MEMOIRS OF

CHARLES G. SELLERS, JR.

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Memoirs of Charles G. Sellers, Jr.

Volume II

Chapter Four

Life in California

A RUDE AWAKENING

In 1958 I arrived with my family in Berkeley, thrilled by being invited to join such a distinguished faculty and keen to embark on a number of academic projects. We bought a lovely house high up the Arlington Avenue in the village of Kensington, on Edgecroft Road. The atomic bomb's physicist inventor, Robert Oppenheimer lived just north across the road. On the other side of our house, the big picture window in our living room revealed a breathtaking scene from San Francisco's skyscrapers on the left to the Golden Gate Bridge due west and then northwest to Marin County's Mount Tamalpais.

Soon after our arrival my southern-born commitment to racial equality caused me to join Berkeley's little chapter of CORE (Congress of Racial Equality) as soon as I heard about it. We worked to stop racial discrimination in real estate by sending black or bi-racial couples to buy or rent residences. When they turned out to have "just been sold or rented," as they always did, our wonderful lawyer Mal Burnstein would invariably collect enough in fines for racial discrimination from the realtors to stop the practice. Then we took on racial discrimination in employment, where, by picketing, we persuaded Hinks, Berkeley's largest department store, to promise immediate hiring of the appropriate number of African-Americans to achieve equality. Soon the other downtown employers staved off picketing by falling in line.

Next we got into local politics, which had long meant Republican mayors, City Councils, and a pro-Vietnam War Democratic Congressman Jeffrey Cohelan. Then we got a gratuitous push from Bob Scheer, who ran unsuccessfully against Cohelan, but denounced the Vietnam War so eloquently that Berkeley voters began shifting left. The only African-

American on the City Council, Wilmont Sweeny, helped us earn the trust of the growing African-American constituency. Almost immediately we became a majority by supporting Ron Dellums, the radical son of C.V. Dellums, director of the railroad porter's union, first as a candidate for the City Council, and then for Congress, where he amazingly became chairman of the committee responsible for military appropriations. When Malcolm X came to speak in Berkeley, CORE's relationship with African-Americans was so warm that his supporters chose me to introduce him. Ever since the only question in local politics has been whether the moderate left or the radical left was in power.

FREEDOM RIDER

One of the most moving events of my life occurred on July 21, 1961, when I arrived at the Jackson, Mississippi airport as a CORE freedom rider. The 1961 Freedom Rides were devised in order to test a 1960 decision by the Supreme Court (Boynton v. Virginia) that segregation of interstate transportation facilities, including bus and air terminals, was unconstitutional. The racist Mississippi authorities had devised an ingenious scheme to force freedom riders in bus stations and airports to either "go back or go on"—they probably did not care which as long as these "conceited do-gooders" left Mississippi in racist peace. Everything would turn on a new law declaring that if a qualified police officer decided that the presence of any person or persons in a transportation facility threatened "a breach of peace," such person or persons who refused to leave would be liable for a fine of $250 and confinement for 60 days. Jackson's smartest police officer, Lieutenant Earl James Ray, was given special training for enforcing this law and testifying in all trials.

In July, 1961, I flew to Jackson Mississippi with a group of religious leaders who were organized by the secretary of Berkeley's YMCA, Cecil Thomas. Our group of nine (7 whites and 2 blacks) joined Martin Luther King, Jr. at nearby Tougaloo Southern Christian College for a one day conference on July 20 on the religious significance of racial inequality in travel. I decided that as a non-believer at a religious conference, I would attend but would not speak before the group.

After the conference, on July 21, our group entered the Jackson airport's "white's only" waiting room for the return flight home in deliberate defiance of the "breach of peace" law. We were told to "go back or move on" and when we refused were immediately escorted to police vans and charged with "breach of peace" on the grounds of public safety. We were then booked, mug shots taken, and jailed. But after a night in jail, where we experienced its dreadful food, we were released after we paid fines of $250 and were ordered to return for a hearing in two to three months. By now the national press had discovered what was going on in Jackson, and reporters were grabbing interviewees on the run wherever they could. The Mississippi officials quickly understood that the local outcome might be determined by the national public. In a desperate attempt to persuade skeptical Yankee reporters that true Southern Gentleman were fair and moderate, the Mississippi authorities had suspended the mandatory 60-day confinement.

There is an agreeable appendix to this story. In order to bankrupt CORE and other civil rights organizations, the Mississippi authorities refused to try us at the time. Instead they waited two or three months before summoning us back to Jackson on short notice for a grand jury hearing. We all made the trip back to Mississippi by car for the hearing. After it was over, I returned to my teaching duties in Berkeley and my academic research and writing. That fall, however, victory was achieved when the Interstate Commerce Commission at the behest of Attorney General Robert Kennedy began to enforce the 1960 law that prohibited segregation in interstate transit terminals.

INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED STUDY

In the fall of 1960 my academic work had gotten a great restart when I was invited to join the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences for a year of research and writing. Here in this academic mecca, looking down on Stanford's intellectual aristocracy, I started working on my *James K. Polk, Continentalist, 1843-1846* which was published by Princeton University Press in 1966. It is the second volume of my Polk biography, and was awarded the prestigious Bancroft Prize by Columbia University in 1967 for books about diplomacy or the history of the Americas. I was also working on my

1965 article, "The Equilibrium Cycle in Two-Party Politics," *Public Opinion Quarterly,* XXIX, no. 1 (Spring, 1965}, 17-58.

MY BERKELEY COLLEAGUES

At UC Berkeley I was meeting faculty colleagues who would be comrades for years to come. My best friends in the history department were Ken Stampp and Henry May. The fearless Stampp had just led riotous protesters in San Francisco's City Hall to force HUAC (the McCarthyite House Un-American Activities Committee) to adjourn in confusion. Henry was a more cautious liberal, famous for almost climbing the wall in the narrow corridors of Dwinelle Hall (home of the history department) to avoid touching or being touched by people going the other way. I greatly admired Ken Stampp's brilliant portrayal of slavery's horrors in *The Peculiar Institution* (1956). But Henry May, a talented historian of American culture and literature was more involved with my academic interests. His home was down a steep hill just across our lot line, and he collaborated with me to publish *A Synopsis of American History* (1963), which expressed our interest in better ways to teach history. Here in 1963, I first began to articulate publicly my concept of "the market revolution" in Chapter 9 on "The Market Versus The Agrarian Republic" that sprang from my Uncle Giles's farming life versus my father's move to Charlotte to work for Exxon Corporation:

> "Between the staple exporting economy of the 18th century and the industrial economy of the late 19th century," as I explained my concept, "intervened a national market economy. . . . The *market revolution* (italics added herein) brought most American economic activity into the orbit of an intricately intermeshed national market system. The essence of the *market revolution* was a vast extension of the division of labor or, in other words, specialization of economic activities. . . . Areas and individuals that had formerly engaged in only barter or limited local trade were inexorably drawn into a national and international market system linked together by . . . money and credit."

These ideas would develop over time into my most important work, *The Market Revolution: Jacksonian America*, which came to fruition during the late 1980s and was published in 1991.

THE FREE SPEECH MOVEMENT

In 1964, I was drawn into the tumultuous and ultimately victorious struggles of the Free Speech Movement (FSM). Fresh from Chapel Hill, where UNC's liberal President Frank Graham guaranteed free speech for both faculty and students, I was shocked to learn that Cal/Berkeley was not the free-speech bastion I expected. President Clark Kerr claimed that "the campus had total free speech"—but added, "as we then understood it to be narrowly defined by the courts and the Regents." But Kerr had just announced two new policies, first that off-campus speakers could not speak on campus without prior approval by the administration, and second that student organizations could not take positions on off-campus issues. These policies were denounced by the faculty's Committee on Academic Freedom, chaired by the liberal Frank Newman, later a Justice on the state Supreme Court.

The faculty had bitter memories of the loyalty oath controversy of 1949-1950, and I suddenly realized that I was caught up in a political revolution. This storm was driven by various issues, but mainly by three (in order) the "Bancroft strip," the Sproul Hall sit-in arrests, and the frightening battle over People's Park.

