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Ella Barrows Hagar

CONTINUING MEMOIRS: FAMILY, COMMUNITY, UNIVERSITY

An Interview Conducted by
Suzanne B. Riess

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INTRODUCTION

by Marian Sproul Goodin

I must have known Ella Hagar since my childhood. But I have no memory of it. I do remember that "the Barrows girls" (undifferentiated) were held forth as a promise that living in the President's House was not the unrelieved disaster that it first appeared to be to my 13-year-old eyes.

The Barrows girls were the only young girls who had preceded me there and in my mother's glowing stories they became larger than life--golden girls who moved gaily from triumph to triumph, at ease and delighting in all manner of company and occasions. And though I had no reason to doubt that life for such fairytale creatures was, even amidst such awesome surroundings, a constant joy, it just did not seem much help to me.

Such is my first picture of Ella, a second-hand one, but beneath its school-girl excesses it has, I believe, a base of truth. The next frame is observed first-hand and is entirely different.

Ella was on the Board of the University YWCA when, as a college girl, I had a half-hearted connection with it. But most students have little contact with board members, and the less-than-fully committed none at all. Nonetheless, when the time came in 1957 to raise the money for the new building, even the half-hearted were rounded up, and so I attended that first organizational meeting chaired by Ella.

I came to that meeting because I liked Ella very much and because it was obviously a job that had to be done. I think that most of the others had very similar motivations. Not Ella. She couldn't believe, she said (I am paraphrasing, not quoting, but the impression is exact), that she could be so lucky, and we were lucky too. Just by fortunate chance we were there at the right time.

She said we were going to all work together, and build a beautiful new home for our beloved YWCA. We were going to raise \$200,000--much more, very likely--and we were going to have the time of our lives doing it. The way this was put left no doubt it was for Ella the simple truth, and even the reluctant skeptics were caught up in her enthusiasm, this despite the fact that no one beforehand had thought in the heady terms of \$200,000. In any event, I did enjoy it, and we did raise more than \$200,000.

I would like to place next to this, for the purposes of showing a continuity, the incident of the National Service Committee that Ella recollects in the interviews. This took place in her college years, but her reactions to accepting its challenge are strikingly similar:

"...and this other committee was the most thrilling and exciting thing I could possibly do... It was a real war job and especially appealing because of that. They formed a new committee called the National Service Committee and it was money-raising--that's where money-raising got into my blood... Everyone took pledge cards and we went over the top in one day. You can't imagine how together we all were... But it was a marvellous experience, if you can imagine, a campuswide fund drive in which everyone was involved."

Clearly, money-raising, not undertaken as a necessary but distasteful chore but embraced joyously as a life-enhancing opportunity, is an integral part of the person Ella is. In my experience this trait is unique, and the components of personality that bring it into being, and the talents that foster its execution provide for me a key to the nature of Ella's life and an understanding of her contribution to the community.

It is obvious that Ella could sell anything, even voile dresses to little Japanese women as she describes in her debut at Weinstock-Lubin. But in the campaigns which she highlights in her story, her enthusiasm is fueled by the chance of serving, always a deeply-felt need to her, and by her love for the people who make up the institution served and with whom she will work.

The ideal of service, as Ella repeatedly says, is a part of the tradition of living in which she was raised. Less consciously she was taught to place equal value on the joy of "togetherness" (a rather recurrent motif of the history) by her experience of a strongly-united, happy family. Plainly Ella's love is not ideological. It is for persons and personalized institutions, not abstract causes.

In the familiar phrase, doubtless God could have created a more superbly equipped fund raiser than Ella, but doubtless, God never did.

Ella is a irresistable magnet in attracting friends. Elderly gentlemen who casually meet her as a young girl crossing the Pacific remember her fifteen years later and offer her a job. The friends are of all ages and all stations. They may be poles apart socially, politically, geographically. No matter. Once she has made a friend, Ella works to keep in touch.

So the magic circle continually widens and grows deeper. The result is that few, if any, find it easy to say "no" to Ella. One doesn't even find it desirable. The unlikely-sounding chore she promises will be fun often is, and it is usually highly successful.

Once her team is gathered, Ella has the talent to use it well. She sets a superb example herself of unstinting willingness to work hard, and of an imaginative openness to innovative possibilities. Ella is no more enamoured of organizational charts than of abstract causes, but she is highly organized on an ad hoc basis. She has a clear idea of what she expects from her co-workers, and she makes sure they too know. Out of this she forges the unity, the togetherness which she mentions so often, usually preceded by the adjective "marvellous."

The YWCA Building Committee was my first prolonged contact with the real Ella Hagar, as opposed to the semi-mythological "Barrows girl." Since then I have served with her on many boards--the University YWCA, and Friends and Alumnae, International House, The Bancroft Library, the California Alumni Foundation--and while my profound respect for her pleasure and success in money-raising is unabated, I know it does not begin to describe the value of her contribution.

In the interviews, Ella discusses her view of the role of a woman on a largely male board. It is not a "with-it" model today, but I can testify that she knows how to act effectively within the limits of deference she sets for herself. Furthermore, although she is willing to take on more leadership responsibility on a woman's board, her contributions remain very similar in either situation.

Ella acts always with a person in mind, to protect his dignity, to make audible his voice, to open some door to him somewhere. Her comments bring board discussions back from dry, depersonalized theory to the individual. This quality and the value she places on an institution's ability to act as a catalyst make her open to courses of action often challenging and sometimes repugnant to her own thinking. In this way she has been especially useful to the University YWCA, as her instant credibility and her vast reserves of friendship can make experiments palatable or at least bearable in parts of the community not naturally attracted to them.

Nothing that I have thus far observed about Ella is either original or uniquely perceptive. This is no prophet without honor is her own country. Every organization she has worked with has justly seen fit to heap her with every honor within its reach. Moreover the picture is of but a very small piece of the whole woman.

Ella Hagar is, as she kindly and in my view also deservedly said of my own mother, one of the great women of this community and of the state. What I am perhaps uniquely placed to add is that although Ella and my mother are most unlike, their quality of greatness is in the same style. They are ladies of the old school, modest and self-effacing, generous and understanding, gaily and cheerfully available to serve, and they have made of friendship an art and of life a victorious statement.

Ella says in concluding her reminiscences of her childhood--a period not without trauma--"Life was marvellous for us wherever we were." As it begins, so it ends. The last sentence of the history reads "and all along the way you have fun." My mother would concur. Times change and with them the style in which they must be faced. I would not wish, and could not have it if I did, my daughter to be a lady of the old school, but there is much in the qualities of these two women of which I prayerfully hope she takes heed.

31 May 1974
97 Tamalpais Road
Berkeley, California

INTERVIEW HISTORY

by Suzanne B. Riess

Ella Barrows Hagar's memoirs are a major contribution to the history of the University of California. Daughter of a president, wife of a regent, and selfless friend of the University and the Berkeley community, Ella Hagar was suggested a number of times to the Regional Oral History Office of The Bancroft Library as a person whose memoirs should be taped. The office hoped to be able to undertake the recording, and when her children's gift to The Bancroft Library in honor of Mrs. Hagar's seventy-fifth birthday made possible the interviews, it was a happy solution.

The idea of an oral history memoir might not have set so easily with the modest Mrs. Hagar had not her father, General David Prescott Barrows, been so admirable an example of an active person who gave importance to reflecting on his life. The model of his Memoirs, taken together with Mrs. Hagar's habit of agreeable acquiescence to what is asked of her, got the recordings off to a fine start.

The apparently few questions that appear in the interviews--the other side of the coin being the length of the answers--are the result of editing of repetitions and deletion of remarks which were deemed inappropriate by Mrs. Hagar. As for many tactful and discreet people, it was hard for Mrs. Hagar to feel comfortable with judgmental remarks. Editing was necessary because, as she said, she was encouraged to go on and on, and she needed later to retrench.

Always welcoming and ready to begin interviewing at my early morning arrival, Mrs. Hagar was a kind hostess. Sometimes there was a fire to be tended, and to warm us, on chilly winter mornings when the view from her house on Stonewall Road was all rain or thick fog. Indeed, as the interviews went on and the sharing of lives and stories developed, I began to feel how much this was a home where "if the walls could speak" the report would be of good times and great busyness within. The Christmas tree, for instance, all beautifully ornamented when I first met Mrs. Hagar in December 1972, was in a long tradition of Christmas family celebrations. And when Ella Hagar brought cookies to my house at Christmas 1973, I felt I had merged with Berkeley history!

If the life described within, a life of children and grandchildren, comings and goings, meetings, concerts, visits, and entertaining, sounds prodigious, Mrs. Hagar's ease in moving from event to event and person to person apparently made it more renewing than exhausting.

The eleven interviews took place from December 1972 to June 1973. Mrs. Hagar had notes of subjects she wanted not to miss, as did I. She was conscientious in attempting to portray the people in her life fully and fairly. Sometimes it appears that Ella Hagar does not actually talk about herself, submerging "I did this" into "we did that." This is honest, and a part of understanding her.

The introduction to the interviews was written by another daughter of a University president, Marian Sproul Goodin. Professor James D. Hart Director of The Bancroft Library, suggested Mrs. Goodin as a friend knowledgeable of Mrs. Hagar in her community and University life. The introduction adds a personal glow of appreciation.

This memoir is a natural companionpiece to the Regional Oral History Office's interview with Ida Wittschen Sproul, and it takes its place with numerous other interviews by the office on University history, especially those with: Allen C. Blaisdell, Mary B. Davidson, Farnham P. Griffiths, Joel H. Hildebrand, Harry L. Kingman, Benjamin H. Lehman, Donald McLaughlin, Lucy Sprague Mitchell, Mary McLean Olney, Stephen C. Pepper, Leon J. Richardson, Frank Stevens, Katherine A. Towle, and William W. Wurster.

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I THE PHILIPPINES
(Interview 1, December 6, 1972)

First Memories

Riess: Do your memories begin with the Philippines?

Hagar: Perhaps my first clear memory is of standing on the deck of a transport, peering through the railing bars and wishing that the horn would blow and we could be off. A sudden wind came along and took off my new sailor hat. I can still see it sailing away in the San Francisco Bay, and the thousands of people on the pier below, and my own family dismayed, and I, hatless at four!

That must have been not our first trip across the Pacific, but our second, because I figured out, from my father's Memoirs, that I was probably four when this episode took place, but I also have a memory or two earlier than that. [See note p. 6]

We went to the Philippines in 1900, when I was three. We were living in San Diego and I do remember standing once with my father, looking at the zoo in that city. It's now a famous zoo, but it must have been--well, it was probably quite ratty then, but fascinating to a child.

My father had gone to the Philippines with the Taft Commission in 1900, as an ethnologist, as an anthropologist, having just received his doctorate at the University of Chicago. He left in August, after my brother Tommy was born, and we followed in December of that year. Then we came home in August of 1901, because my mother wasn't well, and was having her fourth child. And she was told there in the Philippines that my beautiful little brother would never walk and that he must be taken back quickly to America, to doctors.

Hagar: [In reading these first pages of the taping, they seem confused and rambling, so before going on let me summarize some early impressions. E.H.] Life in Manila in cramped quarters couldn't have been easy, even with a Filipino cook and a Chinese amah. After a year there, Tommy wasn't well, and my mother was expecting her fourth child, so my father was given a leave. We all went to Hong King where we waved good-bye to Inga, the amah--and I do remember that sad moment.

Then we took a trip on a houseboat up the Grand Canal, and then on to Japan for a period. Flashes of vivid moments come back to me. There was old China--dirty, smelling, rickshaws, bound feet, temples, pigtails. And old Japan--quaint and beautiful, so different from the overcrowded and bustling Japan of today. And the Philippines, most familiar of all, with a Spanish Colonial culture on top of an old native culture--and now a young, dedicated and eager colonial American occupation.

After our weeks in Japan, my father returned to Manila and we were able to get on a crowded transport for home. I remember Rita Cable, my mother's helper, Nan, and I had an antiseptic-smelling room in an unoccupied hospital area in the rolling stern of the ship. [End of insert.]

So we were back in September, 1901 and went right down to Pomona and then went back to the Philippines in May, 1902, with the new baby Elizabeth. My father didn't always come with us, you see. We went back and forth. We came back four times from the Philippines.

With those eight trips and the trip during the war, when Nan, Tom and I went for the summer, it means that we have traveled across the Pacific Ocean ten times by ship. And in those days, it was a month each way. I've spent over a year of my life on the sea and I don't want ever to go to sea again. With ten times across the Pacific, and once during the First World War for six weeks--when we went to Alaska to pick up troops--and then three times across the Atlantic and various other small trips, I've had enough of the sea!

The first trip across the Pacific was so rough that the racks were never off the dining room tables the whole month, nor were the portholes ever open! When I think of those trips my mother took across the Pacific with her children--three, and then four--and a nurse, I wonder that she could bear it with all those small children. And I remember she told me that on one trip there were about seventy-five little wash dresses to be laundered when she

Hagar: arrived here--no facilities for laundry on the ships in those days.

We went on transports, the old transports, where only people working for the government or army people could go. A dollar a day! Isn't that extraordinary? A dollar a day! The names of those ships come back to me, the Logan, Thomas, Mead, etc. And then sometimes we'd sail on the old Pacific Mail liners which seemed to us completely luxurious. The ships were the Siberia, the Manchuria, the Mongolia. We've been on all of those.

Those years of crossing back and forth over the Pacific were full of interest and marvels to us. We always stopped in Honolulu, and in those days, Honolulu was unspoiled, really a tropical paradise. Probably the ship stayed a couple of days. We had friends, like Governor Shearer; I remember his beautiful home.

Then to Japan, Nagasaki, Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe, where we'd have to coal. Coaling is something, of course, that few people remember. As a child, I'd stand by the hour and look over the railing. The barges would draw up to the ship and the little Japanese women, sometimes with babies on their backs, would be standing on rope ladders up the side of the ship, passing up small baskets of coal. And, of course, they and we were black from the dust that would rise. All day long, passing them from one to another, fast. Can you imagine!

Then all the times we stopped in Hong King in the early days were lively and exciting images of old China.

Riess: Were you given fairly free run of the ship?

Hagar: Oh yes.

Riess: Do you remember other families on board?

Hagar: Yes. One interesting family on one of our trips coming home was Thornton Wilder's family. They settled in Berkeley and lived there several years. There were four children. Isabel was the youngest and Amos was the oldest. (I saw him again a few years ago, a delightful person, famous in religious work, at Harvard and Yale, and I sat next to him at dinner.) Charlotte and I were good friends here. Thornton was my age, and I can remember in geometry in Berkeley High School, neither of us was very good. During the years they lived in Berkeley, we saw a lot of them,

Hagar: an interesting and wonderful family, who lived to make their mark in the world.

There was a family in the Philippines in the early days that my father always said was the only family he knew, noisier than ours. They had five children against our four. They were the Herdmans, but we never traveled with them.

Riess: Would an American family be a noisier family than a Filipino family? I mean, were American children allowed to be sort of noisy and obstreperous?

Hagar: Oh, I think so. I think, much more uninhibited. But Filipino children, of course, were gay in playing, but we didn't know any Filipino children.

Our life in the Philippines was magical. As I look back on it, it was magic.

Baguio, 1902

Hagar: I don't remember much about the first trip. But the second trip, when we arrived in Manila in 1902, there was a cholera epidemic. And that's when my father had to go into northern Luzon. As chief of the Bureau of Non-Christian Tribes at that time, he was an anthropologist, trying to find out for the American government what it was they had acquired in their victory of the Spanish-American War. As an anthropologist he was to report on the people of the Islands.

He refused to leave us in Manila, where hundreds were dying of cholera daily, so he took us up to Baguio province, which now is the summer capitol. Jerry and I were there in 1956 when we went around the world, and it is so beautiful and cool and full of pines, the summer resort of the Philippines.

In the early days, when we went up, it was quite a trip. (You spoke of my mother the other day, an amazing woman because she had been so sheltered all her life, yet she turned out to be a pioneer woman. My father called her his "Iron Woman." Her family, in fact both my mother's and father's families, had come to America in 1636 and 1637. They were English and Scotch. And her family had lived in Vermont, her father and mother.)

Hagar: The trip to Baguio in pouring rains was made over narrow mountain trails. It took three days. My mother rode horseback, with her three-month-old baby on the saddle with her, and holding an umbrella. My sister Nan, six, rode a horse. Tom and I, two and four, were carried in a chair on the bamboo poles by two naked Igorotes. And certain times on the trail I could see nothing but black bodies. They wore nothing but a g-string. And the rain coming down! They had a canopy over us, but we'd be separated on this mountain trail, from the rest of the party. That's very distinct in my mind.

Riess: Was your father on that trip, or was he already up there in Baguio when you went?

Hagar: Oh no. I think he was there riding horseback with us. He made several trips. Now, of course, you fly up in forty minutes. It's half an hour to Baguio and it's very comfortable. But that time it took, I guess, three days on the trail.

When we got to Baguio there was a big, old hotel that had never been finished. We bedded down in that, with very little furniture, as I remember, and of course with cholera still raging. Mother's little cook--two of his little boys died of cholera and they were dying of cholera all around.

Riess: Were you in danger, or was cholera something that just the Filipinos seemed to be getting?

Hagar: Certainly we were. It was amazing how well we were those years in the Islands, due, I'm sure, to my mother's constant and watchful care.

Betty had a difficult time being weaned. There was no fresh milk, and I remember malted milk in great, enormous cans. She was not well and she was losing weight. So, Dr. and Mrs. Jerome Thomas advised us. He was an army doctor, and they lived in Baguio and became dear friends. (We always called them Aunt Denny and Uncle Jerry. He died years ago; but sprightly, amazing Aunt Dennison celebrated her one hundredth birthday last week in Channing House, Palo Alto.)

To return to Uncle Jerry, he said, "You must get a goat." And I can remember my father going toward the coast. How long it took him, I don't know, but I remember his coming back down the mountain and Nan and me standing at the window and seeing a little train of people, with one of the Igorotes carrying a goat. There's a picture in this book of them milking the goat

Hagar: and it saved Betty's life! [Looking at family album.]

In thinking back to the diseases rampant on the Islands in those days, it is quite remarkable that we all survived. There were few inoculations--only smallpox vaccinations, as I remember. My father and I did have malaria, but after returning to the States eventually outgrew it.

Of course the reason for our good health was due to the care taken--all water boiled, nothing fresh eaten, no fresh milk. I don't even remember vitamins or cod liver oil!

We had six months living in Baguio and we had a marvelous time. We must have gone to school, but I can't remember any schooling there. There's a picture there of Nan and me, barefooted and in our gingham dresses, bringing wood in, with Igorotes all around us. We did that just for fun, for there was plenty of native help.

The Igorotes, of course, were the headhunting tribes. They were still hunting heads and fighting. In the Memoirs I couldn't find the details of some of my father's treks through the mountains, many times in danger, but many adventures are described in his notebooks, which he kept for years and which are in the archives of The Bancroft Library.*

He was away for weeks at a time, and there was no communication. And my mother never knew what was going on. But at least we were closer in Baguio to the area he was exploring than we would have been in Manila.

Riess: Would he travel alone?

Hagar: No, he always had people with him.

Riess: Natives?

Hagar: Well, one or two Americans. Dr. Jenks was one of his assistants. And he always had one, maybe, it seems to me, American of some sort, maybe a scientist. He had attendants, Filipino attendants, but not very many, though there were times when he'd have constabulary soldiers marching with him to protect him.

*David Prescott Barrows, 1873-1954, Memoirs, Berkeley 1954.

A Trip on Horseback to Northern Luzon

Hagar: I was with him, when I was either eleven or twelve, when he was making one last excursion, when he was director of education, into northern Luzon. If you've read the Memoirs, you know that he often traveled, when he was director of education, into the provinces to talk with his supervisors and his teachers and to visit the school districts.

And how he happened to take me--I don't know why he didn't take Nan, who was twenty-one months older. But he took me, and it must have been a week or ten days. We rode horseback, and had a Filipino man to take care of the horses, little Filipino horses, and we rode horseback into northern Luzon. He went into villages where they had never seen an American girl and some of them thought he had kidnapped me.

At any rate, I can remember so well starting out on our horses. I wore sailor suits, with pleated skirts, blue and white checked, and short sleeves. And at the end of the first day of riding hard through the country, we arrived at a teacher's house.

At each place we were to stay with an American teacher unless, as happened frequently, we stayed with a datu, the headman of the village, in their homes. But this first night we were with a young American teacher. When I got up the next morning, my arms were completely blistered from sunburn, you see, no protection. I can remember the tears rolling down my cheeks! and going out to the shed in the back, where they found some axle grease and some rolls of unbleached muslin, heavy stuff, and swathed my arms in this, which was marvelous, and after a few days it was cured.

This was an amazing trip that I was taken on, just the three of us, through jungles! Two or three times we had to ford rivers. I can remember the strong motion of the horse in swift water swimming under me. I remember us staying with the native headman of the barrio several times and one night trying to undress and lie down on a matate, a nipa mat on the floor, when every window was filled with children and people looking in because they'd never seen a white girl before.

Then the time came for my father to go further into the jungle, to a village where a week or so before there had been fighting and some heads had been taken. He didn't want to take

Hagar: me. Some constabulary soldiers came with a young officer to go with him.

A young American couple lived near there and they took me back to their home for two or three nights. I can remember sitting on my horse, with the tears rolling down my cheeks, and seeing my father march away. He was on horseback and the others were marching into the jungle and I didn't know whether I'd ever see him again. But of course this is the kind of life he led; so many times in the Philippines he didn't know what the next day would hold for him.

After six months in Baguio he was through with that and we went back to Manila. But they were marvelous months, up there in the mountains. The pine trees, the cool fresh air, the Igorotes, with the gaunt dogs (their greatest delicacy) tied to poles.

Riess: When you were out on the trail with your father, did he treat you as an equal when you were with him, do you think?

Hagar: Oh, of course--we faced the same joys and the same discomforts. When he would meet with his teachers and such, I was nearby. But, you know, I wasn't terribly interested in his education at that moment. I was more interested in the Filipino children that I would see.

I can remember one beautiful morning, riding up a steep jungle trail, the kind of a trail you read about, with orchids hanging and animals and monkeys and lush vegetation. (Oh, we hated monkeys! They were always being given to us in Manila by the teachers. Oh dear! I can't bear monkeys, because they'd run in and out of the house.) We rode all morning and I remember coming, at last, to a beautiful little village at the top of the mountain, coming out in a clearing. There was an old stone church the Spaniards had built. They'd been there several hundred years, you see, and they'd christianized the people--many were Catholics. I sat there and drew a picture in a notebook I had. I wish I had kept those things.

My father sent Fernando to find us something to eat, because we were hungry, and he came back with a chicken. They put a spit up in the plaza and turned the chicken, with a fire under it, for a good, long time until we could hardly bear it, we were so famished. And at last we took it off the spit and tried to carve it. But it was so tough, we couldn't even eat it. This was a dreadful moment in my life!

Hagar: Night after night in the villages for dinner we'd have a great mound of rice. I really got a little tired of it--a mound of rice with a fried egg on top, and once in a while there'd be some chicken around it. And, of course, in Baguio, in that area, we ate camotes. They're sweet potatoes and they are the real livelihood, that and dogs.

The Igorotes eat dogs. That was something we had to get used to, because everywhere in those northern Benguet provinces, you'd see Igorotes walking along with long sticks and dogs tied around the neck to the sticks. So, they'd just walk with the stick and all these dogs, dreadful-looking dogs, slinking behind, and always so thin. They were a great delicacy, but that was awfully hard for American children to accept. Of course we never were served dog!

Riess: Yes, except you weren't really American children, because you had never really lived much in America.

Hagar: No, we really hadn't, had we? [Laughter] That's right! We were all born in this country, but we all were raised there. You're right.

But Baguio has many connotations to me too. Another one is--and I'm skipping around--the summer school that my father started, in Baguio after he was director of education, for the teachers from all over the Islands to come up to that lovely place for refreshment and study away from the heat of the low lands. And the Summer Institutes have gone on, I believe, ever since. In fact, in 1956, when we were there and went up to Baguio, they were having one in the now permanent grounds and buildings.

Whereas it had started with just tents and one building they put up the first year, it's now become very elaborate and it's marvelously done! And it's something that endured. When we were there, Jerry and I were invited to a luncheon given by a Philippino through a friend, Colin Hoskins. (Colin Hoskins is quite a name. He had died, but some of his relatives are still here in California.)

But Colin Hoskins was an old Philippine hand. And when he heard the first time that Jerry and I were coming, he wrote to India, or wherever we were, and said, "I shall roll out the red carpet, because any relative of Dr. Barrows has my --." He had known him as a very young man. So, Colin was responsible for

Hagar: our going to a luncheon in Baguio in 1956, given by President Araneta where I met the most amazing man, Dr. Lawrence Wilson. He was white-haired, and when he heard that I was Dad's daughter, he could hardly believe it, because he had been a young man, and known my father.

We had lunch at the table together. He had married an Igorote woman years before and lived up there and had three daughters. He wrote a good many articles and books on that part of the country, and he sent me one just after we got back. We corresponded for some years. At last I sent him a copy of my father's Memoirs, because it has so much about northern Luzon. A few weeks later I received a letter from his three daughters, saying "Today, your book came. Yesterday, Papa died." Alas, if I had only sent it earlier! But they wrote, "Papa died. Papa talked about you. We shall keep the book always."

When Jerry and I went in 1956, there were three octogenarians in the Islands who had known my father and mother--quite famous people. They can't be alive now. But the next time we went in 1963, two of them were still alive. Dr. Bewley, distinguished educator, who had been a director of education, and Dr. Otley Beyer, a famous scientist, who had gathered artifacts into a museum and was, I guess, one of the few Americans that the Japanese occupation forces, during the Second World War, allowed to go free; he wasn't put into Santa Tomas. He took Jerry and me through his old, dusty museum and showed me case after case of things my father had given him as a young man.

These later trips were always lovely experiences for me, for my parents had been greatly loved and respected and I always felt like a little girl renewing my childhood! We also met several Filipino families who had known my parents, including Dr. and Mrs. Conrado Benitez--founders of the excellent and long-established Philippine Women's University in Manila. In 1963, when we were back in Manila, they took us to their beautiful old home and garden for an evening party given for their employees--dinner under the trees, music and dancing--wonderful. Later, and this was when we were attending the Presidential University Inauguration of General Romulo, the Benitez gave a fine luncheon at their University, for us.

Education and Home Life

The Homestead in Pomona

Riess: I wonder how your sense of being Americans was kept up by your mother and father? Was the idea that you would be coming back always clear?

Hagar: Completely, you see, because we came home so often. We went in 1900, we came home in 1901 a year later. We went back in 1902, came back to the States in 1904 and again in 1906. So, you see, the American life was very close to us, partly because our father and mother kept so closely in touch with their families here, through letters and trips back to California.

My mother's family was so real to us. Two of us were born in their old home in Pomona. My mother's family had come to this country in pre-revolutionary times. Some of her forebears settled in Massachusetts and some in upper New York State. My mother was born in Burlington, Vermont, in a four-storied white house that became, during the First World War, a Y.W.C.A. hostess house. Now it is a veterans' home.

In the 1880s, her father, Benjamin Smith Nichols, moved his family to Pomona, California, after losing his business in a fire. He bought an old Catholic mission surrounded by orange groves. This was where I was born, as was my younger sister, and every two years we came back here from the Philippines, and many times during the later years in Berkeley.

It was a beautiful place--thick adobe walls and deep-set windows, rambling rooms, verandas running around three sides, and thirteen outside doors. One small, fascinating bedroom, had been a monk's cell. Every room had a fireplace and there was no other heat. We reveled in the lovely tangled gardens, the barns and stables and driveways leading to it, and fields of corn and extensive orchards of oranges, and beds of violets I was allowed to pick, and roses lining the long driveway.

The homestead was called "Cactus Lodge" because of huge cactus plants at the main entrance, and there were always lots of Nichols cousins to play with. I think we always fitted into this American way of life to which we knew we would return some day.

Riess: Was there any talk, when you were in the Islands, of how things are really done back in America? Was there a comparison? Of different standards?

Hagar: I'm sure that we felt that, yes. I'm sure. We took for granted the servants, in the Philippines for instance. In those days people didn't have many servants here. You had one good cook. Well, in my grandmother's home, they had a cook. And then they had the help outside, who milked the cows and took care of the horses and everything.

But in the Philippines, we had a cook and a houseboy, a driver (cochero) who lived over the stables, and a gardener. And then you'd have a laundress who came, perhaps, several times a week. And you had a dressmaker who came for days at a time. And then we had a nurse too. So those things we just took for granted.

But when we came here, once as long as six months, or two or three months, we'd slip into the American life which was really much more exciting because of the cousins, and because it was not like our life which we took for granted in the Islands.

One thing my mother did, which is interesting, speaking of a different way of living. In Manila my father built a lovely home in 1905. There are some pictures here. It always seemed quite large and comfortable to us, because we'd lived in many different kinds of places before that. Indeed once I remember holding up the walls of an old house during a typhoon.

But my mother was determined that we should know a little bit about American living, because she knew we'd come back and we wouldn't have all that service. So, I remember there was a period--it may have lasted for several months--when every Saturday morning we learned about cooking. We had a Chinese cook for years, named Fat, whom we all loved, a wonderful cook. He lived upstairs over the stables too, along with the driver and a number of cats. My mother had him go out of the kitchen every Saturday morning and she taught Nan and me a few things about cooking.

What I learned is still precious to me. Just this little thing: when you beat eggs, you should always wash the eggbeater immediately after, in cold water. [Laughter] "If you do it in hot water, then the egg cooks on it," she said. And she taught

Hagar: us how to break eggs. I don't think we cooked many things, but we at least became acquainted with the utensils. We never even made our beds or anything like that, so she wanted us to have some idea of domesticity, I suppose.

Books

Hagar: There were certain things about that life that I'm sure--I don't know what they were like here, but, for instance, our parents read to us, not every night, because there were often social engagements for them. But night after night, they would read to us. And the books! When I think that I came home when I was twelve and, before that, the books that I had read to me! It's just unbelievable. Like The Cloister and the Hearth--did you ever read it? Erasmus. The only thing I remember about it was they hung a man from the rafters.

Erasmus, Dickens, Thackeray, The Last Days of Pompeii, St. Joan, Tale of Two Cities, Silas Marner, Ben Hur, Cooper, Dickens and Scott.

Riess: Would the whole family be sitting and listening?

Hagar: No. Nan and I. We were "the little girls" and the other two were "the babies" for years. But Nan was twenty-one months older, so you see she was better able to grasp it. But Scott--books that children don't read now, ever. I remember saying to my father once a bit wistfully, "My children are never going to know Dickens the way we knew Dickens." And he said, "It doesn't make any difference. Those books are much too wordy. They'll know who David Copperfield was by going to the movies!" And you see how times have changed!

Riess: Did he read the books to you, or was it your mother?

Hagar: Both. And then whoever was with us at the time, the young girl. My aunt didn't read to us when she was there, but the next person who went with us in 1902 was Rita Cable, a young woman who was in Baguio with us and in Mindanao with us. And then, the next two trips, a young woman named Ethel--I can't think what her other name was, because when she came back, she married a man named Standard and we later knew her as Ethel Standard.

Hagar: But they would read to us some too. And they would take care of the babies a lot, you know. And they'd braid our hair and they'd see that our beds were made properly by the houseboy and things like that, and teach us to sew and darn, and were always considered members of the family, not a governess and not a nurse.

Riess: Did you have a school you were going to at that point also?

Hagar: Yes, the American School. It was a tremendous, white building in great grounds. You went through a gate. It may have been built as a school by the Spaniards but more likely the home of a wealthy Spaniard. But it was where we all went.

School was just in the morning. I imagine we were taken about 8 a.m. and we'd come home at 12:00 or 12:30 p.m. And by then, when we had our own home, we had a Victoria, which was drawn by two horses, and we had a calesa drawn by one horse, one-seater. The cochero would call for us in the calesa. The Victoria would hold all of us, but more comfortably if one child rode a horse. We always vied for that privilege.

And every afternoon--well, not every afternoon, but very often--the custom was to get dressed up and go down to the Luneta, which was the great park covered with lawns, a bandstand in the middle, and a statue of Jose Rizal. It was oval, and while the fine constabulary band played, everybody rode around and around in their carriages, or on horseback, waving at friends and enjoying the colorful gaiety.

Riess: Who would have carriages then, besides the Americans?

Hagar: Oh, the Spaniards! Manila was filled with rich Spaniards. And some Filipinos too, of course. But there were still Spaniards there and they had led a very sophisticated life before the Americans came. They had beautiful homes with polished floors and staircases, I remember. I danced with Charlie Taft in one of those great Spanish houses once when I was very little!
[Laughter]

Riess: Were you friendly with the Spanish families?

Hagar: No, not that I remember. The Spanish children didn't go to the American school, as I recall, but to parochial schools. The Spanish occupation had introduced the Catholic religion. There were a great many parochial schools and I'm sure that's where the Spanish children went, because we never played with them.

Hagar: Isn't that strange? I never thought of that before. There wasn't any intermingling.

We didn't play with the Filipino children in our home, but, of course, they didn't go to this American school either, as I remember. Now maybe there may have been some, but I don't remember them.

But the Filipino children, of course--lots of schools were being built and English was being taught everywhere. This is one of the great contributions of the American administration to the Philippines. And I'm sure they did a far better job of educating than the Spaniards had. There were lots of American army children too.

Riess: Your father made the point in the Memoirs that one of the things that the Americans did was to teach their language whereas the Spanish had not taught their language.

Hagar: Yes. That's right. They were speaking Tagalog as the most common language and then various dialects, I guess. But, of course, a lot of the servants spoke Spanish.

Riess: They just learned it, but it wasn't--

Hagar: But it wasn't taught universally, as the Americans taught English. I think that my father was very modest in talking about this whole thing, because Filipinos have said to me that the educational system that he established is still the basis now--older Filipinos, you know, particularly some who knew him.

Six Months in Zamboanga

Hagar: But I must say a word about Mindanao, about the Sulu Archipelago, because after we lived in Baguio for six months, we lived in the Sulu Archipelago for four or five months, in Zamboanga while my father was exploring the ethnology of the south.

There was one big, old house owned by a Portugese family and we took the lower part of the house. That was a really difficult time for my mother because the Moros were Mohammedans and pirates and extremely hostile. I don't know whether you have noticed but recently there have been uprisings of the Muslims in the southern Philippines. The Moros were probably

Hagar: the most fanatic peoples of the Mohammedan world. Here are some pictures of the Moros and where we lived with the Portugese family. [Shows pictures]

The Moros were clothed--the Muslims or Mohammedans--whereas the Igorotes were naked. But my father's tales are quite explicit in the Memoirs of the assignments he had. He thought he was going down to do a survey, an anthropological one, but Mr. Taft said to him, "I want you to get rid of the Sultan of Sulu. He is a worthless character, through whom we can accomplish nothing." [Laughter] So Dad said, "My mission was altered. I was no longer to merely investigate. We were to become negotiators."

Well, he took with him on these trips our marvelous Dr. Saleeby, a Lebanese. He saved all of our lives any number of times in the Philippines and he became a very famous doctor in this country. He was later head of the medical school of the University in San Francisco. He was then a young doctor and as he spoke Arabic, was invaluable to my father at this time.

We lived in Zamboanga in a little house that extended over the water. My mother always slept with a pistol under her pillow and I remember her telling one time that she woke up and there was a figure getting in the window. She took her pistol and pointed it and was prepared to shoot, and then she realized it was the curtain blowing.

We swam there. I remember that very well, swimming from beside the house. There must have been a beach for there were always a lot of jellyfish around. [Laughter] And once or twice, toward dusk, we heard the tom-toms, and we had been told that if we were away from the house, on the beach, and we saw their barcos, little skiffs, across the water and heard the tom-toms, it meant they were out for blood. Then we were to make for home. So, I remember being really frightened a couple of times and running for our lives!

I don't know how my mother ever did it. I remember in Zamboanga there was a lovely, small canal in front of the house which we crossed on a small plank. One day we were going to a party. We were all dressed up. I fell in as I ran across, so I was taken in and refurbished. I went out again and fell in again. It was muddy water and I was taken in again and put fresh, white clothes on. [Laughter] You know, we all wore white. And why we weren't murdered by our mother early in life, I don't know! [Laughter]

Hagar: We took a trip about this time on the tablas, a small ship, which Dad tells about in his Memoirs. There were two or three Americans and my father. Wherever he went and could, he would take his wife and four children. We must have been on the tablas--and I remember that quite well--traveling around the Sulu Archipelago and visiting all the Islands, Davao and Cebu and Mindoro and Mindanao and others. That was an extraordinary experience, down there in the south.

So, we had these two experiences, northern Luzon and the southern archipelago. There my father built a house and we lived a really civilized life and went to school. After school we'd run barefoot and then we were free as air all afternoon. We'd play with the other American children who were nearby, climb trees like monkeys, play "Run Sheep, Run" and "Kick the Can."

But one thing was very important in our lives and that was my mother's siesta after lunch. She never got over it when she came back to live here, and I've inherited it! [Laughter] In those hot countries, adults have to stay in for an hour or two after lunch. As you know, in many of them the offices close and the men go home.

Riess: But you children weren't bedded down then?

Hagar: No, no. But we had to be quiet. And this is one of the things that this companion always saw to, that we were quiet.

Domestic Arts

Riess: Did you learn any other little domestic arts along the way, like sewing?

Hagar: Yes, yes! We were taught by Rita and by Ethel to darn and sew. Oh, I can darn beautifully! And we used to make Christmas presents for our aunts back here, unusable sewn objects. And then they'd send these great, magic boxes to us in the Philippines for Christmas. One wealthy aunt sent sets of books, the "Every Child Should Know" series, and others. This is one of the ways that we were kept in touch with the States.

Our schooling must have been good in spite of the fact that we came back and forth so many times. Once, for six months in Pomona, we went to school there. The rest of the trips were

Hagar: summers or Christmases, and we just gave ourselves long vacations. But in spite of our traveling we all graduated when we should, age-wise. I started to school at seven and I skipped the third grade. Then I caught up further because at Berkeley High I did high school in three years instead of four and entered the University at seventeen years. All this traveling didn't wreck our education, so the education must have been fairly good there.

Riess: You don't recall your father or mother supplementing it in any way?

Hagar: No. He supplemented it once, to no avail. I can remember--maybe I was in the fourth or fifth grade--when we had to have a motto every day for school, and I couldn't think of one one morning at breakfast. And I asked my father. He glibly told me the little motto, "'Neat but not gaudy,' said the monkey to the elephant, as he painted his tail sky blue."

Well, I repeated that when called on and the teacher said, "Well, Ella! I don't think we'll write that in our books." I was indignant! I said, "My father told me that!" And that story went all over the Islands. Here was the Director of Education, the man adored in all the provinces, who had come forth with this jingle for his daughter, and it wasn't accepted!

Growing Up

The Mango Tree

Hagar: Oh, I must say something about the mango tree. My children would never forgive me if I didn't. The garden of our home was filled with Ilang Ilang trees and flowering shrubs. At the back of the house was an enormous mango tree. And our life really centered about that tree, as children. It had a tremendous trunk and then very large, widespreading branches. We played in it as though it were a house. And we would mount that big thing like monkeys and walk and run on the great branches, barefooted. I must have spoken several times in my life to my children about the mango tree, because they always bring it up to chide me, but it was just a spectacular kind of a thing. You see, there is the base. [Points to photograph] That's Nan.

Riess: In an Indian costume, it looks like.

Hagar: Yes. My father's doctorate was on the Coahuilla Indian, and Indians always meant a great deal in our lives. We knew Indian songs and Indian dances and stories. We used to like to dress up in Indian clothes. And those are moccasins. That's just a blanket, but he must have brought the costume and beads from the States. There's Rita, our dear friend, there she is with those little hyenas. [Laughter]

Nan and Ella

Riess: I want to hear more about what kind of a team you and Nan were. You sound like you really could have given your mother a time!

Hagar: Oh, well, my sister was an angel, just wonderful. I was a very bad little girl, because I had tantrums and I grew up with asphidity. You don't know what asphidity is, do you?

Riess: No, I don't.

Hagar: They don't inflict children with it now, but it was given in those days by mouth, and it was a sedative, evidently. I haven't heard of it for years. The last time I heard of it, it was given in a pill. The druggist told me no longer do they prescribe it because it's so bad-tasting. I'd be held down and given a spoonful of asphidity and then I couldn't stamp my feet and bang my head or anything.

But my mother put up with my temper and loved me dearly. Although my Auntie Charlotte told me once that on that first trip over she was sitting on the deck and I was coming down the length of the deck, a most unattractive little girl, screaming at the top of my voice, and somebody said to her, "How can you love that child?"

Nan and I, as we grew up, were very close. And we must have had the maternal instinct, because we played with dolls. We each had a large doll with porcelain face and kid body and real hair. I remember one trip back--and I can't remember how old we were at that time--the dressmaker, who came day after day and sewed for us (because you couldn't buy things ready-made and all our dresses were made at home), made whole outfits for our dolls too. I still have the grey, wool doll's coat with a silk lining and tiny silver buttons; a traveling coat. So, we played with dolls and

Hagar: also with paper dolls by the hour.

And there were all kinds of lovely, flowering plants in the garden in Manila, and we'd stand before these hibiscus plants, for instance, and put our dolls in the plants and play they were houses. And then there was a period when we made the paper dolls. And there was a period when we cut out the lovely ladies in the fashion magazines in their feather boas and trailing skirts.

Fashion, Food

Riess: Would your mother have subscribed to fashion magazines in the Philippines?

Hagar: Evidently, yes. My parents dressed wonderfully. We thought them elegant. They entertained a lot, and my mother used to look quite beautiful when she dressed up for parties. I can remember watching her in her long evening dresses, going to the Malacañon, which was the presidential palace. There wasn't a president in those days. William Howard Taft was the first Governor General and lived there. It's where President Marcos and all the presidents have lived since, a quite beautiful place.

I recall we had lots of Chinese things in the Philippines, because the Chinese came there early and they were the great retail people. The Escolta was the main business street, mostly Chinese mercantile places, where the Chinamen would sit in front of their stores, with their chinelas. That's the little bed slipper that slips on. Every foot--this is one of the earliest things I remember--every foot would waggle with these chinelas on. [Laughter]

Of course, we couldn't drink or eat anything that was fresh. All our water and ice had to be distilled. And every day the driver would go with large jars and bring back the distilled water from the distillery plant, and the cook would put the water into bottles and into the refrigerator. And the ice would be brought every day. When we came back to this country, you know, a strawberry, a piece of lettuce, fresh milk were treats to us.

But in the Philippines we ate well! Wonderful roast chickens! I can remember platters with roast chickens and what my father always called "mutton," legs of lamb. [Laughter]

Riess: Did you eat the mangoes?

Hagar: Oh yes! My favorite food, mangoes. We lived on mangoes and many other delicious fruits.

I remember the women who came with large round baskets on their heads, filled with flowers. My mother filled the house with beautiful flowers. Our garden didn't have any flowers, as I recall, just green things, trees and flowering shrubs.

And then there'd be vendors who would come with eggs and chickens. I've forgotten how the rest of the things came. Probably other would take a servant and go to the market.

We had a wonderful teacher who was very famous out there, Miss Paddock. She was one-legged, and it fascinated us always. They didn't have prosthesis then, so she walked with crutches. She was a mathematics teacher, and an institution in the schools of Manila. After we came back here in 1910, she came through and had lunch with us. We had strawberries and she put her napkin over her head and licked the dish. Of course she was being humorous and flattering but we children never got over that, because we had good manners and to have this idol do this!

But she emerged from behind her napkin and laughed and said, "You'll have to forgive me,"--she saw the horror on our faces, I guess--"but a strawberry!" [Laughter]

Riess: When you were naughty, were you disciplined by your mother or your father?

Hagar: Oh, my father! I don't believe that the others ever did things that were wrong, but I ran away. And I had a particular friend, a lovely young woman who liked little girls and who had lots of paper dolls in her house. This was before we moved into our own home, so I must have been four or five during the awful period of running away.

I often have told my children that I grew up at the end of a rope, because they found the best thing to do was to tie me up by my foot to the bed, when I came home. I do remember having spankings administered by my father. Not too often, because they found, evidently, it didn't do any good. That must have been partly it, and partly it's quite irresponsible to run away and not tell anybody where you're going. So, I was tied up!

Recollections of Tom

Riess: Were there different expectations for Tom, the son in the family?

Hagar: Yes, I think so. My father once said to Tom, "No gentleman ever intentionally hurts a lady by word or action." This connotes a special code for the male, I think. We were raised in an era where boys and girls acted differently and were expected to maintain, as they grew up, the traditional characteristics of the two sexes, a far cry from some of the precepts of Women's Lib!

My earliest recollection of Tom was as a beautiful, gold-haired boy, with curls, who was kept absolutely from every bit of dirt. He was held, always, by the amah, and dressed in little, white dresses. Something was wrong with his back; he didn't walk. That, along with the fact that my mother was pregnant, was what sent us home so quickly in the winter of 1901. When we got to San Francisco my mother told me that they took him to a specialist and the specialist said, "He'll have to go into the hospital. His bones have not developed. He may never walk, and he must be in traction and be kept here in the hospital."

And my mother! Her one idea was to get to Pomona to her mother's home, because of the baby coming shortly, so she just left the doctor and took us all on the train, down to Pomona, and put little Tommy in Dr. Garcelon's care. (He was the family doctor who had delivered me.)

Dr. Garcelon said, "There's not a thing wrong with the child, except that he lacks calcium. He must get down in the dirt." And I would stand in my grandmother's gardens, under the great mulberry tree, and look at my brother in his white dress, sitting on the ground, eating dirt! I couldn't believe my eyes! Of course he was soon normal and strong--a handsome six-footer when he grew up.

Mother and Father Together

Hagar: I don't know how my mother managed us all. When you think that traveling was harder then! We were on the ships a month at a time, everything in trunks down in the hold! Every cabin could have one steamer trunk underneath the bunk--no beds, you know, no

Hagar: private bathrooms, the bathrooms were down the companionway. But they were wonderfully happy trips, eight times across the Pacific. (And others later.)

She must have been a good organizer, but then she always had plenty of help, too. Also in those early years in the Philippines, my mother evidently did volunteer work helping to organize the new department of education, registering the young men and women from the States coming to the Islands as teachers. But she wasn't a public kind of a person. She never made a speech. She disliked publicity, no matter what she was doing. Society publicity she avoided.

Through the years, many faculty people have said to me, "When I first came as a young girl here, my husband an instructor or a student, your mother meant a great deal to me." She did things quietly, without fanfare, keeping in touch, for one thing, with hundreds of people, stretching out her hand to them.

She was a great correspondent. She wrote fully of all her travels, starting in 1900 to the Philippines and on through their years of travel and public service, interestingly and in great detail. One thing we've always laughed about, she'd give menus! Some people are indifferent to food, but she was aware of it. She never ate overly much, but she was aware of it in her travels. Food tells so much about a country and its culture.

Separations

Riess: Can you remember the process of decision-making between your mother and father when there was a move, perhaps, contemplated?

Hagar: Oh yes. There always seemed to be complete compatibility, complete dependence, really, on each other's opinions. One never seemed to be more important than the other. It was always together. Though I must say that Mother's life was founded, certainly, on "Where you go, I shall go." And I've often thought that my father might have been an adventurer if he hadn't had a wife and children, because he had a great interest and curiosity about the world; interested in peoples, their cultures and their governments.

And yet, he couldn't have been a full man without these interests, as well as being such a complete husband and father.

Hagar: That was the most important thing. Having decided that was it, that was it! And these other things came to his life because she allowed it, like the time in Siberia in the First World War, when he was sent up from the Philippines. That's another whole episode.

He was sent to make a reconnaissance of the intelligence and military situation in Siberia in May 1918. This was after the 1917 revolution and the Bolsheviks were moving across Siberia. It was during this reconnaissance he came across the Cossack, Semenov. My father was a horseman of parts and, of course, the Cossacks are horsemen. Well, Semenov was so intrigued with my father that at one point (he became a man with a price on his head as time went along) he suggested to Dad that he give up everything and join him; they would sweep across Mongolia, and they'd divide it half and half! [Laughter] He really was a wild one, Semenov, though he was fighting the Bolsheviks too.

Riess: Was there family decision-making?

Hagar: With the children, no, not growing up. When he decided to resign from the presidency we were simply told. No, their decisions they made together. They had lots of decisions in their lives, lots of them.

When in 1917 he decided to ask for a University leave and go into the Officers Training Corps, we did have a family conference in which he explained how he felt about the war, and asked our cooperation and confidence. It was a moving occasion for us all.

Riess: Did your mother ever speak of missing her friends and family and so on when she was in the Islands?

Hagar: She missed them terribly; her family especially. My mother felt deeply, I think, about everything, and when separated from people she loved, I know she felt it very deeply, but she spoke little of it. For instance, when they went in 1932 and '33 to Germany where my father was Theodore Roosevelt Professor for a year in Berlin, I think she missed us all more than she almost ever had missed her children, partly because she wasn't terribly well. She had something wrong with her eye and thought she was going blind, and also because of the tense atmosphere in Berlin. Hitler was just coming into power.



Life in the Ojai-
About age 14



As a teacher in San Diego
1899



A Major "G2" on the Staff of the Commanding
General. Philippines. 1917. World War I.



Africa Safari - 1923



Major General of 40th Division,
National Guard, 1938

Hagar: That Christmas they made a record and talked to us. We could scarcely listen to it. She was so near and yet so far and our love and missing her were so great. We couldn't do it, because there was her voice! She felt deeply and was trying to be so gay and we knew this.

And also when she and my father were separated, she must have gone through agony again and again, but she was a private kind of a person.

She was the pivot of the family. She was the one who held us all together and understood us and took whatever came. She was stalwart and completely generous and selfless and always eager for the next experience. Nothing dull in their life together! She was a handsome woman, tall, slender, dignified and with style.

Pomona College and After

Riess: When your mother and father galloped off on their honeymoon what ideas did she have of what life was going to be like with him, or, in fact, what ideas he had?

Hagar: I don't know. He had a liberal arts education. They both did. She didn't graduate in that 1894 class because she had to go east that last year to stay with her sister whose child was dying. There were thirteen in that first class in Pomona. And of this wonderful, little group of students starting a new college, seven of them intermarried! One man married a girl in the class, and when she died, he married another one in the class. So, I think, with seven out of thirteen, it must have been a terribly queeny class! [Laughter] But it was a delightful class and we children grew up hearing all their names and knowing some of them later.

My father's ancestors had come from England in 1637, settling in Plymouth, later in South Carver, where there are Barrows tombstones, and then later on Martha's Vineyard. His mother was the daughter of Captain John Cole, the master of a whaling ship out of New Bedford; her name was Ella Amelia Cole; marrying Thomas Barrows, she became Ella Cole Barrows, which became my name.*

*See Genealogy, p. 259.

Hagar: My father had a wonderfully happy childhood and youth in Ojai. They had first lived in Oakland, moving west from Illinois for his father's health. One of his oldest friends was Mrs. Warren Olney, Jr. They both often referred, in years afterwards, to the episode when they first met at four or five years of age in Oakland. She was sitting in Sunday school, her father Dr. John McLean being pastor of the Congressional Church, and he was taken in by his nurse and plopped down beside her. He burst into tears and had to be taken out. Well, they always laughed about it. Mrs. Olney outlived him, over ninety when she died.

I remember once when Judge and Mrs. Olney were going to Europe. Mother was devoted to Mrs. McLean, Mary Olney's mother, and the McLean home was on Durant, below College, and Mrs. Olney said to my mother, "Would you go often and see my mother while I'm gone?" And I think Mother went every day! Dr. John Brian McLean founded the Pacific School of Religion. It was he who suggested my father going to Berkeley to study further after graduation from Pomona.

My mother and father were very much in love. And they had known each other for several years in this little group at Pomona College. They used to go on picnics and camping trips. And he, as he said, would gallop his horse down to Pomona from Claremont, where they lived, to visit this lovely young girl.

When they went east to get the doctorate they were very poor. They would take no financial help from either of their families, very proud. Nan was born in New York and they put her in the drawer of a chiffonier. That was her crib. And I remember my mother saying that they had oatmeal for breakfast every morning because it was cheap. And he would walk blocks to Morningside Drive to save the five cents carfare. Dad had been teaching and Pomona College hadn't been able to pay his salary. In his Memoirs he said Mother gave him a little \$5 gold bangle to sell. He got \$4 for it and that kept them a week in New York.

The trail from graduation at Pomona, an M.A. at the University of Californiat at Berkeley and friendship with Bernard Moses, and on to Columbia and Chicago where after two and a half years he obtained his doctorate in anthropology, is told briefly and well in his Memoirs. Certainly the summers spent among the Coahuilla Indians influenced the direction of his doctorate. The fact that his new, young wife, so gently

Hagar: reared, was willing and eager, and able, physically, to begin her life with him in a buckboard with two spirited horses, bound for Indian reservations, and for a good many weeks, at that, was certainly an early promise that their life together would be an unusual one. That it would turn toward education and administration certainly wasn't foreseen then. But they were very much in love and the world was before them.

Riess: What did she study? What might she have been, do you think?

Hagar: I don't know. It was probably a liberal arts education. I don't know that Mother took Greek, but she may have. My father took Latin and Greek, of course. They took philosophy and lots of English. She was a great reader, too, all of her life, both of them. My mother wouldn't have been professional, I'm sure. She had an exalted idea of Woman in the Home. Wife, mother, etc. and her life became far too involved and exciting and varied to leave time or inclination for a professional career. Furthermore few women were working at jobs in those days.

But I think that as far as what he was going to do for his livelihood it was probably toward education. They came back to Pomona and here I was coming. He didn't have any money and they stayed with the Nichols, Mother's family, in the lovely old adobe. And in order to pay Dr. Garcelon, the family doctor, Dad got a job as the night boss of a gang of Mexicans fumigating the orange groves. And that's, he said, the way he made the money to pay Dr. Garcelon for my birth.

I was born at home, in my grandfather's home, Cactus Lodge. Soon after my father was offered a teaching job at the San Diego normal school. Because he had been up here at the University and met Dr. Bernard Moses, who was head of political science, and President Wheeler, and they evidently had been impressed--he'd taken his M.A. work here--they never forgot him. And so, when the Taft Commission was looking for an anthropologist to go to the Philippines, evidently Wheeler or Moses suggested him.

It was anthropology at first, but the thing he really became interested in, evidently, came out of that, government and education, and administration.

Riess: Was money discussed at all openly when you were growing up?

Hagar: I wasn't particularly, in the Philippines, aware of it. He was making much more there as director of education than when he came here as a professor. Professors were getting about \$3,000

Hagar: a year and he was getting \$6,000 there, 12,000 pesos. And servants there were cheap. So of course when we came to Berkeley we were aware that his income had come down and that our life was different, certainly. I don't think we discussed money, but we were often told we "couldn't afford that." And Mother was very careful about our clothes.

I think there had been some thought of Nan going to Mills which would have been financially difficult. But as time went on, she herself decided she wanted to go to the University. She had friends here and was caught up in sorority rushing. Everyone seemed to want her as a member.

As a professor's family there were lots of things we couldn't afford. We knew that! Oh yes! And my mother was thrifty. I can remember my first \$5 pair of shoes. I could hardly wear them, they were so expensive! We were certainly aware of money during the years of my father being a professor. I don't know that we discussed it much. Our home was always open to relatives or friends who came to live with us for varying periods of time. I just never did understand how they were able to do that, financially and emotionally.

Health

(Interview 2, December 13, 1972)

Hagar: All of us survived unbelievably in those early days, when cholera was rampant, for one thing, and when malaria and typhoid were everywhere. Why, we lived with mosquitos! The last times I've been in the Islands, even in 1918 when we went back, the houses were screened. But in the early days the houses weren't screened, so we always slept under mosquito nettings. I grew up under a white mosquito netting, which had to be tucked in all around the little matate. And then, you'd turn the lights off, and then, you'd hear a mosquito. And there's something about a mosquito buzzing at night around your head that is both traumatic and nostalgic. We'd get up and SLAP! and eventually find the recalcitrant object!

