

## UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE

TAPE 2 OF 11; 88-102

INTERVIEW WITH: Harlan Hubbard  
CONDUCTED BY: Joanne Weeter  
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JOANNE WEETER: We're in Payne Hollow, Kentucky. This is interview two, side two. My name is Joanne Weeter and I'm interviewing Harlan Hubbard.

HH: This article I'm going to read some parts of is called "My Days at Evander Childs High School" written by Margaret Goreth Hunt. I remember Margaret Goreth very well. She evidently married a man named Hunt and wrote this in her later years. I'll read what she has written. [begins reading] "My family's arrival in the 'wilds of the Bronx' from the suburbs of New Jersey in 1914 coincided with the beginning of an era -- the start of World War I and the establishment of Evander Childs High School, the second high school in the Bronx. To begin with, this must have seemed like a far-off dream to the entering students, since there was no building. The upper floors of several elementary schools, even an old house, scattered all over the upper Bronx, Fordham, Bedford, Wakefield, Unionport were utilized. The main building, in Westchester, contained the administration, where Gilbert Sykes Blakeley, the principal, held sway. I'm sure he was a fine administrator but his job must have been infinitely easier than such a position is now. I never saw a student disciplined, or need to be, in all my years of high

school in the Bronx. Mr. Blakeley, a gentleman of the old school, (what other term could I use?) frowned upon football, however, and it was not played by the boys. They played soccer instead, and our beloved Paul B. Mann organized and coached a rifle team, which was always very successful and kept winning the Whitney Rifle trophy year after year. As a matter of record, during my senior year, due to the fact that a number of the rifle team had graduated, I was accepted as the only girl and I believe the only girl to win the PSAL letter. We did not, at first, have a rifle range; we used, as did the other schools, a device known as a submachine gun." [stops reading]

Well, that comes pretty close to me; I played soccer, too. I learned how to. I had never heard of the game before I went there and I even tried out for the rifle team and had some practice on that submachine gun which they used instead of the rifle shooting bullets. It can be used inside in the schoolroom, and by some device the course of the bullet, where it would strike the target is indicated so that you don't have to have all that room it takes to shoot a gun. I also remember Gilbert Sykes Blakeley real well, although I had not much to do with him. I think the important fact, though, is that [reads] "I never saw a student disciplined or need to be in all my years of high school in the Bronx." [stops reading] And when you think about what you read about high schools in New York today, it's quite a different atmosphere.

[Begins reading again] "What a surprise I got on my first day in school. I had just turned thirteen with my hair down my back (one did not 'put up' one's hair until one was sixteen), and I found myself addressed as 'Miss Goreth.' The girls were addressed by their last names only. Well, I must say, it made me feel a little more grown up!" [Stops

reading] I never could -- got used to the teachers calling me Hubbard. In Bellevue they always called you by your first name. Well, I say I never got used to it, I did; I got used to everything, so I had no trouble.

[Begins reading again] “I do not think any school in the country had more able, well educated and dedicated faculty than Evander Childs High School when I was fortunate enough to be there. There were not too many ‘frills’ except for music, art, physical education and I think one course in home economics, or did we call it domestic science?” [Stops reading] My only sport there was tennis and I belonged to the Evander Childs tennis team. We'd go around and play the other high schools. Tennis I had learned before I left Bellevue; in fact, it was quite a new thing that was sweeping the country as far as Bellevue was concerned, in the Middle West. I suppose out in New York they had been playing longer. But I was amazed at how well the young people play nowadays. When I was their age I couldn't begin to play that well. It wasn't exactly my fault, it was just the state of the art had not advanced to the point where it is now.

