

REVISED TRANSCRIPT OF WILMOTT RAGSDALE

My parents came from Iowa. My father was born in Birmingham Iowa in 1878. And I think my mother [was born] in 1879 My father had a job then in Ottawa, Iowa and that's where they were married n about 1903 or 1904, I think they were [about] 25 and they shortly moved. They wanted to go west so they went all the way. They were so thrilled to live in such a beautiful place. Every other Sunday, they used to travel to parts of the state, like Green River Gorge, they liked going to Seattle, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Baker, and Mt. St. Helens-- They hiked but not in a serious way. They didn't go on overnight hikes. They just hiked around the mountain. They loved to travel within the state. It was such a joy to them.

I was born August 19, 1911. That makes me a Leo. It doesn't mean anything to me but some people keep track of those things. I look like my father. [I was born] in Aberdeen, Washington on the Pacific Coast. However, I was there a very short time, perhaps a year and we moved to Tacoma for maybe another year and then Shelton. Shelton was the place I really came to know the world. Shelton was a logging town. The logging train ran straight down the middle of town, Railroad Avenue, still called that but the train no longer runs down it. If there was an accident in the woods the train would rush the hurt person down to Shelton. They would blow the whistle to signal that the doctor should be on hand. There were only two doctors then, Doctors Beach and Gage and one of them would be ready to meet the train when it came down the center of town. I remember my father taking me to the train and handing me up to the engineer who would let me look around the engine. I lived in Shelton until the middle of the first grade when my parents [decided] they didn't want me to grow up in a logging town so they

moved to Tacoma and I moved with them. It was kind of a difficult move in the middle of the first grade but it worked. We lived first in an apartment and then my parents built a house on 3719 North 25th Street, just off Adams Street, a block from my school, [Washington Elementary], very convenient and soon the library was just across the alley.

Growing up in Tacoma, especially at Proctor-- which we called the "Corner" because the streetcar came up 26th and then turned into Proctor at that corner--that was a wonderful village, half way between downtown Tacoma and Point Defiance. It had a doctor, dentist, drugstore, shoemaker, a little department store, and of course a meat market, a grocery, hardware store, and a barber. So, it had almost everything that you needed, including, very soon a moving picture. The moving picture is still going today, now called the Blue Mouse. It comes from the early 20s. It was like living in a village.

Going downtown to Tacoma was a big event. All the stores had street signs. Neon signs had not been invented yet. They were all bulbs that were tripped to go around and around to advertise the store. I can't think when neon came in. I think perhaps in the late 20s. Of course, there was no such thing as a stop light for crossing the street, there were none. I remember when the first one came. It was probably around 1929. It was at 9th and Broadway. There was probably another one at 11th and Broadway. It was an entirely new thing. People slowly learned that they had to obey those signs before they'd walk across the street.

In those days, there were very few restaurants. There were two on Broadway [Avenue] and two on Pacific Avenue and one in the Tacoma Hotel. People just did not eat in restaurants in those days. Proctor, that little area which now has maybe 12-14 restaurants, had none then. Finally, in the mid or late 20s one restaurant appeared,

Dietricks. That was a new thing. Also, there was only one restaurant that looked upon the Harbor. It was the main restaurant in the town. The most expensive restaurant in the town, I guess. But there were, as I said, so few. All the restaurants looked upon the downtown streets. People didn't value the view as much as they now do. It took a New York architect, Stanford White, to have a restaurant that looked on the Harbor and over to Mt. Rainier. He put the restaurant in the Tacoma Hotel so that it had that location.

Now of course there are a thousand restaurants. It seems to me the difference must be that women hardly ever worked then. They just kept the house and saw to the children. Women just didn't work at jobs like that. Well, there were a few, say, in the grocery store, there was one or two. But that was all. It was not a world in which women worked. No mother that I knew did. They went to their PEO (I never knew exactly what that meant. It was a club that they belonged to and considered an honor to be invited to and [to] be in that club). There was another local one called the Query Club where women would write papers and read the papers in their meetings. I remember Mrs. Haley, Fred Haley's mother, was in the Query Club with my mother. When women began to work the whole family would then often eat in a restaurant.

Of course there's only one candy company in Tacoma now. The only one that survived was the Brown and Haley [Company]. But there were four or five then and my closest friend was Carlton Weekle whose father had the Weekle Candy Company. I never called him anything but Carlton and he never called me anything but Wilmott.

The spring was great because the cherries would come on and we loved to steal the cherries. Carlton had a dog, an Airedale named Pal. One time we were stealing cherries and the owner came out with a pistol, probably just to scare us. We thought

maybe he had shot the dog and then he had the police come and the police took our names and told us to go ahead and go home. And then the next week we each separately had to go down and see the juvenile officer and explained that crime began with things like stealing cherries and we better not do it. We didn't stop stealing cherries for very long with this warning. But somehow it was the kind of town where you could do that. Go down the street with your bicycle or dog, [or] climb a tree

We rode [our bicycles] everywhere, all over our part of town. We would ride out of town, if we went straight west from 26th and Proctor. In about five blocks we were on the edge of town. That land had long ago been logged. There were just remaining stumps and kind of wild land, a few trees. We would ride all through that and all the way to the Narrows, the other side of Tacoma, where the railroad ran. We would climb down to the railroad to the beach there. It was great! We could go anywhere we wanted and there were so few cars. When we were playing in the streets, someone would say, "There's a car coming." Then we would wait for the car to pass. [After] the car passed there might not be another car for maybe ten minutes. We made little cars with wheels that would go down those steep hills, like 30th Street and race them. There were so few cars it was fine. Not all streets were paved either, many were still gravel.

[My father] had a drug store. He was a pharmacist; he owned his own drug store. He hired another pharmacist and some clerks to spare him because the drugstores stayed open until nine or ten at night. One of the clerks was Klery Carr who was the grandson of the first person in Tacoma to build the first house in what's now Old Town. My father had him take me out to the swimming pool at Point Defiance, called the Nerides Baths. The swimming pool was supplied with water from Puget Sound, salt water, which is then

heated in the pool. When I finally learned to swim I would take the street car from the corner and go to Point Defiance and swim all afternoon and come back.

[My parents] tried to be strict but I don't know if they succeeded. My mother, as a teacher, she was more discipline minded. My father was not very disciplinary. I believe that his father, a formal civil war army officer, was quite strict as a parent. As a result my father was not strict with me. That's my theory. It was difficult to get me to eat vegetables. It was difficult to get me to eat dinner on time if we were still playing in the neighborhood. Sometimes, for lunch they would allow me to get me a pie at the bakery on the way. They felt it had milk and eggs [and] consequently was better than nothing. I ate a lot of cream pie for lunch. They were happy if I were to just eat.

I was maybe 11 or 12 [when] my parents built a summer house at Dash Point, across the bay from Tacoma. It would seem strange because it took only 40 minutes to go from the Tacoma house to the summer house. They were so pleased that I swam and dived so well. Neither of them had. They grew up where there was no possibility much of swimming in flat Iowa. So, they were just sort-of thrilled that I was such a diver and a swimmer. I think that's why they wanted to get that summer house. I could swim everyday during the summer. I've thought later that all that swimming together with bicycle riding, especially on the hills of Tacoma, gave me a great heart that sustained me all these years.

I didn't have a nickname until high school, then I got "Rags". I attended Stadium High School from 1926-1929. [At Stadium High School] there was only one race, the white race. There were a few, maybe two or three Asians and two or three blacks. If they were good in athletics they were automatically leaders. There was no sense of

discrimination. That's where I felt I sort of came out, showed leadership and so on. I was on one of the football teams, the wrestling and boxing teams, the track team and the swimming team. My event was the broad jump. It's one of the events in the track team, like pole vaulting or high jumps. That's where you jump as far as you can. You run and take off. I could jump about 16 feet I guess. Well, that's not much. A broad jumper now jumps maybe 20 feet or more than that. I did sports every afternoon instead of a job. He didn't require me to work in his store or anything like that. He always said it was a very confining occupation. He never made any move to get me interested in it in any way. I never worked in the store. He didn't seem to think I should. He seemed to think that one thing I should do was something else that is not so confining. So, I could spend every afternoon wrestling or boxing or playing football or doing various track exercises. I was busy every month with something. All the things that I would do he was enthusiastic about, especially swimming and diving, but wrestling and boxing and track, he thought that this was all great that I did it. When I became a sort of student leader in high school he was clearly pleased about that. He was totally supportive in every way. In retrospect he seemed like a wonderful father. In retrospect, my life with my father seems somehow something of which I feel terribly grateful that he was as he was because he was so there, always and without talking and without saying much. He was just absolutely there and when I think of him, I think of him, that way. I've become more conscious of it now than I was then, which in a way, is sort of taking it for granted.

I did have a summer job in high school, between junior and senior year. I had a summer job because I went with my friend, another friend, from Dash Point, a summer friend, who later became a doctor in Tacoma. We went to the Mountain and wanted to

climb it and we did. After that, I heard they were hiring people to build a trail. I went down and I was hired to build a trail around Panorama Point above Paradise Inn. It took an hour to go from the labor camp to the point where we were working on the trail. So, we had to do that on our own time. Then we got a half-an-hour off to come down after work. It was the first time I'd done pick and shovel work. It was very hard. Good for your health. Of course, I was sunburned everyday. I went this week to the skin doctor. I have two things here, one here and one here [pointing to his forehead]. It comes from that summer from getting so sunburned.

