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This interview was conducted with Charles Lind on June 8<sup>th</sup>, 2006, in Wilson Library Special Collections, Western Washington University, Bellingham, Washington. The interviewer is Tamara Belts.

**TB:** Today is Thursday, June 8<sup>th</sup>, 2006, and I am here with Charles Lind who attended the Campus School. I believe he went from Kindergarten through ninth grade. We are going to ask him the questions from the Campus School alumni questionnaire. The first one is: How did you happen to attend the Campus School?

**CL:** You will have to ask my deceased parents! I would assume that because parents of other students slightly older than I who were in the same social group, bridge club, dinner club and so forth, were

sending their children there -- that influenced my parents. My mother was a public school teacher in Texas before she came up here and then for a while in Bellingham. I think probably the benefits and the social cache that existed at the time probably were the main reasons.

**TB:** Did anyone else in your family attend the Campus School?

**CL:** Yes, my younger sister.

**TB:** And her name was?

**CL:** Barbara Holmes, now.

**TB:** What were the years and grades of your attendance?

**CL:** Well, I started in Kindergarten in, I believe 1936 and ended in 1946 as a ninth grader.

**TB:** Did your family pay any fees for your attendance at that Campus School?

**CL:** I don't have the foggiest idea.

**TB:** Where did you live when you attended the Campus School?

**CL:** I lived out by Lake Whatcom at the top end of Idaho Street off of Electric Avenue. It was just in the county; the city limits line ran alongside my father and mother's property on two sides. I think maybe initially my father took us to town and we took the bus from Garden and Holly, or it could have been the trolley at that time. Later on I think we took the trolley along Electric Avenue from there and transferred, my sister and I both normally.

**TB:** Do you have any favorite memories of that experience getting to and from school?

**CL:** Not particularly, it was just a way to get from one point to another.

**TB:** What did you do for lunch?

**CL:** I believe normally we took a sandwich lunch in a little lunch box or brown sack, depending on what year it was.

**TB:** Do you remember any favorite classmates and please name them for us?

**CL:** In the early years Charles Teel, his father was a physician here in town. In fact, he delivered me I believe. Larry Olsen, an army man, then banker, then a real estate man who still resides in Bellingham. Willard Oates, now and since college, living in California – a psychologist. Mary Ann Peterson, who became Mary Ann Royal when she married a Blaine gentleman and moved to Salinas; she died unfortunately too early. Ardis Iverson, who transferred in and became a good friend. Her father who was the local Democratic party chairman and Bellingham postmaster for quite a while and who I used to indulge in political conversations - I being a staunch Republican, having been raised that way, but we had a good time. I can't forget Mary Ann Bertoglio, whose father was a Pontiac dealer – also transferred in in junior high. Her mother and father made sure that Mary Ann's friends got to enjoy waterskiing at their Lake Whatcom home and Mrs. Bertoglio tried to teach all of us how to Charleston. I am probably the only male who retained that, and have since used it in Dixieland Jazz Festivals that I attend. I am probably forgetting some important ones here, but those are the ones that immediately jump into my consciousness.

**TB:** Who were you favorite or most influential teachers?

**CL:** My favorite one was probably the first one, who also was my third grade teacher, and that's Priscilla Kinsman. She was everybody's I think favorite teacher -- darling gal, great personality. I think she really enjoyed children. She looked great; she spoke well, just perfect. Miss Casanova, our first grade teacher, was a nice lady. I remember her I guess because sometime later I found out that she was the sister of Len Casanova, long-time football coach for the University of Oregon Ducks. Irene Elliot, my second grade teacher, shaped a lot of my interests later -- not from what she taught in class, but what came later. I'll refer back to that in a minute.

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Later on, I think the socially, politically active junior high teachers, Miss Wagner particularly, Miss Leslie Hunt, who was active here on campus until a few years ago (well, more than a few now), I think increased my interest in public affairs and politics and things like that. Miss Elliot advertised when I was in the seventh grade (she was my second grade teacher) for someone to mow her lawn up on 16<sup>th</sup> Street hill. I applied; I had been mowing other lawns. It was a steep hill with a big lawn and it took (this is in the days of the power mower) me all of Saturday and sometimes beyond that to mow it. I had my lunch in her basement where she kept stacks of *National Geographic* and *Time* magazines and where I was known to extend my lunch hour as I read and read. That was in the seventh grade. By the eighth grade I asked for and received my own subscription to *Time* magazine. From that came a growing interest in public affairs and I eventually became involved in politics, ran for office four times, elected twice. I went to the State Legislature and was a research analyst down there.

