Albert Hoxie (1912-99), Memoir

# The Hoxie Family

## I

The best source of information I know of on the Hoxies is the geneology, entitled "the Hoxie Family: Three Centuries in America", prepared by and published by Leslie R. Hoxie in 1950. According to it, the earliest known Hoxie and, apparently, the progenitor of all of the Hoxies in America, was a Ludowick Hoxie, who seems to have emigrated to America around 1650, settling in Sandwich, Massachusetts. In typical seventeenth century fashion, the name seems to have had a great variety of spellings, Hoxsie, Hawkes, Hakes, Hakse, Hauksie, etc.; and, equally, there seem to be a whole variety of family traditions as to the original source of the family, most of them favoring England or Scotland, but including Holland as well. Certainly, the name, Ludowick, seems most unusual for England or Scotland; but Ludowick certainly settled down easily and quickly in Massachusetts and almost certainly spoke English on his arrival. One account states that he served an apprenticeship to a hatter in order to pay for his voyage, and records show that he was a landowner by 1658. He married in 1661, and there is clear evidence that he was an early convert to the Quaker faith. The latest known date for him is a record of 1704.

Our branch of the family descends from his eldest son, Joseph, who, because of his faith, moved to Rhode Island in 1697. Later, members of that line moved to Dutchess County, New York, and then on to a farm near Lake Skaneatlas in New York State. The family remained devout Quakers and seem to have been farmers for several generations. My grandfather, Ezra, was born on the family farm in 1818 and moved with the family to Southern Michigan in 1834, when his father, John, purchased 880 acres of land near Palmyra, which seems to have been a Quaker settlement. The Quakers in that area were deeply involved in the Underground Railway, which helped escaped slaves to get up into Canada in the years preceding the Civil War.

My own knowledge about the family begins with Ezra, who lived to be 96 and just did overlap with me by two years. My father, Vernon, Ezra's youngest son, was not at all interested in talking about the past; but I did manage to learn a few things about his father from him. It is quite clear that Ezra did not take to the family occupation of farming, and that his own bent lay in mechanics and industry. At one time, he worked for or owned a small business which made bricks; and he invented a simpler machine for cutting or

forming bricks, but in spite of that clearly the business did not prosper. It is, however, evidence of the knack for mechanics and invention, which was to be carried much further by my father. Ezra was later to start a sawmill and then a small iron foundry in Blissfield, Michigan, neither of which ventures was ever to flourish; but they indicate the range of his interests.

The sawmill was located in Acme, near Traverse City, Michigan, in what was then timber country, to which Ezra had been preceded by a close relative. Ezra dammed up a small stream to create a mill pond, and built his mill which contained a donkey engine and a very long chain used to drag logs up into the mill to be sawed. He settled there with his family, including my father, his youngest child, so the date was probably around 1870. One of the things with which Ezra dealt was hemlock bark, and he hired local Indians to take that out to freighters in Lake Michigan in their canoes. Father remembered being taught to swim and to use a bow and arrow by those Indians. Father also remembered the enormous flights of the now extinct Passenger pigeons, which came through there in flocks so huge that they broke branches off trees from settling on them in such great numbers. The birds were so unfrightened that they could be killed by knocking them off with sticks, which does help to explain why they became extinguished.

Father's best story about old Ezra dealt with the fact that, after Ezra had his new mill established, another house was built next to it, a house inhabited by women who did a rousing business with the loggers. Ezra was a devout Quaker and he took extreme umbrage over that house and the carryings on there. So, one night he went down to his mill, took that long chain and passed it completely around the house next door, set the donkey engine to running, and took the handle out and hid it with himself in the bushes as the engine pulled the house next door off its foundations. It is only fair to add that, in his late old age, Ezra seems to have relaxed a bit. My mother complained that she had a hard time keeping any help in the house because old Ezra liked to pinch the girls.

He ended up being childish, as might be expected, and very cantankerous. In his last years, he vibrated in living between my parents's house and the house, also in Adrian, Michigan, of his eldest son, Albert, moving when he got out of sorts with one or the other. On one occasion, when he was well into his eighties, Ezra

got angry with both his sons and ran away from home. The wives got word to their husbands and my father and uncle set out to bring Ezra back. They did catch up with him. He was following a railway track and, when they sighted him, he was out on a trestle crossing a deep gully. As they watched in real horror, a train came along. Old Ezra got down and hung by his hands from the trestle while the train passed over him and, at the end, was still strong enough to climb back up onto the trestle and curse out his two sons for following him. It's no wonder he lived to be ninety-six!

His first wife, from whom we descend, was a girl named Kelley from Buffalo, New York, and I know very little about her. She and a sister moved to Michigan, where they married two Hoxie brothers, Ezra and Orin. There is a family story which says that the Kelley sisters claimed descent from the Irish kings; but, since almost everyone in Ireland does claim that, it need not be taken seriously. There must have been some magic in the name of Kelly for that generation of Hoxies, because one of Ezra's sisters married a man named Kelly and her younger sister, Aunt Jane, married that man's son.

I grew up with the understanding that my Grandmother Kelley had died when she was very young, and she was always spoken of in that way. It was years before I realized that she had lived to be at least sixty; but, of course, to the long-lived Hoxies that was apparently almost like dying a child bride. Ezra's second wife appalled the entire family, and she was very rarely mentioned. He was very old when he married her, having met her when he was back in New York State for some reason. She was old, but had hair dyed a bright red and it was all too clear to the family that she had married Ezra on the assumption that he had money. When she was disabused of that belief, she seems to have disappeared quietly to the relief of the family.

The original Hoxie home in Michigan perished in a fire, which explains the dearth of any Hoxie papers or relics from that period. My grandparents were buried in a tiny Quaker graveyard near Palmyra, which I can remember having seen once when I was a child. It was in the country, very quiet and peaceful and so overgrown that it was next to impossible to find the graves, since the Quakers permitted only the smallest of markers placed flush with the ground. It would, I think, be impossible to find them now.

I might add in here that the well-known Hoxie house at Sandwich, Massachusetts, the oldest house on Cape Cod, and which was built in 1640, was not built by a Hoxie and was only purchased by

one around 1840, though Hoxies then continued to live in it until after World War II, when the last of that branch died. The town of Sandwich bought it at that time and has restored it lovingly to its original condition, and it contains furniture of that period mainly on loan from the Boston Museum. It is a tiny, very simple and charming saltbox house on a rise above a small pond, open to the public and well worth a visit, though the Hoxie connection is so comparatively recent.

As I have said, it was very difficult to get my father to talk about his early life. He always said seriously, "When I was young, we always looked ahead. We weren't interested in looking back." He never was; and that was probably typical of America at that stage, though it made my own interest in history a complete mystification to him. I had to work at it hard and over a long period of time to get any kind of summary of his own early life, but I can put together a skeletal account of it.

Vernon was the youngest in the family, born in 1866, and it seems clear that he was interested in breaking free from his family at an early age and in making money. His first venture in that regard came when he probably was fifteen or so. He and another boy decided to create an ice rink down by the banks of the Raisin River for ice skating, and they coolly sold season tickets to it in order to raise the money to create it. They did manage, but did not repeat the venture.

Father did not finish High School and, only later, by taking night courses did he get a High School diploma. Instead, his older brother, Uncle Al, who was twenty-one years older than my father, got young Vernon a job spending the winter up in the Irish Hills, near Adrian, doing odd jobs of work for the farmers there. The hills were named from the fact that most of the farmers there were Irish Catholics, and Father did remember and relate one story from that winter. He was working at one farm, when the man who owned it died; and a great and traditional Irish wake was held for him. The neighboring men gathered at the farm house and, in the course of the night, got roaring drunk, so drunk that they hauled the corpse, by then stiff with rigor mortis, out of the bed, stood it in a corner and, with roars of mirth, tried vainly to pour whiskey down its throat. That seems to have made an indelible impression on father.

Father's next venture was to move to Detroit, the big city, where he got himself a job working for a catering firm. He would

then probably have been around nineteen or so. One of his jobs was to hand paddle ice cream, a job father hated, so he soon invented and rigged up a machine to do the work, the first instance of his inventive mechanical ability. I don't know how long he stayed with that, but he must have saved his money rigorously, because he and a friend bought out a branch store of the catering service and ran it themselves. Eventually, father came down ill and it was diagnosed as Tuberculosis and he was advised to go South and to try to stay out of doors as much as possible. I gathered the impression that he felt he was done out of his proper share in the catering service by his partner, but he never gave any details, nor did he seem particularly bitter about it. I believe it was around that same time that his mother died.

At any rate, father took the advice of the doctors, packed up his tools and went south. All I know about that stage is that he bought a donkey and moved right across the south through the mountains there, staying out as ordered. His one story was of coming to a lone farm in the mountains, where he endeared himself to the farmer by repairing his still. The farmer promised in return to see to it that father would be made welcome from then on, which he fulfilled by going out and blowing some kind of signal on a horn to the farms on the next mountain. Thereafter, father was passed on from one welcoming farm to another, which must have been a great help, for that would have been in the eighties, when the South was still very touchy as regarded yankees.

Father made his way straight across and down into Florida, where for awhile he worked on the sulphur barges. Being restless, he then worked his way further south and across to Havana, Cuba. There, his tools were stolen from him, and he left, going by ship to Mobile, Alabama, and then riding the rods from there into New Orleans. He worked for awhile on the levees there, but then went down to Greytown, Nicaraugua. I have no idea what kind of work he did there, but I do know that he came down with the Yellow Fever and was shipped back to a hospital in New Orleans, where he recovered. He always had a good word for nuns from that experience.

Still in New Orleans, father now got himself a job as a carver in the old St. Charles Hotel, then the finest hotel in New Orleans. He stayed with that until he got into some kind of a fight with the chef there and knocked the chef down two flights of stairs, doing

enough damage so that his friends thought it advisable to get him out of town fast. They smuggled him onto a boat for New York, carrying him on board in a laundry basket. That took him to New York City.

There father settled down for awhile, getting himself a job as an electrician, working for Westinghouse Electric. He lived in a boarding house on 59th Street, room and meals for five dollars a week. He must have made fair money for those times, because I know that he went to the Metropolitan Opera at times and sounded as though he were living it up a bit. He also went to the Metropolitan Museum because he vividly remembered "The Horse Fair" by Rosa Bonheur and thought it the greatest painting ever done. Many years later, when I went to New York for the first time, that was one of the few things he advised me to be sure to see.

Again, there is one story he told from that period. He was working on wiring a building then in course of construction. Surrounding the whole site was a deep ditch which they had to cross on boards and there was apparently always rain water in the bottom of the ditch. To use father's words, "There was this big, buck nigger who worked there, wheeling material across the boards in a wheelbarrow; and, every day, when he was part way across he'd pull out his prick and take a piss into the ditch." That annoyed the other workmen, so one day they got father to lead a live wire down into the rain water. When the negro's stream made contact, he gave one hell of a yell, fell off the boards and never came back to work there again. Father and his mates loved it.

None the less, eventually the delights of New York City palled on father, and he returned to Adrian. For once, he seems to have been unable to find any kind of a job, so he moved on again, this time to Black Rock, Arkansas, where someone he knew was working in a a barrel factory and got father a job there. Again, father was renting a room and he soon became aware of a girl living next door, a Daisy Bate, then just reaching twenty to his twenty-nine. He managed to meet her, proposed, and they were married in May, 1895. At the time, he had a total capital of five dollars in the local bank. What was more, almost immediately the barrel factory went broke and he was out of a job.

He and my mother moved to St. Louis, where he found work, as usual with no apparent difficulty. Hazel was born there in September of 1896. At some point there, father invented something which made a real improvement for the company he was working for and which either

saved or made them a good deal of money. They rewarded him by giving him the munificent raise of ten cents a week. That seems to have been a critical experience for father, which taught him either to take out his own patents or to strike a good deal before turning over anything he invented, and that was to pay off in his future.

He took his family back to Adrian sometime in 1897 or 98, since Harold was born there in 1898. Again I know no real details, except that an arrangement was made between father and the Peerless Fence Company which precipitated that move. Certainly, father was deeply involved in setting the company up and in inventing machinery for it. Peerless Fence used a special knot in its woven wire fence and that knot was invented by father. Also, the plant utilized a little, overhead rail system on which a car ran that operated like a crane, moving fence and material from one part of the plant to another and taking the finished bales of fence out to a storing and loading yard. That overhead system was seen and studied carefully by Henry Ford, whose sister, Mrs. Raymond, lived in Adrian; and it was that system which Ford then copied in his own plant and which was the beginning of the industrial line, which used exactly that system to move cars along the line-up for work. Father never got any credit for that, nor does his part seem to be known at all. His own position in the company was that of Superintendent, a title he held until his retirement, though by that time he had purchased so heavily into the stock of the Peerless that he was then one of the very major stock holders.

Peerless made all kinds of fencing, including barbed wire, chicken fencing, fancy lawn fencing and gates, and so on. They ran their sales on a mail order system, copied from Sears Roebuck, and familiar to farmers. Their major business lay in the Great Plains states, and Peerless fenced a lot of that territory. Eventually, they established a major warehouse depot in Memphis, Tennessee, to help in the distribution to those areas. It was a thriving industry; and, of course, government orders in World War I gave it a tremendous boost.

The move to Adrian put an end to father's peregrinations. He and his growing family settled and prospered. There was one tragedy in 1900, when father fired a worker at the factory for drunkeness. The man brooded over that, got drunk, and came to the family home one night and tried to kill father by shooting at him through a window in the house. Father was not hurt; but mother, who was pregnant again,

had a miscarriage due to the incident. However, two years later, in November of 1902, mother produced Verna, keeping to what looks like a regular biennial schedule, though Verna was thought to be the last child. I was not born until almost ten years later, in April of 1912, a quite unexpected and, I fear, not at all welcome, addition to the family. By that time, father was clearly comfortably well off and had purchased the big house on Front Street around 1910.

It is probably advisable for me to halt a bit here and to give some idea of what Adrian was like at that time. It was a town of between eleven and twelve thousand people, situated thirty miles west of Toledo, Ohio, and sixty miles south of Detroit. It was the County seat of Lenawee County in the midst of rich, farming country, which brought in a good deal of trade and wealth. However, Adrian was then basically a manufacturing center, surprisingly enough, the leading producer of wire fencing in the entire United States with three factories engaged in that, which made it a prosperous town, though not wealthy. There was very little real poverty there, though there was some. At some time in the 90s, an entrepreneur had hopefully laid out a section which he had expected to build up, but which had failed. It was known as the Boom Lots as a result and was a small area of shacks. I grew up with the belief that Boom Lots was what poor districts were called everywhere.

Adrian was a beautiful town, its streets lined with maples and old elm trees, which have since fallen victim to the Dutch Elm disease. The maples, in particular, were so numerous that Adrian subtitled itself "the Maple City"; and, of course, they made every Fall a real splendor when they turned to scarlet and gold and deep, dark reds. In my early memories there was still a good deal of horse-drawn traffic present. Down town there were still hitching rails for wagons and two big watering troughs, and the farmers from the neighborhood flooded into town on Saturday nights to do their shopping, sitting on the slant sills of the store windows in their shirt sleeves of a summer night, swapping stories and gossip. Ice, milk, coal, and farm wagons with fresh vegetables, all used horse-drawn vehicles then for their deliveries. In Winter, coal was delivered on huge sledges, and children loved to hook rides on the huge runners.

In its basic patterns of tempo and look and morals, Adrian retained the feel of the late 19th century right up through World War I, which has always helped to give me a real understanding of what the 19th century was like. It was small enough so that the

country was immediately available and even small children could hike out into farm country easily. The main cemetary of town lay at the end of Broad Street, only a few blocks from the business center; and, along one side of the cemetary was a small ravine which held what we knew as "the old Indian trail". Children went there in numbers in the Spring, because it was quite wild; and there one found the first wild flowers: hepatica, jack in the pulpit, skunk cabbage, the harbingers of warmer weather and vacation time. It is all gone now, levelled in the name of progress.

The great yearly event was the County Fair, for which Adrian, as befitted its prosperity, had put up regular fair grounds and buildings on the edge of town. It was held in September, and all of the schools gave students two days of holiday in which to enjoy the Fair. It was the traditional American type with stock judging contests and with prizes for jams and cakes and quilts and all manner of home produce. In those days, it still remained a strictly local event; and the carnival people had not yet moved in on it, though there were special candy booths that sold hokey-pokey, a kind of saltwater taffy, we would call it today, but sold in large slabs, striped enticingly in yellow and green and red. Children from the County schools competed in spelling bees and contests in mathematics. One year, I won second prize in spelling; and another year, I won first prize in spelling and second in mathematics. I positively floated with pride. The Fair Grounds even had a course for trotting races with a grandstand, where what was still known in my day as "the great grandstand disaster" had occured, when part of it had collapsed, injuring fifty people. It was the only disaster in memory that had ever occured in Adrian.

At that time, there was a considerable number of large, Victorian houses scattered about the town. All of those, with the exception of the Burnham house, have now been wantonly destroyed, mainly in the 1950s, just as they were beginning to be appreciated, one of the all too common tragedies in America. Our house on Front Street was one of those and an unusual one. It had been built in 1866, the year father was born, originally a square, brick house on high, fieldstone foundations, built in what was then called Tuscan romanesque. It was two stories, with ceilings fourteen and twelve feet high, double brick walls, and a square tower center front which rose another story. The house sat a hundred feet back from the street, which made it an oddity in Adrian, where houses tended to crowd up close to the front walk and where those houses almost inevitably featured a front porch for

summer use. Our house had a big summer porch at the back around two sides of a lower, wooden addition to the original house. That gave us unusual privacy and was viewed with deepest suspicion in Adrian, of course.

The ground in front of the house held several big buckeye trees and two, enormous, ancient elms, one on either side of the walk leading to the front door. Scattered around under those trees was an astonishing collection of different kinds of rocks, brought in by the original builder, who seems to have had strong scientific interests. A number of those rocks were piled into a kind of picturesque heap with cave effect near the house, crowned by a great slab of slate, the cave just large enough for a child to hide in, much to our delight. Other kinds of rocks were perched on each other, pudding stones and some glittering with mica in them; and the collection included an entire petrified log, obviously from Arizona, which was put out near the sidewalk. There was also a large mass of rusted iron, lying on another rock, actually a mass of iron wagon springs from the great Chicago fire. Originally, the tower had had a telescope in a proper dome on the top of the tower, but that had vanished long before we moved into it.

A long drive ran down one side of the property to a large, wooden barn, built for horses, of course, but turned by father into a two-car garage. The loft above served as a kind of attic storeroom for us, since the house did not have an attic. In back of the house were three cherry trees and a garden area. In my day, we grew fresh vegetables in part of that, mainly potatoes, a few rows of sweet corn, lettuce, tomatoes, beets, beans, etc.. On one side, Concord grapes grew over a small arbor. Mother also created a pretty, formal rose garden back there with a bird bath in the center and a bench to sit on. She was a notable and very good gardener. Springs saw the blooming of long borders of tulips in front of the house, swathes of lilies of the valley around some of the rock piles, lilac bushes on one side and masses of peonies beside the barn. Summer saw the fences covered with pink, climbing roses and masses of blue delphinium in front of them, along with lots of other flowers. Fall was, of course, the season for big bonfires in the street and the toasting of marshmallows to the delight of all the children in the neighborhood.

This is probably the best point at which to pause and bring in

stories of some of the collateral Hoxie relatives and then to bring up to this point mother's side of the family.

When I was very young, I can remember our being visited by father's cousins, the two sisters Dora and Alzora. Dora was something of a family scandal. She had apparently been a very plain young woman who had failed to attract any proposals of marriage; but Dora was determined to get married, so she had answered the advertisement of a man searching for a wife and had married him, a Mr. Crum. Sadly, the marriage was not a success and she left him, though not, of course, getting a divorce in those days. There was a limit to how much of a scandal Dora was willing to be.

Alzora, on the other hand, had been a very great beauty. She went vacationing to Mackinac Island in the later nineteenth century, when it was a famous summer resort with huge hotels that had long piazzas lined with rocking chairs. Alzora must have made something of a real splash there. The family story says that her beauty turned the head of an English Earl who was staying there and that he proposed marriage to the beautiful Alzora. However, Alzora's heart was already taken. She turned down the Earl and returned home to marry the baker's son in the finest romantic tradition. One hopes that the marriage was a success. She was a widow when I saw her, almost stone deaf, but still possessed of a great deal of sweetness and charm, which was not true of poor Dora.

The most generally loved member of the Hoxies was father's brother, my Uncle Al, for whom I was named. He and Aunt Kate lived in Adrian out by the College. Verna adored them and used to take me out to see them by the little, local street car, since their house was at the other end of town from our own. Uncle Al was nicely rounded with white hair and a big, white mustache, stained yellow from his chewing tobacco, and was as jolly and sweet-tempered as Santa Claus. I used to sit on his lap and be amused for a long time by watching the wheels go around in his pocket watch, which was a very fine Swiss one that I still own, aside from his picture, my only memento of dear Uncle Al.

He sold farm machinery, especially tractors, and had a tractor sitting back of the house, which he sometimes helped me to climb around on. His study held a glorious roll-top desk with lots of pigeon holes and small drawers, a piece of furniture which so fascinated me that I have always wanted to own one exactly like it,

though I never have. Near it, hung or stood a whole series of Indian relics which Uncle Al had collected: pipes and quivers that were beaded and a feather head dress. They would probably have dated from the 1860s to 80s and would be museum pieces today, but they were simply thrown out at his death. Their house had an attic, which was full of old newspapers, out of which I managed to search a number of Sunday comics, dating back to 1910, older than I was, which I considered very strange and wonderful for reasons that now mystify me, since everything around me was the same. I went up to pore over them on almost every visit, looking with delight at the adventures of Little Nemo, Happy Hooligan and the Teeny ~~Tinies~~ Weenies. Aunt Kate, according to Verna, made the best sugar cookies and the best pancakes in the world, a judgment I would not have dreamed of questioning. Uncle Al and Aunt Kate were a deeply devoted couple. When she died, he could not get over it and died himself a year later.

Aside from them, we rarely saw any relatives on the Hoxie side. I did once see ancient, tiny, Aunt Jane Kelly, who must then have been in her nineties, a wisp of a woman in her Quaker bonnet who lived to be over a hundred. And once I saw Clarence Steele, another cousin. He was a traveling salesman and was considered fast and scandalous, since he had had a divorce. Clarence's brother, George, was a dentist and lived in Adrian; but he was mainly remarkable in my memory for being about six foot four and married to a woman who was barely four foot ten. We never saw much of them. Indeed, we saw much more of our relatives on my mother's side of the family than any of the Hoxies, except for Uncle Al and Aunt Kate.

My mother, Daisy Bate, came from a Southern family. Her mother, Mary Jane, had been a Rutherford, a family originally from North Carolina. At the time of the Civil War, they had a farm near Chattanooga, Tennessee, which had been burned out in the course of the War; and they had then migrated by covered wagon into Southern Missouri. Her mother had been a Taylor, a branch of the Virginia Taylor family. The most famous members of that branch were a pair of Taylor brothers who ran against each other for the Governorship of Tennessee. Family stories said that one brother could write brilliant speeches, but had a terrible delivery, while the other brother could speak like an angel, but had nothing to say. Apparently, they travelled around together to speak to crowds; and the speaking brother coolly stole the speeches written by the writing one, delivered them with great

eclat and won the election. I understand that members of that Taylor family, after the Civil War, emigrated to Brazil, where slavery was still legal, so we may still have distant relatives down there. My mother remained a true Southerner her entire life, positively quivering to the sound of "Dixie".

The Bates, however, were an English family, who had emigrated from London to Milwaukee around 1860. Thomas Henry Bate, my great-grandfather, who made the move with his family and a brother, had been a carpenter and cabinet maker. A number of family papers, gathered for his emigration, are in my possession, records of marriages, baptisms, letters of reference; but grandmother lost the important one, which was a letter of recommendation signed by Queen Victoria, since Thomas Henry had done some cabinet work at Windsor Castle. Grandmother moved around a lot and did lose things in the process. About all that remains now are those few papers and the pair of stone china pitchers. They are very good, mid 18th century works, brought by the Bates from England. Once there are said to have been a half dozen, small, matching pitchers, which grandmother either broke or lost. They are Mason Ware, made in Western England and collector's pieces. I only found out exactly what they were a few years ago when I saw a matching, small pitcher in a house in England where I was having tea.

The Bate records only go back to Thomas, the father of Thomas Henry; but that suggests that the Bates came from Devonshire before moving to London and that carpentering was a family trade. Thomas Henry's brother, however, was an architect and a builder, who put up the first Pfister Hotel in Milwaukee, long the grand hotel of that city, but later replaced by a more recent version of the same name. Thomas Henry had at least two sons. The elder, another Thomas Henry, served on the Union side in the Civil War and was killed in it. Arthur Gribble Bate, his younger brother, was my grandfather.

Arthur Gribble, for some unknown reason, went down to Houston, Missouri, where, at a church supper, he saw two very pretty sisters, Mary Jane and Telitha Rutherford. He is said to have told his friend there that he would marry whichever one of them he got to walk home after the supper, and it was Mary Jane who took his arm. I know almost nothing about him. He was never mentioned at all and I was under the impression that he had died long ago. It was by sheer chance and overhearing a comment by a relative that I learned when

I was fourteen that my Grandfather Bate had, in fact, died only very recently and in an asylum, where he had been for many years. It was a very severe shock to me at the time; and, of course, that fact had made him unmentionable in the family. In actual fact, poor Arthur Gribble seems not to have been insane, but a rather extreme alcoholic, whom my grandmother had ruthlessly had committed. I gathered that he was a rather sweet incompetent. It seems probable that he, too, had been trained in carpentry and cabinet making, since we still have a small chest of drawers with some inlay work on it which had been made by him.

Committing him was thoroughly in character for my grandmother, who was a tiny, but formidable woman, an intransigeant member of the Church of Christ, deeply religious and puritanical. She did not only not allow any drinking, of course, but no card-playing or dancing and so on. I was fond of her myself; but I must admit she was a real troublemaker in the family. I remember her as a tiny woman, who wore old-fashioned, floor-length, high collared dresses in the 1920s, her hair drawn back tight in an uncompromising bun. In fact, when she was brushing it, her hair was curly and still had a lot of black in it when she was eighty. I have always imagined her with black curls with her blue eyes and petite southern belle charm, as Arthur Gribble must have first seen her; but I'd bet that on the day after her marriage, the curls were pulled back and she sat down to rule things properly. The only member of her family that I know of, in addition to Telitha, was her brother, Frank, whom I saw once or twice.

She and her husband had five children: Jim, Daisy, Grace, Homer and John. Jim was a big, sweet-tempered, quiet man who scandalized his family by marrying a Catholic, Aunt Edith, a rather coarse, jolly woman; and they had three children: Charles, Clyde and Thelma. They lived mostly in Southern California in my day, except for a brief try at apple farming up in Washington during the Depression. Grace never married and spent her life living with her mother. Poor Aunty Grace was an erect, soured, deeply religious woman who did dressmaking; but she and grandmother were always largely supported by my parents. I gather that Grace was sour from childhood on. As she said frequently with thin lips and quivering neck cords, "No man was ever going to get the best of me!" She was devoted to my mother, as all of the family were, but Aunty Grace tended to quarrel with everyone else. She was forever telling people what was good for them, inevitably something unpleasant. She did relish what she considered to be

her Christian duty. She never had many friends; and, even with those, she was apt not to be on speaking terms with them for a year or two at a time, but then they would meet and take up the friendship again.

Homer married Jenny Brown, who was, though it was only whispered, Jewish. In fact, she was a totally darling, unpretentious, loving, little woman, who was my favorite relative. They lived in Belleville, Illinois, where Uncle Homer worked for a stencil company. They had three sons: Thomas, Kenneth and Alan. Thomas, who was a very handsome and charming boy, died suddenly when he was in college. Rumor said it was from drinking some bad bootleg booze, but I don't know. He lived in a dorm and was found dead in his bed there one morning. Aunt Jenny never got over it, and tears came to her eyes at the mention of his name as long as she lived.

Kenneth went to Annapolis and was in his second year there when his brother died. The authorities refused to give him leave to go to the funeral and he quit Annapolis as a result. He did, however, serve as an officer in the Navy in World War II. Alan, the youngest, was the brightest of the boys and ~~a~~ the great favorite of his father. He married a girl of social pretensions in Belleville (!), very DAR and, I am sorry to say, virtually ignored his mother thereafter.

Uncle John, the youngest of mother's generation, was a very handsome boy who joined the Marines and sailed around the world with the fleet on the great venture sent out by Teddy Roosevelt. Grandmother adored him and kept a huge mass of postcards he had brought back from that long trip, and I spent many hours of my childhood poring over them. He married, but they had no children. I gather that John had contracted syphilis somewhere and passed it on to his wife, which had left her unable to bear children. I remember them as pleasant, but totally silent people. He farmed in the Ozarks and, at one time, in the Yakima Valley in Washington. It was his being up there which had led Uncle Jim to try his hand at apple farming; and, I might add, it was father who loaned both of them the money to buy their farms there. Father was always very generous to mother's relatives.

Mother was the universal favorite among her siblings. She was, I think, never a pretty girl, but very pleasant looking. She had blue eyes and light brown hair of the kind that tends to look mousy eventually. However, she had a very attractive and easy manner with people which made her universally liked. All kinds of people enjoyed talking with her, because she was a good listener with a knack for

drawing people out. Servants always adored her; and, in restaurants, waiters and waitresses alike positively hovered over her and pampered her all of her life.

She was teaching school in a country schoolhouse when father met her, walking out to the school through the woods each day. On one morning, when she had two little girls with her, they pulled her back just in time from stepping on a water moccasin in the path, one of the deadliest of American snakes. She also told the story of having one of the little girls in her class run in one morning, white and shaking, swearing she had seen the mother of another of the students sitting up in a tree, combing her long, black hair. The woman had died the night before. Her most frightening story was of a woman she knew there who had gone into a root cellar to get something off a high shelf. She had been standing on a chair and, when she stepped down, she stepped directly onto a rattlesnake, catching it just behind the head in the instep of her shoe. She couldn't move and there was no one within hearing, so she had had to stand like that for almost two hours with the snake threshing around her ankles until her husband came back and rescued her. The thought of that can still give me chills. Small town and country life in Arkansas were clearly very different from that around Adrian.

Mother was a very old-fashioned woman who believed absolutely that all life properly centered around the men folks. Our household was run absolutely to suit my father. His wishes came first in all things. Since father had no social interests at all, we never had people in to dinner or for the evening, unless it was business men in town to see him, or family for holiday dinners. Though mother herself was basically a very social person who enjoyed other people, she held strictly to father's preferences there.

There were firm rules for all of us, which we grew up taking for granted. If we were not on time for meals, the meals went on without us, nor were things prepared specially for us if we were late. On the other hand, the rules were simple and they were maintained, so we always knew exactly what to expect. There were no irrational variations of one time one thing, one time another. You knew where you were with mother and she was always to be trusted. If you asked for something and she said, "We'll see," that always meant "No." She never lost her temper and she gave all of us a great deal of security.

As I grew older, I was to recognize that mother did set certain limits. Once in a very great while, rarely more than once in three

or four years, father would become too outrageous about something. At that point, mother would say very firmly, "Now, Vern --!" and everything would grind to an absolute halt. Mother would then take him off privately to talk to. She never put him down in front of us, but whatever gambit he had been on came to a complete stop at that moment. It taught me never to start a battle unless I felt so strongly on the subject that I was willing to pursue it to an absolute finish. If you do not feel that strongly and are going to end by giving in, it is better not to start a fight at all. I still consider that one of the great things I have learned which has made my entire life easier and simpler. Mother, in her own quiet way, was a very wise and great person.

Father was something else. He was complex and very difficult, and it took me a great many years to understand that he was a mass of insecurities and inhibitions. I respected him, but I never loved him at all; and it was next to impossible for the two of us to live together very long without extreme frictions. Certainly, of his four children, I was the one to battle him the hardest and the most vigorously. In so far as he existed at all for his children, he was the old-fashioned, domineering ruler of the family, brooking no opposition of any kind. My basic feeling is that, for his children, you either had to battle him for survival or to go under. I always felt that, in their own ways, Hazel and Harold went under. Verna and I were survivors. Verna felt more love for him than I did, but she did battle with him at times. However, in their battles, Verna always ended up in tears; and that made him magnanimous, feeling he had won. I never ended in tears and fought to the bitter end at any cost.

Certainly, I was the cuckoo in the nest, always different from my siblings. Where none of them had liked school at all, I was always the top of my class, enjoyed school, read voraciously, and was the inevitable teacher's pet. Equally, by the time I came along, we were well-to-do and growing more so very rapidly, so that I took wealth for granted, as I think none of the others did. However, father played almost no role in my childhood. He was, of course, forty-six when I was born; but, I think, he had never paid much attention to any of his children. He never talked to us about anything. We were just there and a kind of possession.

Unlike mother, father could never be relied on to keep his word. He was always very happy to promise any of us anything, but he rarely kept or even remembered promises. I must have become aware

of that very early. I can remember, when I was only seven, having my mother say to me in some exasperation, "Albert, you're a fool! Your father will give you anything in the world you ask for, but you never ask him for anything." I didn't and I wouldn't. I worked out the theory that, if my sisters and brother had been given something, then I was entitled to it also and did not have to be grateful. I would not ask for anything else, and I didn't. I was also to have a thing about promises for the rest of my life, feeling that if I used that word then it was sacred and had to be kept. To this day, I remain extremely chary about promising anything.

I was difficult and mean spirited with my father. The first time I can remember him sitting down to talk to me genuinely about anything - I was fourteen and it was about our coming trip around the Pacific - I can remember thinking coldly, "You're ten years too late, you old son of a bitch," and not being co-operative. Poor father really had no faith at all in the possibility of being loved for himself, except by mother. He was always trying to buy affection or to use money as a threat. He was a great one for saying, when angered, "I'll cut you off without a cent." Eventually, when I was in college, we had an all-out battle over that. He used it on me at that time, and I flamed all-out. I told him he was very mistaken if he thought I stayed around for his God-damn money, that I was perfectly capable of earning a living myself and that, if he ever said that to me again, I would pack up my things and move out. I meant it, and he knew it. He never did say that to me again. I suspect, at this distance in time, that my response secretly pleased him, not that I imagined that at the time.

Father really liked being generous. The problem was that, if he gave you anything, he had to be thanked for it over and over and over again. He would bring the subject up repeatedly so he could bask in your gratitude. I found that too thick. I was willing to thank him all right, but not again and again week after week, which was why I would not ask for anything. That was true not only within the family, but with everyone.

Perhaps the most memorable example of father's system of generosity occurred after our trip to India. Father had bales and bunches of various kinds of things shipped back to Adrian, which he intended to use as gifts to foremen in the factory and so on. The first event involved me. One of the first batches to arrive was a bundle of malacca canes, a dozen or more of them. Father opened the package

in the morning and we admired them and he told me to take my pick of them for myself. One, and only one, of them was a beautiful, pale fawn in color; and I plunked for that one with real pleasure. We had lunch and afterwards I went down town for something. While I was out, a total stranger arrived at the house for some kind of business with father. Father showed him the array of canes and grandly told the man to take his pick of them. Needless to say, the stranger chose my fawn cane and left with it. I was absolutely furious when I returned and found out what had happened and wailed over it until mother told me to take one of the others and shut up. I did, but remained sullen and resentful.

About ten days later, a package arrived with a large number of unset, semi-precious stones from Ceylon, mainly amethysts and topazes and so on. Again, all of us admired them and this time father told Verna to take her pick. She chose the only pair of long, tear-shaped Ceylon moonstones in the group, to have them set as earrings. True to form, within two hours someone arrived at the house, was shown everything and offered a choice of anything and walked off with Verna's moonstones. Verna wept.

About two weeks later, a bale of numda rugs from Darjeeling showed up. These were embroidered on a white felted base. Again, father told each of us to choose one for our various rooms. We did, including mother, who chose the only one with coloring that would go in their bedroom. Verna and I, having learned our lessons, took ours off at once - and luckily. Sure enough, father did his grand number again that afternoon; and a foreman's wife whom mother disliked went off with mother's rug. That did elicit a "Now, Vern!" and a long talk, not that it really changed father on that score. He loved to make magnificent gestures of that type and garner in all of the thanks possible. I guess, if he could get it twice from different persons for the same thing, he was that much ahead. He had neither any sympathy nor any understanding of why we should be so upset over it.

I recognized that when I was little, without being able to phrase it or to understand it. I simply took it for granted that there was apt to be something going wrong when father gave presents. When I was about ten or eleven, father came back from a business trip to Chicago on Christmas Eve, and that evening after dinner he produced a present for me and demanded that I open it at once. Our family tradition was to open presents on Christmas morning, so I was hor-

rified at this break with tradition and wanted it put under the tree to be opened at the proper time. However, he insisted and mother, of course, backed him up. With the utmost reluctance, I finally did open it. Inside was our first string of electric lights for the Christmas tree; and, of course, father was quite right. It should be opened then, so we could put it on the tree for the next morning. I was so overwhelmed by finding that he was right for once and that everything had come out properly that I came very close to crying I was so relieved over it, and I have never forgotten it. Father was not inevitably wrong after all.

Just the same, I have never known anyone in my life who had as little empathy for all other persons as my father. He simply could not conceive how any other persons might feel about anything. It was an alien concept to him. He wasn't as much insensitive as a-sensitive. He had no desire to offend anyone in any way. He simply had no idea of what might offend or wound anyone. At the age of fourteen, I was intensely aware of that on our great trip and was to suffer agonies of humiliation over him.

For example, in New Zealand we had a car and driver who drove us for a number of days in both the North and South islands there. Father always sat in front by the driver, my mother and two sisters in the back seat and myself on the jump seat, where I could always overhear what father said to the driver. The same conversation was repeated every single morning. We would stop for gasoline and father would say happily, "You call it petrol, do you? Damn silly. It's gasoline." And, inevitably, later would come this bit, "See you drive a Buick. I guess those dumb, little, English cars can't hold up in country like this. No good. Takes a good American car." I cringed daily and longed to apologize to the driver, but it never entered father's mind that he might seem tactless or rude.

We kept travelling on English ships, largely filled with British or colonials. Father always went on deck to watch the sailing and, sooner or later, would turn to clap some totally strange Englishman on the shoulder and say jovially, "Hi, old sock!" It was not a greeting that endeared him to the English, who promptly congealed into icicles of rigid disapproval. Eventually, father would arrive back in the cabin in a state of purple fury, cursing the English. Usually, given enough time, the English would come to accept him as a crude, but colorful, American and come to some kind of terms with him; but it got us off to a bad start on every ship.

Socially, we were a disaster area on most of those ships. Father outraged people. Mother calmly and quietly usually made a series of friends, but Hazel and Verna were hopelessly inept socially. We were on the first ship to New Zealand for about three weeks; and it was a sizable ship with a lot of social life going on, as it always did on shipboard: games, tournaments, concerts, movies, parties. We were in first class, of course, and were simply left out of everything, as I was intensely aware. That was to be important for me. It was then I decided never to rely on my family for any kind of social support and that, if I wanted to participate, I would have to manage strictly on my own. I put that into practice on our next, long trip by sea and had a very much better time in every way, playing deck games, being in tournaments and so on. It was the conscious beginning of my virtual divorce from the entire family as far as any kind of social relationships were concerned. I went my own way and learned to do that. I did not intend to spend my life on the outside, looking in at other people enjoying themselves.

I expect that, at this point, I had better sketch in my siblings, as I knew them. Hazel, of course, was very much older than myself by sixteen years, so we were never very close. She was away at boarding schools from my earliest memories, first down at one near Nashville, Tennessee (the Southern influence rearing its head) and then at Colonial, a finishing school in Washington, D.C.. Hazel liked it there and brought girl friends from there home to visit. I can still remember that she and her friends considered the chocolate pie they had in Washington to be "superdelofagorgeous", a great piece of teenage slang from the World War I era. After that, Hazel went to Adrian College,lived at home and joined the Tri Delta sorority. Indeed, at that time, she managed to give the only real party ever given in our home in M[illegible]chigan. There were Japanese lanterns strung through the trees in front of the house, dancing in the West rooms, the whole house crowded with girls in pale, party dresses and boys in proper, dark suits, chattering and laughing. I was allowed to stay up later than usual to watch it for awhile and found it absolutely dazzling. Though that was the only party, it was a perfect house in which to entertain.

I gather, though I was unaware at the time, that trouble began to erupt when Verna entered Adrian College. The TriDelts took one look at poor Verna and flatly refused to invite her to join, though, as Hazel pointed out, Verna was a legacy. Verna didn't mind, but I

gather that Hazel became very hysterical on the subject, with the result that Verna was whisked out of Adrian College at the end of one month and sent to Frances Shimer, a fine school for girls in Illinois.

In order to distract her from brooding over the TriDelt problem, Hazel was allowed to go off to visit a college friend who had married and was living in Texas. The next thing anyone knew, Father got a telegram from the local YWCA there, saying that Hazel was with them, had no money and seemed out of her mind. Father went there at once to get her. He talked to her friend, Louise; but I believe he never did find out what had happened that pushed her over the brink. He took her to a sanatorium for awhile, and then she was brought home to us. I was seven or eight at the time and only remember her as very silent and withdrawn, reading the Bible constantly and being unapproachable. At one time she tried to commit suicide very ineffectively; but, as a result, she was sent off to a sanatorium again for some months, this time in Marion, Ohio. Nothing was ever talked about in front of me. Indeed, neither father nor mother would ever talk about it, then or later, and tried to act as though there were no problem. Verna, however, was eventually hauled back from school, and her life thereafter was virtually sacrificed to the Hazel problem. Verna was never allowed to do anything Hazel could not share. It was, I think, a vicious thing to do to Verna; but it was the old way of dealing with such things.

Thereafter, Hazel was to retire periodically to sanatoriums. It was traumatizing for me to come to realize that my sister was crazy, as we called it then. In fact, she had spells of it and was fairly, if never wholly, normal in between. Never the less, she had some very bad spells when I was fourteen or fifteen and a boarder at Harvard School in Los Angeles. I spent weekends with the family, who then wintered in California, staying at the Miramar on the Ocean Front in Santa Monica. Hazel would take long walks with me along the palisades park and explain over and over to me that she was the most evil person in the world and that the world was going to come to an end on her birthday in September. Everyone, she would explain, knew this, but God wouldn't allow them to let on. When the world came to an end, she was going to go to the sun to burn there forever in the form of a fiery serpent, and all of our family were damned and would go to Hell. That sort of thing would go on for hours. I didn't really believe it; but, at the same time, she could be very

convincing, if only with the power of her own, total conviction. I found it terrifyiig and very unnerving, all the more so since there was absolutely no one that I could discuss it with. I was certainly not about to admit its existence to anyone outside the family; and it was unmentionable within the family, even to Verna at that time. I made a firm decision never to marry and have children with blood like that in the family. We were back in Adrian that summer; and, I must say, it did not help my frame of mind to pick up a newspaper and read a squib in it to the effect that someone was predicting that the world was going to come to an end on Hazel's birthday. It didn't, but that was a very uneasy day in my life.

After we moved to Beverly Hills, Hazel had the bedroom between Verna's and mine, her bathroom being next to my bedroom. All through my college years, whenever I was home, I could hear Hazel get up night after night and go into her bathroom and talk to herself in a high, tight, frantic tone of voice that would go higher and higher until it was almost a scream. I listened again and again, but could never make out what she was saying. Verna was as aware of all this as I was, but neither of us could say anything about it to our parents. They would not listen or accept it until, of course, eventually it would all boil over into a scene in front of them and they had to pack her off again to a sanatorium. Verna and I could always see the crisis coming and were helpless to do anything about it.

On one occasion, Anne Holstein, a friend of my sisters, was in the library, talking to the two of them and myself, when Hazel began to go absolutely taut, every inch of her rigid. Then she suddenly burst out in that tight voice that she knew what Anne was doing. Anne was pinching her sweater and that pinched Hazel, Anne was tormenting her. For a minute, it was like dropping in on the Salem witches. Then Verna and I rose as one person and spirited Hazel out of the room and up to her bedroom. Verna and I became adept at that and could manage it without a word between us, but both of us found it an agonizing process.

Poor Hazel went on many years that way. Once in awhile, I would try to talk to mother about it and try to get her to send Hazel to a psychiatrist; but mother absolutely rejected that. It would be admitting to the situation. Instead, we tried to keep her busy and interested in things, but it wasn't easy. The greatest success was my suggestion that she learn to type. We got her a typewriter and she did learn, more or less. My idea had been that we would find

things for her to type and pay her for it. The latter was important. That was during the Depression; and I was aware that Hazel had a real fear of our losing all of our money and that she ought to have something she could do to help make some money. However, in the long run, no one except me was willing to find things for her to type. I had her type up my notes from classes in college and paid her to do it, though my original notes were a lot more legible than her typing. As her state of mind deteriorated, she would beat on that typewriter mercilessly as though trying to kill it, or, at least, to vent her rage and frustration on it.

Eventually, in October of 1940, she had a bad turn again and, surprisingly, father took her off with him to Palm Springs. There she went to a drug store and ordered arsenic "for rats" and took it one morning. Poor father did what he could, having a terrible time trying to find out what she had done and got her to a hospital fast. Mother and Verna went down at once to join them, phoning from there to tell me they thought she was going to pull through all right; but Hazel lingered for three days of agony and then died. I was alone at home; and, when they phoned that news to me, I cried all night.

I knew Harold far less well than I did Hazel. He, too, was away at boarding schools from my earliest memories, first at Tennessee Military Institute and then at the Miami Military Institute in Ohio. Harold was not good in school and hated it, so he managed to get in the Navy in World War I, rather than finishing high school. He was sent to the Naval Training Center in Chicago and spent the entire time of his service there.

After the War, he was home for awhile, working out at the factory. Harold was a good looking, young man and socially active. At that time, he was dating Otilia Matthis; but father had a great dislike for Tilly's father, so he broke that up ruthlessly. A little earlier, father had purchased an interest in the Vallejo Fence Factory in Havana, Cuba; and he brought a bright, young Cuban, named Victor Cortes up to live with us in Adrian, while father taught Victor how things were run in the Adrian factory. Victor stayed with us for almost a year, in the course of which he and Harold became firm friends and Victor fell in love with Hazel. Hazel did not reciprocate, but Victor was to remain devoted and true to her for the rest of his life. When Victor returned to Havana, father decided to send Harold down to that factory to work, and Harold stayed there for about two years.

When Harold returned home, he began dating Agnes Campbell from Onstead and shortly married her in a charming ceremony out at the small, old church at Cambridge Junction. Father found them a house a block from ours and then set up Harold with a hardware store in Adrian. Father made all of the arrangements and brought into it a man with experience in hardware stores to act as a partner. It was assumed by father that Agnes, who had worked as a bookkeeper before her marriage, would keep the books and work with Harold. It is notable that it was always father who got Harold jobs and made all arrangements, and that Harold was never really consulted and simply agreed to everything.

Harold was a sweet-tempered man, who mainly wanted to be liked and not to have any trouble, so he always said yes to anything. That was to turn the hardware store into a disaster. Agnes's mother was outraged at the idea of her daughter having to work and nagged at Agnes over it until Agnes felt deeply abused by our family and refused to keep the books at the store any longer. Neither I, nor anyone else in our family, ever really understood just what that was all about; but it was doubly unfortunate for Harold was really helpless in the store. He gave credit to anyone who wanted it, let people take goods on the merest promise to pay and would not dun anyone for payment. If pressed, he bought time by lying. In the end, the store went broke totally.

Father paid up the indebtedness of the store and, to even things out, gave some stock to my sisters and myself, which brought each of us dividends of six hundred dollars a year until the Stock Market Crash, when that company went bust. Father owned the controlling interest in the Hall-Stingle Canning Factory in Waterloo, Indiana, a small factory which canned primarily tomato puree, sold regularly to Campbell Soups, and a few other vegetables. Father now shipped Harold and Agnes off to Waterloo and installed Harold in that business. Hall and Stingle, who were running the business and were part owners, were, not very surprisingly, a great deal less than enchanted to have Harold summarily foisted on them. It was not a healthy situation. In time, Harold was put in charge of the greenhouse where they raised tomato plants and Harold liked that. They did, all of them, in the long run, manage to work that out and became friends. Only after the factory was sold, after World War II, did Harold, for the first time, get a job for himself, ironically working in someone else's hardware store in Auburn, Indiana.

I never really knew him at all, and I did not get along well with Agnes until fairly recent years, when we have both mellowed a good deal. She was always under the influence of her mother, who really hated our entire family; and that created a number of very unfortunate situations. Nor did it help that father had to bail Harold out of further debts periodically. The people whom Harold owed would go to his partners in the factory to complain and from them to father. Father paid up, but only in purple furies and always threatening to cut Harold off without a cent and meaning it. It was mother and I in the long run who saw that didn't happen. At one time, my sisters and I were given some more stock to even things out a further time. I must admit that father was extraordinarily fair in that respect.

I knew all of that and it gave me little respect for Harold; and I, too, got caught in his lies once in awhile, which I really hated. I brought no understanding or sympathy to that situation, which is my own fault. My feeling now is that I completely failed to appreciate what a very sweet-natured, patient, gentle person he really was. From a few things she has said recently, I gather that even Agnes did not fully appreciate all of that either until after he died at the age of seventy.

Verna was the one I was closest to and the constant companion of my childhood, for all of the age difference. Verna had problems. She had some peer age friends when she was little; but, as she came into her teens, Verna was tall for that time, big-boned, and soon both busty and with a tendency to put on weight very easily, all of that in a period when the ideal for a girl was to be petite with a boyish figure. It left her feeling and being intensely self-conscious, awkward and insecure. This was all worsened by her overhearing one teacher remark to another how odd it was that it was always the small children who were the bright ones and how dumb the big ones were. Verna was never good at school and that convinced her that it was hopeless and that she was stupid. She still remembered that with real bitterness when she was old. She spent her time in school day-dreaming and hoping to be inconspicuous and in hating the entire process. As a result, she turned away from peers, by whom she felt threatened and spent her time in playing with me and my friends from the neighborhood or others younger than herself. She was definitely not into dating and gossip and interest in clothes and the other things that excited the girls of her own age.

She could, of course, dominate us and she did that ruthlessly. Indeed, our nickname for her was "bossy". She dictated what we played and established the rules for us. She was also good at it. Verna was not dumb at all. She was inventive and told us marvelous stories, especially ghost stories told of a Winter evening in a dark room and frightening us into screaming terror, which she loved. We also did play-acting in which Verna told us what we were and sometimes we dressed up for it, but mainly we ran around and yelled a lot and loved it without the foggiest notion of what we were doing. However, Verna always played the role of the hero and obviously wished she had been born a boy. I was always relegated to very minor roles, sometimes that of lady's maid to the heroine, who was, of course, rescued by Verna. I never even got to be the villain.

Verna and I also fought like hellions, kicking, pulling hair and clawing each other and calling names. We continued that until I grew big and strong enough to be able to inflict damage back. For some reason, we never fought physically after that. That whole period established patterns for Verna. She was never to make friends easily or to want many at one time. On the other hand, she was always very good with children or with shy people, with anyone who did not seem threatening to her; and she avoided people who were apt to dominate her.

As is, I think, very often true of people who are insecure with other persons, Verna was intensely fond of animals of all kinds and loved having pets. She was also determined to stay young and avoided being responsible for most things. She had very little self discipline, never picked anything up, rarely would make her own bed even, adored sweets and gobbled them avidly. Yet, where she became involved, she could be tidy and careful and disciplined; as was clear with her wood carving, where she kept her tools in perfect condition and order.

Verna had, early on, shown a gift for working with her hands. She did very nice things with modelling clay when in her teens; and eventually she did go to Otis Art Institute out here for two years from 1928 through 1930, where she studied sculpture. She was very happy with that, though again she did not make real friends at the school. The Hazel problem still existed at that time, of course. Verna's period of real blooming came late, only after World War II.

In many ways she remained childlike to the end, having childlike enthusiasms and ways; but it gave her a certain sweetness

and charm which people found extremely attractive. She very rarely was critical of anyone else and always found good things about others and loved to be helpful. She was the inevitable champion of the underdog. Indeed, I am happy that, after all of her problems and difficulties, she had a very happy last twenty or twenty-five years in her life. She and I were very different; but we managed together surprisingly well and with minimal friction, both of us aware that, in the long run, we could trust and rely on each other absolutely.

That sets up the basic dramatis personae for the family. Since there are no others of my generation left, what follows will have to be the story of our family as I remember it and experienced it, in large parts autobiographical. That poses some problems because, though I would like to keep the family in the forefront, my own life was very different from that of the others in the family. As I have said, I was always the cuckoo in the nest.

II

Politically, father was a rock-ribbed Republican from one end of his life to the other. In true Republican fashion, he was vigorously opposed to labor unions, but highly paternalistic in his view of workers, very much in the Henry Ford tradition. During World War I, father got in large supplies of hard to get items, such as sugar, molasses, other food stuffs and some items of clothing like shoes, and set up a store out in the factory where his employees could buy the things there at cost; and, like Ford, father believed in paying very good wages.

The War years were, of course, a period of great expansion in the fence business; and it was at that time that father began investing in other companies, first in the Banwell Fence Company in Canada, which had three plants up there, and later in the fence company in Cuba. Only after the War did he begin to invest in other types of companies, such as the canning factory and the Schwarze Electric Company in Adrian, which made parts for automobiles, largely horns, I believe. Father only bought stocks in privately owned companies and refused to play the stock market at all, which was to be a great blessing when the crash came in 1929.

It was also in the War years that father came close to killing himself. He went down into the cellar one evening to burn soot out of the furnace pipes by throwing kerosene into the furnace. By a terrible mistake, instead of kerosene he threw a full can of gasoline into the furnace. Mother heard the explosion and ran down into the cellar, where she found father a pillar of flames from the waist up. She had both the courage and the quick sense to grab a heavy blanket off an ironing machine down there and to throw father onto the floor and smother the flames. First Hazel and then Verna followed mother and finally myself, wondering what was going on. I can remember getting to the top of the cellar steps just in time to see the last sparks going out in what was left of father's hair. I fled in horror under the dining room table to hide and cried there for a long time, but no one had any time to bother with me. Father was terribly burned.

He was delirious with pain and drugs for many days. He was kept at home, which was usual in those days, but with male nurses strong enough to hold him down when he became too frantic, but only mother could really calm him down. At times he would thresh around wildly, crying out that he was dancing - dancing, which was very odd,

since father never danced and, to the best of my knowledge, never had. He did, however, make a remarkable recovery. There was some scarring on his head and on his left arm, and the little finger of his left hand was always to be crooked with scar tissue; but none of it was very noticeable in time. For a couple of years, he massaged his left arm regularly with a Violet-Ray machine, which was supposed to help; and maybe it really did.

It was after he began recuperating from that experience that he and mother went down to Cuba for several weeks; and that was when he bought into the company there and when he met Victor Cortes. Grandmother and Aunty Grace moved into our house to stay with us while our parents were away; and it was while they were there that part of the plaster ceiling in one of the West rooms came down in the middle of the night. That was a pity because it took with it most of the large, moulded plaster medallion in the center of the ceiling, and it was never possible to replace that. From that time on, father began taking time off from his work to do some travelling, reverting a bit to his younger days and imbuing me with my own passion for travel, which has played so great a role in my own life. It was also the period in which he carried out a series of major renovations in our home. Clearly, for us affluence had set in.

In the house, the two small rooms on the east side, which had been the original sitting and dining rooms, were now thrown into one by putting a large archway between them. It was an expensive project because the wall taken out contained a chimney and had held a fireplace, so a steel beam had to be inserted above the archway to hold up the remains of the chimney. The arch was panelled in black walnut to match the rest of the woodwork in the house and it proved both expensive and difficult to get that much of it. The new East rooms were totally refurnished and decorated and looked very handsome, a big, light, sunny room with a square bay window on one side. At the same time, mother got new furniture in the dining room; and a local decorator was brought in to furnish the West rooms, the old ballroom.

Those rooms had never been really furnished after the house was bought and had been kept largely closed off, though that was where Verna liked to terrify us with her ghost stories. However, on the wall there hung two of father's early ventures into decoration. Those were life-size photographs, I believe, of a lion and a tiger in frames that had black-painted, wooden bars, simulating cages, as a part of the framing. In the redoing, they were relentlessly

relegated to the loft of the barn. Father's other proud venture into decorating from the early period was a spectacular sideboard, which was to dominate the dining room until we moved. It was a massive creation that ran right to the ceiling with a marble top, many small shelves on either side of the huge mirror, and cupboard doors deeply carved with trophies of dead game. When we left Adrian, that was given to the Masonic Temple and may even still be there, for all I know.

The old ballroom was now done up in some splendor, all mulberry, grey and old gold in the pelmets above the round-topped windows. The walls were covered with flocked paper in a brocade pattern and the furniture was covered with mulberry and grey cut velvet. The rug was grey and covered the old hardwood flooring which was inlaid with darker wood in a Greek key pattern border. Father built a chimney on that side of the house and installed a beautiful fireplace, all in grey-violet Rookwood tiling, which would today be a collector's piece; and the original gas fixtures, which were a graceful, multi-branched design, were taken down, silver-plated, wired for electricity and re-installed. The two rooms of the ballroom were connected by a triple archway, and the further half was now turned into a billiard room for father. He was clearly expressing his new social status.

This was also the time when a magnificent new bathroom was installed upstairs in the tower, taking the space on the second floor where the stairs had been that led to the tower room. Once that was installed, the only access to the tower room was by a galvanized iron ladder bolted to the back of the house, from which one stepped across the wide eaves onto an almost flat section of roof which held the skylight that lighted the staircase hall below. That section of roof led to a door into the tower room. I had never been allowed, as a toddler, to use the rickety stairs in the tower; so I was in the fascinating position of growing up in a house which held a room I had never been in. I was twelve years old before I could conquer my fear of heights enough to get up that ladder and into the tower room. I had tried it year after year; but, once I reached the point where I could see over the roof of the lower wing at the back of the house, I would quail and flee back down. Eventually, I was to learn to manage it by essentially blanking my mind right out and going up as fast as possible, so I was there before I could get frightened. It was something of an anti-climax to find that mysterious room was small, bare and dusty, though from it one could go up another stair

and out onto the roof of the tower, a very scarey business for me.

The last of father's great renovations was to roof in the wide summer porch at the back of the house and to screen it for use as a summer living room. In really hot weather, we ate out there as well. And he built out a sleeping porch above it at the very back, where Verna, Hazel and I always slept in the summers, and which was the coolest place in the house. Mother also put in some landscaping shrubs and plants at the front of the house and installed her beloved rose garden at the back. All in all, it was a very large and a very expensive and impressive job of work. Since we almost never had any guests, it was mainly we who were impressed by it, but we loved it.

That was the house of my early memories, but not of my earliest. My memories go back to when I was three; and, what is probably the very earliest, involved Verna. I was still using my first crib, a white-painted, iron affair with high, barred sides and a rounded, barred top which could be put down and latched to keep me in. Verna had been left in charge of me, and I expect I had finished my nap, because I can remember her conning me into staying there and letting her latch me in while she went down town to get a Hershey bar. My reward was to be a piece of it, if I stayed quiet. Needless to say, once out and free, Verna dawdled and enjoyed herself taking her time, so, by the time anyone arrived to release me, I was having a full-blown tantrum.