She says, [begins reading again] “The English department was very strong; I remember particularly Dudley H. Miles and Charles Raubicheck.” [Stops reading] Those two names are very familiar to me, of course; I remember Dudley H. Miles very well and Charles Raubicheck was the teacher in the school who had the most influence on me and I think was the best teacher in the school. He reminded me very much of a friend I made later in Kentucky, Clay Crawford -- even looked like him. [begins reading again] “History was ably taught by Sophie P. Woodman: ancient history in the sophomore year; medieval and modern history in the junior year; and American history and civics in the

senior year.” [stops reading] I went all through that, partly with Miss Woodman. [begins reading again] “And imagine -- three full-time teachers in Latin!” [stops reading] And they don't even mention all that I knew there. Well, I had one year of Latin in Bellevue and I didn't even learn what it was all about. But when I began to find out what the structure of the Latin language was and the difference from the English language, I did better. I had four years of Latin, one in Bellevue and three years in New York. And I don't regret all the time I gave to it. The best part of course, was we finally got into Virgil in the fourth year Latin class with Mr. A. H. Evans, who is mentioned here. [begins reading again] "Sylvia Coster and Rosabelle MacDonald handled the art department with distinction." [stops reading] I don't remember Sylvia Coster at all -- that's probably another building -- but I do remember Rosabelle MacDonald. She was a young woman and she had a great influence on me, I think.

[Begins reading again] "John B. Schamus' elocution class provided programs for assemblies when there were no outside speakers." [Stops reading] John B. Schamus was the bug bear of the school for me because he said that nobody would graduate unless they made a speech in assembly on the stage and he held that over me for years and finally didn't make me do it anyway. But he was a big Irishman with a tremendous voice and he would bear down on a young fellow like me who had a weak voice. Didn't have a chance. [resumes reading] "I really should not fail to mention the clothes we wore. Middy blouses were almost standard for girls and even the best dressed girls in school had very few changes. We were neither the fashion plates of the '50s nor the slovenly

objects of today. The boys wore knickers and long, black stockings." [stops reading] I remember that. I didn't get a pair of long pants until I was in the junior year.

[Begins reading again] "As for foreign language, up to World War I, both French and German were offered in addition to Latin." [stops reading] I opted for German and I was getting along very well and as the girl says, [resumes reading] "When the United States entered the war, German was dropped," [stops reading] which I always regretted because we had some good teachers that are mentioned here, Miss Heuermann and Mr. Schoenberg.

The end of my schooling was rather abrupt. In my junior year, the students were offered a chance to go to work on farms during the spring, and I could not take classes clear to the end of the term. They'd get credit, but their service working on the farms was so important because farm labor was scarce during World War I. I didn't see many students jump at the chance, though, but I did. Not that I wanted to get out of school or anything like that, but I thought that getting on a farm would be something. [microphone knocked so sentence unclear]. My opinion of [unintelligible] by a discovery I made in, I think it was my sophomore year in high school, were the works of Henry D. Thoreau, an American nature writer, need I say. He inspired in me longing to live in nature, for awhile anyway. I never did know just what it would lead to but I had a vague idea that this was something important to me.

So I left school, I guess it was in May, anyway, maybe in April, and went to upstate New York in Tompkins County, the county in which Cornell University is, and was assigned to a farm way back in the backwoods almost, it seemed like. It belonged to

a man named Mouser. The Mousers had come from Michigan, which was a strange situation, because -- used to be farmers would move from New York State to Michigan but now they were moving from Michigan back to New York because New York farms were so depleted that they were selling at a low price and Michigan land was very expensive. Then I went back and did the same thing in my senior year, too. Then I went on another farm in Tompkins County that made a more lasting impression on me because these people, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoehn and I became such good friends that we saw each other often the rest of our lives until they were . . . of course, I lived longer than they did. As long as they were living, they'd write to me or I'd stop in to see them whenever we came back to New York.

I would like to add a few personal recollections of my school years in New York, especially at Evander Childs High School. Of course, I was seventeen, eighteen years when I graduated -- eighteen years old -- and I was beginning to take more interest in girls than I ever had when I lived in Bellevue, in the Bellevue schools. Up to the time I left Bellevue, they had very little meaning for me. When I was a small boy, they were just something to throw snowballs at and make fun of but I did improve on that a little bit and when I got in New York, I began to even, thought I was in love with some of the students. And one of the teachers, I was afraid she was in love with me, the way she acted. But I remember in the Latin class there was a girl named Viola Imhoff; she wasn't attractive at all, I don't know why she appealed to me so, but I would just sit in class and gaze at her. So that's as far as I ever got and as far as I ever would have gotten except that this Miss Sophie P. Woodman that I mentioned was trying to stir up some social life

at school and organized a dancing class to take place after school hours. I don't know why I ever entered that class but I did. Maybe because Viola Imhoff was in it but I don't know that I even knew that. Anyway, she was and she came up to me and asked me to dance with her. I think she must have noticed me staring at her [chuckles] in Latin class. Anyway, we tried to dance but I didn't know what I was doing and it was so awkward that it was very painful for both of us. But she smiled at the end and said, "I suppose you're glad it's over," and that was that. I never got any farther.