But in all those years in the Philippines the only things we really suffered from--my father and I had terrible cases of measles, and I with complications nearly died. I couldn't have any water for what seemed like a week, but it must have been

Hagar: twenty-four hours or forty-eight hours. Dr. Saleeby saved my life. And he may have saved our lives several times.

And then, malaria and amoeba. My father and I both had malaria and I brought it home with me and it took several years to get rid of malaria fever. Now, of course, nobody gets it, because of anti-malaria pills, and anyway there isn't the malaria rampant and mosquitos are pretty much eradicated. But it's a fever that comes up in the afternoon, and even when I came back here I had attacks. I would dash for home and get into a hot tub and go to bed with a temperature. I guess it was quinine they were giving us even then. It took years to get over that.

The amoeba, of course, is the intestinal disease that came out of the tropics, and my father had it, and Betty, my younger sister, had it in college. And in those days, the treatment was severe, but it killed the amoeba.

It was Dr. Charles Kofoid, a great authority on intestinal parasites, who said to my father one day walking on the campus, "Have you ever had a test for amoeba?" And he was the one who discovered it and he was the one who discovered it in Betty. Terrible cramps, you know, amoebic dysentery. Anyway, both of those, eventually, were cured.

But other than that, we survived. And it's remarkable to think that we did, when everything, including water, ice, and everything that didn't have a peeling to it, had a germ on it! It was really a paeon to my mother that she was able to run a household in which all of her children survived during those early days in the tropics. So many Americans died!

"He Would Have Stayed"

Riess: At the end of 1909, in those last years, I guess, your father was hoping to get on the commission. Do you think that if he had been given the position that he wished on the Philippine commission that he would have just stayed there, or do you think his nature would have kept him moving anyway?

Hagar: Well, he would have stayed, because I think he would have felt that it was a climax to what he had done for the Philippines. And he liked administration. By rights, he should have, and many people felt that he should have become governor general.

Hagar: He was an anthropologist, so he knew about the people, and he was a man with a personality that attracted people. Everyone had great confidence in him. And I remember his saying once, when somebody said, "Well, of course, you were slated for governor general," that it was the book and the Catholics--I don't know whether you read that part about Roosevelt and Taft. Many of his friends were irritated at him, in a way, that he wouldn't compromise, but if he felt certain things were true, he was going to put them in the books.

And I think he felt he was just in describing the parochial education of the Catholics. Evidently he criticized it, not just in the books. He was critical of it and he wasn't going to change his feeling just to get a position. He never sought positions particularly, you know.

So, I think if he had gone on the commission, he would have been a tremendous asset. I don't know, but I have a feeling that he would have stayed a few years and done a marvelous job. Of course, he eventually agreed there should be independence, but he always felt that President Wilson gave it too early. And many old hands out there felt that too, that it was a political move. Wilson had promised them independence, and there was pressure, of course, from the Filipinos. [1934, partial independence; 1946, full independence] Dad felt it was too soon. And maybe he's vindicated, because, of course, they shortly went into what is rife now, which is political graft. Perhaps they weren't quite mature enough to take on, after the good start with the commission and the very wise organization of the colonial government, education, business, honesty, all those things. They weren't quite ready, maybe, to start out on their own.

Yes, I think he would have accepted it. His life would have been changed, but to my knowledge he never regretted coming to the University when he did.

Friends in the Islands

Hagar: And speaking of the Philippines, I was thinking of some of the people there, our friends. There were the Dean Worcesters. He was a commissioner and they and my parents became very close friends, Mr. and Mrs. Worcester. They had two children, Alice and Fritz. Alice was Nan's age and Fritz was mine and we were often together.

Hagar: I can remember once I was evidently spending the day at the Worcester's. They had a great, big house out by the Pasig River. Evidently Fritz and I were put in an enormous bathtub, the two of us. We must have been six or seven, and suddenly we got frightened about something and went--these two little, naked bodies--tearing down the enormous hall, cold as sin, because when you're frightened, you get awfully cold. And the Filipino nurse tearing along after us!

Well, Alice was a dear and she was a great friend of Nan's. And then we didn't see them for years. We came away, but we always heard about the Worcesters. Mrs. Worcester was a beautiful woman and I think she was the sister of the governor of Hawaii's wife, Mrs. Freer, both beautiful women.

When we were in the President's House, and I was living there in '20 and '23, Fritz came for tea. He was a tall, blond, slight young man. He was on his way east. Before the Second World War he went back to the Islands, and the Worcester family had large holdings of hemp and cane, in Cebu and Mindanao.

When the Japanese came into the Islands, in the southern part of the archipelago, he took to the hills and became a guerilla. This is all a bit hazy. And then something happened and there was a scandal. Maybe it happened before he took to the mountains. Somebody was supposed to be robbing the firm's safe, I guess a native, and Fritz shot him. Anyway, there was that hanging over him. Then he became a guerilla. The next thing I heard of him, he had married an English girl, and they were living down in the Caribbean.

About Alice--I hear about her every now and then. She married and had children and then I heard that her daughter was burned to death. Her daughter had just married and she and her husband were living in the basement of a house in the east which caught fire and they couldn't get her out.

Another family were the Wrentmores. I've forgotten what Mr. Wrentmore did, but I think there were four children in the family. Beth Wrentmore was my age, and the reason I speak of her is because she had a rather lurid life. [Laughter] (And you know, once having been closely associated in early days, we were part of each other in a way. And that's why we were interested every time we heard anything about the early Philippine families.)

Hagar: When Nan, Tom and I went back to the Philippines during the war, 1918, for the summer--my father and mother and Betty were there in the army--there was Beth Wrentmore, beautiful, tall, very straight, I remember.

 We played golf and she said, "You know, I've fallen in love with Governor Harrison and he's fallen in love with me." This was Governor General Harrison and he had quite a reputation with the ladies anyway, and he was, from what I gathered, not terribly sympatico with the Filipino people.

 But anyway, I was so overcome by the thought that this contemporary of mine--and Governor General Harrison was tall and handsome, with a devil in his eye, you know. Well, if he didn't divorce his wife and marry her! And then the next time I came upon her was right here in Berkeley. She had married him and they had been living in England, then in Morocco. And she said, "Gwenn [the younger sister, who was the age of Betty] came to visit us and he fell in love with her. And so, I divorced him." Isn't that lurid!

 And then, there was the wonderful, noisy Herdman family!
[Laughter]

II YOUTH IN BERKELEY

A New Life, Regent Street

Hagar: Well, anyway, here we came to this country in December, 1909, went down to Pomona, where my grandmother's home was, that old adobe, and then we came back here and rented a house on Regent Street, Regent and Parker, a shingled house that had three stories and, somehow, always had room enough for others, friends who would come and stay for a while. We'd move ourselves around to accommodate guests. We had one maid. We also had a Filipino boy, whom my mother had brought home as sort of a houseboy.

In those days, believe it or not, the grocery man, Mr. Flaherty, who had the grocery in the neighborhood, would come every morning to the back door. How different from today! He would lean on the door jamb, and take a list of things that we wanted, go back to the grocery store and bring them back. Isn't that service! You know, you go now and you pick out your own things and you push your basket around. At least I do, and you bring them home and carry them in. But that was service in those simple, lovely days! He, incidentally, fell for the cook, whatever her name was, briefly only! [Laughter]

Across the street from us was the fire engine that we adored, a beautiful, red fire engine and two gorgeous horses and at noon every day the bell clanged and the horses came and quickly stood under their yokes. This was part of our life and we loved them.

Then, did I speak of Gorman's, to you?

Riess: No.

Hagar: Gorman and Sons, the furniture store on the corner of Parker and Telegraph; that's a wonderful old concern. The great grandfather

Hagar: of the present generation started it. When we lived on Regent, he tethered his cow on Regent Street. I guess across the street from Gorman's was a vacant lot, and every night he would get his cow and bring him into a stable somewhere and then take him out every day at the end of a rope.

The grandfather was not involved, but the father, Rob Gorman--you probably never saw him, no, he's gone--was a delightful young man, with blond hair. And he was the one who carried on for years. I learned during the last war, only because I was associated with the Red Cross, that he had sent money, every month a check, all during the war to the Red Cross, quietly. Isn't that wonderful?

Now his two boys are carrying on, and that was four generations that lived in that area. They's so delightful and honest and easy to deal with--Gorman and Sons.

Riess: In the matter of coming back, was your mother really delighted to be coming back?

Hagar: Oh, I don't remember. She did what they decided together to do, with great grace and dignity. I think she liked the life in the Philippines. It was really a wonderful life in every way. But practically never did she make it known to us that she liked it or didn't like it. They always came to decisions together. Marvelous! I'm sure that she bowed to him, because she had the old-fashioned idea that he was the breadwinner and if his happiness lay in a certain job, then it was up to us to follow and be with him, you see. Maybe this is old-fashioned. I guess it is, more or less. But this is the way we were raised and she functioned.

Riess: You had been back and forth. How did you fit in? Were you more or less sophisticated than your schoolmates?

Hagar: Less sophisticated than American-raised girls. I think life was marvelous for us wherever we were. That's the way I look back on my childhood. And we had enough movement in our lives to be very flexible. If we lost out in a term and lived on a houseboat in China for a month and lost that schooling, it didn't make any difference because, somehow, we all caught up and graduated in a normal way. And life was full of interest. I guess that was the environment in which we were raised.

Hagar: I think we regretted leaving our life there, but we loved going to our grandmother's! All our cousins lived there, among the orange groves. It was just a great paternal sort of establishment. So, we went there and had a beautiful Christmas, with all the cousins and great doings, and then came up here to start the new school year in 1910.

I went to Emerson School for six months in the sixth grade. And I walked up from Regent Street. I made a lot of new friends, entirely different! Yes, they were much more sophisticated than I, I'm sure. Hazel Green taught me slightly about life--her father was a doctor and she was extremely pretty. She changed her name later to Dolores and married a Mexican. She and Maude Hinds, who had an Hawaiian background, were more sophisticated certainly than I. They'd never gone barefoot in the afternoon or climbed mango trees! [Laughter] I always enjoyed school, liked my teachers and found American life quite wonderful.

I don't know where Betty and Tom went. Nan went to McKinley School. We lived on Regent Street from 1910 to 1913, maybe three or three and a half years, and during that time, in the summers, my father traveled a good deal to South America and Mexico. And we had a lot of social life with young people, boys and girls, and Mother ran a busy household.

I remember we joined the church right away, the First Congregational Church. And when they had, two or three years ago, a dinner honoring all those who'd belonged over fifty years, there was I! I could hardly believe it, but as I look back on it, I think I must have joined in 1913, which means about sixty years in that church. I've known five ministers during that period. We had pews and all went to church and Sunday school. My father always wore the striped pants of those days and the cutaway and a tall, silk hat. I don't know when those things went out of style, but they were worn for church and for formal occasions like receptions.

Transportation

Riess: Did you walk to church?

Hagar: Yes. We had no car. We never had¹ an automobile until after we left the President's House in 1924. Can you imagine that? Never, in all those years, had the Barrows an automobile! And my father

Hagar: refused to have one. He'd much rather ride horseback to a formal dinner. He didn't, but he would like to have. He mentioned that several times. [Laughter]

Isn't that strange! I've often wondered, when we lived in the President's House, with so many demands on my father and mother, how they managed so well. Never having had an automobile we didn't miss it, perhaps. But on the other hand we had been raised with carriages or a driver.

We used streetcars, or later, the two taxicabs in town, which were driven by Mr. Perrin and his spinster sister, Miss Perrin, who must have had a bald head, because I never saw her without a turban wound around her head. She was never seen without it. They were dear, dear people and I hope they're happy now. The Wheelers and the Sprouls used them too. Earlier we walked or we took streetcars. Mother used them only when she was in the President's House.

Riess: Was it a matter of principle?

Hagar: No, no. Expense, partly. Lots of people didn't have cars. I mean, everybody in the family has a car now, but in those days-- that was sixty years ago--people didn't have them so commonly, and most people took the streetcars or walked.

I must admit that it was very hard on my false pride, at the age of fourteen and fifteen, to get on a streetcar and stream through the car, six of us! and be so conspicuous. I would wait and let the rest of them go in, and I would sit at the back alone. And my wonderful, darling mother never chided me. She understood teenagers. She was silent about it knowing that all things pass. My silly false pride! And I didn't like to carry bundles in public.

Did I tell you the time we were in quarantine on a ship coming into San Francisco? In those days when you came into port everybody gathered in the dining salon and there you sat, while the customs officials went over the lists. (They didn't look at your smallpox vaccinations, which were the one thing that everybody had, and which were often very large and awful after they took, you know, on your legs and arms.)

And so, the officer said, in a loud voice, "Mrs. David P. Barrows and forty children." And there was a terrible hush. And I guess everybody, after a month with us, felt there probably were forty! [Laughter] So, there was just a hush and then we got up, with dignity, and walked out, Mother and the four children. No humor! We should have giggled!

Religion

Hagar: But I was trying to think about those years in the Regent Street house. Church was important. Religion meant a great deal to my father and mother. At one time, my father, when he came here to do some graduate work at the University before he was married, got a job as secretary with the YMCA and had a room in Stiles Hall, the old building, and that's how he supported himself. And there was one time, he often laughingly said, when he had almost signed up to be a Volunteer of America, which would have meant going as a missionary to a foreign country.

We always went to church. These were the days when Judge Olney and my father looked very much alike. They both were tall and handsome; both had moustaches. And one day Betty was running along the sidewalk and she saw my father ahead, in his cutaway and grey striped trousers and tall, silk hat, and she went running up and threw her arms around his legs. And it was Judge Olney, who was a very dignified person! Betty was so embarrassed, she turned and ran home without a word. We loved Judge Olney, but--very reserved, very dignified!

We had our own pew in the First Congregational Church in Berkeley, next to the Seldon Smith pew, six people there too.

Riess: Was Sunday a quiet sort of day?

Hagar: Yes. In the early years of my life there were lots of things we couldn't do on Sunday. We couldn't sew. Isn't that absurd! The Puritans couldn't do it. And both my parents having come from early, early New England days--the 1630s, you see--from their families, we never danced on Sunday either, or played cards. Sinful! We didn't go to any fun places. We had lovely Sundays, because we were a family and we did things at home or with friends.

We always had a blessing at the table, every meal, until when we were in the Etna Street house, high school and college age. One night my father looked around the table at the six of us, and he said, "I don't believe any of you listened to the blessing tonight, and from now on I'm not going to say a blessing." And, you know, it really was a blow to us. We didn't say anything, but we all felt chagrined. We hadn't been listening! It was the same old blessing we'd heard for years! [Laughter]

Riess: Was he always rather "all or nothing?"

Hagar: No, "authoritarian" would be the last word to use about him. But certain things like that, I believe in it. I think it's a clean-cut way of doing it. Maybe the modern way would be to say, "Let's discuss this and you decide what you want to do," but then we might have ended up having to give the blessings! Anyway, we didn't question it. So, we never had a blessing, except on Thanksgivings. We always had good, long prayers at Thanksgiving about everything. But the blessing had been something special in all of us. We're not deeply religious, but we all have great respect for the church.

One of my daughters, who herself is a Congregationalist, married a Catholic. They have a grace at dinner. George will say, "Peter, would you like to say grace? No? Mary, would you?" And then, John will say, "I will." "Dear Lord, thank you for the food and thank you for grandmother being here and for making us a happy family." That type of thing. It's different every time. And sometimes none of the four children want to do it, so he says it. But that's the only family, of my children, who do say grace at meals.

My other children and their families belong to the Congregational Church and the Presbyterian Church.

Let me see what Regent Street still held for us. The church and Emerson, and then I went to the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades at McKinley. That was on Dwight Way, below Telegraph, the junior high school that was so famous. They had marvelous teachers. It was a block away from where we lived. But by then we had moved to College Avenue, near Parker Street.

Dr. Barrows and Education

Riess: Did your father give much consideration to the schools around here? I mean, being in education, did he think that the schools were very fine and there was no reason to send you elsewhere?

Hagar: He was content with the public schools. He believed in them. Berkeley High School was the highest accredited public high school in the States for years.

Hagar: He became dean of the faculties and then, when President Wheeler went to Germany, though he'd only been here a couple of years, they made him acting president in 1913.* And then, of course, in the summers, he traveled to South America and Mexico several times. He was also teaching and about that time he was appointed full professor, at thirty-four. He started in education and I think he taught one course in anthropology here. Then he went into political science for the rest of his life. He writes in his Memoirs of his satisfaction at this.

Riess: How did education fail him as a field? Did he ever feel that?

Hagar: Oh yes! Not then. I never was aware of it then, but later on--and maybe this was when he was President--I had heard him sound off on the old department of education as being so inadequate! His idea was what I think they now have adopted, which is making an education major take on a cross-section of all the different subjects. But in those days, it was just terribly dull. And everybody who went through the education department felt it was boring beyond extinction; there were too many so-called "education" classes, perhaps. It's far more exciting now, I think.

Riess: And there was no way he could have reformed the department?

Hagar: No, no. Not in that simple a way. But I think he did try when he was President, certainly. I'm sure he must have let his ideas be known and maybe it started to change then. But he found it wasn't his greatest interest. I'm sure he felt, as time went along, that administration--you know, he was a good administrator and he had a lot of experience in it--and that government, current government, government of the world, was the subject that he always felt was so exciting as well as relevant. And he was a marvelous teacher. He never wrote a great deal and he probably would have had his head chopped off during the era of "write or perish," but he was an outstanding teacher.

*"Barrows visited the University of California as a lecturer in anthropology in the spring of 1907. In January, 1910, he was called to the University as professor of education and in August, he was appointed dean of the Graduate School. In 1911, he succeeded Bernard Moses as professor of political science and in July, 1913, he was appointed dean of the faculties. He acted as President while President Wheeler was on leave during the fall semester of 1913." p. 16, The Centennial Record of the University of California, U.C. Printing Department, 1967.

Mills College and Susan Mills

Hagar: Another thing came into our lives that he gave some attention to, and that was Mills College. Susan Mills was a cousin of my grandfather Nichols; she and her husband Cyrus had founded Mills College. And my grandfather, Benjamin Nichols, had come from Vermont and became president of the Pomona Land and Water Company.

My mother had been born when her parents were fifty, and she was married when she was twenty-one, so that made them seventy-ish, when her children came along. So, I knew them in their seventies and eighties. And I adored my grandfather, though I never saw enough of him. I'd see him every two years when I came from the Philippines, and he would take me riding in his carriage as he oversaw his property. This odd little girl-- he always had my hair cut, when I came from the Philippines, like a boy's, and he'd call me "Billy Boy." That photograph was evidently taken on one of our California visits and my grandmother had it enlarged and colored and put in a heavy gold frame, and gave it to my grandfather for Christmas or a birthday. And it always hung by his dresser.

After both of them died and the old home there was sold, my aunt sent me this great thing. And I remember I had it here and all my children viewed it with dismay, you know. And what to do with it? I said, "Now, nobody wants any --!" "No," Mary said. She may have been seven or eight. At last she said, "I know what we'll do with it. We'll put it right up there over the living room fireplace and then everybody can laugh who comes in!" [Laughter] And I thought, "Well, now, is this the way they feel about it?" I do too! So, it's in the basement.

Riess: Well, why did he have your hair cut that way?

Hagar: I don't know. I had braids, long, thin braids, and he said it would be thicker when I grew up if it were cut off. And so, he would take me and get it cut off. It looks a little odd. And then he'd buy me a great sack of animal crackers in the bulk and nothing ever tasted like that! Well, anyway, that was my darling grandfather and we were devoted friends.

There's my mother at Pomona. [Points to picture.] And there's my father and mother, about the time of their marriage, I guess. Anyway, how did I get started? Oh, Mills! I mustn't go wandering off like that!

Hagar: But the Millses came, Susan and Cyrus Mills, because of the Nicholse being in California. They were New Englanders and had been teachers in India. They established Mills Seminary in Benicia.

Visits to the College

Hagar: Later they bought the present property and started the Mills College. We often stayed a few days in Mills Hall on our way to and from the Philippines.

We never knew Mr. Mills. We always called her Auntie Mills and I never thought much about how strange until somebody once said, "Why 'Auntie Mills?' Why not 'Aunt Susan' or something?" And I said, "I don't know. I never questioned it."

She was a lovely little woman, with her long, black skirts touching the floor, and white hair. And trotting down the halls with her little Pekingese dogs! We used to love our visits there. How Auntie Mills could bear it, I don't know. But we had lovely associations.

Riess: Why do you think of yourselves as being such a big, troublesome family?

Hagar: Well, we were pretty well behaved, but, you know, four, two years apart! Well, four active little children! [Laughter]

It has always seemed amazing to me that we got where we got, you know, that Mother was able to get us all on the train, with trunks and baggage. We always had a drawing room and then two or three other berths, and then, a companion with us. And we'd go to Pomona overnight, on the old "Owl."

You know, now you'd get on a plane and in an hour you'd be there, and now there would be automobiles. The movements of this group, with the trunks, the bags and steamer trunks! We never went across the Pacific without numberless steamer trunks and suitcases and heaven only knows what else! For instance, to go to Mills College you'd get off a ship in San Francisco, in those days, and I imagine we'd go by taxi to the ferry.

On the ferry boat we'd come over to the pier in Oakland, way down on Seventh Street, and get on a black train with a

Hagar: snarling engine, all of us pushing us on with all our luggage! [Laughter] We'd go on the black train to some place in Oakland. Then we'd get on the Leona Heights streetcar, which was like Toonerville Trolley, I'm sure. We'd all pile onto there. Then, we'd go to Leona Heights, which was a little station at the edge of Mills College, and pile off. And there would be Michael, with the two- or three-seated carriage and horses, and we'd all get into that and be driven down to Mills Hall and unload on Auntie Mills.

And once when we were staying there, just before going back to the Islands, I got poison oak. And we had to cancel our sailing and stay two weeks with Auntie Mills. [Laughter] Can you imagine the horror? Here she was, trying to run a girls school! We shall never forget her kindness.

Riess: Yes, assuming that you were just kind of howling, naughty children.

Hagar: We weren't. We weren't then. We were under control. But even so, fitting a woman and her four children into the one great building of a seminary, with all these young college girls! [Laughter] And, you know, we always ate with Auntie Mills in the small dining room and we always had that marvelous milk and brown bread in the middle of the morning, all the girls did too. Her Chinese cooks were famous. She always had Chinese cooks, sixty or seventy years ago. Her girls had to have good nourishment.

Dr. Barrows' Trusteeship

Hagar: When we came back to live here Auntie Mills asked my father to be a trustee and he became president of the trustees of Mills. That's just one of many other activities that he had, along with teaching and administrating.

I can remember his coming home one day and saying to my mother, "I think, in some small way, I've paid our debt to Auntie Mills, because today I had to tell Dr. Carson" (who was the president and who was extremely unpopular and unfortunate as a president of Mills) "that the trustees were going to ask her to resign. And she didn't know what I was talking about!" He added it had been a hard occasion. So then, after Dr. Carson left, Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt came and she was president for many

Hagar: years and gave it a great shot in the arm, and did a wonderful job when Auntie Mills died.

Auntie Mills had a fantastic, well-known collection of teapots. You've probably never heard of that, but at the end of Mills Hall, there was a large room filled with cabinets. And I remember, years later, there was a whole window of Shreve's with some of Mrs. Mills' teapots. Just gorgeous! From all around the world! This was her hobby. Some of them are still exhibited beautifully in Mills Hall, now the administration building, and declared an historical monument.

But it was a lovely association through the years. Two of our cousins went there when it was a seminary, and then later it was a college, of course. And our association has always been very precious to us, through Mills, because we've gone there so often. My father was a trustee and my husband was a trustee and attorney for Mills. And there's an Associate Council, which I've been on now for some years, made up of women around the Bay Area, who are a sort of public relations, money-raising group for Mills, not graduates of Mills.

Incidentally, Mr. Mills was president of Punahou School of Hawaii, in Honolulu, at one time. And Mrs. Mills is highly spoken of in the histories of Mills College, which picture her on a dashing horse in Honolulu. I never knew dear little Auntie Mills could ride a horse, even in her better days. They must have been there several years between being missionaries in India and coming here to California.

This connection makes it fun to think now of my three grandchildren going to Punahou. George's children.

Riess: Other trustees, when your father was on the board of Mills, were Mr. Olney and Borax Smith.

Hagar: Oh yes. I didn't know him, but he was quite a figure. He had wealth and he had a great establishment. Oh, and the Scotts!

Riess: Yes. Mr. Scott of Alameda.

Hagar: Oh yes! I remember him well. In fact, his home is in one of these books of early East Bay homes. And his granddaughter Marjorie Scott Cedrain is one of my very closest friends. Yes, I do remember George Scott, and going there for dinner one night with my father and mother.

Hagar: After we came to live in Berkeley, my parents went often to Mills College. I wonder how they got there, with no car.

Happy Family Memories

Shopping

Riess: It sounds like a great waste of time, riding on public transportation.

Hagar: No, it was different in those days. You know, I allow myself ten minutes, or sometimes fifteen, to get anywhere now, and twenty minutes to get to San Francisco. But in those days we allowed ourselves time to get places.

Going to San Francisco for shopping was terribly important. In the early days in Berkeley my mother, as I recall, never ever went to Oakland, never bought a spool of thread in Berkeley or Oakland. Yes, at Brake's on Durant and Telegraph, small things maybe. But we'd have real excursions to San Francisco, where a whole day would be given, and it was generally one daughter, alone with our mother, you see, which was just magic! And we'd have a long list and we'd go over on the black train, then the ferry, and then the streetcar, and shop and shop! We'd have lunch always at Townsend's and come home on the ferry in the afternoon and sit there and write down everything we got--oh, what fun!--the price. And we'd come home the same way, on the black train, and walk quite a distance to home. We didn't seem to hurry in those days.

Riess: And was all the stuff delivered later, or did you bring it home?

Hagar: Oh, I don't think they delivered much. I think we carried it. I can remember bundles and bundles. Oh, perhaps some of it was sent. But you know, we wore hats and coats and gloves and things like that! [Laughter] And life was so much more formal, in a way. But naturally, with four children and on a professor's salary, my mother was very careful. We had to be careful, for years and years.

One of the most wonderful things that my father did when he was President, you know, was to get the faculty salaries up.

- Hagar: When we came, \$3,000 was average, I believe. Of course, you've got to take into consideration inflation, in a big way, but even so, the professors' salaries--they were poor but respectable in those days. And he worked very hard on that and did get the legislature to increase salaries. This was one of his important contributions as President though some of the faculty didn't seem to appreciate what he had done for them.
- Riess: Was a lot of your sewing done for you?
- Hagar: All done. Well, not all done, no. We bought some things. But dresses and things like that were done for us. Dressmakers came to the house. And with three daughters, you know, that's really something!
- Riess: Did you wear hand-me-downs from each other?
- Hagar: Yes, yes. Oh, that's just a stock in trade in our family! And with my eleven grandchildren, you know, we pass on all the time. I said to John this morning--he spent the night with me last night--"Now where did you get that good-looking jacket?" "Oh," he said, "That came from Auntie Mary and Parke." Oh yes, it's a great institution! Do people have too much pride to do that now?
- Riess: Not at all.
- Hagar: Of course, I did have hand-me-downs from my sister, but, on the other hand, we were a little bit different figure and, furthermore, she was still wearing it when I needed something new, so I did have new things too, particularly in the Philippines. I can remember lovely dresses made by the dressmaker, who would come and stay day after day, you know.

And here, well, we just thought we had beautiful things. And when I look back on them, they were ghastly! Big hats, you know; a new one to wear to the Parthenia, when I was about fourteen, which I shall never forget, wide brim and loaded with flowers.

Holidays

Riess: What did you do in summers, when your father went off?

Hagar: We often went to Pomona. And we did amazing and wonderful things, all the cousins. There was a train track, Southern Pacific, I guess, between our fields and the Genicia Hills of Pomona. We used to take things down and put them on the tracks, like nails, you know, and things like that. Lovely flattened objects to keep as souvenirs!

Celebrations were so vivid there. American holidays were especially celebrated in the midst of such a big family. Fourth of July for weeks beforehand, buying, trading and hoarding fire-crackers, the day ending with a great outdoor picnic in the garden of my grandmother's, and fireworks in the fields, as we all sat on the farm wagons. And baskets of flowers hung on aunt's and uncle's doors for May 1st; and Thanksgiving, when we were there one year, a replica, I'm sure, of the Pilgrims' First Thanksgiving--all the wonderful things the Philippines didn't have in those early days.

Our Christmases in the Philippines had been different, to say the least. One year in the provinces, I remember we had a branch of a tree for a Christmas tree. My mother loved celebrations and gifts giving, not only birthdays and Christmas, but New Years and Easter, and though things were many times very simple, there was always gaiety and appreciation.

Music Lessons

Riess: Did you have lessons in the Philippines, and here?

Hagar: In Manila, we had dancing. We learned the Rigadone, Nan and I. That's the wonderful, formal, light, Filipino dance, sort of like the minuet danced in a large group, standing opposite one another. And when we were here, I don't remember dancing classes, but we had music lessons. Nan and I had piano. Clara Stowe Douglass taught me for some years, and I learned to play "Good-bye Forever." [Laughter] Oh dear!

We had a beautiful piano in the President's House. And I'll tell you one cute story about that piano. I wasn't studying, but I played, for the enjoyment of my father, mainly.

Hagar: Betty, my younger sister, when she was in college was beautiful and always so full of vitality, a complete extrovert. My mother didn't send her away to college, because she needed a mother's hand and a mother's understanding. And she and my mother were very close. She was always doing slightly wilder things than Nan and I did, you know. We were the conservative type. But Betty always was bringing strange people back home. She has a great flair for people, you see, and animals, and a great heart for everything. Quite a gal!

And she used to bring one girl home, who was taking graduate work in piano and was very musical. She had a scholarship and was an orphan, terribly unhappy, and a most different looking girl. But Betty would bring her home to let her play the piano. I remember she told me once that when she graduated she thought she had a scholarship to Paris.

Well, this person turned out to be Antonia Brico, who, for many years, was the only woman conductor of an orchestra. She conducts the Denver Symphony and was honored by the city changing the name of this body to the "Brico Symphony."

Do you know what the Berkeley Fellows is? Well, when we went to our first dinner, we were seated at tables of eight. And if there wasn't Antonia Brica! We fell into each other's arms! [Laughter] She was an ugly duckling, if there ever was one, who turned into this masterful musician, director of the Denver Symphony.

She was so cute that night! Who was sitting at the table? (There are so many more men than women in that organization, that there must have been four men and two of us women at our table.) Anyway, Antonia had a little, tiny camera and she sat there and took pictures of us around the table. At one point-- I was sitting next to Walter Haas--she said, "Now Ella, get over there closer to Mr. Haas! I want to take your picture." [Laughter]

But anyway, isn't that entertaining that she would turn out so! And she frequently flies from Denver just to attend that annual dinner at the Chancellor's.

But, to go back to our life on Regent Street. In 1913, we moved to College Avenue and Parker, which was only about three blocks up, a little nearer the hills. It was just one of those typical shingled houses on College, and had a lot of rooms. Next to us was Professor Merrill and his family. Esther Merrill

Hagar: married Professor Fay, who was professor of French for so long. And Esther's still living. On the corner lived the so-called "Potato King," a Japanese family.

We could only have lived there two or three years. Nan went to college and was rushed off her feet by every sorority. She used to come home so enthusiastic, you know and so excited, so torn between all these sororities. Everyone wanted her, partly because of the popularity of our parents, as well as for herself.

We had always thought we might go to Pomona College, where Mother and Father had both graduated, and which we loved, in Claremont, you know. Or to Mills, where we had been associated so many years. But I think the main reason we didn't was that Nan was living right here and also it was much cheaper and we were caught up in the University.

McKinley Schooldays

Hagar: But I'd like to go back to talking about McKinley just a bit. In the ninth grade, we were living on College Avenue. And I guess it wasn't until the ninth grade that I did a lot of things in school. For instance, I was commissioner of law and order, if you can imagine anything stuffier than that.

Riess: That couldn't have made you very popular. Or was it a great honor?

Hagar: [Laughter] I think it was an honor. I never felt very important in it, but it was important, because when a bell rang, everybody lined up in lines in the yard, and the person who was the commissioner of law and order--if that isn't a terrible name!--came out and stood on a side of the stairway going down to the great yard, and when everybody was quiet, she then stepped into the hall, motioned to the piano player, and came out and nodded, and the piano started, and everybody marched in! [Laughter] And I can still see myself! I don't know what the value of things like this was.

It was the sailor suit era then, everybody wore sailor suits. Sometimes they were navy, trimmed with red, sometimes white, and great, big bows in the hair. I guess our hair hung

Hagar: down our back in braids or something, for we all wore great big bows at the back of our necks.

And then I became involved in the magazine called The Target, and was assistant editor in the ninth grade. Of course, a boy was editor and that happened, at the moment, to be my beau, who was Charlie Honeywell. The Honeywell family had been the first family, really, we'd met when we came on Regent Street, because Margaret was Nan's best friend and Charlie was mine. We had a marvelous English teacher, Miss Christie, who was the sister of Walter Christie, the popular coach. Miss Christie never married and she was just a stiff, ramrod old maid and the best English teach in the school system. She also had charge of our work with The Target. It was all an unforgettable association with a superior teacher.

Riess: How come a boy wasn't the commissioner of law and order?

Hagar: I don't know. As a matter of fact, I think the girls and boys were separated. So, I was just the girls'. I don't ever remember a boy doing it. And yet, the boys' yard was on the other side, so they must have lined up and marched, but evidently, ladies first. I was given the privilege of starting the piano. [Laughter]

I debated, too. I can remember a debate that Charlie Honeywell and I had against another school. It had something to do with building up a large navy for America. I think we were the affirmative. Now this was about 1913, ninth grade. Charlie was editor of the paper The Target and I was assistant editor, and life was full of a number of things. Lots of social life.

From then on, through two years in high school, most of my social life was with girls who were going to Anna Head's, and the boys were all Berkeley High. There was no private boy's school, as I remember--Eta Zed, but I don't remember anybody who went there.

There was "La Jeunesse," which was a dancing group, invited by a couple of dowagers of Berkeley. And those two dowagers were Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Martinez. Mrs. Williams' son was in our crowd. It's a big Williams family, Mrs. Walter Radcliff was a Williams. Mrs. Williams always wore a long handsome black velvet evening gown and strings of pearls to the dances. They lived in one of those big houses on Piedmont Avenue which is now a fraternity house.

Hagar: And the other was Mrs. Martinez, whose son was one of our best friends too, later on. Those two women, mainly, ran "La Jeunesse," which was a dancing group at Town and Gown Club. And even though most of the girls were, I guess, Anna Head girls, I was invited and used to go to those parties.

We had all kinds of parties in our homes. We used to have the progressive dinners, just a small group, say, of four or five couples, organized by our mothers. Progressive dinners, and we walked everywhere.

Riess: Were you a leader at Berkeley High as well as at McKinley?

Hagar: No. I was a "closet girl" there. The point was, when I went to Berkeley High I suddenly realized in the sophomore year that I could graduate in two years down there instead of three. In fact, anybody can who wants to, of course. I had five solids and all you had to have to go to the University was fifteen units.

So, I never got involved in any extra-curricular activities, as I did at McKinley and at the University. I just went through there and did my work and had my social life after school. And I graduated in 1915.

"Our Crowd"

Hagar: Our social life was in a little "clubhouse," one room, belonging to Alice Dornin, who was my best friend, a Head's girl, and whose father and mother were separating at that moment. She lived with her father in a house on Benvenue with property that went through to College Avenue and it was just half a block away from where we lived. He had what we called "the Dew Drop Inn," in the back yard. It was a small house with one room with a victrola, but here is where we gathered. And it's a lovely thing for teenagers! (My children did it at the tennis club. You know, Tom Stowe--I used to say to him, "They don't play much tennis, but you give them the care and attention after school that is necessary for that age." Young teenagers are looking for social life together at that age.)

So, we'd all gather. The boys would come up from Berkeley High on their motorcycles. One of them was Bob Howard, who became a well-known artist of many parts. And Don Gregory, the

- Hagar: attorney in San Francisco, and Walter Snook, about twelve or fourteen of us. Every afternoon, practically, there we'd gather and just talk, and maybe dance a little, and maybe, in the next vacant lot, play kick the rock or something.
- Riess: And this was generally approved? Parents knew that their children were there?
- Hagar: Oh, yes. Supervised, because Mr. Dornin was an old stickler, and he'd come out every now and then. But there weren't the difficulties that teenagers have now. There were no other temptations, like pot or anything like that. It was just good, healthy, wonderful companionship.
- Riess: Motorcycles surprise me.
- Hagar: Yes, me too. It surprised us. And we'd have house parties. One of the girls' family had a house at Inverness, Polly Wilkinson, and we went up a couple of times to wonderful house parties. The girls would all stay with her and her mother and the boys would go up on their motorcycles, very respectable motorcycles. The connotation now is slightly different, isn't that interesting!

We would go by train, as I recall. Maybe two or three had automobiles, but we never went with the boys in the automobiles. They would go separately and they would rent a house. All the girls would wear white middies and dark blue skirts. Oh dear! [Laughter] Sometimes you had a whole middy suit. We would go swimming at Shell Beach and picnic and oh, wonderful fun!

Mr. Dornin, a very indulgent father, would also take us out, just Alice and me. I remember these were sophisticated things that our family couldn't indulge in. He'd take us to the Palace for dinner, or to lunch, and I remember he took us once to see Billie Burke in something. We thought she was the most wonderful actress.

I was with Alice a lot. I would spent the night. She had a couple of rooms upstairs, and he had his downstairs. I'd go very often for dinner. It was always very elegant, compared to what we had, but Alice loved to come to my home, which had brothers and sisters, and father and mother, and it was very much more informal. She thought it was marvelous and I thought hers was wonderful, to get away from my family and be waited on a bit more elegantly than we were, you know.

Hagar: So, that was part of high school, and then Alice was married, in 1915. She had gone up to visit her godmother and she met and fell in love with a Yale man, who lived in Tacoma.

It was very exciting for our crowd! All the festivities! She had a beautiful wedding, just around Christmas of 1915 at St. John's. I was the maid of honor, and there were six bridesmaid, and if you can imagine anything more fluttering, we wore tulle! Each tulle gown, with a tulle hat to match, was a color of a rainbow. And mine was made of all the colors! [Laughter] Her trousseau was beautiful. Well, it was all wonderful.

Riess: How truly innocent were girls in that day?

Hagar: Oh very! Unbelievably!

Riess: What sort of lovely novels did you read that gave you intimations of what life might be like?

Hagar: Well, if we read of what life was like, it fell off of us. I think we were all very innocent! Things that are talked about daily now in grammar school were not mentioned then. Can you understand?

And it was not easy for families to tell their children about sex and what is now called "mental health." For instance, I never knew how babies were born until I was a freshman in college. Can you imagine that? Dr. Romilda Paroni was our adored women's doctor, and she gave the course, Freshman Hygiene, to the freshman. There we began to learn a little bit about all kinds of things. But until then, at least my mother never could tell us anything.

However, children sixty years ago knew plenty about morality, and behavior, values and high ideals. We learned them from observing our parents and were expected to follow certain traditions of living without much discussion or deviation, but a pleasant, safe acceptance.

It was a strange, different world. As far as romance was concerned, we were deep in romance! Alice Dornin's engagement and marriage was just part of it!

Sunday Suppers in the College Avenue Home

Hagar: I should speak here of our home on College Avenue. My father and mother were young faculty and very popular, and they gathered about them young college students. You could do it much more easily and frequently then, because college was so small, compared to what it is now, and much more personal. At least two Sundays a month, for supper, they had young college students. I was in high school, but was allowed to participate. And they were the most wonderful affairs!

The name you wouldn't recognize, but I might as well say some of the names. For instance, Deborah Dyer was prominent on the campus and she was engaged to Claire Torrey, who was a tremendous person. He went to Belgium when my father did, with the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and was one of the young American volunteers.

Then there was the Kruse family. They were an early American family in the Philippines. They made their money in the northern provinces of Baguio and Benguet, in silver and gold mining. We had known them there. Maryly Kruse and Priscilla Kruse and Le Roy Kruse. That's a famous family in University of California history. Le Roy Kruse is active in the University Alumni Association, the California Historical Society, and has many other interests. And he's a great horseman, living out here in Danville. Maryly married Wyman Taylor. We always called him Pig Taylor in college. They were one of the young couples who used to come to these Sunday night suppers. Deborah and Claire used to come.

Another were the Riebers, Dorothy Rieber and Frank, her brother, son and daughter of Professor and Mrs. Rieber.

The supper was very informal, served buffet. There was always hot chocolate and whipped cream, I remember. No alcohol of course. And then they'd sit around the living room and play games. One of them was a mental game. Frank Rieber had some sort of extrasensory sense. He'd come in blindfolded and we'd all concentrate on what he'd do, and he'd do it. He was the only one, as I recall, who had this ability. But it was just absolutely magic to me!

Riess: You mean, he would stand there and they would have thought of something for him to do?

Hagar: We would decide on something and then everyone concentrate on his doing it. He would go to a certain table, for instance, and take off a book, and hand it to somebody. And time after time, he could do it! and more complicated things than that too. Isn't that crazy!

Those were lovely friendly affairs, with talk on many subjects as well as games, for it was an especially bright and gifted group.

The Charles Riebers were among my mother and father's closest friends. And the Strattons and the Thorsens. Professor Stratton was head of the psychology department. The Thorsens, who weren't faculty, had that great, big house, right across from the I House, on the corner of Piedmont, the present Sigma Phi house. It was a beautiful home. There's supposed to be not a nail in it. It has a ballroom downstairs and they were always giving parties. We three Barrows girls would draw straws to see which couple had to go! (This was after we were married.)

There was a great group of faculty. And a few people, like the Thorsons, and the Hicks, were in business. But very congenial.

Riess: Were the evenings with the students mostly fun, or would your father institute serious discussions of current issues after these suppers?

Hagar: I don't remember that particularly. I'm sure they had interesting discussions. I may have been packed off to study and bed.

Riess: Would they come to him with troubles and problems also, as an advisor?

Hagar: Yes, they did. And to my mother too. I know there was a great deal of this. They were loved by students and available. This went on at our home and I'm sure it went on in Dad's office at the University. They were chosen by students, very generally, as chaperones. Students used to have faculty at their houses for dinner, and in the boarding houses, and there were always faculty chaperones at the large dances.

III UNIVERSITY YEARS, 1915-1919
(Interview 3, December 18, 1972)

Ella's Studies and Professors

Riess: What were your ambitions when you entered college?

Hagar: Well, in those days girls didn't work nearly as much. I majored in economics and I thought blissfully of social welfare, that type of thing--do-gooder. That was one of the fields open for women. Now, of course, every field is open to them.

I took an economics major and a public speaking minor, having to have a major and a minor in those days. We had certain prescribed courses in our freshman year to get off, a certain amount of math and language and science. So, I had to have another year of Latin and another year of science. The rest was elective. And for modern language, I took German. In my freshman year, I finished all my requirements.

Two of the main courses were taught by women professors, Dr. Jessica Peixotto and Miss Lucy Stebbins. It was the era of Jane Addams and settlement houses, and this appealed to all of us who were starry-eyed, you see, all going in to be settlement-house workers! [Laughter] You could be a social worker, in those days, without taking graduate work such as now is required in the Social Welfare department. It's scientific now, and fifty years ago it was much more emotional and do-gooding. Jane Addams' settlement house in Chicago was the epitome of the whole thing.

Riess: How would you have known so much about Jane Addams?

Hagar: She belonged to everyone and her settlement house, Hull House, in Chicago. She had a new philosophy of social work, which was embodied in the establishment of settlement houses, and that's the way you worked in communities. The larger the settlement house was, the larger the community, or vice versa. It's more

Hagar: scientific now based on casework, etc.

But, because I always took eighteen units, I also could take lots of things that were interesting in those four years, that had nothing to do with economics. I got interested in Russian literature. There was a wonderful little man on the campus, Dr. Sascha Kaun, a white Russian, of course, and I took some courses with him on literature, politics and history and, of course, the whole white Russian background of Dostoevsky and Turgenev and Tolstoy and Gogol and Chekov. All of those people were much read and much discussed, as well as the history of Russia up to the 1917 revolution and currently. We were in the middle of history!

I took very little English. I took history. Those were the days of K.C. Leebrick, for freshman and sophomore year, I think, and then he left and went to the University of Hawaii, a popular teacher. And, of course, Henry Morse Stephens. We all started college with his History 1A-1B, which was always an enormous class held in Harmon Gymnasium. And, of course, I knew him personally, and what a figure and what a darling! He was very heavy and he would trot, with his cigar in his mouth, and arrive at Harmon Gymnasium, where his hundreds of students were sitting breathless, and park his cigar underneath one of the beams of the platform. The platform was a rude sort of a thing and he'd climb the stairs with some difficulty and much puffing.

He had a British accent and a distinguished command of English. He was British. His remarks on the Holy Roman Empire were classics. He'd say [mimics him in British accent], "The Holy Roman Empire, neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire!"

I remember once I called for him with a friend who had a car, because, of course, we didn't, to take him to dinner to the Alpha Phi house. In those days the house was on Ridge Road, on a very steep hill above Gayley Road. And getting him out of the car, on the lower angle, and pushing him into the car when we went to leave! I did not think we could do it safely!

He belong to everybody, Henry Morse Stephens. He was a great friend of my father's and a great figure on the campus. In fact, there were many distinguished figures on the campus who were known and loved by the students. But it's so large now, and much more impersonal!

There was Gayley, and though I never took his Great Books course, I knew him and his family. But isn't that strange? I

Hagar: never took English. I took very little philosophy.

The only philosophy I ever took was one wonderful course with Professor John Adams. We always called him "What Not" Adams. He was tall and stooped, with a high squeaky voice, and dear. He used to frequently end up "...and what not." I remember one book we studied in depth, The Instincts of the Herd in War and Peace, by Veblen--relevant! I wonder if it's studied now. Adams' was a psychology/philosophy course and the only one I ever took. I was very down-to-earth, evidently, and not intellectual.

I know I'm too conscientious, a terrible, New England conscience, sort of a bore. In my freshman year, for a whole year, I had three Saturday classes, Saturday at eight, nine and ten, and they were all recitation classes. Everybody had tried to avoid them, because social life was Friday and Saturday nights, and to get up and to go to an eight, nine, and ten, and every one of them recitation, was real discipline! [Laughter] And that's my only claim to fame, in my freshman year, for I don't think I missed any of them.

One was Latin, with Professor Deutsch, who became Dean Deutsch and was a great figure. But in those days, he was a young professor of Latin. And in these little classes on Saturday, you were very close to your professor, and you recited every day. I had public speaking with Professor Flaherty on Saturday mornings; they were three-days-a-week classes, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and very unpopular, because of the Saturday class. The other was a public speaking section. No TAs in those days, but the real professor!

Riess: Did you imagine that the public speaking would be a good thing to go with the social work, or did that just appeal to you?

Hagar: It just appealed to me. I've always enjoyed amateur acting. Later on, in my senior year, we acted plays. I studied with Professor von Neumeyer, who was English and had been a handsome actor in his youth.

The small class once gave "Helen of Troy" in the Greek Theater to an audience of the five other students in the class.

In Professor Flaherty's class we would begin with, say, essays and articles we'd write and then speak. I must say that in the years that followed, when speaking for a cause before a group of people, it never bothered me. I never did it very well, but at least I was perfectly at ease and never terrified. I think those are the things that helped and I'm grateful that I chose it.

Riess: And you had been doing it in high school too, or in junior high, hadn't you?

Hagar: Oh, yes. In junior high school I'd do debating and was in a play and things like that. And then, I've enjoyed acting in amateur theatricals. But it was not trying to make myself a good speaker necessarily, because of public life.

I did have some wonderful teachers. For instance, in my freshman year, there was Dr. John Merriam, a very close friend of my father's, and head of the Paleontology Department, later head of the Carnegie Foundation. A very distinguished person. One of his sons, Laurence, was a classmate through high school and college.

Epidemiology was an interesting course with a good teacher, whom I knew outside of college too, Dr. Force. That is a fun thing to take, because you diagnose your family, though quite uncomfortable for them!

I took Professor Rieber's logic course in my freshman year. It was a large course in California Hall, Logic 1A-1B, and I loved it! At the end of one semester, while I was taking Logic 1B, I was asked to read in Logic 1A by Dr. Rieber. I earned a little bit of money, I've forgotten what it was, ten dollars a month, maybe. The other person who was reading--and we often laugh about it--was Will Dennes, our distinguished Professor Dennes! We were in the same class, 1919. He took out one of my sorority sisters, and we always called him "Aristotle." So intellectual!

Riess: You must have been very good, actually.

Hagar: Well, I got all A's and B's. I suppose more A's than B's. I was terribly conscientious. Anyway, that was a delightful experience. They were big classes, you know, History 1A-1B and Logic 1A-1B, with little sections. But the sections never made much of an impression on us, because we somehow were closer to our professors. Also my father's large freshmen class, Political Science 1A-1B was popular. I must have taken that course when he was away in World War I, for I never took a course from him, but did enjoy a number of "Poly Sci" courses during my four years.

Wartime

Decisions of 1915, 1916

Riess: How influential were your parents in your decision about what you wanted to be?

Hagar: I don't know that we ever thought much about the question until, maybe, the senior year. Then you come to "what after college?" And when that came, I remember our senior class at the Alpha Phi house, which was a large class, went on a house party. We talked about jobs. Girls didn't have jobs very much then, you know. Everybody wants to work now.

A lot of us wanted to work, because we weren't engaged, though I suppose that always was in the back of our minds. I remember that I had a job by then and I was looked at with some wistfulness. I guess I was the first of the group of fifteen or eighteen who'd had a job offered her. But I don't want to get up to that. I want to say a little bit more about my college first.

About the influence of my family on me--they let us all choose our own courses in college and our own direction, but I'm sure we must have discussed courses. There was great rapport between us and we always felt we could talk things over with both my parents. We felt they knew more about most things than we did. Is this true now?

Six months after I entered the University, my father and mother left with a leave and went to Europe. He had a half sabbatical coming. It was the fall of 1915 and he wanted to get as near the war theatre as he could. And so, he and my mother decided to go to Spain, which was neutral, from where he could study the war and conditions in Europe.

That Christmas, they went to Washington to the Pan-American conference, and while they were there, Mr. Hoover got in touch with my father. He wanted him to join the Commission for Relief in Belgium. President Wheeler agreed to the six months leave, and my father promised to come back at the end of the spring term to teach in the fall.

This was difficult for my mother, to leave her four children without a home. She felt her first responsibility was

Hagar: to be with her husband when it was possible. He would not go without her, and they both knew it was to be a somewhat dangerous assignment.

My brother in high school was left here in Berkeley with our cousins, Albert and Vinnie Barrows. Albert went off to war, too. He was a professor in zoology at UC, but when he came back, he became secretary of the National Research Council in Washington, D.C. Betty was fourteen and was taken down to Pomona, to be with my uncle and his family. My mother had always hoped she would not have to raise her children in Southern California. Having lived there for many years, she still felt it was a different atmosphere around Los Angeles. Maybe it was Hollywood. Anyway, Betty was left there, a darling little girl, and when my mother came back, she was--oh, she was fourteen "going on eighteen!" It was the influence of a small town and in spite of the fact that her brother's family were very conservative and dependable. It took some months to bring Betty back to her adorable normalcy.

Riess: I wonder why it was?

Hagar: It seems to me that little girls did things far earlier there and grew up and their clothes were more sophisticated, and splashy.

Nan and I were still in college, so we went to the Alpha Phi house to live. And then my parents went to Europe.

Commission for Relief to Belgium

Hagar: I don't know whether you've read the Memoirs. Dad's description in his Memoirs of my mother on the channel, when the ship was mined, is amazing.

Dad had charge of Brussels and the outlying areas. A terribly delicate situation! Belgium was occupied by the Germans. When they were in a hotel, at the beginning, there were German officers above and below, and my mother knew that there were holes in the floor and the Germans listened to everything. They were under surveillance and in a very tense position. The Americans who went on the Commission for Relief to Belgium for Mr. Hoover were all volunteers and of high calibre. Mr. Hoover was promised the food from England if he could guarantee distribution by neutral America, and guarantee that none of the

Hagar: food would go to the Germans. I guess the Germans didn't want a starving Belgium on their hands, but couldn't or wouldn't feed the country themselves. At any rate this vast undertaking succeeded.

It was a wonderful experience for both my mother and father. And Mr. Hoover, at the end, begged him to stay on and take charge of the whole of Belgium, as Mr. Hoover had to stay in England to see that the food was going across and the boats were obtained. But, as Dad said in his Memoirs--and I looked at it the other night--it was a difficult experience for my mother, because she suffered for the Belgians, she disliked the Germans, and she was separated from her family. My father felt that the United States would eventually get into the war, that it was inevitable, and he had a strong feeling that he wanted a part in it, and he had promised the University he would be back in the fall. So they returned to the States.

Riess: How did Mr. Hoover know him?

Hagar: They didn't really know each other before then, as I recall. He just heard about my father and, evidently, heard that he was free for six months. He was combing the country for the right kind of men.

Riess: Your father sounds like the perfect person.

Hagar: Yes. He had been an administrator, and this was an administrative job. And Mr. Hoover had been a Stanford man and had lived in Palo Alto, so he was close to California. A lot of the young Californians who went over were younger than my father. Several of my contemporaries, a little bit older, were asked to leave whatever they were doing and give their services. And it was a marvelous experience for all of them. Because of that experience together, my father and Mr. Hoover became very good friends. When we were in the President's House, the Hoovers came and stayed for a few days, and I remember Mrs. Hoover sitting in front of the fire, a darling person, and the two men talking for hours.

He was very, very reserved, of course, as you know. Speaking of Mr. Hoover, I remember, years later, being in my father's study when he'd just received a letter. (They corresponded the rest of their lives.) This letter said: "Dear General, The world is in a mess. Sincerely yours, Hoover." That's all. And this was during those years when he was persona non grata to the American people, and quietly living in the Waldorf-Astoria with Mrs. Hoover. And from his tower he wrote a bit, and that's all.

Hagar: His voice was not a public voice. And, of course, later, he was brought back as an elder statesman, respected by everyone, Democrats and Republicans. But there was a period when he was charged with the whole responsibility of the Depression. He must have agonized over the world, because he knew the world as well, I guess, as any statesman; as an engineer, he'd traveled a great deal, and he'd worked with those countries for the CRB and then, later, you know, feeding eastern Europe. A terribly interesting man!

So then, my parents came back that summer.

Preparedness Camp

Riess: Your father wanted to be in the action?

Hagar: Well, he wanted to be close. He made up his mind, evidently, that if there were going to be a war, and he felt we were going to have to be involved, that he wanted to have a part in it. So, he went to Plattsburg for a few weeks that summer. It was the famous first preparedness camp.

I remember a telegram my mother received. He wrote: "The happiest day of my life! I am a corporal!" In his little squad, he had Chief Justice Hughes' son, and the first basso of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Those two, I remember. [Laughter] But you can see what a motley group of seven men!

He got some basic training. Then he came back, and that was the fall of 1916. My mother gathered us together and we took a house on Etna Street, sort of a big, old, white house. We were together again and Dad went back to the University.

Riess: The last house had been sold before going off to Europe?

Hagar: Oh, we just rented it. In fact, we rented all these houses. We didn't own any houses in Berkeley until after my father left the presidency.

So, that was the summer of 1916. And I went to New York. I'd never been east. My travels had been only across the Pacific for so many years. But a friend of mine in high school, who had married a Yale man--Alice Dornin, whom I mentioned, the light of her father's eyes--was homesick. She was living in New Haven

Hagar: and had a baby and her husband was taking graduate work at Yale.

