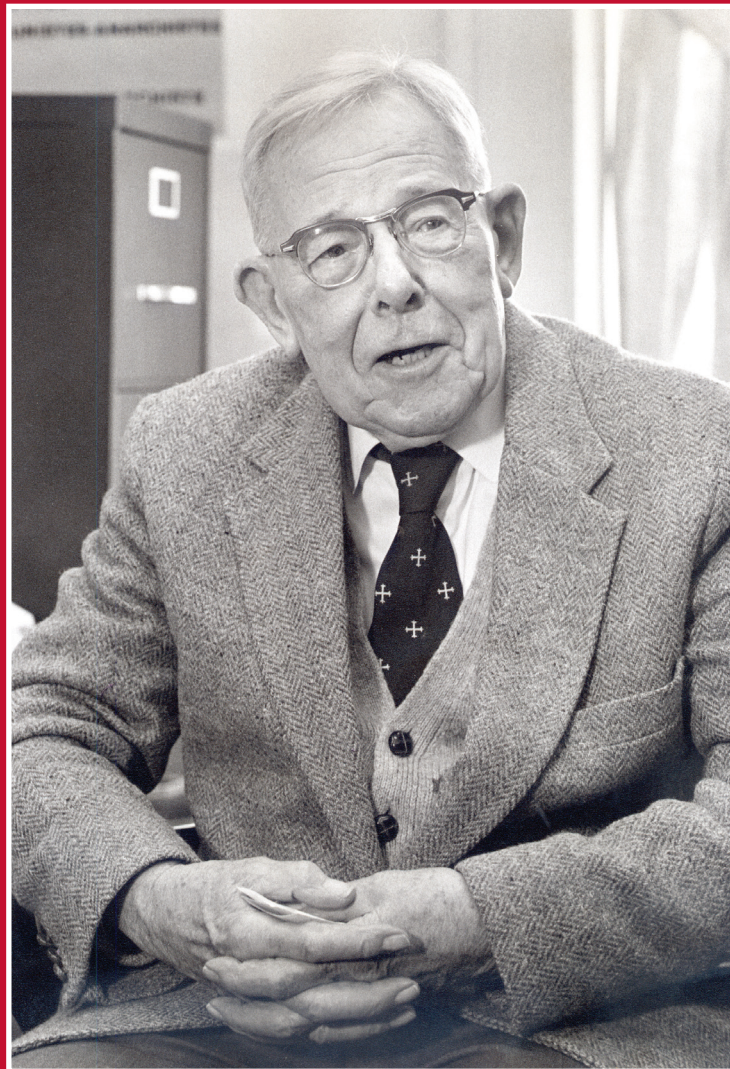


*The Papers of F. G. Marcham: II*

# Cornell Notes

*1898 to World War II*

By Frederick G. Marcham



Edited by John Marcham

The Internet-First University Press

Ithaca, New York

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Ithaca NY 14853

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**Cover:** Professor Marcham in his office in McGraw Hall, March 4, 1987,  
in his 63rd year of teaching at Cornell University.

—*Charles Harrington, University Photos.*

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My successor handling this copyright will be my daughter Sarah Marcham,  
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## Foreword

Frederick George Marcham, the Goldwin Smith professor of English history, emeritus, was a Mr. Chips for the 69 years he taught at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, between 1923 and his death in 1992.

The university asked me, his son, to assemble material that would reflect on his career as teacher, adviser to students, coach, faculty advocate, author, and mayor of Cayuga Heights for 32 years. I drew upon dozens of composition books, notes, unpublished manuscript pages, photographs, and other mementos he deposited in the Cornell archives or left me to sort, turn over to the archives, and control access to.

F. G. Marcham had already shown some of his nearly 2,000 manuscript pages of memoirs, essays, and other writing to students, colleagues, and other friends. After his death, the least complicated and expensive way to continue to make these available to people in Ithaca and at a distance was to arrange MS pages in logical volumes, xerograph, and offer them at cost or to be read in the archives in the Kroch Library at Cornell.

This year Professor J. Robert Cooke's Project for Creating an Open Access Paradigm for Scholarly Publishing began making available and online DVDs and other materials about and by notable Cornell professors, starting with the Nobel physicist Hans Bethe and President Emeritus Dale Corson.

Selections from the F. G. Marcham papers constitute six of the eleven elements of such a DVD on Professor Marcham, produced by The Internet-First University Press of Ithaca. The other five elements: A video introduction by Prof. Walter LaFeber and myself; The Photographs of Frederick G. Marcham; an audio of a talk on Job by Marcham; a video of his talk with the last meeting of a class in 1991, and an audio of his memorial service.

The pages of the six books contain the latest draft I could find among my father's papers. Little effort was made to change his occasional "English English" spelling, capitalization, or punctuation, except when needed to make a point clearer. Any changes of mine are shown by ellipses or within brackets. His own parenthetical remarks are either within parentheses or dashes.

Not among the six Internet-First University books are the following original xerographic volumes: Cromwell (six essays), Cayuga Heights Memories, and Governance at Cornell (an uncompleted MS); and two volumes, Cornell Notes 1967-1979 and Personal Memoirs, which are to be released later.

The Cornell Notes in particular are very frank descriptions of the struggles among professors, departments, college deans, and central administrators to govern a university. Why so frank? I asked a close colleague of my father's. "He wanted to leave his view of the story." Which fit with a remark that the constitutional historian in him once

made, “I’d rather be secretary than chairman [of a group], to be sure the record is straight.”

F. G. Marcham grew up in the slums of Reading, England, and won scholarships to a public (private secondary) school and after World War I to Oxford University.

“Last Lecture” in *On Teaching* gives a sense of his reverence for the documents that record the centuries-long movement in England toward the franchise and freedoms for the working class. His relations to working class advisees and his dogged activism on behalf of Cornell professors and in civic life attest to a concern for underdogs and with arbitrary authority.

Brief observations in the second Cornell Notes, under “His Role in the University,” express disappointment at being shunned for responsible positions by several presidents and deans. In later years he applied his administrative and persuasive energy to keeping Cayuga Heights a tight little village and chairing the History Department.

My editing draws on nearly six decades as a reporter and editor of newspapers, magazines, and books in Ithaca and elsewhere: the *Cornell Daily Sun*, *Ithaca Journal*, *Cornell Alumni News*, and a dozen previous books of Cornell and community history.

Particular thanks go to Bob Cooke and my grandson Liam Frederick Lowe of Etna for their help, especially with these newfangled computers, and to my wife, journalist Jane Haskins Marcham, for patience through the months this project has occupied.

December 2005

John Marcham

## **This Volume**

F. G. Marcham began setting down his recollections of life in America in early 1961, writing a section on athletics, then turning in the summer to his experience at Cornell. He wrote early drafts by hand in a succession of composition books, had them typed, then rewrote or reorganized parts, with the last work dated 1979.

I had not read all 750 pages by the time he died in 1992, nor did we discuss what disposition he wanted made of them except that I was to control access to at least half of his papers in the University Archives.

This volume through World War II was released in 1993. A volume that carries through 1968 was released in 1996. A third, 1967-1979, had not been released by 2005.

He wrote a number of more general essays on university and village life, which are included in other volumes of his papers that are available now: *On Teaching*; *Britons and Cornellians*; *Cornell: Athletics, Wartime and Summing Up*; and *Beliefs*.

# *Cornell Notes, 1898 to World War II*

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When I came to Cornell in the fall of 1923 I came as an open-eyed and excited visitor to a new scene; I was about to begin if not a career yet the foretaste of what might be my career. In my last months at Oxford I had been anxious to go abroad and try a new life. Canada had been my first choice, then Australia and New Zealand. My tutor spoke of openings at Witwatersrand and Cairo, but these were outside the range of my interests at the time. I spoke about my wish to travel and to teach to Marshall Knappen, a Rhodes Scholar at St. Edmund Hall [FGM's Oxford college]. He praised the United States as a place where I might find myself at home as a beginning teacher. He knew, he said, Wallace Notestein, professor of English History at Cornell, and would arrange a meeting with him when he visited Oxford in a few days.

I had tea with Notestein and Willson Coates, a Canadian Rhodes Scholar at Queens College. Notestein came on to St. Edmund Hall and had a talk with my tutor, A. B. Emden, who gave me a clean bill of health. Notestein stayed working some days and weeks and only when Coates and I wrote to him did we get the reply—"Why, of course I want you as my assistants; I thought you understood that from the start."

And so in September 1923 I was in Ithaca. Once we reached Quebec my senses were alert to the highest degree. Coates was with me to give names to the things I saw and heard and smelled. But the things themselves had vivid effect upon me. The light, the heat, the sounds of insects, these and many other things, such as the smell of ripe peaches in the store, all were new. The railroad journey from Quebec to Toronto and from Toronto to Ithaca brought new sense experiences, and these were all that had effect on me. Thirty years later when I returned from London to New York my eyes were on people's faces, my thoughts were about expressions of tension, worry, and sadness that I saw from the taxi's windows as I left the pier. In 1923 my eyes and ears were on simple, natural things.

The fact was that my mind was rather shallow and what had sustained me in my passage through Oxford as a student was the excellent, firm, whip-cracking hand of my tutor and my complete acceptance of the system of instruction. The first day I arrived at Oxford I went to the bookstore of the University Press and bought a copy of the Final Examinations for the Summer of 1920 in the Honours School of Modern History. As I thumbed through the many pages I became aware that I could not answer and in many instances did not comprehend the meaning of most of the questions.

What did I know about history, Modern History, English History? Virtually nothing; to take an example I knew neither the order nor the dates of the Kings of England. Why, then was I to study Modern History? Because I knew even less about the other fields of study. How on earth did I suppose that I could survive at Oxford?



The year 1920 and my mind and those of others were ready to accept the notion of miracles. For most of us at Oxford in those days it was miracle enough that we had survived the war. But I myself had a string of miracles reaching back until the year 1910.

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## Childhood

I was born in 1898, son of Frederick and Emma Jane Marcham. My father was a labourer in the large local brewery of H. & G. Simonds, where he was content to be a labourer and turned away from offers to make him a foreman. My mother had been a barmaid. My father earned £1 a week, later raised to £1/1 shilling. The rent on our cottage at 65 Edgehill Street, Reading was £5 a week. We lived in poverty, not abject, crashing poverty, but such as to make us careful of every penny. From time to time benevolent relatives sent us a shilling or two. One, who was a butcher, on hearing that my father had been ill for a week or so, might send some beef for soup or a stew.

I did not know this life was a life of poverty, but I was aware at the age of 9 and 10 and 11 that there were other kinds of life. At Windsor, where my mother's home was, I had been to Windsor Castle and had heard my grandparents, uncles and aunts—all as poor as we were—tell the gossip of the royal court and of its menials, some of whom reached down almost to our level. In Reading and the surrounding countryside the well-to-do, some with titles, others prominent merchants on the road to gentry status, like the Palmers of Huntley and Palmers, biscuit manufacturers, had their large houses and their carriages and they rode to hounds. Of these other lives the one that held my attention was the life of the English private or as it is called public school. This life I saw in the pages of two famous boys' magazines, *The Gem* and *The Magnet*, in recent years brought into consideration by students of English society, notably, as I remember, by George Orwell.

The life of the public school was a life among the well-to-do who contained a sprinkling of the aristocracy, with an Indian prince or two. Each issue of the magazine recounted an adventure, usually within the grounds of the school, in which the boys planned and carried out a practical joke or some other form of confrontation between themselves and the forces of evil, such as the masters or a group of bullies among the students. What fascinated me from the beginning about this way of life was the code by which the heroes and their supporters lived; they were loyal to one another, they did not lie or cheat, they kept to the rules in sports, they accepted authority, though from time to time, if it seemed ponderous, they might hold it up to ridicule. How I admired these boys, their camaraderie, their slang, their fun, their competitiveness in games, the stoicism with which they accepted punishment when they had deserved it. Their world was my dream world.

And then a miracle. Since the age of 3 I had gone to a state-supported elementary school in Reading and from the early years I had done well in my studies. My

teachers were excellent, particularly a Mr. Daniell, a youngster, almost an intern. I found it to be possible in class to see where the teacher's thought was leading. I could anticipate his questions and respond quickly. I found time to read a good deal outside the classroom and to apply it to what happened in class. In 1909, just after my 10th birthday, Mr. Daniell and Mr. Swallow, the headmaster of the George Palmer School, entered my name as a candidate in a nationwide competitive examination for admission to Christ's Hospital, one of the great old public schools. I remember no more than that I took the examination. I did not succeed. A year later they entered my name again. This time the competition was again nationwide; the places at stake were three.

In school I had done well in arithmetic. My teachers went to great pains to prepare me in grammar, parsing and so forth. What turned the tables in my favor was a little trick that had come to me naturally. Paris had been inundated with floods and the daily papers carried stories and pictures of the floods from day to day. The topic for the essay in the exam was the Paris floods. I decided to write it in the form of a letter. I knew no French but there had been enough information in the papers to make it possible for me to give a degree of verisimilitude to the letter, starting with the address, Rue St. Jacques.

And so one day in early spring, 1910, word came that I had won a place or a scholarship. This meant for the next four years and more I would be living at Christ's Hospital for most of the year and the school would feed me, clothe me, provide me with sports equipment, indeed support me entirely except that my parents must pay me 3 pence a week pocket money and must pay the railway fare (return, about 10 shillings) when I went home for holidays three times a year.

So I entered my dream world, but with disastrous results to my scholarship. From the spring of 1910 to Christmas 1914 I went steadily downhill. I did not disgrace myself in the classroom, but all the excitement of learning vanished. It now seemed that I had no unusual intellectual abilities and though never at the bottom of the class I was never, except in my first term, at the head of it. And what happened to my scholarship happened to other aspects of my life at school. In the social life of the school I was never more than a grubby creature, off to one side; in athletics I was continuously active but never with success.

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## *World War I*

When I left Christ's Hospital in 1914, the war had begun and my father, who had been a soldier before his marriage, had gone away, rejoicing in the opportunity to be a soldier again and to escape the monotony and unhappiness of his family life. I went to work at once as a clerk in a military office and stayed there until 1916 when I volunteered for enlistment in the Artists' Rifles, a branch of the London Regiment. The doctor who examined me found a heart defect and sent me for further examination to one of the great London Hospitals. There they declared me unfit for military service of the active sort. I returned to my job. A

few weeks later a fellow worker suggested that we ask the officer in charge of our military office to gain places for us in another branch of the London Regiment, the Queen's Westminster Rifles. The major's words opened the door and the doctor did not pay attention to my heart.

I was an infantryman from March 1917 to April 1920 and reached the rank of lance-corporal. (My father, who was a military policeman and served in Egypt, Palestine and India, rose to the rank of sergeant in the period 1914-1919.) My own period of service began well, all the more so because at Christ's Hospital I had had two years training as an infantryman in the R.O.T.C. [Reserve Officer Training Corps] and had attended two summer camps with the regular army. This experience won me freedom from part of the parade ground routine. Instead I helped the physical training instructor with bayonet fighting and boxing. By late summer 1917, my heart appeared to be defective; the medical officer classified me as totally unfit for service and recommended me for discharge. Instead I became a military clerk again, this time in uniform.

Early in 1918, when I had been transferred to the 366th Labour Battalion, a collection of physical and other misfits, I sat one day at a desk in an abandoned stables built in the mid-19th century for the horses that drew the London street cars. There, in Putney, we were exposed to air raids, and our buildings had no heat. A telephone call came from the War Office; it ordered the battalion to send at once a clerk for service there. I said we had an excellent candidate named F. G. Marcham and suggested that for protocol's sake they send a letter ordering this fellow to report to the war office. The letter came and I began a year's work in the Adjutant General's Office just off Whitehall. While there I had frequent medical checkups; the doctor's agreed that as soon as the war was over I should go into a military hospital for treatment. I went to the Bermondsey Military Hospital in Lewisham, South East London, in January 1919 and there, after one or two serious spells of heart disorder, the principal heart specialist, who came down to us from Harley Street and wore a top hat and tails, declared my heart to be beyond repair and ordered my discharge.

And so the second miracle. One evening in the spring of 1919 I appeared before a medical board for discharge. The officer in charge, Colonel Davies, said I was about to be discharged and said that in view of my disability I had been awarded a weekly pension of 7/6 (\$1.50) for life. This, he added, would be subject to regular review, by way of further medical examinations. "What you need, my man," he said, "is a long rest, preferably by the seaside, perhaps a year, if you can manage it." "Yes, sir," I said. "What does your father do for a living?" he asked. I told him he was still in the army, a soldier in India, and that when he was released he hoped to get another job as a labourer. "Have you any way of supporting yourself?" he asked. "No, sir," I said, "nothing but the 7/6." "I've an idea," he said. "Suppose we lose you, put your papers away, forget you are a patient here. No one outside will know the difference. You can live here, eat here, I'll find a way to see that you continue to draw military pay." And so, bewildered, I stepped out of his office and began a year of near anonymity.

For most of this year I was able to walk about, inside and outside the hospital; I wore, as did all hospitalized soldiers, the striking blue uniform with white shirt and red tie. This gave us many privileges; free rides on the streetcars, free admission to

art galleries and sometimes theatres. In 1919 and 1920 we were regarded as the last remnants of the wartime army and as such we were treated with consideration and affection. We needed it because all of us at the Bermondsey Hospital were victims of disease or physical breakdown; wartime debris in the days of peace.

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## *In A New World*

The chance to stay in the Hospital gave me new enthusiasm. Before the chance came I saw myself as a released prisoner, donning a poorly fitting civilian suit and trying to find a clerk's job in Reading. Now, a year of leisure; the heart of London only half an hour away, I arranged to have the *Daily Telegraph* delivered to me daily at the Hospital. I read and thought over the contents of this excellent paper and then looked over the advertisement. Here were concerts, plays, operas, art gallery openings. I began almost daily visits to one entertainment or another and found almost at once the same sense of excitement that I had had as a child. I knew no music and could not read a note but a visit to Covent Garden and a production of Mozart's *Il Seraglio* taught me that I was wholly and completely in tune with this work. The music, the persons, the costumes and the settings all were perfect; that is, they satisfied me completely, that was how they should be. I went on to *Tannhäuser*, *La Bohème*, *Butterfly*, *Parsifal*; I was in a new world.

Next to opera the galleries attracted me most frequently. I knew nothing about pictures, yet suddenly I was aware that the great works of art were great for me. Their colors, lines and forms, compositions stirred me. I saw some of Rembrandt's drawings and knew at once it was the hand of a master. And so day by day, week by week, I moved into a new world of delights. I had a sense that I could go on learning in this way forever. And in view of the ease, indeed joy, with which I had suddenly found myself at home in the arts, I had the sense that I could learn and understand anything. In all of these adventures I was alone.

One evening I stopped to read a new notice on the hospital bulletin board. It said that a local justice of the peace would be present at a conference room at the hospital that evening to notarize applications for financial support from servicemen who wished to attend college after their discharge. I had no thought of attending college. I had read about a scheme, the first ever used in Great Britain, under which Winston Churchill had offered to use government funds to support ex-servicemen in college. The ex-serviceman first had to gain acceptance by a college, not an easy task in a country with so few colleges and universities as Great Britain. A whim moved me to get a form, sign it without listing a specific college and have the justice notarize it. These things I did. The form was properly dated. The next morning my *Daily Telegraph* told me that Parliament had abolished the scheme, though all applications signed before midnight on the preceding day would be honored. At least half a miracle.

At the hospital I had become friendly with the Anglican chaplain, a handsome, slight, dark Welshman, who remarked one day, quite accidentally, when we were

talking about sports, that he had played as a three-quarter (i.e., running back) for the Welsh International team. In my gallery of sports heroes, it was as though he had said he was Johnny Unitas.

Here the association with Christ's Hospital came into play. At Christ's Hospital, as at others of the great public schools, the winter game was rugby football, the football game of the middle and upper classes. The Welsh team was a rugby team. As we talked about rugby, the next question from him was, "What school did you go to?" He did not ask how well I did at school; the association was enough. As a chaplain he would, of course, have been willing to talk to any soldier, but the rugby and the Christ's Hospital admitted me almost to the status of an equal. I do not remember that in our meeting, which was quite casual and not arranged, we talked directly of religion, but I began to attend the chaplain's services and when I told him that when at Christ's Hospital I had attended Anglican services once a day for almost five years, he asked, had I been confirmed according to the usages of the Church of England. I said no and he suggested that I join with another soldier who was about to be confirmed at a service soon to be conducted by the local bishop. In due course I was confirmed.

These actions of mine came not from any true religious conviction. I had undergone no conversion. Nor was I stirred as I had been by my contacts with the arts. On the other hand this was not hypocrisy; I was not trying to gain favor with the chaplain or anyone else. My only recollection of being stirred came from the occasion when, in the absence of the hospital's military commander, the chaplain called on me to read the lesson. I found myself reading unrehearsed the famous passage from Isaiah which begins "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith the Lord God." Shortly after this the chaplain began to talk to me about the possibility of going to a theological college and training to be a minister of the Church of England.

We were now in the opening of 1920. The chaplain told me that the Church of England had established a special training college for ex-servicemen in an abandoned gaol [jail] in Knutsford, Cheshire. He offered to support my application for admission. He said that the church sent some students on to study in theological colleges, others it tried to place in the Oxford and Cambridge colleges. I applied and was accepted and as this was happening word came that the British Government had cleared my application for support—now completed with the name of a college. The Church would support me through three months at Knutsford, the Government for a further three years.

Knutsford was a delight. Here my new-found enthusiasm not for religion but for the arts won me companionship. For the first time since the beginning of my career at Christ's Hospital learning was exciting, the debates and discussions we had on subjects serious and humorous were a delight; the wit, the ease, the good-fellowship, I had known nothing like it. This was what it was like to have a good mind and to have some knowledge in the arts. You had companions, you had joined a club, you could walk and talk through the day.

The medical men when they examined me still classed me as an invalid, my heart permanently disabled. Yet as I entered into the community life at Knutsford I felt the same urge to join in competitive sports that I had had as a boy. Then I

had been a bit of a boxer, a rugby player, a cricketer and a soccer player. These were active sports for which I knew I was unfit. Only one opportunity for action remained. In field hockey, a popular man's and woman's sport in Great Britain and elsewhere, the goal was small and the goalkeeper stood still throughout almost the whole game. At most he took two or three steps. He was never jostled. He moved with hand or foot to block a shot at goal. He suffered hurt only from the shots he blocked. The job seemed made for me. And so I crept back into sports.

---

## *On to Oxford*

While I was at Knutsford my teachers put my name on a list of possible candidates for admission to Oxford or Cambridge. Word came that the colleges had accepted this and that person. St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, one of the smallest and most ancient of England's collegiate institutions, had accepted me. I was free to enroll as an undergraduate at Oxford in Michaelmas Term, 1920.

I spoke earlier of my childhood dream of entering one of the English public schools. The prospect of entering Oxford was far more dazzling. Oxford was to me the very pinnacle of learning; it was one of England's most ancient and revered institutions, it was the gateway to a profession and a place in the nation's social life. Some of my masters at Christ's Hospital had been Oxford and Cambridge men, as had some of the clergymen I had spoken to from time to time. But if I thought of myself as a Reading boy I had to remember that I had never known or heard of any of the Reading boys of my time, that is, the boys of the working, the middle, or the professional classes, anyone who had attended either university, I was not surprised some years later to learn from the register of Oxford University students that the last Marcham had attended in 1558.

And so I came to Oxford ignorant and overawed yet deeply moved by the excitement of belonging to this community and sustained by the sequence of miracles and near miracles that brought me to the real heaven, not the childhood dream of heaven. Here among my teachers were to be Vinograhoff, Sir Charles Firth, W. S. Holdsworth, A. L. Smith, Reginald Coupland, men of world renown. My tutor was, as soon as I spoke to him, the ultimate historical mind, quick, clear, logical, hard and so fully informed that whenever I mentioned a detail of information about an observed item in the history or topography of Reading, he matched it, he put it in a category, he showed me how some larger truth might be drawn from it. Here was my ideal scholar.

How far I was from my ideal became clear at our first meeting. When St. Edmund Hall told me that I would be admitted, during the summer of 1920, they said that I must first pass an examination. The examination would be in French. Through the years I had kept up my Christ's Hospital French, once or twice reading a Balzac work; but, as for instruction, I had had none for six years and my French had never been as good at school as my German. When the examination came it was in Renaissance French, almost as far from the French I knew as Chaucer's

English is from the modern. One key word in particular kept recurring. I had never seen it. My imperfect reading of the rest of the test gave no clues. The word was a noun. To leave it out and try to translate the rest would be as ridiculous as leaving the sentence “Mary had a little \_\_\_\_\_.” I decided the word “stag” was the only choice. I worked the translation around it.

When I learned that I had been admitted to St. Edmund Hall I assumed that my luck had held. I walked into Mr. Emden’s study to introduce myself, not confident, but with the thought that my French had carried me through. When he heard my name Emden looked up for a moment and said, “Oh, yes, you’re the fellow that wrote that frightful French exam.” The association with Christ’s Hospital had carried me into St. Edmund Hall. Later I went to a dictionary to find the true meaning of the key word—I forget what it was, but it was miles away from “stag.”

Emden did not humiliate but he stood no nonsense. He told us what we were supposed to write on; he told us in no uncertain terms what he thought of what we had written. Sometimes when I or my partner at the tutorials, F. J. Fish, had read aloud the first sentence, he would say, “Really this is terrible nonsense. I can’t waste my time listening to it. Please go away.” Dutifully, we withdrew.

I did all I could to please Emden. I attended lectures. I worked in the Bodleian [library]. I wrote and rewrote my essays. Only once in three years did I miss an appointment to read an essay and that was not because I had not done my work, but because I could not satisfy myself at the tenth rewriting. Emden had fixed in my mind that for each essay topic there was an ideal form of treatment. If you thought about the topic carefully enough you would see what was the major point for discussion. From this would flow an organization, apt illustrations would come to mind; in a sense the whole thing would work itself out. All that remained to be done was to find the necessary language and this almost came of itself because one had a mature vocabulary and a sense of rhythm.

I accepted all this and as I have said, I did my duty. The substance of my studies meant less to me than the method. I wished to produce the mature, literate essay; as near as possible, as Emden recommended, to the opening essays in the *Times Literary Supplement*. But the truth was, as I became aware later, that one could go only so far with the equipment that I had. When I measured myself alongside my contemporaries at St. Edmund Hall, Harold Shearman, or my later colleague at Cornell, Max Laistner, both perfect examples of what Oxford and Cambridge regarded as the first class honours student, I saw that they had come to the University not only with a wide range of knowledge, say in history and economics, or Latin and Greek, but sharp and hard minds of the kind Oxford and Cambridge admired. They were already masters of the scholar’s techniques and their tutors took them not as students but as disciples. A mediocre record at Christ’s Hospital, followed by a six-year absence from the classroom, was my first handicap to academic success at Oxford.

The next handicap was the consequence of another miracle. In the winter of 1920-21 the army, still concerned about my 7/6 pension, ordered me to report to an Oxford physician, Dr. Hobson, for examination. After a few tests he told me that my heart disorder was of a kind that an Oxford professor of medicine, with Hobson’s assistance, was studying. The army had produced other hearts such as

mine, but perhaps none that met their specification so completely. Would I allow myself to be studied; he thought they might help me, perhaps cure me. I told him of the great Harrington Sainsbury of Harley Street, dean of the London heart specialists. Hobson said diagnosis was improving. They had new techniques and they said a heart such as mine is out of condition, not damaged. He put a chair in front of me and said, "Step up onto it with your left foot ten times, and your right foot ten times." I said, "No." Sainsbury had told me never to hurry, particularly up stairs. Hobson said he guaranteed I would feel no ill effects. I took the steps and survived. He listened at once to my heart and shouted with joy, "Dr. Dreyer and I can cure you. Come to our laboratory tomorrow morning."

After further tests they prescribed a program of exercise, principally running. In March 1921, during vacation, I began to run on the tow path along the Thames near my home at Reading, at first a few paces, then more until I could run a mile or two each day. Hobson assured me that he would bring me to such condition that before I left Oxford in the summer of 1923 I would be able to take part in any sport except rowing or boxing.

The opportunity for sports now opened to me would have counted for less in any other college but St. Edmund Hall. St. Edmund Hall, despite its great age, was and had been for generations, if not centuries, a special place, by far the smallest of the Oxford societies and devoted almost entirely to training students in theology. Its succession of clergyman principals reached back to the Middle Ages. Now, after the war, some changes had appeared. Many of the ex-soldiers did intend to go into the ministry, but these and the others were a small company. We had, I think, about ten freshmen in autumn 1920. The total undergraduate population was about twenty-eight or thirty. Nevertheless St. Edmund Hall prided itself on being one of the Oxford collegiate institutions, which meant that it had to compete in intercollegiate athletics. And that meant, in turn, that it had to place an eight-oared boat on the river, then field a rugby team of 15, a soccer team of 11 and a hockey team of 11. In the summer it would have a cricket team of 11. These teams must come from a fit undergraduate body of about 23; and some of the 23 would be, like myself, somewhat battered ex-servicemen. In other words, except in the summer term, when the only call was for a crew and a cricket team, those of us who would be able to take part in sports would have to play on two or three teams. The game schedules among the colleges called for one or two games in each sport a week in the autumn and spring terms.

For me goalkeeper at hockey was an obvious choice. In soccer, which I played on and off as a boy, I played as a forward. In rugby which I had played almost day by day for over four years at Christ's Hospital I chose the position of fullback, the least strenuous job on the team. This was my schedule during my second and third years at Oxford and I enjoyed every day of it. I became captain of the hockey team and gained some lesser honors in the other sports.

But sports and studies were only part of student life at Oxford. Custom required—that is, the pattern that prevailed from college to college—that each student belong to the college debating society, which met once a week, to various essay societies, poetry, and play reading societies. All of them were organized to the extent that they had a president, a secretary and had a printed program, term by term. In addition there were university-wide societies in music, drama, history



and so forth, reaching up to the most famous, the Oxford Union. I belonged to half a dozen college societies, but never to a university society. In particular, I did not join the Oxford Union. I could not afford it. On the other hand, after serving as president of the St. Edmund Hall Debating Society, the students chose me as president of the college undergraduate body, the Junior Common Room.

In all of this, the sports and the societies, I had what I had never had before, the approval of my fellows. I wrote essays, I presided over meetings, I spoke often in the informal debates and discussions that marked our small but diversified affairs. Sports and meetings were always to me not competition, not a striving for the first place, but simply forms of pleasurable activity. I now became sure of myself among my fellows. And one day in my second year, as we stood in the quadrangle waiting to go to dinner, I heard one of the seniors say to another, without knowing that I was nearby, "Emden says that Marcham is one of his best pupils." This was a bombshell, for in my weekly visits to Emden he had never spoken a word of praise. When he sent me to a New College tutor in my senior year and that man put an "A" on one of my papers, I at last began to believe that I might pass the final examinations. As though to confirm this Emden called me in one day and said he and the principal had decided to award me an honorary exhibition, the highest honor awarded to an undergraduate at that time by St. Edmund Hall, comparable to that of a scholar at other Colleges.

During my senior year, and partly as a result of my place as president of the Junior Common Room, my relation with Emden became more friendly. My position meant that I must sit beside the principal or vice principal at the High Table at our nightly dinners and, in the absence of a member of the faculty, I said grace and otherwise took charge of the affair. The principal, a pompous clergyman, was often absent and in his place as a rule Emden, as vice principal, presided.

One day at dinner Emden asked me if I wished to join him in attending a lecture. England's outstanding authority on prints, Sir Arthur Hind, Ruskin Professor of Fine Arts and Keeper of the Prints at the British Museum, was to lecture on Italian Line Engravings of the 16th Century. My interest in the Fine Arts had continued at Oxford and from time to time I had gone to the museums and seen exhibitions of Italian drawings. The works of Raphael, in particular, his simple line drawings, had the same effect on me as my first opera and my first Rembrandt drawings. Their genius spoke directly to me. I did not need to know anything about art.

Prints of the kind Sir Arthur showed I had never seen before and yet by some magic I comprehended at once the distinctions he was making. It was all so obvious. Of course this print was a generation later than that. Instinctively I could see the differences. Emden had helped me to uncover a new talent. I became an avid print collector and ransacked the second hand bookstores, spending two shillings here and five shillings there. One night at dinner I told Emden I had found in an obscure junk store a copy of Dürer's Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse priced 5 shillings. "What did you do about it," he asked. I said I had left it there. "Good heavens," he said, "you must go and buy it at once after dinner." I did and still have it.

Probably through Emden, Hind asked me to come to see him to talk about collecting prints. He wished to have two or three undergraduate assistants to stimulate student interest in prints and print collecting. He asked me to be one of

his assistants. Before the year ended he suggested that I apply for a place on his staff at the British Museum.

Emden said he had an idea and he thought I was the person to carry it out. No one had systematically studied the graphic records of old Oxford buildings. It might be possible to put together a record reaching back, certainly 250 years. Old and vanished buildings might be brought to light. Why not begin with a study of the prints of St. Edmund Hall. I jumped at the idea and somehow found time to search in the Bodleian and other collections and put together what proved to be the first such study of an Oxford or Cambridge college. The St. Edmund Hall magazine, now beginning publication, printed my article in its first issue.

The final examinations proved to be as difficult as I had expected. On the first paper one had a choice of three or four map questions. I remember that the only one I had the barest chance of answering called for the location and boundaries of the Anglo Saxon bishoprics about the year 900. I could approach this only by some guesswork about the relationship of the boundaries of the Kingdom and the bishoprics. My oral examination disclosed the same lack of knowledge. The examiner asked me to name five or so of the princely families involved in the Thirty Years War. Would I now separate them out according to religious affiliation. Would I now name the family connections of the wives of these German princes and their religious affiliations. All this, asked in public, and leaving me exposed as an ignoramus, somehow did not shake my confidence in the result of the total examination. I could not possibly get first class honors, but I felt fairly sure of second class. Thanks to my tutors I was well prepared and thanks to all kinds of odd bits of knowledge associated with my print collecting, I was able to give a few unusual touches to some of my answers.

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## *What Career?*

As I look back on the state of my interest in history when I left Oxford, I am aware that it was in part antiquarian and in part the product of my total surrender in the presence of the Oxford system. For me it was enough that Oxford said that this was what the study of history meant. Except for my excursion into the prints of St. Edmund Hall I had done no original research. What I had done there had been exciting. I could imagine myself launching out on the study Emden had indicated, though of course I had no money to draw on after the summer of 1923. I had gained no sense of the drama of history. I had not been moved, as I would be later, by the words of [Lord Protector Oliver] Cromwell of Strafford. Emden had taught the technique of historical study. What was a valid question, how you separated out its parts, what constituted a balanced answer. In addition, by his presence I came to know something about good taste; in clothes, in food, above all in the kinds of things that occupied the mind of a cultured person.

One other impression the historical world made upon me. Almost all my lecturers read their lectures. They spent their vacations, it would seem, writing lectures that were in effect scholarly papers. When the appropriate bell rang in the appropriate college tower, the lecturer stepped through a door in the rear of the dining hall and read his lecture to us. Later, the bell sounded again; he closed his book and turned his back on us.

One term I attended a series of lectures by A.L. Smith of Balliol [College], a famous academic figure, and, as I remember, one of the Balliol dons who had taken part in the government of the City of Oxford, a fact that meant nothing to me at the time. Smith was to lecture on Aristotle's *Politics*. He came on to the stage in a relaxed and easy manner and began to talk informally and without a text. Since he had no text he was free to walk around. He had a key on a ring and he twirled it from time to time. He was not lecturing on Aristotle's *Politics* but talking about the book. He assumed your interest and, though he did not invite you to join him, you had the sense that this was a conversation. I vowed that if ever speaking in public became part of my life, this was the manner I would adopt.

Again, looking back, I am surprised that I did not have at the end of my Oxford experience any particular interest in literature. By chance, in my first year when I lived in lodgings and took one or two meals in my room alone, a fellow freshman, Gordon, an English ex-wartime agent who was studying Russian, suggested to me the short stories of Chekov. I began them, read all I could obtain and went on to read some of Turgenev and Gogol. Chekov made a great impression on me not for his literary skill but for the skill with which he made a work of art out of a small scene or incident. From this point on in my own observation, and in my fondness for Dutch rural scenes in the works of Van Ostade and others, I felt strongly the beauty of simple things.

What had happened to my interest in the Church? It had gradually evaporated. That interest, like much else in my mental activity had been shallow, in this particular instance, sentimental. When the war ended and I found myself alive if not altogether well, I felt at times that I had been spared for a purpose. My brother, who was younger than I, was dying of tuberculosis, contracted in a wartime ammunition factory. Of the three other boys with whom I had enlisted in 1917, two had been killed and Charles Hollocks, still my friend and regular correspondent, had lost an eye. In my generation the slaughter had been immense and at Oxford in 1920 it was enough—as it is today—to look at the list of dead students in the New College Chapel. I did not feel, as John Wesley had done two centuries earlier, that I had been “snatched like a brand from the burning,” but who could do otherwise than suppose that in the age of massive postwar social and economic regeneration the only career was one of service. In some such spirit I kept to my notion for the first half of my Oxford life. Then two forces came into play. The easiest to explain is the simple fact that the more I examined myself the less I could believe that I was fit to be a minister. On the one hand I was aware that I did not have a total and enveloping sense of my commitment to Christ which was surely the first and most commanding prerequisite. If I should attain it, was I, with my shallow mind and inner complexities and perversities, as I saw them, fit to guide others. A worldly old bishop would soon have swept away these judgments with a cigar and a glass of port.

In fact the worldliness of some of my fellow candidates for the ministry troubled me. I was, in all things open and public, a prude, in the best tradition of the English working class. My parents had never used bad language, nor made the slightest reference to sex. In the army by some miracle language had never left a narrow path. Certainly I had seen words such as “shit” written on walls, but words of this kind had been spoken surreptitiously and so called dirty stories were almost unknown. This had been my experience in Reading, at Christ’s Hospital, and in the army. But at Oxford it was not so. A young minister-to-be boasted one day that, lacking coins, he had paid the taxi driver in condoms. The leading figure among the candidates at St. Edmund Hall—he has just died after a distinguished career in the Church, not quite a bishop—sprinkled his conversation with suggestive phrases and even used the word “nymphomaniac”—it was the first time I had heard it—in the presence of Emden.

My last few years had been years of becoming aware; I had opened the door into the world of art for example. Could it be that there were worlds I did not know that were more tawdry and sordid than I supposed? Thirty years later I would have argued that what counted was my own way of life, or I would have shrugged and said, why look for higher standards of language and behavior in the Church than in a university? I was not experienced enough in the early 1920’s to make the second observation. When I tried to think in terms of my own way of life or Christian style as being the prime concern, then, as I have suggested, my resolution crumbled. Word of my defection from the ranks of the clergy-to-be gradually spread in St. Edmund Hall. Emden, who was a committed member of the Church of England, said nothing. The principal, Dr. J. B. Allen, a pink-faced, baby-faced man, was known among us secretly by the perfect description “Puffles.” He was a church leader and soon to be a bishop. He spoke to me briefly on the matter one day at dinner. What he said implied that if I joined him in his rooms after dinner and we talked together, he would gather me back into the fold. Half an hour later I knocked on his door. He opened it, showing an elegant living room in subdued light, the furniture large and overstuffed. He moved towards his own immense armchair and beckoned me towards a luxurious sofa. I let myself down in it but misjudged the distance. The sofa was lower than I thought. My bottom dropped down on it. But not on the sofa, on a large cat which in the light I had mistaken for a cushion. The cat shrieked. I shot up. Puffles soothed the cat. In the ensuing short conversation the argument for my return to the fold came to a halt. This was where I stood in the spring of 1923. I had immense confidence in my ability to succeed in whatever I might do. This was, I think I can truly say, not conceit, but it came from a sense that my life had opened out so swiftly in the past two or three years that the momentum must carry me forward. There was perhaps something of conceit in believing that the moderate success I had had at Oxford was a guarantee of success in my next pattern of work and personal relations. I still believed, partly I suppose because I had stayed the course there, that Oxford was in a sense heaven. If I had continued to work in England I might have gone on in this belief.

Why did I wish to leave England, temporarily or permanently? First, I think, because I wished to see another scene. Perhaps indirectly my father had given me a start along this path. As a young man he had run away from his native Bradfield,

a tiny village some ten miles from Reading and joined the Royal Sussex Regiment and soon he was abroad in India in the Himalayas and one day in Tibet. And this was a boy who had never known anything but the country roads around Bradfield and probably had never been to a town as large as Reading. My earliest memories recall his tales of his life in India. Some of my earliest feelings of wonder came from looking at the magnificent tropical butterflies he had caught and mounted in cases. He had photographs of himself as a signaller, flashing his helioscope from one mountainside to the next. The romance of all this remained with him and so to a degree with me through my childhood until I went away to Christ's Hospital.

Then again it was the case that I myself had never gone overseas during the war as almost everyone else had done. My colleagues at St. Edmund Hall were all much traveled. Emden had been an able bodied seaman, and had the ear-bone of a whale in his mantelpiece as though to prove it. Gilbert, who came with me from Knutsford to St. Edmund Hall, had spent years in Mesopotamia. Perhaps I thought it was time I traveled.

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## *Why Leave England?*

More important, as a negative factor counting against my staying in England was my relations with my family, that is, my father and mother. As husband and wife they were continuously at odds. For a time, from about 1908 to 1916 their pattern of life changed. My mother inherited about £100 and she felt once more the pull of her earlier occupation as barmaid. What better life than to use the money to buy the right to operate a pub. Brewers owned the pubs and transferred the license on payment of a small amount as security.

So my parents acquired the license to the Plasterer's Arms, a squalid place in one of Reading's slum areas. The house and the setting did not worry my mother. She saw herself as exchanging the company and banter of a pub for the near solitude of a working class home. She had to a considerable degree made her condition as a housewife worse by refusing to read the newspapers, or to cultivate friends. Her favorite entertainment had been a visit to one of the neighborhood pubs. On Sunday afternoons our little family, father with his walking stick, mother pushing a pram, I and my brother walking beside them, took the family outing to pubs on the outskirts of Reading, such as, the Four Horseshoes or the World Turned Upside Down. On weekdays my father and mother went out for half a pint to the pub down the street. Now with the Plasterer's Arms—acquired with her money—my mother had satisfied her hope of a full way of life and in a sense a dominance in her relationship with my father.

But the pub proved to be the perfect setting for showing the contrast in their personalities. My father was the ex-soldier; his boots polished every day, his mustache waxed and pointed. For him everything must be in order, the accounts correctly kept. On Saturday nights, the great occasion of the week, as soon as "Time, Gentlemen Please" had been called and the last customer, drunk or sober, had left,

my father wished to clean the place up, scrub the floors, polish the fittings, make the glasses shine. My mother would have none of that. Let it wait until the morning. Her way was not to be firm about anything in dealing with the customers. She allowed credit, she would give beer or food or money to any panhandler. From time to time the police hung around the Plasterer's Arms as though it might be a good place to look for suspects. To hold this scene and style of living in mind was embarrassing to me when I was at Christ's Hospital. In school, all was order, cleanliness, and the norms of middle class and professional respectability. At home the smell of a beer house, not to say the odor of a backdoor bare wall urinal, the noise of the bar, of shove-ha' penny, of the last few drunks singing "Don't Break the News to Mother." In one way or another I managed the change from one style to the other, in part because the holidays brought me home from school only nine weeks a year in periods of one week, two, or six.

