

Helen Cushman Oral History Interview—RFK, 12/7/1980
Administrative Information

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Biographical Note

Cushman, a journalist, broadcaster for WIMA radio in Charlottesville, Virginia, and reporter for *Kennebec Journal*, in Augusta, Maine, discusses Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's 1951 speech at the University of Virginia, her only meeting with Robert F. Kennedy, and her career as a journalist, among other issues.

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GIFT OF ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

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Helen Cushman

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Oral History Interview

with

Helen Cushman

December 7, 1980
Wellesley, Massachusetts

By William Moss

For the Robert F. Kennedy Oral History Program of
the John F. Kennedy Library

MOSS: Helen, last summer when I was up in Maine, you recounted an incident in which you had met Robert Kennedy [Robert F. Kennedy]. I wonder if you would, in your own words, tell us how that meeting came about, and account the details of the meeting.

CUSHMAN: Yes I will, Bill, as far as I'm able to. I had gone to Charlottesville [Virginia], which is my hometown, and on the street one day walking across near the Rotunda, I met my former professor of English and speech and so forth, Dr. Carey Jacob, and he said, "Helen, what are you doing here?" and I told him my mother was ill, and he said, "Well why don't you get a job? They need somebody on WIMA to be interviewing, and you have a good voice."

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So I went down for an audition and I got the job! And one of the funniest things, Bill—I'm doing this to warn other people—when you are first doing a tape for over the air and you hear your voice afterwards, you think good heavens, how could I have been so stilted; it sounded like [inaudible] Mrs. Van Asterbilt, you know what I mean? It was terrible, but however, I went on from there and the thing.... It was a very interesting program. I could do anything I

wanted to off the top of my head. There were no scripts. I interviewed a lot of people and particularly a few writers who were there, people like Nancy Hale, who does act like Mrs. Van Asterbilt, and she had been with *Vogue* magazine, and one of the interesting things I had to do was to take a group of young Germans—not students, they were older than that—over to various functions at the University of Virginia, and this was under a program we called ‘democracy in action’ so-called, well, I thought they should have a good, a spread of things, so I took them first to hear Norman Thomas and—he is a very good speaker incidentally—and then the next thing—of course I took them to Monticello to see Mr. Jefferson’s [Thomas Jefferson]

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beautiful home and so forth—and the next thing I thought that they really shouldn’t miss was Senator McCarthy [Joseph R. McCarthy]—the late and not lamented Senator McCarthy—who was coming to speak to the graduate law school at the University of Virginia and also the graduate school. Well, it was held in Chabbel Hall. And he was.... He came in with a chip on his shoulder, you might say. And he startled the audience by beginning his harangue, which is what it was, by saying, “General George Marshall [George C. Marshall] is a member of the Communist Party.” Well, Bill, the whole audience froze. You could see, feel icicles all around you. And to overcome this he really had to do a great deal of spectacular things. Well his things were not only spectacular, but stupid. He would bring from.... He had a huge box of pictures and he would pull one up and this would be so-and-so in our State Department in the uniform of the Russian with secret police. Well one of the young men with whom, who was sort of in charge of this group was very brilliant—his name was Rupert Breitling and he’d been to Heidelberg—and he was on Goering’s [Herman Goering] propaganda staff, I guess, and he said, well you know, this is one of the oldest tricks on earth, to fake a

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photograph. What do you do? There is a photograph of Bill Moss, we’ll say, in the uniform of the Russian secret police and why, people were all convinced it’s true. Well, of course, this was a more sophisticated audience than that, but he spoke actually as if he were talking to boy scouts or something. I mean he was really trying.... It was a rabbleroxing speech and it was exceedingly dull except that it made you angry because he was so stupid. Well these German young men were very bright and they were highly amused at all this, and I felt a little bit bad that they were seeing America in such a poor light, but of course, that was Senator McCarthy. Well, he went on and got worse and worse. And finally toward the end, or at the end of, there was a period reserved for questions and answers, and there were three or four young boys in law school who got up with some mild questions. And finally, this young man [Robert F. Kennedy] got up, and he was very diffident, not at all, he wasn’t argumentative in the least, he was very quiet, very dignified, but very sincere; you could hear this in his voice. And he said—I shall never forget it—“Senator McCarthy, will you, standing on this rostrum made sacred to liberty and freedom by our founder Thomas Jefferson, and waiving your congressional immunity, publicly state that General George Marshall is

