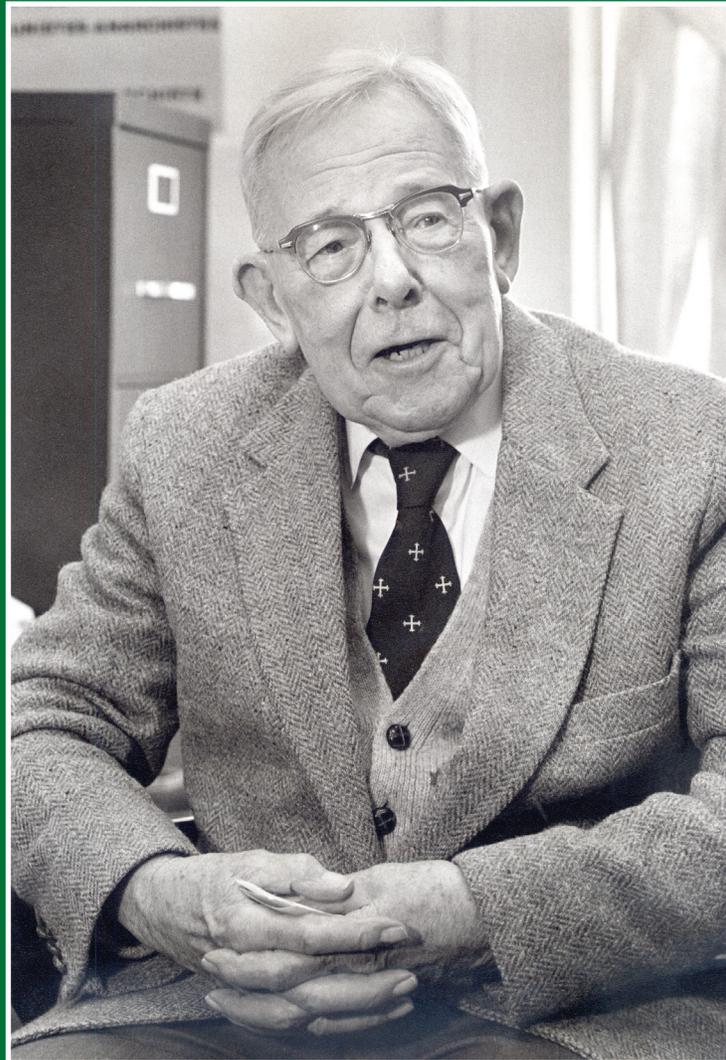


The Papers of F. G. Marcham: III

Cornell Notes

World War II to 1968

By Frederick G. Marcham



Edited by John Marcham

The Internet-First University Press

Ithaca, New York

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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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This Volume

As noted in the introduction to *Cornell Notes: 1898-World War II*, 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 a number of 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.

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

F. G. Marcham 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*; *Beliefs*; *Cayuga Heights*; and *Cornell Governance*.

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 I drew upon dozens of composition books, notes, unpublished manuscript pages, photographs, and other mementos he deposited in the Cornell archives or left me to sort, turn over to the archives, and control access to.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

Cornell Notes, World War II-1986

Finding a President

In the spring of 195[0] the Cornell trustees appointed a committee to prepare a list of candidates for the presidency. While this list was in preparation the weight of faculty opinion was such that [Cornelis] DeKiewiet was eliminated. I took great care to keep out of these activities for fear that anything I might do would be interpreted as an attempt to thwart DeKiewiet for no other than personal reasons. As I have said earlier the faculty-representative who had sponsored DeKiewiet as provost was by 1950 a leader of the opposition to him. And since he was still serving on the Board I have no doubt that his views were of much weight.

In 1951 Cornell acquired a new president, Deane Waldo Malott, who had for some eleven years presided over the University of Kansas. His first official act was an event probably without parallel in academic history. He abandoned the usual practice of an inauguration ceremony indoors and instead held the ceremony on the great slope behind what was then the University Library. He called in to assist him Professor [Robert] Cushman of the Government Department, one of the most respected figures on the faculty. Cushman made an appropriate speech, relating the traditions of Cornell, as Becker might have done a dozen years earlier. Then Malott spoke and gave his views of a great university; a large part of this speech went over well. The whole speech was duly reported in the newspapers. A few weeks later the magazine *New Yorker* printed side by side some of the successful paragraphs of Malott's speech and sections of a speech delivered earlier by President [Harold] Taylor of Sarah Lawrence College. They were identical.

The Cornell community and Cornell alumni everywhere were stunned by what they saw. The *Cornell Daily Sun* asked Malott for an explanation and so did the trustees. On all sides the cry went up that this was plagiarism, an offense that all teachers preached against and, if they detected it, punished. Malott at first said that he had not copied from Taylor's speech. Later he said that if he had done so it was not intentional. The explanation that he finally stood by was that when preparing his inauguration speech he had reached at random into a drawer and found some material the source of which he did not know. This he incorporated into his speech. The general opinion among the faculty was that what he had done, whether intentionally or not, was an academic offense of the first magnitude. What kind of man was this who did not have enough ideas about university education to warrant a few words of his own at his own inauguration? How bankrupt could the mind of a university president be?

Never had the faculty and students of Cornell been more demoralized than in these few weeks following Malott's inauguration. Most remarkable of all, Malott seemed to have no notion of the nature of his offense. He seemed to think that he had done what any busy man would do. Another person in the academic

community, faced by the evidence now before the world, would have resigned. At other times, I believe, the Board of Trustees would have demanded his resignation. But neither of these things happened. And so Malott began his presidency in circumstances that ensured that the faculty and the current student body would hold themselves aloof from him.

Malott's relations with the trustees were, I judge, excellent after the early days, when disaster threatened him. Perhaps the trustees felt themselves involved, for they had chosen him. Perhaps they felt obliged to rally to his defense regardless of the circumstances, once the force of the faculty and more particularly student and alumni criticism of the plagiarism incident had been voiced. Certainly this was the trustee response a few years later when the student body vigorously protested the policies of Malott towards them, demanded his resignation, hung him in effigy, and marched on his house.

The Status of Faculty Trustees

Malott and the trustees worked closely together in two incidents that bore upon the place of the faculty in the life of the university. The first dealt with the status of the faculty representatives on the Board of Trustees, particularly their right to vote. Some thirty years earlier the trustees and faculty had discussed the question of according faculty representatives a vote and the trustees had agreed to grant them the vote, but they asked the faculty to let the change wait over briefly until the University Charter was revised on one or two other points. During the thirty years the charter had been revised more than once but the faculty representative vote had not been taken up, principally, I believe, because no one on the faculty side remembered what the trustees had promised; no one, at least who was concerned to make an issue of the subject.

How the question emerged in the late '40's and early '50's I do not remember. I myself did not raise it. When it came before the faculty and the Committee on University Policy two views were expressed and endorsed with about equal force by faculty members at large and by those who had served as faculty representatives. One view was that the vote was not necessary, that the representative's influence was best exercised through discussion. Some persons even said that it would be improper for faculty representatives to vote on the budget; they would be voting on their own salaries. Others argued that the faculty representatives were entitled to at least the same status at trustee meetings as the alumni trustees, that without the vote they were second class citizens, and that in any case the trustees had promised the vote long ago.

The question was decided during Malott's presidency and the form of the decision was extraordinary. The trustees granted faculty representatives the status of trustees, with the vote, but in doing so they re-wrote the rules for choosing them. Hitherto when a vacancy occurred the faculty had held a simple election choosing between two candidates. The trustees agreed that there might be an election but

the election would decide which three of six candidates should be offered to the trustees as a list of possible trustees. From this list of three the trustees would pick one. The consequence of this elaborate device was first that the election itself became a confusing one. The trustees were not bound by this formula to choose the man or woman who received the most votes. In fact, since this formula began to be applied, they have never done so. And when they have this list of six names before them how do they decide which one to choose? No one knows, though I think it can be said with certainty that the trustees themselves would rarely know the qualifications of even one of the six candidates. While making this change the trustees introduced another of far-reaching importance. They removed the faculty trustees from the Executive Committee of the board, thus removing them from what had been the chief area of their influence.

Thus, in my judgment, a practice introduced by President [Jacob Gould] Schurman about 1920 underwent almost complete destruction. President Schurman had persuaded the trustees to accept the idea of faculty representation for his own protection. He wished to have sitting beside him at board and Executive Committee meetings persons who knew the academic aspects of the university's affairs. He regarded them as his allies. In the intervening years the whole approach to university problems had changed. Day and Malott feared faculty representatives as critics and were anxious to muzzle them. They regarded the management of the university as a presidential responsibility: they rejected the concept of the university as a community.

Dean of the Faculty Battles

The other major decision relating to the place of the faculty in the university concerned the choice of a dean of the faculty. As I have previously stated the one occasion of which I have a recollection concerned the choice of [Carleton] Murdock in the middle 1940's. Murdock's term of office ended just prior to Malott's assumption of the presidency but he agreed to continue in office until a new president had been chosen. Consequently the choice of a dean of the faculty was one of the first items of business that arose in the last part of 1951 and early 1952.

There were three candidates for the office on the list drawn up by Faculty Nominations Committee, [William] Farnham of the Law School, myself, and a third person whose name I have forgotten. With some persuading from Malott the committee agreed to hold the faculty election on a new basis. Instead of the earlier one elector, one vote procedure, a more complicated formula was introduced. The voter was to indicate his choice 1,2,3 in rating each candidate. Farnham had served for many years on the university faculty as a professor of law, had been a member of the University Policy Committee for five years, and most recently, when the plagiarism incident was under discuss in that committee, had exonerated Malott of blame, declaring that in his belief what Malott had done was to make a simple

mistake, as any busy man might do. In the election I received a majority of the first place votes, Farnham a lesser number. The President chose Farnham as dean of the faculty, explaining that he had received more second place votes than I.

Farnham served out most of his term and declared his wish to resign in 1956. When the Nominations Committee began to prepare a list of new candidates, on the basis of a preliminary canvass of the faculty, Malott said he thought he ought to be free to put a candidate on the list. This was not done at the first election as I remember. The candidates were, as I remember, myself, Damon Boynton, and [Howard] Giff of Engineering. I won first place, Boynton was second and Giff, third; my majority was substantial. The president chose Giff, announcing to the faculty, as he declared his choice, that the other two candidates were worthy men.

Before Giff could assume office he died suddenly of a heart attack. The question then arose whether another election was necessary. Malott declared that it was and so the procedure of nomination was put in motion again. For this election the President insisted on his right to add a candidate to the Nomination Committee's list. To the committee's list of [Max] Black, [Arnold] Hanson and myself, he added the name of [James] Campbell, a professor in the School of Industrial and Labor Relations, as was Hanson. Both of these men were unknown to me, as they were to a great majority of the faculty. In the election I won an overwhelming majority. Black was next, Hanson was a bad third, and Campbell had hardly any votes at all. At first Malott wished to appoint Campbell, but, being dissuaded from this, he submitted the name of Hanson to the next meeting of the University Faculty.

The faculty rejected his nomination, and stated in general terms the qualities it expected in a dean of the faculty. I did not attend the meeting, which was by all reports a lively one, with a large attendance. However Malott went forward with his plan, presented Hanson's name to the Board of Trustees, and in doing so remarked that the faculty opposition to him was not significant. The trustees appointed Hanson.

This action created a crisis of such magnitude that a group of faculty members sought a compromise at a meeting in early 1957. They recommended that henceforth when the Nominations Committee had drawn up its list the president should be free to strike from the list the name of any person distasteful to him, and should have free choice, after the ballot on the shortened list, regardless of the votes cast. Some members of the faculty, including [Herbert] Briggs and myself, opposed this solution of the problem, arguing that the dean of the faculty was first and foremost a spokesman for the faculty and could perform this function only if he were freely chosen by the faculty. But at the meeting where this was discussed a majority of the faculty declared for the compromise.

In my judgment the reason for this action lay in the composition of the faculty and in certain changes in the nature of the university. During the period following the Second World War the faculty had grown considerably because of the university's creation of new schools and colleges. A majority of the members of the faculty were newcomers who had no experience of the old tradition of faculty influence in University affairs. In addition the Military, Naval and Air Force establishments, whose members had faculty status, had been substantially increased, and the

officers who were on the staff of these establishments were men who respected authority rather than the free-for-all conduct of affairs that had prevailed earlier. Not a few administrative aides had also been given faculty status and a vote at faculty meetings.

The changes in the nature of the university were more subtle. Much of the development in the academic activity of the university had been the consequence either of grants made to the university by the great educational foundations or the research grants made by private industry. In all branches of the university except the humanities almost every professor was the beneficiary of some grant made from one or other of these sources. These professors, insofar as they were committed to work of this kind, were to that extent withdrawn from their commitment to the welfare of the university as a whole. In the preceding ten years I had become increasingly aware of the difficulty of concentrating the interest of members of the faculty on faculty problems. To persuade faculty members to attend meetings and to serve on faculty committees became more and more difficult. These persons had their own personal research problems to attend to. Hence it seemed to me that without a strong, active dean of the faculty the University Faculty was likely to disintegrate.

The choice of Hanson was in my judgment a crushing blow to the continuing influence of the faculty in university affairs. But Malott had another on hand. In the years of Hanson's deanship the president was able more and more to shape the business of the faculty meetings. They were no longer debates for the discussion of university affairs, but meetings addressed by members of the administration. In the days of [Livingston] Farrand and [Edmund E.] Day, when the president wished to address the faculty he relinquished his chairmanship of the meeting, stepped down into the body of the faculty and as an ordinary faculty member made his speech and submitted to opposition like any other member. Malott used the device of making his speeches from the chair and on more than one occasion left the room as soon as his speech closed, so that questioning and possible opposition could not take place. But more generally, as a record of faculty meetings in the early 1960's will show, almost the whole time of a faculty meeting was taken up by a report by one or two administrative aides on finance, university development, athletics, or the library. The opportunity for debate vanished.

The disintegration of the faculty and the tremendous rise in power of the university president occurred, as I have suggested, partly because of external pressures that exerted themselves on all large universities and partly because of the personality of Malott. Malott will be remembered at Cornell, and rightly so—I'll be strong to assert it—as the man who brought about the building of the new library. To do this was a great achievement because he had to persuade the trustees to commit themselves to the undertaking before all the funds were available. He accepted from other people the view that the Library was the university's first need; having accepted it he surmounted every obstacle until the Library was built. Praise be to him in this.

But except for this I would judge his influence to have been almost entirely bad. The least of his faults was that he did not understand and, I would judge, had no real interest in education. Two incidents in Malott's career as it related to the faculty and as it affected the general morale of the university are worth recording.

Shortly after his becoming president the office of provost became vacant. Malott appointed a faculty committee to prepare a list of candidates. The committee offered a list of six names in order of their acceptability to the faculty. Malott chose the man whose name was lowest on the list. Later Malott decided to appoint an academic assistant to the president and for this purpose chose a member of the faculty whom I did not know and whose name I do not remember. The academic record of the new appointee was as follows. He had studied at a teacher's college in a southern state, had graduated from it as a primary school teacher, and had for a year or two taught reading and writing in a rural school. He joined one of the services during the Second World War and on his discharge entered a western university to study for the master's degree. While so studying he was an assistant in an education course. He received his master's degree and came to Cornell to study for the doctor's degree. He received the degree and joined the faculty of the Department of Education. There he had served for three or four years when Malott elevated him.

The senior university executive who might just as well be employed in running a bank or a factory is not unknown in higher education. He is not necessarily a bad man, and, if he has the intelligence and courage to appoint as his aides men who know what university education is, he may make a success of his job. A key fault of Malott's has been that he does not wish to have advice except on trivial things. He wishes to command, to direct, and for this reason he has been quick to intervene not only in the choice of faculty trustees and the dean of the faculty but in other situations affecting the choice of key persons to a place in the administrative circle around him. Hence there has been great weakness in the central organization. A president who has not been sufficiently interested in the true nature of the university's life to find out about it for himself, had depended on the information given him by persons who have had no convictions of their own and who wished to say the thing that would cause the least trouble. Genuine consultation and discussion, the key to success in any community undertaking of this kind, have vanished from the Cornell scene. This was bad enough but it was not the worst.

Malott, like many weak men, had other fatal characteristics. Having no true convictions about university affairs he had no policy and, being weak, veered back and forth violently. In matters as diverse as the organization of student affairs and the flow of traffic on campus he has suddenly declared, "Thus it shall be," then, in the face of firm opposition, he has changed his stand, sometimes reversed himself. "He shoots from the hip," one of his Kansas associates said of him, and this is true. Why he did so I do not know—perhaps out of fear, the fear of sitting down and talking in a measured way with some informed persons. Certainly he was ill at ease in talking with members of the faculty in informal meetings and tended to laugh loudly and nervously and gesticulate. It was difficult to think of him as relaxed.

His other crowning fault cannot be sympathized with in any circumstances. He was vindictive. In a university as large as Cornell was in the 1950's, in a university managed as though it were a large industrial corporation, the last thing one would expect to find was a high degree of personal discrimination. More than one dean told me that when his faculty salary list had been submitted Malott went over it singling out the persons he disapproved of and depriving them of recommended salary increases. I was such a victim for many years and at his hands I could expect

no better. But he acted in the same way towards another member of our department who neither publicly or privately had given him cause for offense; and so it was in other departments and colleges. As knowledge of his practice spread it fed a general discontent.

Public Office Beckons

Malott lived on the same road as I did; two hundred yards to the east. Across the road my next-door neighbor was Judge Harold Simpson, a man who had been active in local politics. In the spring of 1953 he came across to our house and said, "I hear you've been active in stirring up university affairs. Why not take a hand in local politics." I had done nothing more in politics than to vote. I asked him what he had in mind and expressed surprise that he, a leading Republican, should encourage me, a Democrat, to go into a political field that was dominated by Republicans. He said he wasn't thinking about that kind of politics. "I meant village politics," he said, "there'll be a village election in a few weeks and I wish to recommend you as a candidate for the village Board of Trustees. There's no party politics in that, the party system doesn't apply." I thought for a few moments and said, "Yes, I'll try it."

And so, within a few weeks I found myself a member of the Village Board, with five other members, a mayor, a clerk, a treasurer, an attorney, and an engineer. In part I thought of my service as the fulfillment of a duty. I had lived in the village for twenty years and had done nothing for it except pay taxes. More important to me was the fact that my involvement in university affairs had been as a committeeman and a critic, concerned for the most part with questions of policy. I had never seen the world from the other side of the fence. Then again, I saw an interesting and valuable experience for me as a teacher of history, particularly of English constitutional history. In this role I had for decades discussed the characteristics of documents, such as statutes, petitions, declarations, and court decisions. I had never taken a section of a statute and followed it down into the gutter, so to speak. I had never asked the ultimate question, saying, "This was what they intended to do; what in fact happened when they put it into effect?"

My fellow board members were congenial persons: one or two other professors, a lawyer, a dentist, a businessman. The mayor was a lawyer. The engineer was a professor, the clerk a businessman, and the treasurer a university employee. The village, with a population of about 1,500, had as inhabitants a mixture of professional men, businessmen, and professors. The village had no public buildings; it had services provided by the City of Ithaca—that is, water supply, sewage treatment, and fire protection. A village crew collected garbage once a week in the village truck. In the winter the truck, with plow attached, cleared the streets of snow. The village had a police officer, not always sober and given to occasional wild outbursts. Because we had no village office the board met by rotation in the homes of the board members and the mayor. The treasurer used a

corner of the living room in his home as a makeshift village office. His wife typed the correspondence of the mayor, and the records of other officials. The village was wholly residential except for a store or two now appearing at a development called the Community Corners.

To Be Annexed or Not?

At the time when I became a member of the Village Board in 1953 an important change regarding the boundaries of the village was in process. Some 1,000 persons to the north of the existing village were seeking incorporation into the village so that they might have the benefit of the Ithaca Sewer System to which the so-called "Old Village" was already connected. Such a move seemed simple and logical. The streets of the old village extended out into the new area. Except for the political boundary and the lack of sewer service the new area was identical with the old.

While the legal activities took place that were to lead to the amalgamation of old and new the Board of Trustees discussed matters of detail that were likely to arise when the village was enlarged. Should we need another garbage truck, some more men on the work force, another policeman? Surely we could not go on doing business without a village office. We discussed these matters and began to prepare the new budget. We took a great step; we rented a room in the new commercial building as the Village Office and hired a secretary. To accomplish these changes took us more than a year when suddenly all our plans went askew. To our formal request to the City of Ithaca for the extension of sewer lines into the new part of the village we had an answer: yes, but on two conditions (a) that the total village amalgamate with the city and put itself under city government and (b) that the village pay the city \$110,000 for admission to membership.

These demands stirred a deep controversy, but among those interested in village affairs a majority began to favor amalgamation. The village depended on the city for almost all services and the city could and did increase the charge for these services at will. In the early 1950's the city's charge to the village for fire protection had increased twofold despite the lack of any significant increase in building in the village. Again it could be argued that if the village refused amalgamation the city might refuse services to the Old Village, as it was doing now to the New. Was the village willing to provide its own fire protection, sewer service, water supply? And finally there was the argument that amalgamation would not only lead to more efficient management of business, but, and this was heavily stressed, the population of Cayuga Heights, with its professional men and businessmen and professors, would supply much needed candidates with experience for posts and committees in city government.

As discussion developed I found myself taking a strong position against amalgamation. Our debates in meetings of the Village Board of Trustees did not become heated, but they were always vigorous. Gradually I came to see that I was in

a minority of one. My principal argument was that to remain independent would be less costly and more efficient than going in with the city. True, we would have to finance our own fire department and build and operate a sewer plant, but we had the ability to do these things. We would buy water from the city. The mayor and the Board of Trustees worked without salary; the engineer, the treasurer and the clerk were professional men who would accept small salaries and charge the rest up to civic duty. We had an abundance of experienced persons living in the village, as well as the spirit to man a volunteer fire department. Absorbed into the city we would be at the mercy of the city fathers.

This last point I did not wish to make openly and directly so I persuaded the village board to invite the mayor of Ithaca, a man entirely without gifts as a public speaker, indeed almost tongue-tied at a committee meeting, to state the case for amalgamation at a large public meeting of villagers. He came and the meeting was from my point of view a great success. The poor man was unable to answer the simplest questions put to him from the floor. The two or three city councilmen who came with the mayor fared no better. The professional men and businessmen and professors and their wives left the meeting wondering if they wished to merge with the city. And at a cost of \$110,000.

The city cancelled the admission fee. For the officials of the village this gave strength to their position. So they now lined up ten to my one in favor of amalgamation. I urged a referendum, and suggested that they put their case to the public, while I put mine. Now the fact that there were ten of them was a disadvantage; they could not agree on a statement of their case, even though they included some able men, especially the Cornell Vice-President Theodore Wright. Finally, we agreed to print a statement of the arguments pro and con and to hold a public referendum. I had no trouble stating my case. A day or two before the voting took place I was knocked down by a car on the Cornell campus and though not seriously injured I was confined to my home for a week or so. One day, as I sat propped up at home, Bill Randel, the village clerk called. He said, "I guess you're a politician. The vote in favor of independence was in the proportion of five to three."

The village was committed to independence, which for practical purposes meant building a sewer plant, laying sewer lines in the new part of the village and re-routing the lines in the old. It meant organizing a fire company, buying a fire engine, and acquiring a fire station. Now I was about to see how you got down to brass tacks after you had made a policy. The Board of Trustees, the mayor and other officials accepted the decision of the referendum and we hired sanitary engineers to design a plant, and plan the location of the sewer lines. We began to enquire about state and federal funding of projects such as these, and as the general outlines of a plant and system began to emerge I learned that a small piece of property we might need to complete the plant site would have to be obtained by negotiation or condemnation. I learned that where the proposed sewer lines crossed private property we must negotiate separately, with each property owner concerned, to obtain a right of way. The simplest decision, to buy a fire engine, led into the question of specifications for different types of machines, into state requirements, into the intricacies of deciding among bids. The policy decision was in the clouds, among the generalities; the administrative action was on the

ground. The administrator must fight his way through a dozen difficulties to translate policy into action. And there were no short cuts. As I thought about this I wondered whether my admiration for A. L. Smith as a lecturer at Oxford was in some way associated with the fact that he had been a member of the Oxford City Council. Had he, even when lecturing on Aristotle's *Politics* somehow conveyed the impression that he himself knew about these things in an administrator's, a practical way.

While we were grappling with these things a new problem arose. A real estate developer had bought a piece of property in the village and was building on it what we had assumed to be an apartment house. He had come to the board before I was a member of it and said he wished to build the apartment house to accommodate Cornell faculty members. With the claim that he was about to help the university's faculty housing shortage he had gone to a federal agency and obtained a permit to buy a certain kind of structural steel that was then in short supply. The publicity for this building described its purpose as that of a Residential Club; the builder used the title "The Cornell Residential Club." We now began to ask questions. Was it an apartment house which happened to be christened with this name? Did he intend to do other than rent the units as apartments for the customary period of six months and more? At first the answer was that most of the building was to be designed for the customary apartment use; there would be a few units for short-term occupancy. Later the owner admitted that perhaps half the building would be for short time, indeed possibly overnight occupancy. When at last the board and the mayor and the engineer visited the building we saw that there was nothing to distinguish it from a motel, a type of building strictly forbidden in the village.

A search of the village records showed that the board had authorized the building of a residential club. The question then in law was, what was a residential club? The answer, there was no such thing, or put another way, if you have a permit to build a residential club you can build virtually anything. And this, we sadly recognized, had been done under the eyes of our attorney. Who was the owner's attorney who had concocted this ruse? Wonder of wonders, it was the village mayor. Who was the engineer who had enabled the owner to get his steel and otherwise move towards completion of the building? It was the village engineer.

These matters never became public knowledge but their unfolding before the board shook the other members, as they shook me. No one spoke a word of condemnation, except to make the point that if the owner tried to operate the building as a motel we would hound him in all possible ways. As a beginning we would ask Cornell University if it was party to the use of its name; if not we would force a change. While these matters went forward the mayor said he would not seek re-election; and in an aside, as though to justify having served the owner, he said it was unfair to ask an attorney to serve as mayor because it limited the kinds of clients available to him.

And Now Mayor

A nominating committee, appointed to find candidates for offices in the spring election, 1956, asked me to accept nomination and argued that I had persuaded the villagers to choose independence and should accept the responsibility of guiding them through the first stages of it. I thought that I had played myself into this position. I had not foreseen the retirement of the previous mayor and had hoped simply to serve under him. Now that he was gone, I had a duty which I gladly accepted because I believed that the village could manage its own affairs more efficiently and at a cheaper rate than if it had given up its identity. The villagers elected me mayor, unopposed. To be mayor of a small village (pop. 3,000) is to be a small-time public figure, a person known to many villagers in the same way they know their mailman or policeman or garbage collectors. In status there is little difference among such officials; they perform a service, they are, in general benevolently looked upon by the public. The difference lies in the range of services with which they are connected and here the mayor certainly leads. A villager wishes to tell him about a hole in the road, a plugged sewer line, a barking dog, a noisy neighbor. A group of villagers wish him to speak at ground breaking for a church, to address the Boy Scouts, to talk to a sixth grade class about citizenship. As soon as I became mayor I learned that in the eyes of many villagers I was no longer myself but an image, a sign, a notice, that immediately provoked most persons to recall an item of village business that concerned them. If I sat at lunch at the faculty club, I would soon be approached; did I know that there was a big hole in the 300 block of the Parkway?

I spoke at the ground-breaking for a church; a year later the church was complete and when the first service was scheduled the sponsors invited me to attend in my official capacity. I did so and on a beautiful summer morning, I prayed and sang and listened. When the service had ended the minister came down to greet me and together we led a procession towards the entrance doors of the church. It was a solemn occasion, made light and bright by the brilliance of the sun streaming through the doors. The minister and I stepped out into the sunlight. He stopped, turned to me and said, "What arrangements can you make to collect our garbage?"

I lay face down and spread-eagled, naked, on a physician's examination table. He cranked it so that my head descended and I hung, bent at the waist, over the right-angle formed by the hinged table. He approached with his instruments, but paused and said, "I'm sorry I got you up at midnight last night about that dog." I mumbled, "Its part of the game." He laid a hand on me as though about to begin the examination, then backed away and said, "I wouldn't have called if that had been the first time the dog barked at night." I was feeling uncomfortable because of the blood in my head, I gasped, "I understand." "You know," he said, "the owners are utterly irresponsible" and so for a minute he told me of his dealings with them. The examination when it came was a relief. I have since then chosen my physician, surgeon and dentist from non-villagers.

With the years this aspect of being a mayor became in almost all instances a light burden. I could with truth say that it represented a form of gossip, of interchange, appropriate to a small community. If the ideal in this type of local

government is a community whose members pretty much know one another and know one another as equals, what more natural than that for most villagers it was enough just to know that, and to be satisfied that this was the nature of the community they lived in. There was no cause for them to attend meetings, write protests, or register complaints. And what more natural than that a minority should carry in their heads this or that minor public disaster and to seek out the mayor to tell him about it.

As presiding officer at the village board meetings I had no difficulties. All meetings were open to the public. Few of the public except reporters attended. The members of the board were mature, responsible persons who were satisfied with nothing less than full free discussion of every item of business. We had no subcommittees to prepare business for meeting. We took every item, whether of policy or administrative action, step by step, dollar by dollar. Often there was disagreement among the members; except for an occasional instance, say every two or three years, the board acted unanimously. I found that the most useful role that I could play was that of framer of motions. I sat as a rule silent through the discussion and tried to find the point of view, the key phrase, that might bring a compromise. If my words did not suffice, usually the criticism of them brought out the desirable terms and gave us the basis for agreement.

On election I had committed myself to a two-year term and in this period we must act to build the sewer plant and the new sewer lines and to put together a fire company and buy the equipment for it. My responsibility in these matters was simply to preside over the meetings and sessions with engineers and public officials, where matters of detail were worked out. There was a day when I stood to be photographed alongside the back hoe that opened the first foot of trench for the new sewer line; there were the days when I appeared as a public official in court and counsel's chambers to help negotiate the condemnation proceedings concerning land to be used for the sewer plant; there was the day when I signed 775 \$1,000 bonds, one by one, to finance the sewer plant. On an average I gave perhaps two hours a day to the task. I saw no major difficulties ahead of me in my term of office except for the fact that Cornell University was by far the largest single property owner in the village and most of its land was undeveloped. And Malott was living in the village, and soon after arriving was arrested in the village for passing a stopped school bus. Would my position as mayor complicate my relations with him on campus?

Village and Academe

My service as mayor did extend the range of my eccentricity as a member of the History Department. To be a mayor was not as unprofessorial as to be a boxing instructor, but it was, all the same, unorthodox in an age when the professional historian was more and more active in his research. Back in the 1920's and 1930's the mayor-professor relationship would not have been so odd; indeed in those early years Ithaca had had a mayor professor, and the Village of Cayuga

Heights, then with a tiny population, had been the creation of a few professors and lawyers. Charles Hull would, I think, have made an ideal mayor of Ithaca; none of his colleagues would have questioned his right to accept the post, had it been offered to him. [Julian] Bretz was in another kind of politics in the '30's; his colleagues thought that by being Democratic county chairman he was doing something definitely unprofessional, as if he were the proprietor of a downtown liquor store. Since the '30's the concept of the professional historian had narrowed. To be a mayor and a boxing instructor was to be living a life of sin.

In the early 1950's I felt committed to this way of life. My teaching continued at full pace. I enjoyed my work as mayor and boxing instructor. Certainly if the Shrewsbury Letters [see Cornell Notes, 1898-World War II] became available to me I would drop everything, but I heard no word from the College of Arms. I must wait and think in the meantime of other writing plans. Insofar as I felt somewhat isolated from the rest of the department I could reflect that the tendency of the times, in the parts of the university that I knew well, was for the professor to see himself less and less as a member of a department and more and more as a free agent, tied to his department by his formal responsibilities but otherwise at liberty to seek his own ends. When on campus he took himself to the library. Much of his time he spent at home, when he could he obtained grants from the foundations and went away on leave to do research.

The principal persons in the History Department continued to serve until the early 1950's. The death of Bretz in 1951 took away the one surviving professor emeritus. [Paul] Gates continued to serve as chairman of the department and served well, though more than once I disagreed strongly with him on questions regarding Day and DeKiewiet. A part of Gates's personality has been a tendency to jump to the defense of a person under attack, and while I admire this in general I found it hard to admire when applied to DeKiewiet. But Gates did the department great service as a result of his own well-earned eminence as an American historian and his wide acquaintance with members of the profession throughout the United States. With his jaunty combativeness went what I regarded as a lack of sensitivity in dealing with his colleagues. But this was readily forgiven because, as the saying is, his heart was in the right place—he had high professional standards, worked hard, and knew what a university should be doing.

[Wolf] Laistner and [Carl] Stephenson were drawing to the end of their active careers, but neither slackened his pace. Laistner became somewhat more impatient at departmental meetings, but not to the point of eccentricity; Stephenson, never heavily involved in departmental affairs other than his own teaching, became somewhat more moody after the death of his wife left him in isolation. At lunch one saw him among a group of older professors at the Statler Club, but as the day drew to an end he took himself off alone and could not be drawn out of his loneliness. [Curtis] Nettels continued in his part-eccentric way. Every department meeting held the possibility of an explosion, and some did explode. But Nettels, like most volatile men, had a great capacity for quickly returning to a state of calm and so no lasting damage was done. He did suffer, however, from periods of acute tension, and so from time to time in the middle and later '50's arrangements were made to reduce the volume of his teaching. Through it all, however, he managed to keep up a punishing amount of research and writing. And when one talked

to him about questions which excited him intensely in university affairs or in national and international politics there was never any doubt about the exactness of his knowledge.

[Knight] Biggerstaff was by now a senior member of the department and occupied a position different from that of any of his colleagues. He had been prominent in the organization of the Southeast Asia program and in consequence was one of those members of the university faculty who had been drawn into close contact with the great foundations. He was an eminent scholar in the field of Chinese history and kept abreast of contemporary Asiatic politics. His scholarly interests and his association with the foundations committed him more heavily than any other member of the department to a way of life that caused him to give part of his energy to work outside the department, [Henry] Guerlac and [Edward] Fox, men who had joined the department at about the same time and were of about the same age, quickly showed themselves to be quite different in personality. Fox was a touchy, strong-minded man, extremely self-centered. Devoted to teaching, he fought fiercely on all questions that related to the program of history courses. He, like Nettels, had the knack of overturning what looked like being a peaceful department meeting. Particularly was this so at our annual meetings for the award of fellowships and scholarships, where his intense, single-minded attachment to his graduate students and his inability to see the merits of other candidates led to many a contest. This characteristic caused him to divide up his seniors among us into the sheep and the goats, and since his judgment on these matters was often directly opposed to that of other members of the department he often found himself in a minority of one, to the further sharpening of his touchiness.

Guerlac was no less lively than Fox and he had many advantages. As a man of considerable standing in the history of science, strong in his opinions, and like Fox an excellent teacher, he quickly attracted a following of good graduate students. His own abilities were one reason for this; another was the relative scarcity of major universities where the advanced study of history of science could be carried on. By virtue of this scarcity and also, again, of his own abilities, he was much more likely than Fox to be offered attractive posts at other universities. And this state of affairs quite naturally gave him self-confidence, a sense of security, which Fox lacked. There was in Guerlac also, what was not in Fox, namely a capacity for easy discourse with his colleagues—above all a sense of affection for Laistner and Stephenson. For Guerlac had as a boy grown up in the Cornell of [George L.] Burr and [Carl] Becker and Hull and by some not quite understandable process he transferred his respect for the older men to their successors.

Both Fox and Guerlac were drawn to study abroad, Fox by his liking for France and his interest in contemporary French politics; Guerlac by his research interests and by his ownership of a house in France. Fox had private means that allowed him to take leaves of absence, Guerlac had private means also, and was able to obtain foundation grants. Both men therefore put before the department the problem of finding replacements for them at rather frequent intervals. Temporary replacements were found and by the middle 1950's the rule was well established that if a member could plead the necessity to work abroad as an excuse he was entitled to be absent from his teaching.

The task of replacing Guerlac was relatively easy—he raised up enough first-class graduate students, men and women of maturity, that one or other could substitute for him. In the case of Fox the difficulty was considerable. Though teachers of Modern European history were relatively common, few of real ability could be persuaded to take a year's absence from their regular appointments to fill a temporary position at Cornell. However by one device and another the gap was filled. At a later period [Marc] Szeftel's absences caused a similar problem.

One benefit from this situation was that the department turned to Europe for temporary appointments. The first of these replaced me for a term when I took my second sabbatical leave in thirty years. He was Maurice Hutt, an Englishman from the faculty of one of the British provincial universities, and a man of great ability as a teacher. His field of special interest was the French Revolution and he stayed on for the second term of the academic year to replace Fox. The second replacement was John Hale from Oxford, a lively, bustling young man who fitted as well into the life of the department as did Hutt. For a period of two years following the retirement of Laistner, Mario Levi of Turin University taught ancient history and in 1961 Wolfgang Mommsen of Heidelberg University taught German history for a term.

While these adjustments were taking place Carl Stephenson drew to the end of his active career. That he dreaded this event was clear to all who knew him. He seemed to equate retirement with death. I hoped to get round this by a device that I thought would appeal to him. I suggested that we should try a two volume work on English constitutional history; he to do a volume on the Anglo Saxon and Medieval period, and I one on the period from 1485 to the present. Harper and Brothers who had published our successful *Sources of English Constitutional History* readily agreed to the plan. When I first mentioned it to him he hesitated. I therefore wrote to Guy Stanton Ford, who had written a gracious preface to our *Sources* and who was a leading figure of the older generation in the American historical profession, and asked him if he would write to Stephenson urging the task upon him. Ford wrote such a letter and in it said that the whole profession would be happy to see such a work. I spoke to Stephenson again and suggested that if he wished I would step aside so that he might have another collaborator. For a time he hesitated about his part, though he said that he was quite ready to see me do the modern volume. I then signed a contract with Harper, thinking this act of commitment on my part might bring him in. But it did not. He declared that after he retired he would do no more writing. He wished, he said, that his student, Bryce Lyon, might be accepted as a substitute for him.