The real shock came when I left Christ's Hospital. Then I had to live at home during the twenty-seven months before I joined the army. My father had gone away to the war, my mother was in command, her mother, a widow, had come to live with us, as also her younger sister who had left her husband in Australia. She was 21, a saucy-faced slip of a girl. All that these three women attempted and accomplished I will not try to record. Suffice it that I, as a boy of 16, the oldest male in the home, was expected to turn my eyes away. Between the three of them they quickly reduced the staggering business enterprise to a shambles, and the brewers prepared to throw them out. At this point my father returned on leave from the army. He had received word of the approaching disaster and of the abuses not to say indecencies that had led to it.

That afternoon I had gone to work on a bicycle and, in an accident involving a truck, my bicycle and a streetcar, I had been thrown under their streetcar and saved from decapitation by the cow-catcher. I was held within a few inches of the flanged wheels as they spun around. I can see them still. Some men freed me. I crawled out and walked the two miles to my home. There as I entered the house I came upon my father and mother at the height of their final quarrel. He was in tears, the only time I saw him so. My mother's face had a high color, but also the determined look that told me she would not budge an inch. What she said I do not remember, but he said he was leaving her forever and would return only to see my sister, a girl of 7. My mother threw her arms around me as if I was her last solace and would protect her, I, though I judged her acts to be evil, pledged myself secretly to stand by her. I withdrew, saying nothing and buried myself for the rest of the day in a movie house. The brewers soon threw us out and we moved to another working class part of town where my grandmother, mother and aunt found it possible to reproduce some part of their earlier way of life. Was it by accident that our new home was across the road from a pub named The Moderation?

Such was my home life in 1915 and 1916, before I joined the army and again when I was a soldier-clerk at the war office in 1918. To its squalor was added a note of tragedy. My mother's family, the Wheelers, had a long history of tuberculosis. My brother, Harry, contracted the disease when he was a 16-year old metal-grinder in a munitions factory. He and I shared a bedroom, while the disease gradually took hold of him, and though I had no fear of the disease, in a household where

antiseptics was unknown, I was shaken by the scenes of coughing and bleeding and sometimes I streaked down the road to wake the doctor at night.

By the time I went to Oxford in 1920 many changes had happened. While in the hospital I had told my chaplain friend about the anguish I felt at being part of a family that was broken. He told me not to be censorious, to hope indeed to that my father and mother would be reunited. From this perhaps, came in part my short-lived association with religion. In any case, when my father left the army in 1919 he rejoined my mother. On what terms I cannot imagine. By now her mother was dead and her sister had married and gone away. I assume the new association was one in which my mother remained dominant, he merely a wage earner living by his own pattern. My brother had reached the stage when he had to be hospitalized. I myself, as an undergraduate, went home for vacations. Asked, when I matriculated at St. Edmund Hall at a public registration, what my father's occupation was, I replied without embarrassment that he was an engineer's storekeeper, a laborer. By now I saw this as a simple matter of fact. I might have felt embarrassed if I had had to give my home address as the Plasterer's Arms.

When I thought about the merits of staying in England or going abroad, I did not, as I remember, give weight to the unhappy and, as I thought, insoluble relationship of my father and mother. (In spite of my experiences I firmly believed that husband and wife relationships could be and in most instances were based on a simple bond of love, trust and understanding.) Perhaps, subconsciously, I saw a new life abroad as the best way to put the affairs of my family at such a distance that what had been for many years a source of continuing distress to that would become no more than the subject for occasional letter writing.

After the visit of Notestein to Oxford I was committed to the idea of going to Cornell. I began at once to search for information about the new university and thanks to Knappen soon learned that two sources of information were at hand in Oxford. One was Bell Trowbridge, whose status at Oxford I cannot remember. He had been a Cornell undergraduate. When he called on me for tea he told me much, but I can remember none of it except for one item. He was at pains to explain that Ithaca and the small communities around had much local pride. They had lunch clubs and such like organizations which from time to time sang the praises of their cities or villages. For example, said Trowbridge, if you visited one of these villages and joined in their meeting today you would find them singing:

*The water's fine in Trumansburg,  
The streets are fine in Trumansburg,  
The people are fine in Trumansburg,  
Everything's fine in Trumansburg.*

My other informant was Alexander Thomson, a student at Trinity College, who had been an assistant in history at Cornell as recently as 1922. I went to tea in his rooms. Any opportunity I might have had to take in what he had to say was blocked from the outset by the fact that he took a piece of toast, spread some strawberry jam on it, and laid on the jam two sardines. But yes, I remember a little. He told me

that the assistants in history were a social group, most of whom ate their evening meal together. They ate, he said, at the Green Lantern. They went there by street car. He described the journey home, the streetcar winding its way up a steep hill, the hillside heavily covered with trees. I left with the impression that the Green Lantern was a log cabin in the middle of a forest and that a green lantern did indeed hang outside to guide the travelers. How disappointing to find a few months later that the Green Lantern was a run-of-the-mill small time restaurant on the second floor of one of the dingy brick buildings on Ithaca's State Street.

Another piece of information came from the versatile Gordon, the man who had been an English special agent in the First World War. He stood beside me one day as we waited to enter a concert hall. "I hear, Marcham," he said, "that you are going to Cornell University." "Yes," I answered, "have you been there?" I thought of his beat as having been the Near and Middle East. "Yes," he said, "once or twice. It's in a beautiful countryside. But they have some cruel north winds in the winter, off Cayuga Lake. Remember me the first really cold day when the wind is from the north and you are walking up the slope towards the library tower." I recalled that the United States did not enter the war until 1917.

Clearly I had much to learn about this American University and had already tried to understand something of the structure of the American system. To relate the Oxford College to the American College seemed to be ever more difficult than trying to relate rugby football to American football, of which I had seen one game among the Rhodes scholars. The credit system, fraternities and sororities, above all coeducation, these were all concepts unknown to me. In its own eccentric way Oxford was coeducational, that is, women were admitted to matriculate, attended lectures, won degrees and had their own colleges. Indeed in my first year at Oxford women appeared, I believe, for the first time as lecturers in the Honours School of History. But for social purposes, at least among the men I knew, between men and women students there was a great gulf fixed. No man spoke to a woman. In a lecture room women segregated themselves, or perhaps the men occupied a large part of the room and by their manner made it appropriate for the women to sit by themselves. The only time in three years at Oxford when I spoke to a woman student was when I accompanied an Anglo Indian friend of mine to tea at his sister's rooms. The nearest we came to social integration was in intercollegiate debates and most daring of all in an intercollegiate playreading. There, to the embarrassment of all, you might have to say "I love you." We, the men, were almost all ex-soldiers, but the sex taboos of the public schools were still upon us.

I did not concern myself to inquire about the government of American universities because it had never occurred to me to consider how Oxford was governed. As undergraduates we knew that the university had a chancellor, an absentee and titular head who was a distinguished statesman or eminent nobleman. The affairs of the university—or some of them, just which we did not know—were in the hands of the vice-chancellor, a leading Oxford academic, perhaps the head of a college. From time to time we saw professors and fellows of colleges walking in the streets of Oxford to a faculty meeting in their resplendent robes. We had heard of the Hebdomadal Council and of Congregation and Convocation and the newspapers sometimes told us that an important issue called to Oxford from their country rectories and professional places the university's masters of arts



and other holders of advanced degrees. We knew little of what went on at these meetings, or of how the finances of the university or its colleges were managed or of the procedures that produced changes in policy. For us the government of the university was the business of the dons. We were as remote from them and their actions as from those of the gods.

Clearly, if I were to become even a lowly assistant, I would take a step away from the status of an undergraduate and a step towards the status of a faculty member. How Cornell was governed, what role the faculty played in that government, would become matters of concern to me.

For the moment I had other concerns. In the final examination for the Honours School of Modern History I had been placed in the second class, which, as I have said, was as much as I had hoped for. Emden was satisfied. One or two of my earlier teachers wrote to congratulate me. A sad occasion of the summer of 1923 gave me strength. I learned that my elementary school teacher whom I had admired as a boy of 9 and 10 lay dying of diabetes. I had seen little of him since those days, though from time to time, when I was at Christ's Hospital, and in the army and at Oxford, I had gone back to the George Palmer School which I remembered as the place where my child's mind had come focus. I could remember the time when Mr. Daniell had cast me in a classroom production of *The Merchant of Venice*, as Bassanio. I could recall the lines of Tennyson's "Revenge."

I found Mr. Daniell in his room propped up in bed. He was reading poetry. At first I felt awkward because I was aware at once that, thanks to Christ's Hospital and Oxford, I had adopted the manner of speech of the middle and professional classes, the more open "ou" sound, the more precise enunciation of each word. Mr. Daniell, himself a Reading boy of poor parents, used not the Reading dialect, but the manner of speech with which I had begun as a child. The awkwardness passed quickly. We talked about poetry and then about what I had been doing, particularly in my studies. He led me into this and I in due course asked him about his affairs. After some reminiscences of the days when I had been his pupil, he spoke about his health and made it clear that he expected soon to die. As gently as I could I expressed my sympathy, but at once he said, "No, Fred, you don't need to worry; men like ourselves know how to face death." In a phrase he gathered me into the company of the wise, the mature.

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## *On To Cornell*

As I prepared to leave for the United States my thoughts turned to money. My salary as assistant was to be \$800, a sum enough, I was assured, to meet my expenses for a year. Somehow I had to find the means to get to Ithaca, New York. My parents of course could not help at all. My own funds were zero once my summer living expenses had been paid. I must buy a third class steamship ticket at the lowest rate, provide for my railroad fare from New York, but above all buy a few clothes. At Oxford I had been almost threadbare, indeed I must have been one of the few

undergraduates, fifty years before it became fashionable, to wear a sports jacket that was literally out at the elbows. What should I carry my clothes in?

My father and I solved the last problem by finding a battered old tin trunk which he had used in the army. But for the rest I needed money. Emden knew this and without a word from me sent £10 and the suggestion that I write to the governors of Christ's Hospital. The school was, he said, a great charitable institution, and though I had not distinguished myself there, they might stand ready to launch me on a new career now. Perhaps, he wrote to them, I do not know. To my request they graciously replied with their good wishes and £40. An inspiration reminded me that when I was first admitted to Christ's Hospital a Reading lady, member of the family of Sutton, famous the world over as seed merchants, had written to my parents congratulating them on my success. This was a family well known for its charity and its piety—work began each day among its employees with a company prayer-meeting. I wrote to her and asked for her help. Her secretary invited me to call and accept a cheque for £20. With £70 I could pay my way across the Atlantic and survive at Ithaca until the first pay day.

Willson Coates, the Canadian Rhodes Scholar from Queens College, traveled with me and once we had reached Quebec, he was my guide and interpreter, in the sense that he told me what the strange things were that appeared on all hands. To me the experience was no less than beginning a new life, or perhaps taking up a new life in a setting that was full of surprises. The things I saw and heard and felt were some of them alien to my everyday experience in England; the deep gorges in the neighborhood of Cornell, Cayuga Lake, the autumn fruits in abundance, peaches and grapes, the birds, above all an informality in social relations. Much else was in some degree a variant of English usage—food and drink, with some exceptions, and of course the language. To me these differences, the greater and the lesser, were a constant source of pleasure. In England I had been alert to the variations of language of manners, and of attitudes that marked a transition from the working class, to Christ's Hospital, to the Army, and Oxford. The journey across the Atlantic was more than a transition. Now the eye and the ear were always alert.

In late September 1923 Willson Coates and I presented ourselves at Wallace Notestein's office on the Cornell campus, Room 237, Goldwin Smith Hall.

There we met David Willson, an assistant of Notestein's who had worked with him during the previous year. In due course we met other members of the graduate student group, of whom I remember Leo Gershoy and Catherine Young, both of whom worked with Carl Becker, and Lloyd Hatch and Hartley Simpson, who worked with Notestein; Frank Notestein, the cousin of Wallace, who worked with Professor Walter Willcox, and George Catlin, an Englishman who had just come to Cornell from Oxford and who was a graduate student in government. Coates, Catlin, Frank Notestein, Simpson and I lived together at 212 University Avenue and formed a group of close friends. Much of my own capacity to adjust to American life at this particular time was a consequence of the friendship and advice of the American students who were in this group.

The house we lived in was a rooming house managed by a Mrs. Fitzgerald, who lived there with two daughters and a son. She served us breakfast and kept up a running commentary on the small-talk of the Ithaca scene. From her remarks,

and from the information supplied daily by the *Ithaca Journal*, I gradually learned something of the Ithaca community, its local aristocracy, the Tremans, bankers and hardware store owners; the local lawyers; the principal local industry, the Morse Chain Company; the city officials; the police, and the storekeepers. Ithaca was a city of about 20,000, dependent for its livelihood on Cornell University to a considerable degree, and serving as a shopping center and place of business for the farmers of the surrounding countryside. I soon learned that despite the interdependence of the Cornell community and many of the inhabitants of Ithaca, in matters concerning jobs and services and supplies, many of the citizens had a feeling of hostility towards the university. The sense of conflict was in a way heightened by the fact that most Ithacans lived in the flat, valley-bottom area at the south end of Cayuga Lake and the university, with its buildings and fraternity and sorority houses and dormitories and faculty homes, was on a hillside some 400 feet above the city. The differences in location gave force to the distinction between Town and Gown.

Our graduate student group spent much time together. As Alexander Thomson foretold we ate our evening meals at the Green Lantern. Most of the members played cards in the Fitzgerald home on Saturday nights, but not I who have never been a card-player. As a walking and hiking companion I had Frank Notestein, who led me through the gorges in scrambling, jumping, rock-climbing adventures that came naturally to him but for me were sometimes heart-stopping.

My acquaintance with Frank Notestein was a vital part of my early education in Americana. Frank was a cousin of Wallace. Their fathers were retired professors who had taught at small colleges in the Middle West. Frank was a burly fellow who closely resembled the contemporary sports hero, Jack Dempsey. Frank had knocked about the world a bit. He had been a door to door salesman of aluminum ware and had earned money as an undertaker's assistant. He was most generous to me, never tiring of showing me or explaining to me aspects of ordinary life that were hard for me to understand. He took me to football matches, played handball with me, took me into grocery stores and otherwise led me as it were into a kind of area study of the Ithaca scene. His reward I suppose was in being with someone whose outlook on many things was as strange to him as his was to me.

Through him I came to learn some of the characteristics of the American student. Frank was an able student and came to be a leading figure with worldwide reputation in the study of population. He had an excellent knowledge of statistics and economics, devoted himself to his studies with seriousness and worked hard as an instructor in economics. His importance in my education lay in the fact that while quite clearly he was warmly and continuously friendly towards me he accepted none of my statements of fact or opinion without a challenge. He did this in a simple and open way. Consequently he forced me into the position not only of explaining, shall we say, some aspects of English public life but of justifying any comment I might care to make on it. Gradually our discussions moved to the field of higher education in Great Britain and now for the first time I found it was not enough to say that this was the Oxford system and such and such were its merits. As Frank asked his question and I framed my answer, I came to see that the Oxford system had its limitations, that it gave splendid training in certain special areas, but worked to a considerable degree on the principle that skills gained in one field of study could be applied in another. Frank was unimpressed when I told him that at

Christ's Hospital students of the classics, in the upper grades, competed for prizes in original Greek and Latin verse. He did not say that he thought the studies in the various Honours Schools were too narrow, but it was clear as we discussed the pattern of his own undergraduate education not only that his general education had been better than mine, but that my own study of Modern History had gone forward without knowledge of an interest in subjects that were necessary to a mature understanding of history.

On the other hand I saw that much that I had acquired outside the classroom, an interest in fine arts and music and to a lesser degree in literature, were matters of little concern to Frank. His was a practical world, he was an earthy person, who spoke vigorously, impulsively. From time to time he wore a derby hat and this was, for his cousin Wallace, the last straw. Wallace wished to be thought of as a scholar, above all a European scholar, a man of delicate sensibilities. He did not make much of his relationship to Frank. Frank, with his warmth and tolerance, was not distressed by the aloofness of his cousin. Indeed he often spoke of Wallace with a touch of awe. He gave little weight to the fact that Wallace thought of himself as a European scholar but he could not overlook the fact that Wallace had gained his doctor's degree from Yale and won an essay prize there. That was something for a boy from Alma, Michigan.

My acceptance by Notestein and the other American graduate students was to some extent made easy by an odd circumstance. At the moment of my arrival in Ithaca another Englishman arrived, George Catlin. Catlin was an Oxford graduate, slightly younger than myself. He had not served during the war, but had received his degree in a short-term program devised in 1919 and 1920 to take care of persons who wished to get out into adult careers as soon as possible. Catlin stayed on at Oxford, as I remember for a further year, after his two-year program, and during this year won a prize essay competition with an essay on Thomas Hobbes. I had bought a copy of the essay when I was preparing for my final exams.

Catlin was a slender, almost effeminate person, who took himself very seriously as a scholar. He was in some ways the Oxford scholar at his worst, in the sense that he tried to keep conversation within the range of his own special interests, spoke in paradoxes and in general made it appear that he lived on an intellectual plane higher than that of ordinary persons, graduate students included. Most remarkable was his English accent which an Englishman knew at once to be affected. G. M. Trevelyan, the famous English historian, when he visited Cornell a year or so after our arrival, said of Catlin to another English academic, that if he came to Cornell he should look up Catlin, who was "one of the ripest specimens of the Oxford manner in captivity." Trevelyan was a Cambridge man.

Catlin was an aggressive person who wished at once to meet the most important people at Cornell and elsewhere all the way to Washington. How he insinuated himself into our little group I do not remember. We were aware at once of his presence for within a day or two he had persuaded our landlady, who was overawed by his accent and manner, that she must rearrange the assignment of rooms so that he might have the best room in the house. The special importance of his own scholarly work, he said, made this necessary. I would have none of this so far as my own room was concerned, nor would Coates, whose room led off mine. But the others were more cooperative and in the end the tolerant Frank Notestein gave

up his room to Catlin. The eccentricities of Catlin in this and similar matters did not disrupt our group. We continued to have dinners together and to sit and talk informally in the evenings.

For the most part we talked about our work. No one was particularly interested in politics, except that from time to time we exchanged comments on the American and British political systems. My sympathies were with the rising British Labour Party. Catlin saw himself, as well he might since his prime scholarly interest was in political philosophy, as a person much more directly in the know about what was going on at the center of British politics. Indeed, shortly after we arrived in Ithaca, when the government of the Irish Free State, perhaps as a test of the new status, opened an embassy in Washington, Catlin went to Washington to offer advice to the new ambassador. Uninvited of course.

Our graduate student group was not particularly interested in sports. The fall of 1923 was the time when Cornell University was at the height of its fame as a power in intercollegiate football. It completed its third successive year of victories. Notestein and I went to one game, principally so that he might explain the mysteries to me. Somehow my interest in boxing had become known. Cornell had among its students Joe Lazarus, a brilliant lightweight boxer who had met and beaten the reigning world champion in this class when he was an amateur, Fidel La Barba. Boxing had no place as a sport at Cornell, but the university's one and only and ever professor of physical education, C. V. P. (Tar) Young, arranged a match between the Cornell student and the captain of the U.S. Olympic squad at the last games, a man named Hayes of the Naval Academy. He asked me to referee the match and I did so before a large crowd in Barton Hall. The match was billed as an exhibition. It was well fought, kept to the level of an exhibition by the forbearance of the Cornell student. Frank Notestein came to see it, but the rest of our group regarded my participation as an eccentricity comparable to those of Catlin.

Girls were not a matter of general concern in our group. Frank Notestein felt himself tied to an old college sweetheart he had left in the Middle West. I was engaged to an English girl. Our only adventurer was Coates who disappeared once in a while for an evening. Of these events I remember only one item. On his return from these evenings, Coates had to pass through my room on his way to his own. He wished to recount the details to me. To his distress I always put him off by telling him I wished to go to sleep. Except for an occasional beer, none of us drank.

The first major figure in the Cornell History Department with whom I came into close contact was Wallace Notestein, who at that time had been on the Cornell faculty for some three years. He had already established for himself a high reputation as a student of English parliamentary history and procedure in the first part of the Stuart period. He had collected photostatic copies of Stuart parliamentary diaries. He had made many visits to England where he was well known for the energetic way in which he had tracked down manuscript parliamentary diaries and other such materials bearing upon the business of the house of commons. He had as yet published relatively little relating to this particular field, but his energy, his wide acquaintance with English and American historians, and his occasional essays and reviews concerning English history made him a well-known figure.

When I first knew Notestein he was a man in his middle 40's, rather slender of build with a slight stoop forwards and a habit of walking rather quickly, his feet shuffling rapidly. He seemed always to be in a hurry. The slight forward inclination of his body when he walked emphasized the impression one had of his nervous movement. He carried a cane, not so much as a help to him when he walked as something with which to busy himself. He habitually smoked cigarettes; rather he was constantly lighting them, taking a few puffs at them and throwing them away. My principal impressions of him outdoors on the campus are first of a man pitter-pattering along in a hurry, moving his cane from one hand to the other, tucking it under his arm; then of a man standing restlessly in conversation, his body stooping forward a little, his hat often squashed flat between upper arm and body. He lit his cigarettes, shifted from foot to foot as though he was anxious to break away, and uttered from time to time his favorite exclamations. "Shaw," he would say to express disgust or disappointment. "Jove," he said for emphasis; and he had much to emphasize for he talked almost always with animation. There was a restlessness and drive in his movements at all times. When he sat at a desk he fidgeted and fussed with the books and the papers on it. He got up and strolled to the window, turned, and sat down again. On the lecture platform he walked back and forth and gesticulated a good deal. The only memory I have of him which is not associated with restless, nervous motion is of his playing golf, a game to which he was strongly attached. One of the first enterprises he undertook in my relationship with him was to convince me that I ought to learn to play golf; and through his negotiation I soon bought a set of second hand golf clubs and joined the little golfing group to which he belonged, consisting at that time of Dean William Hammond and Professor Frederick Prescott. Notestein played golf almost every day when the course was open, and in this activity perhaps found the only outlet for a great deal of nervous energy.

Notestein was a bachelor and lived in a house on the southeast corner of Wait Avenue and Triphammer Road. He had a wide acquaintance among the middle-aged and older members of the university faculty and spent a great deal of his spare time calling at the houses of his married friends. He lunched almost always at the University Club, which was an old frame building situated towards the north of the site of the present Anabel Taylor Hall. Shortly after I came to Ithaca he took me around with him to the homes of his many friends and I thus became acquainted in the first few months of my stay in Ithaca with many of the well established faculty families including that of President [Livingston] Farrand. Notestein presented me to these people—all of whom were generous towards me—as a young Englishman, almost as a specimen Englishman, and with the warmest enthusiasm he told tales of my military prowess, which were unfortunately not true. But this was merely part of the energy that he put into most personal relations. He was proud of all those with whom he associated. He avoided and treated pretty much as social enemies those he did not approve of. He wished to play an active part in the lives of his friends, particularly of his graduate students, and he always felt restless when they seemed to be taking a course in their personal lives or in their scholarly interests which differed from his.

Coates, Simpson and I, who were the newcomers to the English history group in the fall of 1923, were never forced into concentrating our studies on early Stuart

history, but we were, so to speak, made aware that there was no other period equal in importance and no other subject as eminent as the study of the early Stuart house of commons. Coates, as I remember, immediately took up the study of part of the manuscript diary of Simonds D'Ewes, which Notestein had obtained in a photostat, part of which he himself was already editing. Simpson went to work on another aspect of parliamentary history and I took up the study of Sir Edwin Sandys, a leader in the parliamentary opposition to James I. As I have said above, I do not remember being put under any particular pressure to accept this subject but such were the circumstances under which Notestein worked that inevitably his graduate students, whom he regarded in a sense almost as his own children, followed his lead.

I remember nothing of Notestein's advanced courses for undergraduates. I do remember his seminar, which was a survey of the development of parliament in the late 16th and early 17th centuries. He himself talked about this period and its personalities with the enthusiasm of a person who had actually lived in it, and, so far as his intellectual interests were concerned, nothing else seemed to excite him. He spoke from time to time of historical and literary topics drawn from other fields of English history and indeed from the history of Europe. But these were essentially casual remarks and carried none of the warmth and sense of reality which pertained to his comments on Sir Robert Cecil or the evolution of the committee of the whole house. His seminar consisted of the reading of papers by graduate students and of occasional talks by Notestein about diaries he was pursuing or had found, and about the English scholars and manuscript owners with whom he had dealt in the course of his searches.

As one of the teaching assistants in Notestein's general English history course I saw a good deal of his ability on the platform and as the overall manager of the course. I am sure he was vitally interested in the course and regarded it as one of the leading features of the Arts College program at that time. He was apt to say to students whom he met at random on the campus—he said it in a jocular manner, but he really meant it—that if they had not taken his course they were outside the ranks of the well educated Cornell student. He enjoyed lecturing, that is to say, the mere act of talking before an audience. I have no notes of his lectures, but I have a vivid impression of him as he appeared in Goldwin Smith Room A or Room B and paced back and forth on the platform, so engrossed in what he was saying that he sometimes seemed likely to walk off into space. He was not keenly aware of the reactions of his audience, as the following incident will illustrate.

It was his habit to wear a bow tie, which he tied rather hastily and carelessly. One day after he had given a lecture, which I did not attend, he came back to his office on the next floor. There, full of confidence, he told me how he had begun his lecture and then had learned that his tie was undone. He said that he was sure the class didn't notice it nor did it notice his efforts to retie it while he was continuing his lecture. He said it had been a struggle to get the wretched thing back into shape and that it had taken virtually the whole lecture period to do so. But he was sure that nobody had been aware of what was going on. A half an hour later a student met me in the corridor and told me with the greatest liveliness that the moment Notestein's tie had fallen apart the whole class had sat enthralled watching his frantic efforts to retie it. What Notestein had been talking about he said he didn't

know. He assumed that nobody knew. This struggle of the hands and the tie had riveted everybody's attention.

Notestein was a lively and informal lecturer who wished above all things to make his students see visually the topics he was describing. He brought into his lectures many anecdotes and stories, and whenever possible related the subject he was discussing to some incident in his own travels in England as a student of history. If in this respect he had a fault it was that he tended to bring too much of his own experience into his lecturing. His journeys in the Cotswolds, his half hours in an English pub, and his visits to country houses exercised so great an influence over his mind when he was lecturing that he sometimes wandered away from the original subject of his lecture. I remember one occasion when he became aware of this in fact some two or three hours after the lecture was over. At lunch he told me that his lecture had got away from him and he said, with great earnestness, that this would not happen again. He asked me (at lunch) what I thought he should lecture on at the next meeting of the class and I replied that Alfred the Great would be a good topic. He said that he agreed and that he would go to work immediately to prepare a lecture on the subject. We walked away from the University Club towards the main quadrangle, and when we reached the library Notestein disappeared into it. He came over to the office later in the afternoon with five or six books on Alfred and on Anglo-Saxon history. I thought no more about his preparations until we went down together to the lecture room two days later, Notestein still carrying the books under his arm. He mounted the platform and announced the topic of his lecture. He began to lecture on Alfred the Great. But Alfred held his attention for a few minutes only. Some references to Wessex and the Thames Valley led him, as it were, out into the lanes and fields of southwestern England and he was soon lost in the Cotswolds.

In spite of his difficulty in developing the general subject matter of the course by means of lectures, the course was a good, rigorous introduction to the study of English history, particularly to English constitutional documents. The main reason for this was that students were required to work their way through a book of English historical problems which Notestein had put together in collaboration with Professor A. B. White of the University of Minnesota. These problems dealt with constitutional issues such as the development of the jury system, the origins of parliament and the development of free speech in the house of commons. They forced the student to make fine distinctions in his reading of constitutional documents and they put into the student's mind many precise details regarding English institutions. Though I had studied English history in Honours School of Modern History at Oxford and regarded myself as relatively proficient in English constitutional history, I found that I had to learn a good deal more about it in order to hold my own with students in these particular discussions. I remember an examination in which the question involved presenting to the student an imaginary lawsuit from 12th century England and asking him to explain the legal procedures that would have been involved in carrying the case through the courts. This I regarded as strong medicine for freshmen American students.

Written examinations played a prominent part in the course and were held, as I remember, once a week. Another feature of the course was weekly recitation sections which were, during my first year, managed by Willson, Coates and myself.



Hartley Simpson, as I remember, had a kind of roving commission as additional examination marker, attendance keeper, etc. Notestein himself did little more than prescribe the reading matter and give the lectures. Once or twice a year he required the assistants to lecture so that they might get experience in facing a large audience—the course consisted of about 225 students. My opinion from the first was that Notestein did not interest himself in the routine management of the course and had forgotten what was involved in dealing with the ordinary freshman student in recitation sections. I remember one occasion when one of the assistants was unable to meet his sections and Notestein offered to fill the gap. The topic for that week's work was one of the source problems from the White-Notestein book, the one on free speech in parliament, a piece of Notestein's own work and on a subject which he knew as well as any man in the United States. He talked over with me the questions which he thought would arise when he faced the class, and he tried to imagine himself facing a group of alert and keen minded questioners. One of the documents dated 1621 referred to Sir Edward Coke, and as Notestein looked at this document he said, "Surely, someone will ask me how old Coke was in 1621." He turned to me and said, "Run over to the Library and look in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and find the exact date of Coke's birth." In this manner he went through the whole exercise, arming himself with an array of information which would have satisfied all the members of the American Historical Association in their most questioning mood.

In the succeeding years Notestein urged me to prepare an English constitutional history for use in the course, and about the year 1926 I began to do this work. He read the manuscript of the first chapter and came down to my room full of criticisms of the manner in which I had put it together. Questions of fact and interpretation he did not dispute. It was my style he wished to improve. And so we sat down and went from sentence to sentence while he showed me my faults. It was an excellent lesson and changed my attitude towards writing in the space of a few hours.

In the summer of 1924 I returned to England. I had thoroughly enjoyed my stay at Cornell and intended to return to serve again as one of Notestein's assistants and to go on with my work for the doctor's degree. About the end of July Notestein invited me to join a small group of Cornell professors who were spending a few weeks in the Cotswolds. I accepted the invitation and went from Reading to Winchcombe where the party had rooms at an inn. Notestein, Carl Becker, Frederick Prescott, and Frederick Smith were members of this party. They ate their meals at the inn and wandered about the countryside during the daytime. I spent about a week with them but have no precise memories of our conversation or our travels except that the group lived from day to day in a mood of relaxation. Looking back on this occasion after half a century, I am surprised that I have no vivid recollections of our conversations and that even such a person as Carl Becker does not stand out from among the group as one who played a decisive part in our discussions. Perhaps my mind was on other things or was relaxed and inactive enough so that it did not take special account of what my companions talked about. For me the meeting came to a sudden end.

## A Sudden Promotion

At breakfast one morning Notestein read a cablegram which he had received from Julian Bretz, a professor of American history. It said that plans for filling the vacant professorship in ancient history at Cornell had been completed; that a young Englishman named Laistner had accepted the position but that Laistner could not come to the United States until the fall of 1925. The problem now, said Bretz, was to appoint someone to ancient history in the academic year 1924-1925. Would they ask Marcham to do this? I protested that I knew no ancient history, which was indeed the case. At first Notestein took the position that I should return as his assistant, but others, particularly Smith and Becker, told me that young historians ought to take a chance on teaching outside their own field of special interest. And Becker said that if they didn't appoint me they would appoint some elderly bearded gentleman who might know a lot about ancient history but in all probability would not be a good teacher. Notestein came around to the point of view that I should accept the job, and I myself was flattered by his confidence in me. I said I would go back to my home in Reading, collect a little library of books on ancient history, and return to the United States on the first available ship. Once Notestein had accepted this plan, the question arose what a reasonable salary would be. He, himself, suggested the salary should be \$2,500. It was decided to cable Bretz that the appointment had been accepted on these terms. To me \$2,500 was a fortune, for I had somehow managed to live in Ithaca during my first year on my assistant's salary of \$800. I reached Ithaca in the last days of August, 1924, occupied an office next to Notestein's and began to organize the new course that I was to teach as Lecturer in Ancient History.

Why did I undertake, how did I survive this experience? It was literally true that I knew nothing of Greek and Roman history except that, as taught, the Greek came before the Roman. Certainly, I did not know whether the Roman Empire preceded the Roman Republic. And I had accepted a job which called for some ninety one-hour lectures on ancient history. One reason for accepting was the encouragement to do so that Becker and others gave. They made it appear that it was part of the game to be versatile. Another reason was my Oxford experience. There, in our Essay Clubs and debating societies, the *extempore* discussion of topics was a common practice. We had debates in which you were given your subject as you stood up to speak. Then again my first year in English History at Cornell had taught me something about a freshman audience. The range of ability was great, but they were after all freshmen. Each individual topic could be dealt with generally. What was decisive was my certainty that I could rely heavily on Greek and Roman literature. I did not need to knit together the details of Greek and Roman political history. I would make the class to a considerable degree a discussion class—I had been assured that the class would be limited to sixty students. In addition I found for the Greek period a splendid book of extracts from plays, dialogues, histories and poems which had been chosen to illustrate political, social, economic and religious institutions and attitudes. By the second term I had the hang of things.

My involvement in this program left me no time for work on my thesis and kept me so closely to my books that I saw less of my roommates than in the

preceding year. The rest kept to their academic paths, except that Frank Notestein had become an instructor in economics. My friendship with him and the others continued; our social life was as simple as before; dinner at the Green Lantern, an occasional movie, or a walk in the countryside.

My age and perhaps the fact that I was English and a bit of an oddity, made my relations with the students in the course quiet and friendly. They invited me to dinner at their fraternities and sororities; with a few men, and at least one woman, I played tennis. And one day it became known that I had played field hockey at Oxford. At Cornell field hockey was a girls' sport and in due course the women physical training instructor invited me to show my technique as a goalkeeper. I went to the field duly padded, booted and gloved. I showed them the, to them, strange style I used of kicking the ball out with the inside of either foot—in effect turning the shot on goal into a pass to a defending back. You had to be an ex-soccer player to do this. Someone said, “How do you use your stick?” I hit the ball. The girls were not used to the force, above all speed of a ball when hit by a man. The ball shot out, hit the physical training instructor in the knee and felled her. I fled in confusion.

Some years after I had finished teaching Ancient History one of my former students, by then a married woman, came to see me in my office. We talked for a while and then she said, “We always wondered how you got through that Ancient History lecture when Mary Jones put on her show; that is, the girls in the class who were in the know.” Mary Jones I remembered as a pale, intense girl who was a member of the class. “What show,” I said, “I don't recall a disturbance?” “I mean,” said my visitor, “the day Mary sat in the front row of the class with her skirt above her knees and did all she could to attract your attention to the fact that she didn't have any pants on.” “Good Lord,” I said, “I never noticed a thing. If I had I would have collapsed in embarrassment.”

My experience as teacher of ancient history was a simple one so far as the department was concerned. No one offered me advice as to what I should teach, no one asked questions about how I was teaching; throughout the whole academic year I was left to myself to plan lectures, conduct examinations and otherwise manage the course. I became for a time the head of the Department of Ancient History just as the full professors were heads of their separate history departments. I was happy to have this freedom; I am sure I would not have survived the strain of teaching in a field of history which I did not know, if I had felt myself the subject of constant supervision.

Soon after I had begun to teach ancient history I learned that the salary to be paid me as a lecturer was less than the salary we had agreed on in England. I spoke to Notestein about it but heard no more until Becker appeared one morning. He asked how much I was being paid and I told him. He said, “As I remember, we agreed on a salary of \$2,500.” I said, “Yes.”

He said, “Perhaps you were thinking of getting married.”

I said, “Yes, I was.”

“Well,” said he, “we'll see what we can do about it.”

In a short time I learned that the \$2,500 was to be paid.

This was, I believe, my first separate and personal contact with Carl Becker. I had, of course, seen him and spoken to him many times before but never before this instance had he taken up some personal matter relating to me and talked it over and straightened it out for me. During much of the preceding year he had been seriously ill with a stomach ailment, and I had heard of him only through the reports, as it were, from his bedside. In the ensuing year I saw little more of him, though enough to make it possible for me to talk to him about books which I was occasionally asked to review.

Among the other senior members of the department the one who stands out most vividly was Charles Henry Hull. Hull was at this time a man in his 50's of medium height, somewhat corpulent, with a large bearded and bespectacled face. He lived in his family home on East Buffalo Street. My first visit to him took place, as I remember, at a meeting of the History Club, which was held there. I have a vivid memory of a large room filled with the young and old of the History Club who were being entertained by Charles Hull and his sister Mary.

Charles Hull was a bachelor who though wealthy lived a very simple life. He and his sister owned a car between them, but for the most part Charles Hull walked back and forth between the university and his home. He was often to be seen walking on Central Avenue and reading a book catalog or perhaps a stock market report or some similar piece of literature. From day to day, as I have been told, he went to the office of the university treasurer to consult company reports and other information bearing on the stock market. In addition to his interest in company finance he had an interest in the affairs of the City of Ithaca, and properly so, for his father had owned the flour mill which stood just below Ithaca Falls and he had been a prominent figure in Ithaca life. Mary Hull also was active in the religious and social welfare work of the city.

In these years I knew little about Charles Hull's place in the American historical world. I knew him only as a kindly and an extraordinarily well-informed man. He did not parade his knowledge, but it came out in a variety of small items of information or comment. It was certainly lucky for me that he kept far away while I was teaching ancient history because I am sure that he knew more about it than I did. Charles Hull was a quiet, gentle man who used the ordinary courtesies of social life, but in general left it to the other person to ask questions or begin the conversation. He made his own shrewd judgments of the intellectual ability and range of knowledge of other persons, but so far as I know he treated all those who were around him in the same generous and considerate way. However, if he became aware of an injustice or if he thought that the university of the college or some colleague of his was about to do a foolish act he would intervene vigorously. He was more openly and obviously concerned to help other persons than Becker was, though Becker also was a man of great warmth and considerateness in his dealings with other persons. Of Bretz, Burr, Preserved Smith and Nathaniel Schmidt I remember little during my second year at Cornell. I have faint memories of meetings of the History Club to which came the faculty members and their wives and the graduate students. My only recollection of a topic discussed was a talk or paper by Julian Bretz dealing with the contemporary political scene in France. Perhaps my own involvement in the ancient history course kept me from entering fully

into the life of the department. Or perhaps it was the case that the department had little common activity.

My own fortunes changed pleasantly enough towards the end of the academic year 1924-1925, when the Boldt Fellowship was instituted and the senior members of the department, as it were thanking me for my services, elected me the first Fellow. This guaranteed me a modest income—I think it was \$1,000 plus tuition expenses in the Graduate School—and allowed me during the following year to pick up again my work for a doctor's degree.

I had now spent two years at Cornell and had had opportunity to see in a limited way the life of the University. The students and the faculty members I had met were altogether friendly. I had attended a number of student parties, had spoken at some student meetings, particularly on British undergraduate life and British politics, I had written one or two articles for the *Cornell Daily Sun*, the student newspaper. The most interesting of these encounters had taken place not at Cornell but at Wells College, a women's college at Aurora, some thirty miles north on the shores of Lake Cayuga. There the professor of English History was Miss Frances Relf, a student of Wallace Notestein's. I was invited to speak on the success and prospects of the British Labour Party, shortly after it rose to power in winter of 1923-1924.

I went there by train and was met at the tiny lakeside station by Miss Relf and a group of students. I gave a lecture and was shown to a small suite of rooms called the Prophet's Chamber. As the door was about to be closed Miss Relf told me that a student would call for me the next morning at 8:30. A Miss Starbuck called for me and took me to breakfast in the dining hall where I sat among a group of students. At 9:30, another young lady took me in hand and we toured some buildings. At 10:30 milk and a cookie and another young lady. And so on at intervals of an hour into the late afternoon when the last of my companions took me to the station. The whole experience was remarkable, not for the businesslike timetable but for the way in which each of the girls conducted herself. As I was transferred from one to the other each newcomer immediately put me at ease and spoke simply and openly about herself. With some I sat and talked, with others I walked in the woods. Had I known what the program was going to be I would have thought on the basis of my experience with girl students at Oxford, that it must lead to a series of stammerings and fidgetings. The Wells girls were genial, relaxed and in command.

Another social experience was totally different. I had met and been entertained by some members of the faculty and their families almost from the day I reached Ithaca. President Farrand and his wife, commonly called Daisy, had invited me to a semi-formal afternoon party at the President's House. In this there was nothing unusual, for the president, whose home on the campus, within two hundred yards of his office in Morrill Hall, was an active partner in the university's social life. He was a small, quiet, gentle man, a scholar, in appearance and manner, every inch what one would expect an academic person to be. Like everyone else he walked to work and he had time to say "Good morning" to passers-by, or stop for a word or two.

Daisy Farrand was a person of quite opposite appearance and performance. She was large and strikingly handsome. To me it seemed she modeled herself in dress and carriage on the 18th century duchesses of Thomas Gainsborough. Among students and younger faculty members she was regarded as a person who

stood ready to share in any party or practical joke. She was involved in a famous lecture hoax, in which a student disguised himself to look like what an audience might think a distinguished Austrian psychoanalyst would look like and gave a mumbo-jumbo lecture that came near to fooling his listeners. Mrs. Farrand was very much to be seen on campus and dropped in on classes and sometimes made derogatory remarks sotto voce.

How I attracted her attention I don't know. One day I received a message from her commanding me to come to the President's house in mid-afternoon; the purpose of the visit not stated. I dressed as tidily as I could and presented myself. I did not at that time know of Daisy's fondness for display; indeed she was not Daisy to me but the President's wife. If the encounter had been in England she would, in my eyes, have been say, the Bishop's wife, and I the obedient somewhat mystified curate.

Daisy appeared in her summer finest; a large flowered hat, a voluminous dress. She said she would take my arm and I would lead her to a house about a mile away. We began a stately procession. This led first across the Arts College quadrangle, then along the most traversed street on the Campus, Central Avenue, and so on across Cascadilla Bridge to Eddy Street where the house we were to visit stood at the further end, near State Street. No walk on the Cornell campus could have exposed Daisy and me to a larger number of spectators. Nowhere else could I have been so sure to pass under the gaze of so many of my friends among graduate and undergraduate students.

At the house we visited we were entertained to tea. At this time in my residence in the United States I had become aware that persons entertaining an Englishman or any other foreigner might offer a dish, or carry out some formal part of a meal ritual which the host believed to be particularly appropriate to the guest. In this instance I paid attention to the maid who waited on us. She wore the traditional English housemaid's costume and spoke with a Cockney accent that seemed a little odd. I made no comment, nor did our host or Daisy. The meal finished, Daisy stood up majestically, and as though crying "Home, James" she beckoned me to resume my role as escort. We retraced our stroll, this time at a slower pace because the journey was uphill. Once more the onlookers were many. I shuddered at the thought of what my friends would have to say. And particularly of the final scene. We climbed the little slope in front of the President's house and Daisy struck an appropriate pose as she mounted the first step to the front door. With a flourish she discharged me, in the manner of Napoleon saying farewell to his generals. At no time did Daisy suggest that this encounter was a joke, a lark; all was done in a grave style. I myself dismissed it as an American eccentricity, one of those oddities I would have to get used to. Some months later I met the girl who had played the housemaid's part. She was the daughter of a leading professor and had been talked into the act by Daisy. I remained uncertain whether Daisy did things like this to amuse herself or to play jokes on persons she knew. If the latter, I still could not see why she chose someone as obscure as myself.

