

**RICE-CORNELL-BROWN PROPERTY ORAL HISTORY PROJECT**

**INTERVIEW FIVE**

**NARRATOR:** EDWIN BROWN    **INTERVIEWER:** REBECCA SEARS

**DATE:** JULY 29, 1998

**EB:** You remind me that one of us has a tape that was made in the cabin when there was a mini-reunion there years and years ago. It's a lovely tape. I've been promising myself to trace it because it's the one recording we have of my mother's voice. And in days when she was going strong as she was at eighty, still...she died at 89 in 1979.

**I:** Was that interview conducted by Eleanor's husband?

**EB:** No, it was just that I, in my bachelor days, I had begun teaching at Duke and may have bought it even then. I bought a good tape recorder. And it was a great, heavy box. And this recording then is on a celluloid that may not be readily replayable now. I don't know.

**I:** If you can just state your name on the tape.

**EB:** I'm Edwin Brown.

**I:** And how often do you go to the old house...the property in Asheville?

**EB:** I think I never miss the opportunity when I'm in Asheville, however brief a visit, to go out. And even if I hadn't time to go into the cabin itself, I would look in on Jane Pearson who was almost an older sister to us as we grew.

**I:** What was your family's relationship like, or your relationship, with the Scarboroughs? The children...

**EB:** Well, they were simply our nearest neighbors. And Mr. Scarborough kept and milked our cows. We followed him behind the plow or watched Mrs. Scarborough bake her cake. And hoped that we could lick the spoon. And when we fared forth, it was often to go up the road the short distance to the Scarboroughs. They were our surrogate grandparents. Actually, all of our grandparents had died before any of us was born. They never themselves left Buncombe County. Mrs. Scarborough knew everything that was going on in the whole Beaverdam Valley.

**I:** Do you remember other families in the Valley? Children of other families that you played with?

**EB:** Yes. A few. There were Joe and Bo Carter and others that we rode the county school bus into Grace School to attend school. I had my first six years of school there in that county school. Eight months long with absolutely devoted teachers whom I remember vividly and positively to this day.

**I:** So did a lot of the children in Beaverdam Valley go to that school?

0167

*The Scarborough farm and the relationship between the families*

0276

*Attending Grace School*

**EB:** Oh yes. All did.

**I:** All did? What was the community like when you were growing up? Was there a sense of community in the Valley?

**EB:** Not... I think our world was almost contained within Rice Branch Road and the houses on the road opposite... almost opposite. Joe and Bo lived on that road and there were not many children closer. But actually we spent our time ranging the hills on both sides: where our house was and across the road since we had the land to the top of the next hill.

**I:** What did you do?

**EB:** Since we were four we were almost self-contained and would be called in by the old plantation bell when it was near midday meal.

**I:** What were some of the things you did?

**EB:** Well, the thing that I did there that I guess I spent the most happy hours doing—and who knows, it may have started my thinking that I wanted to be an architect—was building dams across the creek. And that was, you know, inevitably a washout sooner or later. But it was fun.

**I:** What do you use the cabin for currently? Do you and your family go there?

**EB:** I'm not sure the four of us have actually spent nights there but my wife and I, when we're in Asheville, have in the last years been trying to stay there. And, in fact it's part of what we look forward to in getting up from the heat of Chapel Hill to stay at the cabin.

**I:** Has the use of the cabin changed over time in terms of when it was in your family?

**EB:** It was used by members of an extended family. I barely remember that my cousins and their parents, the McLartys—and those cousins were all, oh, twenty years older than we were. But they stayed, I know... I know a couple of stories about Furman reaching through the kitchen window and stealing the tarts that his mother had been making and things like that.

**I:** So, you didn't... you never would even spend the night in the cabin as... even as a child?

**EB:** No, no we didn't. Actually I don't know if you noticed the... there was a, a sort of grandiose doll's house where Eleanor and Mary Ida spent a lot of their time in—when the weather was not too cold—on the one side behind the house. I guess it's still there. I don't know.

**I:** Is this on the other side in the house that your family...

**EB:** Yeah, it's beyond that house. And behind the house above the old apple storage place there was a cabin where my

0350

*Rice Branch Road, the creek and the cabin as a self-contained world for the Brown children*

0488

*Memories of relatives and friends staying at the cabin*

0601

*The play structures built for Eleanor, Mary Ida, Edwin and Hugh*

brother and I often spent the night.

