Fall 2021

Stan Sanders (November 17, December 2, and December 11, 2021)

Danielle Salinas
Whittier College

NARRATOR: Stan Sanders

INTERVIEWER: Danielle Salinas

DATE: November 17, 2021

PROJECT: Black at Whittier College

DS: Hello, my name is Dani Salinas. I'm the interviewer here today. This is for the oral history project from Whittier College. The date is November 17, 2021, and I am here with—

SS: Stanley Sanders. Joseph Stanley Sanders. J. Stanley Sanders.

DS: (laughs) All three, huh?

SS: All three. Stan Sanders. To the Whittier community I'm Stan Sanders.

DS: Perfect. Okay. And to start, can you tell me a little bit about where you grew up, where you born?

SS: I was born in a house in Watts, which is a small section of Los Angeles in the central basin that has been a part of the City of Los Angeles since its inception. My parents moved to Watts in 1929 and I was born in 1942, in a house they purchased when they first got to Watts. While they've gone and while my older siblings have gone on now, the house is still in the family. We still own it. And I was born during World War II at a time when the government requested that as many pregnant mothers as could have their babies at home, rather than to take a bed, make it an obstetrical bed in a hospital, that bed would be freed up for the returning wounded from the Pacific front during World War II. And so, I was born in the middle bedroom on a Sunday morning in August of 1942. I used to kid my parents about that I probably conceived somewhere around December 7, 1941,

during Pearl Harbor. (laughs) And I grew up there and actually, since it's still in the family, I still get mail there. But I haven't lived there on any consistent basis since I left as a sixteen-year-old going off to Whittier College in 1959. But we still own the property. We used it for younger members, my parents' grandchildren, and now we rent it out. I went to the public high schools in Watts, to 96th Street School, from K through sixth, and Jordan High from, then from the seventh through twelfth. That was at a time when there were still six-year schools in the Los Angeles School District, now the Los Angeles *Unified* School District. They don't have any more six-year schools. In fact, Jordan High School was the last of the six-year schools.

DS: Wow.

SS: And I was at the tail end of that particular period in Jordan's history. I was next to the last tenth grade glass to have attended the junior high school as well. Now it's a, and since a year and half after I graduated, it's all senior high and two new middle schools have been built that feed Jordan High School as quote, senior high school.

DS: Okay.

SS: But when I went there it was seventh through twelfth. So, when I came to Whittier College as a freshman in 1959, I had only been two schools in my entire life, and I think that affected my view of life. It was very subtle; it was very comfortable. I like to think that even at that age I sort of knew where I came from, who I was. I had friends graduate with me from Jordan High School, that I had started kindergarten with twelve years before. And so that was quite an experience. I was the youngest of four children and the youngest by far, because my parents had a family of four and had lost their oldest daughter about three years before I was born in what was called the scarlet fever

epidemic of the late thirties and the early forties. Scarlet fever, rheumatic fever, it's been called a number of different things, but it exacted a huge toll, again, on the minority community, because of access to healthcare and just the disparate practice, medical practice, in the community at that time. So, their oldest daughter died in the pandemic at eleven, and at the ripe ages of forty-seven for my dad and forty-four for my mom, they decided to have another kid. They wanted a family of six, with four kids, and so they had me. (laughs) And I'm what Coach Godfrey at Whittier College once referred to as "the ratoon crop." Before he came to Whittier College as a football coach he was a high school football coach in Hawaii, and so he knew a little bit about pineapple plantations and he told me that the ratoon crop is that crop of pineapples that comes onto the plants after the major harvest, after all the pineapples have been taken out of the field and are in market there comes a latter day crop, and these pineapples are big. They're bigger than the regular harvest; they're sweeter than the regular pineapples, and the call them the ratoon.

DS: I see the analogy now.

SS: The ratoons are big, sweet, and expensive. I said, "Well, thank you coach. I like that comparison." (laughs)

DS: So, I want to circle back to something that you said. You mentioned that your parents moved here, right, to Watts in 1929?

SS: Yes.

DS: Okay. Do you mind me asking where they moved from?

SS: They moved, actually both of them were here for a period of time before they got married and moved to Watts. So, but interestingly enough, both came from Texas. My mom came

from Frio County, Texas, which is south of San Antonio, only about fifty minutes from the Mexican border at Laredo. And my dad came, having served in World War I, in France, as a part of that supply troops. African American—Black soldiers—were not allowed to carry guns under the U.S. flag during World War I, and that's interesting. What happened was that the French command said, well, look, if you don't want these American soldiers serving under the American flag on essentially what was French soil, then we'll put them under our command, and that's precisely what happened, that the vast majority of African American soldiers served under the French flag during World War I, because the General Pershing, Jack Pershing, didn't want them, quote, unquote. And so, my dad was part of that, served honorably, came back to East Texas, where he had grown up in a little town called Elysian Fields, elysian meaning—Elysian Fields has a very French—it means, uh, it means something. I can't quite recall what it means, but in any case it's Champs Elysees, Elysian, are the same word. And when he got back from serving in 1919, to Texas, he had seen Paris and the old song, you know, *once they've seen Paris, you can't keep them down on the farm* applied to him. And there were all sorts of atrocities. They were lynching in the South. They were lynching American soldiers in uniform out of a feeling that the returning Black veterans were too big for their britches, too much of a threat now that they released that they were human beings. And so my dad and his uncle packed up in 1922. Really, about the same time that my mother and her family were moving from Frio County, my dad was moving from East Texas, which was much more the cotton belt part of Texas, whereas Frio County is that area we call Tex-Mex.

DS: Ah.

SS: And she spoke Spanish and she and her family homesteaded 160 acres in South Texas. My dad in East Texas was a sharecropper. And so they came—even though they both came from Texas, both African American, they had very different experience. My mom was, in a colorism sense, light skinned. My dad from the cotton belt was very dark skinned. And then they had five children between, sort of in the middle. (laughs) So, that background was very important to me, especially later on as I began to understand the dynamics of that, one of which is the lesson of how valuable land is to family and to the sense of family. And we've kept the 160 acres in the family. I am the youngest grandchild of my grandparents who homesteaded the land, who actually went through the process of assembling the homestead estate, dealing with the homestead office. In roughly 1873 they got the deed to 160 acres, and that 160 acres is still in the family and I've had the privilege and the honor, as the only surviving grandchild, to manage it.

DS: Wow.

SS: So, I have cousins in the Great Lakes area and some still in Texas who are still part of that homestead. I just recently returned in August of 2020 from a trip to the property, which is still undeveloped, and I took with me my three grandsons ages sixteen, thirteen, and twelve, so that they get some idea of this property at a very early age, like I did. And that taxes have to be paid and assessments have to be paid and minimum improvements have to be made. I have, still, the dream of putting together, not a dude ranch, but something with an abode on it that you could stay, if not farm the entire 160 acres. If we farmed the 160 acres it would have to be a cash crop; it would have to be something that you could market, and that area of Texas is not that agricultural. Although, I did learn, on my trip this past summer, that there is a lot of agriculture going on there now. And so, we

may well be planting in the next couple of years with my grandsons as the foremen (laughs), from their distant retreat here in Los Angeles, Southern California. So, once they met and married and moved to Watts, that was how they got there. Next year, 2022, will be the centenary of the arrival of my parents in Southern California.

DS: Wow. And so, I want to talk a little bit more about your parents. Can you tell me a little bit about their level of education?

SS: My father had a second-grade education and had to drop out of school, even when he was in school at the turn of the twentieth century. My father was born in 1895 and had to drop out of school during the harvest season to pick cotton and to help his dad and mom support the family by working in the cotton fields. And pretty much stayed in the cotton fields until he left for the service in 1917, for the armed services, for the first World War. Interestingly enough, when I graduated from high school and went to Whittier College as a freshman, he retired from forty-plus years as a garbage man with the City of Los Angeles and went back to night school to get his high school diploma at the ripe age of sixty-six, sixty-seven. When most people are thinking about kicking their feet up, my dad is going back to night school to get his degree. My mother taught him how to read after they got married. He was never a very good reader, but a very persistent one. One of my fondest memories of my dad is him seated in an easy chair with a newspaper in front of him and reading, very slowly, what it seemed like to us kids as the entire newspaper, because it took him so long to read. But he had that thirst for knowledge, and he took the time to read and got a lot of his information from what he read. My mom was a different story, and I think perhaps the difference in color had an effect. I always think that it was my grandmother—who was the daughter of the slave girl and the son of the plantation

owner in Virginia—that my grandmother, with very light skin, being half white, dealt with the homestead office and came out of a very different environment. But even then, at the turn of the century—my mother was born in 1897—the environment for educating Black children in the South—and everywhere, in the North as well—was not a priority. But she didn't make it to the eighth grade before she dropped out of school. But by that time she had read all of Shakespeare. By that time the writing skills that I always praised so much were evident, and by that time she really had exposed herself through her reading, largely Shakespeare and the Bible, a very classical Lincolnesque education, where it's an autodidactic process, where you educate yourself. And the two most available books in their house, maybe the only books in their house, was the King James version and, in her case, a volume of Shakespeare's plays and sonnets that was given to her by a white woman who owned an adjacent farm property in Frio County. It's an amazing story and I love to tell it. So, she came to Los Angeles with her family. She was one of eight children. My father was one of nine children, but he was the oldest son. My mother was the youngest daughter—next to the youngest daughter. She had a younger sister in their eight. But she had a very strong—like my father—a very strong sense of the importance of education. And they both urged college on all of their children. While I was the fourth child, I was the first to finish college, but I was not the first to go to college. All of my three older siblings went to college, but didn't finish. My oldest brother Ed was drafted in the early fifties during the Korean War call up and while there he boxed. He won the 1952 Olympic gold medal in heavyweight boxing, came out and turned professional, and unfortunately was killed in the ring—died as a result of an injury that he sustained in the ring. Similarly, my older brother Donald, who had followed his