All the time I was in New York I never had any girlfriends, they talk about. I had a very solitary life there, to tell the truth. It wasn't unpleasant at all; I spent most of my time out of school hiking around the city, just around the Bronx. That was in line with my early training, my mother's idea of getting out after school instead of sitting around in the house. And there's really very much to explore in the Bronx. I realize now that I could've done a lot more, because I kept to more or less beaten tracks. My favorite haunt was along the Harlem River, which was a small stream which divides the island of Manhattan from the Bronx, which is the mainland. It was full of tugboats and barges and old relics of boats of older times. You could follow that westward and it would lead you to the Hudson River. Of course, at the place where the Harlem goes into the Hudson is called Spuyten Duyvil which is famous in history because trumpeter Anthony Corleer (?) said he was going to swim across that "spuyten duyvil" in spite of the devil, but he drowned. So they took the name of that for him, though.

It was very interesting though, along the shores of the Hudson, too, not only the shores but the heights of it, on top of the bluffs overlooking the river. I made some very

long hikes and Lucien one time took a couple of days off and we walked up along the Hudson on the Jersey side as far as West Point. We slept in a boathouse up there at night and came back home on a steamboat. He asked whether I'd rather go on a train or a steamboat and, of course, I chose the steamboat. I think he wanted to go on a train because it was quicker and he could get home quicker and get to work. And he rather scolded me because, after all, when I got in the boat the first thing I did was fall asleep; I guess I hadn't slept much in that boathouse. Anyway, that's the kind of trips Louie and I took.

[tape turned off momentarily]

I did very well in school in the classes, not because I was just working to make grades but I really enjoyed it. I enjoyed all the courses. Some of the math courses I didn't care much about but they were required and I got through them. I enjoyed the English classes, of course, I did a lot of the reading which was . . . and both the teachers I had were very sympathetic. I think the language courses were my favorites, though, German and the Latin. I had three years of German then at Evander Childs and then three years of Latin, too, but I had one year of Latin before we . . . in Bellevue. I didn't get much out of the Bellevue course because I don't think the teacher took time to explain just what makes the Latin language different from English. It's an entirely different structure and when you know it, why, you find out what the advantages are. It's so much more compact, direct and logical. And, as I said, the last year, reading Virgil was a pleasure just all the way through. I still remember some of those resounding lines that I . . .

. . .

Frank and Louie still influenced me in New York. Louie was working nights and he had some time off in the day so we would play tennis in the summertime and even into the winter. He was pretty good; much better than I was, of course, but I did pretty well too. We played at little parks around the Bronx and Frank, now, he never . . . I don't remember that he ever played tennis. But he was working downtown and very often I would meet him down in Manhattan and we'd go around to art galleries and hear music.

Music was something new in my life. Before I went to New York I had never heard any classical music at all. I found out later, after I graduated from high school and went to art school, it began to be an important part of my life. I would watch the papers for free concerts and . . .

JW: What kind of music would you listen to?

HH: Well, I would listen to symphonies or chamber music. The Metropolitan Museum had concerts, a small symphony orchestra up in the balcony of that big hall where you first go in and the people sat out on straw mats on the floor, the marble floor of the hall to listen. It took a long time before I began to know anything about what I should know about classical music to understand it. It didn't matter much; I enjoyed it from the beginning.

JW: Were the band concerts social events? Or the symphonies?

HH: Yes, yeah. They were winter events of course. In the summer there were free concerts in Central Park. I never got to many of them because they were too far from home. My mother and I lived in an apartment, on what was called the Grand Concourse which was the nearest thing they had in those days to a throughway or a, well,

it wasn't an interstate, it was just running through the city, but it was quite wide. I had a bicycle soon after I got to New York and that extended my range a good deal. I'd go out the concourse a ways to Van Cortlandt Park which was a big place, lakes and coasting and skating.