I had a girlfriend. First, one my own age, then one that was two years older and already out of high school. But then by the senior year that had changed. Any attempt made, as fathers do, to talk about sex with his son, didn't get far with me. Of course he knew that I was getting lectures at the Y. You know, the great thing then was to go every weekend to dances. There were dances every weekend. Parties or the DeMolay would have a dance. We had a high school fraternity called the Night Owls and we would give a dance in the downtown hotel. Besides the Tacoma Hotel that Stanford White had built. There was a newer hotel, The Winthrop Hotel, which still stands. Stanford White's [hotel] burned in 1935.

Of course, I was crazy to drive. My father taught me to drive, a Ford Sedan, I guess when I was maybe 14 or 15 but I couldn't drive alone until I was 16. Many of the Fords then were open and you could put the top down. But the sedan had just come in as a possibility, so that's what we got. My father had another called a coupe which was a delivery car for the store. After the Ford Sedan—people didn't keep cars very long then and they didn't last as long—after a year or two, we got a Maxwell which

I think we had for maybe only one year. Then we got a Chrysler, which was a new brand of car then.

[Carlton] lived right by the campus of the University of Puget Sound. That was before the University, then college, was moved there. It had been about where Jason Lee Middle school is now. I think it probably moved to its own campus about 1927 or 1928. We played on that campus and rode all over it because it was a great open space. There were no houses there just the campus. In fact we always called [it] the Campus but there were no buildings until I think, say, '26 or '27 and then there were only three buildings: The gym, the so-called science building and the main building. They're all there today.

My mother had died [of] breast cancer, I think in 1928, at 49, while I was still in High School. It was hard. But it was kind of a relief, also. I didn't understand what it exactly was and what was to be the outcome. I didn't understand that she wouldn't get well. [My father] lived to be 73, he never remarried, why, I don't know. We didn't talk about such things. [My mother had always been] patient in trying to help me. That's one reason I didn't go straight to the University [of Washington]. I still was at home with my father and I stayed that extra year. Right after high school I went on a boat to Alaska for the summer. That's the kind of work I liked to do, to go somewhere on a boat. I worked in the engine room on the boat. It was an old fashioned engine, an up-and-down engine—the pistons went up and down. They're really turbines now in newer boats. But this was an old-fashioned. You kind of worked in the engine. It wasn't hard work with oil you didn't shovel coal. That would've been hard work.

It was a passenger boat but it carried freight as well. In Alaska there were enough longshoremen to load and unload the boat on the docks. But there weren't enough to

handle it on the ship. So you would get extra money by long-shoring on the ship side. I remember so well great boxes of canned salmon coming down through the hole with mist and rain. It was often mist and rain in the summer in Alaska. There's not a lot to see in Alaska once you've gone a shore. Never saw whales we were running the inside passage. I never saw bears. But I had read Joseph Conrad so just to be on a ship, to be in a foxhole with men who were seamen was my kind of my idea of what work could be.

[In the fall], I went [to College of Puget Sound] after Stadium for one year. I took my English [course] at the College of Puget Sound—which is what it actually is, it's not in any sense a university—and sort of standard first year college courses. It's amazing to think now that we played football [with] the University of Washington. We played in the Stadium High School Stadium. We just used their stadium. It was the first night game around here so it was lighted. We got so enthusiastic about the coming game that we began to think that maybe in some strange way we would beat the University of Washington. Of course at that time they had maybe 10,000 students or 12,000. We had maybe 400 or 500. I got the idea of turning the lights out at the half and making a big P by distributing sparklers into a big P which they lighted at the half. The newspaper took a picture of it, for the front page, the big P. It was absurd that we had the game together at all. Of course after the first play the CPS team was hopelessly unable to do anything.

After my year at College Puget Sound, on that summer, I got a job in the Orient of China and Japan on a ship. I like going on ships. [After my return, I transferred to the] University of Washington in Seattle. I left the University and got a six months job going on a freighter to Argentina and Brazil. That was 1932 for six months. . I was happy being on a ship living in a foxhole with the other men and especially going ashore in

these foreign places. I worked on the deck. I was a deck hand. No, none of the work was really hard. The food was pretty simple. But it was alright. No fresh food. No fresh vegetables. Meat and potatoes. So, I always complained about the food. But it wasn't terrible. You have a bunk and a locker. That's all. The black gang has theirs and you have yours. There were 12 or 13 in each case. No women worked on the boats. There was a shower. Let's see, I don't know whether it was fresh or salt water. I think it was fresh water shower. We could have a shower not taking too long because it was fresh water they used. You could use salt water too as an alternative.

You'd have to paint a lot and chip paint a lot. You'd steer a lot. [As] part of your watch, [you were in charge of] steering the boat watching the needle and the compass and stand[ing] watch. The watches are four to eight, eight to twelve and twelve to four. I had four to eight. That would be in the morning and the evening. Part of it would be standing in the morning from four to six on the bow of the ship. Supposedly looking out for something we might encounter. I'd stand there in the tropic wind as we crossed the equator and slowly the Southern Cross would mount up in the sky and things like the Big Dipper would disappear.

A freighter is a slow moving thing. For instance, a slow freighter then going from Trinidad to Buenos Aires took 3 weeks, so you would save a little money then you could spend in Buenos Aires. Once we got to Buenos Aires we stayed two or three weeks. They don't do that now. They come in and leave as fast as they can. There was one other college guy, he'd just graduated from Yale, on my freighter. When we got to ports we would take off and go on the town, stay in a hotel somewhere for five or six days. Then

we were fined a dollar a day. Our wages were a dollar a day and we were fined a dollar a day for taking off.

Then we went up the river to Rosario and stayed another two weeks, then we came up to St. Aas, Brazil and Rio de Janeiro and in every case we stayed a little while. In Saint Aas, a man fell off the barge and into the river. I [leapt] from the deck above to save him. Luckily, they threw us a rope from the barge so they could haul us in. I have a letter from the mate who said, "We who saw you jump from the boat deck thought your actions were very 'commandable'", misspelled. I'm very proud of the letter. He was being swept down the river and he couldn't swim.

I returned back to Washington and went to school again, at the University of Washington. Then after another year, I left and went to Europe with two fraternity brothers. First, we had to get to the East Coast. We were going to hitchhike. But the three of us, we couldn't get a ride all day. I had the idea that we could go on the freight trains. We went to the yard where the trains collect themselves together. We all got on a freight train in what's called a refer. Before they had refrigerated trains, they would just put ice on each end of the boxcar and the ice would rest on some steel rails on the bottom and top of the box car. This would keep the box car cool. But often there was no ice in it. The boxcars were not used to refrigerate. If they were empty—there was a trap door—you could just get in there—you were out of sight—and ride. And that's what we did.

We started from Portland in the night and in the morning we were going around by Pendleton Oregon. We could sit on top of the train and see the whole long train unwinding. Then we got to Green River. We went long enough to go to a restaurant to get some food, then back on the train. Then in Cheyenne we were arrested. The yard bull

came along and with his pistol and said, "Hands Up" and "Come with me." He took us to the Sheriff. He quickly figured out that we were a bunch of college kids. He said, "If you'll just get out of town you can go." We did. We hitched a ride to the border of the next state. We got to Sioux City, I think. I had heard about, but never tried, riding what was called "blind baggage." In the front of the baggage car which is the car directly behind the engine, there's a passage between two cars. Half of it was about 4 feet and you could stand in that area. In this case, if the engine was burning coal, as they did then, you could go and sit in the coal. We got on a passenger train and sat on the coal. We could see down into the engine and how the engineer would open the door and shovel the coal into the engine. It began to rain. It was quite miserable and cold with the rain and wind and coal dust. In the middle of Iowa in Marshall Town, we gave it up. We went to the station, which for some reason was open. We could get into some shelter, no people around. Then a box car train came along and we got in the box car and rode it all the way to Chicago, the three of us. Then we started hitchhiking and then we got to Washington where I had a cousin who was a congressman. One of us had a sister who was married to a guy. So we had food. It took not long, maybe 6 or 7 days. We had gotten across the country for about \$10.00 each. The one who had a sister stayed in Washington. I went with my other friend and stayed with some relatives near Philadelphia. He was an inventor. He was with the Bud manufacturing company that made railroad trains. He knew that they shipped a lot of things across the Atlantic. He got us jobs on one of the ships as work-aways from New York to Europe. We both got on the ship and landed in France two weeks later.

We toured around and went to France and Italy. He went back. I was so enchanted with Europe that I stayed two years, [up through 1934]. I got a job in the American Library in Paris. That was a library of the books left over from World War I. People had sent a lot of books to the—they weren't GIs then—Bill Boys then. So, I became a librarian in the fiction department. That paid me \$50 a month which was all I needed to live reasonably, in fact, very happily, in Paris. My room cost \$12.00 or \$13.00 per month. I went to the same hotel, the Deux Continent, several years ago and I said, 'How much is the room on the back of the 7th floor?' (that would have been my room). They said it was \$130.00 a night. Of course by then they'd made an elevator in the hotel. So it had become a one-star hotel or maybe a two-star hotel. But in the mid-depression \$13.00 was enough for a month. So with \$50 I had quite a lot. A dinner would be maybe \$.35 or \$.40

There were great things for students. For example, I could register at the University for about 5 dollars. With my registration there were a lot of things like the National Theatre or the Opera for student rate which was maybe 35 or 50 cents. It was less than what a movie would cost. So I went to a lot of Opera. Then, there were weekly dances. That whole period, both in high school, it was a period where people danced all the time, dancing was great, ballroom dancing. In Paris, the churches figured that if you wanted to get to the young people you have to provide a dance. And they did. So there were dances, free, all the time that other students would go to and you'd meet other students there.

[I met my future wife, Eleanor in Paris at a dance.] I didn't meet her in the summer we were traveling around. I met her when I came to live in Paris. She was taking her junior year from Smith College, studying in Paris. It was serious for the students.