older brother Ed, from Jordan High School to Compton—what was then called Compton Junior College; it's now called Compton Community College—to Idaho State University in Pocatello, Idaho. The eldest brother Ed was getting athletic scholarships as a collegiate boxer. He was also the national NCAA collegiate boxing champion, I believe, in 1951 and 1952. And so, he got a scholarship to the best collegiate boxing program in the country at that time, which was Idaho State. (laughs) In Pocatello, Idaho, like the potato capital of the world. And his younger brother, my older brother, Donald followed him. But Ed was drafted, and when Ed was drafted out of college Donald left college and came back, never finished. My sister Margaret, who is seven years older than me, but next youngest, did a year of business classes at the college level in a downtown business college called Woodard or something like that. But all three of them graduated from Jordan High School, but they never finished the college educations that they started. And I was very different. I didn't, in truth, have the same struggles that they did. The little ratoon crop kind of was sailing through. By the time that I got, say, to high school, they were all out of high school. I never went to the same school with any of my older siblings, because they were old enough to have gone through and graduated, and that's true of 96th Street School, that's true of Jordan Junior High School, that's true of Jordan High School. They all went to Jordan. They gymnasium at Jordan High School is named for Ed, the Olympic champion. It's the Ed Sanders Memorial Gymnasium. But I never was at Jordan when he was there. He was older and had moved on. But when my father decided, after his retirement from the City of Los Angeles, to go back to school and to get his high school diploma, my mother went with him. And so the two of them, while I'm walking around Whittier College campus as a freshman, they're traipsing off to Jordan

High School night school with their books, just like the young son that they've put in Wanberg Hall. (laughs) They're walking the halls of Jordan High School, getting their high school diploma, and they graduated—

DS: That's amazing.

SS: —at some point during my four years at Whittier. And they knew the pride they had in me was reciprocated, that I was at least as proud of them as they were of me. Because it takes an effort, you know? At that age, you know, there are all sorts of things you can do other than, you know, every night go to night school.

DS: Wow. That's an amazing story and I wish we could talk a little bit more about that, but—

SS: Yeah, you have to discipline me (laughs) because I can get carried away with those stories.

DS: It's okay. I'd love to hear more after, definitely, but we unfortunately have to move on to the next question. So, how did you come to decide on Whittier College? Was that your only option? Did you have other colleges in mind that you wanted to go to? How did you end up at Whittier College?

SS: I was a member of a sports writing organization called The Scholastic Sports Association. For short we called it the SSA, which was a program, a real high school reporting core that reported on sports contests to the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* newspaper. And each school, say, for example, in the LA Unified School District, had a member of the SSA in their journalism classes sort of thing. They would call the games in—the scores—and they would write the story up for publication, not in their school papers, but in the metropolitan daily.

DS: Wow.

SS: And so, it was a great program for the *Examiner* because it meant that they didn't have to deploy paid staff to cover these games. And it increased their range of games that they could cover. You take the *Los Angeles Times* now, which is the only metropolitan daily left, they cover some games, but they cover the big games. They cover Mater Dei or Sierra Canyon, the big football games, the big basketball games, even the big baseball games, but there are ten times as many schools out there that don't get covered. And the SSA was a way, in the fifties, that the *Examiner* got, basically, city-wide coverage of prep school sports, of prep sports, and I was Jordan High School's representative. And the payoff for being the SSA was the opportunity to compete for college scholarships that were partly financed by the paper, but also financed by the colleges in which they were admitted. So, while the SSA could grant the scholarship, you still had to go through an admissions process at Whittier or Pepperdine or Occidental or at SC, or wherever you wanted to go to school. And that's precisely what I did at Whittier. I liked Whittier because I was from a republican family, both mother and father, both Hayes Sanders and Edith Sanders were Lincoln republicans, having been born in the nineteenth century. And when most African Americans who were Lincoln republicans freed slaves and the children of freed slaves converted to the democratic party some time around Franklin Roosevelt—some people say the big movement was during Woodrow Wilson's presidency, although I find that hard to believe since Woodrow Wilson turned out to be quite a racist, even as president. He was a Virginian, president at Princeton University, governor of New Jersey, but a really, very much a Virginian at heart when it came to race matters. So, I think what my parents didn't do was to change party affiliations during the Great Depression when most Blacks coming into the cities, for jobs and so forth, were

joining the Democratic Party. They remained republicans. My father vote for Nixon; my mother voted for Nixon. Me and a friend of mine in the sixth grade, during the 1952 elections, when Eisenhower was the republican—Dwight Eisenhower was the republican nominee for president, Richard Nixon was the republican nominee for vice president—Talmadge Huff and I were the only two people in a class of thirty-six sixth graders at 96th Street School who voted for Eisenhower and Nixon. (laughs) So, I had that going for me for Whittier. And I just, I went to the campus, I liked it. I always wanted to go to a small school. I always wanted to go to a liberal arts school. My older brother, at that time, wanted me—I only had one older brother at that time, and my older sister—they wanted me to go to UCLA. And that was part of the Jackie Robinson kind of thing. Blacks in those days were, in many cases, taking the paths of least resistance, in the sense that if a Black person had preceded them, historically speaking, at an institution, had in fact broken the color bar, then it would be easier to get into that school or to get into that institution if the color bar had already been broken. And that's been true throughout American history. And those pioneers who had to break—they had to break down the barrier. And so, people, particularly in the Black community, gravitated toward UCLA. Tom Bradley, the former mayor of Los Angeles, told me that that's why he went to UCLA in his day. I was, with my family republican background, much more oriented to a small liberal arts school. So, what happened was that I did apply to Dartmouth and was accepted. I applied to Morehouse College in Atlanta, Georgia—an HBCU—didn't complete that application. Those were the only three schools that I applied to: Whittier, Dartmouth, and Morehouse. I was accepted at Dartmouth and Whittier. My mom persuaded me that the weather in New Hampshire was too cold for somebody born and

raised in Los Angeles, that I would be too far away from home, that we really didn't have the kind of money that would enable me to, say, come home on Thanksgiving and Christmas breaks and Easter breaks, and that it would be easier on the family, and probably on me, if I stayed closer to home. So, I said fine, I've got Whittier. So, Whittier it was. And so, there I was. When I started studying up on Whittier, I realized that it had an excellent political science department, and like I say in a previous oral history project, that I was attracted to Whittier because of its political science department. I knew I wanted to do something in politics, law, public service kind of thing, and that was from—that was an ambition that grew out of an experience that I had as a tenth grader, when I first heard Martin Luther King speak. I had gone, as my high school representative, to a conference of high school students in Pacific Grove at the Asilomar campgrounds, and there were like three thousand of us from around the State of California. And the featured speakers were the under-secretary of international affairs for the United Nations and the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., who was then the leader of the Montgomery, Alabama bus boycott. And the guy from the U.N. was good (laughs) but King had these three thousand students, and maybe, I think, me and three other guys from Jordan who were at the conference were—four out of three thousand—and there may have been another four Black students.

DS: Wow.

SS: And he just so electrified us, and everybody came out of that conference wanting to go to Montgomery, Alabama to help Dr. King in some kind of way. And hence, that was the reason why I applied to Morehouse, too, was because of King. He was a graduate of Morehouse College, and I was very, very taken by his oratorial skills, but also his

leadership. I wasn't—you know, my mom wanted to go into the ministry and to pastor a church, an AME Church—AME stands for African Methodist Episcopal—it's the oldest American denomination, white or Black, in the country. All of the denominations that preceded it were European grown. The AME Church was kind of an American adaptation of the Wesleyans in England, but it was a discrete denomination and was founded roughly the same year as the Declaration of Independence was written, in 1776. And more properly, at the time that the Constitution was written, right around the corner from Independence Hall, where the Constitution was being debated and drafted was Bethel AME Church. And Bethel AME Church was not only the first AME Church in Philadelphia, but it was also the biggest African American church, and it was also—the church were members of a society that was called the African Society, that was founded in Philadelphia in the 1780s. The head of the African Society was also the first bishop of the AME Church, a gentleman by the name of Richard Allen. When you hear an African American now, these days, named Richard Allen Sanders, or Richard Allen Douglas, or Richard Allen Washington, you can be pretty sure that he's from an AME family. (laughs) My brother Donald's middle name was Allen, out of deference to Richard Allen. That church is still there; it's called Mother Bethel. It's in walking distance from the Liberty Bell. Later on, in Philadelphia, during the so-called War of 1812, when the British were coming up the Delaware River to Philadelphia, to sack it—they had already burned Washington and a couple of other cities and so forth, and they were coming up to burn down Philadelphia—the founding fathers went to Richard Allen and to members of the African Society and said, "Look, we need rifles; we need men. We've got to hold these British off; we've got to turn them around." And that's precisely what they did.