I was in kindergarden when we entered the War; and, even there, we had to do our bit for it. We did spool-knitting, a very simple operation of twining wool around pins on top of a spool and pulling the resultant, fat, round result through the spool. The idea was that, once it was long enough, it could be coiled into a flat kind of mat for floors and sewn together, not that anything like that ever happened. Our bits just languished until being thrown away, but it made us feel involved. Everyone did knitting "for the boys": helmets to fit under the steel ones, scarves, and endless millions of socks, most of which must have been responsible for even more endless blisters on the feet of any soldiers foolish enough to try to wear them. We also made "snips", which were tiny bits of old sheets or any soft cloth and were intended to be used as stuffing for bandages. I have no idea whether they actually were used that way, but it was more involvement.

Then came the great night when the whole town seemed to go mad: bells ringing and people shouting and congregating down town. It was

the false Armistice. The real one seemed almost anti-climactic after all of that. However, the real one was celebrated by a huge bonfire in the middle of the "four corners", the central crossing of the down town area. For reasons which I can't pretend to understand, the end of the war was celebrated by burning things that had been made in Germany, including as a kind of center piece, an upright piano. Even I searched among my playthings and found a set of stencils that had been made in Germany and proudly threw them into the blaze.

Once the War was over, middle America began withdrawing into isolationism with the speed of light; and the most immediate sign of it in Adrian was the sudden appearance there of the Ku Klux Klan, previously unknown in those parts. I can remember Verna waking me up one night out on the sleeping porch to look out toward Main Street, where a great procession of white-clad figures was following someone holding a burning cross. I found that very scarey and like something out of Verna's ghost stories. It was even scarier to get up one morning and find that KKK had been printed in red paint on all of the sidewalks throughout the center of town at the crossings. I had no hint as to what any of it meant, except that it seemed deeply threatening. Fortunately, in our part of the country, the KKK influence faded away as rapidly as it had appeared.

All through that period, the Prices next door played almost as large a role in my life as my own family. The Prices, Augusta and Ella, were old maid sisters, probably then in their fifties, who had retired from running a millnery store. They were of German ancestry, Preuss being the original spelling, and were total darlings, most especially Gusta, who was a semi-invalid. Mother said much later that the Prices had decided that I was to be theirs from the time they knew she was pregnant; and it is certainly true that they are always there in my memories, not beginning, but just being a key part of my life. I was toddling over to visit as soon as I could move.

I had a special cupboard of shelves for my playthings in a corner of their dining room, and I saw them daily. Indeed, there were more rules for me there than there were at home. At the Prices, there was not only a special place to keep my toys, but they trained me to put them away there before I left to go home. Every day, two marshmallows were put out for me in a special box on the sideboard, but only two. No amount of begging or whining ever got me more than

that; and Gusta would read just so much to me any day from my books there, but only that much. I did try a tantrum there just once, but Ella gave me such a stern talking to that I never tried that again. It was the Prices more than anyone else who taught me to appreciate all kinds of simple things: plants, wild flowers, colors and patterns. Once in awhile, they would take me up to their attic, where they had stored on neat shelves the remnants from their millnery, which included box after box filled with rolls of wide ribbons of watered silks of an infinite variety of colors and other boxes full of hat ornaments. Sometimes Gusta would take a prism off the chandelier and hang it in the sunlight of their bay window to show me the rainbow lights that would dance from it; and sometimes she would pour a tiny bottle of mercury out on a plate and let me play with making it go into little globules and then mysteriously all merge back together. It fascinated me. I suppose it may have been dangerous and no one now would permit it; but Gusta watched me closely and I never came to any harm there.

They were wonderful at giving confidence to a child. In the summers, I would almost always carefully pick some dandelions to take to Gusta as a present when I went over; and she would always thank me and put them in a vase, even though they would be totally wilted in half an hour. In the Fall, I would scour the neighborhood to find her the prettiest of the maple leaves to bring as a present when the leaves began turning; and, again, Gusta would carefully dip them in melted wax to preserve them. It allowed me to express my love and to feel that I could give things to them in return for all they did for me; and I think that gave me a lot of security.

They were fine cooks and I often had lunch with them. Indeed, I was still very young when I learned to case out what was available for lunch at home and there and to take my pick. The Prices made the best chicken noodle soup I have ever had, making their own noodles, which were a light yellow in color, not white. It was also they, who gave me a lifelong passion for sweetbreads, which we never had at home, and which I still order at every opportunity. Another of their specialties was a delicious kind of German coffee cake, almost always on hand; and, once in awhile, a kind of deep-dish pie made with fresh plums and custard, known only to me as "special". I thought of all of those things as special treats and never took any of it for granted. I think the great thing they taught me was to find enjoyment in all kinds of things, to feel that life was a kind of banquet; and that

is one of the finest things anyone can ever help you to feel. They also gave me a sense of real security with other people, so that I wandered around the neighborhood freely and knew all of our neighbors far better than did anyone else in the family. If I was to be the most socially inclined member of our family, I suspect I can thank the Prices for that.

In our own family, we always dated things by trips or vacations and referred to them that way. The earliest I remember were two successive ones when I was three and four years old, and the whole family went up to Long Lake in Northern Michigan in the late summer. Father loved fishing, which was almost his only relaxation, and also wanted to get north in the hay-fever season, for he suffered from that, as did Hazel. The lake was only good for fishing. You couldn't swim in it because it was infested with leeches. I knew that, though I wasn't at all sure of just what a leech was. I have very distinct memories of lying on the dock for the boats and looking down into the water and seeing long, narrow, ribbon-like things of greyish white and lavender in the water. I remember them as leeches; but I think that is impossible and that I was probably seeing some kind of water weed, but I still don't really know.

The first of those summers, we stayed in the resort hotel there, which was typical of those days in having a very long porch facing the lake and lined with rocking chairs. It had a dancing room and a small orchestra that played there nights. My main memory from that summer is of being attracted to that room by hearing the orchestra practicing in it one afternoon. There was no one in the room except the orchestra and me, so I was having a fine, old time dancing happily around the room to the music until I looked up and found all the windows to the porch full of faces watching me. Instead of getting any ego gratification from that, I took one terrified look and burst into tears and fled. So much for my first public performance.

Verna's favorite stories at that time were the Howard Pyle versions of the King Arthur stories, which came in several volumes, which mother read aloud to us nights when I was going to bed, so I also knew them well. There were two hammocks that hung in front of the hotel: and Verna, for all of her insisted on shyness, coolly commandeered one of them as hers and refused to let anyone use it unless she liked them and then they had to accept being a character from the King Arthur stories. She even printed a sign to that

effect which she placed on her hammock. She herself was, of course, Lancelot, our favorite hero. She had no use at all for Galahad as being much too namby-pamby. She was only willing to let me be Percival, a knight neither of us cared much for. I rejected that indignantly and wanted to be Tristram, but Verna thought that very much too good for me. Harold got into trouble one night when he stayed out so late the hotel was locked when he returned from what, I expect, had been dancing and romancing. He climbed up onto the porch roof and thence through the window into what he thought was his room. It wasn't, and the man sleeping there almost shot Harold as a burglar before poor Harold could explain.

The second summer we took a cottage on the lake, which is how I can distinguish between the two summers; and I can date them because we were never to go back there again. On one of those summers, we were all out in a boat when a fire broke out in the pine forests that surrounded most of the lake. There was no real danger to the hotel or cottages, but I found that memorable and impressive also.

When I was five, we spent several months of the winter in Florida, not in one of the fashionable centers on the east coast, but in Fort Myers on the Gulf. We must have gone down in January, because we had certainly spent Christmas at home, or Verna would have made prolonged objections, as she was to do two years later. Christmas was, of course, the most special of all times to us, and to Verna in particular.

Christmas, for us, began at six in the morning, when we gathered around the tree, which was always put up in the West rooms. The first Christmas I can remember must be the one when I was three, and it remains one of the most vivid in my memory. I can remember being led into those dark rooms and looking with real awe at the tree, which towered probably ten feet tall. It was lighted by real candles on the branches in those days; and our candles were set in front of little, painted angels, all of them shining when I was taken in. I am still perfectly prepared to swear that those angels moved up and down the branches quite as easily as the angels climbed the ladder in Jacob's dream. It was purest magic.

En route to Florida, we stopped for a couple of days to see some relatives in Chattanooga, Tennessee and were taken up on Lookout Mountain there to see the famous horseshoe bend in the river below; but, far more memorable to me was the souvenir shop where,

for the first time, I saw some distorting mirrors. I laughed so hard at those that I pee-ed my pants which, though a disaster, did not really destroy my delight in those mirrors. Florida did not make a deep impression on me. We rented a house there and I do remember the overpowering smell of the fruit on the guava tree in the back yard and two excursions we took: one by boat up into the Everglades on the Calootchihatchee River, and the other to an island off the coast where the beaches were a solid litter of beautiful shells. The Prices had also come down to Fort Myers and they joined us on the trip to the island and even went barefoot on the beach, while I searched out the very best shells for Gusta.

I did go to school there, but I did more learning to read at home than in the school. I was passionately interested in learning to read and had my own library card at home in Adrian by the time I was seven. My sharpest memories are of the afternoon that Verna made a truly magnificent sand castle for us in the sand box that belonged to a little girl who lived across the street. The castle was straight out of the King Arthur stories with round towers and turrets, not just a heap of sand. I was enthralled by it, as was our neighbor; but then another little girl came over and, without a word, summarily kicked the entire thing to bits. I remain shocked to this day. The other memory is of a little house down the street, which had a vine-covered porch and a parrot well hidden behind the vines. When Verna and I stopped at the fence to peer in, the parrot screamed raucously, "Get the hell out of here!" I certainly remember that!

When I was seven, we wintered in Havana, Cuba. That time we went down in December and had Christmas there, which Verna hated and saw to it that I hated also. There were presents, if not in our usual abundance, and there was no tree - and no snow. We had the big upper apartment in a duplex on the hill leading up to the University; and our Christmas was made even worse by the fact that the people who lived below us butchered a suckling pig in the courtyard for their Christmas dinner. The squealing was loud, long and heart-rending. That was also the first time I ever saw lobsters being cooked. We had them a number of times and there was a horrid fascination for me in watching them being boiled alive and kicking the lid off the pot in their death agonies.

Verna and Hazel studied Spanish while there, but Mother taught me at home, and so well that I was well ahead of my class when we

we returned home, having already mastered long division. I did go to dancing school once a week, run by two very proper old ladies. I learned to bow properly to request a dance, but had some hard luck. I, like all of the little boys, wanted to dance with the daughter of the French Consul, a very pretty, little girl with glossy, black curls; but I usually got stuck with a fat, little girl who had a passion for me and pushed me around the dance floor relentlessly.

The woman who taught my sisters Spanish was a somewhat elderly, American old maid, Miss Thurston, who ended up on the receiving end of an odd, and rather amusing law then in force in Havana. She was accused of being a snoop by her neighbors, who complained that she was always peeking out her windows at them. They went to law over it and won and poor Miss Thurston had the shutters on her windows nailed shut by the police as a result. I do, sometimes, wonder what would happen if we had a law like that in this country.

My abiding memory of Cuba is one of deepest disappointment. There were, after all, real castles in Havana: Morro Castle guarding the harbor, Cabana Castle behind it on the hill and the oldest, La Fuerza, already stranded inland from the sea. I can still remember the names of them. Like any child, I was crazy to see them; but, in our several months in Havana, I never got taken to any of them, in spite of all of my begging and whining. Such a thing is almost unthinkable today, but children were not pampered in my childhood. However, I was occasionally taken out for ice cream at a cafe on the main plaza, where, instead of being given proper spoons, one ate the ice cream from long, very thin cones, which one used roughly like a spoon. That was very foreign and interesting. We also had exotic things like fresh cocoanut milk and fresh pineapple juice with the crushed pulp in it.

We had a Jamaican cook and maid; and, at Easter time, they introduced us to a fortune-telling bit of magic. On the night of Good Friday, you dropped the contents of a raw egg into a glass of water and set it out till morning, by which time the white had developed into long strings and odd shapes that would foretell your future. Mother's glass developed into a beautiful, little, rigged ship, which obviously foretold our sailing home. That gave Verna and me enough faith in it to try it for several more years; but, I'm afraid all we ever got was a mess. That may have been a correct fore-telling, but we were never willing to accept it as such.

The unforgettable memory is of our return to Key West from

Havana. It was a day trip by boat, so we did not have cabins, though the Purser had kindly offered to let the ladies use his cabin, if they felt indisposed. We settled ourselves in deck chairs, and there was so strong a wind that I began feeling queasy before we were out of the harbor. It was a real storm. The wind blew the roof off the pilot house before we were out of sight of Morro Castle; and the ship was so active that I gave up feeling ill to put all of my effort into hanging onto the chair I was in. Others reacted differently. One by one, they began to abandon the deck to go inside and downstairs to the salon, including my entire family, all of whom were sick, even father, who had boasted that he never got seasick. So did the Purser, so his cabin turned out not to be available. Eventually, I was the only person left on deck and in a chair which banged from one side of the deck to the other. All I could do was hang on for dear life, much too frightened to try to get out of it and try to run the gamut of all of those roaming deck chairs. I was finally remembered and rescued; and, I expect, my time alone was not nearly as long as I remember it having been.

By the time we had docked in Key West and were going through Customs, we had recovered. One American woman there had a large trunk; and, when the Customs man started to check it, she warned him to be careful, because she had a vase carefully wrapped in it. He pulled out a blanket roughly and, of course, the vase crashed out of it onto the floor and was hopelessly smashed. What made that memorable was the fact that the outraged lady took her umbrella and broke it over his head. Very good show!

One summer, when I was probably nine, we did a little trip into Canada, partly on business for father. We went to Winnepeg, where there was a spectacular, old, Canadian Pacific locomotive in a small park by our hotel; and the major event there was being taken to hear a matinee performance of a band concert by John Philip Sousa. Marches were fine; but the one piece I admired to the point of hysterical delight was a short piece where he made the band sound like some cats in a cat fight. That really was something!

We also went by boat down the St. Lawrence River through the Thousand Islands to Montreal; and the islands impressed me deeply because so many had homes on them, some even built like castles - actually a lot more like Balmoral than any real castle, but I didn't know that then. The idea of owning a whole island with a castle on

it held irresistible appeal. The major event in Montreal accured when my parents came home from the theater one night and, on entering their bedroom, found a bat flying around in it. Mother had a horror of bats and fled into the hall. At that time, all women held the firm belief that bats would always try to get into their hair, and the only way to get them out was to cut their hair off. Father phoned the desk to tell them to send someone up to deal with it and received short shrift from the other end, mostly chuckles. He tried again with the same results and then descended to the desk in a towering fury. It was Prohibition times, and the man at the desk had assumed that father was just one more American drunk, seeing things. I'm sure he perceived the error of that fast, because the bat was dealt with promptly and things did calm down.

Those were summers when much of our life centered on the Shack. This was a small, one-room cottage with a screened porch, which father put up on Little Deep Lake, just beside Cambridge Junction in the Irish Hills. There were over thirty lakes up in those hills, a few quite large and fashionable, like Devil's Lake, Round Lake and Sand Lake. It was typical of father's anti-social attitudes that he chose a tiny lake, where ours was the only cottage on it. He put it up originally so that he and some of his business friends could fish there. Fishing was father's main way of relaxing; and he could happily spend an entire day out in a boat, saying nothing, just being peaceful. He loved catching fish and would bring sizable catches home to be scaled, cleaned and eaten, and often shared out among our neighbors. The catch was mostly perch, blue gills and sunfish, with an occasional bass, of none of which was I fond, largely because no one ever thought to show me how to bone a fish, so I always had mouthfuls of bones to contend with.

In time, the cottage became primarily used by our family and we often stayed out there for several days at a time. Mostly, mother refused to go and for a good reason. Father often invited a foreman or two from the factory to come out with their wives, and mother was expected to do all of the cooking and cleaning up afterwards and so on. The other wives never lifted a finger to help her in any of that, so she refused flatly to have any more of it. I expect at some point there must have been a "Now, Vern -" talk about that. Verna taught me to swim out at Little Deep Lake, though once I almost drowned her when I panicked in deep water.

That all came to an end the early Fall that the State put out

prisoners under guards to work on the roads in that area. Father went out to the Shack one day to find it had been broken into and that the padlocks on the boats had also been broken. As he was leaving, a couple of guards from the prison camp came in and told him roughly not to try locking anything up any more for they were using it. Father was in such a flaming temper over that that the very next day he comandeered trucks and workmen from the factory, went out and took the walls, roof and so forth apart, loaded it on the trucks and carted it all off, leaving nothing$ for the guards. He stored the Shack till the next summer, when he had it re-erected with a small addition on Evans Lake, a lake which did have other cottages on it. Thereafter, we continued to enjoy it there until we moved to California. The cottage itself remained austerely simple; but eventually we had practically a flotilla of boats, including a motor boat, a canoe, a clinker-bottomed rowboat, as well as the two, flat-bottomed ones.

It was Hazel, Verna and I who got the most use out of the Shack, often going out to stay a couple of weeks at a time. Living in it was on the primitive side. Toilet facilities were an outdoor privy up the hill back of the cottage. Water came from a pump on the kitchen sink, which needed fairly frequent priming with water from the lake, always after any time away; and light was furnished by a gasoline lamp, which gave a beautiful, clear, white light. The stove burned wood. Farmers drove by in wagons with fresh vegetables for sale, and we got chickens and milk from a small farm we could easily walk to. The chickens were undeniably fresh. The girl at the farm would catch one in their back yard, swing it around by the neck a couple of times and then snap its head off with a jerk. The headless body would run around for a minute grotesquely before keeling over. We had to do the cleaning and plucking, of course. The fresh milk was kept in a very large vat; and the girl would fill the bottles by shoving them down in it with her grubby hands. Considering all of the endless hygenic precautions taken on everything today, I wonder that any of us survived, though it's more than possible that all of that built up antibodies in our systems which may account for our survival.

Those were the days when the female body was only very slowly achieving liberation. At the other end of the lake, a friend of Verna's was forced by her mother always to wear not only stockings when going swimming but also an old, pink corset under her bathing

suit. Mother did not go quite that far with my sisters, but she did insist their suits not be form-fitting. That was very annoying to Verna, who loved to swim and swam well, a heavy and slow, but strong breast stroke. She always got bathing suits as tight as she could get away with. Hazel, however, was more docile and got really loose suits, which seemed the more so since she had very small breasts and large hips. Eventually, one day, Hazel swam right out of her suit. After that, even mother agreed to something that came closer to a fit.

All of us, except mother, were deeply fond of the Shack. We had quiet, simple weeks there of swimming, sunning, reading and playing cards of all kinds: Michigan, Fan Tan, Five Hundred, Rummy, Hearts and Spit in the Ocean. We were devoted card players and then took up Mah Jong with enthusiasm when that craze swept America. We also, of course, had to cook and clean and do various jobs; but even Verna and I were amenable to that out there. It was a very pretty lake with two tiny islands in it: one with a house on it, the other wild and rather swampy. There were lots of waterlilies, both white and the little, ball-type, yellow ones; and, in early summer, wild iris grew in a swampy section near us, mainly blue ones, but a few yellows and an occasional white one.

There were loads of wild flowers everywhere in those days. Out on the country roads, the old, one-room, red brick, country school houses were still in use; and each one had its acre of land, much of which was always left in untouched woods. In Spring, I can still remember finding patches of those woods, literally solidly carpeted with violets, all shades of blues and purples and, again, a few of the rarer yellows and whites. In summer, the roadsides were full of pink Bouncing Bets, Queen Anne's Lace everywhere, lots of wild mustard and Indian Paint Brush, with wild asters in the later summer. In the late Autumn, everyone went into the country to cut branches of bittersweet, a vine full of bright orange berries. They had a leathery, outer husk of bright orange, which opened out in three or four segments to reveal a pulpy, inner berry of deep red-orange covering black seeds. Bittersweet would dry and retain its color all winter long in bouquets on mantlepieces. It grew best along the old split rail fences which still survived in those days; but, even then, careless people were pulling it up by the roots instead of just cutting branches off. As the numbers of automobiles increased, the number of wild flowers reduced.

Evans Lake was only a little over fifteen miles from Adrian,

but that was a considerable drive in the early years, when the good roads were gravel and the rest just dirt ruts. A trip by car was a real venture, since roads were not sign-posted at all well and road maps had not yet been thought of. You had to use a motoring guide, called "The Blue Book", which contained detailed instructions such as "drive one and a third miles past the Baptist Church on the left until you come to a farm with a big, white barn and an oak tree on the corner and turn right there." Heaven only knows what happened if the farmer painted his barn another color or cut down the oak tree.

We used that guide on a trip in father's splendid, red, twin-six, Packard touring car, when we drove over into Ohio, I believe to visit Harold in his school there. On the way back and not too far from Adrian, the car threw a tire which we spotted rolling merrily in front of us. Father got it back on the wheel, which was a wearing job, involving tire irons and much prying and hauling; but a few minutes later, it came off again in front of a small farm house. Father had a flame-out of temper and, fortunately, the farm had a telephone. He phoned the factory to send out a truck for us "full of tires". It arrived and we did get home finally. I enjoyed the stop because the farm had a big haystack to slide down and a wheezy, little organ in the living room, such as I had never seen before.

When I was eleven, I went off on my first trip by myself, by train down to Belleville to visit Uncle Homer and Aunt Jenny. I remain astonished that I was so easily allowed to do it, since it involved my going to Chicago by train from Adrian and there changing train stations by Parmalee bus and on to St. Louis, where I was met. Apparently, my family viewed me as already a seasoned traveller, and it was accomplished quite easily. I thoroughly enjoyed my visit, particularly Aunt Jennie, who told great stories, one something about a green elephant named Minnie. My cousins took me swimming in an abandoned quarry, turned into a swimming pool; and there I was deeply shocked to see a very fast, older boy of perhaps sixteen, who was going around - and in mixed company - with his shoulder strap un-buttoned, uncovering a nipple!. For any Adrian boy in 1923, that was pure obscenity; but no one there seemed to pay any attention. As I have suggested, it took small towns in my part of the country a long time to climb out of the Nineteenth Century.

In the summer I was twelve, we had a spectacular trip, most of it a Raymond and Raymond Tour, which began by going through the Canadian Rockies, stopping at Banff, Lake Louise and Glacier, stay-

ing at the magnificent Canadian Pacific hotels. At Lake Louise, I had my first horseback ride, a trip with Verna, Hazel and others up a trail to two smaller lakes, a venture which I found very exciting, though all I did was to sit and hold on. Just by the hotel was a rise completely planted in Iceland poppies, which mother was very taken by. Those were the great days of train travel, when the service and the meals on board were superb and justly famous. One of the specialties on those trains was baked, huge, Idaho potatoes, done to mealy perfection, the first place we had seen them.

From Vancouver, we went by boat on the Princess Line up the Inside Passage to Skagway, stopping at Juneau and in a bay where a glacier entered the sea. There, the ship blew its horn several times, creating a vibration that made chunks of ice fall off the glacier. From Skagway, where we dutifully looked up the spot where Soapy Smith of the legend had been killed, we went by rail over the mountains to White Horse and then down the Yukon River by paddle steamer to Dawson, just about at the Arctic Circle, where it was still light enough to read a newspaper at midnight. I took that on trust, since I was not allowed to stay up that late. I was particularly bemused by the fact that there were no coins in circulation up there under a quarter so, for instance, one got three candy bars for a quarter, and so on. In a period in which nickels and dimes played a major role in my life, that was memorable. We were also astonished by the way that flowers and strawberries flourished up there, being huge and glorious and having to do it fast.

Dawson was a center for silver mining, where they had used dredging and were using hydraulics to get to the ore. Both systems created an absolute wasteland of piles of gravel extending for miles. At the time, it seemed just ugly; but, looking back, I can see that it was environmental desolation at its worst. In an area where the dirt cover of rock is shallow and in so harsh a climate, it will be centuries before that depredation disappears. Having had the obligatory experiences, including eating caribou steaks, we then returned to White Horse on the same steamer, though it took longer that way against the flow of the river. One evening, a number of us danced Virginia Reels in the hold in the only open space there, which was between bags of silver ore on one side and a flag-draped coffin on the other. That was the summer that President Harding went to Alaska and, as we learned on our way back to Vancouver, died on his way back from there. His election is the first I remember and that because,

when the Election Extra came out, father remarked there was another "dark horse in the White House". I had a vivid mental picture of that in literal terms and found it the most mysterious thing I had ever heard. Now "the dark horse" was dead and, I vaguely gathered, under mysterious and possibly scandalous circumstances.

We continued with our trip, which included visiting Seattle and Portland and then going on to Yellowstone Park, which was the best part of the whole thing for me. Yellowstone was still totally unspoiled in those days. We went on the circle tour around it by the big, yellow, Park buses, stopping at each of the four, big hotels: Mammoth, Old Faithful, Lake and the Canyon. At Mammoth, the beautiful terraces of algae-colored hot springs still existed, looking like piled pulpits made up of organ pipes or, perhaps, huge, colored icicles. Unfortunately, those lime formations were fragile; and, within a very few years after that, tourists had wantonly pulled them apart and destroyed them. Ten years later I found a road cut right over where they had once existed. It was the geysers that I enjoyed the most, and most of those remain pretty intact. However, such delights as the once famous Handkerchief Pool are long gone also. It was a small hot pool near Old Faithful, which would suck a handkerchief down out of sight and then mysteriously regurgitate it glitteringly white, actually covered with calcite and gritty to the feel, but wonderful. It dried up and, years later, when the Park did some digging to try to see what had happened, they found that someone had rammed a tree trunk down into it. At its worst, before there was a major clean-up, Yellowstone had been turned into a real disaster area. The most beautiful hot pool there was the Morning Glory pool, named for its shape and for its beautiful purple-blue coloring. I saw it at the worst when no less than three old tires had been thrown into it. There are times when one cannot help but feel that Americans do not deserve the beauty of the country they inhabit.

That was a very satisfying trip for all of us. Mother and my sisters had even had special costumes made in which to rough it, suits which had knickerbockers instead of skirts - very daring, especially for my mother, though she had already gone so far as to get her hair bobbed. I had been outraged when she did that; but she had been pretty well driven to it by the fact that the close-fitting, cloche hats had come in; and it was impossible to get one that would fit over old-fashioned long hair. Styles were changing and skirts already edging higher.

It was typical of father to have swept us off to Alaska. He was never to be one to go where other people went. His business partners went to Europe summers, but not us. Father preferred the unusual, as the Yukon certainly was. The one concession father made to Europe was to admire a painting one of his partners, Mr. Spitz, had purchased in Italy, so father commissioned Mr. Spitz to buy him a similar painting by the same artist when he returned to Italy. That was how we came by the Zampighi family scene that hangs in the living room. Zampighi is not an artist whose name comes trippingly to the tongue; but, many years later, I was fascinated, in a copy of the Connoisseur, to find two Zampighis illustrated and offered for sale by a London dealer. Ours is a far better painting than either of those were, so father may not have done so badly after all in his one venture into the art world. If my memory serves me, I think he paid three hundred for it.

Father was clearly beginning to relax and take more time away from the factory. That winter, after Christmas, all of the family except myself went off to Southern California for some time, staying in the old Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica. I stayed home in school, and Harold and Agnes moved into our house to stay with me and the servants. In January, I came down with scarlet fever, which was going around, so Agnes and I had to be quarantined for a month, though I was hardly sick at all. Harold was allowed to continue at the hardware store as long as he stayed away from me. Once the quarantine was lifted, Agnes and I were sent for to join the others in Santa Monica for a couple of weeks as a reward.

The most memorable of our treats while there was to be taken to see a matinee performance of Anna Pavlova dancing in what was her farewell tour. I was enthralled by it, so my appreciation was moving on beyond cat fight band concerts. Actually, that was my second experience with Dance. A year earlier, Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn had come to Adrian with their Denishawn dancers for a single performance; and, even though it was in the evening, I had been taken and was overwhelmed by it. They were real pioneers of the dance in America and very important in the history of dance in this country. It was an elaborate performance, featuring an Aztec Ballet, named Xochitl, along with shorter numbers. It was the greatest thing I had ever seen and I cherished the program from it for many years. Harold was especially lucky, because the whole company was invited to the Masonic Temple afterwards; and Harold actually got to dance

with one of the girls from the troupe, to be exact with Louise Brooks, later to make herself a name in the movies. That was living high on the hog!

Adrian made another connection with the movies in those years, when the Bonner family moved to Southern California, and Priscilla Bonner became a leading lady in Silents, if not for long. That was close to us, because Priscilla's younger sister, Marjorie, had been Verna's closest playmate when they were little. Marjorie was to follow her sister into movies, playing a few roles. She also made a triumphant return to the old home town once, dressed to the hilt and dazzling the entire place. To my deep sorrow, Verna was too shy to try to renew the acquaintance. Marjorie didn't stick long with the movies, married a doctor and later wrote and published quite a good mystery novel. Priscilla is still alive and recently turned up on TV at some special event which brought together a few survivors from the Silents, but no one seemed able to remember exactly who she was, except me.

Holidays were great fun in those days, and they punctuated the year with special events. For Valentine's Day, you could buy kits for making valentines that had white paper lace and paste-on hearts and things like that from which one could manufacture elaborate confections to give away. May Day was also very special, for you made May baskets of tissue or crepe paper, very fancy and in pastel colors, filled them with popcorn and homemade candy and left them at the doors of friends, ringing the doorbell and screaming "May basket" and then running to hide while it was being picked up. For less than friends, you made snatch baskets, which were bricks or empty boxes, covered with tissue paper and attached to a long string. When your victim bent down to pick it up, you pulled the string, snatched it away and hooted with laughter. A few times, the school even organized dances around May poles, all of it a very far cry from Communist parades and shows of weapons. Those were innocent times.

Easter was another good day, coloring eggs at home and having Easter egg hunts around the house on Easter morning. The specialty of that day, however, was put on by the Prices. For Easter, they always made a nest of fine strips of green and white waxed paper which held eggs such as no one else ever saw or got. I don't know how they did it; but they took brightly colored cloth covered with floral patterns and sewed it very carefully around the eggs, stretching it to fit and then boiled them in some mixture that made the

dyes and patterns come off on the eggs. Verna never really quite forgave me for the fact that, while she was allowed to choose one to be hers, I bagged the rest of the lot. Halloween, which is today such a great day for children was nowhere nearly as important to us. There was no such custom as trick or treat in those days. We did always make a splendid jack o' lantern from a proper pumpkin; but there were no special treats; and the older style of tricks had dwindled down to soaping windows, mostly those of the down town stores. Since that was before the day of graffitti, the soaping was mainly just aimless scrawling with soap on the big windows, neither pictures, nor words, and most certainly not dirty words or even slogans.

At Christmas, I was always specially pampered by having a kind of second Christmas at the Prices after our own at home. Hanging from the chandelier in their parlor would be my big Christmas stocking made of net with little brass sleigh bells sewn all around the sides. It was filled with the lepkuchens they made and with marshmallows wrapped in red and green tissue paper, oranges and other goodies; and there were always books and toys for me. They gave me my first Oz book, and I still have my complete set of the original Oz books, which were great favorites of mine. Verna and I colored the illustrations in them with crayons, quarreling over which of us got to do which ones. However, the present I received from the Prices which made the biggest impression on me was early on, a little camel on wheels which they had set out on a big footstool covered deeply with pow-dered mica to represent a desert. I was so taken with that I insisted on sleeping with my camel until I had to admit the wheels were very uncomfortable in bed. The Prices had an extraordinary gift for getting and setting up highly imaginative presents.

The great feast days were Thanksgiving and Christmas, both with big turkeys, always with sage dressing, two kinds of potatoes, homemade pickled peaches, cranberry sauce, jellies and other condiments. For Thanksgiving, there were pumpkin and mince pies; for Christmas always homemade plum pudding with hard sauce. After that, there were homemade candies and mixed nuts with nutcrackers and picks at each place. Grandmother and Aunty Grace were usually with us for those holidays, since they lived in Adrian through much of my childhood. I'm sure there was more to eat than I remember, but I stick to the main things.

Those were golden days of home cooking. Mother put up jellies

and preserves every year: grape jelly, crabapple jelly, quince jelly, cherry preserves, pickled peaches, and a relish made with pears, walnuts and ginger known to us as "heavenly hash" for which we have now lost the recipe. We baked all of our own bread and there were always plenty of homemade cookies on hand, mainly oatmeal, molasses and sugar cookies with fat raisins on top. One of mother's specialties was fried cakes, a kind of sweet dough doughnut, deep fried and absolutely delicious with a crunchy exterior. Biscuits appeared frequently, as befitted a house with a Southern woman in it; but it was Grandmother who always made the lightest and best biscuits of anyone. Hazel was expert at various kinds of cakes, particulary angel food cake; and she was the only one who made divinity fudge; but Agnes was the supreme master of fudge cake, making the best I have ever had in my life. Her other cakes were also good, but that was a total splendor. My only culinary accomplishments were making ordinary fudge, popping corn and making quick fondant, but I had mastered those by an early age. Once in awhile, we would make taffy and have taffy pulls. For that, you made to butter your hands and keep them covered with flour to pull the taffy; and you had to pull it while it was hot, so there was a lot of anguished yelping to accompany it. It took a lot of pulling to make it right; and then it had to cool and set before it was ready for eating.

We were lucky that our cooks never seemed to have minded our making messes in the kitchen. The first one I remember was a formidable, Irish woman, named Rosie, fat with iron grey hair screwed back into a tight knot, whom I never liked. Her downfall came when my parents searched her room before she went home for a weekend and found her prepared to carry off sacks of flour, sugar, coffee and heaven knows what all. They had been having good reason to suspect that was going on for some time. She was replaced by Mrs. Hustler, a local black woman, memorable to me only for two things. One was that she called souffle, "shuffle", a term which became part of the family private language. The other was the occasion when she stopped me one morning when I was on my way from the sleeping porch to my room in the front part of the house to get fresh clothes. She playfully pulled my bathrobe open. I had on my BVDs properly enough, but I was shocked within an inch of my life at such obscene behavior.

Father eventually solved the servant problem when he brought Pallee and Sam up from Memphis to work for us; and they stayed with us until we moved to California, when they returned to Memphis.

They were a darling black couple, sweet-natured and loved by all of us. Pallee dipped snuff, which she had to send back to Memphis for, and she was often to be found with the toothpick sticking out of her lips. You dip snuff by putting a bit of cotton on a toothpick, moistening it and dipping it in the snuff and then holding it in the mouth against the gum. Pallee, as long as she lived in Adrian, was convinced the house was "hanted". On one Halloween, Verna got a skull mask, put it on and climbed a ladder to the window of their room to tap at the window. She got more than she bargained for when Pallee threw a pitcher of water over her. Sam was a fine, tall, strapping man. However, Verna discovered that he was terrified of the little frogs which could be found in the lakes, so she loved catching one and then chasing him with it. I expect she got a good deal of power gratification from that. Verna, when she was young, seems to have had a slightly mean streak in delighting in frightening people.

Life was not, however, all summers and holidays and trips. School occupied the bulk of it, and each weekday we were summoned to school by the ringing of the school bell in the tower. Verna always dawdled at home until the last minute and then had to run in order to be only slightly late, not really the best way to avoid notice. That wouldn't do for me, so I went by myself. Mornings in mid-Winter, we would be going to school as the sun was just appearing and coloring the clouds pink and sometimes almost lemon yellow above the bare branches of the elm trees and behind the church towers of the four churches which clustered at the corners of Broad and Maumee streets.

In spite of being a good student and enjoying that part of it, school did present problems for me. I became very near-sighted very young, so I had great trouble reading anything written on a blackboard unless I got up and went close to read it, which I didn't like to do too often. That made for great trouble in arithmetic tests, where I usually solved problems which I thought I saw, but which were not those on the board. My answers were correct for what I thought I saw; but, of course, the teachers only checked the answers, not the problems, so I came close to failing math. Today, teachers would alert parents when they noticed something like that, but not then, so I was thirteen before I got glasses. That also made most sports, particularly ball games, impossible for me. I couldn't see the ball coming, so I was hopeless at athletics of all kinds. That, combined with my high grades, was enough to make me scorned by most of the

other little boys. There is nothing unusual in that, but it is a very uncomfortable situation to live with. By the time I was thirteen, I felt myself to be a social leper and began clamoring to be allowed to go away to school, as the other children in my family had. My basic idea was that what I needed was a whole fresh start at life. This is not just looking back; I felt exactly that. I had all kinds of resolves about going out for athletics and doing a big remodelling job on myself, not realizing that I was going to be taking my same old self right along with me wherever I went.

## III

My separation from Adrian began when I was thirteen. From that time on, we began spending the winters in Southern California; and, as I had begged, I was put into a boarding school there, starting in January of 1926, Harvard Military School. Grandmother and Aunty Grace had preceded us to California, moving permanently to Santa Monica, so I was able to spend weekends with them when my family had not yet arrived, or after they had gone back home. I still spent summers in Adrian, but going away to school drove a wedge between me and my old friends there.

Harvard was, and still is, an excellent school. In spite of the military aspect, it placed its main emphasis on the scholastic side and made a point of having first class teachers. Founded in 1900, it was located on what had then been the edge of the city and very close to the choice residential section of Adams Street, though by 1926, it was already engulfed and the bloom was fading fast on the Adams district in favor of the newer Wilshire district and the rising Beverly Hills. Starting there in January was something of a disaster. Only four of us started at that time, which centered all too much interest - and hazing - on us. Moreover, I found their eighth grade was studying things I had never heard of. I had one month in which to catch up before the semester examinations were held. The eighth grade was divided into three sections by scholastic ability, and I was put in the bottom one. I worked harder than I knew I could and did so well that a month later I was transferred into the top group of the class. That put me behind all over again, and I had to continue to apply myself to catching up. The result of that was to instill good study habits in me from then on.

Settling into a boarding school was a good deal more difficult. We were up at six thirty and in bed at nine thirty; and I had to learn to make a taut bed with military corners, to clean my room, polish my shoes and brass, and to wax my floor once a week until it shone. Otherwise, we were grounded weekends. Perhaps a quarter of the student body were boarders then, and the rest were day students from the area. Since Harvard was the most fashionable and desirable boy's school in the area, it was attended by the sons of the leading families. Hazing was not serious there, but there is nothing very pleasant about having to bend over and hold your ankles while your butt is getting beaten with a broom. You can get a lot of swing with

a broom. I couldn't complain at home, because I had demanded this myself; so, though I was desperately homesick all of that term, I kept it to myself. One night, I had been being ragged by a couple of the older boys just before bedtime, which was not unusual. On that occasion, they left when taps was blown and I climbed unhappily into bed; but one of the boys slipped in and opened my windows for me which I had forgotten to do and wished me goodnight really pleasantly. I was so overwhelmed by that unanticipated note of kindness that I cried after he left, the only time I was to cry at Harvard.

That was the year that I experienced that sudden burst of growth that happens to boys. The platoons for drilling were organized by the height of the boys. When I entered, I was in Company D with the shortest students. By the next Fall, when I returned, I was up in Company A. I gangled and loped and sloped, suddenly all wrists and ankles and more of me than I was sure what to do with. Nothing fit for longer than a few weeks at a time, and I felt like a freak. Verna had left me with no illusions about my looks from early on. Her favorite taunt to use on me was "Albert has a big nose. Albert with the big nose." She had me so self-conscious about that feature that I never used the word nose until I was in my twenties, lest saying it might call more attention to mine. Fortunately, by the end of 1926, I had just about reached what was to be my full height, so all I had to do was to learn how to deal with that; but it meant that I was still somewhat insecure when we left on our big trip.

This was the long trip around the Pacific to which I have already referred. We left in mid-December and did not get back until early June of the next year, much too long a trip, but, typical of father, to the most exotic places. Of the immediate family, only Harold and Agnes were not along. They were expecting their first child while we would be away, and Thomas was duly born in February, 1927. I think part of the stimulus for that trip was the hope that it would rouse Hazel out of her depression with a change of pace, and it probably did help; but father didn't really need an excuse to travel. All of us were excited by the prospect; but, typically, I was the only one in the family to read up in advance about the places we were going to visit.

We sailed from Vancouver on the Aorangi for New Zealand, the ship on which, as I remarked earlier, we were such a social flop. We had Christmas on board and just did escape having Christmas twice because of crossing the International Date Line. There was a huge

Christmas tree in the main lounge, fully decorated and towering up into the mezzanine floor. The original intention had been for it to stay up through New Year's; but a lot of the passengers got out of hand on Christmas night and ruthlessly stripped and despoiled it to the fury of the Captain. I'm happy to say that it was the work of Aussies and New Zealanders, not of the few Americans on board. The dining room staged a spectacular Christmas dinner with choices of turkey, goose or suckling pig; and for dessert the lights were turned off as all of the waiters filed in carrying flaming plum puddings. We had boat stops en route in Honolulu and at Suve in the Fiji Islands, where we were astounded by the magnificently built, black, native men in their pure white loin cloths and their frizzy hair dyed with lime to fetching shades of ginger and strawberry pink.

New Zealand was beautiful countryside, which we did partially by train, but mostly by private car. The train trip was from Auckland to Rotarua, the Maori center, famous for its hot pools and small geysers, though that part was not much for us after Yellowstone. It struck us as being peculiarly British, when the train ground to a halt in mid-morning, out in the middle of nowhere, so the passengers could get off at a desolate way-station to buy their morning tea. The mountains were heavily forested and full of enormous tree ferns with bracken below and, scattered through the intense greens were rata trees, in full bloom at that time of year with brilliant red flowers. In the South Island, on several occasions we ran into enormous flocks of literally thousands of sheep being moved, holding us up once for over an hour as they moved across the road.

New Zealand did present a few difficulties. That was the era when the silent film star, Harold Lloyd, was at the peak of his popularity and his trademark was his large, horn-rimmed glasses. All of us were near-sighted and horn-rimmed glasses were fashionable in the States, so we all wore them; but they were not fashionable in New Zealand and they irresistibly suggested Harold Lloyd. It was very off-putting, when we arrived by boat at the South Island and were all lined up on deck watching our arrival, to have a whole dockful of people pointing at us and doubling up with laughter. We were even followed on the street by small boys screaming in gales of merriment.

My own worst moment came at dinner in the hotel in Christchurch. The menu featured a great number of various dishes made of lamb. I liked lamb and was interested and asked the waitress what one dish in particular was, since it was totally unfamiliar. I asked

twice and didn't catch or understand the answer either time, so I persevered and asked again. Father answered me that time and in tones the whole place could hear, "Sheep's balls." I went crimson with embarrassment and wished the floor could swallow me. At fourteen, I was not about to be able to cope with anything as awful as that in public!

From there, we went across to Sidney, Australia, where I had a marvelous time, since we had met the Gibsons from there on the Aorangi and they had asked us to look them up. They had three sons: Alan, a good deal older than me; Ralph, who was two years younger than myself; and Max, who was sixteen and hence just the right age for me to admire. The Gibsons had us to their home for dinner promptly; and, thereafter, I was allowed to go to visit them by streetcar by myself, so we went swimming together; and I was also allowed to invite Max into town to go to plays with me. I think we saw everything that was playing in Sidney. The Gibsons took all of us to see a Christmas Pantomime; and we returned the compliment by taking them to see "Rose Marie", the big American musical. However, only Max and I went to see the young Judith Anderson in a rather lurid drama, called "Cobra" and the play "White Cargo", which was a steamy study in the horrors of a white man going native in the South Seas under the influence of a native temptress, named Tondelayo. I'm astounded that we were permitted to go to those so casually; and it made a great impression on me, as did being allowed to stay up night after night until after eleven. That was really living!

Under the circumstances, I was understandably unhappy about leaving Sidney; but the trip from there to Surabaya, Java, was to be the best voyage of the entire trip. The S. S. Marella was smallish and was said to have been the Kaiser's private yacht before World War I, though I wouldn't want to vouch for that; but it was a pretty ship with a handsome, small swimming pool. Aside from two other couples, we were the only Americans on board, and it was on this part of the trip that I took myself in hand and bloomed socially. We had stops at Adelaide and Port Townshend and from there up into the Coral Sea.

It was while in the Coral Sea that we were caught in a severe hurricane and had to lie up in the lee of an island for three days to wait out the storm. Another ship, a freighter, limped into the same shelter, but only after having had all the cargo that had been lashed on its deck swept overboard. We were in no danger as long as we stayed put, but one attempt to leave had to be aborted and we had

to back up into safety again. The most interesting part of it was that birds of all kinds were constantly being blown off the island and would settle on deck too exhausted to move. You could literally pick them up, though we stopped doing that after a bird with a huge bill, a toucan I expect, nipped one man so hard his arm bled badly.

Once we did get out, we went on to Thursday Island and then to Darwin, a kind of frontier port in Northern Australia, where we had some cargo to let off. Darwin saw so little traffic that the stevedores staged what was called a "slow strike" in which it took four men to lift something that one could do easily and everything took forever to accomplish, the sole purpose being to keep us in port longer. There was an encampment of aborigenes living in huts on the edge of the town; and some of us were taken out there to see them dance a coraborree, which they put on happily for a small amount of pay. It was danced by the men only, who wore only a large bandanna tied around their loins and who kept time by slapping their buttocks and shuffling their feet, as one after another would leap out into the center and go through violent hunting and attacking movements. It was fascinating and they were still at it vigorously when we left. We were told that, once started, they were apt to keep at it the whole day, audience or no audience.

From there, we went on to Java and left the ship at Surabaya, bringing to an end my great love affair with the fair Eileen Minahan, a redhead with one blue eye and one brown one. The Marella saw a good many love affairs and courtships, and who could resist in tropic seas with a full moon. Eileen was sixteen and I had to vie for her attentions with the Third Engineer for much of the trip. Eileen and I did leave letters for each other in Singapore and Penang and corresponded for awhile, but I never saw her again. At the time, I was deeply smitten. An American girl on board, who was travelling to Bali with her aunt, proved so attractive to one of the young men on board that he abandoned the ship to accompany her to Bali; and an Australian girl, named Tommy, was courted both by the Radio Officer and a French pearl buyer. It was a trip made for romances.

The Marella also staged all of the activities normal for shipboard in those days: lots of deck games, bouillon in mid morning on deck, dancing in the evenings. In the tournaments, I managed to play hard enough to win second prize in Men's Doubles at deck quoits and third in Men's Doubles at deck tennis and even won the third prize for men in the Fancy Dress Ball. I went as a native of unspecified

variety in a borrowed sarong, greasepaint, and a wild wig made of raveiled rope sewn onto a stocking top and dyed in a combination of liquid black shoe polish and black ink, all of my own concoction. I misunderstood the directions for the greasepaint and applied it to myself liberally over a layer of cold cream, not realizing I was supposed to save the cold cream bit for getting it off. As a result, I had a thoroughly greasy look which the Aussies felt showed an unusual understanding of what natives were really like. By sheer mischance, I won my prize by appealing to their bigotry, not exactly what I had had in mind, not that I objected to winning my prize.

Java was beautiful and delightful, even in my lovelorn state. We had a car, courier and driver and motored from one end to Batavia, now Djakarta, at the other end. It was an exquisite island, very green with terraces of rice paddies mounting up the lower slopes of the mountains, often under water and mirroring the palms and mountains, worked in by the neatly clad and attractive natives. Richer natives travelled in little, black carriages drawn by small horses with silver bells attached, so the roads were filled with a delicate, chiming sound; and near hotels were almost always gamelon players, beating out their endless, winding rhythms.

The small hotes were charming, being made up of cottages, each of which had a large screened porch, a big bedroom and a bathroom, which had a waist-high, square container for water in one corner. You stood on slats, soaped up and then poured water from a dipper over yourself, inevitably watched closely by small, green lizards who lived in the walls. Mother was somewhat uncertain about that but managed all right. We were also lucky enough to have ryst tafel several times, the great native dish which began with a soup plate of rice on which one placed bits and pieces of well over forty, different dishes offered and brought in by a whole line of waiters with trays loaded with various curries, fish, chutneys, cocoanut, ground peanuts, bananas, heaven only knows what all. I've never seen anything as elaborate before or since; and the ryst tafels one gets today in Amsterdam are only the palest ghost of what we had then in Java.

It was also in Java that father and I began our long battle over the movie camera. Father had purchased one of the first home movie cameras to take on that trip, a Bell and Howell, and a really heavy one. He had an unshakeable theory that you used still cameras for things that stood still and a movie camera only for things that moved. I had to carry the movie camera, so I often took the pictures,

though he took hundreds of feet of people coming down gangplanks, all of them waving their hands at the camera. He also rushed to get the camera to take pictures of ships we passed at sea. Since those were usually on the horizon, no matter how exciting it may have been at the time, it left us with an unenviable amount of footage of grey seas at which you looked in vain to try to find some reason for the pictures. However, he did get some good pictures of the coraborree at Darwin.

It was in Java that, for the first time, we came to buildings in which I had a passionate interest, the old Javanese temples at Prambanan and Borobudur, about which I had read up carefully in advance. I, of course, wanted to record them with their famous sculptures with the movie camera; but, since they neither danced nor waved their hands, I was forbidden to do so. I went into a state of sullen outrage at Borobudur, where father took the camera from me to photograph a party of total strangers filing past the camera and waving their hands. That was to be a long and, on my part, extremely bitter battle until finally in India I won and was allowed to photograph buildings like the Taj Mahal and the deserted palaces at Fatehpur Sikri. Some of our best footage and that which we preserved and showed most often was what I took there.

In all, we took over three thousand feet of film on that trip. After we got home, Verna eventually edited it several times, cutting out much of the footage father had taken and, in the long run, cutting it too drastically. She ruthlessly discarded, for instance, all pictures of my Australian friend, Maxg and those of other friends we met, in short, anything that did not interest her. By now, one would even welcome some of those gangplank scenes, if only to look at the clothes being worn then. The last time I saw them, they had darkened very much and the parts were beginning to come unstuck, so they were fairly ruinous; but the remains must still be somewhere around the house.

From Java, we went to Singapore, where we stayed in the famous old Raffles Hotel on the sea front, where Verna and I innocently created a traffic jam one afternoon. We had bought some candy which looked good, but which proved to have very odd flavors that neither of us liked. We were sitting up on a third floor veranda; and, as we tasted and disapproved, we casually tossed them over the railing. Eventually, noise from below attracted our attention enough to go to the railing and look down, only to find the street crowded with

children and rickshaw boys eagerly waiting for more candies. We were only too happy to dump the lot on them and then run for cover. At Penang, we went to see the Snake Temple, which turned out to be all too full of snakes, looped quite freely on the beams overhead and around the columns, as well as tiny ones twined into what looked like candelabra in front of the altar. The inside was pitch black at first after entering from the bright sunlight, so you only slowly began to realize what you had walked into. I've never liked snakes, so, as I was shuffling very cautiously around inside, I froze in pure panic when my foot touched something that moved. It turned out to be only a small mat on the floor, but I retreated straight back out to the sunlight as soon as I could move.

In Rangoon, the famous sight is the Schwe Dagon Temple, an enormous, bell-shaped spire entirely covered with gold leaf and with whole nests of elaborate shrines huddled around the base of the spire. Unfortunately, once mother learned we would have to take our shoes off to go see it, that ended that. We got distant views, but nothing more. I was again balked of seeing something I desperately wanted to see and had read all about. That trip was destined to be full of frustrations for me. It is, perhaps, worth recording that, on one of the ships we took in that area, the name of Hoxie proved too curious for the passenger list, and we appeared on it as the Ho Kse family! Another of those boat trips was enlivened by the ship loading a small circus on board, including a very mischevious baby elephant, who stole anything loose from the third-class passengers settled on the deck, creating wails and outrage - and a good deal of laughter, too.

We spent our longest time in India, travelling by train mostly, though using cars locally; and we did it in style with a British courier, Mr. Morton, and two native servants, a bearer for the men and an ayah for the women. Mr. Morton was a thoroughly hateful man, retired from the British Civil Service at fifty-one; and he gave me a very clear picture of why the English should be hated in India. He couldn't even get himself dressed in the morning without the help of our bearer; and, though he was very near-sighted, all he would use was a monocle. Whenever he had to pay the native porters who carried our mounds of luggage at the railway stations, he always threw the coins contemptuously in the dirt at their feet. His two main topics of conversation were tales of the unsavory lives of native Maharajahs and stories of the exorbitant tips given by Ameri-

cans to their couriers.

He was also ruthless in getting father to buy only the most expensive wines with dinners. We had been enjoying wines regularly on the trip, my first exposure to that pleasure; and the whole family had developed a liking for the sparkling hocks. Those were not good enough for Mr. Morton, who insisted on good French champagnes. My first experience with getting tiddley turned out to be from champagne, thanks to Mr. Morton. In India, father also decided that all of us must take quinine and a shot of brandy when we went to bed, as a precaution against fever. The brandy was a real jolt to me and I instantly fired the whole mouthful right back and all over father. From then on, it was decided the quinine would be enough to protect me.

Calcutta was our first stop and we went into instant culture shock, primarily from the terrible poverty and the masses of beggars who clustered at the hotel doors. Mostly, I remember the dozens of women carrying undernourished, sick babies and whining for help, and being confronted with the realization that there was no way you could begin to give anything to most of them. It set up a kind of permanent feeling of guilt. The other shocker was the omnipresence of the cows wandering through the main streets and often settling casually on the streetcar tracks, where they could halt traffic for blocks and no one would touch them. They also invaded the sidewalks and blocked entrances into stores. India was clearly going to be something very different.

From Calcutta, we went up to Darjeeling, the last part by a tiny railway where the engine was no taller than we were and the entire thing looked like a large toy. Darjeeling did not reveal the mighty Himalayas to us until late in the last day we were there when, suddenly, the clouds lifted; and there were the mountains, higher than anything in one's wildest imagination, snow-covered and turning rosy in the late light, incredible, impossible and unforgettable.

While there, we were invited to visit some people we had met on one of the boats, who owned a Tea Station in the hills near there. They sent a boy to run and bring us the invitation, a run of over five miles up the mountainside. Mother gave him a tip which amounted to not much more than fifty cents. He was overwhelmed and had to beg her through an interpreter to give him a chit saying she had given him that huge amount, so he would not be accused of stealing. We went to the Station, some riding ponies, the rest carried in dandies, which are a small, coffin-shaped seat with one pole in front and two

in back, all carried on the shoulders of three men who run with it, a very jouncing and uncomfortable mode of travel. I went down in one, but back up by pony. By then, we had already experienced travel by sedan chair at one point in Java, by rickshaws with one runner in various places and, in hilly Darjeeling, by rickshaws with three runners, two to hold it back while going down the steep hills there.

After Darjeeling, we went on to Benares, Cawnpore, Agra and Delhi. It was beginning to get quite warm by then, and everyone except me was getting tired of travelling. Father was beginning to matter about "too many God damn tombs and temples". The Taj Mahal was all right, because everyone had heard of that; but, when we went through the palaces in the Fort at Delhi, we missed seeing the Pearl Mosque there, which was considered perhaps the most beautiful in all of India. I, of course, knew about it; and, when no one else was interested, I begged them to wait for just ten minutes to let me dash through the doorway to the court where it stood so I could see it. Not at all, I was dragged away and was not to see it until almost fifty years later. Father was more interested in aspects of the life of the people: markets, craftsmen, manufactures, methods of locomotion, that general type of thing. We visited a rug factory in Delhi, where the weaving was done by children; and father ordered a rug there to be made for our dining room at home, and the owner of the factory invited us to tea in return. The tea was spectacular, featuring a huge variety of things to eat with it, beginning with better than twenty varieties of sweetmeats and that followed by an equal number of spiced or curried dishes, just the opposite order from what we would have expected.

Mother and Hazel weren't feeling too well about then, so it was decided to cut out a few things from our itinerary and to go up into the mountains for a few days just to rest. Mr. Morton talked us into going to Kasauli, a small village not too far from Simla, where he lived and could put us up in his large, rambling house. He needed a big one. He had eight children by his second wife, having also had three by his first wife, but those, at least, were grown and long gone. Though utterly impoverished by his meager pension, as he pointed out repeatedly, he was still able to maintain that house and family with at least five servants. Kasauli was dull, but the cool weather revived flagging spirits; and we went on to visit the native states of Jaipur and Udaipur.

Those were a success. At Jaipur, we stayed in a lovely, small

hotel owned by the Maharajah. The rooms opened out onto a broad, arcaded terrace; and, at night, we ate in an open court by the light of the moon and from a hanging lamp of pierced brass over the table, which was almost solidly covered with jasmine flowers, and throughout dinner a native violinist played softly under the arcades. Purest romanticism, and we loved it. All of the buildings in the inner city were painted a rose pink and it was the month of marriages, so we saw several gorgeously costumed wedding processions going through the rosy streets. It was at that hotel, on the paved terrace that we saw the famous mango trick performed by a native magician. He made a small tent of sticks with a cloth draped around them. Then he took a tin can, filled with earth, planted a mango seed in it, watered it and put it inside the tent. He entertained us for several minutes with other tricks and then drew the can out. It had sprouted a small mango, so he watered it again and put it back inside and then did more tricks. When he drew it out the second time, it had grown a good deal larger, so it got more water and was returned. After still more tricks, he brought it out the third time and by then it had increased to a small bush considerably larger than the can it was planted in, green and flourishing. It was a real mango. We could handle the leaves and so on. How it was managed I haven't the faintest idea.

That kind of thing picked up the sightseeing spirits of the family, as did seeing various kinds of sacred animals and birds, peacocks being a specialty at Jaipur, where they roamed wild, settling on the rose pink walls and screaming bloody murder. Verna was interested in the animals and birds, while father enjoyed holding forth in good-natured contempt on the folly of feeding animals and letting their people starve. We visited the ruined palaces at Amber on elephants, still one more method of locomotion. One of the elephants relieved itself on the road up to Amber, and two native women came rushing out to gather up the steaming mess instantly. That, also, gave father subject for disquisitions on the inferiority of foreign ways and ideas, which put him in a good humor. Father had some genuine interest in foreign customs, but mainly as a point for invidious comparisons.

Udaipur, with its lakes and island palaces of white marble, was exquisite and romantic and again a success; and from there we went on to Bombay. At Bombay, we visited the caves at Elephanta,

which are dedicated to Shiva and full of magnificent, early carvings. I was so taken up with those that I drifted away from the rest of the party who were being taken around by the guide and returned to them to find all of them giggling and twittering over something, so I asked what that was about. Again, I did not catch the answer, so I repeated my question. It seemed to have something to do with a big kind of truncated column, but lingam was not a word that meant anything to me, so I just had to ask one more time. I do not learn fast. Father answered me. "It's a prick and women sit on it and rub around to get a child." So I knew and wished I could vanish. India is not exactly easy on prigs or easily embarrassed adolescants.

We crossed the sub-continent to Madras and had originally been scheduled to visit places like Madura and Trichinopoly, but the plans were altered in favor of going straight on to Ceylon. I pointed out at great length that the temples of Southern India were totally different from anything we had seen, but father had more than had his fill of any temples, and I got no support from anyone else. We went straight to Ceylon, which was pretty enough, but not very exciting to my view.

