

Bernice Youtz
Interviewed by Mingxia Li
The Evergreen State College Oral History Project
July 2016
FINAL

Li: Ok, I'll do a little bit self-introduction. My name is Mingxia Li, I'm doing the recording for the Oral History Project for The Evergreen State College. I'm sitting with Bernice Youtz, she was with The Evergreen State College right from the beginning. Good morning, Bernice.

Youtz: Good morning. Glad to be here.

Li: So, would you tell us something about your childhood, and where you were born, who are your parents, some background information, their background, and what's your childhood inspiration or aspirations, and your relationship with your parents, if you would like to share?

Youtz: Yes, of course. I was born in Santa Ana, California, that's in Orange County, in 1926. I was an only child. My father was Howard Theodore Livingston, a mechanical engineer; my mother was Bess [McChord] Livingston, who had been a high school teacher before her marriage. And she was a homemaker after that. I had a good relationship with my parents; as I said, I was an only child. My main memory is my childhood during the 1930's, is what's generally known as the Depression years, and I think it had a capital "D" in my family. My father, although he was an engineer, a Berkeley graduate, and had some years of experience working as an engineer, lost his job in the 1929 stock market crash, when the company he was working for suddenly cancelled the project he'd been working on, and he found it difficult, if not impossible, to find engineering work for almost ten years after that. The country, the economy was such that people were just not building, and therefore they didn't need engineers to design anything for them. I have enormous respect for my father; he was not only a very good, kind, man, a wonderful father to me, but he worked very hard to support us, and he did anything. He went out hunting for jobs, he did anything he could absolutely do to make enough money to pay the rent and buy some groceries. And sometimes he could get jobs working as a draftsman, sometimes he read meters. There were some times when he did pick-and-shovel work, building the transmission lines, bringing power in from the Hoover Dam. Most of these jobs lasted very briefly, sometimes a few weeks, at most a

few months, and then he would have to go hunt for another job. So that's pretty much the memory of my childhood. Nonetheless, we always had a roof over our heads, and we always had (laughs) enough to eat. We lived in Los Angeles, that was where my father tried to find work most of the time, but we frequently visited my grandparents, who lived about forty miles away in Santa Ana, and they had a wonderful backyard garden, grew almost every type of vegetable one could imagine, and had fruit trees: oranges, peaches, plums, lemons, and a chicken house. So that's where most of our food came from. So it...was a good childhood, it was a happy childhood. We lived in a neighborhood where there were lots of other children, and their families weren't any better off than mine was, so we didn't know anything different. And we roller-skated, and rode bicycles around the block, and climbed trees, and did all that sort of thing.

I started school when I was five, in kindergarten, and then when I was six I was in the first grade in Los Angeles...I don't remember anything particularly outstanding about elementary school. There was one year when we moved back to Santa Ana for a while; my grandfather was very elderly, and suffering from terminal cancer, and they couldn't, my grandmother couldn't afford to have him in the hospital. She had a lot of practical experience in nursing, just, as they say now, learned on the job, so we moved into their house, and my parents and I and my grandmother took care of my grandfather. There was a very kindly, small-town doctor, who came by quite frequently to check on my grandmother, and...they were old friends, had known each other for a long, long time, and they joked and laughed with each other. So it was always good to see Dr. Wirley. So we lived there in their house. I did go to school in Santa Ana that year, and really liked it. And my uncle, who lived in San Francisco, was a wealthy member of the family, he was a high school teacher. He never quite lost his job during the Depression. He took various salary cuts, but he always had a steady income, so he was the one who sent checks to pay the bills. And that's how we got by. And, later in the 1930's the economy began to pick up somewhat, and my father...there was industry in southern California, Lockheed was built, and there was a demand for more electrical power. My father really had worked in marine engineering, design of marine ships, and he loved that. I think he would happily have done that all his life, but they weren't building those passenger ships, or even freighters, at that time. So he switched over to, as a specialty, at building power plants. And he worked for the city of Los Angeles. So it wasn't a big income, but it was a steady one, and there was a lot more security for my parents, and they were able to build a five-room stucco bungalow,

which was very nice, and I went to junior high, and then high school.

I was in high school, I was fifteen, a junior in high school, at the time Pearl Harbor was bombed. I remember it vividly. That was on a Sunday, and the next day we went to school, and we were summoned out to the football field, and listened to a loudspeaker as President Roosevelt announced the state of war with both Germany and Japan. And...things changed very drastically. The West Coast of the United States was considered vulnerable, so we had a number of blackouts, and almost immediately gasoline was rationed, which curbed everybody's lifestyle a great deal. We tried to use our car as little as possible, and only used it every few weeks to go to my grandparents' house in Santa Ana to get our vegetables and chickens (laughs). And there was food rationing, which went in almost immediately. Still, we certainly could not feel sorry for ourselves. We'd been aware for some years of what was going on in Europe, and I remember...The first two little girls I remember playing with in that area of Los Angeles were from Germany, who'd recently moved there with their parents, in the early 1930's, and they were Jewish. And I began hearing this talk about how there was...I learned what the word persecution was. As a child I was just absolutely outraged, it was just unfair that people should be discriminated against in any way for what they were born into, either a religion or an ethnicity, you know. How could people choose what they were, how they were born, and then somebody liked them or didn't like them because of that, so... I think that's sort of what I grew up with. When I was a little bit older, after my parents built that house, and then we moved into another neighborhood that happened to be predominately Jewish, most of our neighbors up and down the street were Jewish, so I heard a lot of talk about how they were worried about their families in Europe, and several of them sent for relatives, who came and lived with them. There were some children in my school who had come from Germany or Austria. So all of this was very much in my background, even before Pearl Harbor, and America entering the war, and as I said, everything changed very rapidly. My father was working in engineering at this time, designing power plants which were badly needed in southern California. And it was ironic after those years of when he didn't have a job and nobody wanted engineers. Now all the younger engineers were being drafted, and men his age and older were working until ten o'clock at night every night on building these projects. So my father was very busy and often exhausted, as I remember, during those war years.

