

Dr. Henry Janssen
November 4, 2009
interviewed by Susan Resnik
for San Diego State University
192:50 minutes of recording total [the last 42:22 min. of Part 1 is blank]
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SUSAN RESNIK (SR): Today is Wednesday, November 4, 2009. This is Susan Resnik.

I'm here in the San Diego State University Library with Dr. Henry L. Janssen, retired professor of political science at San Diego State. We're going to conduct an oral history interview, and it's supported by the John and Jane Adams Grant for the Humanities.

Dr. Janssen, you taught for thirty-five years, and you received *numerous* awards, including the Distinguished Teaching Award in 1965, Outstanding Faculty Award from Associated Students in 1971, recognition by the Alumni Association in 1983 for outstanding teaching, and the Mortarboard Outstanding Service Award in 1993. You have been praised by administration, by faculty, and by students. You have been described as, quote, "A professor's professor, and a lifelong learner" unquote. I'm honored to be here interviewing you, Dr. Janssen. Good morning.

HENRY JANSSEN (HJ): Good morning. (chuckles) We will see how this goes—right?

SR: Right. Okay. Well, we are interested, of course, in the lens that you look through. And you defined, as I read some of your writing, that everybody looks just at a part of the elephant, or everybody sees through their lens, and we're interested in your perspectives about the years that you were at San Diego State University, which is thirty-five years starting in 1953. But we're also interested

in going back a bit, and just finding out about what shaped *you*, and I'd like to know where and when you were born, a little about your parents and family.

HJ: All right. I was born June 3, 1921, on a Kansas wheat farm, Lyons, Kansas, which is essentially the geographic center of the United States, very close. We had about, I think, somewhere between 500 acres and a section. I think we were 80 acres short of a section, which is 640 acres. When I was *very* young, we did most of the work with horses. And it wasn't until probably I was ten or twelve at least, before we actually had a tractor, and then moved rapidly away from horses. But it essentially was a transition, because I've often thought that where I started, in terms of agriculture and stuff like that, I would have been able to talk to 5th century Athenians, and we would have been able to understand each other, because so much of what *we* were doing was what *they* were doing, and the experiences were the same—just very low-level technology farming.

We had a neighbor about two miles east of us, who had six boys. Two of them were very close to the age of me and my brother. Actually, my brother was the youngest. And then west, about a mile and a half, was a family that had two boys, and I was essentially the same age as Norman, and my brother Jack was the same age as the younger boy in *that* family. The six of us, in some sense, grew up together. We would normally meet every Sunday. We all had horses, and I had the best (chuckles) by far, because it wasn't a work horse, and the others were all work horses. I had the privilege of having it as a colt, because it was born from one of our horses which really wasn't a work horse either. So I got to break it, and as far as I know, not until eventually it was sold when I was desperate for

money right at the end of my college career in '43, when I was getting ready to go in the army, I just needed money. And so Smoky, which was the name of a novel by Will James, and I having read it, named my horse Smoky. I don't think anyone ever rode that horse but me. I could come home from this one-room country school, and Smoky would be a half a mile down the pasture, a half a mile from our house, and get over the fence. And we had sort of this game, that no bridle, nothing, but I could get on, and then he would run by this line of trees, trying to see if he could brush me off. And so I learned to ride like an Indian by sliding over, just one leg, which was below his back, so he was never able to do it. But I think he would have been very upset if actually he had gotten me thrown off.

But anyway, we did an enormous amount of things together, the six of us. Every time after harvest, when the oldest one was old enough to drive, we would pool about twenty dollars each, which was a lot of money then, for us, and the six of us would take off west, except once we went to the Ozarks. We would go to Colorado, and one time we went all the way to Yellowstone, on essentially no money at all. As a matter of fact, on one of the trips we were coming back through Colorado, we didn't have any money even for gas to get on home, and Norman had a few bits of change, put 'em in a slot machine, and got enough to get us on home!

Ridiculous things. We used to go riding at night any time it was even close to a full moon. We'd ride the roads, we'd ride pastures, jumping over ditches. It was sort of ideal. Earlier—this, of course, was in the Depression—

there was a farmer who had a bunch of Shetland ponies and he could not feed them during the Depression, so he loaned them out to people. Jack and I each got a Shetland pony. That's where we really learned to ride. If you know anything about Shetlands, you really *do* learn to ride, because we didn't have saddles or anything, it was always bareback, and they could dump us any time they wanted. And so you just had to learn to do that.

When I was reading, which I started reading very early, the kinds of things that I did, I did Robin Hood and King Arthur's knights, *Swiss Family Robinson*.

SR: Adventure.

HJ: Robinson Crusoe, Tarzan, Zane Grey. Just that whole string of things. And then I would recreate this stuff, and then the six of us would be playing out the adventures. My brother and I took broomsticks and gunny sacks, filled the gunny sacks with straw, and taped them onto the broomsticks, and we'd go out into the plowed field and joust, seeing if we could knock each other off.

And it was one thing after another. We had a line of trees probably no more than fifty yards. It was on an intermittent stream, Owl Creek, that eventually went into Cow Creek, and Cow Creek eventually went into the Arkansas River. I was able to figure out a route where we could start at one end of the set of trees, and go all the way to the other end without ever hitting the ground; and yelling, nearly as we could, like Tarzan. So all these things. And we built tree houses. Took a tractor and strung cable between a couple of trees and learned to walk the cable.

SR: A sense of mastery develops when you're doing these things.

HJ: Well, yeah, we were playing games all the time, but very imaginative stuff. We made our own bows and arrows and all that stuff.

SR: Right. And that's the role of play in child development, is something that they now talk about, saying that it's not what it used to be, because as you say, it was imaginative.

HJ: And we made all our own stuff. Well, we had jacks, you know, and stuff like that, but most of the stuff we simply played out. We did Robin Hood, and then as a consequence of that, I remember one time we had these homemade arrows and so on, shot a rabbit and gathered up some little sticks and lit a fire and roasted that rabbit right out there. Just an enormous number of adventures that children now *don't* get to experience.

We had a barn that was sort of two things: It had lofts up, and then the main part down below. And the main part down below had hay in it normally. So we put up a couple of trapezes hanging from the roof, and then we learned.... Now, just because I'd read *Billy Whiskers*, which I don't think probably is a classic, and doesn't exist anymore, one of the main things about that book was Billy Whiskers was connected with a circus, and I remember that there was some little section in it where there's a long description of when you fall, how you fall. And that made a big impression on me, and I fell *a lot!* But you have to relax and roll and do all those things. If you stiffen up, you're gonna break something. We did a lot of things on the trapeze, and we would put on shows for people who would come out and watch. The barn had a door high up on one end of it where we used to take off from one trapeze and then let go and catch the other and so on.

But it was probably fifteen feet off the ground anyway. And so we'd have these people come out.

SR: Did you charge them admission for that?

HJ: (laughs) Oh no. But we always ended this little show that we did, I would be on one side, and my brother on the other side, close to this door up on the wall, and it would be open so he could have a standing place to let go. So he would time it so that this empty trapeze was out, and I would come in from the other side, let go, catch it, and then when I got to this door, I simply let go and went through the door. And nobody knew that there was a hay wagon full of hay on the other side. You could hear (gasps).

SR: That's dramatic!

HJ: Yes, I always had that bloody streak of....

SR: Drama.

HJ: Due drama, yes.

SR: That's great! Tell me about school and a particular teacher.

HJ: Yeah. Well, as you know the story—do you want me to talk about this story? All right, I'll do that. I had learned to read by the time I was four, because my sister taught me to read. She was two years ahead of me. And I was ready, I certainly thought, to go to school—one-room school. I think we never had more than fifteen students, and often maybe twelve. So it was eight grades, and each grade had recitation on a bench up in front, one teacher doing the whole thing. So you got a chance to hear what was coming up, the next grade. You know, we could hear the whole works. So we didn't have kindergarten or anything like that in

those rural areas. So I started when I was five, and then as I've said often enough, there are two stories, one of which I like better than the other. One was that since I cried all the time, I was sent home after about a week. And then the other story is that a neighbor had a daughter who was six years old and in the first grade, and didn't like the idea of a five-year-old being in the same grade. And so she objected, and the teacher went along with this. Then Miss Wanda, when I started when I was six, what she did is, after the first grade, she simply jumped me to the third grade anyway. So I only had seven years of school before I got into high school. The interesting thing to me has always been that I would have graduated from college in '42, instead of '43, and if I had done that, I would never have met my wife. And it's only because of the Depression, when we didn't have any money, we had barely enough money for me to get through the first year of college, and then I worked a year in the county treasurer's office because I could type 105 words a minute—one of my few talents. And so I worked a year, and that meant that we got back on track. She had gone two years to a women's college in Denison, Texas. I had been there as a sophomore, she got there as a junior, and we just simply didn't know each other. We had common acquaintances, friends, but we didn't really know each other at all until the last week of school. Do you want me to tell that story, or wait?

SR: Well, I think maybe, if we can, just segue back a little bit to.... Either way is fine. But I think that it's very interesting, listening to you talking about the Depression, and I remember reading in something you wrote, that everybody helped everybody. I know that's such a part of what you believe in, cooperation.

HJ: Yes.

SR: Describe for me what it was like, living then.

HJ: You know, now we have PTAs and stuff like that in cities. Some of the times it works, and most of the time it doesn't work. When you have a one-room schoolhouse and no TV, and radio was essentially something that you listened to with earphones, and you had to keep switching around so everybody could hear at least something, amusements were primarily getting together, neighbors getting together, playing cards, popping corn, kids playing around, and the adults playing cards, talking. And then every celebration, like Halloween, Easter, Thanksgiving, Christmas, you really had significant parties, and they were always at the school. So everybody got together there. So everyone knew each other.

In terms of technology, combines really didn't exist, and certainly not self-propelled ones or anything like that. What you had were threshing machines, and you couldn't do harvests then, unless a great number of the farmers worked together to do it, because it took too many. The crew, you had to bring in the shocked wheat from the field, throw it into the feeder there. The straw would come out on one end, somebody'd have to haul the wheat away. So it took a lot of people working together to simply get the harvest in.

And then the roads, for the most part, were simply dirt roads. Farmers would take turns going out and dragging railroad ties to take the ruts out of the road when it rained. They'd take turns doing that. And then everybody butchered their own beef and pork, and those were community things, because, again, there was no electricity, so you didn't have any freezers or anything like that to store

this. And what the women had to do, was can the meat, and would take turns so someone wasn't stuck with just canning the whole cow. So we would do that.

And these were really joyous situations. I know, not great for pigs and cows, but.... (laughter) They were just happy times.

SR: It sounds like it. And that's fascinating, because yet it's the Depression.

HJ: Yeah, it *is* the Depression, no one had any money.

SR: I've heard other people—my mother grew up in New York City on the lower east side, immigrant families, but she said, “We were happy. Nobody knew any different, because we were all together and helping each other.”

HJ: Yeah. That's the experience. My sister, who's two years older than I am, keeps saying, “But we never knew we were poor, because we didn't have any standard to judge somebody who might be rich.” We hardly ever got to town, we didn't know the people in town anyway. You know, we just knew our neighbors, we knew we were all in bad shape, and it would get worse if we didn't help each other.

SR: Now, you had your sister, who you explained taught you how to read.

HJ: Right.

SR: And your brother and your parents. It was a happy time until when ... your father....

HJ: Yeah, my father died in a farm accident. There's a mystery there, that I have no idea of ever solving, and I know my sister doesn't, and my brother doesn't. My father had been in the process of buying this quarter-section of land that *his* father owned. Most of the time we essentially were tenants, but tenants to his father.