Her father gave her a house, down on the Sound somewhere, for the summer. And he asked me if he could send me east to be with her for a month or two. So, he gave me this wonderful trip, by train. Off I went. I think it was a little resort called Great Neck, about an hour out from New Haven. They had a little cottage, she and her husband and baby and cook. I had two months there, I think it must have been. It was lovely.

Riess: Did it feel very different from California?

Hagar: Oh yes! Oh yes, in a way it did. It was right on the coast and they had lots of Yale friends coming and going. Well, it was quite exciting for me. We had relatives in the east, and friends. So, when I finished with that, I went to Stratford to stay with an aunt. This was all great adventure! And to New York, to stay with the Hodgsons, the World Book Company people. I saw my first New York review and night club. Let's see, I was eighteen then, and it was exciting!

War was declared April 3, 1917.

Presidio Officers Training Camp

Hagar: When I came back, my father had gone to the Presidio into the first officers training camp. Strangely enough, my husband was also at the Presidio. They didn't know each other, of course. But they had both gone in the army immediately, and on to officers training. My father received his commission in the quartermaster department and then, by more examinations, his majority in the cavalry.

I'll never forget that summer. He used to come home for weekends in an ill-fitting, issue uniform. You know, they didn't have them tailored and they were "o.d." What would that be-- "o.d.?" Olive drab! Well, it was sort of a soft olive drab material, very ill-fitting. And, you know, my father was extremely handsome and carried himself well, a striking figure, no matter what the raiment. We loved those weekends!

I remember my asking him one day, "Now, tell us a little bit about what you do. Do you have dinner at night with General So-and-So?" And he said, "No. I'm a private." (You see, he'd

Hagar: given up his commission when he went in, again, to this.) "Well, I saw my commanding officer this morning. I knocked on the door. I was told to come in. I went in and saluted and said, 'Private Barrows has a question to ask, Sir.' And the captain said, 'Ask it.' I asked my question. I saluted and went out and picked up my broom and went on sweeping the front walk in front of the barracks." This, I had never seen my father do!

He was too old to be given a captaincy, or a lieutenantcy. He was in his early forties. So, I guess they gave commissions according to age and ability. That's, I'm sure, the way they did it. They recruited a great civilian army and to get officers they opened these officers training camps. Many of the college men went, right away, many of our friends.

Jerry, who was in law school here at the time, enlisted and came out with a second lieutenantcy in field artillery. He came back from his French experience with a captaincy, and then went on and was lieutenant colonel before he got out of the reserve. This was long before we met.

But, at any rate, my father was designated to go with the 91st, to France. This became a famous regiment of infantry. He was sent up to Camp Lewis, which was a large camp in Washington. He was a natural leader of young men, and he was a good soldier and a good officer. But along the way, he'd met General Evans, who was a regular army officer who had retired. And General Evans had said he thought the government was calling him back and giving him service again.

He said, "It may be the Philippine area and, if I do go, will you consent to go on my staff?" So, when the 91st was scheduled to go to Europe, he had given General Evans his promise. It really was a disappointment, because my father wanted active service in Europe. But this other job he was well suited for, knowing the Philippine area better than anyone available. He became G-2, Intelligence, on General Evans' staff.

I remember our last talk together, before he left. We had taken a little apartment on Garber Street. Mother had her four children together and we had a family consultation. It was a solemn occasion; he explained to us that he felt he had to be in this engagement and take a responsibility for America and for his home and his children, his family, and that it would mean separation, but he expected us all to be good soldiers. It was another sad parting.

Hagar: He and mother and Betty left for the Philippines on a transport in October 1917. Nan and Tom and I lived in the little apartment down on Garber Street and kept house for ourselves and went bravely on to college.

College Work and Campus Activities

Research for Housing Commission

Hagar: We all had jobs during the three weeks at Christmas that year. It was my first job! Dr. Peixotto asked Eleanor Burnham, whose father was a beloved doctor here, and me if we would do a research job for the Commission on Housing and Immigration, as it was called, in Sacramento. Mr. S.J. Lubin, whom I came to know very well when I went to work for him later at Weinstock Lubin, was president of the commission.

A great influx of people was expected to work in the war industries, and they wanted to know what kind of housing was available in Oakland. So, Eleanor Burnham and I were given the job of surveying southwest Oakland, which is that area which is entirely black now, but was not then. There was a tremendous amount of free housing then, of unoccupied rooms, apartments, houses. And we had to list detailed information on each unit, plus a sketch.

I think we were given the large sum of \$100 for that three weeks, which was a great deal of money to us! But we were conscientious too. I guess we worked eight hours a day, or more, and we carried knitting bags, because we had to have a card for each vacant unit, our supplies and a paper bag for lunch, and to remain incognito.

We had to go in to every vacancy, and we weren't supposed to say we were making a survey on vacant housing, but to say we were looking for a friend who wished to rent. We made a little drawing of the house or the apartment, and answered a lot of questions on the card. If it was a vacant house, we could do it right there, but if it were an apartment and we had to go through the landlord, we'd have to just remember and not fill out our cards until we were around the corner.

Hagar: You couldn't do a thing like this now. Even then, I guess, it wasn't very safe. I never realized it and it never bothered me, but I know that Dr. Burnham made Eleanor carry a little pistol. I didn't want to have any part of that!

 We had skeleton keys and were trained how to use them. I did do all kinds of things. I climbed in windows, over kitchen sinks, to get in, when there was no other way of getting in. And I remember one cooling experience I had. We'd take a certain number of blocks each day. I came to a large white house and it was vacant. I didn't realize, until I had gotten in, and wandered up and down the three stories, dark halls, ramps and basement rooms, that it had been a funeral parlor. It was spooky and I was glad to make my drawing, list the rooms, etc., and leave hurriedly!

 I never knew, officially, the result of this. We worked all week; at the end of each week we'd have a session with Dr. Peixotto, because she was the one who dealt with the commission, and we would talk about the project.

 But this is over fifty-five years ago, and so I'm a little vague. One thing I remember was that this great influx never materialized, but maybe they used the information in some way. But, of course, this did take place in the next world war, when the great migration of labor did take place because of the ship building.

 It was a good experience and I wished to earn some money. We wanted to get my mother a watch, the three of us, and send it to the Philippines. She didn't have a wristwatch. I remember we each contributed, and we bought a \$60 watch.

 We were living on very little then. For instance, I've forgotten what we had in the apartment, but when we were living in the Alpha Phi house that six months while my parents were in Belgium, we each had \$50 a month, Nan and I. Tom was living with relatives. And \$35 went for room and board and we had \$15 a month for anything else we needed.

Jessica Peixotto and Lucy Stebbins

Riess: What sort of a person was Dr. Peixotto? Was she a charismatic female leader type?

Hagar: Very, very. She never married. Fine, old Peixotto family. She was slight and small, beautifully garbed, very precise and brilliant, and very human. Yet, it was never a chummy relationship at all. It was one of great respect and affection--but certainly we liked each other immensely, and I was invited to her home a couple of times.

Riess: Could she have been a model, in the way that Jane Addams was?

Hagar: Well, no and yes. Certainly not like Jane Addams who must have been a very earthy person, dealing directly with the slums and areas of poverty and administering actually to people. Dr. Peixotto, always elegant and crisp and theoretical and academic, was another kind of a model. I think we thought of ourselves more in the light of the former. I think we found it easier to imagine working in a "settlement" than lecturing from a podium.

Riess: I was wondering about who you and other girls in economics could model yourselves on.

Hagar: Well, sort of a combination. We all respected Dr. Peixotto and had great affection for her. Then there was Lucy Stebbins, who was entirely different, but on the same plane. She was Dean of Women at the same time that she was giving a course or two in economics. And she was a beautiful, marvelous person. I knew her better and had a lot more to do with her over the years later. She was tall, handsome, and very reserved, on a pedestal as far as students were concerned.

Helen Moreland, the friend who used to go out with Will Dennes, Bishop Moreland's daughter, in my class at college claimed she was the only person who had ever seen Miss Stebbins without her shoes on. She knew her well and often stayed with her. Miss Stebbins was the kind of person who was very aloof, and yet she was a wonderful Dean of Women and a lovely friend.

We used to see her in the President's House socially. Later I knew her much better. I remember once, after she had retired and I was married, living here, she came to have tea with me. Mary and Julie were maybe five and three. She brought a little suitcase to one of them, or both of them, I don't know, a beautiful

Hagar: little suitcase that had been her father's. They quarreled over it, right in the living room, which was embarrassing to me, so I sent them out.

After darling Miss Stebbins had gone, she sent a messenger back with another one. [Laughter] Can you imagine it? She went home and found another suitcase for the other one! She was very human, but lots of people didn't see that side of her, because she was so full of dignity, so handsome. A marvelous person. I adored her. We served together for many years on the University YWCA advisory board.

She was a good teacher, and both of those women were greatly loved and respected. They were full professors, and there were a few others. Dr. Agnes Morgan, there's Morgan Hall named for her. She was in nutrition and dietetics and a full professor too. My sister Nan graduated and got her M.A. in nutrition under Agnes Morgan. Those were wonderful teachers and we loved them.

College Activities

Hagar: In my sophomore year I became acquainted, through some committee or something, with the gal who was president of the Associated Women--it was called AWS (Associated Women Students). It was separate then, the ASUC and the AWS. Alice, a non-fraternity girl, came to me at the end of my freshman year and suggested I run for secretary of the AWS. She was running for president.

The fraternities were very important then on the campus and most of our social life was in sororities and fraternities. But I had lots of non-fraternity friends. It seems dreadful now, to designate people. We don't do that any more. And she was one of them, though quite a little older.

So, I ran and was secretary. That was my first taste of politics. For a year, I was on her executive board, and enjoyed working closely with her. And it was a good experience, and whetted my appetite. She taught me a lot.

Riess: Was it a reforming group? Did you have a platform?

Hagar: No, no. None of that. No controversial subjects at all, where there were stands taken, no. It had to do with all the women's

Hagar: activities and there were lots of activities, not only athletic, but social and political. I don't know what those were, but we used to do lots of things for the women students. And then, there always seemed to be plenty of business and some problems, not controversial, not platforms, not confrontation between different ideologies, or any of that, but a full experience in organizing, presiding and working in groups.

Riess: How about morals and discipline? Were there committees that would handle that sort of thing?

Hagar: Yes. I was on two in, I guess, my junior and senior year. I'd forgotten about that. The student affairs committee was, perhaps, the most important committee. There was one for men and one for the women; this committee was under the AWS. We heard cases of morals, or dishonesty, or cheating.

Funny, I haven't thought of it all these years! There must have been five of us on that committee. Maybe the president of the Associated Students was chairman. And then, whatever decision was made, there was a hearing and, as I recall, the ultimate decision was the administration's. I don't think witnesses were brought. It was all quite confidential.

Riess: Why would a girl be brought up?

Hagar: Well, if she cheated.

Riess: Would she be sent by a professor, perhaps?

Hagar: Perhaps, or by a peer. It's hard to realize these things went on, but the honor system was very dear to us, and it functioned. There was practically no cheating. It had to be reported by someone. It took a lot of courage to report someone cheating. Oh, it wouldn't for a professor or a monitor, but for a peer, it would be sort of traumatic. But they did, some conscientious ones.

I don't remember ever seeing cheating, and having to wrestle with this problem, with my conscience. Isn't that interesting. And I'm sure I would have wrestled with it. I have a conscience--a New England one!

Anyway, then the decision was made, and the penalty decided upon. I don't remember what the penalties were. Then it was referred from the committee to the President, for review.

Riess: Well then, by that time, wouldn't the disgrace have been so overwhelming?

Hagar: No, no. It was never known. It was very well kept, unless she went out and told somebody, and she wouldn't do it. And as I think of it, there weren't very many instances. Morals cases were taken care of by sororities, in which you lived, or, maybe, boarding houses. But there weren't very many. I fear we were very good!

About this time I became interested in the University YWCA. Somebody invited me down to serve at a big banquet. That was when it was in Stiles Hall and the men were downstairs and the women were upstairs. And the whole thing then was very different because our requirements were different. We'd have banquets and cabinet meetings, and the advisory board was made up of--oh, I do want to say one thing about Latin, because Latin was always very difficult for me and I took it my freshman year, with Dr. Deutsch.

I was coached, almost the whole year, by a darling, wonderful friend, Mrs. Kofoid. Her husband was a famous scientist, known all around the world. They lived a block away from us when we were living on College Avenue, and we were close friends, Mrs. Kofoid and I and she and my mother too. She coached me once or twice a week, I guess, all through my freshman year for nothing. Can you imagine, in Latin! And so, I passed!

She was a friend always, from then on. I was privileged, growing up and having these older friends, sometimes men and sometimes women. I don't know why. I must have been a serious-minded girl, growing up, and very conscientious and naive and probably quite dull. Anyway, they put up with me. Mrs. Kofoid was on the board of the University YWCA and was a rare person. I was on the board too, after I had graduated and come back to Berkeley after a year abroad, so I knew her in that capacity.

I'll never forget one board meeting when she had so-called devotions, and she'd just come from Europe with Dr. Kofoid, and she said, "I'm going to talk about the fashions of Paris." She was the most unfashionable person that ever lived. She was a New Englander. Her name was Prudence and Prudence fitted her, because she always wore her skirts much longer than anyone else, when ours were going up, and she had no style whatsoever. But that day she took out a Parisian style book and she gave a perfectly lovely talk on The Styles of Paris, by Prudence Kofoid. It was a rare experience! [Laughter]

Hagar: She was always, on the board, the minority opposition, not necessarily arguing what she believed, but she felt it wise to bring in the other side. She made a great impression on me, because there were years, later, when I was on the board, when I was often the minority opposition, and maybe it was due to her influence, my admiration of her that she had the courage to stand up for what she believed and give another side to something. She really did influence my life.

And one last word about Mrs. Kofoid, very elderly by then; when Mary was born, our second daughter, she embroidered a dress for her and it was the most exquisite thing! It was like those little Czechoslovakian cross-stitched dresses. It was made of white voile with designs in blue and red cross-stitched.

Philippine Summer, 1918

Officers and Girls

Hagar: The Christmas of 1917 was when we all worked. And then, our family said, "We want you to come next summer and spend the summer with us." In fact, we left before college was over and I always wondered if I might have made Phi Beta Kappa. Because I didn't make it, it would have seemed important. If I had made it, it wouldn't have been important. [Laughter] Nan and I took our examinations, one or two, ahead of time. The rest of them, we were given grades without examinations. When I came back, I forgot to petition to have those grades, all of which, practically, were A's, put on my record. So, that term never got on my record--it might have meant a key!

But, at any rate, we did leave college early and we sailed on a transport, with great seeings-off and great jealousy on all our friends' parts. It was the middle of the war and there were only four girls on that ship, and lots and lots of officers, troops moving to the Pacific. Great gaiety on board ship. I was twenty and Nan must have been twenty-two, graduated and working then in Sacramento, and Tom a sophomore.

We must have been there two months when the troops were ordered to Siberia, and my father went with them on the staff as G-2. We saw them all off, plus some beaus, army officers, who were sent with them. And then, there were five wives left,

PHI BETA KAPPA
ALPHA OF CALIFORNIA
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

71a

April 11, 1974

Mrs. Ella Hagar
245 Stonewall Road
Berkeley, California

Dear Mrs. Hagar:

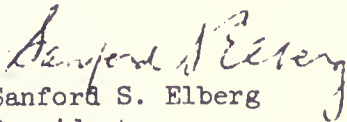
It gives me great pleasure to inform you that you have been elected to Alumni Membership in Phi Beta Kappa by the Alpha Chapter of California (Berkeley). As you may know, Phi Beta Kappa is the oldest organization of its kind in the United States, having been founded in 1776, and numbers on its rolls many generations of the most distinguished American scholars and citizens. You are being honored with Alumni Membership because of your long and notable service to education and to community betterment. We feel your name will be a worthy addition to the rolls of the Society.

The initiation into membership will be held on the evening of May 8, 1974, in Pauley Ballroom of the Student Union. Some 250 members of the senior class will be initiated at the same time as yourself and one other alumnus member. There are no fees or responses involved.

If you have any questions concerning the nature of the Society or the initiation on May 8th, please call either myself or the Secretary of the Society, Professor Garff B. Wilson. My telephone number is 642-5472 and Professor Wilson's is 642-3640.

With the congratulations and best wishes of the Society and its Executive Council, I am

Cordially yours,


Sanford S. Elberg
President

Hagar: who wanted immediately to come home. Five women and three girls, Betty and Nan and I. And we were allowed to go home, five days later, on a troop ship, but we couldn't tell one soul!

Old Colonel Bellinger, quartermaster chief, who got us on there, said, "If anyone says one word about leaving on this troop ship, all the women are off. You'll stay here until another one, and who knows when that'll be." So, we had to close our house and get everything ready to leave. And the night before we left, we went on parties. Some of the officers were going on that ship to Vladivostok, but we couldn't say a word to any of them. Oh we said good-bye to them because we knew they were going, but there we were the next morning, on the ship!

The army didn't like being in the Philippines. They wanted to be in the area of combat, in Europe. So, the officers were drowning their sorrows in wine, women, and song, and I don't remember any other young girls there but the three of us. It was all great fun.

The famous 9th Cavalry, which was a black cavalry regiment with white officers and a fine reputation, was stationed at Stottsburg, the big cavalry post north of Manila. We went up several times for gay weekends. A cavalry post is something very special--the charges, the music, riding by moonlight, dances!

I remember on the Fourth of July a tremendous horse race in Manila, and celebrations all day long. We had a box and my current beau, a cavalry major in the 9th, won the race. I had shopped with him that morning, getting a crop for him, and he won the race. And there was lots of dancing and there were polo parties at the Polo Club and festivities at the British Club.

We had a comfortable house on the Military Plaza. It was a very gay and interesting time.

Intelligence Work in Siberia

Hagar: Then, suddenly, my father went. We saw his ship off for Vladivostok, troops and staff.

Riess: For him, was that better, at least, to be going to Siberia?

Hagar: Yes, there was more action. He had made a reconnaissance in the spring before we came. The War Department had ordered him to make a reconnaissance to see if troops should be sent into Siberia to try to approach, I suppose, from the east. He had taken two people with him, Romanov and Cole, who spoke Russian. They went from Vladivostok. I think the furthest west they went was Lake Baikul, and Mukden and that's halfway across Siberia. They went to Chita and to Namursk.

When he finished the reconnaissance, he went to China. Mother and Betty met him in Peking. Betty had a wonderful experience there and bought lovely, old Chinese things for practically nothing, that are framed now, hangings, you know, prints that are invaluable. A few years ago, she had them appraised, and according to Chinese experts here, they are valuable and very beautiful. She always furnishes her living room with them.

But that was a rare experience for my mother and Betty. Then, they came back and that's when we joined them in the Philippines. After Dad left, and the troops, in five days we were on a ship coming back. It was the old Thomas with Captain Healy, with whom we'd traveled across the Pacific before. I remember he allowed me on the bridge, and I'd watch him, with his sextant, make the computations, because, not only did we have a month of going across, but he had his sealed orders to go to Alaska and pick up American troops that had been there a year and were to be brought down. And he'd never been to Alaska. That added two more weeks to the month. I think we went as far north as Nome and Seward.

As I look back on that trip, I think of my wonderful mother, who was really feeling deeply about my father's going, because she didn't know what this held, Vladivostok, Siberia. There were several national forces: Japan had a force there; these were the Allies, a British force, a Japanese force, a Czechoslovakian force, and, I think, a Polish force, and the Americans. I remember hearing my father say that the Allies were allowed a maximum number of troops in--it was called AEF Siberia, American Expeditionary Force Siberia--but that the Japanese secretly had many, many more than provided by mutual agreement. The interesting thing is the Japanese knew that my father knew, because he was Intelligence, you see.

Dad knew a great deal about the Japanese, of course, from way back, when he knew they were--you don't use the word "infiltrating," but they certainly were settling on the two coasts

Hagar: of Luzon, in the early days, and they had their eye upon the Philippines for expansionist purposes, way, way back. And Dad knew this. In spite of that, he was decorated by the Japanese government!

Of course, later, he was a voice crying in the wilderness about the danger of Japan and our scrap iron going there before the Second World War, but they still decorated him! Anyway, he was then an ally.

The allies hoped to connect up with the Polish troops and stop the Bolsheviks from taking over Siberia. My father stayed there after the war for maybe four or five months, and then asked to be released.

Riess: Did he feel effective there in Siberia?

Hagar: No. It was frustrating, particularly after the troops from the States actually arrived. He had made his reports to Washington and, evidently, on the basis of that, they had decided to go in with the other allies, into Vladivostok. General Graves was the commanding officer, sent from here, with more troops. (He goes into that whole encounter and his lack of confidence in General Graves.) He was put on the staff as G-2, Intelligence, and I think he probably did a very good job and had some exciting experiences. But the whole thing as an event was not successful.

He wrote a book, but it was never published. He called it An American Officer in Siberia. Whether he was too critical, or whether there were other books written on that expedition, or whether it wasn't good enough, I don't know. He never found a publisher. The manuscript is in the Bancroft Library.

Pacific Coast Committee on American Principles and Fair Play*

Hagar: It's interesting to realize that my father was decorated by the Japanese nation, and yet really knew a good deal about their nefarious ways of working. Then later he was asked to be the chairman of a committee for fair play for the Japanese. In the forties, after the Japanese were incarcerated, right after Pearl Harbor, he was appointed by the governor as the Northern California chairman of this group to see if some outside

*The first part of this chapter is from a later interview.

Hagar: organization could create a little more justice for the remnants of the Japanese that were here.

I don't know a great deal of what was going on. I never discussed it with my father. You know, after people are gone there are so many things you wish you'd asked. Things I wish I'd asked my husband about, so many things I wish I'd asked my mother and father about. We just take life for granted, that it will go on.

I do remember, after the war, the gratitude of many, many Japanese for what my father did. I don't know what he did, but he must have done something, because they would come and bring gifts.

Riess: Do you think it was probably helping to settle affairs at a time when they were powerless to do anything about their affairs?

Hagar: It must have been something of that sort, yes. Encouragement; maybe after they got out of the encampments, he was able to help families. I wish I knew more details about that, but it was just another indication of the place my father held in people's minds, that he would be asked to do something like this, the confidence people had in his fairness, just as when he was asked to run for director of the East Bay Municipal Utility District. They had to find somebody who was thought well of, who could bring votes even though he had never been political. [End of inserted page.]

Anyway, there we were, coming home on the ship. My mother didn't play bridge, and the other three or four wives played bridge all the time--Army wives, you know--and we girls were very busy with our social life, with the officers, and there was my mother.

We were unaware of the kind of six weeks it must have been for her until years later, when she admitted that it was a most unhappy time for her. And yet it's interesting that during the trip, she never let us know. We were young and thoughtless and didn't really appreciate what she was going through. And I regret that we could not have done more to make those days happier. She must have read. She must have written. She was a great writer. I don't know what else she did, because the other women were card-playing. [Laughter]

Ella Takes on Leadership on Campus

National Service Work

Hagar: Well, we came back in the fall of 1918 and took an apartment in Berkeley. That was my senior year. Oh, I ran for an office!

In my junior year, I'd gone into Prytanean.* There were two of us taken in in our junior year. So, in the beginning of 1918, I was president of Prytanean. There were three jobs. You see, those days were so different. People had all these activities, those of us who liked activities, besides our school work. And I always felt that I got a lot out of the University, not only because of my school work, but because of friends and of activities. But I don't believe women indulge in as many activities now. Maybe they do.

Riess: I don't think they can swing quite as much.

Hagar: Well, it's hard. It's harder now, I'm sure. My contemporaries all say we never could get through the University of California now. Perhaps it was easier in those days.

But, at any rate, I was president of Prytanean and I was on the cabinet of the YW and I was asked to be president. But I decided that I didn't want to be. The three jobs were president of Prytanean, president of AWS, and president of the YWCA. Those were the three juicy jobs.

My best friend Laurinne Mattern, also an Alpha Phi, became president of the YWCA when I declined and I decided to run for president of AWS. And here I was president of Prytanean and we were all Alpha Phi's. Who wanted that situation on the campus! So, when I lost, it was the best thing in the world for me. I lost by thirteen votes, and because it was sort of a blow to my ego, I said to myself, "They didn't want Alpha Phi's to have all the jobs, which is right." But it was probably they didn't want me. Anyway, a good friend of mine, Ruth Ware, won the election.

But I was still president of Prytanean. Then when they asked me to be chairman of a new committee, I gave up the

*Junior and senior women's honor society, founded 1900.

Hagar: presidency of Prytanean, because this other committee was, to me, the most thrilling and exciting thing I could possibly do. In those days, they had to control the jobs, I guess, by points. One person could only carry ten points. All jobs were different numbers of points. And president of YW was ten points, and president of Prytanean was ten points, and this other was ten points. This other was very exciting and the only reason it was given to me was because I was free and so many men had gone to war.

Riess: And what was it?

Hagar: It was a real war job and especially appealing because of that. They formed a new committee called the National Service Committee and it was money-raising--that's where money-raising got into my blood, I guess--money-raising for all the national war work activities that were going on. And every college was given a quota. Our quota here for the National Service campaign was \$50,000, which was quite a lot. It was lots more money then, lots more. Maybe you could consider it \$150,000 now.

I was asked to be chairman. I had a small committee of men and women. Good men: one of them was editor of the "Daily Cal," and crippled and couldn't go to war; another one had very bad eyes, but was marvelous, and he couldn't go to war. They were outstanding men. We undertook, for one year, to raise our quota.

Riess: From the campus community?

Hagar: Just from the students. I remember there were a group of older men who were sort of advising us, including Sam Hume. The University had been given a quota of \$150,000 for Liberty Bonds. I don't know whether this was the first, second, or third drive for bonds. It hadn't gone well on the campus, and so this was the new committee's first responsibility.

The exciting thing about those war days was that everyone pulled together; it was unified, not only in America, but on the campus of the University. Now you can't imagine it, because we've had such traumatic experiences since. Then there was a very high rate of emotional support, not only in the student government, but the administration, so that if anything like the National Service Committee went to the administration and said, "We want all classes excused at eleven o'clock next Monday, for a meeting in the Greek Theatre," it was done. This is where we all came together, again and again, that whole year, not only to

Hagar: put over plans but to hear people who had come back from Europe with a tale to tell.

I remember that first meeting we had. There were dozens of printed posters at every entrance and on every bulletin board: "All classes excused at eleven o'clock. Meeting at the Greek Theatre" and what was going on. And all classes were excused and everybody went. The Greek was absolutely filled. What, 10,000 people, does it seat?

Behind the stage, having planned the meeting, there were Sam Hume and I, pacing in agitation and anticipation. I'll never forget him, with his long legs and ugly face. A wonderful person to work with, great sense of drama, of course. He was doing most of the pacing, pacing up and down in the back.

We presented the case of the quota for the University students for liberty bonds and the whole thing. It was beautifully done. I've forgotten who spoke, two or three speakers, probably the president of the student body, Frank Hargear. Professor Gayley ended the meeting with a prayer. There was absolute silence, and then, the smart committee had dozen of monitors passing out pledge cards as everybody left. Everybody took pledge cards and we went over the top, in one day! Simply marvelous! You can't imagine how together we were! That was our first accomplishment.

Well, we had all kinds of meetings and marvelous people speaking. I had a little office in North Hall, which was just like South Hall, but was where the annex of the Library is now, on the main floor. We launched the campaign for \$50,000. We had a speaker in every house, in every boarding house, and we had pledge cards. It took us about a year to collect the money, but we made the \$50,000, which was really a lot of money from the students. Some of them gave gifts immediately, and some of them pledged. And then, it was a question of collecting. But it was a wonderful experience, if you can imagine, a campus-wide fund drive, in which everyone seemed to have been involved.

Riess: Were you good at delegating chores to other people?

Hagar: I think so. It did take a lot of time. But by then we were living in a little apartment on Benvenue, near the campus, and my mother was full of cooperation. I was thinking about it the other day--how did we do it? At the end of the senior year, the custom was for the president to invite ten, usually five boys and five girls, to be the speakers at the final University Meeting.

Hagar: (You know, every two weeks there was a University Meeting and everybody went, in old Harmon Gym, and they were usually interesting and stimulating. The yell leader led yells and singing, but we always had one or two excellent speakers. These were important gatherings during President Wheeler's and my father's presidencies, though long since it has died.)

At this final meeting of the year, I remember that I said-- we had about three minutes and it was advice to freshmen--that, really, all they had to do was to apply themselves thoroughly, for about two or three years, to their work and make a reputation for scholarship. And then, after that, they didn't have to study any more, do other things and rest happily on their reputation. [Laughter]

One day, along in there, the editor of the Occident, which was the intellectual paper on the campus, Genevieve Taggard, a lovely person who gained a national reputation as a poetess, persuaded me, because she was also working for the Inquirer, or some paper in Oakland, to have a story in the paper about this, and a picture.

In those days, nice girls didn't have their pictures in the paper, unless it were the society column, you see, and I was very reluctant. But at last she persuaded me that for the cause I should do it. So, she got a photographer and I was sitting at my desk, with the telephone, and the picture came out in the paper. Well, the Raspberry Press...Did you ever hear of the Raspberry Press? The Raspberry Press was put out by the men, the wits of the campus for a good many years. They loved to razz people, you know, "razz" was an expression. And there I was, on the front page of the Raspberry Press, terribly razzed! Oh, they gave me an awful time for allowing this publicity--you know "Big Head Barrows!"

Sororities and Prominent Women
(Interview 4, December 27, 1972)

Riess: If you hadn't been a sorority girl, an Alpha Phi, where would that have left you?

Hagar: Well, I would have made friends, probably, among sorority and non-sorority girls. But it's interesting. In those days, of course, the sororities and fraternities supplied a housing

Hagar: shortage. They were very large, and there were lots of them, and there were no residences, so it filled a vacuum there and it was looked upon with great favor.

Furthermore, it was a scholarship kind of an impetus. They had scholarship chairmen and scholarship in your fraternity and sorority meant a great deal; competitive ratings were publicized. Of course, there were lots of rules. This is one of the things that the students of today don't like. But there were rules about coming in, rules about studying, rules when your report card came, if it weren't up to snuff, then you had privileges taken away. Now this, of course, is what the young of the last ten years don't like. There were house duties and discipline and the joy of congenial friends and social life.

The sororities were a marvelous impetus for all kinds of good things on the campus. And there wasn't as much questioning about going through. You know, now a girl says, "Shall I go through rushing, or shall I not?" and "To heck with it!" and doesn't go through rushing and has a good experience in college.

But one of the things it was a stimulus for was activities. Activities meant a great deal more then than now, in spite of women's liberation. Women "went out" for activities; because they realized--and I'm a very firm believer in this--that, on top of scholastic attainments, a lot of what you get out of college is from extra-curricular activities, not only the friendship, but the development in leadership, in interest in community things, in interests other than social life.

And so, all freshmen were supposed to go out for an activity. This is the way a lot of us became interested in doing things outside of our own little circle, doing things for the University. And I think this is all to the good.

Riess: How did the sororities nurture this?

Hagar: They had an activities chairman who counseled the freshmen, helped them decide whether they wanted to work in the YWCA, or the Athletic Association and sort of specialize in that, whether they wanted to go into campus politics, or into the journalistic world, the Daily Cal, the different magazines, and so forth. Every freshman had to have an activity.

Riess: I see. So, once you were in the sorority, that wasn't the end. That was just a jumping-off point.

Hagar: That's right. And lots of girls didn't go on with activities after their first year and were simply content with social and scholastic work and friends. But a lot of girls were interested then in doing things for the University. You didn't do them for yourself really as a women's libber does it for herself. I'm a contented, non-liberated woman, you see.

But it took you out of your own little orbit. You see what I'm trying to say? It stimulated. These are the things that sororities did and fraternities did. And they were highly respected and very well attended.

Riess: Did people have a pretty clear idea of what each sorority stood for?

Hagar: They were all very much alike. In my day, even then, I never thought much about the selectiveness or the snobbishness of sororities, because I had so many friends out of sororities and in other houses. They meant a camaraderie. But I might say, and I've seen this happen again and again, that your closest friends through the years are the ones you make in your sorority in college. Isn't it interesting? It's a very close kind of a friendship that goes on and on, not just in mine, but in all houses, men and women. And I have many dear friends who belonged to other sororities.

So, I'm sure this is one of the things that came out of it. But if you weren't a sorority girl--the president of the women students, under whom I served as a secretary, was non-sorority, and greatly liked and respected, and had many, many friends. Now, you asked me a question and I got switched.

Riess: Were the sororities associated with particular good works?

Hagar: Oh yes! Yes! They all were very active in everything, in those days. Now, for instance, the Alpha Phi's, since then, have taken on cardiac support across the country. This is an enthusiasm of the national and international Alpha Phi.

And a lot of them have special national interests. In those days, we also had local interests. For instance, when I was running the national service drive for that money, these were focal points. We had marvelous speakers in every fraternity on the campus. And if we put on any kind of a drive, we would have permission to have a speaker go at lunch and speak. So, this was a marvelous way to get at a large group of influential students.

Hagar: When Nan, my sister, went through rushing, she couldn't make up her mind, this, that, and the other thing--but anyway, in those days, there were supposed to be the "big three": Kappa, Alpha Phi, and Theta. When my daughters were in college, there was a group--a snobbish little society, I can't remember--which included six sororities, and they were just social and had dances and things. And it was just fun to belong, and harmless really, though selective.

But it was much later that the whole idea of selectiveness came in. We didn't question it much then. We just took it for granted and we didn't think of ourselves as selected people or privileged people, you see.

Riess: But you did point out that some of the governing officers in your day turned out also to be Alpha Phi.

Hagar: Well, that just happened. There were just lots of "P-Ws" or "prominent women" on the campus, and they were people who were willing to do things, extra-curricular activities, and enjoyed doing them, you see. And a number were chosen by those organizations, by the University YWCA and Prytanean and so forth, that just happened to be Alpha Phi's, but there were marvelous people in all the other houses too, and they did important things too. And we were all friends together.

Riess: Was Prytanean something that one knew about and would have aspired to?

Hagar: You became aware of it because they did a number of things publicly and the Daily Cal was always writing about the organization. And there were two of us taken in in our junior year, and then a lot taken in in our senior year.

I think maybe as a sophomore you became aware of it. It was an honor and you sort of thought it would be fun if you could belong. I don't recall either myself or anyone else of my friends who did things with an eye to Prytanean. I don't think that it was a selfish kind of a road to hoe, an ambition, I mean, in the back of our minds.

I was thrilled to be one because they were all people I knew and girls I'd worked with and it was fun. It was sort of a recognition and, naturally, that touches you. But I don't think we went after it, as I recall. Prytanean alumnae and the corporation have remained a strong organization and have carried on important activities. They started and maintained

- Hagar: Ritter Hall for years. This, I think, was the first cooperative living quarters. Recently they were the catalyst for the new Center for Continuing Education for Women.
- Riess: Were there rites involved with Prytanean?
- Hagar: Yes. There was an initiation ceremony when you were initiated, which was quite impressive. And I remember, when I was no longer president, in the next term when I was doing the other job, I was nevertheless at initiation, and the president fainted in the middle of the ceremony. And in some way I had to get up there and go on with it, but I'm sure that it wasn't anything. I think I had something to read. But I'll never forget the awful feeling of this lovely girl fainting, in front of all of us!
- Riess: Do you think that the whole population of women in universities at that time was rather special? Was it hard to get in? What did it mean to be going to the University at all, in terms of selection?
- Hagar: No, it wasn't hard to get in. A woman had to have fifteen units of A's and B's, and she wasn't anything special because she went to college. There were no limitations on numbers as there are now, so anyone with the proper credentials was admitted. Most of my friends took it for granted that college came after high school, though a few did get married instead.
- There was a standard of scholarship. Is this what you mean? There was a standard of scholarship and you had to pass that, but it wasn't nearly as competitive as it is now at universities and colleges across the country.
- Riess: I was just wondering if there were so few that they would already become prominent women by virtue of their even having gone to the University?
- Hagar: Oh, no. A lot of people weren't interested in doing anything on the campus. Lots of people were just interested in studies and social life. I can think of two or three who were brilliant intellectually, and they went into the publishing of the Occident. The Pelican was mostly men. It was a bit raucous. But a lot worked in the Daily Cal. A lot worked in all of these different things. But there was a great group, always, who weren't interested in outside activities.
- Riess: How do you think that "prominent women" are nurtured?

Hagar: By fate.

Riess: Just fate?

Hagar: Oh sure. Just by somebody coming to me and saying, "Will you do this?"

Riess: It's that somebody would need you and you would respond at the right time?

Hagar: I guess so, if you wanted to. And if you didn't want to, you wouldn't. And then, it just sort of snowballed. If you do a fair job on something and then somebody wants something done, you know, they just go to somebody who's done something. Isn't this true? This is true now, in committee work, or in volunteer work in a city. They ask the busy woman to do a job and, if she has stamina, she says "no," and if she's interested, she says "yes." But there are always a lot of "yes's" and "no's."

No, I think they just--maybe fate, maybe accident. I don't think people go out saying, "Go to, dear cuz, I'm now going to be a prominent woman." This, I don't recall having taken place. [Laughter]

Riess: But that's interesting. It makes it sound very much like a role in life, that once you start in it becomes a career in itself.

Hagar: Well, surely. Now, in the University YWCA we've always said that one of the functions of a student YWCA is training leadership. So from the YWCA thousands have gone back into their communities and become leaders, one way or another. By that I mean, interested in civic affairs, in education for their children, in better government and so forth.

War, Influenza, and Idealism

Riess: It sounds as if there was some serious thinking going on.

Hagar: Oh, we were serious, perhaps too serious! But we had good times and there certainly was wit abroad.

Of course 1918 and 1919 were the war years and the whole campus turned to war work. Stiles Hall, which had been given by the Stileses and supported by the Blakes, where the YW had the

Hagar: upstairs and the YM had the downstairs, was turned over to an Air Force cadet school. The young men lived there and these wonderful Air Corps cadets would come marching around the campus all the time. We all fell in love with their caps and uniform. And every night was retreat on the campus, music, taps, on the field west of Cal Hall because it was an ROTC base, training officers.

And the women's gymnasium, Hearst Hall, was turned over to the Red Cross unit, and Mary Downey was chairman of Red Cross. All the girls made bandages in their spare time. We knitted all the way through classes. We all knitted wonderful, outrageous things, socks that were too big for our beaus and scarves that were too long. And many, many men went to war. Many men went off to the officers training camps.

I remember making a toast once for the alumni at a Prytanean banquet--it must have been in 1939 or 1940--in which I talked somewhat about the years when we were in college during the First World War. And I said, "All our efforts were in winning the war. Now they should be toward trying to keep the peace." Well, my goodness! In the next two years we were in a war again!

Also in 1918 we had the terrible influenza epidemic that swept California and the country, and the only way it was able to be controlled was by wearing masks. Everyone on the streets had to put on a mask. They were little cheesecloth things that went across the mouth and the nose and had little tapes that went over the ears leaving the eyes free. I cannot tell you the sensation of going on the campus! Nothing but a pair of eyes and some white cheesecloth!

Once in a while, I'd just lean back and look at ourselves as though from Mars, this great company of people, everywhere, on the streets and everywhere, masked! I'll never forget beautiful Miss Stebbins, our beloved dean of women, had pink silk ones. And she was the envy of everyone, of course. The rest of us all had just white cheesecloth.

They were usually made at home. But for the men who were on campus from away, you see, and the women too, I guess, the masks were given out every morning from a central place and then brought back each night and sterilized. The minute you came inside, you took them off with great relief.

Riess: If you came inside your own home?

Hagar: Yes, in your home you could take them off in company with other people, but you couldn't be out in the public, in the streets, or in classes without them. So you wore them all through classes.

Riess: And you talked from behind it and everything?

Hagar: Yes, muffled. [Laughter] I don't remember how long, but it must have been for several weeks. But I believe it was responsible for the ending of the epidemic.

There were so many students ill that they turned over several buildings for making temporary hospitals. Some of the girls--and I didn't, because maybe I was tied up in some other things--did nursing. Two or three of my friends took a leave of absence and took a nurse's training course, just a temporary, quick one you needed to help.

Riess: It sounds like a great time for leadership for women, because the men were really taken off and it left a general void.

Hagar: That's right. And so, it was a great opportunity to serve.

As I recall, there were two ambulance units bound for France recruited at the University in 1916 among young men, and a lot of them I knew, who wanted to have a part in the war. I remember one of the groups--I think maybe it was the second one--my father was here. It must have been before he went into the service. They had a great meeting in the auditorium in San Francisco and the whole campus went over. Herb Brown, a friend of ours and a fraternity brother of my father's, a Phi Kappa Sigma, was leader of this ambulance unit of about twenty-five California students. Most of them were what you'd call "prominent men" on the campus! [Laughter] (That terrible word again, which I hate to use in this modern day! But it was just slung around there without any thought.)

My father gave one of his marvelous speeches, because he was greatly moved by this whole thing, this volunteering. Some of them went into the American army when we later went into the war and some stayed in the French. Quite a number didn't come back. Sidney Howard's younger brother, Bruce, was in my class at college and he was killed there. I knew several older ones who were killed.

Riess: But wasn't it a war where nobody really thought they would be killed?

Hagar: Well, nobody thought about it. There was such a wave of real, deep patriotism. Our country had been attacked, you see, in the Atlantic, and our ships were being submarined. And also, this brought out what is so typical of America and has always been, altruism. Here were France and England and Belgium being raped by the German machine and we were going to help them. Wilson said, "We're going to save the world for democracy." And we were all idealistic. We hadn't been disillusioned in any way.

When your country is attacked, you go to war to protect it, no matter how much you abhor war. You know, after the First World War, many young Englishmen said they'd never fight again? And look, in the Second World War! They went immediately. So that it's just as though we marched off to war or war work with our heads high and smiles and flags flying, knowing that we were coming out on top and we were doing the right thing. There must have been dissidents, but nothing compared to what we've been through in these last years, with the Vietnam war, which, of course, was different. In 1917, we were going to war "to end all wars!"

Publications, Pageants, and Some Berkeley Figures

Riess: You had mentioned the Raspberry. Was the Raspberry anti-establishment, or anti-sorority, or anything like that?

Hagar: It was anti-anything that they could think of that would razz people and make them feel foolish. No, not particularly establishment. There were no women, as I recall, on the publishing board, and it was just the men, being as mean as they could to everybody. [Laughter] As I look back on it, it didn't bother me too much, though we hated publicity. But I do know they just said awfully mean things about me, assuming that I had gone out, you see, and aggressively pursued all these things and was stuck up, especially that picture! [Laughter]

Riess: But you think it was truly critical, rather than just a satire?

Hagar: No, no. They were all my friends. We worked together. I worked on their committees and they worked on mine. No, they weren't trying to be mean. The editors probably sat around with mugs of beer and got more witty and more maudlin and had a wonderful time laughing at everyone. Probably good for us all!

- Hagar: But lots of things have come and gone in the fifty-three years since I've been a student, you see, and this was one of the things that was fun. I think it was a good thing to air some gripes and razz a few people and things. But there was no organized--what was the word you used? There was nothing organized, such as we've seen on the campus.
- Riess: Anti-establishment?
- Hagar: Yes. Oh, they had tremendous respect for the establishment, for the administration. I don't think they would have thought of--I can't imagine throwing bricks at windows in our day, or burning the President's papers. I don't think they would really destroy University property. There wasn't any organized feeling of anti-establishment and anti-administration that I can recall.
- They would razz ideas and they'd razz people.
- Riess: But they wouldn't attack ideas physically so much as they would now?
- Hagar: Oh no. And I don't think students would now, particularly, if they hadn't had radical leadership to tell them how and start them out in a cause, like the Vietnam war.
- Riess: You weren't involved with publications?
- Hagar: No. I was on the Blue and Gold staff, but I don't think I did very much.
- Riess: You mentioned plays and theatricals and Sam Hume.
- Hagar: No, I didn't do plays, particularly. We had some talented and beautiful people on the campus who did. I was in a chorus once, in the Parthenia. Do you know about the Parthenia? It was a lovely, original pageant that was given for a good many years. It was in the glade, and it was done entirely by students. Evelyn Steele Little, I remember, wrote a beautiful one. She has only recently died, a wonderful person, connected with Mills College in later years.
- Riess: What kind of themes would it have?
- Hagar: Well, sort of fanciful kinds of things, sometimes allegories, with plots. One of the values of the Parthenia was it was written, staged, played and produced entirely by women. It was a real feminine effort and always successful.

Riess: Do you think such a thing as the Parthenia could be held today?

Hagar: No, I doubt it. Students are too fragmented today. Each wants to do his own thing, and it's generally more serious than producing a medieval pageant. Somebody would have to write it. They would have to be committed to working on costumes and rehearsing. No, I don't think that would interest women students at all. It wouldn't interest them, any more than to give a junior farce now, the junior class, or a senior play, both of which were traditional. University work is harder now, perhaps, and they wouldn't have the interest or the time.

Riess: So a lot of the traditional aspect was what would keep it going?

Hagar: Yes. The senior play was written by a senior, and we all took part in it. Also the junior farce and the Parthenia too. It's too bad, because it was a creative thing, in every way, not only the writing, but the acting, the stage managing, the costumes, and sometimes it turned out to be very beautiful. And a cohesive kind of thing for the campus too.

Riess: Would Parthenia have been razed, or held in high respect?

Hagar: High respect, yes. No, they didn't question traditional things in quite the same way. We had another tradition, a wonderful work day, called Labor Day, and the UC Circus came after it. But that must have died out with the war. Everybody would go on the campus and work, manual work like cleaning up a field; then the women served a picnic.

But those were things that, when a college was smaller, would bring the campus together in an effort which was a melding kind of experience, so that you never would feel that you were an "IBM machine number." I think we had more fun in college than students do now. Things like college athletics I'm a great believer in, you know, football games, the unifying spirit.

When you speak of the theatre, in those days, Billy Arms-- Professor Arms--had charge of the Greek Theatre. He knew theatrical people around the world and he brought, those years, to the Greek Theatre, spectacular productions. And there was money to do it, whereas for years now it hasn't been used very much except a few times recently for the San Francisco Opera, subsidized, I believe, by the Hearst Foundation.

I saw Margaret Anglin there, and Sara Bernhardt in Phaedre, and Maude Adams did As You Like It. There was a Greek play, done by the Greek department every year, in Greek.

Sam Hume

Riess: Sam Hume did pageants that also took place there?

Hagar: Yes. For a long time after that, he had charge of the Greek Theatre, and he was responsible for bringing a great many wonderful productions too. I recall he directed a lot of student things. This was long after I graduated. He was quite a figure in the theatre world here.

Riess: Was he fairly flashy?

Hagar: Very flashy!

Riess: But I have heard that he was finally under fire from Campbell who couldn't, apparently, tolerate something about Sam Hume.

Hagar: Well, maybe. I don't recall that part. I think a lot of us were naive, and my father never brought things home like that. He and my mother certainly knew about it, but those things were never discussed as they might be discussed now. But, of course, when we were in the President's House, Sam Hume was busy as a bird dog doing things. He and his first wife used to come to affairs. She was a little Scotch woman, quite an individual, and I remember talking with her over a teacup, and my impression was that she was a very unhappy person. Shortly after, they were divorced.

And then he fell in love with a Berkeley girl, Maureen, her name was, first married to Bill Davis. Sam renamed her Portia. He wooed her in Paris. It was very romantic. They were married and built the great stone castle up on the hill on Buena Vista.

Through mutual friends we saw something of them for a period. The house is really quite exciting. It's massive, as I remember--massive rooms and massive furniture. Portia was very excited about a small swimming pool that she had put in, right outside of her bedroom. As I recall, there were glass doors and she said she'd go out to the swimming pool in the morning and have an early morning swim. It was just idyllic. Lovely!

Riess: Was it dark and overbearing?

Hagar: The house was. Her bedroom, as I remember, was quite lovely, but the house was dark. As I recall, it had sort of different layers balconied up, medieval feeling.

I always liked Sam, but he was flamboyant, striking, tall, very homely. He'd come into a room and dominate it. A wonderful laugh and always somewhat dramatic. And a wonderful actor! After a while when Portia was getting a psychology Ph.D., he had a print shop on Center Street. I brought a Brueghel home once. He said, "Well, just put it up for a while and see how you like it." I tried it over the fireplace but I took it back after a few days and said, "It's too lusty for the living room. The room isn't quite up to a Brueghel."

The Boyntons

Riess: Speaking of theatrical happenings, were Mrs. Boynton and the Temple of the Wings something you were aware of?

Hagar: Oh yes, yes! My younger sister, Betty, is the same age as Sülgwynn Quitzow. They were friends and Betty was often at the Boynton's. She's very amusing about it, because she said she would eat the raisins and the nuts, and then Sülgwynn would come down to our house and get something hearty to eat.

I remember Mrs. Boynton, particularly when I was living at the Alpha Phi house. She used to stride down Ridge Road, in her Greek shift, in the cold weather. [Laughter] She was quite a marvelous woman, very handsome, as is Sülgwynn. But Betty said, when she had to spend the night up there, it was altogether too draughty and too cold on the hard cement. So, we were very aware of the Boynton family. They have had their own chapter in traditional Berkeley, which is lovely, and it's still alive and well! [Also see comments in section on Wheeler Hall plays.]

There was a short period when I made my little George go up and dance. I remember his coming home one day and saying--I don't know how old he was, six, eight--"I am not going again. You take off your shoes and you have to dance on the cement and there are ditches in the cement." The Temple of the Wings originally had irrigation ditches.

Riess: I'm also interested in whether Christian Science was an established, or an unusual, religion in those days. [Interviewer recalls the fact that Mrs. Boynton later became a Christian Science practitioner.]

Hagar: Well, for us it was established and very familiar, because my mother's brother and sister-in-law, not her husband, were Scientists. And all their children were Scientists. So, since my earliest days, I have known about Christian Science. And a good many of my friends are Scientists. One of our cousins was a reader, an aunt a practitioner, and so forth.

Riess: So it wouldn't have been considered to be a peculiarity?

Hagar: Not in our family. It goes back further than that in my memory because in the Philippines a beautiful young woman who came out to teach and was married in our home to another teacher was a Scientist. And that was my first real contact with it. Later her husband died in the Islands--so many wonderful young people died in those early days in the Islands, you know, of diseases--and she eventually ended up in Hawaii and we always called her Aunt Fredericka. She taught for years at Punahou, and she was a Christian Science practitioner.

Riess: To go on in this vein, what can you tell me about Williams College?

Hagar: Well, nothing really. We were aware of it always, the big white building in north Berkeley. I must have known some people who went there, but it doesn't come into my ken at all.

The Gregorys, and Bill Wurster

Riess: Another great, old house is the Gregory house.

Hagar: Well, that was very familiar to me because the oldest son was my age, and we went through high school and college together, Donald Gregory, who is the Gregory now in the Chickering and Gregory law firm in San Francisco. Beth, the next daughter, was Betty's age. But she became a very close friend of mine. And so, I used to go up there for parties, when they owned the whole of Greenwood Common with a tennis court there. Don and I were in the same "crowd" in high school, dances and house parties, etc.

Later on, when we both were out of college and Beth had been in Europe, she and I saw each other frequently. And I was very, very fond of Mrs. Gregory. They gave a wonderful dinner party for Jerry and me when we were engaged. And I went to the service for Mr. Gregory, which was held there, in their

Hagar: living room. It was Mrs. Gregory who suggested, when we'd been married a couple of years and had bought this lot, that we get Bill Wurster to build our house. She said there was "universality" in his architecture. I also used to go and see her when, a widow, she lived in a small house on Russian Hill in San Francisco, now gone. It had become quite famous when a well-known Unitarian minister had lived there. Toward the end of her life, Mrs. Gregory became interested in the Civil Liberties Union. She tried to get us to join, unsuccessfully.

As I said, through her we met Bill Wurster and Bill has been one of our dearest friends. He was with us a great deal when we built this house because he wasn't married then. He helped furnish it and was interested in everything about it. It was about his third house, done before he had anybody else in the office in San Francisco. We built before we had any children, but my children have always called him "Uncle Bill." Then he married Catherine and we loved her too.

About six months ago he came up with his attendant to call. [William Wurster at this time was severely limited by Parkinson's Disease. S.R.] We had a lovely visit, I talking, as by then I understood very little of what he tried to say. Then he indicated he wanted to go all over the house, and he even went upstairs. He was viewing his early life, the things that he had done, appreciating them. Isn't that marvelous? I understand he's been to see other of his houses too. [W. W. died 1973]

Trials of President Barrows

Faculty Revolution, 1919

Riess: Something that was going on in your senior year, and that your father might have talked about, was the faculty revolution. How much awareness did you have of that?

Hagar: I didn't have any awareness of this at all until Dad became President. There was a philosophy professor, with a Russian name, who was in that.

Riess: Löwenberg?

Hagar: Yes, it was Dr. Löwenberg. He was one of the leaders, I believe. Dad called them the "Bolshevicki," because they were the dissidents, and he had to deal with them. This started in the period after President Wheeler had retired and Gayley, Jones, and Stephens were the three who had taken over the administration of the University. This created a difficult situation, I'm sure, for Dad to come in to.

Riess: But at that point your father was away?

Hagar: He was away, yes.

Riess: So, he came home and it was a full-fledged revolution, or was it something that had passed?

Hagar: I don't know. I never thought of it as a revolution. I was unaware of it, really. Of course Mother knew all about it. I am sure he talked with her, but he never talked with us children about such difficult administrative problems. But it evidently was the faculty, determined to have more power in the administration.

Riess: Today if something were happening among the faculty I think the students would know it, if such a movement were going on.

Hagar: Probably would, wouldn't they, because lots of things are more out and open. Maybe some of the students did know, but I certainly wasn't aware. You know, a lot of things I think might have been discussed in Golden Bear, the men's honor society, but we never knew what went on there. (My husband was a Golden Bear, not in college, but taken in later and my father was.)

But, generally speaking, I don't think we were aware of this at all. I only know about it from what was taking place when Dad was President, and he would speak of it very lightly and very little. But now, having read what he says about it in the Memoirs, I realize that he inherited something there when he came in. And he still felt that the President had to have the ultimate responsibility. Don't you think most new administrators would try to protect the responsibilities they had inherited? Through the years the academic senate and the committees of the academic senate and also now the students have far more involvement in administration and academic problems, don't they?

Evidently, under Wheeler, they didn't, though Dad says, in his Memoirs, that President Wheeler would never appoint anyone to an important position in a department without consulting with

Hagar: the department heads, but that he had the ultimate decision. But, in one place, he said: "I don't ever remember where he appointed anyone whom the department heads were against."

The University is so extended and the times now indicate more lower-level consultation and decision-making than they did in those days. You see then, there was no UCLA campus, just the Riverside Citrus Experiment Station, Scripps, and the hospital in San Francisco, Davis, and Mt. Hamilton.

Riess: So, your father came in at a really difficult period.

Hagar: Yes. And I do know that he felt he didn't have all the faculty with him. There was a strong, small group against him. But I'm sure this happens to every administrator. You can't please everyone!

Riess: Stephen Pepper speaks of it in the interviews done by the Regional Oral History Office.*

Hagar: Did you interview Pepper?

Riess: Yes. Pepper was in 1919 just a junior faculty person, but he was aware of it.

Hagar: I would love to read sometime what he says, because I liked Stephen Pepper. I liked these other men too. I saw Ivan Linforth the other day. I know he must have given my father quite a time.

[Following comments made after reading Pepper interview. S.R.]

Mr. Pepper had not been there very long. He didn't realize that Dad had been the one to start the legislature improving the salaries, which was his great contribution to the faculty. He probably didn't realize what a teacher my father always was, and that he was a fine experienced administrator. With his background in administration in the Philippines and his closeness to President Wheeler, and working under him and for him, representing him while he was away, you see, it was natural that my father carried on President Wheeler's pattern.

