

Interviewee: MARTIN RUDOLPH "RUDY" HAASE
Interviewer: MARY EMMA HARRIS
Location: Greenwich, Connecticut
Date: March 27, 2002
Media: DV Cassette 2
Interview no.: 333
Transcription: Ellen Dissanayake, October 2-3, 2002; corrected by Mary Emma
Harris, December 2002

[BEGINNING OF SIDE 1, TAPE 1]

MEH: [GIVES IDENTIFICATION]. Rudy, how did you come to be at Black Mountain College?

RH: My mother read an article by Louis Adamic in Harper's Magazine, and that's what started it all, but it turns out after she started talking about Black Mountain that her brother Carl had been a roommate of John Rice's at Oxford. So there was that connection, and her brother Carl was enthusiastic about the idea of my going to Black Mountain. So that really fortified things. Since I, in those days I, well I listened to my mother. I didn't mean that she ordered me around completely, but I didn't balk much at her ideas, and so that's why I went to Black Mountain.

MEH: And so you lived in Milwaukee? Did you attend public school?

RH: Yes, well we lived in a suburb of Milwaukee, Shorewood, just north of Milwaukee. I'd gone to Shorewood High School, which is a public high school, but my grade school had been at the Milwaukee State Teachers College. I was one of those guinea pigs that the practice teachers practiced on, and so that's—I was always interested in publishing newspapers. I was on the *Normal News* that they published, and I was also president of the sixth-grade bank during the banking crisis, when I first discovered how hysterical parents could

be when it looks like their children's bank accounts might be lost. Our cardboard bank was literally torn apart by, not by the children but by parents in a run on the bank to try to get the money. Nobody lost any money but we—that's only because I made an end run with the cash box to the principal's office and said, "Put this in the safe. We have enough money to pay everybody, but the parents are [LAUGHS] uncontrollable."

MEH: How much money did you have in the sixth-grade bank?

RH: Well, a few hundred dollars. [LAUGHS] We had it all in cash so that there was no problem. It wasn't invested in Samuel Insel or anything else that had gone bankrupt.

MEH: So this was a public school, but did your mother just read this article randomly, or was she really interested in Progressive Education?

RH: Well she subscribed to Harper's Magazine, so—and she read it, and since I was in high school and it was getting near the time where we were thinking about going—She had gone originally to the University of Wisconsin and it had been sort of just presumed but not too seriously that I'd probably go to the University of Wisconsin too because my father had also gone there and graduated in law. My mother went on and got a doctorate at the University of Illinois. But anyway, that was—the family had a background of going to university so that there seemed to be no question that I'd go. But when this Black Mountain idea came up, and my mother was quite a radical in her day, although she was not a member of the Communist Party, she was just an unconventional type of radical.

MEH: And so both of them it seems had fairly traditional academic professional careers, and they were willing to send you to this offbeat school.

RH: Yeah, well there was tension between my mother and father over this. My father thought it was too radical a place. But once the decision had been made, he, you know, he wasn't uncooperative. That's the way things usually went. See, my mother had had a sister who was married to the head of the Communist Party [LAUGHS], and her oldest brother, Karl Haessler, who was the one was enthusiastic about going to there, had been imprisoned in World War One as a conscientious objector, so there was this in the family.

MEH: Were you an only child?

RH: No, I have one brother two years younger.

MEH: Do you remember how—Do you remember anything about the application process?

RH: Well, I don't remember the paperwork, but I do know that I went down—Carl Haessler, the man I've talked about—Carl Haessler, my mother's oldest brother, drove me down to Black Mountain and that's the only time I ever met John Rice, because he was there in 1939. Well it was the spring of—Was it the spring of '39? And so I did have an interview. Well, we met John Rice but he wasn't the one who interviewed me. It was somebody else but I don't remember who it was. So a formal interview was conducted, and of course there was a formal application, but I don't remember anything about the paperwork involved.

MEH: Do you remember when you entered the college how you traveled physically?

RH: Oh, yes, I went by train. I went by train from Milwaukee to Chicago, Chicago down to Asheville, and I was on the Southern Railroad when I arrived at Black Mountain at the train station. I know who picked me up. It was Ted Dreier and Claude Stoller. Claude had just come along sort of for the ride. Ted Dreier picked me up at the train station, so he was the first person that I met when I arrived there in the fall of 1939. It was at an internationally rather tense time, because Poland had just been invaded by Germany only a few weeks before, so—So I was going off to college at what turned out to be the beginning of World War Two.

MEH: Right—well, we'll come back to that later. Did you have any idea what you wanted to study?

RH: No, I didn't really. That was rather interesting, because I—That's one reason why my mother thought it would be a good idea to send me there because this was a—She liked the idea of it as being a small liberal arts school, and I wasn't going there to specialize in anything at all. There's no doubt about it. That I decided to study architecture only after Larry Kocher came on the scene, I guess by my second year there.

MEH: How did you decide what classes to take?

RH: Well [LAUGHS], I took a variety of classes just to sort of have— just to have a variety, and I don't really remember why I decided to take certain ones and not other ones. But I think it was possibly at the suggestion of people. I took the art class with Albers just because everybody said, "Oh, you must, you must do that," so I thought "Well, that seems to be a good thing to do." Because I,

although I had no interest in pursuing art seriously, I'd always enjoyed art. In fact the schools that I'd gone to, unlike unfortunately schools today, art and music were considered an important part of the curriculum. I mean they were just taken for granted and not considered, you know, unnecessary extras.

MEH: What do you remember about Albers's class?

RH: Well, I remember being somewhat intimidated because I was a bit shy and he didn't hesitate to say what he felt. But I also felt very encouraged at times because I did some things that pleased him. I remember particularly he asked everybody to draw a box, and I drew basically what you might call a fruit crate. I mean it looked like—He showed it as an example of something that could actually be built. Some of these other people's boxes he would say, "How is it connected. I mean you don't show the joints." Or "This box'll never hold together. Well, his box, you can see it's all held together with nails." [LAUGHS] "Even the nail heads are even there," so that was something that I remember particularly that I was pleased that I got some praise for doing, making a drawing that seemed to me quite basic, very simple, because that was the type of thing that I could do, you know. Make a drawing of a practical box.

MEH: So, that would have been his drawing class.

RH: I took two courses from him, and I can't remember whether they were—whether they were both in the same year or separate. I took drawing and Werklehre. I found that quite interesting too, because I liked going out and collecting things and just making, making things out of them sort of free style. That was a rather

amusing and interesting type of course. I never took any color courses from him, or painting—just the drawing.

MEH: You were intimidated at first. Did you find that you could be quite comfortable with him? Or did you always remain a bit intimidated?

RH: Well, I was always a little bit—That was the one course that I took where I always apprehensive because it wasn't what I was used to doing. I mean at more academic things, I could write and talk and so forth, but drawing was something that I had done before but I had never done it with critical pressure, you might say. I mean, when you did art, in grade school particularly, almost anything you did was praised [LAUGHS]. It didn't matter as long as you did something.

MEH: Any other particular memories of Albers? Anecdotes?

RH: Well, I had no real social connections with him at all. I mean, I wasn't one of those who, if there were any I didn't know about it. I mean I went to his classes and he knew who I was. Sometimes I sat at his table at lunch, but I never really engaged in any of the conversations, so I don't—I certainly was never at any time in any kind of an Albers's circle, you might say. I was definitely on the outside.

MEH: What other classes did you take?

RH: Well, I took economics with Gerry Barnes, who actually I chose as my advisor, and actually I liked him a lot but he was sort of—other people looked upon as sort of not much of an intellectual. But that's one reason why I liked him, because we took hikes together and so forth. With Ken Kurtz, who actually—I

guess it was some type of English course with Ken Kurtz, I'm not quite sure of the exact title. But I also transplanted trees with him. He was considered a bit stuffy by some people, but I got along with him fine mostly because we discovered that we both had a great feeling for trees, and especially when the college acquired the property over at Lake Eden and there was this road running along and there was just a field and on the other side the land was owned—Kurtz had found out that the land was owned by a sand and gravel company. Even though it was all nicely wooded, he said "This could all become a gravel pit over here. Now's the time to plant trees." So he and I went into the forest and we got little white pines and we planted them all in a row. When I came back to Black Mountain some twenty-five years later, or thereabouts, all those white pines that Kurtz and I had planted were magnificent big trees, and they were shielding off the college buildings from a gravel pit, which was now existed on the other side. I don't know whether you've actually been there and seen the same thing. But those white pines are magnificent, and I was the one who participated in the planting of them. So, that was one of my earliest tree-planting things. I've done a lot of tree planting in subsequent years, but I'm so pleased to come back and see the trees, and doing it, just the job that Ken Kurtz had predicted they would do.

MEH: They are beautiful healthy trees—that whole avenue, that whole road. Yeah.

RH: Yeah.

MEH: Right. What do you think was the effect of having that sort of relationship to a teacher, as well as going to class?

RH: Well, I think it was very good. I think that's one of the big, big pluses of Black Mountain. That wasn't—I mean, that there was this nice relationship with teachers, although it wasn't real, you know, it wasn't real chummy. Some teachers I called by their first names, when they requested it, but other teachers when they didn't, we used the more formal approach. But still doing things in this sort of extracurricular way made it much more of a community and certainly a better learning experience in terms of what you might say community living. It wasn't just an academic experience.

MEH: Did you do anything in drama?