And at one point, he started to buy the land, and then in the midst of the Depression.... Well, it's hard to know whether this is a meaningful thing to say, but wheat, a bushel, 60 pounds, 25¢ for a bushel of wheat. Now it's over \$3, I don't know, around \$4 I think almost. But that barely paid for the fuel that it took to harvest it. My father had been pulled out of the fifth grade to work on the farm. He was the oldest boy, and so fifth grade, you know how to read and write, and that's enough. So then he escaped for a little while, and did some lumbering, but I think no more than around six months, in Wisconsin I believe. When he came back, he married my mother. Then his father bought this land out in central Kansas, and my father started farming. But he always said he wanted to be an engineer, and he had an enormous talent for just building equipment when it didn't exist. He built a horse-drawn apparatus with a saw that went back and forth—you held one end of the saw.

And in this section of Kansas they had planted around the fields, hedgerows. Instead of barbed wire, they had hedges for a long time. And during the Depression people were cutting these down, because they thought if they could just get another acre or more of land, maybe they could make it. So they would go clear out to their ditches and the road to try to expand the land. So he'd do things like that.

We had a little forge, and when something would break in the machinery, why, we'd just make it. And I learned to do a lot of those things. (laughs) This shows the way my.... It's sort of Aristotle's notion of self-sufficiency. I didn't know anything about Aristotle, but we all enjoyed not needing....

SR: I understand that.

HJ: Not being so *completely* dependent, and yet at the same time recognizing the times in which there was a need for cooperation. So that our independence, in a way, didn't have anything to do with competition. It was just the freedom that you feel. So he was fantastic at that level.

SR: What was your dad's name, and your mom's name?

HJ: My dad's name was Henry. And for a long time, up until I think I was thirteen or fourteen, I thought I was Junior, and everybody else thought I was Junior. I had to have a birth certificate for some reason, and found out I *wasn't* a junior after all! And as a matter of fact, my dad's middle initial was "O," Ono, O-N-O. I have no idea where that came from—very odd. But I thought I was Henry Ono Janssen, Jr. And then I found out that the "O" wasn't even there, and that I had been named Lawrence, which *really* upset me. Well, I wouldn't have minded later, when I knew about this. I would have thought L-A-U would be acceptable. But it was L-A-W, and I just didn't.... Jesus, God, I can't handle *that* Lawrence. I still didn't know about D.H. (laughter) I don't think that would have made a difference.

But my dad got interested, as a couple of other farmers were good friends of his, in getting involved in the stock market—not in terms of buying stock, but in buying futures and stuff, that sort of thing that farmers do—and not very successfully. So it got to the point where *his* father, who was very strict and so on, realized that he really needed to take back the farm. And that happened probably, I think maybe about six months before my dad died.

SR: How old were you at the time?

HJ: Just fourteen.

SR: That's tough.

HJ: Well, it was. It was particularly bad for me. I think it's probably the way my mind works. Because so much of that period in which you lay in the hospital for about a week, burned very badly, nobody knew what to do about burns or anything else. And so there's an enormous amount of pain, [and then death]. The gas tank blew up in the truck as he was going to town with the blade of a mower, to get it sharpened, so that Jack and I could mow the grass and weeds off the school yard, and that would give us five dollars. And so you've got that baggage, you have to live with that.

SR: Well, kids do that, blame....

HJ: Yeah. I'm not sure we ever grew out of it, though. He had—and this is part of the mystery—he had taken out *some* insurance, not very much, but significant in that time. I don't know, certainly no more than \$10,000. So when he died, we had that insurance. And that sort of saved us for a while. We didn't have what you'd call cash crops. We had enough food and everything. But there wasn't really any money to do anything. And that got my sister through two years of college, Kansas State, and then later K.U. She had to drop out, because the retro order or whatever at that time is that men were going to have to provide for families, and women didn't need to go to college to cook.

SR: I know.

HJ: I'm sure you do.

SR: My mother's family, the same. Her brothers.... As I said, it was different, immigrant, New York City environment. My uncle went to a settlement house where he met someone who thought he was bright, and he ended up going to Harvard and became a neurosurgeon, but the girls didn't go.

HJ: Didn't have a chance, right. After the two years, my sister got a job in town with the telephone company, and it wasn't hardly any money either, but it was enough that with that New Deal Program, the NYA, National Youth Administration, I got that. That was 25¢ an hour for work study stuff, my first year.

So the thing about it is, at one point, when my mother was probably about my age, eighty-eight, eighty-nine, sometime in there, she said to me—and I asked Jack and Jerri [phonetic] if they'd ever heard this—she said it wasn't really an accident.

SR: Oh my!

HJ: Yeah.

SR: It's hard to know.

HJ: Yes. Hard to deal with. Because I had a memory in that spring of my dad crying at night at one point. He was not a person who would cry. I don't know how much is myth, and I don't know how much is real in this. But I know it had an enormous effect on the three of us, because from his death on, it just meant that we had to make his life worthwhile.

SR: That's an interesting thing. That was a gift, in a way.

HJ: Yeah. And we never thought of that as making a lot of money. That wasn't really the way we envisioned what he would have been proud of us for.

SR: But from early on, you liked to read, and your sister did. Was education talked about as something important in your house?

HJ: Well, no. And again, after my dad died, the way I handled it, because it was so painful, I just essentially wiped out everything that I knew about that. All I had from then on were nightmares. But he had two sisters who were schoolteachers, and my mother had one sister who was a schoolteacher. They picked up that I probably should have books instead of toys. And I still have a number of the books they gave me. I remember so clearly—I don't know how old I was, but my dad's sisters were living at home and teaching school. And I was down there one Christmas—we always gathered there for Christmas—and they had a library. It wasn't a big library, but it was a library. I stumbled onto *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* by Hardy, and I probably was about eleven or something like that. My Aunt Esther saw what I was reading and said, "You're not supposed to read that yet!" But they pushed me, and kept the books just coming in all the time. And my grandmother on my dad's side did the same thing.

SR: That's terrific.

HJ: Yeah. It was mostly *his* side of the family that simply kept me doing that. I don't remember, I don't *think* that I thought, "I want to be a teacher," from that experience. I knew that I wanted to learn things. I just wanted to learn anything I could learn. And at that point, again, men were not really supposed to be teachers. And there would be somebody in the neighborhood who was a teacher, and all the men looked down on him.

SR: Oh, that's interesting. So it wasn't....

HJ: No, it was just culturally, in a rural neighborhood where you're doing farm[ing], if a man is a teacher, he's just sort of suspect. (laughs) So that wasn't a great thing. So in the sense of doing *that* with my life, it never occurred to me—it just never occurred to me.

SR: But you liked to learn.

HJ: I was driven by learning, yes, right. I don't know whether I've told you this or not, but we had a Carnegie library in this little town. Once a week we'd go in and do the grocery shopping, whatever that we needed, which was not very much because we grew most of the stuff. We would each take out about five books. I think we were limited to five, so we'd each take out five. And then we'd go home and see who could get through them first!

SR: That's terrific.

HJ: And we did!

SR: And then would you discuss things?

HJ: Well, yeah, or if we had picked out one that was particularly good, then we'd tell the other person so they'd be sure to read it too. But my reading was not discriminatory *at all*. I'd had no basis to know what I should be reading. I knew what I liked. I liked Zane Grey, I liked Curwood [phonetic], I liked anybody who was talking about the West, the cowboys, and all of that. Read all the Tarzan books, all those sorts of things. That wasn't any problem. But I had a problem with this library, after I'd sort of gone through all the children's books, what I was to read. I just started with the "A's."

SR: Aristotle!

HJ: No, we didn't have Aristotle in our library. And just kept going that way, and every once in a while the librarian would come over and say, "Well, that one's probably not one you should read." Warwick Deeping [phonetic] was one of these, an early one of these, oh, romance things now. So early, early. So I kept that up.

SR: How about in high school, were there any particular teachers that you liked?

HJ: No. That doesn't mean I didn't have teachers I respected. I had a chemistry teacher and I had a geometry teacher, and both of them were *very* good—I mean *very* good. Had a Latin teacher who really just wanted to read to us this fairly racy novel about vestal virgins. (laughter) But I liked Latin. My wife had gotten through three years of Latin—I'd only gotten two.

My social life was absolutely minimal, because one, when I graduated from high school, I was still the smallest boy in high school, which accounts kind of for my present personality, trying to overcome *that*.

SR: Well, good things come in small packages, is what I say!

HJ: We have to keep demonstrating, you know, that you can do what any of the others did. (SR: Absolutely!) We used to have these town kids who would come out, and we would play touch football in the pasture. And they didn't know anything about pastures. I was very quick, and very athletic, but didn't [play? 41:00] any. So what we would do is, we would throw the ball in such a way, out toward cow patties, which they didn't know anything about. We'd catch the ball, and their feet were filled with shit! That's about all we had going for us.

But my problem, we were five and a half miles from town, and had to ride with a neighbor, who was one of the boys that was ahead—one of the six of us. All the time we would go in, and when school was out, chores. So I never even had a *chance* to do that. My brother, by the time he got to high school, he had managed to get a car from a hired man who needed money. So he got to go out for football and did well at football. But I never was involved in that. I had this really humiliating experience, because they made me *mascot* of the football team when I was a junior in high school. That was embarrassing. And then they wanted me to go ahead and do it when I was a senior, and I said, “I can’t do *that!*” I was already interested in girls by that time, who weren’t interested in mascots. So I was a cheerleader.

It was very hard to date, unless you have access to a car and stuff like that. Didn’t have really time to do it anyway, because we had to do a lot of chores, cows and everything else—eggs, sheep, all that. I probably mentioned that, I think, in perhaps that last lecture, about these two girls who were in Latin class, who were two years behind me and didn’t know beans about Latin, and weren’t about to do anything in it. And so I helped them. I was remembering this, and I was thinking, you know, they knew so little about Latin that they didn’t even know what *quid pro quo* meant. But they were both cheerleaders. One of them was probably the girl that I dated longest, of all the girls that I ever dated. And that was mostly because—that’s what I was doing, when I finally, in that year that I laid out to get money and I was working for the country treasurer’s office, then I was in town every day, and also had a car by that time, because my sister and I

would come in together. She worked for AT&T. So that was during that. As a matter of fact, even when I was married, and just before I was going overseas, she wrote to wonder if we would ever get back together, and my wife about went up the wall!

SR: Well, these early romances....

HJ: Well, I know. Yes, I know you know! Yes.

SR: But high school was a prelude to.... You went one year to [college] and then you were out?

HJ: Yeah. Yeah, I went to K State at Manhattan. I went there without an idea of what I wanted to do. I just knew—I didn't even think about what will I be—I just knew that if I could get a college degree, the world was open to me, because it really was the case in those days. You're not like these students now who face problems that are almost insurmountable, and trying to find out what can they do that sort of satisfies and secures that part of their life. That was never a problem. Could be a doctor, or lawyer, or whatever. And if I were that, then that meant I didn't have to worry about home, or having children, or not being able to afford to have children—any of those things. You just *knew* that was over. That's something that I'm sure students envy now, and probably will never have a chance to experience anymore. It's a mess.

But anyway, I decided I'd be a mechanical engineer, and the reason for that, obviously, was my father. I thought, well, I will do that. The second semester at K State, I had this geology professor. I knew *bare* stuff about geology, just because I read so widely, and I was interested in science,

cosmology, all that stuff. I was really excited about geology. I just got very excited about that. And this Norman, who was at K State at the same time—one of the six again—he was interested in that, but he had gotten farther along in his interest because he wanted to be a petroleum engineer. And I thought, well, that would be all right with me.

So he had the same problem I had—he didn't have any money for a second year. And he got a job with this little oil construction company that was based in Lyons. Most of what it did, it did some significant work in repressuring oil fields, but not very much, because nobody knew much about how to do that then. But mostly what they did was, once a well came in, they would dig this hole, fill it up with concrete, and that would be the base for the pump. And when we did all that, and the pump was tied in—motor, sometimes cable going, tying two or three wells together on the same thing—then we'd move to another one. And the southern Illinois oilfield came in about that time—I think around 1940, '39 maybe. So they sent a crew back there as well, and Norman had a chance to go back and he was working out of southern Illinois and writing me all the time. And this was while I was working in the country treasurer's office. He said, "You've *got* to get on in the oilfields," you know, get into the oilfields. And we were both trying to get into Carter Oil Company, which was bringing in these fields in Venezuela. And I was still not very big, see. This was the trouble. So when harvest came in, then I had to quit my job and do the harvest. But I still had up until about the middle of September before I could show up at University of Oklahoma and start another year.