All of our original reservations had been thrown off by the extra days lost in the hurricane and the slow strike in Darwin, so father had had to cable ahead for different reservations. That caught us up in a surprising comedy scene when we left Ceylon, sailing on a French liner, the D'Artagnon, for Hongkong. Father had cabled ahead for passage for Mr. and Mrs. Hoxie and three children, which had been duly translated into "trois enfants". When we went on board, we found a darling nursery fixed up for Hazel, Verna and myself with three cribs! Hazel was then thirty, Verna twenty-four, and I had just turned fifteen. It did require some rapid changes of quarters and father did not find anything funny in it. "Stupid, damn French!"

Those were the posh days of travel at sea, when you traveled with at least one trunk per person plus suitcases and so forth. In first class, you dressed for dinner every night; and each day had its rituals from morning bouillon on deck throughout the day. For the first time, on graduating to fifteen in Ceylon, I had had some white mess jackets made up to wear to dinners, instead of just my dark suit, so I was happy with my new elegance. However, the French had customs we had not met before on the English Lines. On the D'Artagnon, men went down to breakfast in special lounging pajamas and the ladies in

elaborate negligee, costumes then worn on deck until ten and time for bouillon. We found that very French indeed. We had a waiter who spoke English for our regular table at lunch and dinner, which was fortunate since none of us knew any French at all. However, at breakfast, there were no assigned tables. For almost three weeks on that ship, my breakfast consisted of an orange, ham and chocolate. That was all I knew and there was no way I could try to pronounce "oeufs". I did get pretty sick of that breakfast.

I was to have one more, and the worst of all, bouts of frustration, when our ship spent four days in harbor at Saigon, then a dull, dusty, provincial capital. Most of the passengers took that opportunity to go up country to see Angkor, which I was passionately eager to see. Not my family. They had never heard of it and were sick of anything like that. I begged to be allowed to go along with the other passengers, but it was no go. Instead, we melted on a hot boat in a steamy river for those four days; and I don't think I have really forgiven that to this day. From there, it was a transfer at Hongkong to a British ship, the Empress of Asia, and back to Vancouver with stops at Shanghai, Nagasaki and Yokohama. The trip was finally over; and to us it was always to remain "the trip".

It was the last of the great family trips together. The loot from it remains omnipresent in the house, because we bought souvenirs as though there were no tomorrow, some of it very good, some not. There are batiks from Java, carved ivories and brass tables from India, Verna's and my Tibetan costumes from Darjeeling, Hazel's beautiful sari from Bombay, the beautiful, embroidered, Spanish-type shawls from Shanghai, along with the mandarin coats, my odd collection of weapons from Java and India, jade beads, and father's semi-precious stones, now mostly lost or stolen or given away. You can hardly open a drawer in the house without finding something from that trip: a lacquer or sandalwood box, a fan of water buffalo hide pierced and painted, an inlaid cigarette case. It was to cure me of buying souvenirs for the rest of my life.

From Vancouver, I had to rush back to L$_o$s Angeles where, in the last two weeks of school, I was able to do enough work to pass the exams in two subjects and then made up my lost work in the other two, Latin and American History, in six weeks of Summer School. It meant that I was going to have to work very hard on my studies the next year to make up for that kind of crash work. That worked out all right. I abandoned my original idea of developing a new me and

concentrated on what I was good at and enjoyed: my studies and reading. I was the top scholar in my class and, to my pleasure, found that brought me some respect from my peers. I was not one of the most popular boys, nor was I admired as much as the good athletes; but I was accepted on my terms and made good friends and was a great deal happier. By that time, I really was a seasoned traveller; and, from that time on, I went back and forth between Adrian and California by myself, spending my weekends from school with Grandmother and Aunty Grace until my family arrived for the winters. I was also paying for my train fares out of my income from the stock father had given me, and I enjoyed the feeling of being on my own. One summer on my way back to Adrian, one of my classmates from Chicago and I stopped off to visit the Grand Canyon and to go down into it by mule back to stay overnight there at the Phantom Ranch. National Parks were so uncrowded still that we were the only two going down with the Ranger, a far cry from the situation today.

The summer I was sixteen, mother and my sisters stayed on in California after my school was out, because Hazel was again having a bad spell and was in a sanatorium, so I went on home to stay with father. There, I quickly became restless, having grown too far apart from my old friends there, so I decided to go off on a trip by myself. My original plan had been to go see Niagara Falls. I had seen it a number of years before and had been very disappointed in it, finding the Falls not nearly as high as I had imagined; but I decided that second views were a good idea and first impressions not always to be trusted. I broached the idea to father. He was not only perfectly willing to let me go, but suggested a much larger trip for me. It was his idea for me to go to Detroit and take the lake steamer there for an overnight trip to Buffalo and out to Niagara, from there by train to Albany and then by day steamer down the Hudson to New York and a stay in New York City. Needless to say, I was only too delighted to do all of that.

I had a marvelous time and, in fact, was right about taking a second look. That time I found Niagara Falls very impressive and beautiful. The trip down the Hudson was splendid and New York City very exciting. I stayed at the old Astor Hotel on Times Square, at that time still one of the great hotels, and the Square was then fashionable, not junky as it is today. I went sight-seeing avidly and to the theaters every evening. A friend from Adrian, a girl of near Verna's age, in fact, the girl whose mother had made her wear

the corset under her bathing suit, was in New York that summer, going to an art school, so I took her to dinner and the theater several times to our mutual pleasure. I had my own money and lived it up in style.

I went out to see the Statue of Liberty and climbed up into the head and went to the top of the Woolworth Building, then the tallest building in the world. That scared me half to death. I still had a fear of heights and had not anticipated that I would step out of the last, little elevator there onto an open platform and none too wide a one. By the time I had realized where I was, the elevator had gone back down, so I huddled beside it in panic till it returned. I also prowled the Bowery, then quite safe as well as being wonderfully picturesque with all of its barrows and foreign enclaves, and had lunch properly at Fraunces Tavern, where George Washington had said farewell to his troops. I visited the noteworthy churches and, of course, went to the Metropolitan Museum to see Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" as father had suggested.

The Metropolitan also gave me another and even more memorable experience in the American Wing. There, a guard of around sixty took me around a room, pointing out various things to me and working me back under a staircase, where he suddenly began slavering at me that no one would see us and trying to pull my pants open. For one horrified moment, I was frozen in pure shock and terror; but then I fled through the halls of the Metropolitan as though I'd been fired from a cannon, eventually grinding to a halt in the painting collection, where I came close to being sick in front of "St. Joan Listening to Her Saints." I was much too innocent on such matters to have any real idea of what he had in mind, except that it was dirty and horrible; and I found the whole experience much too upsetting to be able to mention it to anyone until many years later. Eventually, I was to get some wry amusement from the fact that my sisters were never allowed to go out alone and yet were not apt to come closer to being raped than I had been. Indeed, I got two other passes from men on that trip, though I didn't recognize one of them for what it had been until much later. I must have looked a dewy, young innocent, indeed, at sixteen; but I was good at a fast sprint.

In spite of all that, I had enjoyed New York so much that I wanted to go back the next summer and did, though that time Hazel and Verna went along with me. We also visited Philadelphia en route, where they took a sightseeing bus trip around the city while, typic-

ally, I walked to the things I wanted to see. We saw a lot of shows in New York, though I went to more than they did, in particular, going to every musical I could get into, among them the original edition of "Show Boat" which was the real prize of that summer. I could rely on Los Angeles for the major plays, because almost all of them came to Los Angeles then and usually with the New York cast. In the 1920s, Los Angeles enjoyed far more theater than it was to have after the Depression hit and made it too expensive for plays to travel as they had before. There were at least ten legitimate theaters running full time in Los Angeles and another three in the Hollywood area. We had a yearly season of Shakespeare, put on by the Stratford Company from England, and a yearly visit from the D'Oyley Carte Company doing Gilbert and Sullivan, both of which I attended regularly. The idea that Los Angeles was a poor theater town was a product of the Thirties in part, and in part malicious propoganda from San Francisco.

Father retired in the Spring of 1929, selling out his interest in the Peerless Company; and that summer he and mother went out to California to buy a new home, having already agreed to move to Southern California when father retired. The first idea had been to build in Pasadena, which still maintained its social preeminence in those days, and father had already gone so far as to buy two lots there for that purpose. However, now they changed their minds and looked in Beverly Hills, for which I have always been grateful. My sisters and I were all anxiety over what they might do and how we would like it. In due time, they returned, having bought the house at 916 N. Roxbury Drive for 83,000 dollars and arranging to move out in October. They brought back a parcel of pictures of it, inside as well as out. We had driven through Beverly Hills a number of times and admired the variety of architectural styles which flourished there. My own heart had been set on either an English half-timbered house or an Ante-bellum, Southern mansion; but 916 was in the Mediterranean style. I was not taken with the pictures of the exterior, but decided the interior might do. Ironically enough, 916 was to turn out to be located between a half-timbered house and a Southern mansion, and I have come to prefer our house very much to either of those.

I was the next in the family to see it, when I came out to go to school. I phoned and went out on a Saturday, and was taken through it by one of the daughters of the Consignys who had built it in 1925.

They had also built the house next door, the one later lived in by Jimmy Stewart, but they had built that one to sell and ours for them to live in. Mrs. Consigny had social pretensions and had added on to the kitchen wing in 1927, putting in the cook's room and bath downstairs and the servant's room above, plus the very nice wine cellar in an additional basement. They had three live-in servants then: a cook, a maid and a chaffeur who had his own room and bath in the garage. I found the house large and somewhat bewildering on that first visit, but very handsome and more satisfying than I had anticipated.

The Consignys sold because they were in trouble and about to be in worse. Shortly after they moved out, Mr. Consigny was arrested for embezzling and committed suicide in his jail cell. I have always expected that his wife's pretensions and demands were what lay behind that. Her main moan at the time was that it had to happen just when her eldest daughter was up for admittance to the Junior League, not a nice woman. None the less, she managed to marry all of her three dauuhters off very well. In spite of the fact, that we had now moved, I continued on at Harvard School as a boarder, seeing my new home only on weekends.

Harvard attracted the sons of the wealthy, but it didn't pamper them. We drilled for forty-five minutes a day, starting at noon; and, in the inevitable heat waves of September and October, that was sheer hell. We wore hot, woolen uniforms and the drill ground was hard-baked earth from which the heat rose visibly in shimmering waves. On the worst days, we would be given lectures out on the drill field; but those were always lectures on First Aid, delivered by Sgt. Kunkel, one of the three Army men at the school, and Kunkel loved to give us vivid lectures on how to apply a tourniquet when a leg had been cut off and was pumping bright, arterial blood. Without fail, those lectures were punctuated by boys leaning over to place their rifles carefully on the ground before keeling on top of them in a dead faint. The boys would be dragged off to lie in the shade of the pepper tree beside the school infirmary, we would be marched briskly for a few minutes and then back to the blood and next fainter. Kunkel took a sardonic amusement from the entire bit.

The school was sternly Episcopalian; and, in my day, the Headmaster, Gooden, was also the Suffragen Bishop of Los Angeles. Known to us as "cueball" from his baldness, Bishop Gooden was an excellent Headmaster, but he did have a temper which surfaced at times, most

often over something regarding the church. All boarders had to go to service in the Chapel each night before dinner; and, at one time, Bishop Gooden began complaining that some one of us ~~was~~ were saying "Amen" in the wrong tone of voice and began getting increasingly testy about it. All of us began listening intently to try to find out what he was complaining about, but none of us could figure that one out. Later, we would even try out saying Amen in various ways to see if we could find which he might find offensive, but none of us ever found any solution that way either. However, the evening came, when he wheeled around in Chapel to face us, his face almost purple with fury, and screamed at us "May God strike the person dead who said that!" You could have heard a pin drop. I think all of us were scared out of our wits and, for a moment, half expected the roof to blast asunder with holy lightnings, none of us at all certain that he might not be the unwitting offender, since none of us was sure of how the offense sounded. Gooden did recover himself and continued the service, but I never felt quite the same about him after that.

I'm sure that all boy's schools would try the patience of a saint, however; and Harvard was no exception. Though it was strictly forbidden, boarders would sneak off the grounds nights after lights out, a practice known as "ditching out". In my last two years at Harvard, but increasing in the last year, boarders took to ditching out, stealing cars, known as "borrowing", and driving around town in it shooting out street lights with the school rifles. They also soon took to breaking in the back of stores and stealing crates of Coca Cola and boxes of doughnuts and bringing them back to the school as treats. On all too many Sunday mornings at the chapel service, when the Seniors knelt for prayers in their back row, you could hear the gentle glugging of stolen Cokes, smuggled into chapel. Thank heaven, Bishop Gooden never knew about that.

The thieving pattern reached its climax late in my Senior Year, when a number of the Seniors began getting cars as early Graduation presents, and that gave them the idea of outfitting them with spotlights, then popular, and all kinds of special car equipment which they stole nights ditching out. They were relentless thieves, even taking wheels off cars, blankets out of them and once a matched set of golf clubs. The loot was hidden all over the school, too much of it not to be discovered finally. There was a general search and that involved such large numbers of the student body that poor Gooden had to make a special deal with the police, turning over the loot in

return for their leaving punishments up to him instead of formal prosecutions. I am reminded of that every time I read despairing articles on how much worse young people are today; and my amusement is rendered all the wryer by the fact that some of my fellow students are now among the pillars of righteousness in Los Angeles and loud in their condemnations of the current young. How easy and convenient it is to forget.

In my Junior year, there was a small outbreak of pilfering of money from a few rooms, mine included; and a couple of us raised something of a stink over that. The student Council went to work on the problem and eventually accused a boy, who was one of my closest friends and a good friend to the other complainer. We were both appalled and instantly sorry we hadn't kept our mouths shut, but by then it had gone too far to stop. Bishop Gooden eventually resolved it by calling us into his office and explaining that there was no proof of anything but that Ernest's father had offered to repay the money we had lost. If we thought Ernest the thief, we should take it and that would end the matter. If we believed he was not the thief, we should state that, and it would also end the case. It was a very neat solution, because both of us instantly declared our belief in Ernest's innocence. In all honesty, I have always had my doubts. Ernest didn't need the money, but he was a bright boy who liked to do dangerous things; and the concept of trying to get away with thefts just for the thrill of it was quite conceivable. Gooden's solution got the school out of a predicament without really satisfying anyone.

There was only one sex scandal in my four and a half years there, which seems almost miraculous to me from this vantage point in time. That came when one of the instructors, oddly enough a married man who taught shop, or "Sloyd" as it was then called, made a pass at one of the boys, who was outraged and blatted it out to the entire school. A large number of the students raided the instructor and chased him off the school grounds. It was the end of his job, of course; and, when he had to return to gather his belongings, he brought his wife along for protection. It left a couple of the younger students who had been seen with him under suspicion, which was unpleasant for them for awhile; but then it was forgotten. We never had anything approaching the stories of what goes on in the English Public Schools. A few times, someone would sneak girls onto campus; but they just poked into our rooms and giggled and nothing happened. True, we were all of an age to be intensely interested

in girls, but girls were not as easily come by as they have become in more recent days. I never knew one of my schoolmates there who had managed to get any further than some furtive fumblings. When I talk of the comparative innocence of those days, I mean just that.

However, the main concern at Harvard was the academic side, and that was where I showed me. They had superb teachers there, to a few of whom I will be eternally grateful. For instance, I had two years of Spanish, four of Latin and three of Greek in High School. It is true that in the last two years of Greek I was the only student, but it also meant that I read an astonishing amount of Greek in those three years: not just Homer and Xenophon, but also Aeschylus, Plato and the New Testament. I took that from Mr. Winans, who was a genuinely dedicated teacher. He took a deep personal interest in his best students and kept in touch with them as long as he lived. If you didn't phone him, he was sure to be on the phone to you at least once a year just to see how you were doing. At the Memorial Service for him after his death, ex-students showed up from every period of his life, all of us almost as devoted to him as he had been to us. He was a wonderful human being and a model for what a teacher could be at the best.

Another of the great teachers for me was Miss Jane Badenhausen, the only woman teaching there at that time. She taught us English and encouraged me in my interest in writing. In my Senior Year, she got me enrolled in a University Extension course, taught one evening a week down town, which dealt with Modern American poetry and tried to teach us to write poetry. I worked at that diligently and the next year a poem of mine was published in the Anthology of Southern California Verse, and several others appeared in the School Annual. None the less, I was a terrible poet and even had a sneaking hunch that was true at the time. Much more important was the fact that Miss Badenhausen took an essay I had written and quietly sent it off to the Atlantic Monthly Essay Contest for High School Students. She said absolutely nothing to me about that until she received the news that I had won the First Prize in it, the first time it had ever been won by anyone outside of the Ivy League Prep Schools of the Eastern Seaboard. It was duly published in the Atlantic Monthly and I was enormously thrilled and excited by that. She and the school authorities were almost as delighted as I was over it.

She also took me to the Wilshire Ebell Theater to hear a reading by Edna St. Vincent Millay, then at the peak of her fame. Miss

Millay began her reading twenty minutes late, sweeping out onto the stage in a long, mustard-colored gown and took charge of the restless audience instantly. She had a very firm stage presence and, after reading a couple of short poems, electrified all of us by stopping and bawling out to the wings for the electricians to turn up the lights in the auditorium, that she couldn't read to any audience she couldn't see; and she waited implacably until they had done it to her satisfaction. Then she read like an angel. It was a great experience. Miss Badenhausen gave me a volume of Millay poems as a graduation present and I still cherish it.

I was our class Valedictorian. We were supposed, the Salutatorian and I, to write out our speeches, have them approved and then memorize them. I wrote mine out willingly enough; but, when we had our practice run through, I delivered a rather variant version of my speech, not having memorized it. I received strong suggestions that I memorize it; but I never did. When the day arrived, my audience got still a third variation on the theme. I think of that now, because I remain to this day opposed to giving memorized lectures. It went down all right, and I was ready to enter a new stage in my life. I, like so many of my classmates was given a car as my graduation present, in my case a bright yellow and black Ford, Model A, convertible which I loved passionately. I was already accepted at Stanford, to which, by tradition, the top scholars from Harvard School went regularly. I was also given due warnings that, though I might think myself smarter than all giddy hell at Harvard, I was going to find the competition at a great university a lot more demanding. I accepted that and was ready to be challenged.

## IV

Stanford in that Freshman year turned out to be less challenging than I had anticipated. A good many of the courses I had to take repeated work I had already done at Harvard or were not very advanced beyond that point. However, two courses really did shake me up. I continued my work in the Classics in which I had already had so thorough a foundation; but Stanford was not really ready for anyone who had had three years of Greek in High School. As a result, I was put straight into a Graduate Seminar in Greek in my entering quarter, and I was not at all ready for that. We read Aristotle's "Poetics", translating fifty pages a week as well as discussing the philosophy in it. I almost sank under that. Try as hard as I would, I don't think I ever got much beyond thirty-five pages a week done. Ironically enough, though I continued to study Greek, that first quarter was to be the most difficult Greek I was ever to study there.

The other course was to remain important to me for the rest of my life. Yvor Winters was a notable literary critic and a poet, one of the editors of the small, but prestigious literary journal, "Hound and Horn"; and he offered a course in Sophomore Composition for freshmen who were interested in writing as a career. You had to submit examples of your work to him in order to be accepted into the course. After my winning the Atlantic Essay Contest, I had no doubts about writing being my chosen career and no doubts about my own ability at it, so I was deeply interested in that course. About twenty-five of us were accepted; and Winters played fair. He explained that we would not be penalized for being in a carefully selected group, but that he would grade our work against the standards of normal classes, but would also give us A1s and A2 for exceptional quality. That was to turn out to be some class! Winters was a brilliant and absolutely ruthless teacher, who didn't let any of us get away with anything. I was in an instant state of shock when my papers started being returned slashed with red pencilling and in the margins again and again "Trite. Trite. Trite." He was perfectly correct, but it was a very abrasive comeuppance, nor was I alone. In almost every meeting of that class, one student or another dissolved into tears.

I didn't weep, but my conceit certainly did suffer; and I was not at the top of that class by a long shot. There were some real writers in it; and, in fact, three works written for that class by

students were published. I learned to do rewrites and to agonize over every word, trying desperately for one of those A2s. My most crushing blow came when I turned in a short story which I had worked over for three weeks. It was returned with an A1 and the comment at the top that I might try sending it in to Harper's for publication, but that he feared he could do nothing for me. I didn't even consider sending it anywhere after that; and, for the first time, my faith in my ability to write was severely shaken. That course lasted for two quarters; and, however distressed I might be, I knew that I was learning far more than I had ever conceived and that Winters was really cleaning up my writing style, which had been extremely elaborate and on the turgid side. Winters believed in a spare style; and, while I remained unwilling to abandon my complications, I was forced to admit that my phrases were too often hackneyed and lacked accurate vision.

It was, perhaps, ironic that I had also written, on the side, a special essay in American History to submit to a contest for a special prize, offered to undergraduates. I did not win the prize; but I did receive a letter telling me that mine was one of three essays singled out for literary excellence or excellence in research and asking me to go and see one of the judges to discuss it and to get my paper back. I didn't even go to pick it up. I had no time for being a runner up. I had high standards for myself, and I was clearly failing to meet them.

I made very good grades, but I was not really satisfied with that year at Stanford. Just at the end of the year, I was electrified to learn that an acquaintance of mine there, Bill Leslie, was going off to spend the next year in Germany, which sounded really exciting. I talked him into driving home with me when school was out; and, there, I asked my parents to let me go off to Europe for the next year instead of returning to Stanford. I promised to do it on the same amount of money Stanford had cost, five hundred dollars a quarter, fifteen hundred for the year. The idea was for me to take that time to try my hand at serious writing and to get experience. To my surprised delight, they agreed to it.

Fifteen hundred had been more than ample for Stanford, but I was aware that I was going to have to skrimp to make it last me a year in England; and my private income from stock had disappeared with the stock market crash. Bill Leslie and I shopped around

and managed to book passage to Bremen on a German freighter which carried fifty passengers, sailing from Los Angeles late in June and going through the Panama Canal. The ship was filled; but we were lucky in being given a cabin on the bridge, though we were travelling third class to save money. It was, as a whole, a dull and hateful voyage. I thoroughly disliked all of the German officers and crew and most of the other passengers, as well as the food. To this day, the idea of cold fruit soup makes me shudder. Cold apple soup was like watered apple juice and cold blueberry soup was equally thin with bits of tapioca floating in it unattractively. Out of twenty-eight days, it rained for some or all of twenty-six of them. It was a far cry from my prior voyages on ships and a very good thing I had taken along plenty to read. Bill Leslie amused me by whiling away his time in writing elaborate letters home, describing our arrival in Bremen, sight-seeing there and continuing on to Berlin, culling information from a guide-book and a good imagination.

Unexpectedly, we put into Southampton to let off some cargo because there was trouble in Germany. That was July of 1931. I was so fed up with the Germans on the ship that I got off at Southampton and never did get to Germany that year. We arrived in mid-morning on a Saturday and, by the time I had cleared Immigration and Customs, it was past noon. I went to the American Express to change money, get advice about where to stay in London, and to arrange to have my trunk and big suitcase shipped to London. They were very helpful; but, being past noon, nothing could be done about my heavy luggage until Monday morning. I told them where it was, arranged for them to send it up to Waterloo Station in London to be held for me, and went off blithely, leaving it on the public docks, not even locked. My faith in human nature was boundless - and justified. In due time, all of it arrived at Waterloo perfectly intact.

American Express had suggested that I go to the old Imperial Hotel in Bloomsbury and, from there, look for one of the residential hotels which abounded in that area, so out I went on Monday morning to find myself a cheap room. Residential hotels were plentiful all right. Every street was full of them, most of them made up of two original residences, hence with two front doors, only one of which was still in use. I suspect that, in my ignorance, I tried the unused door several times, because I got no answers at all, which I found deeply discouraging. The only thing I could think of to do

was to keep walking till I found one with the door open, and that is exactly what I did. Eventually, I spied one where the maid was out cleaning the steps with the door left ajar, so I nipped in fast and was able to rent a room and to arrange to have breakfasts and dinners at the hotel for fifteen pounds a week. It was on Montagu Street, right across from the side of the British Museum.

I was totally on my own. We did know one family in England, the Cooks, whom we had met on the Marella; but I wanted to wait to let mother write to alert them to my being in England; and, of course, my family thought I was in Germany, so that was going to take some time. At first, I was busy enough and happy enough with sight-seeing, something I have always taken seriously. I bought myself a Baedeker and toured Westminster Abbey and the Tower and the various museums with painstaking care, studying everything and taking notes on my impressions in my Baedeker. I have been amused, on studying those notes later, to realize that on my first visit to the National Gallery in the midst of a hot spell that I reacted favorably to all paintings in cool colors and rejected the Titians and Rubens and warm works. On a later visit there in the cooler Autumn, I found myself liking paintings in warmer tones. I had never thought of the state of weather affecting one's art appreciation. I suspect that it would have had a lot less effect if I had known anything about art, but that was my first serious exposure to it.

What I had not been prepared for was British reserve. I ate daily at the same table for four at the hotel with the same people, but no one ever said more to me than the barest greeting or to ask for the salt, which left me feeling quenched; and I made no effort to talk myself. I wasn't homesick, but I was just plain lonely within very few days of that. When I wasn't out sightseeing, I spent most of my time in my room, buckling down to the promised serious writing, beginning what was to turn into a novelette. I had taken my portable typewriter with me; and my room had a table and straight chair in addition to the bed, wardrobe and wash stand. The wash stand was a pitcher and bowl with hot water delivered outside the door mornings in a metal pitcher. It also had a potty discreetly in its cupboard underneath the wash stand.

As a result, I was often sitting in my room, trying to get some writing done when the maid came in to make the room up. She was young and friendly and, as I quickly discovered, only too willing

to listen and chatter away with me. That being the only human contact I had achieved, I put out some real effort to be charming and interesting, delighted to have her attention. It had a result I hadn't foreseen on the morning when she suddenly darted over to where I was sitting at the table, flung her arms around me and kissed me vigorously. She straightened up and said, "Aooh! I oughtn't to 'ave done that!"

I felt she shouldn't be sorry about it, so I drew her back and returned the kiss, which made her feel much better about it, in fact, much too much better. From then on, I was greeted every morning with rapturous kisses and soon found myself, as I was returning to my room in the hotel, apt to find an arm reaching out for me from any room where she was working and to be whizzed into a fast embrace. While undeniably enjoyable, it was also more than a little unnerving to me, particularly that business of being dragged into strange rooms. I was not at all prepared for a full-blown affair with a maid and uncertain about foreign entanglements. Inevitably, the morning came when she ( I never did know her name, and I was Mr. Hoxie to her ) told me, "Tonoight's me noight off." I murmured, "Oh?" "Thought we moight go to cinema," she informed me happily. I explained about being on an extremely tight budget, which was true, if not all that true. The cinema was only sixpence. She then offered to pay for us both, if I'd go. I managed to squirm out of it, probably none too gracefully.

The follow-up came only two days later when, after our usual greetings, she said, "Mr. 'oxie, your bill's in ta pigeonhole." I allowed that I knew that since it was the end of a week. She fidgetted a second and then burst out very seriously and sweetly, "Mr. 'oxie, I knows as how you 'aven't much. I'll be glad to let you 'ave any money you need." I must say that's the only and the best offer I've ever had to be kept - and by a chambermaid! I did convince her that I could pay my bill, but it got the wind up in me; and I decided to cool things, including myself, down by going away on a trip around some of England. I left on one two days later.

I went to Canterbury, stopping to see Rochester en route, which meant that I had to change trains twice in that short distance. That convinced me that the best way to see England would be to buy a second-hand car, so I went out looking for one. I found one which would do nicely and cost a little under a hundred dollars; but I was

not prepared to learn that it would cost me almost exactly the same amount to license it, licenses going by horsepower. That ended my idea of getting a car; but, on my way back to my hotel, I passed a garage which had a little motorcycle in the window that had only half a horsepower. That I could manage. I had never ridden a motorcycle, but I had had bicycles. I marched in and bought it out of hand and had a couple of trial spins on it, which were pretty frightening. I could stay on all right and it wouldn't go very fast, but I could not remember that the brakes were on the handlebars. I must have been a great sight, putputing down the main street of Canterbury, screaming at people to get out of my way because I couldn't remember how to stop the damn thing.

I did learn. On a Sunday morning, out I set into the downs of Kent, a suitcase and my portable typewriter strapped onto the back of that poor, little machine, a felt hat jammed on my head and my trenchcoat flapping in the wind, map in one hand. Going up even a slight hill was not easy with all that, but I managed to get myself thoroughly lost in nothing flat. I finally decided I should take any right turn and tried one, not noticing there was a dip at the corner with loose gravel in it. My little machine hit that, skidded and landed in a hedge on the bank of the road. The machine was slightly battered and so was I with a cut on my chin that was bleeding a bit. I surveyed the damage, swore loudly, whereupon three small girls who had been watching the entire performance wide-eyed screamed and ran away.

I was still considering the situation, when a young man came out of the back gate of a farmhouse on the opposite corner. I explained my problem to him and he offered to phone a garage for help for me and assured me I could wash up in the farm house if I'd knock at the back door and explain. I did that and was listened to by a little old lady in a voluminous, blue uniform and white apron, who then shut the door in my face. I was still standing there, dumbfounded, when she opened it again to reveal two more just like her and they ushered me into a scullery and poured boiling water for me to wash in, gave me a piece of cotton wool to put on the cut and even poured me a tot of whiskey to buck me up.

I asked if there was any place nearby where I could stay and they directed me down the side road to a house nearby. As I was en route to that, the men from the garage arrived, took my luggage off the machine and put it in the ditch and then rode my battered, but

still serviceable bike off. I quite forgot to ask the name or the location of the garage, as I was to remember later. I made my way to the house through a prim, litt}e garden, entered by a prim, little, white gate, rang and told my tale to a tall, gaunt, elderly lady. She looked me over and said flatly, "Oh, no! I don't think I'd care to keep you."

I asked in some desperation if she knew of anyone who might want to keep me, and she did direct me to another farm. They were very nice to me there and rebandaged my chin; but, unfortunately, their spare room was already rented. By that time, my right wrist had swollen to twice its normal size and was aching, so I wanted to see a doctor. I was told I could find one at the village of S$_e$llindge down the highway and, fortunately, could get there by bus, since it was close to five miles away.

I followed instructions, got my luggage on the bus with one hand and was let off at the doctor's gate. I parked my luggage behind the gatepost and went to the house; but the doctor was out and the maid had no idea when to expect him, it being Sunday. I waited for awhile and then inquired again about finding a place to stay, and was directed to try the pub a couple of hundred yards down the highway, the Duke's Head. I knocked at the garden door and, when a white-haired woman opened it, told her desperately that I had to stay there and why. Fortunately, she was happy to take me in; and that was how I found the Duke's Head, where I was to stay off and on for several months, vibrating between there and London for much of my year in England.

It was a perfect place in which to write. I had a bedroom upstairs, which was very comfortable though with no heat; and I also had the former dining room with a big table and a fireplace in it to use as my sitting room and study. That with three meals a day cost me about nine dollars a week, which was bliss for my budget. It also gave me the memorable experience of living in a tiny, country village, where I was better than a nine days wonder. To be an American was oddity enough there; but, as they said wonderingly, "'is luggage was behint doctor's gate and 'is bike in garridge, but 'e don't know where. We think one on ta 'ill." I could hear what they had to say about me because there was only a paper-thin door between my sitting room and the bar parlour. As Mrs. Childs, who ran the place, said once to someone there, "I know 'e don't like much 'ere; but when 'e

goes to London, 'e dresses quite nice." She also decided I was twenty-seven years old instead of my nineteen and filled in the missing years with a lurid detail I could never hope to achieve. She was convinced that I was a kind of remittance man, being paid to stay out of America by my family. Nevertheless, she was always very kind to me, as all the locals were.

I had wanted experience, and I had a number of them there, starting the very night of my first arrival. Mrs. Childs had a son, named Leslie, about thirty, who worked in a radio store in Ashford; and that evening, he came into my sitting room and said, "Want some fun?" I nodded agreement at once; and Leslie led me through the kitchen, where he picked up a flashlight and a heavy stick. We then went out the back door and across a cobble-stoned yard and into a small shed which had open rafters about six inches above my head. It was dark by then and Leslie suddenly turned on the flashlight and turned it into a corner, whereupon a huge rat raced along one of the beams, Leslie gave it a mighty thwack with the stick, breaking its back, so it fell right past my nose. After about the fourth rat had been killed, I decided fun might be fun, but not for me.

Later, I learned that shed was used as a slaughterhouse. Rats were in all of the walls of the whole place. One morning, Mrs. Childs asked me if I were ever bothered by them, and I told her that I did hear them in the walls at night, but they didn't really disturb me. To my astonishment, she suddenly loomed over me and said ominously, "Rats bother you, because you're wicked!" and left the room. That did shake me up, but the subject was never raised again.

There was also a Mr. Childs, a somewhat decrepit, old man who was always spoken of in the pluperfect tense, " 'e 'ad been a fine man." I gathered rather vaguely that drink had done him in. He was allowed only one glass of stout in the evenings and he was forbidden to smoke. That created some problems for me at first. The only toilet was a privy back of the pub, and it always seemed to be occupied when I needed it. Eventually, I learned that I had to go out and rattle the door and then get right out of sight immediately, because Mr. Childs would lock himself in there to smoke cigarette butts he cadged out of the ashtrays in the bar; and he would not emerge until the coast was clear.

When winter came on, I was treated to a visit from Mr. Childs in my sitting room each evening, when the same routine was performed; and I began to watch for it with a kind of horrid fascination. He

would creak in to sit by the coal fire with about half of his glass of stout, which he would finish and then put the glass down. Next, he would put a piece of coal or two on the fire and wipe his hands on a handkerchief which had obviously not been laundered in the more immediate past. That done, he would test the glass again, just in case there might be a little left, belch loudly, shake his head sadly and then blow his nose lengthily on the same handkerchief. After a few minutes of mournful consideration of his unhappiness, he would pop his false teeth out, give them a good wipe-up on the same handkerchief and pop them back in his mouth. I could never get over watching for that final bit.

At the other end of the scale from such bucolic bits was the time, on the recommendation of Mrs. Childs, that I visited a nearby stately home, when its gardens were opened to the public one weekend. It was not one of the old houses, but it was certainly splendid; and the gardens were superb with fifteen foot high yew hedges, immaculately trimmed, huge herbaceous borders at the very peak of perfection and a magnificent view from its hilltop over the Romney marshes. Eventually, I found it irresistible to go press my nose against a window for a glimpse inside the house and found myself looking into a large and magnificent drawing room, all in gold, white and green. As I was registering that, a woman entered the room, unbelievably sleek in ivory satin, her dark hair in smooth wings framing her face. She settled with negligent grace on a Louis Seize sofa and was then served tea by a footman, superbly dressed in green livery to match the decor. I was bug-eyed with awed delight. There was nothing like that at home. Though I didn't realize it at the time, it wasn't to be many years before there would be nothing like that left in England either.

I did recover my bike and, as everyone had thought, it was at the garage on the hill. I used it very little and sold it off down there when the next licensing came due. It had, in the long run, served me very well. I did get a lot of writing done at the Duke's Head. I did a complete version of the novelette, started a major rewrite in a somewhat different style, rewrote that, and then threw all of that out to go back to rework the first version. I also wrote a long series of light, connected stories, based on friends in order to learn how to write dialogue, with which I was having some trouble. It was all time well spent. I learned a great deal about writing that year.

I returned to my hotel in London regularly and usually for several weeks at a time, impelled in part by the problem of getting a bath at the Duke's Head. It had no bathroom; and, for me to have a bath, a lot of labor was involved: putting down a large square of linoleum in my bedroom, hanging oilcloth over the end of the bed, bringing up a huge, circular pan and filling it with hot water. Unfortunately, the pan was only a few inches deep and the amount of myself which could be immersed at one time in three inches of water was very limitted. When winter came on and the bedroom turned clammy cold, I learned to go without a real bath for two or even three weeks at a time and then to go up to London to get cleaned up.

That was 1931 and 32, and England was in the very depths of the Depression. It was that Fall that England went off the gold standard for the first time in history, and my dollars were suddenly worth a great deal more, so that I began going to plays and to my still loved musicals. The most immediate sign of the hard times for me was the incredible number of street-walkers out. Whenever I walked back to my hotel from Piccadilly Circus, a route which took me up Shaftesbury Avenue, the main theater street, I was literally accompanied almost the entire way by prostitutes hanging on my arm, offering to go to my place, to go to their place, to go in the nearest alley, name it. They had very strict beats: the corner for one third of the block, the center of the block, the final third to the corner. You had to make it across the streets on your own. There was also a lot of panhandling all over London. In the Spring, there was an election, which brought out long lines of marchers, often going by my hotel, shouting "Down with the parasites!" It had definite overtones of the French Revolution to me at the time. Once, I watched a major confrontation between the police and an enormous crowd who were trying to get to the Japanese Embassy to demonstrate against the Japanese invasion of China, while the police kept turning them back, using billy-clubs and even mounted police charging the crowd. I was seeing the long shadow of the future without realizing it.

The chambermaid, whose attentions had started me on my journey, had disappeared when I returned to the hotel; and the clientele also changed somewhat with the arrival of a few younger people. I began finding the people there willing to talk to me and was amused to learn that the general view had been to find me most extraordinarily reserved. Taking my cue from what I had first experienced there, I had ended up by out-reserving the British. One of the nicer new

new arrivals was a family from Jamaica, which included a daughter, named Maisy, just the right age for me to take tea-dancing, then very fashionable in London - also reasonable. There was also a Spanish boy, who was going to the London School of Economics. Carlos came from an important family in Spain, but he was the eighth out of eleven children, so he was being encouraged to learn something with which he could make money, while his eldest brothers were supported in style among the jeunesse doré of Madrid. Carlos formally visited King Alfonso when he was forced to abdicate and moved to Brown's Hotel in London, since Carlos's father had been the king's lawyer. Carlos proudly sported cufflinks made of Alfonso's portrait cut from gold coins, proclaiming his royalist sympathies. However, Carlos was kept on very short financial rations by his family, so he finally solved that by being kept by an Englishwoman and removed from our hotel to finer quarters.

I enjoyed my year abroad enormously. I did get in touch with the Cooks, who invited me often to their home in Surrey and, through their son, Gordon, who was up at Cambridge, met and became very close friends with a boy from New Zealand, also up at Cambridge, Godfrey Harcourt. Godfrey introduced me to the pleasures of learning to ice-skate out at a big rink in Hammersmith; and sometimes we would spend the entire day out there. The great sight there was the session very early in the morning, when the Englishmen would show up for a spot of exercise before going to work in the City, all of them skating round and round very seriously in their striped pants, tail coats, bowlers and a proper, furled umbrella on their arm. No one except me seemed to find it slightly grotesque. Godfrey and I also took delight in going to the old restaurant in the City which had been a haunt of Dr. Johnson and which served an excellent meat pie for luncheon; but the real delight was going down in its cellar afterwards to drink a bowl of rum punch and to smoke churchwarden pipes, those wonderful yard long clay pipes which cost sixpence.

I did some travelling in England and Scotland, sightseeing to my heart's content, and I spent a glorious month of May in Paris. The horse chestnut trees were in bloom, the tulips were still blooming in the Tuileries Gardens; and, my very first night there, s full moon rose and rolled along the rooftops of the Louvre. I looked up a girl there I had known at Stanford and I met a young American painter, who lived in a proper garret with a view across the roof tops and chimney pots of Paris, and who did a portrait of me. He

took me out to the Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne to eat strawberry tarts under the horse chestnut trees and to the Mosquée to drink tea with cinnamon sticks in it and to the Folies Bergere. Who could possibly ask more? I have never quite recovered from that Month of May and still smile and relax on reaching Paris and feel that life is wonderful. There was one very exciting day there, when the whole city was caught up in something, strangers talking to each other, everyone deeply excited; but, knowing no French, I had to get back to my hotel before I learned that Doumer, the Premier, had been assassinated.

There was also the occasion when I went out to Versailles with an American doctor I had met. In due time, we needed to relieve ourselves and used a facility there. Like all such in France, it was the preserve of an aged crone who expected to be tipped for its use. This time was the doctor's treat, so he gave her something, which she decided was too little and started screaming at him, as only a French beldame can shrill. He chose to argue the point, insisting that what we had done wasn't worth more. That attracted a fair group of the French, who joined the argument joyously and passionately on both sides. I would happily have showered her with coins to get away from it.

That year was a turning point for me. It taught me that I was, in fact, woefully ignorant on all too many topics and that I had better get me back to college and learn something. At the time, I had ambitions to go to Oxford, so I sent for my transcripts and made out various applications. Most of those were given short shrift, but Balliol College was interested in me. I was invited up to have tea with the Head Tutor there, who was pleased with my Classical background and well impressed by my transcripts - a proper Prep School and so on - but more impressed by the fact that I had actually checked things out and included in my application all of the information and forms they asked for. I gathered that was a great rarity. He suggested I return to Stanford for another year, take my exams for Balliol there, and then come to Oxford for my last two years. As it turned out, the Depression did not make that feasible; and I have learned to be grateful for that. I think Oxford would have ruined me, as it does all too many Americans who go there. I had it in me to be a quite unendurable snob, and that would surely have done it. So, when June came, I returned home, after many adventures and much growing up.

It was the making of my college education, because this time I went to Stanford to learn, not just to get good grades; and the difference is a fundamental one. I signed up for an advanced writing course with Yvor Winters at once, determined to try out my improved writing on him. It was really perverse of me to insist on doing an extremely careful rewriting of the opening of the novelette for him, since it represented everything that I knew he disliked the most. It was a fantasy and written in my most painfully elaborated manner, long and complex sentences loaded with adjectives and put together in a complicated rhythmic structure. By that time, I had reworked it to the point where I knew when a sentence needed one more three-syllable adjective featuring short i sounds. Winters was eminently fair. He went over my manuscript carefully, shook his head over me, grinned faintly and allowed that I was probably the ultimate master of rhetoric on the Stanford campus.

At the time, he had a number of really brilliant students, all of whom I knew and worked with at one time or another. James V. Cunningham was a fine and already published poet at that time and is, today, one of the more admired American poets in the opinion of the critics. Barbara Gibbs also went on to become a respected poet; and Albert Guerard, Jr. became an excellent novelist and professor. I was never in their class, and I did have the sense to begin to recognize it. I might command a precious and elaborate style, but it was an out-dated style and I had almost nothing to say in it. Winters was of the opinion that I could become a saleable commercial writer, but never a great one; and my interest in writing began slowly to wane thereafter. I did not really want to devote my life to being second rate. It has given me some ironic amusement, over the years, to recognize that my writing style has constantly moved in the direction of the simplicity that Winters preferred. I do learn, albeit slowly at times.

Stanford was small in those days as compared to what it has become. Then there were only about twenty-five hundred students and life was simple. It was considered very bad form to dress expensively or to drive an expensive car, and we were genuinely aware of quality among our fellow students, Jim Cunningham being a great example. Jim was extremely poor; and he was able to go to Stanford only with the assistance of Yvor Winters, who had recognized his ability. Jim lived in a little shed in back of Winters's house in a fenced off area where Winters kept a couple of goats. About once or twice a year,

Jim would invite a chosen few friends to his shed for evening, serving coffee and cookies which he baked himself. We considered those invitations a real treat and dressed ourselves in good, dark suits and the girls in good dresses to show our appreciation for it. I like to remember that.

Not that we inevitably spotted coming fame. One of my friends there with whom I played a lot of bridge and did a lot of drinking was Robert Motherwell, now a famous Abstract Expressionist painter. I have been a good deal bemused by his repeated statements that he did not turn to painting until after he had completed his Doctorate in Philosophy at Harvard after World War II, because he was studying painting at Stanford when I knew him. His style at the time was anything but abstract, and he did a large portrait of me and an interesting one on the back of his drawing board, using that because there was nothing else handy the morning he decided to start it. I'm only sorry that I don't have it today or any of the drawings he did of me at the time. When he went off to Europe one summer, he sent me a card of his favorite painting in the Louvre, which was Van Dyck's portrait of King Charles I; and that seems to me to strike exactly the right note. The Van Dyck is a formidably elegant painting and one of the more notable qualities in Motherwell's abstracts is the elegance of his designs, though in his best works it is a spare and lean elegance as opposed to Van Dyck's baroque quality.

As my interest in writing waned, my interest in history picked up. I continued my work in Classics, toying at one time with the idea of going into archaeology; but, though I took my BA in Classics, I also completed a full major in History. In part, I was impelled to that because of my problems with Hazel Hansen, a professor in the Classics Department. Miss Hansen was then in her thirties, but already in process of becoming the character she was to be famous as at Stanford. She gathered about her a coterie of chosen students, who gathered with her for luches at the Union and occasional dinners; and I was a member of that select group. It always contained one who was the kingpin and one chosen by Miss Hansen to be the butt of all jokes, but those positions shifted at her whim. I had had a long reign as kingpin, when the luncheon came at which Miss Hansen spun her wheel of fortune and I was suddenly demoted to being the butt.

I did not take at all kindly to that and stood up in the middle of luncheon and walked out. I was so angry that I went to my car and drove home to Los Angeles for the weekend. When I returned to campus

on Monday morning, Miss Hansen cut me dead when I passed her and spoke. She was not used to being walked out on. I wasn't used to being cut either. I tried again and when I was cut by her the second time, I accepted the message and no longer spoke when we passed or met. That was not what she had in mind. What she wanted was an abject apology, and I was not about to give that; so we moved into a state of open warfare, in which both of us involved the rest of her set and even other members of the faculty. We did, eventually come to terms and back to good relations with each other, but it was a protracted war while it lasted.

She asked me to be the Reader for her courses in my Senior Year, and I accepted; but that Fall we got into another tussle. I wanted to drive home for a longish weekend in the midst of the quarter, and I cleared it carefully with her before making any arrangements. She agreed to it, so I set up various dates for the weekend. At the last minute, she changed her mind and informed me I was not to go. I told her I had cleared it first and that now since I had made dates and was giving a small party I was going. She insisted and so did I, and I went. On my return, she started out to give me holy hell over it; but I broke in and restated my case and told her flatly that, if she didn't like it, she could get herself another Reader. We patched it up again; but I decided I had better complete a History major just in case Miss Hansen tried to pull anything further on me before my graduation. I had already cut my teeth on confrontation battles with my father and was not about to be done in by her. Moreover, the more history I studied the better I liked it, particularly English History and Medieval History, where I was able to make good use of my years of studying Latin. By that time, I had begun moving in Graduate Student circles and had decided to go into Graduate School with a view toward teaching. I didn't want to do that in Classics, which seemed to me something of a dead end and already overworked, so it was Medieval History that I considered.

While I was busy pursuing my own interests in this period, the family was engaged in settling into our new home and adjusting to a permanent life in Southern California. My parents had bought the house roughly two thirds furnished, bringing some pieces from Adrian, like the magnificent grandfather clock which father had purchased in the major redoing of the house there. The movers did a terrible job of it with the result that most of mother's set of Haviland china was smashed and almost all of her cut glass. Mother

got in a decorator to help her put the new house in order, which included getting furniture made for the Art Deco study upstairs, some of which still survives there. Today, it is primarily the big living room and the dining room which retain the look they took on when we moved in, and I have been careful to try to preserve them as genuine period pieces.

Certainly, for mother the best part of it was having a large garden to work with and a regular gardener. That was to be her greatest pleasure in the years that followed; and, in her time, our garden was a mass of blooms most of the year and a genuine show place. There was a small swimming pool in the back, behind the garage; but it was only about four feet deep and no real good for swimming, so a few years later mother converted it into a greenhouse. She rose every morning at six to work out there for two hours before breakfast, raising all of her own bedding plants from seed, growing potted plants, and eventually having a nice, small collection of orchids and anthurium. Father liked having orchids, which he always referred to as his, since they seemed a sign of opulence to him. However, it really was father who started raising papayas in the greenhouse, where they flourished, giving us a lot of fruit. With papayas, you have to have one male plant along with the female ones, and they have to be fertilized by hand, so one or another of us was always going out to give the papayas a little sex. I never cared for the fruit, but the rest of the family loved them.

Father wasn't really interested in the garden as such, but he was devoted to the fruit trees and often carefully watered those himself and watched over them constantly. The fruit trees have been changed over the years; but, at the start, there were a lot of orange trees, two avocados, a couple of white fig trees, bananas, a fine persimmon tree, pomegranite bushes, and a tree to which father made grafts so that it produced almonds, plums, apricots and peaches. That one was his pride and joy. Later, he was to introduce a sapota tree, which bore well, but which turned out to be very brittle so the limbs broke badly in the high winds we sometimes get, so it had to come out. He also introduced a cheremoya, which did not bear well, two kinds of limes, a lemon tree, a grapefruit tree, the fruit of which never gets sweet, and masses of youngberry bushes along one wall. The only flowers he cared for were dahlias; and, those too, he watered and saw were staked and cherished, and we have never had ones as good since his time. Neither Hazel nor Verna took up much

interest in the garden, but I took to it with some real enthusiasm, though never to the point of rising at six in the morning for it.

The biggest surprise out of the move was that Verna demanded and got the bedroom which had belonged to the eldest of the Consigny girls, a bedroom which seemed in every respect wrong for Verna, but right for Hazel. It had been the show bedroom, very French and intensely feminine, all in peach colored silk and robin's egg blue chiffon. The twin beds were of the blue with hand-painted ovals in peach of cherubs, derived from a panel of toile de juoy over the fancy dressing table; and behind the beds was a tiny canopy attached to the wall from which there fanned out the peach silk covered with the chiffon. The bedspreads were of the same combination, deeply ruffled; and there was an elegant chaise longue and a French desk. It was a bedroom which had to be kept immaculate, or it became an instant disaster area; and Verna never picked anything up or even made her own bed. As long as we had a live-in maid, it worked more or less, but never after that. Much later, when Verna redid her room, there was instant simplification and all of the furniture ruthlessly discarded. I did ask her once what had possessed her to want that room; but she just looked sulky at the question and said, "I liked it," so I never really did find out.

Verna was also the one of us who most disliked leaving Adrian, though she was not leaving any close friends behind. She complained bitterly of the lack of seasons in California and missing snow and so on, all of which, I am sure, was quite true. I was with her in one respect, which was an abiding love for our old home there. Given my own way, I think I would have held onto it and tried to rent it out. Father sold it to a business friend for five thousand dollars, a price which still makes me wince. In the 1950s, that lovely, old house and its beautiful, old trees were ruthlessly demolished to make way for a Supermarket parking lot, something I have never forgiven Adrian for. However, for good or ill, we were now permanently located in Beverly Hills.

At the time we moved, Beverly Hills was not yet movie colony territory. It's true that there were a few famous movie residents, those always mentioned: Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in Pickfair, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd in his huge estate, and a few others. Wallace Beery lived across the street from us on the corner. But most of the residents were from the East and the older parts of the Mid-West, retired money like ourselves; and it was still the tag

end of the era of calling cards, the turned down corner and the rest of those formalities. It was only in the course of the 1930s, in Depression times, when the movie industry was uniquely flourishing, that the great influx of movie people arrived. They had a tendency to come and go with such rapidity that I always asked on my trips home from Stanford who our neighbors were now. The house to the south of us has been lived in at various times by Alice White (very briefly), by Dorothy Parker, by Rita Hayworth, by the Rudy Matés (an important cinematographer and later a director ) and now for quite some years by Pandro Berman, the producer. Constance Bennett lived down the block on the other side of the street and Hedy Lamarr almost across from us. For awhile, Fred Astaire lived on our corner in a house eventually torn down by Jimmy Stewart. In the next block up, lived people like Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Sigmund Romberg, followed in the same house by Agnes Moorehead, Ira Gershwin, Rosemary Clooney, and of more recent years Lucille Ball. Ours is a street that the many sightseeing buses always go down. I can hear their loudspeaker systems, naming the owners and, when they reach our house, they always say casually, "no one lives there." So much for us.

You do get more or less used to that. The last time I went to a major Hollywood Premiere, We got caught in the traffic line near the theater, so it took us over twenty minutes to go two blocks. At that pace, it gave everyone crowding the sidewalks ample opportunity to walk right out into traffic to peer into the cars. I was sitting next to the driver; and I did get really irritated at having one person after another stick his head right into my face and then call back, "There's no one in this car."

You also learn to have real sympathy for the movie stars. Particularly in the summer tourist season, cars are eternally stopping in front of their homes to let couples out. Inevitably, the wife runs almost to the front door and then turns to be photographed there by her husband. Some go so far as to ring the doorbell, hoping for a glimpse of the star. Some ring any and all doorbells hopefully, including ours; and, once in awhile, one is confronted by real kooks, who pose problems, enough at times so that people have to call in the police. Halloween is a really wild scene, because people drive in from all over Los Angeles and their kids work Beverly Hills relentlessly. Verna kept a notepad of numbers for several years; and, each time, we were visited by more than two hundred and eighty

trick or treaters, before she ran out of everything and we had to turn out all of the lights and hide under our beds. Elvis Presley had a home near us at one time; and it was not at all uncommon to see teenagers not only waiting at his gate, but also scrounging through his trash containers.

Southern California had a far smaller population in those pre-smog days before World War II and it was far more pleasant. The San Fernando Valley then was filled solidly with orange orchards, all of them fenced with the fences covered with climbing roses. In Spring, the perfume of it lay like a tangible blanket, a little like dipping into a vat of scent. Lake Arrowhead, which we usually visited in summer time, either staying at the Lodge or renting a house for a month, was surrounded by pine forest with only a few buildings and houses clustered at the Village end of it. All of the rest was open. Today, it is solidly lined with the ugliest of condominiums cheek to jowl.

Palm Springs was simplicity itself, hardly more than four blocks long and a few streets wide, where one stayed either at the Desert Inn or the Palm Springs Hotel. The more imposing La Mirada was then a good mile out of the town and too far away to be fun. The down town area was two blocks long, well dotted with bars; so, on your first evening there, you did a slow tour of those two blocks, stopping in the main bars for one drink in each. By the end of that, you knew exactly who was in town and who you would like to meet or whom to avoid. Charles Farrell's Tennis Club was the fashionable place to go for tennis or dancing in the evening, membership only. It was out there that I saw what I still think of as being the two most beautiful women I ever saw: Lili Damita, later married to Errol Flynn, and Dolores del Rio. Both of them had most beautiful complexions in addition to everything else, which was a lot. Nowadays, in spite of its enclave of the super wealthy, Palm Springs is a honkytonk center, operating like an overgrown singles bar and just as vulgar.

Los Angeles was still dressy in the 1930s. The opening of the Opera Season, the opening of Ballet, openings at the Museum were all events which brought out old-line Los Angeles society dressed to the teeth and reported in detail in the Society pages of the newspapers. Today, those families have retired so permanently out of the public eye that most people are unaware that they exist. Movie people were never reported on in the society pages. Their doings were recorded in the entertainment section by Louella Parsons or Hedda Hopper, but

they were socially unacceptable. Indeed, they were accepted socially almost everywhere else in the world before they made it locally, another situation long forgotten. Today, it is rock stars and TV personalities who occupy that low position on the social totempole.

Dancing was very muchly in at that time, and the popular places were the Cocoanut Grove and the Biltmore Bowl, particularly for young people. At the Grove, you were segregated strictly by what you wore. White tie and tails got you a ringside table on the dance floor; black tie got you one layer back from the floor; while a dark suit put you in the outer wilderness. I can remember, after World War II, taking a date to Ciro's, then the fashionable nightclub, and putting on white tie for the occasion, as I always had before the War. My date and I were the only persons there in full formal dress. It's true that the people at Ciro's fell all over themselves waiting on us, photographing us and giving us gift souvenirs; but that was the last time I ever went out that way. An era had come to an end. World War II was like a knife cut in time, separating the past from the far different present.

Those were pleasant days in which to be young, which seems a very callous thing to say about Depression times, but California suffered less than did the rest of the country; and, if you had any money at all, things were wonderfully cheap. For a long time, gasoline cost eight cents a gallon; and, on one phenomal day in the midst of a gas war, it went down to three cents, which was the amount of tax levied per gallon. The gas was free. A date at the Cocoanut Grove, including the drinks and tips, never ran more than ten dollars. Dinner at a top flight restaurant, including a cocktail before dinner, never ran more than five dollars at a top price per person; and a very good dinner could be had for half of that. A really excellent cook for the house got fifty dollars a month with Thursday nights and every other Sunday off.

Father lost money, of course, during the Depression; but it was not disastrous. He had never played the stock market. He could not really endure being retired, so he quickly went back into business, buying into a Real Estate Investment Company, headed by Mr. LaBonte with offices on Larchmont. It gave father an office he could go to every day and something to occupy his mind, though I don't think he ever did a great deal there. It kept him busy, which was a blessing. When he had nothing to do, it made for problems.

He had been used to running a factory and, I guess, to having

people jump when he barked. Now, he had only his family and the servants to bark at, and neither they nor we took at all kindly to that. There was eternally trouble over the gardeners. Father would wander out into the garden when the gardener was busy mowing the lawn or working in the beds, and father would decide that a branch needed pruning and tell the gardener to do it. Half an hour later, father would go back out and find the gardener still mowing or whatever and the branch unpruned. Father would storm back into the house in a flaming fury to scream at mother, "the God damn gardener does anything you or Albert tell him to do, and he won't do a God damn thing I say!" He never did realize that both mother and I expected the gardener to do things when he got the time and had finished whatever he was working on. Father wanted obedience - now!

That was also to make for trouble with me. Father's view was that, if I were reading or writing, that I was doing nothing, so he would appear and bark at me an order to go down town right now for something he wanted, but over which there was never any rush. I had to drop whatever I was doing and go, or there was trouble. That climaxed the morning he demanded I rush down town immediately to get him some three inch nails he wanted in order to nail some boards up in the garage to buffer the wall from the cars. I wanted to pick the nails up that afternoon, but nothing would do except for me to go at once. I went, but the boards in question were only delivered three days later. That did it for me.

Thereafter, I developed a new ploy. Whenever father demanded I do something, I would immediately agree and tell him I would do it that afternoon when it would be convenient for me. Since I gave instant agreement, father couldn't really complain; but, of course, it wasn't what he really wanted at all. He knew it and I knew it; but he could never find any good way to get around it, since there never was any real reason for rush. It frustrated and infuriated him, but he couldn't work up a good cause to flame out over. I nurtured and perfected the system, I must admit with a certain amount of malicious pleasure.

Poor mother worked long and hard to maintain the peace between us. When she was aware of trouble brewing, she would talk to each of us separately to draw our wrath; and she did prevent a lot of confrontations with that system, though it frustrated both of us. It would, I think, have been healthier to let us have more battles. They were apt to be stupendous when they occurred and could go on for

days, but we always did get something settled between us by the time it was over.

We destroyed one of the Christmas holidays when I was going to Stanford. It was the Christmas after my return from England; and, in the mail, I had received a Christmas card and a little engagement booklet from the Childs at the Duke's Head, which pleased me very much. Father and I were in the library and he picked it up to look at. Some of the pages in the booklet were uncut in part; and he stuck a finger in and just ripped, tearing out half a page in the process. I didn't think. I just said sharply, "Don't do that!"