I then spoke to Stephenson about the attraction of traveling to Europe after he retired. He had become, if not a man of means, a person of sufficient wealth to travel, thanks to the success of his *History of Medieval History*. But again he hesitated. And when the last year of teaching began, he talked and acted as if this were the end. He began to give away his books, lantern slides, and pictures. He made Bryce Lyon his literary executor. For the small faculty discussion group to which he contributed an annual essay he chose as his title "Those who are about to die salute thee." One request only he made of the department, that after retirement he might be allowed to occupy a space sufficient to allow him to sit in a rocking chair and look out over the campus. It was explained to him that the restricted

quarters then occupied by the department in Boardman Hall allowed of no such arrangement.

In these last weeks of his teaching career his manner was more and more moody and withdrawn. All his older colleagues tried to persuade him to spend evenings with them, but to no avail. Once the term had ended in June he withdrew completely to the small house he lived in alone. Occasionally he would call one of us on the telephone in the evening and talk haltingly about old times. But he would not see us. Less than three months after his retirement we learned that the housekeeper, who came in to clean his house from time to time, had discovered his body at the bottom of a flight of stairs, down which he had fallen.

Laistner's retirement was marked by no such tragedy. To him his work was everything and freedom from teaching was an opportunity to push forward more actively with writing. His mother miraculously survived until the middle '50's, having reached the age of 96. Her death shook him severely, particularly when he found among her papers a letter in which she thanked him for his long devotion to her and attendance upon her. But this sad event occurred before he retired and when he closed his office door for the last time he was serene and resolute. All of us believed that with a little luck he could live to be as old as his mother and would do notable work in these last years of his life.

He soon established a new pattern of living, with his own reading and writing the central feature of it. He had learned to provide for himself in his home, because during the last years of his mother's life he had been the housekeeper. He walked regularly to Boardman Hall and later to West Sibley Hall. He kept up his assiduous reading of British biographies and memoirs and was a frequent visitor to the University Library. Harry Caplan, perhaps his closest friend and like him a bachelor, often shared a meal with him. Other friends called on him, and had the pleasure of his company for a meal or a drink. Retirement seemed to suit him.

But his health quickly began to fail. His movements were less vigorous. As he walked across the campus he seemed to move with difficulty. In the early winter of 1959-1960 a sudden abdominal attack took him to the hospital, to which he had gone once or twice previously for brief periods. The new attack seemed no worse than the earlier ones. But he did not now respond to treatment and though for a time his condition caused no concern, after about two weeks he rapidly became worse.

I visited him one afternoon. The day was a bitter, snowy one. As I reached his room in the hospital I found it in darkness. This was unusual, for previously he had been sitting up, sometimes out of bed, and reading a book or newspaper. When I entered he stirred and motioned to me to sit down. He pointed to the light and I switched it on. He spoke to me but I could not understand him. He was restless and wished me to do something to adjust his bed or his coverings. I knew him too well to pretend that I understood so I bent over him and put my ear close to him. Still I couldn't understand, so I called his nurse, hoping that she would know what to do. She knew at once, moved a blanket and left us. I talked a little and he seemed to understand me. Again he wished to talk to me; again I got up and listened as carefully as I could and again failed to understand. He motioned for paper and pencil. I produced them for him and held the paper against a book, while he wrote

carefully, as though he wished to be exact, "They took a schizograph." (That was the word as I remember it.) I sat beside him again for about fifteen minutes, saying a few words from time to time, but he was only partly conscious. I got up to leave, went over to him and took his hand. He grasped it firmly and we said goodbye. This was his last conscious act. He died two days later. His funeral service took place in Sage Chapel and I had the honor of offering to his memory what could be put in words to signify the affection and high regard in which his friends had held him.

Laistner's death took away my own last link with the history department as I had first known it. He formed a link not merely by having been a part of that group in the physical sense. His attitude towards the duties of a professor had been that of Hull and Becker, as had been his concept of a university. Had they lived as long as he, they too, I believe, would have protested in their own ways against the building up of the vast machinery of university administration and the host of peripheral activities in which Cornell had engaged. Becker would have voiced his protest in a series of essays, asking, perhaps, "How new will the better university be?" Hull would have protested in faculty meetings as he did in the famous case of Schmidt during the First World War. Cornell alumni had protested against a speech of Schmidt's delivered before the United States entered the war. He had questioned the general denunciation of Germany. When word of the protest came to the Cornell campus it was accompanied by the demand that Schmidt be disciplined. Hull rose in the faculty and said that he opposed the application of Prussian methods to such a case. That was enough.

Before Stephenson retired the department began the search for his successor. Again the practice was followed of looking for a scholar whose interests were different from Stephenson's. In this instance as on earlier occasions a word of protest came from some of those who had done their doctoral work at Cornell. Had the history department, they said, deliberately turned its back on the practice of appointing a Cornell man? But the department remained steadfast and in this instance chose Theodor Mommsen, a specialist in the history of Germany and Italy in the late Middle Ages, whose knowledge bridged the traditional historical subjects and the literature and philosophy of the late Middle Ages. His interest in Petrarch had already brought him to the Cornell campus during summer vacations to consult the famous Petrarch collection in the library. He already knew Laistner and Harry Caplan well, as also members of the Italian and Philosophy departments.

Mommsen was a man in his 40's when he joined our department. He had already taught at Princeton and Yale and at Yale he had worked alongside Guerlac for a short time. He had come to the United States in the middle 1930's as an act of protest against Hitler, a protest other members of his family did not join. He was a heavy set, scholarly looking man whose knowledge of history, literature and languages was vast. Only Laistner surpassed him among members of our department in the range of his erudition. Like Laistner he had a wide acquaintance among European scholars and in addition he knew personally a great many members of the American scholarly group.

He was a bachelor who enjoyed social life, though his social life was of a quiet scholarly kind. Above all he enjoyed inviting his graduate students to his apartment, and there, playing records of classical music, offering food and drink, and talking

about the Germany in which he had grown up, he seemed at his happiest. He was particularly effective in training graduate students and conducting classes for advanced undergraduate students. In the affairs of the department his chief usefulness was his wise and temperate outlook on university life and the readiness with which he could call in to help us, on appointments or the placement of graduate students, the advice of his many friends in other universities.

His appointment seemed to assure the department and the university of the help of a mature medievalist for some fifteen or twenty years. But that was not to be. Mommsen felt the pressure of two forces, and these, combined with his own not too robust health, brought about his early death. He was a Mommsen, grandson of the world famed Theodor Mommsen; unfortunately he judged his own quite excellent scholarship by the vast eminence of his grandfather's. And he was a German, who, as he looked at the pattern of life in Germany after the Second World War, concluded that Germany, and above all some members of his own family, had learned little from the disaster associated with Hitler. The growing crisis in world affairs during the middle and later 1950's broke him. He died by his own hand.

From the late 1950's on persons in administrative authority uttered ominous words about the fate of Boardman Hall, the home of the government and history departments. At first they said that the building would be remodeled inside and made an annex to the University Library. They referred to the original plans of the library and Boardman Hall, reminding us that the two buildings had been designed so that they could be linked by a bridge over Central Avenue and so made one. Study of Boardman Hall in the 1950's proved that the building could not be efficiently adapted to Library purposes. As the demand for a larger library grew, plans were made that would have saved Boardman Hall; some urged that the existing Library be extended westwards down the slope, others that a new Library be built on an entirely different location. But in time the planners decided that the best plan was to pull down Boardman Hall and build a large new library on its site. The new plan brought many protests from alumni and architectural experts, but it prospered and eventually was adopted. Government and history received orders to evacuate their quarters and take up residence in West Sibley Hall, the oldest building on the north side of the quadrangle.

To leave Boardman Hall was to leave a building that had done much to strengthen the government and history departments. The wide staircases and passage-ways, the large halls, and the window seat by the main door of the building had given the building an atmosphere of comfort and grace lacking in other university buildings devoted to classrooms and professors' offices. They made possible a more or less leisurely movement of students when classes ended, and in a subtle way encouraged the student to linger on his way from class and wait for the professor or to join up with two or three of his fellows, eddy into one of the many available corners and there carry on a discussion with them over a point raised in the classroom. A common sight was the professor—say Cushman or Becker or Briggs—emerging from the classroom attended by two or three students, and moving towards the second floor where the offices were. The stairways coming up and down to the second floor opened on to a large hallway and here small groups were often seen in warm controversy. This continued for a few minutes; then the professor moved on to his office, followed as a rule by a student or two. The offices on this floor were,

as I have suggested earlier, large and splendid rooms, my own, one of the best, was about 13 by 18 feet, well equipped with book cases and adorned by large windows and a fireplace. The main group of eight or nine offices was so arranged that the occupants saw one another frequently as they passed to and fro and they had in the spacious hall and corridors every inducement to stop and talk to one another. Boardman Hall was a building designed in a leisurely age, and, in my experience, perfectly suited to promoting informal discussion and social exchange among students and professors.

The shift to West Sibley Hall in 1959 brought many advantages; particularly it made available far more offices for the younger members of the staff than could be carved out of the interior of Boardman Hall. This advantage was vital at a time when both departments were expanding rapidly. But there were disadvantages too. Except for three small classrooms and two or three seminar rooms, no teaching space was available, with the consequence that most professors of history and government taught their classes in other buildings. The end of a class saw professor and students putting on their coats and overshoes and walking away to their new destinations. Worse, the offices were arranged along narrow corridors with the result that the professor used the corridor merely as a means of getting to and from his office. Once in his office he shut his door. Whereas in Boardman Hall one saw his colleagues almost day by day, in West Sibley Hall he saw them perhaps once a week.

But the larger number of offices was important. The history department was expanding. In the middle 1950's Walter Simon, whose field of special interest was German history, joined us. Eugene Rice, a Renaissance historian, soon followed. In American history David Davis and Walter LaFeber came in the late 1950's, and in 1961 Richard Graham, a Latin American historian. In 1959 Brian Tierney, a canon lawyer, took the place left vacant by Theodor Mommsen. In 1960 Donald Kagan became our Ancient Historian; at about the same time L. Pearce Williams joined us as assistant professor of the history of science. He was the first person with a Cornell doctorate in history to become a member of the department since my appointment in 1926. Concerning all these appointments—except that of Williams, who was cast in the mold of Henry Guerlac—an important point deserves to be made. In each instance the department wished to appoint an able man whose field of specialization and whose personality seemed to be distinctive and so far as possible not in the tradition of the department. In the case of Davis, LaFeber, and Graham the field of specialization had to be different. We were diversifying our studies in American history. We chose three young men, taking particularly in the case of LaFeber and Graham, men who were younger than candidates of something like similar academic competence. We wished to begin building from the bottom, as it were, in our age groups.

The appointment of Kagan was made partly on the basis of his youth but also because he seemed to possess the promise of great ability, and, perhaps most important, in personality and temperament seemed unlike anyone who had ever been a member of the department. He took pride in the fact that he was a Brooklyn boy and he looked like one. No one more different from the polished European savant Laistner could be imagined in academic life. Yet his warmth and simplicity, and his enthusiasm for ancient history were entirely convincing.

Tierney came to us with a reputation already well founded but it was a reputation as a student of medieval canon law, a subject never taught at Cornell. His appointment involved re-orienting the advanced teaching of medieval history at Cornell. This we gladly endorsed, in the face of some protests from historians who had studied under Carl Stephenson and thought his tradition ought to be continued. In addition Tierney was a Catholic and the Cornell history department, to the best of my knowledge, has never had a Catholic. This made him all the more welcome to us. And since he was in his late 30's he strengthened an age group of which Walter Simon was at the time the only member.

In brief, by the early 1960's the history department had become a highly diversified group. When I joined it as an instructor in 1926 I was the only junior member, junior in age and rank. All others were full professors and men 45 years and more in age. Each of these older persons was of course a distinct personality, but, perhaps with the exception of [Wallace] Notestein and Bretz, they were men with much the same interests and outlook.

Back to Athletics

As soon as possible after the war had ended, boxing had been moved back to its traditional place in the Old Armory. The university continued to impose its physical education requirement on male students but excused juniors and seniors and all students who had been in the service. Therefore I continued to conduct afternoon classes from Monday to Friday each week from fall until Easter vacation. But these classes were overshadowed by the turnout of ex-servicemen who had become interested in boxing. While these ex-servicemen continued to be a prominent body among the Cornell students, intramural boxing flourished at Cornell as it had never done before. An intramural tournament would attract fifty or sixty competitors and the level of ability and even more of physical fitness remained high. From these years—say from 1946 to 1952—come my happiest memories of boxing at Cornell. I formed strong friendships with many of the men who took part in the program, notably the late Gordon Pritchard, an Ithaca boy, Ted Reifsteck, who served as my assistant for a while, Mike Hostage, Bob Czub and Jack Barnwell.

To manage this program was in some respects difficult. We taught boys to box or to improve their boxing. This was relatively easy. But we had to box among ourselves always and this way the boys got to know one another well as persons, and to like one another. To put them in the ring and expect them to box all out was impossible. But somehow or other we got along. My own part became less and less that of an active participant, I tried always to keep in good physical condition; I skipped rope, punched the heavy and light bags (and of course, played badminton daily). But for actual work in the ring I had to depend on such assistants as I could persuade to help me over the years. From about 1952 on the Athletic Association allotted a sum of \$250 or \$300 for an assistant.

One of these, Mike Hostage, deserves special mention, because his early career as my assistant illustrates the difficulty of teaching boxing. Mike was a handsome Irishman who weighed about 180 pounds and was as strong as a horse. He was a fair boxer and a murderous puncher. He also had a quick, Irishman's temper. When I took him on as my assistant I explained to him that he would have to keep himself under close control, that he would be justified in hitting lightly to keep his opponent on guard, but that he must never hit hard whatever the provocation. I rehearsed all this very carefully with him and even got into the ring and sparred a little with him. A day or two after I had given those instructions I left Mike in charge while I went downstairs for a shower. When I came back five minutes later Mike was in the ring with gloves on and his pupil was lying on his back unconscious. Mike looked away from me. A day or two later the same thing happened and as soon as we had revived the pupil I sent everyone down to the showers except Mike. "Mike," I said, "what did I tell you?" "I know, Professor," said Mike, "and I've done my best to follow your instructions, but every time I get in the ring with one of these boys there's an accident."

In following instructions of this sort Ted Reifsteck was in my judgment my best assistant and surely one of the best student friends I have had at Cornell. He was also an excellent student and has since done well as a lawyer. He was a poor boy whose father had been a high school coach in Rochester and had died before I knew Ted. Ted came to Cornell after completing his wartime service as a paratrooper. He was of medium height, weighed 145 pounds and had learned to box in a conservative fashion, elbows in, guard up, good footwork. He had learned to pivot well and could hit hard. The weight class in which he fought was the most competitive, and in the years just after the war the level of boxing was excellent. Each year Ted fought his way through the competition and emerged as champion. There was nothing spectacular about him; he was a solid, determined, courageous boxer.

In his senior year as an undergraduate I obtained permission to enter him and two other Cornellians in the Eastern Intercollegiate Boxing Championships at Syracuse. An exception was necessary in Cornell's case, because we did not have an intercollegiate team, as did the other competing colleges. And when permission was granted some of the colleges protested, saying the championships contended for were team against team championships; that to introduce individual athletes was to upset the pattern. These rumbles of protest continued after we reached Syracuse.

In each weight class there were some eight or ten boxers. For us, the interlopers, the great disadvantage was that while all the other boxers and coaches were well informed on the styles and abilities of the competitors; we had never seen one of them box. This disadvantage was of course crippling. The only advantage, and that a slight one, was an article in the *Syracuse Post Standard*, on the day the competition opened, naming the outstanding boxers in the tournament and in particular the man chosen by the coaches as likely to be the best boxer of them all. He was a Syracuse student, in Ted Reifsteck's class.

The three Cornell boxers and a trainer and I went to the large Syracuse Armory for the matches and found a huge crowd assembled. We checked in with the authorities and learned, first, that we had not been allotted a dressing room but

must share the Syracuse room and second, that the opening bout of the tournament pitted the Syracuse hero against Ted. This was bad. I had hoped to be able to watch a few bouts and get a notion of the quality of the boxing before the first Cornellian entered the ring. Now I would have to improvise.

The Syracuse coach, one or two other persons and the Syracuse hero joined us in the dressing room. Clearly they were confident, and the hero was jaunty. He was tall, say 5 foot 11, rangy, but well built. Ted was about 5-7. The Syracuse Coach [Roy] Simmons I knew to be an experienced teacher of boxers. He busied himself with his team of eight and beckoned to the hero to dress and put on his gloves. Ted Reifsteck was dressed, our trainer was helping him with the gloves. As soon as the Syracuse boy was ready, I walked over towards him. I had been introduced as "Professor Marcham." I now assumed my most other worldly look and said to the boy, who was restless, "would you care to warm up?" And before he could answer, I held up my hand at shoulder height, arm extended, palm towards him, and said, "Throw two lefts and a right." This is a common command given to boxers and he reacted automatically, I moved outside the dressing room door and he followed me. I still had my hand up; I said, "Make it four lefts and a right" and so for a minute or two I helped him to warm up and carefully watched his recovery motion after he had thrown the left. It was slow. His other motions in throwing lefts and rights were excellent. But with what I knew I could develop a little strategy. If he was as good as people said, Ted had only one line of attack; he must slip inside the straight left and hook the Syracuse boy to the stomach with his right and follow this at once with a left to the jaw. As we walked from the dressing room to the ring I advised Ted what to do.

The Syracuse boy climbed into the ring; the crowd cheered. We were assembled in our corner; the referee signaled to the boxers to come to the center of the ring and gave them instructions. They returned to their corners, the bell sounded and the match began. After a few seconds of circling the Syracuse boy threw a straight left, Ted slipped under it and in one motion hooked a right to the stomach and a left to the jaw. The Syracuse boy dropped to the mat; he was out. The crowd was silent and Coach Simmons, on his feet, looked like a man who had seen the impossible. But this was not the end. The referee bent over the Syracuse boy; he did not count the customary ten, but spoke to him and after fifteen or so seconds he helped him to his feet. He guided him to the ringside and propped him against the ropes. He spent another ten seconds rubbing the rosin off the boxer's gloves and then separated his eyelids and peered into his eyes. Some forty seconds had elapsed since the Syracuse boy went down and now with some further assistance from the referee he was recovering. By the time the referee signaled the boxers to the center of the ring, more than a minute of the two-minute round had passed. The Syracuse boy knew enough to stay away from Ted. As he moved past me the referee turned and shouted over his shoulder, "Referee's discretion."

He exercised his discretion again in the second round. The Syracuse boy—who told me afterwards that as an amateur and an army man he had had over 150 fights—knew enough not to let Ted slip his left again and began to land a few punches on Ted; but they were still fighting on equal terms along the ropes just above me when the referee stopped between them, raised the Syracuse boy's hand and cried, "Technical knockout." Simmons and I and the two boys walked

back together to the dressing room. I asked Simmons where did this “Referee’s discretion” come from. “Well,” he said, “in this league we thought it unfair to see a boy beaten by a freak punch. The better boxer should win. And so we allow the referee to decide whether, when a boy is knocked down, the blow was a lucky one—accidental, you might say.” On our way back to Ithaca Ted and I wondered whether the rule was introduced to discourage the three Cornell interlopers. The other two Cornell boxers did not knock down their opponents—though I thought they won they did not get the decision.

As my assistant Ted served most effectively for two years. He had the one quality that is essential in teaching boxing: namely, self-control. I had no second thoughts about leaving him in charge. I was not surprised, when one day, as he and I were both in the ring instructing beginners, I heard a passing student say, “I think I could take the old guy.”

During his second year as my assistant Ted turned up one Monday afternoon with a black eye and a cut on his cheek. He said nothing as he moved in beside me to change his clothes in the small closet we shared. I wondered what had happened because I felt sure no Cornell student could land two blows on Ted’s head and live; I said nothing. But when members of the boxing class began to assemble they kidded Ted. “Who did it to you, Ted: was it a bar-room brawl?” Ted said nothing; so they turned to me. “What happened to him, Professor?” I told them to shut up and get to work. Two weeks later Ted appeared again and again he was cut up. The same silence, the same questions from the class, the same reproof from me. I pretended I saw nothing unusual. When the class had gone and Ted and I had showered and were dressing, he asked, “Do you want to know how I got these cuts, Professor?” I said, “You don’t have any cuts and I don’t want to hear anything.” Another week, some more cuts, the same routine. And then the boxing season ended, and as our last session of showers and dressing took place, he said, “Professor, listen to me now about those cuts.” I said, “O.K.” “Last Christmas,” he said, “I got engaged to a very rich girl. She knew I was hard up and told me not to worry about an engagement ring, anything would do, just a token ring. But I didn’t want to do that and so I turned pro for those three fights and got the money for a good ring. And I won the fights.” Afterwards, when I met the girl, nothing was said about the ring. But she said, “You know, I meant to have him. I would have chased him across the continent.”

My years with Ted Reifsteck rounded out my service in the Old Armory. The Teagle Hall plan [for a new athletics building] had been shelved during the war. When I became a representative on the Board of Trustees I kept my eyes open for information about plans for new buildings and soon found to my horror that Teagle Hall was well down the list, in the tenth or twelfth position. The first priority was an administration building to be named Day Hall. Nevertheless in the late 1940’s word came from the Athletic Association that the coaches and instructors should prepare suggestions regarding the space they needed for their sports. I drew up some preliminary sketches; a room about 20 feet by 20 feet with a ring in it, a second room, say 15 feet by 15 feet with two or three heavy bags and room for shadow boxing and rope skipping, and a still smaller room with three or four alcoves in it for use in punching the light bags.

As discussions went forward to decide the allocation of space in Teagle Hall the price of building continued to rise and when in 1952 and 1953 the final plans were being prepared matters had got so much out of hand that, even to provide a building with minimum space allowances, appeals for more funds had to be made to Mr. Teagle. Presumably if the funds had been invested in 1937 or 1938 they would have grown appreciably by 1953; the university usually made at least 4 percent on its investments. Whether the funds were so invested I do not know. But in any case when Mr. Teagle had enlarged his grant and the building had been built I found myself supplied with a boxing room that was very little bigger than the room in the Old Armory—perhaps 15 square feet bigger—but one that benefited chiefly from being no longer a passageway for the crew.

I left the Old Armory with many regrets for I had spent hundreds of happy hours there. And though the showers didn't work and the floors were splintery and the whole building harbored the dust of many scores of thousands of Cornellians, the Old Armory did contain an excellent badminton court and some other facilities—even the strange little circular running track which offered opportunity for exercise to the student. So when the building came down I salvaged two bricks, one for [swim coach] Scotty Little and one for me.

Once we were settled in Teagle Hall we soon learned that our badminton days were gone. The floor of the main exercise room was too sticky to allow free movement for a player and the lighting was bad because the walls were painted grey and white, and made the sighting of the badminton bird extremely difficult. Two or three times a year we would make an attempt to play a game, but each time we concluded that conditions were too poor for good play. When we mastered for a time the floor—I wore boxing shoes for the purpose — or tried to put up with the lighting, we found the relatively low ceiling rafters of the overhanging basketball baskets a hindrance. Since then such games as we have played—I think the last was less than a year ago—have been to revive old memories rather than for real play.

Intramural boxing declined in popularity though not entirely, I believe, because of the shift from the Old Armory. Teagle Hall was not as commonly frequented by the ordinary at-loose-ends student as the Old Armory. Perhaps there are fewer students at loose ends than there were in the old days. Certainly the effect of showing professional boxing on television has been to emphasize if not the physical injury aspect of the sport, at least the extraordinary degree of physical fitness that is necessary to succeed in it. We continued our intramural championship twice a year, and those sturdy supporters of Cornell boxing, Jacob and Moses Goldbas, remained staunch friends of the sport, sending down regularly two trophies for competition and often coming to referee or judge the matches. But student interest declined slowly, students were less and less ready to undertake the necessary physical conditioning, and though some registered for the boxing classes in the physical education program, the level of performance declined. On some occasions it seemed doubtful if we would be able to enroll the sixteen or so men necessary to fill out the eight bouts for a championship program,

I believed that in part this was the consequence of my own advancing years. I had come to depend more and more on my assistants and though I had excellent assistants during my years at Teagle Hall the logic of events seemed to suggest that I should withdraw from the program completely and give someone else a chance

to put intramural boxing on a new footing. The chance came in 1959 when one of my former students, Jack Barnwell, was completing his undergraduate career at Cornell. From 1958 to 1959 he was my assistant—that is, I went to the boxing room on most days when classes were taught and worked with him on instruction outside the ring but left him to do the work in the ring. In 1959 to 1960 he took full charge of the program. In the fall of 1960 a new student instructor took over and I severed my formal connection with the program completely.

I do not wish my remarks about boxing and badminton at Teagle Hall to stand as an indictment of the building. Without question the facilities provided by the building for swimming, crew, fencing and wrestling have been of great value to those sports. The large swimming pool was for me the handsomest single room on the entire campus, when appearance and use are considered together. Nor do I overlook the fact that the swimming pools offer opportunity for wide enjoyment of swimming by many members of the university community, young and old, male and female. The family swimming program even exceeds the use I had suggested in my recommendation of the 1930's and—thank heaven—calls down no reproaches from the respectable. My principal regret was that the building was primarily designed to suit the needs of intercollegiate squads and was not, as I had hoped in the thirties, designed to lure in for exercise the ordinary unattached student. But when I say this I also recognize that the Grumman Squash Courts and Lynah Rink added much to the facilities for recreation available to the student, though these, like the facilities in Teagle Hall, were likely to be preempted by varsity squads during the late afternoon, when the unattached student is most likely to have free time.

The Student-Athlete

I should leave a wrong impression, however, if what I said above made it appear that the intercollegiate program at Cornell satisfied the needs of a small proportion of the Cornell male undergraduate group. Cornell had so many intercollegiate sports and such large squads of students in training—the varsity squads, the freshman squads, in some sports the lightweight squads—that altogether perhaps a fifth or even a fourth of the able-bodied male undergraduates were taking part in intercollegiate athletics of one sort or another. And the size of this group is worth a second thought. It is testimony to the excellent facilities provided by Cornell. In the past twenty-five years Cornell had developed a full-sized golf course, a ski slope, Teagle Hall, the Grumman Squash Courts and Lynah Rink, to mention the chief that come to mind, to add to the excellent facilities available in Barton Hall, the Riding Hall and the Cascadilla Tennis Courts.

As I looked back on my association with Cornell athletics I was keenly aware of the part played by these athletes in the total life of the University. For many male students at Cornell the chance to compete for an intercollegiate team was an event of great importance. They worked hard to maintain a high level of physical condition and they must put themselves under pressure; pressure that was good in

itself because it contributed to their physical well-being and good indirectly because it provided a valuable contrast to their work in the classroom. A student body that lacked the intercollegiate athletic group would in my judgment have been a much less balanced community than the student body I knew. From my own observation the student athlete was, at Cornell at least, a person whose experience as an athlete was likely to make him a more effective student than the non-athlete.

The typical Cornell student athlete, as I knew him, was a relatively poor boy; often he worked for his meals or in some other way helped to pay his own way while in college. He was a student of average ability who in the course of four years raised his average from a D to a B. 'The demands of athletics and his job forced him to give more attention than the ordinary student gave to the wise use of his time. This was not merely a matter of budgeting his time from day to day, but also presented a problem of particular difficulty when he was called on to take part in intercollegiate competition. Then he might be under physical and nervous strain, and in any case would have to spend some time away from the campus four or five times at least each term. He had to learn how to meet these times of crisis. He might be injured once or twice and have to make important adjustments in his time and his daily movements on that account. All in all his life was a much more demanding one than that of the ordinary student. Therefore, if he could succeed as a student—that is, meet his classroom requirements and make normal progress towards graduation—he did the work of a responsible man.

I had known many of these men well, particularly during the preceding twenty-five years and particularly from the ranks of the football players. I might begin with Kasimir Hipolit, and go on to Walter Kretz and so proceed down the years to Harvey Sampson, Dick Cliggott, John Gerdes, Jack Morris, Arthur Boland and Phil Taylor. In later years I was to know Dick Jackson, George Telesh, Russ Zelko, Wes Hicks, and the hockey player Paul Althouse. These men were all to some degree close personal friends of mine in a relationship somewhere between that of a son and a mature personal friend. These men excluded I recognized that not all I had known were desirable characters. All of them were, when I first knew them, still boys and many of them had to a high degree the volatility of all adolescents. Some I had known who were by any standard undesirable and unworthy, willing to take advantage of my friendship or that of anyone else. Many of them had blown hot and cold in their performance as athletes and students.

The overriding impression that I had, however, was that intercollegiate athletes as a group were one of the best elements in our student body. In the first place, as one dealt with them in the classroom, they were in general a more purposeful group than other students. They wished to gain an education and a high proportion of them went on to postgraduate work in medicine, in law and in schools of business and public administration. In the second place, with them, more than with other students, maturity was truly achieved in college. Their participation in athletics seemed to do this to them. And again, my own experience was that a teacher who understood them could more effectively deal with them as students. What they had had to learn as athletes seemed to make them more efficient learners in the classroom. I thought of them as having a greater sense of responsibility, or respect for themselves as persons than did other students.

Teaching Boxing

These views regarding student athletes and regarding sports as a means of developing the personality of the student and his capacity to learn caused me to continue my long association with boxing. To teach boxing in an intramural program, where the emphasis was on physical recreation, upon physical coordination and upon the ability to depend upon one's own resources of courage and physical condition, I found to be a highly satisfying experience. Most of the students who offered themselves for instruction were ill-equipped physically. All of them, except the ex-servicemen, came to boxing with no experience. If you asked them, "Have you ever boxed," they said no, though some admitted sheepishly that they had been in a fight or two. Some explained that they wished to learn to box because they were strongly conscious of being timid or poorly coordinated.

In dealing with students of this kind the first requirement was to gain their confidence completely, confidence not only in the instructor's ability to do the things that he was teaching, but in his temperament, above all in his complete self-control. An instructor who could not take a student's blow, either intentional or accidental, without a flicker of response, was lost from the start. So also was the instructor who, wishing to demonstrate his own skill, felt it necessary to hit the student sharply now and then. On the other hand, in sparring with the student the instructor must not be careless nor must he let the student be careless. He must shove a glove into the student's face from time to time to make him keep his guard up. He must hook him in the stomach to teach him to keep his elbows in to guard himself there. In brief, the instructor must carefully bring the student along, using just so much force and direction in his blows as to make the student respond properly. To do this he must know the temperament of each student well, judging that this one would be ruffled if pressed too hard, that another would not work as effectively as he should unless he was forced to defend himself vigorously. I saw Allie Wolff tear into Fred Siemer so viciously and goad him so continuously with taunts and even insults that Siemer became enraged, and I and Wolff both began to wonder if Siemer would not tear Wolff apart. On the other hand I have had to spar with a student so timid and difficult to bring along that the only way I could get him into the ring was to agree to have one hand tied behind my back.

Another feature of teaching boxing in our program was the difficulty of matching student with student in boxing practice. They must be matched by weight; they must be matched as nearly as possible by temperament and skill. If skill could not be matched the better boxer must be so completely under the control of the instructor that he would not press his advantage to the point of hurting the inferior boxer. The inferior boxer must be given the experience of boxing with someone just so much better than he that he would learn something from the experience and not take a beating in the process. Problems of this kind arose in teaching all sports, of course, but they presented a peculiar difficulty in boxing because the result of miscalculation was physical hurt to one party. I had the good fortune during some eighteen years of coaching boxing never to have one of my boxers seriously hurt.

To teach boxing at Cornell was a great pleasure for me. The instructor-student situation was a particularly close one and depended not only on knowledge of one

person by another, and on adaptation of technique from one student to the next, but upon the confidence of the student in the instructor. Further, I always took pleasure in the two great objects to be sought in teaching boxing in a program such as ours: namely, the maturing of the student's personality—his acquisition of self-confidence—and his improvement in physical condition and coordination. Boxing as we dealt with it was never a blood sport, but a mixture of self-defense and unrehearsed ballet. For me personally the most obvious reward was the benefit to my own physical condition. I gained too from a long involvement in a form of teaching as different as could be from the techniques of the classroom. In the boxing room as in the classroom I learned that the purpose of the teacher is to promote the well-being of his students.

James and Little: Coaches and Friends

Not all that I learned by way of athletics came from my experience in the boxing room or as a wartime physical training instructor. I learned much from association with members of the athletic staff and particularly from two. I dare not call them fellow coaches because my work was that of an amateur and they were professionals. I speak of these two not because they were the two best professional coaches I knew at Cornell, but because they were the two I had known most fully as persons.

I begin with [George K.] Lefty James, who served as football coach from the late '40's to the early '60's, a man I knew principally through my honorary position as academic advisor to the football squad. Lefty I knew first in something more than a casual way when he was in charge, for a time at least, of the physical training program for all and sundry, soldiers, sailors and civilians, during the Second World War. Our acquaintance then was such as one has who has a locker next to yours in a dressing room. Later when he became head football coach, we talked often about the academic problems of some of his players.

In these discussions, which ranged, as years went by, over the total characteristics of many of his players, I found that his overriding concern was always the education of his players. I never knew him to seek anything but their self-development, or have before him any other goal but their graduation and their success in life after graduation. This he sought not in a namby-pamby way. He was always a stern taskmaster, seeking to get the best out of his players. He knew that hard work and devotion were the keys to self-development. Indeed, he stressed these qualities with such singleness of mind that I often thought he should have been a preacher rather than a football coach.

The stern, withdrawn, earnest quality in Lefty James went hand-in-hand with another of a high order. He was a man who made fearless and upright judgments on all personal matters. Among the many scores of mature persons I have known at Cornell none has served me better when I wished the judgment of an outsider on a personal problem affecting myself. I did not take all my problems to him, of

course. But on some I consulted him and in every instance what he had to say was, whether I liked it or not, precisely the clear impersonal advice I could not supply myself. Therefore, I treasured my friendship with him for the benefit I received directly from it, and from the assurance his personality always gave me that the welfare of one group of student athletes at Cornell was in good hands.

My acquaintance with [Gordon S.] Scotty Little began in the mid-1930's. I knew him as swimming coach, as a fellow badminton player and as a fisherman. For every minute I spend alone with Lefty James I spent hours with Scotty. Of Scotty as of Lefty I was competent to say nothing regarding coaching skills. I knew too little about either sport to be a commentator, let alone a judge. But I knew that Scotty, a man of warm, outgoing temperament, always concerned himself with the total well-being of his student athletes. I did from time to time, though in a much lesser degree than with Lefty, help out a swimmer who was in difficulty, by advising him on his academic work or trying to strengthen his self-confidence. But my relations with Scotty were from the beginning [on] a close personal plane. I went to him not so much for advice as for consolation and I never found him wanting in this. He was by his concept of right, as was Lefty, a just man. But his concept of justice contained, in my opinion, more room for the weakness of the ordinary mortal than Lefty would allow. So I took advantage of a somewhat indulgent friend in my relations with Scotty. But his willingness to indulge my weakness—my lack of skill as a fisherman, my mistakes on the badminton courts—never left me in doubt as to what he considered to be right. In all things that he did he was a man of sound knowledge and the most rigorous standards of rightness.

My friendship with these men, as with other members of the Cornell coaching staff whom I knew less well, convinced me that in considering the place of athletics in the life of Cornell, proper place must be given to the value to the student athlete of his association with the coaches. Here, as elsewhere in human affairs, qualities of knowledge, understanding, tolerance, and character vary from man to man. My general judgment of the Cornell coaches that I knew was that they helped considerably in the total personal development of their athletes. I gave much weight to their contribution because I believed that the purpose of Cornell, as of any other university, was to give opportunity for the growth of the whole person.

Keeping Athletics Honest

My withdrawal from the athletic program coincided with my retirement from the Ivy League Eligibility Committee. I had served on this committee for fourteen years and been its chairman for three years. I found the work interesting, partly because as a committee we did what could be done to keep Ivy League athletics honest, a task I thought to be important for the sake of intercollegiate athletics and for the good name of the Ivy League universities. We learned quickly to apply our rules with rigor and among these rules the most important dealt with the question of subsidizing athletes. We devised a form which each athlete was

required to sign at the beginning of the college year on which he stated with the fullest detail the sources of his income. The athletic director and financial officer of each university countersigned the student's statement and at the beginning of each athletic season the representatives, such as myself, brought the forms for his university to a meeting and laid them on the table for all to examine.

We followed up stories from the press and otherwise about athletes who received under-the-table payments. On our own initiative, as I have recounted, I and two other members of the Cornell community went to [President] Day and demanded the resignation of a Cornell football coach, with success. In a second instance the committee validated the story of considerable misdoing at another Ivy League university and forced the university to dismiss some eight or ten of its best players from the football squad. No one gave or asked mercy on these matters.

A problem that might have been troublesome was what constituted participation in a season of eligibility. Our rules allowed a student to play for three seasons after his freshman year. Our first major casualty was an outstanding Cornell quarterback. In the first play of the first game of his junior year he broke his ankle. Was that a season of eligibility? The committee said, "Yes," and I agreed. In another instance a Cornell cross-country runner stood at the starting line in the first race of the season. The gun sounded, and he pitched forward and damaged his knee. Was that a season of eligibility? We said, "Yes." The athletes of other universities drew decisions of equal severity. There were also occasions for humor.

Once in the '50's, when I was chairman, my phone rang and a fellow committee man called and said, "Fred, this is Bill, would you care to give a ruling on a hypothetical case?" I said, "No. Bill, we have enough to do with real cases. It would look foolish if I had to write a letter that said, 'suppose student X at A university' and so forth; surely you have a living person in mind." He said that in fact he did; and bit by bit he put the question in this way: the student was poor; he had a widowed mother. Would it be proper for the alumni of his university to give money to the mother? I began to write down the story, item by item and at the end said, "I'll send out the enquiry, all I need is the student's name." The committeeman stammered a bit and then uttered a name I could not understand. I said, "Spell it out, Bill." He said, "PRYLNYSKY," and then, apologetically, "He has no vowels."