I graduated from high school in 1943...I probably should back up just a little bit here. After Pearl Harbor, which was in December '41, and shortly before the start of the year, we heard this announcement that the Japanese on the West Coast were to be relocated inland, and there were a great many Japanese attending my high school. There'd always been Japanese in my schools, all the way from elementary school on, and our student body president in high school at the time was Japanese-American, and all of us kids at school were absolutely furious when we heard about this. We said this can't be; almost all of our classmates had been born in California, just as we had ... they were certainly American citizens, and we just couldn't see how, you know...What if somebody should come in and order us to get up and leave our houses and be moved somewhere else? And so we were pretty furious about that. I think this began sort of one of the beginnings of the generational divide, in fact, because a lot of our parents, including my mother, liked to believe in authority, and my mother kept telling me, "Well, Bernice, you know, the president and the government, they must know something that we don't know, and they're trying to keep us safe, and if they say this must be done, why it has to be done." But we kids at school didn't see it that way at all, it was just totally, absolutely unfair, and...I think we all have those days that we remember in our lives, like what happened on the day we learned about Pearl Harbor, or what happened the day Kennedy was shot, and I remember the day all the Japanese signed out of school and left. And it was very quiet, which is unusual in a large high school, you know, there was none of this...bantering, the noise and shouting at each other in the halls, and banging of the locker doors. It was very, very quiet; nobody seemed to have anything to say. And we went into our various classes and sat there, sort of pretending we were studying.

I remember each of the Japanese students had a report card, and would carry it up to the desk, and the teacher would give a grade as of that day, and sign it, and...We kids weren't old enough, I think, to know what to say, you know. How can you say to somebody, goodbye, have a good time at the camp? And we just, really didn't say anything, and I remember sitting in physics class, I had a desk right in front of the teacher's desk, and one of the Japanese boys came by, and I heard him in a low voice ask the teacher where he could buy a textbook to take with him to the camp. And the teacher just handed him his copy. So that was one of the memorable...memories I have of high school.

The following year I was a senior, 1943 I graduated, and... Graduation that year was also interesting. Many of the boys in my class were already in military service, they'd either volunteered or were old enough to go. Some of them got leave to come home, and came back in uniform for the ceremony. Some of them were already overseas, and I think all the rest of them who weren't already in military service went downtown the next morning and signed in. So, as I said I graduated in '43, and I started a college a week after I graduated from high school. At that time many of the colleges had put in a three semester a year program, no summer school, just three equal semesters that went year-round. I attended Occidental College in Los Angeles, and it was one of those schools which did have military units on campus, so they were on this system. So my freshman year started on the 4th of July that year, and there were two military units on campus. Nearly all of the civilian men who were already there had almost all left, there were just a handful of civilian men on campus. And all the others, it was known as V-12, and there was a Navy unit and a Marine unit. And several of the dorms on campus, all the men's dorms and one or two of the women's dorms, had been turned over to the military units. But we went to college; it was really remarkably normal, we went to classes, and we just got used to it.

I've sometimes heard it said that girls are afraid to speak up if there're boys in classes. Well, I don't remember that I've ever felt this way in high school, and I know that in college I might find myself sitting next to a Marine in uniform who had just come in from the South Pacific, and it didn't occur to me not to answer a question if I knew it, or not to partake in the discussion, so... maybe women are more different in recent years, but I don't think my generation felt that way! And of course we did have a good time. We used to have informal night dances called mixers, and there was a grand military ball that we all dressed up for once a year, and we just got used to it. Going to classes all the time. Of course we were following the news, which was terrible, it had been terrible in Europe. We had watched, you know, the bombing of Britain had already taken place and nearly all of Europe: France, the Netherlands, Norway, Denmark, were all under Nazi occupation. So the news was absolutely terrible, but we just kept going, we used to read the casualty lists in the paper and hope that we wouldn't recognize anybody. I also remember in... well, let's see, it must have been... it was spring of 1945, somebody had better check me on dates here, that I was studying in the library, and somebody came in with the announcement that President Roosevelt had died. And we all went outside and watched the flag being lowered to half-mast.

And shortly after that, and again I hope my dates are all right, the United Nations held a charter conference in San Francisco to write the...The U.S. of course had already invaded France, and there'd been a good deal of progress, if we can call it that, in the war in Europe. In the spring of, I think it was 1945, this conference was held in San Francisco, where representatives from all of the countries who were allied against Italy, Germany, and Japan met to write a charter, which should be an international organization, something of a successor to the League of Nations. And I had been a reporter for the Occidental newspaper at the time, and worked on that, writing articles for it, and I was also an assistant to the editor. It was the first...she was a good friend of mine, and the first woman who'd held the post as editor of the college newspaper. We also had the first woman student body president at that time, but anyway, we got word that some press organization was inviting college reporters to come and be observers at the conference in San Francisco, and I was very fortunate to be selected one of those, so I did go and spend a week in San Francisco with another student, and we were reporters. We were certainly at the bottom of the journalistic totem pole (laughs), but we were able to attend quite a number of meetings, and we met people. I remember being introduced to Anthony Eden on the steps of the Fairmont Hotel, and uh, it was quite exciting, I think.

There were some tremendously good things and bad things. We got the news about that time that Allied Forces in Europe were liberating the concentration camps the Nazis set up, like Dachau and Birkenwald, and we were getting dreadful news. We'd all known that that was terrible, but somehow or other when we actually saw the photographs and heard the graphic descriptions of what had been going on, it was a powerful time...Well, I don't want to spend too much time on World War II, but I am, I've always been extremely grateful that I did have that opportunity to be there at that time. And then of course shortly after that, the German High Command surrendered, and there was V.E. Day, I believe that was in May. We were very, very excited about that, except that on the West Coast almost all the men we knew were still off in the Pacific somewhere, and that battle seemed to be raging badly. It was one island after another: Okinawa and Iwo Jima, and the Japanese seemed to show no signs of giving in. And everyone was sure that the invasion of Japan was coming next, and that that would be very difficult...

I had been going almost 'round the clock with this three-semester system that they had in colleges, but at the end of my junior year I did take a semester off, and worked as a salesperson in the May Company department store downtown. I was there, um...I remember meeting my father one time. He lived, he was working not far away, and we just happened to get on the same streetcar on our way home, and got off, went into our house and my mother was listening, had been listening to the evening news as she always did. And she told us that a new and terrible bomb had been dropped on Japan that was considered the worst that'd ever happened. And we couldn't quite imagine, you know, we were rather numb by this time. We had watched all the news of the bombing of, uh, Britain, London and Coventry, and after the invasion of Germany, of Dresden, we just couldn't imagine how there could be a bomb that was worse than the ones they already had, but we began hearing about it (sighs). I think it was within a week after that that there was news that it appeared that Japan might very well concede defeat and surrender. I was working at the May Company that day, and all day long there had been rumors that the war was about to end, and we kept getting notices over the loudspeaker that as soon as they got that official word the store would close and we could all go home. There weren't very many people shopping there, so we all had our sales books all ready, everything added up, all ready to leave. At four o'clock that afternoon, we got the notice, and there was a mad rush downstairs to get out of the store and onto a streetcar on Hill Street. And I noticed crowds pouring out from buildings all the way out, all the way home, and my father also got on that same car, and I met him. And it happened to be my 19th birthday, and I remember my father saying to me, "Well, this is probably the most exciting birthday you will ever have!" (laughs)

Li: Wow...