**I:** Now did your father build that for you?

**EB:** He saw it built. In fact, only a year or two before he died in 1938.

**I:** And is it correct that you and Eleanor jointly own the cabin currently?

**EB:** That's right.

**I:** Do you remember any of the square-dances, apple butter-making parties—any of the events that were held... have been held at the cabin?

**EB:** Unfortunately, I was almost always many hundreds of miles away when they occurred. But I have been able to participate in a few. I remember particularly one apple butter-making day when I happened to get to Asheville for the weekend and it occurred on the weekend.

**I:** And what was that like?

**EB:** Well, I was a total novice at it myself, but I had a turn at some of the stirring and watching others join in the fun.

**I:** What about square dances? Did you ever attend any of the square dances?

**EB:** You know, I was never there for them. I went off to college in 1946 and then graduate school after a couple of years when I was in Greece doing refugee work and a year also at the American School. And so I haven't done that much in Asheville for decades now. When I retire maybe I'll be spending a good deal more time up there. I haven't learned how to use the library at a distance that well. I know my way around so well here and I do my research almost entirely during the summer months when I'm not teaching. So that even in the summer I don't just pick up and move to Asheville.

**I:** Now do you remember some of the additions or changes that were made to the cabin? You said something about the kitchen being separate at one time. Could you talk about that?

**EB:** Oh, that was before I was born. I don't know when the attachment was made.

Before the room—which is now the kitchen and dining room—were constructed, there had been a much smaller kitchen and I remember that, but it was done when I was already in Greece or out-of-town.

**I:** Now, how old were you when your family... when your mother and your brother and sisters moved to town? And then some of you went to boarding school. Is that correct?

**EB:** Right. We moved to town when I began the seventh grade. And so that would have been maybe the fall of 1940? Does that tally with what you seem to have there?

0687

*Memories of events held at the cabin over the years*

0743

*Wishes to spend more time at the cabin following retirement*

0870

*The Brown family moves to town in the late 1930s*

0941

*The effects of the Great Depression on Uncle Edwin and other family and friends in Beaverdam Valley*

**I:** That sounds... I think I heard maybe a little bit earlier than you mentioned.

**EB:** Well, that was... we spent the winter before that at my aunt's place...

**I:** And then moved?

**EB:** ...and then were back on and I think mother spent, because of our ages just then, most of the time on the road and we moved in closer.

**I:** Have there been periods of time when your family's land and property has been, you know, threatened by outside forces or anything like that? Like during the Great Depression you lost some of your land. Is that correct? Do you have any memories?

**EB:** Right. I don't directly. I do know that my Uncle, Edwin Louis Brown, you know, owned the property and the house on the knoll above the fork that leads in one direction toward Webb's Orchard and the other, what, Elk Mountain...?

**I:** Lynn...

**EB:** Yes. And I remember going there when no one lived there, I guess, but I remember my mother saying Uncle Edwin would have given anything if my father could have simply bought it. And, you know, my father lost everything when the banks except one in Asheville, closed.

**I:** What productive uses of the land did you see in your childhood? You had orchards. Is that correct?

**EB:** Yeah. They were for home consumption, you understand. There were some grapevines and an apple orchard. But speaking of fruits, what I recall most vividly was the two fine black-heart cherry trees in a bit of hillside there beyond the cabin. It's still in full production and just when I was old enough go out... up and pick those cherries and then sell them up and down the streets nearest where we lived in town... I still remember I got thirty-five cents on a little box, you know, for those black-heart cherries. And it was probably a good price for the time. But I was always very agile at climbing up and I was so light that I could go out farther than my brother on the limbs and pick these cherries. And we would sell them.

**I:** So did you and your brother sell them together? Was it a lucrative enterprise?

**EB:** I don't remember his participation. And just why that should have been... whether he had less patience for doing that, I just... I always noticed that I had a knack for making money. It scared me a little because I mean it's the way it was with putting that cigarette in my mouth and looking at it in the mirror and saying to myself, "There goes a boy chain-

1024

*Fruits grown for home consumption and a childhood enterprise of selling black-heart cherries*

smoker.” And that was the last I put in my mouth until I went to a masquerade ball once and won the prize because I was so out of character.