RH: [LAUGHS] Yes, I think I was in the Pirates of Penzance. But I don't remember which year it was. All I know is I was the Pirate King in the Pirates of Penzance, but that was I think the only drama that I was involved with, and I don't even remember how I got involved in that because I wasn't generally involved in any drama—I was very much involved in the Work Program once it started. See, the first year, we were at Lee Hall exclusively. There was no Work Program. That was a much more of an academic year, and I didn't mention all the courses I took. I took Psychology with Jack French, and because of my association with Jack French, that changed the whole course of my life. Actually, the French family connection, in hindsight, is the most important outcome of my Black Mountain experience just because it was Jack French who recommended me to his mother, and I was hired at Alamoosook Island Camp as a counselor. I went there and that brought me to Maine. That's why we later lived in Maine and I'm still in touch. I was married—Mickie and I, my

wife, were married by Nat French, the skipper of the Schooner Alamar, and we celebrated our fiftieth anniversary two years ago on the same boat we were married aboard—not owned by the French family anymore but owned by a man who was a fellow counselor with me at Alamoosook. He bought this schooner, Alamar, and still owns it and charters her. So that connection has lasted, and I've kept up with the French family. Of course, Jack now has died. Nat died earlier, but I kept a close relationship with them all along and I'm still in touch with Jack's wife Sophie. I saw her in Ann Arbor just last year. So— because of going to this camp, it broadened my experience in other ways because that's where I met E. B. White and his—because his son Joel came to camp, and Joel became a naval architect basically because of me. So I had a long association with Joel White and E. B. White as long as he was alive. So that was an indirect connection to the French family. The Lindbergh family. My father felt that I was very foolish not to keep up my relationship with the Lindberghs, because one of the years that I was there I was put one hundred percent in charge of Jon Lindbergh, because Anne and—No, Jon Lindbergh, because Anne and Charles Lindbergh, their first son had been kidnaped and murdered and they were actually apprehensive, of course, about the safety of their children. But on the other hand they didn't want to have a child so super protected that it didn't lead a normal life. So they sent Jon to this camp with the understanding that he would be treated just like a regular camper, no special treatment, except that unbeknownst to him one counselor, and that turned out to be me, would never let him out of his sight, would always be around and doing things and all that

sort of thing. I was interviewed by Mrs. Morrow, Anne Lindbergh's mother who had a summer place on Vinalhaven Island. Well, Mrs. French had decided that maybe I was the person to fit the bill so that's why I went. I was interviewed by Mrs. Morrow and she decided that I would be okay. So that's what I did. So later when I went to the University of Michigan, several weekends I went over and visited the Lindbergh family at Bloomfield Hills. My father, who was a great Lindbergh follower and an American Firster, like Lindbergh was—although he wasn't—My father, of course, didn't have any special relationship with Hitler but he thought that the U.S. shouldn't be getting into the War, just as Lindbergh did. So I sort of shied away from the Lindbergh connection just because of that. But my father always said that he regretted that I didn't keep that up. But this was, once again, an offshoot of the French family connection, which, of course, absolutely started at Black Mountain. So that's a little sidelight you probably didn't expect to hear. [LAUGHS]

MEH: Except I think these connections are very important, because it was a network of people within certain interests once you sort of entered that progressive education cycle. Yeah.

RH: Right, yeah. When one looks back you can see how one's life has been shaped. The other person that probably had the greatest impact on my life had nothing to do with Black Mountain. That was Scott Nearing, well, and his wife Helen, Scott and Helen Nearing. Have you ever heard of them?

MEH: I know the name but tell me and then we'll go back to Black Mountain.

RH: Well, we'll go back to Black Mountain, but I mean those two connections in my life, the Frenches and the Nearing connection, have had the most powerful thing. But the Nearings, of course, would have been very sympathetic to Black Mountain. In fact, they knew about Black Mountain and all that, but they were of course very unorthodox type people themselves. I became a vegetarian because of Scott and Helen Nearing. They were close neighbors all the time we lived in Maine.

MEH: Okay, well why don't we come back to that later. One question I did have about the French camp. Were you camp counseling there in the summers while you were at Black Mountain, or was that later?

RH: Well, it actually turned out to be later because of the War. One year it was the summer of '42. The first year I went there was the summer of '42, and that was right after—I mean that was after my last year at Black Mountain, wasn't it? '39-'40, '40-'41, '41-'42. Yes. So it was after my last summer at Black Mountain. But then I went back there again after the War, and I was there for at least four or five summers. My wife was later there as a counselor too, and we were there together. So, yes, it was actually post-War, so that the War interrupted it.

MEH: Okay. What about—Going back to Black Mountain, the first year you were in Lee Hall. What do you remember about Lee Hall as a building?

RH: Well, I remember that the rooms were cold [LAUGHS] and the ceilings were high. My first roommate, Len Billing—I'm still in touch with him, at least I hope I'm in touch. I mean I called him just yesterday and didn't get any response. But have you interviewed Len Billing, by any chance? [Note by Rudy Haase,

September 2011: We last exchanged Christmas cards in 2010, so we've definitely stayed in touch.]

MEH: I've tried to reach him and I haven't been able to. I really should make a major effort.

RH: Yeah, because he supposedly still lives in Guilford, although he had this little—he had a jewelry making. He and his wife made jewelry and had that little studio in New York as well as his home in Guilford. But he was my roommate, and a wonderful roommate, I should say both at the time and in hindsight. So, we remained in touch all these years. The Billings introduced me to another person that had a big influence on our life and that was Beatrice Trum Hunter [Note by Rudy Haase: Still in touch in 2011], who wrote the first pamphlet for Friends of Nature and then later got us involved with Rachel Carson and Silent Spring, so that had a lot to do with my subsequent conservation work. But that was all thanks to my first roommate connection. I also kept in touch with Claude and Nan. Of course, Claude was there the first year. Bob Bliss. So the people that I knew the first year, the only two that I've kept in touch all these years are Claude Stoller and Bob Bliss. I mean, there are other people that I know about and saw, of course, at the reunion, which was very nice but I hadn't personally kept in touch with them. But then Nan, who came the next year, of course I've kept in touch with her all these years too. Another person that I've also been in touch with is the daughter, and very close friends, the daughter of Larry Kocher, Sandra Kocher. So have you interviewed her?

MEH: Only at the reunion. Only briefly. She and her brother together, as children, as Black Mountain children.

RH: [LAUGHS] Right. Yeah, she was a very conscientious faculty child. My memories of her at Black Mountain were how conscientious she was about taking care of her brother, always holding his hand and everything. She seemed to be super-protective of—

MEH: Going back to Lee Hall as a building. How do you think it functioned, or did not function in terms of the college's goals with respect to community and—

RH: Well, it had that great big room which was—with a fireplace—which was very nice for the general meetings and for all sorts of sociability. I thought it was a great place. I liked the environment there very much. The view. I liked the trail that went up behind, across, and around the ridge. I used to run that in record-breaking times. When I think of the daredevil way I ran down—well, if you'd stumbled, I would have kept on rolling. Something I would never dare to do now. Even though I still walk extensively, I won't do that. But when I went back there I did hike up that trail again, which was nice. So—Of course, Lee Hall was extremely different the environment over at Lake Eden, but it had its good and unique features. I mean, the fact that it was quite a distinctive place, I think, was a real plus. It wasn't just some ordinary bunch of buildings there, and it had real character. Even though you might say, "Well, how does sort of a big summer hotel like that fit in with a college." Well it was, the way the building was used I think fitted in quite well, because there were enough rooms so that

every student could have their own study, which I thought was a very, very nice thing to have. Then everybody had a room, another bedroom with a roommate.

MEH: Do you have any particular memories of meals?

RH: Well, I liked, I liked the community-style meals a lot. In fact, I dislike to this day eating in restaurants, but I've always liked eating on ships and eating in the colleges and that sort of thing where you eat with a large group of people, and where the people change. I mean, you aren't every meal and every day at the same table with the same people in a very regimented way. This was a nice, informal relationship with the faculty and students eating together. Yeah. I think that the eating at both places was quite similar. I mean, in that way.

MEH: So the second year you were there was the year that you were preparing Lake Eden, you were building.

RH: Yeah. That was when the Work Program began. It initially was organized by this person that seemed almost like a Nazi, this German guy whose name, you probably know it but I can't remember. But he—I think he was a rather poor choice to organize things because he was really very dictatorial. But when he disappeared from the scene and students took over the organization, and I was one of them on that committee, I think things went a lot better. The building contractor that was hired, and I can't remember his name either, he was a wonderful man. I'm sure you know his name.

MEH: Yeah, Charlie Godfrey.

RH: Charlie Godfrey, right. No, he made that whole thing work. I mean to think of what he agreed to tackle—to build a building like that with him being the only

professional person and counting on this—But he quickly himself realized who the people were that were competent, like Bob Bliss in carpentry, me in stonemasonry and so forth. I sort of had never done it before, but I took to it quite readily, as you may have been told. I was the one, and I felt very proud of the fact, that I was selected exclusively to build the—do the face of the stair tower so it would be one person would do it. A lot of different people had worked on those foundation things which were done first, and with field stone, but I personally did the whole stair tower. I can remember every stone because each one of them was a bit of either a challenge or an opportunity, whichever way you wanted to look at it [LAUGHS] in fitting it in, because of the way that it was done. You had to try to choose the stones but also try to shape them also so that the joints would be appropriate. I'm so pleased when I have gone back there several times to see that something that's built like that can last. While the carpentry and the rest of the building is looking a bit shabby and falling apart, the stair tower is magnificent still.

MEH: Yeah, that's true. I would agree. So you were working with Charlie Godfrey, directing all the students with a couple of helpers. Now what was Larry Kocher's relationship to all of this?

RH: Well, the Studies Building was designed by Larry Kocher, and, of course, so he was on site all the time. But he was, you know, he was involved with making you might say decisions that hadn't been made in the general plan. I mean, the general plan—the plans all existed but there weren't so many detailed working drawings, so a lot of things had to be worked out and he was very much there

all the time, especially in the carpentry part of it and on the laying out the walls and all that sort of stuff. So he was the theoretical man, but he also was there on site most of the time, definitely around. That's why it was so nice that—You know, Breuer and Gropius had designed some buildings earlier, and I'm sort of glad that they weren't built because they never could have been built the way this building was. This was designed by Larry Kocher specifically because it could be built by amateur labor. Some people like it and other people don't, but I think it was a good practical solution. Unfortunately, it used this asbestos transite for the siding and at that time nobody was aware of the fact that this asbestos was really bad stuff. I mean, this was being sawed and fitted and so forth with people without even any face masks on at the time. In hindsight, it seems pretty awful, but that's the way things were done then. So, I hope that the people that worked with that haven't suffered.