On September 24, 1964, the UC Dean of Students announced that the strip of sidewalk at the campus entrance on Bancroft Avenue ("the Bancroft Strip") would no longer function as a free speech sanctuary, where student political groups could mount tables, solicit funds, and recruit members. Therefore student groups were subject to the campus ban on political activity. This "strip" had always been thought to be city property, and the dean did not reveal when or how the University became the owner. In retrospect, however, it seems clear that a powerful group of ultra-conservatives had something to do with it.

When Ken Stampp told me that he and a few colleagues were about to publish a letter in the *Daily Cal* protesting the administration's new

policies, I readily agreed to sign it. These actions helped us attract over 200 colleagues to a meeting protesting these lethal blows to campus free speech. Therefore our loose, informal group was called at first the Committee of 200. We had no designated chair or executive committee. Because we always met in my office, and because I usually wrote the first draft of any resolution or important announcement, we were sometimes called "the Sellers group."

A number of pro-FSM faculty colleagues included (in addition to May and Stampp), Henry Rosovsky (economics and history), (Reggie Zelnik (history, the faculty member most trusted by Mario Savio and other student leaders), Howard Shachman (molecular biology), Herb MClosky, (political science), Chuck Muscatine (English), Leo Lowenthal (sociology), Carl Schorske (history), John Searle (philosophy), Henry Nash Smith (English), Chick ten Broek (law), Sheldon Wolin (political science), Larry Levine (history), Robert Middlekauff (history), Phil Selznick (sociology), and William Kornhauser (sociology).

Soon the free speech wars reached a crisis, unfortunately not the last one. On October 1, 1964, CORE's radical Jack Weinberg (our only Cal student), was arrested for manning a CORE table on campus and shoved into the back seat of a campus police car with his hands cuffed painfully behind his back. As the police car proceeded across Sproul Plaza toward the police station behind Sproul Hall, a student sat down in front of the car to stop it, and when the car moved around, another student sat down. Suddenly, in a magnificent demonstration of instinctive collective strategy, everybody sat down. For 32 hours the police car sat there trapped, surrounded by a crowd of enraged protesting students that grew to a thousand or more. I (as well as others) climbed on top of the trapped campus police car, and endorsed the student protest while pleading for a peaceful settlement.

The next day I joined a picket line of students with FSM protest signs marching back and forth on the Sproul steps. When Ken Stampp and Henry May arrived to meet me for our usual lunch, Henry asked me "What are you doing up there, Charlie?" My great Harvard teachers had prepared me to answer with Thoreau's famous reply, "What are you doing out there, Waldo?" I was the first faculty member to support the FSM so publicly.

This revolt subsided temporarily when Clark Kerr invited some of us to speak with him, and seemed to favor some of our suggestions. But it soon became evident that the administration wouldn't give an inch, and turmoil again reigned.

The sudden, brutal, and disingenuous extinction of free speech on campus ignited an enormous reaction from both students and faculty. The reaction persuaded the liberal faculty that the time had come for decisive action. The Academic Senate was about to meet, and we drafted resolutions calling for total free speech, except for regulating "the time place, and manner" of speech. The resolution called for an open microphone on the Sproul Hall steps every day at noon for anyone who applied in time. On December 8, 1964, our resolution passed by the extraordinary vote of 824 to 125. As the faculty walked out of Wheeler Hall that afternoon, teary-eyed and exultant, engulfed by the roaring glee of several thousand students, we realized that we, both faculty and students, had rescued the campus from its fiendish foes, and given back to the people of California a great university.

FAMILY TRAGEDY AND A NEW WIFE

All too soon our family was disrupted by divorce. I don't know why it happened, and Evelyn recently told me that she doesn't either. All I can remember is speeding down to the Alameda County courthouse in Oakland behind my lawyer on his motorcycle for an unpleasant hearing on a settlement our lawyers had negotiated. By now Evelyn's father had died and her lonesome mother had developed serious health problems. So my brave and generous ex-wife tended her mother lovingly until she died at the age of 103. Evelyn now lives in a Massachusetts rest home, under the caring eye of my daughter Janet and her husband Mark Jones. Thankfully, we both like each other, and my wife Carolyn and I helped her sell her Kensington home in 2015 at a vastly increased value.

Soon after my divorce, I was attracted by Nancy Snow, an administrative assistant in the history department. I married Nancy in May 1967 when we sailed our boat Sloopy (see below) over to Angel Island to perform the ceremony. At that time I adopted her five-year-old

son Steen. Steen is now the well-paid regional head of training for the Black Bear Diner Company. He and his wife Glee parented two wonderful granddaughters for me. Aleen, a junior at the University of Wyoming is majoring in Sociology with minors in Religious Studies and American Indian Studies. Taree, who is in eighth grade and an exquisite ballerina is training with the American Ballet Theater at the Segerstrom Center in Los Angeles.

THE VIETNAM COMMENCEMENT

The next interruption of my academic work occurred in early 1968 when the Tet offensive in Vietnam made the American army so desperate for reinforcements that the draft law was changed to leave many Cal graduate students and seniors scheduled to lose their deferments in June. In February a number of Cal students had formed the Campus Draft Organization (CDO) to protest both the draft and the war. The CDO planned an antiwar commencement for May 17. Students were to wear academic gowns, and the roll would be called of those students who refused to be drafted. On May 17 the commencement took place in Lower Sproul Plaza. W. J. Rorabaugh's *Berkeley at War: The 1960's* (1989) describes it as follows:

> An orchestra provided music, and participants wore armbands to show solidarity. About 200 faculty members stood on the steps and faced an audience of 7,000 to 8,000 people; it was the largest crowd of the academic year. Professor Charles Sellers praised the courage, sacrifice, and patriotism of the students making the pledge. . . . Professor Franz Sherman administered a pledge to hundreds of people supporting those who refused to be drafted.

GOVERNOR RONALD REAGAN AND PEOPLE'S PARK

In 1966 Ronald Reagan had been overwhelmingly elected Governor by denouncing the "mess" in Berkeley. Oakland's City Attorney Edwin Meese became Reagan's chief of staff and helped the new governor confront Berkeley's radicals. Reagan also obtained security information through Professor Hardin Jones. The professor investigated

organizations on campus, attended meetings, took notes, sometimes used a tape recorder hidden under his coat, and frequently shot and developed photographs of radicals. He also maintained a massive newspaper clipping file and hired student and nonstudent informers.

At a press conference Reagan waved in his hand a "secret" security report. He claimed that it revealed the University had condoned a VDC (Vietnam Day Committee)-sponsored dance on campus at which strobe lights projected pictures of nude bodies while students gyrated in shocking positions amid clouds of marijuana smoke. Declaring the material to be too obscene to be quoted, Reagan conflated radicalism with the counterculture, condemned both as immoral and abnormal, blamed the University, and thereby created an effective conservative moral issue. These unfounded and lewd insinuations were sold to the public through William Knowland, publisher of the Oakland Tribune. The University administration's commissar was Vice Chancellor Alex C. Sheriffs.

But this time the Reagan/Meese/Jones/Sheriffs gang had gone too far. Unfortunately Berkeley's historic turning point was accompanied by several weeks of chaos inspired by the abuses of the Reagan/Meese gang, an escalation of the Vietnam war, and a bloody struggle over a "People's Park" that culminated on May 15, 1969. The University had not only come to own "the Bancroft strip", but had also bought (and then neglected) a large block of land and houses along Haste Street, just before its junction with lower Telegraph Avenue. Here houses had been torn down, including the house where I had rented a room from Nancy Snow whom I later married. On lower Telegraph, a coalition of FSM students with bohemian hippies had been trying to convert the neglected muddy ponds, weeds, and crumbling masonry to a green and flowered People's Park.

Berkeley's last spasm of conflict was touched off when the student body president Dan Siegel, who had been speaking on Sproul Plaza about student complaints, concluded his speech by saying, "let's go down and take over the park." Many of the protesters (estimated as two to six thousand) were already streaming behind Ron Dellums down Telegraph. When they were stopped at the Oakland boundary by the

"Blue Meanies" (Alameda County police dressed in blue and notorious for rough treatment of arrestees), the crowd broke into small groups. As a police helicopter zoomed in spouting tear gas, the Blue Meanies shifted from bird shot to lethal ball shot, killing one protester, James Rector, and sending many to hospitals. The protesters started breaking windows, turning on a fire hydrant, and inflicting as much mayhem as they could. Thus ended, ingloriously, one of Berkeley's proudest moments. After numerous incidents over the years, in 1991 the University and the City of Berkeley entered an agreement to jointly manage the park.