My association with the Farrands shows one aspect of university life in the middle 1920's. The university was a community not small in size but close in the ties that held many persons together. Many academic families, besides the President's, lived on the campus. A series of these faculty houses extended from the northern

edge of the Statler Club, as it now is, southward across South Avenue to the edge of Cascadilla Gorge. Others were in the vicinity of Baker Laboratory, Thurston Avenue, Wait Avenue and the streets extending to the north and west and south consisted mostly of faculty homes. For professors of agriculture the preferred residential area was Forest Home. Almost all professors and students and administrators walked to work and many of them rubbed shoulders as they crossed Triphammer Bridge or the Suspension Bridge over Fall Creek, or Stewart Avenue Bridge. The paths to work on the campus were thronged by persons young and old, who at the least knew one another well by sight, and saw one another day by day.

I myself did not have, as I had expected to have, a sense of the newness of the University, even though I knew well, among the history professors, two who as students and through personal relations were acquainted with the university almost from the day of its origin. Reading, my birthplace, gave me a more distant tie with those early days because Reading had been the birthplace of Goldwin Smith, one of the principal academic figures attracted to Cornell at its opening by the president, Andrew Dickson White. The benefactions of Goldwin Smith gave Cornell one of its largest academic buildings, Goldwin Smith Hall, and a number of Goldwin Smith Professorships. I remembered well the brass plate marking the home of Goldwin Smith on Friar Street, Reading, which I had passed scores of times on my way to the public library.

Tales of those earliest days came down to us in the 1920's; two of the best had to do with Estevan Antonio Fuertes, professor of civil engineering in the first Cornell faculty. Fuertes lived on East Avenue, within one hundred yards of the Veterinary College, a college whose dean, James Law, was a redoubtable Scot, and eminent man of science. Fuertes arose in the faculty meeting one day to utter a protest. He complained that flies were coming into his house in large numbers and said that he believed they came from the stables and other buildings of the Veterinary College. He asked that something be done about it. Law responded at once by saying that he was no entomologist but that experience taught him that flies would only move from one unpleasant and unclean scene when there was another that was more so. Fuertes stood up, pondered a while and said, "There may be reason in what you say."

Soon after the founding of Cornell the University of Bologna celebrated the 700th anniversary of its creation and invited other universities to send representatives to a ceremony of celebration. President White chose Fuertes to represent Cornell and handed him a sheet of ordinary notepaper which expressed in adequate language the congratulations of the youngest university to one of the world's oldest. Fuertes bought a new suit downtown and set out on his journey. When he returned he reported to the faculty of the university.

Fuertes described the magnificent cathedral-like interior in which the ceremony took place, the great company of academics who were assembled there and the multi-colored robes and caps and hoods which the representatives wore. He described the order of events during the ceremony, how a speaker called out in solemn tones the name of each university and how the representative walked up the aisle of the cathedral, splendid in his robes and carrying the greetings of his university on an illuminated scroll of vellum. Fuertes spoke of his own part in the proceedings. He had marched up the aisle in his State Street suit carrying in his hands the piece of

paper given to him by President White. At this point in the narrative his sense of shame and degradation overcame him. He sat down and burst into tears.

His colleagues were stunned and silenced by this surge of emotion. Professor Law saved the day. He said the university and Professor Fuertes had no cause for distress, just the opposite. They should be proud of what had happened. “What had the other universities sent to the ceremony? An illuminated manuscript. What had Cornell sent? An illuminated man.” On hearing this Fuertes jumped to his feet, embraced Law, and again burst into tears.

In the 1920’s I still had a sense of the university as a place in which members of the faculty knew one another well and maintained a slow paced but active social life, built around dinner parties, the attendance at concerts, and short journeys into the countryside. The streetcars gave transportation to the railroad station and three or four railroad lines led out into the neighboring villages such as Trumansburg and Slaterville Springs. On a Saturday afternoon or a Sunday small groups—one or two professors and their wives and children and two or three graduate and undergraduate students—went on these outings, stopping for a short while for a picnic, wandering for a while into an abandoned apple orchard or searching in the glens and gorges for rare wild flowers or migrating warblers.

The pace and the structure of university life seemed to me to be uniform, as though all members of the community accepted a common set of standards and respected the same source of authority. I was party to an event which left a deep impression upon me. A few months after I came to Cornell I met Dean William Hammond whose office in Goldwin Smith Hall was a few doors away from that of Wallace Notestein. Hammond was a courtly, well-dressed man, in his later years, quiet of speech, but clearly a man of purpose. He was a professor of philosophy and dean of the University Faculty. As dean he directed the affairs of the faculty at their monthly meetings, supervised the committee work and in general held a place of administrative importance close to that of the president. In addition, as dean he was the key figure in administering justice to students in matters of conduct. He had, as it were as his sheriff, Lieutenant [Theodore] Twesten, a portly and elderly ex-army man, the university proctor.

My most active tie with Dean Hammond came from the circumstance that he was a golfer and from time to time he invited me to play with him. Early one afternoon the dean stopped me near the Library and asked me to play with him. I agreed and we walked slowly across the Arts College quadrangle towards Triphammer Bridge and towards Triphammer Road where the clubhouse stood close to the present junction of Triphammer and Jessup Roads. As we came near to Sibley Hall Lt. Twesten appeared and in his company was a student. The proctor asked the dean if he might present a complaint concerning the student. Hammond took a puff on his cigar and said, “Yes.” Twesten then described an incident on State Street in which the student had been involved in a scuffle with some Ithaca youths. Hammond pondered for a minute and rolled his cigar in his fingers. He said to the student, “What is your version of the story?” The student admitted he had been involved in the disturbance but offered as explanation the fact that the city boys had provoked him and that he himself had had a little to drink. Hammond looked away for a minute, took another puff on his cigar and then said, “Probation for the rest of the term, suspension if it happens again.” “Yes, sir,” said the student.



Tw Weston and he walked away and Hammond and I continued towards Triphammer Bridge. The student accepted Hammond's authority, he believed him to be just.

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## *Wallace Notestein*

For me one major consideration at the end of my second year at Cornell was my relations with Notestein. My work in ancient history had broken the professor-graduate-student tie, but, since the Ancient History office had been next to his, we had seen a good deal of one another. In season we played golf together with Prescott and Hammond. I began to see that it was Notestein's wish to make the relationship an enveloping one. He insisted on my calling him Wallace and in a dozen ways tried to establish a position far removed from the one Emden had maintained. Emden was all of a piece, firm, direct, the superior. He would invite you to tea before your tutorial essay period and at a point indicate that you must leave the room, put on your gown, and return as a student. With Notestein the lines were blurred. You never knew which role he would play and what your role must be. I felt uncomfortable.

My opinion of him took on a different quality in the summer of 1925. I had returned to England in the summer to stay in Reading and get married. Notestein told me before leaving that he and Miss Relf and Hartley Simpson would be staying in an English country house near Reading and would be preparing a multi-volume edition of some parliamentary diaries. He invited me to visit them. I cycled over one fine afternoon. The countryside was still, in a hot sun. I approached the house which stood alone in its own five acres and as I came within a hundred yards of the house I heard the strange sound of typewriters hammering away. What a tribute, I thought, to scholarly industry! How remarkable that these American scholars had come to this English country house, had turned their backs on the beautiful countryside, and were reconstructing the debates of the English House of Commons in the late 1620's! I opened the large gate into the carriageway saw at a distance someone asleep in a hammock. The noise of my feet in the gravel woke the sleeper. He struggled to his feet. It was Notestein. "Ah, Marcham," he said, "good to see you. I was meditating."

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## *Marriage*

In August 1925 Mary Cecilia Deacon and I were married. We came to Ithaca in September. We had first met in the Reading Public Library in 1921. She was a librarian there and I had gone there to study during my Oxford vacations because I could not study at home. Her father was a leading organist and music teacher in Reading. She had been born in Mortimer, a village near Reading, and her actual

birthplace was a few yards from the house to which Goldwin Smith's father retired when he closed his medical practice in Reading. In talking over our marriage my wife and I had agreed that she would find a job either in the Cornell Library or as a secretary in one of the university departments; she would thus be able to eke out my income of \$1,000. When we reached Ithaca we found that a job was already waiting for her in the office of the secretary of the College of Arts and Sciences; there was only one unfortunate feature about the job, namely that it was to begin within two days of our reaching Cornell. I mention this only because within a day or two my wife and I met Carl Becker on the campus and he, displaying his usual interest in personal affairs, asked why she happened to be in Goldwin Smith Hall. When he learned that she was already at work, he commented, "They put you to work quickly, didn't they."

During the following year my wife and I were generously treated by the friends of Notestein and by members of the History Department. Charles Hull and his sister Mary, in particular, entertained us informally from time to time, particularly for Sunday dinner. And so I came to appreciate more the qualities of this unusual brother and sister. Their conversation seemed to have no limit in the subjects they discussed. I remember in particular one meal in which they seemed to lead one another on almost to infinity with a discussion of nursery rhymes, both Anglo-Saxon and those of continental Europe. This led them on to a discussion of children's games and this in turn brought them somehow to trying to identify the furthest point north in Europe where they had seen the Scarlet Pimpernel. Each one of them was able to maintain this kind of conversation, and when talking they were light and airy and gracious, turning to one another, as it were, to inquire for information rather than to assert facts.

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## *Charles Hull*

Charles Hull, in particular, could follow almost any train of discussion, at least about the ordinary things that one observed or read or heard. Nothing seemed to be too small for his eye or too insignificant for his attention. I once heard him say, "There are no uninteresting things but there are uninterested people." One or two examples of the range of his information will suffice. I remember his once asking me if I had ever noticed the variety of designs to be found among the small two-wheeled hand trucks—if that is the name for them—such as one saw in those days on railroad platforms or around warehouses. These were made with two small wheels about a foot in diameter, had a frame shaped something like the capital letter L with the wheels being located at the angle of the letter. They were used for trundling around sacks of flour and individual railroad trunks and things of that kind. I had, I am sure, seen thousands of them both in the United States and in England. Hull began to describe the different ways in which the fronts or, as it were, projecting parts of these hand trucks were formed, and quickly brought to

light the fact that different shapes had been developed to deal with the different kinds of materials that were transported on them.

One afternoon he began to describe to me how small paper sacks were made and how it was they came to be in demand. He pointed out that so far as America was concerned in the early days the customer usually wanted to get his groceries in fairly large quantities, that he paid few visits to the store, that he returned home with two or three burlap bags loaded on his wagon. "Changes in the pattern of living," said Hull, "caused the customer to wish to obtain smaller quantities, half pound, a pound, two pounds of whatever it was he stood in need of. He could now visit the store once a week or perhaps oftener, rather than at intervals of a month or two months. And so the wrapping up of groceries in smaller bags became a necessity." Hull sketched in very quickly a half a dozen social, economic and technical circumstances that were associated with this change from the burlap bag to the paper sack. His whole discourse took twenty minutes or perhaps half an hour and was amazing in its convincing illustration and detail. As he ended, I remember that he looked rather shyly at me as I expressed some words of satisfaction, and he said, "Ah, my dear boy, but I don't think I could have done so well, shall we say, with the trouser button."

He played a considerable part in remodeling what was until recently the Tompkins County Memorial Hospital; that is to say, as a member of one of the hospital's committees he personally made recommendations for structural changes. After the hospital had been remodeled Carl Becker for a time occupied one of the new rooms. Hull went down to see him and after inquiring about Becker's health and reporting the local news he began to gaze around the room. His eye fell upon a piece of pipe which ran through one corner of the room. He stared at it steadily and then said, "Good heavens, I didn't know that that pipe passed through there." His interest in matters of this kind led him to draw up a most complete survey of Boardman Hall at the time when it was about to be vacated by the Law School and when a number of the Arts College departments were competing for use of the building. Hull's plans in precise and convincing sketches, made to show how the departments of History and Government could use the building, were a vital factor in convincing the administration to allow us to occupy it.

I must also mention the gentleness and generosity which was a part of Hull as it was also of his sister until in her last years she lost control of her mental powers. When I was found to be suffering from appendicitis, Hull by some means learned of it and hurried to my home so that he might take me to the hospital. I dressed, got down to his car with his help and rode with him. I distinctly remember sitting beside him in the car as we drove up State Street from Aurora Street. He spent the time offering words of comfort, but his words of comfort were as always items of factual information. He told me the date of the first appendicitis operation undertaken in Ithaca, the name of the man who performed it and of the fortunate victim who survived it and then he turned up a little gem of the sort that was perfectly fitted to the occasion. He said, "You don't need to worry, my dear boy, it is all very simple. Right from the beginning it was well described in the little jingle, 'an inch and a half incision and a week and a half in bed.'" Charles Hull stayed with me until I had gone to bed. I was operated on the next day and one of my first visions on emerging from the anesthetic was of the somewhat portly figure of Charles Hull,

dressed in black and, as I thought, swaying gently back and forth at the bottom of the bed. I mentioned my vision to Henry Edgerton, who came to see me a day or so later, and he quite appropriately remarked, "Whatever might have been swaying, it was certainly not Charles Hull."

In my judgment during the 1920's and early 1930's Charles Hull was the central stabilizing figure among the historians. Much of the time Becker was a semi-invalid, and even when temporarily enjoying good health he tended to make his visits to the campus as short as possible. Bretz was on the campus a good deal; indeed as a bachelor he spent a great part of his time in his office, but I believe that he was overshadowed by Hull and the others. He frequently acted as though he was somewhat guarded in his relationships with them. Nathaniel Schmidt and Preserved Smith also remained aloof and gave the impression of being almost entirely absorbed in their own affairs. And the same was true of Notestein who, as the 1920's went by, found more and more opportunities for visiting New York City over the weekend and confining his teaching responsibilities to the period from early Tuesday morning until late on Thursday evening.

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## *Ph.D. and Instructor*

During the academic year 1925-1926, when my wife and I were sustained by her work in the Arts College Office and by the Boldt Fellowship, I completed work for the Ph.D. by writing a thesis on the early political career of Edwin Sandys and passing an oral examination conducted by Notestein, J.Q. Adams of the English Department, A. C. Phelps of the College of Architecture, Miss Relf from Wells College and Carl Becker. The exam went well enough except that Becker, probing gently like a surgeon, was able to uncover some gaps in my thought about the philosophy of history. In the same year I was awarded the Messenger Prize of \$250 for an essay about Sandys and I learned by summertime that the historians had agreed to appoint me instructor in history.

One reason for this was that Notestein had become less and less regular in the performance of his duties. He had asked for and obtained substantial leaves of absence, and when on campus he had given less and less time to the large general course in English history. The purpose of the promotion was for me to take over the general course and teach an advanced course of my own choosing. From a purely technical point of view this plan suggested no difficulty for I had taught, that is lectured in, the general course from time to time in emergencies in 1925-1926. The problem was how to teach the course and remain on good terms with Notestein. He was a touchy man and might turn this new situation into one which was intended to reflect on his competence. His colleagues, he might say, had planned it so, and I was ready to abet them.

As soon as I brought my wife to Ithaca, Notestein's relations with me began to change. In the year 1924-1925, when I was teaching ancient history, and had the office next to his in Goldwin Smith Hall, he had, so to speak, elevated me to the

rank of younger brother. He found occasion to talk to me almost every day and felt free to describe his fears, his dreams, his ambitions and with this openness, indeed sometimes embarrassing frankness on his part, went the expectation that I would deal as freely with him, and more than that, that he had the right to ask about and dispose of my personal affairs. Shortly after the rise of the Labour Party to power in England he had called me aside and said "Marcham, you ought to go into English politics: you ought to be a Labour Party member of the house of commons. Now I know Catherine Young (one of the history graduate students) has a fortune and I am sure she thinks well of you. Marry her; I am sure you will have a successful career." Only later did I know that marrying off his graduate students was one of Notestein's continuing interests. At the end of his career as Sterling Professor of English History at Yale University, the bachelor Notestein married a lady he had known as a boy, the retired president of an eminent women's college in New England, named Ada Comstock. The New England local newspaper headlined the marriage story with the words "Comstock Weds."

In dealing with Notestein at this time I did not respond to his interest in my personal affairs. This interest took a new direction in 1926-1927-1928, when the stock market was surging upwards. One of Notestein's sisters was a well-informed businesswoman who looked after the finances of Notestein's brother, a high salaried oil-geologist, absent for months at a time in distant parts of the world. Presumably through the advice of this sister, Lillian, Wallace had bought in the middle 1920's some shares in Timken Roller Bearing. The shares had grown in value, a circumstance that made it plain to Wallace that a person who did not buy Timken Roller Bearing, as he urged upon us all, was obstinately rejecting good advice.

I dealt with his financial advice by saying that I had no money to invest. I refused to respond to his suggestions that I open up my personal life to him. But he was a persistent friend and in the summer of 1926 he tried another tack. He knew the bare outlines of my family history; that father had been a country boy, a soldier, and a labourer, that my parents were poor. He now proposed that he visit them. I said it was a matter for him to decide. And so he went to Reading. My parents never said more than that he had visited them. A fuller story came from Notestein. He said he had gone for a walk with my father and at a point in their journey down a lane my father had stopped and said, "What a beautiful pattern of shapes and of shades of green that hedgerow gives. It would be different if it were all hawthorn." "Jove," said Notestein in reporting the incident to me, "I was speechless. I didn't know that English working men thought about beauty."

I felt able to manage my relations with Notestein on matters of finance and these personal questions. Indeed, on personal relationships between him and other graduate students, I felt sure enough of my standing with him to intervene and suggest he modify his intended action. One famous incident of the period got away from me. To a young lady who was, I believe, the most brilliant of his students, he said, when she asked his advice about the next stage in her career, "Go back to the Middle West and marry a big butter and egg man." In other instances he showed me offensive letters he intended to send and I talked him into throwing them into the wastebasket.

But for me there remained the question of teaching English history, particularly the general course. How could I manage that? I did not wish to change the pattern

of the course; that satisfied me. But I did think that the textbook he had used in it, a large, accurate compilation of facts by A.L. Cross, was dull reading for freshman. The source problems by White and Notestein I kept. I made and had printed a selection of readings from English literature, to follow the pattern I had used in Ancient History. I introduced the recently published *History of England* by G.M. Trevelyan. I prepared an outline of the principal factual items--kings, principal legislation, battles and so forth--to go along with Trevelyan who had written for an English audience and had assumed that all these matters were in the reader's head. And I arranged my lectures to cover a wide range of subjects, political and constitutional history, architecture, and literature. Notestein made no comment on these changes.

As I became established in this program, I began to feel more and more comfortable in it. I enjoyed lecturing and even though my lectures were given on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8 am; the class remained a large one with about 250 students. In the first term of 1927-1928 Notestein was away on leave. Becker had one of his frequent bouts of sickness, and Leo Gershoy, who had gone to the University of Rochester, came down to lecture for him. At this juncture the student newspaper ran some articles, commenting on teaching, and stopped to say a word or two about the general courses in English and Modern European History. The paid tribute to the academic eminence of Becker and Notestein but added that when it came to lecturing they wished to praise newcomers. They brought a fresh outlook and they had more time to give to the conduct of their courses.

Becker, I knew, would not be offended by this, but I had fears about Notestein. Thank heavens he was in Europe. He returned about Christmas time and all was well. Or so it seemed. One day he came to the office looking down at the mouth and after puttering around for a while he said, "Marcham, did you see that article about the courses in history?" "Yes," I said, "but there's no need to be concerned about it. In things of this kind students are apt to exaggerate." "Well," said he, almost on the point of tears, "I want you to know one thing. You may be more brilliant than I am but I work harder than you."

We were saved from further difficulty by the fact that Notestein received the offer of an appointment to a professorship at the University of Manchester; an honor because it was a recognition of his status by the English academic world. At the invitation of the British Academy he had already given the annual Raleigh Lecture. A chair in English History to an American would be a prize indeed. But Manchester was not Oxford or Cambridge or even London. And there was a further flaw. Notestein at Manchester would replace J.E. Neale, a younger man than he, whose work was in the Elizabethan period and less far advanced than Notestein's. And London had appointed Neale. Notestein would be merely Neale's successor. Notestein asked for my advice. I said be content with the honor of having been asked and decline the appointment. He did so.

## Notestein Leaves

Almost at once he received an offer from Yale to become the Sterling Professor of English History. He was not in a position to make a good bargain. He could point to his recognition in Great Britain, he could say that with colleagues at Cornell as eminent as Becker and Hull and Smith he was in no hurry to leave. And so it came about that he was able to gain assurance from Yale that he would have funds to publish his parliamentary diaries and would have continuing support for one or two research assistants. He was overjoyed. His association with Yale as a graduate student had made him a worshipper of Yale's social eminence. He began to tell me about the intricacies of the undergraduate social clubs and I heard much about "Bones" though never in such a way as to understand the inner meaning of this mystic word. When all was settled about his going, he spoke to me solemnly about this new era in his life and mine. Though at Yale, he said, he would continue to have an interest in, indeed a general responsibility for the general course in English history at Cornell. He would return frequently and would give lectures in the course to ensure that it kept to the pattern he had established. He never did so.

But he did appear from time to time to ask about my personal affairs. On one occasion he came to me and said he had learned that I intended to build a house. This, he said, was folly, I should buy one of the large rambling late Victorian houses on Buffalo Street in the student quarter, have it arranged for apartments and make money from rents. I demurred and went ahead with the house. A few weeks later the Yale Student Bookstore wrote and asked me to send them some copies of the pamphlet of notes I had prepared for use with Trevelyan's *History of England*. I answered that the Cornell Student Store handled them, the price was 50 cents. A month later I had a blistering letter from Notestein saying that I was a money grabbing creature to charge his Yale students \$1.50 for the outline. He said much more that was offensive. I replied saying that at last I had received from him a letter of the kind that I had so often persuaded him not to send to others. I made a few blunt remarks to the effect that his own behavior had been sometimes tactless and unpleasant. I wrote later, in a cooler moment, to record the things for which I was grateful to him. The letter came back marked, "Returned unopened." We exchanged no words again.

In the days before I came to this rupture with Notestein I talked the matter over with Becker and Hull. I showed Becker Notestein's last letter to me. With force that was unusual for him he said, "The man is mad." Hull was milder but no less firm in advising me to respond sharply. Hull reminded me of a Notestein story in which Hull and I had a part. "He's a strange fellow, my dear boy," Hull began, and went on to recount the events that led Notestein to send him a cable from England. Notestein was reviewing a quite learned book about English highways and byways. He wished to convince his English audience that he knew more about the English countryside than they did. It would not be enough to make asides about the Cotswolds or the Downs or the Cheviots. To do the trick he needed something arcane. He had heard about the Buttertubs. What a phrase, "as remote as the Buttertubs"! But where were they? Might they be across the border in Scotland? "Do you remember, Marcham," Hull said. "You and I had gone to my house for

lunch. As we entered the house my sister, Mary, handed me the cablegram, "Hull, where are the Buttertubs. Notestein."

Apart from my unhappy and as I believe, unavoidable break with Notestein I had only one unfortunate personal experience among the ranks of the historians and that was with Conyers Read, professor of English History at the University of Pennsylvania. Read was a man in his 40's. He and Notestein were the dominant figures in English History in the United States, more exactly perhaps in English History from the Tudor period to the present. Read was doing a monumental study of political figures in the reign of Elizabeth.

When I finished my thesis on Sir Edwin Sandys, I took stock of what I had been able to do and satisfied myself that though Sandys was an interesting political figure, all one could do with him was to recount and analyze what he had said in the House of Commons and in his little book *Europae Speculum*. The parliamentary record was disjointed. The book was a treatise he had written as a young man on returning from a visit to the European mainland. Where, I asked myself, was the man? How much more I could do if I had only a dozen of his letters. This led me to wonder what would happen if one went at it the other way, that is found collections of personal letters and began the study of Stuart personalities, great and small, from them. I talked about this to Emden and Notestein and they encouraged the plan. I began with a group of letters James I had sent to Sir Robert Cecil, the so-called "Little Beagle Letters" and published an essay on them. I found in the British Museum a unique collection of letters from a mid-seventeenth century English physician to his patient and published the "Letters of Dr. Symcotts" in *Isis*. I had stirred around in this field of study when my wife and I went to England in the summer of 1927.

At Cornell I systematically examined the index to the British Museum Manuscripts, to those of the Oxford and Cambridge libraries, as well as the extensive references to private collections in *Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission*. Back in London in the summer of 1929 I looked at the British Museum collections that interested me, checked at the Public Record Office with the secretary of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. Altogether I saw about fifty groups of letters for the Tudor and Early Stuart period. Some of them had been studied by English antiquarians and genealogists; here and there, say in the Camden Society Publications, a few had appeared. But more than 90 percent of those I found were new to English historians.

On my return to Ithaca I wrote a paper dealing in general with private correspondence of the Tudor and Early Stuart period as a source of study. At the ensuing Christmas meeting of the American Historical Association I read this paper and made available a list of the Collections I had found, with their reference numbers. My paper was one of three to be presented to a sectional conference for English historians. The practice was for the three papers to be read and for the audience then to engage in such discussion as seemed appropriate. I was first on the list and read my paper.

When I finished a small man in the rear of the room stood up and said, "Mr. Chairman I demand the right to discuss this first paper before we go to the others." He was a small, middle-aged man whose tone of voice and manner made it clear



that he was used to getting his way. The chairman tried to persuade him to sit down but the speaker went on: "I don't have much to say, except that I have spent my life working in this field and I have never seen the collections of letters Mr. Marcham refers to. I have worked for years in the British Museum and have used all the principal collections of letters. I can safely state that the letters referred to in this paper do not exist." I explained that this was not merely a list of collections in catalogs. Each collection I had mentioned I had held in my hands. But the word of Marcham did not prevail against the majesty of Conyers Read.

When I spoke to Becker about the fiasco he said that Read was known to be an eccentric. "Publish your paper," he said, "and see what happens then." So I sent the paper to the *Journal of Modern History* which rejected it. Marshall Knappen was at this time teaching in the History Department at Chicago where the *Journal* was published and I wrote asking him to find out the cause of rejection; had word reached the editors from the AHA meeting. Knappen wrote back to say that a reader had advised against publication on the ground that the information including the list of collections was too well known. The reader was, Conyers Read. Shortly after, when Read published his *Bibliography of Tudor History* he included the Tudor collections which I had listed.

The hostility of Notestein and Read caused me to take stock of my position as a young historian beginning his career in the United States. The ultimate source of Read's actions became clear a few months later at another history meeting. He called me over to sit beside him on a couch and said, "The trouble with you is you try to do things without a sponsor." Among English historians this was the age of sponsors, bosses. Neale and Namier in England had their professional empires, each with a string of graduate students and young dons who worked on matters of detail contributing to the central work of the leader. Read was another of these; Notestein also, though perhaps he sought more a personal than a professional domination. At a meeting of about this time, as I stood in line, waiting to enter a conference hall, I heard one of the lesser bosses say to another, "I surrender Sir Edward Coke." Historical topics were like colonial possessions.

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## *Assistant Professor & Professor*

This new characteristic of the historical profession did not worry me. For the truth was that in everything besides the political maneuvers of the historians outside Cornell, my affairs had prospered. At Notestein's departure for Yale in 1928, I received appointment as assistant professor. I began to have offers of appointments elsewhere. These I refused because I found such pleasure in being at Cornell and felt the deepest gratitude for my treatment at the hands of Hull and Becker. In the spring of 1930 the historians appointed Arthur P. Whitaker of Western Reserve University to a professorship in Latin American History. As if to respond, Western Reserve offered me a full professorship at a salary of \$5,000. Cornell proposed the same terms, which I gladly accepted. I walked home from a meeting with Hull

to tell my wife the good news and as I did so I thought that another miracle had happened. I was 32, I had been in the United States seven years, I had fallen among a group of older colleagues at Cornell who, Notestein gone, came near to being the ideal academics, wise, gentle, discreet, friendly and these men had a good enough opinion of me to recommend me for a full professorship.

I had indeed fared well when I looked around at the graduate students who had been my contemporaries. Frank Notestein had been the most successful; he was on the certain road to success as an authority in population problems. Coates was prospering at the University of Rochester, where he was to live out his academic career, but he was still an assistant professor. Leo Gershey was climbing up the ladder at Long Island, and Catlin, though he lists himself in *Who's Who* as a "prof. politics, Corn. U. 1924-," did not reach that point until 1928.

In 1925 our group of graduate students in history had a newcomer, though to me he was an old friend, Marshall Knappen. In my senior year at St. Edmund Hall he had entered as a Rhodes Scholar from Brookings, South Dakota. Knappen was of medium height, thin and spare in the manner of a long distance runner. He was a runner and that was his only sport; except, perhaps a little tennis. He wore the clothes of a middlewestern undergraduate, severe, ready made, or off the hook as the English might say, certainly distinctive. Even I, in my undergraduate poverty, had had my clothes "made to measure," though the elbows might become ragged.

Knappen was alert and companionable and gladly accepted me as guide, and as interpreter of Oxford and St. Edmund Hall customs. He did not make himself conspicuous in any way, as did our other notorious Rhodes Scholars from Arizona. And yet in all Knappen said and did you were aware that in his eyes Oxford was very much on trial. He was a committed, rugged middle western Christian, who took nothing for granted. His words and deeds were all so much part of a whole, so devoid of show or wasted motion that I took to him from the start. Only with the passage of a few years and with the opportunity to see his mind working not in theology—his field at Oxford—but in English history did I come to know that he had by any standards a first class mind.

After Oxford he went to Princeton for a master's degree in theology. I recommended him for appointment as an assistant at Cornell in the history department. He came, worked in the English history course alongside me, and remained to get his degree. He was a devout Christian and first attracted attention in the Cornell community in an incident that was perfectly suited to display his interests and character. The editor of the *Cornell Daily Sun*, at a time when the news was lagging, thought to stir a mild academic storm by writing to himself a letter, signed, "Seven Bewildered Freshmen." The letter asked in general what was the purpose of the education they were receiving, in fact what was the purpose of life? A large fish rose to the bait. Carl Becker, recognized throughout the American intellectual world as a leading if not the first person to deal with matters of this sort, wrote a limpid, bantering letter saying in effect "bewildered, confused, without any basis for certainty, why, of course, we all are; it's the human condition." Knappen jumped into the game of words, for that was what it was to this point. He berated Becker for his cynicism and cried out in effect, what will come to us if such men are our intellectual leaders. Becker admired Knappen for his courage and sincerity. Later, when he learned that Knappen, on applying for acceptance for missionary

work in Africa, had been rejected because he differed from the examining board on the strict interpretation of the scripture, Becker praised Knappen. He also used the incident to illustrate the folly and narrowness of the churches.

Knappen spent a good deal of time at my home, where he was always welcome to my wife and me. He was concerned about my difficulties with Notestein, whom he had known a long time, but said nothing to suggest that he took sides with either of us. He received an appointment to the History Department at the University of Chicago and with the publication of some articles and a small book of Puritan diaries, and the manuscript of his major work, *Tudor Puritanism*, he seemed assured of academic success more solid and more swift than my own. But his conscience got the better of him. For a time, at least, he saw the academic life as purposeless. He had been rejected as a missionary to Africa; he would become a minister in rural South Dakota. And so he left the University of Chicago.

How news of this came to me I do not know, but it squared with my concept of Marshall Knappen. We did not write to one another; I had no further news. Late one night I was working on my lectures and my wife was sewing. The doorbell rang; there stood Marshall Knappen, tired, bowed, shaken. He asked to spend the night with us. We prepared a meal for him. That ended, he told his tale. Yes, he did go back to South Dakota. He found a small community that needed a pastor; Red River was the name, as I remember. He preached, and prayed, and visited. His flock received him well. One day he went to the local barber, a member of his congregation. The barber said his son was sick, would the pastor visit him and pray for him. Knappen did so. The son died. A little later the barber said his wife was sick. Marshall visited her and prayed for her. She died. Again the barber stopped Knappen on the street and said his daughter was sick. Knappen said, "I packed my bags and came to you." The University of Chicago was wise enough to take him back on their faculty.

With my promotion to full professorship the pattern of my life in the Cornell community began to take a shape that was to last for many years. The first element was teaching which became more and more enjoyable. I enjoyed lecturing and saw each lecture as a creation. One chose a subject, thought about it for half an hour, spent a few hours reading and then, on the night before the lecture, sat down after supper and worked out four or five pages of notes in a book just like this one [the 8 1/2 x 11 hard-cover notebook in which he wrote "Cornell Notes"]. The lecture must be organized so as to present the subject clearly and in a manner that would hold the listener's attention. That meant there must be change of pace within the lecture; the exposition of a general theme, some illustrative detail, here a portion of a contemporary document, there a letter or perhaps part of a speech. The listener must not be allowed to become hypnotized on the person of the lecturer as a physical object. The rhythm of the lecturer's speech must change. Best of all the listener might have in his hand a mimeographed sheet with some sections of a document on it. The lecturer would refer to this sheet from time to time and the listener would look away from the platform. I remembered A. L. Smith of Balliol and his masterly way of making what he had to say seem effortless and informal. For myself I developed the principle "The lecture first; the lecturer a distant second." You fail if you try to hold an audience by attention to yourself rather than to what you are saying.

Richard Robinson, a young Oxford man who was a professor of philosophy, Slade Kendrick, a professor of agricultural economics, Loren Petry, a professor of botany, and I formed a little group to talk among ourselves about the art of lecturing and about teaching in general. We attended one another's classes, and exchanged examinations. Best of all we learned the names of men who were famous as lecturers and attended their lectures. Of these other lecturers the one I remember best was an elderly professor of veterinary physiology. We heard a lecture of his on the physiology of muscle. He spoke slowly, almost as one who had expected the student to make a verbatim report of what he said, but he had dramatic interludes. Muscle tissue was produced, the leg muscles of an animal, as I remember. He passed a current through and it moved. He attached wires to his own arm and contracted the muscles. The action produced noise. Within an hour everything he had intended to say was crystal clear. At the other end of the scale was the great G. M. Trevelyan, who wrote like an angel and talked like Poor Pol. Each sentence he uttered he began by phrasing in three or four different ways, as though he was experimenting with a composition. "The Normans, when they had won the Battle of Hastings," he would begin. A pause. "After the Battle of Hastings, the Normans..." A pause. "When the Normans had won the Battle of Hastings..." In the middle of this performance he dropped his lecture notes and never got them back into their right order.

As there must be change of pace within a lecture so also in the subject matter of successive lectures. A narrative lecture, the biographical study of an important person, the exposition of conflicting interpretations of a statute, the analysis of a play to illustrate, shall we say, by "The Shoemaker's Holiday" or Shaw's "Arms and the Man," some standards of value in a given age. To read these historical records from year to year, to find new ones like Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees," to go back to childhood favorites like Robinson Crusoe and to weave them into the lecture program, what could be more pleasurable. How better could one end a day, as I did six days a week, year by year, than by constructing a lecture on topics such as these.

In addition there were small classes and seminars which required as such attention and a different, more informal manner of teaching. They depended more on developing the art of discussion and of achieving the greatest of all teacher's ambitions, to persuade the student to believe that he had something to say that was worth listening to. I remember particularly one student of considerable ability who wrote excellent papers but could not be lured into speaking in class. He worked with me two years and would say nothing. One day in the third year, when the class was over, he followed me down to my office. I invited him in and he closed the door behind him. Then hesitantly he said, "Professor, you made a mistake in your lecture today. In reading the first statute you read 'and' for 'or' and that changed by a good deal the scope of the legislation." I reached out and grabbed his hand and said, "Paul, that is great; this is the moment I've waited for. But be sure next time to say it in class."

And there were meetings with individual students in the office, where the conversation could range widely, and the teacher's task was principally to listen. In 1932, thanks to the efforts of Charles Hull, the history and government departments moved into Boardman Hall which had been vacated by the Law School. There I

had a large, handsome office, with four windows looking out towards Stimson Hall and what is now Day Hall. I had plenty of room for seminars and small classes, and here, away from the corridor noise of Goldwin Smith Hall, it was possible to read and write. When I was not in the library or the classroom I was likely to be in my office.

The movement of the historians to Boardman Hall did not change their relationship to one another. Each professor was in charge of his own little department, except for the shared responsibilities of Hull and Bretz in American history. With an exception here or there, as in the case of Becker and Smith, most professors spent three or four hours a day in their offices, and had opportunity to stop and chat in the ample corridors of the building. Their relations were always casual; a greeting, a few words. The History Club which had existed in the middle 1920's had evaporated. Social interchange was at a minimum and the professors of history met formally for business only once or twice a year, to talk about assistantships and award a prize or two. Perhaps the commonest bond among us was our association in directing the work of graduate students. Two or three times a year I stopped by to talk with Hull or Becker, or, outside the department, to [Robert] Cushman, Lane Cooper, and J. Q. Adams, about graduate students for whom we were responsible. At the end of each term we held our oral examinations, which, in my early days as an examiner, I thought of in terms of my own oral examination at Oxford and also in terms of the light the examination threw on the mind of the examiner. Becker was the most gentle examiner I knew. His approach was through a statement. Someone, he would say, had said so and so and this had often puzzled him. If you looked at it one way it might mean this, in another something quite different. In this manner he went on for two or three minutes and then paused, expecting the student to pick up and develop the train of thought. Only once did I intervene in an examination he was conducting. He was the first examiner. Almost every time he began a question in his casual manner, the student, a young lady, would break in. After twenty minutes of this Becker was quite off stride and with a sigh said, "Marcham, please continue this examination." I said to the young lady, "Please recite the Lord's Prayer." That quieted her down, then I could ask why "debts" in one version and "trespasses" in another and so into some English social history.

The separateness of the various historians was, of course, in part the consequence of their lack of formal departmental organization. But it was, I think, also a consequence of their own personalities and of the general spirit of the Arts College. The college dean, Robert M. Ogden, was a man who conceived of the faculty of the college as an association of able and self-reliant individuals. And I feel sure that Livingston Farrand, who was the president of the university at this time, had much the same notion.

## George Lincoln Burr

Among the highly individualistic historians, there was one who had retired from teaching. This was George Lincoln Burr, who had an even greater claim to be a part of the original university than Charles Hull himself. Professor Burr had spent part of his youth at Ovid some thirty miles to the northwest of Ithaca; he had served as secretary to Andrew Dickson White, and had lived out a full and active career as teacher and scholar at Cornell and a leading figure in the American Historical Association. Now as professor emeritus he was in residence at the Telluride House [a scholarship residence] and was the guardian and presiding spirit of the White Library, where most of the graduate students in History had their seats or stalls and did their work. Professor Burr did not often cross the quadrangle to visit the other historians and did not, I think, in any other formal way involve himself in their normal round of duties in the Arts College; but they, of course, saw a good deal of him when they went to the Library.

One of my most vivid memories of Professor Burr is of a History Club meeting which was held at the Telluride House and at which he himself read a paper. I think it must have been fairly common for faculty members to read papers on these occasions. It was certainly common for all of them to attend as they did now, with some ten or so graduate students, to hear Professor Burr read a paper on the importance of retaining the spelling of the word “mediaeval” with the diphthong “ae.” Professor Burr made it appear that the future of western culture hung upon this spelling; that to retain the diphthong was to affirm our faith in the heritage of the west. To use the letter “e” instead was to accept the cheap, the easy short cut way of the man without culture, the mere contemporary. This was the kind of theme upon which Professor Burr spoke with his greatest force, for he was a master of the art of building up one side of an argument until it was all white and the other side until it was all black. So now he thundered on until one really began to believe that western civilization was in the balance. But there must have been some in the audience who had heard this story before. At a point in his speech, where he seemed to be soaring above all earthly things, he suddenly stopped, turned his eyes towards a neighboring couch and cried, “Charles Hull, are you asleep?”

There was a strong element of aggressiveness in Professor Burr. These qualities were all the more striking because he was a small man whose expression in ordinary circumstances was gentle and benign. He smiled readily, he accosted passersby warmly, he had a twinkling eye and the gait of a man who is going somewhere with a purpose. In these early years he was certainly very well disposed towards me, and I feel sure that it was through his intercession that I was invited to become a member of the Telluride group in the summer of 1925. But our friendly relationship derived, I believe, in considerable part from the fact that I was not brought into contact with him in circumstances which might have provoked him. At meetings of the History Club where I was a performer I read papers of book reviews that were outside his field of special interest. And as I remember, I reviewed in print only one book—G. L. Kittredge’s *Witchcraft in Old and New England*—which particularly concerned Professor Burr; I was happy to discover that my attack on

the book won his sympathy. He and Professor Kittredge were, as I learned later, lifetime antagonists in this field.

I did not go altogether unscathed in my dealings with Professor Burr on matters not purely historical. In 1930 I was serving as the president of the local chapter of Phi Beta Kappa and shortly before the time when the annual banquet was to be held I was taken ill. It was the practice in those days for the president to deliver an address at the banquet and in view of my illness I found it necessary to choose a substitute. I invited Professor Burr to make the speech. The next morning he hurried to my bedside and, standing there, quickly entered upon a denunciation of Phi Beta Kappa because it was an institution which rewarded scholarship. Scholarship, he said, was its own reward. And scholarship should be attended by a way of life which was frugal and austere. He described the medieval scholars working in unheated rooms throughout the year, their feet in hay to keep them warm, the hard benches on which they sat, the poor light by which they worked. "And you," he said, "president of this local chapter of Phi Beta Kappa are pretending to honor scholars and scholarship with a piece of parchment and a pin." He turned and strode away. Phi Beta Kappa had no address at its Cornell banquet that year.

The other occasion was almost as disastrous. Members of the History Department at Wells College invited outside examiners to set examinations for their honor students. I knew some members of the department well and one of them was an old student of Burr's. One day I had a telephone call from Wells asking if I would serve as an outside examiner; when I said, Yes, the caller told me that my fellow examiner would be Burr. A little later another call asked if I would visit Burr, describe to him the general topics of the examinations and suggest, within limits, the number of questions to be set. I walked down to Telluride House to tell this to Burr.

He exploded the moment I explained my mission. Was it, on the part of the Wells history department, an intentional or accidental affront to him? An affront it certainly was to imply, by using me as a messenger, that he was not capable of taking information on the telephone. I had merits of some sort, perhaps, but he himself did not like to deal through intermediaries. He did not need suggestions about how many questions to set. He had been in this game longer than any of them. He spoke heatedly in this vein for about five minutes. Then, after he had made this point clear, he asked me what kind of examination I intended to set. I then told him of my plans. He said they were good and that he would set a similar examination in his own field. However, when I saw the examination a few days later, it was utterly different in its form from the one I had described and had set.