My army time ended -- because of I think of that background that I received here at Campus School -- in service overseas and in counterintelligence. I took the Foreign Service exam one time and passed the written one. I flunked the oral as it turns out! Anyway, the time that I spent here at Wilson [Library] and the things I read and the interests of my teachers here, had a large part to play in that. My father always used to (later on) want me to read business magazines, but I was more interested in reading the stuff that I started reading here (world affairs and that type of thing).

**TB:** So you were in the Washington State Legislature?

**CL:** For one term only.

**TB:** From Whatcom County?

**CL:** Yes, at that time the district was just Bellingham. That was a long time ago; 1962 was the election and I served from 1963-65 and I went back at the next term as a research analyst for the Republican Caucus. I would be more influential there than here. The year I was down there I noticed that the representative from Ellensburg, what's his name, a crusty, nice old guy, managed to get a new access road to Central Washington [State College] from the new freeway, approved. I was too late to do anything about it when the bill hit the floor but I then went down to Olympia and talked to the representatives (Barney Goltz was in the Senate down there then) and suggested that we really work on that for Western because Sehome was being built and they needed a new road up here to serve the school and they didn't have the money. So we got the money in that session to serve Western coming in from the backside for the first time, and also serve as access to Sehome High School. Gordon Carter, the Superintendent, thanked me a number of times in the years following that for doing that.

**TB:** So is that Bill McDonald Parkway?

**CL:** Bill McDonald Parkway.

**TB:** Cool!

**CL:** Yes, that was a little political move there which I enjoyed doing.

I think there are also some [Campus School] highlights... during the World War II there were very few men on campus in the college ranks. So, the conductor of the college orchestras at that time was Don Bushell. He recruited some of us who played instruments. I know we practiced with the college orchestra but I'm not sure that we ever played with them. But there we were a bunch of junior high types. I think there were two or maybe three of us who were trombonists and a couple of the gals I mentioned already were playing cello and playing with the collegians. We received courses in junior high such as (although we were still in Old Main I think. [Campus School] was completed by the time I was in fifth grade) typing courses – top floor of Old Main, right over the entrance. That would be very valuable in future years. We managed to flunk our student teacher by tossing water balloons out of the windows on top of the people who were walking below when she had her back turned. I don't feel proud about that, but it was a memorable course!

Another one that I think did have lasting value for me was boys' cooking taught by Miss Countryman. Again, we received the benefit of the college faculty experts in some of these courses. She broke us in with apple crunch I think it was. I don't think I've ever made it since, but I did find I had some kind of a talent for putting together meals and cooking. I later operated a boat charter business and I did quite a bit of skippering and was also the cook. And I cooked for myself and still do and enjoy it. In fact, I used to do big dinners when people were coming. That was something I would have never known that I was interested in and could do because that was just women's work as far as I was concerned. My mother, my sister, and my grandmother always did the cooking when I was growing up. Campus School gave me a taste for the fact that I could do that and the result wasn't too bad sometimes. Early on it was probably not too good!

Then in the seventh grade we were in Old Main, the far end that would be the second floor. We had dancing instruction with records – social dancing – so we weren't complete clods when we got into high school! I still enjoy dancing. I enjoyed it then and took it when I was in eighth grade or ninth grade. We got to ask the seventh grade girls to dance and they were very impressed then of course with these older guys!

The family business was ready-mix concrete and we supplied I think it was half the concrete for the first addition to Wilson back in the Sixties. I personally wrote the contract for all the brick in Red Square. So I spent quite a bit of time up there just watching them unload and that kind of stuff. Basically that was my job to kind of supervise that stuff and make sure the brick ended up in the right place. So I kind of kept in touch over the years with things like that.

**TB:** So were you involved when they built the science building, Haggard Hall? That is all concrete.

**CL:** I may have been; there are so many. Maybe not, it depends on what years. I actually left the business in the early Seventies, about 1971 I think it was. But I was involved in the interesting brick over at the book store and the student union. It came from the Dakotas.

