T: When did you come to the University of Puget Sound, Vesta?

H: It was in 1954. I think it was in the spring.

T: What were you to do? You were to work in Dr. Bank's office, weren't you?

H: Yes, I was. He put an ad in the paper and I answered it.

T: What was your responsibility?

H: Do you remember Alice Genta?

T: Yes, very well.

H: She was leaving to get married and so Dr. Banks put an ad in the paper and I answered it and I think there must have been 15 people show up. After I got home that day, I sat down and I wrote him a letter. In it I confessed the fact that I didn't have the kind of education that he wanted but I did have two brothers that I had helped put through school to get their doctor's degrees and my father was one of those men who thought a woman's place was in the home, so I didn't have the opportunity of having the education that they had. When my Mother got sick, I went down to vocational school here and took typing. I used the "hunt and peck" system and I decided I would really learn to type. While I was there, Meretta Perry (wasn't it) was the bookkeeper
and I knew her. She said, "Vesta, why don't you take bookkeeping, so I took a course in bookkeeping. When I got through there (well, I really hadn't gotten through because I was having a good time and I didn't know whether I would really go to work or not). Then Frances Swayze talked me into going down to the Legislature with her but I wasn't ready for that, at all. The first man I took dictation from was the man that manufactured the Kenworth trucks over in Seattle.

T: Yes, Kenworth.

H: I was having an awful time and he said, "You're new at this, aren't you?" I confessed. I was in the stenographic pool and one day I felt that people were watching me and I didn't know what I had done wrong. Two men stood at the door and pretty soon the woman who was head of the stenographic pool there came over and said, "There are two men outside who want to talk with you." Well, I practically bit my heart. It happened to be.... I can't remember the name of the man from up at Randle, Washington and John Ryder, Seattle, head of the banking committee, said that they needed a clerk for four committees and they said one man was a black man and wondered if I would mind working for this black man. I said, "I have no objection to the fact that he is black, if he's a gentlemen and he's knowledgeable," so I went to work as secretary to four committees and I got an education.

T: That must've been a very interesting experience.

H: When I got home, Mr. Banks had this ad in the paper and I answered it.
In the letter, I told him that I liked the atmosphere up there and I would like to be considered. He called me up and asked me to come up for another interview. I hadn't been talking to him more than five minutes till Victoria Green came in. And she and I just fell in love with each other, because Victoria was a precious, precious person.

T: She certainly was.

H: She had a life that you could write a book about. So I worked with her and I spent a great deal of time with Victoria on the outside and the longer I knew her the more I loved her. Various things came along to interrupt her life.

T: I recall she had a real tragedy—the breakup of the home.

H: I never will forget that morning that she came in and she had been crying. I went back in the vault and put my arm around her and said, "Is there anything I can do?" She turned and I knew she didn't want to talk. She never once criticized her husband in any way at all, but pretty soon she was alone. Then I had no indication that she wasn't well. Many Sundays we spent together and we went to church that morning and then we drove over to Alderbrook Inn and had dinner and on the way home she said to me, "What was it like or what did Earl feel when he had his heart attack?" I explained to her a little bit what had happened, because he had twenty years after he'd had his first attack. It didn't occur to me at all, but that was on Sunday and on Monday night she went to the theatre to a show and she dropped over in her
friend's car. Then afterwards we found she had left a note on her desk for Ella Algeo and myself to handle her affairs and dispose of her things, and in going through the things in her purse we found the heart medicine. In all the years that I knew Victoria, which was about ten years, I guess, or eleven, never once did I ever hear her criticize anyone.

T: She was a most wonderful person. Of course, she worked like a trouper up there. We never had a more dedicated person than Victoria Green.

H: Our staff was very small.

T: She left the residue of her estate to the University.

H: Yes.

T: I was very surprised—it was something like $80,000.

H: She had accumulated that through working.