By the time we were ready to go to Wells College for the oral part of the examination all was well; my sins had been forgiven. Professor Burr proved to be a lively and generous oral examiner and the morning passed pleasantly for the candidates, the examiners and the members of the Wells faculty who had joined us. Immediately following the morning session there was to be a lunch and following that an informal social meeting. Professor Burr told me that he thought we would be wasting our time at the social meeting and persuaded me to join him in a walk. It was a warm summer day and I struggled to keep up with him as he hurried up the hillside for a mile or so until we had reached a point which gave us a long sweeping view of the lake and the surrounding countryside. He showed me where the Village

of Ovid stood and reminded me that he had spent part of his youth there, and he described in considerable detail other features of the countryside across the lake. We returned to the college and took part in some more examining until dinner time, when we caught the train back to Ithaca after what was for me an exhausting day. We left the train, walking side by side, but as we approached the streetcar stop alongside the railroad station I slowed my pace and prepared to wait for the next street car up the hill. Professor Burr asked me what I intended to do, and I replied that I was going catch the streetcar. "Nonsense," said Professor Burr, "one should never use the streetcar for the short journey between the railroad station and the university." However, I persisted in my decision and the last I saw of Professor Burr was from the window of the car as he strode forward at a rapid pace on the two-mile trip from the railroad station to the Telluride House.

My final memory of him in one of his aggressive moods comes from the occasion when some of his students and friends prepared a series of essays under the general title "Persecution and Liberty" for presentation to him in 1931. Though I had never been one of his students, I was invited to submit an essay, and I did so. In due course the volume was completed and the essayists and many of his faculty friends and former students gathered together in Willard Straight Hall at about the time of the Commencement exercises in 1931 to make the formal presentation. Those in attendance must have numbered one hundred or so. Professor Burr, a small man, seemed for a time at least to be swallowed up in the crowd. One of the essayists—Professor Bainton of Yale, as I remember—made the presentation speech and spoke, as he had every right to do, in the most generous terms of Professor Burr's work as a writer and teacher of history. It was an occasion when the laudatory speech and the hand claps of the crowd might have been expected to draw forth from Professor Burr the customary words of thanks. But as soon as the speech had ended and before the clapping was stilled Professor Burr was on his feet; indeed he jumped from his chair. A phrase or two of Professor Bainton's contained an inaccuracy or led to a false inference and Professor Burr swept on to the stage, as it were, to attack error on this occasion as he would have done in private conversation.

Professor Guy Muchmore told me that he, the younger man, had once engaged in a discussion with Burr on English usage. "Do you think it right," Muchmore asked, "to split infinitives?" "Yes," said Burr, "it is a matter of individual choice." "How is it then," said Muchmore, "that you do not split infinitives?" "Because," said Burr, "I don't wish to be bothered by pismires like you."

There were many tales testifying to Professor Burr's great scholarship, and in particular it was said of him that he knew too much and was too much of a perfectionist to find the time or the ease of expression necessary for a writer. In his conversation about historical topics he glided easily over a great range of learning and by his allusion to details, especially to details of bibliography, he left the impression of great erudition. I have seen in books of the Cornell Library many of his annotations and corrections worked into the margins in a fine, formal hand. How much of his knowledge he loaned, as it were, for the general benefit of his colleagues, I do not know. He was, I am sure, on good terms with most of them. Though to be on good terms with Professor Burr was to take the risk of undergoing



vigorous attack by him whenever in his judgment one moved away from the path of intellectual rectitude.

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## *Preserved Smith*

Professor Preserved Smith was a gentle, kindly man who with his wife lived somewhat on the outskirts of the department. Mrs. Smith was Professor Smith's second wife and a lady obviously very much devoted to him, as he was to her. Their relationship impressed me as one in which Professor Smith found satisfaction for almost all of his intellectual interests. He did most of his work at home, discussed his work with his wife and submitted what he had written to her for her judgment. It was my impression that their home was a small and almost self-sufficient intellectual center and that Professor Smith relied hardly at all upon discussion with his colleagues and did not go to them for suggestions or criticism regarding his written work. Professor Smith was, in his physical form, an angular man, thin, almost to the point of emaciation and at the time when he first came to Cornell it was feared that his work might be jeopardized by ill health. However, he filled out a career of about fifteen years and suffered, as I remember, very few interruptions from this cause.

He had made a great reputation for himself as a student of the history of the Reformation and he was a man well versed in all the appropriate items of detail. When he gave an oral examination to candidates for a doctor's degree he carried them step by step through the items in the decisions of councils of the church and matters of that kind. He spoke in a flat voice, his face, as a rule, rather grimly set, broader but of the same general structure as that of President [Calvin] Coolidge. One had a sense that he was withdrawn from the ordinary routine of daily life even as it related to the affairs of a college teacher. He approached teaching, as he did writing, rather formally. One of his students told me on one occasion that instead of lecturing in the normal manner he had read his lecture from the proofs of a forthcoming book and that while reading the lecture to a class of some twenty or thirty students he had paused from time to time to make necessary corrections in the proof.

In his later years he launched out on a substantial history of modern culture of which one volume appeared. He had by this time come to regard himself as something more than an historian of the Reformation and I believe on one occasion he proposed to his colleagues that they join him in requesting that he be given the formal title of Professor of the History of Modern Culture. The subject matter with which he dealt in this connection was, in fact, the principal religious and intellectual developments of the period after about 1500. And, as the first volume will show, little attempt was made to draw together the individual writers and books with which he dealt, and in consequence the volume is disjointed and fragmentary. Moreover, little effort is made to relate the books and ideas which are discussed one by one to the actual political, economic and other conditions of the time at which they appeared.

Professor Smith was, I believe, deeply distressed by the reception given to the book in leading professional journals. Its faults were, I think, altogether apparent and his failure in this adventure of his later life appeared to me to be the inevitable consequence of his total independence upon the intellectual companionship of his wife and his unwillingness to seek the advice and criticism of his colleagues. However, the near isolation in which he carried on his academic pursuits is an excellent commentary on the pattern of life maintained among the historians. They were in all simple, social matters the best of friends and from time to time, at intervals perhaps of six months or so, one or two of these faculty families had dinner together. But the notion of intellectual separateness was strongly maintained and so it came about that at one and the same time Professor Preserved Smith and Professor Carl Becker could be interested in problems which by their surface description seemed to be very much the same, that they could write substantial books on similar subjects, and yet in actual fact deal with quite different matters and manage the discussion of these matters in entirely different ways.

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## *Nathaniel Schmidt*

Professor Nathaniel Schmidt was another Cornell historian with whom during this period my associations were slight. His field of study and teaching was the history and languages of the Near and Middle East. His principal work among Cornell undergraduate and graduate students dealt, I believe, with Jewish history and the historical setting of the New Testament, and since he taught at a time when, as I remember, there was no formal teaching in the history of religion, he attracted a considerable audience from among the undergraduates who made his lectures on Biblical subjects a substitute for a study of religion. The announcement of the College of Arts and Sciences in those days carried a long list of courses which Professor Schmidt was prepared to offer. They dealt not so much with historical subjects as with languages and at a first glance one might have supposed that Professor Schmidt was capable of teaching not only languages of the modern world but all those of the ancient as well. How often he did, in fact, find students who wished to take these courses, I do not know, though I remember how surprised I was when one of my girl students told me she was well along in her study of Arabic. Professor Schmidt had won a considerable reputation by his studies in Europe and in the United States, as also by his travels and archeological work in the eastern Mediterranean. His conversation left one with the notion of a man almost perfectly trained according to the 19th century European tradition of the multi-lingual, painstaking, and exact professorial Doktor.

In appearance Professor Schmidt was a solidly built man of middle height. He had a big, square face, wore a largish mustache and was most commonly to be seen smoking a cigar. He talked in a rather heavy manner with a trace of a guttural accent. He was a really great storyteller, and in the course of setting forth his

narrative he gave it dexterous verbal twists, often with the precise foreign phrase, and conveyed his point with twinkling eyes.

I remember only one of his stories in something like its original detail. He said that as a boy in his teens, back about 1895, he had traveled by rail across the United States. One evening his train stopped at Albuquerque, New Mexico. The time was about 6 o'clock. He had a three-hour wait for his connection. The people lounging about the station seemed unsavory so he strolled out into the streets. He went on. "It was getting dark and as I had had a meal on the train I was looking for something of interest, perhaps a bookshop. There was none, but in my wanderings at last I saw a sign, 'Library,' and an arrow pointing up some stairs. I went up the stairs and found a large, bare room; in the room was a table and on the table a newspaper and a magazine. A man was reading the newspaper, his elbow on the magazine. This was the library. I went to the man and asked if I might look at the magazine. He reached down, took out his gun and put it on the table. Not a word. So I went down to the street again and noticed a small group of men who were talking loudly and gesticulating. I thought I saw a knife flash. That was enough; there was only one place for me, the cathedral, and there I went.

"It was dark inside. I sat in a seat near the door and meditated. After fifteen minutes of so the noise in the streets suddenly got louder and then three shots rang out and the screaming and shouting grew worse. I felt insecure by the door of the cathedral, even though I had closed it behind me, so I moved a few rows towards the altar. I had been there a minute or two when I heard footsteps, someone running outside the cathedral; then the main door opened and a man came in and shut the door behind him. I heard him muttering rapidly in Spanish. He was praying.

"Bending down I crept as quietly as I could to a seat just in front of the altar rail. I could still hear the muttering. It stopped and the man moved forward, half way down the cathedral. He knelt and prayed again. What if he should come closer? While he prayed I climbed over the altar rail and moved close to the altar itself. The man crept forward again. Would he approach the altar? I was desperate. I did something I knew was the ultimate act of sacrilege. The man was on his knees praying, almost prostrate. I climbed onto the altar and stood there hoping to be disguised among the carved figures upon the wall behind the altar. The man crossed the altar rail and approached the altar on his hands and knees, praying desperately. At a point he looked up and raised his hands in a final supplication. What he saw I do not know. But he stood up and screamed and fled down the aisle and out of the door."

Only once did I hear Nathaniel Schmidt speak formally and that was at a meeting of the University Faculty where the subject for discussion was daylight saving time. The problem was this: the university had adopted daylight saving time but the people of the City of Ithaca had refused to do so and in consequence all persons who were involved in the life of the town and of the university were forced to keep the two "times" in their minds simultaneously. This, of course, was particularly difficult where the father worked for the university on daylight saving time and the children went to school and consequently had their meals on standard time. During one whole summer members of the community had lived through this confusion. In the spring of the following year the faculty debated whether it should recommend the adoption of daylight saving time and in consequence

produce another year of confusion. Among all the speeches that were made, Professor Schmidt's alone remains in my mind, and of that I can exactly recall only the closing words. He was referring to the systems of the previous year, the "two times" as he called them, and he closed with the words, "We have had two times once, let us not have two times twice." This seemingly simple, indeed almost stupid observation was uttered in a voice that was extremely grave and yet Professor Schmidt's face beamed and twinkled. His remarks had the effect he wished. The house roared with laughter. And the two times system was rejected.

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## *Julian Bretz*

Professor Julian Bretz was a person more commonly seen in the corridor of Goldwin Smith Hall and Boardman Hall than either Professors Schmidt or Smith. In the '20's and '30's I did not see much of Professor Bretz and I think the reason, at least in the '20's, must have been the quiet but nonetheless effective sense of opposition which existed between him and Notestein. Notestein's habit was to push these differences to extremes, to keep them alive and to state in rather forceful manner that to associate with those whom he regarded as his opponents was to be opposed to him. I believe that Bretz kept himself aloof not only from Notestein but from Notestein's graduate students. There was a difference between this aloofness and the separations that marked the relations of the other professors. I remember no occasion when one of Notestein's graduate students worked with Bretz or vice versa. In the early years I did not know what to make of these currents of hostility. I had firm ties with Hull and Becker and was content with that.

A little later, say by 1930, I began to see what had caused at least part of the trouble. Bretz was at all times a sensitive man in these inter-historians relationships. Certainly, in view of his own relatively light interest in research at this time, he had reason to react violently not so much to the fact that Notestein regarded himself as a devoted research scholar, as to the fact that he spent so much time telling people about it. Bretz was also in these years beginning to take active part in the political life of the community. He ran for Congress and became chairman of the county Democratic Party. This tended, if not to draw him away from Goldwin Smith Hall or Boardman Hall, at least to insure that some part of the time he spent in his office he devoted to political business and this behind closed doors. Later, in the Depression, his political clients gathered and waited in the corridor outside his office.

I have every reason to suppose that Professor Bretz and Professor Hull lived on a sound working relationship. Professor Hull must have had a leading part in securing Professor Bretz's appointment at Cornell about the year 1910 and must, in consequence, have agreed with the early judgments which were made of Professor Bretz's considerable ability as an historian. I would judge that among the Cornell historians of those days there was not great zeal for the publication of research. Certainly Professors Burr and Hull, in spite of their extraordinary scholarship, had

done little writing; and in consequence, Professor Bretz's lack of interest in writing would not have seemed out of place. It was at a later time, shall we say in the latter part of the second decade of the twentieth century, that the writers appear in the department; that is such men as Smith, Becker and Notestein.

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## Carl Becker

I saw a good deal more of Carl Becker during the last years of the twenties and came to appreciate him as a man of hidden interests and sympathies. Two events stand out very clearly. The historians of central New York met in the spring of each year at the Lincklaen House in Cazenovia for a day or two of informal discussion. On the morning of one of these days I sat at breakfast with Carl Becker. He was reading the *New York Times* and to my amazement he picked out an item of news regarding Charlie Chaplin. He talked of Chaplin as though he himself responded to all aspects of the movie actor's art; at least to those characteristics of Chaplin's which made him a representative of the worried, overmatched little man who somehow or other succeeded in outwitting or side-stepping the heavy blows of fate. Becker responded to Chaplin's humor and to his pathos. I doubt if he was aware of his extraordinary physical skill and grace.

I had always supposed that Becker's interest in feats of physical skill was limited to his interest in billiards: it was his practice, I believe, to play a game or two at Willard Straight Hall in the late afternoon when he was on the campus. He did, however, once speak to me about the pleasure he derived from driving a car and this was in the days before I had taken to driving one myself. As we spoke of the subject Becker described in the most lively way the sheer physical pleasure he obtained from being able to move and direct the car across the countryside. He spoke of driving as though it had given him a new means of expressing himself.

Usually when he spoke about physical experiences he was talking of his own poor health. I remember a visit Mr. [E.R.B.] Willis, associate librarian, and I paid to Becker when he was a patient at the Clifton Springs Sanitarium. He was in bed when we saw him and our conversation began with some humorous exchange between Willis and Becker regarding a visit made by the sanitarium chaplain to Becker's room on the evening when he arrived. This was, I take it, a routine social call. The chaplain had asked what church Becker belonged to. Becker told us how he had avoided discussion of his views about religion. Willis then asked him how he felt and Becker at once gave an elaborate description of the physical examination the doctors had made, speaking of the instruments and the hands which had been thrust deep into his insides. He told us this in graphic detail; not with any pleasure, of course, but as though one should stick to the truth in these matters and tell all or nothing. I remember that this came as quite a shock to me because I had assumed that he would be reticent and would, at the most reply to Willis's inquiry with a general phrase or two or a brief account of the medical report. How much Becker thought about his own health, I do not know. For years he suffered acutely from intestinal

trouble and when not actually in pain was almost continuously debilitated. My own judgment would be that during these years pain or apprehension about the state of his health were almost always with him.

I should have had this in mind on another occasion at Cazenovia when he suddenly said to me, "I wonder how Lou Gehrig feels today." How surprising. That Becker should know about Chaplin, the leading movie actor of the day, was natural enough and what had surprised me when he spoke about Chaplin was the range of his interest in him. In the case of Gehrig, a baseball player, it was a wonder to me that Becker knew that he existed. True, the papers had recently announced that Gehrig, a famous player and a man in the prime of his life, had learned that his baseball days were over; worse yet, that he was suffering from a fatal disease. Becker's eyes had noticed this news item. But when he spoke to me about Gehrig he conveyed the impression that he had, so to speak, identified himself with Gehrig. He spoke not as one who says, "Poor fellow, I know what it is to be in wretched health," but as one who is concerned solely with the suffering of the other person. (What a fool I was to make this judgment on Becker and athletics. In a letter of Becker's to E. R. B. Willis, written about this time—now in the University Archives—he spoke of a trip to New York. Becker says he has been to the musical shows—this is the life, he says, "and tomorrow, think of it, the World Series.")

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## *University and College Business*

In the late 1920's and early 1930's I became interested in the affairs of the Arts College and the University Faculty. One reason was that I had become a member and felt it my duty to attend faculty meetings. Another was my membership of another group, a faculty lunch club which met once a week in a private dining room in Willard Straight Hall, then recently opened. Before Willard Straight Hall was built, a faculty club with a dining room and apartments for a few bachelors, stood [north] of the present Anabel Taylor Hall. I went there off and on for lunch with Notestein and Hammond, usually as a preliminary to a game of golf.

The lunch club in Willard Straight Hall was a new experience for me, because it put me in regular contact with a dozen or so men with interests associated with many parts of the university. Walter Willcox was there, the dean of American students of demography, and Henry Edgerton, Professor of Law, soon to be a justice of the appeals court in Washington, thanks to the influence of Bretz with the Roosevelt regime. There were two philosophers, [G. W.] Cunningham and [George] Sabine; William Myers, the agricultural economist, one day to be dean of the College of Agriculture; Slade Kendrick, another agricultural economist, two or three Arts College economists and Herbert Whetzel, the nation's first professor of plant pathology. I was the youngest member of the group and how I came to be invited to it I do not remember.

At lunch we talked about national and international affairs and a great deal of the spirit and fun of the lunches came from the fact that the men held widely

differing views on these topics, would state their views forcefully and yet could always manage to avoid offending one another. But at every meeting discussion would turn to university affairs. Willcox, who had joined the university in the 1880's, could put policy questions in historical perspective. Besides he had been secretary—that is half time dean—of the College of Arts and Sciences. The economists sometimes talked about college and university budgets; the philosophers—who always disagreed—about educational policy. Here for the first time I got outside the department and began to get a feeling of the affairs of the university as a whole. Most striking was the impression I gained that among these men, and others like them in the university, the fate of academic policy rested. They did not downgrade administrators; they took it for granted that it was the duty of the faculty, in college and university assemblies, to shape the life of the university.

My part in these meetings led me to look with new interest on meetings of the Arts College and University faculties. From my first experience I found these faculty meetings to be exciting. Those who attended them were careful as to dress, to speech, to manner of address and other matters of conduct. They never referred to one another by name; it was the “last speaker,” or “the professor of botany.” They were vigorous in debate, but without the emotion of a Burr, who from time to time tried to carry his point by saying he would resign if he were not victorious. And resign on a number of occasions he did, but always found occasion for reversing himself. In the late 1920's and early 1930's all was decorous. How could it be otherwise, with Hammond, the essence of academic urbanity, as dean, and Livingston Farrand, gentle, self-effacing, yet alert and also academic, as president. Robert Ogden, a professor of psychology, was in the same mold, when he presided over the Arts College faculty.

I soon learned to distinguish the interests and styles of the principal participants in debate. Some piled fact on fact to prove a point. Some were short and sharp, speaking bluntly and unwilling to concede there was any point of view but their own. Others associated whatever they had to say with a lofty moral theme. Few spoke in a relaxed way, a fact that surprised me since all of them spent at least an hour a day lecturing. (I learned later that many professors, though used to lecturing, are uncomfortable when addressing their colleagues.) One thing was clear. No one spoke in the light, flippant way which had been in use at Oxford, where the most famous of the undergraduate speakers used puns, and finely spun language constructions to make fun of their opponents. Here no one made fun of another speaker.

At the faculty meetings of the College of Arts and Sciences and of the university, the one attended by some fifty persons, the other by a hundred or so, a few men were the principal actors, and in general each had his own special interest. In the Arts faculty it might be curriculum, or entrance requirements, or foreign languages; in the University Faculty a member often identified himself with the relationship of his own college to the university at large. My friends at the lunch club had given me an introduction to this kind of discussion. Now in one or the other faculty meeting I had a sense of being close to the seat of power, of meaningful action. What was most remarkable to me was the exhilaration I felt at attending these meetings. It seemed as if by instinct I had the sensitivities that were appropriate to this kind of drama. As I listened to speakers I had a fairly accurate knowledge of what arguments were

succeeding; I was fascinated not only with what was said and how it was said, but with the vital question of timing—when a man should stand up to speak, when he should sit down. After a few meetings these things seemed clear to me and I could set forth a few rules for success: speak to the point, keep your performance relaxed and low-keyed, make your speech short and sit down. I was only a step away from getting involved in the debates; but as I became aware of this I remembered that the historians were not active in these meetings as a rule, with the exception of Hull, who spoke occasionally, in a simple, common sense way.

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## *The Elective System*

About 1930 I made my first move. As a student adviser—the common responsibility of all teachers—I was distressed by the disorganized programs which many students put together under the free elective system. After some thought and discussion with the lunch group, I drew up a plan for change which would require students to concentrate their studies in their final two years in the pattern which later came to be called “the major.” I prepared copies of the plan and presented them, with an explanatory speech, to an Arts College faculty meeting. Little discussion took place and a motion to create a committee passed easily. Soon the dean appointed a committee and on the committee were two or three members of the lunch group. We held many meetings; in about a six-month period, the plan with some modifications became law.

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## *Changing Athletics*

Simultaneously, or almost so, I presented two issues to the University Faculty. They concerned different aspects of athletic policy. I had kept up my association with the boxers and I knew about the miserable conditions in which the women’s physical education program took place. What I saw made me judge that what the university needed, for men and women alike, was facilities for informal sports and exercise. I had watched boys walk into the Old Armory in the late afternoon and try to find a place to lift weights, or play a little handball. They were crowded out by the varsity wrestlers, swimmers, and the crewmen on their indoor machines.

The graduate manager of athletics at the time—he was not a member of the faculty—was Romeyn Berry, a man of great gifts, particularly as a writer. He was large and corpulent, he loved the witty anecdote, and he was almost the ideal after dinner speaker. He had a small farm near Trumansburg and wrote a weekly bucolic piece in the *Ithaca Journal*, reporting the progress of his crops and vegetables, the war between the barn swallows and his cats, and the problem of getting rid of grapefruit peel in the winter, when he couldn’t struggle to his garbage disposal



area. Like everyone else I applauded these homespun essays and I also stood in awe when I learned that from time to time he substituted for another Cornellian, E. B. White, on *The New Yorker*.

What irked me about Rym (as he was called) Berry was his attitude to intercollegiate athletics. His central activity was direction of Cornell athletics. He did this well on ceremonial occasions, say an indoor track meet, when he appeared in top hat and tails and with his massive presence gave dignity to the affair. At the same time he directed some of his wit and most of his sober comment to downgrading intercollegiate athletics. Perhaps I could use this conflict of interests to advantage in promoting the cause of intramural athletics: quote Mr. Berry against himself.

It would have to be done delicately for he was an institution and some members of the faculty, particularly some of the older professors of engineering, were pillars of the intercollegiate athletic program. They remembered the great old days of [George] Pfann and [Edgar] Kaw and Tom Fennell and the victories of [Charles Courtney's] crews and Walt O'Connell's wrestlers. The best bet would be to emphasize the needs of the ordinary student, to depict him as deserving as much consideration as the intercollegiate athletes. A quotation or two from Rym Berry, but all done with a light hand.

I asked the University Faculty for no more than a committee to enquire about the needs of the ordinary student, male and female. To my amazement, after a short debate the faculty endorsed the proposal. The dean of the faculty—Hammond had retired—appointed a faculty committee and made me chairman of it. Among the members was [Horace] Whiteside of the Law School, an enormous red-haired man who had been a folk hero in intercollegiate football when he was a student at Chicago. The committee endorsed the general plan, and when the matter came again to the faculty it again had support. When we left the faculty meeting Professor [Herman] Diederichs, a long time member of the engineering faculty, a big, burly, and aggressive man, came over to me and said, pointing to the faculty meeting place in Boardman Hall, Room C, "It won't be settled here, but over there," and he pointed to Morrill Hall, headquarters of the administration and of the Board of Trustees.

Soon after the faculty meeting President Farrand called me to his office and said my next step was to translate the policy recommendation into a specific program, a description of the facilities needed, room by room, court by court, swimming pools and so forth; also I should prepare a brochure describing the various uses to which a new building would be put. I canvassed my friends in athletics and physical education and gradually put together a list of facilities, and—marvel of imagination as I thought—suggested that they be located around a large indoor swimming pool which would be available to the girls' quarters on the one side and the men's on the other. At the time the only pool available to the men was about 25 yards by 15; the women's pool I never saw, but it was much smaller. I suggested that at certain times a week there be mixed swimming. I knew that the prospect of succeeding in this co-educational program depended on establishing an airtight corridor between all other women's and men's facilities.

The mixed swimming part of the proposal met with firm opposition among influential alumni, and opinion gradually turned against the placing of facilities for

women in the building. But President Farrand saw that it might be possible to seek support for a separate women's gymnasium—they had none at this time—and that I should go ahead with planning for a new men's building to serve the purposes I had originally proposed. The next step, he said, was to seek support of the board of trustees, in effect to work with H. E. Babcock, creator of the G.L.F. [Grange League Federation], later Agway, and a prominent member of the board.

Babcock had his home in Ithaca and had been a Cornell professor before he took up organizing the great farmers' cooperative. In him I found an entirely new kind of person. He worked like a dynamo. He invited me to come to his house, fixed a day and sent a car to pick me up. We talked for a few minutes, then he led me to his workroom in his home, gave me two sheets of paper and said, "Write a description of your proposed building, the facilities it should contain and the purposes it will serve. I'll be back in half an hour." He left the room. When he returned I had finished my writing. "We will need a series of sketches to show the principal facilities in use. Make a list of the sketches we'll need," he said. I went to a table and prepared a list. "These sketches, interspersed with the text, will take up about eight pages," he said. "Next we must decide on the size of the pamphlet." He pressed a buzzer and a secretary appeared. He asked her to bring a dozen pamphlets of assorted sizes. She brought them and he scattered them on the floor like playing cards. The secretary stood by. He said to me, "Which one do you choose?" I chose one. "Now," he said, "we need to choose the design of the cover," and turning to the secretary he said, "Bring me a dozen pamphlets with different cover designs." She brought them and he scattered them on the floor. "Make your choice," he said to me. I chose and the business was done; it had taken an hour. He showed me around his house and his chauffeur drove me home.

In due course a pamphlet appeared and at the hands of an architect a preliminary sketch of the building was made and soon after that a model of the building. Babcock displayed the model at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, which I was invited to attend, not as a witness but as a person who might answer questions from individual trustees after the meeting ended. The trustees gave the program their blessing and put it on a list of projects for which they would seek funds. In ways not known to me it came to the attention of [alumnus] Walter Teagle who agreed to finance it. What then happened to the money he agreed to give, to modifications of my original proposal and to the priority assigned to the building in the university's building program, is another story.

My other project involving an approach to the university faculty for support was a proposal to make boxing an intercollegiate sport. My interest in boxing had continued through the 1920's. From time to time I served as referee at the university's intramural championship bouts, held twice a year. There were occasional informal matches with Yale and other Ivy League schools. Sometimes, when a Cornell student had unusual boxing ability, the university physical education department, or one of the student societies, arranged an exhibition match in the manner of the Lazarus-Hayes bout. Activities of this kind had been part of the university's informal athletic life long before I came to Cornell. Cornell had a boxing coach. But in boxing, as for example in swimming, there was no intercollegiate program. My appearance on the scene in 1923 had provided a referee who was generally available, and when I became a full-time member of the faculty, a partial guarantee of the

respectability of the sport. Boxing was a very active intercollegiate sport at Oxford and Cambridge and all the leading medical schools in Great Britain. Indeed one or two titled undergraduates were active boxers. C. V. P. Young, professor of physical education at Cornell, had been a boxer and bore a broken nose to prove it, but he blew hot and cold on the question of intercollegiate boxing.

I prepared my argument carefully, explaining that many students were interested in an intercollegiate program, that the present program did not give the best of them an opportunity to test their skills in intercollegiate competition and that in consequence some of them went off campus to compete in ill-managed, semi-professional bouts where they might be exploited and hurt. I said that boxing was an ancient sport, that well supervised under the intercollegiate rules the chance of hurt to the boxer was less than in football, and finally that the leading universities of the East recognized it as an intercollegiate sport. To this C. V. P. Young made a long and rambling reply, and Professor [Earle] Kennard of the Physics Department uttered a short, sharp blast, saying it was a brutal, degrading sport. I intervened to ask if he had ever seen a Cornell boxing match or any other. No, he replied, but this was a matter of common fame. I suggested that the proposal I had made be held over to the next meeting and that in the meantime Professor Kennard visit the Cornell intramural matches, which were to be held in a week and report back to the faculty.

I myself went to these matches, as a spectator, not as a referee. They were held in a room about 60 feet by 40, and were a lively occasion, attended by fraternity boys who cheered on the participants, especially those of their brothers who were contestants. At this particular meeting a large crowd jostled around the ring, all persons standing. Alongside the ring were benches and on these sat a favored few, such as the attending physician and the coaches of other sports who had come to watch the performance of such of their athletes as might be boxing. During the interval between the first and second bouts the crowd quieted down and there was a movement of persons near the main entrance to the room. The crowd began to part and in came a small group of dignitaries including President Farrand. Room was made for them on the benches and President Farrand found a seat near the corner of one of the now-appearing second group of contestants. President Farrand had removed his bowler (derby) hat and set it, upside down on the floor, at his feet. The bout began and when the first round ended each contestant returned to his corner and slumped onto the stool provided for him. A second removed the boxer's mouthpiece and gave him a drink of water which, by custom, is rinsed around the mouth and spat in a bucket sitting beside the stool. The boxer near Farrand rinsed his mouth and spat into the upturned hat.

I saw Kennard at the boxing match and began to wonder what he would have to say at the next faculty meeting. Certainly he had seen a knockout and some blood. I must prepare myself to answer his description. Another aspect of the forthcoming debate called for planning. At the first debate I had noticed that when C. V. P. Young was speaking the faculty was restless. The reason was simple. Young never finished a sentence. He might begin, "When you consider the place of boxing in intercollegiate life," and continue after a second's pause, "of course in my college days it was different," a pause, "sports are after all." What would happen, I wondered, if I set things up so that Young was lured into making another long speech.

Faculty meetings lasted from 4 p.m. to 5:50 p.m. as a rule. They took place in Room C, Boardman Hall, and Boardman Hall stood alongside the Library Tower where hung the bells. At 5:50 the bells rang out each evening. Their noise would signal the end of the meeting and woe betide anyone who tried to carry a motion once the bells began to ring. At this particular meeting there was much to do before we reached the boxing matter. But at 5:20 the deck had been cleared and Kennard stood up to give his report.

He spoke of a man having been struck unconscious; he had seen two bloody noses. He spoke harshly of the crowd, of the tension when the bouts were in progress. I took notes on the speech, with attention to the words he had used to describe his own emotions. The thought occurred to me that his speech to the faculty might be likened to that of an impressionable young minister who had been sent to report on conditions in a brothel. But I knew that I could make no such comment on the floor of the faculty. When he stopped speaking at 5:35 I stood up and praised the accuracy of his observations. I said I was left in doubt as to his true response to what he had seen. In describing his own experience, I said he had used the word “astonished” and not as I would have expected “shocked.” Even, I said, in condemning the crowd reaction, Professor Kennard left one with the notion that in slightly different circumstances he would have been cheering himself.

A few more sentences in this vein took up five minutes. I then concluded by suggesting that we seek the advice of the Professor of Physical Education. The time was 5:40. Young stood up and spoke in his usual manner and almost at once feet began to shuffle and one or two persons who were near a door slid out. I waited until about 5:45 and then interrupted Young on a point of order. I said, “Mr. Chairman, I judge that the faculty has given all the time it can be expected to give to my proposal to make boxing an intercollegiate sport. I therefore move that the question be put.” Farrand put the question and boxing became an intercollegiate sport at Cornell.

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## *The Historians Evolve*

**I**n the late 1920's and early 1930's the pattern of the history group at Cornell began to change. Notestein had gone. Hull approached retirement and plans were made to replace him. First Allan Nevins came and stayed for a while but the experience was chilling, perhaps on both sides. He held himself aloof and gave the impression that his day was full with everything except teaching. The Cornell historians had their own particular ways of meeting their responsibilities to the university. They never meddled in one another's affairs. But even they regarded Nevins's mode of academic life as too casual and extreme. My only exact memory of this comes from a doctoral examination conducted by Nevins, Becker, Hull and myself in Hull's office. The practice was for the professors to question the candidate one by one, with occasional side discussions among themselves on a point that had been

raised by them or by the candidate. Common practice required that all professors behave as in a social conversation; that is, keep their attention within the group if only to maintain an interest in how the candidate was performing. In this instance I was shocked to see that when Nevins was not putting questions to the candidate, he busied himself with reading letters, writing memoranda and otherwise acting as though he were alone at his desk. Henry Steele Commager visited the historians as a prospective candidate, but turned away.

Of the older men Becker continued to suffer prolonged periods of illness, yet never, I believe, dropped out of teaching for as much as a whole term. Nathaniel Schmidt and Preserved Smith kept to themselves more and more. In consequence, Bretz had new prominence and so did Max Wolfram Laistner who had joined the group as professor of ancient history in 1925.

Bretz, in his 40's, had an active career in national and local politics, as I have said; in addition he took part in university faculty debates with increasing effect. He spoke with eloquence and ease before the faculty; he usually spoke on themes that asserted the freedom of the professor or student from interference, by authorities, academics or otherwise, in the exercise of his civil rights. True, in the late 1920's and early 1930's, there were not many occasions when authority threatened civil rights, but a mere gesture in that direction brought Bretz to his feet. He spoke in measured tones, without rancor, as though he were the voice of tolerance and common sense. In brief, among the historians he was a liberal, a man of the world, one who could succeed as an academic and a non-academic.

With some of our historians his ability to live in two worlds put him under a shadow. For them a historian's interests should be wholly professional. In consequence Bretz stood a little apart from the group. But he went his own way with vigor and confidence. He was a well-to-do bachelor, a man who dressed with great care and liked good food and drink. When the historians moved to Boardman Hall in 1932 Bretz occupied a splendid office in Room 223, had the floor refinished in oak, had a coat closet built, installed a cabinet near the fireplace so that he might keep a few bottles of liquor, ordered a supply of coal for the fireplace, put a double lock on the door and made his office a one room home.

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## *M.L.W. Laistner*

**A**cross the hall from Bretz's office was that of [M.L.W.] Laistner. By the early 1930's Laistner's prominence as a scholar and man of many cultural and social interests gave him increasing importance in the university community. Laistner came to Cornell in 1925 at the age of 35. I first saw him, as I remember, at the cafeteria in Cascadilla Hall during the late summer of that year and recognized him by his round and—for that time—very close cropped head. I myself had in the preceding year taught the general course in Ancient History; my task now was, so to speak, to acquaint him with the routine of teaching in an American university. I did this during the next few days and we became fast friends for life, though our friendship

rarely found expression in formal or even informal social life. In the succeeding thirty-five years we did not have a meal together more than once or twice. He never, as I remember, came into our house, except for the year when we were neighbors on Willard Way. He and my wife, and his mother and my wife, were close friends and all of us held one another in high esteem. But such was the practice of friendship among the historians when we first became acquainted that we had no social life together except for an occasional call for tea between my wife and his mother, or in later years an occasional visit to his house by me to take him one or two freshly caught trout or bass. We got along very well together in perfect harmony with no more than what might be called our daily professional association.

My friendship with Laistner came originally, I believe, from the fact that I was English and had grown up in something like his tradition, notably in the tradition of the English public school. He had attended Merchant Taylors School and I Christ's Hospital, both famous old London schools. He had gone on to Cambridge and I to Oxford, so we had opportunity from time to time to make fun of the traditional rivalry between these universities. A final point of common interest was our military service during the First World War. He, as the son of an enemy alien in England—his father though long resident there had never taken British citizenship—had been shunted into a catch-all military unit called the Labour Corps, in which he had reached the rank of sergeant and a routine office job. I, after serving in the Queen's Westminster Rifles, had been declared unfit for active service and transferred to the Labour Corps, and had reached the lesser eminence of lance-corporal after three years of service. We never met during our military service but the fact that we had both been members of this notoriously decrepit outfit gave us something to laugh about.

Laistner lived alone in an apartment on East Buffalo Street during his first year at Cornell, but spent a good deal of time with the Mountfords, who were English. Fred Mountford, as Laistner called him, had come to Cornell in 1924 as professor of classics. His path and Laistner's had crossed somewhere in England during their early professional careers. Each had great respect for the other as a scholar, and rightly so. Their common attachment to [Prof.] Harry Caplan held them more firmly together, as did their interest in music. Laistner, who came from a musical family, played the violin and did a good deal of playing during his early years at Cornell. Mountford played the piano and was an expert on ancient Greek music.

In the fall of 1926 Laistner's mother, a widow in her late 60's, joined Wolf, as we called him, and they rented a house on Willard Way where they lived for two or three years until they bought the house on Wait Avenue which Laistner owned and lived in until he died. In the early '30's Wolf and his mother were gradually making their mark in an important section of the university community, which for the moment I associate with the [Otto] Kinkeldey's (he was an eminent musicologist and became university librarian) and the Robert Ogdens (he was professor of psychology and dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at this time). The persons in this group were by academic standards well-to-do, had traveled widely, were cultivated in the arts and humanities, spoke three or four languages (Laistner spoke fluent German and French and could do well enough in Italian and Modern Greek), and liked good food and drink. Mrs. Laistner assumed the

leading position among the ladies in this group, partly perhaps because of age, but certainly because of her own knowledge of music and languages, the great warmth and simplicity of her nature and a quality of personal, almost physical, strength that projected itself from her. No wonder then that mother and son were pillars of the social group. But that was not all. Mrs. Laistner was wise enough to wish to call attention from time to time to her son's bachelor status. Not for the purpose of marrying him off, but to keep alive his association with other bachelors. On these occasions she cooked a roast goose dinner and presided at the board, and was by no means abashed by an off-color story.

Laistner's place as a scholar was never in question, though the true nature of his eminence became apparent only in his later years. He had had a meticulous training in classics at Merchant Taylors School and Jesus College, Cambridge and throughout his career he was first and foremost a classicist. At all times he was grateful to his teachers and spoke of them with a mixture of awe and affection which in his own maturity others rendered to him. Laistner worked hard and consistently from day to day. In this respect he was as dedicated a scholar as a person could be. He held himself to the highest standards and expected others to do the same. Consequently he had his troubles with some of his Cornell students, undergraduate and graduate. He was a man of the utmost simplicity and directness; he knew what he knew (and it was a formidable knowledge) thoroughly and exactly down to the last detail. In brief he took himself seriously as a scholar. His knowledge included much in the field of music and general literature, and much also in British history of the 19th and 20th centuries, particularly biography and memoirs. These qualities made him a true representative of the best in European scholarship and he played the part without any eccentricity or affectation.

In his personal life he was simple, sincere and emotional. I have known no man more constant as a friend, more readily available for advice and assistance, and more gracious in his relations with those he approved of. He drew some lines here, though where they ran I do not know except that in a large and general sense he disapproved of women—at least of women students. On the other hand to the women within his circle of friendship and individual acquaintanceship he was a lively and gallant companion.

Laistner had no meanness in him, but he was capable of great outbursts of rage. Erring students, clumsy workmen and maids about the house, inconsiderate callers who walked into his office without knocking, even his colleagues if they acted in what he considered to be a stupid way, all these and others of their kind brought to his cheek a flush, to his tongue a torrent of words that reminded one of the ex-sergeant. He was not satisfied in a meeting of his colleagues to say his say, he wished to make the truth prevail and so more than once he strode from our meetings and slammed the door on us violently as though to confirm our folly.

Some inanimate things stirred him just as deeply. No one could curse a stuck door more eloquently than he. When the bell of his telephone rang, he glowered as though he would tear the instrument from its wires. He was formal enough with his "Laistner speaking" but if the person at the other end failed to make himself clear, Laistner shouted a word or two and crashed the receiver down. If he had been called by mistake on a wrong number he exploded. Laistner's rage was as easily calmed as it was provoked. He did not apologize for it; he saw no reason to

do so. But he readily forgot the incident that caused it except in the rare instances in which he thought the offender had shown bad taste.

While Laistner was gradually making his mark as a scholar and teacher of history he was also gaining a place in faculty meetings. He did not wish to be a dean or intend to hold any administrative post. Nor was he, like Bretz, anxious to keep alive the faculty's part in university affairs. Laistner took it to be his duty to attend faculty meetings—as most faculty members did in those days—and to accept his share of faculty and committee assignments. I never served with him on committees of this sort. But I saw him at faculty meetings and soon learned, as others did, that whatever the circumstances he would not hesitate to say what he thought in blunt language.

He was, of course, wholly on the side of the traditional pattern and method of university studies and university government. He found it hard to believe that there was a place in university life for more than the barest minimum of administrative officers, or for sociologists or engineers or teachers of agricultural sciences. And so he was the voice of conservatism in all discussions of university affairs. But in this it would not be fair to put him at the opposite pole from Bretz. Bretz was, of course, much more adroit in putting his case and had more strings to his bow than Laistner's few blunt words. But both of them had a deep respect for the individual; they opposed with equal force the attempt of persons outside the faculty to manage and regulate academic affairs. Where they differed was in what constituted academic life. Laistner saw only the old tradition. Bretz was moving forward, prepared to take a chance with something new, as befitted a supporter of the New Deal.

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## *Carl Stephenson*

Carl Stephenson became professor of history at Cornell in 1930. He had been acting professor in 1928-1929. His field of studies was West European institutional history, particularly in the period from the 11th to the 13th centuries and he came in to fill a gap which had existed since the retirement of Professor Burr in 1922. Preserved Smith had been nominally a teacher of medieval history, but his interests were primarily associated with the Reformation. In his later years, as I have mentioned, he turned to what he called Modern Culture—the cultural history of Europe in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries.

Stephenson was a true product of the American academic system. His father had been a professor of history and he himself had done his graduate work at Harvard and had taught at Princeton and a number of other universities before coming to Cornell. No Cornell historian of that time, or, I think, since, had had such a wide experience of American academic life as he. He was a tall, handsome, active man, in appearance almost the perfect Nordic. His face was long and thin, he had a ready smile, and the manner of one who wished to make a friendly approach and to be liked. Wh[ile] Bretz and Laistner were rather quiet and reserved except



when talking to one or two intimates, Stephenson was almost always lively and talkative. He liked people, above all he liked his students, he liked teaching, and he was an excellent teacher, particularly of undergraduates. He had the knack of making what he talked about real and actual and of explaining how it had come to be what it was.

His ability to do this came, I believe, from a quality of mind that he possessed in a higher degree than any other historian I have known. His wish to understand carried him on and on until he had reconstructed all the processes that contributed to the event or practice that he was trying to master. In an examination for the doctor's degree he would ask a question about landholding and would follow it up until every variety had been explained. Or he would ask about the building and use of fortifications, ask about materials, where they came from, how they were used, in what circumstances substitutes were used. Hull had a mind of the same sort and, I would judge, knew much more than Stephenson in his maturity, but one had the notion that in Hull's case it was encyclopedic knowledge—a multitude of things that, as he used to say, “he happened to know.” In Stephenson's case one had the notion that his mind simply had the habit of not resting until the real working of things had been revealed.