Richard Allen said, "Hey, we're all Americans; let's get together on this." And they repelled the British advances up the Delaware River to Philadelphia, and Philadelphia was not burned during the 1812 war as Washington was. So, it's a very—it's a Black church inextricably bound in with the history of the republic itself. My mother was a dyed in the wool AME Church member in her early days in Frio County Texas. My dad was Baptist, but he was unchurched. Sharecroppers at his family's level of subsistence just didn't have time, you know? They had to spend all their time in the cotton fields. And he never went to church, even after Los Angeles and his family. My mother, she did the best she could raising five kids to attend as much church as you could, but she would encourage us. I'm more of a child of the Sunday School of Grant AME Church in Watts than I am of the church service. I went to where the kids went and then I came home. Adults went into the main service afterwards. And when my mother did come I would go to church, you know, after Sunday School. But most of the time it was Sunday School and then back home.

DS: I see.

SS: So, we were very much an AME family. I've had the honor of representing the AME Church for most of my professional life, the denominational church. I've served on the church local boards, and I still do legal work for the episcopal district. Los Angeles and California are part of the fifth episcopal district of the African Methodist Episcopal Church and I still am in close touch with the bishop. But I'm kind of senior status now. (laughs) The grunt work they give to the younger lawyers. For example. Sanders Roberts, which is the name of the successor firm that I started, refers more to Justin Sanders than it does to Stan Sanders.

DS: I see.

SS: Because Justin Sanders is really the managing partner and the driving partner. Although we started it as a father son firm, he took it and grew it and it's a major downtown firm now—fifty lawyers and representing everybody. I don't know if they do any work for Whittier College, but they do a lot of work for USC and other institutions, and the County, and other governmental agencies, in addition to Google and Facebook and all these other tech companies that law firms live off of.

DS: (laughs) So, I want to circle back to your first year at Whittier College. Can you just describe, if you can—it's hard to ask you to describe a whole year in one moment, but if you can?

SS: Sure. And it's not too hard because the thing that sticks out is that the first week I was at Whittier College I got kicked out.

DS: What?

SS: Me and I think there were like thirty-five, forty, of us were sent home for a week, during freshman orientation week. I had come out for the freshman football team and the freshman football team members were at the heart of this little caper. What we did was that maybe the fourth or fifth night of orientation we, having been told by some sophomores that a big medicine ball, which was used as a game ball, had been stolen the previous year while it lay on the baseball deflating—and the ball would have been the size of this room.

DS: Wow.

SS: And the idea was sophomores would be on one side of the ball, freshman would be on the other side, and so it was like arm wrestling to see who could get the ball passed to the

other side. Well, we couldn't do it that year that I was a freshman because the ball had been stolen while it was deflating the year before. So, the sophomores told us that, hey, if you really got the Whittier College spirit, you're going to all these different things, becoming poets and so forth, you'll get our ball. So, we took it upon ourselves, we formed little vigilante groups in cars, and we went over to Occidental to look for our ball. We couldn't find it and decided—we had split into three groups, going to three different dorms, because were told it was in the basement of a dorm. And all this was—I think it was apocryphal—I never got—but long story short is instead of finding the ball and bringing it back to Whittier, not finding the ball we kidnapped two students out of their beds in the dorms at Occidental and brought them back to Whitter, shaved their heads, put W in shoe polish on the top of their heads—

DS: Wow.

SS: —paraded them in front of the breakfast crowd in the Campus Inn, and then took them back to Oxy. (laughs) Well, the president of Occidental College was not pleased. And I think before the end of that particular day he had been on the telephone with Paul Smith, the president of Whittier College at the time, and had described to him what the two students had told him, and Arthur Coons, president of Oxy, told Paul Smith, president of Whittier, that he had to do something. He, Paul Smith, couldn't let this go unpunished. Paul Smith didn't know anything about it. You know, he's like, *huh? Oh, okay, let me look at it. Let me look into it and I'll get back to you.* So, he started snooping around and found out that the meeting place for us to gather to get in the cars and go over to Oxy was an off-campus dorm, somewhat of a temporary dorm, and I can't even remember the name of it, but it was down on, I think, Penn Street or something like that. And he called

down there and said, “Was there anybody at the dorm last night who doesn’t live there?” And my name popped up. I was in Wanberg, and so I became the first person that Paul Smith called in. I also was the only Black guy on the escapade, on the—[interview cuts out mid-sentence]

END OF INTERVIEW

NARRATOR: Stan Sanders

INTERVIEWER: Danielle Salinas

DATE: December 2, 2021

PROJECT: Black at Whittier College

DS: There we go. Hello, my name is Dani Salinas. I am the interviewer. We are here with Mr. Stan Sanders for our second interview session, and the date is December 2, 2021. So, last time we talked a little bit about your childhood, right? And we got up until your first year at college. I just wanted to know, because I know that you were involved in many extracurricular activities while you were there—so many that I can't even list them all right now—but can you just run us through how many activities you were involved with?

SS: At Whittier College?

DS: Yes.

SS: Well, they were in three main activities, three main categories of student activities. Student politics, ASBC politics, and sports—two sports teams—and the kind of, sort of, peripheral things that I get involved in with alumni and townspeople. But sports and student government were my two principal activities. To detail those in sports, I played freshman football and three years of varsity, from 1959 through 1962. And I played—I also did track and field, or what is called athletics. I threw the discus and I put the shot for four years, first as a freshman and then three years of varsity. I was All-American wide receiver in 1961. I led the team in scoring. In 1962 I was also All NAIA, All-American. As a discus thrower I won all of the dual meets. I was never the SCIAC champion because there was a guy at Occidental who was better than me all my four

years, in both the shot put and the discus, but I always came in second to him. But I won the national championship in 1963, in the discus, and set the school record, which I'm told by Sharon Herzberger is still standing; I don't know that for a fact.

DS: Yeah, you were—

SS: That the school discus throw record is still—

DS: Is still in effect?

SS: —in my name, yeah.

DS: Wow.

SS: What, 50, almost 60 years later.

DS: I can double check that for you once I get back to campus.

SS: (laughs) Okay.

DS: And can you tell me, why did you decide to join these extracurricular activities? Why did you decide to join the student government and athletics?

SS: Oh, yeah, and I left off, you know I was in a society. The social part of it, I was a Lancer. I shouldn't leave that out because I'm very proud of the fact that I'm a Lancer. Uh, why? For the very reason that I went to Whittier College. I went to what I thought was a small, medium-sized liberal arts school that was strong academically and yet had—was large enough to have a football team that played real football. We could hold our own against probably any PAC-10 team at the time. I don't know about the caliber of football now, but we had a coach when I got there, George Allen, who went on to be a pro football coach at Chicago Bears and Los Angeles Rams. And he was succeeded by Don Coryell, who was also eventually, a pro football coach after he left the Quaker campus. Coryell was, I believe, the San Diego Chargers. And so, it was good football, it was good

academically, and it allowed me, as a student in a small college, residential college, to get interested in the quality of student life at Whittier, and that's when I got involved in student government. I wanted to increase the quality of the speakers in the convocation series, bring in speakers from the outside to speak to the student body on provocative subjects. And we succeeded in starting to do that, for what, from a political standpoint, was a rather sonorous suburban community, largely one party—Republican Party—largely middle of the road though, although there were some arch conservatives around, even a few on the Whittier College Board of Trustees at the time. But they weren't the voice of the college. The college was very much one with the other small liberal arts colleges in Southern California, noted for their faculties, noted for the quality of their academics, and noted, also, for the distinction of their alumni. So, for all of those reasons is why I participated in more than just my academic classroom work.

DS: Now, you mentioned that you worked to bring on provocative speakers to speak to the student body. Can you just list a few of the candidates that you were looking to bring on campus and that you did happen to?

SS: Well, let's see—no, I can't. I can't remember anybody now.

DS: Okay.

SS: Although, let's see. There was a noted professor, political scientist, by the name of Paul Sweeney, who I think had been a card-carrying communist at the time, and he was very provocative and opposed in his appearance by the college community. But we also balanced that leftist, left-wing politics, with the president of the John Birch Society, who we had on campus. His name was—a guy by the name of Joseph Welch. And our view was that they could be provocative and controversial. We wanted to stimulate student

interest in that regard, continue a narrative that began at the inception of Whittier College. Whittier was founded by the Quakers, who were no less a Protestant denomination in England in the seventeenth century, but they were also—and contemplative—but they were also (inaudible)_____ action. And they had—*they*—men and women of the Quaker faith—had a deep commitment to the quality of life in society, particularly its enduring qualities, its qualities of spirituality and contemplation; the emphasis being on the inner self and that awareness, that consciousness—what I think we would call now, in modern slang, woke. You know, the Quakers were woke. They understood the fact of slavery, but they also understood the tremendous savagery and evil that slavery was. And so, you had a community in Pennsylvania; and in the Midwest, in Indiana; and in Southern California, in Whittier, of Quakers. All those communities had established outstanding institutions of higher learning, Swarthmore and Haverford, and the University of Pennsylvania itself was largely founded by Quakers. And then in the Midwest, Earlham College in Indiana, and of course the college in Iowa, and in Nebraska, are great Quaker institutions. And so, Whittier was in that line, and so when we thought of a speakers program in the 1960s, you know, we thought of continuing that roiling tradition of activist social thought.

DS: Okay, okay. Now, I know that at the time that you spent your four years at Whittier College the president was Paul Smith and he—I think he was there from around 1951 to about 1969. Your time as the student body president—can you just describe the relationship that you had with him, the president, and his administration?

SS: As student body president?

DS: Mm-hmm.