At that point, as soon as I got the harvest in, and the plowing, then I really went after this job with the crew for the company that Norman was working for in Illinois. I just kept saying, “I know I can do that!” The boss—it was a big brother operation—and the boss probably was ten years older than I was maybe, something like that. Maybe a little bit older. And he couldn’t take me seriously. And finally at one point, I went into the office and asked his secretary, “Is there any chance I’m gonna get a job at all?” And she said, “I thought you were already working here!” And so I really just flipped. I went that evening out and sat on his doorstep. And when he came, I said, “Look, you just let me work, and when you think I’m worth paying, then pay me, but let me just work.” And he said, of course, “Oh shit! Show up on Monday.” And we became such friends. And the thing about it is, six weeks after I started, he would leave me in charge of that crew, because I was the only one that knew how to read a blueprint—because you have different pumping units and so on, you had to get everything right. And I knew how to do that, nobody else knew anything about that. He was somewhere between an older brother and a father. That was our relationship. And all the way through college, I could get back on Thanksgiving....

SR: Who was this person?

HJ: Walt Redford. He was the second of five brothers, I think. L.T. was the oldest one. But if I were going to be back there three days, he would let me work three days, because he knew I always needed money. And then he would ask *me*, of the people in high school and so on, which of them would really work. And I could tell him. And then, of course, at some point.... Oh, yeah, I know, he put my

brother to work when I was back in college, and my brother was still in high school. So my brother just started working for him too, and they got to be *very*, very good friends. The three of us, it's just incredible. We both know that we owe him an enormous debt. When Jack came back from the war, his father-in-law was building houses in town, and Jack sort of took over the farm again. But he also started this sort of small operation where he would pour sidewalks and driveways and stuff like that. And Walt gave him the concrete mixer that got him started. We just had an enormous amount of support coming from people that are hard to believe exist.

SR: That's terrific!

HJ: Yeah, just somethin' else. Walt, unfortunately.... Well, I'll tell another story about this. My mother told me when I was growing up, on many occasions she would say, "Don't get too big for your britches." There was a reason for this, because I had a tendency to do that. (chuckles) The summer that my dad died, I was going to be then a sophomore in high school, so I was made president of the class. I have no idea about that connection—I don't *think* there was a connection with the death of my father. But at the end of that year, I thought that I was pretty significant, and so a lot of the people who had voted for me, I thought were not as important as some other people, and so they decided not to give me any more. So the last two years, I was *vice*-president, but I never got to be president.

That whole thing carried over, because at one point I had.... We'd been working, it was Saturday, and we were going into Lyons. Saturday night, always had a date, and we'd go to this tavern that served 3.2 [% alcohol] beer, and dance,

you know, and everybody went down there. For one reason or another, before we took off to go back to Lyons, Walt grabbed my hat and threw it into this wet concrete. This was a trick that after you butcher, you always throw somebody's hat up in the air and they shoot at it.

SR: Ohh-kay.

HJ: (laughs) Anyway, he did that, and then for some reason, and I don't know quite how that happened, we started to wrestle, and I just pinned him. I clearly couldn't handle that, because the minute I got down to the tavern that night, I said, "Ha, ha, I pinned my boss today!" And unfortunately, by the time Monday came around, he knew what I had said. We got out of the car, and he said, "I understand that you did this." And he just whacked me, and I was down like that. But I think the only reason that happened at all is that about five, six years after I got back from the war, he had, by that time, stopped the construction business, and they were doing a big—the brothers had gotten together doing a big ranch in the Flint Hills in Kansas. So Marge and I went down there, and saw him, the last time I saw him. And he was so pleased, because he had put me to work right after....

I had a week, when I graduated, before I had to report to Leavenworth [phonetic]. I didn't have any money, and I needed to go down and see Marge, because she had said, "If you have any time, come down." We had only known each other a week, and I *desperately* wanted to know her better. So he did that. He thought, "You just want to go down and..." do what people now do with girls. But of course I wasn't even close to that culture, I didn't have any idea about that. I just wanted to *see* her. So when he finally met Marge, this last time I saw him,

he liked her very much and realized that probably was not an appropriate idea that he had.

SR: It *is* wonderful that you had this in your life. As you said, it was the time going from the Depression, going towards the time of World War II.

HJ: No real space, not very much space at all, yeah, right. I have a *very* close friend who teaches children's literature here, Alita Allison. She became my student. She wandered in from Palm Desert with a girlfriend—she was sixteen years old—in the social science building. Storm Hall is what it's called now. My door was open, and I saw them looking sort of [lost]. So I asked them if I could help. And so they came in and sat down and I talked to them quite a long time. And then Alita signed up for my introductory class, and then she took every class I ever taught after that. And we put together the Experimental College together. And now she teaches children's lit and young adult and so on, the book by Karen Hesse, called *Out of the Dust*. It was written as though a girl about fourteen years of age was experiencing the dust in the panhandle of Oklahoma. And so I always go into the class.... The book was written, Hesse was just a marvelous author, and she put this whole thing together out of news clippings and everything. She was from the East, she never knew what a dust storm was. And what happens is that I can identify the dust storms that she's talking about, because they were coming into the same area, and some of them were so huge, and so quiet, this great dark mass coming in, and dead quiet, but you knew it was just gonna be a mess.

SR: I only saw something like that for the first time fairly recently in Arizona. I had never experienced anything like that.

HJ: It's bad. Anyway....

SR: So you're going on to college, and then leading up to World War II.

HJ: Let me insert something else that's important, because I didn't have a lot of money saved up when I went to the University of Oklahoma. A guy who had gone to high school in Lyons—though he'd actually lived in Oklahoma, not too clear why he showed up there—but he was in the same class with my sister, they knew each other. He had gone to Alma, some kind of a very small, four-year college, and then transferred to Oklahoma. But he had this idea of putting together a co-op. And the idea was, he was going to hire a cook and rent a big house, and everybody would do everything, except the cook. And the cook would cook, and we would do the housecleaning, we would do the washing up, everything. We just split that all up. For some reason, we became very close friends, and we roomed together, three of us in one room: Bryce was the other one. He was from Oklahoma City, and he was a *city boy*. But we all became real good friends, and Bryce wound up in the war too. He was a fighter pilot and died a year or so ago, I guess. Anyway, I worked probably a total of no more than about an hour and a half a day in what I did, which was mostly setting the table, cleaning up, and getting it out to where somebody would wash it and stuff. Room and board was \$14.25, which made it possible. *And*, the significant part of it is, here I was trying to do petroleum engineering, but I got more and more interested

in geology, and less and less the petroleum. So I switched to geology. Norman went on, and at one point was listed as one of the 500 in the Forbes.

SR: Wow.

HJ: Yeah. And so he did well. That's right! But Wayne was deep into Democratic politics, very active, president of Young Democrats in Oklahoma at that time. And he talked that all the time, and he was majoring in government—it wasn't called poli sci then. It is now. Like Princeton is still politics, I think—politics or government, one or the other. And so he kept telling me, "You know, if you just keep on with what you're doing, you're just gonna get rich," and sort of thought that you ought to do something more with your life than just get rich. And then he got me started getting active in Democratic politics. At one point—this would have been when I was a junior—a guy in Kansas was running for governor, he was a Democrat, and he lived about six miles east of where we lived. His last name was Burke. This always sort of didn't amount to anything, because Democrats never got elected in Kansas, you know. So he made the announcement that he was going to run, in Lyons, with this little dinner. And Wayne pulled some strings and got it such that I would be a part of the program and make a speech here.

And my mother, of course at that point didn't have any understanding what I was about. She couldn't understand what I was going to be or do or anything else—she just knew I was doing fine, but what's going to be.... And she knew that I was getting more and more active in politics. And she was the first of the family, actually, to move to a Democrat. The whole thing was Republican.

She moved first. And she sat there with, from her perspective, all these fairly important people, and here was her son, talking as though he knew something important to say.

SR: That's nice!

HJ: She just got convinced that, "Well, whatever you're doing, it's probably what you *should* be doing."

SR: That's great!

HJ: So the last year, I just switched over to government, and had to take an enormous number of units, because so many of the ones I had didn't count, because they were in science and engineering.

SR: That's very interesting. So it was not necessarily just a teacher, but it was *outside* of the classroom that inspired you.

HJ: Right. It was my roommate. My roommate got me involved, and it fit with.... It fit at that time with what I thought was important to do. Later—that will show up sometime while we're talking here—when I finally got through Berkeley, I realized that I would not be able to handle doing politics, that there were way too many things you had to do, that I would not do.

SR: I understand.

HJ: I knew at one point I could do law, but only if I could be a judge. I had to get outside the adversarial thing, because I just don't do that well. Anyway, I had gotten in ROTC, because it was required in the first year of college. And then it was required in the second year too. So all the young men at O.U. had to be in for the first two years. And then you could chose, if you wished, and you were

accepted, to go into advanced, which was the last two years. And that was the one that put you on the track to be commissioned when you got your degree. And it paid a little bit—not much—paid for a really slick-lookin’ uniform (laughter), which brought Marge’s downfall, because that’s the first thing she ever saw me in, and that just made a mess of *her* life. Yup! (laughter) And it was horse-drawn artillery, if you can believe that! The war was going on, and here we are out riding horses, pulling guns, riding up and down the polo field, yelling out orders, waving sabers. Oh, I was just in seventh heaven!

SR: Sounds like a continuation of the adventure!

HJ: Right! Yeah! Because we had to take equitation and learn how to jump, and I just knew all that stuff. I just thought, “What a great thing this is!” So I went ahead and did that. But our class was the first class that *didn’t* get commissioned when we graduated, because it always required a summer school in a real training camp, and there was simply no space to take people from ROTC, because we were filled up with people that were real soldiers getting real training, and so on. We had then, as soon as we graduated, we had to go to a regular officers’ training school and get our commission just like everybody else did—you know, it wasn’t automatic. And we got to chose between going to Fort Sill for artillery, or we could go to Camp Hood for anti-tank school, or we could go to Fort Knox for tanks. And I don’t know, we had about seventy-some in the class—maybe more than that. Eight of us chose Knox for tanks. I just thought tanks are close enough to tractors, this is gonna be a breeze! (laughs) It wasn’t a romantic notion, “Oh! I

get to be a tank commander!” or something like that. It just seemed to me this was as close to a horse as I was gonna get. So that went well, and I did well.

I didn’t see Marge from the time we graduated, until after—it was four months after that, when I first got my commission. I had a ten-day delay before I had to show up at now Fort Campbell—was Camp Campbell at that time—right between Kentucky and Tennessee. So at that time, we got engaged. So I went back, and I don’t know, probably six, eight months later, I went back to Sill, because they not only wanted, but *I* wanted to get the specialized training in forward observation and recon. That’s what I wanted to do. I really didn’t want to be in a battery and be the exec officer that handles the guns themselves. I really was still that Robin Hood.... Me and my little band, let us be out there in front! So I did that, and at that point, we determined a marriage date. So we got married in March.

SR: What year is this?

HJ: The same year that I graduated, 1943. And I’d only seen her.... The third time I saw her was for the wedding. (laughter) Big mistake, it only lasted fifty-nine years!

SR: That’s wonderful.

HJ: Yes. No, it was an absolutely splendid marriage. Anyway, so then I was at Camp Campbell. We were essentially a training division. My brother was flying B-17s out of England, with the 8th Air Force and the 100th Bombardment Group, that turned over three times, in terms of personnel. I mean, they just got shot to bits. I had a lot of trouble, sitting here in this country, with him over there. And so I

kept trying to volunteer into something that would have a higher priority than tanks, which was not too easy, because hardly anything *was*. So at one point, I was going to volunteer to get the training to fly one of the little Piper Cubs for the artillery spotting, but the battalion commander called me in and said, “Look, you’ve got a big future with us, so just don’t do that.” Now, I wasn’t really on what the army would count as tenure in a university. I was just an excess within a battery, serving as kind of an assistant battery maintenance officer or something. And I really wanted to get out and feel better. So I let him talk me into that. And then about three months later, he left, so my great future.... I thought, “Well, there goes my future!”