He stared at me, turned really purple, slapped the booklet down and proceeded to curse me for five minutes straight in very filthy language. I'll leave out the adjectives, but I was an ungrateful son, was no good, would be cut off without a cent, on and on, really raving in a wild fury. I tried to explain once and then just shut up and went into a white, silent fury of my own, glaring at him with as much wrath as he was giving me. When he finished, I stalked out without a word. For the next two weeks, any time he entered a room, I walked out. Mother did her best to intervene, but I flatly refused to speak to him until I got an apology. I got one, if half-hearted, the night before I returned to Stanford. We were, I fear, not the easiest men in the world to live with when we had to be together for too long a time. We could both be very determined.

None the less, I am not doing real justice to father. While he was no good at holding conversations, he could be and was a most interesting talker, and many of my friends found him fascinating and charming. He had some wonderfully picturesque turns of phrase which delighted people. He never said something wasn't worth a cent, it was always not worth a sou marquis. I don't know where he picked that up, but possibly in New Orleans. Of someone he considered foolish, the phrase was "his neck just grew up and feathered out." For people he considered pretentious, they were "all front and no back."

He could also leave people flabbergasted. On one occasion, I had some friends in the living room and we had been talking about architecture, when father came in. As usual, he did not stop to see what our conversation was about. He simply joined us and started saying what was on his mind at the moment. He talked for ten or fifteen minutes, which finished what he had to say, so he then left. Even he recognized that was a bit awkward, so he turned to cover it

with a farewell line, which none of those friends ever forgot. He beamed and said jovially, "Well, heehaw and her name was Maude," and went on out. Only I knew that had been the tag line in a comic strip which had ceased publication before 1920. It left awed silence in the room behind him.

In her own way, Verna was a match for him in delivering odd statements, though her specialty was malapropisms. Verna never got words quite right. After-wards, she would just look wide-eyed and say, "Well, it just came out that way," as though she herself had nothing to do with it. When people laughed, however, she was always gratified and assumed she was something of a wit. Some of her more startling ones were these. On one occasion when several people were here for dinner and the conversation had turned to shish kebab, Verna spoke up to explain, "We can't do that here. We don't have any long screwers in this house." She was baffled, but pleased, by the gale of laughter that followed from everyone except me. Or, there was the occasion when she had just discovered spray-can snow for Christmas trees and was busy back in her studio, touching up some old Christmas tree ornaments with it. One of our male friends happened past the door of her studio at that time; and she called cheerfully, "Oh, Charles, I've found just the thing you can do with your old, frayed balls!" He, too, was less than entranced by that sally.

Still, I think that, except for the omnipresent problem of Hazel's condition, we were a quite happy and contented family. There was less friction than this account may suggest. Mother was always good at keeping us in a good temper. Many evenings, she and father played cards, Russian Bank; and she was always careful to let him win, which inevitably put him in a happy humor. Father wanted to be admired and loved by people. He just had trouble figuring out how to manage it. Basically, he was a generous man; and, certainly, he allowed me to go my own way, even when he found it mystifying, as in my desire to teach. His approach to that was always to ask how much I could make at it, if I reached the top. When I told him that was about ten thousand a year, he would shake his head in wonder that anyone even fairly bright could seriously consider wanting to do a thing like that for that kind of money. But, just the same, he did not try to discourage me from it, if that was what I wanted.

In fact, part of my interest in teaching came from my observations of him and his business friends. I was well aware

that all of them I knew tended to have fairly unhappy old ages. They were simply lost when they retired, having developed no other interests at all. On the other hand, I also knew old and retired teachers, all of whom seemed to manage vital, interested and lively old ages very well. I was convinced from what I knew of my family that I was apt to have a long old age and it seemed to me wise to plan on one that would be a good one. Business never did interest me. I had dabbled in it from time to time and knew a good deal about it, but it never seemed at all challenging to me. I thought then, and still think, that it does not require a lot of intelligence to do well at it and that the problems involved tend to be repetitive. On the other hand, teaching constantly presents new problems and new challenges and can keep one's mind from petrifying into standard ruts, not, I know, that it inevitably works that way, but it can.

V

Just before my graduation from Stanford, I received a very mysterious letter from mother, enclosing a blank Deed of Property and telling me to sign and return it. I didn't own any property, but it seemed to me both dangerous and ridiculous to have such a document floating around, so I wrote back asking what it was for. Her response was to tell me to sign it and not ask any questions, which I did very reluctantly. Eventually, I discovered that father was dividing up some small properties between my sisters and myself, small apartment units or duplexes. The signed Deeds meant, of course, that he could take them back on whim, an idea which so outraged me that I had no gratitude over it, nor did I consider the property to be really mine. I was so opposed to the whole idea that it was several years before I even drove by my property to look at it. I felt it was mine on sufferance only. I probably felt it more keenly because I had experienced his attitudes on such things when I was only twelve or thirteen, after he had given us that first stock. One summer, he was buying some stock and needed a couple of hundred dollars more than he had handy in his bank account, so he had asked me to loan him that amount, which I did. Only then he never repaid it. After several months had passed, I began clamoring for my money back and kept it up until mother told me flatly to shut up about it. I never did get it back. Father simply felt that everything had come from him and was really his. I felt differently; but, certainly, that memory affected my view on the new property.

I graduated magna cum laude and was elected into Phi Beta Kappa and made my arrangements to return to Stanford to do graduate work there the next Fall. I was given a new Ford car for my graduation present, but I had to go back to Adrian to pick the car up there. My closest friend at the time was Edward White, who had been my Instructor in American History in my Sophomore year, and who was now at the University of Wisconsin working on his Doctorate, so I arranged to pick him up in Madison to drive back with me.

Madison, Wisconsin is very beautiful in June, situated on a lake, a hilly and attractive small city. I stayed there for a few days with Edward and he showed me around and arranged for me to be invited to dinner by the Medieval Historian there, Bob Reynolds, who was young and very charismatic with a delightful wife and family.

Another evening, we were entertained at dinner by the Chairman of the History Department, John Hicks, another man of great charm. I was deeply impressed by them and by the place. I checked the library and found it had a better collection of Medieval materials than did Stanford, and that did it. I abruptly changed my plans and decided to go to Wisconsin for my graduate work and did so, one of those chance decisions in my life which was to be so influential.

Edward and I drove West via Yellowstone Park, which I was anxious to revisit and with which I fell in love all over again, seeing more geysers and some of the bigger ones which I had missed on our first trip there. However, the most memorable moment came when Edward spotted two bear cubs beside the road and had me stop so he could photograph them. I stayed in the car while he got out and was just sitting there when I sensed something at the window beside me. I turned my head and found myself literally nose to nose with the huge mother bear. I bet people ten miles away could have heard my yell. I was scared stiff; but, fortunately, so was the bear, who retreated from my screech of terror. Edward came rushing back and I got the hell out fast. We did no more stopping for bears, however cute.

I saw a lot of Edward in those days. He lived in Norwalk on the south side of Los Angeles, where his father ran a little second-hand furniture store, buying furniture at auction and fixing it up. Edward loved to visit at my house, which he found very opulent; and I loved visiting him, because I was crazy about his family. They were very poor, just making ends meet; but his father was a most extraordinary man, whom I have never forgotten. I have never known anyone who managed to live with such a glorious sense of squandering luxury on practically nothing. Whenever his father took a bath, he always used a fresh cake of soap. True, it was the cheapest soap available, costing a penny a bar; but a whole fresh cake of it each time. When he shaved, it was always with a fresh razor blade each time. When we had ice cream, there was a whole pint for each person there. The items were always the cheapest available; but what was notable was the panache and the sense of grand liberality and of wasteful splendor. I adored it and learned a great lesson from it. I think of him as one of the really great persons I have known.

The next two years were among the happiest in my life up to that time. I loved it at Madison, though the winters were frightful, thirty degrees below zero that first winter. It was the first time

in my life that what I was, an intellectual rather than an athlete, was what was in style; and I flourished like a green bay tree under it. Through Edward, I was swept into graduate student and faculty circles and became an instant member of the inner group. In those Depression years, there were only a small number of graduate students; and I, who had some private income of my own, was an exception to the rule. Most of them were getting by on their pay as Teaching Assistants, which was four hundred and seventy dollars a year, paid in ten installments. All of us lived in rented rooms, not in apartments, the rent for which was usually four dollars a week, though a few went for three fifty. That left them only about a dollar a day to spend; and, although things were very cheap, it was not easy to eat on much less than a dollar a day, so any kind of entertainment was at a minimum. It meant that we lived genuinely chaste and very austere lives and spent a great deal of time on our studies. Yet, both then and in looking back, I had the feeling of living with enormous pure pleasure.

Both Bob Reynolds and John Hicks offered me the use of their homes in which to give parties, and I did give a few parties at the Reynolds in those years, including a smashing costume party on one occasion. We made or put together our own costumes and I had set a limit for all of us of not spending more than three dollars on our costumes. For that amount, I managed to put together a wild costume of a sixteenth century Spanish grandee, all in black and white, for which I made myself a hip-length, circular cape of oilcloth, along with a ruff and trunks made out of long johns dyed black and so on. It was a great success as a party. Since I had known nothing else, I assumed that kind of very close relationship between faculty and graduate students was normal. It was only later that I came to realize how exceptional it was. Even at Wisconsin, it had not been true before the group of which I was a part, nor was it to remain true after our group split up; but it was wonderful for me. We were, I think, unusually socially minded; and all of us shared an absolute credo that, no matter how involved we might be in our work and talk about it at other places, one never, never talked shop at parties.

Reynolds was extremely influential on me. He was a great teacher, concerned with his students and a man of infinite patience; but he was also a superb and very popular lecturer with an easy style, humor and a glowing enthusiasm for his subject. He could also, at times, be very firm. My first year at Wisconsin, he in-

formed both of his graduate students, Ruth Reinert and myself, that he believed the next major field in history that was going to open up would be cultural history, and he insisted that both of us take a seminar in Art History. Of one accord, both of us refused equally flatly, saying it was a subject about which we knew absolutely nothing. That got us nowhere; we both took that seminar. Within a few months time, both Ruth and I were absolutely captivated by Art History and both of us went on to take Double Minors in it. More than that, both of us were eventually to do some teaching in Art History and I was to end up a cultural historian, Reynolds was absolutely correct, as far as we were concerned.

Ruth was a central figure in our group and one that several of us were, at least, slightly in love with, though it was not a group which went in for coupling. We operated as a group unit. The other girl in the inner circle was Carolyn, whom I introduced into the circle. She was bright and charming, but also very reserved and on the formal side, from near Boston and formerly at Radcliffe, using no makeup of any kind and given to wearing shapeless suits, though she had a very nice figure. She and I both finished our Master's Degree that first year and were given Teaching Assistantships for the next year. It is an indication of those times and the amount of work we took for granted that I took Oral Exams and wrote a Thesis in that year, from which I extracted an article that was published in the Revue Belge the following Fall; but I had no feeling that any of that was exceptional. Today, students take twice that long to do less than that and complain every inch of the way.

My teaching career began with that Tâship the next Fall, and it got off to a very unexpected start. I decided to open the social season with a small dinner party to which the Reynolds, Ruth, Carolyn, Edward and a couple of others were invited. I served cocktails beforehand at the Reynolds and then took them out to a restaurant, where we had more cocktails, champagne with dinner, and liqueurs afterwards, all of which left us more than a bit high by the time we returned to the Reynolds for a final drink. Ruth, Edward, Carolyn and I were unready to call it quits when we left, but it was too late by then to get into a bar, so we drove to Shorty's, a tiny short-order place we often ate, where I asked Shorty if he could get us something to drink. He refused, so we had coffee and complained and, as we were leaving, he drew me back and asked if we would be all right if he

gave us a jug of wine. I assured him, so he gave it to me. We had no place to go, so we parked by the lake and drank it up there, by which time, dawn was breaking. We were frankly sloshed by that time and decided we had better have boiler makers - whiskey with a beer chaser - before heading to the University. We had to wait until eight o' clock for that, but we did. I proceeded to go off to attend my first lecture as a TA in that condition.

I arrived at Reynolds office, high as a kite and breathing alcohol out at every breath, to find my fellow TAs assembled, none of whom I had met before. One was a tall, cadaverous boy, one was short, plump and prissy; and the third was a Roman Catholic priest. They stared at me in disbelief, but Bob Reynolds was amused. We had to pass out, and then pick up, enrollment cards to a class of four hundred students; and I did it with great style, dropping cards as I moved with the other TAs trailing me to pick up. The students never forgot that initial appearance, I fear; and it certainly was a most improper opening of a teaching career.

In spite of that beginning, I worked hard at teaching and loved it and got a very good response from my students. My most memorable student was a boy named McCoy, one of those tall, black-haired, blue-eyed, handsome Irishmen who are born politicians. I had him in a Saturday morning class. McCoy came every time and was always still drunk from the night before, so every Saturday began with a tussle to see who was going to talk that morning, McCoy or me. It taught me a lot about both patience and tact; and, after a few, difficult weeks, we learned to manage so I could get the work done. None the less, I saw to it he was transferred to Thatcher the second semester; and I had a few beers with him then. He astonished me by being able, after a couple of beers, to quote page after page of the poetry of Alexander Pope, not a poet I could even have guessed he might have read. I gave McCoy a D, when he was my student, not that he deserved better than an F; but because I thought every campus ought to have someone like him on it. Even so, I was not much surprised to learn that later he was dismissed from the University for stuffing ballot boxes in a campus election. That also seemed in character.

However, as that year went on, my life took on an unexpected complication. Our group began to break up. Ruth went off to Europe and Edward to Washington, both of them to work on their dissertations. By Spring, Carolyn and I had become a couple, mainly by being the

survivors. When I was first alerted by friends that Carolyn was falling in love with me, I refused to take it seriously, but they turned out to be right. I was fond of Carolyn, but I had no intentions of marrying her or of any serious relationship; and I didn't know how to handle the situation. I tried to cool things down, but I ended by handling it very poorly. I simply did not return to Madison the next year. I was getting restless anyway, and Carolyn was the final factor that pushed me into dropping out of graduate school. She felt rejected and went into a decline, which was quite properly blamed on me. As time was to prove, I think I am never very good at recognizing when I am loved and do not handle it well when I am. I do not really think of myself as a lovable person, and being loved boggles me. It is the area in my life which I always mess up.

That took me into a period of several years of drifting into a variety of things, all very entertaining and, in the long run, useful experiences, if widely varied. It began that summer, when Edward introduced me to his aunt, Peggy Bostock, and her husband, Claude. They were running a small Hollywood agency at the time with Stan Laurel as their most important client. Edward idolized Peggy, and I found the Bostocks very exciting myself. It was to take me some time to realize that both of them were sharp operators, ruthlessly on the make, yet never quite making it.

Peggy was a tall, elegantly slim and graceful woman, who fairly oozed charm and who had already been through an extraordinary series of ventures. An adopted child, she had been raised by Edward's grandmother in the small, central Californian town of Visalia, much too tame and small a place to hold Peggy. In her teens, she had run away with and married a broom salesman, who made enough money to spend a good deal on her seeing that she got a good education as a pianist. That in hand, Peggy had divorced him and moved to New York, just before he went into making candy commercially, at which he made something of a fortune. Having fluffed that chance, Peggy soon became part of a two-piano team in New York which had a good deal of success on radio, so she was able to live high and to build herself what began to seem a fortune of her own by investing in stocks. That came to an abrupt end on the Black Friday of the stock market crash.

Dented, but not daunted, Peggy married an elderly Shakespearean actor of considerable fame, who had made a few movies as well as appearing on stage and who was a regular fixture in one-act plays on

the vaudeville circuit. According to Peggy, he introduced her into that and she made a sensational first appearance before an audience on stage. She had diligently rehearsed her role as a nurse in one of the one-acts; but, when she entered the stage at performance time, the door had been given a practical sill. Peggy landed flat on her face to the wild cheers of the audience. None the less, the marriage had deteriorated rapidly. Her husband made passes at her maid, while Peggy had affairs with other men; and her husband had her watched by detectives, who got enough on her so she couldn't hope to get much of a settlement. In the long run, she grabbed whatever she could carry, went to Reno and got a fast divorce. He remarried at once and died almost immediately, leaving everything to the new wife, very discouraging for Peggy.

Claude Bostock was English and came from a famous circus family of the Bostock-Wombwell Circuses, but Claude had never really made it. He and Peggy managed to convince each other that each was getting a real chance at the big time with the other, got married, and learned they had both fooled each other. At the time I met them, they were always in debt, just making it from one shady deal to the next and staying together more from necessity than from any great love. It wasn't that they didn't get money in, it was that they inevitably spent thousands more than they got in, no matter how much that might be, working on the theory that they had to maintain an expensive atmosphere in order to attract more money. To them, with my Beverly Hills home, I represented a most welcome pigeon for the plucking.

Our connection began, weirdly enough, over uranium mining. An ancient desert rat of a woman, who lived in a shack on the Mojave Desert, suddenly announced to the newspapers that she had discovered radium on her property. The Bostocks saw the article and their eyes lit up like pinball machines. In nothing flat, they were ready to charm her into giving them a lease on her property, to trench it to discover the extent of the find and so on. All they needed was some ready cash to clinch the deal. That was me. Peggy had no trouble at all in charming the daylights out of father, while Claude spun grandiose daydreams for him. Since father had always wanted to see me get into business anyway, he was only too ready to further this golden opportunity for me and came up with, I believe, a thousand dollars to get things rolling.

It was all very mysterious and complicated and amusing for me.

At one time, other equally relentless operators spirited the desert rat woman off to Bakersfield and held her there incommunicado, while the Bostocks and I charged off to the rescue. In the long run, the whole thing came to nothing. The old woman had got a collection of ore samples from a pal who had died, and he had apparently owned a sample or two from the Canadian uranium field, which she had got confused with ore samples from her own property. Even so, the account started one of those lost fortune, desert, mining myths which still surfaces once in awhile to my amusement. The one thing our adventures did achieve was to anchor me firmly in the Bostock orbit for awhile.

Our next venture came as the result of a casual conversation. Claude had been bemoaning the fact that I was in Medieval history, rather than in American, which was then being the source for a number of film scripts. Outraged by such an aspersion, I told them the history of Eleanor of Aquitaine. That dazzled both of them, and they demanded that I work up a script on the subject, so I began putting one together. Claude found that so promising that he now decided he and I should collaborate on turning it into a play. A successful play would sell to the movies for an even higher sum. I must admit there was no limit to the ambitions and dreams of the Bostocks.

I knew nothing at all about play-writing, not that it deterred me either. I was perfectly willing to play with their idea, so I went to their Agency on the Sunset Strip day after day, where I dictated the play to Peggy, who then had it typed up for my rewrites. Claude did nothing at all for his part of the collaboration, though he was no fool about it. The minute I got the first rewrite finished, he sent it off to be copywrighted in both our names.

It was a fun play to write; and I did a surprising amount of research for it, being too well trained as a historian by that time to be willing to turn out historical impossibilities. On the other hand, it was much too long and quite indecently expensive to produce. None the less, it had some real possibilities and a great role for an actress. At one time, a major stage actress, Gladys George, took it off to New York to try to get it produced with her as the lead. It came surprisingly close to being done, but the expense proved its undoing in those lean years. For years thereafter, that play was regularly to reappear in my life as one person after another tried to get it on stage or into a movie, but it never made it.

It was in that period that Claude talked me into buying into

his agency - actually for only a very small sum - to run the literary end of it. For over a year, I read scripts and corresponded with hopeful writers, none of it actually netting me more than a lot of amusement. Some of those scripts and ideas were hilarious and fantastic beyond belief. One of them came up with the idea that there were lots of brilliant arias buried in old operas that were never produced, so what was needed was to gather a pot pourri of those together in a new script which would have appeal. His idea for such a script that I liked best was laid in prehistoric times and centered on the love stories between a man who came from a tribe which had tails and a girl from a tribe who did not have tails. The man is captured by her tribe and is, eventually, taken off to be sacrificed in the grand finale. The sacrifice was to have his tail cut off; and they then live happily ever after, singing borrowed arias. I still think that could make one of the funniest movies ever conceived.

Another favorite script of mine was a play, where the curtain rises in the first act on a bare stage set with an elaborate living room scene just at dawn. It went on for five pages of enraptured description of the set and the French windows at the back of the set which looked out on a garden where the mists slowly rose, disclosing "the exquisite shapes of the shrubberies". At long last, a beautiful, young girl enters the set, goes to the French windows, looks out, and takes a deep breath. Curtain for the first scene. I figured at the rate of one scene per breath that was going to be the longest play ever written.

I might not be flourishing financially, but I was having a great time socially. Claude and Peggy introduced me into Agency circles and took me to a lot of parties in the movie colony. Eligible young men with good addresses and wardrobes were very much in demand, and I was a persona grata. A number of agents lunched together every day in, of all places, a drugstore on the Strip, where they exchanged the latest gossip, not only what was being cast, but who of their clients had been to bed with whom the night before, what had been done, and so on. I was all ears at this inside information. I must admit that, in time, it did begin to pall somewhat, as one began to feel that the merry-go-round was unending and all too similar; but a few of the stories were funny and it was ego-building to be on the inside.

I also learned when to appear where: only on Thursday night at

the Hollywood Brown Derby - fight night for boxing at the arena just behind the Derby; only on Sunday night at the Trocadero - the night that budding hopefuls performed free there, hoping to be discovered as Martha Raye had been; and only for luncheon at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby - I have no idea as to why; and so on. In all honesty, Peggy and Claude spent a great deal more money on me than they got out of me. I split with them, though on a friendly basis, once I lost interest and recognized them for the small-time operators they were; but I still think I got far more than my money's worth out of the period. I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

None the less, everything was not as light-hearted as this account may suggest. The newspapers had been full of the horrible rape of Nanking by the Japanese, though California was eagerly trying to maintain its economy by selling vast amounts of gasoline and of scrap iron to Japan. I had sat one evening with Czeck friends as they wept bitterly while we listened on the radio to the chilling account of Hitler's troops marching into Prague. I felt in my bones that the world was marching toward catastrophe; but, like most Americans, I didn't want to think about it. America was violently isolationist still and, while it read and it listened, it wanted to keep its eyes as closely shut as possible and not to understand. So, in the summer of 1939, I embarked on a new venture.

This one involved a major change of pace. The canning factory in Indiana was in trouble. The partners had held in warehouses the entire tomato puree production of the previous year because of the low prices offered; and, as a result, they were having money problems. Father tried by phone to get Harold to exert pressure on them; but Harold was never about to get involved in any confrontations, nor would he keep father informed on anything. Father didn't want to go back there himself, so he asked me to go and stay there to get things straightened out and to keep him informed, and I agreed to do it.

Father put a few shares of the stock in my name, so that I could, voting his stock also, put myself in charge as Chairman of the Board. It was, needless to say, a delicate position for me, since I would be being put in charge over my older brother's head, and I did not want that to make for bad feelings. Under those circumstances, it seemed inadvisable for me to stay for so long a period at my brother's, so I chose to stay instead at a hotel in the near-by town of Auburn.

There was not, in fact, a lot for me to do. I had myself in-

stalled as Chairman of the Board and began applying pressure. Harold stayed absolutely clear of all of it, cheerfully pursuing his own concerns with the greenhouse, being warmly friendly with me, and not minding the situation at all. I did keep father informed as to the progress or lack of it. I did have one rather ugly confrontation with the partners, but I stuck to my guns and eventually succeeded in getting the mess cleared up and things running smoothly again. That took me from August into November. I think the aspect which bemused me most was the amount of time the partners spent in sitting around, doing nothing except praying that some catastrophe would strike tomato crops elsewhere in the country, rather than trying to figure out anything they might do themselves. At the end of it all, Harold drove back to California with me for a visit with the family.

In the meantime, I had been stuck in Auburn, a town of just over five thousand and in a state of severe economic decay. It had once been the seat of the Auburn Car industry and the folding of that had left the town, and the hotel, on its uppers. I was somewhat prepared for that and had taken back with me the 11th edition of the Encyclopedia Brittanica to read; and, in fact, I got right through almost half of it while there. Aside from that, I quickly involved myself in exploring the fascinating personnel of the hotel and in getting to know all of them, constantly aware that, no matter how it might seem, I was in the very heart of the Bible Belt.

The hotel was owned and run by Mr. Foust, whose son, Howard, was a student at Northwestern University, and who fought openly and horrendously and constantly with his father, who was, as a result, always having palpitations of the heart and needing his drops. Their imbroglios enlivened all too many a meal in the hotel restaurant. However, that locale was also perked up by the three waitresses: Ruby, Grace and Marvel. Ruby was the oldest of them and in a state of constant feud with the chef, who had a penchant for goosing her just as she was carrying a large tray and about to enter the dining room, so meals were punctuated by the arrival en scene of Ruby with a wild shriek and a great clatter of dishes. Sometimes that gave poor Mr. Foust palpitations, too.

Grace and Marvel were young and best friends. Grace was a dark-haired, attractive girl; but Marvel lived up to her name. She was an all-out sexpot, who tied her apron with a large, crisp bow in the back, just where it would twitch the most enticingly. Between them, they kept things at the hotel at a fine boil.

Just prior to my arrival, Marvel had been dating Freddie, who was a foreman at our canning factory and a nice boy; but Grace had been being hotly pursued by the Night Manager of the hotel, who owed his job to being married to a cousin of Mr. Foust. The Night Manager had been absolutely determined that Grace was to run away with him and, when she refused, he had put a pistol in his mouth and fired it. Miraculously enough, it hadn't killed him; but he was in the hospital and seriously hurt, and the scandal was, of course, spectacular. A somewhat timid boy, named Val, had replaced him as Night Clerk. Marvel, in the meantime, had ditched Freddie in favor of the leader of a string combo, which had been playing in the bar; and Grace had started dating Freddie. Grace, however, was convinced that Freddie still loved Marvel and preferred her, which so depressed Grace that, after she got back from her dates with Freddie, Grace would return to the hotel and screw anybody there she found available.

The string combo had moved on to Detroit to play, so Marvel was now taking up with a man who worked for the telephone company, staying in Auburn on business. His best friend came to town, also fell in love with Marvel, and made trouble over it, since he was free and his friend a married man. That all became further complicated when the leader of the string combo abandoned his group and job to return to Auburn and the fascinations of the busy Marvel. She found him a room and hooked food from the dining room to feed him, but kept all of her other arrangements going at the same time. I was hard put to it to keep up with all of those permutations, but it did give me a dazzled respect for Marvel, who surely deserved a larger scene within which to operate. She had not only the looks, but the expertise, of a grande cocotte.

Then there was Roma, the bartender, a good-natured, youngish man, whose wife was about to have a baby "come pumpkin pickin' time". When Roma donned his dark glasses, usually between ten and eleven at night, you knew he was drunk, as he was almost every night. He and Howard usually stole a bottle from the bar after closing and polished off a good, solid drunk, very often with me as a part of it, but inevitably the one to end up with getting them coffee and trying to get them into shape to get to bed. They also rigged the pin-ball machine in the lobby to pay off nights and made a good thing out of that, though it flustered poor Val. It's no wonder the hotel

was having a hard time making any money.

When I arrived at the hotel, entertainment in the bar evenings was provided by Lucille, who played a Hammond organ there. She was a large-boned, hearty, good-natured woman, who could drink innumerable Scotches with no visible effects, but who got tight on two beers. She usually wore a flowing, white chiffon dress for her appearances; but, though she usually wore two slips under it, you could still see her white panties through it all; and that inevitably tempted the visiting farmers or locals to give her a hearty whack on the rear periodically; but Lucille took that kind of thing in stride, giving a booming laugh and cursing them in language we all understood and demanding a drink in return. She also fell in love with Pressy, the Swift's Premium Ham salesman working that territory; and, whenever he appeared, she greeted his arrival by playing "The Indian Love Call" with extra added flute notes. She was heartbroken when he left town; and I had to take her to another bar to drown her sorrow in beer, while she played "I'll Never Smile Again" eleven times in a row on the jukebox.

Lucille was followed by another lady organist, Linda Cotta, who explained herself by the following "She drank a little; and she smoked a little, but she did not go upstairs." That was not quite true. Before coming to Auburn, she had played for some time in a bar in Fort Wayne, where she had fallen in love with a man then in process of getting a divorce from his wife. Linda Cotta was very firm on the point that she was not the cause of it and had had nothing to do with it. However, eventually they decided to save money by moving in together, something not really done in those distant days. Apartments were in short order in Fort Wayne, but they finally found one in an old house that had been cut up into apartments. In theirs, all of the bathroom fixtures had been placed in a corner of the bedroom, an arrangement which struck me as being overly intimate for an illicit love nest. None the less, Linda Cotta maintained her position as a lady. Nobody in that bar ever gave her a whack on the bottom.

I got to know all of those people well and a good many others, including young Johnny, who wanted passionately to get into any form of show business. He had hoped that music would be his road there; but, as a youngster, he had practiced the clarinet so assiduously that he had blown all of his front teeth loose and had to give that up. Some were amusing and others endearing, but all of them fascin-

ated me, and I was an eager audience to their life stories, their dreams and aspirations and gripes. I was totally at home with them. At various times, I registered guests into the hotel, served drinks behind the bar, helped Roma wash up bar glasses and any number of other things.

For Auburn, and most particularly for the hotel, the great event of the year was the County Fair. For the hotel, that one week made the difference between profit and loss for the year. Unlike Adrian, which had its Fair Grounds and buildings, the Auburn Fair was held in the center of town on the streets around the Court House Square onto which the hotel faced. The Auburn Fair also had a great deal more of a carnival atmosphere about it than my memories of the one in Adrian. There were various kinds of rides and games and booths, tent shows, and more for sale and less local competition, though there were stock shows and judging. Crowds poured into the town daily from the surrounding countryside; and the hotel did a resounding business in the restaurant and the bar, even setting up an area to sell liquor by the bottle. Everyone working at the hotel was exhausted long before the week was over, but no one complained. Even Howard buckled down to help out. Lucille showed up, coming back for a day to enjoy the fun, hearty and brassy as ever, greeting all of us affectionately.

Sleep wasn't easily come by, even for me. The attractions ran late and the crowds poured in early. In the street just below my window was the girlie tent, which advertised its wares with a large, bass drum and a barker with a peculiarly piercing voice. I finally went in to see its show one afternoon. There were no seats. The audience stood, crowding up to the waist-high platform at one end of the tent, illuminated by a single light bulb hanging from a cord. Music was furnished by a small phonograph and the platform was bare. Three girls ( to be charitable ) performed, one at a time. They were tired and bored and long past whatever prime they might have had. The performances included a fan dance and a bubble dance, totally without any aesthetic pretensions. It was bumps and grinds of the sleaziest quality and grabbing hold of one of the poles that held the tent up and working it over grotesquely before an audience of local farmers, who watched in dead silence, glittering-eyed and slavering salaciously. It was, perhaps, the tawdriest thing I have ever seen in my life and something of a commentary on the Bible Belt.

It was not always easy to remember that Stalin had shocked the

world by signing a non-aggression pact with Hitler and moving instantly into a brutal war against little Finland and that World War II had finally started, when Hitler's forces flooded into Poland. That was all unbelievably distant from Auburn and its Fair. The desperate, valiant, lost Polish cavalry had already tilted to its destruction against the German tanks; and the Warsaw ghetto had entered into its agonies; but, in the Bible Belt, sustained by the isolationist clamors of Col. McCormick's Chicago Tribune and the Hearst Press, few people believed that America would ever again participate in a foreign war.

By November, I was more than ready to return home. Auburn had been an unforgettable experience, but I had pretty well exhausted its possibilities by that time. The canning factory had itself back under control, so I bade farewell to the hotel, picked up Harold and headed west again.

In Los Angeles, the sense of war was closer. I was convinced that we were going to become involved sooner or later; and, while I found the prospect terrifying personally, I already believed that we should be involved. It would mean me, if we were; and I could accept that, though I dragged my feet over thinking about it. I could not believe that I could go through a cataclysm like that and not come out of it a totally changed kind of person, and I found that frightening, so I involved myself in new friends and social activities.

It was in the Spring of 1940 that I met Dorothy and began dating her. She was young and pretty, a secretary in a downtown office, recently moved to the big city from a small town in central California, with a soft and clingingly feminine manner; and I shortly found myself very much in love with her. It was an affair that had its ups and downs; but, after a break between us of a few months, we got together again and were closer than ever. My friends, and even my mother, liked her; and, surrounding us and adding its own imperative note to draw us closer, there was that increasing and omnipresent fear of war.

Germany had finally unleashed its forces on the West; and the countries had toppled like the proverbial dominoes, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium. A friend sent on to me a heart-breaking letter from a French boy we had both known. It had been written from the front lines on the border of Belgium and described the measures the French were about to take, calling up new troops, and full of the assurance they could hold the Germans at that line. By the time we received it, the unthinkable had already happened. Dunkirk had taken place and France had fallen. The Battle for Britain was already on.

Hazel died in the Fall of 1940, and it was a chilling reminder to me of what I still considered the weak strain in the Hoxie blood. That was the period when I stopped seeing Dorothy for awhile; but by the Spring of 1941, I was too in love to care. I proposed to her and we became engaged, and that decided me to return to Wisconsin to complete my degree. I felt I had to make an honest man of myself now in order to offer Dorothy a proper future rather than the casual life I had been leading; and Dorothy found the University world an attractive one. Consequently, I made the arrangements to return; and Dorothy was to join me there after I got settled and things rolling. I was again given a TAship and buckled down to work. A few weeks later, I had a letter from Dorothy, telling me she had run off with an Air Force Cadet and was marrying him. So that was that, and I took it very hard at the time. I think I must admit that I now look back with the realization that Dorothy was almost certainly going to grow into a replica of her plump, little pouter pigeon of a mother, who was a confirmed clubwoman. Without needing to cry sour grapes, I think I have fared quite well without my Dorothy, however broody I was at the time.

Madison had changed considerably while I was away. My old friends on the faculty were there, but, of course, a totally new crop of graduate students; and the new crowd was no longer on the same intimate terms with the faculty we had enjoyed. It did not charm them to have me appear from the blue with a TAship and on first name terms with the faculty. I was viewed with black suspicion and soon earned even deeper disapproval.

I had been at Madison less than a month, when one of the History professors at Northwestern died of a sudden heart attack. It made a job opening in Medieval and Modern European History, and I was shipped off to apply for it. Reynolds and Hicks explained to me that there was no chance of my getting the job, that it would go to someone from the University of Chicago. I was simply to go down there and put out charm and make a good impression so I would be remembered when an opening was going to be due there in a couple of years.

That made sense, so I drove down to Evanston Friday afternoon and presented myself at ten, Saturday morning, to be interviewed by the Chairman, Dr. Strevey, who was both pleasant and quite young. I had never been interviewed for a job before; but, under these

circumstances, I was thoroughly relaxed; and it seemed very clear that my professors had judged correctly because, while Strevey and I talked away happily for a good hour, we barely mentioned history. He had someone else to interview at eleven, but he suggested I have some coffee at the Union and he'd see me at the end of that. That was fine; but I was completely unprepared to be told an hour later that I had the job and was due to begin on the next Monday morning! I had never even considered whether I wanted the job or not.

It was in a state of real confusion that I drove back to Madison to deliver that news. Neither Reynolds nor Hicks were any more sure what to think of it than I was. They hadn't considered that possibility either, and it was going to mean a serious interruption to the work on my Doctorate. On the other hand, with its pay of two hundred dollars a month, it was the best job anyone had got from Madison as a starting position in some years; and, besides I was now committed. I had little time to worry. I had to pack up my things, drive back to Evanston, find a place to live and be ready to start lecturing on Monday morning, which was going to be no mean feat. Without much time to look, I settled for a small apartment in an apartment hotel that had a dining room and was just over the line into Chicago on the Lake front and lived there until the following Spring. I had no time to outline courses or to prepare elaborate lecture outlines. All I could do was to head into it and sort myself out as I got the time. Beginning to teach under those conditions was a real baptism by fire.

I had always thought I like challenges; and this was one that drove all thoughts of Dorothy and the War out of my mind for some time, as I struggled to get beyond the point of keeping one day ahead of my classes. Once I caught my breath, I found things were going fairly well. The classes were small and the students pleasant and patient with me, while the Department was extremely helpful in every way, was also small, and contained a number of warmly welcoming and delightful persons. There was only one real thorn in my flesh; and that was a TA in the Department, a boy named Gordon Hoxie, who was probably the pushiest, most abrasive single person I have ever met in my life.

I had already heard of him. He had been a graduate student in History at Wisconsin the year before, where the faculty had found him so impossible they were only too happy to recommend him to Northwestern in order to get rid of him. They had already enjoyed them-

selves regaling me with stories about "the other Hoxie". I heard all too many more as soon as I moved into Northwestern. Gordon had made himself a known personality on that campus in one, short month. By the time I arrived there, if you wanted to make yourself unpopular fast, it was known as "pulling a Hoxie". Under those circumstances, I had no choice except to subdue my normally gregarious approach and to be very quiet and retiring in order to differentiate myself from "the other Hoxie".

He claimed relationship at once; but, though it undoubtedly existed in some distant way, he couldn't prove it, and I refused to admit to it. None the less, though blond, he had the Hoxie look to him, the Hoxie bone structure and the long neck which tend to show up again and again in the line. He also had the flattest of all possible Iowa twangs and habitually spoke so loudly that you kept looking over your shoulder to see who he was talking to. Gordon did not believe in waiting for invitations; he invited himself to join you for lunch or elsewhere, refused to recognize hints of any kind, and forced himself on you relentlessly unless you were willing to make an ugly scene over it, which few of us were willing to do. He was particularly fond of inviting himself to the Faculty Club for luncheons, to which he did not have access unless as a guest of one of us. More than once, I have known my colleagues there to walk the two long blocks to the Faculty Club in freezing mid-Winter without a coat or hat, because they had spotted Gordon lurking in the offices to invite himself along. In time, I really came to hate him, one of the very few persons I have hated in my entire life.

Gordon was to go on to some spectacular achievements and to make the news from time to time. While I have never seen him since the Northwestern days, friends of mine have taken considerable delight in keeping me informed on his doings. Gordon finished his PhD at Columbia after the War; and he shortly crossed the path of Ray Carey, who had been on the staff at Northwestern and had moved on to be Dean of Social Sciences at Denver University. Denver got a new president at that time, who arrived with Gordon in tow as one of his assistants and requested that Gordon be given a position in the History Department there. Carey flatly refused and stuck to his guns, so some other arrangements had to be made.

Later, Gordon surfaced as the President of Long Island University, where he made the New York Times as the only college president whose dismissal was demanded by both the entire faculty and the

student body. There was a confrontation between Gordon and the indignant students in the course of which one of the students slapped Gordon. The New York Times almost came unglued with amusement, when Gordon drew himself up righteously and announced "that was a day which would go down in infamy", the famous phrase which had been used about Pearl Harbor. I expect Gordon felt the parallel to be an apt one. He was never one to underestimate himself.

He was let go at Long Island, and after some time an article about him surfaced in Time Magazine. Some New Yorker had set up an elaborate tax dodge by claiming to turn a house in New York City into a mansion to be used by the Presidents of the United States and a place with a library of Presidential papers, books, etc. for the use of scholars. As it turned out, the house couldn't be made secure enough for any President to use; and the library consisted of a few shelves of standard biographies and little else. Gordon was in charge of the establishment at a handsome salary. That article laughed the whole boondoggle out of existence.

Still later, a long article in the New Yorker exposed a school for gifted children, which was a pure fraud, offering nothing to back up such a claim except a very high price for students to go there. Its most publicized asset was the presence of Gordon Hoxie on its staff. I believe that expose finished the school off. At least, Gordon, with what seems an infallible touch for the shoddy, has managed to appear in the best periodicals; but he has not exactly added lustre to the Hoxie name.

He is not unique in that. At least two other Hoxies used to appear in news accounts from time to time. One was a Hoxie who ran a notorious, quack cancer cure, mainly in the Mid-West. The other was a Hoxie who ran a small-time circus and who was constantly being charged with the mistreatment of the animals in it. My friends have been equally good about keeping me informed on their activities.

In the meantime, things were rapidly moving toward a climax which would render my irritation over Gordon meaningless. The United States was about to be jolted violently out of its uneasy complacency.

VI

December 7th, 1941 was a Sunday; and, aside from a casual perusal of the morning paper which, however grim, had held nothing new, I had spent the entire day in grading examinations without even turning on the radio. When I went down to the hotel dining room for dinner, someone called over to ask what I thought about the War now; and I replied easily that there seemed nothing new. That was when I heard about Pearl Harbor. The entire dining room was only too happy to deluge me with information, and I doubt that I have ever got through any meal faster. I sped up to a radio and spent the entire night glued to it in horror, visited periodically by a good many of the night staff, who popped in to catch up to date. The next morning, the President of Northwestern spoke to the entire assembled faculty to ask us to do everything in our power to maintain calm on the campus with the students. He didn't suggest who was going to keep us calm.

In mid-December, I flew home for the Christmas holidays. We were still so insecure and so uncertain that a Japanese attack on the mainland was not impossible that I half expected ~~for~~ our flight to end up in the midst of an air battle. I think no one was feeling quite rational in that period, and my arrival at the Burbank Airport did nothing to help my frame of mind. Los Angeles was already totally blacked out, and the Airport Building was camouflaged with canvas and nets and fake shrubberies to look like a hill and entered through a maze to prevent light from leaking out. I was driven home through a darkened city which seemed unrecognizable with even the stoplights reduced by black tape to hairline crosses almost impossible to see.

The West Coast was frantic, seeing spies and strange objects in the skies everywhere. While I was there, every anti-aircraft gun in the area had gone berserk firing on some such mysterious object, never accounted for; and there was that isolated instance in which a Japanese submarine fired a shell or two at the oil fields at Goleta, near Santa Barbara. Our house, like everything else, was blacked out; and the atmosphere that Christmas was grim and frightened. All of the news was terrible, simply compounding the horror. We were, at long last, into the War; and all of the oil and scrap iron which California had continued to sell to the Japanese was being returned to us with interest.

I took it for granted that I would finish out the school year and would then be drafted into the Army. It never entered my mind that I could have any talents or training the Army might use. I expected to go in as a Private. Certainly, I had fears about that, not so much of dying, or of being disabled physically, as of being irremediably altered mentally and psychologically by the experience. None the less, I was totally prepared to do my share without shirking. Whatever the cost might turn out to be to me personally, I believed passionately in the right of the cause; and that was a generally felt attitude of the times.

The atmosphere at the University was tense, but quiet. Students and faculty alike applied themselves to the work of the University, but with the sense of waiting. A good many of the faculty did not wait. There was a Naval Unit on campus, connected with the University; and a number of the younger faculty went to it and volunteered for service with the Navy at once. My friend, Ray Carey, was one of those and disappeared into the Navy as a Lieutenant, J.G.. As the faculty dwindled, all of us had to take up the slack in courses abandoned without much notice. For a first year of teaching, it was to be from beginning to end supremely difficult and unpredictable, not that I had time to worry about that. The same kind of thing was happening at Wisconsin. Bob Reynolds was so eager to get right into it that he wanted to enlist as a private immediately and was only prevented from that when his wife, Sarah, indignantly threatened to divorce him if he went off into that, leaving her with three small children and no visible means of support. Bob did reconsider and started looking for a more sensible way to get into the Service and found it when he was taken into the Office of Strategic Services as a Major. Before he arranged that, however, he assuaged his desire to do something by donating all of Sarah's aluminum cooking ware to the war effort. Sarah rolled her eyes, but accepted that.

I did go over to talk to the Navy Unit myself. However, I had been preceded there by Gordon Hoxie on more than one occasion, insisting on being given a commission in the Navy. I found in short order that he had made the name of Hoxie such an anathema to the Commander there that I was given very short shrift simply because of my name, so I wrote that off as a possibility.

Consequently, it came as a total surprise to me, late in May, when I was invited to a meeting held by some Army officers on campus

to talk to faculty who were thirty or over. I had just reached that age in April. They appealed to us to volunteer to teach in Air Force Preflight Schools, where men with teaching experience were in great demand. If accepted, we would go into the Air Force as officers. It was distinctly annoying, if hardly surprising, to find Gordon sitting prominently in the front row at that meeting and making his presence felt by his booming questions. The officers inquired his age and pointed out to him that, at twenty-seven, he was not eligible; but that neither made Gordon withdraw or shut up. Nothing short of physical force was apt to daunt Gordon.

I drove into Chicago for a personal interview with the officers two days later, surprised and delighted over such a possibility, but with the sinking feeling that, no matter how early I got there, I was going to be preceded by Gordon. I was right on that score. He had been there and had made his usual, dreadful impression, trying to bulldoze them into taking him. I think, if he had crossed my path as I found that out, I might have tried to kill him. In spite of Gordon, however, they did give me papers to fill out to volunteer and warned me not to expect to hear back in less than three month's time. That came just at the end of the school year. The last I heard of Gordon he was trying to get the Chairman of the Department to sign papers for him in which Gordon had listed himself as an Instructor, not as a Teaching Assistant, which is what he was; and the difference is the fundamental one between student and faculty. The Chairman had refused and pointed that out in detail and was then involved in refusing the same thing for the third time. Gordon was never one to give up easily, nor was honesty ever a problem for him.

I packed my things and drove down to Evansville, Indiana, for Ray Carey's wedding. He was already in the Navy and stationed in New Orleans. I knew his bride and was a member of the wedding party, so it was all very festive and the last big fling. From there, I drove home to Beverly Hills, where I filled out the Army papers and sent them off and then settled down for three months of nervous waiting, hoping against hope that I might be accepted by them before I was drafted.

I needn't have worried. Exactly twelve days after sending the papers off, I received a telegram: and, while I had no way of knowing it at that time, that telegram was to be the perfect preparation for what being in the Army was going to be like. It announced that I was, as of right then, a Second Lieutenant in the Army Air

Forces; and it ordered me to report to the Officer's Training School in Miami Beach, Florida -- yesterday?!

That freaked me out totally. I was just in and already AWOL! I fairly flew to consult with the nearest Army office I could find in Los Angeles, where I was told to send off a wire to the Commander of the School telling him I was en route and then to buy myself a uniform and catch the first possible train for Miami. It was already quite impossible to travel by air. If I had not been so upset, I might have noticed that no one in the Army seemed even faintly surprised by that telegram. At any rate, I followed their instructions and was relieved to find several other men on the train in my same position. That class of officers was hopelessly screwed up. We weren't even the last to arrive; and the group ended by getting only five, instead of six, weeks training, not that it ever made the slightest difference.

Miami Beach had been taken over by the Army. We were put up in the long line of beach hotels, drilled on the golf courses, and went to classes in what had been restaurants and nightclubs. Our particular group was made up of former faculty members to about ninety per cent, so it was off-putting, to say the least, to be greeted officially and told that we were exactly the kind of men the Army wanted because we were the ones who had managed to keep our businesses going in spite of the Depression. The next thing we were told was that, in the Army, every officer had to be capable of doing the job of any other officer. Since the Army was already a highly technical operation, that was obvious nonsense. I thought they were all crazy.

That opinion was only strengthened by the first meeting of a class in how to run an Army mess, a class taught by the Colonel who had written the textbook on the subject. He began happily by asking us to make suggestions for a proper lunch. The first suggestion was for spaghetti, which pleased him as easy to prepare in quantity; but he was equally pleased with the next suggestion for mashed potatoes. The next, for hot biscuits, he allowed was a little more difficult, but could be done. The idea of a lunch consisting of spaghetti, mashed potatoes and hot biscuits was enough to make me tune him out thereafter. My only other memories of that course was his insistence that every Army stove had to have a stock pot simmering on the back of it and that proper coffee was cherry red in color. I have no idea what kind of cherries he had in mind, if he had a mind.

The other courses were equally valuable; but, since they had

turned off the air conditioning everywhere and kept us in a state of exhaustion, all of us nodded off to sleep instantly in all classes, so it didn't matter much. The one class which kept us awake was one in Public Speaking, where we had to participate. That was taught by a young man who began by explaining that each of us would rise and give a minute and a half account of himself and that he would demonstrate how to do it. He gave us his name and explained that he had gone to the Dale Carnegie School of Public Speaking for two years, an accomplishment in which he clearly took great pride. He was then followed by members of our class, who rose serenely to explain their various advanced degrees from a variety of top universities and their years of teaching. Our instructor did blench a little at that as it continued, but he led us relentlessly through the Dale Carnegie system anyway.

I'm afraid that I found it all too pathetic and much too funny. The sight of ten University professors at a time lined up to repeat in unison a short, memorized speech using memorized gestures, including what he called "the statue of liberty gesture" was too much for me. I hooted in gales of laughter. Worse than that, whenever I had to give a speech I found it impossible not to drop into doing a parody on his style. The class loved it, but I got a D in the course. So much for my dreams of ever being a good lecturer.

At the end of five weeks of that kind of junk, we were shipped out, tired, bewildered and baffled to take up positions in the Army. If that school served any purpose, it was that of forming a possibly useful transition between civilian and Army life, one in which we learned to obey orders, however idiotic, and to move through days in a state of numbed acquiescance. Our graduating exercise consisted in being trucked out to open, palmetto fields at the end of the island, where we were supposed to simulate something, but actually spent the entire time cowering under palmettoes not having the faintest idea of anything. At the end we were trucked back; and our leaders proudly informed us that they didn't know what we had been doing either, but they thought we had done it very well. It seemed an appropriate finale.

Most of us were sent to San Antonio, Texas, to be interviewed and then assigned to the various Preflight Schools. To my surprise, I was interviewed by an officer named John Hoxie, who turned out to be a cousin I had heard of and who had known my parents in the past.

He lived in California and, after the War, looked my parents up and saw something of them for awhile. I was assigned to the Preflight School for Bombardiers and Navigators at Ellington Field, Texas, outside of Houston. On the train going there, I met Bill Saunders, who had taught English at Washington University in St. Louis before getting into the Army. When we discovered we would not be living on the Field, but could live in Houston, we teamed up to get an apartment together and have remained close friends ever since.

After all the rush of taking us into the Army, no one knew what to do with those of us who had taught in the Humanities. Those who had taught mathematics or physics were absorbed instantly, but the rest of us simply floated with nothing to do for about two weeks. Eventually, both Bill and I were assigned to teach something called "Air Force", a two weeks course and one worse than meaningless. We were forced to teach it from an Army Manual which had been written in the 1920s and which, among other things, included rather elaborate mathematical formulae for when to drop bombs based on visual sightings, a practice rendered hopelessly obsolete by the bomb sight. Since a number of our cadets had already seen action of one sort or another, it was frankly humiliating to try to confront them with such clear trash.

We had no choice in the matter, so various ones of us took different courses of action. My own consisted of being absolutely frank with my cadets and telling them we had to get through the two weeks together, regardless of how stupid the situation; and, I must say, they did understand and responded nobly, giving me no trouble. In fact, my candour gave me some popularity with them. They had also been in the Army longer than I had and, as a result, were less surprised and shocked by such nonsense than I was.

I had been at Ellington only a week when I drew the assignment of being Officer of the Guard for the entire Field, a twenty-four hour assignment which terrified me, since I had less than no idea as to what my duties were. They turned out to be minimal, but it included an experience which shook me up. I had to report to the Guardhouse at noon to take over, which was just the time when the prisoners were being returned from their lunch. I was jolted at seeing them stripped to the skin, shoved into the cell room and having their clothes thrown in after them, once they had been checked. I was more shocked at the same place later that day, when a truck arrived to

take two of the prisoners off to the Federal Prison at Leavenworth. One of the prisoners was being sent up on a charge of sodomy, which gave rise to a lot of catcalls and remarks on the subject when the two prisoners were handcuffed together. I found the whole scene extremely unpleasant, but I was mostly baffled as to how just one man could be sent up for sodomy. It seemed to me that was something that required two. It didn't enter my mind that one could be sent to a Federal Prison for making a pass, but that turned out to be the case.

From the beginning, I seemed to attract odd jobs. Early on, I was one of a group selected to go to visit Advance Schools to see if we could find out why so many of our cadets were rolling out at that level and what suggestions they could give for the improvement of our instruction. We did get suggestions and wrote up a report and even got to implement some of it on our return, as a result of which we were given special commendations on the job. Six months later, new authorities reversed everything we had accomplished and re-instated the old system again. That helped my growing disillusion with the Army. I had gone into it very gung-ho and more than willing to work twelve hours a day on a seven-day week. Within a few months, I was doing as little as I could get away with.

After some months, I was transfered out of teaching "Air Force" into teaching Aircraft Identification, which sounded as though it ought to be more useful. That turned out to be a vain hope. We had to teach them to identify a number of kinds of planes, most of which had long since fallen out of use in the War. As the perfect example of the sort of thing which frustrated us, we tried in vain to be allowed to teach them the B-17, the plane in which most of our cadets would fly; but we were grandly informed that all information on it was still classified Secret. Then Life Magazine came out with a big spread on the new plane that included pictures and diagrams, and we were sure we would finally get to teach it. Not at all, we continued to be told it was Secret.

At first, we taught identification through the use of wooden models of the planes; but then they installed an elaborate and expensive new system using slides of planes and a projector which could flash the slide on a screen for varying lengths of time, including down to one sixtieth of a second. That held real possibilities. Unfortunately, with the projector came a set of no more than forty

slides, which the cadets were easily able to memorize in nothing flat, mainly by the cloud backgrounds, so that turned out to be worse than useless; and we got no response to our requests for more slides. It was impossible not to feel that you were booby-trapped into an insane world.

The most interesting assignment I had while there was the affair of the Jogoslav officers. These were Jugoslavian Air Force officers, who had been deeply involved in the War and who had managed to escape in various ways after the invasion of Jugoslavia, most of them across the Mediterranean to Egypt. They were now being brought to the United States, where our government was giving them four B-24s to fly; but it was decided that they needed retraining. Ten of them were being sent to Ellington Field to start training to become Bombardiers and Navigators. They were understood not to speak English, but to know some French; and it was decided that special classes would have to be set up for them and that they would be housed on the Field under the care of a special Liason Officer, who would be responsible for them in all ways. I drew that job on the basis of knowing some French.

I was summoned to the office of the Commander of the Field, who explained it to me and that I would be relieved of all other duties as long as they were at Ellington. I listened in dismay; but finally I agreed to do it, provided I was given ten days leave the minute I got rid of them. I had been in the Army less than four months at the time and had not realized that junior officers did not try to bargain with Commanders; but, in fact, he agreed to my demand readily.

The Jugoslavs turned out to be eminent charmers and a number of them were extraordinarily handsome, a combination which got some of them involved in scandals before they left Ellington. I was hopelessly amused and beguiled by them from the minute they arrived. I was supposed, among other things, to be teaching them English; but, as Lekitch explained to me carefully, "You are one. We are ten. You learn Serbian." Then he presented me with a Serbian grammar and began teaching me useful phrases.

They were at Ellington for over two months with nothing much to do. I did set up classes for them, but they already knew all that could be taught them there and were far beyond that. Most of them were higher ranking officers than myself, including two Lt. Colonels, Lekitch and Sabodash. I introduced them around, got the younger ones

invited to cadet parties and all of them to some society affairs in Houston, where they created something of a real stir with their European elegance and glamor. I also managed to get permission to take a few of them to New Orleans for a weekend without its counting against my leave time. My friends, the Careys, were still stationed there and were entranced by my Jøgoslavs. I was beginning to learn how to do a little wheeling and dealing in the Army, if not much else.

Lekitch was my favorite. He was an aristocrat to the fingertips, beautifully educated with exquisite manners and clearly from a wealthy background; but he did make problems for me. The Jugoslavs liked me, and Lekitch decided that I was the perfect Liason Officer for them; so, without a word to me, he began phoning the Jugoslav Embassy in Washington, demanding they get in touch with the Pentagon and arrange for me to be assigned to continue on with them after they left Ellington. Obviously Lekitch pulled a good deal of weight because, finally, the Pentagon flew an officer down to Ellington Field to demand that I call off the Jugoslavs. That was the first I had heard of any of it, and I was appalled to discover that I had become a problem and a thorn in the flesh of the Pentagon before I had been four months in the Army. I did get Lekitch to abandon his campaign.

I've often wondered what happened to him. I know that he returned to Jugoslavia after the War, though it is hard to imagine him under Communism. However, he and Sabodash were very close friends; and Sabodash was as perfect a peasant type as Lekitch was an aristocrat. Sabodash was plumpish and jolly and a bit noisy and, in his own way, almost as much of a charmer. Amother of my favorites was little Crvenkovitch, who came from the mountains, and who kept insisting that, after the War, I must come to visit him and he would take me bear hunting ( the least likely thing for me that I can imagine ) and also that he would drink with me until I stood on my head, though I don't think I can do that when drunk, to be honest. He is one of the two of their number that I know were killed in the War. The other one killed was Pavlovitch, the most beautiful of the group. I got that news from one of them, Radovitch, whom I ran across late in the War in Caserta, when we happened to meet in a ceremony where both of us were being given medals.

I was genuinely sorry to see them leave. As far as I was concerned, everything at Ellington was downhill after that. I received

my promotion to First Lieutenant just after they left, getting the news while I was home on leave. My abiding memory of the year and a quarter at Ellington Field was the increasing feeling of unreality to everything and that it represented a kind of hiatus in my life without any real meaning. It was there that I first began hearing and using the question, "What did you do in real life?"

Every weekend, the cadets poured into Houston, renting rooms or suites in the Rice Hotel, stocking them with liquor, and then prowling the streets for Victory Girls. Those were teen-age local girls who seemed to feel that their war job was to satisfy the sexual desires of the cadets, who mostly treated them like dirt. They would get them up to a suite, give them a fast drink and off to a bedroom, after which the girl was apt to be passed on to someone else. If the cadet, on closer inspection, decided he didn't like the girl after all, he would coolly walk out and abandon her to look for some more attractive pastime. It seemed to me casual, brutal and inhumane, but there was also a kind of sick fascination to it. Now, it seems to me like a small preview of the age to come after the War and the invention of the Singles Bar, one of the products of loneliness, alienation and the hope of losing oneself in pleasure, however fleeting.

I found Houston desolatingly unattractive. It was already sprawling and rich, but a city without a real bookstore. Books were to be found only at the back of stores that featured stationery or gifts, and it gave me a real turn against Texans. Ellington was loaded with Houston volunteers through a special arrangement between the Field Commander ~~the~~ and the Houston business community. The Commander guaranteed that Houstonians could volunteer, if they were in danger of being drafted; and he would see that they were assigned to Ellington and could run their businesses from there. Men who had been accountants, for instance, could be given leave at any time to go to their former bosses and bring the books up to date. It made for a neat, if shoddy, system.

One such volunteer worked with us in the Aircraft Identification Section, a youngster of about twenty from one of the very rich local families. He was made a Warrant Officer, the best that could be done for him; and he was a pleasant enough, if very spoiled, young man. When Spring came, he decided to put on a picnic for the entire office at a farmhouse the family owned. Spring was beautiful, even in the flat plains of that part of Texas. The fields were bright pink

with wild flowers; and there were masses of deep blue lupins along the road and occasional patches of wild spider lilies in swampy areas. A picnic seemed a lovely idea and everyone accepted happily. A good many of the officers had wives with them by then; and the wives put on slacks and we were all ready for a casual good time. However, the boy also invited some of his Houston friends; and those women showed up in high heels, satin and furs. The resultant chill was enough to frost the wild flowers for ten miles around. Bill Saunders and I escaped as fast as we could decently get away; but the boy walked us to our car and gave us a final line which has always seemed to me the very epitome of Texas, "Do come again. We have lots more houses."