They didn't feel that the Course de Civilization that the French provided was really serious enough so they sent with the group two teachers to give them more work. They ended with quite good knowledge of French and the language. They also lived in French families so that they spoke French all the time. It was a good program for them.

[In] 1935, I was headed home. I wanted to go to Los Angeles where I could stay with friends I met in Paris. I came back across the country, hitchhiking and going on trains. I went to the Kentucky Derby and then into the south. From New Orleans I took trains. I got arrested again in Lake Charles. They said if I could pay my way on a bus over the border to Texas, I could go. Otherwise I had to stay a week in their jail. So I paid my way into Texas. And from then on took freight trains across the country. Short of cash then, because you know, I had to pay the bus to get into Texas.

At Douglas Arizona I went across the border to Mexico and got \$.25 worth of tortillas from somebody just in their house and it was enough to keep me all the way to Los Angeles. At that point, my father sent me a little money. So I was getting on the freight train in the morning in Los Angeles and that evening I was going to a night club with several movie stars, dancing. I had a blind date. A woman whose name I now won't remember. She married an actor. I saw her once again on Orcas Island. She and the actor lived at Orcas Island. He would go down a week or a month whenever he got a part in a movie and then come back to Orcas Island. I saw him in several movies, bit parts. I can't remember her name or his name.

Then I went to San Francisco and started hitchhiking North towards to Tacoma. But at Redlands California it got dark and again I got on a box car that took me nearly to Portland. Then I got another hitch to Tacoma which was great after two years coming

back. I remember the pleasures of coming back and taking the street car from downtown up to 26th and Proctor and sort of noting all the familiar signs. It was such a satisfaction to come home. It didn't change much. In the great depression things didn't change they just stopped moving. There wasn't much change. The price of lumber was down. The market for the lumber was down. There was a lot of unemployment in the logging camps. [My father's business] was okay but quieter of course than it had been.

I immediately got a job as a sports editor at KMO the radio station in Tacoma. Now in those days getting the news for the air came from Transradio Press. When radio started going the newspapers became quite worried. They said, "If the radio keeps broadcasting news nobody will buy the papers." The newspapers were the big purchasers of news from Associated Press, United Press and International News Service. So they said to those outfits, "You can give only five minutes a day worth of news to radio stations. They can only broadcast the news five minutes a day, twice a day." At this point, some bright united press guy said, "Look, we know how to get up a news service and all these radio stations are screaming to get news and they can't get any." So, they started a news service, called Transradio Press. It lasted from the mid thirties until after World War II. They got hundreds of clients, radio stations. It was such a shoestring outfit; half the news they got was rewriting the New York Papers and giving it to their radio stations. [Usually], news was sent around by the Associated Press and the United Press by land lines and every client that brought it had a teletype in which the news was printed in their office and they could put it in the paper. But Transradio press was such a shoestring small outfit they could only afford land lines as far as Chicago. After that they had to do it by dot dash/Morris code. In a place like Tacoma or Phoenix, whoever bought

[Transradio's service] had to have an operator that would take down Morris code. Things could happen to it then too that could make it difficult to get the dot-dash. You could usually get enough for a fifteen minute news cast.

I was on that job about six months and then I got fired. I got fired because of a mistake I made. When there was some event, like a world championship boxing match—which used to be such a big event and is not anymore—then it was important that everyone would get it. The only way the clients of the Transradio Press could get it is if the dot dash came every round and then they'd put it on the air. But it was slow. So, KMO got it. I would get it as fast as they could get it to me and I would give it to the announcer. Although I knew it would be behind. I think KVI had something like United Press with teletypes so they would get it much faster. But I figured if the announcer just kept going without stopping then whoever was listening would go on listening. I think it ended on a knockout on nearly the last of the nine rounds of a ten round fight. Of course at that point anyone who had land lines could immediately announce it. But with it coming dot-dash we're always running a round or two behind. So, you had to keep the listener going by talking to them. But the KVI man telephoned the announcer at KMO and said, "The fight's over why don't you tell them?" He decided to just go ahead and do that instead of continuing to give it round by round, round behind. The result of it, we were late getting the result of the fight. Since I was the editor and I was getting the stuff he appeared to think [it was my fault]. I thought not but that was it. The next morning I had my months check on my desk and note saying, "You're fired."

I then started a weekly news organization in early 1936 in Tacoma, called the Weekly News. It was a little magazine. There were three of us doing it, two of us

[reporters] and the brother of the other guy. It was really part-time for the brother. He was really our employer. His younger brother and I did the magazine. It had reviews and feature stories and sort of a gossip column. It was an effort to have a local magazine, since we didn't have any such thing, to tell what was happening in the town in the Art Museums. Anybody carried it and would put it in their [store]. [My father's] pharmacy, had magazines so it was just one of the magazines. It ran until summer. It was not making that much money so I started to go another year to the University [of Washington].

The following June, I still had not graduated. I was almost a graduate and I got a job at a logging camp, St. Paul Company which paid fairly well. It was truly the hardest job I'd ever had. [It's] one of the hardest jobs that exists. It's called choker setter. The way they logged then was with a highline. That meant that there was a single tree that they'd cut all the branches off of and with cables made it firm. Then they run a cable about a ¼ mile from the top of this spar and there was a donkey engine at the bottom. The cable had two separate cables that were big, an inch and half to two inches thick. Each one had a heavy steel thing where you could put it in and lock it. You could put this around a log because the timber fallers would cut the logs and get the limbs off and cut the tree logs into pieces about the size of flat cars, probably a 100 feet. Then this cable would run out this ¼ mile and the cable choker setters would run, of course dodging those flailing cables in the air, and put the cables around the fallen logs and the donkey engine would pull them back into the base of the spar. Then they'd load them onto the flat car and then the process would go again. I did see some [accidents] but none happened to me. It was a truly difficult job, dangerous.

In the fall, instead of going back to the University I decided to try again to get a journalism job. I started in Tacoma, down the coast: Portland, Eugene, Santa Rosa, California, San Francisco. Every where I went, I tried the radio stations or the newspapers to try to get a job in journalism. I got all the way to Los Angeles with absolutely no luck anywhere. So, I got a job with the Shell Oil Company as an assistant driller in an Oil Rig in Los Angeles.

I went to live in Brea, near Fullerton. It's close to where Disneyland is now. This wasn't a terribly hard job. But it was when you came out of the hole. When you're drilling, you start with a length of pipe that's maybe thirty to forty feet and you have a bit to drill through the earth on the bottom of it. The pipe is hollow after the bit when they get to that one it's full of what they've drilled out of the earth. They put it in a long pan so the geologist can see what's happening there and when it looks like they might hit oil. Eventually we did. After you've drilled down a while you haul these lengths of pipe—maybe five or ten lengths of pipe—out. [In] the oil fields there's a long pyramid of steel. The reason they have that is because when you come out of the hole these lengths of pipe have to be stored somewhere. The derek man stands at the top of this whereas the driller and the assistant driller stand at the bottom. They break one pipe from the next one which are screwed together. They grab the pipe and pull it up to my stand at the top of this pyramid. My job then is to grab it and put it over to one side so that it can be stacked there and then they unhook it at the bottom and start on the next pipe. If you get down five hundred or several hundred feet there are a lot of pipes that have to come out. The town of Brea is out near Fullerton and Anaheim, we drilled a little east of there and we struck oil. It kind of bursts out and then you cap it and begin to pump it and start on

another one. I worked there from September until Christmas. Then I was laid off. Not fired. They had lay-offs occasionally when they would stop drilling.

At this point, I invited Eleanor, my friend from Paris. [She] had not married the guy in North Hampton Massachusetts. The guy she was engaged to when I first met her became a missionary. I don't know why they broke up exactly, but they did. [She] was teaching school in Albuquerque so I invited her to come at Christmas time to Los Angeles which she did. We decided we'd like to get married. I think I was twenty-six or twenty-seven and she must have been twenty-five. Although at that time I had no job, I was hoping I could still get with Shell Oil. I couldn't immediately. I had a friend whose family had a gold mine near Prescott, Arizona. I thought, 'I'll try that.' She and I took a train to Albuquerque and I dropped off at Prescott. [I] found the mine of the friend but evidently it was closed down so there [were] no jobs. So I went down the black river valley, which was a dirt road. Now it must be a great highway to Phoenix. Slept in a flophouse where you could get a bed in a room with other men for like \$.50.

I tried to get a job in the newspaper there and the radio stations there with no success. Except that the Columbia Station, KOI, the single Columbia station in Phoenix, said he needed a gardener and if I could do some gardening he could employ me. So, I immediately became his gardener. At night I would go in and work in the radio station. There was a news editor and one girl that did all the news. The girl wasn't serious in journalism she was just sort of a helper. At this point, the Eisenhower of World War I, who was General Pershing, became ill and people thought he would die. He was in Tucson. So it was important that somebody should go on the death watch. If you think of him like Eisenhower, the moment he died it would be a tremendous front page story all

over the world and important. Somebody had to be there every minute to be sure you got the news the moment he died. There was nobody to send down to do that so they sent me. I went down. I had to live in the Hospital, sleep on the floor. The doctor would just come out and give us little stories about how his health is and how he fared through the night and we'd send these stories out. He wasn't in a position to be interviewed. After maybe ten days he was better and he wasn't dying. The story cooled down.