I gained a good deal from membership of this committee. I remained during my fourteen years of service the only professor on the committee and this in spite of the fact that most universities had three or four representatives serving in succession during the period. It was the case that many of the deans who served had been professors or assistant professors before they moved into administration, but with the exception of one or two, notably Dean McKnight of Columbia, the marks of the professor had worn off. When we broke off our meetings for lunch or dinner they slipped at once into conversation about their problems as deans—liquor, housing, cheating, girls—five of the universities were for men only—and as they exchanged tales of their misfortunes, I had a sense of a group of professionals with their hair down. "Have they tried this on you yet?" one would say, referring to the latest eccentricity or perversion on his campus. I had no tales to add to the collection; nevertheless, I was to them "Fred," the guy who often was chairman at their meetings and usually wrote their resolutions. My experience with them made me aware that I had acquired a new element in my personality. I enjoyed a certain

kind of committee work partly, I suppose, because I had convinced myself that I could work well in certain committees, but more because there was, for me, a real pleasure in watching the minds and personalities of the other members gradually appear, and in following the developing interrelationships of persons and ideas. I would, I daresay, have tired quickly of continuous committee meetings devoted to examining the records of individual students. Committees of that sort had been my lot in the 1930's. The new committee work had dealt with more interesting subjects, had gathered together more interesting people, or so it seemed to me, and—perhaps this was important—whether dealing with the matter of eligibility or the affairs of the Village of Cayuga Heights, the committee had had power to act.

Book Projects

In the late 1950's and early 1960's my own affairs remained centered on teaching. I learned nothing from the College of Arms and therefore committed myself to two projects. One was the volume in the two volume series I had hoped to write on English Constitutional History with Carl Stephenson. Brice Lyon had taken on the first volume and was moving along steadily in 1958 and 1959. At the same time I was hard at work on my volume which was to cover the period from 1485 to the 1950's. I was so busy with committee work of one sort and another that I did most of my writing in the summer vacations. I had much pleasure in writing the book, which had to be so constructed that it moved away from the two or three major books already dealing with the subject.

My first departure was in the method of writing. I asked myself, what sorts of things might a person wish to know about the characteristics of British government in the 20th century and about the forces that influenced the development of British government then. I worked this out in terms of the forces; first—the two world wars, the economic depression, the increasing acceptance of new ideas about the purpose of the state. So I wrote first about these things and then described the institutions that underwent change in consequence of these forces. With this as a pattern of approach I went back to the Tudors and started to write in earnest. When I had finished my first draft of the book I went back and looked at the five major sections—Tudors, Stuarts, etc.—and concluded that each section ought to have at the end a short essay describing features of the age that were perhaps less directly associated with the working system of government and yet reflected the spirit or mood of government in that age. I regarded this book, when it appeared in 1960, as my best professional work.

At the same time that this was going forward I began to plan a series of essays on Cromwell. For years I had read and re-read Cromwell's letters and speeches and had come to believe that there was a new way to approach him. The traditional way was to present the record of his life with some comment on his skill as a soldier or his religious views or his foreign policy. I thought that continual immersion in Cromwell's letters and speeches made it possible for me to understand something of

the way his mind worked. I planned a series of essays—Cromwell: Orator, Cromwell and the rules of the game, Cromwell at the negotiating table and so forth. I wrote these essays, but prepared only one of them for publication, “Oliver Cromwell: Orator,” which appeared in *The Rhetorical Idiom*, a Festschrift published by the Cornell University Press in honor of Herbert Wichelns, one of the great figures in the teaching of rhetoric at Cornell and a good friend of mine for thirty-five years.

I also began to interest myself in a non-historical topic, and approached it in somewhat the same manner as the Cromwell studies. In 1956 Mary Fuertes Boynton published an edition of her father, Louis Agassiz Fuertes’s, letters and wove the letters into a splendid biography. My memory of the watercolors of Fuertes, which I had seen in the late 1920’s and early 1930’s, remained vivid. The fact that Mary had been a student of mine increased my interest in the new book which I read and re-read, as I had done the Cromwell *Letters and Speeches*. I gradually came to see that Fuertes had great gifts as a descriptive writer and that consciously or not he managed words and phrases with great effect. To make this point about his writing, I wrote “Louis Fuertes Revisited,” an essay published in *The Living Bird*. As the essay took shape I had another thought, prompted in part by my annual experience of lecturing on the poetry and drawings of William Blake. Suppose, I said to myself, I tried to put together in a single book the best of the letters and watercolors of Fuertes. What constituted the best of his watercolors I did not know. I had seen only reproductions of the Abyssinian birds. If they were anything to go by, and if I could finance a series of search visits to uncover more paintings and drawings and if I could get permission to write the book and a publisher to publish it, I might put together something that would be unique.

Time Out for Injury

The work of these years in the late 1950’s and early 1960’s I carried on sometimes with hindrances caused by illness. In 1955 a car knocked me into the air outside the Statler Club and I escaped death and broken bones principally, I believe, because boxing had taught me how to fall. In any case I was lucky. The bruises over the lower part of my body the doctor declared to be worse than many he had seen on persons killed by a car. At this time I was still boxing instructor and had the use of the athletic department’s facilities, particularly a whirlpool bath. One day while I sat in the bath two strangers appeared, together with a Cornell trainer. As the strangers came into focus I recognized the shorter man as Carmen Basilio, the middleweight boxer and at that time either the world champion or the leading contender. The trainer introduced me as the Cornell boxing coach. Basilio and I spoke in generalities for a while. I got out of the bath and as we continued our conversation I asked him if he would show me how he threw a left hook. I wished to see close up just how his feet and his hips moved. He was about to demonstrate when his companion, a big, somber looking, and to this point close-lipped Italian,

said, “No.” I smiled as I remembered the incident at the boxing tournament at Syracuse before Ted Riefsteck’s bout.

Basilio and I talked about a number of things connected with boxing. He was preparing for an important match and had hurt an elbow. He had come to the seclusion of the Cornell training room so that no one would have news of his injury. He said that when the match was over he would be glad to come down and work with my boxers and talk to them. This did not come to pass but he did agree to speak at our annual banquet in the spring of 1956. But then again at the last moment he cancelled his visit. When I saw him later he said, “I’m sorry Prof., I missed your banquet. You see it was like this. Up in Canastota we were putting on an Easter pageant and I had a minor part in it. The last rehearsal was the night of your banquet. I thought that if I stayed away my friends would think I was high-hatting them.”

Less than a year after my accident I developed pneumonia and a bladder infection. An ambulance rushed me to the hospital. I had begun to bleed from the bladder and in general felt wretched. The doctor’s off-the-cuff diagnosis, as he saw me into the hospital, was nephritis. In the late afternoon he called on me and said quite simply that he thought I was seriously ill. I should make plans accordingly. At this time in the academic year Cornell was staging a series of semi-popular lectures by Dexter Perkins, the Senior Professor of History and Government. The lectures had attracted much local attention though my friends, and I in particular, had a poor opinion of them as to content and style. I was therefore considerably put down, when, on asking the doctor how long my stay in hospital might be, he said, “Sorry, I haven’t time to talk now, I’ve got to hear Professor Perkins’s lecture.

My concern about how long I might be in hospital came from the fact that I had been put out of action in the middle of the first term. My teaching program was a full one: a general course of about 200, an advanced course of about 30, and half a dozen graduates, I had had no warning of serious illness and so had made no preparations. Fortunately my senior assistant, Sallie Siegrist, a small, but jaunty and able young lady took over and succeeded at what must have been for her the formidable task of facing my large elementary class of sleepy students each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 a.m.

When the doctor returned the next morning and began to speak about tests for nephritis I became aware that at my age the disease might be fatal. Fortunately the tests and some consultation with other doctors established the fact that I was suffering from nothing worse than pneumonia and a bladder infection. An Episcopal minister who called, unsolicited, the next evening said, unsolicited, “Pneumonia, ah yes; they used to call it the old man’s friend, you know; it carried them off without too much suffering.” I recovered slowly and returned to teaching after about a month. Everything was intact, thanks to Sallie Siegrist.

This experience put me in mind of the fact that I had not thought about my own death. I had of course made a will, but that was only a prudent thing to do, like taking fire insurance on a house. In this present instance I had made no preparations for any mode of carrying on my work in my absence and I had not assembled my thoughts about death. When I entered the hospital I had felt too wretched to worry about anything—I thought I should now prepare myself in case I suddenly found

myself rushed to hospital again. The best preparation that I could devise was to resolve that I would be ready to die at any moment. And so from time to time from this point on I asked myself, "Are you ready to fall into the gutter and die now?" I found that I could answer, "Yes." This was not for me a morbid obsession; just the opposite. I had a sense of having come to terms with life and death. Here was one great issue I did not need to worry about any more.

In the spring of 1963 I had an illness which I took to be the flu. From my acquaintances, adult and student, I learned that a prevalent form of flu showed itself in general weakness and a tendency to faint. I myself had never fainted. The general weakness asserted itself one weekend. I found it more and more difficult to do my daily twenty minutes of exercise. On a Sunday I felt physically and emotionally exhausted and decided that the time had come for me to go to bed. I put the car away and climbed the stairs to my bedroom. As I reached the top of the stairs I experienced the classic symptom of fainting. I began to black out. I got to my bed, lay down and found myself in full consciousness, though still weak. The next day I felt weaker, though I had no cough, no pain. But it suddenly dawned on me that for the past two days my stools had been black, the blackness of shoe polish, and I remembered that I had read that this might be a sign of internal bleeding. I called my doctor who replied instantly, "The classical signs of internal bleeding; come to the hospital at once." I dressed, packed a suitcase, called a taxi and went to the emergency room of the hospital, which I entered under my own power.

My doctor was waiting for me, put me on a stretcher and sent me to a room. There he directed tests and ordered a supply of blood to be made ready. Within an hour I was connected to the blood supply apparatus and he began to discuss with me where we stood. I had, he said, lost a large quantity of blood; the count stood at 7, it should have been 14. He suggested three possible causes for the bleeding, each of them difficult to establish in the absence of pain. The normal course would be to operate and search for the lesion, but this he did not wish to do because of my blood count. He would keep up the blood supply in the expectation of raising the count to 11 1/2; that would be a safe figure. From time to time in the afternoon the technicians and the doctor visited me. At 7 o'clock he came in again.

He said that they could not raise the count above 7 1/2, and with that I would not survive the night. He had no alternative but to risk an operation. This would be dangerous even if he knew where to look for the lesion; in the circumstances the odds were bad because the one thing I could not survive was a long exploratory operation. That evening the medical society was holding its monthly meeting at the hospital. He would ask a group of surgeons to assist him; with their eyes and assistance they might make possible a quick analysis of the problem. While we were talking I became aware of stiffness in my left forearm. The arm was strapped to a board and held rigid to facilitate the blood transfusion: it began to ache in this position. I said to the doctor, "Can you loosen something on my left arm, you're ruining my left jab." He said, "That's the least of your worries," He had already reported his preliminary findings to my family which, fearing a visit would add confusion to a tense situation, had said they would wait until after the operation. He asked, did I wish to see anyone; I said, "No."

From about 7:30 to 8:30 I was alone in the small, dim hospital room. My state of mind was I think induced partly by the fact that I had lost much blood and perhaps

by the effect of an antihistamine tablet the nurse had given me when, following the beginning of the transfusion, blotches had appeared on my hand and arm. Whatever the cause the result was a feeling of complete relaxation; bliss would not be too strong a word. There was nothing to worry about. My fate would flow from incidents over which I had no control. In the meantime I thought it right to give thanks for the things I had enjoyed and particularly to recall my associations with students and faculty friends. My mind wandered slowly as though it were in a long portrait gallery. How satisfying to remember them all, and to know that to some degree I had been part of their lives. In this mood I floated happily for an hour. The doctor returned and with injections and shavings they began to prepare me for the operation. He asked again, was there anyone I wished to see. I said No, but it might be well to get in touch with my old student friend, Dr. John Waller of New York, to whom I had gone annually for physical examination. He would know about my general physical condition. The doctor did this, reported to me and disappeared. Within a few minutes I was being moved towards the operating room. As we left my own room my son John appeared, and placed his hand on mine.

I woke the next morning and asked when the operation would take place. The answer was that it was over, and shortly one of the attending surgeons looked in and said they had found a large bleeding ulcer in my stomach and had removed four-fifths of my stomach and some associated organs. I felt no pain, but some discomfort from the tubes that passed through my nostrils into the area of the operation and from the other tubes that supplied blood and intravenous feeding. But these were bearable discomforts; I became used to the tickling at the back of my throat. Soon my doctor appeared and reported that all had gone well. My son John appeared and the doctor began, in a teasing way, to say, "The Old Man here had a close call last night. He tried to pretend that he wasn't worried. You know, British phlegm, stiff upper lip. But at heart he's like the rest, soft, sentimental." My son asked the doctor, "What did you do last night after the operation? I waited outside the operating room for two hours after the nurses had gone and you did not appear," The doctor, noted for his curtness of manner, the personification of the square-headed, thickset Dutchman, a man of few words and no nonsense, said, "I had them put a bed in the recovery-room and slept beside the Old Man."

I had a steady, quick and complete recovery and left the hospital sixteen days after I entered it and on a morning when what I had first believed to be the barking of dogs proved to be the honking of migrating geese going north. The doctor advised me to take a two or three week vacation in Florida and I did so. I returned to my normal activities in mid-May and found that all my affairs were going forward easily. Two of my graduate students had taken over my lectures. My seminar had been more of a success than if I had conducted it myself. At the beginning of the term I had asked the group of about ten what they wished to study. They said they would soon be out in the world teaching their own courses and wished to have the experience of planning and managing a course in all its detail. We agreed on a course in British 19th and 20th century history and in the interval between the beginning of the term and my removal to hospital on March 4 we had assigned a topic for lecture to each person and had agreed that each person must prepare appropriate examinations, bibliographies and so forth. In my absence they had

gone forward with the program and with all the more benefit because they had had to settle their problems among themselves.

This sudden illness had confirmed for me the benefit of being prepared for death. It confirmed also the value to me of my continuing daily exercise; the doctor said that my physical condition had turned the operation into a success. But much remained to be thought about and fitted into my view of my relationship with the world around me. The simplest lesson to learn had been that my practical affairs were not arranged in such a way that my heirs would know what to do with my books and pictures; I had begun to plan and correspond regarding the Fuertes book; I had done much of the work on a new edition of the *Sources of English Constitutional History*. I began to prepare instructions regarding these and similar matters.

But there was something else. I had indeed been ready to die; my resolution in this matter had given me strength and would continue to do so; was it enough to come to terms with death in the sense of being ready for it? What were my views about death, where did I place death in the general scheme of existence. My thoughts on these subjects had strong stimulus in the fall of 1963 when one of my best friends, a vivid, vibrant person, died after an illness of twenty-four hours. Another friend died of a heart attack a little later. He had been sailing and was stepping ashore when he died. I found that I could not accept death as an end, a termination, though that had been the essence of my thoughts when I considered the possibility of my own death.

My opinions came into focus the following summer. One bright, sunny morning I was driving to the north of Ithaca to pick strawberries. At a point near South Lansing I saw before me a beautiful sight, reaching over fields and trees across Lake Cayuga to the rising hills on the other side. I stopped the car and gazed at the scene. Here, I said to myself, is nature in one of the forms that I love best; here is the force of life revealing itself in a thousand forms and colors, the vegetation reaching up out of the earth. I said, What I have seen around me I have taken to be the manifestation of life; I have assumed that what I have seen and what others have seen constitutes the whole of the creation. But surely the life, the creative force, which produced the things that I can see, expresses itself in many other ways. What arrogance it would be to believe that only those things exist which the mind of man can perceive. The mind of men is just that, the perceiving and reasoning instrument of one form of life. It can apprehend only a part, probably a minute part of the total creation. Later I worked these notions out on paper and was able to satisfy myself that for me they had coherence.

As I wrote I found it possible to think again of death and to conclude that death was one of those phenomena that went beyond the range of human understanding. True, with death, as with much else, the human mind could make certain observations: this is the sign of death, this is the cause of death. The mind could measure, weigh, mark physical differences. But that was all: I would accept the notion that death was a transition, not an end, and that, in the infinity of forms in which the creative force asserted itself, there was one, unobservable by the human mind, into which the living creature passed after the humanly observable death.

Back to Work

Out of these thoughts came a new sense of my own relationship with the creation. I had long thought of myself as a fellow creature with trees and birds and other living things in nature. My new sense was grander. I thought of myself as a part of the total creation, the visible and the invisible, the knowable and the unknowable. As I stood at my favorite observation post at the edge of the gorge behind West Sibley Hall, I was aware of my unity with the things I could see and all the forces that stirred and pulsated beyond my vision. I saw myself as part of the total creation. And as I was part of it, part of it was in me. These thoughts brought into order in 1963 and 1964 were a great source of strength to me.

I resumed the normal pattern of my life in the summer of 1963. I went to my office in West Sibley daily, Monday to Saturday, and was available to my students and faculty friends from about 9 to 5, except on Saturdays when I left at noon. I kept my office door open and let it be known that I would be glad to listen to the conversation of my friends or to give advice if that were sought. I had dropped out of university faculty affairs completely; I served on ad hoc committees for the Arts College and for the History Department when called upon to do so. My involvement in the Fuertes book was in a preliminary stage: I could not move forward without a good deal of negotiation and the speed of this depended on the degree of cooperation I could get from various persons.

Cayuga Heights Grows

On my return to activity I found the affairs of the Village of Cayuga Heights in good order. In the late 1950's we had completed construction of our sewer plant and had worked out the procedures for paying for the amortization and interest on the bond issue. We now had a sense of what the operation of the plant would cost and how to apportion annual charges to residents. Almost at once President Malott wrote to me as mayor to enquire if the village would extend its sewer lines to serve the university operated airport and the neighboring research park. The village board agreed to do so and sent me and one or two others to bargain with university treasurer and attorney over the terms of the agreement.

The village officials came to see that the Sewer Department was a facility that persons living outside the village wished to use. We had a growing enterprise in our hands. We decided that at least we must have a village office building. As we planned for this, we thought about the Village Fire Department. We had a vigorous fire company and we had one or two pieces of equipment. Was it appropriate that we housed our equipment in an unused garage? Could we maintain the morale and service of an unpaid fire company with no better quarters than an unused garage? And so we planned and built a combination Village Office and Fire Department and put in it the central village staff—police department, fire department, clerk,

engineer, treasurer, mayor. My right to space in this building was limited to one drawer in a filing cabinet.

After my election to the office of mayor in 1956, I agreed to accept renomination at two year intervals through the late 1950's and early 1960's. The office remained without salary, travel allowance, or other compensation into the middle 1960's when a salary of \$1,000 was allotted. The financial affairs of the village remained stable and although we found it necessary to add a policeman or two and increase the work force, slow growth in the population made it possible to keep the taxes at a rate satisfactory to the villagers. The biggest headache of the year for the board members and myself was our annual assessment of property values in the village. We kept to the practice of reviewing, item by item, each of the 700 pieces of property in the village and since there were eight of us involved in each decision we could never get through in less than thirty hours. Once the assessments had been made and word sent out to the property owners we scheduled a meeting for appeals against our judgments. The appeals meeting always presented its moments of humor and delicately balanced human relations. Those who appealed were almost always the friends of one or other board member. Sometimes you faced a well-known dentist or doctor, or a lawyer came with much documentation to prove he had suffered an injustice. We had to keep our questions and responses in low key even though from time to time we heard statements that we knew not to be true. One wealthy man refused ever to speak to me again, after a long friendship, because I had been party to the decision that his property was worth \$60,000. He sold it within a few months for \$75,000. Another, close to being a millionaire, complained bitterly when we assessed his property at \$42,000. We were ruining him, he said, he could not afford to send his children to college. This was at a time when our tax rate was about \$10 a thousand. The reduction in assessment of \$7 or 8,000 would have saved him \$70 or \$80 per annum.

Our most famous case was of the man and wife, owners of a splendid house, which we assessed at \$60,000. Tears came to his eyes as he protested that this was too much. Before the year was out, he sold it for \$170,000. Here I saw some of my fellow men as the Internal Revenue Service sees them. The persons involved were about 5 percent of the population. Even so there was no pleasure in seeing persons well-known to me not at their best.

By the time we had the sewer plant working, the demand for service from persons outside the village made it necessary for us to plan for an addition. At the same time the local highway problems were calling for solution and this led to state plans for a major highway which would pass through the village. To build this four-lane highway with its central dividing strip the state must excavate deeply into a hillside of solid rock, it must destroy handsome and ancient woods of many acres in the village. If the road came into operation its long steep hill passing through the village would create traffic noise of an order not to be found elsewhere in the neighborhood. Property owners who had built homes in a remote area with a view of the lake and little but birdsongs to disturb them, now would find themselves close to a noisy highway where the traffic continued twenty-four hours a day.

The people of the village demanded action to abort the road project, I and others engaged road experts: they studied the matter and proved that the road would not meet the traffic needs of the area. They suggested far better alternate

routes. I visited Auburn, New York, many times to see our local congressman, and Albany, New York, to meet the state senator and assemblyman. The State Highway Department for our part of the state had its headquarters in Syracuse. I went there often. I attended public hearings in Ithaca and elsewhere to protest the proposed road. And all this over a period of two or three years, but without success. I now became aware for the first time of the power and the methods of an organization such as the state department we were dealing with. The methods involved doing in public everything the law required them to do—holding hearings, listening to protests—and then going forward with the plan with which they began. The power of the department was unchallengeable. Appeals to the Governor elicited a polite answer which said in effect that the state department had the expertise, that it looked at problems from the point of view of the state's interests. The implication was that our point of view was selfish and parochial. We gained little pleasure when, a few years after the road had been built at a cost of many millions, the state saw its error and began to plan another road on the line we had first recommended.

Why did I give my time to these matters? Why attend board meetings once or twice a month, call at the Village Office everyday, answer telephone calls to my home about removing dead trees or noise from a party. I think I took pleasure in the fact that to a degree I was in charge of, or perhaps ultimately responsible for the ongoing public affairs of the village. I was to a high degree in charge of my work as a teacher and as a writer. But here the range of my activities was in most respects predictable. In village affairs I worked in a setting that was uncertain. Changes, even in the weather, say a heavy snowstorm, called for an adaptation in the village work program. The shifting forces of politics in the city or a neighboring town, or a new policy action by Cornell University, called for new action on the part of the village.

There was something quite different from the pattern of my university life in the need to make public statements in carefully phrased language or to write a letter of explanation or persuasion to villagers. Sometimes I had to engage in public controversy at board meetings and to calculate carefully not so much what the point was that I was arguing but the tone in which I spoke or the words I used. I learned early that the mode of discussion used in faculty debates would earn me disfavor if I used it in a meeting with town supervisors or the Town Board of Lansing.

I conclude that what interested me here and in the weekly committee meetings I attended at one place or another was what had interested me in my committee work in the university, say in the University Policy Committee in the 1940's. I regarded committee work of this kind as part of human relations in the democratic process. To sit around a table with men and women, to discuss affairs that were in a sense impersonal, to try to bring about a meeting of minds and the formulation of policy, this was an activity that came as naturally to me as playing badminton. Apart from this, what kept me a willing servant as mayor was the fact that the village was continually moving from one set of problems to another. From time to time I said to myself, I'll get through this bit of business and quit. Either the bit of business extended itself from year to year, one stage in a program leading into another, or by the time one bit of business was winding down another of equal urgency had come into view.

His Role in Cornell

Had the opportunity offered, say in the 1950's, I would have more willingly done work of this kind for the university than the village. I believed then that a good part of the university's business ought to be and could be managed through committees on which the faculty served. The arrival of Malott meant that I would have no opportunity to serve in a position similar, say, to that on the University Policy Committee. But in truth Malott's hostility to me was a mere incident, the significant development was in the way the administrative structure was being changed. The '50's and early '60's were a period when in Day Hall and the offices of the college deans substantial additions were made to administrative staff. Vice presidents began to appear in number, the university's financial, housing, dining and other departments were no longer fairly simple structures—a head, an assistant and the staff—rather the upper echelons of the structure grew as associate and subdirectors came on the scene to deal with specialties in the individual departments. The Arts College in 1925 served 1,920 students. Its administrative staff consisted of two secretaries, a senior secretary and a half-time dean. This staff did all the record-keeping, letter writing, budget making and did much of it by handwriting, certainly all the student records. In the late 1960's the administrative staff numbered 21 full-time employees and 3 half-time. They served a student body of about 3,500. The student body had increased by 80 percent; the staff by 600 percent. And this in an age of computers, Xerox machines and other laborsaving devices.

A similar growth of administrative structures took place across the campus and gave to administrators a control of information and an advantage in timing its action and words. When this machine was in motion there was no appropriate occasion when faculty opinion could be brought to bear. There were, of course, committees galore and many faculty persons served on them. But these were in most instances administrative committees, applying policy to matters of detail. Policy had its origin no one quite knew where but certainly not far from the president's office. In a move that was symbolic a decree moved the office of the dean of the University Faculty into the complex of offices that clustered around the President's. In earlier days the physical separateness of these two officials, the one at one end of the building, the other at the other, had been a principle jealously guarded.

A New Chairman

In 1956 Knight Biggerstaff became chairman of the History Department. His personality and temperament were very different from those of Gates, his predecessor. Gates was and I think always will be a staunch defender of the rights of others and of his own rights as well. But so far as the rights of others were concerned Gates was able to do this in a formal, though thorough way. He did not involve himself personally; one cannot think of him as having worried or stayed awake at night over any issue that did not directly concern himself. He was too self-centered

in a respectable, scholarly way. His work came first, his own non-academic interests next. He had a cheerful self-confidence about himself and his own way of life that enabled him pretty much to steam-roller over the rights of others, unless a third party invaded them.

Biggerstaff was far less self-confident and much more a man who tried to establish and maintain a relationship with others in which he was approved of. He wished to be regarded as a colleague among equals, as a senior member of the faculty, dealing familiarly with younger members, as chairman of the department, efficiently, fairly and firmly keeping the record straight and above all holding the graduate students to their responsibilities. For these reasons Biggerstaff allowed the affairs of the department to worry him a good deal more than Gates and Laistner did, and tried to involve himself much more fully in the personal affairs of his fellow members.

And yet his involvement with others had what was to me a strange limitation. The summer morning I stood near the back door of Boardman Hall talking to a colleague. I saw approaching from the Library Tower Knight Biggerstaff and I recognized at once, from the way he was walking and the almost contorted posture of his body, that he was in great distress. This I marvelled at: why should a man in such apparent pain be walking about on a summer morning. I marvelled all the more when he walked past us towards Day Hall with only the most distant salutation; he seemed to be in a dream. An hour or so later he came to my office to tell me of Mommsen's suicide. He had been so close to Mommsen that the death overwhelmed him; yet he asked me, who knew Mommsen far less well, to write and pronounce the eulogy at his graveside.

As chairman of the department from 1956 to 1964 Biggerstaff's chief contribution was his wish to promote diversification of the faculty. As each occasion for an appointment occurred he named a committee of three or four members, instructed them to search throughout the Western academic community for the best available man, and resolutely pressed for the appointment of the person selected, both among members of the department and with administrative officials. In all these actions he was successful, except in regard to the department's wish to appoint as Laistner's successor a Dr. Finley, then teaching at Cambridge, England, but earlier a center of academic controversy in this country because of his alleged connection with Communism. In brief Biggerstaff was a chief architect of the History Department as it emerged in the early 1960's.

Biggerstaff's interest in Chinese and Southeast Asian studies was valuable in giving the history department a tie with another branch of the College of Arts and Sciences. But unlike Gates and Laistner he did not have effective contact with the life of the university as a whole. Too much of his energy went into promoting plans to obtain foundation grants for programs in Asian and Southeast Asian studies. Perhaps Biggerstaff was following the common trend in turning away from university affairs. He certainly had much opportunity to learn the difficulty of doing business with President Malott. In addition, as he told me more than once, he thought he had no skill in speaking before the university faculty.

In his direction of the department, two tendencies of Biggerstaff's were unfortunate. When he became chairman, and for a short time thereafter, he freely

discussed with me, and I believe with the other two senior members, questions concerning departmental salaries, as Gates and Laistner had done. He became reticent with me, at least, on this point. A possible reason for this was the yearly rejection by Malott of recommendations for the increase of my salary, a policy Biggerstaff tried to reverse by letters of protest. The other matter concerned his dealings with the dean and the president on actions relating to members of the department. The letters of protest I have mentioned above were formal. In reporting to me what he had done the conversation would end on the note, "It's too bad." Hull or Laistner would, I am sure, have stormed over to the president and offered a resignation rather than be party to such an action.

His lack of the right instinct in these matters became clear in a bizarre incident. One morning he called me to his office and said, "I have a report from President Malott, by way of the dean, that you have given students—a few football players—the report says, copies of your final exam prior to the exam. I want to ask you some questions." I said, "Let me ask some questions first; who reported this to the president?" He answered, "I don't know." "But surely," I said, "you aren't going to involve yourself in allegations as serious as these against a senior member of your department without knowing who made them?" "But," he said, "the president said a student had come to him immediately after talking to one of your students." "Besides," he said, "you know the rumor is that you are friendly with football players." I said, "Let us put rumors out of the picture and try to find out the facts about the allegation. Ask the dean or the president for all the information you can get, and then we'll talk about the matter again."

A day or two later he called me in again. This was the story. A student, still unnamed, was working in the Library alongside another student also unnamed. The first said to the other, "What are you working on?" The other replied, "Marcham's exam in History 307; the Final." The first asked, "What, that mimeographed sheet?" The other replied, "The questions." "Let me see," said the first, taking the sheet. And he read, "History 307, Questions for the Final Exam." How he got to Malott with the news I don't know. When I heard this story, I smiled and asked Biggerstaff, "Do you know anything about my examining technique?" He said, "No." "Well," I said, "I have a standard technique. Before each exam, preliminary or final, I distribute to all my students a sheet listing the topics for the exam in the form of questions, six or eight of them. The sheet is headed, 'Questions for the Exam.' I assure the students that the final exam will keep to the topics listed and will raise issues related to the given topics. I have been doing this for years." "Well," he said, "that seems reasonable, but when the dean gave me the president's message I had to do something." "You did indeed," I replied, "you should have told the dean that you refused to entertain a charge of any kind against any member of the department until you had a sworn and signed statement by the first witness."

After this exchange I went at once to my class in English Constitutional History where we were discussing evidence. I told the story to the class, which was highly amused. On my way back to my office I stopped at Biggerstaff's office and told him what I had done. He said he thought I had acted unwisely; that word would get around. I said I wished word to get around.

New Historians

This event and other examples of his failure to thrust himself between members of the department and the administration were outweighed by the achievements of the department in adding new members under his leadership. During the period 1956-1964 we had the good fortune to enlist Brian Tierney, Walter LaFeber, Donald Kagan, David Davis, and Eugene Rice. They were the most distinguished group of young men to join the department at any point in its history. While Biggerstaff was on leave in the spring of 1962, Gates mishandled a question concerning the affairs of Eugene Rice, who had been offered a position at Columbia, with the result that Rice left us. To many of us Rice had been the ideal scholar-teacher, as well as a person of great charm.

The arrival of these young men marked a further stage in what may be called the professionalization of the history department. They had grown up in an age of excellent graduate school training; Tierney at Cambridge, the others at American universities. Their early eminence as scholars earned them foundation grants or other opportunities for study so that by the time they were 30 they had had experience in the principal manuscript collections appropriate to their work. They were able, with further grants, to finance leaves of absence, so that they might carry on their research and write their books and articles.

The history department profited greatly from the change. It produced scholarly work of a high order and in considerable volume. But this gain had its disadvantages. The need, never questioned, to give free rein to the research activities of members of the department meant that much jockeying took place in providing substitutes for teachers on leave. Recruitment of one-term or one-year visitors to take the places of the absent, added variety to the composition of the history faculty, but often interfered with the program of courses and especially with the work of graduate students. And in view of the commitment of many professors to their research, the department became a far less effective force in the life of the university than it had been in the 1920's and 1930's. And this was not a matter to be dismissed by saying that the same circumstances applied, shall we say, to the Department of Mathematics. For in the earlier period the History Department and the Government Department formed the core of the university faculty. Its members bore the brunt of the struggles which kept alive the idea that the faculty was the major force in determining the academic outlook of the whole university.

In the spring of 1962 the affairs of the history department became tense. Biggerstaff wished to be rid of the chairmanship. We were having no success in replacing Rice and in departmental discussions of the Western Civilization course different opinions had led to fierce and personal clashes. Biggerstaff as chairman, continued to work hard at the job and had kept all the minor affairs of the department in meticulous order. What had begun to tell in him was the conflict of personalities and programs now appearing. The disputants, Fox, Simon, Williams and Kagan, were all of them men who carried their criticisms and programs to him, who made each day a day of complaint, counterproposal and maneuver, Simon, in particular, insisted on arguing his case with Biggerstaff from day to day. For Biggerstaff, as for the rest of us, the failure of our search for persons to fill vacancies was dispiriting. Hours of work by the chairman went into

each approach to a candidate—letters, telephone calls, consultation with scholars in other universities, and finally interviews with the candidates. And each failure made the next search more difficult.

Consideration of a successor to Biggerstaff made it clear that except for him no one in the department gave attention to the interests of the department as a whole. Nettels and Gates and I attended meetings and said what we thought to be appropriate. But this was the extent of our involvement. The four I have mentioned above were certainly active, but it might be said of them, as the French say of American wines, “They have too much of the grape in them.” Their concern with departmental affairs ended at the limits of their own special interests. In short though the members of the department, with perhaps an exception here and there, regarded one another with affection and respect, there was no departmental unity.

As senior member of the department I took part in discussions with other members on the question of the next chairman. Of the oldest members Gates had already served, and Nettels was thought to be incapacitated by temperament and health from serving. Besides, like me, he was two years away from retirement and a two-year term was thought to be not enough; rather four years or five. For some time the likelihood was that Guerlac would be the man. He had much to commend him—age, knowledge of the departmental tradition, high status in the profession. What counted against him was his intimacy with an Arts College inner ring—Black, [Arthur] Mizener, Abrams, Keast—which was entirely discredited in the History Department as a group of power politicians trying to dictate college and university policy. On the basis of such intimacy he once or twice startled our meetings by announcing a policy decision from on high which contradicted official policy as Biggerstaff had just explained it to us. At the time my opinion was that these lapses and a tendency of his not to see questions of academic principle as clearly as he might, would disappear if he had the responsibility of the chairmanship.

Indeed my judgment was that this responsibility would have a sobering effect on any member. And my view was that the department should choose one of its members and go about its business. However, Kagan sponsored the idea that I ought to serve as chairman and reported that he had the support of other members, including Guerlac. When I first heard of this I thought the idea so ridiculous that I could hardly believe it. The major cause for objection, as I saw it, was the simple fact that I had only two years to go before retiring. On this count I spoke to Biggerstaff one afternoon, calling the whole notion absurd, and he agreed. I argued that to choose me would be to put off for a short time a vital decision and that the sooner the younger made up their minds on one of their own number the better. The matter stood in this position when a quite unexpected and unusual event occurred.

Faculty Dean Selection Again

For many years—perhaps ten—I had not attended meetings of the university faculty. Meetings had become, from my point of view, sad affairs; the presentation of reports, usually by administrative officials took up most of the time. Virtually no discussion took place and there was no initiative on the faculty side because the Faculty Council, successor to the University Policy Committee, seemed to have gone into hibernation. So I and many others had stayed away.

My interest stirred a little, however, when I received the agenda for the January meeting. It contained a proposal by the Faculty Council for changing the procedure regarding the choice of dean of the faculty. The old (Malott) procedure, arrived at I believe through the intervention of Max Black, was as follows. An ad hoc faculty committee prepared a list of candidates and took it to the president, who had the privilege of striking off the list any candidates who might be objectionable to him. The list so prepared was put to the faculty for vote, the vote reported in private to the president who thereupon made his choice. The new proposal—inspired I don't know where—called for agreement between a committee and the president on a single candidate. The faculty would be asked to vote on this candidate yes or no. The president in recommending him to the Board of Trustees would report how the vote fell.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw this procedure set out in the agenda. To a friend or two I said, what are we coming to? But I thought it not wise to get into this old controversy again. The faculty, I thought, would be apathetic about this question and I myself, because of my ancient involvement in it, would be the wrong person to intervene. All the same, as I thought the matter over, I became more and more indignant. What a place the university had become that so undemocratic a procedure as this for choosing our dean could be proposed by our Faculty Council and that, as I anticipated, members of the faculty could sit by without protest.

My views changed abruptly at a meeting of our Tuesday lunch club. There John Hutchings, one of our most conservative members on all questions relating to university administration, suddenly enquired, "Have any of you read the proposal for a new procedure for choosing the dean of the faculty?" He at once described it and declared that he thought it a scandal. What is this—a fascist state? Others said they were alarmed, and Hutchings went on to remind the group that the new administration of Perkins, Corson, [Thomas] Mackesey, [Rhea] Keast and [Franklin] Long seemed to be shaping the government of the university according to a new pattern. They were concentrating power too closely, he thought. Look at the attempt to reorganize the teaching and study of biology. He then brought on the scene his concern—expressed in a special faculty meeting—that the new administration intended to reorganize the university into new units built around such subjects for study as Biology, Sociology, and Economics.

As I listened to Hutchings's protest and the response it called forth, I began to speculate about the possibility of opposing the new procedure. If the conservative Hutchings was thinking along these lines perhaps a substantial part of the faculty could be stirred into opposition. As always in such circumstances I began to plan a speech, but as I did so I had further thoughts about the wisdom of intervening.

The day before the faculty meeting was to take place Don Kagan came to me, full of gloom about the new procedure. I told him what Hutchings had said and Kagan then said that he believed there was widespread opposition. "We've got to protest," he said, "even if we get licked." "Come on down with us," he urged. I said, no, I did not think it wise to get involved again in faculty controversy on this subject, but at the same time I felt the pull of excitement in a first class faculty debate. But my last words to him that day were, "I think not. Let us look at it again tomorrow."

At about 11 o'clock the next morning he and I talked and by this time I had decided to go to the meeting and speak. I looked at the agenda for the meeting and now saw clearly that a serious problem existed. Those who had planned the meeting had followed the usual pattern—two substantial reports to the faculty followed by the presentation of a motion on the new dean-of-faculty procedure. [Provost] Corson was to report on the administrative organization of the university, as I remember, and [Vice President] Keast on the study of undergraduate education. Clearly these were topics that could occupy almost all of the hour and twenty minutes allowed to the meeting. If our protest was to have any effect we must change the agenda.

After lunch I called the office of Mackesey, dean of the faculty, and asked to speak to him—he was not available. I called again about 2:30 and again about 3. On each occasion his secretary said he was busy. At 3:30, when he was still unavailable I left word that I intended to move, in a point of order, that the faculty change the agenda. The lady said that was impossible, the agenda was fixed by faculty decree—the first item was to be committee reports, as faculty legislation required. I said that Corson and Keast were not presenting committee reports, and on this ground I would seek my change of agenda.