MEH: Claude Stoller was mentioning that. He was mentioning cutting by hand the transite for the fireplace in the Jalowetz house. Here he is, so—

RH: So, it hasn't killed him so far. Let's put it that way. [LAUGHS] So maybe that asbestos in the form mixed with cement isn't as bad as just pure asbestos.

MEH: I think not. I think it doesn't—He was saying it doesn't enter the air the same way. So, you were—Stone was your specialty.

RH: Yes, that's what I did in the Work Program. I very early on started doing that and I really liked it a lot and had a knack for it, so rather quickly I was made sort of the person—I usually had several girls working with me, which in hindsight looked sort of bad, because they were the—As far as I remember, there weren't

any girls that worked on face stones. They were always the ones that chucked in the stones behind. You see, what we did is we built with a form behind and the face had to be done with lines. I mean we didn't—Unlike the Nearings—Nearings, incidentally, to get back to them, Scott and Helen Nearing did a lot of building. They built between two forms. They did put in face stones, but just put them against a form and so that their work was not—when they took the form away, was not nearly as nice as what we were doing there because they had big, big sort of joints. Then they would point it later and some of the pointing was very wide. But anyway we worked with a form behind so it was—the face stone was put in with mortar and then as I'd work up the face stone these other helpers—and I have to say that they were primarily girls, and most of them didn't mind doing that. We worked together well as a team. They would choose various appropriate rocks and chuck them in, making sure that there was mortar and cement always between them so stone wouldn't touch stone, and then fill in the back and push it down with the trowel, with the mortar or cement, so that it would smooth on the back side. I remember Tommy Brooks, who was a good friend of mine at that time—and I've kept in touch with him all these years—we exchange Christmas cards but we haven't seen each other since about 1956. [Note by Rudy Haase: Incorrect. He and his wife Muffin and children Rebecca and Ansel sailed with me in Ketch Diabliesse on the coast of Nova Scotia from August 15 to 20, 1971.] He was a great one at wheeling wheelbarrows—I mean—and working the concrete mixer. That was another—Teams did that, you know. There was a mechanical concrete mixer,

gasoline-powered, but the stuff— the sand had to be shoveled into boxes and then thrown in the right proportion the sand. If it was mortar it would be just sand and cement. If it was concrete it would sand, the stones—the aggregate—and the thing, because some of these foundations were completely poured, the interior ones were poured so that the forms were put up. I can remember Tommy Brooks. He was very good at wheeling wheelbarrows up an eight-inch plank. Maybe it was ten inches, but still pretty narrow. You know, going up like this and running a wheelbarrow up without collapsing over the side. It was something that good strong students could do, and nowadays the union wouldn't even allow that sort of thing. [LAUGHS]

MEH: Do you have any other particular memories about the building of the Studies Building?

RH: Well, I remember that there was some students that resented the fact that they were expected to work in the Work Program. I never did. I really enjoyed it. In fact, I think—Ted Dreier, who really headed the thing up—After this German man was dropped, Ted Dreier was the faculty member who was in charge, and I don't think he was generally too popular for that reason. But I got along with him very well, and I was on the committee trying to organize people and so maybe I was—There may have been a whole lot of students who didn't care for me just as much as they didn't care for Ted Dreier, but I didn't associate much with them anyway. So I don't know. It hasn't bothered me, the fact that I was part of this, you might say—Well, some students looked upon it as a form of regimentation. I mean it was—it was social pressure that did it. They couldn't

be forced to do it. In other words, they hadn't signed a contract when they signed up to go to Black Mountain that they were going to put in this much hours of indentured labor, but some of them looked upon it that way. But I never did. I thought it was—I actually thought it was the best part of the school. In some respects that's why even my son, Leif, considers me an anti-intellectual. He said, he's said several times that I'm intelligent but not an intellectual. [LAUGHS] I'm much more—I much prefer to do practical things, although I have a big library of books, and I was even in the book publishing business and so forth, which might be considered involving intellectual activity. So I don't think I'm devoid of those interests.

MEH: Maybe you're intellectual but not academic.

RH: Yeah, maybe that's it. You're one step—[LAUGHS]

MEH: That's a distinction I might make. Yeah. So then you were at Lee Hall for two years. The second year you were building at Black Mountain.

RH: Yes.

MEH: Did you work with any of the other things, preparing the cottages, winterizing them? Did you work on the barn or the silos?

RH: No, I—Well, I might incidentally have done something, but no, I didn't—The second year I worked exclusively on the Studies Building and maybe a little bit—but I mean that's my main recollection—and the third year, when we lived over at Black Mountain, where I think we were actually finishing off our own, our own studies in the Studies Building, so actually the Work Program was much less in it. There was more—We did more up in the farm and the woods, and so

forth. We used to go up there, I remember up there cutting trees which were taken to the lumber mill for some other buildings that were being built and that sort of thing. But the really intense work on the Studies Building itself all took place in the second year that I was there.

MEH: Did you take Larry Kocher's architecture class?

RH: Yes, I did. Oh, absolutely. I specialized in architecture from the time Larry Kocher came. Then when I transferred to the University of Michigan, I studied naval architecture, which, of course, is not closely related to architecture but it still involves a lot a drafting and things like that. That's because I was always interested in ships and boats. It was my father's idea, actually, to transfer to Michigan with the—I actually had made the decision to transfer to Michigan right after the War broke out, I mean after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, early in the spring of '42.

MEH: So you would have been at Black Mountain in December of '41.

RH: [OVERTALK] Yes, I remember exactly where I was. I was working on my study. I was actually fitting a panel in my study when I heard somebody else's radio down the hall—somebody else had a radio going—and this news broke in about the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. That's one of those occasions where people say afterwards you remember exactly where you were. Well, I have a very clear memory of that.

MEH: What was the reaction at the college among students?

RH: Well, I mean it was quite a shock, naturally, I mean, it—There were a lot of students and faculty members who had felt that it was high time the U.S. had

gotten into the War. I was one of those who wasn't an enthusiastic war person, I mean, because of the pacifist background of part of my family and the sort of right-wing reaction of my father's side of the family. So that I definitely wasn't pro-war, but I'd always felt that—I mean who were the good guys and the bad guys in this war? [LAUGHS] [UNINTEL] And the U.S., you know, was supporting the right people. Of course, in hindsight, there were a whole lot of other things that come to light. But anyway, no, I think that some people were relieved in a sense, although they were shocked about what happened at Pearl Harbor—relieved that this meant that there was no question about the U.S. was now involved on the right side, which was important. I mean, see, there were a lot of people there who felt that Russia was taking the big brunt, big brunt of the War. I mean, and, of course, on the other hand there were people, not so much there but other places in the U.S., who thought that this wasn't such a bad idea—if the Germans and Russians beat each other to a standstill, that would solve both problems. I think even Harry Truman had that—basically had that opinion. But that wasn't shared by most of the people at Black Mountain.

MEH: Now I've lost my question. So, you were at Black Mountain that second year, and you stayed on through '41-'42. Do you have any particular memories of physically the move of the college from Lee Hall to Lake Eden? Were you there for that?

RH: The actual physical move? No, I think that took place when I wasn't there. I mean, the moving of all the records and office things and so forth. Because I just left in the spring, and then I came back and was assigned a dormitory and

was it the South Lodge that the boys—? The girls were in North Lodge and the boys in the South Lodge, I think. That's the way it was, if I remember correctly. They were divided between the two lodges. I slept upstairs in sort of a dormitory on the second floor. There were some rooms that were shared by fewer people on the first floor. Yeah, Faf Foster, Francis Foster, was the person who was closest to me, although you wouldn't call him a roommate because there were people in all these different cubbyholes. But I don't know, I've never heard of him again. Have you ever heard of him again? That [UNINTEL] atlas I bought from him when he was—

MEH: You were saying "My Bartholomew atlas—?"

RH: The one I still own.

MEH: You bought from him?

RH: It says "F.A. Foster" in it and then my name. When I bought— have purchased new books I never obliterate the names of the other people. I think they're an asset rather than a liability, so I put my name down below his and I bought several other books of his. Because he, he was a person that struck me at that time as somebody that flew from one thing to another. He wanted some money for something else, so he sold all his books, and I bought this Bartholomew Atlas, which was a very expensive atlas if I had paid the list price for it. In those days I could never have afforded it, and it's a magnificent atlas and I'm glad I have it. Every time I look at it, I'm reminded of him and that's my one lasting connection basically with him—because of that. [INTERRUPTION]

MEH: —from somewhere, but I just looked and—

RH: It wasn't until I transferred to Michigan that I figured I should be more formal and use the "Martin."

MEH: Okay. But you were known as Rudy at Black Mountain.

RH: Rudy, that's right. Exactly. In grade school and high school too.

MEH: So, at Black Mountain, did you ever go to Roy's? That was the local beer joint.

