wear their skirts that short over there? The ones they call the dolly birds?"

Colleen ignored the question, "I even got a couple of dresses that were designed by Mary Quant. One of them is the same dress that Patti Boyd and Jane Asher wore to some of those Beatles concerts. There were some

highlighted in Sixteen Magazine but they were too juvenile. I wanted something more sophisticated.”

“My friend knows all the shops over there; Foale & Tuffin, Lord John, TreCamp and Kleptomania. She can just go on and on.”

“She must be quite a shopper.”

“No, she just talks a lot,” Daniel answered. “Sometimes I think she could get lost inside a paper bag. She can be a bit ditzzy at times. But it’s her world and I just let her talk.”

“Like a true friend.”

“Summer said this new fashion thing started in the borough of Hammersmith by the mods; that’s slang for modernists.”

“As opposed to the trads or traditionalists!” Colleen threw back with a smile, “I read an article about it in an old copy of Town Magazine when I was in London.”

“Cool,” was all Daniel could say in response. He’d never met a girl like Colleen before and it was beginning to scare him a bit. He collected his thoughts and tried again.

“Last summer the two of us hung out in Dinkytown a lot. They had some great folk singers at the Ten o’clock Scholar and the Purple Onion. Summer told me about this place near Harvard called the Club 47 on Mount Auburn Street. They’re supposed to have great folkies there too.”

Colleen smiled.

The group grew silent and took in their final moments of stargazing.

“It’s getting late. I’ve still got a lot of homework to do,” Colleen announced.

“Hey, bro!” Michael said, suddenly sitting up. “I’ve got an idea. I know where there’s a happening. A real hippie party over on West Bank. You guys want to go?”

“No,” Colleen answered. “I’ve got homework.”

“Oh, come on, Colleen,” Peggy interjected. “You can let that go for one night. You’ve got all day Sunday to get it done. Come on. I want to go see what hippies do at one of their own parties.”

“Are you sure we can get in?” Daniel asked Michael.

“Yeah, I can get in. All we have to do is bring some booze and they’ll let us in.”

“Where do we get some booze?” Peggy asked.

“In the trunk of my car,” Michael answered flatly