I went back to Phoenix. At this point, the editor, Bill Gannett, the nephew of Gannett—there's a Gannet chain of papers—was sick of being there, eager to go and decided he wanted to go back to New York. He left and the man that I had been gardening for liked me. I'd had my little bit of experience in Tacoma. I told him exactly what my experience had been and that I'd been fired, honestly. I didn't pretend anything. He thought he'd give me a chance. So he said, "Why don't I tell them you could do it?" and he did. It was such a shoestring outfit—rather than pay somebody's fare from New York all the way out to Phoenix, they had somebody that could do the job right on hand—they thought they might as well hire me and they did! I became the editor of the station with the responsibility for the news in Arizona and New Mexico for a hundred dollars a month which I figured was enough to get married on.

In June, we got married. In the fall, the Transradio Press, that was the news agency that sold itself to KOI, decided that I was doing alright as the editor. I was employed by Transradio Press. There wasn't much to cover you just had to tell what was happening. That's all the AP could do or the United Press could do. After all, all you do is prepare the newscast in the morning, noon and evening. I had a budget of something like \$25.00 to pay any stringer in New Mexico that would send me stuff. I had maybe six

or eight people in various places and you'd get the news coming. There was a guy who received the dot-dash who was employed for Transradio Press he was my assistant. I would rewrite the local paper or local news. I couldn't cover very much. I'd cover a little myself. I'd call the fire department and the police station before every newscast just to see if anything had happened that might make news. They'd tell me if anything had happened. They'd say, "Okay Trans, Transradio." I learned how these things worked in an amazingly elementary way.

There was a great news paper play set in Chicago: "The Front Page" it was called. It's been a movie at least twice. You could've seen it. It's good enough that it's worth renting it. It was wilder then. It was wilder when I was there too. It's more organized now. They want to know, did you go to a school and did you graduate and so on. Nobody asked those things in my day. 'Course if you already had a job they figured you knew something because you were working at a job. In Chicago was a Bureau which had maybe one bureau chief and about four people. We had one station we serviced in Chicago. I didn't have anything to do with broadcasting in Chicago. We just supplied the news. That was the only place there were land lines that would reach from New York to Chicago. I worked [there] not very long. I think I was there maybe three or four months, long enough to cover a strike in the stock yards and then went to Hartford.

We got there right in the middle of winter. I remember sort of thinking, 'this is where the first people came and lived around here, New England. Apart from James Town this is where the first people came and stayed.' We lived in what was claimed to be the oldest apartment house in the United States. It had a wonderful elevator that went by some kind of a balance. So if you just pulled the rope and it would go either up or down.

It was wonderful to have it with a little fireplace. It was cold in New England in the winter with snow. It was like a foreign country. [Women] didn't [work much] but they were certainly coming to. It's a night and day difference between then and now.

[Eleanor] could act. The station had a group that every week put on a drama, a kind of play, over the radio. She soon got [to be] part of that. That was her outside job.

Hartford had the largest radio station in New England called WTIC, which meant Travelers' Insurance Company. It was in a Tower in the center of town. I was the news editor of the station, practically the only employee. Although, they allowed me later to get another employee and I hired somebody. It was the State Capitol so I had that to report, apart from that, not much [else to report]. I stayed from Christmas until fall. It wasn't quite even a year about three-quarters of a year. Meantime, the man who was the head of the Chicago bureau had become head of the Washington bureau. That's where I wanted to go. I immediately wrote to him.

He was inclined to give me a job after I had [passed] a test which was a story the station thought was very important. It was about the multimillion dollar fraud trial, a fraud in Waterbury. They were very keen that we should not be beaten by anybody else, with radio minutes counted. If you were minutes behind that was considered very bad because people would maybe hear some other station and find that you didn't have it on yours. I had an employee: A guy who'd just come from the University of Connecticut. I think my company said I could give him something like \$40.00 a month, some ridiculous figure. As is often the case, and probably still is, people are willing to be exploited to get into a business. I sent him to the trial with the instruction to hire somebody to stay on the telephone so that when he came from the verdict in the trial he could immediately get on

the phone to me. This is something I learned is the important thing about covering anything: Get your communications set up. So he did that. He couldn't quite get to it but the guy he hired could get to it and gave me the verdict. So, I sent [it] out on Transradio's network and we were the first! For some reason, we were the first to broadcast it which the station thought was great! [laugh]. It's funny, those things are really insignificant but they seem to be great. So, for the first time—I'd worked for Transradio maybe a year and a half then—I asked, 'Could I have a vacation?' They said yes. So we drove to Nova Scotia where my wife had been born, Darmouth and then down to Washington where the man from Chicago had a job for me.

The bureau then had about four people. Washington coverage is divided to downtown and the Hill. The hill means Capitol Hill where the congress is. They had two on the Hill, one for the senate, one for congress and then one person for downtown. The one person who had been the downtown person was quitting. So, with so little experience I became the Downtown person. I covered the White House, the State Department, Treasury, Commerce, War and Navy—they were separate then—and a few odds and ends like the Embassies. The reason you [could cover all of] that is [because] Washington was so organized. For example, the State Department had a secretary who would meet the press everyday at noon. It seems now incredible. I can't imagine why they did it. But that was the system then. The president had one press secretary, one man, Steve Early, who would see the press at ten in the morning. So you could start your day with seeing him at ten in the morning.

At that time, all the people who worked for the President were there in the White House. Of course now, the building right across the street—a huge building—was then

the State Department. Now it's the offices of the White House and now there are maybe hundreds of people employed by the White House. But there weren't very many employees then. Just as there weren't a lot of news people. There was just one press secretary. That's all. The press room was right there in the west wing. It's not there anymore. Now, if they have a press conference it's in the East room. It's a big place. The President would invite us to the White House every year, we would first have the reception and then we would dance in the East room. That's where they have their Press Conferences now with a hundred or so people. The press conferences that occurred every week [were] in the Oval Office. You stood right at [President Franklin Roosevelt's] desk when you had the press conference. There would be maybe twelve or fifteen, or if something were very hot, twenty to twenty-five [reporters]. I thought he was great. He was also pleasant. He liked the press. A lot of the owners of papers didn't like him, they were usually rich and Republican and he was a Democrat and he was doing things that they thought were wrong. They knew who had the same opinions as the owners. Some of the reporters, usually a minority, were Republicans too. If they wanted something covered they assigned those people the stories, which is a better way than telling someone you wanted them to slant the story which was not done. It would sort of be insulting to lean on somebody. The owners too, they felt an obligation to report what's going on regardless. It was their obligation as people reporting the news. But [President Roosevelt], he liked the reporters so he got quite a good press always in spite of the fact that the paper owners didn't like him.

I was still working in radio, so I was in competition with the Associated Press, United Press, INS and Dow Jones. We would go to the Oval office and stand around the

President's desk and ask him questions. Then the senior correspondent would say, "Thank you, Mr. President." Then the ones who worked for a news agency were allowed by the others to get out the door first. The news agencies supplied news to clients, newspapers, and radio: The Associated Press, the United Press, INS and also the Wall Street Journal. Wall Street Journal is also Dow Jones. Dow Jones runs a news service which of course has the stock market things. Anything that affects the market of course goes on the same wire. Anything coming out of the White House might affect the market so it has a lot of priority to get on the wire. We would then run down the hall to the press room. You all had the same press room but there was no time for anything but to just get to the phone and dictate the results of the press conference. We had our phones individually, already connected, you only had to pick it up and you were connected to your office. Then without time to write anything, you had to dictate the stories as a result of the press conference. By the time you were in the second paragraph or so, your story would already be going on the wire somewhere from your office having somebody taken it down and checked it and started it on the wires. It was a very fast operation. I think, in fact, Dow Jones used to keep track of quarter-minutes of how fast it was coming. Now the curious thing is, nobody, as far as I know, ever made a mistake. You simply came with your scratchy notes and dictated your story. That was it.

I didn't ask many questions, I was the youngest one there with the least prestigious press service so I didn't ask many questions. I was young and inexperienced [at] twenty-eight. It had taken me such a time to get a job in Phoenix. Then I'd [spent] a short time in Chicago and Hartford. I was really not experienced but of course I was very eager to go because I had such a hard time getting a job. So I was hard working.

One thing, I knew when the Press Conferences were scheduled. In the case of the White House, the Press Secretary put up a list of the people who that day, were going to come to see the president. So, you knew who was coming and you could calculate if it was somebody important that you thought would make news and be there when they came out from seeing the President. You could ask them questions because they went right by the Press room. You could check and see when the Treasury was having a press conference, which was not very frequent but from time to time. The same with the War and Navy Department, you'd call them on the phone, ask if they were having a press conference, if so, you'd go down. The same with Commerce which seemed almost never to have a press conference but they had things they would give out. It was quite exciting. I was still with Transradio Press, in the spring of '40 when things really started going in Europe and you'd get a call, "Come to the State Department." You'd come in the middle of the night and they'd say, "We just had a cable from our embassy in Holland, Hitler has invaded Holland." And a few nights later you'd have another. They'd say, "Hitler's now invaded Belgium." A few nights later he'd invaded Denmark and then Norway. It was a very exciting time.

[Washington D.C.] was quiet and kind of home-town-ish. Nothing had happened to it much since the 1920s but it seemed exciting to be in it. I remember going out. My wife had a friend that she'd known. We were invited to go out to dinner. I remember driving out. We got there around Christmas time, so it was winter. It somehow seemed exciting to be in the Capitol and going to dinner. I lived about 3 or 4 blocks from the press building where most of the offices were, on a little square on K Street. We had a little fireplace and book cases, a bedroom and a dining room, two flights up, forty-dollars

a month rent. I think my salary then got to be \$110.00 a month, not a lot of money then. After all forty dollars of it went to rent, leaving seventy dollars for everything else. That still was very low. [Eleanor] got a job then as a kind of a tutor to the daughter of Assistant Secretary of State, Adolph Burley. Later she got a job at a news agency, a feature agency. [She] didn't do news but did pictures and feature stories. What [income] my wife could bring was very welcome. I started asking the Wall Street Journal and others too, to get a job. The hours were longest with Transradio press because you were alone. It was morning until evening and whichever job I got paid more than Transradio press paid sense it paid at the bottom. I went to the Wall Street Journal.