Chapter Five

Back to Academia

ACADEMIC PRODUCTIVITY

In 1963, just when I needed it most, I was delighted to receive a Guggenheim Fellowship, which gave me a year to do research and write some of my best articles:

> Although it had already appeared in 1954, "Who Were the Southern Whigs?" *American Historical Review*, LIX (1954), 61-84, set up some of the ideas I later explored. Here I sought to show that the South's anti-Jackson party was not the planter dominated, states rights devotees that they were long thought to be, but the more urban, commercial-minded, and national bank supporters who led the opposition against the egalitarian anti-bank Jacksonians throughout the country.
>
> "The Equilibrium Cycle in Two-Party Politics," *Public Opinion Quarterly,* Vol. 29 (Spring 1965), 17-38, a survey of the most recent research on the consistent tendency of election results to return to near parity between the parties, as well as the factors that can cause deviations in the equilibrium tendency. These characteristics should be more used by political historians to better explain the cause of various outcomes.
>
> "Andrew Jackson versus the Historians," *Mississippi Valley Historical Review,* XLIV, (March, 1968), 615-654, argues that the historians of the Jacksonian uprising against a commercial and financial ruling class were prompted by different "frames of reference" as determined by the historian's differing class perspectives. "Objective reality we know we can never reach," my article concludes, "but we need not apologize for assuming it is there, or for believing that our zigzag course brings us swinging in on a circle of ever closer vantage points for discerning its salient features."

BETTER WAYS TO TEACH HISTORY

Ever since my youthful discovery that learning history could be exciting, as demonstrated by Hendrick Van Loon's unconventional *History of Mankind,* I have been dissatisfied with the idea that textbooks should tell students to memorize what the author thinks is important and why it happened that way. How my ideas for better methods gradually evolved toward the "inquiry method" is indicated in the chronologically arranged articles that I contributed to, edited, or wrote:

Problems in American History (Prentice-Hall, 1952) provides basic facts about successive periods of American history, and then suggests questions that induce students to think for themselves.

Jacksonian Democracy (Service Center for Teachers of History, American Historical Association, 1958) emphasizes the different interpretations modern historians have advanced about particular periods and provides questions teachers might ask to help students come to their own conclusions.

Andrew Jackson, Nullification, and the State-Rights Tradition (The Berkeley Series in American History, Rand McNally & Company, 1963) is one of a series I edited to focus on a disputed subject, but composed mainly of the historical documents that enable students to come to sophisticated conclusions themselves.

The Negro in American History Textbooks (A Report of the Treatment of Negroes in American History Textbooks Used in Grades Five and Eight and in the High Schools of California's Public Schools, California State Department of Education, 1964). This booklet was suggested by the Berkeley chapter of CORE, of which I was a member. I and a group of my distinguished colleagues in the Cal history department (Kenneth Stampp, Winthrop Jordan, Lawrence Levine, Robert Middlekauff, and George Stocking) examined all the textbooks being used in California in grades 5, 8, and in high schools. We found that African Americans were almost invisible in the texts being used, and that where they were discussed, the discussions verged on implicit racism. In the Foreword, the state Superintendent of

> Public Instruction reported that "The State Board of Education, impressed with the work of the panel, directed the Department of Education to provide copies of the report to textbook publishers, the California Curriculum Commission, California schools, and others especially interested." Why nothing seems to have changed is a problem that all of us should be more concerned about.
>
> *The Role of History in Today's Schools* (A discussion by Erling M. Hunt, Charles G. Sellers, and Arthur Bestor, at a conference sponsored by the Council for Basic Education, New York City, November 12-14, 1965, Occasional Papers Number Ten, Printed 1966.) The participants in this New York discussion seemed to agree that history teaching was pretty bad. They also agreed that a solution would require professors of history for content and professors of education for method. I found that professors of education were eager for cooperation, while professors of history had almost never become involved with professors of education at their own universities. My colleagues at Cal are certainly unusual for their interest in the problem, but even today none of us seem to have a working relation with a professor of education at the other end of the campus.

This leads me to my last article on the subject, *Is History on the Way Out of the Schools and Do Historians Care?* (*Social Education*, May 1969). I argued that most observers on the college and pre-college levels agreed that history courses were ultimately untenable but would probably survive, for all the worst reasons, until better courses were devised. They also noted that such courses required continuous cooperation between educationists and historians, and that rote-learning must be replaced by inquiry- and discovery-learning.

What I meant by this kind of learning is richly displayed in my radically innovative textbook, Charles G. Sellers, Senior Author, Henry Mayer, Edward L. Paynter, Alexander Saxton, Neil L. Shumsky, and Kent Smith, *As It Happened: A History of the United States* (McGraw Hill, 1975). The nature of this book is indicated on page xi:

> To The Student:

> First-hand accounts . . . are the key to AS IT HAPPENED, an innovative adventure in United States history. Each is a piece of history, as seen through the eyes of the person who lived it.
>
> In the readings and author commentary, you will encounter the situations and problems that citizens of the United States have faced in the past. AS IT HAPPENED will help you learn to form hypotheses and develop answers to explain why people acted as they did to shape the country. You will form your own interpretation of the past. In a very real sense, this book is incomplete. The material is here, but your participation is necessary to bring it together and make it work.

An assessment of the discovery method of teaching appears in the following review by distinguished historian and journalist, Frances FitzGerald, in the *New Yorker* magazine, "Onward and Upward with the Arts: Rewriting American History—II." *New Yorker,* Mar, 5, 1977.

> The . . . "inquiry" or "discovery" texts . . . focus on a few topics and illustrate them with documents from primary and secondary sources.. . . Two of the inquiry texts ("As It Happened: A History of the United States," by Charles G. Sellers et al., and "Discovering American History," by Allan O. Kownslar and Donald B. Frizzle) include documents that might lead the student to the same kind of solution. The first text contains an excerpt from a speech by Senator William J. Fulbright, a report by Jonathan Schell on Operation Cedar Falls, and statements by Johnson and Nixon justifying the American policy. . . Except in the most sophisticated of the books—like Sellers' "As It Happened"—there is never any attention given to the perspective of other governments. What is radical about the books is that they question the judgments of past Presidents and Administrations, and, in the process, make it clear that foreign policy is not some mysterious emanation of the national will but the actions of certain people operating within a certain historical context. For the first time since the first World War, foreign policy appears in textbook history as something less than a sacred revelation.

STRAWBERRY CREEK COLLEGE

After free speech was achieved on campus in 1974, Mario Savio and other student leaders of the FSM urged reform of undergraduate education at Berkeley. With many faculty agreeing from an academic point of view, a Senate Select Committee (Chuck Muscatine of the English department, Chair), on which I and Peter Dale Scott of the English department served, issued the so-called Muscatine Report containing recommendations for reforming undergraduate education at Cal, Berkeley. Among other things the report recommended a Collegiate Seminar Program on "inquiry" educational improvement. The US Department of Education contributed funding for six years, and the University contributed classrooms in a wartime temporary building beside Strawberry Creek. Here in "Strawberry Creek College," a little group of faculty members—especially Charles Muscatine and Peter Dale Scott, both of the English department, Bert Dreyfus (philosophy), and Bert's brother Stuart Dreyfus (computer science)—mobilized for educational reform. Between 1974 and 1980, we taught intensive 12-unit inquiry courses for freshmen and sophomores. These courses featured primary texts on timely topics that enabled young Berkeley students to decide academic issues for themselves, as well as reporting their conclusions in proficient prose. This experiment was a howling success, as judged by the quality of the student essays and the enthusiasm of their authors. But as soon as the money ran out, the University returned to the more comfortable assumption of didactic academic authority, and no more was heard of inquiry education.