RH: No. Never. Well, I shouldn't say never. I went to some tavern once and had one beer, a Pabst beer, and that's one of two beers that I've had in my whole life. The other one was a Heinekens in Holland, when my wife read the guidebook and said we should eat in a Rijstoffel restaurant. So I just gulped the first bunch of food, and [LAUGHS] the fire was so great and there was no water and no milk, so I ordered some beer and drank the beer to quench it. Our two small children jumped up on their chairs and yelled at the top of their voices: "Daddy's drinking beer!" Everybody in the restaurant wondered what all the excitement was about. [LAUGHS] But that's the last beer I've had. I've never had any other liquor at all. At our wedding, where my father-in-law supplied all the guests with champagne, Mickie and I drank milk, which some people thought was absolutely shocking. But we've never been shocked by it. We were a nondrinking, nonsmoking family, both my family before and this family now. I think one of the things that I've done that's been the most unorthodox in my life is to decide that nobody was ever going to smoke in our house, and that was very unusual back in 1949. I mean, even nonsmokers had ashtrays around. It caused one extremely embarrassing moment, namely when the Governor of New Jersey arrived with his wife, who'd been my wife's college roommate, and

she married this guy, Bob Meyner, who became the Governor of New Jersey. But they arrived to visit us in Belmont, the very place where I'm going to be going, which is now the house where our oldest son and daughter-in-law turned it into a B&B, but it was my wife's ancestral home. When they came in, and Meyner pulled out a pack of cigarettes. I said as politely as I thought I could, "Oh, Governor, nobody ever smoked in our house yet. I'm sure you don't want to be the first." He stopped and looked at me as though he'd been stabbed. He went over to his wife who was talking to my wife. They were just greeting each other, and said, "Helen, we're not welcome here." He grabbed her by the arm and they strode out. My wife was so shocked, and she said to me "Couldn't you have made an exception?" I said "No. I mean why—" I'd said it very politely. Just as a little aside. Meyner, after he served out his term as governor, went on as president of the American Tobacco Institute. He was a proselytizing pro-smoker, and some years ago he died of lung cancer, which isn't surprising. [LAUGHS] So that's that little side story. But all my life, the one thing I've seen—and I have to throw this in as a little extra—one thing that really bothered me at Black Mountain was the smoking. I mean, because I'd come from a nonsmoking environment, and smoking—there was no effort to have nonsmoking classes, if people—Because the students didn't smoke in those days as much as they do now, I mean, so that wasn't the problem. But I mean if the teachers smoked, they just smoked, and that really bothered me, because it gave me headaches because I'm allergic to nicotine, but I hadn't been bothered in my family. So I was one of the founders of the Non-Smokers' Rights

Association. My position was way back then, and it's come to be vindicated. In the early days, there was enough material available to indicate that smoking was bad for you, although there wasn't the real pressure. But I mean you could—But it took a while for what I was working on. I said, "People, if people want to smoke and commit suicide, that's all right with me, doing it in their own environment. But they don't have a right to inflict this on others." This is a thing that in my lifetime has come to be considered as a right, the right of nonsmokers to have a nonsmoking environment. So I've seen that change in my lifetime.

MEH: I grew up on a tobacco farm and in a smoking family, where smoking was not only a right but almost a duty. As an allergic person and a nonsmoker, it was not very easy. I always had a nonsmoking apartment, once I got away from home.

RH: Oh, good for you.

MEH: Then working in offices, you know, it's been a very unpleasant battle, all along the road, to get rights for nonsmokers.

RH: Yeah, well that was one thing about—I'm glad I brought that up, because I really never mentioned it before, but that was—If somebody would ask me what was the one worst thing about Black Mountain, I would have said the fact that smoking existed there.

MEH: There was almost—I'll find in letters, almost like not a cult of smoking, but it was a rite of passage like, "So-and-So had his first cigarette, smoked his first cigarette." Of course, now these same people have emphysema and lung

cancer and whatever. But it was almost a rite of passage to smoke, to be a man then or to be a woman, because you smoked. So, you have my greatest sympathy. [LAUGHTER] So, at Black Mountain you were not a vegetarian at that time?

RH: No. I wasn't at Black Mountain. No. No, my mother had been a sort of what you might say a health food person. I remember as a child unpacking packages from health stores. We bought it in Chicago and it was shipped there. But she was not—In fact, she was one of those who because of the economic situation and because of what she read, she thought some of these cheap things were the best things—like liver and calf brains. I can remember—I was a child who was different from the classic type of child who hates to eat his spinach. I loved spinach and all vegetables, but I had to sit at the table until I finished my meat. So I was quite eager to get away from that meat environment once I got away from my family, but that still didn't mean that I was a complete vegetarian. It wasn't till I— that I really met Scott Nearing, and he didn't take—it didn't take him long to convince me that what I felt was right in my own thing—for three main reasons: one, for your own health; one, of course, for not eating animals; and the other because it was much better for the environment. It takes about ten times as much land to produce protein through growing grains and feeding them to cattle than eating the soybeans which actually, pound for pound, are richer in protein than meat anyway.

MEH: So, do you eat fish?

RH: No. No. When my wife and I were married, neither of us cared much for meat so we didn't have it, but we'd still eat chicken and fish. Then we dropped the chicken fairly soon, and then we dropped the fish. But we didn't just stop it completely. But we brought up all—All our children were brought up as vegetarians. One of them, the middle son, is a proselytizing vegetarian, and he's very strongly pro-vegetarian, and a vegan, you might say. While the older, the one who lives here, and my oldest one, both have wives who are meat-eaters and so I think they eat meat now too. But they don't—I mean they don't damn vegetarianism. They see its value.

MEH: Going back to Black Mountain and then we'll move along with other things you've done. What did you do for entertainment?

RH: Only the entertainment that took place at the school. I rarely went off. I certainly wasn't one of those that went down with some of the students who had cars down to the village and whatever they did there. I made very few trips to the village at night. One time was to see Gone with the Wind. That's the only movie that I ever saw at Black Mountain, and it was shown two nights in a row, the first half one night and the second half the next time. You had to go there twice to see Gone with the Wind. No, I—They had, of course, the dances that were organized there, and I did that. I mean I danced with people who were willing to dance with me. [LAUGHS] And other things. But no, I generally did studying. I was quite conscientious in that regard. I actually did not party at all at Black Mountain. I've never partied anyplace, much, for that matter. I don't—I mean, I just like to enjoy life doing what I'm doing, and I don't have to feel that I have to

go on any kind of a binge for celebrating. I mean, my wife and I, both now go to the symphony, mostly because we like the symphonic music and we like to support the symphony. But it isn't that we look upon it as a celebration. It's just part of our lifestyle, you might say, now.

MEH: Did you take any music at Black Mountain?

RH: No, I didn't. Oh—

MEH: With Evarts or Jalowetz?

RH: No, I didn't. I didn't. I didn't take any music courses. But I mean there was music there. I mean, it was part of the environment, certainly. John Evarts playing the piano and that sort of thing. No, I did play my violin with—Bruce Elledge and I played the violin sometimes together, and I did have my violin there. Now that you mention it, it's one of these things where my memory's failed me a bit. I may have played my violin there more than I remember. But as far as I know, there was no, no orchestra that I ever played in there. If there was, I've completely forgotten about it. You've never, have you found any evidence of a Black Mountain orchestra?

MEH: There were some groups of people [INTERRUPTION]

RH: If somebody had promoted it and urged me to participate—I played, I reached actually the zenith of my violin playing as a senior in high school. That was—my favorite thing at Shorewood High School was playing in the orchestra, and I worked up until I was in the first—Well, I wasn't the concertmaster, but I was one of the first violins. Because I practiced very diligently, and we played, and we won the State contest. But I took my violin to Black Mountain, but my

recollection is that there wasn't any sort of organized thing that I could join, and I wasn't the type of person that went around doing that sort of thing myself. Especially in those early days. So, I must have just—I tended to play with myself, just the way I do now. I mean I just enjoy playing. I tend to play on Sundays a little bit, just for the fun of it—and I do that. But I'm so embarrassed about how poor—, my playing has gone down, that right now I wouldn't join any group because I really—Also I injured my left finger so I can't play anything except in the first position, because my left—this finger, which you don't have to use in the first position but you have to in the second, you know, third, fourth, all the other positions where you're not using open string, and you have to use your fourth finger.

MEH: Going back to—Do you think there are questions that are pertinent to Black Mountain that I haven't asked?

RH: Well, I know that you've written this wonderful book about the arts at Black Mountain, so—and I'm sure that other people who were there at the time that I was would have told you the same thing—that Black Mountain was not an arts college in those days. I mean, art was part of the whole, of the picture, but I think the way I would call it, it was a small, liberal arts college that had— well they tried to have a faculty which covered the gamut of the liberal arts, which, of course, included art. Because they were—Albers was there, and others, it became very much famous, and I think there's nothing wrong with that. But it's important, and I think you probably realize that—

MEH: Yeah, that's why I called the book The Arts at Black Mountain College, and not Black Mountain, because I was really focusing on that aspect.

RH: Yeah. Oh, that's right. No, yours, in my opinion, is definitely the best book, though it covers a period more extensively after I was there than while I was there, although you haven't forgotten about that, you know. I mean I think it's great. I like the whole format and the feeling and the spirit of the book is super.

MEH: Good. It's going back into print this month, which is nice.

RH: Good.

MEH: So, going back to Black Mountain—Yeah, I think several people from the early years are very eager to make it known, and it should be known, that the college at that point was very—Actually, through the forties, the college was very much a liberal arts school, with offerings in all areas. What do you think was the effect of the landscape, the setting, on the college?

RH: Well, from my point of view it was very important, because I just couldn't go to a college in a city environment. I'd get claustrophobia [LAUGHS] with just nothing but buildings around. I've always lived where there was land, and wherever we've moved to, we've always tried to find a place where the land is what counts. In fact, where we live right now in Nova Scotia, we're living in a crummy farmhouse but beautiful land around it, and we've spent money adding to the land rather than fixing up the house. Some people think that's rather surprising, but the house is adequate enough for our purposes, so that's fine with us. So, I liked, I mean, I liked both at Lake Eden [Lee Hall?] the great vistas which I think were really very broadening, just giving you a good feeling about things. Then

over at Lake Eden and because of this pasture, more pastoral environment, but still it very much with nature all around. I liked the lake there too, because I've always liked to have water, so that having the lake there was another extra bonus.

MEH: Were you—A couple of other questions. What do you think was the effect on the college of having the refugees there?