So then I volunteered for ... it was essentially the mountain artillery, airborne stuff, drop in and do stuff. And at that point, Marge said, “You know, if you do that, it’s all over. You don’t get to do that.” And shortly after that it was all right, because we then knew we were going to get overseas. And so then we did that. I think I have that story somewhere, about having an opportunity to teach. Other than my high school Latin experience, that’s the time that I really had a chance to teach, because I got real bright kids that I could self-select, and they were not happy, because they had come out of the air force program. Well, we were so good by the time we went overseas, that it didn’t matter which of us would have gotten shot, because anybody could do what anybody else did.

SR: Well, that’s such a tribute to you as a teacher.

HJ: Well, and to them! I mean, they were so bright. My half-track driver was the dummy, and he only had 120 I.Q. My sergeant was 154, which is ten points

better than mine. Just incredible. And we came to be a team. We came to know, and took an enormous amount of pride in what we were supposed to do, and we did a lot of funny things.

SR: So that's a very important experience.

HJ: That's right, in terms of.... Because when we did these tests—just before going overseas, you had to go through a whole series of tests. And one of them is simply go into position, and then work from that position, to identify some targets. Then you have to lay out a survey in which you locate where the guns are with respect to where the target is, and develop the commands by which, when the guns shoot they'll hit that target, instead of something else. And it requires a significant amount of trigonometry and stuff like that. And so we did the tests, and every battery—every gun battery at least—has a forward observer recon section. Then the battalion also has one. It's supposed to be the big one. And the battalion survey group did the survey, and each of the batteries did as well. And the battalion commander asked my section to check *his*. Well, I'd never had any marijuana or anything else, but I can't imagine the rush would be any better than that was! I just thought, "My God, this is living!" We all did. We just felt, "Oh, shoot!" because we knew we were good, but we didn't know that anyone else knew that, and we wanted them to know we were. And then we operated real well overseas as well, and got through without anybody in my section getting scratched. And we got fired on and everything else, but we didn't get scratched.

SR: That's great.

HJ: We had one sort of very tricky thing that we got out of. When we were trying to go up on the Rhine, and the orders got changed as to the exact position we were to take—and this was the whole division that split into two combat commands. And one of the combat commands, the orders were changed as to where were going, and one of the combat commands didn't get the orders—it was at night—and got themselves trapped in a mine field. *And*, so here we've got the brigadier general, and *my* battery commander, and me, and my section was out there in the mine field—the half-track people. The general said, "I want those people to come out, and come to where they're supposed to be." And he essentially said, "I don't know how we're gonna get that done." And my battery commander said, "Henry will do it." (laughter) So here I was in my Jeep, I had my corporal driver and stuff, and we went off in the dark, and I had to tell this colonel, "The general says you have to come out to this other position, back out through the bloody mine field." And that didn't go too well, but one of the great thrills again, is the sun comes up, and here's my half-track coming across this stream, and they were all okay. Just things like that happened all the time. War wasn't glorious, but the company I had in the war was as good a group as I would ever want to be around. Not the whole, just my little tiny group.

SR: That's wonderful.

HJ: Anyway, that's where I learned....

SR: That you wanted to teach, right?

HJ: Well, I guess I learned that I *could* teach. And in an area which was fairly technical stuff, and I could still get it over. And then sort of all the time I was in

the army, I was always what's called the orientation officer, that you had to tell the people why they were fighting, every once in a while, and stuff. When the war was over, they wanted to start classes for occupation troops and so on, because there wasn't anybody to fight anymore, and there wasn't anything for the troops to do, and they thought, "Well, let's organize a bunch of classes." So I got sent to Paris for a ten-day "credentialing course." (laughs) And we got a lot of education, but it didn't have anything to do with classes! And shortly after that, because our division had suffered so little real damage, we were the first armored division to be brought back. And that put us to regroup after thirty days in place, to regroup in California. That's how we got to California.

SR: Ah! I was wondering how this all happened. I see.

HJ: And they couldn't change the orders, because we were scattered all over the country, and the bomb was dropped in that thirty days, so we knew we're not going to the Pacific after all—because I'd exchanged a pistol that I had for a larger one, because the one I had, it didn't seem to me to be designed to hurt anybody else as much as the one I got! Well, I exchanged a 7.65 to a 9 millimeter, and the 9 millimeter is close to a 45. And you can hit almost anywhere and be disabled. And the 7.65, you can probably just keep on comin'. But that was only because I thought we're just gonna go into the other one.

SR: So you're in California—where in California?

HJ: Well, it was called Camp Cook, and I think it's Vandenberg now. Cook doesn't exist any longer. It was between Santa Maria and San Luis Obispo. As soon as I got out there, then it made sense for us to get in touch with our wives and have

them come out—which I did. And we stayed at Pismo Beach. Do you know anything about Pismo Beach?

SR: It's someplace I want to go to very much, and have not yet been.

HJ: Oh, it was *wonderful!* We lived in just a motel room, but just a block and a half from the beach. We didn't know anything about the ocean or anything—neither one of us. The only thing we knew about California is that people from California would come through Oklahoma and Kansas and act like they were going through a primitive country, and we *hated* people from California! The minute we got out here, we just changed. “Oh, God, I see what they're talkin' about!” (laughter)

So we stayed. This is probably important. This was a time in which people were getting out all the time, dribbling out—they had enough points, then they were getting out of the army. So all the structures, battery personnel and so on, were a mess. They might have a battery commander one day, and they were discharged the next. And so there was a whole lot of fluidity going on, and you still were required to act as though you were doing something significant, though there was nothing significant to do.

SR: Interesting.

HJ: That was just driving me up the wall. So I kept volunteering to do things, because there certainly wasn't anything for a forward observer to do. And so I became an acting battery commander, chief warrant officer. And then what was left of the division was transferred to Camp Hood in Texas, to become.... We sort of just went in and became the 2nd Armored Division, which had had in incredible war experience in Europe, and was called the “Hell on Wheels” division—all kinds of

honors and everything else. So before we were making the move, the battalion adjutant got discharged, and so I took *that* over. And that's where you had all the paperwork involved in moving one division across the country to another, people leaving all the time, and stuff like that. And it was an experience that I found I could do. But it was enough experience that I knew that I don't want to do that. I don't want to do administration. And it wasn't because, "Oh, I can't do it," because I had the fullest confidence that in that mess, I could keep everything going all right, but I didn't want to. And when we got to Hood, my number came up so I could get out, and they said, "You know, if you just stay on, you'll make captain in a *month*." And I thought, "Ho, ho, ho! Yeah, sure! Right!"

But I was desperate to get out, and I got out in June of '46. Of course that's not a time when you can start the G.I. Bill or anything else. So I went back to Lyons, and Walt welcomed me, and I started working the oilfields again, and would come in just so dirty and everything. I got tonsillitis, and I needed *that* operation, so went back to Oklahoma and lived with Marge's folks for probably about six weeks or something like that. And I immediately enrolled in a couple of extension courses, just because I couldn't stand.... "Please let me get back where I belong!" (laughs)

And so then I just entered the master's program that fall, and Marge had gotten this job with the public radio station, which required that she know shorthand, which she didn't know and had never had it. But she had six weeks to learn it, and did. She had a hell of a lot of talent. And that helped get us all the

way through the doctorate, because even with the G.I. Bill and being a T.A. and that sort of stuff....

SR: That's interesting, she took shorthand.

HJ: Yeah, she'd worked all the way as a secretary for a Baptist pension guy. The guy was running the Baptist pension thing for, I don't know, most of the western states, who was gone almost all of the time, and her office was just across the street from the Berkeley campus. And we lived only a block and a half up above the campus. So when I'd get off Berkeley, I'd go up, she'd be there in the office.

SR: Oh, that's great!

HJ: Oh yeah, it was a marvelous time. Again, marvelous, *marvelous!* And our apartment, we'd look out the window right straight at the Golden Gate Bridge. It's too bad—bad life! (laughs) Anyway, when I finished the master's, my professors, who knew that I meant to go on, thought that I should go east, because Oklahoma, and I think Kansas, that area there, really knew little or nothing about California schools—barely had some idea that Berkeley had been connected with the A-bomb, but not a very clear idea at all, knew nothing about Berkeley, had heard of Stanford at least. But they thought Yale, Harvard, do something like that. And at that time, it would have been possible for me to get in, because of the G.I. Bill and they were taking everybody. I think if you'd almost flunked out of the first degree, they'd *still* take you, because this was great for universities, that whole bill. Anyway, I looked up in the almanac to see which institution out here had the biggest library, and it was Berkeley at that time.

SR: Oh, that's very interesting!

HJ: And that's why I chose Berkeley. I didn't even apply to anyplace else. Marge and I were just *really* anxious to get out here. I didn't know anybody on the faculty, never heard of any of the names—anything. I thought, “If they've got a big library, I can do it.” I didn't think I needed professors, if I just had the library.

SR: And you're going to talk about that experience. I'll just turn it on.

HJ: All right. Got to Berkeley, first thing got an apartment about a couple blocks, three, four blocks, on Durant. Went to the campus, went to the poli sci building, which was South Hall, one of the first two buildings on the campus. It was an old brick building and so on. I introduced myself to the graduate advisor. I had come to Berkeley thinking that I would focus on public law, because probably the professor I most admired at Berkeley taught public law. I'd had a course as an undergraduate with him, and then took all the stuff he offered as an M.A. He was an extremely careful professor, and he held you to precision in what you said and how you argued and everything else. This good friend of mine in New Mexico was also interested in that area, and we both thought he was one of the greatest professors.

SR: Who was he?

HJ: Leek was his last name, L-E-E-K. You know, they've got endowments in his name back at University of Oklahoma now. And I'd taken a whole lot of political theory from Cortez Ewing, but he taught it as history, so that he did a deal with Plato's *Theory of Justice*, except as descriptive, not as a problem that you're trying to solve. You know what I mean?

SR: Uh-huh.

HJ: Yeah. And I was attracted to public law because I was fascinated by what went on in Supreme Court decisions, because that's what ... they were actually *doing* stuff. And I thought, "Well, I'm through with political theory," because I had no experience with any other dimension. So I sat down here in this little office on the second floor of South Hall, and this guy who already had kind of silver in his hair—he had been the code clerk for Nimitz in World War II, and probably no more than five years older than I was—he was the one who went to Harvard, and when he did his oral for the doctorate, he just sat down with all these big names, and they said, "Let's all go get coffee." That was the end of his oral. He was so bloody bright! He opened his mouth and said a couple of things, I thought, "Oh my God!" And he asked me a couple of questions, and I immediately knew that there was a whole area of theory that would even be closer to what I wanted to be in, than public law. I just went back and told Marge, "We just are really in the right place!"

SR: Oh, that's great.

HJ: Yeah. We just became *very*, very close friends, just.... He knew I was sort of a really ... well, what might be called a hick. I was uncultured in any normal sense. I could pass in Kansas, but I didn't know anything about wines. I didn't know how to tie a bow tie. I didn't know what to talk about, about plays, or *any* of that stuff. I had no experience. Marge was in *much* better shape than I was.

SR: Yeah, but what if he were to go to Kansas and have to.... You know, you knew lots about other things.