SS: Well, actually, it was a continuation of a relationship that began before I was student body president. I had the unfortunate circumstance of being suspended from Whittier the first two weeks I was there, along with 35 or 40 of my other freshman male classmates, for a prank that we pulled at a nearby college, and we were sent down for a week. And that was really my first contact with Paul Smith as an entering freshman, not on the campus for more than two weeks and having this one-on-one, a conversation about what had occurred the night before in that September 1959 period—had occurred on the Occidental College campus—and the kind of relationship that we formed during what turned into being not only a question of whether he could identify me as one of the students who participated in the prank, but it turned into an hour, hour and a half long discussion between an entering freshman and a college president, on the mood of that class of 1963. He wanted to know. He was inquiring: What is on the students' mind? What do they want to do? What *don't* they want to do? How do they wish to be addressed? What's their notion of progress? And I arrogated into myself of the position of being able to voice those student concerns to our college president, and so I took advantage of it. It still didn't help me deflect a week's suspension. I went down and was removed from the campus and sent home—sent down—for the same length of time that everybody else was. But I enjoyed, and continued throughout, not only my student body presidency, but throughout my entire college career, and afterwards, a relationship with Paul Smith. I invited him to tea in my office on Wilshire and La Cienega in 1978, 1979. I ran into him at a reception at the college prior to knowing that he caught the bus in Whittier every day, or three or four times a week, and rode to UCLA—all the way in East Los Angeles through Whittier and on out to West Los Angeles and Westwood on public

transportation. And so, I said, "Well, that bus stops right in front of my office at La Cienega. Some day when you have time, get off and get a transfer and let's have lunch or tea and you can get back on and continue your journey, regardless of which direction you're going. If you're going west to UCLA that's fine; if you're coming from UCLA on your way back home, going east." And he did. He did one time and we enjoyed it. We had tea in my office, which was at the corner of Wilshire and La Cienega, where there was a bus stop. So, the relationship with Paul Smith spanned a number of years and it was a very good one.

DS: I'm glad to hear that.

SS: He had the habit of telling a story, particularly to the entering freshman at their first convocation, during orientation week when their parents were still on the campus, before they left that day, and it was about a rancher or a farmer, and it was about preparedness and how one should regard his years in college, and at Whittier College in particular, as a period of preparation, so that you, like the farmer in his story, could sleep softly when the wind blows.

DS: Hmm. Now, do you mind telling me about some of the student body concerns during your tenure as the student body president, because you did mention that you, you know, that first meeting that you had with President Paul Smith, you were asked about what was the mood of your entering class?

SS: Well, there were probably three concerns students had in the early 1960s: sex, which is always an enduring student concern; parking on campus—more like UCLA, USC type problems, but we have those too. And thirdly was the food in the QC, in the Campus Inn. Aside from those (laughs), our biggest concerns as students were with the larger social

issues that were occurring in society, and they were huge. And we didn't know it at the time, but they had a huge impact on what it meant to be a student in those days. Number one was the Civil Rights Movement. The Civil Rights Movement had already begun in the South when Rosa Parks declined to give up her seat in Montgomery, in December of 1955. But even before that, in May of 1954, with the U.S. Supreme Court decision in *Brown v. Board of Education* in Topeka, Kansas, where a unanimous Supreme Court ruled that segregation is inherently unconstitutional and that there can be no such thing as separate but equal; that's an oxymoron. If not an oxymoron, it's certainly a contradiction in terms. The point being that segregation confers some type of superior, inferiority relationship between those being segregated from each other. And there was a call from civil rights leaders in the South to join marches, to join summer voter registration drives, particularly after the enactment of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. But the voter registration efforts (coughs) had begun in the late fifties in North Carolina, and were continuing during our student days, and there began to be a stream of students on the Quaker campus who spent their summers in states like Mississippi and Alabama, in a very low-key, registering Blacks, former enslaved people, to register to vote, because they were citizens and had not been permitted to vote up until that time. And it really took off in 1965. When you compare the number—the percentage of former enslaved in Mississippi who were registered to vote in 1964 was two percent. In 1966 it was 67 percent. I mean, just a huge sea change and shift in American politics by the enfranchisement of the former enslaved people, Black Africans in America. Then, the other thing, which is a little more subtle, but it involved privacy, and that was that in 1963, whilst we were still on the Whittier College campus, there was a pill that had been

invented, was put into distribution, called the birth control pill, and it freed up, for the first time, women, but also men, from the constraints of—not chastity, but of conception. Before that, you know, the novels in American literature are replete with descriptions of all types of contraptions and methods that couples intimate with each other used to avoid conception. Some worked, some didn't. Some were just old wives' tales. But students in 1962 to beholden to those medieval ways. In 1963 that changed, and it changed dramatically, and it brought people out of the dormitories on college campuses that didn't heretofore come out of dormitories, either to have fun and fraternize with students, fellow students of both genders. And I think what it did, it destroyed the pretty, cute, petite image of the college student on the one hand; it destroyed the distinction that students and everybody made between the cute girls and the girls who weren't so cute. Because the girls who weren't so cute now had a kind of freedom that they didn't have before. They had, to put it crudely, they had a commodity, like a smile, like a charm, like long legs, like blonde hair—whatever makes a co-ed attractive. And everybody had it. There was something very democratizing about the pill. And Whittier campus, being the place that it was, it was the beneficiary of that. And it occurred during my student days. I always point out the crosscurrents, social crosscurrents, of someone like myself, born in 1942, with the so-called sexual revolution as it has evolved. What place would you want to be in if you had your druthers, when a pill, a birth control pill, is invented and distributed? On a college campus, where the union of male and female is inevitable. It doesn't always result in sex, in fact it doesn't really involve sex at all, but it is a place where boys and girls, men and women, male and female cohabitate, coeducate themselves. And then fast forward to 19—well, I don't know when the, what's called, uh,

medication for men for erectile dysfunction, ED. And that, which was primarily for the aging male population, was introduced for the 1942 born generation right about the time that they retired, right at about the time that they were eligible to, for the first time, draw their social security checks, (laughs) right at about the time when they would be at home. And say, in my father's generation [they would have] long kissed off activities that involved sex. But my generation has been the beneficiary of these things in the slow sexual revolution. But that's a long—it's not that far from Whittier College. The point is though that being on a college campus in 1963 you became aware of the impact of these technological advances on the relationship between the sexes. And that, for me, began at Whittier College.

DS: Okay. And speaking of relationships, right, can you briefly describe how your relationships were with peers of your time?

SS: Well, that question, when it's addressed to me, is generally referring to how I was treated as a Black person—

DS: That can be part of it, yes.

SS: —as a student, or as Black people were called then, Negroes. And I have been asked that question a lot of times and I just recently, as recently as last night, had a discussion with a high school classmate of mine, who went to Occidental College when I went to Whittier College, and we were comparing notes about our experience as African Americans on our respective college campuses, and we both kind of came to the conclusion that it was pretty—race in our relationship with other students was a non-starter, it was not a factor in 1963. I wasn't a Black student at Whittier College. He wasn't a Black student at Occidental College. We were students at Whittier College. Now, we may have been held

in the eyes of other students as being different but, speaking for myself, it was a difference with an advantage, you know? I could catch touchdown passes. I could compete on the exams. I could provide my two cents in student campus activities. And not everybody did that. And so, it was a plus, not only for me, but for the people I had the privilege of knowing and being on the same campus with. And so, I was kind of held in esteem. I knew it; the students made me feel as if I was special, and I tried to where it with as much humility as I could. And I was always a kind of a—not quite hail-fellow-well-met, but I was very approachable. I was not aloof. I lived on campus in the dormitories every year, except my sophomore year when I lived in the Lancer House right across the street. But I was 24/7 at, on, and in Whittier College. My first, freshman year, I did come home once a month, every three weeks, to wash my clothes, and I think to accustom my parents from me not being there. They were—particularly my mother—objectionable to me going to the East Coast to school, for college, and one of the reasons was that they wanted to wean me as it were. And so, that first year I did come home as often as I could, which was generally about every three weeks. I had sports events on weekends and football games and track meets in the spring. And so, I was never able to stay that long. And as the years of college progressed, I felt a certain alienation from home. You know, the weaning process over four years is that the things that you talk to your parents about when you graduated from high school are not the same things you talk to your parents about when you graduate from college. And it took me a while to be able to learn how to talk to my parents after I started college. College students, particularly in my case, were—I wasn't the first to go to college, but I was the first to go all the way through, and I was the first to really kind of take it seriously. My older two brothers, they

wanted to play football and do things, and when that ran out, they quit college and they never finished. I didn't go on an athletic scholarship; I went on a journalism scholarship. I was interested in going to graduate school. I was set on going to law school. And so, my career as a college student was more serious as a student, _____(?) student, as opposed to getting ready to play in the NFL or something like that. I was involved in academic pursuits and lost the ability to talk to my unschooled, formally uneducated but extremely bright parents, and found myself talking down to them in a way that I was fortunate enough to catch, and in a way that was enough to come to the attention of my older siblings, who reminded me that I didn't know everything, nor did I know anything, simply because I went to college. And so, there was a way that you spoke to elders and your parents and people senior, and it was never in a condescending way, and it was always in a respectful way regardless of how many letters and degrees you had behind your name. And that was especially—so, for me, in Watts—especially so for me, given the educational backgrounds of my parents, and I appreciated that. I mean, I took it as a challenge to learn how to talk to my parents as if I had some sense and as if they had some sense. You could describe it as humility. I don't think it is. I think it's just humanity. It's human. It's humane. It's human to learn how to address and converse with people at a level that respects their position in life, and that's something I never forgot. And I'm thankful, really to my family and to Whittier College for not fostering that sense of superiority that so many colleges do. I mean, later on I went to an Ivy League school, Yale Law School for graduate work, and I'm not sure their undergraduates came away from college with that same sense of humility. You know, that they had outdistanced their parents kind of thing, and were no longer able to talk to their parents as if their

parents had any sense, that an Ivy League degree had some type of premiums that other people didn't have. And that's certainly not true, you know? Not at that level of human relationships. So, that was my experience.