Youtz: And so of course there was great joy that the war was over, and that this time it did seem to be definite, there was no petering out, no lingering problems. And some of the men I'd known came home, and all of a sudden gas rationing was lifted and we could go off to the beach and go swimming and (laughs) enjoy ourselves. It, you know, it was a very interesting time. We were becoming aware that there was tremendous destruction in Europe and in Japan itself, but...we had this feeling, and it's, it's...seventy years later it's tough to think...we felt that you know, this can never happen again, there's gonna be peace forevermore, there will never be any more problems, which didn't happen, but...We did our best, I think, at the time, and I had one more year of college,

I was a senior, graduated in June of '46.

I recently went back to Occidental for my seventieth college reunion. I can't quite imagine anyone going to a seventieth reunion, but I did. And I was it: when the photographer called for a class photo of the class of '46, I was it! I think there must be some other of the class still around, but they didn't come. So, anyway, I did graduate. The following year...I need to move right along here. But...I do think it's...maybe the point I need to make is that World War II certainly did have a profound effect on my generation, and continues to this day. The following September I went to Berkeley, University of California at Berkeley, and spent a year getting a teacher's credential. You know, all the usual ed courses and student teaching and so forth.

I lived there at a place called International House, which was really a very, very wonderful experience. It's a large building, I think it can house six or seven hundred students, both men and women, on the edge of the campus, and there were, uh...they tried to make it, I think, a little bit less than half Americans and the rest...well, maybe it was one third Americans and two thirds international students. And they came from all over the world. Well, I had lived up until this time a really particularly sheltered, safe life, I think, in spite of what we knew of the war. But, all of a sudden there were these people who came in, and I was meeting people who had been in the Norwegian Underground, or the Dutch Underground, or had been evacuated somewhere. There were people from countries I had never even heard of who were coming there, and so our dinnertime and breakfast time table conversations were absolutely fascinating. We had, there were Dutch students from Indonesia who'd grown up in Indonesia, and some of them had been in Japanese internment camps during the war, but there were also native Indonesians, and it was the beginning of the fact that they didn't agree with each other, and the Indonesians wanted their independence, and there was going to be another issue coming there. There were lots of Indian students and I lived in International House at the time that the partition of India, when the British gave up their position there, and India became independent and Gandhi was assassinated. And some of the Pakistani people, some of the Muslims moved to Pakistan and others moved to a place called East Pakistan, which is now Bangladesh. Then of course there were the Palestinian Arabs and the Palestinian Jews, and we were beginning to learn something, things that I'd never learned anything about. Here I had grown up in this Jewish neighborhood of Los Angeles and all I cared

about was rights for Jews.

My very closest friends at International House was a young woman from Prague, a Jewish woman who'd survived three Nazi camps, had her number tattooed on her arm. And she knocked on my door one evening, about two or three in the morning, and said, "Excuse me, I cannot sleep, may I come in and talk to you for a while?" She had a very sweet, lilting voice, so she told me to get back in bed, and she sat down, and she began talking, and she talked for about half an hour, and told me about her parents, who had died by this time. She was the only one of her family to survive. But she didn't talk about that, she told me about Prague and how beautiful it was, and how she missed it. And she described it to the point that I felt if I ever got there I would be able to find my way around from her description, and then finally she said, "Thank you, I think I can sleep now. Good night". We had an arrangement after that. Whenever she couldn't sleep, she was welcome to come to my room and talk to me. That happened maybe half a dozen times. As I said, she never talked about the camps, she didn't talk about the fear, about the bad things, and I think that was probably why she survived. She had only anchored her mind on what she remembered that was good and what she hoped for in the future. She was a remarkable woman. We kept in touch for many years. She died a few years ago of cancer, and I still miss her, but I'm very glad to have known her.

I certainly became aware that the world was a more complicated place than I'd realized, and thank goodness the Allies had defeated the forces of Fascism, as we called it in those days. But there were problems yet in the world. We heard of the announcement of something called the Marshall plan that was going to get set up in Europe, and that sounded hopeful. I returned to Berkeley for a second year, and earned a master's degree in French literature at that time, which seemed a little bit frivolous, although I didn't think it was. I think, people have asked me why I decided to major in French, and I think from early childhood and perhaps listening into this community in Los Angeles where I knew these German girls and I also played with some French children, I was fascinated by other people's languages and I wanted to know them. And I wanted to travel, and of course there was no way....My family couldn't afford trips to Europe in the 1930's, and then the war came and there was no way of travelling. So I think I had a very great urge to see more of the world, and I sometimes think perhaps I should have gotten degrees in history or political science. And now,

there're these possibilities where you can take crash courses in other languages, and even learn from tapes and discs and...but my choice, well, I thought if I take all these French classes in college I'll learn to speak French well enough, and maybe that will get me to some other parts of the world. I still have enormous admiration for people who speak several languages, and I found people at I. House who were fluent in English, but also spoke their native Chinese or Greek or Russian or whatever language they had grown up with. And I still have enormous admiration for these people.

After I finished my master's degree at Berkeley, I went hunting for a job, I knew I absolutely had to get a job. That was the whole reason for sending a girl to college in those days, was that you could get something that would support you afterwards, and I knew that both my parents had worked very hard, and they didn't...I can't say they put pressure on me, but the expectations were there, that I was going to be a teacher. My mother had been a teacher, both of my grandmothers had been teachers, it was just the thing to do. So I took a job in a town called Crockett, at a high school there, on northern San Francisco Bay, in the fall of, it must have been '48. Crockett was a tough factory town; the C&H sugar factory had a refinery there, and ships came in from Hawaii bringing the sugar cane. And as I said, it was a tough factory town. The company pretty much ran the town. And all the kids looked upon making life miserable for new teachers; it was the favorite school sport. And I had students in class who were almost as old as I was, and certainly a lot larger, and it was tough. I was assigned, I had a terrible teaching schedule. In those days the existing teachers, or at least in that school, dumped all the courses they didn't want on the new teachers, and also assigned us all the extracurricular activities, like riding buses to football games and chaperoning Friday evening dances and so forth. So it was a mighty tough year, but somehow or other I survived. And I decided that I wouldn't go back.