At about 4:10, Kagan and Williams and I walked over to the faculty meeting. We knew we would be beaten, but honor, we told one another, demanded a protest. On the way we met Clinton Rossiter and urged him to join us. He said we were crazy; he would continue on his way home.

In Olin Hall Room M I took up a seat near the door which Corson or Keast would be likely to enter. The faculty began to stream in; clearly the attendance would be large. I looked at the members' faces and saw, to my pleasure, a number of the older men. To these men I thought I knew how to talk. Mackesey, Corson, and Keast came in and seeing me came over and said that if I would agree not to raise a point of order about the agenda, they would omit Corson's report and agree to cut down Keast's to ten minutes. I accepted this and the meeting began.

When Keast had finished speaking Rudolf Schlesinger of the Law School rose to present a motion describing the proposed new procedure for election. He spoke at some length and in doing so emphasized what he called the embarrassments associated with the existing procedure. Discussion of three or four possible candidates and an election which involved them, raised hopes which, for all but one of them, must be disappointed. He used at one point the statement that election was inappropriate—after all, he said, this is not a popularity contest.

As soon as he sat down I walked to the position alongside Corson's chair, from which I could see face to face everyone in the room. I said I wished to offer an amendment to the motion. After some dispute of the rules of order I got the floor

and proposed a procedure which called for the preparation of a slate of candidates for the deanship, the submission of this list to the Faculty Council which would be free to reject a name and to ask the ad hoc committee to find a new candidate. The list when completed would go to the faculty for voting, the results would be announced to the faculty, and passed by them to the president. He would act as he thought best.

I recommended this procedure on the grounds that the faculty was a mature, responsible body, that we had a right to express an opinion on the choice of a dean in as simple and open a form as possible. I said we assumed that the president was a mature, responsible person: we trusted him to act wisely once he knew our views. As to what Schlesinger has said about embarrassment, I said we are men and women not children. As to the "not a popularity contest" remark, I said, surely there is some happier way of commenting on the democratic process. All this took about fifteen minutes and as I sat down I knew that the faculty was with me.

Questions arose on words and phrases in my amendment. I accepted a change here and there, though nothing to alter the basic procedure I had proposed. Half a dozen speakers arose; most to support my arguments, even two to suggest an even stronger stand. When Schlesinger rose to counter my remarks he made almost exactly the wrong kind of speech. He went back to the "embarrassment" issue and tried to dramatize it by applying it to himself. He pictured himself being called on the phone and asked to be a candidate. "Rudy," the caller was supposed to say, "we wish you to be a candidate." Now Schlesinger was himself pondering the request, should he jeopardize his reputation by risking defeat. He went on in this vein for ten minutes or so. I knew that every part of this little show was out of harmony with the mood of the meeting. One doesn't "Rudy" the faculty. When he sat down I stood up and said that the dire results he predicted were false. At least two people in this room (Black and myself, though I didn't say so) have suffered this suppose ordeal, have emerged alive and are in good health.

On a vote the faculty overwhelmingly accepted my amendment.

Many people spoke to me during the next few days to say how much they had enjoyed the meeting. For me the most interesting and indeed moving comment that some of them made was that for the first time, said the younger ones, or the first time in years, said the older, they had been conscious of belonging to the faculty as a community. There we sat, they said, debating, pondering, shaping, legislating. Others said that as soon as the debate proper began the members settled down in their seats as though they were attending a good play. Some thought that this would be a turning point in the history of the faculty. We would go back to our old meetings, and take charge of our own affairs.

As Chairman, New Duties

The success of this enterprise bore directly on my candidacy for the chairmanship. Those among the younger members who had attended the meeting thought that the kind of action I had undertaken there was just what the department needed. And, since our new Arts College dean, Stuart Brown, had praised my action highly, they assumed that my success with him in department affairs would be assured. A secret ballot in the department showed that all but one person supported my candidacy. So I had to decide in a hurry. My decision to accept came largely as a result of the advice given me by my daughter, Ann, who said that not to accept would put me in a mood to regard my final two years of service as a preparation for retirement. To accept, she said, would be to commit myself to two years of busy work, new things to worry about, new activities to adjust to, no time to think about retiring. And so I and Knight Biggerstaff agreed that at the next department meeting we would go through with the formalities.

The next department meeting was a memorable affair. This was the problem. In the forthcoming year we must provide teachers for the general Western Civilization course. The course had circulated year by year among Simon, Fox, Rice, Kagan and Williams. Rice was to leave at the end of the current year. Williams would be on leave for the year, Kagan would be heavily involved in a large elementary course of his own. Fox would not teach the course unless he could control it for four or five years. Simon thought his assignment heavy enough without the course and would not teach it for more than one term. The issue came to be, could Fox be persuaded to teach it just this once for half a year. At an earlier meeting we had gone over some of this and Fox had been so disturbed trying to justify his position that he seemed to be almost in tears. Before this second meeting I talked to him for an hour or so and found him adamant. He believed that he alone was a truly committed and competent teacher of this course. To say that others could teach it was to cast a shadow on his ability. To all my proposals he replied by saying that he would teach the course on his own terms or not at all. I could not agree that he alone was competent to teach the course. On the other hand I strongly supported the principle that no professor should be forced to teach a course he did not wish to teach.

At this stirring meeting the first business was announcement of the ballot regarding the chairmanship and my acceptance of the post. I reminded the members of Cromwell's words. "I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than undertake such a government as this is." We then turned to the question who would teach next year's course.

These points of view appeared. Fox affirmed his previous position, indeed the whole topic was distasteful. He would be happy to leave the meeting. Davis and Guerlac, particularly Davis sought a compromise: Fox to teach for the one term, and the whole future of the course to be discussed by a committee in which Fox would have full opportunity to state his case for semi-permanent control. Simon, Williams, Kagan and later Tierney thought that Fox had a duty to teach the course on the department's terms, not his own. After much exchange of these views and valiant attempts by Davis, Guerlac, and to a lesser extent me, to persuade Fox to agree

to a compromise, we, as compromisers, became almost as much the opponent of Simon & Co. as was Fox. And as tension mounted Tierney exploded saying, "Look, why don't we tell the truth. We don't want Ed Fox to teach the course in his terms because we don't want to give him a stranglehold over the graduate students who will serve as his assistants." This statement made it appear that the compromisers were hypocrites, that they had been talking fair to Fox, when in fact they did not trust him. But the strangest consequence of the outburst was its effect on Fox. He seemed relieved. "Thank you," he said. "I knew that this was in your minds," and he too took up the position that the compromisers had been hypocrites.

Kagan broke in, "For God's sake let's have done with it. I'll teach the course," but this no one would tolerate in view of his other commitments. And so we went back to it again with Fox in a somewhat different mood, saying "no" as loudly as before, yet from [a] word here and there indicating that perhaps he might for some concession be willing to give in. Five or six times we went back over this business. Tempers sharpened again. Clearly Williams and Kagan believed that Fox was back at what they would have called his old tricks, pretending to be abused, showing great physical and mental distress, but shrewdly writing his own ticket.

Once more in this last half hour of the dispute the question of a committee emerged. Enough of us supported it to get a motion passed, and the intent, which bore only slightly on Fox's affairs, was to say this whole controversy goes to show that whatever happens we'd better sit down and determine how this course ought to be managed. Simon, Williams, etc., thought this nonsense, an evasion of the immediate issue. At one point Williams and Graham were shouting at one another; Graham saying in effect, "I have the right to know what the problems are regarding the management of this course." There were these sideshows and then again and again the return to the main theme. Ultimately, Fox gave in. He would teach the course under protest. He wished a record of his protest to be made. He wished to have a letter saying that he would never be asked to teach the course again. And so we adjourned—but not in peace. Voices rang out down the corridor as we got ready to go home. Simon, Williams and particularly Kagan believed that the department had been tricked by Fox. He had dictated the terms (though in fact no concessions were made to him except the agreement on the committee and that offered no more than a place for him to present his views). As we left I said to Fox, who had sat next to me throughout, that both he and I had been persuaded to do something we did not wish to do. I reminded him of Cromwell's words. But he was in no mood for such thoughts. Early the next morning he was in Biggerstaff's office, seeking a letter that gave the guarantees he had asked for in the meeting. He did not get it, only a letter describing the main features of the controversy over the past few years and a record of the demands he had made. A little later he came in and said that he would ask for leave of absence in the academic year 1965-1966.

The Department's Business

As I prepared to take up my new duties I was aware that I would be doing business with three men about whom I knew little. James Perkins had succeeded Malott as president. Announcement of his choice came in the spring. Clinton Rossiter brought news of it to me, saying, "Have you heard that Jim Perkins is to be the new president?" I said, "No, who is he?" for I had never heard the name. "He's one of us," replied Rossiter. His intent was, I suppose, to say that Perkins was a person either out of an academic background like ours, or a man of declared interest in the ideals of a university which gave weight to the social sciences and the humanities. In fact the most recent stage of Perkins's career had been as a high level administrator in one of the great foundations.

I had seen Perkins once or twice; he was a handsome, well-groomed man in middle life, who spoke easily in public. He did not have the strong aggressive face of Edmund Ezra Day, or the saturnine but restless face of Deane Waldo Malott. There was in the manner of Perkins, what neither of the others expressed, a wish to please academic persons. And stories of his early activities at Cornell suggested that he had quickly drawn around himself a group of professors of about his own age—Max Black, [M.H.] Abrams, Guerlac, for example. He came with the reputation of being a free spender and this seemed to be confirmed by his demand that the university buy for his use a splendid house in the Village of Cayuga Heights, at a cost of \$175,000. The first signs suggested that if his new academic friends played their cards right they might have considerable influence in the development of university policy and the advancement of their own careers.

Keast, as [vice president], would be concerned with academic affairs. In his days as chairman of the English department and later, he and I had met in an occasional committee. On the surface there was much that made him look like an excellent lieutenant for Perkins. He was handsome and well-groomed and spoke in a quick, facile way as though he wished his listeners to be impressed by his intellectual ability. There was in him nothing of the strength and warmth and grace of a Hull.

Of Brown I knew little. He had followed Francis Mineka as dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. He was an Ithaca boy, who had studied under and worshipped [George] Sabine and whose work as a political philosopher was highly commended. I had seen something of him as a member of the faculty of the College of Arts and Sciences, but I had learned nothing of his character, his administrative methods or his interests. I would be dealing with him almost from day to day but what this would involve I could not guess. I thought it best to play the part of a simple, inexperienced initiate who by chance had been called, almost out of retirement, to become chairman of a department.

I joined Biggerstaff in some negotiations with the dean and Keast before my term formally began on July 1. Also I took over at his request the final stages of the approach to Wiebe, a candidate for the position in recent American history. Here I intervened at the point where we were making a formal offer to Wiebe. Biggerstaff recommended a salary of \$14,000; I thought this not enough and when I talked to Dean Brown I suggested \$16,000. He said go higher and offered \$18,000. Wiebe's salary was far below this but he rejected our offer. I learned from this what was to

appear again and again during the year—that the salary offer ought to be pitched high and that salary, however high, ordinarily would not affect a man's decision. Usually his own university would meet it, or offer him compensation of one sort or another that he regarded as equivalent. If he had a home and his family was well built into the community, if he liked his department and the general political life of the university, he would not move. To move a person of established reputation or very great promise you must catch him at a point in his career when he is restless and wishes a major change of scene—you must be able to offer him not so much a salary but a pattern of life that he would regard as satisfying and secure. And this led to the thought that in dealing with the present members of this department the policy should always be to give them the impression that their status was secure, hence promotions and salary increases and other benefits would be bestowed as a matter of course and they should believe that the chairman, dean, president, etc., were one step ahead in meeting the professor's needs.

One morning late in July 1964 the phone in the office rang and I was asked would I accept “collect” a long distance call from Walter Simon. I said, Yes, and he at once reported that he had just returned to Toronto from England where he had been offered a professorship and headship of the department of history at Keele University. I congratulated him on this and said I assumed he would think carefully about it in view of the fact that his three children were at school in England. He seemed somewhat hesitant during the short conversation as though I had something up my sleeve—or perhaps as though he expected me to say something other than what I had said.

This was the first I had heard about the Keele affair, an example of the distance that had separated me and Biggerstaff. He had been corresponding with them for some weeks and had flown to England early in June or late in May, but no one had told me about it, although, as I learned later, most members of the department knew what was going on.

When he returned to Ithaca he at once came to see me and reported that the Keele salary was £4,000, plus a house and certain other benefits. He wished to know what Cornell would offer as a counter-proposal. I went round among such members of the department as were present and got endorsement for a policy recommending a salary increase for him. I saw the dean and suggested that his salary be raised from \$14,000 to \$16,000.

While matters went forward in the Dean's Office I had many visits from Simon. He took the line that my business was to persuade him to stay. I said I certainly hoped that he would and that that was the wish the department had asked me to present to the Dean. He rehearsed many times his dissatisfaction with Cornell and the total community. He thought the department was a shambles and going downhill; he thought the administration of the university was inefficient and wrong-headed. He spoke of the total situation in the community as bad—he had no friends. At one point he asked, “Why should a person be satisfied with his way of life?” I answered, “Because he enjoys his work and the people he works with.”

What struck me throughout the discussion was the lack of enthusiasm he showed for the position in England. To me it seemed like a splendid opportunity. He had always been more English than American, he thought much of the prestige

of the English university, he wished to be involved in some form of university policy making, and he had his children—to whom he was deeply attached—growing up in England and without question looking upon England as their real home.

He himself, in his early 40's, an active scholar, in good health, why should he not simply say here is a new way of life which I will try with enthusiasm. I said nothing of this to him because it was clear that any suggestion that he would gain by going to England he would interpret as inspired by a wish to send him packing. I told him punctually and specifically of my dealings with the dean and gave him from time to time memoranda on the latest information. In due course I had to tell him that the administration would grant only a salary of \$15,000 for the forthcoming year and that I would be free to ask for further increase in the next budget. (Later I learned that both Brown and Keast had had unhappy dealings with Simon, whom they regarded as a negative and obstructionist person, given to making much fuss over minor points of procedure.)

Simon took the news badly. He had no problem now about a decision, he said; he would go. The question was when. I said the time being midsummer he could naturally not go at once, but that if he wished to leave in the middle of the year I would do what I could to arrange it. (This would be possible because his teaching program offered only one advanced course in the second term.) So on these terms we parted for the time. He quite clearly was not happy.

A few weeks later he stormed back into my office protesting that he had been cheated. I asked how. He said in his salary, and went on to explain that when the university offered him \$15,000 to stay it in fact raised his salary to \$15,000 as of that moment and that his monthly salary check—just received—should show the advance. About all this he was very passionate—a moral and a legal obligation the university had, so he said. This was a perfect example of the poor management of the university, how happy he was to be leaving such a place; in fact, he said, he would leave at once, though he insisted on first seeing the president and telling him what he thought about things. I told him that whether he saw the president was his business. As to his right to the increase I did not know. Certainly there seemed to me to be no legal obligation. But, said he, at this point, I am staying on this first term to suit your convenience. Not at all, I said, academic practice would expect you to stay through the year—but I, for your convenience, have arranged for you to leave in January. But, I said, I will certainly try to get you the extra money if you think you have a moral right to it. It is not the money, said he, but the principle. In any case this place is so tied up in red tape and inefficiency that you will not be able to get it for me. This took place on a Saturday morning, when all the ordinary offices of business in the university are closed. A few words with the dean at his home and another call or two settled the whole matter in fifteen minutes and Simon got his extra salary.

His last words were, "All I'm concerned about is the principle, not the money." And so it seemed this story had ended; but not so. Simon settled down to make his arrangements with the people at Keele and after some weeks he asked me if he could take off a week or ten days to fly over to England and make some firm arrangements about his pattern of work and his living quarters. Keele had agreed to pay his fare on this, as on the earlier visit. I said, by all means. He went, as I remember in early October and on his return came in to tell me about his new colleagues whom he

had talked to at length for the first time. He had enjoyed meeting them, he said; indeed all had been even better than he expected, except the housing. The house allotted to him was just going up and he thought it too small and poorly designed. However, he said, there was likely to be available a splendid house a few miles away and this he looked forward to renting or buying. If he could get this he would be as comfortably accommodated as he now was in his delightful little stone house by the brook in Ellis Hollow.

All seemed to be well. But a week or so later, on a Friday evening, as I was at home preparing a lecture, the phone rang and Simon was there. "Fred," he said, "I've changed my mind. I am not going to Keele." I said, "What?" He said, "I've got cold feet about Keele; I'll stay on here." We agreed to meet the next day.

When I saw him at noon on Saturday he was still excited and still committed to the idea of staying. I had talked briefly to Tierney on the subject and had—in the lecturer's manner—settled on three or four points I intended to make. I was certain on one point—however blunt I had to be I would tell him that his association with Cornell would end at the end of the first term.

I began by telling him that most people who made a major decision, such as getting engaged, or committing themselves to a profession, had second thoughts about it which led to a moment of panic. I went on to say, as the exchange continued, that after all he had committed himself to Keele, they had begun to build a program around him; also that as recently as a few days ago he had been there as their guest. I said that the very least he could do was to go there for a year, the ordinary courtesies of the profession demanded that. "I don't think I owe them anything," he said. "And in any case, if I don't go, what can they do to me?" On this we parted.

Within a day or two his mind calmed down again and he let me know, by a casual remark, that he had decided to go to Keele. Of this whole episode Tierney made the most generous comment—that Simon had no wife and that he had come to me, more or less in a panic, as a man might go to his wife, to wash away his sudden doubts and confirm himself in a decision.

As soon as the new term started in the fall of 1964 the department began its search for men to fill our vacancies which were in German history, Renaissance and Reformation, 18th century, and recent American. Enquiries went out to all interested parties and soon we began to arrange for interviews which brought to the campus one candidate and another at intervals of three weeks or so throughout the academic year. The interviews culminated in a meeting with the department, and, while performance at these kept pretty much to a pattern of reasonable interchange, two men stand out for their performances. One, middle aged, simply would not stop talking. One or other of us would try to raise a question about his work when he paused for breath. He ignored every question and ran straight ahead. The other took the most extreme leftist position in his interpretation of the last forty years of American history and diplomacy. He swept away all moderate interpretation on all points. He had some further evidence, some deeper insights. What he did was in a sense appropriate to the academic tradition—fine, swashbuckling self-assertion. But a whole day of it, and the sight of Dexter Perkins among others being swept aside, was too much for us.

In a number of instances we agreed as a department that this or that person was the man we should try to appoint. The first of these was Helmut Koenigsberger who was head of the history department at Leeds University and had accepted a visiting professorship for the first term 1964-1965 at Washington University, St. Louis. Everyone who saw him judged him to be a man of first class accomplishments. From the beginning I had a sense that we had found him at a point in his career when he might change his associations and try a new pattern of life. Cornell attracted him because it had a library that suited his scholarly needs, because it was rural and because it stood within reasonable reach of New York City, where his wife's parents lived. The dean agreed to a handsome salary and all seemed under control except that Koenigsberger would not commit himself until his wife, Dorothy, had seen the local scene. She came, satisfied herself that she could carry on her studies and otherwise be happy here. And so we made an agreement with Koenigsberger.

With Otto Pflanze of Minnesota we followed an almost identical path and won from him assurance that he would accept our offer, but that he needed to make some formal arrangements—with his department and the dean. His salary as a full professor at Minnesota was \$11,600; we offered him \$18,000. All seemed settled, but after a few days he wrote to ask for a few days more and then another day or two. The decision was becoming more and more difficult, he telegraphed. And so, in the end, we lost him.

This was for me the great disappointment of the year, but, as the facts came out, an unavoidable one. Some other stars of the college had left Minnesota, and Pflanze's proposal to leave stirred people to fear that the ship was sinking. Students protested, the local newspapers shouted, the state legislature—so they told us—took up the matter, and Pflanze stayed in Minnesota.

This long drawn out disappointment had its opposite in another event—the candidacy of James John. Tierney proposed him as a man who might serve the college in general as a paleographer and the department as a medieval historian. He came. All of us liked him. A talk with the dean showed that he welcomed the idea. I wrote to John: he accepted. And so within three weeks we moved all the way from the inception of the idea to an appointment. But for each of these two successes we had what seemed to be, at the time, weeks and months of fruitless letter writing, telephoning and interviewing. The wear and tear of this was my principal labor and worry throughout the year, especially the continuously unsuccessful attempts to make an appointment in recent American and in German history. Luckily at the very end of the year we turned aside to consider a replacement for Curtis Nettels upon his retirement in 1966. Quickly the department agreed on two candidates, our own Jim Smith, one-time graduate student, and Michael Kammen of Harvard. Our interviews with them were entirely satisfactory and at once the cry went up, “Why not appoint both of them?”

I talked this over with the dean who saw merit in it. I approached Kammen, who accepted an assistant professorship. My negotiations over Jim Smith continued.

In all these matters relating to new appointments Dean Brown responded quickly and generously. He had it is true a sense of the salary situation, that is, of course, much wider than my own. Above all he probably knew as a fact what I merely suspected, namely that our salary scale was a good deal lower than that

of other departments in the college. Even so, if this were true, he might still have hung back in these negotiations; instead in all instances a mere ten minutes of conversation was enough.

One issue only clouded the department's relations with him. Max Black and others promoted in the college and in the Graduate School what began as two separate programs, the first to enable students to get through the undergraduate program in three years, and the second to reduce the period required for gaining the Ph.D. The second program suggested some substantial changes in the traditional requirements for the degree, particularly a substitute for the thesis. All members of the department who involved themselves in the controversy—notably Kagan, LaFeber, Tierney—violently opposed the second program. Some also opposed the first because it was an experiment that involved a mere handful of the college's students, whereas the needs for remodelling the teaching program should seek the welfare of all.

The controversy ran for many weeks in formal and informal meetings and much was made of the argument that the first program would put us in position to ask for a substantial grant with which to tackle the problems of the total undergraduate group. When this program carried through the Arts College all of us were disappointed, but we were willing to hope for the best. The second program was a matter for the Graduate School but in fact, to the surprise of the plan's opponents and in face of their mounting anger, one device and another enabled the supporters to gain for it the appearance of formal approval without a decisive vote. Worse still, when the Rockefeller Foundation accepted the two programs they spoke of them as one, even though deans and others in high places had declared that they were quite independent.

Dean Brown, when he had the funds with which to launch the undergraduate part of the program, sought as its director Walter LaFeber, who turned him down flat. His approaches to Kagan for participation as a teacher also met refusal. This hostility by both men arose from opposition to the principles of both programs but even more from the deepest dislike of the methods used to carry it. At the same time their unwillingness to cooperate could also be justified by the argument that they had more useful things to do. Why devote half one's time to this minute venture when there were a hundred students to be taught or important research to do? Brown would have been happier if our men had done what he wished. One problem in the department would have been money and another—who would do the teaching—came up for discussion between Kagan and Brown. Brown spoke of another appointment in Ancient History. This particular item was not concluded. Some part of my success in negotiating for Kammen undoubtedly came from the prospect that he might be involved in the new undergraduate program.

This was a year of committees and consultations bearing upon the future of the college and of the department. I attended the first of these, at which the president and the other brass were present. From this came a series of localized committees—humanities, social sciences, etc. I wrote a substantial report to the humanities committees of which Guerlac was chairman. While this and other actions of the same kind went forward the students began to stir and make undergraduate education a center of attention. The demand was for more teaching, smaller classes, even freshman seminars. At one point the students majoring in

history—or a significant number of them—Wrote to the Sun to protest the small number of advanced classes in European history. The significance of this was that for the present at least the needs of the Arts College and of the humanities received more publicity than they had had on this campus for many years, though it was apparent that in the Centennial [fund] Campaign and all the planning associated with it the Arts College received little attention, because those responsible for planning the college program established no reasonable list of priorities but tied themselves up in more financially productive schemes, such as [a] proposed Society of Fellows.

Within the department business moved without much difficulty. Tierney was restless at the end of 1964 because he was receiving invitations to go to Chicago, Toronto, and other places. I negotiated with the dean and we agreed to treat Tierney as a professor of special eminence for whom a lighter teaching load than normal would be appropriate. I set this forth to Tierney in conversation and had difficulty in persuading him that what had been agreed on gave him as much free time as other universities had promised him. He was to be the first of our group who had this privilege and one of the very few in the college. This is how it will reduce your teaching program, I told him. And so I began to work out the pattern of courses. As I did so he protested, “But I don’t wish to give up that course or this.” And so it came about that I had to convince him that, after the struggle I had had to arrange for him to have more time to himself, he simply must drop a course here and there. And this he agreed to do, at least for one year.

Personal relationship within the department changed little during the year. Luckily we did not have to meet head-on the problem of the introductory course in Western Civilization. Early in the academic year we stirred around for a week or so on a problem that caused division, namely the reappointment of Walter Pintner. On one side Kagan and Williams favored not reappointing. They argued that when [Marc] Szeftel left the opinion was that he had not supplied the force and liveliness appropriate to presenting Russian history to our students. Our wish in appointing a successor was to provide a person who would have these qualities and in addition produce scholarly work of high order. Pintner, they said, had now done solid work as a teacher and had proved to be highly skilled in all kinds of personal relations—e.g., with the Library, the Soviet Studies program—and that he deserved more time to prove his ability in research. We divided about equally on this. All of us knew Pintner quite well and liked him. All of us accepted the notion that the young persons in the department ought to be of the first class and lively. All of us agreed that Pintner’s manner was quiet and almost retiring. The question was whether one could at this point make a flat judgment that he did not have the mental qualities the department wished. And on this, those who were anti said that proof was to be found in the fact that his classes were no larger and by report no livelier than those of Szeftel.

Unfortunately there was no written work, even in manuscript, that we could use as a firm base for judgment and this fact strengthened the position of the anti, who otherwise, as discussion went forward, seemed to have a worsening cause. Two or three meetings gradually brought us to the point that sides and numbers began to change. Kagan darted over to the pro side for a short time. Voices rose high once or twice and feelings were deep. Fox became involved as an anti and

gave the play of personalities a new twist, because as so often, it seemed that he was not so much attacking Pintner as preparing the ground for recommending someone else. But in the end the air cleared. Somewhat reluctantly we reached agreement to recommend reappointment. In doing this we all agreed also that this reappointment was definitely not a commitment to advance to tenure at the end of this second period as an assistant professor.

Other personal problems seemed to be softened by the fact that we were thrown together fairly often throughout the year in our meetings with the candidates who came for interviews. Necessarily, we had many lunches and dinners in small groups, as well as the more formal department meetings to talk with the candidates. Luckily, except in one instance, individual opinions on the candidates were in harmony, equally over favorable and unfavorable opinions.

I made it a practice to be in my office almost all the time every day; consequently I saw daily all members of the department who wished to meet with me and was able to hunt up an individual for discussion of this and that. In fact the daily coming and going of Kagan and LaFeber, and their willingness to talk formally and informally, caused me to see more of them than of the others. Hence, from time to time, Biggerstaff stopped by to tell me that the opinion in the department was critical of my procedure, I was the victim of a small clique. I tried to offset this by reporting almost daily to anyone I could find, whatever news about candidates and so forth had come my way. Without doubt my informal way of doing business led me into some mistakes—on this or that decision I occasionally missed a member. I called only three or four regular meetings of the department (other than those to interview candidates) throughout the whole year. These meetings went off smoothly. Some said the absence of Simon was the principal reason we moved along well, for it had been his practice to make a fuss over questions that to others seemed unimportant and once he had stated his case vehemently, as he did, he called forth the vehemence in others.

So ended my first year as department chairman. Much had happened; much of what happened balanced back and forth for a few weeks before it took shape as a decision. Many nights I had to resort to sleeping pills. But all in all I enjoyed the activity and came to the end of the academic year with the sense that the department was no worse off than it had been a year earlier.

A Tussle with the University

In the summer of 1965 I took part in an interesting controversy with Cornell University in its capacity of property owner in the Village of Cayuga Heights. As I was driving to a meeting of the Village Board, I heard on my radio that Cornell intended to build a large car park near the boundaries of the village. I spoke of this to the board and said, in my capacity as mayor, how happy I was that the village had protected itself against such a land use.

My reason for this was that some six years earlier, when the university bought the so-called Old Country Club property on Pleasant Grove Road, we had close negotiations with the University regarding the use to which it would put the land. The University's purpose at this point was to get the land off the tax roll and it therefore asked that the area be rezoned from its existing status—residential—to the status of a multiple residence district. We were prepared to do this but there was no permitted use under “multiple residence” which the university would be likely to need. We, therefore, in agreement with the university and at a public meeting, considered amending the ordinance in such a way as to include “an institution of higher learning” as a permitted use. At the meeting some said the term was too narrow—it meant classrooms and laboratories—others said it was too wide. We agreed to some further words and so came up with the phrase “an institution of higher learning, including dormitory accommodations.” The village attorney and the university lawyer, Neal Stamp, worked out this language. Its intent was thought to be clear and to allow of no question because, prior to acceptance of the words, the Executive Committee of the university's Board of Trustees twice solemnly resolved that it would use the land for dormitory purposes only and sent us sealed copies of its resolution signed by Stamp and Vice President [John] Burton.

So I had good reason to suppose that wherever the university intended to put its car park it was not on the Old Country Club property in the village.

Professor Taylor Lewis, a member of the Village Board, on hearing my remarks, asked if I would care to talk to the car park project's engineer about the location of the park. I said, “Yes,” and he said, “I am the engineer.” He added, “You don't need to worry, it's not in the village. I'll show you.” So we went to the map—he sketched out the land and it was in the village. I told him that the ordinance barred the use of this land for a car park and said he should get word at once to university officials.

The next day Gordon Wheeler, village treasurer, at my suggestion, called Stamp and asked what he knew about the plan; he said he knew nothing and had not been consulted. Stamp called me two days later, on a Monday and was by this time in the role of an attorney defending a position. The university, he said, had legal right to use the land for this large (600) car park; the village ordinance did not apply. I said that the publicity regarding the car park said work would begin two days later, but at the first sign of action the village would seek an injunction. He said that only a simple matter of legal interpretation was involved and said that he could work it out with our lawyer. I said, No, he would have to deal with the Village Board or with the attorney and me.

As I discussed the matter with members of the Village Board it became clear that they were not prepared to take as strong a position as I wished. Informally and indirectly some of them had come under pressure from members of the University administration, who presented the argument that the village had no legal case at all and that the delay caused by our opposition would add to the cost of the parking lot, an extra item which could be translated into damages to be claimed in court against members of the Village Board.

The university's case was basically this—that the ordinance as written by [Charles] Newman and Stamp would not hold water, that the two resolutions of

the university trustees might be a moral but were not a legal obligation and that in any case the courts were generous in interpreting zoning regulations when John Reys, the zoning expert in the faculty of the College of Architecture, said he thought the university was right in its assessment of its position.

We had one or two preliminary meetings with university representatives. First John Burton, vice president for business, Neal Stamp and Ralph Barnard, university lawyers, with Bob Dean of our board, Roger Sovocool, our attorney, and me. At these meetings the only gain we on our side made was in consequence of Bob Dean's saying, "You are trying to get us to move quickly. What about the \$40,000 you agreed to pay us for sewer plant expansion six years and more ago. We've never had a penny of it, nor the interest." The university quickly moved to put this straight and also to settle another legal matter that had been cold since 1957.

What emerged as important from the village point of view was the need not to allow the matter to go to court for fear we would be beaten and the university would gain a free hand in the use of its property in the village (it was easily the largest landowner with one piece of 60 acres, another of about 100, and many small residential type lots). At the same time the village should try to redraw the ordinance as it related to the university's use of its land and bind the university much more securely. We decided to call a public hearing as a necessary preliminary to changing the ordinance. My problem was to stall off Cornell until we had held the meeting and stall off here meant keep them from beginning to grade and excavate on the lot. Once they did that there was the chance that a new ordinance would be invalid on the ground of pre-existing use.

A week before the public meeting was to take place Tom Mackesey, university planner-in-chief, called and said he wished a private meeting with me—and no lawyers, he said. I said yes, if he would let me bring Bob Dean. My reason for this was that a number of stories were circulating regarding threats of one sort or another that had been made to members of the board and officers of the village. I did not expect any threats myself, but I was anxious to have a witness to what was said on both sides.

We met on a Saturday afternoon and talked for two hours without making any progress. Mackesey was sure they could beat us in court and he spoke vaguely of damages. I said, "All right, let's go to court." He said, "Well, good neighbors ought not to be parading their differences in public." I said, "If the courts say the village has no rights then our constituents, the villagers, will know where they stand, but if the Village Board backs down and does not try to enforce the ordinance against you then the villagers will say we have simply sold out and will say or imply that as a professor I am in the grip of the university." These had come to be our standard positions on this level of discussion. We seemed to have reached a deadlock.

After two hours of this I asked Mackesey if he intended coming to the village meeting. He said there would be no purpose. I said, "But why don't you people, who are professional planners, come and help us redraft the ordinance?" I went on to explain that under a new ordinance the university might get its parking lot. This changed everything. At once he began to calculate when a new ordinance might come into effect, hence when the parking lot might be started. We broke up our meeting with an agreement that we would meet—all persons who might

help on both sides—on the following Monday at noon and that in the meantime we would all try our hands at a new ordinance.

Before we met I received a copy of Mackesey's new version. It said in effect that the university had freedom to do what it wished with its land in the village—provided that the use was normally associated with an educational institution. I had prepared a version which implied just about the opposite, though I had tried to devise language that masked the intent as much as possible. Unknown to me Roger Sovocool had a version which had been suggested by John Reps.

At our meeting Cornell had as representatives Burton, Mackesey, Stamp, and Barnard; we had Roger Sovocool, Bob Dean and myself. At the outset Mackesey wished to discuss the car park and produced a number of maps to show what the university intended. I said that we would get to that later, and that insofar as drafting an ordinance was concerned we were under a handicap—what we agreed to had to be acceptable to our constituents. So as we listened to their proposals we would have to ask ourselves would this get by a public meeting. We began with Mackesey's language and I pointed out that the first question was did they wish the ordinance, however we drafted it, to apply to all university land or only that in the multiple residence area. They said all; then I said they would have to face a political fact—the more units of university land they involved the more villagers would consider themselves affected—hence would be likely to oppose changing the ordinance. They agreed to limit change to multiple residence land. I said that the phrase “normally associated with educational institutions” was a handicap to them. Suppose they wished to use a building for some special activity that had been developed at Cornell they would be barred by this phrase. This phrase would limit them to uses that some 50 percent of other educational institutions applied. So we got by the first stage through saying something to the effect that university land might be used for any purpose associated with or necessary to educational activities at Cornell and this clearly included a car park. The question now was, on what terms. Here I produced my piece of paper and suggested that we follow Mackesey's draft with a sentence or two of mine.

Mine began by saying that the university shall have the right to notify the Village Board of its intent so to use the land and shall have the right to be heard in person by the board and shall have every opportunity to set before the board such evidence as is necessary to establish the nature of the use and its association with educational purposes. At this point—having said much about the university's rights—I was concerned to slip in the rights of the village with a minimum of noise. So I did not assert in open terms that the village had any rights. I moved in to the phrase “In considering the application of the university the Village Board shall” and followed with a general phrase about weighing the interests of the village and the university. To my amazement no one called attention to this indirect assertion of the Village right. Ralph Barnard said the second phrase about weighing interests seemed to him to be vague—there should be some guide lines and a time schedule—the village to answer in thirty days or so.

Now Roger Sovocool produced a paper with some suggestions from John Reps. They were quite voluminous—but some of them applied to our situation. The first, as I remember, spoke of the size of the proposed area to be used in relation to the total size of the lot, the next used the vital words “the nature of the use,” and the

next spoke of the intensity of the use. I saw that “nature of the use” was the key because if the Village Board had power to decide whether a proposed use was or was not appropriate it had total power.

By making a fuss about thirty days as against sixty days I diverted attention from “the nature of the use” and, remarkably as it seemed to me, we tacked these three or four guidelines on to the emerging ordinance. So all was ready to be put in final terms and we stood up and stretched our legs. Mackesey shook my hand and said I was the greatest negotiator he had ever done business with—should represent the U.S.A. in the U.N. I began to worry; had I missed a step. Meanwhile we were letting the lawyers prepare the total language of the proposed change. The trick now—if the language was what I hoped it to be—was to keep quiet about everything until the public meeting.

We had two copies of the final draft, one for Cornell and one for us. The Cornellians made off with theirs: we on our side looked over ours. It seemed right to me; a good morning’s work.

The Cornellians took a step I had not expected. On emerging from the village office they immediately sent Barnard to Syracuse to their legal advisers on zoning and sought an opinion regarding the proposed revision. What happened there I quickly learned. The next morning Mackesey called and said they had been talking over the language we agreed on and wished to suggest a minor change here and there. He began with my thirty days—couldn’t we change it to forty-five. “Of course,” I said. Then there were one or two other changes which weren’t really important, for example, the part about “nature and intensity of the use.” “No,” I said, “I think that ought to stay in.” “Suppose,” I said, “you wish to build a biological laboratory and as part of the use you wish to raise and keep say a dozen rats. Now suppose your biological laboratory is essentially a rat-raising enterprise—you’re raising them by the thousand to ship to the Medical School in New York. The first use we might sanction, the second not. You see we’ve got to keep our hands on ‘nature and intensity of use.’”

And so we went on to the public hearing, where much of what had been said before was said over again. I explained phrase by phrase the language of the ordinance and when I got to “the nature and intensity of use” I introduced a single pig and a hundred pigs in place of the rats. After discussion of the ordinance we passed to the proposed car park, to which many villagers raised objections (that is, some dozen of the twenty-five or so present). The board adjourned to the privacy of the office, passed the new ordinance and granted permission for the car park. We had traded a car park for a revised zoning ordinance, and one, I hoped, that would stand up anywhere. [See Appendix B.]