T: She was very frugal and very precious. I remember that she talked to me one time and she said, "You know, if I had money, there is nothing I would rather do than leave it to the University of Puget Sound, because we stretch our money and make it go so far and not waste it." I thought how wonderful that attitude was but I had no idea that she had this in the back of her mind. Had Earl died before you came to work for us?

H: No, no. Mother had cancer, and my Father and Grandfather were both ministers. Dad retired before the Methodist Church began to pay ministers very much. I think Mother and Dad, after Dad retired, got something like $35 a month, which was not adequate for anything. So it was up to me (and
my brothers when they could but they had their own problems) to help take care of Mother and Dad. So my best bet was to go to work.

Of course, Mother passed away before I went to work at the University, but I still had Dad to take care of. No, I went to work in 1954 and Earl didn't die until 1963. That was a very sudden thing. He had a serious heart condition and if he'd have paid attention to what the doctor said, he'd have been all right, but he didn't do it--he didn't save himself. You know, I don't think I could have gone on-- and I tried to think this morning as I was sitting in the doctor's office waiting for Howard--except for the radiance of kindness at the University then. No matter what happened to anyone, no matter what happened to anyone, no matter what the tragedy. You remember Lou Dibble's wife and the terrible tragedy they had and the kindness that people showed and the concern. That was one of the things that I was aware of when I worked there, and even to this day, in all the time I worked there, I was never conscious of any friction among the girls.

You see, when I started working there the staff used to go up to Knapps to lunch and there were eight of us around the table and we filled the table; then we got up to where, when I went to one of their staff luncheons the last time, there were 70, I think.

T: Yes, it's amazing. The staff sort of exploded. I remember the Dibble tragedy and it was stark and absolutely incredible. I think you are right. We always tried to be kind of a "family" and put our arms around each
other and carry on. What was Earl's work? I should remember.

H: He was credit manager for West Coast Grocery Company for 19 years and then he switched over to Standard Paper Company and he was credit manager there for 19 years.

T: He worked with Mr. Hyde and Mr. Schantz.

What did you do in the office?

H: I was a secretary. Dr. Banks did promise me that if I stayed with him he would make me assistant something or other, but that never materialized. You know, he was very conscious of the fact that I didn't have a college education and I think that held him back. But I was getting an education and he was a very fine man to work for.

T: He was a real Southern Gentleman.

H: He was a Southern Gentleman. And one of the things that was the nicest part of working for Dr. Banks was that he thought everything out. He had it all planned out; he gave me a job to do and after I got it done, he never once came and said this isn't what I said and wanted me to do it over. When I went to work there, I wasn't a very good typist and I was never a very good typist—heavens, I was nearly 50 years old before I learned to use ten fingers. I had to type out nine copies of the Finance Meetings minutes on a manual typewriter and when you're typing tissues with carbons and you make one mistake on nine copies that takes up a lot of time. I did that; I kept the graphs of the stock market, and the Wall Street Journal came in the morning and I
would scan that and "red line" anything that I thought Dr. Banks would be interested in. One of the first things that I did after I got into the office (at first we were in that room just back of where the bookkeeping office was then-- he had that little room back there and I was outside) was to catalogue and card file the scholarships because when they wanted to make the awards they needed to know where the scholarships came from and how much income there was.

Another interesting part of my work was the enrollment of Disabled Veterans of World War II under the G.I. Bill.

Some of the boys, many of them, had their education interrupted and some were high school drop-outs. Some had been hospitalized for months or for several years.

One man, a veteran, came to enroll and he must have been in his middle 40's. Recovering from a nervous breakdown, he could handle but one subject for a semester. He gradually became stronger, increased his study-load and in time carried a full load - graduating in Business Administration. Another boy in his early 20's was so weak and thin he could carry only one book (along with his rubber pillow). I let him keep his books in my office to save his energy. About the 3rd semester he came in to tell me he was having surgery done at Bremerton, during the Christmas holiday (so he wouldn't miss classes). He came back at the start of the 4th semester, began to gain weight and strength and was soon carrying all of his books. He graduated in
Education, a robust looking fellow and went into the teaching field.