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now or has ever been a member of the Communist Party?” Well suddenly, the impact of that question struck him in the face, you know, he was just astounded and he realized what the impact was, so he turned red as a beet and stamped his foot and stomped off the stage. And, Bill, it was a fantastic moment. The whole audience rose simultaneously and booed, which they seldom do in a place like Charlottesville. Well, it was something that you would never forget, I mean no matter when it happened or where it happened, and it stayed with me always as one of the great moments that I had. I’d done other things on the radio that, interviewing a member of the Mafia or something, in which my neck had to get a little red, but there was nothing that impressed me as much as this because it was entirely spontaneous, and came right off the, out of this young man’s head, but he had got the crux of the situation. All right, you said this, will you say it again and waive your congressional immunity? Well anyhow, I never forgot it and the German students were very impressed. And then, years passed. And I left Charlottesville and I went in the newspaper business in North Carolina, where I ran into a lot of other people as objectionable as the late Senator McCarthy. I was even shot at two or three times.

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And I found out, Bill, as I’m sure you know, that if you are willing to stand up and be counted, you could very easily get shot at. But you must. I mean, this is the way I felt about it. Well, many years passed, and I was doing a weekly program, a weekly column, for something called “Maine Flavor” for the *Kennebec Journal* in Augusta, Maine. And I was on.... I had to go to New York; one of my dear friends was very ill and I had to be with her. And I knew that it was a terminal illness. Well, I got on the plane in Boston—it was pouring down rain; I’ve never seen it rain harder—and it was a Viscount and they’re very quiet once they’ve taken off. So I was busy the whole time I was on the plane writing several weeks’ articles ahead. And the articles were mostly stories of Maine folklore, and some of them were, they were all based in fact—but I mean they were embroidered; I would embroider them to make them a ghost story or something of the kind. And so for some reason, I paid no attention whatever to the young man sitting beside me, which is unusual because I’m an incorrigible flirt. Naturally, I would have looked at him at least, you know? But I was, I had to get these three stories off my mind before I landed in New York because I knew that I’d be very busy, so

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I did, and I hadn’t paid any attention to the flight. And suddenly, it seemed to me, the pilot said “Ladies and gentlemen, we’re over LaGuardia; however, there’re eight flights stacked up beneath us because of this rainstorm; stay with us please.” Well that seemed to me utterly ridiculous so I just burst out laughing. And I thought, well that’s silly, what else could we do? And the young man beside me, at whom I still had not looked said, “Well, I suppose if there were a priest on board, we should start to confess our sins.” And I didn’t look at him

yet. I said, "No, I wouldn't. I would start regretting the sins I hadn't committed." And he laughed at that and then he looked at me and he said, "Well now. If you are so eager to start committing those sins, if we do land safely in LaGuardia, will you go in the Brass Rail with me and have a drink?" He said, "It'll only be a drink 'cause I've got to go right on to Washington." And I said, of course I will, you know, certainly. So that's exactly what we did. But, as we were going out, I said, "You know, this isn't a pick-up because I've seen you before. I didn't recognize you for the moment." I said, "You were at the University of Virginia," and he said, "Yes." And I said, "You were the young man

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who challenged Senator McCarthy when he made that blatant statement about General George Marshall." And he said, yes he was, and I said, "Well, I'm very glad to see you again because it was one of the great moments in my life," and he laughed. Well we had a drink and he went on. And Bill, I would've followed him through hell after that, naturally.

MOSS: Can you fix the date of the first event? Of course it would have been while he was in....

CUSHMAN: Yes. Now Bill, I'm not exactly certain. It was '51, I think. '51.

MOSS: That's a bit late I think, but we can check out the times when he was at the....

CUSHMAN: No, he was at the university then, in law school.

MOSS: And on the second, uh, the plane ride?

CUSHMAN: That was.... mmm, I don't remember that. I was trying to think of that this morning. It is a pertinent question. Well, his brother was president of the United States.

MOSS: Okay, okay. So this was while John Kennedy [John F. Kennedy] was still alive and president?

CUSHMAN: Yes, uh-huh.

MOSS: Okay, well that'll help a bit.

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CUSHMAN: And he was in the Justice Department.

MOSS: Yes, that's right. Let me ask you if there's anything else, you can remember of your conversation, perhaps while you were in the Brass Rail, or anything of that sort....