Back to the Fuertes Book

My other major undertaking in the summer of 1965 was to bring into focus the problems relating to the proposed book on Fuertes. A central problem was that it would be unwise for me to move without some prospect of being able to cover my expenses. I would have to search far and wide in my study of Fuertes's work and so would have to finance myself through three or four summers. Presumably in the course of preparing the book I would have to pay for much color photography. I foresaw an expense of about \$10,000; far more than I could squeeze out of my salary. I thought it unlikely that I would be able to persuade a publisher to take an interest in the project on the basis of what I could produce in the way of evidence that a really first class book was possible. My essay in *The Living Bird* might convince them that I could write about Fuertes as a letter writer, but their interest would be in his paintings. Could I show them reproductions of the pictures of Abyssinian birds and persuade them that there must be others of equal quality. I knew that there were hundreds of Fuertes drawings and paintings that had been used as book illustrations, but these did not meet the standard of the Abyssinian birds.

I made some preliminary enquiries at the Cornell University Press and learned from the director, one of my old students, that they would need a subsidy of \$50,000 before agreeing to publish such a book as I had in mind. My next move was to see if I could find someone who would put up \$50,000. If I could get that sum I would invest the \$10,000 for my own expenses. I asked a number of my old student friends who had business associates and other acquaintances with wealth. One of these turned up a man who had an interest in birds and was a retired banker. He said, No. He said he knew a great deal about the work of Fuertes and nothing that had not been published deserved to be published. At this point my old boxer friends, the Goldbas brothers, made a move that promised salvation. They said that a Cornell boxer of their time was a man of great wealth and a director of the Macmillan Company, publishers. He would help.

From this came a visit to New York, and lunch with the senior editor of the Macmillan Company. He was an elderly, driving, aggressive man who said he knew much about the work of Fuertes. He said, Yes, he would publish the book. He said Macmillan had published a reprint of Audubon's *Birds of America* and had sold over a million copies. He predicted great success for my project. But he set one condition. I could prepare a text and select the pictures for use in the book. Macmillan would decide what would be published and would be sole arbiters of the nature of the reproduction of the pictures and the size and quality of the book. Once I had given them the text and the list of pictures I had chosen, the rest would be in their hands. What I knew about the quality of their Audubon book made me suspicious of this condition. The only book I was prepared to embark on was one that met my own standards. My views about standards were not the only consideration; I knew that I would have to satisfy the interest of the Fuertes heirs who would accept nothing but the best.

The daughter of Fuertes, Mrs. Mary Fuertes Boynton, was the person most likely to be concerned. Her edition of her father's letters had shown her to be able, discriminating, and a woman of taste. She would expect me to meet the high

standards she had set herself. I had known her many years earlier when she was an undergraduate and graduate student at Cornell and when some of her work had been in history. Since then we had met from time to time, for her husband had been for some years a member of the Cornell faculty, and my essay on her father's letters had strengthened our ties. In the course of our conversations I had learned that ten years earlier, while her own book was in the making, the federal government had engaged Rachel Carson to write a book about Louis Fuertes. Preparation had gone far; to the point where plates based on the Fuertes pictures in the government's hands were ready for printing. At this point Mary decided that the Rachel Carson book would involve abuse of her father's letters, and, further, that without her permission the Federal Government could not reproduce her father's pictures. The government dropped its plan and the name "Fuertes" evoked nothing but stony silence in Washington.

I had the assurance of Mary and an experienced ornithologist that Washington owned some excellent watercolors. My immediate tasks then were three: to raise some money, to obtain permission from the Fuertes's heirs to produce the book, and to soften the hard heart of Washington. Would ten years have blotted out the memory of the Carson affair? I could hardly hope for that because after the failure of the Fuertes book Rachel Carson had attained, with her *Silent Spring* and other works, an international reputation. Perhaps in the ebb and flow of the bureaucratic process key figures had dropped out of the Department of the Interior which controlled the pictures, and new persons had come into office who would not shudder at the name Fuertes.

But my first task was to gain permission to put the book together. Mary and her brother, Sumner, generously gave me this permission and in particular agreed not to challenge my judgment in selecting letters and pictures, nor impose any limitations on what I might say about their father in editorial comment. I, on my part, agreed to assume any legal liability that might arise in consequence of the publication of the book, a consideration that might be important in view of earlier controversy. I then turned to the Department of the Interior. Fortunately I had two links in consequence of the fact that a key official, the director of the Bureau of Sports, Fisheries and Wildlife, had recently taken office. He was well known to my friend at Cornell, Professor Dwight Webster, a specialist in fish culture who had helped me determine the location of my farm. Another man, close to the director, had once been a Cornell professor for whom I had regularly given lectures in his course on conservation, where I spoke on the appreciation of nature.

Through the help of these men the doors of Washington gradually began to open. The first success was the grant of permission to examine the pictures; the next was permission to reproduce pictures that had already been published. This left me up in the air, because Mary, in describing the Washington collection, had said that the best pictures were those which had not been published. I wrote to Washington again in a series of letters developing the argument that I wished to show Fuertes at his best and that I hoped to have opportunity to make a choice among any pictures that had survived. In a few months the door opened wide. A letter from the director invited me to come to Washington, to examine the collection and to choose such pictures as I wished. The resident artist of the department would be my guide. I learned later that he had worked closely with Rachel Carson when

she was preparing her Fuertes book, though in speaking to me of this he made no adverse reference to the affair.

I had learned that two other major collections of Fuertes paintings that I might wish to use were in the possession of the Field Museum in Chicago and the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The Field Museum collection consisted of a hundred pictures of Abyssinian birds, of which about forty had been published in the early portfolio. The Field Museum had kept the plates from which these pictures were made and continued to print reproductions, which it sold. Would they tolerate competition from my proposed book? The American Museum of Natural History had an excellent collection, carefully preserved, and catalogued, under its own curator. The problem of my having permission to publish from this collection turned upon a matter of policy. The museum's Board of Directors followed a conservative line, I was told, in all instances involving the use of the museum's property, except for exhibition.

In dealing with both museums I had the good luck that the two key figures on the professional staff were ornithologists trained at Cornell; Dr. [Dean] Amadon at New York and Dr. [A. L.] Rand at Chicago. To each of them Fuertes was a sacred name; my status as a senior member of the Cornell faculty they accepted as evidence of my good faith. Even so I had to negotiate with other museum officials for some months; but these doors slowly opened.

I still had to find a publisher who would agree to produce a work of the quality I prescribed. The representative of Harper & Row, publisher of my book in English constitutional History, visited me once a year to see if I had another manuscript available for them and on his next visit I told him that I was working on a so-called trade book, not a college book such as he was looking for. Would he suggest that a representative of the trade department call on me? I showed him some of the plates from Fuertes portfolio of Abyssinian birds and these made such an impression—he had tried painting in watercolor himself—that shortly the trade representative came to see me. I told him of the Macmillan episode. In the summer of 1956 I went to New York, saw a senior editor, showed him the Abyssinian pictures, gave him a copy of my essay on the Fuertes letters and explained my plans and what I was doing to open doors to the collections. To my great joy he immediately saw the book as I had conceived it, and said he wished me to go forward with my plans. We made no contract because I could not yet prove that there were pictures of the quality of the Abyssinian birds, but he convinced me that it was worth my time and money to go ahead with my plans. Nothing was said, as in the Cornell Press case, to the effect that I would have to find money to subsidize publication. A year's work had brought me to this point. Within a month I had word from his office that he had left Harper & Row for another publishing house. Another editor, the letter said, had taken his place. I would have to begin this part of my negotiation again.

The Main Job: Historians

These difficult and sometimes frustrating activities occupied my spare time. The main work continued to be performance of my duties as chairman of the History Department. The last significant event there had been negotiations leading to the appointment of Smith and Kammen. When I negotiated with Dean Brown about the appointment of Kammen, I had spoken of the proposed new freshman course in American history. In my memory the department had never given a freshman course in this subject; the notion had been that students studied American history in their last year in high school and should wait at least until their sophomore year before taking up the subject again. As we talked about the prospect of the new course there was general enthusiasm in the department. Apart from the older men—Gates and Nettels—we now had LaFeber, Davis, Smith, and Kammen, all of them excellent undergraduate teachers. We began to talk in terms of a course that would be novel in its structure; the four young teachers dividing up the course, perhaps taking a few weeks of lectures each, or conducting sections. We spoke of our plans to the administration.

In the course of the summer of 1965 discussion of the course in American history went forward briskly, the participants being Corson and [Vice President Robert] Sproull on the Day Hall side and LaFeber and Kagan on ours. More and more the picture emerged of the university administration wishing to take simple, direct action to show its concern for elementary undergraduate education, and of its use of the American history course for this purpose. They had first thought of reconstructing one or two of the existing courses, such as English and psychology, but turned to us because our course was to be a new one. As LaFeber brought word to me—I was never consulted directly—the administration said, “Go ahead and plan the course as effectively as you wish, do not consider expense.” He remarked, “But suppose I need five new appointments?” They replied, “Make five new appointments.”

I now took up with LaFeber, Kagan and Kammen the work of drafting a description of the course, preparing a budget, and so forth. A day or two was enough—the budget for one year came to about \$75,000. The plan was for the appointment of two new associate professors and three new assistant professors. We got busy seeking recommendations for these positions and by the end of the summer vacation everything was in hand. The new course had been planned thoroughly by LaFeber and Kammen and teaching according to the new syllabus began. All that remained was to make the five new appointments.

Call for a general statement of budget needs by departments went out early in the Fall Term and soon thereafter Dean Brown called me over and said that I should have another look at our plan for the new course. He thought I should consider getting the total plan in action over a two year period, rather than the one originally contemplated. I went back to my office and drafted a two year problem: one associate professor and two assistant professors the first year, one and one the second. The budget for the first year came to a little more than \$40,000. Word came back from the dean that this was the way to do it, and so we continued our search.

At the same time the dean had committed himself to two other appointments in the department: one in recent American history, the other in 18th century European history. We continued our search for these. I included these appointments in the provisional budget which I turned in at the beginning of November.

Shortly after this I had another call from the dean. "Funds are short," he said, "we'll have to have another look at the new American history program." He found he could allow only about \$24,000 for the first year, so would I work things this way. Appoint a man in recent American history and slip him into the new course staff, at least for a year. This with the two appointments out of the \$24,000 would give us our three men. He also referred vaguely to the 18th century appointment. The implication was that we were being so favorably treated by the administration that we should not be surprised if they cut out the 18th century position. When I reported this to the department the response was quick and simple—we had worked out the details of the course to get the administration off the hook on undergraduate teaching; we were doing them a favor. Better drop the whole enterprise and go back to the original plan and promise of two positions—recent American and 18th century—rather than to have them throw in our faces—as Brown was now doing—that they were lavishing their favors on us. We wished to keep the elementary American history program to one side, as a separate venture, not complicating the development of the department. The dean wished to use it as a means of blocking other appointments. More than once he said to me and to others, "But look at all the appointments you're getting in American history."

After one of two sharp exchanges in correspondence, we, in the department, decided to go ahead with the American history appointments and act as if the 18th century position would be open for a further appointment. In due course we appointed [Richard] Polenberg to the position in recent American history, and [J. R.] Kirkland to one of the other American history positions. We continued the search for another through the middle of the winter. As the time for the A.H.A. [American Historical Association] meeting in San Francisco approached, I lined up the candidates for the 18th century position and asked those of the department who were going to the meeting to interview such persons who were on our preferred list as were there. I told Brown of this and found him now saying, "Go ahead and look for candidates, but don't count on a position being awarded you." We went ahead, even to the extent of bringing one candidate to Ithaca after Christmas. By mid-January I had learned from the dean that the vacancy did not exist. I wrote to the candidates that we were out of business for the year.

I tried to wriggle around this for a time by suggesting to the dean that because my leave contingency fund for 1966-67 would have in it a balance of about \$18,000, I be allowed to draw on this for the first year of an 18th century appointment. He said he could not allow this because he would himself have to use much of my leave contingency for general college expenses.

We made our other American history appointment—[Joel Silbey]—rather later in the second term. In the first term we had appointed Mack Walker to the German history vacancy. He had agreed to take over the Western Civilization course his first year—so in a sense we lost here because the move took him out of teaching a general German history course.

We revived the search for a man to do early Chinese history during the winter and we had recommendations for an appointment in Indian history—the latter involved a man of great distinction—Basham of England—London and now Canberra. The Chinese appointment we regarded as appropriate—strengthening our existing strength. The Indian we rejected—even though funds were available—because the collapse of the 18th century European history program seemed to commit us to exerting all the pressure we could to keep before the administration our weakness in European history.

When the new catalogue for the college appeared in the spring of 1966 the deficiencies of our program at once drew attention. A professor in the Biology Program of all places, called attention to what he treated as the essential phoniness of our list of courses. A long list of courses—many of them not offered—was intended to mask our hollowness. I thought of writing to explain that we planned our advanced courses on a two- or three-year cycle, hence the many mentions—“not offered 1966-67;” but I did not do so. A week or so later a group of history honors students wrote to the *Sun* also, bewailing the bankruptcy of the department in Modern European History. To them I replied in the *Sun* saying that they were right—our program of courses was as bad as any in the country. The president knew it and so on down to the dean. But they could do no more than recognize our needs as a priority. The fact was they had no money for our priority—indeed they had no money.

So matters stood when we learned that to replace [Steven] Muller who was leaving the Cornell Center for International Studies, the president and others had found as a leading candidate a Professor Beckman, whose special field of interest was Japanese history. Should he be appointed—the question came—would we accept him as a member of our department and agree to his teaching a course or so?

We had a lively department meeting. The man's credentials as a scholar seemed acceptable but (a) we did not wish to go back on our resolve to make no appointment until we had straightened out our European history situation and (b) we had qualms about the relationship which might develop between the department and the Center for International Studies, an agency whose head might have extensive influence. I wrote, at the order of the department, a letter to the dean saying that we would not agree to the appointment and giving as our principal reasons (a) the absence of any library or other facilities to support an appointment in Japanese history, hence the considerable outlay that would be needed in books, fellowships and probably another appointment to support the half time of Mr. Beckman, but (b), and most important, we had worked out a plan for the development of our teaching and other activities and we intended to stick with it. I spoke of this commitment as “sole and sufficient.”

Word of my letter spread rapidly. The dean sent copies to the president and others in Day Hall. By the morning LaFever reported that [Urie] Bronfenbrenner, as I remember, and perhaps another member of the Executive Board of the Center of International Studies, had called him and offered protest against the parochial attitude of the department in not accepting Beckman. Soon I had a call from the dean to talk the matter over with him. I went and found him protesting about the lack of cooperation shown by the department. I pointed out to him that the department's position was quite consistent with all that had gone before; indeed

that he and I, as our correspondence would show, had agreed at the time when an Indian historian was in the offing, that the department must stay within its limits and develop according to its own plans.

The next move came from the president's office, to which I was summoned on a Saturday morning. As I passed word of this summons out to members of the department, they were firm in their judgment that I should insist that we would make no concession until our weakness in modern European history had been corrected.

The meeting in the president's office brought together the president, Corson, Muller, and Brown. The president began by some questions about Cayuga Heights affairs: what a privilege it was for him to live in such a well managed village. He then said that he turned to me, as to an old professional, to help him find a way out of his difficulties. He had to staff these various centers. He could appoint as directors mere administrators; he wished to appoint people—like Beckman—who had strong academic interests—but would the departments cooperate with him?

I explained that our action was exclusively in terms of a departmental policy in appointments and had nothing to do with the quasi-administration situation. I mentioned the Indian historian. I cited the complaints about our weakness in modern European history. I said that since the 18th century appointment had been snatched away at Christmas, we had felt that we must stand firm and refuse to make any more until our needs had been satisfied.

“What were our needs,” the president said; I said one major and one minor or two minor appointments; granted these, in the amount of \$40,000, or \$30,000, and we might move on the appointment of Beckmann. He said his “housekeeping” staff would talk the matter over during the weekend and would take up discussion with the department soon thereafter. He spoke of having cleared the log-jam and said that Muller could call Beckmann and say that things were in order—the mere internal arrangements that had been necessary had been made.

I returned to West Sibley and found LaFeber, Kagan and one or two others waiting for me. They seemed satisfied by my account of what had happened.

On Monday afternoon Corson and Brown arrived to attend a department meeting. All of our group were present. Corson began rather slowly and elaborately to discuss the problem of appointing a director of a center, in much the same framework as the president had used. It was a question whether he was warming up and feeling his way with the group or perhaps went at things in this methodical manner at all times. Guerlac broke in once or twice, as though impatient with the mode of procedure. He seemed to wish the meeting to become a confrontation between himself and Corson. But Corson went on and discussion gradually moved into the area of our needs. Each member of the department seemed anxious to show what our needs were, where we had been shortchanged by the administration, and how insecure we felt regarding the promises the administration had offered us from time to time. Different members of the department pressed different arguments and called attention to different enormities. At some point I thought the discussion might get out of hand and so I intervened with this or that suggestion. Brown was the person more and more clearly shown to have been the weak link in our communications with Day Hall. Again and again we knew that the item we were

discussing came as news to Corson. We talked with vigor and covered much of detail and of principle relating to department, college and university affairs. The main part of the discussion occupied some ninety minutes. Tierney illustrated the turn affairs had taken as we moved along. Corson had implied from time to time that our view of the problem of appointing Beckmann was a narrow and selfish and short-sighted one. Tierney asked Corson, who sat beside him, "But have you really thought this appointment through? My judgment is that you are making a single, ad hoc appointment without concern for the interests of the college."

The discussion turned more and more to our needs and Corson agreed that in view of the deficiencies we had described we ought to have either one major or two minor appointments in Modern European history. These he pledged. We indicated a willingness to take Beckmann on certain terms—the future of Japanese history to be entirely at our disposal, one other historian to be on the board of the Center for International Studies.

The most interesting feature to me concerning the meeting was the remarkable harmony of views that emerged among members of the department. Everyone spoke. Everyone spoke to a different point or developed a different kind of argument. Yet, without rehearsal, all spoke to the same theme and showed their unanimity of view regarding the role the department should play in the affairs of the college. In addition, the tone of the discussion, as managed by members of the department, was excellent; firm, direct, vigorous, but at no point did it become exaggerated, extreme or violent. I walked downstairs with Corson and Brown after the meeting to see them off the premises and when I returned to the history office I found Kagan, Williams, LaFeber, Davis and others talking happily and excitedly. Their theme was: what a great department. It's great to be a member of this department. (Beckman decided to return to academic life and took a professorship in California.)

The department had a busy and an exasperating year. The American history project, which seemed the summer before to be a simple enterprise, likely to move forward smoothly, caused much hard feeling. Throughout the year the administration beat us over the head with it. "Look what we are doing for you. How dare you ask for anything else." In addition we had a sense, all through the year, that the administration did not regard itself as committed to the program. [Andrew] Hacker, temporary chairman of the Government Department, told me half way through the year that having heard of the American history plan he had gone to Sproull and Corson and told them that it was nonsense. American history was the last thing in the world to teach to freshmen; better put the money into government. This was about the time that our budget shrank and the Government Department announced that it would expand. In short, the room for abrasive relations between the department and the administration grew out of being beaten over the head by a program which we had undertaken to help out the administration and which still had no final assurance of coming to birth. More than once I wrote and spoke to the point that we would be glad to abandon the whole project. But I hung on—with support from all—because more and more it seemed that this half-sneaking, badgering, now you have it, now you don't, manner of doing business simply was standard academic administration procedure. One moves from point to point shoving, jostling, complaining, changing the terms of the agreement,

grabbing what one can. As the term drew towards its end we came to see that the only way we could hope for any settled, long term development of the department was through a program that tied us to one of the foundations, rather than a program put into effect in the guerrilla-warfare of intramural academic politics.

Out of this decision we began preparing a program which made development of our Western Civilization course a key enterprise, as an experiment in teaching such a course, as a means of contributing to the general education of undergraduates, and as a means of initiating graduate students into the art of teaching. Guerlac, Williams, and Kagan held the first discussions. Guerlac and Williams wrote up descriptions of the project for use in approaching foundations. They were very different in form and in content. I knitted them into a statement which served our purpose adequately.

We met with Corson, Muller, and Brown one afternoon—that is, the three mentioned above, and LaFeber and myself. What was striking was the real weight of intelligence, ability and experience represented by our group. Again, as in the last department meeting, here was unity and strength. Here was a department that could act vigorously, imaginatively, without stress and strain. As we told our tale and answered questions the administration spokesman came to see—as I interpreted it—that the department was not only a pioneer in our particular kind of teaching, but in addition a great teaching force in the college and university. They pledged their help for our project which, if successful, would bring on the scene, as supporters of the Western Civilization program, five young European historians, to redress the balance with American history. As though to dramatize our work in teaching, the college awarded the Clark Prize of \$2,000 (the first time of the award) to LaFeber for outstanding teaching.

An example of the plain ignorance of administrators came from a recommendation of mine to Dean Brown. I had managed to get for Kagan and LaFeber, as for others, reasonable salary increases. I thought that Kagan and LaFeber should in addition have promotion to full professorships. The senior members of the department all agreed. I proposed the necessary forms and wrote appropriate letters. Shortly Brown replied that he would not risk being slapped down on these appointments. I protested saying that here were two men, known to everyone in the administration, active in university affairs, excellent scholars, outstanding teachers. All I looked for was the title—no further salary increase. I could not move him. A few weeks later LaFeber got the Clark award as the outstanding young undergraduate teacher. Two years or so before Kagan had won an award from the students of the college as the outstanding teacher of undergraduates. I went back to Brown. What a chance, I said, to strike a blow for good teaching, to show that the administration really would give effect to its often stated policy of giving due weight to good teaching and good research. He said, No. He justified this on the ground that promotion must be accompanied by a substantial salary increase. I said, not at all. I was sure that in the circumstances the men would be satisfied with the title. He would not budge.

Relationships within the department were altogether harmonious. The Tierney-John relationship proved to be an excellent one both on the personal and professional levels. Kammen was an excellent contributor to all our activities and promised to do extremely well as a teacher of advanced students. In four positions we had

made only temporary appointments, with the result that the permanent working force was relatively small. Even so there were opportunities for conflict or at least serious division. These did not occur. As before, I followed the practice of being in my office every day and pretty much all day. I tried to keep everyone informed of all that was going on from day to day by conversation, a few words in the hall, a fifteen minute talk in the office at lunch-time. We met as a formal department at intervals of about three months, except for our interviews with candidates for new positions.

At the end of the academic year Curtis Nettels retired after some twenty-three years at Cornell and an earlier long period of service at Wisconsin. When he came to us—in a sense as successor to Bretz—he had a considerable reputation as a colonial historian, with one or two key works to his credit. He continued to work in this field and to maintain his standing as a scholar. As a teacher he had stuck to a narrow range both of subject matter and of approach. He had a view of events and an attitude in interpretation to which he held most strongly. His emphasis was on knowledge and interpretation as he understood them; woe to the student who spoke or wrote outside the limits.

Nettels had strong views on Anglo-American affairs, although he had begun as an English historian at Wisconsin and had spent some time in England. He regarded the American Revolution as an apocalypse and would stand no criticism of it or of the Americans who took part in it. They were to him almost New Testament figures. He spoke most vehemently for many years against the term “Western Civilization,” insofar as it was used as equivalent to the Civilization of Europe that had permeated the Western World and many were the times when his real crises of outrage brought our department meetings to a halt for a few minutes.

Nevertheless he performed meticulously as a scholar. No one could talk to him without being aware of an incisive mind and an independent position from which he viewed history as well as current events. In recent years he had taken little part in university affairs, and he rarely attended department meetings. In his red-faced rages he was in the tradition of Laistner: in his ability to defend a narrow and often eccentric point of view and to treat his opponents as being utterly wrong, he reminded me of Burr.

The Bird Book Again

Work on the Fiertes book went forward slowly in 1966 and 1967 because it took the form of long range negotiations by letter. I had established my credibility and respectability at Washington, Chicago and New York. But the persons with whom I had to negotiate were often absent or were slow in maintaining correspondence. I was in no position to put pressure on them. Periods of silence lasted for months, and, when I tried to open up communications again by a long distance telephone call, I had to use the most silky and diplomatic language. The response was always friendly; they would be glad to see me at a time that was

mutually convenient. The first break-through came during a history convention at New York in the Christmas vacation of 1967. I then visited the American Museum of Natural History and met the chairman of the Department of Ornithology, Dr. Dean Amadon.

He gave me a friendly reception and the promise of help. He showed me the museum's vast hall which contains a display of paintings and drawings by the leading American painters of animals, with splendid works by Audubon and a few Fuertes watercolors. Then, in another room, I saw what I had come to examine—portfolios of watercolors and drawings. At Fuertes's death his close friend, Dr. Frank Chapman, then of the museum's Department of Ornithology, had visited Ithaca to make a speech of eulogy and had on a later occasion bought from Fuertes a large part of the paintings and drawings in Fuertes's studio. This collection he had chosen with great taste to illustrate the artist's versatility. Later, Mrs. Allston Flagg had volunteered to serve as curator of the collection and had supplied the materials necessary to house it—plastic envelopes for each painting and drawing, cases for groups of paintings and a large safe-like structure to contain the total collection. There was an index, consisting of small photographs of each item, so that one could readily make a spot study of the works. In the few hours I spent in the Museum on this occasion I was satisfied that from this collection and the Abyssinian birds at Chicago I could put together a brilliant set of illustrations.

In the summer of 1965 I went to Chicago and examined the collection at the Field Museum. Here I dealt first with Dr. Rand, whose position was similar to that of Dr. Amadon, but with this difference, that the key figure in granting permission to use their collection was the director, Dr. Weber. At a lunch meeting I put my case to him: could I make a selection from the Abyssinian birds for my book. He said, Yes, they would let me do so. They had, he said, competent photographers who would supply me, at my expense, with such color photographs as I might wish. I went a step further. If it should prove necessary to make a final selection on the basis of a side by side examination in Ithaca of the originals from all collections, would he allow the pictures I selected at Chicago to be held on deposit, say for a few months in our university library. That, he said, was a matter for further discussion. After lunch Dr. Rand turned me over to the librarian who now, for the first time opened up for me the Fuertes collection, a hundred exquisite paintings and drawings done in the last year of Fuertes's life. The librarian opened a locked room, opened a large safe and drew out two wooden boxes built to house the collection. As I looked over them and began to make notes regarding my selection, an assistant librarian sat beside me.

The question I had raised regarding moving the pictures to Ithaca had become in my mind a vital one. What alarmed me was the difficulty of carrying in my head, even with the aid of color photographs, a vivid enough memory of the quality of a picture in the Chicago collection as against that of one in New York. To make a true choice I must have the originals before me, side by side, in the same lighting. When I had made my selection in Chicago, I flew that same day to Washington to see what headway I could make there.

The long, lighted corridors of the immense Department of the Interior at first confused me, but in time I found the Bureau of Sports, Fisheries and Wildlife and the appropriate section, the Education Department. Don Saults, its head, welcomed

me and spoke most encouragingly about the possibility of my using some of their pictures. He put me in the care of Bob Hines, the department's resident artist, who had worked with Rachel Carson when she was preparing her *Fuertes* book. He took me at once on a tour of the neighboring corridors and offices. "There's a *Fuertes*," he said, pointing to a pale picture on a corridor wall. "No, it can't be," I answered, then looking closely I recognized the hand of *Fuertes* in the lines of the bird. Almost all the color had gone from the picture as a result of exposure to light. And so from corridor to corridor and office to office we went and the story was everywhere the same, painting after painting ruined. Someone had framed the pictures and distributed them as wall decorations. Long exposure to light had destroyed them. I thought my visit to Washington had been in vain. When I asked if this was the whole collection Bob Hines said, No, there were others in storage in the Smithsonian Institution. Our visit to the Smithsonian brought us at last to a little-used laboratory, where in an old safe, he pointed to two brown paper-wrapped bundles and invited me to open them and study the contents. Here were some pictures of the same quality as those I had seen in Chicago and New York, but their condition suggested that little had been done to protect them, or keep a list of them since the department acquired them in the early 20th century. A pencilled note said that twenty-seven pictures, unidentified as to subject, had been withdrawn from the collection about 1930.

But there was no doubt about the brilliant color of some of the watercolors and the crisp blackness of the wash drawings. Twenty or so of these would be a great value to me and I began to record them. Bob Hines said, "Separate out the ones you wish to use and we'll set them aside for you." And this I did. We returned to Don Sauls and I began a discussion of what I might do. When I spoke of paying to have the collection shipped to Ithaca, he said at once, "Why not take them with you?" I said, No, there were questions about safety and insurance I wished to set out in writing. I thought I should do this formally and make a written agreement with the department to protect their interests and my own. He agreed and I returned to Ithaca.

I believed that I had overcome a major obstacle. With the Washington pictures in Ithaca, I could begin a new stage in the approach to publishers. I arranged for the safekeeping of the pictures in the Cornell Library, where I was allowed space in the most secure of the locked underground vaults. I obtained insurance coverage for the pictures, and any others I might bring to Ithaca, in the amount of \$300,000 and then wrote to Washington giving evidence of my arrangements and agreeing to meet the costs of packing, shipping and registering. Soon the pictures arrived and I laid them out on table in the library's division of archives and manuscripts for examination by a few of my friends. I was able to set beside them the excellent early reproductions of the Abyssinian birds, in short to display perhaps half of the watercolors I hoped to use.

Representatives of the Cornell University Press came to see the exhibit and the managing editor said the book promised to be a publisher's paradise. To offset this one of the production officers of the press while examining a watercolor laid the whole of a sweaty palm in the middle of the picture. In December 1965 the new editor assigned to me by Harper & Row came to Ithaca to see the pictures and brought with him the production manager and the chief consultant on color

reproduction. All were enthusiastic and urged me to try at once to bring the Chicago and New York pictures to Ithaca. Chicago said they were willing but a number of delays prevented shipment. They wished to go to great lengths to have them packed by a firm experienced in handling pictures, archaeological relics and such. I agreed to pay whatever the cost. I also gave full guarantee as to insurance and had our keeper of the archives certify that the pictures would be in his safekeeping. Imagine my amazement when the pictures arrived one day in a sloppy brown paper parcel, second-class mail, uninsured, unregistered.

At about the same time I had a letter from the Harper & Row editor saying he was leaving for a new publishing house and that in due course a new editor would write to me. My dealings with Harper & Row had not reached the point of discussing a contract and I began to wonder whether the business of producing a new and as yet unnamed editor was a stalling tactic. I put out enquiries to other publishing houses. In one, two months after I had sent my material to him, the key figure was killed in an automobile accident. In another, the senior editor, a young lady who later visited me in Ithaca, was struck down by an ailment that put her in hospital for a month and then for two months of recuperation in the West Indies. I turned to the Cornell Press again and sent them my manuscript, which consisted of an introductory essay and a selection of Fuertes' letters. Shortly after I received the judgment that they would publish only if no letters were included and if I excluded any pictures painted by Fuertes early in his career. When I asked, why the second restriction, I had the answer, "Nothing Fuertes painted as a young man was good." And this from someone who had not seen a hundredth of the pictures I had seen.

I came close to abandoning the project. In our dining room I had placed on the walls some plates from the reproductions of the Abyssinian birds. As I looked at them from day to day I began to believe that they were the only good reproductions of Fuertes's work I would see in my lifetime. And yet I knew, with a certainty that was adamant, that the materials for my book—pictures and letters—could be shaped into work that would be second to none as a tribute to the skill, the mind, and the personality of an American artist.

So matters stood in the spring of 1969, when one morning my telephone rang and a voice said, "I am Nahum Waxman, your new editor. I'm coming up to see you about the Fuertes book." And he came, a young man in his early 30's, and a Cornell graduate, though we had not known one another. He was firm about my essay and the letters. The letters would have to be reduced in volume to about half of the 180 pages I had submitted in manuscript. My essay wouldn't do. Fuertes appeared as an attractive but colorless person. He had no faults. I must do it again. But of one thing I had no doubt. Mr. Waxman intended to see the book through to publication. I could now plan for the final stages.

Matters of Sewage

The affairs of the Village of Cayuga Heights took a new turn in the middle 1960's. We had built our sewage disposal plant and in response to a request from Cornell University we had agreed to extend our service to an area a mile or so outside the village boundaries, where the university had its airport and a so-called research park of considerable size. While we negotiated a contract with the university on this matter we began to take into account the fact that the area to the north and northeast of the village was undergoing much development for residential and commercial use. The area had no prospect of sewer service, except that to be obtained from our village system. With these demands in prospect and with the commitment of Cornell a matter of fact, the village made the arrangements necessary to enlarge our plant. The enlargement took place and almost at once federal and state agencies began to demand considerable improvement in the methods of sewage treatment at all municipal plants. This improvement called for installation of new equipment, the addition of settling tanks, in short further substantial enlargement of the village plant. To conform to the new requirements was not a matter of option; each municipality received a court order setting forth in general terms the changes that must be made and the time allowed for making them.

Discussion of these matters at local, state, and federal levels made it clear that this new and extensive change in policy looked towards planning municipal sewer programs to meet the needs of a community for the succeeding half century. In consequence, in the case of the Village of Cayuga Heights, the Village Board found it necessary to consider what the territorial range of its sewer service might be by the early 21st century. The village engaged consultants who advised that a program be drawn to meet the needs of the village and of the area to the north and northeast that lay in the same drainage area as Cayuga Heights. A projection of population growth in the village and this area outside it suggested that within twenty years a majority of those who used the service of the village plant would live outside the village. While the Village Board followed these enquiries the county Board of Representatives undertook its own study of the sewer problems not only of the village but of the adjacent City of Ithaca. The consultants engaged by the county, after long study produced a comprehensive report which recommended two major possibilities: two separate sewer districts, one to embrace the City of Ithaca, the other the area dependent on the village plant, or, as an alternative one district built around the city plant and the village plant. The notion of a district in the latter instance presumed that a common representative managerial board would oversee the administration of the city and the village sewer plants, which would become the property of the combined sewer district.

Representatives of the city, the towns of Ithaca and Lansing, and the Village of Cayuga Heights discussed the proposal for a single district in a series of meetings but without success. Those who spoke for the city said they could not accept the notion of the city giving up ownership of its plant or allowing control of policy which would affect the city to be decided by an intermunicipal body. The city withdrew from the scene as a participant in negotiations on plans to put the city plant into an intermunicipal program. The county Board of Representatives then

established a County Sewer Agency to consider establishment of a County Sewer District No. 1 which would consist of the area to be served by the Village Plant. On this agency the city had two seats. Now began a series of negotiations that came near to destroying my faith in government by consultation and committee. The parties were unusual. Harris Dates, chairman of the agency and supervisor of the Town of Lansing, was a master of doing nothing. He did not intend to do nothing but hoped that by leaving the initiative to others and interposing a delay here and a modification there he could get the others to frame the resolutions and develop the policy that would serve his ends. If in discussion I pointed out to him that his next move would be to hold a referendum in his town on this or that topic, he would reply, "Fred, I just don't know how to go about something like that." I would say, "Well, it's all spelled out in the Code of Municipal Laws. Look at Article III. Section A (b)." "Yes, I know, but there would have to be a public discussion before that. How would you plan it—would you write up the material for a pamphlet to be distributed among property owners?" This was his tactic for a year or two and I never knew whether it was a devious attempt to prevent action or whether he did feel helpless in the face of some minor but new administrative problems.

The other key figure was Bill Kerr, an attorney and supervisor of the Town of Ithaca. He had an alert lawyer's mind, and a manner I found distressing. Almost every sentence was enveloped in a giggle. He had a high-pitched voice and a nervous manner and never failed to reduce a meeting to conflict and a degree of bitterness. At our final meeting in this stage of the negotiations he was absent. The rest of us had put in the maximum of reasonable compromise and after an hour and a half's discussion had sewed everything up and were about to adjourn when Kerr came in. Triumphantly we told him what we had done. Giggling, he said, "But surely you aren't going to settle on those terms," implying that, like novices who were playing against a chess grandmaster, we had committed a glaring error that led to destruction. First one then another responded testily to this. "What do you mean, what's wrong with it?" Another giggle then, "I was only thinking that if this gets to the press we'll look like a bunch of fools." He never got to the point of saying what precisely was wrong; he didn't need to. Those who had been in a mood of reasonable compromise began to have doubts about what they had done. They began to worry not about Kerr but about other participants. Was there, in that word or phrase, a booby trap? And so in fifteen minutes the meeting agreed not only to adjourn but to adjourn *sine die*.

What kept alive my interest in the program was the fact that the Village of Cayuga Heights had to enlarge its sewer plant. This was the central item on our agenda. What happened to the administrative machinery associated with managing the plant was a topic we could think and talk about. If necessary it could wait. It did not wait long because persons of various kinds in the city of Ithaca began to organize in the hope of changing the program for sewer service in Ithaca and the surrounding area. They wrote to the local press, addressed meetings of public bodies, and spoke to legislators in Albany and Washington with the purpose of persuading public opinion and the legislators that the village plant ought to cease operation as a sewage treatment center and become a mere holding station. From it sewage would flow to the city plant and be treated there. Such a pattern would

make the city, more particularly the Board of Public Works, arbiter of policy, fixer of rates and so forth.

All the arguments put toward for the city's case were utterly false. They spoke of raw sewage flowing through our plant and pouring out into the lake. The beaches of Stewart Park, they said, were littered with this revolting refuse. "Save our lake, save our children." Or, on another pitch, "We suppose the well-to-do people of Cayuga Heights regard their bodies' refuse as superior to that of the people of Ithaca and so not in need of treatment at a sewer plant." In letters and speeches I and others battered down this nonsense, whether it came from dignified lawyers, retired professors, or employees of the Ithaca Sewer System. But battering down was not enough. New disputants appeared, as did a new line of argument. The village had a defective sewer plant. The village was cunningly trying to entice the Sewer District to take over this plant at a high price. Indeed the village was trying to rush the other municipalities into this swindle. This was a shotgun wedding. So wrote, of all people, a senior lawyer, of Ithaca's most ancient family.

I learned an important lesson from this experience. Opposition of this kind had a capacity to live that compares with that of a primitive organism. We overwhelmed it with reason in Ithaca and the opposition spokesmen fell silent. Two months later I learned that the case of the opposition in its original form with all its grisly details had taken root in Albany and state agencies were beginning to wonder how these terrible things had come to pass. I went to Albany or called Albany or had the village consultants on the sewer plant go to Albany and in a month or so reason ruled again. Next it was Washington's turn. The same stories had taken root there. The prospects of a grant to the village were being held up. And so a counterattack from us: letters, visits, recruitments of our congressman as a spokesman and so forth. This pattern of events followed again and again. The more rational, the more scientific the argument went in our favor, the more robust was the opposition. Indeed, when a top level scientist from the Federal Environmental Agency spelled out the case for the village plant in some 1,500 words of scientific language, the local attorney who spoke for the opposition, wrote and said, "Irrelevant, you have your facts all wrong."