I'd learned about some opportunities, Europe was opening up, and I really wanted to go. So I applied for a French government teaching position, and was assigned one in France. So in the summer of, late summer of 1949, I rode the train to New York, first time I'd ever been east of California, and boarded the Queen Mary with a lot of other young people who were headed to Europe for one reason or another. We were steerage class down in the lower part of the ship, but it was fine. We had a good time together, and I arrived in France. My school was in a town called Rube, which is a suburb of Lille, in the north, on the Belgian border. It was literally across the

street from Belgium, and I taught English that year in the Lise des Jeune Fille, the high school for girls. It was a public French high school. It was also a boarding school, so I had a room and took my meals at the school. And the students were the *absolute* contrast to those, the Americans I'd known at Crocket. I walked into my first class in the morning, and all these girls in uniform snapped to their feet and stood there in absolute silence. And for a moment I couldn't figure out how to tell them to sit down in either English or French (both laugh).

They were exceedingly polite, well-behaved, never spoke without being called on, turned in immaculate, neat papers on time. My only problem was to try to get them warmed up a little bit! And motivated, I think is the word now. But once again...and there was no ESL teaching in those days; it was assumed if you spoke English you could teach it to people who didn't know it. And none of these girls knew any English. But somehow or other I figured it out, and we survived, as I had in Crockett the year before, and it turned out to be a pretty good year, and we made good friends and...I met a lot of friends in town.

Northern France is not tourist country; you'll hardly ever meet an American who's ever been there. It's very flat, it's not beautiful, it's been fought over through the centuries— there are no cathedrals, castles, or anything that would attract tourists. There are coal mines and factories. So in some ways it's, it's rather a grim place. On the other hand, I was the only American in town, and the local curiosity, and people really did seem to want to meet me, so I got lots of invitations to lunch and dinner, and I'd meet somebody there who would invite me, so I had a very busy social life that year with a lot of families who were very good to me. And nobody spoke English, so I had to speak French, which was good for me. I'd found that writing papers on Voltaire for my master's degree hadn't really taught me how to buy tickets on the tram (laughs). So anyway, that was a good year.

In the spring of the year, we had a rather lengthy Easter holiday, and I signed up with a student group from the Sorbonne in Paris that was going to Italy for the holidays. And again, we were a ridiculously international bunch; there were people from Norway and Japan and me, and (laughs) a lot of French students, and it was really quite hilarious. We went off by train. And of course it was an extremely inexpensive student-based tour, so we stayed in hostels and back street hotels, but the food was good, and everybody was happy. Italy was sunny and warm, and Rome in particular was very exciting. It was the first holy year since quite a while before the war. And so Rome was full of

Catholic nuns and priests from all over the world who were coming there, and there were masses everywhere one turned around, and the Vatican was fascinating, and so was Saint Peter, so that was a very good trip.

School ended in June, and there was another young American teacher in a town nearby, and she and I decided to do some travelling before we came home. The American dollar went a whole lot farther in those days, and even though our salaries at the school had been miniscule, we'd lived there, and we could eat there, so our expenses were very minimal. So we decided to go to Germany and Austria, which were still under military occupation at the time. So that meant getting a lot of visas and permits and paperwork and so forth. But I remember Germany and Austria in the summer of 1950, and it all seemed very peaceful, and it was just hard to believe that this terrible war had been fought there not long before that. I came back through France, went to England...I was becoming a very good tourist by this time (laughs). I got up early in the morning and walked or rode buses or one thing or another all day long, determined to see everything, so...I saw London, which had cleaned up after the bombing during the war but still hadn't started rebuilding, so there were areas that were cleared and empty. There were some buildings that still showed signs of bad destruction, but I was just absolutely overwhelmed by the spirit of all the Londoners I met, who were such positive, upbeat people, and again, very welcoming to me. I travelled up the north of England, saw a little of Scotland; my ancestors had come from Scotland, so I was glad to see that. Took a ferry boat over to Ireland, to Belfast. Again, I had Irish ancestors. And came back and made my way to Liverpool, boarded a ship, a Canadian Pacific liner that brought me back across the North Atlantic to Quebec. One of my granddaughters is now studying in Liverpool, so sometimes I think about my time there.

Well, I had met a man named Byron Youtz at I. House, just before I went to France the previous year. We'd been sort of part of the same student gathering for better part of a year, but hadn't known each other particularly well. He had a girlfriend, I had a boyfriend. But both of those relationships had ended, and he and I got really acquainted with each other about three weeks before I left for Europe. So he and I had what I've always called courtship by airmail. Nowadays I see my granddaughters pick up the phone and call home, and there was, it was difficult enough to phone Paris in those days, much less the United States, so there were no phone calls, there was no

email. But we did write long letters to each other, and waited for them to be delivered by mail, and...I kept all of the letters he sent me, and he kept all the ones that I sent him, and I still have those. So we were very well acquainted by the time I came back.

I returned to Berkeley, put my name on the list for substitute teaching, found a small apartment, began taking substitute teaching appointments. Before long I actually got a permanent job in a good high school nearby, which was not at all like my experience in Crockett. It was really quite ideal: good principal, congenial colleagues, and I was very happy.

Byron and I were married six months after I returned. We were married on Saint Patrick's Day, spring vacation for both of us. And it was the beginning of a forty-year marriage that was supremely happy. I'm extremely grateful for it. He had graduated from Cal Tech as a major in physics. He'd been in the Navy during the war, although he hadn't gone overseas. He'd been stationed on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. He used to say that he fought the battle of Treasure Island, and he'd been an instructor in radio technology and radar, so he'd been kept there as a teacher and was still there when the war ended, so he had never gone overseas, for which we were both very grateful. So he came, he had come back, had graduated from Cal Tech on the GI bill, and had gone to Berkeley, where I had met him, and he finished his doctorate in physics in 1953, I continued teaching until then.