Mr. Pepper furthermore probably didn't realize--nobody did--why my father resigned, that it was a small clique of the regents

*Stephen C. Pepper, Art and Philosophy at the University of California, 1919 to 1962, Regional Oral History Office, University of California, Berkeley, 1963.

Hagar: led by Guy Earl. I was thinking about Guy Earl the other day. I didn't know him except for Charter Days when he and his wife came to luncheon. But I remember my father saying that when he was acting president in 1913, Guy Earl had tried to get him to be "his man," while President Wheeler was away. But Dad was not that kind of a person, and he was very loyal to President Wheeler. Evidently way back then Guy Earl was running, pretty much, a lot of the regents' ideas, and here was somebody he thought he could manipulate. But he evidently voted for my father in 1919.

I was working in Sacramento when my father became President, and the alumni gave a banquet for him, early in 1920. The dinner was given at the hotel and Guy Earl had come up with my father whom he introduced in glowing terms. My father's address was enthusiastically accepted by the alumni. But it was Mr. Earl who led the little clique later who opposed my father on about four matters my father felt were important. The final decision to resign from the Presidency is briefly told in my father's Memoirs on p. 158. I shall not comment on it, as he expressed the reasons for it so well. But one comment I shall make: this is the recurring pattern of a sort of persecution, and lack of confidence in the President of the University, by one regent. This happened to my father, to President Sproul, and to President Kerr.

I always understood, and it was verified by Mr. Pepper, that it was definitely in Bob Sproul's mind that he was going to stay out his term in spite of Mr. Neylan's persecution. But the difficulties appeared early in my father's term and it wasn't worth it to him. All he said was, "I prefer to teach."

Rally in Support

Hagar: After the Regents meeting where he had asked for an increase for one of his staff, Morse Cartwright, which he felt was such a little thing to ask and so needed, and they just gruffly refused, he felt, suddenly, it wasn't worth it. So he wrote out his resignation. They accepted it, but they didn't give it publicity because the legislature was meeting and there were delicate negotiations for a budget, I think. But after it was announced, that night there was a Golden Bear meeting, and the seniors and the upperclassmen were so concerned that they, just overnight, got together a great rally for the next morning.

Hagar: We didn't know anything about it until John Galen Howard called my mother and told us of a spontaneous rally to be held beneath the President's window in front of Cal Hall. So, we went across the campus and stood at the north end of the hall behind some bushes, not wanting to be conspicuous. But it was really very heartening and very exciting. Dad came to the window and spoke to them. He said he appreciated their support and their enthusiasm, but felt that he must go on with his plans, that he "preferred to teach." That's all the public knew for a long time.

Riess: They didn't know, then, what his troubles had been?

Hagar: No, no. In fact we didn't either, then.

Regents, and Expanding Campuses

Hagar: When I was close to the Regents, with Jerry on the board for thirteen years, I could see that there were some regents more effective than others. They did their homework, they tried to look at the problems objectively, and they saw the whole picture of the whole University. I mean, they were just as interested in UCLA as in Berkeley, many of them graduates of the University, which made them more understanding of its problems, like Jesse Steinhart, who was adored by the faculty and who was one of the best regents, in my ken; and one of the wisest, during that period.

I suppose the majority of the Regents are appointed for different reasons, some appointed politically, some appointed for their money, and many of course because the governor feels sincerely that they would be good and wise regents. The president, in that transitory era of my father's administration, certainly stood between the Regents and the faculty, representing the administration. And any growing pains are difficult.

This was the period when the faculty began to want to have more say in everything, and this is the trend of the times and they should. But still, the ultimate authority has to be in the president.

Through the years a new pattern has evolved, one of more cooperation in decisions. This change came about with some difficulties, too. Now when a new chancellor is to be chosen

Hagar: there is a committee of the faculty, a committee of the students, and a committee of the Regents. And together they recommend the chancellor, to be approved by the Regents. In the old days the Regents did it all alone, I think.

It's all a process of evolution, isn't it? And whether the thing is better or not, who knows? But change seems to be inevitable.

Riess: Your father felt that the University was expanding too fast, didn't he?

Hagar: I really think he was wrong about UCLA. Its establishment and growth was inevitable. I think he felt that this was a great campus and had great potentials and that it should be kept that way. To separate it and make another whole school, duplicate laboratories, graduate schools, and everything, in the south, might lead to a separate University. I think before he died he realized that this did not happen. But it has taken work on the part of the presidents since.

Now, you take the Sprouls. They would go down every month-- I think this is what Ida told me--every month, for two or three days and live in the President's House there to keep the University together and make them feel they had the administration there too. And then, I guess the Kerrs did it too for a long time. They went to almost every commencement on the different campuses and Charter Days too, four or five Charter Days in one month. That's a terrible strain! And they worked at trying to keep it, and they have kept it one University. The fear, I think, in some people's minds, was that UCLA would be a branch. It's an equal. It never will have the prestige, no campus will have the prestige of Berkeley, but that's all right, that's the way it should be, as it's the first one.

But I don't want to speak any more of the changes in the administration of the University, or I shall be over my head.



Benjamin Nichols



Lucy Penfield Nichols
1874



Anna Spenser Nichols Barrows

MOTHER'S FAMILY



CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

Upper left: Nan, Mrs. Barrows, Betty, Tom, Ella. 1906.

Lower left: Ella Barrows

Upper right: President and Mrs. Barrows and George Hagar. 1934.

Lower right: Tom Adams, David Stewart, Nancy Adams, Alan Stewart, George Hagar, Mrs. Barrows, Elizabeth Stewart, Mary Hagar, President Barrows, David Barrows, Donald Stewart, Julie Hagar, Jean Stewart. Thanksgiving, 1935.



Photographs to left and above: The family in Manila, Philippines, ca. 1908.



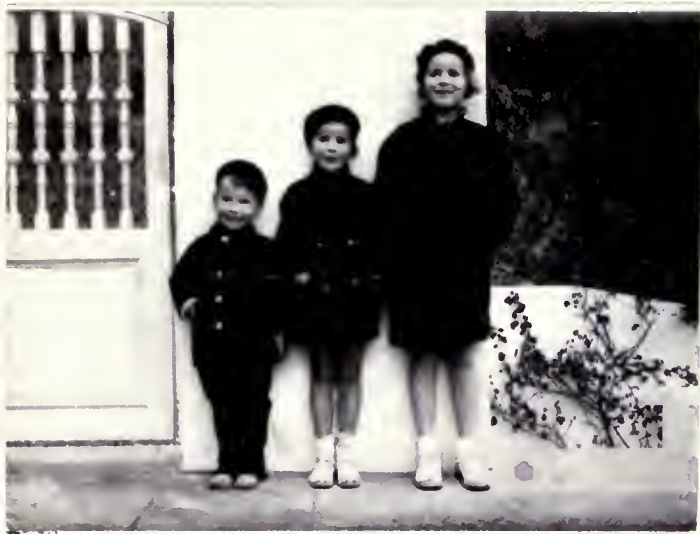


Upper left: Mrs. Barrows in 1923.

Lower left: Ella Cole Barrows, in college, wearing the crossed sabers of her beau in the 9th Cavalry.

Upper right: With Laurinne Mattern and President Barrows, Ella, on the right, sailing from New York, 1923.

Lower right: Ella on Yermac, President Barrows' horse, in front of the President's House. The first car in the Barrows family, Tom's Ford, to the left.



Above: George, Mary, and Julie, in the late 1930s.

Left: Gerald Hagar, 1940.

Lower left: Gerald and Ella Hagar in Milan, 1962.

Lower right: Gerald Hagar with grandchildren Mary Rumsey and Leslie Hagar, 1965.





Above: Mrs. Ella Hagar, photographed in 1961, for an article noting the record number of years she had served as a volunteer for the Community Chest.

Upper left: Mrs. Hagar and Dr. James D. Hart, at the dedication of the new Bancroft Library, 1973.

Upper right: Visit of Prince Philip, November, 1962. Left to right: President Clark Kerr, Regent Gerald Hagar, Prince Philip. Backs to camera: Regents Heller and Meyer.



IV LIVING IN THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE

In Sacramento with Weinstock-Lubin

Riess: Before you joined your parents in the President's House, what was the job you had in Sacramento?

Hagar: I was at Weinstock-Lubin, stayed a year. It was a personnel job. That job gave me a chance to use a lot of what I'd studied. It was employment, personnel, and all those things that I don't think they teach much any more to students. In fact, the things I've done fitted right into what my education was.

Riess: What was your title?

Hagar: I was the assistant to the personnel director. There was a highly trained woman who came from the east to be head of employment.

When I first went to Weinstock-Lubin--and I think this was their golden year, 1919-20--it was the year that S.J. Lubin decided to become a "co-operative," an example of a big department store being able to be a co-operative and using the employees in decision-making and such. It was a terrific year and he set about to get college graduates in many of his jobs.

He persuaded Professor Krehbiel, who was a popular historian and professor at Stanford, to come. He weaned him away and put him in charge of advertising. He got Florence Bills, whose father had been a state senator, to be his assistant. She lived in Sacramento and had just graduated from Stanford.

S.J. Lubin offered me the job because I'd known Colonel Weinstock on one of our Pacific Ocean crossings. As a little girl I usually attached myself to an older person, and in this trip it was delightful Colonel Weinstock with whom I walked the

Hagar: decks. We became good friends, which he many years later mentioned to Mr. Lubin. When I arrived on the scene in Sacramento it wasn't known generally that I was going upstairs to the executive offices. First I was given some training, as a background for employing people.

So, the first month I worked in many departments. I went for a few days in the marking room, down in the basement, which is the simplest, so I'd know what it took to put a pin into some hard material. Then I went into three different departments to sell, then into the wrapping department. I learned how to run the freight elevator, and to floorwalk. And then, suddenly, I found myself employing, interviewing people, involved in all kinds of personnel problems, no longer selling hosiery! (That's the worst department. Don't go into hosiery! The mother comes in and says, "What does Johnny wear? What size does he wear?" [Laughter])

I'll never forget the jewelry department, because I had a horrible experience selling there. I took a tray of engagement rings out for a tall, young cowboy, who was so disarming, but then I must have turned my back, because when I came in the next day, they had discovered there were about a half a dozen rings gone from that tray. They were terribly nice to me. They didn't dock me or anything. But they knew it was I who must have left it out, and they must have thought that this new salesgirl is making a bad beginning!

Then we had some social life too, after I went upstairs among the executives. After work, we'd often drive to Auburn for dinner at the old hotel, or we'd go to Placerville. The Lubins were terribly nice, in fact everyone was very kind to me.

About six months after I was there, Dick Neustadt came out from the east, a representative from a national organization to conduct an efficiency survey for Weinstock-Lubin. Later, his wife Elizabeth and his little boy came out and then, shortly after I left Sacramento, they came to Berkeley. He went into the Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco and gave me a job when I came back from Europe.

Before I married Jerry, there was a period of several months when I was living with my sister, because my father and mother were in an apartment and they hadn't bought their home yet. I felt I should have a job while I waited for Jerry to propose and Dick Neustadt offered me a job in the Chamber of Commerce in the Better Business Bureau. I worked for one month and then went and said, "I'm engaged and I'm going to be married right away. Goodbye." Dick Neustadt became something important--can't remember

Hagar: what. The last time I saw him, he was surrounded by businessmen at the Tahoe Tavern. He died in an airplane going east. Not only was he a brain, but charming.

That little boy, Richard Neustadt, Jr., has become an important national figure and I see his name here and there. He's a political scientist, bright, brilliant, and in charge, I think, of the Kennedy Center at Harvard, and Dean of the School of Public Administration there. [I just looked him up in "Who's Who." E.H.]

Also that year at Weinstock-Lubin, Vera Christie was there. She was in charge of what we called "welfare," which was the welfare of the employees if they became ill, if they needed to borrow money, or any of those things. Vera Christie left a year or so after I did, and came to the University and started the Placement Bureau here. Very, very knowledgeable! She never married. One of my dearest friends, just a marvelous gal! She became ill and, for a couple of months, I went from employment and took over her welfare work.

Riess: Was that rather a special thing for S.J. Lubin to have established?

Hagar: Yes. He wanted to pioneer the cooperative philosophy in retail management, where the employees would have a voice in decisions and perhaps policy-making. He had organized cooperative councils, buying, selling, personnel, etc. Once a month each cooperative would meet for lunch together with management. It worked for a year or so, but wasn't practical. Some years later on the store went bankrupt.

Two men who later made very famous names in retailing he got as young men and started them out. One of them is Folsom, who became head of Filene's, I think. And Neil Petrie, who was a Stanford graduate, was brought in to work up in men's furnishings. [Laughter] I hate that word! Neil Petrie came as this delectable young graduate. Later he was on the State Chamber of Commerce with Jerry, riding around in a chauffeured car, still in retailing and very successful, and I knew Neil when he was holding up neckties so you could see what they looked like when tied!

The first day I went into the basement to sell, it was a very hot day in Sacramento and Folsom was in charge of the basement. He was "working up" too! A very energetic person and he never stopped to look at you when he spoke. He just dashed through life, but he got things done. Well, he never even noticed that he had a new employee that day.

Hagar:

I was terrified, because I'd never sold anything, and I spent the whole day pulling voile dresses on and off little Japanese women, just lots of them, and having a wonderful time doing it. At the end of the day I'd sold more than anyone else in the department, much to my amazement and his! It was just a matter of working fast, I guess. So, he pinned his eyes on me! [Laughter] I sold just a few days there and then I went on to other departments, but he came upon me later at the executive's parties!

Well, I guess Weinstock-Lubin was top-heavy. Free lunches for these people, big salaries, probably, for everybody, not for me. I mean, I started at \$90 a month and I lived happily and well on it. I bought beautiful clothes because I got a percentage off.

I lived in a boarding house and probably paid \$35 a month for my room and board, but had enough to come home weekends occasionally, riding the S.P. train on the old Chabot short-line from Oakland to Sacramento.

That was good salary for me, I guess, and the men that he got from different places were getting good salaries. But at the end of one year, I had to leave--weeping as I told Mr. Lubin my family wanted me home.

He was a great idealist, S.J. Lubin. I think I mentioned him earlier as being chairman of the Housing and Immigration Commission. So, he was a figure in the state as well as a delightful person, but perhaps not a very astute businessman.

Another person who was very close to him, and was like an administrative assistant, was a beautiful Russian girl, Christina Krysto, who had been a practice teacher when she was in college here. I was in the sixth grade when I first knew her and studied German with her. From the age of twelve on I have adored her. So she was S.J. Lubin's right-hand man--tall, dark, handsome--and I saw a great deal of her.

I went to her apartment often for dinner. She was wonderful to me. After I left, a year or two later, she married a widower with two children. She must have been, maybe, thirty-five when she married. She seemed much older, but she wasn't probably. But anyway, she is one of my dearest friends and lives in the east now.

Hagar: These were marvelous people and it just happened I was there in this glorious year. I don't think the idea of co-operatives in retail business is practical. You have to keep the employees on the job and you've got to give them policy and be a boss, I think. I don't think you can break that down. It's too time-consuming, diverting, for the employees to attend meetings. Unions take care of many things now.

Staff and Running of the President's House
(Interview 5, January 9, 1973)

Hagar: So, the first six months of my father's presidency, I was in Sacramento, then my sister Nan was married in May and I came home before the wedding. I went back, but soon my mother realized she had to have a daughter at home, as the President's wife didn't have a secretary in those days. So I returned in the early summer of 1920, after a year of delightful independence.

I found a full and satisfying life on the campus. My father was inaugurated on March 23, 1920, though he had taken office on December 3, 1919. The events and ceremonies covered a period of seven days, and are contained in a handsome hard-cover book setting down all the public remarks and addresses. The subject of his Inaugural Address was "Academic Freedom." I find that particularly intriguing.

The years in the President's House were happy ones for my mother. She enjoyed the beautiful house and ran it well, assisted by Lee, the dignified Chinese cook, whose culinary arts were formidable, and who until he was discouraged by his mistress, was especially fond of creating pastries and molded salads in the form of snakes, complete with green eyes and red tongues as well as other ornaments. Once, after two or three years, my mother insisted Lee take a vacation, and he went to Yosemite. He wrote back a postcard saying, "Tomorrow I come back. Here and there is no place like home," which became a family expression.

There was the little Irish Catherine Gannon, who had also been Mrs. Wheeler's upstairs maid, adored by all of us, and a handsome, experienced Finnish downstairs maid, Mary Nurmi. Blitz was the full-time German gardener, with whom I worked happily, as I had the fun, several times a week, of arranging the flowers in the house. As a parting gift, he made me a weed-removing, two-prong, long-handled hoe, which was used for years

Hagar: by my husband--his favorite gardening tool.

Then, there was the little Spanish Alphonso, who came once a week--and I've often wondered if they have some such person now--to do all the marble in the house, wash the marble in the various bathrooms and also on the balcony. If you notice the front of University House, upstairs, there's a balcony that runs between the two wings. The floor of it is marble, and that was washed every week by Alphonso.

Riess: Was all this coming and going managed by you and your mother, or was there some intermediary person?

Hagar: Alphonso came from Mr. Hugill, superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, and a good friend. But everybody else was under my mother's tutelage, yes, and employed by her and paid by her.

Riess: Whenever I hear about Chinese cooks, I wonder if, occasionally, they get a chance to do Chinese meals?

Hagar: Lee didn't, as I recall. But, as you may know, President and Mrs. Hitch have a Chinese couple, whom they got from Hong Kong, because, as Mrs. Hitch said, when they moved out of the old Blake House, the president's house, they could not find satisfactory help. This was about two, three years ago. So, sight unseen, she brought this man and his wife from Hong Kong. Well, they're very satisfactory and, time and again, she has Chinese meals. I've been to luncheon there several times when we ate with chopsticks, those who wanted to. It's marvelous Chinese food, I think Cantonese, but I'm not smart enough to know. And I think I've been there to a dinner when she had a Chinese meal. But she also has American and European food too, of course.

Riess: I wonder where all these fine Chinese cooks that cooked the European cuisine were trained?

Hagar: I don't know. The one we had in the Philippines, for quite a number of years, named Fat, gave us regular American food as well as Filipino. They weren't gourmet, but just good cooks. I don't ever remember Chinese food there.

Riess: Did the help live in at the President's House?

Hagar: Yes, they all did. In those days, the President's House had a room and bath off the kitchen, where the cook lived, and the maids' rooms were up the back stairs, two rooms and a bath.

Hagar: I was there the other day for lunch and Rose Bowker showed me that back now, and the maids don't live in. They have two maids and a cook, all of them fine, wonderful, delightful black women, whom I have known for some time, because one of them, Alma, was the Shuman cook before Lou Shuman died. And those two back maid rooms are now the two Bowker girls' rooms. Isn't that interesting? And they're very attractive rooms. Of course, the Bowker girls aren't there all the time. In fact, they're not there very much. One's in New York, I guess, and one has been at Stanford.

Riess: But it certainly does say something about the changing times!

Hagar: That's right! Yes, for many maids have their own homes and they come and go.

Somehow we didn't have turnover then, in quite the same way. When you think that Catherine Gannon had been with Mrs. Wheeler for years before we went into the President's House! They had a great sense of loyalty to a family.

Riess: Did Lee stay on with the Campbells?

Hagar: No. Lee went down the Peninsula to cook for a family on a large estate. I remember once he sent a crate of eggs to my mother, after we'd left the campus, and she was slightly horrified, fearing they had come out of the larder of his current employer.

Our guest room was constantly housing interesting people. I mentioned the Hoovers stayed there, and Elihu Root came a couple of times. My father admired him greatly. Every Charter Day the speaker stayed there, in that lovely room, which looks out over the lawn. Both the Bowkers and the Heyns's took that for their room, instead of the big one on the west side with a view of the bay.

Riess: I want to ask you more about managing the house. When your mother made the menus up, did someone else do the shopping?

Hagar: I did a lot of it, and we did a lot of it by phone. We used the large market on University at Shattuck, I've forgotten the name. Where Tolman Hall is now was all vacant ground, and there was a path across the lot down to University and Oxford. I would often walk across this vacant lot to order meats and vegetables instead of phoning, but in those days it was not the custom generally to pick out the food yourself. Everything was delivered. It was World War II, I believe, when there was gas rationing, and very

Hagar: little delivery, that people started the custom of shopping and carrying groceries home.

Until I came, my mother did the ordering or my sister may have done it. The planning was done sometimes by mother and Lee, sometimes by myself. We did a lot of planning together--good experience for me.

The house wasn't used as much by campus organizations as it is today, but there was lots of entertaining. There were two luncheons each month after University meetings, and usually for twenty-four guests. The dining room was certainly one of the most handsome rooms--many formal dinners and teas for distinguished visitors to the campus.

For the University luncheons, every other Friday, there were sort of stock menus. One of the favorites was double lamb chops with bacon around them. Silver platters were passed with tiny sausages, beautifully cooked, among them.

And another thing that was very popular with Lee, which I never appreciated, was creamed mushrooms on toast. At noon you'd come in, and maybe there'd be two of us at the table. Ina would come in, a beautiful person and with great grace. She knew how to serve as no one else did, and she'd whirl a silver platter in front of you and you'd nonchalantly take those marvelous creamed mushrooms on toast. At least once a week, we'd have those. Sometimes there'd be four or five of us, and sometimes only Betty and myself. I often regret that I didn't get the recipe from Lee, for they've never tasted so good since.

Riess: Did your mother care about waste?

Hagar: I'm sure she did. You see, 1914 really began the period of change in the eating habits of Americans because of Mr. Hoover. Before then, we were always supposed to leave a little food on our plates. Did you ever hear that?

Riess: That was the genteel thing to do?

Hagar: Yes. We were raised to do that. We never thought much about it, you know. But after Mr. Hoover became the Food Administrator during the war and we had to save food--it was called "Hooverizing"--we ate everything, and I've never been able to leave anything on my plate since! [Laughter] I have a feeling my mother must have been aware of this because none of us waste anything. Another thing during that First World War was a stock

Hagar: phrase that we all grew up with: "Remember the starving Armenians!" Did you ever hear that?

Riess: Oh, I heard that too.

Hagar: Did you? Well, of course, there are not any Armenians as such any more. But in any war, it's a time you don't waste and this makes a great impression on you. I'm sure that my mother was a careful housekeeper.

Really, I never thought particularly about waste. Now, when I speak of those silver platters of creamed mushrooms going out--of course there were three to feed in the kitchen afterward--but I have a feeling that it was so gauged that there wasn't any waste. Lee would be notified how many were coming, and so there'd be enough to pass a likely-looking platter, but hopefully enough for three when it went out.

Riess: You wouldn't be allowed to push back your plate and say, "I don't want any of this!"

Hagar: The only one who did that was Betty, who couldn't bear breakfast. Some people can't, you know. And I have to tell you a story about her which we didn't hear until long after. Betty's best friend, Jean Anderson, whose family lived in Sebastapol and were in rather straitened circumstances, came to live with us in the President's House after living in her sorority a year or so. She and Betty had two rooms together, toward the back hall. Tom had had one, but he was at Dartmouth. Jean Anderson lived with us as a member of our family for a year or more.

Betty used to like to eat at night. Her story was that one night she went to bed early, evidently didn't go out, and Jean, who was being beamed by the man she married, came in about midnight and Betty woke up and she said, "Oh, all I want are some fried eggs!" Then she probably went off to sleep, but Jeanie went downstairs to the kitchen and cooked a dozen fried eggs and swathed them in catsup and brought them up. And Betty ate them all, that night! Well, you can imagine her horror when a fried egg came in for breakfast! [Laughter] Ugh! What young kids will do!

Family Friends

Cultivating Friends of the University

Hagar: I've mentioned the big luncheons, every two weeks, when many people from around the Bay were invited to meet the people who spoke at the University meetings, to meet faculty, too, and to be entertained on the campus.

It is important for a chancellor or president to draw the community in and let them see something about the University. Cultivation, and so-called public relations, are part of every institution and important through the years, and I think the University has been good at that, when you think of the number of friends the University has, and the support.

Riess: And your father enjoyed this role? And your mother too?

Hagar: Yes. He was good and Mother was wonderful at it. Not for public relations, but simply to open her home to the community and faculty wives. My mother was "at home" on a certain day each month. It was all very informal and friendly and yet there was a formal and rather elegant aura about it. Customarily the new young faculty wives came. There was a nice mixture of women in the town meeting women from the faculty. It was fun for me too, to help. I think the custom must have been started by Mrs. Wheeler.

So many of the older faculty wives now speak of this. They say, "I'll never forget your mother and I remember you at these Tuesday things." Evidently my mother during those years in the President's House had a great feeling for the young wives and was full of understanding and helpful to them. Life was different fifty years ago for the president's wife. Her concerns were almost entirely with the Berkeley campus. Now there are nine full-fledged campuses to go to, and it is the chancellor's wife on each campus who enjoys the local responsibilities.

In those days sororities gave formal teas once a term or once a year. Those who were receiving were in long dresses, very formal, flowers, petitfours, etc. The president's wife went to all of them--at least I know my mother made the effort to, and imagine, she'd go on the streetcar or walk across the campus!

Hagar: And, in those days, the houses asked the President to come for dinner. Now they ask deans and professors or no one. How Mother and Dad did it, on top of their other life, I don't know. And then as now, interesting and distinguished people from around the world visited the University and often stayed with us.

Riess: And great discussions of the affairs of the world?

Hagar: Yes, around the fire in the library. Wonderful! A marvelous opportunity!

Riess: Your father must have been very stimulated.

Hagar: Yes, and he was stimulating! He was a great conversationalist up to the day of his death and interested in so many things. He could move in the highest circles and in the simplest. And, if you read nothing else in the Memoirs, you must read about the episode in Chile, the race on horseback. It is most amusing.

The Piedmont Trail Club, the Bowleses

Hagar: Of course he was a horseman and he always had his horse on the campus to ride for pleasure. I rode two or three times a week with him and President Wheeler, as for a while he had two horses. I can remember many rides with them.

But usually I rode alone up Strawberry Canyon, or down on the S.P. tracks, where there was a dirt road by the tracks so I could gallop. Or I'd ride up Spruce Street--on the tracks, there were streetcars--to Spruce, to Euclid, to Wildcat Canyon, and then gallop!

Riess: He kept the two horses?

Hagar: On Barrow Lane behind where Sproul Hall is now there were other buildings. And there was a stable there, believe it or not. Most of the time there was just one, his beautiful, black Yermak.

He'd had three horses given to him by Piedmont friends, Harry Fair and Mr. Bocqueraz and Mr. Ned Howard, and Mr. Bowles too, who were members of the Piedmont Trail Club, of which he was

Hagar: a member. A club of horse lovers who maintained trails in the Piedmont woods and hills. He was sort of the lion of that whole group, for though they all had money and were horsey and delightful, he was poor and brainy. [Laughter] Can you picture that?

After he left the presidency, he saw a great deal of them and rode with the Piedmont Trail Club and kept his horse in their stables. Once, in fact, he gave a gymkhana for all these people. He had a wonderful breakfast brought out. I've forgotten where it was, but it was a place out in the country where there was a ring. Everyone rode out and exhibited their horses. I remember the Raymond Forces had several Tennessee walking horses, rather rare in these parts. The children were all invited, the sons and daughters of the club members, and a lot of us rode. It was a great affair, and lots of fun.

The Bowleses had their home in Oakland in an area which is now Claremont Pines, north and east of the country club. It's a hilly area and is now developed into large residences. But that was once all owned by the Philip Bowleses, with their big, old house and beautiful gardens and driveways and enormous stables. Mrs. Bowles was the horsewoman. I don't remember his riding much, strangely enough. After Mr. Bowles died, Dad interested Mrs. Bowles in giving the money for Bowles Hall, in memory of her husband, who was a regent for some ten years.

Another regent was Wigginton Creed, who was president of the Alumni Association. Delightful person! He and his wife and their three or four daughters lived in Piedmont and he was an active, loyal Californian. Dad once likened Mrs. Creed and her daughters to a covey of quail, because they were all gentle, dear, shy people, usually moving in a group. Mrs. Creed lived for many years and only recently died, a beautiful person! But they were like a gentle, little covey of quail coming into a room. [Laughter]

That whole group of Piedmont people, the Ned Howards, the Harry Fairs, the Leon Bocquerazes, Carmen and Walter Starr, the Herbert Moffitts--Mrs. Moffitt, very handsome, used to call on my mother, I remember, on her day at home--and Ralph Kinney and the Duncan McDuffies. All of these were wonderful friends during the years. They were interested in Berkeley and in the University.

Look what Mr. Moffitt did. Look what Mrs. Bowles did. They were generous to the University. And of course, they adored my father and mother, I think partly because Dad was the intellectual,

Hagar: in a way, and yet he was so robust and so delightful a conversationalist and had so many different facets in his life, like love of horses, that they were fascinated by him. He didn't have any money, compared to them, but that didn't make a difference.

Events

Charter Day Speakers: Sir Auckland Geddes

Riess: I have a list of the Charter Day speakers, and wanted to get your memories of those events.

Hagar: In those days, the Charter Day pattern was somewhat different. The Greek Theatre ceremonies were in the morning; there was the luncheon for the speaker and Regents at noon at the President's House; then I remember an afternoon reception for the community, on at least two Charter Days; and in the evening the formal banquet at the Palace Hotel! An exhausting day.

I was living at home when Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes were invited. He was the British ambassador in Washington, a typically handsome, tall, delightful Englishman and she was a lovely lady, just a dear person. They made a fine impression on the community.

My father made arrangements after the ceremonies to take them to Yosemite, as well as Sir Auckland's secretary, Hugh Tenant, of the famous British Tenant family, related to the Asquiths, I think. I was invited to go along. Also, there was the vice-president of the S.P. [Southern Pacific railroad], who put on the private car and took us up to Yosemite, and his wife and his secretary, a delightful young man. Can't remember his name, but he was a good dancer!

So, here were three couples, and three young people in a private train to Portola. It was March and the snow everywhere was very beautiful. And there wasn't anyone else there, really, in those days.

Riess: What met the train then?

Hagar: There must have been cars. I remember my first trip into Yosemite in 1915 going up in a stagecoach with horses from Portola on a full moonlight night.

Hagar: This time was just as beautiful, because the valley was covered with snow. We stayed at the old Sentinel Hotel, which is a typical early-California hotel and fairly comfortable--the Awahnee hadn't been built. And, as I recall, there were the foresters, and there must have been rangers there. I don't remember anyone else. We danced every night, the two young men and I, to a gramophone, or something. We snowshoed, rode horseback, and of course there was a great deal of lively and interesting conversation. We were there about four or five days, I guess. Wasn't that lovely? Yosemite in the winter is spectacular, particularly when there are no people.

Then, when Admiral Sims came, he was a typical old salt, just delightful, with marvelous stories. A wonderful person!

Riess: How did your father pick Sir Auckland Geddes? Had he known him before?

Hagar: No, I don't think so. I don't know. How do they pick Charter Day speakers? I think suggestions are made by regents and the administration. And sometimes they can't get the speakers they want.

Dad had always been an Anglophile, had always been an admirer of things British and had British friends, men of letters and politics. I don't think he'd known Sir Auckland. As far as Admiral Sims is concerned, he may have known him before, because he did have army and navy connections around the place, you know. But you don't have to know people to invite them to be Charter Day speakers. It is a very prestigious invitation.

Riess: And you don't have to know people to go off for five days with them either?

Hagar: Oh no! Not worldly people. That Yosemite trip was fascinating. The talk was world talk. That's the kind of thing that I lived in for three years.

And, as I've said, my father was a remarkable conversationalist. Up to the very moment he died, he was one of the most gifted conversationalists I've ever known, not only in his simplicity, but in the variety of his knowledge and his marvelous sense of humor and great, hearty laugh.

Riess: On such occasions, would the women go off together? Was there a dividing of the men and women?

Hagar: Sometimes, but not always. In a small group like that, they would mingle. If you have too many women and too many men I'm sure you get better conversation if it's separated. But with just the three couples, I imagine--oh, but there's always men-talk that's separate, it seems to me, even at dinners. And I'm sure there's lady-talk. I'm sure that Mother and Lady Geddes had a lot of things to say to each other that didn't interest the men.

Interestingly enough, it just popped into my mind that after my father resigned and we went to Europe for nine months, we were in Seville in the hotel, and there came Lady Geddes! Wasn't that fun to meet her again! I hadn't thought of that for years. I think Sir Auckland had died and she was with another English woman.

Hugh Tenant died very young. He was perfectly delightful and a typical young Englishman, slated probably for politics.

Wheeler Hall Plays

Hagar: Another thing that was interesting about life in the President's House was that for everything that was given on the campus--concerts, plays, addresses, all those things--tickets were sent to us.

Wheeler Hall, in those days, was the only theatre on the campus. Before it burned it seated nearly a thousand people. [Burned January 23, 1969; rebuilt October 8, 1973.] All the plays were given on the small stage there, a challenge to every stage director. The actors had to come out from doors on either side of the stage and go up the stairs and perform on that narrow area.

[In rereading this part, I must now add just a word about the recent rededication of the renovated Wheeler Hall. In 1969 the beautiful hall was completely gutted by an unexplained fire, and in 1973 the new Wheeler Hall was opened by an entrancing program of dedication, giving glimpses of the former uses of the auditorium from large lecture classes by popular professors to dramatic and musical occasions--a nostalgic evening! E.H.]

When I was thinking about Wheeler Hall and all those years of drama, I thought of a play by Dan Tothoro in 1920 or '21. (Dan Tothoro became famous on Broadway. I haven't heard of him

Hagar: recently, but, for many years, he was a playwright there. I don't remember his acting.)

Dan was a student then and wrote "Wild Bird." It was the story of a young boy and a young girl and their love affair, and on the night I went when she says, "I feel something here, moving," Mrs. Boynton got up out of her seat in the audience and marched her children out! [Laughter] Don't you think that's wonderful! Everyone watched them march out. Mrs. Boynton was such a stunning creature, you know, tall, big-boned, and very straight, blonde.

That play was a lovely love story, and it was beautifully done and delicately done, but this was pretty "hmm hmm," pretty daring, on a campus. Doesn't that sound strange! It didn't get by the Boynton's. [Laughter] I speak of it because it's marvelous to think that Mrs. Boynton with all her feeling of freedom, freedom of costume, you know, striding up Ridge Road early in the morning in a Greek shift and that type of thing, still was old-fashioned enough to feel this was not for her children.

Riess: Do you remember Irving Pichel?

Hagar: Oh yes. Irving Pichel was a delightful actor and a great friend of Sam Hume's, though Sam was older. Irving went, eventually, to Hollywood as a director. There was a lovely young girl who used to act with him, whom he married, blonde and very pretty. I think she went into the movies too, down south. Violet Wilson was her name. She was the daughter of the Socialist mayor of Berkeley, Stitt Wilson. Stitt Wilson and my father debated "Bolshevism" in 1919, after his return from Siberia. The debate, much publicized, was held in the Berkeley High School auditorium before an overflow crowd. It created a lot of excitement.

Oh, there were numberless plays. Then there were the Greek plays put on in the Greek Theatre by the Greek department and Professor James Allen, who had gone to school with my father and mother in Pomona.

A Prytanean Fete

Hagar: I'd like to tell something about the Prytanean Society that happened during the years while I was living on the campus. They had, once a year, what was called the Prytanean fete, at which they made a lot of money.

They often got an alumna to manage this, to organize and put it on. So I had charge of that I guess the first year I came back from Sacramento. Well, old Harmon Gymnasium was given to it and you organized it just the way you did any kind of a great affair. You had chairmen for all the booths, you see, fortune-telling, food, games, and so on. You had a publicity chairman and public relations, and so forth. I used the Prytanean seniors as chairmen.

Anyway, it was fun working on it, with so many women students. We worked for two days to set it up with Mr. Hugill, head of Buildings and Grounds. All you had to do was say you wanted so many booths, this size, as well as all the other appurtenances, and they'd put them up that day. Then the girls would come in and decorate.

As I recall, the chairmen of all the parts of it used other women students on their committees, and that was marvelous, like the Parthenia, all working together. It was a great success, ending with dancing. Most of the money collected was spent by the men who came to the affair.

The thing I remember most clearly about it was collecting all the money at midnight and walking back across the campus with a friend, with all this cash, and getting back to the President's House and having the phone ring and having somebody say, "Dave Wooley has just been killed." He was a Sigma Phi senior, one of the most prominent men on campus and greatly loved by everyone.

In fact, I had talked with him a few days before, because one of his younger fraternity brothers had fallen in love with my sister Betty and had kissed her in the back of a car. [Laughter] Can you imagine, it had been reported to the Alpha Phi's! So, Dave, the head of the house, had come to see me about it. This tells you the mores of the time?

Well, I didn't make a great deal of it, though people weren't kissing each other in those days in public. (This was in the early '20s.) But the Alpha Phi sisters were horrified that their

Hagar: freshman had been kissed in the back of a car. There was an older Sigma Phi in the front, I think it was Dave with a girl.

Riess: But wasn't this considered to be the "Jazz Age?" I mean, weren't things happening, for heaven's sake?

Hagar: Yes, yes. Of course I can't imagine how they could have been so stuffy! And this happens to be the man she married and lived happily with for forty-two or forty-three years, the one who kissed her. She was very lovely-looking, very popular.

Anyway, Dave and I had just had this talk, which neither of us took very seriously. It was the Alpha Phi sisters, one or two of them, who had. And he was killed that night in an automobile accident. It was a dreadful thing. I've forgotten who phoned me, but I was told his mother was alone, and would I go up to her home.

She lived up Euclid on a cul-de-sac, Hillside Avenue. So, Dave Shattuck and I went up. Of course, I woke my parents and told them we were going right up there. We had no car, so we walked, ran. And we did find her alone. Shortly, other people came. But isn't that a terrible night? That's the thing that stands out from the Prytanean fete, getting the money home and then having that happen.

But anyway, the fetes made a lot of money and when they stopped, I don't know. They had value besides the money-making. You see what I mean?

Riess: It drew the whole campus in.

Hagar: It unified. Well, women, yes. And then, the men came and spent their money. Oh yes. It was a very popular project for some years.

The Barrows Children

Nan Barrows Stewart

Riess: Tell me more about your brother and sisters.

Hager: My older sister Nan was loved greatly in college and was involved in many activities on campus. Everybody knew Nan Barrows. After

Hagar: she graduated, she majored with Dr. Agnes Morgan in dietetics and took her MA in that field. Then she went to Sacramento for a year and worked in the YWCA. She didn't use her training in dietetics. She was a secretary there the year that my father and mother went to the Philippines. After the war she worked in San Francisco, I don't remember where she was working. Anyway, she was married in the spring of 1920 to Floyd Stewart, who had been the president of the student body and popular, handsome and charming. They had a beautiful wedding with a ball afterwards in the ballroom downstairs. I was the maid of honor.

Then they took Lincoln Hutchison's house, a charming Maybeck on Canyon Road, next to the Riebers and across from the stadium. Their first child was born there, David Barrows Stewart, who was an adored and beautiful baby. They would come home every weekend to the President's House, and not having a car, she'd push the baby in the baby buggy from up by the stadium across the campus to the President's House and back again. An unlikely picture now! The crib was in the big guest room in the President's House.

Soon the weekends got longer and longer, so sometimes they would be from Friday to Tuesday. Then, when they were leaving, Lee would cook them up a little roast chicken, a pan of homemade rolls, and other goodies. Oh, the raised rolls and butter balls! I tell my children this is one of the amenities of life that's gone forever.

Riess: What did Floyd Stewart do?

Hagar: He was in stocks and bonds.

Anyway, they eventually bought a nice old Maybeck house on the Uplands and had five children.

Floyd Stewart had gone into the National Guard. He was in the First World War and came back an officer. Floyd and Betty's husband Frank Adams, who had been a Marine officer, both went into the National Guard and were on my father's staff after the war (the First World War). He was a colonel by then, I guess, and later a general in the 40th Division.

When the Second World War came, both of those young men were by then colonels in the National Guard, and they both went off to war. Floyd was sent to Alaska. My sister had, by then, three sons and two daughters. One of the two older sons had gone through ROTC, David, named for my father, and was an army lieutenant in France. The other, Donald, was a flier--an officer,

Hagar: a navigator--in the Pacific.

Then Nan went into war work. By then, she was on a lot of boards and was one of the most loved women in Berkeley, but she gave up all those things, with a husband and two sons in the service, and she went to the Lawrence Radiation Lab to work. That's sort of a cute story, because she was stalwart and she took the night--you know, it was going twenty-four hours--and she took the "graveyard shift" from about 11 p.m. to 7 a.m., something like that.

No one working there could speak of his work. I said to her once, "What sort of thing do you do?" "Oh," she said, "I'm just a messenger. I do all kinds of things. I carry coffee to the scientists who stay all night." She never really told me until after the war and then I asked her again. She said, "I don't know. I cleaned an instrument. It was just as complicated as a sewing machine and I took it all apart every night and cleaned it and put it back together again."

"Now, last night," she said, "Dr. Ernest Lawrence called me in and asked me to get some coffee. When I came back, he asked me to wait a minute and take something somewhere and there was Molly's picture on the desk. I said something about Molly and he looked at me for the first time. He'd never even looked at me." Nobody knew what her background was, or who she was, or that she had a husband and two sons fighting in the war, or any of this. Nobody took time to be interested in anybody. You couldn't be.

Ernest Lawrence looked at her and he said, "Do you know my wife?" And she told him they'd been on the day nursery board for some years together. Several years later, I said something to Ernest about my sister working up there during that night time. And he said, "Did she ever tell you what she did?" And I said, "Yes. She cleaned a machine." He remembered her and he said, "I learned afterwards of her family, that her husband and sons were gone. She was a wonderful person."

I never heard anyone say anything against Nan. And so many people, after she died, wrote, "It was her smile. It was her complete interest in the other person, her selflessness, that made everybody love her."

Thomas Nichols Barrows

Riess: How did your brother Tom decide to go to Dartmouth?

Hagar: Well, my father wanted to have him go away from the campus. I guess he was here two years and then Dad was President and he sent him to Dartmouth. However, Tom came back here and graduated, because he wanted to be a graduate of the University, as all of us were. He was in the class of '22 and Betty was in the class of '24.

Why he chose Dartmouth, I don't know, except we had a lot of good friends interested in Dartmouth. The Seldon Smiths, for one, were very good friends of Mother's and Dad's and it may have been they talked about Dartmouth. You know, "Once a Dartmouth man, always a Dartmouth man." Did you know that? [Laughter] They have an intense sense of loyalty, it seems to me.

It was a good experience for Tom. He joined my father's fraternity. (My father had been invited, in the early days here, to be a Phi Kappa Sigma, and this always meant a great deal to him. We always had Phi Kap's in our home and it was a strong fraternity those years, very strong. Wonderful men and we knew all of them.) When Tom was at Dartmouth, I guess there was a Phi Kappa Sigma house. He may have lived in it, I don't recall. He got a job there running some concession, selling something in a booth. I don't know what it was, but it was passed on from person to person and it was a great asset. Somebody passed it to him and he ran it with the help of younger people whom he employed. He made some cash out of it and it was a good experience.

Tom married Betty's best friend, Jane Stow, a Berkeley girl and also an Alpha Phi. He ended up going back to Columbia after he graduated here and taught in Lincoln School in New York, connected in a way with Teachers College. He never got a Ph.D., but he did go into educational work. He first was headmaster of Woodmere Academy on Long Island. He and Jane by then, I guess, had one child.

At Woodmere he became knowledgeable about all the college requirements and the kind of colleges that would be right for certain students. This really became his forte. I never visited Woodmere, but I judge it was largely Jewish people of wealth. I remember Tom saying that in some cases it was hard to get Jewish students into some of the smaller colleges.

Hagar: While he was there, he had an accident. He was struck by lightning. He was on a field one day with his football team. He used to just go out, watch them practice, and put in his oar too, and they were leaning on a fence. Suddenly, there was a streak of lightning. One boy was killed and Tom was badly burned. He was also leaning on the fence and it evidently had nails in it. That was naturally a traumatic experience for the school.

Anyway, he then went on, and he ended up president of Lawrence College in Appleton, Wisconsin. First, he was dean and then the president, Dr. Riston, went to Brown, and Tom became president. Well, they had a lovely life there, and wonderful friends in Appleton.

And then, I think, what happened was the tuberculosis society wanted to x-ray every student. So, Tom, to lead off, to show them that it was a good idea to have it done, had the x-ray and they found not active tuberculosis, but evidently he had had some lesions. The doctor advised against the heavy winters and he up and resigned and he came out here. It was too bad in a way, because I think he liked the life and was doing a good job. He was director of the Paper Institute there, as well as being president of Lawrence College.

Later, he did various other things. He was with the Council on American Education in Washington for some years. Then he came out here and was head of the northern UC Extension Division here. Then he had a heart attack and went to Carmel and bought a lovely house there. When he got better from that, the headmaster of Robert Louis Stevenson School persuaded him to move onto the campus and take on students. He was particularly good with high school students. So, he did that and then he found that he was doing a lot of advising. He had to stop that and take another rest.

The last thing they were going to do--he was persuaded to go to Lausanne to an American school that's evidently quite successful there. They had a son and daughter and by then his children were grown. The headmistress persuaded them to come just for a year to help the seniors plan for their American college education. They were on their way and they stopped in Appleton to see dear friends, and he died of a heart attack on the golf course.

Riess: In what ways would you say that you and Nan and Betty and Tom carried on some of your father's or mother's characteristics. Can you think of any examples?

Hagar: I can't really. I hope that we have some of their character. But they, to us, were so--well, quite perfect. They encompassed so much that somehow--I don't know. I'd have to think about that.

My husband used to say, "Well, if you leave me, I'm going home to your mother!" [Laughter] There was nothing dull or stuffy about them. Young people and children were drawn toward them. My nieces and nephews always told grandfather first when they were going to have a child, before they told anybody else, because of their love for him, and because he would be so pleased. He was insatiable, and wanted lots and lots of grandchildren. He had special songs he always sang to the babies, holding them in his arms. That's one of the last pictures out at the ranch of a lot of the little ones with him. [Shows photo]

Riess: Well, in what ways would you say Tom was like your father?

Hagar: I don't think he was like him. We were all very close. I think maybe that's why all the next generations are so close. I always say it was my mother and father who made us want to be a family and want to enjoy things together and so forth. I never thought before about it, but I don't think any of us were--I hope we have some of the characteristics of them. I mean, if we're honest I hope that's their honesty, you know? But this is a hard one for me. I'd have to think about it.

Riess: If there were sort of temperamental things occasionally, you might be able to say, "Well, she has his temper," or something like that. But it sounds as if they didn't --

Hagar: They didn't have a temper. I think I'm the only one in the family who had a temper. Funny--I can't pinpoint it. My sister Nan was easygoing. I think my father was slightly easygoing, but uncompromising. That's one reason he never went into politics. He said he could never compromise easily as politicians constantly must. Really, I think Nan was more like my father. She looked a little bit like him.

Elizabeth Barrows Adams

Hagar: Betty is like nobody, but Betty and my mother were very close, though unlike one another except in their courage and stamina; both had an uncommon measure of that. Betty is something of an individualist, with a large dose of imagination and wit. I am the kind who just plods along, with no imagination. The last thing I wanted to do was to be noticed. But Betty doesn't mind. She does everything very naturally and she is so handsome, you know, a great entertainer. A conservative person like my mother, being able to understand Betty in all her ups and downs and loves and what have you, was the greatest thing that ever happened to Betty.

I remember some people felt that Betty should not be here on the campus with her father President, particularly when she was so popular and unintentionally conspicuous. She's always been creative, and at one period she made dresses for her friends. She sewed in the big fourth floor room in the President's House.

She actually went into business for a short time. She got a dressmaker who made dresses, all one pattern, of cotton crepe, and then Betty embroidered great, splashy flowers around the bottom of the skirts in startling colors--the color combinations were the thing. Betty sold them through Brakes's (now where Sather Gate Apparel Shop is) for practically nothing. Those dresses were briefly all over the campus. Well, you know, that's a little irregular for the President's daughter.

Mother was very understanding about everything, and the reason she didn't send her away to school was that she wanted to keep her right there because she did understand her and because she could keep a rather firm hand on her social life and activities. Betty was always in love with somebody. This understanding and rapport between mother and Betty--it often doesn't happen, you know, with a conservative mother and a somewhat flamboyant daughter.

Riess: And your father just let your mother handle that?

Hagar: Yes. [Laughter] And yet, he was very much a part of everything. He always was greatly amused by Betty, I know. She used to have little pigtails as a child and he named them Jezebel and Delilah. He always was naming things and people. Betty was the kind of a person who brought every stray cat and every stray person home and had a great heart that went out to everybody who needed a

Hagar: friend. On, he spent his life laughing at Betty and with her, because she is amusing and gay. I, too, have always been her best audience.

Riess: Did the family honestly think that that summer in southern California was what made Betty different from the others?

Hagar: No. She was always an individual. No, I don't think that summer did. I think mother whacked her back into place and took off her funny, startling clothes. But Betty has always had adventures, every kind of adventure, all kinds of awful things happening to her and all kinds of illnesses happening to her, and always has survived. And great stamina and poise--an interesting person.

When my mother died, an unbelievable reality to us all, we went to the crematorium before the cremation. The coffin was there before us. The service had been said in their living room by Dr. John Buckam, an old, old friend. There was no one at the service besides my father and his son and daughters.

Then we stood for a moment at the crematorium and Betty read the St. Francis prayer, a copy of which Mother always had by her bedside. It completely exemplified my mother, and Betty was able to read that without any faltering, which to me showed extraordinary strength.

Betty fell in love when she was a sophomore with the boy she had kissed in the back seat, Frank Adams. When my father resigned in 1923, and he and my mother decided to go to Europe on a year's leave given by the Regents, Betty didn't want to go, and so Frank and she were married in the President's House just before we moved out, in the spring, in another beautiful wedding, with a ball downstairs. And we ensconced them in a little apartment court out on Shattuck Avenue.

And Betty--oh, wonderful tales that she told, you know! She stopped college, but Mother and Dad were willing to continue with her allowance. Frank had a year and a half more to graduate and his family was willing to pay his, but he got a job with American Express Company driving a wagon in the afternoon. And there was Betty, in her trousseau clothes, sitting beside him. In fact, she always had ridden and liked horses. Frank was slightly afraid of them, so she'd help harness the horse every afternoon and ride around in the wagon with him. And the funny stories! She has no false pride whatsoever.

Riess: I flippantly said something about, "This was the beginning of the jazz age." What things can you think of in the early twenties?

Hagar: I was never a real child of the jazz age, but Betty was. She could Charleston with great class, for one thing. And this brings to mind one of the funny things that Betty did.

In those days, the styles were what they now call the "twenties," and seem to be coming back. Everything was cut on a bias, which fitted you right snugly. It was the day of the ostrich fan, and somebody gave her a black ostrich feather and she wanted to wear it to a party with her white satin wedding gown. She had a black fly swatter and she took Frank's black tie from his National Guard uniform and wound it around the handle and put the two ostrich plumes on either side and went to this party, very slim and handsome in her skinny white satin gown! But then, she couldn't resist telling people and she let everybody examine it! [Laughter]

I guess she could have been called something of a flapper, but of course she was safely married in 1923 and Frank was a conservative gentleman and very handsome.

Culture

Writers of the 20s

Riess: Babbitt was written in 1922, and Mencken and Lewis and F. Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway were writing...

Hagar: I read some of these writers, and Hemingway. The era that Scott Fitzgerald wrote about passed me by. Perhaps I was too serious-minded and secure--too bound up with marriage and the happy, simple, untroubled life we led to even be much aware of the whirling world of The Great Gatsby.

In our college days, and until the twenties, girls didn't drink at all, but during the early twenties cocktails began to emerge and for us, as I remember, the drinks were "old fashions"--even to carefully mulling the sugar and water together. Later people began to drink gin. Prohibition brought some strange cultural mores, and we even knew a couple who actually made "gin in the bathtub." But until the depression, we weren't much affected

Hagar: by culture as depicted by those writers during the twenties. In the thirties, yes. But somehow, Main Street and Middle USA weren't our causes.

Saroyan was popular. It also was the era of the Russian writers. Perhaps it was because I had taken several courses with Dr. Kaun at the University and I was very fond of him and maybe that was why, but while I was in the President's House I used to read many of the Russian novelists. I have them over in my bookcase there now--Dostoevsky, Gogol, Chekov, Tolstoy, Turgenev.

I think everybody was reading Russian literature then. People were particularly interested because of the '17 Revolution, maybe, and we were picking up the old culture, the old Russia. This was a period when we had some White Russians come to the University. I don't know whether you'd be interested in this or not, but when Dad was in Siberia, he had as a young interpreter George Vitkovsky. He was the first White Russian to come here and then others came, Boris von Arnold among them. (Did I mention the fact that von Arnold had been asked to go down and teach Douglas Fairbanks fencing while he was filming "Robin Hood?")

Well, out of Siberia came this George Vitkovsky, a highly educated, aristocratic, young White Russian who was employed by Dad as an interpreter. When Dad left Siberia--Vladivostok--he suggested that George gather together what he could and come to the University of California, because he was only about eighteen and he had had to flee from Petrograd, where he was being educated. He arrived and he was the first of several White Russians, quite a group, who came to the University of California and got their education. He changed his name to Vitt and was for many years an engineer with Caterpillar. We still correspond heartily at Christmas.

Von Arnold and he were both Russian aristocrats, clicking their heels, giving a quick bow of the head when shaking hands, but shortly they became American college boys, yet always retaining a certain old world charm. Both became American citizens eventually.

They were the forerunners of a large number of young White Russians who emigrated to the United States for an education. Many of them were in our home often, for after my father's experience in Siberia he was drawn toward them. How they would talk about any subject, and into the night!

The John Galen Howard Family
(Interview 6, January 24, 1973)

Hagar: I was thinking of the whole group of Berkeleyans who were always so much a part of our lives from the time we came here. There was a group of professors, for instance, like the Leuschners, the Riebers, the Strattons, the Walter Morris Harts, the Nobles, John Galen Howards, and then the Warren Olneys, who weren't faculty, nor were the Thorsens.

The Howards were a marvelous family. Mrs. Howard was a woman of spirit and individuality and determination. John Galen Howard, tall, handsome and very courtly--the old gallant school--was a distinguished architect and became University architect and founder of the department.

They had four gifted children, all of whom I knew. Henry, the oldest and an architect, I didn't know so well. He was in the war and married a French woman.

Then Robert Howard, Bob, was in "our crowd" in high school and a delightful person and became a well-known artist in various media. He married Adeline Kent and I never saw him much after that, but he was a great friend all through high school and college. He worked in wood, sculpture, painting, mobiles. In fact, Duke Wellington put on an exhibit in the little old museum, the Power House, of Bob's work at one time and there must have been his work in about five media. It was a one-man show, very stylish. He did a beautiful frieze on the outside wall of the First Congregational Church, Oakland, of figures or prophets, and lovely sculptures for the 1939 World's Fair.

Then there was the next son, Langley, who went east to college. We met him in Taormina once, my mother and Laurinne Palmer, who was with us that year in Europe, and I. He arrived with an eastern cohort. These two young fellows were touring Europe, studying art and painting under the auspices--at least mainly in Italy--of the SPCA. [Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals] Their technique was to go to the office in Rome and get some literature to pass out, for which they were paid a small stipend. This was the way they got to Taormina and to Palermo. Then they'd set up a little stand and pass out literature, and put up their paintings--hoping to draw a crowd for both, but caring little for their cause!

Hagar: We sat that whole evening out on an open terrace, I remember, looking at Mt. Etna and discussing the world. They were fresh out of money, so my mother lent them some and the two of them had dinner with us. But Laurinne and I were amused that these young eastern college boys would be so intent, suddenly, on protecting animals! [Laughter]

After losing track of Langley (our meeting in Taormina was in 1923), it is interesting to note that he and his wife, Blanche Philips, a sculptress, are exhibiting now in San Francisco at the Art Commission's Capricorn Asunder Gallery. Frankenstein has given them a fine write-up in the Chronicle. I'm planning to see it.