The processes of the bureaucracy moved slowly enough without these impediments and in the space of three or four years new agencies appeared at Albany and Washington, and new administrators came on the scene. They issued new directives. I myself at first lived in terror, fearing that a form wrongly filled out, or signed in the wrong place, or submitted with five copies instead of six might ruin our hopes of a permit to enlarge our plant or kill our chances of getting the promised 60 percent of the construction cost. I found it necessary for my own peace of mind to maintain contact with the various offices by telephone as well as by correspondence and the filing of forms.

My tactic was to call an office and say, "This is Mayor Marcham, Village of Cayuga Heights, New York. I want to ask for a little advice. We are a small village in central New York and I am at sea in dealing with this question about our population growth by the year 1980. How close do you wish us to get—the nearest 100 or the nearest 1,000?" In many instances the answer would begin, "I come from a small village in the Catskills" and from that point on all was well. But the advice and indeed the assent of one office was only the preliminary to the submission of the

matter to another. A standard move of action would be for an agency, after three months' consideration, to say we support your application for a permit and have sent our report to the Army Corps of Engineers. The question then arose, does the Corps of Engineers now pass independent judgment in the application or file away the previous statement of support?

Some years of exposure to these processes of bureaucracy overcame my sense of terror. Year in, year out, I believed that we would get our permit and our money. To the state and federal governments time did not count. Two things were clear as far as the interests of the village were concerned. We must hang in there, writing letters, filling out forms, calling Albany and Washington, using our consultants as go-betweens. We must maintain our momentum, yet not get frantic. At the same time we must recognize that in terms of action as specified above and in terms of financial planning policy commitment the village must carry the whole burden. Perhaps at a later time we could resurrect the intermunicipal program. For the present we could not delay our action in expectation of a revived sewer agency.

More Years As Chairman

From 1966 to the summer of 1968 I continued to serve as chairman of the history department. The first year was part of our original plan—I would serve until retirement—the second was the consequence of necessary departmental adjustments. I took up the question of the chairmanship in the fall of 1966 and went first to the seven men who had just joined the department. I spoke to them individually and did the best I could to indicate the possible choices without leaning to one or the other. I spoke also to the older members and particularly to Kammen and Wolters. In general, opinion favored LaFeber, so I spoke to Dean Brown to point out that if LaFeber were the choice we would have a problem because I had made an arrangement with him regarding his sabbatic leave. This he had been entitled to in 1966-1967 but we had agreed to postpone it for a year so that he could oversee the operation of the elementary American history for another year. He must have leave in 1967-1968. The dean said that if LaFeber were the choice for chairman I ought to stay on for that year. I said I would consult the department if that situation arose. On this understanding I set up a secret ballot which asked for a choice of chairman and offered certain alternatives if a temporary arrangement had to be made. The vote was heavily in favor of LaFeber and of my staying on for another year. I had a long talk with LaFeber who had no wish for the job. He finally agreed to do it, saying that he felt a sense of obligation to me and was responding to my urging. He asked me to stay on through the summer of 1968 to give him three extra months of free time. I agreed to do so.

When we met for classes in the fall of 1966 the department had the largest crop of newcomers in its history. Koenigsberger in Reformation and Renaissance; Walker in German history, Silbey, Polenberg, Smith and Kirkland in American history and [Lester] Peterson in early Chinese history. Davis, Tierney and Kagan were on leave.

Yavetz from Israel came to replace Kagan and McGuire from Leeds taught in the History of Science. Powell of Syracuse came down from Syracuse twice a week to replace Tierney. The main result of these changes in personnel was, as I saw it, the need for me to be two or three times more active than usual in keeping open my office door and running out into the main office to take care of the questions that confront newcomers: the location of buildings, the details of Cornell procedure and protocol, where to find a dentist or doctor. In performing their duties all did well, with an exception to be discussed later. They took full part in department meetings and often made comments that turned the course of debate.

Our first major discussion had to do with the two appointments in modern European history which had been promised in our negotiations with the president in the spring of 1966. The provost then said that the university would set aside \$30,000 for these appointments. When I saw the budget, I said, "the usual trick;" the sum allotted was \$25,000, not enough for two substantial appointments or for one substantial position and a good minor one. So in fact we would be able to spend only \$15-18,000 on a single appointment. We brought to Ithaca the two candidates we thought to be best and of those the preference was for J. F. Boshier of British Columbia.

We had a department meeting in October to decide the matter and all seemed to be in order. We found him to be personally attractive, lively, and experienced. We knew that in the affairs of his college and university he had taken an active part; we had testimony from one of our students on the British Columbia staff that Boshier was the best teacher in the department. Four or five leading historians—one from the U.S.A., two from England, one from France and one from Australia—said he was a first class scholar. Reviews of his book in some ten journals were all satisfactory. His field of study—European trade policy, and particularly that of France, in the 18th century—suited us well. How could things go wrong?

Koenigsberger came forward firmly, as one who knew more than most of us about the field. The book of Boshier's was, he said, excellent. An article by him in the *Cambridge Modern History* was not as good; but said Koenigsberger, he was quite young when he wrote it, the quality of his book showed he was improving. Fox, who had consistently opposed over the years every candidate who had been suggested for this post, came down heavily on the other side. Boshier's lecture before the department had, he said, been poor. In private conversation Fox found Boshier to be stupid. I looked at Koenigsberger to see if he would refute this. He was looking at Fox and I interpreted the glance as suggesting that Koenigsberger thought that he himself had gone too far. I asked Fox, "Have you read Koenigsberger's book?" He said no, and tried to go on with the denunciation, but others broke in to counter what he said. I then summarized the discussion and inserted a remark that it was a pity that Fox had not read the book. The department then voted unanimously to invite Boshier, Fox abstaining.

The appointment of Boshier was the first of a series of actions that became a matter of high controversy between the department and the dean. Before the academic year was out we had negotiated over the promotion of Kammen, Silbey and Polenberg, as also of Dick Graham and in each instance, except that of Graham, college procedures and the personality of the dean caused us grief. What was in store we might have foreseen from our difficulties over Boshier.

As soon as the department voted to appoint him I collected the necessary documents—very full, and very diversified in their scholarly support. One piece of evidence was missing—the book—Fox had it. In a week or so I got it and sent it to the dean. We were now in the middle of November: weeks went by and no word came from the ad hoc committee the dean had appointed. Usually such a committee reported in a couple of weeks, but as time went by and we approached the Christmas vacation all of us became restless, particularly the new members of the department who were asking themselves if this was the way Cornell did business. Many of us had planned to go to the American Historical Association meeting after Christmas and we knew we would be on the spot. Word of our recommendation would have spread through the profession and everyone would be asking what went wrong. Worst of all, someone, assuming Boshier had been appointed, wrote and congratulated him. He called me from Vancouver to ask if this was so. I had no choice but to say “no” and to assure him that everything would come out right in the end. I had nothing but faith to go on. What I had come to believe was that Dean Brown in his administration of the college and in his dealings with our department, would not make a simple, direct, positive decision. He chose bad ad hoc committees, did not keep them in action, did not check on their procedures and had no concern for the candidate who was under consideration or the department head who was caught in the squeeze. Brown was a different man from the person I had known when I took over the chairmanship, more hostile and more evasive.

Soon after we returned from the A.H.A. meeting, Guerlac visited me and said that at a cocktail party Cushing Strout, speaking, he said, as chairman of the Boshier ad hoc committee, declared that he was opposed to the appointment. He said that the History Department had made some bad appointments recently and that in any case we ought not to make an appointment in this particular field. This was to me preposterous. A professor of English, who had once had ambitions about being a member of our department, blurting out these things at a cocktail party. What taste, what manners. I went at once to the dean and asked did he condone a situation in which a chairman of one of his committees behaved in this way. Shortly after I had word that the appointment was acceptable, though the grapevine said that the committee had voted “No” and Brown had overruled it.

I telegraphed to Boshier and he accepted. But in this we were unusually fortunate. The fact was that he had been much attracted by the members of the department and the library and he was dissatisfied with British Columbia. We thought ourselves lucky to get him. I had no notion what would have happened if another major university had approached him during the two months that passed between my first word to him of the department’s decision and the final message of invitation.

Our major controversy of this sort with the dean was more complicated and from our side more important. At the same time our position seemed to be ironclad because the men involved were on the scene. We had chosen them carefully and we knew their qualities. Kammen had been with us for a year. He had proved to be an excellent, conscientious teacher and he had a splendid record of publication, though not as yet a completed work in his special field. Partly on my recommendation he had been chosen among all the young men in the humanities to be Cornell’s candidate for a new fellowship to be awarded by the Federal Government. The committee

at Cornell reported to me through its chairman that they considered Kammen's credentials quite extraordinary.

Alongside Kammen in American history we had appointed Silbey and Polenberg, men of more experience than he and men of equal ability, as we saw it. Each had a book in the press and in each instance it seemed likely to be a work of much importance. The situation was therefore that at a time when we knew, by our own searches, that there were few first class young men in American history, we had three. We badly needed all of them if we were to achieve and maintain first class standing as a department during the next decade. Clearly the first step was to promote them to associate professorships as soon as possible. I had talked this over with the dean with respect to Silbey and Polenberg at the time of their appointments. I had shown him that Silbey turned down an associate professorship to come to Cornell and I had given him an oral promise to work for his promotion as soon as his book was published. In Polenberg's case I had asked the dean if I might write formally to say that we would recommend him for promotion as soon as his book came out. Brown said, "Yes," and I had done so.

Early in 1967 Kammen received an attractive offer from Rutgers University of an associate professorship and a higher salary than we gave him. The offer called for a quick reply. The department met and unanimously decided to recommend him for promotion to associate professorship. The recommendation to the dean came necessarily at a time that was in one respect awkward. The university budget had been adopted in late January; it was now early February. To ask for a salary increase for Kammen would be to ask for a change in the budget. I had recommended him for a salary of \$11,000 and this presumably had been put in the budget. To meet the Rutgers offer we would need \$13,000. I thought it best not to raise this issue for the time being and moved instead to submit a recommendation for promotion and ask for action on that alone. Brown received this, together with the supporting papers. Brown reported that he had appointed a committee which was deliberating. The dean asked for more information and I supplied it. As I waited for news I learned from the underground that the committee had not met and that Brown had decided, because of the need for speed, to handle the matter alone and to seek endorsement from the committee later. So far so good.

Late one afternoon, when our secretaries had gone, I had an urgent call from Brown. I must supply at once a statement ranking in order of ability Kammen, Silbey, and Polenberg. I said the only statement I would make was that they were equally good. (In discussing them from time to time with him, in terms of our plans, I had carefully avoided any comparison that would make possible a ranking of this kind because I did believe, on the basis of what I knew about them at this time, that a ranking would be unfair.) Brown said that the only way he could get Kammen approved in Day Hall was by arguing that he was better than the others. I refused to write such a letter; instead in long hand, I set out a statement giving the qualities of each and declaring that in terms of ability and experience they were about equal in rank. On second thought I saw that to do what Brown asked would destroy my position when I asked for the promotion of Silbey and Polenberg.

For a time I heard no more from the dean; then word came that Kammen's promotion had gone through. We had in the meantime negotiated with him the new salary arrangement largely through the agency of Walter LaFeber. To the Rutgers

offer of \$13,000 Brown had replied with \$12,000. I asked for \$13,000 or \$13,500. In the end LaFeber found a successful combination: \$12,400 the first year and \$13,500 the next. So now to act on Silbey and Polenberg. I called them in and told them what had been happening, particularly the difficulties Brown had created. I said the department was ready to take one of two courses—to press for their promotion at once or to postpone it until the fall when the normal time for promotions and salary advances came around. I said we would leave it to them to decide what they wished us to do. Each said he did not wish to press for quick action. They had faith in the wisdom of the department to act as it saw fit.

But a day or two later they reappeared and said that having talked among themselves they wished action now. They had received copies of their new books: they thought that the sooner they were assured of tenure as associate professors the more quickly they would settle down, buy homes, and come to think of themselves as committed members of the department. I had around Christmastime obtained new letters of recommendation for each from four or five eminent scholars, and I had some of their more recent historical articles to back up the recommendations. With unanimous support of the department I went to the dean.

He said at once that he did not wish to consider the matter until the fall. I explained that I asked for no salary increases. He still objected. In my letter forwarding the books and other supporting documents I said that we were not trying to use Kammen's promotion as a lever to force through the others; that we were merely trying to carry out our original plan which had been disrupted by the offer to Kammen. Brown replied in a bristling letter which began, "No matter what you or the department say" and went on to argue that our action would be taken by Day Hall to mean that we were using one promotion to gain the other two. He said further that though I had refused to rank these men in order of merit he himself had done so, putting Kammen first. I said that was his problem. He agreed to appoint two ad hoc committees to consider our recommendations. The pace of these exchanges was hot, the tone of the controversy sharp.

After a month or so the committees reported against promotion. The reports had two disturbing features. One was that they used identical language, except for the names of the candidates; the other, that in both instances the key argument against promotion was that the books were merely printed dissertations. Promotion should wait on more mature published work.

Now began a battle of will and wits. Brown was, as I saw him, an impulsive person who made quick judgments, on what basis I could not tell, but who, having taken a position, would use every possible tactic to hold it. We on our side had few weapons; certainly I would not use the alternate one of going around Brown to one of the men of power in Day Hall. We would fight it out directly with Brown and in this fight the principal force on our side was the unity of the department. It was now mid-April.

The department met and decided to seek reversal of the committees' decisions. It commissioned Gates, Smith, LaFeber, Davis and me to call on the dean and present our case. This we did and gained from him an agreement to reconstitute the ad hoc committee on this case and the Kammen case. He spoke of an early meeting with the provost who would be back "next week." He asked LaFeber and Smith to

prepare critical essays on the Polenberg and Silbey books. The date of the meeting was April 24. We supplied the essays a day or two later. On hearing nothing during the next two or three weeks LaFeber and I went to see the dean to see if there was anything more we could do. We found him now more hostile than before. He said that under the rules of Day Hall we could not get a promotion during the spring and, he added, he was on the side of Day Hall. We came away from the meeting agreeing that during the forty-five minutes he had said not one positive thing.

When news of this meeting passed through the department Jim Smith became so dissatisfied that he decided to go to the dean himself. He thought that there might be a more informal and simple way of dealing with the problem than we had used to this point. He reported that his conversation had been normal and friendly—"Neither he nor I raised our voices," he said. The dean suggested that more evidence be assembled concerning the research programs of the two men, so at once we sought this from them and passed it on to the dean—we were now at the end of May.

In the meantime Walter LaFeber and the dean exchanged letters. Walter put the department's case again in a somewhat more gentle manner than I had done in our meeting on April 24. But he ended by saying that if these promotions did not go through he could not accept the chairmanship. This he said would be impossible for an American historian who was, as he was, friendly with Polenberg and Silbey. The dean's letter was a firm restatement of his case which carried with it the general argument that if there was a fault in the handling of the case it was the department's, not his.

So in the concluding weeks of the term the matter rested and we stood by waiting word from the dean. Walter LaFeber said he had his eye on a deadline. If the promotions were not forthcoming by July 1 he would not serve as chairman. June went by without a word. On July 3 I called the dean who said the committee had done nothing and had scattered. He said this quite casually and added, "But they had done nothing negative, you understand." The department told me to write at once to Brown and tell him we still expected action. I did so on July 11 and called in person on the dean to tell him I thought it good manners to say that a strongly worded letter was on the way. He spoke sharply and said he would not act without the committee. The committee was angry, he said, and he was angry; departments must learn that they must abide by the rules of the college. He sounded an ominous note: people should understand that nobody could guarantee anything to anybody. This wretched business dragged on through the summer into the fall. The only good feature was that every shift of front by Brown brought a new affirmation of unity by the department. Davis and others visited the dean who made it appear that he would change his stand by saying, for example, that if Davis himself would write a commentary on Polenberg's book and praise it, he, Brown, would take the initiative with the committee.

By the fall the lines were being drawn somewhat differently. Polenberg and Silbey, as well as others among the newcomers, were seriously wondering about the political setting at Cornell; whether they wished to stay in a college managed by so shifty a person as Brown. Walter LaFeber was firm in his threat not to take the chairmanship. Brown went from bad to worse. He had no end of dodges; for example, he argued that one book was not enough to win promotion, and when I

replied, show me another department where they ask for two books, he said there was none, but “I have the right to expect more from the history department.” We could do no more than keep up the pressure strongly from day to day, never quite reaching the point where there would be a final break.

By this time the ad hoc committee was in session again and after some dodging and ducking it did conclude that on the basis of an article by Silbey they were ready to recommend his promotion. Polenberg’s case dragged on. The committee called for more evidence as though it wished to appear to make a most judicious decision. My own opinion, supported by later experience, was that Brown maneuvered behind this and other committees according to a pattern that was beyond my fathoming. He knew of animosities towards departments and towards individuals who might be involved in an appointment or promotion and he could, in appointing a committee, load it with enough hostile persons to ensure the candidates defeat. He could be dilatory in getting information to the committee. He would suggest standards for qualifications—e.g., the two-book principle—that would assure defeat. The only thing that moved him was the threat of disaster such as the prospect that one of our department, whom he thought prestigious, was about to leave.

The Polenberg-Silbey affair was dragging to a conclusion and the promotion of both to associate professor seemed certain. Christmas was approaching, soon to be followed by a meeting of the A.H.A. We were searching for new appointments and had instructed Kagan and Walker to be on the watch for us. From them and others word soon came that Wisconsin intended to invite Davis and Silbey to join them. Some of Silbey’s Wisconsin friends, including Al Bogue, one of our own graduate students, a professor at Wisconsin and Silbey’s old teacher at Iowa, put Silbey under heavy pressure—a full professorship and \$15,000, and this in a department that was rated near the top in the country. Silbey on his return from Wisconsin brought me a letter detailing these terms and I at once wrote to Brown suggesting that we give the promotion and to a salary of \$15,500. I said that speed was vital and that I must have an answer by 3 p.m. the following day, the day before the Christmas vacation.

On the Friday morning I called Provost Corson and told him that Wisconsin was trying to persuade Silbey and Davis to leave us. I said that Davis would shortly be leaving for a visit to Wisconsin and that it was vital that Corson see him before he left. Corson was most warm in his response and said he would drop everything to see Davis if I would make an appointment. He asked what about the Silbey affair.

I told him that just before I called him I had spoken to Brown who had called me to say that he simply could not do anything for Silbey right away. Here it is Friday morning, Brown had said, everyone is getting ready to go on holiday; I simply cannot go over to Day Hall and try to get action. Why, he asked, the rush. I said that Silbey had promised to give Wisconsin an answer right away. Brown said why if Wisconsin offered \$15,000, do you recommend \$15,500. I answered that in dealing with matters of this kind, if you wished to act positively, there were three key words—speed, generosity, and grace.

Corson said, “Where is Brown now?” I said, “He is probably on his way to your office.” (It happened that Brown was sitting outside Corson’s office and heard Corson’s side of the last part of our conversation.)

I left my office in West Sibley to go to the Village Office and reached there a few minutes later. I found a note to call Brown. Brown said that my recommendations regarding Silbey had all been granted. What a joy. The previous Polenbergs-Silbey affair had taken nine months. This one solved itself in exactly thirty-five minutes.

The affair Davis began on a distressing note before Christmas and before the question of an offer from Wisconsin had arisen. I learned that Davis, Kagan, Williams and others had been at lunch and had talked about salary inequities in the college. Much was made of the fact that [John] Freccero had returned to Cornell after a brief absence at another university and was receiving a salary of \$23,000 or thereabouts, even though he had not published a single book. Shortly after this Davis came storming in to me—hurt, not offended at me—to protest the charge of a \$40 travel bill to him. He had attended a history meeting at Atlanta where his book had been the subject of special sessions and he had been a lion. The fare was \$140 and Brown paid \$100. Davis was really annoyed by this—and rightly. I said he should write a letter describing his feelings and I would write my own protest and send it to Brown. This we did.

I was already well aware of Davis's sensitivity on a number of points having to do with his status and salary. Shortly after he returned from India in the summer he came to see me and said that though he had a private income and did not particularly need the money he thought his position in the historical field, now affirmed by his Pulitzer Prize, justified recognition by the university in the form of a handsome salary. I said, Yes, and agreed to talk the matter over with Brown as soon as possible. When Brown and I met a week or two later we agreed that Davis's salary should go from \$16,000 to \$20,000. I made this change in my budget for 1968-69 and duly informed Davis that I had done so in agreement with Brown.

Following this, in circumstances I did not know about, Walter LaFeber explored the same topic with Brown and between them they agreed that Davis should have a salary of about \$22,000, a chair, and some research aid. Walter told Davis this well before the time when we learned that Wisconsin intended to invite him there.

Davis met the Wisconsin people at the Toronto meeting and apparently was much impressed by them and by what they had to offer. He returned from Toronto, I believe, with Kammen. Certainly Kammen quickly reported that Davis was much persuaded by what he had seen and heard. Someone told me that before Toronto the chances were 90-10 against his going; after 52-48. I learned that Davis was going to Wisconsin on January 4. I called Corson and asked if he would try to see Davis before he went to Wisconsin. He said—as I have already written—that he would drop everything to do so. We arranged for a meeting on January 2. At the meeting Corson was wonderfully persuasive, particularly on the question of the financial future for privately endowed universities. He made the point with Davis that Cornell had learned how to use its capital gains to augment its income. He said that state universities would come under increasing pressure from taxpayers. Davis went to Wisconsin on January 4 and returned on the 6th late at night. I learned that he had no firm offer but that he was seriously considering the possibility of leaving us.

I talked on the phone with Walter LaFeber and we agreed that the proper thing to do was to leave the initiative to Davis. On Sunday evening Kammen called me. He was quite excited. He put together two matters, the Davis affair and the Rossiter affair of which I will speak later. He left me with the notion that Davis had been successfully courted by Wisconsin, particularly by the president, Harrington, a Cornell undergraduate. As he spoke of Davis's disturbed state of mind I told him that I thought the proper thing to do was to leave Davis to himself. I learned later that Kammen at once called Davis again and told such an exciting story that Davis drove out to Kammen's (temperature about 10 degrees) and stayed there till 1:30 a.m. In the meantime Davis's wife Frannie, much concerned about the prospect of leaving Ithaca, and more concerned that Kammen was badgering Davis, called Sandra LaFeber to tell her tale of woe.

During the next two or three days I had a meeting or two with Davis, to listen to what he had to say. I told him that I intended to leave him alone to make up his own mind. At the same time I alerted Brown, and advised him to keep hands off, and Corson whom I told to use his own judgment in dealing with Davis. In the interval between Monday and Wednesday Walter LaFeber in particular and I to some degree informed Corson of what we thought was uppermost in Davis's mind and in what ways Cornell could counter these thoughts.

From Davis's remarks and more particularly from Kammen's version of what Davis said it appeared that Davis harbored many grievances against Cornell. The word "neglected" came up many times and in such circumstances that it suggested that Davis had been for many years an unknown and neglected genius. The facts were essentially these. He had advanced more rapidly than other persons of his ability and age group at Cornell and had received a named chair and full professorship when he was still quite young. His salary had advanced rather slowly, until in 1966-67 it stood at \$16,000. Kagan and LaFeber were below this. Williams was ahead of it. With me it certainly was the case that once Davis got his full professorship and a salary of \$14,000, I turned my attention to Kagan and LaFeber—both of whom had families—and I brought them up from about \$10,000 to \$13,500. When I looked at the needs of these young men, all as I judged of about equal capacity, I certainly did have it in mind that Davis could wait a little (say, for the next \$1,000) because he had a substantial private income. By the budget of 1967-68 I had brought Davis to \$16,000 and Kagan and LaFeber to \$15,000. (This, of course, was before Davis had received the Pulitzer but some time after LaFeber had received the A.H.A. Beveridge Prize and both he and Kagan had been given honors for distinguished teaching.)

Davis did not say much to me about neglect, though I was aware from a phrase here and there that the notion was in the back of his mind. Kammen was the person who took up the "neglect" theme and who suggested that there were a number of hidden grievances which preyed on Davis's mind. I had the opinion, as did LaFeber and others that at this point Kammen was an inflammatory and generally hostile influence on the total situation. At one point in a conversation with LaFeber, Kammen said, but you speak as if I were an alarmist. That, said LaFeber, is exactly what you are. On Tuesday January 9 when they were debating these points LaFeber blew up, denounced Kammen for his lack of understanding of the issues involved and pretty much told him to shut up.

On Thursday morning January 11 Davis came to me saying that he had received by phone the details of the offer Wisconsin would formally make to him. These and the Cornell counter offer I have set out on adjacent pages. He and I talked for about an hour, in a quiet and friendly way. I said that what had emerged was pretty much what I had expected and that we had thought the whole matter through on our side and were ready to make a counter offer. I sensed that things were not as bad as I had feared, that if we came through with a favorable response we had a good chance of keeping him.

What impressed me about Davis in this conversation, and in others I had had during the past few days, was the extraordinary detail with which he wished to put his case. There were many things he wanted and he was leaving nothing to chance. If things came out as he wished them to at Cornell he would benefit directly and indirectly to the extent of about \$40,000, that is, for himself and the appointment of a second man in his field. And yet much of the conversation turned on minor points where the amount at issue would be \$250 to \$500. However we parted in good spirits and in the course of our conversation I called Corson's office and arranged for him to meet with Davis at 2 p.m. I immediately prepared a statement of the offer and counter offer, with copies for Brown, Corson and LaFeber.

Davis had left my office. A few minutes later Corson called and we had a long talk in which I explained what was at issue. He asked was it our wish to do everything to keep Davis. I said, yes. We talked about some of the details, particularly about the need to arrange the right kind of confrontation between President Perkins and Davis. He said he would do this. I told him that shortly I would deliver a copy of the memo I was preparing to him and another to Brown. He asked what LaFeber thought. I said I would show the memo to LaFeber and have him write his own comments on it for Corson's information. As we ended our conversation he said he wished to thank me for the way I was handling the situation; I said he was the one who should receive thanks for the help he had given us. He said, "A university is people. You've got to get and keep the best people. How you find money to pay for them and like administrative details are altogether secondary."

On Thursday afternoon Davis met with Corson, Perkins, and Brown; at first with the first two, then with Perkins alone, and then all three. The total time was 3 1/2 hours. Davis reported to me the next morning that he was highly pleased, particularly by the new view he had of Perkins. Before, Perkins had been a shadowy, slippery, and ineffectual person. Now Davis thought of him as friendly, alert, well informed, concerned, as Perkins had gone to some lengths to demonstrate, with significant educational questions. Perkins said some generous things about our History Department; people told him, he said, that we were the rising star among history departments in the country. He asked Davis what could be done to the university to make it a more acceptable place to young scholars like himself. Davis was not prepared to answer this question.

All in all it seemed that Perkins and Corson, with Brown a minor listener, had made it clear that Cornell would do everything in its power to persuade Davis to stay although, as he said from time to time, Perkins was anxious not to appear to dictate a decision to Brown. When Davis and Brown left the room together, Brown with his usual folly in these matters began to harass Davis with assertions about what would happen to Davis's salary when Davis was on leave without salary. This

was an administrative matter that Brown should have taken up with me. To argue about it with Davis was to make it appear that Brown, if not Cornell, intended to regard the settlement as one of tight penny-pinching.

Davis told me of the main meeting and spent some hours talking it over with Walter LaFeber and others. From all I heard I judged that his mind seemed to be coming down on our side. In his talks with LaFeber he made it clear that our fear that Kammen had a somewhat unhappy influence over him—making everything look its worst—was not well founded. We judged that he knew Kammen's weakness in this respect.

So Friday the 12th and Saturday the 13th were relatively calm days while we awaited a word from Davis. On the afternoon of the 13th LaFeber met Perkins at a cocktail party and they exchanged mutual congratulations.

On Sunday the 14th, LaFeber called me with a note of concern in his voice. Davis had at last received the formal Wisconsin offer in writing. It amounted to somewhat more than they had offered before in consequence of some juggling of the possible research funds they were offering. Set alongside the Cornell counter-offer it amounted to about \$1,000 in a two year period and all they had guaranteed was two years. I pointed out that the Cornell offer was in perpetuity. I said that I could not see the point of getting disturbed about such a trifle in view of the size of the total package. Walter said that Franny Davis was much concerned at Davis's reaction to the final terms from Wisconsin. Davis, he reported, was elated. I said, "But what's the difference?" LaFeber answered, "I bet if you could see Davis's desk at home it would be covered with sheets of paper, each with careful monetary calculations."

He had arranged to go with Davis to see Brown on the 5th to work out the final details of the Cornell offer—higher salary and fringe benefits too. I said, "If Brown raises any objections say we will go back to Corson." LaFeber answered, "I'll tell him that Corson said we were going to keep him and exact the favorable terms right there."

While we were in the last week of this negotiation the Rossiter affair arose. The issue was this. Rossiter's work in the Department of Government had always had a historical bent—the career and papers of Alexander Hamilton, the history of the Presidency and so forth. He had received invitations to lecture abroad on topics associated with the history of American institutions. He had been for a year Pitt Professor of American History at Cambridge University. Down through the years from time to time he had asked if he might not be acknowledged by the History Department to be a historian.

In the days of Curtis Nettels this would have been impossible because he had views on the history of the American Revolution very different from Rossiter's. The question arose now because Rossiter had received the offer of an appointment at U.C.L.A. and with it was a joint appointment to political science and history. He said he did not seriously consider going but if he stayed at Cornell he hoped that the historians would extend a hand to him. I put mention of this in a call to a department meeting for Thursday, January 12.

On Sunday evening January 7, Kammen called and spoke first about Davis, as I have reported above. He then went on to say he was passionately opposed to the

Rossiter affair because he regarded Rossiter as a fourth-rate historian. I said that what was in my mind was that Rossiter would give a seminar once in a while in the area of his special knowledge—say on Hamilton. This did not placate Kammen who now joined the Davis and Rossiter affairs by saying that if Davis left, as he thought he might, and we went through with the Rossiter proposal, he, Kammen, would take the first opportunity to leave.

I had already sounded out the person I had thought most likely to raise objections, namely Jim Smith; and he had said at once that he would welcome a tie with Rossiter. Some part of their work went side-by-side. I spoke to as many other members of the department as I could find. All favored the Rossiter tie. But Walter LaFeber brought me word that there was a side to Kammen's objection that had not appeared in his protest to me. The point was this. Kammen already felt himself blocked from working with graduate students by the presence in the department of Jim Smith whose work was close to Kammen's special field. Smith's senior status blocked Kammen. If Rossiter came into the department he too would block Kammen. LaFeber said Kammen had good reason for his protest.

I thought it best therefore to be quite precise in defining the relationship between Rossiter and the department and used two ideas, first, that we would not mention membership or any other relationship—I had thought before this of using the term "association with the department"—second, that Rossiter would not have the right to direct graduate students in history. I presented these ideas to the department at our meeting. My motion said simply that the department invited Rossiter to teach a course or seminar in American history from time to time upon consultation with the chairman and that the department would include his name among the teachers of history in the Arts College catalog. In presenting this to the department I made the point firmly that Rossiter was barred from directing work in American history. Some in discussion objected to this; others said they saw nothing wrong in Rossiter's being a member of the department. Polenberg, Silbey and Smith said they thought Rossiter's scholarship adequate to the needs of teaching a course or seminar in areas of American history close to their own. The motion passed without objection. Kammen stayed away from the meeting.

Rossiter received the letter in which I reported the department's action on Friday afternoon. He at once came in to see me and expressed great satisfaction. However he closed my office door and said he wanted to hear all about the meeting. "Had anyone objected?" he asked. I avoided this and instead told him of the discussion we had had about his membership and about graduate students. I was quite explicit and firm about the graduate students. He accepted this, but asked if, in the absence say of Jim Smith, he would be allowed for a term or a year to advise Smith's graduate students on reading and so forth. I said I supposed so; this would be a merely temporary arrangement. He said he was happy. He would put this together with other items and it would help to persuade him to stay at Cornell. His final question was, who will handle the publicity on this. I said I would write a letter to Perkins to say what had happened and leave it to Perkins to decide what to do.

On January 15, 1968, at about 10:30 a.m., LaFeber and Davis came into the history office and mingled with three or four persons there. LaFeber gave me a sign that all was well. A few minutes later he came into my office, shut the door,

and began to tell the story. He had talked to Brown at length by phone yesterday and tried to alert Brown to the problems that might arise in the discussion with Davis. In any case all went well. LaFeber, without the knowledge of Davis, had suggested that to Wisconsin's \$25,000 Cornell offer \$26,000, as a gesture. Brown had checked with Corson and Perkins and Perkins had said that the \$1,000 would be "an empty and tawdry act." Brown reported to LaFeber that he had opposed my suggested \$25,500 (up \$500 from Wisconsin's offer). LaFeber said he got angry at this and said that Brown and Perkins were both wrong. All this took place before Davis came to the meeting in Brown's office.

The principal items in the agreement were, (1) the salary and the leave arrangements I had described; (2) adjustment of the research and secretarial support, the total now to be \$6,900 per annum; (3) a chair. Brown said Davis could have his choice of a White, Goldwin Smith, or Stambaugh. When Davis said he preferred the White (which he now holds temporarily) Brown most graciously said that that was what he had hoped because to take a Smith or Stambaugh was to enter a chair hallowed by tradition, to take the White was to start a tradition.

The discussion of [a] proposed [Fred] Somkin appointment led to agreement that he should be obtained if possible, that the Gruen appointment should be pursued, that we make one tenure appointment in South Asian history and that on Gates' retirement a major appointee replace him. The expectation was the appointments in English, Latin American, and European Intellectual history would be at the junior level. All this was hammered out in about 3/4 of an hour. LaFeber and Davis then had a cup of coffee and as they were about to leave Goldwin Smith Hall, Davis said, "At 11:30 I'll call up Frannie and tell her that I have decided to stay!" LaFeber said he jumped up and down and grabbed Davis. Davis came to see me about a half hour later and told me of his decision. I shook his hand and told him how happy I was. He spoke of the honor of succeeding Curti at Wisconsin. I said how good to do a job so that people would be proud to succeed him. He said that he had gone to this last meeting with Brown with an open mind, and the meeting had been the decisive event.

Let me tell a story, the story of an accident in the chairman's office. One day in the late fall I was eating some crackers and cheese in my office at lunchtime and chanced to look up at books on the shelves where we keep copies of the books written by members of the department. There I saw a book about George Lincoln Burr, which I had seen many times. I knew it contained a study of him by one of his students as well as some papers of his edited by a woman student of his whom I knew perhaps twenty-five years ago. I took the book down and began to read it and found the short biographical study most interesting, particularly because it contained extracts from his letters, as well as the story of his marriage. Of the latter and of the death at childbirth of his one child and shortly thereafter of his wife, I had heard the general story. I found much that was new in the story and saw another side of his personality, the determined, stoical and yet intensely warm nature of the man.

I sat thinking about this for a while and suddenly recalled that the essay contained an extract from a letter of his in which he spoke of collecting a great bundle of eighteenth-century French manuscripts. "They are beside my bed now," he wrote to A. D. White from Paris, "in a pile 12 ft. high." He called them the D'Artois

manuscripts. I went back and read the passage again and then began to wonder why I had never heard of this great collection. After all they fell in the period of the French Revolution. I had heard much from Becker and others when I first came to Cornell about how rich our collection was, what masses of pamphlets, etc. A young Englishman named Hutt who had been here for a year some ten years ago and was a French Revolution specialist had talked to me a good deal about our collection, but no word about the D'Artois group.

I asked John Boshier to come to see me and told him my story. He worked in this field of history and he said at once that he had heard of the D'Artois collection but no one knew where it was, although in some vague way he had heard it associated with Cornell. I asked him to hunt around in the University Library. There he found no clues; nothing in the catalogs and the various officials knew nothing. If the quarry had been single book or bundle the lack of information might not have been surprising; but a pile twelve feet high! Moreover within the last four or five years all the important contents of the old main library had been sorted through and much had been transferred to the new graduate library.

I suggested he hunt again and he did so. A day or two later he came back full of excitement. The officials at the library had continued to discourage him on the ground that he was wasting their time and his own, but in a last search among papers that had not been carefully examined he found the D'Artois manuscripts just eighty-two years after Burr had brought them to Ithaca. They were tied up in twenty-one bundles, in the string with which they had come from France. They were highly detailed accounts of the financial affairs of a branch of the French royal family, in particular of the man who later became Charles X of France.

What a coup for Boshier, all the more so because his own work was in a field very close to that illustrated by the manuscripts! What a story for the newspapers! And yet at once we understood that if we released it the effects would not be altogether joyful. What would the library say to explain its ignorance; if there was this collection, what else might there be? Henry Guerlac told me that he had been invited to join our department on the strength of a review of the Burr book, and yet he had missed this item even though 18th century France is one of his fields of study. We decided to keep the story to ourselves for a while—ourselves being LaFeber, Kagan, Biggerstaff, Brown, and John Marcham.

More Work on Fuertes

The Fuertes book remained the principal occupation of my spare time. Once I had convinced myself that Editor Waxman meant business I went to work to assure myself that all the pictures I needed were on hand and to negotiate about the question of a contract. The contract was in standard form; it offered me a reasonable royalty scale—or so my friends advised me. More important for the work at hand, it allotted about \$2,500 for photographs in color and black and white. This cost the publishers would meet. In the fall of 1969 the last of the pictures arrived, the American Museum of Natural History Collection, in their frames much to my distress, for it meant serious problems in shipping them back to New York.

I had decided in the previous spring (1969) that I ought to work with Elmer Phillips on the photography. I knew him to be a first class photographer; I thought it likely that now that he had retired as professor in the Department of Communication Arts in the College of Agriculture at Cornell he might have the time to devote to the task. I knew him through my fishing friends, but not well. When I talked to him I learned at once of his eagerness to do the work, largely because he was a great admirer of Fuertes. I told him, in these days before Editor Waxman had come on the scene, that I did not know what financial arrangements I could come to with a publisher. I said I was willing, during this uncertain period, to finance the photography myself. This I did and we had the first of the 4x5 color transparencies in hand when Waxman appeared.