On another occasion, one of the Enlisted Men in our office took me down to Galveston for dinner at a very opulent pier restaurant run by his uncle, who was the gangster boss of Galveston. His uncle gave us magnificent Scotch and was a superb host, an interesting, very cultivated and astute man, who struck me as the most cultured person I had met in Texas, though he had been investigated by Congress for drug running and white slavery. Texas was something else, as far as I was concerned.

The most dramatic incident while I was there was the day the hurricame swept in off the Gulf. We had had warnings, but the storm had been expected to strike elsewhere, so no planes were moved off the Field. Only at the last minute did the storm veer and hit us full blast. It made for an unnerving day of huddling in the buildings, watching bulletin boards suddenly shiver and take off into the sky and the shingle roofs begin to ripple and then lines of the shingles tear loose and fly away. The rain came in torrents that swept almost straight horizontal. No one was allowed to leave the Field until word came through about four that afternoon that any of us who wanted to try to make it to Houston could leave.

Bill and I left immediately; and it was a very scary drive with the car being almost blown off the road all the way in to our apartment. Again and again, in Houston we saw big plate glass windows begin to buckle and then literally explode into fragments. We just did get off the Field in time. Half an hour after we left, they closed it again; and all personnel there were hustled out to lie on the wings of the planes, which had been lashed down, but which needed more weight to keep them from breaking loose. Two planes did break loose and crashed, sending a number of the cadets who had been lying

on the wings to the hospital, one with a broken back. The Field was a disaster area when we reached it the next morning after the storm had passed. Several buildings had collapsed and not one had a whole roof. It looked as though the War had passed through.

The first I heard of the Army Air Force Historical Division was probably in September of 1943, when several officers at Ellington received forms to fill out on which to apply for jobs in it. I did not receive one and paid little attention until I was notified to attend a meeting on the subject being held by the Head of that Division, who was visiting Ellington Field. It was the first field he visited on his search for qualified historians in the Air Force.

I attended the meeting and was genuinely excited to learn that the Division was searching for historians to send overseas to write up preliminary histories on the spot. It sounded wonderful to me, and I eagerly filled out an application and went for a personal interview. By then I was willing to crawl on my knees and lick boots, if necessary, to get out of Texas and for a chance to do something of possible value. A few weeks later, I heard the rumor that another officer at Ellington and I had been requested for transfer to the Historical Division; but that, in the inevitable Army fashion, the Commander had promptly rejected the request on the grounds that we were both essential at Ellington. So far as I know the only requisite for being considered essential is to be desired by someone else, but that news left me very glum. None the less, about two weeks later, I received a telegram assigning me to a project number and ordering me to report at once to the Historical Division in Washington.

Historians for the Armed Services was a new idea in the United States, though the Germans had used it in World War I; and both the Army and the Navy had established Historical Divisions fairly quickly in World War II. The Navy had chosen Samuel Morison from Harvard, whose recent work on Columbus had made him the best known Naval Historian in the United States; and the Army had selected the equally prestigious Douglas Freeman, whose work on the Civil War was a well-known classic. The Air Force chose Clanton Williams from the University of Mississippi on the basis that someone had heard him do some news analysis on a local Mississippi radio station and had thought it well done.

At any rate, I happily shook the dust of Texas off my feet and reported to Washington, where I found I was one of the first nine

chosen to be sent overseas. I was assigned to be sent to the South Pacific to MacArthur's Headquarters, a terrifying assignment in view of what had happened in regard to the first job of work that had been done by the Air Force Historical Division.

Williams had gathered a small nucleus of historians to head up the Washington office and they had produced a monograph to show what historians could do. They chose to write up a specific incident in the Pacific campaign: the first occasion in which land-based aircraft had been used to destroy an enemy supply fleet and its covering aircraft. The original claims had been the destruction of all ships in the Japanese flotilla to the number of about twenty-three. I have now forgotten the exact numbers, so these will be approximations. They also claimed to have destroyed over three hundred Japanese planes in that battle. The Division was able to gather all of the Intelligence reports on the battle and to study all of the Photo Reconnaissance pictures dealing with it, so they had all of the basic materials for a careful study.

As a result of their work, they found there had never been twenty-three ships in the flotilla. The true number was nineteen, out of which the Japanese had managed successfully to beach two and thus save those supplies. Moreover, there had never been three hundred Japanese planes in that area. The actual number was about two hundred and eighty, almost all of which had been destroyed. In spite of the correction of numbers, it remained a spectacular American victory. It was decided that, for reasons of tact, the revised figures should be released by the MacArthur Headquarters, so the account was sent to him for such release. MacArthur's response was instant and to the point. He fired back a cable, demanding that everyone who had worked on the Historical Division study be subjected to immediate courtmartial for daring to question his initial release. They were not courtmartialled, but their monograph was stamped Top Secret and buried in the vaults, where it may well languish to this day. It did not make the idea of working for MacArthur a very comfortable one for me.

As it turned out, I was lucky. There was a change in plans, when it was hopefully decided that the Mediterranean Theater of Operations was proceeding so well that the war there could be expected to be over fairly soon, so all available personnel should be rushed there at once. As a result, I was transferred from the South Pacific

to the Twelfth Air Force in the Mediterranean, a shift which I greeted with frank relief and delight. We pottered about in Washington for a couple of weeks, supposedly getting some indoctrination, but actually wasteing time. The one good thing was getting to know Allen Weller, who was to become my closest friend for the next two years. He was an Art Historian from the University of Missouri, a very tall man with a wonderfully wry sense of humor and a magnificent gift for research to whom I am indebted for most of the good things that were to happen to me overseas.

Eventually, we were all allowed to go to our homes for ten days of leave before going overseas. Mother was not happy about it, but she took the news in stride and did not complain. The one sad thing about that leave was that our beloved cook, Georgia, was in the hospital for an operation for breast cancer. All of us loved Georgia as, I think, did everyone she had ever worked for. Former employers of hers were constantly coming by our house to see her all during the years she worked for us, including the actress, Louise Dresser. Both Georgia and I had enjoyed the horse races at Santa Anita and regularly sent bets out by each other and spent many happy hours together at the breakfast table, poring over the racing forms. She was a lovely human being and it grieved me deeply to visit her in the hospital and see how wasted she was by the cancer. I never saw her again. She died a few months later.

What followed my leave was one of those frustrating black comedies which had begun to seem par for the Army. While at home, we received orders directing us to report to a Lt. Green at the Washington Airport at eight o' clock on a November morning, which we dutifully tried to do. We presented our orders and were shipped from one office to another, until finally someone there asked us if we really wanted to see Lt. Green, because he had been transferred to Greenland some three months earlier. Greenland did not seem the most direct route to North Africa, so we repaired back to our own Headquarters in disarray to try to get that cleared up.

In due time, new orders were issued for us - only none of us were allowed to see them! We were grandly informed that our orders were Secret and that we were not cleared for Secret materials. We tried to tell them that we knew exactly where we were going and had been being groomed for that, but they just smiled and explained that was impossible. We also tried to explain that we couldn't leave

without orders, but they just kept smiling. It took another day before we could get our orders and start being processed. That was a day spent in touring all too many offices in the Pentagon, which made us more than a little hysterical and given to roars of helpless laughter. What else can you do when you show your orders to a woman clerk, who looks up and says feelingly, "Oh, you poor, poor boys!" Various offices phoned our Headquarters to complain of our levity.

More dismay was spread through the Pentagon that day by one of our number, Capt. Angell, who was being sent to England. We had been given the names and numbers of various offices in the Pentagon which could give us various kinds of practical information, but Angell had taken down only the numbers. He had a slight stammer and spent much of his day going from one of those offices to another, entering and asking blandly, "S-s-say, wh-what do y-you f-f-feelows d-do here?" It created instant panic. No one was sure whether he might not be some kind of obscure spy; and, I suspect, they weren't too sure what they were doing either. Complaints fairly poured into our Headquarters.

Eventually, in spite of the best efforts of the Pentagon, things got more or less straightened out, though our final orders were to prove to have faults in them also. We reported back to the Airport and were duly sent off to Miami to be processed to go overseas, which would involve being issued necessary equipment among other things. On the way to Miami, one engine on our plane failed, making for a sickening drop for a moment before the pilot got us stabilized again; but we made it into Miami for the night. The next morning, instead of being processed, we were hurried onto a plane to take us down to Brazil. We turned out to have been given such high travel priorities that no time was going to be wasted in getting us overseas. I was never again to be given a priority that high, including when I desperately needed it on business.

The trip overseas was a nightmare. We travelled on bucket seats in a plane from which all insulation had been removed except in the tiny first-class cabin, so it was bitterly cold at high altitude in November. The center of the cabin was full of freight, so we could only perch where we were and shiver, feeling like frozen salads on cafeteria trays. The flight to Natal, Brazil took twenty-eight hours with two stops for fuel: one in Porto Rico and one in Guayana, where we also had some breakfast. Ernie Pyle, the famous war correspondent, was up in first class, along with some female secre-

taries; but, though he was famous as "the friend of the GIs", he never spoke to anyone less than a Major on that trip, nor did he offer to share any of the blankets enjoyed by those in the cozy first class. Needless to say, we were exhausted and stiff and fell into bed on our arrival in Brazil.

We were off bright and early the next morning for a similar flight across the Atlantic to Dakar in Africa, where we went into new collapse for one night and then off again to Marrakesh for Thanksgiving. The following day we were flown to Algiers, according to our orders to report to the Headquarters of the Twelfth Air Force there. We presented our orders at the Airport in Algiers and asked for directions and transportation to the Headquarters, only to be met by total disbelief. The Headquarters of the Twelfth Air Force had been located in LaMarsa, outside of Tunis, for the past several months and was just then in the process of beginning a move to Foggia in Italy. You would think the Pentagon might have been aware of some of that.

A couple of days later, we were flown to Foggia, arriving late and spending our first night in barracks at the airport, most of which I spent in throwing up. Foggia lies in the center of a plain which borders the Adriatic just where the spur sticks out from the Italian boot. It was the center for a circle of air fields; and, because of that, it had been so heavily bombed in the course of the War that only two streets through it had been cleared for traffic at the time of our arrival. Almost the only two buildings undamaged by the bombings were two big, Fascist office buildings, one of which was now the Headquarters of the Twelfth Air Force. The town was a wreck and much of the population, which had been about eighty thousand, had deserted it. There was no glass in any windows, due to the bombings; and the wind from the Adriatic was bitterly cold.

The next day, we were driven into the town and given rooms in what had been a small hotel near the Headquarters. Living there was distinctly on the primitive side. The bed in my room had springs which were a mass of small coils of wire in the midst of which lay a straw mattress not quite five feet long and none too wide. All I had for it were two blankets I had been issued out at the airport; and I spent the entire Winter experimenting with various ways to wind up in them like a cocoon, since you had to have some under you as well as over you. It was several months before they got glass in the windows, and I wore more in bed bed than I did out of it.

There was a wash basin in the room; but, unhappily, running water was turned on for only about twenty minutes each twenty-four hours and then at some time between one and three at night. You turned the taps on and put a helmet under them when you went to bed and were wakened eventually by the sound of the water running. Then you rose precipitately to fill your canteen, to rush a helmet of water to try to flush the stinking toilet at the end of the hall, and then to refill your helmet before the water stopped. Bathing of any kind was out of the question, and that situation continued for a couple of months. It was not helped by the fact that the women who cleaned for us had fleas which quickly spread to our bedding and to us.

Food was also a problem. Foggia was the Advance and food was not being brought up in sufficient quantities. Moreover, a German air raid on Bari harbor a couple of days before my arrival had sunk a lot of our shipping, all of it supply boats. I was to be quite literally hungry twenty-four hours a day for the first two months there and dropped ten pounds rapidly. It wasn't helped by the fact that we were still being sent summer rations, which meant cold lemonade for lunch when you were blue with cold yourself. The men who had been overseas for some time fared much better than we did, because they had already established getting food packages from home and could supplement with that. Once in awhile, someone was kind enough to share a few cookies or something with us, for which we were deeply grateful; but that was rare. Food was too much in demand.

Since it was the Advance, we did not get any PX supplies to help out for a couple of months, nor was a Red Cross unit established in Foggia until much later. Our only source of regular extra food was the arrival, each Wednesday afternoon, of a Red Cross truck in the courtyard of the Headquarters building. We could line up and each of us get a canteen cup of hot coffee and two doughnuts. That was instantly the much awaited, great event of each week; but it soon turned into a real horror in its own way.

The inhabitants began to straggle back into ruined Foggia, as it was cleared and put in some order; but they, of course, had less food than we did. Each of those bitterly cold Wednesdays, every entrance into our courtyard was crowded with small children, dressed only in rags and shivering with cold and hunger, hoping against hope for something to eat. There were just too many of them. It was India all over again or worse. All two doughnuts ever did was to create a bloody battle among the children, so we fled back to our

offices with our coffee and doughnuts and were demolished by guilt. It still haunts me.

Long before we got enough food, we did get entertainment in the mysterious ways by which the Army works. Two cinemas were put back into operation for us, and that offered an odd choice. At one, the sound was perfect, but the picture always slightly out of focus; at the other, the picture was perfect, but the sound somewhat garbled. I spent Christmas Eve at one of them: and, after the movie, a GI played a piano and we sang. Eventually, he played "White Christmas", then still a new favorite; and the place went dead silent. I have never felt so intense a feeling of aching yearning fill a room in my life. The desire to be home and with one's family throbbed in that room like an open wound. We just filed out when it was over, no one speaking.

We had one scare, about a week after our arrival im Foggia. Berlin Sally was on the air nightly, taunting us with the success of the German raid on Bari and warning us that their next raid was going to be on Foggia. After dinner one night, when we were mostly back in the hotel, there was a lot of low rumbling and then a couple of deafening roars. The Italians still in Foggia clearly knew all too well what that meant. Of one accord, they opened their mouths and began screaming and racing hell bent for leather for cover. I was paralyzed, not having any idea of where to go for cover or what to do, so I just stayed put. Five minutes later, the skies opened and the rain poured down. What we had heard was thunder. We were lucky.

In the meantime, of course, we had gone to work. To our surprise, we discovered that the Twelfth Air Force already had two Historical officers, a unit headed by Major Leland Baldwin, an American Historian from Pittsburgh, with an assistant, Clayton Taylor. They were equally astonished by the arrival of six of us. Historical officers had been requested from the States some nine months earlier with no response of any kind, and now we had suddenly arrived with no warning at all.

Leland Baldwin was around fifty and had been in World War I and had been overseas from very early on, first in England, then through the entire North African campaign and on up into Italy. He was short and red-headed, of uncertain temper and odd temperament, but basically a good Commanding Officer in that he did let you get on with a job of work and treated you like a rational adult, which

was something new to me in Army experience and something for which I was deeply grateful. Baldwin knew no Italian and he was one of those persons who believe that foreigners can really understand English, if they want to, or are simply deaf. Consequently, whenever we had to have an Italian workman in the office to fix something, Baldwin would end up screaming at him in a purple fury; and the workman inevitably ended by fleeing in sheer terror. In almost two years, Baldwin was never to change that tactic. Clayt Taylor was a pleasant young man whose ambition was to become a Funeral Director because that would give Clayt plenty of opportunity to play an organ, which was his primary interest. As a historian, he was mainly a dead loss.

It was a small office. The only other personnel was a rather dim-witted enlisted man. There were two desks for us, one nailed together from parts of crates; and there were five chairs, no longer enough to go around. Supplies included an ancient, English typewriter, The space bar of which worked only when given a sharp pound. We had two thirds of a ream of green, flimsy second sheets as our only supply of paper and what paper clips we could filch off documents that came in to us. That was it. The office at that time was subordinate to Intelligence, though later we were to be established as an independent unit directly under the General.

I should make it clear at this point that the Historical Division was a technical oddity in the Army, since we had the right of direct communication with our head office in Washington, which meant that our mail did not have to go up through channels for approval. The only other outfit with a similar privilege was Statistical Control; and, as a result, both they and we were viewed with extreme suspicion by Commanding Generals, who saw us as possible spies. As a result, most Historical Officers overseas were never given access to any meaningful information at all and were shunted off into back closets, so to speak, That was roughly our situation, too, when we arrived; but we were later to break out of it by a stroke of luck.

Baldwin shortly solved our overcrowding problem by shipping four of our group off to sub-headquarters to work there, but he kept Weller and myself with him. Eventually, but not for over nine months, Weller was to be sent to the Advance Headquarters to take charge there; and, for all practical purposes, I ran the office at the Rear. In the meantime, we settled down to doing what we could, trying to figure out what was going on, and mainly just to survive. In spite

of all of the difficulties and hardships, we were remarkably happy and content. We did a lot of laughing in those days. At one time, Clayt Taylor surprised all of us by writing out a short satire on all of us in the office, and we retaliated by starting to write return satires on him. Weller decided to do a poem on it, but never got beyond the first line of it, which ran "Seated one day upon his organ." I wouldn't have gone back to Texas for anything. Problems or no, it was worth it to be considered a rational human being capable of doing a job efficiently.

I was, for instance, very shortly delegated the job of putting together the Administrative History of the Twelfth Air Force, which was a dull, but monumental job. It involved keeping track of every unit ever assigned to the Twelfth, their moves, assignments, changes of command, etc.. In all, over nine hundred and eighty separate units were, at one time or another, assigned to the Twelfth. I was to peg away at that job until well after VE Day, though eventually with a good deal of help from others.

All sub units had been ordered to send us a monthly account of their activities, and those had been floating in and piling up, so it gave me something to work with. The making up of those reports was usually tossed to some Corporal or Sergeant to do in off moments, without any real instructions as to what was wanted. As a result, they were of very limited use, though sometimes very amusing. The man who wrote up the unit histories of one outfit concentrated his attention primarily on who had what venereal disease. Out of those records, plus a casual and chance collection of random papers, I began piecing together what information I could.

My job was not made any easier by Baldwin's absolute conviction that we could only get travel orders at rare intervals; so I had to work on one group of units until I needed to go see them for more information and then put that aside and work on others until I had a sizable backlog. Only then would Baldwin request travel orders for me, always dazzling ones that permitted me to go anywhere I needed in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Corsica or Sardinia to get the information I needed. It was an inconvenient and inefficient way in which to have to work, and it always meant my being away from home base for several weeks at a time.

I went off on the first of those ventures in late January, 1944, when my travels took me, among other places, to Constantine in

Algeria, a fascinating city in an extraordinary location. Constantine sits on a high saddle between two mountain ranges and that saddle has been carved through by a small stream in a very narrow gorge a thousand feet deep. The gorge is spanned by a couple of bridges and has the remains of a Roman aqueduct in the bottom of it. At that time, the Air Force was trying to discourage crazy fighter pilots from flying under those bridges, which was very dangerous and hence appealing as a challenge to the pilots. The native quarters hung, quite literally, along the edges of the chasm, cantilevered out over it. At that time of year, the landscape was green and very beautiful, the valley fields dotted with great splashes of bright, red poppies in full bloom. However, the memorable sight was the Headquarters I had gone to visit, which was located in what had been the Museum. Small objects had been put away, but not heavy ones; so I was fascinated by the sight of bored GIs busily typing away under the watchful gaze of a large statue of Bacchus or some other God standing behind them. It was my first real experience of the surreal juxtapositions that the War created.

It was on that trip that I was, among a good many other things, trying to run down information about a Signal Pigeon Detachment which had been assigned to the Twelfth on the invasion of North Africa. I had only a couple of references to it, one of which had struck my fancy. It was a requisition for supplies which included requests for a dozen flashlights, a dozen fountain pens and for four fountains. That had raised visions in my mind of indomitable, little pigeons going in for night flights, lighted by a flashlight under one wing, while holding a fountain pen for fast notes under the other, and then heading for home and a glorious splash in a fancy, marble fountain. Unfortunately, I never found anyone who had ever heard of my lost Signal Pigeons; and I ended with the dark suspicion that the poor birds had ended up being broiled and eaten.

The other memorable sight on that particular trip was Agrigento in Sicily, where I stayed in a small, requisitioned hotel that looked out over the ridge crowned with the lovely, tawny-colored, Greek temples and past them over a positive sea of almond orchards in full bloom to the blue Mediterranean. When I was finally able to return to Europe after the War, that was one of the first places to which I returned.

The Troop Carrier outfits in Sicily ran a kind of air shuttle

bus daily that circled to their various fields. I was riding it up to Palermo on that trip, so simple a ride that none of us Air Force personnel on board thought to fasten our seat belts, though a young sailor from the Navy was well strapped down. Just entering the Palermo area, we had to fly through a gap in the mountains, at which point the plane suddenly dropped a thousand feet in a downdraft. That little sailor watched in wide-eyed amazement as the rest of us rose off our bucket seats to slam into the ceiling of the plane and then down into a wild jumble in the middle of it. So much for Air Force expertise.

The most memorable of my trips came in April, 1944, at a time when the Front was still stymied at Monte Cassino, north of Naples and about a month before the push to Rome began. I had again been in North Africa and was on my way from Tunis to Naples, en route to Sardinia. For reasons I will never understand, our pilot chose to fly low through the mountain passes between Foggia and Naples, taking that general route because we had had a stop at Bari. I had flown that route a number of times, but never low, so I was really interested in all one could see, including some fascinating ruins of a very large building on top of a conical hill. It was already late in the afternoon and we seemed to be taking an unusually long time to get to Naples.

Suddenly, the plane gave a wild lurch and all of our bucket seats collapsed, dropping us to the floor. We were struggling with that, when a white-faced radio man came into the cabin from the cockpit to tell us to fasten ourselves down any way we could, that by mistake we were almost at Rome, having taken a wrong turn in the passes. That interesting ruin had, in fact, been Monte Cassino. We had, quite casually and slowly, rather like a large duck, flown straight over the most hotly contested part of the front lines before German gunfire had hit us.

We buckled ourselves down with the seat belts around our chests and sat there, somewhat green around the gills. An English pilot sitting next to me elaborately offered me an English cigarette, which I refused equally elaborately and offered him an American one, both of us being very stiff upper-lipped and quite ridiculous in retrospect. Our plane dove down to tree-top level and headed for the sea hell-bent for leather. Unfortunately, that meant we would be coming in on Naples at dusk on the exact route always used by the

German bombing raids. We radioed wildly ahead to explain it was us, don't shoot; and, by circling clear around Capri, finally made it in safely. Once we got out, it was easy to see that the tail section of our plane was riddled with holes from the hit.

I got in to a Transient Officer's Hotel in Naples and went to bed, feeling rather shook. I hadn't been there long before all hell broke loose. The air raid sirens went off, smoke screen machines turned on, sounding like a hurricane, antiaircraft guns began firing; and the entire population of unhappy Naples of one accord opened their mouths and began screaming. They also began running in their wooden-soled shoes down the cobbled streets. I have never heard such a hellish combination of sounds. I was petrified and just stayed where I was rather than get out into that; and very quickly the German bombs began falling in a neat line right down where I was. They took out a building less than a block from me.

It did leave me feeling like the number one target for that day, and that day was also the eve of my birthday. I did wonder if I were going to make it through, but I did. I was sufficiently upset by all of that to phone my home office the next morning to announce I was returning there and the hell with Sardinia. I started explaining what had happened; and, I'm sorry to say, my colleagues there got to laughing so hard over my outraged story that I was passed on to three of them before I got it all out. That was the closest I ever came to being in any real danger during the War and closer than any of the other historians in that area.

Our major break in the office came that summer, when Baldwin was back in the States on six weeks leave. Weller had been left in command and he was summoned to Caserts, where all of the top headquarters were based in the huge, old Royal Palace. There he was asked to do a special study of "Operation Strangle", the interdiction of the Italian railways leading into Rome, which had been a very important and successful Air Force operation. It had also marked a very sharp change in Air Force tactics against the railways. Up to that time, all strikes had been made against marshalling yards at the major stations.

That had been on the advice of an Englishman who was attached to the Tactical Headquarters and who was viewed, not only as a formidable intelligence expert, but also as a major personage to be treated with kid gloves at all times, since he was said to be very close to the Royal Family of England. His theory was that you could

destroy the rolling stock in that way. To a degree that was true, but you could not get enough of the rolling stock; and, moreover, marshalling yards are more easily repaired than any other part of the railway system with their thousands of yards of track. A young American captain in our Intelligence came up with the idea that the trains could be more effectively stopped by bombing the hundreds of bridges and tunnels which all of the Italian lines had in their passage through the mountains. He had finally got his way and it was every bit of the success that he had predicted. Scuttlebutt said that, in spite of that, he was never promoted and had ruined his career by opposing the English expert.

It was, incidentally, that same English expert who was responsible for the surprising results of the Air Force attacks on the little island of Pantelleria before the Sicilian campaign. Pantelleria is a tiny rock of an island that lay athwart the invasion route; and it was like a stationary aircraft carrier with hangers hollowed out of the bare rock and ringed with gun emplacements, so it had to be neutralized before the invasion. The expert had explained that the island was made of very soft rock, so that all bombs used against it should be set with a delayed timing so the bomb could penetrate the rock before exploding, and that had been done. Pantelleria was very heavily bombed and, when it seemed totally out of commission, they landed on it and took it easily. What they discovered on landing was that, rather than soft rock, Pantelleria was made of extremely hard rock, so the bombs had gone madly bouncing around on it before detonating. Only one gun had actually been put out of commission; but the bouncing bombs had so freaked out the personnel on the island that they had fled into the deepest recesses of the hangers and were still huddled there when the landing was made. I never have been sure just what that Englishman was an expert at beyond impressing the High Command.

In any event, Weller was given full co-operation in Caserta and turned out so valuable a study that it was used in working out further operations. For the first time, the upper echelons got the idea that we might be genuinely useful; and our position changed over night. Suddenly, we had more help, a typewriter or two that worked, supplies and access to papers we needed. We were also charged with writing up more monographic studies of operations like the one Weller had done; and thereafter we turned out a series of

those studies, which was much more satisfying work to do. Baldwin returned to find everything very much changed.

The new sources of material also gave us a lot of fascinating new information which ranged from the serious to the comic, a lot of which will probably never make it into official histories, so I will include a few bits here that I recall. The shocking and terrible shooting down of the entire 52nd Troop Carrier Wing on the invasion of Sicily with the loss of thousands of lives by our own trigger-happy Navy has been published, though that news was held up for many months due to its shocking nature. So, too, has the account of the famous bombing of Monte Cassino and the fact that the Air Force insisted from first to last that the bombing would be of no help in driving the Germans out of there, on which they proved to be quite correct. However, I doubt that the accounts carry the fact that one of the first planes over dropped its bombs five miles too soon, right on the opposite mountain flank where the Allied Generals had a lookout post from which to watch the bombing. Fortunately, that post was well dug into the mountainside and no one was hurt, but it was a neat idea.

More amusing was an incident in North Africa where, on a day with a lot of cloud cover but some holes in it, several groups of our Medium Bombers were sent out to bomb around the Tunis area. They all reported back safely and with the news that they had been able to see well enough to bomb their assigned targets. Late that day, our Command was electrified to receive a jubilant message of the most heart-felt congratulations from an Army General, whose tank forces had been lined up near the Kasserine Pass against a huge force of German tanks. Just as the battle had been starting, suddenly, out of the blue quite literally, a hail of bombs had dropped from heaven, so to speak, destroying a large part of the German force. The General wanted his commendations passed on to whoever had done it. That couldn't be done, because none of our Air units were willing to admit having been within two hundred miles of that location. So much for pinpoint accuracy in World War II.

## VII

The war in Italy rolled on. Rome fell and the troops continued on north, being stopped for awhile at the Arno River; but in August, Florence and Pisa fell to us and the line was pushed back into the Appenines, where it again stabilized in what was known as the Gothic Line. In September, our Rear Headquarters was moved into Florence; while, oddly enough, the Advance was located about eighty miles behind us in Siena. Florence was an enormous change from dull Foggia and was to be the bright spot of my war.

Except for the picturesque Ponte Vecchio, all of the bridges across the river at Florence, including the exquisite Ponte Trinita, had been blown up by the retreating Germans. In order to deny us the use of the Ponte Vecchio, they had also mined and blown up several blocks of houses at each end of the bridge. It was an insanely useless gesture, since at that time of the year the Arno is so low that anyone could wade across it easily and it was no trick to get temporary bridges put up fast. Otherwise, Florence was almost intact. We were now quartered in the Hotel Europa, the second finest hotel in Florence, which still had all of its original linens, china, etc.. Those were the first sheets I had seen since leaving home. I was commandeered to share a room with Baldwin, now a Lt. Col., and could scarcely refuse my commanding officer. Still, it was a lovely room on the top floor with a private loggia from which one could look out across the roofs of Florence to the hills of Fiesole. In fact, the first few nights we were there, you could still see sporadic artillery fire in those hills. Our new offices were in a newish apartment building across from the main train station, and now we had a whole suite of offices to match our new importance.

If there was any fly in my ointment, it was a small one, seeing much too much of the quixotic Baldwin. I not only shared a room with him and ate all meals with him, I also sat across from him all day at the office, where we shared a huge double desk. The only time I could escape him was nights, when he regularly went to see a movie, so I stayed in the room. I would read until I figured he was due back, at which time I would whisk into bed, turn out all of the lights except that over his bed and pretend to be fast asleep. Each night saw the same routine.

He would thump in, banging each of the double doors to the room

and turn on all of the lights. Then he would retire to the bathroom for a noisy piss and much hawking and spitting. With that done, he would settle into the one comfortable chair, which was beside my bed, for a last pipe. That completed, he would beat the pipe out on the tile floor, perform noisy ablutions, put on a stocking cap made from the top of one of his wife's stockings, get into bed, turn the lights out and be snoring before I could really get to sleep. It did teach me a lot of patience.

Mornings saw a different routine, but as invariable. The bathroom had two basins, so we rose together. I'm not notably talky before breakfast, but I would always mumble, "Good morning"; and he would always reply, "What's good about it?" Eventually, I gave up saying my part, but it didn't change it. He just said, "What's good about it?" anyway.

Baldwin was a real character. He was eternally discontented. Once, when we were in Rome together on a three day leave, we had gone out to Tivoli to see the Villa d'Este there; and he had been so grouchy that I had shut up completely. However, there is a superb view out across the plain of Rome from the terrace of the Villa and I knew Baldwin liked views, so I thought it safe to murmur an appreciative comment. He promptly snapped, "The only view I'd like to see is a green Alpine valley." I retired back into silence.

He was also unpredictable. In Florence, every day on our walk between the hotel and the office we passed several horse-drawn carriages; and, at one of them, there was always one horse tossing its nose-bag to get the last bits of food from it. One day, Baldwin began expounding the theory that nose-bags should have a spring in the bottom to push the food up; and he was furious when we burst into hoots of laughter at the thought of the poor horse opening his mouth and instantly being gagged as the contents were forced down its throat. Or there was the occasion when he astounded us by announcing that all Italians had ugly voices which was why there had never been any good Italian singers. He really believed it, too, which certainly put a lot of Italian opera stars from Caruso on in their place! One man, who didn't know Baldwin and was present on that occasion, thought Baldwin was being a wit, which really did infuriate Baldwin.

But Baldwin could also be endearingly candid. He had published a novel before the War and kept a copy of it prominently on his desk overseas. Allen Weller and I read it while he was home on leave and both of us found it dreadful, if unwittingly funny in parts, so

neither of us ever admitted having read it to Baldwin. However, Baldwin had also once written a mystery story which he had sent to his publisher; and Baldwin told us quite frankly that the publisher had returned it with the statement that it was positively the worst book he had ever read in his life. You can't really dislike a man who can tell a story like that on himself.

My greatest stroke of good luck was due to the fact that, before the War, Allen Weller had been in Italy, working on his book on Francesco di Giorgio; and, at that time, he had done part of his research out at I Tatti, the villa owned by Bernard Berenson, the great Art Historian. Weller had not known him well; but, after Berenson came out of hiding, Weller went out to the villa, which was just outside of Florence to call on him. He was made very welcome and, on his next visit, took Baldwin and myself to meet Berenson. Berenson was very kind and gave all of us a standing invitation to go out to the villa for the day, including luncheon and tea, any time we could get away; and we were all to make much use of that to our very great delight.

Berenson would then have been in his seventies, and both he and the villa were exquisite. The villa was a dream place for me. It wasn't as large as it is often said to be. Berenson had had to add rooms onto it as his famous library had expanded over the years. The library and his collection of art had been sent away into hiding during the War, but everything was back in place by then. What struck me most about I Tatti was that, for all of its beauty, it was not at all pretentious. It was designed for comfort, for conversations and for study. There were some superb paintings on the walls, but they were hung where they looked good and nothing else was made of it. In the main library room, there were big red leather chairs and a big sofa with tables to draw over your lap to hold the heavy books and plenty of big ashtrays. A big, stone, Chinese lion slept peacefully in front of the fireplace. Every inch of the place suggested a cultured, scholarly, eminently civilized way of life, with comfort far more important than fashion or useless elegance.

I was awed by it and by him. Berenson was tiny and immaculate. He always looked as though he had just been lifted out of a bandbox, his white beard trimmed to perfection, a fresh carnation always in his buttonhole, hovered over and deeply cherished by Nicky Mariano, his secretary-companion and by her sister, Baronessa Anrep, who took care of the photograph collection, one of the prides of his library. I

always found him brilliant, witty, intensely charming, and also very generous, warm-hearted and sympathetic.

It has been fashionable in recent years to be snide about Berenson. Art Historians often make belittling comments on him; but it remains true that none of them can work in the Renaissance field without reading him and referring constantly to his work. He also has something of a reputation for being a snob. All I can say is that I never saw it. I was a real nothing Captain when I met him, yet he made me as welcome as any of his famous friends. During the War, every top general went to call on him at I Tatti, but I never knew of any of them to be invited back. On the other hand, junior officers like myself or GIs like Peter Viereck, who had already published some poems, were given a warm welcome and return invitations. If that is snobbery, it's a kind I approve of.

Tea time was when Berenson received. There were always people there at that time and people in great variety. You never knew who might appear or where conversations might turn. For an hour or two, the whole War would cease to exist as you listened to people tell casual stories of their legendary friends: Diaghilev, Nijinsky, Matisse or Rodin. It was hard to realize that the quiet, pleasant old man with the German accent was actually the ex-King of Bavaria and one of the last of the Wittelsbachs. Berenson never dominated conversations, nor did he talk much about art. He preferred to turn the talk to new literature or history or politics, to areas about which he wanted to listen. Depending on the weather, tea might be held on the terrace of the gardens, or in a small, sheltered, side garden, if it were windy, or in the living room in the Winter time.

Conversation was an art at Berenson's. It followed a tradition I had read but had always thought of as a literary device, not as existing in reality. A topic would be introduced, an appropriate anecdote or comment related and the ball passed on to someone else. No one changed the subject or hogged it; each was content to add to it, passing it around. It was elegant, often witty, always informative. I was so dazzled by it that I didn't say a word on my first two visits out there. I just listened, awe-stricken and entranced.

When I was leaving the second time, Berenson said to me, "You and I have not talked. The next time you come out, you must cuddle up next to me and we will talk." Sure enough, on my next visit, he had me sit next to him on the couch and devoted himself solely to me for three-quarters of an hour, finding out about me and being inter-

ested and perceptive. I idolized him and still do. He was one of the most thoroughly impressive persons I have ever met in my life, and he was a genuine revelation to me. From him I learned to believe that anyone can, if he or she wishes, develop a personal style which suits himself and that cultivating a personal style can be a source of very real security. You simply learn to know what suits you and don't care what fashions may be or how other people manage their lives. You can be truly yourself and happy with your choices in life. That was, of course, the quality which I had found so attractive in Edward White's father with his sense of luxury in the midst of the Depression. I believe in it absolutely, and it has worked for me.

No matter what might be happening, those days out at Berenson's were deeply healing days for me. We would go out in the morning and potter around the superb library until lunchtime. Berenson worked in his study during those hours, but he would always send sherry and biscuits in to us before luncheon. Luncheon was usually just us with Berenson, Nicky and the Baronessa, sometimes with her husband there also, simple meals with great talk. After a long luncheon, Berenson would retire to nap, while we read or wandered in the gardens; and then he would reappear to hold court at tea time. He also owned a summer place in the mountainous pine forests of Vallombrosa, where he spent time when the heat became oppressive at Florence, and we were able to visit him there once as well. It was a very simple house with wicker furniture and chintz and, again, an atmosphere of easy comfort, which he left to Nicky on his death, when I Tatti went to Harvard.

It was out at Berenson's in December of 1944, that we met Mrs. Coletti, an American woman married to an Italian publisher, who lived in a beautiful palazzo on the Lungarno, just near our hotel. During the War, she and her husband had been sent into a Concentration Area as enemies and recognized anti-Fascists. They had three sons. One was with our Fifth Army, and another was a prisoner of war, they thought held in Poland. The youngest boy had been in school in Switzerland: but, foolishly, had come down into Florence during the War, hiding out in their home there. He had been spotted or informed on, was seized and executed in a very public and horrid execution, intended to prove that the children of the wealthy would be killed as well as those of the poor.

While the palazzo was vacant, it had been taken over by a German officer; so, when the Colettis returned, they had expected to

find it a shambles. However, it was abundantly clear that the officer had contented himself with settling on a couch in the magnificent library, where he had drunk up their entire cellar of wines, throwing the empty bottles around the room. The only real depredation he had committed was to search out an important collection of Risorgimiento documents they owned. Those he had used as toilet paper and also thrown about the library, possibly as a gesture of contempt for the Italians.

Mrs. Coletti warmly invited us to call on her, so Baldwin and I went to visit her for tea on Christmas Eve. There were wartime oddities. Since the electricity in Florence was not yet dependable, a wire had been led down the staircase and out the crack of the front door, by which one could ring the bell for entry. However, the door was then opened by a handsome, young footman in full livery, though Mrs. Coletti did sigh that he would not change his shirt quite often enough. We were given tea in the library, a room perhaps eighteen feet high, lined with books to the ceiling on three sides with a small balcony for convenience and a little circular stair to it in one corner behind panelling. Indeed, that was the stair where her youngest son had been hiding when he was discovered. The only other guest was also an American woman, Marjorie, Contessa Salvoni, then fifty-one, a woman of great vivacity and charm. I sat next to her, and we enjoyed each other so thoroughly that she invited me to come to her apartment for dinner the next week, and that was the beginning of my great friendship with Marjorie.

Marjorie had been born somewhere in the Baltimore/Washington area, obviously from a monied background. At sixteen, she had married a wealthy Washington boy, and the pair had been shipped off to Oregon by his family to grow apples. I gathered that he was already something of a problem to his family. They settled down and in due time Marjorie gave birth to a daughter, and she swore she had no idea she was pregnant until she had the child; but she had two more daughters in quick succession and then got a divorce, since her hasband had turned into an all-out drunk. Marjorie returned to Washington, by then grown into a raving beauty, and married a Senator from Massachusetts and became a well-known and popular young hostess in Capitol circles.

That husband died, leaving Marjorie a wealthy and beautiful, young widow. Travelling in Europe in the 1920s, she met Ippolitto,

Conte Salvoni, a dashing and most eligible bachelor; and, though he spoke no English and Marjorie no Italian, they fell in love, ran away and got married, a marriage that was to last happily from then on. Notably, Marjorie learned Italian, but Ippolitto never did learn English. Everything went well until the Depression hit. Ippolitto's income was badly cut and Marjorie's looked as though it might all be lost, so they moved to New York to see what could be salvaged from it. Ippolitto went to work for an importing firm and Marjorie took a job as a saleswoman at Lord and Taylor's, while they struggled to straighten out her affairs.

Matters began to improve; and, as soon as things did clear up, they returned happily to Italy. Then the War came on. Marjorie's income from America was cut right off; and their position became dangerous, since Ippolitto was known to be anti-Fascist. The main Salvoni home was a stunning Renaissance villa above Rimini, but they also maintained an apartment in Florence in the old Palazzo Acciaiuoli on the Lungarno, the dining room of which had been frescoed by Pocetti in the 16th Century and which was a State Monument. Marjorie always said it was a better work than his frescoes in the Pitti Palace; and, from the photographs, I think that was probably true.

Strapped financially, and trying to raise two grand-daughters, Marjorie sold off two Persian rugs from the villa, only to learn that the dealers had resold them a week later for more than twice what they had paid her for them. That struck Marjorie as a very bum deal, so she went around to dealers she had bought from in the past and asked if they would give her a commission on the sale of treasures she brought to them. Since Marjorie knew everyone and a lot of people were having to sell treasures and would prefer to deal through a friend, the dealers were only too pleased. Marjorie and Ippolitto went back to work.

However, as the War went on and the Allies invaded Italy, their position became so dangerous that they went into virtual hiding in the villa. Unfortunately, Ippolitto went out one day and was caught by Fascisti and beaten until he was left for dead. He managed to crawl back to the villa, where Marjorie nursed him back to health; but he lost the sight in one eye and much of his hearing as a result of the beating. As the Allies moved north, they had to leave the villa, which was in a prominent location, and they got out just in time with a few suitcases. The villa was shelled from the sea and from the land and bombed from the air. It was left a pile of rubble

from which nothing was ever saved. The one thing Marjorie mourned most was a full-length portrait painted of her when she had been at the height of her beauty. She, with her ailing husband, two grand-daughters, two servants and a dog, refugeed to the apartment in Florence.

When the "Emergencia", the period the armies sat on either side of the Arno at Florence, occurred, the Germans insisted that the Salvonis leave their apartment for a few days, so they packed a couple of suitcases and went to stay with friends. The Germans then mined the Palazzo Acciaiuoli, along with the other buildings near the Ponte Vecchio, and blew it up, so they now lost everything that had been in their apartment, too. Some days later, the Allies began sending patrols across the river to evacuate people they feared the Germans might try to hold as hostages; and Marjorie with her household was among those evacuated at that time.

She moved them into the house of a friend in Bellosguardo in the hills on that side of the river. Some days later, she and her family happened to be down in the cellar, giving the dog a bath, when a German shell hit that house and the room she and Ippolitto had been occupying, which blew up what they had carried in their suitcases. Marjorie remained indomitable. When I met her, she had moved them back onto the main side of Florence into a huge apartment, owned by another old friend, who had moved to the States at the start of the War; and Marjorie had gone back into business, selling things for friends and acquaintances, cheerful and undaunted by all of it.

That first dinner at Marjorie's was typical. The apartment was huge and splendid with three, large reception rooms, opening one into another by large arches. However, all of the windows had been blown out when the Germans blew the bridges; there was minimal furniture and the silk in a couple of wall panels had been ripped out by the Germans; and the place was freezing. Marjorie had fixed up the smallest room in the apartment by boarding up the window and putting in a stove which burned lignite, so it could be heated - more or less. Lignite is a substance somewhere between peat and soft coal which was available in Florence. We dined in that room: Ippolitto, the two grand-daughters, girls in their teens, Marjorie and I, waited on by the two faithful servants. It was a simple meal, but the wines were exquisite. They came from still another friend whose house had been destroyed, leaving only his wine cellar, which he had shared

out among his friends. I brought Marjorie a bottle of rye, which I had learned she liked and had long been unable to get, so we had a gala evening and got slightly tipsy.

Eventually, Marjorie managed to get glass replaced in all the windows, the place handsomely furnished, and entertained beautifully. I was there often and through her met much of the society of Florence. Every week, I and a few of my friends got all of the PX supplies we were allotted: soap, toothpaste, candies, the works, things then almost unavailable in Italy. We took them to Marjorie and tumbled the goodies out for her and her family to her great delight. Those scarcities set up very peculiar social situations which constantly shook me up. Through Marjorie, I met the Chiaramontes, the great princely family of Faenza, who had also refugeed into Florence, after living in hiding for almost two years in the root cellar of a farm near Faenza. The Principessa was an extremely handsome and elegant Frenchwoman, who still had her Paris gowns and her jewelry, which made it seem almost barbaric to arrive at her apartment and hand her a tube of toothpaste or a cake of soap, but she was always enchanted by it. Her apartment, too, had suffered from the departing Germans. In that case, when the Germans left, they had carefully shit on each silk-covered chair and sofa and had carefully ladled more of their shit onto the shelves of the little glass cabinets for bibelots. That sort of thing began to seem like a peculiarly German syndrome. I kept in touch with Marjorie after the War; but, before I could get back to Italy, she was dead of cancer. That seemed bitterly unfair to me, after all she had suffered and with such gallantry.

Between Berenson and Marjorie, I rode high in Florence; and, as a result, I underwent a sea-change that was soon being commented on at the Headquarters. A number of my fellow officers began remarking that they had known me for a year or more and I had always been reserved and positively unfriendly until Florence, when I suddenly bloomed and began being one of the more charming and sought-after officers in the Headquarters - and what the hell had happened to me? The real answer, of course, was a taste of civilian life again and reality.

I was, in fact, even being somewhat in love - with Ethel, the Marquesa Antenori, a friend of Marjorie's, married to a horrid, old Italian, who was very Fascist and with whom she still lived, though not as man and wife. Ethel was a most lovable woman, a little older

than myself, but with a talent for looking and seeming barely more than twenty at times. There was something very wistful and sweet about her, and we became very close, with Marjorie frankly and very happily encouraging our affair.

Both Marjorie and Ethel had been among the local ladies who had volunteered their help to the Red Cross when it opened in Florence. The American woman who ran it, however, met and became great friends with a young Italian woman and moved into an apartment with her, where she managed quickly to get glass in the windows, comforts, heat, food and what not for them. The local ladies were shocked, because that Italian woman's father was a Fascist general, still fighting with the Germans against the Allies. They finally informed the Red Cross woman, who coolly told them she was not interested in politics and to forget it. Marjorie and Ethel abruptly stopped working at the Red Cross, as did many others.

Life in Florence was fascinating on many levels. As the months passed, the great art treasures began to reappear, brought back out of hiding, or with the taking down of the brick and concrete protecting walls which had been built around such things as frescoed walls which could not be moved; and it gave me unique opportunities to see things. For instance, when the walls protecting the famous Masaccio frescoes in the Carmine were taken down, I was able to go up on the scaffolding to see the frescoes very closely. Also, many of the great bronzes which had been in hiding could now be seen at ground level instead of on their high pedestals. Sometimes you got very odd views, indeed. The two great equestrian statues of Medici Grand Dukes by Gianbologna, for instance, turned out to have been cast in two parts, the horse and rider separately. Brought back to a courtyard, the horse stood nicely; but the Grand Dukes lay on their backs with their legs in the air, looking more than a little ridiculous.

The most extraordinary experience I had along those lines came one day when a friend and I had gone over to walk in the Boboli Gardens behind the Pitti Palace. As we crossed the Pitti courtyard, an elderly guard beckoned to us and asked if we'd like to see some of the treasures of the Uffizi. We were, of course, delighted, so he unlocked a door and toured us through a long set of rooms on the ground floor. In the first room, piled carelessly on tables, were the huge, early Renaissance choir books from the Cathedral, all illuminated, where we could paw through the pages at will. In other rooms were the paintings, stacked against each other where one

could tip them back to look at Botticellis, Fra Angelicos or Raphaels at random. A whole library lay on the floor. and on windowsills stood the exquisite, little, Renaissance bronzes by Gianbologna. My friend was less interested than I, so he and the guard quickly forged ahead: and it made me realize that I was in position to steal anything that I could carry. I knew very well that no one was about to stop an American officer, no matter what he was carrying.

That shook me up so hard that, the next day, I went out to Berenson's to tell him what was going on and that he must have it stopped before things began to disappear. Indeed, I told him that, if it weren't stopped, I would go back myself and steal a Gianbologna. I was really shocked when he grinned at me and said, "Well, Albert, I don't know anyone who would appreciate one more than you." I was afraid he wasn't taking me seriously. However, when I went back to the Pitti some days later, the practice had been stopped and I could not get back in to the treasures, so I guess my warning was followed up on.

Still, from that period, it is the people who live most vividly in my memory, including old Miss Robbins in Siena. She was an American school teacher, who had retired to Siena before the War and bought herself a house on one of the narrow, medieval streets of that hilltop city. Allen Weller had met her before the War and looked her up, eventually renting a room from her when he was stationed in Siena. Miss Robbins was nearing eighty, a very erect, white-haired, old lady with whom lived an English Baronessa, who had refugeed to Siena from Elba, just about as old and as English as Miss Robbins was American. Miss Robbins's pension from the States had, of course, been cut off all during the War. She had been warned to leave Italy as the War broke out, but she had not had enough capital on hand to be able to do it. Interestingly enough, the local bank had quietly kept loaning her just enough money to keep her going all through the War.

That money did not extend beyond the vital necessities. Not a single fire had been lit in that old house all during the years of War; and it snows and gets bitterly cold in Winters in Siena. They burned a bit of charcoal for the small amount of cooking they did and carried very small braziers of charcoal with them, which gave enough heat to keep their aged fingers from seizing up into rigidity. Neither of them did any complaining at all. They lived almost entirely on a bread ration and on greens that they walked out of the city to farms to buy. Miss Robbins would not buy any kind of meat

because she disapproved of black markets and that was the only place it was available. When the air raids occurred, the Baronessa would say, "Oh, what a bore! Oh, what a bore!" Miss Robbins would say firmly, "It's more than a bore, Eloise. It's more than a bore." Then they would get up and totter down into the cellar for safety. Once Weller moved in with them, he was able to get coffee and other kinds of food to them, which was a great help. I'm happy to say I was with them the night when for the first time again a fire was burned in their fireplace. That was after VE Day and it was a very gala celebration for them.

I was again and again struck by the strength and courage of the people I knew there. In spite of all the dangers and fears and deprivations and tragedies, they managed themselves with dignity and even with real elegance and good humor. Almost none of them ever complained and they managed to maintain very real standards for themselves and to be warmly generous with the little they had. It gave me a very real view of exactly how wonderful people can be under stress and what standards and values are about. It was a lesson I have never forgotten.

I'm afraid that, in recent times, I tend to find most people self-indulgent, cowardly and rather rotten by comparison with those I knew at that time. I am convinced that too much ease and money and things are ruinous for people. It takes genuine stress and trouble to teach people what real values are. Without it, they go soft and shoddy. In real adversity, the vein of pure gold that can exist in people comes to the fore, though I am well aware it can go the other way as well. Troubles show what people really are.

There were terrible things that happened in Italy also, many of them, I suppose, inevitable in a war and due in part to to the dire needs and grinding hunger which gripped most of Italy. The worst places were inevitably the Rest and Recreation Centers to which service men went on three or five-day passes: Naples, Rome, Capri, Venice. In Rome, for instance, the GIs would go to the Borghese Gardens, sit on a bench and put a can of C rations beside them, waiting for a girl to be hungry enough to put out in return for it. The officers in Rome were housed in the great hotels along the Via Veneto. There, each evening, took place the march of the "mangiare" girls, the hungry girls, parading to be invited to dinner and then upstairs. Upstairs eventually had to be placed off bounds after an American Major took a girl to his room, enjoyed her and then coolly

dropped her out of his fifth floor window to her death.

Yet, if those could be hell holes, the opposite occured often where an outfit was located long enough in one town to know the people there as individuals. That happened in Siena, where our Advance Headquarters was located for a number of months. The officers and GIs alike snaffled food to give to the townspeople whenever they could and were welcomed into the homes. The soldiers treated the girls with real courtesy and became treated almost like members of the Italian families. When the Headquarters had to move, the town turned out and wept to see them go.

I will not suggest the Americans were angels in Italy. They stole and raped and were mean at times. None the less, most of the Italians I knew preferred them to other troops. They had really hated the Germans, whom they found arrogant, vicious and nasty. They found the English snobbish and difficult, apt to fill sidewalks and make the Italians get out in the gutter. They found the Americans better humored and much more apt to be generous with food and things; and most of what I saw bore out those judgments.

Certainly, troops could act crazy at times, particularly if they were held up back of the lines with nothing to do for long periods, as happened with the paratrooper outfits, stationed at Lido di Roma for months, waiting for the invasion of Southern France. The beach there had huge piles of land mines the Germans had placed along the beaches and which had been dug out and gathered in big heaps. The bored paratroopers would wander along the beach and fire their guns into those piles just for fun; and, of course, periodically they would hit a mine right and the whole pile would explode, sometimes badly wounding the paratroopers and always taking the glass out of all near-by windows one more time.

There was lots of drinking, when anything was available; and that, as usual, could make the drinkers either ugly or happy. The happiest set I ever saw was a group of seven New Zealanders up on leave in Venice. I was there on leave myself and noticed a huge crowd gathered at a kind of gondola depot just back of St. Mark's Piazza late one afternoon, so I went over to investigate and found a scene straight out of surrealism. The New Zealanders were quite literally blind drunk and gathered around a broad flight of steps that led down into the water. Though there were hundreds of people all around them and hanging out of every window, the New Zealanders could not focus their eyes on them long enough to realize they were there.

They were happy and playful, much given to pushing each other into the water. In fact, all but one were soaking wet by the time I arrived and one had carefully taken off every stitch of his clothes. Just as I got there, he came walking up the steps out of the canal, stark naked and carrying very carefully an old-fashioned, round alarm clock by the ring on top of it. Where he got that Heaven only knows. Several gondoliers hovered about and when they sometimes threw each other's shoes into the canal, the gondoliers would retrieve those very quickly because shoes were expensive and important; but they also put them back for the New Zealanders.

Finally, the only dry one of them got pushed in. He climbed out slowly, sat down, and began methodically pulling his wet clothes off, happily waving each article of it around his head as he got it off. That tended to spray the crowd and a crowd murmur would go up, which attracted his attention. You could see him fleetingly come into focus on them in astonishment and then forget them instantly as he tackled the problem of getting the next thing off. The climax came when one of the naked New Zealanders was shoved into the water again, crawled part way up the steps and then just sprawled out on the steps face up, his feet still in the water, and pee-ed straight up. The crowd came unglued with pure delight over this new fountain. There were MPs waiting very quietly; and, once the happy drunks had calmed down, the MPs deftly got them back into uniform and carried them off, not, I hope, to be charged. They had given a lot of pleasure to a lot of people that day.

In spite of all my socializing, the War was still going on and we did get work done. It was in Florence that I got out two large monographs, one on Troop Carrier Operations and another on Medium Bomber Operations, as well as doing work on a very large study we did on "Operation Dragoon", the invasion of Southern France. That last was an important study which turned up more oddities.

Operation Dragoon had been in planning for well over a year before it came off; and it was, of course, a complex affair, involving the Navy, ground troops and the Air Force. In the eventuality, it turned out to be a far easier operation than had been assumed. We had intelligence as to what German outfits were in that area, but they turned out to be skeleton outfits with poorer personnel than we had dared to assume, which turned out to be lucky. A part of the planning included a special code to be used by all participants in the Operation only at that one time. At the last minute, for some

mysterious reason, the Navy Admiral in charge of his end of it decided not to use that code, but instead had all messages sent in an obscure Navy code to which no other outfits had the key. As a result, no one could read any messages sent by the Navy for the first three days of the invasion. If there had been real difficulties, that would have been disastrous and cost thousands of lives. It was an extraordinary example of the arrogant misuse of authority which could and did occur.

Another example of that kind of thing occurred in our own Air Force in the case of a particularly gung-ho Commander of a fighter-bomber group. The fighter-bombers were used extensively in the interdiction raids against the Italian railways. Their orders as to targets were sent down to them from the Tactical Headquarters and they went out almost every morning on raids against bridges and tunnels and so on, flying low and doing superb jobs. However, this commander wasn't content with that. In the course of flying, he would spot other possible targets and, acting purely on his own, would order his men out in the afternoons against his new targets. The result was that he exhausted his men totally and literally flew them into the ground. The losses of pilots and planes in that group were so unusually high that there was, finally, an investigation which turned up what he was doing. He was promptly moved to a higher Headquarters, where he couldn't run his own private war, and was treated as a hero.

He was, however, a real rarity. Usually, the closer you came to the real action of the War, the more efficient all personnel became. It had to be, because their lives depended on it. The further back of the lines you went, the worse things became and the greater the stupidities. It was always in the back areas that they went all out on regulations. For instance, in Naples, one of the Rest Centers, all officers waiting in the Replacement Depot there were sent out to patrol the streets and to stop GIs there on three day passes to make sure they were in proper uniform, wearing undershirts and their dog tags. Any found without undershirts were arrested and sent right back to the front. It was insane and wicked.

On the comic side was the affair of the Brazilian Army. Italy got all of the little tag-ends of troops: the Polish Army, the black African Goum troops, the four planes of the Jugoslav Air Force, and the Brazilian Army. The latter were stationed in Florence and were jolly youngsters in their grey-green uniforms, much given to sitting

in circles in the dry riverbed of the Arno, singing songs while some of them would prance into the center of the circle to shine at dancing.

Then came a German breakthrough on the Gothic Line, just above Lucca. It occurred not long after the disastrous German breakthrough in France, the famous Battle of the Bulge where so many lives were lost, so this one created a good deal of panic in Italy. As it happened, the Germans broke through just where a negro regiment was located on the Front. Troops were still segregated in World War II. All available troops were rushed into the breach, meaning in this case the Brazilian Army.

No one had warned the black troops. They took one look at these foreign troops in grey-green and speaking a foreign language and promptly took the entire Brazilian Army prisoners of war and marched them back. There was great confusion and the Brazilians were released and sent back to the Line the next day, but the blacks were taking no chances. They captured the Brazilian Army for the second time, and the Brazilians returned promptly to Florence and more singing. The breakthrough did not develop into a serious threat in the long run.

The War went on and, in May of 1945, it ended in Europe. We got the news the day before the official VE Day; and I was at Marjorie's that afternoon when all the bells of Florence rang out in jubilation. I can well remember standing at the window of Marjorie's apartment, looking across the river to a small church, where the priest was out on the tile roof, ringing the bell in the little belfrey with all his power on and on and on.

The next day, Baldwin and I went out to Berenson's, and all of Florence was decked with flags in celebration. Baldwin remained exquisitely in character by announcing that he couldn't think of any uglier colors for a flag than those in the Italian. That night, I went to a large and fancy party, given by General Mark Clark's mistress in a great house in Bellosguardo. I had a great time and was among the last to leave, not long before dawn, having been offered a ride back by an American who was there with a Russian woman. With me by then was a very pretty Italian contessa, whom I had met at the party. Unfortunately, the American's small car died at the bottom of a long hill and resisted our best efforts at resuscitation, so the Contessa and I set out to walk.

Eventually, we reached a critical point, where the short way home led via a pedestrian bridge with no hope of hooking a ride,

and the other way was a good mile or more longer. Dawn was already lightening the sky and we agreed to try our luck there for a ride for fifteen or twenty minutes before taking the shorter way. We even made a bet as to whether she could stop a car faster as a woman than I as an Army officer. I must say she won hands down in a maneuver which would never have occurred to me. The first car to come along was a beat-up truck, driven by an Italian and headed the wrong direction for us. She simply waltzed out, halted it and got the driver to turn around and drive us back to the city. Very impressive!