We were looking for jobs. He was looking for something, and physicists were very much in demand at that time, so he had various offers and was being flown around the country for interviews. But he would come home, and I could tell that nothing had quite caught his attention, wasn't exactly what he wanted. And quite a few of his colleagues had taken positions either at Los Alamos or at the Livermore laboratories, and he felt that he didn't really want to, although he had this degree in nuclear physics, he really didn't want to go into particularly weapons development and research that might lead to that, and I agreed. So he was looking for, also considering teaching positions, and one of those rather happenstance things turned up. He came one day from a physics department meeting and asked me how I would like to go live in Beirut, Lebanon for three years. And the physics department at Berkeley had received a request for somebody to teach physics at the American University of Beirut. And it sounded intriguing, I'd had such a wonderful time travelling in Europe, and I think he really wanted to sort of catch up with me. So we talked about

it, made some inquiries. He put in an application, he was accepted and hired by cable, and so in the late summer of '53 we again boarded a train across the US, and boarded a Queen Mary again (laughs), and made our way down to Rome, where we flew to Beirut and began three years and... it was fortunately a very, very happy time.

It was sort of a golden year in Middle East relations, we'd hear bits of attention here and there. There were troubles over in Tehran, but that was 1500 miles away. That's when the CIA had delivered a coup and upset a man named Mosaddegh. We used to read about it in the paper, but it didn't affect us in Beirut, and Beirut seemed to be very stable, and quite prosperous. There'd been no war damage, there were lots of Palestinian refugees, some of our colleagues were Palestinians, and some of my students were, his students and mine, because I was offered a job when we first arrived there, in fact two jobs, two different schools. I actually found that I was being argued over, and my salary went up for several days while I was making up my mind which job I'd take. And I took one at a place called International School, College, which was essentially a French [lise], and offered the French baccalaureate, which I was familiar with from France. And it was also on the campus of the American University, and probably a majority of their graduates, although they'd earned the French baccalaureate, also qualified in English, and became students at the American university.

A number of my husband's students were Palestinians, and some of my students were. They were refugees, who'd fled from what had become Israel, and I realized that all this sympathy that I'd had for Jews, that I'd grown up with, and how strongly I felt their tragedy and still do to this day, that possibly Israel, the state of Israel, maybe hadn't really been the right thing for the Middle East. It had certainly been a disaster for the Palestinians who lived there. So we learned a lot about Arab politics and Palestinians while we were there, some of our colleagues on the AUB faculty, in fact, were refugees from Palestine.

One thing we noticed at that time, my husband and I, was that Arabs, not only in Lebanon, but also in several other places (fortunately times were peaceful, and we could travel quite a bit)... Damascus was only two hours away, and it was a great place to go for a weekend getaway. We also visited Egypt on a somewhat longer trip, and saw all of the usual tourist sites. We went to Jerusalem when it was still a divided city. Where we were on the Jordanian side, was under

Jordanian control, but right across the barbed wire was the Jewish city of Israel, which we could not enter with Lebanese residence permits, and visas and our passports. But we did see the Jordanian side, we were able to visit the West Bank and Bethlehem, Ramallah, and so forth. So there was a lot of talk of that, and as I say we found out that Arabs were absolutely crazy about Americans, it was...Right in the middle of a dinner party, somebody might quote from our Constitution or Declaration of Independence. And the boys in my high school classes knew a lot more American history than the kids I'd left behind in California. And what's more it really mattered to them, and gradually we came to realize that America had never been a colonial power the way Britain and all the European forces had been, and on the contrary we'd actually been a colony ourselves at one time, which I don't think very many Americans remember that well. And we'd thrown off the master and gone on to prosper as nobody else in history, and they all wanted to be like us! And so I've always felt that it was, it's been an enormous tragedy that somehow or other successive American government, and probably most the American population, never realized what we had in the way of friendship in that part of the world, neglected it and even abused it for far too long. We'd all be a lot better off if we had paid a bit more attention to it.

But anyway, our three years there were extremely happy. My husband enjoyed his classes, and I did too. I taught for one year, and then our first child was born after we'd been there one year. It was a daughter, whom we named Margaret, and later came to call her Margo. Life was very good. We had a comfortable apartment, we were a block from the beach; we had a view of the Mediterranean. The American University campus is very beautiful, it's one of the most beautiful campuses I've ever seen, built on a series of terraces descending down to the sea. They had their own swimming beach, and...it's a hot country, begins to get warm. So along about the end of April swimming season starts and lasts into November. And my husband taught summer school, but everybody got up very early in the morning. I think his classes started at seven at summer school, and then he would come home, and we would have lunch and take a nap, and then go to the beach, along with everyone else. The Mediterranean water is very warm, there's no cold shock going into it. And one of our colleagues had come back from a summer in France previous year, and he was telling us all about a man named Cousteau who had gotten very interested in undersea observation, and he brought with him several snorkeling masks which we all tried, and went out and ordered them from France as fast as we could so that we could go snorkeling and see baby

octopi and tropical covered fish and so forth. As I said, life was very good.

The Lebanese were enormously hospitable; we got tremendous numbers of invitations to homes, we met lots of people. Lebanese food is excellent, it's some of the best in the world. There's a lot of French culture in Lebanon, so the food is sort of a mixture of French and Arabic, and it doesn't get much better than that. And French and Arabic are the two official government languages. We tried our best to learn Arabic, not very successfully. I went...immediately signed up for Arabic 1 at the university. Again with my liking for languages, I thought, well I'll do this, and I sat in a state of somewhat amazement for two weeks, couldn't figure out what was going on, until I realized they were teaching classical Arabic to read the Koran, and I wasn't there long enough to need that. So we found a faculty wife, a Palestinian woman, who was fluent in English, and had developed her own little course in conversational Arabic, which...so I think there were three of us couples who would go to her house twice a week, and she taught us how to talk to the cleaning women and bargain for tomatoes and hail taxis and all of those things. So we'd gotten to the point where we were not helpless with Arabic, but it must have sounded pretty awful to anybody who really knew it! And I think the problem was in Beirut so many people spoke excellent English or French that we did not have to bring out our awful Arabic. We used it more when we went to Damascus, and we went up to Aleppo, and that's where we'd drag out every last word of Arabic that we could think of because we really needed it. There wasn't much French, and virtually no English in Aleppo in those days.