Then there was Jeanette, the fourth of the children. Although she was an Alpha Phi, I didn't know her well.

Riess: I'd like to hear more about the character of John Galen Howard.

Hagar: I was always fascinated by him. Besides his impressive appearance, he was dignified and courtly--interesting to talk with on many subjects. He had a great reputation, having been University architect and having created some of the most beautiful buildings on the campus, Doe Library, California Hall, old Boalt Hall, Hearst Hall and Wheeler Hall. Certainly that was a golden era!

I remember him quite often in the President's House, and it was he who called my mother the day my father's resignation was made public, and told us to go quickly to California Hall as the students were gathering below the President's Office in a rally to try to dissuade the President from resigning.

Riess: He had a lot of control over the whole campus growth for quite a long time.

Hagar: Oh yes. He did. After he died, it was Mr. Kelham who was architect who was not ever very involved and did what nobody liked very much, the Life Sciences Building.

I wonder about architecture on the campus. Bill Wurster's book will talk about that.* There's always been a question in

*William W. Wurster, College of Environmental Design, University of California, Campus Planning, and Architectural Practice, Regional Oral History Office, UC Berkeley, 1964.

Hagar: my mind--and I said this once to Bill and Catherine [Wurster]--about the heterogeneous character of the campus here. Every building, era after era, different in style and materials, not like Stanford, all red brick, and Michigan, all one kind of architecture. And they both said, "It's much more interesting to have a campus that has different eras shown by the kind of architecture of that era, not ever boring." Now maybe this is a general concept of architects that they like this kind of thing, but certainly the two Wursters did.

You can look at South Hall, for instance, and there is the earliest. Then you can look at the modern buildings like Wurster Hall and, whether you like it or not, architecture has moved over the years from something very beautiful and decorative like Doe Library and Boalt Hall, to something like Barrows Hall which a lot of people don't like because of its box-like severity. I suppose economics is part of the difference. So, there are ways of looking at it. I love the campus the way it is.

Then, in those years, there were the Seldon Smiths and the Frank Wentworths, the Warren Gregorys. All those large families of early Berkeley were dear friends and we saw a great deal of them.

Music and Poetry

Riess: It was in Mr. Lehman's manuscript that he mentions poetry readings at the Howard house.* Do you recall that sort of thing?

Hagar: I don't recall that. That's Mrs. Howard for you, mainly, I think.

Riess: I'm interested in the creative things, like games and poetry readings, that were substitutes for television and for getting in the car and going places.

Hagar: Exactly! We did have lots of music, mostly opera on the ever-present Victrola, night after night, so that we became familiar with the music. Strangely, symphony recordings weren't a part of

*Benjamin Lehman, Recollections and Reminiscences of Life in the Bay Area from 1920 Onward, Regional Oral History Office, UC Berkeley, 1969.

Hagar: our life. But because of my mother's love of opera we have always listened to operatic music.

My first introduction to the magic world of opera came at the age of twelve. It was "II Trovatore," given in the Opera House in Manila, and probably a most inadequate performance, but I remember sitting in a front seat of a box, never moving, even during intermission.

I remember once in old Idora Park a terrible production of "The Tales of Hoffman," but I'll never forget it, all the way along to productions in Rome and at La Scala, in Vienna, in Paris, and in many lesser cities, even behind the Iron Curtain, and back many times to the San Francisco Opera. Music in the homes was piano and strings, of course, and the old Victrola, not electrified. So, the arias became familiar to us always and the great singers--Caruso, Lily Pons, Schumann-Heink, de Gogorza, Chaliapen, Scotti, all of those and many more.

We had poetry in our family, but I didn't go to poetry readings.

Riess: And poetry in your family would mean just somebody reading aloud?

Hagar: My father and I, since earliest days, read and memorized poetry. I remember one hot day one summer in Pomona, my father laying aside his hayfork to read poetry while we sat on a haystack. I learned old-fashioned things like "Horatius at the Bridge" and a lot of Blake and Coleridge. He loved poetry. But things like the "Forsaken Merman"--you've never heard of him probably--or "The boy stood on the burning deck..." Some were simple things, but wonderful lines that have remained with me.

The first ones I loved and learned were probably from "A Child's Garden of Verses," Stevenson, and then on to Blake, "Tiger, Tiger," and "The Daffodils" and lots of others. I think our favorite poem was Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." Over the years, in times of stress, I have had comfort and strength in reciting to myself some of these poems. My father remarked once that the most beautiful lines in the English language were those of Coleridge's in "Kubla Khan."

Other Presidents

The Benjamin Ide Wheelers

Hagar: I'd like to say a few words about the Wheelers, because he and my father were very good friends. It was a strong friendship and understanding and appreciation of each other. In 1913 President Wheeler went for some months to Germany as Roosevelt Professor. (This was a post my father was invited to fill in 1932-33.) My father, who had so recently come to the University, was appointed acting president. Later he became dean of faculties.

Mrs. Wheeler was a dear little person, an individualist of her own school. Some people didn't understand her, I think. She had a certain formality about her that some people couldn't swallow, but I think she was a marvelous president's wife and a dear friend. As the years went along, she mellowed.

I'll never forget when Betty, who was something of a rascal, was having her first child and met Mrs. Wheeler on the street. She remarked about Betty and Betty said, "Well, I'm having twins, you know." So, Mrs. Wheeler went home and made another sweater and gave her two little pink sweaters when the baby came. [Laughter] But that shows what sort of a human person Mrs. Wheeler was, but without much sense of humor.

I remember when my father and mother were away in the Philippines during the First World War, Tom, Nan, and I were living in an apartment here and the Wheelers asked us for lunch on a Sunday. We'd never been to the President's House and it was slightly different from the lunches that we had in our little apartment. We thoroughly enjoyed it. It was quite formal, but during lunch, in came two enchanting little boys. They ran in and threw their arms around President Wheeler's neck and it was the two Reinhardt boys. Mrs. Reinhardt had not become Mills president by then. Paul is now a doctor, and Fritz, of course, became ambassador to Egypt and to Italy and has since died. They called President Wheeler "Uncle Benjamin."

Then after lunch the mints were passed, but President Wheeler said, "I have my favorite kind of candy and I want you to have some." He went over to the library, to the bookcase, and reaching behind the books, pulled out a yellow sack filled with peanut brittle which he had stashed away there. [Laughter]

Hagar: That was such a lovely, informal note. You see, we were greatly in awe of him, always, then to encounter small very human gestures... It was a sweet thing for them to do for us, of course for the sake of our parents.

I think President Wheeler was a great gentleman and a great president. After he died, Mrs. Wheeler lived in Cloyne Court and had her lovely things around her. Then, one last episode about the Wheelers that might be mentioned: when I was on the council of the Alumni Association Mrs. Sproul was in the President's House and was concerned that there were no headstones on the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler in the Sunset Cemetery in north Berkeley, no markers at all. So, she wrote to the council, asking if we couldn't do something about it, that she was willing to undertake to raise some money for this. The council decided to give a certain amount of money toward the headstones and asked me to take this on and work with Ida, which I did. She interested Mrs. Anson Blake, as they had both been friends of the Wheelers, and wrote to the Wheeler's son, Benjamin, who lived in the east. He sent some money, and with the amount from the Alumni Association, Mrs. Sproul's and Mrs. Blake's, we selected two very nice slabs, just upright slabs engraved with their names. Doesn't it seem appropriate to you that their graves should be marked?

It was a wonderful, quiet thing that Mrs. Sproul did. The end of the story is that one night (all the children were living at home) around the dinner table she told them what we had accomplished. "And furthermore," she said, "I have bought a plot for our family." This horrified the children! You know, children don't like to face things like that. They can't bear to think of their parents' demise.

She said, "I don't know why you feel badly about this. After all, Papa and I would be up there with a very nice group of people. The John Galen Howards are there. There are the Wheelers. And a lovely view! It's on a hill and it looks out toward the bay."
[Laughter]

Ida and Bob Sproul

Hagar: Did you know that Ida Sproul has always bought their houses without Bob ever seeing them? He's been too busy when there was a move. She bought unseen the one on Tanglewood, and the one up on Tamalpais which her husband never saw until after it was signed for, so it seemed a natural thing for her to do, to buy a plot without any consultation. [Laughter]

Ida's a woman of parts with initiative, and very independent. She can stand up to anyone in the family for she's the direct type, who immediately says what she thinks and stands by it. Sometimes it takes courage, in the face of a husband and four children. But she's always had her own opinions and, if they were contrary to anything else in the family, she'd go right to the bat. There isn't anyone in the world who's more friendly and generous and thoughtful, and I love her dearly.

So many times during those years, I would see her in action at the President's House. So generous with the house! For instance, if there were something in the community that we wanted to put over--maybe it had to do with the Community Chest, or some other cause--we knew people would come to the President's House and she would gladly open it for the occasion. She would stand at the door, as all these women who'd never been in the President's House passed by, greeting everyone, and then be there again to say good-bye to everyone.

Another ability that I've noticed over the years that is such an asset--and I don't know anyone who does it the way she does, because she has such a memory for people's names--she always instantly introduces people who come together. I mean, if she's talking to someone and someone comes up, instantly she knows their names and introduces them. It's just that deep, simple, friendly gesture that leaves no one hanging out on a limb. Immediately, you're drawn in. Many of us are not clever at this.

One interesting thing happened when the Sprouls were in the President's House when the King of Morocco came to the University. He didn't speak English, so Ida had an interpreter beside her at the luncheon table. He must have spoken French, but very few people speak Arabic. Anyway, he was scheduled to speak at the University about two o'clock. It was a cold day and he came in his robe and sandals. There was a period of about forty-five minutes or so before the meeting. So, she asked the interpreter

- Hagar: if His Highness would like to go upstairs and rest. This is Ida! So she took him upstairs. When she came down, the secret service men said, "Where is His Highness?" and she said, "He's upstairs with a hot water bag." [Laughter] She always entertained the high and the low with great finesse, great ease, simplicity, and beauty. She's a wonderful person!
- Riess: It's interesting to think about the very different styles of president's wives and how important they can be at some junctures. In fact, wives in general!
- Hagar: Wives in general, how important! Well, you know, Ida Sproul said to me the other day, "Mrs. Bowker is different from any other president's wife that I've known. She's not like Mrs. Wheeler, she's not like your mother, not like Mrs. Campbell, nor like me. But she's a woman of the times." And I thought that was marvelous! She is a woman of the times and she is a career woman and yet, she is doing her job in the chancellor's house, simply, shyly, and quietly, and seemingly enjoying it.

Mrs. Sproul is very astute in her knowledge of people and I think that she has been, perhaps, one of the most beloved women in the city.

During the gas rationing, she would often take the bus and go to see people connected with the University who needed just a small visit. Now, lots of people wouldn't do that, without a car, I mean. She has done this kind of thing quietly and constantly. She made a beautiful home for Grandmother Sproul, Bob Sproul's mother who lived with them most of their married life. Can you imagine raising three children, with all the lively vitality those Sproul children had, and Grandmother!

I have untold admiration for Ida Sproul. I think she's one of the great women of this community and state.

- Riess: Speaking of women being of their times, do you think that maybe Mrs. Wheeler was of her time, her style, and Mrs. Sproul and so on?
- Hagar: Yes, I really do. Life in Mrs. Wheeler's day was more traditional, more formal. The Presidency was not so difficult, so fragmented and demanding, because of fewer campuses, for one thing. There weren't the same social breakdowns that there have been since. By that, I don't mean society. I mean social mores. Perhaps Mrs. Wheeler couldn't have dealt with them as well, because she was a

Hagar: very dignified and quite a formal person and a little terrifying to lots of people. She couldn't have accepted, for instance, some of the things that Ida Sproul accepted, and certainly Mrs. Bowker and Kay Kerr, all of them in official positions, have accepted.

Riess: Do you think that one grows into the job? There must be some very long period of time where you're finding your way.

Hagar: Yes, short or long. I'm sure every president's wife and chancellor's wife has learned on the job, and each that I have known has contributed in her own way. Esther Heyns was one who grew and flowered through a most difficult time on the campus, and ended up after their seven years here as an almost indispensable part of campus life and adored by everyone.

The entertaining, the administration, the ability to move with one's husband into all kinds of situations, and to know what to do about them, and to deal happily and wisely with students, faculty, alumni, and friends of the University, this is all part of a fascinating job. And not an easy job certainly. In President Wheeler's time I think it was easier, though it's never easy.

Campus Benefactors

Memories of Albert Bender, Edward Hohfeld; the Morrisson Fund

Hagar: Another person I don't think I've mentioned anything about was Mr. Albert Bender. One night Jerry and I had dinner in San Francisco with Dorothy Wright Liebes, and her husband Leon Liebes. Albert Bender was there and after dinner Mr. Bender wanted especially to show us something in his apartment.

The apartment was nearby, and the thing I remember about it was it had one small hall, particularly, and against the hall, on both sides, were dozens and dozens of paintings lined up against each other. And then, of course, on every table, were objets d'art, many Oriental beautiful things! What a dear little man he was! He was so generous and had such a universal kind of feeling for educational institutions--California, Mills, Stanford.

Hagar: I remember once Rosalind Keep, long associated with Mills College as well as her father, telling me, "You know, when Albert Bender feels particularly jovial and happy about a day, he'll take my arm and say, 'Come along, Rebecca.'" [Laughter]

He was a great friend of the Frank Wentworths. Mr. Wentworth was for a long time comptroller and vice-president at Mills College and became executor of Albert Bender's estate. Mr. Bender's books were left to Mills College, which established the Bender Room and Collection.

Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth were early and dear friends of my parents. His name recalls the story of how a grove of redwoods was dedicated to my father. Both he and Mr. Wentworth were on the executive committee of the board of directors of the Save-the-Redwoods-League. (Jerry was also a member later.)

When Mr. Edward Hohfeld, executor of the Alexander Morrison Fund, asked Frank Wentworth to suggest a worthy expenditure for that fund, they came up with a redwood grove in memory of my father who had just died. The idea grew to involve four friends who used to have lunch together at the Bohemian Club.

So Mr. Hohfeld gave a sum to honor Frank Wentworth. Then Charles Kendrick gave an equal amount; and then to include her father in the foursome, Jane Hohfeld Galante gave the necessary sum in honor of her father. The state matches any gift, so a beautiful grove bought by the Redwoods League honoring these four friends is known as "The Friendship Grove." It's a lovely stand of redwoods in the Prairie Creek area. We all went up to Mendocino County for a weekend, including my stepmother, to select the grove, with Newton Drury. Now all four of those dear men are gone, but there stands that noble grove in perpetuity!

Speaking of Mr. Hohfeld, he had a wonderful time giving away the Morrison Fund, which had been entrusted him I guess by Mrs. Morrison. The San Francisco Planetarium was built by that fund; the Morrison Music Building on the campus; and also, I believe, Hertz Hall.

He had given the University YWCA a gift or two during the years, and when we were raising money for our new building on Bancroft, I went over to see him. He gave \$15,000 for it and then said, "I'm almost at the end of the twenty-five years when the bequest ends. I have decided to give almost all the rest to the Boys Clubs."

Hagar: He gave so many things! One of his partners said to me, "And there he sits,"--he was no longer active in the law firm-- "there he sits, in his tower room at the end of the offices, dispensing this money," which by the way, he had greatly increased through wise investing. He was a delightful person. Mrs. Edward Hohfeld still lives in San Francisco and I see her and Jane every now and then.

The Pardee Family

Hagar: Mrs. Morrison lives on in that delightful library which also is the home of the Graphics Loan Collection. That's another lovely story. Dr. James Hart started it and spoke to my husband about it, hoping for his interest. I remember Jerry came home and was excited about the fact that they were starting this project that would make these lovely graphics available to students for \$1 a semester. He got the first gifts for it by going to the two Pardee girls.

Dr. George Pardee was governor of California, 1902-06, regent of the University, and had received an honorary degree. He was my husband's closest friend, in spite of the difference in their age, and we named our son for him. Jerry went to the two Misses Pardee, Madeline and Helen, the only members of the family living. They gave generously and each year continue to send a substantial gift to this project.

I was taken through the workroom where the loan pictures are kept and where they are repaired. They are put on exhibition in the Morrison Library for a week before, and the students can come and decide on their favorites beforehand. Have you ever seen the line waiting to get the pictures? It's quite a sight. Some of them stay most of the night, so they'll be toward the front when the door opens. Isn't that marvelous? And they practically never lose a dollar or a graphic.

It always meant a lot to Jerry that he was able to interest some people who could and would go on--and they still do--giving to it. I tried to get them to endow it during the Centennial but no luck!

Riess: The Pardee sisters never married, then?

Hagar: No. They live in the great, big, old house that various historical societies and everybody else are aching to have, and nobody knows

Hagar: what's going to happen to it. It was built by their grandfather in 1868 and occupies half a block. There must be sixteen rooms, and the cupola. The barn has a weather vane, a horse, on the top. It's in The Ultimate Victorians,* the author adding, "This house is probably the best-preserved early Victorian in California." They keep it up beautifully. It is on 11th and Castro Streets in Oakland.

About a year and a half ago, in the middle of the night, a fire was set in the back of the house with extensive damage downstairs. It took months to renovate, exactly as it had been, instead of putting in a modern kitchen. I thought that was strange at the time, but really not at all, if it's going to end up an historical monument, which it should.

Riess: It sounds like they've settled on that, doesn't it?

Hagar: I don't know. My husband, who was their attorney and certainly their best friend, probably knew, but of course he never told me, and they are very close-mouthed.

Dr. Pardee would never let his daughters learn to drive a car. He was fearful of everything for them.

He was, for years and years, "Mr. Oakland." I remember the testimonial dinner given for him at the Oakland Hotel some years before he died. President Sproul made the speech of the occasion. After Dr. Pardee's retirement he continued to serve Oakland on things like the Port Commission.

When the East Bay Utility District was first formed, he was persuaded to run for elected office, as the president of the Utility District. That's when my father was persuaded to run with him. What was wanted were two or three solid citizens whom the public knew and trusted. He led it and did many other public-spirited things. (This is told in my father's Memoirs.) When my father left the East Bay Municipal Utility Board, he suggested Mr. Frank Wentworth, who took his place on the board, and served with distinction.

Dr. Pardee was greatly honored and greatly loved and the most profane man I ever met in my life. Isn't that an interesting combination? One of the sweetest men I ever met and one of the

*Elinor Richey, The Ultimate Victorians, Howell-North, 1970.

Hagar: most profane. [Laughter] He had pure white hair which he got during the 1906 earthquake and fire. He came down from Sacramento on the train the night of the earthquake, the girls said, and had a bed brought into the City Hall in Oakland and lived there for six weeks. And when it was over, he came home with white hair.

He and Mrs. Pardee were a couple the like of which I have never known before. He never let her go anywhere, if he could help it, without him. He'd never go anywhere without her. They lived in their large house, and Auntie lived with them all their married life and bossed the children and the retinue.

Mrs. Pardee was a collector, a passionate collector of anything, everything! Her house is filled with the most astonishing collection of everything under the sun, all over, on every table. Some of them are valuable and some of them are valueless; in glass cases and shelves, tables and cupboards and closets.

I took Dr. Hart down once. I'd mentioned it to him and he said, "I've always wanted to go in that house." I did make an appointment and we had tea and he went over the house. The place, I think, that would like what they have is the Oakland Museum, for the early California section.

Riess: That would be a good spot for it, but as it is now, it sounds like it's going to be a museum in itself.

Hagar: I don't know. You have to endow a museum, so I don't know.

Riess: And the girls go over this collection lovingly and keep it, or does somebody else?

Hagar: They don't pay a bit of attention to it, a housekeeper does. But they wouldn't part with one object for, as Helen says, "it belongs to Mother." Yes, they love it. About eight or nine years ago, they did all the downstairs over again, with new curtains, rugs and painting, inside and out, and furniture upholstered. Then, of course, after the fire--I think in this modern age, to get things done quickly is an impossibility--I think it took almost a year to complete the renovation. They moved out that night to the Hotel Leamington and I think they lived there, going back and forth by taxi every day, for six or eight months. They had to have nightwatchmen that whole time, two of them, all night. Think of the expense! Well, what's going to happen to it, nobody knows. At least, I don't.

Phoebe Apperson Hearst

Hagar: That recalls Mrs. Hearst, and I didn't know her, but my father and mother did. They spent a weekend at the "Hacienda," shortly after coming to Berkeley. She was greatly loved and respected.

I remember one night in 1923 my father and mother and I were at the theater in San Francisco. We came out--it must have been about eleven or so--to see across the bay Berkeley ablaze. We came home as fast as possible on the ferry, and Hearst Hall, that fine, old, wooden structure given by Mrs. Hearst which was the women's gymnasium, had burned to the ground.

That night, sometime in the night, I remember, Mr. Hearst phoned my father to say he wanted to replace the women's gymnasium in his mother's honor immediately and have Julia Morgan the architect. During the process of the negotiations--of course, everybody was very grateful--he asked my mother and father to come down to San Simeon. But, you know, my father was an old-fashioned man, and he wouldn't go to San Simeon ever, and this was because of Marion Davies!

Dad knew Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. She had come to see him once, at least, maybe other times. One of her sons, I don't know which, was coming to college and he had been invited to join a fraternity. So she came to see the President to ask him various things. The only thing I knew that Dad repeated was, "Should the boy have a valet in the fraternity house?" Dad assured her, "No!"

Riess: The "Hacienda" was the house in Pleasanton, the house of Phoebe Hearst?

Hagar: Yes. She was the mother of William Randolph and was the first women regent of the University and was a great benefactor to the University. She gave the Hearst Mining Building in memory of her husband. She was extremely generous all the time and she gave numberless pieces of her wonderful collection to the University. Much of it is in Kroeber Hall.

Anyway, Mr. Hearst put up the building which is the present Hearst gym for women with Julia Morgan as architect.

Riess: I wish I could have seen the old one. The pictures show such a wonderful, big space.

Hagar: Oh, it was marvelous! Great space! And in those days every freshman girl had to take physical education--the first two years, as I remember--and we had to take it two or three times a week. We would dash to Hearst Hall and grab out of the locker our uniform with the bloomers and dash out on the floor and do all these things. Then you'd dash back and take your shower, put your clothes on, and dash to the next class. How we ever got it done, I don't know! But it was good for all of us and I really enjoyed it. I loved it!

And Madame Otis! We always called her "Madame" only to ourselves. She was Miss Otis, who had never married, handsome too, and we always hoped she'd had a great romance in Vienna. I think dancing came in the sophomore year. She'd put a waltz on the victrola and would waltz for us, nostalgic for a romantic past, at least that's what we thought. She danced beautifully--besides which, she was chairman of the department.

The building was in constant use. The upstairs was for our gymnastics, lockers and showers. Downstairs was used for many women's activities. Also, there was a comfortable lounge. During the war it was turned over to the Red Cross for bandage-rolling and the dispensing of the wool for the thousands of miles of scarves that we knitted. But it was a wonderful redwood building--Maybeck, I guess.

Riess: Did you know Maybeck or Julia Morgan?

Hagar: I didn't know him. I remember her slightly, but I had very little chance to ever come in contact with her. I knew Jim Lafevre who was her engineer for years. He and Dorothy lived here in Berkeley and I saw them frequently after he had retired. He worked with her always. But what a woman she was! Very unprepossessing-looking, little, slight, a spinster-looking person. She was the first woman, I believe, who graduated from the Beaux Arts in architecture in Paris. Hearst adored her and had great confidence in her. It was a strange connection, the two of them.

Another person I might speak of is Chauncey Wells. I, in some way, became a devoted friend of his wife. Mrs. Wells was a darling, little, plump, lovely person. I think of her having tea in the afternoon in front of a big fire. He was a gentleman of the old school, erudite, gallant and very formal.

In those days we were wearing necklaces made of Chinese cord with knotting and she used to make them professionally.

Hagar: When I was married, Miss Stebbins gave me one of Mrs. Wells's creations, a beautiful one with a pale green jade piece here [gestures], these little knots and some little jade beads. Mrs. Wells gave me one, too, as a wedding gift. I still have them and now is the time, my children tell me, to wear all these wonderful things. So, I've given them to my daughters!

Another dear friend was Mrs. Cornelius Bradley, who died eventually of cancer. I used to go and see her often. They had a house on Durant, just below College, and now the museum location. Mrs. Bradley taught me in Sunday School. She was a Congregationalist. Then she took to her bed and when she died, she left me a beautiful silver berry spoon. These are things that you treasure, you know, from friendships that were rather unusual, because what would she find with a young girl in college and just out of college? But now that I too am old, I do like younger people and understand it. This is part of living in a city a long time, and knowing the different generations.

Jane Sather

Riess: Sterling Dow's book on the Sather Lectures suggests a rivalry between Phoebe Hearst and Mrs. Sather, that they were two tremendously powerful women with lots of money to use who were somewhat different in their attitudes.*

Hagar: Interesting! They were about the same time. I don't remember that in his book. Did you gather that Mrs. Sather might have liked to have been a regent, or was it a question of money, of giving things to the University?

Riess: I don't think that he suggested that she might have liked to have been a regent. He's saying, I think, mostly that Phoebe Hearst was an immensely more selfless person.

Hagar: I'm sure, from the little bits that I've heard about both, that that's absolutely true. She was by far the bigger, finer, more generous and selfless person. I remember that Mrs. Olney was the one responsible for Mrs. Sather giving money to the University, which I wrote and told Dr. Dow, after we had begun a correspondence

*Sterling Dow, Fifty Years of Sathers, UC Press, 1965.

Hagar: about Mrs. Sather, because the Pardee girls gave me some more information. I had met Dr. Dow at dinner before the Sather Lecture, and I have his small book, inscribed by him.

Judge Warren Olney, at that time, as I recall, was general counsel for the University. Mrs. Sather knew this. Mrs. Olney told me one day that she was going across the bay on the ferry and Mrs. Sather asked if it would be possible for her to talk with him about giving money to the University.

So, the appointment was set up and I think it was Judge Olney who suggested the kinds of things, but maybe not. Mrs. Sather, I gathered, was a woman of parts and determination and she wanted the name to be perpetuated. So the Sather Lectures were born as well as Sather Gate and the Campanile.

Well, when I think of giving money to the University, I would rather give it to be of more use. But it's so important to have distinguishing landmarks. Just think what Sather Gate and the tower mean for alumni and for students and everybody.

Riess: Yes, they are symbols.

Hagar: Yes. So, I think it's fine. It's wonderful. But he worked it all out and was the attorney who saw to it that the money went and these things were set up.

Riess: Was she a difficult person to deal with?

Hagar: I never got that from Mrs. Olney, but I did get it from the Pardee girls. They disliked her greatly because she disliked them, I suppose. They've spoken more than once about how her house was kept. It was in the next block and it was a large one such as theirs is. Of course they're so careful, and always have been, keeping theirs in excellent condition and the garden up and everything. But her garden ran down and her house ran down and they didn't like her. [Laughter]

Mrs. Pardee I don't think was terribly drawn toward her, so they reflect that. But that's all I know about her. I wish I could remember more that Mrs. Olney told me, but I don't.

The Sierra Ski Club, and Other Clubs of President Barrows

Hagar: Have you ever come upon the Sierra Ski Club? This is not the Sierra Club. The Sierra Ski Club should be in the annals somewhere. It was started I think by Lincoln and Jim Hutchison and it was made up of men around the bay--San Francisco, Piedmont, Berkeley--businessmen, academic men, a lot of University people. After Lincoln and Jim died or became inactive, Professor Joel Hildebrand carried it on. Duncan McDuffie was a member, my father was a member, and eventually my husband.

A Lodge, as they called it [now known as Clair Tappaan Lodge], was built of redwood logs, and built principally by the members. They would build in the summer and I can remember one summer my father going and staying a week or two and laboring very hard and having lots of fun always. The base was laid in large rocks put together with cement, a rather handsome building.

I've been there several times, when at last they allowed women there in the summer, also some in the winter. It was Horace Lyon who broke the rule of no women. [Laughter] He married Edna McDuffie. Anyway, it was a little hard for the old-timers to accept women, but it became common later and it was a great joy to everybody. This Ski Club was a men's club for many, many years and they would go in the winter. Joel Hildebrand kept skiing until--oh, my goodness! How old he was, I don't know.

I went up a couple of times in the winter with Jerry and the Lyons, and a couple of times in the summer. You'd take your sleeping bags and everybody slept out under the trees. Then we'd have a great lodge for eating, and a cook there, and wonderful camaraderie, and conversation, much laughter. Finally--and my husband was in on this--they decided they wouldn't keep it up any more. Most of the members were too old to ski. They gave it to the Sierra Club. In its heyday, a more distinguished, witty, and talented group would not be found.

Riess: Different from the Bohemian Club, for instance?

Hagar: Very. Not so structured, for one thing. Smaller. The Bohemian Club is made up of camps that are quite compact and separately maintained, with common places and entertainment, whereas this didn't have any entertainment. It had conversation and outdoor living and association with congenial people and mainly skiing.

Hagar: It was much closer, much smaller, and no structured programing.

Evidently the Bohemian Club likes faculty people, and knowing they are not rolling in money, it is made easier to join--no long waiting list. So, my father went in, I think, quite shortly after he began to teach at the University. He must have been taken in in '14, because the year he died, he was made into an Old Guard (that means forty years a member).

I remember his coming back from that weekend. Herbert Hoover was made an Old Guard the year before, and before the ceremony Mr. Hoover motioned my father to sit by him. So, they sat together and later Dad said, "You know, he's aged." But Hoover lived about ten years longer than my father, who died two months later.

I remember people saying that when my father went into the Bohemian Club and gave a speech that first summer in the Grove, you could have heard a pin drop. The members could hardly bear to applaud after it.

He was a powerful speaker. He spoke more times at the Commonwealth Club luncheons at the Palace than any other person, except Chester Rowell, who I think spoke one more time. There was one speech he gave just after he came back from the Philippines in 1945, to which my step-mother (whom we called "Aunt Eva" from Philippine days), and I were invited. As no ladies were allowed at the luncheon, we looked down from a balcony into the crowded hall. There were a few ladies allowed up there, in purdah, peering down upon this. [Laughter]

It really was a great speech because it had so much vitality and so much of interest. He'd just returned from Tokyo, after Hiroshima. He wasn't on the Missouri because he got sick on Okinawa and was prohibited, but he had been invited to be on the Missouri for the signing by General McArthur.

That speech was taped and made into a record and sent to us by the president of the Commonwealth Club after my father died. It was a wonderful talk and maybe this will inspire me to go and find a place I can listen to it again, as it is so large it takes a special machine to play the record. I plan to have it put on a tape. How will I feel hearing his voice again!

Riess: Would the Commonwealth Club speakers always speak on a subject of their own choice?

Hagar: Well, I don't know. You see, a person who is, for instance, president of the Federal Reserve Bank, coming from New York to make a speech, or somebody on the cabinet coming to make a speech, it would be something in his field, probably some potent question at the moment. But when two men spoke as many times as that, there were lots of potent questions and I guess they chose their own subject, though maybe they asked them certain times to speak on something very current. I don't know.

This particular address was telling of his trip to the Philippines just before the end of the war, 1945, at the invitation of General McArthur and General Eichelberger; after Hiroshima, his weeks in Japan with the Occupation forces--a most thrilling and dramatic experience.

Riess: Were there any other clubs that he belonged to? Dinner clubs of one sort or another?

Hagar: I remember he used to go to the Commons Club down here in Berkeley. I don't know whether he belonged to it. He was a member of the Faculty Club, of course, the Bohemian Club. I guess that's it.

Riess: The Sierra Club?

Hagar: My father may have belonged to it, but he never went with a trip. But he went into the Sierra, in many ways. Francis Farquhar, whom I saw night before last, spoke of being with Stephen Mather and Dad on a trip into the Sierra, and we have a lovely picture of them, in front of one of the Big Trees.

My father and mother both loved the Sierra, you know. They had one tremendous trip in about 1914 or '15, with Tom and Betty and some pack animals, over Parker Pass, one of the highest passes. They were gone three or four weeks, just the two of them and two children and animals! It was a tremendous trip--few people were in the Sierra in those days. They had two riding horses, and pack mules. Two rode and two walked, and they went a great distance, even over ice. Personally I think it was slightly foolhardy.

V MARRIAGE: GERALD HAGAR
(Interview 7, February 5, 1973)

Meeting Jerry, and the Hagar Family

Hagar: I met Jerry when I was living in the President's House, a blind date, the first and only blind date I ever had. One day in the spring of 1922 Peggy Linforth, who was married to Rex Linforth, a partner in Jerry's law firm, called and said that Rex's partner had just come back from vacation and they wanted to go to the Diablo Club to a barbecue and would I go? And I said, "No, I can't. I'm serving at a tea." And she said, "Well, you just get right on the streetcar and go home and take off that long dress and we're going to come for you."

(Betty was amused to death that I was going with a blind date. She came upstairs and told me to take off my heels, he was short and fat. I went downstairs wondering, but, of course, he wasn't short and fat. That's just Betty!)

Jerry was a partner in the law firm of Calkins, Hagar, Hall, and Linforth. I knew John Calkins and Rex Linforth well. John Calkins was of the old Calkins family in Berkeley. His father had been governor of the federal reserve system in San Francisco and he was a graduate of the University. As a matter of fact, as time went on, he was the legal counsel for the Regents, so Jerry had some connection, in a legal way, in those early years with the University. All four of the men had graduated from Boalt and had been friends through law school; and all four had been in service during the war, and had just formed a law firm with two of them in an office in Oakland and two in San Francisco.

Jerry was born June 18, 1892 in Los Angeles, and had been raised on a walnut ranch in Anaheim. His grandparents lived on an adjoining ranch. It was sort of a paternalistic area, with their neighboring orchards. His mother was Julia Hanna, of

Hagar: German extraction, I guess, and a distant relative of Mark Hanna. His father was a distant relative of Calvin Coolidge. His father's middle name was Coolidge and they had been early New Englanders, from Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Hagar lived on the ranch and had two sons, George and Gerald.

Riess: Why had the family come out to California?

Hagar: I think that the Hanna family had come out--I don't know why or where from--long before and raised four daughters and two sons on this ranch. Why his father's family, the Hagers, had come out, I don't know, but I know they had come from the Boston area and were related to a lot of early families, like the Converse family.

His uncle, Uncle Bert, whom I never met but saw in his coffin when he died during the war, in 1943, was a bachelor living in Boston. Jerry had promised him that when he died he would come east and take care of his affairs and close up his apartment and his office, so we went to Boston.

We had to go through his safe deposit box with the appraiser and everything, and this old, old bank officer said to me, "You know, I've been here forty years and Mr. Albert Hagar has had the same safe deposit box in this bank for fifty or sixty years!" He said that he came every week and went over his securities. So, they were oldtimers in that area. His father's family must have come from there.

I never knew Mr. Hagar. Mrs. Hagar was a widow. After her sons were ready for the University, she bought a home in Berkeley, which turned out to be just a few doors from us when we lived on College Avenue, but Jerry was five years older, so I never was aware of him. He went two years to UC and then to Michigan, graduating there in 1914. Why, I don't know, except that he wanted to go away into other parts and it was evidently a good experience.

I think then he worked a short while in San Francisco with Parker Maddux in the legal department of the old bank that became Wells Fargo. And then came the war.

He went to the first officers training camp in 1917 at the Presidio graduating a second lieutenant in the field artillery,

Hagar: and went to France to the Tours area, in 1917. He didn't get into any action, but he did judge advocate's work because of the legal training he had had. When the war was over, he stayed over to try cases for the American Army that the French had brought against the American government, and he had all kinds of interesting and amusing experiences with that--wonderful tales.

He lived in Tours for many months with a delightful French woman and her daughter. They called him their "petit capitaine." Later, he was always sending presents to them with any friends who were going to the Loire area. In 1952 we actually went to see them. Madame had died, but we saw the daughter, and I still correspond every Christmas. She must be ninety.

After the first time I met Jerry I didn't see him for a year. But then the summer of 1924, after our trip to Europe, I saw a lot of him. Lovely times.

A Trip Abroad

Traveling with Laurinne, and Dr. and Mrs. Barrows

Hagar: But to go back to 1923 when my father resigned from the presidency. In August we went to Europe, taking my dear friend, Laurinne Mattern, to keep me company.

We went the year that Cornelia Otis Skinner and her friend Emily Kimborough went, and they wrote about it in Our Hearts Were Young and Gay. We read it afterwards, of course, and discovered a lot of amusing similarities with those two adventuresome girls.

Mrs. Mattern had outfitted us with capes. It was the year of capes. Emily Kimborough and Cornelia had just the same kind of capes that year, silk, trimmed with rabbit skins! Oh, in reading the book we recognized many of the same kinds of experiences! The purse that you wear around your waist, underneath your clothes, to carry your money and such--well, we were just like that, and we too had some intriguing adventures.

Riess: Were you at all on the loose, or were you mostly with your mother?

Hagar: We were with my mother, because that's why my father wanted me to go. He planned to go to Africa and take about three or four months, and during that time we lived in Rome with an Italian family. He wanted Mother to have company, and furthermore they wanted to have me too. We didn't go far afield because to be with my father and mother was so much more exciting than anything else that could happen. They were marvelous traveling companions, you know, witty, with all kinds of reservoirs of history and literature. My father was better than most guides.

First the four of us went to New York and stayed with our friends up in Yonkers for a couple of days, and sailed on the American Line, just one class. The thing I won't ever forget is the first night in Europe, the ship anchoring in the harbor of Cherbourg, and we going off in a lighter and spending the evening wandering. I couldn't believe that I was in a town in France. It was magic, but then towns in France have always been magic to me, and Italy too and Spain, much more so than England.

Laurinne and I wandered around that night alone. We did things like that quite often. I remember one night in Brussels hearing music down the street. We found a street fair and rode on the carousel and had a lovely night of it. We were just two young adventurers, and not very young at that, you know; we were in our early twenties.

Anyway, we went up to Paris. Dad had gotten off in England, so Mother and Laurinne and I had a few days in Paris. We had some friends and they were wonderful to us. All those first, wonderful impressions of Paris!

Riess: Did you stay in a small place, or in a big hotel?

Hagar: We stayed our first night in the Wagram, a big hotel, because we just didn't know where to go, right across from the Tuilleries. When our daughter Julie went to Paris in 1951, thirty years later, she worked there because it had been taken over by the government, headquarters of the Marshall Plan.

I'll never forget the first morning we went down for breakfast. We hadn't become used to the continental breakfast in your room, which we later loved. So we went down to breakfast and ordered bacon and eggs and orange juice and toast and all the American things and not another soul in that huge dining room! They had a dreadful time coming forth with that.

Riess: Was your French very polished?

Hagar: No, not polished at all. But we were brave and we'd come forth with ungrammatical sentences, with a word or two that would be familiar. Mother never learned to speak much, but Laurinne and I were brash about it. The trouble is, Europeans, waiters, concierges, and people you meet socially, all want to speak English, if they're educated, if they're learning English. They're anxious to speak it and you're loathe to expose yourself in their language. Nowadays, almost everyone speaks English.

Dad had to go to England to make some arrangements with the government about going into Africa and getting some supplies there. But then he joined us and we traveled by train through Normandy and Brittany, Mont Saint Michel, and down to Spain.

The night we were there it was a full moon over Mont Saint Michel and Laurinne and I, the young romantics! Oh, can you see two girls, wandering across the causeway, thinking about the background of Mont Saint Michel, which is French history and English history. It was marvelous! We both had lots of enthusiasm. I hate to think of people going to those places without a lively enthusiasm and appreciation of the backgrounds. We were nothing to look at, but at least we were eager.

Riess: Would you read up on the background of where you were in your rooms the night before?

Hagar: Yes, my father bought books and pamphlets for us, all along the way. As I look back now, we didn't have time before we left home to bone up on where we were going. As a matter of fact, we didn't know where we were going particularly.

I've learned since that if I read a book about archaeology in the Middle East before I go to the Middle East, I don't remember a thing. So I don't do it any more. I read it after I come back. Then it can mean something to me. My father knew so much about each country, history and government and about the people, he gave a running commentary each day, interspersed with wit and local color.

I first became aware of papercover books then. They were just coming out, and everywhere he would buy us papercover books, English. He bought me an excellent book on Russian paintings, which I used thirty-five years later when we went to Russia. He gave me Roma Immortalis by Crawford. The bookcases are filled with books that he bought us and hardcover ones that we'd buy in the city or town in which we were and about the things we were seeing, Chateau Country, for instance.

Hagar: After leaving Mont Saint Michel, we went over to St. Malo on the coast. We took a car for a couple of days to find the dolmens and the menhirs. Laurinne and I had no idea what these were that we were seeking. They are like the Stonehenge. They are the great stone monuments that are found in France. Nobody knows how they were raised or where the Druids...but we tramped for a couple of days, looking at these fields of fascinating shapes, prone, upright, all shapes, dolmens and menhirs, satisfying a long-held desire of my father's.

Then we went on south and my father wanted to go to Po in the Basque country in the Pyranees as he was a great admirer of Napoleon's, and that's where Napoleon had raised his beautiful horses. We spent a night and a day in Po, a dear little Basque town way up there. We went to the stables to see the stallions. They're still breeding horses there and they were led around an enormous enclosed ring for us.

We went on across the Pyranees by train and then we had a month in Spain, which was magic. He'd never been to Spain, but he knew the language and the background and appreciated everything. We went to Bourges, the gorgeous cathedral there, and had a couple of days in San Sebastian, which was then the summer place of royalty.

One thing I remember there was my first real introduction to the formally-dressed nurses and their little charges. The little Spanish girls--and this was also true then of the French girls--wore little dresses, very, very short. We were inclined, many people, to put the little girls' dresses below the knee. These were way above and so much more chic. When I had two little girls I dressed them in short, short dresses, adorable!

On we went southward, to a marvelous time in Sevilla. I had a birthday in Sevilla. I'll never forget riding in a Victoria in the evening in the beautiful, soft air of southern Spain, the four of us, after a fancy birthday dinner. We had a wonderful time in Madrid and Toledo, and in Granada too. I must say that the fact that my father spoke Spanish like a native increased our enjoyment of Spain.

Then we took the train up the east coast to the Riviera, had a short stay in Nice, long enough to take a car and go to Monte Carlo.

Hagar: Those were the days, when if traveling informally, men often wore plus fours. I remember my father had on this suit with the plus fours the day we tried to to into Monte Carlo, and they wouldn't let him in. I think it hurt his pride a bit, on top of the fact that he'd liked to have seen the faded, old elegance of that place.

But Mother and Laurinne and I went in and were, of course, horrified by the people who sit around the tables all day long and try to cheat the house. They're making their own "system" and pages and pages of paper with little marks on them--older women too and people of that sort. This was the impression I got, during the day. It was probably much more glamorous at night.

Then we went directly to Rome. My father wanted to get us settled before he took off for Africa.

Riess: Why Rome?

Hagar: That's an interesting question because I'd forgotten why Rome. I was reading over these years in my father's Memoirs last night and in it he said, "I wanted to leave my wife and the girls where they'd be happy for a number of months. Not Paris," and he dismisses it that way, "London, no. Not Madrid. Nowhere but Rome," he said. We couldn't go to Berlin. But Rome!

Of course, Rome is completely inexhaustible. They used to say that you can't know anything about Rome unless you stay a month. People go two days and they really don't get the feel; or of any place in two days. Now Rome is very different. We've been back several times and it's completely different and I'm so glad that we were there in 1923, because it had a bit of the old life, such as the carriages, the vittores, they're called. We practically never took automobiles. There were very few and we couldn't have afforded them anyway. We went out in one sometimes with a beau who appeared on the scene, but they were the only ones who could afford it. We always walked a great deal, or we went by vittore.

Life with the deFabritiis

Riess: Where did you live?

Hagar: We stayed in a hotel a few days until my father left. Mother had something that was called the University Women's Manual for Europe. In it were descriptions of the places where you could live, hotels, pensions, families, and so forth. We just liked the address of 11 Corso d'Italia, I guess, and so we went there in a carriage.

It was a great, big apartment house. People had whole floors. We took the elevator up and here was this Italian family that was taking paying guests. We went into the little salota and Senora, beautiful and vociferous, jabbered away in Italian and English, and suddenly the most extraordinary thing happened! We found that our one relative in Rome lived there.

She shouted and screamed, "Magnifico! Splendido! Philipo!" Philip Whitehead, you see, a young archaeology student. Along the way, he fell in love with Laurinne; the son in the family as well fell in love with her. But that's where we stayed, at the deFabritiis.

It was a wonderful family. We moved right in. Mother had the biggest room in the place. Senora had a big room, although we never saw it, and her son and daughter slept in there with her. Senore, her husband, was the poor, little member of the family. It was a threesome in the family, and Senore, who was so cute and sweet and gentle, he made up his bed in the little parlour every night after we went to bed, and got up early. He was a civil servant of some sort.

The three vibrant, very close members of the family were Senora and Clara and Oliviero, the son, who was studying to be an orchestral director under Mosecagna's tutelage, a young and handsome guy who could speak not a word of English. Clara spoke English beautifully and she gave us lessons every morning, Mother and Laurinne and me.

Mother's was a lovely, big room, but shortly she had to do something about the heat. So, she bought them--and I'm sure they loved her for years--a little air-tight stove, so that her room was charming and warm.

Hagar: Laurinne and I had quite a big room at the back of the house that looked out over the Borghese Gardens. Of course, we had no running water in our room, but the two maids, Lena and Tina, brought us pitchers of hot water each morning.

Also there was la Nonna, the grandmother, and we only saw her two or three times. She lived in a little back room and all her meals were taken to her. I, a couple of times, went in, when I had a little more Italian, and conversed with her. But that's where she was relegated, which seemed pathetic to us.

Then there were the two other rooms upstairs, but the inhabitants ate all their meals with us. One was Philip Whitehead, our cousin, working on the Forum. (He came back and became a professor at Beloit and married and had a family. We never saw him again.)

The other was an English girl, Mary Hereford, whose friendship has endured over fifty years. She never married. Every winter she went to Rome and stayed with the deFabritiis. We've seen her in England.

But this was our family with whom we sat around the dining room table. Lena and Tina cooked and served. I'll never forget the first night. Everybody shouted! You know, an uninhibited, typical, delightful Italian family is uninhibited, so, very often, they're shouting, and there's a great deal of laughter. A marvelous thing for little strays like the three of us to be catapulted into!

Can you imagine anything nicer? The first night they all shouted, "Spaghetti fatto in casa." The cooks had made the spaghetti and there's nothing like "spaghetti fatto in casa," you see. We tried to speak Italian at all the meals.

Riess: You ate all your meals in?

Hagar: We had breakfast with Mother, and we would toddle in our robes to the front of the apartment, to her lovely, big room. There were sometimes specials. Mother was able to get some real coffee. It was powdery coffee then in those days, you know. It's a question of drinking the bitter coffee. I like it now, but I didn't in those days. Then sometimes she'd order cream and make creamed chipped beef on toast on her little stove-- French bread, toasted, and chipped beef made in a saucepan.

Hagar: We'd have lunch and dinner there. We'd always have tea out. This was one of the rituals. The tendency is to get very plump on the pastries and things.

Riess: Did you have siestas also?

Hagar: Oh, always! Always a siesta.

So, every day we had all these things to do and Mother was the kind of a person who was eager to see everything too. We had books to read and to think about. We'd plan to go places probably every day. We really saw, in those months, pretty much of Rome. We didn't always go to a church or a museum.

We did a lot of shopping. I brought a wonderful lot of clothes home that were made to order in a nice shop on the Via Veneto. When I got home and found I was suddenly engaged, there was my trousseau. Even the dress that I wore at my wedding I had bought in Florence.

We went to lots of music. Oliviero was learning to be an opera conductor. His theatre was called the Teatro Costansi, where all the opera was. We went night after night, a beautiful, small theatre with boxes. Oliviero was an assistant of some sort behind the stages. We never saw him direct until years later at the Opera House in San Francisco when he came here. In fact he has conducted two different seasons for the San Francisco Opera. Very famous now, he is called "Maestro."

Laurinne had studied the cello for years and rented one in Rome, and she was supposed to be getting music from Oliviero in the little salota, but I think he was falling in love with her and she with him. [Laughter] When my mother found after a couple of months that this had happened, she wrote Mr. and Mrs. Mattern to come quickly, and whisked us out of Rome.

We left our things there and dashed up to Como. We stayed a week or two in Florence and then went to Bellagio on Lago de Como and stayed at the Villa Serbelloni. (Jerry and I went back years later with our children. It has a new, beautiful hotel, but it was still the Villa Serbelloni.) Then back to Rome and down to Sicily, Naples, Taormina, Capri and Palermo.

Back in Rome for Thanksgiving, Mother was determined that we should have a turkey, which she bought and showed Lena and Tina how to cook. We had a magnificent Thanksgiving dinner. Our

Hagar: Italian family has often reiterated they never had a happier winter.

At night we'd often have liqueurs. I remember, in some way, they knew the word "Jerry." Evidently it was from mail coming, or Laurinne told them. So, we'd have what they called cherry brandy, and they'd all drink to Jerry and we'd have "Jerry brandy," in the midst of music, laughter, and gaiety.

Sometimes we dressed up and sat in boxes at the opera. As you probably know, the Italian men stand up beforehand, and during intermission, with their eyeglasses. I don't think they do it anymore, but in those days they made a fetish of it. They'd arrive and stand up in their seats and then they would train their glasses right straight around the Opera House, lingering here and there on particularly glamorous ladies, or curiosities.

The Matterns came to Europe and joined us in Paris, meeting my father there also. Then we went to the battlegrounds of the previous war and saw the battle monuments that are so touching. We saw the one where the French line was standing in a trench with their bayonets sticking up out of the ground. The trench has collapsed and buried them. It's a very touching memorial. We plodded over Reims and Verdun and the Argonne, and other battlefields fascinating to an army man.

We were in England, and then we got home to California in May. We'd been gone about nine months.

Marriage, November 1924, and a House

Hagar: I was engaged in October of that year, 1924, and married in November. We lived for three years in a little house down on Eton Avenue which we were able to find, an attractive small house with lots of personality, and few conveniences.

Many Saturday afternoons, we'd go to North Beach and wander around through the Italian shops and I'd pretend to speak Italian. [Laughter] We'd buy things and have dinner at some little place, sometimes for 50¢ for a four-course dinner in a French or Italian place. Can you imagine! We'd buy small gadgets and French bread and cheeses. For three years we lived in our little house, and having no children were free for wonderful weekends, and summer pack trips into the Sierra.

Hagar: When we bought this lot there were no houses on the hill, except about halfway up, where there were two houses. The road wasn't even in. This area belonged in the Garber Tract, and was owned by Mr. Holabird.

We were talking once with Mrs. Gregory about an architect and she suggested Bill Wurster. "This young man has a universality in his work," I remember she said. "What he builds will last." He made his fame, really, with the first thing he built, which was something for her, the Gregory farmhouse down in the Santa Cruz Mountains. It was enchanting, and was called "The Farm." We used to go down on weekends with the Gregorys.

So, when we got some money together and were able to build, we met Bill. He had no other jobs at the time, so devoted himself to this, a well-built house for an unbelievably small amount. We had no children but in the years the house has stretched to include us all. We made only one addition in the forty-five years, a large bedroom and a bath. We have loved the house, and working with and knowing Bill Wurster has been pure joy. He liked it too, and even helped us furnish it, and in the years has returned to it many times.

Into this home our three children were born, Julianne in July 1929, Mary Cole in January 1932, and George Barrows in October 1933. Growing up, being educated, marrying, and bringing their three spouses into the family circle--this home has been the center for it all. And now the eleven grandchildren seem to have the same devotion to it, for they continue to ask if they can come up to the hilltop to spend the night with me, or bring their friends to play or have meals. It's a happy house.

Sierra Trips

Roughing It

Hagar: Then there were our wonderful Sierra trips during the four years before our children were born, and for a good number of years, until we felt we wanted to do things with them. But the first year after we were married, which was in 1925, we hired Bessie, a stalwart mare, who carried all our possessions for three weeks and we walked into the Kings River, which now you can drive to,

Hagar: at least to Cedar Grove, which took us two days to get to then.

Riess: What did you wear? Did you go in pants?

Hagar: Oh yes. I had a pair of old army pants of Jerry's, blouses, and and a sweater. Jeans weren't in. We wore high boots, laced up the front. Now, I'm sure, people hike in very much more comfortable clothes.

We learned how to throw a hitch on Bessie, but the pack on her was enormous! A couple of bags contained our dessicated foods, not what they are now, you know, when I look at my children backpacking, superb camping food now. But there was wonderful fishing and practically no one in the Sierra.

I have never worn, in the years in the mountains, a hat or sunglasses. Jerry, I remember, had some sort of a hat. But I just loved the sun coming down flat on me.

I realize now, in looking back, that for two people to have spent three weeks going up and down very steep cliffs to swim or fish--no trails or anything--was foolhardy. So many things can happen. If one of us had broken a leg even, nothing more serious than that, the other one would have had to get on Bessie and go day and night for several days to get back to civilization.

They didn't know where we were and in case they wanted to reach us, it would have had to be a ranger, a forester, or someone trying to find us. Once on the trail I scribbled a note and sent it out with somebody who would mail it, but as I recall, during that three weeks trip, we only met two others on the trail, and two rangers.

We went to East Lake, because we got golden trout there in a few places, and then over Glenn Pass, which in those days was quite something. It's about 10,000 or 11,000 feet. On one side it's black shale and the trail zigzags up, which is tedious but all right, and you get to the top. Then the trail zigzags again, but it's cut out of great boulders, so it's all rock, not little rocks, but great, big ones.

I went ahead and Jerry led Bessie and I made him promise that if Bessie slipped, he'd let her go and not try to hold her, because it's so steep and slippery. I can remember looking back up, straight up, and there was Bessie, looking straight down at me on a curve. We got down.

Hagar: After we were over Glenn Pass, we came to a lovely lake, Glenn Lake, and we camped there for several days and swam and fished. Then we came out Wood's Creek. But we didn't move fast. We didn't go terribly far, maybe 125 miles in the three weeks, but we enjoyed life, with bountiful fishing, the kind I like, fast streams or deep pools.

May I say, when I travel I believe in certain amenities. On the trip to Europe and the trips that I had since with Jerry, I always insisted on certain things that made pleasant living, not touristy living, but pleasant living. One was a siesta after lunch and the other was tea in the afternoon. Then you're girded and go on. This is what we even did in the mountains. We'd rest after lunch and take a nap. Marvelous! Refreshing! Then we'd have a cup of tea and then we'd go and fish in the dusk.

Riess: Was that sort of a trek unusual at the time?

Hagar: I think it wasn't done a great deal. In the three weeks we never met others walking and leading an animal. Of course the Sierra Club took large groups in, but we never met the members in all the years we packed in.

I remember the night before we left, we were at a wedding in San Francisco. Mr. Calkins, quite a character and quite a person and a very, very devoted friend, said, "You should never do this alone." He knew enough about the mountains to know that it wasn't a very safe thing to do, for two people, in those days. Now you meet far too many people everywhere on the trails, I'm sure.

So, I don't think it was a very common thing for a couple to go without packers. We never went alone again. We always had packers who took care of the animals and packed them and made it simple.

With the McDuffies

Hagar: That trip was 1925. Then in 1926, we went with my father and mother. We got Mr. Phillips. Mr. Phillips had known my father and he lived in Mariposa with his family and he was a marvelous packer. So, the five of us went on another trek, probably two weeks only, with animals. We went out of Wawona, as I remember.

Hagar: Another time we had Mr. Phillips and two sons. Twice we went with the McDuffies. This is how we met the McDuffies, who became very close friends. They were friends of my father's and mother's and they wanted Mr. Phillips, but he had already promised to go with us that summer. So, it was suggested that we combine forces.

Well, if you combine forces and camp, you want to be awfully sure of the forces, don't you? Oh boy! I've heard of most unlucky occasions where somebody couldn't stand soot, or dirty hands, or lying on the ground.