DS: Okay. Thank you. And we were talking about relationships on campus. What was your relationship with the people and the community surrounding the campus?

SS: Hardly any—of my relationship with the people around the campus. My senior year I did have an opportunity, as student body president, to be an ex-officio or pro-tem member, really—not ex-officio—of the Whittier Lions Club, and I had a ball. In high school I had been singularly a member of the Kiwanis Club of Huntington Park, which was the Kiwanis Club that had the service area that included Watts. And the Kiwanis Club of Huntington Park sponsored the Key Club, as they were called on high school campuses. The Kiwanis International sponsored all across the country. I guess all across the world. That was their prep school vehicle was the Key Club. And I was president of the Key Club at Jordan High School. And so, I got to attend Kiwanis meetings in Huntington Park for lunch if I had the transportation to get over there from school and get back in time for class. At Whittier College it was the Lions Club. And my relationship [was] similarly as it was with the Kiwanians, with the Lions, who were lawyers in town and doctors and businessmen, and I really, I enjoyed getting to know Bill Lassleben a lawyer in town; Tom Bewley, a lawyer in town, who was also chairman of the board of trustees at Whittier; Keith Miller, who was the mayor of Whittier for the time I was student body president at Whittier, and his wife was the dean of women at the college. And I got to know the Millers outside of the college context with Keith as a businessman in town. And I enjoyed that because it was an opportunity for me as a kid from Watts to get to rub

shoulders with—stand up and, you know, order a Coca-Cola while they had a martini, and talk everything from republican politics to last Saturday night's football game. They wanted to get from me whether I was going to turn pro and all this sort of thing. I wanted to get from them what law school they'd gone to, what law school was like, and their kids and how their kids were maybe at other schools, maybe at UCLA and Cal and in the east at Earlham College and um, Granalt? There's a Quaker college in Nebraska and I'm trying to think of the name of it. Granola—um, I can't think of it right now and I don't want to embarrass myself on camera (laughs), but it's a very familiar name. I associate it nowadays with Warren Buffet because when Granola—and it's not Granola, but it's close—when Granola asked him to come on its board, he said, "I won't come on your board, but I will invest your endowment," which he did, and that college now has the highest per capita endowment, per student in the country, and it's a Quaker School and it's in Nebraska. Either Nebraska or Iowa. Grinnell! That's what it's called. Thank you. You can edit out the granola bit. Grinnell. G-R-I-N-N-E-L-L. And it has a sister college in Coe College, C-O-E, which is somewhere in that general, greater Chicago area in the Midwest. So, I did have a few unpleasant experiences in college in the community of Whittier. I knew that there were racists there, but the theme of the city was not racist. But when we encountered those racists that were there, we had to deal with them. Once such encounter was during orientation week of my sophomore year when, as a member of the college football team, I came to campus early to start practices, two a day practices. And the dorms were not open yet and so we had to find—and I always lived in the dorm, so I had to find temporary housing in the community for two weeks, rather than drive back and forth to Watts every day after and before practice; that would have been a bit much. I

bedded down, or thought I was going to bed down the night with some other members of the football team in the basement of this big house, huge castle-like house with a wall, just a half block from the college, off of Penn Street. Just as I was getting ready to get into bed for the night around 11 o'clock, football practice was over, we'd showered and cleaned up and I'd come over with the guys who I was staying with. Just as I was getting ready to shut my eyes in walked another one of the roommates and told me I have to leave. The people upstairs who owned the house saw me come in. They said they would never have a Black person live under their roof at any time and that one you got in the basement down there has to go now. And I said, "Well, can I just sleep here tonight, and I'll get out in the morning?" "No, you have to get your stuff and get out now." And what was interesting was that wasn't as disruptive or as annoying. It left a memory because I wanted to just show that, you know, there had been some challenges in Whittier being a Black person at Whittier College in 1960, but it was also important for me as to how the response from my teammates, from the college, from that same community was. And it was so overwhelmingly supportive, so overwhelmingly positive, and so quickly forgotten as an incident in the life of Stan Sanders that but for the response I probably would have forgotten it. And the response was that before the roommate yet to come to the house was called by the landlord upstairs, and I think he lived in Woodland Hills or something like that. So, he had to come from Woodland Hills to tell me in person. And by the time he got there to Whittier, to this house, in the basement, to tell me that I couldn't stay there that night, he had already arranged for another place for me to stay. And there were four options that he had, and he had to choose between one of them. He even asked me, "Do you have a preference?" (laughs) I mean, you know, it was kind of like, do you want to

take the penthouse at the Whittier Hyatt or do you want to sleep in the loft of Wardman House. You know, the digs that I ended up staying in, not only for the balance of that football season before the dorms opened, the early two weeks, but in subsequent years, my junior and senior year, I was invited back to the home of Robert Clift, a legend at Whittier College, and Olive Clift, his inimitable and most beautiful wife. And they were college sweethearts as Whittier co-eds back in the day and they had always stayed close as boosters. And they had the concession, the bookstore concession, so they were always on campus managing the bookstore, as well as being big supporters of the college. And their kids were up and out, and they had all this room at their Friendly Hills house, and I had my own room. I had breakfast served to me before practice, which was great. I could eat; I wasn't hungry, starved to death, by the time morning practice ended at 11 o'clock. So, I mean, you know, and everybody was so, "You're okay? You're alright, Stan, aren't you?" Yeah. Okay. And nobody said anything. There was never another conversation about that my entire time at Whittier. I only tell this story now, 55 years later, because it was so—it's so kind of like apropos, but at the same time, at the time it did not disrupt my, either educational experience or my remembrance of it. Nothing but fond memories. There was talk that I had been, um, looked over, put it that way (laughs), when the award of a new pair of shoes from the local shoe store—Florsheim or one of the stores had a shoe store. That was in the days when we had these little shoe stores. Well, I guess we still have them. Zara—not Zara, but Aldo and all these different retail stores, Nike and so on. Well, in those days it was Florsheim. I'm not sure if Florsheim has retail stores anymore, but Floresheim in Whittier awarded a pair of shoes to the player of the game, every home game, and we had five home games every year that I was there, the three

years I played varsity. And each year, my sophomore year, my junior year—I made All-American my junior year and led the team in scoring—I never was awarded the shoes. And I was told more than once, "Hey, Sanders, you deserved the shoes," you know, kind of thing. I think it was the final home game, I believe it was the final home game my senior year, I was awarded the shoes. So, I never thought, no, it wasn't that I didn't know anybody was discriminating against me, they were just waiting until the last game that I played before I won the shoes. But I thought about it at that time. You know, guys come up to you—white guys on the team come up to you and say, "Hey, Stan, I was almost sure they were going to give you the shoes this time," you know, kind of thing. And the guy who was the manager of the Florsheims wasn't too happy to pass over the—he just kind of handed me the gift certificate and walked away, you know (laughs). He didn't want to chat; he didn't want to say when's the best time to come down for your fitting? You know, that happens. But my—[recording cuts out]

[recording resumes]

DS: There we go. Okay, so picking up where we last left off. Can you just describe the diversity on campus, if there was any? What were the racial demographics on the campus when you attended?

SS: There were approximately 1500, 1600 students, and about one percent of those, 15, were African American. And I'd say there were a slight majority of women, maybe like nine to six, six guys, nine women. Half of the guys were athletes. There were a couple of basketball players and one other football player my sophomore year. But other than him––uh, two others, yeah. So, there were about three guys in football, two guys in basketball, and maybe an equal number of non-athletic male students who were Black. The Latino

population was very small in 1959, 1960. I can't really recall any Latino classmates. There were quite a few Pacific Islanders, including Hawaiians, but not too much outside of the Hawaiian island archipelago. And they were the principal source of Asian students on campus. But Whittier College, in those days, was overwhelmingly, predominantly white and female and, I want to say, Orange County pointing. They may have went to high school in Alhambra, but when they graduated, they lived in Fullerton or in Tustin, you know.

DS: Okay. Now, do you think President Paul Smith was aware of this demographic in the sense of his policies in school? Would you say that they were catered towards the African American student body?

SS: No. But they were awfully friendly and awfully well meaning when it came to the African American community. For example, the high school I went to in Los Angeles, Jordan High School, was 95 percent African American in Watts, a de jure segregation line along Alameda Street one block over. So, the Jordan High School district contained no eastern blocks because that was a big street and that was their dividing line of Watts from the South Gate, Lynwood, Huntington Park, all white LA county cities. And Whittier College sent its director of admissions to Jordan High School every year, well ahead of what was later to be called affirmative action programs. And I wasn't the first graduate of Jordan High School—Black, male or any other description—that went directly to Whittier College on a scholarship. And so, yeah, Whittier went out of its way to diversify its student population long before diversity was a goal

DS: Okay, we're going to switch gears a little bit here. So, while I was researching the key historical moments of this time I came across the Cuban Revolution; the Civil Rights Movement, obviously; the Cold War, right, was intensifying at that time.

SS: Yeah, the Cuban Missile Crisis occurred.

DS: Exactly. Exactly. We had John F. Kennedy's assassination. We had the Greensboro sit-ins and the Freedom Riders. Locally, right, we had the Dodgers and the Lakers moving into the Los Angeles area. From all of that that I just listed, can you just briefly describe if you remember hearing about these events on campus, and what were some of the reactions from, not only yourself, but the student body, to these events occurring.