I'll never forget a morning at Registration time, one of "my" Veterans was sitting at the desk filling out the government forms when another Veteran walked in. The two looked at each other, then in a burst of emotion threw their arms around each other and wept. I didn't understand, but I, too, had tears. Then they explained that the last time they had seen each other was when one of them had completely collapsed while flying long hours during the Cuban affair. The other flyer called the Medics, left him, really thinking his companion dead, and went back on his mission. Both Veterans later graduated from UPS with high honors.

We enrolled veterans who were confined to wheel chairs and our students saw to it that they were taken up and down to their classes on the 2nd floor of Jones Hall.

One boy, an outstanding, student had (I believe) two artificial legs and two hands. He asked help from no one. I remember one day at the Commons he had his little 2 or 3 year old daughter, a beautiful child, eating lunch with him and he was helping her eat with his metal claw-like hand. I think she thought all daddys had that kind of hand.

I hold so much admiration for all those veterans, for what the University, the professors, and the United States Government did to rehabilitate these fine men.

Another thing that I did was to go through all the maps and Blue Prints that
had they had rolled up and placed in the vault. I am sure you know that there
is a map made out of all the shrubbery and all the trees that are planted and I
have often thought that should be framed in such a way that it could be referred
to and preserved in its entirety.

T: Didn't Gordon Alcorn help us with that? And Dr. Slater?

H: I think that was before Gordon's time. It was when the campus was first
opened up and it went away back, but there were a lot of the trees that lived
and were monuments to the people who planted them and planned the campus.

T: We have the rhododendrons there that were planted in 1924 by Dr. Slater
and Dr. Robbins. Mr. Banks was a very, very careful man and a wonderful
man with whom to work. He was really a marvelous person and I enjoyed
him so much because we made a good team and he would propose and suggest
and work out the details, particularly as it related to the financial side of the
school. I never knew him to be cross; I never knew him to be unwise; I never
knew him to be churlish. He really was a very wonderful, wonderful person.

H: He really was. I felt very lucky to find a man like that to work with
and he was very dedicated to his staff and always very kind.

T: Yes, he was, and of course, he was very dedicated to the University.

H: Very, very much so.

T: I can remember that the times I saw him most uncomfortable were when
there would be some kind of conflict between the University and a staff member
or sometimes when he would have to make a decision he didn't like to make.
Had Carol Aungst (?) gone by the time you came?

H: Yes.

T: She was a very competent helper to Mr. Robbins and I have often wondered about her. She used to live in Puyallup but I don't know her married name. She is one I ought to see, if I can. When did you say Earl died--1963?


T: So you established the E. Earl Hetrick Scholarship at that time. Can you tell me about it?

H: There was money that came in at the time of the funeral and because he appreciated what I was doing as much as I did, it seemed to be the thing to do to have the money go toward a scholarship. I have always felt that it wasn't adequate to make it that way, but there was no other way that I knew to do it. I don't know how much there is in there.

T: I remember it being established, and . . . oh, here it is--$1083.47 and that was as of August 31, 1973, so there could be some accumulation. We spend the income but we don't spend the principal and it has probably helped 30 youngsters.

H: Let me write that figure down, $1083.47.

T: It is wonderful that that keeps working and as I said, the principal remains intact and we now get about 8% off that, so there would be around $85 or $90.

Then I'm very much interested in your gift and you don't know how many
times I have called you blessed for the wonderful gift of the Last Supper. Tell me how that happened. Now you were in New York, etc.

H: It's a piece of porcelain. It isn't ceramic but porcelain, created by an Italian sculptor. Earl and I had planned to go back east to see his family and on to New York. Shortly after he died, his doctor called me in to his office and said, "Vesta, there is no reason in the world why you don't go ahead and do what you and Earl planned." So Dr. Banks gave me six weeks leave and I bought a new car and drove back east as far as Kansas through Montana and into Nebraska where my Grandfather and Father had been ministers.

T: Which church had they been in?