Once the contract had been signed and the pictures were on hand to be photographed, Phillips and I began our program which lasted from late October to late December. To work with him during these two months was one of the great experiences of my life.

My part in the program was no more than to carry some pictures from the Library to the top floor of Roberts Hall. When I arrived there I found each day that Phillips had been on hand for some time to begin preparation for the day's work. On many occasions stage one had been to check the color film. He regarded each packet of film as having its own characteristics and so from time to time, as he opened a new packet he took out a piece of film so that he might expose and develop and study it at home. If this had happened he would explain to me the nature of the film and would say, perhaps, we shall have to adjust the filters in the camera, or we'll need a shade more exposure. If new filters were needed he might go off to another building and borrow them from a friend.

The next job was to check on the horizontal adjustment of the camera and the platform on which the pictures were to lie, then the polarized lights needed inspection and adjustment. They must be at exactly the same height and exactly the same distance from the object to be photographed; they must be of the same intensity: it was not enough to balance them on one day and assume the intensity would be the same the next. Then there was the question of heat. This, he said, was a factor to be studied. Again there was a polarized filter on the camera that had to be studied and adjusted. Often Phillips called in a friend to talk over a problem. Perhaps, as he looked through the pictures to be photographed on a given day, he saw a technical difficulty; how to capture all the brilliance of a "red," and needed

to talk over questions of exposure and lighting. One technical problem he pushed aside; he photographed the framed pictures through the glass.

If I arrived at the studio at Roberts Hall at 9:30 a.m. we would ordinarily be ready to begin photographing in about an hour, and this often in spite of the fact that when we stopped working the night before, his last words were, "Well, we'll leave everything the way it is and we'll make an early start." We fought our way through about seventy-five color pictures and the same number of black and white. He made two exposures of the black and white and sometimes as many as six of the color. Each exposure called for some second thoughts, some check on the calculation. And when we had done our regular photography with the 4x5 camera, he went back and made color slides of the color pictures, as well as of some black and white. Here too, in the color pictures he made multiple slides, sometimes five or six. During the two months of work he made perhaps six mistakes, i.e., exposed a piece of film twice or got way off in his calculations. At no time did he hurry, or change his mood. He was the steady, cheerful, but incredibly painstaking and competent professional.

Our last big job was to photograph some of the oil paintings in the Fuertes Room at the Laboratory of Ornithology. I did not intend to use any of these in the book, because I thought them not to be the best of Fuertes. But Editor Waxman urged me to include half a dozen or so, arguing that the reader would wish to use his own judgment about Fuertes at his best. (When the book was published Waxman agreed that he was mistaken in this.)

The visit of Phillips and myself to the Fuertes room left me with my most vivid impression of Phillips as a craftsman. He no longer had control of the setting as he had done in his studio. The pictures were large panels set in the wall at a height of about ten feet. Phillips worked from a moveable platform which he took from picture to picture. He had his lights with their reflectors on poles and here was the major difficulty. How could he be sure that light from the two lights struck the picture at the same angle, and what effect on the lighting of the picture came from its place, particularly if it were located in a corner and received some reflected light from the right-angled wall. Once he had arranged his lights Phillips set a ladder alongside the picture. He climbed it and literally inch by inch he went over the picture with his light meter. At the first readings he found wide disparities and so he went back to the lights and changed the angles or angle by a degree or so. Time after time he repeated this pattern until all was in order. But even so, as he protested and as the plates in the book show, all his skill could not overcome the myriad of fine ridges left by the individual hairs in the brush strokes in oil painting.

When we began to get into this work he had told me, and I had doubts about his statement, that in working with water-colors that were slightly faded he could bring back on the color transparency the brilliance of the original painting. As the first of the transparencies began to appear from the processing house in Texas I saw clearly that he was right. The use of polarizing filters and lights produced effects that I would not have believed. One day as he peered through the open lens of the camera and through the filter he said, "Look, Fred, there's water on that eagle's eye." I looked, and so it seemed to be; and so it was in our transparency of the Longcrested Hawk Eagle.

As the transparencies came in, I sent the second best copy to Editor Nahum Waxman so that he might use this illustrative material in his discussions with his superiors. True, we had signed a contract and had begun our photography, but Harper & Row had made no firm commitment as to the makeup of the book or how many pictures would be used. Waxman was quite brusque with me on a number of points, particularly when I asked for compensation on the color printing I had paid for myself when I was trying to convince him and his colleagues that Professor Phillips produced work of the highest quality. Waxman also seemed to be dragging his feet on a publication date. When we had agreed on the form and length of the text—both biographical essay and the letters—we fixed a date in the fall of 1969 for delivery of the material to him. I met the date; he wrote, after a few days, to say why hurry things, rather wait a year and do things well than rush the job through right away. I did not know him well enough to know whether he meant this in earnest, or perhaps was dealing with superiors who had second thoughts about publishing the book. The one encouraging sign that came in the winter of 1969-70 was a call for black and white pictures, as many as I could turn up. Phillips and I went to work again and he once more performed miracles in making faded pencil drawings look as bright as new.

The spring and summer of 1970 were a crucial time for me in the matter of the book. I was involved in routine business—packing pictures and sending them to their owners and telephoning to their owners to assure that all was well. I had one heart-stopping experience with the pictures from the Field Museum. When packed they made a large package so I inquired at the local post office by phone whether a package of these dimensions could go first class registered mail. He said, No, it would have to go parcel post. I then called up the Field Museum and asked for advice. They said, send it the way we sent it to you. As I read the original wrapping I learned that it had travelled as ordinary parcel post—no insurance. I took the package to the post office and as I approached the counter I decided to insure it against a value of \$60,000. The lobby of the post office was crowded. People jostled around me and my package. As I handed it and asked that it be insured the clerk cried out, “How much is it worth?” My nerve failed me; I thought the crowd would guffaw at \$60,000. I said, “What is your maximum?” and he answered \$200. Like a fool I said, “OK, never mind about the insurance, make it Special Handling.” I crawled out of the post office and as I got into my car I suddenly realized that I had been more than a coward, I had been a fool. I had handed over this truly irreplaceable packet, had seen it hurled into a big package bin and now had nothing to prove that I had relinquished possession to the post office.

Two things made matters worse. Back in my office I called the postmaster to ask if there were any way I could get my hands on the package again. He told me that the dimensions were such that I could have sent the package first class. As to getting it back, No, he said. He trembled, he said, to think what might happen to a fairly fragile packet like mine on the trip to Chicago. There was nothing for me to do but to wait it out for a few days. The first night I did not sleep. In the morning the local radio news program began with a story “Parcel Post truck held up and ransacked north of Ithaca.” Another bad night. But a miracle. On the following day the phone call came from Chicago. The librarian at the Field Museum wished to report that the package had arrived swiftly and in good shape.

One other routine matter involved listing precisely the pictures from each collection that were to be used, and obtaining from each owner the appropriate legal statement authorizing use of the pictures in the book. I had, of course, at the very beginning obtained letters that said I might use the pictures but these, the publisher's lawyers said, were not enough. My original approach to the owners had, as I have already said, often been rebuffed and when I succeeded at a later approach I did so by making my request in what seemed to me to be the least demanding language. I learned, for example, that the Field Museum published its own reproductions of the Fuertes pictures in its possession and would wish to be protected against the possibility of a popular edition of the book. In the course of my visit to Chicago and subsequent writing and telephoning the phrase "one time use" had appeared as though to signify publication in a substantial book and that in a single form—no popular edition, no portfolio of plates. Now in 1970 the lawyers saw many difficulties with "one time use" and set me the task of obtaining a statement from the Museum that was not binding. A generous museum director agreed to the change.

I had expected the least difficulty from the American Museum of Natural History for there I had had a number of pleasant meetings with Dr. Dean Amadon, head of the Ornithology Department, and Mrs. Flagg, curator of the Fuertes Collection. In addition Dr. Amadon had agreed to write a foreword to the book. A new director of the museum had come on the scene since I first began negotiations and I had become aware, from a new note of caution in Dr. Amadon's dealings with me that the climate might have chilled. To my first request for a formal legal commitment from the new director, I had a general reply which I saw at once to be evasive. He did not return to me the statement I had asked him to sign.

In May I received a call from Dr. Amadon; he was coming to Ithaca and had a matter he wished to discuss with me. We arranged to have dinner together. As soon as we had begun to eat I asked him what was on his mind. He said it was a delicate subject and a difficult one for him to raise with me, but the new director, having considered the nature of my enterprise, had decided that it was a commercial rather than a scholarly one. How could it be otherwise? Here was a leading commercial publisher producing a large book with illustrations—a trade book, not a scholarly book. This chain of thought led him to ask that I pay for the privilege of having his permission to reproduce the museum's pictures; the price, \$5,000. Dr Amadon apologized for bringing the news; indeed, he said, he would help me raise the money. I would need help. I had now retired from the university; I had spent about \$10,000 on the book already; I would have to sell some of our savings bonds. I had to have use of the museum's pictures; they were the backbone of my show.

I resorted to further correspondence with the director and at a point, probably through the intervention of Dr. Amadon, we came to a compromise. I might have use of the pictures if I would agree to write without compensation, an article for the museum's magazine, *Natural History*. I jumped at the offer.

While these negotiations went on in the summer of 1970 my dealings with Editor Waxman seemed to be at a standstill. He had my biographical essay and the text of the letters. The letters, I gathered, passed muster; the essay gave him trouble. In late summer he wrote to say that he had worked over the essay a good deal and was sending me his revised version. He had rearranged it drastically and

made brief insertions here and there. I had two choices: to storm or to accept the main part of his editing. I began to question whether the book would in fact appear. The copies of the pictures we had made were glorious, almost unbelievable; why fuss about the text, why provoke another year's delay? I agreed to the changes. I had now one obsession, to see the book in print. My daily thought was to commit myself to the notion that all I hoped for was to live long enough to hold a copy of the book in my hands. At that point in time, I told myself, I would be ready to drop dead. This was not merely a morbid thought: I believed that I ought to be on hand to advise on certain phases of the production of the book.

With my consent to the alternations, all seemed to be in hand, but it was not so. As if stung by the museum director's remark that this was not a scholarly book, Editor Waxman now demanded that I give precise citations to all the quotations in the biographical essay, that I provide exact measurements of all the pictures to be reproduced, that I prepare a bibliography on Fuertes and that I append a list of all Fuertes's known works. The last was impossible—years of work. The others could be done, given time, of which most had to go into running down the quotations. I had not kept a scholar's card catalog of these and I had no alternative but to go back to the badly organized correspondence. This I did and nailed down every word. The next request focussed on names. It did not satisfy Waxman to have a man referred to as Edward S. Roberts. I spent days searching for the middle names of a number of obscure persons mentioned by Fuertes. And what about places; these must all be checked. I checked them and found it necessary to correct Fuertes's geography here and there.

One major job of this kind remained to trouble me—the proper names of the birds to be depicted in the book. My original pictures had come from scientific collections where they were listed by common Latin names. I had simply taken them over. The pictures in Mrs. Boynton's collection were not so named in some instances; indeed, at that time the collection of some one thousand items was completely chaotic. To whom should I turn for help. The person who spoke from time to time as if he thought his hand should guide the ship was Dr. [Jason] Pettingill of the Laboratory of Ornithology—who cried out to me one day, "When is a professional ornithologist going to look over your manuscript?" My other dealings with him led me to believe that we would not succeed as cooperators. I turned to a member of his department, a younger man, Assistant Professor Jim Tate, a gentle person who had always been helpful to me. He gladly agreed to go over my list of bird names and so on two or three afternoons I sat beside him and showed him pictures and he either spelled out or wrote down the names. In one instance, and I was to pay for it, I walked beside him in the Fuertes Room and as he called out the name of the bird I wrote in my notes what I thought I heard him say.

Soon after the last piece of information went in I heard from Waxman that the wheels were beginning to speed up, a date for the printed text had been set, the color work was to go to Italy, proofs would be in hand on such and such days, first the printed matter, then the illustrations. There was a catch in all though. Harper & Row had recalculated their costs. The original royalty terms put too heavy a burden on them. Would I accept a reduction which they presented to me? I said again what I had perhaps foolishly said before, that I wished to see the book

in print. What royalties I got was a far lesser consideration. I offered a compromise between their new terms and the old: they accepted.

I agreed the more readily to this because a great light suddenly blazed out on the book. For years I had known that if it met my specifications it would be a striking and beautiful book. Now that we had the color transparencies I was all the more sure of it. But I still sensed some caution at Harper & Row. One day Waxman called and said, "What do you know, we have engaged Betty Binns, one of the leading book designers in the country. She has seen the material for the book and thinks it to be extraordinary. By the time she had explained to us what she was going to do we were all whooping it up." So things were moving my way.

By November of 1970 we had tied up all the ends and I was receiving mock-ups of the pages which would display black and white pictures and a printed text. Which black and white pictures would be used or how they would be used I did not know, I knew that the plan called for eight or ten full page black and white pictures; accordingly, I had nominated my candidates for these positions. Word came from Waxman saying that from this point on in all these matters of book making Betty Binns was in sole command. To my urgent request that Elmer Phillips's name be joined with mine on the title page a senior editor called to say, "No, it could not be done, the publishing house has a firm policy on the matter." And so it was a winter and spring of waiting and watching.

Onward the Sewers

In the affairs of the Village of Cayuga Heights—the sewer program remained the central issue. Intermunicipal discussions, asleep for some years, came to life again in the late 1960's, in part because Bill Kerr, supervisor of the Town of Ithaca, left office. His replacement was Walter Schwan, a dynamic, fast-talking, blunt-speaking man of about 40, who wished to deal quickly and drastically with a number of town problems, notably sewer and water. These were the key to any orderly extension planning in the town. At the same time the Town of Lansing was being overwhelmed by demands for literally hundreds of apartments, two major motels and other commercial developments—all these in an area adjacent to our village and impossible of accomplishment without the village sewer system.

On its side the village saw its sewer problem in these terms: the village could continue the existing practice of taking on more and more customers and charging them such rates as the village thought proper; or, as seemed more equitable, the village, understanding that soon more people outside the village would be using the system that villagers, could pass over to an intermunicipal board the administrative and financial management of the system.

The county reassembled a committee which employed consultants to bring up to date the facts of population growth and so forth in the interval since the first attack on the problem. The committee, which met in the County [Courthouse], was larger than our earlier group. The City of Ithaca had two representatives in

it and one of them, Mike Robinson, was for a while a scene-provoker; but after a few meetings the city men left us, saying in essence, it's your problem. And so we proceeded slowly, without friction. The consultants assembled the basic information and, out of their experience in other communities, suggested possible solutions to our financial and other difficulties. In the committee meetings we talked policy. A program gradually unfolded. A county sewer district would be formed among the four municipalities— three towns, Ithaca, Lansing, and Dryden, and the village of Cayuga Heights. The district would buy the equity of the village in the plant, the district would have a managerial board, and rates for sewer use would be equal throughout the district. These items and matters of more detail emerged after some eighteen months of discussion and the formulation of policy was continuously forward moving in spite of equally continuous harassment by our opponents in Ithaca [city].

The development of the plant remodelling was a much more difficult enterprise because, with each month the bureaucratic process seemed to become more slow and complicated. We were engaged in a more than five year condemnation action with [Leonard] Lieberman over the land on which the extended plant would stand. This he stalled by declaring that he was unable to find his assessor. When the committee appointed by the courts got around to examining the site and taking evidence from the village, Lieberman's experts on the value of the land, by some mystery the stenographer who took down the proceedings found himself so busy with other work that month after month he failed to transcribe his record.

Multiply these difficulties a hundred times and a picture emerges of delay and frustration. Fortunately our consultants had been through these difficulties many times. They assured us that all would come out well in the end provided some commitment by us, notably clearing the site, could occur before a certain deadline. If it did not we would not get our state and federal money. We squeezed in under the deadline: but that was merely the beginning.

The basic policy decision became clear. In view of the difficulty we had had in guiding the mountain of papers through Albany and Washington and Buffalo it would be a colossal error to transfer ownership of the plant to the county sewer district and make necessary the re-naming of the applicant for money and the rescheduling of the project. The members of the Sewer Committee therefore decided to slow down the last steps of establishing the Sewer District, and to make no decisive action on acquiring the plant from the village until the building was remodelled and the finances cleared beyond recall with Albany and Washington.

Another building project associated with the village had long occupied the Board of Trustees and the Fire Department. When I became mayor in 1956 the trustees met in a small room at the Community Corners Building and the Fire Department apparatus stood in a garage attached to a service station. Planning for a new building had begun, I think, before I became mayor. Early in my term of office we moved to our own new building which consisted of a bay for one or two fire engines, an upstairs apartment for the fire chief, a ground level apartment for two bunkers and an office about 25 by 25 feet to serve the village clerk and her helper, the police department and the engineer, treasurer, and mayor. The Board of Trustees and the Zoning Board of Appeals met there once a month. My only privacy in the room consisted of a drawer in a file cabinet. The only toilet available

to village employees at the office was a single unit, for the use of men and women, which faced the entrance doorway at a distance of about four feet.

The first sign of strain in the use of this room came from the police department. We soon found that our original single officer was not enough and as traffic and other forms of business increased partly in the village itself, more heavily because stores and apartments were multiplying in the area just north of the village, the police force gradually expanded to four. In consequence the work of the village clerk and her helper was often interrupted by an officer who had brought in a suspect for questioning. If I wished to speak privately to a villager or employee I went into the fire station and sat on the running board of a truck. In addition, the room served at least once a week as the village Justice Court, the judge sitting at the Board of Trustees table, the defendants, attorneys and police officers, who sometimes numbered thirty, lounging on chairs and desks and window sills.

We solved the problem of housing the police department quite easily. We rented again the room which had once housed the village office in the Corners Building. But the Justice Court could not meet there; attorneys for defendants said that a court in a police department office was disadvantageous to their clients. We began to consider remodelling and adding to the office-fire station building, all the more earnestly because the fire department was growing as it extended service to parts of the towns of Ithaca and Lansing. As we planned for this expansion we thought of a cinderblock extension of the building at a cost not to exceed \$100,000. When the plans for the new building came we saw clearly that it would not improve the accommodation for the village clerk and other officials. I would still be limited to a drawer in a file.

While these studies went forward a change was taking place on a piece of property 250 yards from the Village Office. In the mid-'20's the granddaughter of Ezra Cornell had built a magnificent Tudor-style house on a property consisting of about three acres on the north side of Hanshaw Road. She had spared nothing in the building of it; foot-square beams, splendid oak floors, a peaked-ceiling dining hall, and every item of the best and where possible handmade. The acres of possible land surrounding the property had been sold in the mid-'60's to developers who built a range of stores on the north side of the property. The developer to provide ingress and egress had circled the house with a driveway. It could no longer be used as a family dwelling, as an office building possibly—that was what the owners thought—as a restaurant, or perhaps the best thing to do would be to pull it down and build a gas station.

I had a strong view about what I did not want to see happen. No gas station—there were two others within a hundred yards. I was prepared to see a restaurant but on my own terms, that is, a family-type restaurant, possibly with liquor served at the table, closing time no later than 10 p.m. Some of the deciding points here were that Cornell students flowed through the village in great numbers. If they had access to a bar in the village this would be ideal for them. It would save them travelling all the way across town to College Avenue from the dormitories and apartments within reasonable reach of the village. The 10 p.m. closing had significance also because we had been able, mostly by persuasion, to maintain a curfew in the small shopping area of about 9 p.m. The principal defense on which to build a case against a restaurant was the provision in the village ordinance that

the trustees might permit a restaurant to be established if it would serve a clear village need.

My own views on this were firm—a restaurant on my terms or no restaurant at all. To a degree those who came seeking a permit played into the hands of their opponents; for example, the first group ran a chain called “Scotch & Sirloin” and when I suggested the priority of “Scotch” indicated the range of their interests they could not make a convincing reply. But the major problem was not the applicants but members of our board. Some of them thought a good restaurant was just what the village needed and they were prepared to risk a bar to get a good restaurant. Others, who were usually my staunchest supporters, said that they often used such restaurants when they were on the road and found them to be altogether satisfactory. The controversy lasted over several months during which I sometimes counted the attending trustees at our meetings and prayed that at the least I could stall a decision for a month. Doctors, lawyers, prominent women citizens signed petitions in favor of the restaurant program—all agreed that an owner could not succeed unless he had a bar open to midnight. In the end what prevailed was the argument that we did not wish to have traffic stirring in the village after 8 or 10 p.m., and that if the restaurant opened on the petitioners’ terms the evening and night work of the police would increase many times.

So the plan for use of the Cornell house fell through and this was about at the time when we were about to commit ourselves to remodelling the old village office and Fire Station. A second’s thought soon convinced all of us that we might solve many problems if the village officials and the Police Department moved to the Cornell house. The old village office might then be turned over to the Fire Department. In fact, the Fire Department could, for a time at least, live there in luxury.

We inspected the Cornell house and soon understood that it surpassed our best hopes. A magnificent room for the Village Hall, extensive space for the Police Department, a two-room office for the village clerk and even a small office for me. We agreed that to suit our needs some changes would have to occur—interior painting, checks on electrical work, the plumbing remade to suit the standards of a public building. This at a cost of perhaps \$15,000. The question now came at what price and on what terms could we get the building. The trustees instructed me to attempt a purchase. I had in mind a figure not higher than \$85,000, so that total expenditure would not exceed the \$100,000 assigned to the other proposed extension of the Village Office.

Roger Sovocool, our village attorney, and I met with James Clynes, majority owner of the enterprise that owned and operated the adjacent stores, now collectively called the Village Green. I had never been involved in such a meeting, but instinct suggested that I begin with the fact that the building was officially appraised at \$42,000. Clynes of course said this was nonsense. He would accept nothing less than \$75,000. I said I was a public officer, I had to account to my constituents, and I had to explain to them how a building carried on the tax-roles at \$42,000 suddenly increased in value by about 70 percent. We hammered away at this one afternoon and agreed on a figure of \$65,000. So the Village of Cayuga Heights became the owner of a new village hall at 836 Hanshaw Road. We made up a list of improvements that we thought necessary— painting, plastering, some attention

to the heating system, new wiring to accommodate all the gadgetry of the police department, and so forth. These went out to bid and were taken up at a total cost of about \$15,000. So we got our hall and what a place it turned out to be. We had a magnificent meeting hall with a large fireplace. Off in one corner of it was a large alcove which we enclosed as the chamber of the village justice. The north end of the hall opened into a greenhouse which we restored to working order. But perhaps the chief sign of our new life style was the plumbing. In place of our old multipurpose exposed toilet room with its washbasin and toilet seat we had three full-sized bathrooms with tiled walls and elaborate fittings, and an additional toilet room.

What should we do about interior decoration. The interior style was neo-Tudor; the floors, the beams, the doors all solid oak, dark stained. The walls were cream plaster, or white, the fittings mostly handmade wrought iron. Should we stay with this or give the interior a modern touch by using furniture and a color scheme that would shake the rafters. As mayor I thought it well to appoint a committee to study the matter and appointed myself and a lady trustee. When I met with her I soon learned that I was in trouble. She had a daughter who was an interior decorator and between the two or them they produced some eye challenging combinations: furniture that was either ornate and expensive or cut on straight lines in molded tubes and expensive. They had a fondness for large orange and red shag rugs. They piled the catalogs upon me. At a point when I was about to succumb the lady found it necessary to go south for a few weeks. I acted and luck was with me.

I put out word that I needed a large oak table of the kind that once were to be found in reading rooms throughout the university. Boardman Hall had had many of them; when we moved out the tables were stacked away somewhere or sold. Some, I knew, had drifted into Sibley Hall and were used as drafting tables by the architects. I consulted with the man in charge of equipment in Sibley and we scouted around without luck. One day word came to me from another building asking, do you wish to have a large oak table. I said, "Let me see it," and so I went at once to a seminar room where the head of the department told me they had to throw the table out; it was too big for the room. The table was about 20 feet long and 4 feet wide, the top a series of oak boards each running the length of the table. This, I saw at once, was more than I had dreamed of. I telephoned the village work crew who came at once and removed it.

Three weeks later, thanks to the skill of master craftsman John Smith, the table stood in the hall, dark brown and gleaming. He had sanded it down, stained it, and waxed it. He had found appropriate brass handles for the drawers. There never was such a table. His charge to us was about \$100. A day or so after this miracle happened I was climbing the stairs in West Sibley when I heard a secretary complain, "He said I must get it out of the office by noon. He doesn't want to see it again." I asked, "What do you have to get rid of?" She said, "An old wooden table." I went upstairs to see it and knew at once it was perfect for our needs—a splendid heavy wooden table, circular, about 4 feet in diameter, with carved legs, its color dark pink. In shape, color and style it was a pleasant contrast to the oak table and would give a note of richness to the hall. The top was slightly cracked right down the middle, where the two halves joined. Again John Smith, again a few dollars;

the result a handsome piece of furniture whose wood turned out to be natural mahogany; appraised value about \$500.

With pictures we were equally fortunate. John Reps gave us such of his reproductions of city plans and city views as we might wish. I turned them over to John Smith who got some oak, had it moulded into strips suitable for picture frames and stained the wood to match the large table. While this went forward I had a call from Everett Morse to say that upon the death of his father, Clarence, and the sale of his house, a large seashore picture by Christian Midjo, which had hung in his father's house, was an embarrassment to the children because of its size. He asked, would the village care to have it for our new building; we could have it on permanent loan. I went to see it and I judged that it would do well in the entrance hall. A large bare wall-space near the ceiling would easily accommodate the picture, and the colors of the picture mostly off-white, cream, pearl and pink, would match with the colors of the entrance hall. And so we installed it and completed the key parts of our interior decorating. The cost was minimal; the effects in my judgment were splendid. I had never taken on a job of this kind before. My luck held in a sequence of events and accidents that I found hard to believe.

Appendix A

Brouhaha over Self-Examination

In the spring of 1956 Cornell University undertook a program of self-examination as a preliminary to securing accreditation, or whatever the term is, by the regional university and college accrediting body. Cornell had been a charter member of the body and the university's recognition was not in question, but the elaborate procedures involved had to be carried through. In consequence each college and the university as a whole was required to examine carefully every aspect of its academic activity.

The College of Arts and Sciences therefore embarked on the four or five major inquiries prescribed by the accrediting body and set up the necessary committees to make these inquiries. One committee was instructed to report on faculty morale and general teaching procedures, a topic defined in such a way as to embrace faculty attitudes towards teaching, research, facilities and some other subjects, including the faculty's view of its relations with the administration. I was appointed chairman of this committee by the dean, Paul O'Leary, and I had as my fellow members Francis Mineka, who soon became dean of the Arts College; George Adams, chairman of the Economics Department; Frank Long, chairman of the Chemistry Department; and Bill Wimsatt, chairman of the Zoology Department.

Our committee held a luncheon meeting just before the summer vacation and we discussed procedure. The first suggestion was the obvious one; to use the suggested questionnaire, circulate it to all members of the college faculty, tabulate the results, and make an appropriate report. The detailed questions relevant to our area of inquiry, as suggested by the accrediting body, were quite numerous and were phrased in such a way as to raise difficulties of interpretation. Such, at least, was our judgment of the questions themselves and of what we knew of our faculty colleagues. We had visions therefore of some two or three months of answering telephone calls asking us to explain what the questions meant. As we pondered this difficulty and kept an eye on the time that might be lost in consequence of the summer vacation, someone on the committee said to me, "Fred, you know faculty opinion pretty well, why don't you write a set of answers to these questions in the light of your own judgment and send this out with the questionnaire. Ask members of the faculty to modify your answers as they see fit. This will save an immense amount of time and produce the result we wish." The rest of the committee accepted this as an excellent idea.

I gagged on one point; namely, the faculty's view of its relations with the administration. I said I'd rather leave this to each member to work out in his own way. Certainly, I did not wish to be involved in trying to summarize the faculty's

attitude towards President Malott. In fact, I said, perhaps “administration” meant “college administration” and not Malott. But the others would not hear of this. They said the faculty was boiling over a number of topics, including Malott’s recent action in choosing a provost. (He had refused the faculty’s choice and taken the sixth man on a list of six. The man who was the faculty’s choice had forthwith left the university.)

So I allowed myself to be persuaded that this was the best way of doing the job. I went home, prepared an introductory letter explaining what I was doing, wrote a kind of middle-of-the-road professor’s response to the questionnaire in the form of an essay and sent out my letter, my response, and the questionnaire to each department in the college asking that each professor be given opportunity to comment, either as an individual or as contributor to a departmental comment on my response. During the summer the comments came in. I weighed them as carefully as I could, incorporated what seemed appropriate in my response, and showed what I had done to the committee. With their support I filed with Dean O’Leary in the fall of 1956 the committee’s report.

I heard no more of the matter directly. But from this and that I learned that our report had been joined to others made by Arts College committees, that the reports of all the colleges and the university as a whole had been gathered in, and that a total statement had been printed and presented to the accrediting body. The whole subject passed from my mind.

The letter presenting this inquiry to the college faculty, the questionnaire, and my original response are [in the University Archives]. As is the total report for the college, as published September 1, 1957.

(The offending passage which struck Malott’s eye late in October, 1957, is [found later in this appendix]. It should be compared with the comparable passage [from] the “original response” [in these pages] referred to above. My letter to Malott of 30 October 1957 is also included.)

During the fall and early winter of this year I became involved in the controversies associated with the choice of a dean of the faculty, which I have described elsewhere. In the course of these controversies, and at a point when the final collection of faculty votes regarding the dean was about to take place, I had a meeting with Malott on the subject of the [faculty] deanship. I asked for the meeting and in the course of it I stated my views regarding the duties of the dean. In particular I said that I believed that the dean had two duties to perform, to interpret the wishes of the president to the faculty and those of the faculty to the president. Malott said that he agreed with this, but went on to say that he questioned my fitness for the job, saying that while I had many friends I also had many enemies. I said that this might well be, but I did not think that in the faculty my opponents, as I would prefer to call them, outnumbered my supporters, and that in any case he had seen the result of the last ballot for the deanship. (I knew that in this ballot a large majority of the faculty had favored me.) He replied by saying that the choice of a dean of the faculty was not a popularity contest. There we left the matter. A short time later the results of a new ballot came in and I was in this given the support of at least 90 percent of the faculty. The rest of that story I have told already.

Following my rejection (for the third time) as dean of the faculty by Malott, I resigned myself to a life of non-participation in university affairs on the general faculty scene. I was therefore surprised when, in the fall of 1957, I suddenly received a call to his office. As I thought about this call I remembered that there was one range of university business which might justify a call. I represented Cornell on the Ivy League Eligibility Committee which dealt with intercollegiate athletics. From time to time issues arose that called for comment by him. My judgment was that such an issue caused me to be called to his office. I went to Day Hall, reached the corridor outside his office and there found to my surprise Francis Mineka, now dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. "Good Lord, Francis," I said, "what do you know about football?" He seemed surprised by my question and so I explained what I thought to be the reason for the call. "Nothing of the sort," he said. He went on to tell that the president wished to talk to us about the report I had submitted for my committee a year earlier. I said at once that I had forgotten all about it; what did Malott wish to discuss? Mineka then said that Malott had never read the report when it was submitted. He had given orders that everything should be assembled, printed, and distributed to the leading universities in the country. Only the day before, when he was on a plane flying to Ithaca, had Malott read what I had written. He was outraged by it and demanded an explanation. No sooner had this short tale been told than he and I were called into Malott's office, where we found him in the company of one of his assistants, whose name I have forgotten.

Malott was in a rage, before him on the table was the offending book, open at the offensive passage. When I saw his state my first thoughts were to feel sorry for him. He had been put into a ridiculous position by having authorized without reading it a statement which in his opinion was prejudicial to him. At the same time I felt concerned for myself. I had not looked at what I wrote since the day I handed it in and I had forgotten the details of what I had said, as also the evidence on which I had based it. The fact was that 1956 and 1957 had been very busy years for me. I had been mayor of the Village of Cayuga Heights and as such concerned to put into action a large sewage system which the village had established. To do this we had been forced to carry out extensive building, had run into difficulties regarding rights of way, and had had to arrange for a bond issue of about three-quarters of a million dollars. All these activities and a hundred individual adjustments had been outside my experiences as a professor of history. In addition I had been finishing a book, the fruit of some years of work. All that I could depend on, in controversy with Malott at this point was faith in my own caution in writing about him. I could not have written a word that I could not amply support with evidence. But then again where was the evidence? I ought to have turned it in with the report. But had I done so? And if I had, had it been preserved and if so where?

Malott was speaking. He thought this statement as it related to faculty views concerning him to be disgraceful. Why had I written it? I answered that it was a committee report based on a distillation of the evidence turned in by the various departments. Why did the faculty of Arts and Sciences think this way about him? I said I didn't know, all that I knew was that they did, according to their own signed statements. He insisted that we supply the facts on which they based their opinion, he wished to prove that they were wrong. I said that their opinions were their opinions and were like the verdict of a jury, not to be challenged. He

said that he would brand me and the committee as irresponsible if we could not explain why the faculty held the views we had presented. He told me to call my committee together and cause them to prepare a response to his demand. He said that when the accrediting committee appeared in Ithaca, as it was about to do, he would appear before it and denounce our committee in the light of the other and favorable things that were said about the university.

I said that for him to go before the accrediting committee and denounce us would be to give the whole business a publicity it otherwise would not have. These statements were made back and forth at a rapid rate and on his side with some heat. I could not afford to go too far in my argument because I did not know whether the departmental replies I had used were still available. The discussion ended somewhat as follows. Malott said, "I want the facts, or I will denounce your committee." I said, "I will get the facts on which I worked if I can get them, but you must understand again, Mr. President, the nature of those facts. They are evidence of what people believe and not of the reasons for their beliefs." He said, "I want the facts or you will answer for it." I said (the thought suddenly occurred to me), "My situation is a pretty one, if I produce evidence to support my statement you will be offended to find that the faculty think less well of you than you wish them to. If I do not produce the evidence you will assume that I concocted it. May the Lord have mercy on my soul." Malott said, "I don't care about your soul."

With this, Mineka and I left the room. He was much upset by the whole business. Here he was, the new dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, a man of peace, suddenly forced into a situation which reflected—as Malott interpreted the matter—on the loyalty of the college to him. That Mineka had been a member of the offending committee was an added embarrassment. He had said, quite rightly, once or twice that he had been a conservative member of the committee and had questioned the wisdom of including the offending passage. He had also attempted from time to time, as we went over the matter again and again, to explain to Malott the difference between evidence for the faculty's opinions and the reasons why the faculty held those opinions. But with him, as with me, Malott had refused to admit there was a difference. He wanted the facts

Together Mineka and I went to Goldwin Smith Hall and called the members of the committee together. Luckily Adams and Wimsatt were in their offices and agreed to join us at once. Of Long I am not sure. But certainly the others soon came. In the meantime Mineka and I searched for the departmental replies and by good luck quickly found them. I began to read them over rapidly and soon convinced myself that what I had written was in fact much more favorable to Malott than the evidence justified. I had toned down the harshest statements and had produced a statement milder than the one sent in my original letter to the departments. When I told the members of the committee what Malott was asking for, the first reply was clear enough. "Tell him to go to hell." I said that I was committed to reply by writing and had promised to back up my statement if I could. So they instructed me to draw up a reply showing the passage in my original letter to the departments, to summarize department by department, the statements made in response to the passage, and not to identify the departments by name. They said I should conclude by saying that the evidence justified the statement.

I went home that evening with the departmental replies firmly clutched in my hand. They were my defense. I summarized them, made out a letter the next morning (October 30, 1957) and took it around to each of the committee members—this time I am sure Long was party to the action. They all endorsed it and said they would join with me in a face to face meeting with Malott, if he wished it. But their opinion was that when he saw the letter he would be convinced that the committee had let him down lightly and we should hear no more of the matter. So that afternoon I took the letter to Malott's secretary and dictated to her a note for him. I said that the committee had met and drawn up the attached letter and that if he wished to discuss the matter further with us we would be happy to meet him in the morning.

In the morning I had a call from Malott's office. He wished to see me about the letter. I said I would round up the committee at once. The secretary said, "No, the President would not see the committee; he wished to see me alone. So I went to see Malott at once. I was in two minds—did he wish to thank me for having watered down the statement or did he wish to meet me alone to carry on with more vehemence the dispute we had started at our last meeting. I met Francis Mineka at Malott's door and as I looked at his downcast face I had no doubt what he thought about the coming meeting.

The president and his assistant were together again, the assistant sitting, Malott standing. On the table was the report still open at the offending passage, in his hand was my letter. He motioned Mineka and me to sit down, and as soon as he had done so he threw my letter on the table and said, "I might have known that my worst enemy would fit together all the statements that were unfavorable to me. This is a disgraceful business and I shall see to it that the accrediting committee is informed of the irresponsible way this statement was arrived at." He sat down across the table from me. "This," he said, "is not evidence. You have no evidence for these statements and you know it." I said, "The committee wished to come here and tell you, Mr. President, that in their judgment the evidence as here summarized justified their statement." "Indeed," I added, "our opinion is that we produced a statement more favorable to you than the evidence justifies." He repeated his original statement once or twice and I replied with mine. Turning away from this phase of the controversy he fastened on the passage I had originally written in the letter sent to the departments and began shouting sentence by sentence each part of it. After he had bawled out a sentence he would pause and say, "There's not a word of truth in it." On one occasion he said, "Everyone knows I'm the most popular president the university has ever had." He went on to read, phrase by phrase, the passage in my statement as finally incorporated in the report and when he came to the phrase that says "he seems to waver," he shouted, "I never waver."

This reading and comment by him went on for about fifteen minutes and ended by his saying, "So you see there's not a word of truth in it. You've made the whole thing up." And after a pause, "Where's your evidence?" So I went back again to my original statement that the evidence was there, before him, in my letter. And he cried out again that it was no evidence, that I had not shown one fact to explain why the faculty thought that he did not treat members of the faculty with respect. I said once more that to explain why the faculty believed what they believed was

not my business. And so again and again we crossed back and forth in this sterile discussion.

A half hour or so of this fruitless haranguing produced no change in our positions. Francis Mineka had intervened once or twice to explain that I was chairman of a committee assigned to do a particular job and that the committee endorsed my position. I also changed the pattern once by saying that if he wished to question the validity of my report why not call a meeting of the Arts College faculty and let him and me present our positions there and test opinion.