**I:** Were there a lot of people farming in the Beaverdam Valley...

**EB:** Yes.

**I:** ...at the time?

**EB:** And the thing that I love to recall about the Scarboroughs is the time of the year each year when the thresher came up the road and everybody worked hand over fist to get in the crop. Or get it threshed. And, you know, that was on the land immediately adjacent to us that this was going on. I also remember following Mrs. Scarborough and she would pull up the potatoes just enough for me to spy them there in the ground and then I would gather them, you know. And it was like having rubies thrown in your path. It was great. And, you know, they not only kept their own cows and ours, but raised hogs and there was the annual slaughter of the pigs. That was an event. The event at the Scarboroughs—though I’m sure others have already told you—stands out is Grandpa Scarborough’s birthday party. And it was about or exactly my older brother’s birthday also and I think he regarded it as a joint affair. But there were tables laid out, it seemed to me at that age as far as the eye could see, just groaning with cakes and pies and all the rest that were brought in from far and wide for this annual event.

**I:** That’s interesting. Eleanor... I think Eleanor did mention it. She didn’t go into it too much. So that was kind of a special... special memorable year?

**EB:** It was a high point of the year.

**I:** And that would happen yearly, I assume?

**EB:** Yes, yes. Oh, yes.

**I:** How has the land surrounding the cabin changed over the years?

**EB:** Well... while we lived there, of course, and for some years after, the road up the Cove was narrower and unsurfaced and I do remember what speed Mr. Stradley, who lived at the top of the Cove, would come. It’s a straight road, you know. Just how fast he could make that A-model Ford buzz down through there. And of course there’s been much building, too much building, up the cove. It hasn’t the—what do they call it—the infrastructure to support it.

**I:** Beaverdam Road or specifically Rice Branch?

**EB:** I mean specifically Rice Branch.

**I:** Has the land itself...

*Participation in activities at the Scarborough farm, including information about threshing day, hog slaughtering, gathering potatoes and Grandpa Scarborough’s birthday*

1169

*Roads, cars and transportation changes in the area*

1289

1356

*Rice Branch  
Creek*

**EB:** Well, the creek has changed itself because of the denudation of the slopes above there. And it's... I mean, it was crystal clean when we were playing in it. And I'm not sure now if it would be something I would want my grandchildren even to play in.

**I:** Do your children or grandchildren ever go with you to the cabin? Have you been up there?

**EB:** Oh, my older son, who is coming down from Washington for a wedding in Greensboro on Saturday, will be there with us this Sunday. And he's looking forward to that very much. But he himself has been even less successful in getting up to Asheville in the last years. He's been working in the Gaza Strip and Palestine and in Washington and in graduate school and there hasn't been much leisure in between.

1427

*Bringing  
stones down  
for the rock  
house that  
was never  
built and the  
Brown's  
house on Rice  
Branch Road*

**I:** Now you mentioned something about the stones being moved to your property for the house that was going to be built. Could you just talk about that a little bit?

**EB:** Well, you see, 1926, which was the late, the anniversary date of that check, was still three years before I was born. But for me it was this great pile of rock had always been there, still perfectly exposed when I was growing up and playing around in the cabin. And the... I made myself have—I think I know just where I could put my hand on it—the blueprints for the house that had been planned there. And the house where we grew up was one that my father built and moved us in to. In fact they had moved just before I was born, partly to be on the site, so to speak, when the house eventually was built. It turned out it was a great blessing that he had taken the measure when there was time as we had a more than adequate house to live in even without the one that was built. I was given a little gift of ten dollars, deposited in the New York bank when I was born, by a friend of the family. And that Christmas, I was the rich one in the family. It was... it was that different. I was born on the cusp, as they say.

1489

*The Great  
Depression*

**I:** I guess you don't... you weren't able to get back to Asheville that often and you may not spend that much time at the cabin, but does the land or the cabin have a different value for you? Has the value changed? You know, not the... has the value for you?

1540

*Memories of  
childhood  
uses of the  
land*

**EB:** Many of my fondest childhood recollections involve the cabin in one way or the other and the land around it—the creek and the hill. It was the top of that hill where my sisters and I—again, I'm not sure Hugh had that much patience for it—but we would build little outlines of many-roomed

1583

*Memories of making tea from local plants*

houses, I remember. And I wonder if some of those rocks may not still be in place on the crest of that knoll there.

**I:** Do you remember taking picnics or food up to the... the hill that goes behind the cabin where the second cabin has been built now where there's kind of a flat area?

**EB:** I don't remember that. My recollection of particularly of making tea was behind my sister's little cottage. Doll's house...