H: Grandpa and Father were both circuit riders. When you say "circuit riders" now people think you are talking about the circus! But they were circuit riders and Grandpa had several small charges and one of them was the little town of Arnold in Nebraska and he traveled by horse and buggy. Then, he influenced my Father into becoming a minister and Dad was assigned to the little Methodist church at Arnold and I was born in that little town. So I made that stop but I forgot about Mountain time and I got to the church just as the service was closing, instead of starting. But I went on into the church and spotted the young minister and introduced myself as Vesta Armstrong Hetrick and there was an elderly man, probably in his 80's, standing beside the minister, and he said, "Are you, by any chance, Andrew Armstrong's daughter?" So he took over, and I found out more family history, as he knew my aunts, uncles,
my Grandfather, and I could have hunted the place over .... and I had the most wonderful visit there. Then I went on down to see more of Earl's family in Wichita, and then I left my car there with them and flew to New York. I went ahead as Earl and I had planned and saw the shows in New York and stayed at the Waldorf, which we also had planned to do. In the Waldorf is a lovely gift shop and in a case there was this Last Supper. In the first place, in Matthew 26* it tells of the Last Supper. And when I looked at this, I thought that's a memorial that I want, but it was completely out of my price to afford. But I began to put aside money for it in different ways and I went back to New York again and it was still there--they hadn't sold it.

T: How long was the interval in between?

H: Four years I believe. . at least. I went in again and asked what the price was and it was still the same price! I told them I would like to buy it as a memorial. I felt that it was one thing that I could give the University as a memorial that would show the students, when they looked at it, that we were still a religious institution and maybe one, or two or maybe 100 of them, might see it and remember the words of the Last Supper.

I told them what I planned and that I had no idea whether the University would accept it but I told them I wanted it, and I said if I can't put it there

* The numbers "1:26" are memorable dates in my life since that is the birth-date of Earl, our baby we lost, and mine.
I know there is a place for it, but I just felt I had to have it. I bought it and had it shipped out. I felt that it was different. You go into a Catholic church and see all the statuary. But I wanted this to be something that would say to the students, "Go ye..." (Mark 16:15).

T: You know it is in the Frances Regester Room and it's a very beautiful location for it, because it is sort of a meditation room actually.

H: That was what the room was to be--when they were building the chapel that was supposed to be the Upper Room.

T: That's right.

H: And this, I felt, was the place for the porcelain.

T: We designed that room in the Kilworth Chapel with the idea that it would be the Upper Room and a special meditation area and the students have great regard and affection for it. They love it and many a time you will go in there and find a student just sitting there, looking at it. It is much revered and greatly respected.

H: I certainly appreciated the way it was received. Bob Albertson was very gracious about making arrangements to have it displayed the way it was. He approached me with the idea of covering it, but I didn't like the idea.

T: He talked to me about putting a plastic cover over it so it could be seen without inviting anybody to damage it. But it's never had one slight mark on it at all.

H: I'm odd about those things. I feel if a student damaged it the good Lord
takes care of things like that.

T: I think there is a lot of truth to that. But it is such a beautiful porcelain.

H: It is a nice piece. Since that time, Howard and I have been over in Europe where we have seen beautiful things. We went to Rome and the Vatican and I would compare it with what I have seen over there. I still feel that if it does a young person some good and brings back to him or her the thought that Christ has the same influence today as in those days it will have served its purpose.

T: It is really scripture in porcelain, is what it is. That was a very expensive gift, God bless you.

H: It ran around $3500. You know, I did something the good Lord might not approve of—I gambled on the stock market to get part of the money!!

T: (Laughter) I think that is wonderful!!