CUSHMAN: No, except that I asked him how he'd enjoyed law school at the University of Virginia and he said he had, and I said, well I'd been there very briefly. My godfather was dean of the law school, Dean Lyle. And I had a very unfortunate time because there were only two girls in school. And the young men made it very difficult. And the teachers didn't help, because as you know, Bill, girls will work a lot harder than boys, especially if there is a race—a sex race. In other words, if I'm in class with boys, and the teacher says, "Well now I don't want you girls in here, you can't do it," you're going to work three times as hard as the boys. Well you know from law, it's a very easy subject to get a good grade in. It's the sort of subject you can memorize, and I have an excellent memory. But by staying up all night you could get a hundred on the examinations. That doesn't mean that you would know a damn thing a week hence. But at least for the time being you could

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recapitulate all of torts or whatever it was.... Domestic relations—I loved that, that was a wonderful course. But uh, so, we talked about that and he thought that women would make excellent lawyers, and I think they do. I think as time goes on there'll be more and more.

MOSS: Yes, I think so. Is there anything that you remember particularly about his manner, his way of carrying himself? Was there anything that struck you or anything you remember about his bearing?

[BEGIN SIDE 2, TAPE 1]

CUSHMAN: Yes; it seemed that for the first time I saw him not knowing who he was, that he was very well bred. He was also, he looked to be naive, which he was not at all. He gave you the impression of being a very sweet, naive young man, but his questions could be really loaded, of course. And that was part of it. But he was not controversial and he was never argumentative. I mean, it was just a natural conversation and I thought, as I say, I didn't know him, of course I didn't know him personally ever but, except for this one thing, but I was very impressed with him.

MOSS: Do you recall what drink he had?

CUSHMAN: We had Scotch.

MOSS: Bar Scotch or did he order something particular?

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CUSHMAN: We just had Scotch. We didn't go into Glenlivet, which I love. Had he done that, I'd have a higher opinion of him.

MOSS: Do you recall, as he left you, do you recall if anybody was meeting him or if he was on his own?

CUSHMAN: He was on, he was in a hurry to get onto a plane. And it was one of the great moments in my life.

MOSS: Well that's very good and that's gonna be very helpful. Could I impose on you a little bit more on a couple of other things—and I have a motive in doing so—one is the North Carolina newspaper period and the other one is this uh, these "Maine Flavor" articles. On the latter, the reason I'm asking is I have a very good friend, Sandy Hives, who's up at the University of Maine and who does Maine folklore stories, and I just wanted to find out more about these particular stories that you were doing...

CUSHMAN: Well I still do them.

MOSS: ...and what sorts of ones they were. You still do them.

CUSHMAN: Each fall Bill, I'm known as the Green Witch all over Maine, as you may know, and I tell ghost stories to children in schools, particularly to high school students. I find it quite a challenge and very important to be able to talk with these children. They need someone

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who can communicate with them, and they need somebody who'll pay attention to them. And I always leave my ghost stories open so they can do anything they want to. This fall—I will send you something very shortly Bill—this fall, for example, I went to Scoutheagen Junior High School and I did some ghost stories and the gal who wrote the thing said the children were spellbound. They were magnificent. You do two hours, and it's hard on your voice for one thing, and I had had a very hard time with my throat then, but most of these things are items that I've picked up in Maine history and elaborated. Many of them are in folklore and uh....

MOSS: Where do you get them? What are your sources?

CUSHMAN: Well uh, in your imagination of course, probably. No, some of them are in Maine history and the most famous story I tell—and we won't have time or I'd tell it to you—it's about the moving arm. And this is perfectly true and it is in the history of Chesterville which is where Foster Beale lives. And this is very interesting to me because this happened in 1837 on a stream in Maine, and as you know, most of the early history of Maine was written by water or around water because that's the way people got there—they couldn't get there any other way. And it was quite interesting to me that these

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people would always settle where one lake would be higher than another and as it came down it would make waterpower and turn wheels. And this particular place had five mills on it in 1800—a gristmill and uh, a mill.... Well the mill in question sawed red oak plank for ships, which were made in Hallowell. And this young boy was found there unconscious, his arm was ripped off, his left arm, and to me, when I first saw this, I was amazed. How did someone in 1837 know enough about first aid to stop the bleeding? But they did! And he lived to be a hundred years old. And is buried in a beautiful cemetery in Wayne. I've just spoken in Wavne about this course, about this very event, too. And it's a beautiful cemetery called the William Cemetery. His name was Wayne. But his arm was not. His arm was buried in, beside the spring of the house called Jolly Hollow. And that is the beginning of the story. And shortly after that Bill, I, uh I mean after the incident, Mrs. Bachelor, who owns Jolly Hollow, I mean her children came home from school—there were five or more—and she sent them down this long hill to bring back water in wooden buckets. Now a wooden bucket is heavy empty, but with water, it's heavier. And one of those young people was clever enough—young people are always more clever than adults—since they are—he decided to get rid of doing work, you see?