My heart breaks when I think of Aleppo today, and I just can't imagine what it would be to...they had a marvelous souk, sort of the end of the old, the Western end of the old Silk Road, and we would, could wander for days at a time through there. There was absolutely everything available, and again we tried out our very bad Arabic, bought a few things. My husband bought a, we called it an abba, one of those long robes that the men wear, and I bought a few things, and some jewelry, and...One time, after our baby daughter was born, some of our friends persuaded us that we could leave her with them for a few days, and we went on a trip up to Aleppo, and I remember we found some lunch one day at a little café in the souk, and there was a young mother with her baby, and she and I got into a conversation, and I showed her pictures of my baby, and...It was all sort of in Arabic, *sort of* in Arabic...(laughs). But I remember that, and I wonder where those people are now. Another American couple came up one time when we were in Aleppo, and the two couples

bargained with the taxi driver to drive us somewhere else to the west, out to the Turkish border, where there was an ancient community from the 4th and 5th century, where an early Christian hermit named Saint Simeon, Saint Simeon Stylites, and I do not remember whether he sat on a forty foot tower for sixty years or a sixty foot tower for thirty years, but one or the other. And this was considered very holy, and people came from all over the Middle East, big churches were built, sort of cathedral sized churches, were built around there. Nothing that big would be built in Europe for another thousand years. And a whole community of places for people to stay, sort of the equivalent of the motels of the time, I suppose. And that'd all vanished, there was none of that, but there were some of these, what we called Bahai villages nearby, that was where the Syrian people lived.

They were farmers, and they all came out to talk with us, and they found us very funny looking Westerners, but they were very friendly. And again we pulled out all the Arabic we could think of. And there were the remains of a Roman road that went across the modern highway, and we talked with those people and patted pet goats, and met babies. And again, you know, that's where so much of this fighting is going on, and so it's heartbreaking, I don't know what to think about it, but I'm glad we had the opportunity to be there.

We really saw a lot of Lebanon during the time that we were there. The campus coop set up Sunday morning trips. They had an old school bus, which was not at all comfortable, but it ran, and we had to be up at the campus at 7 AM, sometimes 6, on a Sunday morning, and then the whole busload of us would go riding off to someplace in Lebanon. And we had an English speaking guide, and in fact there was a man named Zane Zane who was a professor of history, and his family had been influential in...They had been from Persia originally, and they had been influential in the establishment of the Bahai'i faith, and by this time he was a professor of Middle Eastern history at the American University, and an absolute wellspring of everything that is to be known about history in that region. He must have seen all of this countless times, but he would faithfully go along and tell us all about the Roman Ruins at Baalbec or Alexander the Great's Palace at Tiber and Ciden and...Up in the mountains above Lebanon is very beautiful country, it's very mountainous. There are a lot of little villages that are up in the mountains, and in fact it's very, it gets very hot in Beirut in the summertime, so anybody who can afford it has a summer cottage somewhere up in the mountains. We never did, we survived the summers in Beirut, but we would

sometimes get invited up to these lovely little shady mountain towns. And, uh, the cedars of Lebanon, some of them were still there. The Turks under the Ottoman Empire unfortunately did too thorough a job of cutting, deforesting much of Lebanon, and hauling the lumber off to Turkey, but the Lebanese government, after it became independent, even under the French mandate after the first world war, began doing a lot of reforestation, so many of the cedar forests were coming back.

And agriculturally, it's a very rich land, it's, it's not a desert. There are orchards, they grow oranges and grapefruit and lemons and avocados, and apples. Lots of wheat, so there's...we ate very well, all the time we were there. Round the clock we could get fresh fruits and vegetables, and I liked to go shopping at, there were little shops out in our neighborhood, but about once a week I would go downtown to the grand souk and take my basket along and walk through that, and there would be great mountains of purple eggplant and lots of tomatoes and all these things, so as I said, we ate very well, and thoroughly enjoyed it. It was a good life.

My second child, my son Greg, who many of you know, was born in July of 1956, just before we came home. In fact, we were packing to leave, and all the time we were anticipating his birth, and I've always felt very involved with the Suez Canal because we had planned to ship all of our household goods, by this time my husband had been hired by cable and accepted a position at Reed College in Portland, Oregon, so we were going to the West Coast of the US, and we thought it would be best to put our household goods on a ship that was going through Suez and the Red Sea, and the Indian sea, and across the Pacific to Portland, Oregon. And one night the man, the man at the university who helped Americans with all of these complicated arrangements, phoned and said that President Nasser of Egypt had just closed the Suez Canal, and he strongly recommended that we put our goods on a ship that was going in the other direction, that was going west across the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and through Panama. The only catch was, that this ship was leaving the following night. So, we thought we had a few weeks to go, but... So I spent my thirtieth birthday frantically both taking care of a baby who was a few weeks old and a two year old, and with my husband and several of our neighbors who came in to help, packing everything we possibly could except what we were going to carry on the plane. And packing to leave and somehow or other miraculously we did get everything, and porters came and hauled our

stuff away, and it got on that ship, and we met up with it some months later in Portland, Oregon. So we left in late August, and flew first to Rome, stopped and spent a few days to catch our breath, and moved on to Copenhagen. The jet flights, jet polar flights, had just been inaugurated, so we were flying an SAS plane, flight, from Copenhagen to Los Angeles, which made two refueling stops, one in Strohmsfjord, Greenland, and one in Winnipeg, Canada. So with our two babies we boarded that flight and arrived in Los Angeles (laughs). And there were my parents and my husband's parents, and numerous other people ready to greet us, and in due course of time we made our way to Portland, and Reed College. Am I dragging all this out too much?

Li: No, no, it's good.

Youtz: OK. And so we moved into Portland, a city where we had never been, where we knew nobody, and I don't want to dwell on this too much, but I would say reentry to the US was difficult. It was cold, it rained, and I had these two babies. We got there barely in time for my husband's classes to start, so he went off to the campus and I was alone every day in a not very adequate house. We hadn't had much time to shop for a rental, and this one left a lot to be desired. And we really felt quite lonely. The people next door were friendly, but they wanted to know where we'd come from, and when I said "Lebanon" they said, oh yes, but they didn't know there was a university there. And I realized they thought Lebanon, Oregon, which was down in the Willamette Valley, and when I explained Beirut, in Lebanon, they were quite mystified. They certainly didn't know such a place had ever existed. But they were friendly, but nobody from the college was friendly, and nobody invited us to dinner. Here we'd been overwhelmed when we went to Beirut, with everybody trying to help us move in and find our way around, and invitations to lunch and dinner and anything we needed. And nobody paid the slightest attention to us from Reed.

It took several months to find out that Reed College, progressive and liberal as it was supposed to be, had become extremely pro-Israel, which was the thing to do at that time, in the early 1950's, from '48 to '50 on. They were very suspicious – the rumor got out that we were Arabs, and the chairman of the physics department was able to explain, no, we were Americans, we'd just been there for three years. Well, that was almost as bad: why would any Americans go to an Arab country!?! And there must be something wrong with us. So they felt that Arabs were the enemy, not much better than the Nazis, and they just didn't want to have anything to do with us. And so it was

a very lonely first winter. My husband was having a...loved his, he had excellent students, Reed has always had top-notch students, and they were friendly. Some of *them* invited us to dinner in fact, if they lived off campus and had a house. But it was just very hard to crack the faculty, the faculty outside of the physics department, and I wanted to go straight back to Beirut, where I'd been very happy. (laughs) But, somehow or other we made it through the winter.