The reason I got the job was because I already knew the beats. I knew how it worked at the White House, how it worked at the State Department, Army, Navy and Treasury and so on. I could present myself as someone who could cover these things. What they needed was someone to do the State Department and the White House. I was suddenly getting forty dollars a week. This was quite a raise. That's about a 35% raise in your income. It was a change. Radio you want one thought sentences, simple, that can be heard by the ears. So it was different. [It] wasn't so hard to make the change [to] Newspaper. I had been writing for several years by that time and kept trying to write better. I covered the White House but when the President's press conference came, the Bureau chief would usually come to that. I'd go too but he would mainly cover it. Sometimes he wouldn't come and I would cover it. All the other ones, smaller press conferences, I would cover. Mainly, I did the state Department, foreign affairs and our relations with other countries.

The Wall Street Journal had the Dow Jones so if anything was important that could affect the market you had to—just like the AP—dictate the story. They wanted their own version. They already took the AP but they wanted their own person to do it. After you dictated it for the wire, the Dow Jones, then you'd go into the office and write it for the paper. I remember, for example, when President Roosevelt decided to help the British. He was going to give them some of our old destroyers and some other things. It was difficult for him to say what this was. It turned out to be called, "lend/lease." In the press conference, when people would ask him, "Are you going to give these [things] to the British? He said, "No we're not really going to give it. We're kind of lending it, as if it's a lease," and so on. Well you didn't have much time to decide how to play that story and explain what he was doing. I dictated a good story and they complimented me on the clarity of the story.

[I worked for the Wall Street Journal] just [before] Pearl Harbor. The reason I changed was that the war had started and the big story was the war and I was very eager to be assigned to go to the war as a reporter. The Wall Street Journal at that time was mainly business or anything that affected business. They didn't have anything like a war correspondent. They didn't try to report war. So I tried to get to something that would [give] me a chance of being sent to the war. So I aimed for TIME among others and they hired me. We were involved [before Pearl Harbor]. For example, Roosevelt gave those things to the British which was very one-sided. People were furious that he'd done that. In the United States people were maybe evenly divided as to whether we should go to help England or stay out of it. There was a tremendous sentiment that we should not get involved in the war. The isolationists were not in favor of the war. Half of the people in

the United States thought we should let England and those countries stew in their own juice. Half [the press also] thought it was a very bad idea. Specifically, the Chicago Tribune, a very powerful paper, was very much against it. It was their business, not ours. It was a strong thing called, "America First."

At first I thought, 'Well it's better to stay out of it.' It was a little ambiguous at first. Hitler was considered to be a hero by many people. It was easy to see why too. The Versailles Treaty had so penalized the Germans. It had saddled them with great obligations to pay money and reparations. Economically, therefore, they had a terrible time. So when he in effect said, 'We Germans can go our own way and we don't have to take all this stuff,' many people thought it was great. But as time went on I thought we should get into it. It was only later that people had such a bad opinion of him. You heard the effects of the things that happened. It became more and more clear what Hitler was doing. [I began working for TIME magazine in] 1941. I covered the State Department and the White House. Our income was quite [high] by this time. I went from around \$100.00 a month to about \$160.00 with the Wall Street Journal and to about \$300.00 with Time. So we were rising in the hierarchy.

I was doing so well. By this time, I knew the State Department very well and was a very good reporter getting the news. You hope for a story that you have and nobody else has. Then, [the] State Department [was] divided. There was the Secretary. Then there was one Under Secretary and about four Assistant Secretaries. After that there were desks for every country that you were involved with. If you covered the state Department, you'd go to whoever was doing the Russian desk, French desk or German desk and ask them what was going on. If you became friendly with them they would tell you. When I

was on the Wall Street Journal, I had a scoop: Mexico had taken all of the American oil wells and nationalized them. Of course the American oil companies all stood together saying, 'We have to be completely compensated for this robbery.' But Sinclair Oil broke this united front and made a deal with the Mexicans. Man, I got that story. A man in the State Department told me that Sinclair Oil had made a deal and kept its compensation from the Mexicans. You're always in hot competitions with your competitors for these things.

[TIME] had maybe eight people covering Washington but I was so good at covering that I didn't even think about it. I got more beats and more information than anybody else. Apparently I was the best of them. They wanted somebody to go around the country and write about our war effort, how it was going. They invited me to come to New York on a Sunday and explained that they'd like me to go around the country writing about it. Of course this was fine. I was glad to do it. It was the first time I was involved in politics too. There was a chief of correspondents but they invited me to come on a Sunday when he was not present. The magazine editors involved in [covering stories] that had to do with the war, explained, that they would like me to set off and go around the country. I agreed to do it. I didn't know that in a way they had decided on this thing without reference to the chief of the correspondents. They said, "You'd better check with Hulbert anyway before going." [Hulbert] was the chief of correspondents, I saw him and he said, "Keep track of your expenses" which I did.

I flew to Texas and went to a tank destroyer outfit. Then I flew to Arizona where there were little manned airplanes. They had the first of those manned planes, without a pilot, they were working that out. Then I went to California and saw Patton with his

soldiers getting them prepared to go to the desert of Africa. I had a letter to him from one of his West Point friends that I had met in Phoenix. My contact with him was very genial and friendly. He was great. But when I talked to the people that he was training, they said he was severe. That if things weren't going right he would snatch the bars on the shoulders of a lieutenant or a captain and throw them away and tell them they ought to get out of the Army. In other words, he was the way he was later pictured. Well, it was his way of training the soldiers and some of them admired it and a lot of them hated it.

I also went to the Twenty Nine Palms where they were using gliders. I was taken up in a glider. I didn't know that a glider with no power could do a loop, the way a powered plane can. So when we did a loop, I of course thought we were crashing. [Laugh] Then we came out of the loop and came down. I didn't write about in the story but I mentioned it when I sent my story in. They used to run a [story] from the publisher in the front of TIME. They made my going up in the glider and looping part of a story. That was kind of a boost for my prestige within the company.

I came up here, around Ft. Lewis to see the Mountain Warfare troops where I had a cousin and a friend who was in it. They used donkeys a lot. [I also] saw my father. I spent a couple months going around and back to New York. Then they wanted me to stay in New York and be a writer in New York. We moved to New York. I wrote and rewrote the things that correspondents sent from other places—sent from France or England or parts of the United States. In other words I was an editor. A writer and editor but I wasn't reporting anything then. I [began] the end of the summer and [stayed until] the fall. Meanwhile, I'd been saying, "I want to go abroad." I want to go abroad to the war. Sometime in the fall they said, "We can send you to London" and I

thought 'great!' So, I got geared up. I had an officer's uniform which I got at Brooks Brothers. There was no training.

[TIME] arranged passage on a convoy, on a freighter going to England. It took about three weeks. We went up, all the way around Iceland. I was on a ship with seven army officers. That's all we had on that ship. We all had state rooms. It wasn't a troop-carrying ship. I read Well's Outline of History. It's about a thousand pages. [It's] a great outline of the history of the world. It was a great time to do it when I was three weeks on the ship.

The ship just behind mine got torpedoed and sank. I somehow naively thought we'd cluster around and get the survivors. But no, the convoy, of I suppose 20 ships, just kept stately going on. They never turned or anything. The destroyers that accompanied us immediately went to take survivors off the sinking ship and to drop depth charges hoping to get the submarine. There was nothing to report except when the ship sank and you couldn't send a message out on it. I took a picture of it but it wasn't close enough to be a usable picture in LIFE [magazine].

[We were headed] to England, Liverpool. It was great coming into Liverpool. It's one of the great ports of England. The idea of completing the passage and suddenly to be in war-torn England was so exciting and attractive. The [officers] went off to where they had to go. They were in some kind of an outfit. So I was alone because I was not in the Army. I was just trying to get down to London to see what was going on and what my job would be. I walked around Liverpool. It was blackout and kind of misty and mysterious seeming and walking the blackout streets you felt you were now in the war. That night I went to the Adephi Hotel, a great hotel in Liverpool, and had dinner. I remember noticing

that some of the people had butter at their table. I was very aware of the rationing. I learned later you should ask for it. [Laugh] I didn't dare ask to ask for butter. I think I had an omelet made with powdered eggs. It was fine. I later learned that hotels and hotel restaurants had relatively lots of food. I suppose [for] morale—they felt that the few who went to hotels were visitors or important people in some way and therefore they ought to be fed decently so—the food in hotels was very good. Restaurant food wasn't bad either in war-torn England.

[The following day], I got [on] a train to London [to go to the] TIME, Life/Fortune bureau. TIME had a sort of suite of rooms, these three bedrooms with a living room and dining room in the Governor Hotel on Park Lane on Hyde Park. I went there and I had a room all ready and of course restaurant food, very good. That very night, we had an air raid and across in Hyde Park there were anti-aircraft batteries. You could hear and see them shooting up in the sky towards the planes, bombing planes. They just shoot up in the air and there are search lights going up too, trying to hit the planes. If you were young and a reporter you really wanted to see what was going on. Many people would go down into the subways; there were racks of bunks where they would sleep. They were quite used to it, quite cool about it. There was no choice. There weren't raids every night, just every so often, just sporadic. We were doing the same thing. We were going to German cities and dumping bombs. Somehow you never had a close sense that it was dangerous. You just knew that it was dangerous and that a bomb could come down near you. You saw the damage everywhere, buildings caved in. You had a wonderful sense, if you were young, of being right away involved in the war.