Yet at least the UC Berkeley history department was already meeting the challenge of improving our own courses. The department had approved my suggestion that we inaugurate a set of three-hour History 103's in various fields, to give history majors training in historical criticism and research, with emphasis on writing and discussion. Building on this base, we soon added History 101, a required 5-unit research course for history majors in various fields. This course featured a lengthy paper, along with readings and discussions on problems of historical inquiry. In addition to regular class meetings, individual consultations with the instructor, research, and preparation totaling ten to twelve hours per week are required.

HARMSWORTH PROFESSOR AT OXFORD

In 1970, I was amazed and delighted by an invitation to spend a year at Oxford University as the Harold Vyvyan Harmsworth Professor of American History. This was especially unexpected because my most important book on the market revolution was still incomplete and unpublished. The Harmsworth Professorship, I learned, was established, with an endowment of 20,000 pounds, by Harold Sidney Harmsworth, 1st Viscount Rothermere in memory of his son Harold Vyvyan Alfred St. George, who was killed in the First World War, and whose favorite subject was history.

With my wife Nancy and our son Steen, I flew as soon as I could to Heathrow Airport outside London, and then got to Oxford by bus. Awaiting us there, we were delighted to find, was an imposing modern house that Lord Rothermere had just erected for the Harmsworth Professors and our families in the village of Headington, adjacent to Oxford. It had a lovely flowered yard, regularly tended by a professional gardener. This house looked down on a beautiful panorama of Oxford's ancient colleges, churches, belfries, and cupolas. Even better, the Headington primary school gave Steen a more intellectually serious primary education than American elementary schools could have.

Especially interesting is Queens College, where Harmsworth Professors were attached as temporary Fellows (faculty members). This ancient institution was founded in 1341 and named in honor of Queen Philippa, wife of King Edward III. The college is distinguished by its neo-classical architecture, especially a central building designed by Christopher Wren. It is also an extremely wealthy institution with an endowment of 206 million pounds in 2014. It has a stunning upstairs library with ancient books and manuscripts safely displayed in handsome and indestructible cases. There is a lovely chapel where the College's splendid choir performs regularly. Above all was the great hall, where I sat with Provost Blake and the Fellows on a raised platform above the students. Here also the "Boar's Head Goudy" was a famous feast on the Saturday before Christmas.

I was welcomed warmly by Provost Blake and the Fellows, especially John Prestwich, who seems to have been especially delegated to ensure

that Harmsworth Professors and our families were completely comfortable and satisfied, both in the College and at our Harmsworth home in Headington. All the Fellows made themselves available upon approach and explained when gowns were to be worn and when guests might be invited. Queens College provides an office for Harmsworth Professors that is spacious and intriguingly decorated with pre-Raphaelite art. But the floor is so oddly canted that one must employ a shipboard walk, especially with coffee or sherry in hand. There I sat most of the time, attacking my repeatedly delayed academic work. The exceptional collection of American scholarly books at Rhodes House was just a short walk away.

Quite a few experiences impressed me with the differences between life in ancient and traditional England and life in the younger and more populist United States. The porter who cleaned my office every day was obviously embarrassed whenever I greeted him with a smile and ventured some friendly remark. As I was crossing the College's back lawn on a flower-lined brick walk, the gardener who was on his knees digging out weeds with a trowel jumped up as soon as he saw me coming, pulled off his cap, bowed almost to his waist, and said, "Good morning, sir." When I attended a meeting of the Provost and Fellows, and some academic decision came up, which would have touched off a long debate in an American department, these English Fellows, who had lived so long and so intimately together that they knew each other's opinions about everything, said nothing. Instead Provost Blake looked up and down the table and asked, "Has anyone changed his mind?" No one answered." Well then it's 6 to 8 No" (or whatever). Thank God I was never so indiscreet as to open my mouth in an English "faculty meeting."

My most embarrassing experience of clashing cultures was when Lord and Lady Rothermere invited me and Nancy to have dinner at their country estate. It was an overwhelming display of traditional aristocratic luxury—an imposing manor house with a large dining room and many waiters anxious to satisfy any desires for food or drink, a large deer park (open for hunting only to master and guests) stretching to a beautiful lake, a stable with horses and dogs for fox hunts, an enormous glass-topped Orangerie stocked with exotic plants from all over the world, and, almost invisible behind the manor house, rows of tiny brick houses with medieval grass-thatched roofs.

It was all quite impressive and jovial until Lady Rothermere said something like, “Do you like the flowers at the house up in Headington? I planned the garden myself, hoping to please you.” Nancy had grown up in Texas, and I had always been charmed by her “my way or the highway” Texan exuberance. So she replied something like, “Yes, that’s nice, but your gardener got it all wrong. It should be reversed between the back of the house and the front of the house to get the best sunshine at the right season. She had been complaining about this correctly, but the gardener was still confused. Lady Rothermere fell silent, and as soon as we finished dinner, Lord Rothermere tactfully led us out to admire the Orangerie.

We traveled quite a lot while at Oxford. I remember an extremely cold day when I went by train to visit Jack Pole in Cambridge. In Berkeley Jack had generously shared with me some critical evidence about regional and state voter turnouts in the evolving two-party system. He took me to meet his college’s Provost (or whatever they called this august position in Cambridge). Later I must have rented a car to take my family to visit Stratford-on-Avon for Shakespeare’s home, and to London for Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and London Bridge. We probably took quite a few birding trips, for my English map file contains many bird-finding pamphlets.

THE MARKET REVOLUTION

In the 1980s, I finally turned my energies to writing what became my most significant contribution to American history. *The Market Revolution: Jacksonian America, 1815-1846* (Oxford University Press, 1991) presents my understanding of Jacksonian America. It prompted a Commonwealth Fund Conference in London in 1994, where many able historians presented their views of my interpretation, both fulsome and critical. These are all published in Melvin Stokes and Stephen Conway, editors, *The Market Revolution in America: Social*, *Political, and Religious Expressions, 1800-1880* (University Press of Virginia, 1996).

The most fulsome approval is Paul Goodman’s: “A powerfully argued grand synthesis of a key period in American history, this book will teach

and provoke as have few works in the last decade. For no other period in American history can one find such a sweeping, coherent account, which creatively interprets the scholarship of the last thirty years. Sellers fuses scholarship with moral purpose in ways that compel us to rethink the relationship between capitalism and democracy."

At the London conference on *The Market Revolution*, I said:

> I took alarm when historians armed the United States for Cold War by purging class from consciousness. Muffling exploitative capital in appealing democratic garb, their mythology of consensual democracy, capitalism purged egalitarian meaning from democracy. . . .
>
> My corresponding values, I ought therefore to avow, derive in the first instance from my experience of bourgeois middle-class autonomy as driven, self-repressive, and intensely competitive. Capitalism commodifies and exploits all life, I conclude from my life and all I can learn. Relations of capitalist production wrench a commodified humanity to relentless competitive effort and poison the more affective and altruistic relations of social reproduction that outweigh material accumulation for most human beings. A life of competitive relationships dehumanizes all."

In the *New Yorker* magazine, October 29, 2007, Jill Laporte wrote:

> "Charles Sellers's "The Market Revolution: Jacksonian America, 1815-1846 . . . claimed that the greatest transformation of the first half of the nineteenth was no mere transformation but a revolution, from an agrarian to a capitalist society. Establishing capitalist hegemony over economy, politics, and culture, the market revolution created ourselves and most of the world we know," Sellers wrote.
>
> "Sellers's energetic, brilliant and strident book may not have reached readers outside the academy, . . . but among scholars it enjoyed a huge influence. . . . Sellers's was the thesis that launched a thousand dissertations; evidence of the market revolution seemed to be everywhere; it seemed to explain everything."

The “market revolution” is now a common concept for American historians. It was inspired by my family’s transition from the subsistence culture of my Uncle Giles to my father’s capitalist success in the city of Charlotte. It was validated for me by the achievements and frustrations of “My Multitudinous Kin” as reported most fully in Chapter One of these memoirs. It is, I think, the most important of my writings.