Portland springs are beautiful; the rhododendrons and the roses begin to bloom, and we began to crack the campus social life a little bit. I met other young mothers with children, and that's always a good start, and they sort of forgot about the fact that we had lived in an Arab country. Nobody ever asked us about it, and so things were alright, and we made it through the summer. The next year was better; we were sort of part of the faculty, part of the community, by that time, and had made quite a few friends. The children were getting older, and we decided that it was time to - oh, my husband was granted tenure, and became an associate professor, so we decided that we would buy a house, which was another experience, and we did find an old Craftsman style house up on the slopes of a park called Mount Tabor, and moved in and did some of the remodeling and slowly, gradually began fixing it up, and the children got older, and...Our third child was born, another boy, David, while we lived in that house. So life was good, and I had no complaints, and we both became very fond of Reed; I respected it, and it certainly had top academic credentials, and we did make a lot of friends there, and they seemed to have forgotten about our Arabic background, whatever it was. So we stayed there, actually, for twelve years. In fact, my husband was acting president of Reed College the last two years we were there (laughs), which I found rather ironically amusing.

I liked our house; by that time, my children were in school, I'd made a lot of friends, I'd made life for myself in Portland, I would have stayed on indefinitely, but Byron had, did have some worries. Happy as he was with Reed College and his students and his colleagues, he was getting worried, even at that time, back in the 60's, at the cost of tuition at private colleges and realizing how far out of reach a place like Reed was for so many highly qualified American students. He'd been on some national committees by this time; in fact, one of them was based at MIT, and we'd spent several summers taking the family back and finding a place to stay somewhere around the Boston area, and thoroughly enjoying getting acquainted with New England, and made friends there. Through his contacts, he learned that the state of New York, what's called the SUNY system, State

University of New York, was planning to start a new college on Long Island, at a place called Old Westbury, and a man named Harris Wofford, had been named president of the college, and he was scouting for administrators and faculty. And he asked my husband if he would come and be provost there. And Byron had had quite a bit of administrative experience by this time, although he really didn't like it, he preferred teaching. But this opportunity of starting a new college, which would be small and liberal arts, something like Reed or many of the other small private colleges around the country, but still part of the state supported, tax supported, tuition base, so that students could go there for the same, what they would pay at one of the state universities. And this appealed to Byron a great deal; he was very enthusiastic about it. And he took me back once and we looked at it. And so that was the second big decision that we had to make, and he resigned from Reed and accepted the position at Old Westbury.

We sold our house and bought one on Long Island in a little town called Locust Valley, and loaded up the old Ford Station Wagon (laughs), and drove to New York! And the kids were all in school by this time, the youngest in elementary school and the two older ones in high school. And two years, 68-70 were, a mixed blessing, I think is the phrase one often uses, had its ups and downs. I guess in a word, if any of you listening to this or reading it, remember the 60's and early 70's, it was a time of great turmoil on many college campuses. Students were impatient, a lot of it was fostered by the Vietnam War protests and the draft, some of it was a feeling that college teaching had become outmoded. Students wanted something newer and more practical and more relevant, and there was also some of the generation divide. Students were resenting their parent's values, and parents didn't understand their children. So those two years, I think it's now hard to realize, that on a brand new college that was just getting started, that hadn't really been organized, were to say the least, difficult. And it was on an old estate, which someone had willed to the state of New York. There was a Tudor manor house, which was the first building, and then some huts got set up and... Again, I'm not going to go into too much detail on this. It was trying to get a new college started. A lot of the students, many of them were black students, who'd gotten there on upward-bound fellowships, and many of them were from Harlem or Newark, and had heard that a college education was the way to get ahead in the world, and they were very eager to get a college education. And the other half of the student body were a lot of rich kids who had dropped out from Harvard or Yale and had roamed the world and were mad at their parents for one reason or another

and were mad at the government for the Vietnam War, and were thoroughly envying protesting, went to protest meetings more than they spent time on campus, and certainly not much time studying. So it was rather hectic, not to say frantic, and again, without dwelling on it too much, it all sort of looked as if it was coming to an end, and my husband really didn't want anything more to do with it. The president resigned, and Byron did not want to be acting president again (laughs), particularly in such a chaotic situation. And we decided we were really Westerners, and we better come home again.

But we didn't know where. So we were sort of wondering where to go, and I began wondering how we were going to feed three growing children, and what kind of a job we might find, and serendipitously, that was just at the time that Evergreen was started, I think '68 it was specially sanctioned by the legislature and Byron had been on several national committees, so he was known by some people, and Charlie McCann and Charlie Teske, a dean, were coming around the country looking for new faculty, and they offered Byron a position at the not-yet-built Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington. We decided that, as I said, we were Westerners, it was time to go home, and "let's go"! So once again we sold the house, packed up the same Ford Station wagon, with a boat on the top of it by this time, a Sunfish, and drove the kids across the country. Moving into Olympia, I sort of felt that a cloud had lifted from above my head and shoulders. I was taking a deep breath. The two older ones enrolled at Olympia High School, and came home happy. That in itself was enough. I just didn't much care what the academics were, but they were happy. (laughs) And there didn't seem to be a lot of drug dealing and one form of tension and another. Bob Sluss took us out on his boat one evening and we had a picnic on Squaxin Island and watched the full moon rise, and we decided, we have come to heaven. And...that...of course the college was still mainly a big hole in the ground, where the Evans Library would eventually emerge, but Byron went off to work, and his office was in, you've seen photos of this I'm sure, in one of those temporary trailers that they had parked there. And he met, there were 18 of the first faculty. They had come from various places, and I have always felt that one of the real secrets of why Evergreen thrived and so many other colleges shriveled and died, was that a number of that first faculty had been people, like Byron, who'd been at a college that didn't work, an experiment that really failed, so they were getting a second chance, they knew what really did not work, they

were not starting out starry-eyed, they knew what problems had to be addressed, and I think they were pretty practical about going about it, that first year, the planning faculty.