[My wife] wasn't there the first year, or so. After I left she began to work for LIFE magazine in Washington. So she began to agitate to get sent to England and they sent her! She worked all the time, never stopped. She would go with the photographers on a story. She would take notes of what was happening and what they were getting pictures of. She wasn't herself a photographer. Not really like a writer either. She would just have notations on the pictures.

We had two [children] born while in England: One in London [and] one in Oxford. The day my oldest was born was the same day the first B2s landed in England. B2s passed through the air and came down about two or three blocks from the nursing home where she was born. I was staying in a little hotel across the street. These were huge explosives. It was such a shock it kind of blew in the doors of the hotel. I went across to the nursing home and the door was jammed. They weren't safe where the thing came down which is near suffrage on Oxford Street but of course everybody was safe [at the nursing home].

The B1s were more interesting. The B1s came after we had already invaded the continent and were moving in France, in the direction of Germany. They were planes that had no pilot but they had a huge explosive. They also had a light. You could see them and you could hear them, they had a buzz. They were called Buzz Bombs. The RAF tried to shoot them down before they got to London. Enough got through so that almost anytime at the night there would be a buzz bomb somewhere in the air, you could hear it. The thing is, when the buzzing stopped, the plane with its bomb would then fall and there would be a huge [explosion]. Whatever it hit would make a large pit of exploded concrete. It would ruin a building for example.

There was a cartoon in the paper [that] showed the buzz bombs and the people in the street. What it said was, "We pay no attention to these buzz bombs. Our life just goes on as usual." The only thing is that all the people had long ears tuned up to the sky. If you were having a dinner party and you heard the buzzing you wouldn't stop your conversation. But if the buzzing got near to you and especially if the buzzing stopped and you knew it was coming down, then everyone conceded and would either get under a table or stand in the doorway, some safer place. One came down about a block from where we lived, in Chancery Lane. It made a huge explosion and broke the windows of our bedroom.

I reported on anything to do with England's economy because I had a little background with the Wall Street Journal. People generally don't choose to write about the economy, it seems difficult to write about but I found it easy and interesting. Usually, there is some story that has come up, that has to do with coal or something. [For example,] something about mining coal, or changing of the laws to do with mining coal, or increasing the amount of coal mined, or the new methods of coal mining or the labor union and the coal mines. They were working the [coal mines] they had, anything to save transporting things across the ocean.

A story I wrote for LIFE was called, "Life among the Ruins" and it was that life was pretty good for GIs who were there. They met English girls. There was food in the restaurants. If you had some clothing coupons you could get a suit or a jacket made very cheaply. The theatre for example, was going full blast. They'd start at seven instead of eight so people would get home a little earlier. There were a lot of things that weren't so

bad. It seemed news to me because you had such a picture of a country living on rations and with bombs happening every so often. Nobody wrote about anything that was good. It isn't the thing that they write about. They [wrote] about the hardships. They didn't write about what was good about it. I had quite a lot of flak for that. A Bishop objected to Henry Luce. But I could cite all the things I had mentioned: the cost of a piece of tailoring and the kind of food you could get. It was okay.

There were [other] features of various kinds. I also went on maneuvers with the troops. For instance, it was early spring [and] they started in southern England. They went up to central England. You followed them and interviewed their commanders [about] what [they were] doing? It wasn't really very interesting. Not a lot of action, just a lot of troop movements. I wrote about the theatre [and] about people who were producing things, like T.S. Elliot or Morgan who wrote novels. We heard T.S. Elliot might have another poetry play. I called him up and asked him to lunch to ask him about the poetry play. We might've been interested in publishing some part of it in LIFE. He said he was not writing a poetry play. So that was it. I [also] wrote a piece about him. [I interviewed] C.S. Lewis when he came out with his book. I think it was The Problem of Pain. But I'm not sure that it was that. He was so un-giving, as if he was suspicious. He'd never been interviewed. He thought it was strange that the press [was] interested in him. "Why did they care?"

[I] also [worked on the] "March of Time" which was a radio program and occasionally took part in broadcasting on that. [In] this case, you would interview somebody. You're an actual broadcaster. You've got the person you're broadcasting, interviewing and you simply talk and ask them questions and he answers. Of course you

had to go sometime early in the morning. I interviewed the air minister at one point and had to meet him at about four in the morning at the BBC. It was all set up so you could conduct the interview which was then heard by the "March of Time" and put on in the United States as part of their weekly program. [I didn't do] much of that.

. The War ended in 1946 and I was still there in '47, beyond [the end of the war]. They had begun to rebuild London then, everything had run down and been neglected and had to be repaired. People were grateful that the war was over and [had] ended. You'd do any story. For instance, if anything appeared in the London papers that seemed interesting to American readers you'd suggest that to New York. If they were interested, you'd follow it up and go and see the people and interview them [to] get more of a story. [At this point,] I was kind of tired of TIME and the things I'd been doing for TIME. I was eager to go and see my father and take him his grandchildren. I thought I'd go and see him and let him live with his grandchildren for a year or so. I did that. It was great.

When I was out here, within half a year, I got involved in the Canwell investigation of the University of Washington. I got so steamed up about that. Canwell was a senator in the State Legislature. He was like McCarthy but he preceded McCarthy. In 1948 he got the idea of investigating the University of Washington for Communism. He had investigators go around and find out [about] any teachers who had been communist or might be communist. He had hearings in which they were examined and asked questions about [whether or not] they had been in the party, when they were in the party, and who else [they knew] was in the party at the same time. In each case, [questioned about their own involvement], the person said, "I was in party and I stayed in it until this time." In every case except one, [when questioned about others'

involvement] the people would [answer], "I'm glad to tell you anything about my own [involvement] in the party but I'm unwilling to speak about anybody else. Let them speak about themselves." When they failed to name anybody, the committee said, "Well, then you are in contempt of the committee." [This] mean[t] you could then be tried. One particular person wrote a piece in Harpers' [magazine] called, "The Professor Leaves the Party." He named people in the party. Whereas the others took the view that they were glad to tell about themselves but they weren't going to name anybody because it might do them harm in some way. This was a very tense thing.

It was a big story because locally, we had begun to be less friendly with our partner in the war, Russia. In the depression, communism appealed very much to people because capitalism clearly was failing. It was failing all through the depression. It was not providing jobs. It was not working. Many liberal people actually joined the party or were entirely favorable to the party or the ideas. They were often disenchanted with the way the communists operated [and] after a time they quit the party. It was the same [scenario] that happened after World War I. After World War I there was the Red Scare which resulted in quite a few things, some people being killed and hanged, those were rougher days. This was a recurrence of the same thing. People like Canwell and McCarthy seemed to think this was a great thing to investigate. They [made] a career of it for a time.

The theory of [this particular] senate investigating was that these people had, with their theories, undermined youth in their students. There was a great conflict about whether [or not] this was good to do. Did it interfere with free speech? Did it interfere with teaching and so on? Of the 10 or 12 of those investigated [at the University of Washington], I'd had three of them as teachers and liked and admired them very much. In

my experience, as teachers they didn't [undermine the youth] at all. They spoke about communism as they did about socialism and about all the theories. One of them was a Communist, teaching philosophy and he continued to be a Communist. In fact, [he] ran for the U.S. Senate on the Communist Party ticket. There was no hiding anything about it. It was entirely legal. The only thing is, the University fired three of the people, two of them who said they were not Communist and had never been Communist. They were fired anyway. The [other] three were put on probation.

The liberals, and there were few of them, felt that what was happening to these people, especially the ones that had lost their jobs, was unfair and violated a constitution. [Fred] Haley and I always had the same kind of politics, which was liberal. I was four years older than Murray Morgan. We went to the same high school but if you're four years younger you're beneath the attention of a senior. [laugh]. We were both on [staff at] TIME. We were writing different kinds of things. He was writing radio, a department of TIME. I was writing about the war and our preparations for it. So, I never really knew him in New York. We saw each other as soon as I got back here [and] we immediately became friends. Fred [Haley], Murray Morgan, the historian, and I organized the Committee of Academic Freedom. My father, a Theodore Roosevelt Republican, supported me always when I was doing all these things. He was greatly supportive. Murray and Murray's father too. Fred Haley and Fred Haley's father—I don't know if he was still living—supported me always when I was doing all these things.

It was the only group that did anything at all to try to give voice to the professors that were about to be fired or otherwise penalized. Fred Haley was the president of our Academic Freedom Committee. I was the secretary. I didn't make speeches. I was more

of a quiet leader, I think. We invite[d] people in these hearings to come and talk and state their views to people. In Tacoma, about forty or fifty [attended]. My interest in the thing was not much to do about communism. I just happen not to be interested in it or sympathetic, particularly, never have been. I didn't really know anybody, I had no friends either, who [were] Communist. All I was concerned with is how the same thing that had happened after World War I was happening again after World War II. There was this sudden suspicion of communism. It was the depression. You lose your faith in the ability of the Government to manage it. That's when people often joined the Communist Party. They were often disillusioned later. Many good people joined the Communist Party in the depression. So, I was more sympathetic. It was about whether or not you can have a right to do that if you want to and that you have a right to speak about it.

[The press] tended to be friendly to Canwell['s] [committee]. They reported favorably their doings. They reported our feeble doings very little. There were a few editorials in which they appeared to view our work [with] hostility. I went to see the editor of the Tribune here. He was sort of apologetic. He agreed to run a column that was [friendlier] to us and friendly to the professors and less friendly to Canwell. He agreed to run it in his own paper as a kind of concession to us.