Chapter Six

Travels with Charlie

FUN BY BOAT AND CAMPER

Having finished my most important work by 1990, and having brought my biography of James K. Polk to a point where there was nothing to report but his retirement and death, I decided to retire from the University. For some years before, but especially afterward, I and my family devoted ourselves to having fun—sailing on the Bay and up the Sacramento River; exploring Hawaii's lava fields and Mauna Kea's astronomical observatories; observing Alaska from various vehicles and routes; finding new birding species from Mexico to Belize; and two separate wonderful trips to Australia (in 1991 and 2005) with our good friends Patsy Hallen and Peter Summers. Over the years from the 1960s to the present, we have had a total of four different boats and five campers. In what follows, I'll be telling you about some of these trips.

SAILING

To start with sailing, a revolutionary transformation of sailboat building occurred in the 1960's, with slow and expensive artisan woodworking giving way to cheap and fast GRP (Glass Reinforced Plastic), or "Fiberglass." In 1967 I bought a small, single-masted sloop with a small and narrow foresail. She cost me, to the best of my recollection, several hundred dollars. I named her "Sloopy," after a popular jazz ditty of the day, "Hang on Sloopy—Sloopy hang on." I couldn't trust her with an inexperienced skipper like me in the formidable winds of San Francisco Bay. But she was fine for learning the basics of sailing inside the Oakland Estuary—turning to port or starboard, or to slow gradually as she headed into her berth, and to step out to the jetty on the port or starboard side, and tie her down.

As I learned the basics, I bought the sturdier sloop Kachina in partnership with CORE's lawyer Mal Burnstein, and an experienced sailor John Traugott (d. 2004), a professor of English. Kachina had a big,

strong foresail, fast winches, a comfortable cabin below with two cushioned benches for sitting or sleeping, as well as a forecastle compartment. But Kachina was not indomitable. John Traugott and I flew down to Los Angeles to take delivery of the boat and sail it northward to San Francisco Bay. We spent the first night in Santa Barbara's small marina, and starting out the next morning we were sailing northwest along the coast when we turned north around Pont Conception, directly into a howling gale and endless short, steep waves.

We planned to stop overnight at Morro Bay, but we arrived after dark and were awed by the monster surf breaking over the jetty. Even more awesome to me were the breaking swells on the adjacent bar at the narrow and twisty harbor entrance. I recall clinging to the forestay on the pitching bow as I tried to pick up the unlighted channel markers with a flashlight.

When we reached Monterey Bay and docked at the Santa Cruz yacht harbor, our wives joined us for the final leg homeward to San Francisco. Soon however we again encountered rough weather. Gallantly Kachina climbed and plunged until, just before sunset, the nickel steel connector holding up the foresail boom broke and the boom and sail collapsed. We managed to get them tied down quickly, but our situation was frightening. Nancy was lying fearfully on her back in the cabin. We sent out an SOS, and almost immediately a Coast Guard helicopter appeared overhead. When we told them by radio that we were momentarily OK, they told us they would radio for a vessel to tow us into Half Moon Bay's marina. The rescue vessel took a long time to arrive, but when we got to the marina at 2 A.M., we rejoiced to find that the good people at the marina dining room had stayed to give us dinner. I remember our delight at the restorative drinks and splendid seafood that evening, after we tied up safely at an empty dock.

THE INTRACOASTAL WATERWAY FROM WEST FLORIDA TO ANNAPOLIS (1988)

After Nancy and I parted ways in 1972, my next sailing adventures took place with my new partner Carolyn Merchant whom I met while teaching at Strawberry Creek College in 1974. In the late 1980's we had

been seeking a really strong boat for sailing offshore. When we heard of an English-built Fisher ketch ("built for the north seas"), with a reinforced hull and enclosed pilothouse that could pull a dinghy behind, it met our needs so perfectly that we ordered one and named it Storm Petrel.

Both Carolyn and I had sabbatical research leaves in 1988, and because we could do research and writing in marinas while living and traveling aboard a boat, this gave us a whole semester for the longest cruise of our lives. Shipping Storm Petrel to St. Petersburg (where we rejoined it after a cross country trip in our VW camper), we had a semester combining academic work with the delights of sailing and birding. With that much time available, we could sail (or motor) south around the tip of Florida, and then north along the coast to Annapolis, Maryland. Carolyn was working on her book *Ecological Revolutions* (published in 1989) and I on my book *The Market Revolution* (published in 1991). Both Carolyn and I had been using the world's first personal computer, the Osborne 1, with its tiny index-card sized screen, since it appeared in 1983. Now, in February, 1988, with our two Osbornes, a new Apple McIntosh computer, and two printers, we started our grand cruise.

After leaving Tampa Bay, we traveled southward at a leisurely pace, stopping for days of writing at places that were pleasant and cheap. Our earlier route mainly followed dredged channels through great lagoons and mangrove swamps, interspersed with a string of plush retirement/resort cities. We had some good sailing on the open waters of Tampa Bay and Charlotte Harbor, but much motoring in light air. We stayed several days in Fort Myers Beach on beautiful little Hurricane Bay, with dolphins swimming by, hundreds of pelicans roosting in the mangroves across the way, ospreys nesting just around the point, and a profusion of exotic shorebirds feeding on the sandbar that emerged just offshore at low tide.

On our trip we sometimes hit fancy marinas and splendid waterfront restaurants. Other times we anchored out. Mainly we looked for something in between—cheap but affording shore power for our electronic technology of production. Around the corner we might find

superb pizza—all you can eat for $2.99. But mostly we cooked aboard with a quite adequate refrigerator, stove, and hot water heater.

Traveling down the west coast of Florida, we eventually reached the Everglades. On a dinghy trip into the mangrove swamps at Flamingo, we had to cut our outboard to avoid disturbing a family of manatees floating dreamily at the surface. When we stopped for lunch by a canal, a Fish Crow walked boldly up to Carolyn and the instant she looked away made off with our full roll of Ritz crackers. From the Everglades we crossed Florida Bay to the Keys and spent a month tied up in Marathon.

Finally, leaving the great harbor at Marathon, we braved the Atlantic waves for a three-day sail-and-motor trip up to Miami, where windy swells across a long fetch of shallow Biscayne Bay threatened to tear our boat and dinghy from a dilapidated dock. Northward from Miami, the Intracoastal Waterway traverses the Lauderdale/Palm Beach "Gold Coast" of millionaire homes and yachts, and then the broad Indian River paralleling the central coast, where we had several days of fabulous sailing winds from the right direction. On reaching Jacksonville at Florida's northern boundary, Carolyn flew off to lecture at New England's Hampshire College, and then at the University of Georgia, Athens, and Florida's Rollins College.

After lazing through the undeveloped beauty of Georgia's sea islands and coastal sounds, in mid April, Carolyn and I were joined for a few days near Savannah, Georgia by her astronomer sister Ann, who flew in from Hawaii, and by Ann's engineer husband Hans returning from a business trip to Spain, where he was overseeing construction of the new 10-meter Keck telescope that was about to be installed atop Hawaii's Mauna Kea mountain. They sailed with us up to Charleston, SC before saying goodbye for their return to Hawaii. Soon thereafter Charlie's brother Ed and wife Nell joined us in Charleston for a few days. Subsequently, we especially enjoyed the unspoiled little port of McClellanville in South Carolina, before enduring the long boring "ditch" northward along the endlessly tasteless ambiance of Myrtle Beach.

As we crossed the border into North Carolina, Charlie broke into song—the North Carolina state anthem, "the good old north state." Leaving the boat at Wrightsville Beach, N. C., in early May, we visited

Charlie's assembled kin in Charlotte. Then, while Carolyn flew off to a "Mind and Nature" conference in West Germany, I with brother Phil and sons Chris and Randy took the boat a few days on up the coast, where Carolyn rejoined the crew on schedule. The wide sounds and cypress swamps of northeastern North Carolina provided new delights. After a brisk sail across Albemarle Sound, we ran into the spectacle of ospreys nesting on almost every channel marker from Currituck Sound to Coinjock on the Virginia Line. At Great Bridge we threaded a somewhat anxious course through the locks, opening bridges, heavy marine traffic, and the overwhelmingly-displayed naval might of Norfolk harbor to reach Chesapeake Bay.