H: Well, I had never played the market, except once, and Earl got me to do it. He said, "Now, you've just got to learn how to handle the market." In fact, after Earl had his first heart attack, he said, "This may not sound right, but I'm going to teach you how to be a widow." He had the feeling that any time could be the end, so he made me learn how to handle the stock market and to study the ups and downs and for instance, we sold a home out in the country. This was quite a long time before I went to work for the University. The day we sold the house he called up at the last minute and said, "I'm sorry but I can't go up to the real estate office with you, so you take over."
So I went up and I listened to everything very carefully and just as it came time for us both to sign the papers, he walked in the door. But he had that whole thing planned out so that I would learn to do it. He made me do the banking; he made me work on the income tax; he made me do all of these things so it wouldn't leave me "high and dry". Many, many times I have blessed him for it. I can't understand why I would have two such wonderful men in my life, because Howard is just as kind and just as thoughtful.

T: I've heard so many fine things about him.

You said he was reared in Alaska, didn't you?

H: No, his family lives in Bellingham. He was born in Seattle and then his family moved to Bellingham when he was quite young. He went to Bellingham Normal and his father said, "With hands like yours, don't be a laborer." His father was an engineer or a carpenter--I've forgotten which. And he told him to do something better with his hands. So he made up his mind to become a dentist and to help earn money for his education he went up on a survey of the North Slope and hiked clear up almost to the North Slope area, up to the area where oil lay on the tufts of grass. It is written up in one of the government books on their trip. His life has been very interesting up there. The laugh was on me, because Earl and I went to Ketchikan in 1925 at the wonderful, wonderful salary of $200 a month. We lived up there nine years and when we left, I said, "I'm never coming back!"

But after Howard and I married, we went back to Fairbanks where he had his
dental practice.

T: Ketchikan is quite a place. Those wooden roads up the side of a hill.

H: Oh, yes. We lived up there in one of those houses. We went up in 1925 and we left in 1934.

T: And Howard was there when?

H: When we were in Alaska, Howard was in Portland going to dental school. When he graduated, he and Perie married in Ketchikan in 1928 and they stayed there a year or two and then they came South and then they went from there up to Nome.

T: Getting back to your relationship with the University, who are some of the other people you remember? Do you remember any unusual professors?

H: I think Bob Sprenger was one of the top men that I admired. There was another professor who came as an import from Germany—a geologist who did work up on a mountain.

T: Danes?

H: Yes, Frank Danes. He was a very interesting person.

T: He is the one who was marked to be killed and his friend came at midnight and told him they were going to take him at 6:00 in the morning and they left on their bicycles with a little child, and the child knew what was up and didn't cry and that's how they got out.

H: He should write a book about his experiences.

T: I've heard him talk about it. Every once in a while, when somebody
gets a little critical of the government, he comes out and says, "You don't
know what you are talking about."

H: They don't know what they are talking about. I really don't understand.
I was very fond of Frances Regester but I didn't understand Dean Regester
for a long time. Another one I became very fond of and we became very fast
friends, through happenstance, was Teach Jones. Is she still living?

T: No, Teach Jones died about a year ago. She was at Sharon House. It's
just off Sixth Avenue and Pine. Teach needed a lot of help, bless her, and
there was a young couple, an alumnus... I was surprised because I thought
Baisingers would take care of her but somehow or other she chose these other
people. Teach was somewhat of a mystery, as you know.

H: Yes, she was.

T: She was independent and she was absolutely on her own. I would ask
her, "Teach, is there anything we can do to help you?" -- "No, no, no."

She had this aunt in Idaho--Aunt Faye.

H: Just out of Twin Falls.

T: Aunt Faye had this farm and I never knew whether Teach got the farm
or what, and I never heard Teach ever mention her father. Did you ever
hear her mention her father?