Shortly after VE Day, Baldwin was summoned down to Caserta and returned some days later full of news. The man who had headed the Historical Division for the entire Mediterranean Theater at that top level was leaving, and Baldwin had been chosen to succeed him. Baldwin told us all about it over dinner and that he had immediately told them he could not possibly do the job unless I were sent there with him and to go down first to get everything there running before his arrival.

I was totally appalled to think of being forced away from my beloved Florence. I knew I was helpless, and it made me so furious that I went into a white, absolute silence, which is always the most dangerous sign with me. Even Baldwin was aware that I was in a wild fury. I got drunk that night and continued that white, taut silence for several days. Baldwin returned to Caserta to complete the plans and came back with more news. He had now decided that, since I was going down to get things running, there was really no reason for him to go at all. I could take charge of that office myself. That was so totally outrageous that I laughed helplessly. I was had in spades, kicked upstairs.

I will admit that Baldwin did his best to try to placate me. I was given an instant promotion to Major and he set up a special trip for me in a command car that allowed me to go and visit Ravenna, Urbino, Assisi and Perugia. It was a nice trip, but nothing could alleviate my misery over leaving Florence, especially to go to Caserta. None the less, off I went and was to be in Caserta until November, closing out that Theater of Operations. My golden days of the War were over.

It wasn't all that easy to make the move physically either. In the earlier days, transportation had been handled by Troop Carrier, which understood the problems of overseas; but by that time, transpor-

tation had been taken over by MATS, Mediterranean Ait Transport Service, an outfit run entirely by men from the Air Lines in the States, who ran it as though they were still in the States. You were permitted to carry on board only forty-five pounds of luggage, and no one could move within those limits. I had to carry everything I owned, which included blankets, helmet, canteen, my entire wardrobe and everything else. I made it only by getting a jeep to drive me to Siena where Troop Carrier had its Headquarters, thence on one of their planes to Naples and out to Caserta by jeep. MATS was hated by all of us who had been any length of time overseas.

Caserta was the enormous, late 18th Century, Summer Palace of the Bourbon Kings of Naples. It had had twelve humdred rooms to start with; but the big rooms and corridors had been divided up with temporary walls to increase the office space until there were over two thousand rooms, not one with a number; and, to make it more confusing, though the palace looked symmetrical on the outside, there were varying numbers of floors in different parts of it. The only way to do business was to locate the few essential offices and to do everything else by phone. When you had to visit an unknown office, you called and arranged for a guide to meet you in the courtyard. I had a sizable crew, for example, who were working for me in a temporary building back in the gardens whom I never met or saw and dealt with entirely by phone.

The Palace held the top Headquarters of the Navy, Army and the Air Force, British as well as American; and enough elements of the past grandeurs of the place survived to add picturesque notes. My office opened off a large kind of lobby up on the third floor, and the lobby had a handsome marble fireplace in which we burned Secret documents when necessary and several paintings on the walls. The most surprising of those was a large painting of a dusky Neapolitan beauty with an infant in her arms, standing on an ice floe, a subject we found totally baffling until we looked closely enough to notice in the background a man with a whip accompanied by bloodhounds. It was a painting of Eliza Crossing the Ice from Uncle Tom's Cabin, not exactly what one would expect at Caserta. Almost equally disconcerting was the painting which hung behind our General's desk in his private office, a huge and exceptionally graphic rendition of the eagle tearing at Prometheus's liver. That, in combination with the General, unnerved everyone who went in the office.

The top generals and their immediate staffs lived in opulent splendor in cottages put up in the famous English Gardens at the back of the palace. Those gardens were a superb arboretum with trees close to two hundred years old, and a stream was led through them to end in a picturesque, small lake which contained a swan house and a small island on which had been placed a genuine Roman ruin, brought there from Pompeii. That little lake was used as a swimming pool by the upper echelons; and it, had for that purpose, been drained and had a black-top bottom put in. The night it was drained, an unfortunate major had been out getting very drunk and he ended by simply parking his jeep by the lake in the middle of the night and passing out there. He was wakened at dawn by hearing a lot of shouting, hauled himself rather confusedly together and opened his eyes on a scene that hit him straight in his very queasy stomach. The muddy lake bottom was full of Italians from the neighborhood, catching eels and killing them by biting them through the neck as they writhed and squirmed. The major lost everything in his stomach very rapidly and fled from that Dante-esque scene.

The rest of the officers like myself lived far less grandly. We were quartered in tents in an open field in front of the palace, a notable come-down after the splendors of Florence. In that blazing Neapolitan summer, those sun-stricken tents trapped heat so efficiently that you could not go into them with any hope of sleep until well after midnight. We spent our nights sitting outside and drinking beer, often green beer, which made us throw up a lot. Our tents also played host to occasional rats and a lot of cute and absolutely fearless field mice, who had a passion for eating our soap, which was always full of their teeth marks. The place made me so glum that I retired straight back into my pre-Florentine reserve.

I did eventually commandeer Bill Saunders, my erstwhile room-mate from Ellington days, to join me at Caserta. An opportunity had risen up in Florence for us to add to our staff there from the States, and I had seen to it that Bill was requisitioned and sent over to join us there. Fortunately, he enjoyed the experience, since I had done it without asking his permission. I had a hard time getting Baldwin to release him to me; for, although Baldwin had refused to move without me, he couldn't see why I should need anyone myself. However, I was now technically Baldwin's superior commander, so I forced the issue. I must admit that I also played a somewhat mean

trick on poor Bill.

We had a WAC working in our office who was notorious, even in that huge Headquarters. She was acknowledged to be the best stenotypist there; but she had also won herself the name of Rosie, the Super Sonic Sex Fiend, and had been shuffled from office to office until she had landed with me. Rosie was from Brooklyn and far from being a beauty; but American girls were at something of a premium overseas, and Rosie had decided she was irresistible and worked on it. She made an instant dead set at me, so I managed to turn her off with tales of the nice, young bachelor due to join us soon. She gave poor Bill, who was horrified by her, a real run.

My office was just next to my General's; and the only elevator in the entire palace went up to the lobby from which our offices opened, a tiny contraption which held only the operator and two other persons. At that time the elevator was being run by an attractive, young, Purple Heart GI; and one day he appeared in my office, positively quivering with indignation, to say in shaken tones, "I will never - never - take that - that woman - in my elevator again!" I don't know what Rosie had done to him, but he made her climb the stairs from then on.

Rosie and I finally had a real falling out. The time came when, though offices had to be kept open seven days a week, personnel only had to work five days out of any week. As soon as that order came through, I worked out an elaborate plan of rotation whereby everyone working for me would, in time, get the full weekend off, making no distinctions on that between officers and the enlisted personnel. However, Rosie waltzed in and announced that she was going to take every weekend off. I informed her that she was not and explained my rotation. Rosie would have none of that and tried to insist. When she found me adamant, she tried tears, which infuriated me, so I told her off in spades and gave her something to cry about for real. As soon as I could arrange it after that I got her shipped home to the States.

I hated Caserta; and, though a lot of very interesting information was then flowing across my desk, such as a lot about our connections with the Partisans in Jugoslavia and stunning evidence of the General's machinations with Congressional leaders at home, none of it really interested me any more. I had enough points by then to get out of the Army and I desperately wanted to go home. After VJ

Day, it was obvious that I was no longer in danger of being shipped to the Pacific Theater, which had loomed before as a possibility.

It is interesting now to look back and to remember how very small a ripple the news of the dropping of the A-bomb on Hiroshima made among us at the time. Nowadays, of course, it is viewed totally out of context, and also in relation to the greater bombs which have been developed since. At the time, it was impressive; but the destruction it created and the loss of life were, after all, less than had already occurred in such cases as the fire bombing of Tokyo or that of Dresden; and, while certainly, it left hideously maimed people in its wake, so did the fire-bombings and all of the rest of the endless destruction of war. Destruction and killing and maiming is what war is all about, to be blunt about it. The only time I cried in World War II was the day we got the news of VJ Day and knew that the long agony was finally over. I did weep then over all of that useless, needless, fruitless agony and tragedy that had swept so much of the world and to what purpose - to stop the brutal greed and ambition of so few men, who had whipped their nations into hysterical power madness and arrogance which could see no rights for any other peoples. I still believe in the rightness of our cause in World War II, and I would volunteer again under like circumstances; but there is no glory in war. It is hideous and degrading.

The War might be over, but there was still work to be finished up. I did manage to get back to Florence a couple of times on short visits, mainly on trumped up excuses. It was up there on one occasion that I saw a thousand or more of the German prisoners of war, taken in the final campaigns in Italy, and was shocked to see that most of them were weedy youngsters, looking under eighteen years old, thin and undernourished and desolate. It was a shocking change from the strapping men of the Wehrmacht of the early years of the War and all too vivid a revelation of how deeply Germany was scraping the bottom of its manpower barrel by the end and the price they had paid for their vaunting ambitions.

Florence, by that time, was full of the young Italian partisans who had come down out of the mountains into the city. One night, four of them, three men and a girl, invaded the Antenori apartment and tried to hold poor Ethel and her husband for ransom. They searched the entire apartment, looking for anything of value, and kept them up all night, harrassing them brutally - and uselessly.

Ethel's husband was anything but wealthy. His father had been a spendthrift, who had sold both the beautiful 15th Century Palazzo Antenori and the famous Antenori vineyards and squandered everything he got from them, so there was no way that they were going to be able to raise the kind of money the Partisans were demanding. In the morning, they did let Ethel go out to raise money; and she, of course, fled to the police for protection and got it. The Partisans were driven out of the apartment, though not held or punished in any way; and the experience left Ethel a nervous wreck. It was clear that Italy still had trying times ahead of it.

My principal jobs in Caserta were to complete the Administrative History and to close out the Theater, sending home the personnel from the units under me as they completed their work. That was easy enough to arrange, since all I had to do was to write a personal letter to Washington, telling them when to send orders and for whom; and all of that moved like clockwork until, of course, it was time for me to go. I sent off the usual letter, but no orders arrived for me and the last of my crew; and we were totally dependent on those since we had to return under assignment to the Washington office. I tried to get permission to cable them, but that was denied to me, so I fired off an infuriated letter. I did get a reply to that and of deep apology. They had sent the request in; but, on checking, they found it was still lying casually in the In basket of the Pentagon office. As a result, Caserta received two telegrams on successive days: one requested the returns I had asked for by name, the other one the same number but by rank only. The Personnel Office showed them to me happily, saying they could use both telegrams to send home not only us, but an equal number of others, if I would go along with it. I would and did; but, while I had been able to ship everyone else home by air, we had to go by Liberty ship.

That took about three weeks; and, except for two days of a really terrible storm, it wasn't a bad trip. I shared a small cabin with five other officers. There was a regulation against anyone bringing liquor on board; but we soon discovered that among us we had managed to smuggle twenty-three quarts of whiskey with us. It did help. We finally reached Newport News; and, that first night back in America, I fulfilled a promise I had made on the ship. I took the entire group I had brought with me, all Enlisted Men, but including those added at the last minute at Caserta, out to dinner in Washington. I took them to a good restaurant and we had everything

we had so long wanted: Martinis to start with, double steaks, green salads, a good Burgundy with the steaks, a rich desert with Champagne and brandies with coffee. It was glorious and, long before it was over, everyone in the restaurant was aware of the occasion and cheering us on.

The next day, I reported to the Headquarters, where Williams tried to talk me into staying on there to work on the final History of the Air Force. I refused flatly and told him I was willing to pay him a small, fat sum to be allowed out instantly. He was offended, but I got my orders for release promptly. As had to be inevitable with the Pentagon, they were made out incorrectly, sending me to San Francisco, not to Los Angeles, for release. I had learned my lesson by then. I marched myself straight to the Pentagon and rejected them. When the Major there tried to argue with me, I quoted him the regulation sending us to the place nearest our home and made him get out his list of places and look it up. He was furious, but I was right. My new orders sent me to Fort MacArthur in San Pedro for release.

I had to go out by train, and that ride was to give me a view of the new America. Liquor was still very much at a premium; so, while there was a bar on the train, they could get only enough at any one station to stay open a short time. The train had lots of Service Men on it, going home; but there were also a good many women. At each stop, the woman elbowed up to the bar and just waited for it to open and then drank voraciously, while we rather bewildered Service Men waited for a chance. It never came. I don't think any of us got more than one drink in the entire trip across the country. There was a very handsome, young Marine on board, all dark curls, pink cheeks and a hard, Marine body, who got almost as upset as the little Purple Heart boy in Caserta with Rosie. The women on the train pawed him mercilessly and were all over him, driving him into terrified retreat with flaming cheeks. The new woman had clearly arrived in our absence and we were a good deal less than enchanted by it. It was to turn out to be more a fore-shadowing of a coming change than the full-blown change itself, but the wave of the future was already apparent. Eventually, we reached Los Angeles, and a day later I was given my papers and went home on Terminal Leave. The War years were finally over.

## VIII

Things had not been easy at home during the War, though, admittedly, the problems lay in the areas of inconvenience and irritation, rather than in the kind of deprivation and tragedy I had seen so much of in Italy. After Georgia died, it was virtually impossible to get any kind of household help during the War. The available work force was swallowed up in Defense work quite properly, so mother and Verna did their best with the cooking and cleaning, but the garden suffered seriously. Mother did get some help for the garden at one time, but they turned out to know so little about gardens that their main accomplishment was to dig bulbs up and throw them away. Big houses in Beverly Hills and Bel Air were a drug on the market. The house next to us sold for twenty-four thousand dollars early in the War, the same house that is worth at least a million today. Parents of friends of mine tried desperately to sell their huge place in Bel Air for forty-five thousand and had it revert to them three times out of escrow.

Mother had a nasty fall latish in the War, which made it hard for her to walk for a couple of months, during which time father took care of the greenhouse. Mother explained to him what was needed; but father had his own convictions, one of which was that, if a little of something was good, a lot would be better. As a result, he heavily watered the orchids, which can only stand a light spray, and rotted all of them right out. By the time mother could return to it, the greenhouse was pretty much of a wreck and never did recover its former splendors.

Verna took a job, volunteer work, on the Aircraft Spotter's Board down town, where they kept track of everything in the air in Southern California. The woman volunteers worked on rotating shifts and teamed up in car pools to get to work, due to gas rationing. Verna worked there for more than two years, I believe, and seemed to have enjoyed it. There were even a few light moments, such as the time that one of the women spotters saw her first P-38, a twin-fuselaged fighter plane, and called in with great excitement to say that she had just spotted two planes with their arms around each other. Yet, from the minute Verna stopped working there, she neither ever saw again, or spoke again to any of those women she had worked with. Verna was not one to make friends easily.

After VE Day, the family did finally succeed in getting some help for the house, including a man for the garden and a Filippino cook, Tony. It was at that late date, astonishingly, that father decided to put our house on the market, and did so at a going price of thirty-six thousand. I was still overseas when that news reached me, and I was instantly furious. I fired back a most indignant letter, demanding the house be taken off the market at once, that I wanted and expected to be allowed to return to my home after the War. Happily, father did take it off the market, and I gather that my letter had genuinely impressed him. He was interested in getting the house out of his estate, if possible; but he was moved by my affection for the place. As a result, within the first year of my return, he announced that he was going to give the house to me. I objected that wouldn't be fair, that he should give it to both Verna and myself, so that was done. I have lived since to regret that, though I still think it was the only fair thing to do.

In the meantime, I began the process of trying to settle down at home. Things got off to an almost instant bad start, when within the first two days father ordered me off on an errand to pick up a black market ham he had been able to arrange for. Father, of course, was feeling smug and triumphant over having managed it, while I, fresh from memories of the austerities of Miss Robbins on the subject of black marketting, was shocked and appalled, even more so at being asked to be a part of a thing I so disapproved of. I ended by doing it, but with the understanding that I would never again be asked to do anything like that. I had no understanding at all of the kind of game that cheating on regulations had become in the States. I never was to sympathize with it, but I did understand it better as I began to hear the many stories about the things people had done. A friend of mine worked in a drug store where, all during the War, he had regularly put aside for a dear, little, old lady a Hershey bar each week, since they were very scarce and hard to come by. The time came when they were plentiful again and he told her so happily when she came in to pick up her weekly treat. Her response was perfect, "Well! I don't want it, if just anybody can have one!" And out she walked. The home front was obviously not Italy.

It never entered my mind that I might have any trouble readjusting after the War, nor, at the time, did I feel I was having any. The nicest thing that anyone said to me during the War came late in it,

when an exasperated officer acquaintance of mine snapped, "Hoxie, you've gone through the whole God damn war an unreconstructed civilian!" It is only much later that I can see I shared that problem of readjustment with a great many others. In January, while I was still on Terminal Leave, I received an offer of my old job back at Northwestern with a particularly heavy teaching load involved. The very idea of heading instantly into that appalled me and I fired off a flat rejection of the offer. I also decided I was not about to return to Graduate School to complete my degree at Wisconsin either. I was in no frame of mind to do anything that seemed to me like jumping through hoops to suit the ideas of other people. I had had all too much of that in the Army, thank you very much. As a result, I cancelled the idea of teaching as a career out of my plans and out of my life.

After some indecision, I turned back again to the idea of writing, deciding to try my hand at doing a History of Painting. I did not much care for the books on that subject then on the market, and one of my objections to them was that they talked at length about paintings which were not illustrated in the book. It seemed to me that it would work far better to limit the number of works discussed to a carefully selected few for any one artist which could be used to illustrate style and stylistic changes and then to illustrate all of those in the book. I worked hard at that for close to two years, completing a first volume and much of a second one. Knopf professed interest, so I sent them the manuscript of the first volume. They liked the style of writing in it, which they termed "lively", but decided against publishing it on the basis of not finding it "the definitive work".

I'm sure they were correct in that; but, as far as I was concerned that finished that project. It never entered my head to send it to an agent or to any other publisher. It had been rejected, so I simply stopped work on it, filed it away and have never looked at it since. None the less, the work I did on it was far from wasted. It was to lead me through a series of varying experiences and jobs and has been a source of strength to me ever since. I considered the idea of starting a book store at one time, but that didn't work out when the only person I knew who had solid experience in that area wasn't interested in the idea.

In the meantime, Bill Brandt, a boy I had known first as a cadet at Ellington and later as the navigator on a B-17 stationed

near Foggia, arrived in Los Angeles and looked me up. He was going to UCLA and, since he was having a terrible time trying to find a place to live, we took him in to live with us. Bill was to stay with us for close to two years, until his family moved out to Southern California from the Chicago area. Throughout that whole period and later, Bill was having an extremely difficult time in adjusting back to civilian life. He was very nervous and desperately eager to make good in intellectual circles, and he also went through an unfortunate series of love affairs at UCLA with girls who were inevitably wrong for him. As a result, he took increasingly to drink and had bouts of being suicidal, all of it becoming worse after he moved away from our house. Night after night, he would phone me from some bar around one in the morning, dead drunk; and I would have to go out and rescue him one more time.

Bill's complaint was always the same. "The grass isn't as green any more. The sky isn't as blue." Nothing had the same intensity for him it had had during the War, and that was quite true. Then, he was living each day with the knowledge that each mission he flew might well be his last, as had happened to so many he had known. Moreover, bomber crews developed a particular and very intense kind of relationship and interdependence, knowing the extent to which they had to rely on each other to stay alive. All of that had given each moment a kind of sharp intensity that was now lacking, and no new relationships could hope to equal that dedicated reliability of his crew.

In Bill's case, that loyalty had been sharply tested when their plane was hit on a mission over Germany from England. Their plane was on fire, and the pilot had joined others in the bomb bay in trying to put out the flames when a sudden lurch had thrown him out the open bomb bay. The crew had watched in horror, but no parachute had opened. They managed to limp back to England in their damaged plane, landing safely; but the whole crew had gone into shock over the loss of their pilot, so much so that all of them had to be sent off for recuperation for some weeks. In fact, the pilot had managed to get his chute opened in time and was picked up by the French Underground and hidden; but he was so determined to get back to his crew that he walked all the way from Paris to the Pyrenees, passed along by the Underground; and, when he couldn't get across the border there, had walked all the way back to Paris and had to remain there until Paris was liberated. He returned instantly to his overjoyed crew and they

were able to finish their tour of duty together again. There was no equivalent in civilian life for tnat kind of relationship. I knew others beside Bill who found life suddenly flat and meaningless in the same way, but he was an extreme case. At one time, I had to take his service revolver and ammunition away from him out of the real fear he would use it on himself.

In the long run, things went right for him. He did finish his work at UCLA and go on to graduate school at Berkeley, finish his Doctorate and go into teaching; and he did find a right girl and marry her very happily. However, all of those nights of picking him up at bars and having to piece him back together again had exhausted me. I still liked him and wished him all the best in the world, but I quite simply never wanted to see him again. None the less, he has remained for me the clearest example of what the problems of adjustment after a war can be.

By comparison, my own problems were very slight and ran quite differently. I was, as a whole, simply drifting. It was a period I look back on as my time of being playboy of the western world, one in which I was having to look for new friends. In part, I had grown away from old friends; and, in addition, I had largely been away from home up to that time. My friends in Los Angeles had tended to polarize during the War years. I returned to find that some had gone extremely reactionary politically, while others had gone frankly Communist. Neither of those extremes pleased me, but my sympathies lay toward the left rather than toward the right.

I was pushed in that direction by experiences such as a very unfortunate one that happened on a day I had driven mother over to Westwood to do some shopping, which included stopping in a coffee store there, run by a family we had bought from for a number of years. One of the sisters who ran it was a tall, thin, sharp-featured woman who held very vigorous views on everything, and she began talking to me as I waited for mother. I had not been back from overseas long enough to catch the drift of what she meant when she began talking about the United States being a republic and not a democracy. Birch Society ideas were totally new to me, and I quickly found the drift of her remarks not only foolish, but extremely offensive.

I had been deeply impressed in Italy by the number of persons I had known there who said the same thing, that they felt they had made a terrible mistake in not speaking up firmly with their political

views long before the War began. All of them said they had chosen to remain silent when confronted with Fascist views rather than make a scene until much too late. Listening to them, I swore that I would never let silence be taken for consent in the future, that I would take equal time whether it ruined a party by creating a scene or not. It was in that frame of mind that I began taking very sharp exceptions to what this woman was saying. Poor mother tried to disappear as the woman screamed at me and I roared back at her. Between us, we staged a bang-up scene. Her point of view was pretty well summed up in her screech that she wasn't going to be pushed around by any God damn majority. She even followed me out on the sidewalk and we continued the battle there, pretty much at the top of our lungs and in states of mutual fury. I was appalled by the degree of venomous hatred and vitriolic loathing for people that she poured out, all of it couched in quivering self-righteousness that I found sickening. She was a dreadful woman, who made even Communists seem like angels of reason and sympathy. It was no wonder I found the left more attractive.

I had never been a very politically conscious person before, but the America of that period drove one into it. I did ruin several parties by my equal time policy, which I continued to pursue. I was constantly astonished by the furies it aroused when I insisted on making rebuttals after having listened to long, smug announcements of beliefs. I totally destroyed one party over Richard Nixon, who was then running his "pink lady" campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas, one of the dirtiest campaigns ever run in California and one in which he demonstrated his mastery of using half truths to suggest total lies. I listened to one of his followers as long as I could stand and then gave my views on him quite as firmly as those I had been hearing with the result that people at that party fled to their homes to escape that shouting match. My policy dropped my popularity to close to zero, which was why I needed new friends.

It was by sheer chance that I began moving into art circles in Los Angeles, first by meeting at a party a woman painter who, after longish conversations on several occasions, got me to give a lecture to the Council of Allied Artists, then a very active organization, to whom I spoke on Bosch and Breughel. The lecture was a success; and, as a result, I was given an honorary membership in the Council, made a number of friends there and, a few years later, was to be elected President of it for a year.

A more surprising result of that lecture was to be asked to

give a course of lectures on art at the Actor's Lab, a drama school then flourishing which was a spin-off from the famous Group Theater of New York. That sounded interesting to me and I accepted. Like the Group Theater, it was a leftist oriented school, where Morris Carnovsky taught the Stanislavski method, and Danny Mann was another teacher. It was an interesting and a good school, but they did tend to concentrate on works by right-minded authors such as Ibsen; and, to be honest, students needed to be either Jewish or black to be given much real encouragement. I gave lectures there for several months, but finally quarreled with them over their habit of commandeering my class at a moment's notice to go be an audience for something. I found that both disruptive and insulting, so I quit.

Even less likely was my connection with PEC, the People's Educational Center, a school run in Hollywood by frankly Communist groups and already of some notoriety. That came about through a phone call from my painter friend, Ed Biberman, the brother of one of the Hollywood Ten, the cause celebre in Washington of the McCarthy Era. Ed was, and is, a person of great charm and intelligence, as well as an interesting painter. He told me that a small group of artists were getting together to give a course on the history of painting at PEC and needed someone to give a lecture on Post-Impressionism and asked if I would meet with them and do it.

I agreed casually and went off to meet them. They were laying out plans for the course, and one painter intended to open the course with a survey of painting from Ancient Egypt up through Impressionism, a task which left me wide-eyed. He outlined what he intended saying and that left me even more astonished. It was Marxist interpretation at its very crudest level and hopelessly inaccurate, such as saying that all ancient art had been done by slave labor. Eventually, I objected strenuously and laid out some of the facts, which made him very cross and he said, "If you know so God damn much, why don't you give it yourself?" I responded that I would, so I ended up giving the opening two lectures.

Those went over well enough so that I was asked to give the entire course in the following term. That amused me and I did it. I was well aware of the kind of school it was, but the students who went there wanted to learn, and it seemed to me only fair for them to be given a real course. Moreover, there was all of the current talk about Communists infiltrating everywhere, so it struck me as being amusing for me to infiltrate back. Indeed, my final lecture

in the course was devoted to the extreme similarities between Fascist art and that of Stalin's Russia and the fact that statements on art made by Hitler and Stalin were interchangeable not only with each other, but also with statements on the same subject by William Randolph Hearst. That did shake up the audience, I must admit. One of the unexpected results of that course was that I was immediately listed as a dangerous Communist in the Tenney Report. I've never checked, but I'm sure there are sinister files on me somewhere.

On another occasion, Ed Biberman asked me to speak on a symposium that was being held on government support of art, as a part of the Henry Wallace campaign for the presidency. I was not a Wallace supporter, but I agreed to meet with the people involved and did so. Again, they were laying out what each of them expected to say at the meeting; and I laid out some possibilities, carefully including the parallels between Nazi Germany and Stalinist Russia in their state controlled art programs. I wanted to see how they would react and I found out fast enough when I was immediately asked not to include any such controversial material in my remarks. However, what really did turn me off was the discovery that in what was supposed to be a free question period with the audience after the speeches they were setting up specific persons and questions in the audience and no free questioning at all. Everything was being very tightly controlled and I found that so deeply offensive that I withdrew at once and went to Ed and told him exactly why. He was both surprised and shocked to learn that element and did not try to urge me to continue.

The Wallace campaign attracted a great many of my leftist friends at the time, and I began finding a good many of them almost as irritating as I had my right-wingers. For one thing, they operated on the theory that beliefs came in neatly packaged bundles which were inseparable. It was all or nothing. No single policy could be argued on its own terms, or even questioned, with the result that, if I questioned one of Wallace's policies on say agriculture, I was apt to be asked scathingly why I hated Jews. That sort of thinking drove me wild and has been anathema to me ever since. It was not a period in which reason seemed to have any place at all.

In the meantime, I was giving occasional other lectures, was called on to jury a number of art shows and did volunteer work for our short-lived Museum of Modern Art in Beverly Hills, an organization which put on a few really exciting shows and ran several very fine projects before it folded from lack of funds. Within a period of

about three years, I had become a known fixture in local art circles.

In the meantime, I had also gone social in rather a large way, operating in more than one circle and maintaining so busy a social calendar that it was a badly off week when I was not booked for at least five parties or dinners a week and at least three weeks in advance. At one time then, I was dating a society columnist for one of the papers and my name was constantly starred as one of those "prominently present" at affairs. I was moving in disparate circles, but most of them contained either artists or Hollywood figures, sometimes both. I met a lot of interesting people, some prominent, many not at all so. On one occasion, I met old Walt Kuhn, the American painter who was one of those responsible for arranging the famous Armory Show, which had scandalized America by introducing the country to modern art: Picasso, Brancusi, and Duchamps' famous "Nude Descending the Staircase" which one reviewer likened to an explosion in a shingle factory. On this occasion, Kuhn announced flatly that Matisse was the century's greatest painter because he was an interior decorator and knew it; and that Brancusi was the greatest sculptor because he was an interior architect and knew it.

One small group that fascinated me I met through a student of mine at the Actor's Lab, a young man named Kelly. Kelly had been an officer in the Navy during the War; and, to my astonishment, he had bought himself a small lot up in Laurel Canyon and was preparing to build himself a house on it single-handed. It had never occured to me that such a thing might be possible. In the meantime, he was camping out on his property, which was a steep hillside lot which had cost him a few hundred dollars. Over the next couple of years, with advice from an old, retired carpenter, who lived below him, and periodic bouts of help from friends on some of the heavier jobs, Kelly really did get his house built. Most of the house was a living room over thirty feet long with spectacular window walls in part that went ten feet high. It did have a fine view and was not unattractive, though the bedroom, kitchen and bath were little more than cubby holes. Father would properly have considered it "all front and no back". However, Kelly managed the entire thing, including the necessary plumbing and wiring, for around three thousand dollars.

Kelly was not at all unique up there. Just next door to him, a young artist from Canada had bought a lot and had by himself built on it a long, low house of some real charm, for the basic lot and building of which he had put out only eight hundred dollars. It was,

in fact, interesting and photogenic enough to be photographed and published in one of the major architectural journals as an example of what could be accomplished for virtually nothing. A little further up the hill, another young artist was busy building himself a house of concrete blocks for himself and his Belgian wife. That one had less charm than the others, but it was a good deal more livable in terms of such things as kitchen, bathroom and so on, probably due to the influence of his wife.

They were all lively, energetic young men, trying to carve out careers and beginning to make progress; and they attracted into their orbit other young men in the same position, sometimes admittedly to help work on one house or another, but interesting in their own rights. One of those was Wallace Seawell, just beginning to get a few famous clients for his photography, and who has since developed into a major photographer. Rubenstein was one of his first clients of real stature in that period and a very demanding one, but he was pleased by the results. Many years later, Seawell was invited to the White House to photograph President Johnson and coolly refused to go unless he was promised a two hour sitting - and got it. That was an hour longer than the painter, Peter Hurd, got as a sitting for the ill-fated portrait he painted of Johnson. Another of those young men was Rudi Gernreich, who was then dancing with the Lester Horton Company along with Bella Lewitzsky, and who was making money by designing fabrics, for which he had a great talent. No one at that time would have expected him to become one of America's best known clothing designers; but he has put his knowledge of fabrics and of body movement to good use.

Of the three I knew best, Kelly never did make it in acting; but later he was to run the Art Gallery at Laguna Beach for a few years. The young Canadian made something of a name for himself at painting murals, including one for Ciro's nightclub and one still up in the Ambassador Hotel, but later his career seems to have petered out a good deal. The other boy was to end up as a prop man in one of the studios, which was a pity, for he did very handsome, small, wood carvings. He was, incidentally, the son of John Howard Lawson, another member of the Hollywood Ten.

His mother and father had long been divorced, and his mother was one of the great characters of Los Angeles, Kate Drain Lawson, an old-time theatrical figure who had done a great deal of work with the Theater Guild in New York and who had known everyone. She did

the costuming for lots of shows in L.s Angeles, both for stage and later for TV. Kate was a large woman who always wore flowing gowns and capes and carried them and her size off with real flair and style. She had served with the Red Cross in Burma and was still much troubled with a recurrent fever from those days; but she was a wonderfully wise, witty and energetic woman, who held the last real salon I was to know in Los Angeles. Kate entertained with a lavish tea in her apartment every Sunday afternoon, disposing herself gracefully on a small Empire sofa at one end of the room like a fatter, but far wittier, Madame Recamier. She worked closely with Charles Laughton in his Shakespeare study group, so there were always apt to be some of the young actors and actresses from that set at her teas along with all kinds of other people from established greats to half-forgotten former stars or personalities. I adored Kate and spent many a happy Sunday afternoon at her teas.

However, the group which played the largest role in my life in those days centered on the McClure Capps. He was an Art Director, then working largely in TV; and his wife, Ruth, was the daughter of Sam Goldwyn by his first wife, who had been a member of the Lasky family, founding members of Hollywood. Mac was an easy-going, pleasant man of great charm and some real talent, while Ruth was notoriously difficult. She was distinguished looking, though never a beauty. However, when she was at ease and with people she liked and of whose affection she felt secure, Ruth could literally glow with charm and a quick intelligence that made her outshine any beauties in the same room. On the other hand, when she was ill at ease or around persons whom she disliked, she froze and was capable of abrasive rudenesses which were often appalling and apt to have several of us going around trying to soothe wounded or infuriated victims. With Ruth, it was inevitably one extreme or the other. I was fond of her and got along well with her myself.

That was a most attractive group, which included a variety of Hollywood persons though rarely actors, mainly designers or directors or artists, sometimes writers; but they were always bright people, good at conversations and good at playing charades, which was a favorite sport with us then. In the summer months, the Capps entertained at their pool on Sunday afternoons, and some of us usually went on from there to Kate's teas. I soon became an integral part of the inner core of that group, which meant that we were together at least three times every week at parties, since the peripheral

figures always invited the eight or nine of us of the inner circle. It meant that for close to three years my social life was closely tied into that of this group.

I was aware at the time that I had apparently passed some kind of magic boundary. Before the War, everyone was busy introducing me to available and acceptable girls with a view toward marriage. After the War, no one did that. Available and acceptable bachelors were clearly something to be cherished and maintained as such; and, as a whole, I was ready to accept that position. It may have been that in part which blinded me to the fact that one of the married women in that inner core was falling in love with me, though it should be clear by now that I am never very perceptive about that. I was given a few small warnings, but ignored them until the night it all blew up in my face. She declared herself in no uncertain terms and wanted to run away with me with the intention of divorcing her husband and marrying me. I was very genuinely deeply fond of her, but that was out of the question. She had two children, who were very important to her and properly so, but whom I did not like and who did not care for me. I was much too fond of her to be willing to hurt her, and I didn't know what to do. Obviously, I had to find some way to cool things down and that meant trying to beat a graceful retreat.

That didn't work out worth a hoot in hell. The very cohesiveness of the group kept us together, and my attempts at retreat only spurred her on. It was a period I am not fond of remembering, full of scenes that were straight out of the corniest of bad pulp fiction. I had jolting moments of standing outside of myself, so to speak, and looking with consternation at the cliches we were saying and doing. It is one thing to copy fiction in real life. It is quite another to discover you are being written by a very bad writer. It is humiliating to find yourself turning to a window and drawing the curtain aside to look out while you mouth sententious platitudes. I was aware of it and couldn't stop doing it. By the time she began sending me love letters printed on cheap tablet paper, unsigned and mailed in obscure post offices, it was turning into the purest black comedy, which I did not find amusing.

I did want to protect her and to avoid both any scandal and any hint of the truth of the situation making difficulties for her among our common friends, so there was nothing for me to do except to begin withdrawing from the entire group, and without being able to explain to any of them exactly why I was doing it. It made me unhappy,

but it was the one thing I could do for her. It was one more time that I proved myself incapable of being loved. Looking back now from a long vantage point, I suspect that at the heart of it lies an unwillingness to be possessed. I tend to guard my own independence with real ferocity. That was going on late in 1949; and, as it happened, a whole series of other things were beginning to happen that were to work a major change in my life.

In the meantime, I was living at home, the longest unbroken period I had done that since my childhood. Verna had not yet found herself at that time and was drifting without any particular goals and with no close friends. Hazel's death had freed her, but then the War had filled her life with its activities, and it was to be a few years before she found a real avenue of expression. She wandered a bit into the orbit of some of my friends, though she did not fit well into any of those circles, nor did I encourage it. I felt she would do far better to find friends of her own, as she was eventually to do, and that would give her far more security; and I did prove to be right about that. Bill Brandt moved out and a few years later, Bill Saunders moved in. He needed to complete his PhD in English and came out to UCLA to do that, and we were happy to have him living with us. He already knew my family and was a great favorite with mother and Verna. He and Verna became quite close and were to remain good friends from that time on.

Father and I, as was to be expected, had our problems. We did respect each other, but we found it difficult to live together. He liked to open conversations with what he intended as a rhetorical question. "Why shouldn't we just give Constantinople to Russia and then they'd be satisfied?" Unfortunately, I inevitably began answering the question, such as pointing out that C$^{U}$nstantinople wasn't exactly ours to give away. That was not what he had intended. He had meant it only as a gambit from which he would give me his views on the subject; and, since I all too often found both the question and his views ridiculous, and my answers clearly cut ground out from under his intentions, he was in a perpetual state of irritation with me. He did not ask questions in order to hear my views.

He also invented some very peculiar gambits. One which was repeated regularly and which I found extremely baffling for some time was to look in the woodbox by the fireplace and suddenly explode into infuriated condemnations of the gardner for never keeping it filled. After a long harangue on that subject, he would march off to bring

in a log himself from back of the garage. I would look into the woodbox and find there were a number of logs in it. In time, I realized that what he really wanted was to prove that he was still strong enough to bring a log in; but that he had no excuse for doing it without going through that elaborate pretence.

He and I were both capable of being very pig-headed. On one occasion, when we had some painters working in the house, father decided to give them some ripe oranges from our garden, which meant that I had to go out to pick them. Father carefully explained to me that, if you just gave the tree a good hard shake the really ripe oranges would fall off and all you had to do was to pick them up. That was, as a whole, true. However, the two trees with good, ripe oranges that he wanted picked happened to grow over the driveway, not over a soft flower bed, and falling on concrete would smash them. I sighed and got out a ladder and went up in the trees and to work; but father came out and found me there. He explained again about shaking the tree and then proceeded to give it a very good shake, indeed. It was beautiful. All of the ripe fruit, the over-ripe fruit, dead twigs and leaves, dust and spider webs, all came down on me. For a minute, I really saw red and started down that ladder, prepared to give him a punch he wouldn't forget. Father took one look and just turned and scooted into the house faster than I thought he could still move. I did see the funny side then and laughed and washed up and forgot it.

Just the same, eventually things became so strained between us that, when he decided to take a sudden dislike to a few of my friends and wanted to forbid my having them to the house, I packed up and moved out into an apartment in South Beverly Hills. I did not make a scne over it, and I refrained from reminding him that it was now my house, not his. I simply moved; but I chose a place close enough so I could get home quickly if I were needed.

I was needed, too, on an occasion in which I felt desperately sorry for father, though there was no way to let him know that. He had taken a hot tub bath and then found himself too weak to get out of the tub, and mother wasn't strong enough to be of much help to him, so she had to phone me to come get him out. He hated that, of course, and I didn't blame him. I only wish I could have found some way to let him know that without humiliating him further, but the best I could do was to get him out quickly and to act as though it were nothing special and never to mention it afterwards.

For father, the last straw came in November of 1948, the Truman

election. Father had remained a devoted Republican, to whom Roosevelt had been absolute anathema year after year, "that man". This time, he was happily sure that Dewey would be elected and that America would finally be back on the right track. Truman's election came as a fell blow to him, all the more so since he had a black suspicion that all of his family, possibly even including my mother, had voted against him. Father was quite simply not prepared to go on living in a world which had turned against him like that.

He came down with a case of flu that December and retired to his bed. It was not a really bad case; but, thereafter, he viewed himself as being sick and lived mostly in a nightshirt and robe from then on. Not that he kept to his bed; he spent most of his time downstairs in the library, listening to news on the radio every hour, the same news, of course, over and over, all of it, as far as he was concerned, bad news. However, just before we were due to have lunch or dinner, father would rush upstairs and get into bed so that mother would have to carry a tray up to him. Inevitably, he was back downstairs and listening again to the radio before the rest of us had finished our meal. Mother never voiced so much as a whisper of complaint over it.

By May of 1949, he succeeded in making himself genuinely ill. He had long had prostate problems and had refused to have an operation for it, so he began to develop uremic poisoning. He really was in bed then and beginning to sink slowly, though I don't think any of us recognized the seriousness of the situation. Verna went off on a trip to visit Uncle Homer and Aunt Jennie in Belleville and on to see Uncle John and Aunt Sadie in the Ozarks with no idea of the real gravity of his condition. When he did begin to sink, he went surprisingly fast. We had nurses in and he went into a semi-coma and died in June. I have always believed that he really willed himself to death rather than continue in so foolish and unsympathetic a world. At the end, he went very rapidly and quite painlessly. We sent for Verna when he began to go, but it was so fast that she could only make it back the day after he had died. It is easier for me to admire him now than when I had to live with him. He was not an easy man, but he had real quality and he was wonderfully American. For all of the difficulties in communication with other persons that plagued his entire life, he was generous by nature and optimistic and had a real sense of values. I knew all of that while he was alive, so

those were not new discoveries after he was gone. He couldn't help being domineering. That was the manner in which he was born and bred. I couldn't help fighting it either. For me, that was a matter of survival; but I think we both understood and appreciated each other far more than either of us could ever convey to the other.

I had moved back into the house when father became really ill, so I could be on instant call if needed, and I did as much as I could to help mother. She really loved him, as he had always known; but she bore up well under his loss, though it left a gap in her life. He left everything to her, so there were no problems over the estate. I began to hope that, once we had adjusted, she might now be able to do some of the things she had long wanted to do, such as going on a trip to Europe.

Consequently, it came as a real bolt from the blue when, in mid December, mother had a terrible stroke which left her left side paralyzed. For some weeks, we were afraid she was not going to live; but mother had a strong will to live and slowly she began to recover. We had day and night nurses in the house for her; and, by the following summer, she was able to move around with some help, though we were to have nurses there for her for the next five years. We put in the chair on a rail on the staircase at that time, which ennabled her to get up and down stairs; and we bought a TV for her, which was wonderful and gave her something to watch and to enjoy. For invalids, TV is the ultimate boon, no matter how dreary the programming may be. I have sometimes wondered if father might not have chosen to live longer, if he had had one. For the first three years, mother was marvelous. Though there were ups and downs and occasional trips to a hospital, she remained cheerful and worked hard at improving and was even able at times to go down to Palm Springs for a week with a nurse. Typically, almost all of her nurses adored her.

Verna was marvelous through those years. Mother wanted Verna on constant call, regardless of the nurses being with her; and Verna devoted herself to mother selflessly. Mother was even unwilling to let Verna get out to a movie without complaining. However, once a year. I did make a real point of seeing that Verna got away for a two or three weeks trip, at least, to get her right away, and Mother was willing to go along with that. Verna went on trips to the Rockies in Canada and to beauty spots in the Western States and those trips did keep her from going totally berserk.

Aunty Grace was also extremely devoted. She spent every week-

end with us and did everything she could for mother. Grace remained a thorny individual, but Verna learned that she enjoyed a Creme de Menthe and always got one to her as fast as possible whenever she stayed with us. It was almost miraculous to see how a small jolt of booze really smoothed Aunty Grace's feathers and relaxed her. She became quite a different person and very much more pleasant to be with. Grace was one person for whom alcohol was a true blessing, not that she ever had more than a little bit, but that was enough. One small glass and she stopped being combative and wary and proved herself capable of being interesting and interested and to have some real charm. It's only a pity we discovered that so late.

However, before mother's stroke, my own life had taken an unexpected turn. In November of 1949, I received a phone call from the Chairman of the Art Department at USC, saying that he had been hearing about me and wondered if I would be willing to come to see him to discuss the possibility of my teaching a course at USC. Since I had been doing so much lecturing in spite of my avowed intention not to return to teaching, that struck me as both amusing and rather a good idea, so I drove down to see what he had in mind. We had a pleasant talk, and he invited me to teach two sections of their Art Appreciation course, starting the second semester in February. I accepted happily and found myself really looking forward to returning to formal teaching.

In early December, I was astonished to receive a call from the Chairman of the History Department at UCLA. He explained that they were looking for someone to teach Ancient History the next year, while their professor of that subject was away on Sabbatical. He had been given my name by John Hicks, my old friend from Wisconsin days, now teaching up at Berkeley, as someone to call if they ever needed someone on short notice. I found it irresistible to go over to discuss that also. They needed someone to teach two courses in Ancient History, again to start in the coming February. As it happened, those classes would be on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, while the USC courses were scheduled for Tuesdays and Thursdays.

I accepted both jobs, feeling that, if I were going to go back to teaching, I might as well teach everywhere. The idea of doing four courses in two different departments at two rival universities did not daunt me for a moment. After all, it was their idea. They had got in touch with me, not vice versa. Looking back now, I think I must have been out of my mind. I had never taught any of

those courses and was going to have to work them up from scratch, though I did, of course, know the basic subjects well enough; and I did have more time to prepare than I had had when I started at Northwestern. I didn't realize it at the time, or even for a few years thereafter, but my years of drifting had finally come to an end.

# IX

Between all of the teaching load I had taken on so casually and mother's illness, I had very little time for the socializing I had been doing; and that made it easier to withdraw from the group that had centered on the Capps and to bring to an end my entanglement there. While I still see some people I had known in those drifting years, the return to teaching was to make a very real break in my life patterns and one which I have never regretted, not that I am much given to regrets under any circumstances. I don't mean that I don't make mistakes and know it. I think it's important to make mistakes, because you learn from them, not from your successes; but you do have to admit they were mistakes before you can learn from them. As long as you learn not to do that again, there is no point in having regrets about it.

My teaching career for the next ten years was to be so odd that I'm not sure even I can reconstruct it correctly, but I'll try to do that before going on to anything else. Basically, what was happening was that I kept being hired one place or another to take over the courses of persons on sabbatical. In addition, I taught Summer Schools at USC in 1950, '51, and '52. I taught at UCLA only the Spring and Fall semesters of 1950 that first time, but I continued on at USC through all of 1951. In the Spring of 1952, I was invited up to Berkeley to teach in the History Department there for that semester and went; but in 1952-53, I was back in the History Department at UCLA. The following year, I taught Art History at UCLA and the year after that back to the History Department there. Then I settled for three years, I believe, in Art History at UCLA, through 1957-58. In 1958-59, I was not hired anywhere, so I did some traveling and taught some Extension; but not being hired made me realize very keenly just how much I loved teaching and also made me wonder if my luck had finally run out.

However, that turned out not to be true. In 1959, I was hired back by the History Department at UCLA for two years and then again for the Fall of 1961. Nothing was said to me about staying on for the Spring of 1962, so I was grateful to get an offer from Art History again and accepted that, which turned out to come as a deep shock to the Chairman in History. He had been planning on me, but had just forgotten to mention it to me, so I ended by splitting my time between the two departments. It worked out just as well, because in the Fall

of 1962, the History Department voted to set aside a permanent position for me as Lecturer, which really delighted me. Only a year later, they discovered I had already taught so much at the University of California that they either had to vote me Tenure or lose my services, so they voted to give me Tenure; and that settled me down permanently.

It was a crazy way to go back into teaching. I simply took what was offered me, though I was also offered other jobs in that period, including one up at Santa Barbara at the UC branch there. I didn't ask for any of the jobs. I just waited for the phone calls and took it from there. Indeed, in that period, I taught close to thirty, different courses in History and Art History, which was a very liberal education for me. No matter how well you may think you know a subject, teaching it instantly shows up all of those little areas that you have sluffed over until then. I was lucky because it was a period of constant expansion in the universities with a consequent shortage of qualified teachers. Neither before then or since has there been a time in which I could have done what I did. On the other hand, in my own behalf, let me say that I had to do a good job in order to continue being hired; and I worked hard at that and did constantly improve. However, I have always been enormously grateful to the colleagues and the institutions who were willing to keep on hiring such an obvious maverick figure in the academic world. I did not fit into any of the accepted stereotypes of what an academic should be and do. I did not have my PhD and I was not publishing; but I have survived in my own way in spite of all of that.

It did, inevitably, give rise to some pretty funny moments. At the time I was changing departments yearly at UCLA, I ended up being invited to the tea for New Faculty three years in a row. The last time I went, the entire receiving line cracked up at the sight of me one more time; and one of them remarked that, no matter what I did, I could consider myself new faculty emeritus from then on. On another occasion, I was invited to a new faculty dinner given by the prestigious Dean Of Letters and Sciences. He served all of *us* sherry in his study and circulated to meet us and get in mind what we did; and, when he came to me, he admitted being puzzled as to just what I did do. I was in a happy humor and replied casually, "Oh, I'll do anything for money." Unfortunately, that came out just as one of those complete silences fell over the room; and the silence was prolonged until you could hear one of the wives say, "Well,

there's an honest man!" The Dean was not amused.

Certainly, in the first years of my return, I did not feel myself totally committed as yet; and I did, at times, take somewhat cavalier attitudes toward what I considered to be academic pretensions, which was most notable in my semester at Berkeley. Berkeley has long been pretentious and most particularly so in its attitudes toward UCLA, which it still thinks of as being, not only younger than itself, which is true, ~~and~~ but also inferior, which is a good deal more questionable, but also as a dangerous rival for State funds, hence always needing to be kept in its place as an inferior branch. This is, of course, compounded by the San Francisco feeling that Los Angeles is a cultural wasteland, brash, noisy, totally undisciplined and rootless. In many ways it is a repetition of the Bostonian attitudes toward New York, replayed on the West Coast.

It is a situation which has long amused me, and I amused myself with it relentlessly in that semester. At UCLA, I had always gone along with the then academic practice of always teaching in a proper white shirt, tie and coat; but I took with me to Berkeley an elaborate collection of sport shirts and constantly wore those to teach in. When one of the more august professors in the History Department said to me one day, "Ah -- Mr. Hoxie -- I -- uh -- suppose that -- uh -- at UCLA -- everyone dresses as you do," I replied blandly, "Oh, no! I'd never dare dress this way there! They're very conservative." He stared at me and then retired, shaking his head in bafflement.

I had to fly down to Los Angeles for a weekend the first of each month on business matters concerned with the settling of father's estate, so on those Fridays I appeared on campus in full suit, tie and so on, going straight from campus to the airport. On one of those occasions, I was hailed by another of the full professors, who commented happily, "Well, you are all dressed up!" I agreed and said I was going to the city for the weekend. He beamed approvingly, "Ah, San Francisco!" "Certainly not -- Los Angeles," I explained; and he, too, retired, muttering.

I enjoyed myself thoroughly at Berkeley and saw a good deal of John and Lucille Hicks and their daughters, now all grown and married. John was frankly amused by my unorthodoxies and wickedly encouraged me in them. He was particularly delighted the day that I wore a bright red, turtleneck sweater to school under a grey jacket and, on seeing a very stuffy graduate student approach, threw my jacket open and called out, "Revolt! Cast off your chains!" The

student turned positively pale. As events were to turn out, my problem was being about twelve years ahead of the times for Berkeley. By the mid-sixties, I would have been right in style; but then, of course, I wouldn't have done it.

John Hicks did talk to me seriously about my career, pointing out that there was no way in which I could continue to teach in good universities without finishing my degree, and he offered very kindly to see that I could do it up at Berkeley with minimal time and effort. He was then Dean of the Graduate School and in position to make such a promise. It made sense and I agreed with him. It was only after I returned to Los Angeles and thought about it that I began feeling rebellious. He was correct and I knew it, but I also felt very keenly that it was wrong. I could do the degree and jump through enough hoops to fulfill the requirements; but it was also true that, at the end of it, I would not have anything more to offer to such a career than I already had. It seemed to me that a university, of all places, ought to be able to perceive that and to judge me on whatever values I had, so I decided to stick to my guns and fight for the validity of that point of view. I honestly, at that time, thought of it as a fight for principles that I believed in. I must say that, now, from the vantage point of many more years in academe, I think I was crazy. It was the luck of being available in a period of expansion when teachers were in demand that kept me in jobs, not anything else. Today, I'd be out before I could turn around twice.

I still think my principles were correct; but I also know that universities do not work that way, and there are some good arguments on their side, more than I would have admitted to at that time. The fact is that I like teaching very much; and, probably because of that, I tend to think of teaching as the primary responsibility of any university and to minimize other aspects, such as research. That's wrong, because research and writing are also an essential part of what a fine university is about; but they are still only a part of it. Teaching remains important; and I find teaching both challenging and a constantly changing challenge. Each new generation of students presents new problems; and student generations change about every five to seven years, so there is no settling down into a comfortable rut. I may pride myself on being a good teacher, but it is also true that I am a far better teacher now than I was at that time. Teaching is an art that one learns with practice, and it is an art.

It was, of course, a period for the making of new friends for me, one of the most colorful of whom was surely Francis de Erdely, the leading teacher of painting at USC. Francis was Hungarian, coming from a wealthy family which had become impoverished after World War I. He was the most energetic person I have ever known, and an evening with Francis was an exhausting experience. He was learned and widely read, so that his conversations ranged casually from personal experiences to discussions of almost anyone or anything from Plato to Eluard. They usually took place in his studio, which was large and immaculate, the walls hung with his drawings and paintings, which were very dynamic, and hung equally with the jaws of sharks he had caught while out with the shark fishermen of old Puerta Vallarta, from the days before it became a resort and when you had to be careful to shake the scorpions out of your shoes in the morning before you got dressed. Francis owned an extraordinary collection of records, which included such exotica as Russian pressings of music from the Steppes, Bagdad pressings of Mohammedan funeral chants, and Spanish planhas, those terrible, improvised songs sung during Passion Week by people who have suffered so deeply that they curse God. Those would be playing in the background, and not softly, as Francis spoke in very accented English, dropping into French when he became excited and switching to Hungarian when he became really impassioned. His wife would try to clue me to what he was saying at those points, but the labor of trying to follow all of it did leave me limp after five or six hours.

Francis had moved from Budapest to Belgium as a young man, and had quickly established himself as a painter, winning prizes and doing works for the Belgian Royal family. Then, one evening the leading critic there told Francis that, if he came by and woke Francis in the middle of the night and told him to paint him a painting, Francis would do one neither better nor worse than what he did all the time. That shocked Francis, who recognized the truth in it; and Francis simply abandoned his success and moved to Paris to restudy painting from scratch. He said it was over a year before he was again able to complete a single painting.

Selling nothing in that time, Francis turned to prize-fighting to make money. He was shortish, stocky and extremely strong and a good enough fighter to fight the contender for the title in his weight class, a fight in which he was badly hurt. Francis married a Dutch woman and moved to Spain for awhile, re-establishing himself

as a painter and doing a portrait of the Queen of Spain while there. It was also in Spain that he developed his passion for bull fighting. From there, he went to Holland where, for awhile, he was the Director of the State School of Art. However, when the War was just starting, he moved to America, and his wife divorced him rather than leave Europe. Francis was briefly in New York and then moved to Detroit, where he married again, Edith, a very handsome Hungatian woman, who had been a lawyer. I believe it was just at the end of the War that he moved to Los Angeles and to USC.

I loved listening to Francis's stories, which were often bawdy and sometimes outrageous, but almost always funny, such as the one about his celebration for winning the top prize at his art school in Budapest. Young Francis went out on the town and was approached by a strapping man who panhandled him, not for money to get a meal, but for money to get a woman. That appealed to Francis who grandly offered to buy him the most beautiful girl in Budapest and promptly took him to that city's most elegant bordello, a place where Francis was already well known. The man was given his pick of the delectable, young ladies with Francis paying all costs, but only provided the performance was put on for all of the girls and himself to watch, a proviso the man accepted without a quiver. One of the elegancies of the establishment was a set of silver plates on which they served things to go with the drinks; and Francis insisted that the girl must get on her hands and knees on four of those plates. The result was, of course, disastrous. Every time the poor man shoved, she slid, so they went round and round the room to the screams of laughter and encouragement of the group, until the madame came roaring in to find out what all the noise was about and kicked Francis out of the house for creating a disturbance and wouldn't let him return for some months.

Or there was the much more recent tale of the time that a photographer friend of the De Erdelys came to their house for dinner with a pretty, young blonde girl, who immediately excused herself and retired into the De Erdely bathroom. After she had been in there for forty-five minutes, they began to worry and Edith went to check, only to find that the girl had been spending the time taking off all of her make-up and applying a whole new maquillage from scratch. When she did emerge, it was to start nagging and whining at the photographer that she wanted to go to a party in Palm Springs at which there would be a lot of directors and producers, and that they could be there by ten if they left right away, and how could she

get anywhere if she never met anybody important, and on and on. Finally, the photographer apologized to the De Erdely's and took the girl off to Palm Springs; and that was Francis's only meeting with Marilyn Monroe.

There were also wonderful stories about Francis going around USC, such as the one about the football player who signed up for Francis's class in drawing and made his first arrival over two weeks after the class had started. He came in late, when the rest of the class was already at work, marched up to Francis, introduced himself, explained and shook hands, clamping down with a very hard grip. Francis promptly gripped right back. The next thing the astonished class knew, there were the two of them, silently and ferociously hand wrestling in the center of the room, jaws set and eyes glazed, as they struggled. Francis finally forced the football player down on his knees and then released him with a magnanimous smile. The boy just got up and walked out and never came back, while Francis preened like a peacock.

Francis's favorite ex-student was also a football player, the famous, golden boy quarterback for the New York Giants, Frank Gifford, now a sportscaster. Even Francis thought Gifford the most beautiful man he had ever seen; but what Francis really loved was that, when the Giants played in Los Angeles, Gifford would invite Francis to the game and to watch it from down on the bench. Francis really loved that.

Francis was a little like a kind of elemental force of nature. He loved and hated with a vigor that made other people seem aenemic; and one person he really hated was his mother-in-law, who lived with himself and Edith. Francis was only too willing to pay her expenses to live elsewhere, but Edith wouldn't have it; and Francis was convinced that his mother-in-law was trying to break up his marriage, as she had done with Edith's first marriage. At one time, Francis himself moved out for awhile; but then he developed cancer and had two long and dreadful operations, and he and Edith reconciled. Francis died slowly and painfully, but two days before his death, he still had more pure energy than I've ever had in my life; and he spent his dying weeks in binding Edith to him forever. It was a paralyzing process to watch, but he was absolutely determined to defeat her mother; and he put all of his remaining energy into that. He was successful, too. After his death, Edith devoted herself totally to keeping his name alive, arranging shows of his work, concentrating on nothing else; and, a few years later, she hung herself in his

studio, though her mother was still alive. It was appalling, but pure Francis.

I bought a number of works from him in the years I knew him, and he gave me several drawings, including the portrait of me, which I still find the best portrait of me ever done. I purchased carefully, trying to get together a representative cross-section of his work, so I have two big oils, one a still life, the other a figure piece. I have one late water-color, a prize winner, an early oil sketch, and drawings which include figures,one of his friends the shark fishermen, and a still life. After his death, my works formed the nucleus for a good many showings of his work. I had promised him I would always loan them for shows, a promise I made when he was dying. He was an extraordinary man.

I still maintained some connections with the local art scene, but it was in keeping with the period that Francis should be a part of the academic world as well as being an artist. I was constantly becoming more deeply involved with the university and finding the people in that world more satisfying than either the art world or Hollywood.

At home, mother's illness continued to dominate the scene. She remained an invalid until her death in early 1955, so we continued to have nurses in the house; and they were an extremely varied lot. Some of them were marvelous and a pleasure to have around, but others were coarse and demanding, and several were next to useless, doing little more than putting in their time, particularly some of the night nurses. The last two years of mother's illness were sad ones. She began having small strokes, and it was some time before either Verna or I understood what was happening. There was no external sign that anything had happened, but they usually left her disassociated for awhile and unusually demanding and even irascible at times, which was totally unlike her and hard on the household, particularly on Verna.