The Chesapeake was a wholly new kind of sailing, mainly steering compass courses out of sight of land to distant buoys through hazy overcast. But every night we found a picturesque harbor up some broad creek or river, first on the western shore, and then after passing the mouth of the Potomac over to the delightful little colonial ports of Oxford and St. Michaels on the Maryland eastern shore. Here we had some of the most delicious seafood of our lives, especially the super-fresh fried clams at St. Michaels and the famous crab cakes at Mrs. Crockett's on Tangier Island.

All too soon our day of reckoning was at hand, and by July 1, when our eastern insurance coverage expired, we tied up in Annapolis to be hauled out. The greatest adventure of our lives gradually gave way as we raced across the country back to the real world of classes and pressures in Berkeley. Easing the shock of re-entry, however, was the addition to Carolyn's home, a spacious second story "pleasure dome" with a wall of windows displaying San Francisco's skyscrapers and the Golden Gate. With a hot tub on the back porch and Berkeley's "Gourmet Ghetto" just a block away, coming home was almost as delightful as our greatest cruise had been.

AUSTRALIA (1991)

In 1991 (from February though June), Carolyn was invited to be the first "ecofeminist professor" under a special grant at Murdoch University in Western Australia. The fact that I had retired in June 1990,

made it possible for us both to embark together on yet another great adventure. Leaving San Francisco January 3, 1991, we flew to Sydney, Australia. Sydney we found to be a marvelous city, where we luxuriated for two days in the bourgeois splendor of the Sheraton Hotel. When we discovered that it would take some days more to extract from customs the Volkswagon camper we had shipped to Sydney by sea, we moved to a room-with-kitchen in King's Cross, Sydney's garish area of strip clubs and budget accommodations. While waiting, we were treated to a feast, culinary and intellectual, by Diane and Ian Tyrell (now emeritus professor of History at the University of New South Wales). Diane wrote the best book on the Australian movie industry, and Ian is a superb American historian. I was particularly delighted to meet Ian, having taken inspiration from his vindication of Marxist perspectives on American history and admiring his environmental and left-Labor politics.

Thanks to a helpful customs broker, the day soon arrived when we assembled in the dock area with a quarantine inspector and two customs inspectors (all thorough but pleasant) to see the container opened and our still newish VW popup camper (that we had purchased in 1989) roll out shining and intact. After steam cleaning, vehicle registration and grocery shopping, we were ready to embark the next morning on exploration of a new continent. That day was January 17, 1991, the day George H.W. Bush invaded Kuwait and started the first Gulf War. As we drove through Australia, people expressed their opinions of the war by either pointing thumbs up or thumbs down as they saw our California license plate, and its sign across the back window stating "Left Hand Drive," warning other drivers in this "right-hand drive, left-side of the road" country to take note.

Our first destination, Plumwood Mountain, just outside of Australia's capital city of Canberra, brought us a stunning introduction to forested Australia from the remarkable Val Plumwood (1939-2008). Val, who had taken her name from the ancient Plumwood trees that grew there, was a distinguished philosopher/feminist/environmentalist. She coauthored, with her former husband, a landmark critique of destructive forestry in Australia and was at work on her magnum opus *Feminism and the Mastery of Nature* (1994). Having recovered from a terrifying crocodile attack that inspired *Crocodile Dundee*, Val lived in a

self-built, circular, window-walled home far up a rough track through a dense forest. Here we raised our pop-up for three days of concentrated loveliness, as Val engaged Carolyn in intense colloquy on ecofeminism and gave us a crash course on Australian flora and fauna. A keen birder, she introduced us to brilliant parrots (the scarlet-blue rosella and even more regal king parrot), lovely scrubwrens and fantails, and several of the large and colorfully plumaged honeyeaters; led us through rainforest to the bower-bird and lyrebird display mound; and schooled us in the fabulous songs that resounded constantly from all these magnificent creatures.

We were startled the first evening by the unheralded appearance of an enormous wombat who was very practiced in opening a special wombat door to come in for hugs and food; and even more startled the next morning when a seven-foot lizard (goanna) scuttled from the bushes at our feet by the garage and froze immobile on a nearby tree trunk. Heartsick like ourselves over the new Gulf War, Val took Carolyn up to Canberra on the second day for an anti-war rally she was addressing, and for a meeting she had arranged to introduce Carolyn to environmentalist women. I remained behind for a marvelously birdy bush-walk along the forested escarpment with the distant Tasman Sea occasionally in view.

From Plumwood Mountain, we traveled south and west through Melbourne, Adelaide, and across the dry Nullarbor (no trees) Plain to Western Australia. On reaching Mandurah (just south of Fremantle where Carolyn would be teaching), we happily ensconced ourselves in a shady caravan park, looking out on the mouth of Peel Channel only a hundred meters downshore from the seaside home and moored catamaran of Carrie's sponsor at Murdoch University, Patsy Hallen and her longtime mate Peter Summers.

Our journey across a new continent to Mandurah had introduced us to Australia's flora and fauna, and especially for us, an avifauna flamboyant in size, color, and sound. At the beginning of the trip, Sydney flaunted showy sulphur-crested cockatoos, enormous flying-fox fruit bats, and sacred ibis. Striking black-and-white magpies were commonplace on every road, wheeling flocks of pink cockatoos, pinkish galahs, and red-headed gang-gangs abounded. Each locality through

which we traveled presented us with new variations on the species and striking colorations of parrots, corellas, and lorikeets. Everywhere big black-and white currawongs squawked and the maniacal cacklings of the big, snake-eating, kingfisher-like kookaburra convulsed us into giggles. We were challenged by the endless variation of honeyeaters, fairy wrens, and other smaller species, to say nothing of black swans, pelicans bigger and showier than North American cousins, exotic ibises and cranes, and the enormous wedge-tailed eagle of the roadside and sea eagle of the coast. When we reached the Gippsland Lakes, north of Adelaide, we were startled by our first big kangaroo thumping around our caravan car park and by our first person-high emus stalking around our picnic area. A riverside campground in the Stirling Range of Western Australia produced first-time "lifers" so fast we couldn't stop to look up one because so many others were in view.

After supper on the evening we reached Mandurah on the western coast of Western Australia, we embarked on our new life by walking up the shore to meet the remarkable Hallen/Summers team. Patsy (a philosopher) and Peter built a large catamaran ("Sky") and perfected a range of arts from baking to fine woodworking. We found them on their verandah, serving dinner to old friends from Cornwall. Overwhelmed by their hospitality, instant friendship, and assistance, we drove the next morning to Fremantle, home of Murdoch University where Carolyn would be teaching for the next five months and which Patsy rightly suggested as the best place to find an apartment.

In Fremantle we found a modest fifth-floor apartment with parking, ideally located in the center of town. With a view of the harbor on one side, and the Town Hall on the other, we looked down on leafy St. John's Square, and a perpetual chess game played on a checkerboard pavement, with waist-high pieces. Soon after settling in, Patsy and Peter treated us to an exhilarating day sail around Rottnest Island, some miles offshore. Having never sailed a catamaran, which skims over rather than ploughing through the water, the return sail with Patsy steering Sky under main and no. 2 jib was one of the most exciting sailing experiences of our lives. Zipping through the spray with none of the heeling of displacement boats, we averaged almost 17 knots.

After settling into our apartment in Fremantle, we were called back to academic reality. The edited manuscript of my book, *The Market Revolution: Jacksonian America, 1815-1846*, arrived soon after we did. I set to work, checking it for typos and errors, and eventually sent it off to Oxford University Press in New York through DHL's international express service. Meanwhile Carolyn settled into her office at Murdoch, in preparation for her class on Ecofeminism that began in late February and began work on her next book, *Radical Ecology*. She had also been invited to give the keynote address at the national "Ecopolitics V" conference in Sydney in April, and was in the process of scheduling May lectures at universities in Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, and Hobart. While Carolyn worked, I birded and explored the country around Fremantle and Perth in our VW camper. In early July, we set out to the north for a return trip "around the top" via the Pilbara and Kimberley Mountains, Kakadu National Park, and northern Queensland for our return to Sydney and our flight home in August 1991.