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So they came rushing back from the spring saying, “We're never going down there again, a long white arm came up out of the spring to pull us under.” Now this was in the daytime. Well, Bill, I'm sure this boy had a lively imagination; however, the story spread like wildfire, and after a hundred years it's still told. So that's the kind of stuff I tell.

MOSS: Okay, fine. I'll pass that on to Sandy and tell him that that's the sort of thing you're up to. He probably knows about it if he's been reading....

CUSHMAN: But I've done a lot for mostly schools, and I've had some incredible experiences when children come up in schools and I had one that happened very near Foster Beale's house. And I was telling a story about that red barn, you know? And this young man came up and he said, “Mrs. Cushman, I want to ask you a question.” And that, I encourage that, of any kind. “Did you ever know a woman named Mandy Bowen?” And this is long, has been so long ago, the story; I said I certainly did. My hair almost stood up straight. I had known her sixty some years ago, and she was a real witch. Her left leg was crippled and she'd wrap it around a crutch and wave it and point it at you. And then you knew a curse was going to happen. Well, anyhow, that happened to me in the house with the red barn and, something horrendous did, but, and I had to walk all the way home, which as

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you know is a long way; it was about four miles, and I was I think four or five years old. However, this young man who came up—this is at Coney High School about four years ago—I had come for a program called turn-on day and those kids write down who they want

to hear, what will turn them on, and so they called me from school about two to three days before and said we're very embarrassed, but 450 kids have signed up to hear you, so you have to speak three hours. That's a very difficult thing to do. Well it so happened to have been the hottest May day that I remember—it was just ghastly—and this was the second hour. Well and this boy came up, and he said, "Mrs. Cushman, last week a lot of the seniors went to a very famous medium in Augusta whose name was Isabel Albert"—and I've been on T.V. with her and she is really authentic; I mean, she's not a fake, but the kids wanted to hear what are they going to do, the girls wanted to know who they're going to marry, and all this stuff. And all of a sudden this medium's voice changed and she said, "I have a message for Mark Sussi"—this was the boy. Well he was naturally petrified, and she said, "I wanted to tell you that in a house with a red barn, that you're going to hear about, I've put a curse on that house and something terrible is going to happen there." This was on the fifteenth of May. On the third of July, a young boy in this house hanged himself with the rope of a swing that I used to swing in in that house

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and really, since there I've been a little leery about bringing incidents of that sort in.

MOSS: Incredible. Let me turn to the North Carolina newspaper period, and the reason I ask this is that being from Virginia myself, I'm interested in the area and particularly that period. Newspaper business in North Carolina in that period means to me principally Harry Golden and the *Carolina Israelite* and that sort of thing. Can you tell me what you were doing there at that time?

CUSHMAN: I'll tell you what I was doing there. I was in.... I went to Kenansville, North Carolina—that's the eastern part of North Carolina, in Duplin County—to be with my daughter when her first child was born. And I was walking down the street one day, and I met the publisher of the paper, whom I did not know. And he said to me, "I understand that you can write." I said, "Oh you do?" And he said yes, that his friend Sam Bird, who was a co-publisher with him, had told him that. Well Sam Bird was the juvenile in *Tobacco Road*, and so, and a very dear friend of mine. So that is how I got the job. Well the first thing I did was a feature. I wrote about the port in Wilmington, and it was quite interesting to me, and I didn't know about the kinds of wood they used, that special red heart from Brazil. And I was the only girl there—only woman reporter there—and I've never seen bourbon flow like it did that day in all my life. And we went all over the port

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of North Carolina and had a really gala event. Well I wrote a story, which wasn't that good—it was quite amateurish—it was quite amateurish—but the publisher thought it was good. And it had certain elements of publicity because of my ex-husband being Erskine Caldwell. Why, he could bring that out, you see? So he made this into a front-page story, with my picture and so forth, and sent it I'm sure, to every newspaper in North Carolina. So then the next week he said, would I do another feature? Well, all right, I did some sort of feature and

this went on: I was doing just a feature a week, and finally he said to me, "Would you like to be the court reporter?" Well now, Bill, anybody would give her eyeteeth to be the court reporter on the newspaper. I said, yes. And I remember the first day anniversary, with my seersucker suit—it was very hot then in North Carolina, too—and it was very interesting that up until this occasion I did not realize how justice miscarried until I was a court reporter. It was horrifying.