RH: Well, at the time I didn't think much of it. I suppose from some people's point of view, you'd feel that it was sort of a twisted thing, especially so many Germans there. But I thought at the time that it was a major plus that these famous people were coming there. I mean Einstein visited. In fact, I supposedly took a course in physics from Einstein, but I knew of course that it was just, he was just a nominal teacher. I told this story at the reunion, you may remember, that I was telling the fact that I took a course from physics nominally under Einstein but it was actually taught by his young assistant, Peter Bergmann. I've told that to lots of people. It didn't mean anything to them. I happened to tell this story to a group that included a physicist, and he said, "What! You studied physics under Peter Bergmann!" You know, in the meantime, unbeknownst to me, Peter Bergmann had become quite famous in his own right, at least in the circle of physicists. He was the only faculty member who was there when I was there who was at that reunion. So that was a nice. I didn't even know he was there, until after I'd told his story. [LAUGHS] Then there was a big applause and he was invited to speak next.

MEH: Do you remember another student, David Pines?

RH: Yes, I remember him.

MEH: Yeah, he became a very—He became a very well-known scientist, and I just interviewed him in Tesuque.

RH: He always struck me as a rather nondescript type of person and so on. I mean nothing special about him, when I knew him.

MEH: Well, we have a couple of minutes here. What about—Do you think you were really aware at the time of the plight of the refugees?

RH: No, I wasn't really. No.

[END OF RECORDING ON TAPE 1; TAPE 2 BEGINS]

MEH: Before I go I want to ask you about a couple of people.

RH: Sure.

MEH: There had been a lot of conflict at the college between the Barneses—Walter and Gerald—and John Rice, who didn't feel they were quite up to par. How do you remember—Were both of the brothers there when you were there?

RH: Yes, I took history from Walter and economics from Gerry.

MEH: What were they like?

RH: Well, they were very different. It was hard to believe that they were brothers, because Walter was very, you know—well he gave the impression of being very erudite and very professorial. I mean, he always had a suit and tie on and that way. In other words, he was very formal, but I liked his class. I mean I found nothing wrong with him. Gerry, on the other hand, was very informal, and he was generally looked down upon by other people like— who told me "Why are you wasting your time going to Gerry Barnes's class, because he's just

practically a nobody.” I mean they'd say that, but I actually chose him as my advisor the first year, and then I shifted to Larry Kocher later on, when Larry came in. Those are the only two I ever had. I kept up with Gerry and Katharine Barnes until they died. Years later, they moved to Boulder, I think Boulder, Colorado, and we'd still write. He was one of the faculty members that I kept in touch with, along with Bob and A. A. Babcock. Had you ever heard about them? They were good friends of mine, in later years, more than at the college. Of course, I've already mentioned the French family, which I [UNINTEL] and the Kochers. So those are the ones, those are the faculty members that I kept up with.

MEH: Did Gerald Barnes— did he teach in Colorado?

RH: I don't know. I can't remember now exactly what he did. I think he did, but I'm not—My recollection isn't too clear about that.

MEH: So why did you leave Black Mountain College?

RH: Why did I leave? Well, basically because my father, who wasn't too eager as I mentioned to have me go there in the first place, once the War broke out he said, "You should go to a different institution." But the idea was not getting dragged into the war right away, because—It was good advice, and it worked that way, because I transferred to the University of Michigan, and they were very sporting at Michigan. Although Black Mountain was not accredited from their point of view, they said that if I maintained a B average in my first semester at Michigan, they would give me full credit for all my courses at Black Mountain. One of the shocking things that I discovered after having transferred

to Michigan was that although we didn't get grades at Black Mountain, you got what are called transfer grades. There was this guy who was—Carpenter, who taught ecology, and I thought it was a very good course and I did very—well I thought I was doing very well in it. He flunked me on the transfer grades, and that was just—That just proved that he was a stinker, you might say, because we had a bad controversy on another subject completely. It was over the room assignment. I don't want to even go into all that, but he took it out on me with this transfer grade. So that was the one thing that didn't help me any at Michigan, to have this to my—I mean I was even quizzed about it. "Why did I flunk ecology?" Well, it was news to me. That's what I had to tell them. I claimed that it was probably an error, a transcription error, but I don't think it really was. I think he really did that to me, stabbed me in the back. No, I transferred and studied naval architecture. Then I joined the navy and entered what was called the V-12 Program. I was able to complete my work at the University of Michigan in naval architecture. Then they sent me to damage control school. The navy did a very—some people say, well, when you get in the armed forces, they have you do everything but what you're trained to do. But I was, did exactly what I was trained to do. I was sent to the battleship Iowa as a stability officer, because I was a trained naval architect, and I was the only officer on board the Iowa, and this was a major ship, of course, one of the U.S., one of their four major battleships, the only officer who could countermand an order of the captain. I was responsible directly to the Bureau of Ships for the stability and survival of the vessel. In other words, what had happened early in

the War is that the navy had lost quite a few ships with rather minor enemy action due to bad—not understanding stability and what to do when a ship is damaged and so forth. So that's why they sent trained naval architects to every one of their capital ships, finally, and that's why I was sent to the Iowa although I never had a chance, fortunately, to exercise that option. We did a lot of firefighting, but that was it. So, I resigned my commission in the navy—I mean I went on inactive duty after the War. I was aboard the Iowa for one year during the War and one year after the War. I stayed on longer than I would have had to because I didn't feel that it was fair to turn over the ship to such inexperienced people. I mean, there was such an outflow of people that I stayed on in the interests of protecting the taxpayers' interest, you might say, because I was the only one aboard that really knew anything about the ship. I mean all the systems and so forth. So, until I trained other people [LAUGHS] to really take my place. Anyway, I resigned my commission because during the Korean War—I felt at the time that the Korean War was just the sort of thing that a lot of people felt the Vietnam War was. In other words, this U.N. action was just a phony sort of cover-up for U.S. action there, and very much of a Vietnam War-type action with napalm bombing of the civilian population and everything. But anyway—So that's why I left the navy.

MEH: Okay. So that would have been about when that you left the navy? What year?

RH: Well, it was when—soon after the Korean—Well, when it became obvious what was happening in the Korean War, that must have been about—When was the Korean War? 1951, something like that.

MEH: So you stayed in quite a few years, if you were there during World War Two?

RH: Yeah. Yeah, well I mean I was just a reserve officer.

MEH: Oh, okay.

RH: I retained my commission. But I was on inactive duty.

MEH: Yeah, I couldn't fill the gap between the year after the War, but you stayed on inactive duty for several years.

RH: Oh, yeah, yes. Sorry. That's right.

MEH: And did you finish your—You finished your degree in naval architecture?

RH: Yeah, I actually was sent to midshipman school before I had my degree, just because I—All I was missing was a couple of credits, so I technically didn't have my degree at the University of Michigan, but the navy was satisfied that I was as good as having graduated. From their point of view, they weren't going to have me spend another four months there or something. So, I went back for one semester after the War. Then I went to the University of Wisconsin just for nothing better to do, to use up GI Bill time. That's where I met my wife. Then I started writing for yachting magazines, and we lived aboard the boat Ketch Diabliesse for three years while I wrote monthly articles for yachting magazines.

MEH: Where was the boat afloat?

RH: Well, we went from Boston down the coast to the Bahamas and spent the first winter in the Bahamas, and the second winter we spent aboard the boat in the Chesapeake.

MEH: You say you went to the Bahamas?

RH: Yes.

MEH: So you were moving around on the boat the whole time you were writing.

RH: Oh, yes. Yes. That's right. In fact, we were in the Exuma Cays. We were there for two months. Well, we stayed in some places. I went back thirty—We didn't see another yacht in two months. I went back to the same place thirty years later, and there were so many yachts there in this place where we anchored that we couldn't even find a place to anchor. So that's how things have changed in the outer islands of the Bahamas. But I've, I gather—There was a book that was written called The Bahama Islands by Linton Rigg. We used it as sort of a guidebook, but it was very inadequate on the Exuma, so I took a lot of notes and made sketch charts and so forth, and then he brought out another edition and I'm credited a lot with most of that information on the Exuma Cays in the second edition of that book all came from us being down there, really doing pioneer cruising in the Exuma Cays of the Bahama Islands.

MEH: Now was it before this time that you were working at the French camp, in the summer times?

RH: Yes, this was—Well, it was partly—No, it was—Maybe this was after, partly after, and then we went back, my wife and I both, but I was there in the summer of '4—Let's see. I got married—I was there in the summer of '47 and '48, and '49. I was married in the fall of '49, so I was there three years, and then we went on this. Then when we came back in '52, was it '52? Yeah, the summer of '52 we were both there. Then we were back there again later on. But not for the whole summer.

MEH: Right. So what did you do then?

RH: Well, I started a mail order book business, both publishing and selling remainders of the types that I—of books that I could buy cheaply that I liked. For example, my best seller was Ray Ginger's biography of Eugene Victor Debs, called The Bending Cross. I put little advertisements in magazines like The Nation with little things like "Gene Debs lives again," and so forth, and I sold hundreds of copies of that book. I found out only later that the publisher had remaindered it because Ray Ginger, who had been teaching at Harvard, had been given the McCarthy treatment, and he refused to cooperate with McCarthy. He was fired, and it was only just recently that his widow has gotten Harvard University to posthumously apologize for the way they treated Ray Ginger. But that's why this very good book was just remaindered by the publishers.

MEH: So, the—Did you have a name for your press?

RH: Oh yes, Wellington Books. Then when we moved to Nova Scotia, I bought a boatyard there, Bluenose Boatyard, and then I've also published children's books which my wife has written under Bluenose Books. So I've been back in that a little bit again right now, in a small sort of way, as a publisher again. [Note by Rudy Haase: Wellington Books published new editions of *Living High* by June Burn, *Alone in the Caribbean* and *The Cruise of Diabliesse* by Frederic A. Fenger and several North American editions of New Zealand books in association with AH & AW Reed.]