**I:** Play house?

**EB:** Play house! ...out of lion's tongue. We would find the lion's tongue over on that side and make...made tea from it. That suggests we built a fire. I guess we probably did. One of

1625

*Hugh and Edwins' escapes in the forest*

the great tales I'll tell on my older brother was (Laughs) when both parents were away, he took a notion to rid the slope just beyond our house of all the sage brush and he got it caught on fire and then he had that to deal with. At least the... One of the tales about it is his saying, "Cordelia," who was the name of our cook. "Cordelia, the whole world is on fire and you just stand there laughing!"

**I:** Did you or your brother do any hunting or camping in the Valley at all?

**EB:** Not a bit. No. I would have taken the side of the animals hunted too much.

**I:** Now when...did you attend the same boarding school? You didn't, you and Hugh.

1688

*Edwin Brown's memories of attending the Asheville School, including a greased-pig incident*

**EB:** No. I went to the Asheville School and to give you an illustration of where I stood on such matters, I remember that at halftime at football game one year, they decided that they would have a greased piglet and we were...to see which one of us could catch it, you know. And it was let loose in the midst of all. And I saw this mayhem and the squealing pig and the yelling fellow students and so on. And I...I felt so sorry for the pig that I just went in and got it and sheltered it from them, you know. They were all scared to death of it, I think, because they had never been that close to a pig where's I had been up to the Scarboroughs feeding the pigs and even being there for the pig killing and I just... Maybe I should have been afraid of its teeth or something and its piercing, as they say, squeal like a stuck pig. So, they decided at once that there had been some mistake because I was not known for being aggressive and heroic in any way. So they decided to do it over again. And this went on again until I went in and caught the pig. They never had another pig... greased pig halftime while I was there, and I bet they never have.

(Laughs)

**I:** Do you think that you kind of led a different life or gained

1782

*The Asheville School, contd.*

a different perspective by having lived in, you know, Beaverdam Valley where you did, next to the Scarboroughs?  
**EB:** Well, that's one little example of an entry between worlds, you know. I think that it was...that most of these fellow students were sons of old families from Cleveland and Cincinnati and so on in those days. The clientele at the school has changed even considerably since I was there. Of course it's now coed.  
**I:** So the Asheville School still...is it in west.  
**EB:** Oh, it's a very going concern. In fact, it seems to me its brought itself up to the eve of the twenty-first century remarkably.  
**I:** Is it in West Asheville?  
**EB:** Yeah.

1829

*BREAK*

(BREAK)

1833

*A unique childhood and having parents that were Asheville natives*

**I:** Let's see. I think we were talking about how you may have, you know, had a slightly different childhood than people that you went to school with or even people that lived in town. Is that true, do you think?  
**EB:** Yes. My parents of course had all of their friends of long-standing from among townspeople because they had both grown up right downtown in Asheville. In fact, both had been born in Asheville, which is a little unusual, as it is with my wife, who was born in Chapel Hill. It's only about every ninth person that you meet on campus who can say that.  
**I:** Did you work at the Brown Book Company or the Three Mountaineers at all? Did you work at any of the...  
**EB:** Yes. Forgive me for going back a bit. But my mother would bring out to play with us—we got tired of playing with each other—sons and daughters of their friends from Asheville. And spend the day. And that was a great event just because they were relatively few and far between. So I remember most. And now you asked me a question.

1921

*Edwin Brown's work with the Brown Book Company*

**I:** Just whether you had worked...  
**EB:** Oh yes, I did.  
**I:** ...for any family businesses?  
**EB:** Several times I worked at the Brown Book Company.  
**I:** Which was owned by your...  
**EB:** That had been my uncle's, yes. And it continued in the family until almost the time when I began graduate school. And I'm afraid it became all too clear that I was not at ever to return to Asheville to carry on the tradition of the Brown Book Company. And it was sold. But in previous Christmases when I was back from school or when I was



1992

*Carrying on family traditions and interests*

between working with the American Friends Service Committee and going to work in refugee work in Greece I remember being there and selling books hand over fist. As I said, this is one more of the times when I felt that it would not...it would not be a problem if I just went into business. On the other hand, I don't know how many irate uncles came in to complain about the book that had been sold to their niece for a Christmas present on my recommendation. By that time, Christmas being over, I was gone. But I thoroughly enjoyed that. Others of the family, of course, were out at the Three Mountaineers. I never was. I was the book man.