JW: Can you describe the apartment building?

HH: Well, this wasn't, some of the apartments in the Bronx were old and dirty and no place to live, where I would want to live, but this was rather nice and inexpensive. Of course, we had to walk up stairs and Mom and I were very comfortable there.

About that time I began to get the idea that I should earn some money, too, instead of letting people support me, I should earn money for myself and not be a burden, so I got a job in a grocery store driving a delivery wagon on Saturday, a horse and wagon. The horses were still very commonly used in New York in those times; there were livery stables, quite frequent. Automobiles were just beginning to be used. The delivery run in the Bronx with a horse and wagon was rather strenuous. That winter of 1918 I remember especially because it was such a cold and snowy winter. Most of the customers were in apartment houses and you'd have to go down in the basement of those things, which was a cavernous place, which was hard to find your way around and the only connection with the customer you were delivering the groceries to was through a dumbwaiter. They might be five stories up above you and you press a button and look at the dumbwaiter until someone sticks their head out and then you tell them what you have and they say, "Send it up," and you have to pull it up with a rope all those five, six floors and then she was supposed to put the money in. One time I was going down Tremont

Avenue almost to the store and it was downhill the way I was going and the breeching strap, I guess it must have been, broke on the horse and I couldn't hold the wagon back, it was pushing against him and he didn't like that so he began to run faster and faster until he was going down at a gallop, full gallop right down the main, busy street of Tremont Avenue, right past the store building; I remember the manager looking out and seeing me flying by. [chuckle] Not very far beyond that we came to the bottom of the hill and then it started up and the horse had had enough of it and when we got farther up the hill he stopped, without any damage to anybody. Those were long days, too; I wouldn't get home until very late at night and Mom was always waiting for me with some hot cocoa and bread and butter, which I liked in those days.

JW: Was your mother employed?

HH: No. She was, I don't know just what she would have done in those days. When she was young, as I have said, she worked as a typesetter – typesetter, yeah -- on the *Champaign Gazette*, which was a newspaper, and she always, that made a difference in the rest of her life. She never was satisfied quite with housekeeping; she was always a restless nature anyway. So I don't wonder that she finally wanted to go back, leave New York and go back to Kentucky where she would have more of a field for. . . . Well, she had a lot of friends there for one thing.

But we had one more year after the year in Evander Childs High School because this was before she started -- decided to go back to Kentucky and I had decided to go to the National Academy of Design Art School. I hesitated awhile, thinking I might want to get more academic training and I could have gotten a scholarship at Cornell, I think, with

my grades, but it seemed like in those days there was no chance of getting both art and scholastic training in the same college or university.

END OF TAPE 2, SIDE A

START OF TAPE 2, SIDE B

JW: It's June 29, 1987. We are in Payne Hollow, Kentucky. This is interview two, side three. My name is Joanne Weeter and I'm interviewing Harlan Hubbard.

HH: I never regretted my decision to go to art school and give up all of my time to the study of art. Well, of course, I still kept some of my classical studies up on my own and even today I still have a feeling for it. But anyway, we had to decide where to go to art school and there weren't many choices then; the Art Students' League in downtown New York didn't appeal to me a lot and it was very expensive compared to the National Academy of Design, which had an art school in upper Manhattan. So Frank and I went around there to see what it was like and to talk to the registrar. I was surprised to find, as far as I can remember, it only cost ten dollars for the tuition fee. In fact, it was a free school. I was asked to show some of my work to Mr. Hinton, who was in charge of the antique class where they proposed to put me. He was a very pleasant man and he made no objection; I guess he saw the good I could do till that point was about as much as could be expected. But I found out that working in his class was very demanding. But before I start, I'd like to tell something about the location of the building and something about it because it's a very picturesque place. It was on the corner of 109th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, which is at the top of the hill; the ridge goes over to the Hudson River and Columbia University is just out a little farther on that ridge. But this building

was, I don't know, it must have been built just for what it was being used for. It was just one floor, very long, tall; had tall skylight, tall windows facing the north and slanting and the studios were quite large too, where the students worked. There was nothing else in the building except the library which, to my surprise I found was -- the librarian was a Mrs. Powers who knew people in Fort Thomas, Kentucky, and I was partly acquainted. So Mom and I were living, as I say, in the Bronx and if I'd walk about two or three blocks west I could get an elevated line which later went underground and became . . . no, it was the Sixth Avenue elevated all the way down, I guess, it was the Sixth Avenue elevated all the way down. I'd get off at 110th Street and walk up the hill and I'd be there.