MOSS: In what ways? What things were you seeing?

CUSHMAN: Well, for example, one of the first cases which I had anything to do with was the case of a young boy. Now, this boy had just been discharged from the Army. This would've been in '51 or the beginning of '52, this would've been now in '52. And he was from Chicago. And he was a fresh, little kid from the street. And he had bought a car. Now I don't know the law in North Carolina

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about this, but it was a secondhand car and he'd paid so much down for it and had the title transferred to him, which was illegal. And so he was held for grand larceny, and that seemed to me, this is the most outrageous thing I've ever heard. So I went to the publisher and I said, look, this is a great miscarriage of justice, and he said, "All right Cushman, stick your neck out if you want to." Which of course somebody's got to do. So I wanted to talk with the boy...

[BEGIN TAPE 2, SIDE I]

...So I said to the publisher, I want to find out more about this case, because there's a great miscarriage of justice going on. And he said, "All right, stick your neck out." So I went to the sheriff. And I said in my sweetest fake Southern accent, "Sheriff Jones, may I have your permission to sneak with the prisoner, sir?" And he said, "What in hell do you want to speak to him for? He's nothing but a goddamned Yankee. He's from Chicago, probably a member of Al Capone's gang." So I pointed out in my sweetest voice that he was hardly old enough to have been a member of Al Capone's gang. But anyhow he said, all right, go on, and so I went in and they opened the jail and locked it up behind me, you know, and I went in and there was the boy, very defiant. Because from his point of view he hadn't done anything wrong, you see. So he said, "What do you want?"

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And I said, "Kid, you're in trouble." And he said, well, what business was it of mine, and I said, "Somebody's got to help you. You don't realize that the cards are all stacked against you." "Well what can you do?" I said, "Kid, I don't know what I can do. Let me find out, but I do want to find out two things. First of all, have you got an honorable discharge?" This was important for my information. He said, "Yes," and he pulled it out and threw it at me, you see. I can understand why, but then he said.... I said, "Do you have a record in Chicago?"

“No, by God, we may have been poor, but I didn’t have no record.” Well, I thought, okay. I said, “That’s all I want to know.” He said, “Now what are you going to do?” I said, “You wait and I’ll find out.” So I went over and I talked to the publisher again and I wired the Veterans of Foreign War in Chicago. And they wired.... I said, A Vietnam veteran...

MOSS: This would have been Korean.

CUSHMAN: ... A Korean veteran, yes, ...arrested because he is—and I quoted the Sheriff directly—“nothing but a goddamned Yankee and from Chicago.” And so they wired back immediately, “Get a lawyer.” So I went to a lawyer and we got him off, eventually. But then—oh, the judge was furious. And I found out Bill—this sounds ridiculous—that most of these cases were all settled during lunchtime in these lawyers’ offices, little red brick offices around the

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square, over a bottle of bourbon with the prosecuting attorney and the attorney for the defense. And of course they hated me like poison. I mean, I got into all kinds of things like that, but this was the first one. And I was furious. And I wanted this boy to have a chance. So finally, the judge called the case back. Oh, I know what. I filed a story that this judge and the sheriff.... I mean, they had really rigged this veteran up, he had no chance, and because he was nothing but a quote goddamned Yankee and from Chicago. And this was going to be a front-page story in the *Chicago Tribune*. And that of course they couldn’t take. So, I gave the story that I had filed—but they were holding it—to the lawyer, who took it to the judge. So the judge called in the jury and stuff and he said the case had been grossly misrepresented to him, and so forth and so on, and that he would release, he would drop the sentence on the condition that the boy left the state of North Carolina within twenty-four hours. And then the boy didn’t want to go. I thought my hair would turn white! I said, “Will you get out of here before I go mad?” Well that was the first of my experiences. And it was very interesting. I loved the work.

MOSS: How long were you there?

CUSHMAN: I was there two years.

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I went to.... I became ill with pneumonia and I went to California, where I’m going next week. And, I wrote a column every week. I mean, it’s horrible; you’ll cringe, it was called “Rebel Revelations.” Well it was rebellious. I was rebellious about everything. I still am, though.

MOSS: What sort of things did you write about?

CUSHMAN: Anything that happened to interest me.

MOSS: Like?