HJ: Yes. Well, at one point, he wanted to take this—I think Grendle [phonetic] was probably a student then. Anyway, they later got married, so it wasn't so bad. But he wanted to take her into the Sierras, but he didn't know anything about that. He didn't have *any* idea how to do that. I had been sleeping out in the war under tanks and everything else, so this was not much of a problem for me, and he knew that, and he knew my background. He knew that at least in *that* area, I probably knew what I was doing. And so he asked Marge and me to go along, and we took off in this Studebaker convertible, off to the east side of the Sierras. He and his brother, I guess right about the start of World War II, were both through college, and they were connected up with all kinds of people in New York, so they started into real estate, in which they would get the money together, from various sources, to start a project of one sort or another. And they didn't take money, they just took like 5-10% of the thing. And that's what they did. And they built this big apartment building in Washington, D.C., just before the war started. To my mind, it's never been vacant. It's *never* been vacant. And so when he got to Berkeley, he was already rich—any *normal* sense of rich. So he was not dependent on his salary or anything else. When he went on sabbatical, he asked if I would come up and baby-sit his house which was this three-story thing in the Berkeley Hills up in the Cragmont area.

SR: Yeah, I know it.

HJ: Yeah. And C.S. Forrester—he had bought the thing from C.S. Forrester [phonetic]. I wrote my dissertation probably where *Captain Horatio Hornblower*

was written. And some people would say there's a lot of similarity! But that was a glorious time.

SR: I would think so.

HJ: That was glorious, because he knew how to live. I mean, he really knew how to live.

SR: So everybody was having an education.

HJ: Yes! Right! He would say, "You need to read Kafka." Well, I'd never heard of Kafka. And then when I read it, he said, "Well, what do you think?" And I said, "I just don't know." And he said, "That's exactly what you're supposed to get out of him—you just don't know." There are very private interpretations of what Kafka was about, for most people.

And then I became a reader for him in a course that he created, "Labor and Politics." And at least once a week we'd have a labor leader from the Bay Area come in and talk to the class: Bridges. All these real people who'd been involved in the Oakland General Strike would come in and try to talk about it, choke up, and couldn't talk about it—so emotional an experience for them, you know.

SR: That's great.

HJ: And then Wink—his last name was Winkler, and I always called him Wink. Hell, for a long time I never called him anything, I'd just wait until he was looking at me, because I didn't know *what* to call him. You get into that problem, you know. You don't think "Dr. Winkler" or anything, but you're pretty clear you shouldn't say Wink. (laughter) But in private groups, he was always Wink. That wasn't gonna work.

Anyway, I learned to make martinis when we were living there, and when he came back, we just stayed on and lived—until I got the job in Santa Barbara—with him. When he took off for his sabbatical, he said, “I’d like you to convert this garage on the top”—and he had two or three of them down below at the bottom of the lot—“into a bedroom and bath.” And I said, “Okay.” And I did. And it turned out pretty good! I had to tile the stuff and everything else. Well, you get this enormous undeserved confidence, in my background on a farm when you had to do *so* many things without knowing how to do ‘em, except learning as you were doing.

SR: That’s great. That’s wonderful.

HJ: Yeah, that’s just what we had to do all the time. It didn’t give me a great reputation. God, I don’t know, about eight or nine years ago, the battery commander in the supply battery, my battery commander had gotten in touch with me about that time, because he knew there was an incident that I’d probably remember, and he didn’t remember it. And he’d seen my name in the division thing they put out about every six months or something—who dies and that stuff. So he wrote me, and that started a correspondence. And then he got real interested in papers that I did, and he was of some significance in Vermont, and he kept turning my papers over to the senators in Vermont, saying, “You should read this!” (laughs)

But anyway, then, he evidently told this supply captain that he’d been in touch with, that I still existed, and so *he* started writing—Bonham [phonetic]. I wrote him back, I said, “I’m really surprised that you even remember me.” And

he said, “I remember you as sort of cocky.” (laughs) Which was pretty good, see? That was my mother still saying, “Don’t do that!” But you gain, as I say, an unwarranted confidence, but you just think you can figure out how to do it. My son has a lot of that now. He didn’t initially, but more and more it shows up that he’s not afraid. I mean, he just....

SR: That’s great.

HJ: Yeah, he didn’t ever have a computer course, but now he repairs people’s computers and everything.

SR: That’s terrific!

HJ: Yeah. Anyway, Berkeley was a marvelous experience. I got to be a reader, I think the fall of ’48. Yeah, because I got there in the spring of ’48. And Winkler and another guy had come in from Texas, Jim Davies, and we didn’t know anybody, so we knew each other, and we became very good friends. I really liked him. Jim is still alive. He first taught at Cal Tech and then went to the University of Oregon and spent the rest of his career there. He’s been retired for quite a while. But anyway, he was the other reader in the labor thing. And Wink let each of us, at the end of the course, have one session where we would just give the lecture. And I did well on that. And Winkler was even impressed, because I had it all timed and such, and it developed in such a way that right at the end, I said the thing that closed, and everybody knew. It was almost like a story, “The End.” So again, dramatic. I sort of like to do that.

Then, let’s see, it would have been the.... It may have been the spring semester of ’49, and Wink said to Jim and me, “Why didn’t you guys apply for a

T.A. or something?” And we didn’t even know anything about T.A.s. “What’s that?” So he made us readers. But then the next time it became possible to be a T.A., we both got to be T.A.s. There again, I was a T.A. one year, and then I was a head T.A. of the group the next year. And it was just clear to me, and clear to my students, that I was doing what I should do with my life.

SR: In reading some of the things you’ve expressed, I would like you to talk a little bit about your whole sense of the relationship between teachers and students.

HJ: I think even at the beginning, and it simply became stronger all the way to present times, I was reluctant to profess, because I never gave a course twice. I gave the same number, but it was always a new course.

SR: I understand.

HJ: And that was simply because there was too much *in* that, that I no longer thought was important to say, and might not even be right. So I just kept creating new things. When I was down here teaching two sections back-to-back, kids could try to compare notes, and they realized that the second one got something that the first one *didn’t*. That’s because I changed it to make it better—in my own view what counted as better, at least.

So what I came across as, I *think*—not always successful, because.... This is not very.... It’s a rather immodest thing to say, what I’m going to say. It was sort of clear fairly early on, even as a T.A., I picked up this: that I could enchant a class, and that didn’t mean they were learning anything, they would just find this really an interesting course. And so there was this dimension of performance that haunts you all the time. Don’t perform! Don’t do that! As you see in that

last lecture, I told you, if you clap, that's not my fault. I warned you, don't do that! And of course they did anyway.

Down here, we had one professor in the department who was an incredible performer, just really good. And then we hired another later on, who had a lovely accent, and looked cultured and European and all of that. And everybody just, "Oh my, my, he's so wonderful!"

As it runs through a lot of this stuff, once I got into teaching that course on propaganda, I had to deal with this problem. And I essentially came down into the position, and I would tell students, "Don't believe as I do, unless you know why I believe what I believe. Unless you know that, don't just take it. Don't do that!" I'm really sensitive about that all the time. I always worry about that, because I can *do* performance.

SR: I understand. I understand exactly what you're saying. Well, you wanted to develop those critical thinkers.

HJ: Well, I've told them time and again—and I still tell them whenever I go to that class—that what I think you're supposed to do, if you're teaching, is you get people in a position where they don't need you—where they may need other people and so on, but they don't need *you* anymore, because you have given them what you can. Students just pick up that. They're very perceptive.

SR: Oh yeah, and appreciative.

HJ: Right. And I really, in my whole career, I've been able to go into a class that I've never had, it's not even my class, and in ten minutes we all know what we're gonna do here, and we know what we're about. I do not know, it's not like I ever

had any training in this or anything else, it's just something that I have, and I do not know how it was acquired.

SR: Well, I think you used the term "a calling."

HJ: Yeah, it is. And I guess it's because it *was* a calling, people pick up that, "Oh, this guy's into a calling." And it makes a world of difference.

SR: Absolutely. And it makes it special. Yeah, I think so.

HJ: Yeah. That's why all my students over the years keep in touch, because they know that we had a relationship that's not all that common in higher education—very difficult to put together. But as I say, I would not be able to explain how it happened. Look, when I was in college, I took a course in speech that wasn't required, because I was scared to death to talk.

SR: Really?

HJ: Yes. And then I found out this is really fun!

SR: That's wonderful. That's wonderful!

HJ: Never had any trouble after that. Everybody said, "Don't talk so *much!*"

SR: Let me ask you, when you were at Berkeley, and then you were a T.A., what led you, how did it happen that you came to San Diego State?

HJ: Okay, I can do that fairly quickly. In the fall of '52, after I exhausted the T.A. thing, then I was research assistant. And I had my dissertation pretty much at a first-craft level—which it still is, in some sense.

SR: What was your topic?

HJ: Well, I guess.... I don't even remember the title of it, but it was modern political party systems, or probably more modern political systems with kind of a sub thing

on parties. And I got into it only because Odegard [phonetic], who was chair at Berkeley at that time, said, “We’ve got too many people doing dissertations that don’t amount to anything, and they’re not gonna *do* anything in the world.” Just like that guy that told me, “You only get rich.” I thought, “Well, I’ll do something important,” because you only need to talk to me like that, because that’s always what I want to do anyway. And so to think that I was going to be allowed to do it, which Winkler said, “That’s the dumbest thing you ever did!” Because I decided what I was doing was I was looking at Aristotle and Plato and the way they talked about political systems, which they didn’t even use systems at that point, because on a number of things that I’d been reading, I just thought we have to have a new way of looking at political systems in our time, because so much has changed. And I didn’t even think that it made a lot of sense to talk about authoritarian and totalitarian dictatorships, because of the special relationship that modern dictatorships had to have with the masses. You know, they’re constantly needing to generate their support with various things, but the old ways of talking about governments of the one, the few, and the many, didn’t fit into the notion that they’re *all* really, in some way, variations of mass governments. And that’s what I did. So I just went off like, “Well, here comes Aristotle.” (laughter) And I about killed myself before I finally got it done enough, at least to get it passed. But it was extremely helpful to me, because it built a base from which the way I developed all my courses are still, in some sense, sunken in those original ideas that I put together.

SR: So that’s great, it’s a foundation.

HJ: Right. And it turned out right. But unfortunately, a lot of my friends who were working on doctorates at that time knew what I was doing. And a good friend of mine in philosophy, he knew what I was doing, and we talked all the time about it. And one of my *really* good friends from New York, Jew and just as sharp as could be, come about a year after I got to Berkeley, and the faculty.... And Sam and I were always in disagreement.

SR: What was his name?

HJ: Sam Bloom. He came up for his orals, and so a lot of his orals were devoted to what he thought of my dissertation. And he flunked. They flunked him. And I just thought this was insane. He was *so* bright. But he was very open in not believing some of the stuff, and so he.... But the professors sort of *did* believe what I was saying.

SR: So did he ever get his doctorate?

HJ: Never got the doctorate. Finished out his career in community college up in the Bay Area.

SR: No kidding.

HJ: Sad. A lovely guy. Had him down here at one time. I was hoping that we would hire him, because we had an opening. But he's so brash, that the older people in the department said they didn't want to have somebody like that around, because he just said what he thought, and that was not good.

Anyway, so there I was in the department down at Santa Barbara. The guy who taught, I don't know, public administration, city government, and stuff like that, got a Fulbright, and he was going to be gone a year. And a guy, a full

professor in the department down there, one of his main professors at Berkeley had been Belquist [phonetic], and so he got in touch with Belquist and said, “Do you have anyone who can come down here for a year to teach?” And Belquist said, “Yeah.” And Belquist already knew I didn’t know anything about municipal government, didn’t even believe in public administration as an honest course or anything else. But nevertheless, that’s the way it did. And I came down there, and again, we had 900 students up on the hill, that they had split all the practical stuff was on the campus down below, and Marge got an immediate job as secretary in the biology department. Faculty, I don’t think we had more than about thirty or thirty-five members of the faculty. It was all liberal arts. I just fit in immediately. I just thought, “This is absolutely great.” I got to know all the students. I got a term paper from one of the girls, heavily perfumed. I had an office mate who was econ and in less than an hour everybody on the faculty knew Henry got this....

SR: I love it!

HJ: It was just that lovely.... Everybody was connected in a way I thought a university ought to be, we all ought to be connected and know each other and what they’re doing, and all of that.