Malott's mind seized on this for a while, though he did not take up my challenge. So I felt confident, he said, that Arts College would support me. Good enough; what had been set forth in the report proved that the Arts College was disloyal to him. He would bear it in mind. He was about to launch a program for helping the Arts College. Now he would abandon it; and so forth.

Then he turned on me again. I was his enemy. I had never done anything to help the university. I was a convinced enemy of his administration. I reminded him that at that moment I was representing the university on a number of committees, that no one more assiduously went out from the faculty to speak in the alumni circuit, that I had just organized, written the literature for and seen to a successful conclusion a program honoring the memory of Ezra Cornell and Andrew Dickson White, and indeed had been called in by some of his leading assistants to write their appeals for funds. (Vice-President [J. L.] Zwingle, in charge of University Development, had used me actively in helping his department during the preceding year.) This he dismissed as nothing. I was opposed to his administration.

So back he came to our original controversy and he said again he would go before the accrediting committee and tell them that the report we had submitted was without foundation. He would turn his back on the Arts College. So I said, "Mr. President, what you think about me doesn't matter. Nor does it matter what you say about me. I hate to see Professors Adams, Long, and Wimsatt referred to as irresponsible, but I suppose they can suffer that. My advice is to let the matter drop where it is. To go before the accrediting committee and denounce us will do you harm and the university harm. But if you wish to persist in that course that is your business. Let us suppose then that you tell the accrediting committee that this report is the work of an irresponsible committee presided over by a hostile chairman. That there is no truth in our report. My committee can certainly survive the ill opinion of the accrediting committee and I am sure will gladly do so rather than see the Arts College suffer." And here we parted after a hectic morning. The strange thing was that Malott in commenting on the total University report in the presence of the accrediting committee did draw attention to the offending passage and say it was not true. And the accrediting committee naturally enough, fastened on this passage in its interviews with individual members of the faculty and learned that we had reason for what we had said.

Letter to the President

October 30, 1957

President Deane W. Malott
327 Day Hall
Cornell University

Dear Mr. President:

The committee appointed to gather information regarding the faculty of the College of Arts and Sciences began its work of studying faculty opinion by instructing its chairman to draft an essay. This essay was to serve as an answer to all of the questions set forth in the appropriate questionnaire. The chairman, in consultation with senior members of the college faculty, drafted a preliminary statement. He submitted this to the Dean of the College, Paul O'Leary, and after discussion with him agreed to write another statement. He wrote another statement in which the following passage appeared. This passage dealt only with "features of life on the campus which" do not "help to build favorable morale among members of the faculty":

"The chief of these is the feeling among most members of the college faculty that some of the policies followed by the university administration and the board of trustees point towards a lessening of faculty influence on university affairs. Since the early days of the university the faculty, in most instances led by the faculty of the College of Arts and Sciences, have made a considerable contribution to the direction of the university's policy. Their responsibility to this matter has been enshrined in the university bylaws. Recently the university administration, supported by the Board of Trustees, has produced a new version of the bylaws in which the influence of the faculty counts for less than it did in the past, particularly in matters affecting the management of student affairs and conduct. This revision was prepared in circumstances which gave the faculty only formal opportunity to discuss the new proposals; the request of the faculty for delay and for opportunity to study and make recommendations was brushed aside. The trustees adopted the new bylaws. Since that time, unanimous resolutions of the faculty on the subject and detailed comments on the bylaws by the faculty's committee on university policy have received little attention from the trustees or the administration.

"During the same period the appointment of a new university provost took place in circumstances which caused discontent among the faculty. A committee of faculty members, appointed by the president, made nominations to him which clearly indicated the committee's order of preference, an order arrived at after some consultation outside the committee. In choosing the new provost the president disregarded the order of preference, as was his right; but his action was interpreted by most members of the faculty as either one which gave no weight to faculty opinion or one which was based upon the opinion that the office is of less importance in university affairs than the faculty deems it to be. The general effect of these and lesser events of the same nature has been to lower faculty morale to a point not reached in the past half century. The developments mentioned above

have had little effect on the internal affairs of the college except to raise the question whether, should any issue arise regarding policies and personalities in the college, the opinions of faculty members would have as much weight as they have had in the past.”

This passage was embedded in the total statement circulated to heads of departments. The following tabulation indicates the response of departments of the College of Arts and Sciences to the statement, with specific comment on the above passage where that was made.

Department:

- A. Approves the statement but suggests that the passage be left out.
- B. Approves the statement. Questions whether passage on morale should be included because this is not a college but a university wide problem. Comments end “it is not suggested that the part be omitted though it might be shortened.”
- C. Approves the statement. Comments on the passage as follows: “It might be difficult to offer quantitative judgments on faculty morale, even though the general point, or the direction a point was taking, might be widely agreed upon.”
- D. Approves the statement, but comments that faculty morale was probably lower in 1919 and 1932. Further states: “The events you refer to were not causes of lowered morale but symptoms.”
- E. Describes the statement as a “very lucid, candid and well-organized report.” Questions the treatment of faculty morale and says that the remark that faculty morale was at its lowest point in half a century “cannot for sure be substantiated.”
- F. Approves the report but comments that faculty morale has not declined so sharply as the passage indicates.
- G. Approves the statement and checks the passage.
- H. Approves without comment.
- I. Strongly approves by oral report.
- J. Calls the statement a beautiful execution of a difficult assignment and says the writer doubts “if anyone else could have stated these views as well as you have.” The department further comments that on faculty morale it “might have played down the specific conflicts between administration and faculty, using these conflicts instead in briefer form as examples of the kind of misunderstandings between faculty and

administration that sometimes cause a weakening of faculty morale.”

- K. Approves the statement which it calls “excellent” and “a fine representative picture of the faculty.”
- L. Approves the statement “without reservation.”
- M. Approves the statement and says “we are indeed grateful to you for this excellent statement.”
- N. Calls this “an excellent statement. Mr. Marcham to be congratulated.” The department says “we agree whole-heartedly” with the passage on morale. “There seems to be a lack of respect and understanding on the part of the administration for the faculty as a community of scholars. We are a sort of hired help to do the teaching.”
- O. Approves the general statement but questions whether morale is lower than under President De Kiewiet. The department then goes on: “Perhaps part of the faculty uneasiness arises from uncertainty concerning the President’s attitude towards his faculty. On the one hand he has won the faculty’s respect by defending the basic academic freedoms; on the other, he seems to waver in his respect for the faculty as persons and is as likely to champion the trustees’ views as he is the faculty’s, when one of his functions ought to be to compel trustee respect for the teachers of their entrusted institution.”

The committee submits that the paragraph which appeared in its final report and which is now the fourth paragraph on page 59 of volume 3 of *The Report for the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools* is an accurate and just condensation of the total opinion expressed in the evidence submitted above.

Yours sincerely,

Letter to Arts & Sciences Professors

September 20, 1956

Dear Sir:

Cornell University is engaged, as you know, in a self-evaluation program. To carry out part of this program, the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences has appointed a committee which will gather information regarding the faculty of our college. We of the committee received, together with our general instructions, the enclosed questionnaire which is designed to draw forth this information. Our first thought was to send out copies of this questionnaire to you and other chairmen of the departments, to request that you do the answering, and to base our report to the Dean on an analysis of your replies. We soon recognized, however, that the questions which you would have been called upon to answer were vague and we foresaw much discussion back and forth between departments and the committee as to the meaning of the questions; therefore, the committee took second thought and devised another methods. Concerned for your comfort, but not for mine, they advised me to write, out of my own knowledge and guesswork, what may be described as a standard answer to the questionnaire. They wish me to submit it to you for such correction and amplification as the characteristics of your department may warrant. What I have written is, of course, vague and is certain to be inaccurate in some respects. As you see fit, please amend its factual information, its judgment, its style, and any other of its features. At the same time, allow me to remark that the topics dealt with in the statement are those raised by the questionnaire, however inappropriate to the general subject they may appear to be. In short, please do not, in your zeal for amendment, urge that any of the topics be struck out; on the other hand, if you wish to introduce new topics which you regard as pertinent to the general subject I hope you will do so, I might add that the committee observed that the worse my statement, the more amendment it would draw forth, hence the better it would serve its purpose.

Yours sincerely,
F. G. Marcham

Extracts from Questionnaire

1. Under what circumstances do you control the size of classes and other instructional groups? On what principles?
2. Faculty
 - A. What implications have the institution stated objectives as to the kind of faculty it needs—educational background, professional experience, diversity, personal attitudes and commitments, interest in teaching, research, etc.?
 - B. How well does the present faculty match these qualifications?
 - C. How does the institution encourage and help faculty members to continue their professional growth?
 - D. What factors are contributing significantly to faculty morale?
 - E. What policies and practices are of current concern to the faculty?
3. What is your policy in regard to:
 - A. Teaching loads?
 - B. Diversity within an instructor's teaching assignment?
 - C. The relevance of an instructor's teaching assignment to his own areas of special preparation and scholarly interests?
 - D. The allocation of administrative and other responsibilities to faculty members in addition to teaching?
 - E. Outside employment on the part of faculty members?
4. Teaching
 - A. How, specifically, do you ascertain the effectiveness of the individual instructor's teaching?
 - B. How does the institution help and encourage faculty members to evaluate and improve their effectiveness as teachers?
 - C. To what extent are you using teaching effectiveness as a determinate in promotion, salary increases, and other forms of recognition?

D. How successfully and generally do your methods of instruction encourage individual study and responsibility on the part of students?

E. What contacts do the faculty members have with the students, for instruction and discussion, outside regular class meetings?

F. How does the faculty stimulate use of the Library?

G. How extensively and successfully are you using audio and visual aids?

H. What advantages are you taking of local and regional resources and facilities as aids to teaching?

I. Have you any unusual or unusually effective instructional procedures or devices?

Standard Answers

The College of Arts and Sciences performs many functions in Cornell University of which the chief is the teaching of its own students, undergraduates and graduates, in the traditional wide range of subjects from ancient history to zoology. As a teaching institution, it also serves the needs of the whole university by giving instruction to students of other colleges in certain basic subjects such as English, chemistry, physics, mathematics and economics. In this large and diversified teaching program, the college has the duty of doing work of the highest quality in all branches of instruction and to that end has the duty of maintaining a faculty of eminence in its professional standing and of variety in the range of its interests. These standards apply to each department in the college since all have equal standing in terms of the quality of their contributions to the total pattern of education.

All members of each department should have had graduate training at a university of repute, either in the United States or abroad. They should have carried on postgraduate research or performed other appropriate creative work. In those disciplines where the experience is available they should have done work in the field or on the job to develop their mastery of practical techniques—e.g. in anthropology and sociology, drama, economics and government. The faculty members of each department should consist of men whose teaching experience has been acquired at different universities. Beyond this point, no uniformity is to be looked for from department to department, except that each department should contain at least one man whose professional standing is recognized throughout the country. Otherwise, each department should consist of men whose personal interests and qualities are varied, some primarily interested in research, some in teaching, some the champions of one school of thought, some of another, some active

in the organizational affairs of the college and perhaps of the university at large, some not. The strength of a department, and thus of the college as a whole, should lie in the diversity of its faculty, granted that all have attained a high standard of achievement in their preliminary education and have demonstrated their ability to teach either undergraduate or graduate students.

The faculty of the College of Arts and Sciences meets these standards whether judged as a whole or by the departments. The typical department consists of men who were awarded the doctorate by one of the major universities and who, to the extent of a third or a half of them, had part of their predoctoral or immediately postdoctoral training outside the United States. Among them, the holder of a Cornell degree is uncommon. They have had varied experience as teachers, though most of them, except perhaps for a short war-time or post war interlude, have been teachers since receiving the doctorate. The teacher whose experience is confined to Cornell is uncommon. Almost all members of the department had taught at two or three colleges or universities before coming to Cornell and at Cornell have taken up professional responsibilities in which teaching predominates. Among the members of this typical department, all are engaged in some form of professional writing and research which takes shape in monographs, articles, book reviews, textbooks and study materials. Three of the older men perhaps give much of their time outside the classroom to research; all the younger faculty members have research projects in hand; one of the older men gives most of his time outside the classroom to the management of departmental affairs and another to committee and other administrative work in the college and university.

The senior member of the department has served as president of the national association which represents the discipline to which the department belongs; another is on the board of editors of the association's journal; two hold offices in regional associations. In an average year, two members read papers or lead discussions at the annual meetings of the national association and four take part in the meetings of the regional associations. Two members of the department have held Guggenheim Fellowships or other appointments of the same order. In an average year, one member studies or teaches at a foreign university and one member of the department carries on research during part of the academic year or during the summer at the Institute for Advanced Study or a center of similar standing.

The members of this typical department vary widely in the nature of their professional approach to the subject matter with which their department is concerned; so much so that this is the only significant generalization that can be applied to them. Each has his own specialized field of study and teaching, but within these fields some have marked out a small area for scholarly attention and others are interested in the whole field. Some are satisfied with the traditional methodology of the field, others experiment with the unorthodox. Two are highly conservative in their attitudes to politics, to the conduct of affairs of the university and college, and to the development of the department; one is distinctly radical. About half of the members of the department do much of their out-of-classroom work in their offices and also use them formally and informally for discussions with students. The rest use their offices little, except for scheduled meetings and office hours. The department prides itself on the variety of personal types to be found among

its members and on the large amount of freedom each member has to manage his professional affairs in his own way. It thinks of itself as a loose association of near-independent equals. It asserts that while these characteristics lead to clashes of opinion and temperament in the conduct of department business, they are an essential element of intellectual virility within the department and that acceptance of them as a concomitant of the freedom of intellectual life among professors. The department believes that the variety of personality, together with the different professional approaches of the members, offers wide choice to the undergraduate and graduate students who wish to work in the department and thereby enhances the contribution of the department to the teaching program of the college.

The professional development of individual members of the faculty owes much to the encouragement and help afforded by the university. A Faculty Research Grant Committee stands ready to contribute to the extent of 500 or 1,000 dollars to the clerical and elementary transportation expenses associated with a research project. In some instances the university has in its hands the income from special bequests to assist publication of research; where the product of the research is a book the university press will, in suitable circumstances, assist in publication. The college helps members of the faculty to obtain sabbatic leaves from the university when they can demonstrate that they intend to devote the time to professional development. The college encourages members of the faculty to attend professional meetings, and pays their basic transportation expenses at the railroad fare rate when they read papers or take part in discussion at these meetings. The college is generous in granting term or year leaves of absence to members of the faculty who receive fellowships or other assignments for teaching or study off the campus, and in assisting them to be absent for shorter periods when they are asked to give individual lectures or short series of lectures at other universities. In addition it agrees from time to time to limit a professor's teaching schedule to three days a week so that he may carry on useful professional work at Washington or elsewhere.

These practices help to build a favorable morale among members of the faculty. There are other features of life on the campus which have the opposite effect. The chief of these is the feeling among most members of the college faculty that some of the policies followed by the university administration and the board of trustees point towards a lessening of faculty influence on university affairs. Since the early days of the university, the faculty, in most instances led by the faculty of the College of Arts and Sciences, have made a considerable contribution to the direction of the university's policy. Their responsibility in this matter has been enshrined in the university bylaws. Recently the university administration, supported by the Board of Trustees, has produced a new version of the bylaws in which the influence of the faculty counts for less than it did in the past, particularly in matters affecting the management of student affairs and conduct. This revision was prepared in circumstances which gave the faculty only formal opportunity to discuss the new proposals; the request of the faculty for delay and for opportunity to study and make recommendations was brushed aside. The trustees adopted the new bylaws. Since that time, unanimous resolutions of the faculty on the subject and detailed comments on the bylaws by the faculty's committee on university policy have received little attention from the trustees or the administration. During the same period the appointment of a new university provost took place in circumstances

which caused discontent among the faculty. A committee of faculty members, appointed by the president, made nominations to him which clearly indicated the committee's order of preference, an order arrived at after some consultation outside the committee. In choosing the new provost the president disregarded the order of preference, as was his right; but his action was interpreted by most members of the faculty as either one which gave no weight to faculty opinion or one which was based upon the opinion that the office is of less importance in university affairs than the faculty deems it to be. The general effect of these and lesser events of the same nature has been to lower faculty morale to a point not reached in the past half century. The developments mentioned above have had little effect on the internal affairs of the college except to raise the question whether, should any issue arise regarding policies and personalities in the college, the opinions of faculty members would have as much weight as they have had in the past.

As for the internal policies and practices of the college, the chief matters of interest are two. There is the perennial problem of rearranging the undergraduate teaching program. At the present, only one item seems to be of pressing importance. Some students and other members of the university community, but few members of the faculty, have urged the development of a program of instruction in the field of religion. The significance of this lies in the fact that the university is non-sectarian and the college has not accepted responsibility for teaching courses in religion, except for two elementary courses dealing with the history and philosophy of religion. These courses might be made to accommodate more students, or one or two courses of a general nature might be added to them. To go beyond this point would be to change the educational responsibility of the college. The other matter of interest to the faculty which relates to the policies and practices of the college is the use of graduate students and other assistants in the teaching program. In the supervision of laboratory work, in reading undergraduate papers and in conducting recitation sections these young teachers play an important role. They work for the most part in elementary courses, where they are supervised by the professors who direct these courses. The first question concerning their role in the teaching program is what is the nature of this supervision. The college tradition in regard to teaching allows each professor much freedom in the management of his course and, in consequence, to a considerable degree he decides for himself how he will use his assistants. In a single department where there are a number of elementary courses there may be many degrees of supervision and important variations in the amount of work required of the assistants from course to course. The use of assistants also raises questions concerning the adequacy of their training for the tasks they undertake and the circumstances in which they are chosen. Many members of the faculty believe that because assistants figure prominently in the elementary teaching program they should serve some form of apprenticeship before they begin their work, that they should be chosen on the basis of their capacity to do the work allotted to them, rather than, as at present, because they are promising young scholars, and that they should have closer supervision than they do under our existing program.

In organizing the undergraduate teaching program, control of the size of classes is undertaken according to the nature of the course. Where lectures are the sole formal method of instruction in the course, or where a single lecture or

two lectures a week are part of the pattern, the general practice is to regard 300 or 400 as the upper limit. Where classroom discussion is all or part of the program, the tendency is to deal with groups of about 25 students. Laboratory sections are of approximately this size. In the teaching of modern languages, the groups which meet for practice in conversation consist of about 6 students. The principles observed in setting these limits are the following. The maximum size of a lecture course is governed by the ability of the lecturer to convey to each student the quality of his learning and of his personality. Some lecturers can do this in the presence of a group of 400, others, perhaps most, with 200 or 300. In general, the college favors a limit between 200 and 300. In courses which make considerable use of classroom discussion, such as English and economics, a limit of 25 or so is justified by the principle that a teacher, however experienced, cannot effectively present his topic, ask questions and criticize answers in a larger group. In laboratory work, the same pattern prevails but is modified in terms of the need for supervision of the student's laboratory exercises. In teaching foreign languages, the controlling principle is the need for the student to participate almost continuously in the use of the language during a class period and to do so in such circumstances that his work can be checked at once by the teacher.

The policy of the college in relation to the teacher as teacher varies considerably according to the interests and maturity of the teacher and also from department to department. The beginner—say graduate student or undergraduate assistant—whose work is planned for him and whose tasks are relatively simple—teaches about eight hours a week. The instructor who participates in the work of a large general course, teaches about nine hours a week—perhaps repeating a three-hour course three times. The assistant professor teaches about eight hours, perhaps three of them in a general course, three in a specialized course of his own, and two in a seminar. The associate professor and the professor in some departments teach two undergraduate courses of three hours each and one seminar of two or three hours. In other department, men of this rank teach one undergraduate course and a seminar. As had been suggested above, teachers in the lower ranks tend to have little diversity in their teaching assignment; those in the upper ranks cover the total range. The question arises to what extent is a teacher's assignment relevant to his own areas of special preparation and scholarly interests? In general, it can be said that all teachers, even the lowest in rank, teach within the broad field in their training and interests, though occasionally one might find in the college a young mathematician who is eking out his income by assisting in the Department of Physics. But when the question is applied to men who have the doctorate and who are in the middle and higher ranks, the answer is as follows: an instructor whose field is, shall we say English, and whose area of special interest is Shakespearian drama, will in all likelihood teach in one or two general courses in English and will not have opportunity to teach in the field of his special interest. If he becomes an assistant professor he will drop part of his general course work and teach a course, shall we say in English drama of the 17th and 18th centuries, and he may direct the work of one or two graduate students who are studying Shakespeare. As an associate professor or a full professor he is likely to teach a general (sophomore-junior) course related to his interests—e.g., the first half of the course in the history of English literature—together with a course on Shakespeare and a seminar on some aspect

of the Shakespearian drama. In these matters practice varies considerably from department to department, but it can be said that except in those departments where the teaching of the preliminary course or courses must be conducted in small groups the general rule is to put the basic courses, e.g., in government, sociology, chemistry, physics, history, in the hands of the most experienced teachers, who are usually men of full professorial rank.

Most members of the faculty carry in addition to their teaching some administrative or similar responsibility. All are advisers to undergraduate students; many who are of the rank of assistant professor serve on temporary committees to award prizes or perform similar tasks; all who are full professor serve from time to time on college or university committees and some devote an average of six hours a week to this work. Those who are chairmen of departments have, of course, a much heavier administrative schedule. Chairmen of department are appointed to their position by the Board of Trustees, on recommendation by the president. The president, in turn, is advised by the dean of the college who acts upon the advice of the senior members of a department. The term of service of a chairman is five years, and may be renewed on the recommendation of a department. The lesser administrative duties of the members who serve on college and university committees is distributed with the general purpose of sharing the work, but in practice some members of the faculty do a good deal more than their share and others a good deal less. Members of the faculty have the privilege of refusing to do this work and some exercise it; others are passed over because they have little aptitude for it; others again—the so-called good committee men—are the work horses of the system. Teaching, research and administrative work constitute the total professional activity of almost all members of the college, which in this respect differs from the college which prepares its students for a profession. However, some members of the faculty, notably in the fields of chemistry and physics, undertake outside employment. The college does not offer objection to their doing work of this kind so long as it does not interfere with their teaching program.

The college regards the teaching program as its primary responsibility and is in consequence concerned to maintain and improve the quality of teaching. The college does, however, observe the rule that the teacher who has attained the rank of assistant professor or higher is a person of maturity, that he belongs to a profession which prides itself on the freedom of thought and action it confers on individuals, and that his work as a teacher must be, to a high degree, an expression of his own personality. In brief, no teacher of this rank should be forced to conform to a pattern in his teaching once the college has appointed him and has authorized him to teach certain courses.

The effectiveness of all teachers, the beginners and those who are mature, is judged by their results; that is, by the response they evoke from their students. This response appears in part in the course records—the number of successes and failures—and in part in the judgments students make of their effectiveness. In a course which uses a large number of relatively inexperienced teachers, the professor who is in charge maintains close and continuous oversight by consultations with the subordinate teachers and uses these consultations to determine the effectiveness of instruction. Where the work of his subordinates is done in laboratories, he has an opportunity to be present and to maintain direct oversight. When the instructor

is on his own, teaching in a classroom, the professor in charge does not, except in unusual cases, himself observe the instructor in action. The professor does, however, hold office hours for all students in the course and thus can, by judicious estimate of student opinion, form a judgment of the effectiveness of the instructors who work under him. The indirect approach prevails in the determination of the effectiveness of all teachers. The college has no system of inspection. Insofar as the more mature teachers are concerned, student response is of course a more effective measuring device than in the case of the young instructor who may hold his position for only two or three years. His course records become available for long-term comparison with those of his colleagues. Student opinion, communicated to many advisers and judged by them, also acquires substance. In addition, a teacher's colleagues see him in action in committees and in faculty meetings and gradually acquire knowledge of his general intellectual ability and skill in presenting his opinions. All this information is from time to time sifted and discussed by chairmen of departments at their informal meetings and in meetings of individual chairmen with the dean and other college administrators. A picture emerges which owes nothing to direct observation of the teacher in the classroom yet can be accepted as close to the truth.

When the consensus of opinion regarding a teacher's ability suggests that he is below the standard of the college, the chairman of his department will, in ordinary circumstances, tell him what his deficiencies are and suggest ways in which he can overcome them. Beyond this, the college does little to encourage the individual teacher to improve his methods of instruction. It does stand ready, however, to assist teachers experimenting with new teaching techniques and allocates funds upon request to those who wish to improve their use of such devices as audio visual aids.

In estimating the total contribution a faculty member is able to make to the work of the college, weight is given to his skill as a teacher both at the time of his appointment and when he becomes eligible for promotion or increase in salary. The amount of weight, whether more or less, depends in most instances on the nature of his appointment. No one is appointed solely because of his skill as a teacher or as a research scholar; yet there are occasions when the principal need of a department is to assure that one of its important courses shall be well taught and also when its research and graduate study program needs to be strengthened. In general, it may be said that ability in research and writing count for more than ability in teaching because the one is more readily appraised than the other and commands more general professional esteem. This is demonstrated by the information presented in support of a candidate for promotion or appointment which usually takes the form of exact information on the candidate's published work, letters regarding his promise as a productive scholar, and less exact and less convincing information on his record as a teacher.

The methods of instruction used in the College of Arts and Sciences vary in their effectiveness as means of encouraging individual study and responsibility on the part of students. There are, for example, certain elementary fields of study, such as the beginning stages in the mastery of foreign languages, in which the individual conforms to a rigid pattern of imitation and repetition. But in general the college treats the student as a mature person and tries to encourage him to

choose his own course of study and to convince him that college education is to a high degree self education. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that though the college prescribes certain minimum requirements as to patterns of study for all its students and though each department has its own program for the major, in fact no two students follow exactly the same path to the bachelor's degree. The student has much freedom of choice and comes to his adviser from time to time with his own suggestions for a program in his hand. In class the initiative in asking questions or offering comment is to a considerable degree with the student. Wherever possible the student is offered a choice of topics for essays, speeches and class reports. The professor takes the position of a person who wishes to help the student learn rather than of one who intends to impart knowledge. It must be admitted that not all students respond to this concept of the educational process and further that if all of them did the facilities of the college would not be adequate to their needs. For the ordinary student the opportunity for individual study arises in term essays and laboratory problems which he undertakes and which usually lead him into the elements of research. In most instances he is encouraged to consult with his teacher as his work goes forward and in two or three such meetings and discussions he receives advice on technical matters such as defining the exact limits of his problem and preparing an adequate bibliography. The more able student has available to him the honors programs which are administered by each department and which allow full scope for individual study at a level only slightly lower than that of the graduate student.

Formal instruction, as conducted in the classroom and in the programs described above is supplemented by the informal associations established between student and teacher during the teacher's so-called "office hours." All teachers are available for consultation during these periods which usually are regularly scheduled for two or three hours a week. Some teachers make these meetings relatively cut and dried affairs, keep their discussions strictly to the subject matter of the courses they teach, and leave their offices when the clock strikes the hour. Some observe the schedule hours but encourage general discussion. Others, and probably a majority, hold regular office hours and in addition let it be known that students may call on them at other times, either by appointment or whenever they happen to find them not busy with their professional tasks. Among these tasks, it must be remembered, is the responsibility of the professor for directing the work of graduate students and in many instances this sets a serious limit to the time he can devote to consultation with undergraduates. But it may be said in general that any undergraduate who uses a little patience, and who is prepared to meet with more cooperation from some professors and less from others, finds ample opportunity to develop his specific and general intellectual interests through discussion outside the classroom with professors. In this, as in the total approach of the college to the teacher-student relationship, the initiative lies with the student.

When we consider teaching in the College of Arts and Sciences not in terms of teachers but of the facilities and aids to teaching which are available to them, we meet at once a wide range of conditions. The use of audio-visual aids plays a relatively small part in the teaching program. Facilities are available for the use of slides, movies and records in those courses where they are indispensable; such as fine arts, music, foreign languages and the history of the motion picture. These facilities in most instances meet only the minimum requirements and are

by no means of the best quality. Most classrooms are not fitted with the necessary equipment—the appropriate window shades, projection screens, projector platforms and sound reproducing systems. This has been, perhaps, a deterrent to the use of audio-visual materials; but in addition it is probably true to say that most professors prefer to confine themselves to orthodox methods of teaching.

Local and regional resources have a limited place in the teaching program of the college. Ithaca and the surrounding neighborhood afford a scene for field-work by students of geology, sociology and local government, such as might be found elsewhere, and classes are planned with this circumstance in view. Willard State Hospital for mental patients is used in connection with the teaching of courses in psychology and sociology. But the community lacks the public libraries, art galleries, theatres, concert halls and similar facilities which are found in a large city. The university has its own art gallery, in which travelling exhibits and selections from the university's own collection are regularly displayed. And in time the extensive collection of records in the university's library of regional history will become available to students of American history and economics.

On the other hand the university library and its satellites—notably the library in Goldwin Smith Hall which is specially resorted to by students of the college—compensate for the deficiency of other regional resources. The teaching program of the college does all that is possible to introduce students to the use of these vast collections of books, periodicals and newspapers. From the freshman year onwards each student is assigned work which requires him to go beyond the reading in his textbooks and to turn to the libraries both for general reading on his assigned subjects and for elementary research. In the second, third and fourth years he is likely to take two or three courses which require considerable study in the libraries. Usually he is led into this by receiving with his course assignments lists of books which his professor requires or advises him to consult. When he is engaged on individual study projects the professor or his assistant is likely to suggest library books which will serve as a starting point for his research. To assure equality of opportunity in the use of books which are recommended to students in large courses the libraries maintain so-called “reserve shelves.” At present the accommodation available for undergraduate students in the libraries is crowded, but it is hoped that this situation will be remedied by the projected large addition to the university library.

The prominence of the libraries in the teaching program is a symbol of the teaching methods now in use in the college. The emphasis is upon the teacher, the student, the book and the bare, but necessary minimum of materials for use in the laboratory. In a few instances there are examples of the use of new techniques, as in the devices for teaching modern foreign languages—in which the college has been a pioneer— and in the use of closed circuit television for teaching large courses in elementary physics. It is also true that many other departments constantly experiment with teaching techniques, but they rarely do more than adapt standard procedures. Though the college stands ready to assist the innovator, and though each professor is free to teach according to his own best judgment of effective methods, the teaching program offers little which is unusual and testifies to the belief of the faculty as a whole, and as individuals, in the efficacy of orthodox teaching.

Appendix B

A Cayuga Heights Provision

3. Any use by an institution of higher learning necessary to or incidental to higher education, provided that any landowner who intends to use land for any of the aforementioned purposes shall submit to the Village Board a site plan and such other evidence as may be required of the proposed use, and shall be given opportunity to explain to the Village Board the nature of and reason for the intended use.

In arriving at a decision, the Village Board shall consider the following: the location and size of the use, the nature and intensity of the operation involved, and the size of the site in relation to it, the location of the site with respect to roads giving access to it, and any other reasonable requirements necessary to keep the proposed use in harmony with the appropriate and orderly development of the Multiple Housing District. These standards may replace those listed in SECTIONS 5 through 10.

Appendix C

A Meeting with the President

All chairmen of departments in the College of Arts & Sciences except [Robert] Plane of Chemistry came to this meeting called by the president [James Perkins] to consider what should be done when Dean [Stuart] Brown's term of office ended in February 1969. Provost Corson presided at the opening and began by saying that the president was very busy and under much strain and might not be able to attend. In consequence he, Corson, thought it best to begin at once. He did so with some simple comments upon procedure. He had spoken for perhaps two minutes when Perkins arrived, threw himself into a chair and immediately mentioned his troubles and his difficulties. After a minute or two of this Corson reinforced the mood by saying to Perkins, "I guess this is one of your worst days." Perkins said he might not be able to stay through the meeting.

He began the discussion by saying that in Brown we had an excellent dean. He said he knew a lot about university administration; he knew something of the standards of first-class administration for he had been associated with it throughout almost the whole of his career. We have first-class academic administration at Cornell and, he said, Stuart Brown is as fine an administrator as any. First of all he knew what a good Arts College ought to be; he had done many things to give the Arts College greater prominence in university affairs; he had dealt excellently with the university administration in the difficult times of the recent past. Perkins said Brown had been essential to the well being of the college and the university in the years since he began as President. In the difficult times ahead he was all the more necessary.

The problem was really, said Perkins, could we persuade Brown to take a second term. We must do nothing to make him feel he is not wanted. What could the administration do to replace him if he would not serve again? Able administrators drawn from the faculty were rare birds.

Perkins now turned to Mrs. [Prof.] Parrish saying "We have a lady here; let her speak first." He called her Jean. She said that she had canvassed her department and that the department was split down the middle; that there were persons who recommended [Alfred] Kahn of Economics and Plane of Chemistry as their choice.

Record of a meeting held in the Trustees' Room, 11:30 a.m. April 9, 1968.

For herself she said she was personally satisfied to see Stuart Brown continue; she had found him always a wise and cooperative dean. Perkins then turned to [Harry] Levin of Psychology who said that he had only a parochial departmental point of view to guide him in his comments. He called Brown an ideal administrator, quick to understand his department's problems, ready to help. He strongly endorsed his reappointment. Jolles of German spoke next and said there were two questions. One was procedural. We should keep to our traditional pattern of appointing a committee to prepare a slate of candidates and offer it to the Arts College faculty. Jolles said he certainly had no criticism to make of Brown but he did think that we should regard a reappointment as if it were a new appointment and act accordingly.

Perkins stirred a little at this and said this was not the way he saw it. He thought it quite appropriate to proceed without a committee and a slate of candidates. Indeed, he said, to do this would be to cast a shadow on Brown's candidacy. Some two or three others—each called upon by Perkins—now continued the favorable comments upon Brown's deanship. Here and there a person spoke of difficulties saying "of course we have had our troubles but everything has come out right in the end and the dean has always done the right thing by us."

Perkins next turned to [Lyman] Parratt of Physics who sat next to the head of the table and on my left. Parratt and I had spoken briefly in the corridor before the meeting. I had told him I intended to offer firm criticism of Brown. He said that he separated out Brown the academician, as he called him, and Brown the administrator. He said that he supposed Brown was good in the first role but he could not endorse him in the second. All this was part of our conversation in the corridor. Now in the committee room Parratt began by making the same distinction between the academic Brown and the administrator Brown, but he said nothing in criticism of Brown's administration and indeed ended by saying that a continuance of Brown in office would be entirely satisfactory to him.

Perkins had relaxed considerably while these favorable comments of Brown's administration went forward. He turned now to me with a gesture, not calling me by name. I said that I would put myself in opposition to almost everything that had been said before on the question of Brown's deanship. I found myself, I said, very much in the minority. I said that Brown's deanship was unsatisfactory to me on two counts. The first was its general style. He lacked the boldness and the capacity to lead and command that I judged to be necessary for a dean. Here we have, I said, the most important college in the university and the largest. It needs strong and aggressive leadership both for its internal wellbeing and for its relations with higher administration. I said that Brown might appear to the administration to be a satisfactory dean but the qualities that made him satisfactory to them were not necessarily those that satisfied us. I spoke also of the delays and inefficiencies that marked much of his dealings with our department. I urged, as one or two other persons had already done, that the reappointment be handled in the traditional way, through a nominating committee and approach to the faculty.

As soon as I had finished [Isaac] Rabinowitz spoke with warmth to oppose all that I had said. He praised highly Brown's capacity as leader; he thought him one of the ablest and wisest men that he had met, one who understood in a large way the needs of the Arts College. He said, "Look what Brown has done; he has created the

Semitics Department.” A half dozen others spoke in support of the renomination of Brown. The most that any of them would concede by way of adverse comment was to say here or there that they had had minor difficulties with him.

And so matters went until [Edgar] Rosenberg of the Mathematics Department asked abruptly, “I wonder if we are talking about the same person.” He then said that he endorsed strongly all of my comments. He said in addition that Brown was bankrupt of ideas about educational matters and he cited the Six-year Ph.D. Program to support his case. He said what he had to say vigorously and without any favorable comment on any aspect of Brown’s deanship.

From this point on the discussion returned to the general pattern of praise. [George] Gibian, Smith of Anthropology, [Martie] Young of the History of Art, [Joseph] Stycos, [Milton] Cowan, [Ephim] Fogel and others talked to the same tune. Once or twice one of them suggested that the matter should indeed be referred to the faculty. They said so after assuring the president that 70 percent or so, if not 100, of their departments favored Brown’s re-appointment. The president was very quick to suggest that he thought it wrong to do anything that might dissuade Brown from accepting re-appointment. He regarded the solicitation of other candidates or consultation with the faculty as likely to offend Brown and drive him away from the job. The President then said that he was in a hurry and would have to end the meeting. Was there any more, he asked, to be said?

Tom Davis of Economics made the last comments. He said that one thing of the utmost importance in persuading him to become chairman of his department was the assurance that it would be a great pleasure to work with Brown. Both his immediate predecessors had told him so. And indeed he said this has been my experience. A wise, tolerant, open-minded man is Brown. Davis said that when he had been director of the Latin America Program he had had many difficulties with Brown. Brown, he said, seemed always to be putting roadblocks in his way. And he went on, “Now that I am a chairman and look back upon these incidents I understand that in every instance Brown was in the right and I was wrong.” On this note we broke up, the president saying that he would consider the issues that had been raised.

Corson walked down the corridor with me and said, “I don’t understand why you were complaining. After all, the History Department has done extraordinarily well during Brown’s deanship.” I said, “Yes, it has indeed, but at what a cost. In fact, I said, because we had had our way in dealing with Brown my comments upon his deanship ought to have all the more weight.”

A few weeks after this meeting I was walking across the campus when a strange voice called, “Say, Marcham.” I looked around to see a man in his 40’s—blond, looking like an overaged professional football tackle. I vaguely remembered the face of my new acquaintance. He said “That was a great speech you made.” I said, “When, where!” He said, “At the meeting of department chairmen.” I asked, “How did you know about it?” He replied, “I was there. I’m [George] Kiersch. Chairman of the Geology Department.” He went on, “Of course, all of us, or almost all, agreed with you entirely.” I said “But probably you had not had quite such a hard time with Brown as we had,” and I went on to tell him about the Polenberg and Silbey affair. He said, “We’ve had worse than that,” then told a story that was at least as

bad and ended in Brown's rejecting the appointment to fill a vacancy of a brilliant man, president of one of the national organizations of geologists. But, said Kiersch, "At the meeting of course none of us wished to put ourselves on the wrong side of the administration. After all we have to go to them for action." "As for you," he said to me, "its all right for you to protest. After all, look at your age."

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