Stephenson had another habit that was unique so far as my experience is concerned; that is, his method of writing. I have seen Becker at work at his desk. He produced draft after draft of the article or chapter he was working on, in the manner of most writers. He once told me that he was not satisfied until he had a dozen or so successive drafts. Laistner told me that he thought out what he was going to write out. This he did until he had the subject in hand; then he wrote it out with little hesitation or correction. Stephenson, as I learned from working with him, sat down at a typewriter and began striking the keys. He knew in a general way where he was going, of course, but he had no notion yet what his first sentence would be. Nevertheless he began to type. Words appeared, not necessarily in grammatical sequence, but he went on. Where I, writing with pen, would have stopped and gazed at the paper, perhaps for five minutes, or perhaps looked back and corrected a sentence, Stephenson ploughed on as though he were a machine. He produced what seemed to me an incoherent draft; went back at it again in much the same way until he was satisfied. His final version was as smooth, flowing and continuous as that of anyone else.

Stephenson was an excellent scholar. His range and the depth of his scholarship were not equal to Laistner's. But he worked solidly until the last year or two of his life and gained a leading place among the medievalists in the United States. Among the medievalists, as among all the groups with which he associated, Stephenson was an active and friendly figure. He quickly gained a wide circle of acquaintances on the Cornell campus. Yet at the same time he always had about him something of the lonely man, almost of the lonely boy. One saw him often striding along, his only companion a large great Dane, called Maya, as lithe and loose limbed as he was himself.

When Arthur Whitaker joined the history group in 1931 he was a handsome man, with an exact mind. I got to know him fairly well and though his professional interests were far removed from mine, I had no doubt about his ability. He and Mrs. Whitaker had spent some time in Spain and Mrs. Whitaker was, though an

amateur, an accomplished dancer. Before coming to Cornell they had been used to a good deal more social life than our small group supported. By their urging, politely managed I am sure, the history group now launched on its only social occasion of the 1930's. A dinner was arranged at Willard Straight Hall and to it came the Hulls, the Preserved Smiths, the Laistners and the rest of us. After a pleasant but rather subdued dinner the Whitakers suggested that we adjourn to their house for music and dancing. There we went. Mrs. Whitaker put on Spanish costume and danced. The rest of us were invited to dance, but it was too much for us. The history group subsided into its original non-social association.

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## Changes

While these events, academic and social, were taking place among the historians my own status among my colleagues had begun to change. My relations with Becker and Hull remained friendly; the generation gap did not interfere with it now, as it had not done in the past. But age began to tell on Hull who suffered a mild stroke and gradually eased himself out of teaching and meeting students. Becker's health did not improve; in addition he had risen to fame as a commentator on public affairs. His essays and articles were widely read in the leading journals and reviews and his power of mind and capacity for simple exposition made him a frequent visitor to other universities.

Schmidt and Smith were also less active, or at least less within my range of vision. With Bretz, Laistner, Stephenson and Whitaker I was on good terms, and these, except for Bretz, were men who spent much time in the library or in their homes where they carried on their scholarly work. I had a sense that there was no one to continue the personal force exercised by Hull and Becker who, though they had never interfered with the other historians, had given to the group a sense of common interest. Bretz could not do this. The other three, who though younger than he, were more or less in his age group, thought of themselves as scholars, professionals. I myself contributed nothing to the sense of unity. I was busy with my courses, and my students. What time I had to spare from these obligations became more and more mortgaged by Arts College and university committee work. My activities in faculty meetings during the late 1920's and early 1930's had made me the perfect committee man, and so I received frequent invitations from the dean of the college, or of the University Faculty to accept a term of service on the Student Honour System Committee—to decide cases of cheating in the College of Arts and Sciences—and the Student Conduct Committee, to decide questions concerning student conduct, which had become a substitute for Dean Hammond.

This committee work brought me in touch with a wide range of faculty members. The Student Conduct Committee consisted of faculty members from the colleges of Agriculture, of Arts and Sciences, of Engineering, and of Architecture. Other ad hoc committees sprang up from time to time. The consequence was that gradually I acquired associations with every college on the campus. This activity,

as I have suggested, meant that the close company of my fellow historians came to count for less and less with me. It meant also that I began to appreciate something of the variety and richness of the life of the whole university. The weekly lunch club had prepared me for this. From my new acquaintances I came to understand that a university faculty was an association of persons almost infinite in their range of experience and knowledge. And the Cornell faculty all the more so, because it brought together the Beckers, Hulls, Burrs on the one side, and in this new era a scholar such as Laistner; and on the other side men who were, in the 1920's and early 1930's, direct descendants, so to speak, of the informed and experienced farmers and other men of the land who had been the first faculty members of the College of Agriculture and Veterinary Medicine. Such a man was my friend Herbert Hice Whetzel.

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## *Herbert Whetzel*

When I first met Whetzel I do not remember; probably at one of our weekly luncheons in Willard Straight Hall. Probably [William] Myers, head of the Department of Agricultural Economics, brought him along, because Whetzel was prominent in university affairs. In the early 1930's he had been a candidate with Becker for election as faculty representative on the Cornell Board of Trustees; the faculty favored Whetzel.

By the time we built our home at 112 Oak Hill Road in the fall of 1932 I knew Whetzel well. He was then a man of about 50, of medium height, vigorous in manner, with the appearance of an intelligent farmer. He was forthright and assertive in conversation; when he learned we were building a house and planning a garden he offered to help with the garden. He told me which fruit trees to buy, he offered to supervise the digging and cultivating of a vegetable garden and the creation of a rock garden. For this purpose he called in a student named John Scott who lived at his home; a little acquaintance with this young man taught me that it was Whetzel's practice to pick up a few undergraduates at the beginning of each college year and choose one for himself who would work in his garden and help with the housework in return for room and breakfast. The others he tried to persuade his faculty friends to take, on the same terms. Each fall he would drive up to my house in his old car and as soon as the car stopped three or four of his agriculture students would get out. Whetzel led the group towards me saying, "Marcham, look at the state of your lot. You need help. Here's Bill Jones, a farm boy, used to hard work, used to working around a house. Find a job for him and give him a room." I had no room to give, but from time to time I agreed to employ one of his boys for a few hours a week.

This relationship with one of his boys—often checked on by Whetzel, who when he came to our house always complained of the state of our garden—was not my principal association with Whetzel in those days. It came from our common interest in fishing. He liked to fish in Dryden Lake and, since I had no car, he arranged two

or three times a summer to take me. He would pick me up and drive me over to Forest Home so that we could pick up his fishing tackle and some worms. When we got to his home Mrs. Whetzel always came out and commented adversely on our proposed expedition—a waste of time for two grown men to spend a day sitting in a boat. To this Whetzel replied in kind and with equal vigor, so that I was always a little uncomfortable when we left for Dryden. But not he; he was as enthusiastic and talkative as usual. He talked about the weather, the scene, his life, and his work (he specialized in fungi and was proud of having been the first professor of plant pathology in the United States). As soon as we got to Dryden Lake he instructed me to take the oars and told me where to row to. This I did, while he put his fishing rod together and prepared to fish, Dryden Lake was heavily infested with weeds and one searched for a clear spot to fish in. “Here’s the place,” Whetzel would say, “drop the anchor.” As I did so he at once began to fish. Two or three minutes elapsed while I fixed up my rod and baited my hook. As I was about to fish Whetzel would say, “Hell, there’s no fish here; pull up the anchor.” And away we would go to a new spot. But soon we settled down and spent our day fishing and talking.

He was a great talker, full of stories, most of them about his own life and work. From one of these sessions I remember vividly the principal story concerning his late boyhood. He had grown up on a farm in Pennsylvania. When he was 16 his father had called to him one day after breakfast and said to him, “Herbert, you are 16. You are a man now. Go upstairs and put on your best suit and collect your chief belongings in a bag that you can carry.” When Herbert came downstairs his father gave him some money, about \$20 as I remember the story, and told him he must go out into the world and make his own way. So Whetzel walked off to the nearest city and began life on his own.

As I remember he went to Wabash College, but by what steps he got there and how he came to Cornell I do not remember. Certainly he showed, all the time I knew him, the marks of a self-made man, particularly in his breezy conversation, his casual manner, his assertiveness and his confidence in his command of what he knew. Many of the leading professors of agriculture of his generation had something of the successful farmer or farm boy about them. Among those I knew, only Whetzel and perhaps [James] Rice in the Poultry Department, acted as if they didn’t care a damn who knew it.

These associations with Whetzel in fishing and gardening were soon strengthened by my being appointed to the Student Conduct Committee of which he was chairman. While I served on this committee the only other members I remember were Paul O’Leary of Economics and Lyman Wilson of the Law School. That I remember no one else is not surprising because Whetzel himself presided over the committee with unparalleled zest. A familiar sight for me in those days was Whetzel coming across the campus with a big grin on his face and saying, “Be sure to come to the meeting tonight. We’ve got a humdinger of a case.”

Two of the cases we dealt with will suggest the nature of Whetzel’s participation in these meetings. The first concerned an Agriculture student who in exchange for janitor work had a room on the top floor of Rice Hall. He was before us on a charge of disorderly conduct. As in all cases Whetzel had interviewed the student before he called the meeting.

“Sit down, boy,” said Whetzel, as the student entered the room. “Do you live on the top floor of Rice Hall,” Whetzel said. “Yes, sir,” said the boy. “And on this particular night you went to your room carrying a bottle of wine.” “Yes, sir.” “And had you drunk the wine?” “Yes, sir.” “Ever drink any wine before?” “No, sir.” “Why did you drink it?” “I wanted to find out what alcohol was like.” “And when you had drunk the wine you came down the stairs; how many flights?” “Three, sir.” “And you walked down Tower Road to Central Avenue.” “Yes, sir.” “And caught a bus to take you downtown.” “Yes, sir.” “And when you stepped off the bus at Tioga Street you saw a moveable ‘no parking’ sign on the sidewalk by the bus stop.” “Yes, sir.” “And you pushed it over.” “Yes, sir.” “And a policeman stepped up and arrested you.” “Yes, sir.” “And he took you to the police station and put you in jail.” “Yes, sir.” “How long was it between the time you stepped off the bus and the time they locked you in the cell?” “About a minute.” “Good Lord,” said Whetzel, “what a night of crime.”

“Boy,” he said, “next time you feel the urge to do something wild I’ll tell you what to do. Buy a bottle of wine. Take it to Rice Hall. Climb the stairs to your room. Go in, lock the door, and throw the key out of the window.”

The other case arose from a complaint by a middle-aged spinster that she had seen from across the road a boy and girl student enter a bedroom together and put out the light. The lady came in and told her story under Whetzel’s questioning. She answered all his questions and the more intimate ones—such as “Were they fully dressed?” “Did he touch her before he turned out the light?”—she hesitated over a little, with a certain modesty but there could be no doubt that she had watched the incident with great interest, nor that she was reporting what she had seen. Whetzel motioned her to a chair in the committee room and called in the boy and girl.

He took the boy and girl through much the same pattern of questions, though he added some touches here and there; “Where had you been before you entered the house?” When he got to the details of their actions in the room he asked, “Was there a bed in the room?” “Yes,” they said. “And so you shut the door of the room.” “Yes.” “And turned off the light.” “Yes.” Here he paused for a while. “Had you ever done this before?” “Yes.” “Many times?” “Yes.” “For how long,” said Whetzel. “Ever since we were married,” said the boy. When the lady had gone, Whetzel, who had almost maliciously stage-managed the whole affair paused for half a minute and then guffawed until he was helpless.

Whetzel always used the word “Boy” in addressing students before the committee and he shaped the sound of the word to suit his purpose. Almost always, when the student first appeared Whetzel said “Boy” in such a way as to suggest a mere infant; this was particularly done when the offender seemed likely to make it appear that he was a bold, swaggering fellow. But often, as the case went along Whetzel used the word in a warm and familiar manner, as another person might say “Son.” The truth was that in all instances, after the case had been heard Whetzel always busied himself, after the committee had adjourned, in trying to lessen the terms of the penalty or make it cause as little handicap as possible to the student.

Whetzel had strong views on at least two academic subjects. He thought he knew better than anyone else how to teach German. To learn German was a necessity for all graduate students and most of them studied in the ordinary Arts College

courses or hired a private tutor—a Mr. [Peter] Mattli. Whetzel thought he could do a better job. He had an elaborate mimeographed syllabus which contained his technique and he gladly spent, free of charge, the necessary time to teach any graduate student who would work with him.

His other notion was that he knew how to examine students better than anyone else. Here his method consisted simply in announcing a subject for an exam and a series of times when he would conduct the examination orally. When the student presented himself Whetzel asked, “Are you ready to be examined?” On the basis of the student’s answer he went ahead with the exam or told the student to report at another time. There was, according to Whetzel, some magic in putting the student in the position of having declared himself ready to be examined.

This was all pure Whetzel. He knew what he knew and made no bones about telling other persons what to do. He did this with force but in a jocular way. He must have offended many persons who would find his manner too loud and assertive and his sense of humor crude. He liked to play practical jokes and told me how he deeply disturbed Professor [Robert] Matheson, a precise, meticulous, combative entomologist with a narrow sense of humor, by pretending that a large table in Matheson’s office belonged to him and by sending some of his graduate students to take it away. What happened I don’t remember but I am sure Whetzel would have been amused simply to contemplate Matheson’s rage. I remember a day when Whetzel came to my garden and looked at an old apple tree, shouting, “Good Lord, Marcham, look at that patch of fire blight. Haven’t I told you that any decent citizen would cut that stuff out and burn it. It’s a menace to the neighborhood.” A few days later I was in his garden and looking at an even larger apple tree with an even larger patch of fire blight. I at once shouted his own words back at him. He grinned.

Whetzel made so many sweeping statements in such a firm tone that he was bound to get caught out fairly often. But he took this all as part of the game and in my fifteen or so years of association with him I never saw him in an ugly mood or judged him guilty of a selfish act. To me he was one of those persons who can live only by thrusting themselves and their opinions at others. As I saw him he was a man who wished to be in the company of others and to help others; if he could bring his own brand of fun into the transaction, so much the better.

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## *The College of Arms*

I spent a few hours each week in the company of men such as Whetzel, serving on one standing committee or another, and sometimes preparing a report on a piece of university business, academic or athletic. This work, together with my teaching, kept me fully occupied, but I had not abandoned my interest in historical research. My earlier studies of private correspondence in the Tudor and Stuart periods had led me to a famous series of letters, the Shrewsbury Letters in the possession of the College of Arms in London. These letters, bound in seventeen

folio volumes as I was later to discover, were a collection of miscellaneous letters, lists and official documents once in the possession of the Earl of Shrewsbury, a prominent figure in the political system of Queen Elizabeth and for a time custodian of Mary, Queen of Scots. A few of these letters had appeared in a book concerning Elizabeth's reign, published by a member of the College of Arms in the early 19th century. From what I was able to learn from my reading in the Cornell Library, the vast collection—between three and four thousand items—was the last great body of historical information bearing on the public life of Elizabeth's reign that awaited examination and study.

I turned to Emden for help. I knew I should need much help because the College of Arms was famous among English historians for the rigor with which it turned away persons who wished to use its library. The college is the community of heralds who participate in the great ceremonial occasions associated with British royalty. In addition the individual heralds are specialists in all questions relating to British titles of nobility and lesser ranks of honor. Their daily work is to consult with persons who acquire titles, who concern themselves with genealogy relating to social rank or who wish to authenticate coats of arms borne by British persons of title. The library of the College contains a vast literature bearing upon these matters. Much of the rest of the library—certainly the part that might interest historians—came to the college by gift in the opening years of the 17th century from the Earl Marshal of the day. The Earl Marshal was and is the leading officer among this hierarchy of dignitaries. Next in rank to him stands the Garter King of Arms.

What influence Emden used in my behalf I do not know; vaguely I remember mention of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the speaker of the House of Commons. When I visited England in 1933 he told me that the door to the library of the College was at last open. I presented myself at the college, in the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the officer on duty for the day talked to me in a friendly way. The officers were, he said, busy men. The college had no librarian in attendance who could supervise me. I could not be admitted to the library. If I would be satisfied to sit in a small anteroom he would arrange to bring a volume to me from time to time. This was not, he explained, a grant to me to use the letters for historical research, but he saw no harm in my leafing through the volumes so that I might learn something of their potential value. I agreed to his terms. When I appeared the next day he repeated the conditions and reminded me that the last person who had examined the letters was one of their own community, Edmund Lodge, Norroy King of Arms, who had published a small collection of Shrewsbury Letters in the early 19th century, with other 16th century letters, in his *Illustrations of English History*. For this base act, the officer made clear, the college regarded Lodge as a man of infamy.

He bound me to an agreement not to copy a single letter. I might do no more than make the briefest notes on the contents of each of the seventeen volumes. On these terms volumes were brought to me successive days over a period of two weeks or so, I hastily examined them and made my notes. The letters were a great goldmine of Elizabethan history.

But a complication arose. My anteroom was adjacent to the room in which the officer of the day did his business, no door divided us. The officer sat at his desk and his clients came to him one by one, as they would to their family lawyer or doctor.

With them he discussed questions concerning family affairs, pedigree, sometimes legitimacy and the shadier aspects of marital relations. My own work was far too compelling to allow me to follow these discussions but it gradually dawned upon the officer that my presence was out of order. One day he spoke of this in delicate language and said he had decided to let me do my work in the library.

What a joy, I had quiet; better still I had the sense of being in a large room whose contents, at least the original collection of manuscripts, had been almost completely undisturbed for over 300 years. And what a collection the Shrewsbury Letters proved to be; complete letters in the handwriting of Elizabeth and all the great figures of her court. The Earl of Shrewsbury had been not only the custodian of Mary, Queen of Scots, but governor of the western midlands of England, the land of Shakespeare. Among the many local government records I felt sure that I should come across the name of William himself. Here was the material for a lifetime of work; almost every item important and new. I sent word to Emden of my discoveries; he urged me to seek permission to publish the letters.

All went well at the College of Arms. I sat at a long table in the library, reading and scribbling rapidly. To keep my presence as inconspicuous as possible I arranged three or four of the fat folio volumes on the desk in front of me to serve as a shield. One day my shield served so well that I did not notice two persons who had entered at the far end of the room. After a minute I was aware of them and looked in their direction. One of them, a large burly man, was glancing around the room. I recognized him as Sir Bernard Burke, Garter King of Arms. His eyes fell on me. "What is that," he cried out, in a tone of disgust. His companion spoke some words of explanation and they left the room. After a few minutes the officer of the day came in and told me that my privileges were at an end.

This disaster I reported to Emden who said it should not daunt me. And so I wrote a careful letter to the college saying that my examination of the letters had convinced me that they constituted an invaluable source for the study of the Tudor period and that I was prepared to devote myself to editing them. From the beginning Emden had made the point in negotiating for me that I was a British citizen, a fact he thought might have weight with the archconservative college. I did not repeat this item, but I did agree to submit my manuscript to the college for examination and to abide by their judgment, as also to publish the letters through a British publisher.

To my amazement I received a reply a few weeks later saying I had permission of the college to make the edition on the terms I had stated. The college spoke vaguely of its willingness to allow individual volumes of the letters to go to the British Museum on deposit for my use, one at a time. The letter was signed by Woods Wollaston, who soon after succeeded Burke as Garter King of Arms.

I received the letter after I had returned to Cornell. I wrote a reply accepting formally the terms and asked when I might begin my work. It seemed as if I were at the gates of Paradise for no student of English History at that time had such an exciting prospect for a life of scholarship. Sober second thought now took over. I had undertaken to copy most if not all of seventeen volumes, perhaps 3,000 letters and other documents. The copying must be done by hand, because it was also a condition of the permit to edit that I must use no photostat or other mechanical



means of copying. I estimated that if I worked an ordinary working day at the British Museum I would need at least four months to transcribe a single volume and cross-check my transcription. Summer visits to England would not suffice. I must begin with a year's leave. When could I begin. I told Emden of my quandary, but he could not stir the college into action. And so the first year of waiting passed.

The force of two or three factors now took effect. My wife and children suffered almost continuously major and minor illnesses. The children were 7 and 4 years old and seemed to pick up all the usual childhood illnesses and a few more such as appendicitis and chronic ear infection. My wife had graver ailments, particularly a diseased gall bladder and some ailment of the uterus. Was it right to transport them to England for a year? The affairs of the history department were confused, partly in consequence of Becker's illness and the retirement of Hull, Schmidt and Smith so that my opportunity for leave, even the traditional sabbatic leave was nil. (In fact I had my first sabbatic leave in 1948 after twenty years of service as assistant and full professor.) There was the question of money, though on this I had the notion that somehow or other I might be able to raise it. And finally and decisively was the failure of the college to move.

These conditions prevailed through the late 1930's, when the beginning of the Second World War put aside for a few years any prospect of action on my part. I kept up my correspondence with Emden and received from him continuing advice to go to the college for redemption of their grant of permission. In 1951 I went to England in the summer, stayed with Emden at St. Edmund Hall and met there a young St. Edmund Hall man who had become an archivist at the British Museum. He also urged me to renew my plan. We agreed, the three of us, that now that new procedures for reproducing manuscripts on film were available, I might ask permission to put the whole collection on film and do my work in the United States. I would return the film to the College when my work had ended. All this was said in a setting of optimism because there was a new Garter King of Arms, Sir Anthony Wagner, who was a well-known English historian.

I obtained an appointment with Sir Anthony, having told him the purpose of my visit. He was friendly, but pointed out that the notion of putting the manuscripts on film was something his conservative colleagues would find it difficult, probably impossible to accept. Further he said there was no record of my having been granted permission to publish. What were the circumstances, who gave, on what terms? I recounted the circumstances. Did I have the letter with me? No, I did not expect this question to arise. I would send a certified photographed copy of it as soon as I returned to Cornell. I should do that, he said. On my return I had the letter copied and notarized. I sent it to Sir Anthony in late August 1951. No reply came from him. Emden continued to urge action from me and he and I once more sought advice from archivists and others in England. Emden spoke of raising the matter in Parliament and asking why a public institution behaved in this way. My last word from him on the subject was to the effect that another English historian had said we had overlooked a simple but sordid aspect of the problem. If I would make a large donation to the college he thought the doors might be opened again.

In the middle 1930's, while the early stages of this fiasco were unfolding, I could not take up any other research and busied myself with my normal activities; among these teaching was, as always, my principal concern. In teaching the general

English history course I had become convinced that I would not continue to use Trevelyan's *History of England* as the central textbook. Graceful and colorful as was its language, I came to see the book more and more as a work written from a point of view that was English to a degree that offended some students, not by any aspersions that were cast on American institutions or ideas or ways of life but by the implication that English ways were right. The student could not adapt himself or herself to the fact that this was an Englishman's interpretation of English history. As soon as Trevelyan said "we" or "our country," the student was off base.

I would not accept any of the textbooks written by American students of English history, though for a year I tried (in translation) a textbook written by a German. The solution was to write my own. I could lay out in such a book all the factual material I thought to be necessary and I would be free to devote my lectures to interpretations of events, to biographical studies and to topics related to arts and letters. (Trevelyan's book was opposite in nature. He assumed you knew the facts; he supplied the interpretation. The result was, in my case, that while I used his book I spent much of my time supplying the facts.)

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## *Income in the Depression*

By coincidence Laistner and Stephenson had come to a similar conclusion and were at work on textbooks and Becker had begun his one volume *Modern History* for use in high schools. Without question all of us had in mind the fact that we might have a small addition to our incomes from a textbook and this circumstance counted with force in the early and mid-'30's when Cornell University had instituted a 10 percent reduction of all salaries. However, our first impetus to action was, I am sure, the wish to provide a satisfactory body of information around which to build a course.

My maximum annual income from my textbook was \$1,300, equal in the era of the 10 percent cut to about one-third of my salary. This was for the year of publication. Soon there were other books to compete with it and the annual royalties dropped to about \$4-500. The arrival of the first stunning check was on a Saturday in mid-August. It was a bright, hot day and for some reason the euphoria created by the arrival of the check led me to decide to go fishing. I drove down alongside the Cayuga Inlet on the Elmira Road, fixed up my rod and tackle and walked out into the stream which was low and clear. I fished for an hour or two without the least success and suddenly stopped and said to myself, "What on earth are you doing here, trying to catch trout in impossible conditions?" The light, the level of the water, the time of day, all were conditions that forbade trout fishing. Suddenly I remembered the check in my pocket. That was it. I was celebrating the arrival of the check. But for an hour or two I had forgotten all about it. Such is the hypnotic power of fishing.

The 10 percent salary cut registered in a symbolic way the approaching end of the university as I had known it. I was watching the close of an era in which

the university had grown steadily and slowly through two generations. President Farrand was in the tradition of Andrew Dickson White and Jacob Gould Schurman: the scholar become university president. The breed had been rare, in the sense that most scholars could not bring themselves to deal with administrative details. Becker told me of a visit he had made to Smith College to see the president, a scholar of Scottish descent named Neilson. Neilson was generally regarded as an able president; one who kept the goodwill of students and faculty and who helped along in a modest way the growth of the college. Describing an episode during his visit, Becker said that he was in Neilson's office, talking about scholarly affairs when someone knocked at the door. Becker continued, with disgust, "and while I was sitting there a man came in with designs for different door handles and asked Neilson to choose among them."

Farrand remained the steady, unobtrusive leader he had always been, accessible to the faculty and students. On one occasion in 1929 he called me to his office to ask if I could use a small sum of money in reproducing documents. He had heard, he said, that I intended to do some copying at the British Museum. As a result of his interest I made a collection of a few score English private letters of the 16th-17th centuries, now in the Cornell Archives. Two or three years later I learned that one of the ancient administrative offices at Westminster wished to sell its large collection of 19th century Parliamentary Papers, an almost unbelievable prize because the collection was large and no complete set of these papers existed anywhere in the world. I went to see the president after consulting with professors from a variety of disciplines. I explained that these papers contained voluminous committee hearing records and specialist reports in government, economic conditions and law, and on natural resources, botanical, animal, mineral, meteorological, throughout much of the world. Here you could find exact studies of say the butterflies of Nepal, or records of the earnings and the spending of their earnings by, say, shoemakers in the fifty principal cities of the world. Almost every department in the university would find in the papers material that was useful for research, so my canvass of opinion had assured me. He asked how many volumes and at what price. I answered 1,500 volumes for \$1,500. He said, "I think the Ward Baking Company will help." And it did.

When persons said later, "But Cornell didn't grow fast enough under Farrand," my thoughts were these. First, Cornell was a large university when compared with the other major universities in the East. Second, in my judgment Farrand maintained a spirit among the faculty in particular that seemed to most able and perceptive persons to be the proper spirit for a university. He was the appropriate president for Hull and Burr and Becker, and Laistner, to name persons well-known to me. He was an academic, he had the instincts of a gentleman, he shared their standards of taste. They gladly gave him support. Becker himself told me that he had rejected a tempting offer from Yale because he regarded the Cornell of Farrand's day as the ideal place for a person of his own interests and temperament.

During the period of Farrand's presidency that I knew I had only one indirect contact with the Board of Trustees. From this and what others said, my impression was that the Board members regarded themselves as advisers on matters financial, that is in the structure and balance of the budget; on projects that called for new spending, on investments and fundraising. Almost all of them were financiers,

businessmen and lawyers associated with corporations. President Jacob Gould Shurman during his presidency, 1892-1920, had felt increasingly the difficulty of dealing with the academic aspects of university business in his discussions with the board and towards the end of his period of office had persuaded the board to invite three professors to sit with them as faculty representatives. These were, according to the tradition as I learned it, to be persons involved solely in teaching and research and not administrators. The faculty chose them by simple ballot for five-year terms. To the president they were men to whom he could turn for the elaboration of a matter of fact or principle bearing upon academic affairs that came before the board. Without question the president hoped the faculty would select men of stature and personal force whom the trustees would regard with respect. The weight given to the faculty representatives in the '30's and '40's was such that they (by that time four in number) sat with the six or so trustee members in meetings of the key trustee Executive Committee which met once a month, alternately in New York and Ithaca.

Academic policy itself remained the concern of faculty members. The larger questions, as to degrees, for example, or the establishment of a new school, were the province of the University Faculty; questions dealing with curriculum or standards for admission or graduation went to the faculties of the colleges and schools. But at both levels of authority the practice was to consider and act upon all matters relating to student life. Student conduct and student activities came within the range of the University Faculty; enforcement of the student honor code was with the colleges and schools. Any administrative appointment that might affect the academic life of the university required faculty approval. The University Faculty elected its dean; the president turned to the faculty for advice on the appointment, say, of the secretary of the university, or an acting president or a provost. The procedure here was for the president to present a name and ask for formal or informal faculty comment. I knew of two instances when the faculty rebuffed the president, but these were in the presidency of Edmund Ezra Day. It was perhaps a measure of Farrand's quality as president that he never suggested such odd and unpalatable nominees for office as did his successors.

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## Scholarly Research

The life of the professor had kept to the traditional pattern during the ten or dozen years after my coming to Cornell. The professor of history was primarily a teacher; in his spare time he carried on his own studies and did some writing. If he had no other income but his salary he saved up enough to allow him to go abroad two or three times during his whole career. Becker, professor of Modern European History at Cornell for more than twenty years, went to Europe once. On this occasion his purpose was vacation, for he wrote from Paris to a friend a piece of doggerel that ended

*I will not stick my neck  
Into that musty old Bibliothèque.*

Hull, a man of means, one of whose interests was the slavery question, did some research in Great Britain early in his career when he was studying a British topic. His lifelong interest in the anti-slavery movement, which had strong roots in Great Britain, might have taken him there later, but his occasional visits to Europe in the early 20th century were for a general vacation and some searching in the second hand bookshops. Notestein went to England quite regularly and carried on his research in what might be called the modern manner. In general, the professor of history whose interests were not in American history had no alternative but to base his studies on printed materials that were available to him in the University Library. Hence, Preserved Smith, who was regarded as an excellent example of the productive scholar, based his work on printed sources to a high degree. And Becker, of course, carried on a highly successful career by reading books, meditating on them and the world around him, and stating his thoughts in limpid prose.

The professors of this period that I knew did, if their field of study was other than American history, collect groups of documents from time to time, the documents as a rule bearing on some specialized topic. Perhaps the printed books offered variants of the text of a vital letter. He might then send to the British Public Record Office or the Bibliothèque Nationale and buy a photostat of the original, or he might pay an official copyist to make a certified copy of it. For this expense he used his own purse; rarely the president would produce the needed dollars. Copies of original documents obtained in this way allowed the professor to clear up confusion on a minor question of historical fact—say the concluding paragraph of an important statement regarding free speech—and to offer a new interpretation of the item. Hence the major written work of the professor of European history usually consisted of general works of interpretation such as a history of the Reformation based for the most part on printed materials and a few highly specialized articles in professional journals.

The problem of work-travel-materials, as it presented itself to the young historian, I can illustrate by my own experience. In the summer of 1924, after I had spent a year in the U.S., I returned to England on money I borrowed from Notestein. The following summer I returned again, having repaid Notestein and saved enough to return to England, marry, and pay the one-way steamship fare of a bride (this financing I managed out of a salary of \$2,500). Out of a salary of \$3,000 in the year 1926-7 and with some help for a few months from my wife's earnings as a secretary, we saved enough to go to England in the summer of 1927, and, in somewhat the same circumstances as to my salary, but with my wife no longer working, the two of us and our first child went over again in 1929. With another child in our party we went to England again in the summer of 1933; but this time we could afford a three weeks stay only. The cost of all these trips was lessened by our being able to stay with our parents in England, though their circumstances were such that we paid for our food and contributed something to household expenses also.

During my visits to England in 1927, 1929 and 1933 I worked diligently at the British Museum, the Record Office, and the College of Arms and transcribed as many documents as I could. I had the help also, in the summer of 1929, of a university grant of \$400 to pay for photostats of documents. In the late 1920's I squeezed out of these documents an article in *Isis* a footnote or two in the *English Historical Review*, and an essay for the presentation volume to George Lincoln Burr.

But the experience of 1933 had shown me that the only way to gain enough money to pay for the voyage to England was to teach in the Summer School and this in turn limited the time I could spend in England. I began writing *A History of England* in 1933 and in 1935 Carl Stephenson and I began our collection of constitutional documents. My purpose was to have an outlet for a wish to write and also—in the constitutional documents—to have the benefit of Stephenson’s help. There was not, of course, any prospect that the books would, in the first few years, do much more than repay the initial investment in a stenographer.

The foregoing presents, I believe, a picture of the ordinary young professor of the late ‘20’s, early ‘30’s, insofar as he was concerned with travel and study abroad. Before 1930 the Guggenheim fellowships had appeared, as had one or two other, less wealthy foundations for support of scholarly study overseas. As I remember Whitaker had had a year abroad on a Guggenheim fellowship before he came to Cornell. And Stephenson had spent a year in Belgium on a fellowship set up to memorialize American assistance to Belgium after World War I.

These were the rarities. The normal pattern of departmental life was for all professors to be in residence during the academic year, except for the one who was on sabbatical leave, there were eight professors so at long intervals two were absent. In the middle ‘30’s Laistner often went abroad for a summer visit to a library or two and for reunion with his sister and her family, but I believe he was the only one. By this time Becker, Smith, and Schmidt had slowed down too much to travel overseas. Stephenson gained an occasional grant of one kind or another and went to Europe at intervals of perhaps four years for a summer visit. One outstanding benefit came from this state of affairs: the professors of history were almost continuously available to give direction to their graduate students. And the same continuity applied, of course, to undergraduate teaching. But, as I have suggested before, there was more to teaching than continuity. The professor regarded teaching as his prime responsibility. His own research and writing he regarded as spare-time, vacation enterprises.

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## *To Form a Department*

**I**n the middle 1930’s changes began in some major areas of university life in which I was involved. Stephenson and Whitaker began to suggest that we form a department. Bretz too spoke of a departmental organization as efficient and likely to give us effective political influence in dealing with the dean of the college. Such a move would involve a saving of bookkeeping because as matters stood each full professor was essentially a department and kept his own petty accounts for postage and the like, did his own typing, or paid for a professional to do his letters and manuscripts. On the other hand it might be argued that for all significant business we joined together in informal meetings and so made decisions regarding appointments, promotions and curriculum.

Laistner was the most steadfast of those who opposed the formation of a department, principally, so he said, because he could not bear the thought of our having a department office and employing a woman stenographer. That any female, however gifted, should become associated with the department in any way stirred him to violent words. Other members of the group were not alarmed at this prospect. What alarmed them was the problem of choosing a chairman. All rejected the idea of a head of the department. The department must be no more than the thinnest veil thrown over the individual full professors in all their independent glory. All the same if we formed a department, someone had to be chairman.

As we discussed this topic two of us here, two there, we became aware that Bretz believed his seniority and his experience entitled him to the position. Becker was out of consideration because of the uncertain state of his health and even more because of his total lack of interest in administrative affairs. So, Laistner, despite his opposition to the whole idea, became the chief alternative to Bretz. For most of us Bretz was not a desirable candidate because of his deep involvement in local politics, which gave the impression that if one wished to see him about departmental affairs it might be necessary to wait in line with his Democratic job-hunters. In addition, though, I think this counted less, Laistner was far more eminent as a scholar.

These discussions and visits back and forth revealed one new quality in the relations of the historians. There was a degree of sharpness in making personal judgments and with it a tendency for party lines to be drawn. My opinion on this relates only to the younger group—it leaves out Hull and Becker and Schmidt and Preserved Smith. But among the younger men there was a new tension. The wish to create a department had produced disunity, as we were soon to learn.

We met one afternoon to choose a chairman. The place was Laistner's office. Who was there I do not remember exactly, but I believe that Hull was the only absentee. We sat for a few minutes talking quietly until all had assembled and then, how innocently I could not judge, Bretz made a remark about the library, about the allocation of library funds to the new department, whether the total allocation would be more than the sum of previous allocations to individual professors, whether sub-departmental lines—American History, Ancient History, etc.—would still be preserved. His first observation was bland enough. Laistner replied, because he was then on the Library Board, and his reply was edgy. Bretz took up the edginess and made an observation on it with a touch of sarcasm, using just the words that would arouse Laistner.

Laistner colored up and almost shouted his reply to Bretz. And so, within less than two minutes Laistner was raging at his very worst, in particular hurling at Bretz the allegation that a man who showed no interest in scholarship was not the person to worry about the allocation of library funds. I had never been present at such a row. I myself was so stunned that I remember little of what followed except that we chose Laistner as chairman. I was more concerned to worry about how these two men would ever meet again without resuming the battle. The next morning I crept into Boardman Hall and up the stairs to the floor where we had our offices, I intended to move unseen down the corridor to my own office at the end of the hall, gliding rapidly over the few feet that separated Bretz's office from Laistner's. Imagine my surprise when I saw the two of them standing languidly at their office doors and talking as amiably as if nothing had happened.

Laistner proved to be an excellent chairman, at least in all my associations with him. In time he settled down to the horror of dealing with a departmental stenographer. In my own experience only two events renewed the memory of his conduct at the ill-fated first meeting. One of these concerned Whitaker. Whitaker was a sensitive person, self-centered, and in his dealings with graduate students inclined to be over-bearing. He received an offer of an appointment elsewhere, with a salary larger than his Cornell salary. He spoke to Laistner about it and Laistner followed the usual practice of consulting with other professors in the department. The consequence was that a majority of opinion declared against recommending a salary increase sufficient to meet the offer, and the normal procedure would have been for Whitaker to accept this decision and leave. Some part of departmental opinion may well have been based on a local prejudice against supporting the study of Latin American history. In dealing with Whitaker on the point, Laistner was willing to do no more than say that departmental opinion was against advancing Whitaker. Whitaker, out of a genuine interest in knowing what his colleagues thought about him, then asked Laistner to tell him the observations of the others. Laistner flared up. No gentleman would ask such a question. He showed Whitaker out of the door and never forgave him.

A little while later when Whitaker had gone and [Paul] Gates had joined us, we had our annual meeting to consider the award of fellowships and scholarships. This had become a routine matter down through the years. Before there had been a department, the professors met informally and had without controversy agreed that such and such a fellowship was in the [domain] of the American history professors, and such and such the preserve of Becker as professor of Modern European History. The fellowships and scholarships themselves were not marked by titles allocating them in this way, being called for the most part such and such a fellowship in history.

On this occasion we began our dividing of the spoils as usual but after one or two fellowships had been disposed of Gates remarked that American history was being neglected. Laistner tried to silence him with a glare. It worked once. A few minutes later Gates broke in again: Why should this fellowship go to a European history student when there was a stronger candidate in American history. "Please be quiet," said Laistner, "this is the way we do it." "I realize that," said Gates, "but what are the reasons? From what I have seen so far you are simply prejudiced against American history." Laistner was coloring brightly, annoyed at the charge and amazed at what he regarded as the sacrilegious attitude of Gates. He wished to silence Gates and so he uttered what to Laistner were the final words. "Gates, you're a bounder." As it happened Laistner and I were the only persons who understood the full impact of "bounder." Most of the others recognized it to be a word of derogatory meaning, but were affected little by it. Gates himself laughed it off as though it were a cricketing term, like "yorker." Laistner was all the more infuriated by the fact that his intended victim was unmoved. (I remember that Laistner was anxious to use the right American expression in other circumstances. I once heard him say in a department meeting, "But that would upset the set-up." This was done seriously.)

The meeting went on with Laistner still infuriated. What was worse the rest of us came to the opinion that Gates had made his point. American history was



being short-changed. In the ensuing allocations we tried to redress the balance. Laistner grew more enraged, but somehow managed to keep himself in hand until the last moment. He declared the meeting over, and then muttered loud enough for all to hear, "Sons of bitches." I walked away from the meeting with Becker. We exchanged a word or two— but not of shock that so venerable a person as Preserved Smith should have been included in this denunciation. What amused us was the thought of Laistner's handicap. If he had been dealing with an English audience he could have gone up the scale of abuse gradually, perhaps from "bounder" to "rotter" to "bloody fool." His knowledge of American usage was limited. And so he had hurled at us what was I suppose in the circumstances the ultimate in profanity.

But no bones were broken and departmental harmony continued under Laistner's leadership for many years. From time to time, as I shall recount later, he laid about him mightily; in these circumstances, however, the cause was just. His strength as a chairman was threefold. First, he was just and had a clear understanding of how a great university should work and how a professor should be treated in his relations with the university. Second, he himself, as an eminent scholar, gave strength to the department both within the university and in its relations with other departments of history. And third, he was a close friend of Dean Ogden and so was better placed than any of the rest of us to deal with the administration on questions concerning policy and budget.

Hull died in 1936 and his death was for me a break with an era of Cornell history that I had enjoyed to the full. The gentle, slow-moving bearded man, so full of knowledge and yet so modest, so continuously active in serving his students and colleagues as well as the Ithaca community, seems today to have belonged to an earlier century rather than to the preceding generation. He lay ill in bed for some months before he died and there, at his home on East Buffalo Street, we visited him from time to time. I paid him my last visit in the summer. In connection with my home and lot on Oak Hill Road a question had arisen over a right of way and on my journey to the County Courthouse to examine some deeds I stopped off to see Hull.

He asked me where I was going and when I had told him my story he began one of his old fashioned discussions of the recording of deeds in the State of New York. From this he went on to a description of some of the men he had known in Albany in the late 19th century, recalling names and other personal items in great profusion. And so ultimately he got back to such of these men as had been Cornellians and his association with them in his student days. Like all his excursions of this sort, the parade of information was not a rambling one, even though it covered many subjects. One had the impression that as each body of information came into his mind he paused for a while before deciding which line of description he would follow. And on this last occasion, as always in talking to him, one had a sense of his deep concern for the well being of the person to whom he was talking. After speaking for about five minutes, he stopped. "It is a fine summer day and you should be out of doors and on your way." And so we parted for the last time.

Some months after his death his sister Mary called me and said she had heard I was a fisherman. Would I care to have the fishing tackle of her brother Charles? I said yes and went to their home to get it. Mary produced two rods, one hand-made of bamboo and a collection of line and reels and lures wrapped in newspaper and

stuffed into a cardboard box. I thanked her, took the tackle home and opened up the box. The newspaper was dated 1907. Later still Mary called again. She had, she said, suddenly realized that since I had no car the fishing tackle would be virtually useless to me. In 1929, she said, she and Charles had bought a new Chevrolet coupe to take on a trip to Europe. They had driven it around Ithaca for some 500 miles, had not gone to Europe and had put the car in their garage, where it had remained ever since. It had been set up in blocks and continually serviced; it was completely equipped, with dust coat for the driver and a veil for a woman; in fact as good as new. I accepted the gift, learned to drive, and on my first fishing expedition used the car and the bamboo rod and caught a bass, which I presented that day to Mary Hull.

Bretz and Gates now conducted the teaching in American history: Bretz with an interest in political history and the opening of the West; Gates with an interest in agricultural history and especially land policy. Stephenson, Laistner, Becker and I continued in our programs. Stephenson and I, at work on a collection of English constitutional documents, now began collaboration on a course in English Constitutional History, he teaching the first term and I the second. Smith and Schmidt were at the end of their teaching careers: the question arose should the department abandon their fields of specialization and look, say, to Russian History or Chinese History. The history of science, as distinct from Preserved Smith's history of modern culture, also came under discussion as a possibility. Out of loyalty to Nathaniel Schmidt we invited one or two eminent students of Semitics to come as candidates. They did not turn the tide. The department was about to adapt its teaching program to what we regarded as the contemporary range of interest of undergraduate students and new areas of graduate study. We appointed Philip Moseley to an assistant professorship in Russian history in 1937, and Knight Biggerstaff at the same rank in Chinese in 1938.