**I:** And you still are in a way.

**EB:** I carried on the book interest and my brother carried on the interest in wood and woodworking and he got his degree at University of the South in Forestry, which is one of the two or three best forestry schools in the country.

**I:** Now when you were at the Asheville School did you go out to the cabin with, you know, your family members in the summer? Did people...relatives stay there? Did you not spend much time in Beaverdam Valley after you relocated?

**EB:** Not as much as we should have, maybe. It...it was a case with me that I would...I got a job, I remember, one summer that I did what I could to ruin my eyes by working in the vaults of a bank filing checks. And that was the way these things were handled—with miserable fluorescent lights, trying to read peoples' signatures. And again, I worked one of those summers very early at the Brown Book Company.

And before I was selling the books, cleaning up the basement which I think I thoroughly cleaned for thirty years. And I think that was the hardest week's work that I ever put in. I really think the worst. I worked in the slums of lower north-side Chicago at one stage, but at least that was out-of-doors. I did, however, work one summer, also, at the Asheville Hardware store. And you may have heard of it. My father had had the Treasure Chest before the crash and he started the Asheville Hardware and I worked there.

**I:** Now was the Treasure Chest...

**EB:** It was a glorified hardware store. But I say glorified because they sold Lenox china and things like that. They were sold off at ten cents a place after the crash. You know Asheville was the only incorporated city or town in the country that officially declared itself bankrupt in the Depression?

**I:** Mm hmm. Now was the Asheville Hardware Store, was that on Lexington?

**EB:** On Lexington. My, you really have got it. But that's

2032

*Working at the Brown Book Company and information about the Asheville Hardware Store and the Treasure Chest*

where it was.

**I:** Now both of your parents were born in Asheville and lived there?

**EB:** Yes.

**I:** But they grew up in town...

**EB:** That's right.

**I:** ...or spent more of their... Okay. Do you either yourself or remember stories from your parents about any of the natural history of the area? What animals do you remember seeing or plants—anything like that?

**EB:** Oh, gosh. I could probably pull things out of my... They'll come to me after we finish this.

**I:** What mammals, even?

**EB:** I'd love to be able to tell you that I remember seeing beavers on Beaverdam, but I don't. I don't.

**I:** You never saw elk in the area, did you?

**EB:** No.

**I:** Okay.

**EB:** No. No. I don't even remember seeing, you know, deer crossing the road.

**I:** What about possums, raccoons?

**EB:** Possums, yes. And probably a raccoon or two. But my closest experience with raccoons was we lived just off of Rock Creek Park in Washington the year I was at the Hellenic Center, and they would try to raid our garbage can.

**I:** Do you remember when chestnut trees were in the area?

**EB:** I certainly do. I remember finding the burrs and getting the chestnuts. So they were dying in the thirties and there was one fine chestnut tree quite close to those black-heart cherries, I remember.

**I:** And so you collected chestnuts? Did you roast them? Or did you sell them?

**EB:** I wasn't always into trying to turn a pressed penny but it is terrible to say, I remember hunting for chinquapins. And I remember looking for Indian inkpot...? Is that what it's called?

**I:** I think so.

**EB:** But the animals were all very small-scale. The crayfish in the creek and that sort of thing.

**I:** Now Eleanor said you used to catch them. Do you remember doing any of that—playing in the creek?

**EB:** Oh sure!

**I:** Do you remember what it sounded like at night or what it looked like at night? I know you didn't have streetlights until...

**EB:** That's true about the absence of the streetlights. I

*Natural history of the area, including mention of several mammals*

2149

*More reminisces of the natural history, including mention of chestnuts, chinquapins, black-heart cherries and crayfish*

2209

remember that a visitor from New York was sitting on the front porch of our house across from the cabin after dinner, after the sun had been down for an hour or more. And it grew quiet, as well. And then he just said, "My god, it's dark!"

**I:** Do you remember any wildflowers?

**EB:** I'm afraid I took them terribly for granted. You know, if I may interrupt a little bit, there was a lovely account, written by Eleanor, of the cabin as an essay in school. And it was kept for a while. I've wondered what has become of that. And whether if you mention it to her she might be able to produce it.

**I:** I think she may have mentioned it to me. I didn't see it.

**EB:** Right. It would give you... You know, she had, really, a fine eye for things like the tiger lilies beside the cabin and other things that she described there. And that would give you something of the flavor. Not a child's eye view as she was... I guess she was twelve or so when she wrote it. Twelve or fourteen. I think that was the age.