One of the teachers was identified by an eye witness. An eye witness wrongfully identified one of the professors—one I had had—as having attended a special elite Communist Party meeting in Kingston, New York. [He] gave the date, everything. He positively identified this professor. The professor said that he had never been a Communist and had never been to such a meeting and was in fact with his family, at that time, at a resort somewhere up in Puget Sound. In checking his statement, the Canwell

Committee went to this place and they tore out the register where he'd registered. The papers in Seattle tended to be kind of favorable to Canwell. They were ready to go [after] Communists. But I talked to one of the reporters and he himself was open. He began to follow this story [of] this particular professor. After a year and a half, he was able to show—regardless of the eye witness—that this professor had never been to these places he was supposed to have been to and he was correct in saying he'd never been in the party. He got the Pulitzer Prize for this. It was not at all popular to be investigating [the Canwell Committee]. It was a great thing when the Pulitzer Prize was awarded to him.

I wrote to Ed Murrow about it. [We met in England. We kept in touch after the war]. The letter I wrote is in the book of his biography and his reply to me. I told his biographer, "We were not great friends." She said, "That's what everyone had said." [In the letter, I expressed concern] that people weren't really interested in the constitution. Nobody is, really. Now, they were interested if somebody says, "So and so is a Communist and he's been doing bad things." The people have no information [and] they are inclined to say, "Gosh, it looks bad." So, a kind of fear is created in which people find it's too risky to talk about those things and to have a view. People, after all, have a right to believe what they want and say what they want. The [mentality was, if you do], "You're talking like a Communist." There [were] a lot of bad feelings and stupid feelings of this kind.

The hearings went on in 1948, then, they were stopped. Fifty years later—that was 1948—in 1998, the University President, William Gerberding apologized for the failure of the university to protect its [employees from] the attacks by Canwell. It all came out alright in the end but it took fifty years. I had books showing the efforts of the

Canwell Committee to find the Communists, to find who was in the party and so on. A friend of mine who teaches drama at the University, [Mark Jenkins], made a play out of the [record] in these committee hearings. The play was produced and ran in Seattle, published by the University of Washington Press.

Meanwhile, I thought I would write a novel and I did. I got an advance on it from Little, Brown. I wrote a novel based on the idea that [if] a business man did nothing but speak his mind and tell the truth in Tacoma, during this Canwell period, that would be sufficient to ruin him as a business man. I did finish it but the leftist editor that gave me the advance was out of Little, Brown and was succeeded by one not at all sympathetic to the idea. He didn't want to publish it at all. I tried again with Viking. Viking said they didn't want to publish it either. I got very discouraged. I thought [the publishers might have feared ramifications for seeming sympathetic for publishing the story!] On the other hand, the novel probably wasn't very good. I didn't know particularly much about how to do it. I should have done what everybody does: they send it to eighteen publishers and so on. I didn't do that. I thought I might rewrite it, smooth it up in some way without taking the heart out of it and I never did. I regret it very much. It seems to me incredible that I didn't do that.

[Soon,] I got very interested in teaching. I thought it would be great to be a teacher in college. The first thing I thought was, "I never graduated from college." I thought "Gee, maybe I ought to graduate from college." I was only lacking one course. In '49 I went to John Hopkins. I wrote the novel as part of the program that was sort of the thesis of the program. I finished the BA and got an MA from John Hopkins. I finished my BA at the same time by taking a correspondence course. It's basically in English and

Philosophy. By that time, I loved spending a little time going to seminars. I could write term papers, like typing, it was kind of easy. I got a job right away teaching at the News School in New York. It was started by Veblan and some other people like that. Bertrand Russell and others had taught there. It was a sort of a Maverick [school]. It's now called the New University. It still exists. They gave me a job but they didn't pay very well. After I'd done that a year, I thought, "I think I'll go back into journalism if I can't get better pay than this." But I gave one shot [to] a journalism association, you [registered with] if you wanted a job. I didn't know much about universities. Somebody [explained that] associate professor [was] higher than assistant professor, [and they advised me to] say that, [when I was] applying for [positions]. So, I said I was applying for associate professorship.

Grinnell College, in Grinnell, Iowa, had a program where they had about three journalism courses. They wanted someone who could teach the English courses but also the journalism courses. The guy who had done this, quit. They needed somebody badly. They came upon my application with all the [journalism] experience I had plus I had also published some poetry in the magazine Poetry. It was maybe the leading poetry magazine in the country. They published T.S. Elliot, Ezra Pound and Sandburg. They were the first magazine to publish those people. They published three of mine. That made me look very good to someone who wanted someone to teach English and a couple of journalism courses. They hired me as an associate professor. I was delighted. I had leapt over being an instructor or an assistant professor to the next of the highest rank. June or July [in] 1950 or '51, [I] went off happily for four years to Grinnell College in Iowa, we all went.

It was really wonderful, happy years. I was so delighted to go back to the same place [where my parents had been]. I had read stories. There were some writers that wrote about that area. I had a romantic feeling about going back to the same roots where my parents had come from and [remembered the stories of] how in September you could hear the crackling in the corn fields. I went out of Grinnell, walked in the corn fields and could hear the corn crackling. Grinnell was a little hilly. It wasn't just totally flat. There was a lake. It turned out to be a wonderful college with great colleagues. I taught English, mainly. I taught each semester one journalism course. I suddenly found I was teaching American Literature. I found it was fairly hard teaching courses, especially, ones I'd never really had myself. I remember the first year I would sometimes work all night in order to have a lecture ready at nine in the morning in American Literature. I'd go and give the lecture and then fall asleep. It was very hard. But I liked it nevertheless. I found I was good at it. I could make the literature interesting to the students. I felt I'd really found a vocation. [I stayed there] four years.

[Eleanor and I] were married about twenty years. It was quite a long time. After those four years I left teaching and went back into journalism [at Newsweek] for three years [laugh]. This is because I'd also had a divorce at the end of [the] four years at Grinnell. So I'd wanted to change from Grinnell and Newsweek offered me a job. [Eleanor] went to Connecticut and I went to New York. [I had met Jane, she] was teaching at Grinnell College when I taught there. [She went with me to New York]. I wrote a lot of different stories. I wrote education for a while. I wrote foreign news. I wasn't reporting very much. I was [editing], writing stories that others would send in, rewriting them for the magazine. [I did this] for about a year and then they sent me to

Bangkok. I think reporting is more interesting than editing. I wanted to go somewhere. [Jane and I] went to Southeast Asia, Bangkok. Bangkok was coming into its own then as an important hub. Everything went through Bangkok. Then I went to Saigon. Once you got out of New York or Washington, you were not on a beat, usually you wrote everything that came along. You adapt to whatever is going. I wrote about the King and Queen. When a white elephant is found it becomes the possession of the King. So it is brought through the streets with other elephants. There's a ceremony in which it becomes owned by the King. Well, that's what you wrote about one day. I always wrote about the economy if it came along because I could do that.

Amy, [my youngest daughter], first became aware of being alive in Bangkok. She got there at three months and [we] left after two years. In the case of Amy, we moved to so many places. We were in the Philippines when she was in second grade. [Later] We were in Cairo where she [attended] the French school. I think her fondest memories are living in these other countries. She had friends in all three cases. The two older ones, [Noel and Dana, some] some of their fondest memories were coming to live with me in Bangkok. The oldest one, who has never gone to her Harvard reunion, goes almost every year to the reunion of the Bangkok High School. They have reunions of those who were in the United States. She keeps up with those people. In fact, she went to Iran just a few weeks ago with one of her Bangkok high school friends and the friend's husband. So, living abroad was good in their cases and it didn't dislocate them from their friends back home or their school. Having daughters was always a joy. I think with sons it's not always the case. My daughters have got both sons and daughters. The sons are more of a

problem than the daughters are. So, I was lucky just having daughters. It's just that they've always been a joy. They always did well without me pushing them.

Noel work[ed] a little for Newsweek in New York [but] but never out in the bureaus. She soon decided to go to law school. The oldest one never married. She had liaisons but she never got married. She fell in love with horses and became a Polo player and got three horses, finally. [Noel] lives in Los Angeles. She teaches law at USC.

Dana, she first did Indian studies. She [went to] Barnard in Chicago. She got a scholarship to Chicago to pursue Indian Studies and went to India for a year on a scholarship. She learned Sanskrit and Hindi, the language most speak. However, after doing that she decided to be a lawyer and [went] to law school. Dana practices law in Rochester, New York. She works for the state. [Dana] married another lawyer. Both [Noel and Dana] went to law school.

Amy, like her older sister, went to Harvard. Right away, [she] joined a dance troop in Boston and New York. Growing up she took dance lessons. She [took] ballet in Madison, Wisconsin. [She] had always wanted to dance and that's what she did. They didn't have anything like that at Harvard so she couldn't pursue it there. She and I in crossing the country to from the Midwest out here in the summers, we stopped one time in Missoula to visit a student of mine. We all swam in the river [that] runs right through Missoula, before dinner. Then we stayed the night with Peter [my former student]. From then on, they decided to get married. It was fine. I already knew him. I thought he was great. When she went to Missoula to be with Peter she taught in the dance department as an extra person. She taught the most advanced course. She was the most experienced person they had, having worked in Boston and New York in different companies. She

went to Spain, Martinique and South Korea with different dance groups. Amy finally got an M.A.. Amy lives in Montana and teaches [dance] at the University of Montana. [Dana and Amy each have] a son and a daughter. I have four grandchildren.