SS: Well, certainly, as I mentioned before the Civil Rights Movement and the technological revolution in contraception—breakthroughs there. And there was buzz about direct participation in the Civil Rights Movement during the summer months. And also, Whittier College maintained a practice of having four exchange students every spring semester from HBCUs—two from Fisk University in Nashville Tennessee and two from Howard University in Washington D.C. And Whittier, in turn, sent four white students—two to Fisk and two to Howard every year. And so, those students on the Whittier College campus in the four years that I had, they added to the diversity of the student body, because the student body was so white. And the students generally were college students at HBCUs and were Southern residents themselves. So, it was a kind of exposure to a student, and a demographic of students, that we would not otherwise have had, and that was provocative in terms of conversation on campus.

DS: Now, politically, I know that Los Angeles hosted the 1960 Democratic National Convention. Was there any talk about that around campus? I know that you were

involved in student politics, so did that ever come up in your meetings or anything like that?

SS: Yes, to this extent. The convention was held in the summer of 1960, in August, while school was out—John Kennedy was the nominee of the party—and yet Whittier students got involved, because I was involved as a driver (laughs) for the Democratic National Committee, picking up at LAX and driving people, whoever raided a chauffeured car from LAX to one of the hotels that was the center of the convention. The sports arena was the arena they used, by the coliseum, and most of the downtown hotels were set aside. So, I made a lot of trips between LAX and what was then the Statler Hilton and what was then the Biltmore Hotel downtown, and what was then the Ambassador Hotel, which fatefully eight years later was the place that Bobby Kennedy was killed, even though the convention was in Chicago in 1968, but in LA it was 1960. And I went to rally. But the point about Whittier is that we had students who were driving and chauffeuring people that—I don't think I ever chauffeured any of the Kennedys, but there were a couple of governors I drove in, democratic governors. So, amongst the group of a dozen or so of us drivers, all of whom were Whittier College students, there was lively conversation that I'm sure once school started, once we got back on campus, was spread through us to a great awareness of the presence of the major party national convention in your city.

DS: Now, were those independent choices that you and those Whittier College students made, or was that like a program sponsored by the college?

SS: We were recruited.

DS: Okay.

SS: One of the trustees on the board was a man by the name of Harris—Cliff Harris—Clint Harris. Clint was an All-American football player on the same Whittier College team as Richard Nixon in the thirties. Clint was an All-American; Nixon was a rinky-dink. And Clint was also one of the wealthier guys in town and owned the Oldsmobile dealership on Whittier Boulevard, and he made the cars available, and he let the college recruit the drivers, and the college favored football players, I guess. (laughs) Maybe we weren't all football, but at the time it seemed like we were all drawn from the team, getting this perk. The college didn't mind putting its name to it to that extent that they recruited us. And it may have been Clint's input too, because he was an active alumni; he was a jock, you know? And so, he [might have] said, well, why not just call some of the football players as the drivers, you know, kind of thing.

DS: So, I know that we've been talking about your years here at Whittier. I want to specifically talk about your senior year now, 1963. You were selected as the second Black Rhodes Scholar behind Alain Lock, which he was selected back in 1917. So, did you have any—

SS: No. 1907.

DS: 1907. Yes, sorry. I misread my notes here. 1907, yes. So, did you have any post-grad plans before you actually found out that you were selected as a Rhodes Scholar?

SS: I did. I can recall very vividly sitting in my office at the college that was [phone ringing] made available on the campus to the student body president, and a couple of other [phone ringing] student body offices. And I was sitting in there late one night. I don't know how I got the —nobody else was in the [phone ringing] entire building, including the eating part of it, or downstairs. And I had [phone ringing] three applications on my desk. This is

about [phone ringing] late September, early October. [phone ringing] One of them was an application to Stanford Law School. [phone ringing] The other one was an application to Union Theological Seminary in New York. [phone ringing] And the third one was an application the Rhodes Trustees for the Rhodes Scholarship that had been given to me. And I just put it along side of the other two. And I was just simply going to choose between the one I got. And if I got all three then I'd have to make a choice.

DS: I see. Okay. What was your journey to applying for the Rhodes Scholarship? Was there a mentor that encouraged you, for example?

SS: Yes.

DS: Okay.

SS: Dr. Ben Burnett told me in the first week of classes, in the fall of 1961, my junior year, as I was signing up for classes, he pulled me aside and he said, "What are you taking this year?" And I told him, "Well, I'm taking your comparative government class and South American government politics, and I'm talking Schultz's class in political theory." He says, "Okay, I want you to do well because we're going to nominate you as the college's first applicant for a Rhodes Scholarship next year." I said, "Oh, really?" I didn't know what a Rhodes Scholar was. (laughs) And he said, "Keep your grades up and keep doing what you're doing." And sure enough he reminded me that same session the following year, in September of 1962, that he had already gotten from the Rhodes Trust the 1962-1963 application, and that he was going to get it over to me, because along with all the other things that I was doing he wanted to sign me up for the Rhodes Scholarship, at which time he told me, "You're going to be the college's first Rhodes Scholar." I said, "Oh, okay." (laughs) (coughs)

DS: Now, did he ever explain why you were the nomination?

SS: Why?

DS: Mm-hmm.

SS: Well, I don't think it was a choice, because they had never applied. No one had ever applied from the college for a Rhodes, to our knowledge.

DS: Would you like me to pause it real quick?

SS: Oh yeah, just for a second. I have to—[recording paused]

[recording resumes]

DS: Okay.

SS: When I've answered that question before I've always assumed—and nothing I ever found in the way of real evidence contradicted that—that the faculty, the political science faculty at Whittier, decided as early as the beginning of my junior year that they had a possible candidate, that they had been looking for a possible candidate, and they thought they had one and they cultivated me. So, by the time it came around to that time when I was looking, I was definitely applying. You know, I wasn't thinking about it. I had already talked to Burnett about one of the requirements of the application, which is eight letters of recommendation, and four, preferably five, had to come from professors who had taught you or had been in some relationship with you—academic. And the other three could be from administrators, friends, you know, whomever you thought would say something nice about you. We had already talked about that, and so, yeah, I felt handpicked, and I don't think it was something that no one—that anyone—at Whittier College had ever done before. It was a totally new experience. And I didn't know that there had never been another Black Rhodes Scholar before, except at the very beginning

in 1907. And he wasn't even given a degree at Oxford. He had a very different experience than I did.

DS: Wow. Yeah, and—

SS: No one in his class spoke to him.

DS: Wow.

SS: They wouldn't eat with him. They never spoke to him for the whole three years he was at Oxford. A few of the Rhodes Scholars from the Southern states threatened to decline the scholarship, once they had won it, if Alain Locke went to Oxford. Locke was a very feisty guy and ignored all that stuff. But he was visibly, outwardly, discriminated against, even by the Rhodes Trust. They were asked, apparently, at the time he was nominated, whether or not Rhodes intended to include students of color, men of color, at that time. Only men were eligible. And the trustees wrote back to the American selection committee and said, "By all means, yes. Rhodes did intend that." But there was a subtext to their response and the subtext was, we will take this one, but don't ever send us another one. And they didn't until 55, 57 years later. They selected Sanders in California and Wideman in Pennsylvania.

DS: Wow. And now, I heard that you had options after graduation, right? You just told me that you were thinking about Stanford, as well as another place.

SS: Say again?

DS: That you had options after graduation, not only academically, but I heard that you were also selected in the draft for the Chicago Bears?

SS: Right.

DS: For the NFL, the National Football League.

SS: Right.

DS: And for the American Football League, the New York Giants. [Jets]

SS: Correct. They were called the Titans when they drafted me. They were sold—they were bought and sold that summer and the new owner changed the name from the New York Titans to the New York Jets.

DS: Okay. And so, we all know that you decided to go through with the Rhodes Scholarship, and you went to Oxford. Can you just briefly tell me about your collegiate experience in England and how that compares to your collegiate experience at Whittier College?

SS: Oh, totally different. My collegiate experience at Whittier was collegial. We did things together. You had classes together. You had sports teams together. You had parties together. Oxford is very different in that regard. It's not collegial at all. I didn't have a roommate at Oxford. We didn't required classes. The lectures were public lectures, but it wasn't the same crowd. You know, maybe a professor would be giving a series of eight lectures during Michaelmas Term on the philosophy of Kant. And each one of the eight lectures would be attended by different people. It's not like, *hey, I'll see you in class on Monday*. There were no classes. You had tutorials, and those tutorials were once a week in each subject that you had, and those were one-on-ones. You and the tutor; nobody else. I maybe had a group tutorial once or twice the whole time I was there, that we kind of put together in an evening thing with a group of our PPE tutors in college. But that was the primary difference, was the fact that it was a very solitary existence. I did do track and field. I tried out for the rugby team. I realized I didn't like rugby, that it was a game of low organization compared to American football. We called it—*I* called it organized keep away that we used to play as kids on the sandlots of Watts. The caliber of instruction, if

you want to call it that at Oxford, was very high and super specialized. There were so many scholars in residence at Oxford in the years that I was there, who were the number one scholars in their fields in the world. And, in fact, if you weren't there was something wrong. But if you had gotten into a field with somebody else, and at Oxford, you know, this sort of non-collegial way of pursuing education, you wanted to be off in a sub-specialty so that you developed a specialty that nobody else had attacked, and therefore you became the world's—not therefore, but you just studied and researched your way into the number one position knowing more about that person or that event, those circumstances, that particular age, than anybody else. One of my good friends at Oxford was A.L. Rowse, uh, the Jesus college—All Souls College—and he was the leading Shakespeare authority of his time. And I met him, actually, at Caltech during the competition, and then again met up with him at Oxford. He told me, "Look me up if you win." (laughs) Weather for a Southern Californian born and bred at Oxford is a real challenge. Every day for 75 percent of the nine months out of the year that you're there, or actually six months out of the year that you're there—if you take your vacations at Christmas and at Easter outside of Oxford, as you're free to do, plus 16 weeks during the summer, so you're actually away from Oxford, out of school, 28 weeks out of the year. You're there at Oxford 24 weeks out of the year. And those 28 weeks of the year you traveled. I traveled, my first six-week vacation, to France and Italy. My second spring vacation I spent in Spain from—actually Iberia. I sailed to Portugal, to Lisbon, then went from Lisbon to Madrid to Barcelona. And my summer vacation I spent in the German-speaking countries because I spoke German, and as a student of German I went to summer school at the University of Vienna for six weeks to brush up on my German. I

traveled to Prague, to Budapest, to Munich, to Berlin, to Hamburg, to Copenhagen for the summer of 1964. And then the following year, my second year, I did Spain again and what else did I do? The rest of England. I got outside of Oxford. I spent the holiday, the six-week vacation traveling the English Isles—the British Isles.