SR: That’s a community.

HJ: Yeah. Right. And it was. It was collegial, in the sense that’s what it ought to be like. And the second semester they got me involved in the tutorial program that they had. So you got to guide individual students on a one-on-one basis. And in addition, any professor that taught in the tutorial, they took turns at least once a

month, sometimes I think every three weeks. Like somebody in poetry would tell everybody who was doing tutorials, to read this or that, and then we would have a whole evening session in which the guy would explain poetry, what's important about poetry. And there was this sense that you were fitting stuff together. Everybody in the group was learning kind of the whole, rather than the parts. And you can see....

SR: I totally believe that.

HJ: I just loved that.

SR: Interdisciplinary at its best.

HJ: And I knew already that's what I wanted, I wanted to live in the university. And then, of course, the guy *did* come back, and the reason I got down here is that Osborn, who was the head of the poli sci department down here, but had only been in existence five years when I got here; and Buchanan [phonetic], who was the head of the social science division at Santa Barbara, had been classmates at Stanford. And he got in touch with Oz [i.e., Osborn] and said, "We've got this guy, but we can't hire him, but do you have some way of keeping him for three or four years until something opens up?" And so Oz knew my name, at least, but there wasn't any opening. You know, there wasn't anything.

And so after we left Santa Barbara because I was through there, we went back to Oklahoma because there was a chance I was going to get to go through that program in Maryland that put professors over in Europe to teach university classes. And I thought it looked like I was going to get that job. And I thought, "Well, *any* job, I have to have any job." And a professor here, two weeks before

the fall semester started, he was half-time in journalism and half-time in political science, and he died. And so Oz, I guess, got in touch with Dean Watson and said, “See if this kid is still available.” And we were in Oklahoma with Marge’s folks and got this telegram wanting to know if I was still available, two weeks to start. I’d been getting \$3,600 at Santa Barbara, and the offer was \$4,750 for *this* job. I told Marge—we got the telegram in the afternoon—I said, “We don’t want to appear too anxious.” So I didn’t reply until early the next morning! (laughter) And I really believed I’d go back to Santa Barbara. And it did come up, but by the time it came up, it was four years, I’d already been promoted, and there was no way I could go into the Cal system—because teaching is not as important as research, and you’ve have to be.... And I was clearly going to.... Any research that I did was just for the audience that I had in my classes.

SR: How fortunate your students are!

HJ: Well, they just knew. I was bringin’ in new stuff all the time. But that’s the audience I always wanted, you see. I never really wanted a professional audience, because I knew too much how much of that stuff dies. And so you sit around most of the time criticizing each other, and it just didn’t seem like.... I was very lucky to get here at a time in which I could do that. I could do community service, which I did because I loved any kind of an audience, and I could teach. And it became clear to the people that I could teach, very quickly. And so they made some arrangements. So I went on tenure track, I think, in the spring semester that I was here, and three years later I was tenured.

I wondered when we first got here about the quality of the students, because the Santa Barbara students were just exactly the kind I liked, and I knew that Cal had higher admission standards and so on. But by the end of the first semester, I was getting a lot of word-of-mouth students—primarily generated, if you can believe this, out of the sororities and fraternities.

SR: Sure.

HJ: And they were very big at that time on campus, and they shared information, all they had, about who to take and all of that. And I began to just pick up really good students. And I thought, “I don’t *need* to go to Santa Barbara, because I can find the people I want *here*.” And that was true all the time.

SR: That’s a very good thing. Yeah.

HJ: It’s kind of like if I could build my own community.

SR: Absolutely.

HJ: And I could.

SR: And you did!

HJ: Yeah, and in some sense I did. It even got bigger, really, than just classes.

SR: Let me ask you something, because it was 1953, as I recall, when you came here.

(HJ: That’s right.) I’m just trying to recreate the environment and context that you entered. I can well relate to that time. Students in the fifties were supposed to be making no waves. It was the years of Bermuda shorts and madras jackets. It was before the sixties.

HJ: I know! But the fifties *here* were even not like that, because the students came in suits, and the girls came in dresses.

SR: Really?

HJ: That's right. And they were simply white. They were white, middle-class kids.

SR: And the girls came in dresses, that's right.

HJ: Right. It wasn't until two or three years after that.... Yeah, late fifties before the girls began to show up in these short shorts and sit in the front row to see if they could just destroy you! (laughter)

When I got here, we had somewhere between 4,000 and 4,100 students.

SR: And Malcolm Love was president.

HJ: Malcolm Love had only been here one year. He came in '52. I would say that.... This'll be great on tape! But I have experienced all the presidents of the university, except the first two, and Hepner [phonetic] left the year before I got here, but I got to know him later because we were in the same town 'n' gown club for years. So I've known all but the first two. And in terms of personal image of a university president, Love was just unique, just absolutely fit. And you talk to the older people around here, they'd probably almost all say that. We've had lots of presidents. We never had a president I didn't get along with, you know. And in some sense, they got along with me. I like Brage, and Day and I are real good friends, and a lot of people just hated him. But we did some things together that were very difficult, when I was investigating officer. This was having to bring charges against faculty members who were messing around with women and stuff like that—harassment and all that. I was doing that for the university before we got the union that sort of took that job away. But I didn't get any release time or anything for it! And he certainly didn't make out very well with anybody else,

because that was a dirty job. But Day and I were on the same side, and the trustees were not with us, and the grievance officer here was not with us. In a case involving a professor in Afro-American that was—he had assaulted one of his students. He had a long record of harassment and trying to get his women students into bed. And Day asked the lawyer for the trustees and the grievance officer and me whether we should just drop it. And the first two thought we should, and the trustees were prepared to do that. And I said, “I don’t care whether we lose or not. We just can’t not try to get this person off campus.” And they said, “I’m with you.” And we did. Then I had to run the hearings, because the lawyer was there, and the grievance officer was there. But for some reason, I seem to have been the one responsible for putting it together. When the hearings closed, except for the final summing up, my job was essentially done, and I flew off to Santa Fe, where a friend of mine was with Marge. When I got there, Day called and said, “I want you to do the summing up, not the lawyer,” and he flew me back. So we’ve been through messes together, and have a lot of mutual respect at the level I think is important.

SR: That’s lovely.

HJ: That’s a side of Day I think a lot of people never saw, how committed he was to *that* sort of stuff. Just something else.

SR: That’s very nice.

HJ: Yeah, it is. I see him all the time still.

SR: Okay, so you got here in the fifties....

HJ: We’re not moving very quickly, are we?

SR: Not in the fifties, but in the sixties in particular.... Okay, let me just stick it on again.

HJ: Okay. All right, now, in the fifties, there was not a lot of things going on that involved the community. The primary problem in the fifties on this campus circled around the non-communist oath, which everybody had to sign if they were going to teach. And we had Harry Steinmetz [phonetic], who was a professor in psych, who was thought to be—and I don't think he ever made a really firm denial—thought to be a communist. My guess is—and I'm not sure of this, because I didn't know him that well—but my guess is if he were a communist, it was probably a Trotskyite—my *guess* is. I knew his son a little—Gary, who was at one point student body president. But anyway, that was the big thing, how are we going to get rid of Harry Steinmetz? And so it was a period in which some of the students, who were anti-communist, anti-socialist, anti-anti-anti, big McCarthy kids and stuff like that, were taping lectures to see if you said something that they could tell other people, “They’re saying *this*.”

In that period I didn't say you can't tape lectures. “Go ahead and tape 'em.” Because.... I don't know, again, it was just I was confident that I could defend whatever I said, from any charge like that. As a matter of fact, I had a record at O.U. after the war, when I was in AmVets, that new group that formed, veterans, you know.

SR: Wasn't Harold Russell involved with that? I remember that.

HJ: He may have been, yeah. Anyway, it was new, and it was fairly radical, compared with VFW or American Legion. And God, I guess I was the head of

the chapter at O.U. The people who were more inclined into not so much socialism, but communism, on the campus of O.U., a very small group, but radical and active, and they kept coming to the meetings, and they would simply stay and stay and stay until other members had to leave, and then they would come out with some resolution that would hit the papers and so on. And this was just a tactic, and I had no idea how to handle it, until I just finally wrote the national headquarters and said, “We need to dissolve this chapter, because we cannot hold it to the original schemes,” and that’s what I did. So it essentially meant that there was nothing in my past that was going to be very easily linked up with *really* radical movements—though I didn’t have any problem with Fabian socialists or anything like that. That was fine with me. But not the Stalinist type of communist.

Anyway, that was the fifties. That’s all that was going on in the fifties. But when the sixties came, for a while nothing much was going on, on *this* campus. And UCSD was doing quite a lot of stuff. And then we had some students who thought, “Well, *we* ought to do some stuff!” you know? I mean, “They’re getting all the good stuff!” Like here we are, some old middle-class college, opting out of everything. And so things got started *here*. We got a late start, but a pretty good start. Part of it was the sixties was also a time in which a student could get a job anytime they needed a job. You didn’t have to hunt.

SR: I know, I remember.

HJ: Yeah, you remember that time, right. And since they were not under the kind of pressure of having to worry about money all the time, a lot of them revealed this

sort of thing that I think Marx thought would be revealed if you took people out of a life of necessity, then they'd turn into species beings and do good things for each other and so on. And in some sense, that happened at State, because Shoe [phonetic] Swift, who used to be associate dean of men, probably maybe Buzz Webb was in the student affairs area, we put together this group of volunteer students—Community Involvement Board, it was called—and we had 500 volunteers at times, working, all volunteer work, doing tutoring, going out cleaning up trails in the backcountry.

SR: That's wonderful!

HJ: Oh, they're just *wonderful* kids! You know, just enjoyed it.... And we were doing that, and in addition to that, there was this Vietnam thing. And the Vietnam thing was.... It was not as pure as you would like, because we had a number of students at that time who were in college because they didn't want to go to Vietnam. And so their motives were not the same as some others who thought this was absolutely immoral for us to be over there. So it was kind of a mixed group. As a matter of fact, Herzy [phonetic] at one point was speaking in our Greek theater, and I was on the panel. All the kids were out there, the thing was filled, and when I spoke, I said, "I'm not in favor of Vietnam. The problem is that a lot of people are gettin' killed over there, and they didn't choose to be there either, and you need to think seriously about whether you don't owe 'em." And the general looked at me in kind of an astonished way, "Where's *that* coming from?!" (chuckles) I've always had these kind of little odd things that people

don't expect that that's how I'm going to do it. Because it sounds so sensible, and they don't think I should be talking that way.

Anyway, I was head of the campus chapter of AAUP at that time, during that period. I had already worked really closely with a lot of the student bodies of one sort or another. We knew each other pretty well, and I'd worked closely enough with—an *enormous* number had had classes from me anyway. And we had a relationship where they would talk to me when they wouldn't talk to anybody else. So many of our professors and the administration were caught up in their own clientele. The administration and the faculty and the students knew that I wasn't co-opted into any of 'em. They just knew that. I don't know quite how they figured it out. I was just exposed in all the different kinds of things I was doing on this campus, that no one group could count on me being on their side, because I didn't seem to be on a recognizable side. So I was fairly active, almost as an umpire, in a lot of these things, and particularly in the one big one when we had a bunch of kids protesting ROTC and that headquarters located in the bottom of the business administration building. They were sitting-in, and some of the people on the econ faculty and others were trying to agitate downtown, saying, "We gotta get these kids off campus!," and so on, and getting more and more people in the community upset that this was going on, on the campus. And finally Love agreed that we had to get them out of the building one way or another. Some of my students were in the building. (laughs) Anyway, it was really tense, because that meant that we had to get the police out here to do it. And I didn't know any of the police; the police certainly didn't know me. Had a

captain who was handling it, and they had this small group in Love's office, at night, that was going on, and just kind of talking all the way, "How are we going to do this? And how can we do it in such a way that nobody gets hurt?" and stuff like that. How are we going to sort of peacefully get out of this, and without just damaging the lives of the kids and their careers from then on—all that stuff, very, very complicated. And the trouble is, and was, that none of the groups trusted each other—with good reason, unfortunately, but with good reason. But they trusted me. The only one they had to convince was the captain of the police that I was trustworthy. Everybody else knew that I could take messages back and forth and explain, and they would believe what I said. So that's what I did. And we had this absolutely lovely thing, lights and everything down there, at the entrance to the business administration. The kids came out, singing. And we had a whole bunch of students and faculty out, doing the same thing. It was just glorious. And I don't think anybody got a jail sentence at all out of it.