The students were on their own very much; there was nobody, no official in the building except the man in the office, the registrar. Order was maintained by a student who had been there longer. In the antique class where I was started I don't think anybody was in charge; we just selected what we wanted to draw and set up our little drawing board. We supported the drawing board on a chair turned upside down and sat on a stool and started to draw, with charcoal. I was always interested, of course, in the antique because it's part of my interest in the Latin and Greek classics. I had hoped at one time that I could study Greek but . . . matter of fact, I thought at one time it might be nice to be a Latin, study Latin would be good, I knew a lot about it and be a professor and find a little college somewhere where it would be a quiet place to live and work and give all my time to it. But those were just ideas and dreams that didn't hold up with my desire to be an artist so. . . .

I got along pretty well; my drawings were accepted by the teacher and he took an interest in me. He was very particular; he had studied under Gerome in Paris and very . . . wanted everything worked out in fine detail, exact proportions. It was stultifying in a way. The Art Students' League now, they would . . . they were a lot freer down there, and the students did things which were more imaginative, even in the antique class. But I never regret going through with this. I used to go out, I'd take my lunch from home, Mom would fix a lunch and sometimes I'd walk down to Central Park which wasn't very far and sit on a park bench and eat lunch, or sometimes I could walk over to the Hudson River and see the shipping, Riverside Drive.

I began to feel fondness for New York and enjoy it. The students were a large part in the training there, most of them were older and more experienced. Some of them were old and would never be any good and some of them were young and turned out to make a name for themselves later. One of the Soyer boys went there to school just before I did. I also continued my long walks in Manhattan now instead of the Bronx because I didn't spend all of my time in school; in fact, there was no schedule, you could do what you wanted to. If you didn't work, it was your own fault. I suppose if you didn't pay your ten dollars, they wouldn't let you come in but that's about all they seemed to want; and to behave yourself.

The students were really very interesting: they were all poor; most of them were foreigners; many of them were Jewish people, Russian Jews – who had -- whose family had come over. This opened up my eyes to a lot of things after Bellevue. Even in high school I didn't realize what kind of people we were living with there until I went over and

saw them in New York in the New York Art School. There was one boy from Georgia, Paul Delbert (?) and Thomas Delbridge, and we became friends, almost like we were the only white people in the place but, of course, they were all white; I didn't see a black boy in the . . . I never saw one in school. There was no reason why they couldn't go there, I'm sure. But Tom and I got quite chummy and he'd come out to our house for supper; Mama would fix a good, she liked to have somebody like that to cook for once in awhile and he was glad to get some home cooking, I guess.

There was another boy that took an interest in my work, his name was Leo Jackinson, but he was different; he wasn't satisfied with just making photographic copies of the early antique statues. He was a real artist and had the idea that the artist should express himself, no matter what he's doing. I told this before, I remember one time he stopped behind me and he sat down in the chair where I was working and looked at my drawing and looked at it for a long time. He finally said, "You're trying to make something like these things up along the wall" -- they had all the prize drawings up along, framed and put on the walls so it trained the students to make things like that -- "You try to make things like this, but you do a good thing in spite of yourself." That puzzled me and did for a long time. I see now that in spite of my attention to detail and trying to draw things just the way they were, I was putting something into the drawing that was beyond that and that is the formula for all of the art work I've done since. I respect realism, proportion, color, construction of things and I wouldn't violate that or exaggerate it just to make an attractive picture.

In those days, you almost had to make something almost abstract; that's what they were doing down at the Art Students' League and what [pause] the more advanced painters were trying to do, but I hadn't gotten that far yet and I never did in a way because even to this very day I still respect proportion and construction and accurate drawing. But I'm thinking more and more about the formal side of painting, the relation of colors and the direction of lines and feeling the tension between the different forms, which have nothing to do with realism. Of course, it wasn't long before that they discarded realism altogether in the New York School. Abstract expressionists were just working in abstract form, Jackson Pollock and other well-noted men. But I couldn't follow that. In fact, I never liked it much either. I thought it was interesting, but I had too much love and respect for what I see; I wouldn't want to distort it or disfigure it in any way like they were doing. So that became quite a problem for several years in my life after this first year in the National Academy of Design. And I haven't really worked it out yet. I still think it's evolving.