H: She mentioned her father occasionally but she was very, very dedicated
to her mother. There must have been unhappiness there. Teach would
have nothing to do with me when I first went to the University. She would
come in, ask me for a plain piece of paper and an envelope and she would write out her note to Dr. Banks, seal it in the envelope and write "Dr. Banks" on the outside and send it in to his desk. So Dr. Banks would hand it back to me and say, "Find out what Teach wants." This went on for several years, and she'd have absolutely nothing to do with me. She came in one day and I said, "Teach, you're sick." She said, "Yes, I am." I happened to know who her doctor was and I said, "I'm going to call your doctor." I told him, "I've got Teach Jones here and she looks like she ought to be in the hospital." He said, "Can you take her down?" I said, "I'll take her down right away." So I took her down to the hospital and she had pneumonia and, of course, I had to help her fill out her papers and all that and get the details and I went down every day to see her, and she came out of that all right. Then we became good friends and many times she would go up to Vancouver to see special plays. She'd get on the bus and go up there and after I got off work on Friday night I'd drive up and stay all night at a motel at Mount Vernon and go on to Vancouver the next morning and we'd go to a play Saturday night and drive back Sunday. She was a delightful person to be with, and she was just like a kitten in my hands after that.

T: She was a very unusual person. She was determined, and most often she got her way, you know. But she had a good sense of judgment about what to ask for.

H: She had good luck with her students.
She did. They loved her. She worked them like fury but they loved her. She was a once-in-a-lifetime person. She had great influence on many, many persons. I remember, for instance, Norton Clapp's son, Matt. She really got him through school. She would just mother him and then she would be strong with him and it was really very outstanding.

Who are some others you remember?

I just don't remember. I've been away from that now quite awhile and things were changing when I left. We had moved across the hall and I missed the contacts with the others. Of course, there was Dr. Rodgers.

He's retiring now. He has a year or two more but they are searching now for a new director of the School of Music. He was a very outstanding person in many ways. Did you know Tomlinson? And Schaefer or was he gone before you came?

Tomlinson, yes. Schaefer was gone. Tomlinson was there and who was the gal who was head of the P.E. Department.

Alice Bond.

Is she still around?

No, she retired two years ago. She was a very dedicated person.

She was. I'm trying to think of some of these different sections of the University. I never did get acquainted, really, with Professor Powell, but with Gibbs I did.

Gibbs was younger, and he was the last one to come before I came.
He was the last one that Dr. Todd hired. He was a very dedicated person.

He was from South Dakota and very dedicated. In many ways, I felt a little sorry for him because Powell was ahead of him and there was not much chance of him getting to be head of the department because they were practically the same age. But he was very helpful.

H: There was another one who may not have stayed long and his name was Lowrie.

T: Walter Lowrie?

H: Walter Lowrie, yes.

T: He's still there.

H: Is he?

T: Yes. He took a year or two to go back and get another degree and do research. He is head of the history department and he's a very good professor.

H: He came in to me one day because I handled the TIAA and CREF Insurance and said, "Vesta, I'm going to have to quit teaching. I have these terrific headaches and I just can't take it." So I talked to him about it and I said, "Well, Dr. Staatz has prescribed a medication for me, a very simple thing, and it has done away with my migranes. I used to have them until I was just sick. I'm going to give you about three of these and you take a half now and in about two hours from now you take the other half, and in the meantime you have your doctor call Karl Staatz and get the prescription, and tell your doctor what you're taking and see if it's all right." Two or three days later
he came back and said. "Vesta, I think I can go on teaching."

T: Isn't that amazing.

H: He just had these migranes and he was a very sensitive person--highly sensitive.

T: He probably felt he was competing with Shelmidine, too, who was much beloved and admired.

H: I had forgotten about Shelmidine. Shelmidine was another "Teach Jones."

T: Yes, he was. He was tremendously dedicated, and there was a time when the Vietnam War flared up and a half dozen professors wanted to bring in a union and Shelmidine said, "That would ruin it. It would spoil the whole thing--the whole sense of brotherhood and family that we have..." and I think that contributed a great deal to his final demise.

H: There is one thing that I wish would be included in this, and you may be embarrassed to do it, but I will never forget the first difficulty we had with black students and how you handled that. Have you forgotten that?

T: What was it? I don't remember.