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## *Edmund E. Day and Outside Funding*

**I**n 1937 Edmund Ezra Day became president of Cornell University on the retirement of Livingston Farrand. Day came to Cornell from the General Education Board, of which he had been principal executive officer. This board was one of the two or three vast wealthy foundations now beginning to exert an influence on American academic life. The General Education Board, like the others, made grants to universities and colleges to promote teaching and research programs and their rise opened up a new sphere of academic gamesmanship, the search by universities for funds from foundations.

Before this time universities had sought support for some of their programs from the federal and state governments and to a much lesser degree from smaller foundations. Cornell in particular had its own close ties with the New York State Legislature and administration for funding the state Colleges of Agriculture, Veterinary Medicine and Home Economics. Programs in the Colleges of Arts

and Sciences, Engineering, and Architecture and in the Law School, and much of the funding of the University Library drew support from individual donors or corporations. What was new in the age of the great foundations was the circumstance that the approach to the foundations was for support of the non-state branches of the university. Here a problem arose. The foundation grant controllers soon made it apparent that they had focused their interest in subjects that were practical, provocative, concerned with what might be called the improvement of the human condition. Medicine, economics, sociology, psychology were obvious candidates for their support. The humanities, the arts, and general plans for library improvement were less likely to attract them. To know what to seek became important for all university presidents and college deans; perhaps even more important, to know how to seek it.

Rumor began to say that applications to the foundations for aid should be general, rather than specific, that the applicant should be willing to shift his ground at least a little to accommodate the special outlook of this or that grant controller. And not all the funds changed hands because an applicant was persuasive. Sometimes the foundation came to a dean or department head with a proposal. Sometimes an offer of help was conditional upon an agreement by Professor X in University A to cooperate in his research with Professor Y in University B.

A subculture was emerging alongside the traditional academic life. New forms of power were at work, and some academics seeking a new kind of glory fled the universities and became directors of subdivisions of the foundations. The new subculture began to produce its own language, and one term had an ominous meaning for persons brought up in the older tradition. We learned that a scholar who worked out his own program of study, who pursued it alone and published from time to time under his own name, a book or an article was engaged in "splinter research." This was a dirty term, for all good scholars should be working in teams.

In these circumstances the choice of a man who had been in charge of disbursing the funds of the General Education Board seemed to many members of the Cornell faculty to be of great promise. And Day had an academic background of respectability; he had attended the Harvard School of Business and had served as dean of the University of Michigan's School of Business and Public Administration.

My first association with Day came shortly after his choice as president had been announced. He stated that he wished to look closely at the activities of the College of Arts and Sciences and would do so in part through a series of meetings with some Arts College professors. I qualified, I suppose, for membership in this group because I had been active in Arts College affairs for about five years and had had a part in reorganizing the study program.

As soon as Day appeared at the first meeting I was aware that change was upon us. Day was a large, vigorous, almost aggressive man, handsome, with a full face and a high color; physically the opposite of the quiet, retiring Farrand. We held our meetings at Willard Straight Hall in the summer vacation and Day at once suggested that we take off our coats as a gesture of informality. He talked not so much loudly as forcefully and one became aware that from this point forward the president intended to take the initiative in developing the program of the Arts

College. He said nothing and did nothing to suggest that he intended to dictate to the faculty. But where before the affairs of the college had been in the hands of the faculty and the dean, with the dean considered as the agent of the faculty, now the views of the president would be offered for consideration. One of the president's first acts I had cause to be grateful for. Laistner called me aside one day and said that the president had decided to restore to me and to Becker the 10 percent salary cut we had suffered during the Depression. Previously such individual salary changes would have taken place only on the recommendation of the chairman of the department; before we had a department, on that of the dean.

Soon after Day arrived he invited to his house the members of the history and government departments. This again was to be an informal meeting, an after-dinner meeting at which drinks would be served. So along we went, the twelve or so of us with Becker, Laistner, Cushman and Briggs in the lead. Day enjoyed these affairs and under the stimulus of a drink or two became a talkative, story-telling host. After a half hour of this conviviality he announced that he had something more serious to say to us: in short he was concerned about the state of the social sciences. He himself, he reminded us, had been for a time a professor of economic statistics, first I believe at Michigan, later at Harvard. So he spoke as one who knew something about the social sciences. Here we were in the later 1930's and the world was moving along towards a crisis; perhaps towards war. We had stumbled into the Great Depression. We were staggering out of it. The economists were offering their theories regarding the nation's well-being, but what were the teachers of history and government doing? Where were their theories? Surely out of their knowledge of the past and of other societies they could distill some theories that would guide the men of action who planned the nation's policies. From teachers of literature, the fine arts and the classics he expected nothing, but he felt sure that if we adopted a new view of our responsibility to society we could make a large contribution to future development.

For a while everyone was silent, Laistner I am sure kept silent because he dared not say what he thought. Also perhaps because he believed that Becker or Bretz or Cushman would be more adroit at dealing with Day than he. What ultimately was said by the group I do not remember. But certainly Becker, in his calm way set forth the view that we were scholars, that our job was to teach, that insofar as we had anything to say to the world at large it was no more than to examine why men had done what they had done or said what they had said. We were not forecasters, we were not equipped to draw up blueprints for the policy makers. The world of scholarship and the world of national policy-making were two different worlds. Our job as professors of history and government was to teach students how to make judgments about the development of society—how to think, not what to think, and certainly not what to do.

Day condemned this view, but he did so in what was for him a moderate manner. We were ivory tower scholars, we were withholding from the world the benefit of the knowledge we had gained. The politicians and policy makers did not have our experience of human affairs. They would blunder without us. We were narrow in the range of our interests, concentrating in our own periods of historical study, our own analyses of American and European governments in operation.

Above all we were afraid of looking into the future and what would happen in the future was what counted.

Certainly Day did not abate in one item the argument with which he begun. Nor did the professors. And so we parted with nothing accomplished on the surface, but a ruffling of the feathers. And yet as we walked away in the dark all of us recognized that we would have to deal with a man who was not satisfied, as Farrand had been, to allow the professor to define his responsibilities.

In the light of this exchange of views I must make a parenthetical remark about Day's first appearance before the University Faculty. We had been in the habit of meeting in Room 122 of Boardman Hall, a splendid room for discussion so long as the attending faculty members did not exceed 150 or so. Day called us to a meeting in the large lecture room in Baker Hall. There he spoke at some length about the public responsibilities of a faculty member and pronounced that henceforth he would not expect faculty members to speak or write for the general public about matters that were outside their field of special knowledge. The assumption immediately made was that he wished to silence comment on political and social affairs. What was said at the meeting in response to this I do not remember. The meeting was, in any event, rather an address to the faculty than the free-for-all discussion that we usually had at our meetings. A day or two after the meeting Walter Willcox invited Day to one of the weekly luncheons that a dozen or twenty of us held in Willard Straight Hall. There he read out to Day, as to a naughty boy, a definition of the professor's right of free expression that contradicted all Day had said. Day took it all well and later jokingly referred to his first mis-step.

In the meetings which I had attended with Day I had met with no difficulty. What I had to say I said without any second thoughts about his views. And so I was not prepared for an unusual event that arose concerning our new colleague, Philip Moseley. The appointment of Moseley gave rise to a problem the history department had never faced before. Though a young man, he had great ability as a linguist and had traveled extensively in Central and Eastern Europe. Among his contemporaries in American academic life he was outstanding in this respect, and in consequence he had no difficulty in obtaining grants from foundations nor did he lack inducements from the Federal Government to collaborate with the State Department. Hence he became a colleague of a kind we had never had before—one who had opportunity almost every year to absent himself from the campus and take up a fellowship or a temporary assignment at Washington.

We soon learned that if he were to remain on our staff we would have to arrange for frequent temporary replacements. His teaching program both for undergraduates and graduates would have to be a broken one. At first no one objected to this, but there came a time when we had to reconsider his place in the department. The occasion was an offer he received from Columbia. We talked over at length Moseley's merits as a Russian historian—which we all agreed were outstanding—and the problem raised by his absences. The decision was to recommend no promotion or advance in salary. I subscribed to this decision, though like the rest I had a high regard for Moseley.

The matter passed from my mind until a few weeks later. I had attended a committee meeting at which Day was present, and when the meeting was over I

started to walk home in the dark. Day joined me and as we walked along together he asked me to come to his office; he wished to talk over a problem with me. We went into Morrill Hall, where he had his office. He settled me down in a chair and then set forth his problem. He had recently been to Washington and there had had a talk with Moseley. Moseley was distressed at the news of our decision. He wished to stay at Cornell. Day suggested that I ask the department to reopen the Moseley matter and try to persuade my colleagues to make a token offer to Moseley—a slightly larger salary, on the promise that in a little while he would gain a promotion. I said at once that I could not do such a thing; that Laistner was the man to speak to. Day said, “You professors, you’re such a stuffy lot, so fond of protocol. Moseley tells me you are his closest friend in the department. You are the man to get things started again.” I said this was impossible. We had acted as a department. We had all committed ourselves to the action. If he as president wished to talk to Dean Ogden or Laistner, good enough; but for me to open up a campaign would be regarded as treason and would certainly worsen Moseley’s prospects with our group.

We talked along these lines for some time in a friendly, simple, direct manner and I did not budge. I believed that I was acting in the tradition of departmental relations and I knew that Laistner of all people would never countenance backstairs negotiation. After twenty minutes or so Day changed his approach and said that he wished me to write a letter to Moseley assuring him of my friendship and promising to do what I could to gain a second consideration of his case. To this I said no. I was afraid that a letter of this kind would appear to Laistner and the department as no less a breach of faith than more decisive action. But Day insisted that a letter was just a communication between two friends—that Moseley would not be likely to produce it in order to advance his affairs in the department. Thus we talked back and forth for some further minutes until a new idea occurred to me. I said, “All right, Mr. Day, I’ll do this, I’ll do it at your urging, but somehow we must have it in the record that I have done this to please you. I will write the letter, if you will give me some of your office note paper on which to write it.” “Well,” said he, “I’ll think it over and call you in the morning.” And so we parted, quite amicably; but he did not call in the morning.

The loss of Moseley gave rise to further consideration for our teaching of Modern European history. Becker had now retired and—God be praised—his health seemed to improve at once. Day, always an admirer of Becker, caused him to be appointed university historian and generously allowed one or two situations to arise from which Becker derived financial benefit. But Becker’s recognized eminence on the campus and off raised the important question should we try to replace him with one of his own students—say Leo Gershoy—or, to put it another way, should we regard ourselves as committed to continuing a specialization of our interests in Modern European history or the era of the French Revolution, for that had been Becker’s original area of research and advanced teaching.

On earlier occasions when the question had been discussed regarding other professorships we had put on one side the importance of using the library resources which grew up around a professorship—in Becker’s case a large French Revolution collection—or the other custom of shifting the department’s spheres of interest from time to time. In one sense I had been appointed—as a student of Notestein’s—to

continue his sphere of special interests. Perhaps in a sense Hull's interest in economic history had been perpetuated in Gates' work, though Gates' concern over land policy was much more narrow than Hull's view of economic history. Setting these two examples aside, virtually all recent appointments had made a break with the past. And this now seemed the wiser thing to do in filling Becker's position.

In reaching this decision the history department listened attentively to the views of another new member, Howard Anderson, who had come to us from Iowa. He had come to us in a development which was undertaken with the prospect of obtaining foundation support. Nothing so crude as this was said at department meetings, though we understood that, as in the case of the appointment of Knight Biggerstaff, a foundation grant would cover the salary of the appointee for a few years. Here again the hand of Day appeared.

In the case of Anderson the concern was with "education." The Cornell Education Department—never an active force in the university's affairs, certainly not in the training of high school teachers of orthodox academic subjects—now proposed that we appoint a member of our department who would be a competent historian and who had had experience in teacher training and the general principles of high school education. When this proposal came to our department two points attracted attention; the man would be a trained historian and we would choose him. His appointment would allow him to spend half his time teaching history in our program. In addition a majority of us thought that we had an obligation to train high school teachers of history.

We appointed Howard Anderson, an assistant professor of history at the University of Iowa, a man whose name may have been suggested by G. G. Andrews, one of Becker's students who taught at Iowa. In any event Anderson had the qualifications of an excellent candidate. Trained in history, he had associated with the education department at Iowa. Iowa at that time had on its education faculty men who were generally regarded as leaders in the field. In the next fifteen years some of them were to gain prominent places in American higher education as university presidents, college deans and administrators in the state and federal governments. They knew how to deal with the foundations. Anderson was in every respect a good example of this group. Big and aggressive, tough, outspoken, worldly wise, and convinced that much of what had passed in university life for "academic goals" and effective methods of teaching was hopelessly out of date. He did not thrust all this upon the department at once, of course; he made his presence felt at department meetings by straight talking on other matters and by an occasional vulgarity or earthy expression of a kind that no one had used at these meetings, except, as in Laistner's case under extreme emotion. But we soon became aware that he was a man with plans and programs relating to his own sphere of interests. Not for nothing was he a leading figure in the Social Studies department of the national organization of high school teachers.

## *Cornelis DeKiewiet*

From the first Laistner showed a liking for Anderson's directness and earthiness. He took to calling him "Sarge," possibly with a recollection of his own rank of sergeant in the Labour Corps. Perhaps he was establishing a link with Anderson who had been a sergeant in the American Army in the First World War and who seemed at times to model his conduct on that of the traditional non-commissioned officer, as in "What Price Glory." There was none of this in Anderson's manner when he argued the case of finding a successor to Becker. He joined with me and others in supporting the notion that all our options were open, that we might make an appointment in any field of history relating to Modern Europe and that for this purpose we might think not only of the European continent, but of the wide reaches of European influence. As to the French Revolution collection in the Library the opinion was that if we did not appoint a French Revolution specialist the collection would, so to speak, lie fallow for a few years. Perhaps in another decade a French Revolution specialist would appear.

Once we had decided to regard the appointment in Modern European history in this way, many possible fields of interest were suggested and of course the view was advanced that we should look primarily for the best man available and let that decide the field of interest. The usual letters went out asking for the names of possible candidates, and though I do not remember the details I am sure that some candidates were invited to the campus. But before long our interest began to focus on Cornelis DeKiewiet, a professor of history at the University of Iowa who had written two excellent books on South African history. There was no doubt about the first class quality of his scholarship. The Oxford University Press had published his books and they had been highly praised by the best professional critics. He had received his graduate training at the University of London, spoke three or four modern languages fluently, lectured with great facility, and was in the age group most favored by us.

The only catch was that South African history did seem an extremely specialized field of Modern History and could be related to Modern European history only by regarding it as an offshoot of European imperialism. Certainly in 1939 and 1940 there was no difficulty about treating imperialism as an important branch of Modern European history. And so the department, having seen DeKiewiet, committed itself to the appointment and I myself spoke very strongly for it. I said that we did not know much below the surface about DeKiewiet as a person, but judging him by his books and what I felt sure was the importance of imperialism in the 19th and 20th century, he seemed by far the best choice. Anderson, of course, knew DeKiewiet intimately. They had been neighbors and colleagues for some years, and Anderson, speaking quite firmly in department meeting and no less effectively in informal discussion, convinced everyone that DeKiewiet would make a first class colleague.

So DeKiewiet joined us in the fall of 1940 and we soon learned that we had gained a striking colleague of a new kind. There was never any doubt about DeKiewiet's ability as a scholar. As a lecturer he proved to be a great success on first appearance. He spoke well, had a wide and colorful vocabulary, and managed himself well on the platform. But before long students began to raise a question



or two about the content of his lectures. And indeed it was quickly apparent that he was a man who did not wish to apply himself to the detail and the routine of teaching.

DeKiewiet was a man in his late 30's, lively in manner, well built and vigorous. His wife was well-to-do and so he had the opportunity to dress and to plan a pattern of life more to the taste of a person of means than the ordinary professor. But these things did no more than add variety to our group. What counted was the fact that he seemed unable to keep the ordinary processes of professional life in hand. He missed appointments, he forgot meetings, indeed more than once he persuaded Laistner to call a special department meeting and then forgot about it himself. But this again might for a time at least be passed off as professorial eccentricity. For a while we simply accepted the fact that we had incorporated into our group a man of unpredictable habits. The year was 1941.

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## *New Approaches to Teaching*

My own affairs had continued during the late 1930's in much the same pattern as before. My university work was first of all teaching and a strong dose of committee work. The *History of England* appeared in 1937 as did *The Sources of English Constitutional History* in which Stephenson and I collaborated. My interest in teaching turned towards experiment at three levels. The first was in the elementary course in English History where I developed a new approach to the teaching of the historian's craft.

I used the so-called source problem, which before this time—as in the days of Notestein—had been built on the notion of allowing the student to make his own appraisal of some of the sources for, shall we say, the origin of the jury. The source problem presented the sources, offered a few interpretations of the sources, and asked the student to make his own judgment on the significance of a number of points of detail—shall we say one of the provisions of Magna Carta relating to jury trial. The editor of such a book chose the topic around which he assembled his sources on the basis of its historical importance—the jury, free speech, origins of the French Revolution and so forth.

My purpose was to show students what could be done by close examination of an original text. I did not wish them to be distracted by the importance of the subject and to dramatize this point I built my first problem around a Tudor kitchen account book. The accounts listed from day to day what meats, fish, vegetables, fruits, etc, the cook bought. Meticulous examination of these lists made it possible to show how many people ate at the cook's table from day to day, which of the foods served were bought in the market and which received from the gardens or estate of the head of the family. From meticulous examination of one text I passed in my second problem to the question, What is involved in extracting information from a series of documents, say letters, all acceptable as good evidence but each written to describe some part of an event by a different person who saw only part of the

action. The next problem involved a variety of sources bearing on the event, all written sometime after it had happened, and some of them open to question as to the writer's motives. I regarded this work as an important part of the teaching of history, and came to see myself more and more as a person whose duty it was to give students a firm grounding in the study of historical documents and other evidence. The appearance of *The Sources of English Constitutional History* fitted well into the program I now began to develop.

My second experiment was less unusual. In the late '30's the history department had a group of unusually gifted graduate students; the first names that come to mind are R. E. Palmer, Goldwin A. Smith, and Christopher Morley. I thought it well to move away from the traditional pattern of seminars in the history department; that is, the assignment of topics in the professor's field of special interest and the student's appearing week by week with a paper in hand which he read to the group. I chose as a general topic for the year the study of some standard works of English 17th century literature with a view to relating them to the intellectual currents of the time as they appear to the political and constitutional historian. I asked each student to prepare an essay and to give it to me a week before it was due to appear before the seminar. I had the papers mimeographed and distributed to the members well before the seminar met; we spent the seminar period solely in analysis of the paper.

The third enterprise was a collaborative affair presided over by George Sabine, professor of philosophy with a special interest in political theory. Sabine was a man in his 50's, of commanding intellect. In discussion with colleague or student he was a driving logical mind, ruthless, relentless. Of Becker—a close friend of Sabine's—I thought it might be said that he saw through you, knew your deficiencies, yet liked you. Sabine saw through you, knew your deficiencies, and kept them in front of your eyes. The only comfort I could get after an exchange with Sabine was the knowledge that in his *History of Political Science*, the deficiencies of Aristotle, Plato, Locke and the rest were exposed as mercilessly. How Sabine tolerated me I do not know, but there was a shaky bridge between us, our common interest in fishing and print-collecting.

He invited me to join in a proposed undergraduate seminar, the subject to be English utilitarianism; the teachers, himself, [William] De Vane, head of the English Department, Shepherd of the Government Department, [Frank] Southard, one of the leading economists, and myself. The seminar would last for a year, all professors would attend all meetings, and a small group of undergraduates would be admitted. Sabine said, and all of us accepted the proposal, that to do the job well we should have a year's rehearsal, meeting once a week as the seminar would, each one in turn preparing a topic. There would be about thirty meetings, so each one of us would be responsible for six seminars. I, for example, would be involved in choosing six topics which tied the utilitarian movement from the days of Bentham to those of John Stuart Mill to the major developments of British political, economic and social history. The others would provide a similar pattern in terms of their own specialties. We went through with this week by week in the preliminary year. When we took to the field in the following year all went well, thanks in part to our careful preparation, our guidance at the hands of Sabine, and the quality of the students who worked with us. Among them were Austin

Kiplinger, [later] the writer on economics, and Charles Collingwood, [later] the news analyst and television broadcaster.

In the 1930's my financial position allowed me little freedom. Our family included three children. I was making payments on a house and helping in a modest way to support my parents. I had heard no more from the College of Arms and would have been hard put to it to raise money for a visit to England if word had come that I might begin editing the Shrewsbury Letters. I did not have the expense of maintaining a car until Mary Hull gave me hers.

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## *Interest in Prints*

By saving a dollar here and a dollar there I was able to keep in touch with my old interest in prints and drawings. In 1925, when I returned to England to get married, Hull asked me to buy some prints and reproductions of drawings for decorating Goldwin Smith Hall classrooms and corridors. In handing me \$500 he said that the college was supplying the money and that I was now a member (one of two) of a committee to improve the interior of the building. I bought some splendid reproductions of early portrait engravings and Dürer watercolors as well as some reproductions of oil paintings, notably Goya's Duke of Wellington. When these pictures appeared framed in public they attracted attention and in due course a professor here and a graduate student there asked if I would buy some reproductions for them. The late '20's and early '30's were a period when the Germans in particular were making reproductions of drawings and watercolors that were virtually indistinguishable from originals.

The rate of exchange was altogether favorable to the American dollar and so one might buy a three-volume collection of *Old Master Drawings* for about \$10, postage included, or for the same sum a set of facsimile reproductions of the complete works of Rembrandt—the etchings, that is. The prize of my collecting in this area was a set of the water colors of Dürer made on his Italian journey. It cost me \$13 and introduced me to the finest of all the groups making color reproductions at this time—the Prestel Gesellschaft and the Marees Gesellschaft, small companies or societies that published their prints in limited editions. At one time I and a member of the Warburg family were the only private persons on the membership lists of these societies in the U.S.A.

As I searched among the British second hand booksellers for original prints I came into correspondence with a Mr. Guntrip, who had a second hand bookshop in Maidstone, Kent and who sold prints as a side line. I wrote to him telling him of my interest in collecting a few etchings and I spoke of a preference for Rembrandt's contemporary, Van Ostade. Word came back that he had one or two Van Ostade's; might he send them across the Atlantic for examination? He would assume the risks.

And so in a week or two a packet came with half a dozen prints, all identified in the most approved scholarly fashion and priced in a range from 50 cents to a dollar

and a half. Until the opening of the Second World War Mr. Guntrip and I kept up this gentlemanly commerce at intervals of about once a year. I gained about fifteen excellent Van Ostade's and half a dozen other prints, notably an early mezzotint of Oliver Cromwell. Sabine, also a print collector, joined with me once or twice.

For me the importance of these transactions involving prints and reproductions of drawings was that I kept a degree of skill in distinguishing the quality of these works of art. Reproductions in books were not adequate for that purpose—one needed paper of the same texture as the original, colors that were right, and in the etchings and mezzotints and engravings the proper degree of brilliance. The original quality of a water-color by a master is breathtaking. Imagine my amazement when I visited an exhibition of some of the watercolors of a man I had known since my first year at Cornell, Louis Agassiz Fuertes. After his death in 1927, Willard Straight Hall showed some excellent reproductions of sketches of birds that he had made shortly before his death, the Abyssinian Birds, as they are called. If these were reproductions what could the originals be like. Clearly Fuertes had a vision of birds that was unique in its intensity, and its appreciation of the inner force that made the bird a living thing; in addition he had skill in handling watercolor that put him among the world's best painters in this medium. I bought two sets of prints.

The opportunities to maintain my interests in the graphic arts was of value in my teaching as also the knowledge of English historical architecture I had gained when a graduate student working with Professor [Albert] Phelps. This made it possible for me to vary considerably the subject matter of my lectures in the general course and my courses on the Tudor and Stuart periods. Indeed, like other professors of history, I was now able to arrange in sequence some half dozen courses on special topics ranging from English Constitutional History from 1485 to the present, to the History of the British Empire and including courses on the Tudors, the Stuarts, the Hanoverians, and the 19th and 20th centuries. In all of these, except the constitutional history, literature, the graphic arts, architecture, and sometimes by records, music played their parts.

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## *Boxing and the Goldbases*

During the 1930's my interest in athletics and sports continued and gradually broadened out in such a way as to constitute an important part of my daily life. The joy of physical activity seemed to grow with the years and in consequence I committed myself to running and other forms of exercise with daily devotion. I also maintained an association with boxing. Part of my argument in favor of making boxing an intercollegiate sport at Cornell had been the promise that if this came to pass the coach would be one of our own law students. I did not name him at that time; he was a student I knew well, Jacob Goldbas, a Jewish boy and an orphan from Utica, New York. We had been friends since his freshman days. I knew him to be a devoted student for he had shown that quality as a student in

my courses. I had encouraged him in his ambition to be a lawyer. He was a rough, tough young man; fullback on the Cornell football team. By a miracle the long time boxing coach, Johnny Fallon, retired in the winter of Jake Goldbas's senior year in Arts and Sciences. To persuade the administration to accept Jake as his successor was easy and Jake then had assurance of some income during his years in law school. He had a successful career as a lawyer in Utica and became a judge.

Jake Goldbas became Cornell's first intercollegiate boxing coach that fall and at once began to train a team and arrange a schedule. Cornell's first opponents were Penn State, then and for many years after the leading boxing team in the East. The match took place in the large room at the Old Armory and I attended as one of the judges. As I looked across the ring at the Penn State team I was horrified at the tough, professional appearance of the boxers, in particular the heavyweight who was partially bald and looked like Jack Dempsey. In the ensuing bouts only one Cornell boxer, Bob Saunders, a tall, awkward, long-armed 126 pounder, won. But the event was a success and marked the beginning of a short period of intercollegiate boxing at Cornell which lasted until just before the beginning of the Second World War.

During this period Cornell maintained both varsity and freshman teams and had a fair measure of success. Most of the Cornell boxers were men who learned all their boxing at Cornell. Of these the most successful were [John] Clark, an Ithaca boy who boxed at 155 pounds, and Fred Siemer, a heavyweight. Both became Eastern Intercollegiate champions and Siemer in particular was a formidable fighter. He stood about 6 feet 2 inches, weighed 210 pounds, and had the instinct of first-class heavyweight. Clark, who began as a shy, timid boy, became an excellent boxer, and like Siemer won all his matches once he had settled down. They both were examples of intercollegiate boxing at its best, though Siemer's love for knocking out his opponents and his success in doing so raised a question in the minds of the squeamish. One day, after the boxing season was over, I went down into the locker room of the Old Armory and found it deserted except for the lanky lugubrious figure of Fred Siemer. He was sitting on a bench and looked a picture of desolation. I asked him what was the matter. He sighed and said, "There's no one to hit."

When Jake Goldbas finished his work at the law school he left to begin practice in his native Utica. He was succeeded as boxing coach for one year by a man whose name I have forgotten and then by Allie Wolff, of Penn State, who had had a brilliant career as an amateur boxer and had for a short time boxed as a professional. Wolff was an excellent boxer and a hard working coach. He regarded me as the principal friend of intercollegiate boxing at Cornell and cultivated my friendship. This took the form of allowing me to work out with him and inviting me to offer advice to his boxers from time to time. But he was a moody man and had difficulty in keeping the morale of his team at a high level. On many occasions he called me on the phone in the evenings to report that a boxer had withdrawn from the squad. I then used my powers of persuasion to get the man back. But, all in all, there can be no question that Wolff did much good in training Cornell boxers, and his teams had much success in competition.

At about the time that Jake Goldbas withdrew from the Cornell boxing scene his younger brother, Moses, appeared as a freshman. Moses came to my office at once and we established a close relationship built principally around his genuine wish to be a student, which was similar to that of Jacob. He followed the same academic

path through the university as his brother and, since this carried him through the Law School and his brother often came back to Ithaca, I had a further six years or so of close acquaintance with the Goldbas family.

Their father had died some time before, as I have already mentioned; their mother was councilman or whatever for the poorest, roughest district of Utica, and they themselves, with an equally formidable sister had grown up in the streets and learned to take care of themselves. They were as tough with one another as with the rest of mankind and were at all times argumentative and assertive. But this was not bluster, this was the kind of forceful exchange of ideas and opinion that goes with real intellectual effort. In consequence both Jacob and Moses were good, solid, hardworking students, and, more than that, men who valued the intellectual life and continued their own self-education.

Whether Moses was a better boxer than Jacob I would not care to say—certainly not in the presence of either or both of them. At Cornell Moses had the advantage of working as a boxer in a more highly organized program of boxing and training. Jacob had had no more than occasional exhibition matches. Moses gained more fame as a boxer at Cornell because he appeared in intercollegiate matches—all of which he won—and because he became the Eastern Intercollegiate champion at his weight—128 pounds. Towards the end of his career at Cornell he was a prominent figure in the following incident.

One night, after Navy students had come to Cornell for training, Moses and a girl friend were having supper at the Green Lantern on State Street. Some Navy men came in and one of them, a man of 200 pounds or more, looked in the direction of Moses and his friend. Moses was small, round-faced, young looking, and probably not very well dressed at the time. The Navy man passed a note to the girl saying, “Why not come and have supper with a real man.” Moses took the note and went over to the Navy man. What was said at first I do not know but the Navy man somewhat contemptuously invited Moses to come outside. He replied by inviting the Navy man to come to the Old Armory the next day at 4. There they fought in the ring with gloves and Moses cut the Navy man to pieces. His Navy friends, who had come in large numbers to cheer him, carried him away.

My other memory of this period relating to boxing is this. Once a year Cornell had a boxing match with Syracuse and Syracuse then and much later took boxing seriously. I had made friends with Mr. H. E. Babcock, a member of the Cornell Board of Trustees and a person much interested in athletics. It was he who had spurred me on while I was preparing material recommending the building of a gymnasium, and it was in his house, “Sunnygables,” on the Elmira Road outside Ithaca, that I had been sequestered to write the descriptive passages for the brochure about the gymnasium. After one of these sessions I suggested that Mr. Babcock come with me to a boxing match to be held that night in Barton Hall. And there, after dinner, we went together.

The Cornell-Syracuse boxing matches were raucous affairs. Boxing had become important not only to Syracuse University but to the Syracuse townfolk and so a large contingent came down to Ithaca to cheer on the Syracuse team. The team had many talented boxers, some of them men who had had much experience in amateur, perhaps even semi-professional boxing. Allie Wolff, a fierce competitor, always

looked the Syracuse team over carefully when they arrived, and on this occasion as on others protested loudly that such and such a person was disqualified because he did not meet the collegiate definition of an amateur. A dispute of this sort was going on at ringside before the match began and Mr. Babcock turned to me and asked what was going on. I explained as best I could and ended with the remark, "You can never trust these Syracuse people." Mr. Babcock remained silent. After a second or two I asked, "Where did you go to college?" He said, "Syracuse."

I remained in fairly close association with Cornell boxers throughout the period while the sport was popular at Cornell. Its decline and disappearance as an intercollegiate sport came about through many circumstances. First was growing dissatisfaction with boxing as a sport. Parents heard reports of professional boxing matches on the radio—"Jones connected with a hard right to the head. Smith is down, he has a cut over the left eye"—and they imagined that their son was suffering and so discouraged him from boxing. Some colleges in the East, as also in other parts of the country, began to bring in to their campuses near professional boxers, with the consequence that in many instances boxers in individual bouts were badly mismatched. In tennis or swimming such a mismatch hurt no one, but in boxing it might lead to serious injury. One by one the so-called Ivy League schools dropped intercollegiate boxing; Cornell was the last to do so.

In the case of Cornell there was a special reason for the break. President Day was a member of the board of trustees of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and at Annapolis (as at West Point) they had an intercollegiate boxing team. A member of the team died, not while boxing or in circumstances that could certainly be associated with his being a boxer. But popular opinion cited his boxing as a cause of death. President Day accepted the verdict and used his influence to end intercollegiate boxing at Cornell. This was about the end of 1940. In 1941 Allie Wolff went into the Navy as a boxing instructor to one of the newly formed officer training units at the University of North Carolina. This event alone would have ended the program, for in those years of hurried preparation for war no instructors of comparable skill were available. However Cornell did wish to continue instruction in boxing as a recreational activity on an intramural basis. In the fall of 1941 I was appointed boxing instructor at a salary of \$400.

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## *Athletes and Athletics*

While the boxing program was changing from high activity to a muted existence as an intramural sport, important changes were taking place in the whole pattern of intercollegiate athletics at Cornell. Romeyn Berry had ended his long career as a graduate manager of athletics; James Lynah, a Cornell alumnus and a retired business executive of vast experience, had taken his place. Mr. Lynah was a man of much ability, of complete integrity as an administrator, and of considerable charm. No university could be served by a person of higher quality in this field. He at once undertook the reconstruction of intercollegiate athletics and brought on

the scene a number of new coaches, among them Carl Snavely, the new football coach, and his assistants, notably G. K. (Lefty) James, and a man who was soon to be one of my best friends, [Gordon S.] (Scotty) Little, the new swimming coach. Georges Cointe, the fencing coach, was another who arrived on the Cornell scene at this point, in the middle 30's.

The work of these men had much success and the football team soon rose to be a power in the land. My association with these men was not yet close, except in the case of Scotty Little. I met him during my daily visits to the gymnasium for exercise and we soon learned of our mutual interest in fishing. Scotty was an expert trout fisherman: I never have been. But at that time I knew enough about where trout might be found in the local streams to be a useful companion to him, as he was to me for the skill he could impart.

One day during my exercise period, Allie Wolff appeared and suggested that we play a game of badminton, a game altogether unknown to me. We played and I was soundly beaten. An onlooker at this match was Harold Utter, the janitor at the Old Armory, a man of about 30. After the game was over he took me aside, spoke of my mistakes, and offered to show me how to correct them. I spent an hour the next day with him and soon made progress with the game. Scotty Little joined us in a little while and our appetite for the game grew so quickly that we began to look around for more advanced instruction. There was at Cornell at that time a young psychology instructor named [John] Lacey, who was highly expert and he agreed for a few dollars a day to give us instruction. We took lessons for a week or two and then settled down to a program of daily games among ourselves. This was in 1936 or 1937.

The daily badminton game was to be for me, in term time and in vacation, not only my chief source of recreation for the next sixteen years or so but my chief source of pleasure. These were for me in many ways, personal and impersonal, years of difficulty and unhappiness. The badminton game was an opportunity to turn away from the ordinary pattern of life. If I had to separate out the twelve most happy hours of my life ten of them would have been spent playing badminton.

We played in the main hall of the Old Armory, at the west end. Conditions were almost ideal; enough height, a good floor, and the right kind of lighting—the latter being most important for badminton. Three of us were almost always part of the foursome—Little, Utter, and myself. Other persons moved in and out of the foursome over the years: occasionally an undergraduate joined us, but more often another coach. Two factors made the games enjoyable; as a group of players we were almost perfectly matched so that however we divided up into pairs we could not tell from one day to the next which pair would win. In addition all the competitors seemed to increase in skill at the same rate. But the principal factor was the spirit in which the game was played. We played to win, but we managed from the start to settle on the notion that we would never argue about whether a shot put the bird in or out. The man nearest to the line called it and there was no question. How important this factor is to longtime enjoyment of competition, I learned in an early game—before our foursome had been formed—when I played as a partner of Allie Wolff against Lefty James and his colleague Russ Murphy. Wolff was a competitor who disputed everything and claimed everything for himself. This was an aspect of his combative nature. He and I won the game in



consequence of the decisions or points which he forced our opponents to accept. The game almost broke up in a free for all.

The foursome which Little, Utter, and I belonged to, and which Hanley Staley, another swimming coach, joined later, kept us all in excellent condition and saw us safely through many minor crises. I remember particularly the day when Scotty's wife, Barbara, was at the hospital waiting for her second baby. While we waited we played badminton. From time to time the phone rang in the coaches' office by the stairs. We paused for a moment to hear who was called for. After a number of interruptions the call came for Scotty; he ran out of the door and up the stairs. In a little while he was back. "It's a girl." We resumed our game.

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## *A P.T. Instructor, Too*

In the early 1940's, as the prospect of war approached, physical training and sports took on a new importance on the Cornell campus, as elsewhere. The University Faculty committed itself to a program of compulsory physical training for undergraduates and in doing so allowed training in certain sports as a means of meeting the requirement. Boxing was one of these sports. While many of our male students were leaving to join the forces, other male students began flooding in as members of the army and naval units sent to Cornell for academic and service training. The students in the service units were of course required to take regular physical training and this too involved training in sports, but here the contact and combative sports were emphasized, as also swimming and so-called commando training.

The military and naval high commands, though equally concerned that their men should have physical training, had in this as in other matters, different views of how it should be done. The large naval contingent brought with it many physical training instructors, for the most part men who had been outstanding college or professional athletes. These men gave instruction in calisthenics and in some sports, though not in boxing. The army program, which had as its students a highly miscellaneous and generally immature group of boys who were in a pre-military training course, left the physical training entirely to the university's own staff. In brief the two service groups put sudden and great strain on the Cornell coaches and instructors, and boxing was a sport which felt the strain heavily.

When this great change occurred--great in the sense that, so far as boxing was concerned some 300 men had to be taught each day—I had just begun to take charge of the intramural program and I was, with much nervousness and hesitation, teaching about fifteen to twenty students each afternoon in the Boxing Room at the Old Armory. This room was at the head of the stairs on the third floor. Under it was the small apparatus room; over it was the weight lifting room; beyond it was the room where the crew practiced in the wintertime, with the result that the boxing room was a passageway for some forty or fifty tall young men every afternoon as they went to and from the rowing machines. The boxing room itself housed

a regulation sized ring in its northwest corner but otherwise had a minimum of equipment. Three of the four walls were well supplied with windows. These walls were of brick, whitewashed. The floor was of a relatively soft wood and splintered easily. The rest of the facilities were primitive, particularly the coaches' dressing room which was a small, unlighted and unventilated closet. For best results perhaps six men and an instructor could use the room effectively, provided too many crew men were not streaming through. During the war and for sometime afterwards we had to conduct classes of twenty or more in it.

When I began my teaching in the fall of 1941 I was nervous because I had never taken a raw beginner and carried him through the preliminary stages of boxing in a formal class program. My association with boxing in the days when Jake Goldbas and Allie Wolff coached had been that of a person who stood on the sidelines and said to the boxer, "Keep your left up, keep your elbows in," and so forth—that is, I had commented on the performance of boys who had some proficiency in boxing. But I found it relatively easy to map out a program and I enjoyed very much demonstrating myself and checking in others the elementary body movements that a boxer makes. My badminton and other physical activities had put me in good enough condition to do the work.

And so, just before the wave of servicemen reached the campus I had settled down to a routine that took me to the Boxing Room at 4 each day from Monday to Friday to teach my civilian students' physical training class in boxing and such other would-be boxers as came along. Among the latter were some members of Allie Wolff's old squads and they quite properly regarded me, a mere professor, as a poor replacement for their old coach. Indeed, it was so. But the whole situation had changed: the boxing room was now put to the use of a miscellaneous assortment of ordinary students who knew nothing about boxing; the emphasis was on physical training, not competitive boxing and there was therefore something appropriate in having a middle aged professor—dressed it is true in a sweat suit—rather than a real coach with fire in his eye, take charge of the proceedings from 4 to 6. How innocent our customers were I can best illustrate by the following story. One day we arranged a sparring match between two of them. We put gloves on them and heavy face masks. We ushered them into the ring and put one in one corner and the other in another. I then took a can of rosin and sprinkled some on the floor in a neutral corner. One of the boys went to the corner and bending over rubbed his gloves in the rosin.

When we faced the oncoming servicemen the pattern of life in the physical education department, as in the rest of the university community, changed drastically. Before this time I had been incorporated into the staff of the department, but the fact had had little significance so far as I was concerned. Now I was summoned to attend meetings of the department because large scale plans and heavier workloads had to be parceled out. These plans did not involve the actual incorporation into the department of the naval physical training instructors but rather the designing of a program to supplement the work of those men whose chief concern was with calisthenics. The total physical training program for the military contingents had to be planned, as also that for the civilian male student body.

In my own case this meant that the staff for instruction in boxing had to be increased. Ray Morey, a trainer on the athletic association's staff joined me for

ordinary class work. I joined the ordinary calisthenics staff and from time to time assisted in directing classes in soccer, and had the great joy of playing the game again. On an average day during the wartime period I spent two hours in the morning teaching boxing or helping with calisthenics or soccer and two hours in the afternoon—usually from 4 to 6—in the boxing room. During the war the boxing room in the Old Armory was closed down and our equipment was moved to the top room in the South tower of Barton Hall. My constant activity as a physical training instructor of one sort or another kept me in good condition and I was able, despite my age—I was in the late 40's—to get in the ring and box a little when classes were in progress.

We had a large physical training staff, in which the naval instructors were constantly being shipped in and out on short tours of duty. Perhaps for this reason we of the civilian staff developed an esprit de corps that lasted through the war. We took much pride in the so-called commando course, developed largely under the direction of Georges Cointe, the fencing coach, in the general area of the Kite Hill parking lot, and here we cheered on the students who tried to climb board walls and jump over obstacles, echoing the sentiments if not the words of Georges' half French battle cry, "You can do eet fat boy."

The servicemen who came under our supervision had a great variety of abilities in physical activity. One group—the Army's specialized training program as it was called—consisted of boys of about 17 who were almost entirely devoid of ability. Here I saw for the first time in my life boys who could not throw a stone or ball. Many of them, when required to run at a moderate pace for three or four hundred yards actually collapsed and vomited. And I remember that when we lined up one group for calisthenics inside Barton Hall some of them wore their gloves.

The Navy men had been chosen as officer material and much more attention had been given to selecting candidates who were not only physically fit but had demonstrated some physical skill. So it happened that during the war a number of quite expert amateur boxers appeared and made their way up to the boxing room in the late afternoon. Among them was Bill Fugazy, a New York boy, of a famous New York Italian family, whose uncle had long been associated with professional boxing. The uncle had seen to it that Bill had expert professional training as a boxer from his boyhood, with the result that when he came to Cornell he was as accomplished a stylist as I had seen since the days of Joe Lazarus.

The naval department, in arranging for its men to get a general education on the Cornell campus, was much less concerned with service protocol than the army. Army men moved about the campus in military formation; going from one class to another they lined up in a small column, the section leader barked out his commands, and they marched in step. When they went to class they were the class; no other students were there. But the Navy men, except for their uniforms, had almost the same freedom of movement as civilians; they walked about as they chose except when they were involved in formal parade ground exercises, and as they wandered about the campus they were often accompanied by undergraduate girls who were attending the same classes as they. So it happened that there was a good deal of rivalry between the two service groups.