Anyway, the McDuffies were very experienced, of course, real mountaineers. We went up to have tea with them to make arrangements. In those days, they had Clay, their combination chauffeur and butler and, as Jean McDuffie often said, "my best friend." Few butlers in Berkeley serve tea in the drawing room while camping arrangements are being made!

We went twice with the McDuffies and, may I say, I learned to appreciate especially the beauty of the flora and fauna through their eyes, because they were great botanists. They had the most lovely garden, I guess, in the East Bay; to me it was, anyway.

In picking out a site to camp at night, the McDuffies were never content with something that didn't have a fine view, with the Alpen glow on the mountains, that lovely, pink light, where we'd been used to settling where we could find fodder for the horses. Of course, we didn't have to in this because the men did it. But they would pick out these beautiful spots for the main camp and for the eating and then we would go off ourselves, you see.

The first trip we took with the McDuffies was over Parker Pass. Halfway through, we arrived in Tuolumne and then we went on again. It was three weeks and it was a lovely experience.

Riess: Did you break camp every day?

Hagar: Yes. We traveled every day, which is really something, but we saw lots of country. And although the McDuffies weren't fishermen, they always allowed us to fish and enjoyed our catch.

Riess: Did the packers set up the tents?

Hagar: I guess they put up the McDuffie's. We'd go off at a distance and put our sleeping bags out. We never, in those days, had mattresses that you blew up. I would have disdained to lie on anything but pine needles, pine boughs. We had always a cook, with the McDuffies.

The next trip with them we went up Youngs Lake, which is out of Tuolumne. That was several years later and we were packed in, and left there for two weeks. The interesting thing about that time is that Mr. McDuffie, being on the National Park Committee, was told that we couldn't go when we had wanted to go. We were going to be packed in and stay right there and have a permanent camp. We never knew why we were halted. At last Mr. McDuffie said, "Now we're released. We can go."

When we got up there, we found that Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt had wanted to go in with a friend. So this large camp was set up for her and, of course, they had security and no one else was allowed at the lake during her stay.

We got in just the day they left, in the morning. The foresters had brought them out. I remember, through no fault of Mrs. Roosevelt's at all--this was the responsibility of the rangers--they had left some things about. You never leave anything. Of course, nowadays I'm afraid people do.

At any rate, one thing the Roosevelt party left I remember was a box of seedless grapes. I can see Mrs. McDuffie still, so handsome and dignified and very formal, sitting there all afternoon picking the tiny stems off the grapes! (I think I was the only person who ever saw her in her black bloomers. We were climbing Mt. Conness and the men were all ahead of us. She at last said, "I have to take off my skirt." She had a short skirt on which was binding her legs as she climbed--and there she was in black bloomers!)

In 1929 I didn't go. Julie was born that July and Jerry went off after I was settled at home. The nurse in those days stayed with you, a private nurse in the hospital for twelve days, and then a wonderful nurse at home for a month. Miss Hyland, a marvelous baby nurse, came with all our children. Betty called her the "National Guard." She was very strict. When she came Jerry went off to the mountains with our friend Cooley Wetmore. Cooley also went two other times with us when we went on pack trips with the two Phillips boys as packers.

So, anyway, those were happy mountain summers.

1936, Dorrington

Hagar: In 1936 my mother died. That summer, we wanted to be together, so my father made a camp for us at Dorrington's, behind the old hotel above Angel's Camp and Murphy's on the Stanislaus River, where he had gone as a little boy with his family. My mother and he had been there some years before, camping. They had frequently sought the mountains for refreshment, for she loved the Sierra.

He rented several acres, with the largest sugar pines in the country, and he took an Army cook, Woodward, and had an Army kitchen hauled up. A tarpaulin was stretched over a long table with benches; sometimes there must have been fifteen to twenty adults, while our children and nursemaids ate at another table. Woodward would go down to Angel's or Murphy's and get half a cow or lamb, fresh vegetables, fruits and milk.

My brother was in the east then, so there were we three girls. Each of our families had our own camp in the hills, with tents, though we slept outdoors. And each of us took our maid to take care of our children. Our youngest was two.

Friends came and went. We were there a month. The McDuffies came up for a week. I remember their stepping out of their chauffeur-driven car--their chauffeur in uniform, which was always so impressive for Berkeley--stepping out in their riding trousers, or their mountain hiking things. They made their own camp nearby, and there were lively discussions and great camaraderie and wit and stories around the campfire every evening. I remember the McDuffies brought a whole limb of bananas. It hung on one of the trees and the children could pick one any time they wanted, as the bananas ripened.

Vera Christie came, a dear friend of ours. She was at Weinstock-Lubin when I went there and she came later to the University and started what is now known as the Placement Bureau and was head of it for many years. It was the Bureau of Occupation, "Buroc," in those days. She began with a small staff, developing it into an important part of the University. She was particularly adept in placing graduate men, and initiated the practice of employers from around the country coming here to interview seniors who were graduating.

Vera had such a good time at the camp that she took another week and came up again. This time she came carrying gallons of

Hagar: ice cream in dry ice. How popular that made her with everyone!

Laurinne Palmer and her husband were with us for a week. And others came.

My father had taken up two horses. He also sent up a cow, but none of us liked the unpasteurized milk, so that was a failure. The days flew by, and we shall not forget what the camp did for us.

The Maids; The Depression

Hagar: I mentioned our maids. In those days we called the all-around employee a maid, and everybody had maids. Now you would call her a cook or a housekeeper, or a nursemaid. Then, they were everything combined. Many were Scandinavian and quite delectable. They lived in, with Thursday afternoon off and Sunday off. Can you imagine that little bit of time? The children adored them. Mine were always young and attractive.

I would teach them to cook and they would end up doing everything--laundry, cleaning, and some cooking. We'd pay them \$25 to \$35 a month and room and board. (This sounds as though I had more than one, I didn't!)

Having a maid enabled a mother to be in and out all day without any thought of what was going on at home, knowing that her children were perfectly happy. I never had anyone whom the children didn't love, as I believed that was the most important thing.

Anyway, then life went on. We had gone through the depression. That affected people, you know, in the early thirties.

Riess: How did it affect you?

Hagar: We pulled in our belts. We didn't buy anything except what we had to. We had our home and we had our furnishings. I guess everybody was more or less affected, and certainly depressed by the poverty and unemployment around us.

Riess: You weren't heavily invested in the stock market or some such?

Hagar: We hadn't begun buying stocks and bonds, having been married only a few years, and having built our home with what we had saved.

The men who lost everything in the east, that was the thing that made a great impression. Nobody that I knew jumped out of a window, but they were doing this in New York. Then, of course, there were the very poor and the soup kitchens and the soup lines, and real suffering. There was terrible unemployment, and scarcely a day went by without someone at the front door asking for work, any kind of work--heart rending!--or selling something you didn't want.

I supposed people like myself really didn't suffer because legal work had to go on. Activities went on. One Christmas during the depression, being a large family that generally gave lots of presents to each other, we decided everyone would limit each present to each person to one dollar. It turned out to be quite a challenge, and great fun.

Gerald Hagar, Pro Bono Publico, and Family

Hagar: The activities of my husband at that time included the Alameda County Bar. He was a director of the State Bar later, and then, for two years, president of the State Bar on the Board of Governors.

I'd felt sometimes that he was doing too much but he had a great interest in extracurricular activities. It stimulated and challenged him. He liked people. It wasn't entirely altruistic for he had great satisfaction out of it. He was involved in so many things and this must have started in the thirties, when I was busy raising the children and indulging in a few activities of my own.

He had a strong feeling expressed in the words, pro bono publico. He enjoyed the law, he enjoyed other lawyers with good minds. Legal problems, as I said, stimulated him. I suppose this is true of all able attorneys.

But when he played, he played. Although he worked a part of most weekends at his office, he loved the out-of-doors, to be in his garden. For years he raised his own annuals in a little hot house he and Lewin Martinez, an old and treasured friend,

Hagar: built in the backyard. And shortly after we built our home, having purchased the hill lot above us, he and Lewin planted dozens of small sucker pines, which now march up the hill, each of them sixty or seventy feet high.

When the war was over, he put in a large swimming pool at my father's ranch near Lafayette. He would spend many Sundays in old clothes, digging and planting and then swimming and relaxing. All his nephews and nieces would come. They all loved him. My father called him "Cement," that kept the family together, and through the years this has been true, for that is where several generations of the family gather. It's been our own country club. I still maintain the pool and it is a joy to so many in the family.

I must speak of the Code Commission, to which Jerry was appointed by the governor. He was chairman from 1939 to 1953. This commission recodified the laws of California. He was also interested in the Oakland Chamber of Commerce and was the president for a period. Later he was asked to be a member of the State Chamber of Commerce. As an extremely active member of his legal firm, he was a fast worker, but he always was interested in many facets of the community and liked being a part of various activities. I guess he had a tremendous capacity for work.

After he was off of the Board of Governors of the State Bar, for instance, he stayed on a committee that meant a great deal to him, the Committee for the Administration of Justice of the State Bar. It was considered one of the most important committees, I think. For years, Norman Sterry, a prominent attorney from Los Angeles, and Jerry were kept on as elder members of this. When I would complain slightly that he didn't have to stay on and press himself for this very important statewide committee, I realized they depended on him and his brains. Perhaps this flattered him, although I don't believe he was subject to flattery. I think it was a feeling of deep interest. And he felt it was important to the good practice of the law to have a strong State Bar organization.

Once while he was president of the Alameda County Bar it became necessary to disbar a member. This was a difficult and serious affair and took a lot of time. I've heard there are shyster lawyers, and there are practices that discredit honest legal work, and I think this is one thing the State Bar handles, keeping people in hand, as it were. So, he was interested in other matters than just the practice of law, is what I'm saying. He believed in these extra things, just as I did.

Hagar: As time went on, he became a director of various businesses, a bank, a financial corporation, etc., as well as being on the board of the Save-the-Redwoods League, the Council of the Bancroft Library, International House, and as well as becoming a Trustee of Mills College, and a Regent of the University of California.

We both felt that a wide circle of interests and participation make for a fuller and happier life--at least for us. He never tried to curtail my interests and activities, and when I'd try to get him to help me make a decision as to whether to take something new on, he'd only say "That's your decision." We always had respect for each other's personal decisions. I think that helps a happy marriage.

In the early days of the State Bar work, I was much more interested in doing things here and in seeing that my children got where they had to get. I didn't like conventions very much, so I never did go to State Bar conventions, until Jerry came home once and said, "Well, So-and-So said, 'What is wrong with your wife?'" [Laughter] Here these other wives were going, so I said, "By gumbo! I'm going next time."

And then I went for years, particularly when he was president of the State Bar, and it was lots of fun. There were always interesting people whom you'd see, maybe, and you wouldn't have to do all the things that the wives did. This is where I wasn't so awfully good.

They'd plan things for the wives like fashion shows and excursions, but I would always love the swimming pools and the relaxation in the sun. In those days, the meetings were very often at the Del Monte Hotel, the old Del Monte, and the old Coronado Hotel--another era, big rooms, high ceilings, a pool, and lovely, old dining rooms. All those things are gone.

As for our life as a family, the thirties, particularly, were the years of transporting children, and dancing schools and sports and Girl Scouts and music lessons and friends, friends, friends. Our children always had friends here too. When they were little, they used to skate on the living room floor, because you have to do this when you live on a hill, you know. Oh, such fun! Around the chairs and rugs! [Laughter] They'd ride their bicycles all over the house, and in the courtyard.

Riess: Where did they do their dancing?

Hagar: They both went to the Temple of the Wings with the Quitzows.

Then Mary took ballet dancing and never entered the room without a pirouette. There was a period of tap dancing, and both did ice skating. That was when we used to go to Oakland to the ice skating rink. So there was a lot of transporting there, as is true for most mothers. And the costumes they had to have, you know! Of course, then Iceland was opened here, which made it all much easier.

The first years we were married before we had children we spent our summers in the Sierra, as I've said. Then when the children were tiny we began going to Ben Lomand, a beautiful place that one of Jerry's partners gave us to use in the Santa Cruz mountains. Sometimes we'd be there a whole month, sometimes two or three weeks. We always took our maid, the dog and cat, and one friend for each child. It works better that way.

It was perfectly magical! Our children will never forget those years and that house and the river, with several boats, and the tennis court and the woods around. It belonged to Jerry's partner, Herbert Hall and his wife Sue, it having been her family's summer home, "The Greenwoods." It was large and comfortable and could sleep about fifteen. We had stayed there two weeks on our honeymoon; and gone on house parties with the Halls before we were engaged; and then summers with our children made it a place dear to our hearts. After the Halls sold it we wanted to buy it from the new owner, but she wasn't interested.

The Crime Commission

Hagar: Now I'll say a word about the Crime Commission. Governor Earl Warren appointed the commission in 1947. There were five men appointed. Admiral William Stanley was chairman. I believe that he had been ambassador to Russia. There were also a Mr. William Jeffers, whom I never met, General Kenyon Joyce, Mr. Harvey Mudd, and Gerald Hagar. Warren Olney was legal counsel. The governor appointed the commission to investigate organized crime which was moving into the state in a big way.

To quote from the report, "This study was to expose and alert the state to a persistent attempt to organize a system of state-wide protection for the operation of criminal rackets in California."

Hagar: Most of the emphasis in the investigation was on the gambling racket, bookmaking, slot-machines, etc.

Warren Olney was the professional, the legal investigator. He was an attorney, of course, and had worked with Earl Warren and was a great friend of his. He was much younger than all of the other men. I've known him since he was born.

Jerry was the one commissioner here. There were two in the south. Because Jerry was here and because he and Warren Olney worked well together, he did a great deal of the detailed work with Warren.

I never knew very much about it. As a matter of fact, I never knew anything about Jerry's business, because attorneys and doctors don't discuss these things with their wives. Jerry had a stock expression if I would have a bright eye and say, "Oh, well, what's that?" He'd say, "Confidential communication between attorney and client, my dear" and that was it. I'd never ask another question. But I do know they went after bookmaking and really did something about it, nipping it in the bud.

I once said to him, "What are you going to do with all of these papers and all this investigation?" (It went all over the state, and private investigators under Warren Olney probed and interviewed criminals and law enforcement agencies.) He said, "They'll be under lock and key for a certain number of years."

I think I asked either Earl Warren or Warren Olney the other day what happened to all the investigative material. You see, when they weren't able to verify all the facts, they weren't used in the report, but they were impounded, and he says they're still impounded.

I sat by Earl Warren the other night at dinner and I should have had a little list of questions to ask him. I did hear that his main commission was the Crime Commission, because he really wanted to solve these problems and nip the rackets in the bud. But in order to camouflage this, he appointed three or four other commissions at the same time. Now, what they were, I don't remember.

He gave a dinner once for all the commissions in Sacramento. We went up and I disgraced myself. The men sat together at different tables, the Crime Commission with Earl Warren. The ladies were together, and I was by somebody who said, "Oh, too

Hagar: bad" that this meat--we had enormous, great steaks--was all going to waste. So, I said brightly I thought I'd gather it up. (This is before any "bowser" bags were ever thought of.) She said, "Yes! Why don't you take them home to your dog?"

So, she piled them all up and she got the waiter to bring some sort of a bag and put this meat in.

Jerry said, "It would have been all right to do it, but why you had to say to Earl, as we went out, 'I have a whole bag of meat we couldn't eat, for Shepherd.'" [Laughter]

But it was an interesting time. Particularly for us it was interesting, because it was a very vital commission. It must have lasted about four years. Then, when it was dismissed, I remember the governor appointed another one, the second Crime Commission.

Later on the federal government took it over. It was the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, in 1951. Senator Kefauver was the chairman of that, wasn't he?

The Loyalty Oath

Hagar: In 1951 the governor appointed Jerry as a regent to take the place of Farnham Griffiths, who had had a heart attack, and I understand this was partly due to the difficulties of the loyalty oath. Plenty has been said by people who knew far more than I did about those times, but I did know that the Regents meetings were often tense and unpleasant.

I remember one episode that I might speak of. The Regents meeting was in the south and when Jerry got back he said he had spent the night at a motel at the San Francisco Airport with a pile of law books, instead of flying down to Los Angeles for the night, because he'd been given the ball to carry in rebuttle to Mr. Neylan. I guess he was to oppose him in some angle of the loyalty oath. He said, "I worked all night and got legal arguments in shape and when I presented the side that most of us agreed upon, there was not another word said!"

Riess: Could you say something about how much this oath issue was in people's minds around and about the University, how much it intruded into your and everyone's lives?

Hagar: Certainly the loyalty oath controversy of the early fifties was the most discussed and controversial matter in University circles--students, faculty, and alumni--as well as around the state. Many took sides for or against the professors who refused to sign the oath, and those charged with the solution of the problem desperately searched for an answer. In the midst of the harrowing Regents meetings, John Francis Neylan continued to persecute the president, until one wondered if Bob Sproul could survive his attacks.

At last a committee of prominent alumni, appointed by the president of the Alumni Association, came up with a proposed solution. Steve Bechtel was chairman of that committee. They really worked. My friend Kathryn Fletcher was the one woman on it. I was talking with her about it the other day. I have a feeling that it may have been, eventually, the alumni committee that came up with ideas toward a solution.

Before it was solved, and the professors had resigned and decided to sue the Regents, I remember Jerry's saying that he had told the Regents--supported by maybe one or two other attorneys, one of whom may have been Jesse Steinhart--that the Regents couldn't win the case.

But they were determined to go on. So, they engaged Eugene Prince, a brilliant lawyer in San Francisco, to represent them. But the Regents lost the case and then most of the professors returned, didn't they?

Riess: Yes, some of them.

Hagar: The Regents voted to give them their back pay, so that they were compensated for what they had lost. I remember one of the most bitter professors was Professor Tolman, whose brother, Dr. Tolman of Cal Tech, had married Ruth Sherman, a friend of mine.

The new psychology building was named for him, which I thought was a wonderful gesture, because Dr. Tolman was so anti-Regents and so bitter about the thing. I hope he knew, but I have a feeling he died before he knew the building was to be named for him.

Riess: Yes. I guess he was one of the first of the non-signers and really stuck with it to the end.

Hagar: Yes. He was rather a leader.

Gene Prince and Mildred, his wife, had been at Boalt Hall about the same time that Jerry, Herb Hall and Rex Linforth had. Marguerite Reagan and Mildred Prince were the two women who were allowed to go up in the attic and study with the men and were called "The Attic Girls."

Riess: Why were they allowed? Because they were the only women, or because they were the only tolerable women?

Hagar: Yes, that may have been it. They were both interesting and bright with a great sense of humor and good brains and good scouts. They, evidently, were friends and got along.

I don't think that Mildred Prince ever practiced, but she did have a cause later on and she tried to draw me into it, America First. I went to one affair at her house and another meeting that she had over here in Piedmont. She wanted me to take charge of it in the East Bay.

I was dismayed to find that America First, though I'm a conservative, seemed to me completely reactionary, and I couldn't be interested in it and so I withdrew. She had quite a group in San Francisco working on this but I don't remember that a successful group was organized on this side of the bay. If it were, I lost track of it and never had anything to do with it. Mildred, alas, died too young and I think Gene Prince is gone too.

Riess: America First was to keep us out of the war, wasn't it?

Hagar: I think maybe this was one of the things that they were interested in, but as time went on I guess they felt they couldn't keep us out of the war. I don't remember. I really wasn't interested at all. It was just too, too tight and conservative and reactionary for me.

Riess: If Gene Prince felt as strongly conservative, politically, as his wife did, it seems to me unlikely that he could ever have been effective in defending the Regents. After all, you do need somebody who represents a little more objective view.

Hagar: I would think so. Of course, this was partly a political issue, wasn't it? Well, not entirely. It must have been a legal one too, of course, but it was also an ideological one. Perhaps John Francis Neylan was partly responsible for choosing him, and of course he was the spearhead of the thing. So, probably, Gene did agree with him. I'm sure a more objective or liberal attorney would perhaps have avoided taking it on, but I mustn't get in over my head on this issue, as I really was only on the periphery.

Mr. Neylan resigned in '55. Though I've known Mrs. Neylan-- I knew her some before and I've met her several times--the only time I ever met Mr. Neylan was at a large dinner party that he gave after he had resigned, at the Mark Hopkins Hotel. He was honoring Robert Underhill and Marjorie Woolman, the Regents' secretary, and one other man who was head of the business office.

It was a wonderful dinner, very elegant. All the Regents were invited and some others, I guess, and Dr. Sproul went, but Mrs. Sproul had "a previous engagement." This was something that she couldn't face.

Riess: The idea was to heal all the old wounds?

Hagar: I don't know what his idea was. Dr. Sproul was quite gallant to go, for I feel that the prolonged difficulties of that period undermined his health. Very probably the ulcer, which later perforated and nearly caused his death, dated from the unhappy days of the Loyalty Oath controversy.

Every now and then, through the years, in the legislature there have been people who want to control the University, or want to cut the time of the Regents down, or want to get the control of the administration of the University into the legislature. I believe that legislators, who come and go, shouldn't have the academic decisions on how to run a university.

There is a group now pursuing the ideas that might well lower the present standards of excellence. Well, the Master Plan insures that there isn't anyone who can't go to a college in the state. But the minute you say that a certain percentage of those must be admitted to the University, you lower the standard of admission.

Riess: I guess I'm more aware of this recent insidious removal of money from the University.

Hagar: Oh yes. Well, this is a whole other picture. Let's not get into that, because I don't know much about it. [Laughter] It distresses me. It distresses us all.

VI COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT: YWCA
(Interview 8, February 12, 1973)

Hagar: I had started being interested again in the University YWCA when I came back to Berkeley after my year of working in Sacramento, and this was because of Dr. Edith Brownsill. What a person she was in early Berkeley! She was a woman doctor, and there weren't very many, but she was highly thought of. She must have been in her fifties when I knew her so well.

She had been in the YWCA in college and had formed an alumnae association. When I came back to Berkeley, she persuaded me to be president of the alumnae association of the University YWCA. She had been the treasurer and the guiding light of this group for years.

Its main purpose was to raise money for the association. This was accomplished by urging Y girls, upon graduation, to take out a \$25 life membership in the YWCA alumnae association. The money was invested with the Regents, the income to come annually to the YW, to be used toward the secretary's salary. At Dr. Brownsill's death, the fund was named in memory of her, the Edith Brownsill Endowment Fund, and when it reached \$25,000 we ceased raising more funds and went on to create a new endowment corporation under the name of "Friends and Alumnae of the University YWCA, Berkeley."

Then earlier I was on a civic planning committee, an ad hoc thing that I don't remember too well. Mrs. Frederick Lipmann was chairman and I was secretary. We did a survey on housing and recreation for girls in West Berkeley, and that type of thing, and we were excited about raising money and getting hold of a small house in West Berkeley, furnishing it and having it as a center. It was like the idea of the settlement in Chicago. It didn't get off the ground, but we spent a lot of time working on it, and it was an interesting group. This was right after I was married, in 1925-26.

The Tradition of the YWCA as a Forum and a Catalyst

Riess: In 1937, a race relations group affiliated with the University Y circulated a petition against discrimination in boarding houses. The University apparently wasn't very comfortable with such student activities; in fact, earlier in the thirties it drew up regulations governing where activities of radical students could take place.

Hagar: You are asking now about a survey made by students of the Y, under the leadership of one of the secretaries, on race discrimination in University housing. I believe at that time most of the housing was in Dean of Women's approved boarding houses, as there were few dormitories. This may have been the first time the University Housing Office, under Ruth Donnelly, had been questioned about discriminatory practices. And you are right because, as I remember, the office was uncomfortable, but I wouldn't call these radical students or staff in a political sense. I suppose any questioning and changes might be considered radical.

The survey was completed and had its impact, and perhaps was partly responsible for the later legislation prohibiting race discrimination in any state-owned institution. Formerly, you may not know, it was very hard for a black student to find housing in boarding houses in Berkeley.

Well, this was radical in those days, and simply another example of the YWCA as a catalyst.

Another question facing the University YWCA, then, was whether to allow Communists and real radicals to use their building. It seems to me the first crisis came when a young girl, an avowed Communist, who had tried to speak at UCLA, wanted to speak to University students in Berkeley and the regulations were that no political speeches could be held on the campus under the charter. So, the University YWCA, believing in freedom of speech--

Riess: Freedom of speech was always a tenant of the Y, or was this especially an issue of the time?

*Celeste Strack. See Verne A. Stadtman, The University of California, 1968-1969, McGraw-Hill, 1970, pp. 298-300.

Hagar: I guess always, but at this moment it was a pressing issue of the time.

At any rate, freedom of speech was one of the primary, fundamental parts in our so-called "rental" policy of the University YWCA. And we must remember this was the period in universities when people were beginning to wake up to the meaning of communism, its spread through underground cells, etc., and its appeal to students. So, we were asked to let her speak at the YWCA, and there followed a lot of publicity about this and discussion in the board--to do, or not to do!

Lily Margaret Sherman, who was the executive director of the University YWCA for many years, gave us the impression that the administration of the University was glad to have an organization off the campus that could be a forum for political speakers. (We were then right outside of Sather Gate, where the Student Union eating commons is. That was our piece of property, with our beautiful house, built by Hearst's architect, Julia Morgan. It was called "The Cottage.")

Well, we allowed her to speak. And there was a lot of feeling in the city about this. Much of our support has always come from more conservative people. But we weathered it, as the Association has weathered many such crises. I do believe that the University may have sighed with relief that we had taken the brunt, and, of course, it all eventually died down.

I was the most vocal of the opposition. I had hated communism, and my father had been a voice against it for so long and knew so much more than most people knew about its international workings. Anyway, on the board, I was usually one voice that questioned this. I do believe in freedom of speech, naturally. But I felt that someone who was advocating the overthrow of the government and the overthrow of all the things that we believed in as a religious organization shouldn't have the right to speak in our building.

It has changed over the years and I can see the point of it now, and anyway later under Clark Kerr the University rules were changed and liberalized to allow political speakers on campus.

I'll never forget one day in board meeting, Miss Stebbins, in her great dignity and beauty, talked about freedom of speech, dramatically and philosophically. Of course, she was always an ardent liberal. And that idea won the vote and Celeste spoke at the University YWCA.

Hagar: Since then we have had certain rules governing use of the building, such as 1) no continuing regular meetings could be held by a controversial group, so that the YWCA would not be considered the headquarters, and 2) we always had to have members, one or two, of our board at these controversial meetings, and 3) the headquarters of the group could not be in our building.

Even during the Free Speech Movement, and when some dissident groups could not get a room on the campus, they could usually have one at the YWCA.

The interesting thing about the YWCA nationally, and locally too, particularly in student organizations, is that they've always been catalysts. The National YWCA has always been in the foreground of movements concerning women and children. They were the first really organized, important organization, I think, that crusaded against child labor, and later took up the black cause.

As far as the Association at the University of California at Berkeley, we started lots of things over the years. We had a housing program that was eventually taken on by the University.

For another instance, we used to have an orientation that we started for University freshmen women. We used University professors and it was held at Asilomar on a weekend before the opening of college. After it had run successfully for some years, the University took it over. "Cal IA" I believe they called it. The Association has always been delighted to turn over things to the University when it seemed that they could be better run with greater resources.

Riess: How many of the ideas for what the Y was doing came up from the grass roots? It sounds like these were student-inspired issues.

Hagar: Yes. This is the whole principle of a student association, that they propose the programs and the staff and the advisory board help to implement them. Over the years, we've had superior staff leadership. We've had only three executives in the fifty-five years I've known the Association. Isn't that extraordinary? Lily Margaret Sherman for many years, then Leela Anderson, who is now a national staff secretary, and then Anne Kern for twenty years. Of course there is staff direction, but it's student-proposed programs.

The interesting thing about this University YWCA is that it is the largest and most important, and has always been for many years, of all the student associations in the country.

Hagar: It's looked to as a leader in many ways. Established in 1889 next to the campus, there's always been cooperation between the dean's office and the Association and great support from the administration. The dean of students has always been on the board. Miss Stebbins, Mrs. Davidson, Katherine Towle, were all members.

Riess: With whom do you tie in at the University?

Hagar: The dean's office. And the wife of the President or Chancellor is usually on the board. Mrs. Sproul, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Barrows--they were all members, so there was a close connection there. Mrs. Kerr has always been an active member. Mrs. Heyns was a wonderful member. But the dean of women has been the closest tie with the University.

Clark Kerr, when President, was of tremendous help when we were buying the property and building our present Y home. And faculty wives are among the most active members. The students, of course, are the reason for it all. They are the tie-ins, all of them.

Riess: What sort of cooperation was there of the YWCA with the YMCA?

Hagar: There was always cooperation, in spite of the fact that our methods of working have been different.

Riess: But were there joint meetings of the boards ever?

Hagar: No, never any joint meetings of the boards. There were joint programs, occasionally, of the students, and often meetings between staff members. But through the years, the board of the YWCA always felt that it was a women's organization and that we didn't want to combine, as many universities and associations have combined, YM and YW in religious work on the campuses.

We have often pooled our ideas and worked together, but we have never been in favor of combining organizations. We work differently, and furthermore we feared in combining it would become predominately run by the men. Precursor of Women's Lib!

During the years that Lily Margaret Sherman and then Anne Kern were the executives, Harry Kingman and Bill Davis were the YMCA executives, and there was good rapport and cooperation always.

The Changing Board

Riess: Have there been struggles within over the religious aspect?

Hagar: Yes. The student purpose, which statement is the basis of membership, has drastically changed through the years. The "Purpose" was so stated originally that some girls couldn't accept it in the light of their own beliefs, like the Unitarian or Catholic or Jewish girls.

Over the years the statement of purpose was discussed by local associations. At last recommendations coming from students, staff, and boards were presented to the National Student Assembly, resulting in the present broad and all-inclusive "Purpose." This allows girls with almost any religious belief to be comfortable working in the Association. This change was slow in emerging, perhaps over a period of thirty to forty years.

It's been a large board, sometimes forty-five people, very well-attended, some of the most dedicated women in Berkeley. It's been a fantastic board over the years! New people were always coming in, but there were some continued through the years, which was one of its strengths.

Riess: That is an enormous board. Why is it so big? Has it always been?

Hagar: No, when I was in college maybe there were ten or twelve women on the board. I think a large board can be justified now because there are not as many women available who wish to be fulltime volunteers. Also, few women have the help in their homes now which frees them for volunteer work. Many women today feel they receive more stimulation by going back to school, or going to work. So, to carry on the duties of the board, which of course have increased and become more complicated during the years, there must be more women doing less.

In 1970, to implement the new National YWCA "Imperative," which was to "eliminate racism by any means possible," we invited at one swoop nine black women and one Japanese to be members of the board, though there always have been Oriental members, and for many years Elizabeth Gordon was a member until she and her husband Walter went to the Virgin Islands, where he became governor. They are black. This serious effort was to increase the diversity of the group, which has always been one of our policies.

Hagar: The YWCA has always been an integrated organization, nationally and locally, and for years there has been an ethnic spread. At first, after the recent group came on the board, the black women developed some small black groups to give themselves self-confidence, and to try to know where they were going. They had to question their priorities to find out if they could accomplish what they wanted in the frame-work of a white-women dominated organization. But as time goes on and we learn to know each other better, and trust each other, we are becoming a more truly integrated board.

Do you remember in the sixties the time in the Greek Theatre meeting that Eldridge Cleaver said, "We don't want integration!" We'd all been working for integration for years! He said, "We don't want integration, we want black power." They wanted to be a separate entity with their own power. I must say this was a shock to people who had striven for integration.

For years there have been black secretaries in the YWCA, nationally and locally. Catalysts again! Two years ago, the black staff in particular--and the national is behind this too--wanted a conference of just black girls here for four days, with a program which they planned and executed. The only thing the white board members were asked for was housing.

So, I entertained three very interesting girls. Two of them were from New York, and I've forgotten where the other one came from. They were graduate students or in their last year of college. For the four days we'd meet at breakfast, and then I would transport them to the Y and later pick them up. All day long I didn't see them.

Riess: You had a few discussions?

Hagar: Yes, we did, very lively ones, enlightening for all of us, I think, and I know they enjoyed staying in a home in California.

I had dear letters from them afterwards. [Laughter] They all survived me! We ended up good friends and I think it was an educative occasion for me and for them. But, you see, here was a black program, completely separate. Whether it has ever been evaluated nationally, I don't know.

Riess: How come such programs aren't at the downtown Y's? Why are they held at the University Y?

Hagar: They do have all kinds of black programs, I'm sure, but probably

Hagar: not with college students. The community YWCA was started by one of our members, Mrs. Bartlett Heard, years ago. She was on the national board too and she'd been a strong member of our board, but she felt Berkeley should have a community YWCA. So, she started it and after her Carol Sibley guided it for years. Its program has been a city association program, working with high school girls, teen-agers, community women, etc.

Riess: How were the black women who came on to the board chosen, when it was a matter of going and getting nine all of a sudden?

Hagar: There is a membership committee chosen democratically for the following year, and there are some holdovers from one or two of the nominating committees before. The committee members and other board members suggested women they knew or had heard might be interested in working with students. Two advisory board members always call on proposed persons to discuss the program of the Association, the purpose, and to answer any questions. Several of the suggested women were wives of people associated with the University. One was Mary Lee Widener. [wife of Mayor Warren Widener]

I would say a third of them at least have turned out to be contributing, strong members, wanting to work with a group of white people. Some of them, maybe not. But, you know, it's going to be a long period of education, both ways, isn't it?

They were usually women who were outstanding in the black community. They were chosen very carefully. But, of course, they come on a board like this and you can't tell beforehand whether they're going to be interested enough to really stay on and work together or not. I wouldn't say that all nine of those had turned out to be strong board members, but this happens with any new members.

Riess: And among them, there must be different goals also.

Hagar: Yes, exactly. One, particularly, has the goal of complete separatism, which is what I think we're struggling against. We want to work together and teach each other how to do things and how to promote the principles of the purpose of the YWCA.

But, you know, time takes care of a great number of things. The Association through the years has had its crises and weathered them all. I don't know any board that I've ever worked on, particularly all women, that has been as successful, as high-minded and as selfless.

Riess: Can you remember the first meeting at which the black women who were recently added to the board were present? Was there a tendency for everybody to be overwhelmed? How did they react to the sudden arrival?

Hagar: Before these new ones came on, there were already three able black women who had been members for several years. As I say, this is before the national board adopted the "Imperative," making black programs the priority. Of these three women, one was quite aggressive. So, they were the background of the first meeting with the new nine, and during discussions they spoke up; the new ones said nothing but seemed at ease.

Nine was a large number to take on and assimilate at one time. It was a daring thing for the board to do. I know it's easier to take a smaller group to assimilate and educate and try to make them have trust in you and have faith, no matter if they're black or white. But this is what the nominating committee came up with, and I think most of the board supported the large leap.

We made an effort to make them feel at home. At the first meeting each of us picked up one of the new members and introduced her around. I picked up a cute young gal living up the canyon on the Fish Ranch Road, but soon after joining the board she went to work and resigned.

In that first meeting we went on with our regular meeting for two hours. I must say, for no matter who comes on our board, it must be a confusing and slightly frustrating experience to try to grasp it all, because so many things are discussed, and reported.

There's our connection with the student in the program. There's the connection with UBAC [United Bay Area Crusade] which has become so involved these last few years as UBAC has tried to reorganize. There are program reports from staff and students, and policy matters, to say nothing of the ever-constant budget. I was treasurer for years!

I'm sure new members have thought, "Why did I ever come on this? Here are all these vocal women and here is this institution, a lot of which I don't understand." But isn't this true at first in any organization?

As I recall the first meeting, two or three of the black women who had been on before entered into the discussion because they knew what it was about and that helped to make it all more natural.

Riess: Is there an orientation, or any sheaf of materials you would give them?

Hagar: Yes. We've have orientations with small luncheons in our homes. We've tried an orientation day and sometimes it's held and is successful and sometimes it isn't. But then again, they have a great deal of information, the history of the YWCA nationally and of the student movement and facts about this Association. It's really something you have to just grow into as the years go along by participating.

I had a small orientation lunch for Mrs. Steins, the educated, intelligent and attractive wife of the minister of All Souls Episcopal Church in north Berkeley. He was here for a short period and then left; he was well-liked, but I was told he left because he really felt he wanted to work in a church in a ghetto area and not in the type of Episcopal Church in north Berkeley. She had decided to complete her MA at Cal State, so she was going three days a week to Hayward and completed it. Partly because she was going to school, and partly because her husband was a minister, with many church duties, she never became very active before she left.

We work at orientation and education all the time.

Riess: I guess it would be hard for somebody to realize that it might take two or three years to fully absorb what was going on around them if they were in the midst of a, so to speak, movement of their own.

Hagar: That's right. That's one reason I'm doubtful about a rotating board, where you're on three years and then maybe another three years. You really are just beginning to understand and contribute, and you're off! There are people who've been on for years, two or three of us. After forty-five years it was high time I got off. It took me three years to do it, but in 1971 I resigned.

There's been much discussion the last two years in the advisory board, pro and con, on changing to a rotating board. With a lot of fairly youngish members, I thought they would vote for it, but interestingly enough early this year it was voted down. As for a rotating board, we have always justified not having one because of the constantly changing constituency--every four years a complete turnover. I really think part of the strength of the advisory board has been its continuence. There is a natural attrition and always some new blood coming on the board.

Hagar: There is an executive committee and other committees. You are put on one, two, or three committees and you function through them. Then the board meetings once a month are lively, and productive.

Riess: Do the new board members who are taken on have to have a particular association with the University?

Hagar: No, but they should be interested in students, education, and "the times." Also we, they (after all those years I must now use the "they") do try to interest women who have some connection with the University, teachers, staff, or wives of faculty.

Counselling

Hagar: The peaks and the valleys of the last few years are like growing pains and it hasn't been easy.

Riess: The peaks and the valleys of life around the University?

Hagar: Yes. There have been crises on the campus which the YWCA has been able to help with, by keeping its building open one day during the third world strike when people sought refuge there and that type of thing. But the greatest value of the YW has been to the individual girls, as I look back on it, who have had mature counselling when they needed it and, at the same time, have been able to carry on different kinds of programs that satisfied them.

Riess: You mention the counselling which you too received as a student. Did this involve a special sort of relationship between a student and a staff member?

Hagar: Yes, in my day there was only one person, called the YWCA secretary. Now there is usually a staff of four program directors. The secretary, Lily Margaret Sherman, became one of my best friends. But the point was that she was there. We'd have a "P.I.," a personal interview. Isn't that wonderful! [Laughter] This wasn't counselling in the present professional connotation.

The executive had an hour's conference each week with every cabinet member and you could talk about anything you wanted. You talked about your work or your particular responsibility, but, furthermore, you could talk about love and marriage. I

Hagar: remember once asking her, "What is vision?" It seems to me that students have far more problems in their lives now, or else they make their lives more complicated. They're often lonely, and confused. It's a personal thing that the Y has been able to do, person to person, in the midst of a large, impersonal institution.

Riess: Is it formalized in any way?

Hagar: Yes, and no. There are regular appointments, as well as friendly conversations, not formalized counselling as you understand it with social welfare training. It's the executive and the three members of the program staff, each of whom is responsible for a certain number of programs, and the students involved in them.

Riess: The staff people have social work degrees now, don't they?

Hagar: Some do, but it isn't required. The executive director must have had previous experience in the YWCA student movement; and for the program secretaries, it is advantageous. But very often, graduates from the University who have gone on to other jobs return to work in the Association, and are especially effective if they had been involved in the YW program as undergraduates.

Riess: You were saying that just an association with a mature woman...

Hagar: Well, I must say the staff is chosen with great care. If she's had earlier experience dealing with students or dealing in campus problems, that's all to the good. It doesn't have to be psychiatric training, but an understanding person with common sense. She can refer girls to Cowell [Hospital] or to other facilities on the campus if necessary.

But the Y has been one place on the campus where there was the leisure, the time, the heart, the know-how, the interest, and the proximity. In contrast, if you wanted to see the dean of women you'd make a formal appointment.

The "Training in Leadership" Days

Hagar: One of the purposes of the student movement has been "training in leadership." The program changes with the years, as students' needs and desires change, and the Y has been flexible enough to understand this. So, now students don't want to be "trained in leadership"--they get it incidentally and indirectly, of course--they want to work for and with people.

Hagar:

In the last ten, twelve, or fifteen years, they have gone out into the community. No more of those large meetings, not many of the discussion groups that we had when we were in college on "A Philosophy of Life," etc. Programs like the Richmond Project; the tutoring programs in West Berkeley; person-to-person "Adventures" with the pre-school children, are satisfying to students who want to work directly with people. So the program changes to suit their needs and desires.

Indirectly, of course, they are being trained in whatever it is--community work, leadership, interest in your hometown when you go back, so that you can know how to work with a group, take a job, do volunteer work, organize this and that. Whereas once it was a conscious training in how to lead a group in discussion, how to lead a meeting, how to pull in people in a group and delegate responsibility.

When I was in college the great thing in the YW program was small discussion groups. And the leaders--we were cabinet members--would go out and get our friends to join in. I had a good discussion group made up mostly of Delta Gamma's, who were very good friends, who had never thought seriously about a philosophy of life. Isn't that wonderful! This was, you see, in 1917, 1918, and 1919. And how you felt about other people in college, who weren't in your group. Well, we discussed all kinds of serious subjects. We took ourselves quite seriously, but always with a sense of humor, I hope.

With all of my involvement in the Y, I never went to a student conference at Asilomar, which was the summer conference every year. I seemed to go other places. But I did go, four of us from the student cabinet went, to the National Student Conference at Evanston in my last year, after Christmas 1919. There was a tremendous banquet when we returned and the subject of my talk was "This Changing World." How many changing worlds we've had since!

Back then discussion groups were the thing. Yet ten or fifteen years ago you couldn't get together a discussion group. Now again they're coming back into groups, and the students want to talk as well as act.

The Y was a catalyst again when in 1918 we started the first International Committee, before I [International] House was built. I was chairman and I had three foreign students. Later we had a foreign foyer with a foreign secretary.

Students, and Formation of Association Policy

Riess: What are the real mechanics of getting student opinion across to the board? Would there be a time when you would ask students to come and say what's going on on campus?

Hagar: Yes, students have always come to board meetings. But we also hear through the staff, who constantly interpret student opinion to the board. For years there was a student cabinet, which was like the board, but was the governing board, really, of the Association. When you spoke of the Association, it was the students. The advisory board just advises and has responsibility and sometimes less, but there was always the student cabinet, and student opinion came through that to the board. Programs supposedly initiated by the students, guided by the staff.

We've always had joint meetings of board and cabinet at least once a year where there are lively discussions. When I was on the cabinet in college I can remember going only a few times to board meetings, but I can remember vividly some of the women on the board, still there when I came to the board.

Recently, in the last few years, the students haven't wanted to have a cabinet. They didn't want a formal organization. So, there would be a president and two or three officers and they'd be the executive committee. But they didn't want to meet. Formal meetings were over. Now the interest in cabinet and committees is returning.

Riess: How did they function then?

Hagar: They'd function through the executive and through the other staff and committees. The staff, of course, always comes and reports to the board meeting. There has always been a close working relationship between staff and board members. The chairman of the board often went to group meetings and anyone else could go if she wanted to. Then we had one or two big joint meetings with a group of students, whether they called themselves a cabinet or not.

Riess: In what way would the Richmond Project, then, be stirred together into a full-fledged program?

Hagar: Between the staff member who worked with that committee and the student group. They worked it out and she would help them in

Hagar: getting outside speakers or guide them. There always has been the communication and help and guidance between a staff member and the program chairman and the student. The planning is done together and then the final program is brought, sometimes by the students and sometimes by the staff member, to the board.

One of the great things in this Association has always been the flexibility of the staff. The long terms of the three directors in the last fifty years enabled them to understand changing student mores and needs, and then to help with programs answering these needs--and not only of the students, but the student-in-the-changing-community. This has been the main success of this University YWCA.

At the same time, the board is educated to the current needs and helped to understand the changing young. We women are all grateful, in dealing with the young and trying to understand all the strange things taking place, to be a bit more in the world than on the fringes, and this usually through the staff.

Riess: It sounds like a problem for a new board member might be that they would think that they were more involved with policy than they would in fact be.

Hagar: They find they are involved with policy, both ways. It's worked all these years. The program is brought to the board and the board can question and sometimes guide. Once in a while it has voted against something but the program is supposed to be thought up and carried on by the student group with the help of the staff member. The staff is the liaison between us.

But I don't think it's been too rigid about policy. We try constantly to tell ourselves that our responsibility is limited, but certainly very often we make policy. For instance, there was once a proposition about open housing in Berkeley years ago, very controversial at that time. One person on the board--without any previous planning with the agenda, it just came spontaneously--motioned that the board would sponsor one side of this.

It was a little too far out for most of the board, interestingly enough, to go without further investigation into it. So, after discussion back and forth it was decided to delay until we could study both sides, which was smart. After all, that's the League of Women Voters' way of doing it. Furthermore, we then came forth with a policy ruling that in case of a controversial subject, certain guidelines would be followed. Now that certainly was policy but without further information the majority of the board

Hagar: was not willing to have the YWCA take a stand on this at that moment. Later, of course, when there had been more community education as well as our studies, we were for it.

Anyway, we did draw up a policy on controversial matters. They must be discussed, as I recall, a certain length of time. This would have given us two days to come out in the paper saying, "The YWCA sponsors..." whatever it was.

Riess: If you had a simple majority, would that constitute an endorsement?

Hagar: Yes. But a great many people questioned it, without further study. If an organization is going to take a stand on a controversial measure, when there is not unanimous approval, I think you have to take time to study and discuss. Since then, I must say, we've sponsored controversial causes, after study, but certainly the majority of the board must be in agreement.

As I recall, sometimes there might be a program that we couldn't possibly okay. So, tactfully, surely and carefully, the staff takes care of this. Sometimes we've had confrontations with students, surely, but usually not. It's worked through the years. Whether it'll go on working indefinitely, I don't know.

I haven't been to a board meeting for a year and a half. I don't follow it as I did for nearly fifty years, so I shouldn't really speak of the situation now. It gives me pleasure and a certain satisfaction that my daughter Mary is on the board, contributing and appreciated. She's now treasurer, my old stomping ground for so long.

The Difficulties of Riding with the Tide

Hagar: Two years ago, when I was still there, Renitia Martin, one of the most beautiful black girls I've ever met, was chosen president of the University Association by the students. After she had attended the National Student Association Conference, she was asked to be president of the National Student Association, so she had to give up her presidency here, and the vice-president took over. Renitia has made her mark on national student work across the country. She is a vocal and intelligent girl, although I didn't always agree with her.

Hagar: She said once in board meeting, "Don't worry about that! Mrs. Hagar and I understand each other." Well, I hope we do. I don't know whether she completely understood me or not. I think Renitia's going places. She certainly is a leader in the black world.

But in that case they picked the N.S.A. chairman out of our Association. She came back the next year and was a full-time program secretary of the Association. She did carry on successful programs, particularly with black women in the community and black girls on the campus. Now she has gone back to graduate school.

Let me give you this vignette, to show you the universality of the Association, how its doors are open. A few years ago, in the midst of the riots and flag burning and anti-war demonstrations, the president of the Y was quite radical. In her office she hung a large poster of Ho Chi Minh. I could hardly bear this for after all he was our enemy.

So, I was one of those dissidents--in fact, I guess no other board member was bothered by the poster--and I went to the director and muttered about this. I suppose these young people can't understand, having not lived through two world wars where you were considered a traitor if you burned a flag or hung an enemy's picture on the wall. This was not a declared war, of course, but still he was killing our men.

Anyway, she was asked to take the picture down and she did, and afterwards I asked her to come up and have coffee with me, but I never could reach that girl at all. She was as hard as bricks. I tried. We tried to talk. I saw her the other day, briefly, and I think she's a receptionist in a doctor's office, and still unhappy. Certainly students have gone through traumatic experiences these last five years, haven't they?

I'm thinking now of another girl, black, radical and difficult to reach, who several years later told the director that the YW had seen her through her most difficult period, and because people there were still friendly, she came out of it and is a real citizen now. This kind of thing has happened quite often to my knowledge. It's the Christian concept that Jesus taught, isn't it?

Riess: I should think it would be a challenge for an organization like the Y to keep its principles in the face of all the people who

Riess: could walk through it and have nothing rub off on them, but just use it as a kind of jumping-off place.

Hagar: As a means. You are so right. There are two elements, you see. One is being true to the principles. It's not only a Christian background, but it's a belief in a lot of things, like freedom of speech, the right of everybody to stand up in America and say what he believes, honestly, sincerely.

But it is also important--and this, I think, is what this Association has done--to be open enough, tolerant enough, flexible enough, to see what it is the students need and want in their Association and be willing to change the programs without giving up any of its real beliefs, to be able to ride with the tide, in a way, and help students to find a means of expressing what they want to express. In the periods of the dissidence and the riots and everything, I think this is what the Association did, but it still remained true to itself. And the results are varied but positive for many souls have been saved simply by the open door and the open heart philosophy of the Association, a real belief in everyone, good or bad. And usually the girl turns out good.

The other day, a student said, "You know what I'd like to do, really, is just to sit down and talk with somebody about my life and philosophy of life." Is it coming back? Thinking and discussing as well as acting?

Riess: Do you think it's all going in one direction, or do you think there's been a kind of a rising and falling? Do you think that there have been periods when it's been out of control of the board, kind of running wild?

Hagar: I really don't think so. I think there have been difficult times and I think that the executive has usually borne the brunt of it.

In looking back on the Roosevelt days, for instance, when the Communist Party was emerging and speaking for itself here in America, there was an expression, an "innocent front." (Mrs. Roosevelt was labeled an "innocent front" by the Communist Party but I don't believe the Roosevelts ever really knew what communism was about. I know they didn't.) The Communist Party had its cells in America and did a great deal of undercover work.

Lily Margaret Sherman, who was an ardent liberal and who always voted for Norman Thomas, was one of my best friends. In

Hagar: my father's hearing she was once designated "a Communist front" by the party.

It was during a private hearing in which my father was called upon to testify against Harry Bridges. Judge Landis had come out from Yale to try Bridges when he was first accused of having come into this country by an illegal passport. He was an acknowledged Communist, a member of the American Communist Party, and they took the credit for the 1934 San Francisco General Strike. The National Guard, commanded by my father, was called out by the governor, and the strike was ended. My mother had to leave town because she was threatened. My father sent my mother, and his sister, Charlotte Barrows, to the mountains.

Riess: Your father's involvement was so great that your mother was threatened?

Hagar: I don't know who would have threatened her, I guess the group responsible for the General Strike, but both she and my aunt, who had the same name, were threatened.

At the Landis hearing my father was asked to give some secret testimony because he was a known authority on communism. The only question Judge Landis asked him was, "In your belief, is the American Communist Party directed from Moscow?" My father said, "Yes. I believe that it is." But most people in this country didn't realize it had any tie-in with the international communism.

Landis decided not to honor that so Bridges was not prosecuted until years later when they decided to get him again and the statute of limitations had passed and they were unable to.

But at that hearing my father said that Lily Margaret Sherman's name was mentioned as an "innocent front" of the Communist Party. In other words, they were using her.

In the east, it was the board of the National Association that was criticized by many people. I never heard the "innocent front" attached to them as it had been attached to Mrs. Roosevelt and to Lily Margaret Sherman. They were sincere, wonderful people, completely loyal to their country, but the Communist Party was using them and so pinned the name on them.

I hate being used. I hate being stupidly used! I think there was a period there where the YWCA, at least in the eyes of the Communist Party, was being used across the country. It

Hagar: may have been when we allowed the Communist girl to speak. Maybe the Communist Party thought that was an indication of our innocent stupidity. I think the National YWCA knew what it was doing, perhaps, and Lily Margaret may have too. So, the thirties and forties were sort of exciting.

Fund Raising Over the Years

Riess: When you do fund raising, do you have to answer to a lot of questions in the community?

Hagar: Certainly. Sometimes our programs haven't suited givers. On the other hand some of our large givers have been very much in favor of our advanced programs, a little ahead, perhaps, of most people's thinking. This is one of the characteristics of the Young Women's Christian Association. Yes, we've always had to explain and, sometimes, not successfully.

I have been involved for years in the money. I was treasurer for many years, and I was chairman of the fund drive to raise funds to build the present building.

Over the years we've had marvelous support, continuing support from the Community Chest. Recently, because the YWCA wanted a couple of delegates to the fiftieth anniversary banquet of the Community Chest in San Francisco, I went. I realized that San Francisco and Berkeley were the first two chests started, and I was in on the beginning of that and I worked for years in the Community Chest, and then UBAC [United Bay Area Crusade] soliciting and then for years in advanced gifts.

In fact, here I'd like to mention one of the most wonderful women in Berkeley, the person whom I really worked mostly with, Mrs. Samuel Marks. I don't believe many people remember her. She was a lot older than I, and had had one daughter who was my age who had been killed. After that experience Mrs. Marks went into civic work and was one of the leaders and the initiators of many civic causes.

For years, the chairman of the Community Chest was usually a YWCA board member. I was asked a couple of times and never did it, but I always worked. And later we've stood very well with UBAC. As a matter of fact, before the Community Chest was

Hagar: started in 1924, the YWCA raised our own funds and we all worked like mad, actually collecting our whole budget. When the Community Chest was formed, we turned over all the names of our constituency to them. UBAC has cut us along with others, but when there was surplus money very often we were the recipients.

The University YWCA was one of the first agencies to recognize the need for increased black programs. And in recent years this has been a priority in UBAC interest.

The Rosenberg Foundation, which supports new programs on a three-year basis, has often given support to new programs. The executive, Mrs. Ruth Chance, has been a believer in our programs. Foundations have supported our budget regularly.

I said a bit about the Friends and Alumnae of the University YWCA earlier. That is an endowment corporation that was formed in 1932. I guess I'm the last person who's still around who was on the board of directors. It's an entirely separate corporation supporting the University YWCA and exists solely for the purpose of raising money. We took no money out of that until we raised our first \$100,000, and of course when we raised that it seemed lots more than it is now.

That endowment corporation was started by Mrs. George Gerlinger, a devoted University alumna. She was interested in raising money professionally in Portland, but she came down here and started us off. Our first \$1,000 gift she got, by gum, from John Francis Neylan. [Laughter] Mrs. Hugh Dobbins was our fairy godmother, and Ethel Cadman, Mrs. Paul Cadman, was the first president of the corporation.

The non-profit corporation is run by a board of directors, and after forty years they have changed to a rotating board. Memberships are \$100 and \$1,000, and income from the endowment comes to the current budget of the association. The annual interest comes to around \$15,000 for the budget.

Riess: What does the board do?

Hagar: Their board simply is responsible for raising money, investing it, and dispensing it to the current YW budget. There are always YWCA board members on the directorate, and the president of the corporation sits on the advisory board.

Five or seven or nine board members started it originally, and for many years there were only board members on it. About

Hagar: fifteen years ago, the nominating committee of the corporation decided to get some of the past alumni on the board of directors. So now there are about fifty directors. It is a tremendous organization, because it's been a good public relations arm of the University YWCA and its constituency is large and its income important.

Old and New Buildings

Hagar: The original building for religious work with students, Stiles Hall, had been given by Mr. and Mrs. Stiles, parents of Mrs. Anson Blake, I think. After World War I the building was demolished to make way for the new Harmon Gymnasium, and when the money was divided the YWCA share was \$15,000. Mrs. Warren Olney was president of the Friends and Alumnae Corporation at the time and it was through her efforts we found we were entitled to 20 per cent of the value of Stiles Hall.

The Blakes lived in a fine old Mediterranean-style home out in the "country," the end of Arlington Avenue, with extensive gardens. At Mrs. Blake's death she left the estate to the University, and finally now, beautifully renovated, it is the President's House. The garden was left in perpetuity for use by the Department of Landscape Architecture, for research and demonstration, and it is maintained by the University.

Riess: In 1957 you raised funds for the new building.