H: Well, we had a convocation and it was in Kilworth Chapel. The place was crowded and you sat clear at the back, but they were going to take over. You told them to go ahead and have their convocation and to have it the way they wanted and then when it was all over and they still had a lot of problems to come back to the office and you would talk with them some more. You had Mrs. Chessman from the food service bring over a lot of doughnuts
and coffee and I never will forget—and Dr. Banks was as nervous as could be, being from the South you know, he knew what an explosive thing it could be. So every once in awhile he would have me walk down the hall to see how things were going, I came back finally and said, "Forget it. Dr. Thompson is out there in the hall, shaking hands with all of them."

T: (Laughter) I don't remember that. It's a funny thing, Vesta, but through the years I have tried to forget the unhappy things but I do remember that there were some black students who were very "pushy" about that time.

H: Very much so. It was the first encounter. You see, this was about 1967 when they were beginning to assert themselves, and Martin Luther King was beginning to lead. I had a black woman working for me then and she said, "Mrs. Hetrick, I wish these colored people would behave themselves. They are not doing themselves any good at all," which was unusual for her to say. But I never will forget how I went down the hall and I came back and told Dr. Banks and he said "Forget it. He's out there shaking hands with them."

T: I remember once or twice there were some very pushy ones and you had to use infinite patience, just infinite patience. I recall one time they had a black woman who was an agitator come and she spoke. George McNeely (I don't know if you remember him or not) I brought from Houston, and he said, "I want you there; I want you there." Then one of his buddies said, "I asked Dr. Thompson, now, why aren't there more black students and why we don't get a free education and why this and that?" It was one of those
times when if I had answered one way it would have been problematical and if I had answered another way, it would have been problematical so that was one night I just sat there and listened and finally it was all over. It was difficult to take and you never quite knew whether you were treading on a thin edge or if you were going in the right direction.

H: I know this was a threatening situation and I just thought this morning about it and made a few notes.

T: Is there anything else there on your notes that we haven't covered?

H: I was there when they moved the library—when they moved the library over to the new building and then when the School of Education moved in downstairs, and I was there when they put the first Xerox copy machine in.

T: Do you remember the details of the moving of the library?

H: They got the students to help.

T: I remember we declared a holiday. Do you remember?

H: Yes.

T: And we had lunch, and we built a tunnel so if it rained the students wouldn't get wet; and we had the tunnel covered with canvas. It was really kind of a gala situation.

H: It all worked out very well.

T: Warren Perry had it so well organized; they took the books off one spot and put them right in place in the designated spot in the new building, and then they took the carts back for another load. We borrowed carts from the
city library so we had 100 or so. We put them in these containers and just lifted them on and off. I guess with a minimum amount of maladjustment they went right on.

H: You remember Enid Attix was his secretary and I called her last year to see how she was getting along. Her husband has palsy and she is home now with him, and I had so much admiration for Enid because there was never any time when she couldn't get along with Warren. He was a difficult man, but she always got along with him; and she could transfer to the new man.

T: Desmond Taylor.

H: Yes.

T: You're right. Warren was a good librarian and he was a stickler for details, but he had an abrasive personality.

H: Oh, very much so. That might have been one reason why I felt very close to Meretta, because I know there were times when she must have had a very difficult life, but on the surface...

I made a note here about when they put the fountain in the middle of Jones Quad. At that time Dr. Banks had moved his office down the hall so we could see from our windows. They were all ready to turn the water on and we stood there at the window and I said, "All we need now is some detergent!"

The next morning I came to work and when I came to Jones Quadrangle here were mounds of detergent flowing all over the lawn. When I got to work, Dr. Banks said, "I see where you spent the night!"