A WEDDING

In September 1993, Patsy and Peter came from Australia to Berkeley and lived aboard our boat Storm Petrel for four months while Patsy reciprocated by teaching a course on "Ecofeminism" at Berkeley, along with Carolyn's course on "Environmental Philosophy and Ethics." They arrived just in time to celebrate Charlie's seventieth birthday for which we had engaged a cruise ship, the Hornblower Commodore, for celebrating the occasion with our families and friends. When everyone on both sides of our families let us know they were coming, Carolyn and I decided that this would be the perfect time to hold a wedding.

So on the morning of September 5, when our families who were all staying at the Marriott hotel at the Berkeley marina gathered for breakfast, we said we would first like to take a walk out to the bay shore. There Charlie's brother-in-law, minister Bill Boyce, said, "In case you haven't already guessed it, this is going to be a wedding." After the ceremony, we all went back to the hotel for breakfast, followed that afternoon by the Hornblower cruise on the bay to celebrate Charlie's 70th birthday. Now our families were officially united. Our children Grier, Janet, and Steen Sellers and David and John Iltis, along with

Charlie's brothers Ed and Phil, his sister Ruth, Carolyn's sister Ann, husband Hans, and mother Elizabeth all joined in toasts to the new bride and groom.

OUR FIRST MOTORHOME

In 1995, Carolyn received a Guggenheim Fellowship and was able to take a sabbatical leave from UC Berkeley for the entire 1996 year. This leave presented us with a new opportunity for travel. By chance as we were birding along the bay, we happened to see an RV show in a lot right next to the Berkeley bayshore. On display was the perfect RV for both writing and birding—a 21 foot Hornet made by Damon. On entering the side door at the rear of the vehicle was a hanging locker for clothes, a multi-shelved pantry cabinet just wide enough for cans and bottles, a bathroom with a bathtub/shower and a U shaped kitchen with refrigerator, stove, microwave, sink, cabinets, and counters. In the interior was a table with facing benches just the right size for our computers; a comfortable couch; television set; and a spacious double bed above the cab with a draw curtain for sleeping privacy. We negotiated a sale price and shortly became the proud owners of our first motorhome, "Horny." After purchase, we took it to an RV outfitting company that mounted storage containers and solar panels on the roof and computer outlets under the table. We were soon ready for a repeat of our Storm Petrel sabbatical on the Intracoastal Waterway—this time on land. The first bulky cell phones were just appearing on the market and we bought one that was able to receive signals and email in most places throughout the country.

In January, we set out southward visiting my son Steen and wife Glee in Los Angeles before moving on to the delights of southern California's hot springs, Arizona's winter birding spots, and the Santa Fe Institute in New Mexico, before slowly working and birding our way across Texas. In May, Carolyn took time to fly to Hawaii to be with her mother who was ill, while I continued on to New Orleans until we met up again. From there we turned north toward the National Humanities Center in Raleigh/Durham, North Carolina where Carolyn and two colleagues taught a short course on "Nature Transformed" for high school teachers. Just as the course ended on July 12, Carolyn was called back to Hawaii to

be with her mother who passed away on July 19, 1996. An exquisitely beautiful poem celebrating her life, called “Hawaiian Tides,” was written by her grandson David. I continued on to a Sellers’s family reunion on Lake Norman just north of Charlotte and then set out to the western U.S. stopping along the way to visit Janet and Mark in Madison, Wisconsin where Janet was working. Carolyn rejoined me in mid-August in Spokane, Washington. From there we set out through Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and points south. A marvelous event occurred on August 31 of that year when my granddaughter, Aleen Sellers, was born—testimony to the passing and renewal of life.

ALASKA (1999)

Between May 29 and August 3, 1999, Carolyn and I traveled to the Far North in Alaska in our Hornet RV (“Horny”), with the special goal of birding Alaska. Abandoning Horny temporarily in Fairbanks, we traveled by small plane and ten-passenger tour bus to Deadhorse, hub of the Prudhoe Bay oilfield. On the way we saw Polar Bears, Grizzly Bears, and a Spectacled Eider (at last !). Our tour bus passed a herd of caribou as we followed the Alaska Pipeline south on the unpaved Dalton Highway (or Haul Road). Backtracking west, our tour bus brought us to rejoin Horny in Fairbanks. Then we traveled south and west to Homer where we boarded Alaska’s MP Tustamena (the “Trusty Tusty”) for a six-day round trip down the Aleutians to Dutch Harbor. This was the most eagerly awaited leg of our trip because of the many rare alcids (puffins, murres, auklets, murrelets) that occur only in these waters, and we spent many cold but rewarding hours scanning the surface from the bow deck.

After returning to Homer with an enhanced Alaska bird species list, we spent a fabulous day cruise among the glaciers, whales, sea otters, and spawning salmon, and exotic birds (two more new species, Tufted Puffins and a host of nesting Common Murres).

At Seward we loaded Horny into the MV Kennicott ferry for a seven-day cruise down the Inside Passage to Bellingham, Washington, whence Horny galloped home.

BIRDING IN MEXICO (2001)

When I first heard of the annual Adventure Caravans birding trips to Mexico and beyond in December, 2001, Carolyn had academic duties making it impossible for her to go. After discussion we agreed that I should go on this trip, and if it turned out well, we could go together on subsequent trips. After various preparations, I headed south on January 11 and overtook the caravan at Alamos, Mexico, on January 14.

Wagonmaster Jim Nerison and his wife Jan had started the birding caravans for Adventure Caravans and led them superbly for some years. Now they were heading up their last trip before preparing to retire (they would soon be replaced on subsequent trips by Bert and Shari Frenz). In our RV caravan, we traveled in around 10-12 vehicles of various sizes and shapes. My "Harry" (short for Harrison Ford) was a Lance camper overlapping the cab of a Ford pickup truck (which we acquired after selling Horny because its four-wheeled drive allowed us to travel on back roads). The Nerisons, Whittens, Hillesheims, and later Bert and Shari Frenz, rode in Class 1 luxurious motorhomes pulling small cars behind them, and the other birders followed in vehicles of intermediate size and design. For coordination and safety, we were required to have a CB (Citizen Band) radio in every vehicle, and each of us had a nickname (mine was "Redbird") for easy contact. We were constantly talking back and forth, both on the road and in camp. This meant complete involvement of everyone in our joint pursuit of ever more rare and exotic species.

The procedure in camp, I quickly learned, was to retire early in order to arise at 5:30 or 6 A. M. for departure in our smaller towed vehicles to bird before dawn. Back usually by noon, we were on our own until we reassembled at 4:30 with our folding chairs for a social hour. As nibbles went around, we recorded the day's sightings in ring binders that Jim Nerison has compiled for each of us. These included a comprehensive Mexican bird list to record sightings in different localities; a list of all the species sighted by last year's caravan; and separate lists of all species previously sighted in each locality.

For example, the caravan saw 110 species around San Carlos before I joined them, and at Alamos the group saw 103. My new Mexican species were: Crested Caracara, Sinaloa Crow, Social Flycatcher, Black-vented Oriole, Mexican Parrotlet. and Elegant Quail. Some birding days were more memorable for the striking plumage of rarely seen species than for the number of species seen. One morning high in the mountains above Mazatlan, we were welcomed to the *Barranca* (a bluff over a deep gorge) by a band of twenty-odd Tufted Jays coursing slowly along the road beside us at close range. "What a sight," we exclaimed, while the jays, together with new exotics, moved along the trail to and fro as we leapt from our cars to get a better look. It was one of the most exciting birding days in many of our lives. The caravan saw 381 species on this trip as a whole, and I saw 76 lifers.

Aside from thrilling species, the most satisfying aspect of this trip was our warm and affectionate companionship with people sharing such a passion for birds. I'm amazed how many of our companions on this trip were people (mainly couples) whom Carolyn and I would come to know intimately on subsequent trips—especially the Nerisons and the Frenz's, and tailgunners Duane and June Whitten who brought up the rear of the caravan, and made sure that we did not lose anyone along the way. Coen Dexter and Brenda Wright have been my and Carolyn's best birding friends ever since. Brenda is a smart, soft-spoken, and charmingly saucy lady with an infectious laugh, while Coen is one of the most avid and accomplished birders we have yet encountered.