Hagar: Yes. The University took our YW Cottage, paying a fair amount for it. We had a lot of friends, including Clark Kerr, on the Board of Regents. The day they voted to take our very valuable property by Sather Gate, and pay us a sum of money, cash, one regent wrote on a slip of paper to Jerry, "Now you can go home to Ella." [Laughter]

The corporation, Friends and Alumnae, had bought a lot we had held next to College Women's Club for twenty or twenty-five years. We'd made quite a lot of money on it, too. With Jerry's help we rented it to "Oscar's" hotdog stand, also getting a percentage of his take every month. Oscar used part of it as a parking place, so it had been a good income-bearing asset.

You can't tell me sometimes women aren't smart! We'd held this all these years to build on when the University needed the

Hagar: Cottage. But the administration wanted that lot too for the museum; so we traded it for the small corner lot and we bought the next fifty feet and now we had the strategic corner on Bancroft and Bowditch.

Then we set out to raise \$200,000 to build the building, which would be enough with the amount the University paid us. Mrs. John Hatfield was chairman of the board of the YWCA and the one who negotiated for our lots, doing a marvelous job. For the building drive we didn't want to get a professional money-raiser and have to pay him. We had one conference for free with a knowledgeable man in San Francisco and told him we were contemplating doing this all by ourselves, which we thereupon did.

We organized the drive in 1957 and we went over the top with \$225,000. We had lots of publicity, used all the gimmicks, and it was the talk of the town. The University YWCA became known in Berkeley by many who'd never been interested or known anything about it. People contributed anything from \$1, \$5, \$100, and so forth up, along with people all over the state. Many gifts of \$1,000 came in, and some of \$10,000 and over from individuals, corporations, and foundations. It took about seven or eight months to raise the amount, and was really great fun.

Riess: What kind of a campaign was it? Were there many lunches, teas, etc?

Hagar: No, we used the Community Chest and UBAC and Red Cross technique. We set out to make about 60 per cent in advance gifts by personal calls. I had a meeting every week on Thursday and the Advance Gifts Committee sat around a big table and reported all they'd gotten from special lists of people carefully compiled and seen.

Sometimes they'd say, "I never want to see another doughnut hole!" We had coffee and doughnut holes. But we'd have about a two-hour meeting from ten to twelve once a week, and I guess we raised over 60 per cent in advance gifts before we started on the person-to-person campaign. Those Thursday report meetings were exciting and stimulating.

Then we had lots of women as volunteers working and we had card catalogues and lists galore. Everybody gave names of anybody they could think of and we used rosters and all kinds of lists, letting the volunteers choose the names they wished to contact by any means they wished.

Hagar: We were coming along just behind Stanford and their great several million dollar drive. We found it everywhere! Mrs. Sproul and I went once to a corporation man in San Francisco and he said, "Our giving this year's all to Stanford." I went to see Mr. Hohfeld, who gave me some of the Morrison money, \$15,000 that morning!

When I look back on my folders with the lists, minutes, and memos, I wonder that we had that much courage and perhaps brass. I remember one morning one of the women said, "Well, I think I'll ask Peter Cook." He'd been in college when we were there, and he was living up on the Sacramento River in a beautiful house that Bill Wurster did. So, she called him up and he asked her to have lunch with him at the Palace. She told him what she wanted and he gave her a check for \$1,000 right then. So, the \$1,000's were coming in and sometimes larger gifts.

It was very exciting. A thing like that is a most unifying experience. There was great esprit de corps and much humor. All kinds of meetings, big and little, were used to inspire, and then to report the latter part of the drive, when hundreds of people gave smaller amounts. We made it, and built the building--no mortgage.

Riess: Did your campaign get confused with UBAC?

Hagar: No, but we had to clear with UBAC. It was a capital drive which is allowed, and we had a potent cause, a home, as the University was taking ours. We were an old, established agency. Of course they gave permission and cheered us on!

VII WARTIME

(Interview 8, February 22, 1973)

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDuffie

Hagar: The Red Cross Auxiliary was another activity started in Berkeley immediately after Pearl Harbor. Mrs. McDuffie gathered six or eight women in her garden one afternoon and she said, "What is coming, we don't know, but I think we ought to organize a Red Cross branch here." So, that was the beginning of the Red Cross Auxiliary that she carried on in St. Clement's Church.

That branch was permitted by the Berkeley Red Cross chapter, and through the generosity of St. Clement's Church--we took over the whole parish house! It included almost all of the war services and allowed people in this area, not having gasoline enough to go to the downtown branch every day, to work almost full time.

Mrs. McDuffie was a catalyst. She had helped to start Children's Hospital in Oakland. Years before I knew her she had started the Women's City Club in San Francisco. She was an amazing organizer.

Riess: That makes me want to ask you to speculate about what you think she would have done today, whether she would have remained in volunteer work, or what she would get involved in today?

Hagar: Perhaps a project like Continuing Education for Women might have interested her, but liberated as she was, any program involving women's liberation, as such, wouldn't have appealed to her, I'm sure.

On the other hand, ecology appealed to both of them; they were early and ardent conservationists. Duncan McDuffie was on the National Parks Committee for years; they were great Sierra fans and botanists. Duncan was on the executive committee of

Hagar: Save-the-Redwoods League; and Jean was an active member of the Garden Clubs of America. In fact, she was the unceasing worker who was responsible, I'm sure, for the gift from that organization that established the Garden Clubs of America's Redwood Grove.

Yes, Heaven only knows what Jean McDuffie would have organized in behalf of ecology! She was the hardest volunteer worker I have ever known. She would never have wanted to be professional.

The McDuffies had the most beautiful garden in Berkeley. It was one of their great interests. She had two or three gardeners, and George Sylvester, who was her head gardener, is still there. Indeed, sometimes she would go into her garden to direct the gardeners--in a chiffon gown, with a picture hat on, a veritable Helen Hokinson picture.

She was greatly admired and loved, and the garden parties given by the McDuffies were rightly famous. A precious possession of mine is the silver tray and tea set, at which I often presided during these parties, and which Jean McDuffie left me in her will.

We were very good friends and my husband was their attorney. I remember once they were talking about Earl Warren and politics. He was running for governor and she didn't feel that he was conscious enough of conservation. I remember Jerry saying to her, "If you are in favor of someone and you agree with him 75 per cent of the time, he's your man." She said, "Well, I do agree with him 75 per cent of the time, so I guess he is!"

Riess: She sounds like she has a very good deal of energy and I was wondering whether it missed its mark because of the things that women were expected or permitted to do at the time that she was active?

Hagar: I don't think so, because she believed that there are lots of things that are important to be done that aren't paid for, that aren't professional jobs. Beginning what is now Children's Hospital of Northern California, what could be more important than that?

What, during the war, was more important than helping to win it? She had the ability and imagination to create and run a remarkable Red Cross branch and enable dozens of women to contribute to the war effort, whose talents might otherwise never have been used. A person doesn't have to be paid to be useful!

Hagar: I'm a greater believer in the good and important things that can be accomplished through volunteers, than those which women are often paid to do. Very many jobs that women insist on having they have taken away from men, and a man without a congenial job is a complete misery.

Riess: Do you think that she might have been in politics?

Hagar: I feel quite sure the rigors of politics would not have interested her. One of her great talents lay in her capacity for friendship, and her social life here in her beautiful home and among her many friends around the bay. She liked to entertain, which she did constantly and with great style, gathering faculty and other interesting people from all over the world in their home.

They were Republicans, but during the Second World War Duncan was persuaded to be chairman of Russian Relief in Berkeley. He collected a lot of money for it, but I think it was later established that that money didn't all go to relief. Some of it went to support the Spanish Civil War. I felt that they were a bit naive about communism.

I remember one night after a dinner, we were listening to the returns in the presidential election. Roosevelt was running. Anyway, Mrs. W.W. Douglas was there. As the votes kept coming in for the Democrats, I could see it was getting a little tense, and slightly too patronizing, Mrs. Douglas' remarks. Jerry and I fled the place. [Laughter] We wanted to be with our own kind, because awful things were being said about whoever it was being defeated. We left and went to my father's house, where we could all sit around comfortably, though defeated. [Laughter]

No, I don't think she would have gone into politics. I don't think she ever would have cared to be professional. I think she had enormous interest in working, such as Jerry did, for the good of people. I hope the time never comes when every able woman feels she has to work professionally.

Red Cross Camp and Hospital Corps, and Canteen

Hagar: When Mrs. McDuffie established the Red Cross Auxiliary and St. Clement's Church gave her the parish house, it was to become the most amazing organization, not only effective but fun, and it enabled hundreds of women to do war work for whom there would not

Hagar: have been room in the chapter. There was a definite style and glamour in everything she ran.

She got a lot of sewing machines donated, and upstairs, in the big room, she had a sewing department. Downstairs she started the first Camp and Hospital workroom in the country. The Camp and Hospital Service had been started by National Red Cross to furnish recreation rooms for military installations and Mrs. MacLeish was chairman of it. I remember once, after we were in full swing, Mrs. MacLeigh came out from Washington, astonished by what was going on in St. Clement's basement.

We set up a workroom and collected furniture, anything from anybody in the East Bay. We did over things. I had a corps of women who could take an old davenport, pull it to pieces, do all the tying inside--now, that's very hard work!--and then upholster it again. I don't know how many they did. We made curtains. We did over furniture. We painted. We mended. We furnished eighty-five rooms on this side of the Bay, in military installations. I think there must have been thirty-five small solariums, one at the end of each barrack, that we furnished at Stoneman, which was a very large port of debarkation for the Pacific, out near Pittsburg.

The first place I worked was in Emeryville, a storehouse which was immediately fixed up as a debarkation point. It was set up in a very short time, and there we experienced touching and sad incidents, as I guess we women working there were the last contact for many GI's before shipping out to the Pacific. This project was organized by the Oakland Red Cross, and Mrs. Edward Lipman was in charge of it.

Military installations were set up everywhere. One of the first recreation rooms we furnished was a large room out at Golden Gate Fields. This is when I met Mrs. Clinton Walker, who is now Mrs. James van Löben Sels. Her first husband, who died during the war, was one of the Walkers of Minneapolis. He gave us a small pickup truck to use to transport furniture. (The heavy things were picked up by Army trucks and brought to the workroom to be put into shape.)

When it was all assembled, Mrs. Walker and I, in our uniforms, I driving the truck, she sitting beside me, drove over the countryside. We'd have to make a survey first. We'd have to go in through the gates of installations. We had passes, but the uniform would get us in. Then we would generally deal through special

Hagar: service officers who had charge of the recreation and the recreational rooms. We'd look at the room, decide what we needed, go back, and the workers would make up the room.

In a week or two weeks, we'd take these things back and set them up, assisted by the Army trucks and soldiers. It was a most satisfying task. One day, as we finished setting up the room, I had to make a few remarks turning it over to an officer. Ending, I asked a GI watching us when they would begin using it. "As soon as you leave, Ma'am."

We also supplied books, and they were donated by the hundreds. We'd put the furniture in. We used hundreds of yards of Osnaburg for curtains. It's like unbleached muslin but heavier. We used red a great deal in the upholstery, as they seemed to like gay rooms.

I have to tell one story about our donated furniture. It was so amusing, sad too. Marguerite Reagan, Mrs. Frank Reagan, was secretary to Mrs. McDuffie. We worked sometimes eight and ten hours a day. These were full-time jobs that we were all doing voluntarily. She was upstairs in the office with her telephone and her typewriter and was accustomed to sending out a thank-you letter to everyone who gave us furniture, and sometimes they gave roomfuls!

Once a woman gave an upright piano and the truck from the Army installation was going to pick it up. (I sent up the list to Marguerite and she wrote the letters. She did all of them by hand and she wrote delightful notes and wasted no time.) This woman called and said she had received a note saying that the piano was in the room at Stoneman and that if she could see the happy faces of the men standing around it, she'd know what it meant to them." She added rather crisply, "They haven't come yet for the piano. It's still here." [Laughter] Can you imagine anything more terrible? I don't know what Marguerite did to get out of that!

Riess: Were they all solicited donations, or was it widely known that you were collecting?

Hagar: Both. We advertised some, but everyone knew about the Claremont Auxiliary, and it was word-of-mouth mostly, I guess. There were so many women working there in one capacity or another.

Another thing, I don't know whether you know how important the canteens were, but at the very beginning of the war, there was

Hagar: a class at the Red Cross chapter downtown. It was the first time I'd ever heard of vitamins, really, and B₂ and B₁₂ and such. They were teaching women about nutrition, which was the beginning of the Red Cross' canteens, I believe.

Mrs. McDuffie then went the next step, which was to set up a canteen at St. Clement's. San Francisco had a tremendous canteen, open every day of the week. When we'd go to a meeting of Red Cross people in San Francisco, we'd have our lunch there and it was all staffed by San Francisco women five or six days a week. Mrs. Giannini was San Francisco's chairman.

Ours was open three times a week, I guess, at the Auxiliary. It's really something to set up a canteen, but only soup was served, very nutritious, excellent. Mrs. James Moulton was in charge. She'd never done anything like that, but she made the most marvelous soups in great quantities and became quite famous. Three times a week, everybody would bring a cracker or a sandwich and have a bowl of this divine soup, different each day.

I remember the day Mrs. McDuffie invited the staff and the chairmen of all the committees in the Red Cross chapter to come for lunch at our Auxiliary. It was a lovely day out on the lawns of the St. Clement's Church and they were served this famous soup, as well as other victuals.

For a year, we carried on this Camp and Hospital Service for all the East Bay installations. San Francisco's Mrs. James Black, who worked in the Red Cross chapter there, came over and was interested in it. So, they started one in San Francisco.

Riess: And this activity was just in the first year of the war or so?

Hagar: The Auxiliary continued until after the war was over, but the Camp and Hospital only lasted a year and then the chapter took it over. It was all right with Mrs. McDuffie because she was ready for something new! It was successful and most important during that first year when thousands of men moved through this area, but she was ready to give it up. However, in the chapter they didn't have the facilities nor a workroom and they didn't have Mrs. McDuffie with her imagination.

Red Cross Arts and Skills Service

Hagar: Mrs. McDuffie then was ready to go on to another project that the National Red Cross had started in the East, the Arts and Skills Service. It went on long after the war. I wasn't chairman of it in the beginning at the Auxiliary, but when it was later moved to the chapter I headed it for some years.

Camp and Hospital was in '42 to '43 and then, sometime in the fall of '43, we turned our downstairs room in St. Clement's parish house into the Arts and Skills Service. This was started for artists and craftsmen in Washington, D.C. who wanted to have a part in the war, so the National Red Cross suggested that they train volunteers to do these things with their hands who could then go into the hospitals and work with the wounded and the ill.

We were given Mare Island Hospital, which was the naval amputee center of the west. As long as the war lasted, we worked out from the Auxiliary. After the war, the Auxiliary closed, and the Arts and Skills Service carried it on in the main Red Cross chapter.

Hundreds of Navy amputees were kept on at Mare Island Hospital after the war, and while they were mending and their prostheses were being fitted, and they were learning how to use them, we brought the crafts to them, every day in the week, an all day trip. The Motor Corps transported us, but eventually there were so many women going, the chapter bought a large bus to do the job.

That service touched the lives of hundreds and hundreds of men. For instance, Mrs. Moulton, who had done the canteen and was the famous soup maker, became adept at tying flies. She had had a course in fly-tying and I learned how to fly--tie flies! Oh, it's horrible! I always have done that! [Laughter] About a dozen women learned. I think the fly-tying group went for four or five or six years to Mare Island. Mrs. Moulton evidently had taken some lessons and was quite expert at it. It was a tremendous group; those women still come together about once a year.

Then there was a very active group of leather workers who did beautiful leather work. We taught hundreds of men who had two hands to do the leather work, and you don't know how therapeutic it was! The whole idea is to rehabilitate, spiritually

Hagar: and psychologically. We saw it happen again and again! It's therapeutic, and we worked under the occupational therapy department at Mare Island.

Then there was a very successful finger-painting group. Two or three good finger-painters--I don't think they were professional ones, and you couldn't call them real artists--taught a great number of women to paint with their fingers. This was used especially in the locked wards; there the women had to be carefully chosen and briefed to teach the mentally disturbed.

There was also the card-weaving. This was particularly popular, making belts and bags and all kinds of things. The women who had done the work with the furniture--upholstering, nailing, painting, and all those things--went on into this, plus some others.

Oh, yes, there was a ceramics group, and a group taking in small planters to those too ill to work on crafts. I shall never forget the light in the eyes of some of the badly burned men when the small growing things were put beside their beds. Or the faces of amputees when they had tied their own flies, and then had been taken out to fish with them.

The leader of the fly-tying group, Mrs. H.B. Haney, even tied one hand behind her and taught herself to tie flies with one hand. She taught a large number of one-armed men to tie flies when often it was the dominant hand that was gone.

For years, some of the women heard from the men after they were rehabilitated, and back at home and at work. You can't imagine the satisfaction we had in helping them to get well, for sometimes we and our wares were the first to give an agonized amputee a motive for living and getting well--determination to make that leather wallet!

I went often, but most of my time was spent arranging for materials, training new workers, and scheduling, every day, the women to go to Mare Island. We had private cars going up, and they were able to get gas, until the chapter bought the bus driven by the Motor Corps.

Did I mention that my children, for Christmas, gave me a flag to hang in the window? There were hundreds all over Berkeley showing they had a man in service, some with a gold star, for a death. Mine was red with a star on it, and then they had painted, "Our Mother." The rascals!

Hagar: I still have many memories of the scenes and the experiences then. I remember once I walked into a ward with an officer. There were all the amputees in beds and a new man from the Pacific came in with one leg, getting along with great difficulty on his crutches. As he came down the aisle, all of the men began to make fun of him. "Look at him! He'll never dance again! He'll never climb a mountain." One of the cruelest things I ever heard! I could hardly wait to get out and I said something to the officer.

He said, "This they do to everyone. Everyone's had it done to them. It's the hardening process. They've got to go through this kind of a thing. You can't sympathize with them. You ridicule them. You harden them. You make them very angry and then they begin to get well."

Once I went into a room where a terribly burned man was. He couldn't see anything, but he was conscious. He was, of course, by himself. The nurse said, "If you'll just leave that little plant here by Ryan, when they take the bandages off his eyes, he'll see that it's growing."

So, the next week I went back and he could see it and it was growing. We talked about it: "It's grown," and, "My goodness, it's growing!" Then, when he was a little better, he could water it. Once I remember going in to him and saying, "Where's the planter I brought you?" He said, "My God! I watered it and watered it and it got so big I had to send it to my family in Alabama. Now they know that I can take care of something and make it grow!" Well, you see, this was therapeutic!

Riess: Did it expand to draw in a great number of women in the community?

Hagar: Yes, anyone could be a Red Cross volunteer. And it went on to all kinds of things down there from the chapter. Because people still wanted to work, we took to sending women in to shut-ins and working with them with their hands. We trained all kinds of people.

We trained a crippled boy, I remember, whose mother brought him in. She wanted him to have some craft occupation, interest, incentive. It worked! They were Seventh Day Adventist, and eventually after he finished his schooling he went abroad for his missionary service. I still see that woman, for she was grateful to the Red Cross.

So, those were the years of the war and after.

The John Roosevelts Next Door

Riess: You and your friends would not have had husbands in the war?

Hagar: Yes, some of them did. In the Red Cross many of the younger women's husbands were fighting in the Pacific, and the work was therapeutic for them too.

Our next door neighbors, the Fred Hendersons, went to Washington in some sort of an administrative job and they were gone for about four years. Their lovely children had grown up with mine and we missed them awfully. The house was then rented, first by John Roosevelt. He was the youngest Roosevelt and was stationed at the Navy Supply Depot.

Mrs. Henderson's mother, who rented the house to them, asked me if I could possibly get a maid. Anne had a nurse for her two children--later, they had other children--but they didn't have anybody to help in the big house. But she said, "All she wants is a woman one day a week to clean. She'll do the rest."

Well, you couldn't get one. I had one and she didn't want to go. But I knew of another black woman, a very nice person, who had come occasionally to clean for I still had a full-time maid. I called up the black woman and I said, "I don't want to take you away from any of your people, because I know you have every day taken, but do you know of anyone who would come for young Anne Roosevelt next door?" And she said, "I will." She worshipped President Roosevelt.

I said, "Well, if you do leave so-and-so, don't you ever tell anybody that I've taken you away! I feel terribly, but, of course, it's your decision." Anyway, she did go to the Roosevelts one day a week.

Anne and John didn't want to get embroiled with neighbors. We went up one evening to call briefly because Mrs. Phelps asked us to. Their two children would come down often and play with mine, with the nurse and a Secret Service man. Those little children would stand up on their balcony and call down to mine, rather pathetic in their loneliness.

Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt came once to see them and my Mary was so excited! I've forgotten how old Mary would be by then, nine or ten, but she put on her best dress and stayed out on the

Hagar: porch. Then, suddenly, she heard the sirens and she came tearing to tell me Mrs. Roosevelt had on a red dress! She was so excited, for it was wonderful to her to have seen the President's wife.

John said he didn't always agree with his father, and I rather liked that.

Then another family lived there with her three children. Her husband was a doctor on a hospital ship in the Pacific the whole time. We loved them dearly and still do, the Ralph Loes from Seattle.

Other husbands of my friends were doing war work. Of course, the next generation was very involved. My nephews and both my brothers-in-law were officers because they had stayed on on my father's staff in the National Guard after the First World War.

War Debate

Riess: Before we were really in the war, was there a lot of debate on campus, for instance between people who were pro entry into the war and people who were against?

Hagar: I don't remember any on campus, though there must have been some.

Riess: I don't mean during the war, but before the war, wasn't there some debate?

Hagar: Across the country, yes. Before Pearl Harbor there certainly was. I remember a three-way debate held in the San Francisco Opera House, put on by a distinguished programmer from New York. I think it was called the New York Forum. The only time he put on one of his famous forums in the west.

The subject was "Is War with Japan Inevitable?" Tully Knowles, president of the College of the Pacific, supported the negative, my father was asked to speak to the affirmative, and Chester Rowell was somewhere in between. My father had remarked he thought the subject was worded unfortunately, but the applause in that over-crowded Opera House seemed definitely in support of the affirmative. There was enormous interest in that debate, and admittance was by ticket only. I wish there had been a tape of that. Yes, of course, the war was the most important and universal subject anywhere.

Riess: There were groups at the University, the Peace Committee, and a group called the Fight for Freedom. They represented the two attitudes toward the war. The Peace Committee would have been for complete non-intervention and the Fight for Freedom group would have been for getting into the war as soon as possible.

Hagar: Yes. I'm sure there have always been pacifists, and I do remember the Peace Committee. I remember that it was known that some of the peace groups, after the First World War, were formed at the instigation of the Soviet Union. It has been, I think, documented that this was their way of propagandizing the world and helping America to decide to scrap the Navy. It was generally known, I think, later on, by people who understood what was going on, that this was one of the tactics of international communism, to make us soft and to make us disband everything as fast as we could.

When the Second World War came, we didn't have any Navy. We had scrapped ours. We had an Army that was not very active. The ROTC was created between the wars to train officers. So that's why I've always, in a way, been a little suspicious of peace organizations, because I do know that it is one of the methods used by Communist countries to undermine the enemy. For some people, peace groups have a double connotation and I'm sure some are sincere.

The U.N. Meets in San Francisco: Entertainments and Optimism

Riess: I think we can move on now to after the war and the United Nations meetings.

Hagar: California was honored to have the United Nations organization begin here. We had tickets to the first opening day, and everyone was full of hope that it would help to solve the peace. I remember my husband and I stood on the first balcony, looking into the rotunda as the delegates were marching in. General Smuts, particularly, was such a striking figure, from South Africa. And the Saudi Arabians were wonderful! The Saudi Arabians were all housed at the Claremont Hotel, which seemed very close to us. Wonderful stories emerged each day!

There was a lovely story circulating at that time about the party that was to be given at the Bohemian Grove. The ladies in San Francisco who had charge of all the social festivities called the secretary of the Saudi Arabians and invited them. The secretary

Hagar: said, "And will there be ladies there?" "Ah, yes. There will be ladies there," thinking of course, they wouldn't come. "Just a moment please," and he went away and he came back and said, "In that case, the delegation will be there." Well, this pleased everybody, because they were all tall and handsome and rumored slightly wicked.

Riess: Were all the delegates assigned to families in San Francisco?

Hagar: For entertainment, yes, but not just in San Francisco. I know that when Jerry and I were called by some of these women and told that the Egyptian delegate wanted to meet an attorney in the East Bay and be entertained at home, we agreed to invite them here.

Later they called me up and said, "What kind of an affair are you having, Mrs. Hagar?" I said, "Well, we're just going to have a sit-down dinner, only eight." (Many hostesses with large homes were having large buffets, so that all their friends could come.)

"Ah," she said, "Protocol!" "What does that mean?" And she said, "The delegate from Egypt will sit on your right and the ambassador from Egypt on your left. Their wives will sit on Mr. Hagar's right and left."

It was arranged that the Egyptians come over with a driver in the late afternoon. I asked Mrs. McDuffie if they could see her garden, which was very beautiful then. Then I asked my father what to serve. (He and my stepmother were the other couple.) This was in food rationing, you see. I had enough tickets for lamb or chicken, which didn't take any ration tickets. He said, "Oh, give them mutton. They love mutton." In his African trip, he'd sat around in circles and eaten with his hands and pulled the mutton apart as Arabs do.

So, the time arrived and they didn't come and didn't come. I had to call Mrs. McDuffie and say they'd gotten lost. I called up the St. Francis, where they were staying, and found that they had just left. I began to wonder what was happening to the lamb! At last, they arrived.

The ambassador's wife was one of the most beautiful young women I've ever seen in my life, absolutely glorious! She burst in, speaking beautiful English, "Madame, the telephone, the telephone!" I took her to the quieter phone upstairs. All the

Hagar: way up, she kept exclaiming, "My jewels! My jewels!"

She said to the operator in an imperious tone, "Give me the St. Francis Hotel!" [Laughter] I knew she'd never get it that way! So I called there. She asked for her secretary and started speaking Egyptian. It seems that she had left all her jewels in the bathroom, but fortunately someone had found them and put them in the safe. It was the most dramatic entrance, believe me! What was going on downstairs, I couldn't worry about.

Well, we got through dinner and they loved the mutton. I don't think he'd had well-done mutton in America, and this certainly was! Badawa Pasha spoke of it with appreciation. The wife of the Egyptian delegate didn't speak English, but she and my father had a lovely time together, speaking French.

After dinner the ambassador's wife told us how she lived, in a four-story house, with her four children on the fourth story with the nurses and so forth. My young daughters came and sat on the floor, listening to everything she said.

We asked how she entertained and she said, "Well, we entertain several times a year for several hundred. Sometimes I serve Egyptian food, and sometimes American. "In the morning," she said, "I get my basket and I go to my grocer's and he says, 'And, Mrs. Pasha, what will you have?'" That seemed amusing for such an elegant creature. (That night the women were in black, because everyone was in mourning still for the President.)

Anyway, the evening was really delightful. The next day Mary came dashing to me with, "They've come back! And I thought, "It can't be." But it was only a secretary arriving with some presents for the girls, costume jewelry that the girls enjoyed wearing on all kinds of funny occasions in the years to come, bracelets and other things, very sparkly. But wasn't that thoughtful?

The Egyptians gave a party before they left and, of course, everybody who'd entertained them went. You saw a lot of people who you'd happened to have met through those festivities.

There were two young Polish correspondents, who came to the U.N., representing the "Free Poles." Because Jerry was president of the Chamber of Commerce at that time in Oakland, and the Chamber of Commerce or the Tribune wanted a radio program featuring these Poles, Mr. [William] Knowland asked him to introduce them on the radio. So, we invited them to dinner the night before.

Hagar: We found it a very moving experience hearing of their efforts to carry on some sort of a government in England. The Czechs were doing the same thing, and of course the French. I've often wondered what happened to those intense young men, who were so nationalistic and full of hope, long since shattered.

Riess: What were people's hopes for the U.N.? Did your father, for instance, feel that this was a viable idea?

Hagar: Oh yes, I think so. I think everyone was hopeful. Of course the thing that hangs over you is the fact that Alger Hiss was right smack in the inside and I've always thought that he was smart enough to be partly responsible for the fact that the Russians got the veto, that one nation could veto, which they insisted upon putting in the charter.

I know my father felt strongly as time went along that because the U.N. didn't have any teeth in it, it might become ineffective. He felt that they should have established a really strong military force made up of everyone, that would back up a decision, where the U.N. could say to a nation, "This is it," and thereby have enough authority to have its decisions carried out. This is what happened in the Korean War.

Dad admired always the thing that was quoted from Theodore Roosevelt: "Walk softly and carry a big stick," that type of thing, as a preventative to bloodshed. I think he always felt that they missed the boat there.

But I think, on the whole, everyone had great hopes. I know that when the League of Nations came out of the First World War, with headquarters at the Hague, everyone was so full of ideals and all those slogans, "A War to End All Wars" and "Keep the World Safe for Democracy." The men who went to war thought that's what they were going for, and were full of "Ideals," so called in those days. Mankind is usually hopeful, don't you think? Until, of course, you're disillusioned.

I must say that in both those wars my impression was that not only were we all united in our efforts, but that everybody was involved in something and had to be for their own souls. It should be unifying for a country, bringing the best out in people, courage and sacrifice in spite of the horror and tragedy of war. Whereas the worst came out in people in this Vietnam war, which wasn't a declared war at all, and didn't seem right to so many.

Riess: Does that mean, then, that there is a kind of postwar let down?

Hagar: Oh, I'm sure. That would have been in the last part of the forties, wouldn't it? But here our family was gathering back again in those years intact, and happy to be together, no casualties, which was surprising because of the number involved.

Riess: But there was only a very short period of tranquility in the forties.

Hagar: That's right. We lost two or three young friends in the Korean War, but on the whole the country backed President Truman and the United Nations.

General Barrows' Broadcasts

Hagar: Before my father retired, in 1943, he was invited by Union Oil to broadcast for fifteen minutes, five times a week, and later three times a week, a commentary on any subject upon which he wished to hold forth. Of course most of them were on the war.

Every night two men came from San Francisco to his home, an announcer and a technician, and here is the script that came over the air so many evenings during these anxious times. [See page following. S.R.]

This continued for a year and had a wide audience. Copies of all the broadcasts are in the Bancroft Library, carefully typed each day by his wife, and kept in a scrapbook.

One day as Jerry and I were driving in Los Angeles in a cab, I noticed an advertising bulletin of Union Oil over the dashboard announcing the broadcasts. Meeting my father's name so unexpectedly, I couldn't resist speaking of it. (Much to my children's dismay, I've always chatted with taxi-cab drivers!) The driver chirped up immediately and said he listened whenever he could. As a matter of fact, the majority of the fan mail came from Southern California.

Another stimulating and lucrative project that my father carried on after he retired from the University for seven years was the three weekly syndicated columns that he wrote for the the International News Service. They are also in the Bancroft Library. He said once to me that he was completely free to express his opinions on any subject; not once had Mr. Hearst given him direction, suggestions or complaints.

UNION OIL COMPANY

KFRC-San Francisco

General Barrows - Introduction

Date typed 3/27/43

O.K'd.
E. C.

OPENING

BENCE: General Barrows. Each evening at this time, Monday through Friday, Union Oil Company brings you an analysis of the war by General David Prescott Barrows, noted educator, world-traveler, and acknowledged authority on military and political affairs. General Barrows served with American armed forces during the first world war and was President of the University of California from 1919 to 1923. He brings to these nightly discussions an intimate knowledge of people and places in Europe, the Middle East, Africa, both Americas, the Orient, and the South Pacific. Before I present General Barrows, however,

(FIRST COMMERCIAL)

And now, speaking as usual from the study of his home in Berkeley, California, General David Prescott Barrows.
(BARROWS)

CLOSING

BENCE: You have been listening to General David Prescott Barrows, noted authority on military and political affairs. General Barrows is presented each evening at this time, Monday through Friday, by Union Oil Company. Bob Bence speaking. This is Mutual.

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General David Prescott Barrows
1943

VIII FAMILY LIFE
(Interview 10, June 25, 1973)

Children's Education

Hagar: I'd just like to summarize a few ideas about the children's education because this was very important to us, as it is to all parents. We always were believers in public schools. We had gone through public schools ourselves, all of the Barrows children, except Tom's year at Dartmouth, and so of course our children went through public schools here in Berkeley, from kindergarten, John Muir, Willard, and all three of them graduated from Berkeley High School.

In those years Berkeley High was the highest accredited public high school in the state. As an example, one of the teachers told me that a "C" in chemistry at Berkeley High rated a "B" in almost every other high school in the state. Berkeley High was looking always toward the University, you see, and keeping their standards high because so many of their students went there.

George didn't have all his three years at Berkeley High. He went one year to Cate's School in Carpentaria. He had come to the age where he was driving the car and going out with girls and he wasn't studying. So, we sent him down to Cate's, which is a private school near the Ojai, a very good school. It rates with Midland, Thatcher and Webb.

Mr. Cate was a delightful person, who's still living, I think, a Deerfield man, and he ran the school proudly on that pattern. George found himself there and it really was a good experience, but he was dying to come back, and so we allowed him to come back the last year and graduate from Berkeley High and go into the University.

They all wanted to go to the University. Mary had two years at Smith, but all three of them graduated from the UC campus.

Hagar: Mary decided at the end of the second year at Smith--we left it up to her--to return to Berkeley to graduate.

Riess: Why did she choose to go to Smith?

Hagar: Well, I don't know, really. She wrote four essays, I remember, on "Why I want to go to..." Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and Swarthmore. She did this all herself. I don't know why, but I didn't even read the essays, which is very unlike me, because I'm interested in details like that and I'd certainly try to read my grandchildren's, I know, if I could!

Anyway, she chose Smith. When she applied to Swarthmore, I said, "And why Swarthmore?" My brother, an educator in the east, had always said this was one of the top educational schools. "Well," she said, "because it's so hard for a girl to get in." She wasn't accepted there because she had either too much Latin or too much math and not enough of the other, but she was accepted in the other three and she decided on Smith.

She loved Smith and she made two particularly close friends, one a Palo Alto girl, Ann Perrin, and one, Janet Wright, from Seattle. After their sophomore year, the two girls joined us and went to Europe for the summer and our children too, and that threesome is still completely devoted.

They all decided to come back west for their junior years. I must say we were delighted that Mary wished to finish at Berkeley. I remember Clark Kerr asking her at dinner one night, after she had graduated here, and knowing that you lose something by changing colleges, as well as gaining, "Mary, what would you do if you had it to do over again?" She replied that she would do the same thing over again. She never seemed to regret it, though the first six months, I must say, she was terribly homesick for Smith. It took her six months to orient herself to the University.

Mary was president of the house in her senior year, just as Julie was president of the Alpha Phi house. But she never became embroiled, and neither did Julie, in college activities, which had been so much a part of my college life.

Riess: Do you think it was more the times?

Hagar: Yes, surely. Not nearly so many girls were interested in activities in the fifties.

Hagar: But at least they all had a certain satisfaction, though they never spoke of it very much, of graduating from the University of California. I feel that this is an innate loyalty that perhaps was in that generation that isn't so noticeable now. It might be called sentiment. I don't know. But their grandfather, their father and their mother, their uncles and aunts, had all graduated from the University. There was a deep sense of loyalty and I think it was strong when I was in college and I think it was evident when my children were too. I'm not so sure that it's there now.

I remember a talk that Dr. Strong gave to the Town and Gown Club once while he was chancellor, in which he was talking about the loyalty of the faculty that used to be prevalent. But in the fifties, particularly young faculty were looking out for themselves and when they had another offer that meant more money-- and you don't blame them at all--they'd go. Perhaps there had not been time enough to build up loyalty to one institution. Oh, lots of professors still refuse proposals to go for more money, but he spoke particularly of the loss of the old loyalty.

Julie Hagar, in Paris

Hagar: After Julie graduated in 1951, she went to Paris for three years with an Alpha Phi friend, Orly Nolze. Orly's father had been head of North German Lloyd in the United States until the war came, and there was no more German shipping and he lost his job. Orly became an exceptionally good private secretary, putting herself through college. She had the German devotion to whatever she was doing, efficient, meticulous, a delightful girl too and she and Julie decided in their junior year they wanted nothing at all except to go to France, get a job with the American government and live in Paris.

When Julie graduated in January of '51, at mid-term, she took a month and a half of "hen scratching," as she called it, because she wanted to go as a secretary, not just a typist. She worked hard, and claimed it was the most difficult thing she had ever done. She always said, "I'd just as soon write a Ph.D. doctorate on any subject you'd care to suggest rather than one more week of this hen scratching." But they did get over there and her letters are perfectly fantastic.

Hagar: Orly got an excellent job as private secretary to the controller of the Marshall Plan, headquartered in Paris. The controller's office was the office which was responsible for seeing that the money sent for the Marshall aid went to the proper countries and was used for the specified purposes.

In a few months, Julie passed her tests and got a job as secretary, and a year later she was administrative assistant of the office, so she did all right, but little shorthand!

Once she wrote that Orly was out of the office and she had to take for almost an hour a three-way call with Washington where she took her boss's conversation at his end of the line.

At the end of the first year, the girls weren't ready to come home, so we went over the following summer with Mary and the two Smith girls, and George and Tom Taylor, his best friend. The boys were eighteen years old, freshmen, tall, handsome, delightful, wonderful. We went by ship on an English line, one cabin, and had a great trip. We had a whole summer, joining Julie. She had a little Ford, by that time, and we borrowed it and drove all over Europe with the three Smith girls, Julie and Orly joining us for part of the time.

The two boys had motorcycles and did Europe on motorcycles. [Laughter] Eighteen! We never saw them at all. They went to the Olympic Games in Finland. They ended up visiting an American officer and his family in Munich. A summer, surely, never to forget!

Mary Hagar, Project PIC

Hagar: Mary graduated here in 1953 and went to Europe that summer with Project PIC, Project Pakistan, India, Ceylon. I think PIC was stimulated by Dr. Richard Parks in the political science department who had lived in India and was firmly convinced, in 1953, that something should be done about getting more correct information to Indian young than was coming out of the United States, because there was an active Communist anti-American influence in India giving them wrong information.

So, he organized a large group of students who studied every Friday night about India and about America. Out of these students--there may have been a hundred to start with--twelve

Hagar: students, six boys and six girls, were chosen by their peers and faculty to go. They raised their own money. Dr. Parks led the group. Together they made arrangements for two and a half or three months in India, Pakistan, and Ceylon, meeting everyone from Nehru down to great hordes of students.

PIC went on for ten years at the University, but it never was as exciting and strong as that first group, which was a cross-section of nationalities and backgrounds. There was a Filipino boy; a Jewish girl; a Negro boy, Albert Johnson (who, by the way, has gone on to do interesting things in films and has had charge of the movie festivals in San Francisco); and one was from a farmer family. It was a cross-section of interests, backgrounds and nationalities.

Mary said that there were a couple of questions that the group was asked most frequently by Indian students--meeting over coffee, three and four together, or speaking to five hundred students in an auditorium--"Why did the American government insist that the Rosenberg children see the execution of their parents?" The fact that they were told that this wasn't a true story by young students who had nothing to gain, rather than by a statesman, Dick Parks felt, was far more convincing to these students.

Another of the questions was: "Why were there several lynchings of the blacks every week?" It was this type of thing.

Anyway, they traveled to those three countries, came back and spoke and spoke. They would often speak in couples before clubs, churches, PTA's, and anywhere that they could get a hearing to try to make people in America understand, just as they'd tried to make people in India understand a little bit about America.

One day, Al and Mary were invited to speak to the Junior League at the Claremont Hotel, to several hundred members. Al came up--I don't know where he got a car--very presentable and very good-looking, and off they went together. In those days, in the fifties, you weren't seeing the mixture of black and white going around together. This cute couple--off they went down to the Claremont Hotel. You know, it just went across my mind, "What do they think when they see this handsome girl and this handsome man walk across the lobby of the Claremont Hotel?" because it really was seldom seen then.

Hagar: The Indian students would say to Al, "How do you happen to be in this group?" Al would say, very convincingly and simply, "I was chosen in the same way that everyone else was chosen."

Each one in this group of twelve was given a job. Mary ended up treasurer. They made calls on many people for financial backing. Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin was one of the most ardent backers of this group and she had our Mary, and Bert Blackwelder, who was another one of them, over for dinner, before they went, and when they came back. She invited them to speak to the Century Club, where she introduced them.

Just before she left Mary was on the phone with Mortimer Fleishhacker and I can remember her saying, "This is Mary Hagar, Mr. Fleishhacker. You told me to come back if we needed more money and we do need \$2,000 more. I don't expect you to give it all, but if you would be interested in giving some of it..." Anyway, they raised \$28,000 themselves, and off they went.

When Mary came back, she said, "You know, I was the keeper of the money and I had to change the money from our travelers checks into the currency of whatever country we were in. Now I have to make a complete accounting, and I'm out 53¢, and can I borrow, Dad, your office adding machine? And so, she sat at the dining room table for a whole day and she still couldn't make it come out.

Taking the accounts to the University, where the money had gone through one of the auditing offices, she found they had made the mistake! I tell this story because I'm a mother bursting with pride that this child, who'd never been particularly good in mathematics, had been able to change the money, take care of it, and have it come out. [Laughter]

They spoke to hundreds of people when they came back. They would suggest, if the group wanted to do something for India, that the group could provide a wooden plough for a little town in India where they knew only how to use a wooden plough, not one of these with the iron that would be so much more efficacious. It was \$25 or \$30 to provide one and many of these organizations gave money.

Project PIC was an idea that came at the right time, and then, as it ceased to be important, I suppose faded away. Yet you can hardly measure the value of things like that, to the students and to the lives they touched.

Travels with Jerry

Hagar: I would like to say more about the travels that Jerry and I had in the fifties and sixties. In 1951 we went to New York to see Julie off for Paris. We visited Mary at Smith College and returned home on the Canadian Pacific. As neither of us had been to Canada, it was a happy experience. In 1952 we were in Europe all summer with our children.

Then in 1956, Jerry and I went around the world, flying around the middle of the world in forty different airplanes. That's a number of times to go up and down in strange planes! It was a marvelous three months. We'd never been to the Middle East so we went right straight around the middle of the Mediterranean, seeing those great cities very briefly, just Madrid and Lisbon and Rome, Athens, Istanbul and Beirut. Also we drove to Damascus, flew to Jerusalem and Cairo and on to India and Tehran and Baghdad. We had a few days in Pakistan and two weeks in India.

Dr. Boyce, who for many years was at the Riverside Citrus Research Center and Agricultural Experiment Station, knew Jerry and heard we were going on our 1956 trip. Over the years hundreds of agriculturalists had come to the University at Riverside to do research and study and visit for short periods, probably, and some for longer, and he must have given us twenty-five letters to these people around the world.

Well, having written to them, which he wished to do, and give us a letter of introduction, we felt we must contact them. It has advantages, I must say, because as you know when you do travel in a foreign country--and we had always found this true--to go into the homes of the people of the countries is a delightful experience that can't be matched any other way.

I can think of a few of the episodes--sitting at a sidewalk cafe in Athens with a very distinguished agricultural professor who just had that hour and was leaving the city. He came with a bag of big pistachio nuts which he had gathered off a tree in his backyard. He wasn't able, he said, to invite us to his home, but he brought this, and there we sat, having coffee and pistachio nuts.

Then I think of the wonderful family in Bangkok who had us for dinner, but there was only one in the large family who could communicate at all. The young daughter translated for everybody.

Hagar: There was the professor in Benares, and "Mrs. Data's chili," the recipe of which I brought home and made for years because of lovely Mrs. Data, whose husband was an agriculturalist. We still exchange Christmas greetings with several.

This trip around the world in 1956 had dozens of lovely encounters. Of course, when we got to the Philippines, there I was at home again and introducing the Far East to my husband. We had very moving experiences with octogenarians who had remembered my father and mother and couldn't do enough for us.

Then, in 1959, we went to Stuttgart and got a car. We drove a month in Scandinavia, after which we found ourselves, for one month, in the Soviet Union though I never intended to be there! We flew or went by train or ship to six different cities during the month.

In 1960, we went to Mexico City for the first time. I'd never been to Mexico.

In 1962, we went again to Stuttgart and, with our little Mercedes, for two months we went all through the Balkan countries, entering from Vienna. We were driving a whole month in Yugoslavia.

In 1963, we flew to Hong Kong for one week and on to Manila for one week for the inauguration of General Romulo. I still keep in touch with him and I recently had an interesting letter from him, commenting on the effect of Marcos' new regime.

In 1964, we went again to Stuttgart. Jerry always used that excuse for going to Europe because we "needed another car." [Laughter] He laughingly rationalized that driving it around the continent would make it so much cheaper, bringing it in as a used car. That time, we drove through Poland and Czechoslovakia. We ended up in Rotterdam, sent our car home and flew back; that was the last trip.

This makes you feel for the world, doesn't it? It's just a treasure house of memories that we enjoyed together.

Riess: How did you leave all your commitments here?

Hagar: I'm sure they never missed me. Jerry did arrange his trips to miss few Regents' meetings those years. His legal work survived somehow and he just worked that much harder when he returned. He had good partners too.

Hagar: I don't think we shirked our responsibilities, our children were independent by then, and we left our home in the hands of the current oriental student who was living with us.

I must say that one of the nicest things Jerry ever said to me was when we got back from our first trip. Maybe it was the summer of 1952, with all those children. He said, "Let's turn right around and do it all over again."

The trip in Russia was too long for me, probably because I was very depressed by the Soviet Union, though terribly interested. But six weeks is a good length of time, I think, for traveling. It is for me.

At any rate, it's marvelous that he enjoyed it, and he had such curiosity about Eastern Europe. That's why he wanted to go behind the Iron Curtain three times. After we had pulled aside the Curtain the first time in '59 and gone to the Soviet Union, then it was fun to go on other trips to the countries that aren't so well known. Now they're being traveled, of course, a lot.

As for my commitments, I tied them all up in bow-knots, and happily left them!

Family Focus and Traditions

Hagar: The family, traditionally, has been in the background of American history, hasn't it? As I look back at my mother and father, and at their background too, there is a great feeling of family loyalty and trust and affection. Love and trust and respect are the components of a good family life.

My father and mother made us feel the importance of a family and all that it means. They had four children, twelve grandchildren, and if they were alive now they'd have thirty-six great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren. It was my mother who was the pivot around whom we whirled; after her death it was my father, with his embracing love and interest in everyone. My nieces and nephews and their children felt the way we did, and everyone called him "Grandfather"--little friends did too.

Hagar: After my father, interesting enough, my husband became sort of pivot of this family, partly because of the Ranch, where in 1947 he put in a big swimming pool around which much of our recreational life centered, and the great-neices and great-nephews now rotate. My father's Lafayette Ranch for years was the rendezvous for lots of family celebrations, Fourth of July picnics, flag raising and others--and weekends. Last year I was given a surprise picnic there on my seventy-fifth birthday, and there were over fifty of us!

Then there are the family traditions, like the Yule Log Party. My father must have started this over forty years ago, I guess, and it's based on an English custom. After the Yule Log is cut in the woods, the youngest child rides in on the log which then is put on the fire and lighted on Christmas Eve, and that's the beginning of Christmas.

Well, my father loved to chop wood anyway. He always chopped his big logs himself, if he could. He made a sled, which we still use. It's a sturdy red sled, holding the log with the child and drawn by the other children. One year he had to make another sled, as there were five new grandchildren for him to include!

After the Christmas fire is lighted the children gather on the floor in front of the fireplace while the story of the Nativity, out of St. Luke, is read. We all know it by heart and we use his same old Bible. My father always read the Christmas story, and after his death, when we took on the Yule Log Party, Jerry did. But now I ask a different young one each year, and it's considered a great privilege by them.

It's amazing to me, as I look around now, that the fathers and mothers who originally were three and four and five years old in front of the fire at my father's house, are standing there watching their children. It's all very gay until the reading comes and then everybody is quiet.

After the reading of the story of the Nativity, there are Christmas carols and supper was served. In the early days, we weren't so very many, so my mother had a real supper, but when Jerry and I took it over we served hundreds of tiny turkey sandwiches, and homemade Christmas cookies, and milk and coffee, for now there often are between forty and fifty.

Another family tradition I might mention: my father gave each new grandchild a note for \$100 (certainly more imposing in those days!). This he invested for them, paying interest each

Hagar: year of 7 per cent. Several years, I remember, he had a presentation of the interest, usually out at the Ranch. He'd set up a card table covered with an army blanket, old military pay-day style. The eager children lined up and he would explain that if they put their money to work it would pay interest, that "this was the capitalist system."

Then as he handed seven shining dollars to each grandchild, he would ask them if they believed in the "capitalist system." Did they! A very liberal friend of mine said he was brain-washing them!

Neighborhood: The Claremont Book Club

Riess: When was the Claremont Book Club started? Who were the members and what kind of speakers and discussions were there?

Hagar: This is a neighborhood group of women in what they used to call Claremont Gate, the area north of Claremont Avenue and Russell. I joined in about 1931 and it must have been going some years before that. It was made up of a delightful group of neighbors here--many of them have died--people like Mrs. Hulse, Mrs. Houghten, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Tietzen, so many of these lovely women who have lived for years in this Claremont area.

There are fifty members, and twelve associates, those who have left the neighborhood but still come to meetings. The books are chosen by a book committee, appointed each year, and they are circulated into mailboxes, two books every two weeks, four books every month. I read about half the books, I'd say.

When I joined, it met Thursday afternoon for tea and a book review. Now, it's lunch at 12:30, which tends to get more elaborate all the time, and then the program. (Through the years, some of us have felt that every week is altogether too often.)

You may have a meeting every two years in your home and you never know how many are coming, but it averages up, twenty-five-thirty-five, so it's all right as far as food is concerned. The nice thing is you don't have to make up your mind until one minute before you're due there whether you're going or not, but it's a bit more complicated for the hostess!

Hagar: I'm a very poor member now because it comes on Thursday, and that's symphony and many other things seem to come on Thursday. But to quite a number of the women, particularly as they get older, without interests that take them out in the community, it means a great deal in their lives and they go every Thursday. It's a very friendly, neighborly thing. People die and new members come in, or people move away and new members come in. So, constantly, there's an attrition and a refreshment. Not many have belonged as long as I have now, forty years. And there are lots of younger, vital people.

We have an auction once a year in May where we auction off the books. In that way, we replenish our treasury, plus yearly membership dues.

The program used always to be a book review by a member of the club, or you could bring somebody in and give a book review. But now the weekly programs are varied: a drama meeting, where we read plays; a book review; a program called "Pot Pourri" (you can come up with anything); and one on "Timely Topics." A member can give the program herself or bring in someone from the outside. There is a wide range of subjects, usually very enlightening.

Riess: In a club like this does something like, for instance, the heavier traffic use of the Claremont area, or other local problems, come up for discussion?

Hagar: Yes, quite often. I'm afraid I'm one of those who is constantly bringing my causes. You can. It just depends on the people. Sue Hone [Berkeley City Councilwoman] is speaking about the City Council and city problems, and there are usually questions and lively discussion.

After a program very often there is sometimes lengthy discussion. People get excited and you stay on to discuss the subject or the book that's been reviewed, but there's no formalized discussion.

Community problems such as traffic and such are taken up by the more serious and larger Claremont-Elmwood Neighborhood Association. I don't go to the meetings, but I support it. They're deep in traffic studies now.

Riess: Can you tell me briefly how the Elmwood Improvement Club arose?

Hagar: It's a very active organization but I've never been involved and I really don't know how it started, perhaps trying to keep Ashby Avenue from being made into a freeway. There was talk of having a double-decker up Ashby Avenue and Tunnel Road. Tunnel Road is still a nice residential area, if you can combat the noise of the traffic.

Now, this larger organization is working on traffic still. I think they may have been, though I never was involved in it, partly responsible for the surveys that brought the freeway over Chabot, in that area. They are interested also in curtailing increasing expansion of Hotel Claremont facilities, office building and condominiums.

IX THE UNIVERSITY, RECENT YEARS
(Interview 11, July 26, 1973)

The Regents in the Fifties

Riess: I'd like to talk about the Board of Regents during your husband's years of being a regent. Some, like your husband, were known as "good regents."

Hagar: I must first say that my husband didn't confide in me about this because his legal training had made it impossible to talk about personal things to people, which is right, and also because lawyers don't talk about other lawyers. All of those things made him quite reserved about Regents' matters; but I'm sure that I realized from him that the "good regents" that you speak of were the regents who generally voted the way he did [laughter].

I should document that by saying that they were people who had the good of the whole University at heart. They weren't sectional people who were only voting for one section of California or one campus that they were more particularly interested in. And to be a good regent I'm sure you had to be one who was sincerely devoted to the University, whether you were a California man or not.

Recently there have been several Stanford graduates appointed as regents. I'm sure they have every potential to be good ones, but I should think they might lack that long-time great feeling of real loyalty in the same way that an alumnus or alumna of the University has.

They have a better chance of being what I call a "good regent" if they're not really a so-called political appointment--a reward for favors or for large contributions to governor's campaigns. I think it was Governor Brown who was supposed to have said that the appointment of a regent was perhaps the most important and

Hagar: prestigious appointment he had to make in the state. Now, whether every governor feels like that, I don't know. I do know that it is a hard appointment because sometimes you're pulled, I guess, politically.

The attorneys that were on during that time, as far as I'm concerned, rather stood out. Perhaps that is in part because attorneys are used to being clear and detailed and careful. There was Farnham Griffiths, who resigned when his heart went back on him--traumas from the Loyalty Oath controversy. He had been a loyal and long-time servant of the University.

William Merchant, who was president of the Mechanics Institute Library, was a quiet regent, but a thoughtful one and what I would call a good regent, because when things got tight and votes were important, his votes were wise ones.

Of course, Jesse Steinhart was outstanding. I think almost everybody who ever knew anything about him on the Board of Regents would say that. He was a distinguished, I believe, attorney, a wise and thoughtful attorney. Donald McLaughlin, the mining engineer, and my husband usually saw eye to eye on regental affairs.

Mr. Haggerty was so busy with his union that lots of time he couldn't get back from Washington.

Gus Olson--these are all appointments of Earl Warren, I think--was a farmer, a very good, kind, cheerful man with no vindictiveness in him. He used to say, "Well, I'll just wait and see how Jerry voted and then I'll vote." [Laughter] So, as far as I'm concerned, he was a good regent.

Riess: Do you mean these were men who could discuss and change each other's minds?

Hagar: Yes, of course, I'm sure they often changed their minds after frank discussions. Some were locked into their own feeling and some of them created some difficulties. As you well know, both Mr. Neylan and Mr. Pauley were controversial figures on the board and I think people generally know this. But they were strong characters and could influence other members and this would sometimes result in clashes.

It's perfectly well known that there were clashes. The oath was extremely controversial and the board took sides, and the persecution of President Sproul, led by John Francis Neylan--those

Hagar: were two things that created great tension in the board, and were generally known.

Riess: After that was over, was the board still rocking with the impact of that, or did it subside?

Hagar: Well, of course, Mr. Pauley's dissidence--I don't know what to call it--created a lot of feeling among quite a number of the board; and later of course there was the firing of Clark Kerr. My husband was then no longer on the board.

There were other things, and I don't know what they were. But the board would have unhappy meetings. The chairmanship is alternated between the north and south, and when Jerry was elected chairman in '62--he was chairman for two years after a term of Mr. Pauley's--one of the older board members said to me, "I can't remember any calmer board meetings than now; the spirit is better and controversies are under control."

Dorothy Chandler was a strong member. I must say that being a good regent meant also the you did your "homework"--some didn't have the time or inclination to read all the material that comes between regents' meetings.

Riess: Material that issues out of the University?

Hagar: Yes, out of Marjory Woolman, the secretary's office, and the president's office. A tremendous amount of reading material! That's called "homework." I suppose that some didn't want to or weren't very interested or couldn't, but if a regent did his homework, I'm sure he was a better member of the board.

Mrs. Chandler seemed outstanding, partly because she was one of three women on the board, and because of her presence and experience.

Riess: She was used to doing homework.