SR: That's wonderful.

HJ: Yeah, it was, it was just beautiful. I later was off on a conference with that captain, and we just shared that experience and liked each other a lot, because it was just handled so well, it just came off perfect.

SR: That's a talent.

HJ: Well, I don't know what it was. Well, it was just some way in my career.... It was always very hard, and it's still very hard, and I think that's one of the reasons I have achieved *some* stature on the campus. There's never been a time when

they could say, “You’re doing this for you.” They can’t find out what my personal interest is. And God, for a long time....

I never became chair of the department, and I could have been, easily, and at one time it was really close. It was down to about an hour before the votes were going to be taken, and the votes were there. And I had to make a speech and say, “I don’t think you know what you’re doing, because if you make me chair, this is the way I’m gonna to do it. We’re gonna be a department, we’re not just gonna be a bunch of prima donnas. And at any point if you don’t like what I’m doing, that will be fine, I’ll just resign, and you can find somebody who’ll do more what you like.” And they just decided, “Boy, we don’t want anybody like that!” (laughter) Didn’t take them more than ten minutes’ caucus to decide to pick somebody else—which was fine with me! I was always kind of bothered by that, because I thought political scientists, of any group, ought to understand that when you don’t have a vote of confidence, you’re still friends, everything else, but you just know you don’t have any authority anymore, so just get out, and it’s just a disagreement. That’s the way England does it, and I thought, “Hell, some of you must know how England does it!” Anyway, just one thing and another.

But we got through the sixties, and this girl that came in from the desert, Alita, you know, that I told you about, the sixteen-year-old and so on—we decided—“we”—she, Frigoff Tigeson [phonetic] who later went up to Berkeley for graduate work, his father was a very, very big ophthalmologist guy, professor at Stanford. And they didn’t get along very well. And Frigoff was probably the most radical student I ever had, who was continually engaged with me, and much

more bent toward action. And so he was very close to the Socialist Party in New York, and he was very important in the World Federalist Movement, right after World War II, doing all those things. He still knows all those old people, all the big names in those movements, and they know him. And he had been in submarines, and he wasn't even out of submarines and he was momentarily stationed here, and he came on campus and just accidentally he'd stumbled into my class. He was kind of looking around. And he told me, I don't know, a couple of years ago, that he came in there and he heard me and he decided, "I'm gonna come to San Diego State and take that guy!" He just made a decision like that. And we've been close friends ever since, just one way or another, done all sorts of things.

But Frigoff was involved in this, and Alita was involved in it. Essentially the three of us put together this Experimental College. And we charged \$5, and that was the tuition, but it allowed you to take classes until you got tired of taking classes. Five dollars was the only money you could spend. And then we just asked professors if they wanted to teach a course that they could design themselves they always wanted to teach. And if they wanted to do that, they could, if they'd do it for free. And so we had a number of courses going, and professors teaching for free. If you had an interesting course, students would show up. No grades or anything like that. No credit. But later, it got transformed into courses that you could take for credit, so it kind of moved from that really wild area into actually you could get credit for some of the stuff. And everybody involved in that, we all remember that, those days, the Experimental College.

SR: That's wonderful.

HJ: I did a course "Prolegomenon to Modern Politics." They said, "What's this prolegomenon stuff?! What's that?!" And I did one on Heinrich Böll, the German Nobel Prize winner, right after the war, his stuff, *The Clown*, *Billiards at Half Past Nine*, stuff like that. And I was using him in this "Politics in Arts" course that I created.

SR: That's wonderful, to integrate all of that.

HJ: Oh yeah. Right. Marvelous. The seventies, essentially stuff had died down by then—at least on this campus. There was not much going on in the seventies, or since.

SR: In the early seventies is when Brage Golding came on here.

HJ: Yeah. I think you could say the shift there—this would have to be checked—I think the shift there became much more related to the ethnic groups than it was Vietnam. I think it moved more toward demands being made by Chicanos, Afro-Americans, women's studies, this sort of thing. That's what Brage had to deal with. And that wasn't easy either. My old office mate at that point was acting vice-president for academic affairs, so he was *deep* into that business. But then we got increasingly involved in research, and we had finally gotten our first doctoral candidate out of chemistry. You know the story about that, I know.

SR: I don't think I do!

HJ: Well, it's recorded somewhere around here. I used to ride the bicycle from Lemon Grove and come up here about 7:30 with 8:00 classes. Just before leaving in the morning, it was in the spring, and I heard that Kennedy was going to be

reviewing the navy out here. And I was pedaling away, and I thought, “God damn,” you know. So when I got up here, I had an eight o’clock class, and I told Ned, “You know what we ought to do, we ought to see if we could get him to do the commencement address, and we’ll give him an honorary doctorate,” because we had been authorized, but no school would work with us, because they didn’t want us to *give* it. And I thought, “By God, we’ll just give one anyway! And we can pull this off, and that’ll break the dam.” And that’s essentially what happened.

SR: That’s terrific!

HJ: I said, “What do you think, Ned?” and then I went off to my class. And then it was just absolutely marvelous, because it was an hour and fifteen minutes. By the time I got back, Ned had gotten in touch with the faculty senate chair. The two of them got in touch with Love. Love called Pat Brown who was governor at that time. Pat called the White House. Kennedy was at that time wanting to make an education speech, and it was all settled by the time I got back in an hour and fifteen minutes!

SR: That’s amazing!

HJ: Absolutely! And then the great thing about it, again, it was just lovely when we had to have a faculty meeting to approve the granting of degrees. So we had to authorize granting this honorary doctorate to John F. Kennedy, president of the United States. Came around to that, and I was in the senate, and it came up for somebody to move this. And Love looked down and said, “Henry, make the motion.” This big thing! Sheesh! I’ve had real highs on this damned campus.

SR: That's terrific though.

HJ: Unbelievable.

SR: I understand. But you captured the moment. It doesn't just happen.

HJ: I know. But you see, I think.... I mention—and I do this whenever I do public things—that I've had an unbelievable support group, just absolutely unbelievable. The students have just.... Students and my wife were the biggest constructors of what I am. And that's really true. The last two months I've probably had four books come in from students saying, "Read this." And they're *retired!* And they do this all the time. They don't see anything wrong with educating *me*. And they think I probably would like it and be thankful that they run into stuff that I don't know, but they know, in terms of what I think and everything, that this would help. And they're almost always right. People go off and work on their doctorate. The University of Chicago, first thing, they run into stuff that I've never heard of, send it back, and it becomes a part, big part, of the stuff I do from then on.

SR: Right, I understand.

HJ: Absolutely amazing.

SR: So you definitely chose the field, the calling—you responded to it, and it's worked.

HJ: And as I say, how it came about, I have no idea. If you try to do a causal analysis of my career, I think you'd just throw up your hands and give up, because there's so many things that have been important, that left out, could very well have altered what I have been able to do here. What's important, in a little thing, is that

I got here. And from my standpoint now, I was able to construct my vision of what the Greeks thought a polis was. And it's not a polis for everybody on this campus, but it's a polis for me, it's my community. Yup! It's not my department, it's not my college—it's my university.

SR: And clearly people adore you and recognize you and admire you.

HJ: Well, they don't know how much of a role they played in it.

SR: Well, they will now, because they can hear this.

HJ: Well, I hope so, I hope they do, because I keep telling them, "I wouldn't be *here* without you." And that's true. That's not false modesty or anything else. It's just true. Jane, for instance, Jesus! You ought to interview her sometime.

[160:30-202:54, blank recording]

[END PART 1, BEGIN PART 2]

HJ: Okay, when we came to our 100th anniversary, I was kind of peripherally involved in some of the committees, trying to figure out what it is that we should do. And I have no idea where ideas come from, but at some point, I said.... I knew that we couldn't go up and whitewash it, because the "S" had been destroyed, and we'd get a lot of opposition from the people who run the Mission Trails Park. But I thought, "I wonder if we took flashlights up there, that it would really show up like the "S" was well, you know.

SR: Can you share how that "S" was created in the first place?

HJ: No, I don't [know], because that goes way back. Do you know?

SR: Well, all I know is what I've read, 1931.

HJ: Well, that was when this campus started.

SR: It says, “The Council of Twelve originated the idea, and President Hardy accepted it enthusiastically. He let out classes on Friday the 27th of February, 1931. Five hundred students climbed the face of Howell’s Mountain, then sometimes called Black Mountain, to paint rocks forming a 400-foot high “S” on the mountainside. Freshmen provided the labor. Others provided transportation, lime, water, and refreshments. Over the years, the giant letter was repainted regularly and became the focus of a number of spirit-oriented activities. In the beginning, some of the neighbors were not too sure about the symbol. In time, the community accepted the “S.” With a few lapses, it was maintained after 1931.” And that’s what it says. Oh, it says here—I thought this was amusing—it says, “Five hundred students cleared the brush, painted the sign. Other’s provided food and water, encouragement, and advice. They danced the Morris”—and I didn’t know what the Morris was—“they played post office and tag.” (laughter)

HJ: Something there for everybody, right?!

SR: So that was in 1931, when it was originated. So then you....

HJ: I thought about this, and then I checked with some of my friends in physics, and I said, “If everybody takes a flashlight up there, will anybody be able to see it? And they didn’t know. And I should have gone to the engineers—probably they would have been able to at least say *something*. But it was kind of a gamble. I had worked then with the park people, and they got very enthusiastic, because they knew it would be publicity for them as well. The only thing we had to worry about was birding season, breeding season was about three days after we actually lit it, and we didn’t want to disturb *that*. So the morning that we lit it, I went up

with one of the rangers, with a long cord, and we simply found a spot where we could do half of an “S.” I would be standing in the middle. It was, I think, about a twenty-foot cord, so the actual diameter of each of those loops there is fifty. So 100 feet was what we came out with. And we laid that out, and then we took yellow tape and lined out, so in the evening when we went up there, everybody would know where to go. That went all very well, though there was opposition to granting us the right to do it, from the planning board of the park, but finally we got that through.

Well, we started up the trail just about dusk. Al and Susan were right behind me. And we got up there, and the tape had been removed. So here we are. I was lucky, because I had that original cord. So I just went down. I handed one end of it to Al, and then I went down to the end of it, and I said, “Al, now you just pass this along and you keep passing it along, and we get down here, I will go down into the center of the next one, and we’ll do it again.” And as you might imagine, everybody, all the kids and faculty and so on from the sciences didn’t have any problem with that at all. Some of the social scientists and all the humanities and the art people [were asking], “What are we doing? What are we doing?” (laughter) It was just really a stereotype!

SR: That’s very funny. And when we did it, we were in communication all the time with Jane’s husband, as a matter of fact, who could see everything from his garage. And the TV stations were hooked into this too. So we could tell them, we did a countdown, and the general manager of Channel 10, that I knew—he’d been in one of my seminars—they were counting down for the TV audience as we

were doing this. And then we lit it, and then of course cars and everything going up and down Navajo just started honking and everything, because it was just as exciting as could be. And so many of them had *gone* to San Diego State anyway.

SR: Sure! That's great!

HJ: And then we decided, "Well, why don't we play around with this?" So we would start at one end of the "S" and turn them out, like it was just fading out. We did a couple of things like that: blinked the whole thing a couple of times. Came down, went to the park, and had a big reception. I had little certificates made up that said that they had "done the 'S'," they had all lit the "S."

SR: Oh, that's great!

HJ: Right.

SR: What a nice thing to do!