MEH: And when did you start your boatbuilding business?

RH: Well, in 1967, when we moved to Nova Scotia. I didn't really start it. I bought an existing one and kept it going. What I really did was perpetuate a dying craft industry as long as I kept going. We built for about twenty years, from '67 to '87, about. Now I still own the yard, but we're not building anymore.

MEH: You mean you're not personally building, or the yard is not.

RH: The yard isn't. No. The yard is physically there. We just haul and store boats. I'm sort of—I've been reduced to being really a one-man boatyard. I do hire casual labor, but I still run the boatyard. It's a really just a one-man operation now. Before I had two year-round employees and usually four, when we were seriously building. But I kept two—the sons of the man whom I bought the yard from. They were very fine craftsmen. I kept them employed year-round and we worked on boats.

MEH: What type of boats did you build?

RH: Well, we built wooden yachts from twenty to forty feet. We particularly built what we called the Bluenose Thirty, one that I designed. A Bluenose Thirty schooner. We built about six of them. They were just one a year. The way we—This was a very slow hand operation. We'd start one in the fall and work on it all winter and launch it in the spring, early or later depending upon the size of the boat. Then the men took a vacation, two weeks in the summer, and we hauled other boats and repaired them then. The big problem was getting contracts, because as soon as you got one contract then it was very difficult to get the next one, because nobody wanted to wait another, wait two years for a boat. Waiting one year is bad enough. Waiting two years—People are getting too used to buying

things right off the shelf, so that's basically what killed the business was not the fact that we couldn't produce good boats, but it was because people just don't prepare to wait that long anymore.

MEH: When you had Wellington Books, what type of books did you publish?

RH: Well, we published conservation, yachting, and New Zealand books. We made a trip to New Zealand and we published four books about New Zealand. I could say that we were the biggest publisher of New Zealand books in the United States, which isn't saying much. The amusing thing was is that people thought because of the name Wellington—of course Wellington is the capitol of New Zealand—that that's why we published New Zealand books. But Wellington was my wife's maiden name. I just used that, with her permission.

MEH: At what point did you become involved in ecological—Even though you failed ecology [LAUGHS] at Black Mountain, at what time did you become involved with environmental issues?

RH: When I founded Friends of Nature in 1954. Founded Friends of Nature to save an island on the Maine coast that I visited and sailed to. I don't know if you want to hear the whole story about it, but it was a great coincidence that one of the owners of the island I happened to meet on the street in Belmont, Massachusetts. All her brothers and sisters had signed the deed and she was reluctant because this meant it would have been clear cut for pulpwood for the St. Regis Paper Company. She just happened to run into me on the street, and she said, "Oh Mr. Haase, do you McGlathery Island?" I said "Yes." She said, "I have a deed on my desk to sell it." And I said, "Don't sign it! I'll start a

conservation organization," and it went through my head, "and we'll buy it for the same amount," which was five thousand dollars that the paper company was going to pay for this 120-acre island. Of course, that would be about the same as fifty thousand dollars today, which would still be a great buy. So that's exactly what happened. I dreamed up the name "Friends of Nature," and David Brower later told me, when I met him, that when he founded Friends of the Earth, that if Friends of Nature hadn't already existed, named and founded by me, he would have used that name himself. But he decided and had to shift to Friends of the Earth instead. [LAUGHS]

MEH: And so what is, has Friends of Nature done through the years?

RH: Well, Friends of Nature has done quite a few things, which I'm very pleased to report on. We started with this saving McGlathery Island, which still exists—the first wild island preserved by a private organization on the Maine coast. Subsequently, the Nature Conservancy has acquired other land, and the National Audubon Society and things like—and the Maine Coast Heritage Trust. Those are all more recent. So we pioneered in that there on the Maine coast. Then just because Friends of Nature was founded, we thought we ought to do other things. I was always very much concerned about pesticides ever since I almost died from having DDT sprayed on a magnificent elm tree in front of this Belmont house. There was a tree that was planted in 1776 in front of this homestead, so it was quite a historic and famous tree. Of course, it had gotten very big, but it was suffering from Dutch elm disease so we called in the tree people and basically said, "Money is of no account. Do whatever is necessary

to save the tree." So they said well of course they'll prune it and they'll feed it and they'll of course spray it. So one day I was standing in the bedroom window upstairs and these—and the spray trucks came—and this was a big tree so they shot this stuff up in jets. I, of course, had no idea what they were using and I wasn't—I was only concerned with saving the tree. Nothing, in those days—In fact, DDT, which we found out later was what was being used, was something that had been heralded after the war as a great bonanza to all sorts of things, you know. I mean, in fact my father was spraying it around so he didn't have to worry about the moths anymore. I remember that. But as soon as this spraying took place—the window was open, you know, there wasn't any strong wind—this drift of stuff came in, immediately I began to, got disoriented and I got the shakes and soon I became so ill that I was in bed. My wife called first one doctor and he came and diagnosed it as mononucleosis, but he didn't seem to be satisfied with the symptoms of—My wife said, "Well what about this spraying that just took place out there?" It seemed to have happened—"Oh, that was just coincidental," you know. Then she was unsatisfied, she got another doctor, he said since I was turning a bit yellow, "Oh, it's jaundice" and so forth, and about the spray, nothing. Then finally the third doctor decided to call the tree people and ask them what was in the spray, and they said well the principal active ingredient was DDT. Then the doctor said well that couldn't be it because DDT is harmless. That's the old story. Well, I wasn't—I survived that although I was extremely ill from this dose of DDT, and so I'm very sensitive to it. But then it was—it was because of that, Len Billing, whom I mentioned

earlier, my first roommate, said, "You should get in touch with Beatrice Trum Hunter because she's been collecting clippings from the papers of farmers who are suffering from spraying things and so forth and children dying and all this. It's not very generally known, but she's made a real collection of this stuff." So we're in touch with her, and it was a real revelation. So after that I was convinced it was DDT. So, since Friends of Nature existed, we—and she wrote a pamphlet for us called Gardening Without Poisons, and we sent review copies to various around. Then lo and behold, one day we went to the post office—this was in Maine, because we spent the summers in Maine and that's where we met the Nearings, who had also moved to Maine from Vermont—and we went to the post office one day and the postmistress said, "I have a bag of mail for you around the side door." It was too big to push through the window. We thought it was a whole bunch of, a few big packages that had arrived. There were over five hundred letters in this, on this first mailbag. They were all orders for Gardening Without Poisons. It changed our whole summer, having hit a bestseller. Within a week we had orders for over five thousand which is what our first printing was. We immediately ordered another ten thousand copies. Two weeks later we'd used them up. We ordered 25 thousand copies. We spent the whole summer doing nothing but filling orders for Gardening Without Poisons, and it all came from a half-page review in the Christian Science Monitor. Some woman who was the garden editor there felt that this was very important, and she gave it a great plug and said, "Send your 35 cents to Friends of Nature for this very important thing." So we had two sons and they

spent all summer rolling quarters and dimes. One of them rolled quarters and the other rolled dimes, because most of these orders came with a quarter and a dime taped onto the order. [LAUGHS] Well, anyway, believe it or not, it's still selling, all these years later, but not in quantities like that. So then we published another booklet which also we sold over sixty thousand copies of it, called The Man Who Planted Hope and Grew Happiness. It was our text, we translated it from the French. We got permission from Jean Giono. It was a story by a Frenchman about a hermit in Provence who turned a desolate valley, which had been basically clear-cut for charcoal, by planting trees and turned, returned it to life. That's the simple story. It's about individual direct action for good. Well, a commercial publisher hi-jacked our thing and has brought it out in a book which has also been a bestseller called The Man Who Planted Trees. It's our text with their drawings and so forth. So that's the second thing that Friends of Nature did. Then I think the most important thing Friends of Nature did was along in here about 19-, in the sixties, we got a letter that was forwarded to us by a member who joined Friends of Nature from a Swedish immigrant to Costa Rica. About an area of the, last area of dry tropical forest that hadn't been cut—is at the end of the Nicoya Peninsula. This was a Swedish couple and they wrote so, you know, in this flowery English which wasn't their native tongue, about what was happening there to all the animals and the trees and the whatnot that were falling to the slash and burn thing. So I wrote and found out that this whole area could be bought for around thirty thousand dollars, so I wrote back and said, "We'll raise the thirty thousand and buy it and then save it." But he made the big

mistake of telling the owners that Americans were involved. The price really immediately went up to a million dollars, so that was out of the [LAUGHS]—the good round figure. So that was out of the question. But the upshot of it was is that he down there and we on our side had to work through the government in Costa Rica and a great lucky break happened. President Kennedy was going down to meet with the Presidents of the Central American countries in San José. Just on the chance that some aide might forward this letter to him, I wrote and said—wrote to Kennedy and said that when you're down there and you meet the President of Costa Rica, please urge him to—urge this, because the Swedish man there had decided through his lawyers and so forth that the way to do it was to get the government to condemn the land because the value was actually around thirty thousand dollars. So they wouldn't have to do anything. They would condemn the land. We would supply the money. They would pay it to the person and the government would agree to keep it as a strict nature reserve. This is exactly what happened. But anyway—But that had to take place. So the second day that Kennedy was down there, I received a telegram from the President of Costa Rica, "Please send more details. Very interested." Of course, the bureaucrats somewhere in their government down there had all the details anyway. But we immediately sent all this stuff and it turns out that Kennedy didn't know really what else he was going to say when he went down and he must have said "Oh by the way, I'm very much interested in having this last dry tropical forest saved." Since he was bringing money for all sorts of other things and so forth, they were only too happy to please. Well, the upshot

of it was, when I went down there some years later, after this land had been preserved—and incidentally, it became the first unit of their National Park System, which is now recognized as one of the best in the world. Ten percent of the land in Costa Rica is in national parks. But the governments have—In Costa Rica they've basically been fairly decent, by Central American standards, you know what I mean. They haven't been really bad governments. They've stuck to their word. They've kept it as a strict nature reserve, even though it's now part of their National Park System. When I visited, they had good wardens there, protecting it, and they hadn't built any facilities. They allowed visitors to walk the trails, but they haven't developed it like some of their other national parks for massive tourism. Anyway, when I came and visited Costa Rica and walked to this area the first time with—I can't—Olaf Westberg. I can't think of his name. What was his first name? Anyway, his last name was Westberg. My—Anyway, when we came back—this was—I maybe shouldn't tell you the rest of the story, although it's pretty dramatic about what—because it's the best VIP treatment I've ever received in my life. When we came back from this long hike to this Cabo Blanco reserve, and got back to this little village near where they had their little finca, as they call it, there was a government launch lying over there, lying offshore. The only way you could get to this community was by boat or by overland—in those days. Now there's a highway going there—by, you know, overland tract just on a horse but most people went by boat. He said "Oh, trouble." Montezuma was the name of the place. "Trouble in Montezuma. That's the police down here," because this was a police launch from Punta