**TB:** So you knew Fred Bassetti?

**CL:** Oh yes. Well, I met him. I don't really know him that well. Bassetti-Morse, sure.

**TB:** We did his oral history and he talks about getting that brick.

**CL:** Is that right?

**TB:** Well just that he liked that brick.

**CL:** I'd forgotten that he designed that one, frankly, because I knew he did Ridgeway and that was the one he got a big award for. The interesting thing was that when the brick were loaded in the Dakotas, they put them in there in random colors. He wanted them, it turned out, in basically stripes of similar or the same colors, horizontally. The poor hod carriers, the low level of the mason contracting people, had to eyeball these brick and then resort them out in the way that they wanted. What a pain that was! But if the architect says that's the way he wants them -- that's the way it has to be.

**TB:** Do you remember any of your student teachers?

**CL:** Yes I do, but which ones? A gentleman who was a student teacher I think in the ninth grade I think went on in education. I had his name on the tip of my tongue earlier today, it starts with a 'D.' I guess the truthful answer is not really by name. I would recognize some of them. In fact, someone will come up to me who I've met somewhere and say, "*You must be Charles Lind.*" And I say, "*And you are who?*" But they all played their part. I remember getting sent to the head teacher's office in second grade by one of Miss Elliot's student teacher who was trying to teach us about -- if not the birds at least the bees! How they entered into combat, the working bees, to see who was going to be the queen. I had to mouth off that they were like Joe Lewis bee fighting Max Schmeling bee or something, because this was at the time of the big heavyweight championship fight. After I did this a few times I was asked, "*Why do you keep interrupting? Why are you such a disturbing influence in the class here?*" And I said, "*I'm just trying to make my friends laugh.*" Miss Elliot said, "*Well that's not what you're here for, you're here to learn.*" I wouldn't give up, so I said something about, "*Well gee, Bob Hope and [others] get lots of money for making people laugh.*" She said, "*Yes, but you aren't getting any money for making people laugh, so stop it.*" I was threatened with suspension for about five years running for treating my class as an audience. Fortunately, the times that I stepped over the line I managed to evade justice -- the fall of the sword!

**TB:** What were your favorite subjects or classroom activities? You've talked about that a little bit.

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**CL:** Sure. I really enjoyed all subjects except probably math; social sciences of all kinds, particularly history and geography. I just liked to pour over maps. There are some people who just can't wait until the next *National Geographic* map comes and they spread them all out and eyeball them real closely – that's me (or it was at that time). Activities: I was a cheerleader; it was a lot of "ra-ra" stuff. Then I played a little softball for two years I guess on the junior high team. I was not particularly interested in finger painting and clay modeling. The girls loved that because they got to sit there and talk about each other and other people. I like what I can see in terms of art and aesthetics, but as far as translating that to my fingers or my hands, it's something else. No, I cannot do that. I remember Miss Plympton walking by once. We were all supposed to be doing sketches of things. I was drawing a stick figure because that's about the only thing I ever [could do]. She said, "*Oh Charles, what are we ever going to do with you?*" [Laughter] "*Well, I'm sorry!*"

Miss Gragg who taught us writing and then printing and I never went back to writing, I still print. She had a certain effect on some of our lives.

**TB:** Could you at all talk a little more about her? I hear a lot about how you [all] have distinctive handwriting or printing or whatever.

**CL:** She taught handwriting as it was taught in those days. We spent a lot of time with loops and circles – "*Get all of your ovals slanting this way.*" Basically it was by the book. She wasn't particularly harsh, but she expected you to, regardless of what your own inclination was or what your arm could do, you needed to do that to write in a proper fashion. We all, I think, tried to and we had various results. Mine weren't particularly good in writing. Printing over the years, now I get people who compliment my precise printing. They can read it, which is pretty good since I started out a right hander and then I lost this in an industrial accident (referring to prosthetic).