On one occasion, when Verna had insisted on going out to see a movie against mother's wishes, mother got the nurse to get her to a phone and proceeded to call the Beverly Hills Police to tell them her teen-age daughter was out driving around and she wanted them to pick her up. I wasn't home that evening and, fortunately, the police came by the house to check on the story. Verna was then in her fifties. I came home to find total uproar in the house. Mother came to my study the next morning, looking very frail, sat down and

asked if she had been bad. I told her she had been and must not do that again and that she had to let Verna get out once in awhile. Mother wept and made me feel terrible, but I stuck to my guns to protect poor Verna.

The one saving grace for Verna was that she had started her wood carving at that time, taking a course that met one morning a week. Wood turned out to be the right medium for Verna; and, once she started with that, she was never to turn away from it, working in her studio in the house constantly and turning out a number of very handsome and interesting pieces. Her best works were always of animals or birds or fishes, often with a note of whimsy to them very characteristic of her work at its best, endowing her animals with a feeling of inner character, at times in a kind of commentary on human types. She preferred to work in extremely hard woods, enjoying the very resistance of the wood itself to the chisel, as well as the polish they took on; and she became something of a real expert on the varieties of woods and their characteristics. From that class, she also garnered a group of friends who were all hers, and that began the richest and most contented period in her life. She was particularly close to Ruth Bennett, who taught the class; and Ruth went with her on several of the trips she took.

Mother slipped away easily and without pain at the age of eighty. It was a merciful death; and, though we grieved at it, it was also with the realization that it was a blessing she could go that way. I was the Executor of her will and had been careful to see that the estate was divided evenly and impartially between Harold, Verna and myself. Indeed, lots had been drawn to see which of us got which of the three main parcels of real estate property. Above everything else, I did not want to see any quarreling between us over the estate, and there was none.

Mother's death left a real gap in the life of Aunty Grace. I was deeply shocked and wounded after mother's death to find that Aunty Grace was not at all sure that Verna and I would be willing to continue to help support her, or even want her to continue to spend weekends and holidays with us. It had never entered the minds of either of us to do otherwise, but it was an indication of how deeply insecure Grace was about everyone except mother. Verna and I were criticized for not moving Grace in with us; but it would have been a disaster for Aunty Grace, who was a proudly independent woman who enjoyed her apartment in Santa Monica, from which she could

easily get to stores on the bus and where she had many old acquaintances. At our house, she would have been unable to get out at all except through one of us. She did spend a good deal of time with us and always if she was not feeling well; and I'm happy to say that she did come around to realizing that we were happy to take care of her and that she could rely on us.

Indeed, she was staying with us when she had the two strokes that carried her off a few years later. Typically for Grace, she absolutely refused to stay in bed the day after her first one. She got up and marched herself downstairs for breakfast, rejecting any pampering and announcing that she had no faith in doctors knowing anything at all. The morning after that she had her second stroke and never regained consciousness. Verna found her after I had gone to the university and she was dead before I got home for lunch. Grace was a strong-minded woman; and it was a real blessing that she went so quickly. Invalidism would have been a real hell for her.

It was in 1953, while mother was still alive, that both Verna and I got to Europe. Verna made her plans first, booking a place on a tour which Ruth Bennett and her sister were taking. It was Verna's first trip to Europe and she had an extremely good time, even better at the end of it, when she and the Bennetts went off on an additional small tour through the Loire Valley. Verna had taken up photography shortly before that, even taking a night class in it; and she took some very good slides. She had an excellent eye; and, while she did not take large numbers of slides, those she took were usually excellent both in composition and color. The only problem was that Verna rarely remembered just what it was that she had photographed or where, since those details were not what she was about. It was to be some years before I found out where one particularly pretty church she had photographed was.

My trip was the purest chance. A friend of mine in Art History at USC had set up a trip to Europe with some of the graduate students there. All arrangements had been completed and they were to leave in two weeks time, when his father had a very severe stroke, so he phoned to ask if I would be willing to take over. All of my expenses would be paid except personal things. Since Verna's trip was already arranged, I could go for only the first six weeks, but I agreed to do that. The trip looked good on paper, but it had some disasters built into it, mostly because, in order to get the twelve they needed to qualify for a minibus, they had brought into the group

anyone they could find, regardless of having common interests, so the group included a couple of social workers and Sarah, then seventy and a woman who had been a nurse and a director of school nurses. They were not types geared to appreciate a trip established by ardent art historians.

We met in New York to go by ship to Lisbon, and trouble began looming from the first dinner. I sat next to Sarah and was barely seated before she gave me an extremely sharp jab in the ribs with her elbow and barked, "Water." I passed it to her and promptly got another sharp jab, as Sarah snapped, "Butter." By the end of the meal, my ribs were sore and I had begun to hate Sarah. It was mutual. In the course of the meal, she explained that the one thing she had to have every day was a big breakfast, from hot cereal through bacon, eggs, toast and so on. In return, I explained to her that was the one thing she was not going to get in Europe and described the continental breakfast. Sarah instantly took the point of view that I had personally devised the continental breakfast solely to do her in.

In one way, Sarah was useful. All of the rest of that disparate group was shortly united, at least in one thing, and that was in disliking Sarah, who was to remain dictatorial, insensitive and with that passion for whacking or jabbing people. She did learn to keep her hands and elbows off me; and she learned the same lesson from one of the other men, when she whacked him one time too many. He hauled off and whacked her back so thumpingly that she never touched him again. However, it was inevitably at meals that Sarah showed up at her worst. In very short order, she took to ordering fruit instead of a dessert after dinners; and, as always in Europe, the waiters would bring her a beautiful basket of various fruits for her to choose a piece or two from. They reckoned without Sarah, who simply opened her capacious purse and emptied the entire basket into it to carry off to her room. The look on those waiters' faces was worth the price of admission. However, having done that, Sarah would look with interest at whatever dessert the man next to her was having and then say, "That looks good!" Whereupon she would pick up a fork or spoon and start helping herself to his dessert. They tried various things, but no one ever broke her of that habit. What did happen was that all of us would loiter until Sarah went into the dining room and then would rush wildly to fill the other table. It became embarrassing, but we still did it.

Most of the group were in their late twenties, and none of

them had ever done any extensive traveling before. They were eager to see and do everything, so they stayed up late and then had to rise early in the morning, with the result that most of them began being sick within the first week, not that it taught them to conserve their strength. It just made them do a lot of whining, which added little to the delights of the trip. Traveling is wearing at best, and tempers were beginning to fray out long before I left them at the end of the six weeks. A number of them were no longer on speaking terms when they finally reached home at the end of the summer. It did teach me never again to be willing to lead a group in traveling anywhere.

Still there were some funny moments. We arrived at Salamanca around ten at night; and, after we were checked in, one of the men and I decided to walk around the beautiful Plaza Mayor before turning in. We had barely walked out of the hotel before we were accosted by a boy of around seventeen, who turned out to be pimping for a house which offered, as he explained in detail, "French girls, Swedish girls, Spanish girls, what you like, yes?" He was very graphic about it, but we managed to reject his wares and to turn him off and continued on our walk. However, I was not prepared, the next morning as I was walking our entire group around the city, to have the same boy pop up and hail me with beaming delight, rush over and ask me loudly if I wanted "fucky fucky now". The group divided between laughter and shock, but it did not enhance my reputation.

The situation was not helped a couple of weeks later in Toulouse, when I had had them on a long walk around the city and it was late afternoon and they were getting tired and hot and cross, so I decided to try a short cut to our hotel. By an unhappy chance, I led them right down the two blocks of the local red light district; and the girls there, seeing tourists, promptly poured out of the houses and started grabbing the men in the group. I must say, our girls went into instant action, indignantly grabbing our bewildered men back and shrilling at the amused whores, who did not mind in the least fighting for a piece of the action. That time, it was my turn to laugh, which convinced everyone that I had led them there on purpose. Of such small joys and heavy tribulations is the lot of the tour leader, I fear.

I was still not into photography myself at that time, and my first real venture into that field came again by chance in the summer

of 1957. Bill Saunders and I decided to take a trip together to Mexico, and he borrowed a camera to take along though he was no more experienced than myself. Verna wisely suggested that he try shooting a trial roll before leaving, which he did; but Bill's hands shook some and the results were less than great, so I announced casually that I'd take the pictures for him. I took several rolls on the trip, shooting whatever attracted me, including a number of church interiors. I was shooting by guess and by gosh, not having a light meter; but quite a lot of the slides turned out very handsomely, and I was astonished and delighted. I had no idea an amateur could do that kind of thing, and those were the days before fast color film had been developed. In fact, any expert then would have told me that I couldn't do that kind of thing; but, not knowing that, I had charged ahead. I was so pleased and astonished that I bought a camera for myself, and that was to be the start of my long photography bender.

The most surprising event of that trip was being in Mexico City at the time of the great earthquake there, by far the worst earthquake I had ever been in. It came at about two in the morning, when we were both in bed and sound asleep, though we wakened fast enough as we were almost being thrown out of our beds. In a crisis, I am great at inane remarks. "Bill, are you awake?" Nervously, "Yes!" "It's an earthquake," I commented brightly. "I know!" in very annoyed tones. Bill stated where he was, but I staggered up to the window and was electrified to stand there and watch the entire wall of the building across the street peel off into rubble. The electricity was out; and, in fact, from the window I had been able to watch section after section of the city go dark. We got into our clothes and walked down the stairs to the lobby, which was full of terrified guests.

Our hotel was virtually undamaged, except for plaster cracks and not too many of those; but, when we went outside, a building on that side was down also. The street was full of people rushing around wildly, many of the screaming that the angel had fallen. That turned out to be the golden angel from the top of the great Independence Monument, which had been thrown off and lay at the bottom in shattered fragments. Bill and I wandered down the street a couple of blocks and soon began seeing Americans in very odd combinations of night clothes, robes, coats, jackets and what not, many of them barely decent, but all of them in flight from the Hilton Hotel.

The then Hilton was in a building which had had a major addition tacked onto an older building; and the earthquake had simply

split the two parts of it apart with a two foot gap in sections. By the time we reached the Hilton, its lobby was full of hysterical people; and the servants there were busy passing out tablecloths to a lot of them who were not at all decent, having risen precipitately from their beds and fled downstairs as they were. It did make an interesting show. Two days later, we wandered into the Hilton Bar for a drink and found the hotel virtually deserted. It sounds impossible; but I am prepared to swear that the Musak system was playing the perfect tune for the circumstances, "Abide with Me."

That quake did a lot of damage. The old, low, thick-walled, colonial buildings were quite undamaged; and the same was true of the very high, new skyscrapers. It was in between that the worst of the damage occured. The greatest loss of life happened in an apartment building, built with pre-cast floors jacked into place, a system of building very popular there. In this instance, the supports had failed; and all of those immensely heavy floors had sandwiched down, crushing the people caught between. It is something of a commentary on human beings that, the morning after the quake, a large part of the local population took the newspapers as a guide and created jams at every place where the damage or the loss of life had been the greatest.

It also left me beginning to wonder if I were some kind of harbinger of disaster. The first time I had gone to England, the country had gone off the gold standard and the value of the pound had plunged disastrously for the first time in history. On my first trip to Paris, the French Premier had been assassinated. Now, I had seen Mexico City in its worst disaster in some centuries. Later, I was to add to that toll by arriving in Rome for death of the Pope. It began to seem possible that I was some kind of secret weapon, which could bring disaster in my wake. Fortunately, that theory has not worked out in the long run.

In the meantime, the political polarization which I had found so marked on my return from the War was climaxing in the McCarthy Era of the early 1950s, a period marked by high feelings and a reckless disregard of anything remotely approaching truth. Groundless accusations were the order of the day; and, among them, one of the most constantly reiterated locally was that UCLA was a positive hotbed of radicalism, a charge which was not only far from being true, but very close to being ridiculous. In actual fact, the general tone of the campus all through the 1950s was buttoned-down conservative. Frater-

nities and sororities ruled the undergraduate activities, and about the most active organization on campus was the Young Republican Club. By far the most omnipresent speaker on campus was Ayn Rand with her message of glorification of brute wealth and utter contempt for anything else, a concept which appealed deeply to that generation of students, who were primarily interested in big pay right now and no nonsense about ideals or responsibilities to anyone except themselves. It was the generation who, ten to fifteen years later, were to be the over thirties who were not to be trusted according to that generation. The one element on campus around which all of the dark suspicions of radicalism focussed was, of course, the Oath Controversy at all branches of the University of California.

I was not personally involved in the Loyalty Oath Controversy. It had already been underway before I was hired at UCLA, and mine was only a temporary appointment. I had to sign the oath, of course, and did so without thinking twice about it. I was not, after all, interested in overturning our government. Moreover, the whole affair seemed to me to be basically the height of silliness. It was obvious on the face of it that no genuine radical, interested in doing the government in, would hesitate to sign it for a split second. All it would ever do would be to involve well-meaning liberals, who objected to it on the grounds of principles; and such was, in fact, the case.

On one occasion, I was attacked vigorously by one of my colleagues for signing the oath. He was a confirmed Southern Liberal, a variety that seem to me very often to be the most contentious; and I was deeply annoyed by his attack, which took place very publicly. He attacked me on the grounds that I could afford not to sign it, which seemed to me to be petty and far from idealistic reasoning, so I asked if he had signed, knowing very well that he had. He admitted it, saying he couldn't afford not to, so I snapped at him that, in my books, you put up or you shut up, and I suggested he shut up. He was not at all used to such rude rejoinders, and we were not to be friends for a good many years thereafter, though eventually we did become so.

It was ironic, under the circumstances, that a prominent local painter was going around town proclaiming that I was a dangerous Communist and trying to get me fired both at UCLA and USC. He was doing that because I had taken issue with him at a public lecture he had given. He had stated in the course of it that the only true creativity that had ever occured in painting was the invention of Abstract Art. He was an Abstractionist. In the question period, I

had referred to that and asked him rather acidly just which creative artist had invented the square, the circle and the amorphous shape. He turned purple and responded by accusing me of being an out and out Communist, not a response that made much sense to me; but he held the grudge and repeated the charge all over town for quite a time. It did make enough waves so that the Chairman at USC asked me to try to call him off. It makes a perfect example of how things ran in that McCarthy Era.

There was a kind of hysterical insanity abroad in the country. Some people were suspecting the red menace everywhere. For example, one woman was convinced she had discovered a hammer and sickle in a water color painting of sail boats that was being shown in a show of local artists and raised enough dust for it to get considerable play in the newspapers, though what difference it could possibly have made I never did understand. In actual fact, the marking she was sure was a hammer and sickle turned out to be a C4 designation for that type of boat, and I happened to know that the artist involved was a conservative. The only really good rejoinder I ever heard to that kind of accusation was made once in a public lecture by old Karl With, the very eminent Art Historian at UCLA. He was asked about that in the question period after one of his lectures. He considered and said firmly, "Madame, if you can tell me whether the chair you are sitting in is a Republican or a Democrat, I will be able to answer your question." Karl was a great, old man, and no one ever surpassed his ability to field questions on the spur of the moment.

It must be admitted that, in America, there has been an unreasonable fear of radicalism for a good many generations. Certainly, there are occasional radicals to be found, but they are and have always been a very small minority. They are, in fact, far outbalanced by conservatives. What universities do have are sizable numbers of liberals, as is to be anticipated in intellectual and idealistic circles. I do not want to suggest for a moment that conservatives and, for that matter, radicals as well, are not idealists, because, of course, they are; but it is a different type of idealism. With both conservatives and radicals, the idealism tends to be bound up with highly abstract concepts on the one hand and with intensely personal ones on the other.

With conservatives, the concepts run around themes such as patriotism, God, business, none of those three being distinguished from each other with any real care and all of them seen in highly

abstract forms. Radicals simply substitute other terms, equally abstract: internationalism, Marx, the masses. And both groups have an equal tendency to move from those abstract rallying words to intensely personal prejudices about which both are violently stubborn and intransigeant. "What is good for business is good for America. What is good for business is good for me. I am America." "The government is corrupt because it is run by the wealthy who care nothing about the masses. I am not corrupt because I detest the power-hungry elite and care about the masses. I should have all of the power and I intend to get it." Liberals are far more apt to be both less abstract and less intensely personal. They are apt to be genuinely and deeply concerned with people outside themselves, but with people seen as individuals, not as aggregate masses to whom one can attach labels. Heaven knows, liberals can also be wooly-minded, but they are less apt to be bone selfish and are almost inevitably opposed to violence. Dangerous they are not, least of all in universities. University liberals talk, but action is not their thing.

Not that I want to suggest that universities are free from pettiness. Indeed, scholars and even eminent scholars are capable of pettiness and vindictiveness to a shocking degree. There are departments riven by internal feuding, which is extremely destructive, and which sometimes is extended right down to the student level. I have known professors who are willing to carry their feuding to the point of trying to destroy the graduate students of another professor whom they see as the enemy; and for that type of thing there is no excuse whatsoever. Being an intellectual and a scholar does not, unfortunately, relieve academics from any of the personality defects that appear in any other persons or professions. Internal politicking is an inherent part of university life, as much or even more so in the prestigious universities as in the smaller ones. The concept of the ivory tower is sweet, but totally false.

All of that was becoming increasingly obvious to me the longer I spent in academe; and it did, at times, astonish and appall me. I had been lucky at Wisconsin in being a part of a department which was friendly and in a halcyon period. I was equally lucky in the History Department at UCLA, which in those days was a department where most of the faculty were genuinely fond of each other and where they were almost scandalous for the amount of socializing they did with each other.

On the other hand, the Art History faculty were split into

intensely feuding groups, who were so deeply divided that, appearing by mischance at the same party, they would retire to separate rooms, refusing to speak to each other or even to enter the territory of each other. At one party, one group had to, and did, prefer to walk around the house outside to get another drink rather than have to pass through the room held by the enemy. The poor host and hostess were in despair, and the consumption of liquor that evening was excessive and spiked with pure bile on all sides. So much for the scholar/gentleman concept.

There are a good many anomalies in the position of university faculty. The pay in the lower echelons is notoriously poor. Only in the upper echelons of the great universities does it become comfortable, but rarely anything more than that. It is never even comparable to the financial rewards of peer professions, such as law or medicine. Faculty who grow rich do it by means other than their salaries. It may be through outside consulting jobs, open to some professions, or in rare cases through publications. Normally, faculty make little or nothing from publications. However, the publication of a text book which sweeps the field nationally can reap a genuine fortune, as John Hicks proved with his famous text in American History, which netted him better than two million over a quarter of a century. But that is less than a thousand to one chance. For every text like that, there are thousands which net the author a few thousands at the most. It is not a profession anyone enters with the idea of becoming wealthy off it.

On the other hand, it does confer a peculiar and rather indefinable status. Faculty members, especially from the prestigious universities, are apt to be socially acceptable, and even desirable, in the stratospheric realms of society, far more so there than in the lower levels of wealth and prominence, and not at all in the realms of the social climber. It is, of course, true that much of that depends on the individual personality, but that is always the case anyway. Still, it is not a very straightforward route to social prestige.

The real rewards of teaching are that it permits you to spend a lifetime in dealing with subjects which are of engrossing interest and delight to you, of constantly continuing to learn more and to understand in greater depth, and to gain a wider perspective. There is a deep and genuine satisfaction in that. With luck, one can begin to approach wisdom,not just learning. It can also have the

advantage of helping to keep you, if not young, at least in touch with youth and, consequently, of staving off mental rigidity. You cannot do a good job of teaching without having to understand something of the changing mores, concerns and concepts of the successive generations of students with whom you must deal. One may be appalled by some of these changes, but one has to come to terms with them.

Students do keep you on your toes, and you have to be ready to meet all kinds of unlikely situations. It was in the '50s that I was approached after class by a very plain girl, somewhat older than the rest of the students, on the day after the one in which I had given back their mid-term exams. She said very nervously, "Mr. Hoxie, I don't believe in talking about exams, but I've been told I must speak to you. You see, I'm only here because my psychiatrist thought it might be good for me. My problem is that I'm always trying to defeat myself, so, of course, I only answered the questions I didn't know the answers to. I was so upset my sister found me trying to cut my throat." I was wide-eyed and appalled by all of that and had a strong desire to commit mayhem on her psychiatrist, but I got her to my office, where I opened the door and the window for escape routes. She continued to babble breathlessly, "Part of the trouble is that I was here before, only I just dropped out without finishing the semester, so I'm on probation. I was going with a crowd that smoked and drank and - all that kind of thing." Nudge, nudge. I made soothing murmurs and smoothed her feathers and she shifted out of the depressive into the manic phase. When she departed, she got part way down the hall and then called back happily and loudly, "Well, Mr. Hoxie, if I ever do cut my throat, I'll see you're sent a slice!" That remains one of the greatest parting lines I've ever heard.

I can still remember all too vividly the occasion on which I had stopped to chat with a very bright girl student of mine before class, in the course of which she suddenly said she wanted me to meet her lover. I turned for the introduction and was quite literally dumbfounded to find myself looking at another girl. My jaw did not drop, but it was a near thing. It wasn't that I was shocked at my student being gay. I was shocked at being presented with the information so casually. It is the sort of information which I do not consider it any of my business to know, and which I could live quite happily forever without knowing. Yet I was quite aware that I had to carry it off with some grace or I was going to lose the respect of

that very bright student and damage my ability to continue to teach her. Indeed, the lover also eventually took courses with me and proved to be another very fine student. It is situations like that which keep one flexible.

That particular incident took place in the 70s, not in the more conservative 50s; but even in the 50s I had been taken aback to have a girl inform me she couldn't take her final exam because she was too upset over being pregnant until she could get herself an abortion. When I was a student myself, no one conceived of telling any professor such personal information. Nor did we, I think, gossip and speculate about the private lives of faculty in the way that students do now. Indeed, thinking back, I'm not sure that we thought of professors as having private lives, certainly not ones that could be of any remote interest. But then, when I was young, private lives were still private. It takes an age which has positive tantrums over "invasions of privacy" and which passes all manner of laws on the subject to be, at the same time, morbidly intent on committing those same invasions.

X

It was in the Fall of 1958 that my years of travel and of photography really began. Thereafter, for more than the next twenty years, I was to spend about three months of every year in travelling, mostly in Europe, both because Europe was the center of my interests since I taught European History and because I had to do most of my travelling during the summer months, which are not good months for travel in places like the Orient or South America or North Africa. The trip to Mexico with Bill had given me an idea of what could be done in photography, and now I took it up passionately, though with the very specific purpose of building a collection of slides I could use in teaching.

The impetus for that was largely due to my colleague in Art History, Karl With, who had for some years been almost the only person at UCLA teaching Art History. It was Karl who had built up the slide collection for the department; and, though a number of other art historians had been added to it, he still viewed the slides as his own personal property. At the beginning of each semester, Karl would take himself to the slide room and get out all of the slides that he might possibly want to use that semester, would sweep them into a large satchel and proceed to carry them off to his home to sort through and use at his convenience. The department passed rules making it illegal to carry department slides off campus, but Karl paid less than no attention to them and continued to do as he had always done; and no one had the guts to object. It is true that, if you phoned him to say you needed a slide, he would always return it; but, of course, all too often you didn't find out he had it until too late to do that with the result that his habit damaged lecture after lecture given by the rest of us. That was one reason why I wanted my own collection which Karl could not carry off.

Another reason was that I wanted color slides. In the old days, art historians never used color slides, insisting that color was unreliable and that black and white preserved tonal values. That may well have been true in the early days of color photography, but it was no longer true, though they maintained the concept as though it were holy scripture. In fact, Hsrvard University refused to start building an adequate collection of color slides until well into the 1960s; and Harvard was the sacrosanct Olympus of Art History, most

especially in its own opinion and in that of its graduates. In addition, I wanted slides which would zero in on the details that I wanted to discuss, so my travels were largely planned around my needs for my collection of slides.

I spent most of my time on that 1958 trip in Italy, primarily in Florence, Rome and Sicily. I did not try to look up any of my wartime acquaintances. Berenson was ill, Marjorie already dead, and it seemed to me inadvisable to try to see Ethel Antenori after so long an interval. None the less, I was constantly reminded of the past. The very first evening in Florence, I was in my room when all of the bells rang out at six; and the distinctive sound of those beautiful bells swept me back in time so suddenly and so sharply that I was moved close to tears. For some minutes, it was the past recaptured exactly as it occurs in Proust and as poignantly.

It was exciting to see how quickly Italy was recovering from the war: railroads repaired and running smoothly, war damage cleared away, museums reopened, the cities humming with activity. In fact, things looked better then than they were to look some twenty years later. Italy looked as though it were heading into a new Renaissance. Its movie industry was already producing important films and new directors. In fashion, Italy was establishing itself as a rival to Paris. In furniture, design of all types, architecture, and museum display, Italy was breaking new ground and achieving exciting new triumphs. Its future looked more promising than at any time in very many years.

I arrived in Rome just in time for the death of Pope Pius, and that again reminded me of the past. On one of my visits to Rome during the war, I had gone to the Vatican to see the Sistine Chapel and, while there, had been aware of a continuing stream of GIs entering a room across the Sala Regia from the Chapel. I wanted to see as much of the palace as possible, so I followed them and went through the curtains at the door. I had barely registered the fact that I was looking into a very long room, absolutely jammed with GIs ranged on either side of a central passageqay behind velvet ropes, when a man uniformed spectacularly in rose-pink, watered silk took my arm firmly and led me down the hall to the far end, where a group of officers were clustered. Only then did I realize I had wandered in to a papal audience. There was no way to back out at that point, so I repressed a grin and went along with it; and I'm very happy that I did.

Shortly after my arrival, Pope Pius was carried into the room

in the sedia gestatoria on the shoulders of six, strapping bearers, turning to each side to bless rosaries held out to him by the GIs. Pope Pius had a very mixed reputation, including that of having been a Fascist sympathizer; but he had the perfect look for a Pope, thin, ascetic, elegant, his movements full of a grace that was almost balletic. I was dazzled; and more so when he gave a short, but elegantly moving speech in French, then Polish and finally in English. I did retire quietly at the end, when the officers there began kneeling to kiss his ring, as he moved among them. Now he was dead, and the Vatican closed down instantly to prepare for the election of a new Pope.

There were more reminders of the war in Sicily. War damage was still visible in Palermo in the old center of the city, where walls were still propped up awaiting repairs while new suburbs rose on all sides; and at Agrigento, the lovely Greek temples remained exactly as I remembered them. But, in November, there were no almond orchards in bloom as I had seen before. There were no tourists either, because November is when the rains come in; and I saw all too much of that. The rains came in like unending cloud bursts, making the terraced mountain sides stream with water leaping from terrace to terrace like gigantic fountains, shimmeringly silver and beautiful, but sheer hell to drive through.

The strangest experience of that trip came there in Sicily, while I was staying in Syracuse. I had chosen to stay in the Villa Politi Hotel, a huge, late 19th Century establishment, outside the town proper, built right on the edge of one of the old quarries of Greek days, in fact, the very one where the thousands of Athenian prisoners taken during the Peloponnesian War in 414 B.C. had been held to die by the hundreds before the last of them were sold into slavery. It was a highly picturesque location, but one with morbid overtones; and, for my first two days there, I was the only person staying in the hotel, rattling more than a bit forlornly in those echoing spaces, listening to the rain battering outside.

On the third evening, I wandered, slightly disconsolately, down to the bar for a drink before dinner and was positively electrified to find another guest there, an Englishman in his early thirties. I took a place at the bar and then waited carefully for him to speak first, a practice I always follow with the English on the principle that it gives me a slight advantage and deprives them of the pleasure of finding me pushy. He did speak and we had a couple of drinks and then dinner together, in the course of which he told me his story.

Up until something over a year before, he had been one of England's two leading test pilots. Then, one fine evening, he had driven down to the New Forest with his closest friend and the girl he was engaged to, a most beautiful, young model, planning on having dinner there; but something had gone wrong and they crashed head-on into a tree. His fiancee and his friend were killed instantly; and he himself was banged up so seriously, including three bad fractures of the skull, that he wasn't expected to live. For several months, he did not regain consciousness; but then he began to come back. However, though he did mend, he had lost the sight in one eye, which meant he could never fly again; and he had also lost all senses of smell and taste. With his career destroyed and his emotional life in ruins, he was now driving aimlessly around Europe, trying to decide what to do with his shattered life, discussing possibilities with me with a cool detachment, as we sat in that huge dining room, where the only other persons were the Manager and his wife and the waiters.

The rains beat down on the roof and at the windows, as he ordered himself an exquisite meal which he couldn't taste and a bottle of very fine wine, which he admitted sadly could be dish water for all the difference it would make to him. He had been something of a real gourmet; and he continued to order in that tradition, relying on his memories to supply what he could never again experience. It was an eerie setting for a tragic story. We had a nightcap after dinner and parted. By the time I rose in the morning, he was already gone, as ghostlike and remote as the Athenian prisoners of war.

It was a good trip and it revived all of my old passion for travel. I took close to three thousand slides on it and felt at the time that, surely, no one had ever taken more in that length of time. As it was to turn out, that was the smallest number by far that I was ever to take on a trip of that length. I more than doubled that number on my very next trip, in fact. The slides turned out very well, indeed, and did prove to be enormously useful to me in teaching, which simply whetted my appetite for more.

My next trip was in the summer of 1960, when I spent thirteen weeks doing only Austria and the Po Valley in Italy, seeing both of them in great depth and planning the trip very closely and carefully in advance. That year I began a practice which I was to follow often in the future, and that was taking a graduate student along with me to do the driving. I paid his fare and basic expenses and that, even with the cost of renting a car for the three months, was a good

deal cheaper than hiring a driver over there. I had driven myself on the previous trip; but I had realized that I would do more and see more if I had someone to drive me. Moreover, a graduate student gave me the companionship of someone interested in the kind of thing I was doing and with whom I could discuss the things we were seeing. It made for a good, working system, and it also taught me some things about the shortcomings of our educational system.

Harvey, that particular graduate student, was in Art History; and my first surprise came when I discovered he was taking only three rolls of film along, which he considered quite sufficient to allow him to photograph all of the really important things we were going to see. He was from Oklahoma and had never travelled further than California before. Granted that he was exceptionally naive, but he quite seriously believed that he had studied all of the major monuments in art. He was in shock from the minute we first walked out in Milan. Not only were there infinities of great works that he had never heard of in his life, most of the architecture was hopelessly wrong in date as far as he was concerned. It appalled him to discover that much of Italy continued quite happily to build in the Gothic tradition all through the 15th century, long after Florence had invented the Renaissance style. No one had ever made it clear to him that styles do not change instantly with the avant garde, or that art history tends to concentrate on avant garde movements as they occur. He was, quite literally, speechless for some days, incapable of coping with all of the new information pouring in on him daily. It was, in the long run, wonderful for him; and it also taught me to make sure that my students understood in the future that the avant garde is not everything.

It is my firm belief that it makes every difference to have had personal experience of the places and things that one lectures about. It may not change the basic information, but it adds overtones and perceptions which alter the entire tone of any lecture. At times, of course, it does far more than that. It can also make one aware of factors and of facts which have not appeared in any reading and opens up whole areas for fresh investigation. Travel seems to me to be an inherent necessity for any historian; just as I believe that no number of pictures, however excellent, can ever replace the personal experience of the objects themselves for an art historian. I only wish that could be made equally clear to the Internal Revenue Service.

To give a simple example, only experience allows one to realize the importance of scale. Pictures do not really impress one with the

sense of the size of things and that matters. There really is such a thing as an Imperial scale, and it shows up instantly in a comparison of things Greek with things Roman. There is something most endearingly small and almost casual about the stadium at Olympia, the site of the original Olympic Games. It never did have formal seating, only grassy banks on which the spectators could lounge and picnic. By comparison with the Colosseum in Rome, it is tiny and intimate, the product of small city-states, not of an empire. Once you begin to sense that, you can begin to understand when states begin to get imperialist leanings by the scale of the buildings they put up, as is so glaringly obvious in the huge, monumental buildings that became an European passion in the later 19th Century, or in the cold monstrosities put up by Hitler and Mussolini. Travel concretizes things that you know more or less, but which you have never actually felt. It imposes a kind of reality. I have no faith at all in historians who do not travel. Their knowledge, however great, floats in an unrooted empyrean.

In the summer of 1961, I asked Verna to go to Europe with me; and we took along a colleague of mine and a friend of hers. It was the only time that Verna and I were to travel together, though that one worked very well. Verna was a good traveller and she enjoyed that trip very much, more so than the tour she had taken with Ruth. I did all of the arranging of the trip, though only after consulting with the others about where they were particularly anxious to go; and we covered more territory than I had been doing, seeing something of Italy, Germany, France and England, renting cars to do a good deal of it. The other two had considerably less money to spend on it than did Verna and myself, so I had carefully arranged for us to stay in some less expensive hotels and an occasional pension as well as an occasional stay in a really good hotel. Under those circumstances, I was more than a little annoyed to have it be them who complained bitterly every time we stayed in anything less than a luxury hotel. It was Verna who never complained. Still, it, too, was a very good trip and I was happy to see London and Paris again after so many years. I remain devoted to the idea of seeing things for a second time, or even more than that; and my idea of the perfect trip is one that has a mixture of new places with old ones that I have loved.

In the university, those were years of rapid and extraordinary expansion. The numbers of students rose by the thousands yearly and the faculty increased in measure. When I had first taught in it, the History Department had twenty-seven members. In this period,

that number increased to seventy-two, though it has since dwindled some to around sixty-two. The number and variety of the courses multiplied and our department became one of the notable ones in the entire country. At the same time, the character of the faculty also changed. It was the era of the super specialist, the expert who limited himself to a narrow area and to a specific approach to history: economic, social, political, diplomatic, intellectual, or so on. The generalist like myself became a disappearing breed.

Largely because of that, I became the principal teacher of the big introductory course in Western Civilization, a position which caused me some wry amusement. In 1950, that first year I taught at UCLA, the department had just decided to start giving that course, beginning the next year; and the topic had come up at a cocktail party to which I had been invited. One of the men there explained it to me and added firmly "all of the young liberals are in favor of it." I had had two rather bad experiences in the past with such courses, one as a student, where it had been a disaster, the other at Northwestern, where it had seemed even worse to me, so I responded sourly, "put me down as an old reactionary." It was not a remark that went over very well; and it is something of a judgment on me that I have now taught that course for well over twenty years. I must also admit that I now believe it to be a very useful and valuable course and enjoy giving it.

The tone of the department changed as well. The younger members were not as socially minded as our former group had been; and a number of those who had enjoyed giving and going to parties and dinners were wooed away from us to other institutions. The younger group were happy enough to be invited to parties, but they did not give return invitations; and, as a result, fewer parties were given and the department began to lose its close-knit quality and the endearing sense of mutual interest and affection which had been its earlier hallmark. I continued to give my one, big party a year on New Year's Eve and still give it, so it has become a tradition by now, having been given now for thirty years, not that it has ever been a party to which the entire department was invited. However, I do like to see that it still has representatives from the various fields of history, as well as outsiders from non-academic circles, and a few graduate students as well; but I only invite people to that party whom I know and of whom I am genuinely fond. I am sentimental enough to want to be surrounded by close friends on that particular night, and I never use

use it to pay off social debts. I have been surprised and wryly amused to learn that, over the years, it has become rather widely known about and that an invitation to it is said to have considerable cachet. I have no idea what people expect it to be, but I do know that a few who did get invited found it a real bore after their high expectations, so I'm not sure if I'm doing something right or something wrong, nor do I care, to be honest. All I do know is that I enjoy the parties myself and that they are definitely my parties.

This period of major expansion in the university and in the department was marked, not only by a slow decline of sociability, but also by a decline in the feeling of dedication to the university itself on the part of many of the newer faculty members. It was a period in which universities all over the country were bidding for each other's faculties and there was an unusual amount of movement from one place to another by faculty and the ruthless use of offers of jobs elsewhere to get raises in salary and in rank, all of which promoted self interest at the expense of interest in the institution as such. While there were, fortunately, always some of the younger members who were genuinely interested in teaching and who worked at improving their teaching, there was also an increasing number who believed that the main purpose of universities was to support them in their research; and, certainly, the emphasis placed by universities on publication did a great deal to make that point of view seem not only reasonable but also practical. Good teaching was clearly not the road to advancement professionally, and young faculty were much too bright not to recognize that. The egocentricity and interest in a fast buck which had been so marked a factor in the students of the 1950s began to show up in the faculty by the early 60s.

The other side of the coin, however, was a marked increase in interest in social causes among faculty and students alike. Martin Luther King and the struggle of blacks for fair treatment and the redress of wrongs attracted wide support from universities; and an interest in the Third World was reflected in a burgeoning series of new courses in African, Middle Eastern, and Latin American studies. History enjoyed a real boom as students turned to it for information and hoped for answers to the new questions being raised nationwide. For a time, the pre-eminence of the sciences in attracting students seemed threatened by the rise in popularity of the so-called Social Sciences. For instance, my course in Western Civilization increased in enrollment from under four hundred students to over six hundred,

packed into a lecture hall that seated barely over four hundred, so that students filled the steps, the window sills and the floor; and mine was only one of three sections of lectures in that same course. I began to feel that I was drowning in students. All of that was the background to what I now look back on as the time of troubles. By the mid-sixties, the era of student activists was beginning to show up, though it was, of course, Berkeley, not UCLA, which formed the vanguard of that movement.

Surprisingly, for I was, generally speaking, popular with the students, I was about the first in our department to be subjected to a major confrontation. I had been for some years, at that time, in charge of the History Honors Program, a program our best students could take and which involved spending a year on a major research paper, working in part with me and in part with the specialist in whatever field the student chose to work in. It was a good program; and the participants usually enjoyed and appreciated the opportunity to do a work in real depth and to find out what the disciplines of historical research were actually like. That year, one of the students in the program was a woman in early thirties, who was working in Latin American History and who had attended university in Latin America before coming to us.

I didn't know her well; but she had been in my office several times to confer on various aspects of her work, and there had never been any problems or difficulties between us. Consequently, I was astonished to have her march into my office one afternoon, flanked on either side by a tall and burly young man and, without further ado, hand me a paper and inform me that it was a list of demands for changes in the Honors Program and that these were nonnegotiable. I was taken aback and more than a little wide-eyed at this approach, since she had not chosen to mention any dissatisfactions to me before and I didn't feel myself so unapproachable that anything like this was necessary.

None the less, I read over her list of demands while the trio stood, looming over me. Her main demand was that Honors Students should be allowed to make a movie about their project instead of writing a research paper; but the list also included such items as our allowing teams of students to work together on a single paper, or to work with a professor on his research, and various other variations. I sighed and started at the top, asking her if she had any idea of what it would cost to make a movie and explained that a ten

minute movie, in itself expensive, could hardly replace a long research paper. Her response was that the university would have to bear the cost and it was rich. It was obvious that she was passionately interested in movies as a medium; and it was equally clear that she was quite unconcerned by the fact that the university was supported by tax dollars and that she was demanding that the citizens of California pay to support her passion. I also suggested that it would be impossible in a team work to have any idea of who had done what and that, in any such product, there was very apt to be one student who simply directed the others in doing the actual work, something which struck me as being most likely in her case. I also explained to her that the faculty had Research Assistants to aid them and that those assistants were usually used on chores such as checking bibliographical references, not on research, and that was again hardly an adequate replacement for a research paper. All of that made her extremely angry and she pointed out that these were demands and not open to discussion.

I told her, quite truthfully, that I didn't have the power to change department regulations, but that I would pass her demands on to the Chairman for Department consideration. That made her even angrier; and she informed me that she had influence in high quarters and intended to see that I was fired out of hand. That made me laugh, but it also made me angry and I kicked the whole set of them out of my office, wishing her lots of luck in her try on that. I might add that none of her non-negotiable demands was ever met. However, it did give me a preview of what the future was going to be like though, fortunately, I was never again to be faced with a confrontation personally.

Trifling an affair as it was, it contained many of the elements that were to reappear, particularly the lack of practicality. She had thought through a series of ideal concepts which would, as she saw them, have been advantageous and fascinating for the students involved. In an ideal sense, making a movie does involve masses of highly complicated research, In the same way, working closely with a major professor on a book he was writing, digging up details for it, discussing it with him constantly, observing the entire process, could be enormously revealing and worthwhile. That the one involved enormous sums of money and the other the willingness of a professor clearly seemed to her totally beside the point. It never entered her mind that the one would be unavailable and that the other would

be a waste of the professor's time, since he would have to recheck everything done by the student. The stubborn refusal to consider any opposing points of view was also typical.

As the Viet Nam War continued and expanded, campus riots became the order of the day; but, though there were occasional marches and scenes, ours remained a relatively quiet campus. Things did not boil over for us until the Spring of 1970, when the news came out of the shocking affair at Kent State in which the National Guard had fired on students, killing several od them and crippling others. All over the country campuses rioted in appalled reaction to that quite unforgiveable event, and ours was no exception.

As it happened, I had scheduled a mid-term examination for that day in my upper division course, which had about a hundred and forty students in it and which met in the early afternoon in a classroom approached by a small corridor and hence not immediately visible from the main corridor of the building. Before the class began, a group of my students came to see me outside the classroom to explain that, in all conscience, they did not feel they could attend any classes that day and to ask what I would do about their missing the exam. I told them I felt they had every right to follow their consciences and that I wouldn't penalize them in any way. They could take make-ups, or let their grade rest on the final or do as they found best, but that I intended to go ahead and give the exam to those students who had spent time preparing for it and wanted to take it. One boy began objecting strenuously to that; but the others shut him up firmly and at once, insisting that I was being fair and he must be fair also.

About a hundred chose to take the exam and were well into it when the marchers began streaming by in the outer corridor, demanding the closing down of the university and banging on walls and lockers. It was easy to hear them coming, so I just told the students not to freak out and to go on with the exam, left then with my reader, and went out and stationed myself right across the door leading to that small, inner corridor. I lit a cigarette and stood there as the marchers went past, even talking to a few that I knew and who stopped to discuss the situation with me. It did screen my class from them successfully and I was more than a little amused at the idea of my playing Horatio at the Bridge, not one of my usual roles. Just after the march had streamed past, one of my colleagues came along, took one look at me, and knew exactly what I was doing. He grinned and

said, "Albert, you're being a damn fool." I expect he was right, but it worked. I learned later that, while I was holding the fort without any flurry, my reader in the classroom had freaked out over the noise and told my class that they'd fight anybody who tried to come in. He was a strapping and ultra-conservative young man; and, I'm happy to say, had the sense to feel like a fool over his outburst when he found out what I had been doing.

That was the afternoon the police arrived on campus by the hundreds with deeply shocking results. I missed seeing that and being involved in it. After the exam, I ran into one of my Teaching Assistants, who had his two year old son with him on campus. Since the police were already at the other end of the campus and were using tear gas, I insisted he get that child off campus at once, which he did, driving me home at the same time. We just did make it.

The police attack was brutal and totally unforgiveable. It is true, of course, that the students were deeply and intensely irritating with their jeering and taunting and catcalls, deliberately goading the police; but the police knew exactly what to expect and, however human they may be, ought to be better trained to deal with such situations. After all,that kind of confrontation had been in the news for a long time by then, so there was no excuse at all for their not being prepared for it. As it was, they followed a program of active terrorization, mercilessly beating students with their clubs. They ordered students to clear the campus by going into the buildings and, at least in one instance, then followed the students into a building with such mayhem that there was blood on the walls there for some days thereafter. In one instance, the policeman putting handcuffs on a boy, quite deliberately broke the boy's arm as he screamed in pain. In another instance, a faculty member, leaving a building in complete unawareness, stopped a policeman to ask what on earth was going on and found himself knocked down, handcuffed, and then charged with resisting arrest! The charge was never followed up on, but it was instances like those which enraged faculty and students alike. Indeed, I have never since really trusted or felt the same about our police.

Reason was not the order of the day. Governor Reagan closed all of the UC campuses the next day; and, though that was exactly what the rioters had been insisting on, it now infuriated them to have him do it. When the campus did reopen the next week, it was in an atmosphere of seige. There were police with guns stationed on the roofs

of campus buildings and a constant passage of police helicopters overhead. There were constant meetings of faculty, students and departments to discuss the situation and to try to deal with the crisis. I avoided all of that, feeling that I did not want to listen to the enflamed rhetoric going on and that none of it was going to help me decide what to do myself or how to deal with my classes. In the long run, all of us had to deal with it as best we could and on a day to day basis; but it virtually destroyed the quarter. The faculty took various approaches. A number simply gave up trying to teach their courses and, instead, spent the time in discussing the situation, saying that was more important than anything else. As the days turned into weeks, however, most of them returned to teaching their courses, finding that unending bull sessions were not very productive after all. A good many of the faculty took their classes outside and held their lectures or discussions there, essentially in the view of and in the teeth of the omnipresent police, as a type of protest against police presence on campus.

I had a course of over four hundred in Western Civilization; and, when we met again after the campus reopened, I gave a short speech on my own position ( anti-police ) and then said I would continue to give the scheduled lectures for those students who chose to come to them. That turned out to be acceptable, but one boy rose to demand that I hold the classes outside. I told him frankly that the class was much too large for that, that I was afraid any number that large could too easily stimulate a police attack. He, of course, was perfectly prepared to risk that, but I was not. I told him flatly that it was easy enough for him to say that, but that I felt responsible for my students and was absolutely not prepared to risk their being hurt as a result of any action I might take. Luckily, the students applauded me on that, and it shut him up.

Those were tense and exhausting days. It did not help matters to learn that a police spy, posing as a student, had been taking courses in the History Department all of that year. It simply heightened the impression of being caught in a police-state atmosphere. At one time, the police spy was spotted on campus and several of the history professors from whom he had taken courses converged on the police car he got into. They tried to talk to him, but he and the other policeman in the car panicked, which was ridiculous, since no one was even suggesting attacking them. They started their car and began to move, trapping two of the professors between that and

another car. One of them was able to escape by throwing himself onto the grass, but there was no place for the other one, Geoffrey Symcox, to go to escape being crushed except up onto the hood. He was thrown off that as the police car roared into the street and fractured his skull in the fall. The police car did not stop or bother to check. An ambulance had to be called to take Geoffrey to the UCLA hospital. Again it did not help to have the police issue a news bulletin later that day to say that Geoffrey was not hurt and had been released from the hospital. That was a flat and open lie. Geoffrey was in the hospital for over a week before he was released.

When he was released, I insisted on taking him home with me to stay because Beverly Hills is not under the jurisdiction of the Los Angeles police, and I wanted no risk of Geoffrey being hassled during his convalescence. Indeed, he had to stay in bed at our place for another week and had severe headaches, of course, long after that. None of that sort of thing left us with any kind of confidence in the police force. Up until then, I had always had a kind of implicit faith in the police. Now, I was confronted with seeing them use openly brutal, terrorist tactics, panic without due cause, tell flat and shameless lies, and invade the campus with undercover spies. There were a-lso a great many stories of their having acted as agents provacateurs, but I cannot vouch for the truth of any of those, though I was willing to believe anything at that time. The whole affair was to leave me with an unhappy feeling of contempt and hatred for our police, which still leaves its mark on me.

Angry as I was with the police, I was not very happy with a good many of my colleagues either in that period. It seemed to me that they were allowing the situation to freak them out; and they indulged in wild rhetoric themselves, which did nothing to help cool the situation. Moreover, it created deep divisions within the department which have barely begun to heal ten years later. Some fell victim to a conspiracy syndrome in which they began to be convinced that other faculty members were involved in conspiracies against them and/or friends of theirs. Others were convinced that the police had tapped their telephones, which still seems highly unlikely to me; but I really do not know about that either. The atmosphere became one of deep suspicions and of dark alarms; and I hated all of it.

Student activism was to continue for awhile, but that Spring of 1970 was when it peaked. A great many of the student demands were well intentioned, but they were also self defeating in the terms that

proposed, which almost always included a total rejection of any kind of discussion or compromise and an insistence on immediate action, which was usually impossible. Rationality almost disappeared, and the students genuinely began to believe their own rhetoric, blandly unconcerned by the glaring contradictions between words and actions. They honestly believed that they were fighting a great and good battle for free speech on campuses at the same time that they shouted down and refused to listen to any speaker whose views might be at variance from those that they held. They were being exactly as bigotted and intransigeant as the Regents they were attacking and were blind to the parallel. It made a mockery of language at the very time they were proclaiming the need for communication. Communication in their use of the word meant that they should be listened to, not that they should do any listening themselves.

The great pity, of course, was that in very many instances they had real points. There were real abuses and they were able to recognize many of them and to insist on changes that were overdue. Their hearts were often in the right place, though their heads were in the clouds or in the sand. It was doubly unfortunate, because some of the changes they wanted were attempted and all too many turned out to be fiascos because time was not allowed for real thought and planning, so that, in the end, the projects became discreditted. Too many of the activists became so frustrated that they either turned apathetic or became anarchists, neither of them useful attitudes or positions. It is a period which is already beginning to be romanticized. People who were in it look back to it through a rosy haze at the sense of exhiliration they felt, to the righteousness of their causes, to the feeling of group solidarity and, with great nostalgia, to the nobility of their failures. They elide gracefully over the stubborn stupidities and the lack of patience and staying power which doomed their noble efforts. The rhetoric still sounds great; but they forget that, as they applied them to action, the words meant something quite different from the way it sounds now. Memory, when mixed with nostalgia, can be all too highly selective.

It was also the funky period, when grubbiness became the external sign manual for sincerity. The UCLA campus had for many years been a dazzling place, which popped the eyeballs of visting professors. Our student body was spectacularly beautiful, young, tanned, healthy and radiant, a delight just to look at. Suddenly and almost overnight, they turned deliberately unkempt and wore the least appealing

~~appealing~~ clothes imaginable. Their language deteriorated rapidly and rudeness became the order of the day. It is true that they tended to equate rudeness with sincerity. However, sincerity untempered by tact or consideration of others is little more than self-indulgence and it becomes desolatingly unattractive when accompanied by protestations of righteousness and pious virtue. There is no real difference between that and Aunty Grace's pleasure in doing her Christian duty by telling everyone exactly what was wrong with them. What made it worse with the students was that they no longer realized they were being rude and often had no intention of it at all. They simply did not know any other way. I have always felt, and still do, that a little tact and good manners, by which I mean some recognition of the feeling of other persons, goes a very long way toward easing the abrasions of contemporary society.

Drugs were another part of that same period. In the university, that meant marijuana primarily, not the hard drugs like heroin, though it certainly included some popping of uppers or downers and probably more experimentation that I was aware of. But marijuana was omnipresent; and, for a few years there, the sweet smell of the stuff hung in the corridors of most of the campus buildings. It was inevitably present at all student and graduate student parties, where it did nothing to add to the conviviality or to the exchange of ideas. I can think of few things less conducive to sociability than a circle of young people solemnly passing joints around, each of them silent and totally immured in self. I must admit that I cannot understand the attraction of drugs at all, most especially because they distort reality, and reality seems to me both more fascinating and far more fantastic than any distortion of it could possibly match. Even if the realities are grim, the only true escape lies in facing and understanding them and then doing something about it, not in the temporary escape of drugs.

Granted that I have had an unusually happy and fortunate life, but that same period saw the rise for me of a very grim and frightening personal problem. For some years in the mid-sixties, I had been aware that the sight in one of my eyes was deteriorating. I had to have my glasses changed yearly and, eventually, stopped using that eye altogether. That was one thing, but in 1968 the other eye began to deteriorate also and very much more rapidly than the first one; and that terrified me. The thought of going blind was so frightening to me that I did not mention it to anyone, being unable to face up

to the idea of talking about it. I saw my optometrist again in the Spring of 1969; and he told me I had cataracts on both eyes and sent me to see an eye surgeon, Dr. Stone, who confirmed the diagnosis and that I would have to have operations on both eyes. In fact, he suggested that I have them both done at the same time that summer, but that was much too frightening a prospect for me. I agreed to have one eye done then, the other one later. The operation would mean removing the lens from the eyes and inserting plastic lenses inside the eyeball, which sounded horrifying to me.

Fortunately, UCLA has one of the great Eye Clinics in the United States, and Dr. Stone is a fine surgeon. Even in my state of mind at the time, I was wryly amused to learn that his first love had been history and that he had originally wanted to do graduate work in history at UCLA, but one of my colleagues had refused to accept him. It did strike me as ironic that I should have found a history drop-out to be my eye surgeon. In spite of my nervousness over it, the actual operation turned out to be painless and remarkably simple. I had to stay in the hospital for four days afterwards; but I felt fine, though I was forbidden to bend, stoop, or pick anything up or, which surprised me most, to shave. I had lots of visitors, which helped, since I could not read or watch TV, though the Eye Clinic had, fascinatingly enough, color TV sets in every room - for the blind? Mine had to be turned around so its back faced me and then I could listen to the news from it. After a couple of weeks at home, I was allowed to watch TV for an hour a day, though not yet to read; and slowly everything improved. I was delighted to have the sight return to that eye beautifully, though it was odd to realize that the little black lines I was seeing were the stitches inside my eyeball. Those dissolved in time and I learned how truly lucky I was. Only then did Dr. Stone tell me that the normal expectation for that type of operation was to retain only sixty per cent of the original vision, while I had retained very close to a hundred per cent.

With that eye now, miraculously, in such good shape, I arranged to have the operation on the other eye in January of 1970, arranging to have my lectures taken over for two weeks after I had the classes started and rolling and with the assurance that I could return to lecturing, if not to reading, after that much time. I returned to the hospital and that operation went off with equal ease. I went home, feeling perfectly secure, and the two weeks were almost up, when catastrophe occured.

I was still seeing Dr. Stone and the newly operated eye was still under bandages, when I became aware of what seemed to be cloudy spots in the vision of my good eye. I mentioned that to him in his office; and, in nothing flat, he started an elaborate checking of that eye which continued for almost an hour and a half with a grim intensity. At the end of it, he told me to get home, pack a bag and get to the hospital at once, that my good eye would have to be operated on no later than the next morning. The retina on it was detached. I knew that was deadly serious and, for once in my life, I panicked totally. The terror of blindness returned full strength and worse than before. Before, I hadn't known what was going on for sure. This time I did know. The idea of never being able to read again, never being able to see, when so much of my life was built around the visual arts, of never being able to travel again, was unendurable.

I got home and packed a bag and phoned the department to alert them that I was in deep trouble and then went to the hospital, trying unsuccessfully not to dwell on my fears. The department did rally to my cause instantly and nobly. I was barely ensconced in my hospital room before various colleagues were phoning with offers to take over my courses for me. One of those was Geoffrey, who knows me very well, and he insisted on my promising that I would not do <u>anything</u> until I had seen him. I will never know by what flight of intuitive sympathy he realized that I might be feeling suicidal, but he nipped that in the bud by getting a promise out of me. I still felt that a promise was sacred, and the intensity of my panic began to fade some. I wasn't up to making any jokes, even wry ones; but I was up to facing the situation and seeing what was going to happen.

I was operated on the next morning; and it was a long and very rough operation, using a laser and also putting a plastic band around the eyeball. It took several hours and, afterwards, in intensive care, I lay with both eyes bandaged in acute discomfort, throwing up over and over and over again until the following day. That did pass and I was taken to my regular room; but, of course, I now had both eyes bandaged. Consequently, I was baffled when the special nurse who had been taking care of me asked to be paid at once. Since the hospital takes your money to put in safe keeping on your admittance and since I obviously couldn't write out a check blind, I still wonder how she expected me to manage that. Fortunately, she did agree to trust me for a few days. She was an exception because the nurses in the Eye Clinic were an extraordinary group, not only helpful, but

with a very special sensitivity to the condition of the patients there. They were very supportive and so was Dr. Stone, who knew me well by that time. He left orders that I was to be allowed to get up to go to the bathroom, which was a great help, though I really detested having to be fed. I remained all too independent and it almost got me into trouble one night. I needed to go to the bathroom and was sure I could find my way to it and back to bed without help, since it was a very small room. I made it there successfully; but, unfortunately, I made some miscalculation and could not find my way back to the bed. I kept feeling my way around that wretched, tiny room, getting more confused by the minute; and it did no good to stand still and try to visualize it because I had no idea of where I was. I expect it was about ten very scary minutes before I located the bed, but it seemed like hours.

It seemed the purest bliss when I did finally get one eye uncovered and could see a little, enough to feed myself at least. I didn't have either glasses to fit it or a contact lens as yet, but my good Dr. Stone brought me a pair of glasses which were a close enough approximation to help enormously, for which I was extremely grateful. I was able to go home and start recuperating, for that operation had left me unexpectedly weak. None the less, I did manage to winnow one useful moment out of my troubles.

Geoffrey was coming up for tenure in the department just at that time; and I got permission from Dr. Stone to attend the department meeting on the subject, provided I did not try to stay longer than half an hour and promised not to get excited. I was driven to school and had arranged to be met at the car, which was lucky, because I turned out to be very much blinder than I had realized. I had to be led into the meeting room and put into a chair, feeling pretty shaky. However, I managed to give a somewhat overly emotional speech, thanking the department for its support during my problems and then launching into an impassioned plea for Geoffrey to be given tenure, happily aware that my very condition was going to give it added impact. I had to be led out at the end of it, and I don't think that Geoffrey really needed that much of a plea, but I didn't want to take any chances; and he did, indeed, get his tenure with no problems. I was exhausted and rather scared over my temerity by the time I got home.

Even so, by the end of two weeks after that operation, I went back to lecturing in my courses, though unable to read as yet or even

to see very well. It was tricky, but the students were very supportive, greeting my return with applause and being genuinely concerned over me. With each passing week, everything improved; and, again, that operation proved to be an extraordinary success, In fact, that summer I went back to Europe again and resumed my travels. That was the Spring we had the police on campus, and my somewhat precarious condition was probably one reason why I remained as aloof from the troubles as I did.

Things seemed to be pretty well stabilized again, so I took off Winter Quarter in 1972 to take a tour of Egypt, to be followed by a tour of India and Ceylon. We had barely started the cruise up the Nile, when the eye which had not had the detached retina went dark. I simply got up that morning and it had gone. At the moment, there was nothing that could be done about it, since it would be at least two days before we were due to reach any place from which I could hope to get transportation back to Cairo and thence home. I did not panic that time; and, in the end, I decided to continue my tours. The damage was already done and it was clear that it was not getting any worse, so that is what I did, enjoying the trips very much in spite of it.

It was, of course, another detached retina, this time worse than the first one, since this time the detachment was on the inside of the eyeball rather than on the outside. Dr. Stone tried to handle it with a laser, but it didn't work. He had held out little hope that it would, so I had to go back to the hospital for still another, elaborate operation. As he put it, this time the eyeball had to be scrunched up to catch the bits that had peeled away. He did get the retina reattached and another plastic band around that eye to hold it; but my vision in that eye is not good, and I rely entirely on the other eye. Happily, that has been the end of my eye problems. My condition has remained static ever since and is quite workable.