Arenas. Well trouble, it wasn't trouble. The President of Costa Rica, José Figueras, had discovered that this friend of Kennedy's, namely me, had arrived in Costa Rica, and he sent down all these hifalutin officials. They'd gotten aboard the police launch in Punta Arenas to seek me out. They arrived fortunately just about the time I was coming back. Well I gathered up my stuff and everything, and it's just a very short story. I went back with them and the Presidential car, coach, this ornate car, had been put on the back end of this wonderful little train that goes from San José to Punta Arenas. We went up on that and all the time I was with all these officials. Well, it turns out that I was going to be the host [*sic*] of the Minister of Agriculture, who was in charge of national parks. When we got to his house, he said, "Put on your black suit. We go to the ballet tonight." Well, I didn't have any black suit. All I had was a tan gabardine suit which I'd carried ashore. Because when I'd been landed at Montezuma, I'd been landed off a sailboat that actually a Sierra Club expedition to the Galapagos. They took me back there and I'd gotten permission from Immigration to go ashore. I had this tan gabardine suit in a pack and I put it on my head and I waded ashore through the surf on this beach. Well, anyway, and so this Minister of Agriculture said, "Oh, you can borrow one of mine." So when I put on his black suit, he was short and fat and I was not real tall but much more slender, his wife laughs so uproariously at the short pants and the jacket hanging like this, he said, "Take it off, take it off. Put on your tan suit. We'll just have to go with that." So when we went there, we sat in this box. Everybody was there in their formal attire and I was there in my tan gabardine suit. The

President came in with his entourage and sat in the box, and then he went like this, and the Minister of Agriculture said, "Get up, get up, he's recognizing you!" So I had to stand up, so it was very obvious to everybody in the audience, here I was with my tan gabardine suit, stood out like a sore thumb. But as a result of that, in the lobby after this performance, every single person there had to shake my hand. They were sure I was the Prime Minister of Canada or somebody else like that, because there I was, standing with the President of Costa Rica—a famous person. [LAUGHS] So this story just indicates how things can start in a small way.

[INTERRUPTION]

RH: Well, I was involved with David and—[INTERRUPTION]

MEH: Okay. So that was your big event in your tan gabardine suit.

RH: Yeah, that's right. As a V.I.P.

MEH: What did you—You were talking about, with Costa Rica, a discussion you had with John Campbell.

RH: Yes. Well, of course, every time I went to Costa Rica, I also visited the Campbells, because I had kept in touch with them all through the years. In fact, at Black Mountain he said that Costa Rica was a good place to go to because they had eliminated their armed forces, and being a Quaker, they were highly in favor of that. So, that whole Quaker community in Alabama decided to move there. Boy, the stories that he told me, and they've later written up about how it took them years, literally, to get there. They had to really rebuild the Pan-American Highway in the first place to get their trucks down to San José.

There were sections on the way there that were virtually impassable, so they worked on that and then after they'd scouted around and found this magnificent piece of wild land which they could purchase within their budget, then they had to build a road up there to that, and that took another year or so. Of course, a very rudimentary road. Some of the tourists that go up there now think it's an awful road. Well, it's almost a superhighway compared to what it was in the early days. But their vision of starting a dairy and cheese industry paid off because prior to that very few people used dairy products and those who did imported them from the U.S. I mean, they were brought from the U.S. to San José to the people who wanted to drink milk and eat cheese. So they fitted into a real niche there in the economy, and this was successful from the beginning. Of course, other people moved to Monte Verde, and now the original settlers there have married—they've married the local people and so forth so that there are relatively few of the people in the village who actually can trace their—Oh I mean, who are really tied directly to the original group that came there, although the heritage certainly exists. The shift now is toward conservation. I'm a member of the Monte Verde Conservation League and so forth. We helped found a school there, too, my wife and I. We've been supporters of a—Because back in Nova Scotia we founded a private school and carried it on, so we helped the same sort of thing in Costa Rica. So that—John was a very practical person. I admired his house tremendously because it was so unorthodox but so practical. I mean, it had none of the conventional features of a house where you worry about appearances. It was absolutely—Everything was there for a

purpose. His projector, for example, when he showed slides, instead of hauling out a table and bringing out the projector and so forth—Guess what. His projector always was up on the ceiling. He just pulled it down and it was right there in the right position. Then when he was finished with it, he pushed it up, and that was where it was stored. It was more dust free. Everything about the house. It's the most practical house that I've ever seen, but it was also one of the most cluttered because everything was in full view. I mean, everything that you might use was there, and it wasn't hidden away in some closet or something like that.

MEH: Actually that made me think of the first year at Lake Eden [Note by Haase: Actually, Lee Hall], when you raised your beds to the ceiling in the lodges because you had to study and work. Do you remember that?

RH: Oh yeah. I hung my bed from the sprinkler system. That's right. Did you hear that from me?

MEH: I've read it somewhere or seen photographs even.

RH: Yeah. Well, those high ceilings made that possible. So actually there was full head room under the beds, and then you had to climb up there on a ladder to get up in your bed hanging from the sprinkler system. [LAUGHS] A rather unorthodox type of sleeping arrangement.

MEH: Then you were talking about your working with Scott Nearing? Or relationship to him.

RH: Scott Nearing was a person that I met in 1933. That shows how—it dates me. I was eleven years old and I went with my same Uncle Carl, the one who took

me to Black Mountain for the interview—and, incidentally, well no, he visited later so I saw him there again. But anyway, I went with him to—I'm trying to think of the name. It was Mena, Arkansas—Commonwealth College in Mena, Arkansas, because Carl was lecturing there for two weeks and so was Scott Nearing. I was just coming along as a child, but that's where I first met him. Then after the War, I met Scott again at the Community Church in Boston. I mean I heard him speak and I went backstage to, just to introduce myself, and of course he wouldn't remember me, but I said we've—I asked, "How's your place in Vermont?" because he'd written—he and Helen had written this book, Living the Good Life, about homesteading in Vermont, which became quite a bestseller among the Back to the Earth people. So he said, "Oh we've left Vermont. The ski industry is taking over. We found a place in Maine." I said, "Oh, we just bought a place in Maine too." Well the amusing thing is that we both bought it in the same town but neither of us thought the other person would know where it was so we said, "Oh it's not too far from Ellsworth" "Ours isn't too far from Ellsworth." We finally zeroed in on the fact that we were only a few miles apart. So that, when we went back there that summer which was the summer of—We bought it in '54, no, '51-'52 was our first summer there. Bought it in the fall of '51. So in '52, from 1952 until Scott died at the age of 100, which is a few years ago now, and Helen later was killed in an automobile accident, I was very close to them and they invited me to join the Board of the Social Science Institute which they set up to publish books. When Helen died, I was the last survivor of the original members of the Social Science Institute. All the

other ones that had been Board members had been brought on later. I'd gone from—through all those years from being the youngest—I was the youngest member when I was on the Board, and ended up being the oldest one, so that spanned a few years. But no, we've—I've felt in all the years that my—Scott is my favorite guru, you might say. I admire everything he did. His philosophy was very basic and I've tried to work along those same lines because I think it's so sound—an idea of working, doing your own thing. Scott's position was that you do your bread labor, and you do things. You don't have other people do things for you. We still, with our farm in Nova Scotia, we grow as much of our own food as possible, and we cut our own firewood. We heat the house with wood, which is the way the house was traditionally, so that's simple. That's an old farmhouse with a wood stove, although we've bought more modern stoves that are environmentally sound, with catalytic converters and all that sort of stuff. Anyway, and engage in right—and do things for society, which we've tried to do through these various organizations and our other work, which Scott felt was important to do too. All these things together.

MEH: Looking back at Black Mountain for a minute. What do you think was the importance of the college to what you did later, with your life? If any.

RH: Well, I think it was—It affected it fundamentally. Absolutely. Not only because of the contacts, but because of the philoso—you know, the whole philosophy of the place. A good bit of it had to do with work and economics. See, I liked the Work Program, and I still like to do that sort of thing. I mean, I try to be as much of a jack of all trades as possible, not call in plumbers, electricians, and all

those people. I mean my feeling is to try to do as much as you can for yourself. Of course, you do have to fall back on other people, but not just as a matter of fact. I mean the usual thing nowadays is to specialize absolutely. Like Leif lives here. He doesn't know the first darn thing about plumbing. If the toilet doesn't work, instead of even taking off the top and seeing what the problem is, he'd call a plumber. I mean and this is sort of standard practice. I think it fitted—My mother was very much into nature, although she never tau—You see, when I was a child, the subject of conservation was never mentioned. But when I look back on it now, I figure that her philosophy, whole philosophy of nature was that. She always figured out a way that we could take the longest way to get to someplace, instead of the shortest. In other words, instead of taking a car to go someplace, she'd figure out how we could walk there by an interesting way, and this sort of thing. We always—The vacations we went on, we always went camping, and we always went to nice wild places, which I just sort of took for granted. It was only later that I realized that if you don't try to save these places, they won't be around anymore. Even when I was a child, I just took them for granted.