I was going to move on however to our music instructor, Miss Mira Booth. "*Who is Sylvia? What is she? That all our swains commend her?*" [words by William Shakespeare, melody by Franz Schubert]. Things like that. I think that she, even though I probably fought it much of the time, managed to inculcate an understanding and appreciation for serious music. It's one of those things that if you listen to it and you develop it and she explains what it is that you are hearing, and so forth. I think she had an effect on a lot of us. In fact, I get involved with other people in the discussion of the decline of current culture, much of it involves music. Where have we gone that such-and-such is called music? Well, because they are not teaching it; they are not exposing kids to serious music at any time. It's not a factor. If they want to play in a band then they can take an instrument and maybe end up playing in a band. So I hold Mira Booth in high esteem for the importance of what she was doing and the fact that it has, in my case, broadened my enjoyment of life.

When I went overseas with the army, one of the first things I did when I saw it in Stuttgart was to get tickets for the opera because I had heard of it, I hadn't seen it – it was *Carmen*. Who can go wrong with *Carmen*? That much I knew. So we were in this little opera house and I was right

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down on the front row. Out came Carmen and she was a rather well-developed Hungarian brunette with a very low cut dress and I was right up front in the balcony in this little opera house looking down there thinking, "*If this is opera, I have missed a lot! I need to go see more opera!*" Just a facetious aside here, but I think that musical theater, opera, symphony, all can sharpen the senses for the betterment of not only the individual but the people with whom he is communing in whatever way. I think Campus School, in many cases, some of our students probably wouldn't even think of it that much or be aware of it. I think because I have stayed close to music (I played when I was in college. I went to three years of college in Los Angeles and played in a Dixieland band down there). I have stayed with music maybe more than some; that's why it's important I think for me. You have to have a way to express yourself in one way or another and music has been mine.

Miss Weythman, now we need to talk about Miss Weythman. We boys (young boys) always had some questions about why Miss Weythman found it necessary to go back and forth through the boys' shower room when we were all standing around there naked, so often and so much! Now that I think about it, she was probably just making sure that everything was on the up and up among these boys over there in the big shower room in Carver Gym. That's another thing we got out of the Campus School experience – to be able to swim in the big pool. I could just about go one length underwater from the deep end to the shallow end. I think I did go all the way a couple times. That's again repetition. I've been involved in water all my life, too – as an avocation or a vocation and never had a particular amount of fear probably because I got into it a lot when I was over at Campus School. Even though it was a warm pool, you can transfer that to a warm lake and then when it's cold seawater, you just adapt. Anyway, I've run out of memories I think on that score.

**TB:** What kinds of learning materials did you mostly use? Did you use regular textbooks or materials created by your teachers?

**CL:** I think we used regular textbooks and then we used materials from the library. In some cases we used our own resources if the home had an encyclopedia or something. I don't really have much memory of that, but I know I wrote a lot of papers.

**TB:** What kind of grading system was in use during your attendance? Did you have letter grades or narrative reports?

**CL:** I think we had letter grades.

**TB:** You talked a little bit about this, do you remember any creative activities such as weaving and making things?

**CL:** Yes, we built small things of wood in the early primary grades. The reason I remember this particularly is because there was a lovely young blonde girl in (I think my class) who I was probably was too shy, too scared, to directly approach about anything. But while we were working on wood things, over a period of time she apparently had noticed that I had developed

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some kind of ability in this, because one day she came over and said, “*Charles, I noticed that you are very good with wood. Will you help me with my wood project here?*” I practically fell over myself of course, acquiescing to whatever she wanted. I have some pictures of battleships and thing that I made. I enjoyed woodworking at that time and later. I also did it on Saturdays at the YMCA. Other than that, as I say, I was not able to do anything artistic on paper or with paint or crayons or anything else. Clay was not my long suit either. I could maybe make an ashtray; lump, flatten it, take out the stuff in the middle and put a cigarette groove here and a cigarette groove there and that was about it.

**TB:** What was it like for you to be observed so often by student teachers?

**CL:** You got used to it. I think probably initially it’s ‘*What’s going on here?*’ But I think the classroom teachers explained it sufficiently that allayed any fears or suspicious we might have. I don’t think it was a problem.

**TB:** Did you attend summer school at the campus school?

**CL:** No.

**TB:** You’ve talked a little about this too, but what out-of-classroom activities did you engage in? What did you do at recess, lunchtime, what did you enjoy the most, what games did you play?