One day as a group of Army students was being marched from Boardman Hall to Goldwin Smith my friend Fugazy was nonchalantly strolling in the opposite direction. He was slight of build, stood about 5 feet 7 inches, weighed 128 pounds, and had a lean, handsome, boyish face. His manner was always bright and sassy. On this occasion the sight of the soldiers on their serious way to class provoked him into derogatory remarks. Insults were thrown back and forth and before the exchange was over one of the enraged Army men shouted that he would fix the tormentor. How I heard of this in this early stage I do not remember, except that it was from the Army men who were in one of the American history classes that I taught. They told me merely that one of their number was going to knock the daylights out of some Navy character who had been fresh. I next heard that this was going to take place in the boxing room. I began at once to inquire who was involved and soon learned that Fugazy was the offender. I then sought out the Army boy who had uttered the challenge and through his friends sought to dissuade him. But by this time the honor of the whole Army contingent was involved and there was no backing down on their side. Similarly the word had got around among the Navy men, and though few knew of Fugazy's skill, they were all equally concerned that the bout should be staged. Late one afternoon the match took place and it was a repetition of the famous encounter which Moses Goldbas had, except that the Navy won. I talked to Fugazy before the match to ensure that there would be none of the blood and slaughter that marked the Goldbas affair. And so it went. A big Army boy came out of his corner, 6 feet tall, weighing about 180, Fugazy danced around him a little and hit him once or twice and he fell down. Ray Morey, as I remember, was referee, and he rushed in, counted ten rapidly and all was over.

My own experience with these so-called "grudge" fights has not been extensive. But once every two or three years while I taught boxing at Cornell, two very earnest boys, who might have been brothers, would come to me and say that they wished to fight. I would say, "Not fight, box." And they would say, "No, fight," and then would tell me of some misunderstanding that had excited them to the point where a fight was the only solution. I then would say, "Alright but on my terms," and not knowing what my terms were they would agree. So I would then say, "Come back tomorrow at 3 and I will supervise the fight."

So the next day I would go to the boxing room and get an old set of 16-ounce gloves and drip water into them until they weighed about 24 ounces each. When the boys came I would put the gloves on them and they being novices would not notice the weight. Then I would say, "Of course you must wear head masks," and after a little protest from them I would put the masks on. The boys, being novices, would not know what it was like to wear a head mask and, taking advantage of their ignorance, I would lace the masks so tightly that they could hardly breathe. This done I would say, "Alright, fight." There would be a flurry for about thirty seconds but by that time, what with the weight of the gloves and the tightness of the masks, both fighters would be exhausted, would realize the hopelessness of a dramatic victory for either side, and could be talked into calling the whole thing off.

On the day the first Navy contingent was to arrive Bob Kane, assistant director of athletics, called a meeting of the department's coaches to set before them the vast problem of organization and work that now faced us. Carl Snavely, head football coach, was one of our members. We met in the lecture room at Schoellkopf Hall

and Snavelly sat in the front row, with that strange, almost sleepwalking expression that he wore when not talking football. Kane began by telling us that a thousand or twelve hundred men were at that moment arriving on the campus and would be incorporated into the university's student body. Snavelly woke up and said, "Are any of them football players?" Kane said he supposed some of them were, but, he went on, this was no time to worry about that; we had to plan a program for the whole group. "Well," said Snavelly, "will the football players be allowed to play for Cornell?" "Perhaps they will," said Kane, "but look," he continued, "we can't worry about that now." "Do you think," said Snavelly, "they could come out for practice this afternoon?" While Kane was trying to find an answer that would end this exchange Snavelly got up and said, "I'll go and phone the Commandant." With that he left the meeting.

The coaches had their own ideas about conducting meetings and they differed considerably from those I was used to among my academic friends. I remember another meeting in the Schoellkopf lecture room in the evening. All the coaches were there and after some preliminaries Nicky Bawlf, Walt O'Connell, and various other members of the group began talking loudly and at the same time. They stood up to speak and when they warmed to their subjects they began to walk around the room and to address such members of the group as remained seated. At one time Bawlf and another coach stood in front of me as though they were salesmen competing for my business. This turmoil continued for some minutes. Max Reed, a football coach, who had remained silent, as had I, then stood up, put on his overcoat and said in a firm voice, "Aw, shit, I'm tired." He began to walk out. The others stopped talking and walked out too. When I told some of my academic colleagues about this they said how often they had been of Reed's opinion during an academic meeting and how much they wished they could close the proceedings as dramatically.

The wartime rush of business, for the physical education department, kept me busy and happy. In the morning I might assist in a large calisthenics class conducted by Frank Kavanagh and, while he barked out his commands, Ray Van Orman and I would walk through the ranks checking on straight backs and exercises properly executed. Sometimes I commanded these groups myself and once or twice in my zeal tried to outdo the group by challenging them to do more push-ups than I could. I was happiest, as I remember it now, when I took off a group of students to the soccer field and there for an hour played soccer with them. The involved and heavy physical education programs caused members of the staff to be stranded once in a while, with nothing to do between the period when one class ended and that when another began. When I was working in the new boxing room at Barton I filled in the time with exercises or bag punching. Sometimes my rest period had to be spent at the Old Armory and then we got busy with a badminton game. Or it might be that headquarters for the morning was Schoellkopf. At Schoellkopf the coaches had worked out a game for themselves called paddleball. They played in the small gymnasium on the top floor, weaving in and out among the apparatus, and using a highly complicated set of ground rules because there were so many obstructions. Georges Cointe (before he went into the service) and I played many a game here and I learned that though by all the signs as I could read them—particularly my much greater experience with the bounce of a ball—I should have beaten Georges

easily, in fact I did not and he often beat me. Paddleball was a variant of handball, played with a tennis ball and an enlarged ping pong type of bat.

There were essentially two ways of playing the game, the gentlemanly and the not-gentlemanly. Under the first the players took account of the fact that the space was limited and body movement rapid and vigorous; accordingly they did what they could to keep out of one another's way while playing. Under the non-gentlemanly system they used body blocks and other devices for keeping an opponent from the ball. Georges Cointe and I played the more leisurely variety and derived our pleasure from beating one another by well-placed shots.

One day a young graduate student in our history department who had studied at Notre Dame and had a sense of sacrifice, saw me in Schoellkopf as I was going to play with Georges. He asked if he might play and, when Georges and I had found another player, we made a foursome, the young man becoming Georges' partner. I explained to him the rules of the game and he said, "Yes," he knew all about handball and would simply have to adapt to the paddle. Part of the pleasure of the game, when played in the leisurely manner, came from an understanding between the partners as to who should attempt a shot and who should stand back. As play went on the young student seemed concerned to demonstrate his agility and proficiency. As Georges was about to make a shot, his partner would dive in and attempt a dramatic backhand or in some other way take the shot away from Georges. These lunges and other heroics almost always cost Georges and his partner the point. Mercifully, we quickly beat them and I ushered the young man out. Georges had been too polite to remonstrate with a stranger, particularly as the boy had been in a sense my guest. He remained silent throughout the last stages of the game, but one who knew him could recognize in his silence and the tightened jaws that self-control had reached its limit. When I returned to him he was sitting on a bench and a tear of rage ran down each cheek. We said nothing but in a few minutes we washed out the incident by a quiet game alone.

I kept in this Schoellkopf gymnasium a barbell with weights attached to it to make a total weight of about 35 pounds. The weights were held in place by small collars slipped over the bar and held in place by bolts. For two or three days in succession when I went upstairs to exercise with the bar bell I found it dismantled, the bar lying flat on the floor and the weights and collars arranged alongside it. This annoyed me because I did not ordinarily have within reach a wrench with which to reassemble the bar bell. So I took a piece of adhesive tape and wrote on it, "PRIVATE PROPERTY OF F. G. MARCHAM. You may exercise with the bar bell but do not meddle with the weights." Nevertheless when next I went to use the bar bell it was dismantled. I decided to catch the culprit.

One morning I found him. He was alone in the room, and, indeed, as I entered he was on his knees by the bar bell, almost killing himself, as with a wrench he tried to loosen the bolts that I had fastened with all my energy. I approached him and said, "Hey, bud, what goes on?" Still kneeling and straining on the wrench, he said, "Wait a minute, I'm busy." I said, "Yes, but stop, that's my bar bell." He shouted, "I can't undo this bolt." I grabbed him and said, "Get up and leave the thing alone. It's my bar bell." When he stood up I said, "What the hell are you doing, can't you read those instructions there." He said, "Wait a minute, look." And he reached under a mat and produced a piece of paper which set out a long

list of exercises; so many times with 15 pounds, so many with 20, and so forth. He said, "There's my program, how can I do it if I don't take some of the weights off?" I said, "Look, that's my bar bell, and those are my instructions to you or anyone else who wishes to exercise with it. Don't you see the plain words 'Don't meddle with the weights?'" "Meddle with them," he said, "I wasn't meddling with them, I was using them."

One day in the fall of 1945 while I was teaching a boxing class in Barton Hall I saw a tall student standing alongside the class watching me. When the class was finished he remained and came to talk to me. I asked if he was interested in boxing and he said, "Yes." He went on to tell me that he had boxed a good deal as an amateur before he entered the service and in the service too. His name was Frank Best. I asked if he intended to box now that he was a student at Cornell, and he said, "No," but he'd like to help me coach. The idea pleased me because I thought it possible that, with the return to a peacetime program, boxing would slip back to the position of a minor intramural sport and that while this was happening I might draw out of the program and pass the responsibility for managing it to such a person as this. He was a man of about 26; he spoke of taking the four-year course in agriculture. A little acquaintance with him showed me that he was an excellent boxer. He had, it seemed to me, one quality I could no longer claim—the ability to get in the ring and box three fast rounds with anyone who might show up.

So I presented the picture to him of a pattern of four years of studying and coaching, to be followed by the purchase of a farm near Ithaca and the combination of farming and coaching after he had graduated.

This appealed to him for a while and I had a vision of returning to a life of teaching history and playing badminton. My new acquaintance worked out regularly in the gymnasium and demonstrated great ability for an amateur boxer. But I soon learned that he wished to earn money from boxing and had signed an agreement to box in a professional match at Binghamton. His success there was immediate. "Best wins in 30 second knockout," said the headline. The experience led him on to other commitments and before the academic year was out he was signed for a ten-round, main event match in Buffalo, New York. By this time I was beginning to wonder about him. He had been drawn into the web of second- and third-rate professional boxing where managers have little regard for their boxers. In this instance, as in so many others, he was being moved along by a manager or group of managers who wished to use him as a dummy in setting up a fight for a far better boxer. And so he was entirely mismatched in the Buffalo bout and badly beaten. I heard no more of him as a student or a boxer after that year.

By this time the university was crowded with returning ex-servicemen and among them many boys who had boxed in the service including one or two, such as Bill O'Brien, who had boxed briefly in my classes back in 1941. I would gladly have stepped out of the picture at this point but two circumstances at least prevented me: one was the lack of anyone to take my place and the other was the maturity of the boys who came to the Boxing Room and the consequent lessening of the need of actual instruction by the instructor. He could do his work by simply standing by and offering a few suggestions. I continued my daily visits to the Old Armory, changed into a sweat suit, wrapped my hands, and put on bag-punching gloves.

Apart from spoken advice my task was to demonstrate form by punching the light and heavy bags. Rarely did I get into the ring.

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## *Other Effects of Wartime*

The wartime conditions that had made me a physical training instructor had reached into the academic life of the university with great effect. The university agreed to give academic training to men of the army and navy and in consequence many of them were incorporated into the traditional programs. The university also agreed to provide various forms of specialized training, some technical, as in the handling of diesel engines, and some academic as in foreign languages and other skills appropriate to service overseas. Out of the latter grew the so-called "area studies," which focused on a geographical area and gave instruction in the languages and the political, social and cultural institutions of the people who lived there.

The development of the area studies programs brought DeKiewiet into prominence. His gifts as a linguist and his experience in South Africa, England, in the United States, and briefly, as a child, in Holland, justified his having a place in this program, but all members of the history department were surprised when they learned he was to be the program's director. His role in this program took him out of the normal activities of a member of the department for the duration of the war. At the same time it gave him an eminence in the ranks of academic administration and a tie with Day that made his advance to the rank of dean almost inevitable.

The activities of the department were immediately and more completely disturbed by the larger groups of servicemen who came to the campus and for whom we were required to provide instruction in American history. Some parts of the service programs, and particularly those associated with the Navy, conformed to the older pattern of Arts College education and allowed the continuance of our normal teaching schedule. The other part, and particularly the military, required instruction in American history for all participants, and since these were numbered by the hundreds, heroic measures were necessary.

We did not have facilities for teaching them in large lecture groups and so the basic form of instruction was the section of thirty-five or so, taught partly by lecture and partly by discussion three times a week. This method made great demands on manpower, and so every one in the department and some persons from outside now came in to help. Laistner and myself and Stephenson among the older members now for the first time immersed ourselves in American history. Gates was our Emperor; he ruled over a small office staff which kept the elaborate records for the course. Now for the first time the multiple choice examination became a part of our procedure.

The piling up of this time-consuming program on the existing pattern of teaching caused no great hardship. Many of the normal responsibilities resting



upon the professor were in war time changed in such a way that he was more free than usual. The flow of graduate students lessened; travel abroad was impossible, scholarly works were published in smaller quantity; all these changes gave him more time to spend on his undergraduate teaching. The only major development that otherwise changed the pattern of relationships in the department was the absence of DeKiewiet and Biggerstaff, the one more and more immersed in college administration, the other absent on government service. Retirement took Bretz in 1943, and brought me the benefit of moving into his excellent office at Room 223 Boardman Hall, where for a time I continued, though not with his regularity in fall and winter, the tradition of fires in the fireplace, until about 1947 when the university boarded up the fireplace with some unattractive plywood.

Bretz became, as I have suggested earlier, a much more mellow member of the department than for a time it appeared that he would be. On one occasion during the early discussions about the first chairman he spoke very sharply and as I thought unjustly to me about my part in the proceedings, as though perhaps he had supposed that I wished the office for myself. This I had never done, partly because I was afraid of the office, and partly because I was becoming involved in so many committee jobs in college and university that to assume the chairmanship would have made life impossible. For in spite of all we had hoped for, and the high degree of individual freedom we had maintained, the chairmanship soon became an onerous task. The growth of administrative machinery in the college, Graduate School, and university at large added considerably to the number of forms that had to be filled out. The relatively frequent changes among professors and the adjustments that had to be made during the war made the chairman a busy man who spent much of his time writing to his colleagues in other universities for suggestions about candidates for permanent or temporary appointments.

Bretz and I quickly made our peace after that one outburst. He became a sound advisor on the questions of policy that arose in the various committees on which I served. And he himself, elected by the faculty as one of their three representatives on the Board of Trustees, was much more continuously involved than ever before, a really formidable figure in meetings of the University Faculty where all important questions of policy were still debated, and where he was the voice of faculty independence and generous in dealing with students. After his retirement Bretz retained not an office but a large working space with some privacy in part of what had been the large library at the west end of Boardman Hall. He continued to appear and speak with great effect at meetings of the University Faculty. On one occasion—and this was the tendency of much of his thoughts—he succeeded, after the war, in silencing an attempt by the administration to force student political organizations to give to university authorities lists of their members. In this he had, in particular, the support of Gates and myself. My own strongest use of our association came during the period when I was a faculty representative on the Cornell Board of Trustees. He advised me and gave me strong moral support on all the issues on which I involved myself. He died of cancer in 1951 after a long illness.

My constant activity in teaching and physical education persisted throughout the war and left little time for personal concerns. But for me as a British citizen and a teacher of British history, the war, particularly in its earliest stages when

Great Britain's position was desperate, was a deep and continuing wound. My parents and other relatives, as well as those of my wife, lived in England, in the neighborhood of London and were exposed to the hazards of 1939 and '40 and '41. The country, my country, was in mortal danger. Sabine, I remember, stopped me on the steps of Willard Straight Hall in the summer of 1940, and said, "They can't hold out." Besides, I found it emotionally distressing to lecture on British history while carrying in my mind the sense that the long story of strife and ultimate victory might soon be at an end.

Before these considerations began to occupy my mind, a few of us who were British citizens and professors at Cornell became involved in a ridiculous episode. Reginald Bald, in English, Hutt in Animal Genetics, Asdell, in Animal Physiology, and I, all in our 40's and in reasonably good health, thought it our duty to go down to New York, see the consul general, and ask what we could do to aid the British war effort. This was in the fall of 1939. We traveled down by car, received an appointment, and duly reported to his office. He expressed his interest in our offer of support and assured us that he thought the best thing we could do was to stay where we were. He waxed enthusiastic. What a contribution we were already making, he said; back at Cornell we would amply demonstrate, by our mere presence and personalities, the loftiness of the British cause. We began to glow. He called to his male secretary, "Fetch some cigars." The young man left the room and came back with a box. The consul general glanced at them and handed them to the secretary, "Not these; these are the good ones." We returned to Ithaca.

The fiasco of our visit to the consul general reminded me that retention of British citizenship, almost twenty years after I had left Great Britain, might raise problems if the United States remained neutral or if it entered the war. Up to this point two reasons had persuaded me to retain my citizenship; the sense of patriotic duty and the knowledge that as an Englishman I could gain access to historical documents, private and public in England, with more ease than if I were an American citizen. I thought that this advantage made me useful to the university.

For some years I had been uneasy in this stance. Clearly my career was to be in the United States and this was where I wished it to be. Was it not my duty then to accept the responsibilities of American citizenship? I talked the matter over with Laistner, who had retained his British citizenship. He was strong in his determination to stay as he was. He had to think of his mother, who was a British citizen, and of his sister and nephews who lived in England. But he saw the difference in my case; for I had children, who were attending American schools and becoming absorbed into American culture.

This was a telling point: I had been aware of it from the days when my older son first went to school. I came one day into the living room unnoticed and found him looking out of the window and saying, "Grass, grahss; grass, grahss." He was caught between the accent he knew to be right at school and the accent he had acquired from my wife and me. As the children grew up they faced many such conflicts. We had registered their births at the British Consulate, in case they should wish to have British citizenship when they reached adulthood. But they were also by birth American citizens; there was little doubt they would wish to remain so.

My sons were [Boy] Scouts and in due course the officers of their troop turned to me for assistance; I was glad to give it and offered to be an assistant scoutmaster. Forms came for me to sign and one question asked was, "Are you an American citizen?" I said no. Word came back from the regional office that I was not eligible for the position. My major problem arose when I took up duties in training soldiers and sailors in the physical training program. I was, in this program, an employee of Cornell University, but I came to realize that if I had any other abilities that might further the war effort I would not, as an alien, be able to apply them in the United States. The British Consul General had already shown I could not use them in Great Britain. My awareness of this dilemma remained vivid because, with my wife, I had to register regularly as an alien, with the federal authorities.

What the course of the war would be we could not estimate in 1942 and 1943. My wife and I, fearing the possibility of a long period in which our status might be a handicap to useful action, decided to apply for citizenship in the United States. The long process of checking records of birth and marriage in Great Britain was somewhat complicated by the disturbed state of public records there during the blitz. But in due course all was made authentic, with certified copies of the original records by the appropriate parish clerks and registrars of births and deaths. We learned our lessons about the American constitution and were prepared to answer questions, if challenged. And in the spring of 1945 we became American citizens.

For me the event had much solemnity. I was no longer a British citizen; I had sworn allegiance to a new sovereign. That, I believed, was right and necessary. To abandon British citizenship was in this sense a simple, surgical act. But was I abandoning my spiritual and cultural heritage; would my sense of identity with Great Britain's past grow less? Must I try to put into another perspective my memories of the Berkshire countryside, of London's parks and buildings, of Oxford? I did not think so. These were indelibly a part of me. My American citizenship was an act of incorporation of the old and the new. That was the virtue of American citizenship; it accepted me as I was and had been, provided I pledged myself from this point on to do my duty in my new country.

A few years after I gained my citizenship my neighbor, Judge Harold Simpson, told me he wished me to speak some welcoming words at a court he was to hold for granting citizenship to a new group of persons. I said I would gladly do so and accompanied him to his court when the day arrived. I had thought over the principal ideas I wished to convey, some of them recalling my own experience on becoming a citizen. I remembered well the procedure of the court at that time; the judge's address, the patriotic groups that had attended, and the remarks that concluded the occasion, such as I would make.

As the proceedings began I relaxed, and turned over in my mind what I intended to say. I had fifteen or twenty minutes of relaxation to enjoy. But suddenly Judge Simpson turned to me and said, "Mr. Marcham, who has recently become a citizen, will say a few words of welcome." I was off balance, jolted out of my reverie. I stood up and began to speak with some hesitation. I spoke the first sentence and paused briefly, then the second and the third, again with pauses. I was putting together a speech in which I was saying that now that they were American citizens they did not need to suppose that they must wipe out the memory of their homeland. "You remember your childhood friends, your parents, the daily scenes, the games you

played, your church or synagogue. Cherish these memories, they are a part of you that your new found friends, your new country wish you to keep. They value you for them. This is a nation of many traditions and you can help to keep it so.” My own emotions were not particularly stirred by the speech. But the hesitation with which I began had led the audience to believe that I was being swept along by the emotional effect of what I was saying. As I began to mention childhood friends, I heard a sob. “The parents and childhood scenes, and games” stirred more and more of the new citizens, handkerchiefs appeared throughout the audience, and by the time I had finished few except the judge and I had dry eyes. I have made some thousands of public speeches and certainly in scores if not hundreds of them I have been emotionally involved. Never have I produced the effect that grew out of this speech in consequence of my being caught off-guard. Luckily when all was over in the courtroom there was general rejoicing. But no judge has asked me to speak again.

The weight of the war during the early years caused me to look for a new interest as the source of strength. In 1942 the university put out a call to able-bodied citizens to help in a task hitherto performed by men in the College of Agriculture. The college had some small experimental forestry plots scattered around Ithaca. To be kept in orderly growth they must be thinned from time to time. The call now was for men to show up at a site along Route 366 with axe and saw, and there, under direction, to cut down some young Scotch pines, say six inches in diameter. “Bring some food, bring your children, they’ll be ‘safe,’” said the notice.

Our children were two boys, 14 and 11, and a girl of 6. All four of us put on warm winter clothes and drove out to the forest planting, by way of the Dairy Building, where we bought ice cream sandwiches and other refreshments. At the site we found an instructor who showed us the trees to be removed, and the easiest and safest way of felling them and trimming them. He described the things the boys could do, once a tree was down, and collected a pile of small branches to serve as a seat and shelter for my daughter. And so we went to work.

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## *The Farm*

The afternoon was a great success, and as we drove home we said how much we enjoyed it. Couldn’t we do it again? As I thought of this in the ensuing days I began to consider the possibility that we might make enterprises such as this part of our family life. Why not get a small abandoned piece of land with some woods on it, build a small shack and go out there now and then to cut up wood and bring it home for the fireplace. During the war all farmland around Ithaca was cheap, and abandoned farm land almost worthless. I began to look for a suitable place.

My friends, such as fisherman Scotty Little, wished to help in the choice. My wish was for a piece of land that had a maximum of features to support different forms of wild life—a hardwood area and a softwood area, a marsh, a stream, open pasture land, and, if possible, a pond. After much search and study we found the

ideal place at West Dryden, ten miles from my home. All the features were there that I wished for, except that the millpond was in decay; the dam needed to be rebuilt. On the other hand an old, and decrepit, farmhouse stood on the land, and one magnificent barn and a smaller one. This had been a farm of just over a hundred acres. The price was \$2,300. I bought it in early winter 1943.

So far, so good. The farm was within twenty minutes drive of our home on roads that were little used and without hazard. We would go there for a weekly outing. With the extra money I was earning as boxing coach (\$400 per annum) and a further sum for teaching American history, we would make repairs to the house, build a big fireplace in the living room, and introduce the minimum conveniences; such as doors that shut, and windows that were intact. The house had no water system, except a shallow well and a pump outside the front door; an outhouse, no electricity, no gas, no telephone. But the house could be made into a shelter, at least. A builder made the necessary repairs, including a splendid central chimney that reached from the dirt cellar to the roof.

The rest of my dream vanished. The children did not welcome the notion of weekly visits to the woods. My wife found the old farmhouse, even when repaired, depressing, merely an invitation to more housework. The boys liked the big barn, not as a barn but as repository for a vast amount of spare lumber which they could use in building their electric railroad. So the farm became my source of pleasure, and mine alone.

My father was a country boy and his roots and those of his family and ancestors reached back through centuries of farm life. I had often visited Grandmother Marcham in her country cottage. At Christ's Hospital I had lived for almost five years in the beautiful Sussex countryside, where daffodils grew wild in the spring. And yet I knew nothing about the elements of living on a farm; about a water supply that depended on a pump, or a woodburning stove for cooking. Here at the West Dryden farm was a vegetable garden area of about half an acre. Should I try to cultivate it and supply the family with food? Should I try to reconstruct the mill pond and make a fishpond as my fishing experts recommended. I thought I would try the pond.

I received advice from a farm pond expert on how to reconstruct the dam and in due course mechanical shovels and bulldozers and trucks did this work. Water flowed in and we had a five-acre pond, in appearance entirely natural. With the aid of my fish expert friends I bought some large-mouth bass and in a year or two the fishing was excellent. I found a neighboring farmer, Lloyd Hart, who ploughed up and harrowed the vegetable garden and then suggested that we fence the farm and keep some grazing cattle on it; his to graze there in compensation for the labor he gave, and I to have a young steer to supply my family with meat another year.

The significance of this to me was that for the first time I came in direct contact with the poor, marginal farmer of central New York, the man who did not have the capital or determination to leave his hundred-acre farm and his broken-down house and buildings and take up farming in a more productive area. I had been told that the area surrounding my farm was the most poverty-stricken in the neighborhood, and so it proved to be. But that was not its most interesting quality for me. I now met men who had grown up in this area, who knew how to squeeze

a bare living out of the land, usually by keeping a few cows, and who, and this was the exciting thing, had a range of knowledge and interests and a folklore that I had never dreamed of.

I learned this first on a day when Hart and I set out to cut some fence posts in the woods. He singled out some small trees, telling me that this would be good for use in dry land, this in wetland, this no good at all. He did not know the names of trees, or other plants; he knew what they were good for, in terms of his use. On another day, in midsummer 1944, just after D Day, he and I and a few neighbors he had collected were driving fence posts and stringing barbed wire along a pasture. We worked steadily for two hours; they talked all the time. Not once did they mention anything except matters relating to their own lives and neighborhood. In a way that I could hardly believe I came to see that their world was the area bounded by their horizon.

Later, I met another member of this group, Floyd Barnes. Cornell University had surveyed the area around Ithaca in search of good pine lumber, for lumber was scarce in the general market. The university had spotted some large pine and hemlock trees on my land and asked if I would agree to sell them. This was a serious wartime need, I was told, and I would do a service to Cornell and the country if I sold them the trees. They could not remove the trees or cut them into boards. Would I arrange with a lumberman to do this and have a sawmill do the rest? The university would pay the standard wartime controlled price for the boards.

Under much pressure I agreed and called in Hart, who called in Barnes. Barnes, a tall, dark, handsome man, was a jack of all trades. He walked around the woods and estimated how many board feet of lumber we could harvest. This would bring so many dollars. If he and Hart did the work and he assembled and operated a sawmill on my land, would I divide the proceeds three ways? I said, yes, after consulting my friends in the College of Agriculture.

Barnes now toured the countryside and found an old broken-down steam engine of the kind used half a century earlier to drive a threshing machine. He worked on it until it was in good order and one day he drove it majestically to the farm, celebrating its arrival by toots on a locomotive type steam whistle. He searched the metal graveyards of the neighborhood until he found two great circular saws. They were pitted with rust; some of their teeth were broken. He sat for hours in the barn polishing their surfaces by hand and fitting new teeth. The only axle, or bearing, for the saws he could rescue from the scrap heap was too large for the hole in the center of the saws. Day after day he worked on these holes with small files and other hand instruments. He was proud of his hands he said; "I am the last man in this neighborhood who can shape a tree trunk into a log with an adze."

Day by day, item by item, the elements of the saw mill were assembled. In the previous winter when the snow was in the woods and the pond was covered with thick ice, he and Hart had cut down the trees and drawn them by tractor to the general area of the sawmill site. One day he asked me to come with him to see the proposed site. In an area where the land sloped and curved in many directions he pointed to a space about 50 feet square. He said, "We'll have the saw mill here, running north and south. Here, at the south end, where the level is slightly lower, we'll have the steam engine. That'll put it close to the pond. We'll have a pump

there to bring water from the pond. We'll stack the wood we use for firing the engine here—that is, as we trim the logs to size the slabs will fall here and will be handy for cutting up into lengths of a size that will fit the fire-pot. We'll need this sharp slope below the sawmill, to the east, to take the sawdust. Here we'll stack the boards as they come from the mill. This lower level to the north will suit the trucks when they come in to pick up the boards. The men who load the boards, he said, will hardly have to lift them at all." It sounded as if a general had found the perfect site for a battlefield. Barnes lived in the farmhouse, got up each morning, lit the fire in the steam engine, and by the time he had had his breakfast, was ready to sound a toot on the whistle. Hart, who lived half a mile away, then got into his ramshackle truck and came on the scene. He hauled the logs to the mill. Barnes had so arranged it that the logs, when loosened from the sled in which they were hauled, rolled gently towards the mill. The two men moved them into position and the saw did its work.

In this way they worked for a few weeks without difficulty and produced lumber that netted each of us a little more than \$1,300, and a considerable amount of spare lumber. All were satisfied and Barnes drove off with his steam engine and his boards and firewood. For me the experience of owning the farm and being with these men opened a new view of the world of nature. Since my Christ's Hospital days I had been interested in birds; in England and in the United States I had been a fisherman. These interests had made me alert to the sights and sounds, the colors and forms of nature. My new experience led me to feel myself in an entirely new way a part of the natural world. At first I said, "This is my tree, my pond, my farm." I thought again and said, "This land, this water, these plants and animals, they are the ongoing life force. I am part of it, during my lifetime. Certainly I do not own them; rather they own me."

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## *An Ivy League*

During the period following the end of the Second World War my association with Cornell athletics suddenly took a new turn. Late in 1945 President Day called me to his office and told me that the so-called Ivy League Presidents (including Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Yale) had decided to create a formal organization in order to guard against the evils of intercollegiate athletics. They feared that, with the return to a peacetime pattern of intercollegiate relations, athletics might enjoy great popularity and that big-time operators outside the colleges, particularly gamblers, might abuse the development. Athletics might assume a disproportionate importance in college life. The wish of the presidents was to maintain direct control of athletics themselves. They had therefore formed a presidents' committee and had drawn up an agreement to incorporate the basic principles which they believed should be adhered to. The enforcement of these principles they intended to leave to two subordinate committees; one consisting of faculty members (one from each college)

and the other of athletic directors. He asked if I would represent Cornell on the faculty committee. I did not wish to do so, but when he pointed out that I had had more experience in college athletics than any other faculty member at Cornell, I agreed to do so. He then said that as the Cornell representative I would be the [first] chairman of the committee.

The main purpose of our committee was to design the specific rules which would embody the principles agreed to by the presidents. I went to New York one winter day to attend the first meeting of our so-called Eligibility Committee (later called the Committee on Eligibility and Co-ordination). The meeting was to be at the New York Cornell Club, a place I had never visited, with the result that I did not know how to get there. When I arrived late I found the other committee members present, and as we introduced ourselves I learned that the other seven colleges had all sent to the meeting as their representatives their deans of men, all of whom knew one another well because they attended regular deans' meetings for other purposes. However they did not resent the presence of a professor and we soon became close friends.

We went to work at once on drawing up a set of rules and accomplished this in a series of four or five meetings. Almost at once we recognized that we had another and extremely difficult task to perform, namely to consider individual cases that arose in consequence of our rules. The cases were difficult because most of the students to whom they applied were ex-servicemen whose collegiate careers were extremely complicated, perhaps a year in one college before the war, a year in another in a service program during the war, and attendance at a third college after the war. Should we be strict in applying to these men the general accepted rule that a student who transferred from one college to another should be ineligible to play in intercollegiate competition for the first year after the transfer? Or should we recognize that these men were in a hurry to complete their education and get out into the world to earn a living and thus would be unfairly handicapped by being forced to abide by the transfer rule? A hundred variants of this and other situations arose and kept us busy. But the committee worked well as a device for disposing of these questions. At first our only concern was with intercollegiate football; later all intercollegiate sports came under our jurisdiction.

What might have happened if there had been no control by the presidents I learned quickly enough. One day in the fall of 1945 I went to Schoellkopf Hall to exercise and saw sitting on the steps as formidable an array of young men as one could imagine. I asked who they were and was told that they were ex-Notre Dame football players who, having left the service, intended to transfer to Cornell. By this time Cornell's football coach was Ed McKeever who had coached at Notre Dame. After I had changed into exercise clothes I went out on Lower Alumni Field where football practice was being held and there, sure enough were the Notre Dame men, including the famous Johnny Lujack, working out with the Cornell football squad. The advice of some outsiders, including myself, was that if this mass transfer to Cornell took place it would constitute an athletic scandal. And fortunately—assuming that our view was correct—only one Notre Dame man did come to Cornell. But the Cornell squad, like those of other colleges during the postwar period, did contain many men who had gained considerable reputation as athletes in the service and were transfers from other colleges. Some of them



became good friends of mine, notably Frank Wydo of Duquesne, Matt Bolger of Notre Dame, and Bob Dean of Indiana. Some of my old Cornell friends also returned after the war, including Walter Kretz and Joe Martin.

The career of Frank Wydo illustrates well the problems that we faced in consequence of the turbulent state of postwar athletics. Frank Wydo had attended Duquesne but apparently spent almost all his time there playing football. When he applied for admission to Cornell he was the most unpromising student I had ever encountered. We worked out a program for him and helped him through the first term or two by enrolling him in Russian, a language which his parents spoke. With some help from me and others and by great effort on his own part he struggled through his first year and in the fall of 1945 he demonstrated his outstanding ability as a football player. McKeever rightly regarded him as his principal find, but McKeever had a strange streak in him; he wished to make fun of Wydo's work as a student. One day in the fall of 1946 McKeever chose to show off Wydo and to make fun of him too. I was in Schoellkopf Hall and saw McKeever with a friend of his, who looked as if he might be a visiting coach. Wydo came in. McKeever called him over and talked football with him and began joking about his studies in such a way as to suggest that Wydo's studies amounted to nothing, a mere excuse for his playing football. "Say, Frank," said McKeever, "you aren't really studying are you?" "I certainly am," said Wydo. "What are you going to do this evening?" said McKeever. "Write an essay," said Wydo. "Go on," said McKeever, "what's the subject?" "James II, King of England, a Machiavellian character," said Wydo. And he was telling the truth for he was writing the essay in one of my courses.

After playing college football for one year at Cornell Wydo became a professional football player and so could not attend Cornell in the fall term. Nevertheless, by coming to the university in the spring terms and in summer sessions for a number of years he completed his undergraduate studies and received a Cornell degree.

McKeever's career as the Cornell coach became increasingly stormy in consequence of two qualities of his. The worse was the strife he created in his squad by his own words and conduct. This reached such a point that some of the players informed me (I was at this time the so-called academic advisor to the squad) that after the Pennsylvania game at the end of the season some players intended to do physical violence to McKeever. I spent a long afternoon with one of the supposed attackers-to-be trying to dissuade him. The other fault of McKeever's was not so well established. It amounted to a suspicion that alumni or other interested outsiders were, with McKeever's connivance, making gifts to football players. The two situations came to a head about the same time with the result that Bob Kane, George Pfann (a trustee) and I (as representative on the Eligibility Committee) went to see President Day and put to him the question whether McKeever ought to continue as coach. This was immediately before the Dartmouth game, the last but one for the season. President Day agreed to the plan to end McKeever's contract after the Pennsylvania game and when this plan was announced, a day or two before the Pennsylvania game, the threatened free-for-all was avoided.

## Reorganizing History

When the department began to put itself together again after the Second World War new faces soon appeared. On the retirement of Bretz, Curtis Nettels had been chosen as professor of American history by virtue of his eminence as a student of the Colonial period of American history and his interest in the period of the American Revolution. This appointment was in keeping with our policy of changing the sphere of specialization when we replaced a professor. DeKiewiet became dean of the Arts College about 1945 and so was lost to teaching and research, the fields in which he really had ability. He insisted, much to our distress, as will appear later, in retaining a place in the department and attending our meetings. Biggerstaff had returned from his wartime service. Anderson had moved up to be director of the School of Education, a post which he soon left for appointment in the federal education service. The tie with education which we had had for a few years was not renewed.

Clearly our teaching of Modern European history was our weakest point, in fact it had been kept going by one makeshift after another. The problem was first approached by considering the need for filling the place left vacant many years earlier by Moseley's removal to Columbia. After considering many candidates the department recommended the appointment of Marc Szeftel, a man of Polish birth, strong in his knowledge of Russian history and the Russian language, who had had much of his education and academic experience in Belgium. He had also been imprisoned for a while by the Germans in France. He was a versatile linguist, a man who had strongly ingrained in him the European attitude regarding the importance and social eminence attaching to the professor. His health was not robust, his wartime experience had weakened him. He was a refugee bringing with him a large part of his European inheritance, and thus in outlook a person far more strange—foreign, shall I say—than anyone who had previously been a member of our department, for Laistner and I, though nonetheless foreigners, had found it easy to make the adjustment to American academic life.

Once the Szeftel appointment had been made we turned to what might be called the central problem in regard to European history—Western Europe. In considering this appointment some new considerations came into view. After a short preliminary discussion we once again rejected the notion of appointing one of Becker's students, in particular Gershoy. When his name was brought up for discussion DeKiewiet remarked that Gershoy would not do because he could not get on with Laistner. Laistner, who was present at the meeting, turned quickly to DeKiewiet and asked, "How do you know that?" DeKiewiet said, "He told me so," and went on to tell of having traveled down to New York with Gershoy and having asked him about his attitude to various members of the department. All this he said as though the information was being dragged out of him, though in this instance, as in others, DeKiewiet readily injected into our discussions personal observations of this sort, which were known only to him and his supposed informant.

But the decision to pass over Gershoy did not rest on DeKiewiet's special information. Once more we reverted to the notion of changing the sphere of specialization. And here another consideration entered in. From time to time a comment had been made by someone in administrative circles that Cornell was

out of date in its history program because we lacked a course in world history. DeKiewiet and Anderson had pointed this out during the war and on one occasion a committee had been appointed to draft the syllabus for such a course. But we had kept on with our old curriculum, the curriculum under which I had grown up at Cornell. Becker had taught a course in Modern European history, Laistner in Ancient History, Stephenson in Medieval, I in English, the American history professors in American history. These were all elementary courses, as was the course now being offered in Far Eastern history. The merit of the system, as we had understood it, was in fact that the beginning student had the opportunity to make a wide choice, he had the guarantee of listening to lectures by a full professor and he was a member of a course which while not small did give him some sense of knowing and being able to speak to the professor who taught it. The argument now was that every other major university had seen the wisdom of adopting the world history approach, that for a liberal education the student ought to have the opportunity of gaining a total picture of world history and ought not to be fobbed off with one section of it. We decided to compromise. We would keep our existing elementary history courses except the course in Modern Europe. For that we would substitute a world history course and offer it as one of the alternatives. This would be an experiment, to be continued or dropped as experience suggested. No one wished to see a super-course of great size created. All of us agreed that 250 to 300 was the maximum size for efficient teaching, and a size in this general range was what we thought the new course would attain. Matters of this kind were well fixed in our minds before we found a man who seemed qualified to teach it—Edward Whiting Fox, at that time a member of the Harvard faculty, and one who had had much experience with the Harvard course of the same sort. His field of special interest was late 19th to 20th century French History and this suited our needs. In a sense it balanced off the interest of Szeftel in East Europe and Russia.

When we came to discuss the new course with Fox we found that he was quite satisfied with the experimental feature of the assignment and also with the plan to maintain the other elementary courses. He spoke of the course as a cooperative one, said that ideally each of us should teach a part of it and offered to lay out a syllabus on this pattern. The course as here designed had the support of DeKiewiet, who found Fox a congenial person.

DeKiewiet's favor was of some significance to the department because we found his tenure of the deanship a cause of difficulty. On taking the deanship he had talked much of modernizing the program of the college and had promised to redirect some of our programs and raise the scholarly level of our students. His work in connection with the wartime "area" program gave him sound knowledge of the new language teaching procedures, and one of his first moves was reorganization of the teaching of modern languages by departmental rearrangement and by introducing persons who could institute the new procedures. What he had to say about the adequacy of the history department I do not know, except that he favored the world history course. But the embarrassment he caused us by attending our meetings, and his general mode of operation in personal relations were well brought out in a famous meeting.

About a year after Szeftel had begun to teach we had a meeting for routine purposes which DeKiewiet attended. Exactly who was present I do not know. Szeftel,

Laistner, Gates, Nettels; these were certainly there. After we had talked about ordinary business DeKiewiet said that he had heard some unfavorable comments on the teaching of the history department. We asked who made them; he said, students. We asked how many students and in what circumstances. He said he could not clearly remember. He then said that he knew in particular that Szeftel's teaching was inadequate. This seemed a blow below the belt if his statement rested on nothing more solid than his earlier comments. For Szeftel was clearly the most insecure person in the group, in consequence of his health and his recent wartime background. So I decided to pursue DeKiewiet to the limit.

"Have you heard Szeftel lecture?" I asked.

"No," said DeKiewiet, "but I am told his English is not altogether clear."

"Have you examined a syllabus of his course, have you seen one of his examinations?"

And so I went down the line, to underscore the point that he had made this allegation on the basis of nothing but some gossip that had criticized Szeftel's use of English. When he had answered the last of my six or seven questions with a "No," I said that I thought he ought to get down on his knees and ask forgiveness not for abusing Szeftel but for violating the scholar's commitment to base his judgment on facts. Laistner, no less disturbed than I, had allowed me to manage this questioning. When I had finished my remarks, he said, "Dick, you know this is shameful. Thank God, Newton (under whom DeKiewiet had worked at London) is not here to hear you." And so for the time we silenced DeKiewiet, but at the cost of his enduring enmity.

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## *Postwar Cornell*

I wish now to broaden the range of my comments to describe the general operation of the university in the years immediately after the war. I wish to explain that a new kind of university was in the making, with its own community spirit, and its own pattern of relationships between the administrators and the professors. But before I do so it will be well for me to survey briefly the personnel of the history department and explain the relations of the members to one another.

First I must mention the death of Becker in 1945. After his retirement, his health, to the joy of all of us, seemed to improve dramatically. The old interruptions through ill health, which I could remember back to my very first year at Cornell, now did not occur. He had delivered some notable lectures regarding Cornell history to the delight of all, had delivered the Messenger lectures—the first Cornell faculty member to do so--and in general had come to be the leading person on the campus, known through his lectures to a far larger part of the community than ever before. With good health, and perhaps with the lighter academic responsibilities of these last years, his manner in dealing with other persons seemed to change. He did not have it in him to be harsh or mean—the worst comment on another person I ever

heard him make was, "He must be out of his mind" when shown one of Notestein's letters of violent abuse. But in these years he was more outspoken than in the old days. He did not hide his views on some of the simpler frailties such as playing golf, he did not hesitate to break in on the bore. But this was a minor change. In essence he was still the quiet, generous, considerate man he had always been. When he sat down to talk to you, you were immediately in direct communication with him. You did not have to fence around to discover what mood he was in; there were no layers of formal politeness to be peeled away. But to me the highest praise for him is this, that he was the only person of first-class intelligence I have known who knew his associates intimately and deeply enough to understand all their weaknesses, yet liked them nevertheless.