DS: Mm-hmm. Now, we're coming towards the end of the interview, and you are a very accomplished man. And many people point to you as a role model, what a Whittier College student should be, but particularly Black students, right? I'm wondering, have you ever felt any pressure with the amount of accomplishments that you've had, and considering your race as a Black man, is there any pressure being a role model?

SS: Well, yes. The fair answer to that is yes. I always think of myself, even today, as a role model, not necessarily for Black students, as so much a role model for students who were initially classified as hard to educate—not un-educatable, but what we refer to in today's nomenclature is "at-risk". And we tend to lump into "at-risk", Black students, Spanish speaking students, Latino speaking students—not Asians. And to the extent that you get lumped in as "at-risk" that's who I'd like to think my career, my experiences are modeled for, because it's so much more than just your college experience. It's your family background and how you interpret your family background. What spin on your background gives you the right to go to college and to finish college. There's motivation there; there's some urgency there. And so, you as a human being explore that and you say, yeah, I can understand where my ambition came from, and I can understand what buttons to push and when to push them in navigating my way through a system that wasn't necessarily built for travelers like you. And basically, you know, my lesson is own it. Take it, own it. You know? Don't be shy about stepping up, especially if everybody in

the room says, “Stop, we want to hear what Stan has to say.” What are you going to say? Well, you know, you can’t say, “No”. You can’t say, “I’m not qualified to deal with that. I can’t go with you guys,” kind of thing. And I never did. And I think so much of my motivation came from my family. And everybody has a family. Now, it may not be what the Salinas family; it may not be what the Sanders family is. I can’t speak for anybody else. I just know that I had the best family upbringing of anybody I know. Rothschilds, who are friends of mine, Kennedys now, they didn’t have anything on me when it came to being reared by loving parents who were more than willing to make sacrifices on behalf of their children, and that’s irreplaceable. And I think that’s what gives people the connection to their parents. If you have a good relationship with your parents, you generally recognize that they’ve done something for you at their sacrifice, that they gave up something that you might have it. And one of the things that when I was secretary of the Rhodes Trust in California—and I get these 100 applications a year from students all over the country who are applying for the Rhodes Scholarship in California—invariably the group of a dozen or so that we extracted from that original submission of 100 applications, and from which we would choose two, were students who were not only the best and the brightest in that year’s applicants, but they were also the most grateful, because in every one of their essays they acknowledged the contributions their parents had made for them and they acknowledged the sacrifice.

END OF INTERVIEW

NARRATOR: Stan Sanders

INTERVIEWER: Danielle Salinas

DATE: December 11, 2021

PROJECT: Black at Whittier College

DS: Alrighty, today's date is December 11th, and I want to say that this is the last of our interview sessions, so just to wrap up, right? I know this whole time we've been talking about your career there at Whittier College, and also, too, your career after, right, and your involvement with the college even after, beyond your undergraduate years. But I just want to thank you for sharing your experiences. It's never easy, right? Especially with a camera in front of your face.

SS: Sure.

DS: So, again, I really want to appreciate the time that you've taken to sit down with us and share your experiences with us.

SS: Well, I hope it's useful.

DS: Oh, it definitely is, it definitely is. So, I just want to ask you, is there anything maybe that we touched on previously that you want to talk a little bit more about, or maybe some stories that you started thinking about, like, oh hey, maybe this will be good to share with the Whittier College community?

SS: There were at the time that I was talking, and you know, as you talk there's bio feedback, you remember things that you hadn't recalled in years. Of course, I should have written them down from our last session. But I don't know if I have shared any of my experiences while serving on the college's board of trustees for, I think, close to thirty

years, and that is worth comment. I was, at the time in the early 1970s I had obviously completed my years as an undergraduate, finished Oxford and also completed law school, taken the bar, and I was practicing law in downtown Los Angeles. And I think it was about 1972, 1973, that I was approached by the college to sit on the board, and I ended up spending, I believe it was twenty-seven years on the board, and I enjoyed every minute of it. The most notable task that I was involved in was the acquisition of the law school and the negotiations for the purchase of the building and the collateral rights from what was then the Beverly School of Law in Los Angeles, and a team of trustees, including the chairman of the board, Tom Bewley, who was also a lawyer, and another trustee by the name of Keith Miller, who was the husband of the former Dean of Women during my years as an undergraduate, and also a practicing lawyer. And the three of us together, as a committee, negotiated the terms and conditions of what became the Whittier College School of Law. Originally housed at the seller's then site on third street in Hancock Park area of Los Angeles, and then about five or six years after that, I believe, we got a proposal to move to Costa Mesa and to assume what was then the former campus of a small for-profit college that was no longer going to use that site in Costa Mesa. It was owned by the Segerstrom family, the large development firm in Orange County. And they ended up actually gifting the acreage on which the law school was situated in Costa Mesa. It was an ideal arrangement for Whittier College because it gave us a foothold in Orange County that we had never had before. In the mid-seventies the expansion of a number of non-profit, traditional, liberal arts colleges of the size of Whittier—the expansion of those other colleges had not really begun yet. And I'm referring to La Verne; I'm referring to Azusa; I'm referring to Chapman—all of those have adopted,

since then, marketing styles that really remind you of the for-profit educational institutions: advertising on television, changing the name from college to university—La Verne College, La Verne University; Chapman College, Chapman University—advertising on TV and recruiting, basically, nationally for a student body. And we were tempted to follow that model and become Whittier University and take on a lot of the characteristics of a for-profit educational institution. But for the reasons that Whittier College was founded in the first place we decided to retain, not only our original mission, but to stay and retain the style, the educational style, which was more like, say, Pomona College or the Claremont Colleges, generally, or Redlands or Occidental. We understood, even then, that it put us at somewhat of a competitive disadvantage because we weren't advertising. We were holding ourselves out as a reputable liberal arts college with a hundred-year track record, and we attracted the kinds of students that we wanted to attract. Whittier College, since my days in the early 1960s it's always been a college that emphasized education, the training of, not only teachers, but school administrators. The results of which is that there are a lot of Whittier College students who are superintendents of school districts throughout California, not just in Southern California, with classroom teachers of a quality that's exemplary of the finest in education, in public education. And so, we not only acquired the law school, relocated it to Costa Mesa, but we also retained the traditional small college, medium college, liberal arts character of Whittier College on the Quaker campus, in the City of Whittier.

DS: Okay.

SS: And I was very proud of that, and Miller and Bewley were as well, and the board, because they haven't changed it. If anything, they sort of have retreated more into the

small, liberal arts college model, having sold or shut down the law school a couple years ago.

DS: I see, I see. Can you also describe, maybe, other—I don't want to call them landmark, but other big decisions that you, as a board of trustee member, made under—I have here like four different administrations: Frederick Binder, from 1970 to 1975; we have Roy Newsom from 1975 to 1979; Eugene Mills from 1979 to 1989; and then James Ash from 1989 to 1999. Can you just explain maybe some of the changes in the administration that you witnessed, if you happened to, or any decisions that you made at any point in time?