**CL:** I’m trying to think about where we played; initially right out in front where the Red Square is now I guess. I think that baseball (or softball actually) in season was probably the thing that I enjoyed the most. I don’t recall soccer really being played in those days here. I saw it for the first time in Germany when I was over there. There were kids playing. I thought that was a great sport; I thought we should import that, and we did. Dancing I mentioned already. Outside we went on field trips occasionally and hikes through the arboretum, probably other places that I can’t recall. Outdoor activities I think were the ones that I enjoyed the most. Even getting acclimated and oriented here in the library was an eye-opening experience I’ll put it that way. Gosh, look at all the stuff here! I found out later when I was a freshman in college I could put my head down on the desk behind the little partitions and sleep!

**TB:** That’s actually my next question: did you visit the college itself, the college library, attended assemblies, sporting events or anything else at the college while you were in Campus School?

**CL:** I don’t recall that I did. I recall seeing the basketball team playing in what is now the lower center area of Old Main. There was a gym there at one time. Beyond that I can’t recall doing anything on campus except maybe a play we were all invited to watch or something.

**TB:** When you started out, the Campus School was in Old Main. Can you talk a little about what it was like to be in Old Main and in transition to the new school?

**CL:** Old Main was old then! But we were used to it also by then. We started in Kindergarten, then overlooking the south end, and then [after] four and a half, five and a half years of it I guess, we made the switch. We watched the construction of [Campus School], so when we got over there it was like, wow! How fortunate we are, look at all this stuff here! We've got our own gymnasium and on and on. When they said move time, we moved. I can't recall any problems. We probably didn't carry very much except our normal lunches and things. It was very smoothly done I thought because it may have been done during a winter break, I can't really recall. Do you know?

**TB:** I think it was at winter time.

**CL:** I think it was. It was a good time. We enjoyed that. It was like, this has been okay up here but now we have our own building, it feels like we're really home. One of the first things I did... I lipped off somewhere or was a disturbance somewhere... I was being sent to the principal's office over there!

**TB:** Oh, in the new building!

**CL:** Yes, I was still on this – *“One more thing Mrs. Lind and your son will be suspended.”* Fortunately, I have arteries close to the surface in my nose particularly. I realized if I hit my nose, I would have a nosebleed, and if I had a nosebleed, maybe I wouldn't have to go into the principal's office. So I slugged myself in the nose. I was seated in the [waiting] room outside the inner office so the secretary was there. Everybody else was at lunch. I said, *“Oh! I'm bleeding!”* She took one look at me and screamed and ran me down to the nurse's office. So she fixed poor little Charlie up and his mysterious bleeding problem and I never did see the principal! That shows you what a dirty rotten little kid I was!

We also then had a school paper. I think I must have been in the ninth grade; that would be Miss Hunt then, yes it probably was. We had a wonderful masthead because there were two Bobs and two Charleses in our class, and the two Charleses had last names that both had four letters in them and the two Bobs had last names both of which had six letters in it. We had a masthead it was Charles Lind, Charles Teel, Bob Walker, Bob Hansen; so it was square, and notch all down there. I think she chose it for that. Anyway, I enjoyed my stint as editor; there for a while I thought I was going to be a journalist until I realized I was too lazy to be a journalist and I don't like deadlines. It was fun while it lasted.

**TB:** What was it like when you moved back to Old Main for junior high? Any thoughts on that?

**CL:** Did we move back to Old Main for junior high? I guess we did.

**TB:** Yes, seventh, eighth and ninth I think were in Old Main.

**CL:** I don't remember anything about it! That's interesting, I never thought about that. So we only went over there...

**TB:** Up until sixth grade.

**CL:** Yes, we only had two and half years or something like that over there, or one and a half years. Well, junior high is junior high, what can I say. That's right, yes, because we were doing dance breaks at lunch over there at the far end of the building. It was a fun time, junior high here at Campus School. We were old enough now where you felt fairly secure and we knew our way around – big men on campus! We had our typing class and threw water balloons out of the window and stuff like that. We took our boys' cooking course on the far end on the ground floor.