CUSHMAN: And uh, some of the things I observed were very good and some of them were very bad. And you know, I knew then—learned very quickly—that for a black to get justice in eastern North Carolina was impossible. That was then. It has changed, somewhat.

MOSS: It's funny; there are two North Carolinas. One is the Carolina of the triangle area with Duke University and so on...

CUSHMAN: Oh, yes! Duke and Carolina....

MOSS: ...and then there's the other one, which is the Carolina of Paul Green's *Abraham's Bosom* [*In Abraham's Bosom*], and that kind of thing.

CUSHMAN: And I found out this, Bill. On the coast of North Carolina, or in between, near Smithfield.... Smithfield—shouldn't say this, but I'm going to—it's where Ava Gardner's from. And they had signs, great big

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billboards: "This is Klan Country. Like it or Leave it." And they meant this.

MOSS: Yeah, I can believe it. My family's from south side Virginia and it's the same kind of....

CUSHMAN: And they had little stickers that they put in every rest room in North Carolina: Impeach Earl Warren. All over the place. Well, I mean to.... For me, uh, a rabble-rouser.... Oh I ran into a.... later, during.... Right after the horrible affair at Kent State—which made me cringe—I led 5,000 students from North Carolina State on a protest march to the governor's office.

[INTERRUPTION]

MOSS: So you led the wolf pack to the governor's mansion, did you?

CUSHMAN: Yes, indeed I did. There were 5,000 students and it was very interesting because the students at North Carolina State are not like those from Duke or Chapel Hill, who wouldn't mind getting in a fight with the Administration, but not at North Carolina State, because these boys are engineers, and so forth, or agricultural students and they have a hard time going. And they're not really the type that are going to tear the place up. Except in the School of Drama and Design; I think they were a little more radical. Well, anyhow. So I went and I told them I'd lead them if there would be

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no four-letter words and no rocks thrown, and there weren't. So I became *persona grata* with them and you know, I'd walk across the campus and be one of them. The next day, I met one of the boys, who's a Green Beret veteran. And he said, would I come over to the, over where they were having a protest meeting. I said, what kind of a protest meeting? Well, they were organizing a boycott against Jesse Helms. Now, he is a new senator who is very popular with Mr. Reagan [Ronald Reagan] and so forth, and Jesse Helms owned the television station. So they were going to boycott certain things, and I thought, well, I don't know where you'll get. Well, they said they wanted me to listen to it, but they didn't; they wanted me to start in, you know. So I said, well, I was not.... I agreed.... I did not agree with Mr. Helms at all, but I did.... I would protest one thing: he had a perfect right to his opinion, and I would defend that right, you see, and so forth. Well, all right. This was on all.... televised. It was on the six o'clock news. Well that was all right: they didn't do a bad job, but that I had on my old London Fog coat, and there I was, you know, and I said, he has a perfect right to say what he wants to. Well, all right. At the 6:25 segment of this thing, Jesse Helms had an editorial. And he says, well, my point was, the students of North

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Carolina State are not radical. I mean, you've got those other places, but not here. He said, well the students at North Carolina State may not have been radical, but they had a radical rabble-rouser from the north down here, rousing them up. So that was my set one with Jesse Helms, who doesn't like me, and that doesn't bother me at all.

MOSS: You said earlier you'd been shot at. What was the occasion of that?

CUSHMAN: Well this was in North Carolina, and the sheriff was very corrupt. And we had got a statement from the boy who was, that had been railroaded into jail for embezzlement and we proved that he was not the embezzler. And I read his statement to the *News and Observer* in North Carolina, I mean in Raleigh, which is a good paper. And somebody shot right through the window. Also, another thing was very interesting. I had to have proof of the sheriff's corruption, and so I got some proof by becoming very friendly with two of his former deputies, who gave me sworn depositions that he.... Oh, I was curious to know what happens to all this good corn whiskey that he gets every Friday night and all Saturday night from those people who don't pay him protection. He never poured it down a drain. So they gave me depositions that he sold it. In the Superior Court house. So we, uh, I called this to my friend Sam Reagan, the *News and Observer*, so Sam sent down Charlie Credon, who's a good reporter,

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and a photographer. And we walked down into the basement, in the term of the Supreme Court—Superior Court—and I opened the door, and there was the sheriff selling his whiskey.

So, after that I was—and he killed himself finally—so I was not very popular. This shouldn't bother me. You have enough stuff?

MOSS: I think I've got enough for right now. Thank you, Helen. It's inexhaustible. You've got more stories than....

[END OF INTERVIEW]

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