Hagar: I'm sure she must have been or she couldn't have carried the responsibilities which she had on the Los Angeles Times. Mrs. Heller is in the same category as Mrs. Chandler, very strong. She had been Democratic committeewoman from California, able and experienced.

Riess: Was her appointment a political one?

Hagar: I don't know. Edward Heller, her husband, was a regent. After

Hagar: his death, it was Governor Brown who immediately appointed Mrs. Heller to take his place on the Board of Regents, and she's been an excellent regent, a very hard working-one.

Riess: That's an interesting idea, the appointment of a wife to take her husband's place. Now, how about you?

Hagar: Oh no! I'm not the type [laughter], in spite of Ida Sproul and what she says.

Mrs. Heller was a natural. She worked very closely with my husband. They usually agreed on matters, I would say, and during the time that he was chairman he depended on her greatly as well as on Mr. Steinhart and Mr. McLaughlin.

Bill Roth came on rather late in our involvement, and though he never talked much, he was a good regent. He was Governor Brown's appointment. Tom Storke was a good regent. The one's I've spoken of were particularly helpful and strong.

Admiral Nimitz--his mind wasn't tuned particularly to this. He was distinguished and very delightful to have around, but there are certain ones who have really contributed and really carried the board.

Ed Carter has been a very good regent, I would say. He was chairman in '64, succeeding my husband. I'm sure there were times when he and Mr. Pauley--they were good friends, but they looked at many things differently, I'm sure. I would say that Mr. Carter was an outstanding regent. [These remarks about regents are hazardous, only my personal reactions. Our years of association on the board were interesting and rewarding, really fun and exciting for me. E.H.]

Locating the Santa Cruz Campus

Riess: What do you recall of the decision about the Santa Cruz campus location?

Hagar: There was a committee of the Regents appointed to examine various sites and make recommendations. Ellie Heller, Philip Boyd, and Jerry were on this, but I don't remember the others. There were several sites being considered, with considerable pressure from

Hagar: the different localities to choose their area. I believe one was near San Jose, the Almaden property.

When Santa Cruz was chosen there seemed to be general satisfaction, and the announcement was made soon after that there would be an innovative plan for the campus. I can remember that Jerry used to talk enthusiastically about Dean McHenry and seemed impressed with him as the one to organize this new campus.

I think Dean McHenry was in on the early planning and was also involved with the master plan. He has done an amazing job, planning and creating seven small colleges on the campus. He is the chancellor, isn't he, who has been longest on a campus? [Retired June 1974]

After its selection Jerry took us all down to see the rolling hills dotted with cows, and the thick forests of redwoods and oak and bay trees, and the old buildings of which Ansel Adams has made such lovely pictures.

I never heard anyone who was not enthusiastic. I remember once going down when Jerry was spending the day with the editor of the Santa Cruz newspaper before the Regents had chosen the campus, and everyone in Santa Cruz seemed enormously interested and desirous of having the campus located there.

After the site was chosen, for publicity purposes they took a panoramic picture of the hills and put Dean McHenry in it, sitting at a desk, smiling broadly, nothing around him but rolling hills!

When they brought Tommy Church in to do the landscape planning, he was quoted at that time as saying, "Light be the hand of man upon the land." In other words he felt as the Regents felt that the fewest trees possible should be taken down, the fewest disturbances made to the natural beauty of the landscape, and the ecology be undisturbed.

When they laid the cornerstone for the Santa Cruz campus, Jerry was asked to participate in the ceremony even though he was no longer on the Board of Regents. It must have been the spring of 1964. [April 17, 1964. S.R.]

For some reason I didn't want to get there too early or seem too eager or something, so we went into Santa Cruz and got a cup of coffee sitting at a counter. But when we got there everything was set for the ceremony, and the governor was there, the Regents,

Hagar: and lots of the Santa Cruz community. They escorted Jerry up on to the platform and had a little chair for me in the front row and I tried to pretend that I was not chagrined at having wasted that time!

The ceremony was held in a really rural, uninhabited but beautiful setting. The cornerstone was marked by a large bronze slab with the governor's name, the regents, and Jerry's, and now, these nine years later, daffodils bloom around it once a year, and overhead are the thick branches of the redwoods. It's a beautiful spot.

The first Charter Day after the college had started, President Kerr gave the address; and Jerry was asked to give it the next year. So you see in some way he really was quite closely associated. They named one of the roads for him; the first big road going in is "Hagar Road."

We gave a scholarship, the Gerald Hanna Hagar Scholarship. It's not a large one, it isn't endowed, as his scholarship at Boalt is. Each year it helps a student to study at UCSC. The financial office down there makes the arrangement and usually I receive an appreciative letter from the student. It was one of the first scholarships given, because he was in on the ground floor.

I love the campus, partly for its beauty and partly because of the associations, so I go frequently. They established the Affiliates, which is a community organization supporting the campus. Jerry and I were made honorary members. The Affiliates started the Friends of the Santa Cruz Library and two or three times a year the Affiliates have a program: if they have a particularly fine exhibit of something on the campus they'll send out notices that there'll be a reception and dinner, or a fine speech, and they gather people in.

So, these are the affiliations that we have with the Santa Cruz campus. When Jerry made the Charter Day address, at the banquet that night they presented us both with gifts. One gift I use all the time. It's a beautiful burl redwood table top on a pedestal. They come apart, like a tray standing on something. I thought, "What shall I ever do with that?" But it's upstairs by my chaise lounge and I use it for books and a coffee tray. It's marvelous; I think of the Affiliates every time I use it!

Riess: Can you recall your husband talking about the time when they said, "Almaden, no. Santa Cruz, yes" in deciding on the site for the campus?

- Hagar: It was a disappointment to Almaden; I do remember his saying something about that. But I remember his saying, "If I were a student twenty-five years from now, this [Santa Cruz campus] is where I would like to go. I think it's going to be so exciting, so new, so individualistic, so successful, so beautiful."
- Riess: By contrast in style and landscape, in that same period the Irvine campus was begun.
- Hagar: It seems to me unbelievable that they could have had the vision to see that they could make something on those great treeless spaces. But I do think that it works and has been a successful campus. The success of both of those new campuses has been largely due, I'm sure, to their two chancellors, Dean McHenry and Daniel Aldrich, on whom I remember Jerry did considerable pushing. Dan Aldrich was reluctant at first to leave his teaching and go into administration; perhaps Jerry's persuasiveness had something to do with his decision to accept the new job. I'm sure he's been an excellent chancellor.

The Wives of the Regents

- Hagar: In those days, many wives went along to Regents' meetings at all the different campuses and there was a lot of delightful social life. We all liked each other. I'd like to talk about something that Kay Kerr started in connection with this. Kay felt that instead of just frittering while our husbands were busy at the meetings, there should be at least one well-planned event. It would be an educational kind of a thing, perhaps a tour of a campus, because some of the newer campuses we didn't know very much about and some of the newer wives didn't know, you see.

She got the chancellors' wives to really thoughtfully prepare a program each month. For instance, Mrs. Murphy at UCLA took us all to the Mayan exhibit at the Los Angeles County Museum, before it became permanent in Mexico, after a luncheon in her home. I remember at Riverside we were taken a whole morning through the citrus station and the experimental stations and I remember particularly seeing early laboratory scientific research on smog--they were just starting it--and what it did to plants and such. So, this was something that was really worthwhile.

Oh, there were many parties given for the Regents' wives and they were fun. There'd be luncheons and cocktail parties and

Hagar: dinners when the husbands could join us. It was all very pleasant and I understand that shortly after we were off, for some reason or other, one of the wives told me that that whole period of camaraderie and real enjoyment in each other ended. There wasn't a great deal of it for some reason. Either the wives didn't enjoy each other or they didn't go, so that there weren't these planned affairs. But I can look back on many occasions that were terribly nice where we got acquainted with new people and enjoyed the people we did know.

I used to laugh at Sylvia McLaughlin because she leads, of course, and did then too, a very busy life with her conservation interests, Audubon and Save-the-Bay, etc. I can remember one weekend when she never came out of her room. It was toward Christmas and she had taken all her Christmas cards down. She'd never had any time to address her cards but at the Regents' meeting, so she just stayed in her room. [Laughter]

Riess: Were there subjects you'd steer clear of at wives' meetings?

Hagar: Oh, you wouldn't talk about the Regents' business among the wives, as I recall. In fact, many of us didn't know a great deal of what was going on. Does that sound terribly strange? I don't think we did, as I look back on it.

Riess: Would there be a sense of being competitive about different campuses or activities?

Hagar: Oh, not at all. Not at all, no. Interested in the campus at which you were. You're just caught up, largely, with the campus you're visiting and you really don't talk about Regents' business, as I recall, certainly not in a group. At least I didn't talk. One or two maybe did, but not generally. But those were lovely years, really.

I can remember once meeting Mrs. Norton Simon, who was slightly crippled, and wasn't very well. Norton used to say that she didn't travel easily. Maybe twice I met her, once at a dinner at Bel Air.

She was a most interesting woman, very knowledgeable about art, of course. She and I were talking about the choice of pictures and how do you choose. She said, "Well, we do it together." You know, just that little remark makes me sad that their life turned out the way it did because she seemed an appealing woman, very straightforward.*

*The Simons were divorced and Norton Simon then married Jennifer Jones.

Hagar: It was all very pleasant and fun. I liked going off with my husband and away from the responsibilities of home and Berkeley.

State Occasions

Riess: You've hinted at other splendid doings at the University.

Hagar: Prince Philip's entertainment at the University was very well-organized. Clark Kerr had given it a great deal of thought, I think. He had decided to have him meet the students with the "English garden-party" technique.

The prince was taken first to the Pauley Ballroom where they had arranged to have all the Commonwealth students in groups around the room, probably with a professor or administrator in each group. Then the president took Prince Philip and presented him to each group.

The prince, with great savoir faire, would say the right thing, you see, and every student could go home and say, "I've met the prince, the Duke of Edinburgh."

He was also taken to the Bancroft Library where, he said later, he knelt on the floor to look at the Drake Plate, which was not at eye level then. And he said, "There I was looking at it and suddenly there was that photographer with his camera right at my face," and he said, "I was very angry." He didn't like photographers anyway, nor the ubiquitous reporters.

Then he was brought to University House to lunch. Well, I should have been told that, because Jerry was chairman of the board, I was to sit next to Prince Philip. When I realized it, it was too late. Everyone should be in place before royalty comes to his place. I came in, and they were all about to sit down and there I was late!

He was on the right of Mrs. Kerr and he had a way of turning his back and putting his arm over the back of the chair and giving all his attention to the person beside him. So, I was on his right with his back toward me and across the way from him Clark Kerr was talking about penguins, and telling a story about having been on a trip to South America, I believe.

Hagar: Suddenly Prince Philip turned to me and put his arm over his chair and said, "And did you know that the penguins don't know the difference between male and female?" I was completely taken aback and I said, "No, I didn't, how do they propagate the species?" "Trial and error," he said and turned his back on me again. [Laughter]

Riess: That tells something about what people talk about when they're not talking about the things that they're there together about.

Hagar: Yes. You know, a friend of mine who recently was in London brought me back a little book published in London of the sayings of the prince. In it is this remark about the penguins, so it's one of his favorites, evidently. I think this helps him to live the kind of a life he does. I think he's slightly--what is it?--fresh? No. Bright? Anyway, he likes to shock a bit to relieve the monotony of what he has to do, being second place, and meeting so many new people he will never see again.

Riess: One hears that he's mellowed over the years.

Hagar: Yes. Well, I hope not too much.

I am interested in the second thing he said to me, for I had heard him start a conversation before lunch with the same question. He turned to me after a while and said, "Have you always lived here?" Now, this is a very objective, not too personal opening, you see, a good safe lead, and easy to go on in conversation from there.

Riess: Yes. That's the way I should have started this interview!

Hager: You can do it in your next one. [Laughter]

I've had the privilege of meeting several presidents through the University. I was on the Alumni Council when President Truman came to the University to make a speech on Charter Day and the alumni gave a luncheon for him and his entourage in the glade.

I had charge of the reception part of it and that was sort of fun and sort of an experience, not only to just meet him quickly, but also to try to seat happily some of his young women, important entourage who became highly incensed when they didn't like where they were seated. We got them settled, but I realized then that they feel awfully important and not very humble. Instead of being perfectly friendly and natural, they were a little bit high-hat.

Riess: Are these secretaries?

Hagar: I wouldn't know who they were, but they were in his group.

When Kennedy came it was quite exciting, but as I walked up the steps to go in the front door of University House, I forgot for the minute that it was the President we were meeting for luncheon. We got to the front door, and I still didn't come to.

Marjorie Woolman was there with a list of the guests, surrounded by Secret Service men. So she said our names as we went through the door and there, suddenly, was the President standing with Clark Kerr.

I was presented and I couldn't think of a thing to say, so I just said, "Have fun." It was such a dumb thing! I told Genevieve Steinhart afterwards that she probably said something witty because he was laughing in a picture taken with her.

But anyway, he didn't have lunch with us. He had lunch upstairs alone because he wanted the quiet before his speech. He was purported to have ordered a martini and a chop. He did go down and compliment the cook afterwards and gave her the thrill of her life, which I thought was very nice and good politics. None of the rest of us saw him except just that instant shaking hands.

Of course he made a very engaging speech that no one will ever forget. It was beautifully done, in the Stadium, filled that day. It is Garff Wilson who has the complete responsibility of a thing like that. He has carried off so many occasions for the University gloriously, but that certainly was one of the more exciting ones. The President remarked that he regretted the absence of his wife and added, "But today she has had her first and last ride on an elephant." (She was traveling in India.)

Then Eisenhower came, but that was 1963 when Clark Kerr had asked us to represent the University in the Philippines at the inauguration of General Romulo as president of the University of the Philippines. Because of my background there, Jerry took me. We went for two weeks but we missed President Eisenhower.

Then, several years later, President Johnson came to give the Charter Day address in Los Angeles. Jerry was chairman of the Board of Regents, so I had the fun of welcoming them out of the helicopter and helping to take care of Mrs. Johnson.

Hagar: At that same occasion, Johnson had wanted to see President Lopez Mateos, president of Mexico, on a matter of water rights or something. I wasn't told, but I think he had asked the Regents to invite Mateos to come up too and to give him a degree so they could have a conference somewhere along the way privately.

But anyway, President and Mrs. Lopez Mateos were there too. It was all very grand and exciting. We walked out on the field and received them. Have you been right under a helicopter? Well, you're practically blown to pieces, not pleasant but noisy and dusty.

During the exercises I found myself sitting in the row behind the governor's wife and Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Lopez Mateos and her daughter, and Kay Kerr, and between two Secret Service men who had to be right behind those women. It was slightly dull, for those two men never uttered a word and I soon fell into silence! They are a type of their own, you know. They just have one idea.

Riess: Not too much small talk.

Hagar: No, no, none--just roving eyes!

Afterwards there was a luncheon and then there was a reception, the garden-party type again. This is something that Clark Kerr likes. It was in a large room somewhere on the campus with groups of people, of faculty. I must say, mostly Berkeley faculty and friends.

I was given the job of taking around the President of Mexico and his wife and presenting them to each group and then moving on. Strangely enough, I'm very poor at introducing, but I was inspired that day and the names of the people that came to me I said and let the rest go. You can't possibly say all the names in the group.

Riess: Did you have any real words with President Johnson or with Ladybird?

Hagar: I didn't with him. I had with her, going up in the elevator. But other than that, no.

Mr. Pauley had been chairman of the board when President Kennedy came out to receive his degree and, of course, with great pleasure, he "hooded" him, placed the hood and presented

Hagar: him for the doctorate. And it should be the chairman of the Board of Regents who does that to the most distinguished guest each time.

But it seems that when President Johnson was coming out, Mr. Pauley had called up Clark Kerr and suggested that of course he [Pauley] would have the privilege of presenting the President? (Both Democrats, I suppose.) And, for some reason, Clark Kerr agreed.

When he realized what he'd done, he apologized to Jerry. In a way it was a small thing, but it's the tradition, you see. Jerry, being the kind of person he was, made no issue of it. That kind of thing didn't mean enough to my husband, and furthermore, he wouldn't embarrass the President of the University. That's just one little episode of many kinds of things that happened with Mr. Pauley.

LL.D. Awarded to Gerald Hagar

Hagar: In 1964 Jerry received a telephone call from the President saying that the Regents were going to confer an LL.D. upon him. This meant a great deal to him. A regent, when he's a regent, can't receive one, but very often it comes after they cease to be regents.

It happened that Charter Day of '64 was a rainy day. Having been to forty or fifty Charter Days, I was looking forward to the academic procession in the Greek Theatre, the trappings and the colorful ceremony, and I too was thrilled. But it was so rainy that at the last minute it was held in Harmon Gymnasium. But anyway, it was a proud occasion for us, and our children and the grandchildren were there.

Interestingly enough, one of my sons-in-law was holding his four-year-old Peter, and Ansel Adams was down the line with his camera and he took a dear picture of the two and sent it to me.

After my husband's death, I established the Gerald H. Hagar Scholarship at Boalt Hall, and many friends sent memorial gifts to it and some continue each year, so that now it is a sizeable fund, the interest helping deserving law students annually. My husband had started a scholarship in the Political Science department after my father's death, the David Prescott Barrows Scholarship. You can see he believed in scholarships.

March 23, 1965

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UC to Give 4 Honorary Degrees At Charter Day Observances

LORD ROBBINS

GERALD H. HAGAR

STERLING DOW

OTTO J. MAENCHEN

A British economist who has led his country in sparking sweeping reforms in higher education, an historian of Oriental art, a world-renowned archaeological scholar of the classics, and a distinguished leader in the state and University of California.

These will be the recipients of honorary doctor's degrees at the 97th Charter Day celebration of the University of California on

Friday, March 26, at Berkeley.

Their names were announced today by UC President Clark Kerr and Martin Meyerson, acting chancellor of the Berkeley campus. The recipients will be:

Lord Robbins of Clare Market, the main Charter Day speaker whose address will be "The Place of the University in the Modern World: A British View." He was chairman of the "Robbins Committee" which late in 1963 submitted a series of bold recommendations for reforms in British higher education. An authority on political economy, Lord Robbins has held several teaching positions. He is currently a lecturer in economics at the London School of Economics, and is chairman of the Financial Times.

Otto J. Maenchen, professor of art, emeritus, at the Berkeley campus. Maenchen is a distinguished authority on the archaeology and ancient art of the Far East and the ancient history of Central Asia. During the 1920s

he participated in archaeological expeditions to Russia, Siberia and Mongolia. After teaching at the University of Vienna and Mills College, he came to the Berkeley campus in 1947, retiring in 1961.

Sterling Dow, professor of archaeology at Harvard University and authority on the history and archaeology of ancient Greece. He was named the Sather Professor of Classical Literature at the Berkeley campus for the spring semester, 1964, and delivered a series of lectures then on "Knossos and Mykenai: The Great Powers in the Bronze Age." Dow studied at Cambridge and the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. He is one of America's leading authorities on Greek epigraphy, which is the deciphering and interpretation of ancient inscriptions.

Gerald H. Hagar, until recently chairman of the UC Board of Regents, former president of the State Bar of California, and Oakland attorney. A graduate of

the UC School of Law at Berkeley (Boalt Hall). Hagar has been prominent in the California and Oakland Chambers of Commerce, and in Bay Area business affairs. He served on the Board of Regents from 1951 to 1964, and was chairman during his two final years of service.

All of the recipients will be awarded Doctor of Laws Degrees except Maenchen, who will receive a Doctor of Fine Arts Degree.

The Charter Day observance, which will mark the 97th anniversary of the signing of the University's charter, will begin at 2:30 p.m. in the Hearst Greek Theater in Berkeley. Other events in the colorful ceremonies will be the entry of classes and academic procession, and the annual messages of the President and Chancellor.

GERALD HANNA HAGAR

A graduate in 1920 of the School of Jurisprudence, now the School of Law, and for more than four decades a dynamic force in the public life of the East Bay and the State. A leader of the legal profession, with a notable record of service as President of the California State Bar and the Alameda County Bar Association, and as member and President of the California Code Commission. Regent of the University from 1951 to 1964, Chairman of the Board for two of those years, and dedicated member of many of its important committees, he brought to the counsels of the Regents wise judgment, broad experience, a perceptive sense of values, and a firm commitment to the goals of education and the ideal of academic freedom. His University, which he served so gladly and so well, salutes him today in gratitude and affection.

To be presented by Regent DONALD H. McLAUGHLIN
Degree to be conferred—Doctor of Laws

International House

Hagar: Jerry was also interested in his work on the board of directors of International House.

Bob Sproul, when President, had asked me many years before to be a director. I had declined because of too many other commitments. I remember he said once in front of a lot of people, "You do everything anybody else wants. You don't do it for me." At any rate, I was glad it was he again who asked me after Jerry died and I was able to accept. This also happened on the Council of the Friends of The Bancroft Library. Those things have meant a great deal to me, especially because Jerry had been on both of them.

I'm quite devoted to International House. I like working with foreign students. Both Julie and Mary for years have had foreign students, one or two each year, entertained many times in their homes as "friends for a year," part of the hospitality program of the University, started years ago by Kay Kerr.

I think that International House has certainly had a place on this campus and has affected the lives of many people. When we were in Damascus we met a Syrian gentleman who was full of enthusiasm when he learned that we were from the University of California. He said that President Sproul had written him when he was a student, asking him to receive a scholarship in International House, one of the first residents. This is the way, I guess, they started getting foreign students in there.

"So," he said, "I spent three years at International House and what I am is due entirely to the University of California," and so forth and so on.

He was a very successful, charming Syrian and he asked us right away to come out and spend two or three days with him at his estate. He was a grower of citrus fruit with an apartment in town and a larger area outside the city. We couldn't, but we did go to lunch at his house the next day where there were ten to twelve of his relatives, all men. He said, "Once a month, I have all my relatives for lunch. You must come."

He called for us at the hotel and on the way I said, "There'll be other ladies?" He said, "Ah, no, madam. You are the princess." And not even his wife appeared because Jerry being a stranger, she was not allowed to come in the presence

Hagar: of men other than her male relatives. She never came in at all, though his two small children were introduced to us. He and she, a strange combination of the East and West!

I sat at the head of the table with all these Syrians, only a few of whom could speak English, though two of them had sons here at the University of California, interestingly enough.

Riess: And this man, despite his education here, was still that traditional?

Hagar: Yes. Maybe it was his wife who was the traditional one.

We had a fantastic meal. Great platters of food kept coming in. He'd take his fork and spear a cutlet and put it on my plate. [Laughter] Well, it was an interesting experience. He had been one of the first at I House.

I was chairman of the house committee on the board, and had the pleasure of creating an attractive guest suite for visiting VIPs out of two small, inadequate rooms. Ruth Dibble, the decorator I use, did the rooms, as she has also helped in the other places in I House.

The assistant to Sherry [Sheldon] Warrick at that time was Claire Wisecarver, who had been chief of development at I House in New York for some years, and then came to Berkeley and did a fine job for development here.

Claire broached the subject of a plaque for the rooms but I really didn't like plaques. However she convinced me that it's good public relations and often starts others thinking of giving. At any rate, because of Jerry's association on the board of directors it is a gift from him and me to the International House.

My husband had also been on the Council of The Bancroft Library and had enjoyed it. After his death I was invited and was pleased to accept. This association with a distinguished institution has certainly been a delightful one for me. As chairman of the membership committee and later as vice-chairman of the council, I feel really involved. Working with Dr. Hart, the director, and the staff and other council members has been a particularly wonderful experience.

U.C. Dames Club

Hagar: I remember that I asked Mrs. Nimitz, when Jerry went on the Board of Regents, "What do I do, Katherine?" She said, "You just accept everything you're asked to do as wife of a regent." [Laughter] Well, I haven't accepted everything, but I've done what I could.

So, when Jerry went on the board and I was asked to be a sponsor of the U.C. Dames Club, I accepted. The Dames Club is made up of student wives and it's a national organization. I've been on for years. (Most sponsors change every few years; they're faculty wives who do a wonderful job and enjoy it.) Mrs. McLaughlin and I have gone on and on.

The main sponsor of the Dames Club is always the wife of the dean of the graduate school. It used to be Margaret Dennes, Mrs. William Dennes, and now for years it's been Sylvia Elberg. She does a magnificent job, a real friend to the young wives. She's unbelievable. Through the years I have not done very much. I had to give up some parts of it, like the foreign student group where you go to the I House for a big reception once a year and do various other things. I have asked to be excused from some of those things.

One thing that I do keep up is my sponsorship of the Albany Nursery School. Some of the young mothers living in the Village, feeling the need for their pre-school children to have a nursery school, and with advice from some of the Dames sponsors, started the program themselves.

They went first to the Albany School Board and persuaded them to give a certain amount toward the budget. They asked the University to give them a building in the Village. They have gone on and progressed and now have sessions one morning and afternoon with professionals in charge and the mothers augmenting it. There's a long list of children waiting to get in.

From time to time I've given some financial support.

Once a year the sponsors entertain the old and new boards of the Dames at a banquet. They're nice occasions. I thoroughly enjoy them because you sit surrounded by the young wives. At one of the meetings about two years ago, one of the girls stood up and announced that the scholarship fund at the Albany Nursery was

Hagar: named for me. Of course I dislike my name so that I hate to see "Ella Hagar" on anything, and I don't like surprises much, but I have a happy feeling about this; it rather touches me.

I don't think things honor me particularly, but I certainly was touched by that. I just love to go out there. They are very dear and appreciative. Once they gave me a beautiful desk thing with a pen, black with the seal of the Dames Club in gold. It's very elegant.

In spite of the fact that life is full of change, there seem to be a few lasting people. The continuity, I suppose, is supplied by Sylvia McLaughlin and me. For years she allowed her basement to be the home of the Dames rental of children's furniture, cribs and highchairs coming and going! They call it Dames Aid, and the rental fees enable them to buy a highchair and then they rent it by the term for very little to these young mothers.

Oh, and for some years I had the music group here, which was delightful. They have these different sections and they'd come with their program and I'd provide the food in the evening and they'd give their little program here.

Riess: It's nice to think that there are these very traditional things.

Hagar: Oh yes. And it fills a need in the lives of many girls, many of whom come from around the country, and abroad and need friends, and stimulation. There are all kinds of interesting sections. Their husbands are usually getting Ph.D's, and their wives either get a job and work all day and then need a little social life at night while their husbands are studying, or else they have children and can only go out at night and have a little respite when their husbands stay with the children.

Centennial Fund Management Committee

Riess: You were the one woman on the board appointed by Regent Theodore Meyer for the 1972 University bond issue, Proposition 2.

Hagar: Yes, one woman and some thirty men. I had worked with Ted Meyer on several things and we were good friends. An amazing man, in his quiet way. Ill as he was, he was willing to take on the chairmanship of that. [Regent Meyer deceased May 1973]

Hagar: He probably had a feeling that there should be at least one woman on, and I think he put me on for that reason. I must admit, whenever he asked me to do anything, I was putty in his hands. If he was willing to do as much for the public and the University as he did, well, certainly, who was I?" I did go to two or three meetings that he had in the city and they were all high-powered men. A lot of them I had worked with on other things.

This is a letter that Ted wrote afterwards. [Shows letter.]

Riess: That's a lovely letter! I'd like to include that as an illustration. [See page following. S.R.] Isn't that something, just one woman!

Hagar: Well, I think that is. I suppose men now feel they must have women. Just as I've been on boards where they suddenly say, "We must have some minority people on this," so now they say, "We must have a woman."

On the Centennial Fund Management Committee there were three women and about twenty-five men. I think in these cases, you see, they just feel there must be a woman. It surely is true, isn't it? I mean, you're much more of a feminist than I and there should, perhaps, be many more.

Riess: Oh, I think there should be many more. Did you have a particular role? Did you do any particular task?

Hagar: No, no. On Proposition 2, no. Not any more than any of the men. I did give money. I did sell a few tickets for that big event they had at the end. The staff thought up this great affair in the Carnelian Room, the restaurant at the top of the Bank of America, and it would be \$50 a ticket. They thought everybody wanted to see it, and that people would come, for cocktails and a roast beef sandwich. I felt that people would rather give \$50 and have the whole sum go to the cause.

At any rate, they went on ahead and they wanted me to take charge of tickets. I said, "No. I don't believe in it that much." But I did get a few people, just in talking about it at various times, to buy tickets. It turned out to be successful, it was really a great affair, but it took a lot of work on every campus. People like the Chancellor and President took tickets and had tables with guests and it did generate a lot of publicity.

No, I was given no role, except to talk about the need and I did talk a lot! But it was just the idea of a woman. I think

yes 2 on

Citizens for Health

625 Market Street, Suite 500, San Francisco, Ca. 94105/415-495-3207
612 South Flower Street, Suite 872, Los Angeles, Ca. 90017/213-629-3631

Co-Chairmen:
JOHN A. McCONE
THEODORE R. MEYER

November 14, 1972.

Citizens Committee:
Victor Andrews
Ernest C. Arbuckle
Sigmund Arywitz
Arnold O. Beckman
Phillip Boyd
Edmund G. Brown
E. B. Buster
E. Morris Cox
Mortimer Fleishhacker
J. S. Fluor
Walter Gordon
Walter A. Haas, Jr.
Mrs. Gerald Hagar
DeWitt A. Higgs
Preston Hotchkis
Edgar F. Kaiser
Walter Knott
Art Linkletter
Joseph M. Long
John Mage
Christian E. Markey, Jr.
N. Loyall McLaren
Einar O. Mohn
William W. Monahan
Miguel Montes, M.D.
George G. Montgomery
Emil Mrak
William Pagen
Robert O. Reynolds
Wilson C. Riles
Bert L. Smith
Mitchell W. Spellman, M.D.
Allan Sproul
Jules Stein
J. E. Wallace Sterling
Richard R. Von Hagen
Earl Warren
Carlton H. Williams, D.D.S.

Mrs. Gerald F. Hagar,
245 Stonewall Road,
Berkeley, California 94705.

Dear Ella:

Now that the Proposition 2 campaign has come to a successful conclusion, I want to thank you for serving on our Citizens Committee, and for your contribution to the eminently satisfactory result.

The University and the people of the State are greatly indebted to you for your participation in this very important endeavor.

Sincerely yours,

TRM:S


Theodore R. Meyer.

*As usual, you were most helpful
than anyone could have asked.*



A lot of health for half a buck!

Hagar: that's what Ted felt, that you must have a woman on things.

There should have been more women on the Centennial Fund Committee. We were on for three years, and we really worked hard on that. There were numberless meetings. Jane Mock from Southern California, and Winifred Heard and I were the three women. We were responsible for giving a large affair where we invited dozens of women and had the staff come and speak and the students speak, just telling about it, hoping they'd go home and spread the word.

I gave a luncheon here for fourteen where I had key women, whom I hoped would go home and talk about it to their husbands. Well, this is the kind of thing we were able to do.

The Centennial Board was the management group that planned the drive. Someone else was chairman at the beginning, it seems to me, and then Charlie Fay took it over. Gene Trefethen, up here, and John McCone, in Los Angeles, were the two co-chairmen, and we met and met and met. It was this group who decided on a professional consulting company team to guide us, which I know was expensive.

They had lots of elaborate brochures and books for us and lists and so forth and current and fancy printed material coming to us constantly. I would rather, just as in our little drive for the YWCA building, we did it ourselves and save five or ten per cent of the total instead of paying it out to professional help. Of course, even our professional people like Joe Mixer, who was in charge of gifts and who headed the office here, probably they didn't have enough real professional know-how.

At any rate, the management committee was really the planning committee. The representatives from the south would fly up to our meetings here, like Preston Hotchkis and John Mage. Jane Mock came many times. We poured over names of prospects. Many of the men were given, though not in every case, names of corporations, foundations, and alumni. Then we'd have another meeting in two weeks, or three weeks, or a month, and our findings would be gone over and we'd discuss. We would have luncheon meetings at the Fairmont and at different places in private rooms--nice affairs, I must say.

Toward the end a great dinner was held in the Lawrence Hall of Science. I remember how that was planned. Gene Trefethen called a committee meeting and Maggie Johnston was there, in the Kaiser director's room, in Oakland. (She has been, for years,

Hagar: Kay Kerr's secretary. She's now Mrs. Hitch's secretary and she also works with Mrs. McCorkle. She has a great know-how in putting on affairs.) There were also four or five men there at the meeting.

We were trying to think of a good place and plan an elegant affair. It was Maggie who came up with the Lawrence Hall of Science, which had never been used for a banquet, and lots of people had never been there, and would be curious to see it. It was very exciting that day to see this thing evolve.

We were hoping to get a real drawing card as the speaker, Bob McNamara or John Gardner. They couldn't come. We planned the dinner hoping people would come from all over the state, an elegant affair like the Charter Day banquet.

It did take place and it was so large that the great rotunda had to be used, plus the very large room where all the things are that work [Activity Hall]. It was a marvelous affair. Lots and lots of alumni came from the south and from all over the state. John McCone and Gene Trefethen spoke and there was great enthusiasm. Much good publicity followed.

Well, these are the kinds of things the management committee did through the three years, at the beginning campaigning more actively and, later, not so actively. Once Winifred Heard and I gave a large morning coffee in the garden of her house. Oh, we invited several hundred and maybe a hundred came. Jane gave one down in the Los Angeles area.

In looking back at that Centennial drive, many alumni worked very hard but the money came slowly. I don't know why. Statistically, I used to know some of the amounts that had been raised across the country by various colleges. Stanford had raised \$100,000,000 or something like that. California alumni give far below the amounts raised by many other U.S. colleges. We went over the top by just \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000 and it was only \$15,000,000 we were trying to raise.

I think our trouble was we had a lot of California alumni who'd not become educated to giving. This is one reason, I think, why this whole new set-up on the campus has been established with Dick Erickson as head of Development, as they call it, and it's being run scientifically now and called the University of California Foundation. Dick is vice-chancellor in charge of development.

Riess: It sounds like a difficult business, because you have also to simultaneously deal with the fact that the University is not always in agreement with the legislature. It seems a very hard message that you have to get across.

Hagar: It has to be worked on for years and years. We haven't worked on it awfully well in the past. But, interestingly enough, the year after some of the worst dissidence on the campus, one of most difficult times on the campus, alumni gave more than they had before to the Alumni Association, in spite of the fact that so many alumni were turned off. I wish I had all those figures.

Riess: So, the ones who were loyal really wanted to show it.

Hagar: Yes, to stand by their alma mater. And this was the time when we used to say to alumni who were crabbing and didn't understand and were full of negative thoughts, "If ever your University needed you, it needs you now. It needs the loyal ones now to stand up and be counted."

I'm sure that the Centennial drive, all across the country (there was a very active committee working in New York, where we've got lots of good alumni), and all the things that were done in public relations those three years, will pay off in the years to come and will have a long-time effect.

Anyway, we did make it and it was a great experience. We loved working with it.

Alumni Support and Recognition

Hagar: When I was on the alumni council from 1946 to 1950 we undertook a planning survey and we had it done professionally. We worked on it for two or three years and we found the Number One need of the Berkeley campus was housing for the students. Clark Kerr was interested in housing too, in residences for students, but maybe we gave it the big push. Number Two was a better Student Union, and Number Three was recreation and transportation. Of course parking was just beginning to be a serious problem.

The other thing we were catalysts for was our work on the committee to find a summer camp which turned out to be the Lair of the Bear. So, those two things came out of the Alumni Council while I was on it.

Riess: I am interested in hearing more about the mechanisms for making the alumni feel connected with the University, and to raise money.

Hagar: This is a vastly important thing in any institution. I see it at Mills College and at the University. Those are the two that I know something about. It's just the way you've expressed it, keeping in touch with alumni. It's thinking of ways to involve people in coming back and keeping in touch, in supporting, in being informed and in being given responsibilities.

Robert Gordon Sproul Associates

Hagar: Ralph Edwards was the first chairman of the Robert Gordon Sproul Associates and he's a very persuasive, delightful person. He persuaded a certain number of people, and Jerry was one of them, to support the Alumni Association by way of \$1,000 a year for ten years. That makes you a Robert Gordon Sproul Associate and you do this to honor Robert Gordon Sproul. The only thing you do is to give that amount or more each year, plus attend a dinner that's given at University House. It's a lovely affair.

Clark Kerr was President at the time it started out and both Sprouls were there at the first dinner. After Jerry died, I continued with this support. When Roger Heyns was chancellor, it was a most delightful time and his talks at the University House were full of information and wit.

Ralph Edwards kept the chairmanship of it for several years. Any number of good, loyal Californians come up from Los Angeles. Preston Hotchkis always comes. Ralph Edwards always comes and, sometimes, his wife.

Now we have Jay Ward, the Hollywood character, and he is a character. He started his chairmanship by a real Hollywood dingo. The printed material you'd get had little cartoons all over. It was just regular Hollywood conversation and gimmicks. But he has consented to head the associates for another year. He brings dash and life into the soliciting for new members. I think last year there were twenty-five new members persuaded to join the group.

Recently I was given a small assignment and I got two new members. I girded myself and went to San Francisco to see them.

Riess: How could anyone say "No" if they were asked?

Hagar: Oh, easily! This is why I'm uninhibited about asking people for money, because anyone can say, "This doesn't interest me at all. I give my money other places," or "I can't afford this." Usually people don't give money to a specific cause unless asked. That's a number one truth. So go and ask! If you feel this way about money and if you can say it yourself to somebody who comes to you and asks you to support something, then you can say that to somebody else and not feel a bit embarrassed.

But of course lots of people can't either say it or can't happily be the asker or the recipient; lots of people don't feel this relaxed about it, I guess. Certainly anybody can say, "I'm not interested in that, sorry. I've got other interests." It's a littler harder if you say, "This is honoring Robert Gordon Sproul and we know you love Bob." I never use that. I think that's too hard.

With one person, I said, "You give so much to the University every year." (Almost everything that somebody asks her for she'll give.) I said, "Why don't you give it to the foundation and they will allocate it to anything you want." This is what I do with mine, the whole amount this year to go to the International House, or I break it up in several gifts. So, that's perfectly logical.

And I said, "On top of that, you see, you join a lovely dinner that's fun, so come on!" You see, what you can do is to allocate it where you want it, to the Library, to the Bancroft, to anything.

Berkeley Fellows

Hagar: I don't know who thought of the Berkeley Fellows. George Stewart was the first chairman and I have a feeling that he and Garff Wilson may have thought of it during Roger Heyns' time here. They were trying to do something during the Centennial that would honor, I suppose, certain people. I guess it was just another gimmick to keep people interested and supportive and to do something for them too.

So, there was a small committee to choose the list. It can't be any regents or any faculty, unless they're emeritus, or

Hagar: administrators who are active at the time. First, the list was originally a hundred. Number one and number two were the Sprouls and the rest of the names of the members were chosen at random. Then, if one member dies, the small committee, of which George was chairman, selects a few more names and the chancellor makes the final decision. I guess you're awfully surprised to find yourself on it.

Judge Wakefield Taylor is now the chairman, and Garff Wilson the guiding hand. The purpose is two-fold, to honor those for outstanding service to the University, or for distinguished accomplishments elsewhere.

Riess: It's very much of an assortment, I think.

Hagar: It must have been a ghastly thing to decide originally. How they ever did it, I don't know. Mostly men, some women. But I think that the saving grace is that if the chancellor's strong enough to take the final responsibility, it's up to him and you can blame everything on him. [Laughter]

They also have a nice dinner, where the chancellor reports on the state of the campus. At the Robert Gordon Sproul Associates dinner they always have a distinguished faculty member speak and this is wise, because he or she brings something to a lot of these people, some of whom don't have constant association with the University and don't know the faculty, so this is good.

California Alumni Foundation

Hagar: Now I'm a trustee, it seems, of the California Alumni Foundation. They asked me to be a delegate first. (This is Rick Buxton, under Dick Erickson. The Foundation, as I mentioned earlier, was started some years ago by the Alumni Association to raise money for the University.)

When you look at it statistically, I've heard it said that California, with its enormous Alumni Association, is far lower percentagewise than other universities and colleges across the country in their alumni giving.

The Foundation has a new young man, Cliff Underwood, and he and Rick Buxton have been working hard to raise the level of

Hagar: giving, and all of this under Dick Erickson. Ever since the Foundation was formed, they've increased the giving, and the Sproul Associates was one of the gimmicks, you see.

Just these last few months, Dr. Bowker has reorganized the Development Office and the Alumni Association, has separated them, and has taken Dick Erickson and Rick Buxton and the secretaries out of the Alumni Association. He's assistant vice-chancellor in charge of development.

The Alumni Foundation is now under Development, directly under the chancellor, and Colette Seiple has become the director of the Alumni Association. She's a very adept and delightful person. It's quite exciting that there's a woman, for you libbers, in the directorship of the Alumni Association, and I think she's going to make a great go of it.

We've only had three directors of the Alumni Association: Robert Sibley, for years, and then Stan McCaffrey, now president of the University of the Pacific, and Dick Erickson. So, Colette Seiple's being director is significant. She has a great deal of ability and know-how. She graduated in law and has had a lot of experience one way or another.

Riess: How does the system of delegates and trustees work?

Hagar: The board of delegates is a large, wide-spread, diverse group of alumni who come together once a year for a two-day conference, meetings, speeches, informal gatherings, concentrated information on the campus, and a dinner at the chancellor's.

The smaller and more active group, the Trustees of the Alumni Foundation, is chosen from alumni membership of the delegates by a nominating committee. When I met with the men on the nominating committee we felt we must have a woman for one of the three or four vacancies. We found Jane Moore Mock, but she felt she couldn't do it.

Dick Erickson called me then and said, "Remember, you said you'd do it if she couldn't." I'd forgotten all about that; I'd only done it to get the meeting over! So here I am, and I think for about a three-year term. And I now have five special prospects to go after for the Robert Gordon Sproul Associates. Oh, dear!

Riess: You need a secretary.

Hagar: Well, I have the most awful stacks of paper in my sitting room, which I must do something about.

Have I ever said anything about the Cyrus and Susan Mills Society? I think Mills took an idea from the Robert Gordon Sproul Associates at the University. They formed a few years ago the Cyrus and Susan Mills Society. It's the same idea. If you give \$1,000, you're a member that year of the society.

Berkeley Citation

Hagar: The Berkeley Citation was another gimmick thought up during the Centennial and they're still being given. I guess it was one of the very first such gestures. I don't know who thought of it, probably Garff, but they have given quite a lot and they're still giving them and I don't know what it's for.

Riess: Is it sort of like an honorary degree?

Hagar: Oh, it's not academic. It's just if you've done something for the University, short-term or long-term, a recognition. They say it's the "most distinguished recognition the University can give" (aside from the honorary degree which is in a class by itself).

I received mine at the very first at a luncheon in Pauley Ballroom. It had something to do with the Centennial--the award, not the luncheon. I was sitting with Chancellor and Mrs. Heyns and Koshland, whom I'd already been working with on the Centennial, and Winifred Heard. There were some reports and one thing or another, then suddenly they stood up and read a citation and gave them to us. It seemed the other two knew about it and I didn't. I was completely floored.

Then the other night, Dick and Mary asked me to go up to an affair at the Alumni House, a dinner. On the way I said, "Well, I don't know why I'm going, except that I love to go with my children." (I love to see them at University things. They used to pop in on Jerry and me at things, you see, and it seemed wonderful to think that there was one of my daughters and now, of course, our mantle has fallen on both of them. Have I mentioned that Mary's husband, Dick Hafner, is chief of public affairs on the Berkeley campus? They are very much involved with everything.)

Hagar: It was quite a large affair. There was a dedication of the new room in the Alumni House called the President's Room, and a symposium of something or other.

Suddenly, after dinner, before the symposium started George Link, president of the Alumni Association, got up and began to talk about someone, and then it seemed to be I.

Then he presented me with the alumni service award, new to me and such a surprise! He asked me to come up and I said a few feeble remarks, practically nothing. [Laughter] Anyway, it's an alumni award that they're now giving out and, since you know everything about me, there it is!

Dick said, "I've been trying to get you here for a year, Grandmother." He said, "Either you couldn't come when I asked you to come to something at the Alumni Association, or we couldn't go, or we were out of town, or something. But George Link and I are so glad to get this over with!" [Laughter]

Finding a Role on Boards

Riess: As a woman on mainly male boards, did you ever feel any frustrations? I think you're a very well-organized person who probably could have done a lot more than you were allowed to do.

Hagar: No, no. I think that when women work on boards with men--this has been my experience--we naturally take a secondary role. This may not be in the future, but there are not a great number of Mrs. Gandis in our group, you know, or Golda Meirs. There are not many of those who really can lead men, or want to. When you're on a mixed directorate, practically always you're the minority group, and I happen to like that, and I'm never afraid to speak up or to assume responsibility, and I never feel inferior to them!

I'm thinking of one board years ago, the Children's Hospital Board of Directors, that I was on for six years. The president was a man. Of course the administrator for the hospital was a man and the majority of the directors were men, though there were a goodly number of women too because so many women are involved in the Children's Hospital Branches. But even then the men took the lead. As far as I'm concerned, it's all right with me. It wouldn't be all right with many women, particularly now.

United Crusade—

'Grass Roots' Volunteer

Versatile volunteer Mrs. Gerald Hagar is many things to many people. To all she is a highly respected dynamic force in the community. Bound by her New England conscience to the principle of "noblesse oblige," she feels a deep sense of responsibility to others. The daughter of a university professor and past president of the University of California and today the wife of a Regent, her interests and affiliations on the campus and in the Berkeley community have benefited many people.

To the United Crusade she reflects the "grass roots" volunteer, having served as door-to-door solicitor, neighborhood chairman and finally for 35 consecutive years as a member of the Advanced Gifts committee first for the Berkeley Community Chest and now the United Crusade. In fact Ella Hagar credits the Crusade with one of her more memorable experiences. She recalls one residential drive when she was met at the door by a tearful young wife. It seemed the girl had been struggling with a sewing pattern, difficult instructions, etc. all to no avail and being alone had become discouraged to the point of no return. With customary warmth and efficiency, Mrs. Hagar settled herself on the floor amid scissors, pattern pieces and five yards of printed cotton and quickly remedied the situation.

EXPERIENCED

Key agencies of the United Crusade know Mrs. Hagar as an experienced board member for she has served on the board of directors of Children's Hospital of the East Bay, the University YWCA, Berkeley Family and Children's Service and the Berkeley Chapter of the Red Cross.

Interested in all phases of Red Cross activities, since World War II she has served on numerous committees, trained workers and for three years was chairman of the year round fund planning committee. Quick to point out that this year for the third year 87 per cent

of the Red Cross budget comes from the United Crusade. Mrs. Hagar feels strongly that if every donor gives a little more this year the Crusade could go over the top. The Red Cross no longer conducts a door-to-door campaign and is dependent on Crusade funds for this major proportion of its operating budget. She emphasizes that everyone benefits from the Red Cross through First Aid Courses, where mouth-to-mouth breathing is taught, to care of the sick and injured courses, timely in view of recent disasters, to the Learn to Swim campaign affecting 1,600 children over a two week instruction period last summer. Mrs. Hagar has a special fondness for the Red Cross Braille program. Red Cross pays for Braille pleasure reading for children at the California School

for the Blind as well as providing materials for extensive Braille reading matter in the Elementary, Junior High and High School blind student program.

BUSY DAYS

Ever active in campus activities, she is presently adviser to the University Dames Club, works with the University YWCA, and cooperates with the Faculty Wives Foreign Student Hospitality Program, as well as attending numerous functions as a Regent's wife.

A relaxed hostess who has been known to walk into her front door at 6 p.m. and hat still in place turn out an elegant dinner for 20 at 7 p.m. Ella Hagar most enjoys time spent with her children and nine grandchildren. Her children are Mrs. Richard Hafner, Mrs. George Rumsey, and Mr. George Hagar, all Bay Area residents.

A recent trip to the Soviet Union with her husband where she was received at the Red Cross headquarters in Moscow, has helped strengthen her convictions about our American ways. She believes that the voluntary giving of time and money has been a way of American way of life since the beginning of our country. She adds, "It is the personal touch, the deep satisfaction of giving of ourselves, that gives us a stake in our country and in turn gives our country its strength."

Hagar: On the other hand, you take a woman's board, like the advisory board of the University YWCA, completely women. They have done beautifully and effectively over all these years, getting a great deal accomplished. They're all women and they do as good a job and in some cases better than men's boards do.

In a group--this is my experience--of men and women, you are always a little reluctant to speak up. At least, I always have been and I'm not a reluctant person, am I?

I don't want to take the leadership. That's why I don't like to be chairman of something like the Council of the Friends of The Bancroft Library. I'd much rather have a man be chairman and let me be free to speak up and to work and do the footwork. I've never wanted to be president of anything.

Riess: That leadership is just the wrong role for women still?

Hagar: That's right. It's the wrong role still in a mixed group.

I can remember a friend saying, "Oh, I'm so glad you're going on"--this was a long time ago on the Children's Hospital Board--"because I just love mixed boards." Well, I do too. I thoroughly enjoy them. I like working with men. I like the way their minds work. I'm perfectly willing to realize mine doesn't work like a man's. It's much more personal, so many women are.

I think also in a case like the Council of The Bancroft Library, it's the wrong role partly because there are few women who are distinguished in the field of libraries and books, few distinguished bibliophiles.

Riess: Do the men take proper advantage of this good quality of women, the personal way of seeing things? I should think, for instance, on the Children's Hospital Board, that women could see right into the heart of things in a way that men might not be able to.

Hagar: Oh yes. I see what you mean. I was on a committee of that board that I thought was the most interesting committee and I was the one woman on it. It was a very small committee that worked with the administrator, the committee for management, I guess it was. It was made up of the chairman of the board and two other men and the administrator. A woman there, on a small committee, could surely be felt.

I was the one who dealt with the superintendent of nurses, who was a woman. I really think, in that case, I did contribute

Hagar: something. I had rapport with her. She was a very distinguished superintendent of nurses, a woman who'd had a lot of experience across the country, and valuable, but she was on the point of resigning. I think because I was a woman and dealt with her and was sort of a liaison to the management committee, I was useful, and was able to clear up some misunderstanding. She didn't leave.

You're asking if men respect women and listen to them a bit and, maybe, profit by the fact that there are women on the board. Yes, I would say yes.

Riess: Rather than just tolerating them?

Hagar: Oh, I don't think they just tolerate them. I think there are cases where that happens, but I don't recall it in any committees or boards I happen to have acted on.

Riess: You would want to be sure that they were going to take you seriously before you invested your time.

Hagar: Well certainly that's what you expect. You're not going to waste your time if they don't. You always can get off. On the other hand, you don't want to monopolize it, nor control it. You want to add to it, and from a woman's viewpoint. I've always found that they've listened with respect and I've never felt trampled on, but I just maybe have had good luck in the few things that I've been on that have been mixed.

I think, on the whole, a mixed group will be more interesting than just women's conversation, and you can see that, unless you get something like the University YWCA that is a women's organization, run for and by. It's sort of a challenge too, because in the last years there have been many YM and YW student associations and I guess some city associations that have combined.

There's been a lot of pressure and there's been pressure on this campus to combine. Our Association here has never been willing to do it because we felt the ultimate outcome would be, perhaps, subordinating, as well as the fact that the methods are different. Undoubtedly, there would be a man as the head of it because men don't like to act under women very often. I think this is very fundamental. It will change in time.

I'm just reading this Bancroftiana 1-50.* It's beautifully done and very exciting, because here are people I've known and

*Bound back issues of Bancroftiana, published by the Friends of The Bancroft Library, 1973.

Hagar: things I've known about and now I'm reading the history of it, well written. There was a period when Ada Gilchrist was chairman of the council and I imagine she did a very good job. She was chairman of the council for some years, and I'm sure that in that case the men didn't mind acting under her. But I can imagine lots of times when men wouldn't like to be chaired by a woman.

Riess: Well, they could, in some way, take their business elsewhere.

Hagar: No, you can't if you're on a board. You stick with it. You have to do your business right there. Maybe the men wouldn't come so much. Isn't that too bad? And, yet, you take those two women [Mrs. Meir and Mrs. Ghandi] who head the two governments, this isn't the situation at all with them. Believe me, they're top people, aren't they?

There is a case of two different countries, where a woman has the last word to say to all the men. It's extraordinary. I don't want it ever to happen in the United States.

Riess: Have you ever said, "No" to a volunteer job?

Hagar: Yes! Dozens of times! Now that doesn't sound modest, does it? Very frankly, I have said, "No" many more times than I have said, "Yes" all through the years. Everyone has to! Once people find somebody who is willing to take on a job, they are inclined to go after that person. You know that. So, all the years of the Community Chest, the UBAC, I always refused to be chairman of the Community Chest in Berkeley.

I refused to be chairman of the Red Cross chapter. Mrs. Kleeberger was the very successful first woman chairman of the chapter. When she left, she was anxious to have me take it on. I was on the executive committee for some years and I was chairman of various committees in the chapter, but I don't want to be president of anything and chairman of big things, no.

So for years I have said, "No," and I pick very carefully the things I get involved in. I won't ever be president of a club or anything like that because I'm not willing to put all my eggs in one basket, and I think when you're the head of something as important for instance as the Community Chest that you have to give up everything else. I never would be president of the University YWCA, though I guess I have been asked four or five times very seriously, people coming to see me, sitting and arguing. I know better than anyone else my limitations and what a bad president I'd be!

Hagar: I like to not go into anything too deeply that you have to give up everything else. In order to take on the presidency or the chairmanship of something for a year or two years or three years, either you withdraw from everything else or you do everything badly. I think a person who enjoys doing organizational things has to realize that there's a limit. Otherwise, you don't do anything well. Perhaps you don't do anything well anyway, but you try, and all along the way you have fun!

Transcriber: Marilyn White
Final Typist: Keiko Sugimoto

DEDICATION AND CONCLUSION

Ending this rather fragmented and very personal chronicle, I wonder to myself how it ever came about. Then I remember that on my 75th birthday, surrounded by sons and daughters and grandchildren, a letter from Dr. James Hart was read to me. [letter follows]

I had heard rumors that the Library had suggested reminiscences of my parents and husband and myself. This gift seemed a kind collusion between my children and The Bancroft! They knew well my devotion to family history and tradition and to the University. Indeed, if I have misstated facts or mangled history in this reminiscence, attribute it to time and memory.

I have lived now for some years alone, and not alone, in the home Bill Wurster built for Jerry and me and into which our children were born, and in which reared. My life is still blessed. The six sons and daughters and eleven grandchildren who surround me keep me interested in their work and play, and their ideas and their education, as well as in the ways of the young.

It is to the new generation that I dedicate this endeavor, with great love:

*Julianne, Parke, Scott, and Betsy Hafner
Mary, Schuyler, Peter, and John Rumsey
Steven, Jack, and Leslie Hagar*



ELLA HAGAR WITH HER FAMILY

Left to right, top row: Dick Hafner, Scott Hafner, Steven Hagar, Schuyler Rumsey, Parke Hafner, George Hagar, Mary Rumsey; middle row: George Rumsey, Julie Rumsey, Julie Hafner, Ella Hagar, Shirley Hagar, John Rumsey; bottom row: Mary Hafner, Betsy Hafner, Jack Hagar, Peter Rumsey, Leslie Hagar.

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20 October 1972

Mrs. Gerald Hagar
245 Stonewall Road
Berkeley, California 94705

Dear Ella:

On the occasion of your birthday, I am pleased to inform you that your children have arranged with The Bancroft Library for its Regional Oral History Office to conduct a series of tape recorded interviews with you to preserve your knowledge and memories in our library.

While this is a gift to you, it is certainly also a gift to the Bancroft, the library to which you have been so close and for which you have done so much. We look forward with great pleasure to the frequent meetings you will have with the ROHO staff for this purpose and then to the finished, bound copies of your text, one of which will be preserved in The Bancroft Library itself, one of which will be for the library of the Santa Cruz campus to which you have also been so close, and one for you and your family.

My own good wishes go with this letter.

Sincerely,

James D. Hart
Director

JDH:sh

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