JW: How would the instructors and the other students respond to your work?

HH: Well, this Leo Jackinson saw that I was putting something into it besides just the actual representation. But most of the other students were just making photographic drawings, and the one that the teachers praised, his work looked like it might have been done for a calendar or something like that, it was so prettified and real.

JW: Did they give you much instruction?

HH: I never got much out of it. The teacher came around, I think, just taught maybe two afternoons a week and he'd walk through the room and look at the different

drawings and stop at your . . . never took much personal interest in it. I think all the National Academy of Design amounted to in the end was a nice, warm place to work and a model to work from and casts to work from and fellow students to talk with. Well, maybe the National Academy thought that's all you needed, really, because they never tried to teach you much.

JW: Would you talk a little bit about your models?

HH: Well, I didn't have any models for a long time; they'd keep you in drawing in the antique for awhile and finally they'd just say, "Well, you can go up and work in life class now," which was. . . .

JW: In the antiques class, what would you be drawing?

HH: Fragments of Greek casts or fragments of Greek statuary or sculpture I mean. Or maybe sometimes a whole figure, there was a . . . but they were all just casts, of course. And I enjoyed it really; I would have just stayed down in the antique for a lot longer because I found the life class very confusing, to tell the truth. And there were a lot of older students who were working very hard and seemed to know what they were doing. I never will forget, I just opened the door and walked in and there was a nude model on the stand; I had never seen a woman without any clothes on before. [chuckle] I didn't know what effect it would have on me but it had none at all. I was struck first by the radiant beauty of the coloring of the skin and it seemed like it was something beyond, certainly beyond everyday life; when you see people with clothes on they don't look that way. So I was as noncommittal as the rest of the students and got to working from models, male and female, it didn't make much difference what they were.

Of course, you study anatomy at the same time and study the different muscles and how they're attached. First, you study the skeleton and how the bones all go together and how it works. We had a few lectures on anatomy by a man named Dealman (?) and he had a lecture on perspective, too. They really went through the forms of getting an art education but they left it up to you pretty much.

JW: What mediums did you use besides charcoal?

HH: Well, I used charcoal for a long time and I had taken up painting a little bit at home when I was in high school. I think the first time I ever painted in oil I'll always remember; it was on my eighteenth birthday, in January 1918. And Frank, of course, helped me with it but he's not a painter and he has trouble distinguishing certain views in color so he shies away from painting a good deal and he couldn't help me much. But when I went to . . . I learned a lot from the students about painting and what colors to use and how to use them and also by experimentation. And by reading books. I soon had theories of my own, just like all the students. I did some pretty good things there. I know that a painting of a nude figure, a woman lying on the ground, on the floor -- you've seen it, reproduced in that Flo Fowler's catalog, haven't you?

JW: Uh-hmm. Yes, I have.

HH: It's really good. It's a good thing. And my niece Susan claimed that. She said, "That's just how I look when I've had a pretty tough dancing lesson." Flat on the floor. [chuckle]

JW: Did your brother Lucien have any comments about your work at that point?

HH: No, he left that entirely to Frank. He had no sympathy with art at all. But he tried to influence me in other ways. He tried to get me not to follow, just follow the track but make your own course. I realize now that . . . he went up, after reaching a very high position in a New York newspaper he gave it all up and started to write things that he could sell for the movies. I remember his wife didn't think much of the idea; she liked to live in New York and enjoyed, thought they were doing pretty well. She didn't like the idea of throwing it all overboard. Louie even went up to the Catskill Mountains one winter to write and took her along and rented a little cottage up there near Woodstock in a place called West Hurley and he would do his writing there. [chuckle] I don't know why he couldn't do it in the Bronx or somewhere but he thought he had to get away from it all for awhile. And he invited me to come up some time while he was up there so I went up there and it was one of the great experiences of my life to go up to the Catskill Mountains in wintertime in the deep snow and the cold and see all the winter sunsets. I tramped through the snow; one time I was gone so long, Lucien said, "I was just about ready to send out a posse for you," before I came in. He's not the kind to worry, either.