**TB:** At what grade level did you enter public school? Why did you transfer and what was the transition like for you?

**CL:** I transferred in as a high school sophomore because that's as far as we went here – ninth grade. It was Bellingham High; there was only one high school in those days. It was somewhat intimidating. We had been large frogs in a small pond here. Over there, we were very small frogs in a really big pond: "*You came from where?*" Most of them knew it but they would wrinkle up their noses at the Campus School. For the first year, I think most of us kept a pretty low profile while we were trying to make some friends and broaden our friendships – which we did. I think we retained those friendships from Campus School. I haven't gone to a high school reunion for years and years. I think I have maybe been to a total of two. But the Campus School kids, even in smaller groups, when they are out here, we try to get together and bring each other up to date on what is happening with ourselves and other Campus Schoolers that we know. A long-time friend of mine (not Campus School related) married a few years ago a Campus School girl two years behind me. Her husband had died and his wife and he had divorced. Georgia McCush – you've already spoken with her I think – Georgia Heald.

**TB:** Right, right.

**CL:** She's the one who actually urged me to contact you. It's so much fun when we get together and have dinner, the two couples go back and forth quite a bit. It's so much fun reminiscing. Of course, our two spouses are just sitting there looking at each other! She exhibits I think some of the really better qualities of a Campus School trained person. She's certainly not pushing her own wagon or making all sorts of claims but she's just solidly grounded in so many areas and warm and generous. We get together and my wife and her husband, both of them from the East originally, they sit in the living room and I don't know what they talk about. I'm there over Georgia's shoulder watching her cook and helping to an extent; confabulating -- there's something there. It's the same with others. I haven't seen Ardis for a while but we used to see each other quite often. You get that same contact feeling. Anyway, that's about all I can tell you on that.

**TB:** While you were talking I thought of something else. Since there were two Charles in your class, did you both go by Charles?

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**CL:** In Campus School we did.

**TB:** I remember your sister was actually called “Lindy.” I’ve done Barbara Welsh (Barbara McCollum).

**CL:** Yes, and there was another Barbara – Barbara Albers.

**TB:** Yes, Albers and then Dorsey.

**CL:** Barbara Dorsey, yes.

**TB:** Yes, so they all went by their last names, well, she was “Welshie.”

**CL:** Yes, that’s right. My immediate family sometimes calls me C.E., my two initials, because my mother was from the South and down there guys don’t have names quite often, they just have initials. Mine was C.E. because of the initials in my name. Chuck came into being somewhere in junior high or high school. My male friends usually called me that.

**TB:** Please share any specific differences between public school and Campus School that especially affected you.

**CL:** Well, I only had a three year exposure and it was just to Bellingham High School, which in those days was a pretty good school I think; pretty good with music. I think we probably as a group had a little bit greater involvement in such things as music and art appreciation as well as art (doing it) and weren’t quite so boisterous as a group. I, however, fell under bad influences and with the other guys we just about tore apart Bellingham High when I graduated. The cops decided that I must be the leader of the gang because all the others seemed to be really out-and-out jocks and I was just on the fringe; one year of tennis – that isn’t the athletic type! But I’m the exception. The others are good from the Campus School. They kept their noses clean and concentrated on their academics for the most part. John Barnett of the Campus School in our class I think was president of our class over there. We had a lot of people up there in the top ten percent. I can’t remember who the valedictorians were. Even I graduated in the top ten – just made it! I was 30 out of 300 or something like that. My kids went to a private Christian day school until they transferred and I know they got good study habits and good discipline. I think we got pretty good discipline and I think that we probably did have superior study habits if I had a chance to compare. But how can you tell? Maybe just the innate influence of the home or the IQ you start with or who knows. I like to think that we benefited in a number of ways – even just being able to use the library. We had experience in it, they brought us over here. Again, I mentioned the music. Field trips – this is the way a pulp mill works, or whatever. I guess they do that in the public school, too. I think also the other thing is it does open doors. When you are going to school on a college (now a university) campus, it exposes you to the fact that there is such a thing. What it means? Who are these people? What are they learning? All this stuff, otherwise you can grow up and never even really hear much about college unless you are going to be recruited for your athletic prowess. For what it’s worth, I think we benefited.

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**TB:** Did you go on a lot of other field trips when you were a student at the Campus School?