T: You know there is a sequel to that, Vesta. That fountain was given to us
by Betty Gardner, the wife of Hilton Gardner, a trustee and our attorney. She gave us the money for the fountain and we had a dedication and her son was there and her grandchild was the one who cut the ribbon. I told people in Buildings and Grounds when I saw that to disregard it; just ignore it; we would dedicate it with the detergent and all. So we dedicated it and it didn’t make any difference one way or another. About two years later Bo Gardner, the son of the man for whom it was dedicated, was at a party in Portland and some girl there said, "We fixed them, we put detergent tablets in the fountain and it blossomed all over, and I think that was one of the smartest things I ever did." Then Bo Gardner said so everyone could hear, "That's rather interesting because that fountain was dedicated to my father." He said the party was rather wet from then on. (Laughter) That was written up in the papers and the next time I was in Sun Drug the Diamond boys, who are alumni and who were "All-American boys" and you always knew if there was some mischief probably the Phalanx were involved, and they belonged to the Phalanx. This was kind of an unorganized group of real "hail fellows, well met" guys. One of the Diamond brothers said to me, "Doc, I see you got some detergent up there in your fountain." I said yes that's right, and he said, "Would you like to be able to get rid of it?" So he gave me, of all things, a bottle of nose drops about three inches tall, and I said, "You're pulling my leg." He said, "No, when that happens you take a little eyedropper full and squirt it on each one of those fountains and the stuff will
cut back in five, ten minutes." I didn't believe him but I took the bottle and one night at dusk when there was all kinds of detergent and I squirted it and By George! it went down and I was just ready to squirt it on the fourth and last one when I looked over and there were three professors in the physics department watching me and they were making signs. But it cut it back. I went back to the drug store and said, "Gee, that stuff worked. What is it?"
He said, "I don't know but it does cut it back." I asked where he got it and he said, "I get it from a drug company," and he gave me the name of the drug company so I wrote to the drug company and they wrote back and said they got it from Dow Chemical. I wrote to Dow Chemical and told them the situation and they wrote back, "Dear President Thompson, Re: Tacoma's Foaming Fountain. (Laughter) Thank you for finding a whole new market for one of our products. We had no idea that it worked in this way but we are sending you forty pounds of what we think is the controlling factor so your Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds can use it to control your fountains." And ever since we used it and I gave it to Pacific First Federal and to the park department. So we don't care if they put it in and if they do, we can control it. But it all came out of that moment when we had detergent in the Gardner fountain.
H: I was going to ask you, too, if you have talked to Dr. Slater.
T: Oh, yes. He's a precious person.
H: He's a fountain of knowledge.
T: He's a wonderful person. He seems to be about as young as he ever was and he goes out each weekend on these museum trips and he's still finding new specimens in new areas. He's been very gracious because he has endowed two or three scholarships and just last week he endowed a prize for the best man in ROTC. He must be in the latter part of the 80's now.

H: Yes, he's up there close. You know Grace Day, who with her husband gave the Gail Day Memorial Chapel, is one of my very dearest friends.

T: Isn't she precious!

H: Oh, she is.

T: Her grandson, Allan Sapp, is one of the best students we've ever had.

H: He is so much like his grandfather, because Verne thought out everything and he knew exactly what to do and he had the courage to do it. Allan, Jr. is doing the same thing. I call Grace from down in Mesa, Arizona, where we spend the winters, once every ten days or so and we keep real close because I knew her when I first came to Tacoma. Of course Verne and Earl were in the same type of work--credit work. Someone said to me the other day, "Grace is so independent," but that is what has kept her living to 91 years. If she were someplace where someone brought her food on a tray, if they went out and got her paper for her and took out her garbage, she wouldn't be doing this. She's as independent as they make them and such an inspiration.

T: I know.

H: She has a memory.
T: I enjoy her. I go see her about every three months.

H: And she appreciates it.

T: She is so precious and, of course, Allan has been wonderful. Allan was one of the first rescue people for those students lost on Mt. St. Helens, and he has just been wonderful all through his college years. He's worked his way through with photography and in other ways.

H: He's good in business law.

Well, the University has done a lot for me, and as I told my older brother who is now in a nursing home and has to be taken care of, which is a very sad thing, "I think I've had just about as much education as you did; I just don't have the brain power to push it."

T: Well, you probably have more because you've been educated not only in school but educated in life. Well, Vesta, I appreciate this very, very much and this will be filed away with the primary sources for a history to be written sometime close to the Centennial.