HJ: It was. And I paraphrased Marc Antony's speech in "Julius Caesar" where Brutus gets to talk first, and then Marc Antony says, "lend me your ears," and so on. And then he protests and he talks about "we few, we happy few." No, that's in "Henry the Fifth." That's the one I did. Yeah. Right. But I just paraphrased that "Henry the Fifth" thing. And everybody knew after it was over, that they fit, they were the happy few, because we got back to campus, everybody wondered why they hadn't been along. You know? So it worked out really well. It was a fine thing.

SR: That was a fine thing. Now, since you mentioned that, you refer to Brutus, you refer to a lot of classical literature in your classes. And I'd like you to talk about what the content was like, and what were you doing?

HJ: All right. Yes. When we started in political science, when I got down here, we didn't have a master's degree but we had one within a couple of years. And built into the program was a requirement: the title of the seminar was "Scope and Methods of Political Science," which is kind of a standard seminar. And so I was supposed to teach it, which was fine with me, because this professor that I mentioned earlier, that was the first thing I had at Berkeley, and it was from him, and it was a course that.... I got to Berkeley, I didn't know there was a problem with knowledge. So the first thing we did in this scope and method is, I got exposed to the idea that what counts as knowledge is not easy to figure out. And it just got worse from then on. It was one of the best courses I ever had, in terms of putting me into thinking things that I never had thought before. And among other things, sort of inadvertently, I did an awful lot of work in philosophy of science, and found that really interesting. And logical positivism with Hans Kelson [phonetic] and others, at Berkeley, was the rage. And I had this feeling that the model for hard science was just not going to work in social science. Not as coherent as I wanted to be, but when I taught the seminar down here, we did do, "this is what science is," and used the old Cohen [phonetic] and Nagel [phonetic] book. And then I went on and suggested that the places where it was difficult, if not impossible to do. Okay? All right, so.... I was reading a book, they were reading a book, R.N. Secord [phonetic], *The Explanation of Social Science*, something like that, and that was lapping over into sociology. The people who got—I've forgotten his name—but it's this self-expression person in sociology, self-expression is not a good identification, but....

SR: Irving Gothman? [phonetic]

HJ: Yes, thank you. What was that book?

SR: *The Expression of....* Something like that. Irving Gothman, yeah.

HJ: Yeah, that's the one! Anyway, that entranced me. And Kenneth Burke, a lot of the stuff that he did and so on, so that I finally took a sabbatical. What I'd come closer and closer to in teaching that seminar was to suggest other ways beyond just appropriate to science, to try to understand human behavior. Then I went to Europe and spent with Marge and Marc—we were there probably five months at least—and I was trying to think and write. At the same time, getting *really* exposed to cathedrals and Prado....

SR: Where did you go?

HJ: Well, I had a square-back Volkswagen waiting for me at Amsterdam, and so we used that. We went to Madrid and stayed there probably a couple of weeks anyway; and then went to the coast of Spain over by Malaga.

SR: Costa del Sol?

HJ: Right. Tormolinos [phonetic], that area there. Because I thought at that point I'd just get a place there close to the beach so Marc would feel good, and I would write. The more I thought, and the more art museums and stuff I got into, it became clearer to me that I really wanted to teach a course which taught politics as a performing art.

SR: That's interesting. Yeah.

HJ: And we were right on the edge where it was just becoming almost clear to a lot of people that a big dimension of that *is* a performing art. I mean, it's just trite now

to say it. So I worked it out, and when I came back I had the course pretty much in mind. We used poetry and novels and all that sort of stuff. But I found, as I taught it, that I was spending more and more time on drama. And that laid the background for that later, "Politics as Tragic Vision," the first seminar in the MILA [phonetic] program. But that became a very important course for me, and for students, because it made sense to them, and obviously it just integrated a mass of stuff. And so I would do music and poetry and drama and novels and paintings, all that sort of stuff. So I was getting a significant education of my own.

Then from that point, that background made it possible for me to think in terms of working with the drama department to do graduate seminars on the relationship of politics to drama. And with Professor Harvey, A.C., we did this about seven or eight times. Charter members of that seminar in my reading group now. And then her department said that they needed her to teach their own courses, and so she had to quit. Then I got Peter Larrum [phonetic], who's really an astonishing person over in the theater department. He and I did maybe three seminars together, and one of them was the general manager of Channel 10. This was in an election year. I did a lot of things with them. We watched every debate, and then watched how each of the various candidates became more and more comfortable with the media. You see? And he got really excited about this. And there was that time when Clinton stepped out from behind the podium in the debate and went and directly.... You remember that?

SR: Yes.

HJ: And we were having a mayor's election downtown, and Channel 10 was holding their last debate. So he invited us, so the seminar became essentially the audience for this debate. So he set up these two stands, two sort of podiums—music racks—and the first question that came out, Brage's daughter, who was mayor....

SR: Susan.

HJ: Yeah, Susan. She just stepped out from behind that, and came out, and we just laughed! "Oh, God, look at that!" And we already knew how powerful that was. Just things like that. It was just great. So that was the carry-over there.

The other course, I guess, the one that made my reputation actually was, of course, that "Propaganda and Politics." That was the one that required me to think through how education could be distinguished from indoctrination.

Intellectually, that was difficult, and I finally came out with what has worked for me since. But it became an *enormously* popular course, and it was the one where when I was teaching it in the music auditorium at that time, and our waiting list—and that was the biggest room on campus—and the department was getting a little upset, because they thought I was draining students away from their classes, which I probably was, but it was emotionally absolutely draining, because I was doing as well as I could to teach them everything they needed to know about how to manipulate public opinion. And using those old studies, like that.... Oh, there's one that came out of the Korean War. It develops where people are supposed to be punching buttons to give shocks to.... That's an old [clap?].

SR: Oh yes.

HJ: You know that one? Yeah. Stuff like that, you know. So we went through all of this stuff, and it was very exciting for everybody, and as I said, emotionally draining to me, because if I had an object, it was to show people enough so they would know, they would detect it when it was used against them—to make them *aware* of what people were doing—subliminal stuff, all that. But as it turned out, this was in the fifties, so many of them thought, “I can make a lot of money doing this!” And they did, that’s what they thought. And so I always wound up the course, the last thing I said in every course was, “You know how to do all these things. If you ever use ‘em, you don’t need to come and see me again!” And that was an enormous shock for them, because it sort of, “oh....”

My teaching, in all the courses, was an attempt to focus on the problems of taking knowledge and putting knowledge to use, because it’s two different things: to know, and then once you got involved, in use. You’re into making judgments about what it is all right to do. So in some sense, my teaching’s always been circling around ethics, and I’ve never been able to really get away from that. I’ve also always said, “Don’t believe what I’m saying because I’m saying it. You have to get to that position by knowing how I got to it myself.” And that’s as clean as I could ever make what I was doing in teaching, because an enormous number of them actually listened. And no matter *what* you do, you can never be certain of the effects of what you say are going to be. You can make any set of provisions that you want, but.... And then, of course, what that means is that—and what’s been the case with me—that any student that I ever taught, as far as I’m concerned, has a claim on me when they need me. And that’s always

happened. Got calls at two or three o'clock at night, and I would be asleep. But I had this incredible wife who would wake me up, because she knew I would want to be awakened. She had the same kind of commitment that I had. She never stopped being a student. And she supplied for me an enormous amount of guidance from humanities all the way on out—though not so much in philosophy. She really didn't like philosophy. Loved history. Taught herself German so she could understand German opera and all that.

SR: That's great.

HJ: Since we have two libraries at home, but putting them together, what we have is a university library. And we just have every area covered. That's why I knew, when I was putting together, looking at all those books, I realized what an enormous contribution she made, because so many of the books, particularly literature, fed right into courses that I was teaching, and using in a way that was not her way, but certainly worked if you're sort of tilted toward social science—still works.

SR: That whole interdisciplinary meshing is such a wonderful thing. I think that you certainly have contributed that here. What do you see, as you look at San Diego State University now, when you're looking around here—we were just outside looking at the students—what would you like to see? What *do* you see, and what would you *like* to see?

HJ: I'll tell you, I know *exactly*! Isn't that weird?! But I do, I just know what I want here. I want a lot more focus on context in what we're doing to undergraduate students. But also understand that you can't do that in a jump. Most of our

faculty are not in any way prepared to *do* context, because all their training is *not* context—specialization. So in the undergraduate division we have Jeff Chase [phonetic], who's the dean of it; Quist Frost [phonetic], who's the associate dean; and Stacy Sinclair [phonetic], who is director of the honors program. Now, we've done a lot of talking in the last maybe three or four years, and we all have something of the same dream that we're in the process of trying to put together. And it goes like this: We want an honors college. And in part, the other way of thinking about that is to embed a small liberal arts college within the university, and build it out of the honors program. The only step we have left now is to pass it through the senate, which won't give us any trouble, and we will have a minor in honors. The next step is a major in honors. And we get to the major in honors, we essentially will have it.

SR: That's exciting.

HJ: Oh, it is! And it's not just all so selfish, because if we do it, we will have a model for general education that might very well be attractive to our broader general education program. Because our general education, just like Harvard, used to try last year to put together, revise theirs, is generally corrupted by departments needing to teach general education for FTE, because that's the way the budget goes. You probably didn't get into that with Al, but when Al was head of the sciences, he solved that problem, and physics didn't have to teach an introduction for G.E. And chemistry didn't, because the groups that did, that enrollment got shared out. And so you could be honest in the goals that G.E. ought to

accomplish, which is to give them this context of what they then will study.

That's the big dream.

SR: Well, that's a great dream!

HJ: I can die happy if I could see that come into being on this campus!

SR: Well, that's a great dream.

HJ: But you know, liberal arts are losing out. What was Antioch disappeared? Yeah, things like that. And if we don't find a way of *keeping* that, we'll lose something *really* important.

SR: Oh, yes! Well, that's lovely. I know that you have contributed so much, and you're still contributing and meeting with students, and it's *great*! I think besides what you've contributed, you're such a wonderful role model as an educator, in the true sense of the word.

HJ: It's an unusual profile, because even AI—there's a lovely story about AI—I got some award or something, and AI was trying to explain to an audience why I should get it, and he said, "You know, if Henry were coming on campus now, he wouldn't even get tenure." And then he got some of my students up in the Bay Area writing down, they wanted to solve this. "What in the hell are you saying?!" (laughter) Oh, it was funny! And he's had to live with that since. But he was right, in a way. It was either that.... If I got tenure, I would have to change the audience for what I think about all the time. And I'd have to aim toward members of my discipline, and do what counts as research in most universities. And the thing about it is ... I improve, add to, my database every day. And almost.... Well, we get really deep into math or something like that—I take

Scientific American and all that sort of stuff. Unless it's really esoteric stuff, I would say that I'm as up on what is going on as anybody who's doing hard-core research, because I just operate across the board. I've got no set area that I look at.

SR: You're a generalist.

HJ: Yes, that's right. That's it, I'm a generalist. And for the most part, generalists can't survive in modern higher education.

SR: They make things much more exciting for everyone else.

HJ: Right. But we don't have the journals and stuff out there that encourage that sort of approach. And if you can't get into the journal, then you really are not doing what a professor ought to do. So sophisticated places. Anyway, I just escaped that, because I got here early enough that it wasn't the focus. As a matter of fact, two of my friends in literature, who got here three or four years after I did, had publication records already, and were doing a lot of publishing. And when they came up for promotion, there was a problem as to "how could they do that and still be good teachers?" That's what the promotion committee.... That was the problem: "Should we promote them when they're spending all that time doing research?" But that changed, by the time of 1960 we were on the normal path.

SR: Well, I think that we have covered a lot. There is so much more in your writings, and you're always thinking and doing. I think that everybody who listens to you will enjoy that you shared some of these thoughts, and I want to thank you so much.

HJ: Well, everybody who knows me knows how I like to talk. So it's my pleasure!

SR: I think everyone will enjoy listening. Thank you.

HJ: You bet.

[END OF INTERVIEW]