My last day with the caravan had a grand climax. As we entered the Hotel Garza's beautiful dining room, I was placed at the head of our table of thirteen. Mellowed by luxurious food and service, we got even mellower with a round of Mexico's potent margaritas. Seldom have I felt more keenly the warmth of interpersonal relations produced by communal pursuit of birding exhilaration. When I left for home at 6:30 A. M. the next morning, Thursday, February 7, I was accompanied by three cars of caravaners until they turned off, fifteen miles into the hills, for their morning birding. At the turnoff, we all stopped for a final round of hearty *abrazos.* My final CB message was: "It's not goodbye, amigos, it's *hasta luego*, it's *auf wiedersehen*, it's "until we meet again!"

BIRDING IN BELIZE (2003)

In 2003, Carolyn and I explored central Mexico and Belize with wagonmasters Bert and Shari Frenz. This memorable caravan of 33 birders, traveling in 17 rigs, saw more than 601 bird species. The 33 caravaners were mainly older couples. They drove every kind of RV from large motorhomes to truck campers like our "Harry," which was almost the smallest. At Pharr, Texas, on the lower Rio Grande, Bert and Shari guided us through orientation, vehicle inspection, and border-crossing papers. Once across the border Wagonmaster Bert led us down the highways, using CB (Citizen Band) radio to report roadside bird sightings and hazards to his followers. Tailgunners Dan and Sue Hertz bought up the rear, making sure that no one was left behind. When Lee and Pat Yoder's "Black Stallion" sputtered to a stop, Dan and a local mechanic worked on it for some time before discovering that it had simply run out of gas.

After traveling and birding our way through Central Mexico for about a month, we finally reached Corozal, Belize in late February. At Corozal we settled into a comfortable RV park on a lovely waterfront. This was our base throughout our stay. While the big rigs stayed here, the smaller rigs carried us on day excursions through northern Belize, and later to a secondary base at Dandriga for excursions in south-central Belize. Our first expedition was to the Crooked Tree Sanctuary, where we thrilled to such tropical sensations as Yellow-headed Vulture, Snail Kite, and the imposing Jabiru Stork.

After a pleasant lunch on the deck of a little waterside inn, the gang gathered to tell Carolyn good-bye. The next morning she had to fly back from a nearby airport to academic duties in the States. The ladies had feted her the previous evening with pink-icing carrot cake, and she now responded with an epic ballad on "Birding with Bert."

After leaving Corozal, we stayed several days on beautiful little Hurricane Bay, with dolphins swimming by, hundreds of pelicans roosting in the mangroves across the way, ospreys nesting just around the point, and a profusion of exotic shorebirds feeding on the sandbar that emerges just offshore at low tide.

Before our next excursion from the Corozal base, I revisited the airport to pick up my physician brother Phil Sellers, who flew in from Hendersonville, N. C. to take Carolyn's place (spatially only) for the rest of the Belize stay. At a little town on our way back to Corozal, with a Belize election underway, Phil was startled to see a large banner lauding PHILLIP (not Phillip Sellers, of course, but Phillip, a Belize candidate). The next day, pursuing a last-minute tip acquired by Bert, we had wonderful views of Scarlet Macaws at the remote Indian village of Red Bank.

Our last expedition from Corozal took us by boat some ten miles offshore to Belize's celebrated Barrier Reef, second in length only to Australia's Great Barrier Reef. We returned to the mainland via the swarming rookery of Magnificent Frigatebirds on Man o' War Caye. The grotesquely inflated throat sacs of the males in the breeding season must be a great come-on for the ladies. Along the way our caravaners delighted in Belize's spectacular fauna of jaguars, tapirs, anteaters, howler monkeys, toucans, macaws, and crocodiles.

By now it was time to turn north for the United States. We returned to Corozol, depositing Phil Sellers at the airport on the way, and on March 5 we all started back to the United States. By March 28, I was happily home again in Berkeley. Then on May 19, 2003, another marvelous event occurred when my granddaughter Taree Sellers, daughter of Steen and Glee, was born.

THE ULTIMATE CAMPER

In 2006, we decided that if possible it would be ideal to have a four-wheeled drive camper that would be more comfortable than our truck camper, "Harry," with some of the luxuries of our earlier motorhome "Horny." After doing online research and making several phone calls, we found Dave Rowe, head of a company in Columbia, South Carolina—Tiger Motorhomes—that made campers to order. In March we ordered our own Tiger and picked it up on the July 4th weekend in Columbia. Like "Horny," it had all the comforts of a home away from home—microwave oven, refrigerator, solar panels, computer outlets, DC to AC converters, shower, TV etc. But it was narrower, more maneuverable

on freeways, and could take us onto steep, dirt roads in the backcountry. We drove Tiger back from S.C. stopping off in North Carolina while we visited with my daughter Janet and husband Mark in Winston Salem where Janet had a position with Hanes Apparel. After getting together with our Carolina kin we set out cross country for Berkeley.

In July 2007, Carolyn again began a sabbatical leave, enabling us to travel the western U.S. in our Tiger, stopping in back country campgrounds and RV resorts while I birded and Carolyn wrote. We traveled northward to Oregon, the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge, sites along the Lewis and Clark and Oregon Trails, and into Canada's Waterton Glacier National Peace Park and Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump in Alberta, before heading south to warmer climates, dipping down along the west coast of Mexico and then across Texas.

BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY

A new chapter in my birding life opened when on our 2007 trip north, I acquired a Canon 7D Digital Camera and a high powered zoom lens (100-400 mm) that could clearly and distinctly capture birds in motion. I could carry the camera and lens cradled on my arm, supported by a strap around my neck, and use it instead of binoculars. By pointing it at a flying bird, its continuous snapping feature allowed me to take many shots at one time. On that trip and over the next several years, as we traveled locally and around the country in our Tiger camper, I took my "best bird photos" and placed them on my website. They can be viewed at http://www.leftcoastlife.com

Many of these photographs were taken on our route back to Berkeley in 2013 after Carolyn's semester as a member of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. Leaving Princeton just after Christmas in 2012 and stopping in Charlotte, N.C. for a visit with my relatives, we reached the warmer weather of South Florida in early January, 2013. There we embarked on a leisurely birding/photographing trek toward home.

In south Florida we luxuriated in sunny warmth, viewing a profusion of exotics, both non-avian and avian (alligators, manatees, flamingos,

and sandhill cranes). Along our route, we were surprised and delighted to encounter frequently such unexpected species as Bell's Vireo, Common Ground-Dove, Piping and Snowy Plover, and immature Hudsonian Godwit. We also saw many common species that usually breed farther north and west, including Sandhill Crane, Loggerhead Shrike, Red-bellied Woodpecker, Fish Crow, Carolina and House Wren, American Kestrel, Boat-tailed and Common Grackle, Eurasian Collared-Dove, Mississippi Kite, and Ruddy Turnstone.

Some of my best photographs—Altamira Oriole, Clay-colored Robin, Golden-fronted Woodpercker (f), Plain Chacalaca, Red-naped Sapsucker (m), and Long-billed Thrasher—were taken at the Bentsen Rio Grande Valley State Park near Mission, Texas. Also in this area, our birding friend Wendy Foster led us to a Groove-billed Ani.

After days of—

The sun has riz, the sun has set,
But we find ourselves in Texas yet,

—we finally escaped Texas to the Pancho Villa State Historical Park on the Mexican boundary at Columbus, New Mexico. (Here the nobly egalitarian Mexican revolution had been doomed by General John J. Pershing's irresistible American invasion.) After Pancho Villa, we had some rewarding birding further west at Patagonia State Park in southern Arizona (Elegant Trogon!).

Crossing the Colorado River into California at Yuma, we headed up I-5 to reach home on March 22, 2013. After two days of unloading Tiger, we were left with warm memories of another rewarding trek.

After many other gratifying adventures, last July 2016, we finally made the big decision to turn over our Tiger camper to Carolyn's son David Iltis in Salt Lake City. Although the Tiger is now in a new home, it is still possible for us to jet on out to SLC and borrow the camper for travels to Utah's national parks and other recreational delights. In the meantime, we are cherishing all the good fortune and good trips our boats and campers have provided us over the years.