I do not use contact lenses, but prefer glasses to which I have long been accustomed, though with glasses I have no peripheral vision at all, which I would have with contacts. On the other hand, with contact lenses I would have to carry and use reading glasses with them; and, since I am always picking up something to read, that seems too much extra bother. It did, however, take me several years to adjust to the lack of any peripheral vision, and I fell down quite a few times before I learned how to deal with that automatically, particularly in going down steps. On more than one occasion in the

dark cathedrals of Europe, where there are often two or three steps going down from the choir into the transept, I have walked briskly straight out into space, coming down with a thudding crash and finding that my ability to levitate is absolute zero. However, I have also learned to look around fiercely at once to see who could have made all of that unseemly racket. The other continuing difficulty is that glare from sun on concrete or sand, in particular, tends to be blinding for me; and I am apt to need a friendly arm at such moments. Otherwise, I hardly notice the difference. Dense crowds pose problems because I can't look down, so I try to avoid being caught in those. As a whole, and with good reason, I feel I have been extremely lucky. It has not even stopped my photography.

That collection of slides, which I began so casually, has grown over the years to be a major preoccupation in my life. My travels have been planned around it and I have added to it yearly, so that the collection now numbers a hundred and thirteen thousand. Since I weed the collection out periodically, that represents a great many less than I have actually taken. I use it myself constantly in my regular courses, for special lectures, and for University Extension courses built around the slides. I was the first person in the History Department to include slide lectures as a regular feature in my courses; but, by now, a good many others have taken it up, and several of my colleagues borrow from my collection regularly as well as starting to form collections of their own. Our students are increasingly visually oriented, as a result of movies, TV, and illustrated papers and magazines, so they respond quickly and well to such lectures; and a carefully organized slide lecture can be a highly economical, in terms of the time involved, system for concretizing ideas for the students; and I find that it helps to bring the past alive for them, to give it an actuality that is the true essence of history.

The slide collection has also turned into a major local resource. The Los Angeles County Museum has copied over thirty-five thousand of them for its own slide collection. The UCLA Art Department has copied eight thousand or so; and the school of architecture in San Luis Obispo, where a friend of mine teaches, has also copied seven or eight thousand for its collection. I've been happy about that because I feel that resources, like information, should be shared freely, and that their reason for existence is to be used, not to be hoarded. It is true that it chews up a good deal of my time to draw and refile slides for other people or organizations, but it is also rewarding

for me to find that what I have enjoying doing and building is of real use to other people. Indeed, I have long since moved beyond taking slides with only my own courses in mind and now take with the general usefulness of the collection as a whole as an aim; and that has had the advantage of making the entire process a source of continuing education for me.

# XI

The years of travel were most rewarding ones for me; and, of all the countries, Italy was to remain my favorite. It is my experience that most Americans split into two groups: those who prefer the northern countries, especially Germany, Switzerland and Scandinavia, which they usually consider "clean" countries; and those who prefer the Mediterranean countries, thought of as "dirty" by the first group. If that is true, I am definitely a "dirty" Europe man, not that I would agree at all that those are actually dirty.

Practically everything about Italy delights me. While I would agree that French cuisine is, at its best, the finest there is, I still think that, if you are simply dropping into an unknown restaurant, you stand a better chance of getting a really good meal in Italy than you do in France. Italian pastas in their infinite variety are almost always splendid, the salads and fruits are excellent, and Italian ice cream is the best in the world. No other country is as densely packed with places and things of artistic and historical value as is Italy. The whole country is a living museum, where you can hardly spit without hitting a teasure of some sort. It is also true that Italy cannot afford to maintain all that it has, most of which desperately needs restoration or care; but that is an increasing problem for all of Europe. And I find the Italian people a continuing delight.

Italians approach life with an enormous gusto. You have only to sit in any Italian street cafe to be entertained. Italians do not retire into newspapers or books. They talk. And their conversations are positively operatic, rising to peaks of argumentative vehemence which seem about to erupt into physical violence, only to subside into shrugs or roars of laughter. Any small event, like a minor accident, instantly draws a crowd which discusses it eagerly and vigorously and at great length, extracting the maximum amount of enjoyment and interest from everything that happens. I also find the Italians helpful and courteous and warmly friendly.

On one occasion, I was in Florence at the time of the Calcio, which is a great pageant that centers around a football game of sorts, played with passionate vigor in front of the Palazzo Vecchio in sixteenth century costume. Stands are put up for the spectators; and I was doing a lot of photographing, using a large zoom lens, when, in my excitement, I dropped the lens cover down through the stand. I let it go, figuring I might be able to retrieve it when the game was

over; but the Italians behind me were greatly upset by the mishap. When it was all over, I went down to look for the lens cover; but the Italians from behind me had not forgotten about it. They got down ahead of me; and, when I showed up, they rushed to greet me happily, having found it for me. I cannot imagine that happening here in the United States.

The Calcio is played by sixteen men on a team and is rather like soccer. However, there are no times out and no substitutions. In general, the tactics seem to be that of immobilizing the opponents as fast as possible, often by hauling them down and sitting on them, a process which erupts into fist fights very frequently. However, on one occasion, a violent fight broke out in one of the stands between the supporters of the two teams. The players of one accord promptly stopped the game to rush over to watch that fight with the deepest interest, and it took some time to get things moving again. That is very Italian. Americans have a tendency to believe that the great Italian festivals, like the Calcio or the more famous Palio of Siena, are put on purely to stimulate the tourist trade; but, in fact, those are very genuine local festivals of supreme importance to the local people. They don't mind if tourists want to come to watch them, but they would go on just the same if no tourists were there at all; and it is precisely that intense local pride and rivalry which gives the Italian festivals their color and vitality.

On another occasion, I was with a colleague and his wife, Eugen and Jacqueline Weber; and we were driving in the area around Vicenza, looking at a number of the beautiful villas in the hills of that area. I was interested in photographing a number of them and particularly one from the late sixteenth century called the Rocca Pisani, which is architecturally very important though rarely visited. I was aware that it wasn't open to visitors, but I hoped to get some shots of the exterior, so we drove up to it. What I was not prepared for was the fact that it sits on the very top of a high hill which makes your approach to it visible for some time after you have entered its grounds.

We parked by the villa and I fled out of the car to get a fast shot or two and, sure enough, a butler appeared at once to ask if we were expected. We admitted we were not; and he went in to confer, only to return to ask us to write our names down, which we did. We might not be expected, but it was quickly obvious that someone was, as maids began bringing chairs and a table out under the front portico, so we had every reason to be surprised and very pleased when we under-

stood the butler to tell us on his return that we could even go inside for just ten minutes. The villa centers around a circular and domed room, which receives light from windows on all four sides as well as through an opening in the center of the dome itself; and, as a result, the light bounces and reflects off the white walls until you quite literally seem to be floating in pure light in that room. I have never experienced anything quite like it elsewhere.

As it turned out, we had not understood the butler correctly. What he had told us was that the Contessa would receive us in ten minutes, and so she did: a delightful woman with a passionate pleasure in her beautiful villa, who happily took us completely through it. We ended on the portico, where the table and chairs had been brought out for us and where aperitifs were waiting for us. We loitered there happily, as she told us much of the history of the house. There had originally been three statues decorating the pediment of the portico, but they had been stolen during World War I, when the villa had had to be left unprotected; and, when she had returned to the villa after World War II, it had been to find it stripped absolutely bare. She had spent some years in finding appropriate furnishings again for it and in restoring it. I was charmed to learn that, while she had had electricity and running water brought into it at that time, they had been put into the lower floors only and not into the main floor and rooms, which she had maintained in their pristine sixteenth century condition. It is that kind of sensitive respect for the past which makes Italy so great a pleasure; and, certainly, she was an eminent example of Italian courtesy and hospitality at its very best.

My own experiences in Europe are that most Europeans will be pleasant and helpful, if you are the same. If you are pushy and loud and rude, you are apt to get that treatment back in spades; and, as far as I'm concerned, you deserve it. I know the French have a bad reputation among American tourists, but I have never had any problem there; and that is not because I speak perfect French. I read French, but my spoken French is atrocious, both in accent and in grammar; and the French have always been very patient with me on that score. I may be lucky. I will admit that I'm the only person I know who ever had a major tip given back to me in a Paris hotel with the remark that it had been a pleasure. On the other hand, I, too, have been ripped off badly by a Paris taxi driver, when I forgot to reach an agreement on the cost of the trip after six o' clock at night, when the meters no longer count; but that was partly my own

fault.

Just the same, once down in Toulouse, I had managed to get myself lost and didn't know which way to turn to get to the Jacobin Church I wanted to see, so I asked directions from an elderly gentleman. He recognized me as an American at once, smiled and explained to me slowly that he had only been going out for a beer and would much more enjoy showing me his city and proceeded to do so. He not only took me through the beautiful Jacobin Church, but also led me through the old part of the city, showing me one superb, old house of the 16th or 17th century after another, places I would never have found without him. Toulouse is largely built of brick; and he explained to me very seriously that brick was the finest of all building materials and that only the nouveau riche built in stone. He was a real charmer and justifiably very proud of his city.

It is true, however, that the French can have very sharp tongues. I always stay in a small Left Bank hotel in Paris, of which I am very fond. A number of years ago, coming down the stairs to the lobby, I was literally stopped in my tracks at the sight of a girl in her late teens talking to the young woman at the desk there. The girl was so beautiful that I just stood still and stared. When she left, I whizzed to the woman at the desk to ask who that was. The woman said succintly, "Zat ees Miss Jane Fonda. She looks veree nice, but she is not veree nice." That did sum things up in the full Parisian manner all right.

That hotel was also the scene of an incident I still remember with amusement. I must point out that the French are thrifty almost beyond belief. There used to be lots of jokes about the Scots on that score, but the thriftiest of Scots never came within shouting distance of the French when it comes to thrift. One of their more unnerving ways of saving money, as far as Americans are concerned, is their system for saving on electricity in toilets. The light only goes on when you bolt the door on the inside, thus turning it off when you leave; but it is not a system which is visible or understandable unless you already know about it. On this occasion, I returned to the hotel just as a young American boy was signing in. He was cleancut to the point of being squeaky clean, and he spoke no French at all.

He was given a room on the same floor as my room, and mine happened to be next to the toilet, which was the normal, pitch black hole. I understood exactly what was going on, when I heard the door of the toilet open and the sound of hands fumbling around for a

switch or a cord or some way to turn the light on, followed by increasingly nervous openings and closings of the door. The maid on that floor was a fine, strapping, hearty Frenchwoman, who also promptly understood the problem and called out to him what to do, but she spoke no English. The only way out of that impasse was, of course, for her to show him how it worked, but that meant locking herself in with him. I don't know what that poor boy had heard about Frenchwomen; but he sure as hell was not about to let himself be locked into a pitch black toilet with one. She began hooting with mirth and shoving him in; and he would screech indignantly and try to get back out, while she tried to hold him in. The clamor was a thing of beauty. Eventually she did win and made her point and retired in great gales of laughter, but by then he was no longer capable of doing anything. It is things like that which unnerve the Americans.

Almost every country poses its own particular problems for the American tourist. In Spain, dining rooms for dinner do not even unlock their doors before nine-thirty and no one goes in for dinner before ten at the earliest. For the unwary travellor who is used to getting down for a drink or two before dinner at seven thirty or eight, that is another booby trap. By the time you can get into a dining room, you are apt to be too drunk to care any more, at least on your first evening or two in Spain, until you understand the system. In Madrid, in the summertime, theaters open at eleven thirty at night and there is no point in trying to get to a nightclub to see flamenco, for instance, before two in the morning at the earliest, all of which can be very exhausting until you learn to make real use of the Spanish siesta. Even that can have its difficulties. On my first stay in Madrid, I did siesta, flaking out on the bed without a stitch on because of the heat; and, almost every day, at that hour the maid would barge in with fresh towels for my room, look me over and say casually, "Es nada. It's nothing." Under the circumstances, I felt deeply insulted, to say the least.

In Germany, even on the hottest nights in summer, there is never any top sheet on a bed, only a feather bed to put over you. You have the choice between shivering in the middle of the night, or smothering until you learn to ask for a top sheet. And so it goes. On the other hand, if you are going to be miserable over not having every single thing exactly as it was at home, you should stay at home. Travel is for people who can ride with the punches and grin at the small disasters with the recognition that they make great

stories to tell when you get home. I can tell you from experience that your friends at home are going to get a lot more delight out of listening to your disasters and humiliations than to glowing accounts of your triumphs. Human nature just works that way.

One of the surprises of my travels has been the number of my ex-students whom I meet in unexpected places. I have been hailed enthusiastically in a back street in Strasbourg, while photographing the cathedral doors in Aix-en-Provence, in Athens, on a narrow side street in Florence; and, when I flew from London to Moscow, there were two of my ex-students on the same plane, though not even acquainted with each other. The most unnerving encounter was to be hailed deep in the rain forests of Guatamala at the Mayan site of Tikal, where I was just starting to take a picture, when a voice called, "Mr. Hoxie, what are you doing here?" I did begin to feel that my private life was no longer being very private.

However, among ex-students who have astonished me, pride of place must go to Yvon Milre, who had been one of my students the semester I taught in Berkeley. He was memorable even at that time, because he was then in his eighth year as an undergraduate. Yvon was extremely bright; but he had the unfortunate habit of signing up for the normal four courses each semester, but then being turned on by only two of them, so he never bothered going to the two which turned out not to interest him and spent all of his time on the other two. My course had caught his fancy and he did astonishing amounts of reading for it. As I remarked to him, he was really the perfect graduate student, though it seemed to me unlikely he would ever reach that point.

I saw him socially two or three times after my return to Los Angeles in the course of the next year or two, but then he disappeared. It was, perhaps, ten years later that I got Christmas cards from him two or three times from England, but I am not good at responding to cards, so that also lapsed. It was with some understandable surprise that I received a phone call from him from London about sixteen years since I had last seen him. He chatted away casually for about half an hour, asking about me and whether I ever came to Europe, while I kept mentally adding up the cost of it. I already had my summer reservations, which included being in London that year, so I told him and agreed to meet him for dinner when I was there.

He confirmed that with a note and with another note waiting for me at my hotel in London when I arrived. I was to meet him at

the Ritz, which was only a block and a half from my own hotel; and, fortunately, he did recognize me, for I don't think I could have recognized him. I was bemused, when we went down to the bar, to find the waiters positively falling all over themselves, bowing and scraping and greeting him by name. His wife, Jennifer, joined us shortly, and she was a delight, attractive, bright and with a quick wit and an air of easy authority. The head waiter materialized from the restaurant with menus and to say he had Yvon's usual table reserved for him, so it was becoming abundantly clear that Yvon had become a personage.

I caught up with some of his history. He had, in fact, made it into graduate school; but the day came when his mother had sat him down and said firmly, "Now, Yvon, there is just enough money left for one person to have a really good life, and it's going to be me." So Yvon, in some way which I do not yet know, had drifted to England and into a position of being a business consultant or analyst, the kind of person hired by large companies to tell them how to run their businesses better or more economically. I gathered that he got paid in the order of a hundred thousand or so per job and worked when he pleased. Certainly, that night he entertained me in a style to which I was only too willing to become accustomed.

Since then, I have seen Yvon and Jennifer with some regularity and have learned to become accustomed to the phone calls and not to flinch over their cost. Indeed, the very next summer he arranged to take me to Glyndbourne. That is a lovely country house down in Sussex, where the owner has built a superb, small theater in which a major opera festival is held each summer and in which I had long been interested. Guests to Glyndbourne must wear black tie, which meant I would have to rent one, since I try to travel with minimal luggage. As luck would have it, we were to go there the very day after my arrival in London, so I had to rush downstairs the first morning to ask the Porter where to rent, rush there and then back to get into my rented finery to meet Yvon at noon. I made it, though I felt ridiculous to appear downstairs at that hour, done up in black tie, even though Yvon had assured me everyone would understand that I was headed for Glyndbourne and the Porter complimented me on my finery.

We had luncheon at the Ritz again, but Yvon picked me up in a magnificent rented Rolls Royce with chauffeur, so I wouldn't have to walk that block and a half. I could, of course, have walked it in

half the time it took the Rolls to maneuver the one-way streets to get us there. We had cocktails and a lavish luncheon at his usual table overlooking Green Park with much white wine, while the Ritz packed us a picnic hamper to take to Glyndbourne, since custom there involves a picnic in the gardens between the acts of the opera. The hamper was waiting by the time we finished, and we carried also a bottle of the excellent wine we had been drinking with luncheon to enjoy on the forty mile drive to Glyndbourne. The opera was Mozart's "Abduction from the Seraglio" and the first act was brilliant, which is par for the course at Glyndbourne, where the productions are famous for the quality of all aspects. Since I am very fond of Mozart, it was perfect for me. Supper was splendid, the chaffeur spreading a rug on the lawn for us and opening a bottle of champagne apiece for us. I must admit that, as a result, my memories of the second act are far less vivid than those of the first. Afterwards, we had a drink at the bar to let the crowd diminish and then enjoyed another bottle of champagne on the way home. It was a day of total bedazzlement, albeit increasingly dim as the day wore on, not that I minded that either.

The Milres moved to Venice not long after that, and I now saw them there. They kept insisting that I would never really know Venice until I saw it in the winter, so, the winter I went to Egypt, I flew up to Venice from Cairo to see them in February. The difference from Venice in the summertime was instantly ~~and~~ all too obvious. I arrived in a rainstorm on a miserable, cold, late afternoon; and, instead of being beseiged by boatmen, I had a terrible time finding a motorboat at all, so I was cold and wet and thoroughly unhappy by the time I reached the Danielli Hotel. However, a hot bath and a change revived me; and, by that time, Yvon and Jennifer were waiting to sweep me off to Harry's Bar for dinner. The next morning turned out to be purest magic and I will always be grateful to them for the memory. I rose to find Venice deep in a white mist, though the sun was out and shining through it. It turned all of Venice opalescant, a city of dreams. St. Mark's Piazza, instead of being crowded with tourists, held only one, old Italian woman, dressed all in black, scuttling across that great, empty square, the one sharp point of focus in that shimmering opalescant dream. I will never forget it.

That night, the Milres had me to dinner in their home; and the only other dinner guest was Peggy Guggenheim, then in her seventies,

but a great delight. Peggy was still an active, vivacious, bright and extremely amusing woman of great charm and totally unpretentious. She and I took to each other at once and gabbled away for hours, swapping stories and amusing each other. Later, I found out the Milres had been astonished, because Peggy had stayed up an hour later than they had ever known her to do before. From then on, I always saw Peggy whenever I was in Venice and always with the greatest pleasure, though I gathered from the Milres that my recurring presence was viewed with the deepest of suspicion by the man who acted as Curator for Peggy's collection in the summertimes. He was convinced that I wanted something out of Peggy, though the Milres kept assuring him that I simply liked her; and, eventually, he did decide that had to be the case. It makes its own commentary on the kind of persons who must have hung around Peggy.

The last time I saw her was when I was invited to her seventy-seventh birthday party at her palazzo. She was in great shape that evening, though she had been ill; and, after the party, the Milres took Peggy and half a dozen of us out to dinner for her birthday. Venice will never again seem quite the same to me with Peggy gone. She was one of the last of her kind. She kept and maintained the last private gondola in Venice, and went out in it late in the afternoons almost every day. Once she took me with her, drifting through the little back canals, where I had never been before. She was a great woman; and even her autobiography, amusing and racy as it is, doesn't capture half of her vitality or the ease of her charm. I have many reasons to be grateful to the Milres, and my friendship with Peggy is very high on that list.

In my first years of travelling, I was adamant in refusing to set aside time for socializing, though I had a good many opportunities. People were always wanting to invite me to lunch, and that was inevitably destructive of the entire day. I went abroad to see things and to do my photography, so I resented that and felt that I could save socializing for the home turf. However, as the years have passed, I have mellowed on that score and am less compulsive about the photography. In recent years, I have frankly set aside blocks of time in which to see the friends I have continued to make in Europe, many of whom are very dear to me.

A number of those are the result of Swan Tours. Swan is an English firm, old and famous, which does very precisely the kind of tour which interests me. They give you very full days and see all

of the major art and historical treasures wherever they go, and they do not allocate time for shopping, something I really detest. Moreover, they quickly train all persons on their tours to be prompt or to get left behind; and that I love, since I am compulsively prompt myself. Their tours are limited in numbers; and the people taking them are usually about half British, half Americans, almost all of them well educated and well travelled and often extremely interesting people. I take Swan tours to those areas where there will be a language problem, or where one is apt to be hassled, so I have used them for places such as Egypt, India, Russia, Iran, Iraq and so on; and I have yet to be disappointed in one of their tours.

It was interesting to return to India after so many years, and this time I did get to see a good many of the things, like the Pearl Mosque, which I had not been allowed to see on our former trip there. There were noticeable changes, too. Even though Calcutta is still appalling in its poverty, it seemed to me that there were far fewer beggars obvious and that conditions had improved some over the years. I also ran into some aspects of India I had not been aware of on the first occasion, one of them being what I call the "Yasss" syndrome. I met that after I had gone off on my own for a day and a half and was rejoining the tour at Benares. I wanted to get to the hotel from the station so I asked an Indian if he spoke English. He beamed happily and assured me "Yasss." So I asked him how far it was to the hotel, and he replied cheerfully, "Yasss." "No, no," I told him, "how do I get to the hotel?" "Yasss," he assured me glowingly. We went round and round for some time before I realized that "Yasss" was the total extent of his English.

I did get to the hotel all right, but I also met Indian polite but persistent curiosity when waiting for a train. The Indian asked my name, which I gave him. He asked where I was from and I told him. He asked what I did and I explained I was a professor. He asked where and I told him. He inquired of what and again I answered that. I did, however, balk at his next question in which he said very seriously, "And what have you done to deserve that, sir?" After all, I was not exactly asking him for a job!

I had strayed from the tour on that occasion to spend the night at Khajuraho, which has some of the most famous temples in India and ones which feature erotic sculpture. An American woman on the tour had decided to join me in my venture; and, once settled in the hotel there, we went off together to see the temples. I knew her only

slightly at that point, so I did roll my eyes when our native guide to the temples took us to the first one and said blandly, "See. Here they fuck. Here they suck." The woman took a long look and said a bit wanly, "I don't think I'll photograph those for my grandchildren!" I did photograph them, and later we were able to chuckle over it.

It was through her that I got to know her friend on the tour, Lucia Bannon, who lives in a beautiful, two hundred year old, adobe house in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and who doesn't mind telling a good story on herself. One day, when she had shown a visiting woman around the house and had explained it to her, Lucia was more than a little put out to have the woman say, "It's a lovely house, dear; and did you build it yourself?" Lucia is a far more indefatiguable traveller than I am. She has visited more than a hundred countries and goes on three or four trips a year, though, when I met her, she was barred from taking any long walks by arthritis in her knees. She has since had both kneecaps operated on and replaced by metal, and none of that has slowed her up for a minute. She has recently been on a ballooning venture in France, as well as a trip to Antarctica by ship.

On another tour, that to Iran, I was lucky enough to meet Mrs. Dean Acheson, who is wonderfully and totally New England, for all of her long residence in Washington. She is very erect and very firm and something of a real artist, who has an occasional show of her work in Washington. On our trip, she did a very handsome series of quick sketches of places we visited, doing them on the spot and with a brilliant economy of brushwork, which captured the essence of the place and the scale magnificently.

On our last night in Teheran, the Shah sent a man down to the hotel with presents for her, having learned she was there. Mrs. Acheson accepted them graciously, though with some surprise. She did not open them, since we were returning to London in the morning and she was flying straight on to Washington. She told me later that it posed a real problem when it came to making out a customs declaration, since she still had no idea of what they were. A fellow passenger suggested she just put down "antiques" which are duty free, so she did that. When she came to the customs man, he considered that and said, "Now, Mrs. Acheson, you don't know whether these really are antiques or not, do you?" She admitted to that and he smiled, "Neither do I, so we'll just say they are. Off you go." One gift turned out to be a very handsome, small, silk Persian rug and the other was a long box, covered with silver sheeting embossed with Persian designs.

Mrs. Acheson described it to me as being a "glove box", a term I don't think any other woman I now know would use. She was interested in having copies of some of the slides I had taken there, so I sent them to her; and, in return, she sent me a copy of one of her husband's books with a delightful inscription to me.

It was also on that trip that I met the young Yorkes, who have remained among my dearest friends in England. Johnny is the nephew of the English novelist, Henry Green, whose real name was Yorke; and his father belongs to the great line of English eccentrics. His father is England's leading Buddhist and was a close friend of that master of the Black Arts of the 1920s and 30s, Alastair Crowley, who left all of his papers and his "magic wand" to Johnny's father. When the great revival of interest in Crowley came up a few years ago, Mr. Yorke was practically under seige by hippies, tracking him down to ask about Crowley. Mr. Yorke would receive them happily and flourish the magic wand at them, saying "Here." I gather the hippies would positively pale and shrink back, crying "Oh! I can feel the power!" Since then, he has turned it all over to the Warburg Institute, because he began to be threatened with lawsuits by the Scientologists if he opened the papers to people for research, since there are, apparently, some unflattering remarks and remeniscences about Ron Hubbard to be found in them.

I won't guarantee all of Johnny's stories about his father, for Johnny is a born clown and can't resist making a good story, which he does to perfection. However, the first time I met his father at the family country house, Forthampton Court, both Johnny and I were taken back. When we came across Jeannie, Johnnie's wife, Johnny gasped, "My God, Jeannie! Father's teeth have turned purple!" which indeed they were. Jeannie fairly hooted and explained that he had been eating mulberries. Poor Mr. Yorke was in disgrace anyway that day, because the day before he had carelessly left the gate to the pasture open and two cows had got out and enjoyed themselves with browsing on yew trees, which are poison, and one of them had died. Later, I spent a lovely Easter weekend at Forthampton Court, when the great drifts of daffodills were in bloom; and the little country churches of the neighborhood had their churchyards vivid with masses of little, wild daffodills. England really is ravishing in the springtime; but, then, most places are, to be honest.

I don't want to suggest that all persons on Swan Tours are like those I have mentioned. There was a horrendous Englishwoman on my

trip to Iraq, who went through the same routine at every meal. When soup was brought, she would ask the waiter if there was any meat in it. Whether there was or not, the innocent waiter inevitably beamed and said, "Yes." At that point, she would give a shrill scream and cry out, "What do you take me for, a cannibal?! Ugh! Aack! Take it away at once!" She was by far the most adamant and the shrillest vegetarian I have ever met and not an endearing personality.

One of her habits was to rush to a site and then stand precisely in front of whatever most of us wanted to photograph. There were often at least half a dozen of us lined up with cameras poised, waiting for her to get out of the way. Occasionally we outwaited her, but usually she had to be asked to move. She would, but pouting angrily and muttering that there was no point in taking pictures of buildings or ruins. You could buy postcards of those. You should take pictures of people. None of us were unkind enough to suggest that, even if that were true, none of us wanted endless pictures of her.

Most tours which number up to thirty are apt to have at least one person along who is something less than an instant hit with the rest of the party, but those types remain a very tiny minority on Swan Tours. There was a somewhat irritating American woman on the trip through Tunisia, where we travelled in a comfortable bus. Air was let in through the roof of the bus, which had a section that could be opened. Otherwise, the bus did get both hot and stuffy. This woman, for reasons I have never understood, deliberately chose always to sit right where the air intake was located. As soon as it was opened, she instantly insisted the air was too much, that she'd catch her death of cold in that wind, and had it closed. It never seemed to occur to her that there were endless empty seats elsewhere, since our group barely filled half the bus.

She also wore white, wash gloves constantly, washing them out every night, for fear of becoming contaminated by some nameless, dread disease. Indeed, after one walk through a native medina or bazaar, she refused to go near another one, explaining to us at great length that she simply couldn't bear to see all of those poor people, that she, at least, did have a social conscience. Since Tunisia is not poor and most of the people in the medinas are very well-to-do merchants, one did feel that her social conscience was, at best, misguided and probably as imaginary as the poverty she was crying out about. Still, it was not endearing to have her constantly

suggesting that we were moral lepers, undoubtedly engaged in grinding the poor into the dust.

Actually, the medinas of Tunisia are both remarkably clean and a photographer's paradise. The buildings are almost always white-washed with the door and window frames and the elaborate, wrought-iron, window grills painted a robin's egg blue, cubical structures set at varying angles, not lined up regularly at all, so that they create the perfect cubist recessions in space under a sky of blazing blue. Tunisia was a constant surprise to me. I had not anticipated that the Roman sites there would be anywhere nearly as large or as splendid, since they are so rarely written about. The great Roman amphitheater at El Djem is the third largest in the world and more complete than the Colosseum in Rome, rising like an improbable mirage from the sands of the desert. And, at Bulla Regia, several of the Roman houses have elaborate suites of rooms underground, carved out of the rock around a colonnaded central garden and fountain court for use in the heat of the Tunisian summers, something I had never heard of before, but very properly apt to be devised by the comfort-loving Romans. In many ways, Tunisia offers a more living proof of the magnificence of Rome in the age of the Empire than you find in Europe itself.

American tourists do not, as a whole, have a very good reputation in Europe, some of which is understandable. Many Europeans insist that American women have the ugliest voices in the world, and one begins to sympathize with them when one comes across a gaggle of sorority girls travelling there. They do have a tendency for all of them to talk at the same time and to raise their voice to out-talk each other until the din can demolish the peace and quiet of an entire dining room. I once listened to one such group happily screaming at each other how they had livened up the place they had stayed; and I'm sure they had, if only with the deepest hatred of themselves. For some reason, American girls seem to equate the amount of pleasure they are having with the decibels of noise they are creating, and it is less than an endearing concept. Just the same, they are not unique. On one occasion, I was listening to a German boy developing the theme of the hideous American voice; and it gave me the greatest pleasure to point out to him that the woman across from us who had precipitated his remarks was English, not an American at all. And on another occasion, I had the misfortune of being in one hotel dining room after another for several days with a party of French, which included a Frenchwoman who was constantly shrieking "C'est vrai!" in tones that

could only be approximated by a fire truck rounding a tight corner. It is possible that dining rooms bring out the worst in all nationalities, or perhaps that that is where one becomes most deeply aware of such matters since one is helplessly a captive audience in such places.

Once, when I was dining in the Franciskaner Restaurant in Vienna, one of the two best in that city and a delightful place on a tiny, very quiet square, I listened in astonishment to the dialogue between an American woman across the room and her waiter, who had asked what she would like. She explained to him carefully that a friend of hers had advised her always to take the specialty of the house and what was theirs. The waiter replied that the Franciskaner did not have a specialty of the house, but tried its best to make all of its dishes good. She ignored that and still wanted their specialty, so, in some despair, he asked if madame would like chicken. Well, she explained, she had never liked chicken at all; but, if it was the specialty of the house, she'd take it. It took a very long time to resolve that situation, and I'm afraid she did get chicken at the end of it. I hope she hated it, but I doubt it taught her to pay any attention to anything that was said to her.

It was also at the Franciskaner, on another occasion, that I was goaded into an action that astounded me, also. I am an inveterate and unabashed eavesdropper; and the table next to mine was occupied by an American man in his forties with a woman, probably in her later thirties. It was soon evident from the conversation that he was in our Armed Services abroad, and I was soon convinced that they were not married. She was a born and expert whiner. "Why did we have to do that? Why couldn't we have done something else? Why did we have to go there?" There was no variation from her discontent, as he tried desperately to explain that he was only trying to please her and how deeply it pained him when she talked ;ike that. That was what convinced me she was not his wife. I was with him. She pained me, too.

We did exchange a few remarks back and forth at one point, while waiting for a course, but nothing beyond a few conventionalities. I was equally appalled to watch her toy with her food, mainly pushing it around unhappily on her plate, while continuing to whine. He had, after all, ordered her a beautiful meal, exquisitely prepared and served. It climaxed for me when she ordered cherries flambé for her dessert. I watched them being lovingly prepared and

flamed for her in a chafing dish at the table and wondered why I had been so stupid as not to order them for myself. They were served to her and she just began pushing at them petulantly and was still whining till I reached the point of no return. I turned to her and said sternly, "Those are exquisite! Eat them!" She gave me a look of terrified horror and began shovelling them down without another word. I could have wished the floor would swallow me when I heard that come out of my mouth, but I am happy to say that the Army man gave me a very covert grin.

One of the factors about American tourists which has confused Europeans stems from the fact that, until very recent years, the only Europeans who travelled to foreign countries, even in Europe, were almost entirely members of the upper classes. Consequently, they tend to assume that all foreign travellers represent upper clases, while, of course, Americans of all possible financial levels do travel, even if only after long saving up for a very special trip. Moreover, Americans neither think or speak of themselves in terms of the caste structures which still survive very potently in Europe. When the English, for instance, speak or write about themselves, they inevitably mean only the very limited upper and well educated section of their people. The English do so and so, or the English say such and such, does not mean the bulk of the English population at all. It means only the small upper caste there; but they inevitably speak of it with the bland assurance that that is England. In the same way, the bulk of the French speaking of France or of things French mean Paris, not the provinces. Certainly, when they talk blandly of how French is spoken, they do not mean provinces where the traditional French is abominable by Parisian standards and sometimes not even French at all.

Those attitudes and habits of speech are so traditional and ingrained among Europeans that conversations with Americans often operate at cross purposes. I am not flattered to be told by the English, as often happens, that I don't seem like an American at all and that I speak really quite nicely, "Almost as though I were from one of the colonies." I am very apt to respond acidly, "Australia, I assume," since a good many Australians have an abominable accent very close to Cockney. Indeed, a great many European assumptions seem extremely provincial to me, as I consider them over the years. The English, meaning the upper crust, take it for granted that their

taste on any and everything is impeccable solely by virtue of their being English. Equally, the French are convinced that everything French must be superior to anything to be found elsewhere. Swedes are so complacent about their own superior virtues as to make the most pig-headed and chauvinist Americans look like rank amateurs at that game. No nations are without their follies and their drawbacks, Americans prominently included, God knows; but we are very far from being unique or even very different in that respect. I love Europe and I love travelling, but I am always happy to return to home base and I am thoroughly and deeply happy and proud to be an American.

Regardless of upper or middle-class European views of American tourists, the concept of America as the ultimate land of opportunity for the poor and those anxious and eager to work remains a constant which I meet again and again in country after country. If, on the one hand, Americans love to boast about themselves, they seem to me to be also the most self critical of all countries, the most willing to admit that they continually fall short of their own ideals; and in that process it is easy to forget just how far we have moved toward those ideals. We are always accused, and with some cause, of being the ultimate materialists; and we bring that on ourselves by our constant boasting of material things and wealth. We do a lot less talking about American ideals or the amounts of money, time and energy that private citizens in America put into doing what they think needs to be done. I was once talking to a German university student, who was complaining of the needs of university libraries in Germany, which were getting quite inadequate support from their government, so I asked him what their alumni associations were doing about it. He had never heard of such a thing and found the idea almost unbelievable. In Germany, all support is the affair of the government; no one would think of trying to raise money privately. He could scarcely believe my accounts of the sums raised privately in America and was amazed that we never publicize such activities. We take them for granted, of course. He had, at one time, worked with the underground organization that helped East Germans escape into West Germany, and I was bemused to learn that that organization had been started by Americans, not by the Germans themselves. It seems to me a perfect example of the American idea of charging ahead as individuals to do whatever seems must be done. Nowhere else in the world is so much charity work and money for it raised from the private sector as in America, and this, too, we take for granted so much so that it remains almost

unknown about us. We do very little to propagandize the best that America has to offer, perhaps because so often we seem to ourselves to fall short of what we could do. Countries which proclaim their ideals the loudest often do a great deal less about them than we do about ours, but they get credit for the amount of noise they make.

Sometimes, when I, too, become appalled by the extent of American materialism, I remember an incident which was filling the front pages of Turkish newspapers one year when I was travelling there. A woman school teacher in a small town in Turkey was pregnant and in pressing need of some kind of operation without which the pregnancy threatened her life. There was only one doctor in the town, and he refused to operate on her unless she could pay the full bill in advance. She had some money, but not enough and offered to pay the remainder as soon as she received her next pay check. However, the doctor was adamant in demanding the entire sum; and, as a result, the woman died. The doctor was being prosecuted for her death and was eventually, I am happy to say, convicted and sent to prison, though he went there still proclaiming himself absolutely justified in his action. It was a chilling and horrible story, but the most shocking part of it was that the amount of money concerned and which cost that poor woman her life was the Turkish equivalent of five dollars! It is no wonder that I found so many people in Turkey eager to come to America.

That trip into Turkey was one of my more venturesome travels in which I spent a month, from late April to late May, in being driven around Asia Minor. I had been to Istanbul a couple of times and was anxious to see the rest of Turkey, so I had laid out a rather extensive trip; and it had taken my travel agents, working through a local Turkish agency, several months to find me a car with a driver who spoke English. The result of that search was Ali, who did, at least, speak essential English. He picked me up at my hotel and we crossed over into Asia and worked our way along the north coast, via Bursa, to Troy on the Dardanelles.

I had almost decided not to visit Troy, because I knew that little more existed there than the bare foundations of the various cities that had been built on top of each other. Not to have gone would have been a terrible mistake. I had the whole site to myself to wander through, not another soul there. Scented broom was in bloom among the ruins and "windy Troy" was just that. I could stand on the ramparts and lean against the wind and think of Helen and

Hector and Achilles and of Alexander the Great, visiting the site and playing Homeric hero by running "thrice naked" around the ancient walls.

From there, we went down to Pergamum and thence, a drive of about forty miles, to Izmir, the ancient Smyrna. In that forty miles, Ali had to stop three times to fill the radiator with water, and I knew we were in trouble. I got settled in the hotel and, very shortly, had a phone call from the Turkish Agency, which had a branch office in Izmir. "Ali's car is in trouble." "I know." "He will not be able to drive it tomorrow on the trip you had planned to Sardis." I sighed, but they continued, "We have found another car and driver who will take you. He speaks no English, but he will get you to what you want to see." I crossed my fingers and agreed. In fact, he not only did get me to everything I wanted to see, but to Manisa as well, so that was a success. However, as soon as I was back in the hotel, the agency phoned again. "Ali's car cannot be fixed here. It must be taken back to Istanbul." I moaned faintly, but again they continued, "We have found you another car and a driver. We have asked him if his car will get you to all of these strange places you wish to go and he has replied, 'Allah knows'". I did not find that massively comforting, but I agreed. I also learned that Unal spoke no English at all.

So, down I went the next morning to meet my third driver in three days. He was there with a man from the agency, plus another young man, who promptly gave me an ingratiating smile of at least sixty-eight, glitteringly white teeth. That one, it turned out, was to be my interpreter, though I never did get it clear as to exactly how I had gained that or who was to pay for his services and, if me, what it might cost. Instead, we sailed off for Ephesus and a night at Kusadasi, the small port near Ephesus. The day was a delight, since Ephesus is a genuinely spectacular site, where the recent excavations have uncovered an extraordinary series of buildings along a second, colonnaded, marble street.

The next morning, when I went down to move on, I was astonished to be met by a Turkish boy, glittering with even more white teeth and deeper ingratiation, explaining that he was my new interpreter. He then shook my hand earnestly and said, "You are my father. I am your son." I did rear back from that to say, "Not bloody likely, kid! I've never been in these parts before in my life!" Nail remained undaunted, and we went on with me beginning to wonder if I

were going to change personnel every day. Fortunately, that was the last of the changes. Unal and Nail managed to get me through the rest of the trip and safely baxk to Istanbul, so Allah must have been willing.

It was a fascinating trip, taken at the perfect time of year. The Spring rains were over, and the great Classical sites of Western and Southern Asia Minor were so covered with wild flowers that one had no choice except to tread them under foot. The massive walls of Roman baths and of Roman theaters, the broken columns of temples and colonnades, sections of mosaic pavement and occasional statues rose from fields freshly green and spangled with the flowers, sometimes brilliant with great swathes of bright poppies. There were almost no tourists out as yet. The Germans and the French had not yet begun to travel at that time of year, so I had place after place to myself in which to wander at will, dreaming of the days when that had been one of the richest parts of the great Roman Empire.

Up in the central highlands of Cappadocia, I was astounded by the huge caravanserais built by the Seljuq Turks. These were walled stopping places, put up by the sultans along the great trade route into farther Asia, elaborately ornamented buildings, featuring a huge courtyard with a stabling building for the camels at the far end. The stables were the most extraordinary part of the ensemble, for they were built on the scale of, and looked very much like, the cathedrals of Western Europe. They had a central nave with side aisles and a lantern at the crossing to bring light into the building, along with pointed barrel vaults of stone, every element parallel to the parts of cathedrals -- and for camels! I was dazzled.

It is also in Cappadocia, in the area around Goreme, that you enter the strangest landscape I have ever seen. It is an area of low hills and ridges, made up of inverted cones of soft, dead white, rock, pocked with openings, as bleached and remote as a landscape on the moon. Into those cones, a thousand years ago, monks and hermits carved cells and chapels and whole, columned, domed churches and filled them with bright frescoes, creating for themselves a world withdrawn from all reality. Deserted now for centuries, there they are, many of them still almost perfect, utterly alien, withdrawn and hallucinatory, fragments from that realm that shifts between dream and nightmare.

## XII

Travel has played a large role in my life; but it is not, of course, the heart and core of it. A good many of people have asked whether I will move to Europe when I retire, but that has never entered my mind. Much as I love Italy, I would not want to live there. I feel myself to be completely American, by family background, culturally and psychologically. Three months of travel at a time is enough for me. Then I need to return to home base, to my work, to my long-time friends and to sort myself out in the comfort of the familiar. I believe firmly that living takes its values from contrasts which give it depth and meaning: the contrast between new places, people and experiences and the loved and familiar ones, the contrast between work and leisure, the contrast between socializing and privacy.

My work has been the center of my life. Even my pleasures, like travel, and my hobbies, like photography, are inevitably planned and organized in relation to my work. Like most Americans of my age, I am helplessly caught up in the Calvinist work ethic, which has played so fundamental a role in setting the tone of American life; and, what is more, I believe in it. I think that, once one has the basic essentials of food, shelter and clothing, the two elements which are absolutely necessary to a satisfactory life are self respect and the respect of one's peers. I don't think either can survive without the other; and I think both are involved in accomplishment - work. Money and leisure can and do add pleasures to one's life, but they cannot give true satisfaction by themselves. Some of the unhappiest persons I have ever known were those rich enough to try to concentrate on having a good time all the time and in following every whim. They were, most of the time, miserable, petulant, bone selfish, and expert only at making other people as miserable as themselves.

I am, of course, fortunate in the fact that I both enjoy my work and believe in its value, not that all parts of it are a pleasure. I can't imagine any job which doesn't contain elements which are grinding, boring and even irritating. That's what you get paid for, after all; and teaching has its share of all of those things. There is no pleasure in the endless committee meetings and department meetings, where there are almost always some people who drone on and

on, unproductively, about factors barely connected with the topic presumably under discussion. Academe has all too many in it who are charmed with the sound of their own voices and are unrelenting monologists, as well as those idealists who cannot resist lengthy explanations of their own virtue, especially by comparison with any whose views might differ from their own. Moreover, it like most other parts of today's world, is cursed with the superfluity of paper work of highly dubious value. None the less, it's my world and I love it.

I expect I am something of a compulsive teacher. One Fall, after one of my closest and best friends, John Galbraith, had taken the position of Chancellor of the University campus in San Diego, he phoned to tell me that they had voted the previous Spring to put in a required course for all of their entering students dealing with Art and History, and had only in September discovered that they had no one on the campus who could teach it, so would I, please, come down two days a week to do it? It meant arranging my schedule so I could spend Thursdays and Fridays down there, and there was the additional complication that I had also agreed to give the Docent Lectures at the Los Angeles County Museum on Monday mornings that Fall, but I agreed to take it on.

It meant rising before six on Thursday morning, driving to the airport, catching the plane to San Diego, renting a car there on my arrival, driving to a hotel near the campus to take a room for the night, and thence to campus, where I lectured to three hundred students in the morning, had a fast lunch, and repeated that lecture to another three hundred students after lunch, and then retired to the hotel to collapse, giving another pair of lectures the next day and then flying home to prepare the lectures for the coming week. With all of the courses I was giving, I was dealing with about fifteen hundred students a week that Fall, and it did turn out to be more than I had bargained for. There was one fell day when I was so tired at the end of my Thursday afternoon lecture in San Diego that, if my car had been parked half a block further away than it was, I'd have sat on the curb and cried from sheer exhaustion. The irony in that situation was that I was being paid nothing beyond my expenses for doing the job in San Diego, since, as they pointed out to me, it was impossible to pay anyone for working two hundred per cent time in the University of California system.

Even so, I enjoyed it. San Diego was a science-oriented cam-

pus; and I was amused to find that the front row of those lectures was always filled by students with tape recorders, who taped every lecture I gave, so that I was confronted with a battery of microphones. That was the first time I had met that, though I have since become used to it. It was also pleasant to spend as much time as I did then with the Galbraiths. Laura always had hot coffee waiting for me before I went to the morning class, and that and she kept me going.

I have mentioned that I think peer approval is important; and, in 1973, I was given the best proof of that, when I received one of the Distinguished Teaching Awards at UCLA, and the most prestigious of those awards, the Eby Prize for "the art of teaching". That meant a great deal to me and still does. It is the highest honor I could be given at UCLA. I was also both touched and deeply grateful for the numbers of phone calls and notes of congratulation that I received from ex-students who read or heard about it, some of them from years earlier. My favorite of those was from a student, now in business, who wrote a delightful letter to say that I wouldn't remember him - and I didn't, for it had been a very large course - and that he had never gotten better than a C grade, but that he still remembered my course with pleasure. Few things could have pleased me more because I have never believed that courses should be geared only to the upper ten per cent of any class. I really do want to try to reach out to the entire class, and that letter made me feel almost as successful as getting the prize itself.

Indeed, growing old has been full of rewards for me. I have a great many friends who cherish and spoil me outrageously, which I love, and who share their pleasures with me. I have two godchildren, so, though I have never married, I have not entirely missed the pleasure of watching children grow up. My godson, Jared Hendrickson, is now in college; and, though he and his parents moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts long ago, I manage to see them regularly and to keep track of his progress. They are among my very closest friends; and, I must admit, when they announced to me they were moving East, I felt so bereft and abandoned by it that I was positively ugly to them about it for several months before I was willing to accept it. Happily, they forgave me, and our friendship has continued to flourish. I did worry about Jared for some time, because both of his parents are unusually dynamic and attractive and brilliant; and it has been my experience that sons of parents like that very often have a very

difficult time in establishing themselves as independent personalities. Too often, they are simply swamped by all of that pizzazz around them; but, fortunately, Jared has clearly found himself and has great independence and is marching ahead. He is already a passionate traveller on his own, which delights me; and I hope that one of these years we may be able to travel together.

My other godchild is a girl, now six, and I have no fears about her independence at all. Dominique has had a firm mind of her own from the moment she could toddle. It is true that I expect her teens are going to be horrendous, but I doubt they will be dull. If she grows up to be as pretty as she now promises to be, she may turn out to be more than her parents and I together are prepared to deal with, though her parents, Peter and French Reill, are making valiant effots to keep her from being totally spoiled. With them, I am back in the happy position of my own childhood in having two Christmases to celebrate, since they always have a great dinner and the tree on Christmas Eve; and their tree, for a few delicious minutes each year, is lit solely by real candles, like that first tree of my own memories. As my own family has dimished over the years, I have been in the happy position of feeling welcomed into and made an integral part of other families.

Verna was also flourishing in these years. When Ruth Bennett died, the students in her wood carving class asked Verna to take over, which she did and very successfully. She taught the class every Friday morning and she worked hard at it, always organizing for it and finding ways to help her students and to encourage them. Organization was never one of Verna's long suits; but, where her work there was concerned, she managed it vigorously and unflaggingly. Though her accounts were always a disaster area, her workroom was kept in good order, her tools sharpened and everything where she could find it immediately. Her students were enormously fond of her and those late years were certainly the happiest and richest of her life.

Aside from the class and her own carving, her interests did narrow down over the years to the two subjects which really engrossed her: animals and food; and she developed some conversational ploys which were as surprising as they were unrelenting. If I had a friend at the house and we were talking of things which did not interest Verna, she would listen serenely until one of us might say a propos of a trip or a conference that it had rained cats and dogs. Verna instantly brightened to say eagerly, "Which do you prefer?" That

caught us short until she made it clear that she wanted to know if we preferred cats or dogs; and, by the time that was cleared up, she had successfully switched the conversation to pets. Any casual reference to food, saying something was a piece of cake or that you had written a bread and butter letter, was an equal booby trap which shifted a conversation to food before you could take a deep breath; and, once Verna had the bit in her teeth, the conversation did not change back. Until you are caught in a situation like that, you have no idea how many sayings or points of reference can be related to either animals or food. If there were times when I was annoyed, more often I was very amused and filled with a reluctant admiration for her single-mindedness. In spite of the vast differences in our interests and habits, Verna and I managed to get along remarkably amiably year after year.

However, by her seventies, Verna was developing a number of physical problems. She had a heart condition and began having arthritis, which was increasingly painful to her, making it more difficult for her to walk. Even more troublesome was her Parkinson's Disease. Her hands shook badly and it was generally weakening for her; so that, in time, she was forced to give up carving. She continued to teach; but she could no longer work herself, especially since she had always preferred to work with very hard woods, not with the softer varieties. The extraordinary thing about Verna was that she never complained or whined about what was happening to her. Indeed, she rarely mentioned it at all and did not like to discuss it. She did what she could and looked for contentment there.

Under those circumstances, we had an unexpected stroke of luck. Our cook had left us and, for awhile, we had a succession of Latinos who worked for us, none of them at all satisfactory. Then, I returned from a trip to hear that one of my colleagues and his wife, the Bolles, had separated. She was then living in a rented room and working for minimum wages, so I asked her if she would be willing to consider coming and keeping house for us, which included cooking and driving, since neither Verna nor I could drive any more. Pien was willing to do it, and her being with us has made every difference in my life in these recent years.

She was trained in nursing, so she was of inestimable help with Verna; and, if it had not been for Pien, I would have had to give up my travels completely. Moreover, she was already a part of the University circles and we had a number of our closest friends

in common, so it was more like enlarging the family circle in many respects than anything else as far as we were concerned. She has been more responsible than any other single factor in my life for keeping it trouble-free and contented in the years since she joined us.

In the Spring of 1979, Verna had a couple of bouts of real weakness; but she had had some before and had always come out of them; and I was myself experiencing some problems in eating by June. I wasn't much concerned with my own, because I had allowed myself to put on too much weight and had been doing some mild cutting down on food for the past year anyway, dropping my weight from its high of two hundred, back down to around a hundred and seventy eight by that June. We had had some heavy expenses on the house that year, so I decided not to go abroad in the summer, but to visit American museums and friends in the East. I went off latish in June and arrived in New York on the sixth of July. The next day, I had just returned to my hotel in the afternoon, after visiting the Metropolitan Museum, when Pien phoned to tell me Verna was dead.

It came as a total shock to me. I had not even conceived the idea that Verna might die for several years yet; but, fortunately, it was a wonderfully easy death. She had been feeling weak, but she had still managed to get out to teach her class the day before and had been very happy about that. The next morning, Pien had taken her breakfast up to her room, and Verna had eaten it with relish and then decided to go back to bed to rest up and watch some TV. Pien carried the dishes downstairs and, when she returned fifteen minutes later, Verna was dead. She had gone without fear or pain and that is a great blessing.

I caught the first plane home I could get, getting in early that evening. Happily, a young friend of Pien's and mine, David, was staying at the house at that time, which had helped Pien. The next morning, I made all of the arrangements for Verna's burial and then made a number of the necessary phone calls. That evening, around ten, I was having a drink with Pien and David, when I suddenly felt I was going to be sick. I went upstairs quickly; but, entering my room, I found myself too weak to push on the light switch and then keeled over onto the floor. I had to call down to them to help get me up, and they got me onto my bed. A minute later I was sick and got into the bathroom, where I began bringing up quantities of blood. Pien took one look and was on the phone instantly to get the Para-

medics, who arrived miraculously in no more than five minutes.

They were marvelous, in touch instantly with the emergency ward at the UCLA Hospital, taking tests, and getting me into an ambulance and to the emergency ward, which was all set and waiting for me. I continued to hemorrhage blood in quantities; but, of course, there they were able to keep pumping blood into me as fast as I was getting it out. I turned out to have an unsuspected stomach ulcer which had broken through. It was more than four hours before they got it under control and moved me to an Intensive Care unit. There, I was to hemorrhage again the next day, but that ended it. In all, I understand I lost about nine tenths of my blood supply. I was in Intensive Care for four days before I could be moved to a room. It was about my second day in Intensive Care that one of the nurses came over to me and said, "Say. We're getting an awful lot of phone calls about you, and an awful lot of people are coming by to ask about you. Who are you? Are you somebody?" Weak as I was, I managed to rear up at that and say indignantly, "You're damn right I'm somebody!"

Once I was in a room and strong enough, I had a battery of tests which revealed that I had a tumor just down where the esophagus enters the stomach, which was beginning to block the esophagus. The doctors were pretty convinced it was cancerous, though they could not substantiate that suspicion; but, under any circumstances, it meant I would have to be operated on as soon as I got my strength back.

After several more days in the hospital, I was shipped home to recover and, also, to deal with the problems of Verna's estate. Verna and I had made out wills leaving everything to each other, so that was all right; and Pien went down to the bank to get Verna's safety deposit box opened to get the will out. Verna had promised me to put her will there; but, once opened, that safety deposit box turned out to be purest Verna. It held a few stock certificates, very far from all she owned, plus an old pair of pliers, bits of cotton wool, and a few paper clips, but no will!

We did a thorough search of her room at home, but still no will. Verna had an unnerving habit of putting things in every drawer and on every shelf in the house. It was a genuine obsession with her, and this is a very large house with an unbelievable number of drawers and shelves. The thought of what faced us made me ready to go right back to the hospital. There was nothing for it, but to try; and I did, though at one point I was heard to mutter desperately, "If

she weren't dead, I'd kill her!" Finally, I had a stroke of imagination and went to a drawer in an old filing cabinet; and, sure enough, there was the will and more of the missing stock certificates, which was a great relief. I continued searching and finally dug more stock certificates out of two other places, but I never have found one rather large one. We had to post bond, expensively, to get that one reissued.

In the meantime, I was getting my strength back, though I dropped another twenty pounds in that period; and, in early September, I went back into the hospital for final tests before my operation. Unlike my reaction to the fear of going blind, I wasn't really afraid through any of this. It had been too sudden in the first place for me to work up any alarms, and there was nothing I could do about any of it anyway. After the tests, I was home again for three days before I could be operated on, and I did get a new will made out at that time. In fact, I got it signed only at five in the afternoon on the day before returning for the operation.

I liked my surgeon, who had asked me quite frankly if I wanted him to explain everything to me, or if I preferred not to know. I wanted to know and he told me very clearly, even drawing me a nice, graphic picture of what was going to be done. He was going to have to take out half of my stomach and a part of the esophagus along with the tumor. I was six and a half hours on the operating table. The tumor, as expected, was cancerous; but, again, I was very lucky. It had been caught before the cancer had spread anywhere; and my surgeon was very thorough and took samples carefully and widely while he had me open, so I have not had to have any treatments after the operation.

For several days afterwards, I was not really with it. I had tubes down my throat and up my nose and in both arms, so immobilized that all I could respond with, when Ben came to see me, was to waggle a couple of fingers to show I knew she was there. Eventually, I was put in a private room and the tubes began to be removed, piece by piece, until I was able to begin to eat soft foods a bit and could finally be returned to my home.

I will admit, it was a pretty traumatizing experience for me from then on. Except for the eye operations, I had not been in a hospital since I had had my tonsils out at the age of seven. I was used to being in good health and in having quick recoveries from any minor illnesses; and this was to be a prolonged recovery. For a couple of weeks at home, I couldn't read more than bits in a newspaper

or a news magazine, because I hadn't the strength either to hold a book long or my head up. I did go to the table for meals, but I could eat only very small amounts, and my weight kept dropping. It was to go down to a hundred and thirty at rock bottom and that did trouble me.

What was extraordinary and wonderful for me was the outpouring of concern and affection from so many people. I had lots of visits from my colleagues and cards and messages from students in abundance. Old friends in the Mid-West and the East kept in constant touch with Pien and then with me by phone to check on my welfare. I felt surrounded by a depth of affection which I had hardly imagined, and I found it deeply moving. I did have some black hours or days, when I could see no signs of any returning strength; and I daydreamed mournfully about eight course gourmet dinners which I would never again enjoy. I didn't wholly lose my sense of humor, but I was expressing it through some very black humor until one of my graduate students burst into tears over what I was saying; and that shocked me so deeply that I abandoned black humor absolutely.

Weak as I was, I decided to go ahead with something I had been planning for some time; and that was to give a party to celebrate having lived in that house for fifty years. Some of my friends tried to discourage me, and a few of them wanted to talk to my doctor to get him to forbid it; but I was convinced it would give me something to look forward to and a reason to work to get some strength back. I did cut down the size of it from my original plans, but I did give it and barely a month after my operation, not that I actually did anything except decide to give it. Some of my friends from Boston and New York, including Sybil Hendrickson, flew out for it, staying at the house; and they and Pien did all of the real work. It turned out to be a very good party with between thirty and forty old friends present. I had promised not to be foolish, and twice I went upstairs to lie down for half an hour; but I managed to stay up with it until around two in the morning and to have a glass of champagne; and I did enjoy it.

Just the same, it wasn't until November that I began being able to eat a little more and my weight began to stabilize. At the worst part of that, I had even had to subsist on baby food for about ten days, which was awful; and I still have to eat five times a day, since there is a real limit to how much half a stomach will hold. My doctor had warned me it would be a good nine months before I would

really have my strength back; and, in those terms my recovery has been remarkable. In January, I went back to work full time, teaching my regular load of courses; and, once I found I could do it, I called my doctor to tell him. He was surprised, but he laughed and told me, if I could do it, it would be better for me than anything he could do for me; and so it has proved. I had a few off days, but I missed only one class through not feeling well; and the students welcomed my return vociferously with applause and constant expressions of concern. There is a lot of cavilling about the younger generation, but I find them extremely heart-warming.

The surest sign of my recovery, however, had come in December. My nearest relatives now are my two nephews, Harold's sons, Thomas and James Vernon, both married and with seven children between them. I had seen Thomas a few times in recent years, when he was out to the Los Angeles area on business, but I had not seen James since about 1946; and I had never met either wife or any of the children. They had met Verna, both when she had gone back to Harold's funeral and on a few occasions when they had come West summers on trips, but at those times I had always been in Europe, so they had begun to view me as mythical. Early in December, I received a charming letter from Myrna, Tom's wife, telling me that Jim and his family were going to be in Houston, where Tom lives, in mid-December and inviting me to visit at that time, when I could meet all of them. With my recent awareness of my own mortality, that seemed a very good idea, so I went.

I only went for three days, since I was unsure of my strength; but the trip was a roaring success for me. I was delighted with my unknown relatives. I was given a warm welcome and I found them very attractive. They are close-knit families, full of what I think of as old-fashioned virtues, but very real virtues. I amused them by telling them stories about the family they had never heard; and the children, most of whom are in college or high school, promptly clamored for me to write them down, since I am the only one left who knows any of them, so I did finally promise to do it. This is the result. I do still keep promises.