Before I went [to Bangkok], I had been contacted by the University of Wisconsin. They needed someone like me. I met the head of the school, there, in the East. He seemed interested in wanting to hire me if I wanted to come. After two years in Bangkok, I decided I would take that [job]. It meant I would be advanced to full professor. I would have quite a good job, at very good university. So I went from Bangkok to Wisconsin. I had never taught journalism in a journalism school. Again, it was sort of a change. At some point I added up the number of different courses that I'd taught in the first ten years of teaching. There were more than 20 courses. You just teach whatever comes along. I [taught] two [specialized courses]. One was called specialized reporting, that was an MA program, just [for] graduate students. That meant that it was an MA program that took a year and a half or two years. The student could choose any special area they wanted. For example, the law, economics, or science, any area that he wanted to really specialize in as a reporter. As if that's the beat he'd like to have. Half the time of his MA he'd take courses in that from some other school—not the journalism school. At the same time, he'd take the journalism course and he would be writing about this area that he'd chosen. I'd have maybe ten students at a time and we would meet in my living room once a week. They would have written stories in their area. One of the interesting things was that I only had two students, in about ten years, that chose to write about the economy. Journalism students don't take to writing about the economy [laugh]. The result is that they did better than anybody else. The ones that wanted to write about the environment

had a harder time getting a job. The ones that wanted to write about politics had a harder time. The ones that wanted to write about business, they were the ones that could get the jobs. One of them is now the managing editor of the New York Times. The other one is the President of Dow Jones News Service. Another is something similar for McGraw Hill. They're the ones that really kind of shot up. The ones that wanted to write about the environment are usually still writing about the environment somewhere.

The other course was called Literary Aspects of Journalism. Once again I had been teaching American literature for four years and I found that a lot of American literature was about journalists, from Benjamin Franklin to Walt Whitman to Mark Twain to Hemingway. They were all journalists. I'd been teaching American Literature so I naturally transferred them to literary aspects of journalism. This became one of the most popular courses in the university. It was a natural for me to join the two things, journalism and literature.

After four years, I went to the Philippines. The head of the Department at Wisconsin had done something for the United Nations. The United Nations wanted somebody to go to the Philippines and organize a school. They had written to him to ask if he knew anybody. I heard about it and said that I would like to do that. So he recommended me and they offered me the job. I was happy to go and the school let me go a year. So I went to the Philippines for a year. I had a nice United Nations passport. Everything was free. I didn't have to pay for anything. Usually you have to pay for your visa but I didn't have to pay for that. The stamps were free. It was a nice passport, pleasant.

[My second wife, Jane and youngest daughter, Amy were with me.] [Jane] was always working on her Ph.D. Amy was about 6 or seven. She went to school there. She was in the second grade but for some reason I think she was put in the first grade. She was the only American in her school. She was the only blonde in the school. It was a private school in Manila. [My other two daughters] were grown, They're two years apart in age and then they're about twelve years apart from Amy. They were in college when she was six or seven. They were still in school. One was at Harvard and one was at Barnard. I remember sending my contributions to Harvard and Barnard.

I set up a journalism school for the University of the Philippines. They already had some courses but I set up the whole school. English is the chief language in the Philippines, although, they speak Filipino also and other dialects. The main university courses are mainly in English. It's still going as a school. Actually, when I went [to] the United Nations head quarters in Paris, [I was told that the school] was fine, I just had to set it up. It was all great. When I got there, there was no money. There was nothing to set up without money. The first semester I just organized and tried to figure out how to get the money, get it organized and get it approved. It took me about three months to figure out how I could get some money. The way I did it was to write a bill which was presented to the Philippine Congress by a lady senator I met. I wrote in [the bill] that [the school] needed money for a building and so on. It got through the congress. It was probably illegal for me to be lobbying the Philippine congress or presenting a bill. But I got the Philippine Senator to present it and they approved it. So they created the school. The second semester I taught two courses, that was all, and selected the people who were going to run the school. I got some Wisconsin graduates, [a woman with] a Ph.D. from

Wisconsin, to head it and some others who'd teach in it. [I stayed in the Philippines for about one year], when it was ready to go I left and went back to Wisconsin. That was a pleasant thing. The school ran and is still running.

When I got back things were heated up. [There were] a lot of protests [against the Vietnam War]. We had teach-ins and some talks. It was peace or war at that time. The students at that time were against the war, against our participation in it. That's when the Dow Chemical Riots happened at Wisconsin. Dow wanted to recruit the students. They felt Dow provided Agent Orange or some kind of chemicals for the war. The students tried to stop them [from] recruiting. The university called the police. [There] were so few police; I think there were fifty or a hundred, consequently with a lot of students shouting at them they felt menaced. They responded by brutality. At least fifty students were in the hospital from being beaten. I went out to this and got gassed. Then we had a meeting in our Union Theatre and the President wanted to have a vote of confidence from the faculty. They gave the President their vote of confidence, that meant a majority. But [he did]not [get] mine. Certainly, a lot of them like me did not give their vote of confidence. I thought he'd handled the riot so badly: one thing, he should have had a lot more police on hand.

Four years later, I left and went to Egypt for a year. That was just on my own, [Jane and Amy were with me]. I was antsy to go somewhere after four years in one place. I wrote to somebody that I'd heard about in Egypt. The American University in Egypt offered me a job for a year. I was there a year and a half. I set up a journalism school at the American University in Cairo. It was again a different problem but I didn't have to provide the money. I had to set up the program and figure out who to hire for it. I got a

former New York Times correspondent to go and set [up] the courses for the school.

Somehow it was more interesting than Asia. The Arabs were more hospitable than the Asians. The Asians wouldn't invite you to their homes unless they were rich. They'd invite you to a restaurant. Somehow, you didn't come to know them as well. [Whereas], the Arab guide of the mosque would say, "Would you like to come to my house for a cup of tea." [The Arabs have] some kind of saying [that] you don't ask any questions, you just feed [people]. There was something very pleasant about them. There was something very welcoming about being in the Middle East. It was great.

Amy was then ten or eleven. You always wonder if they'll be dislocated and how it will be when they come home and how it will work. In the case of my two older daughters they came and lived with us in Bangkok. It was dislocating for one of them and not the other one. In the case of Amy, it never happened at all. She came back to her school and no problem. She was [enrolled] in a French school [in Egypt] the whole year. I realized finally that she wasn't learning very much French. None of the students were French themselves, or few. Her two friends in the school were the daughter of the BBC man and the daughter of the Australian Ambassador. Of course they were speaking English. The others were African or an international bunch that wanted to go to a French school. I asked the Mother Superior if she couldn't just stay after school. The Mother Superior said, "She can talk to me." That was great. She actually learned French, to speak it and have a French accent. It was a lucky thing.

My wife went to London. Amy and I got on a Russian ship and we took it to Istanbul, Greece, the Black Sea to Odessa. We couldn't go to Moscow because we

couldn't get a room. We only went to Kieve. Then we took the train back down to Romania, and stayed on a Greek island a while.

[After that I returned back to Wisconsin and resumed teaching]. [I wasn't writing much]. If you're teaching and doing a good job it takes your time. I got the award of Teacher of the Year in Madison from the school, the University which carried a \$1000.00 with it also. I was quite proud to get that recognition. It's supposed to show you're a good teacher. It was quite an honor to get it. There were two thousand teachers and I think three or four of us got an award in the year. If you got the award you felt that you'd had some good luck. [I continued to stay in Wisconsin] up through the eighties, '81 or '82.

[I] became more and more [supportive of women's careers]. Most of our friends' wives had their own careers. I don't remember anyone who was a house wife, they all seemed to be working at something. It began to seem natural or the way things should be. My first wife, she worked for TIME and LIFE when we were in London. She worked for another agency before that. That always seemed to work well with us. It was when I taught at Grinnell that she didn't work then. I think it was harder for [Jane]. Once she got a Ph.D.—she got it on a subject that was no longer in demand, South East Asian History—she found it very difficult to get a job and in fact gave it up for an administrative job. It kind of made fifteen years of effort to get a Ph.D. kind of wasted. Students weren't any longer interested in South East Asian History. The wars there were over. I think she taught one course, one semester. She became an administrator, an assistant to the dean. By the time I was ready to retire I wanted to come back here. I came back here and she continued to work as an administrator. After a time, she lost that

job and she never got another one. After a time, she moved to Missoula where her daughter lives. She's retired. The result was that we grew apart. We never got a divorce. We actually got a legal separation so we do our own taxes. [We were together] another twenty years. She came last year and stayed with me awhile here. I in effect got a new life going here.

Ever since high school, I'd spent [time in] other places in the world. I was still drawn to] the whole physical area. It was a great place to grow up. I'd visited, I'd come back to see my father. Sometime in the eighties, I purchased this house. I still had friends here like Fred Haley and Murray Morgan. I was soon invited to the Elliot and the film club. The Elliot was started as a "It's Friday, let's have a drink" [It's not really an] organization. People of same interests seem to like each other and would meet on Friday and have a drink. The nice thing about the Elliot is that most of [your friends] tend to be liberal, not all, some are Republican. That's an especially nice thing about it. That's just evolved. People began to have more elaborate things, [like] dinner. Now it's become a lingering thing. [As for] the film club, whoever [presents] the film, researches the film and has a lecture before the film. The one who does the best job gets sort of an Oscar for the year. I did a documentary about the McCarthy hearings. It's something you should listen to sometime. I [also] belong to the Overseas Press Club. To be a voting member, I have to keep paying my dues. They have events. They put out a publication every year called Dateline. But [other than that] I'm not much of a club person. It was like coming home and I'd really not been home very much. "There will be time for a hundred visions and revisions." That's from a poem, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" [by] T.S. Elliot.