People often talk about the founding fathers, and it was a bit ironic because they were all men, and that undoubtedly had been one of the early faults, and we all became aware of the fact that why on earth aren't there a few women on this, and so Nancy Taylor, who'd been hired really as sort of an admissions director and was doing a lot of outreach for the college, was invited to join the faculty. So they realized that was a mistake, and as they were recruiting faculty, a lot more for the coming year, they were very careful to look for capable women, fortunately (laughs).

So that was the first year; I think it was a lot of fun for all us. That first faculty group and the families that came with them were small enough that we could all meet in each other's family rooms, or on the beach somewhere, and we, most of us had teenage children, who got acquainted with each other and formed their own little group, and my kids and the Unsoeld kids became overnight pals, and all four of them rode bicycles off to Olympia High School; we lived on Cooper Point, so it was 11 miles each way, but they were the bicycle brigade into Olympia High School. And uh, as I said, they were happy, and doing well in school, and all sorts of activities, making lots of friends, sort of building their own lives.

I met people, there was an organization that had already gotten started, even before most of us new faculty arrived, it was known as ECCO, Evergreen College Community Organization, and I will always be very grateful for these people. They were a group of women in Olympia who had decided, as soon as they knew that there would be a college there, that they wanted to have something to do with it, and they wanted to welcome us. And some of those names you may know, Maurie Hazeltine, an artist, Mingso Dat, whose husband was, I believe, one of the early trustees, um...Hannah Speilholtz, I loved Hannah dearly, she was absolutely marvelous. And she and her husband Dr. Jess Speilholtz, became early enthusiasts for the college. They entertained us and the faculty, they later entertained students. They were sort of everybody's grandparents among the student body. They were absolutely wonderful people. Not everyone in Olympia was that welcoming, some of you may have heard in the past there were...colleges weren't all that popular in the late 60's, early 70's. There'd been...a lot of people in Olympia thought, this is a nice peaceful town, we don't want all of these long-haired hippies running around here. So some of them were downright hostile, including the editor of the Olympia newspaper, who was never

happier than when he found a derogatory piece of news about Evergreen to print in the paper....And we had troubles with some of the legislators, who had not been in favor...and some of them told us, you know, oh, you've just got a year or two, you know, we're going to close that place down. They were either going to close it down or turn it into a police academy, was one of the rumors that went around.

So ECCO was a group of women who *were* enthusiastic, who saw the need for a college of this sort, and they were a tremendous help in introducing around town, and they formed this organization, and then as more faculty women and faculty wives arrived and the organization got larger and took to meeting about once a month, they organized venues for us to go out into the community and meet people. And we talked to church groups, and PTA groups, and groups at the library. And we tried to, sometimes we'd take one of the original faculty members with us, and tried to explain what the educational structure was at Evergreen, and why it was being done that way, and so forth. So I think that did a tremendous amount of good, and ECCO kept going.

The students all showed up the first year, '71, before the college was really ready for them. The buildings weren't completely built yet, so a lot of meetings were held in faculty homes, and some of them were held in parks. And some of the first programs took their students off camping for a week or two. I remember Byron was with a group, I think his group went down and camped at Spirit Lake at the foot of Mt. Saint Helens, at the Y Camp there, which is no longer there of course, and held their first week of classes there. And others went to various places, but slowly, gradually the buildings got finished, people moved in. I don't know, we just sort of...it became respectable, and I think the town gradually became more accepting.

So, let's see...my children grew up, graduated from high school. My daughter Margo decided that she did want to go to Evergreen. I'd always had a rather fixed idea that children should not attend the college where their father was on the faculty, but she was determined to do so. Someone said, she revolted didn't she? (laughs) Rebelled. And I will say it was very good...for her. I think she got a lot out of it. And she graduated in 1978, and...as did her husband, she met him at Evergreen. And Greg went to Evergreen for two years, I think thoroughly enjoyed it, and sort of, he'd decided by that time that he was going to be a musician, specifically a composer, and he essentially milked the resources of the college, the faculty, the resources, everything he could get, and knew he

needed something somewhat broader. So with the blessing of the faculty, particularly Bill Winden, he went up to the University of Washington and enrolled in their school of music, and graduated there. But he has sometimes told people that he got his education at Evergreen, and his technical skills at the U. Of course he took various other classes while he was at Evergreen; in fact, some very heavy political science, economics, courses and...felt that those gave him a good background, it wasn't just music, it was a broad background, and Margo felt the same thing, and...she later became a computer programmer for the federal government...she's worked at that for many years, still does, but she didn't do anything with computers at Evergreen, and took a variety of humanities programs. And I asked her one time what she remembered about Evergreen, and she said she thought the best course she took there was Andrew Haufman's course on the Russian Novel (laughs). So we just never know what's going to appeal to people! And that became, that was important to her, and I think it's sort of what we all need.

I think Evergreen was able to provide this to a lot of people. A lot of people have gotten technical skills, and they've gotten broad, humanistic depth courses as well. So I continued to follow it, I would sometimes audit a class myself...

Oh, one of the things those of us in ECCO did: when the college first opened, and the library opened, and there were huge books literally by the tons, trucks of books had been...and we volunteered, through ECCO went up there, and were given a crash course in book cataloguing, and we unpacked those boxes, and put books on library shelves (laughs), hundreds, maybe thousands, of them. So that was some of the things that we did.

I think one of the things Byron really enjoyed he had a very specific background himself, graduated from Caltech in physics, Ph.D in physics from Berkeley, and yet he had very broad interests in humanities, and he thoroughly enjoyed teaching, being in a program at Evergreen, where he would be teaching with, say a political scientist, an artist, and somebody from Irish literature. And he was always learning something, and he never liked to repeat the old yellow lecture notes, he always wanted to do something new and see how he could fit it in with...I think that's what he really enjoyed, was teaching with other people, that collaborative faculty group. We went to France for an academic year, and took our younger son, who was in high school, with us, and enrolled him in a French lise. Byron was very interested in alternative energy by that time, and the French, he felt, were doing quite a bit in that field. And solar panels, and using the

technology of tide-to-power power plants, and things of that sort. So we were able to rent a house in southwest France, and we took our younger son David with us, both our older children were in college in the US at the time, so we left them behind, and we went off to France, and we visited a number of places around France, which were doing alternative energy, including a huge solar panel facility in the Pyrenees, it was getting solar heat, and using it to develop energy, and...this gave us an excuse to see a good deal of, travel around France, and...We put David in a French lise; he'd had several years of German at Capital High School, and no French, so he went total immersion into a French lise, but seemed to manage pretty well, was in an English class, he was very interested in art by this time, so he took an art class, which was a hands-on experience, and fortunately got a very supportive teacher, who helped him with that.