SS: Well, they were all, those four presidents that you named, all were very different from each other. It's true, I came on the board under Fred Binder's—or Binder, I'm not sure how you pronounce it now, it's been so long—administration. I would say that in addition to the law school, that I had the opportunity to carve out a certain niche that represented a school of thought on the board of trustees that was unique to me. A lot of it derived from the fact that I was the youngest trustee appointed. At that time, I think I was probably the youngest trustee in the history of the college. I'm not sure that since then there have been trustees who were appointed in their twenties, late twenties. And I was African American. I was the first African American trustee on the board. And I like to say, and to remind my colleagues—halfway jokingly, but there's a lot of truth in it—that I was the only democrat (laughs) on the board of trustees for a long time. And there was notable acceptance of that kind of difference. In fact, you can really credit the spirit of the administration, and of the board of trustees, in particular, for wanting to have somebody on the board who didn't fit the traditional mold of the Whittier College trustee. I was not an Orange County republican. I was not a Whittier businessman. I was a metropolitan,

Los Angeles, corporate lawyer and there was nobody else like that on the board. You know, I was one of few trustees at the time who actually officed in downtown Los Angeles. Chandler Myers, who came on the board right at the same time I did and eventually became chairman of the board after, I believe, I had gotten off the board, was a lawyer who had his offices in downtown Los Angeles as well. But for the most part it was very much a board that consisted of what, I think they referred to themselves as old Quakers. (laughs) And so, I was a different light. And I always, throughout my career, have enjoyed that role because it's enabled me to present a different point of view, a different slant. I can recall the board discussing the resignation of Fred Binder. Fred had basically been entertaining offers from other colleges in his last year at Whittier, and that hadn't been disclosed to the board. And then, one day after he had finished his own career decision making and had decided to leave Whittier College and to take one of the offers that had been made to him, he called Fred Bewley—Tom Bewley, I'm sorry—who was the chairman of the Whittier board at that time, and said he was resigning from the presidency of the college forthwith. And this was as at a time after commencement, during the summer months, that we were caught off guard. And I remember the discussion very well, and Jessamyn West—the novelist, the writer—who was on the board at that time, and I, were sitting next to each other and there was a lot of—I wouldn't say hostility, but disappointment that the president hadn't given us more notice and an opportunity to conduct our own search for a new president. And so, we were faced with the situation of having to adopt some stop gap measures. One of the things that some of the—there was sentiment on the board to just let him go and just, you know, not even acknowledge his five years. And I thought that Whittier College had more class than that,

and we did. If he didn't have enough class to give us notice and an opportunity to find his successor, we had the class enough to—for example, I remember specifically suggesting this, and we did it, it was to host a farewell party for him, and we did. I think at the Whittier Country Club or Friendly Hills Country Club or someplace like that. And we made the point, and Jessamyn West, after the meeting just stood and just hugged me. And the reason why she was so taken with the meeting and the decisions that we made was that she said, "You know, your suggestion that we treat ourselves and we look upon ourselves as an institution, we are not the incarnation, in any sense, of one president, any one man, any one alumnus." Richard Nixon, for example, who is related to Jessamyn West; they're cousins. And Richard Nixon had been on the board. He was not on the board in the years that I served. I think he had gone off the board. He was on the board and then he had gone off the board during the Eisenhower years when he was vice president, and then come back on the board after he had run for governor in California in 1962. After he had run for the presidency in 1960, governor in 1962, and lost both of those, he came back on the board. But we're an institution and institutions don't overreact to transitions or to abrupt changes. We take them in stride and retain our character. And that's what we did. And for that, the trustees are very grateful to me for—and they said so, you know, for putting that view of the college on the table during the decision-making process of how to handle the abrupt resignation of Fred Binder. So, and I always think about that because it has been somewhat of a business trait of mine as well, in dealing with all sorts of problems, is that, you know, you deal with them from the standpoint of, well, that's no big deal; we can handle that. We may not have ever handled it in our life as an educational institution, as Whittier College, but collectively we've had to deal with

change, and we can bring that experience to the table and make it useful for the institution we're trying to serve. But I can't—nothing else—oh, one thing. When I ran for mayor of Los Angeles in 1993, the trustees decided to vote to have a Stan Sanders day on campus, where I came out in the morning, and I gave a principal address at lunch. I spoke to classrooms throughout the day and ended the day with an evening of a larger dinner with the trustees and so forth. It was very good. It raised a lot of political campaign money for me and donated all sorts of support. And none of the—with the exception of a few like David Lizzaraga didn't even live in the City of Los Angeles, but they figured that because our guy, you know big Stan, was running for mayor we got to get behind him. That's just what we do as a Whittier College board of trustees and alumni association. And of all the boards I think I was sitting on, at the time I ran for mayor in 1993, Whittier College's board of trustees was the only one that kind of embraced my candidacy without question. You know, it was like, we don't know what his position is on the incorporation efforts of the San Fernando Valley to lead the City of Los Angeles; we don't know where he stands on increasing the sewage connection fees for Department of Water and Power, but because he's ours, we're going to support him, and we're going to support him wholeheartedly. And for that I have been, and will always be, grateful to the college.

DS: I remember—

SS: In that regard, I haven't been that active in the alumni association, as such. I think I served a year early on, maybe before I was asked to come on the board, as a member of the alumni association board of governors or board of trustees. I've maintained contact also with the college through all of those years, since graduation, as a booster of the

athletic program. There's a club called the 795 Club, representing former players: baseball, basketball, football players at Whittier College—track—athletes who continue to support the various sports programs, and that's always been a great connection. And then, there's a Sports Hall of Fame, and I was an early inductee into the Hall of Fame and have participated in subsequent induction ceremonies for some of my teammates. And over the years it's been a way of also connecting back to the college as a sports booster. My relationship, after graduation, with faculty was pretty much limited to the faculty who remained after I graduated. And those numbers thin out quickly. And that would be something that I would remind students, for example, that if they have a relationship with a faculty member, say, like I had with Dr. Ben Burnett of the Political Science Department and Dr. Richard Harvey of the Political Science Department, when even as an undergraduate I was eating at their dinner tables, and they came to my house in Watts and my mother cooked for Dr. Burnett, I remember one time for dinner, with he and his wife Dorothy. Sadly, that's short-lived. I did have a longer relationship, say, with Professor Harvey than I did with other members of the political science faculty, but my advice to Whittier students who have developed, during their on-campus years, close relationships with faculty, to use them and to make those connections as often as they possibly can, whether or not they're engaged in academic pursuits or not. In my case, I was writing, but not writing for a book, which is where they could have been, say, helpful. But I was involved in political activities, political campaigns, and that sort of thing, both at the state and the federal level, during those years—presidential campaigns and, of course, in municipal politics. And I would call Dick Harvey from time to time on the telephone and talk politics with him. He was a specialist in California politics and the

history of California politics, particularly the administration of then Governor Earl Warren. And so, he knew a lot of things about where the bodies were buried and that sort of thing in politics. And so, there was an on-going consultation with Dick Harvey for years, through the 1980s. And so, I did not enjoy that much longevity with Ben Burnett, but in the years that he was alive we were close, as just a fellow student and professor. And so, that's another one of the enjoyments that I think you can have as a graduate of a small liberal arts college.

DS: Definitely.

SS: I'm not sure that, as an undergraduate—now, I'm sure there are lots of graduate students who have continued relationships with their key faculty members at UCLA and Cal and the big schools, but undergraduates generally don't get that, and that was something that I think was unique to the character of Whittier College. It certainly was unique in my experience because nobody else I knew had those continued relationships with faculty members.

DS: I see, I see. And speaking of giving advice to students, right, because it seemed like that was your intention. I think you even mentioned that, you know, to encourage students to kind of make those connections with their faculty members. But continuing with that train of thought, do you have any other advice, or anything else that you want to say to Whittier College Students currently enrolled at the college, and particularly Black students enrolled at the college right now? Do you have anything that you want to share with them, any advice?

SS: Well, one thing that I do feel very strongly—and it's not by way of promoting the college or myself; it was something that grew out of my experience. But for the most part,

Whittier College students tend to underestimate the value, the high value, of their Whittier College experience. And it may derive from the fact that maybe it was easy for them to get in, or they didn't do as well as they thought they should have in the years that they were on the Quaker campus, but I've found in competition at Oxford and in competition at Yale Law School, that my Whittier College education was at least as good as any undergraduate educational program. Graduates from, say, the Ivy League or the big university state campuses, or the big dominant universities in California—Stanford, Cal, UCLA, SC—that the Whittier College educational experience was A-1. And that realization comes only after you've had some experience in the real world. You can't make a decision upon graduation that you're going to minimize your Whittier College BA degree because you don't think that it is as good as BA from Harvard or a BA from the University of Virginia, or whatever. Not true; just not true. Whittier College can hold its own. And it has nothing to do with the fact that, you know, the college had a president and so forth. And I guess felt, as the first student from Whittier College to receive a Rhodes Scholarship, that I was deserving of it, and I was. And the experience proved it out. And so, my parting shot, as it were, to Whittier College students, would be to remind them of that. It's kind of like the advice that was given by the president of Morehouse College in Atlanta, Georgia, to all of the graduates of Morehouse College. And Dr. Benjamin Mays, who had a way of saying things that were memorable—Dr. Mays was a mentor of Martin Luther King, Jr. He is probably the most memorable college president in American educational history. And it turned out that he preached the eulogy at King's funeral in 1968. But he always used to say, and is quoted very often as saying—and when I met with him on my way to Oxford, he gave me some minutes in his president's study–

–but always said, the greatest failing of human excellence is low aim. And that the most important thing an individual can do—that he can control, or she can control—is aim high. And it doesn't really matter whether you think you can make it, whether you think you can do the job—*aim* to do it and reorganize your life to achieve that goal at the higher level. And that you'll—the outcome will be much better if you had settled for something less, when you knew that there was a possibility that would—a change of attitude, maybe greater diligence, greater commitment of time—that you could achieve the higher aim. And I always have transliterated that into the Whittier experience and that if I had a minute before the student body, I would say what Benjamin Mays said to me and to Martin Luther King, and to generations of Morehouse College men—aim high.

DS: I see, I see. That's good to hear. You know, as a recent graduate myself, that's something that I also need to keep reminding myself as I now go beyond my Whittier College years. So, I appreciate you taking the time to, not only give that kind of wisdom to Whittier College students, but also taking the time to sit down with us and provide this rich information that wasn't previously explored. So, again, thank you for sitting down and letting me interview you. It was definitely an honor, very enjoyable. I'm kind of sad that's ending. (laughs) But I'm glad that we had the chance to do so.

SS: Well, the pleasure is all mine. Thank you.

DS: Thank you.

END OF INTERVIEW