**CL:** I don't think that we went on a lot. They were worthwhile trips. They imparted some additional educational impact that we wouldn't have gotten just reading about it in the classroom. In some cases my kids, even at Christian school, had some of these field trips. They were basically, "*I can't figure out anything to teach next week, let's take them on a field trip.*" But that's just my attitude.

**TB:** What further education did you pursue (college, graduate or professional school)?

**CL:** Yes [Laughter]. I went to Occidental. I got my BA there. Then I went to the University of Washington for one year in the School of Business and Economics and also to stay out of Korea, hopefully. When I did get drafted I ended up going to Germany even though the shooting had stopped already. After the army (I had a course in German while I was over there), I came back here and took a special course here at Western, in preparation for taking the State Department Foreign Service Exam. I passed that exam as I indicated. Then later on in the Eighties I used my GI Bill to do all of the coursework required for a Master's in Public Administration – when Ralph Miner was the chair over there. My graduate advisor was Don... it starts with an 'A'.

**TB:** Alper?

**CL:** Could be. Other than that, that's it. Funny thing – I finished my coursework in the spring of 1980 I guess. Dr. Miner invited me into his office and said, "*Well Lind, what are you going to do now with your degree?*" "*Well Dr. Miner, I'd like to get a job as a government or political science instructor at a community college.*" He said, "*Oh, well did you know, it's a bad time. There are so many unemployed PhDs in the field right now. You are probably going to have a very difficult time doing that.*" I thought, "*Why should I come back and pay another quarter's tuition just to take my exams again?*" So I never went back and took the final exams! I probably wouldn't have done anything with it anyway. So I did mess around with additional education at both Western and the UW.

**TB:** You've talked about this a little bit, but how did attendance at the Campus School influence your life or career?

**CL:** Well, it taught me some bad habits; that I could get by with slugging myself in the nose to get out of trouble! Actually it probably was too easy for me, and too easy on me, if the truth is known, because I was able to do things that I wanted to do through life, like I did in Campus School, and get my way. I guess I would say that probably more discipline would have been better for me personally, and more directed education if that would have carried over into my choices for life.

**TB:** Are you still in touch with any Campus School classmates? Obviously you are still in touch with [Georgia Heald].

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**CL:** Not a lot of them, but some. Carlin Freeberg, who was a local psychologist and formerly on the staff here, I see fairly often. Barbara McCollum. How about the guys? I haven't mentioned much of them. I don't bother with the men I like to hobnob with the ladies!

**TB:** That's fine. Would you be willing to serve as a contact person for your class for the purpose of encouraging participation in the Campus School reunion planned for 2007?

**CL:** If I thought I would do the kind of job that you would like to have, I would say yes, but I won't, I can't. I've got other responsibilities. I've been retired but I'm not retired any more and it takes me longer to do everything, this being part of it. What I let slide are these outside assignments.

**TB:** Georgia is one of the class representatives.

**CL:** My class ... Britt Lee is the fireball in our class locally.

**TB:** Is that her name now, Britt Lee?

**CL:** Yes; former judge Leslie Lee's wife, she's quite active in alumni stuff, at least at Bellingham High.

**TB:** What was her maiden name?

**CL:** Selander; Catherine May's younger sister.

**TB:** Okay.

**CL:** Britt has a home on North Shore Drive right at Silver Beach and she has a second summer home at Cane Lake. I know she's got the first one for sale but I don't think it's going very fast. She transferred into our class and remains a fireball. The other one I mentioned is Larry Olsen, the realtor. He works well with her and they have worked on our own Campus School get-togethers – making calls and trying to get people going. They would be also the best source of other people. There are several other gals probably that could be plugged into it; Larry and Britt would be the ones that would know them because they worked with them in the past.

**TB:** Do you have any Campus School memorabilia, including photographs, class publications, crafts, artwork, etc.?

**CL:** I looked around for it and I couldn't find any. I looked in my baby book even but there's nothing beyond age five.

**TB:** Any other favorite memories of your Campus School days and any comments about areas not covered by the questions above or that you haven't spoken to?

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**CL:** No, I don't think so. I think I've rattled off at the mouth long enough. I appreciate the chance to revive the memories though, it is fun.

**TB:** Well thank you very much.

**CL:** Thank you.