Bretz was in retirement, as I have already said, the only survivor—except Notestein at Yale—from the first group I had known. Laistner was flourishing. He was now reaching a point in his career at which his colleagues in the United States regarded him as the most accomplished student of Ancient History. He had been awarded the degree Doctor of Letters at Cambridge University and wore with much pleasure at university commencements his scarlet robes and his academic cap. His Cambridge college, Jesus College, made him an honorary fellow, a distinction he valued highly. His mother still lived and enjoyed good health, though she was approaching the 90's. He was still the devoted son. Their social life had dwindled somewhat, but surprisingly enough most of their associates had been as long lived as they.

Laistner still kept to his routine and his prejudices. He still walked stolidly to work, he still was formal, punctual, and exact in his dealings with others, he still worked hard and read avidly. His brother-in-law, Wilfred Eady, had become an eminent British civil servant and was knighted about this time. Laistner was happy to show him to his friends when he visited Ithaca; he was even more proud when his sister, Lady Eady, visited him. He was still subject to sudden outbursts--some of them arising in his own professor-student routine, some in his relations with his colleagues, more and more in his dealings with administrators. At department meetings his patience was rather shorter than it had been. There was too much talk, he used to say, not recognizing that there were more people to do the talking. People talked about ridiculous things--near-contemporary history, objective tests. On some such note as this he would occasionally flounce out of one of our meetings or interject an acid comment at a meeting of the college faculty. But though the pattern of academic life might be changing he did not waver from his own pattern. He read, and wrote, and taught continuously and with energy.

Stephenson had changed a little in his activities and in his personality too, perhaps. He still worked hard, taught as ably as ever, and now was branching out into the study of medieval technology. He began to have one or two really good graduate students; in earlier years few had come to him, though why this was so I do not know. The change in his personality, if such there was, came perhaps from the change in his domestic life. His wife, Olive, was dying of cancer. His sons, having survived the war—though one of them had been for a time missing in action and then a German prisoner of war—had pulled themselves away from the family. What these changes meant to Stephenson I do not know. While his wife was in good health he was very shy of any social activity in which she tried to involve him.

Now as she lay dying and after her death, he seemed to be a more lonely person. The irresponsible features of his personality seemed to be more marked and, while these did not affect his work as teacher and scholar, in departmental affairs the consequence was that he did not exert the influence that one would have expected. He should have been a pillar of strength, standing beside Laistner. In fact the views he expressed were almost always beside the point, and sometimes quite foolish.

Nettels, the next oldest man in the department, had proved to be a formidable person, indeed one who stood up for his views with a passion that no one else commanded. He had strong views on many academic subjects and his views were often diametrically opposed to those of the rest. Much of his opinion rested on the conviction that American history was a branch of knowledge peculiar to itself. Though he himself was an authority on American colonial history, and might have been expected to give much weight to the force of British and European influence on American civilization, his whole creed was that American civilization was the creation of the American people and that it should be studied so far as possible in isolation. With this went a tendency to set on a pedestal George Washington and the Founding Fathers and to accept a single, simple interpretation of certain great events in American history, such as the Revolutionary War. The force and passion with which he defended these views led to many a hectic period in department meetings; particularly when anyone mentioned Western civilization and seemed thereby to mean a civilization mainly centered in Europe. His views and his actions added a note of tension to our meetings, but that was no disadvantage. What counted, perhaps, was the fact that in dealing with a man of his age and experience one could not be sure whether his response to a problem would be quiet analysis or violent outcry.

In the early 1950's Nettels learned by chance that Goldwin Smith, in commenting on the American Revolution, spoke of it as a mistake, an accident, an unfortunate incident, suggesting that if things had fallen out a little differently this regrettable misfortune would not have occurred. This view shocked Nettels so deeply that the next day when he faced his class in Goldwin Smith Hall he declared he could never again teach in the building and in protest led his class forth into the unencumbered air. He wrote to the president of the university to urge him to discover how large the fund was that Goldwin Smith had bestowed on Cornell and to return the appropriate sum to Goldwin Smith's heirs.

Paul Gates, the next senior member after myself, became chairman of the department in 1946. He was in many respects well suited for the task. He was building up an excellent reputation as a student of American land policy, had wide acquaintance among American historians at large, and was a busy, hard-working, combative person. He had a gift that would stand him in good stead in dealing with DeKiewiet; he usually took a position on personal questions that was opposite to that of the rest of us. This came partly perhaps from his combativeness, but more from a wish to see the best in everyone, especially the underdog—though DeKiewiet could hardly be called that. His sense of values in personal relations was quite different from that of Laistner. He had fewer scruples: he was much more practical.

One summer I came back from a few days absence to learn that he had assigned my office to a summer session teacher. I was annoyed, first because he had given

me no warning that he would do this, second, because I had intended to work in my office during the summer, as I always did, third, because neither Laistner nor Stephenson used their offices during the summer and fourth, because Gates had disappeared on a summer jaunt of his own. When he returned, I had already abandoned my office and taken my working equipment into another building half a mile away, I stormed over to see him. But he was bland and said he could not understand what the fuss was about. "But why," I said, "treat me in this way." "Oh, well," he replied, "I thought you would make less fuss than any of the rest." So he was, shall we say, a little angular in these personal matters. For the rest he was a competent chairman, vigorous and prompt in action, and always ready to protest if he thought a member of the department received less than his due.

Another member of the department joined us in 1946. This was Henry Guerlac who came to us from the University of Wisconsin to teach the history of science. He was the son of Othon Guerlac, professor of French, and a famous lively, witty figure in the Cornell of my earliest days. Henry Guerlac quickly proved to be as lively a person as his father; he was also a man of considerable ability in his field and at once opened up a line of communication with the natural sciences which history had not previously enjoyed. In addition his interest in music and the arts, as well as his associations with Ithaca's and Cornell's older social life, gave him a strong bond with Laistner.

Biggerstaff, Szeftel, and Fox, I have already spoken of briefly. Biggerstaff's social gifts and those of his wife made them also friends of the Laistners. His academic interests, now associated with the development of a large program in South East Asia studies, diversified the relationships of the historians with other departments. The fact that he was, in some respects at least, grappling with near contemporary affairs, and, even more, the assistance he gave in securing large sums of money from the foundations made him fit into what one may call DeKiewiet's scheme of things; that is, his view of what the Arts College should be doing. And the same may be said of Fox. Fox wished to take an active part in the social life of the university, or to put it better perhaps, wished to share his social life with men of his own age in other departments of the college. Since DeKiewiet, as dean, attached a good deal of importance to the social life of a chosen few in the college, this put Fox in his camp. Of Szeftel I have already said enough to indicate that he could not join this group. He was at this time a bachelor. He had a firm view of his status as a university professor which held him quite closely to his intellectual tasks.

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## *A New Kind of University*

From the presence of Fox in the department we learned more about an aspect of the new pattern of academic life that Moseley had shown us before the war—that is, the colleague who found it necessary to be absent from his academic duties more often than the traditional sabbatic year. In Moseley's case his absence—though, as I have said, we were not reconciled to it—seemed in part justified by his service to

the federal government. The professor on leave to the federal government was of course a common feature of academic life during the war. After the war many of the older members of the department assumed that we would resume the normal, pre-war pattern. But it was not to be so. The foundations made money available for overseas travel and research and in due course exchange fellowships of one sort or another—Commonwealth or Fulbright for example—were an added cause of absences. Fox, as I remember, did not benefit from one of these sources, but used his own funds. His absences made us realize that a new era was beginning.

From the early 1930's, when I became a full professor, I regularly attended meetings of the University Faculty and from time to time spoke there on matters that interested me. At first these matters were relatively trivial. But one of the features of the monthly faculty meetings was that anything relating to university affairs was discussed there. The faculty assumed that all matters of policy relating to the university—e.g., whether it should operate a radio station—and relating to the faculty as a whole, more particularly its responsibility for academic life and for the life of the students, should be discussed there. President White had earlier made a famous statement deprecating the discussion by the faculty of football games between Cornell and another university—about “agitating a bag of wind,” as he had called it. But in the early 1930's the faculty took it for granted that matters even of this kind were appropriate subjects for discussion and decision. Faculty meetings were well attended, orderly affairs, lasting for about two hours. Strong views were frequently expressed. George Lincoln Burr, so a faculty story said, had on one occasion declared that he thought he ought to be accorded two votes at a division, because he felt the importance of the issue more deeply than other members, and more than once concluded an address to the faculty by saying that if the vote went against him he would resign. And from time to time he did resign, though fortunately his resignations were as regularly abandoned. In my early days there were many prominent members of the faculty who spoke regularly—Willcox, Petry, [Robert] Cushman, Laistner, [Donald] English, [Dexter] Kimball, Diederichs, to name the first that come to mind. Over these lively sessions Farrand presided in a restrained, humorous manner. And the versatile Hammond was an appropriate dean of the University Faculty.

Cornelius Betten became dean of the faculty before Farrand retired. He was of Dutch stock, a sober, determined man who had a strong sense of the faculty's importance in university affairs. While he was dean—from the early '30's to the early '40's—I began to have assignments to faculty committees, to the extent that by the early '40's there were few aspects of university life that I did not know well from my committee work.

Betten retired in the early 1940's and Day, who was then president appeared before the faculty and suggested the appointment of a committee to prepare a list of candidates for the deanship and to conduct an election. [Carleton] Murdock, of physics, Petry, the botanist, and I were the chosen candidates. When the election had been held Day appeared before the faculty and announced that although Murdock had not received a majority of the votes and was not the leader in the list yet he deemed him best suited for the deanship and would so advise the trustees. Murdock became dean. The election and other faculty business took place, as I remember, before the actual retirement of Betten. At the last meeting



Betten attended, some congratulatory remarks were made and Day himself said a few words. Betten responded to the faculty's congratulations, but also said in a gentle, though quite firm manner that in recent years he had found the deanship an onerous task, and had had his disagreements with Day, though on looking back on those disagreements he found no cause to change the views he had expressed in opposition to the president. This was the first evidence many of us had had of the more forceful way in which Day had attempted to intervene in matters which previously had been regarded as the preserve of the faculty.

Shortly after Murdock became dean, the faculty elected me a member of the [Faculty's] University Policy Committee, a committee of about half a dozen, three of them directly elected, the others serving ex-officio in consequence of having been elected faculty representatives on the Board of Trustees. In 1945 I myself was elected a faculty representative on the Board for a five-year term. The consequence was that I sat in the Committee on University Policy for about eight years.

First, as to Murdock. He was an excellent dean and an excellent committee chairman. Laistner, and others I dare say, called him the Deacon, and there was something appropriate in the nickname, because he was a tall, thin, severe looking man. He was in his late 50's when he became dean and he often suffered periods of poor health, but he remained at all times an equable, dogged person. To myself, and to Herbert Briggs who soon joined me on the committee, he was not aggressive enough in asserting faculty rights, but we were in some respects, by the standards then appearing, extremists. We wished the faculty to decide all questions of policy. Murdock was always patient with us, and always supported us when we could obtain faculty support for our position. But I remember him principally for the even hand with which he managed the affairs of the committee and the determination with which he defended his position. Day did not hesitate to reprimand him privately when the committee or the faculty took action contrary to Day's wishes. And Day had strong views on many matters which in earlier times the president would not have interfered in directly.

Among my own happiest memories of Cornell are the hours I spent in the deliberations of the Committee on University Policy. We met at least once a month and usually spent three hours or so in discussion. Among the persons who served with me I remember particularly Briggs, George Adams, [Howard] Adelman, [John] Moynihan, and [William] Farnham as regular attendants. Our views were often strikingly different but we found it possible to take united action on all the issues that came before us and to draw up the appropriate recommendations to the faculty. Day appeared before the group only rarely, and then by invitation. What he wished to present to us was as vigorously challenged as the recommendations of our own members.

On one occasion he came before us to recommend that the faculty support him in asking the trustees to appoint Frank Southard, a professor of economics, as provost. This was a new post that he wished to create, something like the post of academic vice-president. We discussed the matter at length and raised some questions about Southard's fitness for the post. Certainly we made the point stick that no one ought to be named to the post who did not have full support from the faculty. Day agreed to let us canvass the faculty, which we did, with results unfavorable to Southard, and the proposal was dropped.

The efficiency of the University Policy Committee as then constituted came in large part from its size. It was small enough to allow for action and free discussion. From time to time the objection was made that not all colleges of the university were represented on the committee and that some never had been represented. To this the answer was made by all of us on the committee, and in my time successfully, that representation of this sort was never intended. That the committee was adequately representative if its members were all well-known members of the faculty—above all if they were not college administrators, who might have a foot or a hand in the camp of the university administration. In my experience a committee is a bad committee if any member regards it as his duty to work for the interests of a particular group. No member of the committee had this view in my period of service. University policy was to them policy for the whole university. The sharp differences of opinion which we expressed came entirely from differences of personality and differences of outlook on what the university should be.

When I became a faculty representative on the Cornell Board of Trustees on January 1, 1946 I soon found myself in touch with some new persons and new aspects of university affairs. My knowledge of university affairs, gained in the faculty and the Committee on University Policy, related for the most part to the organization and carrying on of the university's academic life and to the discharge of the faculty's responsibility for student well-being, as in the health and physical education program, matters of student conduct, and so-called student activities. I, and I believe most members of the faculty in the 1930's and earlier, had regarded these academic and community interests as the central feature of university life. Certainly we knew that a great many more than these items had to be attended to make the university a going concern; there was the vast problem of finance and of what one might call housekeeping, the concern, as we thought of the president and his administrative aides and ultimately of the Board of Trustees. Some large part of what one might call the internal order of the university during the '20's and '30's came, I believe, from recognition of the boundaries marking off what was primarily the faculty area of interest from the other; perhaps even more the relatively small amount of change in the scope and pattern of the university's work and commitments during the '20's and '30's.

As a faculty representative on the Board of Trustees, I saw it as my duty to express my own opinions, but to express opinions which I felt sure a significant part of the faculty would support. The task was therefore to learn what I could about policies and programs likely to be brought before the board by the administration and to get word of these to members of the faculty. At the same time I must be alert to shifts of opinion in the faculty and in the faculties of the individual colleges. In my approaches to the faculty the first port of call was the weekly lunch club which was still meeting after twenty years. The membership was always changing, but the group retained its two principal merits for my purpose; the members came from a wide assortment of colleges and most of them were substantial figures in their own colleges if not in the university faculty and had strong and divergent views on affairs international, national, and university.

I also thought it wise to do what I could to persuade members of individual college faculties to maintain an informal organization so that from time to time they might meet and talk about university affairs. When invited, as I often was,

I attended these meetings and spoke on questions raised by faculty members; from time to time I took to them items of business that seemed likely to come before the Board of Trustees. My membership on faculty committees also gave me acquaintance with individual faculty members from different colleges; for example, I served on a committee appointed to draw up procedures relating to any challenge to the integrity or efficiency of a member of the faculty. Here I served with Dean [S.C.] Hollister of the College of Engineering and Bill Farnham of the Law faculty. When a member of the College of Agriculture protested that the head of his department had assigned him to an appointment off campus that amounted to a demotion, I served on a widely diversified committee—Veterinary Medicine, Hotel, Agricultural Engineering—to hear the case and render a report. All in all I was, I believe, in the period 1945-50, next to Dean Murdock, the faculty member most widely experienced in the affairs of the faculty and I could, when speaking before the Board of Trustees, or at its executive committee meetings, speak with assurance about what the faculty would support or oppose.

By 1946 Cornell's work and commitments were many times larger than they had been, say, in 1936. I will not illustrate this by trying to give statistics and the names of the new departments and enterprises, such as the School of Industrial and Labor Relations. Let me take instead the mundane matter of housing. During the war the university had found it necessary to provide accommodations for the thousands of student soldiers and sailors. Then and a little later, the university had concerned itself with housing married veteran students and housing part of the faculty. My first point is that management of the university concerned itself with a far wider range than it had ten years earlier; my second point is that this change brought forward for settlement many topics that were outside the scope of traditional faculty policy making. They were in some degree matters of business; they called for swift executive action.

This change explains in part at least the more active role of the president in university affairs and the larger number of administrative aides he acquired. The period when I served on the University Policy Committee and the Board of Trustees coincided exactly with this time of change in university affairs. To people like myself who wished to keep the position of the faculty strong this was inevitably a time of stress. We sought in the face of the rising and inevitable growth of strength in the administration to assert for the faculty the right to give the decisive vote on all matters of policy that in any way affected academic affairs and on all appointments to the president's staff that had effect upon faculty and student well-being.

A perfect example of this arose within a few weeks of my becoming a representative on the Board of Trustees. The president announced that he intended to make the dean of the Engineering college a vice president. The dean would at the same time continue to serve as dean. I called up the other representatives on the Ithaca campus, [Richard] Bradfield in Agronomy and [R.C.] Gibbs in Physics, and urged them to join me in calling on the president to object to this action. We met Day in his office and I presented our case, which was that we had no objection to the dean's becoming vice president, but we thought it detracted from the dignity and efficiency of the Engineering college to have as dean a person who could give to the position only part of his time. We suggested the appointment of a temporary dean. Day's remark was good-humored but blunt, "Why don't you fellows go back

to your offices and worry about things you understand.” We did go back, empty handed; but the dean-vice president suffered a heart attack shortly after he took up the dual appointment and was forced for a time to withdraw from both activities. Later he resumed the deanship.

At about this time I attended a meeting of certain members of the faculty and the leaders of student government. The students—all ex-servicemen—were an able and mature group in their late ‘20’s and early ‘30’s. Present also was a close personal friend of the president’s who held the position of counsellor of students, or assistant dean of students. His name was Harold Speight. As I listened to the discussion I was impressed by the ability of the students and the lack of skill of Speight. He seemed to misunderstand their point of view completely and to put what he had to say in the very words that would provoke them. The students did not mince matters in criticizing him, though they were effective and sober in their choice of words.

When the agenda for the June 1946 meeting of the Board of Trustees was circulated to the members I found to my great surprise and distress an item recommending that Speight be advanced to the position of secretary of the university. This was a post that made the holder a member of the faculty, and gave him duties that made him a link between the president and the faculty in certain minor matters and between the president and the students in others of more importance. I thought the proposal altogether unsound, particularly because it involved demoting a much younger man who had done the job of secretary with a good deal of success. I decided to oppose the nomination when the board met. I knew that one or two of the trustees knew Speight and knew his weaknesses. I called them by telephone and they promised to support me. To strengthen my hand I spoke to the president and vice president of student government. I did not tell them what the proposed appointment was, but said that it was important enough to them so that they should hold themselves in readiness to appear before the Board of Trustees. They agreed to do so.

The board met one June morning in Willard Straight Hall and we began our parade through the agenda. The Speight item was a third of the way down the list and when we came to it the president stood up and said that he wished not to take up the item. Such a change in plan was normal with one or two items, and so the members took little notice of it though the two who had spoken to me about it smiled at one another and at me, as though victory was ours. We adjourned for lunch, and when I had a chance to talk to them they said they assumed the president had gotten wind of the opposition and had decided to drop his proposal. The one trustee on whom I had counted the most—that is, I believed he would strongly second my proposed motion to reject the proposal—said he would have to leave the meeting after lunch to attend to other business. When I expressed alarm he said he felt sure Day would not bring forward the appointment.

After lunch we met in Olin Hall and there we discussed the rest of the agenda list. When this was over Day rose to remind the board that he had passed over an item during the morning meeting. He now moved the Speight appointment. There was a period of silence; I stood up and said that I opposed it and, having given my reasons, announced that I had available, if the trustees wished to consult them, two student leaders to support at least part of my argument. The trustees

stirred; they were not used to opposition to the president's proposals on matters of this kind and one or two rose to say that in the conduct of business enterprises the usual practice was to go along with the recommendations of top executives on personnel matters. There was a murmur of approval.

Day was heartened by this and asked if Professor Marcham was prepared to tell the board that he thought his judgment in personnel matters superior to the President's. I said that in this instance I did. I was on the verge of overwhelming defeat when a trustee arose in the back of the room. He was a man who held his trusteeship by virtue of being the president on one of the state agricultural organizations; and he had not taken part in ordinary board discussions, which were dominated by New York businessmen and lawyers. He spoke as follows: "Mr. Chairman. I have never spoken at a board meeting because I knew little about the subjects discussed. But in this instance I do know Mr. Speight. I had a good deal to do with him when he was secretary of such and such an organization. I found him inefficient and quite unreliable and I endorse Professor Marcham's opposition to the appointment." Again the board stirred: Day stood up and said he withdrew the proposal. The board adjourned.

If Day had followed the normal pattern of board procedure this incident would not have arisen. Usually the principal business of the board was prepared at meetings of the executive committee. This committee consisted of three or four trustees, the faculty representatives (three from Ithaca and Dean [Joseph] Hinsey of the Medical School) and the president. Meetings were held at least once a month, alternately in New York or Ithaca. The president brought to these meetings three or four of his administrative aides, e.g., the provost or vice president representing academic affairs, the treasurer, and the university counsel. The administrative aides were there to give information when called upon. The president and the other members and the representatives took part in direct, simple debate and maintained a much more workman-like discussion than was possible at meetings of the full board, where some thirty-five to forty were present. The setting for executive committee meetings—usually a small room—and the air of informality encouraged faculty members to take their full share in the discussion and to speak with more freedom than they would use at a full board meeting where, as a rule, the agenda was disposed of with little real discussion—an introductory speech explaining the item, a question or two from the floor and the motion. In both kinds of meetings the initiative lay with the president. He had most to say in preparing the agenda, he could drop items if he wished, and he could introduce supplementary items. Usually in executive committee meetings and before the full Board he could rely on solid support from a majority of the members and the actions of the board were almost always supported by a unanimous vote. The faculty representatives, though free in all other respects, had no vote in committee or full board.

The proper tactic for the representative was therefore to exert all the influence he could at meetings of the executive committee and to hope by shaping decision there to shape the agenda of the full board. After my encounter with Day I went to see him and spoke of the event saying that I had done what I thought in the circumstances was right but I regretted that the matter had gone as far as the agenda of the full board before we heard of it. He was formal and polite, but gave no indication that

he intended to modify the existing procedure in such a way as to give the faculty representatives an opportunity for preliminary discussion.

In the later years of my membership of the Board of Trustees three matters arose on which I thought it appropriate to oppose the president's recommendations. The first concerned his wish to appoint DeKiewiet as provost. This position was so closely identified with the faculty's interests that he had no alternative but to come to the Committee on University Policy, as he had in taking the same step previously. We agreed to go out and canvass the faculty: the understanding was that each committee member would consult some thirty or so senior faculty members and report back to the committee.

The results of my own inquiries were overwhelmingly against DeKiewiet. Among the professors in Arts and Sciences whom I consulted only one had a good word to say for him; the rest were violently opposed. He had by this time served for about three years as dean and had managed to outrage a great many people. His principal weaknesses were two: he was extremely sensitive to anything he thought personally reflected on him—the only person I have known who did literally believe that a loud laugh at a party must be directed against him—and he was vindictive. The result was that he had quarreled with virtually every member of the college faculty.

Other members of the committee brought in similar figures; except one whose figures showed a majority in favor of DeKiewiet. This member was also a faculty representative on the Board of Trustees. Day took our figures, but decided to go forward with the nomination, and shortly afterwards the matter came before the executive committee. When we met in New York and Day had made his recommendation, I presented the facts as I knew them. The other faculty representative said he thought my views were wrong: that DeKiewiet was a harsh, but all in all an acceptable man. One of the trustees, a businessman, said my objections had little weight with him; "after all," he said, "if you wish to appoint a foreman or an overseer in your factory don't you choose the toughest son-of-a-gun you can find?" Another trustee took a different position. He thought what I had to say should be given full weight and the recommendation at least be put over for a while. No faculty representative, he said, would come before the executive committee and make statements such as I had made unless he had ample grounds. And to make this appointment in the face of faculty opposition would be a mistake. But when a vote was called for he found himself outvoted and did not cast a negative vote. The only satisfaction I got out of this was that a few years later, when DeKiewiet was being considered as successor to Day, the faculty representative who had opposed me before the executive committee was the leader of the opposition to his becoming president.

About 1947 the University Faculty became concerned over the level of faculty salaries. They had been low before the war when many persons still suffered from the 10 percent reduction that had been imposed in 1933. During the war salaries had increased; the increase taking the form of extra compensation for the extra work the faculty did. When this work ended their salaries reverted to the previous level. The whole question of faculty salaries was clouded by the fact that they were kept secret. No one dean knew what the salary level was in another college, no one department head knew about another department. Faculty representatives on the

Board of Trustees were given, with the members, copies of the annual budget which showed each faculty member's salary. A glance at the budget showed that there were striking inequalities from college to college, from department to department. To me no other explanation suggested itself than that some deans and department heads were more successful bargainers than others. This was well enough, but it did not seem to justify a \$1,500 or \$2,000 differential between shall we say Engineering and Arts and Sciences.

The University Faculty discussed the salary problem, as did the University Policy Committee, but when we approached the president directly with a request for action he would not commit himself. He was at this time launching a campaign to raise capital gifts. The trustees and he had hired a professional fund raising company, which turned to the alumni and other potential givers with a list of priorities. The first item on their list was faculty salaries. Sometime after the campaign had begun and when money was coming in I asked the president at a faculty meeting to explain why in the forthcoming budget there was no significant change in faculty salaries. He said, "Other things come first." I asked why, then, had the campaign listed faculty salaries as the first priority. He answered blandly, "Surely everyone knows that when you wrap up a parcel you tie it with the prettiest ribbon you have."

This explanation did not satisfy and the faculty then resorted to a procedure guaranteed by the University Charter under which the faculty might go directly to the Board of Trustees and ask them to appoint a conference committee to meet with a similar committee from the faculty. The trustees agreed to do so and appointed a committee of three. The faculty then chose Herbert Briggs, Jack Moynihan and myself to represent them. We asked for and obtained for our committee three copies of the budget, analyzed the figures and met with trustees. Day was not present at our meetings. The faculty committee agreed that the most seemly thing to do was to concern ourselves with the salaries of persons in the lower ranks of the faculty. We asked for and obtained an across-the-board increase for all persons--as I remember—whose salaries were less than \$5,000.

While this question of salaries was in discussion the president, with the support of DeKiewiet, was advocating that the university obtain and operate an airport. The necessary land was being bought up when the proposal came to the attention of the faculty. The faculty immediately responded by asserting that it was improper for the administration to argue that it could not afford to raise faculty salaries while it embarked on this enterprise. The faculty appointed a committee to discuss the matter with the president and once again I found myself chosen. Among those who served with me the most active was Herbert Wichelns.

Our crucial action was a meeting with Day in his office. DeKiewiet was at the president's side. I do not remember who presented the case for the faculty, not I or Wichelns. After our case had been presented Day rose and went to his office door, which he shut carefully. He then addressed us, standing, and pointing to me, said, "How is it that you are always involved in these protest committees? You are a convinced anti-administration man. Anything we propose you attack as a matter of principle. You never try to understand our position." Day was now getting deeply excited. His color rose. DeKiewiet, alarmed, began talking and explained that an airport was vital to the efficiency and development of the university and, with the skill that he had in matters of this kind, he sketched in a picture of the university:

of the future with faculty members leaving day by day to visit other universities and other scholars flying in. Day had recovered somewhat when this three or four minute description finished. He spoke briefly to support it. Wichelns then spoke. He said, with the greatest force and simplicity, "Mr. President, I am sorry to have to say that in my opinion you do not know what the functions of a university president are nor what a university should be." Day became apoplectic. For a moment I thought he would collapse. DeKiewiet spoke again but to what effect I do not remember. In a few minutes we withdrew, with nothing accomplished.

I recount these stories of events in the relations of the faculty and the president and trustees not to place on record the events themselves but to indicate the impasse that was arising. The truth was that the day was passing when the faculty could usefully take part in the formulation of university policy. The affairs of the university had gone far beyond the old limits. Of this the extreme example so far as Cornell was concerned was its acquisition of the Bell Aeronautical Laboratory at Buffalo. This vast enterprise, one of the largest in the United States, had an extensive staff of research men and technicians and occupied a plant of many acres. Its task was to test new equipment for the government and for the large aeronautical corporations. Cornell had acquired the laboratory by gift, but on the understanding that it should derive no profit from it. The benefit to the university was necessarily marginal—the occasional opportunity for a member of the Department of Aeronautical Engineering to carry on his research there and the possibility that a private aeronautical corporation, satisfied that good work had been done for it at Buffalo, might make a gift to the university.

Doubtful benefits of this kind were becoming of more importance to the university in the late '40's and early '50's. The tendency was therefore for the university to seek in every corner for possible sources of support. Money was the key. In consequence emphasis was put upon the prospect of obtaining money rather than upon the scholarly worth of the plan. A great many, as I would call them, peripheral activities grew up. The wish of the faculty in these circumstances was to put a check to all suggested programs which did not directly contribute to the normal teaching and research activities of the university. The wish of the administrators was to encourage any project that seemed likely, directly or indirectly, to bring in money.

In the late 1940's Day's health was failing and the question of a successor came under discussion. DeKiewiet seemed to be the logical successor. He had made his mark with the influential trustees and was adroit in trustee meetings in offering to take on duties that normally would have fallen to Day, not failing to intimate that Day was not able to discharge this or that duty. Late in 1949 or early in 1950 the trustees appointed Day chancellor of the university and made DeKiewiet acting president. At the end of 1950 my term of office as a faculty representative ended.

During the period 1946-1950 my duties as faculty representative and my membership of the Ivy League Eligibility Committee took me to New York eight or ten times a year and each occasion occupied three or four days, because travel was by railroad. A few times each year I went out of town to speak to alumni groups. I maintained my regular schedule of teaching and kept up my activities with the boxers. My annual compensation reached \$7,000, plus \$500 from the Athletic Association. This \$500 figured in an interesting exchange with DeKiewiet,



which in turn is an example of the infighting that now marked my relations with the administrators. As provost, DeKiewiet wished to change the social life of the faculty, or at least of part of it and so he launched a program to encourage certain faculty members to entertain visiting academics. For this purpose he intended to allot to the chosen few sums of money which they might use at their discretion for buying liquor and giving parties. The program was a departure from the established system under which an individual professor offered to a visitor the hospitality of his home or table or a department spent money from its entertainment budget to pay rent for a hotel room or give a party.

When the new program came before the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees I condemned it. I argued that the existing practices were adequate and that it was discrimination in singling out certain professors for the grants. I said that professors should receive compensation only for the professional services they rendered. DeKiewiet immediately replied that I was the last person in the university to argue the case because I received \$500 a year for non-professional services. To this I said that the situation was different: I was listed as Goldwin Smith Professor of English History and instructor in boxing; I performed two kinds of service. Shortly I received from Robert J. Kane, Director of Athletics, a letter saying that he was instructed by the Provost to inform me that my appointment as instructor in boxing must end.

In answer to this I wrote to Kane—with copies to DeKiewiet, Day, and Neil Becker, chairman of the Board of Trustees—saying that I accepted the fact that my appointment in boxing carried no tenure and that I had no alternative but to end my service. I rehearsed my connection with the Athletic Department during the war and after, and said I was happy to have had a hand in training many hundreds of service men and civilian students. The annual compensation, varying between \$400 and \$500, had never been a matter of importance to me, though I thought I could fairly say I had earned it. My satisfaction had come from the friendship of the students I had worked with.

This, I said, was all the more pleasing to me because, in my time as instructor, boxing was not an intercollegiate sport, but essentially a form of intramural recreation. As such it had attracted many students who through lack of ability could not compete in intercollegiate sports; some, indeed, with actual physical disability who wished not to box but to acquire the physical co-ordination that comes from skipping rope, punching bags and shadow-boxing. I would, I said, miss this association, but an executive decree was final. So be it. I had no response to this letter. In the next budget my appointment as instructor in boxing was repeated. DeKiewiet's party plan died young.

My many activities left me little time for any but the basic necessities, in which, of course, teaching held first place. The general course in English History had about 200 students and the advanced course about 25. In addition I had a steady stream of graduate students and offered for them and others a seminar. In 1948-49, I had my first sabbatic leave. The war had blotted out the normal sabbatic-year program and prior to the war when my turn came around, as it did continuously from 1934 on; one departmental crisis or another caused a postponement. The reason was the ill health of older members of the department in the period 1934-1941; not only that of Becker, but the interruptions caused by the illnesses of old age in Hull and Schmidt and Smith.

At the request of the publishers of my *History of England*, I began in 1947 a new edition of this book. It had been a large book of about nine hundred pages. To make a second edition I must add the products of recent scholarship and a record and interpretation of the main events in English History since 1937. If the book were to be kept at something like its original size, as the publishers wished, I must make substantial changes in the original text. For this purpose I rewrote most of the text, seeking sentence by sentence to shorten and simplify. I completed the work by Christmas 1949. This was not scholarship but a kind of hackwork and I began to get self-conscious about my relationship with other members of the department. The simple fact was that I had become an eccentric figure. While they were busy with their research and were publishing their books and articles, I had nothing to show but my committee work and my activities in the University Faculty. As for my boxing and work on the Eligibility Committee that was to all of them a last straw. No one in the department had the least interest in athletics; though Laistner, as if to show me that the departmental attitude was not solidly hostile, put his hand on my shoulder one day and said, "Fred, as a boy I played tennis." As if to prove that I was now moving out of the true academic mold of the late '40's, I began to receive offers of administrative appointments: the presidency of a small liberal arts college, the deanship of the Arts College at the University of Maryland and of the Arts College at what was then Pennsylvania State College. These were specific offers in the first and the last instance after visiting the respective campuses. The second I turned down over the telephone. In all instances my refusal sprang from the belief that teaching was my career, that is, my prime source of satisfaction day in and day out. I had no means of judging my capacity as an academic administrator. Besides, the Cornell connection was for me more than a quarter century old and it represented not only my association with students and faculty and alumni of Cornell but my association with the United States; Cornell, and Ithaca, were virtually all of the United States that I knew.

I had come to see one administrative post as worth my seeking; that of dean of the faculty at Cornell. This was a post that involved none of the supervision of records and budgets and personnel appointments that marked the other deanships. The dean of the faculty was, and, as I saw it, increasingly should be, the link between the president and the faculty. In the fifteen or so years before 1950, the dean had been nominally a link between the Faculty and the University Policy Committee and Day, but not an effective one in terms of helping to adjust and interpret the views of one party to the other. We had moved, partly perhaps because of my own actions, into a more or less permanent state of opposition. I thought it might not be too late, perhaps with Day in his last years, more likely with his successor, to change the pattern, to do away with what Day had seen as administration and anti-administration. Cornell of the 1920's and 1930's had not been split along this line. Perhaps if a small faculty group and a few administrators could sit down and talk the matter out we would be able to start anew. In these circumstances the dean of the faculty would be the continuing assurance of good relations, the man who interpreted the faculty to the president and the president to the faculty. I told no one of this ambition, certainly not my fellow historians. To them it would have been a further sign that I was leaving the fold.

## A Return to England

When Day retired and DeKiewiet became acting president much of the responsibility for running the administrative affairs of the University fell to Dr. Theodore Wright, vice president for research. Wright was one of those rare businessmen, he had been high up in the aviation industry, who admire universities and the academic types who inhabit them. He was a great athletic fan, and that was natural enough; also he liked to meet with and make friends with professors. In the last years of the '40's, when he had first come into office, he attended meetings of the Board of Trustees and its Executive Committee and though I do not remember speaking to him except in simple matters of courtesy, he must have watched many of my confrontations with Day and DeKiewiet. In the spring of 1951 I received word through Gates that Wright had agreed to send me, expenses paid, as Cornell's representative to a meeting of Anglo-American historians in London. Possibly Gates had a hand in this, or some other member of the department, perhaps it was a gesture, so soon after I stepped down from the Board of Trustees, to indicate that all was forgiven and that I should now return to the ranks of the research historians.

I was not concerned to consider motives for the action by Wright. I accepted without a second thought. I had not been in England for eighteen years and of those years six had been the years of war. My father and mother were still living, as was my sister. Emden was still very much alive. The way to the Shrewsbury Letters might be opened. As I contemplated the excitement of renewing acquaintances and visiting old scenes, I began to realize that in the years since my last visit in 1933 I myself had undergone deep changes. I was now an American citizen, but that circumstance did not affect my attitude to England. I had been teaching English history in America for twenty-seven years, I had described and discussed features of English history and English life, I had read and re-read year by year the classics of English history and English literature. All these things had possessed me and were part of my spiritual and emotional life far more deeply than they had been when I lived in England.

The small boat that carried me and others from the liner *Liberté* in Plymouth Harbour to the mainland was named the *Sir John Hawkins*. Had I seen that name on that boat in 1923 I would have said "natural enough. Hawkins was a Plymouth man." In 1951 I would still say "natural enough," but in addition I would recall that year in and year out Sir John Hawkins had been a principal figure in our study of the Armada Battle through contemporary letters. We had read his letters. We knew that a key letter explained how the fleet under Lord Howard had, with difficulty, got out of Plymouth Harbour to begin the chase of the Armada up the English Channel.

I was not returning, as a naturalized American citizen, to my native land. I was returning as an English historian who had once been a British citizen, and who now saw the English scene through the eyes of a historian. Every name of place or person, every institution, be it jury trial or the changing of the guard, carried within itself a record that bound it to earlier generations and centuries. "No man is an island," said Donne. Nothing that I saw or heard or felt in England in the summer of 1951

stood by itself. It was the present, the immediate expression of forces personal, cultural, geographical, climatic, at work for centuries in England.

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## A Marcham in Marcham

I was in England from late June to mid August, 1951. Of the bizarre events, the most striking was my visit to Marcham, Berkshire. My father had in past years urged me to go to Marcham, a small village some ten miles southeast of Oxford. It was a village with an Anglo-Saxon name meaning a “ham,” or hamlet, or settlement, on the mark or marc, or border, of an ancient kingdom. Our family name derived from it and this suggested that in a period of perhaps twelve centuries some people called Marcham had moved from the village to my father’s home in Bradfield about twenty miles to the southeast. As a young man he had moved another seven miles to the southeast to Reading. The only person outside my father who paid particular attention to the name was the distinguished English historian, Professor Helen Cam. When we met, as we did occasionally on her visits to the United States, she put an arm around me and said, “Ah, indeed, dear Mr. Marcham.” Her father had been vicar of Abingdon, a small and ancient town across the Thames from Marcham.

I had told this story to my children who always replied “show us Marcham on a map.” In a map of Berkshire in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* I showed them a tiny pinpoint with the name beside it, but this did not satisfy them. So now I would visit Marcham, take photographs of the parish church, the post office or some other public building with the name “Marcham” displayed on it. I caught a bus at Oxford and that listed Marcham among its stopping places. I would not photograph any thing so trivial as the board with the list on it. At one stopping place I saw a signpost, “three miles to Marcham.” That was not good enough. And so I arrived in Marcham itself. I found it not to be the tranquil, rural, riverside village I had hoped it to be. The village church was a mixture of every medieval style, all unhappily blended. Outside the church there was not the usual large sign in black and gold giving the name of the church, of the vicar and listing the hours of services. I photographed the church and its neglected churchyard. But I could find nothing else to photograph.

As I walked alongside a high brick wall I saw attached to it a poster listing a series of events to last through the current week. For this was a week of celebration nationwide, and Marcham was not to be left behind. The heading on the poster was Marcham Festival Week and below, among sporting events and baby shows, was, “Marcham through the Ages, a Pageant.” Here was the evidence I needed, and more. I found a gate in the wall, went in and met a charming sophisticated young couple. Could they tell me where I could buy a copy of the poster, I asked. Why did I need one? “Well,” I said, “my name happens to be Marcham.” At this they gave a shout. “The very man we’ve been looking for!” They explained they had searched high and low for a man named Marcham to take the leading part in

the pageant. The lady had written the book of the pageant; the man, her husband—a nuclear physicist working at Oxford—was going to stage it. What a miracle: England could not supply a Marcham but the United States did. I begged my way out of the pageant—what more phony than a beaten up professor from the United States playing the part of their hero, Mark, the pirate who, in their pageant, had founded the village. And by the way, I asked, surely you know that Mark was a boundary, a place, not a pirate. “Of course,” they replied, “but how the hell do you personify a boundary.” They sold me a poster and a copy of the script for the pageant.

I stayed one night at St. Edmund Hall with Emden, now principal, in his lodgings. We had dinner together alone and then sat and talked into the early night. He told me about his problems with American students, whom he regarded as too soft; not able to stand up under his tongue-lashings. I tried to explain my involvement in university government. We came at last to the Shrewsbury Letters and he urged me to go to see the new Garter King of Arms, Sir Anthony Wagner, a historian. Perhaps he would hear my prayer. I felt at ease with Emden, but our time together was too short for me to shake off all the old sense of being his pupil. If we had walked together in the countryside for an hour or two perhaps this bridge would have been crossed.

I visited my father and mother many times. My mother had been totally blind for sixteen years; my father served as her housekeeper. I saw my sister Doris, and other relatives. Indeed I spent much of the time of my stay in England with them and with members of my wife’s family. I also had an extraordinary meeting with my surviving companion from the First World War, Charles Hollocks.

We had not written to one another for twenty-five years. When last I heard of him he had returned to the insurance company, one of the leading marine insurance companies in Great Britain, which he had left as an office boy when he enlisted. I took a chance on my first day in London to hunt through the telephone directory, and there, sure enough, was a Charles S. Hollocks. I called; his wife, whom I had known well as his fiancée, answered and we fell over one another saying, “Yes, it is Fred Marcham.” “Yes it is, Louie.” He arranged to call for me the next morning, Sunday, to take me to their house for dinner.

At 10:30 a battered Ford called at the hotel and there was Charles, mustache and all. As I got into the car beside him, I became apprehensive. The inner fittings of the car were as out of repair as the bodywork. And Charles himself was wearing a suit that had seen better days. Had he fallen on bad times; how should I raise the question? We had been talking generally for about five minutes when I asked, “Where do you work now?” He said, “The same insurance company.” I asked, “What is your job?” He answered, “I am the president.” Sensing my concern, he went on. “These are austerity years for everyone; we get along with a minimum.”

In the ensuing weeks we walked and talked and drove through the English countryside. He told me of his wartime adventures as a fire warden during the bombing of Britain. What was most impressive to me was the attitude towards material things. In his bathroom was an ancient enameled bath with the enamel worn along the bottom and a large patch of rust showing through. As I glanced at it he said, “We have a bath to take baths in, not to look at.” One evening I had dinner with Dr. Kendrick, Keeper of the British Museum, and as such one of the

most eminent figures in English intellectual life. He had been my guest on a visit to Ithaca. His dinner was in his home, an elegant building attached to the Museum. He had also invited a leading English literary critic. He himself had cooked the dinner, we carried it to the table, and when we had eaten we carried the dishes and glasses and cutlery back into the kitchen. Such a scene would have been unbelievable in the 1920's or 1930's.

A small boat ferried me and my fellow passengers out of Southampton to the *Liberté*. I sat beside a deck hand and we talked about life in England as it affected him. He was a man in his 40's. He said he was living in a new world, a world without most of the cares that had followed him as a young man. He spoke of the medical service available to his family, of unemployment insurance, and national assistance, above all of the educational and other benefits open to his children. He spoke not as a man who would accept these advantages and turn his back on his duty to provide for himself, but as one who wished to work and saw the welfare state as a refuge in case of disaster. "I don't have to worry about what will happen to the kids, if I die." While the taxi was driving me from the New York docks to Penn Station on my return to the U.S., I saw more worried faces than I had seen all summer in England.



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