[INTERRUPTION]

RH: —sailing along. All these points which we used to sail by, nice wild points, now these huge megahouses are appearing on them, and, of course, what's happening also is that perfectly nice sensible houses are being torn down, just because of the real estate they're sitting on, to put up these other megamonstrosities that people have to live in these huge houses because

they've made so much money. It's a really shocking observation of the rich doing all these things while the bulk of people in the world are going in the other direction.

MEH: Most of it's totally tasteless. Not only big, but without any real taste or beauty to it.

RH: Right.

MEH: Any other thoughts? What do you think in terms of Black Mountain, in its general educational philosophy—Did you get involved at all with like student meetings?

RH: Well, I attended them all. We had these meetings and discussed various things. A lot of it had to do with organization and finance and so forth, I mean practical things of how we were going to survive. See, Ted Dreier was one of the people there who knew that the college wouldn't survive without financing. He was disliked by a lot of people because he had to keep his eye on the bottom line, so to speak. I, on the other hand, recognized that this was an important function. I always got along well with him, but I also had a lot of friends who didn't like him. But I just—that didn't bother me. There was something about Ted Dreier that made good sense to me, so I thought that was fine. Right now I'm very close to—he was known as "Kinny" when he was there—Quintus—Kinny, and now he's known as Ted. But he's married—Interestingly enough, I knew him as a faculty child and then I knew his present wife as a counselor at Alamoosook Camp. She gave me the last haircut before I was married, and lo and behold, years later, when her first husband tragically died in an avalanche

in Scotland, he was buried in an avalanche, the next thing, all of a sudden I heard she's married Ted Dreier. They're going to be at my eightieth party.

MEH: I was going to ask if you knew they were in Belmont.

RH: Of course, they live in Belmont. I know them before, knew them both before they moved to Belmont. They lived in Cambridge before that when they were first married. No, they've gone on at least six or seven cruises on my boat with me. No, I would count them as some of my very best friends, both of them, and so there's a Dreier connection that's lasted all these years. Of course, I was there when Mark was killed too, which was a real tragic thing.

MEH: What do you remember about that?

RH: Oh, well, well, it was a real awful thing. I mean I didn't witness it, but I was right there when he was rushed to the hospital. But of course he was dead on arrival and all, and then we came in—Then their other son, Eddie, almost died as a result. He later died, but not this time. They rushed off, leaving Eddie behind, and he almost electrocuted himself, being left at home. So, there almost was a double tragedy at the same time.

MEH: You mean the same night Mark died, they left him and he almost—Wow.

RH: Yeah. Yeah.

MEH: How did the college handle that sort of very sudden and tragic situation?

RH: Well, it was particularly hard on the cook, who was driving the car. His poor driving with the car. First of all, he should have never let Mark hang on the outside. Those cars had running boards. Mark was just hanging on outside, just getting a little lift along the road, and if he'd been on the inside and the car went

off the road, he might have been bruised a little bit. But it was just a—It was a slow-motion accident, but he was hanging on the outside and the car tipped over and pinned him underneath the car. I mean, I remember when there was this cry about something and people rushed over there, but—I rushed over, too, but by the time I got there, he'd already been removed and taken away. I was a little farther away, but he was pinned under the car that, just due to poor driving, it got off on a soft shoulder on the side and tipped over. Well, it was an awful feeling all around. I mean people didn't know how to react. You don't know what you're supposed to say. There was an awful lot of silence, and people just sort of—I remember at the meal after that there wasn't much talk at all. People just sat around and were silent and sad.

MEH: Any other particular memories or incidents or events when you were at the college? Things that happened?

RH: Well, I should [LAUGHS]

MEH: That you're willing to put on tape.

RH: Well, I mean if I spent a little time thinking about it, or even reviewed my letters. You know, that I wrote faithfully to my mother, weekly letters, and they're all in a box someplace, but I don't know where at this point. But they've never been thrown out. Maybe I'll come upon them, because I took them from Milwaukee where they were. When she died, they were saved and then I took them to Belmont, and when we moved from Belmont—There are 27 boxes that when we moved in 1967 to Nova Scotia, 27 boxes that are still in the barn that haven't been unpacked. They're probably in one of those.

MEH: I want you to find them.

RH: Would you be interested?

MEH: Yes. Because this—[INTERRUPTION] You were saying that you relocated Ruth O'Neill much later.

RH: Well, I should mention how I found her. It was through Fernando Leon, the brother of one of her husband [*sic*], you know, Paco, who died as a result of the Spanish Civil War. But anyway, I was invited to be the after-dinner speaker at an annual meeting of the Vermont Audubon Society, and I was talking there. Somebody had said that they just last week, the subject of Black Mountain came up—not in my talk but just around the dinner table, and they said "Oh I was just at a party last week with a person that went to Black Mountain. His name was Fernando," which isn't a very common name. I said "Fernando Leon?" They said "Yeah, I think that's who it was." I said, "Well, you know, you can get in touch with them right, because I'm trying to find Ruth O'Neill, his former sister-in-law." Well, this person came through, and came through with Fernando's address. So I had no way—I hadn't known that he'd gone to Michigan. I'd gone to Michigan but I had no idea that he'd been there and was already retired. Of course, I'd since visited Fernando and his wife there in Ann Arbor. So he gave me the address, but he had it wrong. He had it Ruth Burnett, when it was actually Ruth Barnett [Actually was Burnett]. So I—I tried to get information from the telephone operator. There was no number, so I had to write her a letter. So when I wrote a letter to the address, she called, but it was my wife who answered and she said, told Mickey, "Now don't be surprised. This

is an old friend of your husband's," and so forth [LAUGHS]. So anyway she put me on and I said, "I'll call you back." So I called back and we talked for over two hours about everything that happened in between and so forth. Well, then in due course a few months later in the winter I went down to Mount Dora to visit her for the first time and see her in person, after all these years. When I went to the, drove up to the house in my rented house, I noticed there was a For Sale sign out in front of the house. I went in and we greeted and we talked about things. Then she mentioned fairly early on that she just loved this living in Mount Dora, it was such a nice town. It was nice with all these—it was a dreamy place. The developers hadn't found it yet, and a nice live oak in the little main street. So I said, "Well if it's so wonderful here, why are you selling your house?" She said, "I'm not—I don't own it." She said, "The owner's selling it and in Mount Dora there's practically nothing that one can rent." So I said, "Well how much are they asking for it?" She said "Oh, I think it's fifty thousand dollars." So, we went down to the real estate agent and I bought it the next day. But the agreement with Ruth was that I, of course, own the house and so I had the investment in it, but she would pay all the operating expenses. That's of course what happened, and then she was tragically killed. You know that her children even didn't know for two days that she'd been killed, because this is something that everybody should bear in mind when you're driving around. You should not only have your own identification, but sort of identification of next of kin, because the police finally had to break into her house, because they had her address. She was killed I think in North Carolina. Anyway she was going to

visit her daughter but had nothing in her car to indicate other than her own address. So finally the police broke into her house in Mount Dora to see if they could find some address book or something with a similar name, and that's where they found her address books with the name of her son, which of course was the same name as hers, and then they were able to call him. Then he called me after that, because he knew, of course, I mean as one of the people he informed, but—So that was—Apparently she—It was a single car accident. She was found with a map in her lap. She apparently tried reading a map while driving along and drove off the road and hit a culvert or something like that. That was very sad, because she—She was not a girlfriend in the sense of a girlfriend, but she was the first friend who was a girl, because when she was four years old, she and I rode around the block on our tricycles. I can remember it so well. It was during the Hoover—Well, that was when we were about six years old, but we still were doing the same thing. The election of 1928, I can remember we had "Hoover for President" posters on our tricycles, and we were riding around saying "We Want Hoover"! We Want Hoover!" that's because in Shorewood that was sort of a Republican community [LAUGHS], and we were just doing it. It was the thing—children going on our tricycles. "We want Hoover!" So anyway—But she went to Black Mountain because her mother and my mother were very close friends, and after I was there and my mother was enthusiastic about my being there, lo and behold, she came. It was sort of sad because people thought that she came there because she was my girlfriend, and I studiously avoided her which was sort of sad, because I didn't—She

wasn't, at that time, she wasn't my girlfriend. I didn't have any girlfriend, but I didn't want to make it seem like she had come there because of me. She told me later that she couldn't understand why I was so cool. I mean I was just sort of formal to her, but I—but it was just because I was a little embarrassed by having her come there. I just knew her as a child, and I hadn't—I mean she'd gone to a different high school and so we really hadn't been, you know, although we knew and had seen each other and so forth, we certainly did have any kind of relationship before she suddenly appeared at Black Mountain. But anyway, subsequently at Black Mountain, things—this little problem was straightened out and we were friendly, and then we kept in touch for a while after Black Mountain, but all of a sudden she disappeared from the scene and it was forty years before I found her again, as I just mentioned. So, that's one person. Tommy—You'd asked about Tommy Brooks. He was—I considered him one of my best friends early on at Black Mountain, but he sort of took advantage of me, in a sense. He was always borrowing my clothes and so forth, something that I didn't really think was the right thing to do and everything. But anyway, we've kept up, in touch all these years. He was definitely one of my close early friends at Black Mountain, and now he's—Based on the type of Christmas cards he sent, I think he's become a born again Christian or something like that. Anyway, at least he has a very religious wife. [LAUGHS] So is there any other people that you want me to try to think about?

[END OF INTERVIEW]

RELEASED INTERVIEW INCORPORATING REVISIONS
BY RUDY HAASE. MINOR SPELLING AND
GRAMMAR CORRECTIONS BY MEH.

[END OF TRANSCRIPT]