**I:** Is it important to you that this land is kept in your family at all since you don't live in Asheville?

**EB:** Part of it—the importance—is that I am aware that already in the next generation...

2369

END SIDE ONE

(END SIDE ONE)

**EB:** ...to know that it is staying in the family.

**I:** And this is your son?

**EB:** Yes. The one who I say has managed to get to Asheville twice in the last five or six years has that feeling about it.

**I:** And what is his name?

**EB:** It comes from the...

He's Michael.

**I:** And why do you think it's important to him?

**EB:** You know, it's a little like times you remember from your childhood of just how special it was to pack a picnic and go to the beach or something like that. And it's... it's a tie that is... is not taken totally for granted because it... we couldn't always take them to see grandpa. My father had died already in '38. But we could take them to places that were special and which felt special. And where it was a lot of fun to be as a kid.

**I:** So you were then able to take your children out there...

**EB:** Yes.

**I:** ...occasionally.

**EB:** Yes.

**I:** Do you think that you will be going to the cabin more...

2375

*The importance of the cabin to children and grandchildren and an impetus to keep it in the family*

**EB:** I do.

**I:** ...when you retire?

**EB:** I know that one anticipates retirement years as a time when the world and leisure will just open out. I don't believe it entirely, but it's nice to contemplate.

**I:** What do you think about the work that Eleanor has done on the cabin? Or how is...how do you see Eleanor and her connection with the land?

**EB:** I feel a little about her role as I do about the role of the administrators in this enterprise at the university. I'm ever so grateful that they're there. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole myself; in this case because as with a lot of things, I see other people that are interested and capable on the scene who just... It seems to me it was a godsend that there was the cabin and its needs to occupy Eleanor after Jim's death. And as long as it didn't become overwhelming to her, I have tried to be there at the crunch when financially I could fill in. And I've always felt that her taste in these matters was so excellent that I was very unlikely to see that, oh, that change would just be tacky. I just was happy to rely on her constant oversight. And I think she was a pretty strict overseer for the work that was done there, too, and got people in the end to do it right.

**I:** Do you kind of share her sentiment about or interest in not only preserving the cabin but, you know, making an attempt to preserve the land that surrounds it as well as...

**EB:** I do, because, you know, what I've told you about actually has been more of the immediate ambiance than what went on in my case in the cabin because as kids we always came back to supper in the house across the street and to spend the night there. And so it was...the days spent around the cabin that mean the most to me.

**I:** Now did your parents spend time there at all? Your father was in town, probably, most of the time.

**EB:** Oh yes. Oh yes. He probably spent a little more time checking the apple trees and the grapevines and things like that than being in the cabin. My father had his hands very full with launching the Three Mountaineers. And, you know, he would similarly drive us down to Florida, the winter of 1934 when we...all of us had whooping cough. And he came home and announced that we were going to Florida and I heard my mother say I said, "What with?" And all of us into the car and found us a good place to live and may have taken two swims and gone fishing once and left on the train. And we were there for a great winter. Some of my very earliest memories, actually. So again, it's a little on the order of how

2590

*Eleanor's  
work on  
preserving  
the cabin and  
land*

2744

*Preserving  
the land and  
preserving  
the ambiance  
of a place*

2855

*A family trip  
to Florida  
due to  
whooping  
cough*

a special place is one that you go to and visit rather than the one that you're just there from day to day.

**I:** Do you have any other memories or recollections of, you know, things you did as a child—playing, having friends, maybe? Did you ever have friends out?

**EB:** I shouldn't tell you this but I guess the edge on that was that repeatedly, someone would come to play with me and my older brother, of course, was just as anxious to have more playmates than just his kid brother and so he would sort of take them away into whatever he wanted to do.

**I:** What do you think of, you know, the changes in Beaverdam Valley—the amount of development that has been undertaken in that area since the 1950s or the 1960s? Were you connected...did you feel connected at all to a wider area than just, your, you know, house?

**EB:** I have to tell you, it seems to me it was practically inevitable. I think it would have been like King Knut ordering the sea to go back. To prevent it, the most that might be done, I think, Eleanor has joined in doing. At least ameliorating some of the conditions under which the—or trying to—the expansion has actually occurred.

**I:** Is there anything else you'd like to add?

**EB:** I'm grateful that you have undertaken this oral history...

**I:** Well thank you.