I remember something like that happened when I was in New York when I first went there, my first night there, the day after we arrived, the evening after we arrived. I thought, "Well, I'll go out and look around," so I went down a couple of blocks and I saw a streetcar marked Madison Square and I got on it; I wanted to see Madison Square [chuckle]. Madison Square was about five miles from where we were up in the Bronx, I guess. I finally got there and I didn't know where I was, I just had sense enough to walk to the other side of the street and get on a car going the other direction. I got back to

127th Street where they were living, that's 100 blocks, and found the family all in alarms.

"Where were you? What were you doing?" Louie wasn't concerned; he said, "I told them he'd be back." [chuckle] Couldn't get lost. But this time in the snow up there he thought maybe I was lost.

JW: Did you continue your artwork when you were up there?

HH: Yeah. I can show you a little wood block that I made of a mountain ridge with a pine tree on it. Somehow I feel that I could have, if somebody had gotten ahold of me then and said, "You're something special," not letting me know it just myself or having to wait forty years to prove it I might have done something sooner. I don't know. Maybe it just took all those years for me to work it out.

JW: Would you sell your paintings? At any point did you sell them?

HH: Up there?

JW: At that stage?

HH: Oh, never thought of it. And I'm proud of it because nowadays the first thing a student wants to do is frame a picture and sell it. It's their first idea. I was just reading that May Sarton book; she said that young writers, just young people send their poems or their mother sends them to her and they want to push it through, want to have something done now. The whole thing is get it done now, they can't wait. They don't realize how long it takes to learn a craft like that. You have to learn yourself, what you're good for, and do something that's congenial to yourself instead of trying to follow somebody else.

After awhile, when I was in the art school, I'd go around to galleries a good deal, especially the Metropolitan, and somewhere along there I saw an exhibition of the Impressionists starting with Courbet and then they had some of the later men, too. And the works of Cezanne and Van Gogh and Gauguin. I just understood at a glance, I could see what they were trying to do and I knew that's what I wanted, too. So that gave me a great lead to see those things. I did some painting up there, too. Of course, I'd go down to the East River and paint barges just like they do in the harbor and I did a wood block of a barge there; I don't see how I did it. It's very good, as far as I . . . I mean the carving of it and the detail and the whole layout of it is good. It's a small thing. But I never thought of selling anything. Some of my friends wanted to buy things. I remember Viola Strickland, one of the Strickland girls wanted to buy something; that's right after I got from Kentucky and I sent her something that I thought was pretty good, I liked it, and she sent it back and said she didn't like it. I was going to sell it to her for five or ten dollars.

Anyway, I'm getting ahead of the story now; we're still down at the National Academy of Design. That's the students I think most of.

JW: Did you all ever take trips as a class to the art galleries?

HH: No, no. Nothing like that. Nowadays they'll take an art class from Cincinnati up to Chicago to see an important exhibition. [chuckle] But I'm glad I lived in those old days when things were not such a hurry and you could spend time on things that matter, drawing those casts and things, instead of trying to make paintings you could sell. I put in a good year at the National Academy of Design. That was the winter of 1918, or was it? Let's figure this out; I graduated in 1918 and went to the farm in the

summer of 1918, that's right. Then in the fall I went to the National Academy of Design and spent the winter there. So the winter of 1918-19 was my first year in art school. But at the end of that winter my mother -- I don't suppose it was any sudden decision but had been growing in her for a long time -- she wanted to go back to Kentucky. I think Frank and Louie saw that it would be the best thing because she was not happy in New York and never would be, so they put in no objection. Of course, it was taken for granted that I would go, too, and I made no objection either but I felt inclined to because I had become quite wrapped up in what I was doing there, especially what I was finding in New York, certainly not the New York that most people find but the picturesque waterfront and the old buildings on the East side -- I could've -- and my work at school. And I began to find out that there were other schools downtown, the Cooper Union school downtown in New York. I began to get interested in music, hearing music, too.

END OF TAPE 2, SIDE B